

What Not to Buy in Paris

One of many precautions a woman should bear in mind, if she proposes visiting Paris during the exposition this year, is to pack in her steamer trunk some essentials of life that the French capital does not afford at American prices. While delicate soaps, perfumes and toilet waters are cheap and good in Paris, drugs are difficult to find and expensive and not nearly so compactly put up as at our home apothecary's. The artful American traveler who knows this should not fail in loading a capacious medicine case to the muzzle before sailing away, adding to the usual voyager's list a good many things that may not seem immediately essential, for in that gay French city it is not possible, as in our own least town or village, to shop for powders and potions all night long if necessary.

In France, and with few exceptions in Paris, the exception being a Franco-American depot, the drug stores close at sundown and it is only in a case of life or death and by the aid of a policeman that a clerk can be roused and the purchase of a precious

for the busy feminine visitor to take every precaution against overstraining her eyes. The sun on the white stone of the Parisian buildings results in a glare like that on water, and if a shady chiffon veil, with a wide brimmed hat, is not adopted, then smoked glasses will go a long way toward mitigating the intense light and on many days can be worn with the greatest comfort. Another invaluable adjunct to happiness is an eyeglass and bottle of solution of boric acid that can be put up by the home druggist and used to soothe over-tired eyes or to wash out an irritating particle of dust or coal.

Paris is the haunt of the laundress, who washes clothes to snowy whiteness and at small expense, but the hard water supplied to the city and the number of soda-filled compounds used by the clever blanchisseuse will in the long run play the mischief with handsome underwear. It is in consequence a good place and opportunity for finishing the use of old garments in which rents and the crumbling of trimming will bring no

transfer card that is punched by the saleswoman with the amount of her purchase at every counter, and at the same door by which she entered the sum total of her expenditure is quickly calculated and the transaction completed in much less time than our own system of transfers requires.

Now, on the other hand, if a shopper proposes to go in rather extensively for gowns, hats, underwear, etc., and both her time and strength are limited, it is perfectly possible for her to shop luxuriously in the morning in bed or late in the afternoon on the sofa. The Parisian modistes and milliners are thoroughly accustomed to the ways of ease-loving women and do not hesitate to send to a hotel or pension bed room big baskets full of purple and fine linen, all under the care of an expert saleswoman, who, if she knows her business, can sell double the amount of goods when a shopper is at home at ease and in good humor.

Gossip About Literary Women

Miss Alice French—Octave Thanet—confesses to have taken keen pleasure in carpentry. "I love the very planing and sawing and measuring and squaring. To be sure, my carpentry is mostly done by the light of nature, and there is nothing fine about it, except the tools, but with assistance I have made two picket fences, one heavy and three light wire fences and nine or ten gates, all of which can shut." Another woman who wields a saw and plane with as much skill as her pen is Beatrice Harraden. While living on a ranch in California, for her health's sake she became quite an expert as a carpenter, helping upon occasions to build a fence, or fence, she set out, with her own hands, a small orchard and attended to the grafting and pruning. It was also her proud boast that she could harness a horse as well as any cowboy.

Very musical, a composer of music and a skilled player on the violin, Miss Harraden was the life of the ranch. She is an ardent suffragist. Although "Ships That Pass in the Night" brought her fame, it added but little to her fortune, as she sold the book outright for a trifling sum. The story was rejected by Mr. Blackwood of Blackwood's magazine, in which her first published story, "The Umbrella Mender," appeared. He said that the story was too sad to suit the public taste. Octave Thanet's first published story, "Communist and Capitalist," was published in Lippincott's and brought the writer exactly \$42, her first check for literary work.

One of Mary E. Wilkins' recreations is letter writing, although her penmanship she herself pronounces "shocking." Once upon a time she made the odd discovery that writing to her friends she distinctively imitated the writing of the person she was addressing—a queer circumstance which suggests strange possibilities. It is pleasant to know that Miss Wilkins was successful from the first. There were no long, heartrending struggles on bread and water diet for her. Her first publication was a poem; her first "grown-up" story "Two Old Lovers."

