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HER NEW "JUMPER" AND HER PARASOLS,

by Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

The Jumper Dress, With Several Novel Additions, Promises to Have a Continued Vogue This Summer--Parasols in New and Striking Designs Shown in Great Variety

One Thousand Dollars a Set for Parasol Tips and Handle. Hand-Painted Chiffon and Leather Trimmed Silk Two Extravagances in Parasol Coverings

A—Jumper frock of linen with elaborate soutache braiding.

B—Persian embroidery on filet net and tucked bands trim this smart little gown.

C—White linen with dull blue embroidery; a suggestion for the use of bordered materials.

D—Real lace parasol with under lattice-work of white chiffon and chiffon frills.

E—Handles of Raffia set with jewels are a summer fad.

F—Pongee silk, trimmed with brown leather, with a life-size parrot on the handle.

G—Gold balls and tassels are a new handle decoration.

H—Silk mousseline, with satin striped border, hand painted.

I—The fashionable woman can deck her summer parasol with $1,000 set of jeweled tips and handle.

AND again the jumper dresses!

Wise women who neglected to plan them for their summer wardrobe—"they will be so dreadfully common, every one will wear them!"—must now hasten to repair their ommission, for it's a case of "everyone will wear them!" with quite another inflection.

That these most useful and comfortable little frocks are here for another hot weather season at least there is not a shadow of a doubt.

And, indeed, one wonders what one did before these convenient dresses were invented. They are suitable for so many occasions and fill the breach between the "severely simple" and the "elaborately frilly" most nobly.

We find them shown this spring in all styles, all colors, in nearly all materials. In many ways they repeat the jumper frocks of last summer, but this year's models show several new points. The shaped piece or box plait running from yoke to hem, straight down the center front, the newly-acquired sleeves, the application of embroidered yokes or yokes of contrasting materials below the cutout top, the more often used belt which usually ends on either side of the center front—all these innovations mark the 1908 models.

Silks, voiles and lightweight woolen materials of all kinds will be used in these dresses, but the models of linen are particularly attractive and, shown over guimpes of sheer white, lace trimmed and hand-embroidered, look suggestively summer like.

The touches of subdued or vivid colors which are a feature of this year's white gowns, are seen on jumper dresses of white or ecru linen. Skillfully applied, they are most effective and give a character which would oftentimes be otherwise lacking. Dull blue, dull green and violet, that sympathetic color are most often used in touches of embroidery. Embroidered dots of various sizes are again a much-liked feature, but the embroidery runs toward delicacy rather than elaboration.

Skirts of jumper dresses are again cut on the side-plaited model or occasionally circular. As these frocks are for informal wear, the skirts are always walking length. They are most often made without trimming except for bias folds, although sometimes touches of embroidery are discreetly applied toward the hem.

The waists are usually made separate and joined to the skirt by various contrivances. Sometimes a narrow cording is used in making waist and skirt into one. Sometimes a fitted belt is frankly used, but almost invariably the line from yoke to hem is left unbroken in front. If there is a belt it slips under this front piece.

The opening at the neck through which the guimpe is seen may be cut almost any shape to suit the designer's taste, and yet be all that is fashionable. For round, square and V-shaped openings are all used. Around this neck opening quite elaborate trimming is arranged. It is sometimes applied in several overlapping shaped pieces, the same sort of trimming being used on the sleeves.

No longer is the kimono sleeve seen in up-to-date jumper frocks. It has been retired in favor of various models of cape-like sleeves, which sometimes extend quite to the elbow. The white Braiding is the distinctively smart trimming for all kinds of jumper dresses. Even a very economical touch of soutache braiding can give an "air" not obtainable in any other way. White soutache braiding on colored linen applied on a white dress is often seen among exclusive models.

An original use of braiding is shown on the figure lettered "A." The skirt is made in striking fashion, each gore being laid open over an underpiece of heavily braided linen, with worked buttonholes one one side and white braid buttons on the other to suggest a closing. The waist part of this dress has the braiding applied in a broad band in the square shape still so fashionable. A short-waisted effect is obtained by the length of unbroken skirt line, which extends to just below the bust in front. The sleeves are cape-like affairs, heavily braided and trimmed with the same style buttons as are used on the skirt.

