

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

WHY THE WORLD GOES ALL AWRY FOR FOUR MONTHS IN THE YEAR.

The Heat Spoils Our Tempers—How to Keep Cool—Materials Warranted to Produce the Desired Result.

It's too bad that we are all such creatures of impulse, so easily swayed by feelings. We recognize it in each other; for when a man will strike a good bargain, he gets his victim into good humor by a dinner and a little judicious flattery; or when an evangelist seeks converts, he brings his audience into softer and more pliable mood by touching tales of woe and calamity. If we feel all right, we are quite willing to act all right. I am sure the statistics will reveal that prisons are fuller in summer than in winter; for it is then that the uncomfortable, sticky weather makes people cross and restless.



GIRL'S DRESS, No. 1029.

It isn't possible to be half so amiable and sweet-tempered when the sun is pouring vials of wrath upon our heads; and those folks that do seem placid under such circumstances, are only sources of annoyance to the uncomfortable, cross individuals.

Yet there are ever so many ways of keeping cool—according to the wisecracks. Thin garments, a calm frame of mind, a sweet smile, and a slow, gracious movement, are recommended by some. Others tell you to imbibe hot drinks at frequent intervals, and that you will, in the course of time, feel deliciously cool. I have tried this, and feel sure that the slight coolness which does grow out of the method, simply the contrast to the overwhelming heat one feels immediately after drinking. Others prescribe baths, the very performance of which is heating. I am convinced that the only way to preserve one's peace of mind, and consequent coolness, in the humid days, is to retire to some spot where fashions are an unknown quantity, dispense with all unnecessary garments; stretch one's self on a cool matting or other outspread hammock, strung under heavy branches, and there look up through the leaves and dream the days away. And even then, if you should make a hasty, incautious movement, you would find yourself growing warm over it.



BLAZER, No. 1028.

This stylish blazer may be worn with any of the plain skirts in a lady's wardrobe. It slips on and off so easily, and is so little trouble to fit, from its open, flaring fronts, that it recommends itself.

A handsome trimming may be added to the blazer in the place of moire revers.

The blazer is of medium length, with full back, and braid collar.

The material may be hop-sacking or other cloth material; or a serviceable galatea suiting makes a handsome jacket for warmer days.

Pattern comes in five sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

And yet I have a great many materials to tell you of—warranted to withstand all the onslaughts of King Sol. I went to a great shop yesterday, where carriages stood about the doors, and asked about the white craze. "It is not nearly so great as it was last summer and the summer before," was told me. There is a great demand for the pin-head dotted liaens, but that is all, for the most part,

except where the white ducks are made up. The duck suitings in white are more of a favorite than ever.

Then they showed me some of the Swiss gowns—all simple and lovely. One of the skirts had two ruffles at the bottom, each edged with delicate lace; and, just above, a plain band of the Swiss was edged top and bottom with the lace. The bodice was a mass of pretty, fine ruffles, each lace-edged; three around the shoulders and bust, and continuing down each sleeve to the finish. Yellow ribbons, in the new nacre moire, encircle the waist, and bands which started therefrom, at each hip, met in a point on the skirt, with choux at the ends.

Another had a dainty, pointed apron front, falling over the plain skirt; and it was edged with very deep Valenciennes lace. Full epaulettes of the lace fell over the shoulders, with trimming of flying ends of pink moire ribbon, added. A twist of the ribbon made collar and belt, and there were bows on the sleeves. The bodice was a finely pleated one.

Then I looked at thin materials. There was Bedouin cloth, of light weight and much like French cambrie, in pretty stripes, for seventeen cents a yard. It is quite wide, and makes a neat, serviceable dress, that will laundry well.

There were cotton crepons, sheer and heat-repelling, one would say, in plain colors and in soft designs. Crepons are much cheaper now than they were earlier in the season. Some beautiful patterns are only twenty cents a yard, and some of the very fine ones are forty-five. Those stitched to give a tuck effect are popular.

There is also a lappet cloth, which is only another name for dotted Swiss—called lappet when a delicate flower pattern is printed over. These come in shadowy, dull colors, with the grounds white, and are very desirable when one prefers a little color in place of the all-white gown. Swisses and lappets are from twenty-five to fifty cents a yard. Other new dotted muslins have a fine cord running through the material, giving a broad striped effect as well as a dotted one. These come in pale, plain colors, pink, blue and heliotrope, and are very fresh and cool, made over silk of the same tint.

