FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

LATEST STYLES OF HAIRDRESSING.

—(The Ladies' Field.

CHINESE WOMAN IN COURT.

Mrs. Ah Lee, in Native Garb, Accuses Man of Stealing Earrings.

Mrs. Ah Lee, wife of the cigar store keeper at No. 20 Mott-st., appeared for the second time in the Centre-st. court yesterday morning to tell the story of the loss of her $35 earrings, which she claims were stolen on last Tuesday night by Morris Eisenberg, who conducts sightseers through Chinatown.

When court opened yesterday morning Mrs. Ah Lee was sitting quietly in a corner behind the rail, the only Chinese woman who has ever appeared as a complainant in a New-York police court, surrounded by the usual crowd of lawyers and reporters.

Early in the proceedings of the court her case was called, and a six-foot policeman came to escort her to the magistrate. Apparently oblivious of the interested gaze of a hundred spectators, she crossed the room by the officer's side—a tiny, bent figure, reaching only to his elbow, wearing the Chinese costume of embroidered satin coat and trousers, white stockings and satin shoes, and with her black hair drawn tightly back into a flat knot at her neck.

The lawyer for the defence was not on hand, so Mrs. Ah Lee slipped through the crowd back to her corner seat with a sigh of impatience at the necessary delay.

"I feel not well," she remarked, as she leaned her head against the wooden bench, "I have pain here," putting her little brown hand to her head. "I come here so eally. But I get my eallings all light."

Then she told to a Tribune reporter the story of their loss. She was sitting in her little apartment over the cigar store on Tuesday night, she said, when Eisenberg came into the room. When he left, she declares, he carried with him her favorite earrings, green jade and gold, which he had taken from a table. She ran after him to the street, calling "Police-a-man, police-a-man," and found, she said, her jewelry tucked in his pocket.

Mrs. Ah Lee is moved with compassion for Eisenberg's mother, who lives at No. 32½ East 8th-st.

"His mamma come to me," she said, "and she holler and she holler, and she say, 'Oh, he so lazy. He so bad boy; he go Sing Sing.'"

The costume that Mrs. Ah Lee wore yesterday morning was of purple and black satin, embroidered with elaborate designs in every color of the rainbow. It is entirely the work of her own hands, and has not one machine stitch in it, she is careful to explain. The shoes, also, which are of natural size, as her feet have never been bound, are gay with her embroidery work. "You like-a shoe?" she asked, modestly, as she held out her foot for inspection.

Most of Mrs. Ah Lee's days are spent in sewing, as she has "a nice Illish lady" to look after the housekeeping. She is also fond of visiting "China ladies" and of driving in the "calliage," which she says she owns, and the "Melican" theatre has a decided charm for her.

"When I go to Melican theatre," she remarked, "I wear Melican dress. But I am too lazy to wear it always; it is vely hard to put on."

At this point in the conversation Mrs. Ah Lee was again summoned before the magistrate, and, standing at the bar, hemmed in by forty or more men, she made her complaint in flowing Chinese, which was interpreted to Magistrate Barlow. When her part in the case was over for the day she walked out of the courtroom followed by her husband and two friends from Chinatown.

Mrs. Ah Lee has lived in New-York for five years, and before that time spent a few months in San Francisco, to which she went directly from Hong Kong. She is thirty-five years old, and has no children.

Morris Eisenberg, the defendant, claims that this is "a put-up job to get him out of Chinatown." On Tuesday night some visitors came to the joss house at No. 16 Mott-st., where he's employed, he says, and he was showing them the sights when Mrs. Ah Lee ran up to him, put her hand in his pocket and drew out a pair of earrings. Eisenberg declares that he knew nothing of the jewels before that occurrence, and that the Chinese woman is "in the game."

PHI BETA KAPPA AT MOUNT HOLYOKE.

The Theta chapter of Massachusetts of the Phi Beta Kappa Society has been established at Mount Holyoke College. The foundation meeting was held last week. The members of the Amherst chapter were present, and Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst, gave the address. Anthems and responses by the vested choir, and the presence of the faculty and seniors in academic dress added solemnity to the occasion. Six members of the faculty already possess keys, and the honor was conferred upon ten members of the senior class—Alice Von Stein, Edna Ferry, Winifred Saunders, Harriet Allyn, Ruth Sanderson, Bertha Pitts, Hilma Cook, Amy Coe, Edna Burr and Addie Towne.

