

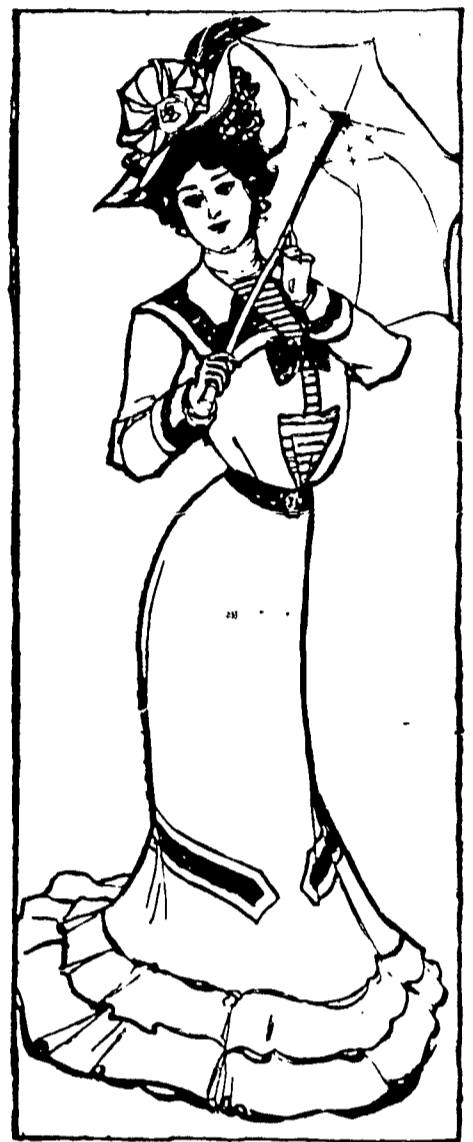
OUR FASHION LETTER.

Wash Dresses Taking the Place of Shirt Waists.

COSTUMES FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

How the New Golf Skirts Are Made—Mercerized Cottons in Great Vogue—Some of the Changes in Sleeves and Skirts.

The shirt waist this year has given way to a number of charming wash dresses. These little gowns are made without lining and are trimmed with many tucks and figures of lace. The favorite materials are glaze linen, dainty cotton canvas and pique.



WHITE GLAZE LINEN DRESS.

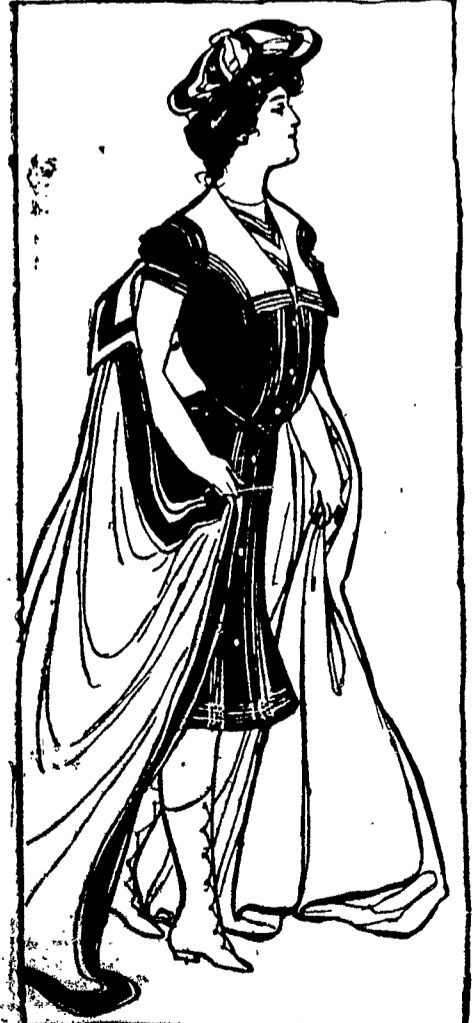
reaching to the waist line in the back, but drooping in two becoming points in front.

Cotton canvases or etamines are very handsome trimmed with coarse coru lace and made up over white or contrasting shades of lining.

A simple summer gown is shown in the sketch. The material is white glaze linen, and it is trimmed with bands of blue and white linen. The blouse opens over a front of tucked baliste. The wide collar is edged with the blue and white linen and fastens with a bow in front. The skirt is prettily trimmed with three gored ruffles headed by a strapping of the blue and white goods.

