

Fashions of the Day.

This is really what you call the "height of the season."

I have been doing teas and luncheons in the daytime and dinners, the opera and dances at night, until I am almost dead, and, at this very moment, I wish that Ash Wednesday were the 15th of this month instead of next; but if wishes were horses—why—there would not be any cable cars!

I have been particularly interested in the debutantes. It pleased me immensely to see how simply many of them were gowned for the fatal plunge into the vortex of what we fondly call "society."

White has been the prevailing color. One girl, whose gown, I think, was particularly good, wore white crepe de Chine—the new kind that is heavy, and hangs in clinging, supple folds, and not at all like the flimsy, fluttering stuff with which we usually associate the name. It was made very plainly and severely, with a double skirt effect. The bodice was also plain, and showed a tiny guimpe of white mulle embroidered in gold thread. The drapery of the skirt was outlined in an exquisite but fine design, done in the gold thread, and this design also appeared on the bodice and sleeves. This does not sound well, but it was exceedingly smart. And the girl was tall and slight, and it suited her tremendously.

Another girl whose gown I liked wore white Liberty satin, polka dotted with Brussels net. I wonder whether I can make it clear how it was done? It was as though the satin had a lot of holes the size of a penny punched out of it at intervals of about three inches. Those holes were backed, so to speak, by the net. Machine stitching outlined each polka dot. The skirt was quite plain and mounted over an under slip of chiffon. The bodice was of the same material as the skirt, draped so as to give it a princess effect, and the long sleeves and high guimpe were transparent and made of the net, finely tucked. It was one of those frocks that a man would call "sweet" and a woman would know was "dear."

I do not know what has happened to everybody, but there is no doubt about it that Simplicity—in many cases, of course, "elegant" Simplicity, but still Simplicity—is the note of the hour.

At the beginning of the season I said it was coming, but had no idea it would come so quickly.

It really would seem as though people felt it is bad form to be rich, or at least to appear rich.

Its influence is being felt in the manners as well as in the clothes of the smart set.

Simplicity cannot endure that high and mighty, stand-offish, I really do not know whether I can afford to know you manner which has been much affected in bygone years, and which made the best of us appear as a cross between those two abominations, a cad and a snob.

The fashionable manner of the hour is to be very simple and direct, frank and cordial with even the people one knows the least about.

This new manner creates a delightful atmosphere, and I advise every one to cultivate it.

A few years ago a woman togged herself out to go to an afternoon tea with as much elaborateness as she would for any state function, which was stupid on the face of it, as the fashion of tea giving was intended for the very purpose of dispensing with more formal entertainment. But the fact did not seem to be appreciated at the time, so the hostess received her guests of an afternoon in a décolleté gown, and the guests arrived in satins and velvets, gorgeously bejeweled and bejeweled.

Now that Simplicity and good taste reign, or are trying to reign, décolleté

gowns in the daytime are as obsolete as men's dress clothes for the same hour, together with the blazing diamond studs that used to adorn the manly bosom in the early days of American society.

Today one may go to the biggest kind of affair of an afternoon with as little preparation as one pleases; in a cloth gown, made smartly, of course, but as simply as one likes.

This is a blessing to Mrs. Little Money, for under the reign of simplicity she may hope to make an appearance equal to that of Mrs. Lots O'Ducats.

At a tea the other afternoon Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish, who ought to have the very latest thing, wore a tailor-made gown of red cloth. The skirt was severely plain; the coat, which was equally plain, was quite short in the front and had long tails in the back.

With this smart costume Mrs. Fish wore a black velvet toque.

Mrs. Henry Burnett has been wearing quite constantly for similar occasions a snuff-colored cloth gown also made quite plainly, with some embroidery on the bodice, its only ornament. One could mention many other women who have adopted the gown of cloth for their favorite day toilette.

There is one thing that Simplicity exacts, and that is careful detail in the unfurbelowed creations that she advocates. Every false note is unmistakable.

A great many women have not grasped this point as yet. When they do, they will understand that they must give up buckles, and ornate fastenings of all descriptions, worn on the small of the back and the pit of the stomach. Both of these atrocities destroy the very effect that simplicity would produce.

All the funny little fixings at the back of the neck will be tabooed also, as they have already been by Simplicity's most intelligent followers.

How a woman can, for a moment, deceive herself into thinking that, by destroying one of the prettiest lines she has, she increases her attractions, is beyond me; for I share the French adoration of the feminine neck.

Upon the treatment of the neck of the woman's gown often depends the success or failure of her ensemble.

Another detail that Simplicity exacts is perfect corseting.

The long run on the blouse had a great tendency to make many well-dressed women decidedly careless in this particular, and some of them do not seem to have realized that the present style is a very revealing one, and, if they are not careful in having themselves well corseted, all the world knows it.

I have so often heard women make the statement that they are wearing certain stays for which they were paying, say, six or eight dollars because they could not afford better ones; and yet, at the moment they were exploiting this argument, they were probably wearing a two hundred dollar gown!

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[First Publication, Jan. 13, 1915] MASTER'S SALE.

Docket T, No. 28.

In the circuit court of the United States, for the district of Nebraska. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, complainant vs. Bertha E. Finney, et al defendants.—In Chancery.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the Thirteenth day of December 1907, I, Samuel S. Curtis, Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska, will, on the thirteenth day of February 1909, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the East door of the County Court House building, in the City of Lincoln, Lancaster County, State and District of Nebraska, sell at auction, for cash, the following-described property to wit:

Lot number twelve (12) in Block number Thirty-four (34) in the City of Lincoln, in the County of Lancaster and State of Nebraska.

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