

GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TALKS OF THE FADS THAT KEEP THE GIRLS AWAKE IN LENT.

They Can't and They Won't be as Secluded as They Were a Year Ago—The Proper Order of the Day—What Madame Patti is up to Now.

Something had to be done to enliven the monotony of the Lenten season. The girls made up their minds to that a year ago, when forty consecutive mornings found them plodding to early prayers, forty consecutive afternoons saw them seated at Lenten lectures for women alone, and forty consecutive evenings beheld them first at



AT THE BALL.

vespers and then at even-prayer. For forty days and forty nights never so much of a sweet as a chocolate drop passed their lips, nor was a gay gown upon their backs, nor did even a little skip escape their feet.

This year they declared that they would reform. That they had committed the grievous sin of being righteous over much they all knew. And they agreed that such things must not be repeated. So this is the Lenten proper order for the day.

Morning—prayers as heretofore, a little shopping expedition—no money must be spent however, and not more than ten minutes can be spent in riotously gazing in any single window. Afternoon—a Browning or an Arnold or a Shakespeare reading in hall or parlor with a single glass of soda—not ice cream soda, of course—afterward. Vespers on the way home. A good dinner and dessert as usual. Evening—a quiet chat with Jack in the back parlor, or in the small, quietly furnished reception room. Some little piece of fancy work must be always in hand. This bit of industry should, preferably, take the form of a mite box with an embroidered cover for the stray bits of coin that are to form the Easter offering.

A few very worldly young women indulge in quiet little fancy dress parties, such as the young Princesses of Wales improvise for an evening's entertainment. Only solo dancing is done at these, for it is deemed too earthly and fleshly a thing to permit a masculine arm to encircle the waist. All kinds and conditions of pretty costumes are devised for the evening's frolic. An allegorical representation is a favorite form of entertainment. Or a certain well-known fable, such as "Dick Whittington and His Cat," "Simple Simon and the Pieman," or the Mother Goose rhymes, may be carried out in appropriate costume.

Quite frequently one finds among the lassies one who can dance cleverly, and who is willing to trip lightly for the benefit of the assembled group. Spanish fandango, Scottish reels and Irish jigs are sure to be favorites with every one.

Another Lenten diversion, less harmless than the simple little fancy dress parties, is the playing with human hearts, which amusement the young women of the season think is specially adapted to the quietness and monotony of the time.

"Why do you flirt so desperately with young Mr. Tenderheart?" was asked of a demure little miss with hair snugly banded about her head, and the quietest of churchly greys upon her *suelle* little figure.

"I am not flirting," said she, "not really flirting but I have to say pretty things to some one, or I shall get out of practice. I do not mean to tease him, but he worries me so that I am obliged to—sometimes. And, then, he is so unreasonable. For instance, he teased me last night into confessing that I loved him and today, what



A PLEASING UNCERTAINTY.

does the stupid fellow do, but come here with a ring, a great big double header, a diamond and a moonstone. I had forgotten all about last evening—and now he says I am cruel. Isn't he unreasonable?"

Let all the men take lessons from this little instance and believe nothing that they hear from the lips of the fair young devotees and but a grain of what they say in the shape of demureness in the matter of dress and manners. Let them appreciate the fact that it is lent and that the girls are saying pretty things merely as a safety-valve for the exuberance of the effervescence

that must find vent somewhere and somehow.

There is no limit to Madame Patti's expenditures upon her castle home at Craig-y-nos. Her latest scheme is to build a large theatre with an immense seating capacity. The theatre is in a wing recently added to the castle. When plays are brought out there, they are to be exquisitely staged and perfectly provided with all the little appointments which make a play a society success. Wilson Barrett's manager is now in Wales superintending the preparations of a new play called "Found" which is shortly to be brought out. Upon this occasion Craig-y-nos will be filled with Madam and Signor Nicolini's friends, numbering many members of royalty. These will occupy the boxes with which the theatre is generously provided. The orchestra and balconies will be given up to the neighboring people with whom Madame Patti is an immense favorite.

Last winter when Patti made up her mind that she would not sing to her New York audience, after every seat in the house and even every foot of standing room had been sold, the management went wild with grief and fury, offering limitless sums for a single trill. But the saucy little Diva was capricious and declared that neither money nor tears should prevail with her. This year she is pouring out her sweet voice upon the simple villagers without money and without price. "It is so much easier to sing for love than for money," she explains to all who marvel at her generosity and prodigality.