If you ask Mrs. Margaret Sangster her pet recreation or diversion—whether music, reading, the opera, etc.—she replies: "Writing essays." Her first work was a collection of religious essays and poems and was published without a thought of pecuniary gain, but simply as a means of enabling her to make a few holiday presents.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth used to declare that her chief claim to distinction was having been born in a house in which Washington had lived, and in the very room which had been his. Her first story, "Retribution," published in 1849, in the National Era, is said to have been the first novel published serially in this country. In public libraries her novels are rebound oftener than any other works of fiction.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs' chief aversion before her marriage to Mr. Riggs was being addressed as Mrs. Wiggins—the "s" tacked to her name being most obnoxious to her. Imagine her feelings, therefore, when the postmaster at her home in Bronxville announced to her with an easy elision that both prefixed and suffixed the "s." "Well, I've been reading some of your books, Mrs. S. Wiggins."

Madame Blanc's ("The Bentzon"), the French writer, pet annoyance is coming across an English translation of one of her own stories. They are so badly done that she has never had the courage to read many. Her first published story, "Divorce," was a novel which attracted immediate attention. Of divorce she wrote feelingly, for married at 16, she was divorced at 19.

Mathilde Blind, the English poetess, quaintly tells her friends that she is sick unto death of the very name of Marie Bashkirtseff—whose "Diary" she translated—for the reason that for a long time she heard of nothing else wherever she went; at the dinner table, at the theater, in the drawing room, she was stormed, in the conversational sense, on the subject of the book she had introduced to the English public.

Women Call Her St. Julia

Women are the great hero worshippers of the social world.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe received a remarkable tribute of respect recently at a gathering of Unitarian women in All Souls' church, Twentieth street and Fourth avenue, in New York. Mrs. Howe, 89 years old, but still in her prime in wit and charm, grew tired before her speech was finished and was unable to pitch her voice so that the women in the rear could hear.

"Can Mrs. Howe raise her voice?" came a call from the back.

"No," replied Mrs. Howe frankly, "I said yesterday I should not kill myself even for

this august body. You can't expect an old lady of 80 to explode in one gigantic effort."

There was a ripple of laughter at this and then the women in the back seats rose and made their way toward the front, where seats and platform were already crowded. They deliberately sat down on the floor, where they stayed throughout Mrs. Howe's address. Gray-haired women mingled with young girls in this humble position.

Mrs. A. Wendell Jackson, who presided, introduced Mrs. Howe as "Our dear St. Julia, who will give us some bright, sparkling dewdrops."

The entire audience rose to greet Mrs. Howe.

"I can't promise you the dewdrops," she began, "and I don't recognize myself by the beautiful title of St. Julia."

"I was asked to speak on the progress of the century in manners," she continued. "I can't say whether in the sphere of my own observation the manners of the general public can be said to have improved at all."

"I remember the careful training of my youth, the strict construction of what then passed for good English, when no word of slang was permitted, the respect shown to elders, the authority of their opinion, the bonds of the family and the neighborly good will. I contrast with this picture many pleasures of our later times, the present patronizing attitude of the young toward the old, the free use in high society, or what many call high society, of what we may call the dialects of low life, but, far more and worst of all, the modern aristocracy of the millionaire class, the aping by Americans of foreign tastes and ambitions, the retrogression from the noble genius of our historic record to the deficits of old world society. In Aesop's fables the ass put on the lion's skin, but in our modern society the lion puts on the ass' skin. The American lion would gladly be mistaken for the European ass and has here and there acquired the foreign bray. But I must not be understood as saying that these are the leading traits of American society as a whole. 'The world do move,' and it is moving in the right direction."

"I note the disappearance of the invalid idea. I remember at school envying the girls who fainted away. Now you see these six-footers among young women, with their eyes blacked from playing basket ball. The granddaughter of a friend of mine only the other day had her nose broken in some athletic sport. The body is now considered a most important member of society. Satire is not so common in society as it was. People used to say, 'It's so nice to sit with Miss D— at a ball, she says such sharp things about every one who comes in.' The young women of today don't want that reputation."

As another sign of the world's progress Mrs. Howe spoke of the great sums given for charity and of the time and trouble taken by wealthy people to aid others.

"I find," she went on, "in the thinking world today an animus that I did not find in my earlier life. Time has developed a faith in the recuperative power of humanity which was not involved in the older systems of thought. We have come to recognize in the felons and the paupers the dignity and capacity for good which belong to them as members of the great human family. We must help them to recover their high estate and consider their children as sacred as our own."

