

FASHIONS FRESH FROM THEIR PARISIAN DESIGNERS

PARIS, Aug. 8.—The last flitter of the season's candle has been a brave one, and its beams have reached far, even to the corners of the busy workrooms, where the petites ouvrières of the big dressmaking houses are kept busy. In days gone by these working girls were spending enforced holidays. This time of the year, wherever now, thanks to society's new whim of staying on in Paris until the 1st of August, they can go on earning the wherewithal to take them over the next four or five weeks of dullness. However, "Paris" is out of Paris just now, for everybody has left town, of course. They couldn't help themselves, but oh, how sorry they were to go! Paris is absolutely delightful. The Bois is lovely. The delightful have not yet been scorched by the summer sun, and the air is so cool and sweet in the evening that one could linger there forever. So you see it is hard to give up all this pleasure and start for the unknown, which just as likely as not will be very tiresome.

The Enchantment of Distance.
But to talk of more cheerful things— for instance, the revived modes that are creating such excitement in our midst—the question concerning them uppermost in my mind at the present moment is, How far back must we go before a fashion becomes picturesque in our eyes? We are not foolish enough to admire anything because it is really old nor to like better and better the modes of former days as they retreat in orderly perspective up the years. If such were the case we would be in thinking the skins of prehistoric times pinned on with wooden skewers the acme of good taste. But how far back must we retreat into the nineteenth century before we can repeat the modes that flourished therein?

Perhaps this is hardly a fair question. After the Napoleonic and Josephine fashions we feel those of the rather unattractive twenties, then the overrated thirties, the delightful forties, and after them the fifties, with the ever increasing hoops—I am speaking broadly and by decades, as you will see—the vulgar sixties, with their atrocious, common, crude fashions, and the seventies, which, upon my word, must have been very little better, while the eighties, certainly forming a complete contrast to the sixties, were nearly as awful. Honestly, I do not think these styles of a day that is gone will ever be admired again, except the vogues of the nineties, for which something may fairly be said.

I have come to the conclusion—by no means a new one—that it is only picturesque modes or modes neat and free from exaggeration that really endure. The gigantic crinoline, the top heavy chignon and bunched up polonaise, the tied-in waist and the skirt that accompanied the heavy fringe—these chief characteristics of the sixties, seventies and eighties are horrors that are very unlikely to come into prominence again. The smartly curled and trimly brushed back hair of the late eighties and early nineties, the



A SILK CORDAY

stiff but smart puffed sleeves and organ plaits of the satin skirt may see another incarnation because they were undoubtedly smart, if stiff. Women looked well groomed—horrid word!—at that time, and those who liked what used to be known as the "tailor made figure" will probably get back at some future date to something of the same style, if not the old hourglass shape.

It is not so many years ago that the picturesque type of dressing, emancipated at last from the thralldom of aestheticism, was considered a trifle improper, if not immoral, when not banned as floppy and untidy. There was something suggestive of a forgotten collar about the throat clad only in a string of beads, and the hat without a barette was thought rather unfinished at first in the way it sat down solemnly on the top of the head. We need not worry ourselves about being "too near" the revival of fashion of today. Something considerably over a hundred years have we gone back for our inspirations, and

there are those who think that in two senses of the word we have gone a little too far. Personally I think the fashions charming, but the exaggerations of them are to be condemned without mercy. They will not bear caricaturing, and the worst of it is we are copying a period in which dress itself avowedly was a caricature. The present styles have been simmering in the mind of La Mode for months. They were a foregone conclusion quite a long time ago, and they will assuredly have their day, but I do not think myself that it will be a very long one. They are crudités incarnate to too many styles of feminine looks—good looks, even. This in itself may prolong their days, Irish as it sounds, for the reason that the million will not be able to wear much of them and will kill them untidily with kindness.

The Last Directoire Revival.

