

PARIS FANCIES IN WAISTS.

WITH THEM A WHITE TAFFETA SKIRT IS WORN.

They Present Pretty Combinations of Colors and Materials and Are Elaborate and Dainty in Design—Cute Parasols and Stuffs Go With Them.

Although entire gowns have the centre of the stage at the present moment, the separate waist is far from having been discarded. In fact some charming importations from Paris afford abundant proof that it is still dear to woman's heart and will retain for some time to come its place in her outfit.

One should have at least two or three fancy waists which can be worn with taffeta skirts either white or black. White taffeta especially appears to be in vogue. Of course daintiness should be the leading feature of the fancy waist, and the great dressmakers have planned their designs to that end. Never were there such distracting combinations of colors and materials. All the new models are elaborately tucked and pleated, and decorated with valenciennes lace insertions, appliques of Venetian lace and Irish point, *broderie anglaise* and Irish crochet lace. One can obtain a charming costume from the combination of a blouse in mouseline de soie decorated with embroidered nainsook, or English embroidery, and a skirt of white tulle.

The skirt of white taffeta is the rage in Paris and is considered as practical and useful as the cloth skirt in winter. With several of the newest creations in the way of fancy blouses and a skirt of white taffeta it is amazing the number of different toilets one is able to evolve.

they lend an awkward appearance. For this very reason, perhaps, Fashion, who after all is not a thoughtless godmother,



has decreed in compensation the Louis XV. heel. One of the latest novelties in materials

with cutting suits have lost the mannish appearance which characterized them before, they have nevertheless retained all their smartness. In fact, they have gained much by the change. The model illustrated here exemplifies this transformation.

Made of cream white cheviot with a delicate stripe of gray, the bodice is shaped like any ordinary blouse waist held in with a leather belt. But the curiously shaped revers, the patch pockets with their straps, the epaulettes and sleeve tabs, all in solid gray cheviot, trimmed with buttons and rows of stitching, lend a remarkable cachet to this odd creation.

We must not forget to mention the new parasols which, like huge flowers, cast their luminous tints over the various gowns. They are beautiful this season. Some are of white tulle with wide shaded stripes, delicately covered with printed flowers. Others are made of pompadour silk, bands alternating with valenciennes insertion or fagotting.

Among the recent creations those of taffeta in pale shades, bordered with a wide hem of white batiste, stand prominent. Ravishing also are the parasols in cream batiste ornamented with inlaid motifs of English embroidery and lined with light silk. More bewildering still are the white taffeta parasols, with their wide border of

WOES OF TENEMENT BABIES.

QUEER THINGS A CITY NURSE FINDS IN HER TRAVELS.

Why Should New York Bother With Their Little Ones? The Mothers Ask—Beer and Macaroni as Infant Food—Italian Children Generally the Healthiest.

"For pity's sake what is the matter with that child's mouth," said the newspaper woman to the doctor woman, as they entered a tenement house far down on the East Side.

The child's mouth was a livid purple, but it proved to be only huckleberries. Huckleberries are cheap now, and the baby being no more than six months old, he is eating the delicacies of the season.

The doctor woman was one of the summer nurses sent out by the Board of Health to preach the gospel of bottled milk, boiled milk bottles, daily baths and a general cutting off of huckleberries for infant stomachs.

It is amazing how much explanation is required to make this clear. But it does make some impression. The nurses find traces of the instructions given by nurses last summer, and rejoice.

But when it comes to breaking new ground the nurse expends enough vitality to run a railroad if it were differently applied. She speaks two languages, but she needs half a dozen. The mother, the one to be reached, is the one member of the whole family who does not speak a word of English. Husband and children have left her far behind.

In this emergency it is the schoolgirls of 10 or 12 who come to the rescue. They not only understand the language, but they know what it is all about. In the case of the huckleberry baby, for instance, a fair, neatly combed, well dressed girl dropped in from a neighboring tenement and interpreted so perfectly that the scribe was moved to ask her if she were Russian.

"My mother and father are Russian," replied the girl, with a certain degree of reserve.

"You speak like an American," remarked the scribe.

"Oh, I speak better than American," replied the girl, in a matter-of-fact way. "I was born in England. I speak three languages."

