VEILS THAT AID GOOD LOOKS.

NO END OF THEM THIS SEASON FOR WOMEN TO CHOOSE FROM.

Importance of Making the Right Choice—Bewildering Variety of Meshes and Dots—Fashions in Wearing the Veil—The Rule for Fur Hats—Storm Veiling.

Fashions in veils might seem to be very limited as to any possible variations, but on the contrary they show a most bewildering and attractive variety quite beyond anything ever presented before.

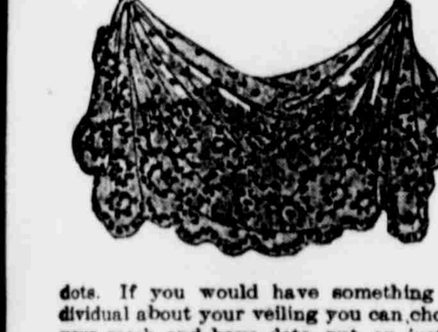
The new plain meshes vary from fine almost invisible lines to deep black squares with no end of fancy meshes following in their train. The large open meshes in delicate patterns which are very becoming if well chosen, are most in use just at present.

Velvet dots seem to be going out, and chenille dots are taking their place again. They are in all sizes between a pin spot and the largest dimensions possible for such a purpose, and are arranged in clusters, groups and fancy patterns. You see them combined with velvet dots too, with very pretty effect.

The special novelty is the chinchilla dot which is a combination of black and white chenille. Pretty veilings of white maline dotted with black chenille and bordered with black chantilly are shown, some of them with jetted quill-shaped designs in paillettes, on the upper edge. It is all in the way these veils are put on, as the jetted portion must serve as a decoration for the hat rather than the face.

A becoming veil is a matter of selection entirely, for there is everything from which to choose. Sprawling figures in white on a black net can transform a pretty woman into an ugly one, while some discrimination in choice may produce a reverse condition of things. Veils in general are considered the oculist's friend, but they are capable of great possibilities as a feature of woman's good looks in the street, so there is no prospect of their being discarded.

The greatest novelty so far produced this season is the gun metal veiling, perfect in tint and decorated with fuzzy chenille



dots. If you would have something individual about your veiling you can choose your mesh and have dots put on just as you wish them, as many or as few as you like. This is done at the specialty shop where all the latest veilings are to be seen at all times and where the élite of fashion find their novelties in this line.

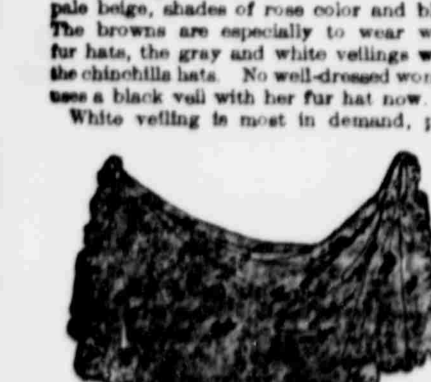
The effort to launch the fashion of wearing a veil just to the end of the nose was unavailing, as it was found to be most unbecoming. The reverse of this idea seems to be in prospect, as some of the new veilings are of extra width and arranged to fall in soft, full folds from the hat.

What is called storm veiling comes twenty-four inches wide. You see this in white gauze variously patterned or rather overlaid with fairy-like designs of black net with velvet dots. Some of these veilings have a heavier, more elaborate decoration on one edge, which is intended to drape over the hat.

The chiffon and gauze veilings show a great variety, bringing out the idea of net over the gauze in many pretty patterns, of which one of the daintiest is an almost invisible spider net of mohair threads held together by small velvet dots. The gauze is very fine and close, but clear at the same time and is considered a great protection to the skin, especially for automobiling purposes.

There are very good effects too, in colored veilings, in shades of brown to the pale beige, shades of rose color and blue. The browns are especially to wear with fur hats, the gray and white veilings with the chinchilla hats. No well-dressed woman uses a black veil with her fur hat now.

White veiling is most in demand, per-



haps, for general wear, as it has the attractive quality which is improving to the appearance of the skin. French women recognize this and act on it as they do on every fashion which can add one whit toward enhancing their beauty.

THE EMPRESS'S WAIST.

Experiences of a Dressmaker in the Imperial Palace at Berlin.