Delaine Wash Blouses.
Never was there a better material than delaine for wash blouses and skirts for country wear, because it does not shrink, while nearly all flannels do a little. Delaine is an excellent substitute for flannel, especially in hot weather.

There are some smart little coats and skirts made in delaine, but they are not things to be attempted by the amateur. The coat must be made by a first class tailor or dressmaker. The short sack has taken the place of the



BRIGHTLINE BATHING SUIT.

Blouse and will continue to look charming until cheap sales have made it too common.

Golf skirts are worn longer than ever and now barely escape the ground by an inch or so. As a consequence they are made of lighter materials. The sleeves are laid in wide tucks

The cut shows a bathing suit which is made of deep red brilliantine and trimmed with cream white bands and black braids. The suit opens down the front with pearl buttons.

The jaunty little hat is of plaid silk lined with rubber.

New Cotton Gowns.

Nowadays the cotton gown is with out reproach and figures at quite smart functions. For the mercerized effects make it look like silk unless closely scrutinized. Cotton canvas with embroidered spots in white or color has quite the appearance of wool velveteen, and when mounted over a taffeta silk foundation and trimmed with lace it is quite suitable for a garden party or an equally dressy occasion.

Organic muslin this season is as near perfect as it can be. The muslin



BLACK CHIFFON WAIST.

is clear and silky, and dainty blossoms and figurings in pale tints form the pattern. Designs composed of sprays of green foliage on a white ground make up most admirably over a pale blue foundation when trimmed with square medallions of transparent lace showing glimpses of the silk underskirt.

Chin and tussore silks much tucked and fringed with many lace appliques are fashionable in vogue. Pure white gowns of chin silk are now all the rage. In fact, they are a trifle overdone.

A pretty chiffon blouse for semi dressy wear is here shown. The material is black chiffon shirred over a glaze silk foundation. The yoke is of cream lace. The satin ribbons on the sleeves and body fasten with bows and tiny rhinestone buckles.

Flouncers Still in Favor.
There are few important changes in the cut of gowns. Girdle flouncers are still in favor for skirts, but mostly graduate from narrow fronts to a deeply trained back. All thin textures are much flounced, and the three tier skirt is much worn in silk and wool materials or in the very thin cloth and woolsens of the summer season.

Lace is employed on nearly all new gowns and is much threaded.



FOULARD DRESS.

ribbon, even lace gowns being decorated in this style. Irish crochet lace is very fashionable, although it is too heavy for muslin gowns.

Sleeves are undoubtedly growing larger, and this increase has encroached well above the elbow, but the newest sleeves have only a small top piece which fits the arm. The tight portion is trimmed or bordered in some fashion, and the lower part is arranged in quite a different style. The plain elbow sleeve is no longer quite the thing. It must have a puff at the elbow or a fall of lace in the shape of a graduated ruffle.

A smart foulard gown for a girl is here illustrated. The waist has a yoke of tucked mousseline de soie and a simulated bolero effect of tucking. Velvet ribbon is apparently passed behind the box plaits of the waist. The sleeves are tucked and have full wrist puffs. The skirt is plain, with the exception of three ruffles.

JUDIE CHOLLET.

MAN'S IDEALS.

Of Beauty and How They are Formed.

St. Augustine said that unity constitutes beauty. Unity, that is to say the exact correlation of parts with the whole. Now, it is just this unity of life, this universal harmony, this exact correlation of all the parts of the world, writes Eugene Montfort, lecturer in the College of Modern Aesthetics, Paris, which makes us find it admirable in all its aspects, and in all its phases, in its entirety and in its details.

The satyr in Hugo's marvellous poem says that the gods are dead, all life, all soul is on the earth, all is sacred, all is divine. As human consciousness enlarges we see more and more the connections which exist between all things in the universe. Knowing these better, we more completely understand the things our selves and see more perfectly the universal beauty.

Diderot's penetrating observation was "The perception of relations is the foundation of the beautiful." Why is everything beautiful? Because everything in nature and in life is in perfect relation with other things. An imperfect relation is unsupportable. Imperfect relations mean death, perfect relations are indispensable to existence.

