

## TALK OF SPRING HATS.

AND EKE OF PROCKS AND WRAPS AND PARASOLS.

Crownless Bonnets Gay with Flowers Before Which One is Compelled to Pause—The Modiste is Back from Visiting Her Paris Friends and Rivals—Her Display.

NEW YORK, February 26.—To talk of the spring hat requires a flow of language. A wise young man who was looking at a few of them with me yesterday said that he beheld in them a symbolism; to him the whole woman movement was eloquent in them.

Looking at a couple of specimens intently to discover what he meant, I asked if he



NOVEL BODICE DRAPERIES.

were trying to say he thought the modern woman perky.

"Well," he replied, "she reaches out in all directions."

Now the hats certainly do not reach out in all directions, but they react determinedly in one direction; they point vigorously forward. Ribbons start up from the backs of them and push eagerly on, flowers lean over the fronts of them, everything has a suggestion of leaping and springing and poising and craning the neck after the higher culture and Henrik Ibsen. The bows have a reaching, aspiring slant that almost takes one off one's feet like a woman's club paper. The dragon flies dip and dart straight toward the unknown. The leaves and the buds yearn and stretch and extend their arms, yet everything is airy, not too serious, a little radical. Hermes wears the winged cap, but he might amuse himself by stealing Apollo's oxen. The woman wants to know, but she bends the brim and plaits it and pinches it at all sorts of unheard-of angles, and there's a sauciness about the milliner's expression of the feminine desire for information.

The hats are very flat, mind you, and those for early spring are not large. The trimmings are massed behind but they lean at an acute angle and the vanguard takes a new departure over the hair. Most of the toques are crownless, and the open-work gold braids one finds in every importation are most fanciful face framings. Gold, silver and black straws are about all that one sees; flower wreaths and lace hats make up the rest of the millinery.

This morning I saw a bonnet before which I was compelled to pause. It was made of a strip of gold galloon laid about the head and convoluted curiously. One angle stood up pertly at the back like a little horn. On the extreme point of this horn fluttered a gold butterfly. Another butterfly poised in front over the galloon crinkles. The braid was sewn with pearls and next the hair was a thick wreath of crushed roses.

Two hats of black gauze were characteristic. Both were flat and curved down a little at the sides. One was loose in its meshes, light and misty. It had no trimming but a group of three or four "blow-



AN INDIA SILK COSTUME.

aways" just ready to take wing as the breeze touched them where they spread their feathers behind.

The other had at the back a great standing bow of ribbon of a peculiarly vivid rose pink, a color that exists in nature only in the ever-to-be-remembered wild roses of Cape Ann. With this ribbon was set a branch of rose leaves, and about the head under the lace and subdued in tint by shining through it was twisted more rose ribbon.

A hat that would be pretty for a far away bright face I'd like to see under it has a Tam O'Shanter crown of white net set with pearls. The brim is silver straw in

an openwork lace pattern much bent and folded, and at the back there are silver ribbons knotted with a few violets.

A hat all violets is well designed, with Parma and Neapolitan blossoms mixed in the double wreath that rests flat on the curls. Narrow green velvet ribbons tie the garland and the long bows partly fill the open space vacant of crown.

Black and yellow is brilliantly popular. A hat of gold straw is set on a bandeau wreath of black and gold velvet nasturtiums. Sprigs of the same flowers rest against the turned up back of the brim and a twist of black velvet ribbon is laid about the crown.

Black and rose is its competitor. Black straw or black lace is loaded with pink heads, and there are many quaint turbans of black relieved each by a great, heavily nodding June flower.

Silver and heliotrope is demure and Lenten. A dainty hat of silver straw has bows behind of pinkish heliotrope and in front a cluster of violets drooping over the edge of the brim.

Madame, the modiste, is just back from visiting her friend and rival, M. Worth. She unpacks great gorgeousness, great simplicity and great daintiness.

The gorgeousness is in the spring wraps. I saw a cape this morning of scarlet cloth, made with long ends to tie, scarf fashion, over the bosom and hang nearly to the ground. It was cut in an open embroidery pattern about the edges and stitched with black floss, with an occasional thread of gold. Scarlet jackets, with long basques scalloped with gold are everywhere, and scarlet wraps have long hanging, black chantilly sleeves.

The daintiness is in the flowered India silk frocks. They are decked with every bud that opens. The prettiest are sprinkled with single heads of violets or they bear the brownish gray and green colorings. A gown lifted tenderly this morning from its wrappings was striped with white and clear pale yellow. The bodice was a lace blouse with bretelles of yellow velvet ribbon laid over the shoulders and fastened with rosettes below the waist in front and behind. There was a wide folded belt and a skirt simply hung. The large hat accompanying was of yellow straw projecting in front and trimmed with pale nasturtiums and yellow ribbons.

