A PAGE FOR FEMININE FANCY

"OVER AT THE BROWNS'"

A Valentine Party at Which the Popular Game of Hearts Will Be Played With New Features—Valentine Sports—A Military Euchre Will Be a Proper Entertainment for Washington's Birthday.

WE WERE planning valentine parties over at Brown's the other afternoon. Mary Smith came in to ask for help in an affair she is going to give in the afternoon.

"I think we will play hearts," she said. "Everybody knows the game and likes it, but I do wish you could think of some new feature, Betty."

"Why don't you try a different game at each table," obligingly and promptly answered Betty. "Play straight hearts at the head table and at the second table count those who win the most heart the winners. The third table can play with the queen of spades counting thirteen. Have the ace count 4, the king 3, the queen 2 and the jack 1, for the players who win them at the fourth table, and let the smallest scores show the winners. At the fifth table deal only six cards to each player and let suit be followed. If any player cannot follow suit, she must draw cards from the pack in the center of the table until she can. After the pack is exhausted the regular heart rules govern and the two players who have the fewest hearts progress. Are you going to have prizes?"

"Only two. A heart of violets for the highest score and a huge candy motto heart for the lowest. Everybody is to play independently. I made a lot of rings out of heavy brass wire and tied a red bow on each, and I've cut a lot of small hearts out of red cardboard, and when a game is won the winner will slip a heart over the ring. I thought I would serve heart-shaped bread and butter sandwiches and put the creamed shrimps in paper cases with heartshaped rims of red cardboard. I'll cut my cake in oblong slices and ice each piece and garnish it with a citron arrow struck thru a red pineapple heart, and the ices will be heartshaped. What are you going to do, Betty? Didn't I hear you were going to have a valentine party?"

Betty explained that she had invited 20 of the young people to a heart contest in the evening. "They don't care for cards, so I've had to arrange a regular series of events," she said.

Three heavy wire hearts wound with evergreens will be hung in the wide doorway. Over one will be this line: "Blow your bubble right thru here and you'll be married in a year."

"The second will be inscribed: "To be engaged this very week, number two is the one to take."

"The third prophesies, "An awful fate awaits him who seeks me, for he will a lonely bachelor be."

On a small table near by will be a bowl filled with sparkling soapsuds and a heap of clay pipes, each tied with a red ribbon. Each guest will blow a bubble and then with a tiny fan try to float it thru one of the wire hearts.

After their fate is known the guests will be divided into two parties, benedicks and bachelors, and enter a contest in which cardboard hearts are to be thrown into a low scrap basket placed at the other end of the room. Then everybody will be blindfolded and told to draw a heart and write his name in the center. To everybody will also be given a heart cut in pieces, after the fashion of a dissected map, to be put together in three minutes.

Then Betty will explain that an auction is to be held and that money can be found for the seeking. Search will prove that bags of candy hearts, proper currency for valentine evening, are hidden thru the rooms and when every one has found a bag, a huge heart hung with valentines of every description will be brought in. The auctioneer will offer them for sale and the bidding will be brisk and funny, if he understands his business. When the valentines have all been sold it will be found that each is numbered, and two valentines will have the same number to designate the partners for supper. If it happens that two men or two girls have bought each other's company, that will be their valentine luck.

Before we were really thru talking of Betty's plans, Mrs. Hughes came in from across the street to tell us about the military euchre she is going to give on Washington's birthday. She will borrow all the flags and military paraphernalia in the neighborhood and the guests will be divided into two forces, English and American. Each table will represent a fort with a flag planted in a flower pot in the center and will be guarded by the woman who drew it by matching patrictic mottoes, each cut in four pieces. Scores will be kept with tiny English and American flags, and the winners will thread them on the narrow ribbons fluttering from their home forts. A bugle or drum will sound the beginning and close of an engagement and at the end of the afternoon the four players who have won the most flags will each receive a large American flag.

Mrs. Hughes will roll her bread-and-butter sandwiches and tie them with narrow red, white and blue ribbon and the sweetbread salad will be served in drum cases. The ices will be moulded to represent piles of cannon balls, surmounted by tiny flags and the cakes will be decorated with cherries on citron stems. As a favor for everybody there will be one of the candy medallions of Washington.

