



"PRINCESS ALICE" AND OTHER NOTABLE WOMEN

Lady Mary's Gossipy Letter from London---American Women Very Popular Over There---Elizabeth Lee's Advice to Women About Matters of Dress.

By Lady Mary.

Special Correspondence of The Journal.

LONDON, July 2.—"Princess Alice," as we have dubbed Mrs. Longworth, the president's daughter, has picked up a mascot and thereby has a pretty story. Soon after her arrival in London she set forth from Dorchester house one morning in a quiet one-horse brougham to do some shopping. As she drove down Park Lane she saw two small boys with a black cat which they were apparently trying to strangle with a piece of string. She immediately ordered the carriage stopped and jumped out on the pavement.

"What are you two young imps doing?" she asked. "Please, miss, we think 'e's mad," said the older of the urchins, pointing to the unfortunate cat, "and we are going to choke 'im, so as nobody can't catch 'idrofby from 'im."

"If you don't give the pussie to me at once," said Mrs. Longworth, "I'll see that a policeman catches you."

This dire threat proved immediately effective. The two gutter snipe handed their terrified prey to Mrs. Longworth and fled as fast as their small legs would carry them off. "Princess Alice," before resuming her shopping, drove back with the cat to Dorchester House. She has christened it "John Bull," and has announced her intention of taking it with her to America, as a mascot, when she returns. She says she is sure it will bring her good luck.

Wear Paste "Gems."

At a recent ball given by Lady Iveagh in Dublin an expert in jewels who was present said that there were not twenty women in the room who were wearing genuine precious stones. This did not alter the fact that there were scores of what seemed to be very magnificent diamond tiaras, pearl necklets, ruby stomachers and bracelets and rings galore on fair wearers, many of which gave the impression of being "family heirlooms." But, alas, most of them were but imitation pearls, the genuine articles being stored away in repositories, if not actually sold at Christie's in London.

This state of affairs is consequent on the terrible hard-up-ness of so many of the best Irish families, the majority of whom do not know where to turn for money. These people are at their wits' end to know

how to stave off their creditors, and women with family jewels have risen to the occasion and done with them the only thing left in the circumstances.

At this moment, not a few daughters of Irish peers are working as hard as they can endeavoring to learn the art of making Irish lace and Irish crochet. Some have already become experts in order to give themselves a dress allowance, their only means of acquiring it. Little does the smart Parisian and chic American dream that the exquisite Irish embroideries which adorn their gowns have in many instances been made, not in the cottage homes of Ireland, but in the ancestral halls, and wrought by fingers that have in them the blood of Irish kings!

A "Rara Avis."

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh are at present at Ems and intend remaining there until the middle of July. The stories which have been circulated concerning their intention to entertain in London on a large scale this season have no foundation in fact. They have no London house and have no intention of taking one. The duke has always detested society and the duchess seems to fully share his aversion to it—at all events the sort that congregates in the modern Babylon.

An American peeress with no end of money, who has never given even one large party, has never gone to court, except on the one occasion when she was presented on her marriage; has no box at the opera; no London house, and prefers the society of her husband to any and all forms of fashionable distinction, is certainly a rara avis.

"We are as happy as the day is long," she tells her intimates, but that does not prevent her from being a tragic disappointment to those who counted on getting a lot of enjoyment at her expense. Modern society has no excuse for Darbys and Joans.

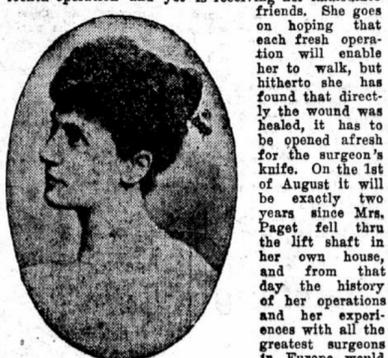
Mrs. Law a Sensation.

Another American who is causing a sensation is the beautiful Mrs. Law. She is the richest widow (after Lady Taylor-Leyland) just now in London, having an income, it is said, of over \$250,000. She has been received by the king and queen and has had the privilege of an invitation to Sandringham for a week-end, a fact which proves great intimacy, as it

is only special friends who are ever asked to stay at Norfolk with the king and queen. I hear her late husband was so devoted to her that he made her promise, even in the event of her re-marriage, she would arrange that she should be buried beside him, and it was on this condition he left her his immense fortune. The suggestion is rather gossipy, but probably was worth the \$250,000 a year which he left her for the promise.

