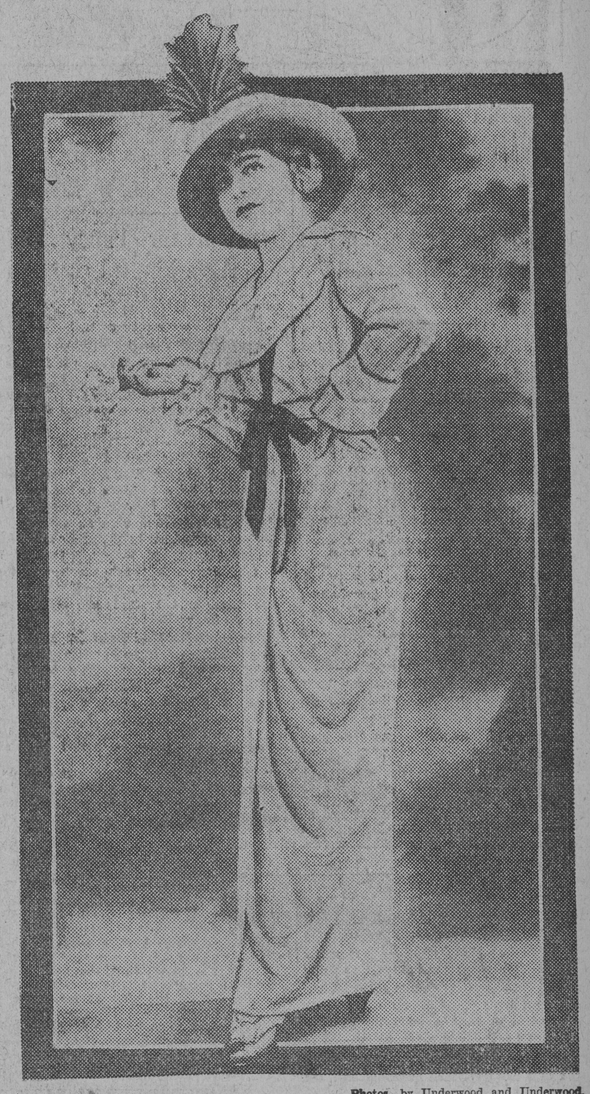
# SPRING FASHIONS FROM THE CREATORS OF STYLES IN PARIS

A street costume by Senange, with gown of champagne charmeuse and tunic of chiffon in the same shade. The sailor collar and cuffs are of silk. The belt is of black velvet, ending in a V.

A dainty spring gown by Laferriere, made of old rose tussor, with belt of pompadour ribbon. The skirt shows the broad panel pleat in back. The waist is cut low, with a yoke of chiffon.

A gorgeous evening gown creation by Beer, made of white and black lace over ivory charmeuse.



Photos. by Underwood and Underwood.

A smart spring gown by Scotland, made of white broadcloth. It is a one-piece model, with sailor collar and white lace fichu with trimming of black velvet ribbon.

An afternoon dress by New, made of red voile, pleated with belt of embroidered ribbon. The skirt forms three rows of straight cut ruffles.

A simple and attractive gown by Drecoll, made of embroidered ivory satin with chiffon corsage and tunic of royal blue velvet. The girdle is laced with broad velvet ribbon ending in tassels.

A gown of blue and silver brocade trimmed with lace and pink maline, the latter forming the short corsage.

## THEATRICAL GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK

BY EMORY B. CALVERT.

NEW YORK, March 1.

IS THE possession of a London accent a condition precedent to securing a place in a Broadway theater? Is it true that our American actors and actresses are so crude in speech, so slovenly in address and so raucous of voice that they are not fit to perform before a cultured American audience? There are any number of New York managers who will answer these questions in the affirmative.

If the English dearly love a lord, the New Yorker loves an English actor. During the present season there have been more English actors and actresses in the Broadway theaters than at any time within the past decade. They have come over here in herds and reaped rich rewards, while the native actors have taken up their daily hegira from one manager's office to another, only to be met with that terse extinguisher, "nothing doing."

All this is not very encouraging to the native talent.

It may be that the English actor is more cultured in speech than his American cousin, and, as a general rule, is better qualified to reflect the niceties of a refined drawing-room. But the American actor, if he is given a fair opportunity, acts with as much unction and virility as does his rivals of other countries.

There is no intention here to belittle in any degree the excellent acting that has been done here this season by the men and women from the other side, but it would seem that in a year in which there have been so many opportunities, the New York producing managers should have seen their way clear to have given the American actor, to use the patois of the street, "an even break," at least, with the imported talent.

