

A PAGE OF FEMINE FANCY

GREATEST WOMAN PHILANTHROPIST

The Baroness Burdette-Coutts, the Oldest Woman of Note Alive Today, Celebrated Her Ninety-second Birthday Anniversary Tuesday—She Has Given Over \$25,000,000 to Charities, Schools and Churches.



BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

THE Baroness Burdette-Coutts, the world's greatest woman philanthropist, celebrated her ninety-second birthday anniversary Tuesday. Seventy years ago she inherited a fortune of \$10,000,000, but the sum increased so rapidly that she has been able to give away over \$25,000,000. There is no woman more loved in all England than the Baroness Burdette-Coutts and over the length and breadth of the island are scattered churches and schools which owe their origin to her generosity. Schools and hospitals have also been established in the colonies while in London over 300 families are cared for in model homes built by her. St. Stephen's, Westminster, with its three schools and rectory, was richly endowed in memory of Sir Francis Burdette and the baroness. She has organized funds for widows and built homes for the wives and children of soldiers. One day she gave \$2,500,000 in one sum for the building of homes for the poor in England. She was the first woman to whom the freedom of the city of London was ever given and the founder of many of the most noted charities in the British empire.

With marked social and intellectual gifts, the baroness has known and entertained the leading men and women of the past century and she has many a story to tell of the days of William IV., of Lord Grey, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston. She went thru the London slums with Charles Dickens when he was writing of them. Thomas Moore, in his journal, tells of a visit to Miss Coutts on the night after a famous ball in London. "Next day," he says, "I called upon Miss Coutts, whom I had seen in all her splendor the night before, and found her prepared to send it back to the bank. 'Would you like,' she asked, 'to see it by daylight?' and on my assenting took me to a room upstairs where the treasure was deposited. Amongst it was the precious tiara of Marie Antoinette; and on my asking her what altogether might be the value of her dress last night, she answered in her

MRS. CARNEGIE IS OPPOSED TO WAR



MRS. CARNEGIE.

Japanese Women Are at a Loss to Understand a Letter Mrs. Carnegie Wrote Refusing to Aid the Children Orphaned by the War—Mr. Carnegie Shares Her Sentiments.

AMERICAN and Japanese women are discussing Mrs. Carnegie's letter to a New York woman, in which she refused to aid the Japanese cause. While the Americans are wonder-

The Confessions of a Club Woman

By AGNES SURBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

The next morning's mail brought a small, round package, which, opened, proved to be a new face powder, and with it a letter asking me to do the manufacturer's favor of using it. And before the day was over a package by express revealed a fine assortment of exquisite perfumes from one of our chemists. This was so delicate and acceptable a gift that I yielded to impulse and sat down at my desk to write them the card of thanks which I felt that courtesy demanded of me. After this I ceased to be surprised when I was the recipient of various toilet articles, but took them calmly as "perquisites of office." At once was I willy-nilly writing more notes of thanks, for, before the week was ended, a daintily printed circular came by mail from the chemist embodying my note of thanks. And when requests came from all these donors of unsolicited gifts for the membership list of the Nota Bene, I began to learn caution. Calling up Mrs. Parsons on the telephone, I told her of the dilemma in which they had placed me, for it did not seem courteous to refuse, and I had sense enough to know it would not do to send them the list.

"Mercy me! I should say not," she said. "You would be in hot water at once. There is an unwritten law in every club that no one shall give the lists outside of the membership. The president may give a few away to other women, using great discretion; but it is a risky thing to do."

"Yet it seems so discourteous in me to refuse a polite request like the one I had this morning from Blank Brothers," I answered. "Blank Brothers are all right," was the response. "But the minute you begin, there is no stopping. Write them that you are more than sorry, and would, personally, be willing to do them any favor in your power; but that this club matter, and you could not give or loan the list without the consent of your executive board. That's a dignified way out."

A way I was forced to take. Every president of a large club knows how to sympathize with me there.

When the appointed time came for me to go to Florine's, I made an elaborate toilet, donning my beautiful carnation evening gown, and, with a smile, went to have the conditions of the sitting known to my club friends. In the reception-room at Florine's I met the countess. I did not know until long afterward that the great photograph which had been called to me by the illustrious foreigner, his lifelong friend. He came forward with both hands extended, appearing to be genuinely surprised.

