GOWNS OF ALL AGES.

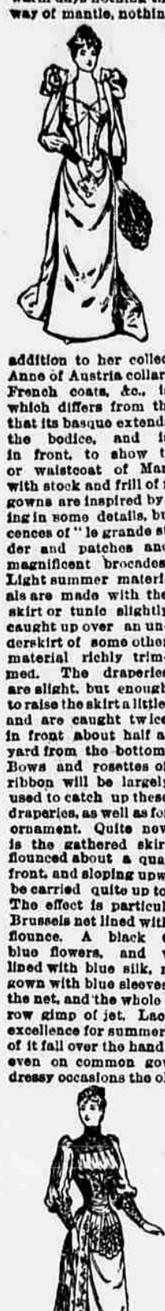
Henri II. Capes, Marie Stuart Bonnets, Medici Collars,

ONE WOMAN WEARS THEM ALL;

And She May Have a Cleopatra Girdle On, Too.

Some Gowns Aren't Historical, but They Are Stylish—Dinner Gowns for Summer—Lace is the Great Trimming Now—It is Everywhere—Matinees and Tea Gowns—Late Novelties from London.

Many of the season's gowns recall the splendors of Venetian dress in the Middle Ages; others, in their elegant simplicity and picturesqueness, the clinging robes of the beautiful ,but ill-fated Citizeness Bonaparte. Skirts grow a trifle longer as the summer approaches, decidedly fuller, and much more elaborately decorated. The rulers of the destinies of fashion have ordained and entered into a conspiracy to maintain that with the warm days nothing tight shall be worn in the way of mantle, nothing ordinary be tolerated in the line of gowns. The rage for bonnets and hats of eccentric shape and startling hue seems to have exhausted itself, and the newer head coverings, if they lose in conspicuousness, gain in style and gentility. All the quaint and sumptuous glory of ancient mode is appropriated to make the summer gown a creation of loveliness that looks as if mortal hands had never touched it. The stylish woman is a walking encyclopædia of historic suggestion. The latest addition to her collection of Henri II. capes, Anne of Austria collars, Marie Stuart bonnets, French coats, &c., is a Louis XIII. idea which differs from the other Louis coats in that its basque extends only across the back of the bodice, and is entirely cut away in front, to show the fulled vest of silk or waistcoat of Marie Antoinette brocade with stock and frill of rare lace. Most evening gowns are inspired by Louis XV. modes, varying in some details, but still decided reminiscences of "le grande style" of the days of powder and patches and magnificent brocades. Light summer materials are made with the skirt or tunic slightly caught up over an underskirt of some other material richly trimmed. The draperies are slight, but enough to raise the skirt a little, and are caught twice in front about half a yard from the bottom. Bows and rosettes of ribbon will be largely used to catch up these draperies, as well as for ornament. Quite now is the gathered skirt flounced about a quarter of a yard deep in front, and sloping upward toward the hips, to be carried quite up to the belt in the back. The effect is particularly good when black Brussels net lined with a color is used for the flounce. A black China silk with pale blue flowers, and with the lace ruffle lined with blue silk, makes a very attractive gown with blue sleeves and yoke covered with the net, and the whole finished with very narrow gimp of jet. Lace is the trimming par excellence for summer. Beau Brummell frills of it fall over the hand almost to the knuckles even on common gowns, and on those for dressy occasions the old lace shawls that have been folded away so long that they are well nigh forgotten are draped in panier or tatlier effects. Lace caps, both long and short, will be worn as the season advances, some of them covered with golden or jet grelots, and gathered to little yokes of gold or jet. Their fluttering fulness, while of course more charming on the slender, tall woman than on the stout one, is so sufficiently becoming to the latter that she may complacently hide herself under the new cloak in the happy security of being fashionable if not beautiful. Why cannot we all be tall and straight and willowy, or else why can we not be considered a little more in the designing of the mode? A tall woman looks well in anything, and why are not all the modes made for the stout one and adapted to her slender sister, instead of vice versa?



