

Chat of the Boudoir.

One of the more serious Paris journals recently published a long interview with a famous customer of that city. The great man had much to do with the arrangement of the display in the Palais de Costumes, which is said to be one of the most interesting features of the Exposition; and his talk was of a historical, philosophical tone, which would be as Greek to the average maker of gowns. But certain points in the interview impress a reader mightily. For the last few seasons women have dressed more and more extravagantly, and murmurs of reprobation have been going up from conscientious critics. Now the Parisian costumer wails aloud and waxes desperately indignant over the lack of extravagance shown by the women of today in the matter of clothes. Evidently, it all depends upon the point of view, and the standards of a husband and of a French dressmaker differ.

"The woman who spends as much as 100,000 francs a year on dress is a rarity," says the Frenchman. Doubtless he is right. Very few women spend \$20,000 a year on clothes, and there is an excellent reason why most women do not do it; but the disconsolate artist complains that even the women who can afford such extravagance do not indulge in it, that the day of the great costume is gone and that it was only the woman of the old regime to whom dress was a religion, who considers a successful gown worth any price.

The tailor made gown especially rouses the wrath of this sartorial genius. It is an insidious monster. It has crept in, like a thief by night, and usurped the place belonging to better things. A tailor gown is an excellent thing in its place, but it doesn't know its place, and it has ruined the dressmaking business. "It is cosmopolitan, universal," says the customer sadly. "It is practical, cheap"—another instance of the varying point of view. "It is not devoid of grace, because it makes the most of a figure. Pretty women put up with it and ugly women adopt it because they think they are pretty. The only persons who suffer by it are the great dressmakers whose artistic instincts it thwarts."

It is a lamentable thing that genius is being stifled in the folds of the ubiquitous tailor gown, but the greatest good of the greatest number reconciles one to the tragedy, and the tailor gown is, unquestionably, a friend to woman. It has changed its character gradually and adapted itself to more elaborate wear; but it pays for itself over and over again in the satisfaction it gives, and the wise woman will, this autumn, have a well made tailor gown if it is within the limit of possibility. A cheap tailor is an abomination, and particularly now, when the small touches on a tailor costume are the things that transform it from mere utility to real chic, an artist maker is needed. An ordinary dressmaker may achieve effective house frocks and ball gowns, but an ordinary tailor plays havoc with a woman's wardrobe.

DAINTINESS CROWNED ON.

English Women's Attitude Toward Lace and Fine Linen.

English underwear was spurned by American women before there was any consular declaration on the subject and none of them ever thought of buying it under circumstances that left them any alternative. An American woman who has lived in England for some years was telling her experiences the other day and they suggested that there might not really be a demand in England for the American lingerie, superior as it is to the home-made article. Paris, where the most beautiful linen in the world is made and worn, is not far from the English shops; but there is little or no importation of the French work. The home-made article seems entirely satisfactory to the average English woman who has never seen or heard of anything else and has no appreciation of the delicate and dainty effects in which French and American women revel.

"English lingerie is made entirely for utility," the American woman said, "and there is evidently no other idea in the minds of the manufacturers. Occasionally a tuck or a bit of embroidery may be added, but even that is considered unnecessary and is seldom allowed to interfere with the extreme plainness of these garments which horrify an American woman. They are made of coarse linen or cotton, they are roughly sewn, and the whole style of their making is objectionable to American women, who, next to the French, are able to buy the daintiest things of that kind in the world."

"The English woman, reared to be satisfied with the kind of lingerie that she has always seen, imagines that exquisite linen

laces and ribbons are in some mysterious way improper. I shall never forget the day I showed an English friend a lot of lingerie that I had just got from Paris. She gasped when I opened the box. "Oh," she said, as if she had just fallen into a tub of cold water. "Do ladies in America wear things like those?" I told her that they did most assuredly, and that the prettier they were the better satisfied we always felt. If she hadn't known my family for years, I'm sure she would have thought that my morals were in danger, because I took to those combinations of delicate lace and diaphanous linen in place of cotton and tucks.

"You know I asked the question, she went on, 'because in England ladies do not wear such things. In fact, I never saw anything of the kind before except on the stage and I did not believe that anybody but actresses ever wore them anywhere. I took care to assure her that it was a national custom in the United States for women to wear the most attractive lingerie they could find, as I was afraid that her suspicions of might grow more decided if she thought that it was merely a personal feature."

