

DAISY
MAY
DESCRIBES

SEDUCTIVE NEGLIGEE GOWNS

This is to be a chapter on negligees, under which heading tea gowns, boudoir frocks and kimonos will be considered. It is quite the proper caper to receive one's callers up to half past 4 o'clock of the afternoon in negligee attire. This is the latest bulletin from the "smart set" office, which in part accounts for the wondrously beautiful garments fashioned so picturesquely. China silk, lily-white chiffon, chiffonette and nun's veiling are the materials most in use. The models for the greater part are as elaborate in design as a ball gown and equally fanciful.

Every woman knows the luxury of a loose garment though she fall to appreciate the artless grace, long lines and flowing breadths, which is not probable. Jack dropped in the other day on his way to help just to tell me of an adorable young matron who had come into his presence clothed in a kimono. He was somewhat startled, he admitted, by the person in question is a stickler for propriety. I explained it was quite permissible for her to do. Jack's rejoinder was positively shocking, and left me debating whether or not I should cancel my order for half a dozen negligees or stick to my colors. "I understand," said he, "that an eye can't wear party frocks all day, the shrew would blaze the path to perdition in even more seductive raiment." After all, this cynical speech, as I read between the lines, indicates admiration, and I fancy I'll put him to the test Monday in one of white china silk made over rose. He's fond of white, and rose is his favorite color.

This particular tea gown is copied from an old water painting, with strict attention given to all details. From the throat hanging long, unbroken lines of white silk, with a faint glow from the rose lining showing through the transparent folds. At the back a wattleau plait begins quite narrow to gradually grow greater after the waist is reached, ending in a wisp train 18 inches long. The entire lower edge of the gown is bordered by a fitted flounce, neatly ruffled, which is so cleverly combined with the upper portion of the garment that one must take out a search warrant to discover the dividing line. At the back a tiny lace trimmed bodice hugs the figure, and at the front an ample fichu drapery knits at the bust line to fall in sweeping folds. The very light sleeves and flounce are pearl beaded in point d'esprit insertion, edged with Valenciennes lace. I trust I shall not be self-conscious in my new tery, for that is the one thing which provokes Jack into being obstinate, and in such a mood I couldn't hope for the respectful regard girls in new tea gowns anticipate.

The lace fringe is apparent in an exquisite medley called at the sweetest shops a "boudoir frock." This comes direct from a temple of fashion in the Rue de la Paix and is veritably a chiffonette, with a tulle effect. Double ruffles of chiffonette fall below an overdress of tulle, on which appear in applique batiste oak leaves.

The silk foundation fits the form perfectly, and the lace tunic falls away from it. Through this lace lattice, as it were, the outline of the figure makes almost as fascinating a study as Boreas' "End of Day." Jeweled medallions fall, girdlewise, in front to confine a bit of fullness at the waist. A fluff of net and a few loops of satin ribbon are coquettishly placed on the stock, at the bust and here and there on the many pointed tunic.

Blue nun's veiling cut en princesse, with an overdress of spotted muslin, ruffled in plain organdie, lace edged, was somewhat lacking in elegance, but not in style or grace and was the exact counterpart of the gorgeous frock just described. If I had money, I'd own before nightfall a glorious satin dress, in which I should at once array myself. It is of liberty satin in bowknot design, printed in big nosegays of roses and lilacs in natural colors carelessly entwined. The scheme is directorate coat, with deep yoke of shirred mousseline and elbow sleeves likewise treated. A low drape, arranged to produce the sloping shoulders, ends in rosettes and a cascade. The coat part describes a deep point, and from beneath it falls the long train in a series of fan plait. Nearly all house gowns are supplied with jeweled belts, but it is optional with the wearer whether they shall be used or discarded, as they are an entirely independent adjunct and in no wise necessary.

Kimonos have indisputable right of way and are made of cotton, silk or wool. Some are cut quite full; others are planned on the typical Japanese principle and barely pull together. The former are more comfortable, the latter more picturesque. Many of the less elaborate negligees are opened kimono-like down the front and vary in the matter of construction very little from the original. I saw one of this character in gray nun's veiling which had a tucked yoke extending over the shoulder, with long bell sleeves, showing shorter under-sleeves bound in yellow satin galloon. The whole was mounted on white nun's veiling edged in yellow chenille cord; in other words, the kimono was double and reversible. The national costume of our friend the industrious little Jap maiden was best demonstrated in dark blue china silk patterned in huge geometrical figures of red, with which color it was lined and bordered.