Why have we pleasure in perceiving the beautiful? I think it is because we ourselves are a part of the world and of the universal beauty and that in the exterior harmony which we discover we feel the just relations with our own harmony and in the perfect structure of the universe we see a representation of our own perfect structure.

If beauty touches us it is because at that moment we understand how we are part of the world and our mysterious connection therewith suddenly strikes us.

The emotion of beauty consists in feeling the correspondences which exist between the exterior world and ourselves. The profound unity of the matter surrounds us, a great glow of love and of gratitude for life transpires us. There is no doubt that the sentiment of beauty has been evolving in humanity. Changing its object it has itself been transformed.

With Plato there was purely a movement of moral admiration, and with the great Greek artists judging from the works they have left us, we perceive that over life they saw the radiant Olympus. To-day it is not an analogous sentiment.

In considering the work of a contemporary painter or sculptor if I am asked what sort of delight they feel I must reply that I conceive it to be different from that which animated the Greeks. How the men of to-day are tormented how their whole being is possessed! It is because they feel themselves in the presence of God and life.

The leaf which is balanced upon the twig they connect with all the universe, their eye which looks upon it their nervous centres which receive the impressions, and the leaf which is before them, all the links and bonds between them they feel and unite. Then they are penetrated with a love of the unknown power of things, for the necessities of existence, and the laws which exact the perfect result existing between things and the universe. For them God life beauty are one. They live they look, they admire they worship.

SONG OF THE PAST.

Fading away in the mist of the past,
The friendships of youth glide away,
And, newly surrounded, we turn
Of making the friends of to-day.

Tho' the past hath its memories
Of sorrows and of joys,
With its heartburns and its sorrows
And its joys,
The present hath its action,
And the newest of life's new toys.

'Tis thus flies the world, on the wings of Time,
As he sweeps eternally a page,
And plants here to man this life of time,
And guides it from youth to old age.

—Raymond Cook

How to Make a Cup of Coffee.

There are two ways to make coffee by percolating and boiling. If your coffee is to be boiled, mix the ground coffee with a little milk of egg and water. Then pour over it the boiling water, bring quickly to the boiling point and lift the pot from the fire. For the second and third time return it to the fire, bringing it to the boiling point. The last time throw in a little cold water. Let it stand a moment to settle, and pour off the grounds. Allow a rounded tablespoonful of coffee to each half pint of water.

To make Turkish coffee use the regular Turkish coffee pot over an alcohol lamp. Allow three after-dinner spoonfuls of coffee and the same of sugar to each half pint of water. Mix the sugar and coffee together. Pour over the boiling water. Bring three times to the boil and serve. This is not strained or drained.

Should you wish to flavor your coffee Oriental fashion, take an orange turn back the skin, put in a little sugar, burn a little alcohol and put a small part of this mixture into your coffee. It gives a delicious flavor. Coffee should be served with hot rolls for breakfast. After-dinner coffee with sugar only. If cream be used it must be whipped and put on the top.

As to tea, it should be made in a china pot. It should not come in contact with metal, and should be made on the table from freshly-boiled water. A cozy is necessary, the Chinese cozy being the best. It is better to use a tea ball if the balls are constructed on the right principles. Tea is spoiled if the tea leaves are allowed to remain in the tea pot after the tea has been steeped.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Few Hints That Will Help the Housewife.

Cold starch is improved if there is added to every tablespoonful of starch half a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in a pint of water.

One sure preventative of moths is tansy. Sprinkle the leaves freely about your woollens and furs and the moths will never get into them.

If a bathtub becomes very shabby sandpaper it well then give two coats of ordinary white paint, letting the first dry thoroughly before the second is applied. Then when the second is dry give a final coating of bath enamel or two coats if necessary.

Although the carpet sweeper is a labor saving device, the carpet will need a thorough sweeping with a broom occasionally. Remove upholstered chairs and couches from the room if convenient, but if not cover them while sweeping. There is nothing so destructive to their beauty as to allow them to become covered with dust every sweeping day. Open the windows or doors and sweep with quick, firm strokes that will clean the carpet without injuring it. If the broom is dampened frequently it will not raise a cloud of dust. Or a better plan would be to sprinkle salt over the carpet before sweeping. It cleanses the carpet beautifully and brightens the colors.

