

IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

SMART CLOTHS FOR SPRING.

The New Watteau Skirt, Jacket and Tucking and Bolero. NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The girl from California, with her feet on the fender, a frown on her brow and a sort of Declaration of Independence note in her otherwise smooth and agreeable voice, was confounding the new wateau skirt with winged words.



FOR SPRING SHOPPING AND CALLING.

my spring campaign." Mrs. Van Knickerbocker bustled in and dropped contentedly among the cushions. "Give me a drop of something hot with lemon and one lump in it like an angel and then I'll tell you all I know about chiffons."

"Well, begin at skirts, we want to know which way the sword of the fashion, Damocles, is going to fall," said the hostess, rattling her fine china like a chime of little bells.

"It is on the side alternately of the pleated or gathered back of course, pleats for wool goods, gathers for silk, cotton, etc., and in my judgment the bolero jacket is going to descend upon us like a swarm of seven-year locusts."

"For a Lenten Luncheon." "But now, supposing you were going to have a really ceremonious affair, something of an investment, you know, for the smart Lenten luncheons, etc., what would you have?"

"Well, I did see a design today of the mode modish. Maudie, who was with me, quite broke her heart with envy over it when we saw it lapped and swathed in sheets of shiny tissue paper and boxed for shipment to Mrs. Chaffee Taylor of Chicago."

Advertisement for BLATZ MALT-VIVINE (Non-Intoxicant). Includes text: 'Sufferers from Indigestion, Insomnia or Kindred Troubles. BLATZ MALT-VIVINE (Non-Intoxicant) taken with meals and at bed time will assist the digestive functions and thoroughly tone up the whole system.'

Copied in the most expensive panne or in one of the pretty economical cashmeres that are so greatly the vogue it would be equally enchanting and its simplicity renders it possible for any but the very stout woman. Sage green French suitings was the material of the original, the skirt quite plain in front, but from the hips round to the rear caught in a series of close set cord tucks run with gray silk.

"Really, the dressmakers are quite daff about the pleating of skirts and will actually run the tucking round and round from the waist to well below the hips, while the lower half of the skirt is completely tucked on perpendicularly lines. I've seen some wonders done with the corker-tuck and others with tucked panels. However, this is allowing our mutton to grow cold and I must hasten to say that the waist of this frock was tucked closely up and down and showed three overlapping revers upon the shoulders."

"The Craze for Boleros." "A moment ago you said something of boleros that excited my interest," said the hostess, trying to read a fortune in the leaves at her tea cup's bottom.

"So I did," admitted the orator of the afternoon. "Before very long the leaves in Vallambrosa will be no more numerous than the Figaros, Etios or whatever the individual woman chooses to name her particular line of short-waisted jacket. This pleased my Maudie and I shadowed for two blocks a woman who was looking into the shop windows and gossiping in French and altogether betraying by her style and her costume the hallmark of some eminent Parisian sartorial artist."

"Her skirt was powder blue cloth, rather severely striped with four black lines at the bottom, but a most agreeable overdress effect was given by darker blue cloth wedges laid and stitched on about the hips. She wore an Etion jacket of the darkest blue goods strapped with the lighter-toned material and this opened with broad revers upon the shoulders and the sweetest little shirt of coarsest cream rennaissance lace draped over taffeta. The shirt was fastened down the front by a row of pearl bullet buttons and around the base of the high lace collar was drawn a narrow strip of white satin, concluding in a butterfly bow under the chin."

"That was one bolero I met, but on wriggling into a crowd of well-freckled women, invited by card to view an opening of the very earliest spring styles, I glistened upon dozens more of the same sort. Little jackets of nankeen, satin, silk and lace that had in some instances tails that reached not an inch below the bust and the shoulder blades, or that came as far as the belt in swallow forks, and nearly all of them showed revers that jutted straight out from the body, edged with fluffy quillings of lace or chiffon."

"Suppose I should knock over a few chairs, rush around the flat noisily for five or ten minutes and then up over a table," she suggested.

"I'd think it very foolish of you, but it wouldn't change my determination," he answered.

"What would you think of you?" she went on. "What kind of reputation would you get in this neighborhood?" "But—but surely you wouldn't do it?" he insisted.

announced the benediction, when Wong John and Miss Lee Qui N'Gun were one, not a single guest of the thousand who were present in the Arch Street Presbyterian church disoriented from the opinion that a more graceful bride never ascended before the altar. The marriage of Wong John and his San Francisco bride was set for 8 o'clock. But when the squad of police arrived, detailed to keep traffic open on the street, the sidewalks were already filled with curious spectators. Captain of Detectives Miller was conspicuous on the upper steps of the church, and solidly the guests filed into the edifice. Whenever a purple piece of pasteboard was displayed the holder gained entrance. Without this open sesame there was no admittance.

But it was within the structure, a church which has seen scores of fashionable weddings in its time, that real interest centered. After all, a more brilliant assemblage seldom graced a wedding ceremony. Resplendent in its electric illumination the famous old church seemed to feel that the event about to transpire was not an ordinary one.

The make-up of the audience, unquestionably, was unique as few have been. Orientalism and customs of the Occident commingled in a manner to speak eloquently for themselves. The extensive family of the Wongs, cousins and uncles and further removed, were assigned special pews, where a good view of the ceremonies might be obtained. However, even the Chinese circle was at variance as to dress and appearance. Young men, faultlessly attired in evening dress, but with the Mongolian cast of countenance, rubbed elbows with those of their own race who as yet held to the old, but picturesque, garments of the land of Li Hung Chang. Some had the proverbial queue very much in evidence. Others had employed this feature otherwise and curled it gracefully around the head.

