

# Fads and Foibles of the Fair

## OUR WOMAN'S PAGE.

SMART GOWNS ARE IN DEMAND  
MAND FROM BIRTH TO DEBET.

SCIENCE OF ROSE-MAKING IN AMERICA

Worth Dethroned in Our Best Society—The Home Modiste Must Be, and Is, the Equal of the Great Parisian Designer.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch)  
NEW YORK, June 29.—The recent appearance of a member of the house of Gould amid the surroundings of a court of justice to face the charge of refusing to a dressmaker's bill draws attention to the manner in which the construction of my lady's wardrobe has grown to be a scientific business, requiring men as well as women, possessed of rare judgment, artistic minds, a skill worthy of a better object, and an establishment, the number of whose employees sometimes runs into three figures. The demands of members of society in this country for a home-made article of apparel that will be fully equal to the one they know they can procure abroad are becoming every season more exacting. True, when the annual fitting to Europe begins, the articles that are needed to replenish the wardrobe are noted with a view to a visit to the great modiste of Paris. But in season and out any lady wants fine clothes, and she is not always able to defer the purchase until she arrives in the French capital. Anything inferior in appearance to the genuine French article, moreover, she will not have.

Some women select the newest designs

on exhibition in the room, not with the idea of choosing one of them for the model of their dresses, but to order one something like it, and yet so different, as not to be known as the same one. A deadly crime is it for a designer to give a high-class patron a costume so similar to that of another customer that the two may be taken for counterparts when they meet in the social whirl. No detail of the dress is too trifling to be passed over. Everything is planned to the smallest bow and tuck. The designer's brain is busy everywhere. He gives the patron whose costume he is called upon suddenly to design the advantage of inspirations that have come to him on railroad trains, on the ferry, during sleepless hours at night, and at odd times, when street sights or Nature's prank have suggested a combination of colors or materials. To the designer of expensive costumes the clouds at sunset supply gorgeous and daring contrasts, or delicate evanescent hues; the curl of a leaf or its veinings, the graceful droop of a flower on its stem suggest creases. The ideas ripen into practical lines, and the patron of the establishment that employs the designer gets the benefit of his ideas in the next costume she orders.

The society woman who admires the designer's ready suggestiveness little thinks how much time he has spent in studying the costume. After thinking out a plan for an original costume, he passes his ideas along to the modeller, who dresses up in white muslin some little jointed dolls about eighteen or twenty inches high, and exactly proportioned according to the prevailing measurements of the house. As soon as the pattern of the costume has been determined, it is cut out in fine tissue-paper to try the effect of coloring. Every imaginable shade of color is at hand, and the delicate harmonies and bold contrasts suggested by priceless orchids and other flowers, of which the artist usually is a great admirer, are combined until the master is satisfied with the effect.

That the customer may see how the costume will look when finished, the

# Bon Ami

is not a toilet soap, but it will clean and remove all stains from the hands. It contains no acid or alkali to redden or roughen the skin.

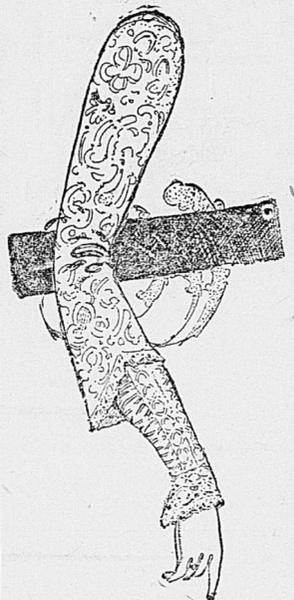
Living lay figure is called into requisition and a costume as nearly like the one proposed as can be obtained is employed. The living lay figure, in her way, is fully as important as any part of the establishment of a modern modiste's firm. She wears a close-fitting, plain gown of black silk or satin, over which she is called upon to slip any dresses that a customer may wish to see; besides, she has to try on over and over again twenty or thirty costumes during the day. When the final trying on time comes, a very trying time to all concerned, the artist whose finished work then is seen for the first time, once more is required to make any suggestions that occur to him or improve on any hints the fastidious patron may drop. There is mourning in the house if the costume does not charm the patron.

## "MY PARKING."

(Chicago Tribune.)  
"I never saw a married woman yet that I would change places with," said I to myself one bright May morning as I took a seat on one of the benches in Drexel Park.

I had just dusted off the seat with my handkerchief and had seen two young girls smile at each other, and the thought

## The New Separate Lace Sleeves.



This graceful sleeve, with its bell below the elbow, is of point de Venise lace over an undersleeve of cream chiffon gathered lengthwise.

had come to me that perhaps I did a few old-maidish things. I sat brooding.

