

Stylish Cloths for Small Americans

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—This is the children's hour in fashions. Already the purveyors of fine raiment to their small American highnesses, the boys and girls, are arranging openings, with a view to attracting the worried maternal bees and pleasing the progeny of the same. For pity 'tis, 'tis true, that the potential American belle begins to go shopping with her mother so soon as she gets out of her perambulator, and more and more every year do our juveniles express and enforce their exaggerated preferences in dress. The consequence of this is that our youngsters are apt to be grievously overloaded with the cream of the looms and walk from their kindergarten days in the showiest silk attire.

This year the advance demonstrations in children's clothes prove two things—that never were they so sumptuous and so picturesque before. Mothers and their bread and butter daughters used to be entirely satisfied with what the American modiste and milliner designed and made up for school, church, dancing class and afternoon party wear, but nowadays any small woman who hopes to grow up a sartorial success gets her styles all warm from Paris.

Of course it is expressively unchildish to adopt the tunic and the princess modes for the wardrobe of a 12-year-old, but that is just what is being done this year, and some of the sure-to-be popular models for the winter are studies in ornate elegance. Shimmering silk, skinned Irish poplin in lovely dyes of quartz brown, damson red and admiral blue, wool bengaline in standard tones, fantasia cashmeres in autumnal weights and smooth drap de Paris are some of the favorite cloths. Among the trimmings are bands and borders, hand embroidered in Persian designs, chenille treated silk nets, bullion threaded braid and silk braids worked in many patterns.

Long, close-fitting sleeves, high tight collars and skirts laid without a wrinkle over the hips are all as much the fashion for girls of 10 as for women of 20, while the effort is to so brace the waist by means of a heavily boned basque lining that the folded silk girdle will lie with graceful precision.

For the overskirt is her sister schoolmate the modiste and demure to a degree. The very graceful cloth or silk petticoats, flaring at the knee, are trimmed with judicious applications of braid that usually take a course down from the left hip and then near the hem turn to right and left as though this answered as a heading to a shaped flounce.

One of the very popular new models for a girl in her teens is a princess redingote that is caught in at the waist line, drops its irregularly edged skirts nearly to the shoe tops and, in front or slightly to the left, fastens from bust to knees by small bright buttons through fancifully shaped buttonhole flaps. Another smartly pretty mode is the pinafore princess that has its long skirt edges shaped in points and buttons the whole way up the back, or when it is a dress for occasions and is made of a handsome poplin it laces up the rear.

For Hard Wear at School.

A goodly number of pretty suits in dark winter flannel embossed over in tiny embroidered scarlet and blue or dark red and brown silk dots, will be sure to come well to the fore as hard wear school gowns. They are made up with undecorated flannel used in stitches on straps and bands, and then the waist is adorned with wide revers overlaid with heavy twine colored gupure that is as non-expensive as it is thoroughly durable. Ribbon seems pur rather to one side for girdles and neck bows and a twilled silk kerchief, patterned over in rich Oriental designs, is more often than not knotted about a dress waist.

Chic and exceedingly pretty are the various manifestations of the school girl's evening dress and malmalson pink either flashes from the silk underslip through the whole costume or is used in shoulder straps and girdles. A high-necked, long-sleeved evening dress for a miss of 14 years, designed by a famous modiste, is well worth quoting, for almost any one can copy it. The underslip and body were of malmalson pink, clouded Russian over with a veil of coarse cream Hussian net, on which malmalson pink and cream bebe velvet ribbon were run in a wide meshed lattice pattern. Between the pink foundation skirt and the beribboned veil one veiling of white cotton Brussels net was hung to give the proper light diaphanous result. The waist was cut with a round baby decollete, the net fullled over the bodice, and tucks and ribbon stripes adorned the sleeves. On one shoulder and in the wearer's hair a tuft of artificial malmalson carnations were arranged.

Until her sixteenth year the fashionable girl wears her hair flowing upon her shoulders. It is the one disinclively girlish touch in her toilet and the proper coiffure shows the side hair caught back to a point just below the crown and fastened with an ornamented pin. The ends of the side pieces are curled in large corkscrews, no matter how straight the rest of the tress may be.

Autumn Wraps.

Braided golf capes and boxer cloth coats are the wraps that now engage motherly attention. The idea of a real highland plaid has been utterly lost in the passion for pale tints, and many of them, with which the manufacturers satisfy the popular demand. A girl's school cape falls nearly to her dress hem, is made of cloth that has

a milk brown foundation and on this runs cross bars in bands of pale blue, pink and yellow. It slopes away a trifle in front, has a collar so high it serves as a small second cape when turned back, and broad and narrow dark braid, in a Bourbon pattern, runs down the back, up the fronts and stiffens the border. Girls small and large have their attention turned to brown, red and green coats showing cuffs, collars and long front revers of light-toned plaid. But the smartest walking coat for the season is a perfect box shape, the seams strapped and then stitched, the buttons broad-enameled disks.

