FUR AND FEATHERS GALORE.

New Styles in Capes for Poor and Wealthy Women.

CONCERNING BRIDES.

Some Observations Made with All Due Respect—A Talk About Colors—What Colors Each Woman May Wear—Every One Looks Well in Black—Various Manifestations.

This is to be a season of fur and feathers. The belle of the avenue will be muffled in seal and sable, like a Russian princess. The borders of her garments will be fur-tipped and fur-bound; the jewelled eyes of tiny furry creatures will gleam out from beneath her chin; the decoration of her bonnet will be clusters of furry heads with wide-open red mouths, and overshadowed with stately plumes, like the head dress of an Indian warrior. There is an air of quaint and sumptuous magnificence in the new fur garments suggestive of the middle ages, when Holbein painted his burghers and nobles in high-shouldered habiliments, fur-lined and fur-bordered, falling in heavy massive folds.

Sealskin still holds its place as prime favorite, notwithstanding the increase in price, for which the recent legislation with regard to the killing of seals is largely responsible. The seals rejoice at the protection from slaughter, but the wearers of the seal find their hearts heavy within them. In one of the largest fur houses of the city it is said that out of twenty women who come to purchase sealskin garments, less than five complete the purchase when the prices are given.

The ultra fashionable woman will be the wearer of the rich, glossy fur. The people who can really afford to wear it are buying novelties on the other side of cheaper fur, and waiting for the seal to come down to a normal price.

Seal is really considered elegant when used alone or in combination with Russian sable, though it will be seen much decorated with Persian lamb and mink.

Persian lamb is increasing continually in favor and grace. A few years ago the dealers had hard work to convince customers of its beauty and elegance; now the demand is daily increasing. Some woman of place and taste bought a dress on the other side with a bit of the curly black fur for decoration. Some other woman of equal discernment and wisdom, who couldn't buy gowns on the other side, copied the decoration, and the spark was kindled. The fickle, capricious public fancy was won, and now no fur is more popular for *demi-saison* wear and for decorative purposes than this.

Russian sable is removed by its great cost and elegance alone from outranking seal in favor. It is the decoration *par excellence* for seal garments, for linings and collars for manties and capes to all who can afford it.

Mink and Alaskan sable are much sold and well worn in garments of the mantle order, and also as trimming furs. Black marten, lynx, Mongolian lamb, bear, both light and dark; the silver fox among expensive furs and the skin of the Arctic fox and badger among those of humbler origin, are all used in bands and pipings on gowns and cloaks, while the fleece of the humble sheep, blanched to snowy purity and whiteness and crinkled beyond all recognition, forms the lining and collar of the daintiest of evening cloaks. Mongolian lamb is in request as trimming, dividing attention with ostrich feather bands and marabout, which it slightly resembles.

In buying furs for decorative purposes it is always well to remember that long hair furs are more becoming to the complexion than short hair and flat furs, hence the superiority of the cheaper Mandarin lamb over the more expensive ermine, which once more is being pushed as a lining for evening cloaks.

Felix and other Parisian artists are having light furs specially tinted to match the colors of the fashionable cloths in all the shades from deep maize to russet, light grays and neutrals, for use on gowns and mantles.

The "military cape," with the exact cut, sweep, and swing of the officer's cape, from which it is copied, is the new and proper thing in capes. It falls freely from the shoulders a little distance below the waist line, is lined with the richest of brocaded silk, and finished with a broad high collar, square at the corners. It is a cross between a cape and a mantle, and particularly becoming to youthful figures.

A very elegant and artistic development of the military cape idea is brought out in pale gray broadcloth, with three deep capes and a high collar of gray velvet, each bordered with gray chinchilla fur, with which the garment is lined, and again, between the shoulder cape and the military cape is a garment of the mantle family, slightly raised on the shoulders, with a high Stuart collar and a handsome brocaded lining. It falls a very little below the waist, and has cling sleeves or simply opening for the overhanging cape through which the hands are released. This garment comes in seal, Persian lamb (black and undyed), mink, and Alaskan sable, and is designed to take the place of the ubiquitous shoulder cape, which it excels both in grace and utility, as it protects the arms. Its collars are frequently made in lamb or mink, but there is none of the patchwork effect of pieced-in stripes or vandykes of fur noticeable on last year's capes.

New shoulder capes are two inches longer all round than those of last year, but very much pointed in front, and have enormous collars of the Stuart or Tudor variety.

Mantles in seal, with a border of Russian sable tails sewed closely with a band, with a collar like the border, are lined with brown brocaded in yellow and gold, and mantles of the same style in Russian sable, fringed with tails, are among the luxuries of elegant matrons.

