

IN NEGLIGEE ATTIRE

Lounging Robes Which Are Both Cool and Dainty.

THE SEASON'S NECK PROBLEM

Collarless Fashions Not an Unmixed Boon.

Negligees a Summer Need—The Supply of Fresh, Inexpensive and Pretty Garments Abundant—Some of the Daintiest of the New Models Made Up of Cross Bar Batiste—Fritts, Laces and Ribbons of the Glorified Negligee—Kimonos and Matinees—The Warmer Negligee Materials.

Dainty negligee robes and sacks are desirable possessions at any season, but the average woman feels the need of them more in summer than in winter and buys them more lavishly for the hot weather than for any other season.

In the first place, unless she is one of the whirling dervish types of the athletic summer girl or smart society belle, she has more time for wearing a lounging



EMBROIDERED PINK CREPE.

robe in summer than in winter. Through the heat of the day she is likely to stay in her room or at least indoors and wear the coolest and most comfortable thing in her possession. As for dressing formally for breakfast on a hot morning, especially if household duties demand attention after breakfast, the thing requires downright heroism.

Unluckily too many women, recognizing the need of comfortable summer negligees, fail to recognize also the possibility of being charming in such attire. "Anything so long as it is loose and cool," they say, and forthwith they go out and buy cheap kimonos and cheaper matinees that do not make any pretense of fitting well or of being becoming. Even of these



PINK CASHMERE.

makehifts they do not buy enough to insure cleanliness and freshness, and many a woman who looks extraordinarily smart in the clothes she wears for the delectation of the public goes about at home in limp, soiled, unbecoming negligees which are an offence against all laws of good taste.

Of course every woman cannot afford the exquisite negligee garments turned out by French hands and shown for the tempting of femininity in all the high class shops, but luckily it is not necessary to plunge into extravagance in order



EMBROIDERED MULL.

to possess attractive summer lounging robes and matinees. It is far better to own a number of inexpensive but pretty summer negligees than to have one elaborate robe which will be soiled and untidy after a little general wear, and fortunately there is a plentiful supply of the fresh but inexpensive negligee prettiness to be drawn upon.

Perhaps it would be more honest to say that there is a plentiful supply of moderate priced prettiness, for the truly dainty-negligee garment is never very



NEGLIGEE OF PINK CHIFFON AND LACE AND OF WHITE MULL WITH LACE AND EMBROIDERY.

inexpensive. Compared with French creations, hand made, exquisitely embroidered, lace trimmed, &c., the simple, well made robes and sacks may seem cheap, but one must always pay a fair price for fineness of material and careful work, and where these two characteristics are lacking a garment may have a certain style but cannot have neatness and wearing qualities.

For the woman who sews the possession of attractive summer negligees is a simple and inexpensive matter. Good patterns for such garments abound, and particularly late in the season it is easy to pick up pretty summer materials and trim-

ings at absurdly low prices. It is the labor and time that count in the cost of the garment, and where a woman supplies these herself she eliminates the chief features of the expense.

Moreover, in making her own wrapper or matinee she can pay close attention to the little details which have so much to do with the becomingness of the garment and which are passed over too carelessly in the choosing of a ready-made negligee. Take the matter of the neck finish, for example.

Nine out of ten of the ready made robes and sacks have the surplus or V front or the finish close around the base of the throat. How many women look their best in either? The throat needs to be free for hot weather comfort. That is understood, and the V front seems the simplest solution of the problem.

Of course a transparent guimpe may be worn, but that detracts from comfort. The right sort of white turndown collar or plaited frill will often take the curve of a V neck finish that in its plainness is unbecoming, but the fact remains that for many throats and faces

such a neck finish is disastrous, and even in the boudoir there is no use in looking your worst, while at the breakfast table or about the house it is a positive duty to look your best.

Comparatively few women seem to realize the importance of even a very slight deviation of line in a collarless neck or demi-decolletage. That unfortunate truth is forced upon you by even the most casual study of the recklessness with which the Dutch neck fad is being exploited.

