

INTEREST to WOMEN

The Day of Beautiful Colors

Wonderful Harmonies of Fashion Are Varied with Plain Black and White.

Paris, November 9.

Whatever absurdities may be laid to the charge of the present fashions, no one can deny that they achieve wonderful color harmonies, and every fresh creation that comes from the hands of the master gown builders reveals fresh possibilities. Gowns made for some of the new plays show charming minglings of color. At the Nouveautés Mme. Caron, in her role of *Femme de monde*, wore a costume of old blue velvet veiled with rose colored mousseline de soie. This transparency shaped a tunic, longer in the back than in front, and all its edges were embroidered tone on tone. In her conception, this gown nevertheless had an air of novelty in its exquisite color tones and in the disposition of the embroidery. Equally lovely was a robe of rose colored velvet falling in changing glints of color, belted with gray satin and hemmed with grayish opepossum fur. A deep round collar of embroidered green linen finished the neck, and there were deep cuffs to match on the small, short sleeve. Other gowns in the same play were of black satin, limp skirted and trailing, overhung with a long tunic of blue mousseline de soie, with English embroidery done in silver threads, and a soft cerise velvet, with a tunic of gray gauze covered thick with steel beads and fringed with steel.

At the Comédie Française Mlle. Jane Faber wore a charming toilet of rose and gold brocaded satin. A deep band of rich Venise lace hemmed the close, slightly fluted skirt above a border of black fur. One shoulder, in the new one-sided manner, was draped with black unlined mousseline de soie, and the hair was wound with pearls and ornamented with black feathers.

Along with this fancy for rare color effects goes a penchant for simple black and white. A combination of the latter sort worn recently by Mme. Rejane consisted of a short skirted robe of white mousseline de soie, with a long habit coat of white satin faced with black velvet. A square collar-dropping in front into pointed revers-of-black velvet. The skirt was full but close hung, and banded twice with heavy Venise lace, the first band covering the hips and the second being placed a few inches above the hem. The coat was belted across the front only with pale blue satin, and the short sleeves, of black velvet and lace flairs. The wide hat, of heavy white felt, was faced with black velvet, and the outside was nearly covered with velvet folds and a perfectly huge velvet bow.

At the Ritz tea room one day recently a pretty French countess walked in wearing a sheath gown of simple white muslin. A shawl of black Chantilly lace draped her shoulders like a fichu, crossing in front to tie at the back and hang in two long pointed ends. The black velvet hat, scoping short back and front, was pointed low at one side till it touched the shoulder, and was trimmed with a

Some Ways of the World

A young woman who has hitherto been noted for her generosity to her friends at Christmas, having fallen upon evil times, has been invited to a "poverty party" for them. Here trifles will represent her generosity, but she expects to have more fun out of the affair than she ever had out of just sending the chauffeur around with a card and a footman to deliver the packages. Her plan is a bridge party on Christmas Eve, with just a Welch rabbit and a plate later, and then a procession to a table with a tiny tree, and numerous packages of all sizes, one for each family. One by one the representatives will make a choice, and then fall in line to await the signal for opening the parcels, after which the gift-giving hostess expects the joy to be unconfined, for many of the gifts are jokes, and a whispered word will insure their being selected by the right persons. If more persons of moderate means would follow this plan and turn their Christmas giving into a jollification, there might be some saving of money over the balancing of the account book in January, and no one would indulge in speculations as to how the finances of their acquaintances could stand the strain of their presents. The Christmas spirit would be there without the pall of extravagance to overcloud it.

A woman who lights her town house with lamps instead of with electricity lately confided to a friend the reason for this eccentricity.

"I used to wonder," she said, "why it was, when I gave a dinner in the country or my friends dropped in at dusk for a cup of tea and a chat, that they paid me so many compliments, while a week later, in town, they would say not a word, but look volumes of 'How she has gone off' when my glass revealed no change to me. I couldn't understand it until one day Jack, quite unconsciously, unravelled the mystery. 'Minnie,' he said, 'why don't you put on that pink dress of yours and have the lamps lit for our dinner-to-night? That light just seems to suit you, somehow, and the electric, no matter how shaded, makes my eyes ache.' The dear man had forgotten that the lamps were for the country, but I went forth in my motor and by evening had lamps with perfect shades in every part of the house. Once more the compliments were forthcoming, and I resolved that henceforth I would be as beautiful in the city as in the country."

