



A COAT THAT SERVES FOR MANY PURPOSES.

## VELVET & CORDUROY ARE EFFECTIVE FOR WINTER COSTUMES

Last year both velvet and corduroy were greatly in demand both for morning and afternoon street wear, and, indeed, were so fashionable as to warrant the dread that this year they would be out of date. On the contrary, it would seem as though a new lease of life had been granted them, for the shops are full of a bewildering variety of new designs in these materials. Ready-made gowns in most attractive designs are to be found, and in the so-called private establishments dressmakers are busy already turning out any number of designs in velvet and corduroy, and stating that "this is not a new fashion, but still a perfectly safe one," meaning merely that this is the second season for these charming things.

Dark brown corduroy costumes with street skirt and long Norfolk jacket are exceedingly smart and almost invariably becoming. They are made either quite plain or with folds of satin stitched with white or brown, and with turn-down collar faced with satin to match. While the satin folds add to the beauty of the gown, it is really a better plan, if the gown is intended for hard wear, not to have any trimming, for the best satin trimming so often changes color after exposure to wind and weather. Brown velvet gowns are made on the same style as the corduroy, but they also are made with reefer coat, fastened with fancy buttons, and the plaited skirt is seen in velvet more often than in corduroy.

### THE MODISH COLORS.

White, black, brown, blue and green are all fashionable colors, both in corduroy and velvet. It is also fashionable to wear the light grays and tans. The former in corduroy must always be made without any trimming, but in velvet it needs braid, or at all events some facing of silk or satin on the coat to make the color becoming. The gray or tan corduroy looks what it is—a rough, hard-wearing material. The velvet does not, but on the contrary, is more suitable for smarter wear, for it so closely resembles the velvet. Certainly a light gray velvet costume would be most inappropriate in wet weather.

In corduroy the large welt or cord is preferred to the small, but it is a good plan to avoid the extreme in any material. Black corduroy this season is especially attractive, and in the medium-size cord it is softer than ever, has a silky finish, and is not nearly so harsh. The manufacturers contend that it will withstand all sorts of rough usage, and, consequently, it is made up in the short and severe style of gown already described. A good coat, of a cut that is in excellent form this autumn, in black corduroy is a medium length, fitting close to the figure at the back and sides, but straight in front between the darts. A broad black silk braid binds the entire coat, and the buttons are of black crocheted or bone. There is a small pocket on the left side near the shoulder and two hip pockets bound with braid. The skirt fastens at the side, is made with plain back or with inverted box plaits, whichever is the more becoming, for, fortunately, this year the question of what is becoming to the individual, rather than the blind following of a given fashion, is permitted.

### THE NORFOLK JACKET.

Norfolk jackets are one of the marked features of this winter's fashions, and while the style is, as a rule, more becoming to a youthful, slender figure, it can be adapted to a figure of rather large proportions, as the plaits can be cut away underneath and stitched down at edge so as to be perfectly flat, or they can be made of extra pieces of the material put on and stitched down, and then the long line from shoulder to waist will give the effect of a slender figure. The belt—for unfortunately there must always be a belt with this cut of coat—must be put on at or above the waist line in the back and slipped through the plait in front well below the true waist line; then, if the jacket is made with straight front, it is surprising that a slender effect is gained.

The fancy velvet with dots and embroidery of silk, or with what are known as the "shot effects" in the metallic finish, are most beautiful fabrics, and, in spite of their delicate colorings and soft finish, wear well.

There are many different colorings, especially in brown, green, mauve and blue, which have an exquisite sheen.

### FOR RECEPTION GOWNS.

These, with the exception of the black and white (the black, with white polka dot), should be used for reception gowns and not for any severe style of costume. In fact, the designs are, as a rule, extremely elaborate and require much lace, bands of fur, and more touch of contrasting color in the front and at waist and throat. The skirts are long and often elaborately trimmed. The coats are both long and short and of the most complicated styles, and for reception gowns there can be nothing much smarter. All the new braids and passementeries are appropriate with these fancy velveteens and the blending and contrasting of the materials and trimmings are most effective and original.

It is difficult for any one but a connoisseur to detect at first glance a silk velvet or velvet in the plain colors, and the same designs are used in the made up gowns. The skirt, long, with two or three flounces, each faced with white silk or satin; the long coat, with light linings and facings, and the trimming of fancy passementeries, are made quite as often in velvet as in silk. The skirt, long, with two or three flounces, each faced with white silk or satin; the long coat, with light linings and facings, and the trimming of fancy passementeries, are made quite as often in velvet as in silk. The skirt, long, with two or three flounces, each faced with white silk or satin; the long coat, with light linings and facings, and the trimming of fancy passementeries, are made quite as often in velvet as in silk.

### CURIOUS ABOUT HER SKIN.

Chester (gazing thoughtfully at a picture of a lady in evening dress, which stands on his aunt's table)—Aunt Emma, does that lady go with an empty skin all the time?