The simplicity is in the make of the wool street gowns. It is simplicity, however, that is, as I heard a girl say who was attentively considering an example "most exasperatingly well." It was a plaid frock of which she said it, with an ecru ground barred in hairy stripes in brown and pinkish brown. It had a sheath skirt—the slang



GOLD CHEVIOT—EMBROIDERED.

binds me to tell you about it—with narrow bank of dark brown at the bottom. The bodice was cut off at the waist and the basque skirts were slightly fluted on all around, a belt hiding the seam. There was a skirt front of plain wool, and collar and revers of the darker color. A toque came with it of cloth with feather bands.

Much more novel than this dress was another of rough figured goods, white on silver, with peculiar bodice drapings on one side, like a wrap thrown carelessly over the shoulder. The spring wools come in soft neutral shades one expects at this season, and they are about as shaggy as the winter goods except that the hairy effects are in lines and threads instead of roughened broad surfaces. Narrow stripes are seen in abundance, but big plaids and broken plaids and big scantily sprinkled disks are equally favored.

At a Lenten reading last night, while my thoughts were properly busy with Dante—there's a good deal of Dante this season—my eyes took in two gowns. One was worn by an olive-skinned, brilliantly rosy girl. It was a dark blue, smooth-finished cloth, with a deep band of chamois cloth about the bottom. Big daisies had been cut out of the chamois and these were scattered over it, some venturing above and overlapping the blue. She had a chamois blouse well strewn with daisies.

The other frock was a silver gray, heavily corded cloth, worn by a beautiful white-haired woman with pink cheeks and the freshest of complexions. The Louis XIV coat was trigg with pockets and pearl buttons, and opened on a waistcoat of silver silk, brocaded with spots of white, making a combination as effective to the eye as it is simple and unimpressive in description. Its wearer was also a low bonnet of silver lace embroidered with soft pink roses, the color of her blushes.

As likable as any of these perhaps, was a frock of dull pale gold cheviot embroidered exquisitely with silk of a darker shade picked out with gold. The foreau skirt went with a bodice whose fullness was drawn to a point in front and cut squarely off behind. Beneath it were set jacket pieces, and these and the yoke and the cuffs of the high sleeves were wonderfully wrought with embroidery. The dull gold had garniture of silk and flowers.

Is it of use to try to say a word about the parasols? They're as indescribable as summer clouds and about as unsubstantial. They're very large this year and they have cloisonné handles, most delicately enameled. Some are egg-shaped and some flare quite like umbrellas; these statements are more or less prosy and definite, but when it comes to the coverings, then toss up gauze and jewels and imagine them floating in air. Clear yellow

crepe is one example, embroidered in gold floss with daisies, with ruches of crepe festooned from point to point, and deep, double crepe flounces depending crepe rosettes bury the stick point where it projects from the canopy.

White gauze is another gossamer example. A broad gold band has been woven in tinsel threads into the substance and this circles it in festoons caught up with square bows and ends. From point to point droop lace flounces.

A third canopy is of pale lavender crepe. The violets with which it is dotted have cost many a weary week in their embroidery. Crepe ruches run down each rib and about the circle in deep Vandyke pointings. Below the ruches are triple crepe flouncings.

A black gauze parasol scintillates with gold butterflies. One of scarlet crepe is covered with jet flowers whose hearts are garnets. One great cloud-gray, misty roof of gauze is built, so to speak, in two stories, a ruche circling it, then another at a lower level and then flouncings below all, dotted with pearls.

There are parasols with as many skirts as one has to a tulip ball gown. Some of these are powered with spangles. One has rows of gold-wrought flowers radiating from the point of the stick down the ribs and through the middle of the panels. All are bright and fairy-like as flowers and—as short lived. To live up to one of them while it blossoms might be an aesthetic task worthy the best efforts of one's wardrobe.

I never go to matinees, but I did see *The School for Scandal* Daly's of an afternoon. There are some amazingly fine brocade frocks in it, one of them of luscious apricot silk, with large feather figures in pale gold.

ELLEN OSBORN.

## BRIGHT NOTES OF FASHION.

The Latest and Most Artistic Fads in Underwear.

There was never a time in the history of fashion when women devoted so much attention to the make and quality of their most intimate undergarments. Our grandmothers believed that the acme of elegance had been attained when they clothed themselves in fine hand-made linen with cambric ruffles, edged with Valenciennes lace. There were fewer shams in those days, and the cheap machine-made garments which are made to sell were quite unknown.