Weddings are more or less the same all the world over. That species of domestic taxation known as "the presents" works as surely in its demands upon the royal family as upon the humble waitress who must buy something for the cook who is about to wed the gardener. The young king of China was married the other day, and Her Majesty, the Queen of England, sent him a magnificent silver clock. History relates not whether the Queen lamented because an Indian shawl could not do royal duty upon this occasion. It only states that the clock was sent because the King of China had sent the Queen beautiful presents Jubilee time.



THE DAY AFTER THE BALL.

There is still another evidence that royalty is much like common folk in its fads and follies, likes and dislikes, loves and duties. "Carmen Sylva," the poet queen, has won for herself as many admirers among princes and princesses as an every day newspaper woman in New York city gains for herself among workers in her own craft and out of it. Everywhere "Carmen Sylva" goes, and when she stays at home she is lauded, praised and petted as the poet wonder of the age. The Sultan of Turkey grew madly enamored of her and ordered a superb edition of her poems which he reads and re-reads to his own royal fill.

"The day after the ball" is a day long to be remembered in the minds of New York men who have permitted themselves to be carried away by the enjoyments of the season to such an extent that they have been led to patronize the masquerades that have been so popular with all, both in high and low degree, this year of ninety-one. If



"O TAKE THE FLOWER, DEAR LOVE," SAID SHE.

the balls had broken up in due season, all would have been well, but they lingered on into the "wee sma" until broad daylight, leaving the merry-goers in a state of collapse rivalled only by the waiter, who contradicted John L. in a public restaurant one day last week.

"Oh, take this flower, dear love!" is one of the proper songs of the day, for the young miss who measures her affection by words, and bestows her favors like flowers upon the admirers who flock about her to do homage. At the afternoon tea, or the evening gathering, it is the pretty caper for the hostess to strew the piano and mantels with daffodils, crocus, lily-of-the-valley and violets. A single flower is given to each gentleman as he departs, and to each lady is presented a corsage bouquet. As a mark of special favor, it is permissible for a young woman to exchange a section of her posy for the blossom given the young man whom she deigns to favor. By this sign it is understood that the young woman considers the young man her friend and admirer, and hopes that her memory may linger with him after the scent of the flower has departed.

Oh, young men of the day! If there is one among you who is kind and honorable and true, who is loyal to his word, faithful to the memory of friends, regarding women as a sacred trust and not as lawful prey to his fascinations, if there be such a one, let him step forth that I may look upon you. May I, when I find you, give a gift into your keeping that shall typify that I have found a man with whom I would recommend all womenkind to enter into a sacred bond of friendship and love that may seem desirable to them? CARRIE CARELESS.

AS SPRING DRAWS NEAR

FLOWERS ARE ABLOOM ON BONNETS AND GAUZY PARASOLS.

Now are the Days When Women "Try On" at the Early Openings—Their Hearts go Out to Jackets With Sewed-on Basques and Edges of Gold Braid.

NEW YORK, Mar. 6.—When the sun smiles the air is full of the odor of violets. All the women wear them, and the flower boys—there are flower girls only at the dinner hour in the restaurants—sell them, purple and white, for 10 cents a nosegay. There are violets in the milliners' windows with very deep pink purple lilacs and golden dandelions.



EARLY SPRING JACKET.

Living violets are crushed against the glass while bright eyes study the violet crowned toques set out for the city's admiration. These sparkle with jet in one case out of every three. Jet balls are strung in fillets and three fillets make a hat with a bunch of violets and a standing bow of lace give some support to the illusion that the hat is covered.

Winglike leaves of jet clasp the head and fall in shell-shaped scallops in glittering brachy over the forehead. Black velvet ribbons loosely knot the leaves together and hold small yellow blossoms of the creeping cinquefoil.

Loosely woven straws of open mesh and lacelike patterns meet one's eye, and these are edged sometimes—so does fashion draw fashion in its train—with narrow straw ruches. Black straws come forward in three round curves over the brow; they turn up with a certain pertness behind. Gold colored straws lie flat and close to the brown curls they adorn.

A theatre turban of cloud-grey gauze is studded with turquoise beads. It has a puckered brim of blue ribbon and a bunch of blue tips behind.

A large hat of dark tan-colored straw has a brim that comes in a sharp point forward. Two bands of deep blue velvet ribbon are twisted around it, and it is wreathed with blue myrtle flowers.

A hat of black lace has a flaring ruche for a brim that is oddly stiffened. Dandelion flowers and blowways brighten it, and over these quiver gold and black butterflies.

A tall, pale girl with heavy twists of dull gold hair was "trying on" this morning before a mirror. The saleswoman brought her a small toque of yellow straw, flat and nearly round and overlaid with fronds of the maiden-hair fern, their brown stems tied together at the back with strings of narrow green velvet ribbon. She looked fresh from the woodland, virginal.

