

FASHIONS



Her Dimity Gown.
Oh, that dear dimity gown,
That charming dimity gown!
With ruffles and frills and
It was sweet enough
To make a coltish man
And the girl who wore it smiled
In such a superior way—
I'd have been a colt
Not to have worn it and
Till my senses went astray.
I've followed her twenty years,
In sunshine and in cloud,
Oh, bells of the town,
In your dimity gown,
How often you've done me proud!
Old-fashioned dimity gown!
Dear, dainty dimity gown,
With the wash of blue
And the little shoe,
You are my kindred and crown!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

AUGUST LASS IS QUEEN

Reigns of the June and July Girls
Dimmed by the Splendor of
That of New-Comeer.

NAIRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.—Aug. 4.
The task of the girl who takes her vacation outing in August is hard—and easy; there are no new fashions for her to exploit, and the world is tired of the old ones.

Her ducks and limes, her dimities and muslins cannot differ in large measure from the ducks and dimities that she wore one before them, and she reaches sea-shore or mountain in the bustle of the usual month, when impressions are less readily received.

But the August girl can make all other summer girls, if she so chooses, appear like her mothers and grandmothers. It is they who have worn out their white dresses establishing white as the color of the season. It is they who have borne the odium of the sunbonnet, only to leave to the August girl its victories.

It is they who have twisted their hair into elaborate curls, and while those, these to be worn with blue or red stockings, white spotted. And a white hat—or none.

Gene Is Her Occupation.
Gene is the occupation of the Summer milliner. For two years she has struggled, has proclaimed the bare-head craze, mere fad, born of the moment, and with the moment dead. Since June she has sat up 'nights bringing out new hats, three to the hour. It is whispered that she has hired women to wear them. Little has it availed.

There are girls who make a feat of wearing with morning dresses a Lady-Smith helmet or a white pipe hat wound with a blue or red ribbon, but the pretense is not serious. The hat swings idle from a tree twig or it carries flowers. I have known it to hold freshly dug clams.

Even the sunbonnet is not a serious proposition—rather it is too serious. That is to say, it is too hot. Every girl who has bought one has found that the care of it is close about the throat, and that of a warm morning the outfit is stifling.

"Oh, I was born in the South," said a pretty girl today. "These sunbonnets are common enough. I hate 'em!"
So the sunbonnet dangles low on the neck, hanging by its strings, while the August girl's face becomes properly sun-tanned.

"Why, I just couldn't stay there," declared a port mize, describing a hotel she had left. "There wasn't a person around the place who was tanned. They weren't the real thing."

To establish one's self in August as the real thing is no desirable event to be reckoned, rather to have the wonderful chameleon-like complexion possessed by a rich young woman who is the envy of every other girl at the Pier. In her tanned-looking suit, with its scarlet facings, this girl has scarlet lips and a brown skin, dotted with the tiniest and most loving sun spots. In a pink dimity at lunch time, her cheeks are fresh and pink as peaches, while in her white frock of an evening she looks fair and white as any dream maiden.

Freckles, somehow, are esteemed to be feminine, for the August girl, who must be tanned and sun-spotted, must not be maculose, neither in dress nor locks nor occupation.

Just Girly-Girly!
She is as girly-girly as possible in her yachting dress of white serge, with its smartly hanging skirt, and its trim little coat with blue facings; so feminine that, whether her water excursions be taken in rowboat, or boat, or an unpretentious launch, or the most palatial of steam craft, her men folk should deny her dearest wish—for it is the dearest desire of every water-woman—and can only be won by letting her steer.

The athletic water girl of two seasons ago could manage a boat—sometimes badly—but the August girl of 1900 has abandoned such manlike lore. And if she had not, her head is full of more important matters—scenery, the society of the August man, and, last, but not least, the effect of her own toilet. To talk, to flirt, to admire nature and herself is occupation enough for the liveliest and loveliest of yachting maidens.

Besides, as Emerson remarked of pie, what is man for? To do all the work, to be sure.

If the August girl is feminine in duck and serge, she is angelic in lawn. You should see the white wings of her fete toilets. You should see the August girl at an outdoor dinner or a garden party.

Never has the Casino harbored birds of such snowy plumage. Never have such clouds of lace hovered over piazza or lawn.

At an outdoor gathering yesterday the fuller skirts of the season made the girls look as if ready to take wing for flight. Everywhere were filmy draperies, fluttering, impatient about to rise from earth and abduct their wearers, it would seem.

