

KIMONO LINES MUCH USED

Japanese Ideas Are Taken Up by Paris Fashion Makers.

CHANGES IN THE MODISH FIGURE

Higher Bust Line and More Pronounced Waist Curves—Radical Innovations in the Sleeve This Season.

NEW YORK, March 23.—Openings to right of us, openings to left of us; and at every opening the host of delectable things for women's wear! The design of Parisian models will come a little later, but already a stream of such models is pouring into New York and confident prophecy concerning spring and summer modes is daily becoming more possible.

Just how far present tendencies will go, just how cordial an indorsement the fashionists will give to modes already popularized remains to be seen. But there are enough straws to show beyond doubt the direction of the current.

We may exclude the Japanese from our schools, but no legislation could keep the kimono out of our calculation this spring; for the Parisian autocrats have developed

calions of the loose kimono sleeve, and the results are excellent. A broadway of hours noted for its tub frocks is showing several delightful guimpe models in linen.

They are made with loose blouses laid in wide plaits on the shoulder and opening in a deep V in the middle of the front. A short wide oversleeve, set in an armhole which beneath the arm is cut down quite to the waist line is also of the line.

The trimming consists of bands of heavy clung lace dyed to match the linen and bordering the edges of neck and sleeve. The skirt is a simple box plaited model joined to the waist by a band of the clung.

This frock is to be worn with a sheer blouse of batiste or handkerchief linen, and its lines are so good that the model has great cachet in spite of its simplicity.

The average laundress—which unfortunately means the incompetent laundress—is likely to have trouble with the one-piece models so numerous among the tub frocks of this season. To be sure, these frocks are not cut in one piece. Blouse and skirt are made separately and set together by inset bands of lace or embroidery, but when the material of the frock is fairly heavy, as in the case of linen, it is difficult to iron the garment in satisfactory fashion.

The skirt dries while the blouse is being ironed, or vice versa. This must be taken into consideration by the woman for whom the laundry problem is a troublesome one in summer.

Another point about these one piece tub

Woman Explorer in Wilds of the Amazon

THE woman whose picture is given here is likely to be known hereafter as one of the most earnest, faithful and energetic geographical explorers of her time. She is wearing the garb of a man, but she does not detract from her womanly dignity. No other attire is fit for the pioneer routes she blazes through the wilds of the Amazon basin.

No man today has greater experience as a South American explorer than Mrs. Henri Coudreau. Probably no other living explorer has spent so many years as she has given to virgin fields of research in that continent.

Though she has lived most of the years since 1833 in the wilderness of South America, she is still in the early prime of a woman's life. She has just left France to begin her fourteenth series of explorations in America.

She is not to be a good explorer, for she has the requisite qualities, and, besides, she had the tuition of the renowned Henri Coudreau, who took her as his bride when she was a mere girl to French Guiana, and for several years she shared his labors in revealing the innermost recesses of that country and of parts of the Amazon basin. Her husband taught her how to survey routes, to plot maps, to take latitudes and longitudes and to record natural phenomena and material resources. He gave her more than a smattering of the geological equipment an explorer needs. She learned his methods of handling native assistants, of studying the wild man and of living in the untrodden forest.

He died in the field in 1859 and his wife buried him in the Amazon wilderness, where he had labored so long. After the most poignant period of her bereavement had passed Mrs. Coudreau, equipped in all respects to follow the career of an explorer, decided to carry on her husband's work and devote her life to pioneer discovery in South America.

The Amazon states of Brazil have as yet only an inkling of the sources of wealth that are scattered through their vast domains. We know the Amazon and some

of its large tributaries, but there are scores of smaller streams, large rivers in themselves, which have never seen a white man. Among these streams are Indian tribes no one ever heard of; rubber trees, wild vanilla and many other vegetable products; minerals, and far from the low lying Amazon vast open spaces adapted for tropical grazing and agriculture.