Of very different effect is the overskirt dress shown in the sketch lettered "C." This is of ecru linen, embroidered in dull blue. While this particular gown was first cut and afterwards embroidered, here is a very excellent suggestion for the use of some of the bordered materials which have appeared this season in such a charming variety.

Finely tucked bands of the material of which the gown is made and brilliantly colored oriental embroidery on filet net are use as trimming in the gown lettered "B." Here we have the popular sideplaited skirt with the waist attached under a rather wide belt. The sleeves are edged with bands of the tucking and are themselves composed of the embroidered wilet net.

Braiding has entered even the domain of the parasol and some of the smartest—to say nothing of the most expensive—spring models of parasols show borders of fine silk braiding in a color harmonizing with the color of the parasol.

Just now it is a fad to lavish much thought and quite an appalling amount of cash upon parasols—those necessary accessories to hot weather dress. No gems are too valuable, no workmanship too fine, to lavish upon the tips and handles which go to further decorate parasols, which are already small works of art in beauty of silk and hand-painted chiffon.

Handles this year have come in for an unusual amount of attention from the designers, and I see ones of knobby gold, encrusted with coral, amethysts or more precious jewels heading a long row of parasol handles, which ends in cool-looking straight ticks of braided raffia, set sparsely with turquoise or some other inexpensive stones.

Gaudy little parrots with plumage of red, green and yellow top other parasol sticks, while the wise looking black cat with big yellow eyes is supposed to bring good luck to the owner of the parasol whose handle it guards. In Paris the women will amuse themselves and their friends by some mild betting on the "little horses" which run their miniature race inside the crystal ball top of their parasol handles. In others, a secret spring being touched, the top flies open, disclosing a tiny powder puff and mirror or a diminutive smelling salts bottle.

All kinds of odd materials are this year pressed into the service to make parasols. Chiffon is not considered too diaphanous, nor leather too heavy or clumsy, for praying the sun's strong rays and protecting delicate skins. Brown suede is cut into patterns and applied as a border on pongee silk, the handle of the parasol being also covered with the leather. Parasols of mousseline de soie with satin striped borders are exquisitely hand-painted in designs of flowers and trailing vines.

The inside of the parasol is quite as important just now as the outside, and comes in for nearly as much decoration. For instance, it doesn't seem sufficient that the outside covering should be of almost priceless lace. The under side must be also elaborated with deep hanging frills of chiffon and a complicated network of narrow strands of rolled chiffon. A plain taffeta covered parasol will look most demure and unassuming furled, but let it be raised and you will find the under side a mass of plisse ruffles of chiffon, lace edged, so fine that they do not make any bulk and most flattering to the face in their softening effect.

All kinds of gold-balled swinging tassels are attached to parasol handles—and this is distinctly a 1908 conceit. Some of them are suggestive of the result of a schoolgirl's visit to West Point for they look like nothing so much as the brass buttons of the cadets. Others have chic little taffeta bows, their ends tipped with gold tassels. Again they will be decorated with long tassels of chenille, toning in color with the parasol covering.

The simple parasols of taffeta silk in plain colors with unassuming wood handles which we in other years considered quite good enough for every-day use, are this year not to be thought of by the smart woman. The top covering must be elaborated, the underside decorated, the handle expensive, with possibly ornaments at both ends of the stick, and certainly trimmed with tassels and bows. This is undoubtedly a season of elaboration, and among parasols it is felt as well as everywhere else.

FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY--By Pierre Villetard

"YES, it is really true that I came near marrying an American girl," said Paul Touchard. "It is now 15 years ago. I was spending my vacation in a little town on the lovely shore of Normandy where there is always a breeze and where the cottage ladies gather on the beach every afternoon to gossip. One evening in August, it was between 6 and 7, we saw far away a cloud of smoke and a little while afterward a large elegant steam yacht come toward us. It anchored, an old gentleman and a lady and a young girl went into a boat and came ashore.

"Excuse me, sir, but would you please tell me the nearest way to the hotel?"

