

WOMAN'S



REALM

Seen at a Fashionable Tea Room Last Word in Gowns Worn by Three Graceful Parisiennes— Street Costumes Are Very Subdued.

Paris, December 17.

In the Salon de l'Auto, just closed, there were absolutely nothing new in the stalls and cases devoted to gowns for this sort of progression. There were the already classic mantles of thick wool in gray and greenish tones, lined with peacock, seal or caracul, with wide collar and huge cuffs of coarse fur offering more resistance to the weather. The head coverings were indeed pretty, as well as practical. The fur turban, or bonnet, such as has been everywhere, was the favorite. A hat that had an air of novelty was a silk cabriolet, fur trimmed, and tied by wide "bridles" of Liberty ribbon. As nearly all the autos are closed now a special order of costume is not necessary.

The interior of the motor car is truly luxurious, combining practical things and luxuries in a marvelous manner. One may play bridge, write, select a book to read, smoke and make a toilet for dinner.

A party of three women left by their car at the door of a smart tea room yesterday were all gowned in the latest fashions. A one-piece gown of black velvet showed a pretty garniture in a fine jet and silk braiding on the neck and wrist of tulle, and in a narrow border about the small square-cut neck. It broadened on the shoulders to meet that on the top of the sleeve. The tiny gumples and checker were black dotted net, laid over a bit of bright colored broadened ribbon, stretched diagonally across. Such a pretty touch! The frills that finished the stock and fell over the upper ends, edged lightly with fur. This cut of gown shows no waist line; it hangs straight from the shoulder to below the hip lines; it flares then, slightly, to allow ease of movement. The train shapes a perfectly sharp point, achieved by inserting into the back seam a square breadth of the upper ends, edged, to avoid over-much fullness. Over this costume of black velvet was worn a wide mantle, long enough to touch the ground on either side. It was finished with the new silk fringe, showing a netted heading, quite twelve inches in depth. This mantle of heavy bright green Ottoman silk was hand-dyed and edged with sable fur. The hat was all of jet-silken, sparkling jet; a tall feather waved from one side.

Showing a tunic overskirt, short in front, trailing in a point at the back, was a costume of lead colored interior crepe. The underskirt, visible only in front and a little on the sides, was widely hemmed with lines of fine silk braid, the tops of the sleeves, the wrists and the edge of the low round carriage were trimmed in the same manner. Tucked gray tulle, laid over bright blue and silver changeable net, made the gump and stock. On the front of the bodice was a mass of raised embroidery done in gold and silver threads, mingled with blue and gray. Topping this costume was a hat of lead colored silk, faced with blue velvet and trimmed with blue and gray feathers. It was of the new shape, moderate in crown and brim. Dipping a little on one side, on the other it curved slightly upward, sweeping gently back.

Dropping her long fur coat to the footman, the third woman showed all at once her charming

costume of dead leaf cloth. Like all the latest gowns the skirt showed a trifle more fullness, yet it clung closely over the hips, the serpent tail table, writhed narrowly after her as she moved, and as she seated herself under her chair, coiled into a heap like a live thing. It was a redingote gown, closing at one side of the front with three large buttons just below the waist line, and turning low from the neck into narrow revers. Starting from the edge, beginning just below the buttons, went the wide band of embroidery mounted under the arm wide and ending under the revers. Colored velvet ribbon woven through lace entredeux finished the stock at its base, and a band of lace laid over colored velvet filled a space above the revers. Her hat, an immense mob crown of black velvet shirred on great cords on the two-inch brim, suggested a fanciful monument, great inverted bowl. A twist of velvet, with perky ends set at one side, was the only trimming.

Black hats are charmingly trimmed with bunches of silver raisins; nothing else. The effect is one of extreme refinement. All street costumes are strangely quiet—black or dark tones of tulle, and the enchanting yet deeply sombre lead color, coldly elegant—were worn by a tall, hair braided young beauty in the luncheon room of the Ritz a few days ago. As she came in the bunch of violets pinned to her huge muff of ermine fur was the only touch of color visible. But when the coat was thrown aside there was a lovely bodice of silver tulle, veiled with lead-colored tulle, embroidered in perfect harmony with the hair and the cool, fresh tints of the complexion. The top of the skirt, that reached in girlish fashion up onto the tulle bodice, was edged with a little soutache braiding at the top ending in a straight line, and a similar bit at the wrist. Between were clinging tucks.

