

Some Parisian Fashion Fads of Recent Origin



THE UP TO DATE TAILORED WAIST

PARIS, July 11.—The telephone service the world over is certainly one of the joys of life, but here at the ray capital it is the most unsatisfactory and irritating means of communication under the canopy. In fact, it is one of the biggest jokes indulged in by the funny man, and for a truth the service exists in name only. One of the daily papers has been busily campaigning against its mismanagement, but the administration is as indifferent to complaints as the young persons at the central office are deaf to the bell ringing of their patrons. Quite the funniest cartoon we have had for some time represents a man in a prostrate condition, with one finger on the telephone bell surrounded by his doctor, wife and children, while the former says: "Don't irritate him. Tell him he'll get the communication some day." Another story runs that a woman figured in a lawsuit recently because, in her impatience, she had insulted one of the demoiselles de telephone over the line. Still another is to the effect that an irate Parisian the other day fired his revolver into the instrument in his rage.

There are lots of other things that try one's patience quite as much as the inefficiency of the telephone service, and surely one of them is the problem of how to dress or, rather, what to buy in the way of chiffons for our very variable summer days, for one

has to be provided with clothes that will weather the biggest kind of a heat wave or a wind reminiscent of a snow-storm. It is lovely in theory to talk of the "one really good gown" that is supposed to carry one through all kinds of sartorial situations, but the real tug of war lies in selecting that frock. I admit that it is perfectly impossible to hit on a dress that will keep one warm in a blizzard and suggest cooling things in the blazing heat of July. No, it is really very difficult to apparel oneself for our variable summers without being prepared with three different frocks for every special occasion. I am sorry to depress you, but it is quite true. It may be cold, it may be hot, and quite as important, it may be wet. It always seems that if one is prepared for a cool summer the weather is hot, but if one is thoroughly prepared all round it is an enormous satisfaction—until the bill comes in.

The Long Sleeve.

I am just human enough to take delight in saying "I told you so" and in drawing your attention to my prophetic utterances. I am sorry to say that they have come true. Long ago, quite at the beginning of the present year, I said on more occasions than one that the feature of this summer season would be the long, tight sleeve which displays to perfection the outline of the arm, the sleeve which is almost flat on the shoulder and which boasts a curved cuff that reaches well



ELABORATE LINGERIE

over the hand as far as the knuckles. Than this sleeve there is nothing more chic or becoming to a moderately slender woman, and with a sleeve of this genre an ultra high collar of lace or tulle net is worn with a finely plaited frill of tulle on the extreme edge. These collars are of course part and parcel of the lace gumples. Most becoming collars, by the way, for slender necks are the modified forms of the pierrot ruche. They are made on

a fitted, boned lining, about the top and bottom of which is placed a full triple plaiting of lace or net. Between these ruchings is drawn a slightly wrinkled ribbon that ties in a smart butterfly bow at the back of the neck. Such a neck arrangement will bring a last season's frock quite up to date.

Tea at the Pre Catalan.

Every afternoon these bright July days the Pre Catalan is crowded, and



A FAVORITE HAT MODEL

the 5 o'clock tea is a daily occasion to observe the smart styles. The beautiful lawns, brilliant flower beds, flowering shrubs and wide spreading green trees, filtered with golden sunshine, make an excellent background for the bright frocks and hats of the women who flock in a continuous stream between 4 and 6 to chat for awhile over tea, chocolate or iced drinks at the little green tables set in the pleasant shade of the trees. Among the charming gowns I saw there the other day was a soft blue silk costume made with a very low cut yoke of gold and white lace and insertion. With it the fair owner wore a long coat of blue passementerie and a black hat lined with blue and trimmed with blue ribbon and a huge aigret. The hat was tilted well on one side and had a high crown. Japanese parasols were much in evidence, and these eccentric sunshades are the craze of the hour everywhere. The majority seen at the tea garden were in taffeta, plain or plaited, while some were of thick tussore. They are Japanese in contour rather than in material and are all prettily rounded at the border. One charming example was in white mousseline de sole over the thinnest of silk foundations. The muslin was painted with small pampadour bouquets, whereas the edge was outlined with three tiny plaitings of white lace mounted on pale pink satin ribbon. This sunshade is to be carried over a Watteau shepherdess hat in cream Italian