Dinner toilets employ Pompadour striped satins, Marie Antoinette brocade, and flowered crêpe du chine, with Louis coats, Valois collars and sleeves, and Henri II. ruffs. Wonderful Florentine picture gowns of jonquil yellow, velled with jetted Spanish net, are designed for brilliant brunettes, and are worthy of honorable place among historic costumes. Many of the new gowns, especially those emanating from Felix, have waist and skirt all in one piece and fasten invisibly in the back, ornamented usually with a corselet braided or embroidered in rich golden threads. India silk gowns, all in one piece, are made up lightly, to be worn over a separate petticoat of silk. A black ground strewn with lilac figures has the side forms of the full bodice of lilac covered with net ending in coat tabs, and is sewn to the skirt in front with a cord of lilac. The skirt has five straight widths of the silk, and is flounced with lace corresponding with that used on the sleeves and in the bretelles which trill from the shoulder to the waist cord. One of the most unusual dinner gowns is shown in the first illustration and is of heavy picture brocade, on a pink ground, made up perfectly straight and plain, with a slight train and low necked bodice. Every French gown is emphasized with a touch of black, and over the straight brocaded bodice are full puffs of black chiffon, and high draped sleeves of chiffon are fulled with a cuff of the dusky hue of Hamlet's cloak. A tax of black ostrich feathers and long chain of pearls completed the striking little toilet which, if worn by a matron, might lack beauty, but is a most excellent framework for a youthful neck and shoulders surmounted by a fresh fair face. It must never be forgotten that coats are ever and always the favorite dinner dress design, but so many times have the various styles been illustrated, and so easy is it to stand on a street corner and see most delightfully their different forms illustrated on living figures, that the fashion writer must suggest ideas for something besides the stately coat bodice of which many people are already tired. The second illustration is another dinner gown worn by one of the coming brides at her "engagement dinner." It is exceedingly simple, as the wearer was decidedly young, and its materials were of the dainty green which Undine might have worn at her own betrothal feast, embroidered with Rhinestones set in silver. The low bébé waist is bound twice with silver galloon flashing with the stones, and is gathered about the neck into a narrow frill. The skirt has a Grecian effect in drapery, its borders wrought with silver vines set with sparkling blossoms. The girl who isn't very young, with a pure white neck, reddish golden hair, and a faultless complexion, must never attempt the gown—it belongs only to those elected by the gods to wear the crown of beauty.

An old rose princesse dinner gown of Bengaline has a corselet and yoke of rose velvet with a puff across the bust, a girdle, and sleeves all of black chiffon fulled over the rose color, and a delicate tracery of jet as a finish for all the draperies, the bodice, and sleeves.

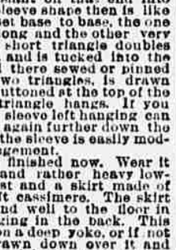
But though the summer modes are infinitely varied and adaptable to all kinds of beauty, fair woman never looks so entrancingly beautiful in tête or fleet dress as in the simple, soft, loose *peignoir* she calls "matinées," "tea gowns," and wears only in the privacy of her own home as she presides over her dainty breakfast or afternoon tea table. A very dainty one, made of white lace inserting set between ribbons of pale yellow, and worn over a yellow silk lining, has a yoke of lacy gold passementerie lined again with white. The chief peculiarity of this yoke is that it is long on the shoulder, and the ruffle which edges all round falls over the sleeve. This sleeve embodies a very pretty idea for using in any gown, for it has a deep full puff made of inserting and ribbon, and is finished with a tight-fitting cuff and frills falling over the hand. An idealized artistic robe dates from Liberty's London establishment, the home of all that is artistic in fabric and fashioning. It is of thick écru armure silk, with a bertha of yellow chiffon extending in a frill down the front of the skirt, and has brown velvet ribbon confining its fulness at the waist. Finally, one of the prettiest matinée or tea jackets of the season is a blouse made of alternate strips of India silk and Irish point inserting, with a little frill depending from the belt, which is hidden by a heavy cord passing about the waist and knotted in front. Another of Pompadour brocade is trimmed with deep frills of Fedora lace, making a cap to the sleeves and a jabot down the front. These little fancy waists are more affected by girls than their more elaborate antecedents, the tea gowns.

HOW TO MAKE GREEK DRAPERY.

But These Directions Are Not for the Very Fat or the Very Lean.

It is a whim just now to be photographed in Greek costume. The idea is a good one, but how it is carried out! The average woman has a voluminous eccentricity of cheese cloth made with much looping and several pieces of cord. This she puts on over corsets and stiff skirts. She looks like a "study of a woman in a pillow" when she is photographed. The proper Greek or Roman dress for a picture is made most simply, and a lesson in draperies is a good thing to learn. Use soft cheese cloth, or better still crêpe or China silk. If the stuff is forty inches wide one breadth will do for the front and one for the back. If the material is narrow sew two breadths together for the front and two together for the back. Run the two pieces on the same drawing string, letting the ends of the string come together in the middle of the edge of the front. Here cut down a slit in the front, so you can get into the gown.

