New Blouses That Have a Color Note

THE touch of color which has crept into so many of the modish lingerie blouses of the season may complicate laundering problems, but it certainly does bring about some charming effects, and, as usual, the question of practical utility bows before considerations of prettiness and fashions.

The all white blouse stands laundering more successfully than the blouse of white and color. It also lends itself with a better grace to all sorts of skirts, hats, etc., and the woman who must count the pennies will do well to stifle her longing for the dainty colored blouses and cling to all white models; but the chances are that every woman who can possibly afford it will have at least one or two of the new blouses, whose white is tempered by blue or pink or soft brown or rose or green.

It is only the sheer blouse with color introduced that is really new. The colored shirtwaist of madras or linen has long been worn and is not so popular as it once was, but the colored blouse which the Parisians have launched this season is of sheerest batiste or mull or lawn and as dainty as French fancy can make it.

The note of color may be in the material itself or in the embroidery, and the models range from the simplest of so-called tailored waists to the most elaborate of hand embroidered blouses, but the shirtwaists must be as fine and dainty in their own way as the more elaborate blouses in theirs. Coarse blouses in color lose all the smartness which belongs to the chic colored blouses of the season and are even much less desirable than the coarse blouse in all white.

The striped batistes and linons with white grounds striped in narrow lines of color are prime favorites for the semi-tailored type of blouse, and if it were not so difficult to find just the right materials for these waists they would not of necessity mean great expense, for almost any girl should, with the help of a good pattern, be able to make such a waist for herself.

The model most common is a simple shirt waist with tucked yoke of one sort or another, long sleeves, front opening, front frills and no collar. There is of course considerable importance attaching to the cut, for such a waist as this needs to fit trimly and be carefully made if it is really to have style, and a sloppy, ill fitting shirt waist is a lamentable thing.

This season many of the shirt waist makers are cutting their waists with separate side bodies instead of cutting them in two parts. The side body is, of course, very narrow, but the presence of the extra seam is more than atoned for by the elimination of awkward and unnecessary fullness and the resulting trimness and neatness of effect. If one can afford indulgence it is a good plan to do as one summer girl has done.

She went to one of the most exclusive shops in New York, a shop noted for its fine French blouses, and bought a charming shirt waist of striped batiste cut on the most approved lines. She paid a rather absurdly high price for this model but has made up for that by securing half a dozen others at prices as absurdly low; for the first thing she did with her French blouse was to rip it carefully to pieces.

Having ripped it, she cut an exact pattern from it. As the blouse had been carefully altered for her by an expert fitter at the shop in which she bought it, a pattern cut from it fitted her perfectly.

Having taken off the pattern, she re-made the blouse. Trouble of course, but through that trouble she was able to make for herself half a dozen blouses, perfect fitting, French in air, absolutely up-to-date in points of sleeve and cut and finish.

The shirt sleeve has less fullness than in former seasons and what fullness it contains is usually shaped below the elbow, so that it narrows to cuff width and may be joined to the cuff without much, if any, shirring. This shaping is accomplished by small tucks running up the sleeve from the cuff top.

LINGERIE BLOUSES WITH COLORED EMBROIDERY.

Some of the more extreme waists are made like a man's shirt sleeve with no fullness at the shoulder, but this is not generally becoming. The cuff may be merely a wristband or a deeper cuff fitting rather closely and tucked to match the blouse fronts. Sometimes this deeper cuff is headed by a tiny upstanding frill harmonizing with front frills; and often the cuff is a flat, turnback affair, edged all round by a little frill.

The wide, stiff shirt cuff is no longer seen save occasionally upon heavier tailored waists, and the finish at the wrist should be of the daintiest character, little pearl buttons and loops or tiny button holes being used to fit the cuff snugly.

Front frills vary from little frills running down each side of a central plait to wide single frills of jabot character. On the colored blouse such jabots are often of fine white stuff with narrow hems or buttonholed edges of the color; and indeed there are numerous blouses whose sole touch of color appears in such frill borders and cuff borders.

