

French Lingerie Bedecked with Much Handiwork

THE lingerie now displayed in the French shops will be widely imitated, for handwork is its keynote, and fine stitches can be the property of no exclusive country or epoch. Rather they are the result of skill and time.

Among the display of feminine daintiness, the silk garments are the first to attract the eye. Never were they in such abundance and variety. The combination of pale pink, blue or snowy white china wash silk with filmy laces is a particularly happy one, and is the more frequently to be met with.

The craze for coarse thread laces does not obtain in the field of silk lingerie, so that valenciennes continues to be en vogue. Fine silk thread laces are also applied, but they are not for practical uses, as they are apt to yellow in the washing. This, however, would be no defect in the eyes of some extremists who incline to the creamy yellow laces. But though corn color seems to have invaded every sanctum this spring, the world of women will cling as a whole, to the pure white laces.

In the case of both the silk robe de nuit and the chemise, the empire fashions are largely followed. The empire yoke is almost invariably formed of solid lace insertion, whose filmy meshes scarcely veil the white skin beneath. The elbow sleeves are closely inserted with the lace. From the elbow a flowing ruffle of solid insertion usually falls to a depth of five or six inches. The effect is extremely graceful. From the yoke the fullness of the skirt is arranged

in vertical tucks running to a depth of three or four inches, although the soft texture of the silk readily lends itself to silken folds, or gathers.

In the absence of lace, hand embroidery in silk of the same shade is a feature. Sprays of embroidered flowers almost entirely cover the empire yoke or ornament its frequent accompaniment—the short pointed rever, which is generally lace edged. Indeed, lace and embroidery are in frequent conjuncture.

Wide satin ribbon, with a central line of lace insertion, from under which the ribbon has been cut, is an innovation in both the silk and linen lingerie. In the corset covers it is used in vertical stripes with charming effect. In the skirts it can be used to even better purpose. The satin gloss of the ribbon gives richness, while the sheer insertion gives relief from heaviness.

The silk peignoirs are particularly fetching. They are literally a mass of lace and insertion. One creation in pale blue silks had the yoke and sleeves of solid lace insertion. The fullness of both front and back of the waist below the shoulder line was furnished by inserted triangles of the silk. The ruffle on the elbow obtained its fullness in the same manner.

Another silk peignoir was more severe. The square neck was finished by a band of heavy silk insertion. Similar pieces of insertion banded the yoke in Grecian fashion and finished the short, tight-fitting sleeves.

The nainsook and linen lingerie is scarcely more reasonable in price than the silk creations. Certainly it is just as attractive. Ribbon garnitures are more

elaborate. The gathering ribbons are as much in evidence as possible and ribbons are everywhere inserted for no other purpose than that of adornment. Choux of narrow ribbons, whose ends are tied in sweet-pea bows, frequently give a finish to the front of the corset cover or robe de nuit, or stud the top of the skirt flounce.

The hem in which the inserted ribbon runs is frequently formed of the sheerest of lace insertion, through which the shade of the ribbon is plainly discernible, or in the case of the skirt, the ribbon is only an ornament kept in place by being inserted at intervals under the vertical bands of lace insertion.

But linen embroideries, either hand or machine made, seem to accord best with the linen lingerie. Certain it is that they best withstand the attacks of the blanchouse de fin. Where hand embroidery is used both the edges of the armholes and neck are buttonholed. The ribbon inserting is run through worked eyelets. These are about two or three inches apart, giving abundant space for the fullness to be gathered in and also for the touch of contrasting color which the ribbon furnishes.

Some of the nainsook corset covers are merely pieces of wide embroidery, halved out a trifle under the arms and gathered in at the waistline into a band of embroidery insertion. Narrow ribbons run through the open spaces in the top of the embroidery and manage the fullness across the bust. Wider ribbons of the same shade tie above the arms and keep the waist in position.

The lace used on the linen lingerie is of a coarse thread. Flower patterns with

raised petals are effective, especially for edging ruffles. They help to give the ruffle the irregular effect now so much sought after. Shaped ruffles, edged with lace, are used on the skirts, one above the other, giving the appearance of billows of lace. An extremely dainty lace ruffle or flounce, ten inches deep, is formed of row upon row of valenciennes lace stitched one above the other and giving the effect of a solid piece of lace.

In the realm of the silk petticoat are some charming new designs in black and white. Medallions of black lace are scattered over the ruffle of one white silk creation. It is stitched in black and the ruffle is edged with black lace.

Another skirt has the ruffle of alternate vertical insertions of black and white lace, cut out in scallops, and finished with narrow alternate ruffings of the black and white lace.

Pompadour silks mark the height of elegance in silk petticoats. Such is the beauty of the silk that most of them are untrimmed except by ruffings and ruchings of the same. The most elaborate have applied flounces of white or cream-colored net.

