THE SUMMER GOWNS.

SNATCHES OF BLACK VELVET USED FOR TRIMMING.

Puzzling to Find New Ways—Skill of the Little Dressmakers in Arranging Summer Gowns—Headgear is Always Expensive.

It is thinking up novel trimmings which bids fair to give nervous prostration to dressmakers who are making last-minute dresses for the sex whose trunks are packing. There are not so many ways of making gowns themselves, given the materials and the use of the dress. For traveling and general wear there are the coat or jacket and skirt, with the shirt waist as a constant companion. Leaving the tailor-made outfit, there is only the princess effect, though there are uncounted ways of rendering it, many of which depend upon the trimming for the fortunate result.

An Outing Suit.

One modiste has an assistant who has counted ways in which her mistress has employed black velvet in small quantities to lend final style to fifty-eight masterpieces. This mistress longs for the departure of her last customer for parts unknown. Not altogether longs, of course, for there is the profit from the work; but she says she is worn with trying to create novel "lines" on which to place dress decoration.

The best class of custom would be scandalized by a design repeated on two gowns for rival even for friendly customers. These last shopping days of the swell woman emphasize the hold which pliable materials have upon the fashionable heart. "Model" gowns in yielding stuffs, which have been kept out of the public eye, nearly all have disappeared from the display forms in the shops. And women have bought yards upon yards of thin fabrics which certainly cannot be made up in time for even the last of the thirteen trunks a woman of fashion is reputed to carry. Does she intend to send it to her dressmaker in town for making up during the summer? Or has she in mind some "little" dressmaker at Newport or elsewhere who will fashion the materials for a pittance? This sort of thing is done more than might be imagined. "Little" dressmakers at summer resorts not infrequently are called upon to turn out elaborate effects. And they are cleverer about it than may be fancied. So the city modiste may have nervous prostration if she cannot avoid it, and the mondaine will slyly repair to the dressmaker of the hollyhocks for thoughts upon new ways of putting on black velvet.

Right at hand is one felicitous notion in the use of this fabric, which may suggest a dozen other means to women who read between trimmings. Four knots of black velvet, three loops each in a line, adorn the corsage of a gown of old pink veiling. A small shaped belt of black velvet is the only other considerable quality of the materials used. Two bands of guipure lace on the skirt are laid upon black, and the black satin peeks through the meshes of the lace. The lower sleeves are made of the cream lace over more black satin, and there is another band of these materials upon the princess waist, which closes under the arm. Buckles of some black glittering substance and paste further adorn the velvet knots of this gorgeous afternoon gown.

But I suspect that many women may find the dear little sleeves of this fascinating gown its greatest charm. They remind one of Della Fox's rolled down stockings—in which comic opera were they? A cream straw poke bonnet, faced with old pink chiffon, topped off with two white ostrich feathers and tied with black polkadotted white chiffon, is the quaint headpiece to this individual Newport costume.

A simpler frock for afternoon or morning country use is done from corn colored cashmere, the tunic is scallops over a drop skirt finished with four wide tucks. Black cut jet buttons, three in a group, mark each "flame" of the tunic front. Stitching in heavy black silk gives body to the tongues and desirable weight to the tunic scallops. A round yoke is a wonder in stitching. The incroyable collar is

Yankee Drinks in London.

An American bar is to be opened at the great London bazaar for the benefit of a hospital, and among the barmaids will be such eminent Americans as Countess of Craven, Mrs. Arthur Paget and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. Some of the society leaders in the metropolis are wondering if the Women's Christian Temperance Union will not make a formal protest. An organization that would object to having a battleship christened with champagne would go the length of raiding the bar. The Prince has promised to try a Manhattan mixed by May Goelet, and the Duke of York will partake of a "Tom Collins" compounded by Mrs. Bradley Martin. Mrs. Chamberlain will furnish thousands of dollars' worth of orchids. One can think of nothing more delightful to a world-weary man than to sip his "high ball" amid such surroundings. As a usual thing, gentlemen acquire their necessary exhilaration breathing in nothing more fragrant than a strong odor of mint or tansy. To drink to the olfactory accompaniment of priceless orchids is, indeed, a bright prospect.

Death of a Leader.

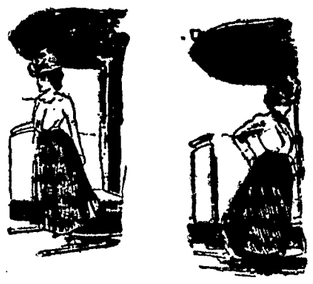
Tom Walsh, known to everyone as "Fatty Walsh" died very suddenly of heart disease. Mr. Walsh was sixty-five years of age, and for fully fifty-five of these years he was known as "Fatty." The name was given to him when he was a lad, and although he was far from being "fat" it stuck to him all his life. Mr. Walsh was one of those genial and companionable men, who easily become a power in local politics. It is said for years it was his custom to stand at the corner of a street in his district, and put a penny into the hand of every child whose hand was clean. This often cost him fifty cents a day. Originally a Tammany man, Mr. Walsh left the organization several times and rose to his greatest power as a leader of the county Democracy, with such men as H. O. Tompson, Wm. R. Beekman and Edward Cooper. He held many offices, and is probably the only man who rejoiced over being counted out when a candidate. This was when he ran for alderman and was, as he declared, counted out by two. The man who defeated him was in the "Boodle Board" which infamy "Fatty" Walsh escaped. At the time of his death Mr. Walsh was a dockmaster.

