



FASHIONS IN FANS.

Empire and Louis XVI. Fans Prevail, and Spangles Wax Rather Than Wane.

A Fan Belt is Also Announced to Which the Fan Will Be Chained—It is to Be Made Glorious with Gold and Jewels.

The young woman who is gifted with proper forethought is not waiting for the suns of July to scorch her and the sirocco-like breezes of July to fan her before lay-

ing in a stock of fans. Already the shops are displaying those accessories to Summer wardrobe and the wise damsels and prudent dames are matching them to their Summer frocks.

The French fan of all periods—ones such as Marie Antoinette waved, the kind that Josephine dandied and the sort that Mme. de Pompadour flirted early about—are all to be favorites. Besides these, which are more or less expensive, there are charming ones shown which are distinctly of this special year of grace. They are made of silk grenadines and organdies to match certain gowns and they are as fascinating as possible with their blurred blossoms and

their trailing vines. There are, moreover, feather fans—fluffy affairs which are dear especially to the heart of the women who love to wind about their necks great ostrich boas. And then there are simple gauze and lace fans for the "book" of simple tastes and economically inclined women to use.

The sticks are of as many sorts as the fans. For the impecunious there are sticks of split bamboo. For those of greater wealth there are ivory sticks and tortoise shell sticks and carved mother of pearl sticks. Black fans, when they do not have tortoise shell of the deepest shades for their sticks and handles, have lustrous

ebony split into thin pieces. Horn and imitation ivory colored are also used for sticks.

The miniature which is popular in everything, from soup plates to decorations to lockets, has an important place in fans. Into the middle of a black gauze one, for instance, a medallion-shaped portrait is let and is surrounded by a line of gold in color to represent the miniature's frame. French and English beauties of olden times are the favorites for fan miniatures. Marie Antoinette's curls, the child-like face of the Lady Abuthnot, Mme. de Pompadour's imposing mass of powdered hair, all appear in the midst of the fans which Dorothy and

Grace of 1896 are to flutter to and fro. Sometimes the rest of the fan is hand-painted with vines and blossoms, but oftener there is nothing to attract attention from the miniature.

The wise damsel, however, does not generally choose the miniature fan. She must be an exceedingly attractive person, who can with impunity challenge comparison between herself and the pictured heroine of the past. So that the fan which does not bear a beauty's face is apt always to be popular with the multitude. Point lace fans with carved mother of pearl sticks are beautiful and expensive. Gauze fans of all colors, with lace at the edge or with

a fluffy border of feathers, are also pretty and have the advantage of being moderate in price. Fans made of parchment paper are durable and are often quite pretty.

Some of them show blue windmills and blue ships, and are doubtless designed for the Deaf-stricken maidens who carry their affection for their favorite style of china into their wardrobes. Black gauze fans barred with lines of gold and silver are affected by young persons of Spanish tastes. But most bewitching of all are the made-to-order fans or organdies and silk muslins to match certain gowns.

There is to be worn this Summer a slender "fan belt," from which the dainty lit-

tle object will hang when it is not in use. The girdles are slender ones of flexibly connected bits of silver or gold braid studded with mock jewels. The fan hangs by a slender silver or gold chain, which is long enough to allow the wearer to raise the fan easily and gracefully as high as her head. With light muslin gowns, ribbon belts and ribbon strings will sometimes take the place of the metal support. The young woman who already boasts a chata-laine with nine or ten dangling objects attached, will simply purchase another, longer chain and attach her "every-day" fan to that. But the evening fan is the subject of especial attention and requires a girde and chain exclusively for itself.

THE GENESIS OF A WRINKLE.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer Traces This Tell-Tale Record to the Temper and Temperament.

She Also Advises How It May Be Prevented, and Gives the Treatment by Which It May Be Cured.

A wrinkle, technically, is a loosening of the skin, caused by the giving out or attenuation of the under structure. The muscles of the face support the fatty tissues and the skin in healthful youth and maturity is stretched smoothly over the soft adipose padding. Wrinkles and furrows in the face are the faithful, unerring records of the temper and temperament. We begin faintly to chisel the tell-tale little lines, up or down, straight, curved or criss-cross, in the early twenties, but it is only after forty, when the average woman has grown a little indolent, and the muscles from want of exercise have lost their firmness, and the fatty padding has dwindled in bulk that the lines degenerate into furrows.