"The English actresses in burlesque always wear such beautiful lingerie that I have wondered how they could find it in London. It is made by the theatrical costumers and not by the persons who supply the ordinary English woman, who could never be persuaded to wear it by whatever means it might reach her. The English work for women that is well done may almost be limited exclusively to the tailor made. Beyond that particular field, there is next to nothing that the seamstresses do well. Sewing is poorly done and unfinished, buttonholes are likely to be carelessly embroidered and the whole effect of articles of women's attire made in England is that they are made without sufficient care or delicacy. With cloth tailor-made jackets and gowns, there is no objection to this method. But in any garment requiring fineness or delicacy such a method of work is fatal. It is in their lingerie, however, that the English lack of daintiness is most noticeable. That is a highly characteristic of women's dress in England. It is strong and durable and neat. But beyond that, it has no beauty, smartness or daintiness."

FRILLS OF FASHION.

A new waistcoat has made its bow to the Parisian public, and seems to have hit feminine fancy. It is of white taffeta embroidered or painted in white colors with small roses, and is made like a man's waist coat, with a strap and buckle in the back. Being worn with a bolero of Eton, there is no pretence of hiding this buckle, which is of the most elaborate character and matches the handsome buttons which in front fasten the waistcoat over a jabot of costly lace.

Empire gowns are bringing in their train a host of empire accessories. The tiniest and most extravagant of fans belong to the model; and every day handsomer ones blossom out in the Paris shops. The jewelled girdles and baudoux are other costly straws showing the direction of the tide. Already the orthodox Empire coiffure is affected with evening toilet by some women and the traditional single ostrich plume waves over the knot. There is even talk of resuscitating the gilt hair net that properly belongs with this coiffure and is remarkably effective over very dark hair.

Soft crush folds of gauze or chiffon, held in broad dog collar shape by being passed through jewelled slides and finishing with a chou at the back, are being worn with the prevalent demi-decolletage as well as with full evening dress.

The benignant and popular white elephant and pig bangles have in Paris given place to new favorites; and every other woman one meets wears two tiny trinkets in honor of Rostand. One is bust of Cyrano de Bergerac. The other, an eagle holding Napoleon's hat is a tribute to 'L'Aiglon.'

Jewelled trinkets in Paris have often more significance in connection with public events than the casual observer realizes. It is not long ago that the feminine Royalists were sporting tiny gold hats crushed into hopeless shape and vividly recalling the insults to which the President of the French Republic had been subjected in a race-course row. Other women, not Royalists, took the trinket up because it was chic, and wherever one found women there one found also a cheerful and impersonal insult to the Administration.

Possibly Cyrano and the eagle testify to woman's love of novelty rather than their admiration for Rostand's genius.

The plain black velvet slippers may be, as authorities announce, the decreed mode

for winter wear, but shoemakers [are] certainly turning out shoes that are far from plain and are veritable works of art. Jewelled buckles are decidedly in evidence and jewelled embroidery also appears. A low white shoe with a deep instep flap has both flap and toe embroidered in gold and a gold and paste buckle joins the vamp sides. Some extravagant women have introduced the fashion of having low shoes and stockings embroidered to match, the pattern on the slipper being continued up the stocking front and almost invariably showing gold, silver, steel, iridescent beads. The plain empire skirt hems will have much to do with forwarding elaborate foot wear, for they display the feet infinitely more than the frou frou skirts do.

Huge artificial flowers of chiffon, wonderfully tinted, are among the new millinery novelties, and in many cases have jewelled centres. They will be remarkably effective on the lace, tulle and chiffon evening toques that are to be worn. These chiffon flowers, as well as the beautiful ones in velvet, are utilized by dressmakers who take them to pieces and applique them flatly to cloth or other material, making new centres, stems and leaves for them. Poppies are especially suited to such treatment, and one of the Broadway shops shows a striking gown of palest gray crepe applique with sprawling scarlet velvet poppies.

The earliest importations of autumn dress goods showed smooth finished surfaces, but now there is an incoming wave of zifeline goods with very rough hairy surfaces. Many of these materials show pronounced white hairs on dark back grounds.

