

In Touch With Fashion

What the Smartest Dressmakers Are Now Displaying—Hints That May Help the Undecided

THE new fashions are directoire, says Paris, but directoire with a difference. The directoire styles we have all been used to during the past seasons were feminine directoire fashions—now the masculine directoire modes are to have their turn. And if ever modishness was the mode for masculinity, it was, in the elegant directoire days when every chap under his dog tag was a dandy—and some old fellows in the dog tag age, too. These gay dogs, if you please, affected silk stockings, and starched sleeve and neck frills, and perfumed coiffures. They were as fastidious about their cosmetics as any belle of today, and at the same time they could handle a sword and swallow a round of toasts in a way that proved them anything but effeminate.

The directoire dandy wore an oddly cut coat, which was somewhat like the modern dress coat extremely exaggerated. This coat had a sharply cutaway effect in front and tremendously long tails at the back, a high, turned-down collar, huge revers, and long, snugly fitting sleeves. Filmy frills escaped from the sleeves and foamed down the front of a lively waistcoat, between the big coat revers. It is these dandified coats of the late seventeenth-hundreds that have formed the inspiration for women's tailored wear this season. The coat-tails, the cutaway fronts, the gay vest, the frills, the fanciful revers are all here, and coats are built in contrasting color and material to suggest the directoire dandy's cloth coat and satin breeches. Half of the new tailored wear for fall—hailing from Paris—shows the coat and skirt of contrasting fabrics, and the broadcloth coat with a velvet or satin skirt is seen as frequently as the velvet coat with a skirt of cloth or silk. Smooth finished materials are in high favor, and though rough chevrons, wide veiled serges and homespuns will undoubtedly be used, troutout suits and coats, the silky broadcloths, very soft, chiffon velvets, faille silks and poplin weaves will be favored for dressy costumes. A mixed weave of worsted with mohair threads, called in Paris a permo weave, is particularly well liked because of its lustrous, silky texture, and this permo fabric comes in all the subdued, hard-to-describe colorings in which the French couturiers delight. A taupe shade and a deep mulberry shade are perhaps the most distinctive.

Grays in Favor.

Grays continue in the pronounced favor accorded them this summer, and many of the women who wore nothing but black and white combinations last season are now taking up their grays. It is a wise woman who—electing to dress in gray for a season—selects one particular shade of gray and keeps to it. There are dozens of shades and gradations of shade in the grays; there are blue-grays, mauve-grays, pink-grays; taupe, smoke and elephant grays, and one gray can clash with another with as grating an effect as pink and orange or any other outrageous color combination.

Two striking features of Paris fashions for fall are the prevalence of pleats and the full-length sleeve. The elbow sleeve has passed with the high waistline—which is now relegated to the limbo of passe fashions. All belts are at the waistline normal; and some of the coat effects even drop below this point; and to make sure that nobody shall mistake the fact that a normal waistline is now the mode, fashion has decreed that all waists shall be emphasized by a girle, belt or sash of one sort or another. This is again a memory of the directoire dandy, whose sash, if his costume was military, was a very ornamental part thereof.

Sleeves are not only long, but they are snug. They cover the forearm and even the wrist in all coats, frocks and blouses intended for day-wear. Elbow sleeves in the form of loose, lace draperies are noted on some of the new evening frocks, but the bare forearm is not considered de rigueur during the morning or afternoon—unless with an informal at-home costume. Many of the sleeves have a most eccentric and fanciful cut, and frills falling from the lower edge and to their length. Cuffs are enormously modish and the fashionable cuff may be a mere band, or a deep affair, slashed, notched and garnished with many buttons and buttonhole loops. In fact, buttons are the style fetish of the fall season. No good luck can come to a costume which does not boast buttons in some part of its make-up, and one may pay as much for one's buttons as for the material of one's gown. New buttons made of silk braid are very fashionable on tailored coats and skirts of broadcloth, and these braid buttons are used also on silk and velvet costumes with good effect.

Machine Plait Everything.

