

# CLAREMONT IN SPRING.

WHERE TREES ARE RUDDING AND FLOCKS ARE IN BLOOM

And Women Congregate to Drink Tea and Look at the Hudson and Display Elaborate Gowns—Some Trouseaux Toilets—The Onward March of Summer Fashions.

New York, April 20.—It is at Claremont that one has in April as good a chance as any to study New York's fashionable women. At the Claremont tea drinkings the first parasols come out and there is gayety of toilet to rival the dandelions. All the skirts sweep over the hillside and many of them are flounced to the knees. The coats open over marvellous bravery of waistcoats, and the hats blossom like flower gardens. Peacock and sapphire



HOUSE DRESS OF PINK PONGEE.

shades glance out from among salmon and pink, and there are quick passing flashes of dragon-fly and turquoise and peach-blow pink and sulphur and deep crimson and pale nut and delicate lavender.

Some of the women wear paniers, but not many. Some have waves of lace surging up about their throats and receding again almost to their feet in long ripples. A majority, perhaps, wear little bonnets that are nothing more than cunningly planted aigrettes, but a large minority wear hats with the brims turned up grotesquely at back and trimmed with morning glories or dahlias or sweet peas in a daring variety of colors.

That young woman in chamois and emerald green is one whose name you have seen among the list of dancers at every fashionable ball of the season. She is called one of the prettiest blondes of the city. Her face is turned from you, but not her bell skirt—curious skirts, aren't they, that go by that name—finished with a narrow puffing of green velvet with a border above it of chamois kid cut out in an open flower pattern and embroidered with gold tinsel.

Her Louis XV coat is of chamois color and has square flapped waist tails edged with embroidery in gold and green; it opens on a waistcoat that is almost covered with a network of gold threads, and the stalk of flowers in her hand is of yellow fleur-de-lis. Her hat—can you see?—is of Leghorn straw turned up behind and forward in a flap most curiously. It has a coronet of emerald beads under the brim about the hair and is trimmed with yellow fleur-de-lis and gold embroidered chiffon. The long strings that tie beneath her chin are of narrow green ribbon.

One might pick out a dozen hats that would be interesting. That young matron who is being chaffed, apparently, about the size and the weight of the bonbon box and the vinaigrette and the glove buttoner and the jeweled knife and the dozen and one other trinkets that hang from the bracelet at her wrist and jingle like a miniature Chinese band when she lifts her arm, is the belle of belles of the young married set, and her odd little plate bonnet of ecru crepe embroidered in tinsel and silk threads and edged with pearls is worth noting. It has a coronet of pearls under its brim, and the soft pale roses that finish it droop over the puffs of hair behind. A bow of



"A DRESS THAT SHOULD BE LOOKED AT."

pink ribbon stands above it, but a scrap of gauze half hides this as under a veil.

That is Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, whom people outside of New York have come to know better as Julien Gordon, who wears the bonnet of three bandeaux of cut jet or puffings of silver grey chiffon, with a grey ostrich aigrette and narrow grey velvet strings. What a lot of women there are out, and how they take to frills and flutings and puffings and cascades.

There's a dress yonder that should be looked at, just coming from the carriage. It is of lake-blue stuff that shimmers like silk and it seems to be box-plaited on each side. The plaits, if you may trust your eyes, are held in place by silver olives. Across the front of the skirt is a deep flounce of lace caught in the middle with a great rosette of blue ribbon and then loop-

ed up to the waist so as to drape the front panel. The jacket has plaited basques and short lace draperies beneath, making flat paniers; the front is cut away to show a lace bodice and three or more silver olives for originality of garniture. The little capote of lace and blue tips is jeweled with olives, and one can but wonder if the young woman may not have spent ten valuable years learning to like the article of diet, in celebration of her final reconciliation with which she goes about sporting it as her emblem.

She would have pretty toilets to look at before whose gaze should be spread the spring trousseaux. For Miss Elizabeth Thompson, who is to marry Harry Le Grand Cannon, many costumes are being prepared. One of the simplest and at the same time one of the most charming of those far enough advanced for description is a house dress of dull pink pongee, suiting her blonde beauty admirably. The princess overdress is gathered into a yoke at the throat under a flat collar of the same shade. The tablier front is draped as modestly as if it were a little girl's apron, and from under it peeps a petticoat of broche.

