

# FADS OF FASHION

## OUR WOMAN'S PAGE.

### HOP GOWNS AND DINNER GOWNS FOR THE SUMMER.

### SOME BEWITCHING CREATIONS.

How the Seaside Girl Selects Her Frocks--Hosiery and Slippers Must Match the Summer Costume--Gloves and Girdles.

(For the Dispatch.)

Hop gowns and dinner gowns that are cool, airy, and refreshing to look upon are the strong card for the summer girl, and no woman prepares for a successful and enjoyable summer without taking this question seriously and equipping herself in the most artistic and approved style.

Some of the most bewitching little evening gowns are the simplest in make, and gain their share of admiration, even in this day of rampant extravagance and superfluous ornamentation.

In selecting one's frock for evening affairs in summer there are a great many things to be considered. It should be more than a mere fashion, it should express coolness and daintiness while others convey an impression of heat and frustration.

Nothing is more generally becoming than white, and for fresh young faces white stands unrivalled. Charming little gowns of mousseline organdie and tulle and point d'esprit are selected by girls whose summer is to be spent away from the seashore, and nothing could be more ideal and airy than these dainty, cloudlike effects--but the utter dejection and change which takes place in these costumes when assailed by the wet breezes from the ocean persuade the seaside girl that the poetry and romance of such costumes is not for her.

It is left for her to array herself in crisp silks which are staunch against the assaults of dampness, and her gowns for dinners and dances are in striking contrast to the frothy frills and feathery fluffiness of the girl who frequents the mountains and inland resorts.

The seaside girl, of necessity, adopts a style of dress that is somewhat severe, but if she is wise she knows just where to put in a few softening touches and retain the charm and simplicity without allowing it to become trying. For instance, among the hop gowns in the trunk of a smart young woman who managed always to defy the weather and retain a superior trimness and freshness of aspect, no matter how insistent the moisture and warmth becomes, was a cool and cunning affair of pale-green silk.

"My dressmaker and I clashed on this," she said, as she shook it out proudly from its clouds of tissue paper. "She insisted that the only appropriate and 'gentle' trimming for it was innumerable plumes of white and green maline. I applauded her taste, but firmly stood out against treating it in that way. 'No, madame, I said, I cannot have a sacrifice this gown for one wearing--just let a good, stiff moisture-waden breeze

strike it and away go all of your charming little frills and fluffs, subsiding promptly into a shapeless pulp, leaving me bereft of your plumage and looking indeed like a very discouraged picker. I will it was my idea to use this guipure," she said, holding the skirt up to her, and looking at its graceful folds. "You see it is heavy and holds its shape, and though perhaps a trifle less 'gentle' than her precious mousseline, it will hold its own through the season. Then, too, the whole gown is as light as a feather, and I don't get that horrid broiled and basted look after a few dances--so many girls do, who make the mistake of having the summer evening gowns of stuffy brocades and heavy silks."

But a few words of description of the gown itself. It was of light foulard silk, unlined, save for being mounted on an under petticoat of a like shade of green lawn, which was made after the style of a regular lingerie underskirt, tucked and trimmed with edgings and insertions of point de Paris. The green silk skirt was cut by the morning glory design, with a number of narrow gores which flared to great width as they neared the floor; each of the narrow gores was held together by a band of guipure insertion--not cream guipure, but guipure that was dyed the identical shade of the silk itself. Narrow bebe ribbons of dead-white satin were run through the open spaces of the green guipure insertion at each edge, which gave a refreshing contrast at the bottom of the skirt the satin ribbon was draped in festoons from gore to gore and held high at the inserted bands with ragged rosettes of the white satin ribbon.

The bodice was quite as charming as the skirt, and showed a rather novel arrangement. The green guipure was introduced in a jacket effect which might be considered as a sort of variation of the bolero, but was more on the order of a drapery with a long point in front.

The underblouse, over which the green guipure fell, was of white satin, appliqued with small disks of the green foulard, the disks growing smaller and more sparse at the upper part of the bodice, and larger and more consolidated as they neared the waist-line. Just above the girdle these green disks appeared to merge into the solid material, the effect being cleverly produced by a strip of green foulard applied upon the white surface in irregular outlines of half circles. The little bolero of green guipure which hung from the square open neck, was arranged in points around the neck which formed a sort of bertha, the spaces between each point being filled with little fans of gathered lace, which, though refusing to perish in the dampness, yet gave the necessary touch of lightness to this French little gown. The one striking note of contrast on the gown was a bow of black velvet ribbon on the left shoulder, the streamers from which hung nearly to the foot of the gown. An airy green gauze fan, plentifully beset with glass spangles, dangled at convenient length from the hand by one of the narrow velvet streamers, which fell from the bow on the shoulder.

