NEW THINGS IN DRESS

AS SEEN BY

DAISY MAY.

MURMURINGS of coming fashions are heard at every turn, and, while there are many and contradictory statements concerning the specific cut of skirts and demurrers entered when the coattail basque is mentioned as a foregone conclusion, there is a consensus of opinion regarding the fashionable colors. They are to be stronger in tint. They are to be dubbed bonbon shades, in contradistinction to pastel, and when a happy inspiration seizes the dyer and he produces a color more exquisitely delicate in tone, with a subtlety beyond description, it is to be known as "ancienne."

Though stronger in tint, there is very little to choose between the new blues, pinks and purples and the previously "taking" pastel shades. But it was necessary to find a different name for them, if only to simulate interest. The bonbon tints are those baby blues, coffee cream browns, pale greens and delicate lilacs that are so charming, while the "anciennes" are colors that remind one of a piece of old brocade, such as a mellowed rose, a green like a grove in twilight, a faded forgetmenot blue, a soft red hue that suggests strength without brilliancy. The tint that Paris is going mad over is called prune de monsieur, a purple of subdued tone with a good deal of brown in it. Next in importance come the grays, especially elephant, a dark and silky looking dye.

Panne is to be as popular as ever and is the material to choose for the facing of coat revers. It is smartest quite plain. Collars are to be entirely of it, rolling simply right around the throat and down the fronts in shawl shape revers, and pure white will be used as a substitute for the white fur worn so much in winter, though it is an extravagance, because so very perishable. Veils covered with chenille made patterns, stitched by hand upon a fine net ground in scroll designs, are among the early importations, and others done in silk hand embroidery and chenille, showing delicate trucerias, are also to be modish.

I observe a tendency toward quilted effects, which, to say the least, are odd. In one case the collar of a new black silk coatee was composed of orange silk stitched all over with fine silver thread and evidently padded at the back to make it look as if quilted. Stitched silk ties also assume this appearance, but they are usually too clumsy to be attractive. Far prettier are simple spotted ones overlaid with black or cream lace at the ends and hemstitched.

Deviating from future prospect to present realities, children's clothes are a veritable picture book of fashion, so quaint in cut and beautiful in coloring are they. The modes of the moment for little girls more than usual duplicate the elegancies of the matronly toilet.

Both hats, caps and gowns savor of the artistic world, with Greenaway and liberty effects instead of Romneyesques. It will be seen that the spirit of extravagance has permeated the nursery atmosphere when it is noted that "girls' tailors" are the latest addition to the ranks of indispensable servitors of style. A few years ago "women tailors" were exceptional; today they are as numerous as dressmakers. This fact, together with the departure already mentioned, signifies long life for the tailor gown and a closer kinship between the big and little editions of the same.

This condition is especially noticeable in the matter of wraps. Velvet and fur are to be the component parts of a handsome coat for a tot 6 years old, on which may be observed large lace covered revers, a three inch band of chinchilla set off by crystal buttons and the general air of a favored long coat model for grown ups. Another fascinating confection is of embroidered velvet trimmed in sable and old yellow lace. A strikingly pretty scarlet coat, approved at a glance, has collar and flat, pointed revers of ermine, which is so distinctively a baby fur, though among the most expensive on the market. Plain cloth coats are strictly tailor made, with stitched pocket flaps, nicked corners and bone buttons adding to the smart ensemble.

The same liberty accorded mother in the matter of hats is allowed the little ones; therefore we see the flattest of pancakes, tilted to the left, and others that are shaped like a tin cup or a yacht. A perfect forest of ostrich feathers appears on some, while others are trimmed in chiffon rosettes, stippled wings or stiffly wired taffeta bows. So much for hats and wraps.

Dresses for little folk are as infinite as were Christmas novelties. The one piece frock, as distinguished from the coat suit, is made up principally in thin materials. Almost without exception woolen dresses consist of blouse or coat and skirt. For misses beyond the age of 8 the blouse a la militaire leads. It has little fullness, is confined at the waist by a belt, fastens with braid frogs and has the narrow, straight collar adorning cadet coats. In lieu of brass buttons gold braid devices are used to supply the needful for a soldierly looking outfit. Eton coats or army capes, as the long three-quarter affairs are named, are enjoying about the same degree of popularity. The capes in vogue are a great improvement upon the golf species, which has had its day, I hope. They are fitted over the shoulder smooth and tight by means of darts, springing gradually into graceful fullness. Skirts are tucked, plaited or many times gored, but always snug fitting, being built on facsimile lines of mother's very own Paquin or Doucet garment.