It is natural enough that women should have taken up the idea with some enthusiasm, because it means hot weather comfort. Perhaps the fact that her neck through years of duress in tight, high collars is discolored and wrinkled and unsightly should not be allowed to stand in the way of a woman's adopting the comfortable mode. At least a short course of massage and bleaching is desirable before the adoption of the low neck. Something is owed to a long suffering public.

At any rate, even if the throat is not well worth showing, a woman may call attention to its failings by doing her best for the face above it. A long, thin,

possibilities in connection with this collarless problem, and having found out in which cut she looks best should hold fast to these lines for her negligees as well as her collarless summer frocks, if she wears such frocks. If she makes her own negligees or has them made she can of course dictate exactly in regard to this matter of neck line; and since the simplest becoming garment is more becoming than the most elaborate unbecoming garment many a woman of small income will look better in a home made negligee than a more extravagant sister in a costly French robe or matinee.

Some of the very daintiest of the summer models at moderate prices are made up in crossbar batiste. This material has appeared in many pretty designs this season, and the finer qualities, while not cheap, are wide, launder well and require almost no trimming, because the surface is so well covered.

One of the most attractive designs is barred off by groups of fine lines and has a little dot embroidered in the centre of each small plain square. We have seen some delightful little morning robes in this material made with no trimming save bands of embroidery beading and narrow frills of valenciennes at the throat and the cuffs.

A simple blouse tucked on the shoulders, cut slightly low and square in the neck, opening down the left side and joined to a plain skirt by a waistband of fine embroidery beading had a band of the beading bordering the square cut neck and the bottom of each short sleeve. A frill of narrow valenciennes softened the edge of the beading and soft pink satin ribbons were run through the beading on sleeves, at the neck and in the waistband and tied in perky little bows.

Another model in the crossbar batiste had a round, slightly low neck finish, opened in front, and was short waisted. A waistband of embroidery beading joined the full skirt and filled bodice just a little below the bust. Here a finely plaited frill of plain batiste edged with valenciennes and inset with two rows of narrow valenciennes insertion finished the round neck and cuffs of similar frilling turned back on the short sleeves. Pink ribbon ran through the beading waistband and knotted in front, and there were two other knots of ribbon, at the collar and in between collar and waistband. Knots of ribbon appeared too on the sleeves.

for that reason many women prefer it for breakfast table wear and all wear outside their own rooms; but there is a host of loose robes, exquisite and graceful, and when these are well fitted and becoming they are charming.

The loose robe is at its best in soft supple material, crepe, China silk, satin, challie, fine cashmere, &c., rather than the crispier wash materials, and for that matter one of these softer stuffs is more practical for genuine lounging wear than the wash materials because it rumples less readily and is more easily kept fresh.

For the same reason, however, the tub material makes a fresher, daintier breakfast table garment, and if one can have several of the robes and need not consider the laundry problem such material is perhaps the wise choice for the summer negligee.

Of the kimono in lawn, silk, crepe, &c., we need not speak. It has its uses and its abuses, and while excellent for a dressing and boudoir gown is a sadly sloppy affair for the general morning wear to which many women carelessly dedicate it.

Some American modifications of kimono lines robes designed in America and executed in Japan are charming things, fastening neatly without the obi, which is too troublesome for the average American woman. An exquisite robe of this type is illustrated here, but to appreciate its coloring and workmanship must be seen.

The material is a delicate pink silk crepe lined with soft China silk of pale wistaria hue, and the crepe is embroidered all over in showering wistaria clusters of the natural tones. Another is in silvery gray crepe with pale yellow chrysanthemums.

Such robes as these are of course for those who can afford to pay extravagant prices, and for them too are the soft robes of finest lingerie materials and lace and hand embroidery worn over China silk slips of delicate color or white; but the number of these extravagant women must be large if one is to judge by the abundance of the supply in such garments, and the dealers report that each year more of these high priced negligees are demanded.

Many of these lingerie negligees mount by virtue of elaboration and elegance to the dignity of tea gowns, and so slight is the distinction in line between the formal and the informal in these days of Directoire and classic modes that there is many an afternoon or evening frock of embroidered lingerie or crepe which would do duty for a chic negligee and many an aristocratic tea gown which would pass muster for a dinner or evening frock.