"Hotel Beau-Rivage I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

It was me whom the young girl addressed. While I gave her the information I looked at her closely. She was a dark blond with big eyes which seemed to look straight into your heart. Her features were beautiful and I was especially taken with the pose of her head.

After she had left I could not help thinking of her and I kept thinking of her for a long time. The proprietress of the hotel was an amiable and most eloquent lady, and she was not slow in getting all the information she could from the servants of the new arrivals. It was not long before I knew that the new guests, the Foggs family, were Americans and that Mr. Foggs had made an immense fortune in fur. His steam yacht alone would represent a fortune in France.

The next day the Americans came down to the little pavilion built at the foot of the downs close to the beach.

Miss Annie Foggs wore a white dress with short sleeves and she had the most beautiful arms I ever saw. When she entered there was a pause, but only for a moment, then the people kept on dancing. I went across the floor and asked the American girl to honor me with a dance.

"With the greatest of pleasure," she said.

She danced well and never seemed to get tired.

Three times a week we had a hop in the little pavilion.

Mr. Foggs no longer thought of leaving, for his daughter whose will was law unto him decided to stay.

The Americans and I were soon inseparable and the old couple were exceedingly kind to me.

I do not think they cared to know my business, at least they never asked me. Miss Annie and I took long walks together every day. We did not exchange sweet words but both of us knew that deep in our hearts a feeling was growing which promised fair to develop into love.

None of us cared for the gossip of the other guests and we kept on with our daily walks, although they were far more dangerous to us than the steep cliff which the goats climb.

Suddenly, one day, Annie said: "There is something you want to tell me, Mr. Touchard."

"And what should that be, Miss Annie?"

She looked at me and her brown eyes were soft as velvet.

"Yes, I know there is something you want to tell me, but you do not dare because you are poor—"

"Do you want me to tell you what it is? I believe you love me. I dare not say now that I love you, but I like you immensely. And then there is another thing. I'm engaged to marry a young man at New York, but I don't care for him. He is a miserable dancer and has big ugly hands and thinks too much of his business and very little of me."

"Are you going to break your engagement?"

"No; that cannot be done. My father has arranged the marriage, and he will not break his promise, especially as my fiancee is the owner of some of the largest oil wells in the United States."

"Then I do not understand what you mean."

"Don't you understand, Mr. Touchard, that you are to go with us to New York. There my father will give you a position in his business and we will see each other as often as possible, dear."

"Your father will offer me a position?"

"Yes, and he will give you $5,000 a year. That will do for a start."

I looked at her, for I did not at first believe she was in earnest, but one glance at her face was enough to convince me she was. I was young, I loved Miss Annie, and it was not clear to me what a difficult situation I was going into.

"I accept the offer, Miss Annie."

"Perhaps I love you, too," she said slowly, looking down into the sand where she was drawing figures with the point of her parasol. But when she raised her head I saw two tears in her eyes.

The same evening Mr. Foggs came to me and shook my hand.

"It is a go, Mr. Foggs; I accept the position you offer."

From that moment I was allowed to court Miss Annie openly, but my position seemed rather queer to me when I remembered what she had said about being engaged already.

Nevertheless, I spent two happy weeks with her. We took long walks in the pine woods and along the shore admiring the beautiful nature. A few times she allowed me to kiss her hand, but that was all.

One day she came running up to me, greatly excited, holding a telegram in her hand.

"My fiancee—" she stammered.

"Is he dead?"

"No; it is much worse than that. He has been faithless to me."

And then Miss Annie told me that the owner of the great oil wells had married a Creole girl from Cincinnati, who was a chorus girl in the bargain.

"Imagine, a colored girl! He prefers a colored girl to me."

Suddenly she burst out: "Will you marry me?"

"Oh, Miss Annie, you know that I would consider that the happiest moment in my life."

"Well, then, we will marry; there is only one thing I demand. As soon as we are in the United States you must challenge that scoundrel. I love you with all my heart, dear, but I cannot allow anyone to insult me as he has done."

I confess that I did not answer immediately. What she wanted me to do seemed too ghastly. To risk one's sweetheart's life simply because one's feelings were hurt was a thing I did not understand.

