

**THE WOMAN OF FASHION.**

**THE BEWILDERING MAZES OF THE PUFFED SLEEVE.**

**Sleeves for Day and Evening Wear—They Need Not Match Your Costume in Material or Color.**

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Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, No. 1050.

We here present the new five-gored skirt, which is a favored style this fall. Although generally becoming, it is particularly adapted to stout ladies, who are always with us, but whose wants seem almost overlooked by fashion caterers. The mode presents the fashionable divided appearance at the lower edge, while it fits smoothly in front and over the hips by small darts taken up at stated intervals. The fullness in back falls in pocket-like folds that is produced from gathers arranged in small space at the top. This is one of the most stylish modes, and will develop handsomely in any of the new season's fabrics to wear with fancy silk corages of with basques of the same material. The skirt can be made plainly as here represented, or any preferred style of trimming or decoration may be adopted. Pattern 1050 is cut in five sizes, viz., 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches, waist 24 inches.

**PATTERN No. 1050**  
 SEND TEN CENTS IN COIN AND ONE COUPON TO TIMES OFFICE AND GET THIS PATTERN.

We know that lovers and poets delight to sing the praises of "star-like eyes, rose cheeks, coral lips, My hands, and tresses like the moon," and the happy possessor of all or any of these charms may rest content with the state of beauty which nature has apportioned her. But what about the poor damsel whose every feature is plain and unattractive, whose tresses do not flow luxuriantly over her shoulders, whose hand isn't of "ivory whiteness"? Must she retire into a corner and exist without those admiring male glances that are quite indispensable to the girl who isn't "advanced"? Not always; there is still something left her. Let her look to her arms. If they are beautiful, she need not yet despair. For therein lie wonderful possibilities. The Parisians have been the first to realize this; for most of their afternoon gowns are now made with sleeves that reach only to the elbow. But the American girl is either wiser or more conservative—for she waits until evening to bare her arms. Is it that she dreads the glare of the sun upon them, or that she shrinks from exposing them to the general gaze and reserves them for the eyes of drawing-room and ball-room frequenters? Who can tell? At any rate we are sure that she is beginning to bestow more care upon those pretty arms. If you will go into the physical culture schools, or of an afternoon, you will see how much time is devoted to this portion of the training. Arms are raised high, and dropped with a heavy relaxing, are flung backwards as far as possible; are twisted around in quick circles; are put gracefully at the back of one's head—captivating attitude! Then there is the pensive attitude of drooping on one knee, leaning the elbow upon a chair, while the hand supports the upturned chin. How this could be utilized by the Nineteenth century girl is a puzzle which she must work out for herself. And when she has acquired perfect facility and grace in the exercise of these members, attention is given to the appearance of the arm. Is it sufficiently plump and white? Is its skin smooth and spotless? If she finds it rather dry, and disagreeable to the touch, it requires a vigorous rubbing twice a day with a flesh brush or a coarse towel, after which a little coconut oil may be well rubbed in, although the latter operation should be performed only once or twice a week. In washing the arms, always use soap in which there is a preponderance of oil over alkali. If the skin of the entire body be thoroughly rubbed once a day, it should be in so good a condition as to give the arms the clear tint that is sought after. The sleeve question is a very satisfactory one this fall and winter. First, because the day sleeve is draped in a manner calculated to hide many a defect; and secondly, because the evening sleeve is such liberty loving affair, and conforms to no rule or reason. Let us start logically, and consider the day sleeve. Or, rather, let us note the points of similarity between the day and the evening sleeve. Of course, their independence attracts us at the very beginning—the fact that they are so often of an altogether different material from the gowns they accompany. A velvet sleeve is slipped into a cloth bodice; a silk bodice boasts a satin or a chiffon sleeve a shimmering gauze bodice is weighed

down with heavy velvet or brocade shoulder puffs; an upper puff of velvet has a cloth cuff below. A lace ruffle or band is no uncommon thing on any sort of a sleeve. Then, as said before the sleeve is so accommodating. It spreads so that it immediately fixes the attention upon it, often to such an extent that he bodice between is utterly ignored. But this is often the very thing you want. When you have taken last years suit, and fixed it up with big handsome sleeves, a new collar and belt; you don't want anybody to look at the old brown cloth; but at the rich brown velvet. Then, too, the peculiar spread of the sleeve, about the elbow gives your waist a sufficiently small appearance. We are sensible, you know, and we wouldn't dream of wearing a disfiguring corset or of having a waist that is not up to the Greek standard of twenty-six inches, but at the same time we are very glad that the styles make our waists look smaller than they are; for it is delightful to present a slim, willowy appearance isn't it? But let me describe some of the day sleeves. There is, of course, the regulation gigot—leg o' mutton—which everybody knows all about. It is the fashion to drape it in such a way that the effect of a puff, falling over a plain cuff, is given, although it is actually all in one piece. Then there is the real upper puff and plain lower sleeve; and the gigot whose fullness contiguates down to the cuff—fullness which is disposed in three folds on the lower part of the sleeve. There is the slashed sleeve, cut open just a trifle, if you will, showing a bright contrast between; or cut a great deal with the cuffs edged with lace. You will also be attracted by the graceful puff that is caught up at the center with a rosette. Sometimes the upper puff falls over the lower cuff in embroidered or braided points; sometimes the sleeve is a puffed one in five sections the puffs decreasing as it falls. The following hints may be of some small service to the home dressmaker: The dress sleeve with draped effect, sloping into the tight cuff, twelve inch size, requires three and a quarter yards of twenty-one inch wide material, or two yards of forty-two inch wide material. It has a two-piece lining, fitting closely from hand to elbow. After the outside seam of the lining has been closed, the material is arranged over it. The material has no seam on the outside, but fits