If we could but realize while we are young and forming our lives the results of a cultivation of worries and discontent, the ineffaceable records of satire, envy, hatred and all uncharitableness we are carving in plainest language upon our faces for all the world to read, we should, beyond a doubt, study and practise assiduously the virtues and graces of life if for no other reason than to acquire the beautiful lines sweetness and goodness imprint on the human countenance.

Premature wrinkles are easily obliterated by the treatment I have already advised through the Journal. For obstinate lines and furrows electricity is an efficacious agent. Use a galvanic battery and never more than three or four cells for the face which is covered with a network of nerves and is exquisitely sensitive. After the electricity, massage with a skin food is helpful. There is a mechanical appliance made of rubber called a face massage roller, by the aid of which any woman can give herself facial massage without incurring the

fatigue which accompanies self-treatment. This instrument is excellent for deep wrinkles.

Skin tighteners, they are called in England, are very powerful astringent washes designed to contract and tighten the loosened cuticle. I never advise their use, as they toughen and thicken the skin and ruin its texture.

It is well to recollect that the skin tissues need building up, feeding and stimulating, not drying or shrinking, and that the muscles require hardening. Nothing but exercise, facial and throat gymnastics, will strength the muscles, and in many cases I have seen the flabby, wrinkled skin of the throat and the under part of the arm near the shoulder made as hard and firm as it is usually at twenty-five by persistent daily exercise with a pair of light wooden dumb-bells.

A hundred years ago the fashionable women of that time endeavored to smooth out wrinkles by court plaster strips. Indeed, I have recently seen the same method recommended. It cannot possibly do any harm to those who wish to experiment. The process consists of stretching the skin over the wrinkles until it is smooth, and retaining it in this condition by narrow strips of court plaster. Apply the plaster before retiring and allow it to remain on all night.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Q.—The following is a good shampoo: Shampoo liquid—Rum, three quarts; alcohol, one pint; water, one pint; tincture of cantharides, half an ounce; carbonate of potassium, one ounce. Dissolve the carbonates in the water, and add the solution to the other ingredients mixed together, and shake up well.

M. A. C.—N. W.—E. M.—I have a paper in preparation on the subject you request.

Louise K.—The wrinkles of a girl of nineteen may certainly be removed by following the advice I have already given, unless she is suffering from some wasting disease. I will give advice later on the other subject.

E. F.—I regret I have not copies of the Journal to send you of the dates you wish. Harlem.—You should use the camel's hair face scrubbing brush and a pure soap.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Origin of Wrinkles and How to Prevent the Inevitable "Crow's Feet." A Beautiful Child—Artistic Skill Displayed Upon Common Wares.

IN PASSING.

At a Reception.—That one guest wore a gown of a color described as "frosty robin's-egg blue."

On Dit.—That an English woman does not take kindly to rugs. She prefers carpets—give her plenty of carpets and lots of tea, and she is happy.

At a Wedding.—That the decorations should be all white or the color of the bridesmaids' costumes.

In Vanity Fair.—That Mrs. Coleman-Drayton does a lot of good, in a quiet way, with her large income; among charities in which she is interested is the Exchange for Woman's Work, to which she is an annual subscriber.

At Luncheon.—That very delicious is an orange salad, with lettuce leaves; a devilled egg is also a good luncheon dish.

In the Literary World.—That a famous writer says "one great trouble with writers is that they send to a magazine what is only suited to a newspaper, or a poem to Dan which should have gone to Beershead; hence those tears—these frequent disappointments."

At a Stationer's.—That the correct size for an envelope is four by three inches.

In Paris.—That cooking soirees are the latest fad with fashionable folk.

In Every House.—That chest weights, Indian clubs and dumbbells are taking the place of lotions, pomades and poudre de riz, and the former are better than the latter for the complexion.

STORY OF MRS. QUESADA.

What One Cuban Woman Has Suffered in the Past at the Hands of Spain.

