

WOMAN COMEDIAN IN BROADWAY HIT



(By Marie Carr Temple.)

Women who desire to appear attractive should pay considerable attention to their manner of walking. The effect of a beautiful gown is often ruined by the wearer's unsightly stride.

Physiognomists and phrenologists have made a careful study of the character indications expressed by the features of the face and the contour of the head. Yet how much more strikingly does character frequently show itself in the woman's gait than in the shape of her head.

It requires no scientist to discover character delineation unfolded by the woman's walk. The most casual observer is at once conscious of some important phase of her character. Her walk, if graceful, natural and unexaggerated, expresses gentility.

If the steps be mincing and uncertain, timidity, bashfulness and lack of confidence are evinced. If the strides be long with heels striking the floor and arms swinging vigorously, no further evidence of masculinity is

required. Affectation and vanity declare themselves in the girl who holds the head and body in a strained pose as she walks. This girl usually thrusts her chin out and casts her eyes down. Her face presents a strange paradox of boldness and humility. The appearance of humility however, rarely deceives.

There can be no mistake in classifying the girl who walks with a swaying, oscillating movement of the hips. Her every step bespeaks vulgarity. No matter what her dress or her face, her walk brands her.

The woman who has lost ambition reveals it in her listless ambling in a wavering line. The woman who has become careless of her appearance develops a shuffle, and so on. With every change in character is a change in the walk.

It may take years for a change to show in a woman's face, but it will show very soon in her walk.

If women only realized what a story is told by the walk, how careful they would be to cultivate a walk which tells a pleasant story!

The Winter Modes Breathe Exotic Air

The Coat Long or Short --- A Decided Fancy for Gowns of White Material--Walking Skirts Made Awkward by Fashionable Band of Fur--Much Braid and Embroidery.

New York, Jan. 5.—There is a splendid air about the winter fashions, one both medieval and exotic. The extravagant and rather bizarre use of fur speaks of barbaric Russia of the Middle Ages, the radiant gold and silver fabrics, the crystal strewed gauzes and the glittering brocades suggest Byzantine sources and the sumptuous velvets, the soft thick woollens and the heavy silken stuffs might have come straight from the looms of medieval Europe.

An ounce costume of one of the beautiful rich colored, soft French or English velvets, trimmed with fur should make the woman wearing it feel as though she had a long list of aristocratic ancestors, and had sat in the lap of luxury all her days. Tailor gowns of velvet may have either a long or short coat, and indeed one coat may do duty with both a short skirt and a long trained gown, though the trailing skirt looks better with a long coat than with a short one.

Again it is necessary to speak of the extremely awkward effect that the band of fur on the edge of the short skirt has when the wearer is walking. A skirt with a broad trimming of long haired fur on its hem must of necessity be very narrow and the "fascinating limp" demanded by the tied in corners of the long clinging gown is grace itself compared with the duck-like walk which is the only possible gait with the short narrow edged skirt. However, fashion decrees that the very smartest walking frocks shall display this trimming, together with collar and cuffs of fur.

Long skirted velvet costumes seldom are trimmed in this way. The skirts are either quite plain or, as in the case of a very handsome imported model seen the other day, the band of fur starts at the knees in front and gradually slopes down at the back.

Masses of Braiding.

This model of crown's wing blue velvet had a moderately long coat on the side with a single revers edged with a band at the other.

The neck and just showing below the shoulders of turquoise and gold to the City. These velvet costumes the couple display masses of braiding in the self-tone, as Misses of the skirts of the coat or the of the gown. Some are shown.

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AN UNHAPPY EMPRESS, THIS

Troubles M. Paoli Had With His Imperial Charge --- Late Empress Elizabeth of Austria a Recalcitrant Body.

Xavier Paoli, whose duty for a quarter of a century was the safeguarding of royal visitors to France, found the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria a recalcitrant charge. When at Cap Martin, where she had apartments in the famous hotel far out on that wonderful point, she obstinately refused to allow any of Paoli's agents to follow her even at a distance. Her would-be guardian was naturally uneasy.

"Once," he says in McClure's, "having learned that the Italian laborers who were mending the road to Mentone had spoken in a threatening way of the sovereigns who were always coming to the country, I begged the Empress to be kind enough not to walk in that direction. She was much displeased."

"Always afraid!" she exclaimed. "I say again that I have no fear of them—and I will promise nothing."

