

The Woman of Fashion.

ROOF GARDEN GOWNS.

New York, July 24.—One is puzzled to decide when of the fair frequenters of the city roof gardens to choose as a type. The flock of girls is about evenly divided into three classes: Those who wear in shirt waists and sailor hats, those who wear in picture hats and warm-looking, conventional dresses, and those who wear their thin summer clothes with light lace and flower trimmings.

Most of the men wear suits in which they have been transacting business all day. A few even wear their "bicycle suits." Then there are the "chappies" that come down from Newport in white duck trousers and blue serge coats, with golf stockings that were undoubtedly purchased at the woman's counter. For, though they don't exactly like to have it known, these same chappies are getting even for past incursions on their sock of nettles and scorpions by purchasing their sisters' hose.

With so much freedom of dress among the men it is not surprising that young women follow their example, and aim at convenience and comfort by the same methods. The pretty typewriter sipping lemonade with her elderly escort may very possibly have come directly from the office without any alteration of her business costume.

At any rate, she wears a striped shirt waist with crash skirt and a Panama sun hat trimmed simply with a wreath of flowers. Smart waists and crash skirts have come to be the business woman's summer uniform, just as the jacket suit of serge is worn in winter. White waists strap along Broadway of a morning in numbers sufficient to produce a laundry trust if some man were found with the enterprise to establish one. They are worn with skirts of crash, which is whiter and prettier than linen and white belts.

The first was a lavender blue poplin with a graceful pattern in white. The skirt is made of three plaited flounces, each edged with lace, and real at that, around bodice, prodigally trimmed with lace. The oddest lot of mutton sleeves, with lace insertions. Blue and white madder ribbon bows appear wherever they can be placed to advantage. It remains a most elegant and effective toilet, with slight modifications, and one that the most exacting woman would approve of today.

Several of the roof garden girls who come in their summer dresses to sip lemonade while the tumbler balances himself in impossible positions and his appendages protrude from his head or ride his long, slender, shaggy, the educated dobermann obedience to his keeper's commands, several of these are themselves living results of a training more strict and coercive than any which has ever been applied to the man or the monkey who seem to do such marvellous things with so great ease.

It is quite a wonderful observation how a woman of small cash will create something out of nothing and actually contrive to look pretty in it. Such women as these strike at the keynote of fashion by grasping the essentials and holding them according to individual taste, and with the restrictions of old or cheap materials, leaving the side issues entirely out of the question. The roof garden girl is usually one of these. She is as a general rule one of the women who earn their own, and perhaps somebody's else, living, and she has a very keen sense of clothes. A few fashionable young ladies run-up from the nearby summer resorts to get a little variety from the monotonous top and hammock which are the night and day accompaniment of many summer girls. Such as these wear great, thin dresses, not elaborate, but rather striking, and are somewhat damped from the beach wear of those dark blue and white chaffies that look so much like the figured foulard which one sees frequently on the streets in connection with light green. This dress was trimmed with Valenciennes lace and ruffles. Over the shoulders were two narrow and very full ruffles of white satin. The belt was white satin, and from it there hung at the back two streamers of white satin, edged all around with narrow lace. The belt also had an edge of Valenciennes on its upper side, and the back of the neck was a full pleating of white.

had strips of cream lace insertion as trimming. Purple silk and linen is a new combination of colors which is growing popular. It is not surprising that purple and fine linen should be combined in the feminine costume, since it certainly has scriptural foundation, but it seems never to have been tried in the case of conventional suits of this season.

The woman who dislikes to wear what everybody is wearing can vary her linen dress skirt by putting a linen colored band on the front in any fancy pattern desired. Picture hats at the summer garden have spreading plumes and flaunting aigrettes, but they look very much out of place, and



Mousseline de Soir.

should be discouraged. The roof garden in the busy man's substitute for the country picnic, and fashionable women should not be permitted to invade it with conventional suits, the only recreation in which he can indulge.

FASHIONS FOR THE FRUGAL.

How to Add Decorative Touches to Old Clothes.