Seal jackets are from 26 to 30 inches in length, and have half-loose fronts faced back with mink or sable, and collars lined inside with the same fur. These coats are as yet the favorite purchase for all except unusually tall women. Sleeves and collars of Persian lamb, mink, or sable are seen on the new coats, though this is a survival of last season's style, and quite as new and approved as the facings and collar of the contrasting fur. They are handsomely lined with rich brocades of the Pompadour or Marie Antoinette styles, and are altogether very jaunty little garments, with their enormous collars capable of many changes, and pleasing in each. The sleeves are no longer extravagantly high, but sufficiently full to be becoming, and have deep flaring cuffs.

Sealskin coats are from 36 to 40 and 42 inches in length, fitted in closely at the back, and are left open up the back seam half way to the waist. A new idea is to have them fastened on the left side beneath a narrow edging of mink or Persian lamb. The sleeves and collar may be of the same fur. Another form of coat is very closely fitted in at the waist line, and has rather full skirts, with high flaps and broad high collars sloping narrowly to the waist line.

Evening cloaks are of plain cloth in light grays and tans, lined and faced with Mandarin lamb, or of the richer gold and silver brocades, lined with sable. These cloaks are finished with broad Russian collars, and many of them have beautifully wrought yokes of metallic and jewelled embroidery. The cloak in the illustration is of old rose-colored vicuna, lined with yellow and pink brocade, with a yoke of pendant fringes of pink passementerie, and with Mongolian lamb linings in the collar and border down the front. Another feature of the fur cloaks is a yoke of a contrasting fur, which terminates in fringes of tails.

Muffs of the regular round shape are slightly larger than those of last year. Fancy muffs are trimmed with ribbon bows and small fur heads. The long fluffy boa is again to the fore, and is reënforced by a collaretto pointed at the back and extending with long tabs down the front to the feet. The small sable skin, with their tiny heads and sparkling diamond eyes, are still well worn as boas, and are copied in lamb and mink.

CONCERNING BRIDES.

Interesting Objects of Unobtrusive Observations While Travelling.

Brides are always interesting. From the beginning of the preparations for the eventful occasions to the closing of the honeymoon trips they are, be they handsome or homely, subject to a series of attentions, observations, and comments beyond their knowledge.

Almost every woman who has not been a bride hopes to be, and almost every man who has not enjoyed the felicity of the honeymoon anticipates that happiness. It is easy, therefore, to account for the attention that brides attract. But while unseemly and obtrusive attentions are objectionable, casual observations and a pardonable display of curiosity may not be considered rude, either to the brides or to others. That, at least, was the spirit that pervaded a small group on board a Sound steamboat one evening recently, when, other topics having been exhausted, the appearance and behavior of brides started conversation anew.

The air was too brisk for comfort outside, and the group had settled into comfortable lounges and chairs in the saloon, where the rest of the passengers could be observed.

"There's a bride," somebody remarked after a couple had passed by.

"Nonsense!" a young married woman exclaimed. "She's older than I. Why do you think she is? She doesn't look like one."

"But I know she is."

"How can you tell?"

"Because I overheard her husband introduce a friend just before the boat started."

"Oh! That's different."

For more than an hour the group sought to number, by appearance only, the brides on board. The saloon was well filled, and enough couples passed by, or could be seen, to put discrimination to a severe test. The women's observations were, of course, first directed to dress, and by some method, incomprehensible to the men, they soon determined that certain young women had passed beyond the honeymoon period, leaving those who might be brides for more careful consideration.

"Isn't she a bride?" a young husband asked, after a couple that had been seated near by had retired. "She has a new travelling dress."

"She has a new dress, but she is not a bride," a matron answered. "She has not been married a great while, but this is not her honeymoon trip. Did you notice that her front hair was out of curl? Would a bride be so negligent? Did you notice that she did most of the talking? She introduced and continued the conversation, while her husband's eyes sought objects elsewhere. Did you notice that he was utterly indifferent to the resting of her arm on his knee when she leaned forward to watch the expression on his face after one of her remarks? That denoted a familiarity that few brides would have exhibited. She has an affectionate nature and a vivacious manner, while he is less demonstrative. He is beyond the period of the honeymoon, although his wife does not perceive it possibly. He is gentle and obliging, but his ardor has cooled; while she, being away from home for awhile, is living over again to some extent the honeymoon of a few years ago. That, of course, is my opinion after seeing them for only a few minutes."

The reappearance of the couple known to be newly married attracted more than usual attention. The bride was very plain, and might, without exaggeration, be described as homely. Her dress was of cheap material, and evidently homemade. Her hat was of a peculiar style, being a combination of old frame and new trimmings arranged according to original ideas. Her ornaments were few and cheap, but the general effect of her appearance was that of neatness and a regard for economy. Her slight figure was a striking contrast to that of the groom, who was a wholesome young mechanic with a big frame, large hands and feet, dressed in an ordinary suit of black. They found seats near a cluster of lights, and were soon interested in a collection of photographic views.

