

DAINTINESS IN NEW WRAPS.

THINGS OF BEAUTY WHICH AID COQUETTISH DAMES.

Embroideries With Water Color Shadings—Lace and Tulle in Rose, Lemon Yellow and Brighter Shades—Gauze and Chiffon With Flowers Painted On.

A French journalist has recently been holding forth upon the inter-relationship of fashion and feminine pose. That the changing modes are a product of woman's restless vanity is a proposition brooking no denial, though the masculine love of money getting, strong in the manufacturer who supply the materials for woman's attire, is no inconsiderable factor in the changes. But it seems, says the French

lagoon color silk. Embroidered medallions, bearing gold baskets full of pink roses and forget-me-nots, were set into the ends with lace framing; and all around the scarf where a lace border met the silk was an embroidered design of rose and blue ribbon garlands. A flower laden Trianon hat went with the scarf and the whole was exquisite and picturesque enough to have won favor even in Louis's court. All lace scarfs are greatly liked, provided always that the lace is of beautiful quality. The old-time favorite Spanish lace makes perhaps the least expensive of the really good lace scarfs, and while a trifle heavy is effective. Its effectiveness is enhanced wonderfully by touching its design lightly with water color shadings, and any woman clever with her brush can treat a creamy Spanish lace scarf in this manner with most artistic results. Embroidery, too, is used to bring out the design of Spanish and other laces; but this, of course, means more work or expense

of mousseline de sole in the color of the gown with which it was to be worn, and is bordered by a deep frill of fine lace headed by a ruffling of the mousseline. It is, like all of the modish scarfs, to be worn falling



off the shoulders and caught over the arms at the elbows or gathered up in the hands. And let the woman who thinks the correct wearing of such a toilet accessory an easy feat experiment before her glass and dis-

agreeable person—and she must be if she wants to be successful—there are great possibilities in her place. She watches for new arrivals and tries to make them comfortable.

Her first duty is to introduce them to the other boarders. That is her chief duty. Every one who goes to a summer hotel knows that the first few days after arrival are not very pleasant unless you know some one there. A man manages to worry along, but a woman is likely to be lonesome until some one formally introduces her. Once the ice is broken things go along smoothly. When there are no newcomers to make comfortable, the girl introducer can find plenty to do. She plays cards, she can go upstairs more gracefully, can seat herself upon the piazza in better shape and in all ways fulfill the duties of a summer hotel hostess with a minimum of fuss and bother.

"Aunt Josephine takes wind exercises. She stands erect with both hands out and beats. She comes down the ladder step by step, with both arms outstretched. She sits on top of the ladder and extends first one arm and then the other and she stands in front of the open window and lifts her hands with flat clenched.

"Sometimes she varies the evening performance and does hip exercises. She stands with her feet apart, and bends until the tips of her fingers touch the floor. This is very good for the reduction of the abdomen. But she never does this more than five times in succession, for it is very tiresome and sometimes injures the leg muscles where the strain comes the rotary motions. To do the rotary motions you put both hands on your hips, bend sideways and rotate. You swing all around in a circle, bending from the waist entirely. You bend this way and that way, always from the waist line. You bend backward, and you bend forward, and you bend to each side, swinging around in a circle. This is a hard thing in the world to do, though it is very good for the muscles of the hips and waist line.

"Aunt Josephine keeps her weight down in this manner. She is only 5 feet 6 inches tall, and she wants to keep her weight to 120 pounds. She is doing it, too. She once weighed nearly 200. She was almost square, and her waist measured as much as her shoulders. A great many short, fat women are deformed in this way. "The other two maid aunts of the household have reduced and taken beauty baths until they are old maids no longer. They are simply charming young girls. One is tall and slender, the other is of medium height, but rather full in figure, of the imposing sort. They are magnificent. None of the three looks over 30, and they are so attractive that there is no place left for the younger members of the family. The buds are crowded out of sight by the full blown roses.

THEY PREFER HOTEL SERVICE.

A Queer Notion of Servants Which the Hotel Man Can't Understand.

