Mushroom Shaped Hats For Small Girls

THE summer hats and bonnets for baby girls were charming. The winter models are even more charming, and a large percentage of their charm is due to the fact that with all their fanciful quaintness they are essentially babyish, a thing that could not be said of the huge, fussy bonnets in vogue a few seasons ago.

The baby hat of the moment, and by "baby" we mean small girls up to the age of 4, though the 5-year-old would undoubtedly find the classification insulting, is the bowl crown, mushroom shape, in fine soft felt or beaver, the latter being reserved for the older "babies." The felt hat may be bought in most diminutive sizes as well as in larger sizes, and varies in trimming, though even at its dressiest it preserves a delightful simplicity.

In fine white felt for the very small girl it is likely to have a little quilling of white satin or velvet ribbon running around the crown, with a knot of some sort at the left side, or perhaps a little cluster of flowers is used in place of the knot. The flowers must, of course, be of the most babyish sort, a small bunch of forget-me-nots or of wee pink and white rosebuds being first favorites.

On hats a trifle larger the flowers are more varied, small, full blown roses, wild roses, snow drops and other dainty blossoms being called into play. A pretty child out for an airing with her nurse in the park the other day wore a white cloth coat with a little straight collar of all white ermine and a mushroom hat of soft white felt, around which ran a quilling of pale blue velvet ribbon, holding loosely at the side two small pale pink roses. The flowers seemed merely to have their stems thrust through the quilling and one of the roses dropped low on the brim.

Loops of ribbon closely massed around the crown so as to give the impression of a sort of ruche or quilling furnish another form of trimming for the little mushroom shape. Occasionally one sees a band of fur, ermine or beaver by preference, around the crown, with a tiny head finishing the band at the side; but somehow or other the suggestion of the slaughtered beastie does not fit in harmoniously with the baby face below, and if fur is used the head would better be eliminated.

A plain band of plush or velvet may be the only trimming of the mushroom shape, and indeed a severe band trimming with short fluttering ends is the prevailing trimming for the heavier mushroom, which belongs to the older babies and which is a great favorite in red, blue and brown.

Tiny bright red felt hats trimmed after some one of the fashions just described are practical and attractive for babies past the all white age and accompanied by red coats to match are cheerful things in a winter landscape, blots of gay, warm color for which the ordinary passerby is grateful.

Many of the mushroom hats may, by turning up the brim, be converted into rollbrim sailors of familiar aspect, but they are almost invariably worn turned down and frame a child face charmingly.

There are innumerable little bonnets for the wee girls, many of them adorably quaint and picturesque, but few really bizarre. Almost all of the models are small,

BABY BONNETS OF FELT AND SILK, TRIMMED WITH FRILLS, FLOWERS, LACE, RIBBON AND FUR.

and a majority are generally becoming. Our artist has made sketches of a number of these bonnets, selected from a host because of certain individual features worthy of note.

The materials are soft felt and mousseline, fur and mousseline, velvet and mousseline, silk and lace, fur and ribbon. One delightful little model has a close-fitting crown of ermine, with shirrings of white silk mousseline around the tale. Another has a crown of Normandy order in blue velvet, with bands of fur around the face and the neck and soft satin ribbon for trimming.

A particularly attractive and absurd little bonnet is in white corded silk, this silk, falling in a curtainlike frill from a round flat little crown top. Frills of mousseline froth around the face and little clusters of fowers nestle in this fluffiness just over the ears where the ties start.

Of course there is a close-fitting cap under the loose silk frill, and this frill is so tacked that it falls closely, following the shape of the wearer's head, save that it does not curve into the neck and the bottom across the back and sides.

A larger bonnet for an older little girl shows another frill or curtain effect, but one of a more familiar type, recalling some of the Charlotte Corday models, made for grownups. The material is pink silk, the very soft corded silk of high luster, and the crown is slightly high and quite full. A frill of fine creamy lace, narrowest in front and deepening considerably toward the back, is joined to the crown under a wreath of tiny pink roses, and there is a little frill of white mousseline next the face, hiding the bandeau arrangement which holds the bonnet high enough so that the frill will not fall too low over the forehead.