Among the more serviceable petticoats for every-day wear are the plaid silks. They come in every conceivable color combination and are generally trimmed by ruchings of black.

The craze for pongee has extended even to the petticoat. Skirts made from this fabric are intended to be washable, and, therefore, are simple in style. The prettiest have narrow ruffles, whose edges are embroidered in silks of a contrasting shade.

HARRIET HAWLEY.

Handling a Husband During First Year of Married Life

IT SEEMS strange that the first month of married life should be termed the honeymoon, the word is as fragrant a misnomer, writes Helen Oldfield in Chicago Tribune.

So far from being wholly sweet, it is often fraught with bitter experience; lovers, however devoted, must adjust themselves to each other as husband and wife, and the process is not always pleasant.

It is the general opinion of those who know that the first year of wedded life practically answers the question, "Is marriage a failure?" and the honeymoon begins the test. Any happily married couple of a dozen years' standing will doubtless acknowledge that the first weeks of their wedded life were those which were most uncomfortable. The man realizes that he is bound for good and all. Like the celebrated starling, he can't get out, while the bride, cut adrift from her old life, is nervous and shy, with the sensations of a cat in a strange garret, excepting when she is clinging to her bridegroom. The danger is that she may cling too tight. "Women make a mistake when they keep too close to a man," says a popular novelist. "Even an angel may be tiresome when one can never get out of the shadow of its wings."

A man wants rope. However much in love he may be, he dislikes to feel the pull of apron strings. His bride is sweet, she may be almost too sweet; a little acidity is wholesome now and then. If she be wise

in her day and her generation she will not be too exacting. Love is only one side of a man's many faceted life; let her be content if her husband's affection for her is the brightest and best of his.

A plentiful stock of good humor is an excellent part of the equipment for a wedding journey. Annoyances vanish at a laugh, and if one can make merry over a mishap it ceases to be such. Men like to be amused, and a woman with a strong sense of humor has an immense advantage over one who is less gifted.

As a rule men abhor tears; they either distress them beyond measure, "break them all up," so to say, or they make them angry, and neither phase of feeling is pleasant for themselves or others. When the matrimonial barometer sets for rain most men bolt, if possible.

Even upon a wedding journey it cannot reasonably be expected that a man shall have eyes and ears only for his wife. There are circumstances under which he may forget her temporarily without ceasing to love her devotedly. For example, the bridal pair are at a hotel, and the bridegroom encounters a dearly beloved friend in the lobby, talks to him for many minutes; of his newly made wife, among other things, unconscious how time is passing, and oblivious of the fact that he has an appointment with her. Suddenly he remembers, and finding himself an hour late rushes to apologize and explain the cause of his unpunctuality, adding that Ned is the best

fellow in the world, and desirous to be introduced to her. Here then is a test of character. If the bride is sensible she will treat the matter as a joke, will show lively interest in the friend, profess herself anxious to make his acquaintance, and show no disappointment or pique.

Probably no two people ever existed who had exactly the same likes and dislikes, however striking their similarity of taste may be. The great art is to manage that the differences of opinion shall never come to dispute, to yield gracefully and cheerfully, and tactfully to knead crude materials into the bread of life.

It is well not to take offense if it is possible to avoid so doing. Even when sure it is meant, one can sometimes ignore it; there is no truer proverb than that it takes two to make a quarrel. Dynamite is safe while kept in cotton wool, and gunpowder harmless when kept out of reach of a possible spark or blow. It is not necessary that a wife should efface herself and merge her own identity in that of her husband. On the contrary, opposites often attract, and a man likes a woman better for a spice of individuality. But she must not be aggressive. "Fair and softly goes far," and all over the world mild measures are most effective in the long run.

The honeymoon must inevitably disclose many hitherto unsuspected phases of character. The lover who has seemed free handed to a degree may change into the husband who haggles over hotel bills and begrudges his wife a fire in her room upon

a damp, chilly day. The girl who has been as dainty as a rosebud (with her mother to look after her wardrobe) may be careless and untidy when forced to depend entirely upon herself. The man who has not appeared to care what he eats may be the one who berates the waiter and scowls at his wife when the dinner is not to his taste.

The true secret of happiness in marriage, as in most relations of life, is usefulness. To be effectual this must be mutual, but even when it is all on one side it enables its possessor to keep peace, which is much, and, besides, it is a comfort when one has not one's self to blame. The love which seeketh her own only can scarcely be considered genuine affection, and the golden text for a young married pair is "in honor preferring one another."

