THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

THE COLORS TO BE WORN IN THE SULTRY AUGUST WEEKS.

Light Greens and Clear Blues Combined With White—The Gay French Combinations.

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The color question is now before the house, ready to be discussed. What colors shall we wear in summer days? Are you willing to abide by Paris' decision? If you are you will wear delicate lilac, shot with green; a white bonnet, trimmed with violet color and pink; a collar or a velvet knot of magenta; and perhaps a suggestion of one or more other shades. Or if not that combination, it will be one equally incongruous, multi-colored, and charming. For the fair Parisienne has a way of scattering many and varied colors in the rich profusion of her toilet, in a fashion that is above criticism.

But let the American girl exercise great care in her attempts to copy the exquisite French coloring. If she does not possess that rare discrimination or fine taste of which the Parisienne may boast, her combination of many colors may become a veritable Babel, in its confusion of tints. The American girl is safer in adhering to the quieter, more moderate combinations in vogue. Especially does this apply to a costume worn on one of the peculiarly hot and uncomfortable days that have visited us this summer. At such times as this almost any color is distasteful to the eye, which seeks neutral, cool, subdued tints. The only decided color that is refreshing, is green. This, in pale, clear shades, or in the brighter grass tints, has no suggestion of warmth in the coloring. Especially is a touch of it charming on a white gown, where a knot of green velvet or moire, or a belt and collar, give sufficient individuality to the rather monotonous white. Those clear purplish blues also have a cool look about them, particularly when they trim white. The color is not so generally becoming as green, and for that reason the verdant tints are more popular. The style runs to the delicate corn colorings, as well, for there is nothing obtrusive or heating in their flaxen tints. It is surprising to how great an extent both tulle and net are being used as trimming; and mousseline de soie is even more popular. In scarfs and rosettes for hats, in puffy, gathered bodice fronts, in sleeve puffs, and in trimmings for evening dresses—these materials come universally into play. The tulle is very perishable, but the mousseline and net repay one for their using, so dainty and fresh do they look and remain. One of the prettiest of the summer hats is a deep, fashionable maize color, of that rough straw that is yet so frail looking that you can crush it with your fingers. A tiny shape, slanting up into a modest point in the center of the crown, was draped with a soft scarf of white mousseline, knotted loosely at intervals. At the left side it was bunched in fuller folds, among which nestled a graceful, white plumaged bird, and at the back the ends of the scarf fell down. My lady would wear this at eventide; and when the breezes began to blow, and her hair would get ruffled in the winds, she would draw the ends of her scarf forward, and knot them in a charming bow beneath her dimpled, decided chin.

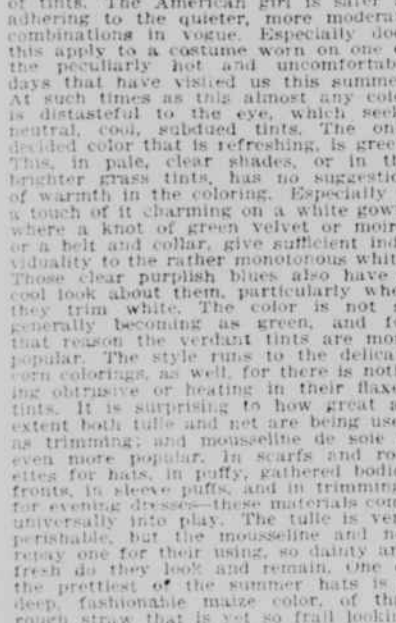
Another, just as pretty or more so, was of the same corn-color, but a different straw. It had a peculiar, white sheen over, as if it had been finely powdered. The trimming was a cluster of lovely pale blue rosettes, in mousseline, with a bunch of curling ostrich plumes, in white, at one side.