"They are returning to their new home," the matron remarked. "They have not been very far, because they cannot afford it. They have known each other for a long while, I should judge, and both have had to work for a living. She is more intelligent than he, and she is probably older, but she has not had other offers of marriage. She's too plain. Pretty girls have more lovers, but they are not always the best wives. That young woman will be a better wife than she would have been if she were pretty. She has had to be contented with her condition and surroundings, and he has realized that she is a good, sensible young woman who is not afraid of a little work and will help him to save something for the future. Neither is romantic, I imagine, although she is proud of her big husband. She appreciates the slight improvement in her condition, and she will be a helpmate with all that the term implies. They are down on the broad level of getting along, and about all they will have will be a comfortable home and fair wages. Some woman may not envy her, but she is the most contented person on this boat."

Attention to a group of three persons at a little distance was directed by efforts to find seats apart from the others. They were well dressed, easy in manners, and refined. One of the ladies was a few years older than the other, and was evidently a married sister or near relative. The other, it was quite apparent, was a bride. Her travelling dress was of the latest style, and her wraps were of suitable and costly material. Her husband, a man of about her own age, say 25, was of average size, good looking, and unobtrusively attentive, indicating good breeding and tact.

"They are a bridal couple, I think," the matron remarked after a few minutes of observation. "They have been married a few weeks and are starting on a long tour, possibly to Europe. Why? Because her apparel indicates preparations for it. Her companion is going to see her off. I happened to see them come on board, and I will admit that I am partly guided in my belief by the appearance of a hamper that a porter carried with their valises. She is more favored by fortune than he, either in her own right or in prospects. She has been in the best of society and has had many suitors, principally on account of her money. I should judge that she knows herself very well and is somewhat inclined to be indifferent to the opinions of others. You may have met her at Newport or Bar Harbor, or, more likely, she has been one of an exclusive set in some small place on the seashore. She is well educated and accomplished. She is sensible, good natured, and a woman of tact. She has so many friends and acquaintances that her wedding was an event of some importance in society. She is neither too demonstrative nor too reserved. She is not pretty, nor is she homely, but she has refinement, experience in society, and good health. In fact she is a typical society bride on her wedding tour."

The appreciation of the matron's characterization incited the young husband toward another effort at discernment, and on the plea of desiring to smoke he went forward. Other topics were discussed until the saloon was almost deserted. The group was about to separate when the young husband returned, smiling, and evidently primed with information.

"There's a couple in the forward cabin," he said, "that you cannot mistake. The husband is very attentive, had his arm around his bride's waist while going up to the gallery, took a glass of water to her, and was very loving indeed. Perhaps you have seen her. She has a black dress——"

"Of Indian silk?" his wife inquired.

"I guess so."

"And a black beaded bonnet?"

"I don't remember."

"Is she light or dark?"

"Medium."

"Short?"

"Yes."

"Rather plump?"

"Not very."

"Well, she's been married ten years. She lives three blocks from us in Brooklyn. I saw her at dinner."

The group departed.

SUMMER HOMES FOR SHOP GIRLS.

Charitable Work of Young Women of Wealth in Connecticut.

Young Mr. La Farge has been a very busy man since the design of his firm for the cathedral of St. John the Divine was accepted. Nevertheless he took the time a day or two ago to run up into Connecticut to look at a farm about half a mile beyond Alta Crest. The spot is a beautiful one, commanding an extensive view of the Sound and Long Island, and the region thereabout is picturesquely varied by hills and valleys, woodland and meadow.

On this spot there will be established a summer home for the working girls in the great shops in this city. The undertaking is something of an experiment, although a similar effort, which has been carried on this summer in Pittsfield, Mass., indicates that the plan, with proper management, is sure to succeed. Last winter Miss Grace Dodge delivered a lecture in Pittsfield. Her speech impressed two or three young women of Pittsfield, and they resolved to make an experiment along the lines that she suggested. They bought a farm, fronting on Oneta Lake, and prepared it and the buildings on it for the reception of the saleswomen who desired to take vacations and to pay something for their outing. Five young women undertook the management of this summer home. They were Miss Grace Churchill, the two Misses Willard, Miss Watson, and Miss Larned. Miss Churchill comes of a wealthy family, and the Misses Willard are two of the daughters of the Wall street broker, E. K. Willard.

These young women managed the farm for four months on strictly business principles. The farm was made to produce all of the garden vegetables, milk, eggs, and poultry necessary for the table. Invitations were extended through the Vacation Society in Thirty-eighth street to working girls to come and pass their vacations on the farm. They were to pay $3.50 a week for board, and the farmhouse was filled at once. For four months about twenty girls have been constantly accommodated there, each leaving at the end of her two weeks' vacation to make room for another.

