

The Woman of Fashion.

FRENCH NOVELTIES.

New York, Aug. 27.—The French manufacturers, fearful of American enterprise, are growing chary of their models, and with very good reason. Last year they displayed their wares with great ostentation, under the impression, of course, that the Yankees had come over to buy. But the American looked at his watch and concluded that he had just time to catch a boat which would bring him home soon enough to make some "French novelties" of his own just as good as the Parisian's and as there wasn't any copyright, or patent, or any sort of string on the "creations," he rather got the best of the Frenchman.

The summer he went over again, hoping to do the same thing, but by this time the wily team had learned a thing or two, and when the American asked to see his styles, he pulled his waxed moustache and said: "Je ne sais rien de nouveau," and the American had to come back and study them up for himself.

Now, however, the secrets are beginning to leak out, because it is too late for the manufacturers to mint new models and get them on the market.

It is known that skirts will be narrow at the top and flaring at the bottom, and there are even dark hints of the tie-back which women will walk Chinese for lack of space, and compensate between these fashionable sentences to get into basques from below by gymnastic exercises for limbering purposes.

It is suggested, also, that there will be basques at the bottom of bodices, but that there will be considerable freedom of choice in the matter. One model of this kind has already been shown at a large New York store. It starts out to be a blouse—one of the kind that is made with frogs to fasten it up in front, but which is always allowed to stand open from neck to waist. This one is made to be a jacket when it is closed, and the waist and top are finished with a belt of two-inch braid. It has the same trick of opening in front and under the waist it is allowed to hang as it would with its braid fastenings unfastened.

The waist line is not to be ignored, even if basques become popular, and, by the same token, belts are still in vogue. A pickin' belt for a dollar and a quarter is really the correct thing to wear—that is, if you cannot afford to wear one of the hand-carved Mexican leather belts, which are the extreme of elegance.

I have said before, and I say it again, with an earnestness born of conviction, that gray is to be the September color, and the girls who are too sallow to wear it would best look to their complexion if they wear a piece in an otherwise regularly tinted room is very pleasing, but too free a use of it is to be avoided in all save Oriental rooms, as it is too glaring.

double garland of bright-colored artificial flowers, with four or six long ribbon ends, each of which is finished by a spray or cluster of the same blossoms. These, of course, are designed only for evening wear, to take the place of the feather boa or light scarf of lace and gauze. One pretty one was made of a double garland of pale rose, the other rose, with four long ends of taffeta ribbon, three inches wide, finished at the end with a single rose and cluster of leaves.

Another is of yellow chrysanthemums, with yellow ribbons, while yet another is made of large double poppies of every conceivable shade of yellow and red, and has broad strings which are red, yellow or green, according to the light in which it is viewed.

The milliners assert that there will be an effort made to introduce feather flowers into next season's millinery, and already some of these flowers are shown. They are, as a rule, delicate, yet vivid in color and very natural-looking, but they do not wear so well as those of silk, velvet or muslin, nor are they so reasonable in price—two very grave objections, the dealers say, against their ever becoming generally popular.

The larger flowers are the handsomer, both in color and shape, and it is believed will be much more used than the smaller varieties, which, it appears, cannot be made so as to lose their stiff appearance. In the manufacture of the fringed chrysanthemums and poppies, ostrich feathers are used, and, while the effect is very pleasing, they resemble more bright-colored feathers than flowers.

For corsages wear the newest flowers—made of the fiber of a Japanese palm, and so closely do they resemble the natural flower that it is almost impossible to distinguish them. Then they have the very deceptive quality of looking just a week old without after being handled or breathed upon. Of course, they cannot be fresh, but then they never lose their freshness sufficiently to become unsightly, so they can be worn any number of times, and always be just sufficiently wilted to deceive.

There is a dress black, however, in the leaves which are made to go with these flowers. They appear boastfully artificial, and where one wishes to produce an effect both beautiful and natural, the genuine stems and foliage of the plant should be used with these artificial flowers.

The latest in draperies is the Italian blanket, or at least the wide ones may be called blankets, and they vary in width from six inches to two yards. They are woven in stripes, raw silk on a cotton foundation, and the effect is both brilliant and beautiful. They are designed for couches, lounges, mantels, pictures, and chair draperies, and some come long enough for portieres. The stripes, which run either lengthwise or crosswise, are in all colors and brilliant combinations. The effect of a slip piece in an otherwise regularly tinted room is very pleasing, but too free a use of it is to be avoided in all save Oriental rooms, as it is too glaring.

