A SCHOOL OF MILLINERY

Lent a Good Time to Learn How to Make Your Own Hats.

The Aim of One Teacher Is to Impart Individuality in Style—While Pupils Vary in Talent Not a Single One Proved an Absolute Failure.

One of the most popular as well as one of the most profitable studies to undertake during Lent is the making of hats. There are any number of pretty girls and others not so pretty who feel that they need the aid of a becoming hat to increase their charms, and there are doctors' wives and lawyers' and ministers' wives also who are learning to make their own hats. They do not confine themselves to the Lenten season, for the art is one that is worth learning at all times. But at this time of the year all women's thoughts turn with more or less pleasure to bonnets, and when prices of materials are at their highest and ready-made hats are hardly to be looked at because of the big dollar mark attached to them the woman who has any ingenuity at all goes to the milliner who will teach her to make her own bonnets.

There is a Fifth Avenue milliner, says the "New York Times," who makes a business of teaching women to make hats. There is no way in which a little skill will save so much money, and with such satisfactory results. A number of girls who have the reputation of dressing exceedingly well have regular allowances, but these are moderate in comparison with the amount of money many women spend upon their costumes. Therefore they have to economize if they wish to enter into competition, and they do this in their millinery. They have taken a regular course of instruction, learned how to make frames or buckram and of wire, to puff and shirr and make bows, to drape veils, wire lace and ribbons and weave straw.

"I have taught over 800 women in the last five years," says the milliner teacher, "and they tell me, many of them, that they would not take hundreds of dollars for what they learned. They learn more than bonnet-making. A woman who has always lived at home and never done anything in particular has never had occasion to think and when she gets to doing something for herself she learns a great deal more than there is in the work itself.

"I have my own method of instruction and a woman learns to make a hat without knowing it. I take up different parts of the work by degrees and it is all very simple. First I give a pupil a buckram frame and tell her to make a pattern of it in paper. She draws it out with a chalkline and cuts it and then I give her a sheet of buckram and tell her to go to work and cut the hat by the pattern. She does this and then I let her put that aside for awhile and learn the stitches by which the buckram is sewed together. It is not well to try to do too much of one kind of work at a time. It becomes tiresome and then it is not possible to do good work. When the stitches are learned the pupil sews the frame together, and thus she has the foundation of a hat.

"Next she makes a wire frame. She begins with a ball of wire and a tape measure, measures another hat if she is to copy one, and gets the breadth and length, puts her wires in place, and there is a wire frame completed. It is very simple when you know how. There are all the other branches, such as covering and trimming, and they can be carried on indefinitely for there are many things to learn, from weaving straw to curling feathers.

"There is a great deal to learn in the way of colors and shopping. I tell my pupils in going about never look at any but the best hats and that cheap things are never bargains, though it is always well to look out for a real bargain when good things are sold at low prices. There is a great deal in learning to utilize material on hand. In trimming a hat the face of the woman who is to wear it should always be kept in mind. There may be ten hats of the same shape, but if they are worn by ten different people they should be as different as the ten people who wear them. Hats, if they are built with reference to certain frocks with which they are to be worn, have just so much more distinction.

"It would be well if women who make their own hats could sketch. They would be able to keep ideas for pretty hats which they see for future use. Handsome hats come in soon after the first of the year, and they are picked up quickly by the people who want the newest and best things—the people who have money, while those of moderate means buy later in the season. It is a good idea to keep sketches of these new hats to use when they are needed. But, though women can describe hats to me, I have never yet had one who could sketch one.

"Probably half the women who come to me expect to go into business for themselves. It is wonderful how brave they are about it. Most of them, too, have come from out of town for business purposes. I have a great many women from the South, and they have gone home, and done very well. They come here to the city without knowing a soul, find rooms, and make arrangements to take lessons and then work away until they feel that they are competent to start in for themselves.

"I never find people who wish to do it who can't learn millinery. There are some who do better than others, but there are none who make failures or show absolutely bad taste. They are all women with a certain degree of cultivation, in the first place, and then if they follow the models it is not possible to go very far astray. The woman who can work on original lines is the one who is the most successful, for it is not the things that are the best, but those which have their own individuality."

The Thin Woman.

The slim-built, graceful woman will always have the advantage of looking better than her heavier sister. She will retain a youthful appearance often until she is 50, when her daughters may look as old as she does, while the over-plump woman begins to look matronly when she is 25, often earlier. For that reason it is entirely right that women should do all they can to remain within the weight that accords with their height and type. Five pounds' increase in weight is easily discerned. It can as easily be put away without any trouble or any rigorous diet or treatment. Ordinary exercise or a doing away with whatever article of diet or mode of life causes the gain will rapidly remove the result. Sometimes an almost unnoticed item will add rapidly to weight. When strawberries come in season many people will take on flesh, not through the fruit, but on account of the cream that is taken daily with the berries.

