Kate Clyde's

Budget of Sense, Nonsense and Fashion

THANKS to the new styles, we do not see any more large waists; at least they are not large in appearance, which is the main thing. Women dress reformers may rave all they like, a large waist is neither pretty nor graceful in the modern costume.

But the effect of slenderness is given by contrast, for the cape collars are so wide and the skirts and sleeves so full that about the only snug thing is the waist line. For my part, I rather like this ample, flowing style. You take a woman, unless she be very perfectly

She made the turban herself.

proportioned, incase her in a sheath-like garment and behold the result. Every defect stands out—large hips, thick waist line, round shoulders, etc. Put this same woman into something fluffy and notice the difference. A loose hanging bolero gives a straight look to the back and a small effect to the waist line, which it throws into shadow; the lack of proportion of the lower half of the body is skillfully concealed by the pretty, soft folds of the skirt, and, altogether, we have a charming effect.

I think about the most unbecoming style, the most ungainly, was the straight seven gored skirt with two inverted plaits (which kept opening) in the back. The next was the skirt with a single circular flounce headed by a band of trimming. In contrast to these mark the pretty, fluffily trimmed skirts we are now wearing. Shaped hip yokes bring out the beauties of perfect figures, while tuckings, shirrings and bandings conceal the angularities of defective ones.

Some women are much too narrow through the shoulders for their waist lines and hips. They have what is called disrespectfully a "bottle" figure. For these women the cape effect, as frilly as possible, is an absolute necessity, and yet they are the very ones, you will notice, who have their shoulder seams cut too short and their arm seams pulling in at the back. They are fond, too, of pointed and shaped effects which accentuate their lack of shoulder breadth.

"Oh, Wad Some Power"—

Wouldn't it be funny if some people saw themselves as others see them?

Now and then you meet a woman who is really clever at understanding her best points. She sticks to certain colors which are very becoming and does not allow herself to be tempted by others just for the sake of a change or because they happen to be the fashion. And this is the rare creature who can fix over her gowns and trim her hats so that they will not look homemade and "tacky." Sometimes, indeed, the girl herself saves the creations of her dressmaker from being utter failures.

A hasty consultation.

Wait till I tell you.

A friend of mine had a gray veiling gown trimmed with grape applique primly done in taffeta. The waist was designed bolero fashion and neatly bound with an embroidered braid. The sleeves, three-quarter length, revealed tight cuffs of lace, and the long tabs of the loose jacket hung in straight points three or four inches below the waist line. She hated the dress and would never wear it, for it gave her such a "woodeny" figure. Well, one day she lost patience and deliberately cut those front tails off. Then she rounded them and slashed the sides into rounded points to reveal a full blousing of chiffon underneath. Next she trimmed all the edges with inch wide taffeta ruching and put clusters of this wherever the design would allow, and by way of a finishing touch she fastened three little rosettes on the left side of the bolero. One was pale violet, the other a deep shade of violet, the third a pale blue. Around the top of the collar there were a couple of folds of pale blue. The gown is now as dainty and as up to date as any one could wish.

After all, it is the little touches which count. I know of one girl who evolved what was apparently a Paris creation by trimming a plain costume with medallions of checked ribbon bound to the cloth by means of fancy stitching. And another took a very ordinary piece of straight lace banding and hand painted it so marvelously in oriental colorings that it became a thing of beauty, especially when set in between two narrow bands of deep tobacco brown velvet.

The Three-quarter Coat.

There is nothing in the world so useful and at the same time so becoming as the three-quarter length coat of cloth, either gray, cafe au lait or black lined with white satin and edged down the fronts with a frill of yellow lace, which also forms frills in the wide cuffs. This is a hundred times more rich than silk and does not wear half so shabbily. One I saw which was just on this order was of gray cloth having rounded ripple fronts of gray squirrel and lace. The cape collar was also of the gray squirrel, as well as the wide cuffs over the lace wrist ruffles. This coat could be used both evening and afternoon and could be combined with any dress imaginable.

