

to see how that glamour can still exist.

Albert Edward, of Wales, is not a bad chap, of course, but I cannot, imagine anybody being wildly enthusiastic about him or any of the rest of the royal family. They are too much like everybody else, without a tinge of the unusual or the picturesque that seems properly associated with royalty.

So it is with us. The general public are so familiar with Mrs. Astor and all the other women known as leaders of the smart set, they see them so constantly in public restaurants and places of amusement, that they must realize that they are no better and no worse than anybody else, nor do their lives differ materially from those not in their swim.

But that the crowd—especially the feminine portion of it—is deeply interested in the sacred circle which, for want of a better name, we call "Society" is manifested by the avidity with which every item of news concerning the doings of the leading set embraced by society is absorbed.

The way milliners and dressmakers make capital out of the things they have sold—and have not sold to well-known women shows plainly the attitude of the feminine mind toward those who seem to feel are creatures of a different world. And that brings me back to my original theme. I have had quantities of notes at one time or another asking me to please describe some of the gowns that are actually being worn by the best dressed women who are socially well known.

The writers of these notes evidently have no faith in the assurance of their modistes as to what is most desirable in the way of frocks.

This is only one more instance that emphasizes the great need there is in this country to the class of women represented by my inquiring correspondents for the stage or something else to serve as an object lesson in what is really the right thing to wear.

As I feel truly sorry for any woman who is floundering helplessly in the depths of "what is worn," I am going to chronicle for her benefit the frocks that a few of the best known women are wearing. Whether she approves them or not is her affair!

Gray is very much worn just now. Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. George De Forest and innumerable others have gray gowns. Mrs. Bradley Martin's gown is of crepe de Chine, made with a long tunic and a skirt that trails. It is quite simple and plain, with the exception of a few bits of heavy white lace on the bodice. With this frock Mrs. Martin wears a black hat. Black hats are almost invariably worn with gray gowns, and wisely.

Nothing is more fatally destructive to good looks than an all-gray hat.

Mrs. George De Forest's gray gown is also in crepe de Chine. It is made with a Princess effect. It has a deep yoke of yellowish lace, and the crepe de Chine is draped across it a la surplice, and outlines her figure perfectly. The yoke is fastened in front with three large jeweled buttons.

One of Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt's many gowns is mauve foulard. Foulards, by the way, are generally worn as crepe de Chine. Nothing is more desirable or smarter than these fabrics.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's mauve foulard has a small design in black-and-white, and it is made with a tunic that is accordeon-plaited, the accordeon-plaiting being machine stitched perfectly flat, with innumerable rows of stitching well below the hips, so that it gives the figure a slender appearance that one does not usually associate with accordeon-plaiting. Below the stitching the plaiting falls in soft straight lines nearly to the bottom of the underskirt, which is the usual trailing affair. The edge of the tunic is outlined with a band of plain

mauve foulard about two inches wide. The bodice is all of accordeon plaiting, stitched like the skirt. It blouses slightly in the front, has a narrow belt of the same material and a touch of the plain mauve about the throat.

Mrs. "Ollie" Harriman is wearing a black cloth gown. The skirt is made very simple. It is scant and clinging to within six inches of the ground, where it flares out a bit in a shaped ruffle, which is outlined with narrow strapings of cloth, machine-stitched. This is one of the few skirts that I have seen that is made without the ever-present tunic, but it gets the same effect yet is in one piece. The jacket is an Eton.

Eton jackets are one of the few things in the way of fashion that seem to endure forever. Mrs. Harriman's has a small turn-over collar in white covered with a bit of white lace.

With this coat and skirt Mrs. Harriman wears a blouse of black-and-white striped silk. It is made in narrow box-plaits, both in the front and the back, and these box plaits run lengthwise on the sleeves. She wears a black stock and a tiny fine white collar. Her hat is a large turban in black straw, very plain and severe, with the exception of an enormous plume of the osprey which sweeps over the side.

Mrs. Henry Clew's "utility" gown is in blue canvas. The skirt has a tunic outlined with fine tucks. The jacket has little tails in the back and it is rather short in the front. The sleeves have a few clusters of tucks and the front of the coat is also tucked. The collar is high and is faced with white Irish crochet lace. The lapels are small and faced with the same lace.

Mrs. Ogden Mills's gown is also, but a much darker blue than Mrs. Clew's, and it is in cloth, distinctly tailor made, without the trail or tunic effect. In fact, the skirt barely touches the ground. It is embroidered in bow knots. The coat is double-breasted, coming several inches below the waist line all around; it has a high collar. The bow knot embroidery is repeated on the coat, but to a very limited degree.

Mrs. Fred Neilson is wearing a gown that is a mass of black sequins of no particular design. It is made very severely, the material giving it its cachet. Mrs. Charles Oelrichs is wearing a gown that is almost identically the same as Mrs. Neilson's.

Mrs. Clary Mackay's gown is— But I'll tell you about that next week!—Town Topics.

AN INNOVATOR.

"I have called on you to-day," said the professional humorist, with a glad smile, as he approached the desk of the great editor and made himself comfortable in the precarious office chair that once had a cane bottom in it, "to propound to you a scheme that seems to me to be up-to-date and well worthy of consideration."