THE MODEL TRIMMED WITH CONTRASTING BRAID.

## The Tragedy of a Princess.

A sorrow's crown of sorrows recently was placed upon the brow of a beautiful princess, and she bore it with such dignity that her people applauded her with tumultuous sympathy. The princess was Stephanie of Belgium, whose father, Leopold, King of the Belgians, took occasion at the obsequies of the late Queen Marie Henriette to spin his daughter as she knelt in prayer at the bier of her mother. The incident was the culmination of a series of tragic events which have made the life of the Princess Stephanie a chapter of unhappiness beyond the measure of the unhappiness of women.

Twice before had the affairs of the Princess appealed to the sympathy of mankind, and in both instances the aged King of the Belgians, her father, proved himself an unflinching parent. When Stephanie was the wife of the Archduke Rudolph of Austria the rumors of the unhappiness of the couple whom the Altmann de Gotha placed in the immediate line of succession to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire furnished an

inexhaustible topic of conversation in the salons of Vienna and the Continent. One day it was whispered that the Crown Princess, weary of the restrictions of the most rigid of European courts and repulsed by the coldness of her husband, had left Vienna and had fled to her father's court in Brussels. The question was, What would King Leopold do? The love affair of the King himself was a matter of comment. It was argued that a man who knew the world and the affairs of the heart would realize the intolerable position in which his daughter had been placed in the court of Vienna, but the expectations of the wise were not borne out by events. A few days after her sudden departure from the Austrian capital the Crown Princess Stephanie returned to her husband and her home. It was reported that she had received a stern rebuff at the hands of her royal father, coupled with an order to proceed at once to the court she had deserted.

Finally death came to the rescue of the exiled Princess—a death that remains one of

the mysteries of the house of Hapsburg. On January 22, 1889, the body of Crown Prince Rudolph was brought to the palace in Vienna in a pauper's hearse. For days the Austrian court endeavored to mislead the world as to the cause of his death. The statement that the heir to the crown of the Hapsburgs had died of natural causes was only half believed at first; then there were rumors of tragedy and intrigue. Three days after the body of Crown Prince Rudolph was found in the castle of Mayerling, a few miles from the capital, it was admitted that the Prince had died from the effects of a bullet wound. No definite certainty was vouchsafed as to the manner in which the wound had been inflicted. There was a multitude of sinister rumors. It was said that the Archduke had been challenged by the brother of a beautiful young baroness whose friendship the Prince had obtained and that the darling of the Emperor had been shot in the course of a duel. Another version of the tragedy ascribed the death of Rudolph to the act of his own hand, impelled by the demand of an outraged scion of the Austrian nobility for honorable satisfaction. It was said that

the Crown Prince had been confronted with the choice of fighting a duel or dying by his own hand and that he had chosen the latter alternative.

Stephanie bore the disgrace with such dignity that she gained the lasting affection of the aged and solitary Francis Joseph I., whose devotion to the Crown Prince Rudolph was the passion of his life.

In the early part of 1900 the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph had a remarkable interview with the Emperor. She informed him that her heart had gone to Count Elemer Lonyay, a young Hungarian nobleman who had served with distinction in the Austro-Hungarian diplomatic service. The avowal astounded the most self-sufficient of European monarchs. He could not conceive how a Princess who had been the wife of Rudolph of Hapsburg could think of stooping to an alliance with a simple count, whose grandfather, moreover, had been President of the Hungarian Diet of 1848, the Diet that just failed in its efforts to disrupt the empire.

In that moment of bitterness the Emperor recoiled all that the house of Lonyay had done to blast the fortunes of the house of Hapsburg, and now the widow of the heir to the throne of Hapsburg wished to marry Count Lonyay. "I could never be!"

The pleadings of the Princess availed, however. Such was the affection that the Emperor bore her that Francis Joseph finally consented to the proposed matrimonial alliance. It was the first time since 1848 that the Emperor of Austria and the King of Hungary had allowed his will to be crossed. The wedding of the Crown Princess Stephanie and Count Lonyay took place in the chapel of Miramar Castle on March 22, 1900. By becoming the wife of a mere count Stephanie relinquished her Austrian titles in behalf of her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, who had been born in 1883. In Belgium, where the Princess was popular among her countrymen, the marriage was applauded as one of the rare love-affairs of royalty. King Leopold, however, never reconciled himself to his daughter's choice. He declined to sanction the alliance in spite of the bitter experience which he had just had with another of his daughters, the Princess Louise, who had been forced into a marriage with Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

As Stephanie had done when she was Crown Princess of Austria, the Princess Louise abandoned her husband's home and fled to her father for protection against the cruelties with which she charged Prince Philip. King Leopold, however, did not even permit his daughter to spend a night in the palace in Brussels, but turned her back to her home. Princess Louise went back in desperation. Then she plunged into a sensational career, which culminated in her elopement with a young lieutenant. Charges of forgery were brought against the couple. They were captured, and the young lieutenant was thrown into jail, while the Princess was spirited off to an insane asylum. But the bitterness and suffering which his younger daughter had caused him had not taught the King how to forgive. He never forgave the Princess Stephanie, in spite of the fact that Francis Joseph had consented to the marriage. He refused to forgive the Princess even when she knelt at the bier of her mother at Spa.

