

# THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

## DAFFODIL AND TULIP DRESSES

Lady Duff-Gordon Describes the Newest Spring Dresses of Paris.



The Crocus Robe of White Lace and Delicate Green Satin.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile").

NOT only all the colors of the rainbow, but all the colors of the flower garden, are to be seen this Spring in the wardrobe of the smart Parisian. And as the Spring flowers are ever delicately beautiful and of a refreshing charm after the Winter, so are many of these first-to-be-seen costumes. There are some gowns which make me think of crocuses, of tulips, of daffodils, and there are others which remind one of the tiger lily and passion flower of mid-Summer. Delicate greens and subtle yellows on a white ground predominate in most of the new fabrics. There are baskets of flowers woven in the liveliest of taffetas, large splashing roses seemingly painted on chiffons and satins.

There are some wonderful yellow silks, decorated with splashes of pinks, reds, greens, which resemble a bed of tulips more than anything else I can think of. There are equally beautiful silks in rose, French blue and pink, decorated with floral designs in contrasting colors. There never was a time when flower effects were so popular.

Hats are trimmed with flowers of every description, and even the lingerie show glimpses of rosebuds, lilies of the valley and even field flowers! Yes, the very latest thing in under garments is the petticoat of sheerest nainsook festooned with flowers to match those worn on the hat



The Primrose Gown of Soft Pink Broadcloth, with Foliage Green Girdle.



The Tulip Gown of Yellow Taffeta, Splashed with Red.

or portrayed in the fabric of the gown. For instance, I called on a bride the other day and found her superintending the putting away of her trousseau. There were numberless gowns, each one in its perfumed bag, and how do you suppose her maid knew which gown was so securely hidden in each bag?

The old-fashioned way was to fasten a sechet made of the material of the gown on the outside. This little bride has a flower representing each gown. On the bag enclosing her passion flower costume is a large purple passion flower, and so on. And another flower fad which this bride is introducing interests me greatly. Instead of having buckles on the slippers she wears with her dressy gowns she has tiny sprays of flowers. On her wedding slippers she wore sprays of orange blossoms, on a Killarney rose gown made for intimate at home she wears Killarney rosebuds, exquisitely wrought in enamel. I think this most charming fad, and I send it to you as a Summer suggestion.

In the three costumes I have sent you this week you will see that I have observed this flower fad. The "Crocus," as I have named the perfectly adorable boudoir gown, has a white lace foundation, or under robe, topped with a most fetching little jacket of flowered green taffeta. The cap is in reality fashioned in the form of a crocus, but, alas, this does not show very clearly in the photograph.

In the "Tulip" costume there is an air of sophistication which is plainly lacking in the Crocus, that flower of innocence. Dull yellow taffeta is used for the costume, the red splashes being indicated by the decorative girdle and bands which form the revers on the coat. The odd little hat has a modified crown of the yellow taffeta, with band of red moire.

The "Primrose" is one of the simplest of morning gowns, developed in a delightful satin faced broadcloth. The uplifted skirt shows stockings and slippers of foliage green. The novel jacket is girdled with foliage green velvet. The extremely low neck is a feature of the Spring costs. The hat is a happy combination of the green and pink. But why call this a primrose gown? Just because it is crisp and delicate in tone and because it made me think of the primrose on the bank. But why I cannot tell!

You will observe that never in former seasons has the note of Spring, in form and variety of colors, been impressed with such fidelity upon the fashions. The opportunity is one for such delicacy of tint and draperies so ethereal that it seems a pity that Spring must so soon pass into Summer.

## POISON BY MISTAKE

"KEEP your chin up, old chap!" exclaimed Frank Arnold, tilting his chair back and commencing to blow rings with the smoke of his cigarette.

Dick Forrester, to whom the advice was offered, stood leaning against the mantelpiece, his pipe in his mouth, a gloomy expression on his face.

"I'm getting fed up with keeping my chin up on nothing," he said. "I wish you could have a dose of it. Here am I, a fully fledged lawyer, and never a brief comes my way. I'm in love with the sweetest girl on earth!"

"So are we all," murmured Arnold with a grin.

"And my respected uncle, who's her guardian, won't hear of our engagement," Dick continued. "Not only that; if uncle liked to speak to some of his friends he could get plenty of briefs sent my way."

"Yes, I think your uncle is playing it a little low down," responded Arnold. "He objects to your being engaged to his niece because of your lack of funds, and yet he could put you in funds but won't. Why is it?"

"Oh, he thinks a man ought to get on entirely on his own merits," replied Dick Forrester impatiently. "Well, I have done. I've slugged away and passed my exams, but that doesn't bring me briefs. Uncle doesn't seem to understand that I've worked thundering hard, and that a little help is necessary in the introduction of clients."

"Well, don't go and make yourself ill, old son," said Arnold, rising to his feet. "Well, I'm going out now. Anything I can do for you?"

"Only order me a coffin," replied Dick bitterly.

He certainly did look ill, but it was sickness of the mind, not of the body.

"Don't take that spirits of salts," he said. "I don't want to appear as a witness at an inquest. Bye-bye; I'll be back this evening."

