



TAILOR MADE COSTUME OF PARMA VIOLET CLOTH

The bolero is short, and the yoke formed of arabesques cut out in mauve cloth cloth over mauve silk to match. It is fastened with loops of black velvet, with gold tags. The waistband and wristbands are also made of rows of narrow black velvet set close together.

Daffodil Song.

The shadows fall by the church-yard wall; But the sun is on the hill, And the dancing waves they leap and call To the lingering daffodil, Wake to the morning, Child of the sun; Sorrow is over, Joy is begun.

A Literary Breakfast

Here is One Way to Entertain Bookish Guests. To extend hospitality by way of the breakfast is now the proper caper, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, and to lend a zest and spiciness to the affair you make it some special kind, and arrange all the details according to the idea selected.

Breakfast Table

propounds a series of conundrums, which must be answered by the names of certain writers, the form of each question suggesting the name, who need being difficult enough to call for quick wit and a good memory for authors. Solutions are scribbled down on tiny sheets of paper, representing manuscript, which are furnished to each one, the name appearing on the upper left-hand corner, serving instead of the customary name cards used at each cover. An enticing reward for the best guesser at the board would be a book, or set of the works of one of the authors mentioned; but this item of the party is left for every host to decide for herself, but at least there should be some prize for the victorious one of either sex.

the culinary department?

15. Miller—What writer grinds the flour we eat? 16. Mill—What writer names where it is ground? 17. Aken-side—What writer does the small boy have after eating goodies? 18. Fawcett—What writer figures in the water fixtures? 19. de Sage—What writer is put in dressing to season it? 20. Caine—What writer do they make molasses of? 21. Harpington—What writer is the chief organ of animals? 22. Burns—What writer does the cook dislike to get? 23. Browning—What writer does the oven give the roast? 24. Bacon—What writer is found in swine? 25. Lamb—What writer makes delicious chops for breakfast? 26. Chaucer—What writer designates what we do when eating? 27. Paine—What writer does indigestion cause us to have? 28. Moore—What writer describes a mixed with maidenhair fern, for instance? 29. Cooper—What writer makes our castles, barrels, etc.? 30. Fox—What writer steals geese? 31. Burnett—What writer says what should not be done in cooking? 32. Rice—What writer do the Chinese do to eat? 33. Broome—What writer is extensively used in keeping a house clean?

to live her own life according to the principles she knows are high and true. There are many young women sick at heart over the degradation to which their parents bearing; anxious both for their own improvement and for the instruction of their juniors—who literally dare not take their earnings to help either themselves or those they love, because they dread the comments which may be made on a dress which is old-fashioned, or a jacket that "looks as if it came out of the ark." This very innermost garment may long for the door, or magazine they pass every morning on a corner stand, but the "must have" is a satin stock trimmed with gold braid!

Reign of the Low Chignon.

(Copyright 1901.) The reign of the low chignon, so long predicted, has come at last, and it has been generally adopted, although some women of fashion are still refractory. The accession of the Princess of Wales to the throne of England will be the signal for its general adoption. I am sure that the new Queen of England has for many years previously adopted this style, and, as a matter of fact, sovereigns can impose upon their subjects their style of dressing the hair, as well as fashion in other respects. One can recall to mind the long hair as worn by Elizabeth. The chignon is worn extremely low, and is composed of soft tresses (frequently false), in which for the evening garlands of flowers are interspersed. This style is very becoming and very young. Sometimes, even, the flowers fall over the neck. This, it appears, is a step in the direction of the "bun" which was worn by the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation. For the benefit of my readers I will record the results of several visits I have had to hairdressers' shops: On the Boulevard Haussmann, at the establishment of M. Madeline, I was told there was a general tendency to the low coiffure, with the chignon on the nape of the neck, recalling to mind the style of the Second Empire. Broad, soft waves are now being constructed into light, puffy boucles, which in no way change the usual aspect of the crown of the head. The hair is fastened by no new ideal to replace present fashions. The hair designs so frequent in women's clothing are the result of a desire to secure a fresh form for every season and to force their slaves to purchase new toiles at each turn of the year. The opposition of artists had hitherto proved futile because they had brought forward the present coiffure, but the reformers were defeated in their endeavors some years ago owing to their going clumsily to work. The new costumes had only aimed at health, and forgotten beauty. To obtain success a new method of coiffure conditions must be offered in place of the present one. Clothing should fulfill the laws of logic and reason. Free use of the limbs and muscles is, in the first place, requisite. Dress should cover, not conceal. This remark of M. Van de Velde is quite forgotten by the tailor of to-day, who smothered the female figure in a cloud of puffs, bows, flounces and pleats, resulting in the effect of a formless mass. The hair designs so frequent in women's clothing are the result of a desire to secure a fresh form for every season and to force their slaves to purchase new toiles at each turn of the year. The opposition of artists had hitherto proved futile because they had brought forward the present coiffure, but the reformers were defeated in their endeavors some years ago owing to their going clumsily to work. The new costumes had only aimed at health, and forgotten beauty. To obtain success a new method of coiffure conditions must be offered in place of the present one. Clothing should fulfill the laws of logic and reason. Free use of the limbs and muscles is, in the first place, requisite. Dress should cover, not conceal. This remark of M. Van de Velde is quite forgotten by the tailor of to-day, who smothered the female figure in a cloud of puffs, bows, flounces and pleats, resulting in the effect of a formless mass. The hair designs so frequent in women's clothing are the result of a desire to secure a fresh form for every season and to force their slaves to purchase new toiles at each turn of the year. The opposition of artists had hitherto proved futile because they had brought forward the present coiffure, but the reformers were defeated in their endeavors some years ago owing to their going clumsily to work. The new costumes had only aimed at health, and forgotten beauty. To obtain success a new method of coiffure conditions must be offered in place of the present one. Clothing should fulfill the laws of logic and reason. Free use of the limbs and muscles is, in the first place, requisite. Dress should cover, not conceal. This remark of M. Van de Velde is quite forgotten by the tailor of to-day, who smothered the female figure in a cloud of puffs, bows, flounces and pleats, resulting in the effect of a formless mass.



