COARSE LACES ARE TO LEAD

No Spring Gown Will Be Complete Without Them.

The Dress Skirt of the Future Will Have a Dip Front and Trail at the Back—Tulle, Tinsel Gauze, and Flowers Will Supersede Straw.

With Easter will come the reign of the coarse laces. The fine delicate points and duchesses and valenciennes and their imitations are to be banished, except for evening occasions, and in their place the coarser laces will be worn.

There are lovely coarse laces. Point d'Araby being a favorite. Then there are Persian laces, which are very heavy indeed and touched with gold threads, but by far the most popular of the heavy laces are the Russian lace varieties that come in three or four colors and are adapted to every outdoor occasion. Tan and black, white and cream are the selections, and you can generally get a lace in these colors to harmonize with your gown. "When in doubt choose tan" is a good rule, and one that should be more generally observed, for it cannot be denied that many a costume has been spoiled by the use of a clear white lace when a shade of tan would have been much better. Remember that lace should "tone," to quote our French cousins, and not contrast.

Beside the Russians, there are heavy Belgian laces and also some very good ones from New England, domestic laces that are precisely as well-made as those that come from abroad, and of a more artistic design in many cases. While the salesman is by no means supreme, as far as the selection of a woman's gown is concerned, still his taste is to be respected, and if he assures you upon his honor and upon his position that a certain lace will not grow slinky, pull, nor spot, by all means get it, if you like it, and be ready to reproach him with it if it loses its stiffness and "air."

All dress skirts will be made with the dip front. This is variously called by different modistes, but it refers to the sharp V-shaped incision, which is made in the middle of the front of the skirt. This is nicely bound with silk braid, and when put on is designed to fit over the big silver hook which adorns the front of all corsets. If not there, the modish woman speedily adds it. This makes the skirt long and keeps it long, for it cannot slip up. The skirt will flare, that is certain. The shaped ruffle accomplishes this around the foot. It is very deep and is beautifully fitted to the skirt. It flares so that it sets out full around the feet. No matter what may be the trimming of the skirt, and just now the panel is in again, this flare will be noticed. It is often made by the cut of the skirt and does not depend upon a ruffle around the foot. The skirt is very tight around the hips, almost too tight for comfort. Ladies' maids will complain this season that they must nightly watch the side seams of my lady's skirt; for the skirt is fitted so closely around the hips and abdomen that the seams burst out and gap just as they do in the waist, if the latter be too tight. The skirt must be fitted just like the waist and must set in to the figure just as affectionately. Lower down it may flare. The panel is so fashionable that nearly all skirts boast it. Many shapes are seen in the panel designs. One of these is the pointed panel which is wide at the foot and gradually tapers toward the belt. It is stitched on both sides and again it is stitched fast to the skirt. It is of the same material and the same color as the skirt.

One of the new ideas in spring millinery is to combine straw braids and tulle, the latter being also introduced into the trimming, says the "Millinery Trade Review." For instance, one-third of these braids is covered with three or four folds of gossamer (often in as many colors); then they are sewed together, broadside against broadside, the edge uppermost. Straws so treated are called "voile." Another idea is to sew narrow straw braids on a tulle or net foundation, either side by side, so as to touch, or with a narrow interval between. For this purpose very narrow bands of satin straw are used instead of braids. They may be laid on flat or only caught down at intervals of a little less than an inch, so as to form a loop. Being set very closely together, the general effect is that of a fancy satin straw shape; it is only on close inspection that the tulle foundation becomes apparent. Gold tulle may be used as a foundation for such an arrangement of gold-colored satin straw. Straw spangles, brought out last year as trimming, are now pressed into the service for covering the whole or a portion of net shapes. In the latter case satin bands are mixed with the spangles, the latter forming a simple pattern.

The use of net as a foundation enables a milliner to build up an arrangement of thick straw braids, overlaying each other without increase of weight, as would be the case if these were a second pleat underneath. The fashion of introducing braids placed upright alternately with flat ones is maintained.

Straw, so far as the production of smart millinery is concerned, has a formidable rival in gossamer. Of these, the most in request for the opening season will be mechlin tulle; lisse, which has figured pretty largely in the late winter millinery, will be used also, but very much less than tulle. Some toques have much the appearance of a large, full-blown rose, being entirely composed of a number of narrow gathered frills of tulle, each bordered with fine gold or silver cord. Others are made of frills of tulle, on which are sewn gold lace, alternating with cross-cut folds of lisse.

