

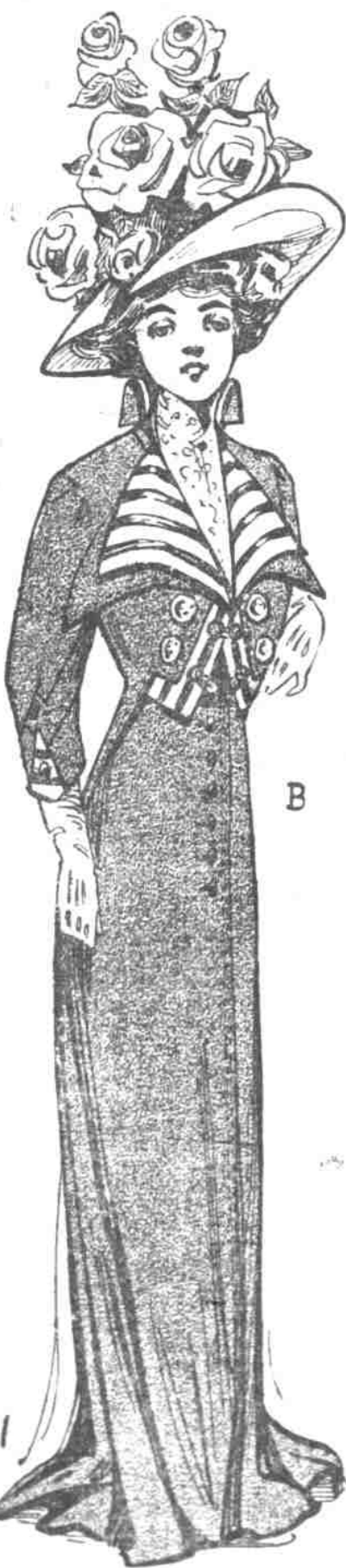
HER NEW FALL SUIT

Summer Girls Come to Town in August. Great Anxiety About Radical Changes in Style. Suits Like the Uniform of the French Soldiery.

THE Summer girls are coming to town—
—that of course means to the City of New York. "Some in rags, some in rags" is the cry. Their white teeth gleam and their skin is brown. Some there are in silk and tulle. Never a wrinkle and never a crease. But these are the palefaced failures. Not even their noses are unburned—but beware of the frown. Better wrinkles in your linen than a boxplot between your eyes.

Just look and see! It's only mid August, but the Summer girls are coming to town—from Newport, Southampton, and maybe Bar Harbor. Look for the girl who wrinkles in her linen, but smiles on her face, for she's the Summer girl who will be the Autumn bride. Father is delighted. Both his smile and his purse expand, and Betsy Brownface, you may be sure, starts in directly to spend.

Now listen. When August is sixteen days old then the time has come to divide the Summer girls into two classes. In one class belongs the girl whose dainty is still fresh. She was one of the mural blossoms (common name "wall-flowers") of the Summer. Even her dancing frocks need no cleansing round the hem. No "lo-bengrin" march for her this fall! Even her tennis suits are still immaculate. In none of the Summer's games has she been strenuous ("perspiration" would be vulgar); but all these games are those that go to make up the big game of love, for witness the girl who has played them all gaily. Cupid



SUIT by Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

Styles Like Those of the Mad Revolution in Paris. Robespierre Collars and Cannon-Ball Bonnets. Donkey-Gray a New Color. Mussel Shells for Buttons.



Horrifying Rumor as to Directoire Bags and Purses.

Chain up, shoulders back; no sword or musket, but a cane if she likes. She looks then not like a soldier, but like an incorrigible, one of the famous fops of France in the Directoire period. Betsy bought a cane on Fifth Avenue. I know one girl who said she'll use her jeweled billiard cue with her Directoire suit.