OUTDOOR DRESS OF CINNAMON-COLORED CHINA CRAPE

The corset skirt is set in by means of a piece of black ribbon velvet, crossed in front, and attached at the side by a rosette with hanging ends. The corsage is of cinnamon colored silk, pleated all over, and over it is a short bolero of black velvet set close together. The skirt is made of rows of narrow black velvet set close together. The waistband and wristbands are also made of rows of narrow black velvet set close together. The skirt, which is very flat in the upper part, is made with an apron, and from each side of the apron starts a frilled flounce, headed by a band of embroidery in Parma violet silk upon black velvet.

Slaves to Fashion.

Women's Dress Loses Sight of Comfort and Art. M. Van de Velde, the Belgian artist, recently lectured at Vienna before a large and distinguished audience upon the reform of women's dress. He pointed out the things which show that a girl has lost her independence and is no longer able to live her own life according to the principles she knows are high and true. There are many young women sick at heart over the degradation to which their parents bearing; anxious both for their own improvement and for the instruction of their juniors—who literally dare not take their earnings to help either themselves or those they love, because they dread the comments which may be made on a dress which is old-fashioned, or a jacket that "looks as if it came out of the ark." This very innermost garment may long for the door, or magazine they pass every morning on a corner stand, but the "must have" is a satin stock trimmed with gold braid!

Milk Diet Now the Fad

It is Said to Be an Excellent Thing for the Complexion. Milk is the latest and most approved dietetic fad, says the New York Register. The woman who is fair and with 40 staring her in the face, and who is determined not to be fat, makes her breakfast and lunch of milk and fresh fruit. She dines on a quarter of a pound of lean roast meat, with enough fresh green vegetables to "make bulk in her insides," as Tommy Atkins would say. The fresh, wholesome beauty of the young Queen of Holland is attributed to her frugal diet of the national milk and cheese, and the extraordinary vitality of the aged Roman Pontiff is another evidence of what a vigorous diet will do for even the delicate and feeble. Pope Leo has always been. The milk diet is of more value than many complexion washes, and as a means of adding to or diminishing one's weight it has no equal. It is a diet which increases the weight, fattening arises from the fact that many misguided people, in addition to a heavy meal, drink milk sufficient for another meal, and complain that it disagrees with them and increases their weight. In order to derive benefit from the milk diet one should get hold of a few fundamental facts. In the first one and a half pints of pure milk, or three glasses, contain, beside water, enough food in concentrated form and properly proportioned to make a meal for an adult human being. This quantity of milk, with the addition of a little fruit, is the regular breakfast and lunch of the dieter. For dinner a quarter of a pound of lean roast meat with some green vegetable is allowed. A pint of milk is the limit, where loss of flesh is an object, and one glass with fruit for breakfast and the same for lunch, may be regarded as rather rigorous treatment. Milk and meat should never be taken at the same meal. Heavy vegetables, like beans and peas, should be avoided entirely by the gouty, but if by reason of infirmity of appetite they are indulged in they should take the place of meat at that meal. Where the diet is adopted because of a nervous breakdown, or general debility, and a gain in flesh is most desirable, a liberal addition of cream to the stewed fruit is recommended. Sweet butter is also most valuable for this purpose. Indeed, some physicians go so far as to say that bread is absolutely valueless except as a medium for butter eating.

