FASHIONS

Natural Supposition.

Her hair was unmistakably red—
She claimed she didn't care,
"You'll have to diet," the doctor said—
She thought he meant her hair.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DAINTY YACHTING GIRLS

Ellen Osborn's Observations on the Charming Costumes Worn by Them at Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 19.—The yachting girl is not this season the only girl in Summer's garden; but perhaps she is still the most important girl.

Last year the race for the America's cup brought the yachting girl into a prominence that she is slow to resign. For several years indeed, she has been persistently asserting her claim.

In 1886, when the English cutter Galatea came to race against the Mayflower, Mrs. Henn, wife of Lieutenant Henn of England, made herself conspicuous because of her knowledge of the races and her interest in the contest. At that time yachtswomen in America were unknown.

Since then times have changed.

Today there are half a dozen women flag members of the New York Yacht Club and a dozen and a half of practical yachtswomen—women who have studied navigation, besides scores who know the meaning of every nautical term, and understand a boat from stem to stern. Besides, hundreds, at moments, imagine themselves equally well informed.

The dress has a good deal to do with it.

Although, as in golf, the best sportswomen are far from being the best clad, yet it is hard for yachting dress to be other than smart, while its possibilities of chic and trimness—yes, and of grace—are inexhaustible.

The yachting girl's costume would astonish the woman who 20 years ago "went boating."

It is not that the latest tweeds and ducks and serges are elaborate in cut, but that upon them is expended the tailor's last ounce of knowledge of the art of precision. And, simple as they are in design, there is nothing in the whole realm of dress to exceed their wealth of elaboration and elegance in matters of detail.

Hopelessly Anomalous.

It is no uncommon sight, for instance, to see smart serge coats flung open to reveal the most fragile of silk bodices fluttering in front with costly lace jabots. The skirts are hung upon lace-trimmed, pale-tinted petticoats, the coat revers are often faced with fine Irish point, and if it were not for the wearer's cap and glasses, the yachting girl's whole outfit would appear hopelessly anomalous.

These last two details are thrown in, perhaps, for local color. The yachting girl's cap is sometimes pure white, but usually it is made of the same goods as the duck dress, with a visor of waterproof silk; in shape it is just a pretty feminine edition of the regulation cap worn by men.

Now and then a dainty little hat is seen on the deck of a private steamer, where, of course, the most elaborate of all yachting toilets are displayed. The hat is very possibly a white felt trimmed with a blue and white scarf or a Parisian handkerchief, or it may be one of the smarter editions of the trimmed sailor.

An objection sometimes urged to those by the girl who ties up her curly locks in a big, soft, gay-colored kerchief is that they are not practical; but to be practical is by no means chief among the ambitions of the woman who walks the rear deck of a white steamer. Unbecoming utility she leaves to whoever goes sailing; on the steamer, to be ornamental, to be able to arrange herself well in a wicker chair and to glance now and then at the sailing boats through a pair of small, handsome glasses slung by a ribbon across the shoulder, is the whole duty of the gentle salt.

Of course, there are practical costumes—the usual complement of blue flannel and serge suits, with big white collars, some trimmed with red and some with white, for cold or blowy weather, but the yachting girl can make even these esthetically satisfactory.

An Englishwoman, whose husband's yacht is now in the harbor, wears, for example, on foggy mornings, a costume of dark blue serge decked with gilt braid. The skirt, which strikes a happy medium as to length, is tucked down each side, and between the tucks are laid gold bands.

Smart, Business-Like Rig.

With this skirt she dons a pilot coat, which is a loose-fitting, nautical-looking double-breasted jacket. It is of serge, of course, like the skirt, and fastens with big gilt buttons. It has strapped seams. The collar, small revers and cuffs are of blue edged with gilt, as is the cap, which matches the costume.

A distinctly smart yachting dress seen some days ago at Larchmont was of dark green cloth. The skirt was trimmed around the bottom with wavy lines of broad gilt braid. The jacket was a fetching little mess coat of the green cloth. It was so short that it did not even come to the waist line; it did not pretend to close in front, but was left open more than a trifle and trimmed on each side with gilt buttons which were connected by fine gold chains.