"What a help a holiday is to a hostess," exclaimed Betty, as she gave us some big dessert prunes which she had stuffed, some with salted nuts, others with candied ginger, and still others with cream cheese, to see which we liked the best. "For when you know what to do, it is comparatively easy to go and do it."

THE COUNTESS GREY AT RIDEAU HALL

The Wife of the New Canadian Governor General Is Already Busy at the Viceregal Lodge with her Hospitable Duties, Which Will Cost Over $50,000 a Year—Advocate for Temperance.

COUNTESS GREY has held her first drawingroom at Rideau Hall, and among the women who were presented to the wife of the new Canadian governor-general was Mrs. Olga von W. Haskell, of Minneapolis. Countess Grey is a charming woman who has never taken a conspicuous part in the political world, altho she has been prominent in society and philanthropy. She is an ardent advocate of temperance reform and has ably seconded the efforts of the earl in regard to a betterment in the conditions of the English liquor traffic.

The countess will be asisted in dispensing the hospitality of Rideau Hall by her two daughters, Lady Sibyl and Lady Lillian, who have been eagerly anticipating the pleasures and sports of a Canadian winter. With such charming assistants Rideau Hall promises to be especially gay, for the new governor general is expected to entertain pretty steadily from October until May.

The government places a sum of $50,000 a year at the disposal of the governor-general for entertainment, but no recent resident of Rideau Hall has been able to keep within the sum and the discrepancy usually amounts to nearly $20,000 a year.

At many of the viceregal entertainments, there is no recognition on the part of the host and hostess and none is expected, for all that is necessary to obtain an invitation is to inscribe one's name in the calling book at the hall, and if the claim is approved by the aides-de-camp the desired card is forthcoming. More discrimination is shown at the dinner parties, for which Countess Grey will make out her own list of guests.

Countess Grey is the mother of five children and Queen Victoria was godmother for her eldest daughter, who bears the queen's name. The countess is the daughter of Slayner Holdford,

COUNTESS GREY,
The New Hostess of Rideau Hall at Ottawa.

whose town residence in Park Lane is one of the most famous houses in London.

Associated with Countess Grey and her daughters will be Mrs. Hanbury Williams, whose husband is Lord Grey's military secretary. Mrs. Williams enjoys the personal friendship of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who stood loyally by their friend when the French government objected when Colonel Williams was made military attache at the embassy in Paris.

France disliked Mrs. Williams for her open sympathy for Captain Dreyfus, and refused to receive her husband officially. The king and queen entertained Colonel and Mrs. Williams at Balmoral and did everything in their power to make amends, and it was at the king's request that the colonel was made a member of Lord Grey's official family.

WAR IN THE HOME

Housewives Have a Never-Ending Battle with Germs.

The greatest war in the world is that which is continually being waged by housekeepers. Their homes are beset by enemies within and without, and their mistakes in dealing with these foes have results just as serious as those that follow the blunders of generals on the battlefield. They may not mean battle and murder and sudden death, but the death is just as sure as if it were sudden.

Among the fiercest enemies of the housewife are those minute and invisible organisms called germs, which the conditions of modern life render increasingly dangerous.

Germs collect in sinks and sewer pipes, in cupboards, bedrooms and parlors. Water and milk are favorite breeding places, and wherever there are dirt and darkness they thrive. Cold does not kill them, and they are carried by articles of food and clothing, by flies and other insects, by dogs and cats, by the air and in many other ways.

Boiling water is one of the best germicides, but it does not kill the spores given off by the germ, which are more tenacious of life than the parent organism. In order to secure absolute sterilization, alternate heating and cooling are often resorted to, the spores being allowed a few hours to develop after each heating. Boiling for twenty minutes will kill most spores. Water is considered safe where it is boiled, but simmering is not sufficient. As drainpipes easily become coated with grease, and afford a fine breeding ground for bacteria, they should frequently be cleaned, especially in the kitchen, with a strong hot solution of soda. Every precaution should be taken to keep dust out of the air. Furniture that does not accumulate dust should be selected, and rugs should be carried out of doors to be shaken. If carpets are used, which is highly undesirable, they should be sprinkled with tea leaves or dampened paper before sweeping, and thoroly cleaned twice a year. Dusting should be done whenever possible with a damp cloth so as not to scatter the dust thru the air.

