

Dressmakers' Parties

Dressmakers' Victims

THIS is the season of the year when the dressmaker triumphs. No tyrant could be more unbending. She knows she has you in her power, for what can you do when she holds five or six of your dresses in an unfinished state? Take them away from her and give them to some one else? That is bravely said, but to whom will you go? Every other dressmaker is equally busy, and all they can give you is promises. So you resign yourself to the inevitable. You speak madame fair and take her boxes of candy.



A little dinner frock.

And when she turns round for her in the brooding sun and spend hours matching trimmings. When you come for your fitting and she meets you with a languid shrug of her shoulders and the remark, "I am sorry, but see gown not ready," you merely look pleasant. And

then suggests, "Eef madame vill wait, vill read for an hour or two, perhaps zen?"—you do not resent the insult as you would in the early spring; neither do you presume to remind her that you have come all the way from your country place and that time is precious with you. Oh, no, indeed! You smile sweetly, murmur, "Tomorrow then," and depart to join a dressmakers' party.

These dressmakers' parties are all the rage with people who have left town and opened their country places. It was a gay little chaperon who started the fad. She gathered five of us girls together, and we planned to have our fittings on the same days. In the morning we start off merrily, and when we reach town we scatter to our different dressmakers. At noon we all meet for lunch at one of the big hotels. There a refreshing feast is served, with ices and cool things calculated to soothe our nerves and tempers after protracted fittings. These luncheons are also indignation meetings. Scraps of conversation like this float about:

"I talked two hours about how I wanted that dress made, and by the very next fitting she had forgotten all about it."

"The tucks are made in a plaid design on the waist, and I look enormous."

"She sent that skirt home without a single hook or eye!"

"Does your dressmaker disappoint?"

"I hope there's enough goods to lengthen it in front."

"If I should line my skirt with peraline, do you think it would show?"

"The next time I see her I'm going to give her a piece of my mind!"

"Charged you 50 cents a yard for that lace? My dear, you can buy the identical thing at Cashem's for 29."

"And I said to her: 'Madame, you've had that blue foulard of mine one month. I'll give you until Friday—not one hour longer!'"

Then late in the afternoon, when every one's grievance has been aired and each dressmaker soundly berated (behind her back), the masculine element makes its appearance, and gay little dinners and theater parties finish the day.

Mme. Argentine has just finished a stunning trousseau for a late June bride. The gowns illustrate the latest ideas. I noticed two in particular. The first was a little dinner frock of colored batiste, so fine that it appeared like silk. It was made over a white tulle slip, which showed through the bands of openwork which covered both waist and skirt. This open effect consisted of coarse chainwork done in black sewing silk. Each band was an inch wide and was made by hand, so you can imagine the labor. However, this chainwork is very much the rage, and if you care to be thoroughly up to date you must have at least a silk waist handed in this way. The V neck was encircled by a flou which was also made in the latest fashion—that is, it was laid in tiny tucks. These give graceful lines to the shoulders and do away with the bundle effect commonly seen with this style of trimming.

The edges of the fichu, of the sleeves and of the bottom of the gown were finished with black chiffon applique in a leaf pattern. A charming touch of color was given by the long fringed scarf of turquoise panne. Every evening gown had its separate ornament for the French gown, showing big hair, and with this dress there was a big black chiffon rose dotted with rhinestones.

While I am on the subject of hair decorations I might as well tell you that jeweled roses in all colors lead. They are worn very low on the forehead or at the base of the coiffure. All high effects are avoided. Aigrets and stiff bows are no longer in the height of style, and they are relegated to matrons of a certain age.

I want to speak of the second gown on account of its sleeves. These were



French gown, showing big hair.

really very large, which shows what we are coming to next winter. There were two puffs and a deep full above the elbow and a closely fitted undersleeve of ceru lace. The puffs were slightly stiffened and were held in by wide shirings. The gown itself was of blue and white foulard trimmed with deep coffee colored lace over pale green tulle. It was imported, and it bore two little French touches—a chon of black tulle at the left of the chin and a long sash of the same fluffy material.