"Wouldn't you think a domestic servant would rather work in a private house than in a hotel?" asked the hotel manager. "Well, if you do think so you are mistaken. I had such an idea until recently. I've got a pretty large family and my wife grew tired of having the children cooped up in the hotel. So we took a house on the West Side. We needed three servants, and we set out to get them. "We thought it would be easy, for I never have any trouble in getting women to do hotel work. They come to me in droves when I need help, which is not often. Somehow a woman who gets a job in a hotel sticks at it.

"We furnished our house quickly, but started to get our servants before we moved. I let it be known among the women employees of my hotel that I wanted three good servants. Dozens called on me. They were all willing to go to work in the hotel, but do you suppose they would work in my house? No, sir. They stuck up their noses at the job.

"In many of them acted as if they were insulted when I made the offer. I wanted a cook, a laundress and a chambermaid. I offered more money than I can pay to any of them being as they were in my hotel, and they would not have to work nearly as hard as they would in the hotel.

"Then again they wouldn't see it that way. They seemed to look upon a hotel job as far above a similar place in a private house. "Of course I can see why a chambermaid would rather work in a hotel than in a private house, but I can't understand the attitude of the cooks and the laundresses. The chambermaid gets in on the tip graft in the hotel, but the cook and laundresses don't.

"My folks are still living in the hotel and it looks as if they might continue to live there. Meantime we are keeping up the search for the kind of servants we need. If we don't get them soon there will be a furnished house to lease on the upper West Side.

GOOD TIMES FOR PERFUMERS.

The Perfume Seller Thinks Maybe the Auto is Responsible for It. "The perfumery business never was better," said the perfume dealer the other day. "I sell more perfume than I ever did before and I think my heavy sales are due in a large part to the automobile craze.

"You know the odor emanating from those gasoline autos is not pleasant. Lovers of perfume who are going for a drive are using lots of perfume. Just take notice the next time an auto whizzes by you and see if you don't get a good strong whiff of perfume with the gasoline if there is a smartly attired woman in the machine. "Women may be going in for athletic wear, but they are not neglecting their perfumery, too, and the most expensive kind.

"It would surprise you, though, to know how many of them are in the habit of wearing a pair of stockings. I think the new fancy silk handkerchiefs may have something to do with that.

CANT OR DON'T DARN STOCKINGS.

A Crusty Bachelor's Reflection After Watching the Women on Broadway. "There's a pile of women in this town who don't know much about darning," said the crusty bachelor the other day.

"How do I know?" he replied to the other's question. "Because I'm keeping my eyes open. "This is what I call the low shoe era. Everybody—men, women and children—wears 'em now. Just you stand on Broadway any fine afternoon and watch the folk file past. Then you will learn why I say there are a pile of women in this town who don't know anything about darning. "Heavy hosiery is not pleasant. Lovers of the number of women wearing stockings with holes in them. You can't have rubber to see it, either. A blind man could see some of the holes in some of those stockings. Then the crusty bachelor strode away.

LOOKING 25 AT FIFTY-FIVE.

THE PRETTY GIRL'S AUNT USES A STEPLADDER FOR THE JOB.

Exercise the Thing for Keeping Down Flesh, But Don't Forget Diet, Too, if You Would Look Young and Supple—Various Means of Wearing Off Fat.

"There are no old ladies in our family any more," said the pretty girl sadly. "Once I had the field all to myself. But now there are rivals at home. "In our house there are three old maid aunts. Aunt Josephine is 46. She used to look 60, but she has learned how to keep young and now she looks no more than 35. That sounds like fib. But you ought to see Aunt Josephine.

"She sleeps in pajamas, to begin with, and as soon as she is ready to go to bed she begins to exercise. "She opens every window and lets the breeze sweep through. No matter what the weather is, how rainy or how cold, open must go the windows. Mother says it is a terrible thing, but Aunt Jo says: "Never mind, you'll catch the fever to be young maid, and then you will want to put on pajamas and throw open the window, too."

"Well, when Aunt Josephine gets into those pajamas she begins to do stunts. She has a stepladder which she brings out of the store room; and it would do you good to see her mount it and come down again. She says it gives her the very best exercise in the world. Running up the ladder is good for her with arms for her heart. She can go up very fast and still keep her breath.

