

Women and Their Ways

Green Liberty Gowns.

To-day's green liberty gown was designed especially for one of our prominent actresses, and the soft, leaf-green tint looked stunning upon her. One of the most elaborate trappings used this year was seen on the bottom of the full skirt, which was shirred several times at the belt. No decoration broke the plainness of this skirt until within 24 inches of the foot, where the tips of the large medallion appliques started on their course. These long plaques of white lace outlined with silver embroidery had a double appearance, one medallion resolving into the other. The centre of the lower one came on a line with the full-shaped flounce which edged the bottom of the skirt. This was made of green net, exactly matching the shade of the liberty satin, and was laid over an under flounce of green chiffon. There was an elaborate embroidered pattern wrought in silver threads and tiny green ribbons which closely



GREEN LIBERTY EVENING GOWN.

covered the net so that very little of the green showed. A row of silver sequins was sewed on the extreme edge of the net flounce and larger silver paillettes made a heading for it between the applique medallions. These ornaments were placed a little less than their own width apart, and while the lower of each medallion was oval the upper had a pointed effect at the top. On the lower edge of the former was gathered a frill of green satin ribbon about four inches wide, with the ends of the frill sloping up to nothing. This trimming is one of the novel features of the winter's evening gowns, and has the advantage of imparting a bouffant look to a skirt that is not very full.

Over the very wide corselet of shirred green liberty satin was a bodice in which the usual blouse was conspicuous by its absence. From the décolletage which made a dip in the centre of the front and after curving up over the bust dipped again at the armholes to the top of the girdle, the bodice was solidly trimmed with silver embroidery on lace applique. The pattern resembled a series of large medallions like those on the skirt set together and extended around the bodice front, back and sides.

A miniature ruffle of green ribbon outlined the neck and also gave a finish to the lower edge of these simulated medallions. A strap of silver bullion did duty for one sleeve and over the other shoulder ran a band of small green roses.

A Beautiful Shawl Wrap.

Good dress models are never accidents; they are always the result of well-thought-out plans by some one who has had years of experience in this particular line of applied art. And even when their creations meet with a shorter life than they deserve, for the reason that womanhood is ever seeking something new. They want constant variety, different garments from those other women are wearing, which means that even after a season has started well on its course, dressmakers are busy replacing gowns and catering to the omnivorous appetites of their fair clients.

Thus it happens that in midseason we are able to offer a chef-d'oeuvre in the way of an opera coat. The sketch shows exactly what this wonderful smart garment is in its development of the shawl idea; one which is sure to find commendation from the fact that dress sleeves are so bouffant, if for no other. However, the entire coat is full of good points and is beautiful almost beyond description.

It is fashioned of fancy chiffon velvet with a rich ivory-tinted background. In this the mellowness of the material seems to take on a greater beauty and charm of coloring than in any other fabric. In fact, the velvet looks like a genuine bit of ivory made pliable for the novel use to which it is put.

Throughout the coat is a lining of chiffon satin in the same slightly mellow shade of the exterior. It is the cut of this coat, however, which is so delight-

ful and unusual. It possesses all the comforts of a nearly full length garment, but is arranged on a shawl pattern with the sleeves giving a distinct impression of a three-cornered drape. These resolve themselves into a deep point in the back, and the whole is finished with two broad tucks.

The sleeve part is very full and is gathered under a wide band of handsome handmade lace, white and heavy with traceries of gold threads showing here and there. These bands extend from the neck to the bottom of the shawl sleeves, where they end under a band of ermine, which outlines the entire shawl drape. A more delicate lace of the same pattern used in the bands makes a full frill on the edge of the shawl sleeves, and under this a lining of very thin, soft gold and white tissue. These frills continue on around the drape all meet at the tip of the point which comes to the bottom of the coat proper in the back.

A broad stole of ermine, quite flat, goes around the neck and reaches to the bottom of the coat, where the ends are edged with a frill of chiffon and lace to the arms and down the pointed back. Inside the stole and showing the entire length of the garment is a narrow vest of white and gold embroidery in the same design as that which ornaments the sleeve lengthwise. This throws the royal ermine band into delicate relief and harmonizes with the deep pattern of hand-work trimming the bottom of the velvet coat.

