

Womens Realm

The Short Waisted Skirt.

Fashionable Parisiennes Have Adopted It with Enthusiasm— Costly Footgear to Match Costumes.

Paris, June 27.—The latest idea of the couturière is the short waisted skirt, and the fashionable Parisienne has taken it up with enthusiasm. Its success is an excellent illustration of how quickly ideas of conventional dressing change, for no longer does the short waist appear but of the ordinary.

This skirt has generally some form of skeleton top, although that may be covered by a short jacket. If the skeleton top is not liked the skirt may be hung from a lining and deep yoke. It is always part of a one-piece gown. Most of the little jackets or tops are worn with skirts of this sort are without sleeves, or, at the most, have some cape effect covering the top of the arm, and the sleeve of the gullep there is a most conspicuous factor in the make-up of the costume. In fact, everything serves to make the undergarment as important as possible, and really a part of the dress.

An expensive and successful illustration of this idea is carried out in embroidered white tulle and Irish lace. The Empire skirt is slightly lower in front than behind, and is finished by a belt of black velvet ribbon drawn up in the back through a gold buckle and finishing with long ends. Its material is embroidered tulle, which opens front and back to show a panel of Irish lace and cuts off short in front like a tunic with festooned edge over a lace under-skirt. This effect is lost toward the back, where, with the exception of the tulle panel, the whole skirt is of the tulle. The top and sleeves, with the exception of a small piece simulating a cape, are of lace, and over the shoulders is a garment open down the middle, both front and back, which might be called either a most abbreviated bolero or exaggerated bretelles. This runs almost to the waist line in front, but is shorter behind, ending on the shoulder blades with two white cotton tassels. Like the little cape placed on the sleeves, this is of embroidered linen, but the two parts do not connect, the lace showing between them.

ELABORATE WHITE GOWNS.

At the Polo Club the other day every one wore indeed, at a distance the crowd looked like a flock of sweet girl graduates, although on closer inspection this appearance of simplicity resolved itself into costumes of the most bewildering costliness and wonderful combinations of every lovely lace, fabric and embroidery. Occasionally a bit of color appeared in the form of a sash or inside vest or embroidery, but the general effect was white. Lace applications, fine linen, muslins, heavy tulle embroidered in spots, Irish gullure, Malines and Valenciennes—these are only a few of the materials chosen.

A lot of ribbon trimming was used, the very tiny ribbon for embroidery and the wider ruffles and ruchings. A princess gown of all-over Valenciennes had the skirt trimmed with a series of ruffles, the group beginning a little lower than the knees in front and rising in the back. Tending and running over the upper ruffle was a bow-knot design done in narrow satin ribbon. The top of the costume was covered with a large lace fichu trimmed in the same fashion.

The touch of color on a gown often consists of Pekin, used for sash, belt or decapeement. Pekin no longer means black and white, for the ground-work may be any color, even the most delicate shades of blue or pink, which look well with the black stripe, and which may be repeated in the tulle neck ruche or scarf wound about the head.

One of the prettiest costumes was of embroidered batiste worn with a norel jacket made of two kinds of silk and quite original in cut. The jacket hung well over the hips, but not to the knees, and was much opened, showing half of the belt at the waist line. The skirts of the garment of a soft, thick China silk, exquisitely em-

century, and the handles, which double up, are of carved ivory or tortoise shell. Larger parasols are of Irish lace, embroidered, or painted gauze; in fact, of every material down to plain linen.

Another little extravagance which is creeping into the wardrobe is the use of elaborate footgear designed to make the costume. Short and narrow, every possible shade of leather and kid, and, moreover, large or small buckles, as taste may dictate. The director's buckle, in dull or greenish gold, is good, and in some cases the trimming on the gown.

"Few people really know how to comb their hair," remarked a woman who has a glorious crown of her own, probably because early in life she set herself to learn how to take the right care of it. "The average woman, dressing in a hurry, will dig the comb into her hair, and if a snarl happens she tugs at it until a whole bunch of loose hair comes out by the roots. Naturally, any self-respecting hair would come out under such treatment. The comb can't be combed too much, but it should be done lightly, smoothly, and, when it comes to brushing, don't choose the hardest brush you can find and go at your head as if you had a spite against it. The scalp ought to be warmed up, but not punished.