The newest craze among wheelwomen is the bicycle pin. This, it is said, will be a great success. It will be made of the bicycle chain, and not to any amount of beauty in the pin. It is about the ugliest thing the jewelers have as yet designed in their efforts to please wheelwomen. It is about one inch in dimension, a miniature of the bicycle chain, with silver and colored enamel handle bars, and a small jewel in place of a screw. Some of these little affairs are quite elaborately carved, but altogether the effect is neither pretty nor graceful. Still, it is the latest fad, and all wheelwomen seem well pleased at their possession. It is not a modern case of the old woman who kissed the cow.

The newest souvenir spoon is for the birthday. It is of silver, gold or silver gilt, in any of the new finishes. It is about as pretty and graceful as any of the usual souvenir spoons, all of which are made of silver, and are of various designs. These new spoons have the year, the sign of the zodiac to represent the month, while the bowl of the spoon is more or less encumbered by flowers of that particular month. The names of the gifts and recipient may be engraved either on the underside of the handle or bowl. But the first place is preferable, as it leaves room on the bowl for one's favorite quotation, text or anything they may wish engraved.

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THE SEPTEMBER GIRL.

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

Bring home, little girls, and get ready for school. It is hard to leave the country, mountains, and seashore when pleasure is at the top notch, and belated summer travelers are just starting out to enjoy autumn glories in the Adirondacks and elsewhere. All the dainty organdies, dimities, and pretty sashes must be laid respectfully away. You are not alone. Sweet sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen must fold away her favorite ruffe and most frivolous gowns with the tender memory of a first flirtation. Take a long, lingering sigh, one and all; the school books must be dusted, and everybody settle down to work. If anything will soften the situation it is the pretty new school togs.

A suitable school frock for a girl of fourteen is of lightweight woolen material in blue. The skirt is made flat at the sides and front, and full in the back. The body is a blouse with a round blouse, shorter in the back and full at the waist. The front is flat with revers opening over a gump. The revers are pointed, faced with black plain de sole, and trimmed with points of braid like the blouse. The folded belt and collar are of black plain de sole. A little lace ruffe, a continuation

of the gump, falls over the collar. The sleeve is long, with scarcely any fullness at the top, fitting snugly below the elbow with a point over the hand. Epulettes of challs over shoulders give the necessary width.

A frock for a little girl in the kindergarten period of life is made with a short skirt entirely box-plated. The long-waisted blouse in the front is opened over a full waistband gathered and crossed with three bands of ribbon velvet running up and down. The sleeve is of one piece, with a small puff at the top, and finished at the wrist with a little turn-over cuff, trimmed with rows of ribbon velvet, the ends loose and tied in snappy little bows.

A very serviceable frock for a girl from eight to twelve is of Scotch plaid wool, which will greatly warm. The front and side seams are left open over quilles of taffeta glaze of the most pronounced shade in Scotch plaid. The body is a full, and is trimmed with four assorted platings of taffeta, showing the different colors in the Scotch plaid. The top has a yoke of finely platted silk, divided by rows of combed velvet crossing the platings. The high collar is a continuation, and trimmed with rows of velvet like the yoke. Tight sleeves have platings of taffeta and Scotch plaid falling over the top. The belt is of velvet. With this is worn a brown felt hat with large bow of Scotch plaid ribbon, with two

laces and patent leather slippers, which button around the ankle.

For studious and demure seventeen, a soft gray cashmere is most appropriate. This is made with a skirt about four yards wide, with no trimming except four deep tucks with four tucks forming shoulder straps and outlining the square at the neck. The gump is of mousseline de soie, and the collar is of corn color ribbon, with gathered lace and ribbon in the back. On the left side of the bodice there is a lace and mousseline ruffe, wide at the shoulder and finishing in a point at the waist under a rosette with ends of corn color ribbon. The folded belt is of black velvet. The sleeve is made entirely of deep tucks with a small puff caught up at the shoulder. Black stockings and patent leather shoes complete a costume rendered effective by its extreme simplicity.

For grown-up eighteen on the verge of the ballroom and her debut in society, an extra inch or two added to the length of skirt is the first concession made to the dignity of years. The gown is of light greenish blue cloth. The skirt consists of three deep bias flounces. The two lower ones even all around, and the top one long in front and much shorter in the back. These are trimmed with red braid, in Grecian pattern, on each flounce between two straight rows of narrow braid. The body is also braided at the top and cut off square to show full blouse of checked scarlet silk falling below. There is

A woman must be exceptionally graceful and more than usually good-looking to wear this trying combination with effect.

The spasmodic appearance of the old-fashioned double skirt in single imported gowns for some seasons past has met with a cool reception by the fashionable world at large, but the fashions on the other side of the Atlantic have been long and long suffering feminine public in the matter of fashions.

