

SOME FALL FASHIONS.

A Battle on Between the Dot and the Plaid.

EMPIRE GOWNS ARE COMING.

Details that Mark the Woman of Fashion Nowadays.

Enough Goods That Are Harmonious... The New Way of Stitching-Styles of Coats and Wraps for Autumn-Felt Hats, Toques and Their Decorations-A Revolution in Waist Decorations-The Important Matter of Gloves.

On the principle that the early bird catches the first worm many well-bred women come quietly into town these latter days of summer in order to keep a sharp lookout for the first samples of autumn goods. This is a policy that says, for every year the merchants anticipate the season more and more and she who does the bulk of her shopping before the rush begins skirts the cream of the fall display and looks herself first with the dressmaker. There is already, for example, no small amount of sight seeing to be done around the counters where woolsens and heavy silks are displayed and the impression one receives, after a study of the newcomers, is that there is a battle for supremacy already on between the plaid and the dot.

Highland plaids as we knew and wore them a few years ago have nothing to do with the present case, for the dominant cross bar pattern just now is a study in warm monochromes on a background of dull colored goods having as rough a surface as a penitent's hair shirt. To exhibit the material itself is usually a thick, soft camel's hair, dyed a lustrous

or grenadine dots, through which a well chosen silk lining will glimmer to advantage. Then there are winter cashmeres with damask spheres sprinkled over and most attractive of all are the pied velvets and satin-faced cloths with velvet dots woven into them. According to the Parisian dictum no woman can wear a costume comprised wholly of plaid or dotted goods; but she must combine one or the other with a plain faced material. Another clause in the most recent legislation for cloths commands the association of a rough surfaced material with a satin sur-

face fabric in the same toilet and no braid at all anywhere. As has been remarked by a cluster of machine stitching appear to reign in place of braid and this machine stitching is very novel and artistic and decorative in its way. Usually on no law-abiding, beauty-loving American woman would take kindly to the box coat that is now the candidate for popular use and favor this season. She may wear it as it is for a while, but when the inevitable blighting comes, it will probably be done high under the arms, and thus the fashion of the Empire will be established.

There is no denying that momentarily the box shape will prevail, and on some peculiarly slender graceful women it is a complete success; for all others it is a hissing and an abandonment. Undoubtedly the stateroom of comfortable bust and hip girl will be driven into

fection has spread, and among the very early coat models two newcomers excite most comment. The first is the short coat in black, blue, or brown, having its edges everywhere bound with ribbon. A thick, rich aureole ribbon that wears well and has a satin cord edge, is commonly put to this service, and is very much du moment, as the Parisian tailor says, for it is his own clever idea. The other interesting stranger is the long Empire ulster, and the question naturally arising is whether we must accept this as foreshadowing the coming of the high girdled Josephine fashion that Jane Harding, with her Napoleonism play, has set on its feet. Undoubtedly the Empire gown is coming but whether or not it is to fully develop in the Autumn no one can yet be sure for it all depends on what the women who are to wear it say and feel on the subject. A

great number of semi-Empire gowns have come over already as models for ball and wedding dresses; the entering wedge is typified by the new coats and cloaks. But over against a counter full of three Calcutta beauties the spotted fabrics make an enticing show. There are rough wools in green and brown wools with large transparent



and ribbon rises no higher than the base of the round white necks. This will be pleasing and novel and the women will look twice as comfortable as in the throbbing bands to which they have clung with devotion. Elbow sleeves are of course the rational accompaniment of the low-necked waist, and the trick now played with sleeves is to have them of lace to the elbow and hanging the arm closely from the shoulder down. At the shoulder a scarf of lace incrustated chiffon sprays out and is draped daintily with a strap of black or Hortensia ribbon and a buckle. The scarf may measure a few inches and be delicately fringed at the ends, or it may be a full length about an English ell and be looped round the elbow and the hand hangs as a fringe would, from the elbow of the sleeve.

