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NELLIE BLY AT NEWPORT.

A DAY AT THE FAMED RESORT AND AT NARRAGANSETT.

NO PLACE FOR ANYBODY WITHOUT A BARREL OF MONEY.

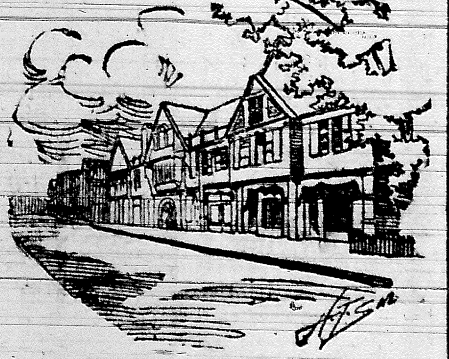
she Has a Stupid Time of it and Finds the Hotels Full of Lazy People, Who Read Novels All Day Long—A Drive in a Victoria at the Fashionable Hour—A Rush for the Dining-Rooms When the Dinner-Bell Rings—The Bathing the Only Interesting Thing at the Pier.

If you are rich and have a place in polite society, by all means go to Newport and spend your Summers. If you are poor, go anywhere else on earth instead.

Of course you have read of the beauties of Newport and the gay "goings on" of people whose money is the sole thing that makes them known in the world, but have you read of those unhappy creatures whose only ambition is to get a peep into what they call "society," who count themselves blest if they get a nod from people they consider great; who feel as proud as a mother when able to point out this moneyed royalty to strangers. They fill the hotels at Newport; they fill the cottages in the back streets; they joyfully pay their money to see rich ones play polo and tennis; they sit lonely and unhappy and envious on piazzas inhaling gratefully the dust raised by the equipages of the wealthy as they roll by in all their splendor, but never a sniff do they get on the inner side of that sacred circle.

Still they couldn't be coaxed to leave Newport. They will boast through their noses that they have a cottage at Newport. They will talk about the Vanderbilt homes as if they were daily visitors there. They will tell all about Mr. So-an-So's English proclivities as if he were their nearest friend. They will familiarly talk about August Belmont's fine fruit. But so will the servants.

I went to Newport to look about. The day was cold and dull when I reached there, and when I reached the hotel the sight of the quiet line of people strung along the piazza, looking as if they were hanging around on the outside of Paradise, made me homesick.



THE NEWPORT CASINO.

I was given a choice of two rooms. The first was small, and its furniture consisted of a bed, a washstand, a cheap bureau, with small mirror, and two cane-bottomed chairs, one a rocker. The ingrain carpet looked as if it had not met a broom this Summer. There were pins everywhere on the floor, mixed with a few brass hairpins. There were several bunches of yellow-hair combings also on the carpet and a number of pink candy drops. A bustle, that must have seen many seasons, occupied the rocking-chair. The dressing-case was littered with empty candy boxes and medicine bottles, and an old tooth-brush in a saucer filled with a nasty black paste was on the washstand. I went on.

The recent occupant of the other room was, I suppose, a man. Doubtless a young man, either good looking or moneyed. A discarded collar disclosed the gender; sprig of ivy, a pond-lily leaf and several sprays of withered flowers told

panse of the greenest and smoothest and most velvety turf I ever saw, are the homes of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Lorillards, the Goellets and other people of wealth. These homes are called cottages. I consider that very modest American. If they were in Europe the majority of them would be called palaces.

It is not possible to see them from the street. Beautiful high green hedges and shrubbery deftly planted about curving drives keep the finest homes secure against the gaze of the common public. Don't cry out against it! The law-makers of Rhode Island were wise, and all the money of the Vanderbilts and Astors combined could not close the public walk which runs through their fine lawns and along the edge of the high cliff for over five miles.

Public? Yes, as free as the air, and the public walks along that cliff and gazes undisturbed at the palaces resting hundreds of feet back in those wonderful, unbroken green lawns. There is no shrubbery or trees here. The people who own these homes will not sacrifice their unsurpassed view of the sea even to protect themselves against the curiosity of the public. You can see their homes, but you cannot see them. Even if a form should appear on the piazza as you stroll along that public walk, you could not distinguish one feature, the houses are so far away. And you cannot venture near, even if you had the boldness. Little signs marked "Private Walk" warn you to keep your distance.

NOT A SMILE ANYWHERE.

