

# THE SPRING OPENINGS.

WHERE EASTER FROCKS AND GAUZY BONNETS BLOOM.

Bernhardt Inspects New York Millinery—Women Flock like Blackbirds and Chatter as Busily—Gowns Just Across the Atlantic for Bright Eyes to Gaze On.

NEW YORK, March 13.—I have often wondered what is the subtle tie that links the pansy and the spring opening. I do not know that I have been to an important opening in years when somewhere about the establishment there were not pansies. The grave, beautiful flowers spread their velvety petals in round beds in the stone pavement right in the shop doorway, or they gaze about with quiet disapproval



THE LADY OF THE FLOWER.

from vases in store corridors or balconies. We wear valley lilies when we shop on ordinary occasions, but when we go to an opening we are sure by a certain instinct to put on pansies. The flower that's for thought seems not to belong of right with the Easter bonnet, and yet, and yet, the Easter openings have set me thinking.

I think the world is very busy turning out beautiful things. There is such softness and delicacy of fabric, such boldness and yet such perfect command of coloring, that I walk up and down as if I had a wishing cap to make myself invisible and smile to see pretty women trying on pretty things.

I stood about this morning gazing at a slim blonde in black until I am afraid I was suspected of being a shoplifter. The blonde had two hats between which she was trying to decide. One was a flat shape of a lace-like open straw, in black; it came forward over her eyes, and had a fluted, shell-like brim. Standing loops of black velvet ribbon rose above it, and tied in with the loops was a long stalk of purple fleur-de-lis. The other was a dainty toque in black lace, over which quivered and balanced gold dragon flies. Each had its turn upon her head, and then two and three turns. With the fleur-de-lis she was quietly aristocratic; with the dragon flies, herself a gauzy-winged butterfly. Her hesitation was protracted. She ordered the purple, and I wished she had taken the gold. Then she changed her order, and I began to think how well she would have looked in the purple. Finally she bought them both, and I walked away with mind at ease.

An unexpected visitor at one of this week's openings was Bernhardt. The French actress came in unattended. Few recognized her and she walked about quietly making her observations. She



ARRAYED FOR CONQUEST.

wore a long, straight frock in stripes of soft brown and gray that lay a few inches on the floor. The skirt and the bottom of the buttoned coat were cut in battlements. Her bonnet was brown with a little gray plume. In her hand and not pinned to her frock she carried a bunch of clear yellow tulips. At her throat was a topaz.

At first she circled the room rapidly. Then she paused and I looked to see what had attracted her attention. She was standing over what her quick eyes had detected as the most notable bonnet on exhibition. It was a cap of gold lace to fit closely to the head like the one worn by Mrs. Edmund Russell. The edge of it was bound in velvet of the clear, pale yellow of the evening primrose. In front was a dusky moth, head downward, antennae about to mingle with the hair. The moth's eyes were strange bluish-gold jewels. Its wings of black lace flapped weirdly, overshadowing the little cap on either

side. They shone with bluish gold scintillations.

"Do you like it?" I ventured to ask Bernhardt.

"Yes, Mees," she answered; "I like yes, I like zose bonnet vaire much."

Bernhardt's English is fluent enough, but very broken.

Looking closely for you at the spring frocks, it appears to me that they accentuate all the tendencies of the late winter. They have the same dip at the back, and they are trimmed with rows of narrow ruffles, ruches or lace flounces. Fashion has arrived at the point where she is very weary of large plain surfaces, and so she introduces by little and little more and more draperies and skirt trimmings. Hip draperies are very odd and worthy of much study. When they do not appear the skirt is sometimes cut so tight that it would seem impossible to take a step more than two inches long. It is hard work to find a bodice that is not made with a coat, and the coat varieties are endless.

Here is a frock that is thoroughly characteristic of the opening. The material is a soft, mushroom tinted cloth, grayer than suede. The skirt is draped on the hips to form paniers, and is hemmed with a deep band of green turned up on the outside. The pointed bodice is green and adorned with flower scrolls in hand wrought embroidery starting from the waist and curving boldly upward to inclose a plastron of mushroom tinted satin. The braided sleeves are green and the little capote that matches the dress has trimmings of jet and jonquils.