Then the salesgirl brought a flat hat of black net, with a thick wreath of yellow acacia blossoms as a bandeau below the brim, lifting the hat clear off the head audaciously. Long black streamers were to tie in front, and the girl looked as if she could flirt a bit, may be.

Then the salesgirl brought something in black lisse, small, compact, drawn on wires. Three half-inch ruffles of gold lace edged it and gave a peculiar flounced appearance. Three gold-colored pansies lazily spread their warm petals. The girl looked self-centered, serenely satisfied.



WRAP OF BLUE-GRAY CLOTH.

Last of all the salesgirl brought three concentric twists of crepe one gold, one cream and one black, each twist knotted in front in a wing-like, sentinel bow, standing pertly erect and the trio tied in the back with "blowaways" and black velvet ribbons. The girl looked "stylish"—I think I never was guilty of writing the word before—she ordered the hat sent home and

resumed her winter gear with deliberation and a smile.

The windows wherein are spread parasols look like the fairies' tented ground, the great domes rising like rainbow hued gossamers arching from clover heads to daisies. A young woman who likes to have early choice in such matters opened and closed with her kidded fingers half a dozen of these dainty pavilions and asked me which I preferred.

There was one in white lisse with a flower like frill of crepe gathered about at the top, the bunchy rosette where the stick issues from the canopy acting as stamens and pistils. The circle of the blossom's petals was embroidered with pink and blue forget-me-nots in most dainty, truthful colorings. A deep flounce of the same embroidered crepe hung low.

There was another with a great flower of exquisite Chantilly forming the whole upper part of the canopy. Each petal was smoothly spread, airily transparent and unlined. The flower merged itself in black gauze and the gauze again was flounced with Chantilly.

There was a third blossom in lace, the petals forming the entire spread of the canopy with little gores of gauze set between their scallops; these gores painted, some with pink blossoms and some with shepherds and shepherdesses in wattle costumes.

There were flame-colored parasols in net with great polka dot splashes, and parasols in riotously flowered silks thickly ruched at the edges, and parasols in black with a gold colored velvet ribbon running down each rib to tie in a bow at the bottom, and when I had looked at them all and admired and wondered, I doubted if I should be able to live up to any one of them.

The jackets are among the most notable things at the early openings. They take to basque skirts with most amiable unanimity, though the skirts on many models are a trifle shorter than was the case with the late winter designs. One in pale gray cloth has full plaited basques and an edging of fine gold cord which extends itself in front with loops to catch the globular pearl buttons. Gold tracery in lace patterns is wrought about the armholes, and when the fronts are thrown back they reveal a waistcoat of black silk with gold decorations.

Another jacket also in gray, has long basques thickly studded with faceted jet "cabochons." The same shining ornaments are dotted over collar and sleeves. The jacket fronts turn away in black silk revers.

A little wrap in blue gray cloth is an excellent illustration of the early spring tendencies. In shape it is loose and half hanging from a yoke and fixed at the waist by a belt beneath. It has ruched shoulder epaulettes, an edge of narrow black leather trimming and a liberal scattering of jet cabochons. To wear with it is a blue-gray straw turban with wing bows.

Some of the toilets have been interesting at the Lenten gatherings. One of yesterday's hostesses wore a shot blue silk, over which was draped a full skirt of Chantilly with a full but narrow ruffle at the bottom.

At the exhibition of the Woman's art club, the other day, I noticed in front of Mrs. Sewell's fine portrait of Dora Wheeler, a woman with short, thick, red curls. Her skin was delicate, but without color, and her eyes blue. She was not pretty, but she was tall and picturesque in her frock of ruddy fawn cloth, with ruddier silk plastron filling in the neck opening, and forming a deep flounce that fell from the knees plaited and chuddah.



THE DAINTEST OF NEW HATS.

ed to nearly half its width and then hanging loosely. The short train was hemmed on the edge with lace, and there was lace for a border to the basques that were plaited full and sewed on. More lace edged the bodice opening, formed high epaulettes on the shoulders, and trimmed the bottoms of the sleeves. She was a quaint figure in black and fawn, with her high arched lace fan and her bonnet of black lace with its upstanding starlike flowers.

There are pretty frocks in one of the plays now going forward. A toilet of the charming pink they call hollyhock is cut in a long, graceful princess shape with a slight train. In front it crosses from left to right and is edged from the neck down the front and about one side with jet embroidery simulating curled feathers. A large picturesquely bent black hat is worn with it, having a twist of hollyhock pink velvet under the brim and one large velvet hollyhock blossom sitting its pollen over the crown.

