

figure on the right is gowned in blue Amazon cloth, with collar and revers of a novel cut. They are made of finely stitched *glacé*. The sleeves are the smart new bell shape. The skirt is moderately full and trimmed with straps of *glacé* to suit the sack coat. The figure on the left does not require much description. It is simply a well-cut coat and skirt, trimmed with mohair braid outlined with a curl of Russian braid. The hat is of felt with ribbon and quills.

In my last article I promised to give a Yankee recipe for keeping *cris-blouses* (shirt-waists, as they call them) firmly and neatly fastened down at the waist behind. In the first place, I must explain that Americans always stitch their shirt-waists on to a band behind. They do not have them all loose as we do, and it is a much neater plan. Well, take the corset you are wearing, and just at the end of the eyelets, at the bottom of the corset, sew a loop, or inch-wide ribbon on either side. Now put on your shirt-waist, and with two small safety-pins, pin the belt of your shirt-waist at the back to the loop of ribbon as tight as you can stand it without being uncomfortable. Now take your hand-mirror, and turn round and look at your back, and you will see that you never got quite that flat effect before.

This is the dodge I learnt from my American friend, but if it is too much trouble and you do not care to stitch your shirt-waists on the bands behind, it is a very good plan to wear a band over your blouse of a piece of waist-webbing

with a buckle. After you have tied the ineffectual little pieces of tape which gather in your shirt-waist behind round your waist, put on the webbing, pulling it as tightly round your waist as the band of your over-skirt. When it is fastened, take your hand-mirror and pull the gathers of the shirt-waist into proper folds. Be careful to get a nice, narrow, flat line down the centre of the back.

A plain blouse well put on over a good pair of corsets looks a very different garment from the slouchy thing worn anyhow by anybody. It is just the same with a sailor hat. We cannot give them up because every girl in the street wears them, but we can dress our hair and put on our veils in such a way that the sailor hat will bear no relation to the one worn by the girl with an unbrushed dusty fringe.

But over and over again I would like to repeat that it is not so much what a girl wears as how she wears it that constitutes good dressing. Perhaps the most fatal mistake of all in dressing is to aspire to a very artistic style unless you are well enough off to have your ideas carried out by really artistic dressmakers who have made the study of dressmaking an art, for remember that bad art is worse than the most commonplace dressing. There is one thing I have noticed whilst I have been amongst French people this autumn, viz., that they have not adopted the low style of hairdressing which has had a certain vogue in England this season.

WINTERING ABROAD.

BY EMMA BREWER.

"Holidays take every year a larger place in life, and the way they are spent is certainly one of the best tests of national progress."



WINTERING abroad was formerly the privilege of people with large means only, who, being delicate and ill, found strength and prolonged life in the warm and genial climate of southern lands.

Like the swallows, they left home in the autumn and returned in the sunny spring, thus avoiding the severe and unsettled weather which

so often obtains in England during the winter months.

At the time of which I speak these rich and delicate people had to rough it both in the matter of food and lodging, while the travelling was weary, cumbersome, and most uncomfortable, and in exchange for a balmy, sunny clime, so necessary for their health, they had to give up all their home comforts and luxuries.

Things have changed since then. The number of people who now winter abroad has increased to an almost incredible extent. It is not too much to say that to every fifty who travelled in days gone by, there are now at least two thousand who make their way out of England in search either of health, pleasure, rest or knowledge.

And for the advantage of these people who are able to winter abroad everything that the ingenuity of man and the wealth of nations can suggest is put into requisition. Their ease, comfort, health and amusement tax the energies and talents of the caterers to their utmost.

The actual travelling is more convenient, rapid and luxurious than formerly, and is much less expensive. The accommodation too is infinitely superior. Instead of small inns and cramped lodgings there are now hotels of monster size to be found in every sunny, healthy spot, and as an inducement to people to winter within them they are fitted up with everything that the heart of man can desire. All parts of the world contribute luxuries to tempt the appetite

and satisfy the most fastidious taste of those who dwell within them, and search is made in all directions for amusements which shall prevent dulness and fill the time pleasantly.

The old-fashioned diligence, formerly the only means of taking long journeys, is now almost a thing of the past, and its place is supplied by elegant carriages for such journeys as are not available by rail.

Everything has changed with the years, even the people in whose midst the winter residents settle. There are, of course, certain characteristics which still cling to them, but the visitors in many instances have taken from them their sturdy independence and kindly nature, all unconsciously perhaps, but the fact remains. Again, instead of the modest, picturesque peasant dress, the girls now often clothe themselves in the left-off fineries and fripperies bestowed upon them by the visitors, while the very pretty girls of the country villages are quite spoiled by the too openly expressed admiration of the strangers.

In a hundred ways the influence of visitors has affected them and their surroundings in a manner not calculated to advance their well-being, and this is the case not only in Southern Europe but in the far East.

Touching lightly upon each class of people who winter abroad we will begin with those who go in search of health.

The rich people with plenty of time and money at their disposal have no difficulty in going anywhere or in securing anything necessary for their sojourn abroad, but there are many compelled to leave home who do so at great sacrifice. It may be that the individual life of the sick one is very dear and valuable in the home circle, and that those left behind have cheerfully given up much to enable the journey to be taken; it may even be that the amount available has only been scraped together with the utmost pains and difficulty, and must be carefully laid out so as to procure the greatest benefit to the invalid and in the shortest possible time.