Here is a pretty frock that was bought by Lilian Russell. The pallid, grey-green of the water rush most nearly suggests its colors, or you will see the same on under side of silver maple leaves in a few weeks' time. The skirt sweeps the ground at the back and is trimmed with two rows of braid. The buttons in themselves are notable. Each is a disk of a smoky pearl painted with sprays of valley lilies. The smart jacket, with full, sewed-on basques, is trimmed to correspond with the draperies.

Two frocks have been finished this week, for lenten dances down at the Ponce de Leon. Both are exceptionally charming. One is a delicate silver-colored crepe de chine, with a delightfully original bodice gathered to the left side of the waist and caught with rose-colored ribbons. A rose spray in natural colored is embroidered along one edge of the bodice draperies, above which a scarf like yoke of lace finishes the corsage about the shoulders, lace epaulets depending over the short sleeves.



TWO LENTEN FROCKS.

With this toilet goes a long boa of large pale pink roses.

The second frock is a cameo-tinted crepe, figured with heliotrope blossoms in clusters. About the throat is twisted a necklet of heliotrope flowers, and from this necklet ruches of heliotrope tinted gauze twined with the blossoms trail over the shoulders to the top of the low bodice draperies. A waist ruche of embroidered gauze is a pretty touch which make the toilet quite irresistible.

And what a buzz of interest runs about the city. From day to day fair women live from opening to opening. They rise to look on white lace over corn-color, and lie down to dream of magnolia white Indian silk, bordered with small and brilliant palms. Shoulder flounces of guipure mingle in their thoughts with "shirt suits" of nun's grey and peach color. This morning there was a mob of half a hundred about an exquisite little chalice frock of roses shading from sea shell pink to a deep daisy on a ground of pale primrose. They touched with their eyes the long pale pink velvet ribbons. They chattered over it like a flock of blackbirds. Pretty soon came a rosy little matron, who bought it and ordered it instantly taken off the form and withdrawn from the vulgar gaze.

Another gown that excited almost equal interest was of laurel pink veiling. The back of the skirt had a shawl drape, the right side plaited, the left slit half way up and laced across with inch wide ribbon ending in aigulettes; the front was braided in a deeper pink, the draperies drawn to one side and held by a satin bow. The pointed corsage and the sleeves were elaborately braided and the accompanying hat was of Leghorn faced with pink and trimmed with mountain laurel. Over the face was tied a Cleopatra veil.

Many of the spring wraps are wraps only in name. There are white lace mantellets on exhibition not much larger than a fair-sized collar. These are pointed in the back as they droop between the shoulders, and in front they have long ends that reach sometimes to the waist, really. An arched collar in black velvet, very open in front, makes a neat finish for a garment that is novel if not especially useful.

And now for a turban sent up to-day to the young daughter of Mrs. Whitney, and then I am done. It is a round shape with tan-colored straw crown and brim of black velvet. Just in the middle on top is a great butterfly with a jet body and wide spread wings of pinkish tan.

ELLEN OSBORN.

## The Best Result.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind; it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it?

# GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS HOW ONE MUST BE PERFUMED IF ONE WOULD BE ADMIRABLE.

Odors Vary in Fashion With the Changing Seasons—Why Should Mrs. Stanley be Disgruntled?—Gossip About People and Things.

If you are a true woman and are like all other true women, you adore men's adoration. You can't help it. It is as much a part of you as is the love of color, the liking for sweet sounds or the taste for sweets. You have no special rhyme nor reason for thus wanting to be liked, but it is as much a part of you as any other instinct that you own.

Let me tell you a little trick that all the



ALL SORTS OF SWEETNESS.

wily, little nineteenth century maidens are learning. It is this: Men are like dogs, they worship—they positively worship and bow down—before an incense of sweet odors. It has a fascination for them, subtle, unnamable half unconscious, yet alluring, powerful and mighty. There are a few people whose skins seem to exclude naturally this sweet savor, who are of themselves absolutely fragrant with as scented loveliness that fairly intoxicates. And for these gifted beings it remains only to complete the work that nature has begun by choosing a dainty perfume with which to impregnate the clothing.