The girl who wants a general utility hat and yet at the same time a chic and becoming one will buy a three cornered shape or else make herself one by bending a French sailor, and she will have it of very fluffy French beaver trimmed with tiny gilt tassels and gold cord.

An ermine toque and an ermine stole are things of beauty which make one's entire costume look rich. They need not be very expensive, especially if you do what a clever woman friend of mine did. She had a husband who took annual hunting trips through the wilds of Canada, and he managed to procure a dozen little ermine skins, which he brought home to her at a much smaller cost than she would have paid here. Well, she bought a good frame and made the turban herself, using the brim of ermine and a crown of crushed white camellias. Then she joined the other skins together with bands of lace oddly disposed and lined the whole with white satin. The effect was not at all amateurish and was quite rich in fact.

But, whether it is ermine or white pussy cat, you can pick up at sales wonderfully smart little stoles for very little because the fashion in furs permits of short neckties almost of fur, provided they are made in flat style and trimmed in a fancy way.

A Chic Costume.

Oh, and I want to tell you, as we are approaching spring, you won't make a mistake if you plan for yourself or make, if you are clever enough, a beautiful little gown of heavy white china silk trimmed with silk embroidery. This sort of dress is going to be much worn during the coming season.

I am simply wild over the new little hand bags which come long and narrow, with linings of pale moire and two little pockets, one for the cardcase and the other for the pocketbook, both, of course, matching the leather and general style of the outside. The beauty of these purse bags is that so much can be tucked away in them—a handkerchief, theater tickets, a powder puff, a rouge paw (begging your pardon for mentioning it), a tiny mirror and what not. So that after a hasty consultation with one's wrist bag one can emerge almost as good as new.

It seems almost criminal to force people to do things, doesn't it? It usually results in taking away all their own originality, will power and resourcefulness. You see that very often in the case of a brainy woman who has married a rather slow and unenterprising husband. Her very cleverness and "go - ahead-ativeness" spoil him utterly.

She even sang at a musicale.

And I am thinking, too, of the case of a girl I know, a sweetly attractive young thing from the sunny south. She came here to New York with a wonderful voice, so every one said, and the promise of a wealthy woman philanthropist to provide the money for the education of the said voice. Well, for a few months lessons and practicing waxed fast and furious; she even sang at a musicale and made many influential friends. These petted her and praised her, too; took her to see all the good plays, the art galleries, the concerts—in a word, anything which could improve her. They installed her in a comfortable private family, where she was treated like Dresden china, and what happened? She dawdled and dawdled and wasted her time dreaming. Three or four times a week one of these untiring and true friends would run to see whether the little girl was feeling lonely and to rouse her up and give her some new ambition; to help her on with some new inducement. She would take her to this and that manager, to this and that school of opera when she was far enough advanced in her studies. All was to be made easy for her.

Now, wouldn't you think that girl couldn't help succeeding? Not a bit of it! She dawdled and dawdled and slept and ate and wasted her golden opportunity. By midwinter she didn't even have a piano to practice on, but she and Mrs. X. had gone to look at one all inlaid with yellow wood which she would buy on the monthly payment plan as soon as she had collected enough to pay the first installment. And what happened? Why, suddenly the rich benefactress who was financing the girl asked for reports, and the result was so unsatisfactory that she refused to go on, and the girl was sent back to her folks in Alabama. Now, was it because she didn't have it in her, or was it because she was helped too much?

Tell me that.

Kate Clyde

New York.

In the prisons of Great Britain neither male nor female convicts are permitted to see a mirror during the period of their incarceration.

JULIA WARD HOWE AND THREE GENERATIONS OF HER DESCENDANTS.

Here is a picture as interesting as that well known one of Queen Victoria and her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The venerable lady in this picture is a queen, too, a queen of literature and of those who labor for the advancement of the human race. She is Julia Ward Howe, author, lecturer and for more than half a century advocate of emancipation for her own sex. She is here shown holding in her arms her great-grandchild, Julia Ward Howe Hall. No doubt she is glad the little one is a girl to continue the line of intellectual women from whom the child is descended. Julia Ward Howe's daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, the baby's grandmother, is herself a writer and speaker of note. The young man who is standing is Mr. Henry M. Hall, Florence Howe Hall's son and Julia Ward Howe's grandson. The venerable lady is eighty-four, and she knew Margaret Fuller and Emerson and Longfellow familiarly. Her mind is strong and brilliant as ever. She has retained its youthfulness by keeping it at intellectual work. She is president of the Authors' club of Boston and has also been active for many years in a leading New England woman suffrage club.

