

The Women of The Philippines

I have been making a cursory study of the gait of the Filipino women, writes a correspondent of the New York Post. As a rule, the women of all classes are as straight as the wall of a house, if not straighter. A plumb line dropped from the nape of the neck would, in most instances, fall well behind the heels. But the gait is a peculiar swing, which is quite noticeable. Some charge it, as well as the straightness, to their habit of carrying all burdens, from a cake of soap to a house and lot, on the top of the head. That is probably the cause of the erect bearing, but I think the peculiar gait due to a certain swing of the limbs required for keeping the shoes on the feet.

The local woman's shoe consists usually of a flat sole with a toe cap. Sometimes the cap has room for all the toes, sometimes not. Often the sole is raised from the ground by wooden heels and sole-blocks like, but lower than those used by the Japanese. Stockings are not usually worn. Let my "gentle reader" take a pair of her little slippers and cut away from the soles all the superstructure except a cap that will just about cover her toes, and, after

gives them a "list to port or to starboard," which leaves a shoulder and an upper arm wholly bare. In the upper circles there is exercised a greater care in adjustment, and a handkerchief, folded diagonally, is laid across the shoulder and pinned in front. This tends to steady the outfit and keep it in place. The sleeves are gathered at the shoulder and flare outward, broadly bell-mouthed to a little below the elbow.

Ways of Carrying Money

A great many men have cranky ideas about preparing their bills for ready handling, reports the Boston Herald. One plan is to fold each bill separately, keeping the denominations apart in the various divisions of their pocketbooks. This method facilitates the search for the desired sum when making a purchase. This is almost a sure guard against passing out a bill of the wrong denomination.

Then there are men who make a neat roll of all their bills. The first is rolled by itself to about the size of a lead pencil, the next is lapped about it and so on to the end. Then a rubber band is placed about the entire

in purses. In England purses are common. The material is generally pigskin, but undressed kid is also used extensively. The former have two compartments, one for small gold coins and the other for silver. It is sometimes amusing to watch a man with a little undressed kid bag pay his fare on the street cars, especially if he is wearing thick dogskin gloves. Only conductors with great patience can watch the proceeding with complacency. A woman can pick out five pennies from beneath a roll of bills in considerably less time than it takes the man with the kid purse to bring forth a nickel. One reason that the kid purse is not popular is because it feels like the half of a small dumb-bell in the pocket, when fairly well filled. In London it is the proper thing to carry a pigskin, owing to the large circulation of sovereigns. It is essential to keep the gold and silver separate in order to avoid mistakes.

There are coin cranks as well as paper money cranks. Some years ago there lived a little round-faced man over in the Back Bay who came into the business district every week day morning at precisely 9 o'clock. In paying his fare he always passed up a bright new nickel that looked as if it had come to him fresh from the mint. Where or how he got them was a mystery to the conductor, but he finally decided that his customer was connected with some banking institution and that the new money was used to escape the chances of contracting disease through the handling of money that had been in common use.

There are any number of people who cannot let go a new coin without experiencing a pang. They will hold on to a new half dollar until the last extremity. Then there are those who visit the subtreasury every few days and get a pocketful of new 10-cent pieces. They experience a special delight in passing them out, as they feel that those who receive them will wonder "who that man is."

Century of Progress

In 1890, says the Pittsburg Post, women were not permitted in any country to control their property nor will it away at death; to all intents and purposes they did not own it. The legal existence of the wife was so merged in that of her husband that she was said to be "dead in law." Not only did he control her property, collect and use her wages, select the food and clothing for herself and children, but to a very large extent he controlled her "freedom of thought, speech and action." If she disagreed with him, or in any way offended him, he possessed the legal right, upheld by public opinion, to punish her, the courts interfering only when the chastisement exceeded the popular idea in severity. All possessions passed into the hands of the husband at marriage. If a married woman worked for wages she could not legally collect them, as they belonged to her husband. She could not make a will, sue or be sued.

Few occupations beyond domestic service were open to women. No college in the world admitted women and the belief was universal that she was not capable of the highest branches of learning. Public schools were in many places closed to women. Elementary branches of education—the three Rs—were deemed all sufficient for her. They were forbidden to speak or pray in the churches. The general trend of masculine thought was that it was unwomanly she should hold or advance opinions on serious questions, or seek independence through natural or acquired gifts.