### WIDOW BY PROXY.

As the season wanes, the openings naturally diminish in number. This week the only new offering was May Irwin, in a Widow by Proxy, which came to the George M. Cohan Theater on Monday night. But any week which holds a May Irwin opening can be regarded as a full and complete week.

Widow by Proxy was written by Miss Catherine Chisholm Cushing. It is one of the best May Irwin farces ever written. It fits America's premier comedienne like a glove, so that it is needless to say that for nearly three hours Monday night the audience was kept in a state of delicious mirth.

There is none to equal Miss Irwin in her particular forte, which is the exploiting of funny lines. It is a delight to watch her "plant" every point over the footlights with an absolute sureness of touch which has made her the mistress of comic lines and situations. And she was never more humorous than she was Monday night.

Widow by Proxy is not only amusing, but a really interesting play. And while the whole thing is built around the personality of Miss Irwin, the story was not interrupted on that account, and the members of the cast, all of whom were excellent, had many opportunities. May Irwin is one star who, instead of being afraid to surround herself with a capable company, insists on it, for she is wise enough to know that it only makes her own work shine out the more brilliantly.

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The play has to do with a Dolores Pennington, the widow of a gold prospector who has died in Alaska. He is the scion of one of Boston's Brahmin families, a Pennington of Pennington Manor. The widow refuses to go to Boston to collect her legacy because she stands in awe of her husband's maiden aunts, who have refused to receive her, she having been a mere actress when their nephew married her.

Dolores is living with her friend, Gloria Grey (Miss Irwin), who is a music teacher in New York. Miss Grey's finances have fallen upon evil ways. The bill collectors are pounding at her door, there is nothing in the larder. Where is there a place for foolish pride in such a crisis as this? She, therefore, insists on going down to Pennington Manor in the place of Dolores, assuming her name and widowhood. Thus does she become the Widow by Proxy, and Dolores, who accompanies her, is, of course, Miss Grey.

It would be hard to think up a more delicious situation in which to thrust Miss Irwin. The way she overawes the patrician maiden aunts is a delight to the heart and the eye. She talks glibly of her noble relatives, dukes and duchesses and such like until the haughty ladies are forced to extend the invitation they had decided to withhold. And her dressmaker, who has followed her hotly to collect an unpaid bill, she introduces to the maiden aunts as the Marquise de Chateaubriand. She is "getting away" with it very nicely, having a lovely time, in fact, when she suddenly discovers that she has fallen in love with her supposed dead husband's cousin, and then she learns from his own manly lips that he can forgive most anything in a woman but untruthfulness. His life had once been wrecked by a woman who told him a falsehood, and here is the widow by proxy who has been telling him whoppers right along.

The situations in the play are well worked out and they move rapidly to the climax, accelerated on their way by clever dialogue.

In the second act Miss Irwin sang Sweet Sixteen and Don't Leave Your Wife Alone with all of her old unction, and she added a sentimental song when the man of her desire appeared upon the scene.

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Perhaps the best work, next to Miss Irwin, was done by Clara Blandick, in the somewhat negative character of Dolores Pennington. She played with excellent taste and knew to a nicety just how to "feed" the star. Alice Johnson, as the dressmaker, was all that could be desired, arrayed in dazzling gowns. The role of the Pennington who loathed untruthfulness in a woman was played by Orlando Daly, who discreetly allowed himself to be persuaded that the psuedo widow had maltreated the truth in a good cause, and that once having begun she had to go deeper and deeper. Having arrived at that point of view he found his happiness in marriage with the resourceful music teacher. The two quaint old maiden ladies were played by Helen Weathersby and Frances Gaunt, who depicted the dignified old-fashioned dames very adequately.

The only critical question that is raised by the Widow by Proxy is the questionable taste of employing the themes of death and widowhood as the vehicles for jests. While the audience Monday night exhibited nothing but the liveliest hilarity during every minute of the play, it is doubtful that any woman on the stage, other than Miss Irwin, could turn such themes into comedy without giving offense.

It is very safe to predict that the Widow by Proxy will remain at the Cohan Theater for many months.

## THE WRONG CAREER FOR HUSBANDS

BY ELIZABETH HONE.

I SAT—the only spinster—in a drawing-room full of married women. They were discussing their husband's callings. Said one to me: "My husband is a doctor. My dear, never marry a doctor. It takes the constitution and placidity of a cow to stand it.

"All day we have a duet of the front-door bell and the telephone bell, with solos by the telephone at night. The housemaid is always being called from her work to answer the bells, and the line of dirt from the front door to the surgery defies all cleaning. The meals are haphazard, and not even Sunday dinner is sacred to the family.

"If you are a true doctor's wife, you call on all newcomers into the neighborhood to help him get more patients, and when you have got them the doctor's bill is the last they think of paying."