Nowadays a woman who wants to be a swell looks with supreme contempt on linen or muslin underwear, ornamented with stiff embroidery. In silk attire must be clad from top to toe, and that trimmed with billows of lace and yards of dainty feather stitching. To be chic, she dons underclothing which is either in harmony or matches the color of her gown. Black silk undergarments are somewhat passe, fastidious women being unable to banish the prejudice against black coming in contact with the skin. It is, however, much affected by a certain class of people who are always straining after effect and aiming to do something bizarre. It cannot be denied that the soft dead black of the fabric and its trimming of chantilly lace is striking in juxtaposition with the flesh, imparting to it the dazzling purity of Carrara marble. Black underwear, however, is only pardonable on voyage, as it necessitates fewer changes and is extremely convenient.

The most artistic thing is to choose silk underwear as nearly assimilating to the pink of the flesh as practicable, thus avoiding all patchiness of effect.

Everything worn beneath the dress should be as compact as possible, the undergarments fitting the figure like a glove; this can be managed by goring the material in



such a manner that it follows the contour of the figure, and is yet easy and comfortable.

The baby-waist chemise is one of the daintiest of garments, the fullness being so slight as to be in no wise detrimental even to a figure inclined to embonpoint; the waist is slightly full and merely provided with shoulder straps, the bodice being trimmed with narrow lace, or in some instances, a deep fall of lace; the waist is defined by a broad Valenciennes inserting,

alternating with beading through which is run baby-ribbon, and which can be drawn up to adjust it to the figure; the skirt reaches to the ankles, and has several rows of inserting and a deep flounce of lace. This is an exceedingly dainty garment, and has almost the appearance of a short-waisted Requin gown.

For people of slender means, pongee affords an excellent substitute for silk, and the ecru coloring is not as a rule unbecoming, softened as it may be with ruffles of lace or colored embroidery.

French batiste, which is sheer and fine, possesses the inestimable quality of bearing the crucial test of the laundry; it is even more desirable for summer wear than silk, being extremely thin, agreeable to the touch, pleasing to the eye, and reasonable in cost, attributes which will commend themselves to economically minded women.

Dotted French nainsook is extremely popular for undergarments, entire sets being made of it. It is usually scalloped in the same color and tied with small ribbon bows.

Silk retiring robes (this is the aesthetic term) are gotten up in very elaborate fashion, so much so that a woman with a frugal mind might be in imminent danger of remaining awake all night in order to avoid musing the numberless frills and turlowies with which her nocturnal garment is adorned. These dressy affairs frequently do duty as morning robes, gowns of silk merely feather stitched being donned at night. The cheese-cloth night-dress is the outcome of the aesthetic craze, and is really a most delightful and artistic garment. It can be made at a very slight expense and in any desirable color.

A leader of the latest school of aesthetes says, that she merely takes several straight breadths of material, sews them together and shapes the shoulders slightly; from shoulder to waist she leaves a slit, into which the sleeves, which consist merely of the width of the cloth are sewn, and they are gathered into a band at the waist; the fullest front and back is held into a straight neck band, and the garment is deeply hemmed at the foot; it hangs in long picturesque folds which suggest the plastic lines in the drapery of a Grecian statue.

There is another delightful thing about these gowns; they do not require the services of a skilled laundress, and need only to be washed but not ironed. When nearly dry they are run through the hands again and again, until they almost look as if they had been accordeon-pleated. Lace is severely abjured, as that would be too *fin du siècle*, and not according to the canons of antique art. It is a comfort to know that one can carry the Greek goddess idea even to bed, and in case of a fire a Pallas or Psyche flying from the flames in plastic raiment would be much more poetic than a ghostly figure flitting about in a stiffly starched Mother Hubbard with a Gladstone collar and unartistic cuffs.

The *sant de lit* is eminently a French idea, intended to slip on when you first get out of bed. To this end it is extremely loose, open down the front, and with large sleeves. It is fastened with but one button at the throat.

Corsets, which in the time of our grandmothers were ungainly affairs, made of some coarse heavy material, with steels as stiff as knife blades, are now extremely elegant affairs, almost too lovely to be concealed by the tailor-made waist, which is not nearly as ornamental. The corset, in spite of the reform waist and hygienic bodice, holds its own, its popularity being evidenced by the superior fit and quality of the material from which it is made. Some magnificent ones are made of superb damasse silk strewn with gold or silver flowers, but the favorite material is rich satin, either in black or paler tints to match the underwear. A charming example is a corset made of heavy black satin, lined with heliotrope faille and stitched with silk of the same color; around the top of the bust is an embroidered vine of heliotrope, and between the lining and the outside is a layer of delicately scented sachet powder, the scent pertaining to the same flower.

