

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S NICE RECEPTIONS IN THE BLUE ROOM.

The First Lady in the Land and Her Guests. Her Unaffected Manner and How She is Gowned at Present—Sensible Sons of Noted Fathers.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Mrs. Cleveland gives two receptions each week in the blue room of the executive mansion, and very popular receptions they are. They are not public levees, and in order to be admitted one must have an invitation. One of the peculiarities of Washington social life is that here people openly ask for cards of invitation, and four-



MRS. CLEVELAND RECEIVES HER FRIENDS. fifths of the ladies who attend Mrs. Cleveland's receptions have sought and in many cases begged for the little cards which alone give entree. Every week hundreds and thousands of applications for audience are denied. Mrs. Cleveland rightly assumes that she is not required by her position to submit to the inspection of mere curiosity seekers. At least she is not required to do so at this time.

Naturally there are people who do not approve Mrs. Cleveland's present policy. They say she is the wife of the president, and it is as much her duty to see all callers as it is her husband's. These are the same sort of people who go to the White House with a certain sense of proprietorship. Because it is public property they cannot see why every room in the house is not thrown open for their inspection. They would like particularly to enter Mr. Cleveland's private apartments, to go into the kitchen, the linen press and to be permitted to pluck flowers in the conservatory.

A few days ago I overheard a woman expostulating with an usher because he would not admit her to the blue room and to the main corridor of the house while Mrs. Cleveland was holding one of her receptions. In vain did the usher explain that his orders were imperative, and finally he was compelled to say that Mrs. Cleveland was entitled to some rights of privacy in her own house.

"Her own house indeed!" exclaimed the woman, with a toss of her head. "Perhaps Mrs. Cleveland thinks she owns the place just because her husband has been elected president. The people of the United States own this house, sir, and I'd like to know by what right the people are denied admittance to the parlors! It's a perfect shame!"

Many such unreasonable women go to the White House in the course of a week. They do not go into the private rooms, or the conservatory, or the dining room, or the kitchen, but they do manage to make more or less miserable the lives of the poor ushers. The people who visit the executive mansion have to be constantly watched on account of their craze for souvenirs or relics. Women carry scissors with them in order to snip a piece out of a curtain if they get a chance. Once a woman was seen cutting a bit of ribbon from Mrs. Cleveland's gown. When detected, she tried to pass the matter off as a joke, but quickly disappeared.

Some of these people manage to get invitations to Mrs. Cleveland's receptions. In the blue room they distinguish themselves by standing as close to Mrs. Cleveland as they possibly can, staring at her and listening to every word she utters. They get in the way of new arrivals, and by their pigish manners make themselves generally disagreeable. At first Mrs. Cleveland tried to manage her little receptions alone, but she soon found it necessary to call in the assistance of one of the White House staff. Now Usher Dubois stands near her constantly, presents the ladies who are not personally known to the hostess, and in his quiet way contrives to prevent too much crowding about her. It is wonderful what authority a man is able to exercise over a lot of women, particularly when he is the only man in sight and an official who knows his business.



YOUNG GRESHAM IN THE HARVEST FIELD. Mrs. Cleveland's invitation cards are characteristic. "Mrs. Cleveland will be glad to see So-and-so. Plain, hearty, Saxon 'glad' is the word. The name, the day of the week and the hour are written with a pen. The usual hour is from 12 to 1, and the days Tuesday and Friday. At noon of these days there are crowd assemblies. Most of them come in carriages. Those who have invitations know what to do and where to go. But at this hour usually hundreds of people are visiting the east room, and

IN FASHION'S REALM.

SKIRTS LOOK MUCH WIDER THAN THEY REALLY ARE.

A Dress of the Queen of Greece—Men Have Too Sombre Clothes Anyhow, Says Olive Harper—Scandalous Handkerchiefs and Horrid Cravats—Two Charming Gowns.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, April 13.—Some of our brightest fashion writers have asserted recently that some of the dresses are made yards around. I had my doubts about 10 that and went to work with a tape-line, and after 10 days in every first class house in this city I declare that the wide-



PERLETTE FIGON AND BLUE FAHLE GOWNS. est skirt was a trifle less than 5 yards around the bottom, and that it would be next to impossible to make them any larger. The majority of the dresses that are stiffened out are from 3 1/2 to 4 yards around. They look much wider than they really are because of the stiffening which makes them fall in stiff waves rather than close, flat folds, as they did before; but it is safe to say that no one but the skirt dancers wear such exaggerated widths, and they have the thinnest of textures.

A photograph that has been taken of the queen of Greece within a month—and she is noted for her exquisite taste in dress, and she has all her gowns from Paris—shows a skirt close around the hips and mildly wide around the bottom. The dress is of soft gray wool, with two bias bands around the bottom of gray silk with magenta raised dots all over it. The sleeves are leg o' mutton, not very large and rather drooping.

I have noticed a great many pieces of woolen goods with raised dots in contrasting colors as well as darker shades of the same color. The dots are small and regularly placed. I think one, where the ground was a lovely shade of tan and the little tufts were of green silk, was as pretty a piece of goods as has come under my vision in many a day. The dots were so small and so close that at first glance from one position it looked all green, and then another view showed the underlying color. There is something delightful always in the unexpected, and that, I think, is why the changeable effects have taken such a strong hold on public fancy.