In the next place there are three babies under 18 months of age. The twins, Leah and Sarah, had nearly completed a year and a half in this world of trouble; the "baby," Benny, was 6 months old. There were two other children, and the five, with their father, mother and grandfather, lived in three small rooms.

The three babies were crying simultaneously as the visitors entered. Benny lay in a crib. The twins lay on a comfortable spread on the floor.

"The moment the nurse saw them she took a white apron out of her bag and put it on, at the same time demanding a bathtub and warm water. There was neither fire nor bathtub in the flat, but another schoolgirl on hand volunteered to find both.

The expression of horror and amazement on Benny's little face as he felt the touch of the water was astonishing. But gradually the cry stopped, and the expression changed to one of grateful surprise. In a minute, when the nurse whisked him into a big soft cloth in her lap, wrapped him up in it, sprinkled him all over with powder and then put him back in his crib, a rested, peaceful look overspread his face.

But the bathing of the twins was a different matter. They were older and more frightened. Their screams never yielded to the influence of the warm water. The twins are slowly but surely dying of cholera, they have never walked or crept yet, in their eighteen months.

"They can't have their bottle now, but it is only condensed milk diluted with water."

The nurse begins wearily to preach against the modified, bottled milk, with directions how and where to find it. But she ends without the slightest result. Then she goes down and telephones to the Children's Hospital to send for the three babies. The family is poverty stricken and the father earns but little. Rent must be paid, whether they eat or not.

"Mal-nutrition," says the nurse, "those babies have simply never had food enough to more than simply keep them alive."

The babies are not all sick. In the houses where they are well the nurse only stops to fill out a card for the babies less than a year old. Some, to whom this inspection is a new thing, are very nervous. The nurse, however, thinks there is some obscure design on the part of the city of New York against their baby. What, in the name of all that is sensible, has the number of windows in the house to do with the baby?

Others undisturbedly peer at the nurse as they pass. The visitors found one baby only three months old, and born in Russia. His mother is a shy, pretty girl, who has no other friends but her grandmother is a quietly woman. She wears a pink handkerchief wound about her head, turbanwise, which makes her look like a Bible heroine in some old picture.

Her manners are those of a gentleman in his own home. The rooms are spotless. A row of burnished brass tins stands ready to brew a fragrant cup. As the visitors leave, the grandmother says her one English word, "Thank you," and the old man gets up and opens the door and bows the strangers out with grave courtesy.

A day with a city nurse has some of the qualities of a trip to Europe. The nurse took a sudden jump into Italy. There was an immediate slackening of the strain. Life does not appear so tense in Italy as in Russia. And there were not so many sick babies.

"How do they do it I don't know," said the nurse, but somehow they keep their babies healthier and they even teach them the most unearthly things. Now we'll see what this one lives on.

"He was Giuseppe, 10 months old, sleeping under his mosquito netting. The nurse began to make a record of Giuseppe's life and habits for the city of New York. What, dear Giuseppe, eat? Giuseppe's food, it seemed, was entirely natural.

"Good," said the nurse, rejoicingly. "Do you ever give him any? Coffee? No? Milk from the grocery? No? Good. Then you never give him anything to drink but water."

Yes, interposed the mother hastily, apparently thinking she was convicted of meanness to little Joe. But yes, certainly. "He never takes anything but water."

As to solid food she said little Joe took only a little macaroni, to which he was partial. How long had he eaten macaroni? "Why, ever since he was born," said the mother. "Beer and macaroni. And 10 months old," said the nurse, in her accustomed tone of lively admiration.

While she was praising her little sermon, with beer and macaroni as the text, the reporter wandered out and interviewed little Cotita on the stairs. Cotita was mind-bogglingly fat. She was, while her mother did the washing in the court below. Cotita also was "finishing pants." She got 7 cents a dozen for "finishing pants" and could finish fourteen pairs in a day, and her mother thirty-five.

Down in the courtyard Cotita's mother took her hands out of the washbuck to tell all about the baby. She seemed to think it a great joke that the city of New York wanted information about her baby. Babies in great favor. It is wound around the neck under 10. Babies must be unusual in America to make so much fuss over them. She considered it was a courtesy, however, which demanded return; and she went to the flower pots in which she grew

ROMANCE OF AN OLD HOUSE.

Where Jefferson Davis Married Daughter of Zachary Taylor.

From the Louisville Evening Post.