Small girls, and those in their teens, too, like their mammas, have an allotment of party frocks which at this recognized dancing season are much in evidence. White wash silk is quite the ideal fabric chosen for many of them. With quantities of valenciennes lace in several encircling rows about the skirt and flounces, picturesque sleeves and transparent yoke, the effect is bewitchingly soft and dainty.

A warmer sort of party or afternoon frock may be of nun's veiling in any color and white valenciennes. A dancing frock of accordion plaited rose pink silk, with row upon row of white valenciennes, is another style. I would greatly commend for a little girl clever at "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," or, as some one else says, "elevating her pedal extremities." A beautiful model has a yoke of tucked white chiffon and a little fichu of silk and lace. Yet another party frock is that of white guipure, suiting itself to a small maid of 3 or 4 years old. This is quite a luxurious little garment, formed of lovely guipure lace and a sumptuous pink satin sash. An interesting frock for a girl about 14 intended for smart day wear is built of fine navy cloth and adorned with diminutive tucklings, ecru lace appliques and a yoke and undersleeves of turquoise silk.

Jewelry wearing is omitted in the clothes schedule of the fashionable small girl, for which all lovers of juvenile simplicity will rejoice.

New York.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

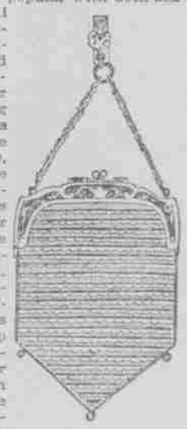
LACE AND CHINCHILLA TRIMMED VELVET COAT.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris. Design by Laferrière.

ROBE OF VELVET AND SPANGLED LACE.

KNITTED CHATELAINE PURSE.

A knitted silk tie is a present which the demands of the prevailing fashion have made very popular with both sexes. A capital choice of colored silks of various textures and in many different designs, for both crocheting and knitting, is afforded in the shops, besides, of course, the knitted article itself in cases where the giver has neither the time nor inclination for work. Another suggestion for a Christmas present is the stocking top with wool to finish, and for which you can make your choice out of many different designs.



The daintiest gift of all, however, is the little knitted chatelaine purse which you will see in the illustration and which can be made in any color, the fittings being always kept in stock by the dealers, so that the worker can "make up" presents herself.

MADAGASCAR'S EX-QUEEN.

France has much to blush for in the treatment which has been accorded to ex-Queen Ranavolo of Madagascar. Though the queen was removed from the capital with little ceremony after the conquest of Madagascar and sent into exile at Algiers, she was allowed to take with her a small retinue of native attendants. She was deprived one by one of these attendants until there was left to her only one, an old dignitary of the court who took the office of interpreter, for Ranavolo, though she speaks English, knew no word of French. Now they have sent the interpreter back to Madagascar and left the queen alone with her guards.

It has been decided that she is never again to hear her native tongue and never again to see one of her own race, though France has wrested from her her ancestral domains, and she is helpless in the hands of France. Her position seems to call for some of the pity which the French have been offering so liberally to Kruger. Her quarters at Algiers are all about her house, and she is treated with scant respect.

ABOUT ROYAL TASTES.

Royal tastes are not usually artistic. Queen Victoria is fond of good music, but her taste in pictures and books is said to be unworthy of a country so rich in art and literature. The young queen of Holland is a gifted artist and loves fine paintings, always visiting the galleries of every city she goes to. She goes to concerts because she must assume an interest in everything, but she admits that listening to operas bores her, and she is quoted as saying that she would rather setteb than play the piano.

LACE AND EMBROIDERIES.

Coarse laces and muslin embroideries are still much to the fore, and the most somber checkers and scrims are relieved and smartened by the addition of a piece of old, exquisite handmade embroidery or a lace collar inherited from one's great-grandmother.

MAN'S LITTLE WAYS.

By the Emancipated Woman.

THERE was trouble in the marital camp of Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Strawberry, Afro-American. 'Rastus attended the meeting of the Colored Citizens' Rights association and came home at 3 o'clock in the morning so full of his rights or of something else that he ordered his wife, 'Lizabeth Aredonia, to rise from her bed and mend his garments at that unholy hour.