One of the smartest dressmakers in Berlin is the famous Fechstein, who occupies for the wealthy women of Berlin and St. Petersburg the same position held in Paris by Worth and Doucet. Not long ago she was summoned to the Imperial Palace to make an afternoon gown for the Empress, who does not as a rule pay such sums for her dresses as to make it possible for her to employ Fechstein, who is a Pole by birth and has the reputation of [illegible] from the great Worth in the matter of prices.

[illegible]

Finally the pins were in place and the waist was just as it should be. The Empress looked in the glass. She appeared quite satisfied.

"And will it be just like this?" she asked.

The delighted dressmaker said that it would.

"All finished but the sewing?" asked the Empress.

The dressmaker, still satisfied by the manner of the royal patron, smilingly said that it would be just as it was then.

"Well," said the Empress, "I would rather have it feel like this."

With these words she stretched backward her shoulders and threw out her arms until every pin popped out of the dress and went flying over the room. In despair the dressmaker involuntarily seized the waist to prevent the Empress from destroying it altogether.

"Now," said the Empress with a most amiable smile to the dressmaker, "make it all over so that I may stretch like that whenever I want to."

She submitted patiently to a second fitting of the waist and it was made as loose as she wanted it.

FINE HOSIERY AND SLIPPERS.

The Former Trimmed With Lace and the Latter of Satin and Velvet.

Any adequate description of the new silk hosiery is impossible, but it will suffice to say that it is more gossamer-like than ever, and most beautifully embroidered in lace-like open-work designs.

Both conventional and flower patterns are used, and brought out in various ways, one of which is a sort of darning stitch. A dainty all-black stocking is inset with motifs of black Chantilly lace embroidered in small black flowers all around the edges.

This is usually in an oblong shape over the instep, but there is a great variety

in open work, allover designs of hand embroidery, and everything to gratify a woman's fancy in the way of lace effects, both in the silk and in the lisle thread.

As for price you can pay anything between $1 and $30 a pair and possibly more if you combine real lace applications with the hand embroidery.

Hosiery to match the gown is the correct thing for full dress in which case the slippers are of the same color in suede leather.

High heels characterize all the dress shoes both for afternoon and evening wear but they are not considered good form on the street. The street heel is medium high and in shape what is called the Cuban heel.

In fancy slippers both black and white satin are used, variously beaded and strapped across the instep, and black velvet slippers studded all over with cut steel points are added to the list of glacé and suede kid slippers, some of which are shown in the illustration.

"HAVE YOU ACTED IN ENGLAND?"

A Notable Meeting Between Mrs. Pat Campbell and Annie Russell.

Mrs. Pat Campbell was the chief guest at a recent dinner at which several American actresses were invited to meet her. Among these the most eminent was Annie Russell, who sat almost directly opposite Mrs. Campbell at the large round table.

Presently there was a lull in the conversation and Mrs. Campbell leaned forward.

"Have you ever acted in England, Miss Russell?" she asked sweetly.

The other guests looked at one another significantly. Had not Miss Russell been called the English Duse after her triumphs in London only two years ago?

"Yes," she said, in reply to Mrs. Campbell's question. "I played for two seasons in London."

"Indeed," rejoined Mrs. Campbell, as if she was pleased to hear that Miss Russell was getting on so well. "And I wonder if I saw you."

This conversation, which was carried on in tones audible to all the other guests, fascinated them, as Mrs. Campbell [illegible]

[illegible]

Religion and Faith in a Divorce Case.

[illegible]

MADE HERSELF YOUNG AGAIN.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN'S VICTORY OVER HER YEARS.

She Discovered One Day That She Was Growing Old, and Then Set About Regaining Her Youth—The Methods She Employed and the Success She Won.

There is in this city an old-young woman whose successful effort to defeat Time's effacing fingers before they had completely destroyed the lines where beauty lingered deserves public attention. She was 49 before she entered upon her combat with age, and to-day at 51 she looks more girlish than her niece of 20.

Miss Dashe was well educated, and she has had opinions to express all her life. She did not realize that she was neglecting her personal appearance, and was taking life too easily.

Her weight increased from year to year so imperceptibly that until she was getting stout she did not take alarm. And she had put on glasses with such grace that all her friends declared they were becoming to her.

The few gray hairs she possessed did not disturb her, for none of her family grew gray early. She was sure that her hair would remain dark enough to be an attractive setting to her face.