There are several beautiful new goods in just such effects, and the importer told me that he thought by winter they would be used to make vests for men. I am glad, for I think men have too sombre clothes anyhow. They are not so very beauteous by nature as to be able to do away with all ornament and all brightness of color.

Up to now—that is, for many generations—their brilliancy has been mainly derived from neckties, and even there they were greatly restricted to the most modest and unobtrusive colorings; but now they are to have speckled vests and loose and bright lined neckties, and handkerchiefs with bright red polka dots and checker boards, and in fact unlimited fancies in colored borders. But I advise the gentlemen to make their own purchases, for tasteful as women are in their own gowns and gear, just so ignorant they appear regarding the proper color or form of the things their dear little souls delight in purchasing for their "hubbies." A little secret I must confess in this regard, and that is that those surprising neckties and scandalous look-



HANDSOME GOWNS FOR SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER.

ing handkerchiefs are usually bought at bargain counters, and, like Sam Weller's crumplets of raised dough, they are "cheap and fillin'" but not wholesome gifts for the men. They spoil their temper.

Let me persuade my sisters to leave cravats and all that and look at the pretty gowns I have for them here. One is of the new crepe perlette in ashes of roses, with pearly white raised dots. It is trimmed with five bias bands of silk velvet. Another charming spring gown is of pale gray-blue faille, with indigo sleeves and yoke. The silk is cut out in turrets and filled in with the darker faille. There are, it will be noticed, lace undersleeves—not frills, but undersleeves—falling below the turret points. Altogether an awfully pretty gown.

The last is an outing gown of green camel's hair, with moss trimming in the same shade, and black Spanish lace on the cape and full loops of ribbon which encircle shoulders and fall in front in two loops.

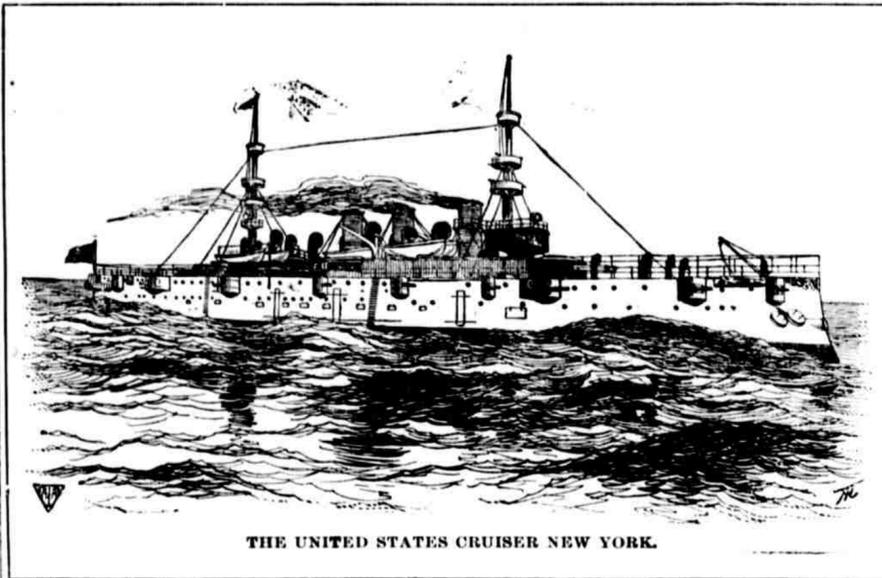
OLIVE HARPER.

SOME CURRENT ILLUSTRATIONS.

Interesting Pictures of Buildings and Boats that we Have all Read About



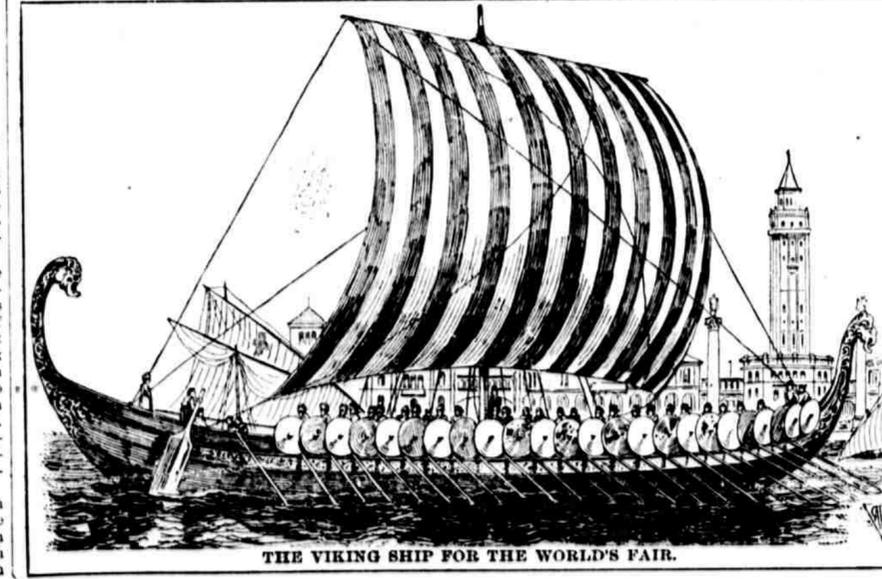
CHARACTERISTIC STATE BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER NEW YORK.



THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.



THE VIKING SHIP FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.