Paquin

PARIS

PAQUIN, the well-known Dressmaker,

8, Rue de la Paix, Paris,

begs to inform his clients that his trade mark having been extensively counterfeited, he has decided to alter it this season; his waist bands will henceforth be of white ground with blue letters.

OBJECT TO RIBBON BADGES.

Clubbists Protest at Looking Like Bargain Counters.

After having wrestled with the intricacies of intestate inheritance and married women's property laws for more than an hour yesterday afternoon, the Legislative League closed its monthly session at the Murray Hill Hotel with a burst of frivolity, and solemnly voted that it didn't want to look like a bargain counter or a room with the wall paper on wrong.

The subject under discussion was a badge, and was raised by Mrs. Belle Grey-Taylor.

"I like ornaments," she said, opening her coat to show her medal covered chest, "and I think it is time this league had some distinctive emblem."

Mrs. John F. Trow objected, on the score of expense, and suggested a ribbon as a measure of economy. A purple ribbon, purple being the color of the club, printed in gold letters would, she thought, be very decorative.

The league did not think so. Mrs. Irving Twombly was sure a purple ribbon would suit none of her gowns, and that so decorated she would look like an apartment with badly selected wallpaper. Miss Georgiana Babcock recalled a fearful story of a clubwoman so adorned with ribbons that a small boy asked her to explain her bargain counter to him. Another woman murmured something about jockeys, and the ribbon was uncompromisingly voted down. It was decided, however, that a badge must be secured, and Mrs. Twombly was asked to design the same.

Having heard of the bill to deprive women teachers of their right to teach after marriage, the league adopted a resolution of protest, to be forwarded to the proper persons.

Informal TALKS.

SLEEVES AND THEIR VAGARIES.

"Is it true, I wonder, that women have always a bunchiness about their clothes?" asked the younger woman, thoughtfully. "The most observant man of my acquaintance said that to me yesterday."

"It is true, as a matter of fact," replied the older woman, "except when womankind absolutely disregards fashion or wears a riding habit! In my own day—I am older than you," she admitted frankly, pouring another cupful of tea for herself—"I have known many a change of fashion, but every time a bunchiness—the hoopskirt, modified, to be sure, from the extreme size of long ago; bustles, large and small; long skirts, full skirts, skirts with crinoline, panier draperies, bunched up overskirts, exaggerated blouse effects and chiefly, it seems to me, the greatest possible vagaries in sleeves. You must remember much of this, too?"

"Yes," acquiesced the younger, cheerfully. "And it seems to me, as you say, that sleeves are the most erratic of all. Look at the case now: All of last year's gowns are practically hopeless, out of date, because their sleeve fulness is conspicuously at the wrist, and fashion dictates now that it must be at the top, conspicuously. If only sleeves could be ripped out and sewed in again upside down, the situation would not be so discouraging." The speaker looked down at her own lace frills with a sigh.

"Fashion makers are just canny enough to decree a change which admits of no such transformations," said the older woman. "Sleeves may come and sleeves may go, since fashion goes on forever; but shall we ever be so deluded and benighted as to wear hoopskirts and long bustles again? I hope not; some degree of artistic sense ought to be developed in us, in the process of the suns."

"Think what art study is doing for us these days. (Another cup, please!)" As the younger woman leaned forward her sleeve swept a spoon from the tea table and overturned a teacup.

"The human form divine does not need to be disguised by excrescences which suggest camels or barbarians (Never mind the dishes, dear.) I have taken courage since I have seen, in one of the fashionable New-York hotels the last two winters, a French woman who loves this country enough to come here every year, whose gowns are conspicuous for that kind of quiet elegance you can't help noticing; there is no superfluousness anywhere, especially as regards the sleeves. There are plain, only slightly full sleeves on virtually every one of those fascinating French 'creations.' Each winter she has looked better dressed than any other woman in the hotel; her gowns have an air of distinction."

"But we have to conform to the fashion, or we think we do," complained the guest.

"I wonder if it will ever happen that we dare to clothe ourselves, not in ungraceful overfull or overscant gowns, but in really artistic fashion?" queried the hostess.

"There is this about the present style in sleeves," said the younger woman, and as she rose to go her shortness of stature became evident. "You tall women may well welcome the becomingness of sleeves full at the top; it is we short women who suffer and who would fain cling to the graceful, hanging sleeves which add a few inches to our height."

CONCERT FOR A DIET KITCHEN.