"Then, she says that running up the ladder is not all that is needed. She is compelled to keep her balance. She learns how to maintain her footing and this, she says, is of the very greatest assistance. She can go upstairs more gracefully, can seat herself upon the piazza in better shape and in all ways fulfill the duties of a summer hotel hostess with a minimum of fuss and bother.

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"The first thing for the middle-aged woman to realize is that she has lost her ambition. She must get her feet on a stepladder. She must exercise. She must eat right. She must give up drinking and eat right. She must eat each meal with a glass of water with each meal and her limit. If she wants to drink she can drink between meals.

In her dieting the middle-aged woman can eat warm breads and she can eat vegetables. But she must not eat meat more than once a day and she must not load up on gravies and sweet stuff. It would be a good thing for her if she would stop eating when she is hungry, and if she would eat only when she is hungry. She should eat dessert instead of the pie she craves.

It takes nearly three weeks to change one's dietary. But there is one comfort. One can reduce her weight in a matter of days and that is a good thing. Don't change all at once, but change gradually, and with every little improvement in the diet the flesh will fall off a little.

There are middle-aged women who invest \$15 in a pair of bathroom scales. It is their custom to be weighed when they bathe. They are so interested in the number of pounds they have lost that they will eat anything they can get their hands on. There was a woman who tried to reduce. And she was getting along nicely, when some one told her that she should include chocolate in her diet. She drank a cup of chocolate with her meals, with the result that she grew much fatter. She gained five pounds in a week and she realized that she was getting stouter.

Household workers are usually of the stout variety, for the reason that they eat and drink a great deal, or at least they eat often and drink heartily with their meals. And there is nothing in the world more conducive to weight gain than eating. There are thin people who eat very heavily. But they are the exception to the rule.

If you cannot take up a mission work and cannot canvass for a book, if there is no garden in which you can work, and if you do not see how you can get out of doors anyway, do the next best thing. Take night exercise. Get a pair of pajamas and go to work. They are more comfortable than a gymnasium suit, and you can do all sorts of stunts in them.

The pajama woman nearly always gets thin, and she who takes exercise at night is pretty sure to be rewarded by a trim, pretty little figure. Light work is best for exercising, and next to it comes sleep. But outton will do if one has nothing else. Exercise, somehow, whether in silk or cotton or wool.

Spitting on the skin with a good bath vinegar is excellent for keeping down the fat. Take a handful of the vinegar and spat out on spitting and patting. This is good for the hips and the abdomen. It tones up the skin and acts as a massage agent upon the flesh. Heavy massage is fine for reducing flesh. Take both hands and massage with vigor. It is an excellent thing to employ a masseuse who understands the proper massage treatment with the flesh away. The delicate, light handed massage is not good for this purpose. Black and blue marks are often the result of the first massage treatment with a heavy handed operator. But it is a sure way to remove flesh. And particularly this is recommended for those who cannot take exercise, for those whose feet hurt, or who, for any reason, are too heavy to walk.

But don't forget that there is such a thing as pajama exercise and that it is a good thing, even if you have to take it at night.

Advertisement for A. Simonson, 933 Broadway, 21-22th St. Includes text: 'EVERYTHING FOR THE HAIR', 'LADIES' HAIRDRESSING', 'HAIR ORNAMENTS', 'Handsome Illustrated Catalogue sent upon request. NO BRANCH STORES. NO AGENTS.'

WOMEN IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

THEIR INFLUENCE MATTER OF MUCH CONCERN TO LEADERS.

Many Have Become Famous—Canvass for the Duchess of Devonshire for Fox—Power of Miss Balfour and Mrs. Chamberlain—Mrs. Herbert Gladstone.

If at some future period a person holding the rare qualification that would be necessary for the task were to write the inner and more secret history of the great political movements in England during the past two or three decades, it is certain that Henry Leach in Chambers's Journal, that some of the most interesting chapters would be those which would contain the thousand revelations of the manner in which the political strings had been pulled and twisted by a handful of eminent ladies. This is not the golden era of the great political lady. If any is worthy of such a description it is surely that in which George, the beautiful and gifted wife of the young statesman who reigned as the queen of politics for a number of years, dating almost from the time of her marriage, which took place when she was but 17 years of age.