"So the American rose-in-bloom comes to me, so wonderful Florine?" he began. "It is well, tres bien. Eef I may have ze honor to present you, mon Florine," and he bowed low and kissed my hand. A strange feeling of repulsion mixed with the attraction he had just resisted. It did not come. But it passed, as it always did after a momentary twinge of dislike for the foreigner.

"If madame would permit the count to come to the gallery with me," ventured Florine, hesitatingly. "His taste may supplement my own and together we may give the madame's beauty such a setting as will do her credit."

The count kissed my hands with fervor as I consented, carelessly as might any hardened woman of the world, but I could not suppress a lingering wonder if my being taken away in the studio for a long hour with this French nobleman, who was not a "Would Joe like it?" but "Do they think it quite correct? Would they appear in it in the new edition?" They gave no evidence, if it did not, and I voted themselves to studying my best points and discussing poses and lights and shadows as if I had been a hired model. When I returned to the gallery, the negatives had been made the count turned to me and smiled again.

"I shall demand a fee for services," he declared. "I have worked, worked, worked all morning. I shall—what you call it—take two hundred francs for the best picture of la belle Americaine—eh, Florine?"

"With madame's consent," the artist replied, looking away from us. "Madame shall have as much as she wishes for it, to own, to use it as she desires with it."

"Ah—then, eef it too much to hope?" and the count again bent low over my hand. "Eef I might have the autograph also?"

I smiled, but did not answer. I preferred to talk this over with him in my own library. Toward the end of March the Count de Beauvais left for the east, and a sudden life became tame and flat. Why, I wondered, do not American men master the art of making themselves agreeable to women? I missed the little attentions, the morning bunch of violets, the party at various theaters, the constant adulation which had become a part of my daily life. I plunged more enthusiastically into club affairs than ever before, arranging a series of musicales which attracted our social popularity and our club treasury. I saw little of my children, and only occasionally discussed household matters with my mother.

"It isn't so all necessary," I told myself. "She is a much better housekeeper than I am, and knows ten times better how to bring up children. That is her matter; being a leading clubwoman is mine." For the present I was content. As for Joe, well, I hope he is enjoying life as well as I am—a contingency I might have doubted had he taken the trouble to write oftener and more at length, or had I taken the trouble to read his letters the second time.

To be sure there were certain committee meetings which I could have well spared, for I was not interested deeply in education as it pertained to the public school. Municipal affairs and legislative work had its charms, since through those committees I must appear before councils and assemblies, as president of the Nota Bene, which I made a point of doing in becoming attire. "For I felt it a part

of my mission to convince the unthinking world that the up-to-date clubwoman is not necessarily a frump. My studies on the art of dressing in those days would have done credit to a couturier.

CHAPTER XIX.

A fortnight after the call from the shoe manufacturer, the box of fine footwear arrived—and such boots as they were! There were walking boots, house slippers, dress boots, slippers, oxfords, and all of the most beautiful execution. I was somewhat taken aback by the lavishness of the gift, and hastened to write a note of thanks, limiting it to the same time that I expected to receive a bill for them, the gift being of such munificence. But by return mail came a disclaimer of any thought of payment, and a note that I should wear and enjoy the boots, with no other idea than that I was to suggest wherein their product could be improved. I found them of such excellent quality and perfect fit that I soon gave up wearing the boots I had received, and was accustomed to them, indeed, that I had ceased to think of my pedal extremities, when some two months later another letter came from the manufacturer. He begged my pardon for not writing to me, but trusted that by this time I had come to entertain a friendly regard for him, thru the "foot-comfort" which he trusted, the shoes had brought me. If, however, they had proved disappointing in any particular, or if I had any improvement to suggest, he would take it as a personal favor to himself if I would be kind enough to drop him a line and tell him of it. He was very sincerely mine.

Altogether, it was a courteous note, and called for an equally courteous reply. And I sat down at my handsome new inlaid desk and wrote him that I was delighted with the shoes, and that I had found the perfect embodiment of "foot-comfort," and that I did not see how they could be improved. As I had been plentifully supplied with the club stationery, and had already dropped into it my card of thanks for all my correspondence, I used it for this letter, without a thought of possible complications. To this came a prompt answer.

