



### Paris Dreams in Headgear.

Dressy Frenchwomen Wear Violets and Camellias on Their Hats.

A Former Georgia Girl at Present Leads the Styles in the French Capital.

WORTH'S SON ON FUTURE FASHIONS.

Says Big Sleeves Are Here to Remain, and That Empire Gowns Are Things of the Past—Fatching Costumes Seen on the Boulevards.

Paris, Jan. 11.—Sunday was beautiful in Paris and the Champs Elysees seemed to have more than its usual crowd of pedestrians. But nobody could feel an inclination to stay indoors on such a perfect day, and everybody seemed to appreciate and hear with a rapt attention the fresh wind that rushed up and down the avenues and teased big hats and plumes.

The women who wore toques must have been overjoyed at their decision, for surely the big velvet hat, tempest-tossed and awry, has lost its main charm—picturesqueness. It's an easy thing at this season of the year to find a bench at the sidewalk just on the edge of the great throng. And there you may sit for hours watching the people pass in thousands, but it seldom happens that you will see a costume or any bit of headgear repeated in the whole procession. There are so many kinds of trimmings to choose from this year—chiffon, ribbons, buckles and rhinestones, ribbons and feathers—and you may choose four or five of the trimmings and leave it to your milliner to combine them in such an artistic fashion as to be an original.

But that was so charmingly becoming to Miss Sibyl Sanderson was of brown velvet, with rather narrow brim and moderate crown. It was turned up directly at the back, and a big wide-spread bow of the same velvet ribbon was tucked at the back of the crown, with the long loops coming well forward.

There was a spiral delicate algrette of rose and brown sticking straight up from the middle of the bow that belled what might have been a kind of squattiness about the hat. And the flowers were violets and rose-colored camellias. I have noticed so many hats with the full trim of velvet crowns, especially in the big velvet hats that are so much in vogue this year. Bernhard, who usually carries the prevailing styles, wears one.

A golden brown velvet hat had a crown of soft intermingled shades of tan and old-rose velvet woven in Persian pattern. The crown was raised at one side with a bunch of full roses made of old-rose velvet ribbon and a bunch of feathers. Another very elegant large hat that I saw had a wide, low, soft crown of pink velvet, with the brim with two rows of falling. The brim, which was quite wide, was covered with pink tulle, with five ruffles of black tulle entirely covering the pink. The flowers on it were white and pink camellias.

You should see a hat for Eugenie, she who is supposed to wear no colors, covered with these flowers.

Violet is showing an endless variety in big hats, toques and theatre bonnets. The big hats were elaborately trimmed and were often of velvet with quantities of feathers and flowers. The toques were sometimes yellow lace were combined in a great many of them. The theatre bonnets were flat and broad, reaching nearly down to the ears. There was a great deal of crepe velvet and jet used on the theatre bonnets. But quite a few were composed entirely of flowers and leaves. Violets and camellias are the favorite flowers this season.

The French mourning bonnets are wonderful affairs, with quantities of crepe, bows and loops. And the crepe veil is an apologetic thing, long but scant, that comes from under the back of the bonnet. It's a refreshing thing to see the taste displayed in Mrs. Mackay's mourning bonnet. She insisted on having a low, English bonnet, with just a suggestion of a point in the front and a long veil ginned very close to the bonnet, and

reaching nearly to the bottom of her gown. With the hair waved back from the face in the prevailing fashion, a little close-fitting mourning bonnet quite far back on the head, resting on a loose knot of hair, is quite the most becoming thing I know of, and I have looked in vain for a face that was enhanced by the French mourning bonnet. They seem only to detract from the dignity of mourning apparel.

At the Opera Comique I noticed the Marchioness Anglesen, nee Miss King, of Georgia. Her costumes are always original, becoming and up to date, and I have always been impressed by the beautiful, harmonious colors she combines in her toques. The opera bonnet she wore the other evening was such a light, tasty creation and so wonderfully becoming—two bands of twisted crepe tulle that fitted rather closely to a loose knot of hair.

A very fine jet butterfly, with gold splashed on its wings, was perched on the front bands, with its wings well spread, and the back band, which was placed so that a little of the waved hair showed between it and the front one, was covered with small, tight rosettes of crepe tulle. Two full ends of rare old yellow lace fell from the two ends of the bonnet below the ears.

Her invariable companion is another Southern woman, quite the opposite of the Marchioness in style. At a number of the small shops on the avenues I noticed quite a few soft Alpine hats. The brims were wider than last season's, and often the band was of a contrasting color. A gray hat had a band of black and two black quills, and one, golden brown in color, had quills and a band of dark blue. A hat not quite so severe was a square-topped beaver, rather a low crown and very rolling sides. At the front was a stiff cravat bow of velvet ribbon, with a big rhinestone buckle at the centre. At the back and a little to the left side was a bunch of three black Prince of Wales tips.

