

Handkerchief Sale

AT HALF PRICE.

25 doz. Colored Border Handkerchiefs worth 5c. at 2½c.	
25 doz. Colored and White " " 10c. at 5c.	
25 doz. Fine Cambric " " 15c. at 8c.	
25 doz. Extra Fine " " 20c. at 10c.	
25 doz. Beautiful " " 25c. at 12½c.	
25 doz. Embroidered Linen " " 35c. at 20c.	

We bought 150 dozen Handkerchiefs at just half their intrinsic value, and offer them during this week at above tempting prices. Our Ladies' Vests at 5, 8, 10, 12, 15, and 25 cents, are acknowledged by good judges to be the best values ever offered anywhere. For genuine bargains call on

BLOCH & KOHN,

The Progressive Dry Goods Emporium,

1141 AND 1143 O STREET.

BARGAIN LIST

SLIPPERS AND OXFORDS.

LADIES'

MISSSES'

YOUTH AND BOYS'

Patent Leather, Cloth Oxford	\$2.00
Pat. Leather One Strap, Buckle Slipper	2.00
Patent Leather and French Kid Duchess Slipper	2.50
One Strap Kid Slipper	\$1.00
Patent Leather Oxford	1.50
Patent Leather Oxford Tie	\$1.00
Goat, Harvard Tie	1.00
Velvet Slipper	.60

BARGAINS in odd lots of Ladies' and Misses Shoes, something nice for World's Fair scuffling, at the price of cheaper shoes.

1129 O St. **Ed G. Yates.**

World's Fair Excursion Rates.

THEY WILL PERMIT ALL TO GO.
The most direct route is via the
MAMMOTH TRUNK LINE
KNOWN AS THE



Lincoln Trunk Factory.

It is the only first-class line in the city, and all should buy your tickets over this route.
Trunks, Traveling Bags, Extension Cases, Pocket Books, Dressing Cases, Straps, and everything first-class for travelers.



MOST POPULAR WHEELS

OF THE DAY

We have now in stock the most approved and best line of wheels ever shown here, and invite you to call and see the

"Dauntless Scorchers," "King Scorchers,"

"Royal Light Roadster," "The Majestic,"

"The Dauntless Compeer," for Ladies,

also the Latest Novelty, the COMMON SENSE HICKORY WHEEL.

Never buy a Wheel until you have seen us.

CAMP BROTHERS

Cor. 10th and M Sts. Carriage Manufacturers.

OLD STYLES ARE NEW

THE FASHIONS OF SIXTY YEARS AGO ARE REVIVED.

The Whole Gamut of Color Runs Riot. Pink a Favorite For the Street—New Hats, Hosiery, Silk Mitts, Collars, Cuffs and Handkerchiefs.

(Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.)



WHILE it cannot be said that fashions change from week to week, there is always something new presented that is worthy of notice. Still it has seemed to me that there are fewer novelties put forward this spring than I have known to be the case for several years. Probably it was because there was such a strenuous effort made to force us into crinolines that other things were momentarily overlooked. I think the danger of the pure and unadorned hoop-skirt has passed, and womanhood has settled down into the flowing skirts that are seen on every side. Not over half the new costumes imported or home-made have very wide skirts.

But the 1830 styles have, as the little boys say, "caught on," and some of the costumes one meets are such striking pictures of olden times that one is almost rude enough to stop short and stare at them from the sudden surprise. Their quaint picturesqueness saves them from ridicule, and we even begin to look on them as pretty.

Among the things I have noted particularly in my peregrinations during the past week is that pink is a color for the street is quite a favorite, and there is a great deal of it seen. It is mostly in thin goods, and a favorite way is to have the skirt made in three deep flounces, the edges bordered with an embroidery wherein rosebuds and their green leaves predominate. I noticed one where there was a trailing wreath of laurel leaves in dull greens in chemise on a chalice ground. The chalice was plain. The pink is just the tint of apple or peach blossoms or wild rose. One had a convolvulus vine around each flounce.