The latest tailored costumes show cloth skirts with half-long coats of velvet or heavy silk, matching in color. These are strictly for travelling or for morning wear. For more dressy occasions the redingote, or the one-piece gown, is the correct thing. The short coats are of straight cut, with loose fronts sloping sharply back, and seamless backs, cleverly adjusted to the figure, defining without touching it.

White gloves are no longer worn in the street, or, indeed, anywhere. For all occasions gloves are either carefully matched to the costume or selected from pale shades of flesh biscuit and tan, besides the natural tones of suede. Evening shoes are of silk or satin to match the gown, embroidered with tiny pearls, beads and jet; they are further beautified by gold or silver Louis XV heels and big buckles.

Lace is little used at the moment. It is, therefore, a good time to purchase it.

MARGARET ALICE FRIEND.

MODE OF LIFE, AT GIRTON COLLEGE

OBSERVATIONS OF AMERICAN STUDENT THERE.

Some Points of Contrast with Institutions of the Same Kind in This Country.

Cambridge, England, Dec. 17.—The recent notice given in England of the candidacy of Miss Jane Frances Dove for Mayor of High Wycombe has brought again to public attention what was once considered a most extraordinary institution—namely, Girton College. The state of and intrepid Miss Dove, who bore all the rigors of election time with such admirable philosophy and said of her defeat that the whole campaign was worth while, since it showed England that the only thing her enemies could find to say about her unfitness for the Mayoralty was that she was a woman, was one of the very first women who more than thirty years ago astonished the world by insisting on attending examinations at Cambridge University. She and two or three others had been preparing and studying at a little hired house at Hitchin, a place between Cambridge

only two hundred or so—but a picked lot of minds. No "snip" courses there! Each student begins to specialize at once in mathematics, economics, philosophy, or whatever her choice may be, and keeps it up for three years, till her tripos examination. There is, therefore, a more continual lighting of lamps and girding of loins than at most of the American colleges for women. American colleges give all sorts of girls an idea of what an educated person ought to know—as well as a social stimulus, a "good time"—and there is a hilarity and richness of color, a pleasing infusion of gayly clad idlers who "come for the life," which does not disturb the real students, but makes glad their sterner lives. The professor's daughter from a poor New England village may room next door to a belle of Pittsburg, and while she explains the "Vita Nuova" of Dante to her affluent neighbor and perhaps opens Pittsburg's ears to the choir invisible, she is learning how to fix her own neglected hair in the splendid halo fashion of the belle's. But there is a sterner consistency of atmosphere at Girton. Dancing occurs only once a week. After dinner you ought to be not dancing but working up material for the debating club. Dramatics make a senseless waste of time, supper parties are not childish orgies of "fudge," but the adult and civilized enjoyment of coffee—made with great care—and biscuits.

Girtonians rather pride themselves on a Spartan indifference to luxury, and consider that if they come to college for mental training that is all they need live for at the time. Round hats with one bow of ribbon on them, thick boots, an ulster, no umbrella, is the costume of the day; and at night, though they dress for dinner in the low necked dress of "the world," the gown is of some modest black material. There is nothing to distinguish the costume of a struggling

will not confer degrees upon women) are too proud to ever wear their academic caps and gowns except when visiting another college. An extraordinary feeling of loyalty and proud humility makes them prefer not to assume what their own university does not choose to give them.

These lecturers, or "Dons"—to use the still surviving classic slang of Pennenden and Tom Brown—are stern conservators of the tradition of scornful dignity that seems to breathe from this high thinking and plain living community of women. They hand down the ideals of stiff work for honors—good tennis, good coffee and no nonsense. They have a good horror of sentimentality or effusiveness, in exactly the same degree as has a well bred Englishman. The Girton Dons have outgrown womanish meanness and unreasonable chattering. If you go into the clubroom, where they assemble for tea, you will find a dozen female editions of Cato the Censor sitting in low willow chairs, each with a cup of tea in her lap, each reading a newspaper. There is not a sound in the room except the singing of the kettle on the hob, and when even a veteran lecturer comes in, gets her tea and takes the last chair, no one looks up or pays the least attention to her. The principle is that if you have nothing in particular to say you had better be reading the reports of Parliament.