Everybody, I suppose, was driving. Several were riding, and almost every one looked glum and miserable. I met Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in a high cart on a side road driving towards the Polo Grounds. He had his two little sons with him, and he looked happy and contented as he drove his fine sorrel team. I like his face. It is a good one. I am sorry he did not have to work for a living. I think we should have had reason to be proud of him. I met him the second day. This time in place of his sons he had a friend, and he was smiling, and there was not a line of discontent.

One woman, wealthy and an acknowledged success in society, drove along, with a look of positive unhappiness seaming her face. A man—a millionaire—looked as if all the troubles in the world were piled on his shoulders. A man and woman, whose names frequent the "society columns" and whose entertainments are noted for their brilliancy, drove silently along with a look on their faces as if they were hungry and did not know where they would get their dinners. One young man, riding a fine bay, looked so sad that I could hardly resist the temptation to say, "Shake yourself and cheer up." The young women had the same dull, uninterested, unhappy look. I only saw one, a dark-faced girl, with laughing brown bright eyes and a smile that showed her little white teeth. I liked her. She was as refreshing as a shade-tree at noon in the tropics.

When I got back to the hotel the line on the piazza had thinned out, but what was left looked more miserable in the dim light than ever.

Dinner at last. I wore a bright red dress, in the effort to lend some color to the funereal outfit. Mrs. Mackey, the wife of the bonanza king, wore a soft India silk of red and white stripe. She looked very pretty and bright as she sat at her table, surrounded by five gentlemen, including Mr. Mackey and her son.

If the guests at the hotel knew the Mackeys, they were certainly better behaved than the public usually is. There was no staring, and if there were any nudges they were imperceptible. The Mackey table did not differ from the others in the dining-room except that the napkins placed in the goblets were creased several times. Those served the other guests were in the goblets in one plain fold.

After dinner I took a look at some of the residences of Newport. Mr. August Belmont's home is completely hidden by a high fence and fruit trees. Mr. Chauncey Depew's house just peeps over the top of a nest of trees, but as it rests on an elevation the view of the sea from its windows and piazzas must be superb. At John Jacob Astor's they cling to red brick and sandstone, for their English wall at least, as they do in their town property. William Astor is satisfied with an iron fence. Mr. Van Alen's high

cock row, but it gave forth such slow, unmusical airs that I wished it were any place else. I could overhear the talk of the women nearest me, who whispered together with long faces. They talked about everybody, myself included, but I was glad they had some diversion, even if I furnished it myself. When I tired of that I amused myself by watching the mosquitos on the wall rubbing their feet together in gleeful anticipation of the hour when the guests would retire to rest.

At 9 o'clock we were all yawning; at 10 the orchestra closed their dismal rehearsal, and we all silently, moodily and thankfully slipped off to our rooms and beds. But this was enjoying life at Newport!

WHERE ARE NEWPORT'S CHARMS?

I crawled wearily into bed between damp sheets. The mosquitos buzzed glad little welcomes into my ears so that I was unable to sleep soundly during the night, and when day-break came the white shade threw such a glare into my eyes and the flies so successfully assumed the task laid down by the mosquitos that the spirit of it all overcame my determination to enjoy life at Newport.

And some people had planned months in advance for such recreation!

Of course I went to the tennis tournament at the Casino. The Casino is on the main street, near all the one-roomed shops labelled as branches of New York business houses. The street was filled with handsome turnouts. The wealthy people are all stockholders in the Casino. The runners after them gladly pay the entrance fee for the privilege of rubbing clothes with them. But this is life at Newport.

The Casino, like everything else belonging to the wealthy there, is quite an attractive spot. Like all Casinos it has a music hall, dance hall and restaurant. It has three sides, forming a small court and almost incloses a second and larger one, which is the tennis ground. The people who gathered on a triple row of chairs surrounding the tennis field represented the families of money, with a sprinkling of the would-bes from the side streets and the hotel.

The most noticeable thing among the daughters of fortune was that the majority were lean and anything but striking beauties. The most noticeable thing among the sons of fortune was that they had skinned noses and self-conscious manners. The mummies and papas and the sons who had been out several seasons were not unpleasant in manner nor dress.

The polo tournament was even less enjoyable. The riding was not remarkable and the kid-gloved applause was not warming. As usual, the rich had all the fun, the poor looked on. But this is life at Newport.

Nothing is little indulged in by those on the inside, except at the private bathing-houses on the south beach.

As I said before, if you are rich go to Newport; if not, don't. Let the moneyed flock together. Why shouldn't they? Would you want to be a pigeon-toed turkey among a flock of doves, or vice versa? Flock with your own kind, or, if they don't please you, don't flock. Remember one thing, you have only one life to live. Don't waste half of it by spending your Summers at Newport—unless you are rich.

