

Chat of the Boudoir.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

In pretty touch on some of the new foulard gowns is a mousseline de soie scarf which matches the prevailing colors in the silk. This is used in scarf ends beginning with rosettes of mousseline at either side of the front where the lace collar terminates, and falling well down on the skirt, ending in flat rosettes, of which there is another midway between. The scarf is confined at the waist line by the belt.

Art buckles, buttons and brooches are very much in evidence.

Taffeta and velvet ribbons formed into various lace-like designs are cleverly stitched in all over roses on cloth gowns.

A novel idea for a foulard gown with a lace vest is an outer vest at either side, made of white taffeta silk embroidered in colored polka dots and finished down either edge with handsome silver buttons. It opens enough to show the lace down the front, shapes out round a little below the collar band, and ends in the shoulder seam and a little above the belt where it rounds off. The foulard bodice is finished with a lace bertha around the shoulders.

Some of the prettiest sleeves show the under sleeve effect only at the elbows, where the sleeve is slashed and filled in with a lace or mousseline puff. Below this, as well as above, the sleeve fits closely, shaping down in a little cuff which fits over the hand. The straight-around wrist-band has lost some of its popularity and instead there is a shaped band with the becoming flare.

A very stunning outing hat for summer shows a felt crown and a straw brim, both white and trimmed with a soft Persian silk scarf.

Something very effective for long curtains is a moire cloth which comes in bright, but not garish colors.

Accordion plaited muslin in any of the delicate colors makes a pretty lamp shade; mounted upon cardboard and tied around at the top with a satin ribbon. This is especially suitable for the summer cottage.

Fancy boas are one of the season's fads and show great variety. A novel combination is a ruche of plaited white chiffon with loops of white satin ribbon and lace insertion. Long scarf ends are finished with frills of ribbon and insertion.

Travelling dust coats of black taffeta have a place in the fashionable summer outfit. The prettiest are tucked nearly all over, but the tucks add weight and warmth neither of which is desirable.

Point of Arabe laces in the ecru shades, are very popular for dress trimmings.

One Woman's Chat.

We hear people speak of imported gowns as if there were none like them. If you should visit the best New York houses that import gowns, you would probably not find a single gown which you would be willing to wear until it had become adapted to your ideas. That is what hundreds of so called imported gowns are—adaptations from imported models, made to conform to American ideas, but called imported gowns.

Blue and red will be fashionable again this spring. A blue serge is trimmed with red silk, but a fine red cloth would give a better effect than the silk for its color would be clearer. There is very little of the color on the skirt. If for an outing dress the coat has red collar and revers, or a flat, fitted band of the red if collarless, and the skirt has its hem and seams stitched with red.

The conversation which takes place at the table during meal time could be made of great educational value as well as interesting to all, were an intelligent discussion of current events to take the place of the usual gossip. As these topics are now taken up in nearly every schoolroom the plan would offer an excellent opportunity to the children as well as to the feminine portion of the household, whose views on many subjects with which they should be familiar are sometimes far from being so.

A Savoy sponge is considered in England an especially dainty dessert. Beat lightly the yolks of three eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and a pinch

of salt, beating the mixture until smooth. Then add the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the mixture into a buttered mold, the inside of which should be covered with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

Chemists tell us that cheese is one of the most nutritious and, at the same time, one of the cheapest of foods. Its nutritive value is greater than meat, while its cost is much less. But this chemical aspect of the matter does not express the real value of the cheese as a food. Cheese is eaten, not because of its nutritive value as expressed by the amount of proteins, fats and carbohydrates that it contains, but always because of its flavor. Now, physiologists do not find that flavor has any food value. They teach over and over again that our foodstuffs are proteins, fats and carbohydrates, and that as food flavor plays absolutely no part. But, at the same time they tell us that the body would be unable to live upon these food stuffs were it not for the flavors.

SCHOOL FOR PRINCESSES ONLY.

It is at Bangkok, Siam, and is the Only One of Its Kind.

Princesses are numerous enough in Europe to suggest that a school for them might be a profitable undertaking, but it is a fact that the only institution of this kind is not in Europe, but in Asia. It is in Bangkok and is kept by an Englishwoman who looks after the intellectual and physical needs of her boarders, who are fifteen princesses belonging to the royal family of Siam. Like other less aristocratic young lady boarders, they are allowed to return to their homes on Friday and remain until the time for their classes to begin on Monday. Then they are returned to the care of their English teacher by the servants of the family.