This autumn they will be sent forth in increased numbers, and with the firm intention of staying. With the woman who has sufficient strength of mind to recognize her physical disabilities, these innovations have nothing to do. As the lucky possessor of that extra sense known as "common," she will continue to choose first and foremost. And next in importance to have the general outlines and effect pretty much the same as other well-dressed women.

Anything that savors of estheticism or pose in dress is, in these enlightened days, in distinctly bad form, and should not be encouraged. For every twenty and there will be always a few impertinences of this nature may be overlooked, but if persisted in until more mature years it is to be deplored as an evidence of mental weakness and vanity gone to seed.

It would be an act of charity to prove to these misguided ones that old Father Time whacks all such a trifle harder for their esthetic posing. It is somewhat trying to listen to the discussion among the advocates of unconventional dress about "lines" and "lines."

All lines and no curves are apt to show up the feeble fugitive signs with unmerciful distinctness. What a mistake to suppose that a woman can't be conventional in dress and still retain her individuality. If she has any it will speak up plainly, no matter what her surroundings may be.

And there is no occasion to wear a sign, which calls out: "Come, look at me! and you will see a rare and radiant maiden!" etc., etc.

The question of overskirts is still in abeyance, despite the above discussion, which applies to ultra conventional ladies as well who will wear the latest fashions, even if it kills them. And when the leaves begin to turn doubtless we shall see the first of the advance guard. A little five-footer, staggering and wobbling along, accompanied in a voluminous double skirt and under full sail, looking up and chattering with her companion, a long, slim maiden approaching the six-foot mark, and deliberately saved in two by a full-blown reproduction of the old-fashioned overdrawn skirt. This is not an overdrawn propriety, and seems to call for language. Resurrection call for forcible language.

Thus it will be seen with these skimpy sleeves. Aren't they skimpy skimp? It begins to look as though we should even be deprived of those heavy precious and life-saving attachments—our puffs and epulettes. Nothing short of the extremes will satisfy these juggernauts, from vast billowous to skin-tight we are about to shrink. If we could only tarry between, the old clothes would last too long—and then what would become of the dressmakers and trade as well? That sounds sufficiently businesslike to make amends for any ramblings above from the fold. White and black gowns are still made in evidence, and over thread lace is extensively used in their trimmings. Made over taffeta linings in watermelon pink and cornflower blue, they are especially becoming.

For Saratoga, where bores, as well as beaux, are always de rigueur for driving, a striking addition to outdoor and chivalrous is one made entirely of American heavy muslin, with four long ends of ribbon the same shade in front. Each of these is finished with a large beauty rose and but with green leaf attached. French and irrepressible combinations for garden parties are a white skirt with bibouse and tassel made of nature, or of the same arrangement with orange blouse and white lace. Over the white silk skirt lining are deep Spanish flounces of coarse Gaxet tulle with little heading of the same, or white chamois over transparent say blue mousseline, and so on ad infinitum.

FOR BABY BUNTING.

Here is a statement of the smallest number of articles of dress required for a newborn infant, which, of course, can be increased. Twelve shirts, six coats each of pique and brilliant, six more of flannel, twelve card-collars, four underdresses of percale, four long robes of nainsook and

THE BOWSER TROUBLES.

That Seashore Hog Appears for the Last Time.

Evening had come at Shark Point and the Bowser seashore cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowser sat at their door and watched the setting sun gild the blue waves of the Atlantic. The glowing process hadn't been going on very long, however, when something occurred to shatter the romance. The lone hog, spoken of in former articles as playing an active part in the Bowsers' adventures, suddenly appeared after twenty-four hours' absence. He made his way up from the beach and came to a halt about twenty feet from the house to take a cool, calm survey. Mr. Bowser had been on edge for two hours, and Mrs. Bowser had been pursuing all kinds of tactics to prevent an outbreak. When she saw that hog she gave up all hope, folded her hands on her lap, and resigned herself to a miserable fate.

"By the great horn spoon, but there is that hog again!" growled Mr. Bowser, in tones that threatened danger.

"Yes, I see him," placidly replied Mrs. Bowser, as she turned back to the sunset.

"Durn his eyes, but there has been and what did he come back for? We came down here to the seashore to take comfort, and the first thing to greet us is a squat, shaggy, slab-shin-kneed old hog. I've felt a kind of sympathy for him up to this time, but now I'll be hanged if I don't make him wish he'd never been born!"

"If I feed him he'll probably go away," said Mrs. Bowser.