A clever woman has discovered that what she is pleased to call her "resurrection" is ready for this summer's campaign. Gowns of satin seem to have come back with the same skinny sleeves, surmounted by three saucy ruffles, and the skirt trimmed with another group, edged with narrow lace. Such gowns are made available this summer by going the front and side seams to make them fit more snugly about the hips, and produce the all-important flare at the bottom. Then bunch together the several little ruffles on the bottom, and with the addition of a lace bolero to chiffon bodice, and last, but not least, the shoulder-straps and corslet of narrow velvet—presold the gown of '97.

The trimmed skirt with yards of top and bottom and the other frills and further so much in vogue this season are a happy thought to conceal the shabbiness of the make-over. These have proven a god send to the women who must economize, and at the same time are animated by a very proper and strictly feminine desire to look as well as her more favored sisters. The wise woman, like Mrs. Giffin, is of a frugal mind. It is sad but true that she laments that if she buys Paris gowns in the city streets, as has been the case for weeks, dealers in shirt waists say there is more call for white than any other kind. White is the most common, but yellow and orange is rather popular, and, of course, the color of being made in regular shirt waist style, however, it is better to make thin waists open in the back with a fullness just at the edges to prevent them from gaping. It can then be fastened at the back with buttons without any back or lacing in between.

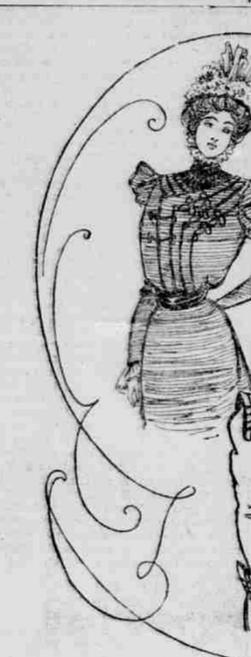
The front should be "puffed"—that is, it should be cut longer than a tight-fitting waist, and then gathered in at the belt. It is a very popular device to run three or four two-edged ruffles around the House, and as it is a prettier and more comfortable than the old-fashioned buttoned-up front, it is a very popular device to run three or four two-edged ruffles around the House, and as it is a prettier and more comfortable than the old-fashioned buttoned-up front, it is a very popular device to run three or four two-edged ruffles around the House.

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there is nothing to do but turn it. Three deep vandykes, or vest of different widths are around the skirt. The top trimmed from the belt with smaller and more sharply pointed vandykes, in three, and the bottom of skirt edged with narrow ruffles of ribbon velvet. A suit of black chiffon would make a graceful and artistic finish. A pretty bodice to wear with this is of white taffeta trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Collar of white ribbon and a bit of real lace. With these accessories the elegant and elegant might easily rank as the best bit and tucker. Well, this is all very fine for Paris confections, and a skirt originally fashioned in one of the swiftest shops in Bond street, but how about the final efforts of the home dressmaker? Well, here is a main pointer belonging to the same wardrobe.

Madam had a streak of economy, and a trial of home dressmaking was the result. Her husband to fashion a simple little "gingham" for morning wear. A prodigious failure followed, and "it cost more," it is mentioned the victim, "than the best dressmaker in town." Not that the home product is never successful. Quite the contrary, but it takes a woman with a natural talent for intelligent supervision, and who has any emergency can render efficient aid. The gingham continued to be an eye sore until this season, when fashion's wheel came round again and pointed out its claims to consideration. Here, again, we have the four-and-one-quarter yard skirt, and little ruffles edged with narrow velvet cord like emblems. All right so far, but the effect is spoiled by being put over thick white lawn. A pretty yellowish green dimity is substituted throughout for the underskirt, for seven inches of crimoline at the bottom gives the skirt more character, as do very narrow gathers at the back. A handsome vandyke in heavy lace embroidery taken from a paste crepe gown is added and forms an apron. The bodice



Checked Gingham.

is relieved of its odd-time stiffness by the addition of a lace bolero, an English daisy pattern. A white satin collar and belt, and madame is once more on good terms with herself. The infinite variety in the fashion of bodices strikes the beholder with admiration. Here are a few especially pretty styles. Bodice in violet basket cloth, blouse front and French laces, full at the waist and gathered under a black satin folded belt. Front of bodice is crossed, the top opening over a little guipure in cream mousseline de soie, plaited collar of same, with tulle frill of lace. The fronts are of white mousseline de soie, braided across, trimmed with rows of narrow black ribbon, forming a pattern on the left side. Silk cords and elvies close the front. Sleeves made over a lining full at the top, with little epaulettes of the same. Frill of lace falling over the hand.