"We have received your very kind letter of yesterday," said, "and hasten to express our cordial appreciation of your kindly sentiments. It is the intelligent opinion of such well-informed women as you that we are anxious to have, and we are glad to hear that you are so unqualifiedly approved of our footwear. I am sure you will be pleased that we have paid your club the compliment of naming the shoe for it. For the club members we expect the better class of people to give good heed to its many good points. Again congratulating you on being at the head of the finest club in Chicago, and appreciating the fact that you are so graciously commending the best shoe wherever you find it, I am, very sincerely yours, etc."

For a moment I was appalled. How could they dare? What would the club do with the good shoes, and we had no exclusive right to the name. But I sent an immediate reply.

"I write to acknowledge your very kind letter of today, and to say that I wholly appreciate your noble intention of giving me such a compliment in naming your most excellent shoe after the Nota Bene club, which certainly does stand for every good thing in the community. At the same time, I regret to notice the delay of a little. Indeed, would it not be better to choose another name? Ours is a very conservative club, and I would rather wait, at least until I can place the matter before our executive board, and have their consideration. I trust you will grant me this favor, and am most truly yours, etc."

But I was too late. That very evening there were advertisements in all the fashionable papers of the "Nota Bene Shoes," in front pages and in prominent positions.

It mattered not that the next morning a brief note came from the manufacturer, regretting that I felt and acted as I did, they were no longer in a position to grant me the favor I so graciously asked; but as I had doubtless noticed by the time this letter reached me, they had placed their advertising matter with the publisher of the "Nota Bene Shoes." This time would be disastrous to their interests. And again they were very sincerely mine.

I will not attempt to describe the flurry of excitement that shook the club to its foundations. It seemed as if every woman in Chicago had read the advertisement of the Nota Bene shoes. Some considered it a compliment to the club, others a rebuke, and the name was published property, and still more—or, at least, so it seemed to me—furious insisted that their valued club name was being dragged in the dust. As there was no pattern among them, the last statement was received with great solemnity. My telephone bell rang. It seemed to me, every two minutes for a week. Even Mrs. Parsons failed to comfort me.

"They are getting up a petition for a special meeting to consider this matter," she told me one morning. "When it comes, for heaven's sake, call a meeting of the executive board. I will stand by you, but I feel and act as you do. We are going on before this." So I did, but I did not propose to own it; I was never to act independently of her?

The petition came, and there was no alternative. I appointed a special meeting of the club, first calling the executive board together for a conference several days beforehand.

As I look back upon it now, the whole affair seems ridiculous. But it was most serious. The board meeting was held at Mrs. Parsons' home, it being inexpedient for obvious reasons to have it at mine, or at a public hall or hotel. Every member of the board, and the study of their various facial expressions would have been interesting to an unprejudiced observer of human nature—the Count de Beauvais, for instance. Perpetually injured dignity, disgust, anger, and even malicious triumph were visible, and in a few cases toleration and good-natured amusement.

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"Doubtless, no one present need be told that we have come together to take action with regard to the advertising of a shoe which has been named for the Nota Bene club," she began. "While no member of the board can more deeply deplore the existing state of things than I, at the same time I wish to impress upon you all the importance of our going deliberately about what we wish to do. We must not antagonize the firm who are doing this most offensive advertising, and we must prevail upon them to change the name of their shoe. It seems to me we have a very delicate problem on our hands."

"One we cannot be too quick to undertake," interrupted one of the vice presidents. (There were five.) "I think as an executive board we have a right to demand the particulars—the bearings of this very extraordinary situation. Whoever is responsible should be called to explain the affair."

"With full apologies," put in one of the secretaries.

"Will the person who has brought this upon the club come forward and state her case?" broke in Mrs. Quincy Palgrave, abruptly. I looked at Mrs. Parsons and she nodded her head.

"Will Mrs. Parsons kindly take the chair?" I rose with dignity to the occasion. "Thank you. Now, ladies, I am the guilty party. I grieve to say that I have, thoughtlessly, unwittingly, brought this upon the club. I am, of course, not responsible for the affair. I am, however, very sorry I am, nor how utterly overcome with astonishment and regret I was when I found what had happened. A man came to see me—a gentleman—he said he was trying to persuade a number of prominent women, club women—you, ladies—to be kind enough to wear some of his boots, simply and solely that he might have an excellent opinion on whether they might be improved. He put the case so well that I was induced to give my consent—and, in short, to accept the shoes on that condition. I supposed you, too, ladies, were wearing them also."