"I'll attend to the feeding process myself. I'll feed him with this board, and if I don't knock him down by the middle of next week then I'm a goner. Get out of the way while I show this hog that he has reached the dead line at last!"

Mrs. Bowser entered the house, and Mr. Bowser picked up the board and bravely advanced upon the hog. The seashore sun still continued to triple-plate several square miles of the rolling deep, but he wasn't looking for the beautiful sun then. The hog held his head on one side, and cocked an eye at Mr. Bowser. He realized that a mortal combat was on foot, and he tried his tail and changed his teeth a defiance. Mr. Bowser drew softly nearer and nearer, with the board held above his head to strike, and of a sudden he jumped in with the exclamation:

"Table that, will you—and that—and here's another!"

Then it was the hog's turn. With a grunt and a squeal he dashed forward, and for the next sixty seconds Mrs. Bowser held her hand upon her beating heart and peered through the flying sand in a vain endeavor to make out what was on top. Mr. Bowser will never have a clear recollection of that struggle. He dimly remembers that he suddenly lost his footing on this terrestrial globe—that he went down in a heap—was rolled over and over—suddenly found himself inside the door, with Mrs. Bowser screaming and life-saving attachments—our puffs and epulettes. Nothing short of the extremes will satisfy these juggernauts, from vast billowous to skin-tight we are about to shrink. If we could only tarry between, the old clothes would last too long—and then what would become of the dressmakers and trade as well? That sounds sufficiently businesslike to make amends for any ramblings above from the fold. White and black gowns are still made in evidence, and over thread lace is extensively used in their trimmings. Made over taffeta linings in watermelon pink and cornflower blue, they are especially becoming.

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GOING TO SCHOOL.

of the gump, falls over the collar. The sleeve is cut on the bias, and a little rufflet at the top. Round revers finish the sleeve at the wrist.

A little more dressy, but not a bit too fine for our girls nowadays, is a silk and wool striped French chailli. The skirt is made with a box-plated effect in front, with little crescent patterns in black combed velvet ribbon down the sides. The body is a blouse, opening over a gump of the same material as the skirt, and is fastened with little ribbon bows down the front. The large square revers are made of white challs or serge, trimmed with two rows of combed velvet crossed at the ends. The folded belt and high collar are of peau de sole. The little tabs of white challs,

feathers falling on either side from the center.

Known stockings and high-buttoned boots with brown cloth tops have patent leather boxings. For a little maid from eight to ten years of age a dainty little house frock is of pale blue and white striped silk and wool, medium full, plain skirt. The round, baby waistcoat square at the neck and opens over a tucked batiste gump. A large embroidered batiste collar outlines the opening and a cute little turn-over collar of the same is worn at the neck. The sleeve is quite snug to above the elbow and ends in a small puff. A blue satin ribbon is tied around the waist with three-cornered bow and ends at the left side. With this are worn black stock-

a giraffe effect at the waist in front and a basque in the back. Folded collar is of scarlet silk, with gathered ends. The sleeve is cut in one piece tight, fitting with small puff at the top and finished with braid at the bottom.

Blosses of net, chiffons or lace are most effective as well as economical, made to wear with separate under-bodies of colored silk. Cherry, apple-green and deep rose are all equally desirable and equally becoming to the average complexion. The fortunate possessor of a pretty arm is apt to have these under-bodies made without sleeves, and nobody blames her.

The majority of women think with regret of the almost certain return of the over-skirt, and the advent of even tighter sleeves

four of muslin, six pairs of woolen socks and six pairs of woolen boots.

Two bath wrappers, either of flannel or of sponge toweling, six muslin flannels, cut in triangle and trimmed with narrow lace.

Six woolsen napkins and six of white pique, six of a finer quality, four dozen slippers, with separate under-bodies for night wear. Lastly, eight small squares of sponge toweling.

Besides the above, must be added the christening robe of muslin, with pelisse and hood, and the pass-corridor, a kind of flannel cap, a cradle for the sleeping infant, the dressing basket, sheets and pillow for the cradle, the knitted counterpane and coverlets of white pique.

The hog fully realized that he had awakened a desperate man in Mr. Bowser, and Mrs. Bowser, who had fully determined that death alone could compensate him for the indignities he had undergone. With a mad thirst for vengeance he pursued at the top of his speed, and at intervals a resounding crack and a squeal proved that he was getting in his work. By and by the fugitive hog made off to the beach, but the Bowser family followed over at his heels through the gloaming. Pursued and pursued faded out Mrs. Bowser's sight, and by and by she could no longer hear the whacks and squeals. It was an hour before Mr. Bowser came upon the trail of his wife and looked at her for five minutes, and no word was spoken. Then she queried:

"Well?"