Physicians generally are opposed to the strenuous banting methods that women indulge in in the endeavor to rapidly dispose of bulk, says an exchange. Walking in the open air, mild exercise begun moderately and generally increased is advocated by every doctor, but the drugging resorted to is most injurious and often fraught with serious consequences.

There is hardly a probability that the present rage for thinness among women will become more than a fad. At the college the American girl remains the same splendid normal type that she has become within the last ten years, which have banished so many evils in the way of unhealthful dressing. The society woman may copy the English Burne-Jones angel for the spring of 1901, but in all likelihood the summer girl will return to her chiffons, her frills, and her ruffled petticoats. The spasmodic attempts that fashion has made in years past toward pulling the feminine skirts tight about the limbs have always yielded to the more sensible and modest moderation that has marked the dress of the American women, who long ago abjured the hideous eccentricities which fashion plates of twenty-five years ago bear witness to.

A Woman Butcher.

It is a trite observation, possibly, that women are pushing their way into occupations formerly occupied exclusively by men. One would hardly expect, however, to hear of a woman butcher, but Rochester has one, and is rather proud in the belief that she is the only example of the kind in the United States. She is Miss D. E. Stevenson, and does all the work of a regular butcher, the buying, quartering, etc., and as her photograph would indicate, is young, rather pretty, and not at all such a person in appearance as one would expect to find engaged in such a masculine pursuit.

"FARMER JOHN."

This Title Belongs to Miss Roberts, of Virginia.

The inauguration brought to Washington an attractive young daughter of the Old Dominion, who deserves, for one reason, at least, to be ranked with Virginia's famous sons.

Her name is Miss May Alley Roberts, and her title to distinction comes from her having, when a girl of sixteen, taken charge of a mortgaged farm of 167 acres, and in less than six years lifted the encumbrance and so substantially improved it by fencing, ditching, and with outhouse and home additions that her admiring neighbors have given her the sobriquet of "Farmer John."

Miss Roberts' father died, leaving a wife and several daughters of whom May was the youngest. Instead of selling the homestead, as is too often the case in agricultural districts when there is no man to manage the estate, the plucky little girl made up her mind that she could take up the work where her father left it if she were given a fair chance. Luckily she had her way, and there isn't a farmer in her section of the country today who is not proud of her success in a field that, in Virginia, at least, is almost entirely new to women.

"Farmer John" is a winsome girl, with brown hair and a joyous laugh, and while she enjoys her yearly visits to the Capital, she is very certain that she prefers her home in Orange County, on the Rapidan. She admits that farming is hard work, but declares that it pays if properly managed. Last year she harvested a wheat crop of twenty-five acres, and her vacation to town was taken while her two colored hands were plowing for the corn crop, which she will begin planting, according to her custom, on April 5. In addition to grain, she raises a quantity of stock, horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, which she ships to Washington. She also sends dressed poultry to the markets here.

In busy seasons she rises before sun-up and goes first thing to the stables to see that the hands get to work. She hires two men steadily and takes on extra help at harvest and other busy seasons. All day long she is on her horse, riding about the fields to superintend the plowing and seeing that the stock is properly fed. She is particularly fond of horses and breaks every colt she raises. She has her own especial horse for road riding, but her farm work has always been done with old Betty, who has become so accustomed to farming in partnership with her young mistress that if she happens to ride her on the main road the old mare considers it her duty to follow every plowman she sees in a neighbor's field. The family have added to their revenue the past few years by taking summer boarders, and in order to properly cater to them "Former John" raises quantities of poultry and vegetables and fruits of every sort. There was no ice house on the place and this winter she decided to dig one. When she had superintended its building she hauled twenty-one loads of ice a distance of five miles, which augurs well for the comfort of her summer boarders in the hot days to come.

Miss Victoria Roberts, who is two years older than "Farmer John," does all the dairy work on the farm. She is equally successful in her special line and not only keeps the family supplied, but sells, at a good profit, to the neighbors.

THE LADIES' TAILOR.

He Flourished in France Over Three Centuries Ago.