Some beautiful effects are obtained in tea gowns through the use of shot or changeable crepes, and chiffons and nets are much used by the designers of elaborate negligees. Apropos of nets, we are reminded of a French model as simple as it was charming and offering few difficulties to the copier.

The material used was a creamy-net

of excellent quality, soft and moderately fine but stout of thread. Bodice and skirt were full and measured under a wide puff of the net which ran around the short waist line. A pink china ribbon run through this puff was knotted with loops and long ends at the left front.

The neck, cut round and slightly low, was bordered by a similar puff and ribbon, the latter knotting with short fluttering loops and ends at the left. The sleeves ended just below the elbows with ribbon run puffs, and a sounce of knee depth was headed by a puff through which ribbon was drawn. A rather narrow double frill of the net hid the opening line of the robe down its left front, and a princess slip of pink china silk was attached to the robe only at the neck and shoulders.

Dotted swiss or fine embroidered swiss of any kind makes a pretty negligee, and some very charming models this season show touches of color in the embroidery. This idea is attractively developed in some of the matinee and petticoat negligees in which dotted swiss with border designs or souncing and insertion embroidered in delicate colors is used, the ribbons matching the embroidery coloring.

Where some slight warmth is desired in a simple negligee plain albatross in pale color or in white lined with delicate color and embroidered in scallops on all its edges is much liked, ribbons to match the embroidery being used to fasten the loose robe down the front and to hold the short loose sleeves which are opened to the shoulder and scalloped.

Challie too affords a comfortable warmth for cool summer days, and some unusually pretty models in this material are offered this season. The design is of rings of color, pink, light blue or lavender, on a white ground, and the robe and wide soft collar are bordered by a three inch band of one tone challie, matching the rings in color.

FEW WALKING TOURS NOW. The Auto Has Made That Summer Pleasure Too Dirty and Dangerous.

"Vacation trips on foot and a-wheel are about done for," said a summer hotel man the other day, "at any rate in the East. There used to be a time when every spring would mark the beginning of hundreds of pedestrian tours that would bring scores of clean youths for a bite to eat and a place to rest over night into the little hotels all through the Merrimac, Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware and Penobscot valleys.

"Long Island was a particularly delightful place to wander. It was a short jump between towns and it was always possible to buy what was needed and express back home the things that had outlived their usefulness. Now Long Island probably hasn't one human being who is taking a vacation that way.

"It is the automobile that has spoiled the sport of walking here, and I am told that further west it is the same way. As soon as the auto comes the lovers of the simple and healthful joys of walking depart never to return. It is but a few years since pedestrian clubs, ranging in size from half a dozen to the more pretentious clubs of 20 or 30, were a common thing. You would meet them often in the late spring after the rains had stopped, in the summer and in the fall on many a gravel road. Some of them carried knapsacks and stout sticks and some carried cameras as well. There was a delightful, an invigorating and a healthy way of spending a week or a fortnight.

"Then came the bicycle. This at first rather added to the pleasure. It lured us from simpler joys of walking and made it made for better roads and caused a lot of little roadway inns to spring up where refreshments of various kinds could be secured; but finally the real simon pure walker had to take to the back roads and the mountains where it was too bad going for the wheel, and the cyclist by the million whirled and spun over mile after mile that the walkers had deserted, with advantage to themselves, profit to the hotels and small annoyance to the walkers.

"The motor car was bound to come. Bicycling died out as motoring increased. Now, though the wheel is used to some extent in the country as an easy and conventional means of about travel, it is as popular for vacation purposes as it was in the earlier days.

"In the first place the motor car has made the rocky roads of Long Island and along the peaceful valleys absolutely impossible for the pedestrian and almost as bad for the cyclist. They have sprinkled the roads with holes which lay the dirt and dust and makes life almost unbearable for the natives who have to walk by the roadside and more cleanly for the folks who sit in the speeding cars. But if you are to ramble about the country you must keep away from them or else be content to have his summer odors always polluted.

