

Pretty Girls in Dainty Christmas Tea Gowns.



NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Never were there so many delightful novelties in tea gowns. Perhaps we shall, in future, have to call them chocolate gowns. A number of well known New York women are now serving chocolate at the witching hour hitherto consecrated to tea. The idea comes from Paris and is an acceptable novelty. There are special French chocolate manufactured for this purpose and the beverage is no more troublesome to make than tea.



Whether the innovation becomes general or no is not to the point, however, just at this writing. The new models to wear at the function are the interesting thing to be mentioned. One of the most charming is shown on the lady in our illustration who has stepped out from behind the partition, and is pausing for our inspection. Her gown is of pale beige wool with pale blue silk stripes. The skirt trains slightly at the back and is separated from the bodice. The side has a panel of plain beige on which the striped material appears to button down with buttons of dilapidated silver. The blouse corsage is confined at the waist by a sash of pale blue satin. The plastron is of mouseline de soie, also the large cravat. The large square revers of blue satin are ornamented with incrustations of lace. Pale blue hose and kid slippers of the same tint accompany this dainty toilette.

More elegant still is the gown worn by the young matron, who also appears in a bloused model. It is softest ivory crepe de chine trimmed profusely with exquisite ecru lace. The transparent sleeves are of the lace which forms a drapery over the shoulders, falling in soft folds nearly to the foot of the skirt. This has a deep flounce of the lace. The blouse is gathered to a yoke, richly encrusted with pearls and silver embroidery, belt of the same with two decorative tabs falling in front.

Next this ivory white dream of loveliness is a gown of pink crepe trimmed with pink chiffon, cream lace and cream satin ribbon. It can be repeated by the clever woman who wishes to be economical, in any color casimere. The next lady who turns her back to us next claims our attention. Here is a gown in pale salmon pink surah. The front is full, the sleeves are composed of several frills of narrow white satin and ecru lace.

There are of course dozens of other tea gowns of equal attractions, but more particularly a dainty, youthful-looking garment, made in Empire fashion, and pale yellow brocade, the modest square at the neck outlined with a transparent band of lace—a new make of Duchesse applique—and the Empire bands being of moire in a deeper shade of yellow, while the back is arranged in a graceful Watteau. It is a gown which a girl could well wear at a home dinner, quite apart from its original use as a charming accompaniment to the witching hour we have been writing of.

But enough of these. A very interesting matter claims our attention, and must not be neglected in this letter, or our readers may not be just a trifle in advance of time in the matter of dressmaking. We have just been told by one in the swing that in Paris, in spite of the efforts of the hairdressers, the locks of Frenchwomen are steadily resuming their natural straightness. This is not to be attributed to any want of skill on the part of the coiffeurs, but merely to the fact that Frenchwomen have rebelled against their dietaries, and having lost a large proportion of their hair through the constant application of hot tongs, have now renounced their use. The wave has almost disappeared, and the head has been allowed to resume its natural size. A similar tendency is be-

WAYS TO COOK OYSTERS.

GOOD RECIPES BY FAMOUS CHEFS OF THE QUAKER CITY.

Eleven Rules, Some of Them Less New Than Others, for Fine Dishes, With Bivalves as the Foundation—The Others Are Very Plain.

Now that the oyster season has opened and oysters are said to be particularly fine and "a good job," this year, readers will probably be interested in the following from the Philadelphia Times. The recipes were prepared by famous Philadelphia chefs who have made a study of the oyster and its possibilities:

Vol-au-vent d'Huitres a la Walton.
Recipe by A. Laurent, chef Hotel Walton: Prepare a large vol-au-vent, made of puff paste. Poach two dozen prime oysters and some oyster crabs in white wine, drain well, and then put in a saucepan with some cooked heads of fresh mushrooms and some quenelles made of lobster.