At least three centuries before the name of Worth became a household word among the female French votaries of fashion the "ladies' tailor," as we now term him, flourished in France. That inveterate gossip and scandal-monger, Brantome, mentions him as a familiar purveyor to the court beauties during the reigns of the last of the Valois, and the first of the Bourbons; Mme. de Sevigne, in a letter dated November, 1676, gives an elaborate description of a gown made for Mme. de Montespan by Langlee, the son of a chamber woman of Anne of Austria; and upon the whole, there is a grave doubt about women having borne any but a subordinate share in the production of outer garments for their sisters. To be absolutely correct, says the "New York Commercial Advertiser," there is no doubt at all, considering that it wanted nothing less than a royal edict to enable women to enter into anything like competition with men in the manufacture of the upper wearing apparel of their own sex.

The measure might have been delayed for another century but for Louis XIV's personal feeling in the matter, for common fairness had nothing to do with it. During his long occupancy of the throne of France he looked upon himself and required others to look upon him as little less than divine, though like the gods on Olympus, he could be as jealous as the meanest mortal. The first trait caused him to dislike being handled and touched by tailors while being measured and fitted for his clothes; the second made him even more reluctant to see the women he loved, or professed to love, subjected to the same ordeal, especially after a courtier who was present on one of the latter occasions, remarked that the tailor thus operating was "plus modiste que modeste." Consequently, notwithstanding the opposition of the tailors, he granted letters patent to the seamstresses to form themselves into a corporation.

There were still many vexatious restrictions imposed upon them. For instance, they could not keep a stock of materials for their patronesses to choose from, the latter being obliged to furnish their own stuffs. At the present time the number of "ready-made" gowns exported from Paris to all parts of the civilized globe amounts to thousands, and the capital embarked in that trade is said to run into millions of francs. Up to the Revolution these frocks had to be despatched on the backs of life-sized dolls or dummy figures, the traffic being considered as a business in "dressed dolls;" and in the archives of the French Foreign Office there is to be seen an amusing correspondence between the Cabinets of Versailles and St. James on the subject of the "safe-conduct" of such a lay figure, which was anxiously expected on the banks of the Thames at the moment of the outbreak of the Spanish war.

In spite of this clogging of fair trade and hampering of individual liberty, there emerged from the ranks of the seamstresses a woman who, in the fashionable world presided over by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, attained a degree of celebrity and of whose self-sufficiency, assumption—not to say presumption—and overweening professional vanity many amusing stories are told, although the "Memoirs" she is supposed to have left must be read with caution, inasmuch as it has been proved beyond doubt that the greater part of them are purely apocryphal. The fame of Rose Bertin was, however, eclipsed more than a decade before her death by Leroy, who, like Worth, half a century subsequently, began his career in partnership with a woman.

There was not a woman of fashion in Europe who, between the years 1804-20, did not figure on the ledgers of Leroy, his most notable clients among the English aristocracy being the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Allesbury, and Lady Waldegrave. Nevertheless, the tailor-made dress, as we understand it, was not so much as dreamt of. Even Worth, man of genius in his profession though he unquestionably was, had no definite conception of it until the latter years of his at-one-time unchallenged autocracy in the world of feminine adornment. The beauties of the Second Empire, wandering through the glades of Senart, and making the roads of Compiegne resound with laughter, certainly wore cloth jackets, tailor made, and cloth skirts, festooned and looped up over resplendent scarlet petticoats distended by enormous crinolines, but there was not, what for lack of a better term one must call the "unity of design" in their costumes, such as we know it today.

There were no apparently rough homespuns, no cunningly woven tweeds of deliberately conspicuous designs; there were no signs of any intended approach to "masculinity;" there was no evidence of the tailor instead of the dressmaker having presided at the conception and execution of those vestments. The "tailor-made," in fact, was probably the slow evolution of the riding habit, and although on the face of it the fair sex is indebted for the former in its latest, and, perhaps, definite shape to England, there is somewhat striking collateral evidence that the germ of it did not spring from an Englishman's brain. Enquiries invariably lead to the discovery that, in some of the best houses, both in London and Paris, the principal cutters and fitters of the "tailor-made" gown are neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen, but Germans and Poles. In the Paris strike, which has not as yet run its course, the chief agitators and ringleaders belonged to those nationalities.

Paris Fashions.

Illustrated by Felix Fournery.

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A Doeuillet Tailormade for Spring Wear.

PARIS, March 11.—That fashion, like history, revolves in circles and repeats itself is more than ever proven by the latter-day creations of the great couturiers. We have had our fill of the lovely Empire models, which during the past few seasons held the taste of all fashionable women spellbound. There were Empire gowns for street and indoor wear. Empire coats, Empire headgear, Empire accessories, until from sheer desire to change, popular taste revolts and we now find that, in direct opposition to the loose draperies of the Napoleonic era, the tight lines and dainty chic of the Louis XV period have been adopted. Like the Empire styles, they are modified, however, by modern taste and modern requirements, but that they are faithful to certain prototypes cannot be gainsaid. The most notable feature is the little coat tails which were the first step toward adopting these styles and which had made their appearance at the end of the winter. They were then short pleated affairs attached rather incongruously to the back of the Eton jacket, the straws, as it were, which showed the way the wind blew, but they have developed more decidedly in the latest models, and have combined with the revers, and embroidered vests and elbows sleeves to make a characteristic whole.

