

ical ghost-stories were pictured and read. All the while a hidden corps of musicians plays blood-curdling music. A *prestidigitateur* makes shocking discoveries of cross-bones in one pretty girl's pocket, or picks a skeleton's joint out of a nice young man's hat, and a skilled lady reads everybody's fate from a crystal globe. Usually the fun winds up, if one can call it "fun," with a supper and a Virginia reel after the pencil-marks and powder have been washed off.

EVERY style of girl is said in society to have her day; and just at present the type of feminine looks in greatest demand and admiration is she of the very fallow, nay, of a distinctly yellow, complexion, whose countenance shows no animation whatever, but who can boast a pair of large, gloomy, black eyes. Can you trace the likeness? These unfortunate girls have come to the fore since Eleanora Duse has won such popularity here. Well, the fallow, dark-eyed girls are enjoying their day hugely, and do their hair in soft, languid-looking folds about their faces, and drop an occasional Italian, instead of French, word into their conversation. In fact, Duse has made the soft language of Italy wonderfully popular since she has been in this country, just as she has brought into favor the custom of wearing a large turquoise ring on the first finger of the left hand. It's the only jewel she honors with daily usage; and the unique ornament is at present one of society's whims.

THERE is beauty in the bath; perhaps Venus and Diana knew that, but feminine mortals of to-day have looked upon their ablutions as necessary chiefly for health and comfort. Well, that is about all the ordinary tubbing is good for; but there are baths and baths, and various ways of taking them, and if you are eager to be admired be-

cause of your slim, delicate figure, why just wash in the fine lissom lines with water. But the water must come from above, and it must come as the showers from heaven, cool and gentle. This is why the newest lavatories in splendid private houses are fitted up with rain-baths, the water arranged to fall from the height that will have the exact effect of a summer shower. Beneath the perforated canopy of nickel, whence comes the rain, the bather, wearing a wash-silk robe and her hair in a waterproof cap, stands at a point where the bathroom's marble floor scoops out like a shallow basin. She stands also in a sort of pen made of bright nickel rods, and all around the pen runs a rubber curtain. When safely inside she turns a faucet, and not only does the water come pattering down, but it dashes out as fine spray from tiny holes along tubes in the nickel-plated pen, and for ten minutes she takes a drenching. This process she undergoes three times a day, and in time she comes in weight and shape much to resemble a nymph of a mythological fountain. A bath like this she takes, too, when she has the blues, for sleeplessness, and, more than all, to get up her golfing muscles; but if she cares for pink cheeks, in spite of the Duse craze, she takes her bath in the back yard. That is, early in the morning she goes down into the back premises, where there must be a goodly grass plot, and if, in the city, no gentle dews from heaven have pearled the grass, she has her maid go over it with a gardener's watering-pot. Then she drops off her slippers, lifts her wrapper ankle high, and in her bare feet begins to race around the grassy domain. Here she dances, pirouettes, and whirls on her toes till thoroughly exhausted, then dips her pink feet into clear cold water, resumes her slippers, and goes back to her room and her bed for another hour. The result is color like "the red, red rose." These baths are also recommended as a remedy for any nervous trouble.

MADAME LA MODE.

AFTERNOON TEA WITH "LA LOIE."

LIVES there the woman with heart so indifferent to the fascinations of that never-stale topic woman's dress, that her eye will not brighten with interest if she be invited to take tea with "La Loie," and, incidentally, to enjoy an intimate inspection of her newest Paris gowns?

Naturally, these gowns are stamped by the marked individuality of their wearer; but, for certain reasons, in this case the subject is of more than ordinary interest to women. Miss Loie Fuller is one of the quietest but firmest advocates of what, for want of a better name, we must call "reform dressing." First adopting the most simple and healthful form of dressing possible, which varies not from year to year, she ingeniously modifies and adapts the styles of the season to her own use; and the results are so lovely and unique that every woman who sees them feels 'hat she would be glad to become an humble imitator.

All unspoiled by the marvelous success of recent years, which has made her known throughout the world, Miss Fuller, seen in the privacy of her own parlor, is a charmingly hospitable and most unassuming woman. Her sweet, low voice is musical in its well-modulated tones, and to this harm is added a natural and unaffected manner, which is not only very winning, but also a surprise; for, living her life as she does in the blinding glare of stage-light, in a succession of posings for public favor, it

would be small wonder if the multitude of pretty airs and graces which win rapturous applause behind the footlights were unconsciously assumed in private life. It would be hard to exceed the simplicity of her daily life and habits; she drinks no wine, and never indulges in late suppers after the theatre.

Questioned by a friend of many years as to how she felt concerning her great foreign successes, "La Loie" replied: "Why, I look at the newspaper accounts, and I cannot believe it is all about me; but I'm just as interested in each fresh triumph as if it were the first, and when I read eagerly all about it, it seems as if it were somebody else."

"La Loie's" originality and genius have been rewarded with, perhaps, the greatest pecuniary success ever achieved by a woman. Her annual income has gone beyond the hundred thousand dollar mark; and she clears from her latest engagement in New York City about twenty-five thousand dollars.

Only a Philistine who would ridicule his own mother for five cents a line could find in the affectionate relations between Mrs. Fuller and her daughter matter for flippant space-writing. They are always together, and very delightful is it to see Miss Fuller's constant thoughtfulness with regard to her mother, who is in delicate health, and whose needs are always her first concern. Both mother and daughter have formed valued friendships abroad,

friendships that have admitted them to the intimate home-life of many noted people; but they are still true Americans at heart, and have enjoyed their return to America and American things intensely.