The Amazon states are very desirous of learning about the untouched resources in these virgin regions. They have faith in the efficiency of Mrs. Coudreau and pay the entire expenses of her expeditions.

Thus far she has explored for the state of Para five rivers, each of them hundreds of miles in length. These rivers are the Cumina, Trompeta, Curua, Mapuera and Mayauru. For the past two years she has been in the service of the state of Amazonas. She has made a most careful study of the Canimim, a southern tributary of the Amazon, and is now on her way to fulfill other commissions which that state has ready for her.

At least three of her reports—those on the Curua, Mayauru and Mapuera—have been printed and perhaps her books are now off the press. The story of her exploration of each river is handsomely illustrated in small folio form in France, illustrated with her large maps and many beautiful photographs.

Her handsomely bound volumes of exploration that have been produced in recent years. While intended for popular reading they are scientific as well, giving both picturesque narrative and also the solid facts which the explorer was sent out to collect.

Mrs. Coudreau's printed maps of each journey, some of them in five or six large sheets, are all reproductions of her manuscript maps just as they left her hand, with lettering big and plain, and on a scale of about a mile to an inch.

When her guide was drunk (and he was likely to become so) on sugarcane brandy, when he could get it from the Indians) he had not the slightest idea of what he did or said. So she was skeptical one day when he came to her with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Madama," he said, "you will not believe me, but we are all going to die. Your food is nearly gone. From here to that lake away off which is the shortest route, there are no fish in the rivers, no game in the forests, and when we reach the lake things will be worse. Oh, I wish I had not come on this journey, for I shall never see my wife and children again."

"I saw," wrote Mrs. Coudreau in her day book, "that it was the sugar brandy that made him talk as he did."

A month later, on that journey, she knew that her guide had told the truth. She was almost out of supplies, the country was a desert, and her men were suffering from their privations.

The obstacles were insurmountable, and she had to turn back. She was forty miles south of the equator, perhaps the banks extended 100 miles further north. But his delirium in the German atlas stops just where the brave little woman faced about toward the Amazon and fled from the evils she could not overcome.

For many months at a time she sleeps in the arms of her canoe, and perhaps the little cabin except in the hours of darkness. Walls cannot be allowed to obstruct her vision, for she is in the new land to see every aspect of it. She is too busy to engage in cooking or any other work of that sort.

The men under her orders must do everything excepting the tasks of actual observation and research, for which they are not competent. Her life in the wilds has been every second nature to her and she longs for the Amazon when she goes back to Paris to supervise the publication of her book.

"I love Amazonia," she writes. "The solitude of the virgin forest has become a necessity of my life. Its mysterious silence attracts me more than anything else in the world, and only when I am in the great woods do I feel that I am at home."

She has learned the art of photography in the tropics, where it is more difficult than in temperate climates. Her photographs are a very valuable feature of her work. Many of them are of Indians now revealed to the world for the first time.

Mrs. Coudreau has no admiration for the freed negro she has found in the Amazon wilds. "They do no work they can avoid. They plant a little manioc, hunt and fish a little, and will work a day or two for silver when they must have money to buy liquor."

There are hake and ling, cod and conger, turbot and sole, plate and halibut, ray and broom, with perhaps a dozen other edible kinds in smaller quantities. And there are always a great number of young sharks.

The men clad in oilskins and armed with knives dive in among the mass and commence cutting and sorting the various kinds into sections. It is in this knifing work that many cuts are inflicted which through neglect and the ceaseless application of salt water may develop into serious wounds.

After sorting, the fish is packed in trucks; and soon the steam carrier is seen foraging up, rolling and plunging in choppy seas which dash continuously over its starboard gunwale and on to the deck amidships in a continuous cascade. Every man is on deck to take fish aboard, with additional hands engaged by the skipper from one of the trawlers. Some of the boxes weigh nearly a hundredweight, so the skipper and his men need cool heads to receive them and stow them in the hold with a big sea running and perhaps fifty or sixty boats waiting to unload.