Few women really know how to put on a corset. Once fastened it should be pulled down so as to bring the waist line into position. Then it should be laced, not too tightly, but quite firmly, the strings being secured so that they will not slip; it should be laced so as to sustain the bust without in the least compressing it. A well-made corset should be like a well-made shoe, and should fit every portion of the figure without pressing it in any particular spot.

In gowns it is difficult to predict what will and what will not be worn, Dame Fashion being like most feminine things, renowned for her fickleness. The gown shown in the cut will be one of the favorite spring models and is stylish made up in the light weight woollens which are so universally worn.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

## Not Too Late for the Postscript.

Wife—Did you post that letter I gave you?

Husband—Certainly.

Wife—I wish you hadn't. There is something I wish to add to it.

Husband (producing letter)—Why didn't you say so before? Here it is.—*Brooklyn Life*.

## Back From Town.

Old friends allus is the best, Halest-like and heartiest; Known us first and don't allow We're so blame much better now! They was standin' at the bars When we grabbed "the kivered kyars" And lit out ter town to make Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went Into beat "The Settlement," And the friends 'at we'd make there Would beat any *anywhere*! And they do—for that's their biz; They beat all the friends they is— 'Cept the real old friends like you, 'At staid at home, like I a ort to!

W'y, of all the good things yit I ain't shet of, is to quit *Business*, and git back to sheer These old comforts wai in here— These old friends, and these old hands 'At a feller understands; These old Winter nights, and old Young folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times'll Come Ag'in No More!" and neighbors all jine in; Here's a feller come from town Wants that air old fiddle down From the climby! Git the floor Cleared fer one cotillion more! 'Tis pake the kitchen fire, says he, And shake a friendly leg with me! —James Whitcomb Riley in *Century Bric-a-Brac*.

Has your Subscription expired? Read the notice at the head of the Editorial column. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.

## GAY CARRIE CARELESS

Tells About the Doctors and the Ladies' Athletic Club.

New York Women have Taken Leave of Their Senses—Society's Upper Tendon off Guard—Vain Women who Move Heaven, Earth and the Camera to Gain Admiration.



DOCTORS' Day at the Ladies' Athletic club is always a trying time for the pretty athletes, for they feel embarrassed past all finding out. And why shouldn't they? Clad only in knee breeches, skirt likewise to the knee and blouse waists, low-

necked and sleeveless, they run, jump, kick, swing clubs and pose before a class of grave and dignified men, with whom is always associated ideas of pain, physic and penance.

"Dr. A. was there," said one of the girls, speaking afterwards of the occasion, "and, though I just love him and fret myself sick when he goes to Europe, I couldn't, I really couldn't, help putting out my tongue just a little way as I passed him. You know he always asks me to show him my tongue and it didn't seem good form not to do so."

At the last doctors' day, all the doctors were enthusiastic in their praises of the athletic work done by the girls, predicting beautiful physical results when the carelessness of girlhood shall have deepened into the shades and cares of maturity. The club swinging showed a timidity and the arm movements were not altogether graceful. But the kicking was fine. We women are renowned for our kicking propensities.

New York women have taken leave of their senses, their traditions, and their Americanism this winter. The French ball began it. A few men, half in sport, half in bravado, agreed to their tender little better halves to see the awful doings at this ball. Boxes were secured for these high-bred ladies, and in them they sat en-



A PHOTOGRAPHIC POSE.

veloped in black dominoes, watching the fun all the night long.

Then came the Carmencita ball and all three hundred and ninety-nine out of the Four Hundred were there. Carmencita arrived at 10.30 and danced beautifully, and although her lace petticoats were so dirty as to offend fastidious eyes, the dirt, the promiscuous crowd, and the jamming and pushing of the diverse elements were all accepted in the best of spirits. It was so refreshing to be away from the trammel, the glare and the blarney of "society" for a whole evening.

It was interesting to note how Parisian we are becoming at these affairs. On the other side it is considered the correct thing for a gentleman to visit the society of friends in their box, and then, after he has chatted a few moments, to call upon a pretty little actress in the adjoining box. To reverse this order would be bad form. At all three of these balls precisely this method was carried out.

"How do you pronounce Carmencita?" was the agonizing query made to a young woman whose origin traced from the land of Carmencita's birth.

"It is Car-r-r-mencita," said she. "Not Carmentheta, nor Carmensheta, but Car-



AT THE ARION BALL.

r-r-mencita with the accent on the third syllable and the r rolled as long as your tongue will permit."

