

What is Going On in Woman's World of Fashion

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—To the mind prone to idle fancies, late summer clothes have a sentimental air. Especially over the muslins and other gauzy and perishable textiles may a requiem be said, for unless they are "renewed," a season's wear leaves such fabrics in sad condition.

The renewing is done at the cleaner's or by the dressmaker herself, and consists in a slight stiffening with gum arabic water and carefully pressing afterward. Muslin gowns thus rejuvenated come out as good as new, unless they are obviously soiled. In this case, if the colors stand water, the trimmings are removed and the costume treated to an honest bath at a good French laundry. None but a French laundress can restore a muslin frock to anything like its pristine glory. Considerable manipulation is done with the fingers to promote good effects after ironing, such as lifting the gathers with a coarse needle and rounding out waistbands and armholes.

For doing up a fairly simple muslin frock \$3 is charged, the price mounting with greater elaborateness till it may reach \$12.

The end of a season requires some little renewal or other, and after the tinkering the wearing possibilities, with almost every garment, take on a new lease. To substitute new hat flowers for faded, wind-blown ones is one of the August duties of the milliner, while even the smartest dressmakers must descend at this season to renewals of all sorts.

One maker of fashionable garments displays lace and ribbon collars for the revival of bodices past their freshest period. These are almost capes in depth, and while some hang open at the front, others fasten in child-bib fashion down the back. One such collar of antique lace and ribbon velvet was almost waist deep, and hung with such a sloping simplicity over the shoulders as to suggest a circular cut.

The growing fad for short sacque-like effects gives other opportunities for lace in eking out the wear of a damaged bodice. These dainty little sacques are no more than waist length, and have, with their wide bottoms and loose sleeves, something of a kimono look. Made entirely of lace or embroidery, they form part of charming house gowns, whose deep skirt flounces, or the band above them, may be of the same material.

The same models are also used for bed-room negligees, which are sometimes fashioned of large cotton handkerchiefs bordered and printed with the gayest colors. These are called "bat" kimonos, and a graceful arrangement of them leaves the fronts some inches apart, with narrow ribbons tying across the chemise bosom.

The end of the season finds the most treasured toilettes used for almost any occasion. The idea is to wear them out, and so a threatening day may see women in costumes of garden party loveliness lolling in carriages, or halting for a moment by some park bench. Great quantities of lace bedeck many of them. Often many different sorts of lace, in widely differing patterns, are disposed over the same gown. Square, diamonds and ovals of one species of web will show fragments and accentuations of other sorts. Fragile insertions between longitudinal tucks form one arrangement for the top of a skirt trimmed at the bottom with the stoutest lace.

The fury for Irish crochet is virtually over, and the entire gowns designed of it have been consigned to the limbo of things too expensive for mortal use. Anyway, these all-over crochet frocks could never quite escape the home made tidy look, and one never saw them without a momentary distaste for their inherent homeliness. On the other hand, laces far less precious, flimsy and almost rag-like in quality, have lent themselves to fairy effects, which the more beautiful crochet could never achieve.

In fact, it is only in rather large patterns and in odd bodice shape that Irish crochet is really effective. One waist with a design of huge pond lilies, held together by the slenderest threads, seemed divine over its chiffon lining, but ten minutes later a little frivolous body of cream blonde seemed equally ravishing.

Not since the days of the waterfall and the side curl have so many laces of the "blonde" variety been used, and now, to give the appetite a new fillip, the same webs are called by any number of new names. Modern art comes in with the dyeing, for any number of rich and novel colors are seen in these silky laces, the pearly-white sorts of which continue to trim thin silks, as they used to do long ago.

Even in the disposition of such laces one recognizes the influences of defunct styles. With the close wristband and innumerable gathers, the old puffed undersleeve is seen in them, the upper one, perhaps, spreading over it in the equally old flowing way. Then, upon both evening and day skirts, in thin striped and figured silks, deep edgings will be hung in gathered garlands, the narrow ribbon or velvet rosettes which loop them exactly matching the old-time ones.

The fringes used on voiles and linens are also revivals of former styles, as well as the simply gathered waists, some of which,

with their cut-out necks, are only a shade more complicated than the ancient and adored "sponcer." These are even worn with flounced taffeta skirts in the old way, and very likely the owner of such a get-up—who is generally a person of modest tastes—will have a silk pelerine tippet to top it on cool days.

What are we if not reminiscent in fashions? The tippets, capes and capelines of long dead belles are with us. So are the petticoat, whose bouffant foot flounces take the place of the vanished hoopskirt, and the tiny carriage parasol whose bend at the handle permits of its being turned into a fan on breathless occasions.

And this brings us to the purely modern parasol, which, if not quite as formidable for coquetry as the tiny sorts, is still a powerful weapon. Those designed for carriage or other dressy use, are frivolous in the extreme, some of them being mere bouquets of artificial flowers and gauze. Superb effects are seen in black and white, the laces which incrust the frail chiffons and mousselines sometimes taking the forms of butterflies, swallows and large stemless roses. Or, again, the black emphasis may be of the slightest description, some tiny cord of chenille or beige velvet outlining the top and bottom of a flounce and forming a ruche or shaping a looped bow at the ferrule.