Fine white lawns made the bulk of these cowbunny canopies—lawns as delicate as the finest of muslins. There was infinite variety in their making—variety of ruffling and ruffling and stitching and lace insertion. But the making counted for nothing. It was the effect, the freshness, the gaiety, the tugging of the lace-like sails at their anchors that was beautiful.

There was a girl, not long out of school, who wore white affairs. Her hair, like the corn silk, except that it shone, and she had a pretty round neck that was left bare by the broad, low collar of her gown. This collar was of lace, and it was trimmed with baby ribbon, and fastened under a ribbon rosette, all white and cool.

Simply Charming.
The skirt of her dress had three encircling bands of lace, and one couldn't tell why it was so charming, except that it was right for the day and the place and the occasion. The girl had thrust into her belt a stick of bubble gum, deliciously large and deep-colored and old-fashioned.

Another girl, who was shorter and more willfully coquettish, wore white printed muslin, trimmed with frills and edging of white embroidery, matching her large, double-embroidered collar. The belt of her dress had a side peak and bow in white foulard, and from it rose a lady's ruffles in black baby ribbon, fastened along the diagonal fastening of the blouse, which opened at the neck in a V. Straight tucks were arranged about the hips of the short skirt, and the white hat was trimmed with big puffs of blue and white muslin.

juried such manlike lore. And if she had not, her head is full of more important matters—scenery, the society of the August man, and, last, but not least, the effect of her own toilet. To talk, to flirt, to admire nature and herself is occupation enough for the liveliest and loveliest of yachting maidens.

Besides, as Emerson remarked of pie, what is man for? To do all the work, to be sure.

If the August girl is feminine in duck and serge, she is angelic in lawn. You should see the white wings of her fete toilets. You should see the August girl at an outdoor dinner or a garden party.

Never has the Casino harbored birds of such snowy plumage. Never have such clouds of lace hovered over piazza or lawn.

At an outdoor gathering yesterday the fuller skirts of the season made the girls look as if ready to take wing for flight. Everywhere were filmy draperies, fluttering, impatient about to rise from earth and abduct their wearers, it would seem.

Fine white lawns made the bulk of these cowbunny canopies—lawns as delicate as the finest of muslins. There was infinite variety in their making—variety of ruffling and ruffling and stitching and lace insertion. But the making counted for nothing. It was the effect, the freshness, the gaiety, the tugging of the lace-like sails at their anchors that was beautiful.

There was a girl, not long out of school, who wore white affairs. Her hair, like the corn silk, except that it shone, and she had a pretty round neck that was left bare by the broad, low collar of her gown. This collar was of lace, and it was trimmed with baby ribbon, and fastened under a ribbon rosette, all white and cool.

Simply Charming.
The skirt of her dress had three encircling bands of lace, and one couldn't tell why it was so charming, except that it was right for the day and the place and the occasion. The girl had thrust into her belt a stick of bubble gum, deliciously large and deep-colored and old-fashioned.

Another girl, who was shorter and more willfully coquettish, wore white printed muslin, trimmed with frills and edging of white embroidery, matching her large, double-embroidered collar. The belt of her dress had a side peak and bow in white foulard, and from it rose a lady's ruffles in black baby ribbon, fastened along the diagonal fastening of the blouse, which opened at the neck in a V. Straight tucks were arranged about the hips of the short skirt, and the white hat was trimmed with big puffs of blue and white muslin.

The prettiest dress was worn by the prettiest woman in attendance. It was made of white foulard, strewn with mauve flowers, and had a tight-fitting square, open bodice of the same material, with long sleeves.

Puffings of white muslin trimmed sleeves and bodice, and formed a deep, full rounce on the oversleeve, which was covered with a mass of foamy muslin ruffles, was decked with a half-moon buckle in brilliants.

ELLEN OSBORN.

FUNNY THINGS FEMINE.
What the Paragraphs Find to Say About Lovely Woman.

"No," said the fond mother, speaking of her 25-year-old daughter, "no, May isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever any one scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to reply vigorously she isn't fit for a wife."—Ohio State Journal.

"Yes," said the self-satisfied young woman, "I have had several proposals. Don't you think a man seems absurd when he is proposing?"
"Sometimes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It depends, of course, on who the lady in the case happens to be."—Washington Star.

