

## WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS.

Elia Wheeler on Modern Fashions and How Women Should Appareil Themselves.

## MEN'S LIKES IN WOMAN'S DRESS.

American Women Dressing Better Than Formerly—Corsets Ruinous to Female Beauty and Health—The "Decolletee."

[Written For The Bee—Copyrighted.]

Every woman ought to dress in a manner pleasing to the eye of the man she loves. Next to the saving of her own soul, it is the most imperative duty of her life.

If she loves no man, then she should endeavor to be comely in the sight of her friends and associates. Whenever a woman is dainty and careful in her dress she helps to refine the tastes of those about her.

So long as she keeps these objects in view, she is justified in the use of whatever time and money her situation may demand for the purpose. When she ignores these points and dresses to outvie her neighbor, she is indulging in soulless extravagance.

A wife ought to make a careful study of her husband's tastes in dress and apparel, and to conform to them. In order to do this, I would advise her to keep a tablet on hand on which to jot down his flattering comments on other ladies' costumes, or to make a memorandum of the toilets which won his admiring glances. In this way many a wife would gain a fairer estimate of her husband's tastes than by trusting to his comments on her own dress.

Young men declare they cannot afford to marry nowadays, because girls are so extravagant. They may blame themselves for much of this extravagance. It is the well-dressed women on whom they bestow their attentions and their compliments.

Through the thin wall of a hotel partition I was the involuntary listener not long ago to a conversation between two young men. They were discussing the young ladies with whom they had become acquainted during the summer.

"You just ought to have seen the girl I met at Lake George," said one. "Her dresses fitted like the paper on the wall. No lady there could compare with her in style."

I think, as a rule, however, it does not require extravagant expenditure to produce pleasing effects for the opposite sex. Men like a well-fitted garment in the prevailing fashion, and in becoming colors. Only the dodos and the salesmen are experts in judging of expensive materials and elaborate finish.

I heard a gentleman rave over a lady's costume one day, and pronounce it one of the most effective and elegant he had ever seen. It was a simple serge, but exquisitely fitted and draped, and the color was exactly suited to its wearer. His wife, who frowned at his rhapsodies, and, no doubt, wondered at his taste, was attired in an expensive silk, over-trimmed and clumsily made and of a hideously unbecoming shade.

I know two girls; one is a daughter of wealth, who wastes a fortune on dress every year. I say wastes, because she throws her money away recklessly, ruins a garment quickly and is seldom neatly dressed. The other girl wears inexpensive materials, is scrupulously neat and careful, and on one twentieth of the money expended by the heiress she is better apparelled and more pleasing to the eye.

American women dress in far better and more distinctive taste than they did a decade of years ago. Individually in dress is becoming more potent than fashion.

Few of us realize to whom thanks are due for this welcome innovation. We made sport of Oscar Wilde, yet we owe him almost as great a debt of gratitude as we owe to the centennial celebration of 1876. He told the American woman to stop putting on personnel, and to adapt her garments to her "own particular style." He told her to dare to be artistic; and the effect of his words increases with each passing year.

No woman ever ought to make a purchase of even a print or cambric morning dress without putting to mind whether it suits her style. If she is tall and stately, she does not need to increase her height and salowness by a pale blue stripe. Leave that for the short blondes, and purchase a crimson check, or a plain dark blue.

It was the Creator's original intention that all women should be fair to look upon. Ugliness and deformity are the results of wrong methods of living and thinking, and it is in our power to greatly augment our modesty, to modify our features by our methods of dress. It is a noble art, and should be studied like any other of the arts.

It is useless to deny the fact, and we may as well be frank about it, our garments for the street are uncomfortable and inconvenient. They are wearing going to do about it? Only the fortunate possessors of perfect forms and faces can look well in unfashionable attire. Perfect beauties are few, and even they prefer to increase their charms by attractive costumes.

Men are quick to note with appreciative glances, or ready words of admiration, a fresh and stylish toilet. They are quick to deride and ridicule a woman who dares to be independent of fashion.

So long as mankind finds fashionable garments the attractive ones, so long womanhood will strive to keep close to Dame Fashion, no matter how she pinches us, pricks us, drags us down and overloads us.