One of Doeuillet's most approved models is a fair representative of these latest fashion tendencies. It is of the tailor variety, though it lacks the stiff uniformity of that kind of costume and can be classed among tailor mades only by the careful workmanship which it denotes. The skirt is of biscuit colored cloth, mounted upon a foundation of silk of the same shade. The front gore of cloth simulates a narrow tablier and is bordered on both sides by two shaped panels of ecru silk richly brocaded in delicate floral patterns, which are outlined and embellished by hand with fine silver thread and tiny spangles, in close imitation of the famous silks woven in the Louis XV period. The back is in "habit" form above, and falls below in graceful ripples. It is in one piece, and the cloth is naturally cut bias. The skirt is quite long in spite of the cry against lengthy promenade skirts, and duly wide flare does not differ in shape from those worn last season. The pointed indentations trimming the sides are edged with three rows of narrow black taffeta bias bands, which extend also round the hem.

The jacket is a complement to the style prescribed by the skirt. It is of the same ecru cloth and follows closely the lines of the figure. The plain back elongates into a round, plain basque at the back and is fitted out with a high turned-over collar and pointed revers and scallops, which disclose a straight vest of brocaded ecru silk, decorated to match the panels of the skirt and closing down the front with tiny silver buttons set with rhinestones. The high stock is of the same fabric as the vest and is finished with a tiny band of fine Brussels point, of which there is also a small applique on each rever. A gracefully knotted cravat of black satin completes the contrasting black note which sets off dainty colors to such advantage. The black taffeta bias trimming on the skirt continues around the jacket, collar, and revers, and also on the turned-over cuff of the tight elbow sleeve of the ecru cloth. Large silver buckles, set with strass, mark each scallop on the jacket.

The tailor toque which accompanies this gown is a very modern affair, and is made of a rough tan fancy straw, fashioned and bent with becoming undulations. The only trimming consists of rich fancy pins and a huge rosette at the back of each ear, made of fancy straw and black velvet ribbon. These rosettes or cabochons are a feature of the new spring millinery, though a certain chic about it cannot be decried.

It is evident that the independent blouse or bodice has a firmer hold upon us than ever, in spite of the hue and cry of its enemies, whoever they may be, for the shops are full of beautiful models. The dressmakers are constantly aiming more at new and graceful effects than at richness of materials, with the result that the lovely models are accessible to the home dressmaker also, though her purse may be slender; refined taste and deft fingers being all that is required to make up a becoming blouse from remnants of silk or lace. There seems to be a great preference for yokes this season and a very practical predisposition it is. Bits of lace can be utilized for the square, round and pointed "empiecement" now so much in vogue, and as they may be unlined they will be found very comfortable for the impending warm season. Below the yoke the bodice is bloused and may be encircled by dainty fichu draperies of sheer fabrics or unfinished with one of the many varieties of bolero effects, which promise to continue in unabated popularity during many months to come.

FELIX FOURNERY.

THE MELODIOUS RAINBOW.

Which Do You Prefer, Pink Music or Red?

Mme. Alice Le Plongeon gave a reading in New York the other day, when she told a drawing-room full of people all about "The Rainbow and Its Melodies."

The speaker illustrated her theory concerning the importance of color as one of the great forces of nature by wearing a green gown with draperies of vivid red. The trimming was used to demonstrate the value of red "in raiment and in nature." The "New York Tribune" discusses the lecture as follows:

"To exemplify the warlike effect of red, Miss Munro, in a rich contralto voice, sang a Scottish battle song, 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' but she was robed in a Greek gown of pale blue, with a First Empire comb in her hair. To the uninitiated this was an incongruous note, but, as the speaker said, 'Color is according to our vibrations, and scarlet may not be scarlet to you,' the Greek gown may have appeared as royal purple or rose pink to those in the audience whose 'vibrations' leaned that way.

"'Every object,' said Mme. Le Plongeon, 'has its own tone, and every sound has a color, and if your color is violet your voice will be sweeter when you are surrounded by violet.'