And yet, in spite of all this apparent indifference to human ties, there is as much "college spirit" at Girton as there is in any of America's more va-va-vo-vo institutions. Old students come back every year after a plunge into the real world, and realize how much they love the big red tower through which one drives in at the front gate, the green "quads" over which the dear old decayed cab horse, who will dig his toes into the sacred smoothness of the turf, is always pulling the lawn mower, and the woodlands at the back, with the surprising little lake therein, where two white swans, named John and Emma, sail forever stately. (John and Emma, so named after their donors, St. John's College and Emmanuel College) The "old student" even visits the college vegetable garden, so prolific and unailing in its supplies that there is a Girton proverb running, "There is as much salad in the garden as ever came out of it," and she rejoices to dine "in hall" and eat the ubiquitous lettuce and contemplate the Dons sitting grandly and coldly at the "high table"—on their platform at the end of the dining room. If she does not regard the Dons with the same feeling of tremendous awe that she had for them as a young "freshner," she loves them and understands them better now. There is something touching in the dryly affectionate smile they cast down at the new, young crop of martyrs dining below them.

Alas, unconscious of her fate, The little victims play.

The faces of the Dons are seared with marks of battle—of a struggle with their relatives, the world, even with themselves—to get this education of theirs. And now, as they sit rather weary and laconic under their hard earned and scanty laurels, they look down at the hearty, red checked generation beneath them, and rejoice that their old standard will still be carried—by even stouter arms than theirs.

C. M. H.



NEW WING OF GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Of Interest to Clubwomen

BY HELEN M. WINNSLOW.

In these days when it seems to the casual observer that there is a woman's club at every cross road, directions for forming a club may appear superfluous; yet it is a fact that leaders in club work receive every now and then requests for directions in just this way. And in this connection the rules set out by the General Federation (in the form of open letters on request) will have a distinct value.

In any neighborhood where there is one woman who desires to form a club, and she has a friend or two in sympathy with her, let her issue invitations to such women as she desires to meet at her own or any other house for a preliminary meeting. It is not even necessary to state in the invitation for what purpose it is sent out. It is best to begin an organization very simply. The best possible constitution should be as short as possible, leaving changes and additions to be put in the by-laws as occasion seems to demand. The constitution should include: 1. The name of the proposed club. 2. The object for which it is formed. 3. The number and duty of its officers. 4. The time for holding the annual meeting. 5. The time for holding a quorum. 6. How the constitution shall be amended.

By-laws vary with the size and needs of the club, and the rules for amending them should make it easier than to amend the constitution itself. The most essential points to be covered by the by-laws are: The time and place of regular meetings; how the work of the club shall be presented; the manner of electing officers; the order and business of annual meetings; the authority on parliamentary usage; how the by-laws may be amended.

It is a good plan for the proposer of the club to hold beforehand for the constitution of some other clubs in order to have a pattern to go by, if inexperienced in such work.

If there is a limited membership, it is necessary to have a membership committee, and sometimes with an unlimited one such a committee is advisable. Following are good rules for taking in new members:

The name of a candidate must be presented to the committee in writing by the member proposing her, together with a statement of the qualifications that make her a desirable member.

The proceedings of this committee shall be strictly confidential.

The name of a candidate accepted by this committee must be presented at a regular meeting, to be balloted upon at the next regular meeting.

This is the method in use by exclusive societies like the Colonial Dames, etc. But as the club movement grows, the lines are a little less rigidly drawn, for the club movement aims to be democratic and to take in all classes of women, provided they are of good moral character and not too quarrelsome in disposition.

It is always advisable, whenever possible, to have present at the first meeting some woman who has served in club proceedings, as she knows how to start and manage an organization, and can give others a feeling of confidence and self-control that is often lacking in the formation of a new club.

Here are some good resolves for clubwomen at the beginning of another year: Let us resolve that when asked to do committee work we will never excuse ourselves unless our home duties require it.

That if we have to write a paper, we will not go to the encyclopedia for it.

That when we rise to speak we will make ourselves heard, even if we have to practise at home first.

That when the woman who was to speak fails us at the last moment we will not say she never intended to do it anyway.

That we will make the club a place where helpfulness and kindness go hand in hand with inspiration.

That the Golden Rule is just as good a guide to club life as to home life.

And that we will adopt and practise it everywhere.

vicar's daughter from that of Lord So-and-So's niece, who may sit next to her.