The coat was bound with gilt braid, and there was worn with it a tucked shirtwaist of green silk, and a hat which was of soft felt, light gray in color and trimmed simply with a band of green-stitched leather, fastened at the left side with a gilt anchor.

A Newport yachting costume of a different type is of white flannel lavishly trimmed with gold braid. The insignia of the owner's yacht are embroidered on it in half a dozen places, and with it there is sometimes carried a heavy golf cape of dark blue cloth lined with white and bound with gold braid.

Another white yachting dress is of serge, trimmed, like so many, with glistening gold braid. The waist is made like a sailor blouse, and is decked with gold bands which cross the front and finish at the left side under naval buttons. Other gold bands cross the shoulders and stripe the cuffs and the collar. The necktie that appeared yesterday with this blouse was of gold and white and the hat was white striped with gold. The skirt, which was about of the length of a golf skirt, was plain.

Gold and white are not confined to serge and flannel. Many of the smartest duck and pique dresses are gay with cloth of gold. A smart boating dress, for instance, has a skirt of white pique trimmed with graduated bands of gold cloth and a circle of embroidered anchors appliqued in gold. The pique jacket is set off with gold braid and has blue linen revers outlined with gold. There is a plaited and frilled chemisette in white lawn.

Panama Hat and Feather.

The Panama hat is trimmed with blue ribbon, while the inevitable touch of black appears in the Amazon feather.

A yachting dress worn not long ago by Mrs. Iselin was of white French duck, the skirt finished with a deep hem, headed by hemstitching, while all the up and down seams were hemstitched and gold-braided.

The bodice was a blouse affair, with rows of hemstitching. The wide sailor collar was formed of hemstitched squares, the cuffs to match. The belt, the prettily shaped front piece, the white tie with its loose sailor knot in front—all were hemstitched. Of all recent combinations of daintiness and tailor smartness this was the most fetching.

But the most beautiful yachting costumes are those worn at yacht-board dinners, luncheons and evening parties. A pale sea-green muslin, spotted with white, was the most successful toilet at one of this week's functions. It was trimmed with deep fluffy flounces of pure white muslin, each flounce being ruched with white gauze ribbon. A similar ruching girdled the hips just below the belt and pressed down each side of the front breadth.

The yoke and stock of the bodice were of white muslin, shirred and ruched with gauze ribbon; there was a waistband with a muslin rosette, and muslin flounces falling below the arms from the yoke gave the effect of a white bolero. The hat, of sea-green straw, was trimmed with white.

The muslin used in these frills was of the utmost delicacy, containing no more "dressing" than does chiffon.

ELLEN OSBORN.

FASTIDIOUS AS WOMEN.

Some of the Summer Needs of the Modern Dandy.

The man with a reputation to maintain for careful and modish dressing is having heavy white linen trousers made up at his tailor's to wear with dark blue reefer coats and waistcoats, or with pongee upper garments. Handsome linen is exceedingly expensive, and for this season at least, these garments promise to be the exclusive property of the gilded youths who revel in novelty. Not up to date has the American man, unless he is a naval officer, found it possible to bury his prejudice against the white linen coat and accept it as a part of a complete white suit. The linen coat smacks too much of a restaurant waiter and barber to find favor with the landsman, though very pale, almost cream, pongee, being light, cool and washable, is very nearly the most comfortable and fashionable habit for use in the country during the dog days.

Boating dress, blue and white linen.

White damask, figured percale and linen are some of the newest ideas for Summer shirts, their bosoms laid in three tiny box or side pleats to right and left of the button band, and the cuffs and collar done in heavy, plain linen; the collar, of course, a high roll-over, showing a tiny red butterfly tie between the rounded ends in front. These shirts are not to be laundered with starch in the bosoms, however much may be put into the cuffs and collars. The slight damasked figures or lines in the linen surface lose in gloss when hardened with starch, and the washwoman must be instructed to dip the bosom in very hot water, wring it as dry as possible, and rapidly press with a very hot iron. By this means body and gloss are given the linen, along with all the stiffness necessary in a negligee shirt.

Polished Walking Sticks.

