



# Fashions

Paris letter: With the few bright days we in northern climes have had, one turns longingly to the enticing changes of the summer wardrobe.

Amid all the eccentricities with which the fickle goddess has endowed this season in the form of Oriental sleeves and antique frounces there is a redeeming quality of sense observable in the choice of material for popular morning gowns.

Wash fabrics, even to the more costly qualities, are to be worn for general use more prodigally than ever before and the laundry bills may be looked forward to as a conspicuous item of expense.

Linens and pique suits are appearing in a bewildering multiplicity of styles, the more pronounced of which have received the stamp of approval by the smart set during the Riviera season.

Among these the most popular have the skirts laid in full length plaits, the waist being made in Eton or blouse style. Much of the charming effect of these suits is due to the elaborate silk braid with which they are trimmed.

The prevailing style in the pique suits are similar. One of the entirely unique ideas seen has wide stripes of real cunio or Irish point lace running around the skirt, there being as many as five rows in all. The regular pique or outing skirt is cut rather short, precisely in the style of the old rainy-day garment, with a stitched bounce on the bottom.

In the stitching on these skirts some novel ideas are carried out. The skirts which opened in front, and were barred last year, are again the vogue, as are also those with the habit backs or single plaits, nothing, for a pretty figure, being so smart as the habit back.

In trimming effects for summer cotton frocks embroidery is everywhere in evidence and this embroidery is made of the material of the frock. The style in some cases resembles Hamburg embroidery, although the patterns are of a more open character. This new trimming has been named embroidery Anglaise. The decoration of these gowns is often a more expensive item than the gown itself, but this expense can be obviated when madame or madame's maid is industriously inclined, and many economical French women, when announced as indisposed, are busily employed preparing this trimming for their own gowns, which is said to be by no means a difficult thing to make.

This embroidery is used especially in black and white taffeta effects as a garniture for taffeta dresses, the trimming also being more adaptable for silk petticoats than is lace. On the latest models of cloth gowns one also sees linen trimmings, the linen, either decoupe or embroidered, in self or contrasting colors, in coarse fax thread, being the correct thing.

Two tailor frocks of light ladies' cloth in the new shade of pale gray "just off the white." Bolero jacket trimmed with appliques of green leaves. The edge of the jacket is laid in plaits stitched overlapping each other. Vest of pleated silk laced together with black velvet ribbon. The silk vest reaches to below the bust and from under the edges is a fall of black lace. A green girdle completes the costume.

The other frock, No. 2, is made with a yoke collar, with stole front and back, the ends fastening with a girdle of stone gray satin. The sleeves and collar are split and laced together with black velvet ribbon. A clipped straw hat worn with it is trimmed with scarlet roses.

let roses. A morning gown of figured muslin, shown in another illustration, is prettily tucked. The bodice is trimmed with a fichu of embroidery, fastened in loose knots, with long ends suspending. The companion garment shown is a morning gown of figured liberty foulard, trimmed with solid colored foulard. The vandyke pointed collar on the waist is of the solid colored foulard. Light sleeves, extending to the elbow, end with a flouncing ruffle, lined with the solid color.

The pretty shirtwaist of figured duck here illustrated, is trimmed with bands of braid, which brings me to the perennial question of blouses. All my readers, who are slender or averse to figure, must, sometime, have had trouble with the shirtwaist front. It is so prone to sag and fall distastefully from the neck, and the blouse front do not permit of its being laundered stiffly. The advent of the ruffled lining will consequently be hailed with unmitigated delight, as when placed in the blouse front of such a garment it lends the natural fullness and may be laundered with the shirtwaist itself.

For summer wear, blouses of white or cream net, will retain their popularity. Some charming designs are made over orange silk, knots of velvet ribbon of the same shade forming the decoration. The sleeves of these blouses fit snugly to the elbow, the net drooping gracefully far below the arm. In the newest tea gowns of the Empire style the same kind of net is employed. This is, however, only a suggestion of the Empire style in such garments, the net being so nearly transparent while the lining, naturally, is made to fit the figure. One of the most charming of the new models is made with a short bolero of cream lace, brought together with a shower choux of black velvet ribbon, the net being finished off about the bottom in a very wide hem.

