

Fashions of the Day.

The Horse Show of another year has passed into history, for which Allah be praised.

A more bewildering, exhausting, demoralizing institution I don't know. It turns the whole town topsy turvy. In the placid stream of one's every day life it suddenly creates an eddy that "sets" for Madison Square Garden with an irresistible force. It is merely wearisome to struggle; there seems nothing to do but drift with it, which means that invariably it lands you on the shore of the show.

It may cast you into a box, it may cast you into seats, or it may force you to walk around and around the Clothes Walk; but it gets you there and there it keeps you unto the bitter end, even to the supreme moment when the band plays "Home, Sweet Home," with true feeling! Then, and only then does the Horse Show eddy stop whirling you about at its own sweet will; then and only then are you free—if there is any thing left of you; Out of its maelstrom, for the first time in six days, you may return, if you can, to smooth quiet waters, and, if you are lucky, life flows along at a fairly rational pace—until the next Horse Show wave looms into sight.

And yet, though Horse Show week is responsible for making many of us leave undone those things which we ought to have done, and doing with promptitude and dispatch those things which we ought not to have done, it certainly is not without its mission. Particularly is this true of this year's Show.

I don't refer to the keeping up of the standard of horses and harnesses and the things on wheels that goes with them. *Ca va sans dire*, and is out of my line. I mean the tremendous strides that were taken during the show toward the suppression of overdressing on the part of the women.

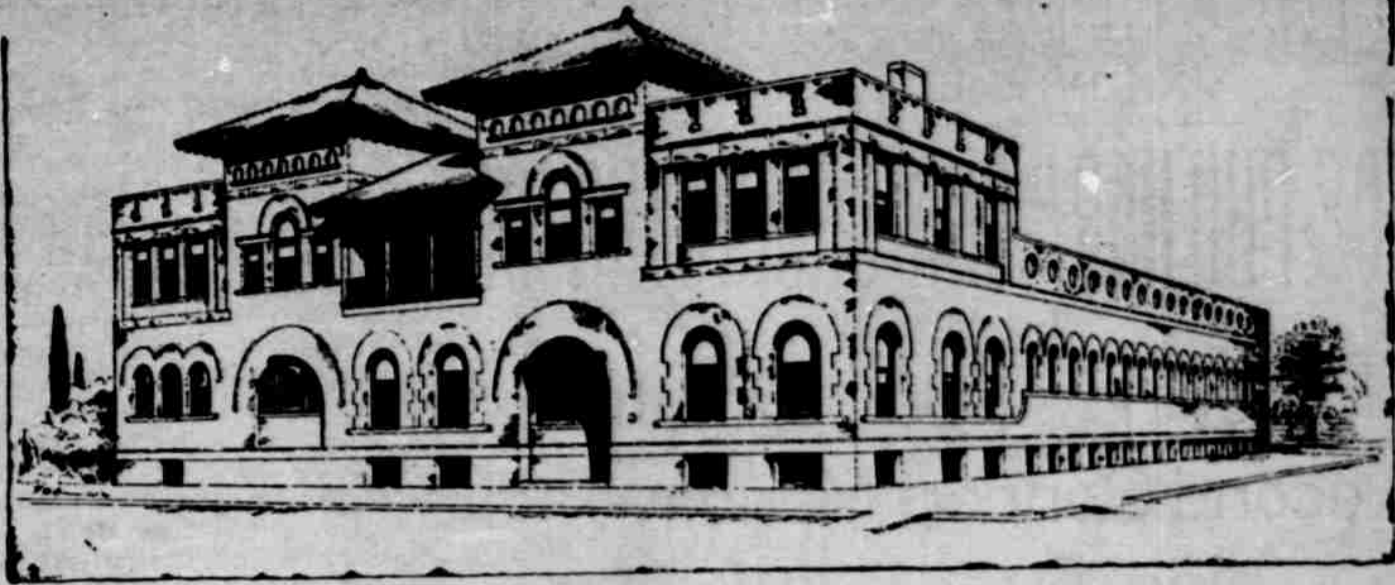
I hoped it might be so, and ventured to say it would be so, but in my heart of hearts I felt myself to be a false prophet. Yet after all, it was so!

It was positively bad form by the end of the week to wear new clothes. Mrs. Stuyve Fish, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and a number of other women of equal social weight, took particular delight in wearing—think of it—last year's gowns. Mrs. Ollie Belmont was so indifferent to the Clothes Walk part of the Show that she wore the same gown of putty-colored cloth with black rosettes at least four times during the week.

Among the really smart women there was little or no attempt at a clothes parade.