"The connection between color and music was illustrated by the harp, which is supposed to suggest red and warlike and sanguinary things; the lute, to which belong green and verdant lawns, while the guitar is accompanied by yellow, the faded color of Spain. To illustrate 'pink music,' Miss Mary F. Sinclair played 'Elizabeth's Prayer,' from 'Tannhauser,' on the piano. Later on she gave the introduction to 'Sonata Tragica,' by MacDowell, and the 'Sonata Pasterale,' by Beethoven.

"The speaker explored her hearers to consider the uses of color apart from their importance in the fine arts, adding: 'By studying the effect of color upon ourselves we may better understand our own temperament and learn to know ourselves. A knowledge of the curative properties of light and color may diminish our bodily pangs, and enable us to increase our vigor as well as our beauty.' According to Mme. Le Plongeon, when a criminal commits a crime, or the enterprising burglar goes 'a burgling,' a red aura exudes from his body. However, if one in a red gown approaches caged birds they will exhibit intense excitement."

The lady failed to state what dreadful thing would happen if "one in a red gown" were to approach a pasture field in which browsed the average cow.

Millinery Sympathy for the Birds.

The Ornithologists' Union has issued a strong appeal to the public through the press for funds to assist it in the securing of game wardens for the protection of gulls and terns along the American coast, as well as for other departments of its work. The appeal finds a conspicuous place in all the leading newspapers of the country, some of them using it as a leader in their editorial columns.

It goes without the saying that funds will be forthcoming in goodly amounts from those whose sympathies are with the Ornithologists and the Audubons for the protection of the birds of North America. The Ornithologists' Union takes all the credit for the making of the "Lacey bill" a law. They who favored it must not forget, however, says the "Millinery Trade Review," that had it not been for the withdrawal of the opposition of the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association, in return for the acceptance of its amendment by Mr. Lacey, the contest might have been prolonged, even the bill defeated. The statements made in the appeal as regards "Milliners' agents sending postal-cards to hunters offering the highest prices for bird plumage," is misleading; it may have the effect of producing funds, but it is a statement that might have been true a year or two ago, but at present it won't stand very close investigation. "Milliners' agents"—if by that term they mean the raw stock dealers—are not going to pay out their good money for a "bird in the bush" or encourage a defiance of law. They will not jeopardize their good names or their business interests for a few paltry gulls or terns, and they have no use for anything else that flies in North America, except such fowl as the naturalists delight in as food.

The millinery merchants, however, while upholding the efforts of these good people in protecting our native birds, emphatically protest against any interference with the importation from other countries of such plumages as are useful in the "arts," that are pests in the countries wherefrom obtained and a legitimate commodity in this country.

These good people are going to extremes with their notions of bird protection, and are interfering with commerce. Sooner or later they will run against a snag in this business and make themselves ridiculous.

Over the Bridge.

Mrs. Galloupe—Be sure and come, Mr. Gibble. I promise you you shall meet, oh, quite a number of pretty women.

Gibble—How can I refuse you, my dear madam? It will not be for the pretty women, however, but for you that I shall come.—Brooklyn Life.

THE WOMAN AT CARDS.

Shylock Could Not Equal Her in Collecting Debts.

Card debts with fashionable people take precedence of any other obligation—that is, a man or woman may owe money right and left to tradespeople, and not lose caste, but an unpaid score at "bridge" will ostracize him or her at once. Of course, there are certain reasons for this rigor. In the first place, the loser would have taken his opponent's money if he had been the winner, and therefore the risks must necessarily be equal, and, secondly, such obligations are purely debts of honor. But it is a curious instance of the unwritten laws that govern society that a winner at cards must be an uncompromising creditor. Easy going, generous men and women, who would lend money willingly to their poorer friends and never think of it again, turn into inexorable creditors when the money is lost at the card table. A story is going the rounds that at a fashionable house recently one of the guests found that he was unable to pay his losses, says the "New York Tribune." "I will send a check tomorrow," he said, thinking that such a promise would be quite sufficient, but his hostess touched a bell. "My footman is at your orders, Mr. X——," she said; "you can send him to your house for anything you want."

Women are quite as strict among themselves as men on this point. The father of a pretty young woman who heard a vociferous discussion going on in the drawing room one afternoon, on his return from business, looked into the room, and was surprised to find a friend of his daughter, who was a great favorite of his, sobbing violently, while half a dozen other girls were all talking at once. "Dorothy says she cannot pay her losses at 'bridge,' papa," answered his daughter to his enquiry as to what was the trouble. "She has lost $25, and says she has spent all her allowance, and hasn't a cent to pay it with." "Oh, is that all?" exclaimed the good natured man. "Here, Dorothy, child, let me be your banker." And he drew out a roll of bills from his pocket. "No, papa!" "No, Mr. X——!" chorused Dorothy's accusers. "She would have taken our money if she had won! She had no right to play with nothing to pay. It was not fair, and we won't have her in our club any more," and, despite the kind-hearted remonstrances of her champion and poor Dorothy's tears, no compromise was allowed, and the latter was suspended until she could pay what she owed, legitimately. It's "Pay, pay, pay!" "for your credit's sake" at "bridge."