Buttons and sleeves have rather sidetracked the Scribe from the subjects of plait—a most vitally significant issue just now; for it is the plait

that is going to work a transformation in the silhouette, though the change will probably be so gradual that no body will realize that skirt lines have completely changed until the metamorphosis has been wrought. Everything is plaited—in one way or another—and we are seeing again the old, old-fashioned knife plaits, tacked together on the under side with lengths of tape so that they may not spread apart. There are, among the new Paris models for autumn, skirts plaited all around at the top, in narrow knife-plaiting, yet so trimly held in place by rows of these confining tapes that the measurement at knees and foot does not exceed the prescribed two yards or so, and the silhouette is as slim and narrow as fashion still demands. Machine-plaited skirts are at the pinnacle of the mode. This machine plaiting—or accordion plaiting, as it is sometimes called—is put into even velvet and broadcloth fabrics, though, of course, the best effects are produced with satin, heavy silk or the soft, lustrous permo fabrics above referred to. When the whole skirt or part of it in panels or drapery, is not plaited, there is apt to be some trimming in the form of plaited quillings—or narrow bands of knife-plaiting stitched about half an inch inside either edge. A very smart coat designed by Mme. Paquin for her own use is of navy blue faille silk with yards and yards of this quilled plaiting, or plaited plaiting—which ever one chooses—in trimming bands. Pippings made of tiny plaitings stand up from every seam.

Watteau plaits and paniers are being used with discretion by many of the couturiers, to give a touch of grace and picturesqueness to fall models. The Watteau plait is noted even on tailored coats, and it appears constantly on handsome wraps for evening wear. The panier is a much chastened and subdued modification of the impertinent puffed-out affair which heralded the arrival of this fashion last spring, and many of the looped and draped paniers on fall



frocks are exquisitely graceful. Skirts remain narrow at the foot, all the width being introduced in plaitings and long, clinging draperies which do not interfere with the slim silhouette. There seems a tendency to make skirts a bit longer, though footwear is as coquettish and fetching as ever. The new boots for fall have patent leather or dull kid vamps and buttoned tops of dull kid, ox or cloth. The very aristocratic boot is as long and slender in line as it can be and fits its wearer daintily. Anything like a stubby effect is considered cheap and common, and the slender, aristocratic foot has the day.

Shantung Costume. Shantung in a soft shade is used for the costume shown. The skirt is trimmed with a band of natural color, this is hemmed at lower edge, and sewn to the skirt by the upper.

The smart short-waisted coat has a plain basque set to bodice by a wrapped seam; the collar and turn-up cuffs are faced with natural color to within about an inch of the edge. Hat covered with natural color shantung and trimmed with a dark green shaded feather.

Materials required five and one-half yards 34 inches wide, one yard natural color same width, six buttons.

The average woman can do more with a hairpin in the way of manufacturing history than a man can with a canal boat and a pair of mules.

NEEDS GREAT COURAGE

PERILS FACED BY RAILROAD BUILDERS IN ALASKA.

Storms, Glaciers and Mud Are Some of the Difficulties Which Are Overcome in the Far North.

The building of the Copper River railway in Alaska is something new in the record even of pioneer construction. The road goes into the heart of a region where "living" glaciers discharge millions of tons of ice a day and where, according to a writer in the Overland Monthly, the builders of the line are laying off the permanent roadbed itself on ice.

There are several thousand square miles of glaciers still in Alaska. If the walking were good enough one could tramp northward from the sea 500 miles without leaving the ice and could branch off on side trips of several hundred miles in various directions with ice always under foot. But it isn't the ice, at least not as ice, that has made the task of the railroad builders so hazardous. Every summer masses of the glaciers break off so that they are rapidly retreating. But that only makes conditions worse for the men who are fighting their way across this remnant of a frozen age. For not only is the ice reduced from a fairly permanent to a most unstable and dangerous material by the summer warmth but the land is reduced by water to its least navigable condition.

The pushing of the railroad over the Copper river flats involved enough dogged courage to supply a dozen books of old-fashioned romance. These soft, shifting silt beds, with their innumerable river channels and quicksands, are impassable in summer to either man or beast. This was winter work.

There were twenty miles of storm swept flats, covered with eight or ten feet of snow, alternately flooded with water and frozen solid. Over or through this it was necessary to move not only men and horses but hundreds of tons of supplies, timbers and pile drivers. Sometimes rails were laid on brush piled on the snow. In other places ten feet of snow was shoveled away for track laying.

As spring broke the flats became a lake of slush and water and still the work went forward. The moving of supplies ahead of track laying became increasingly difficult with warm weather. To get in horses, for instance, scows just large enough to hold one animal were built and towed by launch across the river channels.

Long lines were then attached and the loaded scows towed by force of main strength over the soft mud and quicksand where men could hardly find foothold and horses would hopelessly mire. A mile an hour was often good average time for this traveling, even with a big crew of every horse, and it went on hour after hour and day after day.

But this was all below the glaciers. At the three-mile fall of Miles glacier the river is contracted within a deep narrow channel. Hour after hour through the summer this glacier discharges bergs into the stream, making a wash that climbs a hundred feet up the opposite bank. Nothing can stand before it.

