Summer Party Frocks.

Correct Attire For Social Functions During The Heated Term

FEW fashions have been so widely and universally adopted as the "Dolly Varden" which "boom" especially twice in succession. The style is a graceful one, for it is to be regretted that women not so generally favored by nature as to be capable of wearing it. From a dressmaker's standpoint, if from no other, the trying skirt should not cause much the slouch.

How to fit the skirt without distorting the charming effectiveness of long sweeping folds is a problem awaiting solution. At the present moment it is decided sprays or branches of roses, or other flowers, are used to "finish off the skirt" in the "Dolly Varden" style.

The influence of the new fashion is perceptible both in goods for wedding and party dresses. Chiffon has taken on an air of fresh prominence and longer the train is abbreviated, but it is quite the thing to drape the bodice with some material other than chiffon, most often the silk.

Pretty frocks for midsummer dances are the subject of a good deal of thought and time. Dressing just sleeves and flounce on the left shoulder indicate a preference, which of late, women have grown so unselfishness in their festive efforts contained by wary lines of chiffon or silk, or the crepe, and the diagonally in the back, as grown for the day and gowns for the evening are to be constructed.

The expansion of Worth frocks has given way to the chic simplicity of the most light in the dress dressmaker. People, therefore, is the sports to be worshipped. So advice needle and lace for weddings and balls, though not unpopular against exclusive if to hobnob with surroundings. A gown recalling a pansy excited much admiration and was one of the prettiest which other princesses contributed to the year. The overskirt of purple pansy met the silk chiffon flounce dimly pressed into the soft from-free. The bodice was quite simple, opening over a puff of chiffon and haunting a waist colored tulle lace and a bunch of pansies on the left shoulder. Chiffon is by far smarter than tulle and comes in the more attractive shades, but never make the mistake of mounting it on either silk, they do not blend well, produce unsatisfactory results.

Dull silks are chosen for the silk coat, another expression of the prevailing fashion article of dress. It is made long, with undoubting reason, and is as often seen on the two comes as at dinner. It is fitted with some pale tint and falls open, although the backing a flounce walking as substitutes for the tucks in bodice, make an interesting effect, women in general appreciating those which outlined shapely.

In the matter of evening gowns, jewelry and gloves seem the color suggestions of the Siren. Particularly is this true of the bodice, fresh like that tint, which borrows additional charm from association with black.

The "Dolly Varden" is the stylish dressmaker, which hence lingly over a ruffled tulle party frock designed by modiste for a friend of Miss Julia Dent Grant. "Simplicity" is the keynote, the sun set in the modiste mind, but equally beautiful and even more delicate is that producing the "old rose" shade, which lend itself so well to any from ninety point to dusky Newport.

A black evening frock is almost a necessity, and when it is filmy, with sun light tones of lace and such exquisite, more nothing to be desired, so perfect is the artistic effect. New lace is in the ascendency, though the old one not in the modiste mind, but equally beautiful and even more delicate is that producing the "old rose" shade, which lend itself so well to any from ninety point to dusky Newport.

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EVENING GOWNS FOR A SUMMER GATHERING.

women or made has accomplished it. Decided impetus was given the vogue for the lengthy trains worn at the queen's dinning room in May. Fashionable people have been called in their length and discussed to benefit. A drawing room train has heretofore been attached to each waist with something heavy, rich and handsome, but the selection of the year in this quarter has certainly overthrown such ideas. The train of today is a mode of velvet and brocade, but some not less are adorned which conform to the popular "transparency" order.

The latter effect is the direction in known as the "peacock chain," having its from both shoulders, to meet gradually till it becomes an unbroken width. All the colors are delicate ones, which gives substance to the title chiffon is fashionable composed it. Particularly lovely, lavished or used in a fashion for an opposite of machine ruffles. In the latter case one very economic by affecting a train to several dresses. One of heliotrope blue and lace green alternating with crystal gowns is one of the peacock chain and delicacies, on occasion required, to be worn with a blue, green or white chiffon, or a pink, green or white chiffon. Lace is heavy not a yet favorite. Several colors of tulle, one upon the other, produce an indescribably beautiful effect, whether in green or mauve. A trimmer accessory to hydrangea blue suggests the fact that I have omitted to say that it is the favorite flower of the season. A dress of hydrangea blue, with the lace flounce is called the "orinoco," which is a sort of chiffon movement, the only one which is popular, and the existing close string short cushion.

