IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

TIPS ON SPRING WARDROBES.

Simplicity the Best Background to Set Off Woman's Beauty.

NEW YORK, March 22.—"I have been speculating this last hour," Maisie said, her forehead pontentously wrinkled, "whether after all life is worth—"

"Living?" interjected Maisie's hostess. Maisie shook her head. "No; dressing," she said. "Clothes are a stimulant—you can't deny that. I suppose like all other stimulants, the resultant intoxicant brings its fits of depression afterward."

"Since when did you experience it—the depression, I mean?" the hostess asked. Maisie sighed pensively. "Since I began to give my whole mind to the season's styles," she said. "They are adorable, yet in a way, dreadfully disappointing. Simplicity, as you know, is the background best calculated to set off my—well, we will say, somewhat piquant personality. There are simple things, of course. The trouble is, they are so elegantly simple, they at once suggest Newport, American Beauties with stems two yards long, diamond stick pins as cotillion favors, and all that sort of thing. They are so trying, indeed, I have been almost driven to ordering things that miss being fussy barely by the skin of the teeth."

"I shall never believe that until I see it," the hostess said, casting up her eyes. Maisie smiled a gentle martyr sort of smile, and said: "Listen! I am hesitating over a gown of this sort—and you know the who hesitates is lost. The stuff is all right—one of the new pastel green cloths, so soft it cheats the eye as to whether it is really green or blue. The skirt is cut very long, and very tight, but there is a box plait at the back of another, or rather a cascade, at the side, where the skirt rounds up to show a pleated silk underskirt, just a little darker. The skirt is embroidered all around in the same darker shade, enriched with gold thread. That does not sound very formidable. Wait until you hear about the waist.

"At the back it is a plain, round waist, melting into the skirt. In front it is a jaunty jacket with deeply folded belt of ribbon to match the underskirt—which, of course, goes only as far as under the arm. The fronts are heavily embroidered and the left one bedizened with a big fly-away bow of ribbon like the belt. Above the belt there is a close-fitting vest of very dark green panne velvet, with a collar so high and stiff it recalls the guillotine, edged at top with the same gold-threaded embroidery as are the cuffs to the very long, tight sleeves. Then by way of finish I shall wear a yellow straw hat, trimmed with long black plumes and a stunning bow of green ribbon, very broad and embroidered with gold."

The Perfect Dressing Gown.

"That does not sound so desperate," said madam, the hostess. Maisie flung up her head tragically. "I know it does not," she said. "Some things have to be seen. I tried on the whole rig, looked myself over, then covered my eyes and sighed: 'This is what it means to be tailor-made in 1900!' I assure you, my dear, it is almost tragic to look back."

"Then look forward!" counseled the hostess. Maisie smiled: "I did ever so much better—I looked further," she said. "Virtue had its reward. I discovered some things that would heal a broken heart. One of them was the loveliest dressing gown, a truly classic garment with long sweeping folds and no tag ends anywhere about it that anybody can make at home themselves. Mine is in pale ivory cashmere with falls of deep ivory lace in the neck and a girdle of rich salmon pink ribbon fastening just beneath the bust. I shall only need to put it on to forgive all my summer enemies—even those who have bought the frocks I ought to have bought or said the things I wish I had said."

Some New Blouse Waists.

"It must be the result of inspiration," the hostess said, laughing. Maisie tucked another pillow comfortably beneath her head, stretched out a slippered foot, so she could inspect the bow upon it critically, took a candied violet from the box beside her and said with the purple confection between her lips: "It does feel that way, but I have had a desperate experience making up my mind between the lovely new blouses. One of them is Luxeuil lace as to its lower half, both in waist and sleeves. The lace goes up to and opens over a guimpe and sleeve tops of deeply tucked silk. The silk is pastel blue. So is the broad ribbon which comes from under the arms to tie in a rich knot, with deeply fringed ends over the bust. There is a lace collar, very high, of course. And I have such a pretty white neck! Isn't it a shame I must swathe and hide it so?

