

Frills of Fashion.

The time is ripe for the enactment of vigorous sumptuary laws. No one else would so welcome a little stern legislation against the prevailing extravagance in dress as the women concerned themselves. The pace that impoverishes any but bottomless purses has been set all along the line as regards clothes this summer, and the gorgeousness of feminine raiment has never in the experience of the most regular frequenter of the watering places being equalled. A perfectly fresh frock every twenty-hours is the record of many women at Newport. This might not indicate any particular lavishness of wardrobe if the majority of the gowns were simple like gingham or soubrette muslins garnished with ribbons. It must be confessed, however, that the simple gingham cuts a very small figure among these modern toilets, and the Swiss muslin is just a picturesque tradition, for lace is the thing, lace in masses or in rich incrustations; satin and silk and crepe de chine and silk muslin are the foundation materials, and when duck and muslin and gingham do appear they are enhanced with eand needlework, so fretted with embroidery, so frilled and flounced and jabot-hung that the original cotton bias of the costume is absolutely lost sight of and ignored.

All women admit that nothing can be done to stem the tide of extravagance and elaboration in connection with their clothes until the prevailing cut of skirts and the exceeding favour of lace are modified. So long as the eel-shaped petticoats are the law they must be garnished and garlanded to the last extreme, they must be cut from the best goods, and not to put lace on them is like refusing oil to a salad dressing; it simply will not do. Of course, relief is hoped for in Paris; but as the business of the Parisian powers is to keep every woman's moneys in active circulation, relief seems rather far away, and meantime the ballrooms are filled with beauty.

What is now described as a skirt of dancing length is a sheath like petticoat to the knees, and below that a flare of flounces sweeps the floor in front and runs in a broad wake of foam-like flutes behind. It is distinctly to the credit of the women that any dancing at all is done in these dainty shackles laid about knees and feet; and a triumph of mind over matter is the sight of a woman bland, even smiling of countenance, as she waltzes about a crowded room with costly draperies in instant peril from masculine feet. Quite an awe inspiring sight is this, and the greatest mystery is that the majority dance serenely through an evening and never lose a spangle.

So far this has not been a season noticeable for the use of flower garlands on evening toilets. A white net gown sparkling with patterns done in silver braid, and with the picture completed with a few trails of white Bankia roses, was one in the list of costumes for a debutante; and women are fond enough of arranging one shoulder strap for a decollete bodice in a close-set bend of roses. This is usually the strapping for the left, while on the right a drapery of lace or crossed pieces of black velvet ribbon do duty, and bright jewelled brooches are often fastened in the velvet ribbon. Lace sleeves all the way to the wrist are dropping into second place behind the modes just mentioned, and a drapery of chiffon falling nearly to the elbow, but open on the top of the arm, is one of Worth's latest contrivances. Over the shoulder a bow of small flowers often bend in additional decoration, but floral treatment rarely plays a more conspicuous part. What the dressmakers seemingly

delight in is the incrustation of a net or silk muslin skirt with floriated lace garland the leaves and stems of which are vined with pale green strangles. They do not hesitate to drop a drapery so treated over a silk slip in a rather assertive tone of pink, just as they combine mauve with blues and sharpen a white gown with cerise.

In spite of its seemingly frail hold on gowns, the faithful little spangle clings and not only strikes fairy fire into the ubiquitous lace garlands, but wrinkles in the meshes of the thick kilted deep net and silk muslin flounces that flare out from the Princess gowns; reflects the light from the face of a small five-sticked Duchess fans now carried and is very much used in the decoration of small dress buckles, in place of the worthy strass. Little by little though, these summer evening gowns give proof of the future use of the finest sort of bullion embroidery in place of the jetting and spangling we have had so much of and the tendency of skirt decoration is surely upward. In a month or two flounces will inevitably have got as high as the hips, for by many aids they are climbing. For instance, a white satin skirt has a deep tulle valance from the knees and the frills of the same running up to the waist line, widely spaced and diminishing in width the higher they go. Another commendable toilet has a group of three small flounces near the bottom, but a band of bullion embroidery on the mauve crepe de chine foundation goes circling the skirt clear up to the belt, followed in its path by a graduated ruffle of silk muslin. Now certainly what is proper for the ball dress is adaptable to the costumes of other occasions, and it is safe to anticipate the rising tide of skirt trimmings for the autumn.