Even so cool is a smooth cloth and novelty fabric especially adapted to the tailored styles and invariably used in tailor trade. White and black is perhaps the most apt description of all frocks for street wear or otherwise. Up to date women now look as if they had been drenched after being dressed in some of the frocks worn close to them. It was not in the long ago that Mary Anderson, in tailoring, was well desirable to produce an appearance of "wet clothes." Perhaps the latter rules of the latter day belle are very similar to "Our Mary's" former classic dash. With the light from outside the window, which on the dressing room is called the "orinoco," which is a sort of chiffon movement, the only one which is popular, and the existing close string short cushion.

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DAISY HAY.

The Business Man's Spring Shopping Season.

AT THIS season of the year, when we are looking for our summer dresses, the sewed and carbonized are women is proving her double usefulness in the business or professional world. Men are quite the same, from with a fair degree of accuracy until it comes to shopping, and then he is a storm coast and is a tasty lark on a fortnightness and, or anyway, that's how he looks about it. The world needs both and women the friendly aid of the old male women at the counter or the office. Men are those who attribute out the office it is a good deal of assistance from other quiet such circumstances.

His misery begins generally something like this: As he starts for the office he remembers his wife tells him a small piece of silk at parting, saying:

"Here, William, take this and get it matched for me. With the sewing woman here this week, I have no time to go to town myself, and you can get it for me just as well as not. I got this last year at Sulpon & Sulpon's between sale, so I don't know whether they will have any just like it, but go around until you find it. I want three-quarters of a yard, and it ought not to be more than 75 cents a yard."

All this sounds like explicit advice. As he is in a hurry he catch a train. William grabs the silk and rushes off. When he gets on the train, he takes out the scrap and looks at it. It is a shade of blue, and, although all blue look alike to him, even he has a vague impression that there is something queer about that particular specimen. He shows it to a man who sits next to him and asks him what color he would call it. The man says blue at once, and then he looks at it again and says purple and finally wants to call it a green. He, William, purples, reflects that, which is only the diplomatic masculine way of admitting defeat. The salesbeauty, understanding this and, smiling, puts his silk away.

Thinking he'd better have it off his mind at once, the business man takes his scrap of silk to Sulpon & Sulpon's. Business was bad, he says. A last customer or two will be nothing compared to Marie's indignation if he forgets to keep the silk home at night, and in the rush of work during the day he knows from bitter experience that he is likely to contract such commissions.

The salesman takes the sample and hands out a number of yards of silk. The salesman looks at it and tries to him they seem just what he wants. They are all blue and all quiet looking blues, but when he goes for bit of silk beside them he sees that there is a difference.

"Any of these suit you, sir?" demands the salesman impatiently after he has displayed about twenty-five yards for about 20 minutes.

"I'm afraid none of them will suit my wife," he says desperately, for it is most unlikely at least he draws from the color of his piece of silk. And as he walks out of the store he can hear the salesman exchanging sarcastic remarks with his neighbors and stamping the yards of silk back upon their shelves.

When he reaches his office, the enthusiastic sinks wearily into his chair. The trip young woman who operates his typewriter for him hastily tacks away a paper behind her as she hears his familiar footsteps outside the door. He comes in with a dejected manner, a tired face and a perplexing brow. The observant young woman knows at once that something has gone wrong and that it behooves her to attend to business with great diligence. The senior partner, the salesman and the subordinate ape their colleague with disapproval from their curtain glass inclosed desks.

"Got with the boys last night. Billy's getting a little gay. Business and dissipation don't harmonize," grumbles the senior over his opera.

All morning long the harassed subordinate trembles in anguish as he thinks of the wild scene with which his wife will greet his story of failure. Once he happens to look over toward his typewriter and notice that she is perusing the fashion column of the daily paper, and a glad thought seizes him. Could it be, he, but, no, she, she is a woman! With trembling and deferential voice he addresses her:

"Miss McWhacken, I—er—do you know anything about colors?"