It is much less fatiguing and less expensive if the traveller can go at once into residence without waiting about in a strange place undecided as to what he or she can do.

I should like to make this paper practical to such, not only because my sympathies go out to them, but because our Editor desires, above all things, to be of use to his readers.

Having decided that the journey must be taken, the first thing, of course, is to find a cheap healthy spot in a warm sunny climate within a comparatively easy distance of home, always remembering, in making the selection, that to be within reach of an English doctor and a church service is a great blessing at all times and especially so in times of sickness.

The English doctor and English clergyman in a foreign land are invaluable to the sick man and woman, and letters of introduction to them will be most helpful in securing kindness and attention for the winter residents.

As a rule one thinks of the French Riviera when looking for sunshine and cheerfulness—Cannes, Nice, Bordighera, and San Remo, for example—but to my mind the Italian Riviera is preferable as being more peaceful, more regularly sunny, less fashionable, and much cheaper. For example, Rapallo, Santa Margherita, Portofino, Ruta and Sestri-Levante, are all in what is called the Italian Riviera. They are not gay in the sense of possessing bands, concerts or fashionable promenades, but they are situated in the most delightful scenery with very interesting and industrious inhabitants.

Among the many advantages of these places, they are in the direct route from London to Naples, and there are two or three ways of reaching them comfortably and at a reasonable cost. Then there is good boating to be had and the most delightful walks and drives within easy reach, affording endless subjects for the camera or pencil. To make it easy for those who have not yet had experience of wintering abroad, we will take Rapallo on the Mediterranean, with which I am well acquainted, and look at some of its advantages as a residence. Rough winds are rarely felt here and the air is delightful, even for very sensitive people, while the situation is one of the most poetic in Italy. It is almost surrounded by hills covered with olives, oranges and vines. The water—spring water—is very good, and one can live cheaply in Rapallo.

Again, it is within easy reach of Genoa and its Donati library and shops, and if one is too out of health to go there oneself, there is a dear quaint old lady who goes to Genoa every day, a sort of carrier-woman, who will purchase anything and bring it home in the evening at the cost of two-pence a parcel.

Among its greatest advantages is that an English doctor and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Beeby, live there from November to May; they have a very pretty house called Villa Costanza, and do not object to a paying guest, as the house is large enough to allow of this. It is very prettily

and daintily furnished. Mrs. Beeby has started a library at the Villa for the use of the residents.

An English clergyman and his wife also make their home here during the winter months. For the present the English church service is held in the Hotel Post, but it is hoped that at no long distance the English will have a church of their own in which to worship.

At Rapallo one is within walking distance of Santa Margherita and a short drive from Portofino, both of which are lovely spots. There is a good hotel in the former, and at the latter there is a little unpretending inn, very primitive in its arrangements but much frequented by artists and lovers of the picturesque, and cheap quiet lodgings could be found here.

I hear that a good hotel is to be opened here next winter as the place is becoming very popular.

There are several good hotels in Rapallo, notably the Beau Rivage and the Savoy, and a very good Swiss pension. The cost varies from five to ten francs a day each person, but the proprietors are always open to offers and ready to make arrangements.

The hire of donkeys and carriages is also very reasonable; a franc and a half to two francs an hour for a one-horse vehicle, and five francs a whole day for a donkey.

We must not forget beautiful little Ruta, which has a station of its own* nearer to Genoa, or it may be reached from Rapallo by a carriage over the mountains. It overlooks the Mediterranean and stands in the midst of olive woods.

It possesses a delightfully clean and well-managed hotel (Hotel d'Italie), with a pension extremely moderate, viz., five or six francs a day each person.

Sestri-Levante is further down the coast on the same line of rail, or it is within a lovely drive of Rapallo. It has a clean smooth beach admirably adapted for sea-bathing, and for which machines are provided.

The hotels are good and reasonable. We tried Hotel Europe, kept by two wealthy brothers who spare no expense to make the hotel comfortable. Another very good one is the Grand Hotel.

Laundry work in the Italian Riviera is not of high class; the soiled linen is all tied together with a strong string and beaten on the stones on the shore; the consequence is that silk stockings, fine handkerchiefs and linen come back to you in rags. Between sending the linen and getting it back it passes through several hands, viz., those who wash, those who starch, and those who iron, each being a complete occupation in itself. In this, as in many other things, to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

* Camogli per Ruta.

VARIETIES.

WHO IS TO BE MASTER?

A great deal of matrimonial discord has its origin in a mutual struggle for supremacy. A young man and a young woman go to church and say, "I will," and then perhaps on the way home one or other says, "I won't," and that begins it. "What is the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind. She wants to be master—so do I."

Those who are of that frame of mind had better remain in a state of contented single blessedness, like the old Scottish lady who said, "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

TO LESSEN CARE AND TROUBLE.—A wise man in a few words gives a recipe for lessening the cares and troubles of life. "Reduce," he says, "the claim of externals; the right way to belong to yourself is to have as few possessions as possible of other kinds."

IF YOU ARE WISE.

"Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;

And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtues behind them.

For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding."

A MONSTER HOTEL.—A traveller was describing a monster hotel in Switzerland that seated five hundred guests in the dining-room. "Why," said an American, "we have a much bigger hotel with us out west. The dining-room there is so large that the waiters have to gallop about doing their work on horseback."

WHAT MAKES US TIRED?—It is climbing hills before we come to them that makes some people tired.