Just above Miles glacier the river makes a sharp double turn and on the other side meets another great discharging glacier. Between these two ice cliffs the railroad runs. The problems involved are unique in railroad construction. Where the river is bridged between the glaciers the channel is 1,500 feet wide, and piers must be set that would withstand the pounding of the enormous bergs from Childs besides the field ice which is in a fifteen-mile current often six feet deep.

These piers were built of solid concrete reinforced with heavy steel rails set a foot apart all around and they were carried sixty feet to bedrock. Their greatest horizontal dimension also is sixty feet. In addition the piers are protected by concrete breaks also sunk to bedrock and of unexampled solidity.

Just above the river at this point a long and rather high trestle was required, and in order to fulfill a contract this had to be built after winter had set in. With the thermometer around zero and a fifty to sixty-mile wind beating a heavy snowstorm almost horizontally the men worked on this trestle, while on the level the wind gathered snow and gravel into a frightful mixture and hurled it at the workers with terrific fury.

One hour was a long shift. Engines were stalled and had to be dug out. Shovelers sometimes could make no headway whatever against the flying drifts in digging out supplies. For days the wind blew more than eighty miles an hour and then no man could face it. Eighty miles of warm wind is too much for most people. At zero and well mixed with ice and gravel it is too much even for an Alaskan.

Useful Pincers.

Pincers patented by a California man include a hammer and punch on either side of the jaws, dividers at the ends of the handles and a gauge to set the dividers so that they may be used as calipers.

STOP CRUELTY TO TRUNKS

Railroad Brings Millennium Nearer by Supplying Cushion Upon Which Baggage May Drop Painlessly.

By devising a cushion upon which trunks may be dropped painlessly, the Cumberland railway in Pennsylvania almost persuades us that the millennium is at hand.

Thousands of summer tourists who affectionately kiss their trunks goodbye after strapping and roping them in eighteen directions will offer up a prayer that the Cumberland railway's plan may be universally adopted before another year rolls around.

The new cushion for the prevention of cruelty to baggage is made of pieces of airbrake hose mounted on ash strips. This mat can be dragged wherever a car is to be unloaded and affords a soft landing place for the precious trunk stuffed with milady's finery.

If some kind genius will only devise a pneumatic-cushioned truck upon which baggage can be loaded and will provide pads to be placed between the trunks when they are piled high as the tower of Babel in transfer stations a great strain will be taken off the nerves of travelers.

Baggage-smashing is the most cruel of trades. The butcher isn't half as brutal in his methods as the baggage-man. Here's success to the Cumberland railway official who is trying to save passengers from the awful sounds which the baggage hustlers produce every time a carload of trunks is turned over to them.

MEN'S BRAINS ARE AT FAULT

Railroad Official Declares Human Feature Enters Into All Modern Train Wrecks.

"No matter how perfect the mechanical department of a railroad and how strict the rules and regulations given the men, it is impossible to get away from the fact that we have always to depend on the brain of one man. It is the engineer in the cab." This was the statement of George A. Cullen, general traffic manager of the Lackawanna, after hours of effort in trying to place the blame for the disaster near Corning, in which forty-two persons were killed. "Railroad men have studied this problem for years," he went on, "and always we come to the same question: Is there any other means than human agency that will protect perfectly the lives of those entrusted to our care? No, there must be the human mind—the man. In every accident it is some human mechanism that is at fault, some brain forgot or neglected to work at the proper time. The steel and wire mechanism is never at fault. That was the case in this terrible catastrophe. Our signals worked perfectly; all the men on the road performed their prescribed duty except one, and he says, in explanation, that he did not see the signals. He blamed the fog. He was the engineer of the express which telescoped the Buffalo Limited."

Lives the Longest.

What machine lives the longest? It would seem to be the railway engine. The state department of France, which is concerned with the management (or mismanagement) of railways, has found on the western railway fourteen locomotives which are as old as the line itself. They were built in 1864, when that portion of the railway between Rouen and Paris was in process of construction. Further, they are ascribed to the atelier of an English engineer named Budicon. The name does not appear English or Scotch. Still the work of the bearer remains, for those locomotives of the vintage of 1864 drag trains about the environs of Mans and Rouen today.—London Chronicle.

Queueless Chinese Demand Hats.

The wholesale cutting of queues, which was a consequence of the revolution in China, cooled the heads, at least in a literal sense, of the Chinese to such a degree that there arose an enormous and unprecedented demand for head covering. The native hat industry, being but little developed, was unable to keep up with the demand made by the shears, and Japan, where the industry is flourishing, was flooded with orders. The Japanese factories have been working night and day for months to fill the unexpected need of the new republicans.

Jumps Rails, Then Returns.

