

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

ACCORDING to Claire Foldairolles, the well-known female writer on the staff of the *New York Mercury*, the style of love-making is about to undergo a change, if it has not already done so. We are to have no more Sapphos to leap from Leucadian rocks; no more Clyties to dissolve in tears or breathe away their lives in sighs; no more Penelopes to sit calmly knitting until their recreant lords come home; no more Violas to pine in thought and turn yellow and green; no more Ophelias to hang their pretty heads and murmur, "Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so." Here is the words Miss Foldairolles employs to make herself understood to a male friend: "The old saying that everything is fair in love and war is now treason to the sex, and you men must unlearn such philosophy. When you take your seat upon the sofa beside the idol of your heart you will perceive, not like Damocles, a razor-edged scimitar suspended by a single hair over your head; but you will note, lying upon the mantle among that maiden's daintiest bibelots, an ivory-handled revolver with silver plated barrel, looking as innocent as the paper-cutter lying beside it, and ever and anon, when love tires of its own endearments, that maiden will reach for the pretty toy and tell you how expert she is in the use of it. After centuries of free trade in kisses, love is at last about to put a tariff upon these delicacies that have known no season, no clime, no condition. 'You may smile upon me,' will say the coming maiden; 'you may woo me with flowers and bonbons; you may encircle my waist with your gloved hand in the waltz, you may rest your lips upon my hair, you may call me by my first name and hold my hand, you may tie my ruffles, push in my hairpins, button my jacket and my gloves, you may lift my polished finger nails to your lips, you may help me over fences and lie at my feet in the grass, you may call me pet names, you may hold me up on the backs of the seats at the races and at the games, you may carry my handkerchief and flacon box, and powder box and fan, you may sit close to me on straw rides, you may play love in all those ways, and in many others, but you mustn't attempt to kiss me unless you mean business, for we women have firmly resolved that you men shall treat us as honorably as you treat each other in commercial life, and that when once you have been allowed in token of acceptance to sip the strained honey of love from our lips, that you shan't thrust us aside unless we know the reason why.' In other words, you must unlearn that delightful art of trifling with a woman's affections—an art which has for so many centuries been considered part and parcel of a liberal education. You are not allowed to practice deception in any other walk of life without drawing down upon yourself the condemnation of all right-minded people. Why should you be allowed to induce a young girl to permit of a more complete embrace than that sanctioned by the waltz, and to yield up her lips to the touch of yours when you are merely working up a little bit of comedy for rehearsal at the club over the coffee and cognac? Every man is at heart a gay deceiver; I will not except a single one; for lack of opportunity or of

the needful material is alone responsible for any exception. But the fact is that women themselves are to blame for the confusion worse confounded into which the relations of the sexes have fallen. They have held their smiles too cheap; they have been too ready to let their lover solve the mysterious contact of velvety palm and satiny lip; too willing to open their ears to the music of pet names, too easily pleased by the sloppy compliments of the first available coxcomb, all 'perfumed like a milliner,' whom you might stun with an idea or brain with a lady's fan. Well, the reaction has come at last. Henceforth woman is to be treated like a man and a brother and not like the spoiled child of creation. Faust has met the last Marguerite. Woman absolutely refuses to furnish the world with stained glass effects by wiping up the floor with her beautiful hair. She absolutely refuses to play Magdalene unless she knows that the accusers are not making the music in the choir; she absolutely refuses to accept Hamlet's kind invitation to betake herself to a nunnery; she absolutely refuses to subscribe to Paul's dictum that a widow who is not a widow indeed is not entitled to any respect; she absolutely refuses to agree to Solomon's assertion that you can't match every good man with a good woman; she absolutely refuses to be persuaded by Jack Milton that Eve wasn't just as good a fellow as Adam."

There is no question as to the supremacy of moire this year. Its popularity five years ago was as nothing to its present vogue. It appears in all colors, and is utilized for trimming, for entire gowns, for ties, capes, hats—in fact, for everything. It is combined with plain silk, satin and woollen materials, and is particularly favored, especially in the striped weaves for separate waists. These are hardly as cool as the glace and China silk bodices of last year, but they have a great deal of "go" and are well approved. It has been said that pongee makes the coolest lining for summer gowns, but it is doubtful if it is any better than the silk and linen material which comes in fast black, white and mode colors. This is warranted to wash as well as muslin, and its chief drawback is that it sometimes cuts at the seams. In other respects, it wears well, and is in itself a pretty stuff, having a faintly watered effect.

Black and white, which were so universally adopted last fall, have not yet disappeared as a fashionable combination. It is becoming to many persons and therefore dies hard.

Despite the fact that silk is so fashionable this year and is seen in such variety of style and price, fine wools hold a respected place among the materials used for rich toilets. There are beautiful silk and wool goods shown in striped and figured effects, and all wool stuffs in crepons, fine serges and vignones. Since the advent of flaring skirts, very soft materials, such as cashmere and henrietta, have retired into the background, save for mourning purposes.

An effective street costume is shown in finely woven black serge trimmed with ivory moire. The skirt is plain, but very wide and full at the back. The front of the bodice is of moire, forming a vest over which are arranged close Eton fronts of

serge with wide moire revers. The back of the bodice is plain, and there is a full short basque of serge, lined with moire. The moire standing collar is surrounded by an erect flaring collar of serge, lined with moire, high in the back. The sleeves are bouffant above the elbow, but tight below, extending in points over the hand. Cut jet buttons are employed as a finish.

In her younger days Mme. Recamier prided herself on her harp playing. This was a favorite accomplishment in the early part of this century, for it gave ladies an opportunity of displaying their arms, and Mme. Recamier had a lovely arm. Many years after she had given up music a diligent frequenter of her salon expressed a wish to hear her once. All the company present joined in the request, which she, however, persistently declined until Chateaubriand was persuaded to lend his support. The hostess was then compelled to yield.

"You shall hear me," she said, "but not see me, for people at my age do not care to make an exhibition of themselves. I shall play behind a curtain, and you will give me your promise not to look during the performance."

On the day appointed a large party was assembled; a curtain concealed one of the corners of the room; two servants placed the harp on a raised platform, drew the curtain, and took up a position on each side of it to keep off intruders if necessary. Mme. Recamier was then heard to enter the enclosed space, move the chairs, and put down her bracelets.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" she exclaimed; and when the applause that greeted her had died away the music began.

The audience marveled exceedingly, for they were listening to the performance, not of an amateur, but of an accomplished executant, in whose hands the greatest difficulties were mastered with ease, and whose playing reminded them of Godefroy, the great harpist of the day. After a while, she drew back the curtain a little way to enjoy the applause and congratulations of the company, who, however, persisted in crying "Encore!" so that she had to play another set of pieces. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

Chateaubriand, who knew nothing of music, said to her:

"You have never played so well, madame!"

Condere, the painter, left the salon immediately after the concert, as he had an engagement elsewhere. As he was putting on his cloak, the door leading to the back stairs opened, a man walked out carrying a harp, followed by another, who, on seeing Condere, quickly muffled his face. But Condere had recognized him, and said:

"How are you, my dear Godefroy?"

"Give me your word of honor," was the reply, "that you will keep my secret."

"I gave it," Condere said, when afterward relating the story to Jules Simon, "and have kept it till this evening."

Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago has a penchant for Mexican and duchess laces. She probably owns one of the finest assortments of these delicate embroideries in the world.