Miss Churchill and Miss Gretta Willard determined to establish a permanent summer home of this kind in Greenwich, and they bought the farm which Mr. La Farge visited the other day, and upon which buildings will be erected and the present buildings altered in accordance with his suggestion. These young women expect to combine the charitable features of the undertaking with strict business methods. They propose to devote themselves to what they have come to believe is a more worthy existence than a life of fashionable pleasure. Each of them is a skilful horsewoman, and they will have horses on the farm for the pleasure of the boarders. They do not expect to make any money out of the undertaking, but they do expect to make the venture pay its way, and their experience of this summer has taught them that when young women feel that they are paying for their board they get far more benefit from their outing than they would if they were objects of charity. The buildings will be completed early in the spring, and workmen will be employed to make the gardens, and to make a pretty good-sized garden to satisfy the cravings of twenty healthy girls for fresh vegetables.

The undertaking has the encouragement of Bishop Williams of Connecticut and Bishop Potter of New York, and such students of social problems as Dr. Greer of St. Bartholomew's Church and Dr. Arthur Brooks are inclined to think that herein is to be found the germ, perhaps, of the better charity, which helps without condescension, and which does not tend to destroy self-respect.

TALK ABOUT COLORS.

Black, and How Both the Blonde and the Brunette May Wear It.

They were really nice women. That is to say, they never interfered with each other's flirtations, they never copied each other's frocks, and they never told each other's secrets. This proves that they were not only really nice women, but exceptional women. And they were having a discussion. Did you ever hear women discuss? They are not reasonable in their methods, but they are interesting. They meander from the merits of the last new cosmetic to the latest whim in religion, and they discuss flannel petticoats and the wrongs of *the* sex with equal audacity. They always say "*the* sex" as if there was only one of a kind, but who in the world would pay their bills if this were true?

These three nice women were discussing colors. Said one: "My husband has an idea that dressing this winter is going to be very inexpensive, because I have told him that to be absolutely *chic* everybody must wear black. Being fair, I can wear all those delightful camel's hair cashmeres and cloths that cling so delightfully, and as I can't have color and be in good form I am going to have a black velvet cloak."

"A black velvet cloak!" said a small person, with hair as black as the ace of spades and a cheek like a peach—"a black velvet cloak! Why, I remember, when I was a bit of a girl, that my grandmother's black velvet cloak was cut up to make me a jacket, and the rest of the pieces went to make hats for the several members of the family!"

"Well," drawled out a blond young woman who had a slightly cynical look, "if I were old enough I should probably be able to say that I remembered when Henri Deux and all his court wore them. But unfortunately my memory does not go back so far. Nevertheless they did wear them, and wore them with a much greater air of distinction than does the fashionable girl to-day. To really wear a cloak well, and by a cloak I mean a cape coming below the knees, one should learn first of all to make one's self reposeful, which means, to her who understands, the being very calm and walking straight, but not stiffly, then you walk as you should and the cloak falls in natural, graceful folds and you are given a demure look that ought to charm by its coquetry."

"But," said the first of the three, "I wanted to talk about colors, not cloaks. Now, how will Ollie, who has dark hair, ever wear black?"

"Oh," answered the second, "she must wear the blacks that suit her; when she chooses a wool, it must have a silky appearance, like Henrietta cloth; it's woe blondes that can wear the rough cheviots, camel's hair cloths, serges, and crape cloths; but then Ollie can wear satin, which Worth is bringing in, or she can throw a flush of scarlet or yellow on her black and look like a Spanish girl. Isn't it queer how colors affect one? It sounds exaggerated, but I give you my word of honor that I have been made as gloomy as possible, and have thought over all my woes and worries, and magnified them all, simply because I had on a frock of the peculiar green color that suggests the falling of autumn leaves and the going to graveyards. Black is, I think, inclined to soften and quiet without making one gloomy. One could carry on all sorts of pranks in pink, or yellow, or mauve, but when it comes to doing anything but looking angelic in heavenly blue you will find it's an impossibility. You can put Mme. de Pompadour in a boudoir furnished in pale grays and rose color and let her lose her temper there—she will only look pretty, and her indignation will be amusing; but change that shade of gray to steel, deepen that rose color until it becomes red and you will find that her pretty indignation has become a violent temper. That's the color effect.

"Now, do you like to see a man have pale pinks and blues and lavenders among his belongings? Or think of him as sleeping in a pale blue and white striped nightgown with his monogram on his pocket? Certainly you don't. You want his traps to look manly. Consequently you want to have them in tone and rich of quality. You want a white crayat, if it suits him, and I think a white rose in the button hole looks well with black and black and white. But just fancy the house being on fire and a frivolous young creature in a blue and white nightgown attempting to rescue you from the flames. Why, you would refuse to be rescued by such a ladylike gentleman, and you would cling with all your might and main to a fireman in red and black with a certainty that he would look after you. My dear, do you know what I believe about people like that? When the Lord made them, instead of just mixing earth and water to form them, He used earth and extract of violets."

