

BELMONT INVENTS A SOFT SHIRT FRONT.

Was the First Man to Start the Summer Style of Unstarched White Shirts at Newport.

WALTER HOBART'S DEEP TURN-OVER COLLAR.

Dewey Brings "New Gray" to America, a Silver Shade, That Shines in the Dark.

YOUNG PALMER'S INVENTION IN SWEATERS.

Wilson Brings Out Greenish Blue for Yachting and the Duke of York Russel Set for Golf.

NEW STYLES FOR MEN AND WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.

You may have seen soft-fronted shirts upon the market. Not only upon rural villages but those whose amateur stiffening has always before the sun, but upon people you know—men who follow the fashion—men and would sooner go unshaven than badly dressed.

The well-dressed shirt originated, it is said, by that well-dressed man,

Walter Hobart, who either was the author of the style or its importer. At least, he was the first man to wear it in his country. He introduced it at Newport, and the hasty way it was taken up by a Boston furnisher and made popular shows that it has in it that grain of sense necessary to any style that is going to be much in vogue.

NO RUSSET.

The soft-fronted shirt is as carefully hemmed as its predecessor, but it has no "russet." The front is laid in plaits or perfectly plain and rather full. It hangs down the front with the finest white pearl buttons of quite large size. The bow cravat is worn with it, and sometimes you see the black stock. The color is the regulation white one, tall and turned over. These soft-white come in batiste and in plain white. The latter are very dressy.

Every man who has not abandoned a lined shirt for the negligee, with its self-made collar, has been impressed with the style of the new turn-over collar. They are as high as the standing ones, and from a distance look very much like them. The front is, however, different, being smaller in its opening. This new high turn-over comes down in the back much farther than the old style, and can be worn without a coat, with fancy shirt and belt.

This collar was first worn by Walter Hobart, the young Californian who par-

alyzed one of the summer's best catches, is said to have invented a new sweater. It is of two-sided cotton and wool. The inside is white cotton, the outside of colored wool. The cotton keeps away the creepy feeling of the sweater and provided wool for warmth and absorption. The best color, to be in the fashion, is a poppy red with a touch of the white lining showing under the chin. Pale lilac sweaters are worn for "full dress."

FULL DRESS SWEATERS.

In these days of bicycling the young man who wheels from town to town to attend an evening entertainment must be provided with a way of being dressy and showing proper respect to his hostess. With the thermometer at 90 and the air at humidity's excess point, he cannot wheel in a laundered shirt. The sweater must be worn. And for these occasions lilac, mauve, shrimp, cerise and turquoise blue are provided. The material is very fine and the garment very becoming.

The Kaiser Wilhelm has been astonishing Summer-Germany with his lounging and yachting suits, and, though reluctantly, the shops are beginning to show copies of them. That they are "good" none of the great houses that are dress authorities can deny.

One of these lounging suits was a fawn color, with shirt of bluish yellow, and tie to match. Out of the pocket stuck a bright yellow silk handkerchief. The band upon the straw hat was bright yellow and the hat almost fawn shade.

When yachting for pleasure the Emperor wore a greenish blue yachting suit, a white cap and tan shoes. An Alpine hat of snow white he wore with a suit of grey linen duck.

The Duke of Marlborough is responsible for a new style this summer. This is the undressed kid glove. He wears them in a new shade called coffee yellow, which is really a red brown. It is the color of coffee when it comes out of the pot a rich, red brown. The seams of these gloves are heavily stitched in a self color and the stitching upon the back is of the same. The Duke wears no others, nor does his friend, the young Duke of Manchester, who comes to America soon.

THE CYCLE SHOE.

The high shoe is but little worn by men cyclists. The low shoe, fitted with elastic at the sides and tall at front and back, is liked by men with well-shaped feet. But, as the majority of masculinity are a little sensitive about their insteps, and as the shape increases the number of inches from heel to toe, the low tie is liked better. There is a buckled tie which gives the foot a graceful look, and a plain tie which makes it a trifle stubby, but is very comfortable. The fancier the stockings, the better, and if black stockings are insisted upon, for any reason, like uneven calves, then the tops may bloom like a rose, every color being combined.

Knickers are not quite so full as they were, but are baggier at the knees. Their bottoms are very broad.

