

The Fashionable Streets of New York Pleas at Day

What the Debutantes Are Wearing and How the Women of Fashion Are Dressing on the Street. Gowns Worn by Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, Miss Deacon, Miss Iselin, Miss Fish and Other Great and Fashionable Catches of Society.

BY AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The Duchess of Marlborough has been visiting in a remarkably pretty suit. It is quite an English visiting gown, and in texture, color, style and general adaptability it is as neat a garment as one would want to see.

The color of this gown, while not original, is very well suited to its mission. It is a navy blue, rather bright in tone, though not as brilliant as royal blue, and the material with which it is trimmed is a dull green. So, in a gown of navy blue serge suiting, trimmed with dull green broadcloth, the American duchess, the prettiest of all the titled American women and the most romantic and attractive in every way, has been paying her calls in her native land. The gown is her ideal, one in which she wants to have her friends see her.

When Mrs. Clarence Mackay came to town the other day from Long Island she wore a dress which was as charming as any that has been seen recently. It was in a deep shade of purple broadcloth, and its trimmings consisted of tiny pipings of lavender. The suit was made in the fashionable new style, which shows the three-quarter coat very tight-fitting and snug all the way from the neck to the foot. This new long, tight-fitting garment is of the coat variety, for it is made with coat sleeves, snug shoulders, trimmed waist and tight-fitting hips. It is stitched all around the neck and the sleeves, and its outer edge was what is called a tailored finish. It is a good coat for either the society woman or the working girl.

If you are building a suit these days for winter why, you cannot do better than select a tight-fitting mode. The long, loose cloak is fashionable, but, on the other hand, the tight fitting one is equally so; and, as for the appropriateness of the two for every-day wear, there is no question at all. The three-quarter tight-fitting coat can be worn on almost any occasion, while the loose cloak is, entirely too dressy for every-day wear. Between the two there is something that compromises in the shape of a coat which fits very tightly in the back and across the shoulders, while it hangs rather loose in the front, something like a straight-fronted English coat.

What the Debutantes Wear.

The debutantes of the season are extremely smart and the accusation has been made of them that they are out-dressing their elders. Miss Deacon, the beautiful Newport girl, whose sister, Gladys Deacon, has attracted a great deal of attention abroad, appeared in town the other day in a tight-fitting black broadcloth, the very neatest any one could possibly hope to see. It was as snug as a riding habit and as devoid of spare material. It fitted her right down to the ground, as the saying is; and as she walked there was a curious willowy appearance as though she were very much taller than she really is.

Another debutante, Miss Cynthia Burke Roche, has been in town dressed in a tight-fitting tailor-made. Miss Burke Roche affects brown a great deal and her new suit is a very pretty golden brown of the new tint, which is a deep Italian gold, rather dull and in certain lights almost bronze. Her suit is made with immensely wide shoulders and high puffed sleeves, which look as though there was crinoline in them. The cuffs are embroidered ones, being composed of exquisite Japanese embroidery, done by hand upon mandarin silk in many colors. There is a wide turnover collar of the same description, with pointed lapels to match. With this there is worn a narrow leather girdle, fastened in front with a Japanese clasp.

Another very handsome costume is worn by Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, the newest debutante of the family and the greatest catch in society. Miss Vanderbilt is wearing an immensely chic black costume, black from head to foot, with only a tiny suggestion of white in the piping and the white buttons, which, by the way, are covered button molds all embroidered by hand. When the coat is unbuttoned and thrown back there is disclosed a very handsome white satin vest, with an embroidery of raised black flowers. This very neat costume, which is called a trotting suit, can be seen al-

most any afternoon on upper Fifth avenue, as its pretty wearer goes out for her constitutional.

There are in New York this year nine other interesting debutantes, and to watch their costumes and not their progress along fashion lines is one of the most fascinating of studies.

Handsome Original Gowns.

Miss Fish wore the other day a dress which from a distance looked precisely

like a Japanese kimono. As you drew near her you saw, however, that it was a street suit made in the very latest European design. The material, which

was a very beautiful flowered Japanese silk, was cut severely plain. There was a tight-fitting bodice with wide sleeves, and around the waist there was a wide

ORCHID COLORED CLOTH COAT WITH DUTCH SLEEVES; MINK FUR; BROWN HAT

CASHMERE GOWN TRIMMED WITH SKAPES

DelMue



ROUND VELVET TUBEKIN



tumes, the empire suit. If you want to wear an empire cloak be sure that underneath it you have on a tight-fitting frock. The empire cloak does not look well over a loose dress. It should be worn over something which is as snug as wax. Then, and then only, will it be pretty.