For young women whose parents enjoy long purses, the richest satin-faced French melton will be used, and under the chin will flare out a pair of large, pointed revers faced with cream moire, over which, in white silk braid, an intricate pattern curls and twirls.

Styles for Little Men.

Boys under twelve are still subject to feminine influences in their wardrobes, and never will little lads present a more picturesque appearance than in the coming season. The knickerbockered class will wear to school the roughest of blue and brown serge suits stitched in red or the edges of their wide collars bound with bright ribbon. Hats made of serge, the wide brims stiffened with starchings are among the good novelties, and coats of brown box cloth are as replete with adequate pockets as those of real grown-up men.

For dancing school and evening wear the prettiest of costumes, in fawn or bottle-green cloth, have found favor with the mothers. They are called Sir Roger de Coverly suits, and their long-tailed coats are lined with crimson silk, garnished with big flat silver buttons, and the close-fitting knickerbockers have small silver buckles at the outside of the knee. When a lace-collared and cuffed shirt and buckled patent leather shoes are added to this, the tableau is most pleasing.

Silk hats adorned with feathers and the shape of the silk headgear a decided poke, tied under the chin by waving, sweeping broad strings, is what the milliners have prepared for the ladies. These, of course, will be the hats for occasions, while for school the rather flat crowned, wide brimmed felts are to have their brim edges bound with ribbon and the decoration done with soft twilled silk handkerchiefs through which broad plumed quills will be thrust. Such quills as are sure of popularity are three or four inches wide across the feathered part, and have large crimson, peacock blue, or metallic green velvet eyes pasted on them and then so gilded and tinted around these disks as to suggest the orbs of August before the peacock fell heir to them.

Her Pets are Reptiles

Mrs. Watson, a gentlewoman who lives modestly at 9 Evanston avenue, Chicago, has real live snakes as pets.

These beautifully iridescent reptiles—so-called by their indulgent mistress—repose peacefully in a huge glass jar in the best room, reports the Chicago Chronicle. From time to time they are taken out for a cuddling, when the fair snake lover softly strokes their spotted skin or entwines them about her delicate hands. Like the small boy in Eugene Field's poem, she says boastfully:

I ain't afraid of snakes or toads
Or bugs or worms or mice,
And things what girls are skeered of
I think are awful nice.

This sounds like a dime museum story, but it is strictly true. It is evident, after an interesting snake talk with Mrs. Watson, that she genuinely admires these crawling creatures of earth which are the despised

of men. This queer love for snakes, which makes them her household companions, dates back to her childhood, when her well-to-do father humored her with all sorts of pets. As a child she had no fear of snakes, always admiring what she enthusiastically terms their "wonderful spots and graceful motion." As she grew older she attended in connection with the famous Jardin des Plantes in Paris scientific lectures on reptiles, where such talks were illustrated with all sorts of snakes. With others devoted to nature

named Rastus, a blowing adder, a garden snake and a box snake. The longest snake was forty-six inches and as big around as his mistress' fist. Some have died, others have escaped to terrorize the neighborhood, but Mrs. Watson still finds enjoyment with her few remaining pets. To the earnest entreaties of a woman representative of the Chronicle, however, she would not exhibit them.

"Not long ago," she repeated decisively, "I showed my snakes to two women. One of

that the reptile family was the most misunderstood family in the world.

Living Fashion Models

The principal plate in The Bee's series of illustrated living fashion models is a fair sample of some of the sumptuous garments made for a recently collected trousseau. It is a lounging robe designed for wear in the Madeira Islands. The stuff is coral pink silk batiste made up with ivory tinted valencienne lace. The priestly sleeves falling to the floor are composed entirely of alternate strips of batiste and lace, edged with a wide, full lace frill. The ecclesiastical cut of the garment is enhanced by stoles of ivory-white water ribbon falling from either shoulder, while the front is held together by occasional bows of narrow ribbon to match. The grace, elegance and unique character of this coquettish robe is singularly pleasing.

The chemise has been re-incarnated in the favor of women and French taste exhausts itself endeavoring to work out novel adaptations of the old-fashioned garment. The model here reproduced is of rose-tinted Chinese silk and is to be worn in place of a nightdress. Two revers fall away at back and front from the V-shaped neck and deep petal-like sleeves add beauty to the arms. The upper portion is decorated with narrow white silk embroidery and lace and a many-looped bow of ribbon ties the fronts together.