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Said another wife to me, encouragingly:

"If I were you, I would marry an engineer. You have no idea how useful my husband is at home. Last time we moved he made all the curtain arrangements for the new house. He put up rods and arranged dear little pulleys, and they never go wrong. And he once made me the nicest blouse I ever had. He drew it to scale first with a compass and a T square and a pair of callipers, and it was a wonderful fit."

By this time all the women were talking at once, under the relaxing influence of tea and twilight. The next to catch my ear was a worn-looking, but beautiful, woman in her forties.

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"Whomever you marry, do not marry an artist," she warned me. "Of course, a caricaturist or a poster man is different. I have heard that some of them actually have a regular income—though it does not do to believe all you are told. But not an artist pure and simple like my husband—the world well lost for a beautiful line and that kind of thing.

"Money simply does not exist for him. I assure you, for some years after we were married he did not make anything at all, and you know the size of our family. If I hadn't had an income of my own, I do not know what we should have done. Up to this day I pay the rent and the taxes and the wages, and then he tells me I am privileged to be allowed to minister to his genius."

"The worst of it is," I murmured, "artists are often so good-looking and so attractive."

She nodded. "That is how I came to marry him," she said.

"Personally," I ventured, "I have always fancied a sea captain. One would have a husband then without losing liberty or leisure. And how pleased we should always be to see each other when he did come home!"

This remark raised a storm of discussion. As a matter of fact, I am going to marry a journalist, but I dare not tell them that. I know too well what they would say.

"What, a journalist! The kind of man who works all night and sleeps all day and rings the bedroom bell violently if the baby cries and s irritable and sleepy and never really awake till he leaves for the office again after dinner!"

No. On the whole, I think I will keep my secret to myself. Not that it matters; for, after all, when it comes to homemaking the character of the woman is of infinitely more importance than the calling of the man.

## CURIOUS VISITING CARDS

"SCHULTZ WITH A TZ" AND "WASHERMAN TO HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS."

Of the fanciful figures, allegories, weapons, trophies and scroll work which adorn the visiting cards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and were designed to show off the artistic taste of the owners of those cards, very little is left. But, asks the Hamburger Nachrichten, are the modern visiting cards any the less human documents? It is true they are simple and matter of fact. They give nothing but the name on a white ground—and possibly the titles and honors of the owner. Titles and honors! Ah! there's the rub! For where can you draw the line? The title which one fiery son of Mars put on his card has become almost a household word: "Vice-sergeant-major in the Reserves."

When does human fatuity most clearly stamp itself on a visiting card? When it indulges in a bombastic recital of all possible and imposing titles, orders and honors, or when a Mr. Schulz or a Mr. Schmidt or a Mr. Muller puts his highly distinguished name on his card without any further addition, as if there was only one Schulz or Schmidt or Muller in the whole world.

Not devoid of understanding was that Schultz who had printed on his cards, "Schultz with a tz." At at any rate lessened the possibility of confusion. An inexhaustible source of humor may be found in an album of visiting cards such as MM. Barthan, Louys and Freneuse have compiled. One of the most humorous in that album is that emblazoned with the title:

"Historical trumpeter at the storming of the Malakoff, portrayed in the picture by Yvon in the Versailles Museum."

Another plumes itself in telegraphic style on the following honors:

"Wounded November 30, 1870. Left arm amputated at elbow, December 1. Stump amputated, September 3, 1894."

Mention should be made, too, of the man who had inscribed under his name:

"Washerman to His Imperial Highness. Member of the Society for Rendering First Aid in Boulogne-Villancourt. Founder of the Syndicate of Washermen of Boulogne-Villancourt."

Influential indeed must have been the position of that official who had printed on his visiting cards:

"Undercook to the council of the under-director, attached to the council of the Under Secretary of State."

Another proudly inscribes on his visiting cards the title "Detective," and has no objection to having the fact known. He goes on: "I failed to bring on a war with England-Zanzibar, 1901." A mass of conceit quite out of the common must also have fallen to the lot of the man who displayed on his cards the words: "Moral philosopher and discoverer of the nonexistence of God." Great, too, must have been the services rendered to his profession by the lithographer who stated for the edification of the world that he had "received from English lithographers a gold and a silver ink bottle in recognition of my services."

Another man seems also to have had a high opinion of his position when he had printed on his cards the words:

"Doorkeeper of the National School."

Into the domestic relations of the family of A. N. U. the following visiting card seems to give us an indiscreet glimpse: "Josephine A. N. U. and her husband." M. Louis, B. D., is, as he reveals to us on his card, "vice president of the Association of Undecorated Frenchmen."

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