

NEW THINGS IN DRESS AS SEEN BY DAISY MAY.

MURMURINGS of coming fashions are heard at every turn, and while there are many and contradictory statements concerning the specific cut of skirts and demurres entered when the coattail blouse is mentioned as a foregone conclusion, there is a consensus of opinion regarding the fashionable colors. They are to be stronger in tint. They are to be distinguished by bold shades, in contrast to the faded and the faded and the faded...

Both hats, caps and gowns savor of the artistic world, with Greenaway and liberty effects instead of Romneyesque. It will be seen that the spirit of extravagance has permeated the nursery atmosphere when it is noted that "girls' tailors" are the latest addition to the ranks of indispensable servitors of style. A few years ago "women tailors" were exceptional; today they are as numerous as dressmakers. This fact, together with the departure already mentioned, signifies long life for the tailor gown and a closer kinship between the big and little editions of the same.



Photo by Beutlinger, Paris.

LACE AND CHINCHILLA TRIMMED VELVET COAT.

mother's very own Paquin or Doucet garment. Small girls, and those in their teens, too, like their mammas, have an allotment of party frocks which at this recognized dancing season are much in evidence. White wash silk is quite the ideal fabric chosen for many of them. With quantities of Valenciennes lace in several encircling rows about the skirt and flounces, plectresque sleeves and transparent yoke, the effect is bewitchingly soft and dainty.

fon and a little fichu of silk and lace. Yet another party frock is that of white guipure, suiting itself to a small maid of 3 or 4 years old. This is quite a luxurious little garment, formed of lovely guipure lace and a sumptuous pink satin sash. An interesting frock for a girl about 14 intended for smart day wear is built of fine navy cloth and adorned with diminutive tuckings, ecru lace appliques and a yoke and undersleeves of turquoise silk.

KNITTED CHATELAINE PURSE.

A knitted silk tie is a present which the demands of the prevailing fashion have made very popular with both sexes. A capital choice of colored silks of various textures and in many different designs, for both crocheting and knitting, is afforded in the shops, besides, of course, the knitted article itself in cases where the giver has neither the time nor inclination to work. Another suggestion for a Christmas present is the stocking top with wool to finish, and for which you can make your choice out of many different designs.



France has much to blush for in the treatment which has been accorded to ex-Queen Ranavolo of Madagascar. Though the queen was removed from the capital with little ceremony after the conquest of Madagascar and sent into exile at Algiers, she was allowed to take with her a small retinue of native attendants. She was deprived one by one of these attendants until there was left to her only one, an old dignitary of the court who took the office of interpreter for Ranavolo, though she speaks English, knew no word of French. Now they have sent the interpreter back to Madagascar and left the queen alone with her guards.

Royal tastes are not usually artistic. Queen Victoria is fond of good music, but her taste in pictures and books is said to be unworthy of a country so rich in art and literature. The young queen of Holland is a gifted artist and loves the paintings, always visiting the galleries of every city she goes to. She goes to concerts because she must assume an interest in everything, but she admits that listening to operas bores her, and she is quoted as saying that she would rather scrub than play the piano.

Coarse laces and muslin embroideries are still much to the fore, and the most sonorous chevrons and serges are relieved and smartened by the addition of a piece of old, exquisite handmade embroidery or a lace collar inherited from one's great-grandmother.

MAN'S LITTLE WAYS.

By the Emancipated Woman.

THERE was trouble in the marital camp of Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Strawberry, Afro-American. Erastus attended the meeting of the Colored Citizens' Rights association and came home at 3 o'clock in the morning so full of his rights or of something else that he ordered his wife, Elizabeth Arendonia, to rise from her bed and mend his garments at that unholy hour.

Erastus was unrelieved black. Elizabeth Arendonia was of a rich tint, like a warm salmon, buff window shade. Through the years of her married life until now Elizabeth Arendonia had meekly acceded to Erastus that crown of headship and intellectual masculine superiority which the Afro-American husband believes in as he believes in possum and sweet taters. But now Elizabeth belonged to a woman's club, the order of the Star of the Queen of Sheba. She had read her first paper. She was beginning to imbibe the deadly poison of woman's rights. The demand of Erastus that she should rise and sew his buttons on fired her soul, and she answered:

"Erastus Strawberry, I wouldn't get up at 3 o'clock in de mawnin to fix yo' clo'es if you went out on de street and a policeman arrested you for nakedness! I ain't a-goin to quarrel with no nigger this time o' night because I got to git my res' and git up early to go to work, but I ain't a-goin to put up with no more nigger ways, fo' de Lawd! Don't you be comin home ontoticed, and makin' sturbance with me no mo', now, you mind!"