Another Washington's Headquarters.

Down in the heart of Hempstead there was discovered the other day another "Washington's Headquarters." The Sammis Hotel is genuine. Ben Sammis was the main progenitor, and after him came Nehemiah. Hanging on the wall to-day is a grand old oaken sign: "Entertainment by Nehemiah Sammis." It is finely preserved, and it hung over the road as far back as 1712. In this house George Washington slept. On the stairs leading to the attic are two loose steps, which were removed from time to time in the Revolutionary days in order to let two or three colonials enter a dark cell for concealment from the British. There are shoe-prints of horses which were ridden up these stairs by dashing cavalrymen for bottles of good things to drink. Henry Sammis, a true descendant, and his wife conduct the house at present and will hand it on down, as there are young Sammises coming along.

Surface Car Accident.

When one comes to consider the enormous number of people carried by the surface roads of this city, the crowded condition of the streets through which the cars run and the gross negligence of many of the passengers themselves, the wonder is not that there are some accidents, but rather that there are not more. The average woman invariably gets off a car the wrong way and if there is the



The Wrong Way — The Right Way.

slightest movement of the car when she steps to thegr ound the reversing of the momentum is almost certain to be followed by unpleasant consequences. The accompanying cut represents the right way and the wrong way to get off a car. If the right way is always observed, an ordinary person can step from a car when it is moving quite rapidly and not be thrown to the ground. But if the other way is tried there is little hope of escaping injury.

When Senator Quay Was a Boy.

You have probably seen a great deal in the papers lately, about former United States Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, or perhaps you have heard your father talking about him. Here is a story they tell about the Senator when he was a boy, which partakes a good deal more of politics than generosity. Coming home from a trip, the father of Senator Quay called him into the room, and said that he had brought home with him two presents. One was for Matthew and one was for his sister, and he was going to give him his choice. Then he showed him a little red Bible and a thin sword, and asked him which he wanted. Matthew promptly said that he wanted the Bible. His father was very much pleased, but also astonished, and asked him why he had made such a choice. Matthew truthfully answered: "Why, I knew that sister would not want the sword, and if I took the Bible, then I would have them both."

STATUE OF CADILLAC.

THE FOUNDER OF DETROIT TO BE HONORED BY AN HEROIC STATUE.

It Will Compare in Height With a Fifteenth Story Sky-Scraper—Each Floor Will Show the City's Progress—Statue Will Be Located on Belle Island.

A giant statue of Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, probably will be a leading feature of the exhibition which that city is to give this year in honor of its bicentenary. A plan is under consideration by city councils by which the statue, 250 feet high, is to be erected on Belle Isle, a small island in the river just opposite the city. It is to be really a great building, in the shape of a man.

The plan was suggested by David D. Buick, of Detroit. His proposition is to put up a large building with the outward appearance of a man, a giant statue of Cadillac. This giant would represent the growth of man, if a man could grow physically in comparison with the progress and growth of Detroit. The style of the boots of the statue will make the smallest part of the figure at the ankle about twenty-five feet through, and would make practicable a plan of elevator service through the centre of each leg.

The style of dress represented would make it possible to have the first floor 100 feet from the base. This would be known as floor "A," and would be seventy-five feet in diameter. The floor next above would be called floor "B," to be about the same size, with an additional room in one arm about twenty-five feet in diameter. The main room on floor "C" is to be about the same dimensions as floor "A," but with the addition of two side rooms, one in each arm of similar proportions to the side room on floor "B." Floor "D" is to be a counterpart of floor "C," with rooms about twenty feet high. Floor "E" is to be about 107 feet in

Colossal Statue of Cadillac.

diameter and to be used as a convention hall. Floor "F" is similar to floor "E," except that the ceiling is arched. This may be used as a restaurant. Floors "G" and "H" will be in the head. These two rooms will be about fifty feet in diameter and about twenty feet high. One may be used as an observatory and contain telescopes arranged on pivots.

The elevators are to be run from the base of the structure to the main room on floor "A," in which room will be placed other elevators at convenient points connecting with the floors above. One elevator, however, is to be run from this floor direct to the top floor.

On floors "A," "B," "C" and "D" are to be placed paintings and scenes in miniature of Detroit in its Colonial days and anything else pertaining to the city and its growth. The primitive scenes are to be placed on floor "A," each room above showing progress. Floor "D" is to be an art museum, and to contain the Detroit Museum of Art and the relics and antiquities now in the museum at the Public Library.

