Redfern Tells Evening World Readers What to Wear in the Coming "D.T. F. Summer."

Drawn by Miss Lee Haynes, the Noted Fashion Artist, Under "Redfern's" Personal Direction.

BLACK LIBERTY SATIN GOWN

CHENILLE DOTTED NET OVER SHADED NET.

BLACK liberty satin, lace and ruffles of accordion-plaited chiffon make this pleasing afternoon costume. The bodice is entirely of the lace save for the lower half of the sleeve, which is fashioned of the black satin. The waist is a sort of bolero blouse opening over a vest formed by two ruffles of the accordion-plaited chiffon. Two narrow bands of the black satin form a suspender effect over the shoulders, stopping at the waist, which has a high, round belt of the black satin. The skirt is gathered from the hips and formed alternately of ruffles of the accordion-plaited chiffon and triple folds of the black satin, ending in a demi-train. The sleeves are narrow to the elbow and made of the lace and ending in a huge gauntlet puff of the satin. The turban is of plaited chiffon finished at the left side with three drooping ostrich plumes.

"IT will be a white summer," said Redfern, and his tone had the finality of a weather prophet announcing that it would be a fine day.

The king of frockmakers, the French-English inventor of the tailor gown, was seated on a Marie Antoinette sofa near the windows of his New York house, at No. 668 Fifth avenue, surrounded by dress forms on which the very choicest of the gowns which he had brought with him from Paris for the Redfern exhibit at St. Louis were majestically arrayed.

"Not so white, perhaps as some previous summers," he continued, "for this year two other shades will compete with white, though they will not touch its supremacy. Ah, no! These are pink, which will be used to the practical exclusion of other colors for evening frocks, and a new shade called crocus blue, of the delicate tint seen in the flower from which it takes its name, which will appear in morning and afternoon frocks, especially of the coat and skirt variety.

"For morning wear the materials used will be etamines, canvases, voiles and taffetas; a great deal of taffeta, which seems to be very much liked by Americans; linens, white ecru and crocus blue and some greens trimmed with bands of white. For afternoon and evening there will be embroidered batiste and entire frocks of silk lice."

"You mean the old-fashioned Spanish lace with large rose designs?"

"Yes, the old-fashioned Spanish lace, but the designs are not large flowers. These lace gowns are more beautiful in pure white or cream, but they are sometimes dyed in any preferred color.

Novel Trimming in Evening Gowns.

"For evening wear I have introduced a novel trimming of shirred ribbon in vertical bands, ending in love-knots of the flowing ribbon. These bands are of graduated lengths, and through knots of varying distances on the skirt natural roses are introduced. This trimming of fresh flowers is new and very beautiful.

"One of the model gowns for my St. Louis exhibit is of pink satin trimmed with these shirred bands of shaded ribbons on the skirt, which is tight about the hips and bouffant around the feet. Through these bands the trimming of fresh roses is introduced. The bodice is very plain, tight-fitting at the sides, as many to the new bodices are, with a vest showing a narrow fillet of ribbon crossing it in zig-zag fashion. The vest is defined by bands of the shirred ribbon, which meet in front and tie.

"About the square cut corsage there is a narrow flounce of spangled or opalescent lace. I use this narrow lace a great deal to soften the decolletage, but it is in no sense a bertha, as it must not cover the shoulders. The sleeves are of tulle, starting with a flat shirring, followed by two puffs and ending in a deep-pointed flounce. Fresh roses head the simulated vest and trim the sleeves.

"You notice that this gown is tight-fitting on the hips. French women have refused to accept the gathering or shirring about the hips that I see on many of the gowns here. It is apt to produce a clumsy effect, and I do not believe American women will like it any better than the Parisiennes. The bodices have either a very pointed or a very round high belt.

Shouldn't Cover Pretty Necks.

"Collars? The Frenchwoman will wear the collarless gown; it is so much cooler. It seems difficult to make the American woman accept this fashion. And yet it should not be, for she has as a rule a beautiful neck, and it is very becoming to her. Still, she insists on the high collar. Coats for evening wear will be white and of cloth, crepe de chine or similar soft materials.

"Another gown that I am taking to St. Louis is of white canvas trimmed with gold cloth and hundreds of small gold buttons. The coat, which is of the short Eton style, has a fitted collar of the cloth of gold veiled by coarse white draped cape sleeves, is trimmed with lines of the gold buttons, which are also shown in rows on the simple skirt. There is a round belt of the gold cloth veiled by lace.