Thirty years ago the fashionable young man carried a straight walking stick of very highly polished wood, tapering to the ferrule end, while the handle showed a handsomely decorated cap of fine gold. An inch or two below the cap the stick was pierced, the ends of the hole bored in the wood were finished with gold eyelets, and through them ran a cord of dark silk, the ends fastening together and concluding in a full silk tassel.

Now, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer, the above is a very fair description of the stick that the fashionable man carries when on garden parties, afternoon teas and formal calling bent. Sticks of this type in ebony, teak, mahogany and fine cedar wood, says a writer in that paper, are produced with gold caps that are distinctly works of the highest art. Nearly all of them show Louis XV and XVI designs done in gold, and three and even four colors, the decorations appearing elaborate in the extreme, and a few very beautiful ones are finished in the form of the capitals of Greek pillars, that is, either the Corinthian or Ionic caps.

In the morning a switch cane, made from a root that grows in South Africa, and because of its intense blackness is called the Kaffir, is the proper light weapon. Light and pliable as a riding switch, bent like a crook at the handle, and tough as tempered steel, these are excellent combinations of crop and switch, and are used very much by horsemen. Not a touch of any metal should show on these pliable reeds.

The leather dress suit case has its uses, but there is a great deal of favor sure to be shown for the new wicker coat baskets that are just over from England. They are a trifle larger than the leather cases, and can afford to be, because of their lightness. Inside a lining of the heaviest gray linen is laid, outside a varnished black or brown covering is drawn and the capacity of such a piece of hand luggage is just twice that of the leather case.

The dandy of the moment puts toilet appliances into his wicker coat basket that would apply quite as comfortably to the requirements of the most fastidious woman. Aside from his silver-mounted manicure set goes an alcohol lamp, and silver handled curling tongs, utilized faithfully for giving the approved upward turn to the end of his moustache. A cut-glass, gold-topped pump atomizer filled with cau de perse, an exceedingly volatile toilet water, and these, with the extreme gaiety of his mixed silk and lisle underwear, combine to give his belongings an air of feminine luxury and taste for pretty frivolities.

Silk and lisle or silk and wool is the proper mixture for the most expensive Summer underwear, and with white trousers and white shoes in the afternoon, pastel blue silk hose, with gray or black polka-dots, are regarded as exceedingly smart. The body undergarments come in every one of the new pastel and faded tints, as well as the richer mulberry reds, corn flower blues and aggressive yellows. Pale gray, pin striped in yellow; mulberry red, barred with green and two shades of blue, are not uncommon combinations in silk underwear, while very warm shrimp pink, seal blue and pollen yellow, in solid tones, are some of the select styles in pure spun-silk or lisle for use with evening dress.

"DON'TS" FOR THE SUMMER GIRL.

Rose Coughlan Gives Advice to That Innocent Mortal.

"Don't, in choosing the field for your campaign in 1900," writes Rose Coghlan, the famous actress, in the New York World, "let anybody persuade you that you like rusticity—woods, streams, farmhouses, 'clotted cream,' and all that. You don't.

"Don't forget that what you want is plenty of hotel piazza, a large and public beach for bathing, and golf links within view of the hotel. Insist on having them.

"Don't omit your athletic outfit, however much you may suffer from inertia. It's becoming and convincing.

"Don't assume that you are the only original, imported brand of Summer girl and advertise yourself as such. There are always other varieties 'just as good,' and if you make the mistake of introducing an element of competition, you will find they are stopping at the same hotel with you.

"Don't introduce yourself by chatting pleasantly of your last season's social triumphs. The people who knew you best then will appear later in the season, and your prestige will suffer accordingly.

"Don't complain because men are scarce. It's a law of nature.

"Don't try to form a man trust for your own exclusive benefit. Like all trust originators, you will become unpopular.

"Don't be disagreeable to the Dull Man because he failed to bring down those six clever friends of his on Saturday night. The successful woman must be a hypocrite.

"Don't fail to take an interest in the mission church. The rector is almost sure to have a young assistant before the Summer is over.

"Don't forget that last Winter, in a burst of hospitality, you invited all your girl friends to visit you. Because they are sure to come, and it will, under any circumstances, be difficult to conceal your disappointment.