Her enthusiasm for the Whigs was raised to such a pitch that during the Westminster election of 1784 she actually canvassed for Fox through all the most quiet parts of Long Acre, exchanging kisses for promises of votes.

The Duchess of Gordon was her rival in everything, and her political salon was the centre of the Tory party of those days. She who reigns at Devonshire house today is by common consent the most formidable feminine weapon with which any party can arm itself in those times.

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The Marquis of Hartington was one of the most devoted of these ladies after the fashion of the day. He was a Liberal; at that time of course he was a Liberal; but Disraeli was an interested spectator of these little goings-on. "The Duchess's heart was so much attracted to the Liberal ranks that she occurred in the Liberal ranks after the Duchess had completely secured the Marquis under her sway, he went over to the other side of the House of Commons.

Lady Lansdowne does not pretend to conduct a political salon in quite the same thorough fashion as in the past. In the exciting political times which obtain at present, when once more there is a recasting of parties, the influence of Devonshire and her kindred factor not to be overlooked, and it has not been so since the time of the Marquis.

The Duchess of Devonshire and her Ladyship are not at all rivals, because after the fashion of the day, she is a Liberal; the other is an argumentative and strenuous politician who wants to discuss "movements" and influence the other to do as she sees fit. The Duchess is a woman of social brilliance in the high manner of the world.

There are two other great political ladies who must be mentioned now, although they wholly differ from the stars whom we have been discussing. These are Miss Balfour and Mrs. Chamberlain, not only the sister and the wife respectively of the statesman whose names they bear, but each the political fidus Achates of the other in whose progress and success she is entirely interested.

For Mr. Balfour, at any rate, life under present conditions would be a very dull one were it not for the kindly ministrations of his sister. Not only does she manage his household for him, but in a hundred other ways she relieves him of those responsibilities which are a burden to the man of his temperament from political study as they came before him. Thus she takes entire charge of his studies and sees to it that his carriage is as all as he can have.

Not only that, but a little while ago she took it upon herself to order a new brought an specially fitted up in such a manner as to be of great convenience to him. Many a time has she bought him horses, and she has even been known to buy a dog for him. She is a woman of a quick glance and a ready tongue, and she has the expert assurance of that gentlemanly friend.

Mrs. Chamberlain is a woman of altogether different mould. She has no aspirations in the way of a salon. But she performs the same enthusiastic service for her husband that Miss Balfour does for her brother, and makes the condition of life as easy and pleasant as she can. She takes the greatest interest in every move that he makes, and could give an intelligible dissertation on the points of her husband's policy.

The tact and charm of the American lady are conspicuous to her. As every body knows, she was a Miss Endicott, and the story of their meeting and engagement was in the United States in 1888 he called on a lady friend who happened that day to be giving, unknown to him, a party for girls only. Mr. Chamberlain recognized her in his entering and being the only man present. He did so, and one of his next neighbors at table, whom he then met, was the first time in his life, was the lady who is now Mrs. Chamberlain.

One should speak here of the possibility that appears to be looming for the normal political combination of brother and sister as that which has been noted in the case of the Balfours. Its members are Lord Hugh Cecil and Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the only unmarried members of the family of the late Lord Salisbury. Lady Gwendolen, who was the mainstay of her father's household after the death of her mother, is in all respects a keen and studious politician, and one of the most enthusiastic Primrose League members in the country. Her husband, the new Lady Salisbury, Lady Gwendolen's greatest friend, is already a magnet of great attraction. Her experience she obtained in acting as hostess for her late father-in-law at the great official receptions which he gave. A highly accomplished lady of considerable literary attainments, she is a woman of a brilliant political conversation and will add a salon of the future.

Only power can properly serve the lady.

who would shine in politics. So there is no Liberal salon, and the absence of it reacts upon the interest of the party to an extent that those who have its interests at heart keenly deplore.