A little frame house that stands amid great beech trees in the rear of an imposing structure of recent date near Crescent Hill and a record in the Jefferson County Court are all that is left to tell of a romance involving famous names that was consummated sixty-nine years ago.

It is little known by Louisville people that in this house, which is now used as servant quarters, Jefferson Davis, afterward President of the Confederacy, on August 17, 1858, married Miss Knox Taylor, daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, afterward conqueror of Mexico, and President of the United States.

In the Jefferson County Court's archives there is a record of marriages for 1858 which contains the following: "Miss Knox Taylor, of legal age, daughter of Zachary Taylor."

It was a romance with a sad sequel. Davis took his bride to his plantation in Mississippi. The climate was so unfavorable to the young woman, accustomed to the purer air of Kentucky, could not stand the miasmatic exhalations of the swamps. Soon after her arrival in Mississippi she grew ill, stricken with malaria fever. Within three months of the time she became a bride she was dead.

The pathetic sequel makes Gen. Taylor's objection to the wedding seem to have been due to the prophetic feelings of a devoted father. He strongly disapproved of the match between his daughter and Jefferson Davis, who was then a soldier, with nothing to indicate the great, though mournful, career that was before him.

Such is the story of long ago that centres around this little house, which now stands to the rear of the residence occupied by Mr. A. Levy on the Brownboro road.

At the time Jefferson Davis and Miss Taylor were married within its walls it was a two story structure, with broad verandas built after the then prevailing style for Southern homes. Now it has been reduced to one story and has been transformed into a cottage.

Trading Off Old Love Tokens. From the Baltimore Sun.

A society man whose perfect dancing is the envy of all the women, stopped on Charles street the other day to greet an acquaintance.

"I'm amusing myself this morning selling the old jewelry," said the society man. "Who's jewelry? Whose?" queried his acquaintance.

"Why, the returned love tokens of a lot of girls I know. Things they have given me when they were adored for a brief season."

"Only last year, yesterday morning, in their changing affections. Hence my mission to the pawnshops and dealers in old jewelry. I've drifted away to pawn a sign of three balls, humming the waltz that was played at the Spigol's wedding and jewelry were worn as pledges of never-dying affection on that occasion."

Used Stolen Bills for Carl Papers. From the Louisville Herald.

That William Cope of 226 East Market street is not minus \$23 is due to the alertness of Policemen Fitzgerald and Gagin, who captured Mary Burke, colored, at Twelfth and Main streets early yesterday morning.

The police say they found \$23 in the woman's hair.

Fitzgerald and Gagin were walking up Main street when they saw a woman running down the opposite side of the street, pursued by a man. The police detained the woman. Cope explained that the woman had grabbed the money from his hand at Sixth and Market streets and run down Main street.

The officers were about to release the woman when Policeman Fitzgerald noticed she had her hair done up in curl papers. Upon investigation the curl papers proved to be United States currency of \$1 and \$5 denominations.

The woman could give no satisfactory explanation as to how she came to have the money, she was locked up on a charge of grand larceny.

Kansas Woman Has Dog Buried With Her. From the Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. E. M. Gaskill, an aged lady, died at her home in Shawatha, Kan., last Saturday. She had a pet dog which she had raised and valued highly.

When she knew she was on her deathbed she had her two sons promise to have the dog chloroformed after her death and buried at the foot of her grave. Mrs. Gaskill was buried yesterday in the Shawatha cemetery and her wishes in regard to the dog were carried out to the letter.

To Make a Compass of Your Watch. From the Forest and Stream.

Get the number of hours from midnight, so that the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls directly across the centre of the watch; 12 o'clock will be north, 6 south, 9 west and 3 east. Suppose it is 9 A. M., number of hours from midnight is 9; one-half is 4 1/2; point 4:30 at the sun so the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls across the watch; 12 o'clock is north, 6 south, 9 east and 3 west. Also, when the sun is hidden on a cloudy day, take a lead pencil or stick that is sharpened and place it on the thumb nail. By looking closely you will see a faint shadow of the pencil on the plate of the watch in the direction of the sun, and may be useful to one lost on a cloudy day.

Cases With Tortoise Shell Handles. From the Philadelphia Record.