A concert for the benefit of the New-York Diet Kitchen Association will be given at the Waldorf-Astoria, in the large ballroom, on Monday morning, March 6, at 11 o'clock. Miss Edyth Walker, Fritz Kreisler, José Vianna da Motta and Ferdinand Jaeger will take part in the programme. The diet kitchen supplies nourishing food to the sick poor.

MISS BLOW HITS HARD.

Her Kindergarten Foes Suffer at Her Hands.

Miss Susan E. Blow, the veteran kindergartner, threw down the gauntlet against many and divers foes in her lecture at Brooklyn Institute yesterday afternoon. A roomful of kindergartners hung on her words with intense interest as the warhorse of the "conservative" school of kindergartening dealt scientific blows at the "constructive" school, Herbartianism, the vagaries of the child study movement and certain recent tendencies in public school education which she grouped under the head of the "community idea."

"It is said that the conservative school condemns itself by its aloofness from the general movement going on in the schools," said Miss Blow. "There is but one way to meet this criticism, and that is by the simple truth. We are not indifferent to the present general movement of education. We are scanning it with eager eyes. But we believe it is going in the wrong direction, and we cannot go with it."

There are two schools of kindergarten theory today, the "constructive" and the "conservative." The difference between them arises chiefly from the difference in the thing which they take as the centre of interest. To the "constructives," according to Miss Blow, utility is the core of interest. To the "conservatives" it seems that beauty is the core of interest. The "constructives" are following that educational movement led by Dewey, Hall and others of their way of thinking. Miss Blow did not hesitate an instant in lining herself in opposition to this element.

"According to this new movement," she said, "as a human being has to live in a community, he should be educated by participation in community life. The school is to be transformed into a community. The needs of this community are to supply its centre of interest. Its activities are to consist in supplying those needs. Individuals are to be educated and disciplined through this productive activity or work. With younger children, who know only home life and feel only those needs supplied by the home, the domestic occupations are naturally taken as the centre of interest. This, then, is the addition or substitution which the constructive kindergarteners would make to the kindergarten gifts and occupations of to-day."

Miss Blow then enumerated, with both energy and humor, the things which an up to date author on constructive kindergartening would add to the kindergarten. Among them were a kitchen, gas range, wash boiler, double boiler, washtub, washboard, wash bench, sieve, mixing bowl, butter bowl, churn, set of dishes, kitchen utensils and "a few miscellaneous things." "Here the little ones," said Miss Blow, "could make pumpkin pie and cranberry sauce for Thanksgiving, popcorn for the Christmas tree, make jelly for a playmate, wash and iron their dusters and so on. In addition a really up to date kindergarten would have a workshop attached, where the little ones could make the utensils they used in the kitchen, the washboards and rolling pins, and so on. The older pupils could be pressed into the service, and so they'd all get interested togetner around that little kitchen.

"Now, we conservative kindergarteners believe that the old Yankee nation always has led the world in making nutmeg graters and that it always will. What we want is the kind of training that will turn out great artists and teachers and preachers and thinkers in America. We deplore this tendency to place the accent on utility rather than on beauty. And even if this strictly utilitarian idea be correct for older pupils, children of five or six are too young either to perform these tasks or to see any meaning or get any education out of them. The child from 3 to 6 is all play and all imagination. Listen to his play and you will hear him 'make believe' everything on the face of the earth. Realities are not necessary for his enjoyment. Give him mud and moisture, and, lo! a feast is spread. A pasteboard crown, a trailing shawl and a queen reigns. We conservative kindergarteners seek to leave the child to his play and his imagination, but to supply him with an idea. If he plays 'bad mother' or 'drunken father,' as he will if he sees them, he is going to be injured. Fill his mind with beautiful images to be acted in play. Let this domestic utilitarian idea be accepted, and we shall have no more moon songs or star songs or butterfly songs, but only 'This is the way we wash our clothes, wash our clothes, wash our clothes!'"

Miss Blow demanded a strict line drawn between the work of the kindergartner and the mother, and declared that one of the reasons of the degeneration of the American home was the ease with which the American mother can transfer her maternal duties to some one else. She condemned Mrs. Gilman's idea of the "baby garden" in scathing terms, and declared: "Rather than multiply day nurseries, where mothers may leave their babies while they go to work, philanthropists would do better to provide means for each mother to care for her own child."

A REAL ROMANCE.