Miss Annie noticed my hesitation and turned pale. Her eyes shot fire.

"Well, what is your answer?" she asked. She did not give me time to reply. Her white teeth glistened and I can hear even now her mocking laugh.

"Oh, I understand you. You do not love me enough to risk your life for my sake. Good-bye!" With these words she picked up her dress in both hands and ran away from me.

When I woke up the next morning I looked through my window for the yacht. It was not there and some of the fishermen told me it had left during the night.

"That is how my love affair ended," said Paul Touchard. "I have never again visited the little town of Normandy and I have never seen the Foggs, no less Annie.

"But as I have grown older I have thought a good deal of this affair. Perhaps the American fiancee, the telegram and the breaking off of our love was only a test she wanted to make to see whether I was worthy of marrying her. Perhaps I let a fortune slip out of my hands that day simply because I hesitated. I shall never know."

I Will;

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear,
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the gambler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread,
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald

Family of Criminals.

A grim epitaph, perhaps unexampled, is to be found in the cemetery of Debrecin, eastern Hungary.

It reads as follows: "Here rest in the Lord Joseph Moritz, senior, who died in his sixty-second year. He was shot by his son. Frau Joseph Moritz, who died in her forty-seventh year. She was shot by her daughter. Elizabeth Moritz, who died by her own hand in her seventeenth year, after shooting her mother. Joseph Moritz, who died in prison, age 27. He had shot his father. May eternal mercy have pity on their poor, sinful souls."

The last of this unfortunate family left a sum of £1,500 for the purpose of setting up this memorial.

WOMEN AND SENSATIONAL TRIALS--By Mrs. John A. Logan

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IN a celebrated trial of a woman murderess which occurred in Washington a few years ago, I had occasion to comment upon the presence of women and young girls in the courtroom during the recital of most disgusting evidence.

There has been a repetition of the same morbid desire on the part of old and young women in the city of Washington to hear every word in the sensational testimony in the trial of Mrs. Annie M. Bradley for the murder of ex-Senator Brown of Utah in the Raleigh hotel more than a year ago.

Attorneys-at-law who desired to hear the proceedings as a matter of interest to lawyers have been unable to get in the court on account of the crowds of women who have filled the courtroom and who have listened eagerly to every word of the witnesses, the counsel for the defendant and the prosecution.

Women have exhibited the keenest relish for the shocking details of the prisoner's own story of her liaison with Brown.

All the letters introduced were specimens of the most unbridled voluptuousness. The unblushing details of the christening of her son—and Brown's son—while she was living with Bradley, was absolutely revolting.

Her dramatic description of Brown's cruelty and desertion of her so affected her hearers that they seemed to lose sight of years of sinful association with Brown and of the outrages upon Mrs. Brown and society of which she had been guilty.

That Brown was a monster there seems to be plenty of proof, and society is well rid of his like, no matter how the removal takes place. But a woman who has committed such gross immoralities as she assuredly is not guiltless.

A spontaneous wave of sympathy has swept over the country for this "outraged woman," who cannot claim to have been an unsophisticated girl, ignorant of the world and the wiles of men. Women flocked to the courtroom and sat unblushingly through the tedious examination and cross-examination of witnesses.

Seemingly they were unconscious of the fact that they lent their presence to the last scene in a tragedy which was the legitimate consequences of immoral life.

Proving that Brown was a brute does not in the least change her responsibility or the fact that she knowingly entered upon a life of shame with a married man.

Mrs. Bradley may have been irresponsible at the particular moment when she fired the fatal shot, but she was sane during the long years in which she lived with Brown, and was known as an exceptionally intelligent woman. During these years her mode of life was a great crime against society—for this she should be punished.

A law should be passed prohibiting women from attending trials of every character whatsoever; they should not be allowed to be present in any court unless on trial themselves, or their families. Such experiences tend only to harden women, and in many instances there is a better, a more vital reason why they should be excluded from the courtroom.

In the ordinary course of events everyone is sufficiently acquainted with grief and the ills that "flesh is heir to" without being in evidence at the sittings of any court. Great harm may follow to femininity as a result of the trial of Annie M. Bradley.