A new Swiss watch contains a tiny hard rubber photograph plate which calls out the hours loud enough to be heard twenty feet away. Sentiment can be added by having the words recorded on the plate in the tones of a dear friend—as those of a man's wife or children.

Watch as a Shirt Stud. From the Boston Herald.

The latest novelty in watches has just been completed by a watchmaker in Paris, who has made a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

The studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt. The watch contained in the middle one is so arranged that by turning the stud below. The most striking thing about the minute machine is that it works with a pendulum like a clock, and the pendulum will act with ease and accuracy whatever the position the case is placed, even if it be upside down.

Songs That Never Die. From the Washington Star.

"There are some songs that will never die," said the musical enthusiast.

"I guess that's right," answered Mr. Cumrox. "My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of 'em every evening. But it's no use."

Advertisement for A. Simonson, 833 Broadway, 21-22 Sts. Services include hair dressing, manicure, and hair ornaments. Includes a small portrait of a woman.

OLD CORSETS WANTED. Wanted old corset, put 8 cents postage. We return same like new in 8 days. Address: Callahan, N. Y. 1000 Broadway, New York City.

SPOILED BACHELORS REBEL. MEN HARD TO GET FOR WEEK END COUNTRY VISITS.

Hostesses Complain That Their Invitations Are Not Accepted—Men Fleeds the City—Announces a Trip to the Country Involves The Great Valet Question.

"Men are less enthusiastic now over the prospect of spending Sunday out of town than they used to be," said a girl who had got up for the early breakfast on Monday morning to speed her guests to town; "or it may be that the older they grow the less they feel like taking the trouble."

"I find it more difficult, at all events, to get men down. The young ones are willing enough to accept invitations, but a girl of my age cannot fill up her house once a week with kids."

Evidently the week end's batch of guests had not left in a way that showed deep regret. It has been recently observed that men past 30 take on a new expression of countenance when they start back to town on Monday morning or Sunday night.

"For a man without a valet and past the very first flush of youth," said a member of the University Club, "a week end visit means work before he starts and after he gets home again."

"Just think of the packing alone! He needs for three evenings at least two dress shirts, and should never neglect to take along a third in case of accident."

"In some cases it is not safe to rely entirely on a dinner coat. He may find himself invited to a formal dinner at which every other man will have on a clayhammer and a white necktie. So the prudent man takes along his tail coat and his white waistcoat."

"Then there are the bathgown, the various kinds of shoes, including pumps, the neckties and the jewels that all have to be thought of. If you have a valet to pack the bag, there is, of course, no trouble."

"I have noticed a tendency on the part of valets in the hotels one who does not pack the bags of the departing guests, although they may have been very keen about unpacking them. I have three times this summer had to pack my own kit bag after the valet had unpacked it and given me every reason to believe he was going to perform a similar service for me when I left. I had the last say, however, and he left in a clayhammer."

Anyhow the New Yorker over 30 is likely to prefer his own apartments, because there he can do as he pleases.

"Some are willing to go to large houses where there are plenty of servants, but not to houses a little less elaborate. Men have been spoiled by the ease with which they can get their choice of the places they want to go to."

"One of the trying things to the selfish bachelor," said a man who was enjoying the quiet of his club the other night, "is to be invited out for dinner one week and to pack the bags of the departing guests, up to West Chester to take a place at a dinner. The hostess was an old friend of mine, and I was glad to be of assistance to her."

"We dined at 8 and played bridge until 1. I lost \$43, which was, of course, my own fault."

"I got to bed at about quarter to 3 and took the 7:30 to New York. I couldn't help asking myself afterward if the game was really worth the candle. I am quite sure that I should have declined to go, but for the fact that I had sacrificed myself on the altar of friendship."

The question of out of town visits is settled for married men. They are compelled to go and, as a part of the family, slip easily into the domestic schemes. But it is a fact that men are, for short periods, more difficult to get than they used to be.

Young Officer Obeded Orders. From the London World.

A smart young officer belonging to a cavalry corps in India was sent on sick leave to the convalescent station of Simla, and, while recovering, fell in with the health among the hills there was robbed of his heart and in return accepted the charming thief. The young fellow proposed and was accepted, and with all possible despatch the wedding day was fixed for the following day. The bridegroom's regiment was strongly opposed to the Lieutenant's marrying, and telegraphed an unwelcome "Join us once" to the amorous sub.

