



### THE USE OF MIRRORS.

The legislature in one of the northern states recently appropriated a sum of money with which to buy looking glasses for the women inmates of the penitentiary. Heretofore part of the punishment of a woman criminal has been to deprive her of all means of "seeing how she looked," and whether her stripes were on straight. A wise and humane man, however, finally suggested that it was cruelly to have the purposes of correction, and become persecution, and benevolence the crying sisters in the "pen" are to be cheered on by such comfort as they can extract from a contemplation of their own images.

Let not the untutored sinner at this as a final example of woman's vanity. The smallest purpose of the mirror is to minister to one's self-admiration. It is used, it is an instrument that makes for righteousness. As long as a woman cares how she looks, and how she appears to other people, there is hope of reforming her. It is when she no longer cares, when she has no shame in being seen dirty, disheveled, drunk, that she is utterly abandoned. Personal vanity is the last memory of better things that vibrates in the human heart. When that string snaps nothing else is left to appeal to.

It has always seemed to me that there is no other article of our possessions that we understand so little, and use to such poor purpose, as the mirror anyway. From time immemorial it has been the custom to sneer at it as an article sacred to feminine vanity, and in a way men have excused it to us, on the ground that it was hereditary weakness we couldn't help. The insatiable desire to gaze upon her own charms is a sin attributed to our first mother, whom Milton represents as bending in front of a glassy brook, enraptured with the reflection of her own beauty, and it is popularly supposed that from that day to this every daughter of Eve has put in most of her waking time studying her mirror.

Would heaven they had! We should be the better and the sinner for it.

The most emphatic contradiction possible, however, is offered this theory by the street, and in every public place. Observe the way they are dressed. Gowns that hang seven ways for Sunday; skirt waists that like up in the back and make their wearers look hunchbacked; belts that have parted company with the bands they are supposed to cover; skinny women who give unwarranted anatomical exhibition of their bones; fat women who like themselves out in flaming garments that look like the jin-jam-banians in front of a side show; hats that emphasize every defect of their wearers—!

Can any sane person believe that women who commit such crimes on good taste and neatness and appropriateness spend any time before their mirrors? Never. Any jury on earth would acquit them, on overwhelming circumstantial evidence, of even owning a hand-glass, to say nothing of the utter impossibility of a woman appearing in public without that if she had even one fleeting glance at herself in a good triple dressing mirror.

If I were called on to suggest the best possible remedy for feminine extravagance, I should say that it lay in the possession and use of a good mirror. That seems a little contradictory, but it isn't from a woman's standpoint. What makes women continually buy new clothes is dissatisfaction with the old, and nine times out of ten the fault isn't with the garment as the way it is put on. There are women who apparently always pitch fork their clothes on, and who would look like a marked-down bargain remnant in a Paris confection. There are others who can look like a fashion plate in a 10-cent muslin. I know a young girl whose simple shirt waists have that smart look that is the despair and envy of half the women who know her and who pay ten times for their tailor-made-to-order waists that she does for the material of which she makes her own. Once I asked her the secret. "It's seven safety pins in the back," she answered innocently. She has a looking-glass and she uses it like an artist, with the inevitable result of always being well dressed and stylish, no matter how inexpensively her frock may be.

If I were making the laws I would make it a penal offense for any woman to live in a house that wasn't plentifully provided with good, long pier glasses, in which she could not help seeing herself from head to foot whichever way she turned, so there would be no possible excuse for her going out to outrage her neighbors' aesthetic sensibilities by looking like a guy. It would also do more than all the sermons ever preached on sturdiness and usefulness. No woman living would have the nerve to go about the house in a dirty wrapper and with a halo of curl papers about her brow, if she had to see the hideous reflection of herself on every hand. It is simply because she doesn't know how she looks that she indulges in that deplorable habit of her husband and family.

A house plentifully supplied with big, unescapable mirrors would also be a silent, courteous reprover to our manners that we could not gainsay or argue down. No persuasion may be able to induce a gum-chewing school girl to stop the pernicious habit, but if she was forced to gaze upon her vagrant jaws and cow-like expression she would do more than you may depend upon it that she would at least seek solitude in which to indulge in her pastime.

The most scowling face fashably takes on a pleasant expression as it catches a glimpse of itself in a mirror. The most sprawling figure that observes its own lack of grace emphasized in a looking-glass unconsciously draws up into a more dignified pose. Our faults as well as our virtues have been reflected. We have seen ourselves as others see us, and the picture has hurt our vanity.

