SEPTEMBER STYLES.

Fine Feathers Furnished by Redfern for Fashionable Birds.

The Latest Coats Created by New York's Greatest Tailor.

Double-Breasted Early Fall Garment With Alaska Sable.

Fashionable Follies for Both Young and Old--Gay Gossip.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—When all the "fine feathers" which go so far towards the making of the fashionable society birds, were carefully packed and their owners betook themselves to the various summer resorts to while away their golden leisure, it was in the serene and comfortable conviction that at whatever hour in the fall they might choose to return to their city homes, it would be to find a fresh supply of finery ready for their adornment. Whether such confidence is in all cases justified, only time will show; but it is safe to say that those who put their trust in the great house of Redfern will not be disappointed.

For here, as usual, there has been all summer great activity and industry among their designers, artists and decorators, and, as a result, there will be some charming surprises for their patrons when they at last flutter back to their city residences. As a proof of this assertion, we offer the following, selected from among the latest Redfern sketches for the readers of the GLOBE. In our first illustration we have a

Redfern Early Fall Coat

of dark brown Bison cloth, double breasted and shaped well down over the hips. The bottom is crenellated in square turrets, which are outlined by a simple design in brown and gold Fedora soutache. Upon the shoulders and bottom of the sleeves is a more elaborate braiding, and a small band of Alaska sable encircles the neck like a boa, and is carried down the lapped front to the waist line. The sleeve has a straight band of the fur to match, and the lining is a very elegant brocaded silk—a gold-colored figure on a black ground.

Recherche.

This second model is quite different but equally stylish. It is composed of myrtle-green Venetian cloth, and its rolled collar with notched revers, is bordered with narrow bands of black Persiani, and opens over a vest of deep red which is beautifully braided with black Paris soutache. A band of the fur is arranged to form a pointed epaulet upon the high shoulder. It will be remarked that both these garments have the smooth-fitting coat sleeve—from which we may conclude that the puffed and bishop varieties have run their course.

Patent Bonnet Spring.

ONE of the minor problems of dress which ladies have hitherto found a difficult in solving is how to secure their bonnets and hats firmly upon the head. A long pin is but a makeshift arrangement at best, and is apt to be dangerous to those who encounter its "business end" unawares. A dagger has a formidable appearance and suggests hostile intentions, whilst the elastic of former days is rendered useless by the present style of hairdressing. It has been reserved to a clever lady to meet the difficulty with the patent bonnet spring—a simple band of metal, which passes unperceived round the front and sides of any article of headgear. The spring holds the bonnet with light but firm pressure to the head, and gives to the wearer a sense of absolute security, which, on a windy dap, neither pin nor dagger can supply. The band is not a novelty, but the adaptation is new.

A WOMAN'S HAPPIEST HOUR.

But, When She Comes to Think, It Is Hard to Decide.

THE editor of a Philadelphia magazine has asked some half dozen famous women the question: "Which is the happiest hour of a woman's life?" Now you are smiling already and saying to yourself, "As if any woman would tell!" But think of it seriously. It seems at first thought as though you could put your hand out softly and touch the happiest hour of your life. "Oh," you say, with a sweet color coming into your face and that little cleft in your throat swelling in and out. "The happiest hour of my life"—and then you draw a brief, fluttering breath, and stop. Dear, I don't believe you can answer that question to your own satisfaction. As soon as you think of one hour another rises and looks at you with reproachful eyes, and says, "Why, I thought I was the happiest hour you ever knew."

It seems impossible to be true to one dear hour without being unfaithful to another equally dear. The happiest hour of a woman's life must be connected with love—that is, if she be a true woman. Can you not imagine how a woman who has been separated for a long time from him she loves with all the pure, passionate strength of her nature must look forward to the hour when she shall once more reach trembling arms about his throat and feel his strong clasp enfold her, and feel, too, sweet tears wet and cool her burning eyes at the thought that all the doubt, all the waiting, all the uncertainty are over, and know that he loves her still—and oh! when that hour comes to her and is her own, is it not her very happiest? Or does she even then look forward feverishly to an hour that she hopes will be still happier?