Some American Women Sculptors

IN the United States women sculptors begin to be heard from. Several of them receive important commissions and are able to maintain themselves and hold their places against all competitors. That there are so few is probably owing to the difficulties in the way of acquiring the sculptor's art in the first place and afterward making it pay commercially. Modeling in clay is more difficult than painting. A girl must be strong enough to lift moderately heavy weights, to stand upon ladders and elevated platforms, to keep her hands for hours in the cold, wet clay she makes her images of and to consent to be covered oftentimes from head to foot with white dust and clay marks. Then there is unfortunately still considerable mediæval masculine prejudice to be overcome.

Nevertheless, if a girl sculptor really loves her art better than she loves all else, loves it so well that she would rather work with chilled hands and clay covered apron in a garret than live in luxury and do anything else, that girl will succeed. "These light afflictions are but for a moment." If she is not willing to endure whatever comes in the shape of hardship, and endure it cheerfully, then she should let sculpture alone. The adopting by women of a trade or profession, too often with inadequate preparation, then pursuing it in a half hearted, dabbling way, looking around to see how the world applauds them, has put back a full century the real progress of woman in the industrial world.

Therefore are Americans proud of the few strong and enthusiastic women sculptors who have taken hold of clay modeling and succeeded.

The progress the sex has made in sculpture is marked by the increased number of orders to execute work for grounds, will represent her work. Miss Yandell was the sculptor of the Woman's building of the World's fair at Chicago in 1893.

In looking over the record of women sculptors it is pleasant to take note of the fact that when women's clubs and organizations desire a monument in bronze or marble commemorative of person or event, with the graceful tact of their sex they usually give the commission for its execution to a woman. Thus when the Emma Willard association desired a life size bust made of their grand old patron saint, Emma Willard, one of the first advocates of the higher education of woman in America, they gave the order to Enid Yandell. The bust of Mrs. Willard, chiseled in Carrara marble, is one of the finest productions so far of the Kentucky young woman sculptor.

Enid Yandell.

The members of the W. C. T. U. of St. Louis decided a year or two ago to erect a fountain at the world's fair. With the same graceful tact displayed by the Emma Willard association, they ordered their fountain to be modeled by a woman, Miss Elsie Ward, formerly of Denver.

Miss Ward, who executes this large piece, is a dark eyed lady not five feet high, with hair almost as long as she is. The little sculptor looks very young and childlike. She was born on a farm in Missouri and as far back as she can remember used to mold little pigs and other animals out of soft, warm clay.

Miss Janet Scudder, an Indiana girl who also began her studies at the Cincinnati Art school and landed by way of Paris in a studio in New York, is making a portrait statue for the St. Louis exposition. Her specialty, next to portrait busts and statues, is children. Of these she has modeled some of the most exquisite figures and groups to be seen in America. Miss Scudder is the one American woman who has had work purchased by the French government. Two medallion portraits done by her have been placed in the Luxembourg gallery as samples of excellence in their line.