I saw another very odd and effective costume at a reception last week. It was a tailor made dress of very light-weight old rose cloth, and the entire trimming consisted of medallions made of French embroidery knots in black and white. Panels of these even ran down the skirt. The effect was indescribably dainty, and that is what fashion demands nowdays. A gown is not a success unless it carries some trifling of the way of hand embroidery or the needlework.

This reception was a dull affair. I hope it is to be the last of the season. Half the women didn't know each other, and the other half were making hysterical efforts to appear gay. Why do we keep going to this sort of thing? I wonder, unless what men say of our sex is true—that we are fond of self torture? After the train of my gown had been stepped on twice and I had narrowly escaped a dripping plate of ice cream I sought refuge in a corner with a dear old lady who is a delightful conversationalist. She sails next week for Paris, where she will take a furnished apartment.

"I hope I'll have better luck than I had last time," she chattered. "The French are such thieves! It is a regular trick with them to put rickety furniture and nicked plates in your apartment and then charge you for them. And they are so untidy! The interiors of the houses in Paris are as dirty as the streets are spotless. With them everything is for show. Why, I remember when our carpet wore out the proprietor ordered a new one, and my dear, he had it laid right on top of the old one. What is worse, on actual examination we found that there were seven layers of carpet which had accumulated in this manner. Fancy it! Seven layers of dirt and microbes!"

"And the candles?" I inquired laughingly.

"Ah, yes. They still keep up that irritating custom all over Europe. A fresh candle every night in your room and the old one taken away even if you haven't looked at it. Then when you leave there is such a bill for candles! Useless to protest. It is a legalized form of robbery, and you have to submit. Speaking of this reminds me of a story about Mrs. Yznaga, mother of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. She was traveling through northern Italy with a faithful old colored maid named Debby. Debby watched the candle swindle with growing indignation. Finally she determined that what her mistress paid for she should at least enjoy. Mrs. Yznaga noticed that Debby carried around with her a rapidly growing parcel, but she thought nothing of it. One day she accepted an invitation to stay at the villa of a nobleman of high rank. Mistress and maid traveled in the same carriage, and Debby still clung to the mysterious package. At the entrance to the chateau the marchess herself met them, with a glittering retinue. Mrs. Yznaga was helped out first; then Debby followed, clutching her belongings. Suddenly there was a ripping, rending sound. Paper and string had yielded to the unusual pressure, and a shower of candles fairly rained through the air in all directions. One of them narrowly missed the marchess, and the rest shed terror among the glittering furies. When the excitement subsided, Mrs. Yznaga made some attempt at explanation, but to this day the incident is doubtless remembered as an example of American eccentricity."



A shower of candles.

Kate Clyde
New York.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

FOULARD COSTUME WITH LINGERIE SLEEVES.

WOMEN AS STREET CLEANERS

Chicago's Novel Experiment.

THE appointment of Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Horatio N. May as inspectors of street cleaning in Chicago establishes a precedent that will probably be followed in other American cities. The official naming of these two social leaders for such a post was as graceful as their acceptance of its duties and responsibilities. It was the shrewd idea of Alderman Julius Goldzier that if some ladies prominent in Chicago's most fashionable and influential social circle would accept the office of street cleaning inspector a general tidying up impulse would sweep like a new broom through the highways and byways of the city. It was at Mr. Goldzier's request that young Alderman Honore Palmer offered the place to his mother, adding on his own part the earnest wish that she accept it. Mrs. May, the other lady inspector, is the widow of a former city comptroller. There will be active exertion attached to the ladies' honors. They are to pass in person through alleys and streets in the fashionable districts in which they live and note the bottles, old garments, ancient shoes and tomato cans that have not been objects of desire since goats went out of fashion in Chicago. Theirs will be the odorous task of looking into garbage boxes and ash cans. They must see that householders provide themselves with the fashionable style of galvanized iron ash pail. They will inaugurate a crusade against pasting advertising handbills on private property and will see that street sweeping is not done in a slouchy, political job way.