"The other blouse is truer to name. By that I mean that it really blouses all round the lower part. And the blouse is lace, big open-meshed lace, with very rich flowers in it. The same lace goes up to the neck and shows as a vest there. Over the lace there comes a sort of odd bolero in the richest brocade, fastening with a velvet chou very much at one side. The brocade is apple blossoms upon an ivory ground. Beneath the lace blouse comes a lining of ivory silk. The belt and collar match the chou—both are of black velvet. The most fetching touch is at the top of the collar—a row of apple blossoms made in pink chiffon and delicately applied. I shall feel like Flora or some other classic person, rising up from a foam of flowers."

"Venus from the sea, perhaps!" the hostess said, smiling. Maisie made a grimace. "Really, I believe she would be envious, for all her looks, if she saw the frock I have just planned for an after Lenten dance."

"Tell me about it," coaxed the hostess.

"About my frock," said Maisie, "the beginning of it is grandmamma's black satin, that was never made up for her, the poor dear. It is rich enough to stand alone, but soft enough to cling beautifully. Of course I did not waste it on the foundation skirt—that is just plain, fairly good satin, long and tight fighting and flaring no end at the bottom. Over it there is silk gauze, very full, with five pleated ruffles so full they are almost ruches. They are pretty, but not distinguished—distinction comes from the cuirass of the black satin, deeply tucked. It reaches half way to the knee, and fits as though molded if the tucks are two inches wide. It does not reach quite as high as the armpit, and is veiled four inches down with a heavy fall of black tulle, edged with pleated gauze. A tulle scarf, likewise edged across the ends, ties in front beneath a cluster of big violet pansies, purple and yellow and black. There are no sleeves, not even shoulder straps—only mists of gauze caught with jewelled ornaments, and upon the left shoulder a big knot of tulle and pansies. The flowers are the only touch of color except the bird in my hair—which has deep yellow wings and a yellow breast. I shall wear black gloves of course, and carry a black fan with gold filigree sticks."

"How the other women will stare!" said the hostess. Maisie smiled softly: "I can say with Brummell, 'let them look and die,'" she answered, reaching out for another violet. MARY DEAN.

HOW TO POSE FOR A PICTURE.

Appropriate Suggestions by a Famous Photographer of New York.

The great photographer of women in New York, Aime Dupont, has the following suggestions to make regarding the posing of his sitters:

Every one has beauty and every one has grace. The possessor knows this vaguely, but is not sure what particular beauty or what special grace is hers. It is the province of friends and photographers to point out these. There is no one who does not have both and yet no one is quite able to locate them without help. It is at this point that intelligence is an aid to the photographer. The photographer must be a Columbus of figures and faces. He must discover charms whose existence was unsuspected.

If you expect to have photographs taken soon don't make any preparation beyond selecting your most becoming gown. An evening gown is best, because it lends the much-to-be-desired softness to the picture. A street dress, as a rule, gives harsh outlines about the face and shoulders. If you want a picture that shows you at your best wear an evening gown. It is safe to assume that every one wants to look her best in a picture. Occasionally some one says to a photographer: "Show me as I am," but the fact that she is wearing her prettiest gown is an expression of her desire to look her best.

Light dresses are better than dark for photographic purposes. Pinks, blues, mauves and whites are best, because they blend with the lights of the photograph. Black and very dark gowns form too striking a contrast with the face and arms and shoulders and give a hard, glaring effect. As to fabrics, all soft materials are good. Velvet, lace and soft silks and wools lend themselves to pleasing effects. Avoid stiff silks that "can stand alone." A gown of boards is almost as pliant as they and as graceful. The stiffly starched ducks and other heavy summer materials are tabooed by those who want, and know how to get, a good photograph. Softness of feature and fabric is the one thing most to be sought in photographic effect.

Having chosen your gown, leave the rest to your photographer—all but the hair. Dress your hair in any becoming fashion you choose, so long as it is simple. Be careful that it is not an exaggerated fashion. The large pompadour gives a hard, dark line above the photographed face that makes the features look heavy and destroys the symmetry of the head.

