

INTEREST to WOMEN

The Poetry of Gowning

Parisian Elegantes Blossom Like Flowers Amid the Greenery of the Bois.

Paris, June 2. M. André de Fouquières, the latest fad of the fashionable literary world, took for the subject of his last conference "La Vraie Beauté." Naturally, such a subject drew a highly fashionable audience, eager to hear some new thing about masculine elegance; the display of feminine elegance was overpowering. Among the smart women noted was the Princess de Broglie, who wore a tailored costume of dark blue satin, on which curlicue pattern. The ribbon designs adorning the wide sailor collar, deep cuffs and small cutaway coat were charmingly effective. After the new fashion, the short skirt was split at the left side over a panel of ribbon embroidery, which, under the free edges of the skirt, had the appearance of a separate piece of garment. The hat went with this side garment. The hat was a separate piece of fine white English embroidery, which rippled becomingly about the face, and a bow of the embroidery, surmounted by loops of black tulle, all of dimensions to correspond with those of the hat itself. This combination of English embroidery and black silk is a recent development in hats. The Duchesse de Noailles was also in tailored costume, the material being white moiré. While preserving an excessively slender silhouette, the short skirt showed a few pleats on each side, laid flat under large buttons, which were covered with similar buttons on the closing, a line on each side, with silk loops for fastening. The duchesse wore a black satin scarf—one of the new long, narrow ones—lined with white and tipped with tassels quite ten inches long made of loops of narrow ribbon. The hat, a wide, flat one of Italian straw, was covered with an "umbrella" of black Chantilly lace, which fell in soft folds over a wreath of small pink roses, and at one side soared a tuft of black skeleton feathers.

At this season of the year in the morning, the afternoon and at dinner time the Bois is gay with throngs of well-dressed women and men. Between 11 and 1 o'clock of a morning the famous Sentier de la Vierge is a rendezvous, where those who neither ride nor walk sit watching those who do. A close, short skirted costume of fine wool, prettily checked, barred or striped, with coat, of any length preferred, left open to show the fluffy whiteness of the chemise and necktie, is done. The young couple, trimmed with immense bows shaped from a whole width of silk, and closely veiled, is the regulation morning costume for the Bois. The accessories are natural toned subtle gloves, big, ribbon bowed shoes, a slim rolled parasol, plain in color, with a handle of great elegance, and a wrist bag hung by long ribbon.

Of greater elegance is the costume for

the afternoon drive in the Bois, with pretty wraps and mistletoe and flowered and feathered hats. Generally, the drive is arrested half way for tea on the lawn or veranda of one of the cozier restaurants nestled among the trees, where again one meets one's friends.

At dinner time, in the gathering darkness, when the Bois is like fairyland, with its lakes, its flowering trees and shrubs hung with colored electric lights, the gowns reach the climax of loveliness. At these out-of-door dinners the women wear pretty transparencies—lace, gauze or mousseline de soie over pale, tinted silks, necks and arms being covered with one thickness of flesh-colored chiffon. A sweet little dinner gown noted at Pré Catelan one evening last week was of soft, pale green silk voile. Green moiré hemmed the skirt to the knees, while heavy cream-colored lace formed nearly the whole of the corsage and, with oddly placed touches of green moiré, shaped a high giraffe. The pretty blond girl who wore this costume looked like a flower in the soft, pale green, which also formed an effective setting for the big rose-trimmed hat. Behind, the brim dropped to her shoulders; in front, after the latest fashion, it was lifted from her forehead by a strap of black velvet pricked by one pink rose.

With out-of-door evening toilets scarfs of infinite variety in form and color play an important role. Veritable copies of charming lace-corrugated bits of filmy gauze or crêpe de Chine, with fringe and embroidered corners and a narrow collar of matching satin finishing the neck. Quaint and novel, they have, nevertheless, disadvantages. With the distinct point in the middle of the back, they are not easy to adjust; therefore, careless dressers would do well to retain the long, straight scarf of the same materials, which is less conspicuous if ungracefully worn. Long scarfs of black satin, lined with white or pale colors, are another attractive revival. Replacing a separate outside garment with summer afternoon gowns, they are worn with the full width carefully drawn about the shoulders and kept in place by the arms, the ends hanging long and straight at each side. Crêpe de Chine is an incomparable material for such scarfs, being preferable to the more favored Liberty satin, which is likely to fray untidily, while crêpe de Chine gains beauty with wear. The long, narrow scarf, which winds the shoulders and is kept in place by the arms, has a truly poetic charm, allied to practical uses, with the collarless necks of the summer. Smart women also wear neck things of white, black or gray ostrich feathers. Short and shaped in a flat collarlet fashion, they are trimmed with ribbon loops and fastened with long ribbon ties.