Judicious letting alone does much toward the comfortable adjustment of the relations between two people who are to pass their lives as one. There are times when every human being wishes to retire within himself and pull down the blinds. At such times it is wise not only not to strive to open the closet, but to turn one's back and show no consciousness that the door is shut. Love would in most cases rather be beaten than bored. He may stand his ground bravely, without so much as a glance at the window when poverty enters the door, but boredom is poison to him. The bride who means to be happy in her married life must make up her mind that she will never worry her husband nor herself if she can help it.

Women in Men's Clothes

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN, the actress, is a lover of men's clothes. In part of her play "The Sword of the King" she wears a pair of neat fitting knickerbockers and other masculine habiliments; and it must be admitted she looks extremely sweet and saucy in them, and manages them with a jaunty and dainty grace which few men could equal. At first Miss Crosman admits, she was uncomfortable and felt awkward in male attire; but since she has got used to it she likes it. "I'm a woman," she says, "I've never wished to change my sex. But—let me confess it—I've often wished she could change her clothes for boys', and for all time and everywhere." She would like to make permanent her transformation "from binding, dragging gowns to jolly knickerbockers."

Many of Miss Crosman's sex will sympathize and agree with her, comments the Kansas City Journal. They all get tired of holding up their heavy skirts to keep them out of mud and dirt, and of holding them down to keep the wind from playing wanton mischief with them. The mere labor of carrying them is irksome. Perhaps, as certain fastidious persons insist, men's pantaloons are not very pretty. A good pair of legs certainly does look better in knickerbockers. But what man would exchange trousers for a woman's skirts? Why, the average man would go crazy in a single day, if required to manage all the skirts the average woman does, provided he didn't get his legs tangled in them and break his neck beforehand. There is a fable—fashioned after the old Roman story—about a member of the weaker sex who began when a little girl to carry a calf and was still able to carry it when she had

grown to womanhood and it to cowhood. Except for this fable, it would be hard for men to understand how some women handle their skirts.

But there is slight prospect that the reform Miss Crosman advocates or anything like it will ever take place. Men pay some regard to comfort in their clothes, but women seem to have an inborn aversion to it. The short skirt, which was popular a few years ago, has almost completely disappeared. Bicycle bloomers, although perfectly unsightly and ludicrous, seemed to hold forth the prospect of a reform; but a woman who would wear a pair now would probably be arrested. Instead of growing shorter skirts are growing longer and more cumbersome. Men, for both health and comfort, hang most of the weight of their clothes from their shoulders. Women, whose organizations are more delicate, persist in suspending the heaviest parts of their apparel from their waists; and then, to make matters worse, many of them continue, despite the warnings and the pleadings of their bodies and of every physician and physical culture teacher in the world, to harness themselves in until they can't breathe comfortably and to load their little heads with masses of millinery so heavy and misshapen it seems a wonder some have not their pretty necks broken.

As long as women have such a love of the uncomfortable and such a relish for the fantastic and unhealthy, there is small chance of them adopting any of man's comfortable habiliments. They have stuck to the shirwaist pretty well; but we live in constant fear that some arbitrary dress-maker or leader of fashion alarmed lest they should get a taste for ease and freedom, will issue a ukase depriving them even of it. Doubtless women will continue

to wear skirts instead of the more comfortable trousers of the male sex, and we violate no confidence in saying that nineteen men in every twenty will be heartily glad of it. For with all due respect for Miss Crosman and her views, to deprive woman of her draperies is to deprive her of half of her feminine grace and attractiveness.

For and About Women

Mrs. H. L. Higginson has presented Radcliffe college with several hundred rare foreign photographs. She is the daughter of the late Prof. Agassiz.

Mrs. Nellie F. Benson, a young colored woman of Richmond, was among those who passed the recent examination of the Virginia State Board of Pharmacy, as an assistant pharmacist. This is the first time in the history of the board that a woman has taken the examination, and the fact that this one was a colored woman makes the circumstances all the more interesting. Mrs. Benson is the wife of Dr. J. M. Benson, a colored druggist of Richmond, and has studied that she may help her husband in his business.

Mrs. Hetty Green was in the supreme court at Brooklyn the other day to see a suit against her dismissed, and was perfectly shocked to see so many women there, and to learn that it was divorce day. "This divorce business is a sad thing," she is reported to have said. "The women never learn how to keep house and begin to parade around. Then the men begin to parade around, and then the trouble begins which terminates in the court." Mrs. Green should not be too severe. She herself parades all around the union; not to be sure in a showy way, but in her own peculiar fashion. She told the reporter: "God seems to punish me in my suits in court. I had a case in Chicago where I, as administratrix of an estate, sued a Presbyterian church to foreclose a mortgage. They tried to freeze me out, and even the ministers preached against me, but before I got through with them I managed to get \$1,000 more than I asked for in the first place."

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