"Then, too, it is actually no longer safe to walk in the old roads. A snort, a rattle, a clatter, a swish, a cloud of pebbles and dirt and the walker knows that something has just escaped hitting him by one of those fractions that so delight the chauffeur. Consequently every time he hears anything from the scurrying of a squirrel to the swaying of the branches he walks with the heel of his shoe and feels of himself to see if he is still alive and well."

DREW THE LINE AT A BABY. Baseball Crowd Good Drunken So Far as Concerned the Naked Man.

"A great deal is written about the good nature of our crowds," said the baseball fan, "but I had an example the other day which nearly convinced me all this talk is just nonsense. New York and Philadelphia were playing a game and about the second inning a fairly well dressed man with a bulldog nose got up in his seat and started to utter the more or less senseless cries of his kind.

"The crowd seemed to think him very funny. Truth to tell he was really annoying and I was not surprised when a man arose suddenly and commanded him to keep quiet. The man who did this was well dressed and apparently a gentleman, so the crowd went for him. They called him sorehead and snob and called attention to his husband of parallel yellow stripes as indicative of his lack of courage.

"Not only that, but pieces of paper and even a cushion flew his way. The offensive drunken man, moreover, was exhorted to keep on and the crowd was apparently genuinely sorry when he left, not long afterward.

"All very well that, but about five minutes after Mr. Bulldog nose was uttering way out a baby brought by its mother began to cry. Immediately the crowd threw danger glances in the woman's direction and cried out, 'That kid out!' and advice was given to choke off the noise. The woman soon left under such a fire.

"Oh, yes. American crowds are good natures—when they feel like it."

Bluebirds Nest in Mail Box. From the Wilmington Evening News.

When Customs Inspector Fred Middleton the rural mail box in front of his residence at the Cliffs, in Brandwine Hundred, he was surprised to find a bird's nest in the box and in the nest three eggs. Upon opening the box he discovered the nest and in a short time after leaving the box a bluebird was seen to enter.

After making sure that the bird was in the nest, Mr. Middleton went and stroked it affectionately and returned to the nest from which he had taken it, but rather enjoyed the attention and contentedly remained on the eggs.

Paris Returns to That Perennially Popular Color.

In Paris, either for walking, for visiting or for the races, women of taste always return after the fashion of the Parisian trotteur costumes, and with a smart hat and sunshade and well cut boots or shoes they always appear elegant.

This fact was particularly noticeable at Chantilly, writes the Paris correspondent of the *Grades*, and it was amusing to note how every woman introduced her personal taste in the selection of her cloche and umbrella to relieve the severe classical cut of her gown.

Comtesse d'Hautpoul wore fancy braiding matching her blue costume and a conical straw hat of the same hue. Princess Ferdinand de Lucigne was also in blue, with a hat and feather to match; likewise the Marquise de Noailles de Saint-Sauveur favored *Sèvres* blue Tussore and a white algout in her black hat; Princess de La Tour d'Auvergne in blue serge had a black hat and a cluster of dark red feathers, and the Marquise de Noailles de Noailles, with revers of printed Indian linen on the jacket.

THE STRANGER CONFIDES IN THE HOTEL CLERK THAT HE FEARED AT FIRST THAT POVERTY DROVE THEM TO IT, BUT HE'S CHANGED HIS MINDS AFTER HEARING OTHERS.

"There must be a good many lunatics wandering around loose in this city or else I'm a lunatic myself," a bewildered countryman confided to the clerk of a small uptown hotel. "You see it's this way."

"I came down from our place last night and this morning I started out to look up my sister Lucindy's two girls. After their father and mother died the girls came into a neat little property and there wasn't anything good enough for 'em in Buck's Sliding, so they put right for New York.

"They wrote us real enthusiastic letters about how happy they were and what a grand place they'd got to live in. It was the chance of a lifetime to get this place, they told us, and they never could have got it only some friend interceded for 'em. They called it a studio.