This model is pretty and French, but it has not the babyish charm of the closed bonnets, many of which are made in fine, flexible white felt, draped into original shapes. Corded silk, too, is often used for these close fitting shapes, and if there is a little brim in fronts of white chiffon or mousseline is usually shirred inside it and tiny rosebuds are tucked in among the white folds next the face.

For coats to wear with the dainty bonnets and hats, broadcloth, velvet, corded silk, heavy serge and the various soft rough coat materials are all in use and the shapes are usually rather plain, though braiding, heavy lace or fur, may make the coat distinctly elaborate.

Pastel pink and blue broadcloths with no trimmings save stitching, buttons and tiny fur collars are extremely smart, and there are attractive little coats on Russian lines of black velvet with narrow, straight collars of ermine and white belts. For play coats red and brown are especially popular and dark blue is always a favorite.

For small boys the variety in headgear is limited. Man, from the cradle to the grave, must needs curb his love for splendor of raiment, though adults often let off considerable steam in hosiery, ties and waistcoats.

Little boys as well as little girls wear mushroom brimmed hats, though the crown of the boy's hat is likely to be flat topped rather than bowl shaped. The boy retains the roll brim sailor too and the other Jack tar cap.

For very small boys there are picturesque little turbans, fur trimmed—hussar caps with felt crowns, Persian lamb brim, and stiff brush or round turbans with fur brim and a flat belt top, which has a tuft of fur in the middle.

Who Owns the Earth?

When "Coal Oil Johnny" bought all the champagne in New York and emptied it into a plunge bath, so that he might take a swim in the sparkling wine, he was by comparison a mean and penurious miser. The only real, genuine, open-handed and free-hearted spendthrift in the tides of time is the government of the United States. For instance:

When Jay Cooke and his colleagues were projecting the Northern Pacific railroad they took off their hats and made a bow to congress.

"We're thinking of building to the Pacific coast," they said. "Can't you give us a little help?"

"Why, certainly," the congress replied enthusiastically. "Just take the state of New York and go to work."

"Oh!" said the railroad promoters in a pained voice, "is that all? Why, we really expected something substantial."

"Well," congress answered, swelling with philanthropy and putting its hand into the public pocket, "of course, if you feel that way about it you can put Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware on the string, too. Now run along and get busy."

Still the promoters stood and looked pathetically at that tender-hearted aggregation of statesmen.

"Why, certainly," sobbed congress finally, vainly endeavoring to conceal its emotion, "we'll have the people lend you what money you need, too. Please don't look at us in that tone of voice any longer."

In other words, the land grant of 47,000,000 of acres made as a free gift to the Northern Pacific Railroad company by the national congress more than equals in extent the total area of the states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware.

Up to twelve years ago congress had given away the public domain to railroad and other corporations to the extent of 266,000,000 acres, a bit of territory the total area of France and Germany, two countries which support between them a population much greater than the whole population of the United States when the last census was taken.—Technical World.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS

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Activities and Views of Progressive Women in Various Walks of Life

Working Girls in Large Cities.

SUMMARIZING the results of an inquiry into the condition and experiences of working girls in large cities, Harper's Bazar prints these conclusions:

"Taking education, family training and influence, and personal qualities and characteristics, into consideration in determining what is meant by 'the best' —of the wages of 'the best' women employed in this city as clerks, bookkeepers, cashiers, stenographers, filing clerks, saleswomen, etc.—the following seems to be true:

"They (generally) begin at $7 or $8 per week.

"It (generally) takes about three years to advance to $10 or $12 per week.

"It (generally) takes five or six years to advance to $15 per week.

"Not more than 10 per cent ever go beyond $15 per week.

"Advance in wages is very rare after ten years' service, except with the 10 per cent who develop peculiarly strong characteristics and are advanced to administrative positions.

"It must be remembered that this covers only employes who can properly be classed as 'the best.' Others begin at $3, $4 and $5 a week, and rarely rise above $7 or $8 a week.