THE PLAN THAT FAILED.

One Boston Woman's Futile Effort to Elevate Conversation.

Mrs. Jack, from Boston, is filled with the latest ideas. Jack—well, Jack is New Jersey "born and bred."

"This town," said the young woman one evening as they sat in their suburban home, "needs improving. I am shocked when I dine out to hear nothing but nonsense talked. There are some clever people here. I have met them, but when they dine out they leave their cleverness at home with their everyday clothes.

"I think that we should give some dinners, four anyway, and if we make the first one a thorough success we can be sure of the others. We must invite both young and elderly people, a few bright and a few ordinary ones, because there are not enough bright ones to go very far. Then we'll have the conversation up to a certain standard and keep it there."

On the night of the first dinner party everything was in proper array. Not a speck of dust to gladden the eyes of the guests was visible. The wines were gaining the right temperature and Mrs. Jack, in a Bostonesque dinner gown, was ready for her guests.

"I tell you, Mary," said poor Jack, "that I can never talk at a dinner. I don't know what to say. Who do I take out? Old Mrs. Bangs? I never spoke to her. I never know what to say to anyone."

"Never mind, Jack, dear. I know that you are positively no good at a dinner party. Now listen. I have written out a list of interesting subjects and pinned it on the table cloth. See?" And she led him up to the table. "Now don't fail me but whenever it seems dull or people are not talking, look at this list and talk of some of the things. Even if you don't know about them, appeal to me and I'll help you out. There is——"

Just then the door bell rang and Mrs. Jack hurried away to greet the first guest.

After they were seated at dinner Mrs. Jack asked the guest of honor if he had seen the recent views on the nebular hypothesis. The answer to her question and the interest in the subject was so slight that she looked at Jack, and he came valiantly to the rescue. "It does not seem to me, Mary," he called out, "that the meat has been unusually tough lately."

"What do you mean, Jack?" This was with a true Boston intonation.

Jack looked perplexed, but Mrs. Bangs was quite animated and she and the elderly man next her had a discussion as to butchers and meat that was eager enough to let Mrs. Jack to get her bearings again.

The next subject she introduced was "the recent affair in South Africa." The interest in anything but Oom Paul's excessive plainness was not marked, and after a few desultory views had been expressed, the conversation died out.

"Do or die," thought Jack, and looked at his list. "Speak about Jane's aprons," came next. "I don't know what to say about Jane's aprons, but things seem pretty dull, so I'll dash ahead as I was told to."

"I say, Mary, what is the matter with Jane's aprons? Aren't they all right? They look like the proper thing."

Visions of the husband of her youth at Morris Plains Asylum danced before Mrs. Jack's eyes. Aprons! What was the matter with him?

When she had recovered a little she heard the most elderly man saying to Mrs. Bangs: "Now can you imagine me in a check apron with a leather belt? I always wore them when I was a boy." The elderly women described black silk and other aprons of their youth and the younger ones laughed merrily. Mrs. Jack rather cleverly steered the conversation around to her point again and asked generally, with a "don't-all-speak-at-once" air: "Who has read the 'History of Papacy in the XIX Century?" After expressing admiration for the work of Prof. Nippold there was another silence, broken by one of the young men, who said: "What a thin old gentleman the Pope is!"

Good-hearted Jack rushed to the rescue and broke the deadly silence with: "Have any of you had trouble with getting good butter lately?"

The floodgates of conversation were opened and young and old sailed out on the stream. Boarding school, college club, summer hotel, and "gilt edge" butter was discussed and talked of and amid peals of laughter the dinner was ended.

The men smoked, going as they pleased conversationally, and the ladies in the drawing room carried on the conversation on the lines laid down by their host at dinner.

After everyone had gone, Jack said, with an air of conscious rectitude, "Well, Mary, that dinner went off pretty well, didn't it?"

"Jack," she said hysterically, "where did you put your list and why did you talk of such awful things?"

"Awful things? Why, I talked about every single thing you wrote down, and I thought I kept them going pretty well. Old Mrs. Bangs squeezed my hand when she left and said she wished she could always sit by me at dinner. They all said it was a jolly dinner."

"But what made you talk about meat, and Jane's aprons, and—Oh, Jack! It was too dreadful!"

