

DAISY MAY'S FASHION CHAT.

Copyright, 1893.
TUKEDO, Newport and Lenox are deserted. Golf votaries have turned their backs upon the links and followed their erstwhile champion, Miss Hoyt, into the field of social functions. Every body is in town—that is, every one worth knowing—and we are all so glad to be back in dear old Gotham. Our metropolitan mansions have been returned to their original splendor under James' careful supervision, and amidst a more seen in excellent places with a good appetite and excellent digestive apparatus, which is part of the layout acquired during a summer sojourn in these times of athletic activity.

Fashion assembled, as a matter of course, at the horse show, and all other delights rushed pell-mell to town for Thanksgiving, which, by the way, has grown to be a distinctive festive occasion. House parties are the order of the day. I've been to a Murray Hill home, which is to be the scene of a week's gaiety, beginning with cathedral worship on the day proper, interspersed with good old style family reunions, appropriately ending in a cotillon in a military as a fitting tribute to beloved heroes in blue and brass.

Naturally, under these conditions my thoughts reverted to the ever perplexing problem of frocks. I gaddied a lot. I frequented the shops, peered into the clothes cabinets, where the subtle perfume of Paris productions fairly intoxicated, and thus learned much of prevalent fashions, partially compensating for the lack of a plethoric purse.

Such a bewildering assortment of fetching fashions and extravagant accessories has never before combined to wheedle shining shekels from a milady's netted purse of gun metal!

As an echo of the recent Hispano-American war we hear madame extol the virtues of the "Dewey skirt."

"It gives to milady height."

"The graceful flounce admirably reveals milady's superb curves."

"It is a traitment charmant," purrs the mantau maker.

With lengthened yoke and flounce absolutely devoid of fullness madame will exclaim ecstatically.

"Paris has no model like unto you! You are beautiful! Give me the mirror! Let, let, let!"

So the world of woman is persuaded. Hence the Dewey skirt in vogue consists of a sheathlike yoke, with undulating flounce as scant or deep as taste dictates. It is no longer a question of fullness, but how closely can you imitate the "pin-backs" of long ago.

One of the most attractive examples of the new skirt was worn by a chum of mine, the younger sister of a Grace church wife. It was a bronzy gray cloth developed in modish material known as pompon mulling. The snug fitting yoke of plain cloth described a deep, round point in front, ending abruptly over the hips, about eight inches below the waist line, gutless of seam or fullness, and from this hung a slightly rippled flounce of like weave, chemise dotted.

It was a dream.

Curious eyes and envious glances proclaimed it a success.

A tiny silk cord laced over a half dozen jeweled buttons closed the center seam at back. A similar mode of decoration was employed to fasten the simple bodice which is known to fame as the "Schley over-waist," and without doubt it is the most chic evolution of the blouse up to date. It is sleeveless, skirted and a bit bouffant in front. It is worn with a guimpe like unto your gown and may be made of mousseline, heavy lace or in fact any combination of sheer stuffs, and ribbons and laces.

Don't imagine, dear people, that these accurate descriptions and "dainty hints from Paris" originate in my own small brain. It is madame who gowns mademoiselle and after the manner of her countrywomen chatter incessantly at my fittings who is responsible. Little does the shrewd bargainer, trafficking in ideas, ken that I turn her volubility to account. Did she even suspect, I'd be seeking another unusual calling for "a mam'zelle of society."

But to return to my subject. I'm going to tell you all I discovered along the avenue before I forget it.

The modes of the moment are so infinite in variety that to be "properly gowned" is the most important point, so madame says, and her advice on the subject is not given gratuitously.

Unqualified praise was bestowed upon a striking costume donned by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the new social leader, at a Berry gathering. She was simply radiant in a marvelous combination of black and white, with the order of its association reversed—for instance, white lace sleeves with

black frillings instead of the time honored black *peut d'esprit*, which in all likelihood has run its course. The skirt and bodice of heavy white taffeta were embroidered in black silk cord from hem to neck, which produced much the same effect as an applique of gimp lace would. A succession of black net ruffles, each a trifle shorter than the other, encircled the hips below a white velvet belt defining the waist line. From henceforth, then, you may consider white and black de rigueur, but never again black and white.

And, do you know, after the affair, which was in the nature of a reception, she joined a clique who had planned for billiards at a neighboring club annex, beating her opponent four out of five games? All the men say she's a "wonder" with the cue—albeit a trifle more expressive than elegant.

As a matter of fact she's the most expert woman billiardist in town. She is a devotee of the green cloth and I understand intends reviving interest in the game by a series of billiard parties during the winter. But it did seem odd how she was able to move about so gracefully and handle her cue with dexterity in all her frills and furbelows. However, it speaks well for the art of cutting, which has proved the stumbling block of the striking ladies' tailors.

Just a word about hats and then to gossip again.

Frocks have lost none of their bewitching qualities, though these old friends do come to us in a brand new guise.

Jack says, if anything, they have a more tantalizing tilt.