The names of several great Liberal ladies all in their early youth are recalled. Take, for example, Aquilina, who, in the case of a considerable Liberal revival, would assuredly be called upon to assume a large share in the party entertaining. She is Margaret, the brilliant daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, and her interest in party politics has always been keen. Lord Rosebery is one of her sincerest admirers, and her future salon will certainly be one of the headquarters of Roseberydom.

But in this connection the circumstances attending the position of Lady Grove, Lord Rosebery's own daughter, have to be taken into consideration; and many of the shrewdest judges and wisest counsellors of the party hold that everything points to her being the chief Liberal hostess of the future.

A third lady, who will assuredly be one of the brightest stars of the Liberal firmament when the clouds roll away and they appear in full view again, is Mrs. Herbert Gladstone, the young wife of the chief whip of the party, who is credited with a hot enthusiasm for the Liberal cause. She needs an opportunity in order to create distinction of the first order.

Mrs. Gladstone, being the daughter of Sir Richard Baggot, was born and bred in a west country school which is to be accounted as among the Tories of the Tory, and how indeed this energetic young lady's Liberalism of the most pronounced description ever worked her way to a degree of intimacy with it which he ultimately achieved is a mystery to the friends of both, just as it is to the regard as a token of his skill in diplomacy and a happy omen for the future.

Many ladies remain on whose behalf there will be particular high political distinction. From among them it is only necessary for present purposes to select one who upon every count has an indubitable right of admission to the list. This is the Countess of Warwick. One hardly knows now whether to say that she is for Liberalism or not. But she is surely not against it, despite the fact that her husband was once a Conservative Member of Parliament.

When there is a levelling of parties, as there may be soon, there will be a call for the Liberal and Tory ladies, or some of them, will answer it.

HER SHORTCOMINGS IN CARE.

Remarks From a Disagreeable Man About Women's Shortcomings.

"I'd like to know why it is that a woman can't see an empty seat on an open car when it's staring her in the face," said a disagreeable man, grumpler than usual under the influence of the heat. "I've had to ride all over town on surface cars a good deal this summer, and I've seen cars delayed time and again by the apparent stupidity of women who couldn't find a seat."

"Of course, a woman can't travel along the footboard like a man; but why, after she has taken plenty of time to survey a car which is only half filled, will she insist on climbing into a row where she either has to stand up until some perspiring man gives up his seat to her, or else sit in a row where she has to sit on the edge?"

"You can't expect a conductor to be continually acting as washer, but unless he does, most women seem to lose their temper. I'm not one that always cracks up the superiority of my own sex, but in cars the average man shows sense and the woman doesn't."

"The man will have his seat picked out before the car stops. He has no trouble in picking out the empty spaces in the car, but the woman who is so particular about the minute the car stops. After a woman has done a few laps alongside the car looking for an empty seat, it's dollars to doughnuts that she will find one. But she'll be right by one that's got some room in it."

"Seems to me that the street car companies would confer a great benefit on the male passengers if they would only act as ushers for the women on open cars in the summer, or else put up movable signs over empty seats. Then we'd all be happy and wouldn't mind the face of a man I can't own an automobile."

POCKET ELECTRIC LAMP.

A Great Demand for Them in Mountain and Ridden Summer Resorts.

"We have sold a great many of our pocket electric lamps this summer," said the salesman, "and most everybody who has bought one has taken it to the country. Timid persons want to be sure of having some sort of a light at hand in case of emergency at night, and the pocket electric lamp answers the purpose."

"In the country boarding houses lanterns furnish the illumination, and if they are left burning in one's room all night they draw insects and candle flames. There are half a dozen oil and candle lamps on the market that give the requisite amount of light, but the electric pocket light is leading them all in sales."

"That throws a good, strong light by the pressure of a button at one end of it, and makes a first-class dark lantern."

Wedding-Invitation Copied From Amsterdam.

From the London Daily Mail. A short time ago at a London wedding the bridesmaids preceded the bride instead of following her, as is the custom in American notation, and that, I think, we might well copy.

The English idea that the bride should be made the chief object of the procession is laudable, and to allow her maids to go in front of her makes her more conspicuous, for they do but call attention to the great percentage of the procession which at the same time they gain more than the usual amount of observation they accomplish for themselves.