"Great Scott, Mary, didn't you give me the list—here it is. See! It begins 'Speak about tough meat; speak about Jane's aprons; last butter from grocer's bad.' I talked about them all just as you asked me to, and if I hadn't I think your dinner party would have been pretty dull."

Mary took the list. It was her memorandum for the day. On the back of it she had written the list of subjects for Jack. Unfortunately, or fortunately (it depends upon the point of view), in pinning it on the tablecloth the memorandum side was uppermost.

Mannerisms.

Self-consciousness is often a barrier to popularity in social life, and it is a malady from which some girls suffer. Not everyone can be graceful and easy, but one can be self-confident without being self-assertive, serene and dignified without being dull. Morbid fears as to what others are thinking, and over-anxiety as to one's appearance, may be overcome. Little nervous mannerisms, a lack of repose, consciousness of one's clothes, are all bad form, and to be avoided, says the "Delineator." One of the most carefully dressed, as well as attractive, women I ever met had been required in her girlhood, by her mother, to attend scrupulously to every detail of her toilet, and then to think no more about it after leaving her room. No touches to hair and drawing on of gloves were permitted after she had left her bedroom. If these apparently trifling matters had been neglected, she was obliged to return to her room to attend to them. For this early training, which seemed irksome at the time, she never ceased to be thankful when she grew older. She acquired extreme neatness in her personal appearance and an entire freedom from any fussy consciousness about it.

No one can make a good impression or talk agreeably if half absorbed in putting on gloves, clasping a bangle or a pin, or arranging stray locks of hair. It is a mark of good breeding to be neatly dressed in every detail, and never to appear conscious of one's clothes. Sometimes one sees a girl in a street car drawing on gloves or adjusting a veil. Even at the opera one frequently sees an occupant of a box buttoning gloves, rearranging a jewel on a bodice, or touching the ornaments in the hair. These self-conscious manners in public are bad form and detract from a woman's charm.

Only Woman Jailer.

Mrs. Evelyn Smith, of Greenwich, Kent County, L. I., is the only woman in the country who officially occupies the position of jail keeper. Mrs. Smith was born in the building over which she has presided for the last twenty years. For more than fifty years some member of her family has served in the position which she now occupies. She has never been attacked by a prisoner, and during her long term of service there have been only two escapes, both of them at the same time, before the present modern jail was completed. Mrs. Smith rarely has trouble with a prisoner, even those who are brought into the jail by force quieting down under her influence. She declares that no class of people are quicker to appreciate kind treatment and courtesy than criminals, and that it is much easier to handle them with pleasant words than with handcuffs and solitary confinement. The number of prisoners under Mrs. Smith's care averages ten. During her temporary absence from home her place as jailer is taken by her daughter, Mrs. Annie Burdick.

Bernhardt as a Hunter.

Few of those who have seen Sarah Bernhardt behind the footlights knew that this famous woman is a great hunter and enjoys nothing better than a day behind the dogs when the weather is fair and the game good. She has been in New Orleans recently, and while there took one of her hunts. She was accompanied by Louis Rapo, the famous hunter, and had a successful day.

IRELAND'S JEANNE D'ARC

Miss Gonne's Friends Liken Her to the Maid of Domremy.

Born in Kerry, But With Relatives in the Service of the Crown, She Defies Her Family by Denouncing England at Home and Abroad.

Maude Gonne is the daughter of an officer in the English army, the niece of a British general, the cousin of a British captain, the only sister of the wife of Colonel Pilcher, now serving the Crown in South Africa, and a member of a family that has for generations belonged to the landlord classes. She whose early life and surroundings would have tended to make of her an ardent English sympathizer has cast aside all personal feelings and family ties to undertake and carry on the work for the freedom of Ireland.

She was born in the County Kerry—no matter how long ago, for she is a young woman yet, says a writer in the "St. Louis Star." After her early childhood, spent in her native country, amid scenes of comparative pleasure, she was taken to the Continent to complete her education. She studied in France and Germany, where she received training and education far superior to the average Irish lassie.

When she was but seventeen years of age, on a visit to her home, she was an unwilling witness to a peculiarly cruel and heartrending eviction of a poor Irish family. The case was extreme. Several children and an invalid mother were driven out into the rain and cold because they were a few cents behind in their rent. The mother died during the night from exposure. This sight and the memory of it alienated the young girl from England, and converted her entirely to the cause of Ireland. Her antipathy to the British dates from this eviction.