This does not infer that there are no other colors seen, for the whole gamut of color runs riot, but the shades are so very lovely that it is a constant delight to see the new goods. The artistic fashion of having grass



green or moss green velvet accessories or combinations with the pink gowns is beyond measure beautiful when looked at simply as a combination of color, and we must regard the wearers as animated blossoms, and admire them accordingly. Rich purple is combined with blue, leaf's blood red laid on over old rose, green on blue, and so on. Almost anything goes in the way of color.

In making up the ever lovely zephyrs, gingham and washable goods the laundering of them should be taken into consideration, and each gown should be made so that it will not have to be ripped and remade every time it is cleaned. Surplice waists are very pretty and graceful, but do not wash well at all, so that the plain spencer gathered at the belt is the best model.

The Spanish flounce is a very pretty and handy style. There is but one flounce, and that comes just to the knee and is gathered on with a heading. Three flounces, a double skirt or several narrow ruffles are all suitable for wash dresses, but unless one has plenty of servants the plainer the make the better. It is easy to make a \$2 gown cost \$12 or \$15 in a season if sent to a laundry.

I saw a novelty the other day for a summer gown, and it was exquisite as well. The gown was of soft mull over tulle and made with a baby waist, with a black lace frill around the neck. There was a guimpe, and the sleeves were of black chantilly without lining. The skirt was covered with another skirt of black chantilly flouncing. Around the waist and on the shoulders were ribbons of corded velvet, with streaming ends. The ribbons were to be replaced with those of another color when ever preferred. The lace over the mull took a new and soft effect that was simply exquisite.

Just now when warm weather is approaching the linen collar and cuffs are making their appearance. They are round, and the collars will turn down, and the cuffs upward. They look "awfully cute," one young lady said. Certainly they look neat and neatness is always a great beauty. Among the "odds and ends" I noticed quite a variety of black and white knit silk mitts with half fingers. They are pretty, and a white hand looks like a snowflake between the meshes. And I remarked that handkerchiefs are much larger than before, with scalloped edges in sheer muslins and lawns, and some of them have embroidered in the corners. Those that are hem-stitched have a very narrow hem. All are white.

In hosiery are silk plated stockings in blacks and whites, for white stockings will be much worn this season with the Oxford ties and slippers. These cost about 50 to 75 cents per pair and look as well, feel as soft and wear much better than all silk. I notice a number of fine stockings in lilac, tan and several other popular colors, some of them having sprays of embroidery in natural colors or pretty, fancy clocks reaching quite high up.

But the millinery—how very beauti-

ful some of the hats and bonnets are I despair of making any one understand. There seems no limit to age or condition. A matron bought a large hat, brown straw hat with an enormous brown abasement bow in front standing out like great wings, and up between them was a thorny rose branch, which ended in two large American beauty roses, one upstanding and the other drooping at the back over the hair. Two hats that fell to two lovely girls were most beautiful, each after its kind.

One was of dove colored chip with a tines of bows made of iridescent dove colored silk, and "growing" amongst was a spray of white mistletoe with its waxy berries and green leaves.

The other was a dark purple satin straw, bent and twisted and covered with a wilderness of striped ribbon, grass and grains, out of which grew white velvet poppies. Every hat is a work of art, and an idea is carried out in it.

New York. HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Can There Be a Mob of American Women? There Can!

There are times, not often, when I confess the actions of women overwhelm me with humiliation, almost despair. One of these times was the occasion of the marriage of little Miss Bradley-Martin to the Earl of Craven. The wedding took place in Grace church, New York, and the ceremony was performed by Bishop Potter. Bishop Potter ought to be ashamed of himself for marrying a 16-year-old girl to anybody, and Mrs. Bradley-Martin ought to ask forgiveness of heaven every day the rest of her life for allowing a daughter of that age to be married. Three thousand invitations had been issued to the ceremony, however, and the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Then came the mob of women who had no invitations mostly. The police formed a line beyond which the women were not supposed to advance, even in their silly frenzy to see the bride and a live British lord. The police pointed their clubs at them and frowned, but of course no policeman would dare to use his club on a "lady," if ladies they were. I should say that if they were they forgot their ladyhood for the time being. A report had gone out that the bride's gown was an old one, so that her father could avoid paying duty on a new one. The women audibly criticised the girl's robes. "That dress doesn't look as though it was cleaned with benzine," said one. Finally this female mob burst all bounds and actually broke open the side door of the church in the midst of the ceremony. Then followed a scramble for which disgraceful is the only word. On the top of pews climbed some of them, upon the seats stood others craning their necks and talking loudly. Outside some members of the female sex climbed upon the fence. After all was over and the church was cleared, shreds of veils and dresses, gloves and broken remnants of feminine apparel were found scattered in profusion. Some had lost their bonnets. The mob of women were not at all of the lower classes, so-called. They were well and fashionably dressed. How utterly worthless, how wickedly empty must be the brains of the women who can act like that! They abandoned all the delicacy and dignity of real womanhood, which would stay a thousand miles away from a social occasion to which it had not been invited. The fact that there were found to be so many women of that sort is the discouraging part of the story.