On the suit of dark blue cloth (see picture D) the revers are of pale blue satin, and an inch is embroidered a pump cockatoo. On other suits, say apple green with blue-green revers, the points of which reach beyond the shoulders, there are also tropical birds and tropical flowers embroidered with silk. The tails of the coat are turned back with pale green revers of the same color and shape, and birds are embroidered on each.

It is a trick this year in Paris to put a woman into a suit that looks like an envelope. (See the suit in illustration C.) The corners not only turn back, but are brought together and buttoned.

All sorts of novelties are part of or the accompaniment of the new Fall suits. The majority of the Summer girls simply know they're pretty. But Betsy Brownface, she knows why each feature is correct. Betsy is bright. She remembers all her history. The period of the Directoire (Cholly tried so hard to explain it all to me. I hope I have it right) followed the death of Louis XVI. and that of Marie Antoinette, who offered the public cream-puffs or something of that sort. They were terribly insatiable. Cream-puffs are not so bad, say I, though breakfast food would have been real men. Paris, during and following the revolution, was military mad, and went to excess in everything.

A slit in those days was a slit. Just ask your mother or your husband, or read about the slit in the great history of costume by Rachel. If I should try to explain to you, Mr. Editor would cut it out. The buttons on the suits were like the buttons on a soldier's uniform. The collar called Robespierre, in compliment to the great revolutionist, you may see as now revived on figure B.

This collar is faced with black and white silk of the revers and the waistcoat. Even some of the bonnets worn in those days were supposed to represent cannon balls. They were round and closely fitting. (To-day, in the modern adaptation, they suggest a portion of a melon rind). Finally the directors were deposed—to leave Robespierre, a Greek poet of noble brow, of course, Eva will wear her draperies for ever. They are no response to a fashion law.

have one. Of course, you aren't—but in style, as well as in the bonnet, I mean. The Directoire bonnets are worn with silk frocks of the Directoire model. But some of the girls at Newport are so afraid of the sheath, that, with their short-waisted gowns (far too full in the skirt) and queer bonnets, they look like doll little figures from Kate Greenaway pictures. Nothing of the mad French Directoire period is suggested. Miss Helen Morgan, a niece of Herbert Parsons (the married Eliza Clews, who is now working feverishly on another anti-marriage book) wore the first bonnet of this sort that I ever saw. When she tripped off the train at Tuxedo one day, I saw that her bonnet was covered with silk (shirred on a stiff frame) exactly like the silk of her frock. The strings were tied in a big bow at the left under her chin. The only floral decoration was one large red rose laid on the stiff frame toward the left. For little bonnets of this sort, the milliners are studying the pictures in costume histories. Not one of these little bonnets, however, has a flare equal to that of the bonnet of the Salvation Army lassie—she whose bonnet never changes.

But if you promise not to say I told, I'll tell you something awful I just heard. It's about those new soft purses in ecru and brown. They say they are made from human skins. They are just about as thick and as soft as a kid glove—tanned and "cured," of course. A doctor I know has a wallet made of it. It's all due to the reversion to the mad ways of Paris. When France was grappling with, and had grappled, royalty, and still felt the insult of the cream-puffs, or whatever sort of cake it was, men used to go to dances wearing the skins of their enemies—the people who had been guillotined. Cholly says it's no worse than any other sort of skin, but I'd rather eat my mention of the donkeys! I'd rather eat a donkey sandwich than to carry a Directoire bag of this sort.

Just to make a cheerful ending, I'd like to tell you about the new Napoleonic evening cloaks, but they make a story in themselves. You throw one end of the cloak over your chest and shoulders, just as Roman Senators handled their draperies.

