New Decrees From Fashion's Acknowledged Center

PARIS, July 30.—The smart Parisians this summer are so devoted to the varying fascinations of the Bois de Boulogne that they have been loath to tear themselves away from Paris and this attractive garden spot of the Ville Lumiere. There has been a great deal going on in the social world this week, although a number of hostesses have announced their departures for Trouville and the country to join house parties, which form of amusement constitutes every year a part of the programme of the fashionable woman.

Quite the prettiest fete of the season was the children's gymkhana given yesterday at the polo grounds. This smart function was got up ostensibly for the pleasure of the children, but it must be admitted that the grownup guests were very much in evidence and enjoyed the fun immensely. Pretty young mothers were gowned in their most stunning creations, and the occasion took on quite the appearance of the pesage at Auteuil on a field day. The tots themselves were charmingly dressed in airy muslins and embroidered frocks, with bare arms and legs and huge hats of plaited muslin or broderie Anglaise a la Charlotte Corday—that is, trimmed with an immense flat bow in front. French boys are never as suitably dressed as the girls, and the small young men of the capital were exceptionally well turned out and very English, attired in flannel suits, with natty little straw hats. This departure was a welcome change from the Scotch sailor suits too often seen, which made the boys look like monkeys more than anything else.

The "flat races" for girls were one of the successes of the afternoon, and the small daughter of the Comtesse Boni de Castellane rushed first rather frantically into the arms of the judge, followed by thirty other children, who scrambled in pellmell at their own sweet will.

White was worn by the mondaines more than anything else, as it has been throughout the season. The American comtesse, gowned in a lovely toilet of white embroidered muslin made very simply, with wide tucks around the skirt and a sash of soft black foulard edged with fringe, saw her daughter win the race. A hat of white straw covered with feathers was the crowning glory of this attractive costume. A warm shade of cerise touched up a number of the smart gowns, and soft linen hats that have been such a vogue for country and yachting wear were donned with linen plaited skirts and blouse boleros. The last cry is to have hat, cravat, belt and shoes match, and when happily chosen this ensemble is singularly chic. The new fashion in shoes has been particularly noticeable lately. The extremely elongated toe cap is the elegant shape of today, and if the point becomes any sharper the shoes will be subjects of the cartoonists' ridicule. As it is, we have to pad out the toe tips with cotton to prevent the leather from cracking where the feet do not fill it out. The tendency of modes is all in the direction of revivals, and I would not be surprised if we actually copied the courtiers' pumps of long ago when the tips were caught up with golden chains to the knees. My lady might turn up her shoe points with a jeweled chain and borrow her Turkish sister's ankle bracelet to hold it in place. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Boots and shoes of red have been affected by the coquettish woman this summer, but they are not generally considered good style.

PARISIAN MIDSEASON GOWNS.

The favorite color for dressy shoes is a pale fawn, neither brown nor yellow, but a faint between tint. There are also delightful shades of suede or glace kid shoes in buff, gray and a warm brown. Heels are lower and flatter. Quite sensible, I hear you say. Alas, yes, but not in conjunction with the ridiculously pointed toe. Still, how could a shoe be rational and smart at the same time? No; pointed toes are the rage, and the heels are lower simply because our Parisiennes are walkers at present, their favorite sport being, as they express it, "le footing," and high heels will not be tolerated.

The digits are treated to new shades in coverings, and the wearing of white gloves is on the wane. They are superseded by very pale gray and light tans worn with the modish elbow sleeves even when the costume is white or of some pale nuance.

One is rather inclined to deplore the passing of the white glove, for in summer or winter they gave such a festive air to a somber toilet, and then femininity will have no excuse for the donning of slightly soiled gants. Her old excuse in the case of the white glove was, "Just look, my dear, at these soiled gloves, and it's the second time I've worn them!" This plea was lovely, was convenient, but 'tis past.

It was predicted that the craze for purple would be of short duration, but the contrary seems to be the case, for the most exclusive and swagger of taffeta gowns are in the purple shades. A stunning little frock of this genre—which, by the way, is a boon to the summer tourist, as it may be worn at least a dozen times without the fact becoming apparent—is of a soft shadowy, purplish plum, the jupe box plaited and short. The waist is a mass of mauve chiffon, and a jabot of lace ties in at the neck with a scarf of pale blue tasseled on the ends. This little harmony of color is charming and lends itself with equal grace to the lace trimmed hat that accompanies the gown, which is of mauve rice straw encircled with a pale blue ostrich plume.

We have gone to extremes in the length of our ostrich feathers this season of grace, and they have reappeared under the most gorgeous and splendid conditions. They must be of the best quality and sometimes measure a yard in length. These are the fine monster plumes at present enjoying the regard of the prodigal daughter.

