

Of What Dame Fashion's Subjects Are Talking

MODES THAT WILL ADD TO THE BRILLIANCE OF THE SPRING SEASON NOW UPON US.

IT BECOMES more and more evident as each day brings out additions to the spring and summer modes that we are to have a variety so great as to leave us with absolutely nothing upon which to base beginning. There seems nothing to which we may anchor as a safe guide to follow even in a general way. On the face of it this presupposes a brilliant summer, almost the millennium of dress.

But there arises the tantalizing reflection as to how many of us can really conduct with complete satisfaction our personal modistic matters without a rudder of some slight description. I am afraid we shall find that to be airily wafted from the middle of the seventeenth century to the modes of 1830, back to the first empire, and again on to the details of 1860, reverting perchance to the Trianon, is not quite the unalloyed bliss we imagine.

Almost we shall crave to be coerced in one direction or another. Briefly, there is a certain promise we shall be more or less bewildered by a catholicity of selection. More literally shall it be said we pay our money and take our choice. And the

front by bands of embroidery or fancy galls, these bands frequently branching off down the shoulder seam, after the style of an epaulette, while a multiplicity of tiny buttons assists further towards the suggestion of a uniform of sorts.

And the button, let me whisper you, in its most infinitesimal form, has a fine ornamental future before it. Wherefore may it, together with the aforementioned galls, be successfully lured into the needs of a renovation.

Passing on to sleeves, we find an immensity of opportunity for making good the old. By the aid of a smart turn-back cuff disposed at the elbow, we arrive easily at a recognized Louis fashion, and one that at the same time dispenses with any necessity for requisitioning the services of the original manche below the elbow.

Another sleeve I recall from out a medley of pleasant recollections has a slice—a shapely slice, be it understood—taken out of the back just above the wrist, and a pouf of silk or lace inserted in its stead. An armadillo sleeve also I know, that shades from dark brown cloth, by gradual degrees, through the medium



TWO EARLY SPRING WALKING COSTUMES.

fates only grant we are guided safely through these shoals of seductions to an end that is at once correctly sartorial and happily adapted to the individual.

A truce, though, to generalizing, the while we discuss for a moment possible renovations. Myself I am much persuaded as to the services of the pelerine, presented for choice in velvet or panne. But this resuscitation is still so much in its infancy one is modestly tentative in describing its probable presentments. I regret to say that I have met it once or twice under singularly inartistic circumstances. There is something of an inclination—an inclination very much to be deplored, if I be permitted the criticism—to modernize the pelerine out of all recognition. The adding of shaped frills on to its simple shoulder outline merely creates confusion, and utterly confounds a vogue that, left in its purity, is of essential charm. Frankly I can conceive no prettier touch than a last year's visiting gown of cloth rejuvenated by the aid of a velvet pelerine—one shaped to just escape the shoulder bend, and tapering off into a sharp point either side the front, a detail that corresponds in kind to the single point almost touching the waist at the back.

It will be altogether a matter of taste whether a small rolled-over collar tapering to nothing, one and a half inches or thereabouts, below the base of the throat, will be accounted an improvement or no. Although this is an addition that cannot fail to appeal to those whose predilections run to a little fussiness about the top of the figure. Linings, by the way, will be an effectively important item with pelerines, these offering a direct encouragement to that alluring soupçon of contrast we are all learning to acknowledge as the perfection of artistic value.

In respect of the wide rever and marrin collar, there are several impressive indications that if La Mode could be allowed to work her will without let or hindrance, she would away, for the nonce, with all such, as without the pale of her courtly consideration. Her feeling just now is all for a severe outlining of the

of velvet and silk to ivory lace. Though this last, I must admit, is a slightly bizarre example. In the matter of evening sleeves we grow more and more reminiscent of some strange feathered fowl, our arms encased closely from shoulder to elbow, there suddenly bursting forth into great frothiness and frills. Or once permitted to pass that middle elbow mark, then do we gradually widen into a balloon, about which there is no tentativeness, this spreading over the hands after the fullness has been drawn into a tiny lace cuff shaped into a band reaching almost to the knuckles. The moral support offered by a new sleeve no words can tell. Thanks to its assistance, we are prepared to face the evening world supported by a spirit determined to stand undaunted before the rivalry of much later and more magnificent confections. A pair of smart up-to-date sleeves and a choux of soft mousseline or panne ribbon, and really any last year's evening frock will pass muster.