The Unfortunate Mutton.

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow; And when the summer came its fleece Would melt and downward flow. Till on one sultry August day This lamb so pure and white, Alas, was melted quite away, From the sheep's lost to sight, —Peter Newell, in Harper's Magazine for April.



CRUCIAL INSTANCES. By Edith Wharton, author of "The Touchstone." "The Greater Inclination." New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond, Va. Bound in cloth, 12 mo., 24 pages, gilt top, 24 pages. Price, \$1.50. "Crucial Instances" is the title given to a collection of seven short stories by Edith Wharton. The appropriateness of the title is in the fact that each story depicts a crisis of extraordinary intensity in the life of one or more of the characters. The stories have appeared from time to time in Scribner's Magazine and show a wide range of locality and a variety of topics. The style is dramatic and concentrated. The stories are unusual in conception and the situations lose none of their intensity in Mrs. Wharton's skillful hands. UNDER TOPSIS AND TENTS. By Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "For Love of Country." "For the Freedom of the Sea." "The Grip of Honor." "Recollections of a Missionary of the Great West." etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond, Va. Bound in cloth, illustrated, 12 mo., rough edges, gilt top, 272 pages. Price, \$1.50. Under the title "Topsis and Tents," Mr. Brady embodies his experiences in the army and navy. He dedicates his work to the graduates of the United States Naval Academy, especially to those of the class of 1888. Mr. Brady's book makes public for the first time "Philo Norton McGiffin's" own story of the famous naval battle of the Yalu, between the Chinese and Japanese. This battle was notable as the first

whose writings have given so much pleasure.

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT QUEEN. By Marie Corelli, author of "The Master Christian." New York: Dodd, Meade & Company. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond, Va. Bound in white cloth, 30 pages. Price, 50 cents. Under the above title, Marie Corelli presents her tribute to England's Queen and points out the special "lesson of this noblest woman's life to women."

She pays most tender homage to Victoria's greatness and goodness, and the invaluable influence of her pure and modest womanhood. Miss Corelli takes a somewhat gloomy view of England's future, and thinks that England's need is "true, good women, content with their husbands and their homes." Our late monarch has been to women a supreme example of what mothers should be—wise, prudent, patient, never worry in well-doing, and forever tender, forever loving. Of the Queen's influence in the councils of the nation, she says: "One may say that she has taught all her children the sovereignty of the dignity of sovereignty," and again she says: "The Queen possessed the two supreme gifts with which God endows unspooled women—instinct and tact." In the author's opinion a great epoch has closed, and she doubts whether as great a one will ever dawn for England again. The little volume closes with a prayer for the King; that he may be saved as well from treacherous friends as from foreign foes.

THE WARNERS. By Gertrude Potter Daniels. Chicago: Jamieson-Higgins Company. Bound in cloth, 12 mo., 232 pages. Price, \$1.50. The sub-title of this purpose novel is "An American Story of To-day," and it is a bitter arraignment of trusts, their power and their greed. This attack is the more remarkable, since the author is the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthiest citizens, and both her husband and father are large speculators in oil. The story is a tragedy and told in realistic style. It recites the career of a girl who, through the influence of poverty, by strictest self-denial he saves enough to marry the woman of his choice and to realize the dream of his life—to own a little white cottage with green blinds and a garden filled with geraniums. Fifteen years of hard work and happiness follow, when Fellows, a great oil magnate, appears upon the scene and wishes to buy their oil well and their home. Warner refuses to sell and Fellows and his syndicate force down the price of oil until the small operators cannot afford to sell

oil at the market price. With starvation staring him in the face, Warner is forced to sell at a much reduced price.

A return to the city follows, husband and wife taking up the drudgery of daily toil for daily bread, leaving the young and pretty daughter to do the housework. At a home, missing the freedom of her country life, she becomes easy prey for the rich idle young son of Fellows. He entices her from her home, and finally casts her off, a broken toy. In a fit of despair she flees, she kills him, then flees for her life. She goes back to her father and mother, but dies in a short time. The book closes with a tragic scene in her death chamber. With Warner in the act of burning a bonfire of Fellows, the author of his misfortunes.