For the dusting of woodwork and wooden furniture, the cloth may be dampened with a little kerosene. It should be shaken frequently out of the window and hung out of doors afterward. Hardwood floors should be wiped with a cloth dampened with kerosene.

As sunshine is a powerful germicide, it should be admitted to all the rooms in as large quantities as possible, and the importance of ventilation, which replaces the vitiated and germ-laden air of the house by the pure air outside, cannot be overestimated.

Make a thick cream of powdered whiting and vinegar or alcohol, cover all your silver toilet articles at night with this, and next day rub it all off with an old silk handkerchief, using a brush for the chasings.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CLUB WOMAN

By AGNES SURBRIDGE.

Copyright, 1904.

CHAPTER VI.

When a woman is once thoroly inoculated with the bacilli of the club fever there is no help for her until the attack has run its course; no great scientist has yet been brave enough to apply a remedy sufficiently heroic to kill the germs. Those women who have had the advantage of social intercourse with their kind have the disease mildly and rationally; but those of us who have been deprived of experience with the world, especially those who have been tied, willingly or unwillingly, to home duties exclusively, are hopeless cases from the very outset. And I had been thoroly inoculated.

True to her word, Mrs. Parsons had given me a prominent place on the reception committee, and, also on a minor committee, where I could have social advantages without too much responsibility. Instead of the long, dull days in the little flat over the store, I now found that there were not waking hours enough in the new house on the Lake Front. Before we were fairly settled in our new home, I saw that it would be impossible to keep up with my home duties and the demands of the club. The first I was tied to; the second I would not give up. So I sent to Kansas for my mother, who—self-sacrificing woman that she was—came prepared to stay on indefinitely. Necessity was beginning to be the mother of diplomacy with me, and I did not tell Joe that she was to remain, only that she was to visit us. And as his business kept him away more and more of the time, her advent mattered little to him.

She was an excellent housekeeper and fond of children, and she had never dwelt in a city home with its modern improvements or enjoyed the doubtful pleasure of attempting to rule over a servant or two. Consequently, it was a very easy matter to drop the reins of management into her hands.

As the days lengthened and spring came on, I became more absorbed in club matters and left everything to her. Having joined two more Chicago clubs, both of which met weekly, I found myself in a vortex of engagements which I fondly imagined was "society." This necessitated several new gowns and hats, and I learned the gentle art of running up a bill at the shops.

Never shall I forget the scene with my husband when the first bill came in. As I had no money, it had to be turned over to him, which I did with an assumed air of careless gaiety. I doubt if Mrs. Theodore Parsons could have done it better. But it availed nothing.

"Great Scott, Johnnie!" he thundered. "Who gave you permission to do this? Are we so poor that you must get trusted? Where is the allowance I give you?"

"I used it all up long ago," I answered with spirit. "I haven't had new clothes for several years; and there are club dues and other expenses."

Then he produced and displayed a choice variety of strong words which I had not discovered heretofore in his vocabulary—words which it may not be permitted to record here. Suffice it to say, he denounced roundly the woman's club idea. But he paid the bill, and I was in no wise shaken in my determination to shine in the club world. That very afternoon I joined a whist club, after which my time was more fully occupied than ever.

Matters reached a climax a few days later. I had had an unusually hard week. I use the adjective advisedly. Women who stay at home and devote themselves to caring for their household do not fully comprehend the phrase "hard work." Only those who go deep into the dissipations of committee work can appreciate its full significance.

I did not get down to breakfast until 9. Joe was already down town.

"He had a business engagement and couldn't wait," said mother. "He ate his breakfast early. You were late home last night."

"Yes. Our whist club, you know," I answered.

"I really wanted to get home and get to bed early, but one can't break up a party. And I've so much to do today."

"I did hope you could stay home today and help me fix that wrapper," said mother. "I can't manage it alone."

"No, not today," was my answer, with a touch of asperity. "I've got a committee meeting this morning and another meeting at noon, and, by the way, I sha'n't be at home to lunch. Delia, you'll have to make me some new coffee, and make it strong. This isn't fit to drink."