For some unknown reason, people who have their houses built on Colonial lines rarely if ever insist that the architect shall

golden rose and many soft white feathers. Another elegant white and black costume, worn by a woman with a tall, stately figure, was of soft white motor crepe hemmed with black fur and worn beneath a long black velvet redolent of ancient "Lettie" form. This garment was lined with the material of the gown, and except for a few great jet buttons set in fur rims, and heavy cords, there was no trimming. The only ornament visible on the delicate white gown was some rich lace and a little silver embroidery on the corsage. As odd as the rest of the costume was the little bonnet worn with it, almost exactly like the skull caps we see in portraits of ancient philosophers. Of black velvet, it clasped the small head closely, but at the back the stiffened edge turned up ever so little to allow the escape of short clustering curls. Peeping from under the edge and shading the hair that fell over the temples, was a tiny frill of black lace. Searching the source of this odd but extremely becoming headgear it was found to be a copy of a head covering worn by a certain class of men in the time of Charles VII.

Exclusive women have quickly adopted the new gowns of small figured velvets which appear to be built all in one piece on account of being belted with the same color. They are charming, these little gowns, with a loosely fitted corsage and short skirt gathered lightly to a round waist. The greater part of the corsage is of Brussels net or tulle, veiling heavy lace, and above the lace is a tiny guimpe of such plush as is used in the belt. In this costume, for, though it is generally of the same color, a different material is preferred, while the adjustment of it is left to individual fancy. A small pointed or round fur shoulder cape turns a gown of this sort into a street costume.

Fascinating little Eton jackets of fur and velvet are noted among the new accessories of the smart toilet. Some of them hang short and loose, like the real Eton jacket, but others, although they bear the same name, are more like the old-fashioned spencer. Short also, the latter are held close to the figure at a high waistline by shirring done over two coarse cords that finally tie in front.

A new blouse, to wear with a high ruffled gown of soft black satin, is of white mousseline de soie, covered with black Chantilly lace butterflies. Of varying sizes, they are carefully adjusted to suit the figure. A large butterfly rests on each shoulder, nearly touching wing tips with others that flatten themselves across the back. In the middle of the front, covering the bust, a large butterfly seems to mount guard over several tiny ones, clustered on either side.

The butterfly effect is carried out on the short chemise sleeves, hemmed with black fur. Double lines of black buttons are set on either side of the invisible back closing, and long, tight, wrinkling undersleeves of the mousseline de soie cover the arms to a point far above the fingers. M. A. P.

include wainscoting and window seats in his plan, or even the ornamental woodwork that was wont to reach from mantel to ceiling in the oldtime mansions, and formed an extra framing for a family portrait to hang in. Nor are the stairways, halls, or even the doors made any replica of the beautiful examples of the past. Instead they are skimped so that there may be an extra bit of closet room or more ornate trimmings outside. Porch columns are made light, where heavy ones are needed, and the general tendency seems to be to add to the height instead of spreading out in power and more rambling ways. The most pleasing of the old Colonial manners were added to in wings that were charming in their commodious effect. The servants' quarters were always built separately, so that master and man did not dwell under the same roof, and back stairs existed only because the size of the house required more than one way to reach the different parts. The comfort of the modern house may stem to the owner for any deficiency of interior beauty, but it is to be hoped that some day the architect and the owner may agree on a perfect reproduction.

A young woman who has a brother prominent in public life sometimes tells tales of the amusing things which happen to him.

"About three days a week," she told a friend, "he gets a letter from some infatuated woman who has followed his career with interest and wants to marry him. Inclosed is a portrait of the writer and more or less of her history. The poor man is simply pursued by these love-lorn damsels. These are funny, of course, but there are other letters which are really troublesome. He gets so many begging letters from destitute widows or crippled fathers. You know, he is very tender-hearted, and the fact that it is not possible for him to respond makes him unhappy. If he had time he might investigate, but, of course, even that is out of the question. So they all, worthy or unworthy, go into the waste basket. And the appeals from organized charities! If he were to send checks for all the charities for which he is 'dunned' he would have no money left. He would have to become an object of charity himself."