The average woman imagines she looks prettily in her nightgown, with her hair down her back, but she doesn't. —Atlantic Globe.

"George, dear," she murmured, entreatingly, "will you give up drinking for me?"
"Tea, darling," he answered, fondly, "hereafter when I drink it will be for myself alone."—Philadelphia Record.

Hubby-Let's sell the house and live in a wifery.
Wifery—No, dear, it's enough to live with one.—Syracuse Herald.

The man who always tells a woman means she is going to marry him anyway—cigars or no cigars.—Indianapolis Press.

"Do you walk, Mr. Guy?"
"Oh, I skip a little."
"Then I guess we'll have no trouble in skipping the next dance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hubby-Let's sell the house and live in a wifery.
Wifery—No, dear, it's enough to live with one.—Syracuse Herald.

The man who always tells a woman means she is going to marry him anyway—cigars or no cigars.—Indianapolis Press.

"Do you walk, Mr. Guy?"
"Oh, I skip a little."
"Then I guess we'll have no trouble in skipping the next dance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hubby-Let's sell the house and live in a wifery.
Wifery—No, dear, it's enough to live with one.—Syracuse Herald.

The man who always tells a woman means she is going to marry him anyway—cigars or no cigars.—Indianapolis Press.

"Do you walk, Mr. Guy?"
"Oh, I skip a little."
"Then I guess we'll have no trouble in skipping the next dance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hubby-Let's sell the house and live in a wifery.
Wifery—No, dear, it's enough to live with one.—Syracuse Herald.

The man who always tells a woman means she is going to marry him anyway—cigars or no cigars.—Indianapolis Press.

"Do you walk, Mr. Guy?"
"Oh, I skip a little."
"Then I guess we'll have no trouble in skipping the next dance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hubby-Let's sell the house and live in a wifery.
Wifery—No, dear, it's enough to live with one.—Syracuse Herald.

home and mind the baby while his wife attended the mothers' congress.—Chicago Tribune.

"So you are to be married next week, Miss Bunk?"
"Yes, Mr. Timpkins."
"I congratulate you. Who is the happy man?"
"Why, Mr. Timpkins, I'm surprised! He isn't happy yet; he won't be happy till he gets me."—Chicago Record.

"What a fine complexion Miss Home-wood has," said Mr. Beechwood to Miss Northside.
"I'm so glad you like it," chirped Miss Northside. "It's a new complexion just brought out by a deersing drugist of my acquaintance, and I do hope it will become popular."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Pay—I accepted Mr. Roxley last night.
May—Good gracious! Weren't you nervous about it?
Pay—Oh, why?
May—Oh, I would have been. I should think the suspense would be awful while you were waiting for his answer.—Philadelphia Press.

"I have heard," he stammered, hoping against hope, "that you are engaged. Is it true?"
"No," she replied, "but I expect to be."
"May I—or—ask when?"
"In about two minutes—or less."—Philadelphia Press.

"I really believe some man is taking an interest in Miss Siokocho."
Mrs. Upjohn—No, he doesn't. Somebody told him it wasn't considered swearing nowadays.—Chicago Tribune.

Julia—Well, I've saved a year's wear and tear on my Summer frocks.
Celia—How?
Julia—Oh, when a political convention is going on, Harry never notices what I look like.—Indianapolis Journal.

Ethel—Clara Smith didn't make the most of her opportunities when she got married.
Maude—Why not?
Ethel—She married a man by the name of Jones.—Somerville Journal.

"Woman," observed the epigrammatic boarder, "is a conundrum without an answer."
"Huh!" snorted Mr. Sourdopp. "I never saw a woman without one!"—Baltimore American.

"Her father has told me never to enter his house again and never to speak to her in future, no matter where we may meet."
"When does the wedding take place?"—New York World.

"They are telling some dreadful stories about her," whispered Mrs. Talkspreader.
"But I don't think she is really wicked," replied Mrs. Mollity; "she's just curious."—Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Dopps—Mrs. Dopps, your new frock is trailing on the ground.
Mrs. Dopps—I don't care if it is. I'm not going to hold it up until I get a silk petticoat.—Washington Star.

"Do you treat your new servant as one of the family?"
"Well, hardly; but she treats us as though we were members of her family."—Unidentified Exchange.

