

COLONIAL FASHIONS, TOO.

AMERICAN RENAISSANCE BOUND TO AFFECT DRESS.

The Women of This Country Likely to Revolt Against Tasteless Modes From Abroad as Well as Against Ugly Furniture—Connection Between the Two.

Mr. Waring, the English decorator now visiting this country, deprecates the fact that the only effort made here to improve upon the lack of harmony in the better as well as the ordinary class of domestic interiors is by slavishly copying existing styles instead of intelligently studying the principles underlying style. At the same time Mr. Waring, who has catered to or perhaps directed the taste of kings and potentates in this matter, admits that his own firm works in thirty-five different styles and periods of decorative art. Perhaps, therefore, we poor, artless Americans are not the only people who are addicted to slavish imitation.

But of course everybody knows the sort of thing he means—the house where a Gothic hall, a Louis Quinze drawing room, a Renaissance library, a Colonial dining room and an Empire bedroom survive to live in peace under the same roof. A clever woman decorator who has been struggling with this problem and has succeeded in putting something to the test of "something to wear" was struck by the notion that the diffusion of taste and lack of originality which is so noticeable in furniture prevails to a great extent in dress.

The spring importations emphasize more than ever the fact which has often been noted before, that there is no such thing as an original fashion in dress today. Our women designer, French dressmaker is determined to launch Empire costumes, another is backing up the voluminous flounces of the Second Empire, while the Louis modes, with a sprinkling of Directoire and 1830 styles, are patronized in turn by all the creators of costume who cannot boast a single original idea among the lot. Our woman decorator, after pondering this curious resemblance between costume and domestic interiors, investigated the subject and made the quaint discovery that dress and furniture have always been bound in closely related lines. It is pretty certain that costume was never an appendage to furniture, but it is likely that those periods when feminine influence was all-powerful in furniture was to a certain extent designed to conform to costume.

The real reason for the resemblance, of course, is that the great under current of taste and manners which influenced the drift of one affected the other in the same direction, so intimate is the connection between people and their household belongings. In any case, the resemblance is so close as to be patent to the most matter of fact and least fanciful of observers.

In the earliest times when men were only connoisseurs of murder and pillage and women were merely chattels, the whole store of furniture of a lord consisted of a board laid on trestles for a table, a number of benches and stools, a rude chair or two, a straw bed and a chest, and feminine charms were extinguished in the chummy folds of a gown, a mantle and a headrail. As the chest was the first piece of furniture to express the skill of the wood carver and the metal worker, so the only outlet for feminine coquetry was in the rich and beautifully embroidered borders of their gowns. Then came the Gothic period, and a costly technical writer on historic furniture admits that "so long as the pointed arch remained a vital principle in architecture, furniture and dress reflected in a greater or less degree the Gothic principles." Both showed the same long, slender, stately lines, with lofty tops and simple tracery of ornament.

During the Middle Ages the towering leaden lines was the striking feature of woman's dress, and this became more and more fantastic at the days of Gothic simplicity waned. As furniture was overlaid with ornament until the original beauty of line was entirely effaced, so were gowns, though still severe in outline, made

parti-colored or covered with devices, mottoes and armorial bearings, while the edges were cut and slashed in the form of letters, flowers and leaves. The women of the Renaissance, particularly in Italy and France, exerted a powerful influence on the decorative arts, and it is not at all unlikely that these delightful plotists who drew upon every possible resource to make themselves charming considered furniture in the light of a background as well as in that of a work of art. At any rate, the furniture and costumes of this period were alike rich and sombre, with massive grace of outline and a sumptuous magnificence of detail.

The Renaissance ended, the whole scheme of decorative art and costume changed. A lighter note was struck in color, material and ornament, and the flowing line began to make its way.

It is easy to find a likeness between the graceful grandeur of Louis XIV. furniture and the formal elegance of the dress of that period, between the rococo furniture of Louis XV. and the extravagant prettiness of the Pompadour and Du Barry costumes, or between the real return to simpler

and more restrained forms of the Louis XVI. furniture and the rather affected simplicity of dress under Marie Antoinette. In most eighteenth century chairs and many other pieces the way in which the lower portion spreads widely from the comparatively small and narrow top presents an amusing likeness to the narrow shouldered, slim waisted, greatly beehoooped dames of that time.

The resemblance between Empire furniture and dress was a perfectly conscious and sophisticated one. The craze for the antique transformed everything, and women who dressed like Greek statues required stately couches upon which to recline in classic simplicity.