Whatever you undertake, go in with will! Interesting beyond most recent bits of reading is the sketch of gentle, noble Lucy Stone, published in The Woman's Journal by her daughter, as she confesses, without Lucy's knowledge. From the time she was a barefoot girl driving home the cows Lucy Stone has been fighting for woman's right to vote, to work at whatever she pleases, to get just as good an education as she wants, and to speak in public. Many of these rights are now at least partly conceded, and all the rest we hope this honored lady will

lived to see granted. She paid for her own education at Oberlin college by teaching, and at one time by doing housework at 3 cents an hour. All this time she boarded herself on 50 cents a week. Spatulas were first at her during her speechless howling mobs. Once the platform was attacked by men with clubs, and again a pane of glass was removed behind her, and a hose pipe of ice water was turned upon her back. The damntless little woman pulled her shawl around her and continued her speech. It will always be a matter of pride and pleasure to me to remember that a speech by Lucy Stone converted me to woman's rights when I was 14 years old, and I have never wavered from the faith. Are there brave, determined girls like Lucy Stone still? Yes, there are, plenty of them, and that is the best of all.

I wish to commend to women everywhere for careful consideration the following remark of the famous and eccentric old Princess Mathilde, who still lives in Paris: "When with men, I feel that I am with my equals, that we can talk of art, literature, politics or science. But among women how few there are that can converse! Should a woman come into this drawing room now we should be obliged to change the conversation."

The following from Pomroy's Advance Thought is worth copying and considering: "When you hear a dried up, garrulous, bloodless old woman cautioning her friends against some young, lovely and lovable woman who is pleasant and popular, declaring she is no better than she should be and should not be associated with, you may bet largely that she is disgruntled because she is not on the platform to be admired."

What the great musician, Von Bulow, thinks of matrimony as compared with the artistic career is shown in his advice to a pretty girl who played before him with a view to entering the professional life. She failed to please him. "Go and marry," said Von Bulow. Any girl can marry. Not one in ten thousand can be a great success professionally. ELIZA ARCHARD CONSER.

A Novel Recipe Book. A small book is easily made of Watson's heavy water color paper by drawing a design of a fish, as shown in the illustration, or of an orange, a lemon, potato, apple or any fruit or vegetable in frequent use for the table. When well drawn, color this design with water color paint, directly from the object or from a good copy. A dozen or more leaves may be cut of smooth white letter paper, without lines, to fit the cover and inserted as leaves to the book by means of two holes pierced through the whole with a penknife, after which daisy ribbon is to be drawn through these and tied in a jaunty little bowknot on top.

The little book is now in readiness to receive its contents, which should be well tried and thoroughly tested recipes for the use of the fruit or vegetable designated by the cover. These may be written on the inside leaves attractively in gilt or silver lettering with a stub pen. A fish book should contain recipes for baked fish, boiled and fried fish, fish cakes, fish balls and the like.

A dozen or more of these little books representing the articles used daily in the household fare, strung together with long loops of daisy ribbon, will call to mind a bunch of market garden vegetables cleverly bunched, of the greens in season, to tempt the eye and palate and to aid in suggesting variety to the menu that is likely to grow monotonous in the weary round of recurring meals. FLORENCE TYNG ELLIS.