The common run of every-day mortals can hope at best to be only fresh and clean smelling, unless they resort to artificial means to produce the exhalations that are so delicious and bewitching. The first step in the progress is marked when one learns to mix a quantity of some sweet scented water with the bath. Then comes the art of mingling the same perfume with the clothing and, finally, there is the knack of carrying lingering associations of it upon the person in such a manner that no one can detect the real from the artificial, nor satchet from natural freshness.

Just now sandal wood toilet water is the rave among those whose purse strings are not drawn too closely. The beautiful Duchess of Marlborough is said to have introduced the perfume to fashionable society early last fall; and now perfume makers have laid in a plentiful supply of the same. It is quite expensive, however, for a single bath in its scented depths, even though it be greatly diluted, costs the bather nigh unto \$3.



"IT WAS A LOVELY PARTY, BUT OH DEAR, I'M TIRED."

Odors change with the seasons. It is no longer the chic thing to have one particular perfume and to stick to it, or more properly speaking, to be stuck to by it. But it is rather the caper to allow one's perfume to change with the seasons. As the spring advances, lilac will be the odor most sought. Violet has been the rage. Soon lilac will be upon us. It is already wafted upon the air by early spring toilettes.

Then will come the roses and later the new mown hay. Then back we come to roses again, then violets and so on throughout the whole flower chain. The toilet waters may remain unchanged while all the flower extracts are having their day, for it has been discovered that the favorite waters such as sandal wood, violet and lilac mingle well with the heavier perfumes, acting as a fixative for them.

A very few fortunate society people are rejoicing in a perfume which cannot be duplicated unless one can capture a Stanley. This famous scent is called Lily-of-the-Nile, and it was brought to this country by Mrs. Stanley, who had the perfume

# The Neatest and Prettiest

for wear this sloppy, Spring weather, and they wear well, too. They're made to wear well as well as to sell well, and the reason they sell so fast is because their shape and style beats anything on the market. They're cheap, too. The STORM SLIPPER is the Rubber to buy and no other. Every Girl in the City, Ladies also, that want a pair of Storm Slippers, can get them at WATERBURY & RISINGS, King Street.

extracted from the natural lilies as plucked upon the borders of the Nile. As a mark of special favor, Mrs. Stanley has bestowed a bottle upon a favored mortal here and there. An enterprising fancy goods dealer has duplicated the perfume as nearly as may be, and has dipped sea weed into its depths until a grass was produced that was fragrant and very like the real Lily-of-the-Nile. The grass was then woven into mats and put on sale at a big price for laying into the bottoms of bureau drawers and trunks.

Ancient Mrs. Stanley, one cannot help feeling sorry that she should have been misunderstood by the American people and the American press. In an unfortunate newspaper interview, she is said to have expressed herself as disappointed at her reception into American society, and to disapprove of its ways. No sooner did the article appear in a New York paper than Mrs. Stanley indignantly wrote to another paper a card denying all such allegations. And so the matter hangs. Does or does not Mrs. Stanley approve of us? Is it yes or no?

Foreigners must come to a realizing sense of themselves and other things. They must know that when they go into a far country to write up with its peculiarities and mannerisms, or even if they visit it simply to view it and lecture to it, they invite, thereby, a return of these favors. And sometimes the return favor is an unpleasant one.

Edwin Arnold, whom everyone knows



THE DEAR BOY WILL WAIT THREE DAYS FOR MY REPLY.

by his "Light of Asia" and the "Light of the Word," has found Tokio too unpleasant for him by virtue of the meddlesome press of this country. He was accused in turn of having softening of the brain, of having taken unto himself a wife from Japonica and lastly of employing his son Edwin to write the poems that his Orientalized brain could no longer indite. And so, unable to stand the music of popular criticism, he has returned to England.