There are still the great mass of velvet crushed into becoming shape and drooping plumes framing the face ever so prettily, but they have added glory to their previous conquests—are looking upward—and call themselves "the Hobson."

In military parlance your picture hat is "retrousee," turns back over the face, prettily on the back of your head, is heavy laden with nodding plumes and altogether fascinating.

Color is rampant; therefore picture chapeaux are no longer confined to the sombre black family, but flaunt themselves about the thoroughfares in vivid hues.

I believe the women of New York are the best dressed people in the world, taken as a class. They understand the scheme and study the process. Who but a woman that has learned her lesson well would dare come forth in purple gown and scarlet headgear?

Such a one appeared at the first symphony concert. What a ripple of excitement when she entered! Milady stood the ordeal of leveled loggnettes and focused opera glasses, coming to the fore as a blue ribbon winner.

Some few were prone to criticize. Heads were bobbing right and left for a nearer view of the startling ensemble, but a clever girl, one of the only seven in the smart set, put a quietus on a nearby group of critics by the most expressive and latest addition to slang vocabulary, "Crumb!"

What a jolly good laugh we all had over the discomfiture of the *passee* dames after this. Society folk, you know, are quite good natured, and amiably gave way to curiosity, for none of us understood quite the definition of "Crumb."

"It's English, you know, therefore correct," explained the young woman. "It may express disapproval, disgust or incredulity. At all events it fills a long felt want for the right word to emphasize certain degrees of emotion."

There's a world of meaning in the clean cut word when contemptuously spoken, accompanied by a shrug. Try it and see.

Apropos of this brainy girl a good story is going the rounds. Recently she was invited for the fourth time within a fortnight to dine with a Madison avenue hostess. Being a bit solicitous after James had taken his departure, she carefully scanned the prettily worded invitation, which naively alluded to her conversational powers, vivacity, etc. She made a discovery. She was indignant. She rebelled, retusing, as she termed it, to "prattle for a dinner with wine." She would not be made use of. Home dinners were good enough for her under such circumstances.

Madame Nouvelle Ecole has always been at a loss to understand why polite society are the invariable rule to her cordial dinner invitations by this girl, who is poor but proud.

I saw a trio of well groomed women, handsomely gowned, the other afternoon, accompanied by the same number of men, slipping cafe au lait. As this unusual spectacle was seen at an up town restaurant, where women with other women's husbands are not supposed to be admitted—but, then, men with other men's wives, well, that's a different story—I determined to find out all about it. I was curious to



TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

Designed by the Brussels Court Costumer

Hirsch & Co., Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne, Dresden, and Hamburg.

Copyright, 1893, by G. W. Balzola.

know if the national beverage had once more come into its own.

Accordingly I summoned the head waiter. Solemnly dignified, he approached. I was truly almost overawed by this august personage, but managed to put the question.

"Madame, coffee and not tea is the proper drink for 4 o'clock."

No further information was vouchsafed. So I sauntered into one big establishment after another on a tour of observation.

Mon Dieu! thought I. If tea drinking is obsolete, what will become of the Waldorf supply of dainty Dresden cups in which the seductive cocktail traveled "incom" from cafe sideboard to gorgeous tearoom?

And what of the patrons?

Surely—no, no! It is too terrible to contemplate. Their folly has not led them so far. Do they dare order coffee cups full of amber mixture?

I'll watch and wait and tell.

About the coffee—mind you, it is not the ordinary kind, but black and strong, filling the room with its delicious aroma, causing the well bred nostrils to sniff the air—stimulating it is, but not conducive to restful nerves. It may be equally pernicious in its tendencies as alcohol or drugs. In such case 'twould be swapping the devil for a witch.

All things considered, however, the inno-

vation is rather fetching and destined to be popular. Many men affect the coffee habit, placed on the table in front of you, and

Continued on Page Twenty-Six.

HIRSCH & COMPANY'S TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

The New Skirt Form Difficult to Make and to Wear; Colors That Prevail; Study in Scarlet.

Brussels, Nov. 17.
THE plain skirt is now entirely hors de concours, even the ultra conservative in dress, a class consisting mostly of Americans who have heretofore worn the untrimmed skirt and plain tight jacket with a chic entirely their own, have laid aside their rigid rules in favor of some garment, however, slight, to harmonize with the requirements of modern taste. This applies principally to the tailor-made gown, the fit of which is as immaculate as ever and is enhanced only by the applied trimming in the shape of stitchings, straps or cloth applications.

The fashions set during some important social functions which took place last spring still hold good, except that the skirt has become more scant, if possible, over the hips and back, doing away with any folds whatever.

Of course the fit of these gowns must be immaculate, and the material must needs be of the finest, for the slightest flaw or inartistic line, which folds might mercifully conceal, stands out in bold relief in this tight garment. It is the acme of a tailor's skill to fashion the modern skirt, and the Graces must have lavishly endowed the fortunate wearer who looks well in it.

