

# THE FASHIONS

## SOME SMART ONES FOR LIMITED INCOMES

What Five Dollars Will Accomplish—Vellings Gown—Analysis of Some of the Costly Suits—White Piques Very Smartly Made—Button Trimmings.

It sometimes happens that women, freed from the pinches of economy, have the highest gifts in that direction. The proof of this statement was given recently in the shape of a cotton gown, the material of which, at five cents a yard, cost but fifty cents. It was, of course, a "selling out" bargain, secured late in the season, a soft mauve in color, with an under-lying of white, which rose to the surface in tiny flecks at even intervals, while the texture was smooth, with a very good finish. Made up and worn, it presented an appearance equal to any of the higher-priced cottons of the season. The skirt fitted on the best lines, had for bottom trimming sev-



eral rows of folds, well pressed and stitched, each fold divided by a half-inch wide white lace entredeux for heading, through which narrow black velvet had been run. A bolero, on the bottom of which ran an open embroidery of the garland order, had above it many rows of beading and velvet, showing a high black taffeta belt, laid in narrow folds. In front a chemiselet of white lawn and lace, having a double row of white satin-covered, small buttons, laced over with a white silk cord carried down the centre. Small black taffeta necktie, edged with lace, was worn over a lace and lawn neckband. A cuff effect of lace beading, and velvet was the sole trimming of the otherwise simple sleeves, fitted to the arm. The wearer, driving up for a morning visit, had on a smart white straw hat, trimmed with a double front bow of white taffeta, on which were several straw braids, sewed on horizontally. White gloves, white shoes. No one would have suspected that such a gown had been bought and made up for five dollars. Few women, pushed by economy, would have succeeded so well.

**Suggestions for Vellings Gown**  
Another economical style of gown which, if made of white vellings or any white material that is not heavy—as crepon, etc., has its skirt simply hemmed on the bottom, while the fabric is laid altogether in box-plaits, arranging that there shall be a front middle one—as well as one in the middle of the back. These plaits are to be well pressed and held by under-binding ribbons to which they are to be tacked, so as to outline the figure to the knee, as the plaits afterwards flow out loose towards the bottom. A plaited waist to correspond is worn with chemiselet. Many pretty changes can be brought about by the different chemiselets and corsets, either matching or harmonizing. A white lace or lingerie chemiselet will accord with any silk draped high belt, or a ribbon or taffeta sash, and prove the most economical as well as the smartest. In the same way the lower part of the sleeve, if a long one is chosen, is more modish when of lace and lawn. These accessories form pretty summer work, and one is constantly called upon in the social piazzas of hotels in the forenoon, to praise the dainty skill evinced by the majority of those engaged in such work. It is safe to make several of these high chemiselets, for all one's pretty bodices require them, and there is no probability of this genre being demode very soon. Under-sleeves and plastrons are equally safe work to indulge in, as our indoor gowns next winter will be all the smarter for the addition.

**Analysis of Some Real Costumes.**  
Young women, in some of their red gowns, are very picturesque in the evening. The sheer fabrics are particularly favorable in point of color, much less emphatic, and of softer tints. In mousseline de soie, whether the all-over design is white or hair-line black—or a very, very pale shade of pinkish-red, the effect is charming. A noticeably pretty one, worn by a girl of eighteen, brown-haired and brown-eyed, with a graceful, lithe figure, had the upper portion of its skirt laid in groups of fine-tucks, excepting the front gore which was perfectly plain but trimmed in this way: A tulle or apron effect was carried out by means of small rosettes of the narrowest of black velvet ribbon, the loops long and not too close together, which makes for lightness. These rosettes ran down being spaced off evenly on either side to the bottom of the skirt, with a second row about halfway between the first and the second, thus filling up with good effect the thus filling up with good effect the

thus filling up with good effect the middle space. The bodice was a round one, with a half-high lace top inset, while the belt was of narrow black velvet. Elbow-sleeves, with rosettes of black velvet and plisse frills of the same fabric were in harmony. Some cheaper material, trimmed in this manner, if tried, would be sure to prove satisfactory. Neckbands are generally beautified by narrow black velvets and small ornamental buckles. This one was no exception.  
Another red gown subdued with a great deal of black is worthy of mention, as it offers suggestions in many ways. A plisse skirt of red batiste had a line just below the knee of black mousseline, which was finely shirred into puffs. The red plisse flounce fell below in a pretty flare. A very narrow black yoke of shirring completed the smart skirt. A black lace gumpo attached to the round bodice, had for border next the red plisse a shirring of black mousseline also, and the frills to the elbow sleeves were black as well. Intermingled with the black shirring of the décolletage, as well as with the lace of neckband, were puckering of a narrow gold lace. Altogether a charming gown.