When the dust has settled, remove the covers from the furniture and just the woodwork carefully. Use a soft feather duster for bric-a-brac and vases, a large square of cheesecloth is better for other articles. When the dust has settled on the walls, wrap a cloth about the brush part of the broom and wipe it off.

There is a great deal of difference in the quality of work that a broom will do and the length of time it will last. One that is used every day should be washed once a week. Prepare a bucketful of suds by dissolving washing powder in hot water and dip the broom up and down in it until the straw looks clean and new. Rinse well and hang it up to dry. This toughens the straw so it will not bend easily. The broom should never be set down in the corner after it is used, bending the straw over and making the broom one-sided. Have a hook screwed in the end of the handle and insist upon having the broom hung up when not in use. It will greatly lengthen its period of usefulness and the sweeping will be easier.

How and Why You Catch Cold.

The evidence that all colds are infectious and that without the presence of infection it is impossible to catch a cold is probably far stronger than most medical men realize.

Colds are almost unknown in the Arctic Circle not on account of the action of the continuous cold, but because the greater part of that region is uninhabited. When Sir. William Conway and his men were exploring Spitzbergen, though they were exposed to great privations and were almost constantly wet through they never caught cold, but directly they came down to Andre's settlement on the coast, where some forty men were living in almost constant intercourse with the mainland, they all developed violent colds. Nansen and his men never caught a cold during all the three years of his voyage, notwithstanding the utmost exposure, but directly they reached civilization on the coast of Norway, though still within the Arctic Circle, they all suffered badly from colds.

The weather is not always keen and bracing in the Arctic regions, during the summer time in Franz Josef Land at any rate, it is exceedingly damp, and raw mist-laden east winds prevail; yet the members of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition never caught a cold there, though all but two of them did so directly they reached civilization.

More noteworthy still were Conway's experiences in the Himalayas. While among the mountains he and his men, notwithstanding great exposure, never caught colds; nor did they even when they visited the small remote native villages, but when they came down to a village where there was a small European settlement in communication with the outer world, they all took bad colds. Nor is it only in the Arctic regions and among high mountains that colds are absent, the same immunity from them is noticeable during long sea voyages, and when camping out in the desert; and still more unexpectedly, in the best open-air sanatoriums, such as Nordrach, where the ventilation is practically perfect, it is found that the patients do not catch cold. There is, I believe, plenty of other evidence to show that there are places remote from ordinary human life where colds cannot be caught whatever the exposure; probably many of your readers can bring forward instances.

On the other hand, that ordinary colds are in the highest degree infectious is now becoming a matter of common knowledge, and any medical man who goes about with open eyes can collect evidence for himself. I have watched a cold pass from house to house, and have even traced it from one village to another, and have listened, without without some amusement while the different sufferers from the cold explained to me just how they caught it—scribbling it to some open window, change of garment, or other fancied imprudence. I know houses where all the members of the household, including visitors and children are constantly catching colds, and they are not the airy or even the draughty houses, but stuffy, grimy, badly ventilated and dark ones.

At the time of his death the late Puvis de Chavannes was at work on a series of frescoes for the Pantheon. The painter Casin, who was entrusted with the completion of the work, died in his turn. The frescoes are now to be finished by one of Puvis de Chavannes' favorite pupils.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

There are beautiful eyes that resemble "The stars set in darkness of night. Whose glances cause heroes to tremble And conquer the foes they invade." Eyes that with their soft, liquid languor, The heart of a Nero could move, So brave not their lightnings of anger. Ye, who their soft bleedings would prove, And brown eyes are there—ever smiling, Eyes beaming with laughter and fun, The sad from their sorrow beguiling— Eyes warm as the rays of the sun; The poets have ever extolled them, And artists have worshipped them long: Such eyes be-hold all who behold them To pleasure, and laughter and song.

And eyes are there, keen and unerring, Eyes steady and ruthless and bold, And eyes with their swift glances stirring The pulses of whom they behold; And azure eyes that engender "The loyal affections, and grow More loving, devoted and tender. As sorrow and joys come and go."

Then too there are eyes of soft azure Whose hues, as hues of the sea, And still are from faintly free, Such eyes have lit angels in heaven; And such eyes, as beautiful shine, And to them the power is given To make earth an Eden divine.