It has pleased Miss Fuller more than a little that for the first time in her artistic career she has been asked here in New York to pose in private dress. "Why," she says, "they are interested in me, now, not the dancer; it is I they want to see." And then she bubbles over with gleeful pleasure. As it is in herself and her dressing in private life that we are specially interested, I will only say with regard to the dancing-gowns that the five-hundred-yard gown is no fable, and that those who see it find it easy to credit the story that so many yards of silk were used in making it.

As a rule, all of Loie Fuller's gowns, both for the stage and home, are cut in the Empire style. Besides her shoes and stockings, Miss Fuller handles but three garments in making her toilet. She dons a Union or combination suit of wool or silk, and knickerbockers of flannel or silk, according to the season and temperature; then over her head is thrown her Empire gown, all in one piece, a few hooks are fastened in the back, and, presto! my lady is gowned and ready for the day's events. Think what a labor, strength, and time saver such a unique system of dressing is! On a transcontinental journey it would rob a Pullman dressing-room of all its horrors!

These Empire gowns have the simplest possible little plain, short, round waists, extending only a few inches below the armholes, and the very full skirts, cut in umbrella-like gores, are sewed to the waist. The gores are very tapering at the top, something in Princess style, and define the waist a little, flaring widely at the bottom in the fashion of a cart-wheel. From the daintily simple little blue alpaca, lined with blue-and-white checked taffeta, which is Loie Fuller's pet gown at present, to her most sumptuous evening-gown, all are cut the same. To complete the alpaca for traveling and the street is a very smart Empire coat, with long, circle skirt joined to the waist under a belt which straps in front just beneath the bust; full bishop sleeves, broad revers, and a high collar protecting the back of the neck, complete it.

An exquisite rainbow-like gown is of black moire with



"LA LOIE" IN HER SHELL-PINK MOIRE.

sleeves of Pekin moire, the narrow stripes being of rainbow colors; the seams of the skirt are *pailletted* to match the stripes, one color on a seam, thus with every movement there is a shimmer of rainbow colors waving round the figure. A wide band of rainbow spangles finishes the high square round the throat, and there is a bertha-like arrangement around the shoulders of leaves and points of the moire bordered with spangled guipure, which gives the crowning touch to a perfect Parisienne gown.

Charmingly dainty and flower-suggesting is a gown of a warm, stone-colored tricotraine, the daring but effective

color-combinations in which proclaim the French designer. Like most of the skirts the seams of the narrow gores are *pailletted*,—this one with steel spangles,—and the skirt is mounted to a short-waisted, close-fitting bodice of heliotrope velvet; the high square neck is bordered with a band of steel-embroidered emerald-green velvet, and folds of the same on the shoulders and banding the bishop sleeves above the purple velvet cuffs are clasped by huge buckles of cut steel. Two fans of lovely *duchesse* lace suggested to Miss Fuller the unique cuffs which fall toward the hands and are faced with the filmy lace.

Of course "La Loie" is too sensible to wear throat-cutting choker collars. All the necks of her day-gowns are cut in a high square, bordered with a flat trimming of lace or spangles, which is most becoming to her lovely round white throat. To wear with these for occasions, Redfern, her Paris dressmaker, has cunningly contrived little yokes, or plastrons, to match the gowns, which are finished with soft folds around the throat having the most fascinating little collars of points and frills falling over them.

Looking at Loie Fuller as the folds of her voluminous skirt fall gracefully around her in quaint old-time fashion, there is an enchanting harmony between herself and her gowns. It is impossible to think of her as gowned in the manner of other women, yet it is a simple thing to fancy other women gowned like her.

As the exquisite evening-gowns of richest silks and satins—shell-pink moire, pearl-white satin, all a moonlight shimmer of silver spangles, and ivory *faille* lined with American Beauty silk—were displayed before our admiring eyes, a little chorus of ecstatic "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" resounded through the rooms. Dainty French touches give a beauty of detail impossible to describe,—a knot of bright velvet here to accentuate a sleeve-band; folds of soft *chiffon* to cross the white shoulders and fall thence upon the skirt, mingling with its folds; and such an artful restraint in the employment of all these little additions that the whole effect is the most artistic expression of simplicity.

With all a woman's fondness and pride Miss Fuller handles her treasures of rare lace and shows us an exquisite bertha of rose point which her ingenious brain, aided by deft fingers, evolved out of a parasol cover, by ripping out the centre. The odd little centre meantime makes the smartest possible toque, mounted over one of Virot's

inimitable puffs of heliotrope velvet, with tossing plumes galore.

Two cloth tailor-gowns—one a rich puce-color, the other dark blue—are models of severe simplicity, and furnish hints of coming moderation in styles which women of taste will be glad to see. They are the only conventional gowns in Miss Fuller's wardrobe; but even these bear the stamp of her individuality. The plain gored skirts measure about three and a half yards at the foot; the narrow front breadths are buttoned at the top to the side breadths



HER IVORY FAILLE EMPIRE GOWN.

with three large pearl buttons, and there is no placket in the back. This convenient as well as ornamental feature is "La Loie's" own idea, and has since been reproduced many times by Redfern, who recognized its value. One gown has a round Eton jacket with the simplest possible revers, rolling back from the waist line to the top, and faced with velvet matching the cloth. The other jacket has trim little coat-tails across the back, and is worn with a leather belt.

E. A. FLETCHER.