Uxanne says a fine lady of the Empire felt that she must as a matter of course make a daily toilette of her apartments to harmonize with that of her person.

If she chose Greek attire her furniture must be Greek; if she dressed in Roman style her rooms were decorated to match; if she donned Eastern turban and pelisse, at once her boudoir glowed with brilliant Turkish couches and bright rugs. If she robed herself like an Egyptian, that instant the sphinx, the moonlit clock, the mummies and the apartment straightway transformed itself into an Oriental tent.

The Empire marked the last of the great historic epochs in furniture, and truly, the same may be said of costume with one exception. The influence of the Empire style was felt as late as 1830, but after that came the deluge of imitations and bad taste.

With a few mitigations there was a long succession of uncompromisingly ugly fashions in household decoration and dress,

but costume had this advantage over furniture that a pretty, modish woman always lends a certain charm to almost any atrocious she chooses to wear, while a parlor suite must bear alone the sins of the cabinet maker and upholsterer.

As has been said, there was no notable exception in dress to the utter lack of creative genius of the nineteenth century along these two lines. This was the rough manish tailored suit for women, and in its heyday it found its prototype in the mission style of furniture.

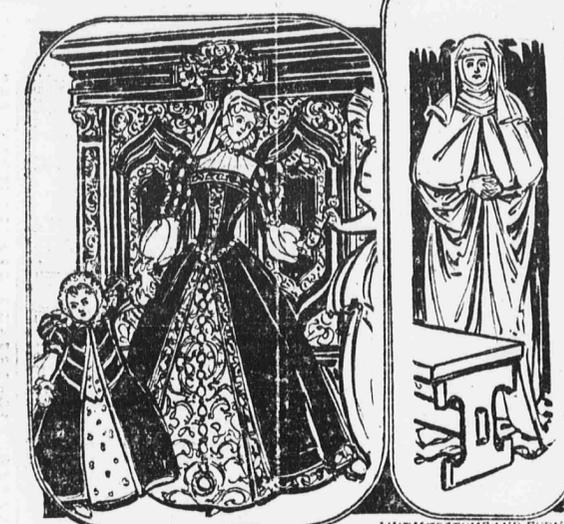
Both were severely plain, straight angular, immaculately well made, but abhorring ornament of polish. No two things could be more alien in general characteristics. Both are extremely good in their proper place.

Willow furniture, one of the few delightful discoveries of the nineteenth century, may be said to represent the summer girl, a nineteenth century product, pure and simple. Both are cool, pretty, alluring when the proper season, but not to be relied on for the winter months.

Admitting this close connection between dress and furniture, there is a lesson involved, particularly for the American woman.

Mr. Waring encourages us to take the Colonial style in furniture, of which he highly approves, and reconstruct it so as to meet the social, need and domestic conditions of the day. The real merit of Colonial furniture, it may be said for the benefit of the few who do not know, lies in the fact that though English and Continental designs were used they were strained through the sieve of fine simplicity, leaving all extravagances behind.

American women used to have the reputation of treating the last foreign fashions in the same manner, but of late years when so many French gowns are imported, even by the cheapest shops, this good Colonial principle has been abandoned, and one is tempted to think that French dressmakers send over their most bizarre concoctions just to see how much the receptive American woman will swallow. She has given them every reason for this attitude, but what if she should arise from the slough of her Empire, her Louis and her 1830 modes and create a distinctively American fashion? She is bound to do it, too, if, as many folks think, there is such a thing possible as an American Renaissance in decorative art, for dress and furniture always have been and will continue to be closely allied.



WHEN COSTUME AND FURNITURE WERE IN EMBRYO. A LADY AND A CLOTHES PRESS OF THE RENAISSANCE.



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CHAIRS AND LADIES WERE NARROW-SHOULDERED AND FULL-SKIRTED.



THE SLENDER POINT'ED GOTHIC. PLAIN, STRAIGHT AND ANGULAR.

FORMS OF STAGE NERVOUSNESS

ACTORS BOTHERED BY FEAR OF MISAPPROPRIATE STAGE.

Herbert Keiley's Dread of Blumping Into the Furniture—Finney's Shaking Knees—Nervousness That Attacks Great Singers—Lilli Lehmann's Swimming Pool—Will Power as Nerve Remedy.

Colonel Barrymore, a young actor of splendid physique and uncommon muscular strength, is just now in a sanitarium and the doctors do not know when he will be able to resume his professional duties. Mr. Barrymore is in good health so far as his muscles are concerned. It is only his nerves that are sick. They are so sick that for a second time during a few months he has been compelled to retire from the stage.