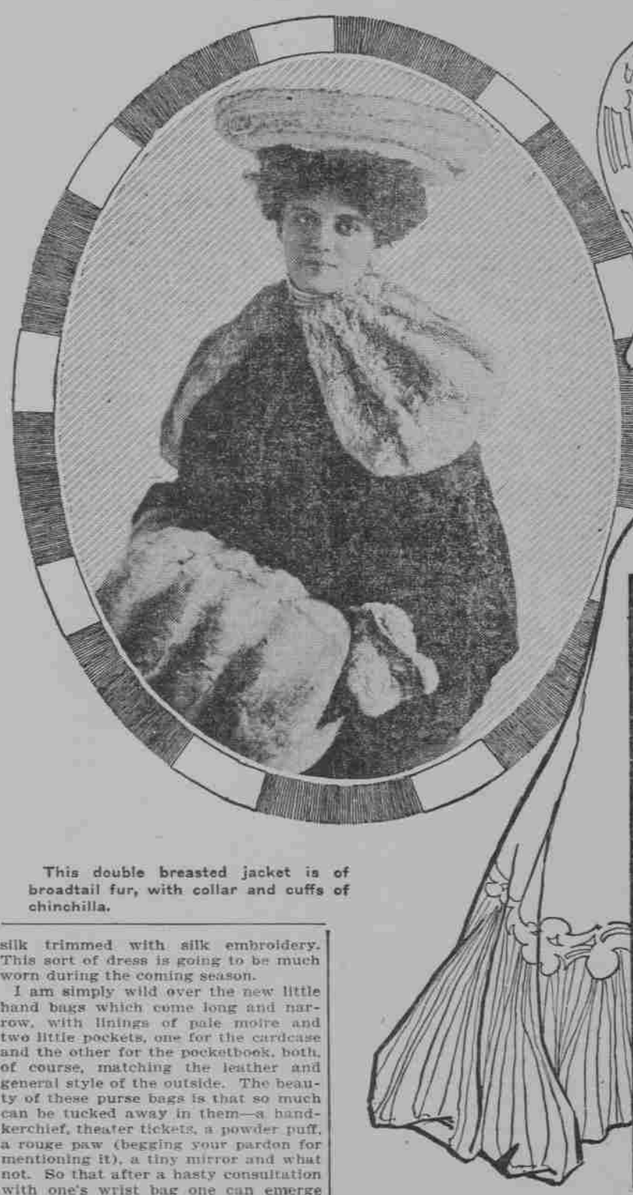
Another hardworking woman who is modeling some of the St. Louis decorations is Miss Evelyn Longman, who likewise has her studio in New York. For a number of years Miss Longman has been Daniel C. French's chief assistant. Miss Longman is a noted teacher of art as well as a sculptor. For some time she had charge of the modeling classes at the summer school of Lorado Taft of Chicago.

One of the pediments to the main entrance of the Liberal Arts building at St. Louis is being made by Miss Stevens, another young woman sculptor of New York. Mr. Ritter, the director of exposition sculpture, saw photographs of some of her work and gave her an order at once.

Boston has a gifted woman sculptor, Mrs. Theo Alice Ruggles Kitson, whose husband is Henry Hudson Kitson. Mrs. Kitson's genius seems at its best and greatest dealing with heroic subjects and martial themes. The Massachusetts soldier monument in the National park at Vicksburg is the work of Mrs. Kitson. Other figures of her modeling are to be seen at Washington. At the present time she is engaged in modeling a battle memorial for the state of Iowa.

LILLIAN GRAY.

LATE WINTER MODES IN FURS



This double breasted jacket is of broadtail fur, with collar and cuffs of chinchilla.

With this sealskin jacket are worn a cape collar, a stole and a hat of squirrel trimmed with miniver.

This superb tiger skin coat is trimmed with sable, which fur accentuates the tawny yellow spots of the tiger skin.

THE WISDOM OF THE GOSPEL OF GOOD HEALTH.

AN inspiring present day saying is this: "A man is a failure unless he is a better man than his father was." Quite true. It is equally true if we change the quotation slightly and say, "A woman is a failure unless she is physically a better woman than her mother was."

The silly old time notion that it was rather vulgar and like a female of the lower classes to be robust and have good health is now happily passed away. The girl with the full, deep chest, the strong, flat back and square shoulders, the arms that can show muscles, the legs and feet that can achieve long, swinging strides and endure a walk of ten to twenty miles is now the girl who is proudest of herself and the one who is admired and envied.

Good health is striven for almost equally with wealth, and the road to it is conceded to be by way of plenty of air, exercise, sunlight and water. S. M. Jones, the "Golden Rule" mayor of Toledo, has lately given expression to an invaluable idea in regard to the best method of getting physical exercise. Mayor Jones, who is fifty-seven years old and is proud of being able to stand upon his head, besides thanking God he has "a head to stand on," believes no physical exercise is so good as that which is taken in the shape of some useful work. He has thought the matter over carefully, besides experimenting with his theories, and that is his conclusion.