With the smartest toilettes the parasol is plainly a part of the get-up, so carefully

does it accord in material and trimming. Flounced sunshades go with flounced frocks and tucked ones with tucked gowns, but a bright red or green parasol need not necessarily match a gown in color.

With such brilliant mushrooms to enhance their complexions or shade the eyes, pretty women go bareheaded about the various resorts, gowns of white duck or black veiling rendering the parasol all the more conspicuous. Even frocks of linen, duck and pique, if they are very smart, have parasols to match, and they are made so that the covers can be taken off and washed. Mussed and tumbled fineries are not smiled upon by Dame Fashion. On the contrary, her favorites show an exaggerated fastidiousness in all matters of neatness. To look as if you have just come out of a bond box is the correct thing.

Appropos of this very serious matter, the walking frocks summer travelers are bringing back from France are no longer of even touching length. They are called costumes "trottoir" (literally, pavement gowns, though meaning street ones), but all escape the street stones by at least two inches. A skirt shorter than this is not considered to be in good taste. Neither is it becoming to any but the slimmest and youngest wearers.

Dressed in linen, duck and pique frocks of this curtailed description, the fate of the Parisian shopper is a joyous revel compared to our burdened one. Her short

skirt, with its careful cut and make, is another coquetry. Cape collars showing embroidery, lace or tucks lend a touch of elegance to the bodice of the practical little frock, and the flat hat worn with it may reveal numberless others.

"Such flat hats as are being worn now in Paris," writes one correspondent. "They are as big round as an English bath tub—the portable sort—and with wreaths of roses as huge as coffee saucers nuzzled about the crown. At the back, under the brim, there are festoons of narrow ribbon velvet hanging in stiff loops. These fall over the coiffure, which is as frequently worn low as high, and the front of the chapeau tilts over the nose in the old way."

A word as to this. Paris is not the only place for such large and lowly-built chapeaux. All the good shops in this country are showing them—complete patterns of the French models down to the velvet festoons at the back. The roses have not yet reached the coffee saucer size, but there are many such in the market much reduced in price, and their arrangement upon a hat is easy.

White ostrich feathers, in combination with black ribbon velvet, form a French combination also seen here on brim hats of coarse cream panama. One novel shape has the sides of the brim tied basket fashion over the crown. MARY DEAN.

Some Timely Tips for Up-to-Date Women

THE apostle Paul was of the opinion and he expressed the opinion forcibly that women should "keep silence in the church," but the modern members of the sex utterly disregard this admonition. They say the apostle was "a crusty old bachelor" and was not qualified or authorized to lay down laws for their government. At any rate, they refuse to keep silent and many of them have taken the places of men in the pulpits.

One of the most successful women preachers in this country is Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, pastor of the People's church of Kalamazoo, Mich., for some years, and now pastor of the Unitarian church in Jackson, Mich. She is a western woman whom the late Robert G. Ingersoll called a "remarkable woman of divine enthusiasm," and he declared that if he lived in Kalamazoo he would join the People's church, of which she was then pastor. It might be interesting to know something about the creed of a church a man like Ingersoll would have been willing to join. The People's church of Kalamazoo has no creed but a "bond of union," which is as follows:

"Earnestly desiring to develop in ourselves and in the world honest, reverent thought; faithfulness to our highest conceptions of right-living, the spirit of love and service to our fellow men, and allegiance to all the interests of morality and religion as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity—we join ourselves together, hoping to help one another in all good things and to advance the cause of pure and practical religion in the community, basing our union upon no creed test, but upon the purpose herein expressed, and welcoming all who wish to join us to help establish truth, righteousness and love in the world."

The People's church is one of the finest houses of worship in Kalamazoo and one of the most influential churches. When it was completed the first festive occasion under its roof was a dinner to which were invited every man who had had any share in the work of actually building the church. The carpenters, the masons, the hodcarriers, the plasterers—they and their families were invited to be the guests of this extremely liberal church and to partake of a banquet spread for them.

Mrs. Crane was pastor of the church for ten years and resigned the pastorate to continue her studies at the Chicago university.

THE Japanese as a people are delightfully deft with their fingers, but the women cannot do sewing for Americans. A New York modiste has learned this to her sorrow. She was to prepare the costumes for a fancy dress party, and one of the men connected with it conceived the bright idea of employing Japanese women to assist in the work. The designs for the costumes were made by a Japanese artist, and it would give more atmosphere to the costumes, he thought, if native women made them. He knew a little Japanese matron who made her own kimonos, and she would be glad to sew for the Americans.

In due time she appeared at the rooms of the modiste with a sister-in-law, another little woman of the same race. They were ready to go to work and there would be no preliminaries but one. They must have their money in advance. The modiste argued. She never paid her workwomen in advance; they would be paid. The little brown-faced ladies were gentle, but persistent. They must have their money or they could not come. They got their

money and they came. That was the beginning of a series of tribulations for the modiste.