**White Pique**  
There are not a few white piques very smartly made tailor fashion which have applications of red, of blue, and of yellow lines. This application is on the top of skirt usually, and corresponds with open bodice manoeuvrings of the same. A design is drawn, for example, on the red linen for both purposes and then applied to skirt and bodice. Very delicately must this red be used, however, else it will be too pronounced for good taste. In the same general, yellow, blue, and pink lines are used in French gowns the piques are dotted over with any of the colors mentioned. The effect is considered far more modish than if the pique were white, pure and simple. But, as these machine embroidered piques are rather high priced, they are not met as frequently as the all-white ones, and it must be admitted, that nothing retains such continued favor as the white ones, without any color introduced, except by the wearing of colored belt and tie.

**Button Trimmings.**  
One of the simplest, but extremely modish, trimming in effect, which any one may carry out, is the placing of buttons on two sides and interlacing them with cords or silk braids. The buttons should be small, and they may be in groups, as well as in continued straight lines. Sometimes this idea is used to join openings, while again it forms a perfectly flat trimming. It is constantly met in some way, and always adds to the waist of



the gown's prettiness. When introduced on the left opening of a separate waist, as in one of white taffeta recently admired, the silk-woven buttons were black and so was the cord, while the taffeta was tucked very finely on either side. A white lisse scarf was then drawn under the lacings, and, being trimmed on the ends with lace, rippled out prettily above the black velvet belt, when drawn out to show the ends.

**Scarfs Put to the Test**  
A smart way of using any lace or batiste scarf, where the ends are handsomely wrought, attracted some attention a day or two ago, the wearer having on at the time an exquisite blue Swiss embroidered gown. The scarf had been cut slantingly through the middle, so as to join it again after shortening it, and, being laid into a fold drapery, the seam was barely to be distinguished when looked for. This drapery was carried over the shoulders in a straight line, and once past the shoulder, was caught up by a white ribbon rosette on both sides, the ends falling gracefully below over the figure close to the bust line. A white ribbon held these rosettes in place, as it was stretched from one to the other and fastened under one rosette. This ribbon was fully two inches wide. The belt of the bodice was of white taffeta, bowed up in front, with pointed plaited ends. Altogether there was a charming air about this toilette, and one could not but wish there had been a glimpse of white lawn under-sleeves to fall into harmony with the quaint shoulder effect. A white crin hat, of wide brim, trimmed with a great deal of foliage and what seemed to be cherry blossoms. Grandmothers cannot put their lovely old net embroidered scarfs to better use than to present them, for this new coquetry, to their favorite granddaughters before the summer frocks have to go into retirement or the fashion changes.

As a snow drift is formed where there is a lull in the wind, so one would say, where there is a lull of truth an institution springs up. But the truth blows right on over it and at length blows it down.

## A LITTLE GIRL

If no one ever marries me—  
And I don't see why they should,  
For nurse says I'm not pretty,  
And I'm seldom very good—  
If no one ever marries me—  
I shan't mind very much,  
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,  
And a little rabbit hutch;  
I shall have a cottage near a wood,  
A pony all my own,  
And a little lamb quite clean and tame,  
That I can take to town,  
And when I'm getting really old—  
At twenty-eight or nine—  
I shall buy a little orphan girl,  
And bring her up as mine  
—Laurer, Alma Tadema.

## NONE BUT THE BRAVE

Or the Way a Coward Lover Won His Sweetheart.