Propos of these choux, the chic of them rests on their size, and also on being worn directly in front. Adjusted to one side they merely attain the commonplace. I like, too, immensely some huge roses with soft mousseline centers, from which hang tendrils of leaves and stalks; and bowing my head before a righteous storm of indignation at such violation of nature's laws, I must confess to a sneaking penchant for a pale blue giant rose arranged as a relief to a black and white frock, while for colored gowns there are great glorious black fellows that stand out with immense conviction against their green tendril foliage. These roses, again, attain a quite particular cachet pinned directly in front, the trailing green carelessly caught up to one side.

Submarine Photographs.

M. Tessipoff, a Russian naval surgeon, has been experimenting with an apparatus for taking photographs of the sea bottom at any depth. His efforts have been so successful that reliable records of submarine life may be reckoned among our available sources of biological knowledge.



THE WOMEN OF CEYLON.

They Are Graceful, Have Musical Voices and Are Adepts in the Arts of the Household.

The dominant characteristics of feminine beauty in Ceylon are, as will be seen from our illustration, softness of contour and delicacy of feature. In both of these respects the Cingalese belle has advantage over the womenfolk of the more northerly races. All the lines of her figure are more rounded, and there is nothing of the stilted gait in her walk which mars the pedestrian gracefulness of Punjabi and Pathan beauties. Her voice, too, is sweeter and more musical; it is pretty to hear a Tamil mother singing lullabies to her baby. As regards natural intelligence, there is not much differ-



TAMIL WOMAN IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

ence between the various races, but those who ought to know, credit the Cingalese lady with a more affectionate disposition, and with less proneness to quarrel. She is, like all other Asiatic females, very fond of personal ornaments, especially jewelry, and although her taste may appear faulty in some details, no doubt her native admirers would offer similar criticism on seeing an English lady in ball costume of up-to-date fashion. At all events, these gentlemanly women make dutiful daughters and faithful wives when kindly treated, as is said to be usually the case. Thoroughly domesticated by early training, they devote all their thoughts to the details of household work, and do not consider it in the least derogatory, as some western wives appear to do, to cater for the tastes of their husbands. It is not much matter for surprise, therefore, that contentment reigns in most Tamil families.—London Graphic.

MARYLAND CHICKEN.

When Properly Cooked It Is a Delicious Dish, Fit for the Table of King or Prince.

If chicken is to be cooked for breakfast, a delicious variation of the common fried broiler is a dish called Maryland chicken. It is really the most appetizing form possible of southern fried chicken. Dress, clean and cut up a young fowl; sprinkle with pepper and salt and roll in flour. Dip in a beaten egg, to which have been added two teaspoons of water. It is not possible to egg chicken by laying it in the egg; instead hold each piece in the hand, turning it every way so that it can be thoroughly wet, and pour the mixture over it with a spoon. Then lay in finely sifted bread crumbs and cover thoroughly with them. Arrange the pieces of chicken in a dripping pan, so that as much surface as possible will be exposed to the heat, and set in a hot oven. When it has been in for five minutes pour over it one-quarter of a cup of butter, being careful to baste each piece. Twenty minutes will cook it if the oven is hot enough; each piece will be inclosed in a crisp brown crust. Lay the chicken on a platter and make a cream sauce, using the melted butter in the dripping pan for a foundation. Set it on top of the stove and allow the butter to become hissing hot; then add two tablespoonfuls of flour and a liberal seasoning of pepper and salt. When stirred smooth, pour in one cup of cream. Beat till very smooth with a wire whisk, then strain over the chicken. Garnish with parsley.—Good Housekeeping.

