

Fashions of the Day.

My Dearest Adelaide: As Easter is to spring styles, so is the Horse Show to the styles for winter. Of course we expected a great indifference and were not certain that we would attend the equine exhibition, but, my dear—miss it? Not for worlds!—worlds, with all the advanced ideas of Nicko a Tesla perfected and thrown in.

Surveying this array of fashion, beauty and beast—or is "beast" an ugly word for blue-ribbon horses?—I am in a daze when I try to focus my mind to give you an idea of the latest of this season's creations.

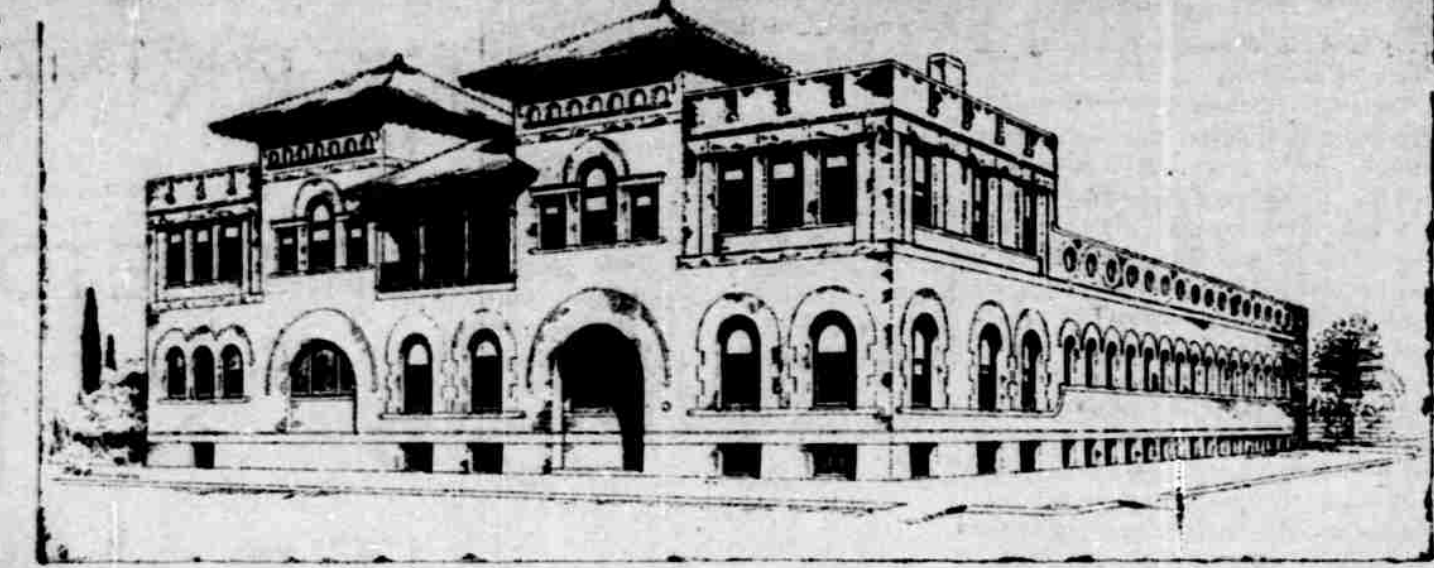
It is big hats and little bonnets, with sweeping long plumes on the one, aigrettes and tips on the other. It is Russian blouses for outside wraps, and blouses too, for dresses of all descriptions. It is high collars, braiding, embroidery, fur trimmings, tucks, cordings, piping, satin and velvet applique. It is cloth, it is velvet, velvet embroidered and smooth-faced cloths braided. It is sweeping skirts, circular in effect, close and clinging around the hips, in front and at the sides.

In colors, added to the black, "baby gray" and pale beige, are Havana brown, purple and deep red. The brown is golden, the purple is royal and the red is blood color. Then there are the blues, not quite so popular. Of these, "Yale blue" and "jockey blue" are the correct shades; Yale blue is strong, while jockey blue has a violet tone.

The severity and "mannish" look of being tailor-made have disappeared in the blouse, braiding and trimmings, still ye tailor goes on making waists that retain the form when off, so that you can "see yourself" as others see you. With the padding, canvas and stitching concealed by the silken lining these waists are armors to wear—but the tailor's reputation is saved.

Silk waists, fancy waists or extra waists are just as much worn as ever. They are too convenient to be given up. Waists of this kind give great scope to individual taste, but the pouch or blouse in front must always be a feature, though it can be varied to suit the wearer's figure. The blouse-back is not meeting with much favor. The front can be very full and quite long or just slightly draped.

An exquisite waist was of cerise satin with a jet yoke, jetted black net draped in the front, plain black net gathered into folds in the back, collar and belt of cerise velvet. The collar was a wrinkled stock with box-pleats of the velvet at the top of the stock and at the back and an inner ruff of lace. The belt was drawn tight around the waist in wrinkled folds. The sleeves were mosquitoire,



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of satin covered with plain net and having small puffs at the top, not set on separately, but formed from the sleeves. This waist was worn with a black satin skirt and with the costume was a black velvet "picture hat," a rhinestone buckle fastening the nodding black plumes to one side in front next the hair, letting them fall backward over the very much upturned brim.

