

Fashions of the Day.

Most women one knows will have good clothes, and can pay good prices for them. Why they are content to pay for being gowned and hatted like twenty or thirty other women in their own set, with whom they come in daily contact, has been and ever will be deep unpenetrable mystery to me.

Only this week I have seen Mrs. Oliver Belmont, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Fair, Mrs. "Willie" Travers, Miss de Wolfe, and nearly a dozen other women whose names I can't recall, wearing identically the same hat. Of course I don't mean there was only one hat among the lot of them—but all their hats were fashioned on the same model, a squatty turban, with the brim formed of breasts of birds, and a bird sitting up in front. Not unlike the nougat and spun candy arrangements one sees at Easter dinners.

This is only one of many similar incidents. Take the black and white polka-dotted gown that Mrs. "Clary" Mackay is wearing with the criss-cross effect on the bodice and skirt. If I have seen one gown built on this model, I have seen fifty. Every dressmaker in town is showing it in every conceivable combination of coloring. It is what the dressmaker calls "a good seller." When the women get through buying it and assemble at some general meeting-place, the result promises to savor strongly of the ludicrous.

Of course I know this is a big world, with very many women in it. But judging from the number of badly dressed ones we meet, it would seem as though good taste were a very scarce commodity in the land.

Why not form classes, take lessons, do something to cultivate, if not good, at least better taste?

I have noticed that the sharpening of the artistic preceptions does a lot for the progressive development of one's character generally.

Teach one's mind the importance of beautiful things, and it will soar above much that has satisfied it before and that is unworthy.

There are clever people with original ideas on all artistic subjects in this and every country, lacking only the money and opportunity that such women as I have here named, and hundreds like them, possess.

Why will not some of them lead the way out of the monotonous rut into which women of wealth and fashion have fallen?

Let them clamor for individuality and originality in all their belongings; when the demand is felt the supply will be forthcoming, and speedily too. Then, and only then, can the dressing of women become an art.

Enough of the future, let us discuss the present.

Polka-dot rampant is the summary of the week.

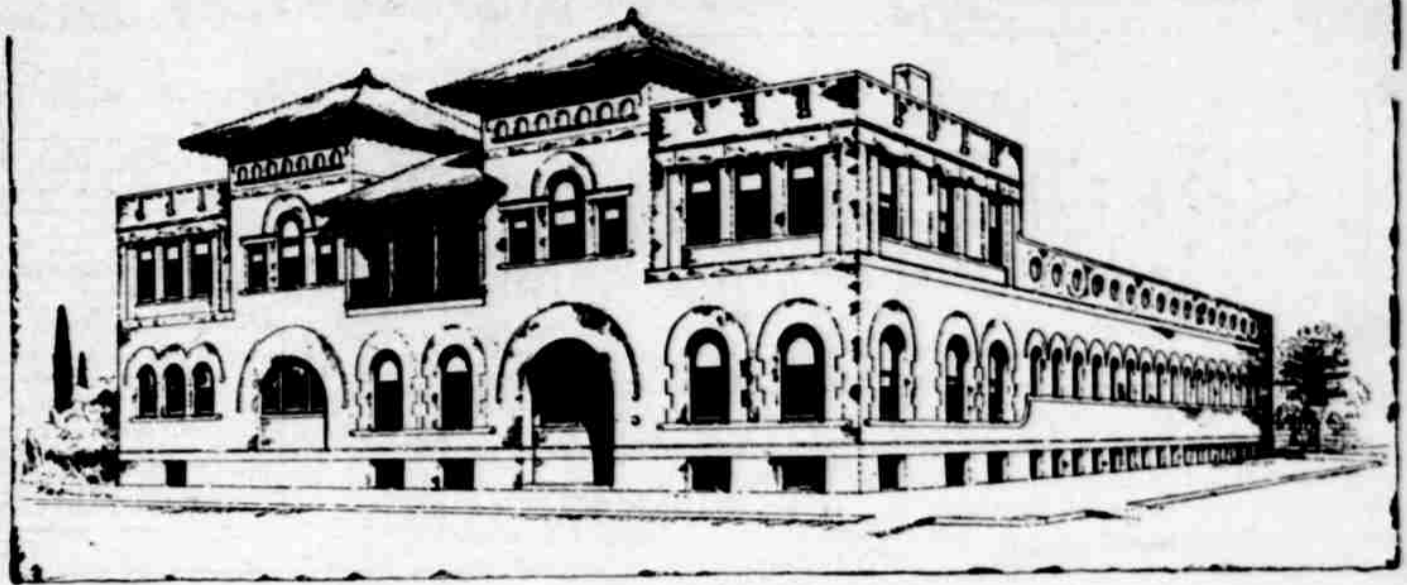
Not only does it reign supreme in Mrs. Mackay's dazzling toilette, but it is to be found on materials of all kinds, from gauze to velvet, and in all sizes, from the dimensions of a small pea to those of a large dime.