How to Bake Potatoes.

Wash and clean the skins of the potatoes without breaking. Put them on the grate in a moderately heated oven. If the oven is too hot the skins will at once harden, forming a nonconducting surface, preventing the escape of water. Potatoes baked in this way are heavy and waxy, indigestible and unpalatable. As soon as the potato is soft, upon slight pressure of the finger, remove it from the oven. Take it in your hand, which should be protected with a napkin or towel, and carefully work the potato as though you were mashing it in the skin, being very careful not to break the skin. When the potato seems soft and mealy throughout put it back on the grate in the oven, and so continue until all the potatoes have been subjected to this process.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WASHING FINE LACES.

It is the Most Delicate Task Which the Average Woman is Called Upon to Perform.

There is no better rule to give for having one's laces spotless than to keep them always clean, and to be more careful of them than of gold and precious stones.

An earthenware slab is the first thing needful. Sometimes there are old platter trays which are perforated, or even, with small pieces, the inside of an earthenware butter dish would do. Whatever is used first get your slab. It should be, according to rule, eight to ten inches square, and pierced with small holes about an inch apart. The next requirement is a piece of book muslin or bobbinet large enough to cover the slab, and tie securely in the back. To make this possible, the material is hemmed all around and a double tape run through the hem, by means of which it is drawn up.

Next take the lace and fold it quite small, place it on the slab and cover it smoothly with the muslin or bobbinet; pull snugly over the lace and tie it in the back. An earthenware tub, or one of metal, should be used for washing, and into this pour a gallon of cold water, to which three ounces of soap have been added. If it is possible to allow the time, the lace should soak in this water for 12 hours. Before taking it out it must be washed with the palm of the hand for at least five minutes. Then it goes into a tub of perfectly clean water, and is washed in the same way for two minutes.

Boiling is the next process, and a copper boiler should be used. A gallon of water, in which four ounces of soap have been dissolved is poured over this, and the lace is allowed to boil for two hours at least. Again the slab is placed in the tub, and over it is poured a gallon of hot but not boiling water, in which have been dissolved two ounces of soap, the lace being again washed with the palm of the hand as before.

Now take the lace from the slab, reverse it without unfolding, replace on the slab, cover with the muslin, tie tightly with the tapes at the back, and wash at least five minutes with the palm of the hand. Put again in a tub of clean cold water and wash it until it is quite free from soap. If it is badly soiled it can be placed in the sun instead of being left so long boiling, and can remain until it is dry.

Starching laces seems a desecration, but here is the way to do it if one must. To one ounce of starch add two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and when the starch is dissolved pour over it one pint of boiling water. This is for "val" lace, Cluny, Maltese and old Devonshire. For Honiton, point and antique laces one ounce of starch should be mixed with 1/4 pints of water.

With the lace still on the slab, the starch is thrown over the center and from there will saturate the whole surface. With the slab placed in a slanting position the starch will drain off in about 15 minutes. Then place the slab with the lace on it flat on a table, and with a clean, thick cloth four or five times doubled, put until all superfluous moisture is absorbed.—N. Y. Times.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Recognized Leader of the Feminist Movement and Temperance Agitation in England.