"I was determined," says Paoli, "as she was walking, I doubled back and took it upon myself to send over the Mentone road one of my Corsican agents, dressed like a road mender, but thoroughly armed beneath his clothes, with orders to mingle with the Italian laborers."

Was Unrecognizable. "Wearing a pair of velvet trousers and a cotton jumper, and made up to look old and wrinkled, he was quite unrecognizable. As he spoke Italian fluently he learned all suspicion, his companions taking him for a newly hired comrade."

"He was breaking stones as well as he could when a well known figure appeared at the turn of the road. Darkness had begun to fall, and the Empress with her companion was returning to Cap Martin. The false road mender waited tactfully. When she came opposite his group she stopped, hesitated a moment, then singling him out, no doubt because he seemed to be the oldest, she approached him, saying gently: 'That is a hard trade of yours my good fellow.'"

"Not daring to raise his head, he stammered a few words in Italian."

"You do not speak French?"

"No, Signora."

"You have children?"

"Yes, Signora."

"Then here is something for them. And she slipped a gold piece into his hand. 'Tell them it is from a lady who loves children very much.'"

And the empress walked on.

"That evening the billiard room was going to annex a new brother for Christmas. Hyman, who says he is an artist, was decorating one of the benches in Essex Market Police Court when Isaac Benofsky, a tailor of No. 455 Cherry street, came through the door. Isaac looked long and lovingly at Hyman for several seconds and then, with a cry of joy, took a running jump and landed in Hyman's lap."

"My brother Schullman! My brother Schullman! My poor, dear brother!"

"Yes, you are," said Isaac. "You can't be my brother. 'Oh, the joy of seeing you again!'"

After which outburst Isaac planted six or seven splashes on Hyman's front.

"What's all this rumpus about?" demanded Magistrate Krotel.

"This guy is trying to bite me!"

"I am not, Your Honor. He's my brother and he won't give in; and I thought he was dead at Mancunian."

"If he was my brother I'd have him muzzled. He's a regular kissing bug!"

While this dialogue was in progress Isaac kept looking at Hyman with tears of affection in his eyes, and at the first opportunity he made a flying leap at his supposed relative. Police man Hackett got in between the two men and got the smack on the bosom of his shirt. Hyman and Isaac were pried apart, while half a dozen members of the Essex Market Bar, endeavoring to straighten out the strange mix-up. After much evidence had been taken on both sides it developed that Hyman was from Austria, while Isaac came from Russia.

"I hope you're satisfied now," said Hyman as they shook hands. "I feel as if I had had a wet shampoo."

"But you look awfully hot and red," said Isaac. "He has whiskers just like yours."

"If you kiss every man that has whiskers," said one of the court attendants, "you'll get a hair lip."

Two Incidents.

"Had the Empress ever felt a presentiment of the dramatic death which a gypsy at Corfu and a fortune teller at Corfu had both predicted? Two singular incidents give some reason for supposing that she did. The evening before her departure she had asked M. Barker to read her a few chapters from a volume by P. Marion Crawford entitled 'Corleone,' in which the author describes the abominable murder perpetrated by the Mafia in Sicily."

"While she was listening to the reading of these tragic incidents a crowd of men circled around her. She was eating. Much disturbed, she had vainly tried to drive him away, but he constantly came back with his croakings. Then she hastily left the place for she knew that crowds announce death whenever their ill omened wings persist in flapping around a living person."

"The Countess Sztaray told me that the very morning of the assassination, going as usual into the Empress's room to ask how she had passed the night, she had found the sovereign pale and depressed."

"I have had a strange feeling," she

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CHARACTER IN A WOMAN'S WALK



Helen Lowell, the Woman Star Comedian, on the right, and the playwright Rida Johnson Young.

New York, Jan. 5.—Helen Lowell, a thin, tiny little woman, is the favorite comedian of Broadway. She plays Lizzie in "The Lottery Man." Her part is to act as companion to a rich woman, who is fighting age and fatness. The fat woman wants to try all the various cures "on the dog," before she takes them herself. So she has poor tiny Lizzie, taking Swedish movements, fat cures, diets, face bleaches, hair dyes and gymnastic exercises. The character is funny in itself, and it left the hands of Rida Johnson Young, the playwright. There isn't anything funnier in the 67 theatres in New York than the sight of Lizzie in her gymnastic suit, trying to throw the medicine ball in reluctant obedience to her mistress's order. Lizzie is funnier than ever when she suddenly becomes high-toned because she had found a lottery ticket that gave her the right to marry Jack Scott, who had raffled himself off a newspaper stunt. She finally has to surrender Jack to the daughter of her mistress—for they have been in love right along—but she does it in a scene that makes blase Broadway roar with delight. Miss Lowell once played Miss Hazy in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

The Shuberts did a lucky thing for themselves when they were brave enough to take this woman's play. The author is a woman, the two comedians are women and the play was staged by Edith Ellis. The piece will stand as one of the biggest hits of the season.