Left alone, Dick Forrester gloomily reviewed the situation. He and Arnold shared an apartment, but whereas Arnold had an assured comfortable income, he (Dick) had nothing beyond the little that remained of a few thousands left him by his father, who had died nearly

three years ago, having only survived his wife six months.

Dick had husbanded this money so well that he had lived on it and paid his fees whilst he studied for the bar, though not much remained after he had passed his examination.

He was in love with Dorothy Norton, the ward of his uncle, Mr. Saville, and she returned his affection. But Mr. Saville would not hear of an engagement until Dick was earning a good income.

Mr. Saville was a rich man, with many wealthy friends, and it would have been easy for him to get work put in Dick's way; but he was rather an obstinate old gentleman, and, as has been said, he thought that Dick ought to get on without any assistance.

"Who's to know that I'm a lawyer?" Dick muttered resentfully. "Who's coming up here to give me briefs unless someone puts in a word for me?"

"It can't go on much longer," he went on, repeating his thoughts aloud. "I shall be on my beam-ends in a week or two, and then what am I going to do? Frank would help me, I know, but I can't sponage on him. It's rough after the years I've been slugging away."

He lay back in his chair, for he felt tired and out-of-sorts. A little encouragement was the medicine he required, but he had found no one to give it to him.

His head was aching, and it grew worse instead of better. He felt slightly dizzy, and he wondered vaguely whether he was going to faint. He had never fainted in his life, but he imagined that his present symptoms were those which preceded such a collapse.

He rose unsteadily to his feet, his head swimming, and he caught hold of the back of the chair to support himself.

There was no brandy in the room, or he would have taken that. The only thing he could think of was the bottle of tonic he had obtained from the doctor.

He glanced up at the shelf, his eyes blinking, then lurched towards it, and with unsteady hand took down a bottle and a glass. He spilled some of the contents in pouring it out, and then he raised the

glass and gulped the liquid down. Instantly there was a frightful scalding sensation in his throat, and with a cry of horror he let the glass drop, and it smashed to atoms on the table.

Then he began to clutch at his chest, his shoulders contracted, moans and gasps of pain leaving his lips, which had suddenly grown white.

He felt as though the interior of his chest was being burnt out, myriads of lights danced before his eyes, a hammer seemed to be thumping inside his head, while great beads of perspiration rolled off his forehead.

"Spirits of salts!" he gasped. "Oh, God!"

His knees bent suddenly, and he fell into a chair and lay there writhing, his hands pressed to his chest to try to stay the frightful burning sensation.

He tried to call for help, but only husky, inarticulate sounds escaped his white, dry lips.

Now the room spun round him, and his hands went out on to the table before him and began to clutch at the cloth, which he pulled into a wrinkled mass with his crooked fingers.

"Dorothy!" he gasped. "Dorothy!"

Slowly, his eyes almost closed, his head sank into his huddled shoulders, he traced in large, shaky, ill-formed characters on the white mount of the photo:

"Taken poison!"

He could write no more, the pencil dropped from his crooked, nerveless fingers, and suddenly he fell forward, his arms outstretched, his face lying by the photo of the girl he loved, and then he lost consciousness.

There he lay, very still. The woman who cleaned out the rooms would not come in until night, and Frank Arnold would not be back for several hours.

### CHAPTER II.

Mr. Saville glanced impatiently at a letter he held in his hand, while Dorothy Norton, her pretty face anxious and slightly pale, watched him eagerly.

"This is another letter from Dick," said Mr. Saville. "He is ask-

ing me again to introduce some of my friends as clients."

"You will, won't you?" pleaded Dorothy.

"No; I have refused before, and I shall refuse again," replied Mr. Saville obstinately. "As a young man I worked my way up, and if he is worth his salt he will do likewise."

"But, uncle—he preferred her to call him uncle rather than guardian—but, uncle, your case was so different to his. You were in a firm with people around you to recognize your merit, whereas no one knows of Dick; they have not got the opportunity."

"Pshaw! That's no argument, my dear," said the old gentleman. "If he's got the ability to get on, he'll get on. Evidently he hasn't got it, and I'm not going to allow you to have anything to do with a failure."

"But we—we love each other, uncle," she protested anxiously.

"Then you must alter your feelings."

Mr. Saville gazed thoughtfully at his ward for several moments, and then he nodded his head.

"Get your hat on, Dorothy," he said; "we will call on Dick, and I shall tell him just what I think."

"And that is?"

"That he must give up all thoughts of you and that he must make his own way, unassisted by anyone else."

"Uncle, you are cruel to him," cried Dorothy.

"No, my dear, only just. It is the way to bring out character in a man."

"But he isn't well. He's worked so hard and had no encouragement that it's made him quite ill. If you speak to him as you say, it will—will make him desperate."

"And then we shall see whether he's got anything in him or whether he's just a spendthrift. Get your hat on, my dear."

Dorothy realized that it was useless to argue with her guardian; he was as obstinate as a mule on this point.

A taxicab speedily conveyed them to Dick's apartment, and then they toiled up three flights of stairs and knocked at the door, alongside which was the plate bearing Dick's name.