I believe the corset is ruinous to the real beauty of the female figure, and to the health of women. All the long defences of it ever written, all the dissertations on the "support" it gives the wearer, all the certificates of "perfectly healthy and long-lived" women who have been brought up from the cradle in stays, will never convince any sensible human being. Anything which compresses the waist in the least degree, anything which prevents deep respiration, anything which does not permit us to leap, run, fence, swim, or practice gymnastics, without extra fatigue, must be injurious.

A slight woman may do all this in lacing strings, but without them the effort would be undeniably easier.

In one of the up-to-date hotel parlors I heard two mothers chatting about their young daughters last month. "I am really worried about Nellie," said one. "She is so full of life, and so fond of outdoor sports. She is wild over tennis and rowing, but she is so anxious to look trim that she takes all her exercise in her corset. I cannot persuade her to leave it off. She comes in so tired, and she is thin as a shadow, despite our long

"If a woman knows that she cannot afford to wear as rich clothing as some of her friends, or that she overtaxes and embarrasses her husband in the effort, she is guilty of an inexcusable folly, almost crime, if she insists upon it. The garment which has to be obtained by coaxing or tears, and paid for by sleepless nights of worry, can never bring the wearer happiness or success. Better to be clothed in sack-cloth.

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## RANNEY'S OLD STAND.

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summer in the country, where I took her to rest and recruit.

I saw a young lady pause at the foot of the New York Elevated Railroad station the other day, and look up the long flight of stairs with a sigh.

"Oh, if I were only dressed like a man," she cried, "how I would skip up those stairs! but my shoes are tight, my elastic is tight, my waist is tight, and my gloves and collar are tight, so I can only crawl up."

She was no exception to this rule either—only in being frank about it. But that very day I heard a gentleman comment pleasantly on the trim, neat figure of this young lady, and her modest, yet stylish mode of dress.

To be absolutely comfortably attired for walking, climbing stairs and riding, the waist ought not to have even the restriction of a whalebone, there ought to be no awkward, torturing to lean back against, and the skirts should reach only to the tops of the boots. Yet we would sooner venture alone in the jungles of Africa than to walk down Broadway attired in this manner.

It is easier to suffery the martyrdom of fashion. We all desire to be pleasing in the eyes of the lords of creation; we are all wounded if we receive neglect, or ridicule from them, and we have all noticed that whatever our fathers, lovers, or brothers may say theoretically on the subject, that they invariably show their admiration for a handsome, well-dressed woman who combines good taste with fashion.

It is a painful truth that the woman who ignores fashion for comfort impairs her usefulness, and brings upon herself annoyance. She travels she meets with rudeness and ridicule.

If she goes shopping she meets with inattention and discourtesy. If she goes on an errand of charity she is looked upon as a crank or an impostor.

A fashionable costume on the other hand, is an open letter of credit.

The conductor looks after you, the "saleslady" is attentive, the banker obliguous, and the usher of the church finds the best pew for you. It is pitiful, but it is true.

And so we prefer to bear physical suffering to mental and spiritual disturbance.

A great deal has been said of late concerning the decolletee dress for ladies. Being myself a worshipper at the shrine of beautiful woman, and an admirer of the nude in art, I am perhaps unfitted to discuss this subject impartially.

I have seen immodest dressing which shocked and disgusted me, but it seems to me the rule that American women know who draw the line.

I could never understand why the uncovering of pretty arms and shoulders was any more immodest than the uncovering of a pretty face. In Asia custom considers the latter immodest.

he would have assured his wife that she was a thousand times more attractive in her closely-buttoned dress than Mrs. S.—in her decolletee gown. But he proved by word and act that he really admired the decolletee gown the more.

Decolletee is a French word from decolletur, "to uncover the neck." It does not signify any indecent display of the person, although it is frequently improperly used in that sense by its critics. So long as it is the neck which is uncovered, and the occasion is suitable, I am at a loss to find the indecency of this very pretty custom.

For more shocking to my sense of the proprieties is the sight of much jewelry worn in the daylight and in street cars. Precious gems seem to me to belong to the night almost as exclusively as the stars of heaven. But the woman herself is the most precious gem of all, and unless she is truthful, unselfish, chaste and intelligent, no amount of beautiful apparel or fashionable attire can win her lasting admiration.