An elegant bodice of black liberty satin is trimmed with Brussels lace applique, and fastened with steel buttons. Vest in white plaited tulle. Cravat in black tulle. Belt of satin or white leather, with steel buttons. Black satin sleeves, made entirely of accordion plait across. To be worn with liberty satin side-plaited accordion skirt. Another very pretty bodice is light gray cloth. Corsage vest of double revers, braided over a front made of three plaited rows of white mousseline de soie. Belt of gray cloth. Tight sleeves, braided across. To be worn with skirt of same material. Bodice in cream linen, embroidered in white fringes on the shoulders and plaited into the belt. Round plait of white satin fastened with steel buttons. Belt and cravat of black satin, bordered with yellow Valenciennes lace. Sleeves in tulle across, edged with lace. Bow of cravat in satin on the side.

A most effective bodice for a gown for the evening is made in pale blue mousseline de soie. Bodice consists of three rows of large pattern, forming a corset. Guipure and basque is plaited mousseline de soie. Draped belt and bow in pale blue tulle. Plaited cravat sleeve, made entirely of plaited mousseline de soie, with insertions. Bodice of cream white canvas, trimmed with narrow black ribbon in squares. Very short jacket, a little longer in front and split at the sides, closed with more buttons. Sallow sleeves, with deep cut and epaulettes, trimmed closely with ribbons. For children there is nothing prettier than the sweet little gingham in pink and blue, supplemented by the dainty little guipures, which range from extreme simplicity in materials to the finest batiste and real lace.

The funny, old-fashioned silk fringes are a la mode again, and that is quite sufficient to make them smart set to adopt them. Believe avenue radiant in a gown of very dark blue silk and pearly sea shell lace. Another gown is a crown of black crepe de chine, with sun-ray plaited skirt, with an applique of palest yellow, chemise of turquoise blue, and such of same color. And the main thing? Where better can one see them in all their bewitching variety than at the casinos of Newport and Narragansett Pier?

PERFECTION OF ROAST FOWL.

Once a chicken has passed its youthful tenderness it is generally served in fricasse or potpie, but if Lady Fortitude had properly studied the chemistry of cooking she would soon discover that she was consigning to the ignominy of a stew poultry that with slight trouble could be made to figure as a brown and juicy roast. Properly dressed and stuffed a pair of elderly fowls treated in a scientific manner will present so appetizing an appearance and follow this up with such a fine flavor that spring chickens will only be suffered by way of a change. This is no fancy sketch. Let an housewife try the following direction, and beside fine roast chicken at very small outlay she will be able to present to the family one of the best soups of the week.

When the experiment of roasting an old fowl was first tried by that eminent chemist, Prof. Matthew Williams, the subject was a superannuated hen of six years. The result, he declares, was excellent and more fully flavored than a young chicken. First catch your hen or hens, and then proceed by the following recipe, which has been adapted from Mr. Williams for our readers by a practical home cook. When the fowls have been properly prepared and singed, truss them by skewering the wings and second joints neatly to the sides, then tie in cheese cloth that has been thoroughly washed and boiled, that it may leave no flavor in the broth. Put in a roasting kettle with a stand on the bottom, covered with water, salt slightly and simmer gently for four hours. Allow the fowls to stand over night, to cool in the water in which they were cooked. This is very essential. When ready to roast, make a stuffing of a teaspoon of finely chopped beef suet rubbed into two of the crumbs of a stale loaf, with two table-



A TABLE LAMP.

spoons of chopped parsley, one of green tyme, or a teaspoon of dried, which is very good in boxes; a teaspoon of salt, quarter a teaspoon of black pepper. When all is well blended break an egg over it and mix with a fork into a paste, with which stuff out the place from which the crop was removed, the surplus to put in a bag and use opening stitched with coarse thread. The stuffing in the crop is the favorite, as it becomes brown, and also when well filled adds greatly to the appearance. As the stuffing is put in after boiling it is well to fill out the place with a wad of cheese cloth and sew it up, otherwise will lose shape in the long simmering. Wipe the fowls, put on a stand in the dripping pan, with some nice drippings of roast meat for basting and roast even and baste just as if no previous cooking had been done. If the oven is brick they should be brown in half an hour. At the last put some wafer-like slices of bacon on top, and when they brown and curl up dish the whole and send to table hot, with gliblet gravy.