"That thought rakkled. I felt my forehead wrinkle. I resolved to look pleasant, and young, and happy. One makes so many good resolutions on one's birthday."

I tried to forget how old I was. I tried to forget that I had reached the shady side of life. And then I squared my shoulders and looked directly through my glasses and asked myself a few leading questions.

"Why was I alone, unprotected, and unloved at 59? Yes, 59." I said it over to myself distinctly—without a quaver—or thought I did.

"Why did I grow defiant when age was mentioned?"

"Why was I left out of the boarding-house cliques? Was it because I was so old? Had all the sunshine disappeared out of my life?"

Well, it was a wonder. The troubles had come so fast that I sat brooding. I suppose the lilacs were perfuming the air, the birds twittering, the nursemaids congregating with the baby carriages, and that the trees, grass, and shrubbery were just as green as they were the day before, but somehow I was deaf and blind to it all.

By and by a quick step sounded on the gravel walk, and a man sat down on a bench near me. He was an old man, but then I do, shall be 60 some day.

I looked him over carefully. He was well dressed and had an air of the world about him. He turned and caught my eye. I looked away. I suppose he studied me.

"Then I heard a step and a voice: 'Nettie, is that you?'"

"Why, Lonly Laird! I didn't know you. But so many years have passed."

"Yes," said he, shaking hands. "So many years have passed. And how have they treated you?"

His voice was so sympathetic, and I wasn't used to sympathy—not then. I hadn't meant to, but before I knew it I had told him my tale of woe.

"I taught school in that same room in Kansas City for eighteen years. Then I had a frightful accident and lay in a sanitarium for months. My constitution struggled against death, but my spirit said: 'Die. I was sorry for that constitution. My doctor said I needed a complete change, so I came to Chicago. I have been here for three years and over. At first I was unable to do anything except to go 'parking.'"

He smiled at the word.

"And afterwards?" he questioned, with some of the old tenderness in his voice.

"And afterwards I found some private pupils to teach."

"And now?" said he, as though he had a right to pry me with questions.

I readjusted my glasses and set my hat on straight.

"And now," said I, "I go 'parking.' Little, because my time is not my own. I have all the pupils that I can teach. I am on my way home now from giving a lesson, and stopped for a few minutes to rest. I am so glad to meet you here, too."

"Yes, it seems like old times to see each other," he replied. "What a long time ago it was that I proposed to you and you refused me, Nettie. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

My gloves lay on my lap. I poked the fingers out straight and felt provoked at myself because a deep flush dyed my cheeks.

"Three years after you refused me I married a pretty girl from a good old

# Novelties in Summer Waists.



These dainty models show the latest ideas in summer waists. The one to the right is made of India muslin, the sleeve, ties, and bretelles being of flowered ribbon, the latter caught across the shoulders by narrow black satin ribbons, passed through paste ornaments. The quaintly novel waist with its many frills in the centre of the picture, is made of soie de chine, the ivory tint of which blends charmingly with the tone of the guipure lace which forms the transparent vest. Bows of pale blue glace ribbon give a pretty finish to the fichu fronts. The charming corsage to the left which completes the trio recalls the berthe of many years ago; the bodice is perfectly plain, trimmed with soft applique lace and broad satin ribbon, draped over the shoulders and tying in a bow in front. Deep frills of the same lace forming elbow sleeves.

## Stylish Gown of Waterproofed Crape.



In this gown the latest tendencies in mourning costumes are plainly shown. The skirt is of crepe, opening with a series of slim black buttons over inserted pleats of peau de soie. The bodice has a yoke of peau de soie, embroidered in crepe, and outlined by a fringed scarf of crepe de chine, which drapes over sleeves of peau de soie and a touched front of crepe. Fields of white lace of the same texture of the widow's cap worn with this gown intervene between the inner vest of crepe and the embroidered peau de soie, and contribute that discreet note of freshness that serves to relieve the sombreness of mourning material.

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family, I am ashamed to say that I never loved her, but I hungered for home. Nettie, and we had a home—a restful, well-arranged one, for my wife had considerable taste. But Cella could not endure this Chicago climate. The doctor ordered her South in winter and to the seashore in summer. All these years she has had to take these trips. She can be here but a few weeks each spring and fall, after the real settled weather comes.

"I cannot leave my practice, for I have worked for years to build it up. I make money. My wife spends it. I have no home now."

"My mother predicted such a promising future for me that I had hopes rather high. I am afraid. At her grave the other day the thought came to me, as it has many times before: 'What a different life mine would have been with Nettie by my side.'"