Personally, I think a gentle massage, done with the tips of the fingers, is the best thing for the scalp, and consequently the hair. People talk about tonics, and no doubt, an occasional one is needed when the hair has a tendency to thinness; but the best thing about the tonic is the massage of the scalp when it is applied. Most scalp have enough natural oil, living more or less dormant, and rubbing brings it out. I knew an instance where a woman combed out the hair of her husband's perfectly bald head simply by rubbing it with a gentle rotary motion of her finger ends for fifteen minutes every morning and night."

Marianna Wheeler, superintendent of the Babies' Hospital on Lexington avenue, New York. In a recent article in "Harper's Bazar," warns mothers of the serious results that may follow careless lifting of a young child. It is a truism that a child's bones are not easily broken, but the very softness which makes them less liable to breakage than an older person's renders them more susceptible to undue pressure, more easily bent or misshapen. There are probably few people who are free from some little abnormality of form—one shoulder higher than the other, or it may be a deformed chest, or the backbone out of plumb; and no one can estimate how much of this sort of thing is the outgrowth of careless handling of the person when he was young and soft and helpless. Miss Wheeler asserts that chronic coughs have been caused by the placing of the hand around the infant in lifting it; the hand should be placed behind its back, she says, with the little head resting on the wrist of the lifter; in this way there is no pressure whatever on the tender little ribs.

As for the older babies, the falls and tumbles they get in their play are far less likely to harm them than is her kind so many mothers have of pulling a child up from its bed, or lifting it over a bad place in walking, by one little arm. The mother, probably, has never studied anatomy and is unaware of the fact that the ligaments are not elastic, and that the ligaments of the arm, once stretched, remain stretched, leaving the joints but loosely supported and liable to dislocations. The average child's nurse is unaware of this fact, too, or else does not care. A brief walk in any of the hospitals where nurses collect with their charges will satisfy the observer of this.

The fattest person, it is said, may become delightfully reduced as to flesh just by the use of a rubber corset, said corset to be worn during a brisk daily walk of at least three miles. The point is that it induces copious perspiration. Of course, the rubber must be worn over the underwear, and



range from the slightly hard of hearing to the totally deaf; no deaf-mute pupils, however, are received. The instruction in all grades is entirely by the oral method; all communication between teachers and pupils is by speech and lip reading. Lip reading should be a sine qua non in the education of every child with imperfect hearing.

The school also makes a specialty of private instruction in lip reading for adults, and has been exceptionally successful in this work. The teachers who give this instruction are deaf themselves and expert lip readers. Edward B. Nitchie, B. A. (Amherst), is the principal. He is the author of "Lessons in Lip Reading" and of "Self-Instructor in Lip Reading."

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AFTERNOON FROCKS.

No. 1.—Empire dress in fine cream cloth, with embroidered band in white and black silk. Bolero with pelerine sleeves, covered with similar embroidery. Lace chemisette.

No. 2.—Dress in fine black cloth; plain skirt, draped bodice, crossed and fastened with diamond buttons; shawl collar in embroidered white silk. Flounced sleeves of cloth and lace.

reside in New York, where they will be at home after September 1, at No. 623 Madison avenue. The bride is a granddaughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Jay Sisson, of Hartford, and the eldest daughter of the late George Hubbard, of that city. She was a student at Dana Hall, Wellesley.

The bridegroom is a member of the firm of Lounsbury & O'Connor, No. 51 Liberty street, New York. He is a graduate of St. Paul's School at Garden City and Trinity College.

English Government Taking Steps to Educate Them—Their Sordid Life.

The peasant woman of Egypt, the poor, patient creature who through the weary length of centuries, through the vicissitudes and tragedies of dynasties, rulers and queens, remains, like the Sphinx, unchanged, is presented to the public in "The Fortnightly Review" as the mother of rejuvenated Egypt. "The Egypt that will be born not of bond, but free." Already one of her race—the beautiful Thewdis—has become mother of the Khedive, and from other peasant mothers, says the

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French children but the Indians about her to teach them to read, and there laid the foundation of what has been ever since one of the most celebrated convent schools of the New World.

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Robed in pale blue—always the Virgin's color—it stands apparently upon a bank of clouds, with hands folded upon the breast, and a pale, rose colored light falling over it from above.

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NUNS IN CANADA.

Beautiful Convents They Occupy— Sixteen in Quebec Alone.