Don't practice posing before a mirror. You will only make the photographer's work the harder. That is the only result you will obtain, except that your carefully studied smile will become a theatric grimace, your "prepared" walk a stage strut. Don't mind the old fool advice, "look pleasant." Look like yourself.

MAISIE'S SILK BLOUSE WITH LUXEUIL LACE.

If you have learned to stand properly that is well. If not the photographer must teach you. Otherwise good photographs are often spoiled by the subject's improper habit of standing. The average person's idea of standing well is to divide his weight equally between the two feet. The result is a stiff, soldier-like pose. The weight should rest on one foot. When you are weary you can shift to the other. But be not impartial so far as the feet are concerned. Fancy you are coming downstairs. Put one foot forward and keep your weight upon it.

If your pose is a leaning one see that if you lean upon the right elbow your weight is upon the left foot or vice versa. You will then strike a balance.

Tall, slender persons may pose any way. They have a decided advantage, photographically speaking. A short, stout person should take a standing pose, even though for a bust picture. Sometimes I have arranged boxes in tiers and placed a subject upon them, as upon a sidesaddle. This has insured a natural pose of head and shoulders that might be lacking if the person stood badly.

If you sit comfortably, then you will look natural. No one in an unaccustomed pose ever looked natural or well. Follow the same rule of balance in sitting as in standing.

Should you insist upon accessories in photographs, the photographer whom you honor by your patronage must, of course, comply with your wishes. But if he is a good photographer your decision has caused him distress of soul. The woman or the man is the thing in the photograph. The figure should be so well defined, should stand out so clearly from the background, that you are impressed that it is possible to pick it out from the background and take it bodily from the picture.

A SPRING-TIME VISITING COSTUME.

The hands are a bugbear in a photograph. All poseurs fear that they will look so large as to be out of all proportion to the picture. Drive that fear from your mind. Think of one thing only in regard to the hands; try to make them supple. The hand that falls supply at the side or rests gracefully in the lap will not look large. It is the straining of the muscles, the anxiety of the mind showing in the taut muscles, that make the hand look large.

The eyes are another photographic bete noire. The eyes of one too eagerly attentive or one not attending at all are likely to have the hideous, photographic stare. To obviate this the subject should be made to think of a variety of subjects. The mind, in the act of leaping from one subject to another, gives an animated expression to the face. The photographer should be intelligent enough, by means of conversation, to lead in this thought chase. He should magnetize the subject, and magnetize him to the point where he can arrest a train of thought and hold the mind in that arrested attitude.

"Stop! Think of the subject that is in your mind now. Don't change." This from the photographer, and one of the subject's best expressions should be caught.

The eyes look best when they are brightened by active thought. A smiling picture is likely to border upon idiocy; so, too, is a pensive picture. A wide-awake, interested expression, showing a mind normally alert, is the best for all faces. A bit of pencilling upon light eyelashes improves them.

The mouth is a troublesome feature for the poseuse, more troublesome than for the photographer, for he can, with a tiny line, made by burnt cork at the corners, make the mouth smaller. By a bit of rouge at the middle of the upper and lower lips he would transform it into a Cupid's bow. If the mouth is merely a characterless slit in the face he can give it individuality by both of these devices. It is well to moisten the lips a trifle while posing.

I have heard blondes say wistfully: "Of course, you cannot make as good a photograph of me as of my sister. She is a brunette," and it has been my pleasure to say truthfully: "My dear mademoiselle, I shall make of you quite as good a picture as of her. Coloring makes no difference in photography. A blonde may fare as well as a brunette."

Posing and light and expression! These three are the essentials of photography. And lighting is the greatest. It is the attention to lighting that makes the difference between a studio in Fifth avenue and one on Avenue A. Expression is the signboard of individuality. But even that the photographer must develop by an eclectic system of choosing the best. And so it is with posing. He must put the subject through his or her "paces," so to speak, must make them walk and talk and arrest progress at the best pose and expression.