"It was good and strong, mem, at half past seven," cheerfully replied the maid, as she hurried to the kitchen; but nothing tasted so good as usual, and I started off quite out of sorts with the world in general. It did not occur to me then that I was having a good many difficult mornings nowadays, and I would have died rather than own how tired I was.

But once arrived at the handsome residence, where we were to hold our committee meeting, my spirits rose again. During the winter I had gained access to a dozen of the most exclusive houses in Chicago (places that I would never have dreamed of entering a year before) thru my club membership and Mrs. Parsons' friendship. To be sure, it had only been for committee meetings so far; but a foothold is worth everything.

There was a rustle of silk-lined skirts in the fashionable drawingroom a little later, as the members of my committee moved up to let Mrs. Parsons take the chair. "Only ten minutes late," whispered one of them. "That's doing well for her."

The gavel sounded and the meeting was called to order. The minutes were read, and after one or two objections had been raised and settled again, the business of the morning was stated; it was to make arrangements for a grand reception to Professor Van Hux Tyn, the latest literary lion to arrive.

"Shall you ask any others to receive with you, Madame President?" asked the secretary.

"Well, I think not," was Mrs. Parson's answer. "Don't you think a long receiving line rather objectionable?"

"But the Nota Benes always have all the officers," urged the secretary.

"I think there is a faction," spoke up the vice president, who had an eye on the next election, "who would be glad to see the other principal officers in the receiving line."

"Yes," urged a director. "Then, too, I think foreigners are always impressed by a long line."

"Do I understand that as a motion?" Mrs. Parsons' voice was tinged with asperity.

"Oh, no, only a suggestion," was the answer from the vice president.

"Will someone kindly make a motion?" said Mrs. Parsons haughtily.

The motion was made that all the officers should receive, but it was not carried.

I had already seen to this. "You are not my faithful henchman for nothing," she whispered afterward. "How would you like to go to the biennial as delegate?"

She passed on, but the seed fell on fertile ground.

The biennial! What would Joe say?

"Now, who shall pour tea?" asked the treasurer.

"For pity's sake," urged another member, "let's have good-looking young women. We had such a set of guys at the last one!"

"I move that the last speaker be appointed a committee of one, with full powers over the tea tables," said the treasurer.

"Indeed, I must beg to be excused," retorted the other. "I'm too busy. Besides, my taste might not lead me to the right choice," with withering scorn.

The treasurer was handsome and young.

"Ladies, please come to order," and the gavel came down with some force. "How shall the pourers be appointed?"

"By the chair," put in the treasurer. "I move that the chair take charge of the details."

The motion was seconded and carried, whereupon I was constituted chief pourer with liberty to select my assistants.

A little later I was hurrying over to a meeting of the committee which had charge of our entertainment, after which we all repaired to the auditorium for luncheon. I sat at table with Mrs. Parsons.

"You're coming up to the Priscilla this afternoon?" asked a lady across the table.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Parsons. "I have to report for the committee on the entertainment of the Associated Charities, you know. How many of you will take tickets?"

A solemn hush fell over the table. She had them at a disadvantage and took a wicked satisfaction in it.

"You, Mrs. Packer?" she asked sweetly, turning to the wife of a millionaire.

"I will take ten," was the hesitating reply.

"Very well," and she put down Mrs. Packer's name in a silver-bound note book. "They are two dollars apiece, you know. And you, Mrs. Laramore?"

"I'll take the same," gasped the lady, making a swift mental calculation; she would have to go without an anticipated fur boa, but it would never do to take less than Mrs. Packer.

Two more felt called upon to subscribe for ten tickets, but the fifth was brave.

"I will take two," said Mrs. Henry, quietly, "and that is all I can afford. Don't you think we are rather foolish about these things sometimes? We heedlessly sign away our own or our husbands' money for all sorts of good, bad or indifferent objects, without thinking of the afterward. Or, worse, we do it deliberately because other people do, when we can't afford it. We've got to learn, as women, to be a little more independent of each other in action as well as in thought."

"Oh, just as you like, of course," answered Mrs. Parsons lightly. "I don't want to take money from anyone who can't afford it—but really, it is time to go. The club meeting will have begun."