The girls at the resorts are devising all sorts of schemes, by which they may appear perfectly irresistible, and captivate the few eligibles scattered thinly through the female contingency. They depend largely, for these effects, upon the thin and gauzy bits of nothingness, which are gathered over the shoulders, and graced with the name of scarf or cape. The cape is made of lace or chiffon and is a mass of small, full ruffles laid on a thin foundation, and tied with moire ribbons. If of the latest cut, it is slit open over the shoulders, making it a trifle more useless than when closed. But the sleeve puffs must be saved from crushing at all hazards, even if the cape is so unmistakably proven an illusion. The scarf is a trifle less deceiving. It protects the throat to some extent, and ties in such a captivating bow, over the bodice, that we can easily find excuse for its existence. The daintiest of these scarfs is made of fine Indian wool, and exquisitely embroidered in an open-work, lacey pattern at each end. A tiny scallop edges the sides. Such scarfs as those cost from five to ten dollars. But as pretty, although not so enduring, a one, can be made of chiffon embroidered in dainty floral pattern, or in any of the thin, fancy crepes or crinkled gauzes.

Saratoga has a new fad. A gentle Syrian lad, with eyes so bright and sparkling that they belie the deprecating gesture with which he greets you, has been taken up by all the girls. If you meet him alone, you would hear him murmuring a quaint Arabian song. But in the early mornings he is all business, and carries a precious burden about with him, from cottage to cottage. When he opens his closely packed treasure, there unfolds before admiring eyes beautiful scarfs embroidered in delicate shades, brightened with stitches of silver and gold. They are embroidered alike on both sides, upon a ground work of cream. They come from Damascus, and he drapes one over his own head to show you how the Damascus ladies wear them. They are oh! so cheap, that scarcely a girl can resist the temptation to purchase one. She isn't quite brave enough to drape it over her head, so she takes the square, folds it shawl-shaped, and wears it after a dance, when there is a stroll on piazza or in quiet walks; and the moon or electric light catches the silver and gold, and plays with it in coquettish fashion. Some of the scarfs are long and narrow, and these are hung about the neck and allowed to fall in front in impressive, stole-like ends.

The soberer married ladies fancy the scarfs embroidered on black silk, which are four or five yards long, hemstitched all around, and finished with knotted fringe at the ends. These are draped over the shoulders, and make graceful substitutes for shawls.

Another fad which is rapidly spreading is that for fine embroidery. Whole corselets, and bodices are made of it, over a skirt of other material. Frequently they are made of very open embroidery, with a bright-colored silk showing beneath. Sometimes a yoke of the plain silk, or the skirt material, is inserted above, to soften the effect. One of these has a draped scarf arrangement across the bust, falling down at the side in flowing ends.



PATTERN No. 1,038.

A dainty Habutai silk, pink and white stripe, is here combined with black velvet ribbon, finished with tiny bows. The ribbons trim only the front of the bodice, while the back is left plain.

A pretty belt is made of the silk, gathered, and finished with a velvet rosette at the side. The sleeves and shoulder ruffles are prettily trimmed.

This model is equally suitable for gingham, cambric or any of the summer materials.

The pattern is cut in five sizes—32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches.

Fine embroidery, that looks almost like heavy lace, is introduced with good effect in the pictured cape. Over the three short ruffles, a yoke is given by the square of rich embroidery which falls over.

In fact, it is a time when all womankind may rejoice, for there is scarcely a fancy that finds favor with her, which she may not inculcate into one of her unique, charming summer toilettes.

PATTERN No. 1,038

Send TEN CENTS IN COIN AND ONE COUPON TO TIMES OFFICE AND GET THIS PATTERN.

No Humanitarian.

I remember a summer when business called me back to the city in July. We found cats dying in our yard, all around us,—one in the cellar, through the window of which the poor creature in its agony had managed to crawl for water. This seemed a strange effect of a not unusually hot summer. But it turned out that a neighbor who also had gone into the country (a good Christian, by all accounts, but a Christian, probably, who "didn't care for cats") had left behind him a legacy of hatred for the poor pariahs in poisoned food strewn about his premises. Dr. Jekyll, to his fellow pew-holders; Mr. Hyde, to cats!—Charles Henry Webb, in August Lippincott's.

Of royal musicians there has never been a plethora. For all that, many a crowned head has sought relief from the cares of state by courting the muse, and a list of contemporary princes, who have manifested a certain amount of ability as composers, would cut quite a respectable figure, while blue-blooded instrumentalists are by no means scarce—even the prince of Wales is accused of having a fondness for "picking" the banjo, while his brother, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is renowned for his modest skill upon the violin, says the New York Herald.

HITHER AND YONDER.