"And now I am going to tell you of the very latest thing in Paris—what they call there 'le dernier cri de la mode.' It is the very long coat severely tailored, of shepherd's plaid, with a cerise step-colar and a cerise bet. In these long coats I have returned to the extreme severity which distinguished the tailor gowns which I was the first to introduce.

"Save that it is fitted to the woman's figure, the new coat reaching about to the knees, and worn with a walking skirt, is cut exactly like a man's, with the small collar and plain coat sleeve. What we call a step collar of cerise velvet is used, and the addition of cerise buttons gives a very smart effect.

"Generally speaking, however, I prefer the plain horn buttons on tailor gowns. With these shoes of black patent leather with tops made of the same material as the gown are worn. The patent leather shoes with tops of shepherd's plaid are very smart.

"There is no color more favored than another in the tailor frocks. Whatever suits the taste of the wearer is correct. You ask about brown and champagne color. Everybody is wearing them now, and therefore they are no longer good.

"Hats? There will be many tub or lingerie hats worn with the cotton gowns. They are cool and generally very becoming.

"Gloves, stockings, parasols? Of course, they match the gown.

"Many of my most beautiful frocks have already been shipped to St. Louis," concluded Mr. Redfern, "and I intend to follow them myself to-morrow morning. I will return to New York within a week and spend some time here. I am glad of the opportunity of seeing in her own country the American woman, whom I consider the most beautiful in the world, and who by her unlimited capacity for spending money on clothes has given me my greatest opportunity to carry out my ideas of the beautiful in dress."

THIS gown of chenille dotted net over shaded silk shows the full skirt tucked from the hips, which is a revival of the 1830 period. The shirred and gathered round waist has a yoke of white chiffon crossed by horizontal bands of ribbon an inch and a half wide. The sleeves are elbow length caught in two gathered puffs and finished by a flounce of the net. There is a narrow ribbon belt, widening at the back. About the bottom of the full skirt there is a flat band of the narrow ribbon and the skirt is finished by a thick ruche of the net. This gown is apt to add considerably to the size of the wearer and should only be worn by a slender woman. The hat which finishes the costume is of the large picture shape and is of ecru straw faced with shirred chiffon and has a large plume over the hair. It has long ribbon streamers knotted at the back and then allowed to flow loosely over the shoulders in a fashion which milliners are trying to make popular.

A HEART ROMANCE

By "The Duchess."

A Little Irish Girl.

A Little Irish Girl.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dulcinea McDermott is engaged to sir Ralph Anketell, whom she believes she does not love. She is loved by Lucien Eyre, a wealthy Englishman. Considering herself ill-treated by her family, she decides to elope with Eyre.

She meets him at night at a railroad station, but as the train arrives she loses heart and refuses to go. Sir Ralph witnesses the scene without being noticed. Eyre takes the train, leaving Dulcinea with her cousin Andy. The two cousins then see for the first time that Sir Ralph is present.

Sir Ralph takes Dulcinea to her home, giving no hint that he has seen her with Eyre at the station. She decides to tell him the whole truth after dinner the next night.

When the time arrives she cannot summon courage to make the confession.

She seeks a midnight interview with Sir Ralph on a balcony of her home and tells him her story.

CHAPTER VI.

A Strange Sequel.

SUDDENLY Sir Ralph turns to the shivering girl at his side.

"Here, come in!" says he at last, roughly. "Come in out of this cold. Faithless and worthless as I think you and know you, still you must live, I suppose, to the undoing of other men."

He has laid his hand on her arm and drawn her to the open casement. The lights from within falling more distinctly on her face wakens him to the fact that the tears are running down her cheeks.

"You are crying!" says he, fiercely. He lets her go. Crying—for Eyre! He curbs his passion by a supreme effort, and once again addresses her. His voice now is under control, though his eyes still show the angry grief that is consuming him.

"If you are crying for Eyre," says he, "that can soon be set right. To judge by his manner last night"—

He has betrayed himself! As if struck, the girl starts back from him.

"You were there! You saw! You heard!"

"I saw; I did not hear."

"You knew, and let me me speak! Oh"—

"Why should I not be silent? I waited"—

"Waited? For what? Could not you" (wildly) "have broken our engagement, instead of leaving me to do it?"

"I could not." If she had not been so overpowered with this fresh knowledge, that meant so much fresh shame, she might have read between the lines of his short answer.

"Oh, you should—you should!" says she, weeping openly now.

