

turns to the barbarities of New Year's and the heavy luncheons consumed on those festive funereal fêtes in the days of our grandfathers. Heavy spreads are now relegated to the provinces, where, I think, there is still a demand for dance cards and other atrocities not in vogue in civilized communities. After all, I have a strong objection to teas and afternoon "at homes." I think the London crush, which answers the same purpose, is in much better form. The hour is transposed from afternoon to evening, and the refreshments are as light and the duties required of you are simply to walk in, give the usual salutation and walk out. Much more sensible is this than spoiling your digestion before dinner by nibbling at confections and sipping beverages which have headache in them. I maintain that the five o'clock tea should be only informal, where a few friends drop in and are gathered together to partake of very light refreshment, the digestion of which is assisted by charming conversation with a soupçon of gossip. The gap between luncheon and dinner is thus most delightfully and successfully bridged.

Another extraordinary idea in New York is that people really expect you to go to teas and that in the case of single men they are offended if you should send your card instead of making your devoirs personally. In the same manner, servants are so badly trained as to seldom if ever know whether you are to be received or not. I have actually been left standing in the hall of some of the smartest houses in this town while one of the men servants, who is always wrongly called the butler in this country, disappeared with my cards seemingly uncertain whether I should be admitted or not. Again, you are expected, if you have not been able to get to the tea, to make a personal call within the week. This I always do for dinners, but I think it only necessary to leave my cards or send them in case of a tea. Distances are so great in New York and entertainments so numerous that it is actually impossible for a man to pay tea calls as he was wont to do even half a dozen years ago, when people were chary of living above Fifty-ninth Street and the inhabitants of the new upper Fifth Avenue along the Park felt that they had gone into the country for the winter.

An amusing item comes from London to the effect that a young woman has opened a bureau for the tying of cravats, and that she will go around and wait upon you at your house; she also rolls umbrellas. She is accompanied by a chaperon and she is a highly respectable person. The idea is not half a bad one. The evening ties are not easy to arrange and I have not yet been able to find the valet who can do one properly. However, a man should always tie his own cravat. That is one of the few things which no other human being can do for him. The man who wears a made-up tie would—well, he would commit any solecism, and be guilty of any crime. There is no surer indication of a criminal nature than a tendency to carelessness and to sloth. A man should always take pride in his clothes. I always judge a man by his attire, and I never have been mistaken in my conclusions formed upon this basis. I do not care to be seen with, I will not have anything to do with a man who is not well dressed.

Neatness is very well in its way, but a man should be more than neat. No human being is worthy of respect who does not take at least two tubs a day. To speak of a man or a woman as simply neat is to suppose that what is absolutely necessary is a comparative rarity. Water is free, soap is cheap, sponges and brushes and towels can be had for a few cents, and public and Turkish baths are seen on every side.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Constant Reader."—Thank you for your suggestion. I admit that the terms "function," "smart" and "in evidence" are trite, but, unfortunately, the poverty of our mother tongue allows no proper synonyms. If "Constant Reader" could suggest a word expressing the meaning of "smart" and which is in as much use as that term—despised of "Constant Reader"—"Him" would be truly grateful, and lexicographers would bless "Constant Reader's" name for evermore. Remember, never substitute for a Saxon word one of foreign derivation. Smart is a monosyllable, pure Saxon and very expressive. I do not know of any other term which would exactly convey the same shade of meaning. I wish I did. Function is, I confess, unfortunate, and I have used it a great deal, chiefly because Mr. McAllister cherishes it as his pet expression and it is in circulation among the readers of Vogue. "In evidence" is harmless and is authorized in one shade of its meaning by the law. As to being "relegated" to the limbo of obsolete fashionable terms used by the newspaper correspondents, "Him" is not as yet certain of this harsh judgment. The terms referred have certainly not been superseded as yet by any others. There is in "Constant Reader's" communication much that savors of the country newspaper, "Relegated," "superseded" and the beautiful image suggested by the "limbo of obsolete fashionable terms" are all very old friends to be met with daily on "patent" outsiders. As for "Constant Reader," well, let us hear from Vox Populi and the other old fellows of his ilk.