"Never offered 'em to me," interrupted one.

"Nor me," added another.

"Nor to us," said several more.

"This I could not, or did not deem it of consequence to know," I said haughtily (wondering if this was not the reason why we were now met in solemn conclave over a pair of shoes). "I wore the boots and, ladies, they are excellent ones. I never wore better. And I thought no more about it, until the manufacturer wrote a few days ago, asking if I had any improvement to suggest. I wrote him politely, saying that the shoes were nearly perfect as he might hope to make them."

I was interrupted by a small chorus of groans. "And how innocent she was!" muttered the secretary to her next neighbor.

"Then he wrote me the following letter," I produced his epistle informing me that he was to name the shoe after the Nota Bene, and also my reply, with the second, "Now, ladies," I concluded with dignity, "the matter is in your hands. I did not dream of any harm in what I did, short-sighted though I may have been. I swept back to my position in the apparel again with my myriads of hairbrushes. Six women were on their feet before I sat down."

"Madam President," they began in unison. "Madam President!" they repeated after another with a shrill crescendo. The situation was a grave one. I knew not which to recognize, but the tension gave way as one of the older women sank wearily into her seat.

"My particular enemy rose to her feet. 'Madam Chairman,' she began severely, 'I move a vote of censure from this board for the fact that she has disgraced the club. Two feeble seconds were heard, but there were also hisses. Then Mrs. Henry rose, and her calmness seemed to lull the seething elements in the room."

"Madam, I present to you in her smooth, well-modulated tones, 'I will ask the least speaker to withdraw her motion, with instructions to the secretary not to put it into the records.' A chorus of 'I second the motion' arose. But Mrs. Henry was an infinitely greater stigma upon the club than the fact that some man had named his shoe for us. I regret this whole occurrence as much as is reasonable; none of us desire the publicity which she so attentively advertises. But, Madam President, I wish to say emphatically that we are in danger of making ourselves ridiculous." She turned to the other ladies. "Our president may have been a little unwise, but only from the fact of her youth and innocence. (A sneer from my foe.) But as a board we, to a woman, should stand by her now. After the least speaker has consented to withdraw her motion, I wish to put another."

I looked at my enemy. "For the moment I withdraw it," she said untractably. "But I will not promise not to present it again."

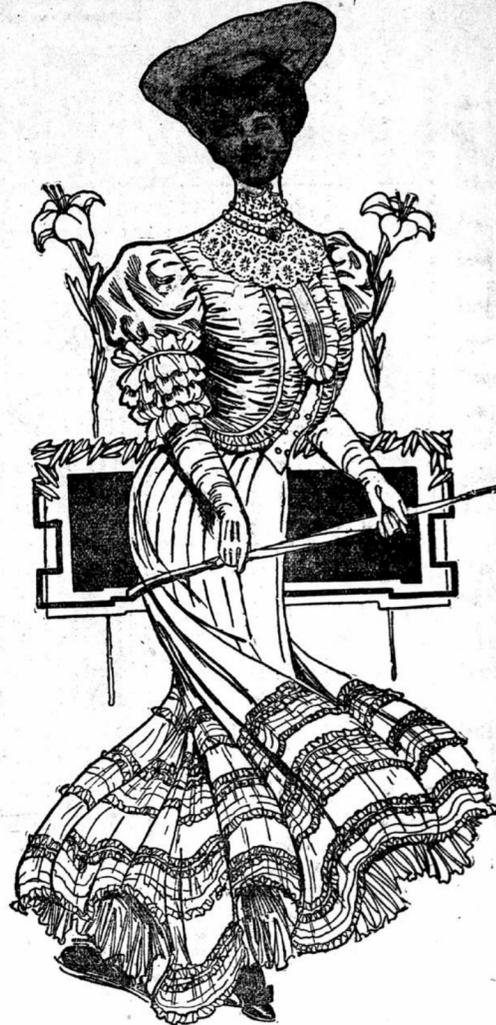
"Then I move," pursued Mrs. Henry in even tones, "that we as an executive board write a carefully worded letter to this enterprising manufacturer, and beg him to drop the name 'Nota Bene' and furnish another, offering, if necessary, to help select a suitable one in its place."