"How is it," said the dark-haired girl, "that whenever we start out to discuss anything we always end up by talking about the men, and what they'd like, and what we ought to do for them?"

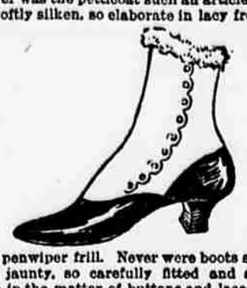
There was a perfect silence for a moment. Then the woman who had talked the least replied by another question, "What would they do without us? And what would we do without them?"

And nobody answered those questions.

NEW BOOTS.

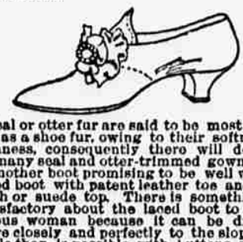
The Newest Fashionable Wrinkles in Shoes, Stockings, and Slippers.

The sweeping street gown has introduced a rather paradoxical reform in the covering of fair woman's foot and ankle. Never was hose so fine and dainty in texture, so accurate and stable in arrangement, so exactly matched in color to the tint of the gown beneath whose trailing lengths it was supposed to be hidden. Never was the petticoat such an article *de luxe*, so softly silken, so elaborate in lacy frou frou and penwiper frill. Never were boots so natty and jaunty, so carefully fitted and scrupulous in the matter of buttons and laces. And why? Because, indeed, the trailing breadths must be lifted at the street crossings deftly and swiftly and with a fearlessness that only a happy assurance of the correctness and charm of any and all inadvertant revelations can render possible. Therefore the girl who is wise in her day and generation saves up her allowance for the petticoat and hose, studies the style and contour of her pretty foot, decides the color and material most becoming, and buys the gown to contrast with the one and match the other.



The girl with the slender, shapely foot and ankle that she can clasp with her bracelet, wears a boot of patent leather, extremely long and pointed at the toe, finished with a perforated cap also very pointed and narrow. The upper part of the shoe is then made of light cloth in some of the shades of tan, as light and as bright as is consistent with the size of the pretty member it is to adorn. The cloth may be of diagonal or of smooth lady's cloth; even the rough, but close-woven homespun is used for the boots if such be the material of the gown. White duck is used for the tops of boots for garden fêtes and other out-of-door festivals where dressy toilets are worn. These white tops may be closed with either black or white buttons, according to the fancy.

Girls with feet of larger growth will choose a dark tint for their fall gowns, some of the rich deep greens, blues, and browns so prevalent, and each will take a bit of the gown to the shoemaker, just as she does to the milliner, to have the boots and bonnet done simultaneously with the gown. Or there may be chosen with equal temerity, so far as fashion and good form are concerned, boots of the same patent leather, with a diagonal or velvet top of black. The main point to remember is that the hose must match the boot tops, the gown must match the hose in every color except black, and, prettiest conceit of all, about the top of the boot must be bound a roll or band of fur similar to that with which the gown is trimmed.



Seal or otter fur are said to be most becoming as a shoe fur, owing to their softness and richness, consequently there will doubtless be many seal and otter-trimmed gowns.

Another boot promising to be well worn is a laced boot with patent leather toe and brown cloth or suede top. There is something very satisfactory about the laced boot to a punctilious woman because it can be drawn in more closely and perfectly to the slope of the ankle than is possible with buttons as a medium of fastening. The laced boot has a binding of the patent leather up either side of the eyelets and across the top.

Only she with the aristocratic, arched instep and the foot poetical may attempt the newest and most intoxicating of all foot coverings—the old English shoe. This shoe is fitted on to the foot apparently by some strange magic that does away with all fastenings, for so cleverly is the matter of fastening accomplished beneath the lower border which extends around the curving top and down either side the shoe nearly to the sole that it is impossible to discover any suggestion of buttons or laces. The top of the shoe is curved downward on either side toward this band of fur which forms the peculiar decoration. The shoe is of the finest, softest French kid, and beautifully fitted over the instep. Leather boots are made also with the patent-leather vamps and with leather vamps with perforated tips, but the boot correct and unimpeachable for general wear is the cloth-top patent-leather affair with its binding of fur about the ankle.

The old English slipper is the whim of the moment. It is a quaint, low-cut affair, very pointed at the toe, with a sharp-pointed tongue extending up on the instep, and a tiny buckle for its only ornament. It comes in strong, clear shades of yellow, blue, and scarlet, as well as in tan and brown patent leather.

By a recently expressed law of the oracle, the shoes which, as every one knows, must match evening and house dresses, are made of patent leather dyed by some new process to the desired tint. The variety of coloring is great, and is rendered more diverse still by combinations of two or even more colors in the same shoe.

There are pink suede slippers with lavender vamps tied across with huge lavender bows, and there are dainty, frequently blue suede slippers with silk hose and bows matching.

bows of pink pulled through rhinestone buckles.