Stewed Oysters a la Colonnade.
Recipe by Chef Ernest Henri, of the Colonnade: Take a dozen prime, freshly opened salt oysters, drain and then stew them in butter, adding minced celery and a half dozen buttons of fresh mushrooms, previously cleaned and washed, add reduced cream and a little Brie d'Uxelles, also a dash of old Madeira. Season with salt and paprika to taste. Cook for five minutes and serve in a hot tureen.

Oysters a la Philadelphia.
Recipe by Jean J. Maretti, chef Continental Hotel: Put two ounces of butter into a pan and let it cook until brown, then add twenty oysters well drained and wiped. Fry in egg yolks, making the oysters turn a golden color, then pour over them a quarter of a cup of oyster liquid. Season with salt and pepper, then serve on toast in a deep dish.

Oysters on Brochette.
Recipe by Charles Liebre, chef Hotel Stratford: Take nine medium-sized salt water oysters, parboil them in their own gravy, then remove the shells. In the meantime cut an equal number of very thin slices of salt pork, and fry them for about a minute. Then place the oysters on a silver skewer interlarded with the pork; then dip them in melted butter, and then in bread crumbs. Broil them until nicely browned, season to taste, and serve immediately, having first sprinkled with parsley.

Oysters a la Poquette.
Recipe by William Vance, chef Girard House: Put three or four medium-sized salt water oysters in a saucepan in their own juice and let them stew to a boil. Strain the oysters off and skim the juice and add to it a half pound of butter, adding thickening until you have a gravy a trifle thicker than cream. Then strain it over the oysters through a fine sieve and add a little lemon juice. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, and mace, and serve immediately.

Scalloped Oysters a la Creole.
Recipe by Emilio Hederv, chef Hotel Stenton: Take two dozen large salt water oysters. Put them in a pan in their own juice and place on the fire until they boil, then drain. Take five ounces of best table butter, one large tablespoon of flour, mix and let it simmer for a half minute without getting brown. Then take half of the oyster juice and add an equal portion of cream, and let it cook to thick sauce, mix it with the oysters, and flour and butter. Season with salt, a little cayenne pepper, a soupcon of nutmeg, and a little Worcester sauce. Wash and clean thoroughly a dozen large, deep oyster shells; then put about six oysters in a shell; sprinkle with parmesan cheese, bread crumbs, and a little fresh butter. Bake for ten minutes in a brick oven, and serve immediately.

Curdle of Oysters.
Recipe by Alfred Duval, chef Alden Hotel: One dozen large salt water oysters. Shew in a chafin dish in their own juice until they boil, then strain, add one teaspoonful of curd to the juice and make a little thickening by adding one teaspoonful of flour and a piece of butter as large as a nut. Season with salt and pour over the oysters. Serve immediately in chafin dish.

Here are a few simple recipes for cooking oysters in the family. They are given by the chef in Bloch's oyster saloon and restaurant:

Panned Oysters.
For panned oysters do just the same as for a stew, but in this case you drain the oysters and put them in a pan with butter; season according to your taste, cook about three minutes, and serve hot.

A Pan Roast.
Parboil the oysters in the pan, then take a pan with melted butter in it, and having drained the oysters place them in a roasting pan and let them brown. In all cases a quick fire is best for oysters except in the case of a shell roast, when a slow fire is needed.

Frying Oysters.
Take six eggs to each quart of milk and season according to taste. This constitutes the batter. Then take the oysters and put them in cracker dust; next you dip them in the batter and then you lay them in bread crumbs, then you put on a hot pan, in which you must have enough fat for them to swim. If the pan is hot enough two minutes are sufficient to cook them.