"Don't say that, Mary! You know I love you and—"  
"Now, Tom Dalton, stop right where you are. I've told you often enough that I like you. You have been my friend and playmate ever since I was a little girl, and I shall always like you as a friend. No sir! I won't listen to any love making. I won't marry you, sir, and that's the end of it. I won't marry no one but a brave man, and I don't love anybody and—"  
"But, Mary, surely!—"  
"There you go again, sir! If you ever mention love to me again, I will never speak to you, as sure as my name is Mary Hart."  
"Oh, if you put it that way I'll really have to retire for I couldn't survive the punishment. How do you know I'm not the brave man?"  
"And I've known you all these years and—but I won't have it brought up again and there's an end on't, sir!"  
"Well, well! If a woman will shew will and if she won't, she won't, and there's the end on't, quoted Tom gallily. Every dog has his day. Mary, what do you say to a sail down the bay? Let's have that mother of yours and take a run down to Elm Island or dinner at Cobb's farm and a bath at the short beach. It's a fine morning for a sail, and I'll be bound I'll learn to swim this time!"  
"Tom Dalton, if there ever was well I know there wasn't! And I really began to think you were serious, sir. But mother never would venture out in that crazy knockabout of yours. Wouldn't it be jolly, I'd love to go!"  
"It is all right about the knockabout. She is high and dry for a new coat of copper paint. Captain Doyle has his new schooner Willie and told me this morning he should run down to Elm come flood tide. What do you say, May? And you know I was in earnest and—"  
"Say I'm off to mamma at once," and before he could declare what he was in earnest about she was running swiftly up the pier shouting back to him. "You naughty boy, I'll bet you a box of chocolates I am first at the house, sir!"  
Mary Hart was the only daughter of the widow of Colonel Hart of the Indian army.  
The colonel had been both soldier and business man and when he had been killed in a jungle fight soon after Mary's birth he had left his widow a comfortable income.  
She had come to America and settled in one of the quiet New England seashore villages in a cosy cottage adjoining the estate of Mrs. Dalton who was an old school friend. The young people had grown up together and had been friends since childhood.  
Tom Dalton, a happy-go-lucky young man, had inherited an independent income from his father and now, having passed his final at the law school, was about to practice his profession in Boston. He loved Mary Hart with all his heart, but in spite of himself he could not be serious about his love-making though bound to win her.  
And the little mix herself through difficulties enough in the way of bringing him sharply to account when he tried to attempt to broach the subject. She didn't propose to love or be won by one so foolish it must be a brave man and she wasn't.

"None but the brave deserve the fair, and you aren't brave, you know you are not, sir!"  
Flood tide found them skimming down the bay on the natty little schooner Willie, in a spanking breeze, jumping at the sea like a mettlesome horse, while Captain Doyle stood at the wheel extolling her virtues to Mrs. Hart. The young people were camped comfortably on the deck at the windward side of the mainmast.  
"Great, isn't it?" said Tom. "Now what would you say to lobster chowder for dinner?"  
"Tom, you villain! You have been plotting this spree with Cobb. You know I dote on lobster chowder."  
"Down the last week. Told 'em we'd be down. Tried to get mother to come, but she wouldn't stop her foot in anything smaller than a liner."  
"And you never told? I can hardly believe it. I never know when to believe you, sir."  
"Fact! Sure enough this time, isn't it, Captain Doyle?"  
"Fact, sure," said the skipper. "Me and Mr. Dalton had a bit of a run down to Elm last Tuesday. Tight bit of weather coming home, too."  
"Thomas Dalton, do you mean that you were down here in last Tuesday's gale and never told? And you let us think you had been detained in Boston on business?"  
"Got it straight from Doyle," quoth Tom.  
The Cobbs were on the beach to welcome them, Master Harry had shaled his pots that morning, and there would be lobster chowder for dinner at 3 o'clock. Would they try a dip at the short beach by the runway between Elm and Elm, Jr.? They would, that is, the young people

would, and Mrs. Hart would watch the sport from the beach.

Once in the water, Mary's spirits seemed to be bubbling over, and she was soon daring Dalton to try a race to a dory moored a short distance from the beach. He seemed reluctant at first, and was sure it was too near the current of the runway, but to take a dare from Mary and have her taunt him with lack of courage was too much for a young man of his temperament.  
She was wading toward the boat, and when but a few strokes from it, called back, laughing: "Will you swim for it, Tom? If you reach it first I'll be your prize, sir!"  
He was striking out after her as soon as the words had left her lips.  
She had nearly reached the dory, and confident of winning the race, put her hand up to catch the gunwale, missed it, and suddenly discovered she was out of depth and in the runaway current.