One of the most effective of all the morning gowns shown me at madame's was a redingote negligee of striped grenadine with a lingerie front. No opportunity is lost to reveal the fact that under-reeves will abide with us, during the heated term at least. Old time china, as may in coloring as the summer butterfly, is on the market at 15 cents a yard and is particularly pretty for kimono making. Plain white lawn associated with bands of colored muslin, chrysanthemum figured, builds a delightfully cool and attractive lounging gown.

Though other colors have announced

themselves very emphatically since the beginning of the season, blue still remains the conquering hero with slight variations. Instead of the vivid color at first introduced we have the soft shades better suited to the season, such as pastel, gentian, and Mediterranean. Pearl gray, green and heliotrope is the latest color combination to excite favorable comment.

Hats of a rather modest tone are temporarily winning golden opinions. The straw which composes many of the new ones is responsible for their beauty. One made of black and gold straw had no trimming except a clump of sulphur colored marguerites and a choux of green tulle placed directly in front. Toques are the favorite headgear. To be up to date they must be broadly built and may be lifted in front or have some slight trimming tucked under the brim. Every woman of fashion is buying her toque by the yard. The secret of success lies in the toque being exactly suited to each woman's style of beauty, so mildly purchases the fancy straps in lengths and has it manipulated into a chapeau to measure. Tuscan straw is both decorative and lasting, while in most of the fancy straws loosely woven

MOTHER OF THE RED CROSS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

At the close of a great war of our session whose object is to abolish wars forever, with the English people rejoicing over the celebration of the 79th birthday of the woman who has done more

a shining halo and transferred to canvas the radiant visage of a young seraph. To Rubens, whose ideal ranged through various substantial aspects of adipose tissue, or a Titan, who saw in the beauty of woman only an opportunity to empty his color box, the charming maiden would never have been an interesting type, but Michael Angelo, who studied lines, would, with intuitive eye, have taken his block of marble and mallet in hand, have given us that face again in the likeness of a young Christian martyr.

Perhaps the soulful, elusive beauty of the pure, pale face owed something to the influences that had surrounded its infancy. Born in the beautiful city

was noticeably interested in hospitals and hospital work.

Before the end of her first season Miss Nightingale had in a measure withdrawn herself from social life. Her time was devoted to going about among the hospitals and charitable institutions in London. She soon discovered the inefficiency of the majority of those who nursed the sick. Those were the days of Salrey Gamps, and her mind, active in its sympathies and philanthropy, reached out for a plan that might remedy this defect. She saw in continental countries the trained sisterhoods of the Catholic church carrying on their noble work with all the advantages of experience and trained skill. When she heard of what was a unique organization at the time—a sisterhood of Protestant nurses at Kaisersworth, on the Rhine—Miss Nightingale, full of enthusiasm, journeyed thither to learn of these good women what she could of their methods and system. After staying with them for a time she came back to London eager to put into practice some of her newly acquired knowledge.

There was a home for superannuated governesses which was sadly in need of financing and better management. This Miss Nightingale took up as her first task. She gave up her luxurious surroundings, the society of congenial and cultivated friends, and with all the ardor of a new Joan of Arc threw herself into the work of caring for the poor and sick. That she succeeded in rescuing the Governesses' home from disaster and oblivion goes without saying. It stands today a prosperous institution at 47 Harley street, London.

The undertaking proved too much for the always delicate constitution of Miss Nightingale, and she was after awhile compelled to return to her beautiful home at Lea Hurst to win back health and strength among the beech groves she loved so well.

The work for which Florence Nightingale had been born came to her then, perhaps because, herself weak and suffering, she was the better able to understand the pain of others. Philosophers of the Schopenhauer school say that the quality and depth of our own sympathy are in the ratio of our own experience.

The whole of England was ringing with the suffering of the English soldiers in the hospitals in the Crimea. Public indignation had reached a high pitch, yet the British authorities seemed unable to mend matters. Sir Sydney Herbert of the war department knew Miss Nightingale, and at last he said, "It is woman's work, and there is one woman in England who can set this right." He got down and wrote to Miss Nightingale. At the same time, so that their letters must have crossed in the mails, Miss Nightingale had written a letter offering her services to the government and saying that she thought the soldiers needed good nursing, such as women alone could give them. There was in those days no such thing as a Red Cross society or trained nurse.

Of course, when her services were accepted all her friends were aghast; they said her going to Crimea was unwomanly, foolish and a useless sacrifice. "The real dignity of a gentlewoman," said Miss Nightingale in reply, "is a very high and unassailable thing and which silently encompasses her from her birth."

