

# Some Extraordinary Summer Fads of Fashionable Young Men.

## A Glimpse of the Clothes Which Are Regarded as Attractive, Original and Comfortable by the Gentlemen Who Wear Them.

Mr. N. ELLIS, the leader of the Island hunting set, has a sporty and really marvellous to behold outfit with the greatest variety for outdoor sports possessed by this country. Every day or so introduces to his Hempstead crowd a new conceit in dress. His outfit is not only made to order, but And to satisfy his capricious whims both in his striking plaids and in his pronounced checks. His admired waistcoats are cut low, and revers, and they are fastened with solid gold knob buttons.

Mr. Ellis has dozens of pairs of spats and waistcoats to match. Perhaps the most valued of them all is a waistcoat of brown and white which looks like a checker board. This waistcoat, which has gold buttons, was worn recently with a brown neck coat and trousers noticeably wide at the foot. The

gloves are as large as a ten-cent piece. Like many of New York's prominent society women Mr. Ellis never wears a pair of gloves more than twice.

That specially favored young man of fortune, Clarence Mackay, has just introduced a new coaching coat which bids fair to become very popular. It is a conspicuously long frock overcoat with full skirt and fitted waist, and resembles not a little the old familiar Newmarket.

In color it is not unlike what women call beige—that is, it is an extremely light shade of tan.

But the feature of the coat, however, is not so much its cut or its color, but its remarkable buttons. They are of pearl, with Mr. Mackay's initials cut into them, and

that might naturally excite the envy of any fashionable debutante. The entire instep of many of his stockings for evening wear is embroidered in tiny flowers. The stockings are invariably black silk, but they are

bordered with different colored cloaks, each cloak surmounted with his monogram. These stockings were embroidered to order specially for him, and are very artistic examples of embroidery.

When the gold buttons are not quite in harmony with his toilet solid silver monogram buttons are substituted.

"Bob" Gerry, as he is familiarly called, is perhaps the most fastidious young man in town about his clothes. He is the son of George Gerry and one of the heirs of Jacobus Golet. He dresses in extreme fashion. Just now he is wearing checked suits which have—yes, they really do—a strong suggestion of the minstrel show about them. The checks are large and conspicuous and of emphatic color contrasts.

One of these new suits is dark blue and white, one dark brown and tan, and another is black and white. With these check suits Mr. Gerry wears a very small derby, sometimes black, sometimes dark brown, sometimes light brown. It is so small that it almost verges on the ridiculous.

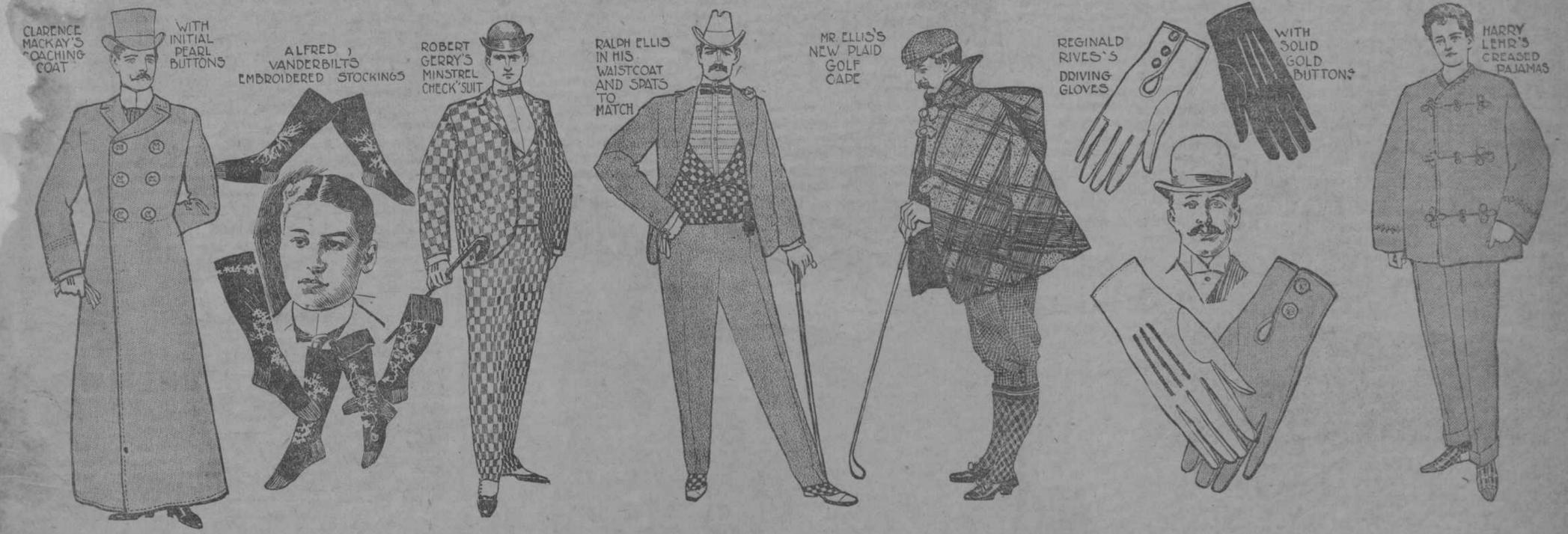
Young Mr. Gerry's clothes come from London. But they are not imported by