The most beautiful women the world has ever known and the most nearly perfect physically were those of the ancient Greek race. Their splendid health and beauty were gained in active exercise outdoors. The athletic, open air games in which Greek men engaged were adapted also to the use of the women. Besides that, noble Greek ladies held it ever honorable to spin and weave and dye the exquisitely tinted cloths of those days. Thus they got plenty of exercise in "productive employment." Ladies now may not spin and weave, but there is an abundance of productive employment still. Besides the classic occupation of housework, there are gardening, dairying, beekeeping, farming in all its phases and the rearing of improved live stock. Any of these occupations even a millionaire lady might engage in with perfect propriety and to the great improvement of her health. She would know that while she grew strong and acquired a fine, joyous physique she would also be "ministering to human needs," as Mayor Jones calls it.

The American nation will fail of its mission unless it develops a race as beautiful and as nearly perfect physically as the ancient Greeks were and a race having, besides, the large modern brain the average Greek of neither sex possessed. If we compare the head of an American woman today with that of the female Greek statue we shall find the head of our lady to be considerably larger proportionally than that of the exquisite marble. The female brain is undoubtedly growing larger. Let us have bodies to match.

Such bodies cannot be grown without perfect health to begin. For this splendid, royal health let us all strive. Pure air, deep breathing, floods of sunlight, cleanliness of the skin, proper diet—these have been dinned into us till we know them better than some of us know the Ten Commandments. Let us now lay hold of them.

There is one other factor of good health not sufficiently taken account of by hygienic writers, and that is the influence of the mind on the body. Any woman, young or old, can acquire the good health habit in time, but she must first fix her thought on it as the one goal above all to be attained before she can accomplish anything else worth while. Let a woman make up her mind she is going to grow into perfect health. Then let her call to her help all the natural hygienic aids mentioned and utilize them. After that let her forget all about her bad health, especially her evil symptoms, and go on and work and be merry, maintaining a cheerful mind always. Many a chronic ailment may thus in time be outgrown.

MARY GOULD LYTLE.

LADY CURZON AS A DETECTIVE.

There is a curious story with dramatic side lights going the rounds about Lady Curzon, the American vice reine of India.

It is told by a retired Indian judge and is a leaf from his own experience.

He was dining at the vice regal lodge one night when the conversation turned upon a sensational murder trial that he was conducting at the time.

After dinner Lady Curzon drew the judge aside and said:

"I do not want to interfere with your judicial duties, but I know as an absolute fact that the man who is charged with that murder is innocent.

"If you will send a detective to me tomorrow morning I will direct him to the house where the real murderer is now hiding. I only discoverd the fact this afternoon when I was down there in disguise with one of our syces."

Sure enough, the murderer was caught, as Lady Curzon had said, and the innocent man was released.

Lady Curzon would not tell how she found out the murderer.

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE TEAPOT.

Queen Alexandra has a favorite teapot of which she is very fond and which is in frequent use at Sandringham. It is in the shape of a barrel of wine with a stout old Dutchman sitting astride. His cap serves for a lid, and a gold tap lets out the cheering beverage. There is a little story about her majesty which if not true is at any rate new. A lady asked Princess Maud when she was still quite a little girl if it was true that the queen once boxed the ears of a boy whom she saw ill treating a dog. "No," said Princess Maud, "it is not true, but I am sure mamma would like to have done it."

TITLED VEGETARIANS.

Society, say the pessimists, has reached an extreme of luxury which can only be paralleled by comparison with Rome under the Cæsars. But those who fear for the future of a society whose richest class is so extravagant may take comfort in the fact that vegetarianism is steadily spreading among very wealthy people. Baron and Baroness de Meyer eat no meat. They live principally on vegetables and fruit. The same may be said of the dowager Lady Ormonde, Lady Gwendolen Herbert and Lady Windsor.