MARGARET ALICE FRIEND.

Some Ways of the World

The Frenchwoman's care of her hair is proverbial, and the result is bright, glossy tresses in abundance. These are cleansed carefully twice a week with fragrant orris powder, which is well dusted in and carefully brushed out. Shampooing is done once in long intervals—never more often than every four months—and for this two fresh eggs and the juice of a lemon are used with the first water. The lemon juice and a little water are first rubbed on the scalp, and then eggs, which have been lightly whipped. The rinsings are continued after this until no trace of the egg remains, and the hair is dried in the sun. At night the hair is loosened, shaken back and forth and laid softly around the top of the head, uncovered by pins or ribbons. It is then covered with a pretty cap, so that it will not tangle from tossing about. And so it grows far more thickly and quickly than if frequently washed or confined at night in a braids.

"Why some enterprising young person has not started a shop for elderly women's costumes solely," said a dowager recently, "is beyond my comprehension, for there is a fortune in such a venture." It is quite true that smart and suitable "frocks" for women past fifty years are few and far between, and even dressmakers pay little attention to lines and other details necessary to make a gown becoming to such women. Instead, they either persuade their older patronesses to take some model meant for a debutante, or else turn them out in a dowdy dress of good material, but atrociously suited to their appearance. It has often been said that the older women of the present times look well dressed only when in mourning, and it has been noted that men, although they detest crêpe and black dresses, generally prefer to see their mothers wear black. All this is because in turning out mourning dresses the builders of gowns take some pains to make them smart.

"It is a fact beyond dispute," said the cynic, "that the young married women of to-day consider all unmarried men fair prey. Not only do they carry out their designs in cold blood upon some attentive to nice girls, but they do not hesitate to say to the girl in so many words, 'every unmarried man is fair prey to us,' and the girl must make the best of it, and often resorts to the expedient of clumming with a popular matron so as to come in on the edge of the good times her 'prey' provides. Say what you will, the young men are flattered, and when the affair progresses to a certain stage they are proud of their position as tame cat to the enchantress. One woman who was looking about for a bachelor victim recently confided in a girl who knew the man she had her eye on, and added quite proudly, 'I never attach a married man, my dear, for it would not be

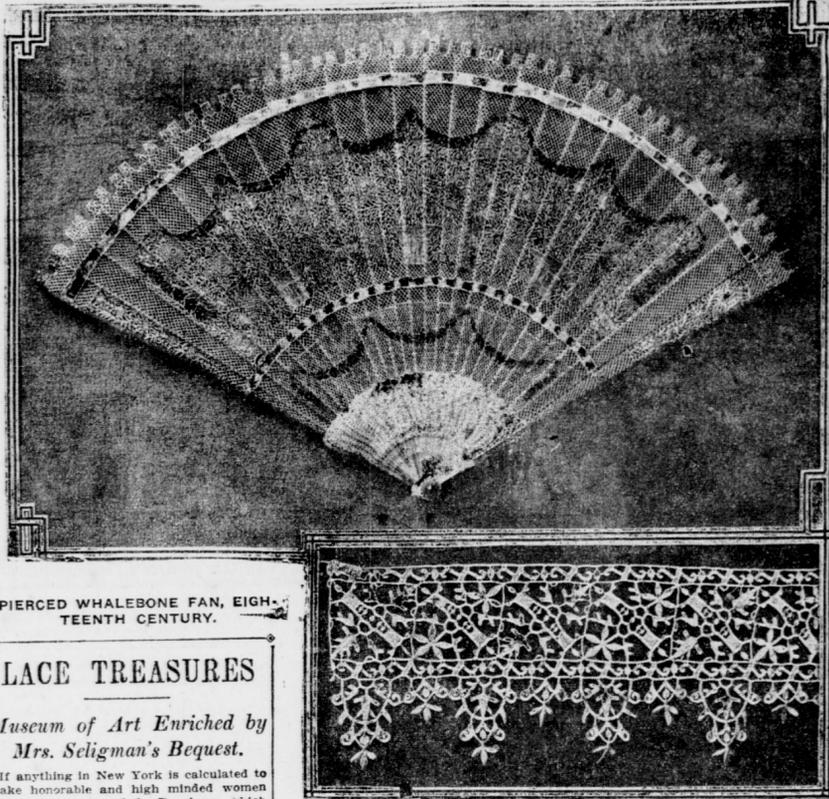
quite right to make another woman jealous.' "How about the girls you interfere with?" the maiden asked. "Oh, that is their own lookout," was the reply. The engaged man also is prey, but demands a more covert pursuit.