any New York tailor, as this fastidious young man goes abroad each year for the sole purpose of having his clothes built.

Enter Harry Lehr! Young society man of Baltimore, Newport and New York. What do you suppose is his newest wrinkle? Not content with having his trousers creased until they have become the subject of remark, he insists upon his valet creasing his pajamas in the same pronounced manner.

Yes, he sleeps in creased pajamas! Mr. Lehr, as most of his friends know, wears upon his left arm a bangle which he never takes off. His collars are almost unbearably high, and though it is impossible for them not to be distressingly uncomfortable, yet Mr. Lehr wears them with the same easy grace that he does the soft turn-over collars of his negligee shirts.

The Tuxedo coat is more popular than ever this season. And the fashionable



spats showed exactly the same size check as the waistcoat.

Mr. Ellis believes that the golf girl has no right to monopolize the golf cape.

He wears a golf cape himself.

When a good breeze is blowing and he is waiting for his turn on the golf links, he fastens it across his shoulders.

In comparison with his outing suits, his collection of golf capes, however, is limited. Mr. Ellis predicts that the golf cape will soon be regarded as one of the necessary dress accessories of a society man's wardrobe.

Shown at Hempstead any fashion eccentricity which Mr. Ellis may omit to introduce is quickly supplied by Mr. Reginald Rives.

"Rizzole" Rives has a positive craze for collecting driving gloves—and such remarkable gloves as these!

In the first place Mr. Rives has all his driving gloves made specially to order for him in London. And each pair fasten with large solid gold buttons engraved with his monogram. These gloves are generally of doe skin with the palms and sides of the fingers in dog skin. He has dozens of pairs in dull reds and in various shades of tan and gray. The most interesting gloves in his collection are of white doe skin, combined with fine but strong black leather. The buttons on all of Mr. Rives's driving

they are actually as large as an ordinary butter plate. The coat is double-breasted and there are two rows of these extraordinary buttons.

The fad for monograms is at its height

world on a yacht as most people cross the ferry to Hoboken, has his monogram embroidered exquisitely in silk on all his stockings. He is especially partial to embroidered silk socks, and has a collection

embroidered with forget-me-nots, wee violets, or rosebuds, or dainty sprays of delicate green maidenhair fern.

Then, too, young Mr. Vanderbilt has a solid gold buttons, on which his monogram is also engraved.

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## TWO MILES OF MILLIONAIRES ALONG FIFTH AVENUE.

den and Mr. and Mrs. James Burden live at No. 908.