Now, get into it. Adjust it so that it is properly low necked. It should be drawn well down into a pointed neck front and back. Tie a piece of tape around yourself well under the armpits and bust line. The neck should be drawn down almost to this belt. Yes: the dress is open at the sides. We have not come to that yet. Have some one cut the front length, allowing for hem, so that it falls well to the floor. The back should be a little longer. Now the sides are sewed up in a seam that stops just under the arm. Thus, you see, an armhole is left. Now for a sleeve that shall cover the under side of the arm at the shoulder. Cut a long tongue-shaped piece of goods, instead of squaring off the upper end, slant off that end into another point. The sleeve shape then is like two triangular pieces set base to base, the one triangle being very long and the other very much shorter. The short triangle doubles down under the arm, and is tucked into the hole of the armhole and there sewed or pinned to the base of the two triangles, is drawn around the arm, and buttoned at the top of the shoulder. The long triangle hangs. If you like, the edges of the sleeve left hanging can be buttoned together again further down the arm, and the shape of the sleeve is easily modified to suit such arrangement.



Your Greek dress is finished now. Wear it over a closely fitting and rather heavy low-neck, woven under-vest and a skirt made of India silk or very soft cassimere. The skirt hangs full and soft and well to the floor in front and almost dragging in the back. This skirt should be made on a deep yoke, or if not the skirt should be drawn down over it and securely pinned that no fulness at the waistbands may be ray through the outer garment the presence of a skirt. A chain of flat pieces or of medallions linked together is worn to hide the tape belt. The costume cannot be graceful or Grecian unless corsets or stays are discarded. The chain belt is drawn close and up to the point of the neck, there fastened, and thus serves to support the figure and to outline its contour. Another belt may be worn which rests on the hips and droops low in front.

There should be no drapery except that afforded by the folds in the gown. These folds in the upper dress can be drawn close about the knees, showing the underskirt. In fact, any classic effect can be obtained. A word to finish. Only a woman with fine arms and shoulders should attempt such dressing. The very fat or the very thin will look better in something else.

THE CHAPERON.

Not Approved Of by One Man—The Basis of His Growl.

"I can't understand why the American girl doesn't make a new declaration of independence against the chaperon importation," said a man the other day. "Why, it is an outrage to the sense and spirit of the girl and a direct insult to the decency of the American man. And the way it is all managed is so deuced inconsistent, don't you know? Tell you my experience? I was calling on a young lady—not so awfully young, either—one night, when a friend of both came in and invited us informally to spend the following evening with her. I offered myself as escort to the young lady and my offer was accepted, but imagine my state of mind when a maid appeared in cap and coat to take the girl to the friend's home. I mildly suggested that I would escort her and she sweetly acquiesced, but all the same that vinegar-faced menial followed on. And so we walked through the clear twilight of an early June evening, with the maid about three steps in the rear, through the quiet streets of the little city where she lived to her friend's house, about three blocks distant. A six-year-old girl could have gone alone over the same journey with no fear of harm. However, that wasn't the worst of it, for when we started for home and I offered her my company she very decidedly declined, on the ground that 'Mamma had sent some one for her,' and walked off with—the blackest, biggest nigger out of the collection, I'll swear, if a decent white man, in good regular standing in society, and neither a cutthroat nor a rascal, isn't about as good an escort for a girl as a black butler, then we might as well all black our faces and get on the buttons.

"Well, I married that girl just to get rid of that infernal maid, and have a chance to say a word to her without the whole family and family servants listening, and the other day her younger sister, who is here on a visit, wanted to go down town for a book she wished to read. She couldn't go, of course, my wife insisted, without a chaperon, and the maid was out the girl sat down and pouted. But just then little Mrs. Blank came whizzing in here like a skyrocket on a bender, with the loudest little bonnet and a French gown so striking that a queen of the demi-monde wouldn't be seen in it. She is the naughtiest, naughtiest little flirt on this continent, and while she is in no sense a disreputable woman, I wouldn't allow a young sister of mine to go across the street with her. But she promised to take Dorothy down to the shop and chaperon her home again, so the poor girl was allowed to buy her book. I looked at the book when she brought it back, and, by Jove, I'm no candidate for a halo, but that book would leave a pretty bad taste in my mouth. I asked her just out of curiosity if her stately mother allowed her to feed her youthful mind on such literary *pâté de foie gras*, and she said: 'Oh, mamma never forbids my reading any book I like, and I just dote on French novels.'