Smuggling stories are rife now among those who erred and were not caught, and all who have had unfortunate experiences wonder why they did not have the happy thoughts that guarded the trunks of others.

One tale just out of a successful episode that occurred when the reform was in its youth and at its highest pitch of severity, shows that tender moments come even to the most stony hearted officials. The smuggler in question, a young girl who is still in the not-out class, declared only some fine household linens she was bringing to her mother, and only enough of these to run the value up to the mystic \$100. Of her many and lovely frocks she said nothing, not even to the members of the party, and these and the remainder of the men all went into one trunk. On the dock she promptly handed over her keys, and then perched on the trunk that contained her treasures, to wait its turn. She looks fragile and the day was warm. Suddenly she demanded her salts, and such was her wilted and faint appearance that she was not removed from her perch, although she asked to have that trunk done next, so that she could repack before she was too ill to attend to it. She now declares that her exemption from investigation was a direct reward for virtue, because she told no lies but just looked as she felt.

A girl who from the gayest society life suddenly had to enter the business field, and from there went back to her former life, says she does not know which was the harder change. The work, though engaging and of a nature almost beyond her strength, because it kept her within doors from early morn till late at night, became an ambition, and she gave up every little pleasure, so that she could excel. At times she longed for "old times," but resolutely denied herself even the calls of her own friends, save on Sunday. For five years she kept this up, until a legacy made her independent. Now she declares that time hangs heavily on her hands; she misses her vocation and longs to have some definite occupation to absorb her superfluous energy. At the same time she warns those who long for a business life, when it is not necessary, against attempting it, for the early trials she found unbearable, particularly when she had to deal with men. No man, she declares, no matter how well born, remembers that the gentler sex is gentler, in his office, and will speak to the women employees there, when irritated, as he would never dream of speaking to the servants of his household.

SPECIMENS FROM THE HENRIETTA SELIGMAN LACE COLLECTION, PLACED ON EXHIBITION LAST WEEK AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.



PIERCED WHALEBONE FAN, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LACE TREASURES

Museum of Art Enriched by Mrs. Seligman's Bequest.

If anything in New York is calculated to make honorable and high minded women break that portion of the Decalogue which forbids the coveting of one's neighbor's goods, it is the European laces of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries just received and put on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the collection bequeathed to the museum by the late Mrs. Jesse Seligman—cobweb flounces of exquisite needlepoint, delicate cap crowns worn, probably, by beauties of the French court two hundred years ago; wonderful ecclesiastical bits from the robes of priests whose bodies have been dust for many years, though their vestments endure to delight twentieth century eyes. A few things in the collection are not laces. Most remarkable of these is a pierced whalebone fan, showing a most intricate design cut in the rich amber tinted whalebone, with wreaths of tiny green leaves and maroon colored flowers around the central figure. This dates from the eighteenth century and comes from France. What mademoiselle or duchesse or princess, it may be—used this for an aid in her flirtations? If these things had tongues, what stories they might tell!

The Henrietta Seligman lace collection, as it is called, has a room to itself, and has been arranged by Miss Frances Morris, curator of laces at the museum, in six glass covered cases. One is filled with bobbin laces, with drawwork and cutwork of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. One curious piece of Danish drawwork is a founce from an alb, with an intrinsic pattern ending in drooping berries at the edge.

There are a few Sicilian specimens in this case, but they are mostly north of Europe. Then in other cases are flounces and pieces of point d'Argentan, the making of which was introduced into France by a founce from an alb, with an intrinsic pattern ending in drooping berries at the edge. The Henrietta Seligman lace collection which was made to compete with the French-made, but not so fine meshed as the French point d'Argentan. In curious contrast with these spiderweb laces is a French or Italian sampler, dated 1755, with rows on rows of stitching on a square of time-yellowed canvas. Did some small maiden sigh over it as she set the weary stitches in that far-off time? Who knows? One interesting piece, or set of pieces, is from a Hebrew prayer scarf, or "talith," of the eighteenth century. At first sight it

PUNTO IN ARIA, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CAVIARE TIDBITS

They Are a Pleasant Addition to Outdoor Feasts.