The cotton foulards are so soft and shining that they deceive you into believing them silk. Both patterns and colorings are deceptive. Fine diagonal stripes, shading from pale brick into rich, deep red, and a suspicion of black to tone it down, are speckled with a fantastic pattern in light brick tints. Another in dull blue is covered with a large crescent design. The cotton foulards cost twenty cents a yard.

The organdie of last year is not the organdie you will be shown this summer, if you ask for it at any of the shops. You will notice that this season's is finely dotted, like the Swiss. In fact, the dot is a great feature of many of the summer materials.

They call the dotted organdie plumetis, and charge you forty-five cents a yard for it, which is somewhat more than plain organdie costs. Silk kingham, if you get a good quality, costs forty-five cents a yard. Be careful, when you buy it, not to get it mixed with the swivelled silk, as the silk kingham is much firmer and more closely woven. The kinghams, all in one tint, say pale lily green, with a little flower pattern over, makes fine, elegant costumes.

In the coarser goods, there are the galatea suitings for duck suits, and some pretty shirtings. You can get a very neat shirting in partly stripe, partly black pattern, pink and white, blue and white, etc., for twenty-five cents a yard; and the material is rather wide.

Yet shirt-waists and summer blouses are now so cheap that it scarcely pays to bother with their making. The shops show some very neat ones, in sheer white lawns, or pale stripes, for little more than a dollar. They are finely pleated back and front, have round, turndown collars, lace or embroidery edged, with full sleeves and plain belt, made very nicely.

In the white blazer suits, Bedford cord is used with good effect, and embroidery makes an effective trimming. An imported Bedford cord costume in white, has a perfectly plain skirt, and a blazer that is short and jaunty, with Eton fronts. The broad turndown collar comes up over the shoulders to end in revers, in front. In the collar a beautiful wheel insertion has been set, about an inch from the edge. This wheel pattern is also set in the front and bottom of the jacket, and heightens wonderfully the rather heavy effect of the cording. Then a thin, white front is inserted, of lawn with a band of narrow insertion, down the center, and a scant ruffle each side.

A pretty costume of cream-color, made of a silky material that is partly crinkled and partly striped, with a flower pattern over, has a skirt that is absolutely plain. Every bit of trimming is on the bodice. First, wide lace, heavy and of deep butter-color, encircles the lower half of the waist, with its deep points standing up. Another band of the lace encircles the neck, pointing downward this time, so that the scallops almost meet. There is room enough between for a full double ruffle of snow-white chiffon, to fall from beneath the upper points. Another chiffon ruffle falls over the back and hips, stopping at the sides, however; and over it falls smaller points of the butter lace. The sleeves has a triple puff, with top and bottom sections of chiffon, and the center of the material of the dress; then a plain cuff of the yellow lace. The collar is of snow-white chiffon. The three shades—white, cream and beurre, blend remarkably well.

Not only is embroidery used to trim, but it also makes whole dresses for swell folks, with more than one kind of embroidery, both coarse and fine, in the same costume. The dresses shown illustrate the possibilities of embroidery as a trimming.

The Duchess of Marlborough, once Mrs. Hamersley, of New York, who traveled up to London from Wimbome on a recent Saturday, was the victim of a clever thief at Waterloo station. Her dressing case and other articles was carried by a servant to the railway carriage before her Grace entered it, and when she did so, to her surprise, the further door was open. She closed it, thinking no more of the incident until her arrival at her house in Grosvenor square. It was then found that the dressing case had vanished, and there is no doubt that her Grace's theory of the theft is correct. The case had been stolen by a thief clever enough not to bang the door, so that his exit might be heard. The Duchess says: "The moral I have learned is, get into the carriage first, and then have your goods put in. I do not expect ever to see mine again. Among the contents of the dressing case were some trinkets, bracelets and brooches, which were more precious from their associations than from their intrinsic value. The thief will make little profit upon these, and it would perhaps be more profitable for him to restore the case to me."

HITHER AND YONDER.

BREEZY NOTES REGARDING MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

London's New Beauty—The Latest Fad in England—"Contemporary Clubs."—Is Mrs. Suttons' Engaged?