Silk and wool crepon was a fabric that won too warm a place in the heart of the well-dressed woman to be lightly discarded. Although manufacturers have offered one novelty after another, hoping to displace the soft, clinging stuff, their efforts have been unavailing. This autumn crepon will figure prominently in all carefully selected wardrobes. The picture gives an admirable idea of the way simple house gowns will be made for the season just opening. This is an ink blue polka dotted silk and wool crepon, made with a slight train, and a long, graceful over-dress, trimmed with flat bands of the goods, piped with soft silk of the same shade. The bodice has a tucked silk yoke turning down from a high collar and small chemisette of white silk. The girdle, sleeve caps, cuffs and cuff points are all interesting indications of fashionable details, and as a whole the costume gives the slender, compact appearance so desired at present.

The other fashion model shows a simple pretty little costume of point esprit trimmed with baby grenadine ribbon and rococo lace. The decorations of the sleeves and extremely graceful treatment of yoke and bertha recommend the model to general attention.

Bathes in Her Sleep

A handsome young woman from Pittsburg, who is stopping at a hotel on Virginia avenue, Atlantic City, had an experience early the other morning that she is not anxious to repeat. While in a somnambulist state, barefooted and clad only in her nightgown, she wandered down to the beach and would probably have walked into the ocean had she not been stopped by Special Policeman Marmouke Albertson. There were very few witnesses of the feat, and she is so thankful for its happy termination that she has promised Albertson a substantial reward. The young woman's name is Miss Belle English. Officer Albertson describes her as being rather tall, decidedly pretty, with dark hair and lustrous dark eyes.

The affair occurred just before 3 o'clock in the morning. Mike Camp, who keeps a fruit stand at the merry-go-round, was standing outside of his place of business when he was startled by the appearance of what he at first thought was a specter gliding swiftly over the strand toward the ocean. He called Policeman Albertson, who started in pursuit of the white-robed figure. When Albertson came close to the figure he spoke, but received no reply. He then reached out his hand, determined to know the cause, but instead of clasping empty air, as he feared he might, he found his captive to be living, moving flesh and blood.

A few vigorous shakes awakened the young woman, who gave a sharp cry of surprise when she found herself in the grasp of a strange man. Then she realized what had happened and became almost hysterical in her mortification. She was reassured, however, when she found that her captor was an officer.

Albertson called a carriage and placed the trembling girl in it, taking the precaution to throw a blanket around her to protect her from the chilly night air. At her request he accompanied her to the hotel at which she was stopping. The guests had all retired, and with a quick "good night" to the policeman the young woman disappeared, entering the house through an open window. The appearance of the house indicated that the girl had escaped through this same window after everybody in the house had retired for the night.

Another Spite Fence

In a pretty Wisconsin town not far from Milwaukee there is a "spite fence" which tells its own story to all the world. It is a high and tight board affair and cuts off a view across a number of beautiful lawns. The man who lives on one side of it evidently feared that the fence would bring down on his head the condemnation of his neighbors. Not wishing to be unjustly blamed, he has therefore painted on his side of the fence, in letters that can be read a block away, these words: "He built this fence. I didn't do it." The man on the other side also had no idea of letting a false impression get out. Accordingly he has painted on the other side of the high barrier: "I had to do it."



THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

study she learned to handle and admire them.

Some years ago Mrs. Watson came to Chicago and now supports herself by teaching languages in private families. She says little of her pets—indeed she keeps them in seclusion as much as possible—for some of her much-afraid friends have actually cut her acquaintance on account of her snakes, and her pupils throw up their hands in horror at the bare suggestion of matters reptilian. Nevertheless this snake owner gets a bit of scientific sympathy on the side, as she stands in with the Academy of Sciences and swags snakes with them ever so often for study.

At one happy time Mrs. Watson had twenty-one snakes. This convoluted collection included five rattlesnakes—these were handled only with a stick—a coluber constrictor

them fainted away and the other one went into hysterics. I said then I would never show my pets again—at least to a woman."

But Mrs. Watson talked interestingly of her curious companions. "The snake is beautiful to me," she said, with an unmistakable enthusiasm. "The coloring of the skin and the artistic arrangement of the spots simply cannot be arranged in nature. Then the motion of the snake is the most graceful in the world."

"Besides the snake is intelligent," she continued. "Some of my pets have known me and responded instantly to my touch. Like everything else in the world they are creatures of moods, and have to be handled accordingly. They never bite—or if they do it is merely like the touch of a needle." And Mrs. Watson ended by saying with that queer little shrug of her shoulders



CHINA SILK CHEMISE.



FOR SUMMER GOWN.



SILK AND WOOL CREPON.