No answer was returned to the

knock, and Mr. Saville turned to his ward and nodded his head in a knowing fashion.

"Out, you see," he said, "Probably drinking or playing cards with some more like him. Anyway, we'll go in and leave a note for him."

He opened the door, and instantly a startled cry broke from Dorothy's lips, for she saw her lover lying partially across the table, face downwards, his arms outstretched.

"Look, look, uncle!" she cried. "He is ill, he has fainted."

Mr. Saville's calm deserted him, and with an exclamation of alarm he followed his ward to Dick's side. Between them they lifted him back so that he lay in his chair, and their eyes filled with fear and horror as they saw his dead-white face, closed eyes and blue lips.

"Oh, he's dead, he's dead," sobbed Dorothy.

Mr. Saville placed a trembling hand on Dick's left breast and pressed it there for several moments.

"His heart's still beating, he"—

But he was interrupted by a scream of terror which broke from Dorothy's lips, for she had seen her photo with Dick's written words on it:

"Taken poison."

She stood gazing at it with dilated eyes, her hands clutching her bosom.

"He's killed himself," she whispered suddenly, her voice husky and awed.

Then she slowly lifted her head and gazed with wide-open, angry eyes at her guardian.

"It is you who have killed him," she said, pointing an accusing finger at him, "you with your cruelty."

Then she suddenly fell on her knees by Dick's still form and wrapped her arms around him.

"Dick, Dick, dear!" she wailed.

Mr. Saville's face had suddenly grown ghastly, and, like his ward, he seemed thrown off his balance for the moment, unable to speak or act coherently.

Then he laid a trembling hand on Dick's shoulder, but Dorothy thrust it away with a swift movement.

"Don't touch him, you've killed him!" she said harshly.

And now Mr. Saville recovered his presence of mind, and he rushed

out of the room. On the stairs he met Frank Arnold, who had returned unexpectedly.

"Great Scott! What's the matter?" he cried, alarmed at the sight of Mr. Saville's tragic face.

"Awful! Terrible!" exclaimed Mr. Saville. "Dick's dead or dying. He's taken poison."

"Poison!" gasped Arnold. Then his eyes opened wide with horror, and he exclaimed: "The spirits of salts! Good God!"

"Spirits of salts!" repeated Mr. Saville.

"Yes, there was some in a bottle."

"Then it's hopeless. But where's the nearest doctor? Quick! You go! You can move faster than I."

But already Frank was flying down the stairs three at a time, and then Mr. Saville returned with a slow and heavy step.

Dorothy still held Dick in her arms, and after one brief glance, almost of hatred, at her guardian, she did not look at him again.

Now the old gentleman broke down.

"Don't treat me like this, my dear," he said, half sobbing. "I never thought—I—I—acted for the best, or I meant to."

"You acted so as to kill him, and he was all the world to me," she said dully.

"Arnold's gone for the doctor. If he gets well, I'll make him—you shall marry him as soon as you like."

"If he gets well!" she repeated. "You may safely promise."

Suddenly she began to cry, and Dick's deathly white face was watered with her tears. There she stayed, holding him tightly, her slender form shaking with sobs, until suddenly Arnold and the doctor burst into the room.

The doctor gazed curiously at him for a second and then opened his bag. He poured something from a bottle into a glass and let the liquid trickle down Dick's throat.

It had an almost instantaneous effect, for Dick's eyes opened, and he gazed blankly at the four faces bent over him. Dorothy's was the first he recognized, and he smiled at her.

Suddenly he feebly moved his hand to his throat.

"It hurts," he murmured.

Then it was that he recollected, and a ghastly expression came into his eyes.

"It was an accident," he whispered. "Took it by mistake—thought it was tonic."

"Took what?" demanded the doctor.

"Spirits of salts," replied Dick faintly.

The doctor shook his head.

"That's not the spirits of salts," he said.

Unanimous cries of relief broke from his audience.

"But it burnt," said Dick huskily.

"So I can see," responded the doctor. "Where's the bottle you took it from?"

He turned to the table, where lay the broken pieces of the glass in a little pool of liquid, the bottle standing alongside them.

"That's not the spirit of salts," he said.

"No," cried Arnold; "there's the spirits of salts on the shelf."

Cries of joy broke from the lips of Dorothy and her guardian, while the doctor bent over the liquid and smelled it.

"It's some sort of spirits," he said.

Then he picked up the bottle, which was an ordinary medicine bottle, but with no label on it. Dorothy stood close to him, and the odor came to her nostrils.

"It's what they use to polish furniture with!" she exclaimed. "It smells like it!"

"That's it!" cried Arnold. "The housekeeper's husband has been polishing our desks to try and make the place look smart, and he must have left the bottle here."

And such proved to be the case. The liquid was fiery and the effect had instantly made Dick think of the spirits of salts. He was so run down and weak that he had swooned, more, as the doctor said, through agony of mind than of body.

It was some time before the effects of the liquid from the wrong bottle left him, and then Mr. Saville kept his word, and Mrs. Saville kept his word, and gradually becoming ear-marked with larger amounts, came to the office which he furnished for Dick. Then he kept the rest of his promise, and Dorothy became Mrs. Richard Forrester.