BEAUTY AT THE RACES

ENGLAND'S FAIREST WOMEN ATTEND ASCOT TRACK.

London Dressmakers Agitated — The Princess Maud to Have Her Trousseau Made in Paris—The Book of Beauty—Gossip of Fashionable Women.

(London Letter.)

SOME people claim that Englishwomen are the ugliest women in the world—taken, of course, in bulk. Other authorities assert, on the other hand, that they are "the prettiest. I will take a fair medium course and say that there are many pretty women in England and that the majority of them seem to have assembled on Ascot race course on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. To head all the beauties there was, of course, the Princess of Wales, who looked as lovely as a fairy book princess in robes of shimmering gray silk with a small bonnet touched with pink and violet on her graceful head, outlined sharply against the cycling background of her black and white chiffon-draped parasol. And then there was pretty little Princess Maud, in cool-looking black and white, and her sister, Princess Victoria (not at all good looking) in the same combination. If you take the whole list of names from Debrett's Peerage, a good sprinkling of selections from the Almanach de Gotha, and a representative contingent from the lists of County Families, and you will get an excellent idea of the brilliant gathering that assembled on each of the four days to watch the running of the most fashionable races of the year. One of the prettiest groups in the royal inclosure was specially admirable because of its composed simplicity, most of the toilettes considered ending on the side of over elaboration. The costume that earned my critical attention was a very fine grass lawn with applied Renaissance lace over rose-pink satin, the lace being deep and particularly handsome at the foot of the skirt. The bodice was accordeon-pleated chiffon, the applique grass lawn, forming a small little jacket with basque. Round the waist was a wide rose-pink mirror velvet belt fastened with eight small paste buttons. The sleeves were made tight of accordeon-pleated chiffon, and large bows of grass lawn caught with paste buckles falling over them. This particularly striking costume was completed by an enormous Leghorn hat with pink roses laid around the brim and surmounted by white feathers and Paradise plumes.

Fortunately the girl upon whom this pink and white excellence was expended was tall and exceedingly pretty. She carried, to complete the perfect effect of the whole, a huge parasol of rose-pink satin draped with grass lawn and running over with little frills of lace and fringed with tiny rose-pink. The handle was of ivory set with coral and a big bunch of pink roses was tied close to the end.

Then, in the way of gowns, nothing could have been more excellent than a toilette worn by a lady who was in the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's party. It (the gown) was of the palest tinge of mauve lawn, printed with tiny black figures and worn over a lining of a rather deeper tone of the same color. Round the edge of the skirt were six narrow flounces, all bunched together of the mauve lawn, edged with black lace, while the waist was encircled by a deep belt of black satin, fastening in front under a big buckle of dull silver set with great turquoises. The bodice was of the mauve lawn, but the whole front of it and a pointed yoke-shaped piece in the back was heavily embroidered with turquoises, outlined with silver and jet.

Around the throat was a broad band of bright blue satin ribbon, above which was a full ruffle of black lace. The sleeves were quite tight from wrist to shoulder, and were of the mauve muslin, shirred and drawn up into a slight puff at the shoulders, from which fell small frills of the black lace. Black gloves and a big black hat, in which waved purple orchids and black feathers, with a big buckle of silver and turquoise defining the crown on the left side, and holding a band of turquoise blue mirror velvet. With this lovely gown, was carried a large parasol of black lace closely frilled inside and out, over a lining of brilliant blue silk. The whole effect was as extraordinary as it was harmonious. The Duchess of Marlborough I was able to see very distinctly, for she did not move about much, but her gown was all blue and white, very frilly and diaphanous looking, with an immense ruffle about her throat and a huge black hat, tilted rather far forward over her quaint little face. The Duchess of Sutherland was much in evidence, as usual, looking pretty and artistic in crushed, colored muslin over white silk.

There is much weeping and gnashing of teeth among many of the dressmakers in London, for it is evident that there will be