Other notable people living just above here are Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schiff, at No. 932; Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Robbins, at No. 932; Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Dietrich, No. 963; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Winters, No. 989, and Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer, President of the Municipal Assembly, No. 1041, and Mr. Jacob Ruppert, the millionaire brewer, at No. 1118.

The vacant lots on Fifth avenue represent a list of millionaires also. Upon the southeast corner of Fifty-fifth street is a vacant plot owned by John Jacob Astor. The southwest corner of Fifty-fifth street, 100 feet, is now for sale by St. Luke's Hospital.

Elbridge Gerry owns the next vacant lot, at Sixty-first street. The ground between Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth is in the possession of J. J. Woyson and Buchanan Winthrop.

Now we reach the only block in all these fifty, covering a stretch of two and a half miles, not yet owned by a millionaire. It is between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, and belongs to a contractor. In due course of events this must be purchased by a millionaire.

Hugh J. Grant, ex-Mayor of New York, owns the next vacant lot between Sixty-ninth and Seventieth streets, and E. H. Van Ingen owns the vacant land between Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets.

James Stillman, president of the City Bank, owns the northeast corner of Sev-

## THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.

ent-second street, and John W. Stirling's property adjoins his. The southeast corner of Seventy-third street belongs to Howard Gould.

The Seventy-fifth street lot is shared by L. V. Harkness and John W. Ford. John Notman owns the corner of Seventy-sixth street, and the remainder between Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh belongs to Messrs. Lippman, Bliss and Van Ingen.

At the northeast corner of Seventy-seventh street is William S. Clarke's property, upon which he is now building, while the southeast corner is owned by Oliver H. P. Belmont. Fifty feet near the corner of Seventy-eighth street is owned by Mrs. Bayles, a noted society woman.

H. H. Cook once owned the entire block between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth streets, but now only owns the lot adjoining his house at Seventy-eighth street. Mr. Clothier, the millionaire from Philadelphia, owns the lot at Seventy-ninth street. Mr. Woolwork, a millionaire, owns the northeast corner of Eightieth street, and has a building in progress.

George Ehret, the millionaire brewer, owns the south corner of Eighty-first street, and August Belmont the north.

The lot at Eighty-second is now being negotiated for by millionaires through Mr. Hall, the millionaire builder. Six lots on Eighty-third street belong to Arnold, Constable & Co.

Mrs. Martha Bliss owns a lot on the corner of Eighty-sixth street. A millionaire estate in the West owns part of the

## CHAPTER III.—His Exile.

During fifteen years the Consul returned to Russia several times.

Each time he saw her only aggravated his mad infatuation for the Princess.

She grew more dazzlingly beautiful as she matured to the ripeness so near perfection Balzac says no woman ever attains under thirty.

Eugene Noroff, his heart full of sentiment and passion, pleaded for his love.

The finished coquette flouted her captive before the social whirl of all Russia.

The helpless lover, no longer youthful for a Russian, grew worn and gray.

Occasionally during these visits he would plunge in mad disputation—for a moment's respite for the aching of his heart, for a rest for his weary brain, that kept repeating, "I love her."

He became a slave to the insidious oblivion cocaine produces to lure victims to the end.

He drank the hot liquors the children of the Great White Star love. The result was often long spells of illness.

At last his enormities became so serious a scandal the Emperor was obliged to revoke the Consularship.

He sank lower and lower. He was midway on the downward path.

Only at long intervals did his former manhood assert itself.

Occasionally he would assume the garb of a well-groomed man and call on the only woman he ever loved.

When he hinted at suicide she would laughingly say: "You cannot die. Your soul is mine. How could you die unless I allowed your spirit freedom?"

The Emperor feared a scandal almost at the foot of the throne. The easiest way to end the matter was to banish the renegade.

Eugene Noroff was ordered to leave Russia. His father gave him a sum of

## CHAPTER IV.—His End.

With ambition dead and a heart full of blighted hopes, Eugene Noroff reached New York.