For myself, I am in one long, mad race after the hour that will be my happiest, and I believe you are, also. It has not come to me yet, nor do I really think that it ever will; but it swings along in space ahead of me always, and I have reached out my hands to it an hundred times—but it is always gone. It must be a very happy hour when a woman for the first time feels her weak arms clasp her own child and its little wee lips resting against her breast; but not her happiest—Oh, no, no; for the thought of all that child has to suffer will surely come to her in that hour. Or when a woman has known care and sorrow and doubt; when a trusted hand has ailed her, or one she loved been untrue to her—what an hour it must be for her when she knows, beyond all doubting, that some heart, tender and true and honest, beats for her alone. When I think it all over I am rather inclined to the belief that there is nothing that gives quite so pure and exquisite a happiness as a reconciliation, complete and perfect, between two who love strongly, but into whose hearts had crept a little doubt, a little distrust, a little coldness, one toward the other. To have suffered a long time and then to, one glad day, look into each other's eyes with the old, sweet love and trust—to find all the doubt swept away and all the barriers beaten down—to feel warm hearts throbbing together and glad pulses thrilling one upon the other, once more—is not then the happiest hour? I believe I shall cast my vote for that perfect hour. But, ah, me! even as I write, there is a little black, hateful shadow standing at my shoulder, and it speaks to me—in a still whisper, but with its lips so close to my ear that I cannot fail to hear—and it says: "The happiest hour?—The happiest hour?—The happiest hour?"—so soft, and so sad, and so low that each word drops like the clear, solemn note of a funeral bell.

NO, IT'S THE TRUTH.

Even a Philadelphia Belle's Foot Would Become Large in Chicago.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from Chicago, says: "I used to think that the badinage about the size of the feet of Chicago's ladies was merely St. Louis spite, but during my last visit to the lakeside city I learned that it was no joke. My daughter found that her shoes, which fitted her perfectly in New York, pinched her uncomfortably there, and she was compelled to buy a larger pair for comfort. On speaking of this to a lady friend, who, born and reared in Philadelphia, is now married and living in Chicago, she was answered: 'Oh, everybody has to do that here. I never wore anything larger than a number three until I came here, and now a four and a half is none too large for me. I think the trouble is caused by our poor pavements. They are so hard to walk on that one is compelled to wear large shoes, and when you do your feet spread out so that you can never go back to your old size again, that is, if you stay here any length of time.'"

GIRLS ON THE WATER.

As an Exercise for Women Rowing Is Healthful and Graceful.

SAN exercise and pastime for women and girls rowing is healthy, graceful and becoming. Some knowledge of the management of a boat should be acquired before a venture is made alone upon deep water. Nothing is easier than to upset a boat by thoughtlessness on the part of some novice, and one of the most fruitful sources of danger lies in two or more of the party standing up clumsily in the boat to change seats. A few simple precautions are all that are required to render boating perfectly safe, but these, like everything else, have to be learned, and it is desirable that the knowledge should be inculcated by a less severe lesson than by an upset or some equally hazardous predicament in which life is risked.

If you learn to row you should also learn to swim. It is greatly to be regretted that more girls are not taught the latter accomplishment. A visit to the seaside affords a favorable opportunity for practicing in salt water, in which the buoyancy of the body is greater and the effort required to keep afloat proportionately less than in fresh water. Swimming and the power to keep afloat are very easily learned, and if the learner will get some accomplished swimmer to explain to her the theory of natation and describe the functions of the limbs, the power of supporting and propelling the body in the water can be acquired, without further instruction, by any one who will practice persistently. Of course proficiency will be more quickly attained by lessons from an accomplished swimmer, and much may be learned by watching those who can swim.

The advantage of learning to swim does not lie in the power it gives of enabling one to swim any distance, as out of a hundred people who can swim fairly well, probably not five, when out of practice, could propel themselves a quarter of a mile without physical exhaustion. The benefit is in the confidence it gives one in the water, and it is solely for want of this confidence that many lives are annually sacrificed. The horror of drowning is deeply rooted in the minds of all, and it so completely takes possession of any helpless person who finds himself or herself suddenly immersed that presence of mind is lost.

The impending fate is apparently so near, and the danger is felt to be so imminent that it is practically impossible for one so situated to refrain from wrestling desperately with his doom. Hence commences a course of frantic struggles that are not only utterly useless in themselves, but make it very risky, if not impossible, for any person, however good a swimmer, to render any assistance. Many instances have been known in which a powerful and expert swimmer has gone to the rescue of a drowning person, who, in his wild and senseless efforts, has not only thwarted the good intentions of his rescuer, but, by clinging to him with a desperate and fatal grip, has carried him also to his death. When once the art of swimming has been mastered it gives to the swimmer a confidence in the water that was never felt before, and which is never afterward lost. There is a perfect consciousness of the power of being able to keep afloat in the water, and this, even if supplemented by little actual swimming ability, enables the swimmer to do the best thing, under the circumstances, to save himself.