Nervous persons are the more difficult. I have taken as many as twenty-five poses of a nervous subject to insure some that were satisfactory. Such persons spoil a pose by their lack of self-control. A feature or limb will twitch and the pose is spoiled. A phlegmatic person is equally trying. Such a person is about as inspiring to a photographer as a wooden Indian.

WOMEN BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Hitched to Plows in One Section of "Civilized" Canada.

Not far from the town of Scattle, but across the border of free America, lies a colony where women are made beasts of burden and slaves of most menial toil, and this in the heart of a country populated by civilized white men.

Far back from the international boundary line, on the bleak prairie of the great Canadian northwest, is a colony of Russian settlers who, driven from home by an exacting monarch, were given an abiding place by the Canadian government. It is little more than three years since the colony landed at Winnipeg and was sent forth to earn a living by farming. The colonists numbered nearly 2,000 families and were divided into three lots for purposes of distribution. One was sent to western Manitoba, another to the province of Alberta and a third to the banks of the Saskatchewan, about the center of the province of Assiniboia. They were in a condition of great poverty. Their transportation to Canada is said to have been paid by the Canadian Pacific railway.

At any event, that line took care of the party after its arrival. The immigrant trains to points of disembarkation were furnished with food. The journey inland was made in wagons and there the colonists are today, interesting in their habits and customs, a curious sight to visitors who may find the time to look their way.

The Russian colonies and their conditions are interesting at the present day, more particularly on account of the fact that the Canadian Pacific railway is now engaged in an effort to locate in these same provinces a horde of Finlanders, variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000 persons, who are expected to arrive in this country about July. Advance agents are now in British Columbia, where they are being royally entertained by the Canadian government through the Canadian Pacific railway.

A BLACK EVENING TOILETTE.

While none of the great American transcontinental lines are making efforts to secure for location in the northwest any part of the immigrant party, it is not at all improbable that a small proportion will come over to this side of the boundary. America has always been declared the Mecca of foreign laborers and for this reason more than any other the immigration departments of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific are expecting applications for locations in Washington and the other northwestern states.

The land on which the Saskatchewan colony is located stretches southward from the Cree Indian reservation toward the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway. It is fertile, so far as land goes, but in the hands of a poverty-stricken people, unaccustomed to modern methods of farming, it has to the present made but little showing. An effort is to be made during the coming summer to better the condition of the colonists. The Canadian government will send to each of the colonies an experienced farmer and it is understood has appropriated a large sum of money for their welfare.

The lands had been prepared for the colonists months before their arrival and when their location was made each head of a family was given a plow and a small store of provisions, with instructions to go ahead and earn a living. Today, according to visitors who have but recently returned from the colony, the colonists are little, if any, better off than on the day they began work.

Plowing both spring and fall is done by "bees." The head of the family issues a call for a plow bee at his homestead on a certain date. The women gather in large numbers. They are buxom-looking women and ready to work. They arrive early in the morning and are first placed at a table and fed. The food is coarse, but substantial. At the conclusion of the meal preparations for the field are begun.

The party is divided into three relieffs. To the beam of the plow is attached a long rope, into which are tied stout sticks equal to half the number of women in each relief. As draught animals the women go to their places, dividing on either side of the rope, and the day's work is begun.

The owner of the land, holding the handles of the plow, gives a grunt. The women bend forward to the yoke. The plowshare enters the ground, and at a rapid rate the first furrow is turned over. For four hours each relief works. As fast as returned the women are privileged to go home. During working hours not a word is spoken. The women are as dumb as the animals they represent.

Spring and fall this is the lot of the women of the Canadian Russian colonies. During seeding time the women do all the planting and at harvest use the sickle.