Around the bottom to a very great depth and reaching up that part of the sides of which one gets a slight glimpse as the arms are thrown back, is a tracery of gold and white handwork which seems to be woven in the material, so delicately is it designed and carried out. The corners of the coat are worked heavier than any other part, for the pattern trails off into nothingness as it extends around to the deep point in the back.

THE WINTER GIRL.

All thru the long, warm sunny days the beauty and sweetness of nature are further enhanced by the picturesque comeliness of the "summer girl." With the "airy nothings" that are our chief adornments in the warm weather, there is a possibility of variety and freshness in one's attire, while the colors of the flowers are perpetually suggestive to the absorbent brain of the artist. But in the dreariness of wintry days the depression of one's spirits often unconsciously finds expression in a monotony of clothes. The dingy gown impregnated with the sighs of last winter's megrim is again brought forward to fulfil a like duty, wherein it garbs both body and spirit with a cloud. It is a dull, shabby, old frock, and "does" for the dark days. But what a mistake! Why should a sunless world be accentuated by one's oldest and ugliest?

To Make or Mar a Costume.

Servicable and well-worn one's dress may be and is suitable for rain and mud, as is necessary thru the winter months, but it is the extra touches that make or mar the complete costume, transforming it from the dreary monotone to the chirpy brightness of the robin, who is saucy on the strength of his gorgeous, red-gold breast. The soft blues and pinks of the summer sunset sky may be reproduced in a coquettish knot of color beneath the chin, where it lights up the face.

Everyone knows of the "Winter Girl" who comes wistfully down to break fast after everyone else has finished, who cowers over the fire in a loose morning gown and sloppy slippers, and who works herself into a state of irritability, trying to evade possible morning callers on account of her unsightly coiffure and general disorder. She is the sort of personality who depresses the household, and the she may have youth and strength and even vivacity, if she chose to exert it, yet she lides away the wintry days as unattractive as the worst of the weather.

Cheery Influence.

The "Winter Girl" of to-day, however, blushes to record such a presentation. With her vigorous, unblinded energies and brilliant spirits that come of perfect health, her cheery influence is felt and appreciated by all around her. She is helpful, pleasant to know, and pleasing to look at. By her tact, now so empty of summer flowers, are decorated with the berries and leaves nearly always to be had in the winter for the scrambling after. The tennis parties and garden teas are replaced by cosy fireside chats and discussions on the new winter publications; while frocks for coming festivities and merry quips and cranks vary the cheery chatter.

Contentment.

"Contentment" is the bewitching fairy that gives to us the most charming personalities. "Contentment" puts beauty into tweeds and homespun that never blossomed from out rich furs and sombre velvets. "Contentment" peeps out sunshiny and alluring from the brim of a straw hat, where rich and "contentment" laughs and bubbles over with infectious gaiety as well in the dark as the bright days. "Miss" with the saucy, tip-tit nose, trips happily along the muddy pathway, conscious of nothing save the becomingness of her dainty toe and the coquettish twist of bright color at her throat. "Miss" dre ams of a festive

season and merry meetings, and thinks of the color most suited to the sparkle of her bright eyes, and nuns a gay little tune as she wends her way. Or perhaps the penetrating mist falls, and someone with a strong arm and big umbrella is proud to offer protection to the scrap of human sunshine, so cheery and lovable in the winter gloom, while the fairy "Contentment" beams at the success of her influence. G.M.W.

The Wearing of Jewels.

Women carry out details in dress far more than in former years, and not only is it a relief to the eye, but they present a far better appearance. Take it, for instance, in the matter of ornaments. So many women when presented at court clap on all they can get, plastering themselves all over with half a dozen kinds of jewels. How much more effective and in far better taste to have few ornaments and of the same kind.

Of course, diamonds always go well with any stone, and on a court dress can be worn with pearls of any color. Even one jewel is more effective than numerous assorted kinds. No woman exists, I suppose, who thinks that pearls are unbecoming to her, and yet no stone is so hard to wear, as so much depends on the person's coloring and carriage. In fact they draw attention to every defect.

Almost everyone now wears a necklace of some sort, another trying thing. On most women a line around the collarbone is ugly. A chain should hang down in a long loop, or be high up about the throat. A ribbon band is trig and pretty, with a jeweled clasp its width in front, and tulle is becoming, held close and high around the neck by diamond slides.