Lady Henry Somerset, who has just advised her young women proteges in an English industrial school, so to perfect themselves that nobody can say of them: "Oh, they do very well for women," is probably the foremost leader of the feminist move-



LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

ment in Great Britain. Lady Henry's own name is Isabel Somers. She is the daughter of Earl and Countess Somers, and is now just 50 years old. In 1872 she was married to Lord Henry Somerset, M. P., who is second son of the duke of Beaufort. In 1890 she first achieved considerable importance by her election to the presidency of the British Women's Temperance association, now the largest company of its kind in England. In 1892 she was elected vice president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance union, and in 1898, on the death of Miss Frances Willard, she succeeded that famous woman as president of the international association, which numbers over 500,000 members in various parts of the world. Since 1895 Lady Henry Somerset has interested herself in practical reforms. She founded in that year the Industrial Farm colony at Duxhurst, which has grown to remarkable dimensions. This great philanthropist is very rich. She succeeded to her father's vast estates in Hertfordshire, Worcestershire, Surrey, and London, and since 1884 she has used her wealth for the good of her fellow men.

NEWSPAPERS and NEWSPAPER MAKERS OF NEW YORK CITY

The New York Sun will hardly seem like the Sun without a Dana.



Chas. A. Dana.

Yet William M. Laffan has been so long the real head of the paper that the appearance of his name over its editorial columns means little more than the recognition of a fact familiar in "the business."

Paul Dana, son and successor of Charles A. Dana, prefers society life to newspaper work, and as he is rich enough to enjoy it, he has left the charge of the property to the man who was, even before the elder Dana's death, its business manager.

Dana's name is known everywhere; Laffan's hardly at all except to newspaper men. Yet you may remember that Eugene Field, long ago, in recounting the adventures of "The man who'd worked with Dana on the New York Sun" referred to Mr. Laffan as follows:

And then he (Dana) recollected hearin' Mr. Laffan say that he'd fired a man named Whoppers for being drunk one day. Field knew his man; Laffan is one who does not hesitate to "fire" people. He is keen, cool, calculating, a business man first of all, looking at editorial policy from a business point of view.

Dana was different. To the last day of his serene old age he retained the idealism that in youth made him a member of the Brook Farm community, described by Hawthorne in "The Blithedale Romance." Dana was capable of bitter, undying resentments; he pursued the few men whom he thoroughly hated—of whom Grant, Hayes and Henry Ward Beecher were the most conspicuous—even beyond the grave; but personally he was a mild-mannered old man who looked out on the world from behind an enormous pair of spectacles and was more interested in Chinese vases and rare trees than in any political question later than the "fraud of 1876."

The Last of the Editors.

Dana could afford to indulge his hobby. When he was Horace Greeley's assistant he thought himself well off with \$25 per week by way of salary—that was all that was paid to the editor of Harper's Magazine in those days, and the late editor of the Commercial Gazette was getting only \$30. But in his last years Dana received a salary of \$50,000 as editor of the Sun, besides occasional profits as stockholder and receipts from copyrights. The other owners of the paper were wealthy men who did not care for dividends, and did not get them with regularity. For though the Sun was admirably edited, its editorial policy was unprofitable. It knifed Hancock while seeming to support him; though it was in those days a democratic paper, it supported Ben Butler against Cleveland until election day, when it came out pretty openly in its news columns for Harrison; and it was for years a silver organ in a region where silver organs do not get "financial advertising."



Paul Dana.

The result was to deprive New York of a unique architectural ornament. Both Dana and Laffan were interested in architecture, the former from art motives, the latter as a business matter, and they planned to erect on the Sun's site—that of the original Tammany Hall—a 35-story office building by Bruce Price. The plans used to hang in Laffan's office, where he and Dana would gaze longingly at them; once the Sun printed a picture of the building, like a monumental shaft, with the headline "What If the Sun Were to Build This?" or something of the sort. But along of Butler campaigns and the like funds gave out and the Sun borrowed money on a mortgage, not to build with, but for purposes which can be conjectured—I think it was to pay running expenses.

Laffan has changed all that. The paper is now republican, as were most of its readers even in its bitterest democratic days, and it has lost that aggressiveness which made one uncertain in the old days whom the Sun was going to exorcise next.

Mr. Ochs and the Times.

It was inevitable that as newspapers grow to be gigantic business plants, their control should pass out of the hands of the old-school editors into that of business men. A great newspaper in New York is a manufacturing plant with a yearly gross business of more than \$5,000,000.