A negligee that, like Lilla Vane's tights, always gets applause, is of black bengaline, with open blouse bodice, showing glimpses of green satin. There are green sleeves, closely draped, and over these are long loose sleeves of black silk gauze. The skirt draperies suggest paniers, and there is a pointed waistband of black velvet studded with jet nails.

ELLEN OSBORN.

Black and White.

Poet (opening his mail)—"Great Scott! The *Squenchy* has refused my noble poem beginning 'Wild through the lonely chambers of my soul.' Poet's wife (opening her mail)—"Never mind, my dear; here's \$10 from the *Warmed Overland* for a trifle I sent it beginning: 'You bet your boots, old pard, that's so.'—*New Orleans Picayune*.

SOME BRIGHT NOVELTIES

THE VERY LATEST THINGS IN FASHION'S WORLD.

Told By One of "Progress" New York Fashion Correspondents For the Benefit of Mothers With Young Girls to Dress—What is Worn.

NEW YORK, March 4.—As the days grow longer there is a fore-shadowing of spring, and during the penitential season of Lent, when one is supposedly mortifying the flesh, careful mothers find leisure to attend to the wants of the little ones.

The spring fabrics are opened just after the holidays, so that the careful housewife may early make her selections. For the



coming days when the air grows balmy and the wintry gowns and wraps must be exchanged for lighter ones, there are a number of pretty conceits for clothing baby, his toddling brother and his twelve-year-old sister.

For half-grown girls there is nothing peculiarly distinctive, as they wear the tailor jackets and the big hats of eccentric shape and of scarcely less diminutive size than those of grown-up Maude, who has just made her debut in society.

Canvas cloth is a new weave of which is made the pretty and convenient reefer and the long ulsterette, which is just the thing for school, as it covers the worn dress which has seen service during the winter.

A charming coat of light checked camels-hair in Newmarket shape has big buttons of smoked pearl and an officer's cape thrown over the shoulder and held by a long twist buckle.

Another coat is of ocean-blue canvas-cloth edged with gilt braid and tied at the neck with a golden cord terminating in spikes.

The tan and beige colors predominate in cloaks and jackets and also the plain greys, natural homespuns and light-weight vicuna cloths, which are among the most favored materials and plain cloth, diagonal and chuddah.

The big button mania has also spread to young peoples jackets, and some of the pearl buttons are very ornate, being beautifully carved and necessarily expensive.

Velvet, ottoman and bengaline sleeves are used, and for children who are all elbows, it is a very economical fashion, as the worn sleeve can be replaced without the bother of getting an extra match.

For girls of twelve years old little else obtains but the full English skirts and the Gretchen waist. A pretty and not costly gown is of chaillie with a cream ground strewn with small scarlet wafer-spots; the round waist is shirred, and beneath is a guimpe of white silk; two flaps of the material come from beneath the arm and end in points which come together at the waist; they are barred with narrow red ribbon and tied with the same, the ends falling over the skirt. The full sleeves have deep cuffs trimmed with ribbon.

The little gowls of shepherd's plaid in the prevailing colors are very useful, and when stylishly made exceedingly smart and becoming.

Neatness and suitability are two of the factors to be observed in the dressing of children, and she is a wise mother who can preserve the means between furbelowed finery and unbecoming severity.

The fancy aprons are among the best things for brightening up a sombre toilet of the dirt-defying order, these short-sleeved low-necked garments imparting an air of freshness and daintiness to the child; many of them are high-necked and almost take the place of a dress.

An apron of black alapaca featherstitched in a color will be found just the thing for the school room, as it needs no laundering and is always ready for such an emergency as to cover grease spots, a torn width or a rubbed sleeve.

For wee tots the finest cloaks are of ottoman or bengaline silk made with the French back and the loose pleated or gathered front, the handsomest are silk-lined and have enormous pearl buttons and big full sleeves with velvet collars and cuffs; silver-grey, pale brown and Edison blue are among the preferred colors.

A charming garment for a brown-eyed two-year old baby is of delicate brown ottoman, the skirt set on to the waist in big box pleats, lined with pale blue silk, bordered with silver feather edge braid; these pleats are tacked down and form great loose rosettes which fall over the skirt.

Again, suitable for the child taking its first steps, are the little reefers in marine blue, tan and grey, with sailor collars, the whole edged with gilt cord.

The little jackets of silver-grey cordurette are new and very dressy. The bolero jacket, which is an old-time favorite, seems to retain its hold, many of the light-weight woollens showing this style.

