IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

FADING SUMMER FASHIONS.

Nature Suggests the Tints for the Coming Autumn Days.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—This is the season when summer begins to sing her swan song and already the advent of certain toilettes designed for late August use indicate that her hour of glory is over. This is as far as the production of strictly summer wear is concerned, for as long as a cricket chirps and gentle zephyrs blow the airy flummeries

PANAMA COAL SCUTTLE AND GOWN OF YELLOW ORGANDIE.

and delicate flower tints that distinguished the season will be worn. But the melancholy days are coming and even at this early date fashion is beginning to turn to Nature for her colorings, though we may not count on these preliminary spurtings as anything more than tentative efforts to test the public taste and tide over a dull moment. However, they are admirable beginnings, and, after all, do we not get our best lessons from Mother Nature?

A Trio of Stunning Gowns.

A pair of stunning gowns just completed by a smart dressmaker vie with the maple leaves themselves in autumnal splendor.

The first costume, which is of vivid red serge, veined with black, shows the possible continuance of the band trimming found so universally decorative when black is employed on color. Taffeta silk, cut on the bias and stitched over thin crinoline, forms this strapping as usual. The skirt is in three tiers, the two lower sections being shaped after the manner of the graduated flounce and put on in the same way without gathers. The top skirt is gored at the front that it may cling to the figure; it gathers slightly at the back under a stitched girdle of the bias taffeta. The bell sleeves imitate with their three sections those of the skirt and under the trig jacket is worn a corsage of black figured net over red silk. The hat, which is designed from one of the new models, is coarse, shaded red straw with a crown of massed marigolds in the palest tint. It lifts coquettishly at the left to show a long, narrow bolt of black velvet against the hair.

The Coming Hat.

One is continually hearing that these under-brim trimmings are "going out," but the winds of autumn are certainly not blowing that way. Anything that tends to softening lines and enhancing charms is too valuable to be done away with and since many of the new hat shapes reproduce the jaunty sidecock, found so becoming this season, it stands to reason there must be some filling in for the under space. But don't start out at this on a still hunt for your chapeau d'automme, for as yet it exists only on the painted plates which manufacturers are sending to dealers. When they are on the market you will know it. And so also will the poor man who pays the milliner.

But to return to frocks. A charming rig for afternoon driving or visiting is carried out in novelty wool in wallflower yellows and browns. A beautiful skirt and bodice decoration of this is a floral application of guipure, introducing with its rich ivory white a cord of soft brown chenille, the first dead leaf of the coming season. Velvet of the same quiet shade forms the close stock and narrow girdle, as well as the bands that hold the bishop sleeves at the wrist.

The third gown in the group picture is more summery in suggestion than the foregoing two. Ivory white cloth realized this vision, which bore the stamp of Randnitz and an air of exquisite simplicity, despite the toil that had been lavished upon it. For a blouse and skirt flounces had been made of the cloth treated to the French system of decoration, an elaborate cutting out by hand to imitate the vagaries of embroidery. This was all outlined with black silk, which showed solidly under the box pleats of the little jacket. The sleeve bands and collar were likewise of the cut cloth, outlined with black, the former topping puffs of white liberty satin. Black velvet ribbon girdled the waist and in narrow bands striped the white satin parasol.

Elegant Simplicity.

As I said summer is singing her swan songs, but you know it is the habit of this extraordinary bird to pipe his sweetest notes at the last. So it comes about that the fluffy folderols of the dog days grow more entrancing as the period for their vanishment approaches.

Never were summer costumes more nearly ideal than now, all the transparent lacs and gauzy ribbons contributing towards a whole as feminine as elegant. The combinations of materials were never more felicitous and if extravagance has been the thing so also has been simplicity. Take, for example, that very inexpensive garniture black velvet ribbon; it has appeared upon the most expensive gowns, and what could have been more modest? Then silks have come within the reach of all and the fad for combining flower tinted foulards with airy mousselines has rendered many of them bewitching rivals of the all-thin frocks.