This city contains many people who were once specially distinguished in this and other lands, but whom circumstances have hidden away for many years from public view.

Such a person is Mrs. Juana Quesada, a Cuban of much former prominence. Her life is closely identified with the past political history of Cuba. She comes from a race whose quick blood has been fed for generations with the transmitted instincts which called for freedom from Spanish domination. She is the great-granddaughter of Tomas Estrada, who in 1828 was the first to inaugurate a revolution in his country. She is also a sister of General Varona, who in the rebellion of 1868 was shot by the Spaniards because of his connection with it. A few hours before his appointed death eleven Spanish officers whom he had formerly treated with mercy came to his prison and offered him his life if he would promise never again to bear arms against Spain. He refused to give the required promise, and in consequence met his death like a martyr and a hero. Mrs. Quesada feels this sorrow almost as keenly as when it first came to her. When she spoke of her brother her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled with passionate emotion. In delightfully foreign-accented English she told the sad story of her life, though she is very much averse to publicity. She finished thus: "My brother was sent as a commissioner from New York to take charge of the vessel Virginius, which awaited him at Kingston, Jamaica. He and I sailed from this city, October 4, 1878, on the steamer Atlas, he to go to his appointed duty, I to visit Cuba. I returned to New York with my mother during the early part of the following November. When we landed I heard the newsboys calling 'Extra! Extra!' Oh, my God! it was all about my brother's death. He had just been cruelly shot! The next day all the Cubans in New York came to our home in mourning to offer their sympathy. Their number was so great that they covered the sidewalks for two blocks. I will never be a Spaniard! My brother and I were defrauded out of an inheritance. If I could obtain it now I would gladly give it all to help free Cuba. My life reads like a story. It may be interesting to outsiders, but it has been terrible to me. Much of it is too painful to recall."

Mrs. Quesada was once offered a large sum of money by the Government on account of General Varona's death. This she indignantly refused, terming it "blood money."

This cultured and refined woman was reared in the midst of luxuries in Cuba. Her rich estates there were confiscated during the revolution. She was married at the early age of seventeen. Twenty-five years ago she came to New York to educate her children. She lives in an unpretentious fashion in a tiny suite of apartments over a store on Fourth avenue. Her cheerful home bears everywhere unmistakable signs of refinement. There were flowers in the form of a mass of jonquils artistically arranged. Among her pictures a large one of her handsome, gallant brother occupies the place of honor.

Mrs. Quesada has a warm circle of admiring friends. Still, much of her time is spent alone with the exception of Loretta, her very talkative parrot. Though her life has been filled with tragedies, her face is devoid of the lines of suffering, and only her snowy hair bears witness to her sorrows.

WOMEN AND HORSES.

Miss Elsie Clews, daughter of the banker, Henry Clews, is a clever whip and a fearless rider.

Two of the best whips in America are Miss Helen R. Benedict, who always has exhibits at the Horse Show, and Mrs. Thomas Hiltcheek, Jr., who is also a famous cross-country rider, and her pointer takes fences and hurdles like a bird.

Mrs. D. Ogden Bradley is a good judge of a horse. She usually takes in all the horse shows, not only in New York and Brooklyn, but those at Orange and Boston. The latter town is now preparing to give its annual Horse Show.

Mrs. Daniel Butterfield is a graceful and courageous saddle woman. While traveling in Egypt she tried camel-back, and one of the interesting pictures in her collection is that taken when she and General Butterfield were "doing" the Pyramids. The picture shows the two, with their guides, mounted on camels.

One of the most daring and accomplished of horsewomen in Albany is Mrs. William Lawrence Green, who is a member of the Albany Hunt Club. Her mount, a splendid sixteen-hand high animal, has often carried Mrs. Green to the "death" at a fox hunt.

The livery of Mrs. James Kernochan's coachman and footman is always up-to-date in every respect.

Appropos to the popular colors for carriages, dark shades are most in vogue; for instance, two shades of green on panels and frames, relieved by fine line striping of a pale shade, is one of the best combinations. Red, canary or pearlyones, relieved by black striping, is used for light drags and two-wheelers.

