

DUPLICATING PARISIAN STYLES.

AMERICAN BUYERS GET FIRST "LOOK IN" AT NEW FASHIONS.

And It Is Possible for the American Woman to Follow Dame Fashion's Latest Decrees Without Going Abroad to Shop—The Inside Story of Freakish Styles.



Trying to Find Where the exclusive forms of Straw, Felt and Velvet can be bought at what sales favorite fashions of well-dressed Paris ladies they never succeed.

BY STERLING HELIG.

PARIS, July 9.—(Special correspondence.)—This is not a fashion article. But, madame, would you be posted on new styles? It is a great problem; and I offer you a "clinch."



Scene in One of the Little Salons at the Beginning of the Season.



Crowd of Extra Hands Taken On to Rush House Models.



Scene in One of the Little Salons at the Beginning of the Season.

Would you be almost as well posted as these Paris women? Here goes.

I have been much of late with American wholesale buyers in and out of the great "exhibitions" which the most famous ladies' tailors, dressmakers and milliners hold for them—behind closed doors. I have seen experienced ones laugh at a new buyer for loading up with "ugly styles" and "trial balloons."

Corner in Designing Rooms. A New Skirt—How We Made it, too Pleated to start in with? Grave Question!

Paris ladies on the spot, who have so much trouble. Who first sees the new gowns? Why, indisputably, the wholesale American buyers who reside in Paris or come periodically, expressly to select new models for duplication in big or exclusive American establishments.

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fashion guide-and-agent. Listen to my experienced wholesale friend: "In creating their models, the majority of the great couturiers have the American buyer in mind; and the object is to produce a range of models to suit all tastes, and to meet the demands of the different countries which send buyers to Paris, while impressing the French stamp, taste and elegance on all Americans are among their best customers."

created—as their models have to be bought soon enough to allow of their being copied in large quantities and distributed in time for the early season trade. How far these early models represent those of the big fashion displays taking place a little later, is largely a matter of chance, the difference may be great or it may be very slight.

THE KITEOLOGIST AND HIS GOLDEN EAGLES.

BY DON MARK LEMON.

JUST come up on the roof, sir, and I'll show you the cage and tell you all that I know about the professor, but before we go a step further let me warn you that I don't believe a word of what the newspapers have printed about him. No, sir, I won't and I can't believe that such a true gentleman as the professor always showed himself to be could have deliberately set out to rob the government of over \$15,000. It's preposterous to think of it, but it's just like the newspapers to make the matter as sensational as possible.

ing water and a good deep closet where he could keep his clothes. Well, sir, I snapped him up at once, as I could see he was a gentleman, and, besides, he looked neat and prosperous, and I felt I wouldn't have to worry about him not paying his rent on time. But before he took the room he asked if he couldn't go up on the roof and see if it would suit him for a certain purpose. I was somewhat surprised at him wanting to rent the roof, but thinking him a photographer, or something like that, I brought him up here and he was real pleased. So he told me his business, and I rented the roof to him without any hesitation at all. It isn't every day one can rent a scrap of roof for more than a good sunny front room, and you can't blame me for doing so.

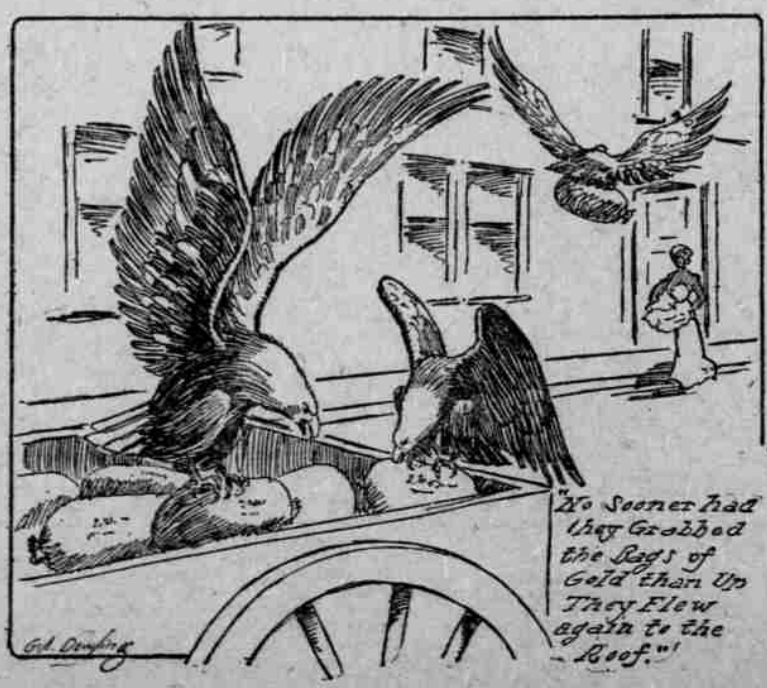
Well, sir, he was a kiteologist, as he told me. He flew kites to study the winds and the temperature at a great height. He wasn't in the employ of the government, but was studying on his own account. He took his silk hat off and sat down right over there, and explained all about it to me. His kites weren't like those that the boys fly, nor were they like I have seen pictures of in the papers—great big box-like things—but they were eagles—real, live eagles. He had three of them, and he would attach a strong string to their legs and let them fly up into the heavens with a thermometer and barometer attached, or some such like scientific instrument, and when he was ready, he would gently draw them down again.

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his scientific instruments so high in the air. Well, a week passed and he didn't fly his eagles, for he was waiting for them to get accustomed to their new location, so they would return like carrier doves in case the string tied to their legs got broken; and at the end of the week, before the professor could try his experiment at all, that dreadful accident happened, which the papers made so much of, and which frightened the professor, who was timid, like all real scientific men, so that he never came back, even for his clothes.

loose from the cage—I felt real sorry for the professor, to think that his birds had got loose—and down they came, I lifted up my apron to shoot them back to the roof, when if those three mischievous birds didn't settle right down into the bags full of gold, and each one grab a bag in his claws, like I saw them grab a bag with a dead rabbit in it on the roof one day, and no sooner had they grabbed the bags of gold than up they flew again to the roof.

over to the next building yonder, they said that the owner of the birds had taken the gold and climbed through an open window in that building into an empty room, and that way escaped with the \$15,000. Of course I saw at once how dreadfully dishonest it all might be made to look, and I sat down and almost cried. At first the clerks and the officers paid no more attention to me than if I had been a sick kitten, but when they learned that I was the landlady and knew all about the eagles and the professor, they asked me a thousand questions, and I was dragged off to court like a criminal, and the poor professor's name was mixed up with robbery and thieving, and I don't know what else. But, somehow, he learned about the mischief his eagles had got into, and never returned.



No Sooner had they grabbed the bags of gold than up they flew again to the roof.

Copyright by Shortstory Pub. Co. His Very Own Car. "Well, Bilhad," said Jimmonberry, "I suppose, now that you are living out in the country, you have a car."