The other day Virot was trying on a patron of his—a delicious blond beauty—a baby blue chip chapeau turned up at one side to display the curling fascinations of one long ostrich feather shaded from purple to azure blue. Nothing in the hat line could have been more becoming and smart than this harmonious symphony of color tones. And anent of harmony some one has said that the clothes of the present are composed of a "little of everything worked into a harmonious whole." But how picturesque and satisfying it all proves! Only yesterday I met a bevy of pretty girls in a white motor car arrayed in white muslin dresses, with adorable frilled capes of the same fabric and muslin hats bound with ciel blue that tied beneath the chin with quantities of narrow blue ribbon. Save for the modern note of the motor car they might have all stepped out of a Reynolds picture. So much for the picturesque.

Lace robes are popular over here for demitoilet frocks, which sort of dress is so necessary on the continent, where, except for special occasions, evening gowns are not worn at all. For informal dinner wear the blouse is still holding its own, although fashion decrees that it shall more or less correspond with the skirt. A variety of light, gauzy net and lace blouses to wear with a well made taffeta skirt is all that the visiting American woman need put in her trunk for pension or hotel dinner apparel.

Your American women are conceded to be the brightest and most versatile of talkers, and I have been wondering if a disease called here in Paris "talkitis" is a recognized malady on your side of the pond. It is an ailment peculiar to unselfish, brilliant talkers who make themselves ill keeping other people amused. Many persons realize that they can no more talk incessantly than they can work continuously. Talking all the time is work, and hard, mental work at that. Not all talking is wearing, of course, but good, brilliant, witty talk certainly is, and it is the clever, witty conversationalists who are suffering from "talkitis," another disease for the osteopathist's healing touch.

A wag over here has said that the fan language of the Japs was a result of an ancient epidemic of "talkitis." And, by the way, if the plucky little orientals can make so much of their fan code why does not some inventive genius think out a wireless fan telegraphy? The idea even is perfectly alluring. Just imagine how nice it would be to talk across a room or at the theater or opera without being heard! I will sell this idea for anything it will bring, only reserving a percentage on the receipts.

To come back once more to the subject of wherewithal we shall be clothed, I would like to describe a few frocks Doeuillet is sending off to Trouville to be worn by a charming client of his.

A pretty little black taffeta claims first attention. The skirt is gathered and ornamented with bias stitched bands of the same silk. Between the upper bands is a full puffing of taffeta. The corsage is banded and puffed around an empiecement of ocher guipure. The other creation is of white taffeta, the jupe made with flounced bands of silk between an entredeux of oyster white lace. A vest of guipure trimmed with bows is the bodice adornment.

CATHERINE TALBOT.

Monks Who Wear Curl Papers.

The finest choir in the world is that of the Cathedral of Alexander Nevski in St. Petersburg, which is attached to a convent built in honor of the patron saint of Russia.

There are about thirty choristers, all of whom are monks, who have been chosen from among the best singers in the various monasteries throughout the country.

When, as sometimes happens, a specially good voice is found among the novices, the owner of it is sent to the monastery of Alexander Nevski, and there he receives as careful a training as would be given to an opera singer. Afterward he remains at the monastery, and his sole duty consists in assisting at the music at the mass and at vespers.

When old age comes the monk retires with a pension.

The power and sweetness of some of the voices are perfectly marvelous, and it is stated that some of the members of the choir can break a thin glass into fragments by singing into it, so strong are the vibrations of their tones.

All the monks are vegetarians, and, in accordance with the rules of their church, they wear their hair long and never shave.

Unlike the generality of Russian monks, they are very fastidious about their appearance and, indeed, are quite dandies in their way, actually putting their hair and beards into papers at night to make them curly and wavy.

A Silk Coutil Petticoat.

Some dainty petticoats of silk coutil represent a new departure on the part of Dame Fashion. They are infinitely more useful than those in the ordinary glace and taffetas, a charming example in pale pink being made with a deep flounce composed of a latticework of tiny tucks outlined with lace insertion describing a diamond pattern. The skirt is adorned with double frills of chiffon at the feet, which supplies sufficient fullness.

The Smart Boot.

Gray doeskin boots and shoes are among the most fashionable items of the toilet at present.

A Blouse of Brussels N

LACE blouses of all kinds height of modishness The blouse illustrated cle of daintiness carried sels net with embroidered spots. The yoke is composed of Bretonne insertion conn

fancy stitching and adorned tifs of venetian lace. The cut stole fashion and decor motifs of lace at the base. The bow sleeves are tucked and lace insertion and finished tom with twisted satin ribbon of ribbon with knotted ends down the front forms the cele

Colors For the Dark Eye

The genuine brunette—she dark eyes and dark skin and red cheeks—can wear cream, low, orange, cardinal, deep deep blue, but not purple, gold tans, grays and claret. She avoid all greens, violets, ma "greeny" blues.