The last time we wore the present directoire attire was, roughly speak-



A NATTY NEW NECKTIE



A SWAGGER AUTUMN HAT

ing, some twenty years ago. Youthful recollection numbers among them the wide revers, in those days nearly always of black moire, and the big buttons to match, and the somewhat startling bows of white tulle worn under the chin, or the plaited jabot and long handled parasols. And then there were high collars and deep waist belts just as we wear today. Did lovely woman array herself in bristling ruffs and ruffles? I cannot remember, and I do not think things of that sort were much worn by anybody till in the early nineties, when a rage for boas set in, and they were worn in and out of season. Then began the reign of cock's feathers, by the way. Before that this plumage was used as a trimming on felt outing hats, I believe.

Some day I must go into the subject of the boa. My fashion plates do not help much. Scarfs are a different matter. I wonder when the first scarf was worn. That, indeed, would be ancient history. And from what period shall we borrow our next revival? We have been working backward of late—the thirties and then empire modes and now directoire. Still further back to the days of powder—will that ever be revived? I cannot help wishing it might be, for never in the whole history of dress was there ever so becoming a freak of fashion.

There is a mistaken notion abroad that the directoire gown requires a very thin woman to carry it off successfully. As a matter of fact, one cannot be fat, but this costume demands only a tall, well built form. The sheath gown is nothing more than a long, classic drape of soft material, and a good frame and foundation are

necessary to artistically drape this material on. A very thin woman wearing a sheath has much the effect of a draped stick.

How the Women Dress at Trouville.

I am often asked how the women dress at Trouville, that curious exotic little place in France which in August is filled with notable people from every part of Europe and America. Trouville is not a pretty place from any point of view, but that it is exceedingly fashionable no one can deny. The mere idea of spending a few weeks at Trouville at the height of the season seems to strike terror to the hearts of pretty women without a Parisian wardrobe to help them out. But if one only knows it is a wonderfully easy matter to make with the best without loss of dignity. The first and most important thing to remember is that a white gown is the trump card of the woman of limited means, and this is especially the case at Trouville, where white gowns show to exquisite advantage on the famous beaches which border the long line of golden sands. This year it is very much the fashion to wear smart little tailored gowns of pastel tinted linens and tussors, but if economy really has to be considered it is best to choose white, for a white linen dress does not date itself, does not attract special attention to itself. The general impression is that of freshness, and with clever changes of blouses, ties and hats the same coat and skirt may be worn again and again with absolute success.

To be quite practical I will describe an ideal toilet for the morning hours at Trouville. A plaited skirt, clearing the ground all round, of ivory linen with a smart little semicircular coat of the same material edged and trimmed with white braid, the sleeves long and tight as those of a man's coat, with plaited muslin frills at the wrists. A dainty little sleeveless blouse of emerald green muslin, inset with Valenciennes collar very high and edged with a flat ruche of silk muslin, a black taffeta tie, very narrow and of the latest design. No eucrairie, as the skirt is cut in semicircular style. And then the hat! This is immensely important and must be immense itself. If you want to be in the front row of fashion, the shape can be either a flat cloche with a large but not high crown or it can be the same shape with a slight turning up of the brim at the left side. This hat would be effective of biscuit or burnt straw. There should be clouds of finest muslin, with plaiting arranged in a great chon toward the front. A couple of black quills might be thrust through the chon if desired. I have left myself little space to speak of Casino and call customer. The Casino frock is practically ordinary evening dress worn with a transparent guimpe and long, tight sleeves of some light color. Hats are worn at the Casino in the evenings as well as the afternoon. Here ends the Trouville lesson.

CATHERINE TALEOT.

Sad Fate of a Young Man Tied to a Frump; Kate Clyde's Gossip From Southampton

I INVITED her to go driving with me, and she came down the hotel piazza, buttoning her gloves as she walked. She wore a dimity guimpe dress which sadly needed dressing, the guimpe poked up between the shoulders, as it will when it isn't fastened to the gown. The feather in her hat needed curling, and two buttons were missing from her right glove.

I suppose she must have noticed my looking at her, because she remarked as we started off: "I feel as if I were coming to pieces. It's so hard to keep yourself in trim at a summer resort when you have no maid and you're on the go all the time."

Before I thought of diplomacy I answered quickly, "Then why not wear simple clothes that won't keep you fussing all the time?"