Few collars are deep enough. A tiny bit too low, and they lose their smartness. In jet or coral one finds them two or three strands too narrow. Personally, I should advise wearing necklaces, such as come only about the collarbone, in the day time, or with high gowns, or pinning them across the front of the corsage. Even a string of pearls looks better looped on the dress than lying on the neck, unless, as I said, it hangs way down to the top of the waist.

Ladies and the Automobile.

A lady correspondent of The Automobile, in narrating the early experiences of herself and husband upon taking to motoring, says: "Two of our most bitter critics were ladies. They vowed repeatedly that nothing in this world



SUPERB SHAWL WRAP.

would induce them to enter a hateful motor-car. They did care for horses, insinuating that we did not, and would not stand tamely by and see them ousted from the road. Besides, motorists had no business on the public thoroughfares. They were an unmitigated nuisance, an ill-bred, inconsiderate race and terrified the soberer and saner portion of the community. For years we listened patiently to such diatribes, biding our time and marveling whether it struck the fair speakers that their observations savored both of narrow-mindedness and incivility. To-day these same ladies are amongst the most enthusiastic admirers of the new form of locomotion. Not only have their husbands been permitted to purchase cars, but the better halves are never so happy as when riding in them. They declare that they have discovered a new pleasure in life and a new unstinted praise on the motor's utility."

How They Melt Among the Spaniards.

A Spanish maiden who is at all good-looking is always attended by a young man. He is called her "novio," and it is his privilege to accompany her on her walks, too, of course, always with either her mother or a maid to play in his becoming engaged to the young lady, but while it lasts she has to be obedient and loyal to him! If he should transfer his affections to another fair damsel the slighted one has no redress, for he is quite at liberty to do so, their friendship never being regarded in the light of a formal engagement. Marriages are settled by the heads of the two families chiefly concerned, and until such an arrangement is made the young Spaniard may be "novio" to as

many girls as he likes, one after another.

Woman and Love.

"Love is not all kisses. There is more. There are tears, but there is more, too. There is pain, there is doubting, there is jealousy, and more than that! There is avarice also, for a woman who loves is a miser, counting her treasures when others sleep. And she would kill anyone who robbed her, and that is murder. Yet there is more—there are all the mortal sins in love, and even then there is worse. There is this: She will not count her own soul for him she loves—no, not if the saints in paradise came down weeping and begging her to think of her salvation. And this is a great sin, I suppose."—Marion Crawford.

The Gift of Charm.

The quality of being interesting carries with it a potency and charm that is none the less real because it is elusive and indefinable. The simply pretty woman is an every-day occurrence and may or may not be interesting for ten consecutive minutes. The woman with a mind as well as a complexion will come within your range of vision at pleasantly recurring intervals, but she who is perennially interesting will cross your path but once or twice in a lifetime.—The Delineator.

Fancy Dress Head Party.

"Oh, for a new idea!" is the cry of many a young woman who wishes to give a party and can think of no scheme which has not been already done a hundred times.

A good suggestion is the fancy dress "head" party, which may be given in expensively enough or elaborated on a scale in accord with substantial incomes.

For the "head" party, as the name suggests, one need only dress the hair and wear ornaments or a hat belonging to some special century or country. The guests wear evening dress, and no attempt is made to carry out the representation of a character beyond the head. Endless selections are afforded to those who can wear powdered hair becomingly by the famous eighteenth century pictures.

Head dresses typical of different countries are generally effective, but you must study physiognomy in these cases as well as in fancy dress. Italy is typified by an Italian peasant's head dress, earrings and neck chains would suit a dark girl, while a pronounced brunette is especially suited for Spain, represented by a treader hat and vivid undecorated, or by the essentially Spanish mantilla arranged over a high comb and a rose placed coquettishly above one ear.

A Persian princess, Cleopatra, a Hindu lady; all these possess distinctive headdress.

Fair girls can enact a host of characters, all equally charming. For them the quaint Dutch peasant's cap and silver ornaments, the Norwegian and Swedish girl's bridal finery.

Chinese and Japanese head dresses are always fascinating, but these require great care in the arrangement of the hair and render a good wig or the aid of a skilful hairdresser an absolute necessity.

A great deal of harmless fun can be obtained from "head" parties, and a little zest is added if a prize is awarded to the head obtaining the largest number of afternoon votes.