What a pity it is, too, that there are no mental mirrors in which we might now and then catch a view of those faults and weaknesses that render us so trying to

our friends and neighbors! Suppose those loving couples who artlessly conduct their courtship in public could see what figures they are! Wouldn't they go home and pull down the blinds and barricade the doors before they go-go-go-eyed at each other any more? If only the self-important, who weary us to death with long narratives about themselves and their families, could see what bores they are, wouldn't the stock of war reminiscences and smart child stories be cut short? If those who are forever boasting of their own achievements, of the splendor they have at home and the lucrative positions they have declined to fill could see what empty braggers they look to us, what peace should fill the land! If young girls could know how shocking it is to older and world-wise people when they are loud and noisy in public places, what demure maids we should have at home!

What a sovereign balm it would be, too, for all domestic troubles. We do so many little disagreeable things that grate other people's nerves, and offend their tastes, just because we are careless of everybody's comfort beside our own. Then we are so clever at giving our faults aliases that almost makes them seem virtues.

There's the man, for instance, who says he is determined to be "master of his own house," and who makes that perfectly proper theory (though for my part I don't see why it is necessary for a woman to have a master) the cloak for the most grinding tyranny. His wife always sits up in shivering silence, like a whipped dog, waiting for his sneer on her opinion, and his children drop their laughter and sneak away when his key grates in the front door. Do you suppose that he would indulge himself in such conduct if he could see himself for the coward and brute and bully he is? Not once in a thousand times.

On the other hand, there is the woman who is always bragging about being "high-spirited" and "speaking her mind." There's never any use in telling her her faults, for she won't listen, and so her husband learns to find his pleasure in his club, and her children play on the streets to get out of reach of her eternal fault-finding and nagging. I have often thought, "Oh, if you could only see yourself for the common scold you are; if you could see how unlovely, unwomanly, ungentle you are, surely nothing on earth could ever induce you to give away to your tongue and temper again."

To see as others see us physically is the mission of the mirror. It is a missionary to teach us the gospel of making the most of ourselves bodily by getting clothes that flatter us instead of deriding us, by learning poses full of grace instead of loutish awkwardness, and by trying, as the photographers say, to look pleasant. It is too much to hope that we may carry the lesson a little farther, and try to see ourselves spiritually and mentally as others see us? Be sure we should be humble and chastened creatures if we did, and far, far more agreeable to live with.

DOROTHY DIX.

### The Woman Who Travels.

A pretty girl wearing a taffeta dust cloak took a fountain pen from one of the pockets thereof, tested the nib and wrote a note, then she looked up and smiled. "Not above the third floor," she said smilingly. "Not above the third floor."

Then she walked off leisurely and gracefully toward the elevator, while two boys vied with each other in their efforts to carry her bags, umbrellas and golf sticks.

"Wouldn't that make you think?" said the old hotel man. "Twenty-five years ago a woman never registered herself, and never came near a hotel desk. She always made her arrangements through a boy or a clerk. First she went to the ladies' parlor and gave a man her name on a card, and he came back and took her to a room. In one of the old Philadelphia hotels they had a little panel window opening from the hotel office through the wall of the ladies' parlor in order to save her the trouble of writing her name."

"In those days the woman hotel guest always paid her bills by a boy or her maid, and nowadays women think nothing of coming up to the desk and asking for a room or a bill as the case may be. I don't know but what I like the new way the best. The old plan seemed to infer that a hotel office was an objectionable place for ladies to visit. Then did you observe the style of that girl's gown? Did you notice how fresh it was and how cool and happy and untroubled she appeared? I think the women traveling nowadays look prettier than in any other dress."

It is a fact that the woman traveler of to-day not only looks trim and neat, but is well able to care for herself and her luggage. Everything is done to insure her comfort, and traveling has been simplified to such an extent that it is no longer the ordeal of days gone by, when women disguised themselves in brown veils and wore their ugliest gowns and boots and bonnets to go on trains and boats.

The feminine traveler of to-day presents a fine type of the common sense woman. She dresses for travel, but does not make herself hideous for the purpose. The ankle length skirt or the one just escaping the ground which is so generally worn by women this summer is ideal for traveling. In linen or the lightest of cloths it is specially adaptable, and for short distances many women are seen wearing the walking shirt of white plique or duck. Worn with a cotton skirt of good cut and a linen collar or stock that may be replaced from the travelling bag with a fresh one toward the journey's end, the girl traveler is nicely equipped for a voyage.