"When a woman says she will marry a man if he will give up his cigars."
—The Cornfed Philosopher, "that

the line has come in your forehead because you have realized that you are acquiring the summer face, it may be gotten rid of by rubbing it crosswise every night for several minutes with a tincture of benzoin and water, then drawing the skin smooth and placing over it a strip of court plaster for the night. This process must be repeated every night for a month or more, according to the depth of the wrinkle. The fine lines about the eyes may be rubbed out, if one is persistent enough and will remember not to start new ones or encourage the old ones by squinting during the day.

Tan and freckles are approved theoretically as the proper starting point in vacation days, but down deep in her heart the girl who hasn't gone gold mad, or yacht mad, or mad in any other direction, doesn't like to get tan and brown and spotted. The sunbather that has crept into favor for outdoor wear in the country within a couple of seasons owes its popularity to its protecting character, for those who have sensitive skins it is generally becoming. And almost every Summer girl has lotions and ointments which she applies secretly and religiously to her weather-ravaged skin. However much she protests that the main intent and purpose of her vacation is to acquire a nice mahogany color that will put her Caucasian blood in doubt, she has secret mixings at her disposal which she searches her reflection in the mirror. The trouble is that exposure to unadulterated sunlight and the reflection from the merciless waves do not produce in every one just the degree and shade of tan desired.

There is that horrible redness that is painful, both to body and pride, and those blotches that are unmistakably disfiguring. For those who have sensitive skins it is well to prepare for a day in the unsheltered open by a thin but thorough application of cold cream or cucumber jelly just before starting out. Washing one's face with water is discouraged in hot weather. If one really desires to preserve a good complexion, night is the only safe time for applying water to it. A little alcohol or cologne bath will do at other times. Rice powder or cornstarch dusted over the face is soothing and protecting in its effect.

Dainty Sachets.
A sachet of long lasting fragrance can be made to imitate the scent of verbenas by saving the peels of lemons that come into the household and mixing them with caraway seeds.

Take half an ounce of the powdered seed and half an ounce of the powdered lemon peel. The powder can be ground in an ordinary kitchen coffee mill. Mix the two powders well together, and over it all pour a mixture of one and a half drachms of oil of lavender, 1/2 drachm; 1/2 drachm; oil of bergamot, 1/2 drachm; extract of musk, 1/2 drachm; mix well and add to 2 drachms of this compound 1 ounce of powdered orris root, 1 drachm Tonquin beans and 2 ounces sifted pine sawdust.

This is a favorite sachet for well rolls and shirt-waist boxes. The perfume can be renewed by dropping occasionally a few drops of the scented oils on the sachet.

Old Muslin Revived.
Paris dressmakers are using the old hand-embroidered muslin as a substitute for voiles and all general trimming of elaborate gowns; these fabrics used on foulards are infinitely preferable to silk or satin. When the old embroidery is not used the old muslin takes its place.

In Europe the convents and old lace-makers turn out this exquisite needlework for ever. In America we have either to import it or get it as heirlooms.

The desire for this fine old muslin has brought the old-fashioned embroidered cap and underclothes into fashion. These hand-embroidered capes are worn

with great effect on fresh nainsook or Irish dimity gowns. The old tambour lace has also come in again.

If one has not "old muslin" as an heirloom and hasn't the purse to buy it as an importation, then fine Swiss embroidery will answer, but dip your fine Swiss embroidery in coffee to rival the tinge that age brings.

FACTS ABOUT "KID" GLOVES.
Many Different Animals Supply Skin for Their Making.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knows the secrets of the glove-making business, he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth-fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a 3-year-old colt, whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped, with huge bundles of other colts' hides, to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves; or he might with equal regard to the truth tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once dived from trees in South America on the back of the ring-tailed monkey.

And if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another, he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia, lambs or sheep from Ohio or Spain or England, calves from India,

the exact truth is bound to get into trouble some day.—Somerville Journal.

The Dude—Are you fond of puppies, Miss Golf?
Miss Golf—What a singular way you have of proposing, Mr. Juneburg!—Schoolmaster.

He—Why do they say that love is blind?
She—Because it can never see an ice-cream sign.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SUMMER FACE.
Latest of the Fashionable Fads of the Idle Hour.

As you walk along the street on a glaring, torrid day, says the New York Press, you will notice that almost every one has the "summer face," which is worse than the bicycle face, or the golf face or any other face derived from a fad, and lasts longer, and if you will think about it, you will discover that you, too, have a trace of it on the brow between the eyes, several smaller lines about your squinted eyes, and, probably, that your upper lip is drawn up in an unbecoming fashion.

