

Summer Girl in Summer Colors

NEW YORK, July 14.—Studies in white, symphonies in white, effects in white; white, whiter, whitest, that is the system and theory of the summer girl who every season generates some sartorial expression of her individuality. Never before, however, has she so thoroughly succeeded in securing the ideal summer raiment, so fair, so becoming and inexpensive as this, and of the thousand and one women in white to be seen any day in the country, at least nine and three-quarter per cent of them are dressed in pique.

Simple white pique in a variety of weaves has given a staggering blow to the popularity of the colored gingham, sprigged organdies, striped lawns and sweetest foulards, and the pink, green, blue or yellow shirt waist, once dear to the heart of every damsel, is cast aside and forgotten. If you fetch up one of these warm days with a trunkful of flowery tinted gowns at a pretentious or unpretentious resort, this condition will in a single day be made perfectly clear, and your pretty gayly colored costumes will promptly become almost loathsome in your sight.

Even the housemaids in the hotel will be sure to have caught the infection and go about their duties in white, while the feminine lodgers do make as many as three white toilets a day. If you try to discover the *raison d'être* they will all tell you that, given a good laundress, there is nothing so cheap and easy as dressing in the blanched goods. Any woman with a figure, provided it is not hopelessly abnormal, when she makes up her mind to array herself in white, has only to go to the nearest dry goods shop and in an hour, and at the rate of about \$6 a costume, lay in a supply of frocks that will answer every purpose for every simple or elaborate social function of her season.

The Morning Costume.

If you wish really to know how the scheme works when in active operation let us take one day in the summer career of a woman in white and see how she dresses it. In the morning, when there is golf, or wheeling, or sailing, or tennis, or simple lounging to be attended to, she comes forth fresh as a daisy in a severely plain white kirtle of pique to her ankles. It is finished by a deep hem at the bottom, and if she is a really smart girl, who keeps pace with all the evolutions in white, she has no pockets let into the front of her skirt high up near her belt, but on the front widths, just about at the level where pockets are put on an apron, two square, capacious pockets are made by sewing big pieces of pique onto the surface of the skirt. They may or may not have flaps to button down over their tops, but at any rate there they are, and the owner of them finds honest comfort and convenience in their possession. She puts golf balls and her score book, her keys and anything else she wishes into those big receptacles, and feels solid satisfaction in a way she never was able to realize from a concealed bag in the upper part of her petticoat.

With this easy-going garment, a white

or bronze hose to match have been chosen for matinee wear, and gloves, if carried at all, are usually worn in their brown-handed owners' pocket.

For Midday Wear.

When the afternoon arrives and the driving and tournament watching, teas, etc., begin no transfer is effected to rainbow glories of organdie or silk, but a fresh and quite immaculate study in white is made. This time the skirt escapes the floor, though it is not distinctly short, and it may have a couple of flounces at the foot, with narrow

round their necks, and leaving gloves to those who know no better than to wear the shackles of city fashions during summer's freedom.

Not only is it the fashion from a sense of fitness and beauty to dress thus simply and effectively in white, but women do it from comfort's sake, and even wealthy girls boast of the cheapness and dispatch with which their pretty suits were procured. To give one example: A girl setting out for an afternoon tea at Narragansett itemized her crisp toilet thus: The skirt was chosen from a huge pile of ready-made petticoats and cost \$3 and did not need to have one stitch altered. The shirt was bought at an-

frame. A black velvet band encircling the crown is held in front by a big buckle of brilliants; there is an upstanding pompon of illusion and to the left a large ink black-bird that gives an air of great distinction to the whole. At the back are white roses crushed against the brim. This is from the millinery department of John Wanamaker's New York establishment.

The becoming toutaille hat shown is a model of good form for traveling, shopping and general walking wear. It is a creation of John Wanamaker's New York establishment, and for color, style and decoration has been generally admired. Nothing can excel its extreme simplicity. The hat is of two brilliant black straw braids woven together after the approved English shape, having a rather wide rolling brim and low crown. A big bow of the same straw tied in with heavy silk tulle is its sole decoration, except for a pair of glittering crystal pins stuck carelessly through one wing of the bow.

the physical degeneracy of the American woman, rails at corsets and all that sort of thing and swears he'll never marry a girl who hasn't a constitution like a Philippine woman or some other kind of savage. Of course, he doesn't say all this point blank to the girls themselves, but he's always hinting at it, and when he's with the boys he talks right out plain. Of course Julia hears all this from her brother, Sam. She's got a beautiful figure, Julia has, I must admit that. But she doesn't go in for golf, and she isn't devoted to the wheel. She's the other sort—distinctly feminine, you know, and all that sort of thing. She doesn't like short skirts or mannish shirt waists and collars, and sticks to clinging draperies and such things. So, of course, John, though he likes Julia quite a little, falls into the idea that she's a soft, feminine, useless sort of creature, without any strength, and nothing but a society butterfly.

