

Fashions of the Day.

Society has an attack of the blues, not these deep, dark, dismal blues that precede suicide and follow an overdrawn bank account, but "ciel" blues, and robin's egg, and turquoise, and peacock blue, and a half score more of tints. Whichever way one's eyes are turned this color is sure to be seen, if not alone, then in varied combinations. For a few years it has been a neglected color, except in certain shades, such as navy blue.

Blues can be so beautifully blended with so many colors, as dark and light blue, blue and red, blue and green, blue and brown, and lastly, blue and black, this being one of the smartest of schemes for color combination.

I hear now, with deep regret, that large designs in dress goods are passing away, and that the manufacturers' output for the autumn will be found to consist of small effects.

It is quite the fad of the season to trim, at great expense and elaboration, gowns of the simplest material. I have seen dimities frilled with lace and embroidery, ribbons galore, and silk petticoat, the trimmings and petticoat costing three or four times as much as the value of the dress proper. This is hardly an exhibition of the common sense upon which we women so pride ourselves, and which is as essential to success in matters of dress as a correct eye for color and form. Then, too, I wish my dear sisters would avoid those all too violent clashes of of unsympathetic though brilliant colors. Really, some that I have seen, and upon fashionable women, too, have seemed almost to outrage the ear as well as the eye. Colors, certainly when artistically used, lend enchantment and are "the music for the eye," but that is no reason why every note should be staccato.

Rose, green, lavender, yellow and blue are soothing to the eye, and almost seem to produce a sense of coolness in the beholder. I have seen a woman entering a room so refreshingly gowned, so crisp and dainty, that apparently the mercury "took a tumble" in her neighborhood—and she was no "Boston schoolmarm," either.

Young girls, having just now finished their schooling and settled the mighty question of what to wear at graduation, are exercising their wits and budding taste upon their evening frocks. Let me recommend organdies or swiss or dotted muslins. Only for a short period, during her teens, is it allowable for a girl to assume that sweet simplicity in her dress, to appear as she really is, "in maiden meditation, fancy free." It is a fad just now for girls to wear artificial wreaths in their hair: one I saw of green leaves, was very pretty, and would be generally becoming.

White taffeta petticoats are dainty they rustle and sound cool, but, to my taste, nothing can ever displace crisp white laundered skirts.

Flowers have had a long and successful reign in millinery, but, as the summer advances, I hear the smartest trimmings for hats are rosettes of frilled mousseline de soie, so arranged about the crown in shaded colors that they produce the effect of flowers, only softer and lighter.

Black beaver cloth for jackets is very smart, the revers being trimmed with white lace applique. China crape is to be very popular.

The genius of invention occasionally turns aside from machinery and electricity and bestows a moment's thought upon woman's dress. Here is his latest achievement—or crime—as you please. It is a lace bolero-jacket (or batiste, elaborately embroidered in Russian lace), the deep collar in the back having a butterfly or similar design in the centre. This garment is so artfully planned that, like Paddy's coat, it may be worn either

way, hindside foremost or frontside backward, and look equally ill either way. In the one position it is a bolero-jacket, in the other a deep square front. Whether the end of the century will so improve it that it may be worn upside down and inside out, I shall wait to see.

An ingenious combination wardrobe, a multo in parvo for a straitened purse, is the following. I recommended it recently to a woman who had "positively no money at all." She has put it in successful execution somehow, and now has a practical summer outfit, to-wit: Item—A black taffeta skirt, lined with a color, applegreen, pink or turquoise blue. Item—One morning waist of lilac taffeta, made like a shirt-waist, with hemstitched linen collar and stock of white satir. Item—An afternoon waist of white lace, draped over white taffeta, a bolero of apple-green, embroidered in steel and lace, green ceinture and collar, sleeves of black and white taffeta. Item—An evening waist of black net, made with an infinity of shirrs, colored ceinture, and collar in two shades of color, old rose and light pink, a sash with frills of lace and tucks.

Russian lace, yellow maltese, cluny and flenish laces are all recommended for fancy waists, lawn costumes and underwear. In black, laces and Chantilly and Viennese point are most popular.

White cloth is very much in favor and very stylish. White satin bias bands are stitched down the gores of the skirts. A red cloth with the bands in black satin is among the novelties for yachting rigs. One of the latest skirts is mounted over a yoke of a contrasting color, but I can't conscientiously commend it as a serviceable style. Perhaps I am too conservative.

Card cases and pocket books have become most charming and conspicuous objets d'art, and essential to the completion of a modish woman's toilette. Leather just now is the fad—leather in all the rare shades, with elaborately embossed silver trimmings and intricate monograms. The silver net-purse with chain has had its day, and is a thing of the past.

From Paris a correspondent writes that in spite of the outcry and crusade against the sacrifice of the songsters, birds' wings and tulls are the last agony in French millinery. There is grim sarcasm in this. The tender-hearted Parisienne doesn't want to kill the pretty little birds. She only needs his wings. Take those and let him go and live out his happy little life, tra-la-la.

I am no social reformer, but my hats are always trimmed with ribbons and artificial flowers, and no drops of blood from murdered innocents fleck their purity.

A word for those who are in mourning. When crape is conspicuously used it is the more correct and stylish way to lay it on in bands, not on the bias. On cashmere and drop d'ete it is especially handsome in this way, or one may lay it on a glace silk or canvas, the former being now considered compatible with deep mourning. For half mourning there is a lovely gray, called nickle, not so deep as pearl gray, and not so perishable as dove gray. Speaking of pearls, by the way, they are to be very fashionable in the fall.—*The Shopper.*

Every advertising rule depends for its success upon the fitness and common sense with which it is applied. General principles are like one of Captain Cuttle's observations, "the bearing of which lays in the application on it."

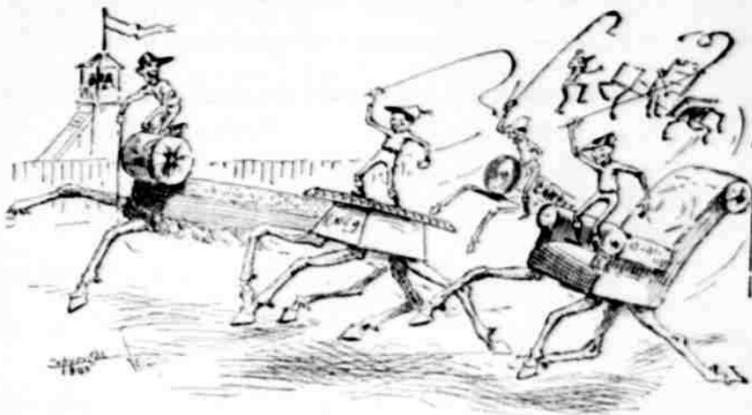
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One table trimmed hats	1.00
One table trimmed hats	2.00
Were \$3, \$5.75 and \$4.	

Proportionate reductions on all trimmed goods—25 to
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