A remarkable railway accident occurred recently on the Nickel Plate system, near McComb, O. During the night a car in the westbound freight train jumped the track, was pulled along for a quarter of a mile, and then, on reaching a road crossing, took to the rails again in some unaccountable manner. All this occurred without the knowledge of the train men, and was not discovered until next day. All the bolts in the splice bars connecting the rails were cut by the wheels of the car for the entire distance, and one rail was broken.

Game for an Elizabethan Banquet.

Peacock pie, which figured at the Elizabethan banquet held to celebrate Midsummer day, is not a delicacy likely to tempt all epicures. Still, most of us would rather eat peacock than some of the other birds consumed by our forefathers. In the thirteenth century the heron, the crane, the crow, the stork, the cormorant and the bittern were considered excellent for the table. Yet the hare and the partridge were despised as food, and neither was ever served in the houses of the wealthy.

IN A CLASS BY HERSELF

Odd Position of French Woman Who Is Neither Spinster, Wife, Nor a Divorced Person.

According to French law, husband and wife who have been once divorced, and who, after due reflection, have found out that they can do no better for themselves, and have married each other a second time, cannot be divorced again. Sixteen years ago a gentleman who could not put up with the freaks of his wife sought and obtained a divorce, but after a year's reflection he forgave her, and they went again before the mayor. It was not long, however, before madame broke loose again, and tried the patience of her husband beyond endurance. He applied to the court for a remedy, but was told that all it could do for him was to pronounce a separation, although he would be always obliged to pay her alimony. He agreed, and years went on, and the lady also went on disgracing the name she still bore.

The man again repaired to the tribunal and said: "My wife, who is separated from me, but who is still my wife and whose husband I still am, continues dishonoring me. What am I to do?" to which the magistrates replied: "You must go on paying her her allowance, because she evidently has need of it, but we will forbid her to use your name." The woman now is in a position that has never been provided for by legislation. She is not divorced, and never can be, and neither she nor her husband can ever marry again. Yet she is more than separated, because she cannot use her husband's name. She comes under no category, being neither spinster, wife, nor divorced, and she stands for a class that may be termed the "semi-divorced."

NAMES OF VARIOUS CLOTHS

Chiefly Derived From Their Place of Manufacture, Though Not in All Cases.

Muslin is named from Mosul, a city on the banks of the Tigris; Cambric from Cambria, a town of France. Gauze is probably derived from Gaza in Syria, although some authorities hold to the Hindu "gazi," meaning thin cloth.

Balze, which is commonly thought of as being of green hue, was named from its original color, a reddish brown. The word is really the plural of "bay," and the color is that of the horse which is known as "bay." A form of the word is common in many tongues.

Damask, quite obviously, is derived from Damascus.

Silk and serge are both derived from the Latin Seres, meaning the Chinese. These fabrics were first imported from that portion of Asia which is now southern China.

Velvet is from the Italian velluto, meaning woolly, this from the Latin vellus, a fleece. Vellum is a derivative of the same root—a pelt or hide.

Bandanna is from the Indian word meaning to "bind or tie," and has reference to the manner of tying knots in the fabric to prevent the dye from reaching every part thereof. In this way spots are left white and a rude pattern remains in the cloth.

Alpaca comes from the animal of the same name in Peru. It is of the llama species and its wool is used to manufacture the fabric employed in the making of summer garments.

Calico got its name from Calicut, a town in India, once celebrated for its cotton cloth.

The Code Feminine.

As soon as Mrs. Granger was irritated past, Mr. Compton heard an faintly "There! I knew it!" from his wife, and turned to see what was the matter.

"She's just as provoked as she can be to think that Mrs. Lombard and I didn't ask her to go out with us to see the Williams baby!" said Mrs. Compton. "She thinks that it was on account of her having said that she didn't find three weeks' old babies very interesting, when of course she'd make an exception of Lena Williams' baby. But that wasn't the reason we didn't ask her; it was because we decided all in a hurry, and there was just time to catch the train. She's made up her mind she won't propose our names for the book club!"

"How do you know she thinks all these things?" inquired Mr. Compton. "My dear, didn't you see the way she bowed?" asked his wife in a pitying tone.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Compton. "I thought she gave a rather more pronounced bow than most women do, and smiled quite brilliantly."

"You dear thing," and Mrs. Compton patted his coat-sleeve, "of course she did! That's how I knew exactly what she was thinking."—Youth's Companion.

Index to Intoxication.

The late George B. Cluett believed profoundly in temperance.

Mr. Cluett, at a temperance dinner once said:

"In moonshine districts, where the whisky looks like water and is drunk like water, strange ideas prevail as to what intoxication really is."