A Simple Baby Puff.

smoothly as far as up the elbow above which the gathers hang. The seamed leg o' mutton requires three and an eighth yards of material that is twenty-one inches wide and one yard and a half forty-two inches wide. This pattern has also a fitted lining and the under part of the material is the same as the under part of the lining—wrinkleless under the arm, on the upper side the lower part is fitted smoothly also while the gathers above are disposed in the top and both side seams. For trimming, lace braid and narrow bands or bracelets continue to be worn. The bracelets may be of velvet, silk, ribbon, braid, or jet and they encircle the lower edge of the balloon or empire puff either above or below the elbow. The evening sleeve is quite as full often requiring three widths of silk; but is soft and never stiffened more than with lawn. It is an Empire puff or it is a full double short puff of velvet that scarcely encircles the shoulder; or it is a triple ruffle two of lace and a silk one separating them or vice versa, or its puff is made two by three rows of shirring below the center; or the puff is enhanced by a lovely loop that is knotted at the top and continues in daring ends; or it is short and accordion-pleated; or it is closely gathered with narrow lines running vertically of velvet to catch down the gathers; or its puff is almost hidden beneath the flounce that envelops it; or it isn't any of these but something that a maiden has evolved out of her own sweeter fancy—a thing of chiffon and velvet loops and lace points and pearl rows and all the other fascinating paraphernalia of a woman's gown. You all know how it is done. Madame consults with madame or maid and the pretty effects are tried and lo! the thing is done. And everyone wonders where she got the idea; and everybody copies it; and it's all the rage until another creation appears. And meantime the demure little piece sits quietly back in that big arm chair in her own little reception room in her simple white gown. The arms are clasped behind her arm to show—what? The dimpled elbows or the graceful puff of white silk that covers the shoulders, or the lovely lace ruffle that falls about the elbow? Who knows? Suffice it that one, two, three admirers never leave her side. In New York there are twenty or more "trained janitresses," who earn \$300 a year and upward. The first woman janitor began her work about two years ago. She took care of an apartment house,

**HITHER AND YONDER.**

**BREEZY NOTES REGARDING MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.**

**Mrs. Sartoris' Engagement—O ga Nethersole—Great Men's Cats—Miss Fawcett Still at Newnham.**

Gossip is once more busy with the name of Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris, and this time the association of her name in a contemplated matrimonial way, with that of General H. Kyd Douglas, of Baltimore, is more vigorous and pronounced than ever. Society, under the lead of two or three knowing ones, accept the rumors as true and about to be verified and there is no longer any attempt to deny or reject the probabilities. The quibblers have little to go upon, to be sure, for all parties closely identified with the prospective affair are reticent. Some months ago when the rumor was first circulated certain friends of the Grant family hastened to express their regret that such a story was afloat and their total disbelief in its truth. They soon found, however, that they were not backed up either by Mrs. Grant or her sons, and that Mrs. Sartoris refused to be spoken to on the subject. General Kyd Douglas was also silent. Mrs. John A. Logan was one of those who got her trouble for her pains, and is now ready to concede that there is foundation for the report that Mrs. Sartoris will soon marry the second man of her choice somewhat against the wishes of her relatives and friends. It was hoped that in view of the sorrow of her former experience, and because of her children now more than half grown, to say nothing of the pecuniary sacrifice she will have to make, Mrs. Sartoris would hesitate to again plunge into marriage. Mrs. Grant is known to be much opposed to the step, and so are all the older friends of the family, but Mrs. Sartoris is a headstrong woman, bent upon following her own will, as was abundantly shown when she married the dissolute young Englishman against the strongest opposition of her father.

erland; Lord and Lady Ormonde, Lord Lorne, Lord and Lady Chesham, Lord and Lady Leicester, Lord and Lady Ebury, Lord and Lady Lytton, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Lord and Lady Stalbridge, Lord and Lady Leigh, Lord and Lady Macclesfield, the Dowager Lady Wenlock, and Sir Michael and Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart. The best man will be Prince Francis of Teck, and the bridesmaids will be Ladies Constance, Mary, and Helen Grosvenor, Lady Beatrice Butler, the Hon. Lilah Cavendish and Miss Millicent Grosvenor.