He faded away over the boulevard. My eyes were blinded with tears.

**After the Battle.**  
(William Dixwiddle, in Harper's Weekly.)  
Many miles away from succor, near the road, lay a British Tommy, with glittering eyes and burning fever, his head propped up on a deserted sand hill, and the hot sun of noonday pouring into his upturned face. They told me, sir, the wagons 'ud pick me up, but I hain't seen no wagons, sir." "Yes, I fell bad; I've mortal pains, sir, in my back and head." "Poor devil, he had no water and no food; not that the latter mattered much, for he was too far gone to eat. We left him water, and cheered him up a little with

the hope that wagons would pass by. All night long alone on the empty veldt, saturated with the heavy dew and chilled to the marrow with biting winds of darkness, and now under the scorching sun of day. He did not know if they would find him alone, so far away and yet he answered, uncomplainingly: "Yes, sir! I'm glad of that, sir!"

## HOW CONGRESS SPRING NAMED.

**A Saratoga Boy Mistook Representative Gilman for Whole Congress.**  
(July Ladies' Home Journal.)  
When John Taylor Gilman, a member of Congress, visited the log houses which chiefly constituted Saratoga in its early history, he was accompanied one day on a hunting ramble by a young son of the woodsman with whom he boarded. When they returned to the cabin the boy enthusiastically shouted, "Oh, ma, we've found a new spring!" "Who found it?" he was asked. Turning to the distinguished lawmaker the little fellow admiringly exclaimed: "Why, the Congress!" And to this day the name has clung to one of the most celebrated of the springs which made the place a sanitary resort long before it became the seat of summer fashion.

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## New Collars for Bolero Jackets.



The rage for fancy collars as a relief for the ubiquitous bolero is now at its height. These dainty affairs are a pleasing relief to the severity of the bolero and are extremely becoming. They are made of fine batistes, lawns, and tucked muslins, with borders of cluny, point de Venise, and guipure lace. The three varied styles shown here may offer suggestions for attractive summer handwork.

## A Smart Summer Calling Gown



This extremely stylish gown is of white foulard, spotted with dark-blue, and having a border trimming of dark-blue and white spots. Deep cream cluny lace forms the decorative element in the trimming, and is effectively used in bordering the cultivation of which the people of the section which is its habitat may be greatly enriched. So clearly and forcibly has this been demonstrated that the Department of Agriculture at Washington is actually sending out free to the agriculturists of the region in question packages of sage seed, the cultivation of which is strongly urged.

**NEW VALUE OF SAGEBRUSH.**  
**Long-Despised Plant Found to Be Excellent Food for Cattle.**  
(Chicago Post.)  
One of the striking remarkable things in the development of this country has been the transformation of views that has taken place in the popular mind regarding relative values. Sections of country, their capabilities and products, which in the early days were regarded as wholly worthless, of late days have been discovered to be among the richest wealth-producing territories to be found anywhere on the face of the earth. Take, for example, that section of country lying between the Missouri river and Denver. Thirty-five years ago the principal part of what is now known as the great corn belt was supposed by the shrewdest and best informed men of affairs to be little better than a vast, irreclaimable wilderness, incapable of affording sustenance for anything but Jack rabbits and prairie-dogs. Its chief product in those days was sagebrush, which was thought to be useful for nothing but adding fuel to the flames of prairie-fires in the fall season.

But that supposed wilderness has turned out to be the garden spot of the Continent, which requires only to be tilled to produce in superabundance food for man and beast. It has, in fact, become the great granary of the world, on which the eyes of civilization are constantly fixed to see what promise for the future it has to make. Not only so, but it has been discovered that the despised sagebrush is in itself an article of great value, through the cultivation of which the people of the section which is its habitat may be greatly enriched. So clearly and forcibly has this been demonstrated that the Department of Agriculture at Washington is actually sending out free to the agriculturists of the region in question packages of sage seed, the cultivation of which is strongly urged.

Recent investigation has shown that the plant contains highly nutritious qualities, and is the most desirable forage that can be found for cattle in winter. Furthermore, it has been found that cattle are exceedingly fond of it, and will eat it when available in preference to anything else. Stock fed on it makes rapid growth and are said to be remarkably free from disease because of the tonic qualities it contains. It cannot be cut and cured as hay, but where cattle can be allowed to roam at large during the winter months it affords them most desirable feed. It will grow anywhere. Alkali and non-alkali lands are the same to it, and it flourishes alike in dry and wet seasons. Seeds and stems are both eaten with relish by all grazing animals.

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