"Don't fail to cultivate some little eccentricity or trademark, so that the people who gossip about you will not be obliged to remember your name. It's just as well to be known as 'the girl with the disgracefully short bathing suit' as to be called 'that Miss Higgins.'

"Don't get engaged to men you are likely to meet next Winter. Your own wit should teach you to avoid that danger of monotony.

"Don't come home without an engagement ring. For that's a tradition.

"Don't forget that you are the central figure of the National life, and that everybody is looking at you. Because it's as well to keep your illusions."

AMULETS IN GREAT DEMAND.

Growing in Popularity, but Should Be Selected With Care.

Amulets and lucky stones of one sort and another are becoming more and more popular with women, and the bangle of detested memory is revived in a more romantic and interesting form. The modern girl is decidedly up in fetichism, and though some frivolous fair ones wear jeweled cows and pigs and lizards and shamrocks and bells and boots indiscriminately and impartially, the really up-to-date young woman chooses her talismans fastidiously and is learned in talismanic lore.

To be really wise and occult, says the New York Sun, one must go in for astrology and choose one's talismans in accordance with the symbols of the planet under whose influence one was born; but it is asking too much of the modern society girl to insist upon her adding astrology to her already depressing repertoire. Still it doesn't require much research to find out whether Capricorn or Cancer or some other Zodiacal sign is most appropriate for one's lucky piece.

For general mascot purposes a white elephant is about as satisfactory as anything one could choose. There is nothing exclusive about him. Like the rain, he patronizes both the just and the unjust, and he is a terror to evil spirits of all sorts and varieties. In the Far East he is worn in all sizes and materials, and the more white elephants one can introduce into household decorations the surer one is of domestic felicity. The idea ought to be adopted by Western decorators. If a frieze of white elephants could foil the divorce courts, it would be worth having.

The pig, too, is a fair success as understudy to one's guardian angel, and serpents bring blessings; but a lizard is a hoodoo of the most fatal sort, and the amount of harm being done by jewelled lizards is beyond calculation. Boot and shoe ornaments, which have become so popular are also inimical to happiness, and as for tiny bells—well, only a brave and dauntless soul can wear them and come out with life and morals intact. Their tinkling, as is well understood by every student of the occult calls up all evil spirits within hearing, and the wearer of a bell bangle lives in a Walpurgis Nacht crowd.

The short life and violent death of the average love affair is intelligible when one realizes that by all the laws of fetichism the exchanging between lovers of hair or any ornament in shape of a heart is a sure token of disaster. Some philanthropist should have made a crusade in behalf of ignorant lovers, and have explained the evil occult influence of hair and hearts, in emotional matters; but men and maids have been allowed to rush on their fate unwarned.

The four-leafed clover loses all its efficacy as a good omen when it leaves the hand that gathered it; and indeed no charm green in color should be worn, as it is more likely to bring a misfortune in its wake. The left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit that was caught in the light of the moon has its virtues, but no other rabbit's foot is worth pocket-room; and even the powerful piece of rope by which a man has hanged himself will bring nothing but ill luck to the possessor if the suicide happened to be born under the influence of Saturn.

Altogether, the intricacies of the mascot question are many and devious, and no one should go in for charms recklessly. The 20th century is, so say the prophets, to be especially noted for its fatal accidents; and, that being the case, mascots should be in great demand; but unless one has time to study the hidden mysteries of occult lore it would perhaps be safer to stick to the benign and ever amiable white elephant.

ON A CRUISE

Her trick at the wheel. Yachting dress of white duck.

NECKTIE CLASPS THE LATEST

Fanciful Knicknacks for Depletion of Summer Purse.

The latest fashion novelty is the necktie clasp. It is ornamental and is, says the New York Journal, a new excuse for spending more money than last year on one's neckwear.