It is now an old story of how she in six months infused system and humanity into the unspeakable arrangements of the hospitals of Scutari, in which she superintended the care of 18,000, an army of the sick and dying. There was no laundry, no kitchen for the proper preparation of food, no systematic care, filth and decay everywhere, lack of food, medicine, beds and furniture—in fact, lack of everything. No wonder, as the pale, sweet faced Florence Nightingale, who had brought order out of this chaos, passed with her candle on her nightly round of the hospitals, the heroes of Balaklava and of Inkerman would lift themselves on their elbows, in spite of the pangs of wounds or fever, to kiss the spot where her shadow had rested. It is an old story, too, of how the whole English line burst into a wild cheer as the slender, black robed figure of the Angel of the Trenches walked coolly out among the Russian bullets and shells before Sevastopol because she saw some one that she could

Cross society, which has done so much for the suffering in war and peace.

Although an invalid, Miss Nightingale found a way to write two books on the subject of nursing, and her advice, sought by the war departments of every country, has been the basis of modern hospital and ambulance work in time of war.

An old woman of 79, she lies secluded from the world in her home in South street, London. She is just passing another birthday as another war closes. Inadequate as our hospital arrangements may have been, they were perfected compared with those that prevailed in the Crimea. And, as congratulations pour in to Florence Nightingale from all over the world, it would be only a proper tribute to the heart and brain which have done so much to make war less horrible for America to send across the water to her a message of love. Remembered as her visits were to the scenes of wars, the "taps" must have been to Florence Nightingale will end all thought of battles forever.

ELIZABETH SCOTT RAYMOND.

ETIQUETTE OF CARDS.

The etiquette of card leaving is really quite simple, but, nevertheless, it is often misunderstood.

Young girls do not have cards of their own, but share those of their mother, under whose name their own appears. When a girl is no longer young enough to require chaperonage, she has a card to herself. And the same thing happens in the case of the young lady journalist or her professional woman. A large number of her visits will be on matters of business, when chaperonage would not be required, and, therefore, her mother's name on her card would be quite out of place.

Only when making a business call should one ever send in a card by the servant, but it would be quite correct to do this when calling on an editor or publisher at his office, or when calling on a lady to ask for the character of a servant.

P. P. C. and P. D. A. written on the cards seem to puzzle some people. These initials stand for "pour prendre congé" and "pour dire adieu" and signify that the owner of the cards desires to say goodbye. It is customary, when one is going away for any length of time, to leave or send these cards to one's acquaintances. They may be sent by post, if desired.

When paying a call, a married lady would leave two of her husband's cards and one of her own on a married couple if she found the mistress of the house out. If she saw her, she would merely place a couple of her husband's cards in the hall on leaving the house. A gentleman's card is never left on a young unmarried lady, and in no case should he ever turn down the corner of his card, for there might be some young ladies in the house, and it would be thought that he meant his card for them. The significance of the turned down corner is that the card is intended to include all the ladies of the family.

A daughter often leaves cards for her parents, but she lets her brother do his card leaving for himself. Motherless young girls have their names on the cards of the aunt or any relative who chaperons them, or, if they are living alone with their father, their names are printed on his card beneath his own, the card in this case being the size of a lady's visiting card. Young gentlemen traveling together and chaperoning themselves would have "The Misses Dash" on a card, which would include as many of the party as were out.

Cards are left after nearly all entertainments except garden parties, but these should be left in person and not sent through the post. Except after a dinner party it is not necessary to ask whether the hostess is at home. It is quite sufficient to hand in the card to the servant, saying, "For Mrs. Blank."

Card leaving is chiefly practiced among mere acquaintances, real friends being less ceremonious in the matter.

SMALL MINDED WOMEN.

The small minded woman gives great importance to little matters and has a way of dressing up insignificance in an obtrusive garb till after a time she begins to seriously believe it is as important as she has made it appear. When she arrives at that stage, her mental state is a misery not only to herself, but to other people. She may be an energetic, economical housewife and a loving wife and mother, but for that the home over which she presides will be almost unbearable, so trifling will be the mental and spiritual atmosphere she has created there. Duty by her is not merely faced, but becomes an instrument of torture, and the work and service of daily life, which might be done cheerfully, is made a heavy task to herself and others by her slavish devotion to unimportant details.