There is no doubt that the ladies will be honest; there is no doubt that they will be particular.

Chicago will be all the more favorably inclined to this innovation for the reason that the city has already had a brave object lesson as to the capability of women, not indeed in street inspection, but in the much more difficult and practical field of actual street cleaning. In the First ward, which is a business district, Mrs. A. Emmagene Paul is supervisor of all the sweeping and scraping of thoroughfares and of the removal of rubbish from them.

To young Mayor Harrison belongs the credit of giving Mrs. Paul her office, which he did in 1897. At the end of a year and a half 35 business firms in her district presented to her written testimony of their appreciation of her services. They said among other things that the streets of their part of the city had never been kept so clean and in such a passable condition as during the 18 months they had been under the supervision of Mrs. A. E. Paul.

A point to take note of is that for the first year Mrs. Paul had night duty, requiring her to be out in the dark hours of the severe Chicago winter. She went through the ordeal magnificently. Later she had day duty, and now she is supervisor of both the night and day forces. She has charge also of sidewalk repair and the removal of garbage.

It would be an odd sight in any city but Chicago—there the inhabitants are used to it—to see this American woman proceeding to her work in the early morning. A gang of Italian laborers assemble at the starting place, and Mrs. Paul meets them, gives instructions and proceeds on her rounds. She rides in a top buggy, driving the horse herself, unattended, fearless and safe. The policemen hold her in high esteem and would fly in a moment to her aid if she were in any danger, which she never is. With like respect do the foreign laborers regard her.

"We like woman. She no swear at us," said one of her workmen.

They look on her as a friend who, while she requires a full day's work from each, is their steady well wisher and will give them sympathy in their troubles. It is here that the woman of it comes in. She keeps track of every laborer under her supervision, makes out her own pay roll, which amounts to \$125,000 a year, and prepares her own reports. She has been supervisor of street cleaning some four years, and in all that time her record has stood at the head.

Some of Chicago's most influential residents would like to see this admirable woman superintendent of street cleaning for the whole city.

ELIZABETH LEE.

HOLLAND'S METHODICAL QUEEN.

The value of half hours has been instilled into the young queen of Holland even with her games, and now, though she loves reading, there is no dawdling over a book—no lazy, do nothing summer hours when the watching of a butterfly is a burden.

If she has said she is going out at 4, she leaves her occupation, however absorbing it may be, and retires to dress at six or seven minutes to the hour. Her meals occupy the smallest possible time, and her toilet is a necessary evil that is never lingered over. Every paper is read by her before she signs it, and she personally opens every letter; even those that arrive in the afternoon and evening are attended to.

Transparent neckbands continue to be worn, and as the summer advances their reign will be more universal.

ASTROLOGY.

Persons Born Under Cancer.

THE constellation that rules from June 21 to July 22 is Cancer, the head of the water signs. The astrologers consider those born between these two dates to partake, so far as human beings can, of the character of the crab.

Cancer individuals are not always harmonious to live with, not harmonious even to themselves, till they learn to control their feelings. They clutch at things and pinch them, so tight do they hold on; then suddenly some other fancy strikes them, and they let go and are off after something else. Astrology says that Cancer women are inclined to be fickle and inconstant. I don't say so, mind you. It is astrology.

A peculiarity of Cancer subjects is that they like to be mixed up in things, particularly public enterprises, like to be known as leaders and managers, and they really are most capable ones, too, generally, if they do not permit their self seeking to make them regardless of the feelings and rights of others. The Cancer woman sometimes claws her way through obstacles, but she gets there. It is a fact, too, that these people are generally mentally gifted much above the average. Physically, they are apt to be plump, rather soft fleshed and pale, with full, round faces—something the shape of a crab shell, let us say. The men are less fickle in love than the women, but even the men are not overconstant. The reason of this changeableness is, astrologically speak-

ing, that the sign Cancer is governed by the moon. Being moon people, Cancer individuals are naturally subject to change.