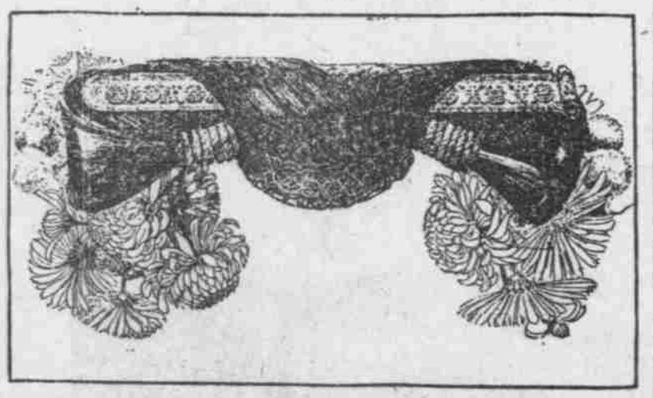
The clasp is worn with the four-in-hand and the loop scarf. It is seen in great variety. Rose gold medallions are used, and turquoise in the matrix, set in a coiled rim of gold. Some of the clasps are shaped like bow knots and are made of cut steel studded with bits of jewels. Others show a snake just ready to spring, and still others are exquisite cameos. Belt buckles are now sold with necktie clasps to match.

Another novelty to add to the beauty of the Summer girl's neckwear is a "gorge" to wear over a ribbon stock. A "gorge" is merely a band with ribbon ends, and is really much prettier than its name implies. There are "gorges" of woven gilt threads with pearls or tiny opals caught in the meshes here and there which look most effective worn over a plain black satin stock. A "gorge" of cut steel beads is much less expensive, and worn over a pale green or a yellow stock looks extremely well.

To wear with shirt waists the string ties in silk with the ends embroidered in a contrasting color are most attractive and fashionably correct. The most effective are in white silk or any of the pastel shades, with the ends embroidered in black.

Revers, cuffs and a little turn-down collar are now sold in sets. They are made of fine lawn with an embroidered edge and give a dainty, fresh look to any bodice.

CHINESE WOMAN'S HAIRPIN



"Real Thing" in Belts for Men.

"You will have the suit made with loops?" said a fashionable tailor yesterday to a young man.

"Loops?" said the young man.

"Loops for the belt," the tailor explained, and, the other assenting, he went on: "Shall we make the belt, too?" The young man said he didn't know belts were ever made by tailors, and thereat the other sneered a little.

"You are not yet 'on' in the matter of the latest fashion," he said. "The real thing in belts now is one made of cloth to match the suit. With a blue serge suit there goes a blue serge belt: with a crash suit a belt of crash; with a homespun suit a homespun belt, and the effect is very odd and agreeable. At Merion or at the Country Club you will see no other belts than these at present, and next month a majority of the belts of Chestnut street will be of this kind."

"Then make me one," said the young man earnestly.—Philadelphia Record.

Care of Summer Complexion.

"The texture of the skin is injured when frequently subjected to sunburn," writes Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, in Harper's Bazar, for the benefit of the Summer girl. "One should, therefore, avoid it as much as possible. It is not as difficult to do this as you would think. In the first place, before going forth on any adventure in which you are likely to get sunburnt, take the precaution to oil the face with cold cream, or with pure white vaseline, or, if that is too sticky, with white vaseline and almond oil, equal parts, and then use some good, reliable powder. If you do not care for looks, put it on thickly, and it acts as a mask to protect the skin.

"Avoid as far as possible the reflection of the sun upon glaring sand or water. This burns more quickly than anything else. The great temptation after the exposure to the heat and the probabilities of sunburn is to wash the face. Water acts like a mordant to set the dye of sunburn. The skin that might have possibly escaped with faint redness becomes scarlet and even blistered after washing while the sun is still upon it or after just returning from an exposing expedition. Wipe the face gently with some oily preparation and use powder that is soothing, and the effects of the sunburn wil shortly pass away."

Now and Then.

No, John, your stockings ain't no more like
 them we used to knit!
We see the wool a-growin', and we spun and
 colored it;
And when a pair of socks was done, 'twas
 something like the farm;
'Twas pretty sure to stand, awhile, between
 a man and harm.

And when, at last, a hole came through, the
 stitches all around
(They had been knit so thorough), was meas-
 urably sound;
And so they'd hold a fillin' up of that same
 homespun yarn.
Why, joinin' wa'n't no solider than puttin' in
 a darn.