The gayest little slippers of all are of a peculiar dark blue cloth with just a suggestion of red here and there in their weave, and these slippers have patent-leather tips tied across with a scarlet bow.

High-heeled Louis XV. shoes of suede have huge rosettes of lace or crêpe lisse, and are wrought on the toes in lacy open stitches. Slippers of the same period have large bows of satin ribbon, rosettes of lace, or long buckles of silver set with paste jewels.

Black kid slippers have deep pointed tips of beaded embroidery and have also straps which cross on the instep and button over on the side of the shoe midway between the heel and toe.

Most frail and fairylike are the shoes and slippers of lace, net, or passementerie of white or silver, wrought in a pattern specially designed, fitted to the shape of the slipper.

Silver slippers are still accounted among the things desirable, but the gold shoe and slipper have had their glittering day, and are no more permitted by the canons of good taste in matters of dress.

TABLE AND HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

The Uses of Silks and Linens—Oscar Wilde's Love of Green.

Separate centre cloths of linen with decoration more or less elaborate in fine needlework and drawn work are still well used. The favorite design for the centres used at the ladies' lunch, that apotheosis of daintiness in table festivals, is in Dresden work. The tiny flower sprays, like those on the china, scattered carelessly all over the piece require great skill in manipulation and execution and faultless taste in their color combinations.

These sprays are often copied from old Dresden bits by ladies clever in drawing their own designs and in shading the silks with which the designs are carried out.

Centres of heavy linen are very effective for dinners when couched with gold and with the background fish-scaled with white silk. The couching is of the heavy Japanese wash gold, which has on the silken background the effect of gold brocade. The hem is simply hemstitched, or may be finished with a fall of lace. Heavy or fine sheer linens, sateens, silk and bolting cloth are all used in the centres, and newer than either of these is a silk material called "mail cloth," which is specially adapted to centre pieces because it is woven so like buckaback that darning is a simple matter. It is decorated with a bold design, either outlined or couched, a favorite color combination for which is delicate green and white. Another popular and pleasing centre cloth decoration is that copied after the old French fancies, where garlands or sprays of many colored flowers are caught and tied with bows of ribbon in delicate blue or green or yellow.

It was Oscar Wilde who first taught the unfeeling Gentile soul that the love of green was typical of the subtle artistic temperament. And now green is one of the leading tints in household and table adornment. The daintiest, freshest of boudoirs are fitted out in pale green and white muslin hangings and couches and canopies, after the style of the room in which Mme. Recamier once lived and dreamed of conquests past and to come. Usually the girl who inhabits this lily-of-the-valley retreat is of the blonde type, pale, stately, and passionless.

Green dinners and lunches are a refreshing change from the more brilliant floral and beribboned feasts, and the latest outcome of this higher education in the ethics of colors is that the fernery, with its cool verdure, mosses is to supplant the conservatory of tropical bloom in the household.

THE PHANTOM PARTY.

Old-fashioned Amusement Revived Again this Season—How It is Conducted.

The old "phantom party" idea, renovated by the witchery of a "web of fate," is with us again. The phantom costume consists, as every one knows, of a large enveloping sheet, a pillow case with apertures for the eyes, or a mask shrouded with a pillow case about the head. Costumed in this ghostly attire the hostess receives her guests in silence. She greets them without words and motions them to the toilet rooms, from which they emerge clad in the white disguise.

Each phantom guest receives on entering the parlor a single bright thread of the "web of fate." This thread is of the bright-colored twine now to be purchased in the shops, and is about twenty yards in length. It is suspended from some conspicuous place over the chandelier, the doorway, or a picture, and thence pursues its intricate and winding way over doorways, behind bookcases, up stairways and down again, even out of doors and into kitchens, until finally in some secret place it is tied about the hidden "fate."

These "fates" are written upon rolls of paper, and set forth the destiny of the person for whom each is prepared. On the cleverness of the hostess in writing prophecies in accordance with the whims and hobbies of each guest, as well as the humor and wit desirable in the composition, depends the success of the entertainment. Quotations are also made to do duty in this capacity when originality and ingenuity are lacking. Each of the strings in the net must be of a decided tint contrasting with all the others as they cross and recross many times in the disentangling. They must also be of the same length, as a prize is given to the phantom who first discovers the roll of fate.

The quest is pursued in silence, which is broken only when the fates are all found and read aloud to the assembly. Then there are unmasking and hilarity galore.

SOME FRILLS OF FASHION.

The magpie, or black and white combinations came out at its best at a recent fashionable wedding, where the bridesmaids wore enormous white lace hats, turned up in the back, with three black Prince of Wales feathers standing up in the usual way. The gowns were white crêpe de chene, the shoes and stockings were black, so were the gloves, while the fans were black feathers, and against them were held bouquets of stephanotis. There was a time when even a bit of black at a wedding was counted bad luck, but nowadays black being the vogue it is permitted everywhere, and the artist will soon be painting black halos about the heads of the angels.