REGIMENT OF DRESSMAKERS.

They Performed a Number of Difficult and Intricate Evolutions.

HE gymnastic craze seems well nigh as prevalent among the working classes of London as among the upper ten thousand, and a very interesting exhibition was recently conducted by a regiment of dressmakers, milliners, and working girls belonging to the Young Woman's Christian association. The costume of the girls, whose ages range from sixteen to twenty-five, consisted of a dark blue tunic and knickerbockers, with a crimson sash tied at the side with falling ends. Dark blue stockings and dark shoes tied with crimson, and a knot of the same color beneath the broad collar, completed a costume graceful and becoming as well as a model of lightness and convenience. The maneuvers accomplished were intricate and difficult, evidencing careful drill and well developed muscles, and included wand movements, Swedish drill, figure marches, skipping and sword drills, wonderful evolutions in running mazes, and bayonet drill.

In vaulting horse the result of the training was most pleasing and apparent for the girls vaulted in different modes, now jumping upon their knees and thence to the ground upon their feet and again vaulting upon their feet with an agility that proved how calisthenic exercise gives suppleness to the limbs and elasticity to the frame, even though people are engaged in occupations necessitating a cramped and unhealthy position of the body and confinement in close rooms during hours of toil.

This institute of the Polytechnic, as it is called, has been established about two years, and is extremely popular as well undoubtedly beneficial.

PARISIAN WOMEN.

A Reason Why They Seem Better Dressed Than Other Women.

AN ENGLISH woman writer advances the theory that the reason Parisian women always seem so much better dressed than their sisters across the channel is because the French dame considers herself first and her costume afterward, and subordinates her pretty and piquant toilet to the peculiarities of her own personality; while the English woman conforms to the demands of the mode and good form, forgetting in the prestige accorded to her freshness, figure and fine complexion, the necessity of not allowing the costumes to dominate the woman and unheeding the subtleties of coloring and the requirements of individual characteristics.

A French woman invariably studies her good points, and accentuates them so emphatically that they are impressed upon one's memory to the confusion of her imperfections. In color combinations she has the instincts and intuitions of an artist, and in designing her toilet she studies, first of all, its effect upon her eyes rather than her complexion. She knows that a cunning touch of red sends dusky shadows and wonderful lights to dark orbs, and that softest shades of gray and blue deepen blue eyes to violet.

She determines just which color in the prism best supplements her beauty, and, with rare faithfulness, never bestowed upon husbands or lovers, she clings to it until she dies, ringing out happy changes with her wonderful ingenuity upon its various shadings, and making it her life-long servitor and vassal. Instead of the monotony anticipated as rising from such a course of action, there is a certain distinctive and individual charm in the effect quite foreign to that obtained by running the whole gamut of color, as the average woman does, regardless of its effect upon her beauty.

FRINGES OF HAIR.

Worn Above the Forehead They Have Been Denounced, but Still Prevail.

FRINGES of hair above the forehead have been denounced over and over again, but they still prevail, and are likely to do so indefinitely. The softly falling locks are extremely improving in their effect around nearly every face, except, perhaps, the woman with a very low forehead. Were the fringe universally discarded, many women would add a dozen years to their appearance at once. The women are rare indeed who look best with their hair combed straight off the forehead. Unless that forehead be a fair, classic one, unspotted and unwrinkled, it appears much better graced with falling locks.

Hairdressers are devising new methods of arranging the coiffure to be in keeping with present modes of dress. The Grecian is one. A very light fringe falls over the forehead, with deep waves of hair above. Beyond this a broad, loose plait of hair crosses the head, and quite at the back a bunch of airy, short curls completes the arrangement.

In case of only moderate amount of tresses the plait is often replaced by three graduated fillets, made of velvet or silver filigree. This is of course an "evening coiffure."

There is also a new style of hairdressing strongly suggestive of the heavy "chignon," but it is to be hoped, for both sanitary and artistic reasons, it will not be accepted. Nevertheless, if the crinoline is to be worn again, past contemporary fashions are almost certain to reappear with it.

SUNBURN.