A certain proportion of the new models have no apparent shapes and are made up entirely of the trimming, a foundation for this being provided in white-wired net. In many cases this support assumes different forms best suited to the circumstances; for example, if overlaid with a large, flat bow, the crown will be roofed in by a wired plateau, extending over its sides, and on which the loops will rest. Also, since a great many of the hats and toques are "lifted" on the left side—not necessarily turned up—there is a substructure on that side which now mostly takes the form of a piece of wired net, straight at the bottom and curved at the top, bent into a half moon. This, more often than not, receives sufficient trimming to conceal it entirely, but not always, when a portion of its covering—silk or velvet put on plain—is to be seen. Flowers are most frequently chosen as their trimming, particularly the very fashionable rose with large, loose petals surrounding a tulip shaped center, specially favored in cream, white and black. A few leaves are added, but one blossom is sufficient.

The Rocking Chair in Germany.

In the missionary work which the United States is doing in Germany the introduction of the rocking chair should not be forgotten. Think of a grandmother or a maiden aunt without a rocking chair, or the piazza of a yacht club without these gently tilting aids to maritime greatness and true civilization! Germany has advanced with great strides in the last thirty years, and has now arrived at the stage when it demands rocking chairs, which America is selling willingly to the Empire. H. W. Harris, the United States Consul at Mannheim, writes to the State Department that in some parts of Germany rocking chairs are still unknown, but that there is a gradually growing demand for them in most parts of the Empire.

A Long Look Ahead.

"Dr. Fourthly, do you think people in the next world will follow the same occupation they do in this?"

"I think it not unlikely, if the occupations are useful ones, and if they have enjoyed them on this earth. Why do you ask?"

"Because I was just wondering how much Battenberg lace my wife would turn out if she had nothing else to do for a million years."—Chicago Tribune.

EXECUTIVE WOMEN.

They Are Not So Rare as Critics Declare.

"Whenever I hear of one speaking disparagingly of the 'executive ability' of a woman I am moved to mirth," remarked a Western hotel man, who is visiting here for a few weeks, says the "Richmond Times." He held a newspaper from which he had been reading an account of a dinner at which the speeches had turned on women as organizers, and his comment was drawn out by the statement of one speaker who was of the opinion that the sex, as a sex, was unfitted for exacting positions of "profit and emolument."

"I'll tell of my own experience," he continued. "I have the largest hotel in my town and I have a woman for a manager. When I engaged her I told her that every time she succeeded in cutting expense account without lowering the tone of the establishment it meant something to her.

"At the end of the first week she came to me and told me that the marketing bill was much too high. She further said she intended finding out why it was too high. I told her to go ahead and find out. Some time later she told me the house was being systematically overcharged, but that the thing had been going on so long and was so true of every hotel in the land that all concerned had come to look on it as legitimate.

"Then she told me it was the fee system. It seems that on every grocer's bill, every butcher's bill, every baker's bill, and throughout the entire list of those who supplied my house the steward received a percentage. She said she was convinced that the steward did not look on this as a dishonest method of making money. It was simply a prerogative of his office.

"She changed all that. The steward left in a huff. She did the marketing herself for a while, refused the offers of the merchants and insisted on being billed at the legitimate figure. Now she has another steward who has to keep close to the mark. She has saved me many thousands of dollars and is well worth the salary I give her.

"All through my section women are coming to the front as executives. They drive much better bargains than do men. A man will accept something he doesn't want or pay a bigger price than is necessary for what he does not want to avoid being bothered. But a woman glories in trade, and she has to be shown the right thing at the right price before she purchases. If you want proof of this watch the customers at any counter of any store. The men will come in, take the first article that is shown them, pay for it and get away. The women will spend considerable time in careful selection, and when they have bought something you can rest satisfied they get value received.

"The late Charles Coghlan had the right idea about woman's executive ability when he wrote 'Madame' for his sister to play in. The character was that of a woman pawnbroker, who was wonderfully successful. Then there was 'A Virginia Courtship,' in which the leading woman was a banker. The playwrights are keen judges, and the rest of the world will believe in time in woman's gray matter."

THE WOMAN'S SOCIAL CLUB.

There Are Cruel Men Who Declare It a Failure.

The woman's club for purely social intercourse has ever been a tepid success when it has not been an absolute failure. Men when asked the reason why said: "Women don't like each other's society unless they are laying down the law to each other," or, "Women think a club a place where something ought to happen and they are disappointed when they find only comfort and convenience." One man was brutal enough to say: "It's because you haven't a bar. Introduce a punch bowl and you'll imbibe the club spirit." Such dreadful advice, of course, was ignored, but nevertheless, the purely social club did not increase in number or in membership for the simple reason that the best patronized organizations of the kind were as a matter of fact what the theatrical managers would call a "frost."

Some light may be thrown on the reason for the non-paper reading or platform spoutings society's lack of success, by the following observations of Max Beerbohm apropos of the failure of social clubs in Europe and their solid success in England. "The ideal clubman," says Mr. Beerbohm, "is he who looks genial and says nothing at all. Most Englishmen find little difficulty in conforming with this ideal. They belong to a silent race.