The first prize for dairy butter at the Maine state fair was won by Mrs. Mary L. Robbins of Wintthrop.

SHE IS JUST LOVELY.

THE SUMMER GIRL IN HER DAINTIEST AT THE.

Things She Will Wear Light, Fluffy, Diaphanous and Flimsy—Her Hats, Parasols and Gowns—Some Particularly Dressy Effects—A Wicked Little Curl.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, May 4.—The summer girl this season is not going to be quite as flimsy and diaphanous in the way of gowns and hats as she was last summer, but the providence of fashion, who tempers the wind to the summer girl, has given her the daintiest and flimsiest and



THE SUMMER GIRL HAS COME.

most colorfully parasols and shades that ever were. Some of the coaching parasols and those to wear to the races and also everywhere where a particularly dressy effect is aimed at are so fine as to seem like colorwebs drawn over lilacs in the nighttime, and when daylight comes the mystic veil is covered with gleaming dewdrops. The sheer white silk tissue is drawn over the delicate frame and bordered with a filmy ruffle, while imitation diamonds carry out the illusion.

There are others, also, of tissue or some other transparent white stuff, and bordering the edges is a row of rainbow velvet, cut crosswise of the piece, so that it shades crosswise of the width. Others have this hand set down on each side, which is pretty, and the pieces are placed carefully so that the shading comes exactly even. One style has the parasol of china crape, with an inserting of silk lace two inches wide, set in two inches from the edge, and this was finished by a very full ruffle of fine white lace. All lace used on parasols is of the lightest and flimsiest description. The handles are long and white and beautifully ornamented, or of carved ivory. Indeed, I cannot remember seeing such delicate and rich parasols before.

For those who like them there are plaid surah parasols, some with a fringe in colors to match those in the silk, some with knife plaited ruffles and some plainly hemmed. The black rain parasol is about the same, except that the handles, I think, are rather longer than I have seen and very quaint, some of them even grotesque in design. One had a horrid bulldog's head with the teeth out—not that I think a bulldog is so very horrid, but the carved misrepresentation of him was.

But the summer girls? Oh, yes. One I know will have a pale lilac china silk dotted like great crystal beads, and this will have a succession of 11 bias folds in clusters of three 2-inch ones and two wide ones on a plain umbrella skirt. The sleeves will be the drooping puff, with a yoke of figured silk in pale rose and green on a white ground. The lower portion of the bodice will be draped so as to leave a loose nestlike arrangement. Her hair will be dressed with one wicked little curl right down in the middle of her forehead, and her hat a corn colored and lilac crape halo.

The other one will have a "shot" taffetas, peachblow red and apple green. Around the bottom of the skirt are to be nine narrow flat ribbons and one puff of satin of the same shade an inch wide above the bands. This same style will be carried out for collars and yoke, which is of white cotton crape. The sleeves are "balloon," with the forearm a succession of shirtings. The waist is surprise opening over the white vest and fastening at the right side with a buckle and three loops of the silk. The hat to go with this is a chip poke, with bronze green plumes, and the "damozel" who will wear this to strike envy into the other summer girl's heart will do, as now she does, wear her hair in the quaintest little bowknot above the parting, which is really quite to one side.

The hats they will wear—these dainty summer girls—are what the French call "ravissantes" and a dozen other appre-



THE VERY LATEST IN HATS.

ciative names. The most remarkable thing about them is that the most of them look like regular little garden plots where blossoms crowd their pretty faces up through a tangle of grass, sorrel and bird's-foot leaves. One was a tiny bed of velvet pansies and pearly lilies of the valley just growing up out of the straw and ribbon that made up the rest of the hat, which was of green and purple satin straw.

But the prettiest hat of all was made of black lace just "smothered" on to the frame, and lying in a slanting direction on the front of the crown was a large bunch of Scotch broom, its bright canary flowers actually seeming to exhale their delicious fragrance. OLIVE HARPER.

ten on the inside leaves attractively in gilt or silver lettering with a stub pen. A fish book should contain recipes for baked fish, boiled and fried fish, fish cakes, fish balls and the like.