"It occurred to me that a girl who read such books might, perhaps, need a chaperon to walk down town with more than the sweet, purely American type would to travel to San Francisco. Of course I'm not interfering in my wife's family matters, but if there should ever be a daughter in this family so lacking in good breeding and good sense and good American independence that she couldn't walk down Broadway any time in the day from Harlem to the City Hall without a chaperon and not be insulted by look or word by any corner loafer, I should put her in the asylum for idiots before I would insult the chivalrous American man by sending a chaperon for her protection."

A WOMAN'S DRESS EXCHANGE.

When the 400 Sell Their Costumes and When the 400,000 Buy.

It is pretty generally understood that when a man of fashion has tired of his slightly worn clothing he disposes of it with reckless generosity to his valet or butler, or to any needy friend or relative who will take it out of his way. But what becomes of the gowns the fashionable woman wears once and then discards forever. They are never seen again; but they are utterly useless to the servants, and to bestow upon poor relations the Worth or Felix creations of gauze and brocade would be like giving Dresden china to a man who has nothing to eat. Sometimes one is tempted to believe that there is a kind of dress bureau to which these wonderful confections which flit before us for a moment are translated without touch of human hands. How many a woman would like to revel in the glories of such a paradise.

But there is a more tangible solution to the question of what the fashionable woman does with her gowns. A secret, sacredly concealed, sort of dress exchange gives occupation to many gentlewomen of modest means, behind the veil of most profound gentility. The most flourishing exchange is so managed that the proprietor's own husband never dreams that his clever wife clothes her daughters off the proceeds of buying and selling other people's gowns. These places are never advertised, for publicity would speedily kill patronage. One woman whispers to another of the wonderful bargains to be found at Mme. B——'s, and one matron suggests to another the advantage of leaving her cast-off finery in this market. The woman proprietor is necessarily one of the elect, knowing and known of a large circle of friends. Perhaps her husband has lost his money, perhaps his income will not keep the daughters in Paris gowns and pay the caterer for balls and dinners. The lady begins in a small way to act as mediator between the woman who would like to sell a gown and some other friend whom she fancies it will suit, and all for a small present. But when larger custom is secured she deals in more important affairs. A society woman who goes to many dinners and balls finds at the close of the season a large number of valuable gowns on her hands. Each has been worn but once, or possibly twice, and cannot be worn again. She sends them by private messenger to the exchange and they are sold for whatever they will bring, generally about half their value, the seller receiving a commission on the amount she manages to secure for the gowns. Perhaps a lady gets a misfit gown that she cannot wear. That, too, goes quickly to the woman who perhaps knows some one it will suit and mutilts her. A lady going into mourning usually has many gowns and jewels as well, to be sold, all of which bring a fair price.

Now as to the purchasers. They, too, are ladies either of a different social circle from those who sell, from another town, or, perhaps, of small means, who would never dream of buying gowns in a second-hand place, but can find wonderful bargains in these exchanges.

The woman who goes to many dinners in a season very often buys for $100 a dinner gown costing $300, and made of most expensive and elegant material, which can be remodelled into every appearance of a new gown. And women hangers on to the rim of society's bright circle are glad to avail themselves of the gowns for which they could not pay first cost.

One lady has this season bought almost her entire summer outfit at a brown-stone house in the fashionable district where a man in buttons opens the door and the elegantly dressed woman who receives her looks less like a shopkeeper than like a queen. Another point, occasionally the woman who drives in her carriage, with servants in livery on the box, has less hard cash to call her own than the maid who combs her hair. And such a woman is very glad to sell the old bits of jewelry that perhaps her husband has forgotten that he gave her, or to raise a little money on her diamonds for a time of need. Jewellers in good standing will make purchase at a little jewels without asking too many uncomfortable questions, consulting the husband, perhaps, or the father when her comfort and safety depends on the greatest secrecy in the transaction.

It is an interesting, and to the wife an aggravating fact, that many men of wealth, while allowing their wives every luxury of life on account, give them very little spending money. A woman in sables and diamonds must be in rather desperate circumstances to step down from her carriage and ask to have ten dollars' worth of postage stamps charged, and then ask the clerk to buy the stamps again, that she may have the money. Yet this has been actually done by the wife of one of the most prominent men in the city. Consequently it may be readily seen how the dress exchange is patronized by women whose husbands would be frightened if they knew of this little resort for ready money.