A very smart dinner gown that I saw the other day (it had just "come over,") was in black grenadine, very sheer, with black silk dots embroidered closely all over it.

It had a long skirt with a quantity of little frills of dotted grenadine, and a polonaise over drapery edged with three of the same tiny frills as on the skirt.

The waist was quite simple and made surplice fashion, fastened on one side, in the style worn last year. But the Parisienne never tires of this effect. She is as constant to it as to the everlasting guimpes she loves so well.

There were a high neck, long sleeve, and transparent guimpe also with this



Sulpho-Saline Sanitarium, Cor. 14th and M

All Kinds of Baths—Scientific Masseurs. A Deep Sea Pool, 50x142 feet.

Shaving—Hairdressing.

DRS. EVERETT, Managing Physicians.

gown, so that it could be worn as a theatre dress if desired.

Separate detachable guimpes are invariably botches, in my opinion, and no smartly gowned woman should ever be guilty of them, unless she is willing to be classed in the same category with the man who wears detachable cuffs with his shirts!

The transparent sleeves and guimpes, when they are permanent fixtures, are exceedingly chic, and so comfortable and cool in a hot theatre that one wonders how one endured the two or three hours in the dreadful atmosphere of the average playhouse without them.

Speaking of playhouses, I went to see Julia Arthur again the other night in "The Lady of Quality."

Such gowns! Surely My Lady Dunstanwolde, the toast of all London, the beauty of the season, with unlimited wealth at her command, might have found some one to do more justice to her charms.

methinks the tailor that built her red coat and black satin breeches understood better how to make the most of her.

I would go back to him if I were My Lady Dunstanwolde!

I have received a line apropos of the paragraph that Saunterer published last week commenting on mourning going out of fashion among the smart set. My correspondent calls my attention to the fact that Mrs. "Carley" Havemeyer is wearing a string of pearls with a pearl pendant with her widow's weeds, and begs me to say whether I think it is good taste for her to do so. I don't think I care to say, never having been a widow and not having any pearls that would offer any serious temptation to anyone to wear them. I don't believe I am really competent to pass judgment upon Mrs. Havemeyer. I will say, though, that she is quite enough of a beauty to be able to go unadorned for a longer time than is considered necessary to mourn one's husband when one belongs to her set.

After all, every thing depends upon one's point of view.

I heard of a woman the other day who said—and said it with the utmost sincerity and enthusiasm—that she thought the violet and red gown that Miss Bingham wears in "On and Off" was "the most elegant she had ever seen." What is the use of struggling for art in gowns after that?

DR. LEONHARDT'S ANTI-PILL
Cures Constipation, Billiousness, nervousness and the pill habit. Action not followed by costiveness. Doubt it? Try it. Sample free. Druggists, 25c, or address ANTI-PILL CO., Lincoln, Nebr.

"GIVE US BACK THE TAILS."

If we, as Mr. Darwin says,
From monkeys are descended,
Old Time, in changing things hath not
As yet the matter mended.
Descendants of our ancestors
Have no such times as they,
Who have no rent or tax
Of government to pay.
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature
Clothing gave—
And freaks of fashion do not make
Of monkey-girls a slave.
So the olden way's the happiest way:
The new condition fails;
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.
No hurrying out of bed had they;
No bolting breakfast down;
No hasty walk to shop in fear
Of some old boss's frown.
The lady-monkey sat not up
Till day the night did rout,
In waiting for the lodge to close
To let her husband out.
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd
No officers to keep;
And o'er defaulter's cash account
They never had to weep.
So the olden way's the happiest way:
The new condition fails;
And Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Just give us back the tails.
They had no fashion's promenade,
Where beauty's feet could stray;
But then the boss-monkey had
Not a milliner to pay.
They had no wine, the monkey's young
Through night to keep a storming;
They thereby saved (you know yourself)
A headache in the morning.
A peaceful race were they, who ne'er
To war's appeal did fly;
They saved thereby occasion for
A Joint Commission high.
A smarter race were they than that
Which from them hath descended
And Time, by changing things, hath not
As yet the matter mended.
For the old way's the happiest way:
The new condition fails;
So Darwin, if you can, my boy,
Please give us back the tails.
—From The Philadelphia Bulletin.



BE WARY

Do not let any other dealer sell you a shoe represented as being the "Jenness Miller" shoe.

We are the sole agent for them in this city.

They are the only shoes made for women that "fit the feet as nature intended."

Every pair is stamped with her signature on the sole and inside facing.

Try a pair and enjoy absolute foot comfort.

Price **\$3.50**

Extra quality \$5.

MAYER BROS.
112-122 Tenth Street

REDUCED RATES TO GRAND ENCAMPMENT MINING DISTRICT WYO.

The Union Pacific will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip, plus \$5.00, from all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Utah to Rawlins, Wyo. Dates on which tickets will be sold are 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Nov. Stage line daily except Sunday each way between Rawlins and Grand Encampment. For full information call on or address E. B. SLOSSON, General Agent