A new trimming just introduced in Paris consists of small gold or silver rings, sewed to the goods of the gown in two rows a few inches apart. The rings of the two rows alternate, so that velvet ribbon or cord run through them forms point, and the effect, particularly with black velvet ribbon or gold cord, is distinctly attractive and original. These small rings are also sewn on the edges of goods and ribbon or cord laced across to form an open work insertion over color.

Velvet capes are displayed in Paris and are pretty enough to win popularity, if favor goes by deserts. They are made in a succession of capes, sometimes as many as six, and each lined with white satin and bordered with a narrow band of gold and jewelled embroidery. The high collar turns down deeply with an edge of the embroidery and fastens at the throat with a large soft scarf of chiffon embroidered all over in a cobwebby design of gold and colored silks.

HOBOKENITES IN A FLURRY.

Vow They Have a Girl's Suicide Club, Such Things Never Heard of.

A startling discovery has been made by the Hoboken police force. Since their vigilant sleuths have been working on a number of mysterious suicides they have calmly and carefully talked the matter over and at last have arrived at the conclusion that they have in their midst an organized girls' suicide club. The Hoboken police have never heard of such a thing before, and are almost dumfounded with astonishment. They can hardly believe the horrible fact, but one of the force who had read the tales by Robert Louis Stevenson, assures them such cases have been known, though none has come within his own personal knowledge. The facts which lead the Hawkshaws to believe an organized club has really appeared are these:

Just a month ago Miss Katie Fittner had taken carbolic acid after deciding that life had no further charm for her. She was 18 years old and had lived with her parents. She was buried in Flower Hill Cemetery. A week later the body of Johanna Ross was found by her mother in a disused room of the house in which she lived. She had also taken carbolic acid, and after the usual period of mourning, was buried, and the city of Hoboken promptly forgot her.

About ten days after this occurrence the father of Agnes Katensmidt detected an odor of gas, and upon entering his daughter's room perceived her dead upon the bed with a rubber tube in her mouth. No reason could be found for the girl's action more than that she was tired of life and took the shortest and quickest route for the border. She was interred with all the proper ceremonies, and for a week nothing more was thought of the matter. On Wednesday of last week Lydia Jensen, who was employed at a silk mill in the neighborhood, went home and informed her mother she was not feeling well and thought she would take a little trip to New York and call upon some friends. Apparently she went out of the house and took the boat.

At 10.30 that night she had not return-

ed and her mother became anxious, but concluded her daughter had decided to stay with her friends in New York. At 9 the next morning Mrs. Jensen went into the attic of the house and found her daughter dead on the floor. She also had taken carbolic acid. She left a note in which she apologized for the annoyance caused her mother, and said she was disgusted with life. The police were notified and after exhaustive search and investigation formulated the theory that such a thing as a real suicide club did exist in Hoboken. Just what they are going to do about the matter they will not say, though it has been intimated they have some dark and sinister design up their sleeves. Some of the detectives go about hinting that the next suicide will be severely dealt with, which is a vague and indefinite threat and should strike terror into the hearts of girls who are contemplating shaking off all mundane cares.

Sent to a Dame's School.

So many great men have been credited with extraordinary precocity in youth that it is refreshing to hear of a great man who was only an average boy. Such a man is Lord Kitchener. He showed no peculiar cleverness, and what is more surprising, in view of his present tireless activity, he has inclined to be lazy.

His father, Colonel Kitchener, who died within the last ten years, was a strict disciplinarian. The story goes that on one occasion, when his son Herbert was at a public school, and was working for a certain examination, it was reported to the colonel that he was idling.

The report did not please Colonel Kitchener, and he told the future conqueror of the Mahdi that unless he succeeded in passing that examination there would be no more public school for him for the present, for he would be taken away and sent to walk in the solemn procession of pupils of a dame's school. If he failed there, he should be apprenticed to a hatter.

In spite of these threats young Kitchener failed, and thereupon dropped out of his place in the public school, and was seen in the ranks that walked through the streets, two and two, escorted by the good lady of whom his father had spoken. When he again went in for his examination he passed. Possibly the world lost a good hatter by his success, but it gained a better general.

Dogs as Newspaper Carriers.

In Connecticut they are said to have news dogs, who regularly perform the service of carrying the newspapers from the trains. On all the Connecticut lines the trainmen throw newspapers off the cars at or near the houses of subscribers who live a long distance from the stations, and in many instances dogs have been trained to watch for the train and get the papers.

