

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

WHEN the young *lure* of fashion walks forth as the first warm days of summer approach he will wear the new negligé shirt that is just making its appearance. These shirts replace entirely the flannel and cashmere articles that have won such wide popularity that it is probable only the man of ultra-fashion will relinquish the comfort of them altogether. The new shirt is made of madras, oxford or cheviot. It has a narrow plait down the front to be ornamented by three tiny gold or silver studs. The cuffs are attached and the two collars that come with each garment are detached. One collar is a high turn-down, the other rolls over. The tie also comes with the shirt of the same material and is four-in-hand style with the wide flowing ends. The vest may be omitted and the tan or white leather belt worn as a finish. In design these goods are checked and pin-striped and colors are blue, pink, lavender and brown.

The "fin de siècle" tie of the moment is the stock tie. It is a revised fashion of our fore-fathers modernized. It goes about the neck twice and is worn principally with the Polk collar. The swellest ones are of plain, heavy black satin though they come in all sorts of small designs in color in black grounds. They are tied four-in-hand style and also in "string" style. The Polk collar is another innovation of fashion that originated two generations or more back. It is high, the ends meeting together in front so as not to disclose a vestige of the throat. As a throat protector the new collar is of every advantage provided one never changes the style for even the least susceptible of throats will be affected if protected one day and exposed the next. There is nothing especially new as regards gloves, unless one notes the high favor given to Easter egg red ones for street wear but in handkerchiefs the latest fad demands that they be for summer on all business and demi-dress occasions of white linen bordered with a narrow bit of color in harmony or to match the shirt worn. For all "real dress" wear the fine white linen hemstitched is used entirely.

The sword run in and out the scarf as one would darn with a pin is the most popular design in scarf pin. By the way a man who knows much about fashion and observes a great deal as to the style of other men says: "A well-dressed man always ties his own tie. A bought knot shows a lack of taste and feeling."

THE NEWER NORTHWEST.

The northwestern extension of the Burlington railroad now completed through northern Wyoming almost to the Montana line, has opened for development an immense territory, whose resources have hitherto been hardly suspected by the general public and not half understood by those who were most familiar with them. The line traverses, for more than three hundred miles, a section previously wholly without rail connection, and although such an incident as the opening up of such a new and magnificent region would, a score of years ago, have attracted national attention, it occurred last year without exciting much more than a passing paragraph in the press. So much railroad building has been done and so much zeal has been displayed in advertising the extreme northwest and the Pacific coast that this near-by territory has been comparatively neglected. So far as the public has had any impression of this region, it has been that it was, if not actually a desert, at least sufficiently arid and uninviting to be the foundation for the now-acknowledged myths concerning the existence of the "Great American Desert."

It has, however, been of late years pretty thoroughly demonstrated and rather generally conceded that this region is admirably adapted to the breeding of cattle on a large scale, and this degree of knowledge of its resources is being succeeded by the inevitable discovery that much of it is well fitted by quality of soil and other conditions for successful agriculture.

There is real romance in the way the great west has gradually and with much difficulty struggled out from beneath the cloud cast upon it nearly a century ago, when early explorers misnamed it the Great American Desert. State by state, county by county, single file, it has emerged in small detachments, with much fear and trembling of those first settlers whom it has taken into its confidence and invited to make their homes upon its bosom. It was almost as if a work of redemption was going on rather than a work of development of what already exists. In that development the Burlington

railroad has done more, perhaps than all other agencies combined. It was the first line to push out, without the encouragement and assistance subsidies, into the vast region over which hung the blighting reputation of aridity and barrenness. It has pioneered the way for the sturdy homesteader, made his path easy and invited him to follow in convenience and comfort. It has opened up for him vast areas of inviting territory, almost against his protest, and he has gone into them doubtfully, but has remained in prosperity and peace. At every new invasion by this enterprising railroad of a new portion of the western plains, this same thing has happened as if it were a part of a regularly laid out program. First, the road; then a fringe of the boldest and hardest settlers, locating near its line as the same kind of people fringed the navigable streams of the older states in the olden times when there were no railroads; then a flow beyond these, and then the taking possession of the entire territory and the upbuilding of a rich and strong community.

These scenes are being repeated in the newly-reached region penetrated by this road, located in northwestern Nebraska, southwestern South Dakota and northeastern Wyoming. Contrary to the generally accepted impression, this immense territory—three hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide, and in area equal to several of the smaller states in the Union—is possessed of resources that qualify it to be the home of a million people, and its future inhabitants are already moving in and taking possession in droves of thousands. New towns are springing up. Those already organized—Alliance, Hemingford, Crawford, Edgemont, Newcastle, Sheridan, etc.—are enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity. Gigantic enterprises—mining, irrigating, yes, even manufacturing—have chosen this as their field of operations and on all sides the results of wisely-directed energy are apparent.

The capitalist, however, is by no means the only person whose presence in this newer northwest is noticeable. This is, if not a veritable "poor man's country," at least as good a territory as the man of moderate means can find anywhere. Most of the land still belongs to the public domain and can be had only by homesteading—except that in certain portions it may be taken under the Desert Land act and title to it secured by putting it under ditches and supplying it with water for irrigating purposes. What remains is the last of the once vast area that has given free homes to millions of enterprising American citizens. It is rapidly being absorbed in the same way the greater mass of it has gone.

MANSFIELD SAYS HE IS NOT A FREAK.

Following Richard Mansfield's engagement in Omaha, the following appeared in the society columns of the *World-Herald*:

Omaha has had the grip, the babies have all had the measles and the transients the smallpox, but the hang-around-the-side-door fever to worship an actor silently or to flirt with him openly never struck the girls until the engagement of Richard Mansfield. Why, it was almost shocking the way the girls congregated around the actor's door yesterday after the matinee. There were awfully swell girls and timid girls and stunning girls and girls in their new spring gowns and girls in carriages and girls on foot and there was an army of them. They waited and waited and somebody said in awe-struck tones, "That's his carriage waiting for him," and then they congregated around the carriage. It was too funny! Some of those girls are awfully shy, and all that sort of thing, but the fever struck them and they were bound to see him anyway, and to get a good look at him, too. Finally Mrs. Mansfield came out alone, entered her carriage and drove around to the west door. There was Mansfield; he had fled—wasn't it conceited and self-conscious of him?

Mr. Mansfield has the reputation of being the most crotchety and insufferably egotistical actor on the American stage. He sent the following characteristic communication to the *World-Herald* office on Tuesday:

Mr. Mansfield presents his compliments to the society editor of the *World-Herald* of Omaha and begs to say that if he had entertained the slightest suspicion that a nearer view of his ugly face could in any way have contributed to the happiness of any young ladies of Omaha he would have exhibited himself outside of the theatre as well as inside. Mr. Mansfield has been hitherto of the opinion that his duty in this respect ceased at the wings upon the stage. Mr. Mansfield walked home—a constitutional necessity—yesterday afternoon, and in this regard exercised the privilege of every free born citizen. Mr. Mansfield, however, begs to add that in certain cities like Baltimore, or Washington, or Philadelphia, where he has so many generous and delightful friends, he often enjoys the honor of greeting them at the stage door after the play—but cela c'est autre chose—and Mr. Mansfield is neither a show nor a curiosity, nor a freak; but a poor artist, doing, he hopes, his devoir.

April 22, 1894.