LIFE IS STERN AT GIRTON.

The buildings of the college, long, low structures, all connected and standing at right angles to one another, like a pocket ruler unfolded, are also part of the stern ascetic plan of life. The endless corridors are partly heated, it is true, but at every yard stands an opened window, so that the fog and east winds of old England class constantly up and down the stone floors. In the rooms a little grate fire supplies the only spot of warmth. At night it is a useful spot for giving out light, too, for the single lamp hardly throws much glow over your sitting room, and your bedroom candle must not be burned recklessly a d with wanton waste. You will need it when you go calling in some remote part of the building, for the gas is put out at 10 o'clock, and if you happen to overstay that hour you will be roaming down the chilling caverns of hallway in pitchy darkness, unless you fall in with some wise and provident student who has brought her tin candlestick along with her.

It is a droll sight at an evening party in this twentieth century to see the guests stacking outside the door their candlesticks for the homeward journey. I am not quite sure, but I think it must be at least a mile's walk from one end of the Girton edifice to the other. Each joint of it is only one room thick, so that there will be plenty of air, and as each student has two good sized rooms the lizardlike structure crawls along for a seemingly interminable length between one point of interest, like the front door, to another vital spot, like the dining room.

The two rooms make for a greater dignity of life, though, than may be found in most of the American colleges for women. The maid tiptoes in every morning before you are up, softly shuts your bedroom door and tides up the sitting room, removing the coffee cups of last night's entertainment, sweeping the floor, laying your fire. And then, after breakfast, when you are working in your sitting room, she does the bedroom.

The decoration of college rooms, too, is more elegant and really comfortable than the bizarre trappings of most American Minervas. No Princeton banners ramp above plaster bulldogs or Teddy bears; no formless hill of pillows with excruciating female heads machine embroidered on them takes up all the room left over from the tabouretted laden with toy elephants. Instead, a pot of Michaelmas daisies, a copy of a Gainsborough, an open fire, a coffee set, much used, and many deep old willow chairs, comprise the soothing and quiet furniture of Girton.

ATTITUDE TOWARD MEN STUDENTS.

Girton prides itself on a spirit of irreproachable dignity and "good form," especially in respect to its relations with the university. In order to keep out the sort of girl who thinks her living at college may be the means of carrying on flirtations with the Cambridge male undergraduates, the woman's college was built at a good distance out of town, on a particularly dreary road, and the girls drive in to lectures in respectable and aged four wheelers, very slow in pace, removed throughout Cambridge. To see all Girton come into Cambridge in Cox's cabs is one of the most humorous things in the world to the average Cantabrigian, who wonders why in the world girls will put up with so many absurd inconveniences in order to get an education that in his opinion nobody cares about.

In a sort of morbid dread of having their motives for being at Cambridge mistaken, Girton students never walk with male undergraduates, and never go to Matthews's tea-shop, or to the Bull Hotel, or to any of the really cheery places for tea, because they are frequented by the men. The girls betake themselves to dull and dim bakeries, in the less fashionable streets. There is a rule that the same male caller is not allowed to come more than once a term to Girton, and in every other way the idea of social intercourse with the university is discouraged.

The women lecturers at Girton, all of whom have degrees given by some other university more generous than Cambridge (for Cambridge

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FELINE ARISTOCRATS
Three Hundred Blue Ribbons To Be at Atlantic Cat Club Show.

Luxury will be rampant, as usual, at the annual show of feline aristocrats, to be held in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, December 30 and 31 and January 1, in connection with the annual exhibition of the New York Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. The Atlantic Cat Club, under whose auspices the cat show is held, announces that the occasion will be graced by the presence of some of the most distinguished individuals in the cat world, and the background will be worthy of the furry bluebloods. Most of them will repose in satin lined pens, upon cushions of elderdown and velvet. The cat who hasn't a silver backed brush and a maid to make his toilet will be considered not at all in our set, don't you know, by the other cats.

Concerts will be in the nature of a continuous performance. Wagnerian music in high C will be the rule, with a crowing chorus from the feathered contingent downstairs.