BREEZY NOTES REGARDING MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

A New Norwegian Law—Joaquin Miller's Rose Ranch—Queen Victoria's Gift to the Little Prince.

In Norway, it is said, they have recently passed a new law. A girl is ineligible for matrimony until she is proficient in spinning, baking and knitting. Certificates of proficiency must be earned, and without one no girl may marry. Now you see, my dears, what my permanent exhibit of American women's work would do for you. Your light is not hidden under the bushel measure of home, but is seen by all men. And in spite of all contrary protestations there is not a living Jill among you who would not rather win Jack, if he is brave, honest and reliably industrious. But there is really not much point in finding him at all if he can't go to the top of a hill for a bucket of water without tumbling down and necessitating your tumbling after. I wonder, by the way, while the solons of Norway were legislating on what a woman must know how to do before marrying, what requisitions they laid upon the men?

It would be interesting to hear what the boys must be and know how to do before they "may" marry.

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The innuendoes put into circulation about Willie K. Vanderbilt having an exceedingly gay time in Paris while the wife and children are in London are as uncalled for as they are unkind.

There is no more devoted husband in all the range and variety of husbands in the social register.

It is a long time since Willie K. has had a little fling of his own with his own men friends.

He has been cooped up on the Valiant during a long and tedious cruise, and what could be more natural than that he should wish to regain the use of his shore legs and polish up his French accent in gay Paris?

Mrs. Vanderbilt is devoted to her friend, the Duchess of Manchester, and has gone to London to be with her. London being also a more staid and suitable place for a young miss like Consuelo Vanderbilt, who is now reading English history and studying the lineage of the Queen, to whom she will be presented in due time.

It is going a long, a very long, way out of one's way to criticise where no criticism is possible.

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One of the most popular frequenters of a quiet little West Twelfth street cafe in New York is Mr. J. E. Winner, who years ago, and merely as a diversion, wrote the words and music of "Little Brown Jug." Mr. Winner is a good business man, however, and he took the precaution to copyright the production. It sold up in the hundred thousands and realized a tidy sum for its tuneful author.

Mr. Winner's brother, Sep, is the composer of "The Mocking Bird," which made for him a small fortune. Curiously the author of the "Jug," one of the most popular of drinking songs, is and always has been a total abstainer. Mr. Winner is not a believer in Wagner or in any of the so-called classical music, but he has an immense belief in the moral education of "songs that touch the heart."

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Swinburne is a regular habitue of Putney Health and Wimbledon Common. There is scarcely a day all the year round on which he does not walk at least once from his residence at the bottom of Putney Hill along the heath and common. Everybody in the district knows the poet, but the poet has evidently eyes and ears for nobody except the babies toddling about among the furze and brambles. These he honors with a great deal of interest and attention. There is at Wimbledon a tobacconist and stationer's shop, where the two daughters, refined and charming girls, supply him with ephemeral literature. Then, a little further on in the village, there is a clean and bright-looking baker's shop at the corner, into which the poet often turns in order to buy such goodies as he may distribute to the children in his return walk to Putney. Mr. Swinburne is never accompanied by anybody on these favorite walks of his.

Here is a curious matrimonial advertisement from a Parisian paper: A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step.

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The house in which Martin Luther died at Eisleben, Germany, bore no mark to indicate this fact until a few weeks ago. The famous house, however, has been repaired and restored in a worthy fashion. It contains many relics of the great reformer.

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Joaquin Miller is growing on his California ranch a mile of roses. He believes families live too close together, therefore in place of building one large house, he has erected four small ones—one for his mother, one for his brothers, one for his own use, and the fourth for his guests.

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The charming house at New Rochelle over which Mrs. Oliver Iselin (nee Hope Goddard) will preside as mistress is very magnificent in all its appointments. In the first place, it begins by being over 100 feet long. It is built of brick and marble; the portico of pure white marble has Ionic pilasters, surrounded by a marble balustrade. The hall is baronnial in its aspects, with a fireplace in which a dozen big logs can blaze at once. The music-room, the largest room in the house, is the one on which the finest decorations have been lavished.