The very sensible English custom of mentioning the date of departure in writing invitations for visits has become almost universal here, the exception being in the households south of the Mason and Dixon line. There a friend or relation is asked to come and stay as long as convenient, and the stay sometimes stretches over an entire summer. There are always relations who are disposed to overlook any little discomfort that such a visit brings, as well as the positive inconveniences they may be causing their hosts, and such is the courtesy of the people of this part of the country that the visit only ends at the visitor's will. Instances could even be given in which the visits of poor relations or friends have lasted the rest of a life.

IN HONOR OF MRS. CROSBY.

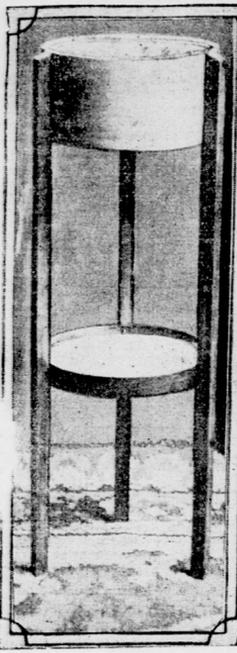
The Woman's Democratic Club is going to establish a founder's day in honor of Mrs. John S. Crosby, founder and president of the organization. At a recent board meeting the club decided to work for the appointment of women justices in the children's court and women's night court.

CAPS FOR MOTORING.

Crocheted wool caps for motoring and other outdoor sports come in white, tan, light blue, pink and olive green, and are also shown in white with colored borders. The knit wool veils in colors to match the caps are often very effective.

The Iowa New Yorkers will hold their regular monthly meeting on Friday afternoon, November 25, at 8:30 o'clock, at the Hotel Astor.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE SPICE BOX.



DARNING STAND.

UP FROM OBSCURITY

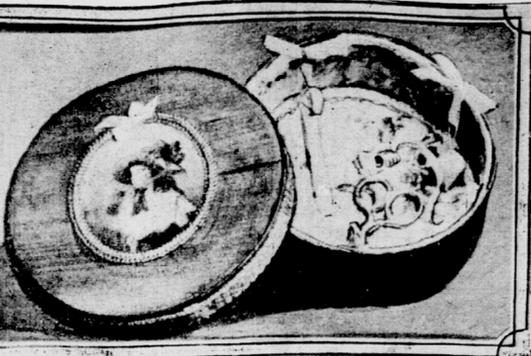
The Humble Spice Box Now Shines in a New Sphere.

The spice box has developed Christmas possibilities, so it is now in danger of being "elevated" from its useful but obscure sphere on the pantry shelf to the more aristocratic position of being my lady's work box. It takes imagination to discover hidden genius, and the woman who saw in a nest of spice boxes the "makings" of flowered work boxes, gleaming with new scissors and gay with ribbons and emery bags, deserves as much credit as the old-fashioned kind of benefactor who always sent the crippled newsboy to art school. Women in search of a new kind of Christmas present to make will listen gratefully to the tale "From Spice Box to Work Stand."

"Well, in the first place," said the imaginative woman, as she explained her discovery, "it's so delightfully cheap I could not resist the idea. You can buy a whole nest of spice boxes for 49 cents, and they'll make five Christmas presents.

"The largest one looks as if it was just made to hold stockings, and I said to myself, 'There's Jane; perhaps I could make a pretty stocking box,' so I went to work at that. You see the box itself will hold the stockings and all the tools. Then it will be mounted on legs and the lid fastened below as a shelf to hold the stockings after they are mended. If there are any other carpentry work-boys so useful! He went to a lumber yard and got just the right kind of wood, an inch square. This he sawed off in three lengths, each two feet and a half long, for the legs of the stand, and he fastened them to the spice box with small screws from the inside. The legs extended to the top of the box. For the under shelf he screwed the lid of the box to these legs about a foot above the floor and finished his part of the job by giving the whole thing a coat of dark oak stain.

"For decorating and furnishing my stand



WORKBOX.

She Builds Aeroplanes

Protege of Mrs. Sage the Only Woman in the World Who Constructs Airships.