An embroidered band of color running down the center front may have double plaited frills on one side only, as in the net model pictured among the sketches, and a single frill on one side is also used. In the case of the net blouse plaited frills finish collars and cuffs, and in lingerie blouses, as well as in those of net, a plaited frill falling over the hand and finishing the high close-fitting collar is often used, the idea being eminently French, but not unfailingly becoming.

Bands of fine batiste embroidered in color set together with bands of valenciennes make pretty waists of a somewhat pretentious type, and, if the embroidery selected is fine and dainty enough, give an impression of elaborateness in excess of the effort and expense actually implied. The pink and white blouse sketched on this page was of this class, and, emanating from a Parisian workshop, was priced high, but offered no great difficulties to the copyist.

Dotted and ring-dot batistes and linons are used for the colored blouses, as well as striped stuffs, and certain very chic models offered by various importers have a white ground with colored dot, full front frill of white with scalloped edge buttonholed in color and turnover collar and cuffs of white buttonholed in color to match the frill. In black and white this model is especially chic and for that matter many of the effective colored models are in black and white.

White sheer stuff with narrow border or delicate color is often used for blouses, the color note being emphasized by a little hand embroidery in the same color. In the case of the model sketched here the embroidery consisted merely of little pink dots, but the general effect was excellent.

Elaborate colored embroideries in heavy, bold designs are often bestowed upon the sheerest of white materials, the blue and white models of the cut being a sample of the stunning results obtained in this way, but on the other hand there are many models in which the finest and daintiest of colored wreaths and garlands are mingled with inset lace in yokes and sleeves and fronts.

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Varied Views and Activities of Women

ALTHOUGH there is now no surviving ex-president of the United States, three women still live who have shared the lot of former executives of the nation.

The three widows of ex-presidents are Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. It has nearly always been the case that the widows of presidents have outnumbered former holders of the office. The strain of caring for the nation's affairs seems to bear heavily on incumbents of the chief magistracy and it is rare indeed to have had more than two ex-presidents living at the same time.

Mrs. Garfield has long survived her husband, who has now been dead almost twenty-seven years, relates the Brooklyn Eagle.

Since his death she has lived to see her son, James Rudolph Garfield, steadily advance to a place of prominence in the nation's councils until now he has become a member of the president's cabinet. In view of his youth he has at least a right to hope that history of the Adams family might be duplicated and the son of a president go to the White House. Particularly has Mr. Garfield a right to nurse this dream in view of the fact that he comes from Ohio, which has usurped the one time place of Virginia as a producer of chief executives.

In Pasadena, Cal., Mrs. Garfield has a summer home. There she lives a larger part of her time in idyllic surroundings. She spends most of her time sewing and reading. She is a sweet and gracious woman, gentle and kindly and always ready to speak of the triumphs of her husband.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was not actually a lady of the White House, for her distinguished husband had retired from public life before he wed the beautiful Mrs. Mary Dimmick, the favorite niece of the first wife of the president.

She became a member of the Harrison household prior to his election to the presidency and after his inauguration she took a prominent part in all the activities of social Washington.

The first wife, Mary Scott Harrison, was an invalid during a large part of Mr. Harrison's stay at the White House and much of the social duty developed upon Mrs. Dimmick. She cared for it with complete success.

When, four years after his passing from the White House, Mr. Harrison announced his purpose to remarry, there was general pleasure and heartiest good will was expressed all over the country. On February 21, 1897, a child was born to the pair, Elizabeth Harrison.

A woman of rare beauty and charm, Mrs. Harrison is naturally very popular, both in Indianapolis, where she had her home, and in Tuxedo, N. Y., where she spends much of her time.

Mrs. Cleveland has only lately been made the widow of a president. The whole life of this lovable woman, since her girlhood days, radiated around the life of the only man the democrats have succeeded in putting in the White House in half a century of effort. They were wedded in the White House during the first term of the then New Yorker.

For the remaining years of his term Mrs. Cleveland presided with a charm and a dignity that were irresistible, and that gave her perhaps more thorough popularity than any woman of the many who have held the title of "first lady of the land."