A wrapper of figured Indian muslin trimmed with ruffles of white muslin and blue taffeta ribbons, shown in the illustration, is a very good example of the Empire effect in the latest of these garments.

The two latest conceits in silk petticoats are the skeleton petticoat and the divided skirt, which is slit upon a similar plan, the same voluminous silk ruffle appearing on the bottom of the skeleton skirt, while the upper part is cut into stripes in order to entirely preclude the possibility of any fullness over the hips. The difference between this and the divided skirt is that, in the latter, the whole thing is cut on the plan of the pantelette. There is also the garter skirt, which is no other than a deep ruffle attached to a round garter, which one slips above the knee, each ruffle being complete in itself and two being required to complete the skirt.

The smart woman takes particular delight in a well-fitting stock, this being about the most conventional thing in neckwear that she can select. The pique and duck stocks of last year are supplanted this season by those of linen, which are now appearing as the most swagger accessory of the toilet. The material used is the same as that employed for shirt bosoms. They are all made in the regulation style, in one piece, and in all colors of linens. Those in colors have a piping of white, while the white ones are piped in colors. The prettiest and smartest are of pure white, edged in bright red, while the cheviot linens are also popular. The stocks are worn either in the ascot style or are simply folded across in front and pinned or sometimes tied in a neat bow at the throat. Those intended for ascots are somewhat longer than were worn last year. The golf girl affects the more severe and conventional style. For silk waists and general dress lace stocks, daintily jewelled, and those of dotted swiss with silk edges hemstitched on are to be used. A very stylish effect is of open-work lace, with folds of satin dotted with tiny crystal beads, made strictly plain, opening in the back, and having two long, quaintly cut tabs of the same material extending down in front.

Judge John I. McAtee, associate judge of the Eighth circuit court in Oklahoma, has tendered his resignation to the president and it has been accepted.