Then for a longer journey, on which a more elaborate gown may be desired for wear in the dining-room or saloon of a steamer, this year's summer maidens has the fancy dust cloak, then which nothing was ever devised smarter or more becoming for woman's wear. The dust cloaks come in the familiar English-backed model, but the newer ones have the back curved in slightly at the waist. In dark-colored taffeta these cloaks are particularly pretty. They fall to very hem of the gown, completely covering it and saving it from dust, and at the same time they are so daintily finished and stitched, often-times with white, that they make a tall slim woman look like a picture.

It is for travel this year give woman an endless variety to choose from. The brocade Panama alpines, wreathed with a scarf of silk or cashmere, are picturesque, and the jaunty little plique hats, with a white pompon tilted over the brow, are becoming to nine out of ten women. It is a white year, and hats as well as gloves show the tendency, while of white gloves there is no end.

But gloves have been abandoned this year, and even in traveling, when the hands are subject to much danger of contact with grimy rails and dusty car chairs, one sees the very familiar fashion of the sleeve rolled to the elbow. Women do not wear many jewels when they travel, except, perhaps, a scarf pin or one of the gold seal rings that are now so fashionable. Nor does woman pack her gems in her trunks. If she has a maid they are given into her charge in a bag; but the experienced woman traveler carries her smaller gems into a chain bag, which she wears beneath her bodice, suspended about her neck.

The frivolous little jeweled purse has disappeared, and also the pocketbook, held alluringly in the hand to attract the footpad. In place of these, the girl who travels now wears a silver-linked bag, firmly fastened to her belt, in which she carries her ticket and the necessary cash to see her to her destination.

No longer does the tourist girl load herself down with luggage. There are boxes for everything nowadays, and the big wicker hamper, trunks are confined to places in which to dispose of umbrellas, golf clubs, hammocks, and all the things necessary to comfort in the country or at the seashore. One handling provides for her handkerchiefs, her brush and comb and the 20 light toilet articles necessary. Heavy silver toilet sets are packed in trunks. The dressing cases, which with these implements were always too clumsy and heavy to carry around.

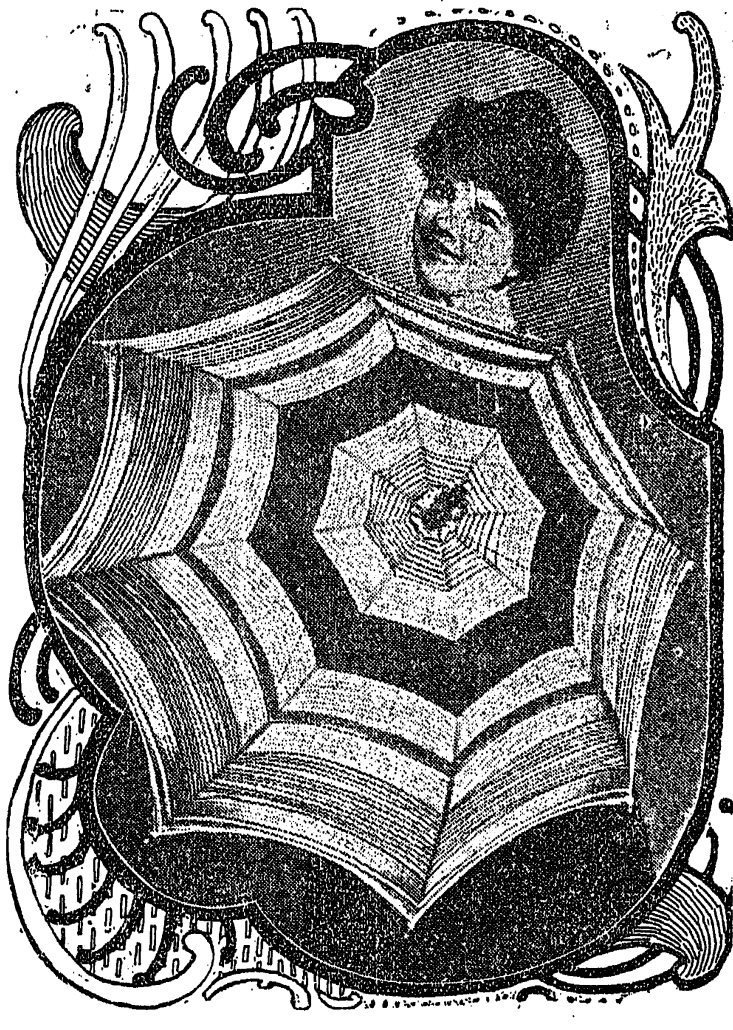
Provided with this small grip, and, perhaps, an umbrella or parasol, the up-to-date woman starts on her summer jaunt. She never fusses over a time table, as her grandmother used to, without arriving at any definite result. She asks questions nowadays as she proceeds, and lets the railroad men do the guessing. Everything in fact, is done to provide for the comfort of the tourist woman. Pullman car porters are instructed to make her their special charge, and railroad conductors and employees are invariably civil and helpful to unescorted women.