"It seems also true that the younger women and the better-equipped women crowd out the older women, as appears from the fact that except among 'the best' few remain after thirty or thirty-five years, and even among 'the best' few remain after forty or forty-five years."

When Woman is a Fool.

Mr. Maloney, formerly of Denver, Colo., walked up to a neat little cottage in East Newark, N. J., the other day, relates Winnifred Black in the New York American. He scraped his feet with some care, rang the bell and stood waiting, so the neighbors who observed the incident say, with a broad smile on his face.

A little, tired, sad-eyed old woman opened the door.

"Hello, Mary," said Mr. Maloney, laughing now instead of smiling. "I'm your husband. May I come in?"

The tired, sad-eyed little woman turned very white, then she gasped, "Why, yes, yes, why?" she faltered, "come in, John," and Jonathan went in, out of the cold into a nice, warm, cumfy house, with a good wife and a pleasant daughter to make him welcome. Jonathan had been away, it seems, thirty-two years.

The first four years of his absence he was very kind. He sent his deserted wife a little money every month to help take care of the baby. After that he neither sent her money nor wrote, and now all the newspapers are playing him up as a modern Enoch Arden, and I suppose someone will write a touching poem about his welcome home.

Fiddlesticks!

Mrs. Maloney said the wrong thing, in my opinion, which Jonathan announced to her that he was her husband.

If I had been Mary I would have answered him:

"Really, there must be some mistake. You may be my husband, but I most certainly am not your wife." And then I would have shut the door and gone back to my nice, warm fireside and left Jonathan out all alone in the cold, cold world.

Thirty-two years he had forgot her.

For thirty-two years she worked and planned and saved and schemed to make a living for herself and her child. And at the end of that time the man who deserted her walks in and expects a welcome to the home for which he has done worse than nothing.

When will women get over being such fools?

What man is there who would take back a wife who ran away from him thirty-two years ago? Take her back when she has spent her youth and her strength—decency only knows how—and treat her with even a semblance of scant courtesy?

Whenever I hear of a woman who accepts such treatment from a man I stop wondering why the man gives it to her.

Technical Training for Girls.

Rheta Childe Dorr relates in the January Hampton's Magazine in her article entitled "Give the Working Girl a Chance," a very interesting story which shows what technical training for our working girls will accomplish:

In one family there were two daughters, both of whom left a grammar school the same June. Annie, the elder by a year, was a bright, ambitious, healthy specimen of a girl, while Jennie was timid, not overbright and very reluctant to go to work. The mother, being importuned by a friendly settlement worker, finally consented to allow one of the girls to enter the trade school. "But it'll have to be Jennie," she insisted. "Annie can get a job any day, and hold her own in it, too. But Jennie might learn something in the school. She can try it, if you're so anxious."

So Jennie entered the trade school and elected the dressmaking trade. Annie at the same time entered a dressmaking establishment as an apprentice. For six months she ran errands, after which she was promoted to pulling basting threads. At the end of a year she was beginning to sew up linings. At the end of three years she was still sewing up linings. Her wages were $7 a week.

Jennie remained in the trade school eighteen months. Then she went into a shop as a skirt hand. Her wages, at first $5 a week, advanced at the close of the first season to $10 a week. In three years, when Annie was sewing linings at $7 a week, Jennie, the dull girl, was head skirt hand at $15 a week. Moreover, if she lost her position as skirt hand she could easily have operated a machine, turned to making sleeves or even have become a waist trimmer, under proper direction. There is no higher position in a dressmaking establishment than waist trimmer, if you except the designer.

Versatility counts in all departments of usefulness. Jennie transferred to the domestic life will certainly make a better housekeeper than her sister, whose brain and hands have been drilled to one task and one only.

Co-Operative Housekeeping.