The fair brunette must not cause she happens to possess brown black hair that she up to it. The hair is a matter minor importance. It is the the eyes that have to be considered. Among the fair colors are cream, pale blue of gray, pale coral and pale pink.

For evening the sallow bru reconcile herself to Indian red yellows, deep orange and while for day wear steely tan, crimson, deep cardinal poppy red, tan and strong are to be recommended.

Stock to Match Gown

A stock of coarse linen in a color to match the which it is worn is a very finish to the simple and tailor made which the dons for her walks abroad ing.

A New Motor Veil.

A new motor veil designed with a brown straw toque chiffon embroidered all over pattern in brown silk, with of decoupe brown velvet.

Our Wife and Other Women

Musings by the Editor of the Bronco | **Why Do They Do It?**

A Pro Bono Publico has written to us asking why woman always insists on climbing into the smokers' seats in an open car.

If we was like our esteemed contemporaries, with thought sitting as a lone and solitary passenger on the rear platform of the last car on a long train of language, we would without hesitation pronounce that she does it for the same reason that she crowds herself into matrimony—because it makes both her and man unhappy.

Woman is a problem. She is equally harder and nicer to pore over and study than geometry, chemistry or law. In our young days we used to be that studious that we hardly ever got home before dawn. We don't remember that we got nigh to solving the problem, but we acquired a good deal of reputation and almost the same quantity of poverty from the pursuit.

King Solomon arrived at the same conclusion that we did. He said that the woman problem and horse racing was both questions that it cost a good deal of money to study and then a good guess might ake the stakes after all. Solomon ought to have knew, for he was a husband in a large general wholesale way of business, and oftentimes had to look up how to spell his wife's name in the directory when he wanted to write her a note from the office telling her that he was going to bring a man home to dinner.

We can feel a good deal for Solomon. We can imagine how it must have felt to be the chief hen among all the married men of his time. We ourselves have just went through the tenth anniversary of our wedding to our wife and most all our friends went out of their way to show us what hollow hypocrites they was by coming around and congratulating us.

Our wife also woke us up at dawn to congratulate us. We could not refrain from telling her that if she did it because ten years of it was over, well and good. However, we do not intend to pine away in silent anguish. We expect to keep on studying woman. We have sent our wife away to the country, where we can study her at a distance.

The summer resort that we picked out for her is as far away as we could induce her to go, and there is only one train back to this village a week.

Our wife nearly drove herself and us into the grave by hurrying madly for three hours to catch the train and then spending so much time on the platform trying to make up her mind what car to get into that it went off without her.

Our wife left us with this problem to ponder over and also the other one why she made us miserable for a month about letting her go to the country, only to weep bitterly on the last day over the thought of how happy we would be without her.

We don't know why she does this any more than we know why she loves to talk secrets over the telephone, although it is a party wire and she is deeply imbued with the conviction that all the other subscribers listen whenever she tries to talk over it.

We think that if a man could once find out what it is that makes a woman act as she does when she gets hold of a telephone he would also know why she climbs into the smokers' seats; also why she always remembers a lot of things she wants to ask the ticket agent whenever the train is in sight and fourteen other men are waiting in line with madness and hate on their open faces. The man who finds this out will also be able unerringly to pick the winner in every race.

When our wife gets in an elbow and collar hold on the telephone we are ordered down cellar to hold the dog's mouth shut so he can't bark.

Our wife then proceeds to ask for the wrong number. Thereafter for varying periods of time our wife has a nice long argument about it with the hello girl, and as soon as the girl proves to her that she was wrong she asks for the manager.

He rarely responds in a tone affectionate enough to please our wife.

If we knowed why our wife has conceived a violent hatred of the hello girl and aims to make it a point to address her in a freezing manner we might come nearer to finding out also why our wife will spend 10 cents for car fare and 14 cents for lunch and three hours in going to a bargain sale of washboilers that she don't want and that she could save 5 cents on if she happened to need one, which she don't.

Our wife suspicions that the right way to use the telephone is to talk and listen at the same time. So does the woman at the other end of the wire.

Just about the time when the other party is telling our wife the most interesting secret of the day the telephone gets lomomoter ataxia, and our wife bounces downstairs and wants to know what we are going to do about it and why she married such a grinning idiot.

So do we.

We oftentimes wish that we could introduce a central office in our domestic life and have our wife cut off on most of the joyous occasions when she talks to us.

If matrimony could be conducted by telephone there would be a great many less unhappy marriages. If it was so conducted we ourselves would muffle our bell and never hang our receiver on the hook.

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