An afternoon costume for a young matron shows one graceful method in which black silk muslin and white Russian lace may be employed with corn-yellow foulard.

The little maiden beside it is arranged in a wash frock of India lawn, embellished with much fine handiwork in the shape of hair tucking between vertical strips of featherbone stitch. Delicate materials that stand the test of soap and water are more in favor for children than the silks and unwashable gauzes once used; and since much handiwork is displayed on them the manufacture of the daily toilettes affords an agreeable summer diversion for the fond mother with needle tastes and skill.

YELLOW FOULARD WITH BLACK SILK MUSLIN AND CHILD'S LAWN FROCK.

A superb evening cloak of pleated ivory taffeta, doubled with rose, is shown in the last cut. White lace, "picked" out with black chenille, realizes the handsome yoke, collar and sleeve caps. All dark edges are of black velvet ribbon, which likewise forms the two slender trailing bows at the front. The low sleeveless frock is of black point velvet, spotted net and chantilly.

MARY DEAN.

THREE SWELL LATE SUMMER COSTUMES.

STYLISH MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Picturesque Toilettes Affected by the Smart Set.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—The picturesque girl is much in evidence this summer and bewitchingly fetching are some of her toilettes. During the brief season, when the sensible ruled woman's dress and by the cut of her tailored cloth the girl of fashion was known, the picturesque maiden was almost relegated to the ranks of frumpdom. As compared to the stiff perfection of her trimmer sister, her sweeping lines and romantic effects seemed old-fashioned and silly; and under the contemptuous title of "aesthetic," all that appeared unusual in dress was known.

Today it is not thus, and because of a change in the ideal for woman's dress, where the tailor girl gets one admirer the be-muslined sylph counts ten.

Some of the most beautiful of the picturesque effects this summer are those produced by modes that borrow from the Louis XV and Louis XVI periods. These show the brocade coats with postillion backs and huge jeweled buttons; from Marie Antoinette are descended the beauty spot, the fat curl that hangs from the coiffure and all the frills that frou-frou around the feet.

In the country some very odd hats are seen, vast flats completely transparent, flopping about the face with limp brims in a way that is coquetry itself. These run to masses of small flowers and narrow velvet ribbon and the painted muslin or organdy frock that goes with one may have the quite low neck finished with a quaint cape collar, while a wide, frilled sash of the gown material may fall almost to the end of the skirt.

One very charming hat seen at Saratoga was a coalscuttle shape in bright yellow Panama. Upon the wide front brim rested an enormous bunch of cabbage roses and yellow daisies, and about the steeple crown black velvet ribbon was tied, ending back and front in a careless bow.

The costume that went with this deliciously rural headgear was equally rustic in suggestion, though made of the finest materials. Organdy, whose vivid canary yellow was much softened by the white lawn petticoats beneath, was its groundwork. Into this had been inserted white gauze ribbons painted with flowers in natural colors. Black velvet was knotted about the waist and finished at the bust in a sprawly bow, and the ensemble was something to make a hardened bachelor forswear his vows.

Painted and embroidered gauze ribbons, gathered into frills and ruchings, ornament many of the thin frocks in plain colors. The flounces of the skirt will often be made entirely of the wider widths, and in this case the narrower is used on the corsage.

Afternoon costumes in Swiss, especially those designed for half mourning, will often run to black stitching. One very pretty little Swiss dress thus decorated has the skirt shaped with stitched tucks. The bodice is on the baby waist order, with a yoke and shirred sleeves of the plain white. White beading, through which narrow black ribbon is run, supplies neat headings.

Feather boas, or collets, as they are now more properly denominated, are important details of the summer toilet. Ostrich feathers are more commonly used for them, but some are in cocks' plumes, the deep, changeable green of chanticleer's tail being one color much admired.

SUMMER A POETICAL SEASON.

Meet the Rising Thermometer with a Tranquil Mind.