Otero is pronounced Otairo with the accent on the second syllable, and both o's long and open. Bernhart is pronounced Bairnhardt.

Amelie Rives Chanler, who electrified us with *The Quick or the Dead*, is still very ill in Paris. She has not been out of her apartments since October nor out of her bed since December. She worked desperately hard immediately after her marriage with Mr. Chanler in order to fulfill con-

tracts previously made. This was done at a time when she had not recovered from the nervous prostration to which the critics reduced her over her book. She is now a physical wreck, tormented by a boundless ambition and blooming talents that must be kept in darkness because the plant bearing them is too frail for publicity. Amelie's name is pronounced Amily—like Emily only with an A instead of an E.

New Yorkers move every year. They can't help it. It isn't because they don't pay their rent, for in that case they would move every month, but it is because they become possessed of a feverish restlessness that will not permit them to stay put. They must get in a newer quarter of the city. They can not rest unless they can find a flat electric lighted. They want a gas range and bath-tubs with thermometers in them. They want to move and move they must. With them moving is attended with none of the old time horrors, when carpets, pictures, bureau drawers and china closets were torn from their moorings and chaos reigned for a month before and after the exodus.

Moving is not done that way now-a-days. Not at all. When madame gets good and ready to move she notifies the Moving Bureau that on Wednesday, April the fifteenth, she wishes her goods and chattels removed from 110 Washington avenue to 9 Central Park Place, and that the said articles are valued at \$2,000.

On the appointed day the family breakfast as usual, let the fire go out in the fireplace and cook-stove, and, putting on all their jewelry, go out to luncheon. Then



IN MAGNIFICENT REPOSE.

they go to the matinee. Later they find their way to the new flat at 9 Central Park Place, to be greeted by the familiar lares and penates which have been transferred in their entirety to the new quarters.

Of course some rearrangement is necessary. Tides must be pinned on squarely instead of corner-wise, pictures must be hung by two wires instead of one, and the prayer rug must be placed in front of an east window instead of between the folding-doors. But these things are trifling. And madame and family go to bed with a rainbow in their souls, for all the moving has been accomplished successfully without work, worry or pneumonia. And all this for \$25.

It is difficult to believe that fair, high-born women can bring themselves to such a frame of mind as to be willing to pose for photographs which are to be put on sale in the photographer's window. There is no definite arrangement to this effect before the picture is taken, but in many cases madame knows and the artist knows that if a pretty picture can be obtained, there will be no objection made to showing it in the window. Then, if some passer-by, attracted by the gracefulness of the pose and the beauty of madame's fair face and shining neck, wishes to buy, it would be cruel and discourteous to refuse. So the public sale of photographs is conducted with open consent of the photographer and the tacit consent of madame.

It is a miracle that any husband, with just a little every day sense, even, will allow this. Fancy being the owner of a wife whose fair face and form greet you daily and tri-daily from a Broadway picture gallery! Fancy yourself stopping for a second to admire the beauty which is to you ever fresh and new, and hearing such remarks as these in the mouths of the *jenneseedores*, "Do you get on to this one in the corner?" "Jove, look at these eyes!" "Not half bad" (pronounced half bad.) "By devil, I'd like to be introduced to her!" "Hush h-h, that ead is her husband!"

A man who can hear such remarks and keep his coat on, and hold his tongue and his temper, must be full of the courage of his convictions. My hubby would order pistols and coffee for two. And he would kill me off-hand just to give him an appetite to tackle the other fellow.

CARRIE CARELESS.

## How She Conquered the Duke.

The death is announced of the Duchess of Malakoff. As a girl she was the intimate friend of the Empress Eugenie—in fact, the Empress and she were, as we recollect, near akin. Walking in the garden of the palace one day, who should heave in sight but Marshal Malakoff, notoriously the roughest and rudest man in all the French service.

"Ough! there is that bear again!" quoth the Empress, with a shudder of genuine horror; but her young companion said nothing.

The Marshal, approaching and bowing to the ladies, besought the younger one to honor him with the rose she had just plucked.

"Certainly, I will give it to you," answered the girl, sweetly; "but how can a rose please you, who live only for laurels?"

This answer completely staggered the Marshal; in another moment he was hopelessly and wildly in love with that girl, and it is to his credit that he prosecuted the campaign so diligently that a year later the beautiful young creature became his wife. Speaking of the episode in the garden, Malakoff used to say: "I thought, I was hard to conquer, but in that case, parbleu! I surrendered at the very first fire!" —*Chicago News*.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is on the flood tide of popularity, which position it has reached by its own intrinsic, undoubted merit.