

CARRIE CARELESS TALK.

INITIATES THE GIRLS INTO THE MYSTERIES OF BACHELORHOOD.

A Peep Into a Den of Single Blessedness—The Lap Dog Craze—Carmencita Mad and Minnie Hawk in a Huff—Why Madame Sara Bernhardt Changed her Hotel.



ACHELORS have perfect times these nineteenth century days, when all the world of women, landlords and janitors are conspiring to make bachelor abodes the most charming and convenient spots on earth! Things are so arranged, now, that a man can have all—absolutely all—he desires furnished him in his own room in response to a touch of the bell, or a speech down the tube.



OUT FOR AN AIRING.

Let him, for example, take a suite in any of the newest bachelor apartment houses, and what does he get. Or, more conveniently speaking, what does he not get? For it is easier to mention the things omitted, than those which he has. An elevator conveys him to his door, a touch upon a button lights his rooms. His parlor is dusted into a state of apple pie order fit to delight the soul of any woman and to lull to repose the blasé breast of the most fastidious man. Chairs are all arranged as they should be—not as they were when dear Jack left them after the little game last night—cigar ashes are swept up and cigarette debris gone. All is spick, span and lovely.

In the sleeping room where Jack lays his tired form to rest, a peaceful neatness reigns. Brushes are put away, toilet articles nicely arranged, combs hidden, night shirt secreted and no trousers visible. All is as peaceful and orderly as if the Puritan maiden Priscilla had her abode there. A peculiar hush and lull and quietude reigns over this abode, for are not all things planned to best suit the occupant? And does he not ask for rest here? The bed is made into a state of rounded, springy softness, minus pillow shams to perplex the weary, and ruffled sheets to tickle one's chin at unexpected hours of the night. The comfortable is a light weight eider down affair, nicely tucked in at the foot and thrown backward over the footboard ready to be invited at a jerk's notice to come up and warm the bachelor limbs. A table stands near with a lamp upon it and the poor boy can cultivate his mind without causing his body the weariness of sitting up to read. On a hook near the head of the bed hangs an eider down bath robe, all striped in blue, pink and scarlet—just the thing to jump into for a trip to the porcelain tub which is awaiting the morning ablutions in the adjoining bath room. Here there is an abundance of great towels and plenty of good soaps and every accessory that petted bachelorhood can demand.

"How do you manage to wake up when your room is so absolutely comfortable?" was asked a gay young bachelor. "Do you not frequently oversleep the limits of business indulgence?"

"No, never," responded he gaily, "for this is the way I manage. The janitress



A FAIR VISITOR.

wakes me with that electric bell you see near the head of my bed. And I have given her the straight tip to ring until I answer. And, now comes in the funny part of it. She rings the electric bell from her own apartments and she keeps on ringing till I answer on the other bell. That, you see, is the foot of the bed, so that I have to get out of bed and walk over there to ring it. That gets me up and I don't go back again. That's a scheme is it not?

When the stormy winds do blow a man appears from some unknown region and

kindles a glowing fire upon the hearth in the parlor.

It is a pity that great artists in any profession should permit themselves to become the victim of every day passions such as rule the breast of ordinary mortals. One little expects to find that the fair, talented creature whom all the town flocks to see nightly is consumed by the same commonplace emotions that hold sway in one's own heart.

Yet there is Carmencita! The press lauds her to the skies and by the column as a wonderful danseuse and contortionist. Men sit nightly under a lot of bad jokes for the pleasure of being brought under the magical spell of a fling of her lace petticoats. She is advertised ad nauseam.



AT HOME.

Flowers fall at her feet—a bloom for each pirouette—and yet—and yet—and yet she is not happy. She does not feel restfully sure of her plaudits. And so jealous is she and so fearful that her popularity will wane that she becomes frantic if one encore is not deafening in its din.

A few nights ago she came almost angrily back to the first encore and spunkily refused a second with a flash of her black eyes and a hasty sentence or two in Spanish. And it was all because the audience permitted a few seconds to elapse ere they began their wearisome hand clapping, knowing it was promised that the beautiful Carmencita should reappear.