In fact she was very well pleased with herself until her now bald nephew saluted her one day with the term "Old Lady," and suggested that perhaps she would not want her opera ticket that night because of the storm. For a moment she was almost angry. Then putting her coffee cup back in its saucer she said with as much deliberation as she could summon.

"I am going to the opera, Fred, and I know of no reason why you should think an ordinary storm should keep me indoors."

"At your age, aunt, the comfort of a luxurious parlor are more attractive to most people than they evidently are to you. But I mean no offence, and hope you will enjoy 'Fidelio.'"

"You have called me 'old lady' many times recently, and so have your brothers, and I should like you to tell me frankly in what respects I appear to you younger people to be growing old. It is for information I ask, so speak out."

"You are growing much stouter, auntie, dear, and your shoulders are not as straight as they were once. And your hair seems to me to be getting thinner, while your com-

plexion has lost its color and is no longer fair."

"Is there any other symptom you note, dear boy? If so tell me," said Miss Dashe, as soon as she had finished making notes of these signs of old age.

"Yes, aunt, you get up and sit down with more deliberation. You show some signs of rheumatism or, rather, you speak of having twinges of lumbago in your back and knees, and you do not play the piano nearly so much. But, aunt, age is what we must expect and you have nothing to complain of. You are the youngest-looking woman of your age in New York to-day."

"Granted, Fred, but I am no younger than I feel, and I propose to feel young. The mere pretence of being youthful I scorn. Fiddlesticks! A woman who cannot keep her youth is what I am not—a fool. I am going out now for a walk and to think it over."

And Miss Sophia Dashe went out into the [illegible]

[illegible]

led to their preference over other kinds of foods, so that while the family were not vegetarians they were consumers of what has been called the best food provided by nature for men.

But Miss Dashe had flesh to reduce, wrinkles to smooth out, shoulders to straighten and a lot of other defects to correct. In her perplexity she went to a friend who told her to go to a teacher of physical culture first and try the exercises.

This she did, and Mme. Pote instructed her as to how to make the rotary, the straight and the curved motions, and to exercise the joints of the body. All this was practised to the sound of music and it was much less difficult to do it than the middle aged pupil had hoped.

She learned to walk, a simple performance it is admitted, but one that the majority of women seem not to have learned. The teacher insisted upon rigid practice and her pupils walked in her presence and out of it, with a dignity of carriage, a grace of bearing and an elasticity which, all combined, made harmony of movement.

Walking, under such conditions, became delightful and the weariness that had attended the sometimes enforced exercise was a thing of the past. From walking Miss Dashe went to dancing and she was overjoyed to find that she liked dancing just as much as she did when a child.

The manner of dancing was improved through modern methods, and the muscles of the body, having been properly exercised by correct walking, were supple and pliant and there was no weariness resulting from waltzing, or the more intricate fancy dancing that the teacher delighted to have her pupils excel in.

At first Miss Dashe protested that she did not want to put on a costume "that would show her feet and legs to the class."

And the teacher amiably inquired, "Why are you bow-legged or pigeon-toed?"

That was enough, Miss Dashe had trim, well-shaped feet and ankles and she not only got up the required dress but took pride in having it pretty. True she did not speak of the matter at home, nor tell any one there that she was twice a week in Mme. Pate's studios, pirouetting and waltzing, exercising her shoulders and stretching the muscles of her neck as though she intended to strengthen or to break them.

But she did improve in health and spirits, and she was agile in going up and down stairs. She declined to join theatre parties or accept dinner invitations though she had never been known to deny herself before. Her doctor had told her that dissipation was fatal to good looks, and she had added, "particularly so to women past 40."

She paid more attention to her sleep, gave up the use of pillows and slept with her head no higher than her body—one curious device she was compelled to restort to, in order to keep her mouth closed when asleep and breathe through her nose, she put a piece of adhesive plaster, cut in a narrow strip, about an inch long, over her mouth, lightly closing the lips before doing so. By this means she forced herself to breathe through the nose only, and she avoided deepening the lines about her mouth.

