

BEAUTIFUL CAPES
WILL BE SEEN ON
EASTER MORNING

NEW YORK, March 29.—(Special Correspondence to The Herald.) Easter will bring forth the new shapes in capes which are making their appearance in the show rooms of the most exclusive houses. Their variety is bewildering and every woman will look well in them if she selects the cut adapted to her figure. Once upon a time, and only a very short time ago it was, capes were possible only for the slender woman with sloping shoulders. Now the Paris artist has devised a cut that gives elegance to the square shoulders and height to the dumpy figure. Don't ask how; I don't know; I can only assure you that it has been done. A study of the wraps worn by the fair maids we have drawn for you this week will convince you of the truth of my statement. The first wears a cape of black satin covered with jet spangles and caught in at the waist with a wide band of velvet passed through openings in the sides. The sleeve portions are finished with three flounces of black mousseline de soie.

The second wrap is a cream cloth with embroidery, upper parts and flounces edged with ruchings of silk. The third wears a cape of brown fancy wool trimmed with satin ribbon of the same shade gathered and put on in a pattern. It curves away from a front of beige cloth trimmed with bands and appliques of the brown. The high collar is lined with tan. The fourth cape is one of the new shawl shapes selected by the ultra fashionable women who will not wear anything adopted by the many. It is of cream cloth embroidered in arabesques. The fifth is a satin crossed with ruching of white mousseline de soie. Fuffings of the same cover the revers and the high collar. Black mousseline de soie is used for the puffing and knife pleating on the edges.

The mantelet with long ends hanging in front, worn by the principal figure in the Easter parade, is an example of the style which, like the last two described, will remain in the property of the exclusive; for this year at least.

PRETTY PETTICOATS

Petticoats! The word has ever a fascinating sound, has it not? "Her feet beneath her petticoats, like little mice, steal in and out," sings Sir John Suckling, in that hackneyed yet ever new and beautiful ballad of a bride; and from time immemorial romance has clung to this portion of attire. To begin with, it is an essentially feminine garment, and knickers—their name of wood or satin of never such excellent quality—though they may find favor in the eyes of the "new" members of the sex, will never obtain the same hold upon our affections that the fluffy, fussy and ever womanly petticoat has always had. They—the knickers—may be more hygienic, more economical, more utilitarian, more everything in one comprehensive word than the frivolous skirts of feebler minded women. And I am quite aware also that when the disciples of the knicker urge "that it is healthier and safer for cycling than any skirt ever yet invented or likely to be," we adherents to the petticoat have not a word to say for ourselves and appear dumb. Nevertheless, in spite of all this—perhaps because of it—we hug the flimsy fragility all the closer, reckless alike of the fact that it is more expensive and not half as enduring.

A batch of model jupons from a big Paris house which I was privileged to view the other day were in themselves sufficient to make even the strongest minded staunchest of Eve forswear her bloomersque cut and return to skirts, so ideally lovely were they. Many of them had, as is the fashion in Paris, corsets and matines, or, as we call them here, dressing jackets, to match. The first that caught my eye was composed of white glace silk, sprayed over with the finest imaginable green apples and leaves. This model had three flounces, set at equal distances from each other; these were edged with deep lace and stuck out with a fluffiness of effect absolutely charming and indescribable. Upon examination I found that three flounces were set into one heading, a piped one of pale green silk, so that in reality there were nine flounces altogether, not counting an underfill of lace, or rather a rucking of the latter, for which a fine entredeux, box-pleated in the middle, had been used. This petticoat was cut exactly like a dress skirt would be, only, of course, some four inches shorter. It was gored to such perfection that there was not the faintest symptom of fullness anywhere, save, of course, the amount necessary for easing in the back breadths.

The matinee accompanying the former was a dream of beauty. The material used was the same, but the jacket had a deep collar, cut sailor-shape, of white silk, edged with a frill of lace; the sleeves, reaching just to the bend of the elbow, bore of the same filmy lace. A deep frill of turn-back cuffs to match, and frills of the same filmy lace. A deep frill of the white lace went all around the matinee, and was further ornamented by big choix of pale green ribbon, the narrowest width ribbon I have ever seen. The corsets matched, and were of the new French shape, viz: very short, lined with the thinnest white silk, and profusely trimmed, but in front only, with lace. No more charming set than the above could well be found for a trousseau. I recommend this idea to those of my readers who are prospective brides, since a length of chine silk, sufficient for skirt and dressing jacket, can be picked up very cheaply, and of quantity quite good enough for the above purpose. If you desire to have corsets also to match, reserve a piece of the silk. There are plenty of corsetmakers whose cut is sufficiently reliable, and whose prices are moderate, whom you will find glad to make it up. And, while I am upon this subject, let me say how strongly I am in favor of having all corsets, even those for everyday use, made to order. More bad figures result from the continued use of ill-cut, ready-made corsets than most women have any idea of. About one woman in every ten possesses what is technically known as a "stock figure"; and the question naturally presents itself: "What becomes of the other nine?" Well, it is to be assumed they suffer in silence. And here let me draw your attention to one important fact, which should on no account be overlooked. Because a corset is loose enough in the waist there is no sign that it is not dangerously tight elsewhere. It is just as bad, or very nearly so, to compress the