And eyes are there, wistful and pleading, Whose fountains of tears is long dead, Whose heart has changed to heart bleed— And heart hunger, ever un-fed, "The eyes that broken Deep sorrows and memories recall Of fond loved ones lost and hearts broken— The sweetest and saddest of all." Emily Piskhardt.

HIS BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

Past golden fields of yellow buttercups and open-eyed daisies, over hills on which the lights and shadows of a summer morning were playing hide and seek, through valleys where the drowsy dews were grazing by the side of idle brooks rushed the express train known as "The Wild Irishman," running between London and Holyhead.

Seated in one of the centre carriages which had no other occupant than herself was a young girl whose face had the exquisite coloring of a portrait by J. M. W. Turner. Large brown eyes shaded by curling lashes were in strange yet pleasing contrast to the golden hair which fell in wifful little curls about her forehead.

"I wonder what fate has in store for me in the way of a travelling companion," she murmured as the train stopped at Chester, and the answer to her thought came almost immediately as a gentleman wearing the costume of a traveler and with a much bronzed face entered the compartment.

"The new-comer at once proceeded to make himself comfortable, stowing away parcels and umbrellas, and finally taking possession of a seat at the opposite end of the car, facing his fellow traveler, but barely glancing at her.

When their eyes at last met, a low of cold formal recognition passed between them.

"Miss St. John," he murmured, "I hardly expected to meet you here. All low me— and closing the window pane he returned to his former position while she, having expressed her thanks by an inclination of her head, resumed her novel.

From under his heavy eyebrows the young man covertly watched his companion. She was holding her book up side down. A smile broke upon his lips as he observed this, and raising his newspaper noisily to attract her attention he leaned forward impulsively determined to break the silence by addressing her.

"May I inquire how your sister, Mrs. Arlington is?" She raised her head, but not looking at him, replied with freezing discouragement of tone "Thank you, Mrs. Arlington is quite well."

"Ah, and your mother (with quiet persistence) I hope she is better, Miss St. John. Am I correct in addressing you by the old name? You may have changed it."

"You are quite correct," she returned kindly. "Don't you think," suggested Mr. Dennison, when the silence again became oppressive, "that as we are likely to be shut up together in this compartment for two full hours, it might be more philosophical not to say disagreeable if we raise a flag of truce? We can confine ourselves to commonplaces—the weather, catching bees, or other innocuous topics."

"Oh, confine yourself to catching bees, by all means," she cried nervously, as the insect in question reminded them of his presence by bounding against the ear of the young lady.

"I have no objection to an occasional interchange of remarks about the weather," she added more gently, as she watched Mr. Dennison chase the offender through the window.

"Very well," remarked the young man, resumng his seat, and scraping his thumb a little nervously. "It is a charming day."

"Very, but rather cool for the sea son." "Ah, yes; perhaps we may have rain; I should say a shower."

He waited eagerly for her answer, which was rather slow in coming. "Possibly—or, rather, it does not look probable to me."

Having delivered herself of this brilliant speech she arched her neck with extravagant courtesy to examine the clouds.

"We had thunder last week," continued the young man desperately. "Is it necessary," retorted Miss St. John, "that you should turn yourself into a weather bureau and give me reports of what has been? I supposed that we should confine ourselves to the present of the future."

"There is no future for me," said her companion, sadly. Then flippantly, as if anxious to recall his words, he added "Don't you think there is a limit to the—weather for a topic? Suppose we try something else."

"We have talked long enough," returned the young woman severely. "I prefer to read—" and she resolutely opened the novel.

again. We were very good friends—once—but of course, that is all over and you cordially detest me. Just at this moment you were wishing me in heaven."

"I did not say so," exclaimed the girl, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, thought," he continued, "that to pass away the time and enable you to forget your antagonism to my presence you might like to hear the plot of one of my stories. Possibly you remember that I write a 'Dook—occasionally.'"

"Yes," she seemed to force the words from her lips—"I remember—that. It is very obliging in you to entertain me. What is your plot?"

Mr. Dennison began to count off on his fingers his dramatic personae.

"There is Maud Vivian—heiress. "Henry Dubois—poverty-stricken artist in love with Maud. "John Halifax—very handsome, very rich, and nothing in particular. "Sena—Central Africa—a lawn party."

"A lawn party in Central Africa?" expostulated the young lady. "Pray are you telling me a romance among the Manyamas?"

