

SPRING STYLES

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—(Special Correspondence to The Herald.) List to this tale of the new and beautiful in millinery.

Besides the novelties in shapes there are several innovations in material. Vegetable silk has been turned to the greatest advantage for silky plaits, ready to be converted into hats or bonnets. They are far less expensive than the satin straws, and are a marked feature in the spring modes. We are not to have dismal colorings the style of plaiting is the same in all, showing a pointed edge on one side, and recalling the plaits that we were all skillful in doing some years ago, in paper, which made up into very presentable bonnets. But whether these plaits are of vegetable silk or of satin straw, they are quite a study in color. Turquoise, light pink, bright heliotrope shades are used alone, but more often they are blended with grey, while brown is combined with pink, blue with red, and grey with green. There are some that display opalescent effects, and these are light and charming, and so are the cashmerienne plaits. The straws are of light weight, but the vegetable silk is lighter still, and there is a great deal of black and white, and some are often blended with the straw in some examples.

We are faithful to paillettes, their reign is not at all over, and many of the Dutch bonnet shapes are entirely composed of sequins overlapping each other, while some of the toques made in black and white, worked in beads and sequins, are surrounded by wired rings covered with the same texture and elaborately embroidered; they are all quite different to anything we have had yet. The shapes seem all the more unique from the use of colored plaits and the quaint shape of many of the crowns often surrounded by straw plaitings. Many tartan mixtures assert themselves as a bordering to red crowns. But besides straw there is a great novelty in the rainbow cloth, which has a strong tenacity of thread, almost like horsehair, displaying chise effects in various colors, and always killed. This is employed for the soft Tam O'Shanter crowns, set in hard circular brims, which are covered with the same material. This fabric is made in several varieties of tones, sometimes the groundwork is yellow, sometimes green, mauve, blue and pink; a bunch of feathers mostly figure at the side.

There is a great deal of novelty with regard to hats of the useful kind for country and bicycling wear. We have not quite got away from the boat shapes, but they will not be nearly so much worn as the sailor, though there are some charming hats with high crowns, slightly sunk in at the top, and narrow brims turning up on either side.

surrounded by a band of velvet with a quill thrust through one side. There is Japanese chip, which is exceptionally light; it is to be had in white and many colors, but one of its great successes is in black, for it meets a long-felt want for a dull straw suitable for mourning. This is made up in sailor shape, and green sailors are likely to be better worn than any other tint. Modern hats of this class are beautifully lined, the crown with leather, the sides with satin, a soft pad of velvet inserted in the front, which makes them set firmly and comfortably on the head. Fancy straws of various kinds are being made into sailor hats, the speckled black and white we are accustomed to, but not so much to yellow with violet, to red with green, to brown with black, and other such mixtures, or sometimes red with gold. A great many of these hats are of one plain color under the brim, which is a becoming treatment, more especially to women who have passed their premiere jeunesse. Light colored hats with light blue and light pink velvet ribbon round, are likely to be extremely well worn as the season advances, and white Japanese chips, with either white or colored bands. There will be a long range of Panama hats, which are delightfully light, too, and these have green and other colors introduced under the brim. There is quite a boom in them for cycling purposes.

The French sailor has a broader brim and a slightly higher crown than the Eton, and is likely to be a potent rival to the old shape. There is a black Panama, called the Dakota, which is made up with a red velvet band round, and the Cuban, which is a sailor hat, made in pedal straw in vivid shades of color. The Meridiana is another shape, with a somewhat high crown and a narrow brim, in fine straw, with a quill set in the side of a velvet band. The Samoa is made in a sort of bass, the plait a chessboard one, the material a quarter of an inch wide, being shown in its entirety in the even plait. Tuscan straws are in favor, even for the broad-brimmed sailors, and the Winterton, the Kingston, the Paddock and the Newmarket are to be the leading shapes of the season. Japanese rustic straw is made up into high crown both for ladies and gentlemen's hats, some of which, under the name of Robin Hood, recall the headgear of that historical personage. Cloven crown have not gone out, but the sunk crowns, which look as if they had been pressed in by a sancer, are newer. For the masses, white and brown railway straws have been ordered by the retail houses for the early season, as well as speckled and self-colored ones.