'Rastus was unrelieved black. 'Lizabeth Aredonia was of a rich tint, like a warm salmon, buff window shade. Through the years of her married life until now 'Lizabeth Aredonia had meekly accorded to 'Rastus that crown of headship and intellectual masculine superiority which the Afro-American husband believes in as he believes in possum and sweet taters. But now 'Lizabeth belonged to a woman's club, the order of the Star of the Queen of Sheba. She had read her first paper. She was beginning to imbibe the deadly poison of woman's rights. The demand of 'Rastus that she should rise and sew his buttons on fired her soul, and she answered:

"'Rastus Strawberry, I wouldn't git up at 3 o'clock in de mawnin to fix yo' clo'es if you went out on the street and a policeman arrested you for nakedness! I ain't a-goin to quarrel with no nigger this time o' night because I got to git my res' and git up early to go to work, but I ain't a-goin to put up with no more nigger ways, fo' de Lawd! Don't you be comin home entoxicated and makin 'sturbance with me no mo', now, you mind!"

'Rastus was stunned. This thing that had come upon him was unorthodox. He determined to discipline 'Lizabeth Aredonia. But he was a little tired then. He turned his face to the wall and slept, dreaming revenge.

In the morning he went as usual to the box wherein he kept cornmeal to bake cakes for his yellow dog. Although Erastus had a wife and five children, that yellow dog was the one object he loved. His wife supported him and the children by day labor; he supported the dog.

The meal box was empty. 'Rastus glanced suspiciously at some hens that were cluck-clucking contentedly in the back yard, making little dabs with their horny beaks at a flat stone, after the wont of hens pecking at the remains of a feast. He saw and understood. He turned as near white with rage as a velvet black man can. He exclaimed, and half the town could hear him roar:

"'Lizabeth Aredonia Strawberry, how dar' you! You been a-feedin my cawnmeal to yo' wuthless chickens and a-starvin my pore dawg! I'll teach you"—

But he got no further. The member of the order of the Star of the Queen of Sheba had been making ready in her mind for this attack for two hours and had the advantage of careful preparation.

"You stop right thar, 'Rastus Strawberry!" she said. "Thar's colored people and thar's niggers. Colored people has white principles, and niggers has nigger principles, and you got 'em all ever, lazin round all day, stayin out all night and oneasin me from my sleep! You do it ag'in, and I won't suppote you no mo'! I don't have to, nohow! You black tarpot! What did I ever marry you for, anyhow? Look at you! Look at them nappy headed chillen!"

"Well, I ain't no cream colored nigger, anyway," replied 'Rastus.

On the whole, he replied meekly. There was a threat in 'Lizabeth's oration. Suppose she should execute it? She advanced toward the boiling teakettle. She poured out a cup of water. He eyed her warily and slid toward the door. But she only began to sip it, white folks' antebreakfast fashion. 'Rastus was relieved. He remarked soothingly:

"That's right. Hot wattah's good for yo' indigestion, honey."

But 'Lizabeth was "on her high horse." She stopped sipping, waved her right hand up and down and laid it down to him thus:

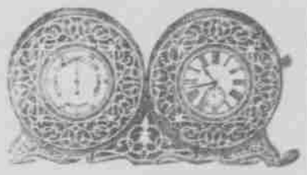
"Befo' I married you I lived with a 'Piscopal rectah's family, and my madam she give me clo'es and brickerbrack and all I wanted. Her husband he was pasture of a church till he died of serosis of de liver; then she was a 'Piscopal rectah's widow. And then I married you, you ole black thing, and you stayin out nights and comin home entoxicated at 3 o'clock in de mawnin like low, common niggers, and me suppo'tin you! Yah, if I was once rid of you I wouldn't marry de best man de Lawd ever blowed de breath of life into. And you mind yo'self, or I'll git a revorce and put de chillen in de 'sylum and go and work for Sistah Lavender, de keeteser. Folks has tole me many a time I got de makin's of a cook into me. I won't put up with no mo' nigger ways, 'Rastus Strawberry!"

And 'Rastus could only answer still more soothingly:

"Hot wattah's mighty fine for yo' indigestion, honey."

SOME CHIC BOUDOIR ORNAMENTS.

A delightful little boudoir ornament is a clock circular in shape and mounted in pierced or perfectly plain silver. It is to be had alone or twin mounted, as shown, with a small aneroid. Rotundity is the order of the day as regards photograph frames, which are attractively represented in large size, plain and massive, as miniature circlets in delicate piercing or as a rim of silver inclosing a sunk mount covered with frilly portion of some dainty pattern. A capital new idea is the pump scent bottle, in various sizes, shaped like the ordinary salts or scent bottle, with a plain or chased silver top. The difference is that when the top is pressed the bottle diffuses a refreshing spray of perfume. The fascinating list must be brought to a conclusion by the mention of the many novelties in toilet silver, one of the latest being the sylvan toilet set, in which each piece is ornamented with a different group of sylphs or wood nymphs embossed on a panel sunk into a handsome raised border of plain silver.



"Urchins of the Sea"

MRS. MARIE O. CORBIN,

The Successful Writer For Children.