straw adorned with a large pink rose in front and a couple of black taffeta ends tied in a large bow beneath the chin, which causes the hat to droop becomingly on either side. These Louis XV. capelines are to remain fashionable all summer and are the rage now at Trouville. Another fashion feature that is appearing very prominently at this resort is the racy and chic coat of white corduroy that is worn as a top wrap over all kinds of morning frocks. This coat is severely tailored and depends for smartness upon its handsome white pearl buttons which in some cases rival an English service plate in dimensions. Another fad in the coat of crepe de chine, which is an ideal wrap for summer. It is warm enough to give a very real protection when the breezes blow too hot, and its weight is not oppressive when it is really warm. Unlike the lace wrap, which in too many instances is a mass of embroidery, braid and insertions applied on top of its already beautiful foundation, the crepe coat is comparatively sparsely trimmed. Usually a little exquisitely beautiful cluny or Irish lace suffices.

A Remarkable Fad.

Strangest of all the queer fancies floating in the dress world is the Parisiennes' fancy for calico costumes. It certainly is an extreme notion, this liking for dressy frocks made of a

fabric which until now has been reserved entirely for morning wear—little frocks to wear about the house and as a uniform during the first part of the day by the femme de chambre. But if you have been lucky enough to catch a glimpse of this French calico you will understand at least the ephemeral popularity of the vogue. The calico, as soft and pliable as chiffon, and the designs are charming little stiff wreaths and roses with cuckoos and various members of the feathered tribes hovering among the blossoms. I doubt very much if any great quantity of this material will reach your side of the pond this season, for a few courtiers here in Paris have cornered the market, as it were, to make the calico an exclusive one. Still, might's good substitutes you may find in the small patterned chintzes and cretonnes.

The cut of the calico skirt is quite as novel as the fabric. It is a two piece affair in the empire style and has seams only under the arms. The waist is high, and the length is a two inch sweep dipping all round on the ground. An absurdity surely for the trotting skirt, but you know consistency in clothes is not a failing of La Belle France. The coats worn with the empire skirt are loose and rather long, reaching almost to the knees. In front the jacket comes together at the bust, then gradually slopes away into a cutaway effect in the back. The large pocket flaps and deep Louis cuffs are trimmed with pipings and plaitings of the calico, for the coat itself is of linen in a shade matching the coloring in the design. The hat worn with this funny costume is even more ridiculous, for it is a Charlotte Corday affair made of the calico, with a stiff wreath of tiny old fashioned roses about the high puffed crown. The plaited frill is fitted over a wire foundation and does not flop over the face as much as the Charlotte Corday usually does. According to all the canons of sartorial art this costume should be bizarre and impossible, but in reality the peculiar skirt and fantastic coat make an ensemble that is decidedly fetching.

Speaking of art reminds me of a venture that has just been started by Mme. Lemaire, the famous artist—a "University of Arts," in which the higher classes are taught to appreciate art for art's sake. The idea is no doubt very praiseworthy, but the question arises how Mme. Lemaire will set to work. Ever since the world existed the cult of the beautiful has only been practiced by a privileged few. As to the general public, it knows the word without understanding the meaning. In painting, sculpture, literature and music it is only the sensation that appeals to the masses, and those members of the wealthy classes who are supposed to protect art invariably patronize those who belong to the category of society artists, men and women who speculate on the snobbishness of their fellow creatures, well knowing that if they are taken up by Comtesse Z, their fortune is made. In the meanwhile their talent is starving in a garret. I therefore respectfully beg to point out to Mme. Lemaire that as long as art is ruled by fashion, like the gowns we wear, there will never be such a thing as the cult of the beautiful. It was not necessary for her to start a "University of Arts" to arrive at this conclusion.

CATHERINE TALBOT.

Why Our Vacations Are So Often Unprofitable; With Some Kate Clydeisms on Other Pertinent Topics

HOW many vacations are spoiled by the haste and scramble of getting away! We women sew ourselves to death, the housekeeping goes to rack and ruin, and we only live for clothes for the time being. Long threads cover the carpets all over the house. If you sit down suddenly, I advise you first to look for a needle.

