

AGAIN THIN FROCKS.

Here Are the Modes for the Southern Season.

FRESH MARVELS IN LINGERIE.

Novelties in Linens, Serges and Summery Silks.

The Debateable Short Waisted Frock in Evidence—Attractive Models in Voiles and Other Light Materials—Lingerie Chemisettes Likely to Be Much Worn With Spring Frocks—Shirt Waist Sets of Buttons for Women to Revel In—Tailored Costumes of White and Colored Linen—Mannish Waistcoat.

Christmas is past, the shops have put aside their Christmas stock and are indulging in tempting sales, and in the establishments which cater to a high class trade summer frocks and hats and parasols, &c., are already blossoming. To be sure, these goods are not put forward with a view to New York's far distant summer. They are intended for the delectation of that rapidly increasing social contingent which follows



A HANDSOME BLACK GOWN, the sun from summerland to summerland and does not even consider the possibility of enduring the worst winter months in his climate.

Already the hotels and cottages at Camden, Aiken and similar midway south resorts are filling, and soon the great hotels of Florida and the West Indies will be in their glory, crowded with an extravagant money spending throng in search of amusement and sunny weather and willing to pay any absurd price for the two.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the smart set turned Rivieraward with January, because only there could they find the climate, the extravagance and the fashionable surroundings for which they longed after a brief taste of winter in this



FLOWERED SILK AND MOUSSELINE, northern land. Many wealthy folk still spend the late winter on the Italian or the French Riviera, at Algiers, at Cairo, or yachting in Mediterranean waters, but we have developed a Riviera season of our own, and the great throng of American pleasure seekers flock to our own Southland on the Florida coast, or to Bermuda, Havana, Porto Rico or Jamaica.

So important has this migration become that it enters largely into the calculations of fashion makers and merchants, and while summer modes exploited now are merely tentative, and a majority of the models shown are merely clever adaptations of the winter's fashions, they are pretty enough and summery enough to delight the heart of any woman who loves summer clothes.

French dressmakers make a great deal



WHITE CLOTH AND TAFFETA, of the Riviera season. It is there that they try their ideas for the coming spring, and a majority of the modes launched in Paris when the horse chestnut are in blossom have made their debut at Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and the other resorts where the birds of fine plumage flutter during the winter end.

However, few of these new designs and experiments drift across the sea in time for our southern season. They are usually reserved for Riviera surprises, and are carefully noted out to fashion leaders of the world or the half world, who will be sure to do them justice and bring them conspicuously before the eyes of the fash-

ion tribunal. The French summer models displayed here now were for the greater part ordered in advance by the autumn buyers, and while great artists have put conscientious work into them they have not wasted upon them strikingly new and original ideas.

One is not disposed to complain of the lack of things radically novel when one looks over the showing. Only a few weeks ago we were enthusiastic over new velvets and cloths and furs; yet already these are an old story, and it is a delight to see linens and muslins, the inevitable white serges, the summery silks.

The lingerie frocks are once more marvels of hand embroidery and inset lace. Few of the princess models so familiar

stuff so popular last fall, and the frock is of simple lines.

The full skirt has several narrow bands of rose cloth for trimming and the blouse has a yoke and cuffs of rose cloth braided at the edges in rose soutache and embroidered in self-tone with glistening threads of silver here and there throughout the design. There is a lace guimpe and barbe ends of the same lace.

Such a frock as this answers many purposes, whether one goes South or stays in the North, and even in the summer to come would be useful in a wardrobe.

A gray silk voile was in the hands of the same maker and was being built up over the faintest of lilac tints. Lace dyed to match the voile and quiltings of soft gray

with braiding and so cut that sleeve and body appeared to be in one and the sloping shoulder line was unbroken. The collar and chemisette of this frock was of the lingerie class—filmy, fine batiste of cream tint trimmed in real valenciennes, a narrow central plait being bordered on each side by fine lace edged platings of batiste.

These lingerie chemisettes with platings promise to be much worn with spring frocks, and sheer blouses carrying out the same idea are already popular with women who wear lingerie blouses under winter coats. French hand made blouses of this sort in plain white and in fine stripes of white and black on white and color are shown at several of the exclusive shops and bring good prices because they are

coming season, such jewelry sets as these will be even more attractive than in connection with mannish attire.

Tailored costumes of white and colored linen, serge, cloth and various lightweight suitings are being made up for the Southern season, but when of a severe character show nothing particularly new in cut or finish.

For the plain linen or white serge, the rather short coat, with straight front and semi-fitting back, and with plaited skirt of walking length is the model best liked by the fastidious, though one sees some half length and three-quarter coats, some Etons, and, in serge, close fitting models are shown.