Caviare can be used in many ways that are attractive at veranda luncheons and Sunday suppers. For one such tidbit, have ready a number of small squares or triangles of toast. Spread a teaspoonful of Russian caviare over each piece after buttering it. Mix one hard boiled egg, chopped fine, with a teaspoonful each of parsley and spring onions, both chopped. Crown each bit of toast with a portion of this, and serve with a garnish of parsley and quartered lemon.

For a somewhat similar dainty, prepare little cups of toast. Cut out rounds of bread half an inch thick with a cookie cutter. Press a smaller cutter half way through the bread, and scrape the crumbs from the inner round. Place the rounds of bread upon the hot upper grating of an oven in a coal stove, or put them into the broiling compartment of a gas stove, as far from the flame as possible, keeping them slowly dry and brown without burning. When a fine brown, fill the cavity in each with a mixture made from two large table-spoonfuls of caviare, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, a bit pinch of paprika, and, if desired, a tiny pinch of curry powder. Sometimes a quarter of a teaspoonful of each is added. Put the mixture into a granite pan and stir carefully until very hot, but not boiling. After pouring it on the toast, garnish with stoned olives cut in rings.

Olives are often used with caviare. Sometimes large green olives are stuffed with it. Select fine big olives, cut off enough of one end to remove the stone. Fill with

Home gives promise of speedy realization. Fifty thousand dollars is the sum that must be raised before work can be begun, and a prominent and generous Roman Catholic family has promised to pay over half the amount as soon as the other half is raised. Thus will this hostelry, where men and women stricken with incurable disease find room to die, be enlarged to something like an adequate capacity. At present the little brick cottage, which has accommodations for only nine patients, sometimes shelters twice that number, for the Sisters cannot turn away any who need their care, so long as a corner can be found in which to place them.

MEN AROUSED AT LAST

Awakening to Danger of Votes for Women, Say Illinois "Antis."

The Illinois association opposed to woman suffrage believes that men are waking up at last to the danger of votes for women. Its latest pamphlet, entitled "Men and Women," congratulates the faithful on what is said to be a changed attitude on the part of the sterner sex. Heretofore, according to the pamphlet, the almost universal answer of men, when asked to express an opinion on woman suffrage, has been that it is a question which women must decide for themselves. Anti-suffragists, it appears, have always felt this attitude to be a great mistake, and now they note a "decided awakening" on the part of the men.

"Prominent men here and there," says the pamphlet, "have been urging the dangers of such a radical and unnatural reform. Last winter such men as Elihu Root, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the late Richard Watson Gilder and others equally well known in political, educational and literary circles came out

Polaire's Favorite Actress

"Moi" She Says, When Asked to Name Her "I See No Actress Who Feels As I Do."

A wide, scarlet-lipped mouth, a large, straight nose that projects itself emphatically forward, blue-green eyes under long dark lashes, a mop of short brown hair curling around her ears, a neck unusually long, feet unusually big, a waist unattractively small—that's Mademoiselle Polaire, the French actress heralded as the "ugliest woman in the world." Maybe she is ugly, and yet, somehow, almost anybody would turn from doll-like prettiness to look at her a second time.

Perhaps that is because of another item in Polaire's makeup, something she calls her "nerves," but which most observers would translate "temperament."

"They are the strongest part of me—my nerves; far stronger than my body," she said in her rapid French, as, before the mirror in her little dressingroom back of the stage at the Hammerstein Victoria Theatre, she shook out her curls and prepared to wash the makeup off her face.

"Always since I was a child it was the same—my nerves were strong, strong; they other days, one great nerve. I have always acted? Oul, toujour, toujours. Since I was a little child I have been on the stage. And when I act a part I am the part—I am the woman I portray. That is why it exhausts me so. I have rested half an hour since my act this afternoon, and still I am tired. Excuse me," she added, changing from voluble French into careful English. "I wash my face."

As she chattered she rubbed off her make-up with rapid touches, and then, waiting her hair curled it anew over her fingers. Occasionally her maid, hovering around her, got a chance to fasten a few hooks or tie a string, but the energetic Polaire went ahead like a woman who knows how to take care of herself.

"Who is your favorite actress?" she was asked.

"Moi!" she laughed, dropping a towel to point at the place where her heart is. "I find no actress who feels as I do. Though Bernhardt has much feeling," she continued, after an interval of splashing in the washbasin.

"Tell us what you think of Annetta Demme?"

"Mon Dieu! I never look at Annetta still less at women. Shall I never see Annetta, perhaps, if I meet the man who would be my perfect, and even then—oh, how adorable, good, great, and one day I will cover the top of his sock. I can't imagine a more famous grimace—"I do not think of her."