But now, well, see the pair Maria bought for
 little Jack—
All stripes and stars and shiny spots, and
 sleazy front and back,
Before they come to washin' there was twenty
 holes, dear knows!
(I'm glad they hain't the face to call them
 anything but "hose.")

I told Maria that I'd try to mend the ragged
 spots,
But, la, she says, "There ain't no yarn you
 buy but what it rots;
I wouldn't try it, mother, for I'm sure it
 wouldn't pay."
No, John, I'm glad we hadn't such doings in
 my day.

The weather, too, is cur'us; these jumps from
 warm to cold
Ain't like our stiddy winters, with sleighing
 three months old.
And then out West there's cyclones. Well,
 well, when I was small
We never heerd of them—in fact, about the
 West at all.

The Bible ain't no longer the only book we
 need;
They say there's folks don't think it wuth
 while for them to read.
The schools is full of notions—ideas that once
 there warn't;
It must be hard contrivin' some use for all
 that's larnt.

All Nater's somehow different from what it
 used to be,
The world was like a homestead then, well
 filled with love for me.
But now there's only strangers. Perhaps I
 sense it more
Because your father went away and left my
 heart so sore.

And may be it's because of him and others
 being there
That heaven's grown to be a home instead of
 shiny air.
It isn't off among the stars; it's close at hand
 and dear;
There's well-known voices speaking there, I
 sometimes know I hear.

But—if the earth were glad and gay as ever it
 has been,
I'm getting most too old—I hain't the heart
 to take it in.
And heaven's where I want to go, whenever
 I've a call.
It's better, being's I am changed, that there's
 a change in all.

—Ada B. Comstock, in the Boston Journal.

Ruled Out.

The chapter of the Rouen Cathedral, in France, have decided not to admit the fair sex to the sacred building in "unwomanly clothes," and the rest of the French clergy will probably follow suit. This is a protest against the modern innovation known as the bicycle costume, and includes both bloomers and short skirts. The verger of the Cathedral, with an eye to money-making, has laid in a stock of long skirts, which he proposes to let out at 20 cents per garment to women with inadmissible costumes.

Why Pick Out a Day?

"I was just telling my daughter," said Mr. Noosens, "that it's a shame of her to play the piano on Sunday."

"Huh!" replied the long-suffering neighbor, "what led you to pick out Sunday?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

WOMAN

THE NEW BABY.

(Its Mother.)

"Him's des 'e sweetest 'itle sing 'at ever
 was,
An' his mozzer sinks 'e world of him, she does.
Now, don't oo laugh at me, oo little nuggins;
Or I'll take him in my arms and, O! I'll hug-
 gins!"

(Its Father.)

"Here, quit your pullin' at my hair! leggo my
 beard!
With your infernal yellin' I swear you've got
 me queered.
Not one minute's peace I've had since you
 arrived;
Shet up! or by the eternal, I'll, I'll tan your
 hide!"

(Its Brother.)

"It's mighty tough, you bet, to watch this
 kid;
Why, he kicked me in the mouth just now!
 He did!
Oh! how I wish that he was miles and miles
 away,
Mebbe I wouldn't see that baseball game—
 well, say!"

—D. B. L., in Philadelphia Inquirer.

ABOUT WOMAN'S APPAREL

Rapidly Changing Styles Benefit a Part While Making it Costly for Others of the Sex.

With each changing season, come noticeable changes in women's apparel. One would think that a good, up-to-date outfit would last at least two Summers, or Winters, as the case may be. Not so; else, what would became of the manufacturer, the merchant, the milliner and the dressmaker? Verily, there is method in this madness of continual changes in fashion.

The sleeves that obtained last Summer will not pass muster this season. The skirt is fuller, or skimpier, longer or shorter. Hats are as diverse from those of the previous Summer as possible; even the "sailors" of such a set shape, is of higher or lower crown, narrower or wider brim. Shoes are "bull-nosed," or "needle-pointed," and one hardly dares to set the foot forward in the former, if the latter is in style. And thus we poor women are kept ever on the qui vive, for to be out of the fashion is to be out of the world.