Another one of the dainty gowns which occupied the same apartment in the trunk with this charming green one was so artistic and becoming that it deserves a few words of comment. It was very simple in effect, though troublesome enough in construction, and was extremely girlish and flattering to the slight figure for

which it was designed. It was of pearl white crepe de chine, and made in such a way as to withstand the ravages of sea air.

The skirt was mounted on an under-skirt of white tulle, and hung in straight folds from the hips to the floor. Above the hem, which was about four inches in depth, was a band of deep cream Point de Venise, and from the waistband to the hips the soft fullness of the skirt was held in a honey-combed smocking, each knot of thread which held the smocking being hid by a seed pearl head. A centre of pearl passementerie girdled the waist, and long ends and tassels of pearl passementerie fell to the length of the skirt. The low-necked waist had a band of the pearl passementerie in a square outline about the neck, which was softened at the edge which rested next the neck by a tiny ruche of narrow white lace. The bodice showed a small puff at the shoulder, and again at the elbow, and were smocked and studded with pearl sequins around the upper arm. The blouse, which was allowed to pouch decidedly in front, was smocked in the same fashion nearly to the line of the waist, and below the line where the smocking was released a band of the Venetian Point appeared, just above the centre. This little gown was worn without a ray of color save for a chow or crush of orange panna velvet caught at one side of the open square.

Slippers and hosiery must now strictly match each costume, and with this little gown there was a pair of adorable white slippers made of the same material, with high King Louis heels of orange velvet, and rosettes on the toes of heavy cream lace, held in the centre with round pearl ornaments.

The fad for matching one's costume in shoes and hosiery is growing, and among the ultra fashionable it is looked upon as a great breach of propriety to appear in a delicately tinted afternoon gown, with patent leather or tan shoes. The ties should be of the same tone as the costume, and frequently are made of the same material. This fashion is unfortunately somewhat honored in the breach, for it is not only extravagant, but very inconvenient and troublesome. The smallest grass stain mars the whole effect, as the charm of these light-tinted ties lies in their immaculate freshness, and an effort at cleaning them makes them dingy and untidy in appearance.

Among the novel ideas that women are always striving for in the accessories of dress is a new style of girdle, which promises to be very popular and is certainly graceful and artistic in design. It is a girdle of silk, with a wide band of flowered garlands, which appear to be draped upon a ribbon band. These little garlands are made to be flexible, and adapt themselves to the curve of the waist, and the ribbon upon which they rest may be changed to suit any costume. It is a pretty conceit, and will doubtless attain a wide popularity, as we have been seeking so long for something really novel for a girdle or belt.

White gloves are losing their fixed position as the only proper thing for light gowns. Their use is being abandoned this season is responsible for the fact that they are now superseded by gloves of very light tones of pearl, lemon, and tan, and while it is not possible to match one's costume in the color of one's gloves, it is considered desirable to do so as nearly as possible, and to avoid into odd colors and bizarre effects, but to observe as nearly as possible a blending and toning in the color of the gloves.

The gloves should almost invariably be of a lighter shade than the rest of the costume.

The gown on the left is an exquisite creation of hand-painted silk muslin, with its under-blouse and full double-puffed undersleeves of chiffon. The upper straps of black velvet across the bust are fastened with a buckle and buttons of old silver. The second gown is of dotted China blue foulard, with its chemist's and sleeves of tucked white silk muslin and bands of embroidered batiste insertion. The small tucks of the lower blouse continue upon the skirt to about three smart touch is given by the great black bow of wide gauze ribbon, which is caught at the base of the collar like revers. This note of black is repeated in the centre.

The blouse on the left is of black crepe de chine, set into a deep yoke band above, and high corset below of yellow Russian lace threaded with black ribbon velvet. The transparent square yoke and dainty sleeves are of a lighter and finer quality of lace and tucked lawn. The upper bell-shaped sleeves of the crepe de chine are festooned to add a further touch of quaintness to their aspect.

The attractive little costume is of red and white linen, and is peculiarly attractive and spruce, though extremely simple in style. The double-breasted blouse of white shows collars and lapels of red linen, bordered with white stitching. The cuffs, belt, and dapper little pockets also show an effective use of the red linen.

