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FASHION LETTER.

Lady Modish in Town Topics.

Lady Modish on Shirt Waist Suits.

For some time I have noticed a peculiar alluring grace—a puzzling je ne sais quoi—about certain women I have encountered at Newport and in New York, which at once charmed and perplexed me. Many other women wore exquisite gowns, yet it was perfectly clear that they lacked the essentially graceful quality of their more fortunate sisters.

Their gowns were admirable in style, but they possessed a rigidity of bodice that was absent in those I so much admired. At a recent dinner four out of six of the women present wore gowns which possessed this distinctive feature, the secret of which when learned proved astonishingly simple. The gowns are called—and the title is somewhat misleading as applied to dinner costumes—"shirt waist suits." I say misleading, because to the uninitiated a shirt waist suit suggests the golf links, a pedestrian tour or a day's shopping afoot. The name is a fitting one, nevertheless, for the distinctive feature of these suits is a boneless waist, which readily accounts for the undulating grace so much admired, and to which I have so often referred as a necessary adjunct to womanly beauty. With the boned corset and another set of stiff whalebones on top of it, the wonder is that the feminine torso has shown any grace or freedom of movement whatever. A clever creator of beautiful things for women inaugurated the innovation, and I venture to predict that it is only a question of months when the foolish and beauty-marring boned linings will be done away with altogether. The idea of these boneless waists is to fit the well-corseted figure with absolute perfection, leaving all its beautiful lines unchanged. And this is the only point of resemblance between the new shirt waist suit of fashion and the shirt waist suit as we used to know it.

Evening gowns of this style are the loveliest things possible, and both large and small women among the fashionables are rapidly adopting the idea, to the absolute exclusion of all others. As I looked the other day at some of the recent creations of Eugenie, who is responsible for this charming innovation, I wondered how it was possible that women ever consented to encase themselves in the old-style whalebones.

A geranium scarlet gown of crepe de chine, with a short-sleeve bodice fastened in the back, was simply a dream of beauty. There were the tiniest of tucks at the shoulders and down the back, while the front was embroidered in a grape design to the belt line. The skirt also showed this design in a front panel, and had a shaped flounce on either side, widening on train in the back. The embroidery was all done in red silk and there were quantities of all sorts of flounces on the silk slip underneath to make the desirable spread at the bottom. The waist—as are all the waists of this sort—is worn over a perfectly fitted boneless slip, with the desirable effect I have already mentioned.

Hand embroidery is having the most remarkable run, and is seen on the sheer linen blouses, over silk slips, colored or white, which are very popular for evening wear with handsome skirts. Another evening waist of great beauty was made entirely of narrow Valenciennes insertion, fastening in the back and having short flounced elbow-sleeves. This was seen over a pink silk slip, and was particularly effective. A pale pink silk waist of the most captivating shade—all of these waists are of the very choicest shadings—with embroidery in chrysanthemum pattern in glistening white silk. Still another had a front of tiny box pleats edged with tucks. Down

the center of each pleat was a row of white silk French knots, while between the pleats a trailing vine was worked out in white silk. This was especially dainty.

The suits are made also in rough goods, woolens and broadcloths. A dark blue camel's hair is made with a skirt close fitting to the knees and a waist trimmed with a yoke and points of Irish crochet lace colored dark blue to match the goods. The sleeve has a cuff to confine the fullness from the elbow, and the entire garment is sufficiently chic to attract the attention and envy of every modish woman who sees it. An odd red broadcloth showed some tiny short tucks below the belt line from side to back and had a deep stitched flounce about the bottom. An innovation in lingerie is a fine satin petticoat reaching to the knees only. This is very light and thin, taking up scarcely any space, and perfectly fitted over the hips. To the bottom of this is buttoned a deep, handsome double flounce of nainsook, elaborately trimmed with lace, and very full and wide. The idea is that these flounces may be unbuttoned and laundered separately.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Nebraska Woman Suffrage association will be held in Lincoln November 12, 13 and 14, 1901.

All state officers, presidents of auxiliary, county and local associations, and three delegates of each local club, with one delegate additional for every twenty-five members, are entitled to vote in the convention.

The national president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt of New York, will address the convention and conduct a question box.

A. L. Birby of the State Journal and Miss Laura A. Gregg, manager of the woman suffrage headquarters, will hold a joint debate on the question. "Resolved, that the right of citizens to vote should not be denied or abridged on account of sex."

A symposium will be conducted by eight prominent state workers on the subject, "How would the enfranchisement of woman advance the progress of civilization?"

Mrs. Emma Shuman of Nebraska City will preside over a work conference on "What methods of work have proved successful in increasing membership, stimulating activity and extending the club influence?"

All auxiliary organizations are urged to send complete delegations, and friends of the cause, not identified with the organization, are cordially invited to attend and accept the same hospitality accorded to delegates.

CLARA A. YOUNG, President.
IDA L. DENNY, Secretary.

They had been engaged, but quarreled and were too proud to make up. Both were anxious to have people believe that they had entirely forgotten each other.

He called at her home one day to see her father—on particular business, of course. She answered the door bell.

Said he: "Ah, Miss Jepkins, I believe. Is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied, "father is not in at present. Do you wish to see him personally?"

"I do," he answered, feeling that he was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and he turned promptly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she cried after him as he reached the lower step, "what who shall I say called?"—From *Answers*.