At hotels, too, everything is made easy for the woman traveler. From time to time there is comment made upon the difficulty a woman alone experiences in getting a room at a good hotel. Women of modest dress and demeanor have no trouble in procuring rooms at good hotels in the city and out of it. Objectionable women, and women who arrive without sending word beforehand in the middle of the night, at a strange hotel, often fall to obtain admission, but there is usually good reason for any such action on the part of hotels.

At many of the best hotels a woman has no reason to be shown to her room than a chambermaid visits her and us-

hers favorite parasol.

The parasol of the season is a striped one, and lavender with white, the favorite color for these becoming accessories to the toilette of conquest. This model of white Louisiana silk has bands of lavender and bands of tucked white silk, alternately, all over.



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her! Home criticism is candid, but not so enlightening.

"Home criticism," returned the other, "is useless as far as regards the impressions of the world at large; a girl at home and abroad is apt to be entirely different. Have you never noticed how many people have unconsciously distinct company manners, and how much nicer they are when they forget their self-consciousness, and are their own natural everyday selves? Here is that pretty little Mrs. Z. At home among her own people she is simple and kindly and very attractive, but the moment a stranger appears she poses unconsciously for effect. We who know and like her believe it to be only an interior self-consciousness, the generality of people call her extremely affected. Then there is that beautiful, attractive looking Miss X., who giggles insanely at every remark that is made. It is sheer nervousness, but sounds idiotic. Another girl I know, who has a pleasant voice naturally, talks so loud in company that she appears almost ill-mannered. So one naturally tells those women of their defects, and of course, they will never know of them, but it does seem a pity that a girl could not be taken at her word, and be told just what people say of her, and how she could, as I put it, 'improve.'"

There is a good deal in this, but who would undertake to perform the benevolent role for which this seaside maiden was plumed? Certainly he or she who essayed it would specially acquire the quality of the majority of the people in his set, even if he came off without physical damage. There's the photograph—but no! Let us not invent a new form of torture to which that conscience, little instrument could be put. Besides, it would require the histrionic abilities of a Booth and a Jefferson rolled into one to carry off the situation after the photograph had squeaked its denunciations into the unwilling ears of its victims.

### Poetry in Motion.



It has been reserved for an American girl to set all Paris wild with her dancing. This is Miss Isadora Duncan, who a few years ago created such a furore in New York by interpreting the Rubaiyat and other poems in a series of poses and dances. Miss Duncan's dancing has nothing in common with that of the old-fashioned ballerina, or even modern stage dancing, as we know it. Her art is absolutely unique, and of it she says:

I try to express all the emotions in my dances. There is in them pleasure and joy, sadness and sorrow.

The poems I illustrate I make part of my life for the time being. With each passionate outbreak and subtle love scene I am the person to whom such spoken lines are allotted, but I dance them instead. Again, I am the dancer of the love, living, the gestures of appeals, of fears, of refusals, of combats, were all well understood by the Greeks. Their pantomimic action gives a harmonious resume of practical life.

Most beautiful models are found in Greek art. One cannot help losing one's self in admiration of their beautiful figures in bas-relief. I try to think with the Greeks. By my dances I frequently awaken in people new hope and a desire to triumph. My dances are in reality a personal manifestation. I try to make them a work of art.

The only record we have of Greek dances is in his-reliefs, vases, designs, sculptures and the frieze of the Parthenon. Therefore, we cannot revive Greek dances in the strict sense of the word. We know from these remains that forms must have been copied from nature. This is the secret of the beauty of Grecian dances.

The Greeks had the sense of measure and the genius of proportion. We all cherish life and we give graceful expression to the happy life existing in us by means of the poetry of motion. The Greeks speak to us not only of Greece, but of the men of all time.

They express the most natural sentiments by means of plastic expression and by gestures directly in rapport with their sentiments. Their choice of form is admirable. They had a profound knowledge of man and of nature.