Naturally the sequence to these sleeves is the long sleeve, certain to win a warm place in any woman's heart, are made of boer, and the promise is that white fur will not be worn at all; also that many fur and velvet coats will have their high collars made wholly of ostrich feathers. Only toward the tail end of last winter did the combination of lace and fur make a place for itself, and so admirable are handsome webs wrought with the needle on richly colored peits that it is no wonder that this arrangement will be the highest achievement of artistic luxury for special occasions, for the opera, for calling, and most especially for espousals. Circles of lace, backed on satin, form broad borders to wide falls of sable or selected mink, or silver fox. For opera capes that portion of the interior that lies against bare shoulders is lined with down, the rest is done in satin.

The first theatre bonnet, of the new era in millinery has just blossomed and it proves to be a frothed double handful of white tulle, light as soap suds and set off with two long hat pins that have elaborately cut and very large jet beads. It is worn perched rather forward on the head and has not a touch of color nor a spangle to rob it of its charm. In the garden of hats, where something new breaks forth every day, toques of dotted velvet ornaments with huge silk flowers and a dotted quill or two call for intelligent interest. The quills are treated with pasted on velvet disks and then cunningly tilted round the edges till a marked resemblance to the large dark velvety eye spots in a butterfly wing is noticed.

The genuine hat these days has that it is sure to be the fashion later on for the wearer of a smart cloth or silk frock to long sleeve, and oatmeal yellow is the new evening tint in vogue. They are showing in the shops an autumn novelty in the form of a special elbow long suede glove that buttons from the wrist to the elbow, buttons and yet wrinkles a bit, and the fastening of the pretty thing is done by a series of silk loops passed over small silver ball buttons. For walking and street wear the heavy smooth-surfaced red and brown leather gloves are no longer the indication of extreme good taste; heaviest moose gray undressed leather, stitched with coarse white silk and fastened by one large pearl button, is the fashion of the moment. The small flexible change purse of gray leather with the owner's initials in brass thereon and the umbrella having a brass knob on its handle over-rid with clear glass.

For, after all, it is at this transition season the detail, not the gown itself, that marks the woman of fashion. You can tell her by her broad-toed brownies and white spotted shoes, more than all, by her necktie. It may be of sheer white tulle, or a broad La Valliere sash of black Limousine ribbon, or a neckerchief of blue and white stripes. The necktie is sure to be wound twice around her neck and pulled to her waist line throughout her most jeweled rings. They are finer rings set with gems or enameled bands, but one of them gathers the tie folds in its circle at the throat, the other at the hand, and then the ends of the scarf are left to wave or are tucked into the top of the skirt band.

Hammer and Nails for Toothache. Druggist's Hoodoo Way of Stopping Pain in a South Carolina Valley. CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 18.—"I ran across a strange freak in a small town up the State," said a returned traveler to the Sun. "I was accompanied by a friend and they were in the night. The town was small and looked many of the improvements and things really needed. One afternoon I had a violent toothache, and there was no dentist about to offer me relief. The pain was agonizing. It was new to me. I wandered about and drifted to the drug store and asked the druggist for some old pain killer. He gave a sickly grin, and said he didn't have a thing in the shop. 'I can stop the pain all right, though,' he told me, and I promptly offered him \$5 if he would.



Changes in the Trade Caused by Extraneous Fashions. The second-hand clothing business as regards women has attained some curious developments. 'Now, these are art galleries,' said an auctioneer. 'We sell rare mosaics, Carrara marbles, oil paintings, cabinets, and rich bric-a-brac. But this morning I sold fifty hats and bonnets, the stock of a retiring first-rank milliner, and twenty-five lots of second-hand silk lined gowns and wraps, dinner, ball, and street costumes, the real creations of world-famous modistes. You say that fall, rather distinguished-looking woman who went out a moment ago? She wouldn't strike one as a second-hand clothes dealer, would she? But she bid in nearly the whole consignment, and she'll make a pretty figure out of it, and make a number of clients happy as the result of her morning's work. She doesn't confine her operations to one locality or to two or three. She goes about things in a dignified, matter-of-course way that allays scruples and assures her trade. 'Transactions confidential' is prefaced with an asterisk at the foot of her announcement cards—cards that she sees to it reach the right people, and she has dressmakers, tailors and remodelers all ready and on hand. I know of four or five other notably successful second-hand dealers in various parts. The best of them do a legitimate business, with people too wide awake to be deceived by the rising mark of luxury has put a distinct commercial value on clothes. A dress made of the best silk or cloth that can be found, and lined, trimmed, and fitted out with costly material, has always value. The same thing with good jewelry that is a little old-fashioned, with dimity, linen, and fine white goods only needing making over to be as desirable as ever; they will shoes a trifle of the latest type, but scarcely worn, with opera cloaks and furs only needing the cleaner's and remodeler's care, are all slightly shrunken and worn, but good for a long time still. All these the dealer turns to good account. A fashionable woman now has to have so many different appointments, including hats, gloves, and shoes, that she must have a goodly stock of them, and she must have them in the best of the market. The dealer's business is to buy up the surplus of the manufacturer's stock, and to sell it to the people who could use these cast-offs with great advantage. The second-hand dealer has evolved from these conditions; and to bring the people who could use these cast-offs with great advantage. The second-hand dealer has evolved from these conditions; and to bring the people who could use these cast-offs with great advantage.