For girls, soft satin and silk Tam O'Shanter crowns, are let into chip and straw brims, by all of which we may see that Dame Fashion is not likely to be monotonous in 1893.

The hair hat, which bears our first mention this week, is a coarse butter-colored straw, trimmed on the outside with a row of black velvet ribbon. The same ribbon is used for strings. The only face trimming is a wreath, resting on the hair, of salmon-pink roses.

No. 2 is an apple-green silk straw,

with bunches of white roses nesting in the pleats of the crown. Quills give height to the left side.

The third hat is a blended white and pink straw, with a high trimming of large pink silk blossoms. A wreath and a bow of velvet are all the trimming required by the novel scoop shape fourth in our column, while the last but not least is a heliotrope Tam O'Shanter toque, set far back on the head, and beautified by lavender and black plumes and paste buckle through a velvet knot in front.

The first hat in our second column is a mixed-brown rough straw, bent into becoming curves. At the left side, filling in the tilted brim, is a chic bow of orange-velvet. A second hat—eared—bow of brown velvet surmounts this, and a wreath of shaded green and brown ivy leaves nearly covers the outside of the hat.

The second hat is a shepherdess, a coarse braid of pale yellow, with flowers and ribbon loops for trimming. The third hat, a toque, is composed entirely of violets. Its great style consists in

that at first you think you never in this world will become accustomed to it, but you get accustomed to a great many strange sights in Paris. If a kiss explodes with unusual violence in a cab near mine it sometimes scares the horse, but it no longer disturbs me in the least. My nervousness over that sort of thing has entirely worn off."

OUR ENGLISH SISTER

Takes Off Her Coat and Goes Into Politics

The American woman has, practically, no direct voice in the government of the United States—a fact frequently and forcibly presented to us by the female suffragist. Her English sisters, also excluded from the parliamentary franchise, are, nevertheless, actively interested in politics. The tide of many a British election is turned by the influence of the wife or sweetheart or sister of one of the contending candidates.

During an American campaign the rival aspirants for office stump their

feet, and they would like to see their own women at such work. Stanley's wife was badly hurt when he was canvassing a district in South London, and the list of women who have been cut or bruised on the hustings is not a short one.

English women do not confine their work to canvassing. They speak for their candidates, and some of them are among the best political speakers in the country. Lady Jeune is really eloquent, and the marchioness of Salisbury has been known to "talk for the Tories." But times have changed since the latter part of the last century, and kisses are no longer traded for votes, after the fashion of the lovely Georgiana, duchess of Devonshire, when she canvassed Westminster for Fox.—Cincinnati Tribune.

WASHINGTON IN THE MINUET

The Stately President Danced at the First Inaugural Ball

Mrs. Burton Harrison shows, in an article on "With Washington in the Min-

utes," that the "father of his country" was fond of dancing, not giving up the pastime until sometime after he had retired to private life. Describing the first inaugural ball at New York, in May, 1793, Mrs. Harrison pictures the suspense awaiting Washington's selection of a partner for the minuets, each belle earnestly hoping that the honor should come to her. The chief, however, made his choice without a second's hesitation, and appeared "leading up to the disc of shining parquetry a sweet and ingenuous young matron—the bride of a year, Mrs. Maxwell, born a Van Zandt, daughter of Jacobus Van Zandt, chairman of the so-called revolutionary committee of patriots in New York. And now, under the gaze of dowagers and belles, envious in spite of themselves of young Mrs. Maxwell's luck, Washington, laying his right hand on his heart, executes a profound bow to his partner, the blushing like a very rose of spring, Mrs. Maxwell, in return, dips low until her satin skirts form a portentous "cheese;" then, recovering her balance, places her little gloved hand in the capacious one of the chief, who, raising it above her head, takes the first steps in the prim but graceful old dance. From long practice and through the continual use of his muscles, the hero's great frame is surprisingly pliant in the repeated bows and changes of posture demanded by the minuets. His feet retain something of the arch of youth as he directs them with precision through the figures that allow no deviation of a dancer's fancy, but must be carried out to the end like a mathematical problem in order to insure success. A murmur of applause rans around the circle of "elegant females," who follow him rather than his partner, in the slow windings and stepplings of this intricate evolution."