"I generally wear black," says Miss McWhacken, looking up from her newspaper. "What a queer question for you to ask, Mr. Hackensack! Of course I do."

"And do you know anything about silks?" continues her employer.

Miss McWhacken, smoothing down her red, dreamy pompadour, modestly says that she has seen a little silk in her day.

"Well, have you ever matched silk—really matched it, you know?" persists the doubting Mr. Hackensack.

"Certainly, of course I have," answers Miss McWhacken, with a surprised intimation that her feminine intelligence should be so deeply doubted. "Generally, of course I have, Mr. Hackensack. I ain't some 'Ho that was born yesterday!"

Seriously extracting the piece of silk from his pocket, Mr. Hackensack lays it before his fair assistant and waits with breathless anxiety as she inspects it.

"Oh," exclaims Miss McWhacken in recognition, "it's peruvian blue, isn't it?"

Mr. Hackensack's estimation of Miss McWhacken's attainments rises 50 per cent, but he doesn't want her to know it, so he says carelessly:

"My wife sent me here—asked me to get her three-quarters of a yard more of it Sulpon & Sulpon's. I went up this morning. They showed me a lot of stuff, but I was so rattled I couldn't quite make out which to take. Now, Miss McWhacken, if you could tell me what I ought to do I will be under obligations to you."

Miss McWhacken likes to shine, and she isn't going to let an opportunity like this escape her.

"I'd be perfectly de-l-i-g-h-t-ed to, Mr. Hackensack! Now, just look here. You gimme that piece of silk, and I'll go up to Sulpon & Sulpon's myself at noon. I know that clerk at the silk counter. They are awful nasty thing, and you'd be game for her. I'll get that silk matched if it's to be had. I may be a little late coming back, so if there's anything important that you want to dictate you might give it to me now."

"Oh, Miss McWhacken, if you will! You do so much! And as you are going on an errand of your own, take your luncheon and eat here in our own cozy room and don't hurry about coming back."

Miss McWhacken departs affably. About 1 o'clock she returns with the silk.

Mr. Hackensack thanks her effusively and carries the purchase home to Mrs. Hackensack with a good deal of nervousness, for Miss McWhacken's skill has often so received the hallmark of his wife's approval.

Mrs. Hackensack takes the parcel off to the sewing woman without looking at it. At dinner she says:

"How much did you pay for the silk, William?"

"Forty a yard, my dear. Sulpon & Sulpon leader's it, you know."

"Well, you certainly did very well. Now I tell that I can trust you to take this bit of specific over tomorrow and get three-quarts more of it, half a yard of this silk being sold an eighth seven of lace."

"I'll have to give McWhacken a half holiday," mutters Mr. Hackensack as he accepts the commission, but he dares not refuse. That begins a campaign of misery for Mr. Hackensack. Mrs. Hackensack brags to the wives of the other partners how well he can shop, and these latter hold him up as a model husband to their own husbands when efforts at matching more silk meet with continued failure. Going to the varied establishments of their wives, Mr. Hackensack's business companions institute a system of espionage that results in their discovering the secret of Miss McWhacken's sudden and abrupt absence from the office and her employer's increased deference to her. That young lady accordingly finds her services as a shopper in demand all over the sphere. Hackensack's partners threaten to tell Mrs. Hackensack that her husband had been stealing hours unknown to them. Miss McWhacken is cheap for them, and Mr. Hackensack, fearing that his safest course is compliance with these demands, pretends to comply very cheerfully. Long the entire firm is depending on Miss McWhacken to match their silks and laces.

Now, Miss McWhacken is only a type, but in almost every business house in the large cities one will find her counterpart. Women are making themselves useful in many ways that their employers would seem to give them credit for.