### Identified The Caller.

Servants left at home to look after the house do not always give lucid descriptions of callers that come in the absence of host or hostess. They frequently do give vivid, if ludicrous, details, however.

A Georgia lady having in her employ a young negress whose strong point was not remembering names, one afternoon went away, leaving the colored woman in charge of the premises.

Callers in that town were not always so formal as to leave their cards, and upon return Mrs. G. found that a visit had been paid her, but that Amelia had forgotten the person's name.

Mrs. G., being a punctilious individual, was anxious to know to whom she owed the courtesy of a return visit. "Think, Amelia," she said earnestly, "think hard now." She sat down opposite the girl and waited for the process to go on. "No'm," said the darky, pathetically. "I can't recall dat posson's name to save mah life for glory."

Mrs. G. groaned—visions of the angry caller, who would receive no call in return for hers, rose before her. "Amelia, now listen to me—what was she like—what did she wear—was she tall or short—had she dark eyes?"—seized with an inspiration that it was Mrs. D., a well known and sarcastic acquaintance, who lived far down town.

Amelia was suddenly inspired—"I know what she wore like," she said, solemnly, "she had box toes and rosy jaws."

In a flash Mrs. G. knew the fair visitant's name, and Amelia was vindicated.

### HIS NATIONALITY.

Teacher (taking customary school census at beginning of year)—Well, Fritz, what nationality are you? Fritz—Me? Why, I'm a black Republican, every time.

## Helen Gould's Mistake.

Helen Gould was coming down in the elevator of the Produce Exchange Building late one afternoon, and there was but one other ground floor bound passenger with her—a little three foot growth of very consequential appearing masculinity. There was something in his appearance which was so different from the general type of urbane hood that she found herself perplexed and wondering, and riveted her gaze on the little chap. "It must be the peculiar cut of his clothes," she thought. "How ridiculously some American mothers do rig out their children, trying to make the most commonplace little Johnnies, Dickies and Harrys look as though they were always in this life in perpetual masquerade."

In size he appeared to be about five years old, but was attired in long trousers, spick and span and well creased, starch bosomed shirt, Prince Albert coat, stove pipe hat, Ascot tie, diamond pin and heavy watch chain and seal ring, and carried in his hand a stout walking cane with heavy silver handle. There was something in his general mien and expression that seemed to hypnotize her, and she could not take her eyes

off him. Suddenly, with his head cocked on one side, he jocularly asked the elevator man if the Wall street panic had affected his credit to any large extent. Miss Gould could restrain herself no longer. "Isn't he old fashioned?" she exclaimed, addressing the same elevator man, who was jokingly replying something about his Newport yacht. He smiled, and said: "Well, considering he is 50 years old, Miss, one would expect him to look as though he knew a thing or two."

"Yes, marm," said the little chap, "I've been in the show business for 35 years, and if I hadn't been so good to myself I might have saved enough to retire on by now." "Miss Gould turned red. She is sensitive, kind hearted, and jealous of her reputation for kindness to the less fortunate ones wherever she comes in contact with them, and she never had felt so embarrassed in her life. She would have cut her tongue out before she would have wittingly hurt an inoffensive human being, especially by what now seemed to her the rudest of personalities. Her remark assumed such magnitude in her mind that she was at a loss for a reply. The dwarf proved himself to be a gentle-

man, for, without the slightest idea as to her envious position in life, he tried to put her at her ease. He grew in her mind to equal stature with other men; and she instinctively felt that her mind and intelligence were not such as to match with the freak physical presence before her. Finally she stammered out: "I—I beg your pardon; but you looked so—so—so—?—at last she hit upon the word—"In-ter-casting," and then—"Yes, marm," again responded the miniature man, not the fraction of an inch out of equilibrium—"You could have said 'curious' instead; that would hit it all right, without hitting me in the slightest. You did not intend to hurt my feelings, I know, and we'll shake on it. You are a brick of a woman I can see, and if I were not a married man with six children I'd say something about affinity." There was a merry twinkle in his eye which put Miss Gould at her ease, and she laughed. They then went up the street together, and before she called a hansom she had a little sketch of his history, and his card safely tucked away in her pocketbook. Each of the six dwarfs was the recipient of a snug little check a day or two after, so it has been whispered in show circles.

Margery—Where is Dorothy going, all dressed up so? Ethel—She says her mamma is going to take her to her Uncle Tom's to see his cabin.



CORDUROY WALKING COSTUME.



BOTH COMFORTABLE AND ORNAMENTAL.