They learn only elementary reading and writing at school, and, indeed, rarely progress beyond these elements of education at any time in their lives. But they learn fully the mysteries of cooking, making beds, preparing poultices for the sick and attending to other details of household life. They practice with enthusiasm the art of writing menus in French, they experiment in dressing the table with flowers and learn a kind of first-aid-to-the-injured system adapted to their country. Astronomy and the exact sciences have not yet reached this country of unemancipated womanhood. But the education they receive is the best kind to suit them for their work in life as they step from the school to the head of their husbands' establishments.

These royal pupils range in age from 10 to 15 years. This latter age is beginning to betoken the old maid in Siam and there are few of that age in the school. On Friday the nurses from the royal palace reinforced by other female attendants and guards, begin to arrive at the school to escort their mistresses back to their homes. Here they remain until the same domestic delegation marches them back to their English teacher on Monday. In the mean time she had all the work requiring masculine participation attended to during the absence of the pupils. For men are never allowed to approach the building while the royal young ladies are inside. No masculine eye not related by blood to them is allowed to fall on their artless Siamese beauty until after marriage.

French and English are the two languages those young women learn and it is after the fashion prevailing in these two countries that they acquire their ideas of European life and manners. Some of these fashions have through this English school-teacher's influence been introduced to the court of the Siam, where the French and English cuisines have made their way in spite of Oriental prejudice. This has, of course, come from the early education of the young princesses in their royal boarding school. This much they have learned of the Europeans. But it is said that no ambition to imitate the women of the Western world has ever reconciled them to sitting in chairs in preference to on the floor.

Bodice and Skirt Lines.

Whatever new manifestations of gown modishness are to come later, women may feel assured that no upheavals of old lines are to take place, as the early models for March and April indicate the same style of skirts and bodices as those in use.

This is most solacing news to those who feared the loss of this season's gown because of a possible and direct change of skirt and bolero. Foreign makers are no longer as autocratic as they once were, and though willing and anxious for a complete change of models, they are obliged to humor their patrons by repeating the same lines season after season, says Vogue. Women are more conservative and insistent, whenever they find what is becoming, and while they will agree to any modifications and changes, they refuse to abandon the main lines when they suit

them. These are influences quietly at work in high places.

THINGS OF WILLOW.

Whole Rooms Fitted Nowadays With Equipment of this Material.

'Surely,' said a willow worker, 'you are quite right in considering articles of willow as among beautiful things. They are graceful and light, and at the same time substantial and durable.'

'Things made of willow finished in the natural color of the wood look cool and charming and they have an appearance of delightful freshness that is found in no other material that I know of. Of course the willow is delicate in its whiteness, and in this state it would in a season lose its first velvety sort of freshness.'

'But willow takes stains beautifully, the tans and greens and other colors that are most appropriate to it, and willow furniture finished in these tints is scarcely less pleasing to the eye than that made of the material in its original purity.'

'Reeds, growing, as you know, of uniform dimensions, can be prepared for use in basketwork largely by machinery, but this would not be true as to willow. Machinery is used to some extent in preparing willow for use, as for instance in cutting the surface strips that are plaited into table tops and that sort of thing, but willow rods round willow, cannot be handled in that manner. The rods are not uniform in dimensions from end to end—they taper: nor are the rods absolutely uniform in size one with another. These must all be worked by hand. As a matter of fact many strips, too are still cut in that way. With the materials for them thus prepared and carefully hand-wrought as they are throughout, it would seem reasonable to describe these beautiful things of willow as productions of art.'

'Many baskets one sort and another in the almost endless variety of forms and manner of ornamentation into which basket work is put, come from Germany; but France is yet nevertheless as it has always been, the home of the artistic in basket work. We make however, now, beautiful things in basket work in this country and in articles of utility and things of more or less practical character, combining use with decoration or ornamental effects, we make here things quite as fine as are produced anywhere; as in all manner of willow furniture and fittings and so on.'

'All these things we produce in the most graceful style, and the most comfortable style, and the most comfortable shapes. Of course willow and rattan chairs and that sort of thing are old, time honored; but we make them all now in greater variety than formerly; we make a greater variety of things than we did, and people go in for these things more than ever, more particularly, of course, in country houses.'