Co-operative housekeeping on a large scale is to be instituted upon the completion of the ninety-seven two-story houses which the Girard estate is building upon the squares which center at Eighteenth and Porter streets, reports the Philadelphia Record. As a part of the operation a large power house, costing $125,000, is being erected at the southwestern end of the tract, near Twentieth and Oregon streets, and from this plant all the houses now being put up by the estate will be supplied with heat, light and hot water. Not only will this service be rendered with unusual economy, but it is expected to minimize the work of house servants, doing away with lighting and care of fires, removal of ashes and incident duties.

This is probably the first instance in the United States where such service has been planned for detached two-story houses. Such a system is only possible where the entire group of houses supplied is under one management, as the expense of maintenance could not be counted on if the houses were occupied by individual owners.

Under this plan it is estimated that heat, light and hot water can be provided at an average expense of $8 to $10 per month for each household, leaving only unsolved the problem of cooking, for which gas stoves are now commonly preferred. The task of supplying hot water to the houses caused the Girard estate much study, but was met by an independent system of pipes. For those who wish to operate sewing machines or washing machines by electricity, power can also be supplied from the central plant, and further extensions of the modern community idea are planned if the first conveniences shall prove successful.

While providing a common household service, the Girard estate has made a departure in two-story house operations in Philadelphia by introducing varied art designs in the new houses downtown and not building them according to a single design. The variety of effects, including Colonial, Romanesque and Queen Anne styles, make an unusually picturesque grouping for the smaller class of residences, and when to this is added a small but attractive park at the northwestern angle of the tract, upon the site of Stephen Girard's old country home, the combination is regarded as likely to have a far-reaching influence in providing attractive homes in the future.

Women Paying the Penalty.

Women have begun to pay the penalty for entering the fields of employment formerly occupied by men exclusively, according to a mortuary table for Manhattan and the Bronx recently prepared by Dr. William H. Guilfoy, the registrar of records of the health department of New York City. He has compared two periods, 1866, when women had not taken up general employment in commercial and professional life, and 1907, when there is hardly an occupation in which they do not figure. Despite the tremendous gain made in the fight for supremacy over the great white plague, the deaths from all causes between the ages of 45 and 65 or over show that at the period when the manner of the past life is most potential for health or disease the death rate exceeds that of forty years ago.

Between the ages of 45 and 54 in 1866 the percentage of deaths from all causes was 17.69, as compared with 13.67 in 1907; between the ages of 55 and 64, in 1866, 29.37, and in 1907, 28.43; for sixty-five years and over, 53.40 in 1866 and 50.30 in 1907. In tuberculosis of all kinds there has been a great reduction in the death rate for all years. This reduced the foregoing figure, or the showing of an increased percentage of deaths would be still greater. From other diseases the increase has been uniform.

Life insurance companies have long recognized this adverse condition, having observed the gradual increase of deaths among women who are in business. While the health departments the country over keep the statistics as accurately as possible, they are not applied as practically as by the life companies, which figure the dangers of risks to a nicety unknown in other lines of activity. Dr. Guilfoy sees great advancement in the fight against tuberculosis, but even in that disease he has shown that the mean average of death among women has shortened the duration of life since 1866.

Patti's Voice Since Retirement.

Mme. Patti becomes more marvelous every year, says the London World. Everybody noticed that since her retirement her voice, while its velvety softness and roundness have not been touched, has gained considerably in volume. This is partly due, of course, to the fact that formerly she used to have to think of future concerts, and now she can be prodigal of all her resources; still it is a fact which psychologists and voice specialists will find it hard to explain. Her interpretations of "Angels ever bright and fair," of "Pur diceste" and "Voi che sapete," remain models of every possible perfection of style.

One Woman's Way.

Signs that a husband's love has grown cold, as observed by Mrs. Emma Carolyn Weis, of 47 Schenck avenue, Brooklyn:

Cooking "not like mother's."
No good-by kiss.
No nights at the theater.
No more candy and flowers.
Always thinking thout business.
Stayed out late at night.

It was because of these indications that Mrs. Weis bound herself to a chair, gave hubby the shock of his life when he came home, had half the Brooklyn police looking for the burglar she told about, and made a sensation in the neighborhood.