There are many strange things to the traveller from "the States" in French Canada, that region which, only twelve or fifteen hours from New York City, is yet as foreign as many lands across the water. One of them is the great and powerful community life of religious women. There are convents in the United States, but they are submerged and unnoticed in the teeming modern life of the vast Republic. In the province of Quebec, with its area of almost 300,000 square miles, and its population the same as the city of New York, they stand out in the front rank of things. The number of women shut away from the world in those enormous piles of gray stone which dot all French Canada is astounding to the American. In the little city of Quebec, with its 70,000 inhabitants, there is the convent of the Franciscan nuns, notable for its newness in this city of stone and black with age. In it are eight hundred women, nuns and novices.

A few of them came to Quebec fifteen years ago, "without a cent piece among them," as one man expressed it. They have built up these fine buildings, worth \$100,000. There is a chapel which in some ways is the most beautiful in this land of churches. One might almost know instinctively on entering that it was a woman's church. It is all delicate cream and gold and green; vast columns of pale green Mexican onyx, shining and beautiful; of pale green Carrara marble, ceilings and walls of cream poked out richly with gold, exquisite Italian statues of the saints, colored in delicate tints. The woodwork of the floor and seats is light, while that of the other churches seems almost black. The light of day comes through clear glass up above, instead of through the colored windows which throw other church interiors into semi-dark.

All is light and cheerful. As one enters he sees in the distance white robed figures, draped in long, white veils, kneeling before the altar. In perfect silence they kneel, and there is something ghostly in their white, motionless figures. If one lingers for half an hour he will hear a distant bell strike one note. The veiled white figures rise and file noiselessly out, each one prostrating herself before the altar until her forehead touches the floor. Another silent line files in and kneels. And so all day and night, the years through, women kneel here to keep the mass in constant adoration.

These women have built up this great plant in a few years, chiefly by contributions. The only industry which they carry on is a small print shop, and it is safe to say that no other print shop in Quebec has acquired the means to erect such a plant in the same length of time. The amount of money which the people of the province are glad to pay out for the support of these great communities astonishes the wandering American.

There are no less than sixteen of these great plants occupied by women in Quebec, convents or institutions conducted by convents. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is the Convent of the Ursulines, an institution which has been a part of all the history of Quebec. There Montreal is buried, last of the great Frenchmen whose deeds make the early history of Canada read like a romance. There are buried early missionaries, martyred by the Hurons. There, during the winter of 1759, following the fall of Quebec, British troops were stationed, and the table on which the British authorities signed the first death sentence against a woman is still preserved there. Founded in 1639 by Mme. de la Peltrie, a pious woman of France, its first superior was Mother Mary of the Incarnation, who has been called the St. Theresa of New France. A woman of culture and intellect, she came to Quebec when it was only a hamlet in the wilderness. Under a great ash tree in the heart of the village she gathered not only the little

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rambling pile, look himself again and again and emerge finally upon a totally different scene from that he entered on. But he must carry a key and assume with him; for every now and then he will reach a locked door, and upon his key he will wicket will drop and a hooded face look through the demand his authority for passing.

SHORT HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

The Way to Make Devonshire Cream— Practical Hints.

As every one who has lived in England knows, Devonshire cream is a favorite English dish and a delicious accompaniment of fresh berries, preserved blanc mange and English tarts. It is sometimes spread on plain cake, and also, like butter, on thin slices of fresh bread.

Devonshire cream is sold in great quantities in London, but the kind sold there cannot be compared with that served in the country home of Devon and Somerset. In the natural state it is a soft, creamy mass, kept moist with a good deal of liquid cream, but in packing it is pressed down and hardened during transportation until it is of a cheese-like consistency. It is made as much in Somerset as in Devonshire, and the following recipe comes direct from an English housewife whose home is near the outskirts of Devon, in the "Lynn Doonee" region:

Put milk fresh from the cow into a large tin pan and put the pan into a cool place. Let it set for twelve hours. At the end of the time put the milk, without removing the cream, on the back of the stove, and let it come gradually to the boiling point. Lift it off, put it in a cool place and let it set again, this time for twenty-four hours. Then skim the cream, which will have formed in thick lumps. This thick cream, to be true Devonshire, ought to be prepared over a pat fire, and thereby acquire a flavor of past smoke. The milk that remains in the pan after the cream has been skimmed is very good for cooking, and may be used in rice and other puddings made with milk.

In cold weather Devonshire cream may be kept several days, and the longer it stands the richer will be. The milk should not boil, and the cream it comes to the boiling point the richer and better the cream. Some housewives, instead of putting the milk or pan containing the cream on the back of the stove, put it in a larger pan containing boiling water. Then they set the pan containing the cream in a larger pan containing boiling water. Tradition has it that Devonshire cream was originally a special favorite of the Greeks, who taught the art of preparing it to the Romans, they in turn teaching it to the Britons.