It is of considerable importance to mention that a twisted eight is no longer an accepted mode of hairdressing, and that for the popular coiffure a not too luxuriant head of dark brown hair with high reddish lights in it is much easier to manipulate and more effective when pinned in place than any other type. For the evening all length of tress is gathered up on top of the head and there folded in a small upstanding knot. From crown to nape a clean sweep of even hair should round out the back of the head, with no coquettish tendrils on the neck, and in front a slight pompadour with just a few short rings on the forehead is allowed.

Sometimes a string of pearls, a wreath of small green artificial leaves, or a whiff of black tulle clasps the base of the small knot of hair, but the wired satin Louis XVI bows and nodding aigrettes are no longer in use. The diamond crowned tucking comb is conspicuous by its absence, and the only comb now used is thrust in the back hair by day to act as a support for the rear brim of the wearer's hat. The coiffure for the day-time is the Greek coil, a flattened out Psyche knot or three puffs rising in front. No one but an eccentric woman pins her locks at the back of her head, for the hat we wear at present simply demands a good cushion of hair inside its crown and strong pins to hold it in place, since the burden of the trimming rests on the crown.

A cream wheat straw, bearing no other decoration than a crown made completely of mixed mauve and blue hydrangea heads, is among the most captivating manifestations of the moment, and one of the whims of the hour is to adopt sundry graceful draperies for the head of an evening. Any pieces of good old lace are wrought into what in another period of fashion was called a fascinator, a thing between a kerchief and a hood, with lappets that fasten under the chin. If lace is not procurable then Liberty silk in a faint glacier blue will do, and amid the silken folds a blush rose is fastened and another blooms under the chin.

Through all this summer weather the women have as a rule clung with amazing fidelity to their gloves, for it is not against blistered fingers and calloused palms that the average girl has found it necessary to protect herself, but against the indelible freckle. There is no science that yet explains why a freckle like the back of a woman's hand takes just twice as long to bleach out as one on her nose or cheek, but any woman who knows the vigor and long life of a hand freckle will refuse to move from the house without gloves. Big gloves that make no vain show of fitting the fingers seem to be the cherished comfort of feminine existence for every hour save when a dinner or a dance is in progress. Early in the season suede lisle gloves got a fine start in popularity ahead of all the others, but suede lisle does not wear, and gazelle and antelope skin, with perforated palms, are worn for driving and wheeling. Down by the water white wash chamois skin or gloves in the pale tan tint of the useful chamois polishing rag are treely used, and these, in four-buttoned

length with Bernhardt wrists, give perfect shelter to hands that on beeches or the deck of yachts are more or less exposed. The easy bigness of the wash gloves has had an influence on those worn in the evening. A tightly fitted glove, buttoned snugly at the wrist, is as much out of the mode as a foot in a pointed-toe shoe. Long fingers, broad palms and wrinkled wrists are not only comfortable but smart, and with her strong, careful gloved right hand a woman can give as free and hearty a handshake as a man. White ibis, glacier blue and putty gray are some of the most approved colors for evening gloves as now worn, and a suede glove, drawn smoothly up just over the elbow, is considered in the best taste.

Three or five strings of very small or seed pearls twisted in a rope and fastened by all the fine silken threads on which they are strung is what the debutante wears. She wears this as if her collar bones are a trifle too prominent, but if she has a plump white neck she wears no jewels at all unless she has chains of pearls well worth the showing. An evening toilet and especially a summer evening dress is easily overburdened with diamonds, but it seems tacitly agreed that it is almost impossible to wear too many pearls. High dog collars are hot and troublesome when the mercury is up and doing, but a necklace of one string of big beads and these long single chains of pearls of varying sizes, and tints give an increased charm to any toilet. Pearls are more expensive than ever, but no woman is the less thought of for buying pretty imitation beads and stringing them about her neck till they fall in loops to her knees. Those skilful creatures who dress with a view to obscuring delftly many of the ravages of time wear in the evening with decollete gowns the prettiest collars of lace. Such collars strewn with pearl bead traceries running through the design of the lace, or sparkling with spangles, seem far too open meshed and innocently revealing to be worn for other than mere ornamental effect, and yet they are fully as serviceable as spotted veils, and hide quite as much in their artful way as the well managed width of dotted tulle.