'Rattan has been more used for some of these purposes, but now, again, we use more willow; and there is nothing but what can be made of this material. It is easily possible to furnish a room with it. We make bedsteads of willow, and, of course, an endless variety of chairs and lounges and that sort of thing, including tables. We make willow bureaux and chiffoniers and willow wall panels and picture frames and willow chandeliers and gas fixtures and so on. In fact, in all but the floor coverings, for which matings are used, we can furnish rooms complete.'

'And,' said the willow man, in conclusion 'while this might not be the cheapest outfit you could buy, I don't suppose you could buy, I don't suppose you could find anything cooler, more comfortable or more pleasing to the eye.'

The New Corsets.

In regard to corsets, the essential thing in order to obtain 'the line,' is to mould the figure according to laws of modern aesthetics. At the present moment fashion ordains above everything, perfect ease and freedom to the waist. Wasp waists are completely out of fashion when they are obtained by modes of compression which force up the bust and make the hips project. A straight front a graceful curved line and a long waist are what is required.

The part played by the new corset is to do away with all projections by supporting the bust, rounding the waist and throwing back on each side all superfluity. And it is astonishing what results can be obtained by means of curves skilfully managed by the scientific use of whalebone and other ingenious methods. Fashion has come back to the graceful and supple figure of the days of Louis XV.

A Thirteen Wedding.

The number 13, which give some people cold chills occasionally finds a friend. It had no terrors certainly for M. Paul Deschanel, the president of the French Chamber of Deputies, who was recently married. Neither was his fiancée afraid of it. In fact both the bride and groom thought it a lucky number.

When they announced that they were

going to be married on the 13th of the month, the Parisians rolled their eyes so unanimously that the entire city had symptoms of an epileptic fit. But the fiances had their reasons.

They were both born on the 13th day of the month. M. Deschanel was born Feb. 13, 1856; Mlle. Germaine Brice April 13, 1876. The name and surname of the bridegroom contain 13 letters. There is the same number in the bride's names.

The two met in Florence when M. Deschanel was travelling incognito under the name of Pierre Duclaux—another 13 letters. It was on the 13th of January that Mlle. Brice formally consented to the marriage and it was on the 13th of February that the ceremony took place.

Thirteen years from now the Deschanels will probably be able to state positively whether the number has really been a lucky one for them.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEWETT.

Some of the Tales That are Told of Him by a British Correspondent.

It was early in the month of May, 1900, that Christian De Wett first began to impress the force of his character upon the English military mind, when the great army under Lord Roberts was in full sweep of its northward pilgrimage. Along the line of the railway there was little opposition, but to the eastward the dogged and determined Boer fighter was hanging on the rear of General Hamilton's division, engaging him in almost daily actions, harassing transport and rearguard. Since then it I have heard one English officer I have heard a score express the hope that De Wett would come out of the war alive.

Between Natal Spruit and Sanderton, De Wett, according to a recent Boer story, while endeavoring to move northward, found his transport headed by a large body of British troops. What did he do but approach the camp after dark, following the main road, and he drove his waggon straight through the camp. He was hailed, but enquired for some detachment of the British that was farther on, and was allowed to pass. The only objection that was made to his progress was one made by a group of officers dining near the roadway, who did not like the dust his waggon-wheels were making, I have heard this tale denied, but I tell it as it was told to me (I got it from a Boer source).

When General De Wett had made that remarkable march of his and crossed the Rustenburg road west of Pretoria, he was headed off about eighteen miles north at the Warm Baths. The evening before the army was jubilant, for it was supposed that they had the wily Boer on the hip. They had effectually prevented him joining forces with Botha. They had, so they supposed, cut off his escape southward, and there was nothing for him but to stand and fight or to break up his force into small parties and disappear into the bush veldt. At midnight all of the English troops were called suddenly to arms, and they stood in ranks until daybreak.

From the direction of De Wett's larger they could hear sounds of much stirring and movement, the continual rattle of wheels, and the shouts of the Kaffir drivers. Something was up; what it was no one could tell. The Boers appeared to be confused, and it was whispered about that they had lost their way and might stumble upon the outposts at any minute. The British advance lines stood with their rifles ready. Every one was ready for a midnight attack, and supposed at least that the action would begin at the crack of dawn.