Lord Mansfield was presiding at a trial consequent upon a collision of two ships at sea, when a sailor, while giving testimony said: "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle." Whereupon his lordship with a proper desire to master the facts of the case, observed: "Stay, stay a minute witness; you say that at the time in question you were standing abaft the binnacle. Now tell me what is 'abaft the binnacle?'" This was too much for the gravity of "the salt," who immediately before climbing into the witness box had taken a copious draught of rum. Removing his eyes from the bench and turning round upon the crowded court with an expression of intense amazement, he exclaimed at the top of his voice: "Here's a pretty fellow for a judge! Bless my jolly old eyes! You have got a pretty sort of a landlubber for a judge! He wants me to tell him where 'abaft the binnacle' is!" Not less amused than the witness, Lord Mansfield rejoined: "Well, my friend, you must fit



me for my office by telling me where 'abaft the binnacle' is. You've already shown me the meaning of 'half-seas over.'"

It has been observed that nearly all women who have won fame under pen names have chosen those that were either masculine or had no sex suggestion. No body could tell whether or not Currier Bell was man or woman. In fact, there is reason to believe that Charlotte Bronte on the title page would have handiapped "Jane Eyre." George Sand, too, won an audience that would have been impossible to Aureere Dudevant, as did George Eliot one that would have whistled Mary, ne Evans quite down the wind. Coming nearer our own time, there is John Strange Winter—who is, in private life, Mrs. Signard—and John Oliver Hobbes, the sensation of at least a London week, who is really Mrs. Perry Craig. Then, in our own country, we have Octave Thane, known to her friend as Miss Alice French, and Charles Herbert Craddock, whom all the world has heard of though only about half of it would recognize her as Miss Murfree.

Mme. Renan, whose death followed so closely upon that of her illustrious husband, was a woman of an ordinary intelligence and character. The daughter of Herry Scheffer and the niece of Ary Scheffer, the celebrated painter, she was brought up by the latter with his daughter, now Mme. Marjolin, and derived from her uncle that independence of mind which somewhat marred his success in his art.

It was at Ary Scheffer's house in the Rue Chaptal—where Mme. Marjolin still preserves many of her father's masterpieces—that the almost unknown author of "Les Poésies des Races Celtiques" first paid court to Mme. Cornelle Henriette, then in her twenty-second year. They were married in 1856, and from that time until M. Renan's death lived in perfect harmony. A very touching testimony to her great qualities was penned by her husband when he dedicated to her his work on the life of St. Paul. The marriage was blessed by the birth of two children, one of whom, M. Ary Renan, is an artist of some merit, while his sister is married to M. Psichari, the Greek archaeologist, who declares that kissing was unknown to the ancient world.

There is a "new beauty" in London society, which for some time has been more or less beautiful, so far as a celebrity in that special meter is concerned. The rising star is a debutante, Lady Moyra Beauclerk, and everybody was talking about her at the drawing-room on the 10th. She is an exquisitely pretty, more or less blonde girl, with an innocent expression and wonderfully beautiful eyes. So unsophisticated is she that she seemed greatly surprised at the admiration she excited on her first appearance in society, and on the day of the drawing-room laughed aloud, merrily and childishly at the openly (and peculiarly) expressed admiration of the crowd in the street. She could not laugh at that of the crowd within, but she took it very quietly and prettily, and she will probably soon grow sadly used to being stared at, as she bids fair to be the "fashion" this season.

A Pittsburg paper is the authority for the statement that the reported engagement of Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas to Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris was fully confirmed by friends of the gallant warrior now in New York. It also states that Mrs. Sartoris met Gen. Douglas through Mrs. Gibson, wife

of Senator Gibson, of Maryland. From their first meeting a friendship seemed to spring up, which soon excited the curiosity of society people in Washington. They declared it was a match from the start, and when Gen. Douglas made arrangements for Mrs. Sartoris and her mother, Mrs. Grant, to spend the summer at the Blue Mountain House, in Maryland, the report of the engagement was accepted as a settled fact.

From a reliable source it is learned that Mrs. Sartoris will forfeit her estates bequeathed to her by her English father-in-law if she marries again, or takes up her permanent home in America. During her recent stay here she stated that her income from the Sartoris legacy was about \$25,000 a year, which at the end of her lifetime would pass to her children. In case of her marriage the entire estate will be forfeited to her children.