"Well, Julia sizes up the situation and makes up her mind to open John's eyes. Her mother, you know, is a splendid house-keeper, and one of those practical women who believe in girls knowing how to do things about a house. Consequently, Julia knows how to do all sorts of things—wash and iron and cook and all the rest. So one night Julia leads on the unsuspecting John until he is riding his hobby good and strong. Then she gets him to admit that because she does not go into athletics of all kinds he thinks she's a gilded butterfly, or words to that effect. Then she up and offers to bet him that she'll do the family washing the next Monday, and do it in style. He can't back out, and she wagers a theater party against a box of gloves. Of course, John himself is to be the judge—that's the game.

Female Pearl Divers

A letter from an American in Seoul, the capital of Korea, describes a visit the writer had recently paid to the large island of Quelpaert, just south of Korea and a part of that country. It appears that one of the main lines of business is diving for the pearl oyster and that the diving operations are wholly monopolized by women. Here is an extract from the letter:

"I think the most unique sight I ever saw was the women divers at Quelpaert. Perhaps you may have heard that only women divers are engaged in the pearl oyster fisheries there. Every day I was there I saw a lot of them going out to their work or returning with the fruits of their quest under the sea. They are not a very handsome crowd, but they have fine, supple figures, and can swim as well as any fish of the deep. Each wears a very scanty bathing dress that looks as though it might be made of gunny sack. Tied to a string around their waists is a gourd with a stopper in the neck of it to keep the water out. Tied to the gourd is a little bag. The third and last article of the equipment is a sickle, which is also fastened to the waist and rests on the back till the women get out to the fishing grounds.

"You might think that boats would be kept to carry these women out to their toil, but no; they work their passage and it is a lesson in the art of swimming to see them. They wade out a few yards and then breast the waves, moving seaward with long, quick strokes and cutting the water like a racing shell. They swim out about half a mile. My favorite amusement was watching as much as I could see of their subsequent operations through a glass. They would take off the gourd and little bag and leave them floating around on the surface. Then, sickle in hand, down they would go, head first, and I was told that they had to sink forty or fifty feet to the bottom.

"About the time I made up my mind they would never be seen again alive, up they would come, sometimes right near where the gourd was floating and sometimes several rods away. They would put their oyster or two or three of them in the little bag, take a few long breaths and down they would go again, repeating the process until the bag was filled. It is said they will stay out for hours rather than return before they have all the oysters that can be crowded into the bag. Any stranger must admire them both for their splendid endurance and for their swimming. It's worth more than all the tank performances you ever saw.

"The sickles are used to cut away the seaweed at the bottom so that the divers may get at the stones and earth to which the oysters fasten themselves. A pearl is very rarely found, but when a diver captures the prize she thinks her fortune is made. The shell is used as mother of pearl and the oysters are eaten in large quantities, both on the island and on the mainland."

"Well, John shows up Monday morning and finds Julia well along with the washing; in fact, she's just ready to hang out the first of the clothes. And maybe she wasn't made up for his benefit! She had on a blue print gown, and looked as neat as a pin. Just think of the possibilities—sleeves rolled up to the elbow over round, white arms; clinging skirts that revealed unsuspected charms over the washboard; dainty attitudes as she stooped over the clothes basket, and stood on tiptoe to reach the clothes line; glimpses of slender ankles, etc. Humph! No wonder he proposed that very night."

An Early Weapon

Through the kindness of Mr. J. G. Kees, reports the *Conservative*, there has been placed in the Nebraska City Public Library a piece of artillery which compels the wonder and amazement of even the oldest settlers, who knew something about guns themselves at one time. They all say they never saw anything like it in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath; on the plains, nor in Maremma. They are ready to certify that its like exists not in the possession of the wildest of wild Indians, though the most extraordinary arms are found in their assortments; they have been collecting them for a hundred years and they never discard them until they blow up.

This gun was found by Mr. Kees among the effects of a tenant of his, who he thinks had at some time served in the British army. It is something over a foot long and weighs three and one-half pounds. It is made with a revolving cylinder, which carries no less than nine shots; it is meant to carry powder and ball and be discharged by means of a percussion cap and has a ramming apparatus attached, which is on the left side of the barrel, instead of underneath, as in the old army Colt's. Its crowning glory is a good-sized shotgun barrel, which occupies the center of the immense cylinder and projects beneath the other barrel; with this, while the fortunate possessor was regaling his adversary with his nine bullets, he could surprise him between times with a charge of small shot; this could not fail to throw him off his guard and put him at a disadvantage.

The weapon is of French manufacture, for it bears the following legend upon the top of its upper barrel: "Systeme Lemat, Bte. S. G. D. G., Paris," signifying, apparently, that one Lemat invented it, that he took out a patent upon it and that the French government declined to become responsible for its operation. It is not necessarily of very great antiquity, for revolvers not differing essentially from it in principle were used in great numbers throughout the civil war. As the French have usually been a few years ahead of us in such matters, it probably dates from somewhere in the '50s.