And on the other hand, a woman obliged to dress on a small allowance, if she happens to have a friend who is this kind of a dress broker, can secure a Paris gown which has never been worn, perhaps never left her room, went into crêpe after the season's outfit was secured. One of the gowns hung away in a dress broker's cabinet is a wonderful composition of silk and lace prepared for, but never worn, at the Queen's drawing room. There is no more resemblance between these exchanges and the ordinary second-hand store than between a Bowery pawnbroker's and a Broadway bank, and the ladies who patronize them would scorn to sell their finery at a second-hand store almost as much as to buy it at the same place.

ATHLETIC WOMANHOOD.

Are the Girls Outstripping the Boys in the Perfection of Physical Development?

The athletic girl may outstrip her brother in time, though she has both inheritance and tradition to oppose her. Every one is noticing how tall our girls are growing, and some one has said that the men seem to be growing shorter in the same ratio as the girls grow taller, and attribute the difference to the fact that boys smoke and girls do not. Dr. White of the Berkeley Schools is a strong believer in the theory that nicotine retards the growth of boys, as has been proven by experiments that it does of dogs and kittens. Girls of to-day are taller, stronger, and in every way more perfectly developed physically than the girls of the past decade. Athletics in some form enter into the course of almost all schools and all colleges, and women manifest much enthusiasm in athletic work.

The Woman's Club of the Berkeley Lyceum has a long waiting list, and the beautiful club house is crowded every day with womenseekers after health and beauty, which means health. Men have a cynical habit of setting down vanity as the inspiring cause for all this delight in healthful recreation, and though they are perhaps correct in their suppositions, why is the vanity of women for pretty faces and symmetrical figures more to be condemned than the pride of men in their shoulders and sinewy limbs, particularly when both kinds of beauty depend upon physical health? For physical health is ever the grand foundation of mental strength and prowess, and of the great cardinal virtues: patience, pleasantness and peaceful'ness. It is amusing to see such the oddities in the theatres, or on the avenue a splendid specimen of physical girlhood attended by a slim, puny snip of an escort, as one so frequently sees now, and though it must be admitted that she is the exceptional girl, and he the unusual man, still it is prophetic of the future.

A man says that you can't tell whether a girl is physically developed or dressmakerly filled out, when she has her gown on, and perhaps there is a grain of truth in his idea, but the padding in one coat would be more than sufficient for all the gowns a girl would have in a whole season.

The weakest looking specimens of the masculine race are the college boys not included in athletic classes, and one reason for this is the severe mental discipline to which they are subjected during the growing period. They are students as well, but they are rarely hurried through school as rapidly as boys and are better cared for physically, both at home and in the schools, than boys, and only the exceptional girl, with strong intellect and genius, is sent through the college where serious and sustained mental effort is required.

But women lack the sustained endurance of men, and the exacting demands of modern living tell on them as the years pass, and at forty or fifty-five men are much finer specimens of physical attractiveness than women of the same age, though much thought and study is given by women now to the preservation of their youthful beauty with marked results. The improvement in physical womanhood has been great in the last five or ten years and is the most noticeable two years straight, supple, strong women of graceful proportions in fashionable society than to see vigorous men of fine physique, because so much more unusual. But when really athletic mothers give an inheritance of physical beauty to athletic daughters, and they in turn transmit it to the granddaughters, there will then need to be a change in the marriage ceremony, and the "obeying" will be incorporated in the husband's vow rather than that of the wife's, unless the soft-handed, narrow-shouldered youth renounce cigarette smoking and devote their lordly intellects to something besides swallowing canes and wearing bangles.

A SUMMER HAT.

One Among a Thousand Flowers—Ladies Conceits of the Milliners.

This is a hat with a broad brim of plaited and plain straw. The crown is made up of four ribbons wound around wires, two in black velvet and two in pink faille. In the front and back are bows of pink faille, with a bunch of chrysanthemums and heather. The small pink bows serve to set off the black velvet ribbon. All indications point to an increased liking for floral garniture on big and little hats the coming season.

"In fact," a milliner said, "I sometimes feel somewhat apprehensive for the fate of the bright, sprightly, dashing summer girl, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit to take up some watering-place journal along in July or August and read the following obituary: 'Died, suddenly, at Mrs. Gran Degay's garden party, the charming creature popularly known as the Summer Girl, smothered to death under a load of flowers on her own hat!'"

Clover, lilacs, violets, bluebottle, and buttercups are bunched in pompon form. Small roses are to be made use of for edgings, while the larger varieties will figure as garniture for crown and brim.

SHE HOUSEKEEPS OUT OF TOWN.

Shopping in Drug Stores for Eggs, and Having Other Odd Dilemmas.

