

WOMAN'S KINGDOM RULED BY FASHIONS OF PARIS

PARIS, Jan. 2.—I had the good fortune last week to be present at the *journee des couturieres* or "dressmakers' rehearsal" of Octave Mirbeau's new comedy, "The Foyer." This play has been much talked about. There was an exciting lawsuit over the production, which always adds to the dramatic effect. But, to come back to the rehearsal, nothing is more amusing than to assist at this first trial of the all important costumes when "the artist in dress," the head man or woman, alters and changes the smallest details or the most important lines of a costume. There are a hundred tiny nothings that make all the difference between what is perfection and what is "impossible." To watch these changes is immensely interesting. The running to and fro in the side scenes, on the stage, in and out of the actor's dressing room, is bewildering. There is a rustle of silk, a flutter of lace and ribbons; the actress poses before her mirror discussing her attitudes, her gowns, her very gestures. The green-room was full of dresses on the afternoon when I attended the rehearsal, and there were about 800 of us lucky ones who had obtained permission to assist at this strange scene of theatrical costuming. The opportunity for judging how the actresses robe themselves or are robed and how they have their hair dressed was unique. You probably know what an important part the coiffure plays on the stage, perhaps the most important of all. Then one can judge with one's own eyes and quite openly of the effect produced by the difficult art of make-up. The rouge pots stand on the perfumed table among puffs and hares' feet. The side scenes in a side scene are very curious indeed. One learns how rapidly a clever artist can give the proper touch, the *tour de main*, and the chic so peculiar to the stage which the cleverest society belle always lacks. If at times many an actress might really gain by learning a little from us, we in our turn might often improve our appearance by imitating her. When not obliged to be "got up" for stage effect, a real comedienne, one who is a perfect actress to her finger tips, possesses a charm and grace surpassing the most exquisite refinement. Such, at least, is what I gathered recently at the *journee des couturieres*.

Mme. Bartet's Toilets.

Mme. Bartet, the leading lady in "The Foyer," wears some stunning gowns. This actress knows thoroughly what suits her graceful figure and manages on every occasion to introduce a personal note or effect in all she wears. A delightful morning costume of hers was in copper colored cloth, one of the smartest shades of the season. The long jacket, with its wide revers, almost covered the neat short skirt. The velvet waistcoat to match fastened on one side with uncut rubies encircled with gold. A triple white tulle jabot and a copper colored velvet toque added to the charm of the creation. Another subtle frock, this popular artist wore with grace and distinction was of clinging champagne charmeuse. The bodice had a transparent yoke and a surplice effect carried out with the charmeuse both at the back and in the front. An oriental scarf drape of champagne tulle sewed tightly round the front of the bodice hung in a couple of ends on either side of the



AN OPERA AUTO BONNET

GRAY CLOTH COSTUME

back. At regular intervals the scarf was held with motifs of silk embroidery, finished at the end with long silk fringe. The same effect repeated itself in the width of mousseline de sole of the same shade that Mme. Bartet wore draped about her shoulders. The hat served as a contrasting touch to the ensemble. Imagine a novel toque very wide and draped in ruddy violet velvet combined with a narrow brim lined with pink and completed at the side with a bunch of shaded violets. Rumpelmayer's is a favorite rendezvous just now. Indeed, this famous tea place is crowded at almost all seasons, but at this time of the year it is a general meeting ground for strangers. It is always amusing to secure a table in a quiet corner at Rumpel's

and to watch the gay crowd as it comes and goes. The gowns worn are often rather wonderful, and, as to the hats, they fitly represent the millinery fashions of the day after tomorrow. Yesterday afternoon at the tea room I saw some exceedingly well dressed women, and I was particularly struck by the quaint smartness of some of the coats. The majority of them were extravagantly long. In many cases they only cleared the hem of the round skirt by about four inches. All of the coats, however, molded the figure without giving the least impression of tightness. This peculiar outline is the leading feature of the styles of today. The new corsets are especially constructed to support the form without pinching in the waist, and, though the general effect is that of graceful slen-

derness, neither corset nor blouse is really tight. But to return to the pretty hats and frocks seen at Rumpelmayer's. A stunning tailor made of dark crimson serge had been donned by a charming New York girl. The long coat was lined with black satin and very simply trimmed with graduated bands of black silk braid. The skirt was round and exceptionally tight, and where the coat opened in front it was fastened over the bust with handsome braid ornaments. One caught fascinating glimpses every now and then of a blouse of putty colored maltese lace and muslin. A scarf tie of astrakhan, accompanied by a flat muff, was worn with this costume; also an immensely wide, although not unduly high, toque of ermine without tails