They are making gowns especially to wear under the empire dress, and one of the prettiest of these is a perfectly plain black tailor-made dress, tight fitting as to the waist and with a snug skirt. The foot flare is not very pronounced and the gown is from head to foot as scant as the present fashion will permit. Over this there is worn the long, full empire cloak, with its high waist, its full shirring, its immense girdle and its voluminous cloak.

The empire cloak will come in handy for automobiling, for walking, for the opera and for calling. In fact, there is scarcely any occasion where it cannot be worn, though it is most appropriate for evening and for carriage wear.

Few women care to go shopping in a short-waisted, loose, shirred coat, with flying skirts, yet there are those who do affect this style.

Touches That Give Novelty.

Many of the new gowns are made without cuffs and these, as a rule, depend upon handsome stitching to finish the wrists. One very pretty dress was finished with a wide band of leather around the wrist. This was cut in what might be called flange work and there were a few embroidery stitches in it. Another very pretty gown had wide bands of silk around the hand, and still another was finished with a strapping of velvet. You can finish your sleeves in almost any way and still have them fashionable. It is difficult indeed to step out of the domain which Dame Fashion has laid out for herself.

the new gowns have invisible ruffles sewed on around the foot in such a way that they make the skirt set out; others depend entirely upon the flare of the petticoat.

"I am looking for a skirt with a picture flare," said a woman to a salesgirl in one of the large department stores the other day.

"I want a petticoat which flares like the skirt one sees in the pictures, but which one never sees in real life."

The salesgirl smiled. "You cannot buy such a petticoat," said she, "unless you are willing to pay \$40. The truth is that petticoats which flare around the foot are built almost entirely of ruffles which are set on, one right over the other, until there is a foot flare which absolutely compels the skirt to stand out. When the skirt is lifted, these petticoats cascade around the foot in charming arrays. Of course they should be dark and, if possible, should match the gown in color otherwise they will not be in good taste."

It is very interesting to study the shop windows these days, for not only are they beautiful but they are in good taste as well. In one handsome department store are six model gowns standing in the front window. All were cut along the general style yet differed in important details. The colors were in deep red, navy blue, old brown and the bright shade of red which is a little lighter than cardinal.

Inclined to Be Quiet.

As a background to the different reds and browns, there are the varying shades of blue, which range all the way up as light as Alice blue. These dresses were, for the most part, cut with three-quarter cloak, tight fitting at the belt line and buttoned all the way down the front with handsome buttons. Underneath, at the neck, one could catch a glimpse of a handsome shirt waist. Below there was a skirt quite plain in its finishings, yet full around the foot and trimmed perhaps with braid or with narrow silk.

"There is nothing very conspicuous about the new street dress," said a modiste, handling the handsome stock which she had just unpacked, "and if you will notice my Paris importations you will see that they are devoid of eccentricity. Except for the empire styles there is nothing new this fall, and if you look at the empire dresses you see that even they are not absolutely novel. They are slightly different from the dresses of last year, but not sufficiently so to make a great change."

Women who are wearing last year's gowns this year—and a great many can plead guilty to this charge—find that they can remodel the dress of last season without a great deal of trouble. If they will change the high girdle around the waist and will alter the neck so that it is round and flat, and if they will flatten the skirt around the hips and make it full around the foot, they will come out with such carelessness.

The plaid suits and the checks are to be very popular, but they should be worn with much discretion. They look well on small slender figures, but are abominable where one is large and full in the belt line. English women wear these suits for the street because they defy the fog, but in a pleasant land they are best worn with discretion and selected with care. You can so easily go astray on a check or a plaid.

Miss Roosevelt in the Far East.

A lady from the Far East, thus describes a visit of the Taft expedition: "The entire party, dressed in navy blue, called upon one of the high officials of the Orient and remained for dinner. Their gowns were selected with an evident eye to color without too much restraint. They showed the various dark shades of blue relieved by pipings and other trimmings in red, white and green. One dress was particularly smart. It was worn by one of Secretary Taft's immediate party, a woman of small stature and little figure. The coat was cut in pajama shape, loose and trimmed with bands of burnt leather, very thin and decorated at each edge with pipings of silk. The skirt waist was in tan and there were lovely Oriental trimmings upon it."