But, once there, her report was not received with the warmth she had expected. It had been proposed to put a couple of child dancers on the program—wee mites whose heels had been developed at the expense of their heads and nervous systems.

"Madame Chairman, I object," said a motherly-looking lady. "As a dignified club, I feel that we owe it to ourselves to give a dignified entertainment."

"Why not give a living-picture show and be done with it?" broke in someone irrelevantly.

"Madame Chairman," said Mrs. Parsons, "I understand the main purpose of this entertainment to be to sell tickets, and to sell tickets you have to offer a program that people will want to see. These children have been well trained and give a most delightful performance. Why, they are said to dance as well as Loie Fuller." A sigh of horror came from the conservative element.

"Madame Chairman," pursued the motherly-looking woman, in a voice which Mrs. Parsons afterward described as "distressingly polite," "if this is to be a vaudeville show, I for one must decline to have my name connected with it."

"We might give a Sunday-school concert," was the sarcastic retort from a young lady who had so far spoken only in lively whispers to her neighbors; "then our dignity would not be compromised."

"The speaker is out of order," declared the chairman. "Will someone make a motion?"

"I move," offered a new member, "that the matter be referred back to the committee."

The motion was seconded and carried.

"The committee asks for further instructions," began Mrs. Parsons in an aggrieved tone. "I'm sure I've worked hard enough to get up a satisfactory program. Mrs. Henning and I have given days and days to it and tried to make it attractive and drawing. I'm sure I've done my duty."

"We are sure you have," soothed the chairman. "No one could understand the exigencies of a case like this better than you, Mrs. Parsons, and we beg that you will not take to heart these little differences of opinion. We all have every confidence in your judgment."

But Mrs. Parsons was retiring from the room, attended by three sympathizing friends, myself with smelling-salts, another carrying her forgotten bag, and the third aimlessly following and muttering, "It's a perfect shame!"

It was ten minutes past 6 when I finally ran breathlessly up the steps and let myself into my own house. Dinner was due promptly at 6 and Joe prided himself on his habits of punctuality.

"Oh, Joe—so sorry to be late. I've had such a busy day," I cried, entering the diningroom.

"So have I," said he, shortly. "Dinner is ready."

Be it noted that we now had 6 o'clock dinners. I knew he was provoked, for he hadn't seen me since the morning of the day before. But mother and the children kept things in order, and the dinner was unusually good. Immediately it was over, however, Joe rose and said: "I have an engagement at the club, Johnnie; sha'n't be back until late."

"You don't give me any time nowadays, Joe," I pouted.

"Don't I? I've been home three evenings this week, and you were out every one."

"But I had to," I replied. "And I asked you to go with me."

"Huh! to whist parties with a lot of women," was the answer, and he was off.

(To Be Continued Next Saturday.)

THE CZARINA'S MOST POWERFUL ENEMY

Grand Duchess Vladimir Is One of Russia's Most Despotic Princesses and Joined the Dowager Empress in Persecuting the Czarina—The Czar Discovers that His Daughter's Nursery Governess Is a Spy.

ALL the way from London comes the story that the recent uprising in Russia is a political insurrection, an attempt by the grand dukes to depose the czar and seize the throne for Grand Duke Vladimir, who was second in succession until the birth of the czarevitch. Vladimir's dreams of wielding royal power are well known in Russia and are shared by his wife, who is as determined a woman as her husband is a man. Both have a powerful enemy in the czarina, for they were strong allies of the dowager empress in the petty persecutions she has inflicted on her royal daughter-in-law. The Grand Duchess Vladimir has been a powerful woman at the Russian court. She is thoroly untainted by the spirit of progress and reform that has touched even royalty, and, should fate place her on the throne, she would be more than a figurehead.

The czar has found enemies not only in his family, but in his household, and less than three weeks ago, the nursery governess of his eldest daughter was sent away from Russia because she was found to be a spy in the employ of the revolutionists and of the Japanese secret information bureau. Elizabeth Kiessling was a favorite with her royal master and mistress, and she was a privileged member of the family circle. Every night she brought the little princess to her father for a good-night kiss and every morning a threatening letter was found on the czar's desk, which had been rifled of its secrets. No one ever connected the pretty nursery governess and the minatory letters and the mystery could not be solved, altho the chief of police himself came to watch and spy.