It is the women of the firm who see that the head of the department keeps his desk tidy, remembers his memorandum book for him when he loses it and knows or what he can't find. The women upon the profitable customer for his benefit, soothes the irritable customer and helps him to get rid of the article he has no use for, she suggests how he can make his office look attractive for a smaller expenditure and tells him when it is time to go out to attend board meetings or keep other engagements. When the temperature is sending the mercury up the tube, she brings her friends and some sugar out of his desk and with some ice water from the water cooler turns some magical beverage that strengthens and the blues to his sinking head and gives him nerve enough to sail an extra mile in Rockbottom & Co's next bill. She turns him looking prosperous and happy when he is at work by flattering him that he is so clever and humorously and kindly criticising him when he forgets that an apparent prosperity is necessary to his power. In fact, the man who is boasted about woman's invasion of the business world will never know the extension she is until he has realized his invertible feminine assistant with a stolidity, concentration and good nature break any of his tedious situations, but who also seem to of any assistance to the partner when she takes at bearing when it is suggested.

ELIZABETH S. RAYMOND.

MONOGRAMS ON GLOVES—A NEW FAD.

The embroidering of monograms on gloves cannot be called a lovely fashion.

Gloves made to order with monograms are devoid of stitching, and the monogram is embroidered in the middle of the back of the hand. Those which are purchased from stock and that can be

bordered have the monogram set between the thumb seam and first row of stitching, and others have it placed in the very middle also stitching.

The most popular, if the word be fair to add to be popular so soon, are the self colored embroidered monograms. These gloves are also stitched, even in self coloring, that few will be keen enough to detect so striking a contrast as white on black, or vice versa.

Attention was drawn by one glove maker to a very serious objection—namely, the tendency of the monogram to make the hand look larger than it naturally is. Of several samples shown there were none that could be considered anything but ugly—for instance, a glove of mauve to the lone blue shade, with a white patch in the middle of the back.

TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER.

Teach your daughter drawing, painting, music, etc., if you have enough money to allow her to have them, but teach her also to early waking time in morning such studies when that time might be spent in studying something by which she could earn her living.

Should she have a taste for reading give her every opportunity and spend for her books that will give the best and most practical information on art favorite subjects. Teach her to choose her companions according to their morals and habits, and according to the amount of money they possess.

Teach her to live within her income and encourage in her the desire to save. Teach her to say "Yes" and "No" only when she means them and that when she makes a promise she must keep it. Teach her how sweet it is to gossip and talk scandal. In short, teach your daughter to be a real lady.

The First Lady of American Clubdom.

THE first lady in American women's clubdom, Mrs. William B. Lowe of Atlanta, is the wife of a wealthy railroad and brick contractor and until four years ago had never belonged to a woman's organization. She had through her wealth, beauty and social position become a leading belle in fashionable Atlanta life, and when she allied herself with the club movement her talent for organization and feminine diplomacy at once assured her an eminent place in club circles. As president of the Georgia State Federation she rapidly brought the clubs in that state to the front and her versatility and general fitness for the position literally carried it away from other better known candidates whose availability in the recent presidential campaign was considered not to exceed hers.

Since her election Mrs. Lowe has visited the clubs of the country in many different cities and has everywhere left behind glowing praises of her tact, grace, intelligence and simple and unassuming manner. When the New York Club Federation held its social convention in New York city, among the brilliant and fashionable women there assembled it was the unanimous verdict of the reporters that Mrs. Lowe was the most popular, best dressed and most charming one.

Mrs. Lowe was before her marriage Miss Rebecca Douglass and is allied with many of the most distinguished families of the south. As president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs she is the leading chieftainess of America.

TIMELY HINTS FOR THE TIRED SUMMER GIRL.

FRECKLES are due to exposure without danger of injurious effects. Some of this found in the sun, together with some of the most beautiful and rare of the world's flowers, are also powerful and are always permanent or transient, according to the condition of the skin. Freckles in reverse of light but not thick skin. One should be careful in attention to the freckles, and with the matter of the skin, thinking it is lovely, are brought out by the sun. Coming out in the sun, the freckles are lovely, and some could be the fairest of the fairest, especially for the fairest of the fairest. The fairest, which is fairest of the fairest, is the fairest of the fairest. The fairest should be fairest when she is a little