The crowds of dressmakers and milliners big and little, that flocked to steal their annual supply of ideas certainly must have been sadly disappointed. But the result was generally salutary and the horses reaped the benefit. Really there was so little worth looking at on exhibition outside the ring that the inside of the ring gained from the multitude the attention that women and her raiment, have absorbed for many years.

That, of course, is as it should be. Personally, I observed a few things besides the horses. I should say the thing that made the most vivid impression on me was the prevalence of the sable cape. I should have been quite overwhelmed by the richness of the atmosphere that surrounded me, and tremendously impressed by the luxury of my friends and enemies, only the other day my furrier showed me a perfect beauty of a cape—sable, as I supposed—for so very little money. In response to my exclamation of surprise, he explained that it was not Russian sable at all (nor are half the capes one sees), but sable fox. That is, fox dyed so cleverly that it looked so much like sable it would deceive any personally



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intimate friend of the who's sable family.

Mrs Henry Sloane wore the handsomest furs that I saw, and I don't suppose that there is any reason to doubt their claims upon the sable family. Mrs. Sloane appeared one night at the Show without her proverbial velvet gown and velvet toque. She wore, instead, a maize silk gown, veiled in black net-embroidered in black spangles and beads. Her hat that night was a tulle toque, with white feathers.

She certainly is wise to affect velvet so much, for she loses quite half her personality when she leaves it off.

Why Mrs. Durke-Roche went to the trouble of having that long coat that which she is wearing, with a flowing cape, made in box cloth I can't imagine. Nothing could be worse form, or more unbecoming. The only person I know that fancied it is Mrs. Roche, and she would not, if she could for one moment, see herself as others see her.

Another long coat that Mrs. Roche is wearing is of black velvet. It, too, is loose and sweeps the ground. It is embroidered in huge jet bow knots, and is quite a regal garment, and Mrs. Roche wears it well—but I do wish she would give that other dreadful thing away.

If there were a prize offered by the Show for the worse dressed women in the smart set, I am sure some one among the Hempstead contingent would win it.

It did seem as though Mrs. Smith Hadden, Mrs. "Jimmie" Kernochan, Miss Bird, Miss Cottennet, Mrs. "Tommy" Hitchcock and others were trying to rival one another in dowdiness and bad style.

Possibly Mrs. Hitchcock would have won the prize. Any thing more impotent than the green plaid blouse she wore would be hard to imagine. As for her hats and the original way she has of "doing up her back hair," they certainly would get her a ribbon in a class for bad dressing.

I noticed that one of the fashion writers the other day gravely announced that Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes was wearing her hats tipped decidedly over her nose, and that that was the only chic angle at which hats should be worn.

Oh! The foolish things the average alleged fashion writers let themselves say. As a matter of fact the angle that Mrs. Stokes wears her hats is all her own.

It suits her, but it would not suit many women.

Hats just now are worn at almost any

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angle one pleases; off the face, over the face, up on one side, and even down in the back. The main thing to be considered is "does it suit me?"

The average American woman thinks too much of her hat and too little of her head.

To be bien coiffée is one of the first ambitions of the Parisienne, and one of the last of the New Yorker.

If the hair is well done a woman can wear most any kind of a hat with success, yet the average New Yorker will pay twenty-five dollars for a hat and get half a dozen or more a season, and tell you she cannot have her hair properly dressed because she "cannot afford it."

In Paris just now every other well-groomed woman's head is adorned by a mass of artistic waves and undulations. Here every other woman's head looks as though it should go through a sieve of brushing and clippings, and is guiltless of any attempt at artistic wavings. So no wonder hats remain a difficult problem. Of all the women I can call to mind whose heads are really as they should be—outwardly, of course—there are only two, Mrs. Jordan Mott, Jr., and Mrs. Edmund Baylies.

Their perfectly dressed heads have been my admiration for many a day, and leave me wondering why others, hundreds of other women, do not emulate them. I do not think that one could close a retrospective commentary on the horse show without a word about the provincialism of the women and men that sat about the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria and gaped and gazed upon the people who went to dinner and supper as though they were so many freaks.

If one saw such an exhibition of bad manners in the wild and woolly west, one would understand and forgive it. That such a thing should be encouraged or even permitted in a town like New York, that prides itself upon knowing as much as anybody about how things ought to be done, is beyond my comprehension, and the comprehension of every one else with decent ideas, for that matter.

Baby—Goo goo gur-r-r., oo, oo!  
Mamma (anxiously)—Edmund, it seems to me the baby doesn't sound the final 'g' in "ing" very plainly.

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