"But I want to look nice," she ventured, not at all offended.

No Fussing Required.

"You would look nice," I answered, "because to look attractive in what you have on requires constant care, which you admit you are unable to give, but to dress the way I suggest would require no fussing. In the first place, I would take those ostrich feathers, which keep you curling them all the time, out of my hat, and I would substitute instead a big bow of well wired ribbon, which would only require an occasional brushing. I wouldn't wear a guimpe dress unless I had the patience to rip the guimpe out and sew it in every time it was washed. I would wear one piece linen dressed with stationary yokes or, better still, no yokes at all, and if I hated to sew glove buttons I would wear buttonless silk gloves during the summer months, and I would sew an elastic into the edge of these to hold them upon my arms. Last and not least, I would not have my skirts made in pairs unless I had the patience or the money to have them pressed every time I wore them."

Recently there appeared a book—unfortunately I can't give you the name, but that would be advertising it—but it was a masterpiece I would buy up the entire output and send a copy to every married woman who neglects herself.

Tied to a Frump.
It deals with plain facts rather bitterly, and before you are through reading it your sympathy goes out to the husband still young, good looking

and well groomed who is tied for life to a "good" woman who has let herself grow into a frump, with hair oily and hardly ever washed and figure badly corseted, while her nose is guileless of powder and her skirts drag at uneven lengths. This is the kind of woman who wears out her old clothes around the house where "no one will see her."

No one? Great Scott! The very

of mine who is staying at an old farmhouse. It was a broiling hot day, but we had the evening meal in a stuffy dining room where every time the door was opened you got a whiff from the kitchen stove.

Now, why not have served it on the lawn for a change? And why have so many hot dishes?

Cold bouillon served in cups is certainly superior to the steaming hot article. Coffee jelly with whipped cream will take the place of that boiled pudding, and a stuffed tomato salad will go better with the roast than macaroni. I had breakfast there, and they actually served us meat—meat in hot weather, when there are a thousand ways of preparing eggs and when there are fruit pancakes to be made! There was a scarcity of fruit, too, which I cannot understand. Why begrudge the money for fruit and waste it on greasy messes and sticky cereals? Heaven knows!

A friend of mine just returned from Paris informs me that the pompadour is doomed. Every smart woman there is wearing her hair divided either in front or on the side and massed heavily at the back.

The hats, too, are different. There is no more tilting up in front, but they are worn perfectly straight on the head, and the brim on one side is broader than the other.

The trimmings seem to be all of



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

Miss Marie Studholme, the pretty actress, says that stage folk are optimists. "It is the cheery view of their existence—whether things be good, bad or different—that makes actors and actresses the most hopeful and sanguine beings one is ever likely to meet in a day's march, and a long march, too," she declares. "As for myself, I can honestly say that since I first went on the stage I can never remember finding life even a tiny bit dull."

ones whose opinions she should care most about are there forced to look on her at her worst day after day.

Is it wonderful that a man with a wife like that can't help admiring women who are well groomed, women with trim waists and marceled hair and dresses that are immaculate and are scented with violet?

We can't all afford Worth and Doucet gowns, to be sure, but we can dress

doors. The wolf howls for a different kind of woman, the woman who believes in taking things easy, who believes in fate and luck and not in individual effort.

If I kept summer boarders it seems to me I would try to give them a rest from the sort of thing they have all winter.

I went up to the mountains last week and spent over Sunday with a friend

freely helps to give the shoulders a beautiful erectness and also pulls off superfluous flesh.

The Isben lovers all over the world are interested in the argument that is going on in Christiania over the purchase of the Isben house. Sigurd Isben says that his father never owned the house and only rented rooms in it, and he opposes the idea. The citizens, however, know what an attraction such a house would have for tourists

and are bent on adding it to the sights of the city. And so it is that the fire of genius burned to illuminate the mercenary outlook of the burghers of the Norwegian city.

A tiny flask of high proof alcohol carried in the purse is a boon to the business girl. A few drops of this on her handkerchief before wiping her face will refresh her literally, as well as take away the greasy look from the skin. To allow cool water to flow on

the wrists for a few minutes will cool down the temperature of the body, while a cold wet application at the back of the neck is almost life saving.