## Two Types of the Present Modes.



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### SQUIRRELS STOP STORING NUTS.

Ann Arbor People So Good to Them They Don't Have to Work. (Detroit Journal.)

The greatest sufferers in Ann Arbor from the tremendous rain of last week were the gray squirrels. The frisky little fellows were driven to the wall when it came to when the downpour started, and after a hurried consultation with their best friends in the squirrel society of the place they scamped this way and that to get in out of the way. Anything that would shelter was a godsend to them. From half-concealed nooks they watched the birds hopping about in the storm with eyes in which burned most apparent fires of envy. The gentle rain was no longer to be seen in the most outlandish places by those wayfarers who were so unfortunate as to be caught in the storm.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the rain was falling in veritable torrents, I was coming along on Washington Avenue. At the crossing of Voland street one of the little gray-backed chaps poked his nose out at the end of an old disused culvert, to the side of which he was clinging. Beneath the quivering body rasher the river of the street, but he hung on for dear life to save his coat. He permitted me to touch him. His eyes wavered as I rubbed his back, but he clung to me with a firm grip. He probably figured that it was his fate either to be drowned or killed by man, and between the two he had no choice.

While walking through the back hall of a house up in the east end of the town later in the afternoon, my attention was attracted to a window against the pane of which ganged the bushy tail of a gray squirrel. To get in out of the storm the little fellow had climbed the screen of the casement and dropped down between it and the glass of the window. He obtained thus an unobstructed view of the storm, and at the same time was as dry as a match. Through the glass I gazed at me with no signs of fear. I passed my hand to and fro across the pane, but he continued washing his face after the manner of a cat and regarding the downpour on the other side of the screen, as calm and cool as you please. His delight when I dropped into his rainy-day retreat the meats of half a dozen English walnuts was exceedingly great. He ate the nuts with neatness and dispatch, and then sat in his narrow summer house with his haunches and gazed steadily at me, saying thus as plainly as though he and I both understood the language of the squirrels, that he had finished that course and was ready for the next.

To save his suit, a little bit of a gray squirrel crawled into a croquet-set box that stood on the back porch of a Washington avenue house Thursday afternoon, and in some way must have by his movements disarranged the balls and mallets, for the cover dropped on him, making him a prisoner. Next morning when the owner of the set repaired to the back yard for his after-noon game and lifted the cover of the box to select his ball and mallet, the little chap was out and fifty feet away at a leap.

These frisky and playful little animals are about all that makes life worth living here in Ann Arbor these days to one who is not in college or otherwise engaged in enlarging his intellect, the true vocation of the average Ann Arborite. They abound not only on the campus, but in the strictly residence districts, and in many instances have become as tame as kittens. Occasionally they grow to a size that for squirrels is immense, looking more like gray cats with tails like lamp-chimney cleaners than the normal regulation squirrel.

There is a movement on foot in a certain Southern city to inclose the Town Hall Park and "plant" a lot of gray squirrels therein for the benefit of the street-swarming children. The fathers of the town ought to send a commission up here to see just what a squirrel may make of him after a course of instruction and feeding at the hands of Ann Arbor citizens. The squirrels, like every other living thing here, have an air of their own that places them in a position somewhat unique. They seem to know more than the average squirrel knows or even is supposed capable of knowing. The air of this Athenian spot seems to have filtered into their tiny minds and souls with a result that they are away above the old-time squirrel in point of intelligence. With very little trouble they may be tamed, and thereafter taught tricks that even an old, well-loved house dog might envy.

There is a certain professor of political economy on Church street whose pet is a gray squirrel. He has a legion of the little fellows crawling about him and winking their tails at him whenever he makes his appearance on his front porch. He takes it upon him to tame them and teach them all the monkey tricks that one looks for in the dog whose

mistress bathes and combs him twice a week.

There is a certain squirrel of the professor's brood, or flock, or tribe, or what ever the squirrel collective may be, that crawls upon his knee whenever he sits on the lowest step of the porch and begins to crack the loved nuts for the little fellows. There the squirrel sits upon his haunches and reaches out with his very hand-like paws for the meats as they are picked out for him. His zeal knows no bounds and if the kindly professor does not crack the nuts with the rapidity he deems proper, he gets right down under the hammer almost and seizes the walnuts as they splinter, digging out the meats himself, loath to wait. And, round in front of the professor at his feet sit a dozen other little fellows more timid than their brave fellow in a crescent, eyeing every motion of the hand that wields the hammer and scrambling for the shells tossed them like a family of banana pickaninnies for a penny.