One dog goes a mile and a half every morning for his paper. It was formerly thrown by the brakeman from the last car and there the dog always watched for it. Lately the paper has been thrown from the baggage car. This change did not please the dog. For some time he would bark furiously and wait at the last car before going on his errand. Even now he is not reconciled.

An another place a dog has acted for several years as news agent for a number of families. The papers are thrown out while the cars are going at full speed, but whether one paper or a large bundle finds its way to the ground the dog never fails to bring it away, making good time back.

Another dog, who has become a veteran agent, has grown too old and rheumatic to perform his task. He cannot now get down to the cars, but the work does not suffer; for he has trained a younger dog to do it for him, and his papers are always delivered promptly.

A Backwoods Evolutionist.

A small town in the Tennessee mountains was the scene of a great revival of religion when a New Orleans drummer chanced to pass that way. He spent an evening at the camp meeting, and reports one incident to the Times Democrat. "Just as I arrived," he says, "an itinerant evangelist was administering a terrific rebuke to scientific skeptics."

"And there's a teller by the name of Darwin," he shouted, "that allows we all come down from monkeys, and Adam wa'n't down but a big gorilla! I'd like to know if there's any person in the sound of my voice that's fool enough to believe such stuff as that? If there is, let him stand up!"

"To my surprise a tall, lantern-jawed man on the bench adjoining mine promptly rose to his feet. I saw at a glance that he was one of those rustic walking encyclopedias who always lead off in debates at crossroad stores, and I looked to see some fun."

"He was perfectly self-possessed and was evidently loaded to floor the parson. For a moment there was a silence; then

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the evangelist leaned forward and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Will the brother move a little nearer the light?" he said in a gentle voice. The evolutionist folded his arms defiantly and stepped under a flaring pine torch.

"Thanky," said the preacher, blandly. "Now, do I understand y' to say that you really believe you're kin to monkey?"

"I do," replied the skeptic.

"There was another moment of silence.

"Well, brethren and sisters," said the evangelist, slowly, "since I came to size the good brother up, I'm kinder inclined to believe he is keereet. We will now sing hymn number 'leven'."

"That settled Mr. Darwin and squelched his rash disciple. He tried to say something, but he was drowned out. When I last saw him he was sneaking quietly home through the big pines."

Pretty Rancid.

"Recently I visited a small town in the southern part of Kentucky," says a correspondent of the Denver News, "and called on the only merchant of the place. I found him opening a case of axle grease. He took off the lid of one of the small boxes of yellow grease and left it uncovered."

"Soon an old colored man came in, and noticing the axle-grease, said:

"Good morning, Massa Johnson! What am dem little cheeses wor?"

"About fifteen cents, I reckon, Sam, said the merchant."

"S'pose if I buys one you will frow in de crackers."

"Yes, Sam."

"Sam put his hand into his pocket and fished out fifteen cents, and Mr. Johnson took his scoop and dipped up some crackers."

"Sam picked up the uncovered box and the crackers and went to the back part of the store. Then he took out his knife and fell to eating."

"Another customer came in, and Mr. Johnson lost sight of his colored friend for a moment. Presently Mr. Johnson went to the back part of the store and said:

"Well, Sam, how goes it?"

"Say, Massa Johnson, dem crackers is all right, but dat am de ransomeet cheese ebber eat!"

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Man and Beast.

Nothing can be so terrible to an animal as a human being. There are times when the brute seems to recognize instinctively that man belongs to a higher order of creation, and is stricken with a feeling akin to awe in his presence.

In a small African village, some years ago, there was a scare about some leopards which were said to have killed a number of goats. Accordingly two white men accompanied by several natives, set off to hunt them. Presently they found a place in the long grass where it was evident that one of the brutes had recently lain, for the ground was still warm.

The natives formed a ring round it, and the hunters got their guns ready. After a little while the leopard emerged from the long grass and was fired at and wounded, but not fatally. With a great bound, he sprang on the white man, and brought him to the ground. Holding his victim, he turned and growled savagely at the others.

The natives gave a wild yell of fear, and then, like a shot, the leopard sprang away. He had not been frightened by the guns but the yell terrified him.

The wounded hunter was ill for a long time, and finally had to go back to England, as one of his eyes was badly injured.

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