"He is down—up there about five miles!" replied Mr. Bowser. "I ran him down and left him a corpse on the sands. No hog on the face of the earth can upset and call me around and live to brag of it. Now, then, women, have you got any other little assassination game to play on your husband to gratify your spite? If so, traitor out right here and now!"

Mrs. Bowser made no reply. She realized that any reply she could make, even if it had creases and snags upon it, would only be a record for Mr. Bowser. She therefore maintained a discreet silence, and the evening grew into night and the gilding faded away.

NOTE: Mr. Bowser is a great hand to sick, especially when he is in the wrong, but he is getting rather weary of the seashore business, and is wondering how he can get out of it and save his dignity at the same time.

The Gloveless Girl.

The world to move—especially the feminine world. To be seen on the streets without gloves has from time immemorial been considered a flagrant breach against the unwritten law of good taste; but now with the coming of the bicycle and the sensible rainy-day dress, we have changed about, and milady walks fearless abroad during the hot summer months as guiltless of hand-covering as her husband or her brother.

Yes, for the nonce, the glove has retired into innocuous obscurity—such is the case and master are temporarily discarded; and white hands are everywhere in evidence, in street car, in shops, in crowded thoroughfares, as well as on boardwalks and secluded country roads.

Nor do these advanced ones descend to the subtleties of carrying a pair of cradled and soiled gloves in their hands as a sort of sop to the Cerberus of propriety. No, indeed, white hands and pink nails are nothing to be ashamed of, and so the up-to-date woman glories in her temporary "manipulation from gloves," and saves enough pin money thereby to buy a pair of sandals to the uninitiated, for gloves would ever true she feels inclined so to refresh her inner woman!—Philadelphia Record.

THE VERY LATEST.

New York, Aug. 28.—The latest in stockings are of cotton, woven in imitation of lace or silk. They are to be had in all the newest colors and patterns, and are almost, if not quite, as expensive as the goods they imitate. The reason of their being in comfort, not the lessening of expense. It seems that so great has been the recent complaint among women of their feet that the makers and sellers of shoes began an investigation as to the cause of the trouble. Finding it was hole or silk stockings, both of which they proved drew the feet, and falling in "heavenly effort" to save their customers from wearing them, they conferred with inventors. The result is a cotton stocking as beautifully fine and soft as those made of lace or silk, and without the disagreeable quality.

The newest gloves are of suede, in four and six button lengths, and have delicate floral designs embroidered on the back. The new color is a beautiful, lovely shade of pink-purple; etrian blue, a shade little deeper than bird's-eye blue, and a new shade of apple-green, as yet unnamed.

The floral design on the back, which takes the place of the old-fashioned machine stitching, consists of delicate vine and sprays, with foliage and flowers. This embroidery is so delicately done as to be almost as inconspicuous as the former stitching. It is always in black, or the same color as the gloves. It is proposed that later in the season the patterns will become more elaborate, especially for evening gloves.

The latest arrangement for the neck is a

PURELY COMPARATIVE.

(He has met her three days before at the seashore. They are still there.)

She—But I have only known you for a few days.

He—What difference does that make? There are some souls that act upon each other like magnets—they come together in no time.

She—True. Still there is the material, the practical side.

He—Ah, am I not aware of that? You are not, then (profoundly, evidently acquainted with my circumstances).

She—How would it be?

He—Certainly not. And you show yourself to be a sensible girl not to be led precipitately into an untimely alliance.

She—I was afraid, dear, that you might think me too practical, too sordid, perhaps.

He—Not a bit. Such qualities go to make the best wives. Listen, my darling, how would you like to go to Europe on a wedding trip?

She—I think I should like that.

He—And when we return, would a nice little house in town—say, in the fifties—suit you?

She—That would be charming.

He—Of course, only during the winter. In the summer we could have our country home, or else travel. Are you fond of horses?

She—Passionately.

He—And diamonds?

She—Oh, yes.

He—And other precious stones?

She—Indeed, yes.

He—Then I see no reason why I should not make you happy. Tell me, darling, what is your answer?

She (hesitatingly)—Can you not wait until tomorrow?

He—You forget, dearest, that I am going back to town tonight.

She—But if you could stay until tomorrow.

He—But why is it impossible?

She—Because my heart's darling, if I stayed at this hotel another day I would have to overdraw my salary for another three weeks.—Harper's Bazar.

Unintentional Retreat.

Neil—Did you hear that Mamie went back on Harry?

Belle—Is that so?

Neil—Yes; they were going uphill on their tandem, and she lost her pedala.—Philadelphia Record.