Living carefully, she came to sleeping soundly, and occasionally dreamlessly, and her spirits during the day were so unvaryingly bright and lively that the

[illegible] working a miracle in the case of their aunt. [illegible]

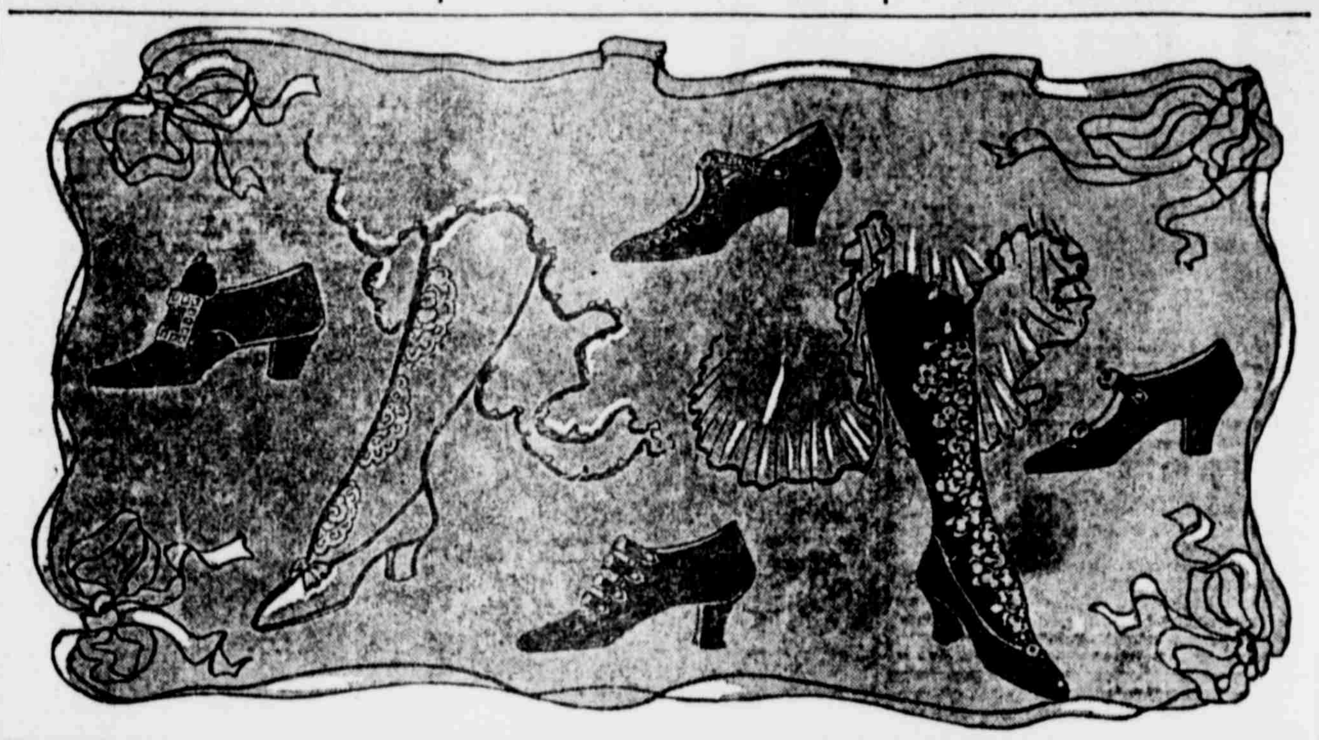
[illegible] she changed herself from a somewhat stout and stiff woman to a graceful, easy-moving and altogether supple form.

water we drink, were deposited in all the tissues of the body, and made the joints and muscles stiff and rheumatic.

"So I quit drinking ordinary water, until I could get a still, and distil water as he directed. I lived on the juices of oranges and grapes. Now, I am entirely well, as are all my household, and I added this business to my old one, in order to spread a knowledge of so great a blessing as distilled water."

Miss Dashe having settled the water question, the eating question came next and, she decided to try a diet of nuts and fruit for a time, with an occasional addition of whole wheat bread, if she felt she must have it. No one else was urged to try the plan, but after the customary orange at breakfast it became a not unusual sight to see all the family eating bananas, and sometimes apples.

The habit of keeping a supply of grapes, dates, prunes, oranges and apples, figs, raisins, almonds and other nuts on the table



PROPOSALS THEN AND NOW.

MEN DON'T TAKE THE RISKS THEY ONCE DID, SAYS AN EXPERT.