DELUGED IN RAIN OF KISSES

Isaac Benofsky Would be Kissed Yet if Police Had Not Rescued Hyman Levine-- Kissed Him Even After That

New York, Jan. 5.—For a few minutes yesterday it looked as if Hyman Levine was going to annex a new brother for Christmas. Hyman, who says he is an artist, was decorating one of the benches in Essex Market Police Court when Isaac Benofsky, a tailor of No. 455 Cherry street, came through the door. Isaac looked long and lovingly at Hyman for several seconds and then, with a cry of joy, took a running jump and landed in Hyman's lap.

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MAKE HATS DO DOUBLE DUTY

One Way an Economical Woman Can Keep Up With the Modes--One Hat With Four Crowns.

Making hats and dresses do double duty is the latest trick of the woman who wants to make a good showing on a limited dress allowance.

"I have four adjustable crowns for my fur bordered turban and six ways of trimming my big black hat," announced one woman the other day as she tried to explain her methods with a mouthful of pins. "How people can get along on a little money and not play some of these quick transformation stunts with their things, I can't understand."

"You see, by having these different crowns for one turban I can vary my appearance whenever I choose and with only about five minutes notice. Of course each Tam o'Shanter crown is mounted on a little foundation of crinoline with a fold of velvet. There's economy in this too, for when they're made neatly like that I can use the same crown with either my turban or my big black hat."

"Here's this fur bordered turban, for instance. For runabout purposes I have a crown of black furry beaver which rain doesn't hurt. I just stab it in place with these two flat rhinestone pins, which brighten me up a little and serve to trim the hat and keep it on my head at the same time. I generally stick a few black pins here and there, particularly if the day is windy."

A Few Pins. "Then with an all black dress I have this ermine velvet crown, which I keep in place with a few pins and these two stunning jet hatpins. With a pale blue moire crown, which I wear to afternoon teas, I stick in a couple of knots of silver ribbon, which hide the hatpins."

"A gardenia is lovely with this crown, and I often stick one on at the last minute. Then my pet crown of all is this big swirl of white tulle sprinkled with gold beads. It's wonderful with the dark fur border."

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AUCTION SALES. PROPERTY FOR SALE

Property on corner City Road and Haymarket Square, consisting of Store and Three Flats. Enquire F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer, Etc., Phone-972, P. O. Box 108.

70 Princess St. Clifton House Building.

to change too, though I avoid some trimmings which would be hard to adjust. Tips are out of the question, but one long plume is all right, as the base of the stem I wind thick with velvet and set in this half of one of those snap fasteners, putting the other half on the hat. Sometimes I have three such fasteners for the stem of a long feather and then catch the length of it in two places with fine elastic bands and pins. The elastic is just the thing, as it makes the feather look easy and graceful.

"A fur band fastened with a bow-knot of tulle ribbon is my favorite trimming for my big black hat, though sometimes I stick a single rose in instead. I have two bands of marabou which are lovely, wrapped around it, and then of course I have my Tam o'Shanter crowns, which I can slip on in a minute."

"But most economical of all is the trick I play with two of my street dresses, one a black broadcloth and the other a wistaria brocade. The skirts clear the ground about two inches and one is trimmed with stitched bands of the material and the other with rows of braid."

"I have adjustable extensions to each of these skirts which I can snap into place under these flat trimmings and have a long trailing skirt in less time than it takes to tell about it. If you make sure of starting at the right end there's no fear of running against a snag in putting on one of these skirt extensions."

"Of course these must be carefully managed and fit exactly to the line of the skirt, but once this is right the added piece may be as long as you want. I always have the little snappers close every link of the way and then when I have time I put in a few tiny safety pins besides."

"With a dressy frock made with a tulle train sometimes I make a regular evening dress out of a simple but pretty house frock. For a week end trip it's wonderful the changes I can get out of a suit case full of things."

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