The very handsome diamond necklace worn by Mrs. Kendal last Monday night was a present to her just before her departure for America from her husband. The only objection to it is that it hides part of a very beautiful neck.

The smartest thing to wear at a theatre party is a cape of Irish point lace, which reposes to just below the shoulders. It is round, and, like many of the styles of to-day, is a bit prim-looking, but decidedly effective.

Very pale gray gloves are worn with entire white costumes. The effect is a little odd, inasmuch as the hands look a shade darker than does the upper part of the arm, and consequently have what might be called a dusty look.

The large real white lace veils that are worn by a few women will, it is said, be popular during the winter months with the large white felt hats that promise to hide the view of the stage from everybody who loves to go to the theatre.

The juxtaposition of fur with dainty evening silks and laces is a new Parisian departure. Narrow borders of mink and sable surround the bottom of skirts and edge the bodices of ball dresses.

Sealskin is now so expensive that it has increased the price and created a demand for the furs of humbler animals. Mink will be most popular this winter. It is seen in charming little boas and collars, ornamented with heads and claws of the animals. Glutton is another fur that will be extensively used for dress trimming. It is long-haired and durable, but lacks the fine texture and rich shading of the better grades of mink. The beautiful sable fur is always desirable, but its high price renders it beyond the reach of most purses.

Dress skirts retain their sweeping plainness despite the prediction of panniers. They are made with a single seam down the middle of the back, and small train.

The prevailing mode for an evening bodice is similar to that worn during the time of Lincoln, and seen to such advantage in the numerous portraits of his wife. It is cut perfectly round, front and back, and finished with a face of deep lace, carried over the shoulders. Sometimes the lace is tacked to form a puffed sleeve, but more often it hangs loosely and drapes the upper portion of the arm.

Waists of cloth dresses continue to be extremely fancy. Black velvet is extensively used for trimming them. Entire sleeves are made of it, also vests and portions of the waist, as the taste of the fancy dictates. One of the newest models is the bodice waist—the regular old-time peasant girl bodice. This is generally of velvet, while the upper portion and sleeves are of cloth or silk. The bodice has a tendency to make the figure appear larger, and it is therefore suitable only for the slenderest women.

In Every Receipt

that calls for baking powder, use the "Royal." Better results will be obtained because it is the purest. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. It is always reliable and uniform in its work.

MISS MARIA PARLOA says: "It seems to me that the Royal Baking Powder is as good as any can be. I have used it a great deal and always with satisfaction."

VARIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

Bernhardt's Eccentricities at Sea—A Woman's Club in Ohio that Stirs Up Things—A Girl Among the Nez Perces.

Fresh stories of Bernhardt's eccentricities are reported by the passengers of the Mariposa, on which she made her long voyage from Australia. During the great storm they encountered, the divine Sara clung to the rigging attired only in a loose white wrapper. Every wave that broke over the ship drenched her, while she screamed with delight in the intensity of her emotion, and refused to go below until the storm began to carry away the boats from the deck and to smash things generally. On the upper deck of the ship, too, is a tank bath for the use of such male passengers as desire a plunge. Here and here only would the capricious woman bathe, and at daylight the tank was shut in with pieces of sailcloth while the woman splashed and shouted with laughter in the hearing if not in sight of all the crew.

There is a Woman's Political Equality Club in Warren, Ohio, composed of women of culture and intelligence, which is really quite the fashionable club of the town. One feature of the meetings is a series of civil Government questions, and a Congressman of the town says that the day before the society convenes his office is thronged with men seeking information on the questions they know their wives will propound next day. There is also at every meeting a parliamentary drill to ground the members in all the duties of presiding officers. Ideas must be expressed without the aid of manuscripts, as every attempt to read a paper is promptly suppressed.

The popular impression that every family possesses a Bible as well as a dictionary and a copy of Shakespeare, like many other popular impressions, seems to be an erroneous one, for there is in town a firm that makes a business of renting out Bibles of an expensive and handsome kind, suitable to hand to a Bishop or fashionable clergyman on the occasion of a christening, wedding, or funeral in the family. If on the occasion of these religious episodes in the family the high church dignitary should turn to the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments he would find them devoid of genealogical records, to the consternation of the family. A deposit is demanded when the Bible is hired, and a charge of $2 a night is the regular price.

Mrs. Troutman, Vice-President of the World's Fair Commission for this State, is engaged in the promotion of a school for trained nurses in connection with the Hahnemann Hospital. These nurses are to give their services to women who are ill and unable to pay the regular price for nurses. In the Deaconesses' Home there are also nurses who go out among people of small means, accepting for their labor such remuneration as the patients are able to give. This kind of beneficence appeals most potently to the self-supporting woman, who is unable to pay the regular rates for nursing and and yet is too proud to accept the charity of the free nurse.