Mr. Barrymore was acting in the West in a play called "The Other Girl" when he was attacked by the malady which is perfectly well known to the time comes to go to the theatre. Then his will power fails completely. Try as he may, he cannot bring himself to start for the theatre. His doctors think that he may after a rest of some weeks recover entirely his nervous control.

"Only a form of nerves," a doctor told THE SUN reporter, "is an unusual case by any means. I remember seven years ago when Herbert Keiley had exactly the same sort of experience. He got the idea into his head that he would certainly blump into the furniture the moment he went on the stage. It was amusing to us in the secret to see how gingerly he approached the chairs and tables. Of course, he never struck, some stamped, or embossed in patterns, or in ornamental figures or designs. Still others are both embossed and decorated in colors.

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This highly ornamental pail is made to retail for a quarter of a dollar. The smallest and simplest of them, the pails retails at five cents, and the largest and most elaborate at five cents each, this price including a shovel.

Besides such color adornment as they may have on them many sand pails are stencilled with a name or a motto of some sort, as "Coney Island," "Seaside," "Victory," and so on. One New York manufacturer of novelties in tin, who produces among many other things sand pails in extensive variety, has nearly a thousand stencils with which pails may be marked.

The greatest market for sand pails in this country is naturally in the neighborhood of New York, where there is the greatest population, with numerous sandy beaches conveniently contiguous; but they are sold as well all around the country, and all over it, on the Atlantic, the Gulf and the Pacific coasts, and on inland resorts and where there are summer resorts and where nature has provided the facilities, and the number sold in the aggregate is great, and the amount of money paid out for them considerable.

ARTIST CHURCH IN LITERATURE.

His First Venture Brought Him \$150; His Last Two Dead Cats—Then He Quit.

F. S. Church, the artist, was telling a friend the other day of his incursions into the field of literature and their outcome. In speaking of the rewards he said he feared that he had begun at the top and had ended at the bottom. At any rate, he was quite sure he had ended at the bottom. For the last year he received for a literary effort two dead cats.

Mr. Church described it in this way: "Several years ago the editor of one of the large magazines asked me to write a piece about my experiences with animals. I told him I could paint animals after a fashion, but writing about them was out of my line and I thought he had better get someone else to do the writing, for which I would furnish the notes.

"He would not have it so, and after dint of much effort I produced the article. The editor said it was fine, and, as I recall it, I got \$150 for it besides pay for the illustrations. I thought breaking into literature was not such bad business after all.

"That editor wanted another piece, and, as I remember it, I wrote it, but it did not suit. Shortly after that I got the head of a mummy sent to me from Egypt. It had been treated with asphalt.

"One night, under the heat in my studio, that asphalt got to running and two drops that looked like great tears trickled down my face. In the night I got to dreaming about that mummy and her past and those tears became real. Weird was my experience with that mummy in the night.

"A day or two later—it was in the early spring—I got up before sunrise to go to Madison Square to see the first lotus bloom in the pond. When I got there the policeman on duty said it had been stolen. It was a faithful idea of mine to endow that mummy with life and have it come back to earth at night and steal that lotus flower.

"I wrote a story, putting all these incidents in and so it with illustrations to a weekly newspaper. I think I got \$30 for the story and good pay for the illustrations. That was all right too.

"Next I wrote one or two things that nobody seemed to want. One of them had to do with animals, and finally I sold it to the S. P. C. A., to be printed in its little publication. The consideration was two dead cats from their dead house.

"I needed the cats for dissection. The society seemed to think my article was worth two dead cats and printed it, but did not tell what it had paid for it.

THE LAW OF THE TABLE D'HOTE.

Prosperity Followed by Adversity the Fate of Certain Restaurants.

An inflexible law regulates the rise, the prosperity and the fall of table d'hote restaurants in New York city. The latest act of this law in operation is to be seen on West Broadway, in what was formerly South Fifth avenue, where a metal black cat on the front of the old Black Cat restaurant holds vigil over an unoccupied building.

The original Black Cat was in Paris. When the Black Cat was opened here the walls of the restaurant were decorated, the bills of fare were embellished and the cashier's desk was ornamented with black cats.

The establishment on West Broadway between Third and Bleeker streets enjoyed for many years a large popularity among the French people at the period when South Fifth avenue was the centre of the French colony in New York and Bleeker street its chief thoroughfare.