Women, says Kate Field's "Washington," used to have a few of the politic privileges they are now demanding. Women sat in council with the Saxon Tribes; Abbesses deliberated with the king, bishops and nobles at Beconceid in 694, and five of them signed the decrees of the assembly; in the reigns of Henry III. and of Edward I., four abbesses were summoned to Parliament, and in the reign of Edward III. six countesses were distinguished in the same way.

The announcement of the death of Emil Haberkorn, the divorced husband of Margaret Mather, brings for the third time in his rather uneventful career the name of this musical director before the public. The first time was when he secretly married Miss Mather and created a sensation thereby; the second, when the divorce proceedings began, and now we have the news of his death. Now that titles such as "The Second Mrs. Tanquerel" and "A Woman of No Importance," have come into vogue, I wonder how long it will be before some playwright will call his play "The Husband of —" or "Her Fourth Husband; or a 'Basso, This Time.'"

Straw-plaiting is the latest fad in English society. Princess Beatrice has already plaited with her own hands the straw for a hat for Prince Henry of Battenberg, the workmanship of which is described as being curiously delicate. It is also stated that the Queen has for many years made it a practice to occupy some of her scanty leisure in plaiting straw for the hats of her sons and nephews. The German Emperor values very highly one or two that have been prepared for his wear by the skillful fingers of his royal grandmother.

Most of the clubs for women in London, says a writer in the Sketch, have bed-rooms, which members can occupy for a few days or a week, at a charge of from three to four shillings per night. For a trifling sum, members can engage bedrooms to dress for the theatre. Adjoining many of the clubs are excellent lodgings where bed-rooms can be had very reasonably. Some clubs are started in order that the proprietor may make money out of them. Most people would prefer one started for the convenience and comfort of the members. It is not always the best clubs that start with a siring of well-known names, though they give it a certain cachet. The subscriptions vary from five guineas to ten shillings and the same for entrance, except for original members.

"Cherchez la femme!" So long as Ferdinand remained a bachelor he and Stambuloff got on perfectly together, and worked harmoniously and effectively to keep little Bulgaria on safe and progressive lines. But this Coburg could not keep the dynastic itch out of his mind, and instead of wedding some daughter of an Eastern mediocrity house, who would have understood the situation, he hit on a Bourbon princess, granddaughter of Bomba, daughter of that Parmese duke who is the custodian of the family's most cherished obstinacies and mediæval cranks. This lady came to Sofia, and in this bustling democratic modern clasp-board town proceeded to give herself the airs of an empress. She objected to Stambuloff, I am told, on account of his finger nails! Stambuloff haughtily declined to be manicured, and the strife began.

A Washington woman, who dared to do as she pleased about going out soon after the death of a member of the family, was assisting at a reception, says Kate Field's Washington, and was espied from afar by an out-and-out conservative, who doubted the evidence of her eyes. "Isn't that Mrs. A—?" she asked, in a shocked tone of a friend at her elbow. "Certainly that is Mrs. A—," replied the other. "But didn't Mr. B—" (naming a near connection of the A—s), "die last week?" persisted the first speaker. "Oh, yes," answered her friend, "but that makes no difference now. Only the corpse stays home in these days."

LOOK AT THIS, LADIES!

A Pattern for Only Ten Cents and a Coupon.

Here is a scheme which cannot fail to interest the ladies:

<p>Blazer Pattern. COUPON 1,028</p>	<p>Girl's Dress Pattern. COUPON 1,029</p>
<p>Send or bring this to THE TIMES OFFICE with 10 cents and secure the pattern.</p>	<p>Send or bring this to THE TIMES OFFICE with 10 cents and secure the pattern.</p>

Having, as stated in previous issues, succeeded in making arrangements with one of the largest pattern establishments in this country to furnish the readers of The Times with patterns of the costumes shown each Sunday in the columns of "The Woman and Home Supplement," we shall be glad to have all our readers avail themselves of our liberal offer. The coupons, together with a full description of the patterns, will be published in the supplement, and it will only be necessary to cut out one coupon, and send that with ten cents in order to secure any one of the patterns desired.

In one of the large girls' colleges they have what is known as a contemporary club. This serves an admirably useful purpose. It is supposed to chronicle, through its members, all the important news of the day, and to comment upon it. Different members are assigned to the work from one meeting to another, and the discussions are lively and quite thorough.