The baby shrieks wildly for its bottle, and no one has time to attend to it. Mrs. Smith calls. Say we're not at home!

"Oh, my dear! I positively can't see any one today! Why, I'm rushed to death. We start on Friday, and this trunk must be ready by tomorrow! I don't know what I shall do!" And if the man of the house ventures a remark or a criticism—
we-ow! I'm sorry for him, that's all! He gets his head taken off! Then on the last day we go shopping armed with a list a mile long. This list gets lost at least six times, and each time we have nervous prostration. We never could think that out all over again. It must be found! And found it is after the entire force of the store has been called in to help and two counters have been stripped bare.

Safety pins.
Hairpins.
Invisible hairpins.
Quarter of a yard of ribbon to match sample.
Two hatpins.
Etc., etc.

trunks full of dresses sewed by the midnight labor of our hands and trying to make people believe we came by them easily by way of Paris.

How foolish!

Shall we ever learn to rest in the true sense of the word, to go on camping tours, to take little trips burdened only with a suit case—in a word, to enjoy our life?

Let's try it for a change, and we'll be happier, healthier women.

Be a Sphinx.

Never tell one woman not to tell another. You might as well tell a mouse not to nibble cheese.

The best way of all is to keep secrets to yourself and never, never to say an ill natured word about anybody. It isn't kind, and, a word in your ear, it isn't polite.

Society does not like ill natured women; it is afraid of them.

You will never make a greater bid for popularity than by getting the reputation of never under any circumstances speaking an unkind word of anybody.

Every woman will love you to death, because she will trust you. The men will admire you for your cleverness. In this way you will get the friendship of the whole human race at a cheap price.

I suggest as useful piazza work (and how much of such work is trash!) the embroidering of initials on napkins. You may not need the napkins now, but you surely will at some period during the winter.

Use the papier mache initials and embroider firmly over them if you wish to spare yourself trouble.

You can say what you like against picture post cards, but I shan't agree with you. I tell you, you would never hear from some of your friends at all if it wasn't for these easy helps to correspondence, and then when you have friends traveling in Europe it certainly is nice to get one day a picture of Mont Blanc and the next of the bay of Naples. I think the European postal cards are positively sure enough works of art.

If you feel mournful in this beautiful summer weather, my dear friends,

ask yourself why it is and then do everything in your power to eliminate the cause.

We are not the playthings of fate as much as we imagine. We needn't associate with people who are morose or

fault finding, for instance, or allow them to exert their influence over us. We needn't be victims to dyspepsia or

cruel useless self reproach. Cheer up! Remember that success is largely the ability to forget failure and remember we have a chance at success as long as we have life in us and don't allow ourselves to grow doxy or mournful.

Tea Drinking Popular.

I am struck with the great increase in afternoon tea drinking here in America. That is because the dinner hour is growing later and later. It also provides an inexpensive mode of entertaining.

Many young women in the country are making good money by opening tea houses where motorists and others can be served with little cakes, sandwiches, etc., under the trees or in cool, pleasant surroundings.

This seems an ideal way to earn money during the summer months.

Have you seen the new empire back bathing suits? They are quite the thing.

One very smart model, sold for only \$20, was of fine black brilliantine trimmed with bands of bias black and white silk. These bands formed a long shoulder effect, from which sprang little kimono sleeves, also edged with the silk. The square neck was edged with the silk. The skirt was gored and set high into the full waist. In the back it fitted in still higher, and it was trimmed across the top with little bands of silk.

Black and white caps are quite the thing this year to go with the black and white trimmings. They are made double, with a Charlotte Corday effect, which is very becoming.

A Daring Bather.

I saw a rather daring costume on the beach the other day. It looked like an imported model. The material was dark red silk, trimmed with bands of lighter red. It was on the sheath order, with a line of trimming on one side, which opened with a suggestion of a split.

The first time I saw the costume the wind caught it a bit and on hearing giggles back of her the wearer hastened into the water, getting very red in the face at the same time.

The next day she appeared with the edges of the flaps caught down over a piece of red silk, which didn't match, but which served the purpose.

It only shows that we are too proper to wear the sheath bathing suit yet awhile.

Irresponsible Woman!