What sustains a successful table d'hote restaurant is not the transient custom, but the steady patronage of the regulars who are residents of the vicinity. When the French population of the South Fifth avenue neighborhood began to move up town the original conductors of the Black Cat sold it and established a new and rival Black Cat uptown.

Now the larger portion of the Franco-American population of New York City was between Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth streets on the West Side, a neighborhood largely supplied with table d'hote restaurants. Subsequently the Black Cat (new) was sold and the Black Cat (old) continued for some years on its way.

Now the neighborhood of West Broadway south of Washington Square and north of Houston street has been transformed. Many dwellings were succeeded by stores. The French inhabitants moved uptown, and they were succeeded by Italians.

In the natural evolution of things, the Black Cat passed into the control of Italian proprietors, and was run as an Italian table d'hote at a reduced charge. To complete the broken livers succeeded spaghetti, the cheese which was a part of the menu was brought at the beginning of the dining, instead of at the close of the meal, and in case some of the bottles of the better wines which had previously been served in glass, and there were fewer cigars smoked and more wine drunk.

The habit of dining out is much less general among Italian residents of New York than it is among French residents, and an inflexible law of the elevated railway, which is generally deserted at night, cannot have a large dinner patronage, therefore the Black Cat ceased to be profitable to its conductors, and was abandoned for restaurant uses.

Still, the metal figure of the black cat remains on the front of the house, and the thousands of patrons of the elevated railway who pass by daily can observe it as a reminder of the change which has taken place in this neighborhood, a change conducive to business, but unfavorable to table d'hote restaurants.

A \$1,200 liquor license—\$25 a week—is a heavy burden to a chap table d'hote, unless already in the enjoyment of a large patronage, or unless having an extensive bar, or trader or large profit from his sale of wines.

SOME EASTER FLOWER OFFERINGS.

An Incident That Disproves the Idea That New Yorkers Can't Be Neighborly.

"Every now and then an incident occurs in an apartment house in this city which refutes the general impression that nobody cares who lives next door," is the way a dweller in a flat house uptown prefaced the story that follows.

"There are ten apartments in the house where I have shelter. I am the oldest occupant. I have been in the building six years. I never had occasion to speak to any of the tenants until Easter Sunday.

"Last fall an elderly woman and her two children, one of whom was a young woman, moved in on the ground floor. Without making any special inquiry I soon learned that the young woman was the chief provider of the family.

"I also learned in a general way that these people had given up their home in another part of the country because of reverses. The head of the house had died. The community in which he had lived knew nothing of his misfortune. The family came to the city in order to keep their condition hidden.

"That is one advantage that the city has for those who are poor and proud. I did not know all I have stated until recently. All the occupants of the building in which I live are, for apartment dwellers, tolerably well fixed, so far as appearances indicate. There are a number of little things which show an observer how the wind blows.

"Now, for example, the day before Easter I noticed that every occupant save one had decorated his apartment with the window boxes. Some of the displays were very attractive. All this made the window where there were no flowers the more noticeable. On Saturday evening preceding Easter the bullman stopped me on my way in and said that the young woman in the lower apartment had died every night in the apartment of sorrow and ordered my services.

"At once I saw that the bereaved mother was well bred woman and that better days had been in her life. I learned that they had no friends in the city. The house in which the daughter had been employed had taken charge of the funeral arrangements. The physician, too, had done his part—in fact had done more than a physician is supposed to do.

"After I had left the apartment I called on the occupants of all the other apartments, made myself known, and told them of the death, and my impressions.

"Now this is where the idea that people in apartments do not know or care who their next door neighbors are was refuted. In every instance I found sympathy. The next day every Easter display in that building went to the one that had none.

"There was not a single exception. Not only that, but the day on which the coffin was removed every apartment in the building was represented at the brief service. The body was shipped back to the old home in another State. The Easter flowers of the entire building were placed in the care of a florist, who shipped them with the remains.

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NIECES.

He Tells Them What Determined Mr. Bijler in His Choice of a Wife.

"My dear nieces," said Uncle Hiram, "I am about to tell you a story that I think will interest you, for I suppose all young ladies are interested more or less in the subject of marriage, this being the story of how Algernon Bijler came to choose a wife.

"While he had not exactly been paying attention to either Alger or his best friend, as you might say, on two young ladies, either of whom he would have been glad to marry—always provided, of course, that they would have him—but, honest, he didn't know which to choose.