There is a certain design for a table lamp that can be made by most any woman who is handy with tools. The materials that will be required to make it are of seemingly the least worth, and an old box, some burlaps or bagging such as furniture comes packed in, a few thin sheets of stovepipe iron and some nails and paint. In the first place, obtain a box at a grocery store such as canned goods are packed in, carefully break it apart, taking care not to split any of the thin boards. Of these boards make a box 8 inches square and 12 inches high; the wood used for the top and bottom should be thicker than that of which the sides are made, and in the top cut a round hole, large enough to admit a metal lamp funnel. A tin around the top edge of the fowl will, if the hole is made the right size, prevent it from falling through into the box.

Fasten the sides and top of the box with ordinary burlaps with Le Page's liquid glue, and when it is thoroughly dry give the bagging a few successive coats of light olive green paint. Sand paper the burlaps before applying the last coat, so an even and smooth surface may be obtained. Break the edges of the box with strips of sheet iron, allowing about three-quarters of an inch of metal to show on a side. Fasten the iron with large oval-headed brass upholstery tacks, driven at equal distances apart. On a sheet of paper draw the pattern shown on the side of the box and cut pieces from the thin iron to work out the pattern on each side. Tack these pieces on with good-sized oval-headed iron carpet tacks, and then give all the metal work a coat or two of ivory black paint, thinned with Japan turpentine. At a hardware store purchase four claw-foot and screw one fast under each corner. They will probably be of brass, but when painted black will appear as if of iron. A good central draft lamp found and burner can be purchased at a lamp store, and with them can be purchased a canopy shade frame, over which a pretty shade can be made of silk paper or other light material that will shed a pleasant light, and if properly arranged a satisfactory result will be obtained. If a central draft burner and funnel is used it will be necessary to have a few holes through the bottom of the box to allow a vent for the air, otherwise it would cause the light to be dim or the wick to smoke.

COMFORTS FOR SUMMER SOJOURNERS AT BEACH AND MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

The designer of summer conveniences is gradually discovering the wants of those people who leave well-furnished houses in the city to find cool breezes and little else at a lodge in some vast wilderness to which the comforts of life have not yet penetrated. A few enterprising boarders every year have the foresight to fit up their premises in inviting shape, but such handiwork is the minority, and in any case each boarder likes to have his own hammock or cot over his swinging chair in which to take it easy in the open air. For family use, however, there are a great many attractive devices for use out of doors. One of the inventions this year is an awning that goes up like an umbrella on a thick stick that stands up through the center of a small portable table. This is a very convenient affair to have on the lawn where lemonade and ice cream may be served to one's friends on a hot summer afternoon. Indeed, the whole thing can be folded up and carried on the provision wagon to a picnic if one cared to take the trouble. Smaller umbrellas, awnings, such as artists use when sketching, are now made in dark colors and used by ordinary folks at the beach.

Rattan bench chairs that are a cross between a sedan chair and a sunbather, are designed for invalids and others who enjoy breathing fresh air, but cannot endure draughts or hot sun. They have a comfortable seat with a footrest, and little shelves project on each side to hold one's book or the lot of fancy work. They open like carriage windows are made on



EXPERT BLANKET WASHING.