How quickly women "size each other up," at the most casual meeting! Every detail of gown, hat and glove is noted at one swift, comprehensive glance. And she who is obviously out of date feels shrinkingly that she is so, under the searchlight of the other woman's eyes. It is only she who is distinctly comme il faut who can calmly endure or court such scrutiny. Is it not, indeed, for this very purpose that she has dressed herself so carefully?

Women Dress for Women.

The details of a feminine costume that mean "chic," or a want of it, are arranged wih an eye to feminine criticism. In a word, women dress principally for women. A man notices that a woman friend is, or is not, becomingly attired. If the general effect is good, he is content, and he does not trouble himself to note if her gloves have two, or four buttons, or if her belt is tied with a flamboyant bow at the back of her trim waist, or is fastened in front, with a wrought buckle of silver. Says a benighted benedict:

"How becoming that collar is, my dear!"

"What!" is the reply, "this old thing? Why, how can you think so? It's entirely out of date; I don't dare appear with it on in public. What a shame, too! These Cleopatra collars were so expensive and stayed in vogue such a short time."

And, indeed, one fairly has to snatch at the fashions as they fly or "give them the go-by." Like an electric light, they are either all off, or all on; at least, it is so, with the striking novelties.

Blouse for rowing.

O, the rows on rows of wraps, for instance, that burden the circling hooks of the dry goods stores! How utterly "impossible" they are, for the main part! And yet, how short a time since the wearers of such garments were the admired of all.

And here is where the working woman comes in for her innings. She needs never go cold for want of a fine, warm cape or jacket, now purchasable for a tithe of its cost. She can make herself as comfortable and stylish as need be, for was not my Lady Gay Spanker arrayed stunningly in one of these very garments less than a year ago?

Compensation.

Thus does it come about that there are compensations in the world of fashion, as elsewhere. The poorer sisters reap the benefit of its frivolous changes, while the wealthier ones must, "willy-nilly," confer those benefits. It is for the latter that new and dashing styles are ordered by the merchant. And those who indulge themselves with these ultra-fashionable garments, pay roundly for the ones left dangling forlornly on the hooks, which are, in turn, bought for a song by the needy ones. Thus do we find wheels within wheels, in this fashionable world of ours.

The spoiled child of wealth petulantly casts its mother's diamond brooch into the glowing coals. Another will likely be purchased in its stead, and that means work for the poor gem-cutter and food for his little ones. But as to fashion:

So beautiful are the ordering of its edicts just now that the humblest devotee may contrive to look as natty and pleasing to the eyes as she with abundant wealth. As fashions go, almost any woman, with good taste, proper patterns and a knack for fitting, can dress well. And given the prettier figure, she can then outshine her wealthier sister, less liberally endowed by nature, in the eyes of all men—and some women.

MARY C. BELL.

TOUR OF THE "BRAUTBETER."

Curious Wedding Custom in German Settlement of Illinois.

A curious wedding custom, a survival of the folklore of the fatherland, is found in the German settlement about Buckley, Ill., and in the townships farther east. When a young couple is to be married the elder brother of the bride starts out on horseback a few days before. He is called the "brautbeter"—literally the "bride inviter." If the bride have no brother some other male member of the family takes the place. The summons of the "brautbeter" is just as effective in assembling the guests as the engraved invitations of society folk in the cities.

The "brautbeter" is a picturesque figure. In his invitation trip he is the recipient of many perquisites in money or gifts, which, by right of custom, are kept as his own. At every place where he leaves an invitation to the wedding the recipients are expected to give him something. The size of the gift is regulated by the circumstances of the receivers. It may be a piece of money, a bill or a coin, or it may be only a ribbon or a trinket. However small, the present is invariably expected and given.

As the "brautbeter" receives his gifts he pins the bills to his clothing or hat, sews on the coins and ties the ribbons to his horse's bridle. As he progresses on his rounds the gifts are added one by one until his clothes are opulent with money and trinkets. The circumstances of the "brautbeter" are not taken into account. Every receiver of an invitation makes a gift in return, which becomes the property of the "brautbeter." Like going fishing the returns from going inviting are uncertain. They may amount to only three or four dollars, or run up to fourteen or fifteen, as luck may have it. Of course the "brautbeter" is at the wedding and one of the best fellows there.