Erastus was stunned. This thing that had come upon him was unorthodox. He determined to discipline Elizabeth Arendonia. But he was a little tired then. He turned his face to the wall and slept, dreaming reverie.

In the morning he went as usual to the box wherein he kept cornmeal to bake cakes for his yellow dog. Although Erastus had a wife and five children, that yellow dog was the one object he loved. His wife supported him and the children by day labor; he supported the dog.

The meal box was empty. Erastus glanced suspiciously at some hens that were cluck-clucking contentedly in the back yard, making little dabs with their horny beaks at a flat stone, after the wont of hens pecking at the remains of a feast. He saw and understood. He turned as near white with rage as a velvet black man can. He exclaimed, and half the town could hear him roar:

"Elizabeth Arendonia Strawberry, how dar' you! You been a feedin my cawndar' you! You been a feedin chickens and a starvin my pore dawg! I'll teach you!"

But he got no farther. The member of the order of the Star of the Queen of Sheba had been making ready in her mind for this attack for two hours and had the advantage of careful preparation.

"You stop right thar, Erastus Strawberry!" she said. "Thar's colored people and thar's niggers. Colored people has white principles, and niggers has nigger principles, and you got 'em all over, lazin round all day, steyn out all night and onseain me from my sleep! You do it ag'in, and I won't suppose you no mo'! I don't have to, nohow! You black tartop! What did I ever marry you for, anyhow? Look at you! Look at them nappy headed children!"

"Well, I ain't no cream colored nigger, anyway," replied Erastus. On the whole, he replied meekly. There was a great in Elizabeth's oration. Suppose she should execute it! She advanced toward the boiling kettle. She poured out a cup of water. He eyed her warily and slid toward the door. But she only began to sip it, white folks' antebreakfast fashion. Erastus was relieved. He remarked soothingly:

"Thar's right. Hot watah's good for yo' indigestion, honey." But Elizabeth was "on her high horse." She stopped sipping, waved her right hand up and down and laid it down to him thus:

"Befo' I married you I lived with a 'Piscopal rectah's family, and my madam she give me clo'es and brickerbrack and all I wanted. Her husband he was pasture of a church till he died of sorrosis de liver; then she was a 'Piscopal rectah's widow. And then I married you, you ole black thing, and you stayin out nights and comin home ontoticed at 3 o'clock in de mawnin like low, common niggers, and me suppoin' you! Yah, if I was one rid of you I wouldn't marry de best man de Lawd ever blowed de breath of life into. And you mind yo'self, or I'll git a revorce and put de chillen in de 'sylum and go and work for Sinstah Lavender, de iceeterer. Folks has tole me many a time I got de makin's of a cook into me. I won't put up with no no' nigger ways, Erastus Strawberry!"

And Erastus could only answer still more soothingly:

"Hot watah's mighty fine for yo' indigestion, honey." SOME CHIC BOLDOR ORNAMENTS. A delightful little boldor ornament is a clock circular in shape and mounted in pierced or perfectly plain silver. It is to be had alone or twin mounted, as shown, with a small aneroïd. Boldor is the order of the day as regards photograph frames, which are attractively represented in large size, plain and massive, as miniature circles in delicate piercing or as a rim of silver inclosing a sunk mount covered with Irish poplin of some dainty pattern. A capital new idea is the pump scent bottle, in various sizes, shaped like the ordinary salts or scent bottle, with a plain or chased silver top. The difference is that when the top is pressed the bottle diffuses a refreshing spray of perfume. The fascinating list must be brought to a conclusion by the mention of the many novelties in toilet silver, one of the latest being the sylvan toilet set, in which each piece is ornamented with a different group of sylphs or wood nymphs embossed on a panel sunk into a handsome raised border of plain silver.

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"Urchins of the Sea"

MRS. MARIE O. CORBIN, The Successful Writer For Children.

TO WIN the interest of children a writer must have both imagination and humor. Rarely indeed are these qualities found in combination, but when they are their owner is certain to become sooner or later an object of the deepest interest to youthful readers. A Lewis Carroll, a Louisa Alcott or a Palmer Cox is a rare axis in the literary world, and every newcomer into the field of children's literature is carefully scanned by critics and publishers on the lookout for a budding genius.