Mrs. Paget's Pluck.

Mrs. Arthur Paget's indomitable American pluck seems inexhaustible. She is preparing for her fifteenth operation and yet is receiving her immediate friends.



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

She goes on hoping that each fresh operation will enable her to walk, but hitherto she has found that directly the wound was sealed, it has to be opened afresh for the surgeon's knife. On the 1st of August it will be exactly two years since Mrs. Paget fell thru the lift shaft in her own house, and from that day the history of her operations and her experiences

with all the greatest surgeons in Europe would fill a good-sized volume.

The king and queen never forget their old friends and the former pays her many a surprise visit in the most informal way. The king, who ordinarily never climbs a flight of stairs if he can help it, tramps religiously two whole flights to Mrs. Arthur Paget's apartment. When asked to enter the lift, as elevators are called here, he invariably shakes his head and adds that the wretched vehicle had been the cause of enough damage in its day. Many other visitors who call on Mrs. Paget will not enter it. Her boudoir bedroom occupies an entire floor, four rooms having been recently thrown into one so as to give the patient plenty of air. There is no doubt Mrs. Paget's health has been seriously undermined by this long series of operations and those who have seen her lately say she is so thin as to be almost transparent. She still holds out against the amputation of the injured limb, and says she would prefer to remain all her life an invalid than lose it.

A Spinster Hostess.

Miss Van Wart is once more back in London and although she is not allowed to do much entertaining in the evening, or to stay up late, she is decidedly better. Miss Van Wart, who hails from Washington, has the distinction of being the most successful spinster hostess of any nationality in London at the present moment. For some reason, which it is impossible to explain, the hostess who is neither matron nor widow, is rarely a success in London. Ask why, and no one is able to answer you, but it is nevertheless admitted. The lady who presides at 82 Curzon street is a remarkable exception and her parties, either in town or at Windsor, have been extraordinarily popular and successful and left the most important married hostesses completely in the shade.

The king has frequently been the guest of Miss Van Wart at the chic little dinners for which she was famous before her illness. His majesty once remarked, after a bridge party at Curzon street, "How does that woman manage to keep unmarried? She is one of the jolliest and brightest I know and I expect she must have hundreds of offers."

Remembered an Old Friend.

An incident came to my notice the other day which reveals the tact and good nature of Mrs. Kate Moore, the rich American woman who, as I told recently in this correspondence, won the friendship of King Edward at Biarritz. Mrs. Moore is staying at the luxurious new Ritz hotel, which Americans seem to have annexed. She was driving in her motor in Regent street one morning lately when, owing to a procession of opponents of the education bill there was a block of traffic. While she was waiting there issued from a well-known rendezvous in the street where ladies take their 11 a.m. glass of champagne, a certain woman whose family are in the greatest grief because she has developed into a dipsomaniac. She walked with more than an unsteady step and already a few people had gathered to watch her. She was untidy and slipshod, and her hat was awry.

Without hesitation, Mrs. Moore jumped from her motor, went forward and spoke to the woman who had once been her friend. "Come and drive with me in the park," she said, but to her chauffeur she gave the address of the person she had just rescued from making a scene. The party drove straight to that point, and on arriving Mrs. Moore was overwhelmed with thanks and gratitude from the culprit's family. She had escaped and everyone in the house had been searching for her.

There are few women who would have risen so finely to the pathetic situation as Mrs. Moore did.

Miss Daly's Arrival.