A second toilet, also for the house, is of pale heliotrope silk made a sweeping train which is fastened with pearl clasps upon either shoulder. The front is laid in Greek folds edged with a fluffy silk fringe. The sleeves are gathered full into the armholes and fall in long points to the hem of the robe.

At the spring dances one sees pink until it appears that the world is couleur de rose. Blondes wear pink and brunettes wear it, and as for that overwhelming majority who are neither blonde nor brunette but simple brown haired, rosy Americans, they wear pink and look their best in it as a rule. A dancing dress which is not for city wear is of ivory white bengaline with a faint pink flush of sunrise struggling over its lustrous surface and lighting with a peculiar radiance the dandelions in pale yellow and their jagged leaves with which it is strewn. A dinner dress of peach-blow regence silk has a front of heavy pink brocade with a design of peach blossoms in silver. The low cut bodice is finished with folds of chiffon, and these are festooned with ropes of pearls.

The combination of blue and pink is seen every day. An afternoon dress of pale pink cloth is cut with a Louis XIV. coat, opening on a dress front of pale blue silk, covered with a trelis work of fine cut silver braids. Paniers are seen oftener on India silks and on satens and zephyrs than on heavier and more dignified materials. Many summer dresses are being made on the sensible plan of having two bodies for different summer temperatures.



A light woollen skirt, for example, will have a coat bodice with basque flaps braided smartly with tinsel, and will also have a blouse with surah or wash silk exactly matching it in tone, and provided, very possibly, for neatness of finish, with a short pointed peasant girdle. Taffetas, of which for a long time only petticoats have been fashioned, are being used to some extent this summer for afternoon toilets and tea gowns.

## Some Rothschild Maxims.

The following is a copy of the alphabetical list of maxims framed and hung in Rothschild's bank. Baron Rothschild used to recommend these rules to young men who wished to "get on" and achieve success in life:

- A. Attend carefully to details of your business.
- B. Be prompt in all things.
- C. Consider well, then decide positively.
- D. Be to do right, fear to do wrong.
- E. Endure trials patiently.
- F. Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
- G. Do not into the society of the vicious.
- H. If integrity sacred.
- I. Injure not another's reputation in business.
- J. Join hands only with the virtuous.
- K. Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
- L. Lie not for any consideration.
- M. Make few acquaintances.
- N. Never try to appear what you are not.
- O. Observe good manners.
- P. Pay your debts promptly.
- Q. Question not the veracity of a friend.
- R. Respect the counsel of your parents.
- S. Sacrifice money rather than principle.
- T. Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
- U. Use your leisure time for improvement.
- V. Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
- W. Watch carefully over your passions.
- X. Tend to every one a kindly salutation.
- Y. Yield not to discouragement.
- Z. Zealously labor for the right.

## The Giant of the German Army.

Until quite lately Captain Pluskow of the first regiment of Guards had been considered the biggest man in the German army. He measured over 80 inches in height. But a short time since a young Rhinelander joined the first regiment of Foot Guards as a "one year volunteer," who attains the colossal height of over seven feet four and a half inches. Since 1850 the first regiment of Guards has not had so tall a man. At that time they had a man who was so tall that everything, even his bedstead, had to be made specially for him. His accoutrements are preserved still among the curios of the regiment.—London Tid Bits.

## Look Like New.

I suppose you will invest in lace curtains this spring, that is if you can afford it. But did you ever think how nice the old ones could be made to look if they were only cleansed properly. Why they would look like new if you sent them to Ungar's and had the job done right. You just attend to this little matter. If you let Ungar do them, you won't need new ones.—A.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

# GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS A STORY ABOUT THE SOCIETY LEADER.

How Women Get Their Rights—Girls Who Get Their Pictures Taken as Nuns—What the Most High-Priced Singer in New York Wears—How to Be Photographed.

Ward McAllister tells funny stories of his youthful days when he was living with his aunts, the Misses Mayfair, and was ardently hoping, trusting and praying that time in her flight would wing to him the fortune which laid stored in the purses of the old ladies. They were exceedingly penurious. That was a point in his favor. They would not be apt to squander their pelf. They did not altogether approve of young Ward's lavishness, and did not hesi-



A NEW POSE.

tate to tell him so. That was a point against him. Could they bring themselves to a frame of mind which would permit them to lawfully will their cherished horde to a young man who would spendthrift it away upon riotous living? History tells us that they could not and did not. Ward McAllister tells now with glee how he managed in those days and what frugality he saw practised. For \$5 a week he secured a room and breakfast at the Morton house. His lunches he foraged for and found them uncertain. Each night he dined out. Thus managed the leader of the 400 during his said days when salad was less plentiful than it might have been.