The disgraced soldier handed the preliminary message to his fair one. She glanced at it and then, with a becoming smile, handed it to the Lieutenant. "I am more than glad, dear, that your Colonel so approves of your choice, but what a hurry he is in! I am sure, I think I can be ready quite soon, but I'll try, for, of course, the Colonel must be obeyed."

"But you don't seem to understand the telegram, sweet," said the Lieutenant. "It says every plan we have made. You see, he says, 'Join at once.'"

"Certainly, he does, dear," replied the lady, looking up with an arch smile; "but it is you who don't seem to understand it. What does the Colonel say 'Join at once,' what does he mean by get married immediately?"

"What else, indeed, darling?" delightedly exclaimed the ardent lover, rejoicing in the new reading of the Colonel's objection. "The utmost alacrity. So forty-eight hours had scarcely passed before the Colonel had telegraphed the following order: 'The wedding is off. We were joined at once.'"

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Here is a dainty inspiration from one of the first designers on the other side. The blouse is in lemon liberty silk with a tucked yoke forming a high collar. Insertions of gipure in chiné tulle alternating with shirtings of the silk, outline the yoke collar and top the sleeves which are made of

for entire gowns and separate waists is tulle pompadour, a charming creation. This tulle has a cream or white background covered with sprays of delicately shaded flowers. It is generally made up over a lining of silk or satin matching the background of the net. The usual trimming is baby ribbon forming trellis work, rosettes and large choux.

flowered ribbon framed in tiny ruchettes of valenciennes lace. A number of the more practical parasols are of green taffeta, with smooth handles of malachite. These models are mostly imported.

A most stunning waist seen recently at a fashionable resort was in hydrangea crepe de chine of vague shaping, with the sleeves and bodice cut from one piece, and no shoulder seams. The whole garment was shirred around a yoke of Cluny lace, outlined by a flounce of lace. The distinguishing feature of the sleeve was the fancy button that caught the fulness, which fell below over an *engageante* of lace.

Soft and filmy textures should be used for the development of this charming model, which is most becoming to slight figures.

The pretty shirt waist suits are greatly enhanced by beautiful jewelled sets of studs and belt clasps. These are often quite sufficient to give elegance to an otherwise untrimmed gown. In spite of the superstition of ill luck which is attached to the opal, it appears to be the most favored jewel. Turquoise of a green shade are very effective in odd settings of dull gold.

Another very pretty waist seen at Long-champs was of batiste with a broad yoke of the batiste tucked and embroidered. Wide bands of the embroidery alternating with tucks descended from the yoke and sleeves over a girdele of white silk. The sleeves were full at the wrists and repeated the decoration on the bodice, which closed at the back.

Some of the waists illustrated on this page are very effective. Most of them can be worn with trailing skirts of soft materials, like voile de soie, albatross, etamine, crepe de Paris and crepe de chine.

One design which could not fail to attract attention, owing to its oddly shaped collar, is of old red surah. The bodice is tucked to yoke depth and blouses over a girdele of black taffeta.

A butterfly bow of taffeta is at the neck, while the long ends, reaching to the girdele, are made to blouse with the waist. A large cape collar ornamented with Japanese embroidery and of fanciful outline, with its two points crossing at the front, lends a most original cachet to this model, which is to be worn with a black taffeta skirt.

Cravats with long ends arranged in various ways are much worn with fancy waists. A very chic design appearing on this page exemplifies the novelty.

Pale blue peau de soie was chosen for the development of this blouse, which is trimmed with rows of black stitching, white lace and jewelled buttons. The box pleat at the front of the bodice is ornamented with long ends of black lousine, passed through large embroidered eyelets and finished with fancy pendants of the silk. This pretty design would be charming if worn with a skirt of the palest gray albatross.

These two designs that blouses as waists remain the 1830 lines.

Berthas and bretelles are still the rage, and so are fichus of all shapes, stoles and collars. Tucks are being shown such favor as to lead to the charge that fashion appears to have favored the tall woman.

It is true that all these coiffures and bouillonnés, these tucks and gathers, are becoming to short women, to whom

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Advertisement for Singer Sewing Machines. Text: 'The Sewing-Machine has so long been a necessity in every family that the main question is: Which Machine is the Best?' Includes the Singer logo.