The sight has remained with her ever since. It has stirred her to revolutionary action and thoughts. It has endowed her with eloquence, and has imbued her with an almost superhuman ability in leading others toward the salvation of Ireland. She has denounced England and the British in many countries, but has devoted herself mainly to work in three kingdoms, where she has addressed meetings, visited political prisoners, and in every way kept the public attention fixed on the unfortunate life and condition of Ireland. For several years she has been the very life and soul of the amnesty movement in England and Ireland. She has visited America several times, and her work here is well known. "Against England" is Maude Gonne's motto. When the South African war broke out she at once entered the field to assist the Boers as much as she could. She has spoken throughout Europe, and has succeeded in arousing much sympathy for the burghers. This is her present mission in this country. She is a very effective speaker, and brands the rule of the English and the army, in which her father served, and for which her entire family is personally concerned, in language most volatile. Her principal success in the matter of the Boer war has been in preventing the young Irish boys from joining the British army. She has traveled throughout the length and breadth of Ireland several times in this work, and has enlisted the support of the mothers and sisters of the island in this endeavor. She has succeeded in making the service in the British army odious to the Irish mind to a degree never before conceived.

MADAME LA MODE.

Who Is This Mysterious Creator of Fashionable Fads?

Whence come the modes? The student of history may well lay aside his folios and his original manuscripts and his work in the British museums and devote his attention to the contents of his grandmamma's garret, those chests in which silks, embroideries, woolens and coarsely woven cottons and homespuns will tell the more truthful and the more vivid story.

When Chateaubriand got back from exile he went, as was natural to a youth of his temperament, not to the Assembly first, but to the salons of his few remaining friends. They were all good royalists, but through closed doors and shut blinds and upon whispers, fearful and hoarse, had entered—the Fashion.

These ladies who were ready to die for the old regime, who would mount the scaffold tomorrow with a "vive le roi," were decked in short-waisted garments that were bound beneath the arms with a girdle; the latter were bare, and their hair was cut short and curled in tiny waves over their heads. The "coiffure a la guillotine," as they described it in the hairdressers' shops, was a style adopted as well by the ladies of the court as by Camille Desmoulins. Even England, shuddering over the horrors of the Revolution, and afterward training her militia and throwing up useless breastworks against the invasion of "Bony," discarded her "stays," put patches on her ruddy cheeks and was an insular copy of the Parisian dressmaker.

When Eugenie became slim and a trifle awry on one side, says the "Baltimore Sun," hoops were the mode, and it was impossible to crowd more than two dozen women into the largest ballroom. In vain the tender maid whispered "Come nearer, I can't hear you." The most ardent of lovers could not get within three feet of his adored one, and those who are inclined to scoff at the influence of the styles may as well look at a picture of Victoria shortly after her visit to her "cousins" in the Tuileries. The Prince of Wales, who is supposed to be leaning against her, is five feet off, separated from his loving mamma by what seems to be a hogshead made of cooper's staves covered with flowered brocade; the infant Dukes of Connaught and Edinburgh held maternal fashion under each arm, but at such a distance from her figure that they look like animated pillars in kilts resting on a billowy wave, and Prince Albert for once in his life was out of sight and incapable, on account of the space that separated them, of whispering the sound, moderate, Teutonic advice that made the Empress of India something of a hausfrau and the maids of honor plain but respectable.

Origin of the Skirt Dance.

The woman who invented the skirt dance seems to have been more famous than anybody supposed. It was no less a person, says the "Cincinnati Enquirer," than Emma Hart, of London, Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton. That is the person Francisque Sarcey has selected as the real originator of the dance, which in its somewhat degenerated and present estate is largely a matter of calcium lights and dress goods. A letter which M. Sarcey quoted was written by Goethe, and describes what the French critic takes to be the origin of the dance. The famous German wrote in March, 1787:

"Sir William Hamilton, who is still the British Ambassador here, after having studied the works of nature for so long a time, has found a beautiful young woman the most delightful thing in art or nature. She is an English woman, very beautiful in face and figure. She gives an entertainment dressed in a Greek costume. Her hair hangs loose. She takes two shawls in her hands, and she so varies her attitudes, gestures, and play of features that it is like a dream. Kneeling, standing, sitting, she assumes by turns an expression of exaltation, repentance, anxiety, remorse, affection."

The skirt dance now is so much the work of the electrician and the limelight man that it is agreeable to find the original inventor of its grace and beauty was a woman.

The Romance of a Ring.

He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the far-on-ahead.

"Ah, my darling," he murmured, "what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of naught but the present—the beautiful, superb present!"

"So do I, dearest," she replied, "but you'll take me with you when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer tastes in rings."—Leslie's Weekly.

Why She Grinned.

Carrie—Charley thinks my new gown just beautiful. He said last evening it was a perfect dream. What are you grinning at?

Madge—Oh, nothing. I was only thinking that Charley told me only today he has such horrid dreams.—Boston Transcript.