"Come in!" a clear, decisive voice calls from the other side of the closed door. Then the door is flung wide open, and a slight little, bright-faced woman appears, outlined against a perfect maze of sticks and wires, scattered everywhere, working benches littered with tools and airship models ranging from two inches to three feet in length. If it were not for that back-to-the-wall position of the woman, you would be difficult to believe that she is Miss E. Lillian Todd, the only woman builder of airships. It is said, in the world, there is not a hint of the masculine about her, and one presently discovers that she has strong views on the importance of a woman's preserving her womanliness. The one thing that identifies her as an inventor and mechanic is the nervous energy that makes her seem like one of the dynamo she loves to tinker with.

"Sit down," she says, hospitably. "No, not there—you'll get tangled up in that electric light wire. Oh, and don't sit on those sticks. Bend your head, so you won't hit that biplane, and come over to this corner. There!"

Having got her visitor seated, Miss Todd takes a chair herself, though somehow she doesn't appear to be sitting. She has the air of being so full of airships that she is lifting her right up toward the bench where she has been working.

"When did I begin being an inventor?" "Well, I she repeats after the visitor, "I didn't know the time when I didn't remember it. Ever since I can remember I couldn't have a piece of tin or wire in my hands without bending it and twisting it to make something. I made a weather vane for my mother when I was still young enough to have Christmas trees, for it was made of my mother's hair, and it was a practical weather vane; it worked. I was always making things, and my mother said to it that I wasn't discouraged, that I had to do it."

"As to my biplane," said Miss Todd's eye goes to the two-foot model of it that swings from the low ceiling. "I began serious work on that about two years ago."

"Yes, it flies. It flew about ground about twenty feet in the first trial. We were in the aviation field at Mineola. I gave it other successful trials, and in none of them did the machine break so much as a single wire. No, I didn't go aloft in it myself. A pupil of Latham's, Didier Masson, operated it for me. I meant to have my biplane completed in time to enter the contests at Belmont Park, but I couldn't get a motor. I had to wait. There was no end of trouble about it. You'd think one of those

foot ship which, with its tiny electric spark, supplied through a wire from a battery on the wall, whirls around and around in a steady circular flight.

"I don't care to say just what I'm working toward," she says, in answer to a question, as she shuts off the electric motor and sits down, "but what I—what every builder of an airship wants to achieve is a ship that will balance and recover automatically, like a bird. That means that anything else will make airship travel practical."

"And when is it going to be practical?" "We're not working toward it very fast in America now," says Miss Todd, decisively. "Aviators seem content here to continue making spectacular flights, content with brilliant exhibition work. And the public is delighted to applaud, and the press gives them plenty of space; but that won't last forever. There will come a time when the public will demand something more practical. More serious work is being done on airships abroad. They go into things more deeply over there. We Americans skim over the surface. We are hampered, too, by the personal jealousies of aviators. I believe in the freedom of the air, and I think it will be a great pity if the development of airships is hampered by litigation over patents. I am trying hard to steer clear of competition with all existing patents."

"Will airships ever be practical carriers, really?" "They'll be so inside of five years," says Miss Todd, promptly. "Oh, no; they won't take the place of trolley cars, but there is a vast field for airships. They can be used for exploration. Think what different marches they will save me! The value of endless miles to civil engineers in taking observations for the best points for bridges, etc. And of course they would be immensely useful in war, but let us hope there won't be any war for them to be used in."

Next to airships, Miss Todd likes boys, or rather, she likes the two in conjunction. It was she who formed the Junior Aero Club, and she spent long hours of her busy days replying to the questions that came from all over the country.

"I had to give it up, for I grew too much for the show I had in connection with the toy show, in Madison Square Garden, two years ago. 'I've broken my leg,' he wrote me, 'but I'm going to finish my biplane.' And he did. But it's a work that grips you. I work myself seventeen hours a day often, and then I rush home. I've got to be and waste no time sleeping."

"I spent a lot of time studying the formation of the albatross's wings. You see the two large planes are like the wings of a bird. I don't do any of the actual work on my machine; I don't think it is a woman's place to go into a machine shop and work with men, but I make all my models and all the drawings at home. By the way, I can begin with a drawing. I make the model first, and draw from that. I do work tremendously, but if I succeed," she ends, "it will be due to Mrs. Russell Sage, who, though she isn't especially interested in aviation, is making it possible for me to do the things I wouldn't otherwise be able to do."

GREATER NEW YORK ICE CREAM.