Another fearful bit of tragedy is the death of the wife and child of Kirby, the labor agitator. They are killed by the explosion of a bomb intended for the police, who are endeavoring to disperse a mob of strikers. It isn't a pretty story, nor a pleasant one to read. It points out an unhappy condition of affairs, yet offers no remedy. There have been bad men since the world began, and we much fear there will be bad men until the world comes to an end. When a bad man is also a man of much wealth, his opportunities for evil are greater than for men who are poor. While all great capitalists are not Fellows, all workmen are not so energetic and deserving as Kirby. Daniels has painted a tragedy in darkest lines; it is a question in our minds if the outcome of her work be not as much evil as good. It is better to preach the Apostles doctrine of contentment than to raise the spirit of discord.

Learning to Talk Chinese.

We learn with gratification that complete provision has at last been made in London for teaching practical Chinese. We are on the eve of great changes in China, and one feature of the change will be the improvement of communication, the removal of obstacles to commerce and travel in the interior. The need of being able to communicate freely with the natives will be greater in proportion as their contact are multiplied. The kernel of those facilities is the native teacher. There are already at Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool and King's College, London, Chinese chairs and professors—some of the latter of high repute. The nature of their teaching is necessarily literary and academic. Every one at all acquainted with the

subject is aware that a proper knowledge of Chinese can only be acquired from a native speaker.

The "Automaton Chess Player." The "Automaton chess player" once set all Europe to guessing. Houdini recognized this years ago when he established their Chinese chair at St. Petersburg and attached to it Chinese teachers. Russian students, fresh from the course there, have arrived in China fitted to speak government and receive every encouragement. In England alone among the four nations chiefly concerned has the practical study of Chinese been neglected.—London Saturday Review, March 23d.

POWER.

What Happened to the Man Who Found It Out. "It occurred to an alchemist one day that it would be a fine thing to take sulphur, salt-peter and dried toads, pound them all to a powder and 'sublime' them together in an alembic, which he carefully luted and set on the furnace to heat. He poked up the fire and waited around, thinking what he would do with all his money if this should turn out to be the powder of reduction that would turn base metals into gold, which he had long dreamed of. The alembic and the windows blew out, and the door ripped off its hinges and fell down, blast! The alchemist scuffled out from under the ruins of the furnace, shook a red-hot coal or two out of his shoe and the ashes of himself, and wondered what had struck him." He tried it again and again, and each time with the same result; and then it dawned upon him that he had discovered a fair article of blasting-powder. Since then about all that has been done of his recipe has been to put in a little better article of charcoal than that of yellow twigs instead of toads' heads, and the old alchemist dream what

Battenberg, was allowed by her Majesty privileges which others would never have dreamed of taking.

We heard some stories about Prince Henry; how he stopped the chimneys, so that his unpunctuality might not be noticed; and a tale of his once not being able to get back in time for the royal dinner. Out sailing and being becalmed, the time slipped away, and he saw with terror the dinner-hour approaching. At last, after much maneuvering and rowing his little sailing-boat part of the way, he was able to convey the land several miles from Osborne, and got some kind of broken-down conveyance to take him to the castle. Arrived at the lodge, the vehicle was refused admittance; to the Prince's despair, he was obliged to get out and show himself before the gates. He opened the gates, he chafing the while at the waste of precious minutes, in spite of all his efforts, when he finally reached the castle he found the royal party already seated at table. There was no remedy, and so, making the best of a bad job, he walked, quietly into the dining-room, just as he was, in his rough, wet yachting-suit, and made his apologies to the Queen so simply and was so bright and pleasant about it that he was able to carry off what would have been an absolutely unpardonable offense in another.

J. Pierpont Morgan and the Reporter.

Not long ago a young man was sent by his employer to Mr. Morgan to make a verbal inquiry. When he entered the big counting-room he saw that Mr. Morgan was not at his desk. He asked the nearest clerk where he was. The clerk pointed to a distant door. The young man went at once into the room and there he saw Mr. Morgan in an armchair before a snapping wood fire. There were many clerks in the room working over ledgers and sheets of figures. He congratulated himself that he had found the banker at leisure. The banker seemed to be tracing a curved line on the arm of the chair. He held his finger at the end of the line as one marks the place in a book when he is interrupted and he looked up and asked gruffly: "How did you get in here?" "I—I walked in, sir," stammered the young man. He could think of nothing else to say. "I—I roared Mr. Morgan. Then he turned his attention again to the line on the arm of the chair.—The World's Work.