During a period of social depression, which meant an evening when he was not invited out, he dined with the Misses Mayfair, and secured as good a meal as the friendly butler could scrape from the frugal table.

"Now, James, you must make one bottle of champagne go around at dinner to-night," the elder Miss Mayfair would say to her butler when preparing for a state dinner.

"But, Miss Mary, how can I?" the butler would reply.

"It is very easy, James, very easy indeed. Hold the bottle high, pour slowly and pass on quickly."

And so the Mayfair feasts were conducted. For \$250 a month the old ladies would hire a carriage to stand in front of the door and give an air of gentility and elegance to the house. By way of utilizing the carriage and saving car fare, they would drive down to Washington market on a morning and bring back one quart of potatoes and a pound of beefsteak. Was it any wonder that young Ward found it impossible to endure this state of affairs until the coming of a fortune? He failed to endure and the fortune failed to arrive, but in the language of the street, he got there just the same, and has secured the leadership of the Four Hundred.

Miss Frelinghuysen, daughter of the late secretary, is in New York, greatly interested in all doings, educational and religious. She has the kindergarten fever and visits the little tots often to listen to their object lessons and to encourage them with her sweet smile. She is a tall, slender girl, dressed in half mourning. This spring she has put on purple. She is a brunette of the Spanish type, with beautiful eyes, clear



THE SOLOIST OF THE EVENING.

cut features and a fascinating smile. She is stylish and suggests the grande dame even while she resembles the fashionable New Yorker. At church observances she is devout, and never an appeal for sweet charity's sake is turned from her unanswered.

Since the young woman of the day decided that she could live, move and have a good time without a man always dangling after her, she has acted like another creature. A new style of woman has been developed. There is now an independent, well poised, clear-headed woman instead of the lackadaisical, leaning, dependent creature of yore. The girls quite enjoy this new found independence, and they tell funny little stories of how they manage to look out for themselves. One pretty girl says that she has a

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short pointed parasol—one of the new kind with a Royal Worcester handle—and that she always takes this with her in a crowd or upon a crowded thoroughfare. Armed with such a weapon she feels that she need not plead with men for woman's rights, for she can secure for herself all that she wants.

The most popular woman in New York is Mrs. Ernestine Schaffner. Yet she is popular in a way undreamed of by those outside of her world. Her world does not stand high in the social status. It is not a gay world and it is not a bad world. On the contrary, her world is a very good one, and it is to establish this fact in the minds of people, and in the courts of justice that Mrs. Schaffner is devoting her life.

Of her own free will, unpaid by any one, she gives her time and her fortune, her temper and her health to the vindication of those whom she believes to be falsely imprisoned and unjustly accused of wrongdoings. Six years ago she helped a little lad who was arrested for stealing money to buy food. When she got him free she helped him to travel to his friends and there gave him sufficient substantial aid to enable him to start upon a life of honesty and industry. Long since she has abandoned the practice of helping real criminals—people who actually commit crime—and devotes herself to freeing those who are hemmed in by circumstantial evidence.

She is a medium sized woman with a kind face, pretty interesting ways, a sympathetic voice and a dear sweet way of holding one's hand and asking all about it. She has an office in the Pulitzer building and there she goes regularly to listen to tales of woe and to confer with the lawyers who are busy getting her "children" out of prison. She is a rich woman with many



HOLDING HER OWN.

relatives and friends, yet she has forsaken them all for the common weal of humanity. Many have been offended by her because of her neglect of them and social duties and because they no longer find a place in her life, and even her nearest and dearest relatives—her husband and her children—have permitted the veil of silence to fall between them and this noble woman who believes that she has a mission to fulfill and who has the courage of her convictions to enable her to carry it out.

"I had trouble with my lawyer," she said to me sadly, "but it was not my fault." She added naively, "he was a bad man—a very bad man."