It is said that Li Hung Chang has written ahead to a New York tailor to have certain dress and promenade suits ready for him upon his arrival, and that the tailor is torn between conflicting emotions. Shall we have the clothes in the height of style, or shall he consult Li's complexion and probable taste? One of the suits is a pear yellow, almost green.

To originate a fashion is the height of

a London man's ambition. An American, on the contrary, is a little abashed at so much notoriety. But it isn't so bad, after all, to see a Belmont shirt and a Palmer sweater looking at you from the shop windows.

PERCY CHILDE SMITH.

LONG BRANCH'S LONG PATH.

Its New Bicycle Road the Broadest, Smoothest and Costliest One.

In the World—Norma Munro's Straw "Tiger"—Girls to Drive with Summer Tiger Aged 7, Perched on the Box for Chaperone—Mortons and Pullmans at the Branch—Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin and Mrs. Hobart Chafield-Taylor Go from Golfing to Cycling.

LONG BRANCH, August 7.—Long Branch, after its long years of struggle for supremacy as a summer city, has accomplished it at one master stroke. The new bicycle path, opened here a short time ago, has made "The Branch" more quoted than any other place along shore or in shore. This bicycle path, known those who have not seen it, is a broad stretch of magnificently smoothed-out road, reaching, it would seem, entirely along the Atlantic coast, certainly through New Jersey's long stretch of coast, and much further. Now, even an average cyclist, mounting at Long Branch, can wheel north, go as far as Saratoga; or can go south to Washington with reasonably good roads all the way.

TWO NEW CYCLISTS.

Those two very interesting young matrons, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin and Mrs. Hobart Chafield-Taylor, both of whom have been at Southampton enjoying the delights of golfing on Long Island, have been attracted out to enjoy the cycle path, and very pretty they looked in their natty wheel suits, prettier than when yachting or tramping—the two respective joys of these ladies.

It cannot be said that the Pullmans "make" Long Branch, for their cottage upon the road to Asbury Park is too unpromising for that; but they are very liberal summer visitors, and the Branch is glad to see them. Therefore when George M. Pullman and family arrived last week in that special car of theirs, named by that special daughter of theirs, there was much rejoicing. The natives, the townspeople, like to have them installed in the cottage because it means a daily liberal supply of produce for the large house parties they entertain, and the young people like them because of their generosity. Among other things there is always a row of bicycles ranged along the path at the front of the piazza for all to ride who please.

It is on this account that Mrs. Briece, at Newport, has had to employ Sanford Brattice as a major domo, to conduct her establishment and leave her time to enjoy the summer. And it is for that reason that Mrs. Levi P. Morton has fled from Ellerslie and from the camp in the Adirondacks to come to Long Branch and board at a hotel for a few weeks. At the same hotel is Abner McKinley, shilling with a fraternal light.

Mrs. Roswell P. Flower, too, has forsaken home cares for the summer and is living in a hotel in Saratoga. But the greatest change is for the Mortons, whose housekeeping tales at that country place of theirs have made fine paragraphs for time without tell. They are resting very quietly here. Mr. Morton looks a little shrunken and worn, but his eye is bright and that, they say, is the mark of a young man. He can swim and dive and enjoys driving fast horses.

Secretary La Monte is here to be near Senator Hill, who is only an hour away by the cycle.

A BOOGIE TIGER.

The young ladies drive a great deal here. They are accompanied always by a little "tiger," who sits bolt upright upon the box and gives dignity, safety and chaperonage. The younger the tiger the better he fulfills his mission. His attitude in the box must be motionless.

There is a tale here current that half the summer tigers are not all they seem to be—not real flesh and blood and bones. Norma Munro, the girl with a name familiar to all, has a tiger aged only seven years. He is black as coal and of a figure which, dressed in livery, is precisely like a great black toy doll. Upon the high seat the little tiger sits motionless during the long drives. One day some one started the story that the little fellow was a dummy, stuffed and placed there by Miss Munro.

Of course such a story made excitement in a place like Long Branch, where excitements are craved for a diet, and the summer men set out to find if the boy was stuffed or real. They experimented with him, threw mud at him, tossed up fruit stony to him, but all to no avail. He did not turn an eyelash.

Then an idea occurred to some one. Getting a great slice of watermelon, he held it up temptingly one hot day as the vehicle dashed by in the dust. There was the slightest tremor of an eyelash. And it was alive! But that does not prevent many a stuffed figure from riding on the box when a suitable tiger cannot be found.