You remember the golden brown cloth I wrote you about? The waist, which is bloused in front and has a short basque fitting plainly around the hips, has a design on a band of satin which is traced with a fine braid; this trimming runs around the basque up one side of the front (where it fastens) and extends into a narrow yoke effect around the neck. The satin is a shade lighter than the cloth and the braid used is a shade darker, the three shades making a very rich combination. The belt is of the satin and the braiding, and has quite a decided point in front under the blouse. The skirt is perfectly plain, but instead of the popular invisible pleats at the back the fulness is taken into two box-pleats. The dress is lined throughout with a changeable purple and brown silk. To wear with this costume there is a hat of brown velvet. It has a soft crown, shirred brim, raised at the left side; under the brim there is a cluster of velvet and silk roses against the hair the exact shades of the cloth and the satin, and standing high on this same side a bunch of ostrich tips in the two shades. The suit is a symphony in brown.

One of fashion's freaks is a combination of fur and lace. One evening wrap

was a cape reaching almost to the finger ends, made of chinchilla and pleated satin in pale green covered with frills of creamy lace. Around the neck was a high, flaring chinchilla collar, with an inner ruff of the pleated satin and lace. A bow and ends of the green satin ribbon fastened the cape at the throat, the ends of the ribbon being trimmed with frillings of lace.

Immense bows at the throat of these diaphanous stuffs—mulle, chiffon, mousseline de soie, Liberty silk, anything and everything thin, are fashionable and useful in giving light touches to a costume which is otherwise plain.

Thibet goat is used a great deal for trimming evening wraps, and whole capes are made of it, with enormous muffs accompanying.

Gray astrakhan (Krimmer) is effective for blouses and capes, and when lined with rich red velvet it is a positive joy. Of course this lining shows to better advantage in the capes. To sum it up, Adelaide, this season, is a rollicking riot of color—gorgeous colors.

One consolation is that the riches of these colors carry a double meaning so far as to keep them from becoming common.

The large tip-titled hats and the new and, for the most part, unbrooming Russian blouses are the most striking novelties worn by the women at the horse show this year. I have seen some very handsome gowns, and those worn in particular by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Frederick H. Benedict, Miss Bessie Stokes, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Crocker, Miss Eleanor Sedley and particularly by Miss Vera Boarman of New Orleans, were notably handsome and effective. Miss Boarman has spent the last two summers at Narragansett Pier, where she was known as the New Orleans Carnival Queen. She has soft brown hair, clear complexion and large, dark eyes; on Monday night, in a gown of the new Parma violet shade, she looked extremely fetching. The frock had the newest style of skirt—the sun-skirt—and was very narrow and plain over the hips and flaring out below. A cascade of lace fell from the neck of the cape, a double one of the same violet shade as the frock, with a high flaring collar edged with sable and all lined with cream satin. Her picture hat, a Parma violet beaver, which framed her Madonna-like face to perfection, was trimmed with three large violet ostrich plumes and a velvet rosette fastened by the inevitable rhinestone buckle. Miss Boarman was easily the best dressed woman at the show, and her delicate beauty, which has already won for her the sobriquet of the "Society Cleo de Merode," makes her the centre of attraction wherever she is. TESSA.

The Lady in Brown.

It was at the play. A lady in a brown costume and large stylish hat sat next on my right. She was intent on the orchestra when we entered.

At the end of the first act the lady was looking interestedly into the boxes. I followed her eyes, then suddenly dropped mine, and caught a glimpse of a hand stealing noiselessly in my direction. I coughed slightly and the hand was back in her lap.

With the second curtain, the hand had nearly reached me again. The rustling of my fan sent it back again to the owner's lap. The lady next me was still very interested in the boxes.

I was secretly on the watch now. During the last act, the hand came over again. It crept softly toward me with a cat-like motion, slipping noiselessly over her lap to the edge of my dress. Just as it reached me, the curtain went down and the lights flashed on again.

I gathered up my purse from my lap and arose to go.

The lady in Brown had also arisen and she was moving out at the other end of the row.

A Medical Success.

"Mister," said the small boy to the chemist, "give me another bottle o' them pills you sold father day before yesterday."

"Are they doing him any good?" asked the chemist, looking pleased.

"I d'nno whether they're doin' father any good or not, but they're doin' me good. They just fit my new air-gun!"—From Collier's Weekly.

Not Much at Home.

Pop Snodgrass—I tell ye, the city's a mighty demoralizin' place, Hannah. Now, there's our darter Sally, as married that city chap; it 'pears she jest gads from morning to night.

Mrs. Snodgrass—What guv ye that ijee, Pop?

Pop Snodgrass—Why, from this yere card she sent us, I f'arn she don't have but one day a month at home.

Mr. Houseman (rousing Tired Tatters out of a drunken sleep)—What are you doing in my cellar?

Tired Tatters (taking his bearings)—Why, I'm laying n the winter's supply of coal.

Roaming Raggles—If yer had yer choice of perfessions wot'd ye rather do, Tatters?

Tired Tatters—Well, I duuno, but I allays thought raisin' century plants wot'd be an ideal life!

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