"In a moonshine village, one Saturday afternoon, a man lay in the broiling sun in the middle of the road with an empty bottle by his side."

"He's drunk; lock him up," the sheriff said.

But a woman interposed hastily. "No he ain't drunk," she said. "I just seen his fingers move."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ABOUT THE TIPPING GAME

Drummer's Record Showing How He Was Always the Loser in the Proceedings.

"Arrived at mansion house 6:45 o'clock. House full. Drew back room over kitchen. Only one chair and one window. Bum bed. Bellhop moved chair twice, opened, then closed window as hint for tip. Next asked if I wanted anything else. Felt like kicking him out of the window, but gave him a dime. He didn't even say thank you," runs comment in the Commercial Travelers' Magazine.

"Washed and went down to office. 'Nother bellhop jumped for me with whisk broom. Chased me clear across office. Gave up a nickel. Hiked for hotel cafe. Supper slip, 95 cents. Got two halves and nickel back from \$2 bill. Left half and cussed myself for it. Hat rack boy outside brushed hat. Got nickel."

"Got shaved next. Barber glared at me; tipped him a dime. Brush boy grabbed my hat. Brushed it some more. Nickel again. Wrote orders and wife. Got chased with whisk broom hornet again. Stung for 'nother nick. Played pool two hours. Pool keeper kept glaring till I tipped him. 'Nother sting. Back to the office. Fresh whisk broom hornet got after me. Gave up 'nother nick."

"Went to bed. Got woke up 5:00 a. m. by rattle of garbage cans. Rang for hot water, boy who brought it asked twice if that was all I wanted. Got mad and told him no. I wanted to see him get kicked down seven flights of stairs, then up again, to cure his tipworker. Breakfast bill just 75 cents. Got quarter back only from dollar. Left it for tip. Paid bill \$2.50."

"When back for depot came three bellhops grabbed my things. One got grip, one sample case and third my coat. 'Nother chased me out with whisk broom. Was so mad by now didn't tip any of 'em. Heard 'em mutter 'tightwad' and 'darn skin' when I shut back the door myself. Footed up amount of tips for that one inning on way to depot. Just \$1.60! Darn this tip game, anyhow!"

SHE HAD MADE A MISTAKE

Questionable Commercial Transaction, However, in No Way Abashed the Old Lady.

Wherever buying and selling go on, there are those who do not scruple to take a little extra profit if it can be done secretly. The deed is not always carried off so boldly as in this amusing adventure related in Mrs. Phillimore's book of travel, "In the Carpathians."

The yellow horse—the Phillimore's journey was made in a peasant's cart drawn by a horse whose "skin was the color of honey when the sun shines on it," and driven by a romantic and elegant Pole, whose name was Milak—the yellow horse was preparing to shake the dust of Jostiska from his heels when an elderly Jewess detached herself from an excited crowd in the market-place and hurried toward the cart.

"My weight!" she demanded in a loud voice.

"What weight?" inquired Mr. Phillimore.

"In the sugar," replied the old lady. "What sugar?" queried Mr. Phillimore.

Milak came to the rescue. "I bought loaf sugar," he explained.

"The weight is in the sugar. I made a mistake," volunteered the aggressive lady with much wrath and no embarrassment. "Am I to wait all day?" she continued, impatient at the stupidity of these foreigners.

Guilelessly, Milak produced the bag of sugar. A more knowing villager offered a bowl, into which the old lady hastily dumped the sugar, disclosing in the bottom a brass weight of three or four ounces.

"That's it," she said, unblushingly. "I forgot to take it out," and hastily restoring the sugar to her customers, she turned and marched back to the market-place.—Youth's Companion.

The Nobel Prizes.

Alfred B. Nobel, inventor of dynamite, died in 1896, and bequeathed his fortune, estimated at \$9,000,000, to the foundation of a fund the interest of which should yearly be distributed to those who had most largely contributed to the "good of humanity." The interest is divided in five equal shares, given away, "One to the person who in the domain of physics has made the most important discovery or invention; one to the person making the most important chemical discovery; one to the person making the most important discovery in medicine or physiology; one to the person who provides the most excellent work of an idealistic tendency; and one to the person who has worked best for the fraternization of nations and the abolition or reduction of standing armies and the promotion of peace."

Rock-a-Bye-Baby.

Diggs—My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours—

Biggs—Get out!

Diggs—After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep.—Atlantic Advocate.

Sky View.

Wife—There go the Browns in their new monoplane!

Hubby—Are you sure it's the Browns?

Wife—Of course I am. I'd know the top of her hat anywhere.