No flower can compete with the pink pond lily as a decoration for the table, and at several fashionable luncheons it has had the place of honor. It can hold repose, fragrance, coolness and color, for a prominent florist has brought the culture of the pink pond lily to such a stage that the fine

blooms range from the palest rose to the deepest carmine. Nothing can be more refreshing in floral decoration for the table than these flowers resting among maidenhair ferns.

If one gets a cinder in the eye and has not an eye cup at hand to use, the offending particle may generally be removed by rolling up a piece of paper like a kamigaiter, wetting the tip and going after the cinder with it. A medicine dropper, too, may be used to



MISS RUTH MAYCLIFFE.

Miss Ruth Maycliffe is the lucky little girl from a Texas ranch who, without the slightest influence in the theatrical world and very little actual stage experience, went to New York last winter and in a few months became the star of Clyde Fitch's successful play, "Girls," that has been crowding Daly's theater in New York city all this summer. Was the wonderful success of this actress due to luck, or did her pretty face, talent and charming personality have something to do with it?

she couldn't help knowing it was not convenient for you.

She Borrowed Money.

Then there was that friend of yours who borrowed money from you, and well she knew you didn't want to lend it. She promised to return it by a certain date, and when that date came she never even mentioned it. This obliged

you to do so, which you did apologetically and hating her in your heart for her lack of delicacy in putting you in that position.

Then what about the woman who admires an expensive gown of yours and without even a by your leave goes off and has it copied down to the very buttons by a cheap dressmaker of hers?

Just the other day I met a young woman who bitterly blames her mother for not removing her from school for at least a time. The child was ambitious, she overworked and became intensely nervous. She chewed her nails, she bit her lips until the blood came today as a result she has a most unattractive mouth, and, worst of all, she acquired the habit of eating at any old hour of the day because she had no appetite. As she says with bitterness, "Oh, if mother only had had sense enough to put me in the country and let me run wild like a young colt! Think what a good constitution I would have now. Even my appearance would be different. I wasn't nervous by nature. It was only the close school-room, the perpetual grind and the irritating atmosphere that made me so. The worst of it is, I have today forgotten nearly everything I paid such a high price to learn."

Mother and teachers should remember what they very often forget—that their daughters are women first and students afterward instead of the other way around.

pany, but that didn't prevent Mrs. Sharp, who pretends to be so nice to every one, from enticing her cook away.

I tell you the only way to cure people with a lack of delicate feeling is to give them a dose of their own medicine. They ought to be made to live together.

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Kate Clyde
Southampton, N. Y.

THE BATHING DRESS.

A pretty bathing costume is a necessity with the modern woman. We have now got over the idea so prevalent a few years ago that anything but a shapeless, baggy sack was an outrage on propriety when taking one's morning dip at the seashore. Nowadays nearly every one has her own bathing gown when she goes to the seashore, and this she makes as pretty as she can.

A pretty model is of serge, either cream, navy or red being suitable, trimmed with wide braid, curving out the colors of the gown, which for the comfort of swimmers is cut with bodice and kinkers in one, the skirt next being separate and secured to a band of braid.

advantage if available. Never rub the eye in which the cinder is. A gentle rubbing of the other toward the nose may drive the cinder in the tear ducts and very of the particle.

Miss Jenny C. Law Hardy, now residing in Touchet, Mich., has circled the globe three times. She was born in Italy, educated in Germany and Italy and now is married in America. She speaks four languages and comes of a prominent family.

NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The black sash has a tendency to make the figure look slender, which is the prevailing wish of fashionable women. Young girls who have not reached the stage where the figure is of greater importance than the style of attire lean toward colored sashes of various hues. These are permanently fastened to a light foundation and are closed with hooks. Usually

there is also a touch of the same color in the fabric or introduced somewhere on the frock in one way or another.

If a woman will stand up straight while she is sleeping it is the very best possible way of expanding her chest. But stooping over the broom is bad. The chest is contracted and the work made harder. To sweep vigorously with head up and arms moving