

Smart Parisian Skating Costumes



FASHION AT THE PALAIS DE GLACE.

Paris, Saturday.

A year ago I experienced a feeling of keen disappointment on visiting a resort which fashion has adopted as a select place of meeting, and which fully justifies the prediction. I refer to the Palais de Glace, and I regretted that my contemporaries, though not lacking in imagination, had never thought of attempting to create more becoming costumes for skating, which is, of all others, the most graceful of recreations.

My disappointment has not lasted long, for I am delighted with the innovations in this direction which I have discovered. The reality this time exceeds the wildest flights of imagination. One would say that our pretty mundanes have wished to make one ashamed of having doubted their supreme taste in matters of elegance.

It was really annoying that this charming amusement, which can now be enjoyed during the whole year, thanks to the mar-

vellous progress of modern science, had no special costumes of its own, like lawn tennis, bicycling, hunting, riding, etc., and I am rejoiced to find that this gap has been filled.

It is evident that furs are the natural ornament and protection in times of snow, ice and hoar frost, and for polar temperatures, where reason triumphs over fashion. But since the new conquest by man over Nature, since his creative genius has succeeded in freezing a lake in a closed, covered-in and warmed hall, fashion has had to "be in the movement," and has accomplished the task by ingeniously creating modern costumes responding exactly to the requirements of the situation.

When the atmosphere was warmed and the horizon limited it became necessary to break with the heavy costumes of former days. On the other hand, the "go" of the pretty skaters is such that I might, perhaps, be too paradoxical a prophet if I were to predict that at some near period

the skating costume will rival a ball dress in its lightness. Evidently fur is not excluded from the rink. This winter it is the accomplishment of a wide dress; but its juxtaposition, with flowers, tulle and bright colors, is one country more.

On the entrance of virgin ice white predominates. There is a dight of white skirts and furred hats, elaborately trimmed, and it is hard to distinguish amid the giddy whirl of enthusiastic "patinages," the graceful forms that glide by like fugitive visions.

From general observation of the "patinense moderne" I am inclined to forecast short skirts, but not too short, reaching to the ankle. The raising of the feet will accentuate a too short skirt and render the wearer ungraceful. Very fat around the hips, the skirt widens very much at the bottom. It is cut in one length for preference, so as to lend itself to all the bold and flexible movements which the sport involves.

Complications of pleats or shaped seams might be ungraceful. The skirt should be lined with tulle, and to make up for the absence of petticoats the gap is filled with flounces of mousseline de soie set in close rows one above the other, and the "lines" drawers are covered with knickers arranged in the same manner, so that the rapid evolution and graceful turn just give glimpses of the light and fluffy underwear. Evidently the blouse course is made to match the lining, and the effect is charming.

White shoes are far the prettiest, especially as their effect is increased by the silvery blades of the skates, as the white blends with that of the immaculate surface of the ice. Thus shod, the pretty skaters resemble sylphs, appearing scarcely to touch the surface over which they glide.

One error that should be avoided is to wear black stockings with white shoes. It is an unpardonable fault, which completely spoils the effect of a recherche costume. This remark applies to all colored boots. The stockings should be a match, especially as colored boots or shoes are much in favor just now.

In regard to blouses, hats, girdles and muffs, the boldest flights of fancy are tolerated. It is in the details that personal taste is displayed. Costumes all of one color are always the most dressy, and I will conclude by giving descriptions of the dresses and details which appeared to me likely to be most interesting to my readers.

A young and beautiful woman, who skated with the maestria of a Paganini of the steel, particularly charmed me. She wore a dress of red liberty velvet, plain spotted with white and lined with pale pink. The corsage, with its long basques, was very pretty, but not well adapted for the exercise, as she was constantly obliged to put it in place. A large capeline of pink mousseline de soie, trimmed with white feathers, completed this exquisite vision, making of her a creature of fantasy.

A plump brunette contrasted as forcibly with her beauty as by her dress. She wore a soft drab party coverlet, partly muskeeter, and turned up in front, with two red feathers. Her hair was of full blue liberty satin, and her bolero had a turn-down collar of red panne. Her skirt, straight cut, was of full blue, and the wide waistband of india rubber clothed with steel; her boots were of drab desalade, and the lining of the skirt of shaded grays.

Another pretty dress that I noticed was of red velvet. The bolero was square and the skirt cut in crenulations, which were edged with chinchilla.