But when the sun rose what did they find? About forty empty wagons dragged by a few played-out oxen, had been driven and thumped around in a circle all night! A score of black boys and a half dozen white men were all prisoners taken. De Wett had escaped, and had managed to take most of his light carts with him along the top of the flanking ridge, and had actually rounded the end of the British line and was some twenty miles away retracing his steps towards the Vaal. At least, that is what he was actually doing at the time, but the English did not find it out quickly enough to pursue him. He got almost twenty-four hours' start!

Two nights after a watchman on guard at a railway crossing about twelve miles west of Johannesburg, on the Krugersdorp line, was surprised by the appearance of a trooper in a helmet and the uniform of a mounted infantryman, who asked his way to the Florida station. The sentry turned to point down the line, when he was confronted by a cocked revolver.

'Keep quiet,' said the supposed Tommy, 'and you will not be touched.' With that he relieved the astonished man of his rifle, and, in true story paper fashion, gave three low whistles. Immediately some men appeared from behind a nearby shed, and a few minutes later the head of a column of mounted men, followed by a long train of Cape carts and led horses,

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came down the road and crossed the railway. It took them almost half an hour to go by. The sentry judged they must have been in the neighborhood of 2,000, with at least eighty carts. When all had passed, the watchman's guardian said to him pleasantly:

'Your relief will come to you in about an hour. If you stir from where you are until two minutes before that time you are a dead man, for there is a sure shot with a rifle watching you from the corner of the shed. You can inform your officer that Christian De Wett and his army passed by here at twenty minutes to one.'

The man, whose rifle was taken from him, declares that shortly before the time for the relief came, he heard a man gallop away from the shed near by. Upon that, he walked into the camp, distant about a mile, and gave the alarm.

The same evening it was reported that another small party of Boers had crossed the main line heading north, and the post at Natal Spruit had been captured at daybreak and the bridge blown up. With which party was General De Wett it would be hard to state. I think myself he was with the one to the eastward, for the simple reason that he had led the English to believe he was with the one to the west.

When De Wett captured all the supplies and the huge quantities of ammunition and clothing at Vrededorf Weg, he said to his prisoners: 'Now we have got more than we want—turn to and help yourselves.' And soon Dutch and British were busy looting indiscriminately, taking everything they could get. A burgher and a 'Tommy' almost came to blows over the possession of a camera that was being sent to an officer through the post. The mail pouches were all ripped open, and the veldt for miles around was covered with letters and newspapers. Some of these were afterwards gathered up and reached the proper authorities. Strange to say, among them was one of my own, which was tied up carefully and forwarded several weeks later, with the following remarks: 'Found on the veldt and forwarded to destination.'

When the Boers marched away, it was hard to tell captors from captives, for they all wore brand new winter suits of khaki serge and a sort of pea jacket of yellowish dun, called 'British warm.' In the meantime, twelve thousand troops at Pretoria shivered in the cold, for what he and his prisoners left behind De Wett had burned.

Captain Corballis, who was in charge of the big transport train which was captured en route to the relief of the Highland Brigade under General Macdonald, told me something of De Wett's personality. According to the captain he was most kind and just. He had his men well in hand and they respected and feared him. The officers, as was customary with the English army, possessed in common what was known as a mess cart, a light wagon or two wheeled trap, capable of carrying some six or seven hundred pounds, and usually laden with delicacies not down on the ration list. As the Boers were examining their capture, which was some fifty or sixty wagons, they came upon this valuable prize. But upon hearing that it belonged to the officers and was their private possession, Gen. De Wett put a guard over it, and not a thing was touched. That very day, as the officers were lunching on jam and pickles and pate de foie gras, they observed one or two men squatted about a fire near by, trying some bully beef in a skillet.

It was General De Wett's headquarters mess, and one of the Englishmen at once went over and asked the general if he would not come and lunch with them. At first he declined, but, upon all his staff being included in the invitation, he accepted and joined them.

Strange to say, the conversation was not about war, but of farming and the possibilities of irrigation. Later, however he expressed some of his views to one of the prisoners. He said that he knew the Boers had no chance of being victorious, but he intended to do his best 'to make it the most expensive war England ever attempted.' He has pretty well fulfilled his threat by this time.—JAMES BARNES, in London Mail.

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