"The best way to wash blankets" said the superintendent of one of New York's largest laundries, "is well, the first thing to be considered is the soap. It should be a good white soap and free from rosin. Since the soap in a kettle of hot water and put it over the fire until it dissolves; there is no need for it to boil. Then pour it into the tub and turn on the water, which should be hot almost scalding. Mix the two together so as to form a good lather; then put in your blankets. Let them remain in this water about fifteen or twenty minutes, covering the tub so as to keep in the steam. Then, when the blankets are thoroughly wet, and down with the hands, and turn them over in the water for a few moments. One of my women, who is very successful, has a large tin funnel that she uses to manipulate her blankets with. She takes it by the stem and presses the mouth of the funnel up and down on the blankets, turns them

over, and keeps up the process until she thinks that every part has had the water passed through it by the suction of the funnel, then takes them out and passes through the wringer. While she is, perhaps, my best blanket washer, I haven't sufficient faith in her famed theory to think it at all necessary, though I think it much better than using a stick, which should never be allowed, as it is almost certain to make holes in the blanket. In passing through the wringer it should never go too long. After the first wringing comes a second tub of hot water, in which has been put a goodly supply of ammonia. Then another wringing and another tub of hot water, with just enough of the soap mixture to make a good suds. Now a thick suds, making like a thick suds as the first, but just enough to make the water smooth to the touch. After a thorough rinsing in this water it should be passed through the wringer, or wrung with the hands lengthwise and hung in the sun to dry. It should never be hung in the sun, as it makes yellow. Soap containing rosin will also cause yellowness, and cold water hardness. I know you wish to know why I put soap in the last rinsing water—I make the blanket soft and pliable, otherwise it would be harsh and stiff. It is much easier if washed in cold water. And what I have told you about blankets is true about all linens, from the finest to the coarsest.

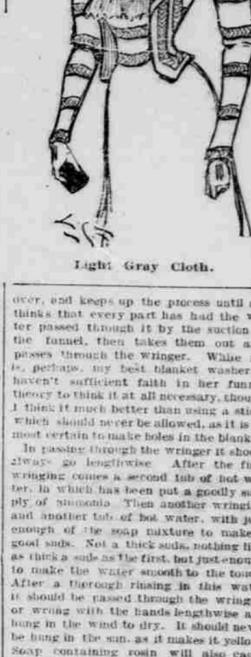
Everybody who goes to the beach should be provided with one or two little cushions covered with matting. They can be bought for 25 cents, and are very light in weight. Rattan contrivances for children—the old-fashioned school master's favorite—are the latest novelties on the market. The little "so-carts" are superseding the high, cumbersome baby carriages. A convenient arrangement has a compartment for carrying toys or other things back to the seat. Of course, there is to be a cart for twins, but the greatest objection to this is that the babies sit back to back, and one of them has to ride backwards. These little pushcarts are very light and convenient to take away to the country, and a great many people will use them this summer.

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THE BOWSER'S TROUBLES.

One glance at Mr. Bowser's face as he came home the other evening satisfied Mrs. Bowser that he had important news to communicate. He was good-natured and smiling all through dinner and entirely forgot to compare the coffee to catnip tea and the milk to an old hot leg. When they had returned to the sitting room he stood before Mrs. Bowser and began: "Last year, in order to save your life, I rented a farm for three months and pulled you back from the grave. This year, in order to do the same thing, I have—"

"You haven't rented another farm," she interrupted with a gasp. "Don't you remember the flies and mosquitoes and dust and a wretched hot night? I went out there weighing 150 pounds, and came back with a loss of twenty-five. You were kicked by a cow and by a hog, knocked down by a tramp, and—"

"That will do," said Mr. Bowser with a wave of the hand. "Once in a million times I may make a mistake. It is barely possible that I was mistaken about the farm, though I think it did me good after all. I have had some thoughts of renting another farm for the summer, but—"

"But if you do, don't expect me to go with you. I'd rather stay home and do in my bed." "Woman, you are talking to your husband about Mr. Bowser, as he grew and clear back to his ears. 'A husband knows what is best for the family and does accordingly. Had it been the best thing to do I should have rented another farm, but as it wasn't, I didn't entertain the idea. This summer we shall go to the seashore." "How seashore?" "The seashore is the shore of the sea, Mrs. Bowser. We are going to the shore of the sea. In order that you may not get the various seas mixed up, I will state that we are going to the shore of the Atlantic. I have rented a cottage for the summer at Shark Point, and you will occupy it as soon as you can pack up." "And—"

"But we ought to have gone down and looked at it first," protested Mrs. Bowser. "There was no need of it. I know the owner and can take him word for all particulars, and as there were three or four after I closed the arrangements at once, Mrs. Bowser, prepare for one of the happiest, pleasantest summers you ever spent in all your life. You ought to get up and kick the chairs over in your exultation. Hurrah for the sea—the glorious sea!" Mrs. Bowser didn't burrah nor kick over any chairs. She wanted to be sure first of what sort of bargain Mr. Bowser had made.