So great is now the passion for live stock as pets that hotel proprietors are being obliged to declare that none of the four-footed tribe shall be permitted within their walls. Last week when Minnie Hawk arrived at her hotel with her pet dog Flickey, notice was at once served on her that Flickey must go. It was in vain Minnie Hawk's husband, the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg, pleaded that Flickey weighed only 16 ounces and would make himself obnoxious in no way. The management was inexorable, arguing that if one dog was permitted to stay every woman in the building would own a dog in less than 24 hours, and also if size were taken as a criterion, a professional dog measurer would have to be added to the hotel force to decide which pups were and which were not eligible.



AFTER THE DRIVE.

Bernhardt, too, had trouble at her hotel, and partly on account of her pets, though in this case, they were of the finny tribe. Four snakes are the constant boudoir companions of Madame Bernhardt and the hotel people don't like it. The guests in the adjoining rooms were silly enough to feel nervous as they passed Bernhardt's open door and caught glimpses of the snake charmer toying with her pets. The young ladies in the house held their skirts a little higher as they passed through the corridors, and the duennas went into nervous chills at the mere mention of a snake-dorm under the same roof.

The hotel, however, threw open its portals wide, and thither Madame Sara went with her suite, including the snake family, the little dog Chonette and the big dog Myrtha. All were installed in the bridal suite, occupied last winter by the Patti-Nicolini family, and Madame Bernhardt was at restful liberty to do as she pleased with her own snakes and her own dogs. New pitchers and table service was at once bought for her use, likewise new nappies and bed linen.

Never were New Yorkers more delighted than with Bernhardt's La Tosca. She drove them wild with fear, delighted them with her coquettishness, and set them mad with her passion, all in one brief play. She is a siren of the wickedest sort and a witch of darkest ages when she sets out to be. She can make love more desperately and hold her own more fascinatingly than any one on earth. And yet she can play light comedy or do the dreadful stabbing act to the Queen's, or more properly speaking, to the President's, own taste.

She is plumper than she was, and there is consequently less sharpness in her face and more color in her skin. She appears less like a piece of animated mechanism and more like real flesh and blood. But, oh! she shames Davenport's La Tosca and puts it entirely to the blush. She is subtle, daring, womanly and grand. Davenport cannot be big, heavy and studied in comparison. Davenport may be likable, but Bernhardt is life itself.

Very nice people do very odd things at times, if the fact takes them. Lap dog parties are the delight of the nicest women of fashion during the Lenten season, when piety forbids out-and-out dissipation. The lap dog may be a new one which friends are invited to inspect as they drink tea, or the puppy may be an old family favorite in whose honor a party is given. Several at whose parties were made to have these parties bona fide dog parties, amateur bench shows, so to speak. But this was most unpopular

from the very beginning, for it was proven at one trial that so many petted and pampered darlings could not spend an afternoon in unity and peace with each other and with their mistresses. Little Skye Fido would snap at Mr. Spitz, while St. Charles Spaniel Lionel snarled at Sir Collie who, in turn growled ominously, as if about to put an end to the lives of half the pups present. Then, too, the presence of Miss Grayhound Cleo caused such a rivalry among the dogs that the meeting was prematurely adjourned.

Dog parties are popular, but only one dog figures at them. He is beautifully ribboned and scented; and, if his size will permit, he is passed around from lap to lap to be loved, petted, kissed and admired.

A certain society swell who was present at a lap dog party was heard to say:

"I'm glad I'm not a goose, and I don't want to be an ape, nor an ass, nor a chump, don't you know? But b' George, I'd like more than deuced well to be a puppy."

And all the fellows who heard him joined in the chorus of the college song: "So say we all of us." CARRY CARELESS.

HOW TO DRESS THE CHILDREN.