## TWO TAILORED FROCKS IN THE NEW GRAY.

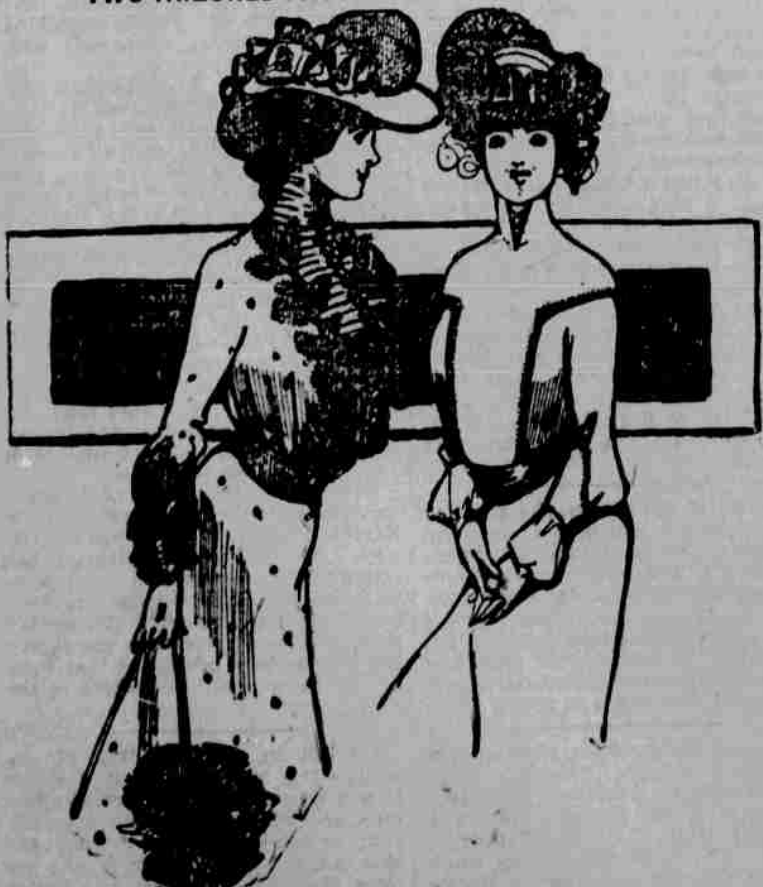


Fig. 1. Frock of light ladies' cloth in the new shade of pale gray "just off the white." Bolero jacket trimmed with appliques of green leaves. The edge of the jacket is laid in plaits stitched overlapping each other. Vest of pleated silk laced together with black velvet ribbon. The silk vest reaches to below the bust and from under the edges is a fall of black lace. A green girdle. Plain gored skirt.

Fig. 2. Frock of the same very pale gray cloth. Yoke collar on waist with "stole" front and back. Sleeves and collar split and laced together with black velvet ribbon. "Chip" straw hat trimmed with scarlet roses.

## TOMMY STRINGER, A BOY INVENTOR; DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND, BUT A WONDER.

New York Herald: Tommy Stringer, aged 15, whose inventive genius is attracting widespread attention to the kindergarten for the blind in Jamaica Plain, Mass., where he is being educated, is the happiest and brightest boy I have ever met.

Tommy has never seen the sun since infancy, but he knows what it feels like, because he has an interior sun-making machine of his own. He has never heard the songs of birds or the music of a human voice, but he knows what music is, because his life is a song of gladness for such blessings as he has.

Tommy Stringer was born in a dilapidated cottage near Washington, Pa. When he was a year and a half old his mother died. Through neglect and want the child contracted spinal meningitis, which left him without the senses of sight and hearing.

Since the father put the baby in a hospital and went away, the boy has grown, until the puny creature with vacant mind had become a sturdy, rollicking fellow, with a high order of mentality, a keen sense of humor, a great capacity for human sympathy and a genius for mechanical invention, which holds promise of fame and fortune.

Years ago Tommy evinced a fine scorn for the toys that amuse ordinary boys. He found no pleasure in things that couldn't "go." He was not satisfied with steam cars whose propelling power was a boy and a string. They must go like big engines. And when such toys came his way Tommy immediately proceeded to take them to pieces, to discover the secrets of their working, and replace every part where it belonged.

Some time ago a clock which had served its time and was no longer considered mendable was given to Tommy as an ornament for his room. Tommy promptly dismembered the timepiece, strengthened the weak parts, substituted a new spring, and in two weeks the clock was merrily ticking on his bureau.

It is at night that Tom does his thinking and planning and solves the problems of how to make things "go." Construction is strong in him, and to "create" represents the goal toward which everything worth while gravitates.

Constructs a Bicycle. Before he dreamed of owning a real bicycle, which was a present from an interested friend, Tom had made for himself, during one of his summer vacations, which are spent on the farm of a kindly old minister at Wrentham, Mass., a crude substitute for a wheel, which gave him plenty of scope for problem solving.

Two good sized wheels were secured from a toy wagon, and it was easy enough for Tom, who excels in sloyd work, to construct a brace and seat. But the solving of a practical pedal arrangement which would make the wheels go round took nearly the whole summer. It was finally effected, however, and if the machine looked crude it could "go," and to the blind boy's mind that was its whole purpose.

He knows nothing of beauty. He has never seen color, and the only impression symmetry conveys to his mind is that of weight and balance. Form, size, these all mean much to Tom, for he interprets them through his sense of touch, which is developed to a degree incomprehensible to people whose power is divided among all the senses.

It is during the long summer vacations at the farm that Tommy has been able to relax from school duties and give his inventive genius full play. In the Rev. Mr. Brown's barn he constructed an elevator by which he finds easy access to the hayloft. Tommy sits in a chair at one end of the rope, balanced by a pair of stones at the other end, making the ascent by dropping additional stones into the pail.