With the departure of Miss Blanche Shields a few days since for the West, the nurses in the Morristown (N. J.) Training School see the beginning of the end of one of the prettiest romances that ever came under their eyes. Miss Shields might be giving typhoid patients baths or taking babies' temperatures this minute if a heaven inspired waiter had not happened to seat her at the same table in the dining room car of the Southwestern Limited with Judge Eugene Rosenthal, of San Francisco. They gave their orders, each trying to pretend the other wasn't there, till at last the situation became intolerable. What helped it to become so faster, perhaps, than it might otherwise have done was that Miss Shields is said to be a pretty woman, with a fine figure.

The judge came to the conclusion that sitting still and saying nothing, with such a person on the opposite side of the little table was poky, and he told her so. That was in August, 1903. By the time the train reached Buffalo they were almost as well acquainted as if they had had a week of it on a transatlantic liner. Miss Shields had a few hours to wait over in Buffalo. The judge had never seen Buffalo, so, of course, he wanted to. When Miss Shields took her train for Toronto, she already had under advisement a proposal to marry the Californian. How she kept the judge waiting a year while she finished her course at the training school, how the engagement was broken, owing to the jealous pangs that Miss Shields's professional ardor gave her suitor, and how it was renewed a little while ago, do not matter in the least now. The important thing is that Miss Shields—who, by the way, is the daughter of a rich contractor, and does not have to work—recently received a letter that caused her to alter every plan she had made and decide suddenly to visit her sister in Rossland, B. C., by way of San Francisco—which is rather like starting off for Fordham from Bowling Green by way of Jersey City.

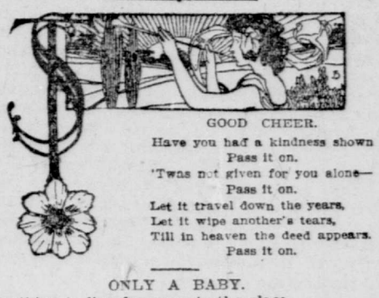
TO HELP WOMEN TO SELF-SUPPORT.

No one who observes closely the struggles of women to earn their living in a large city like New-York but must have noted the peculiar hardships of married women suddenly forced into breadwinning. An interesting plan for the assistance of such was offered at a recent conference of the Charity Organization Society by Mrs. William Einstein, who advocated the establishment in America of a fund similar to that maintained in England by the British Society for the Employment of Women. This fund is known as the apprentice fund, and it is devoted to assisting unskilled women to learn trades and become self-supporting. The great need of such a fund in New-York, which in 1900 had about forty thousand women, forty-four years old and upward, engaged in gainful occupations, Mrs. Einstein said was apparent. Many of these women are wives or widows, who, long passed the age when they should rightfully have been expected to go out into the world and work, have found themselves suddenly forced to seek employment to support small children or a disabled husband, without having had any opportunity of obtaining technical training. There is no sadder spectacle than the middle aged woman trying to earn a living without any adequate equipment. Mrs. Einstein suggested that were such a fund to be established, the money could be lent to applicants in sums varying from $5 to $300, the loans to be repaid in instalments after remunerative employment had been obtained. An educated woman, or quick, adaptable girl, would need only a few months of study to fit herself to be a dressmaker or milliner, or photographer's assistant, or a stenographer.

The plan of extending financial aid to poor girls while they learn a trade is not new, although, so far as is known, it has never been operated with a public fund. At the Hebrew Girls' Technical School, in Henry-st., and at the Manhattan Trade School, in West 14th-st., a small sum is paid weekly to the students, it having been found that most of the very girls these institutions were founded to help would be unable to accept that help unless the poor wages they were earning or could earn were made good to their families.

VASSAR STUDENTS' RECEPTION.

The Japanese meeting which the city branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society will hold on March 4 at 4 o'clock, in the college hall of the Hotel Astor, promises to be one of the most interesting of the season. The programme includes an address by Mrs. K. Imanishi, on "Japanese Women"; an address by S. Aso, the president of the Women's College at Tokio; a Shamisen solo, by M. Otami; a Kinokrinoji dance, by T. Watanabe, with Shamisen accompaniment; a sword dance, by H. Ohashi; a song, by S. Onodera, and an unusual exhibition and explanation of jiu jitsu, by Professor Higashi, Mr. Segawa and three assistants. Two prominent Japanese women have consented to preside at the tea table, attired in Japanese costume. As a number of notable Japanese men and women will be present, as well as many guests who have been invited, the affair promises to be most attractive. Mrs. Louis H. Allen, through whose influence and acquaintance with the Japanese in this city, this meeting was made possible, will assist Miss Delle Fay Norris, the president, and her officers, in receiving the members and guests at the reception which will follow the entertainment.



GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on.

ONLY A BABY.

Something to live for came to the place.
Something to die for, maybe;
Something to give even sorrow a grace—
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses;
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
This year a wilderness, maybe;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby.

—(Harriet Prescott Spofford.

NOTICE.

Letters are received occasionally from admirers of the Tribune Sunshine Society showing that they have confused it with organizations of nearly similar name subsequently started by persons whom they mistakenly believed to be still in the service of The Tribune. To avoid error all communications, packages, etc., should be addressed "The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York."

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Mrs. Adeline Royce, a "shut-in" member, who is just recovering from a severe illness, will celebrate her seventy-fifth birthday on March 11. She has never had a birthday letter party, and would be much pleased to receive greetings from Sunshine friends on that day. Mrs. Royce's address is Bernards Bay, Oswego County, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1.

REPORT OF HILL BRANCH.

Owing to the severe storm on our regular meeting day an adjourned meeting of the Hill branch was held on February 14 for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Those elected were: President, Mrs. A. L. Mason; vice-president, Miss Kate H. Crane; treasurer, Mrs. E. H. Rice; corresponding secretary, Miss S. G. Blanchard; auditing committee, Miss Annie W. Darren and Mrs. Lillian Ramsdin; investigating committee, the vice-president and Miss Emma T. Tuthill. It has been found advisable to postpone the euchre, which was to have been held on February 21, until after Easter. Members have agreed to contribute one article each month toward the sale to be held by Mrs. Rice in the summer.

The severe weather has caused unusually heavy demands to be made on us for food, coal and clothing of all kinds, and large quantities have been distributed. During the month four large boxes and one package of clothing have been received from Miss Crane, one package from the New-York office, a box of silk pieces from Mrs. Daniel Grant, money from Mrs. A. E. Kitchell and Mrs. Mary Nason, bound books and periodicals from Mrs. Anna I. Porcher, and other individual members have sent direct to the beneficiaries.

Yours in sunshine, Mrs. ANNIE L. MASON,
President Hill Branch.

REQUEST FOR ADDRESS.

Will Miss Lunen, of Brooklyn, please send her new address to the office, as a friend wishes to forward some "pages" to her?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Rev. Lyman Ward acknowledges with thanks a book for the library of the Southern Industrial Institute, in Alabama, of which he is principal. It proved to be one he especially desired to have the pupils read. Miss J. Bennett was grateful for silk pieces received from Mrs. Foote. Mrs. Marden sends thanks for the warm jacket sent by Miss Busch. Miss Olmstead, president of No. 11 branch, and Miss Reid, of No. 3 branch, were very grateful for the generous contribution of clothing, shoes, etc., from the office for some of their poor members.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

The following apostrophe to the Sabbath, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Stephens, of England, has been received from William Denman, of Hyde Park-ave., Scranton, Penn., with the request that it be printed in the columns of this issue:

O Sabbath! Needed for a world of innocence—without thee what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care! He who had withheld thee would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, he had never given us the Bible, the gospel, the spirit! We salute thee, as thou camest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over creation's achieved work—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and guiding flame, interweaving with all the light new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews and imbibed by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rang of thee in Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises again in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by him who revived and rose has this day awakened but as the light of seven days and with healing in its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been the coronation day of martyrs, the last day of saints! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the churches of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labor's only rest! Nothing has such a hoar of antiquity on it! Nothing draws along with it such glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our spiritual greatness! The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection! The glory of religion, the watch tower of immortality! The ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reacheth to heaven with the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

Mr. Denman, who is seventy-six years old, and has had this tribute to the Sabbath in his possession for thirty years, writes that he shall soon retire from this field of earthly action, but before going he wants to be satisfied that he has done all he could to keep alive the sentiments of this apostrophe in the hearts and minds of true men and women, and to maintain the sanctity of the Lord's Day.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—(Cowper.

THE LINGERIE HAT.

Lord & Taylor's Spring Millinery Display Has Many Lovely Examples.

Among the dozens of lovely hats on display at the spring millinery opening which is being held this week at Lord & Taylor's, Broadway and 20th-st., those in the lingerie line are exciting the greatest admiration. Their simplicity and daintiness are what appeal to the feminine observer, for they are of nothing but delicate embroidery, lace or tulle, with a bit of ribbon or a wreath of flowers for decoration. One of the prettiest of the lingerie hats for women is of hand made English embroidery, with Tam o' Shanter, over a lining of faint blue silk, which is accordion pleated for the brim. A couple of soft silk rosettes in the same pale shade lie against the crown.