"In my own study of our history during my life of eighty years I find man becomes less and less animal and more and more a creature transcending the limits and necessities of physical life. The first man was a living soul; the second was a quickening spirit. Out of this quickening came the great and growing harmonies of our time, destined, I believe, to reconcile every discord. Is it for your convenience or mine,



PARISIAN CASHMERE EVENING CLOAK

think you, that the telegraph runs around the world? No, it is in order that human life and thought may have a free current, is the commerce of the world for trade alone? No. It asserts the great principle that each should contribute to the well-being of all. In the growing predominance of civilized races I find the earnest of the diffusion of knowledge.

"You will not blame me if I find in Christianity the source of growth and the power which has most laid upon man the burden of the higher life."

Living Fashion Models

The fashion makers are outdoing themselves this season in producing new effects in all lines of woman's wear, as will be readily seen from the pictures of latest garments reproduced here. The well-dressed woman must keep up-to-date not only in street dresses, cloaks and hats, but also in party gowns, lounging robes and undergarments.

Never before have the makers of fine clothing bestowed so much time and attention upon lounging robes as at this present moment. The model photographed here is of geranium pink satin elaborately inserted with heavy cream lace. The pattern recommends itself for a happy union of flowing lines, exceeding comfort and general becomingness.

One of our models illustrates a Persian patterned cashmere in blue and cream figures. The fronts are broadly faced with blue silk, while bands of elderdown, knots of satin ribbon and frills of lace decorate the upper part of the gown. It is lined throughout with cream surah and may be belted if desired by a fold of blue silk.

The very newest French lingerie is made with a view to accentuating the slenderness of the figure. This effect is cleverly attained by combining three garments in one, as the photograph shows. The material is a fine nainsook elaborately trimmed with renaissance lace and tiny knots of rose-colored satin ribbon placed here and there. Comfort, elegance and compactness are admirably arranged for in these Parisian union suits.

The Chicago Style

"Mr. Buggies," quoth her hostess, "you are a man of the world and read the morning papers and—and—so on. I want to ask you a question."

The fork, transfixing a delicate morsel, paused half way to our lips, writes a man in the Outlook, and we leaned expectantly toward the fair woman, in whose glorious eyes was the eager look of a soul hungering for knowledge. A thousand possible queries flashed across our mind. Perhaps she had some money to invest? Did she want our opinion on a new hat? Had we heard Mrs. Tree recite that poem about the son of a Lambeth publican? Or did she seek advice as to the education of her young hopeful?

"Madam," said we, modestly, "our humble stock of wisdom is at your disposal."

"Oh, it's nothing especially particular"—with a deprecatory smile—"but I should so like to know if Kruger has anything to do with the Boer war."

Scaring the Sultan

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "The sultan's brother-in-law says his august relative is a bad man. He lays it largely to the fact that he is scared to death most of the time, sleeping in a different room every night, in order to fool the expected assassins."

"Is this true?"

"I saw it in the paper."

"Sort of a roamer, I guess."



SATIN LOUNGING ROBE.

commodity made after 8 o'clock in the evening.

Comfortable Feet.

When the exposition visitor has given the most particular attention to her medicine case her next care must be to equip her feet properly for the unusual task before them. The pavements in Paris are not unduly hard, but because of the poor facilities for transportation a visitor is obliged to walk them with greater industry than she is ever forced to in an American town. Then, too, on clear summer days they grow so hot that any shoe trimmed with patent leather is scarcely less torturing than the "boot" of mediaeval memory.

Paris itself is not, moreover, the place in which to purchase regular pedestrian's gear, while here at home one may lay in a stock of travelers' shoes that cannot be surpassed for comfort. The stock should include at least one pair of laced doggala walking shoes with a medium sole, low heels, fitted with rubber caps and toes rounded like those of golfers' boots. Add to this a pair of Oxford ties of the same shape, with a pair of flat old lady's slippers, and the exposition tripper won't sigh for the good offices of a chiropodist or the ease of a cab at command. These cool soft shoes will not rub a corn, provided the same pair is never worn many days in succession; also, provided the slippers are adopted for the resting hours at home and the traveler's stockings don't require many darns.

After a long day of tramping through exhibit halls and the fascinating French streets it is a good plan and preventive of foot weariness to sit a half hour poring over home letters and papers with the tired extremities in an ankle-deep bath of cold salt and water. If, after this, they are dried gently and propped, in clean hose and cool slippers, on a chair, they will be ready for any calls made upon their strength day by day.

Good Care of the Eyes.

Should the exposition be visited after June, when Paris can produce from her asphalted streets as finely penetrating a dust and intense a heat as we know in any city of our own, it is the better part of wisdom



NEW FRENCH LINGERIE.