Points for Those Who Have Little Ones to Look After.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The fashion of dressing children who can scarcely toddle in cumbersome long-skirted gowns is even more to be deprecated than that of the trailing skirts so much in vogue amongst women who will be swelled at the expense of both comfort and cleanliness.

It would be absurdly funny, were there not an element of pathos about the little ones who promenade the fashionable thoroughfares vainly endeavoring to grasp their skirts in their chubby fingers in order to avoid stumbling over them. Like Dickens' Jenny Wren, these little innocents seem to be in imminent peril of growing weak in the back and crooked in the legs; the exertion consequent to the carrying of these long and heavy dresses is extremely bad for the tender bones and sinews which are not sufficiently developed to bear the unnatural strain.

The most noticeable incongruity is in the gowning of the very small children, the older ones wearing the more abbreviated petticoats, which are both sensible and becoming.

After the child has attained beyond the fifth year, her costume seems to be almost a reproduction in miniature of that of her mama. For an out-of-door wrap she dons a paletot, which completely covers her dress, in either golden brown, tan, blue or dark red cloth or camel's hair; some of them are turned back with revers of fur or have a braiding or an applique pattern down the front.

The reefer, with its brass buttons and trimmings of gold braid is the jauntiest thing worn by the half-grown girl; the favorite color seems to be the sailor blue, relieved sometimes by a gay scarlet collar and wide cuffs. The jackets are made of cloth, camel's hair or cheviot, and the handsomer ones are lined with plaided or striped satin or a plain color.

The colors and materials worn by half-grown girls are much the same as those affected by grown people, the darker shades of blue, red, and the whole range of tans being much in vogue. A stylish example of a gown worn by a Miss of twelve years is made of terra cotta serge with a full round skirt shirred on to the waist; the latter is of brocade striped in serpent green and paler terra cotta strewn with small boutonniere bouquets; there is a short Spanish jacket of the wool material with sleeves of the same slit half way down the back to show full under ones of brocade. A fringed sash of the wool encircles the waist.

A shirred zouave jacket is a novelty. This is fastened on each side of the bod-



ice which is laid in small pleats; they are allowed to flow when they reach the waist, falling in Fedora style over the belt.

Yoked bodices are among the prettiest of children's styles, the yokes being generally of velvet or in an all-over braiding or embroidery pattern.

A charming gown, brought from abroad by a youthful heiress is of Edison blue camel's hair; the waist is round, low-cut and shirred in curved lines on the shoulders, leaving a standing ruffle as a finish at the

top of each sleeve; below this is a puffed sleeve with a pointed cuff of velvet; a guimpe of white India silk fully shirred and with a Pompadour ruff at the neck appears beneath décolleté bodice.

For a small child a coat of ashes of roses surah with satin pea-spots is very stylish; it is box-pleated back and front and edged with heavy cord. The accompanying hat is of gray cloth with a baker's crown embroidered in silver, and about the edge is a ruffling of silk mixed with cream lace. The gown shown in cut is of green serge with trimmings and sleeves of astrachan; the hat is of green felt with a garniture of ribbon and ostrich tips.

Girls' shoes are made with low, flat heels and on a common sense last; the over gaiters are black or match the dress; they are much worn, and both warm and stylish.

Hand-knit skirts, haves the waist and skirt in one, and the less expensive woven ones are made in the same manner; they cling more closely than the ordinary flannel skirt and are much less apt to shrink in the wash.

Plaided hose are bought both in silk and wool to match the plaided dresses so universally worn. The stocking most generally liked is of fine cotton or wool in fast black.

Under-vests of a mixture of wool and silk are less liable to shrinkage than those of all wool; the silk ones are also worn by young girls, but not as commonly as the other kind.

For boys who have not yet attained to the dignity of trousers, there are kilts skirts of gay clan-tartan in dark plain cloths, or in the substantial corduroys which wear like iron; among the prettiest are those made with one deep flat box pleat in the centre of the skirt with small pearl buttons in groups of five on each side; the jacket is either of the Figaro or the square Eton shape, and generally of velvet; the shirt may be a ruffled one of fine linen, or of white or colored India; the sleeves are sometimes made quite short, the full shirt sleeves appearing beneath.