In the suitings, too, close fitting models



TWO SUITS OF WHITE SERGE, A FROCK OF WHITE LINEN AND CLUNY AND A GOWN OF HYDRANGEA BLUE VOILE.

last year are to be found among the more exclusive importations, but the slightly shortened waistline conspicuous among house, dinner and evening frocks of the winter wardrobe is much in evidence among the sheer batistes and linens and muslins, and these soft, filmy stuffs with their intricate elaboration of lace and embroidery lend themselves charmingly to demi empire lines.

A frock of this sort, a long soft scarf of silk or crepe falling off the shoulders, a flower trimmed hat, a lingerie parasol, white hose and shoes—could any costume suit a pretty woman better under a blue sky, in a sun soaked air, and against a setting of tropical foliage and flowers?

Will the short waisted fad outlast the summer? Who can tell?

There are Parisian autocrats who say that it shall—not you, mind you, but shall; but there are others who shrug their shoulders and say that we have already had too much of this mode. What the final decision will be there is no way of knowing until the Riviera season has sealed and signed its verdict and the echoes have been heard at Auteuil; but, at least, the short waisted frock will be decidedly chic during the Southern season and few of the butterflies who fit southward expect their Palm Beach outfit to last over for summer use.

If such plans do lurk in my lady's brain, she can find plenty of smart models which, having no features so radical as the short waist, are not at all likely to be out of style before next summer, even though when summer comes they may not be the last word of fashion.

Sheer voiles, silk voiles, marquisettes and all materials of such character are excellent investments for the Southern season, cool, yet not too filmy for service, modish and always valuable for secondary use after the Southern season is over. These materials have been so much in use during the winter that many of the frocks intended for the winter wardrobe will, if still fresh, be quite practical for Southern use; and for this the folk who go South without any pretence of belonging to the extravagantly fashionable crowd will be thankful.

Some most attractive new models in these materials are being shown in a few of the better shops and the dressmakers are working over many more. Blues of the hydranges, Watter and aquamarine shades, the amethyst and lavender hues, certain rose tints and the grays of winter popularity are especially liked for these semi-transparent stuffs, and often these colors are made up over white, like the rose marquisette sketched here.

This was a particularly pretty little frock which one of the uptown dressmakers is copying from a model worn by a Parisian actress in one of the new plays. The material, as has been said, is rose marquisette, the fine, wiry grandmaline

silk formed the skirt trimming and trimmed the blouse.

At the top of the folded gray silk girdele was a fold and knot of pale lilac and little folds of the lilac appeared upon the short sleeves of cream net and gray lace and upon the shallow guimpe of net. Buttons of pale amethyst set in dull silver harmonized with the coloring of the frock.

Another blouse and skirt frock of voile trimmed very simply in tiny silk covered buttons and pipings, was of hydrangea blue and owed its cachet to the cleverly cut skirt, the little basques and the yoke, all three harmonizing in line and ornamented with little buttons. A turnover collar and cuffs of embroidered white linen, a scarf of black satin and folds of black satin



WHITE VOILE AND CLOTH, run through embroidered silts in the cuffs, were notes distinctly Parisian.

Smoke gray voile trimmed in taffeta of the same shade, the taffeta intricately embroidered in soutache, made a practical frock not easily soiled, and with this blouse and skirt was a quaint little loose short coat of the taffeta almost entirely covered

fashioned of very fine material and made by hand.

There is, however, nothing complicated about them and any clever woman can make one at home for comparatively little money. To retain the chic of the model the material must be extremely fine and dainty, but a good imitation valenciennes will do and not much of it is required.

The blouse is laid in fine plaits on the shoulders and has a simple three-quarter sleeve of moderate size. Close fitting collar and cuffs are finely tucked, inset with several lines of valenciennes insertion and edged with valenciennes. Down either side of a very narrow central box plait in the blouse front runs a fine plaiting of the material edged with valenciennes and sometimes inset with one or two lines of valenciennes insertion, though this is not always the case.

Little pretence about such a blouse, but well cut and beautifully made it has more smartness than the average embroidered lingerie blouse, whose work is often machine made and whose material is often coarse. With a tailored coat and skirt one of these plain but exquisitely fine blouses is altogether charming.

A good laundress is needed to handle the plaiting, but if the plaits are very carefully basted down in two lines before the blouse is laundered there will be little trouble. Tiny pearl buttons are usually set down the middle front and button through the central plait, so the bother of the blouse buttoning in the back is avoided.

It is said that women will revel in shirt waist sets such as are provided for men this winter. The men's sets come in little cases and include cuff buttons, stick pin and fancy waistcoat buttons. They are made in the semi-precious stones, amethyst, moonstones, chrysoptase, &c., set plainly in gold rims, and some men invest in several of the sets so that they may wear a color harmonizing with their clothing.