This is the season of restlessness and unreasoning desire for change. This is the time of year when you put your piano where your bookcase was, and the armchair changes places with the desk. You must turn carpets or die, repaint or have a fit, make over your dresses or go mad. If you keep house you must move, and if don't keep house you must move. If you are married you think of a divorce, and if you aren't you swap admirers with your best friend. If you have tried the country for the winter you decide to get into the city, and if you have been in the city all this time into the country you must go. The last is what a young wife has done.

"We had to sweep the hall stones off our front step the first morning," she tells, "but what of that!"

Dear little woman! Her house is out of town, and she goes into town to market. She was met at the ferry for the last boat. She looked dreadfully ill.

"I did my marketing for to-morrow early this morning," she said, "and then Jennie and I went to the theatre this evening, and at the theatre I remembered I hadn't ordered any eggs. We had to have eggs, and we have been to over thirty drug stores."

"Drug stores?"

"Yes, everything else is closed!"

"But why drug stores?"

"Sometimes they have eggs, you know, for their drinks, and Jennie and I have had about thirty sodas. Oh, it was dreadful. Jennie is in the ladies' room now, and I feel so sick. Housekeeping is very difficult."

They are having trouble with servants, of course, and all their troubles seem to get mixed up with eggs.

"I told the girl to drop some for luncheon, and she looked as if I meant on the floor. Oh, they are so stupid. I know so little myself, too. And they are so impudent. I tried to explain to that one about dropping eggs. I told her how to break the shell and turn the egg out, and mash it in the frying pan, and then do it like a griddle cake, and the horrid thing laughed right at me. Then fish are so dreadful. When you boil them, or anything, they all fall to pieces when you try to put them on the platter. I don't see how they do it in hotels. Then your face gets so red cooking. I thought I ought to learn a little of housekeeping before I marry Tom, but Jennie says I had better marry him before I let him come to dinner. I make nice ice cream, but it makes me so tired to wind it up."

THE NEWEST WRINKLE FOR THE HAIR.

Dainty Nets Made of Threads of Gold Now Confine the Tresses.

Already crowned with the most glorious suits of hair seen since the days of Godiva, smart New York girls are gilding refined gold in devising such elaborate decorations for their heads. For a dozen years past they have devoted close attention and their maids' best energies to growing their abundant locks up to a degree of silkiness and sheen that simply defies heightened lustre. But lo! no sooner was this ideal attained than with the unaccountable capriciousness of the sex an insistent demand was made for some sort of screen to shield their new beauty from public gaze.

"It is the rankest absurdity," remarked a salesman in a big jewelry shop last week, "but see here?" and handing out a shallow velvet-lined tray, he called attention to the half-dozen novelties of the moment. "Every woman with the slightest pretension to style," he continued, "is preparing to cover her shining hair with a $75 net made to order. We are busy as bees manufacturing the costly trifles that are eagerly picked up the instant they appear on our counters. For instance," and he held at close range an exquisite mesh of the finest gold network worn, six by six inches in size. Minute links of the precious metal, delicate, strong, and glittering, form the handsome square. Studded by four polished gold balls that twinkle jewel-like when resting on dusky locks, black or brown. So admirable is the workmanship that, though 18-carat metal is used, the brilliant net has little appreciable weight, and may be enclosed easily in the hand.

"These were experimental," the clerk went on to state, "but now, assured of their popularity, we will soon bring out many nets of the whitest silver, and others again of gold powdered with diamond sparks, small emeralds, topaz, and rubies. Indeed, there are at present three orders in the house for Marie Stuart coifs of thickly pearled gold mesh to be worn at grand functions at Newport and Bar Harbor this summer.

"Here are the jewelled hairpins used for holding the nets in place, in a point just through the centre of the thick wavy bang, on either side above the ears and down nearly to the nape of the neck, where soft curls caress the white meque."

Of course some women find this headdress too trying for adoption, and for them the great goldsmiths have prepared superb fillets and coronal designs. The pretty silver bandalette of last year is no longer seen, its simplicity being surrendered to a pretentious gold coronet blazing with gems, and bearing a auspicious likeness to diadems worn by countesses on the other side of the Atlantic. Among women of quieter tastes gorgeous gold combs obtain, and worn just above the crown of the head lend a very splendid effect to full dress toilets. In unique and fanciful shapes of shells, shields, and imposing arches, the centres are filled in with delicate intricate tracerie simulating fine lace. Others of Louis XV. period confine the rich coils and braids with bouquets of gold roses mounted on shell prongs and festooned with polished metal ribbons, Watteau bows, and fluttering ends.

VARIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

For a long time a large company of young girls under the charge of a lady of mature age appeared each morning at a meat market on upper Sixth avenue, and while the lady ordered the tradespeople to deliver certain quantities of the viands at her address the girls stood about listening. The lady would explain the different kinds of meat to the girls and define for them the various ways of cutting. This was a class from a fashionable boarding school obtaining instruction in the business of marketing. One of the class was recently telling a friend why the practice of going to market was discontinued.

"We all thought it jolly fun," said she, "and it would never have been stopped if it hadn't been for a girl who was reprimanded one morning for casting eyes at some men in one of the club windows. She was lectured by the principal for it, and it made her awfully angry. She did everything she could to excite feeling against the principal after that, and one morning she got a beautiful opportunity to revenge herself. We had been asked to write short compositions telling what we had learned about marketing. We read these aloud in class. When it came that bad girl's turn to read, she rose, and, taking up her paper, announced in a very clear and cutting voice: 'I have learned that the art of marketing is physical attractiveness in men of the same age, though much thought and study is given by women now to the preservation of their youthful beauty with marked results. The improvement in physical womanhood has been great in the last five or ten years and is the most noticeable two years straight, supple, strong women of graceful proportions in fashionable society than to see vigorous men of fine physique, because so much more unusual. But when really athletic mothers give an inheritance of physical beauty to athletic daughters, and they in turn transmit it to the granddaughters, there will then need to be a change in the marriage ceremony, and the "obeying" will be incorporated in the husband's vow rather than that of the wife's, unless the soft-handed, narrow-shouldered youth renounce cigarette smoking and devote their lordly intellects to something besides swallowing canes and wearing bangles.

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This is a hat with a broad brim of plaited and plain straw. The crown is made up of four ribbons wound around wires, two in black velvet and two in pink faille. In the front and back are bows of pink faille, with a bunch of chrysanthemums and heather. The small pink bows serve to set off the black velvet ribbon. All indications point to an increased liking for floral garniture on big and little hats the coming season.

"In fact," a milliner said, "I sometimes feel somewhat apprehensive for the fate of the bright, sprightly, dashing summer girl, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit to take up some watering-place journal along in July or August and read the following obituary: 'Died, suddenly, at Mrs. Gran Degay's garden party, the charming creature popularly known as the Summer Girl, smothered to death under a load of flowers on her own hat!'"

Clover, lilacs, violets, bluebottle, and buttercups are bunched in pompon form. Small roses are to be made use of for edgings, while the larger varieties will figure as garniture for crown and brim.

SHE HOUSEKEEPS OUT OF TOWN.

Shopping in Drug Stores for Eggs, and Having Other Odd Dilemmas.

This is the season of restlessness and unreasoning desire for change. This is the time of year when you put your piano where your bookcase was, and the armchair changes places with the desk. You must turn carpets or die, repaint or have a fit, make over your dresses or go mad. If you keep house you must move, and if don't keep house you must move. If you are married you think of a divorce, and if you aren't you swap admirers with your best friend. If you have tried the country for the winter you decide to get into the city, and if you have been in the city all this time into the country you must go. The last is what a young wife has done.

"We had to sweep the hall stones off our front step the first morning," she tells, "but what of that!"

Dear little woman! Her house is out of town, and she goes into town to market. She was met at the ferry for the last boat. She looked dreadfully ill.

"I did my marketing for to-morrow early this morning," she said, "and then Jennie and I went to the theatre this evening, and at the theatre I remembered I hadn't ordered any eggs. We had to have eggs, and we have been to over thirty drug stores."

"Drug stores?"

"Yes, everything else is closed!"

"But why drug stores?"

"Sometimes they have eggs, you know, for their drinks, and Jennie and I have had about thirty sodas. Oh, it was dreadful. Jennie is in the ladies' room now, and I feel so sick. Housekeeping is very difficult."

They are having trouble with servants, of course, and all their troubles seem to get mixed up with eggs.

"I told the girl to drop some for luncheon, and she looked as if I meant on the floor. Oh, they are so stupid. I know so little myself, too. And they are so impudent. I tried to explain to that one about dropping eggs. I told her how to break the shell and turn the egg out, and mash it in the frying pan, and then do it like a griddle cake, and the horrid thing laughed right at me. Then fish are so dreadful. When you boil them, or anything, they all fall to pieces when you try to put them on the platter. I don't see how they do it in hotels. Then your face gets so red cooking. I thought I ought to learn a little of housekeeping before I marry Tom, but Jennie says I had better marry him before I let him come to dinner. I make nice ice cream, but it makes me so tired to wind it up."