Red Hair Now the Rage

The peroxide blonde is utterly out of date, but any one who argues feminine wisdom and reform from that is sadly mistaken. The women haven't changed their principles, reports the New York Sun. They have changed only the color of their hair. The varying shades of auburn and chestnut are the thing, and the bleached are becoming the dyed. On the whole, it is rather an improvement. Titian red, artistically concocted, isn't so aggressive as golden blonde. Then, too, it doesn't quarrel so loudly with complexions never intended, by nature, to consort with golden tresses; and it doesn't show the same indiscreet tendency to turn olive green with age, which marked the blonde's hair. Of course, it is a nuisance for those who were blondes to go in for auburn; but, after all, they are better off than the brunettes who must jump to Titian glory without any intermediary stage. Dark hair must be bleached before it can be colored auburn; so the artificial blondes are already half way along the road. That is the reward for having kept up with the procession in the past.

The blondes who are not affecting red hair are lapsing back to brunette. Some of them do it by the natural process, and have heads that look like an impressionist picture or a paint manufacturer's sample card; but there is no excuse for that state of things unless one's purse is at low ebb. The thing to do if one's blondness is artificial and one wants to return to dark hair is to go to a first-class hairdresser and have him dye the bleached locks their original color. The new growth of hair next the head will naturally come in dark; and in the course of time the dyed hair can be clipped away, inch by inch, giving place to the genuine article.

The auburn hair, like the blonde, requires constant encouragement. The color is fairly permanent; but the new growth of the roots of the hair should be treated with the red dye at least once a month, and, preferably, once every two weeks. Some women try to attend to that phase of the dyeing for themselves, but the results are usually disastrous,



MIDWINTER CALLING HAT.



FEATHER CROWNED HAT.

sticking her toes into them, try to walk once or twice around her boudoir and see how many shoes she has on after the trip. Try it again, with a little outward curving swing from the knee, with a resultant side swing of the hip. After a few years of practice the slipper will stay on and you will have acquired the gait of the Filipino. There is, perhaps, a certain grace in the movement, but there is also a good deal of "scuffling" and a general appearance of being slipshod.

In fact, one gets an idea that the average Filipino, male or female, is only about half-dressed anyway, from our standpoint. The customary male body-covering is only an undershirt. Those of higher social rank and greater wealth wear also a cotton shirt, or a garment of gauzy texture of some locally made material. But the garment will be worn, like a coat, in the full measure of its beauty, outside the trousers. A higher step in the social scale brings the substitution of the coat for the shirt. A Filipino dude with a cane and a little "billy-cock" hat, a pair of black trousers, and a gauze shirt, worn outside of them is a resplendent spectacle and he has the air of being entirely conscious of it.

From our standpoint, there is the same half-dressed look about the women of the poorer classes. The Negrito woman of the mountains may use only a cloth extending from waist to knee. The Mangyan woman of Mindoro may wear a contrivance of braided rattan, which is even more abbreviated. These garments do not suggest the half-dressed. They are distinct. There is no suggestion of European costume. It is not so with the Filipino woman of Manila. Her garments are neither dress nor native costume. Pieces of cloth cover her from the waist downward, by a system which not infrequently displays the leg as high as the knee joint. The shoulder and body covering varies in the number of articles and detail of construction. All are cut somewhat low in the neck, and on a plan which

lot. When it is desired to use one of the bills the rubber is removed and the end of the first bill caught between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand while the roll is held between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Then the bill is quickly unwound, none of the others being disturbed.

A great many men never carry a pocketbook. One reason for this is that a well-worn purse more easily slips from the pocket than a roll of bills. Then, again, the bulk of a pocketbook is annoying; it takes up too much room, especially where the pantalooners are made snug. When pocketbooks are not carried, a favorite receptacle is the watch pocket. When this is used the bills are made up into a little, hard bunch. Their presence is always felt against the body. In a crowd there is no danger of losing them, and when traveling with any considerable sum this is a safe depository.

Some men have a fad of carrying a lot of new bills in an envelope that is kept in one of the inside pockets. Now and then a man is found who keeps a few bills in every pocket. He goes on the theory that if he is robbed of one lot, a sufficient amount will remain to last him until he reaches home. He starts out feeling that he is going to be robbed and makes provision to meet every possible emergency. He usually makes three folds in his bills and tucks them away in the corners of his pockets with extreme care. He does not feel surprised if he finds, upon making an inventory after arriving home, that a part of his funds has disappeared, as he expected to be robbed.