THE LATEST HAT MODEL

bordered with astrakhan. The ermine crown was slightly full, and it presented an appearance of a lovely pillow of snow in contrast with the border of astrakhan. At one side there was a fancy arrangement of black and white wings, with a full black osprey jutting out from the crown. Dark crimson is a smart color this season for walking dresses in serge, cloth and ribbed velveteen. The most

fashionable tone is very rich and verges on the port wine tint. This lovely nuance is effective when combined with black, and it can be charmingly trimmed with bands or motifs of astrakhan or with borderings of black fox. The Craving For Novelty. Couturieres here at the gay capital are really puzzled as to what will "catch on" at Nice this season, which

decision decides the predominating note for spring. The dressmakers are all asking themselves these questions. No wonder. The up to date mondaine, say these persons, is becoming more and more difficult to please each year. No sooner is a mode launched than the capricious patron is clamoring for something new. "How do you manage each time you are asked for novelty?" I inquired from Monsieur C., whom I found busy composing a gown. Monsieur C. shrugged his shoulders as only a Frenchman can. "Novelty does not exist," he replied. "There is nothing new under the sun. A style required to suit the silhouette and requirements of the day rejuvenated with the latest materials and trimmings becomes a novelty if the before mentioned style has not been adopted for five or six years." I received the same answer wherever I applied for information. One long suffering artist after much hedging admitted that as far as he could depend upon feminine caprice he thought that coat and skirt suits of heavy satin would be very chic in the spring. In support of his theory this sartorial conjurer showed me a costume of leaf green satin that fitted the figure of the mannequin who wore it for my delectation very snugly. The coat was simple in design, with one long lever that brought about a graceful diagonal line from the shoulder to below the waist at the left side. But the skirt—that was the master stroke. It was excessively long and absolutely unadorned save for a line of self covered buttons that ran down the left side. This jupe probably rested a good three inches on the ground except at the left side, where it was caught up in three small folds just above the hem to allow the long pointed shoe now in vogue to assert itself. A description of this draped skirt may sound bizarre, but the effect it produced was normal and attractive.

Appropos of shoes, illuminated leather has been pressed into service not only to bind milady's dainty little prayer book, but to cover her equally dainty little foot. Yes, illuminated leather boots are the latest extravagance in footwear, and the shoe must match the gown. The director's frocks offer abundant opportunity to show an unusual shoe and ankle. Many girls are wearing anklets of pale green or yellow. The superstitious say such bracelets on the ankle are lucky if they are gifts. In less conspicuous shoes those having black patent leather vamps and dark gray suede high tops, all fastened with smoke pearl buttons of so small a size that they would tax even the historic patience of Mr. Job himself to button. Our fingers, too, have a new treatment in the matter of ring adornment. In our love for consonance we must now have two rings at each finger, not only different merely in size, one for the third finger and a smaller ring for the "pinkie." This distribution of digit ornamentation is vastly preferable to the indiscriminate loading of fingers with rings of all sizes, shapes and colorings. Such a mode makes for refinement and artistic effect. It seems to me that we are being influenced by the perfect taste of the Japanese in many things pertaining to sartorial matters and with decided advantage to western ideas.

Look critically at the smart costumes you see every day and I think that you will agree with me.

CATHERINE TALBOT.

Atrocious Inconsistencies In Women's Makeup

I WANT to speak a little bit about evening dress, particularly the kind you see at the theater.

Here in America our ideas are very lax on the subject. A heavy cloth gown is seated next to creations of mesaline and chiffon, while farther along in the row a shirt waist parades itself unashamed. In no other country of the world can you see such a mixed display.

The hairdressing, too, is rather vague when it comes to appropriateness. The most elaborately dressed Psyche in the whole audience is worn with a \$1.98 waist, while that woman over there who has her skimpy, oily hair wound into a tight wad has on a Doucet model which must have cost her—dear knows how much.

Some of the women wear décollete gowns and no hats, while others crush on their laps feathered creations approaching three figures in price.

But this is what astonishes me particularly—that all the women spend the limit on hats and gowns, but that hardly one patronizes a hairdresser.

If you don't believe me watch the next gathering of women—how they twist and distort their locks into every conceivable form and shape. Some even look as if they hadn't been combed for weeks. Now, this sort of thing is inexcusable. If a woman feels she cannot afford the services of a coiffeur she ought to take a course of instruction in fixing her own hair. I can assure you the results will more than repay her.

Personally I like the English style of discarding the head covering entirely for the evening and dressing the hair with a pretty wreath of flowers or an arrangement of ribbon. I also like the décollete gown, which is always worn for the theater there. I don't care if a woman is thin, as long as her skin is white and well cared for this fashion is more worth while than becoming than all the stiff collars ever invented.