As common glass set in the rarest gold, Good taste must shrink, offended to behold A coarse-grained woman in a fine-spun gown.

Her gems should be like flashes from her mind. Her dress the sweet expression of her heart; Unless this perfect harmony we find, There is no worth or beauty in the art.

## RELIGIOUS.

Cardinal Gibbons' red hat was received from Rome last week.

The "Ragged Sunday Schools" in London have 40,000 scholars and 4,000 teachers.

A call is out for a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Washington in December next.

The American Secular union holds its eleventh annual convention in Chicago on the 15th and 16th inst.

It is stated that the Episcopal Church of Ireland has 640,000 members, while the Presbyterian has 471,000 and the Methodist 49,000.

A convention will be held in Philadelphia from the 15th to the 20th of November for the discussion of the divine inspiration of the Bible.

Senator and Mrs. Hearst have just given a handsome sum to a Hebrew congregation in San Francisco toward the erection of a new synagogue.

A Methodist tabernacle in the central part of the city of Los Angeles, California, is to be built at a cost of \$50,000. It will furnish seating capacity for 2,500.

It is now stated that Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, will lay the corner stone of the new St. Patrick's Basilica in Rome, and that the sermon will be preached by Archbishop Croke.

Bishop Ireland has been elected a member of the Royal Legion. During his recent visit to St. Paul, Cardinal Gibbons made the announcement that he would return a year hence to confer the pallium of archbishop upon him.

Paul Armour, the millionaire meat packer of Chicago, has given \$100 for a mission church of the country in commemoration of the life and services of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg. D. D., who is regarded as the patriarch of the Lutheran church in America.

Dr. Muhlenberg came to this country from Germany in 1742 and organized the synod of Pennsylvania. He died Oct. 7, 1787, and was buried at New Providence (the Trappe), Penn.

## SEVERAL SUNDAY SMILES.

Arranged in Prose and Rhyme by the Wits of the Day.

## HYAR'S DE COON FOR YER MONEY

Life's "Jack-Pots"—Chestnuts—Hotel Swells—The Scotch of It—The Joke Was Not So Funny—Put in a Delicate Way.

## Hyar's de Coon for Yer Money.

Earl Morlie in American Magazine. Joggin' long hair, joggin' over thar, Hear what I tell yer when I declar Hyar's de nig for ye, honey.

Whitewash yer walls, black up yer boots, Do all yer chores till Ole Gabriel toots.

Hyar's de coon for yer money. What a nig good for but to wait! On all de white folks sent him by fate!

Hyar's de nig for ye, honey! Choppin' up yer wood-piles, totin' up yer Waitin' on yer table, makin' up yer bunks, Hyar's de coon for yer money.

Pickin' off de cotton, hoein' in de cane Drinkin' up de blackstrap comin' fra de lane, Hyar's de nig for ye, honey!

Bendin' o'er de saw-buck, ploughin' wid de steers, Ridin' on de donkey, holdin' by yer ears, Hyar's de coon for yer money.

Drivin' up de cattle—tinkle, tinkle, tum! Hear de bells a-ringin' as dey slowly cum! Hyar's de nig for ye, honey!

Hurry up, Whiteface, neber mind your cud! Golly! See ole Brindle prancin' fru de mud!

Hyar's de coon for yer money. Milkin' speckled heifer, cuttin' up her pranks, Kickin' nigger over wid her dirty shanks; Hyar's de nig for ye, honey!

Hit her wid de milk-stool, tell de critter "So!" Runnin' round de barnyard like a circus show; Hyar's de coon for yer money.

Playin' on de fiddle when de ebenin' come, Dancin' double shuffle till de cabin hum; Hyar's de nig for ye, honey!

Niggers big de nig for ye, honey! Raisin' very deebble up from underground, Hyar's de coon for yer money.

When de country glimmers under light ob moon, Set de dogs a-grin on de track ob coon, Hyar's de nig for ye, honey!

Find a log all rotten, nothin' left but punk; Quick and quick it open—golly, find a skunk! Hyar's de coon for yer money.