The Cancer born are among the most peculiar of mortals. They love splendid clothes and jewels, yet are so fond of money that in old age they hoard it. Miners are found in this sign. Another characteristic is that their life forces run low at night, making them feel weak and sad. Daylight is their best time. They must be careful whom they marry, or their unions will not be happy. Their soul mates are found among those born like themselves under a water sign. Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces are the water signs.

Cancer subjects need to train themselves to be truthful, industrious and unselfish and to think not so much of themselves. So shall they be wise, prosperous and happy, for they are highly gifted.

CLARA BRANSCOMBE.

MINIATURE OAK TREES.

Perhaps some readers have seen some of the miniature forest trees for which Japanese gardeners have such a fancy and which live to a great age, showing gnarled and knotted branches like those of their giant relatives, though their height is only a few inches.

The Japanese carry the art of dwarfing trees to perfection, and, though a tiny cannot be expected to rival them, still any one who cares to make the attempt will find the growing of a miniature oak tree is decidedly interesting.

Begin by getting an orange, cutting off a piece at the top and then scraping out all the pulp. Now fill the empty skin with mold, and in it plant an acorn. Keep the soil damp, and as the seedling grows see that its roots do not go beyond the orange skin. Directly a bit of root appears cut it off. The whole art in dwarfing a tree—and all sorts are subjected by the Japanese to the same treatment—appears to be to keep on cutting the roots so that they may always be contained within a small space.



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

CORDED GOWN OF GRAY CLOTH.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

THE beautiful Annabel Zee, niece to Aunt Tabitha Sourgrapes, has just been graduated from college. The commencement was a dream of poetry. The sweet girls wore white gowns, simple white, but they cost \$100 apiece. The hairdresser spent an hour over each girl's head, giving it exactly the right saucy-like bulge over the forehead and ears and making the hair hang about the sausage bulge so as to look as if it had not been combed for a week. This is true high art in hairdressing, present. The graduates wore no flowers, however. Flowers are out of style this year for graduates—the common people got to using them so. After all, Aunt Sourgrapes is rather proud of Annabel's prettiness as she sits among her mates. They look like angels in corsets and skin tight white kid gloves of the costliest make, those girl graduates. Hon. A. Slow Poke delivers the address. He bids them go forth and bear the light of knowledge to an ignorant world. He is powerful on how woman's womanly influence influences men for holiness.

He tells them, with an air as if he himself had made up the saying, how the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. He fires off at them all the fishy old gags that have been in circulation since woman was permitted to learn the alphabet, while the audience tries to look as if it were hearing them for the first time. The girls meantime turn the prettiest side of their faces to the audience, thrust out a tiny bit the toes of their white slippers, and Annabel wonders whether people notice how much smaller her hand and foot are than those of big Susan Peters, who came up from the lower classes, her father having been a common workman that got rich by his own exertion. Sourgrapes knows that is what the mix is thinking all the while Hon. A. Slow Poke is telling them in his ladylike manner how fortunate they are to belong to this land, where woman has so many privileges denied her elsewhere.

He does not touch on woman's rights, however, not by the faintest far off of a feather. The principal has privately requested him to make no

allusion whatever to the woman question, lest a whiff of its deadly poison puff into the minds of the girls and injure their matrimonial market and consequently hurt the reputation of the college. A school whose girl graduates came out strong minded would be ruined in society. So Hon. A. Slow Poke refrains. He even quips more than 20 minutes after he is done.

