



crêpe de Chine to match. The train which escapes from between the lapels at the back of the redingote or tunic should be of the same stuff as that on which you put the embroidery. Instead of embroidery, the skirt and plastron would look very well made of brocade, with a train of the same colour as that of the brocade, but quite plain. Great taste should be shown in the selection of colours, as, if badly combined, the effect would be entirely spoiled. Deep purple, or blue velvet, or silk, with cream, fawn, or pale green train, and underdress would be pretty. So would be deep green with pale pink, chestnut-brown with fresh butter yellow, deep slate gray with primrose, and black with almost any pale tint. One might go on inventing all sorts of combinations.

A light autumn cape one often wants as a little extra to a tailor-made plain woollen dress, and I think you will find either of these useful. They can be worn when a regular jacket would be rather too heavy, or hardly sufficiently smart, for they are suitable with either a hat or bonnet, and are, therefore, useful for paying calls in, being dressy though quite simple. The first consists of a plain,



narrow plastron of cloth in some colour that goes with the hue of your dress. At its widest on the shoulders it ought not to be more than two inches on each side of the neck (though it looks, I confess, rather wider in my illustration), thence tapering (back and front) to the extreme point of the waist. This plastron should be trimmed with a little narrow design in braid (the colour of the material of the dress) along its edge, and that of the high collar attached to it. The material of the dress is set into it in close kiltings that reach nearly to the middle of the upper part of the arm, hanging quite straight, like a short cape, the lower edge of which joins the plastron about a quarter of a yard above the point of the waist on each side. The fulness of the kilting of course gives the necessary height to the shoulders. If the stuff is stiff, and rather intractable, it would be well to run a line of thread round the lower parts of the kilts inside, so as to keep them from flying out; but in alpaca, foulard and silk they would probably not need it. A other kind is also of cloth or the material of the dress, made in a sort of a close-fitting bodice that buttons down the front with similar buttons to those on the dress. The upper part has a straight band collar, with a succession of small flat capes beneath it, laid one over another, and short sleeves, made in the same way, reaching to the level of the capes, and also composed of layers of cloth.

"How Men Ought to Dress" is the title of an article that has been written by one of those enterprising lady journalists who step in bravely "where angels fear to tread," and which was lately published in an evening paper. I think it a delightful idea, and that our lords and masters ought to be immensely obliged to the authoress. She seems to have thoroughly studied the matter, and certainly knows well what she is writing about. To show how little we "poor weak women" monopolise the quantity of vanity, I hear that no sooner did the name of the article appear on the posters than there was a perfect rush for that particular edition. The fair writer declares with truth that in outfitting themselves men never remember the colour of their hair or complexions, and that the blondes amongst them seem to take a delight in wearing pink or red shirts and scarlet ties. She suggests for these tawny gentlemen

smoking coats of a light golden brown as very becoming to their tint. She deals very gently with the outer man, and particularly with the trying period when melancholy baldness gradually appears amongst the ambrosial curls. "Baldness," she tells them, "need never depress a man. Mental culture is always held responsible for it, and that idea lends a subtle charm to the bare spot it never had before." What comfort lies in this statement for the elderly "masher," who is informed by his confidential barber that his redundant locks are "getting a little thin on the top!" How glad and happy to realise that as the hair on his manly crown decreases, so his character for mental culture grows even greater—whether he has it or not. Let no one say that the women of the closing years of this nineteenth century are in any way behind their predecessors in their powers of consoling the lords of creation.

"A constant reader" very kindly draws my attention to the fact that I have given no recipes for cakes of any kind, or, as she terms it "confectionery." It is certainly a long time ago since I sent you the recipe for a luncheon cake, and as it is always a sincere pleasure to hear from my kind readers of what they most require, and, as far as possible to meet their wishes, I will now try to chat about these things. I perfectly agree with "A Constant Reader" that bought confectionery is a doubtful good, and errs too much on the side of carbonate of soda, suspiciously tainted butter, and eggs the freshness of which is decidedly not unimpeachable.

Now I will give "A Constant Reader" a very simple recipe for a home made cake, which in my home (or I ought to say "hive") is a great favourite, and which I hope will find equal favour with any of those of my kind correspondents and readers who like to try the busy bee cake. To make one of a suitable size for afternoon tea take the weight of four fresh eggs in fresh (not salt) butter, white powdered sugar, and dry sifted flour. Beat the butter to a cream, adding the sugar, and then the flour, in which should be stirred half-a-teaspoonful of baking powder. Then add some preserved glacé or crystallised cherries and other fruits with a few thin slices of citron—the fruits to be cut into little pieces, and in all not more than a quarter of a pound. Add the eggs last, yolks and whites beaten separate, and pour into a round cake-tin lined with buttered paper. Place it at once into the oven, which should be rather a quick one, and let it take from half to three quarters of an hour. This cake may be varied by having no fruit in it but merely a little finely grated lemon peel, and a few drops of essence of lemon, which turns it into the ordinary Madeira cake. If preferred, you can add caraway seeds, or the usual currants, raisins, and candied peel. But in all cases the foundation mixture is the same, only that for a plum cake the butter should not be beaten, but rubbed into the flour.

As a change we are very fond of a chocolate cake, particularly one that is neither too expensive nor rich. I can, therefore, thoroughly recommend this one. Get some chocolate—I prefer Potin's "No. 5," as it is much the same price as Menier's and of a more delicate flavour—grate a quarter of a pound of it on a plate, which you put into the oven till quite warm. Whilst it is warming beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, adding the chocolate, a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, and two and-a-half ounces of fine flour, with a little Vanilla essence. Then add three eggs—yolks and whites beaten separately—pour it into a cake-tin lined with well-buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for not quite half an hour. Do not open the oven door whilst it is baking if you can help it, as that will instantly make it heavier, as we found to our cost.

Small cakes that are very nice to eat at tea time, and also look pretty, may be made of the mixture I have given, but baked in a flat tin lined with well-buttered paper. This should be filled to about an inch thick, and when taken from the oven cut the flat piece of cake with a very sharp clean knife into squares and diamond shapes from two to two and a half inches in length. Make some plain icing, with white of an egg and icing sugar, in the usual proportions; spread it on some of the cakes; mix with it for others a little cochineal essence till it is a pretty pink, and for some still more; mix some finely-chopped sweet almonds with some plain white icing; put the cakes into a very slow oven to harden; and, when done and cool, you will have quite a pretty dainty-looking dish of small cakes to hand round at afternoon tea. I hope you will be successful.

A Pretty Home Dinner Dress—A Light Autumn Cape—"How Men Ought to Dress"—"A Constant Reader"—Busy Bee Cake—A Chocolate Cake—Small Cakes.

PRETTY home dinner dress I shall give you this week, for it comes under the list of useful gowns that can be made up from old materials. Many people think they can dress just anyhow at home, but I do not at all agree with this. It is certainly a good opportunity to wear up old clothes, but that is no reason why the old clothes should not be made to look their very best. And if it pleases outside people to see us dressed nicely, and we do so out of respect for them, surely we owe it to our own home people to please them also, and show them this slight respect, "our own, that we love the best!" So here I have a model which is not at all difficult to copy, and which can be followed in so many different colours and materials. Suppose you have an old velvet dress, or



or dark silk, you can make it up in this style, as a plain coat-shaped skirt, which may be joined cleverly at the sides, and have two long pointed revers put on that terminate at the point of the waist behind and in front, but less wide apart at the back. Then suppose you have some pretty embroidered material, make a plastron front of it to the bodice, and border the material of the front of the under-skirt also with it, use it also for the lower part of the sleeves and neck-band, filling in the plain part with