Mrs. Isaac Lawrence has a perfect knowledge of horses and understands the whole literature of four-in-hand, tandem and spike driving. Miss Eleanor Hewitt is another young woman who is familiar with everything about riding, driving and harness work. When at Ringwood, N. J., where the family have a farm, Miss Hewitt drives a break occasionally "just to keep her hand in," so she says. In town she drives an English phaeton and her high stepping bays are handsome steeds.

ARTISTIC VAGARIES.

One Artist Paints Buckles and Beer Mugs, Another Dresses Up Lumps.

There are several artists in town who do not disdain to turn their brushes to lighter ends. A big Broadway firm is just now showing some delightful trifles which Josephy, the portrait painter, has ornamented in charming fashion. Josephy is a brother of the pianist of the same name, and is well known as a painter of exquisite miniatures. The things in the Broadway shop are his "pot boilers," and embrace beads, figures and views, done in black, green or brown, on beer mugs, belt buckles and brooches. These articles are all made of white, unpolished porcelain, with a powdered bisque-like surface. Against this the Josephy drawings have a shadowy "wash" delicacy, and rarely does a painter's mere trade work show such artistic excellence.

Some of the subjects demonstrate a broad acquaintance with passing modes. Others are glimpses of nature pure and simple, and the work is done with that

PENELOPE IS PERSUED.

"Priscilla," said Penelope, when she had eaten the last piece of chocolate on the plate and had seen the last drop of hot water poured from the tea kettle, "what do you think a woman should do when she is followed on the street?"

"It depends," replied Priscilla, judiciously, "on who is following her and what time it is and where it is."

"After dark, of course," said Penelope, "and on almost any street and by a man."

"She should scream," declared Priscilla, firmly.

"But if she isn't sure?"

"Then she shouldn't scream. But why do you ask? Do you expect to be followed?"

"No," sighed Penelope, "I have been."

"Oh! and you want my advice now that it is all over? Well, go on and tell me about it."

"Well, you see," said Penelope, "I had been to Dorothy's and had stayed to dinner, and no one came to take me home. So I started alone. I thought I'd walk, because I hadn't had any exercise all day, and—"

"You certainly are getting stout," commented Priscilla, with a superficial irrelevance.

"And so I went straight over Seventy-fourth street from the Drive," continued Penelope, sternly ignoring her friend's interpolation. "And I began thinking about highwaymen and things and suddenly I discovered that some one was following me. I tried to walk faster, but my breath came in gasps and I couldn't—"

"You really should wear your bodices looser," remarked Priscilla.

"And there wasn't a soul in sight. I had all the money of the Watch and Wait Circle, for we'd met that morning and I'm treasurer, and you'd be astonished to see how slow the very richest girls are about paying their dues. There's—"

"But the man?" yawned Priscilla.

"Oh, yes! I remembered that I had all that money and my chinchilla cape that papa made such a fuss about paying for, and my watch, which is real pretty even if it doesn't ever keep time. Not that I mind that. It gives you an excuse for missing appointments. But, as I was saying, I thought of these things and I was frightened half to death. I couldn't walk faster because my knees wobbled so—just the way they do when I have to read your commencement essay—and I was thinking of turning and offering him the money as a compromise—it wasn't mine, you see—when suddenly I had an inspiration. You'll never guess what it was, Prisc."

"No, I didn't. I could hear the wretch gaining on me. And just before he overtook me I turned and walked up the steps of a brilliantly lighted house."

"Oh, Pen! That was really clever! And

he passed on and you were safe?"

"That's the awful part of it, Prisc. He didn't. He turned in, too, and when I saw him actually following me I gave the door-bell a terrific jerk—and he took out his latch key and asked me whom I wished to see. You see, he lived there."

HANDS READ BY QUEEN STELLA.

L. SCHWARTZ—A brain organized by the theory of science; a character more resolute than resigned.

C. S.—You proceed by inspiration, and possess intuition and good fortune. Apt to be deceived by others. Happiness comes by fits and starts. Do not possess a very sound judgment of life. Are prompt in action and thought. Have aptitude for occult sciences.