"That kind of took mother and me, for they couldn't either of them paint a stroke, and anyway it seemed dreadfully queer to sleep and get meals in a studio. However, they seem to be a real good address, somewhere near Fifth avenue, and mother liked to roll that under her tongue when the neighbors inquired for 'em.

"Well, I started downtown this morning to drop in on the girls. I had it figured out pretty near where their place must be. It was a good locality, sure enough—all fine, large houses—and as I was walking along I thought those girls must have struck it rich somewhere to travel in that company. I was keeping my eyes out all the time for their number, 137.

"Pretty good," I came to 135 and, think I, the next house must be theirs; I was mighty fine, too—one of those big gray stone houses with a fancy iron gate and all that.

"It kind of scared me, that house did, and I couldn't help wondering if Gertrude and Isabel would be real glad to see a plain old coddler like me coming up those swell steps. They'd always seemed to think their eye teeth of me, though, so I mugged right up and had my finger on the button when I glanced up kind of casual and, by George, the number was 137.

"I went back to the other house and looked again and there it was 135, as plain as anything. Now, what do you make of that? Well, it beat me. I went through both sides of the street with a fine tooth comb to see if 137 hadn't got mixed in somewhere where it didn't belong. I'd been hocking it there yet if I hadn't caught a glimpse of something on the barn of 135 and, sir, that was 137!

"Well, I can't tell you how I felt. I stood there gaping at these big barn doors and says I to myself, 'Here's where Lucindy's girls live—girls that once had as good a home as there was in Buck's Sliding—plate glass windows in the parlor, a fountain out in front—everything right up—come 'down to live'—in somebody's barn! Why, if I had any suspicion how things were with them, they could have helped 'em out a little. I'd never let a sister's children come to want, not while I had a back account.

"Then I thought of that stuff they'd written—chance of a lifetime, and all that, and I couldn't make it fit in. In a minute it came to me, just as easy. Those girls have the Tuttle grit; they weren't going to let their relations know they were hard up—not much!

"I stepped over to the little side door the poor souls had cut through. There was the most outlandish thing on that little door—one of those clumsy old knockers folks got rid of fifty years ago. That kind of drove things home to me.

"Well, I whacked the old thing and Isabel came to the door. I never turned a hair. She hugged me and ushered me into that barn with as much air as if it was Windsor Castle, and Gertrude wasn't any behind her, either.

"That was an awful poor place inside. They'd taken the stails out, but it was all one room and was no plastering at all on the walls and ceiling. They'd rigged up kind of an upper deck over half the place and a electric fan was overhead and I suppose that's where they had to sleep.

"There wasn't a thing on the floor but some old rag rugs and nothing to beat the place but a little coal stove and nothing to light it but some kerosene lamps. Think of it! Girls that had been used to body Brussels carpets and hot water heating and electric lights—Lucindy's girls more. They sat around on some chairs anybody'd be ashamed to send to a rummage sale and you please. All of a sudden Isabel said:

"Well, uncle, what do you think of our studio?"

"That was too much for me. I'd got so I could sit there with 'em and ignore it, but to be asked right out what I thought of it! I looked around kind of helpless trying to find something to say—any truthful when that old knocker set to thumping again and Gertrude showed in three real comfortably dressed women.

"Well, sir, I wish you could have heard those women go on. One of 'em just stood in the centre of that barn and wheeled 'round and 'round with her eyes-glasses on and said over and over, sort of choked as you please, 'All of a sudden Isabel said:

"Wonderful! Wonderful! Isn't it all wonderful?"

"The others they said it was the most adorable place in New York city, and the girls mustn't let somebody or other hear of it or she'd come right down and snatch it away from them. One of 'em ran a splinter in her shoe from the old rough floor and she looked as pleased as Purdy and said: 'How delicious!' Then they all wanted to know if I hadn't fallen dead in love with the place and if I didn't think Gertrude and Isabel were just the luckiest ever.

"Well, they made such a to-do that I poked back into my pocket a ten dollar bill I'd been fidgeting for some time. Now what I want to know is are we folks up at Buck's Sliding comin' or had mother and me ought to shove out Sorrel and take up our quarters in the barn?"

BLUE FOR WALKING GOWNS.

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