THIS WOMAN HANGS PICTURES. A Profitable and Pleasant Occupation Discovered by a Boston Girl. 'Yes, I hang pictures for a living, and enjoy my work very much,' said a New York young woman of ideas. 'I never consider a job for less than \$10, and often receive ten times ten. You see, few persons understand the proper hanging of pictures. Of course, where they have a lot of money and can employ a distinguished artist or first-class decorator, they have no need for me. But it is the people of moderate means to whom I am useful. Do you know, as a rule, such persons hang pictures according to their eyes, putting them in spots where they will fit and make as much show as possible.

It seems impossible to make them understand the proper room or part of a room should be invested with an idea that can be attained by the artistic arrangement of pictures on the wall. Engravings should be hung in the parlor, oil paintings in the study, photographs with photographs, and paintings with paintings. They cannot be distinguished simply as regards size, color, or framing. Last week I was taken into a house, and found a superb collection of Japanese prints simply killing some fine specimens of a famous water-color painter. The owner explained that he had bought the pictures for all good because they had cost him very little, and he had bought them according to his eyes, putting them in spots where they will fit and make as much show as possible.

There were a number of prints and water-colors in every one of his rooms, and all grouped together according to size, and no regard to their artistic value. I was taken as a whole the frames were not bad, so I managed to use them, separating and rehanging so that they followed up the idea given to the apartment by the pictures. One can readily see how different the hangings in a room decorated with water-colors should be from one decorated with Japanese prints. That man was the most grateful customer I have ever had, and I am sure would have paid double the amount asked. The job took one and one-half days for myself, and the colored boy who works as my assistant, and I received \$60 for it. So you see my work pays well.

I am not an artist, and really don't believe I could ever be taught to do creditable work as such. I began life as the youngest daughter of well-to-do people in Boston, received an ordinary Boston education, and travelled a little abroad. Then we had reverses, and when my father died my mother and I did not have enough to keep body and soul together. I knew that for all big places open to women there were ten applicants to one vacancy, so I made up my mind to think up some little field all untried by other women, and attempt to climb in and fill the niche. I knew I could arrange furniture in a room in a manner to please the most artistic. My friends were good-looking, and I was willing to do any work for a girl who had recently married and set up housekeeping, told her my plans, and asked to be allowed to arrange her furniture. She was delighted to have found you out, a picturesque-looking woman is saying as she puts the pretty hair ornament she had been examining back on the table. 'I open my eyes and see a variety of company on the 1st of September, and need just three costumes; good, showy-looking, but not expensive. I can't go the price of any of these, so I came here and worked nearly for three years. Send me word promptly when you have anything, and put me down for the red kersey cloth costume, I must have that, and she takes leave in excellent humor.