"Social clubs flourish, therefore, in England. Intelligent foreigners, seeing them, recognize their charm, and envy us them, and try to reproduce them at home. But the Continent is too loquacious. On it social clubs quickly degenerate into bear gardens, and the basic ideal of good fellowship goes by the board. In Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, the only social clubs that prosper are those which are devoted to games of chance, those which induce silence by artificial means. Were I a foreign visitor, taking cursory glances, I should doubtless be delighted with the clubs of London. Had I the honor to be an Englishman I should doubtless love them; but, being a foreign resident, I am somewhat oppressed by them. I crave in them a little freedom of speech, even though such freedom were their ruin. I long for their silence to be broken here and there, even though such breakage broke them with it. It is not enough for me to hear a hushed exchange of mild jokes about the weather or of comparisons 'etween what the "Times" says and what the "Standard" says. I pine for a little vivacity, a little boldness, a little variety, a few gestures. A London club, as it is conducted, seems to me very like a sarcophagus. It is tolerable so long as you do not actually belong to it."

Anyone who has ever tried to read in the reading room of a woman's club will probably declare that the French and German and Russian reason for failure is that of our social clubwomen, too.

Cameras in the Harem.

The camera has won another victory. It has invaded the Turkish harem. The queen of the harem, who according to contemporary artists, spends her time reclininglingly languidly upon gorgeous cushions, fanned by picturesque slaves, will be shown in her habit as she lives and one more Arabian Nights' illusion will be shattered.

Of course it is expressly forbidden that the photographs of women shall be circulated outside of the family, but presumably feminine vanity flourishes as well in Turkey as in any other country, and the chances that pictures will not pass beyond the harem are hardly worth the risk of a white chip.

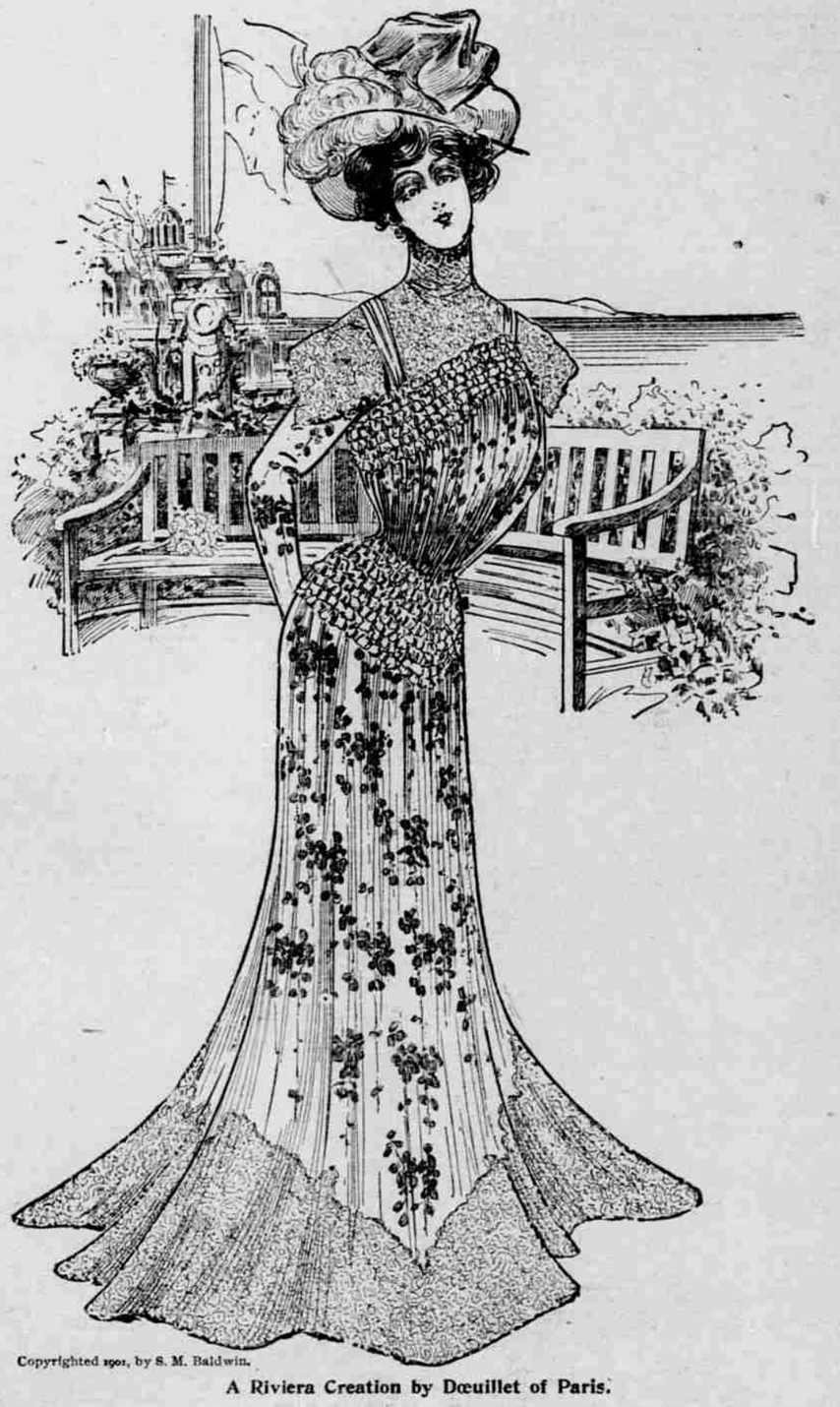
The most famous photographer of Constantinople is the only one to whom the Sultan has granted the privilege of photographing Turkish women, says the "Philadelphia Enquirer," and it is safe to suppose that he is an object of envy to his less fortunate fellow-citizens. The photographer is a recent convert to Islam, and the Sultan may have decided to show him what can be done in the line of houris by way of clinching his zeal.