With the tailored shirtwaists, which took a new lease of favor last summer for severe tailored costumes, sporting costumes, &c., and will probably be popular again in the

of severe lines and make are offered, but the smartest of the costumes, as has been said, are of the modified pony coat order. Dressier coat and skirt costumes also incline toward loose or semi-loose lines.

The mannish waistcoat of linen, flannel, &c., which Parisians affected with severe tailor coat and skirt costumes in the autumn is introduced in many of the tailored frocks for Southern wear. A mixed suit-



FOULARD AND ALERCON, ing of creamy gray, made with a close fitting absolutely plain coat reaching well below the hips, and a skirt of inset length had a separate waistcoat of the most mannish sort in white flannel or worsted barred by lines of light brown and buttoning with fancy waistcoat buttons of topaz set plainly in silver. Another frock from the same tailor was of an invisible check in gray suiting and made with a loose front, semi-fitting back coat of half length and a tailored waistcoat of plain gray cloth fastening with gray horn buttons.

A. Jaeckel & Co

FURRIERS and IMPORTERS

Russian Sables

Stoles, Scarfs and Neckpieces, with muffs to match, exquisitely made, showing skins absolutely natural in color and ranging in quality from the medium priced to the rarest specimens of Imperial Sable.

Sable Coats, Boleros and Carriage Manteaux and separate skins for selection.

Furs for Street, Carriage and Motor Wear.

37 UNION SQUARE (West)

"In the name of the Prophet—Figs!"
"A wilderness of sweets!"

Vantine's
The Unusual Store.

Oriental Fruits and Delicacies

Choice selected fruits, nuts and confections skillfully prepared and artistically packed in baskets and boxes to serve auspiciously for

New Year's Gifts
Luncheon Favors and General Home Use

Imported Lebkuchen, Marmalade Fruits, Vantine's Crapettes, Stuffed Cherries, Nuts, Raisins, Table Raisins in 1 lb. and 5 lb. boxes. Attractive Baskets of Turkish Delights and Figs, Preserved Fruits, brandied and spiced, Orange Pekoe Tea in fancy caddies and labourettes

VISIT THE BALCONY TEA ROOM.

A. A. VANTINE & CO.
Broadway, bet. 18th & 19th Sts.

FURTHEST UP.

Mrs. Fanny B. Workman Tells of the Ascent of the Himalayas.

From the National Geographic Magazine. Harrington Putnam of New York sends the following extract from a letter from Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, who has been making some marvellous mountain ascents in the Himalayas:

"We have just finished a journey to the Nun Kun range, southwest of Ladakh, with six Italian porters and the guide, and I can for a moment claim world record with me until some one goes higher.

"Dr. Workman went to 22,850 feet. We camped higher than any one has yet camped, highest camp being 19,800 feet, 20,632 feet and Camp America 21,300 feet! All of us conquered two other virgin snow peaks of 18,748 feet and 20,158 feet, and four snow columns from 18,500 to 17,300 feet.

"My idea was to have European porters carry all camp kit after coolies gave out, and this they did successfully from the third camp on. There was chance for observing the effects of rarefied air, and we found insomnia our greatest difficulty.

"No one slept more than a very few minutes at a time at our three last camps. Our lowest minimum temperature at Camp America was 6° F., and it was bitter in a Mummy's tent."

CARMEN SYLVA'S EPIGRAMS.

New Thoughts of a Queen Inscribed on Photographs to Aid the Blind. In order to raise money for the Home of Light, the asylum for the blind which she has established near Bucharest, "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Rumania, has composed a new set of epigrams which may be regarded as supplementary to "Thoughts of a Queen." These she has written upon photographs of herself, one epigram to each, and signed them, and the collection has been sent to Paris for sale.

"We exaggerate everything in this world. The Church is insufficient and we reject religion; monarchies sin and we create anarchy; history is a trifle legendary and we fancy the existence of the great."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it writes forever."

"We never exact enough of our hearts and our heads. It is only our muscles that we use for all they are worth."

"What a friend one's pen is! It seems to be endowed with a will and an inspiration quite independent of oneself."

"Before aiding the unfortunate we should love them like brothers. But how hard to be! 'Thoughts of a Queen.' These our hearts our imaginations, for imagination lacks power to create the horrors of the truth."

"The solitude of work is so peopled that it is the vastest of all worlds."

"Our sweet friend, Death, comes so late and after so many struggles that we do not salute it with the affectionate warmth of our youth. It has tired us with waiting."

"Patience is one of the heroisms that is never appreciated, because no one realizes how much impatience is behind it."

"If we are afraid of doing harm we will do no good; we will do nothing, lamenting meanwhile the waste of our time and gifts."

"In this century of inventions why can't we invent an engine of peace?"

"The heart is like a fountain pen. It is filled but once and it