It was the czar who found a way to catch the traitor. He had ordered a suit of old armor from a dealer in Moscow, for his cabinet. It was planned to

GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR,
Wife of the Czar's Tyrant Uncle, and One of the Strongest Rivals of the Czarina.

place it beside his desk and everyone in the palace knew that it was expected. At the czar's command the chief of police hid himself in the old armor and when Lizbeth Kiessling slipped in to place her threatening letter on the czar's desk, and to gather what information she could for her Japanese employers, she was caught by a mailed arm. "Send for the czar," called the chief of the police, who was determined that Nicholas should find her with the incriminating letter in her hand.

The czar and czarina were horrified. They could not believe that the most trusted servant in the palace would betray their confidence. Death is the penalty of a spy, but in the case of Lizbeth Kiessling it was changed to banishment for life. The czar could not sentence one who had been so intimate a member of his family to an ignominious death and so the governess was escorted across the frontier with a threat of execution if she ever returned to Russia.

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

CHOOSING WALL PAPERS.—What colors in wall papers are best for north and south rooms? Can you give me any general hints that will aid me in selecting new papers?—Mrs. P.

There are special laws that govern the application of color which should always be chosen with reference to the quantity and quality of light which pervades the room. A north room needs bright, warm treatment—reds, golden browns and yellows—and a room with a southern outlook requires cool, light colors, such as pale blues, spring greens and silvery gray tones.

The number, size and position of the windows will greatly affect the intensity of the color to be used, therefore, it is necessary to consider the color in a strong light and also in shadow. By artificial light a paper will usually look darker than one expects, so when at the shop, be sure to see your choice under the conditions it is to be used, whether with gas, electric or lamp light. light.

There is no need for curtailment in the choice of colors for rooms that face east and west, as practically any color can be used successfully.

It is important to know that a narrow-striped paper gives an effect of height to a room, just as large design having more width than depth serves to make it look smaller and lower, and moldings, friezes and dados cut down the height of a room.

QUESTIONS FOR MONDAY

STAINED TABLE LINEN.—How can I take the stains out of my table linen? The napkins and table cloths are badly marked with tea, coffee and chocolate.—J. B.

The marriage of a bride who wears any but white garters on her wedding day will have an unhappy ending.

SPRING STYLES AT HOME AND ABROAD

The Latest From Paris; the "Trottoir" Toilette—Pretty Footgear for Short Frocks—The Girdled Blouse—Smart Little Capes Once More—Fitted Linings Indispensable—White Mohair a Favorite—Overskirt in Contrasting Materials.

Evening Gown of Velvet and Silk.

This beautiful Robe de Ceremonie is of dull wine-chiffon velveteen, en traine over a skirt of palest-pink satin messaline done in self-tucks with insets of white lace between, the lace decorated with pink pearls and silver spangles. The corsage is of the velvet draped over a fitted lining, three draped straps of the silk crossing the bust on one side, and caught with jeweled clasps near the front. Gathered cuffs of silk finish the sleeves above the elbow, a wide lace bertha trimming the decolletage.

SUCH weather as has afflicted Paris this winter leaves little cause for surprise that the southern winter resorts are unusually well patronized; but even the Riviera has had its touch of unexpected cold, while at that moment Paris was rejoicing in sunshine, with just cold enough to make skating enjoyable, and the cold weather skating and walking costumes are a treat to see. These short-skirted suits of fur-trimmed cloth show a mass of frills on the underskirts, frills that shade from deepest to palest tints of one color, reminding one of a dancer's skirts. As many of these costumes are distinctly prophetic of the early spring walking suits they are worth considering. The skirts are well fitted over the hips, and full below the knees; and the high fitted girdle shows below a smart little bolero or Eton which is worn over a separate white waist. The sleeves are full to the elbow, then button to the wrist. Small toques and turbans are worn with these suits, and invariably the smartest of shining colt boots, very sensible and comfortable of shape in spite of their smartness.

Mohair Promenade Costumes.