"Tom!" she cried, and then all Tom saw was a pair of frightened upturned eyes and terror-stricken face, as she swept under the surface.  
A fine predicament for a lover who was not a brave man, and who had barely learned to swim! Drawing a deep breath blind to all danger, and with no thought but to save her or die with her, Tom struck out into the current and under the surface.  
His heart thumped wildly as he felt a mass of her sun-gold hair come into his grasp, and in a moment more they rose to the surface. Through his salt-dimmed eyes Tom saw a bit of rope and grasped it. They had come up under the stern of the dory, which had swung into the current with them, and he was now firmly gripping a bit of painter which hung over the stern.  
In a few minutes more he had lifted her over the side, clambered in after, and was chafing her hands briskly. Mrs. Hart's cries from the beach had brought the Cobbs to the scene, and Master Harry was running a dory down the beach to the rescue.

It had all happened in a very few minutes. Mary opened her eyes, smiled, and said: "You need not rub all the skin off my hands, sir!"  
"Thank God! She is all right," said Tom fervently.  
"Tom, dear, you reached the dory first. Kiss me, sir! You won!"  
And then Master Harry's boat grated alongside.

**Hold of the Flag on the Heart.**  
How many people fully realize what the flag of their country means to them? How many know the place it actually holds in their affections? It may be safely said that the number is very small. One has to be away from home to get the full meaning of it. Here, where the flag is everywhere, it is treated more or less lightly, indeed, the average man gives it no thought at all. A traveler, Morgan Williams of Chicago, recently discoursed entertainingly on this subject. It was just after the relief of the legations at Peking.

"I can at least partially appreciate the thrill that the first sight of the Stars and Stripes floating over the relieving force gave the Americans who had been waiting so long for succor," he said. "Of course, I never was hemmed in for weeks by a cruel horde as they were, and the flag could not have given the same significance for me, but I had been for a year without a sight of it and when my gaze first rested on it I had to gulp down something that rose in my throat. When I left home I had about the same reverence for it that the average American has and while I was travelling I really hadn't given it much thought; I had had no special longing to see it, at least no such idea had been formulated in my mind. Nor had I been especially homesick. Of course, a man who has been long away wants to get back to his native country, but I was used to traveling and took my enforced absence philosophically.  
"On this occasion I had been in Africa, not in the wilds, you understand, but still far enough away from the usual course of travel so that my eyes had at no time lighted on the flag that previously had been most familiar to me. It so happened that I did not see it until I reached Paris on my way home. I saw other flags, but not the Stars and Stripes, and, as I said before, I was not looking for it and was not conscious of any anxiety to see it. I knew that I wanted to get back to the United States. Then suddenly one day the old flag met my gaze. There was some sort of American celebration in Paris, and the Red, White and Blue was waving from a window. I stood stock still for a minute, while a lump rose in my throat; then I jumped into the street, threw my hat up in the air and gave a wild, Western yell that must have made the natives think that I was crazy. It was only a piece of bunting, of course, but I never saw anything before or since that so thrilled me. I simply couldn't help yelling, and it was immaterial to me how big a fool I seemed to make of myself so long as I gave that flag one good rousing cheer.  
"That's why I say that the man who has never been away from the flag is unable to appreciate what it means to him or the affection that he really feels for it. One must see it in a foreign land to gain any conception of the hold it has on his heart. And if the mere sight of it so affected me under these circumstances what must a glimpse of it at the head of a regiment column have meant to the Americans in Peking? It was more than the mere assurance of relief, and I venture to say that the best of them never will be able to put it into words. There are some emotions that are beyond description, and principal among them are those inspired in the breast of a true patriot by the first glimpse of the flag of his country after he has been a long time without seeing it or when it comes as a banner of hope in time of danger and privation."

A man never feels as if he has had a good time unless it makes him feel bad for a longer time than it took him to have it.

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