Woman's sense of business responsibility toward woman is a joke. Listen to this:
I know a charming woman who has

an apartment which is rather large for herself alone. She wants some one to come in and share it with her.

Hearing of this, Mrs. Smith went to her and positively begged to be taken in, stating that she was sick and tired of living with her friend Miss Jones; that Miss Jones was fussy, disagreeable and I don't know what all, and that she wanted to make a change.

It was agreed that Mrs. Smith was to come the following Thursday. The meantime my friend spent taking down

Can you beat it?



beds, housecleaning, moving her own clothes and in general working hard to make the place cozy for Mrs. Smith.

The thermometer was way up in 90, so it was not a treat, I assure you.

Thursday morning came, and with it arrived a sweet little pink scent bottle from Mrs. Smith saying she hoped she had caused no inconvenience, but she had just changed her mind and decided to stay where she was.

Can you beat it?

Kate Clyde
Atlantic City.

CHEERFULNESS CONTAGIOUS.

A smile is contagious. Perhaps you never thought of that. You know that fear was catching, that discontent traveled like wildfire, that sickness be-got sickness. We all acknowledge these things, and we all know the deadly results. Why not change the thought? Why not recognize that confidence in the future, happiness and good health are also contagious? You see, "Thoughts are things," it was a good philosopher who declared, "As a man thinketh, so is he." "Practice makes perfect" is a saying the truth of which is axiomatic.

Now optimism, practice good nature, and you will reap peace, joy and contentment. No one can make you unhappy if you refuse to be unhappy. Try it and see if it does not work.

Who doesn't know the miserable list of trifles which are an absolute necessity to us and which we always make out about of some absolutely vital article.

In the end we hardly have strength left to crawl aboard the train. We want to sleep all the time on our arrival at the summer resort. Last, and not least, we vow we'll never do it again!

But we always do.

Now, why, oh, why, do we inflict on ourselves this typically American idea of a summer vacation which is no vacation at all, for we play the same hard game we do all winter long, trying to outshine people with more means than we have, taking away

And found it is.

CONDENSATIONS.

A white or colored cotton dress usually becomes creased and crumpled long before it is soiled sufficiently to warrant its dispatch to the laundry. A little thin starch, made with cold water, will, however, be found excellent as a means of stiffening the skirt where it has become limp, a sponge dipped in the starch being used with which to damp the material. The gar-

ment should then be spread over an ironing board and pressed all over by degrees.

The princess and empire styles are being combined this season. The newest frocks keep the ordinary waist line in front, the back taking an upward sweep.

Perhaps the flower which is first favorite for millinery purposes this sea-

son is the field daisy expressed in its natural colors, but also in black, silver and gold. Sometimes the white petals are used with centers of different colors to match the gowns with which the hat is to be worn.

Nothing is better for roughness and redness of the elbow than warm sweet almond oil. It should be applied at night.

The cutaway coats now in vogue are worn in combination with embroidered

waisateats. These waisateats may quite easily be made at home from a flowered cretonne. A small pattern is best, and the flowers and leaves should be outlined in silk thread.

A convenient way to keep belts, ribbons and collars in order is to use a certain stick of old cane. Wind around it some colored cambric or ribbon. Place two large hooks in wall so that they extend slightly. Place your stick on hooks and you have a neat rack.

This saves much time and keeps your bureau drawers tidy.

Dotted swiss of all colors and all sized dots, figured, striped and dotted dimity, embroidered and plain batiste and chiffon and glace make up prettily.

To freshen green vegetables cut off the stalk and put in cold salted water for an hour or two.

Buttermilk is one of the simplest and most effective remedies for whitening

the skin. Bathe with it both before and after exposure to the sun and let it dry on the skin. This will also help to keep freckles away.

One of the prettiest necklaces is a fine gold rope, with a pale pink coral rose set in front and on either side several long pendants of pink coral.

There are several shades of coral, and where the harsher red tones are impossible those of soft rose pink will usually be found becoming. Lovely

are strings of pink coral beads alternating with little gold filigree beads.

There are small coral balls to set close in the ears, but the newer carrying is a long, tear shaped drop of pink coral.

Table linen should be hemmed by hand. Not only does it look better and more dainty, but there is no streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered, as with machine sewing.

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