Very pretty costumes, rather nondescript in fashion, half girl, half man and half woman in selection are already being designed for the early spring tramps that are fashionable around New York. Very early of a morning one can see on the outskirts of the park, away from the gaze of many passers by, gay young girls in short skirts, boots, cap, blouse waist and paletot, putting in nice work by way of exercise upon the tramp. Over the arm, or strapped to the shoulder, is, more often than not, a storm coat to be worn in case of sudden shower. Not always do the fair damsels have escorts upon these constitutional. Frequently one may see a perfect stampede of girlish loveliness through rain, snow and sleet with never as much as a solitary man to act as rainbow.

Society people are still amusing themselves and each other playing at fancy dress games. They must don gay attire and appear to be that which they are not. In dainty gauze skirts looped high and a gauze paper bell upon her head, the blonde beauty fancies herself a snow drop and disports playfully, airily and fairly upon the elves with which she finds herself surrounded.

The Daughter of the Regiment is as old as the hills and is almost as great a favorite as they are. Any regiment may be chosen, our own true blue, the soft grey, or the flaming, daring costume of any regi-



"HAVE I KEPT YOU WAITING, DEAR?"

ment or troupe under the sun. The Royal Sussex is a favorite because it is becoming. The red and yellow makes ever such a pretty combination for either blonde or brunette.

It would seem as if all the literati of New York had chosen Sunday as a reception day. "Come and see me Sundays,"

runs the every-day invitation which one gets from the ever hospitable members of the press. "I can be at home Sunday if I can not upon any other day." Ella Wheeler Wilcox, dear to the hearts of all with a touch of sentiment within them, is always in artistic afternoon dress at her Fifty-eighth street home, Sundays, from 2 to 4 p. m. "Do come" is the invitation which the little woman writes upon her visiting cards to those so fortunate as to be desired by her.

Edith Sessions Tupper who has been of late the most extensively written up of any literary woman in New York city on account of her brave fight against false imprisonment, meets her friends at her own home of a Sunday afternoon, and charms them with her quick wit and ready repartee. Mrs. Tupper possesses one attribute, too often lacking in literary women, viz., the quality that permits her to see, recognize and admire all that is meritorious in others. She has a sympathy and a magnetism which attracts.

All society has resolved itself into a general organization for the promotion of the laying on of flattery, vulgarly known as taffy. So it would seem from all that we see and hear. If your friend whom you have always counted herself as heretofore with merely showing by her manner that she loves you, but she tells you so in so many words and piles on the agony until you writhe and glow with pleasure.

"You dear sweet, sweet girl," she murmurs, "how charming, how perfectly charming you are looking today. Your fresh color, your pretty eyes and that lovely costume caught my eyes before I realized that it was really you. Oh, you lovely, lovely thing."

You, being the "lovely thing" in question, respond suitably and gushingly and the world goes on.

Some very humble people are living in very nice style nowadays and will continue to live so until fall. They began to live thus at the beginning of lent and their joy will endure for about six months. How do they manage it? Just in this way. They hire a flat whose owners have gone to Europe for the summer and who are willing to rent their flat furnished for a nominal sum if they can be assured that the flat and its furniture will be well cared for during their absence. And so it happens that some very humble though very nice people, hearing of such an arrangement, offer their services as residents of the said flat for the season. They also express a willingness to pay a small sum per annum for the use of it.

And that is the solution of the question in Vanity Fair of how some people live so nicely on nothing a year.

CARRIE CARELESS.

## THE PENITENTIAL SEASON.

Gowns of Sarah Bernhardt—Hints of Coming Styles.

NEW YORK, March 11.—The season of penitence is at hand, the sorrowing days of Lent when one is supposed to atone for all the peccadilloes of the past year. The fashionable woman endeavors to go to church as becomingly arrayed as is con-



HER LAST ADORER.

her last adorer. The gown in the cut is simple enough to suit the taste of an an chorite, and is eminently adapted for prayerful contemplation, as it is not so elaborate that it makes one dream of the vanities of the world. As to the fit—it is perfection, but that is not a sin, and the long graceful lines follow the sinuosities of the figure, and almost conceal the dainty feet. The hat is perhaps a trifle coquettish, but what of that one must sacrifice some little corner to Satan.