NEVER COUNT YOUR CHANGE

Is That the Reason Men Have More Money Than Women?

"Never count your change," remarked a shopper to her friend. "If you do you will always be poor."
"What! Not count my change when I receive it over the counter? Why, I might be cheated nine times out of ten."
"I did not mean it in that way, exactly," said the other. "I mean not to count the change in your pocketbook to see how much you have left. And I do not think you will be cheated by receiving wrong change, either, as cashiers and the people who handle public money are required to be very accurate. You can tell at a glance if your return change is correct. Notice the way in which a man runs his eye over change without appearing to count it. And a man never knows just how much change he has. You will see him fishing a quarter out of his vest pocket, and another out of his trousers pocket, as if he were sure of having money somewhere, although the whole sum may not exceed a dollar."
"Men have more money than we have," said the friend. "They can afford to be more lavish."
"No, I think women go on the principle of penny wise pound foolish. A woman never hesitates over a treat of ice cream soda or chocolates, and then frets herself an everbody else over car fare, which is one of the necessities of living."



Now, take my plan and don't count your change. I have set up a bag in my used belt satchel, where I throw all my uncounted change. When I need car fare or church money, or change for any purpose, I go to my grab-bag and take some out without counting it. And when I find some small silver and pennies in my pocketbook on my return from a shop or market, I drop them in uncounted. Why, last winter, when times were so hard, that bag was like the widow's cruse—it never gave out. I would never forgive any one who would count the contents."
"But you must have some idea of what amount it holds?"
"Not the slightest. It is a Klondike mine to me when I need change. Oh, you needn't laugh—I am dead earnest. Try it and prove the truth of my theory."—Chicago Times-Herald.

HOUSEHOLD TIDBITS

To prevent moths, before putting away shades or rugs, sprinkle with cayenne pepper.
To prevent steel brooches or ornaments from getting rusty or dull when not worn, keep in a box in which is a little powdered starch.
To blacken tan shoes, clean them and rub them over with a strong solution of washing soda. When dry give them a coat of ink, then polish with ordinary blacking.
To clean velvet rub it down with olive oil or butter; this will make it like new. Instead of using a brush to set a hat, a pad of velvet will remove the dust better. A substitute for cream may be made by beating the white of an egg with a teaspoonful of sugar and a very little water; put it into the cups before the coffee is poured into them.
Milk or cream may be kept sweet by adding a teaspoonful of borax to a quart of milk or cream. It will be found a most effectual preservative.
To remove paint marks on clothing, when fresh, rub with turpentine or paraffin applied with a bit of cloth. If they have dried on rub with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and pure alcohol and clean with benzine.
Save your egg shells and use them to clean bottles, vinegar cruets and carafes. Put the shells away in a convenient box, and when ready to wash the bottles crush them with your foot, partly fill the bottles with them, pour over them hot soap-suds, shake well and rinse.
A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping, as the weight aids in the process. In buying a broom test it by pressing the edge against the floor; if the straws bristle out and bend, the broom is a poor one, for they should remain in a firm, solid mass.
To clean trousers' without washing, take a square of dry pipeclay, rub well over the garment; let it remain on for two hours, then brush it all off, and they will be equal to new. If any greasy marks be on them take a little brown paper, with a flat iron, not too hot, and press on them, and the grease will disappear.

the finishing touch, being given by a bow of sapphire-blue velvet. The next model is for country wear, and the last one is of varieties of the new Pompadour shapes has violets and green leaves only for trimming.

GIRDLES AND BELTS

Some of the new metal girdles have a profusion of jewels set in them, and little of the metal can be seen. Real gems are used in many cases. Gold, silver and oxidized metal are the favorites just now. Peacock feathers have always been considered a "hoodoo," or, in other words, very unlucky, but the hoodoo is now offset by using in connection with the feathers a common bean. This lucky bean takes the place of a small locket, and some are mounted with gold and others are studded with jewels. The belts with peacock decorations show sometimes the entire feather, sometimes merely the eye.