TO WIN the interest of children a writer must have both imagination and humor. Rarely indeed are these qualities found in combination, but when they are their owner is certain to become sooner or later an object of the deepest interest to youthful readers. A Lewis Carroll, a Louisa Alcott or a Palmer Cox is a rara avis in the literary world, and every newcomer into the field of children's literature is carefully scanned by critics and publishers on the lookout for a budding genius.

For those who can please the children there waits not only honor, but money and appreciation. Of the children's books of the year none has been more favorably received than the "Urchins of the Sea" of Mrs. Marie Overton Corbin, the wife of a New York lawyer and the daughter of Major Giles B. Overton of the United States army.

Mrs. Corbin's urchins of the sea are unique. Her idea of populating the ocean with elves has opened the way for a vast amount of entertaining literature. The urchins of the sea are a creation, not an adaptation, for they are quite different from the species of fish known as sea urchin.

Mrs. Corbin's home is in New York, but for a number of summers she has spent the season at 'Sconset, Nantucket island. It was there that it first occurred to her to write the story of the urchins of the sea. All along the shore, at certain times, the beach is covered with little brown figures, known variously as Neptune's purses or mermaids' purses. To Mrs. Corbin these little objects were from first sight irresistibly funny, suggesting tiny elves or goblins, with their plump little bodies and thin, tendrillike projections. Many people have noticed these little leather forms cast up by the waves and have wondered what they were.

Scientists say these leathery shells are nothing more than skates' eggs, from which the tiny fishes have made their escape. With a few skillful strokes of a brush filled with white paint a comical face may be outlined on the empty shell. After a few experiments Mrs. Corbin found that she could make out of the bit of brown leather an elf that no child could see without coveting. When she returned home in the winter, she took with her a number of the brown mermaids' purses and then began her preparation of the book. It was first illustrated in colors. When submitted to a publisher in this form, he objected to it as too expensive for publication. Then the illustrations were changed to black and white, and the book was issued, to be greeted by an almost unanimous chorus of praise on the part of the reviewers.

The charming sea jingle begins as follows:

Fogey and Fudgy and Wobblesly Jim,
Their bodies were fat, and their legs were slim,
And their faces were puckered and dull and queer.
If you should go down to the sea next year,
Look sharp when you paddle along the shore,
Perhaps you will see them and hundreds more,
All just as like them as like can be—
The little black urchins that live in the sea.

In addition to the three star characters, Fogey, Fudgy and Wobblesly Jim, a number of others are introduced, and for them entertaining adventures are invented. The story is not only a useful but an amusing one.

Mrs. Corbin, the originator of the urchins, was assisted in her work by Mr. Charles Buxton Going. The modesty attributes much of the success of the book to his help, for this is her first appearance in book form, while he has had the experience of publishing a successful volume of verses. Mr. Going is known to the scientific world as editor of The Engineering Magazine and is an alumnus of Columbia university. He is a native of New York city.

Although she has no little ones of her own, Mrs. Corbin, as one might imagine, is a great favorite with children. She is a young and pretty woman, plump and dimpled, with an expressive face of the type to which no photograph ever does justice. Her winter home is in one of the handsome apartment houses overlooking Central park.

The writing of children's verses is Mrs. Corbin's serious interest, but her fad is the collection of keys. She has a set of them gathered from all parts of the world by herself and by her friends, who know her partiality for them. Among these keys are those representing every period of time from that of ancient Egypt to the present. Palaces and hovels, historic prisons and famous residences are represented in a collection that covers one side of Mrs. Corbin's drawing room. Among these keys are representatives from the palace of the Alhambra, one from Albrecht Durer's house in Nuremberg, one from Kenilworth abbey, another from the Tower of London, one from Morro Castle and keys for the gates of San Juan. The histories of these keys are many of them most romantic. The collection is to be the subject of a forthcoming magazine article.

Mrs. Corbin's education was obtained at private schools. Like most army officers, her father was constantly moving from station to station, so that each of Mrs. Corbin's brothers and sisters (there were five children in the Overton family) was born in a different part of the country. Mrs. Corbin's birthplace was Rochester, N. Y. She has always had a taste for literature and has done a great deal of magazine writing, although the "Urchins of the Sea" is her first book.

Mrs. Corbin and Mr. Going have now ready for the press a companion volume to "Urchins of the Sea." It deals with the further adventures of their queer little marine characters and is, so they think, quite as delightful as the introductory volume.

FRANCES HYDE.

MRS. MARIE OVERTON CORBIN.

AN ARAB BELLE.