DAISY BELL—Aptitude for the pleasures of life. A lucid mind. A deficiency in fixedness of thought. Love of art and of nature. A desire for beautiful things. Love of melody and color. You proceed by sentiment. Good opportunities are often destroyed by false calculation.

EIGHTH—Individuality, exuberant emotions, good heart, strong will, avoidance of the struggles of life. You have suffered disappointment in the affections, and had some losses. Are a good counselor and faithful friend.

P. S. T.—Passion without sufficient restraint. Riches and probable honors. An unsound judgment of life. Fancies take the place of realities. Enthusiasm, aptitude to rigid induction, poetry of the imagination and the senses. You are influenced by form, and examine things as a mass.

ELLA FARNSWORTH—Good memory. Excessive affection. A student of nature. You know how to turn the struggles of life to advantage. Your friends can have confidence in your management.

P. H. J.—Artistic aspirations will be stifled by calculation. You do not admit the superiority or infallibility of others. You are self-governed, and will go to the brink of danger, but retreat in time.

LOADED SLEEVES.

One rather delicate young woman, living in a hotel, finds herself violently knocked in the head day after day by the good tight sleeve of a fellow sojourner under the same roof. As this one usually leaves the dining room shortly before her, she ducks apprehensively whenever she sees the fashionable adjuncts alluded to approaching in the office. This seems to open a useful possibility to the wage-earner or any other wise unprotected young woman obliged to go out into the world and look after herself. Why not wear loaded sleeves? Two or three surplus yards of material, swelled to a balloon and deftly interwoven with buckshot would make a by no means despicable weapon.

For the belt buckles and brooches the porcelain is set into ovals and framed miniature fashion in a narrow rim of rose gilt.

The picture enclosed is that of a very modish lady—often hatted and veiled after the latest fashion—and done in the same green, black, or brown of the beer mugs. The faces are some of those that have passed Josephy in the streets in his moments of happy gallyvaning. There are English girls with sailor hats, oval French faces, and sad Dussie types. And though the picture of one's best young man may be difficult to get, if the wearer so chooses her belt buckle may even show her own likeness or that of her dearest friend.

There is only one thing Josephy refuses to do—he will not sign any of these tempting gimeracks. Genius may stoop to fallals when it wants an extra penny, but advertising itself from the face of them is another thing.

Fifteen dollars is the least price asked for a Josephy brooch or buckle. Either may be worn at the waist, and with white ribbon belts they will be found charming accessories.

PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD, DOTTIE GOXIE.



THE PSALMS AS A TEXT BOOK.

An interesting story is told of the way one of the young labor leaders of this city was taught English. She is a young German, with a natural gift for speaking; her language has been distinctive because of its poetical imagery and fire. She was very anxious to know English sufficiently to speak in public, and a friend undertook to teach her. He soon discovered, however, that an ordinary English grammar and reading book was absolutely ruining her style. It was killing all the poetry and force of her language, and she was in danger of becoming commonplace. As an experiment he tried teaching her from the Psalms and lo! with such good results that it was the only text book in the future. Her teacher has in this way succeeded in translating not only the words for her, but her manner of expression, so that through the old prophets the new one speaks to us.

There is only one kind of hatred, the fruit of which is peace—the hatred of self.

Up Lumps.

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DECORATED LAMP.



HAND PAINTED BEER STEINS.

French felicity of touch which makes one stroke take the place of three.

On the beer mugs there are tossing seas with lighthouses and ships in peril, windmills and sleepy meadows strewn thick with blossoms, and rollicking Dutch interiors with other beer mugs.

A very art young woman, with neat ankles, a smile, a dripping umbrella and

something petticoats, is another charming design.

These, with mounting of plain or chased silver, turn the steins into elegant bric-a-brac. They make rather expensive presents, but notwithstanding they are just now the fancy of extravagant young women, who are buying them as gifts to male relatives and admirers.



BELT BUCKLES.

companions to dressy shirt waists and wash gowns.

Mr. Elliott Gregory is known as the architect of wonderful structures in the way of lamp shades. It is not to be supposed that these objects of art every one can buy. On the contrary they are jealously kept in paper lace and silk thrown off in lighter moments for the fortunate purchaser.