"Don't cry," says Anketell. [illegible] hold of her. "Don't! Am I [illegible] cute enough? It can all soon [illegible] right." [illegible] the light! "You are free, Dulcie. I have so smallest claim upon you. You can go your way and I mine. You" (unsteadily) "you quite understand that?"

"Yes!" (faintly).

"Well—now" (he pauses as if afraid to go on. After all it is only an experiment. Who knows how it will end?). "Now—I propose to you all over again. I beg, I entreat you to marry me! You have your freedom; you can keep me or let me go as you will; but" (passionately) "I beseech you to keep me!"

"Oh no!" Her pretty head is hanging down, her voice has sunk into a whisper. "Not after—after—that——?"

"After that—after everything."

Miss McDermot raises her head slowly, and looks at him. Reproach is in her glance.

"Why—why were you not like this always?" asks she.

"How could I be?" The reproach is all on his side now, and strong enough to dwarf hers. "Do you know how you treated me? What icicle was ever colder? Why, I was afraid to go near you! Once I kissed you. Do you remember it? I do; and your look after it. Once only! This" (stooping and pressing his lips lightly to her cheek) "is the second time. And" (sadly) "I do not call that kissing you at all."

"And what do you call it?" asks she, a gleam of mischievous fun creeping into her face in spite of her. Then suddenly she flings her arms around his neck. "Well, I'll kiss you," says she. "Because I love you, Ralph. I do! I do indeed!"

* * *

"You are sure of it?" asks he five minutes later.

"Quite, quite sure."

"I wish you had been sure a little earlier."

"I shouldn't. The waiting has made it ever so much surer."

"And you are happy, darling?"

"I never felt so happy!"

"Not even one regret?"

"Well," nervously, "there is something—something," fidgeting awkwardly with the flower in his coat.

"Yes, something? Go on," says he, anxiously. Can it be about Eyre?

"It's—he seemed very uneasy about it."

"So he very well might," indignantly. "Oh, but it was all for me!"

"All for himself, in my opinion!"

"You wrong him!" warmly. "You do, indeed!"

To hear her stick up for Eyre is gall and wormwood; but to shake the good feeling established between them now is not to be thought of for a moment.

"Well, don't let us quarrel about him," says he, his tone lightness itself, his heart as heavy as lead. "What was he uneasy about in especial?"

"About the—the lies he told you!"

"He? Who?"

"Why, poor Andy, of course! Whom were you thinking of?"

"Of Eyre. Forgive me that."

"Nonsense," says Miss McDermot. "Why" (airily). "I've forgotten him. No, it is Andy! You know he told you last night that he had brought me to the station, and—I told you, I——"

"Is that all?"

"Yes. It was a great deal. And Andy is greatly put out about it. You—you are sure you don't think badly of him?"

"I think" (enthusiastically) "very highly of him."

"Oh! Do you really?"

"Why, how else should I think of him? Was he not trying to help you?"

"And you will say something lovely to him the very first thing in the morning."

"No; I shall say something lovely to you then."

"Oh, Ralph . . . . Well, good-night . . . Good-night . . . again . . . Good-night, really, this time!"

THE END.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

Illustrated by GENE CARR.

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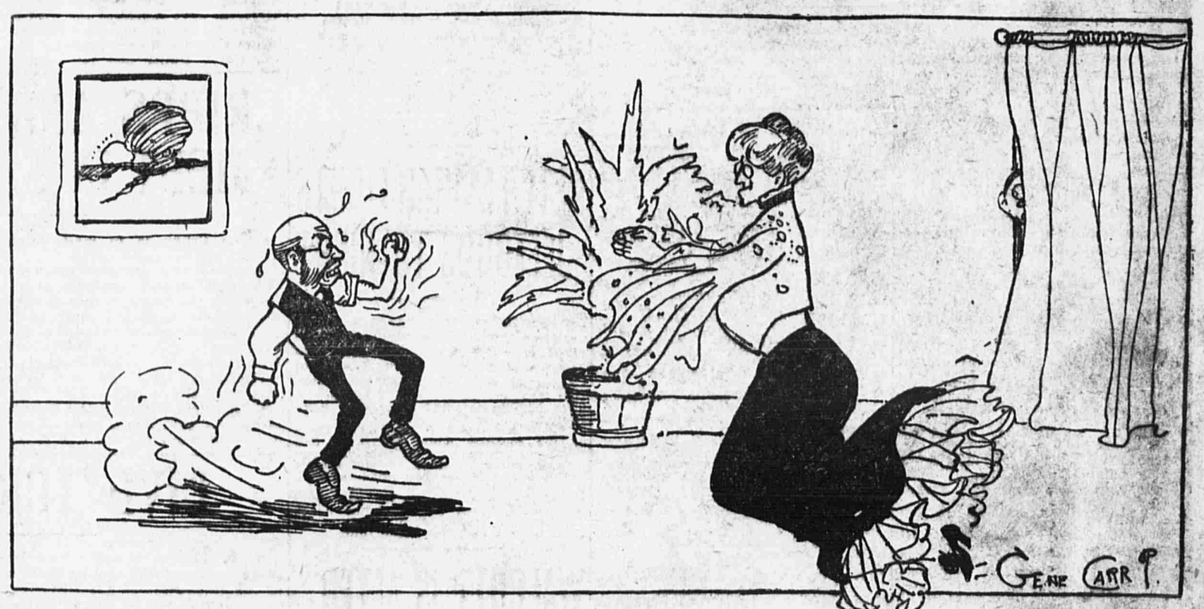
What's the Use to Get Up a Nice Appetizing Supper for Him? He Is Downtown at His Office Enjoying Himself Balancing His Books and Doesn't Care When He Gets Home!