Gifts for Babies.

The newest idea is a baby clothes rack—just like the ordinary clothes rack, but smaller and trimmed with silk and ribbon and lace. It's to be used in a dozen ways—to hang the little baby for airing before a heater, as well as to keep it from creases. They're one of the gifts easy to make, too, says The Philadelphia North American.

Pink or blue (in baby shades) boxes of celluloid, or made on cardboard foundations covered with flowered silk, have a slit in the top just wide enough for the narrow ribbons to pull thru.

And, of course, there are rattles and "pushers," and playbooks, gay with ribbon, that boast a dozen or so rubber animals, squeaking and whistling in the most approved style. And baby pins and studs—separate or in sets; baby pillows and pillow cases; and those stunning fur coat covers, with an opening in them for the baby's head to pop thru, and so cover all of him up that is "coverable."

Women as Cooks.

It has always been said that women cannot attain to great heights as cooks and creators of dishes, and that, just as they fail to excel in music, poetry and painting, they fail also in the higher mysteries of learning. It is very interesting to learn, on the testimony of M. Menager, King Edward's cook, that this is no longer true, however true it may have been formerly. M. Menager is the first chef to admit that women have any talent in this direction, and says that his women assistants do contrive great works, for which he, as chef, gets the credit. For this generous confession women ought to feel very grateful, for coming from such a high quarter, it will undoubtedly do much to remove the popular notion as to women's lack of creative power in the kitchen. And, further, M. Menager says that there are renowned kitchens in London which have frequently served up dinners to his royal master controlled entirely by women. King Edward's cook enjoys a salary of \$10,000.

A Sonnet of Maidenhood.

Sigh not for me, O rosy, guarded wife,
Outlooking—O from your love-enriched
Where little hands grope soft about your
breast—
Upon my days, storm-buffed and rife
With the vague fears of loneliness and
suffering—
For sweetly tho you fare and sweetly
rest,
Dear is the freedom of my upward quest

And dear the promise of my chivalric life,
I love the half-blown rose, the crescent
moon;
The last green hill I would not reach and
climb;
Still, still I hear the faint, alluring chime
Of dreamland, silenced in your wife's
bosom's room;
And over me shall shine till life is gone
The great white star of girlhood's dewy
dawn.
M. Cannah.

MYSTERIOUS PARIS CRIME.

Young Girl's Body Cut in Pieces—
Found Behind Hearing.

Paris, Jan. 25.—Paris has just been the theatre of a mysterious and revolting crime, the dismembered remains of a woman having been found near Clignancourt Gate, leading out of the city from the fortifications on the north side.

It is a gloomy and ill-famed district, chiefly inhabited by outcasts and the criminal classes. On Saturday morning, when a boy of 15 was passing thru this part of the city he noticed, half-hidden by a wooden boarding, a large parcel wrapped in cloth resembling black lining, and tied with string.

A cursory examination showed that the parcel contained the mutilated and charred remains of a woman's body.

The head had been severed from the trunk, and the legs and arms had also been cut off, the only one leg and a foot could be found. The head was terribly burned, and nearly all the hair had disappeared.

The only clue in the possession of the police at present was furnished by a man named Pigeonnat, who lives in a wooden hut near the scene of the discovery.

He declares that during the last six months he frequently saw a man hovering about the fortifications after dark. His movements, says Pigeonnat, were very suspicious, and on several occasions he accosted young women and workgirls.

Yesterday evening the stranger was roaming about the place at the usual hour. He was carrying a large parcel under his arm, and glanced furtively from right to left as he moved about the dismal place.

Condemns Mixed Dancing.

London, Jan. 25.—The suppression of mixed dancing is one of the chief objects which the Torrey-Alexander Mission will set before them during their stay in London.

"Is it right that I should put my arm around another man's wife who is dressed as women are only dressed in questionable places?" asked Dr. Torrey.

"Everybody must know that in the most select dancing party in London there is a familiarity between the sexes that is tolerated nowhere else. Suppose you were to see your wife standing in that same attitude with a man anywhere else than in the ballroom, what would be the result? There would be trouble. But why? Is it better in the ballroom than anywhere else?"

"Don't you know that the upper classes are just as full of moral lepers as any other class of society, and that some of the worst men carry titles before their names. Are you willing that your wife should be embraced by men of that character and whirled round in the maze?"