Poached Eggs With Tomato Sauce.
Ladies' Home Journal. Where eggs must be served in place of meat for a meal like dinner it is well to use an equal vegetable of some kind as a sauce. Put half can of strained tomatoes in a saucepan; add a slice of onion, a bay leaf and a slice of celery. Cover, simmer gently for five minutes, strain again; add two tablespoonsful of butter and two tablespoonsful of flour that you have rubbed to a smooth paste. Stir constantly until boiling; add a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, and stand until cooled. Cover a platter with squares of bread nicely toasted. Then poach the eggs, slip them on top of the toast, pour around them the tomato sauce, and sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

Sweet Potato Salad.
Roll until tender three sweet potatoes; cut them into half-inch squares, cut two stalks of celery into pieces, season with salt and pepper and pour over it a French dressing made as follows: Three tablespoonsful of oil, one of vinegar, one of lemon juice, one of onion juice, one of salt, one of sugar, one of mustard, one of paprika, one of cayenne pepper, mix and let stand in a cool place or in refrigerator until cold. Garnish with pickles, olives and parsley or celery leaves.

SHE IS A JEWEL.
Something New in the Way of a Satisfactory Servant Girl.
Detroit Free Press. "It's a little venture to announce that I have something new in the way of a servant girl," laughed the young matron, "but I rather think I can justify the statement by the facts."

"Does it come up to the best ideal?" "No, it's not, but it's worth her salary to enjoy her originality and her delightful veridicality. The first night she came to us I put an alarm clock in her room and at an unearthly hour in the morning she was rushing over the house shouting that there was some one ringing the telephone, of which I had made her custodian. I had a call from a dear and very fleshy friend of mine. In moving about she dropped her belt without noticing it. "Here, missus," said Jane, on picking up your trunk strap." The other day I told her to boil eggs just three minutes, but when they were served they were as hard as bullets. When I took her to task she insisted that she had obeyed my orders and then tried to let me down lightly by saying, "I suppose you've forgot, mamma, that the clock's twenty minutes behind time."

"She's so modest that when the coachman says in the kitchen she retires to the cellar and refuses to hear a summons till he is gone. My husband let out a yell at her the other night when he found her trying to grind the carving knife on a wheel at his bicycle, and she was so startled that she cut the tire almost in two. She's not a good cook and not tidy."

"Why in the world do you keep her?" "Well, she has never asked me to have the kitchen rebuilt, allows me to have such evenings out as I want and does not condemn me for having children."

"Oh, the precious jewel!"
Homeless Young Married People.
Ladies' Home Journal. A home, however humble is a million times better place for young married couples to live than is the most luxurious hotel or best boarding house in the land. It is always a sad thing when a young married



DEATH ENDS A GRIEF.

GEN. ALBERT ORDWAY, FATHER OF BETTY GIRARD, EMPIRES.

Her Mad Course Is Almost Run—Once the Belle of Washington's Smartest Set, She Brought Only Sorrow to Her Parents—in a Sanitarium.

Gen. Albert Ordway, of Washington, D. C., died November 21 at the Hoffman house, New York. When death came the general's wife, his sister, Miss Emma Ordway, Dr. Pease, the attending physician, and Lieut. Very, a close friend and business associate, were at his bedside.

Gen. Ordway and his wife returned from Europe last Wednesday. They engaged rooms at the Hoffman house. Next day the general was taken ill and continued to grow weaker and weaker until 10 o'clock when he passed away.

The general's death was doubtless hastened by the recent events in connection with his daughter, Bettina Girard. The latter, broken in health, was a day or two ago transferred to a private sanitarium from Bellevue hospital. For years she has brought nothing to her parents but sorrow and the culmination was too great a shock for the aged father.

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HOW HE WON HER.

Fast he held her hand in his, In a sort of love-locked grasp, While he told the burning story of the love that rent his breast;

And the maiden sat and listened, While her eyes with triumph glowed, As his all-consuming passion he in trembling tones confessed.

How her words with pain convulsed him! But he'd often heard that fainting heart ne'er won fair lady yet, And, with eyes upon his face, Hoping that she yet might weaken, Every point of her objection he with silent vigor met.