Many Parisian women of the dawn of '96 go to the theatre hooded in satin hags. The hood is edged with fur and lined with satin of another color.

There is a queer little tight-fitting cap, made generally of black astrakhan, that has become quite popular with a certain class in Paris. But they are such trying things, even to the prettiest faces, that I had never thought of them as a fashion until I saw them in quite a number of the smart shops. For skating they might be acceptable. But it seems an unpardonable thing in this day and generation to don a severe and unbecoming hat when there is such an endless variety to choose from.

Many people think that because the great Worth is dead they can no longer have Worth goods. This is a mistaken idea, for long before the great artist died he gave no personal attention to any of the gowns that went out from the establishment bearing his name. M. Gaston Worth and M. Jean Worth, his sons, attending to everything, just as they do now.

I mention this because a short time ago I visited the Maison Worth in the Rue de la Paix, and had long conversation on the subject of dress with the world-famous man milliner's sons. M. Jean Worth attends to the designing and the fine and feminine side of the business, while M. Gaston is the business manager.

The office of the former is on the second floor, and is a simple, artistic room, furnished in soft greens, and it is here that Worth fils decides upon what his customers shall wear. He does not have a box of models made up to copy for his customers,

haphazard, whether they may be becoming or not. He asks his customer what her gown is intended for, and then studies her good and bad points to see what she may and what she may not wear. The design is then carried out in lining muslin, and after it is corrected and approved, is made up.

When asked what the models for the coming Spring and Summer would be, the artist shook his head and replied: "I do not know yet; one cannot decide so far ahead nowadays. The styles come with a rush and are as soon gone. There will, however, be no material change. Skirts and sleeves will remain much as they are now. Skirts will doubtless be much trimmed up and down and very little round about. Panels and slashes will be favored, as they are already beginning to be the rage. Little frills and pomps set up and down are wonderfully fetching for light-weight Summer silks and muslins."

The rumor that the rank styles of the First Empire would come into vogue in the Spring was entirely exploded by M. Worth, who declared such modes to be impossible at the present period. The short-waisted effects a la Josephine have always been worn for evening gowns by those whom they suited. In the Empire days the women were almost naked. Their necks and arms and bosoms and feet were bare, and they wore no under petticoats. Fancy a woman rushing to catch an elevated train in New York in such a garb as this, and one can easily understand how far removed from possibility such styles are.

One of the most beautiful things that I saw in making at the establishment was a black velvet Louis Seize coat for Mrs. Naylor Leland, who was Jennie Chamberlain, of Cleveland. It had huge sleeves, for Mrs. Leland is slender, and there were great flaring revers and masses of finest jet. It had a basque that set out full, and the whole was lined with rich white satin.

A strikingly beautiful evening gown had a skirt of white satin, sleeves of black velvet, and a body and side panels of flame-colored orange velvet, studded with jet sequins. A costume of such daring combination of necessity had to be made simply. The skirt had many flaring godets at the back and sides, and the two panels were let in on each side of the front breadth. It was beautifully stiffened and lined with white glace silk.

The bodice was slightly bloused in front, and had seams only under the arms. It was cut quite low, and edged with a border of sequins, and the large black velvet sleeves were to the elbow.

A beautiful afternoon toilet was of pearl-colored cloth trimmed with gray velvet, encased in jet. The skirt was made very full, with deep godets that fell in and out about the bottom in graceful masses, well stiffened and lined with white silk. The bodice was in the form of a belted blouse jacket, opening over a vest of pale yellow velvet with slashed revers of gray velvet picked out with jet. Below a belt, which was of white kid, was a slashed basque of the gray velvet with jet, and a similar decoration finished the elbow sleeves, which were very full and large and made stiff with fiber chamols.

A dark green velvet cape, with long stole ends of lace and a ruche of ostrich feathers is sketched here. The cape is in double fashion and very full.

A sweet and dainty little afternoon costume is of dull blue crepe, with the body of black mousseline de soie accordion plaited. Bands of dull blue ribbon cross the mousseline body and pass through oval buckles of brilliants with bows on the shoulders. The sleeves are of oval length and very large, being met by long black gloves of kid.

NINA GOODWIN.

### Bad Servants, Bad Mistresses.

Is the Great Problem of Life in New York Really Solved at Last?

German Housewives Organize and Ask Their Maids to Join Them.

Orange (N. J.) Women Have Also Combined to Run a Training School.

SHALL THE GIRLS WEAR UNIFORMS? Two Plans by Which It is Hoped the Everlasting Puzzle May Be Worked Out.

A practical solution of the servant girl problem is believed to have been found. Two corps of reformers are at work. The first is in New York City, the second in Orange, N. J. Each has the same aim in view—to decrease the number of ill-trained servants and to lengthen the time of service.