Did it work? Well rather. Mr. Weis thought it was just too cute for anything. He took his wife in his arms and gave he kisses enough to have done for the whole two years of their married life.

And promises for the future? Yes, indeedy. It's the theater every night in the week after this and twice on Sunday. He didn't waste any time starting in, either. A Sunday concert, pounds of candy, and when they were not out having a good time hubby couldn't have been dragged away from home for any consideration.

Happy isn't any name for it! Mrs. Weis is just as enthusiastic as the day she was married, and so is Mr. Weis. Both recommend a spectacular burglar scare as a sure cure for thoughtless husbands.

Souls and Soap.

Recently at a meeting of the State Federation of Women, or Women clubs of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Tillinghast propounded this conundrum, if it is a conundrum: "What effect, think you, will an endless round of cleaning and scrubbing, washing and ironing have upon a human soul? How far toward the ideal in normal and spiritual development will such a soul be able to advance?"

Perhaps something would depend on the soul, comments the Nashville American. We have not heard that cleanliness is an enemy of soulfulness or that industry is immoral, though we have seen poets and artists who looked as if they did not bathe as often as they should. Is Mrs. Tillinghast of Titusville prepared to argue that a soul that lives in dirt and idleness is apt to be more soulful than one that believes in soap and water? Or is it the work that spirituality? Constant drudgery might, but would constant idleness promote moral and spiritual growth? The ideal is not reached by merely yearning. No woman should scrub or wash all the time. She may keep her house immaculate while her mind gathers cobwebs. Let her learn to make good bread or a pie; then she will be an artist for whose work the world will quickly desert the productions of painters, scultors and poets.

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Mesina Pudding.

This is a most delicious cold sweet. Take half a pound of sugar, two and a half lemons, three eggs, one cupful of whipped cream, one and a half tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine, six tablespoonfuls of water and a few crystallized violets.

Put the yolks of the eggs, the sugar, grated rinds and strained juice of the lemons into a saucepan, whisk steadily till nearly boiling, then strain into a basin and let it get cold. Put the water and gelatin in a small saucepan on the stove and allow to dissolve.

When the egg mixture is cold stir into it the whipped cream, then strain in the melted gelatine and lastly the whipped whites of the three eggs. Let it set creamfly, and then pour into a dish. When set decorate with the violets and serve cold.

Dainty Things in Neckwear.

To buy the handsome ties and stocks that are now so popular costs so much that the girl who can embroider will find no more acceptable gift she can make for her women friends.

One young woman will make nothing else this year. Some of them are dainty rabats, made of sheer handkerchief linen, embroidered either in white or colors. Others are bits of Irish crochet fashioned either into long strings, finished with a tassel on each end, or into small butterfly bows.

These latter are cut like the petal of a rose, with a blunter base, and two of the pieces are used on each side, the upper one being somewhat smaller than those below. The edges are bound in narrow wash ribbons, some in white, some in blue, pink or lavender.

Still other ties are the narrow strings of satin, not more than half an inch wide. They have a piece that fits around the base of the collar, fastened in front with a tiny square bow not an inch and a half from loop to loop. The ends were sometimes two, side by side; again they numbered three and fell straight from the center of the bow, one on top of the other. Each piece was about an inch shorttr than the one beneath.

To Avoid Soggy Pie Crust.

After having lined the pie tin with crust, break an egg and let the white drop into it, tipping the pan so as to get it all over the surface of the crust, then let it roll out into a cup, after which it may be used for settling coffee or in various other ways.

Leaves from Fashion's Notebook.

Animals of every kind are the favorite forms in the new Christmas jewelry.

In the one-piece dress there is not only satisfaction in the mere wearing, but from an artistic point of view, the long, unbroken, or at least carefully broken lines, give a much better ensemble effect than the waist and skirt.

A pretty fashion recently introduced is the sewing of cabochon pearls on the chemisette and neckband of a lace frock, if possible these are made to harmonize with the general color scheme. With cream gown or soft cream sash the pearls are of deep cream tone, and with a gown of pink, opalescent tints are selected.