There has been some discussion recently as to whether it is proper to wear colored shirts in the afternoon with an afternoon or frock coat, and to be seen in this dress at small informal functions or on the Avenue. By colored shirts, I mean, of course, those with colored bosoms and cuffs, and white standing collars. I cannot help thinking that shirts of this description are very chic. Pinks and lavenders, and, again, white and black stripes are extremely tasteful and give a dash of color or individuality to the afternoon toilet. There is no doubt about their being worn abroad a great deal in the afternoon, and the best dressed men in London have for years adopted them. I do not approve, however, of wearing them at a formal affair of any kind, such as a wedding, or a reception. I knew of an Englishman of family and title who was married in one, but I do not for that matter approve of his idea of what he considered good form. I believe that a man should always dress in accordance with the toilette a woman would wear on the same occasion. If a woman dons a handsome frock for a certain function a man should also (as she pays him the compliment of being well gowned for him) wear what is

considered "full" dress for the afternoon, viz.: frock coat, etc., patent leathers, a white shirt, high standing collar, gloves and top hat. This is put on in her honor. I remember a man in one of the French provincial cities—I forget whether it was Quebec or New Orleans, who carried his ideas of gallantry to such a degree that he insisted upon wearing à la Higginbotham evening dress at his wedding, which was in the afternoon, because his bride's gown was décolleté. Mr. Higginbotham had authority for his mode of procedure, this man had none except the dictates of his heart. In France, of course, men always wear evening clothes to weddings—at least, the bridegroom and the men of the bridal party—as also at funerals members of the family adopt the same garb. I remember going to the funeral services of a deceased Duke—this was a Papal title, a good fellow who had married one of the many widows of an American sewing machine manufacturer—and being startled—I had only been in Paris a short time, after a long absence—almost since my boyhood—to find the step-son of the deceased in full evening dress, with black tie, black gloves and crush opera hat, standing at the head of the catafalque, receiving condolences. Every one who passed out went up and shook him by the hand and murmured something—I hope it was not the usual phrase one mutters on other occasions like unto this, or one as much out of place for a wedding as a funeral—"Many happy returns of the day."

PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

I Am informed by the management of 1492 at Palmer's that when I stated last week that that extravaganza has had a very long run in this city—so long, in fact, that every one who lives here has seen it—I said what is not so, for the reason that there has not been one 1492 at Palmer's, but a series of them, composed of various changes of scenery and costume and specialty performers. After sitting through the performance again I confess my error. As a matter of fact, 1492 is simply a vaudeville exhibition which has its title as a trade-mark. Certainly those who saw the piece some months ago could go again and see much that is new and facetious.

Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln, who was secretary of the Theatre of Arts and Letters throughout its varied career last season, has a new project which, in point of novelty, compares quite favorably with the theatre. He proposes to give three dramatic evenings, as he terms them, at each of which a new play will be read by a cast of professionals in advance of its regular production. These interpretations will be rendered without the usual effects of scenery and costume, and are intended as dramatic suggestions rather than as full theatrical presentations. The meetings will be held on Thursday evenings, monthly, beginning on January 11th, when a short play by a well-known American author will be read by a group of prominent actors under the direction of Nelson Wheatcroft.

Ordinarily it is sufficiently difficult to put upon the stage for an evening's entertainment a particular kind of piece. Not at all dismayed by that fact, however, Mr. T. Henry

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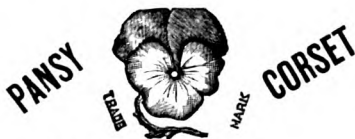
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WHAT SHE WEARS

French has set himself the task of producing at the American Theatre a combination of melodrama, farce, extravaganza, spectacle, ballet, menagerie, circus, conjury and comedy. That the result, in the shape of the Voyage of Suzette, is somewhat of a jumble is not to be wondered at. The attempt at humor in the piece, as someone suggested on the first night, calls to mind the torture instruments exhibited on West Twenty-third street—and they are no more modern. It is as a show that the Voyage of Suzette will succeed. The color, effects, costumes and lights are beautiful, and when to this is added Miss Sadie Martinot—all airs and graces—Miss Maxime Elliott, Miss Lee Lamar and Miss Fannie Ward, all handsome women of different types, Mr. French may well ask: "Have I not done enough?"

I see it stated, by the way, that Mr. French has deliberately "cribbed" the circus parade in the Voyage of Suzette from the Country Circus, which ran here a year ago. This simply goes to show that the knowledge possessed by most theatrical writers in this town is limited by Broadway. I remember when The Voyage of Suzette was presented in its original form in Paris, three years ago, the parade was in operation. It was a year after that that the Country Circus was staged at the Academy of Music. I do not wish to deny that there has been cribbing in this connection; but the crime has been hung upon the wrong play.

It is generally understood, I believe, that Miss Effie Shannon, now appearing with Rose Coghlan in *A Woman of No Importance*, has been lent by Daniel Frohman especially for that production, and immediately upon its termination is to return to the stock company of the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Shannon tells me, however, that she has signed with the Coghlan for several years and has severed her connection with the Lyceum forever. Katherine Florence has succeeded her.

The engagement of the greatest contemporaneous English actor, Henry Irving, is followed, at Abbey's Theatre, by the appearance of the most accomplished actor the French stage can boast, Constance Coquelin. It would be difficult to find two players whose methods of acting, whose personal appearance, whose voice, gait and behavior are more at variance than those of Irving and Coquelin. But in this respect—which, after all, is the main thing—they are alike: they appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect. Coquelin and Jane Hading make Sardou's *Thermidor* seem almost a fine play. That, indeed, indicates genius!