When the blind boy wearied of this amusement he announced his intention to "plan something." For two weeks thereafter he did very little sleeping and very little eating, but a great deal of mysterious labor at the barn. Then the Brown family were invited out to his entertaining home, and found Tommy enjoying the benefits of a fulling-merry-go-round, consisting of an arrangement of ropes, chains and whiffletree, with a swing-board for a seat. Sitting in this, with a strap around his neck for security, and using his feet for motive power, he went round and round, in a circle as wide as the barn floor would permit.

Tommy's Conversation. After the first few minutes, conversation with the blind boy proceeds without a break. His teacher and constant companion sits beside him and spells the word on his hands. He repeats those he spells as fast as they are uttered.

"Tell me everything you know about New York," he demanded when he heard where I came from. Then he added impulsively: "It is a great city, and it is getting greater all the time. They must have men there who think nights. I hope everything won't be done before I get through school. I should like to plan something toward its greatness."

"What would you like to do?" I asked him. "I don't know," he replied slowly. "I've never planned about it, because I don't know what it needs. You see, there must always be a want first; then think of some way to fill it."

"Do you know anything about electricity?" I asked him. "Do you?" Tom replied, brightening. "Not much."

The boy's face fell. "I thought you might be able to tell me about it. I know a little, but it's only the beginning. I put in some bells with it. That's the thing to make things go, isn't it?" "We took a trip," said Tommy, "and that was when I found out about electricity. We went on the Fall River boat. Did you ever ride on it?" "Did the man tell you all about the machinery and how it works? It's wonderful. I think it must be a very pretty boat; and the beds are so high and funny—just like sleeping in a sink, isn't it?" "We didn't have time to stop in New York, but went to Buffalo, and I saw all those wonderful things that go by electricity (Tommy always speaks of 'seeing' the things he has felt and under-

stood), and we rode in an automobile. Isn't it fine to be through with school and have your days as well as nights to plan new schemes as to make things 'go'?"

"We took a trip to Philadelphia," said Tommy, "and I went through the locomotive works. The man explained everything, and now I know how they all go. I wish they'd let me have an old one some time, so I could take it apart—perhaps when I'm through school. I wouldn't have time now. I go to the Lowell grammar school, and Miss Conley (Tommy's companion) goes with me. I'm up with the other boys, but it gives me no time to think. I can only plan to make things in vacation time."

"Last summer Mr. Brown gave me the old smokehouse to use for my own shop. I'm going to fix it all up. I began last summer by putting in a water tank, so I could use it for weights and also to wash up for dinner. I nailed a wooden packing box to the outside wall and put a pipe through."

"I wanted a faucet, but I couldn't get one, so I made one out of cork. I just joined the cork to a wire, which I led through the pipe and twisted into a spring inside the packing box."

"Then I put a reserve box on the top of the roof to catch rain. But it happened to be a dry season, so I fixed a pulley arrangement and drew the water up in pails when the tank went dry."

"Then the door of the smokehouse was no good. It only had a button on it. I got some pieces of my collection and fixed up a lock, because I have the only piece of iron that fits in and makes it work."

Use for Everthing. "Now," continued Tommy earnestly, spelling out the words so fast Miss Conley, as interpreter, could hardly keep up with him, "they wonder why I keep a lot of old stuff that other people throw out; but I always find a use for it in time."

"There was that glasshouse window—a little piece of glass nailed in tight, and no way to let in the air. So I took an old shutter and fixed it up with hinges and chains."

"Now, if it gets stuffy in my workshop I have only to pull one chain to let the shutter down, or pull the other, if it gets cold, and the shutter fastens up."

As light is not a factor in Tom's calculations, the shutter is as effective as a pane of glass. "Next year," said Tom, "I'm going to make chairs for my shop, so folks can come and visit me."

"But you won't have room for them," remonstrated Miss Conley. Tom looked crestfallen for a moment, then he said: "Do you know, I shouldn't wonder if chairs could be made so the legs could fold under them. Then they could be hung on a rack when they were not in use. I'm going to plan it out. I haven't had much time to think of next summer yet. All I've done is to make a towel rack. I blocked out two brackets and used the springs and roller of an old curtain pole."