hips, in long, ill-fitting stays as it is to tighten in at the waist line. The surplus must go somewhere, and the result is invariably bad for health. But, to return to the jupons, model No. 2 was, if lacking in the fragility of No. 1, quite as beautiful in its way. The material forming it was rose-pink glace silk, for which color there seems to be just now a perfect rage, both in gowns and underwear. It had three Vandyked flounces, one over the other, and each of these flounces was edged with the finest black lace, gathered in as closely as possible, and ornamented at each of the upper points (I hope I make my meaning clear) with lover's-knot bows of rose-pink ribbon. Inside the skirt, at the hem, had a triple frill of black lace, the edges run with rose pink baby ribbon. I do not think I ever saw such a fascinating petticoat before. I am quite sure if Sir John Suckling were alive now he would want to write another ballad to it. The dressing jacket for this model was also of rose-pink silk. It boasted a Vandyked collar of the silk, edged with lace, and, in addition, had two of the

quaintest little pockets at the sides, their lids composed of frills of black lace. The sleeves reached to the elbows, and were semi-tight fitting, finished off by double frills of the lace. And the front of the jacket was just one mass of foamy cascades of black lace, intermixed with knots of rose-pink ribbon. Now the above also would not be at all an expensive model to copy, and could, moreover, be quite easily accomplished by an amateur dressmaker. There is practically no fitting needed for a dressing jacket, and the petticoat, given a good pattern, is simplicity itself. Last of all I espied a creation of white Nainsook, flounced almost from waist to hem with row after row of broad cream-tinged Valenciennes, each flounce being set in under another of white satin ribbon. The inner hem of this skirt was finished off in a highly original, and, to my mind, sensible fashion. Needless to say, this would outwear quite half a dozen lace frills, and, in addition, look tidy to the last—something no lace flounce ever did yet. I commend the idea to my readers. It is

certainly worth copying, and is, moreover, a mode tending towards economy. NEWS OF WOMEN WORKERS Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch was admitted to practice before the supreme court of the United States February 21. Her admission was moved by Charles T. F. Beale of Washington, D. C. Martha Partington of Brooklyn has been sworn in by Mayor Van Wyck as assistant clerk of the court of special sessions. She is the first woman to serve in such a capacity in New York city. Miss Elise Mercier must be added to the list of women architects who are winning success. She has made the design for the new buildings of the Woman's seminary at Washington, Pa. Mrs. Clara Meade of Chicago being the contractor. Miss Louisa Stevenson and Mrs. Marcus Dods have been re-elected to the board of management to represent the board of directors of the Royal infirmary, Edinburgh. This is the only leading hospital where women have been accorded representation on the committee of management so far. Domestic affairs, the comfort of nurses and other matters in which women should have special ability to advise are in the province of these boards. A banquet was recently given in France in honor of Clemence Royer, who won eminence for lectures and writings on scientific subjects nearly forty years ago. She was one of the earliest to advocate and develop the atomic theory and the theory of luminous vibration. Queen Margherita of Italy has made herself responsible for the execution of a plan to build an observatory at the summit of Monte Rosa, at a height of 4500 meters. The work on it has already been begun. The queen, who, as is well known, is an enthusiastic mountaineer, is in the habit of passing several weeks each year at the summit of Monte Rosa. The new observatory will be higher than that on the summit of Mount Blanc, and the highest in Europe. The cost will be about \$50,000. Miss Kate Grindrod, a full-blooded Wyandotte Indian, who was educated at the government school in Carlisle, is one of