Old, broken in health, almost penniless, the man who once possessed everything men strive for struggled with the horrible effort to gain a livelihood in America.

He spoke French and German so well he managed for a while to get employment without a fluent knowledge of English.

More than once starving during these years, he was obliged to apply for aid to the Russian Consular-General.

The recollection of his former opulence was like a dead sea apple.

The fading away of ambition left his life without an object.

All that remained of his past roscate life was a bundle of faded letters, written in delicate feminine hand, and the photograph of a beautiful woman, whose sensuous cameo-like profile might have belonged to Sappho or to a great society queen.

To these mementoes of happier days he clung with the tenacity of despair.

At last he had no longer the courage to see the beautiful mocking lips that had tauntingly said "You shall not die" smile temptingly from the photograph.

He read the lines he had written from the Sphinx of Helne:

"With her horrible talons she wounded me,

While she thrilled my soul with a kiss."

He reached the sovereignty of his love and mailed them to a friend in this city.

Eugene Noroff, with despair in his soul, walked through the shady labyrinth of Central Park until he found a quiet, secluded nook.

Then he shot himself twice. Once through the head to end his agony—and again through the heart, for the great love in that life seemed to exist after the cold of death was creeping over the clay of Eugene Noroff.

## A Lesson in Hearts.

"MADAM PARADOX," a new book by Mrs. Ormerod, is the story of an American girl who went abroad and married an English army officer.

She gained social position, wealth and love—for a time. Then came a crisis—that is how she became "Madam Paradox," the pseudonym under which she wrote for society papers. It proved a field of exploit quite as rich in experiences—if not in money—as the stage. Therein lies the authoress's opportunity for plot and romance. She moulds this into a double love story that depicts the art life as well as the literary life of London.

As an end of the century book, it refrains from the old style trappings of marriage beds and perpetual happiness assured terms leading characters.

But it is a vivid study of love in the hearts of men and women, that that is so interesting, no matter whether the end be happy or tragic. The book is published by Drexel Bidde, of Philadelphia.

## Science Has Manufactured a New Animal.

English scientists have been conducting some curious experiments with zebras.

It has long been held that the zebra family could be made to assist man materially if the animals could be crossed with the horse. Several experiments failed, but at last a successful cross followed the mating of a male zebra with a pony.

## AN ARMOR PLATE VAULT.

The only armor-plate vault ever built is to be located in Chicago in the new building of the Union Savings Bank and Trust Company now being erected at Fourth and Walnut streets.

It will weigh 17 tons, be 7 1/2 feet in diameter and 18 inches thick, but one man will with ease be able to open and close it. It contains twenty-four bolts, each of which is three inches in diameter.

## Don't Be An Old, Young Woman.

No matter how gray, faded, streaked or how badly bleached your hair may be, no matter what its condition, from any cause, the IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR will at once restore it to its natural color, no matter what it may have been. The IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR is dainty, odorless, is guaranteed harmless and is the only preparation on the market capable of regenerating the hair to any of the several distinct shades of nature. Used by the smart women of fashion the world over. Equally good for eyebrows and beard. Price \$1.50 and \$3.00. Send sample of your hair, we will color it free. We make a specialty of applications, and guarantee privacy.

IMPERIAL VIGORIN is a marvelous hair grower and tonic. Price, \$1.50.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL MFG. CO., 292 5th Ave., Bet. 30th and 31st Sts., New York, U. S. A.

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\$500.00 REWARD IF NOT SO. It would restore the largest factory in the WORLD to supply the demand for EDDY'S VERY STRONG AMMONIA IN BOTTLES IF everybody knew that it is the BEST and CHEAPEST on account of its GREAT STRENGTH.

Free for One Day's Work

We are giving away this beautiful Gold plated watch every day. It is a beautiful watch and is guaranteed to last for years. It is a beautiful watch and is guaranteed to last for years. It is a beautiful watch and is guaranteed to last for years.

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