Many of the flowers of Europe and area of this country are forever associated with old Celtic legends. There is almost an innumerable number named after the Virgin, among them "Virgin Bower," "Lady's Tresses," "Lady's Smock," "Lady's Mantle," "Lady's Thistle," etc. The Holy-Well valley, in France is known as the "Virgin's Pass." Every one is familiar with the passion flower and the legend that surrounds it. Catholic fancy and romance have woven all sorts of legends around the St. John's wort—some of them being that its flower displayed red spots on the anniversary of the beheading of St. John the Baptist. In Germany the health is said to owe its color to the blood of the heathen slain in their conflict with Christianity. The word "heathen" comes from "heath" and it was originally applied to barbarous people who lived in the uncultivated regions where the heath grew luxuriantly.

Gooseberries used to be known as St. John's grapes. In England there grows in the far West it is said a plant called the rood-seller, on whose bright green leaves are red spots. These spots taken the blood which fell from the cross onto the plant, and which no subsequent snow or rain could wash off. The mustard family or cruciferous possess no poisonous flowers, and according to an old legend this is due to the fact that the leaves have petals in the form of a cross. A charming member of this family is the St. Barbara's bell, known as "the little cross bearer." These are only

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The Punting Girl. The Fishing Girl. The Cricket Girl. The Bathing Girl. The Archery Girl. The Tennis Girl. The Croquet Girl. The Golf Girl.

broided, were shirred and attached just below the bust to a tulle bolero of heavy beaded silk, and carried a shower bouquet of lilacs-of-the-valley. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Hubbard, attended her as maid of honor, dressed in white embroidered batiste, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses. The best man was George Jarvis Corbett, of New York. A large number of guests were present, among them the following: Mrs. James O'Connor, mother of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Rock, Douglas Morse, Miss Mary Caruth, William Caruth, Charles Elias, Miss Gertrude Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Connor, the Misses Wilson and Miss Ruth Higgins, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Webster and Miss Catherine Hart, of Brooklyn. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor are on a tour in the Province of Ontario, and will return to New York Falls and other points, and upon their return will

equally, of course, great care must be taken, on the head, after the fashion of broderie Anglaise. More elaborate are gowns of silky tulle in the soft pastel shades, embroidered in heavy raised designs, done in cotton or linen floss. A costume in salmon pink has the short waisted skirt decorated with sprays of heavy flower embroidery running up from the hem in unequal fashion, some of the sprays reaching to above the knees and others below. The skirt and blouse join under a draped belt of white silk, and the waist line is not conspicuously high. The choker is set with points of Irish lace, and these fall on to what might be called a deep, square yoke, although a little below the bust this separates from the blouse in a fashion to suggest a detachable collar. The skirt is pleated in clusters, and at the shoulders, and the whole is heavily embroidered. The sleeves of this gown are of Irish lace, with cuffs of embroidered linen.

A TRAVELLING COSTUME.

How far the fashion of using a second material for sleeves is going to prevail it is difficult to say. At the moment one sees a good deal of it, although it may be misleading to use the expression, "second material," in describing the sleeves. In most cases the sleeve is composed of the trimming of the gown, and it would be most badly designed if it stood out as a separate part of the corage.

A modish feature is the upward slant to the tops of the empire and princess skirts, often emphasized by a belt or sash, which may or may not have hanging ends. Sometimes the sash is inside of the top of the skirt, drawn up through a buckle in the back, with long, wide ends falling on the skirt.

equally, of course, great care must be taken, on the head, after the fashion of broderie Anglaise. More elaborate are gowns of silky tulle in the soft pastel shades, embroidered in heavy raised designs, done in cotton or linen floss. A costume in salmon pink has the short waisted skirt decorated with sprays of heavy flower embroidery running up from the hem in unequal fashion, some of the sprays reaching to above the knees and others below. The skirt and blouse join under a draped belt of white silk, and the waist line is not conspicuously high. The choker is set with points of Irish lace, and these fall on to what might be called a deep, square yoke, although a little below the bust this separates from the blouse in a fashion to suggest a detachable collar. The skirt is pleated in clusters, and at the shoulders, and the whole is heavily embroidered. The sleeves of this gown are of Irish lace, with cuffs of embroidered linen.

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