The amateur photography craze which is spreading in Turkish households opens up possibilities more amusing than the favored professional does. It is said that the women, whose enforced seclusion makes them seize upon any diversion with enthusiasm, have taken to the pastime and are photographing everything in sight.

One of the Turkish correspondents of a French paper tells an entertaining bit of gossip in regard to one Turkish household which has been undergoing most violent disturbances, all because the other women saw their chance of getting back at the favorite of their lord and master. They got snap shots of her in her bad tempers and her unbecoming clothes, and part of the collection having chanced to fall into the hands of the vain beauty, there were storms that rent a happy home asunder and made one haughty Turk wish he had never been born.

Paris Fashions.

Illustrated by Felix Fournery.



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A Riviera Creation by Dœuillet of Paris.

PARIS, Feb. 18.—Spring toilettes, like spring flowers, blossom lavishly in that international vantage ground, the Riviera, while in more northern climes the snow and winter blasts still hold us rigid in their icy embrace.

It is in the Riviera where Nature and Fashion alike unfold the realization of their choicest dreams. To all appearances, the imaginations of the leading modistes and dressmakers have been even more prolific than heretofore, for the number of exquisite creations is legion, and the choice of superiority would be difficult indeed, for each embodies the most refined taste and the very highest art. Among the many gowns of various colors, materials and designs the eye involuntarily seeks such models as are likely to be accepted later on as criterions by the rest of the fashionable world.

There is, above all, the tailor-made costume, which has expanded its reign into the realm of evening wear as well, which attracts the attention. It has assumed dainty innovations for warm weather street wear in the shape of linen and pique gowns. Many two-piece costumes, consisting of skirt and bolero or short jacket, are seen made strictly tailor-made, though much elaborated by stitchings and self-trimmings.

New weaves of linen and cotton in all the latest shades add to the novelty of these summer tailor-mades. Of course, they require the independent blouse or shirt waist as a complement, which also show some new designs. There is, for instance, the tailor blouse, modified, of course, as to amply fit, but characterized always by the sailor collar and knotted cravat. The sailor collar, by the way, is a noticeable feature on many of the short jackets also, and bids fair to gain universal popularity for its stylish and youthful aspect.

The sleeves are decidedly more generous in size than last year and are prone to elaboration, but skirts are as tight as ever above the knees, with a long and flaring hem below. In cut they are simple enough, but the garnitures are as rich as can be procured. The skirt of the past few seasons has so endeared itself to its wearers that they have found nothing to surpass its grace and elegance, and though at intervals somebody hints at draperies and other changes, the dressmakers as yet have found no encouragement to depart from the favorite lines.

As regards fabrics it is safe to say that everything or anything can be worn, and the large shops offer a multitude of fabrics which appeal to any taste. For the dainty summer gown intended for dressy wear the soft summer silks and woolens are most appropriate, and crepe de chine, tulle, and chiffon will add another season to their long list of successes.

Crepe de chine comes not only in all plain colorings, but in its latest developments shows most charming floral designs printed in natural tints on a harmonizing ground. It is of this material that one of the Dœuillet's most admired models is made. The crepe de chine has a delicate biscuit-colored ground upon which are printed nasturtiums in glowing yellows with green foliage. The color harmony reaches perfection by the application of rich biscuit-colored Bruges guipure. There is a seven-gored underskirt of biscuit-colored taffeta shaped very closely over the hips, and minus any fullness whatever at the back. The gores slope decidedly below the knees and the flare is accentuated by a deep flounce of chiffon of the same shade. The drop-skirt is of printed crepe de chine and cut quite full, all the extra width being shirred around the hips into several rows of small puffs closely adjusted to the tight taffeta underskirt. Below the puffs the fullness falls loosely and finishes with a fitted and appliqued flare of Bruges guipure of a shade matching the ground tone of the crepe de chine.

