



PRINCESS CARRIAGE DRESS of changeable velours lisse; the seams are covered with jet and silk passementerie; the jacket is rounded off below the arms, and from the under-arm seams extend in two coat tails which fall on each side of the back; the jacket is ornamented with cut jet cabochons; the caps and deep cuffs are strewn with cabochons, six yards double width goods.

Fashion's Fancies.

WHAT WILL SPRING UP WITH THE APRIL POSIES.

FULL SKIRTS FLOATING ACROSS STORMY SEAS—THIS IS LITERAL AND METAPHORICAL—THE MERRY WAR OF THE CRINOLINE STILL GOES ON.

When I get tired of fashions I have only to think it's love that's behind them and then I am reconciled. The love of the mother for the child, the love of the lover for the maiden, the love of the husband for the wife—love and the love of love are the determining motives of clothes.

My friend came in to see me yesterday and I thought as I looked up from my desk and saw her, "her husband likes her in that gown."

My friend looks as young as she did before she was married. Most women don't, you know. She looks happy and that makes her better than beautiful. My friend sat down by me in an odd cloth frock that looked as if it were shaded velvet until you had considered it sufficiently to discover that it was wool, darkening and brightening from cream to brown. This frock which I was so sure my friend's husband fancied was made with a full skirt, which was fitted prettily around the waist and over the hips, but flared at the bottom like the umbrella from which it took its name. Its waist was short and a band of golden brown velvet ran about it in narrow fold. A little Eton jacket of velvet came down over the bodice, with an edge of narrow fur and slashing up behind. The sleeves were huge puffed ones, with brown empire cuffs, above which were bands of brown bear's fur. Over the bodice and the jacket came a big military cape of shaded brown velvet, edged with fur, with a tall Medici collar coming up about the brown hair.

My friend wore a brown hat and brown gloves; her eyes are brown, but her life so far is rose colored. Don't you enjoy happy people?

If you do you ought to like hearing about the gowns of Eleanor Duse. The days when that most successful individual, though, to be sure, success doesn't always breed smiles, appeared as the "Camelia lady" in only one white frock are far past now. She indulges not in one dress but in an immense variety of white and colored raiment, which the fashionables of New York go to look at and copy.

One of Duse's gowns is a shimmering silver colored empire frock, with a dark blue velvet bodice laid in folds in the back and finished in front with an empire belt and a huge white empire bow. Puffed white empire sleeves are accessories to a robe that may or may not sound effective in theory, but that in practice is assuredly most successful.

I saw Duse on the street Saturday in a mantle as unusual as any of the stage costumes. It was a half long, half fitted black silk wrap, with a double Watteau plait in the middle of the back, set upon a pointed yoke and spreading out as it descended. In front it was cut like a plaited pelerine, and, front and back both, it was trimmed with long haired Angora fur. The mite of a bonnet worn with it was a black silk Alsatian bow and it was nothing more. Duse wore and carried huge yellow tulips and, like the friend whom I like to talk about, she stepped briskly and looked happy.

Jonquin yellow is the spring color; yellow and peachy pink and turquoise blue and your fill of greens. Gold and garnet and emeralds and topaz by the double handfuls we fling at our dresses, in color if not in substance of gems. There's in the air an odd sense of "letting go," of flinging at off restraint. If the crinoline is coming and the chignon, if a revolution in dress is impending, why as to minor matters need we care? And so we seem to say to ourselves: "We have for years been afraid of color, but down in our hearts we love color, and color we are going to wear."

The model dresses brought into port by every steamer that brings the dress-makers home from Paris for the Easter campaign are curious to see. Stiffened and staring at the bottom, not demanding "twenty five yards of silk for your skirt, ma'am," but full enough to have been regarded three months ago as museum oddities, they draw the eyes and the exclamations of every woman who has the entree of the modistes' sancta sanctorum in these Lenten hours before the joy bells ring.

A high priestess of costume was dis-

cussing to me yesterday. Two dummy figures stood by her, one on either hand. "We have this," she said, turning to a gray silk empire frock, straight and clinging, "and this," letting her face shine upon a gown of the same material, flounced, full, flaring. "The straight skirts were graceful," she continued, "but—"

"Wer?" I inquired.

"Yes, where the passee is always the unbeautiful. Full skirts are, and, therefore, full skirts are rights; that is the logic of the situation. In fashions there's no party that's 'agin the government.' As to how extreme the legislation will be—two or three weeks now will tell."

A costume, not for moneyed extremists, but for the average individual, was of blue green ribbed cloth, showing light and dark on the ridges and in the shadows. A rose quill of black ribbon ran about the hem and measured its ten yards circumference. A horsehair stiffening with two steels at bottom gave the quilling a chance to see and be seen. The plain bodice was slipped under a round waistband and trimmed with breteries of quilling. Leg of mutton sleeves.

Another dress was of light gray drawn crepe with a deep flounce of gold and black above that several rows of gold embroidery. The circumference of this skirt was ten and one half yards, and like another it was spread with two steels. The merry war against hoops is amusing. If fashion is downed it will be for the first time. And legislative enactments are quite as likely to spur women on to the formation of crinoline defense leagues as to swell the ranks of the anti crinoline crusade.

One thing is certain. The full skirts are shorter and so pretty feet, or what is more to the point, pretty boots, are getting a better show. Would be, that is, if the streets were better.

Easter will continue the reign of the picture hat; that is a pleasant subject and prediction is safe and easy. Keep your eye on ribbons.

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