Not all the suits, to return to clothes, are so severe in line as the one (figure A) that Betsy chose. The coat in figure D is more kindly, and others are really easier than this in fit, curving gracefully and slightly toward the sides, and with two buttons in back to accentuate the short-waisted effect. Instead of the slit being at the side, it is often toward the front, and braids makes two long lines from the belt to the hem of the skirt. I took Cholly along the day Betsy Brownface asked me to go with her to choose a suit. Cholly was terribly disappointed. He had his eye open for the slit. One of the Worth suits seen on a model did show the unbuttoned slit, but she had a silk petticoat that looked like a fling. And whenever the slit exists, there is cloth turned back soft, pliant to all fit. But Cholly was so disappointed. I was surprised when he so quickly consented to go with us, but I soon knew why. I had to give him a poke with my parasol. Cholly's surprise or disappointment is always of the volatile sort. He chattered so much with Frederick Townsend Martin.

Strange it is, too, that we turned to the Grecian, revised the Directoire period, just when labor was muttering significantly as it grappled with capital. France, when it revived Grecian gowns, when it was military mad, and when women were beginning to wear soldierly suits and cannon-ball bonnets, was grappling with royalty. First there were only mutterings. You recall what I said about the cream puffs, and neither cake nor confectionery could be more silly than some of the sops handed out today.

When I was in Paris, I was in the habit of wearing a Directoire period, just when labor was muttering significantly as it grappled with capital. France, when it revived Grecian gowns, when it was military mad, and when women were beginning to wear soldierly suits and cannon-ball bonnets, was grappling with royalty. First there were only mutterings. You recall what I said about the cream puffs, and neither cake nor confectionery could be more silly than some of the sops handed out today.

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A—A Directoire Reception Suit of Bright Blue Broadcloth. Revers of Net Gorgeously Embroidered With Orchids Lead over Revers of Cloth. Facing of Silk Where Skirt is Turned Back Showing Filled-in Slit.
B—A Black Walking Suit With Circular Skirt. Waistcoat, Revers and Robespierre Collar of Black and White Striped Silk.
C—A Severely Plain Suit Showing New Eccentricity in Turning Back the Tails of the Coat.
D—A Dark Blue Suit With Large Revers of Pale Blue Satin Showing Embroidered Cockatoos. The Skirt Has Narrow Plaids at the Side and a Long Line of Buttons. It Is of Comfortable Walking Length. The Directoire Redingote Is Slashed at the Sides, Where It Falls in Deep Points.

biting. The features (the mural blossoms) have come down to buy the gayest and the latest for a desperate effort in the last lap of the season. Girls of this sort always depend on much upon clothes. They are even led up to the point where they will get into a sheath with an unbuttoned slit. First thing the Summer girl will ask, "What are the new colors?" "Catawba, Kentucky, and donkey gray," is the answer. As usual, the majority of the new colors have little names. They all were called in the French chefs for the artists.

And the sweet Summer girl, how she laughs and smiles when she sees some of the new Fall suits from Paris! All the suits she likes best are military in character. Take the suit of a soft, but bright, sky-blue broadcloth (figure A). See the big buttons. Each has a sculpture in the center. Many of the buttons on the new Fall suits are very variable. Some are set with semi-precious stones. The importers fairly tore out their hair when they heard that these buttons had to come in under the head of jewelry. When mother and the girl come home from Paris their new suits in the trunk are, however, unbuttoned. "Buttons, buttons—who has the buttons!" is the latest game at the customs house. Mother has the buttons, but who is the man who dares say where? Some of the new buttons are really musical shells. I saw them on a new suit of exquisite color. But please excuse me; we must hurry back to the blue suit. But buttons are so awfully fascinating. We had to stop and discuss them a bit. That's the only enjoyable way to this about the styles. Because, as I told Cholly, he is a business. Buttons are really of great importance, much like the punctuation marks in a poem, or, as Cholly says, in your great suit's will.