Meanwhile the fleet's admiral has gone on board the carrier to have a talk with the skipper and his men and reckoning prices and catches. Down below under the mate's orders men are receiving and stacking the fish trucks which slip down the hatchway in a continuous stream. The work must be done at high pressure.

It is easy to estimate the value of well equipped floating hospitals to these fellows. In the old days the best they could hope for was rough and ready treatment at the hands of their own skipper. Now the injured are received in beds and have all the advantages of electric light, skilled surgical advice, proper nursing, the best of food and medicines and hot and cold baths.

Altogether there are nine physicians and surgeons at sea among the men, some of them acting as skippers of their floating hospitals like the Alpha, Queen Alexandra and the Joseph and Sarah Miles. Each one of these craft is of about 300 tons and was especially designed and built for the work. And that work is extending to every sea.

little house maid says a brass bed is pretty and you can keep it pretty



one-third of life is spent in bed, nice bedroom furniture is so lovely and so restful. I saw some fine ones on special sale today at Miller, Stewart & Beaton's let's get one for daddy. they are not the kind put together with a wedge or keys that soon comes loose and the bed comes apart. this new kind is wedged together and will stand a weight of 3200 pounds, and never can get loose, the bed usually sold for 28.50, they are offering this week to introduce them for.....27.00 others at.....25.00 "a beauty" for.....30.00 some specially choice ones for 35.

A few nice Oriental Rugs helps some, and I saw the new stock just opened up which Miller, Stewart & Beaton are offering this week at one quarter less than regular prices, better get one or two while the prices are so cheap. They will fit in nicely in any room, seem never to wear out and look better the older they grow.

Table listing various items and their prices, including Shirvan Rug, Beloochistan, and Daghestan Rug.

Miller, Stewart & Beaton 413-15-17 South 16th Street

night. As soon as they enter the village each runs for its own home and remains there until morning.

Pretty Berber Girls. Some of these Kabyle women are fine looking. The wife of my host was about 30, and she would have been considered pretty in any crowd of American maidens. Her cheeks were rosy and her features as regular as those of the Venus de Medici.

Advertisement for Dr. Felix Couraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier, featuring an illustration of a woman's face.



A BOLERO, TWO LITTLE JACKETS AND A CAPE OF HEAVY LACE HAND EMBROIDERED LINEN AND MOUSSELINE.

MME. COUDREAU.

woman's life. She has just left France to begin her fourteenth series of explorations in America.

favor. The chances are that later in the season these tones will be more modish in millinery than in entire costumes, and certainly many of the loveliest effects among the new hats are obtained by artistic use of the browns in combination with other tones.

an enthusiastic fondness for that oriental garment and its lines are drawn upon for coats, blouses and frocks. The kimono sleeve is one of the most noticeable features of the new frocks and is being used to a degree that threatens to make it altogether too common before the new season is far advanced. However, many of the best models from the greatest French houses show this feature, and that being the case, it is safe to predict that the idea will survive the spring.

The genuine kimono sleeve is, of course, cut in one with the body of the blouse or coat and no shoulder seam appears, but there are many modifications of this idea. The sleeve is perhaps the detail which shows the most radical innovation this season.

The huge, quaint armholes, the drooping shoulder line, the fulness drooping ever nearer to the elbow, are all definite changes. There is undoubtedly a feeling for the loose mitten cuff fitting closely from the elbow almost to the knuckles.

This sleeve has not become common, but some of the best models from the great French makers show such sleeve lines, and rumors from the Riviera tell of the mitten sleeves as a feature in the toilets of some of the most famous Parisian mondaines.

Going back to the matter of the long shoulder line, which is claiming so much attention from designers and makers, the shoulder draperies of fichu or pelerie type are cleverly handled and extremely graceful. These are at their best in very thin stuffs, but the thin stuffs are so universally used that save in the street suit and in some linen costumes, picturesque shoulder drapery is almost always a possibility.