Miss Alice Fletcher is still busily working among the Nez Percés in Idaho in the hope of completing the allotment of their lands this year. She is surrounded with Indians from early morning until evening, and spends most of her time going up and down mountains and cañons in her investigations, sleeping in tents at night, and when at Fort Lapwai is occupied constantly with the accumulation of Government work collected during her absence.

Apropos of the trailing skirt, Marie Bashkirtseff wrote in her childish diary that she thought it would have been a good plan for Dante to have had trained dresses as one of the tortures for the Inferno.

Miss Ada Rehan during the twelve years she has been a member of Mr. Daly's company has created or appeared in 200 rôles. The personality of this gifted woman has ever been shrouded in well-sustained mystery, sacred from the paragrapher's pen and the interviewer's inquisition. At the doorway of her home you are met by an inflexible Cerberus in the shape of a determined, broad-shouldered black auntie, to whom no gift or grace appeals with sufficient potency to obtain entrée. But the friends within the actress's charmed circle will tell you that she is singularly free from all fantastic fads and whims which the world accepts from genius as eccentricities. She is a brilliant conversationalist, talking well on any subject; quick in repartee, with the quaint humor of her Irish ancestry cultured to keenest wit, and her language simple and direct, delivered in a sweet, low voice with no suggestion of staginess. She is an excellent financier, and is worth a snug little fortune.

Among successful women inventors are Mrs. Catherine Green, to whom is due the invention of the improved cotton gin. Mrs. A. Manning is the designer of a reaper and mower and clover cleaner. Another woman took out a patent for an improvement on this machine in the shape of a device for changing the knives without stopping the wheels. Miss Maggie Knight is the inventor of one of the most complicated machines in the world. It is used in the manufacture of reënforced-bottom paper bags. The street sweeper is also due to the ingenuity of a woman who had a dress ruined by a defective sweeper; and after all the great inventors and machinists had failed in studying out a device for deadening the sound of car wheels on the elevated, a woman, Mrs. Mary B. Walton, rode up and down the road a single day, caught the idea, and went home to formulate and patent it.

No less eminent authority than Sir William Gull of Great Britain has said that the benefit derived from a university education, such as girls get at Newnham and Girton, makes them and their children stronger and healthier. Also that the percentage of childless marriages is less with the educated women, and the percentage of children that survive infancy is larger.

The honors of the entrance examination at the University of London were carried off by a little Scotch lassie of 20, Charlotte Higgins, over 1,600 male students. And this youthful and scholarly woman owes her success to another woman—her mother—who has had entire charge of her education, the father having died when Miss Higgins was eight years old.

Clara Barton of Red Cross fame is the only woman who ever sat in the Swiss National Council, the only woman to be decorated with the Iron Cross by old Kaiser William, and the first person to decorate soldiers' graves as a patriotic rather than a personal act of homage.

The representative live stock breeders have decided that they do not want a woman to rule over them as Chief of the Live Stock Department of the World's Fair, no matter "how exalted her character or high her qualifications." Mrs. Meredith of Indiana had been proposed as a desirable candidate for the place on account of her own successful experience in stock raising. But the men of the Stock Breeders' Association desire an executive man, one with force of character and strong will power, on account of the great rivalry between live stock breeders and the millions of dollars represented in the industry.

At Iowa College a careful record has been kept of the comparative standing of the young women and men in class work. From this the interesting facts have been gleaned that the average standing of the young women has been above that of the young men in every term but one in nine years in the sophomore class in every term, and in the senior class in every term but two; that is, the average standing of the young women was higher than that of the young men thirty-two times out of thirty-six.

It is reported that Henry M. Stanley is inordinately jealous of his wife's former interests, not wishing her to paint or publish a book for the public. He says: "Will she write a book? If it pleases her. I think she does better work with her pen than her brush. What she puts on paper is a better picture than what she puts on canvas. But the book will be printed for her family and friends and not for the public. I hold that a man's wife is too sacred for the world to know and discuss."

The latest regulations in artistic house-furnishing prohibit the hanging of pictures on the walls of any room except such as may be specially set apart as galleries. Large-patterned papers, or silk with huge floral designs, cover the panels into which the wall artistic is divided. Here a wall bracket with a bit of pottery, there a nest of shelves laden with bric-à-brac, a jar on a high pedestal filled with ferns or tropical flowers fills a third panel space, and a bit of rare Eastern cloth, richly wrought with gold, festoons another picture space. Fashion has decreed that the old family portraits and oil landscapes in their massive frames are useless lumber and must go. The dainty and delicate water colors that have delighted our eyes are killed against the giddy flowered paper, and the restful etching finds no welcome in the fantastic glitter and sheen of the Louis XIV apartments.

The first annual convention of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association recently held at San Francisco assembled about 200 women journalists,