The pretty girls get their diplomas, tied with blue ribbons, each graduate holding the roll in her left hand at a particular angle, with her little finger sticking neatly out. Their education is finished. They go forth. Sourgrapes gets her pretty niece alone and interviews her. In tones soft and Sutterly she asks Annabel what branches of learning she knows. French, Latin, mathematics and music are some of those named.

"Decline to me, then, hic, haec, hoc," says Sourgrapes sweetly. "Hic, haec, hoc," begins Annabel. She stammers, stops. "I had so much bother getting my commencement frock that it drove all my Latin out," she explains.

"Yes, my dear," goes on Sourgrapes in the buttery voice. "Then perhaps you can prove to me that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle—"

"Good gracious, Aunt Tab! I've forgotten. Mathematics is my weak point. I paid more attention to music."

"Ah, my dear, an artistic temperament, I see! Play me, then, at sight this simple waltz, and you may have the music."

Annabel begins, struggles lamely through two bars, breaks down. Sourgrapes comes to her rescue.

"It's French, after all, I'm sure, that you're best in. Let us go and have a charming little luncheon at Duval's, and you give the order for it in French—whatever you like. Aunt Sourgrapes will pay."

Annabel scans the menu and proceeds to air her pure and correct French. The waiter looks puzzled; then he frowns. Finally he says severely: "Mademoiselle, it is much better you speak English. Then I understand you."



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

DUST COAT AND CHIFFON BOA.

SEASONABLE STYLE HINTS.

There is a combination of colors to be seen in belts for summer gowns. One of these gowns has not a bit of bright color except in the belt, which is of deep, dark red ribbon. Above it is a line of pink, and the pink and red appear also in a big rosette in front.

The tuxedo belt has not only the harness buckle to fasten it, but more metal

parts of a harness on either side, to give it an appearance suitable to outdoor wear.

White plique belts come with black harness buckles, with the metal not so heavy as in the nickel belt buckles. Here is something to wear with your light waists on which are smoked pearl buttons. There is a stock to match

these belts. The stock proper is of white plique, with the scarf, or whatever it is called when it is rapidly growing parcel, but she thought nothing of it. One day she accepted an invitation to stay at the villa of a nobleman of high rank. Mistress and maid traveled in the same carriage, and Debby still clung to the mysterious package. At the entrance to the chateau the marchess herself met them, with a glittering retinue. Mrs. Yznaga was helped out first; then Debby followed, clutching her belongings. Suddenly there was a ripping, rending sound. Paper and string had yielded to the unusual pressure, and a shower of candles fairly rained through the air in all directions. One of them narrowly missed the marchess, and the rest shed terror among the glittering furies. When the excitement subsided, Mrs. Yznaga made some attempt at explanation, but to this day the incident is doubtless remembered as an example of American eccentricity."

trimmed in this way, and now the colors are worth trying again.

Yes, you can use your jet hat crowns this season. Some of the prettiest hats have crowns of jet.

To learn one's family tree and have it available it should be made out on genealogical medallions. These are small spheres of cardboard in metal bindings joined by chain links. The top medallion is for the individual who is raising

the family tree. From this medallion the branches spread out, the name of ancestor on each medallion, until the chain is as long as demanded. When it reaches Adam or Noah, there is a history that is worth reading, and each branch of the family is joined by actual links. The short lines show where a branch ends and the long ones where another has continued. When the chain is finished, it can be hung on the wall

of the largest room in the house or put away in a barrel. Wherever it goes it is a delight, and there is nothing so pleasant as to think one's family tree in one's hand. It shows riches that are better than gold.

One of the prettiest of simple stocks is of tucked lawn, with a little turnover at the top and wide ends bound with white cotton, a tiny black dot on white. The effect of the black in the edge is

good, and the shape is better. The turnover is shaped in a point in the middle of the front, and the tie ends slanting instead of rounding, as many ties do.

Very pale green gloves are shown to wear with a gown corresponding in color or with white costumes.

Among the insect hatpins are jeweled beetles and spiders attached to a spring which gives them a very realistic appearance.