The dealer puts down many important memoranda during the day. Mrs. K. is a velvet gown, something good, but, as reasonable as possible, that she can put on two coats and hats for her worthwhile girls. Never mind how frosty or soiled the waist is; the skirt breadths are the main thing. Miss Smallwages, the typewriter, wants a real sea-look wrap. Later in the day a pen-and-ink artist, a married woman, who is hard up, comes in to sell the pawn-ticket

for her sea-look wrap that has been in detention for two winter coats. The sea-look is as if made for each other. People in search of imported corsets, of silk underwear, of tea gowns, skirts, and negligees, come to the dealer's recommendation that he had them. Some patrons are of the sort that the uninitiated might think of character with second-hand transactions; some are curiously esthetic, who regard the goods critically and buy only some inconspicuous trinket as pledge of good faith; others are of the humdrum, plodder, and tatter class, looking for substantial, good wearing bargains, and nothing for show or a smart effect. One young woman looks in for an outing costume; another for a plain gray traveling suit, and they are willing to overlook a few wear-and-tear marks if the cut is fashionable. Nobody asks for the cheap, common wares. They know well from the location and the dealer's methods that she caters to a discriminating trade, and just the things, for instance, that the poor relation's family would have cranked her for.

THE ENGLISH HOUSEMAID.

Just Now Shows the Parity in Her Establishment.

But Her Professor From France Had Merits Hard to be Duplicated—Great Women Can't 'Shop' for Themselves.

The question of domestic service in England has been involved to an extent that seems incomprehensible to Americans, who are accustomed to regard the matter as the least in the world. They are employed here by the families who pay most for domestic service, and their compensation is generally higher than that paid to any of our nationalities. In New York and Newport English servants look after the establishments of the wealthy and the tendency of the times has been to increase that they are looked upon as necessary to the smartness of a household. Butlers, grooms and valets, as well as coachmen, have been for some years practically taken only from among the Englishmen available, although a few Frenchmen were occasionally employed. If there happened to be Irishmen among these domestics, they found it expedient to conceal all traces of their origin and appear as nearly English as possible. Now this preference for English servants has extended to the women as well, and the wants of the wealthy are tended by English parlor maids, chambermaids, and even ladies' maids. English women have displaced the formerly popular French chiefly because they are the style, for nobody pretends that they are in defiance and resource the women who are trained for their work in Paris. One woman at Newport last year was envied because her maid possessed accomplishments which few can boast. She was a Frenchwoman who had passed her later life in London, spoke English with a cockney accent, and had acquired at some stage of her expatriation the name of "Fackine."

Such a combination of virtues was rare enough to make that mode in demand, and her value was never fully realized until it was known that she refused all offers of higher wages and remained faithful to her first American mistress. Without the international accomplishments of this woman, the English maids, like the servants of that country, are the most fashionable in this country to-day. They have never taken a place as the rivals of the domestics in modest houses that subsist on an equivalent of two or three. Possibly for that reason, the impression still survives here that the English servants are the most capable, respectful and desirable that exist anywhere to-day. They would probably be quite as much criticized as those of other nationalities were they placed on the same footing with them, but here they are employed only in the small armies that are necessary for the great establishments, and a knowledge of their qualities is not widespread. In their own home, the revolt against them is vigorous, and is directed chiefly against the minutiae of their habits, and the manner of their employment. The latest form taken by this uprising against domestic tyranny is an effort to import a number of Chinese, who shall be trained to do the work which it is so difficult to have attended to now. The head of this movement is a wealthy man who has a number of householders in his plan to bring Chinese laborers to England, teach them the routine of household management, and then to employ them as "help." This movement is to be merely a first step, and the next will be to employ as "servants" "civil, honest, sober, reliable" servants "invariably make good cooks." The scheme has not reached a stage which makes it possible to judge of its ultimate success. Chinese servants have never gained any foothold in the East, and probably the number employed now in New York could be counted on the fingers of one hand. In the West they are employed in large numbers, but their methods are not always agreeable to persons from the East who happen to employ them there. One young man who was living in bachelor quarters in a Western city with several other friends, who had grown up in New York with him, all interested in the same business, had a Chinese cook who seemed a jewel of a first. Especially to their liking was a party he made. "I continued to enjoy it until one day a sudden errand to the kitchen made me witness to the bachelor housekeeper the peculiarities of his methods. The way of making the tea was singular, and the method of applying water to the dry clothes he is about to iron. Confidant in the cook declined so from that day that the householder broke up and took refuge in a hotel with Caucasian servants. All Chinese cooks may not be like this, and their methods of cooking and washing may be generally quite distinctive.

