

SHOP TALK—BY AMY ARMSTRONG

"Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair."

Which wouldn't take the prize for optimism, but was just about the way I felt about any particularly exciting news of the shops this week. But bing! Just like that and out of a clear sky came the advance notices of the fall fashion show, which is to be not some show, but a carnival as well. The very mention of it stimulates our lagging interest and sends a cool thrill of anticipation down our spinal columns which is most welcome, however transient.

I have had a settled and stubborn aversion to beginning talk about what the fall will bring forth. Here we have barely worn the new out of our sport suits, our lingerie dresses are not ready for the first tub, and the sun hasn't yet had time to yellow the white of our midsummer hats. Not only that, but in most cases our pocketbooks have not had nearly enough time to recuperate. They are scarcely in the hope status yet and are having no opportunity for rapid recovery with all of the temptation of resorts and places of pleasure and amusement, not to mention the lake, park or sea shore trips.

We resist in vain, however. With the hint of the fashion show everyone immediately wants all of the particulars and we bow to the inevitable, submitting such facts as are so far decided upon. The show is to be held September 11, 12 and 13. It is by no means intended to be just a display of gowns, incidentally of the charms of the good looking manikins who display them. It is to be a free for all carnival of fun with a grand mask street parade and festival as the closing feature. Man will have his hour as well as woman, not only when the bills come due, but during the days of the festivities. The fun is going to run all day and its going to run all night, with the big carnival grounds leased for the evening parties and the stores in gala attire during the days, everything that is new in the way of clothes, armed cap-a-pie to show its charms to the fullest extent.

This is to be the last word in fashion shows—end of the sentence—period, to borrow from a recently perused short story. Each of the shops is to have its own private party, with fall styles, models living and otherwise, music and such other features as it thinks appropriate. And to this it will donate to the general fund for the other and outside attractions. The thing is to be a really big affair and it is the intention of those in charge to make it worth the while of persons in nearby towns to make the trip to Salt Lake City to join the merry makers and to see what is designed for the early months and winter wear and to do as much fall shopping as can be sandwiched in between shows. The railroads are to offer reduced rates and every one is co-operating to make this occasion the one big carnival of the opening winter season.

Since having been forced into this fall conversation we may as well keep up the good work. The new felt hats and other designs which mark the opening of the cool weather wear stare at us from every shop window and millinery department and refuse to be longer ignored. Predominating at this psychological moment are the floppy felts in one and two-tone effects, the colors exceedingly bright greens, roses, yellows or oranges. They are the very first, but following

close on their heels—or flops, are the trig little sailors with stiff brims and just a band and tallered bow, which are somewhat more dressy if not quite so becoming to most styles of beauty. White silks and white satins, some of them combined with velvets are indicators of what is to be although it is impossible to tell what they will eventually develop into.

There is a new sort of a droop to the latest models which is indefinable but soft and pretty. It is just sort of a half curve, something which would be a boon to one of our pitchers once he could get hold of it and be sure of his control. It half shades the eyes and has a saucy tilt which is irresistible when correctly worn. The brims are not of the very floppy type, but semi-stiff and the curves are adjusted to stay put. A new shape is called the beach basket and in modified form is seen in a great many of the advance showings. It too has a semi-soft crown and one particularly attractive one was fashioned of ribbon in white and black velvet. Another less positive but still of the same type is of yarn chenille crown and black velvet brim. It seems that we cannot get away from the black velvet as it is seen somewhere on nearly every single hat. Up to yet there is about an equal distribution of large and small chapeaux but it is really

impossible to tell what the real hats of the season will be. The head of one of the millinery departments says that she thinks the big hat has come home to stay and will not give way to the smaller models to any marked extent for at least a while.

We do not hear so much about the garment strikes way out here in God's country and scarcely realize what a lot of trouble is going on where our fall suits come from. We will, however, reap the results and that not long hence for according to those who know, there ain't going to be no suits. Unless something is done and that quickly there will be no suits at all. As an immediate result of conditions there is not the slightest doubt that one-piece dresses are to be the first choice for the beginning of the cool days, one-piece dresses with furs. Just how we are to manage without an outer wrap to remove when we go in from the cool atmosphere to a heated room is still one of the unsettled problems of the fall styles, but we will fall for it first and settle the trouble afterwards.

Do you suppose it is true that women have always said "the styles were never so pretty as they are today." It probably is because no doubt as each different pattern has come on with the years they have perhaps been the best adapted to that particular period. But when a friend said to me the other day "I don't think ever since I can remember, or in the memory of pictures I have seen, women's clothes have been so pretty as they are now," I could but agree with her most heartily. It is a remark that I have made before, but it seems to grow more applicable with each passing month. The conversation was called forth by looking at an old-time picture of this friend's mother when she was a little girl. The child had

on one of the very ridiculous—to us—old-time tight basques with full skirt reaching clear to the ground and sweeping out around the tiny figure in voluminous folds. We had previously been studying the new fall one-piece garments which all of the shops are already displaying and we decided that advancing generations were most certainly growing wiser.

These one-piece dresses have the prettiest and most graceful lines ever and a funny thing about them is that they are becoming to most every figure. For a stout woman nothing so conceals or makes the most of superfluous pounds as the long-waisted, box, effects of the soft greys or attractive dark blues. They are likewise a boon to the slender woman for in the loose, but not superfluous folds, of the latest models she is rounded out into a perfect thirty-six without any artificial means whatsoever. It is hard to put one's finger on just the line or the detail which makes these frocks much desired commodities and daily increases the demand. No two of them are alike yet they all have the same general effect. And comfortable. They are last words—period. Just like we said before.

We will perhaps never get away from navy blue and in due course of time it may come to be the American woman's color. This year is no different from other years and the navy blue serges are the predominating note of the early shipments, with promise that they will become not less, but more popular as the season advances. Designed as the costumes are now for street wear without a wrap, there is naturally no color more practical. The color is seen too in some new blouses, the first shown for fall. They are all of blue, silk net, Georgette or combinations, navy blue without a touch of white anywhere. Some of

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