For those who can please the children there waits not only honor, but money and appreciation. Of the children's books of the year none has been more favorably received than the "Urchins of the Sea" of Mrs. Marie Overton Corbin, the wife of a New York lawyer and the daughter of Major Giles B. Overton of the United States Army.

Mrs. Corbin's urchins of the sea are unique. Her idea of populating the ocean with elves has opened the way for a vast amount of entertaining literature. The urchins of the sea are a creation, not an adaptation, for they are quite different from the species of fish known as sea urchin. Mrs. Corbin's home is in New York, but for a number of summers she has spent the season at 'Scoonset, Nantucket island. It was there that it first occurred to her to write the story of the urchins of the sea. All along the shore, at certain times, the beach is covered with little brown figures, known variously as Neptune's purses or mermaids' purses. To Mrs. Corbin these little objects were from first sight irresistibly funny, suggesting tiny elves or goblins, with their plump little bodies and thin, tendril-like projections. Many people have noticed these little leather forms cast up by the waves and have wondered what they were.

Scientists say these leathery shells are nothing more than skates' eggs, from which the tiny fishes have made their escape. With a few skillful strokes of a brush filled with white paint a comical face may be outlined on the empty shell. After a few experiments Mrs. Corbin found that she could make out of the bit of brown leather an elf that no child could see without coveting. When she returned home in the winter, she took with her a number of the brown mermaids' purses and then began her preparation of the book. It was first illustrated in colors. When submitted to a publisher in this form, he objected to it as too expensive for publication. Then the illustrations were changed to black and white, and the book was issued, to be greeted by an almost unanimous chorus of praise on the part of the reviewers.

The charming sea jingle begins as follows: Popsy and Pudgy and Wobbly Jim, Their bodies were fat, and their legs were slim. And their faces were puckered and droll and queer. If you should go down to the sea next year, Look sharp when you paddle along the shore, Perhaps you will see them and hundreds more. All just as like them as like can be— The little black urchins that live in the sea.

In addition to the three star characters, Popsy, Pudgy and Wobbly Jim, a number of others are introduced, and for them entertaining adventures are invented. The story is not only a tuneful but an amusing one.

Mrs. Corbin, the originator of the urchins, was assisted in her work by Mr. Charles Buxton Going. She modestly attributes much of the success of the book to his help, for this is her first appearance in book form, while he has had the experience of publishing a successful volume of verses. Mr. Going is known to the scientific world as editor of the Engineering Magazine and is an alumnus of Columbia university. He is a native of New York city.

Although she has no little ones of her own, Mrs. Corbin as one might imagine, is a great favorite with children. She is a young and pretty woman, plump and dimpled, with an expressive face of the type to which no photograph ever does justice. Her winter home is in one of the handsome apartment houses overlooking Central park.

The writing of children's verses is Mrs. Corbin's avowed interest, but her first success in this line was a collection of them gathered from all parts of the world by herself and by her friends, who know her partiality for them. Among these keys are those representing every period of time from that of ancient Egypt to the present. Palaces and hovels, historic prisons and famous residences are represented in a collection that covers one side of Mrs. Corbin's drawing room. Among these keys are representative of the palace of the Alhambra, one from Albrecht Durer's house in Nuremberg, one from Kenilworth abbey, another from the Tower of London, one from Murro Castle and keys for the gates of San Juan. The histories of these keys are many of them most romantic. The collection is to be the subject of a forthcoming magazine article.

Mrs. Corbin's education was obtained at private schools. Like most army officers, her father was constantly moving from station to station, so that each of Mrs. Corbin's brothers and sisters (there were five children in the Overton family) was born in a different part of the country. Mrs. Corbin's birthplace was Rochester, N. Y. She has always had a taste for literature and has done a great deal of magazine writing, although the "Urchins of the Sea" is her first book.

Mrs. Corbin and Mr. Going have now ready for the press a companion volume to "Urchins of the Sea." It deals with the further adventures of their queer little marine characters and is so they think, quite as delightful as the introductory volume.