Handicapped

Chicago Tribune: "I can't say I am much disappointed in you," said Mr. Bullion sternly, cying his eldest son, who had come home from college in disgrace. "I never expected you to amount to anything." "No," responded the young man, with a sort of feeble resentment. "I haven't had as good a start in life as you had. You were a poor boy, with every inducement to make somebody of yourself, and I'm nothing but a rich man's son."



A SUMMER WRAP.

insertions of embroidery let in near their hems. The shirt waist half of the toilet is pique, but embroidered in groups of small three-leafed clovers or clusters of crescents and either a stock tie of white lawn is used or a two and a half inch high collar, with an ascot of stiff pique, showing a very small pearl pinhead. A white taffeta ribbon does duty at the waist and the topping-off is done with a wide-brimmed, slanting-crowned hat of cream varnished straw, tipped over the eyes and trimmed with folds of white taffeta about the crown, a rosette of it on one side and a long, snowy quill stuck through the rosette.

Very top-lofty girls, who feel the formality of the occasion, wear first a veil of very fine white silk tulle over their faces and then laid upon this a veil of white coarse Russian net, with large silk caterpillar dots on it, while the more easy-going of the white company adopt thin veils of white chiffon, cut at the bottom in scallops and the scallops edged with the very narrowest kind of gathered white satin ribbon. Wash leather, or white suede lisle gloves are always preferred by the country colonies to the hot, easily soiled glace kids, and brown varnished or patent leather ties with smart openworked lisle hose, prettily dotted, is the correct footgear.

At these afternoon frivolities parasols of white dotted swiss, white taffeta, white embroidered muslin or captivating straw sun shades are carried. The straw parasols open out as flat as those Japanese protectors made of paper, they are novelties and both expensive and fragile, though very pretty with their pale yellow canopies and bamboo sticks. An oddity adopted by the bearers of commonplace white muslin parasols is that of tying three small silver-plated bells outside the muslin canopy and as close as possible to the point to which the ribs converge. At every motion of the sun shade a jangling of sweet bells in minute tune is heard.

Whitest Toilet of Them All.

When evening shades prevail and the hour of the casino hop draws nigh the seaside and mountain resorters come down to dinner and dancing in pique skirts that touch the floor behind and that are fancifully adorned by insets of open-work embroidery. With such a skirt an all-over embroidery bodice, high-necked and long-sleeved, buttoning up behind, or a very elaborate white chiffon waist, or one all tucks and heronboning and crystal buttons, of fair taffeta, or a decollete cream lace body, are any one of them perfectly sweet and suitable. To dinners and small dances at private houses the younger element at a summer resort go arrayed in such artless simplicity, pinning big bows of white tulle in their hair, slinging small fans or chains of white coral or crystal beads

other counter in the same shop and cost \$2.50; there was a high collar on the shirt, so a pique necktie was needed, and a lovely one with a pearl pin in it came to 15 cents. Anyone can add these items and discover what this simple, comfortable and unvaryingly becoming little outfit did cost, and the time required to produce it was forty minutes. It is now a question whether the most sternly economical home dressmaking can beat this.

MARY DEAN.

Living Fashion Models

Our principal picture is a wonderfully luxurious summer wrap, created and worn by the English countess of Dudley. The duplicate was posed on Redfern's famous model. The material is known as Hindoo velvet, a peculiarly soft and lustrous pile, enriched with conventionalized lotus flowers. The colors are an artistic oriental combination in dull rose and a scarlet that is almost black. The wrap is encircled by a wide full flounce of rose chiffon over black lisse, the edges finished with a quilling of the chiffon, that is gathered with a big becoming collar.



A SHOPPING HAT.

These tints were especially selected for the young English peeress, who is noted for her dark southern coloring.

Black and white is confessedly the most popular combination this season, and a charming afternoon hat for a young girl is illustrated in the photograph. The foundation is the airiest white silk tulle, skillfully arranged in cloudy folds over a fine wire



AN AFTERNOON HAT.

skirt that has no yoke in the back, but three wide boxpleats and a little yoke effect on the shoulders, is the next essential thing. In other particulars it is just like any ordinary shirt waist, though no collar or leather belt is worn with it.

To have the proper freedom for any sport that may turn up, a linen collar and rigid belt are not suitable, so round her neck the morning girl winds a white silk handkerchief. She puts it on so that two corners of it overlap and hang under her chin, like a small bib, and in the folds of this bib an ornamental little brooch is fastened. At the back of the neck the handkerchief is tied and again pinned to the neckband of the shirt waist. Round her slender middle this girl draws a man's large silk mouchoir, tying it in a firm knot in front, but a trifle to the left or right side. Silver links or bent buttons of plain silver fill the cuff button holes, and the substitute for a hat is a small white pique sunbonnet, usually carried on one arm, and only utilized when the sun is hot enough to encourage a burning, to be followed by shedding of precious cuticle.

White shoes and hose are not ordinarily a part of the morning suit this summer for obvious practical and economic reasons. Brown ties of ample sole area, especially about the toes, sensible heels, and yellow

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