Last year the Canadian mounted police, in order to assist the impoverished settlers, gave them several small contracts for hay. In the execution of these contracts the women again played a prominent part. Harnessed to small wooden sulky rakes, they could be seen daily during the summer toiling up and down the prairie meadows harvesting the hay. The men did the loading into the police wagons. But even with the assistance of the police the contracts were much delayed. In spite of all these conditions the Russian colony on the banks of the Saskatchewan is growing. When located the contingent numbered about 200 women and fifty children. During the three years of their stay nearly 200 children have been born. There have been but few deaths, and at the same rate of increase it will not be many years before more land is needed.

At this season, when the far north is frozen so as to prevent agricultural work, the women of the colony are scattered about the adjacent cities, where they scrub, saw wood and do all kinds of rough labor. Yet they are happy, it is said, for they have never known aught but toil.

Frills of Fashion.

The Tuscan hats shown by high-class French milliners are soft of texture, wonderfully light and ingeniously woven.

Jeweled chains falling with an ornament of some kind, just above the line of the bust, are worn arround the neck over the high-necked bodice.

Among the pretty fancies in buttons used to fasten the cuffs and fronts of dainty silk and lawn waists are silver and enameled fishes, pearl balls and pale pink coral buttons. Any antique piece of jewelry which can be utilized as a button is a valuable possession.

Toques made entirely of foliage, with the accompanying flower for a finish and possibly a touch of the black so fashionable in all things this season, are one of the season's vagaries. Ivory white lace toques with ostrich pompons or down and York roses are another variety.

The newest ornamental buttons for silk, satin or chiffon-draped waists are those of French brilliants of various small sizes. They are either surrounded with a mere thread-like line of black enamel or else with no setting whatever. They fasten to the bodice by means of small gold shanks and rings.

Light-colored gloves are introduced this season, which in a great degree will supersede the pure white ones which have so long enjoyed the stamp of universal approval. Biscuit, doe color, sage gray, nickel, a pretty shade of tan, a light tint of sable brown and one of lilac are among the new colors.

The daintiness and delicacy of the month of June in all its perfection is expressed in every tint and tone of the new colors and effects for the coming summer season. Even the beautiful silks are soft, noiseless and clinging, with none of the stiff dressing of silks of other days, and there is a revival of the shadowy chintzes of the Marie Antoinette type.

The new parasol is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, sure enough, since it has shown itself so capable of variety in design and daintiness in effect. There are so many kinds that it is difficult to single out the specialties which are really new, but it is pretty safe to assert that the square parasol covered with one of the irrepressible Persian-patterned handkerchiefs is a conspicuous novelty.

The handsomest of the new lace flouncings in duchess point, Renaissance, Venice, Honiton or other choice or fancy pattern are shaped in circular form for both skirt and bodice garniture. These flounces are considerably narrower at the top than at the lower scalloped edge and they therefore conform very gracefully to the expanding effects of the gown and make charming berthas, sleeve-caps and bretelles needing no gathers of pleats to give them necessary fullness, as when straight flounces are used.

The new wraps for summer show a great variety of capes in light cloth covered with stitched bands arranged in some fancy design and no end of net chiffon, lace and silk combinations for dress. Capes of cloth appliqué on cream lace net made over white silk and satin and finished with pleatings of chiffon matching the cloth are really good style and very pretty. Taffeta silk guipure over black forms another style of cape and cream lace with black net and chiffon is another variation. The capes fit the shoulders closely, fall moderately full below and are finished with medium high flaring collars.

Talk About Women.

Mrs. Maggie G. Carmody of Toledo has received $8,000 with which to go to Australia to inherit a fortune of over $1,000,000, but she is in doubt as to whether she will make the trip, because she is not fond of traveling.

Miss Edith Rhodes, one of the sisters of Cecil Rhodes, has better and larger diamonds, it is said, than most of the royalty. These were given to her by her brother and taken from the famous Wesselton mine at Kimberley.