A well known chef gives the following recipe for an ice cream which he has named for the metropolis and considers especially suitable for Thanksgiving Day: Prepare a pint of almond ice cream and set it aside. Press four ounces of candied marrons through a sieve; add three ounces of sugar and five egg yolks. Put the basin containing this mixture on the stove and whip it for ten minutes, when set it on the ice and stir it until thoroughly cold. When cold add half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and two tablespoonfuls of benedictine or curacao. Mix well, add half a pint of whipped cream without sugar and mix gently but thoroughly. Line the bottom of an oblong quart mould with a sheet of white paper and then spread three-quarters of the almond ice cream over the bottom and sides. Put half a pint of canned raspberries, freed from superfluous juice, into a bowl, with a tablespoonful each of fine sugar and kirsch. After mixing, spread three-quarters of their quantity in a layer over the ice cream in the mould. Cover the centre immediately with the marron preparation. Spread the remaining raspberries over it, and over them the balance of the ice cream. Cover the whole top with a sheet of white paper, and seal the mould hermetically. Bury it in ice and salt to freeze for an hour and a half. Unmould it square piece of angelica cut strips, and with them form the letters "G. N. Y." over the top of the mould. Decorate the base with whipped cream, some candied cherries and an ounce of chopped pistachio nuts.

FORT TICONDEROGA.

Victor Hugo Pillet, state historian, is a frequent speaker at men's historical and patriotic societies, but the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution claims the honor of having been first to secure him for a Daughters' meeting. Mr. Pillet addressed the chapter last Thursday afternoon in the studio of Mrs. George Stephenson Babay, in Carnegie Hall, on "Fort Ticonderoga."

Leipzig, Nicolaistr. 24. ESTABLISHED 1868

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for the library and the ladies' dressing table in various styles and prices, is an attractive novelty. Directions for filling in each jar.

CITRON AND GINGER.

In a once famous cook book, long since out of print, is given the following recipe for preserving citron: Peel and cut up the citron and for the pulp of each fruit weighing one and one-half pounds use one and a half pounds of sugar, one lemon and one and a half ounces of green ginger root. Put the citron in enough water to cover it and let it boil until clear. It will take about half an hour. Then drain and put it into fresh cold water to stand over night. In the morning boil the ginger root, which should be sliced thin, in one and a half cups of water. When the water seems to be highly flavored, but has not yet become thick, stir the sugar into it. When the sugar has melted add the citron and let the whole cook until the fruit has a crystalline appearance and the syrup around it is almost jellylike. Then remove the fruit and put it in hot sterilized jars. Add the lemon, sliced very thin, to the syrup. Let it cook a few minutes longer and

CHENILLE SCARFS.

New scarfs that should make their wearers indifferent to any degree of cold let them know that of the Arctic are of chenille. They come in navy blue, blue, amethyst and other fashionable shades, have chenille fringes and are further adorned with Persian borders that set off each a few minutes longer and



MISS E. LILLIAN TODD AT THE WHEEL OF HER AEROPLANE.

I bought some cretonne with good sized bunches of roses on it. After cutting stiff paper mats to fit the bottom of the box and tray I cut cretonne mats the same size, being careful to have a rose design exactly in the centre of each, and I trimmed the edge of the mats with a row fancy braid in a color to match the roses.

"Next I cut paper lining and cretonne to the inner sides of the box, letting the cretonne extend a little below the paper. The braid was carried over the top with the top with the braid.

"Before giving this lining in place, I made a piece of pink silk to match the roses, making a casing at the top, and drawing up with elastic to form rather open pockets. These I sewed tight to the side lining. To hold the darning itself in place I took a piece of pink elastic three-quarters of an inch wide and three inches long and sewed this also on the bias to the side lining.

"Everything being now in readiness, I brushed a weak solution of fish glue on the inside of the box, dampened the paper of the lining a little to make it take hold better, and then pressed with my fingers until the paper stuck fast to the wood. The place where the side lining was joined together I covered with a hanging pink silk cushion into which I ran long eyed darning needles. The mats were glued in place on the bottom of the box and tray, and then when the darning was slipped into its pocket, and a pair of scissors suspended by ribbon to the side of the box, I announced that the thing was done. 'If I do say it as should be,' it was a stocking stand to be proud of, pretty and strong, light enough to be carried anywhere, and just the right place where the side lining was joined together I covered with a hanging pink silk cushion into which I ran long eyed darning needles. 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