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It is said in London that the Earl of Dunmore is planning a journey by land from New York to Paris. This he proposes to accomplish by arranging with the Hudson Bay Company to equip an expedition which will go across Alaska to Siberia at a season when Bering Strait is frozen over, and then go through Siberia to Europe. It is somewhat doubtful, however, if even the fact that an earl is going to adopt the route mentioned will make it a popular one for fashionable New Yorkers bound for Paris, and the transatlantic steamship managers need not worry prematurely over the announcement of his lordship's new route from this city to the French capital. Lord Dunmore, it may be added, is a Scotch swell of high degree, and is the seventh earl. He was born in 1841, and his family name is Charles Adolphus Murray. His elder (and only) son, Viscount Fincastle, is a god-son of the Prince of Wales, and the Queen herself stood sponsor for his fourth daughter, who was born in 1877.

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St. Anthony lived to the age of 105 on twelve ounces of bread and a little water daily. James the hermit lived in the same manner, to the age of 104.

St. Epiphanius followed the same regimen, and died at 115. Simon the Stylite at 112, and Kentigern, commonly called St. Mungo, lived in the same severe way, it is said, to the age of 185.

Judging from these wonderful instances of what may be described as a century of living starvation, one man can only come to the conclusion that we all eat too much.

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Edward Everett Hale tells an amusing story of his experience some years ago with the editor of a magazine which had a large circulation, but he had never seen nor heard of it, as it circulated principally in the west and south. This editor found the story of "A Man Without A Country" in a German magazine, and supposing it to be original, translated it into English and published it. Mr. Hale wrote him about it, and the editor replied that he was much chagrined, but that he had never heard of Mr. Hale or the story before. "I was inclined to be angry at first," said Mr. Hale, "but when I considered that I had never heard of the editor or his magazine I concluded we would quit even."

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In Italian families children's nurses are considered the most important members of the household. They are well paid, petted, finely clothed, and all the other servants are expected to wait upon them.

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Queen Victoria takes a deep interest in the welfare of all her little great-grandchildren, and in the fullness of her heart she has given two cradles to the infant son of her favorite grandchildren. One of the cradles is of the good old-fashioned shape, of white wood, without rockers. It bears a silver plate with this inscription:

"This bassinet was made for Princess Victoria Royal in 1859, and was used by all her Majesty's children, and was given by the Queen to the Duchess of York in 1894."

This cradle was recently refitted and lined with pure white satin and Honiton lace. The sheets, tiny Lilliputian trifles, are of the finest Irish lawn, and are daintier than any fairy's cobweb coverlet. They are trimmed with Valenciennes and embroidered with the Royal arms and crown. The blankets, of Pyrean wool, soft and white as snow, bear the same insignia. The dainty pillows are downier than any Sybarite ever dreamed of, and are richly edged with lace. Two exquisite little quilts of eiderdown, one of white and of thick pink satin, keep the morsel of infant royalty warm.

The second cradle is a more elaborate affair, being of mahogany, and trimmed with rich trimmings of brocaded stuff. The trimmings are pearl, and the mahogany is inlaid with gold. The Prince is being taught to encourage home industries, even in his infancy, for the fittings of this swinging cradle are all of home manufacture. The white satin was woven at Spitalfields and the linen in Northamptonshire. Thus the little Prince enters life surrounded by every luxury that can be given him.

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Bischoff is a delicacy at high tea. A delicious one is served at Lady Dufferin garden parties at the British Embassy. This is the recipe. Break ten ounces of loaf sugar into a punch vase, and add two lemons cut in slices without the seeds; a zest of half an orange—obtained by rubbing sugar on the peel—also of half a lemon peel. Pour in the vase two bottles of chablis de Moselle or Rhine wine and two bottles of seltzer, and let it stand ten minutes; then add a quart of clean ice chopped small, and lastly a pint of strawberries, if they are in season. If not, half the quantity of cherries will do, crystallized or bottled. It is served in glass cups. I should say the delicious Virginia, Florida and California wines would make a superb Bischoff.

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The passing of the relatives of Lady Randolph Churchill has caused a deal of amusement. Year in and year out the social columns of certain journals have been filled with the prospective doings of a charming matron in conjunction with her cousin, Lady Randolph Churchill. She was to go abroad to visit her, or to meet her at some rendezvous, that they might travel in company, or they were about to sojourn together in Paris. Now that the titled American woman is actually on this side the water the cousins are in hiding.