The statement is made that both servant and mistress are each in favor of the new organizations. While reasons seem plenty why this should be so, individual expressions of opinion are lacking, and it has been suggested that those most intimately concerned should state their belief and reasons therefor in the columns of the Journal. Certainly there could be no more public method of discussing the problem, which interests every one.

Just now several experiments are being made to determine what is the best system to be employed in carrying out the course of training. Some are radical, others idealistic, but the fruit of them all will be the nucleus of the solution of the puzzle so long a terror to housewives.

The New York organization whose work is along this line is the German Housewives' Association, with an office at the Cafe Logelung, No. 237 East Fifty-seventh street, which will strive to establish a combination of the German servant system with ideas that are applicable to New York households.

It is proposed that when a girl takes a position her name shall be placed in a book, together with a statement of the duties she is competent to perform, her age and references and the wages she thinks she should receive. This will be the record book of the society, but individual members will have copies of this record. When an employer is dissatisfied with a servant she will dismiss her, at once notifying the secretary of the society and filing an application for some one to take the discharged servant's place.

Here is where another of the society's objects is to be secured—that of absolute justice for both employer and employed. If the servant who is dismissed believes she has been treated unjustly, it is her

privilege to lodge a complaint against her employer and demand an investigation. If, with the notification to the society of the servant's discharge, a complaint is lodged by the employer, the society will make an investigation of its own accord. The result of this inquiry will be placed with the original entry of the girl's name on the record book, and if it is found she has been unjustly treated that fact will be noted, and any charges her ex-employer might afterward make against her would go for naught.

There are several other features of this system which commend it to the servant. If she becomes worn out by overwork she is granted a furlough from duty at the expense of the society. Should she fall ill the society furnishes a physician and necessary medicines. Of course, many employers would do this anyway, but the society is a positive guarantee. There is also a system of rewards for length of service. For instance, a girl who works five years in the same place receives \$45 from the society at the end of that period; for three years' service she receives \$30, and for two years' \$20.

After the movement for this association was well under way a meeting of servants was called upon to criticize the plan. What those who attended thought is shown by the fact that 120 names were placed on the record book that evening. The popularity seems general, for the society's membership roll and the list in the record book are growing rapidly. If progress continues at the rate now promised a training school for servants will be established.

These statements indicate the reformatory effort in New York. At Orange, N. J., more pronounced effort for freedom from the present system has been made. The organization which is the moving power is known as the Improvement Society of the Oranges, and its creation is the Domestic Training Association of the Oranges. In other words, it is a school for domestics, which the ladies declare, is a crying need. Here is a quotation from the new society's constitution, which tells what it hopes to accomplish:

"Its objects shall be to thoroughly train cooks, chambermaids, waitresses, nurse girls and laundresses; to conduct an employment bureau for registration and investigation of household servants, teachers, governesses, companions, nurses, readers, coachmen, gardeners, etc.; to form cooking classes for ladies, with lectures upon household economy and management; to conduct classes in which domestics already in service can receive additional instruction; to supply cooks, waitresses and laundresses for special emergencies, and to open a laundry where family washes will be attended to separately and at home prices."

The society dates its existence from last Spring. At that time circulars were sent out, stating the object of the association, inviting membership, and asking contributions of \$10 each from members. It was not until last Fall that responses from housewives became liberal. At that time, it so happened, there was a lamentable scarcity of servants of any kind, and the problem that so interests both parties concerned—how to avoid frequent changes—was made apparent with startling clearness. So, since then, names and money have come in until the treasury of the society contains \$2,000, being within \$1,000

of the capital necessary before the plan of the society can be really carried into effect. The plan is to take a good-sized house, furnish it simply and prettily, and put a competent matron in charge. She will probably be secured from the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and will virtually superintend everything. Not more than twenty students will be admitted to this school at one time. They must be girls of intelligence, able to write and read, and of good character.

"So far we have received about fifteen applications for entrance," said Mrs. L. D. Gallison, who is one of the training mothers. "These young women are to be trained thoroughly as chambermaids, laundresses, nurse girls, waitresses and cooks. The average course is six months for a cook and three months for the others. At the end of a term, the girl will receive a diploma, which will secure her a place in any family, no matter what they may require. We are to keep account of the girls' records in the various places where they live, and references are given and exchanged. Places are guaranteed for every graduate, and special pains will be taken with those who are slow and difficult to teach.

"Tuition will be charged those who can afford it, and those who cannot and who are anxious and willing to learn will be provided for. An employment bureau, where references are looked up and complaints investigated, will be a branch of those who want not only household servants, but teachers, companions, etc."

"It is expected that the cooking class for housekeepers will be an important feature and well patronized. The laundry will pay its own expenses and those of other departments also. A housekeeping bureau is also part of this plan, and Orange housekeepers are looking forward with delight to the day when Spring cleaning will be turned over to a corps of capable graduates of this institution.