A poke bonnet for a child is fashioned out of white batiste. Two ruffles, the bottom one of accordion pleated batiste and the top one of embroidery, make a soft frame for a baby face. A wreath of Louis Quinze June roses under the ruffles and pink strings complete this bonnet.

Light blue tulle covers the frame of a fashionable turban, which is further decorated with forget-me-nots, put on all over the hat in bands about one inch apart. A cluster of four tiny light blue tips is fastened against the brim at the right side, and two clusters are held in the same position on the left side.

On a wide sailor of heliotrope straw, with dented crown, lilacs and purple pansies, together in a wreath, make the decoration, and white lilacs form the crown of a dress hat with a brim of shirred white tulle. Two pink and two white roses, with their foliage, are used on the right side, and a large flat bow of shaded green taffeta ribbon is just under the brim.

Among the hats for everyday wear, a white chip sailor receives much attention, from the fact that its trimming consists of a wide pink kid belt buckled around the crown.

The elderly woman has been considered in this opening, with the result that most attractive bonnets from which she may choose are on view. For a woman who desires a toque there is a pretty one of black mohair, with trimming of pink roses and black aigrette, and for state occasions nothing could be lovelier than a bonnet of white maline, with crown of black jet. Pink roses are also used on it, and white satin ribbon, crossed at the back, forms two strings, which are shirred down for six inches.

Ribbon as Trimming for Gowns.

Paris, February 18.

One of the most interesting fashion features of the moment is the use of ribbon as trimming, ribbon ranging all the way from the narrowest comet ribbon to wide, soft sashes. It is predicted that sash ribbons are to be much used on summer gowns, and the manufacturers have ready a large stock of tinted, striped and shaded ribbons. Since the rage for the pointed bodice, belts have been a little out of date, but sashes—that is, belts with bows and long ends—have a delightful suggestion of novelty.

Narrow comet ribbon is used either as embroidery or as shirred designs. As an example of the latter method, a ruffle of broad ribbon may be trimmed with several rows of very narrow ribbon put on in the form of tiny ruchings. Many of the cashmere and cloth gowns for the spring show as trimming ruffles made of ribbon. Another trimming is made by shirring the ribbon on both edges and applying it like scant puffs. A nice example of this is shown on a gown of white mousseline de soie over pink silk. Soft Liberty ribbon in three shades of pink is put on in three rows of festoons, the ribbon shirred on both edges.

One can hardly enter into any description of evening gowns or corsages without repeating or emphasizing ribbon trimmings. A common fashion, and a pretty one, is to head lace or chiffon ruffles with a drapery of broad ribbon strung through loops, in some cases of narrow ribbon, or of velvet, or artificial flowers, with a bow here and there. On bodices a great deal of ribbon is used in looping lace sleeves or in some form of drapery on the front of the corsage. Rather an odd use of ribbon is seen on a gown of pale yellow mousseline cloth. A broad ribbon is used on the skirt in double rows that lace into each other. The points that the ribbon makes on the lower edge are marked with butterfly bows, and the upper line of points is finished with little, tight, stiff ribbon rosettes. A common fashion on an evening gown is a large bow on the bust, and sometimes the bow is repeated on each shoulder. A high neck theatre jacket has an interesting use of broad, soft, sash ribbon. This is shirred in the middle, with the edges left ruffled, and is used to form bretelles which cross in front and end with bows just at the top of the draped, pointed belt. The three-quarter length sleeves have a cuff of the same ribbon, with a bow on the outside of the arm.

A pretty example of a cloth costume is of light ochre color, trimmed with white silk braid and small gold buttons. The bottom of the skirt has a broad band of the braid set on a few inches above the hem and ornamented at intervals with clusters of small buttons. The blouse coat is trimmed with pattes of narrower braid and clusters of buttons, and has a collar of white silk perforated and heavily embroidered with both white and yellow.

Serge is being used for some of the costumes sent away to the Riviera, and promises to be considerably seen in the spring. An attractive walking costume is of navy blue serge discreetly trimmed with red velvet. The Russian tunic closes with three large velvet-covered buttons, and there is a two-inch line of the velvet that shows about the top of the coat, which is cut down in a point. The belt fastens with a velvet ornament. The popularity of braid does not seem in any way threatened. One sees fur coats trimmed with both mohair and silk braid, and the spring models in cashmere and cloth show an extensive use of the same trimming.