Another costume was of drab cloth, embroidered with herbed holly, giving a bright note, foreshadowing Christmas. Yet another was of bottle green ribbed velvet, trimmed with black and gold braid, and her evolutions of a giddy waltz the wearer displayed underwear of the delicate white of water lilies. Her blouse was of Irish guipure, trimmed with a garland of lilies, and her muffs, in the same style, recalled to mind the dream of Ophelia.

I noted two other dazzling apparitions, recalling to mind snowy fairies or some hyperborean Valkyrie. One was in white velvet edged with chinchilla; her bolero, extreme-



ly short, showed beneath it a broad waistband of silver. From the wide sleeves emerged clouds of white mousseline de soie, white passementerie and silver tassels were mixed with the fur. The interior was cut spangled with dewdrops. The soft, white felt hat was trimmed with white branches and edelweiss.

The other wore a fourreau of Irish guipure, with an ermine stole down the front and continued round the skirt in a wide shaped bonnet. Her ermine toque was trimmed with Christmas roses.

The flora displayed on muffs and hats this winter are exquisite, and at this resort charm even more by their originality. Among other illustrations I noticed a muff and toque of perma violets and pink came-lia; a toque of hatters of red and blue, with a tiny band of chinchilla; hat composed entirely of matelotte, tassels of red oak foliage, pine cones, with fine silver needles—all the ornaments of the forest are laid under contribution, and from this harvest springs an infinite elegance which adapts itself marvellously to all the surroundings in which fashion deigns to disport herself.

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DESCRIPTION OF DRESSES.

In the stylish skating costume shown above the short skirt is of elephant gray colored velvet, lined with white and trimmed with muslin flounces. Strips of cream-colored satin mark the outline of the apron and encircle the skirt near the bottom. The short bolero is trimmed in similar style. The chemise is of lace, with a full down the centre, and the undersleeves are puffed. Here also are represented some of the afternoon dresses. One is of pean de sude cloth, ornamented with strips of black satin, fixed by buttons of dead gold, which add to the apparent length of the figure. The collar is of black tulle, the lace over a ground of black muslin. The skirt is edged with guipure, also over black muslin.

The other costume has a skirt of plum-colored satin, lined with white, and the bolero is of seal, long in the front and back and loose over the hips. The collar, lapels and trimmings are of skunk.

LITTLE BRAVES.—Old time a quarter-box "Purges" are cutting the field in whole battalions. Dr. Agnew's Little Pills still cuts a vital arc driving them out at all points. Because they act gently, more effectively, never pain, and are easy to take. Sick headache, constipation, indigestion. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—68.



Miss Phoebe Throate, in "Quality Street."

more or less on them, with changes to keep within the limits of fashion. You would be surprised to see how easy it is to adapt one's style, and I can wear a gown three times as long as another woman who goes in for extremes.

"Black always seemed to me appropriate for the street, and respectful, besides, in that it approaches closest to the conventional costume for women. So my street dresses and thick winter dresses are always black. Pink and pearl gray used to be my light colors, but of late years I have substituted lavender for pink.

"I have my summer frocks very simple, so that I may have more of them, and can have them washed freely. A little old and very fine lace which I possess does duty every year, worn in slightly varying ways. My collars and cuffs I always make myself. They are a kind of 'pick-up' work such as every woman needs now and then, and they mark, by their tastefulness and freshness, the perfect lady.

"A pretty collar, of original design and carefully worked, will give a touch to a plain black gown which no amount of expensive 'style' could attain. And, moreover, it shows personality. It is an expression of myself.

"That, in a word, is what I try for in my clothes—the expression of my own personality. And she succeeded. This is what I perfect dressing—daintily, appropriately, thoughtfully. Why won't more women try for it?"

"We Americans are so imitative and so

THE FALLACY OF FASHION.

There is a satisfaction in being dressed according to one's own individuality which no amount of fashion can give. This is a truth which some women are in danger of forgetting.

I once knew a woman who, to my mind, was always perfectly well dressed. She was not rich. Indeed, she often made her own clothes, and they were never expensive. But she was always exquisite.

Her gowns were always more or less alike. Gray, white and lavender were her colors for summer, black for winter. There was never a look of aggressive stylishness about her, but neither did she ever look like a fashion plate or a dressed-up shop girl. I once asked her the secret of her invariable success in her gowns, and she said:

"As a girl I realized the great importance of clothes in a woman's life, and I set myself to study the subject for myself. I never had much money to spend on clothes, so I made them myself. I had to make my plans simple; but I put a large amount of brain in them. I knew that certain colors became me, so I decided to cling to them, rather than risk failure in experiments. I knew that certain general lines suited my face and figure, so I made up my mind that my dresses should always be moulded

MISS PHOEBE THROATE, in "Quality Street," says: "There is a satisfaction in being dressed in the latest fashion. Thousands of women will testify to the truth of this saying. And yet there is another view of the question which Miss Phoebe Throate did not mention, but which is, nevertheless, as emphatically true.

