

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE.

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE, FEBRUARY 26, 1905.

The COSTUME DE STYLE



A PICTURESQUE HAT FOR SPRING



THE DOUBLE DRAPED VEIL



FOR THE CLOSING DANCING SCHOOL PARTY



DRESSY WAIST OF EMBROIDERED SILK

Description of the New Creations

The Double Draped Veil.

Over a close fitting torpedo turban fashioned entirely of ragged sailors in white and blue there is draped first veil in a rather large but simple pattern of Tuxedo mesh, and with velvet pastilles of oval shape scattered sparsely over its surface. Over this there is draped (in the picture it is shown thrown back) one of the new figured or imprime chiffon veils in black, this, too, showing large coin spots embroidered in self color, and the ragged sailor motif of the hat repeated in the same coloring on the veil. The veil is shirred across the center top so that it lies gracefully over the top of the hat, following the long front to back line of the torpedo turban, but otherwise it follows the usual drapery of the second veil. It is bordered all around with a black satin ribbon about one inch wide, this applied with hemstitching to the chiffon.

A Picturesque Hat for Spring.

This exquisite chapeau is of pale lavender silk braid in fanciful raised design, the underbrim faced with fine tulle folds to match and five simple tie bows of purple ribbon velvet set one above the other under the brim where it turns well up from the face. Bunches of tiny shaded roses with tassel buds trim the dip in front and the closely turned-down back. This hat would be equally charming in white with black ribbons and white or colored flowers.

For the Closing Dancing School Party.

Dear little frocks of mull inset with lace are being prepared for the "big party" that closes dancing school terms. This of soft finished mull is set with many Val insertions, the skirt and waist plisse, the yoke of the waist and sleeves entirely of lace insertion and beading. A bertha of the lace finishes this yoke, and full frills mark the elbow sleeves.

Dressy Waist of Embroidered Silk.

Elegant separate waists, beautifully embroidered and artistically made up are a feature of the new spring offerings. This handsome model is of dull rose peau de cygne richly embroidered in white silk. The fronts are appliqued with white silk and medallions of fancy silk, the girdle, also of this, draped over a well-fitted foundation. The front buttons over a vest of tucked white chiffon with cut work lace over and full neck frill. The pulled sleeves end in a ruffle finished with tuck hem, a double frill of the lace falling out of this.

Nothing in the whole realm of fashion is more trying than to see all women dressed alike, as if they were wearing a uniform, varied only in color and small details. This assuredly is not the case today; not only are several entirely different modes equally fashionable, but women have a good deal to say for themselves on this most momentous question. The American woman is a very independent person, and looking over the array of novelties in the show-rooms of Madame she selects what pleases her, and often dictates some picturesque idea, which soon becomes "the rage." The Parisians are long since awake to the fact that Madame L'Americaine is a rival worth studying.

Now as to present indications for the spring—a summer, hardly two designers in Paris advocate the same styles. This is delightful, as it gives us all a chance to select what individually suits us best. The 1890 styles are set aside, but although the shoulders are not cut so long, a wide shoulder effect is given the bertha and fichus in "Directoire," Marie Antoinette and "Revolution" styles, and in many models the sleeve and shoulder seams, as in one of our illustrations, are run in one line, giving at once a long and bouffant effect. True, the leg-of-mutton sleeve is the present model, but only in a few instances is it recognizable. So much decoration is admitted that practically all that remains of the old idea

is the fulness of the upper arm and the tight lower-arm sleeve. In many instances the sleeve is cut much longer, and the fulness wrinkled up on the lining, which is cut the correct length, being finished at the wrist by a fall of lace. In the severe tailor suits the sleeves are, of course, plainest, the decorations being of stitching, buttons, and some touch of contrast in an epaulet or cuff, this in harmony with the waistcoat which is so very popular in the new models.

Sleeves of the new lingerie blouses follow the same idea, the upper sleeve full, with bands and insets of lace and embroidery; some show one puff, others are drawn in by two or three bands of insertion. The lower arm has an almost fitting long-cuff effect to, or below, the elbow; much diversity of design and work in lace, embroidery and stitches being displayed here. There are, however, some simple shirtwaist sleeves, just a moderately full sleeve, gathered into a three-inch cuff. These sleeves also show decorative insets of lace and embroidery, and are the correct thing to wear under many of the suits where the voluminous sleeves would meet destruction. Many of last summer sleeves are being turned upside down. With some fulness let out or added at the top, and drawn in below, they are all that is desirable for the coming season. In the same way necks can be turned in to admit of the pretty chemise, and with a smartly feathered transformation. To add to the fulness of the skirts is a more economical proposition, but lace or embroidery insertions set from the hem up, graduated

to nothing in some pretty way will give good results; or flounces can be set round, on and above the hem.

Of course, vests and stocks, gumples and yokes, berthas and jabots, however little or much is displayed, must harmonize with the sleeves. The surplice waist with its large or small V is so popular, that the little chemise and stock are in evidence even in the tailor gown, as is shown in several of the illustrations; even coats and waists that are not on a surplice order carrying out this very becoming touch.

The waistcoat is very much to the fore in the tailoring walking suits; sometimes cut away showing a smoothly fitted girdle, such as our artist has selected for illustration, while in other models the waistcoat is continued to its legitimate point.