Sailor suits of blue flannel are always becoming to little boys, the seaman's cap with the name of some favorite yacht being worn with them.

I noticed the other day a great novelty in the way of a head covering for a small boy; it gave him almost the appearance of a diminutive man-at-arms of the 13th century; it was nearly identical with a military visor, and was of gold and scarlet brocade in a diapered pattern. It was adjusted closely to the head, neck and ears, leaving only the face visible; it was lined with quilted silk and was altogether a warm and very sensible head-covering for winter wear.

Another comfortable fashion for small boys are the leggings; they may be of cloth to match the suit, or of wash-leather or calf; those of oozie-kid or Russia tan are by far the most stylish, and are buttoned the entire length of the leg.

Sailor ties of white or colored silk, either plain or plaided, are the nicest for small boys; when they don the trousers they assume the Teck or Tuxedo scarf, which they claim as their prerogative.

The bath-sachet is usually thrown into baby's bath tub; it is compounded of bran, almond meal, castile soap and orris, and imparts a delicious perfume to the water, taking the place of soap.

Violet and rose sachet bags seem to be long to infancy, the sweet baby smell imparted by the delicate scent which is strewn among the baby clothes enclosed in hampers and bureau drawers.

In cases of India silk over perfumed cotton batting are made substantial by an interlining of cardboard; they are dainty little objects for presents, and contain the different sized pins necessary in the child's toilette; they are placed in the baby basket along with the other toilet necessities.

Toilet cases of scented silk hold the ivory-backed brush, the sponge, etc. For baby there is also the wicker wash-stand decorated in white and gold, and provided with a set of English china in blue, pink and lavender. These dainty little pieces of furniture may be also used in the furnishing of country houses.

For christening gifts silver is the usual offering. In lieu of the candle cup, which once was the invariable present from the god-parent, fashion has decreed the presentation of silver spoons; on the anniversary another spoon is sent, so that when the recipient has attained a round dozen years, he or she is in possession of just as many spoons. After the tea spoons have been exhausted, table spoons or forks may be given; if the girl remains unmarried beyond the usual marriageable period, such a custom might become quite a tax upon the god-papa and god-mama. As a boy is not supposed to have any use for such things, it is usual to present him with a gold coin on each anniversary with which to commence a bank account. The fashion is an excellent one, and will commend itself to common sense people.

COUNTRESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

The Joker Suffers by His Joking.

"Do you really think it injures a man to be known as a joker?"

"It would bring him to failure in this line of business," said the wholesale importer. "It would ruin him in our profession," said the heavy lawyer. "It would keep him out of our establishment," said the head of a shipping firm. "It would prevent him from getting any church," said the preacher. "It would destroy all faith in his practical ability," said the dry goods merchant. "It would not secure his appointment by the board of education as a teacher," said the pedagogue. "It would never do in our line," said the manager of a machine shop. "We could not give him any responsible position," said the banker. "We would not trust him here," said the chief engineer. "It would not cause him to be trusted by big operators," said a Wall street broker. "It would destroy his practice among patients," said the doctor. "We would be suspicious of his contracts," said the contractor. "He would not be likely to get promoted," said the policeman.

"Not if he was a real genuine original fresh joker," said the joke editor of a popular weekly. "He could not wear my uniform," said the naval commander, on his quarter deck. "It would ruin him for our service," said the undertaker.

"So everybody is against us," groaned the joker, after hearing these opinions, and yet I can get up a dime joke that would make some of them sick.—Ez.

Balmoral Hotel. See advt.

WARM WEATHER WEAR.

SPRING FASHIONS BRIGHTEN THE SHOP WINDOWS.