The cost of lace, linen and lingerie are particularly attractive and every importer is showing many such models, both short and of half or three-quarter length. The short coats are in the majority, though the longer coats which defy classification and some very handsome embroidered linen coats of the same length are well liked.

There is, too, a new dull blue, called in Paris bleu mort, which figures prominently in the new millinery, and there is a line of egg shell blue and green which melt into each other so that one hardly knows whether to call the shades blue or green. There is a very kindly feeling toward the greens—moss green; mignonette green; almond green; and many other soft medium hued tones. These greens combine well with some of the browns, the grays and the blues.

Running up the scale from the browns, one finds a wealth of beautiful yellows, ochre, sulphur, gold, apricot, sauterne, straw, coral, etc. Yellow will be considerably worn, the buff and straw color shadings being much fancied both for linens and for the more costly materials.

A new biscuit or sand color, known as terre d'Egypte, is a recent favorite with the French, and there is a long line of popular pink, rose and fruit shades. Few of the fashionable colors are really flamboyant, somewhat dull and subdued tones being preferred. Even the coloring may be exceedingly light and delicate.

Soutache braiding appears upon materials of all kinds from mousseline and marquise to silk and cloth. It is usually, however, combined with other embroidery and does not stand out as the imported modes do, than upon domestic materials. For it requires very artistic stamping and skilled workmanship if it is to be really original and successful.

In commonplace design and careless handling it is all of its distinction. The frock with blue marquisette pictured among the sketches was a particularly happy illustration of the possibilities in soutache work, but it would be difficult to obtain such results on this side of the water.

And even today it may look equally as "battledled" after the sea has declared war upon the fleets. For instance, in the great gale in March, 1883, forty-five smacks were totally lost, eighty-nine were more or less damaged and hundreds of men and boys perished or were sorely hurt. In the Yorkshire city of Hull alone nearly 300 lives were made widows of.

And even a storm of less violence may fill the little hospital. In these floating towns accidents will happen that no fore-sight can avert. It may be the sudden tautening of a steel trawl warp, which on one occasion decapitated one man in a second and cut another in two. Or it may be a crushed limb, a smashed hand, a case of blood poisoning or any one of a score of mishaps to which the hardships of these men make them especially liable.

Trawling is usually carried on in a depth varying from ten to twenty fathoms. The net is an oblong of about 100 feet by 20 feet and immediately on arrival at the fishing ground this is lowered and the trawler set in motion at half speed—say, five knots an hour.

After six hours or so the net is wound up and detached. It comes to the surface you may see a vast, silver, moving mass. At a few minutes later a noise at the bottom is opened and all the fish—there may be four tons—shot out on the deck, a struggling, wringing mass.

doctor wrote home: "With all these wounded men on board, our floating hospital looks a veritable battlefield."

Ships That Minister to Fishers (Continued from Page Three.)

Carpenter's Letter (Continued from Page Three.)

As I looked about me I heard a sheep bleating. It was apparently right under my feet, and turning around I saw a long-eared ram and a nobby goat looking at me from under a shelf at the back of the hut.

The sheep was the chief sleeping place of the family and the space below it served as a stable. There were some chickens in the same place, and at night the donkeys and other animals belonging to the family are brought in and all sleep together. These Kabyle sheep are tame, and they follow their masters from place to place like dogs.

The people have many sheep, which they pasture on the mountains in one common flock watched by a shepherd. The sheep and goats are brought into town every

they make from 40 to 60 cents a day and save almost the whole of it. They are accumulative, and many of them amass small fortunes of a few hundred dollars or so.

Indeed, these people have many qualities which distinguish them from the Arabs and Moors, by whom they are surrounded. Their white blood crops out in their desire for independence and self-government. They are ruled by the French, but as to local matters they govern themselves. Each town has a little republic, with its own council and a public meeting house where town affairs are discussed. It has its own municipal laws and elects its own officials. Each village has a mosque and school. The school is supplied with teachers by the French, and the children are taught to speak and write French as well as Arabic.