"The trouble was, my dears, that these young ladies were, like you, my dear young Alger, actually charming and it was hard for Alger to choose. And so things ran along, with Alger not continuing to call on both, for quite some time, until finally his choice, as so many things are, was settled by circumstances.

"Algernon himself liked to go to the theatre, and when in the course of time, as he did, he had become sufficiently well acquainted with the ladies in the homes of these two young ladies to be permitted to escort them to the theatre, he took them one at a time, to be sure. And at this stage of it things began to take a different turn.

"When Algeron called on one of these young ladies, Annetta Blimpse, to take her to the theatre, he was proud to be really willing to be called for the other, Mary Binkler, who, as was always late, and then he would have to sit and wait while she was getting ready.

"At first Algeron thought that these things had been so by chance on these occasions, but as a time he perceived that they were always so, that Annetta was always ready, Mary always late.

"Miss Binkler was a dream, when she did appear, and Algeron was proud to be in her company; but they had to hurry and scurry to get to the theatre, and sometimes they were late, and that was disturbing; and she was a vision, as well as Miss Binkler, and then she was always ready; one could be proud of her with severity.

"How otherwise could you expect it all to end? Algeron married Annetta Blimpse.

"My dear nieces, I hate to tell you stories with a moral, and I rarely do, for I feel that your young lives should not be disturbed by so much as a troubling thought, and I never tell you anything but what is good for you. I never had thought of marrying, in which case, of course, this story would not apply; but, if you ever do marry, my dear nieces, when you are ready to come to see your uncle, don't, my dears, keep him waiting; for he might be another Algernon Bijler.

A PRETTY GIRL TURNS HOBO.

AND BEATS HER WAY BY FREIGHT FROM ST. LOUIS TO CHICAGO.

Sarah Hansen Said to Be the First of Her Sex to Make a Long Journey by Stealing a Ride—'Well' Cried the Brakeman Who Discovered Her.

An eighteen-year-old Chicago girl enjoys the distinction of being the first of her sex to make a long journey by stealing a ride on a freight train. It is not strictly true to say that she enjoys this distinction. When her experience was over she declared emphatically that a life on the rolling freight did not appeal to her.

"No more hobo life for me!" exclaimed Miss Sarah Hansen, as she crawled out of a box car.

Miss Hansen is a stenographer. Her parents live in Chicago but she had a job in St. Louis. Thrown out of this by the firm's failure, she tried in vain to find another job.

First her slender savings melted away. Then she pawned her clothing piece by piece, till she had only one suit left. Her parents were poor, so that she could not appeal to them for help.

She did appeal to one of the firms for whom she had worked, asking him to lend her the money for a ticket back to Chicago. The reply she received made her decide that anything would be better than to trust to appeals for help.

It was at the end of her resources, when it suddenly occurred to her that she had heard of people travelling without railway tickets and that what other folks had done Sarah Hansen could do too.

For the spirit of that inspiration she made on the freight yards of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. There she found an embarrassment of riches in the line of freight trains.

They were scooting up and down and switching back and forth in the most disconcerting manner for it was impossible to decide in which direction any one train would ultimately decide to depart. An angel in the very usual disguise of a small boy appeared and told her that No. 6 on the third track was the Chicago freight. That was welcome information.

Slipping away from the small boy angel, Miss Hansen stole along in the shadow of No. 6 until she came to the open door of a box car. If it box car it was. She climbed in and crawled into the corner to await developments.

RECALLED THE NAME AT LAST.

From Everybody's Magazine.

The stage coach that carries the mail between Kent's Hill and Redfield station in Maine drove up along the roadside and the driver arrested a little old man working in a field.

"Do you know who Mrs. Abby B. Brown is and where she lives?"

"The old man considered. 'Brown, Abby B. Brown?' he repeated. 'You don't mean Mrs. Polly Brown, do you?'

"No, Mrs. Abby B. Brown. We'd find a letter for her."

"I know a whole lot of Browns that live on the other side of the road, but there ain't no Abby B. among them. You don't mean Abby B. Smith, do you? She lives over here."

"No, it's Abby B. Brown. We'd find a letter for her."

"The stage driver started his horses, but before the courier was reached a faint 'Hello' caught the passengers to turn around. 'The old man, how in heaven's name was pursuing the stage?'

"Brown, Mrs. Abby B. Brown, did you say? Well, I know her. She's my wife."

"Why, I know her. She's my wife."

"Enough for a population of 150,000 souls." His estimate would mean that sometimes an average of one house in every ten is unoccupied.