Give no token of repentance— Though the burning words he uttered seemed almost to scorch her ears: To his every plea convulsed she, And she felt her own heart's throbs, Then a thrill of hope ran through him, As a happy thought came to him, And the bells of joy within him rang a wild and merry peal.

As she fell upon his bosom, Hauged him as in a far-off land, He had promised that his bride gift would be a chainless woe.

—Denver Post.

—Denver Post.

SISTER'S BABY.

I suppose I'll have to see the thing, Aw—ma she makes me sick The way she carries on and talks— And brother Sam 'll stick— For half a day around the house— The worst I ever saw— He sits around and says a fool If some one calls him 'pa.' I heard the baby cry 'pa.' Such howls you never heard, 'Taint even got a decent voice But he don't say a word. If I'd let out such quakes as that I'd catch it good, you bet! 'M'd say, 'Now, Tommy, stop that! And what a spank I'd get. When I'm an uncle now, I don't believe it, I don't believe it, 'Cause uncles are all grown-up men, He thinks because he is a 'pa.' 'H'd fool me good that way, No matter what he'll say, 'Ma says the baby looks like Sue, And he and her agree, Sam says that when it cries and kicks He thinks it looks like me. He thinks he's funny, too, 'I'll run—that's what I'll do— But sister Sue's been awful good, 'When I was sick in bed, Or else I might be dead, Or else I might be dead, 'E'd might feel bad if I was mean— 'I suppose I'll have to see the thing; I guess I will—fer her.

—Al Dunlap.

—Denver Post.

—Denver Post.

—Denver Post.

—Denver Post.

—Denver Post.

gaining to be seen here, and the power of wave is the same which has operated in France. Most of us are beginning to realize that our hair is getting into a frightfully ragged condition, and unless we do something to remedy it, it will be a matter of weeks before we can get it into a state to be gathered up loosely on the top of the head, and in place there by a strong tortoise hairpin without the necessity of tying and breaking the hair in every direction.

From the hair I wander down to the necks and must tell you of some new ways. One of the prettiest I have seen is a crepe de chine, the hem showing a silken open work known as "hairpin" stitch. Others are exact make of a man's hunting stock, made in silk, and fastened with a jeweled pin. This extends to the waist, and looks exceedingly well with tailor-made coats and skirts of collar of linen, which turns over at the top, is popular, but it shares its popularity with the bolice, of moire, which is stitched. There are, of course, a few more men in the world who cannot wear high collar, and for the benefit of these many pretty trills of moire and lace are arranged to turn down and form a small V in the front, and beneath these can be tied the crepe de chine necktie. Of the more ordinary sort of necktie, the plaid glass silk is the most satisfactory, and there are many new plaids just enough to justify their existence.

They say that it is a sign of prosperity when marriages abound; so we must as a nation be in the most satisfactory condition, for there are more than the usual number of weddings on the tapis for this season of the year. A well known New York dressmaker has prepared a number of garments for a wedding that has just taken place. The bride went away in an emerald-green velvet Russian coat, with sable revers, the skirt of exactly the same shade, of coarse corduroy, much more fashionable than the fine maine. A rich black satin skirt had two charming bodices, one of black chiffon, embroidered with flowers in bold relief formed of a segregation of blue iridescent sequins and fine white silk embroidered sequins appearing in the interstices of the pattern, and the other a black velvet bodice, with exactly the same shade of blue iridescent sequins in the sleeves. The high evening bodice, made full back and front, also in black velvet, was elaborately embroidered with black paillettes and white lace applique. The new and glistening grey velvet, light pink made a delightful evening dress, the skirt cut exactly up to date, but quite plain, so that the brilliant sheen of the velvet Russian bodice, with white and black revers covered with thick white sequins, a sort of sequin embroidered with white, the skirt, vicuna of the same shade, with another and a black fleur de lis, the lower bodice of pink chiffon, embroidered all over with colored paillettes. Fashion is now running in one groove only, and descriptions are monotonous, so I must pause.