Almost all of the poetry of our literature centers about the scenes of summer and the summer's heat. We picture life in cool courts, with splashing fountains and abundant fruit and flowers, the lot of hot countries where the sun casts its burning arrows outside, as the top of things to be desired; and we are really never happier than we are in that outdoor weather, and our own parallel at seaside or in the country, since the life being the outdoor one, we can make ourselves comfortable in shade and breeze, and lie back as sure of welfare as the rose itself. But in town all that is otherwise; and, when the hot weather in all its fervor is upon us there we can find no poetry in it.

We are somewhat fortified in our state of feeling by remembering that Shakespeare loved the hot weather no better than we do. For he spoke of it as "fantastic summer's heat," and with more hostility as "summer's scalding heat," terms which make us feel that nettle-rash and nervous irritability were features of his dog days as of ours. "This day," he says, "grows wondrous hot; some airy devil hovers in the sky." But Shakespeare alone could combine the poetry and the prose of it. For our part we grumble about the cold when the chill winds blow, winds which it is a luxury to remember, and now we grumble about the warmth, and in no poetic terms.

No one ever reports any complaints about the heat from dwellers of the desert or of the cities of the far east, where it is a furnace blast compared to most of that known to our latitudes, and even in our own southern country the people seem to love their summer weather. The fact is, however, that in the desert, in Damascus, in the Soudan, they know nothing better. It is the atmosphere of life to them, and they are prepared for it, with their well-adjusted dress, their narrow shade-throwing streets, their open houses, their wide and all-surrounding galleries and their daily habits.

Value of Shady Gardens.

But with us the streets are spacious, and the sun has full scope and power; and we need be chary of the covered gallery or piazza which excludes the sun, for in winter it is as necessary to our comfort as, in summer, it is a feature of our discomfort. The only recourse is to shady gardens, full of flying and stinging things, or to awnings for which every one's purse is not equal. And, moreover, with us the heat comes suddenly and unexpectedly, and overcomes us like an enemy springing from ambush. All the relief we find is in innumerable baths, in sherbets and other chill viands, in reading accounts of Arctic adventure and disbelieving them, while we are of the opinion that the Mr. Tudor whose ship first carried ice to the tropics deserves a monument. We agree then with Francis Bacon when he said that under stress of heat anybody—and why not ours?—is "perpetually quivering, striving and struggling, and irritated by repercussion, whence springs the furr of fire and heat." And if we know that Sir William Thomson has reported a tendency in the universe to convert all things into heat and so stop all physical phenomena, we feel, when the thermometer is in the 90s, that that day is near. Stories then, that we have read, of women who walk about their business indifferently in huge evens heated to a tremendous point, recur to us in order that we may express our absolute conviction of their falsehood.

Think About It.

Yet we might ask ourselves if this rich and full heat is not, after all, something very good for us to have. When we see all nature expanding in it, the grass billowing, the corn glittering with flinty sparkles, growing in the night and waving like an army with banners, the trees exuding their most aromatic gums, when we see that wherever the heat is mighty then the earth is beautiful, we may well wonder if this strengthening and expanding power is not as enriching to us also as it is to any great blossom luxuriating in sun, expelling our impurities at every pore and ripening all our forces.

Still there are many processes of nature, good for us in the long run—like the cutting of our teeth, for instance—but disagreeable in the present experience; and there is only one way to meet them and not suffer from them; and that is to recognize that it is perfectly idle to rebel against the powers that rule, the law of gravitation, the law of the sun's dominion; and, since no bull will overthrow it, to reconcile ourselves to our comet. Going about with a constant sense of wrong, and recognition of discomfort, with a spirit of vexation and complaint, is only making for ourselves a constant increase of heat and ferment, and nervous excitement, and doubling all our trouble. To meet fate with a level mind, whether it is a question of fervent heat, or of more serious concern, is the best defense we can have. It sets us free to think of other things than the present annoyance, and, giving us fresh interests, makes us forget even that we are warm.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

For and About Women.