Society is greatly excited over the arrival of Miss Harriet Daly, an American heiress, who is reputed to be worth \$35,000,000, which is amply sufficient to give her the pick of all the matrimonially unencumbered noblemen in the realm. She is a daughter of Marcus Daly, the "Copper King," and is to go about under the wing of Mrs. Almeric Paget. She was to have made her first "official" appearance at the party that lady had arranged for Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, but which had to be abandoned owing to the sudden indisposition of the hostess. Miss Daly is a good deal of a bohemian, and when in Paris much preferred luncheon and dining in cafes in the Latin quarter instead of at the Ritz or the Bristol. She was, it is said, hurried out of the gay and giddy city because her friends feared she would marry a penniless artist. According to another version of the story the painter, while protesting the most ardent affection for the heiress, declared that he had no intention of marrying her until he had won his laurels, and she on her part, has declared her intention of waiting for him even if that means not marrying for twenty years. But this does not prevent aristocratic dames with unmarried sons from paying her marked attention. Already she has found it necessary to employ

a secretary to answer the invitations which pour in upon her by every post.

Lady Essex's Illness.

Lady Essex, who used to be such a bright and particular star, has dropped out of society completely. At one time she used to be invited everywhere to meet the king and was one of the most popular of American peeresses. An acute form of nervous indigestion has played havoc with her and broken her spirits as well as her health. For the last couple of years she has



THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX. Formerly Adele Grant of New York.

lived in almost complete retirement. She has been to every specialist, not only here but on the continent; has tried every conceivable "cure" from dieting to electricity, but so far without success. Some little time ago she became so thin that the doctors were afraid that consumption was setting in. That anxiety has now passed, however, but that is all that can be said. For some months past Lady Essex has been living on milk and prepared food adapted to infantile digestions. She had hoped to be able to present her stepson's young wife at one of the June courts, but now this is quite out of the question. It has been put off until next season in the hope that Lady Essex may by that time be strong enough to officiate.

Wash Day in the "House."

The finest club in Europe, as the house of commons used to be called, has developed into a wash house. The story is vouched for that on entering one of the dressing rooms sacred to members recently, Mr. Chamberlain was confronted by the spectacle of one of the labor members washing his shirt, while hanging on an improvised clothes line—cord fastened from window to window by a screw in either shutter—were other shirts, socks and sundry articles of apparel being dried. The right honorable member stood in amazement and demanded if he had made some mistake. Nothing abashed, the occupant of the apartment explained he did not think so. But this being a dressing room which was rarely used, he thought there was no harm in utilizing it for "rinsing out a few things." It seems there is no law to put a stop to "washing days" in the great house at Westminster, so there is much excitement as to what is going to happen and whether a special law will have to be passed to prevent honorable members arranging their linen to dry in a general dressing room in the house.

A Menu Suggester.

A California housekeeper has adopted a novel idea she calls a "menu suggester." It consists of several sheets of cardboard tied loosely together. Each card is devoted to a certain class of food. No. 1 contains a list of the family's favorite soups, each name written by the number of the page in the cookery book where the receipt is to be found. She says this saves her a great deal of time and worry hitherto caused in hunting up a recipe, and as it is easy to tell at a glance what is generally liked in all kinds of dishes, it adds a great deal of variety to the meals.

Games for the Lawn.

A correspondent asks for games to be played on the lawn, and for suggestions for a "wish-bone" party. Most any of the games played in the house may be adapted to outdoors—a lemon race is great fun. Provide six lemons and mark off a course. The point is to pick up one lemon at a time on a fork, carry it the prescribed distance and return for another; the game is to see who can carry the six in the shortest space of time. A prize is awarded the winner. Peanut "hunts" and the old good game of "hare and hounds" are available for lawn parties. As for the "wish-bone" party, this is generally given in the winter time when turkey is more often served; but, of course, chickens furnish the necessary bones also. They are saved and dried until there are enough for each guest to be given one; then dolls are constructed from them with corks for the bodies, chewing gum for heads, etc., tissue paper making the dresses. Gilded wishbones tied with ribbon may be given as souvenirs, and ice cream may be served in "wish-bone" moulds. And then there can be some "bones" to pull for luck. So, altogether, a very jolly time may be had at a party of this kind.

Questions on any subject pertaining to this department will cheerfully be answered. A reply will be sent by mail if stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; otherwise answers will appear in this column. Address Mlle. Merri, The Minneapolis Journal.

The Well-Dressed Woman



Elizabeth Lee's Answers to Questions

Style for Sample.