An Arab belle is not content that her clothing should be scented; she is not satisfied unless her person, too, is redolent of some kind of perfume. With this end in view the performing process demands serious attention and much preparation. First of all, she prepares a small hole either in the floor of the tent or hut, whichever it happens to be, and in this she prepares a fire of charcoal or of glowing embers. When this is done, she selects the drugs, the perfume of which she is anxious to use and throws them into the fire, when, of course, they become extremely hot and give out volatile oils. Then the Arab woman quickly removes the "hope" which forms her dress and huddles up over the fumes, draping her robe over her and the burning perfumes so that it forms a kind of tent and thus she prepares her air bath. Naturally this treatment causes free perspiration, and when the pores of the skin are opened thus the volatile essence rising from the smoke with the fire are quickly absorbed, and both the body and the robe are heavily perfumed.

THEY WANTED NOVELTY.

Civilization must indeed be "played out" when for the sake of novelty and from sheer round of social life women are ready to marry Bedouin northern and try a time life in the Arabian desert. Seven Viennese ladies, two of whom are widows, have taken seriously and this daring deed, and just as Vienna was waking up to its winter gaiety they threw society and their friends away with their dainty manners to try the temporary attractions of a roving life. Civilization may have its drawbacks and the well round of social life may be monotonous, but taking it all round, it assuredly offers more attractions and more variety than to be found in an oasis, to say nothing of a desert, where the tents in the morning and a new one is pitched in the evening. "Better be queen of Kerim than a queen of Cottage."

GOWNS MADE OF WOOD.

From private letters in which sits a lady a step. Remarkable as it may seem, wood can be utilized for soft, flowing gowns. Wood pulp silk has long been a staple industry in the Bavarian district of Franconia. By certain mechanical processes the pulp is reduced to a strong consistence. It is then forced into tubes full of tiny holes through which it emerges in the form of fine silklike threads. These are speedily dried by being passed through a hot atmosphere and are finally wound on bobbins, ready to be woven into silk. The appearance of this unique product is said to be so natural that even experts have mistaken it for the genuine article. It is, of course, infinitely cheaper.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Some decorations of the Maori women of New Zealand were presented by Mrs. K. J. Parrot in an address before the New Century club of Philadelphia recently. Mrs. Parrot has twice made a tour of the world, and while in New Zealand visited many of the remote native villages.

In Nyasa is a race of people of Ainu descent whose ancestors came from the Tonga islands, in the south Pacific. A remarkable trait on the part of the women of this race is that they tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers.

One can more fully realize the great length of Queen Victoria's reign when we learn that her subjects have since her accession in 1837 worn out half a million of nurses in their pockets.

The women students of Paris are agitating for admission to membership of the Great National and International Association of French Men Students, familiarly known as "L'A." Mlle Sonia Rogovine, a medical student and an energetic leader of the feminist movement in the Latin quarter of Paris, is the leader of the agitation, and she has many weighty supporters among the members of the association.

One of the most popular hostesses in England, more particularly during the last five or six years, has been Lady Wolseley, the wife of the retiring commander in chief of the British army. She is possessed of many gifts and is highly cultivated and a brilliant conversationalist. Her entertainments have been greatly sought after. In times, if not all of them, she has been assisted by her only daughter, a very handsome specimen of young womanhood and one of the most fearless riders to hounds in the country.

The Wahsanki club of Oldtown, Me., which is composed entirely of young Indian women, paid its fee to the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Indian baskets. As the sale of the contributions netted considerably more than the fee, the surplus was returned to the club with a message of greeting. The Wahsanki club was formed for the purpose of preserving the tales of Indian folklore.

The wife of Li Hung Chang has the credit of being not only the richest lady in China, but also of being the most miraculous woman on earth. Twice daily she is bathed in oil of oranges and acacia flowers, and she has a staff of 1,000 servants. Her wardrobe is most extensive and includes no less than 2,000 coats and 1,200 trousers.

At the recent meeting of the board of directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs it was voted to relieve Mrs. Lowe of her duties as president for one year, as her health has made a rest imperative. Mrs. Charles Hallett Denison, first vice president, was made acting president for that period.

The new nurses' home which was recently opened at Toronto in connection with the general hospital is of a thoroughly up to date character.

A woman residing at Fountain Ferry Park, Ind., has constructed with her own hands a residence. It is a one story wooden structure of four rooms and has a stone foundation which many will be inclined to admire as being work that many a man may be alone and undaunted.

At Cetinje there is a peasants shared cottage into which no one but Queen Victoria may enter. It is stocked with memorials of the prince consort and relics of her daughter's youth as well as with toys and games used by her when children, some of which were made by the prince consort, who had considerable skill in carpentering.