"What I want to do most is to plan something for Mrs. Brown. She has to walk so far from the kitchen and pantry to the dining room. If I could make a car to carry the food and dishes on it would save her lots of steps."

"I wish I could do it with electricity. That would be the real way to make it go. I fixed up the bells for Mr. Brown last year and he liked them first rate. I'd like to study electricity, but I suppose I'm not up to that yet."

Tommy sighed and lapsed into silence. Presently the sign language began again, but this time it wasn't interpreted.

Funloving and Happy. "He wants to go and play," Miss Conley said. "He's an odd combination of childish spirit and grown-up ambition. When he's busy 'planning' he behaves like a serious old man and his words are full of wisdom beyond his years, but more often he's a fun-loving, happy boy, who wins from those about him a substitute for the mother's love he has never known."

"All of which may make him dependent," I suggested, "and handicap him when he leaves here." "I don't think so," said Miss Conley firmly. "Tommy's character is forming, and he's a very manly boy. Of course, he will always need to have some one to interpret for him, though he can speak some few words and may improve."

But Tommy Stringer's character and accomplishments will rise to meet the exigencies of life. Just as his inventive genius now applies the practical wants around him.

IMPRESSING THE HOTEL. Unique Method Employed by a New Yorker During His Travels.

## WAS EXILE OR DEATH

THE CHOICE OF THESE WAS HIS ONLY REWARD.

How a German Soldier Saved a Whole Regiment, But Was Exiled for Disobeying Orders.

Choice between exile and death—this was the reward a man got for delivering a regiment from destruction, for saving the crown prince of Russia from capture by the French. Years ago Adam Bihler came to the town of Eddyville, in Wapello county, Iowa, and opened a small shop. He talked little. He worked hard. His business grew and prospered. Then he went back to Germany. And that was all people knew. Adam Bihler, the butcher, they met in a business way every day. They did not suspect that his life history was different from that of any other German immigrant. But in a moment of confidence he told his story to a few friends who had gathered in his shop. Later it began to be noised abroad; at last it became public property.

In an early period of the Franco-Prussian war a regiment commanded by the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia was encamped on the west bank of the Rhine in the valley of a small tributary stream. The troops were bound for Paris, but had halted in their expedition to await reinforcements. There had been one or two

the other on the right. Plainly, they intended to surprise the German forces, fall upon them from both sides at once, and slaughter them at their leisure in a trap. What should he do? Call? No one was within hearing distance. Signal? Impossible. Allow his friends to miserably perish? Never! Disobedience of orders was the only alternative. He had but one life to give for his country. When could he offer it in nobler sacrifice than now?

The day was saved. Warned just in time, the army had withdrawn from the ominous shadows of the hills and had taken its position in the open. There, by force of greater numbers and superior bravery, it had won a glorious victory. Adam Bihler had seen all from his station on the heights. He was at his post when the guard came to relieve him. The solitary crow that kept him company, even if it had had been placed under arrest and thrust into the guard house. He had expected it, and was neither sorry nor resentful. In a day or two the court martial would try him, and would sentence him to the death of a coward. Lying awake in the dead of night, he heard a noise outside his cell. The door opened. The faint light of the waning moon revealed a group of men. Their faces were masked, their voices subdued. "So soon?" he thought, as he was ordered to step out. He knew that among them were the crown prince and others of his officers. But there was no word of recognition—only a hoarse com-

## RENOUNCES HIGH PRIESTESS



Mrs. Katharine Tingley, head of the American Theosophical society, recently numbered among her followers no one more devoted than Dr. Jerome Anderson. Now he has revolted and threatens to expose her methods. He says she holds court as a queen at Point Loma, California, and has reduced her followers to the position of Oriental slaves.

slight skirmishes with the French a short time before, and guards had been posted on the sides and summits of two hills that hemmed in the valley on either side. Stationed upon the very highest point of one of these, whence he had a view of the surrounding country for many miles, was Adam Bihler. He could hear, far down in the valley, laughter and shouting, for the soldiers, fancying security from attack, had given themselves up to revelry. He could discern the white tents of the officers, and the little rivulet flashing in the sun. But in the opposite direction there was no sound, nothing was to be seen—only the monotonous hills, green in the foreground, then hazy, then lost in the distance. Back and forth, to and fro he paced, stopping now and then to rest upon a stone, now gazing towards the camp and longing for the hour when the relief should come, now scanning the hills for some sign of the enemy.