The bodice has a tight lining of biscuit-colored taffeta and closes at the back. There is a yoke with collar and attached pointed epaulettes of Bruges guipure, and over this is arranged the novel drapery of the flowered crepe de chine, which is gathered over the lace yoke into diagonal rows of puffs like the top of the skirt. The fullness thus formed shapes the full blouse, which is caught under the skirt to the waist-line. Shoulder straps of folded biscuit-colored panne apparently hold the silk drapery in place. The sleeve is comfortable in width, though close fitting, and finishes at the wrist with a deep pointed cuff of appliqued guipure. The shoulder is gracefully garnished by the overhanging extension of lace yoke.

The possibilities of headgear as a completion of the dainty summer gown are vast, as is the choice of materials and shapes. Hats, however, show little difference from last year's millinery. There is the same flatness and the same wealth of floral garniture. The gold glitter alone is a novelty, and though it is artistically subdued, it is still evident in almost every millinery creation for spring and summer wear, and the ostrich plumes, so strangely conspicuous by their absence last year, have reappeared. They are never posed high, however, but generally form a graceful drapery over the turned-up brim. A few demi-season toques have the wire frame draped with gold gauze, and that in turn is completely veiled with black tulle. The effect is stylish and genteel, and a bunch of rich pink roses generally adds to the color scheme.

FELIX FOURNERY.

As Through a Glass.

"We are putting eyeglasses into lorgnettes," announced the jewelry clerk who goes home to luncheon. Of the other boarders, the young man from the bank was the only one who expressed interest.

"Why, I thought you always did that," he said. What is a lorgnette for if it isn't to hold eyeglasses?"

The jewelry clerk smiled contentedly. He just doted on imparting information. He would have hugely enjoyed posing as the autocrat of the table, only no one but the young man from the bank ever appeared entertained or instructed by his observations. Now and then the girl art student acknowledged his presence and conversation, but at such times it was usually to disagree with him that she spoke. This time the jewelry clerk said:

"Yes, you would be surprised to know how many real glasses we are fitting to the lorgnettes this season. I thought you knew that in the past the great majority of lorgnettes were simply for ornamentation and not necessary for utility. It has been the fashion for women to wear these daintily enameled productions"—the girl art student here whispered to the man who dabbled in stocks on margins that the jewelry clerk talked like a guide-book—"to set off the rest of their costume. They wore them just as they wore the chatelaines and as they later wore what is loosely known as the 'dingle dangle.' There was just paste glass in the thing, but it was the custom."

"And a very pretty custom, too," said the girl art student, coming to the defence of the ways of her sex. "If there is anything more than another which irritates me beyond expression it is the mistaken contempt with which the ignorant look upon the things that are pretty. Beauty ought to have as much of a place in our economy as usefulness. But it is the provincial pleasure to sneer at dainties. Why, I know some country girls who think the wearing of a lorgnette is the height of affectation. They think because a girl makes herself attractive by wearing such things she is 'stuck up.'"

"Those girls," observed the man who dabbled in the market, "are the sisters of the men who consider the wearing of a dress suit a mark of inferiority in the male animal. You all know how a certain 'hoping-to-be' national character forswore the dress suit because the countrymen who comprised his backwoods constituency shied at such garb and regarded this evidence of civilization and social amenity as the hall mark of the dude. It is all a question of ignorance."

"But the lorgnette really is becoming a thing of use," persisted the jewelry clerk. "We are filling lots of prescriptions for certain grades of glass to go in expensive lorgnettes. Nearsighted persons who imagine they don't look well in spectacles are the principal buyers. They use them at the theatre, the art gallery, the baseball game, and even at receptions. They would rather be thought affected than be thought deficient in sight."

And the girl art student permitted the statement to pass unchallenged.

Luncheon on Wheels.

This is an age of luxury. The "Distributing Kitchens, Limited," has made it possible for the busy city man or his type—or both—to sit down in the office to a luxurious luncheon, or for the budding barrister to give a banquet in his own chambers, says the "London Mail." That is, if the hunchers are prepared to be satisfied with an entirely vegetarian meal.

"Busy men and women," says the prospectus, insinuatingly, "who do not wish to leave their office, can have dainty, light luncheons sent to them in well-appointed trays in which cutlery, tablecloths, etc., are included. Dwellers in flats who find a difficulty in procuring good cooks will find a solution in the system herein advocated."

Suppose you have chambers at Charing Cross or Westminster, or anywhere within a four-mile circle of Victoria Street. Your maiden aunt has come up from the country, or a friend has looked in. The day is wet, and you do not wish to go out. Drop an order form, filled in, to the company. You can order, "a la carte," or you can trust to the establishment and call for "table d'hote;" the price list comprises a choice of over a thousand dishes. In any case, at the time appointed a conspicuous yellow cart will drive up to your door. At the rear end of the van is a stove, heated by trays of charcoal.

From the interior of the van the attendant will draw forth spotless napery of the most attractive kind, dishes and cutlery of electroplate, and your luncheon or dinner carefully reposing in its component parts in dishes placed in a black tin case covered with green baize. The man will call back for the dishes later in the day.

