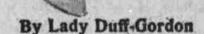
THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE



Tent Lines or Peg Lines, You
Can Take Your Choice, Says
Lady Duff-Gordon, But
Whichever You Pick, Be
Sure to Have Your Shoes
and Stockings in Harmony



JUST a little advice on the new Summer figure. Really you can take your choice. On one side you have the big skirts, with the charming "waterfalls"—"the tent" line, as they are called—and on the other you have the peg line, which is a considerably more close-fitting castume.

The photographs on this page show some rather charming examples of the fuller skirts.

It would seem that there is really going to be something in the nature of a fight—or, rather, erhaps, a rebellion—in the Kingdom of Dress, and that, for once, every one will not, immediately and obediently, join in the usual cry of "The Queen"—of one Fashion—"is dead!" "Long live the Queen"—of another!

The fact of the matter is, that the average woman is afraid of the new full skirt and is going to, literally and metaphorically, cling to its scantier, straighter predecessor for just as long as she can be sure of the companionship and support of a goodly number of fellow rebels.

For, of course, the said full skirt must be very full indeed if it is to be at all smart, and, what is more, too, it must be distinctly and even daringly short.

And think what this entails in the

And think what this entails in the way of immaculate footwear and ankles—more particularly, indeed, ankles! while, also, the new skirt to be completely successful demands a certain length and stenderness of limb from its wearers.

Wherefore, as only one woman in, say every hundred, has been so kindly treated by both Nature and Fortune as to be able to comply with all the conditions, the reason for the aforementioned rebellion is sufficiently obvious.

Eventually, however, any and all opposition will undoubtedly be quelled, and every one will give in to the inevitable, with results more or less tragical, or comical, or successful, according to their skill ar good taste in modifying the new style and skirt, or adapting themselves and their figures to the altered directions.

So far comparatively few women are wearing the full skirt in London, and of those few the majority are Americans or Parisiennes! One of the former made quite a sensation at the Cariton the other day, a letter tells me, by a belated entry between two closely packed rows of tea drinkers and talkers, who, with one accord, stopped one, or other, or both of these occupations to silently stare at the newcomer, who was not one whitembarrassed by all this attention. For, you see, she was proudly and serenely aware that, from top to toe,

her costume was quite perfect.

And such a knowledge raises a
woman above self-consciousness—and

woman above

Weil, starting at the top—there was a quaint, small, close fitting toque—almost, it might have been called a cap of black satia, bordered with any number of closely clustered full-blown roses whose pink and pure and purple shadings provided a some-