Singers are wearing as little as possible when they appear as soloists. The popular Clementine De Vere, soprano in Dr. Paxton's church, and concert singer, sang at Theodore Thomas' concert Sunday night in a gown cut extremely de-collete both front and back. The back was pointed more than half way to the waist and the front was low enough to reveal a lovely vision of the wearers exquisite neck and bosom. Miss De Vere has red gold hair and lovely eyes. Off the stage she is pretty and vivacious. Upon the stage she is unassuming and dignified. It will be remembered that she is the highest paid church singer in the world getting \$500 each Sunday that she sings.

Getting one's self photographed in divers shapes, attitudes and costumes is one of the fashions which is now raging among the young women in town. They must obtain likenesses of themselves in every attitude which the charms of their gracefulness permits them to assume. Backs and arms, heads and necks, busts and shoulders have been so vividly reproduced and so fully shown in the show windows that the passer by has been led to wonder if one of the nineteenth century accomplishments consists in being able to identify various parts of the anatomy other than the face.

In the recognition of the fact that it is the caper now to be innocent and demure in manner, a few of the slyest of the little cheats of girls have gone way to the other extreme of photographic possibilities and are having themselves "taken" in nun's attire. Over the forehead is banded a strip of white muslin, smooth, fair and pure to look upon. Over this goes the black cloth head-gear of the nun. And the nun's veiling is properly and orthodoxly draped about the head and neck. Then the girl is ready to be photographed as a picture of womanly purity, love and trustfulness.

These pictures are not always a success, pretty as the description may seem, because, more often than not, the young woman is unable to assume the devout ex-

pression of face which the picture calls for. She should be all, absolutely, entirely and sacredly consecrated to all pure things and her face should seem to say that she has renounced the theater, the gowns and the dance. The look is hard to get. It requires an actress to conquer it. Maud Branscombe, the most photographed woman in the world, has it to perfection. But our dear little chappy girl hasn't. A sweet little miss sat at a Broadway photographer's last week for a nun picture, but the dear little thing could not look devout and consecrated. She tried it, but ended by looking "pleasant" and so queered the whole affair.

CARRIE CARELESS.

## APRIL FANCIES.

### Gold Galore and High Art Tea Gowns.

The spring is upon us. Women are no longer "in verdure clad," for the fashion of "the wearing of the green" is decidedly passe. Two seasons ago one could scarcely distinguish a woman a la mode from the greenery in the park, excepting for her perambulatory propensities.

At the present time the various and lovely tints of heliotrope seem to predo-



minate, with also a decided reaction in favor of blue, which has been somewhat "out" until lately. The brunette woman with a propensity toward being ultra fashionable, no matter at what cost to becomingness, is determined to wear the violet and chardon hues which cast a still yellower tinge over her sallow complexion, causing her to appear homely. Now is the triumph of her blonde rival, who in mauve looks too sweet for anything and reminds one of nothing as much as a blanchet almond smothered in a conserve of violets.

Still more pronounced and trying is the combination of green and heliotrope so often seen in costumes and headgear. But how lovely the fair-haired beauty appears with a hat of rush-green chiffon, trimmed with sprays of purple lilacs, which bends lovingly above the fluff of her amber hair, her gown is of poetic lilac dashed with green, which causes one to dream of summer sunsets, amethystine clouds and beryl-tinted billows.

It must be conceded, even by the milliner eager to sell her wares, that the headgear of the present is not as a rule flattering to the average female; as if the shapes in themselves were not eccentric enough. Parisian modistes crumple bits of gauze in such an eccentric manner that they might as well be mistaken for decorative pieces of bric-a-brac as for any articles intended for personal adornment.

George the Third is the sponsor for one of the latest styles, which viewed from the front has somewhat the appearance of the old time English walking hat with rolled brim, only the back is also turned up. A striking example of this style is of black chip with a profusion of violets upon the crown. Some of the pliable braids are bent in the most extraordinary fashion, the brim being turned up in hollow scallop-shaped indentations, while the crown is encircled with a garland, or with softly twisted ribbon.

Airiness and lightness combined with extreme elegance and costliness is a distinctive feature of the hats and bonnets. They are generally of openwork straw, stiffened with crocheted threads or passementerie in scroll and leaf patterns; others are of jewelled net or some transparent material. The frames are usually of gold or silver wire or

of gilded buckram, which gleams through the cobweb texture of the bonnet, with extremely good effect. Strings are not as generally worn as they were last season, although a noticeable innovation is a pair of double strings in two shades or of contrasting colors, which are tied in a long loose knot, under the chin. Terry velvet which has a distinct cord, is the newest thing for strings and the soft yet heavy gros grain and satin duchesse ribbons.