Even large minded women lose their sense of proportion when they are overworked and exhausted, physically and mentally, and decline to take proper rest and recreation. If only our homemakers would realize the importance of even a half hour's absolute rest in the day, what a difference it would make to the happiness of life.

If, when the tired hands and body were resting, the mind were busy with good and pleasant thoughts, how would the better and wiser a woman would become. It would be well, therefore, for her to spend that resting time in the company of some good book by one of her favorite writers. It is perfectly astonishing how much richer one is for the thoughts of good and noble people, and one can find these within the covers of many of the books which we rarely lift from their places, perhaps, except to dust them—Shakespeare, Tennyson, Ruskin and even many a prosa work of fiction.

RELATIONSHIPS OF CHOICE.

In Crete a curious custom exists. A number of young men of a village choose from among the girls one whom, with the consent of their parents, they make the head of their fraternity. The occasion is solemn as well as festive. The youths are arranged in a circle round their chosen queen by the priest, who holds a religious service and finally dismisses the assembly with his blessing.

From henceforth the girl is sister to the young men, who regard one another as brothers bound by an oath to protect her from harm. Lovingly between the girl and her adopted brothers is not to be thought of, for she is so much their sister that not one of them might marry her.



STYLISH TEA GOWNS.

an ornate designs serviceable qualities

Parasols match hats in color and are not lavishly trimmed. Some few show straw brims as a trimming, but usually the sunshade is not decorated. There are those who will always cling to the tuffy affairs which frame the face so prettily, and for them inside lace ruffles and delicate linings are an irresistible temptation, so beautiful they are, even though expensive. White marseilles umbrellas with very much bowdrie and brown sticks appeal strongly to the novelty hunter.

The black satin coat has reappeared. This year it is cloth trimmed. There is a outer garment which I can so cheerfully recommend as always being a reliable stand by for day or evening wear.

Have a dressy black jacket by all means. It need not necessarily be of satin; taffeta or even ladies' cloth will do. The out of date black taffeta skirt could readily be fashioned into the coat, either tucked all over or simply stitched. A black coat white satin lined is a treasure in any woman's summer wardrobe.

To machine stitch silk this material or any single thickness of white cloth place a strip of paper under the line to be stitched and pull it away when the work is done. The result is most satisfactory, as the stitching will be found uniform and not drawn. This hint for amateur dressmaker: I learned of last week while settling the difficulty between a net frock and a rebellious sewing machine. DAISY MAY.

FLORANCE NIGHTINGALE.

than any living creature to rob war of some of its horror, it is especially interesting to recall the fact that Florence Nightingale, old and bedridden, is still a potent factor in modern philanthropic methods of caring for the sick. Out of the darkened room in London go words that have a value perhaps not now intrinsic, because her methods are not modern methods, but because they were uttered by Florence Nightingale, the idolized angel of the English hospitals, the founder of the Red Cross society, and the modern system of trained nursing.

More than threescore years ago, one pleasant summer day, among the picturesque hills of Derbyshire, England, two equestrian figures might have been seen cantering idly along, laughing and chatting or stopping to look out over some particularly picturesque stretch of landscape. One figure, on a smart pony, was that of a very young girl, almost a child; the other was that of an elderly man, clerical in appearance and manner. The sweet, pale face of the little girl was one that would attract attention only among those to whom spiritual beauty is the highest type of loveliness. Raphael or Fra Angelico would have encircled the soft brown hair with

of Florence in that very month of flowers that had given Alberti birth and had seen the martyrdom of a Savonarola, it may be that the stars which had molded their fates were at that hour high in the ascendant, for in her character there has always been something of the sensitive, imaginative quality of the one and the firm, fearless, devout self-abnegation of the other.

All of this was unthought of by the merry two who guided their way through the oaks and maples and birches. Suddenly the little girl's chatter was silenced. In the distance she saw an old Scotch shepherd laboriously looking after his sheep.

"Why, Roger, where is your dog?" asked the child as they rode up to him, and the old fellow, looking off his hat, wagged his head mournfully.

"He's done for, missy, and I'm that set to about it I scarce know what to do. You see, the boys was throwing stones, and some of them hit him. I'm thinking of putting him out of his misery tonight, for his leg's broken, and he'll never be of use again."

"Poor Cap!" said the girl, the tears coming to her gray eyes. The dog had been one of her friends. "Oh, Roger, how could you leave him alone in his pain?" Do tell me where he is."

"You can't do any good, missy," the old shepherd said sorrowfully. "But he's lying in the shed, where he is."