Thankin' for a Kick. Caller (in newspaper office)—Twenty years ago I wrote a poem.

Editor—Yes? "I brought it to this office and you refused to publish it."

"Very likely." "I remember that I mentally put you down then as a confused idiot who didn't know enough to ache when hurt."

"Naturally." "I looked that poem over again the other day and have come to see you about it."

"Aha." "I have come to say that if I looked as green twenty years ago as that poem proves me to have been, I want to thank you because you didn't cut me up and feed me to the crows. Good day."

The editor drew a long chalk mark under the table. It was the first case in all his experience in which twenty years had begotten sense enough to understand that it is sometimes necessary to be cruel to be kind.

Put in a Delicate Way. New York Sun: "Bill," said the prince with some hesitation, "I want to speak to you on rather a delicate subject, and I trust you won't be offended."

"Speak right out, dear old boy," was Bill's hearty rejoinder.

"Well, mother wants to ask Dirty

Dog to dinner and she was wondering if he would mind her directing the note of invitation to Soiled Canine."

## Jingles.

New York Sun.

O Captain Barr, Ah! ye tar, We greet thee Hauf with Pain! Your "Jig is up!" Without the cup You'll cutter-cross the main.

Thistle, thistle, You can whine, For the cat's over here; And we'll volunteer to keep it, Safe and sound another year.

## Life's "Jack-Pots."

That poker, too often, is gambling is sad, But our metaphors come from the good and the bad, And under the generous ruling, why not Draw a simile from the alluring Jack-Pot?

Skill and nerve will at least winning prospects enhance, But some potent effects are produced by mere chance, And when a man plays badly, as likely as not

Is the one who's first able to "open the pot," So in life the dull game goes that often the prize

On the turn of a card in some accident lies, And that chance so provides it the clumsy one's got

A decided advantage—can "open the pot," Of course, there's a fighting chance left; he may win, Who concludes to face evident odds and go in!

But the odds are still there, and no wonder he's not When he sees the dupl player take in the Jack Pot.

Thus it goes; brain is something and daring and pluck, But, at times, they'll not win against blundering luck. There are rich fools about us—don't bow to the lot—

There are rich because Fortune set up a Jack Pot. What a lot! Luck comes not alone to the fools; They are not Fortune's sweethearts—they're only her tools—

Let them have their small innings and care not a jot; Life's no worse because sometimes it has a Jack Pot.

## The Scotch of It.

N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser. —To be Scotch, don't say Thistle, But always say thistle; Don't remark that winds whistle, For now they must whistle; And when Barr's whiskers bristle, 'Tis his whiskers that bristle.

Patty. Ah! none so neat and natty As can compare with Patty—Pretty Patty! A stew, a fry, a broil is well, A pretty raw on the half shell, But words are weak the charms to tell Of dainty Patty—Oyster Patty!

Now Hattie, Kattie, Mattie, Must all give place to Patty—Charming Patty! Each in my heart had shone a star, Had not the year advanced so far, And reached the month each with an R, And brought me Patty—Oyster Patty!

The Joke Was Not So Funny. Boston Courier: He had his photograph taken one day when he was at the beach with the boys. It was not a good picture, for he was not exactly in condition for taking a good one. But he thought he would have a joke with his wife about it, so when he reached home he handed it to her, saying:

"There is the picture of a man who loves you." She looked at it, and a deep blush overspread her face as she said:

"It is like Jim. Where did you see him?" He would give a good deal to know now who Jim is.

She Understood the Position. San Francisco Chronicle: He was rather sentimental, and so was she as

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Success in life depends entirely on the good will and co-operation of our fellowmen, and to gain this shall be our first task. If we do not succeed then we will be

Our Own Fault. About our goods we don't think it wise to say much. And as for ourselves, Form and style, we have marked the prices, and venture to say that our immense line of

Suits, Cloaks, UNDERWEAR, Mourning Goods, Furs, &c.,

Costume Department

Is the finest and most varied that has ever been seen in this city. Our

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Is filled with novelties from the Old World. Our wraps are also of the choicest importations, classified and priced to suit the closest buyer, and in all our departments we have used discrimination and judgment.