And in spite of the anathemas of the church, one goes to the theatre, and one furtively studies Sarah the little limbed with one's tortoise shell lorgnette and wonders why she is such a seductive creature. Nature has endowed her with a warm sensuous charm and art has supplemented nature to some degree. Bernhardt has made a study of herself, and unlike most women has had the hardiness to invent her own styles, those best adapted to accentuate her willow charms.

Gowns with long, undulating lines and of colors so undefined that one can scarcely find a name for them; clinging fabrics that envelop the supple limbs like a mute caress; jewels that are mere adjuncts to the artistic costume, all tend to enhance the loveliness of the queen of tragedy and subordinate themselves to her uses.

Bernhardt's gowns that she dons in La Tosca are by no means so elaborate as those of Fanny Davenport, who blazes with jewels in the ball-room scene.

Bernhardt wears a robe of shimmering white satin embroidered in laurel wreaths in gold, one side disclosing a petticoat of creamy gauze bespangled with gilt. Her only jewels are a laurel spray in green enamel with diamond berries, which she wears on one side of her dress, a smaller one forming the head ornament. A Louis XV. love-knot encrusted with diamonds catches the other side of the gown.

Clinging fabrics of sad colors are most becoming to the queen of tragedy. Puce (or flea-color) so fashionable during the reign of Louis XVI, is a supreme favorite with Sarah, the somewhat dingy hue being relieved with delicate embroidery in faded tints, blues and greens.

A trained gown of French taffeta which she wears in the third act has pencil stripes of pink and green; a vine wrought in oriental tints is about the hem and waist, while the neck is finished with a deep ruffle of creamy lace.

These La Tosca gowns are correct in every detail, being reproductions of those in pictures of the directory period. Even the monstrous hat with its floating ribbons and its forest of nodding plumes is becomingly posed upon the fluff of that wonderful hair of tawny gold which, like a shining aureole encircles the cream-tinted low Greek forehead.

One of Sarah's toilette de ville pays tribute to the Tartan plaid mania. It is of ocean-blue velvet barred with red and yellow. It is in princess shape with full sleeves of blue ottoman silk and deep velvet cuffs. Her wrap is a superb one of Russian sable.

In the privacy of her apartment she gowns herself in long clinging robes of her favorite crepe de chine or of soft India silk or crepon. The Greek style suits her admirably, the contour of her lithe limbs being visible beneath.

Madame Bernhardt disdains the corset. Her underwear consists of a bodice decollete, of flesh-colored silk, just like that worn for evening, but quite guiltless of bones and laced up the back. There is not a vestige of trimming about the low-cut neck, and she wears nothing either beneath or above it; a short petticoat of India silk appears beneath the dress.

An outcome of the Cleopatra season is the asp, in gold and jewels, or with overlapping enamelled scales which bends its gem-studded head over the white forehead of beauty. A few loose puffs of spiderweb chiffon is drawn between the coils of the golden serpent and perhaps a knot of flowers nods over the taint; this barbaric ornament is made to do duty as a bonnet. A jetted cobra trails its sparkling lengths over a crown of flame colored nett, a great knot of velvet being tied upon the tail and falling low upon the head.

Jeweled combs, daggers and sword-hilts are stuck in the back of the head, and on these rests the bonnet, the strings coming from the back having rather a tendency to make the poise uneasy, so that the pin becomes a necessity.

The back hair is sometimes imprisoned in a golden net-work which is fastened behind the hat, or three, jewelled velvet bands fall over the hair, filling up the unbecoming space between the head and the hat.

Many of the coming coats are not provided with button-holes, and in their places are loops of silk or woolen cord which fasten over bullet-shaped buttons of the material.

Great gilded or silvered hooks and eyes are used instead of clasps on some of the new long cloaks. Some of the handsome ones are jewel studded or are of faceted jet.

Hungarian cords, frogs and olives fasten many of the jackets and Louis XV. coats. Most of the dresses have some kind of finish about the foot, either a band of velvet or braiding, or a bias band of the material finished at the top with a fine silk cord or several overlapping folds.

Both side-pleated, box-pleated and gathered ruffles are fashionable, and are either bias or straight, machine hemmed or turned up on the right side and blind stitched.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.