The Duchers of Teck is naturally very proud of her grandson, the future King. The other day, driving from White Lodge to visit the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows (named after her father, the Queen's uncle), she took the little Prince with her and greatly delighted the old ladies thereby. She remained with them fully two hours, and the dear old souls gave her no end of good advice.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is at present in San Francisco and has been dividing her time all the past summer between her house there and her home at Palo Alto. Lately her brother, Mr. Henry Lathrop, has been so ill that his life was endangered, but he has now sufficiently recovered to look forward with pleasure to a trip with Mrs. Stanford across the continent up to Canada. When the great dormitories at the Leland Stanford, Junior, University were built it did not seem to have entered the minds of even the most sanguine that in the course of a few years the buildings would be inadequate for the demand. Yet it has turned out so, and the applications this year for entrance necessitate the erection of more living quarters, as it was always the intention of the founder to keep the students on the university grounds rather than to have them boarding in the adjacent towns. But to partake of the advantages offered by the university, the new students are putting up with any inconvenience and simply will not be turned away.

Mrs. George W. Childs has come to Washington to live and has taken a cozy little house on Jefferson place for the winter, while she watches the erection of her fine new home on K street. She is very much interested in the details of the work and anticipates much pleasure in seeing the house grow. The ground will be broken in a few days for the structure. The site adjoins the colonial mansion occupied by Senator and Mrs. Hale, and is on K street near the corner of 16th street. Mrs. Childs has never enjoyed very vigorous health, and therefore considers the climate of this city well suited for a winter home. The general impression in the public mind here has been that she was old and feeble, so every one was surprised when the first announcement was made that she contemplated the erection of a home here, when, in fact, Mrs. Childs is in the prime of life, and has, in all human probability many years ahead of her in which to enjoy her Washington home and the company of many friends who hold her in warmest affection.

Oga Nethersole, the English actress, has arrived in New York. She has everything in her favor, says a writer. Face, figure and voice are alike captivating. She is not tall, and yet does not strike you as lacking height. Her features are regular, and yet they have none of the cold, statuesque character one usually associates with the word. She is graceful with the grace of a Bernhardt, whom she nevertheless resembles physically not in the least. In fact, if she does bear a likeness to any one now before the public, it is to that woman who for long has been looked upon as one of the most beautiful women on the French stage—Jane Hading. Miss Nethersole's fashion of wearing her hair reminds one of Hading. It is wavy, thick, luxuriant, and you are ready to vow one minute that it is a rich, ruddy bronze, and the next that it is almost black. Her eyes, too, have the same changeable quality. They are in reality a dark gray, but they alter with every passing thought or emotion. As to her voice, it is beautiful and full of charming individuality.

According to recent statistics there are about 2,000 women in this country who are practicing medicine. Of these only 130 are homeopaths. Most of these medical women are ordinary practitioners; there are, however, 70 hospital physicians or surgeons, 95 professors in the schools, 69 specialists for the diseases of women, 70 alienists, 65 orthopedists, 40 oculists and aurists, and finally, 30 electro-therapists. There are ten medical schools devoted exclusively to the training of women.

The French actress, Mme. Rejane, is now setting the fashions in Paris, having deposed the divine if somewhat erratic Sarah Bernhardt in this regard. Rejane's hair is of a slightly brighter red than mahogany, and Parisian tresses are beginning to take on that hue. Rejane is plump, too, which doubtless accounts for the fact that the heretofore followers of the slim Sarah are beginning to eat again.

Not a few great men have been partial to cats. Petrarch had his cat embalmed; Rousseau shed genuine tears over the loss of his; Dr. Johnson, sometimes called the "Great Bear," nursed his cat day and night during his illness, and went himself for oysters to tempt its appetite; Southey raised one of his cats to the peerage, with the high-sounding title of "Earl of Tomiennaghe, Baron Rattleide, Waswither, and Skaratobi." To Napoleon, however, cats were a mortal terror. Just after the battle of Wagram an aide-camp, upon entering the Emperor's room, saw him half undressed, with protruding eyes and perspiring forehead, making frequent lunges with his sword at the tapestry around the room. In explanation he said there was a cat behind the tapestry, and that he had hated cats from his very infancy. He had crossed the bridge at Lodi with sublime courage, yet quivered with excitement and terror over the presence of a cat.

A pleasant little story is being told illustrating the happy home life of the German imperial family. Recently a very splendid dress with a very long train was shown to the Emperor William, and it was suggested that he order it for the Empress. "Impossible!" he cried; "the train would get torn to pieces in no time, for my wife has always three or four youngsters clinging to her gowns."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has a London home at Weymouth street, Portland place, and she is accredited with being one of the half dozen women in London able to create and hold a salon.