Also They Don't Make the Same Display of Sentiment—Advantages of the New System According to a Pretty Girl—The Modern Off-Hand Proposal.

Somebody had wondered aloud whether the change in young women and in their attitude toward men had revolutionized proposals.

"Do men propose at all, nowadays?" asked the elderly woman who had invited four girls and a young bride to lunch with her.

"They do," chorussed three girls. The prettiest one felt that she need not testify.

"How could that young thing have married if no misguided man had proposed?" she inquired, waving her hand toward the young married woman.

The bride laughed.

"It's quite simple, dear. I believe I did the proposing myself," she said.

The girls were surprised. The elderly woman wasn't. She is ready to believe anything of this generation.

"You see," the bride continued, "Jack and I were both busy. He was running the Sunday paper and I was editing an idiotic women's page in a magazine. We didn't see each other very often, except at dinner time; but I used to go out to dinner with him two or three times a week."

The elderly woman's eyebrows expressed her opinion, but being a hostess she controlled her emotions, and the bride seemed shamelessly oblivious of chaperon traditions.

"One evening we were dining together," she said, after a little reminiscent pause. "He was reading the Saturday supplements and I was looking over a dummy of the magazine. I glanced across the table. Jack was good-looking; I wasn't unattractive. He was buried in his work; I was buried in mine. The situation seemed all wrong. I resented it.

"'We might as well be married?' I said crossly.

"Jack looked over the top of his paper.

"'I've thought that for five months,' he said.

"He came up to the office and brought me my ring the next day."

The girls sighed.

"It wasn't so very romantic," said the pretty one.

The elderly woman frowned.

"It is the sort of thing one expects in these days," said she.

The bride smiled.

"It satisfied Jack and me," she said.

She has a fashion of saying Jack that makes the name sound musical.

"But men do propose," urged one of the girls.

The pretty girl nodded.

"They do," she agreed. Then she settled down to giving expert testimony.

"I've studied the thing a good deal," she said.

"You've had exceptional advantages," suggested the bride.

"Of course, I don't know just how men used to propose; but I'm afraid it is a lost art—that is, in its highest artistic form. Why, it was a regular function in the old days. Now we crowd it in during a two-step with 900 people looking on or we get through with it while we are waiting for the couple ahead to leave the putting green.

"Even if we do have plenty of time and an appropriate stage setting for the ceremony, we don't manage it with any artistic skill. There isn't any trembling supplication or trembling yielding.

"You see, a man and a girl know each other so well nowadays before they get to the proposing point that the result of a proposal is a forgone conclusion. When our grandmothers were courted they posed as mysteries.

"The suitors didn't golf with them all morning and sail with them all afternoon and dance or sit on the veranda with them all evening, didn't know exactly what the girls thought on every conceivable subject, couldn't figure them out like a mathematical equation.

"My grandfather wasn't cocksure when he proposed to grandmother that she'd say yes. The uncertainty led to noble effort. It must have made things much more interesting.

"They say girls were more sentimental then than they are now. I suppose that's true, but they were sentimental in the abstract.

"They were taught to conceal their real feelings in any particular instance at any cost. A girl may do that to-day, but if she does, it isn't on general principles. It's because she can have more fun that way.

"My uncle says women used to be born coquettes, but now they are educated flirts. If a girl doesn't flirt now, she shows a man frankly just what she thinks of him, up to a certain point.

"Given that much information, it is easy to speculate on futurities. A man isn't taking any chances in proposing.

"Occasionally one will risk what he sees to be a forlorn hope, but the average modern man feels very sure he will be accepted before he thinks of proposing."

"Then you think the percentage of rejected lovers is going down," asked the bride.

The pretty girl laughed.

"I do all I can to keep it up to standard, but I'm sure it is falling."

"And the men, feeling sure of the result, propose in an offhand manner?"

"Exactly. I never had a really artistic impassioned proposal in my life. Our men are so deadly afraid of making themselves ridiculous. Nine out of ten of them would rather appear wicked than absurd, and they seem to have the idea that any display of sentiment or strong feeling makes them look absurd.

"They may be sentimental when they don't mean anything, or sentimental after they are engaged and absolutely sure the girls adore them, but no matter how sure of a girl, the modern man feels he isn't going to take even the remotest chance of being laughed at.