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"But we ought to have gone down and looked at it first," protested Mrs. Bowser. "There was no need of it. I know the owner and can take him word for all particulars, and as there were three or four after I closed the arrangements at once, Mrs. Bowser, prepare for one of the happiest, pleasantest summers you ever spent in all your life. You ought to get up and kick the chairs over in your exultation. Hurrah for the sea—the glorious sea!" Mrs. Bowser didn't burrah nor kick over any chairs. She wanted to be sure first of what sort of bargain Mr. Bowser had made.

"Where is Shark Point?" she placidly asked. "Down on the Jersey coast somewhere," he answered. "I don't know the exact spot, but we take the train and will of course be off at the right place. It is only takes two hours to get there." "And what sort of a place is it?" "Why, it's a point, of course, with lots of sharks around. If it wasn't for that we wouldn't call it Shark Point. That's what we want to get out on a point where nothing will interrupt the cool sea breeze, and where you can see the sharks swimming about from morn till night. Land is scarce, but I can almost taste the ocean, as I have a long breath!" "And you don't even know what sort of a house it is?"

"I told you it was a cottage for the sea, a little bit. You are not expecting a palace, I hope? The owner guarantees it a comfortable, picturesque cottage, with the rear of the house floating into every window by day and by night. The sailing of the sea of the sea is the best of care for you that touch of ammonia in no time. That sailing? By George, but I seem to bear it now! It's just salt and salt, and you think of mermaids and dead folks and whales and shipwrecks, and the first thing you know you're all asleep. Don't even wake up 'till the warden says 'seawells proclaim that another day has dawned. Hurrah for the sailing sea!'" Mr. Bowser danced around and stepped on the end and kicked a footstool into the next room, and in his enthusiasm he would have hugged Mrs. Bowser had he not held him off to ask: "Is this the only cottage down there, or are there others?" "Why? Why, I can't say that, as I didn't ask," he replied. "I hope, however, it is all alone. We want to get off ourselves and live as we choose. I shall not mind my shirt sleeves and go barefoot, and you can loaf around in an old wrapper. You'll hunt the clam-purse the lobster and trail the oyster to his hidden lair. And the bathing. Mrs. Bowser, think of an ocean stretching 3,000 miles away! You kick up your heels and disport, and you stand on your head and twinkle your heels and disport, and the sharks and dolphins and whales come and play with you, and—"

"What does he furnish with the cottage?" interrupted Mrs. Bowser. "Furnish? Furnish? Why, he doesn't furnish anything, of course. Come to think of it, though, he did say there was a crane hanging up in the parlor, and a saw or an ax in the kitchen. As long as he furnishes a view of the whole Atlantic Ocean, with the ocean throb in tree, we can't complain. What did you expect him to furnish?" "Why? Why, he'd better furnish me with a bed, cooking utensils and other furniture. He's taking in more everting down and back. What was his price for the season?" "Only \$50 per month, to me. If I hadn't taken it just as I did he could have rented it for \$75. What are you looking at?" Mrs. Bowser was staring at him in astonishment. She opened her mouth to reply to his query, but realizing that the lease had been made, and that it was too late, she choked her words back. "Three months down by the sea will do us \$150 worth of good," said Mr. Bowser as he walked across the yard, "so away by the last of the week, and you'll see up your mind that we'll come back so fat and happy that our best friends won't know us. Good-bye, but I can't hardly wait. You thinking of the falling deep in the ocean—the sailing sea—the glorious dip at sunrise—the lullaby lapping on the sands through the shadowy hours of night. Mrs. Bowser, entreaty—rejoice—jubilate!" But Mrs. Bowser refused to get excited, and the most she would say was that she hoped everything would come out all right.

(Note.—When Mr. Bowser rented a seashore cottage, after fifteen minutes' talk with the owner, and without even knowing the county in which it was situated, he did indeed suffer his usual mental mania, and the reader can confidently look for consequences.)