"One of the most important things for the servants to learn," said Mrs. Gallison, "is this: That with them it is not a pastime or a makeshift, but a business pure and simple. They must understand that it is a question of money and time, and that the time for which they are paid belongs to the woman who pays for it. We think, too, that improvement is needed among the mistresses as well as among the maids, and we shall try to keep that view of the subject also in mind. We are sure to succeed."

The Orange society deals with the uniform question. The New York organization does not. The first named requires that servant girls shall all wear a uniform something similar to the attire of nurses in hospitals, consisting of a checked gingham dress, large apron and small white cap.

There has, perhaps, been no one thing which has caused more general trouble among urban servants than this very question of uniforms. Take the cap, for instance, that maids are required to wear. How often this is objected to by girls, on the ground that it is a badge of servitude. Still among the wealthier families the practice is compulsory. The effect of requiring servants to wear a distinct uniform is, therefore, a matter of conjecture. Of necessity it will be largely in the nature of an experiment. In Europe, of course, it is a matter of both custom and requirement, but in the United States conditions are different. Employers here hold that, in asking the servant girls to wear a uniform, no indignity is intended or considered.

So the matter rests. The question is: Are the proposed reforms generally popular with both mistress and maid? What reasons have they to advance for or against? The answers will be awaited with interest.

### Kingsley Girls Are Daring.

One Explored Africa, the Other Is Exploring New York Drawing Rooms.

When She Visited America Before She Carried a Revolver Through Revolutionary Mexico.

NOW SHE WILL LECTURE ON ART.

The Dresses in Extreme English Fashion, but Is a Very Delightful and Important Young Woman.

A talented lecturer herself, a cousin of the latest woman African explorer, a daughter of the late Canon Charles Kingsley, the celebrated author of "Hypatia" and other novels, and the sister of Mrs. Mary Harrison, known in literature as "Lucius Malet," Miss Rose Kingsley may well be said to be a distinguished person. She is at the Brevoort House. Next week she will begin a series of private drawing-room lectures on French art, arranged by Mrs. Henry Ithout.

Miss Kingsley has had time in which to grow considerably taller than when she first visited America. That was twenty-five years since—in 1872. Her brother, Charles, who is now a civil engineer in New Rochelle, was then living in Denver, Colo. Miss Kingsley came over to visit him, and the brother and sister, in company with General and Mrs. Palmer, of Denver, returned across the continent, and from California down into Mexico. Dix was then in the midst of his second revolution. During the whole of the four months they spent in Mexico the two women carried revolvers, so it would appear that the spirit of adventure is a family trait.

"It was in 1874 that I accompanied my father in his tour of America," said Miss Kingsley. "The friends he made and the receptions given him in your country have made it very dear to us all. But for the fact that I am a miserable sallow I should be over here very often. So many Americans go to London, however, I see many American friends every season."

"It is my lecture about Shakespeare as a Warwickshire man that lies nearest my heart. Ah, I have lived twelve years in beautiful Warwickshire! Any one who reads Shakespeare with an understanding of his innumerable Warwickshire allusions could not believe Shakespeare did not write his own plays. Why, you know, to this day the northern division of our big Warwickshire County, which formerly was wooded, is called Arden, and the southern part Falden's wood and field. I lecture in Boston, Chicago and St. Louis."

Miss Rose Kingsley is rather taller than the average, and slender, and dark. She was dressed very modestly, after the English idea of mode—an idea that insists generally upon velvet and swansdown and men's soft hats for women. When she went to visit her brother in New Rochelle Friday, she wore a dark, tailor-made gown, the sleeves only moderately large, and the bodice decorated by no means bouffant, but the whole effect was decidedly well-bred and good (English) form. She talks with delightful ease and purity of diction, in a carefully modulated and strong voice. Her judgment is quick and accurate.

"Lucius Malet," her sister, who is Mrs. Harrison in private life, has inherited Canon Kingsley's facility for expression. Her first novel were "Mrs. Lorraine" and "Colonel Enley's Wife." "The Wages of Sin" is one of her later novels. Charles E. Kingsley has contributed stories of Mexican life to Harper's and other magazines. The younger brother is a large man in Queensland.

The patronesses named for Miss Kingsley's drawing-room lectures are: Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mrs. William M. Kingsland, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Abraham Hewitt, Miss Furness, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. William Oothout, Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod, Mrs. Edward Mitchell, Mrs. Henry C. Potter, Mrs. Morris K. Jessup, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Charles Lander, Mrs. Henry Draper, Mrs. Alexander Van Nest, Mrs. Henry Marquand, Mrs. J. Boorman Johnston, Mrs. Frederic N. Goddard, Mrs. Henry Oothout.



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