"I was once the manager of a charity ball myself, but I have changed my views. Modern society is blinded by usage, but if the evils of mixed dancing were but known, no modest woman would ever step again in the dances."

The smart frock which is pictured in our illustration is made in a new kind of chameleon taffetas glaze shot with soft shades of peach color, mauve and palest pink. Little ruches of the same



A SMART FROCK IN SHOT TAFFETAS.

silk, put on in various scroll designs, adorn the full skirt very effectively, while the bodice has a deep corselet belt laced down the centre of the front. The upper part of the bodice is closely gathered on the shoulders with draperies which are drawn together in front, and outlined with very full ruches of the silk. The opening is filled in by a chemisette of ivory-white Brussels lace laid over pale blue soft satin, and the elbow sleeves, which are made in a new and very becoming shape, are also finished with Brussels lace frills.

THE WORK OF

Stirring Accounts of the Man...

"The great bull fights at the Plaza de Toros will be held on Wednesday afternoon," said Don M. Capt. G.—and myself, as we were smoking and chatting in the old garden of a picturesque little Spanish hostelry in the hilly district of Gai after a long and poor day's sports, the trout of a neighboring stream, a captain, who had never witnessed a fight, at once declared his intention of attending that at Ronda, which was to take place two days later, and I have heard so much about the courage of Ronda "toros" (bulls) for the risk agreed to accompany him.

Nine o'clock the next morning I found myself in the saddle and riding along the stretch of road lying between the towns of Ganin and Ronda. This road is but little better than a narrow pathway; indeed, in parts it is scarcely room for two horses to abreast, but at every fresh turn beautiful and ever-varying panoramas break in on the traveler's view. Some miles the way lay along the side of a mountain, which rose abruptly to a great height above us on the left hand, while on the right a precipice fell down to a fearful depth. The valley stretching away between the road and the opposite range of hills appeared very rich and well cultivated, numerous churches, convents and villages being scattered over its area. We reached our destination shortly after 6 o'clock in the evening, and, having done ample justice to the excellent dinner that was provided for us at a small but comfortable and—for Spain—cleanly hotel, to which we had been recommended by Don M.—the media was visited, in the moonlight.

From the gardens of the Alameda glorious view extending for miles over a beautifully wooded country was obtainable and the cliffs at our feet dropped abruptly down some hundreds of feet. To the left a small river flowed down the hills in a succession of cascades and the effect of the moonbeams glinting on the rushing waters was a descriptively lovely.

Next morning we were up betimes to explore the quaint old Moorish palace with its numerous dungeons hewn out of solid rock, which in ancient days were peopled with Christian captives carried off by Arab chieftains, who defended pursuit or rescue in their mountain strongholds. Next the horse and cattle markets were visited and the picturesque costumes of the native homespun shooting coats and boots and breeches of my companion and myself.

Early in the afternoon we entered the Plaza de Toros, a large amphitheatre with little or no decoration about it. The ring in the centre was strewn with sand and sawdust, like a circus, surrounded by high palisades about twelve feet from which were placed tiers of wooden benches, which correspond with seats in the pit at one of our English theatres, while above were the boxes and dress circle, in which we were fortunate enough to obtain places near the centre of the building. While the crowd were taking their seats there was an immense quantity of chaff going on chiefly directed against any hapless individual who had anything peculiar in his dress or appearance—in fact, just the sort of thing that the Oxford undergraduates delight themselves in at Commemoration.

We were rather astonished to see so many ladies in the upper boxes, but still more so at the manner in which they cheered on the bull with cries of "Viva Toros!" and waving of handkerchiefs. At length the mayor of the good city of Ronda appeared and took his seat immediately over the entrance to the ring, thru which the bulls were to appear. The doors of the gateway were now thrown open and the full company of bull fighters appeared on the scene. First in the procession rode the picadors, three in number, each armed with a long lance and mounted on the most wretched looking "screws" it is possible to imagine. The upper garments of the picadors were heavily padded and their legs protected by enormous jack boots. After them came some dozen "chulos," on foot, dressed in a la Figaro, with gay scarfs of various colors on their arms. Then followed the two matadors, whose business it was to kill the bulls, both dressed in the most elaborate style, and last came a team of three mules, harnessed