For four years more in private life, Mrs. Cleveland continued to hold a place in the affections of the people and when in 1892 the vote of the people carried Grover Cleveland back into the chair of Washington, many a republican found the pangs of having a democratic president lessened by the fact that his selection returned Mrs. Cleveland to her old place.

Her triumphs of the first term were abundantly repeated, and when once more the pair retired to private life to take up their home in beautiful Westlands, their Princeton abode, Mrs. Cleveland remained a beautiful memory to the nation that had genuinely loved her.

Now, as a widow, charged with the responsibility of training her family, the old affection is still there.

Endurance of Women.

Although men as they run are perhaps muscularly stronger than women, says the New York Globe, their inability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes places them considerably below the so-called weaker sex in the matter of unclothed toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament; men use them as a protective covering. A group of men marooned clothesless on an island in the temperate zone might be expected to die off in a month from draughts and colds and rheumatism. The health of women similarly placed would suffer little from the enforced exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc.—woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.

The Woman In Journalism.

Discussing woman in journalism in the Bohemian, Ellen Farley writes:

Yet even when her shell has hardened and snubs rebound like rubber balls, the newspaper woman shrinks from an assignment that sends her probing raw, gaping heart wounds. If her ideals are lofty she tightly hugs the knowledge that she is writing a human document; that behind the detail of petty scandal she is pointing out how the soul bears itself in its great crises; that she is tabulating psychological statistics. But there still remains that appalling resemblance between her work and back fence gossip.

A legend of the Herald office tells of a fervent neophyte who was awakened on being announced by a wise gamin of the streets as "the dame who travels for de papes." She resigned in disgust, indignantly refusing "to be a commercial traveler for scandal or anything else."

"Ah," exclaims the wide-eyed zealot from Lonelyville when a blase sister tries to pierce the golden, glamorous veil of her illusions, "but think of the lovely people you meet, the celebrated men and women, the wonderful, broadening influence of the contact with all phases of life."

Wearidly the blase one will admit that she meets charming people. There flashes retrospectively a delightful chat with a great, gracious prima donna, of a genial half hour on books and art with a clever man of note, of the newest sensation in murderesses, gleefully unwrapping her tinsel soul for a half-page article.

Also specters of other things rise up to confront her; specters of hours when she lay in wait for reluctant notables in hotel lobbies, elaborating acerbic monosyllables into a story because her paper demanded it, of the derisive silence of the eminent politician she pounced upon at his doorstep, brazenly demanding that he reveal some purposed coup; of the tragic, grief-furrowed face of the defaulter's wife as she explored the broken heart to tell her paper "How it Feels to Be the Wife of a Rogue;" of insulting butlers and grinning maids as she tried to make her way into the mansions of the yellow rich. Side by side with snatches of things worth while are ranged visions of bitter humiliations, of intense rebellion, of outraged pride, in the woman journalist's memory gallery. It's where the tyro falls—this road of humiliation. But she who aims above the woman's page must surely make the journey. Over her personal feeling, over the world's personal feeling, must triumph always the thought of her paper. It sounds like a hardening process, yet paradoxically the average newspaper woman is broader and sweeter in sympathy, deeper in feeling, than the average girl of the "sheltered life," and the secret lies in the magic phrase, "She understands."

Folly of Trusting a Man.

It seems dreadful to think that from her earliest infancy a girl must be taught to beware of man, who should be her natural protector, writes Beatrice Fairfax in the St. Louis Times.

That is what she must be taught, however, and her mother is the one who should teach her. She must trust no man until his wedding ring is on her finger.

It is hard on the honorable man to be thus classed with his infamous brother, but a young girl is not qualified to properly distinguish between the two.

The surest guide for a pure-minded girl to follow is her own instinct. If that warns her against a man she had best follow it, no matter how attractive and beguiling the man may be.

The thing that first draws a girl into fast society is the desire for a good time. The automobile is responsible for the downfall of many a girl.