The forms of their figures in motion hold all their power and grace. Their pantomimic dance includes most familiar gestures expressive of the movements of the will.

I draw my inspiration from Greek sources. Strictly speaking, I do not try to reconstruct Greek dances. This is practically impossible. The inspiration which I draw enables me to interpret what I believe to be not only the idyllic but the ideal dance.

### But Who Would Dare Do It?

There is a moral in an incident which is related by a New York paper as having actually occurred recently at a dance. It seems that one of the brightest and most attractive young women present found an opportunity during the evening for a few minutes' quiet chat with her partner. They were old friends, and so her appeal to his judgment was natural. She prefaced her remark with an earnest glance, and added:

"Will you do me a great favor? I want you to tell me truthfully how I could improve!"

"Imagine a man replying candidly to such a remark!" he exclaimed. "And yet what an advantage it would be to a girl if some kindly disposed person would enable her to see herself as others see

### Paris Fashions.

Simple Linens Inexpensively Made Are in Favor—Newest Thing in Hats—Novelties in Bathing Suits.

[Special Correspondence of the Pictorial.]

Paris, July 15.—With the exception of those families who have children still at school till the 22d of July, which is the general date for the breaking up of all state schools and colleges, and with the exception also of those families which can boast of a member of parliament among their number, nearly all the Parisian families have already abandoned Paris. Besides the more fashionable centers there are the "petite troupe" dear to the heart of the thrifty Parisian householder, who love to agglomerate there in families—delightful villages or small towns by the sea scattered throughout Normandy and Brittany, and here in these quiet retreats one is not bound to change one's clothes four or five times a day. Here, too, the toilettes are simpler and less complicated than at Trouville or Aix. Serge or linen skirts, with light muslin or batiste blouses, are the general rule for morning wear. For the afternoon, much muslin is worn, spotted muslin being especially popular. Instead of being encrusted with expensive laces, these are worn very simply made, especially for young girls. Yesterday I saw a simple home-made spotted muslin which was

### Gift from Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

Miss Mamie Dorsey, a member of the well-known Howard county family of that name, was surprised a short time ago to receive a letter from Mrs. Jefferson Davis stating that she was sending to Miss Dorsey a gift of some family silver formerly the property of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Worthington Dorsey, of Beauvoir, Miss., an uncle and aunt of Miss Dorsey, says the Baltimore Sun.

Soon after Mrs. Davis' letter was received the gift, which comprised an old-fashioned tea service, and a number of old pieces of silver besides, reached here. As Miss Dorsey has been in all health for the last five or six years, and consequently is unable to entertain to any

perfectly charming. Intended for the "jeune fille" of sweet 17. The bodice was drawn into tiny pleats at the base of the yoke, which was formed of raw upon row of "iron-tron" or narrow lace insertion, provided with a continuous row of perforations through which narrow ribbons or velvet can be threaded. This particular "iron-tron" was laced a deep saffron color. The skirt was made quite plain, with a deep-pleated flounce at the bottom, set on to the skirt by means of three or four rows of "iron-tron" insertion. The waist band was a high Swiss belt, slightly wired to keep it in shape, formed of numerous rows of "iron-tron." The sleeves, unlined, were made tight-fitting to the elbow, where they were secured by five or six rows more of "iron-tron" from which hung a short "sash" of muslin fluff. At the neck, waist, elbows and the "iron-tron" was carefully threaded through with narrow white satin ribbon, tied in rosettes, with irregular loops here and there, making a most charming effect. The whole gown might have cost a couple of guineas, being lined throughout with cheap washing silk, but the effect was

For matrons' afternoon gowns for simple country wear, colored linens are largely in use. These are often laced, made, and strapped with a similar material, or what is still more "chic," with tartan plaids of some contrasting or corresponding colors cut on the cross. Thus Mackenzie or Gordon plaids look extremely well on very dark blue line. The royal tartan goes well on ordinary brown holland or thick string-colored linen. Besides tartans, plaids, white or cream, spotted with black or dark blue, are also in great favor for strapping or for gowns. When linen gowns are not tailor-made, they can be most effectively trimmed with insertions of coarse Cluny or Laxcell lace, or with plain white English embroidery. Yesterday I saw a dress about to be packed made of deep-crimped, strawberry-red linen, very plainly made. The tight-fitting skirt had six sharp folds, the top of which was ornamented by an inserted band of yellow Cluny lace, plied at both edges with narrow pale blue piping. The plain-pouched bodice had a deep flat pleat in front. Into which was encrusted a broad band of lace similar to that of the skirt, plied on both sides. Around the waist was a narrow belt of white leather, adorned with small arabesques of gold.