By taking thought in the matter one may escape the Summer face, unless one has weak eyes or some such infirmity that renders one peculiarly susceptible to intense light and heat. If one's eyes are at all troublesome, dark glasses should be worn, whenever one is exposed to the dazzling light of the Midsummer sun, if

with great effect on fresh nainsook or Irish dimity gowns. The old tambour lace has also come in again.

If one has not "old muslin" as an heirloom and hasn't the purse to buy it as an importation, then fine Swiss embroidery will answer, but dip your fine Swiss embroidery in coffee to rival the tinge that age brings.

FACTS ABOUT "KID" GLOVES.
Many Different Animals Supply Skin for Their Making.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knows the secrets of the glove-making business, he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth-fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a 3-year-old colt, whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped, with huge bundles of other colts' hides, to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves; or he might with equal regard to the truth tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once dived from trees in South America on the back of the ring-tailed monkey.

And if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another, he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia, lambs or sheep from Ohio or Spain or England, calves from India,

muskrats from anywhere, musk oxen from China or other parts of Asia, rats, cats and Newfoundland puppies. But the Russian colt, the four-toothed baby from the plains where the Cossacks live, the colt from the steppes of Siberia, where horses are raised by the thousand, supplies the skins which are the favorites at present with the governorkes. Experts say that the coltskin makes a better, stronger, finer glove than real kidskin.

But, after all, the real kid—the lively infant of the goats which live in France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy—furnishes the choicest and most expensive gloves, and nearly \$100,000 kids are sacrificed every year that women and men may cramp their hands in smooth, delicate-hued gloves.

Athletic Dancing.
Surely the dancing at Summer hotels this season, says the Boston Journal, is for the most part quibsy. Occasionally you see a girl "all steel springs and ginger," who seems to enjoy prancing and capering in the violent two-step, but only with difficulty does she find a partner who is respectably athletic. The girl is held in a peculiar fashion—often as if accidental contact with her would be distressing to the male. Ah, it was different when we were young.

Then there is a strange dance today, in which, to the liveliest of music, the dancers bob slowly up and down, with a pained expression, as though there were an exposed nail in each foot. To the social lepers who rubberneck upon a cool

the line has come in your forehead because you have realized that you are acquiring the summer face, it may be gotten rid of by rubbing it crosswise every night for several minutes with a tincture of benzoin and water, then drawing the skin smooth and placing over it a strip of court plaster for the night. This process must be repeated every night for a month or more, according to the depth of the wrinkle. The fine lines about the eyes may be rubbed out, if one is persistent enough and will remember not to start new ones or encourage the old ones by squinting during the day.

Tan and freckles are approved theoretically as the proper starting point in vacation days, but down deep in her heart the girl who hasn't gone gold mad, or yacht mad, or mad in any other direction, doesn't like to get tan and brown and spotted. The sunbather that has crept into favor for outdoor wear in the country within a couple of seasons owes its popularity to its protecting character, for those who have sensitive skins it is generally becoming. And almost every Summer girl has lotions and ointments which she applies secretly and religiously to her weather-ravaged skin. However much she protests that the main intent and purpose of her vacation is to acquire a nice mahogany color that will put her Caucasian blood in doubt, she has secret mixings at her disposal which she searches her reflection in the mirror. The trouble is that exposure to unadulterated sunlight and the reflection from the merciless waves do not produce in every one just the degree and shade of tan desired.

There is that horrible redness that is painful, both to body and pride, and those blotches that are unmistakably disfiguring. For those who have sensitive skins it is well to prepare for a day in the unsheltered open by a thin but thorough application of cold cream or cucumber jelly just before starting out. Washing one's face with water is discouraged in hot weather. If one really desires to preserve a good complexion, night is the only safe time for applying water to it. A little alcohol or cologne bath will do at other times. Rice powder or cornstarch dusted over the face is soothing and protecting in its effect.

Dainty Sachets.
A sachet of long lasting fragrance can be made to imitate the scent of verbenas by saving the peels of lemons that come into the household and mixing them with caraway seeds.

Take half an ounce of the powdered seed and half an ounce of the powdered lemon peel. The powder can be ground in an ordinary kitchen coffee mill. Mix the two powders well together, and over it all pour a mixture of one and a half drachms of oil of lavender, 1/2 drachm; 1/2 drachm; oil of bergamot, 1/2 drachm; extract of musk, 1/2 drachm; mix well and add to 2 drachms of this compound 1 ounce of powdered orris root, 1 drachm Tonquin beans and 2 ounces sifted pine sawdust.