The milliners are bringing out some sensational examples of spring millinery for which the Riviera season is now an excuse. One noticeable feature is that hats are worn away down over the forehead and tilted up to the most extraordinary height in the back, with a lot of trimming, flowers, feathers or ribbon bows, used under the crown. In fact, most of the trimming now is applied under the crown, for when the hats do not tilt up in the back they are turned up sharply on one side, or often on both sides, and the trimming applied. A shape that some milliners call "the polo" and others "the Russian" is a little, round, boxlike hat, with some high trimming like an aigrette or an enormously large flower placed on one side. Just now the fashion is to wear these hats of fur, but for the Riviera they are made of crin or ruffled lace or ribbon. One example is made entirely of ruffles of narrow, shaded green ribbon, and on one side, a little toward the front, are two stiff peacock feathers. Another example is of black crin, with little ruffles of white straw on the crin, and trimmed with an enormous white flower—a flower without a name for its living prototype does not exist—put on with a twist of turquoise blue velvet.

Some smart outing hats are trimmed with stiff loops and bands of fancy straw ribbon. Another fashion is to encircle the crown with ruchings of shaded ribbon, and turn up the hat in the back with a mass of flowers or feathers.

A pretty use of artificial flowers is on a debutante frock of white mousseline de soie and lace. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of lace lying over a flounce of the mousseline de soie, and with a heading of narrower lace, about an inch and a half deep. Small white roses are used to make a heading to the flounces; that is, naturally, put on at the bottom of the lace heading. The corsage has a decolletage softened in the same fashion, and its fulness is arranged on the front with ropes of the flowers.

Visiting costumes worn in Paris now—and this is really the season of ceremonial visits—include a great many long habits, but newer and considered more dressy than the plain, close fitting habit is one draped or shirred; that is, shirred under the arms, and perhaps again under the revers. Anyway, the idea is that the fulness is draped up on the bust where the garment fastens. The waistcoats, too, are generally draped in horizontal fashion, and the sleeves are short, and arranged in rather close folds. A handsome costume made in this way is of prune colored velvet, trimmed with broad silk braid in the same color. On the skirt the braid is used in a loop pattern, and repeated on the draped sides of the jacket. The revers are of prune colored silk, embroidered with narrow braid and white chenille, and the waistcoat is of white satin. The plastron is of beautiful white Irish lace, and there are lace ruffles on the sleeves.

Housewives' Exchange.

A WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

The most ideal home I know is one which has been not only a comfort and a shelter for those within its walls, but an inspiration to every one who has known it, and it seems to me the home which fails in this same inspiration has fallen short of its full glory.

When the beautiful home was rising, stone on stone, people predicted a frowning castle, but when it was finished, although it stood dark and stately against the sky, one had but to enter the broad, low doorway to feel that here was home! Rich with beautiful treasures from all over the world, it is not these which impress the stranger with its gates—it is the welcome, the hospitality, cheerfulness and, above all, the sense of freedom. It is said that in olden times the Spanish grandee met his guest with the words, "This house is yours," and neither host nor guest took the words seriously, the latter being hedged about at once with stately formality, but in this ideal home the sense of freedom gives one a feeling of possession. For the time being the spacious library is yours to browse in to your heart's content. Yours also the beautiful gardens to enjoy as freely as one enjoys the sky above one or the air one breathes.

One woman found this home (to which she gave the name of Ingleheart) such an inspiration that some years ago she set out to model her own comfortable, well to do home along the same lines. To a practical friend who demurred she said:

"Oh! I know I haven't the money. It isn't that I mean, but can't you see the beauty of 'Ingleheart' is in its sharing with others? I have no art gallery to throw open to the public, but I have a modest library, and I can tell the young school teacher who boards across the street that she may use it as freely as if it were her own. I cannot support a miniature George Junior Republic, but Mr. S. and the boys he is teaching United States history may meet in my library once a week. I have only one maid instead of twenty, and I cannot afford a sewing room for her own use, but I can lend her my sewing machine and help her with her clothes. Isn't the mistress of Ingleheart an idealist, and why shouldn't I idealize all the relations of daily life with the butcher, the grocer, my cook, my washerwoman—every one who comes to my door?" She paused a moment and looked about the roomy, old fashioned place. "My dear," she said, "you shall see. 'It doth not yet appear what it shall be.' Haven't you noticed the freedom of Ingleheart? There shall be no jokes or chains in my home—my husband and children shall be allowed to develop their own individuality, and shall know not only the shelter, but the freedom of home!"