THE NEWEST WRINKLE FOR THE HAIR.

Dainty Nets Made of Threads of Gold Now Confine the Tresses.

Already crowned with the most glorious suits of hair seen since the days of Godiva, smart New York girls are gilding refined gold in devising such elaborate decorations for their heads. For a dozen years past they have devoted close attention and their maids' best energies to growing their abundant locks up to a degree of silkiness and sheen that simply defies heightened lustre. But lo! no sooner was this ideal attained than with the unaccountable capriciousness of the sex an insistent demand was made for some sort of screen to shield their new beauty from public gaze.

"It is the rankest absurdity," remarked a salesman in a big jewelry shop last week, "but see here?" and handing out a shallow velvet-lined tray, he called attention to the half-dozen novelties of the moment. "Every woman with the slightest pretension to style," he continued, "is preparing to cover her shining hair with a $75 net made to order. We are busy as bees manufacturing the costly trifles that are eagerly picked up the instant they appear on our counters. For instance," and he held at close range an exquisite mesh of the finest gold network worn, six by six inches in size. Minute links of the precious metal, delicate, strong, and glittering, form the handsome square. Studded by four polished gold balls that twinkle jewel-like when resting on dusky locks, black or brown. So admirable is the workmanship that, though 18-carat metal is used, the brilliant net has little appreciable weight, and may be enclosed easily in the hand.

"These were experimental," the clerk went on to state, "but now, assured of their popularity, we will soon bring out many nets of the whitest silver, and others again of gold powdered with diamond sparks, small emeralds, topaz, and rubies. Indeed, there are at present three orders in the house for Marie Stuart coifs of thickly pearled gold mesh to be worn at grand functions at Newport and Bar Harbor this summer.

"Here are the jewelled hairpins used for holding the nets in place, in a point just through the centre of the thick wavy bang, on either side above the ears and down nearly to the nape of the neck, where soft curls caress the white meque."

Of course some women find this headdress too trying for adoption, and for them the great goldsmiths have prepared superb fillets and coronal designs. The pretty silver bandalette of last year is no longer seen, its simplicity being surrendered to a pretentious gold coronet blazing with gems, and bearing a auspicious likeness to diadems worn by countesses on the other side of the Atlantic. Among women of quieter tastes gorgeous gold combs obtain, and worn just above the crown of the head lend a very splendid effect to full dress toilets. In unique and fanciful shapes of shells, shields, and imposing arches, the centres are filled in with delicate intricate tracerie simulating fine lace. Others of Louis XV. period confine the rich coils and braids with bouquets of gold roses mounted on shell prongs and festooned with polished metal ribbons, Watteau bows, and fluttering ends.

VARIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

For a long time a large company of young girls under the charge of a lady of mature age appeared each morning at a meat market on upper Sixth avenue, and while the lady ordered the tradespeople to deliver certain quantities of the viands at her address the girls stood about listening. The lady would explain the different kinds of meat to the girls and define for them the various ways of cutting. This was a class from a fashionable boarding school obtaining instruction in the business of marketing. One of the class was recently telling a friend why the practice of going to market was discontinued.

"We all thought it jolly fun," said she, "and it would never have been stopped if it hadn't been for a girl who was reprimanded one morning for casting eyes at some men in one of the club windows. She was lectured by the principal for it, and it made her awfully angry. She did everything she could to excite feeling against the principal after that, and one morning she got a beautiful opportunity to revenge herself. We had been asked to write short compositions telling what we had learned about marketing. We read these aloud in class. When it came that bad girl's turn to read, she rose, and, taking up her paper, announced in a very clear and cutting voice: 'I have learned that the art of marketing is physical attractiveness in men of the same age, though much thought and study is given by women now to the preservation of their youthful beauty with marked results. The improvement in physical womanhood has been great in the last five or ten years and is the most noticeable two years straight, supple, strong women of graceful proportions in fashionable society than to see vigorous men of fine physique, because so much more unusual. But when really athletic mothers give an inheritance of physical beauty to athletic daughters, and they in turn transmit it to the granddaughters, there will then need to be a change in the marriage ceremony, and the "obeying" will be incorporated in the husband's vow rather than that of the wife's, unless the soft-handed, narrow-shouldered youth renounce cigarette smoking and devote their lordly intellects to something besides swallowing canes and wearing bangles.

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