Then the women of the race. True, but a few of the Chinese ladies were in attendance, but what they lacked in number was made up in picturesque. The organ now pealed forth its melody. The augmented choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. MacGiboney, filled the structure with song. A hush settled over the assemblage. It was realized that the momentous hour had arrived.

It was now that the unexpected happened. Gracefully entering the southern doorway, a dainty little woman in modern dress and leaning on the arm of another, walked up the aisle. The magnificent bunch of white roses nesting against her corsage made a striking contrast to the brown colored tailor-made gown. Her hat was a picture of the milliner's art. It was Miss Lee Qui N'Gun, not arrayed in silks and satins of the Orient, but quietly, tastefully dressed in the fashion of the day.

And the groom? Immediately following Miss Qui and her companion came Wong John, not perturbed by the scrutinizing glances, and conscious to the full that he had a serious part to perform. More than ordinarily good-looking, Wong John might well consider himself the conspicuous object, the ceremony according to civil requirements.

"This is the first occasion, I believe, of a nuptial party of this kind," said Mrs. Kate Heussmann of San Francisco, "and I desire it to be understood by the living witnesses here present that I have the power and the proper authority to perform the marriage ceremony, as I am an ordained minister under a state charter issued to the Independent Bible society, of which I am a missionary."

Everyone present was satisfied as to the authority and vested power of the officiating woman and she proceeded to marry her daughter, Mary Violet Heussmann, to Felix Drapenski with these words: "You are witnesses of this ceremony of matrimony performed in your presence and in the presence of loved ones, those angel faces that have gone on. And you," addressing the groom and her daughter, "you are united in the holy bonds of matrimony, promising to love, honor, cherish and esteem each other, knowing that all your actions through life are witnessed by those near and dear who are with you in the spirit."

The wedding, which took place at the residence of Mrs. Heussmann, is so far as known, the first in which a mother officiated at the marriage of her daughter. And it was altogether a beautiful wedding. It had been arranged with due consideration for detail and the effect of picturesque ceremonies. In a pretty flower-decked little parlor the party was gathered, the men holding large bouquets raised in front of their breasts. Mrs. Heussmann was attired in a flowing white robe and the bride, Miss Mary Violet Heussmann, and her maid, a younger sister, were in pure white.

When the time came for the ceremony Mrs. Heussmann said: "All stand up." She then spoke lovingly about the bride, dwelling on her grace of character and her many virtues. She directed the young couple to clasp hands and this was done; she caught the joined palms in her own and pronounced a fervent blessing from the spirit. The words closely followed the Christian ritual, with the addition of a spiritualistic address, in which it was stated that there were many loved ones present in spirit as witnesses and their blessing was asked. For their sake, as much as for human motives, she declared the couple should esteem, love, honor, cherish and obey each other. After the wedding Mrs. Heussmann said that as there might be some dispute over the legality of the contract and her daughter expects to inherit property in Europe she had taken the precaution to have a civil ceremony performed. Justice of the Peace Kerrigan was introduced and he performed

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the ceremony according to civil requirements. Pale shades of gray and beige color are the tints in dress gloves and are quite as much worn as white. Initiation diamond buckles are a very conspicuous feature of dress trimmings, and other pretty buckles are of enamelled flowers.

The new foulard silks in pastel colors blended charmingly in the cashmere designs must be seen to be appreciated. According to the latest style in mourning attire, a contrast is offered to its crinkly surface of crepe by the addition of fine dull cloths—velvet, cashmeres and soft, lustreless rees.

The fichu with its long scarf ends will be a graceful feature of coming styles. No matter whether the figure be slender or the ceremony according to civil requirements.

the reverse, the fichu lends itself with equally good effect, if only the wearer knows how to dispose the folds thereof to her own advantage. Big black pompons are among the most stylish things for the trimming of outing hats. They have a businesslike appearance which is very appropriate. Flowers are not suitable, and only the stiffest kinds of wings are satisfactory.

Lace gowns or those of net in the still fashionable combination of black and white, trimmed with straight-up, black velvet and natty French choux of black velvet ribbon, have developed this season to a degree of beauty never before attained. The coats and jackets of the spring season of 1906 are as satisfactory in shape, outline, adjustment, fabric, finish and appropriate decoration as any models devised since the days of wrags began.

is a natural product for replenishing woman's strength and for overcoming all of her bodily ailments. To neglect weakening symptoms of the body is to encourage disease.

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COOK'S CHAMPAGNE. Cook's Imperial, it is nutritive. Cook's Extra Dry, its bouquet is delicious.

Reflections of a Bachelor. New York Press: Married life is always a duel between love and affection. Every man is a hero to somebody, and every man is somebody to a hero. When a woman refuses a man she must always insist that she knows the man so weak that he ought not to urge her.

It is just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as it is with a poor one, and it's a lot easier to fall out of love with a poor girl than it is with a rich one. The reason why women fight so at bargain sale isn't because they want a bargain themselves, but because they are afraid some other woman will get it instead.

THE PRINCESS EFFECT. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says she believes the close of the twentieth century will see a woman president of the United States. Mrs. Charles H. Spurgeon's health has improved since she began using "Dress" some work on the final volume of her husband's biography.

Mrs. G. O. Hall, president of the International Council of Women, delights in the management of her Indianapolis home. "For sale by all Drugists and Grocers." Lagre Bot. 50c At Leading Drug Shops.

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