Mr. Ochs.

A type of the new newspaper man is Mr. Ochs, who has made such a success of the New York Times when it seemed dead beyond hope of resurrection. The Times had shared with Greeley the advocacy of republicanism before the war; had grown fat with

prosperity when Greeley left the republicans in 1872, and had grown lean when it in turn bolted republicanism later. It was just "living along," with a microscopic circulation and an excellent reputation for scholarly writing, at the expense of a few Wall street men when Ochs proposed to make a one-cent paper of it and try a new hitch.

Everybody thought it was hopeless; I did myself. But the Times' circulation has grown to eight times what it was; it is a good advertising medium, and though its income is not so great as that of some of the other papers, it is cheaper to put out, as it pays few large salaries and has no expensive art department. The Tribune, Times, Sun and Evening Post can get a good class of writers at about half the prices paid by more widely-circulated papers like the World, Herald and Journal. Young men just out of college usually make for the offices of the less sensational papers because they have been accustomed to read them and hear them well spoken of; of course, when a man becomes well known he must be paid to keep him; but it is possible for the less wealthy papers to get good service at living wages from the constant stream of beginners. The Sun and Times have educated in the business hundreds of men now on other papers.

Mr. Munsey's Experiment.

The latest energetic spirit to jump into journalism—later than Hearst, the San Francisco millionaire, or Tom Wamaker, of Philadelphia, or Ochs—is Frank Munsey, of Munsey's Magazine. He has bought the Washington Times and has also for a month or so been running the New York News, long the organ of Tammany Hall, but of late years almost driven from the field by the afternoon editions of the World and Journal.

Munsey has improved both papers. From this arose a queer story. People say that he is the head of a giant syndicate—the name of Morgan is whispered in connection therewith—planned to buy sensational little papers all over the country and "turn them decent."

I can't imagine a better advertising rumor, for Munsey, but it's a little too good to be true. If there were anything in it there would presently be a business of starting sensational papers to sell—a system of "parallel lines" like the West Shore and the "Nickel Plate," as it were—and the last state of public prints would be worse than the first. Besides, Munsey didn't begin with the "yellowest" papers, but with those having press franchises that he could buy cheap.

Munsey's methods are not as yet far different from Mr. Ochs'. He doesn't go in much for pictures; he prints "all the news that's fit to print"; he uses much personal and anecdotal matter; he looks out for women readers. He pays more attention to sports than Ochs, and has made a bigger raid upon the labor market; for while Ochs had an experienced staff all organized on the Times, Munsey has had to build from the bottom, at least in his New York paper, with the result of raising salaries all round for the fortunate ones who have been "sent for."

Modern Newspaper Building.

The newspaper of the old school grew by degrees; ripened like fruit—sometimes rotted like it. Nowadays when a wealthy man wants to do something with a paper he cannot wait. He will lose money until he gets fairly under way, and the sooner he produces results the better. He hires editors in groups and reporters by dozens. For the experienced men whom he must have for executive positions he often pays more than twice their former wages—with a cast-iron contract for two years or more.

A lot of these two-year contracts have been expiring about New York of late. A \$50-a-week man who has for two years been getting \$125 and has let his expenses creep up, finds it hard to go back to \$50 again—or, as in some cases, to have no job at all and eke out half that sum by precarious selling of specials.

Less than a year ago I knew a "hard luck reporter." He was a good, industrious man, but yoked up in a place where he could not "make a bill" to save himself. To-day he is the Sunday editor of a paper that probably does not pay less than \$125 a week to a man in that position of responsibility, and may pay much more.

I know another man, an advertising agent, getting \$50 a week two years ago, who was lured away by a double offer from a rival paper. He was put at work under conditions that made success impossible; his contract was broken; he had no redress, and was glad to get temporary work recently at \$25.

OWEN LANGDON.