MEXICAN LOVE-MAKING. A Mexican girl realizes she is a miss of some importance when she is attracted the attention of a would be cavalier who has seen her at mass or during a promenade on the plaza. Without the formality of an introduction, he dispatches letters glowing with words of admiration and devotion and nervously awaits a reply. In the meantime he visits the locality of her home, hoping to catch sight of the object of his admiration at the balcony or as she emerges from the house to attend church. He patiently but persistently promenades backward and forward in the street, for custom forbids his entrance to the house, and is happy if fa-



MRS. MARIE OVERTON CORBIN.

avored with a glance from the lustrous black eyes. No ridicule is strong enough to dampen his ardor, and no objections of irate parents are sufficiently powerful to subdue his passion. Mexican lovers rarely meet, for even if the young man is related to the family of the young lady and has been a caller at the home the mere fact of his paying attention to her puts a severe restraint on his intercourse with the family. After a time, if things have progressed favorably, he is admitted as an accepted suitor and is received by the girl, always accompanied by her mother, who usually does all the conversation. But love does all the work of expression, and stolen glances, never suspected, speak volumes for the lovers. As the suit progresses many an evening passes with the girl at the window or balcony and her lover in the street below, wholly oblivious of the passersby or his naive or caustic remark. The duration of a courtship depends upon the formality employed and means at command of the parties and their age. A message of the marriage is demanded from the parents of the girl by the suitor's father, who is accompanied by a priest, that the pledge may be made the more binding.

GOWNS MADE OF WOOD. From potato buttons to wooden silk is only a step. Remarkable to relate, wood can be utilized for soft, flowing gowns. Wood pulp silk has long been a staple industry in the St. Etienne district of France. By certain secret chemical processes the pulp is reduced to a stringy condition. It is then forced into tubes full of tiny holes, through which it emerges in the form of fine silklite threads. These are speedily dried by being passed through a hot atmosphere and are forthwith wound on bobbins. Ready to be woven into silk, the appearance of this unique product is said to be so natural that even experts have mistaken it for the genuine article. It is, of course, infinitely cheaper.

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Photo by Beutlinger, Paris. Design by Laferrieres.

ROBE OF VELVET AND SPANGLED LACE.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

One can more fully realize the great length of Queen Victoria's reign when she learns that her subjects have since her accession, in 1837, worn out half a million of money in their pockets.

The women students of Paris are agitating for admission to membership of the Great National and International Association of French Men Students, familiarly known as "L.A." Mile. Sonia Rogovine, a medical student and an energetic leader of the feminist movement in the Latin quarter of Paris, is the leader of the agitation, and she has many wealthy supporters among the members of the association.

The wife of Li Hung Chang has the credit of being not only the richest lady in China, but also of being the most luxurious woman on earth. Twice daily Mrs. Li bathes in oil of oranges and acacia flowers, and she has a staff of 1,000 servants. Her wardrobe is most extensive and contains no less than 2,000 coats and 1,200 trousseaus.

At Osborne there is a pagoda shaped cottage into which no one but Queen Victoria may enter. It is stored with mementos of the prince consort and relics of her majesty's youth as well as with toys and games used by her own children, many of which were made by the prince consort, who had considerable skill in carpentering. At the recent meeting of the board of directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs it was voted to relieve Mrs. Love of her duties as president for one year, as her health has made a rest imperative. Mrs. Charles Halbert Denison, first vice president, was made acting president for that period.

One of the most popular hostesses in England, more particularly during the last five or six years, has been Lady Wolsley, the wife of the retiring commander in chief of the British army. She is possessed of many gifts and is highly cultivated and a brilliant conversationalist. Her entertainments have been greatly sought after. In many, if not all of these, she has been assisted by her only daughter, a very handsome specimen of young womanhood and one of the most fearless riders to hounds in the county.

Mrs. John Walters of Paint township, Blair county, Pa., holds the undisputed record for pie baking in that part of Pennsylvania. Her record is based on figures furnished to the world by a proud husband, who has aided and abetted her in the consumption of 8,263 crisp, fluffy tarts and pies during the year ended Dec. 1, 1900.

In Japan is a race of people of Aino descent whose ancestors come from the Thoroli islands, in the north Pacific. A remarkable freak on the part of the women of this race is that they tattoo their faces to give them the appearance of men with whiskers. The Wabanaki club of Oldtown, Me., which is composed entirely of young Indian women, paid its fee to the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Indian baskets. As the sale of the contributions netted considerably more than the fee, the surplus was returned to the club with a message of greeting. The Wabanaki club was formed for the purpose of preserving the tales of Indian folklore.

The new nurses' home which was recently opened at Toronto in connection with the general hospital is of a thoroughly up to date character.