The garniture is almost invariably massed at the back, the front being sparsely ornamented with a knot or two of velvet, an aigrette or a jewelled ornament. The gilded and jewelled bonnets are somewhat theatric in effect, withal handsome and becoming, lighting up sombre toilets of silk or nett with fine effect.

The reign of the tea gown is inaugurated, among the most effective being the awful house robes worn by Mrs. Edmund Russell and extensively copied by exclusive women of the swell set. The garrrets have been invaded and old dust-covered trunks ransacked for heirlooms in the shape of India shawls, the humbler Paisleys and the filmy chintilly points with which our mothers and grandmothers were wont to drape their shoulders on high days and holidays. The latter lend themselves admirably for the tabliers which are coming in again and combined with demi-flouncing make exceedingly rich toilettes for evening wear. One of Mrs. Russell's house robes is made of a cream tinted Paisley shawl with palm leaf border in delicate "blue-grays"; it is especially becoming and is made in simple fashion, the border forming the front, a length is caught upon each shoulder to give the modern high sleeve effect, the fulness falling away like an Arabian burnous and flowing in graceful folds down to the hem of the garment.

India shawls make superb house-gowns for occasions of high ceremony such as an elaborate luncheon or a swell tea. The rich coloring and lovely texture of these oriental fabrics fit in artistically with the old time furniture and subdued coloring of the draperies in vogue in houses fitted up with taste. With these classic gowns Mrs. Russell has set the fashion of wearing old miniature broaches, rare cameos, priceles intaglios, coral and the semi-precious gems such as the amethyst, the moonstone, the topaz, etc. She believes in the subordination of jewels to dress and teaches the relation of them to the entire costume, rather than as detached ornaments.

Many women have no idea of the fitness of things, the place, the occasion and whether to be worn by the day or night, should receive due consideration from the woman who wishes to choose her costume with discrimination. By the garish light of day, the gold so lavishly used upon everything has a stagey appearance, that is unless it is employed rather sparingly; due care should be observed in the selection of the garniture, and as to whether it is to be used on velvet, silk or wool. Many of our old time ideas in regard to the suitability of things have been upset by the introduction of gold and jewels upon wraps, gowns and bonnets destined for street wear, which ornamentation is certainly opposed to all the canons of good taste. Even upon tailor-made gowns, gold braid and embroidery intrude themselves, to say nothing of the assertive manner in which they are used for the decoration upon the light weight woollens and silken fabrics.

The age has a tendency toward undue extravagance; most people endeavor to keep up the semblance of wealth even at the expense of elegance, comfort and usefulness. The gold trimmings made of cheap material soon become tarnished with exposure to the air; and after losing their color they no longer contribute toward the beauty of a toilet. Japanese cord is warranted to withstand the attacks of time and it is certain that the oriental gold threads have higher claims to durability than even the French mi-fin, whose lasting qualities are so widely advertised. It is certainly a waste of time and money to purchase the rubbish sold so cheaply in the shops, and if a woman leans toward barbaric ornament, they should buy only the highest priced quality; better have a little of something good than a quantity of something meretricious that shows upon its face the baseness of its imitation.

The gown in the cut is of figured Parma violet wool made as princess and worn over a petticoat of paler faille, the draped bodice and sleeves being of the latter.

## A Short Talker.

Frederick William III. King of Prussia, and great-grandfather of the present Emperor, was extremely averse to long speeches, and talked, whenever it was possible, in infinitives only. While taking the waters of Teplitz he heard of a Hungarian magnate who never made long speeches. "Must be decent fellow. Like to know him," muttered the King, and when a day or two afterward the Hungarian met him on his walk the King stepped up to him, and the laconic following conversation took place: "Bathe?" "Take waters." "Soldier?" "Magnate." "Indeed?" "Policeman?" "King." "Congratulate." And they each went on their way well satisfied.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Assistant Editor—I have just thought of a great scheme. Great Editor—What is it? Assistant Editor—Railway accidents are becoming so frequent, I think it would be a good idea to have a reporter on each train that travels, so that we could have some one representing us at each accident. —Harper's Bazaar.