At the Pier.

The bathing is really the only thing I found interesting at Narragansett. The Pier is the direct opposite of Newport in many ways. While Newport is a Summer city of home life, Narragansett is a Summer town of hotel life. The hotels are comfortable, too—that is, of course, the most prominent ones. Most of them are in full view of the beautiful sea, divided only by wide green lawns, a board walk and a famous drive—or fashionable, I think, is a better word—that stretches along the beach just out of reach of high tide.

The Narragansett Casino, where the most delightful little dinners are given, surpasses the Newport Casino both in architectural beauty and position. A cut-stone corner of it stands at the water's edge where a beautiful view can be had of the sea and where a breeze is always stirring. This is connected with the main building by a stone bridge that spans the drive.

When I was there nothing of consequence was going on except novel-reading, and the amount of novel-reading that is done at

zar, such bad form you know. Her form is exquisite, her black brows so sweetly curve on her marble forehead; her dark lashes so beautifully sweep her pink-tinted cheeks; her yellow, yellow—ah! I should say golden, it has a prettier and more costly sound—hair catches the very glint of the sunshine and holds it in those silky, golden tresses. No, indeed, the prettiest girl does not bathe. She strolls up and down the board walk talking languidly to some young man who has in vain been coaxing her to go into the water. Her maid or most intimate friend knows why she doesn't bathe. She tells him of jolly little dips she has had, but singularly enough none of her male admirers are ever present at the time to witness them.

THE "MAKE-UP" GIRLS.

The dear, sweet, modest creature, he thinks, and the round-eyed, sunburnt-faced, bare-armed little rascal who just run past them with a smile on her lips and the salt water dripping in streams from her short skirts and pulling her brown hair into long, straight ends and pasting her stockings close to her firm, round legs, looks so healthy and vulgar in comparison! Oh Lord, this stage make-up business has taken the backbone out of nature. They do go in sometimes, though, these "make-ups." I saw them at Narragansett. When it comes to the last moment, when they fear their art will be suspected, they go to their rooms and—well, let the imagination picture the dressing, which often requires the aid of a maid, though they consider themselves safer not even to trust a maid in the matter. When they reappear this is what you see:

A plump, pretty creature, with pink cheeks, flashing eyes and golden locks, dressed as if for a ball. The dainty gold combs are still resting in those golden tresses, oftentimes studded with diamonds. The bathing-suit, the swellest, is made of a dead-black flannel this season; is cut low enough to show a dazzlingly fair neck, and is finished with a rolling sailor collar tied with a black silk scarf, kept in place by cute little pins, generally diamonds.

The sleeves are made in one big puff, to give breadth to the shoulders and to make the waist look still more slender by comparison. These puffs come half way to the elbow. Rings and bracelets finish the dressing of the arm and hand.

The waist! Whew! It is made so long, so slender, so perfect by the French corset bought only for these baths that the sight of the make-up bather takes one's breath. Then the corsets are pulled in so tight that if she were compelled to run a yard she would faint. A black silk belt keeps the waist down tight and smooth. The black silk stockings, often finished at the top in colors, are stretched smooth over a leg whose shape would make the fortune of a ballet girl, and fastened securely above the knee. The short black skirt does not reach the knee, but is made very full, like a ballet skirt, about the hips, which puts the finishing stroke to a beautiful "make-up."

She is not one, this girl I describe, but one of many. I counted four of her in the water at one time, the first day I sat on Narragansett beach watching the bathers. She is pretty, there is no denying it. We all get educated up to finding more beauty in art than nature after awhile. Certainly the non-bathers—male—followed these pretty creatures down to the water's edge and watched them, entranced. They certainly made a pretty picture in among the dripping rats who were in for fun, not show. "Surely that pretty girl is not going into the water with that jewelry on and those costly pins in her hair, and, by Jove! her hair dressed as if for a ball," exclaimed an unsophisticated man to me.

"No, indeed, she won't let the water catch her above the waist," I replied, and he watched her curiously. They all went in and remained there for some time, but when they came out they were perfectly dry above the waist.

GOSSIP, GOSSIP, GOSSIP.

Of course the people sitting along the board walk gossip. If you sit near them you can know the history of everybody that passes or bathes.

This girl with the golden lace, on a black gown, that matches the golden shade of her hair makes all her own plans, she

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