On this blue suit the buttons are military. Then, just see the slit on the central row. Narrow velvet ribbon is applied to the cloth just as braids in a soldier's uniform, as one sees it in old-French pictures. Where the skirt folds back, the facing is of a pure silk. Two little plaits give a neat bit of fullness to the skirt just below the waist. The long tails of the coat have narrow slanting strips and buttons also applied in a soldierly way. The light sleeves again have buttons, straps and a narrow lace trim from the elbow down, and daintily trailing the skirt. The revers on this suit are gorgeous. Those below are of the soft blue cloth, and those on top (changing a bit loosely) are of net on which mammoth orchids in shades of pink and magenta are embroidered. The skirt clasps the hips, and this is one of the most severe of the Directoire walking suits. You cannot see the tails of the coat when you directly face the wearer. But Betsy Brownface looks fine in it. She is slim and trim, and as straight as a colonel.

reduce the amount of butcher's meat and "beating foods".
The second great cause of headaches at this time is fatigue. We do not rest and sleep as much as in Winter. We sit up late and get up earlier in the morning. We do too much, even when we are on a vacation, because we try to get just about three times what we should into the twenty-four hours.

So, we become fatigued and tired and head-ache, and we blame the Summer. We play tennis in blazing sunshine, with the idea that we should get as much exercise as possible. Of course, we have to pay. The result is that so many women have headaches in Summer, but that so many escape the attacks of amnesia they often desire.

Heat headache is the direct consequence of not protecting the head, neck, and upper part of the spine from the sun's rays. A head-band and a parasol are essential for the woman who has to go out in strong sunshine, however free from vanity she may be.
Women who "feel the heat" should make a point of lying down in a dark room for thirty or forty minutes in the middle of the day. And the woman who gets nine hours sleep Summer and Winter will be the healthier and better looking for it.
As Summer headache is sometimes due to eye strain from the excessive light, it is a

good plan to have the eyes tested if headaches persist in spite of attention to the above hints. Any one with weak sight should wear dark glasses if the sun is very strong, and should never sit facing a strong glare of sunlight.
Heavy clothing, lastly, is the explanation of many people's ill-health in hot weather. Heavy coats, skirts, and unnecessary under-clothing should be discarded, especially by the women who have to work in town during midsummer. Heavy clothing increases the risk of Summer colds, because we get overheated and subsequently chilled. So long as light woollen clothing is worn next the skin, the outer garments cannot be too light in texture and color.

To cure Summer headaches, try three simple meals a day, moderate exercise, especially walking in the fresh air. Try the sleep cure if you are liable to do too much, and take a midday rest if you suffer from heat headache. Do not take drugs upon your consideration excepting a simple purgative, which is always advisable if errors in diet are the probable cause of the sick headache.

A hot mustard footbath, or a mustard leaf at the nose of the neck, or an application of camo cologne to the temples and creases of the head, are useful remedies. Always try to find out the cause. Do not forget that it is not heat that is the real cause in nine cases out of ten.

How to Have a Flattering Picture Taken.

Most every girl has a drawer full of unflattering photographs of herself—pictures she is ashamed to give to any one she cares for. Some "do not like her," she says; others make her seem old or immature or faded, and the majority are tabooed because of the dress or hat she wore.

In a general way the blame is vaguely placed on the photographer, who is really not responsible at all. All the camera man can do is to make the best of you as you appear to him. How you appear is your own fault or credit. The following suggestions will help greatly in getting wished for results from photographs.

In the first place, unless there is an urgent reason, don't go to the photographer if you are out of health or in low spirits. If you do, the factious camera will surely record it. In suits of the photographers' efforts in retouching. If you are tired it is better to stay away.
When blood, unhappy or at the microscope and blood vessels of the face which give you expressing all out of their normal relation and the picture is certain not to do you justice.
Whenever possible, it is money well spent to drive to the photographer's.
A just-the-mode-of-the-moment style of costume, or culture, will "dote" the photograph, and soon make it look out of fashion.
It is careful about wearing a new dress. Generally speaking, the head and shoulders make a far prettier picture than a full-length portrait.
A well-lit, but not too bright, background is a great help. A patchy appearance to the face and it should be remembered that most people wonder what was the matter with your complexion that caused you to wear the veil.

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