Old-Fashioned Names.

A popular minister, who has a fashionable living—"living" is the correct term when speaking of ministers of this gentleman's denomination—is called upon during the course of the year to fasten upon many a young hopeful a given name, which shall last as long as the christened one has being. The minister was an entertaining talker at a recent afternoon reception in his neighborhood, says a writer in the "New York Herald." The conversation had turned on officiating at christening parties.

"I have noticed a queer point within the last year or so," he remarked.

"When I was some years younger in the service I was at first rather astonished at the number of times I would be asked to repeat at the font: 'I christen thee Violet.' A great many parents, especially those in whom the poetic and the sentimental were firmly developed, had a fondness for having their children bear names suggestive of flowers, and a very pretty custom it is, too. By far the greater number who fancied floral names chose Rose.

"Then, the month of the birth had a good deal to do with the selection of the name. I have christened in February a large number of girls, fastening to them the name Primrose. In comparison with the other flowers, however, the primroses were scarce. March is the month for violets, and the majority of girls I christened in that month were called by the tender name. Then, in July, came the lilies, and they came in profusion. Glory, which I take it is a contraction of morning glory, has September reserved for her use.

"There was also, some years ago, a demand for the naming of children according to the precious stones. I have christened a vast number of girls Ruby and Pearl, and there have been lesser numbers of Beryls, Asterias and Garnettas.

"But the present-day custom seems to be for the old-fashioned. Mothers nowadays ask to have their daughters called Margaret, or Elizabeth, or Dorothy, or Priscilla, or Phyllis. And Mary is, and always will be, a strong favorite."

Dilatory Discovery.

De Sappie—I hadn't been talking with him five minutes before he called me an ass.

She—Why the delay?—Smart Set.

ABOUT ITALIAN WOMEN.

Do They Surpass Us in Practical Training?

Hard as it may be to admit it, it seems as if dolce far niente Italy were ahead of us when it comes to the practical training of womankind. We talk a good deal about public school cooking classes, sewing classes, and singing classes, and most often are weary listening to plans for servants' training schools that never materialize. In points of antiquity and persistent reiteration the story of the servants' training school is almost as famous as the woman's hotel story.

In the mean time our households are in chaos for want of good domestics and our nerves in tatters through trying to drill incompetent "help." As for a shopgirl who knows a trade or a factory hand that knows any trade but the one she is engaged in at the moment—where can they be found?

They do things differently in "easy-going" Italy, says the "New York Commercial Advertiser." Technical teaching or a "business education" there is not theoretical. Things are not taught merely. They are learned. A smattering of knowledge among the pupils of the trade schools is as rare as an ugly girl. The oldest of these training schools is in Rome, and was established as long ago as 1876. It has 900 attendant scholars and many more are waiting to join when it moves from the large old palazzo, which it overflows, into still larger premises. As soon as their elementary education is complete—i. e., at about twelve years of age—girls begin to attend these schools. They are mainly the daughters of the workpeople, poor, but, though there is often actual want in the homes, Italian parents are full of foresight and capable of making every sacrifice to enable their girls to stay on at school for three, four, and even six years, so as to ensure for them a thoroughly efficient education.

Certain studies are compulsory. At first one is surprised to find that a certain technical standard of drawing is included among these, but it has been found that a knowledge of drawing quickens the observation, trains hand and eye, and refines the individual as no other study does. Cooking and the less elaborate kinds of needlework are likewise compulsory.

The truly striking part of these institutions is the excellence of the work shown, and the perfect mastery over their material acquired by young girls of from fifteen to seventeen. Such embroideries as they habitually execute could hardly be seen in this country out of schools of art. These school girls are drawing designs, copying ancient brocades in a manner indistinguishable from the originals, working hangings for a royal palace, or gorgeous vestments in gold and coral and seed pearl for ecclesiastical dignitaries, the silks for which are all dyed on the premises. Drawing is taught for purposes of designing with every care to encourage originality; geometrical drawing, black and white and fashion drawing for illustrated journals are also studied, and a high level of excellence is exacted. In the artificial flower room the work done could hold its own against the finest productions of French fingers. In another room all the old laces are reproduced. The fine passementeries and trimmings used in the dressmaking department are made in the schools, silk vests and stockings are knitted by machinery, while mending is elevated to the rank of a fine art, and patches are inserted in torn garments which are literally invisible.

The same students who have obtained certificates in these delicate accomplishments will be able to turn out piles of finely ironed and gauffered garments, can make exquisite underlinen, cut out and make a dress efficiently, and will go into the large kitchen, with its rows of burnished copper utensils, and cook a good plain dinner, with a knowledge of the scientific principles involved.