Paris is just now and for early spring models favoring the long fitted coat. This in another form becomes an overskirt, with slightly bloused and girdled waist, such as is shown in the handsome model of rose and black mohair. Sicilienne, where the waistcoat is continued in long embroidered panels set on each side of the deeply plaited overskirt. Such a display, the fitting requiring extreme care. The long coat with very short front, named "Revolution," is buttoned high above the waist, showing a fitted buttoned waistcoat, and above, a high lace stock with jabot, the sleeves of these coats being comparatively plain. Children's costumes follow the general fashions, but with the exception of party frocks, they are not nearly as fussy as those of their older sisters. The two little models selected for illustration are good examples of the general trend of the mode for little girls' frocks; they vary, of course, in materials and detail, but the skirts of all are full, come just below the knees, are either plain, or trimmed flat, and gathered or plaited into the waistband. The bodices come to a natural waistline, filled on the waistband, and finished by a wide, soft girde, which, on

wash frocks often ends in a sash at the back. Sleeves follow the general trend, full above and close below the elbow, but in the summer frocks, elbow sleeves predominate, and with these long lace mitts will be worn for walking.

Children's clothes must be first of all comfortable, and secondly childlike, only following the fashions where they are appropriate. Common sense is the best guide here as in all else. We love to see children look picturesque, and certainly more license is permitted in this respect for children than for their elders, but it is in bad taste to embarrass the poor child by an undue display of one's own fancy, making her a mark of criticism and inducing a most undesirable self-consciousness.

Party frocks are very dainty, and much befrilled. Most of these pretty garments are of washable material, which is very sensible, as they will do duty later as best summer frocks. Embroidery and lace enter largely into their make-up. Very few have the neck low, the favorite mode being a round or square neck; chemisettes, gumps, berthas, cape collars, all of daintiest lawn, lace and embroidery, form the chief feature of the bodices, with pretty puffed and frilled elbow sleeves.

Materials selected for children's wear should always be of the best procurable; this is economy in the end, for children will be children, and accidents will happen. Past colors, strong, durable, non-shrinkable, are some of the desirable qualities to look for in materials, both wool and linen. Linen shrinks considerably, and this must be allowed for in making, or better still, the material well shrunken before cutting, the same as one does with woollens. Mixtures of wool and cotton, as also linen and cotton, or silk, do not shrink nearly as much as the pure materials. Speaking of silks, the strong natural weaves of pongee and shantung are excellent for children's wear, and make up either simply or in more elaborate designs with most satisfactory results.

A LORD PROPOSES.

By Cosmo Hamilton.

LANSING stands sheepishly, fidgeting his fingers in and out his waistcoat pocket, looking at Julie. She, Julie, with the face of spring, leans on the mantelboard, intently studying a high art pot, goodness only knows how many thousand miles after the Japanese.

An elderly woman, a spinster—judging from the sentimental angle of her head—opens the piano at the other end of the room, and commences to play a Frank Lambert waltz, with an almost ludicrously overdone expression. Outside a steam tug emits a fussy hoot, and a train on the underground railway passes an opening and makes a noise like a seltzergeron run dry.

Lansing (finding a voice that isn't a bit like his own)—It's delightful weather—for the time of year.

Julie—O yes, quite delightful! Lansing (catching the note of sarcasm)—I said for the time of year.

Julie (sitting up suddenly)—Wh-ah? Lansing (jumping)—What I mean is, I have just proposed to your dear mother for you.

Julie (subsiding)—O! Lansing (lame)—Do you mind much? Julie—I am given to understand that this is a free country, Lord Lansing, and, of course, I believe it. I guess I can't prevent you from enlivening mamma with all sorts of light topics of conversation, anyway.

Lansing—Do you call proposing for you a light topic, then? Julie (with a laugh)—See here, whatever mamma may have replied, I absolutely refuse to have it described as a heavy one!

Lansing—You're in great form this afternoon, Miss Julie. Make an arrant ass of me if it amuses you. Julie—What did mamma say? Lansing—Nothing—at least nothing that mattered.

Julie (pensively)—She is no dialogist. Lansing—I didn't mean to imply that. Oh, look here, Julie, do help me out of this.

Lansing—How do you mean? Julie—This how. I'm sure it's very kind of you to want to keep me bright and busy on a dull afternoon by suggesting a game of Law Courts—

Lansing—Game! Julie—But, honestly, perhaps I would rather know nothing that you cannot tell me yourself.

Lansing (humbly)—You mean that you are not in the least interested. Julie—No, I don't, and I don't wish you to put into my mouth things I don't wish to taste.

Lansing—I beg your pardon, but what, in heaven's name, do you mean? Can't you hear what a state I am in? The banging of my heart is worse than the big drum of the Salvation Army.

Julie (laughing and giving a sigh)—O you make me very nearly very angry. Lord Lansing. Just as though I want to go through the performance of imitating one of your gentlemen with clean-shaved faces and bullying ways when all you have to say can be said inside eight words.

Lansing—Can it? How? what are they? Julie—Say, am I proposing, or are you? Lansing—Don't waste time by asking silly questions. Julie, for pity's sake, tell me what I ought to say. Good lord, wait a second. (He rehearses some words over silently.) By gad, I believe I've—I have (he bends over her chair), Julie, I love you; will you be my wife? Julie—My answer is— Lansing (at the top of his voice, holding out his arms)—Yes? Julie—In once, but don't do that. Some one will see! Lansing (holding her tight)—I don't care a tuppenny cuss who sees. Julie (with a ripple of laughter)—Nor do I. And will you believe that she snuggles into his arms and actually holds up her face to be kissed? Of course you will. You knew she would from the first. It's more than I did, though.—Black and White.