She has beautifully fulfilled her promise—her husband and her children, her own happy face, full of "sweet records, promises as sweet," bear witness to the inspiration of that home. And what of those who have shared its loving hospitality, its brave sympathy? I know what it has been to me—a trained nurse resting between cases—and I can imagine what it must have been to that young man discharged from the hospital, but still weak and homesick, who passed weeks of happy convalescence there. I know what a haven it was for the lovely French woman who spent her vacations in that cheerful atmosphere—but these are only a few instances of the sharing. Perhaps the kindest mission of all was the training of Swedish girls as cooks and waitresses until they were able to take places in other homes. Can't you see how the leaven of such a home would spread?

Home! How much the dear word means! First of all, it should stand for peace—within its walls there should be no fear, no injury, no strife—failing in this it is not home. There would be no cruel wars to-day, if in every home throughout the land the dove of peace sat brooding. Home is the first school, where the little child learns lessons of love and loyalty, consideration for others and the privilege of loving service. Comfortable and cheerful as the home should be for those within, it should also be a beacon light to shine far out into the wide, wide world—a refuge, a sacred place where miracles are wrought, for

Where self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine or thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And Christ pours out the wine.

Did you ever think that the first roof over the home was the mother bird's outspread wings and downy breast? So it is the mother spirit that makes the home, whether it be a palace or a flat or only a hut of boughs, with the stars shining through. Wherever there is a true wife, there is home. "Each of us is bound to make the small circle in which she lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the greatest goo dmay flow."

Why wait for heaven; why not have it now? What a happy home that Scotchman must have had, who, when asked by an elder, "Do you believe in heaven?" replied, "Why, man; I live there!"

Hartford. JANE THOMSON.

AN IDEAL HOME.

The purpose of making a child or any individual comprehend the meaning of home by giving a definition of the same seems utterly superfluous. We can feel what the ideal home is, but poorly express it in language. Of course, there must be an atmosphere of love and freedom. The mental or spiritual nature finds perfect relaxation there from all the restrictions imposed by society or contact with the outside world. When we return to the home after a protracted absence there is a feeling akin to that of lying down to sleep at night, when we throw off all cares and burdens, and our physical nature becomes thoroughly relaxed, and hence sweet sleep ensues. In our home we can be natural, and speak plainly, and loved ones understand us. No fear of misinterpretation or deception. If we open our hearts to one another we are safe from ridicule or betrayal. We have confidence in each other and "perfect love casteth out fear." Happy are they who know the delights of an ideal home! (Mrs.) C. M. L.

Gloversville, N. Y.

KNITTED SLIPPERS OF TWO COLORS.

For E. S. M.: One bunch of each color. Gray—Cast on 22 sts. and knit 3 times across plain. Red—First row, knit across 2 sts. and skip 2 sts.; second, seam 2 sts. and skip 2 sts.; third, same as first row; fourth, same as second row. Gray—Widen at commencement of every row for four plain rows. Alternate with 4 rows of red, as above, until there are 11 rows of gray. Twelfth Row—Knit back 22 sts., bind off 12 sts., then knit 22 sts., which will finish row. Continue for 22 rows to back of heel. Knit up the other side the same, and join in centre of heel border. G. R. BATE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LONGING FOR HOME.

By Jean Ingelow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That windlike did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
Oh, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going, too.

I pray you what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestling be;
There is the home where my thoughts are bent,
The only home for me.

SUBSCRIBER.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Morning Gown, No. 2,787, for 10 Cents.

An attractive morning gown, and one which can be slipped on at a moment's notice, is shown in the accompanying sketch. Flowered challis, albatross, flannelette and dimity are all inexpensive and well suited for a garment of this description, as they fall in soft, clinging folds and bring out every graceful line. Rows of black velvet trim the

NO. 2,787—MORNING GOWN.

yoke, collar and cuffs, giving a needed tone to the otherwise plain gown. If one desires, a Dutch round neck and three-quarter length sleeves may be used. This negligee gown will prove convenient for morning and afternoon wear during the warm summer days. For the medium size, 8¼ yards of 36-inch material are necessary.

Pattern No. 2,787 is cut in six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give pattern and bust measure distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp, and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

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