

**Folly and Ugliness in Dress.**

ARE OUR DESIGNERS AND ARTISTS ASLEEP?

**FREAKS OF FASHION IN LONDON.**

LONDON, July 7.

The artistic being who can find anything admirable, or beautiful, or even sensible and comfortable in the fashions of the present time must be strangely tolerant. Look where one will, in the West End, in the suburbs, in the streets and shops, the main feature that strikes the observer must surely be the lack of originality and charm displayed by to-day's fashion.

Foulard is widely sported, a pretty graceful material of itself, but made sometimes in patterns that are wilfully hideous. Navy blue and brown, for instance, covered with open white rings, that constitute the wearer a sort of target smothered with innumerable bull's eyes, is worn by short round people, and all sorts of "arty" shades, with the same unimaginative designs, appear to find ready sale, judging from the numbers of inappropriate gowns one meets abroad.

**THE TUNIC**

dies hard, and is now at its worst stage and far away from the long and graceful lines of its debut. For some reason



A BECOMING TOQUE.

day and everywhere, by plump middle-aged devotees of fashion, with collarless gowns beneath it, and with no back hair permitted to stray into view, it is vulgar, ugly, and stodgy in the extreme.

**CIRCUS DESIGNS.**

The clown crown (called by some the "atch Joey") style from the junction of the clowns in a circus seems to have us in its tyrant clutches for, even though some of us sport a brim, and a wide one, we appear determined to have, surmounting it, a cone shaped crown of truly absurd dimensions, and for this, when made in Panama straw, of course, we are asked an enormous price. Underneath such an ungainly erection the faintest bit of femininity looks a pigmy, and her more robust sister a freak.

**WHY IS IT!**

On nearly everyone's lips at any big assembly is the same cry, "Did you ever see such a generous display of ugliness in gowns and hats?" and yet, day by day, the same state of affairs is allowed to have things all its own way.

It is as if some elf of ugliness had joined hands with a spirit of mischief and an imp of expense, and, lulling beauty and grace to sleep, had taken command of the millinery world.

The sleep of stupidity will probably continue through July and August while sales hold sway of the land, and then, perhaps, there will be a revolution. Soon may it come!

**THE BUTTONHOLE WATCH**

is one of the newest conceits for men. A tiny little watch, circled with red enamel, is set in smooth gold, and this with small dials, is fixed into the buttonhole of the coat. Smaller than a thumbnail is the face of the watch.

For women there is a companion to this, a watch within a pendant. A fine silver chain holds a pear-shaped "drop" of grey enamel, worked with tiny seed diamonds in a floral design. The bottom of the drop is cut off, and the face of a tiny watch shows.

Indeed and indeed, surely we live in a silly age!

**SASHES**

play a very important part in the accessories of dress this season. They are worn in every conceivable way, with large or small bows, and no ends, with ends and no bows, and, in fact, any way that appeals to individual fancy. There is, besides, no law as to where they should be tied; the front, sides, or back are all equally fashionable. A very new sash arrangement that is decidedly freakish is to have a broad flat sash ribbon starting from the waist at the back, and falling down perfectly straight to the edge of the skirt, where it is then lapped up and fastened under a fold or a full of the dress.

**LARGE RETICULES**

that have deservedly been dubbed "ridicules" by the outsider are still to be met at all functions—exaggerated "trifles," smothered with rich embroidery and valued at several pounds, that appear to dwarf the owner, whose attenuated skirts and waists had seem to complete a trinity of folly, the bag having entered a door, the lady follows.

Nowadays these elaborate accessories are even to be met with in the mornings in shops, held by women in sensible serge. Some of the smaller sizes are very dainty and pretty.

**The Hope of Dawn, or the Dawn of Hope.**

The pitiless sun of the prairie beat down over the tired brown waste. In the doorway of a little hut a woman stood, shading the road with her eyes. Slender as her form was, there was a determination in her hair, and her sun-bonnet, looking down wistfully from over her brow, expressed unutterable longing. The doorway of the hut supported one hand, while the desolate landscape travelled over her tired eyes.

Suddenly the woman shook with a slight trembling. In the far distance her attention attracted a speck coming toward her and growing visibly larger. Leaning forward, she watched eagerly in that direction—her whole attention that of an attitude.

The rider bent wearily over his saddle, one hand hanging loose in the bridle, the other clinging desperately to a long white paper. He rode with the pommet fixed on his eyes, while the dry earth struck his horse's hoofs in a steady lope. There was nothing to be seen on the dreary landscape but the dilapidated hut and withered scrubby bushes.

As the hut neared the rider, the stirrups kicked the feet out of the man, and dismounting, the rider handed the woman the paper silently, his face appearing more strained and anxious in the shadow of the hut.

The woman lifted her white face, her intensity blazing with eyes, and held out her hands for the paper. "John!" she stammered, and with a hoarse sob reeled into the hut, one hand clutching a ladies' fashion journal.

**COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS.**

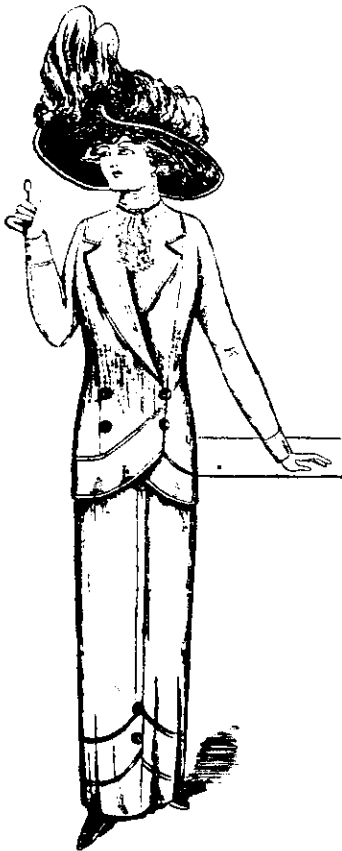
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Coughs, colds, bronchitis, and other throat and chest troubles are a prevalent source of annoyance and distress just now.

That worrying chest cough, that touch of bronchitis, that irritating tickling cough in the throat, and that uncomfortable hoarseness, all renew their attacks on your peace and comfort whenever fog and frost, wind or rain, remind us that winter is still with us.

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A SMART SPRING COSTUME.

or none, black spotted net over flowered foulard is held to be beautiful, and a floppy sun-gain effort is the result. Black net, surely, is limited to a black or white foundation, or a one-colour under-dress, and worn with figured lining of several colours, and in the daytime, it looks anything but artistic.

**HATS**

I must dispose of in a few moderate words, or my fellow New Zealanders will think that it is my own appreciation of beauty that is out of joint! But—even speaking moderately—hats are really hideous in the main. The fashionable clown hat is undoubtedly piquant on a small and daintily featured girl, whose prettiness its senseless eccentricity throws into a sort of Puck-like prominence. But worn, as it is, every

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