This motion was heartily seconded, and I hastened to put her proposition before the club. The rest of the women were fused to vote in the affirmative. A committee was appointed and a recess was taken while they prepared the document. When the meeting came to order again, every member of the board signed the following letter:

To John A. Biggs: Dear Sir—At a meeting of the executive board of the Nota Bene club this afternoon, it was unanimously voted to request you not to use the name which we have made famous by our beloved club, as the title of your shoes. We will help you to select a better name, meeting you at any hour you may designate, but we cordially protest against your appropriation of our name."

DECEPTIVE SIMPLICITY KEYNOTE OF FASHIONS

Only the Outlines Are Simple and There Is a Bewildering Variety and Quantity of Trimmings—The New Figure Demands a Change of Corsets—New Lines Taper and Waist Is Rounded and Lengthened.



THE DRAPED BOLERO BODICE.

The bolero mode is one that is most successfully used in those smart materials of soft finish that drape well without crushing. The finer Siennese are often used for this, and in a quiet tint of terra cotta are particularly modish. This is used in the illustration, where an overlaid yoke of eyeletted linen appears below the throat. The Siennese shirred to the side and back seams, its rounded front in front to display the smart waistcoat of white cloth with its fancy copper buttons. The sleeve is a short puff with a cuff of little ruffles, and ends just below the elbow. The skirt is plaited into the waistband, and little quillings of silk ribbon are used to define the groups of nun's tucks that trim the skirt below the knee.

DAME FASHION announces that the keynote of the new styles, just for any warmth or protection that they might afford.

Fascinating Coat Bodices. The coat bodice is what the clever Parisienne selects often for this type of gown. The most fascinating lines prevail in these; and there is simply no need to the clever conceits that are embodied in them. The draped bolero bodice is a great favorite, there being usually a vest of some contrasting color, and the bolero part is managed with shirred seams at the center, back and the sides, and then the fullness is drawn toward the center front and knotted or buckled or somehow fastened plumb in the center.

Frivolous looking little basques are often added, and in many instances these are prolonged into postillions at the back, some of them extending as far as the knee, and lined with some sheer silk of either a matching or contrasting tint. The sleeves to these little garments are of half length; and the clever dresser uses them either with or without fingerings at the ends. These little blouses are so sheer and so filmy that they take up no room at all, and there is not the slightest difference in the fit of the coat bodice when they are worn or omitted.

Almost all of the new bodices show a cut-out neck of some kind; and this is filled in with white, usually separate sets of chemisettes accompanying each gown. The neck of the bodice around this décolletage is much trimmed; and buttons, strappings, bows and buckles are all used to their adornment. The chemisette is similarly trimmed; and often the upstanding and flaring cuff that finishes the sleeve is made en suite. These little chemisettes are always transparent, and the collars are high under the ears, the familiar little rods of featherbone being used for support. Elaborate in trimming while maintaining a correct simplicity of outline, are the latest skirts. The best of them are either shirred to the band or else plaited; in many cases the plaits are not stitched down—they are not even pressed in many instances, the softness of the material adjusting the fit over the hips, and giving that clinging effect that is so much admired in the newest models.

Short Sleeves, Long Gloves. The short sleeve is another fascinating feature of the new styles, and the result must be one of a studied carelessness, looseness that really does not exist. The lining is, of course, carefully boned and fitted, and everything that can be done to lengthen the wasteline is called into play. Then over this the drapery is arranged; and many of the leading couturiers expect to arrange this on the customer herself, and not trust it to a dummy figure. A stitch here, a pinch there, a plait somewhere else will make all the difference in the world in the outline of the bodice, for what will look pretty and chic on one figure will oftentimes look bulky and even clumsy on another.

Change of Residence.—We are going to change our place of residence in the city and would like to notify our friends of the change. Will you please let me if it is proper to send out cards and what kind and how worded?—Florence.

QUESTION FOR MONDAY. One-half yard will make a book with good-sized leaves. Pink the edges of the leaves and bind the back with ribbon. The colored plates in fashion magazines, advertisements, etc. will furnish attractive pictures; the latter should be cut out on the outline and pasted on the cambric leaves. The making of the books is an agreeable pastime for older children. The pleasure to the maker is almost as great as to the little ones, who look at the pictures.