We mean to gain your confidence, to constantly add to our list of patrons, and to make our vast store the headquarters for fashion and the by-word of Omaha's fair population. Don't forget to call on our opening day, Wednesday, October 19th.

HEYMAN & DEICHES

They have come to our town, Not in rags or faded gown, But in a coat of pretty brown Have they come to our town.

Not gay girls from mount or shore, Not the joke from Almanac, But a friend of rich and poor; Something that you love to crack.

On the streets on little stands, Tempt they, roasted raw or boiled, If with coin your palm be oiled, Chestnuts!

Nothing to Fear. N. Y. Sun. "George dear," said the girl, "do you ever drink anything?"

"Yes, occasionally, George reluctantly admitted. "But, dear," she went on anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover the future husband of his only daughter drank?"

"He discovered it this morning," "Oh, George, and what did he say?" "He said, 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"

Then the Curtain Dropped. Life: Doctor—You see, wifey dear, I have pulled my patient through after all: a very critical case, I can tell you. His wife—Yes, dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved.

She Sat Down. Buffalo Courier: "Seats at the circus get narrower every year," remarked a young lady in a horse car the other evening. "When I was told where to sit down there was not a sign of a seat anywhere, only the laps of two gentlemen."

"Did you sit down?" "Why, of course," and there was a lapse in the conversation.

Hotel Swells. See the city hotel swells, Howling swells, How they ogle, ogle, ogle, All the girls who pass the door, And each reckless, rakish rogue! Keep it till he's four score!

Dashing swells, "Mashing" belles, From early morn till late at night in front of the hotel—

Donkey swells, Monkey swells! Oh, why don't the proprietors come out and mash these swells!

The bitterest war that has ever been waged against theatrical speculators is being carried on by the management of the Chicago opera house in Chicago, where the Edwin Booth-Lawrence Barrett company are playing. Only four seats were sold to any one person and at the advance sale before the first performance reached \$40,000.

You will have no use for spectacles if you use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve; it removes the film and scum which accumulates on the eye balls, subdues inflammation, cools and soothes the irritated nerves, strengthens weak and failing sight. 25c a box.

## PEPPERMINT DROPS.

The latest thing in kids—Green apples and stomach ache.

The English sparrow can only get into the best society as a rice bird.

The dishonest butcher is always willing to meat his customers half-weight.

Oh, why don't more men put an enemy into their brains to steal away their mouths!

Next to mince pie, there is nothing in this world so vastly misunderstood as poetry.

It ain't what er man is dat makes him happy in his vore world; it's what he thinks he is.

The only man that excites to thrive on procrastination is the one that owes his tailor.

A Chicago dude watched a drove of hogs to see if he could find some spiced pigs' feet.

If the receiver is as bad as the thief, what's the use of having one appointed for a busted bank.

The great trouble with men who borrow from Peter to pay Paul is that they don't pay Paul.

You can't always judge by appearances. The man who wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy.

If you happen to see a small boy chasing a humble bee you will know when he yells that he has caught it.

There are very few brass bands in a military parade that can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.

And now cometh the annual struggle with the refractory stovepipe, and with it our annual fall from grace.

"What can't be cured must be endured," we know; but what are you going to do about what can't be cured?

The chestnut crop is reported to be so abundant that nobody need feel under obligations to add anything to it.

If young men struggled as much with the wool pile as we do with the upper lip, the result would be far more showy.

To pretend that you are younger than you are is like trying to beat the government by dropping an unstamped letter in the box.

The days are growing shorter, the gas bills growing longer, and the coal dealer and plumber rub their hands with ghoulish glee.

Doctor (to a senneders)—"Come right in the office and I will try to relieve your sufferings. No use standing there howling with pain."

The man who wanted to know where they catch mock turkeys is the same chap who asks if it was a difficult thing to shoot Welsh "rabbits."

It is said that a dog howling beneath a window is a sure sign of death. Who believes it? That is, if it is a hotel window and if the dog is within range of a revolver.

A Connecticut man made a bet that he could kill, clean, cook and eat a spring chicken in fifteen minutes. He won the bet, but it was an awful surprise to the chicken