In the dressmaking rooms here all tells of spring. Owing to the wretched weather many spring wardrobes have gone south, these giving the world the first glimpse of spring modes. When after Lent these elegantes return we get the second edition of the coming modes. White and light-colored mohairs are employed for promenade costumes, and some charming new ideas are seen in their construction. For instance, a soft white mohair was made with the skirt and deep girdle in one, being molded to the form by fine graduated tucks stitched flat, thence the skirt fell to the ground, trimmed at the foot with three narrow circular flounces cut in wide, shallow scallops, and secured on each side of the front panel by two buttons in Persian embroidery. The blouse was of narrow bands of embroidery between insertion bands of Cluny lace, the vest being of fine mull and valenciennes. The sleeves were full to the elbow, held out on the upper arm by featherbone strips; deep cuffs of mull and valenciennes came well over the wrists. With this was worn a chic little cape of the mohair, fitted to give very wide shoulders, and falling in five deep round points to within three inches of the waistline; the embroidery trimmed the edge, and also a handsome stole of dull red grosgrain silk; straps buttoning across the open front. A large hat of the silk with plumes shaded from white to the red and strap bows of white ribbon velvet completed this costume.

Taffeta, especially in the soft make, is seen both in the smart crowd and in the still unfinished models in Paris; and there is not a question as to its popularity for the coming season.

Although the extreme softness of the favored materials makes featherbone or haircloth necessary to hold up the puffs of sleeves and keep the voluminous skirts from hanging uncomfortably around the feet, not a sign of any such support is visible in the finished garments; in the sleeves especially the Parisian modistes use these extensions with such cleverness that there is no unnatural bulging, the desired softness is retained, the supports merely preventing a sagging which would ruin the effect. It is well for the home dressmaker to bear this in mind; exaggerated effects are always in bad taste, and the whole tone of the newest spring modes is softness—soft materials and soft effects—only the English "tailor-mades" show hard, straight lines.

Day of Lax Fitting Is Past.

The new Parisian models show also the perfectly fitted linings; no matter what form the outer bodice may take, the day of lax fitting is past; the figure, even under the blouse, must be perfectly set up. But this does not mean that we are returning to the old "torture cases," the hard-boned corset; on the contrary, the modern woman demands ease of movement, hence corsets and linings are fitted with supple supports that yield to the figure.

This beautiful fitting and molding is, however, especially noticeable in the new "tailor-mades" for spring. Altho these refuse to assume the severe lines of the English models, they show the outlines of the figure in most charming ways. The skirts are rather plain, and tho close fitted over the hips with tucks, fall full to the ground, and if trimmed it is in flat applied designs. The bodice is either cut with deep point, or a deep girdle divides it from the skirt; but its construction depends on the coat or cape. If a smart little coat is to be worn the blouse or bodice is not very full; but under the delightful little capes the corsage is elaborate, with very dressy sleeves.

Small Checks and Plaids.

There is quite a fancy for small checks, both in taffeta and mohair. One handsome model of the latter was made in a paneled overskirt of blue and fawn, over a plain blue underskirt, the panels cut with projecting tabs which buttoned at intervals on each other. The panels were graduated, and continued above the waist in princess form to a fitted girdle effect enclosing a blouse of the blue, with an Eton of the check caught with straps and buttons across the front, and the short, open bell sleeve strapped in the same way. This is a suggestive design, and might be made useful in remodeling a costume, a process which is, alas, a necessity with a great many women whose means do not permit as many changes as Dame Fashion exacts.

Another costume of blue chiffon mohair shows the combination of two materials, soft lightweight chiffon velveteen supplying the underskirt effect, most artistically held by the braid edged tabs of the overskirt. Taffeta matching the velvet is used for a facing, with a band of haircloth laid in. The velvet dots are slipstitched on, graduated up from large to small on the skirt, and from the shoulders down on the sleeves. The sleeve lining is almost as wide as the sleeve proper, the latter held out by a haircloth epaulet and gathered full above the elbow. The elbow sleeve, be it noted, is a growing feature of the newest Parisian models. This costume is not difficult of achievement if one start with a well fitted lining. Any woman with patience enough to be exact can do most of the work herself; and it can be successfully developed in a variety of colors. If desired for later wear silk may be substituted for the velvet, and lace medallions dyed to match, used for the dots.

Defective Page