In Lent We Rest and Wield the Curling Tongue—What One Sees at Concerts, at Quiet Little Dinners and on the Side-walks—New Coiffures.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—In Lent we sleep late and rise to comb our hair. We comb it in many fashions as we sit about, those of us who are unhappy enough to have no more pressing occupation, yawning listlessly, pinning and unpinning many times. Now with languid interest we observe the



INDIA SILK AND CHALLIE.

effect of a new twist or turn or lovelock that seems to change the shape of the forehead, and now, in reverent worship of our sacred locks, we revive some old fashion.

I was watching this morning a girl with a long, rather pointed face that might catch some artist's vagrant fancy as lazily she parted the whole of her short, thick, dull brown hair in the middle and, not with woven paces, but with slowly waving hands, arranged it differently on the two sides.

One mass she combed down and back and twisted it, and at the nape of the neck she turned it under. The other she twisted up from back to front, and at the top of her head she coaxed into loose shapeliness three thick curls. She let a pointed lock fall curled over her left temple. Then she thrust in gold pins set with colored stones, and about her neck she tied a necklet of red poppies. She was slender and everywhere she showed angles, but she might have posed fantastically to Irving R. Wiles.

During the performance of the "Gottedammerung" the other evening my eyes wandered to a dimpled girl in pink, whose hair was very pretty. She had waved it loosely in front, or it had waved itself, for there is hair whose ripples are not artificial, as there is astrakhan cloth and real astrakhan. Then she had combed it up and twisted it on the top of her head into six or seven curls fastened with bits of gold hairpins. After this she had twined a wreath of roses, with stalks that looked as if they might be thorny, between the curls and the loose locks that shaded her forehead. She had a nosegay of the same roses at her bosom.

At a quiet little dinner one night—for though this is Lent, we are far from being, all of us, Episcopals—there was a youthful creature in pale yellow crepe, whose simple frock was cut square in front and edged about the bodice opening with a rosette trimming of narrow yellow ribbon. Every motion of her arms caused one to see her full sleeves of double tulle, and as she leaned across her partner to exchange mischievous glances with a pair of responsive eyes three or four plates away, one noted that her docile yellow brown hair was dressed low in the back, with falling curls escaping from the knot and soft waves concealing the ears at the sides. A yellow ribbon, like the bands crossing over the front and back of her bodice, bound the front locks fillet fashion, and above the



LENTEN COIFFURES.

forehead, perched a little to the left, was a great yellow rosette, like a huge daffodil.

Bernhardt makes a protegee of rather an interesting young girl who was in the actress' parlors this noon with her hair—Bernhardt's maid arranged it—in a long, low loop, that is popular, and, for young fashions, becoming. To accomplish this dressing, the hair is parted across the top of the head, the short hair being allowed to come forward, while the longer waved hair is combed back and braided, the back locks being plaited in when the front braid has been carried down to their level. The end of the braid is turned under and fastened, and for ornament one uses something of the deadly weapon variety. Bernhardt's little friend satisfied herself with a knife with a thin, sickle-shaped gold blade, but jagged things that suggest torture as well as killing are common.

This young girl sang the other night at an "evening." Her hair was not looped then, but was hidden under a longish veil of white chiffon caught with heavy gold pins tipped each with a cicada, the insect that in Greece and Egypt was long the type of eloquence and music, but that looks enough like a grasshopper to puzzle the outside barbarian who has not posted himself as to this, our latest Lenten bit of Oriental symbolism. "Is she a bride?" asked one ingenious youth who, even after explanation, could hardly feel that the gleaming chiffon folds had been explained.

Up and down through the shopping streets we surge, the February rains dripping from our umbrellas, our eyes turning

from sullen sky and watery pavement to the glorious June pictures in the windows where flowers blossom, ribbons flutter, and fair and dainty gingham and batistes seem to say, "The waters sparkle, the grass is green, and the earth warm, else why are we here; are not these things so?"