"Leave your post under no circumstances whatever." These were his orders. Once he thought he saw something black moving afar off, but concluded it only existed in his imagination. With a yawn he turned to watch his comrades in the valley. Tiring of that too, he shouldered his gun and began the weary round once more. But as his eyes rested on the nearby hills he was startled at the sight of a body of men winding over the passes and through the defiles. Slowly, cautiously they advanced, sometimes pausing, then resuming their march. Could they be friends? No! Not coming from that direction. As they approached the mound on which he stood they divided, one party skirting it on the left,

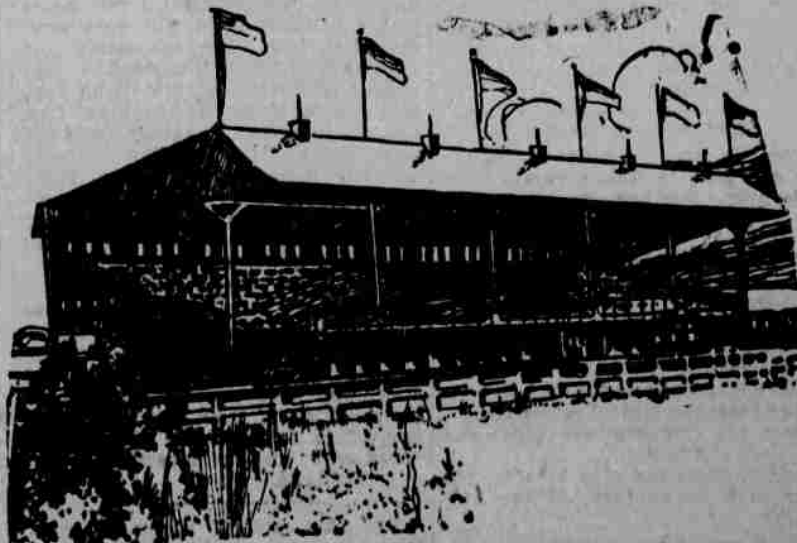
mand, "You have horses. See how fast you can go." He was hurried to the door of the prison and placed in the saddle. Two mounted attendants rode beside him. On, on they sped through the night. At each post fresh horses awaited them. Not stopping for sleep, hardly for food, they pursued their mad race to the north. On the second day they reached the "Bremer-Haven," and the three parted. Strangers met Adam Bihler and placed in his hands passports and money. "The ship is ready, now sail," they said.

In a few days he landed in New York, an exile. After a short stay in the east he came to Eddyville, where lived an elder brother, the village tailor. Time passed and messages began to arrive from the fatherland. His king knew that he had saved the lives of others. But he was still an exile. Bismarck could not allow such a breach of discipline to go unnoticed!

William died and Crown Prince Frederick succeeded to the throne. Bismarck's influence was no longer great enough to keep the hateful penalty in force. Adam Bihler was notified of an imperial decree permitting him to return to his country a free man. In 1887, after disposing of his property in Eddyville, he went back to Germany. A purse of more than 100,000 marks, or \$35,000, was presented to him by the emperor. He married a little later, and two years ago died, surrounded by the friends of his youth.

A new railway is being surveyed for in Peru. It will go from the coast, north of Callao, into the interior about 100 miles to Cerro de Pasco, in the center of the famous mines.

## CAPITAL TO BE RACING CENTRE



It is intended that Washington shall be made one of the chief centres of interest to horsemen throughout the country. Several capitalists of standing, with August Belmont at their head, have received the track at Bannings and intend to entirely remodel it.