DEAR MADAM: Kindly advise me as to the making of enclosed samples; the voile for a waist and dark sample for dress. I have plenty of material in both. I would also like to know what hat to wear with dress. My measurements are: Height, 5 feet 6 inches; bust, 38; waist, 24; hips, 46; have brown hair and eyes, and my age is 24.

—Mrs. T.

I take it that the checked voile is intended for a separate waist, and so style, rather than prettiness, should be the aim in its development. I should make a yoke cut on the bias, the lower edge forming one very deep point on either side of the front closing, and one on each shoulder in the back. Pipe with the goods, and add full lower portion of waist with gathers. Take into a plain gray kid belt, and close under a boxpleat whose edges are trimmed with a narrow knife-pleated frill of the goods. Have full puff sleeves ending in cuffs trimmed with the tiny frills and buttoned to the arm. Wear a pretty lace stock or have a Peter Pan collar of the goods edged with a little frill, adding a silk tie in cherry color or pale blue. Taking the brown sateen, I should like a princess skirt and smart little bolero or ston coat. Singeing to fit the waist line from a plain front panel would become you, the skirt trimmed with a group of tucks or folds at knee length and a second group above the hem. A blouse of ecru figured net, brown point d'esprit or lingerie will complete a stylish house gown, while for street wear the little coat will be done. This could be made with a few tiny tucks on the shoulders, seams graduating to nothing at all when they end at bust, the front lower edges rounded off, and an inverted V taken out of the lower edge of back in the center, finished with a brown glace silk collar, the front and lower edges showing a piped band of the goods and a little silk frill. The sleeves will be full puffs ending short in fussy cuffs of the silk; then a narrow lace frill in ivory or ecru will be added to all edges. This would be an extremely handsome suit, and a hat in keeping with it is suggested by a mushroom chip, trimmed with brown malines, pink velvet knots and pink roses. I should like long tan gloves, tan shoes and stockings, a brown lace veil and a parasol in deep cream taffeta hemmed and tacked on the edges or showing a scant sprinkling of lace motifs.

For a Girl of Thirteen.

Dear Miss Lee: Could you suggest some style for a dress like sample enclosed? I want it for late summer and early fall wear. I do not want a jacket, and I want something simple, as I am going to wear it to school. I am 13 years old, but very large for my age. I am 5 feet 5 inches in height, 24-inch waist, 36-inch bust and 37-inch hips. Also, what colors can I wear? I have a sallow skin with a little color. My hair is a grayish color, between light brown and blonde, and my eyes are gray.

—A. B. H.

What a pretty sample of golden brown and cream! You must not speak so despairingly about your hair. Evidently you are of the ash-blonde type, one that can be made very dainty and sweet-looking if only the right colors are chosen. The sallowness is, I admit, a slight drawback; still, it is not something that can be overcome also!

First, you should not wear strong, vivid tones, as red, cherry or magenta, but should choose the soft pastel or art shades. Golden brown and red—or, rather, chestnut brown—will become you, and so will yellow, pearl gray, pale and dark purple, the greens (unless too sallow), pale blue, Alice blue and navy blue, but not the betweens, as vivid royals or sapphires. Dull soft blue, black, white and pearl gray are the ash-blonde's best colors, when no sallowness exists. These will accentuate the delicate tints of hair and skin, deepening the faint color of the cheeks and adding a touch of gold to the hair. Strong colors will be, by contrast, so overpowering as to destroy the best part of the charms of the ash-blonde. Very pale pink is generally becoming to this type. In your case choose the pale coral or shell in preference to the rose shades, as these have a tendency to darken the skin.

You are so well proportioned that you may choose almost any model you fancy. A double skirt will become you, the upper one gathered slightly into the waistline from a plain front panel, the bottom finished with a hem and two tucks, and the lower skirt a flounce similarly finished and added to the upper skirt under its hem.

If you prefer a pleated skirt, then I should have it boxpleated into a hip yoke, the bottom finished with a hem and tucks and the waist a kind of sailor, the yoke cut to carry out the skirt effect and the full lower portion of waist pleated to it and be brought into a deep belt of white or tan kid. Turn back the neck in a narrow, and finish with a Peter Pan collar, the tiny chemisette to be of white pique. In the case of the double skirt, make the waist full from a plain round yoke of the goods, tucking it twice horizontally above the belt. Outline the yoke with a band of plain brown covered with rows of cream soutache braid, and finish the band collar to match, adding a neat turn-down lingerie collar. In either case, fairly full bishop sleeves will be the happier choice. The Peter Pan waist must have cuffs to the sleeves turning back like the collar, the set edged with a little frill of brown ribbon. The other waist will have sleeves ending in cuffs matching the collar.