The centre base will be twenty-five feet high and built in the form of steps. The base is to contain all the necessary machinery, heating and plumbing apparatus. A powerful searchlight, operated by the city electric light plant, will be thrown nightly on the structure while the exposition is open.

The natural facilities afforded by Belle Isle are adapted splendidly to the plan proposed. A long bridge will connect the city and island, and upon this bridge will be a Midway similar to that of Chicago, including eating houses, booths and similar essential features. On the island itself, with an area of forty-five acres, exposition buildings will be erected, all after the Venetian style. The main building will be almost a reproduction of St. Mark's Cathedral and Square in Venice, and will include all its elaborate wealth of splendid detail. Beside it will be the Doge's palace, a water theatre, permitting of aquatic sports if desired. Near by will be a Venetian garden and similar features, all surrounded by a triumphial arch on one side of the waterway. The buildings will be of staff, highly colored in Venetian tints and splendidly set off by the noble beauty of the Detroit river.

Paderewski's marriage was not a fake. He is married, but not to Madame Goreki. The latter is his sister. His wife is a Polish lady named Rosan, and they were married in Warsaw, with every sanction of the Church.

UNCOUTH CRABS.

They Climb Trees and Crack Cocoanuts.

A correspondent in London sent an article about the troubles that beset King Ross III. of the Cocos and Christmas islands, in the form of great crabs that insist on climbing all over his domain, including the tree tops, where they bask and occasionally fall with unpleasant thumps on the heads of the King's loyal subjects.

King Ross is not the only person who is troubled by these tree-climbing crabs. Our soldiers in the Philippines will find more than enough of them after they begin to penetrate to the

A Tree Climbing Crab.

southern and eastern islands of the group. They not only will become acquainted intimately with them, because they will find the crustacea in their tents and even in their beds and boots, but because they will be fed on them if the gentle native possibly can coax them to try the dish.

It is not a strong recommendation to say that the palm-climbing crab tastes better than he looks, because he would not have to taste so very good to be an improvement on his looks. The fact is that the tree crab is not possessed of ravishingly beauty of face or form. He looks like the grandfather of all the scorpions in shape and general outline, and his face is that of the old man of the sea, wezzen and wicked and sure "pizen," as the Western volunteers will be sure to exclaim when they see him first.

But the appearance and the uncrab-like habits of the animal which has become part of the American fauna are the worst points in his character. His taste is not so bad. It is not as good as broiled live lobster, but it is a great improvement on army beef. The favorite way of preparing the palm-climbing crab for dinner is to roast him in a hole with red-hot stones. Another good way to cook the creature is to spit him, and then broil him over the fire.

The tree crab is something like the hermit crab of the North Atlantic coast, with the exception that his abdomen is not soft, and, therefore, he does not have to hunt for a shell to protect himself. The claws are so powerful that the crab finds it a pleasant and easy task to crack cocoanuts, which are his chief articles of diet. First he strips the husk off, and then he inserts his claws in the tree little holes, which are in every nut, and either pounds it on a stone till it splits, or, if the nut be particularly hard, he climbs the tree with it and drops it to the ground.

Crab hunting is carried on in many ways in all the islands of the Pacific. In some places the tree at a good distance from the ground, after they have made sure that there are crabs in the tree. When the deluded creatures descend they feel the grass with their feet, and thinking that they have reached the ground let go quickly in order to scuttle away. But they don't scuttle. They fall rudely and sustain fractures of the skull, or severe shock, or other things that wait for persons and crabs that fall from trees. Then the naked and hungry native falls on the animal, ties it to his spear and bears it away in triumph to the pot. In other islands where the natives are not so completely lazy, they climb after the crusty prey, and there are interesting races in the treetops, with fierce battles at he finish, for the palm climbing crab can get a pretty good grip with those cocoanut crackers of his. He is an amusing and useful fellow.

Old Time Clocks.

In the town of Schramberg, in the Black Forest district of Wurtemberg, Germany, where one of the chief industries is that of clock making, there has recently been established an interesting museum of time-pieces. The collection displays the gradual development in the making of clocks for many centuries.

Among the curiosities are many of great historical value. There is an alarm clock constructed in the year 1680 for the use of travelers. In form it resembles a lantern and the interior is designed to hold a lighted candle.

The candle is slowly pushed upward by a spring, which also controls the mechanism of the clock. A little pair of shears clips the wick of the candle automatically every minute to regulate its light. The lantern is inclosed with movable sides, so that the sleeper is not at first disturbed by the presence of light.

The alarm is set by inserting a pea in the second dial plate. When the required hour arrives the alarm is sounded, and at the same time the movable sides fall, flooding the room with light.

Among the curiosities is a Japanese saw clock. The clock itself produces the motive power by descending a saw-formed strip of metal, the teeth of which operate the wheel of the clock work.