This is a favorite sachet for well rolls and shirt-waist boxes. The perfume can be renewed by dropping occasionally a few drops of the scented oils on the sachet.

Old Muslin Revived.
Paris dressmakers are using the old hand-embroidered muslin as a substitute for voiles and all general trimming of elaborate gowns; these fabrics used on foulards are infinitely preferable to silk or satin. When the old embroidery is not used the old muslin takes its place.

In Europe the convents and old lace-makers turn out this exquisite needlework for ever. In America we have either to import it or get it as heirlooms.

The desire for this fine old muslin has brought the old-fashioned embroidered cap and underclothes into fashion. These hand-embroidered capes are worn

with great effect on fresh nainsook or Irish dimity gowns. The old tambour lace has also come in again.

If one has not "old muslin" as an heirloom and hasn't the purse to buy it as an importation, then fine Swiss embroidery will answer, but dip your fine Swiss embroidery in coffee to rival the tinge that age brings.

FACTS ABOUT "KID" GLOVES.
Many Different Animals Supply Skin for Their Making.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knows the secrets of the glove-making business, he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth-fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a 3-year-old colt, whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped, with huge bundles of other colts' hides, to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves; or he might with equal regard to the truth tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once dived from trees in South America on the back of the ring-tailed monkey.

And if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another, he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia, lambs or sheep from Ohio or Spain or England, calves from India,

muskrats from anywhere, musk oxen from China or other parts of Asia, rats, cats and Newfoundland puppies. But the Russian colt, the four-toothed baby from the plains where the Cossacks live, the colt from the steppes of Siberia, where horses are raised by the thousand, supplies the skins which are the favorites at present with the governorkes. Experts say that the coltskin makes a better, stronger, finer glove than real kidskin.

But, after all, the real kid—the lively infant of the goats which live in France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy—furnishes the choicest and most expensive gloves, and nearly \$100,000 kids are sacrificed every year that women and men may cramp their hands in smooth, delicate-hued gloves.

Athletic Dancing.
Surely the dancing at Summer hotels this season, says the Boston Journal, is for the most part quibsy. Occasionally you see a girl "all steel springs and ginger," who seems to enjoy prancing and capering in the violent two-step, but only with difficulty does she find a partner who is respectably athletic. The girl is held in a peculiar fashion—often as if accidental contact with her would be distressing to the male. Ah, it was different when we were young.

with great effect on fresh nainsook or Irish dimity gowns. The old tambour lace has also come in again.

If one has not "old muslin" as an heirloom and hasn't the purse to buy it as an importation, then fine Swiss embroidery will answer, but dip your fine Swiss embroidery in coffee to rival the tinge that age brings.

FACTS ABOUT "KID" GLOVES.
Many Different Animals Supply Skin for Their Making.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knows the secrets of the glove-making business, he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth-fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a 3-year-old colt, whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped, with huge bundles of other colts' hides, to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves; or he might with equal regard to the truth tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once dived from trees in South America on the back of the ring-tailed monkey.

And if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another, he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia, lambs or sheep from Ohio or Spain or England, calves from India,

muskrats from anywhere, musk oxen from China or other parts of Asia, rats, cats and Newfoundland puppies. But the Russian colt, the four-toothed baby from the plains where the Cossacks live, the colt from the steppes of Siberia, where horses are raised by the thousand, supplies the skins which are the favorites at present with the governorkes. Experts say that the coltskin makes a better, stronger, finer glove than real kidskin.

But, after all, the real kid—the lively infant of the goats which live in France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy—furnishes the choicest and most expensive gloves, and nearly \$100,000 kids are sacrificed every year that women and men may cramp their hands in smooth, delicate-hued gloves.

Athletic Dancing.
Surely the dancing at Summer hotels this season, says the Boston Journal, is for the most part quibsy. Occasionally you see a girl "all steel springs and ginger," who seems to enjoy prancing and capering in the violent two-step, but only with difficulty does she find a partner who is respectably athletic. The girl is held in a peculiar fashion—often as if accidental contact with her would be distressing to the male. Ah, it was different when we were young.

Then there is a strange dance today, in which, to the liveliest of music, the dancers bob slowly up and down