Nearly all women of fashion wear stays made to order, and for those who cannot afford to have them made, the manufacturers have provided such a variety of models, each with its own peculiar advantages, that a little care in making a selection is sure to result satisfactory, provided the directions given by the fitter are always observed in putting on the corset.

Many and numerous are the methods by which the extension skirt may be made a thing of beauty and of graceful lines. The dressmakers seem to revel in this special dictate of fashion, and to vie with each other in striking and individual note where it is least expected. And the best of this is that every one of these "methods" tends to emphasize a suggestion of simplicity.

Mantles and wraps are either built on the lines of the old Roman toga, falling in sumptuous folds and loose ends, one of which can be thrown over the shoulder for extra warmth, just as the Roman did in the brave days of old, or they are fashioned like a priestly vestment, with straight back and narrow fronts, and they are often enriched with embroidery that far outshines the ecclesiastical prototype.

The corset is not the only medium through which the modern woman has freed herself from discomfort. She has got away from the wasp-waist, the tight-fitting boned bodice, and the stock that nearly choked her to death. Bones are required, to be sure, in most of the gowns, but there are few of them, and they are used rather as a foundation than to help the fitting, while, as for the stock, which is an important detail, it fits snugly, but as it is shaped to the neck, is far removed in its injurious effect from the "chokers" just mentioned.

In a crept hall gown of an opalescent tint there is a long skirt cut on straight, not circular, narrow lines with a long train. The front is decorated with a simple design traced in delicately tinted beads, while the drapery from the shoulders, a half width of the crepe, softly folded, is drawn down to the empire waistline, where it spreads out and forms a charmingly graceful tunic, with each side caught to the underskirt by coral-tinted cabochons. The front of the bodice consists of a shirring of the crepe brought up to meet a band of embroidered satin, which outlines the deep, square decolletage. From the embroidered bands which also give the finish to the little Dutch sheers, long ball ornaments dangle

What Women Are Doing.

Miss Mona Wilson is the first woman in England to be appointed a member of the home office committee to inquire into factory accidents.

Miss Hilda B. Clark is serving her second term as assistant to her aged father, Rev. Dr. DeWitt S. Clark, pastor of the Tabernacle Congregational church, Salem, Mass. Smith college trained her.

Miss Madeline Edison, daughter of Thomas A. Edison, is said to be following in her father's footsteps as an inventor. For several years she has been his comrade in working out experiments in electricity. As her own invention she has put on the market an automobile map.

Woman's invasion of man's industrial field has taken another forward step. This time it is the substitution of sweet-faced neatly uniformed girls for the masculine gas inspectors in Chicago. These girls are to answer all complaints by personal calls, and incidentally instruct the housewife or servant in the proper use of the range.

Mlle. Clemence Jousselin, a dressmaker and fair and forty, has the honor of being the first woman elected to a judicial position in France. Justice has been made one of the "conseils des prud'hommes." She will have charge of all the litigation arising in the silk business and hers is said to be one of the hardest tasks of the "council of wise men."

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds of London, but formerly an American woman, is among those who have made it fashionable in England to belong to the society for psychical research. Sir Oliver Lodge and other scientific men having declared to dabble in the occult have given fashionable women an excuse for taking it up.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have dedicated a bronze tablet to keep the memory green of the fifteen patriotic women of Endentown, N. C., who first defied England in October, 1774, by declining to use any more tea. The tablet will be placed in the rotunda of the state capitol at Raleigh, N. C.

Probably the wealthiest women in Paris is Mrs. A. Whitcomb, who does not speak a word of English and yet is regarded as an American citizen. Forty years ago she married a lawyer, who went from San Francisco to Paris for a short holiday, but who never returned to America. Mrs. Whitcomb personally manages her own estate, now worth $20,000,000.

Robert J. Wynne, the English consul from the United States, says that in the underground railways of London there is talk of having women clerks, the only objection being to the long hours, from 8 in the morning to 12:30 at night. At the stations of the Caledonian railway in Scotland, women have been employed for some time, but there is reason to think that the plan is not altogether a success.

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