Old settlers in Buckley, according to the Chicago Times-Herald, say the custom was transplanted from Hanover, whence most of the foreign-born population comes. Nobody knows the origin of the custom on the other side of the water. They cling to the custom as one of the precious institutions of the fatherland. The same custom is said to exist among Germans of Hanoverian birth in the northern part of Illinois.

"THE DESERTED HENS."

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Women's Club Goes by That Name.

Flatbush, Long Island, whose beautiful homes constitute a becoming frill to the outskirts of Brooklyn, N. Y., has a woman's club that does not belong to the federation, has no rules, no bylaws, no parliamentary formalities, no initiation fee, no dues—nothing, in fact, that characterizes other clubs to which women having leisure and lovely homes belong. "The Deserted Hens" is the somewhat ignominious title used to designate the organization. The club in its inception was simply an expedient to meet the exigencies of loneliness, when, on Saturday nights the male head of half a dozen families deserted the hearthstone to have an evening together with cards at the club, returning in the wee, small hours.

"We women sat at home alone Saturday evening half the Winter," one of the Deserted Hens explained, "when a happy thought came to one of us. We would meet, have cards and supper ourselves. The first meeting was held at my home. The ladies ordered a carriage to come for them at 1 o'clock. The men were not to be informed of our plans, but I mentioned to my husband incidentally that I expected a few ladies for cards that special evening. Quite to my surprise he came home just as we were having supper. He grasped the situation at once, and thought he had a rare joke on the men he had left behind him at the club. Every Saturday evening since then those men have come trailing in at 11 o'clock."

"The Deserted Hens," as they saw fit to call themselves before they took matters into their own hands, are no longer so deserted as they were. But the name still clings.

Still Her Knight.

The hair is white that sweeps across
 His deeply furrowed brow;
The head that once was proudly poised
 Droops forward feebly now!
He swings no jaunty cane, but leans
 Upon a heavy stick,
And, as I watch him come and go,
 I notice that the step is slow,
 Which once was light and quick.

Her hand is laid upon his arm,
 And love lights up her face,
When he, with trembling gallantry,
 Still helps her o'er the place
Where small obstructions chance to lie,
 Assists her up the stair,
And, after fifty years have run
 Their course, still looks on her as one
 Who needs his aid and care.

A smile oft plays around her lips
 When she accepts his aid,
For only loving, gentle hands
 Has Time upon her laid;
Her eyes are bright, her step is light,
 But he, with ancient pride,
Must guard her and assist her still—
 Must be her knight—as down the hill
 He totters at her side.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Idea of a Belt.

Never was there such an infinite variety of belts as this season has brought forth, but one New York woman has found an untried novelty. Over a smooth, supple leather belt she fastened firmly tuscan braid, such as ordinarily is woven into hats, and got from a milliner a straw buckle for a fastening. The effect was unique and Summery, and she carried out the idea still further by edging a white stock for the neck with the same sort of braid and ornamenting it with a straw clasp similar to the one at the girdle, but of smaller size.

To the question, "Where did you buy them?" she smilingly replies that they were imported for her exclusively.

Chinese Royal Tigress.

Those few who have looked upon the countenance of the Dowager Empress of China describe her as a tall, erect, fine-looking woman of distinguished and imperious bearing, with pronounced Tartar features, the eye of an eagle, and the voice of determined authority and absolute command. She has, of course, the natural, undeformed feet of Tartar women, and is credited with great activity, a fondness for archery and riding and for walking, and with a passion for games of chance and theatrical representations.—From "China, the Long-Lived Empire."

Work Ahead.

"What's this?" exclaimed the division superintendent. "Here's an application from the station agent at New Era for eight assistant baggage-smashers. The man must be crazy. I don't believe a trunk has been put off at that place for six months."

"But you know," his chief clerk explained, "that the State Federation of Women's Clubs is to be held there next Thursday and Friday."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Alack! Alas!

She never talks about herself,
 Her troubles or her labors;
Because her time is taken up
 In talking of her neighbors.

—Chicago News.