"He is too horribly self-conscious to appear with a flourish as his grandfather did. I hope it is a sign of modesty, but I [illegible]

[illegible]

A. Simonson

933 Broadway, 21-22 Streets.

LOVER'S KNOT

My latest coiffure for the low hair dress of the back hair gives a graceful outline to the head. It is so beautiful, yet so simple to arrange that it has become the fashion for the season. The Lover's Knot is particularly desirable in connection with my

Marie Antoinette Coiffure

As a coiffure for the front hair nothing has been introduced to equal it.

Wigs and Toupees

For Ladies and Gentlemen. I allow none to leave my establishment unless they fit perfectly, are exactly the right color and absolutely secure. Private fitting-rooms.

Hair Dressing and Hair Coloring

French Undulation, Shampooing, Scalp and Hair Treatment expertly attended to by my large and experienced corps of men and women assistants. All utensils antiseptically treated.

No Branch Stores. EVERYTHING FOR THE HAIR. No Agents.

BUSY TIMES FOR THE KETTLE.

THE SEASON OF THE AFTERNOON TEA IS NOW HERE.

An Entertainment by Which Many Social Obligations Can Be Paid in a Lump—Various Styles of Teas—Man's Objections to Them—Informal Affairs.

With February the tea season sets in. From now on the afternoon tea kettle will bubble joyously between 4 and 6 o'clock, the prescribed space of time for tea.

The popularity of this form of entertainment has grown enormously in the last few years. There are few afternoon receptions nowadays, except among the old-fashioned. Everybody who entertains in the afternoon calls it a tea, just as evening receptions are now called parties.

The tea is specially dedicated to débutantes and the girls in their first season who do not have formal coming-out parties. Besides the social joy which young girls find in the tea, their mothers have learned to appreciate this form of entertainment, for it may be as elaborate or as simple as one pleases.

Some people spend thousands on the music, floral decorations and gowns, but the simple cup of tea with its accompanying cakes, thin sandwiches or perhaps an ice is the extent to which the menu must go at the formal tea. For teas are very formal, although the fact that women guests do not remove their hats and rarely remain long enough to sit down gives such an affair an informal air.

The great charm of the tea is the comprehensive way in which many social obligations may be disposed of within two hours. A hostess who possesses a house large enough may entertain several hundred in one afternoon, although within the prescribed time she may be barely able to give each guest the simplest greeting. In fact, at many of the crushes the greetings between hostess and guest are omitted and the cards alone tell the tale.

In the same thrifty manner a guest may dispose of six or seven teas in one afternoon if she has a cab driver who knows his way about, chooses her afternoon route discreetly and has a system of getting out gracefully soon after greeting her hostess. Some women boast that they can ten teas in an afternoon by prolonging the hours.

The woman of many teas learns as a rule, like the professional diner-out, to avoid partaking of entertainment at each house, although she may make a pretence of sipping from her cup of tea, or of chocolate which is more in favor with some. Only the very young tea-goer partakes of the cakes and ices served with the etea.

There is a scope in the matter of costumes which also makes the tea a most desirable function. While the hostess and her assistants, who are usually pretty girls and pour the beverage of the afternoon, wear handsome and elaborate house gowns, the guests are at liberty to appear in costumes ranging from the richest of carriage gowns and afternoon dresses to street costumes of severe cut.

The hat, gloves and small accessories must be absolutely fresh and suitable for afternoon rather than morning wear, although the tailor gown is quite permissible.

It has always been most difficult to obtain the attendance of men guests at teas. It has been argued that the simplicity of the fare was one reason for this, while others declare the cause to be the innocuousness of the tea. Thus it has become the custom to serve punch at some afternoon teas, especially those not devoted to débutantes and their friends.

The studio teas are always well attended and are extremely informal. At these teas the Russian tea is always served, with the addition of Jamaica rum, and Scotch whiskey and soda is now the invariable accompaniment of the teas held in the fashionable apartment houses where the artists entertain their friends.

The Russian tea is made by pouring boiling water over English breakfast tea, letting it draw for a moment and then adding a pony of Jamaica rum, with additional boiling water, after which the tea is allowed to steep for a few minutes longer. It is then served in cups, with a separate decanter of Jamaica rum, thin slices of lemon and powdered sugar.