the most successful professional nurses in Philadelphia. She enjoys the distinction of being the only girl to be graduated from both the Carlisle Indian school and the hospital. During the epidemic at Carlisle in 1890 and 1891 she volunteered her services as a nurse, and succeeded so well that, acting upon the advice of physicians, she entered the Woman's hospital at Philadelphia. Her services are eagerly sought by many of the leading families of the city.—New York Post. The Fair Sex It takes a woman to pick a woman to pieces. We have noticed that married women look more envious at girls who earn their own money than at girls who are surrounded by young men. Talk about thirty days of quail! A newly married man in town praised a blueberry pie his wife made, and he is now meeting his thirty-second blueberry pie. An Atchison mother has been fairly beaming with joy for some time, and her husband for the same length of time has been so disheartened that even money in the mall has failed to stir him up. The cause? The only daughter has just become engaged to be married, and this is the way the news affects the parents. When a woman quits worrying about her husband's flirtations it is time for her friends to begin worrying about her. You have never had your friendship for a fat woman thoroughly tested until she buys a wheel. When a woman kisses a man she is so eager that she never stops to raise her veil. If any woman wrote down all the sayings, signs, superstitions, etc., that she involuntarily treats with respect her best friends would want to try her for insanity.—Atchison Globe. Horace Greeley's Daughter A characteristic of the late Horace Greeley was his sympathy with the one who, if not altogether in the wrong, was not wholly in the right. His youngest daughter, Gabrielle, was his pet, and it is perhaps safe to say that he never reproved or scolded her, although she says that she often richly deserved reprimanding. Upon one occasion, when her father was absent from home, she had been very naughty indeed, a member of the family wrote him an account of her misdoings. The reply returned was rather different from that anticipated. "Yes, Gable is a reprobate, I know, but then I love reprobates." The contents of this letter, as may naturally be supposed, were not divulged to the young offender, and it was not until many years after that she knew anything of the matter. "The Cherub" was her name for the photograph of her father which she preferred, and that and a plaster cast of his hand, which was beautifully shaped and indicative of his strong character, are companions upon her writing desk. Miss Greeley is now the wife of the Rev. Frank M. Clendenin, an Episcopal clergyman.—Kansas City Star. Have the Smallest Hands The typical American woman is said by recent critics to have the smallest hands in the world, notwithstanding popular supposition crediting French women with this distinction. Next come the women of Austria, Spain, France and Italy. Russians have long but beautifully shaped hands, while those of the Spaniards are often spoiled by the thickness of the fingers, which are apt to round at the tips. Hands of aristocratic English women are apt to be well shaped, but are somewhat long and frequently hard. No one, perhaps, takes such good care of her hands as the French woman of fashion. German women usually have large, flat hands, with flat fingers. A remarkably pretty hand is that of the present Duchess de Mouchy. It is very small indeed, beautifully modeled and has taper fingers, curved a little at the extremities, and almond-shaped nails. The hand of the Vicomtesse De Gallard is perfect, recalling those of the statues of Canova, which are even more beautiful and distinguished looking than those of the famous Greek models.—Chicago Chronicle. Where Patti Found Rest "The Castle of Silence" is the graphic description given of the home of Mms. Patti and her husband, the late Signor Nicolini, at Craig-y-Nos, and is a correspondent of a Vienna paper who was a friend of the twain. The noise, crush and crowding to which they were inevitably subjected in connection with the great tours of the songstress led them to love silence for its own sake when they were at home. The silence of Craig-y-Nos was almost perpetual. Neither of the pair ever sang, except for about four days preceding one of Adeline Patti's great tours; then she would spend the whole day in practice. The only disturbance in the silence was in the evenings, when the immense and costly orchestra, a thing unique in its kind, would grind out mechanically waltz after waltz, while Patti and Nicolini sat placidly listening. Patti and Nicolini never went to dinner, even when alone, except in full dress; and Patti had 682 toilettes.—London Morning Leader. Many Ways of Cooking Potatoes There are one hundred different ways of preparing potatoes for the table. Those who lean upon their dignity are in need of a better support.

be, but free you must also remain; that is your punishment. You wish to live like a man; you shall live like one, and for your own protection you must wear men's clothing." On her arrival in Cabul she was given the title of older, or chief, and was made the harem's messenger. She comes and goes as she pleases or is ordered, both by night and day, and no one, even in slanderous Cabul, has ever breathed a word against her fair name. At Munich many of the clerks at the banks and hotels are girls, and as cashiers and bookkeepers at restaurants and other houses of business they are well in evidence. Many women are also employed at railway stations as booking office clerks. It was 300 years ago in Florence that the first grand opera was produced.



AN EASTER VISION

Afghan Woman

The new woman has penetrated even to the harem of Afghanistan, where she wears male attire and does precisely as she pleases. The ameer picked her up, says a writer in the Ladies' Pictorial, on his return journey from the northern part of his dominions a good many years ago. She had been brought before him by an indignant father and proposed husband for punishment. She would not conform to the usage of the country and enter the married state, though she had then reached the age when it became incumbent upon her to do so. The girl declared she had run wild all her life, and did not wish to give up her freedom and shut up in a harem where she sought the ameer's protection and obtained it. "All right," said the ameer, "since you wish to be free you shall be free you shall



A QUINTET OF DAME FASHION'S FAIREST DAUGHTERS IN THE LATEST PARISIAN IMPORTATIONS