Suede leather belts studded with steel are among the novelties. The two belts we illustrate are examples of the velvet belts studded with jewels and the draped satin girdles continued by jeweled slides and fastened by an enameled buckle—a Marguerite, now favorite of the French women.

The dainty blouse we give this week is a taffeta, covered with a diamond ballance work of chiffon ruffles.

LOVE MAKING IN PUBLIC

French Brides and Grooms Kiss and Hug Each Other Freely

It is evident, from her letter to the February Ladies' Home Journal, that Miss Lillian Bell finds much in Paris to interest and amuse her. Among other things that are rather novel to an American, "one sees," she writes, "the comical sight of a French bride and bridegroom, in all the glory of their bridal array—white, satin, veil and orange blossoms—driving through the streets in open cabs and hugging and kissing each other with an unctuous freedom which is apt to throw a conservative American into a spasm of laughter. Indeed, the frank and candid way that love-making goes on in public among the lower classes is so amazing

states or districts, while their families are at home, eagerly reading their speeches and hoping and praying that their own particular dear one will be elected. The wife of a nominee for congress will be raised to the seventh heaven of bliss when her husband is called on by his party to lead it to victory. She immediately assumes the leadership of local society, and her projects for social conquests in Washington form the absorbing topic of her conversation. But she rarely does any work to help her husband upon his path to the capitol.

On the other hand, consider the processes of an English election. When a gentleman decides to stand for a certain borough or district he starts out backed by the personal and political friends who are anxious to see him seated. His wife or sister is pretty sure to be pressed into service. Metaphorically speaking, she takes off her coat and goes in, hammer and tongs. In a country district, when the nominee is looked to speak at a certain town or village, the local delegation of worthy burghers and farmers meets him and his party at the station. The would-be M. P. is escorted to the platform from which he is to tell his friends "what evils exist in the government, and how he will right them if elected."

Meanwhile his wife begins her canvass. Accompanied by Sir Basil Whistisham, bart., and Captain the Hon. Scando, the candidate's lady visits the homes of the voters. The buxom housewife welcomes her with genteel courtesy and ushers the company into the parlor. The visitors cannot say too much in praise of the consummate taste shown in the grass-green carpet and the sky-blue wall paper. At last the retreat is sounded, and this feminine vote-winner proceeds to the next house, and the next, until the whole village has been duly visited, complimented and made secure from the opposition, so far as the women-folk are concerned.

The Primrose League, the great Conservative association, has been a most formidable political machine in England, and this is officered and managed by women. At the same time it is a grave question with all Americans who have witnessed an English election whether

ut," that the "father of his country" was fond of dancing, not giving up the pastime until sometime after he had retired to private life. Describing the first inaugural ball at New York, in May, 1793, Mrs. Harrison pictures the suspense awaiting Washington's selection of a partner for the minuets, each belle earnestly hoping that the honor should come to her. The chief, however, made his choice without a second's hesitation, and appeared "leading up to the disc of shining parquetry a sweet and ingenuous young matron—the bride of a year, Mrs. Maxwell, born a Van Zandt, daughter of Jacobus Van Zandt, chairman of the so-called revolutionary committee of patriots in New York. And now, under the gaze of dowagers and belles, envious in spite of themselves of young Mrs. Maxwell's luck, Washington, laying his right hand on his heart, executes a profound bow to his partner, the blushing like a very rose of spring, Mrs. Maxwell, in return, dips low until her satin skirts form a portentous "cheese;" then, recovering her balance, places her little gloved hand in the capacious one of the chief, who, raising it above her head, takes the first steps in the prim but graceful old dance. From long practice and through the continual use of his muscles, the hero's great frame is surprisingly pliant in the repeated bows and changes of posture demanded by the minuets. His feet retain something of the arch of youth as he directs them with precision through the figures that allow no deviation of a dancer's fancy, but must be carried out to the end like a mathematical problem in order to insure success. A murmur of applause rans around the circle of "elegant females," who follow him rather than his partner, in the slow windings and stepplings of this intricate evolution."

THE WORKING GIRL'S CHANCE

Domestic Service the Most Comfortable Occupation

"The average home holds out a far more comfortable time, a more leisurely life, a healthier existence, and better wages, than does the office, store or factory to an intelligent girl or woman,"