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lacking in originality that the very idea of such an innovation would make most of my young lady friends' pompadours stand on end. And yet, dear young ladies, the French women, whose taste in dress you break your necks and pocketbooks to imitate, do that very thing.

They are original. They do not conform to any custom made, but give their brains some play in dressmaking. How then is it as safe to go about a French gown which detests copying.

Now, why not be French dressmakers yourselves? Study the subject. Become artists in it. If you do not want to do the manual labor yourselves, hire the hands to do it for you. But put your own brains into every dress you wear. Find what is becoming and wear it.

It may distress you at first to lose your place among the job lot of dolls which the dressmakers turn out to strut in Fifth Avenue every season. It may be some comfort to you, however, not to meet your living image as far as dress goes, chewing gum on a corner in company with other fashion plates, gotten up, cheaply to imitate "the swiftest dresser."

And, what is more, you will be expressing yourself in your clothes—if these things in you to express. Your men friends will admire you the more for it. Men are creatures of habit and like what they are used to. How often do we hear a father or brother say:

"Don't put on that new rig. I don't like you in it. Wear that brown, or green, or whatever it may be dress that you had last year. That's the prettiest thing you have."

"But, heavens, it is not in the style!"

"Isn't it?" says the poor perplexed man. "But, heavens, it is not in the style!"

Now, the truth is, the man was used to you in that dress. Hence he liked it. It was you to him. Men hate anything that breaks with their habits. Let them men who will learn your style in clothes and they will come back to you with a delicious feeling of rest after the kaleidoscopic changes which they see each season work among their girl friends.

Above all, though, avoid extremes. Because you are resolved not to be a fashion plate, don't turn deaconess. Don't "adopt a costume" or wear big sleeves in a cold winter year, or any other such strong-minded nonsense. Adopt the happy medium, and let that medium become you.

There is the whole secret. Your skirts will gain by it. Your character will gain. Your pocketbook will gain immensely.

And, best of all, you will be saved that inevitable nervous breakdown and trip to Philadelphia which lies in store for the American woman of to-day, and which is brought on by the desperate effort to "keep up" and to live everybody else's life instead of living your own and being yourself.

LOUISA M. GREEN.

RABBITS AT PLAY.

Rabbits play in this way: Two of them—I have not seen it played with more—run quickly toward each other, and when on the point of contact, each leaps into the air, but one higher than the other, clearing him completely. They come down with their tails toward each other, but instantly, with an "o" cry, they "excuse my tail," both turn and run and leap again, and this they will do from two or three to half a dozen times, always leaping up at the exact moment when they would otherwise come into collision, and one always taking the higher leap—sometimes an astonishingly high one—right over his companion. They never meet in the air, nor can I see how this can be avoided, except by a plan or figure being mutually followed by them, as with ourselves in a game of dance. I believe that each clears the other alternately, but I have not yet convinced myself of this. There is a less developed form of this game, as where one rabbit runs up to another that is lying couched and jumps over him. He then crouches himself, and, after a while, the other one "willing to return a politeness, runs up to and jumps over him. Once I saw the first rabbit to a game of jumps given, but not accepted. The offering rabbit sported up to another one, as he sat, stopped just in front of him, jumped, cricked, round and round, jumped again and waited—but all to no purpose; the other was "not in the vein."

A CRY FOR HELP.—A pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that hasn't a failure written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel, and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid speeds recovery and cures. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—70.

THE MAN AND THE GUN.

Once upon a time a man who led an aimless life used to wander in the woods with his gun and dog, hoping that he was a great hunter, though he was never known to kill anything except his dog.

"That," said the dog, "was dead he asked a friend to accompany him on one of his hunting expeditions, and his friend went. When they returned the friend carried his right arm in a sling, for it was very heavy, being full of lead shot."

Moral.—An aimless man with a gun is dangerous.

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The baby who is always plump, always has a good appetite, always has a clear eye and a rosy cheek and is always active and playful is the choicest treasure this life affords.

The medicine which keeps babies in such a condition or which restores them to it when they are ill is certainly a priceless boon to humanity. There are many medicines which produce sleep but their action upon the child is similar to that which whiskey or opium has upon a full grown man.

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You will find Baby's Own Tablets at all druggists or they will be sent direct to any address postpaid upon receipt of the price, 25 cents, per box.

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