To Remodel a Gown.

Dear Miss Lee: As you have helped so many, will you also help me? I have a gray dress like sample to make over. The skirt has five gores and straight back. The waist, I think, can make an Eton jacket. Have 1 1/2 yards of new goods, forty inches wide. Cut I make a dress of it, and how? I am 41 years old, dark complexion, gray eyes, brown hair, 36-inch bust, 27-inch waist, 41-inch skirt length, about 5 feet 2 inches tall. How can I make a white linen dress for little girl of 7 years? She has dark complexion, brown hair, grayish-brown eyes. Thank you very much for your trouble and interest. We take The Journal and are much interested in your department.

—J. H. P.

The sample of natural linen barred with blue is very pretty, but I am sorry not to be able quite to understand what you wish in regard to the second sample of pepper-and-salt covert cloth. I am not sure whether this is the new material referred to or whether you have an additional 1 1/2 yards on hand, but now, of the dress linen. The length would not make a dress, unless you are thinking of the needs of the little 7-year-old girl. Made with a skirt and bib or suspender waist you may find this length sufficient, but even then I doubt it.

In remodeling the skirt could you not cut a seven-gored? I fancy the wide-back width will cut two for the back of the new skirt; that is, if all four sides are straight. From the description I think the front width will be wide at the top. If this is so, then fold down center front to form an inverted box pleat, but be sure to allow for this in cutting the back width, supposing the present skirt fits smoothly at the top now. Trim the bottom from the front width with two bands of plain blue linen, one coming directly on the hem.

The waist should make a smart Eton, and will look well made quite plain—that is, without tucks or gathers—on account of the check suggested by the blue threads. Have it quite short, open fronts just closing with a single hook and eye at the bust, and take out an inverted V in lower edge center back. Trim front and lower edges with a band of the blue linen, and finish the V neck with a blue linen collar overlaid with one of lace or lingerie. Try and get elbow sleeves as full as you can from the material, and finish with blue linen cuffs. Wear a pretty white waist, and your toilet cannot fail to be both smart and effective.

Taking the white linen frock, naturally you will wish a model that will launder well. In fact, the plainer styles for children are not only considered in better taste, but are also really smarter than more elaborate models. Take the full skirt into the belt with gathers or small pleats, just as you prefer, and trim above the hem with insertion embroidery about an inch wide in sharp, deep zigzag points. For the waist make a pointed yoke of the insertion, sewing in rows, and outline with a shaped bertha of the linen,

its outer edge cut into points and finished with the insertion edged with a little lace frill. Now either shirr or tuck the lower portion of waist and add to yoke under the bertha, and take into the belt of insertion in a similar way. If you can manage a little hand embroidery on each point of the bertha (a daisy or a small leaf), its beauty will be increased. The sleeves will be puffs and tucked or gathered into cuffs of the insertion. If you wish a touch of color, form collar, cuffs and belt of white beading instead of the insertion, and thread with pretty ribbon, tying into bows as found practicable, and let the wearer's hair ribbon match.

I am glad you like my department, and if I can help you further I hope you will write again.

Utensils for the Chafing Dish.

USEFUL utensils for the chafing-dish are a wooden spoon and a measuring cup of glass marked into halves, quarters and thirds. A glass mug is more of an ornament than tin one. A metal tray, too, is important—one that is large enough to hold not only the chafing-dish, but the spoons, salt, pepper, etc., used for seasoning. The tray will prevent any danger of burning from the heat of the lamp or from alcohol that may be spilled. Glass and porcelain jars in numerous sizes and with tight covers are very useful for the chafing-dish closet. Very good toast may be made over the chafing-dish. For this purpose a little wire toaster covered with an asbestos mat is made either with or without a handle. The toaster is placed on the frame directly over the flame.