Day after day she sees fashionable women whizzing along in big, luxurious cars and naturally she envies them. Then some day an acquaintance either borrows or rents a car, or a chauffeur appropriates his master's car for the occasion.

The girl gets the longed for opportunity and, veiled and cloaked, she goes whizzing along just as she has seen her rich and fashionable sisters go, and she feels just as grand as they looked.

She is intoxicated by the excitement and the chances are that there is a stop at some road house, where most of the party have something to drink.

The first time she refuses anything to drink, though she feels foolish and prudish in doing so. The next time she is overpersuaded, and that is the beginning of the end.

During her daughter's infancy and childhood the average mother is all care and watchfulness, and then, when the girl is grown in years, but still a mere baby in judgment, she is left largely to shift for herself.

Small wonder that the end is frequently a tragedy.

But, after all, dear girls, you yourselves are the ones most responsible for the happiness of your future and your good name. Remember that once the latter is blackened nothing on earth can whiten it again.

Just at present having a good time may seem the most important thing in the world to you, but all the good times on earth won't compensate for the agony you will suffer if you lose your self-respect and the respect of your fellow beings.

Don't trust men.. Trust your own instinct and your mother's counsel.

Don't be carried away by what seems a gay and worldly life, for nine times out of ten what is offered you is but a very poor and cheap imitation of the real thing.

And it is far better, my dears, to lead a humdrum life than to have that life ended by death or disgrace just when it should be bursting into full flower.

Reformer Called Down.

State Representative George Glenn of Georgia, who framed and introduced in the legislature a bill "to protect men from the wiles and blandishments of women," has just encountered unexpected and, as will appear to his married brethern, insurmountable opposition.

Mrs. Glenn is against him—dead against him, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. Notwithstanding he and his friend, Major Culpepper Pinckney have been assuring the country that all right-minded women would be with them in this fight, Mrs. Glenn writes from Whitfield county, in the postscript to a letter in which she sets forth in full her objections to Mr. Glenn's course, "Quit your durn foolishness and come home!"

It has ever been thus when a married man has attempted to bring about a reform in the interest of both sexes which would compel women to dispense with those little frivolities which allure. Every time a married man has openly attacked rainbow stocking, pekaboo waists, or anything of that kind, on the ground that such things are objectionable to all good women, his wife was certain to call him off, if not exactly in the language of Mrs. Glenn, at least in language which is easily understood.

This probably accounts for the fact that married men are seldom successful social reformers. All of their inclinations are in the direction of the social uplift, but the moment they begin to display any familiarity even with the names of the different wiles and blandishments put forward by the opposite sex for the allurement of man they are invited by their wives to quit their foolishness and come home.

Working Nurses Needed.

A New York woman says that there is a great demand for nurses in the families of ordinary people who might be able to pay from $10 to $15 a week, but would expect the nurse to not only help with the sick ones, but assist with the work that is so much greater when there is sickness in the family. The trained nurse as a general thing would scorn to do anything else but her work proper, and she has her rights, but it will certainly be a good thing for the country when some one establishes a kind of working nurse who is not above helping those who cannot afford to hire the trained nurse and servant as well and are, under ordinary circumstances, their own servants.

Medal for Girl Heroine.

Notwithstanding the fact that she was denied recognition by the Carnegie Hero Fund commission, little Myrtle McAdoo of Hot Springs, Ark., received a gold medal for her act of heroism last December in saving the lives of several trainmen.

Although only 8 years of age, she took her shawl and flagged a freight train, which otherwise would have run into a burning bridge. The employes of the Little Rock, Hot Springs & Western railway will present their benefactor with an appropriate medal.

Colonel S. W. Fordyce of St. Louis presented the heroine with a check for $100 shortly after her remarkable performance.

Leaves from Fashion's Notebook.

Colored embroidery plays an important part in sartorial affairs, although the white guimpe is so becoming that it is generally retained, even where the color is brought into the decorative scheme.