At the examinations tasks are set to be done against time, and a girl will pass triumphantly through half a dozen tests in the course of two or three days. A young woman who has obtained her certificates and who goes thus equipped into the labor market is at no loss for employment. She is always able to earn nearly double the wages accepted by the untrained, often much more. She may become a teacher in one of the institutions, or a lady's maid at a high salary; she may decide to be a florist, an embroideress or a dressmaker; she may work in her own home at ironing or fashion drawing, or take a situation as bookkeeper; but in any case she knows her own value, and if one trade is slack she can turn to another. She and her fellow students form the aristocracy of labor among the women of Italy. They keep up prices and work at the top, where there is, and for a long time will be, plenty of room for the best. Similar institutions have been established in Florence, Milan, Turin, Venice, and Palermo. The smaller towns are following suit.

The striking efficiency attained so young is due, perhaps, in some measure to a natural aptitude in the Italian, partly to the excellence of the teaching and supervision, the devotion of teachers, stimulated and supported on every hand with enthusiasm, and, above all, to the unremitting six hours a day application during those years when the girl is peculiarly receptive, but in which, with us, she is too often sacrificed to the supposed necessity for earning an immediate scanty wage.

Wanted, a Corkscrew.

A short time ago there was a fire in a fashionable house, says an exchange. It was a big enough fire to cause considerable of a scare, though the house did not burn down and nobody was scorched. It caught the kitchen woodbox. The cook threw the match she lighted the lamp with in there, and the head of it, being incandescent, set things afire.

The cook was an excitable person and when she saw smoke coming up from under the cover she did not throw on water, but called her mistress. This woman has the reputation of being a cool hand in an emergency and viewed the situation with an unmoved eye. Then she went into the back hall and remained while the fire ate its way through the wood box. The cook was upstairs packing her trunk. When the mistress of the house returned the wall of the kitchen was going in good shape and she decided that it was time to call for help. The neighbors came in a hurry bearing pails of water, for the pipes in the house were frozen. After a while the fire went out under the influence of gallons of water, which ruined the wall paper in the dining-room.

At supper time the woman's husband came home and looked at the damage. "Why on earth didn't you use those hand fire grenades that are in the back hall?" asked he, wondering when he saw them all in their little rack.

"My dear," replied his wife steadily, "I tried to, but I hunted all over this house and couldn't find the corkscrew."

Favors Woman Suffrage.

At the recent annual meeting of the members of the New York Hebrew Technical School for Girls, Mark Twain had this to say about woman suffrage: "I have been a woman suffragist for a long time. Since the first step was taken in that movement, in 1853, there has not been a year in which women have not scored a victory against villainous laws which oppress them. I don't care who makes the laws, so long as I can see the whip lash of the ballot in woman's hands. If I live for twenty-five years more I expect to see woman armed with the ballot. She is the source of morals. States are founded on morals, not on intellect. If woman could occasionally vote, her vote, depend upon it, would be exercised righteously. In a crisis, such as the present, for example, she would go to the polls and elect a mayor who would sweep corruption away. If she had a say the city would not be in its present state. Altogether, I do not think much of civilization, but New York is a shame to such civilization as there is."

Japanese Brides.

The Japanese bride, dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil, sits upon the floor facing her future husband. Two tables stand near, and upon one are two cups, a bottle of saki, and a kettle with two spouts. Upon the other side a miniature plum tree, typifying the beauty of the bride; a miniature fir tree, which signifies the strength of the bridegroom, and a stork standing upon a tortoise, representing long life and happiness. The two-spouted kettle is put to the mouth of the bride and bridegroom alternately, signifying that they are to share each other's joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil and it is used as a shroud when she dies.

STREET CAR ETIQUETTE

Critics Continue to Be Exercised Over Madam's Manner.

Should She Accept or Refuse an Offered Seat, or Should She Merely Recognize the Courtesy and Sit Down?—What Men Probably Think

The proper demeanor of woman on the street car when a seat is vacated for her has frequently been the subject of discussion. Whether she should plump herself into it without a word, as if she had merely received what was due her, whether she should protest that she had only a short distance to ride and that she really could not deprive him of his seat are some phases of the question.

There is something to be said in favor of all the courses and nearly as much on the other side. The discourtesy of the woman who takes a seat as if it belonged to her is alleged by some critics to have led to the present attitude of the men, who no longer feel themselves called upon to give up their seats to women. On the other hand, women who accept the proffered seat with too cordial a smile are sometimes made the object of unpleasant attentions from men who mistake politeness for the indication of another mood. This is the justification of some women who never acknowledge the courtesy of the man who gives her a seat.

As the man is really the more important factor in the transaction it is interesting to hear his view, and the "New York Sun" quotes it thus:

"No woman ever rewards a man's politeness when he gives her a seat in a car so fully as the one that quietly takes it with a polite recognition of his courtesy and nothing more," said a man who still gives up his seat. "The woman who really makes him regret that he ever took the trouble is the argumentative, independent type, who really couldn't think of taking his seat and couldn't deprive him of it as she hadn't far to ride and wasn't tired, rather preferred to stand up, in fact, as she had been sitting down all day. This is the sort of woman who turns a man's mind toward thoughts of murder and leads him to wish he had the presence of mind to take the seat again and astonish her by sitting down just as she firmly intends to do after she finished with this preliminary protest. But he usually tries to restrain himself, although it is difficult when the entire car is suddenly made conscious of his presence by the woman's protests.

