

Fashions of the Day

This is what I call hurly-burly week. After the pious dulness of Lent the rush of Easter gayeties seems quite overpowering. All this marryin' and giving in marriage, which people seem to think necessary to crowd into the first six days after the penitential season, grows a bit monotonous after witnessing the joy of a few of the numerous pairs of lovers as they pass through the great moment fraught with bliss and benediction.

Two things I am thank'ul for—my little friend, "Miss Lochinvar," has stopped trousseauing and gone back "into the west," and all the marrying Vanderbilts in sight have married. There have been moments the past few weeks when it would have been difficult to convince me that there was anything else in life but the trousseau of "Miss Lochinvar" and the wedding presents of Miss Fair and Miss Sloane, so completely were my ears filled with the din of the conversation they created. Now that these momentous subjects have been disposed of I am quite surprised to find, as I look about me, that there are really other things in view.

I am very much amazed, by the way, at the fame that came, through my description of last week, to Miss Tolfree's hat, which she wore when she appeared as Miss Fair's bridesmaid, as well as to the muff she carried. Apparently they have been exploited in every paper that touches on items of interest to women. And in every case the writer who was responsible for the story seemed to think that my description could be improved upon, and promptly proceeded to enlarge upon my brief remarks, which, if they had the fault of terseness, had at any rate the virtue of veracity.

Incidentally it may be well to add, as a bit of encouragement to the women who believe in the capabilities of artifice in the dress of this country, that Miss Tolfree's much discussed hat and muff were not made by Paquin or any other of the various French artists to whom they were accredited, but owe their being to a New York milliner.

If Mrs. "Willie" Vanderbilt has all the "going away" gowns in which she was reported, by these newsmongers, to have taken her departure, she must have been burdened with endless toilettes for the one occasion. The more one sees of the inaccuracies of the reporting of such functions as the Vanderbilt-Fair wedding and the Hammond-Sloane wedding, the more one realizes the need of a journal devoted to authentic news of women of importance, such as I advocated not long ago.

There were some very good gowns worn at the various weddings this week. All the model gowns were out in force. There is always one model every season that seems to appeal particularly to people. It is what my couturiere describes as a "good seller"—that is her point of view; it might better be described as a "bad buyer." Every other woman has it. It is an evolution of the fad for tucking—a fad, by the way, that had its origin in this country but was developed by clever Paris and claimed as its own.

This too popular model is by Callot Soeurs. The original is in beige voile. The bodice is a mass of tiny, tiny tuckings, which form straight lines in the front of the bodice and in a V in the back. A few inches above the waist line there is a cuirass effect made by a plain piece of the voile, which rises under the arms in a point quite a bit higher than the line at the back and front. This shaped piece is outlined with a cord of the same material. The top part of the sleeve is formed of the same tiny tucks on the bias to a little above the elbow. From there to the hand the sleeve is plain and finishes in a cuff of

antique lace. In the front of the bodice the tucking almost meets on either side, and is edged with an entredeux of antique lace, through which is slipped a black velvet ribbon an inch wide. This entredeux continues around the collar, down the front of the bodice and on down the front of the skirt on either side of the skirt below the knee. Between the entredeux of the skirt and bodice is a panel of antique lace from four to five inches wide. The collar is also formed of this lace.

The skirt has a tunic which is long in front, shorter on the sides, and long again in the back, outlined with tuckings the same size as those on the bodice, forming a border about four inches in width. The tunic is scant and tight fitting. It falls over a not too ample flounce of the voile. This flounce is also bordered with tuckings, but the border is not more than two inches wide.

A charming gown, but—that fatal but—the women that have had gowns built from this model, in various colors—their name is legion!

The Easter hat is another mistake that the average fashion writer insists upon. Columns of space are still devoted to it; to the vital importance and absolute necessity of it. That it is neither one nor the other will be the blow, I know, to many who have pinned their faith to this antiquated myth, but it is kinder to shatter mistaken illusions than to foster them. As a matter of fact, as an institution the Easter bonnet is as obsolete and dead a thing as is receiving visits on the first day of the year.

In the great Modish family—great, I mean, from point of numbers, for goodness knows we are not great in anything else, unless it be style!—the Easter bonnet lingers, a faint memory tangled up with reminiscences of the pickled oysters and New Year's cake that we are told, grace the revels of early American society on New Year's Day.

No; the Easter bonnet is dead—is a thing of the past, indeed it is—except on Second avenue, and possibly Sixth, though I may be doing Sixth avenue an injustice.

The woman of fashion requires many hats, and buys them as constantly as she requires them.

All the French hats have arrived, by the way, and many of them are being worn. They have established one fact—that the plumes of the osprey are again in vogue. Frankly, I am sorry for this. I do not go in much for philornithic fads myself. I did not join the Audubon Society for the suppression of this fashion when I was invited to Nevertheless, to my mind it is a hideously unnecessary cruelty, and since I have thoroughly understood just what amount of agony each one of those waving plumes represents to one of God's creatures, I am free to confess that the sight of them makes me feel a bit white about the gills and leaves me quite satisfied to have my head coverings adorned with other things.—Town Topics.

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 NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on the 26th day of April, 1899, at the east door of the County Court House, in the city of Lincoln, county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, at 2 o'clock p. m. standard time, the undersigned will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, or upon such credit as is provided by law, the following described real estate lying in said county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, to-wit: 1. The west one-half, w. 1-2, of lot fourteen, 14, in block forty-four, 44, in the city of Lincoln. 2. Lot twelve, 12, in block two hundred and twenty-five, 225, in the city of Lincoln. 3. Lot five, 5, in block six, 6, in Trester's addition to the city of Lincoln. 4. Lot twenty, 20, in block two, 2, in Engleside addition to the city of Lincoln. 5. Lot one, 1, in block two, 2, in East Park addition to the city of Lincoln. 6. Lots one, two, three and four, 1, 2, 3, 4, in block two, 2, in Alonzo Barnes' subdivision in the city of Lincoln. Said sale will be made under and by virtue of a license of sale made by the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, in an action therein pending by the undersigned for license to sell the same. Said sale will remain open for one, 1, hour, beginning at the time above stated.

GEORGE E. CLARK,  
 As executor of the last will and testament of Alonzo Barnes, deceased.

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First publication April 15, 6  
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J. W. JOHNSON,  
 Register.

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