Nothing Is More Unwise Than to Apply Cold Water.

Harper's Bazar.

WHEN the hot summer atmosphere dries the skin, and the direct sun burns it, as often happens on a picnicking excursion, and especially in pleasure parties on the water the condition of the face, together with the sense of blowzy disfigurement, is often very painful, and a cooling application is sought as soon as possible. The natural inclination is at once to the application of cold water on the surface; but nothing is more unwise than to yield to this inclination, unless one wishes to retain in perpetuity the red color of the heated skin, and to have it rough and peeling, and possibly put on an eruptive appearance afterward.

The proper thing to do is to apply a wholesome ointment—vaseline or cold cream, or even sour milk—not letting water touch the face for twelve hours, and then but gently and without friction. It is indeed often a good plan when going where one is sure of being exposed to this painful sunburn, or the drying and excoriating power of strong winds, to rub well, but softly, into the skin either almond oil or cold cream, and to dust that over with hardly more than a suspicion of fine rice or other powder, the effect of which will not be perceived under a veil, and which will usually be found a good protective mask against the danger.

The powder should never be any of those highly perfumed ones to be bought at the druggist's, unless one is very sure of the druggist, for fear of the deleterious substances that may contribute to their potency; it is better to prepare the powder at home, at very little trouble, from starch pulverized and finely sifted, and never used as a part of the daily toilet to heighten any effect of whiteness, but as a medicinal application in prevention of injury and pain, or in soothing the injury and pain already inflicted, since to deceive by false and fair appearance is one thing, and to hinder harm or repair ravage is quite another.

The somewhat ascetic feeling of our grandmothers and of those before them that the body is a snare, and the attention lavished on it is not only a waste and folly, but a sin, allowed them to pay small heed to matters that to-day we think of more importance. To-day we regard it as every one's right, not to say duty, to be as beautiful as possible without adventitious aid; and, although despising and forbidding painting and powdering to produce effect, we cultivate the cleanly opening of the pores, the means to produce brisk circulation, and means also to prevent harm to the skin and eyes and hair, and resort, the moment that either is in danger, to the skilled specialist who knows how to bring the color to the surface, to dissipate the eruption, to purify and smooth and make fair by correcting the evils in the system. We confess that beauty is a part of the civilizing process, and that unrighteous beauty is born only of low motives that are debasing, and capable of reversing the whole theory of civilization if allowed their way. Thus, when we see paint or powder on the face of a young woman for beautifying purposes we know that there is something wrong with her and her surroundings, and she is, to say the least, not on an upward path.

No young girl ever needs paint and powder to increase the beauty of her skin; they never give beauty, they conceal no defects, they never add brightness, but, on the contrary, subdue it; and they can never be used without detection. In our own climate, save in the preventative way of which we have spoken, even home-made powder is unnecessary; but in Southern countries, where the perspiration is profuse, its use is a different thing, and often desirable, preventing the incessant wiping off of the exudation which in time might chafe the surface; but its use here is allowable only in the light of he med icinal or curative treatment of the skin.

An Ancient Certificate of Deposit.

Washington Post.

"Here is another curiosity," he continued, producing a stick two feet in length and curiously notched and split. "There are seven notches," said he. "This is a certificate of deposit issued by the Bank of England over 100 years ago. A stick was taken, notched and split. One piece was given to the depositor, who had to produce it and match the other piece to get his money. It defies forgery and fraud. This stick represented a deposit of £7,000. It and the striking piece were given me by an officer of the Bank of England."

BRUSH.

I have learned a beautiful lesson,
Taught by the sweet peas standing there,
Those little clouds of sunset glory
Caught out of time in morning air.

You see their fragrant blossoms nodding,
Purple, crimson, and pale rose blush.
On slender stems too slight to bear them
Without the helping, hidden brush.

To its brown arms, so strong and trusty,
The little tendrils cleave and cling,
The vine, upheld, in dust were lying,
A fallen, bruised, and flowerless thing.

And yet the brush itself was barren,
Unquickened at the summer's kiss,
It bore no scent or sign of blossom,
But now it looms again like this.

I think it must forget the sadness
Of its own broken life, and glow
With love for all the warmth and sunshine
That makes the sweet-peas bud and blow.

It may seem but a dreary failure,
Deadened and storm-tossed, dulled with strife,
But it has helped to bear the blossoms
That crown another, fairer life.

—Bessie Chandler in Harper's Bazar.

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