Pity the Wo-kaday Woman. I am awfully sorry for any woman who has to work. This is quite a confession for Kate Clyde to make, but I must speak the truth. The hap-

piest women are without doubt those who are well taken care of and who have nothing to do but to keep their homes in order and see their children grow up around them in peace and comfort. Woman was never intended

to go out into the world as she is doing and earn her daily bread, and it is the most bitter reproach to the man of the present day that she has to do it.

Men are not so hardworking as they

used to be. They are more fond of pleasure and have more extravagant tastes. Women grow restless when they see themselves cramped for money and with their expenses increasing, so we have the spectacle of both husband and wife being the business members of the family. It is too bad. It destroys a great deal of the old fashioned home feeling, and I am heartily sorry for the woman whom necessity places in such a position.

But perhaps the most deserving of sympathy among the women of our acquaintance is she who at the age of forty or fifty is thrown upon her own



resources without a particle of previous training. Every day of my life I come across such women, and my heart goes out to them.

There should be a law obliging a man to save a certain portion of his income every month and to place it in his wife's name for her support in case he dies first.

Preposterous? Not at all. A man seems to think he will keep on as he is forever. Misfortunes come, he loses his health or his life, and all the wife has to console herself with is the remembrance of how well she was taken care of while Jack was alive.

It is everlastingly to the credit of our sex that women used to a life of ease and protection rally from the shock of being thrown on their own responsibilities and become good business women and wage earners at an age when it is exceedingly difficult to learn.

On all sides one hears complaints of the high prices of provisions. Women cannot keep their household accounts within limits, boarding house keepers are losing money, etc., and yet right here in New York city a little Frenchwoman is running a most successful table d'hote at 45 cents a plate. One Way Out.

I simply mention this to show that where there's a will there's a way. This little woman has a house on one of the side streets. The upper floors she lets furnished. The two lower

rooms are thrown into one, restaurant fashion. The walls are painted a medium shade of green, with panels of a darker shade at intervals. The tables are of mission furniture and seat four. The menu is written out for each table by the madame's small daughter. In a word, the atmosphere of a boarding house dining room is

removed as far as possible, and yet the prices are no more than one pays in such establishments. And there is where the madame is wise, for the tendency is toward hotel life nowadays, whether one can afford it or not, and she caters to the class of literary people and students who are refined enough to appreciate good service.

The menu consists of soup, with an entree of spaghetti or fish; a roast, with two vegetables, a couple of leaves of lettuce in guise of salad and a choice between four or five desserts, which are always the same—pies, tarts or ice cream. This keeping to certain desserts is an economy, but everything is so good no one minds it. I forgot to say that she buys olives by the wholesale and that a small dish of them figures on every table and also that her after dinner coffee is excellent.

She is making money, to use a vulgar expression, "hand over fist." Why does not some one else try to imitate her example? The trouble with the average woman who keeps boarders is that she gives too much food of one kind to each person. She wastes and does not know how to serve the leftovers attractively. A Frenchwoman wastes nothing, not even her smile.

Girls Known by Their Dress.

I can tell whether a girl will amount to anything in business not only by the way she goes about looking for work, but by the way she dresses. The young woman who wears net blouses and fancy tailor makes will never amount to anything, I am sorry to say. She will always work with one eye on her pocket mirror and the other on the clock.

The foolish one whose skirts hang too long and touch the sidewalk in spots is apt in her desire to look tall and willowy to be what is called "sloppy" as well. I don't think I'd care to have her work for me.

Give me the young person whose well brushed dark skirt shows a neat pair of dull kid boots which have been properly treed at night. With this I want to see a nicely fitted three-quarter length coat and a smart felt hat to match on the broad trimmed sailor or toque order.

Kate Clyde
New York.



HELENA, THE BELOVED QUEEN OF ITALY.

Above the cry of distress which has filled the world over the calamity that has come upon southern Italy in the unparalleled earthquake is the universal praise accorded to Queen Helena, beloved as a sovereign, the wife of King Emmanuel, who accompanied him to the ruins and became nurse and comforter to the homeless sufferers of all classes. The queen was the Princess of Montenegro when she was married to Prince Emmanuel, now king, in 1896. She is the mother of several children, all of whom are being reared in a true Spartan way, under the personal direction of the queen.



MISS AUGUSTA COTLOW, AMERICAN PIANIST WITH LAURELS.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, now on concert tour in this country, has fulfilled predictions made when she first came before the public. As a pianist she has reached the mark of success. Wherever she has appeared laurels have been laid at her feet. She is a western product. She was born in Shelbyville, Ill. As a child she was a musical prodigy. She studied abroad, and on her first appearance over there she was triumphantly received. She appeared in New York and was pronounced a genius in the musical world. Her musical talent was developed by Carl Wolfsohn.