How delightful it is that the Persian trimmings will remain in vogue. It is so very difficult to find anything that acts as a substitute for them. Try as you will, you cannot equal the Oriental materials in color.

Said a manufacturer: "It is true that most of the Persian trimmings are made in this country, yet we are willing to give credit to the Orientals for originality and for design. We cannot invent anything which comes up to their color scheme, prepare apparently with such carelessness, yet really so elaborately and painstakingly. We who get up the stuffs for women are only too happy to have the lovely Persian materials upon which to draw for designs and color schemes."

"We are making more Persian bands than ever this year. Though they bear various names they are easily traceable to Persian designs. We have buttons this season and many other things which have the touch of Orientalism upon them. But in our case we combine them with durability and utility. They are not frail and they can be easily cleaned, which is a great thing in their favor."

Don't fail to look at the new trimmings when you are buying materials for your fall gown. True, you can make up a fall dress with no trimmings at all. But it will be the prettier by far if you trim it a little unless there are reasons for not doing so. Handsome velvet gowns are better untrimmed. Even when it comes to a cloth of moderate price it is better to give it an air of distinction by some well-selected trimming.

CAPTURE OF A CRUSTY UNCLE

MISS KENT stood in the hospital doorway and repented of her folly.

Six months before she had resigned a position as under nurse in a New York hospital for that of superintendent of head nurse in a hospital in the heart of West Virginia's mining district.

The deadly monotony was getting on Marion Kent's nerves. At St. Paul's there had been no monotony.

The surest cure for Miss Kent's present mental condition was work, activity, and a patient who was at least interesting. She felt a wild inclination to go into the convalescent ward and stir up the men, stolidly sleeping even before the night.

At this same moment she glanced down the road which led from the railway station and saw that the superintendent's car, attached to the construction train engine, was slowing up by the water tank. A cot was carried out of the car and four bearers brought out a limp figure swathed in a blanket. Another typhoid patient, no doubt, probably a little worse than ordinary or the special would not have been called into service.

She was further surprised a few moments later to find herself greeting the superintendent of the mining company.

"I want you to give this case particular care. He is young Jack Stanton, nephew of Mr. Grimm, president of our company. It is the same old story of typhoid, and, though I warned Mr. Grimm that it would come, I feel responsible for the boy. Give him the best nurse you have and as much of your own time as you can spare."

"You call him a boy?" said Miss Kent. "Yes, he is only eighteen. Between ourselves, Grimm claims the youngster has made him a lot of trouble. He didn't like school, and so Grimm sent him down here to learn the coal and coke business from the beginning. You'll find him rather a decent sort of patient, and for heaven's sake don't let anything happen

to him. Grimm seemed glad enough to ship the boy on to me, but just the same, I don't imagine he will be any too gentle with me if anything goes wrong."

Ten minutes later Marion Kent was in the private ward in which young Stanton had been placed. He had just received a cooling sponge bath and he looked at her with eyes that shone with something beside fever. "My, but that felt good, and it is awfully jolly, don't you know, to see a woman's face again."

Miss Kent turned up the lamp a trifle and bent over her new patient. It seemed to her that she had never looked into so marvelous brown eyes—eyes that could twinkle and dance and hide the deepest and tenderest of feelings. She glanced from them to the boyish features. Stanton lifted his hand weakly and felt of his chin.

"I wanted 'em to give me a shave before they brought me down. I knew I would give you women an awful start. I look so like a tramp."

Here was novelty with a vengeance—a patient who cared how he looked in the presence of the nurses. She felt Miss Kent sat down beside him. She felt somehow as if she ought to address him as a willful boy.

"You know, this is sort of a low fever you have, and you'll get very tired of it, and of us—"

"No; of you, you bet. Say, did you ever sleep on the hard side of a straw tick?"

Miss Kent shook her head and continued her little moral lecture. "I just want you to realize that while you don't feel very sick, you're liable to be a good deal worse if you are not a good patient."