The bias stripe is in no sense out, and the tartan plaid is always a popular style for little girls' dresses, as well as the kilts of boys up to ten years of age.

It is somewhat early to touch upon spring headgear, but the picturesque large hats, the leghorn flops and the sweet little sunbonnet of shirred mull will not be abandoned.

The close shapes are the best for babies in arms, the French cap being the accepted model; it is made of very fine needlework edged with real val and with perhaps a rosette of narrow baby ribbon in front and wider strings that tie beneath the chin.

Slippers and Oxford ties are often worn by children, but prudence suggests the high laced or buttoned shoe, which supports the ankle of the growing child which is apt to be displaced by the turning under of the foot so likely to happen, when the girl or boys foot is unsupported.

The unformed foot should never be too tightly compressed; a shoe that is too small does not eventually make the foot any smaller, and it is a well-known fact that the extremities in young people seem out of proportion to their size. Let the shoe fit every part of the body equally, for if it does not, a badly formed foot, with accompanying corns and bunions will inevitably result.

One often sees very small children in the room of a chiropodist, their little feet disfigured by the excrescences which seem out of place in childhood.

Again, but scant attention is paid to children's hands, hence ill-formed fingers, nails bitten down to the quick, and rough chapped hands. The mother or nurse should attend regularly to the children's nails, and about once a week it is a good idea to employ the services of a professional manicure who will come to the house for a small emolument.

The habit of giving babies and young children rings is an absurd one, as the ring soon becomes too tight and ruins the shape of the finger. A pin, bracelet or anything is better than a ring, which if it is loose enough the little one is sure to lose.

Juvenile jewelry, if worn at all, should be extremely simple, and all ornaments set with precious stones are in extremely bad taste. The foolish mothers who send their girls to schools loaded with trinkets display, to say the least, very questionable taste, and this custom is apt to foster vanity and a longing for meretricious display.

A little silver watch, which inculcates a habit of punctuality, a few silver bangles and a simple pin are all sufficient for the wants of the school-girl.

American mothers might learn a salutary lesson from the simplicity with which French and English children of noble parentage are costumed. The nursery of the Princess of Wales has none of the superb appointments of that of American nobility, but everything possible is done which conduces to the health, the simple pleasures and the moral growth of the embryo men and women.

COUNTESS ANNE DE MONTAIGU.

How Louisa Got Her Shoes.

The revival meeting at the First Methodist church yesterday afternoon was called a want meeting, and was conducted by Abe Mulkey. The preacher said in the course of his talk:

"My wife's shoes were worn out and she said: 'Abe, I ought to have some shoes; I am ashamed of my feet.' I answered: 'Louisa, you shall have them,' I hadn't a cent, but I crawled up in the stable loft and said, 'Oh, Lord, Louisa needs some shoes; please give them to her. Don't you know you said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and all things shall be added.' Now, Lord, we have sought; please give Louisa some shoes.'"

"I went out on the street and met Del Richardson and he said, 'Why, hello, Abe, I've got religion sixteen ounces to the pound.' And I said, 'Thank God, Del, I have got it thirty-six inches to the yard and 100 cents to the dollar.' He said, 'Abe, when you were in the grocery business I left owing you \$35.' I whispered, 'Thank God—shoes.' He continued, 'But I ain't got a cent.' I sorter swunk up. I said, 'Del, what have you got?' He said, 'A bully crop of wheat growing.' I asked, 'Will you give me a mortgage on that?' He said, 'I will.' We walked up to the lawyer's office and fixed up the papers. Then I stepped into C. D. Pickett's and said, 'C. D., what is that worth?' He answered, '100 cents on the dollar.' I said, 'Give me some shoes for Louisa.'—*Dallas News*.

Wanted to Be in Fashion.

An attempt to follow a fashion one halt understands generally results as disastrously as in the following story told of an English provincial mayor, or rather, of his wife. The local exhibition was opened by the queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. They both signed their names in the visitors' book. First came the queen, who signed "Victoria," then followed the princess, signing "Beatrice." Then came the mayor's wife who, seeing what her predecessors had done, wrote in flowing calligraphy "Jane." The good lady was nearly laughed out of her native town.—*Ex.*

A Hint to Modistes.

Young Wife—Just to think, Harry, dear, my new hat blew into the street today and was run over by three wagons, four carts and a cable car.

Harry—Humph! That means a new hat, of course.

Young Wife—It was rescued, and I took it to Mne. Wayuppe's, who was perfectly charmed. The wagons had mangled it into the most fashionable shape imaginable, and it is to be trimmed just as it is. You never saw anything so utterly fetching.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.