Incidentally, blue linen looks extremely well, encrusted with coarse Laxcell, such as is used to adorn curtains. Bright scarlet linen is very fashionable this season, too, and looks extremely well strapped with cross bands of white plique, spotted with black and edged with plings of cream linen. Deep hues of cream batiste, with open hemstitching, also make very effective trimmings for scarlet linen gowns.

Though blue has a hint to wear with these afternoon costumes when the sun is still hot is the lace-draped hat, with the long veil of lace hanging on to the hair and neck behind after the fashion of the pith helmets, with their small curtains of linen to protect the nape of the neck from the ardent rays of the sun. I saw one of these hats made of coarse burned straw. It was a wide "capeline" shape, the brim slightly down-bent behind; and the sides were a close, graceful band of white roses, while above the brim was a softly-draped scarf of blonde lace, the long ends falling on to the shoulders behind quite straight, forming a protection for the slightly-decolleted neck behind.

### Paris Fashions.

COSTUMES WORN BY FASHIONABLE PEOPLE AT THE SEASIDE.

Simple Linens Inexpensively Made Are in Favor—Newest Thing in Hats—Novelties in Bathing Suits.

Light tea jackets for home wear can be made in a variety of ways. One of a lace bolero elongated by means of accordion-pleated chiffon. This is a delightful method of utilizing remnants of shades of satin ribbon, or even colored bolero with elbow sleeves is lined with plain pink chiffon, which leaves it virtually transparent. Another is a bolero of white muslin made on a bodice of white muslin, with a close-fitting collar of white muslin, and a deep V-neck, the bolero in color make most effective afternoon jackets for very hot weather.

For those who prefer tea gowns I have seen a white muslin gown made of white spotted muslin lined with plain colored muslin or Corah silk and trimmed with thick, fringed fringe of white muslin. A fringed collar of deep blue usually adorns the neck, the frills of "point d'esprit" being set on to several rows of open hemstitching. The "iron-tron" is run through with narrow satin ribbon which matches the lining and serves for bathing dresses; those which look effective and smart and have all the appearance of a real costume, and the movements of swimming. The first kind are on the same lines as the shrill costumes of white muslin, but with a deep V-neck with a real bodice and short skirt, which entirely hides the knickerbockers beneath. The second kind are of white muslin, with a deep V-neck, and a short skirt, which entirely hides the knickerbockers beneath. The third kind are of white muslin, with a deep V-neck, and a short skirt, which entirely hides the knickerbockers beneath.

### A Woman to a Lover.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Why do you say I must not love you, dear, because you fall'd so often, and must fall?

I watch you hunt'd like Icarus from the sky

Your little wings essay'd, without a tear,

Not heav'n's disastrous thunder, wind and hail,

But only low ambition love must fail.

I love you still because your aim was high.

Are we not pilgrims in the world together?

Is my untutor'd heart exempt from all that makes your soul the sport of circumstance?

Drift too often like a drifting feather, blown every way by different winds, to call

Your deeds to judgment, when doubt slips her tether.

And dull inaction hinders thought's advance.

O not because you were the perfect one I dreamed of when my life was at its spring.

Did all the love I dower you with leap forth!

No hero standing god-like in the sun

Could hold me—but, ah God! the broken

And pure, worn face—the heart with hope's undown.

Yet struggling heavenward still—I knew their worth.

And now you shall not be your glush miss

Forever words of comfort, touch of hands

Nor all unskill'd your hurts to soothe and heal;

Nor, oh, your mouth, a woman's tender kiss.

Because you fall'd—be sure love understands!

Thrust often to the desperate abyss,

Yet keeping an unquarrelable mind.



THE TAILOR-MADE SHIRT WAIST.

The love of the summer girl for the tailor-made shirt waist has not abated one whit, all predictions to the contrary. This model of white English madras, with an overlaid design and large stock scarf of pale blue canvas, is one of her dearest ambitions.



A HAT OF BLUE SATIN STRAW FOR CARRIAGE OR CASINO WEAR.

This artistic hat, for carriage or casino wear, is a delicate blue satin straw, with a big plume in the same tint extending around the entire hat. A large double bow of chiffon, edged with straw, is caught at the left near the hair.