"It is not the woman who doesn't notice his politeness that proves discouraging on the cable cars, but this effusive creature who talks so much before she sits down."

CONCERNING CANDLES.

Ancient Ecclesiastic Sticks to Ornament Modern Homes.

The Jack who can jump over the new art candlestick must be a light-footed and sinewy person, for brass, bronze, and silver sticks, measuring from three to seven feet in height, are no longer counted among the rare and expensive furnishings for the handsome drawing and dining rooms. The great ecclesiastical candelabrum gave the ambitious house decorator his first inspiration for this, and so potent is the law of fashion now governing the house beautiful that candle light is esteemed far above the clearer and more powerful gas, oil, or electric light illumination. This is, of course, where the candle and candlestick makers score heavily and profitably, and to meet the demand for wax, paraffin, and tallow tapers, and for brass, crystal, bronze, silver, and copper sticks, their skill and ingenuity is taxed with the richest results.

In the shops where antiques are sold there is hardly a pretence any longer maintained of keeping in stock genuine metal sticks that have been reft from cathedrals, synagogues, or medieval houses. That supply is exhausted, but the modern imitator of classic forms lives nobly up to his task of supplying the active need for these wares. A beautiful pair of hand-beaten brass or copper sticks from the studio of a reputable modern metal worker fetch as high a price as a genuine antique, and just now there is no small amount of enthusiasm demonstrated over single, massive square sticks, for the adornment of newel posts, wrought by one American artist. A fine specimen he has recently completed for a seaside villa shows the rising sun and an ancient caravel in high relief on one of its sides; and this handsome column, fitted to a black oak newel post, holds a tallow taper as big as a man's wrist and three feet tall. For the same house he wrought in silver a pair of mantel shelf sticks in the Aubrey Beardsly style that seem to have taken the house decorator's heart by storm. Two tall and slender girls, in close, clinging draperies of silver, let fall about their narrow ivory faces straight, mermaid locks, also of silver. The streaming tresses float outward, turn up at the ends, and in those ends sockets for candles are set.

Art silver, combined with ivory, is an arrangement extravagantly admired in artistic candle manufacture, especially when a design is used that reveals the beauty of the feminine form divine; and enameled pewter, molded in these shapes, carries no small amount of commercial weight with it. At dinner parties this season it has been the fashion to use ten and twelve branch candelabra, without any shades. When Mr. William C. Whitney gave a dinner of twenty-four covers in his great Fifth Avenue house last month, says an exchange, his dining-room was lighted by 150 wax candles, and on the table every socket of the lofty, many-branched candelabra held two tapers. This was achieved by the use of split tapers, or branched candles, as they are sometimes called. The branched candles have a main trunk that fits in the stick's socket, but a few inches up the trunk divides at right angles into two, three, or even five tall and separate tapers. These numberless waxed flames were unshaded, and the guests were very much astonished at the imported Portuguese candles, that are not only charmingly colored, very like Neapolitan ice cream, and burning with a flame tinted to match the red, yellow, or blue wax.

Since antique or new art sticks have revived the use of candles, the dealers in toilet supplies have imported small aromatic boudoir candles from France. The colors of the tapers signify the special aroma given out in the burning, and, when one or two flame softly as the toilet is in progress, a most rare and delicious fragance will be imparted to the hair and garments of the person who dresses in their neighborhood. It almost goes without saying that the aromatic candles belong in sticks that are at once ornamental and in harmony with the wax lights they hold. The clever tapers fit, for example, in slim and exquisite Kaiserin sticks designed to show the carnation plant form, and with wild clematis and jasmine the vine and flower are repeated in the modeling of their delicate and graceful sticks.

Victoria's State Ring.

At her coronation the late Queen Victoria gave evidence of remarkable courage and self-control for so young a woman. The ceremonial ring was a size too small and Her Majesty pointed the fact out to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, told her that she must wear it whether it fitted or not, and she therefore forced it over her knuckle. In a few moments the finger began to swell and pain her excruciatingly, and, as she afterward said, it required all her self-possession to prevent her from screaming. At last it fortunately turned black and became numb. On her way back to Buckingham Palace she never spoke a word until she alighted and saw her little terrier in the entrance vestibule. "Thank God it is all over," she exclaimed. "There's Dash"—and straightway hurried to her chamber to get the offening ring off, which was no easy matter. Only a few months ago Her Majesty, in turning over a jewel box, found this very ring, and repeated the anecdote to Jane Lady Churchill.