The old vicar, whose companion she sometimes was, as today, on visits to the poor, followed her to the shed, where she was soon kneeling beside the maimed animal, soothing and caressing it.

"Is there nothing we can do for him?" she asked, looking up at the vicar, who was something of a physician and had been hastily examining the wounded leg.

"It isn't broken—only swollen," he said judicially. "What it needs is the application of hot compresses."

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

COMEDONES, black heads or grubs, so called, are a disorder of the sebaceous glands, consisting of the retention of sebaceous matter, characterized by yellowish or blackish pin point black elevations, corresponding to the orifices of the glands. It is usually associated with black heads, and they may be scattered or in groups. A large number of the black heads on the face give to it a dirty, unwashed appearance.

Lateral pressure will force out the sebaceous matter in a threadlike form, resembling a worm. The outer end of this black head on account of their discoloration, which is due to chemical changes caused in the sebaceous matter by exposure to the air or by the accumulation of dust in the mouth of the duct.

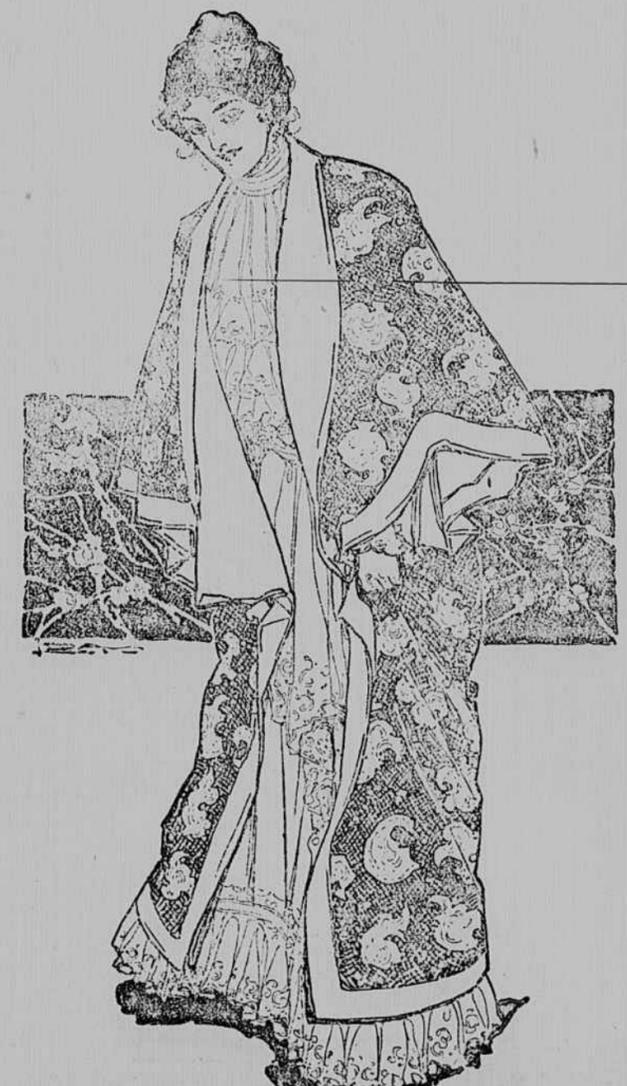
The causes of this trouble are sluggish liver, troubles of digestion, chlorosis and scrofulous conditions. The infrequent use of soap by those who have oily skins favors the growth of black heads. Sometimes they are the result of working in dirty or smoky air, or in an atmosphere, of riding on a bicycle or anything that tends to choke the ducts.

sebaceous matter has been pressed. Often black heads will yield to the use of a good soap, warm water and a Turkish towel, washed, after using which cold cream is put upon the face.

It is absurd to imagine that a face scrubbing brush will remove black heads. The soap, warm water, wash rag and cold cream will do more good than a thousand brushes.

When it is absolutely necessary to accent the watch key in eradicating a large black head, it should be used with the utmost care. The key must be grasped in the fingers and pressed firmly downward. When the obstruction has been removed, retting cream should be placed over the opening of the gland.

To remain permanently free from black heads it is a good thing to observe properly hygienic rules. Carefulness in regard to diet is essential. The fewer sweets and the less pastry eaten, the better for the skin. Those who consume rich food are more likely to be troubled with black heads than those who eat wholesome, simple food. Hot, spicy, highly seasoned dishes or place plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit likely to cause indigestion and, for this is often the root of black heads.



THE POPULAR KIMONO.

May Scott Rowland.