Lingerie guimpes and yokes of embroidery are a most important part of the feminine wardrobe, as they aid immeasurably to freshen and dress up a simple silk or gingham frock.

The vogue of muslin embroideries has done much to simplify matters for the home dressmaker and especially for the woman who must do considerable making over in order to join financial ends.

In its various widths, the muslin embroidery flouncing is perhaps the best of all sartorial friends that Dame Fashion has of late years vouchsafed to the woman who must dress herself daintily and modestly on a limited income.

Many lingerie petticoats have knee flouncings headed with two-inch wide beadings run through with pale ribbons, but others quite as effective are trimmed with embroidery bandings entre deux with bastiste tuckings.

Some of the daintiest lingerie costumes seen this season were made at comparatively slight expense of time, labor and money, because of the adaptibility of embroidery flouncings, insertions and bandings and of medallions and galloons intermixed with pretty laces.

There is always room in the jewel cabinet for one more ornament in the shape of breast pin or buckle and the newest buckles are made of imitation stones set in dull gold or in gilt. The largest and showiest of purple stones, jade, sapphire and rhinestones are set in gilt and worn with a gown of any pastel shade.

All fashions are designed for slender figures, but those with which we have to reckon now are better adaptable to avoirdupois than usual, and a skilful dressmaker can work a complete transformation merely by the adjustment of the waistline and the direction of the lines of the skirt. It is possible, too, to take a cubit or two from one's girth—and add it to one's height—by the simple means of trimming a skirt.

For a while it looked as though the princesse, with the panel, having become common, would lose its prestige, and it did a little, but it has bobbed up again serenely. All surplice effects, too, are as good as ever, in spite of their popularity in the spring, which might easily have overthrown them. Arranged with care, it gives beautifully long lines, especially when the two sides meet without crossing each other at the waistline. It is not then typically a surplice, but it goes under that heading.

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Julia C. Lathrop of Rockford, Ill., has been made codirector with Prof. Graham Taylor of the Chicago Institute of Social Science. Besides coming from a family of lawyers, Miss Lathrop has herself taken a course in law.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has come out in the open against women's rights and is one of the most prominent of the organizers of the National Anti-Suffrage association. A circular letter sent out recently, setting forth the aims of that body, contained her own name. Other signers were the marchioness of Tweeddale, the countess of Jersey, Lord Dunraven and Lord Rothschild.

In the days of Jane Austin 22 or 23 was supposed to be a good-and-done-for-age for a girl, who was expected to be married when she was 17 or 18 years of age. Nowadays a girl is said to be sensible who waits until she is 25 or 30 to marry and then, of course, marries a man very different from the hero of her salad days.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hayward of Salt Lake City, who was regularly elected as delegate to the democratic national convention in Denver, is the mother of nine children and said to have one of the best managed households in that City. She is an ardent advocate of equal suffrage, not because it "broadens" the views of the modern woman but because it gives the them power to protect and improve their homes.

Mrs. Cornwallis West, better known as Lady Randolph Churchill, in her reminiscences tells a story of the old fashion in regard to the honeymoon. It was considered not only proper to remain in seclusion for a month or six weeks, but almost improper not to so seclude oneself. Shortly after her first marriage she met a person of high station and, telling him that she had been married only a few weeks, he fixed her with a cold stare and exclaimed, "And here so soon!"

New Orleans is to have a juvenile court, and Miss Kate Gordon and her sister, Miss Jean Fordon, are being congratulated on the success of their efforts. Several years ago these two public-spirited women began single-handed to work for the establishment of this court. They were later joined by the New Era club, and together they have managed to win a victory where only defeat was prophesied.

Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, supervisor of the reading course for farmers' wives, conducted by the Agricultural College of Cornell university, believes that there should be a woman judge in juvenile courts where girls are tried. She bases her opinion on personal observation of various juvenile courts, notably those in New York City. She believes that there are many questions which girls would answer truthfully if there was a woman on the bench, but which they now invariably lie about when questioned by a man. This is one of the very few instances in which Miss Van Rensselaer believes segregation of the two sexes would be beneficial.

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