"Shut My Mouth and Keep It Shut, You Say? All Right, Lionel, You Dear, Sweet Thing."

"SEVEN o'clock, Mr. Nagg, 7 o'clock. This is a pretty time of day to get home.

"You know I am all alone, mamma has gone over to Brooklyn to see some friends who are having a funeral. I had to stay home, of course. I never get out of the house, I never go anywhere. I never have any pleasure.

"There was a thick-set man here this morning, saying the captain wanted to see brother Willie—something about his collecting souvenirs, and when I told brother Willie about it he remembered he had to go visit a schoolmate who works in a fertilizer studio in New Jersey and hurried away over the back fence.

"And so I am left all alone. You didn't know I was alone, you say? Well, you wouldn't have cared.

"My dear mamma and my little brother Willie would not leave me alone. But because it is the last of the month you make the excuse that you have to stay downtown to balance books and never think of your wife and home.

"Do I stay away from my house to balance books? Wouldn't you be suspicious if I gave that excuse to you for being late on the last nights of every month?

"I am of an unsuspecting nature, Mr. Nagg, but you can't fool me about your balancing books. Why don't you balance them in the middle of the month?

"Don't try to excuse yourself. You might have known I was all alone. Why don't you do something for me instead of devoting all your time to your business?

"But you never think of me. You only think of your business cares and how to make money.

"Please keep quiet and don't fuss so much, you say?

"How dare you talk that way to me, Mr. Nagg? You have been drinking. Some enemy has been advising you to be brutal! You never talked this way to me before!

"You tell me to shut up? Has the world come to an end? What do you mean? Do my ears deceive me? My husband actually raises his voice at me!

"Your patience is at an end, you say?

"This is my reward. This is what I get for being kind and patient. This is my reward for sitting silent under your tempers!

"I knew it would come to this if I did not make a stand. But I have given in too much to you.

"What would Mr. Smig say? I shall send for him! I am afraid of you. Your eyes have an unnatural glare!

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, do not be brutal. A woman needs to be ruled by kindness. Remember, I am only a poor, weak woman, and I only try to act for the best.

"You are tired of my brother Willie loafing around the house, you say?

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, he is only a boy of twenty-six, and he is so fond of you.

"If my mother ever says another word in this house you will throw her out, you say?

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, you are bewitched! I never heard you act this way before. Yes, I know I may have been a little trying at times, but then I have all the worry of the house on my shoulders.

"Me shut up or you'll make me?

"Oh, Lionel, how can you be so harsh to me? Positively, I am afraid of you. Please do not be cross, dear. Yes, I know you are worried. I am very sorry. Certainly I will do as you say. I will do anything you say if you will not look so angry. I never saw you angry before!

"Here is your house coat, wait till I get your slippers. Can you wait a minute till I fix you some strawberries and salad? The supper isn't as nice as it should be for you.

"Ah, I am so glad to see you kind and nice to me. If you will always give in like this, we would never have any trouble.

"Shut my mouth and keep it shut, you say?

"All right, Lionel, you dear sweet thing. Oh, if you were always so kind and determined!

"Yes, dear, I am hurrying with your supper. Isn't he the loveliest, kindest man? Ah, I know how to develop the higher ideals of a happy home and a fond and loving husband!"

FINISHING IT.

"Practice makes perfect, you know," said the young woman who was playing scales on the piano.

"Yes," answered her father, who does not love music; "perfect misery."—Washington Star.