One triumph of the tailor's art is so admirably set off by the Juno-like figure of the wearer that it must not forgo mention. Satin cloth of that new and peculiar shade of grey termed "nickel" forms the skirt and jacket, both of which are lined with changeable turquoise blue and grey taffeta. The skirt has a short but very tight yoke, which closes at the back with four large buttons of delicate workmanship. To this yoke is attached the gradually widening serpentine skirt, which is cut very long but without a train. The hem is decorated with silk stitching and faced on the inside with a stiff ruffle of the same material as the lining.

The short jacket fits without fold or wrinkle and closes the double-breasted front with buttons like those at the placket of the skirt. The sleeves are tight to the shoulder, where a slight and graceful fullness is formed by an inserted cap attached to the sleeve by grey silk stitching. The reverses and collar of "nickel" cloth are also stitched and reveal the high collar and loose front of the white taffeta blouse, richly decorated with white ribbon ruffles. The elegance of the gown is further enhanced by a box made of a whole blue fox skin, the long brush and two feet dangling over one shoulder and the head and forefeet over the other. A plain round muff is carried with this box. The headgear consists of a dainty toque of tacked grey velvet and crown of grey silk, with scrolls of white ruffled ribbon; a short white plume is fastened at one side with a buckle which matches the buttons on the gown.

While grays and tans remain the preferred light shades, and purples and greens have the lead among dark colors in dress materials as well as millinery, a brilliant flock of color sometimes greets our eyes in the shape of a gown or hat of bright scarlet.

The variety of beautiful cloths now so fashionable look particularly well in the above-mentioned vivid reds and made up into extremely stylish tailor gowns or jackets.

The costume of our illustration is of bright red satin cloth and is particularly suitable for a young lady whose bright complexion will not suffer from comparison with the vivid color of her gown.

The skirt has a tunic forming deep points in front and at the back, and is molded very closely over the hips and back, where it has invisible box pleats, producing the necessary fullness in the under side, but leaving the upper portion severely plain and fastened with a double row of small crystal buttons set in silver.

The edge of the tunic has a bias strap of red cloth, which also serves to hold the expanding serpentine flounce which forms the lower part of the skirt and is covered with rows of straps of the same material. The jacket is tight and extends into a

basque about eight inches in length. The double-breasted front is decorated with stitched red cloth straps fastened with crystal buttons like those at the back of the skirt. The mannish turned-down collar is of black velvet and the reverses have an application of stitched red cloth.

The shoulder fullness of the plain tight sleeve is accentuated by a stitched band of red cloth extending into a point on the upper arm. With this costume is worn a white silk blouse with high tuckled collar and large bow craving of white gauze.

The red felt walking hat is decorated with bands of black velvet and black quills.

Hirsch & Co., Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne, Dresden, and Hamburg.

Next week's contribution will be from Felix, of Paris, and designed by the famous Parisian artist, Felix Fournery.

Lady Curzon's Preparations.
 New York Commercial Advertiser.
 The news that Lady Curzon has been spending a week and untold wealth at Paris getting gowns, such as no vice refine ever got before, possesses a patriotic interest for Americans. Lady Curzon established herself at a hotel and for a week held regular receptions every day, to which she invited the most noted costume designers in Paris. After that, Lord Curzon joined her, apparently in improved health, but at the Etolian dinner given to him shortly afterward it was noticed that the ominous hectic flush that was remarked so much in parliament last session returned to his cheeks. It is sincerely to be hoped that the hectic flush had no connection with so much millinery.

TO A FRIEND OF CHILDHOOD.
 A fitting rhyme I long to send
 To you who were my childhood's friend,
 Who generous heart without a sneer
 My verses read—me so young—
 And all those lines—those verses now
 Can bring a flush across my brow
 They were so childish and so young—
 You heard as though a Sappho sung;
 And you were then a man 'mong men,
 And I was but a child of ten.

You often said: "Two gifts possessed
 By you, the rarest and the best—
 Within your eyes asleep there be
 The soul of art and poetry."
 With awesome gaze and with surprise
 I searched the mirror with my eyes
 In hopes that there strange rights I'd view
 Forth peeping from my orbs of blue,
 Yet grave the thoughts came to me then,
 'Tho' I was but a child of ten.

And once, when thro' the sighing trees
 There came a softly whispering breeze,
 I said 'twas angels speaking low
 To God of things we must not know.
 You said, with hand upon my head,
 "By such as these shall men be led."
 My moods, not always mystic wise,
 Still found approval in your eyes,
 'Tho' you had cares, and strove 'mong men
 And I was but a child of ten.

How oft with childish hand I drew
 Crude forms that e'en could startle you
 And placed them in their home or clime,
 With each a dedicated rhyme.
 You fostered all poetic lore,
 Of which my childhood had full store;
 From seeds you sowed bright flowers grew
 Ken.

A nation's halls with honor tread—
 Who now lead men a child once led.
 And now, as then, that child would rhyme
 Could she but bridge the space called time,
 And hear your voice as kind as then,
 And be once more a child of ten.

MARIE WINSLOW.

The good measures of the vegetable dealer should always come out on top.



THE LATEST COIFFURES.



SEASONABLE COSTUMES.