"Umph!" growled the great editor. Thus encouraged, the humorist proceeded:

"For some time past, as you have doubtless observed, the progress of the world has developed a peculiar phase, which may be spoken of as that of lessening. It seems to be the ambition of all inventors to add the word less to everything that has been invented in the past. We now have smokeless powder, painless dentistry, horseless carriages, wireless telegraphy, and many other things have undergone a change that may be similarly described; but I will not trouble you with a complete list. Now it seems to me that the time is ripe for a similar stride forward in specially prepared pointless jokes."

And in less time than it takes to write this a hatless and breathless humorist was fleeing wildly down the cheerless street.—Harper's Bazar.

NEBRASKA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Entire

PHILHARMONIC
ORCHESTRA and
NEBRASKA WES-
LEYAN QUARTET
and GLEE CLUB

Will Assist.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT and
GRADUATING EXERCISES

At Funke Opera House. Monday
Evening, June Fifth.

To in part defray the great expense of this concert a small admission fee will be charged. For reserved seats, 25 cents and 35 cents.

OREN E. LOCKE, Director.

FINE ART IN FELO DE SE.

[BY BARBY PAIN]

The advertisement in the newspaper ran as follows:

"Suicides commencing—These should write for appointments to Rex Blake, 72 Uppington garden, South Kensington."

Herbert Streuth, artist, received an appointment for 2:30 on Wednesday afternoon. He called at the South Kensington address and was shown into a solidly furnished library, where a podgy, little, old gentleman with white hair shook him warmly by the hand and bade him be seated.

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Streuth, and I trust that I may be of some service to you; in fact that we may be of some service to each other. But I must begin by asking you a plain question, which you will answer truthfully and in one word. Is your intended suicide connected in any way with severe poverty or overwhelming financial losses?"

"No," said Streuth, "I am considered, I believe, to be fairly well off."

"Delighted to hear it, said Mr. Blake, rubbing his chubby hands together, "now we will proceed. I tell you frankly that with me this thing is business, and nothing but a business. If you decide that I can serve you I shall expect a moderate fee. Now, what are the principal objections to suicide?"

"The law does not permit it," said Streuth.

"Precisely, but in the case of the successful suicide the law is not asked. It says that you may not take your life away, but if you do, it cannot compel you to take it back again or punish you in any way. We can leave the law out."

"There is also the religious objection," said Streuth.

"Many very religious people," replied Mr. Blake, "have not found it cogent. Take the case, by no means an uncommon one, where the death of one man may be an inestimable benefit to many to whom he is really sincerely attached. Is an act of self-sacrifice to be regarded as a crime? No; it seems to me that each suicide must be judged on its own merits, taking into consideration the motives and beliefs of the person suiciding. Any other opinions?"

"I know of none," Streuth answered: "In fact, I have not been thinking about it. I want to get out of things. I don't ask myself if there are any objections or not. Don't care a damn if there are any objections."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Blake; "you are an artist, and yet it has not occurred to you that the manner of the suicide is of essential importance. The throat cutting is very dirty, and the same objection applies to the use of firearms. Have a little foresight. Imagine what you look like afterwards, and the state of the bedclothes, and all the rest of it."

"I was intending," said Streuth, "to drown myself."

"I have here," said Mr. Blake, "a little book on forensic medicine. There are some interesting chapters on the signs by which you can tell the length of time

the body has been in the water. Did you ever hear of adipocere? There is an elegant little description of it in this passage. Just read it."

"Streuth took it and read a few lines. "I can't stand this," he said, "it is too nauseous."

"I thought you would see it in that light," Mr. Blake replied. "People mostly do when I put it to them. You really can't tell what a river's going to do to you. It may give you back at once, or it may keep you for a bit. Even if it gives you back at once you don't look pretty. Here's a description of the face of a man taken out of the Thames on—"

"You needn't go on with that. I have given up the idea of drowning myself. There is still poison. A little prussic acid, and the bother is all over."

"Excellent," said Mr. Blake, "if you know the right dose you die almost immediately; but you've got an awful moment. If you don't know the right dose you have a very bad time. You will be found with your hands clinched, your eyes glistening, and your pupils dilated, and you will shriek just before your death. Unpleasant, isn't it?"

"Well, said Streuth, there are other poisons."

"All are open to objections. Chloral may kill you comfortably, or make you sick. Other anaesthetics may lead to your being discovered while in a state of unconsciousness, but not dead, and the treatment they give you then is not pretty. Many quick poisons are painful, very painful, and in any case you leave your body about after. So untidy—such a want of neatness! Every suicide is anxious to wipe himself right out, to get away from public attention. If he leaves that body about after, people sit on it and say that he was temporarily insane, and one of the jury is rude to the coroner, and the coroner is severe to one of the jury, and the whole thing gets into the papers, and the whole family is disgraced, and everybody feels that the death was grossly inartistic."

"I don't know," said Streuth, "if you imagine that by telling me these things you can deter me from the end which I have in view. If so, pray do not waste your time and mine, any further."

"I had no such idea," said Mr. Blake, "All I wish to do is to give you a chance of committing suicide in the best way possible. No pain, no scandal, no untidy body lying about afterward. A simple, mysterious disappearance, your self-respect saved and the feelings of your family spared."

"Well, said Streuth, "what is it?"

"Fire, plain fire, that is all. Near Weybridge there is a certain furnace which is kept going day and night. Its heat is enormous. There are no half measures about the furnace. The very moment you go into it you are dead. Half an hour afterward nothing of you is left that is recognizable as ever having been human. I will give you directions and admission card in exchange for your check for £5 so soon as that check has been cleared."

Streuth pulled five sovereigns from