"The color of the skin is immaterial," replied Mr. Dennison, "but as you object to Africa I will call it Europe—England will do. All went well with the lovers until, like the snake in the garden of Eden, a third person stepped in, John Halifax. Well, one cannot blame Miss Vivian, if she preferred the corn and wine of Egypt to live in a cottage with poverty."

There was a pause, which Miss St. John broke by exclaiming irritably: "You are not entertaining at all. Your story is not worth writing. No publisher would accept it."

"Why not?" (Politely) "Have you never known a similar case?"

"No, never, except in some absurd story."

"By and by," continued the young man, "Mr. Dubois decides to win or lose it all." He asks Miss Vivian to marry him at once and share his modest income, which is, however, a sure one. He—made a fool of himself.

"Most men do it," murmured the girl. "I grant it. But suppose that Dubois loved her deeply and truly. That, realizing that he had spoken hastily, and regretted it, and wrote her a letter full of entreaties for pardon, which he sent by mail, with a bunch of Parma violets."

"Well?" whispered Miss St. John, "well?" It was easy to see that she was at last deeply interested.

"Mr. Dubois asked her in this letter if she still loved him to wear his flowers the next evening at a dance, where they would meet." He called her his little queen—he was madly in love with her."

"And then?" The girl's voice sounded as if she were crying.

"Oh, then, he went to the dance. She was there, radiant, smiling beautiful. But she did not wear his violets. Her gown was white, but upon her bosom nestled a bunch of crimson roses which had been given to her by John Halifax."

"The voice of the narrator trembled, but he did not glance at his companion.

Already they were approaching a tunnel which heralded the end of their journey. Miss St. John realized it and was thankful, for she hoped the semi-darkness might hide her falling tears.

"That night," continued Mr. Dennison, "he met a friend who was to sail for Africa on the following day. Impetuous as ever, Dubois decided to go with him. He was away four years."

"Did it occur to him," whispered the young girl, reaching for a sachet, out of which she drew a small jeweled box and laid it on her knee, "that Miss Vivian might not have received the letter until after the hot-headed and impetuous lover was beyond recall? Besides, she might have been too hurt to evince her desire for his return. With such men one flows like Solway, but ebbs like tide."

Already they were at the mouth of the tunnel. The revolving wheels of the train sounded like thunder, but an instant before the engine plunged into darkness Dennison saw Miss St. John plucking with trembling fingers a bunch of faded flowers to the bosom of her dress. On her lap the box and a letter.

"Madeline" cried the young man, seizing her hand and covering it with kisses. "Oh, my little queen, my sweet-heart."

She uttered no words of protest; only her tears bedewed the violets upon her bosom, and lay there sparkling like diamonds in the flickering glow of the carriage lamp.—Chicago Journal.

"Sunset" Cox's Wit.

When "Sunset" Cox was in Congress he had some things to say about a citizen of Illinois, and Representative Cannon—noted for the violence of his gestures—wanted to defend his constituents. "Will the gentleman from New York yield to me?" said Mr. Cannon. "Certainly," said Mr. Cox. "For how long?" inquired the Speaker. "As long as the gentleman from Illinois keeps his hands in his pockets," said Mr. Cox, laughing. Mr. Cannon accepted the terms, and proceeded with his remarks. He uttered just one sentence and a half, and then his hands, which had been snugly stuck in his pockets, came out, and were flying through the air like a couple of wind-mills. "Time's up," said Mr. Cox, who knew his man; and then Mr. Cannon sat down.

Curious Occupation.

In these days curious occupations are constantly developing. A late one is that of "bee-breaker." An Englishman will, for half a crown a pair, take your new shoes and wear them long enough to take off the stiffness that new shoes are apt to have. It takes about three days to bring them to the happy condition of comfort which poets sing of, and in busy times she has as many as six pairs going at once, wearing each two hours every day.

Work of Bees.

A western newspaper, the Red Bluff, reports a singular discovery made by some farmers who found a "bee tree," and cut it down to get the honey. The honey was in a hollow midway of the trunk. The men split the trunk; and to their surprise took out not only some eighty pounds of honey, but a lead duck and eleven duck eggs. It appeared that a wood duck had made a nest in the hollow, and after she began to sit upon the eggs she stopped up the entrance with comb, so that she was unable to get out.