"You like dogs better?"

"Ah!" she said, going over to the cage where her small Pit, the much talked-of canine for whose sake mademoiselle Polaire has asked the rules and regulations wouldn't such to the dog, and she wouldn't mind from Pit. "Yes, I like dogs better. This little creature—paralyzed in the neck and blind in one eye. For years she has been always with me, and she is cruel people of the hotels would have put her in the cellar. Mon Dieu! I would not submit. At home, in France, she is other days, one great nerve. I have always acted? Oul, toujour, toujours. Since I was a little child I have been on the stage. And when I act a part I am the part—I am the woman I portray. That is why it exhausts me so. I have rested half an hour since my act this afternoon, and still I am tired. Excuse me," she added, changing from voluble French into careful English. "I wash my face."

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A STUFFED GOOSE

That's What Some Styles Make Woman, Says Dr. Sargent.

The fashionable one-piece gown, says Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, an expert on dress and a prominent and generous Roman Catholic family has promised to pay over half the amount as soon as the other half is raised. Thus will this hostelry, where men and women stricken with incurable disease find room to die, be enlarged to something like an adequate capacity. At present the little brick cottage, which has accommodations for only nine patients, sometimes shelters twice that number, for the Sisters cannot turn away any who need their care, so long as a corner can be found in which to place them.

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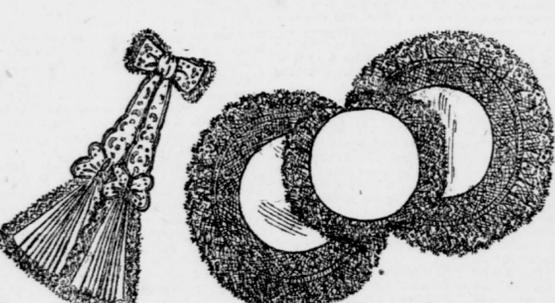
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Women with clever fingers will find it worth their while to save all bits of lace, ribbon and embroidery that are in good condition, for they can utilize every scrap in making the jabots, bows and collars that are now so much worn. The construction of these trifles makes pleasant

work for the summer vacation, and they are as useful for gifts as for personal use. The four designs given are not common-places, yet they are easy to make. The jabot is made of mull Valenciennes lace, with embroidered butterfly tabs of linen. The large design hardly needs an explanation, and caviare and sprinkle a few drops of lemon juice over each. Then place each olive on a tiny leaf taken from a white lettuce heart.

The Russians say that the more simply caviare is served the better, and a world-famous chef says in regard to fresh caviare, "Some cooks serve finely chopped onions with fresh caviare, but a worse practice could not be imagined. Fresh caviare, the flavor of which is perfect, does not need any supplementary condiment." The remarks do not apply, however, to the pressed and salted kind of caviare that reaches our shores and comes all the way from Russia.

HELP FOR CANCER VICTIMS

Gift of \$25,000 to Build an Annex to St. Rose's Home in Cherry Street.

The Servants of Relief—that devoted band of women who, under the leadership of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, now known as Mother Alphonsa, of the Order of St. Dominic, are caring for the victims of the dread disease of cancer, at Rosary Hill Home, in Hawthorne, N. Y., as well as at St. Rose's Home, No. 438 Cherry Street, New York—are suffering from what Mother Alphonsa calls "mountain dizziness." The height to which they have been raised is a joyful one, however, for their hope of a substantial annex to St. Rose's



as it is a working drawing for a collar to be worn with a collarless gown. The bow has ends of maline under squares of lace. Linen is the material used for the stand-up collar. French knots in blue and Irish crochet lace motifs ornament it. The strap is fastened by three pearl buttons.

squarely on the anti-suffrage side. And now we have a protest from Massachusetts, signed by 150 prominent men, including, as "The Boston Herald" says, in noticing it, "substantial leaders in the educational, religious, business and legal world."

This protest, the circular concludes, "is still being circulated, and the list of names is rapidly growing."

KINDERGARTEN GRADUATES.

Fifty young women were graduated last Thursday afternoon at Carnegie Lyceum from Miss Jenny Hunter's Kindergarten Training School. Miss Hunter presented the diplomas and there were addresses by Dr. Thomas Hunter and the Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

The Alumni Association of Public School 20, Rivington, Eldridge and Forsyth streets, will present a flag to the school next Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock in memory of Hugh Kelly, of the class of '09. Charles J. Schlegel is president of the class and I. E. Goldwasser principal of the school.

CONUNDRUM.

When is a clown like a drinking vessel? When he is a tumbler.

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