And Miss Kent did watch him closely, more as a psychological study than as a patient. Without asking questions, bit by bit she pieced together the history of his boyhood. She saw the business-like, uncompromising attitude of his uncle, to whom the boy had been left as a legacy by his dying mother. The wealthy bachelor had given freely of his money, but not of his sympathy. He had made no effort to understand the boy, to establish intimate relations with him. If teachers and

tutors had said that the boy was lazy or indifferent, he had accepted the criticism without question. She was morally certain he had never looked into those luminous brown eyes and read the truth.

On the fifth day after he arrived at the hospital she received a letter: "Dear Madam—Mr. Grimm has received word that his nephew, John Stanton, is confined to your hospital with typhoid fever. He requests that you spare no expense to make him comfortable and to bring about his ultimate recovery. Kindly render a weekly statement to Mr. Grimm and notify him if we can ship anything that will make John more comfortable or that will expedite his recovery."

The signature was the name of Mr. Grimm's secretary.

Miss Kent laid down the letter and frowned at an engraving of Esculapius which hung over her desk. She could see the man of business, in his richly appointed office, turning from his telephone long enough to give the secretary some curt directions. She could also see—and the memory of that sight brought a queer choking sensation in her throat—Jack Stanton's eager face each day when the mail was being distributed.

"Any line from the governor?"

Marion Kent gave the mail to another nurse to distribute, and then she sat down to her desk. It took her a long time to frame the letter she had decided to write. She wrote it in lead pencil, erasing and interlining, and then copied it. She set the stamp upon the envelope with a triumphant uplifting of her head. Something told her that this letter would make Henry Grimm, bachelor, think.

It did. When he had read it the first time he shoved back his chair from his rich mahogany desk and stared through the window, where the joyous spring sunlight was dancing on the roofs of the skyscrapers. It seemed as if a sudden, new light had flooded the eye in which Henry Grimm had been content at the game of making money, and more money. He read the

letter again. Then he laid it down and leaned back in his chair. It was a womanly letter, but it carried a certain force of character in every gentle phrase. And after reading it the third time Henry Grimm wrote to his nephew. He did not even dictate the letter to his secretary, but wrote it longhand.

Oddly enough, at the same hour, the very next morning, he found himself at the same task. The answers to these letters came in her handwriting, but they bubbled over with the boyish expressions of the patient to whom the mail hour was now the happiest of the day.

Then the tenor of the letters changed. There were only daily reports from Miss Kent, setting forth the trifling variations of temperature and respirations. Young Stanton was wandering in the land of delirium.

It was only natural that Miss Kent should write a few words of comfort to the now anxious man, and equally natural that he should watch for these daily crumbs of comfort, but his secretary was amazed when the man of affairs suddenly announced that he was going South. Miss Kent had written that they expected the crisis in forty-eight hours.

Mr. Grimm leaned back in the chair of the parlor car and closed his eyes. "Of course he will get well. He's been keeping up this gait ever since his first degree of measles. It is foolish me to expect the crisis in forty-eight hours. Inconsequently?" "If I wager she's forty-five and wears corkscrew curls."

Young Stanton had been carried out on the convalescent porch. He was waiting for his uncle, who had gone down to White Sulphur Spring for the week's stay. "I say, governor," he said, when Mr. Grimm had finished his account of his trip. "Don't you think we could fix it so that Miss Kent could have a little vacation. I think we could fix it on the score that I need her to take care of me on the trip."

Henry Grimm looked up at the mountains. They were calm and steadfast—like Marion Kent. He rose suddenly. "Yes, I will ask her now. I think I need her myself."

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THE NEW MOTOR COAT.

flat girdle and the skirt was very tight as to the hips, while around the foot there was a wide flare. There was no trimming whatever, with the exception of a deep band of dull silk around the foot. This might have been called a trotting costume, for it was distinctly for the street.

Another handsome gown was worn by Miss Iselin, the beautiful debutante of the C. Oliver Iselin family. This dress, which was built in deep red lady's cloth, was made with three ruffles around the skirt, all of the same depth and none of them very full. The skirt, which was of walking length, had a perfectly plain front panel, while around the waist there was clasped one of the high empire girdles. The bodice was a tight-fitting one, finished with puffed sleeves and wide cuffs and collar. It was a trying dress and one which in the hands of a poor dressmaker would have been a complete failure.

Several of the debutantes were out the other day in that most trying of all cos-