Oscar's tea, which became a specialty at the Waldorf a season or two ago, when the tea room used to be thronged each afternoon from 4 until 6, has often been dilated upon and its method of preparation pleaded for. In reality the tea was of many separate brews, Oolong, green, English breakfast and the Ceylon teas being served as ordered. The charm of the tea was that it was made perfectly fresh for each order and was well served with [illegible]

[illegible]

In the college towns every dormitory building has its teas.

special men entertaining on the different afternoons.

But these teas being strictly masculine affairs, except in the weeks when guests are invited to the annual university dances, they are quite apt to have chafing dishes as a feature and to be informal in the truest sense of the word. In the girls' colleges also the students make a specialty of afternoon tea, as these entertainments give an opportunity for visiting.

Then in many American homes the English custom of making tea in the afternoon has become fixed and the habit grows as it is persevered in until it becomes all but a vice. After a short course of afternoon tea one finds himself unable to get through the afternoon without it.

It is the nerve tipple of the moment, and this is why in the busy office buildings downtown at five o'clock one sees waiters hurrying about with trays upon which are the steaming pot, the cups and saucers and spoons that indicate that the habit has grown to proportions far in advance of a fad.

MUST HAVE HER BOOTS SHINED.

New Styles of Shoes Bring Feminine Customers to the Bootblack.

"Every lady dat is a lady has her shoes shined nowadays," said Tommy, the bootblack in a big office building on upper Broadway. "There's no French dressing or polish that comes in a bottle that'll shine up a patent leather shoe at home. It's the perfessional rub that counts."

It is quite true that there is nothing remarkable nowadays in the sight of a well-dressed young woman perched upon one of the high chairs in the rear of a shoe shop while a boy brushes away at her booted foot boldly in evidence upon the iron stand intended to accommodate only masculine feet.

Ever since patent leather displaced kid for women's footwear, and especially since the mannish last became popular, women have found that no home treatment will give the requisite shine to street shoes. There are polishes sold that, it is asserted, will impart the necessary lustre, but the merit seems to be in the manner of rubbing the leather.

So many women are now employed in all the large office buildings that in some cases they equal in number the men whose business duties call them into the various offices each morning. There are not only the girls employed as clerks, telephone and telegraph operators, and private secretaries, but nearly every large building now has its hairdressing and massage rooms, its manicure parlor, its stenographic office and lunch room, and in these women only are employed.

It is through these rooms that the bootblack makes his rounds each afternoon. The proprietor and her aids, who may have tramped through the muddy streets and who may have a dinner engagement to keep on the way home, will invariably patronize Tommy; and then there are often women customers who would not dare to take the initiative under ordinary conditions, but who are conquered by the beauty of the shine which Tommy imparts, and who yield to the temptation and become his customers, returning whenever their shoes need attention to the same boy.

Tommy has discovered an odd physiological fact which he cannot explain. That is that his ordinary shoe box with its bracket on which the foot rests during the operation, while admirably adapted to men's shoes and feet, does not adjust itself to the feet of women.

A man seated in an ordinary chair places his foot firmly upon the rest, heel and toe planted thereon. A woman who endeavors to settle her foot upon it invariably tilts her foot up on the heel with the toe in the air. This may be owing to the high heels on women's boots, but the bootblack says that the same phenomenon is observable even when the heels are flat.

The box seems to be too high or else women's joints do not bend so easily as men's. They are not in the habit of sitting with their legs twisted up in the innumerable odd tangles that men affect in the disposal of their limbs, and this may cause the difficulty. So a new shoe box for feminine customers will probably be soon among Tommy's acquirements.

"We never have a day pass without several women customers coming in to have their shoes shined," said the head clerk of one of the Broadway shops where both women's and men's shoes are dealt in. "We have half a dozen chairs in the rear of the store, originally intended to accommodate our men customers, for women's shoes are a branch into which we have only recently gone.

"Women wear entirely different shoes from those they used to have some years ago. Then the fine soft kid was used and shoes were made of a thinness and delicacy that was responsible for much of the illness that came from wet feet of which we hear very little of to-day.

"And yet the use of rubbers or overshoes has gone out to a great extent, women substituting the waterproof calf skin boots made with a thin sole. Yet every one can remember when women used to wear arctic overshoes and even rubber boots in stormy weather.

[illegible]

Binner

Corsetière,

18 East 45th St.

New York.