It is quite contrary to the idea of the modern evening dress to help out its effectiveness with rings and bangles, and there is nothing more typical of the daintiness of these toilets than the tiny glove handkerchiefs that are carried with them. A square of triangular or heart-shaped piece of the finest handkerchief batiste, no greater than the area of a man's palm, forms the basis of this handkerchief, and frilled round it is an inch and a half wide flounce of soft cream tinted footing. Caught in the centre of its batiste circle the small handkerchief is thrust into the glove's opening at the wrist, or is stuck like a rose in the top of the glove, where the crook of the elbow holds it fast. What its practical duties are is not clear, even to the women themselves; yet it savors of the excessively impractical but charming femininity of the lace gown and its wearer.

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Time tries all things. It has well tried one great organization about which most people had gave doubts at the start, the Salvation Army. This thoroughly enterprising society has been through what American business men might call its advertising period; and although it has not yet given up advertising methods, it has little further need of an introduction to the public.

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An Act of Unselfish Heroism.

He entered a crowded tram-car the other morning, and, after a look round, he reached out his hand to a middle aged man, and saluted:—

'Good mornidg, sir. How do you feel this mornidg?'

'Good mornidg,' was the stiff reply of the other.

'Don't you remember me?' queried the man, hanging to the strap.

'I can't say that I do.'

'That's funny. Six weeks ago to-night I was on one of these tram-cars with my wife. You were you were also a passenger. The tram was crowded and you got up and gave her your seat. Don't you remember?'

'I don't charge my mind with such trifles,' replied the man sitting down, and who didn't seem to like the attention attracted.

'Yes, it was a trifle, but trifles show a man's character! Don't you remember

my saying to you then and there that you were the only gentleman in the car beside myself?'

The man sitting down began to get red in the face and move about uneasily, and the man standing up loudly continued:—

'I said to my wife as we got off: 'Mary, the man who gave you his seat may not be rich or famous, but he is a gentleman, and if ever I see him again I shall express my gratitude.'

'Yes, sir, you are a gentleman, and I don't care who hears me say so. Will you get off and have a glass of wine with me?'

'Please drop the matter, will you?' asked the 'true gentleman,' as he grew more embarrassed and uneasy.

'Of course I will, if you say so. That's the way with true modesty. You probably didn't think you did an act of heroism that night, but I know, and the world shall know, that you did. You could have sat there, and eat and sat, but you didn't do it. The minute you saw my wife you got up—so, and lifted your hat—so, and smiled—so, and insisted that she should take your seat. Did Caesar ever do a thing like that? Was Brutus a greater hero? One may search the records of the whole world, sir, and not find—'

The 'true gentleman' couldn't stand any more. He rose up, hurried out, and dropped off, and the thankful man dropped into the seat thus vacated, and finished:—
—the records of the whole world, and not find another such act of unselfish heroism.

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Industry, integrity, economy and promptness are cardinal requisites to certain and honorable success.

Merit is the trade-mark of success; quality the true test of value.

Success is not in time, place or circumstances, but in the man.

Credit and partnerships are the scourge of commercial history and the bane of commercial experience.

Beware of the gifts of the Greeks; they allure that they may destroy; credit is tempting, but ruin surely follows in its path.

Burn the ledger and learn to say No; this is the best for both buyer and seller.

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He Found the way.

A funny incident was that of one of the regular patrons of the Opera house, on Tuesday evening last, when entering and finding the house dark, he quietly drew several matches from his pocket and lighted his way down the auditorium to his seat. A witty gentleman in the audience remarked:—
"He has an abiding faith in Lucifer."

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