The chief maid of honor in America walks off alone, but she is usually the sister or the bride's dearest friend. There are also ushers who take their places by the other bridesmaids, and as to their groomsmen, it is pleasant to have groomsmen along again, if only on account of their obliging amiability as the source of the bridesmaids after the ceremony, but they do not look well in a procession unless they come behind the bride as her guards of honor.

Few Solid Gold Dinner Services.

From the Boston Herald. They say it is all nonsense talking of solid gold dinner services, for there are not more than three or four of them in the world, and they are too small for use in a party of any size. In many large houses in England, and also in the United States, a quantity of silver gilt plate, which looks precisely the same, is in use, but the feeling prevails that silver is to be discarded in favor of table furniture as pure, dazzling silver plate, and that it must be displayed with great discretion.

FRENCH COFFEE POTS

At the greatest French coffee pots are stamped on the bottom, the words, Paris - New York. Wholesale and retail, 115 Broadway, New York. HENRI'S SPECIAL COFFEE, 20c, HAS NO EQUAL.



critic, that the modes react upon the nature that called them into being, and that women are prone to live up to their clothes, to adopt mental and moral attitudes harmonizing with the frocks and hats and furbelows of the day.

And, by logical process of reasoning, we find a monument burst of femininity and frivolity bearing down upon us. The modish costume of the season is the ohmly coquettish costume. Now is the day of flirting frills and fluttering ribbons, of saucily fitted hats in daring shapes, of demure fluffs and tuckers, of brave waistcoats and audacious Directoire or Louis XV. coats, of rose wreaths and flower filled baskets and ribbon festoons, and now is the day of the scarf and the little wrap.

No one woman in a hundred handles a scarf skillfully. When one does, she works wonders with the filmy thing. All last season Parisiennes were having scarfs of lace, chiffon, tulle, crepe, etc. made for wear with their elaborate afternoon and evening gowns, and the fancy gains prestige instead of losing it.

The floating scarf effects in millinery



ering parts of the bold design in yellow, shaded through warm orange tones. Less unusual, but particularly dainty, are scarfs of mousseline or chiffon finished with Valenciennes lace frills, and inset with Valenciennes. Fine applique laces in a deep scallop festoon or garland are desirable for scarf borders, the material being cut away beneath the lace, and a single bit of lace or embroidery set

scarf calls for long straight scarfs of finest batiste or muslin embroidered all over in open or eyelot work and with embroidered scallop edge. Or in place of the fashionable open work embroidery, the muslin scarf may have trailing raised embroideries in self color.

If the muslin and embroidery be genuine antique, yellowed with age, so much the better for the lucky possessor and so much the greater the cost. Stolelike scarfs of muslin or batiste, embroidered, are worn with frocks of the same material and are considered exceedingly smart. Separate fichus of all forms and shapes have a great vogue, and the shops are full of the lovely things, chiefly fashioned of white or cream muslin and lace. And then the little wraps of silk, of lace, of satin, of linen, of chiffon; but they really need a long story of their own.

than the painting. One New York woman has made for herself a lace by embroidered scarf of yellowed Spanish lace by embroidery.

Broad lace insertions combined with plissé frills of mousseline or chiffon are made up into scarfs of many forms, a large number of them being shaped in cape fashion over the shoulders, but this idea is hardly so chic as the straight scarf worn off the shoulders.

The very latest word of modishness in cover her error. The other scarf of the large group is even more simple in construction, being merely a straight length of fine white net with a black ring dot. A deep flounce of real black Chantilly lace over a flounce of white net finishes the ends, and above these flounces, which are headed by two rows of narrow black mousseline ruffling, a flight of inset black lace butterflies soars upward upon the scarf.

A lining of soft rose or lemon mousseline de soie would add to the charm of such a scarf.

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The very latest word of modishness in cover her error. The other scarf of the large group is even more simple in construction, being merely a straight length of fine white net with a black ring dot. A deep flounce of real black Chantilly lace over a flounce of white net finishes the ends, and above these flounces, which are headed by two rows of narrow black mousseline ruffling, a flight of inset black lace butterflies soars upward upon the scarf.

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