The spring batistes are filmy enough to make one think of Hamilton Gibson's paintings of morning gossamers overbuttercuped and cloverheaded. I saw one this morning in a delicious straw color, garlanded with dandelions. Another was in a pale blue, embroidered half way up the skirt, with the delicate pink and blue hepatica flowers I used to love when I was a country girl. There they lay in their dusky liver-shaped leaves as if to say, "Why have you deserted us all these long years?" Some of the airiest, most graceful patterns are of locust sprays in a clear pale yellow on creamy grounds. A combination that is new every morning and fresh when you turn your steps homeward past it every evening is a pink nall worked with meadow violets with their long, pale watery stems tottering under lush leaves. Many of the flower patterns have the effect of growing about the feet as if one trod on a blossoming path, others are disposed in festoons and garlands. The fragrant yellow honeysuckle is thus draped on a flesh-colored lawn, and wherever one turns one sees ropes of roses.

A fresh India silk costume, illustrating many of the peculiarities of the coming fashions, was tried on at one of the big establishments yesterday afternoon by a slim girl model who was whirled about without much consideration by the square-shouldered young aristocrat who proposed to disport herself in the peach-blossom raiment somewhere amid Florida orange groves. Large polka dots in a deeper pink were scattered over the fabric. The frock was made with a full bodice back and front, with bands of gold passementerie simulating a Roman bodice under the arms. Above this was a tucked and shirred yoke, with pert standing bows of pink ribbon on the shoulders. There was a belt of gold passementerie and a skirt



THEATRE CAPE OF VIOLET CLOTH.

with short panniers and passementerie laid on the left side. The sleeves were banded in close plaits or tucks from the elbows down; from the shoulders to the elbows they hung in loose puffs, finished with ribbon twists about the armholes. To complete the effect was a broad-brimmed hat of ecru straw with a fall of ecru lace and trimmings of roses and pink ribbon.

Another frock privately exhibited was a faintly pink challie figured with rose-hued rhododendrons. This had a long, narrow bodice, on the fifteenth century lines now so strongly accentuated, cut off just below the waist to allow the sewing on of jacket skirts of plain material. Two pink velvet buttons fastened this drape to the waist, and there were revers of the same unfurred stuff over a plaited yoke with lace jabot and velvet band. The high sleeves were banded with velvet, and the accompanying hat was a rough, cream-tinted straw with rhododendrons for garniture.

How they chatter French between the acts when they go to see Bernhardt. Everybody brings out ever phrase she can muster, if it is nothing more than "Pardonnez moi Monsieur." Everybody is occupied with getting her own little shots ready for delivery and nobody understands or pretends to understand her neighbor. It is much easier, as all the world knows, to talk French of Stratford atte bowe than to comprehend the same when spoken. One of these chatters were a notable theatre cape last evening. It was of pale violet cloth deeply scalloped with gold thread and edged with sable. On either shoulder was a fall of heavily embroidered net and about the throat a long fur collar. In her hair she had her violet feathers.

It seems that all the spring models carry to more and more exaggerated extremes the Holbein bodices, with their waist lines half way down over the hips and their peculiar and unlovely contractions just about the corset tops under the arms. These new old costumes suit artists; they are excellent to paint but heaven preserve us from spending many days in them. Their elongations and unscrupulous stiffenings with steels and stays, the mercilessness with which they distort the shoulders and take all freedom of movement away from the arms, the ruthlessness with which they strain the muscles and throw the body out of plumb proclaim them absolutely without conscience, tortures, tormentors—to be embraced and praised, petted and pronounced the latest triumphs of style. Prepare them, to add three full inches to the line from under your arm to your belt and at the coming longness and narrowness smile and—groan.

A bright spring toque is made of three twists of pink ribbon with a bunch of rhododendrons behind. Up through the open meshes flutters the hair. A theatre hat for the demi-season is a flat model of gray straw, pointed over the forehead and edged with a wreath of violets without foliage. A handsome model is a large black straw, with three yellow daffodils at the back, and long black velvet ribbon streamers. The only trimming in front is a yellow and black butterfly. The lace hats on wired foundations are most fantastic. One of the prettiest is in black, with no garniture but a bunch of dandelion "blow-aways."

ELLEN OSBORN.