E. S. Willard will follow *The Professor's Love Story* at the Garden Theatre by a revival of John Needham's *Double, Judah, the Middleman*, and several other pieces from his repertory.

The wild and weird dance of the sisters Daly is one of the most diverting features of *Princess Nicotine* at the Casino. Miss Russell is singing a new and winsome waltz song.

It is likely that Charley's Aunt will run through the entire season at the Standard.

IN spite of the apparent eccentricities of costume this season, there is no question but that women, as a rule, look particularly well. The combining of velvet, fur and lace is becoming to almost every style of beauty, and any defects of figure can easily be concealed or disguised by a clever dressmaker. Middle-aged women look uncommonly well, for they are no longer doomed to wear certain severe styles and can indulge their individual fancies in fabric and cut of gowns and bonnets.

I saw one afternoon last week a woman, about forty-five, who was most perfectly gowned in a black moiré, with long sealskin wrap. The gown was made with demi-train, the back breadths very full and perfectly plain. On the front and side breadths were large, graceful bows of moiré, the ends fringed with jet. The waist was short and round, with no visible seams, perfect in cut and fit, and trimmed in front with duchesse point lace and jet ornaments. The sealskin wrap, of the finest fur, was very long, somewhat in the shape of a dolman, but with large sleeves. Like the dress, it was without trimming and was noticeable for the perfection of the cut and the costliness of the fur.

In these days of fluffs and fancy accessories of toilet, it seemed very odd to see, as I did, in a Madison Avenue car, three women, unmistakably English tourists, who were dressed in tailor suits. A mother and her two daughters, all wonderfully alike, except that the fresh pink-and-white skins of the daughter showed very red and yellow in the mother. Their gowns were of the roughest kind of brown tweed; their hats were the Alpine shape, and their boots were the strongest of calfskin. Yet so well cut were their gowns and boots, and so evidently swell their hats, that no one could take them for any but smart women. I wondered how they would look in their evening gowns, and pined for an opportunity to see for myself.

I saw a very novel silk waist worn with black cloth skirt last week. It was made of quite stiff silk striped blue and white. From the bust to the waist it fitted smoothly, being gathered into the belt in front and back. From the bust to the collar were tiny ruffles of the silk. The collar, belt, and cuffs were of blue velvet, the shade of the blue stripe, and the effect was extremely good.

At a small dinner the other evening the hostess wore a very pretty gown of brocade, the groundwork of which was pale blue with a vine of tiny pink flowers. The skirt, made with demi-train, was trimmed around the bottom with a twisted fold of the brocade fastened at regular intervals with tiny pink velvet butterfly bows. The waist, cut décolleté, was trimmed with a vest of pink velvet, finished at the back and the front with pink velvet bows. Over the full puffed sleeves of the brocade were deep flounces of yellow lace. The gown was extremely becoming, the pink velvet against the skin enhancing instead of detracting from the fairness of the wearer.

The prettiest Empire dress I have ever seen was worn at a dinner last week. It was of

white brocade and was cut in the old princess shape, so becoming when well fitted to a fine figure. The Empire effect was given by a fall of white, pearl embroidered lace, which hung from the neck of the low-cut waist to the hem of the skirt and was fastened in the side seams of the dress. It was very full, accordion plaited, and was finished at the neck by a flat bow of pink velvet from shoulder to shoulder. The lines of this gown were so artistic and the beauty of the woman so noticeable that no one could fail to be attracted by her appearance.

I was much interested to be told the other day that a girl whose costume I was admiring had, like a veritable heroine of romance, found the material for her gown in an old trunk belonging to her deceased grandmother. That girl's social position ought to be secure, for her grandmother must have been possessed of wealth and good taste. The gown was of a heavy silk that stood out without the aid of crinoline, and was of the daintiest Dolly Varden pattern. A skilful dressmaker had made it up with full plain skirt and well-cut Louis XVI. coat and waistcoat, with jabot of lace fastened with tiny Rhine pebble buckles.

HIM AND HER

There are few sumptuary laws that are so little understood as those which are intended to govern the use of cockades on the hats of coachmen, footmen and grooms when in livery. Their use dates from the early part of the seventeenth century, and is of purely British origin. There are several kinds of cockades. That used by the liveried servants of the members of the royal family in England is circular and of considerable size, fixed so that half the disc projects over the top of the hat. The ordinary cockade has a small disc surmounted with a sort of fan or comb which projects slightly above the crown of the hat. The fan is emblematic of the bursting of a bomb, and was formerly intended to denote that the employer of the servants wearing it held a

(See page 8 for conclusion of paragraph.)



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