A FLORAL FETE FOR PORCH OR LAWN

And Other Entertainment Suggestions---By Mlle. Merri.

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LAWN and porch parties are now in season, and nothing is more enjoyable in the way of affairs for children; the ideas given here are also applicable to grown people. The hours most favored are from 3 until 6; and the refreshments served are ample to take the place of the evening meal. The invitations to a recent party were decorated with tiny blossoms scattered all over the page "Dresden" style, representing a flower or two appearing in costume of a favorite blossom. In olden times it was considered lucky to wear one's birth flower. If it was not obtainable fresh, the dried petals were sewed into a tiny silken bag and worn around the neck as a charm against evil spirits. Here is a list of the month flowers taken from an old English calendar:

- January—Snowdrop.
- February—Primrose.
- March—Violet.
- April—Daisy.
- May—Hawthorn.
- June—Rose.
- July—Poppy.
- August—Water lily.
- September—Morning glory.
- October—Hop vine.
- November—Chrysanthemum.
- December—Holly.

Each child received a spray of her own special flower, either real or artificial, in the form of wreaths for the girls and boutonnières for the lads. After some lively dancing and marching to the music of a street piano hired for the occasion, the children were gathered on the veranda to guess "floral conundrums." Various articles had been scattered about, each bearing a number; cards having corresponding numbers were given out with pencils, and each child was to try to think what flower the objects suggested.

An Apron Shower.

An "apron" shower given for a bride-elect proved to be a most enjoyable affair, and the little bride-to-be was so delighted with her supply of aprons that Mme. Merri hopes that such sensible "showers" may fall upon many a "maiden fair." The hostess asked each guest to bring material for any kind of an apron, with their thimbles; the hours were from 2 until 5. On arriving, the girls were taken up stairs into a spacious room, which contained

two sewing machines. There were two kitchen aprons; two of dainty white, made long to cover the best gown while preparing "Sunday night tea"; two work aprons with bibs and pockets; three of lawn, trimmed with ruffles and lace for serving "afternoon tea," and one with sleeves. Amid merry chatter and exchange of confidences so dear to girlish hearts, the hum of the machines and flying fingers, the hours passed so rapidly that when the hostess called "time" as the clock struck 5 it was impossible to realize that ten aprons had been made and piled into a basket made by a hollow peasant, and the hostess was to be a market receptacle for the new housekeeper.

A maid brought in a tray containing a plate of toasted crackers with glasses of iced chocolate, and tea for those who preferred it. A plate of maple fudge (the usual accompaniment to girls' affairs) had been in circulation during the afternoon; also a dish of salted "Jumbo" peanuts.

A Recipe Book.

Speaking about "showers" and "brides" reminds me of a recipe book that was brought in on a tray as the last course of a luncheon given for a recent bride. This book was purchased already illustrated by pictures of the new housekeeper at her various occupations. There was ample space under each picture for the recipes which were contributed by the guests. They were sent to the hostess some days before the luncheon, and she had them put in the book by an expert "letterer"; then each contributor signed her own name. As far as possible favorite dishes of the bride had been selected, and she said in her far away western home she was sure the book would bring to her more comfort and "home" thoughts than anything that could have been given her.

A Unique Luncheon.

A young matron who had asked six friends to luncheon suddenly found herself without a maid. She was equal to the occasion, however, and said nothing to her guests about the very important missing member of her household. Before going to the dining room each girl was handed a ribbon bow, to which was attached a safety pin, and told to find her place by matching the colors of the bows. It did not take long to appropriate the pretty aprons with the pieces of ribbon to match each bow. They were made of

large colored handkerchiefs, and the point forming the bib was pinned up by the safety pin and bow. Anchovy canapes were the first course. After they were eaten the hostess turned to the guest at her right and said: "Look under your plate and do what the card says." And the little card bore this request: "Please remove the plates and bring in the soup." Amid much merriment this was accomplished, the bouillon being already on a tray over the gas, which was turned low. Another guest removed the cups and brought in the next course. Minute directions were on each card. The hostess did not find it necessary to leave the table and the absence of the maid was voted to have made the party a great success. Everyone declared that the aprons were the most acceptable of souvenirs.