Now and again they fight and the older squirrel (he who sits upon the knee of his human friend) must needs jump down and cuff the ringleaders of the disturbance, right smartly. Then, when peace is restored he leaps back upon the friendly knee and the meal proceeds. It is one who loves animals there is much of interest in a study of these common gray squirrels.

To see them bury a nut and mark the spot after a manner individual with each of them is a lesson in itself. For he is known from observation, Tom Squirrel cannot find the nut that Dick Squirrel has buried, nor Harry find the cached store of either. This is one of the most astonishing features of the coaching scheme these little fellows have for preserving their food. One of the easiest ways to tame them is with English walnut meats. Toss a meat to your timid squirrel. He will sit up in front of you and eat it in a very human way. By it his palate will be so tickled that for another taste he will deign to approach you much closer. Do this over and over again and inside of a week you will have the little chap chirping and stretching at your door each morning for his English walnut breakfast, which he will gladly take from your hand with one of his own, for those fore "things" of his are a deal more like hands than paws.

This general feeding of the squirrels here in Ann Arbor has brought to light a most human and peculiar trait that the frisky animals have developed. They have come to depend upon the nuts given them by the great, hobbled mankind and have ceased to collect stores of their own. These squirrels that we all love here are nothing more or less than vagabonds without visible means of support--tramps, beggars, in whom laziness has become deep seated. Only now and again is one seen to be seen burying a walnut it is only the out-cropping of the instinct that can never be completely damped, for they seem to know that their meals will be given them as regularly as desired by the great, long, two-legged things that they have come to be friends with, after having considered them for untold ages as their mutual enemies.

With domestication comes the disease of domestication to the gray squirrels that so delight the strangers in Ann Arbor--laziness. Fat as they can well be, sleek and sleepy, they whisk about the greens here as though on dress parade. They wait patiently for the nuts to be cracked for them, and when offered them devour them apace, without any thought of the rainy day of squirrelhood.

It is too bad that it is true. In the Department of Zoology they are studying the little fellows, and have come to the conclusion that the domestication of the animal kills all its finer instincts and

traits that are of so much value to it in its wild state. But degenerates or not, the gray squirrels who wink their tails at the passers-by from the trees of Ann Arbor and eat their dinners from the hands of the graciously disposed, will continue to be loved, watched over, and protected by every man, woman, and child of the town. Just now their lives are all one long dream of walnut bliss, but shortly the little fiery banditti of the family, the red squirrel, will make his appearance, and then there will be a change. These little "devils" are now the only enemy the gray squirrel has in the animal kingdom around here, where hawks are few and foxes scarce. And there will be the usual perennial fight for supremacy, in which--sad to state--the little "red devil" is pretty certain to come out ahead, unless--is to be hoped--the handler of the Flobert rifle gets in his work on their royal rednesses first.

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ere the Dawn. (Written for the Dispatch.) When the wolf is at your door, And your children cry for more Of the staff of life at evening and at morn, Do not give the struggle over, Hold your head up, as before, And remember that it's darkest ere the dawn.

When the night is dark and cold, And sweet dreams your thoughts unfold, Of the happy days that seem forever gone; When you hear your chickens scold, At the sneak-thief, as of old, Just remember that it's darkest ere the dawn. ED. B. MOSS.

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### An Ideal Blouse.



This charmingly becoming and artistic blouse is of black crepe de chine, set into a deep yoke band above, and high corset below of yellow Russian lace threaded with black ribbon velvet. The transparent square yoke and dainty sleeves are of a lighter and finer quality of lace and tucked lawn. The upper bell-shaped sleeves of the crepe de chine are festooned to add a further touch of quaintness to their aspect.

### Sunshades for Coaching.



In these three parasols we have excellent examples of the whims of fashion. They belong to the more severe class of parasols which are used for coaching parties and the street, but even among these we find the taste for froth and nonchance expressed in the lining of filmy chiffon and lace which adorns the one in the centre. It is of white and black, with a broad black band in its centre and a narrow line and border of the same at its rim. The trimming is of rose-colored chiffon and white lace. To the right we have an example of green and white stripes. The cover of a severely plain sunshade, with its plain handle of silver plate. The third is of white tulle silk, trimmed with lines of black fancy stitching. The white lacquered handle shows a knob of ebony at the end, and is adorned with two long white tassels.