There is still a widow of Waterloo. She is Frau Itta von Ilten, whose husband was a captain at the famous battle. She was 100 years old on June 12 this year.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie is a very plain, practical woman who buys carefully. Thus, while her gowns are fashionable, she wastes no part of her money on Paris dressmakers.

Mrs. Charles M. Schwab has a great fondness for traveling in railway trains, and years ago expressed a wish for a special car. As soon as her husband came into his present position his first gift to his wife was a railway car of her own.

For the first time in its history the Wisconsin Board of University has a woman member, Dr. Almah J. Frisby having just been appointed. Dr. Frisby was born in West Bend, Washington county, Wis., in 1857. She received the degree of M. D. from Boston University Medical school in 1892.

Mrs. Mary Austin Carroll of Boston, whose father, Arthur W. Austin, was a well known lawyer and who died on July 26, 1884, and left the income of the estate, valued at about $400,000, to her for life, and then to the University of Virginia, has arranged that the income of the entire estate, less $5,000 reserved for herself, shall be transferred to the University of Virginia after April 1, 1902.

About a year ago Mrs. Alfred Schermerhorn, a society woman of Brooklyn, lost her fortune in speculation. Nearly all of her swell friends manifested such strong disposition to drop her acquaintance that Mrs. Schermerhorn took the initiative by dropping theirs, and being a woman of sense began to look around for some means of self-support. She hit upon the idea of operating a laundry and opened such an establishment in Southampton, L. I., where the faithful among her former friends are helping to make the venture a success.

Miss Lou Bergh of Denver, Mrs. Thomas Chevington of Chicago and Mrs. Jeanette Putnam of Rock Island are in Denver arranging to go on a hunt for big game in the Sweetwater country in western Colorado. Miss Bergh is a clerk in the secretary of state's office. Mrs. Chevington is a daughter-in-law of Colonel Chevington, the famous Indian fighter, and Mrs. Putnam is the champion woman shot of Wisconsin. The party expects to hunt mountain lions, deer and perhaps bear. All have hunted before in the Sweetwater country.

Frills of Fashion.

Dimity showing a white ground with trails of flowers all over it makes very dainty petticoats.

For the bather who wishes a corset there comes a rubber model, open in the back with straps which cross and fasten in the front.

Imitation alligator skin has been substituted for the familiar and somewhat gaudy cretonne as a covering for the newest shirt-waist boxes.

It is predicted that velvet in black, plum red, amethyst and golden brown tints will be extensively used for dress and millinery trimming during the coming winter and autumn.

Silver gray veiling with ruchings in darker tint, garniture of cream Maltese lace and stock and belt of sea-green liberty satin represents a charming gown in a summer girl's wardrobe.

The use of transparent materials for parasols calls forth the objection that they afford so little protection from the sun and some of the newest of these dainty sunshades are made of India silk with a lining of rose pink.

Some of the newest tiaras are made with fleur-de-lis of very fine stones and the latest idea in aigrettes are bouquets of brilliants, starting from a diamond bow or diamond wings, or perhaps a couple of diamond feathers

Some of the new card cases are models of daintiness, the leather in the finer grades being so rich as to require no ornamentation. An elaborate case of calfskin in an artistic blending of blue and green tints shows a turquoise button as a fastener for the flap.

A large monogram embroidered on the back of a glove or at the top of the long gloves worn with elbow sleeves is a recent fad. It is quite the thing to embroider such gloves as gifts, but the work is not easily done and, even when successful, has little to recommend it save novelty.

A dainty gown for summer evenings is of white India silk, the skirt finished with a deep-shaped flounce trimmed with three little frills edged with Maltese lace. Insertions of Maltese head the flounce and also trim the bodice and the only touch of color is introduced in the pink chiffon sash and chou on the bodice.

The adjustable sunshade is one of the season's novelties. A handsome parasol handle and frame may be made to do service with a number of covers harmonizing with different costumes and such a handle and frame with an assortment of elaborate covers is at present one of the fair French woman's favorite gifts. It is said that such an offering to a famous actress cost the donor $10,000.

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