The hour of the little ladies suited themselves. They came at 8:30, 9, 10—any time in the morning they pleased. Then they must remove their small shoes, get out their bonbons to nibble as they worked, and make themselves comfortable. As they sewed they chattered incessantly. At noon they made tea. They brought their own tea service, and it took them a good hour to heat the water and make and drink the light-colored liquid they called tea. At 5 they left.

This was too much for the modiste. She really could not have it. All of her workwomen were expected to sew until 6, and the little Japanese ladies must do the same. But they did not.

"We must go at 5," they reiterated gently to everything she said, and as soon as their toilettes were made they left.

The toilettes, however, required considerable time. Never were there such pinkers. Each little lady rouged her cheeks, touched her lips with carmine and darkened her eyes. Then, when they were at last ready to depart, every small boy in the neighborhood gathered around to see them off. It was altogether too much, even if the Japanese women had been good seamstresses, which they were not.

They were able to make women's costumes, but about those for the men they had no idea. The modiste had prepared herself for the work and her ideas were clear and well defined, and she knew how to get work out of the way in a hurry. She could give the Japanese women points as to the designs and cut out a dozen a slow process of measuring and marking garments to their one. Their cutting was one American workwoman could do three times as much sewing as the two Japanese, and do it better. Atmosphere at that price was too expensive, and the little Japanese women, their bonbons, paint boxes and tea things, departed. The modiste is not looking for other Oriental needlewomen.

DON'T wash your face too often," is one beauty's good advice.

"Don't wash it at all," is another's counsel.

"Don't be a goose," says a third, "but use a little common sense and wash your face twice a day—night and morning."

Don't wash it oftener. If cleansing is necessary during the day, use a little cream. Washing the face too frequently removes the natural oil and gives the skin a withered look.

Don't use hard water if you value your complexion. The excess of lime in hard water neutralizes the oil in the pores of the skin, and thus hardens the cuticle.

Don't use any but rain water or distilled water. Rain water is, in fact, the only water fit to wash the face with. Many beauties of romance owed their charms to its saving virtues. It keeps the skin soft and velvety, and makes beauty last as long as life itself.

Don't be afraid of soap. It is not the enemy to the complexion that many people consider it. It is infinitely better for the skin than the dirt which will collect in the pores after a warm day.

Don't forget, however, to rinse the face with clear-water, after using soap, because you don't want any left on the face to clog the pores. Once a day is quite often enough to use soap.

Don't use a sponge; it no longer fills a long-felt want on the toilet table, because it is apt to become filled with germs poisonous to the skin. Use a bit of antiseptic cloth, or the hands.

Don't be afraid of a complexion brush.

Used gently, in connection with a toilet cream, it has a wonderful effect in removing the blotchy appearance of the skin.

Don't dry the face with a rough towel if you want to keep the skin smooth; instead, use a fine, damask one, and "dabble" the face with it. This preserves the delicate appearance of the skin.

MARRIAGE would no longer be a failure if labiology were understood by the people who now wed blindly, for better or worse. Labiology is a most important scientific study—the study of character by the shape, expression and texture of the lips. It should be the very A B C of love, the key to one's destiny, for with a thorough knowledge of labiology no woman will make a mistake in choosing a partner for life.

So declares Miss Lillian Kemble of Chicago, who is so firm a believer in the signs of the science that she will let them decide her matrimonial fate.

"Among society women the study of labiology is rapidly becoming a fad," says Miss Kemble. "It is certainly interesting, to say nothing of instructive. Many a man and woman realize to their chagrin what a rarity is a perfect nose, but until I began this study it did not occur to me how few perfect lips there are."

"It is simply a revelation. Either the lips are too thick or too thin; some looking like a square cut in the face—a mere porthole for food and an export hole for talk—while others appear weak and infantile."

"And again Dame Nature has made the lips too severe, angular, contemptuous, bitter, hard or too mild, characterless, insipid. And so on through the entire lip category."

"I talked with many scientists and others whose favorite themes are physiognomy. "It seems that two fleshy folds surrounding the orifice of the mouth—or, in less technical terms the lips—are ineffaceably impressed with marks of character and may be read with the same ease and interest as the latest book by one initiated into the mysteries of the lip language. These, for instance, are the infallible signs for youths to study if they would shun an unhappy alliance and find the road to connubial bliss."

"If the lips of your lady love border a large and generous mouth, you may rest assured that she is warm hearted and affectionate, and as a wife would be gentle, loving and truthful. If this generosity of form is too pronounced the possessor is of coarse nature and would make an undesirable mate."

"A small mouth, with tightly drawn lips indicates great self-control, with occasional bursts of affection and ill temper—not a bad combination, as occasional clouds often make sunshine all the brighter."

"A desirable outline is formed in the lips that develop their fullness in the center, which is the sign of refined love."

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