

Fashions of the Day.

My Dearest Adelaide: Easter day has come and gone. This is the result of my observations, as caught in a passing glimpse of a block or two on the avenue after church. It may be that I took a little more of a stroll than that, but I will not acknowledge it; it seems so distinctively vulgar in this very last end of the century to join the Easter parade on Fifth avenue. Of course, all of us are forced into a few blocks of it in going to and from church.

Well, dear, we are slender, we are sinuous, we are sylphs. We wear big, top-heavy hats—more of that anon. We must be sheath-like and small around the waist and hips. Hips, as it were, have taken a slump. If, when we lay aside our pads, nature still insists on too much plumpness, then the masseur must do the rest, for we have just got to be graceful and gliding—got may not be as good English as it is forceful; anyhow we must be slender. Skirts are tight and sheath-like around the hips, and flare most decidedly around the bottom, either with set on flounces, cut-on flounces, or in the cut of the untrimmed gored breadths. Sleeves fit to the arm snugly, with the only relief in trimming at the shoulders; these frills or epaulets must stand out, giving width to the shoulders.

The top heavy hats, my dear girl, are as a fashion simply abominable. They have not one bit of grace or outline of character. They are simply a shape or foundation that is tipped over the face, and something upon which to pile a lot of chiffon, lace and spangles. It matters not how broad the brim may be, the space between the edge and the crown must be filled full of twisted thin material, which has the effect of the yards and yards of stuffs worn around the heads by the Hindoos. It is not pretty—only stylish.

The most exclusive houses are showing quietly magnificent hats graceful with plumes and buckles. I predict that in one month chiffon and gauze will have had their day on hats, and velvet, silk, satin and ribbons will come in with sweeping plumes. A woman's hat with gloves and shoes, is the index of her costume. There is no character in the bunching of gauze, and it is too "slimpy" to use unless it is hunched. It will not stand atmosphere that is at all moist, and it is already too much worn—too common.

Turquoise blue is established as the fashionable color. Where purple and violet shades have been reigning supreme the blue is now dominant. One reason for this is that while it is becoming to almost everyone, it also lights up well in the evening. While turquoise blue was seen in all accessories on the best dressed women returning from church in the Easter parade, black was the favorite color for costumes. There were black "tailor-mades," black satins, black velvet, black grenadine, black crepe de chine, black nun's veiling, black taffetas and black everything. Everything, thick or thin, had colored linings, with turquoise blue the favorite. Every other color, though, was seen—just a matter of individual taste.

And, my dear, it did seem to me that every style under the sun was fashionable, excepting big sleeves and full skirts. If one has anything tucked away that belonged to the fashions before the arrival of the balloon sleeves, and the six and seven yard width skirt, it would not be amiss among these spring displays.

An especially pretty fancy is the white taffeta silk waist. It can be a regulation shirt waist or it can be a dinner waist. It can be made without a vestige of trimming, or it can be solidly tucked, or trimmed with lace and embroidery. For the street these waists are now worn with white silk or satin lined jackets.

They—the waist and the jacket lining—look so pretty, dearie, when you—unconsciously, of course—take off the jacket in the heat of theatre, church or restaurant!

A change has come about in the flounce that has been running up the back on dress skirts. That same flounce is now running up the front, wider in front than in the back. There is no reason for it but fickleness, and either way—wider in front or wider in the back—it is not in nearly as good taste as one of the same width all around the skirt or coming from each side of the front breadth.

Capes there were in the sunshine of Easter without number—shoulder capes coming to the elbow. A pretty one was of black velvet cut in points. Coming from under the points was an accordion-plaited frill of white chiffon covered with Chantilly lace gathered full. The velvet was embroidered in jet, just a tracing of the fine cut bead over a scattering flower design. It was extremely stylish and dressy. With it was worn a black and white bonnet, tulle covered with jet-spangled net and a black and white aigrette.

Capes with taffeta silk foundations and covered with platings of gauze and chiffon were in all colors, black, gray, blue, violet and green.

A very pale shade of green is still worn, but most greens have the turquoise tint. You know there is a turquoise green as well as the turquoise blue, and the two colors blend beautifully.

The twin color of turquoise blue for evening—I mean in favoritism—is the cerise pink.

Edith looked lovely Sunday night at the Sousa Concert in a pink velvet waist made with a white embroidered pineapple silk guimpe, which could be laid aside for décolleté occasions. With it she wore a pale gray crepe de chine skirt, and a large hat which was loaded down with gray plumes, rhinestone buckles and pink roses. She looked stunning!

Grace wore a black velvet waist—a sort of blouse—fastened with rhinestone buttons, and a black and white striped satin skirt. Her hat was of pink crinkled crepe—half Gainsborough—with black plumes and a large rhinestone buckle catching up the brim at the left front.

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The Out-Door Woman.

The subject of bicycle touring has been widely discussed, and in regard to which a great deal of advice has been given. Lists of the necessary articles to be taken as baggage upon the wheel have been made out, and a multitude of directions have been laid down governing the proper equipment in general. Nothing that the tourist could possibly need was omitted, but—and here lies the mistake—a vast number of things that she could dispense with have been included in the outfit. From this cause largely has come the dissatisfaction which has been expressed regarding bicycle tours. Too many of them have been undertaken by persons so overburdened with alleged "conveniences" that their trip has resembled that of a freight-laden caravan. The secret of a pleasurable tour lies, in a great measure, in the lightest possible equipment. The tourist on a wheel cannot expect all the travelling luxuries to be found in a drawing room car, and the more strictly she limits her list, the more comfort she will have.

A plan which has been followed with much success by a man and his wife who live in the suburbs might well be adopted by tourists in general. They carry with them as baggage little else besides a few toilet articles. These are packed into a strong bag of brown linen, made with pockets for the brushes, combs, soap, etc. This bag is put into the flat luggage-carrier, of moderate size, which fits into the diamond frame of a man's wheel. The repair outfits for the two wheels also find plenty of room in this luggage carrier, so that they need not be strapped elsewhere, and a drinking cup is another necessary article. No attempt is made to carry any extra clothes; but arrangements are made to have these sent on by express to the hotels or houses at which the tourists are to stop on their journey. This plan requires that the route shall be carefully planned before the start is made, and that the cyclists shall adhere faithfully to their program. Arrived at each night's stopping place, they find a bag of fresh clothes awaiting them, and having taken these out, they repack the valise with the things they have been wearing and have it expressed home again. If they are to make a stop of unusual length anywhere, they express a trunk instead of a bag, to be at the place at the expected time.—Harper's Bazar.

"Do you think," said the man who is slightly superstitious, "that a comet presages danger?"

"Well," replied Mr. Meekton, with the deliberation of a man who is accustomed to think many times before he speaks, "it does if I stay out late enough to see it."

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Binks—So you've quit your job again, have you? What's the trouble now?
Hinks—I had to get up to early. The boss expected me down every morning before the last editions of the afternoon papers were out.