One of the compensations that comes to the average woman for not being very great is the privilege of buying her own clothes. She may "shop" if she cares to. It is a fact that the great women who are expected to be dressed in the most elaborate manner are frequently wholly disappointing in that particular because they rarely choose their own clothes. It is a matter to which they have at first not the time to attend. Later they lose the inclination, and are content to be dressed by the hands of their maid. As a substitute, shopkeepers send their goods for inspection. No woman was ever able to keep in touch with the styles from such an acquaintance with them. They may "shop" at home from what is a selection of the best things in an establishment, but every woman who is not content to be dressed by the hands of her maid, and who is willing to see all this in her, Queen Victoria fits herself out in some such vicarious way. She has her wants communicated to all the large shops at which she is in the habit of making purchases; special messengers are sent to her with a list of the things she wishes to see, and she goes to meet with her wishes; the orders for these articles are left at the shops by couriers, who are retained for this particular purpose, not only by the Queen but by other royal personages as well. Goods are usually carried to the residence of the Majesty by members of the firm to which she gives the order. He is received by a footman, who passes him through a succession of flunkies until he reaches one of the ladies in waiting. To her he conveys the details of price and other matters. Then he takes a seat in an anteroom to await the royal pleasure. This is communicated to him afterward by the lady in waiting, who settles all the final questions of the order. The condition on which Queen Victoria deals with any firm is that the strictest secrecy be observed as to what she buys. Any violation of this ends her dealings with a house. The Princess of Wales has to do her shopping in the same way, and is said to be the most exacting member of the royal family as to the way in which garments are made. Although she is a well-dressed woman in the strict sense of the word, some modistes have attributed her preference for the most elaborate and costly to make her own gowns in girlhood. This experience is commonly supposed to make her particular. It is interesting to know that the same prices are charged to royalty as to the rest of the world. Other women in positions that require them to be dressed in fashion are as rarely seen in shops. Most of the prime doctresses who come to this country are rarely patrons of American establishments under any circumstances. They do not care to be dressed in the period to the tailor abroad, who dresses them, and that can be seen in themselves. They are to fashion, their maids and companions do the rest. Even when circumstances make it imperative that they should be dressed in the latest style, they are content to be dressed by a dressmaker in their own country. One of the stars of the Metropolitan Opera House, who is said to be worth \$100,000 a year, was not in a good humor when she arrived, but it was thought that the season might turn out more successful than she had anticipated. He would not leave his place of business, and his madam was persuaded to go to his shop. It took some time to get ready to go, and she was not in a good humor when she arrived, but it was thought that the season might turn out more successful than she had anticipated. He would not leave his place of business, and his madam was persuaded to go to his shop. It took some time to get ready to go, and she was not in a good humor when she arrived, but it was thought that the season might turn out more successful than she had anticipated.

After my second year in Boston I decided that New York was the better field, so I came here and worked nearly for three years. As a rule my time is all taken, and I am well paid. I receive my orders from out-of-town people who are willing to pay for the time consumed in going back and forth. People in New York are continually changing their homes, and each such change is an opening for me. Then, too, many women like their rooms to make a different appearance each season, so they employ me to move their furniture around and relung their pictures. 'I think there is room for other women in the work, and I would recommend them to give my idea consideration, for I support my mother and myself comfortably by it, and that is the main test.'

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HOSE TO DEAR HAND ORGAN. Peter Faero's Prosperity Led to Luxuries in His Work. One of the unusual sights in the streets of Brooklyn is a hand organ drawn by horse power. The organ is the property of Peter Faero, an Italian, who has been an organ grinder for eight years. When he first came to this country he took up organ grinding as a business, and was successful, for today he has a horse to draw the organ and has seat in the front and back. The front seat is a wooden box, and the back seat is a wooden box. Peter travels from one end of Long Island to the other. When seen last week he was in East New York and was going to Jamaica for a few days. Wherever Peter stops he has a new crowd. He lives on Flushing Avenue, near the Navy Yard.