Golfing has caught Long Branch. One of its clubs, dignified with the name of the Norwood Park Field Club, has leased a great deal of land of Mrs. Norman Munro, for a long lease and will build club house and lay out extensive links.

PRETTY ACTRESSES.

Marshall Wilder and Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the long and short of a "laugh and grow fat" day, are holding forth each afternoon in their respective corners of the plaza. Like D. B. Hill at Normandy-by-the-Sea and Whitney at Newport, these two similarly minded men have to keep apart, for both want to talk at once and upon the same thing. Clementine de Ver Saarlo, who was the first church choir singer to be paid concert prices Sunday mornings; Marie Wainwright and Adele Ritchie are all here for the production of a play in the open air. They go in the water, watched by an admiring crowd, and cycle under the same intent gaze. Miss Hitchcock won a silver cup holding eight quarts at the bicycle parade as the most graceful rider.

There is a baby show promised Long Branch, but it is under a temporary cloud. Several of the babies were to have participated in it will not be old enough for a couple of weeks yet, and others that are old enough have no mothers, so many of them are out of centering. This is a positive fact. The mothers laugh about it, and the babies cry.

Long Branch ripples say that Mrs. Potter Palmer is to be invited down from Newport to address a company of women upon the organization of political clubs similar to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the W. C. F. Club and that Miss Winifred Davis, now a Christian, is to be asked to do a solo recital for the young ladies of the Branch. Beautiful women are eminent organists.

The bathing here is fairly good. The other attractions crowd it out. The little summer houses upon the lawn, with their inviting little tables and their bottles of cold stuff, are so very alluring that the sea keeps the little maiden only a few minutes.

"What's qual?" asked Jackson when I spoke to him about it, and offered to back him.

"Why, it's a small bird of about the



size of a pigeon, but very rich and—" "That's enough," said Spug; "bet him two to one, and make it twelve pound turkeys."

"At another time I got hold of a fellow who thought he could down Spug at miscellaneous eating, and I took him down to a saloon where I knew Jackson would be. Spug modestly offered to try his appetite against the other fellow's but insisted on going at it then and there. So it was arranged that the men should eat the same things, one making a selection then the other, first choice to be decided by a toss of a coin. Spug won the toss, and his opponent remarked carelessly:

"Well, when shall we start on?" "Hams," said Spug.

"How many slices?" said the other. "Slices!" roared Spug. "Who said anything about slices? Hams, I said whole hams!"

The other man retired on the spot.

"Nothing can give you an approximate idea of this man's appetite. It was simply beyond description. I never saw him give up yet, and we tackled twenty-four apple dumplings and a similar number of cups of coffee before my face one night. I've seen him go into a restaurant, too, and order beefsteak dinners for six. When they came he'd tell the waiter that he guessed he wouldn't wait for his friends but would start right in. Then he'd go through the whole pile."

"At drinking he was a marvel, too. He could drink a whole keg of beer; and speaking of beer, reminds me of a story they told of Spug years before I met him. It seems that he was working in a brewery at the time and some people bet a friend of his that he couldn't drink a keg of beer. So the friends brought the doubtful ones around to the brewery and introduced them to Spug.

"Spug," he said, "these gentlemen want to bet me \$50 that you can't drink a keg of beer. Do you think you can do it?"

"Wait a minute," said Spug, and he left the room.

"Ten minutes passed and he didn't come back. The ten minutes got to half an hour and the Spug came in.

"Bet him," was all he said.

The bet was made and Spug drank the beer. When he had finished his friend remarked:

"Spug, why did you leave the room and why did it take you so long to make up your mind?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jackson. "I didn't want you to bet your money that I could drink a keg of beer and lose it, so I went out to see if I could first."

The man with the glasses wound up with his reminiscence of Spug Jackson, and his listeners marched to the bar and had whiskey straight—Never York Sun.

Marriage is not a failure—simply a temporary embarrassment from which the embarrassed are released by divorce.—Norristown Times.

Whenever we hear an engagement announced we regard it as safer to bet on an election than that the parties to it will ever marry.—Atchison Globe.

The man who marries in the winter is sensible; for at least two springs in announcing we regard it as safer to bet on spring chicken serves for a meal.—Atchison Globe.

EASY.

"How do you manage, doctor, to make yourself so popular with all your patients?"

"That's very simple. I assure those who only imagine they are ill that they are really ill, while those who really are ill I assure that they are quite well."

Fleigende Blätter.