Any number of men are found who keep only a little working capital in their trousers pockets, the bulk of their funds being concealed in broad, flat wallets in the inside pocket of their waistcoats. These bills are always of large denominations and folded once. When a man brings forth his reserve funds it will be found that all the bills have a smooth, bright appearance. They have been with him so long that they are as flat as a sheet from a letter press.

Very few men in this country carry coins

both to the hair and the scalp, and it is far wiser to entrust the care of artificially colored hair to an expert coiffeur. Bleaching and coloring unquestionably do affect the quality and vitality of the hair. The hairdressers acknowledge that, but insist that the damage is very slight, if the work is done scientifically and only the best preparations used.

"Bungling, hasty and cheap work will ruin any hair," said a New York hairdresser, "but hair can be dyed so that the life and gloss will remain in it. It is very hard to accomplish that result in the case of bleaching, but that, too, can be done by patience and skill. The red hair, so popular just now, is hard to obtain in just the right shade, but it usually has a beautiful gloss and sheen. We have comparatively few calls for complete coloring of the hair, save from theatrical people—not nearly so many as we had five or ten years ago, but it would surprise you to know how many charming women come to us to have the first gray hairs colored. It is easy to do that without injuring the hair in the least, and without any possibility of the dye being noticeable."

"For some reason or other—possibly general nerve condition, or perhaps too frequent shampooing, prematurely gray hair is becoming more common each year. The women hate it—even the most sensible of them, and I don't blame them. One very prominent club woman in the city, who is a model

of intelligence and strong-mindedness, has a perfectly white look right in the middle of her pompadour and comes here every two weeks to have it doctored. That's a proof of her intelligence, I say. What's the use of looking like a freak when one can avoid it? One amusing thing in our business is the number of nice old ladies who come in with a guilty air and ask whether there is any way of making streaked gray hair uniform gray or white. It is a dangerous process because of the very strong applications necessary; and there have been a good many cases of brain trouble resulting from the treatment. I do not care to take the chances, but it is easy to find hairdressers who are less scrupulous and who will not explain the danger to a patron."

Living Fashion Models

The winter season keeps winter styles in hats and wraps the uppermost subject in fashion discussions and our models this week show choice examples.

Here is a midwinter calling hat from Paris. The felt is mauve and so soft and satiny as to be folded into any and every shape. On the right side is a mass of shaded chrysanthemums and on the left a high rich bow of mauve velvet.

Feather crowns are among the late novelties in Paris, as is demonstrated by the charming round hat photographed here. The felt is a pastelle blue, having rather a wide, even brim, around which mousseline de soie of the same shade is folded lightly. The crown is made wholly of delicate breast feathers in grey, to match the huge bow of castor velvet that is looped and knotted high on the left side.

The imported indoor bodice, or rather jacket, is of pink satin, with masses of rather heavy cream lace used for frills and revers. The front is of accordion pleated white chiffon, having straps of narrow black velvet across the chiffon, held by tiny rhinestone buckles.

Compressed Cork and Its Uses

Cork, as everyone knows, is one of the best non-conductors of heat or sound. That it has not been more widely used in building, says the Scientific American, is due chiefly to the difficulty of obtaining it in an unadulterated form. A product called cork tiling has recently been placed upon the market, which is made of what is known to the trade as "virgin cork," ground, compressed and otherwise treated by a patented process, and which is free from the cement and glue usually employed to hold the particles together. We are informed that tiles made of this pure, compressed cork form an admirable flooring, which, besides being noiseless, waterproof, warm and germ proof, is capable of withstanding hard usage. By varying the degree of compression and modifying the manufacturing process slightly, sheets of cork different in color and density are obtained, which, when sawed and finished in the form of panels, can be used for wainscoting alone, or in connection with cork tile floors. Cork compressed into sheets and sawed in the size and thickness desired constitutes a very efficient pulley covering. It is said that a pulley covered or lagged with compressed cork will transmit from 50 to 60 per cent more power with the same tension of belt than one having only a smooth iron surface.



INDOOR BODICE OF PINK SATIN.