Three hundred valuable cats will compete for blue ribbons and silver trophies—just to gratify their mistresses. One, a blue-eyed Persian, is immaculate of Kensington, so lately come from London that she hasn't lost her English accent yet. Immaculata is owned by Mrs. George Fahys, Miss Laura Gould Hopkins, secretary of the Atlantic Cat Club, will show her White Algrette, and also little Lady Friar, the charming daughter of White Algrette and Sir Friar. Little Lady Friar is quite an athlete, and she likes to take a five-foot hurdle with ease. She is a kitten of most refined tastes, in spite of her athletic feats, and visitors are warned that any one having the faintest scent of perfume, cigars or cigarettes will get nothing from her but an icy glare.

Another feline aristocrat to be seen at the coming show is Lord Kew Tangerine, owned by Mrs. W. B. Wiswell, of Newtonville, Mass. Lord Kew's ancestral home is in England, and the family tree is all hung with prizes taken at Crystal Palace. Lord Kew, whose complexion is a fine rich orange, has thirty-six sons and daughters as handsome as himself, all born during the last year, but the rumor that he will deliver a lecture on the show on "The Sin of Race Suicide" is incorrect.

The show will be open each day from 9 o'clock in the morning until 10:30 at night.

"FED" HOTEL HELD UP.

The City Federation Hotel, for small salaried working girls, is beginning to resume the position once occupied by the trades school in feminine politics. In fact, the different parties are playing battledore and shuttlecock with it. Last Saturday it was supposed the lease of two houses in Washington Place for this purpose was practically settled, but the formal assent of the board of directors, which met on Monday, was still required, and this the board refused to give. Whether or not the effort to get the hotel under way at this time had anything to do with the election of the City Federation in February, its utility for campaign purposes was too evident to escape the attention of the enemy, and so it has been held up. Negotiations are now under way for another house in West 10th street. Whether these will be allowed to go through before February is a question in which the fair politicians of the Federation are taking a deep and lively interest.

Mrs. Belle de Rivera, president of the hotel company, and Mrs. William Grant Brown are the candidates for the presidency of the City Federation.

Some Ways of the World

The solitary woman of wealth, be she spinster or widow, has either to devote her attention to the management of her affairs, as part of her daily life, or else leave them entirely to some lawyer, whom she not only trusts implicitly, but to whom she pays a good percentage. It must be one thing or the other, no dabbling or doing by halves, else she courts disaster. It is surprising, too, how many courts, delicately veiled, will devote a keen business intellect to left to manage their own interests. The instinct for money

daughters, fully grown, watch their mother's reckless dealings with bated breath.

Does the woman with the unlined skirt realize how immaculate must be her hosiery and the build of her boots? A well-braced ankle, a trim shoe and a straight heel are as important as the gown itself, for these things are quite as much displayed as if the skirts reached but half way below the knee. In no era have the nether limbs been more freely shown than at the present time, and mishapen ankles can be noted in almost every other fair pedestrian.

THOROUGH WORK AT GIRTON.

It is not that Girton sends out such a large number of women with a bent toward civic affairs which is worthy of remark, but the fact that when the Girtonian does tend that way she makes a success of it. Naturally, for there is nothing feminine or superficial about a Girton education. The college was founded on the understanding that only women studying for honors, and not, as most of the men do, for the ordinary examination, should be enrolled there.

BLUE-BLOODED CATS WHICH WILL BE EXHIBITED AT THE ATLANTIC CAT CLUB SHOW THIS WEEK.



ARGENT GLORIOUS. LADY FRIAR. LORD KEW TANGERINE. ARGENT MODEL.

making often develops, also, so that many of the richest heiresses are "on the market," not as matrimonial catches, but as investors and manipulators of stocks. This passion as it grows becomes a compulsion, and the heiress, who once had the feminine stock fund, wipes out seemingly the remembrance of any losses and she will plunge as heavily as the boldest financier. Once a taste for speculation is developed it can never be checked, and many instances are there where sons and

"Down on Long Island," "up the river," in "Jersey's hills" and, in fact, in all country places the houses are open for the Christmas holidays. Returning prosperity has given an unprecedented boom to Santa Claus this year. The youngsters will have every wish gratified and by the same token their elders will have merry house parties, and the country club hunt, balls and other New Year jollifications will be animated by a spirit that has been mourned as lacking for several seasons.

So all Girton girls must work harder than the average Cambridge man. It is the only woman's college in England where such an extraordinarily high standard is a necessity, for even Newnham, the other famous woman's institution at Cambridge, does not always insist that a student shall receive a certificate from the university as well as from her college, and the result at Girton is a small number of students—

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