Miss Jennie Creek of Millgrove, Ind., who when a little girl won the ribbon of the French Legion of Honor by saving a train from being wrecked, is going to the Paris Exposition as one of the official representatives of her state.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago, proposes as a solution of the domestic service question to give the servants in her house and to urge for others an eight-hour day. Servants beginning work at 6 o'clock in the morning are to be replaced at 2 o'clock in the afternoon by others who will work until 10 o'clock.

Miss Alice Bache Gould has given $20,000 to the American National Academy of Sciences. The income of this sum is to be devoted to aiding such researches in the astronomy of precision as shall be judged worthy of it by a committee of competent professors.

Miss Helen Gould has undertaken a work for the benefit of the employes of the Missouri Pacific system in the west which will cost a large amount of money. It is planned to establish and support railroad Young Men's Christian associations at different points along the road and to equip associations already organized with libraries.

The latest society bud to seek for fame on the theatrical boards is Miss Ruth Woodcroft Hammond, daughter of a recently deceased Englishman, who left an estate of nearly $4,000,000. The young woman was born in California, where her father owned several ranches. She has always belonged to an exclusive set, but for her the attractions of the stage are greater than those of society.

There is much speculation among the truly artistocratic circles in New York over a rumor that Mrs. Astor has decided to abdicate her society leadership in favor of Mrs. Edmund Baylies. Mrs. Astor is understood to have been instructing the heiress apparent in the duties and privileges of a social queen and has found an apt pupil. Mrs. Baylies is of old Knickerbocker stock and therefore, at least so far as "blood" is concerned, fully qualified to wield the scepter.

Congressman Bailey of Texas writes to Harper's Bazar to say that women fail as parliamentarians "because the feminine temperament is constitutionally opposed to the perfect mental poise absolutely indispensable to success in governing a deliberative body." And now 1,500 women's clubs, whose respective presidents are such rigid parliamentarians that they can offer ex-Speaker Reed points, are giving indiscreet Congressman Bailey the merry ha ha! He can never run for president and get their votes.

THE IVORY CASHMERE DRESSING GOWN.

An English woman by the name of Margaret Noble is about to open a school for native girls in India on such plans as shall not offend their caste prejudice. The school will be perfectly Hindu in character, preserving the genuine farm, and will be presided over by Sarada-Devi, a Brahmin lady of high caste. There will be positively no attempt made to influence the pupils in favor of the Christian religion, the effect of education being all that Miss Noble wishes, confident that changes will necessarily follow.

(a) Figured dimity for child of 6 years.
(b) A sprigged organdy for young girl trimmed with muslin embroidery.
(c) Dotted pique blouse for little boy with wide white collar.

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How to Avoid Pain

I have been afflicted with pains in the back and hips, and bearing down pains ever since I became a woman. Last spring I commenced using McElree's Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and they have done me a wonderful amount of good, and I wish to recommend them to anyone, who suffers as I did. MELISSA CREMEANS.

For nearly a century, Wine of Cardui has been helping women to avoid pain and suffering. This wonderful remedy has made a reputation for curing "female diseases" that no other medicine enjoys. Irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb are the most frequent female disorders. Few women escape them. None but a woman knows what they are. The terrible dragging pains and oppressive mental torture are beyond description. But Miss Cremeans' experience shows you can avoid this suffering and misery by procuring a $1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui at your drug store and taking it as directed. Women will do well to keep a bottle of Wine of Cardui on hand for immediate use when sick headaches, pains in the back, abdomen, arms and legs, and other troubles coming from menstrual derangements appear. In this way many hours of suffering may be thwarted and the visits of the family doctor frequently made unnecessary. Wine of Cardui should be given every girl at the age of puberty. It is used with great success during pregnancy and the "change of life" and after child-birth or miscarriage. Thedford's Black-Draught, the companion medicine for the stomach, liver and kidneys, assimilates with Wine of Cardui perfectly.

Eddyville, Neb., May 11, 1899.

For the last two months I have had pain in my back and bowels, and got no relief until I used McElree's Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black-Draught, and now I am up and doing my housework. Mrs. DELLA SMITH

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, The Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui