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FASHION LETTER.

The passing of the glittering paillette is an assured fact at last.

It has reigned supreme for so long it did not seem possible, at one time, ever to dethrone it; but nothing is impossible to this vale of tears—"tout passe, tout change." We know where we are—if we are lucky—but we know not where we may be.

Of course, the once ubiquitous paillette will continue to flicker and shimmer merrily on the embroideries that have succeeded it—but paillettes en masse, as of yore, are absolutely a thing of the past with the ultra-smart women.

The newest ball gowns are in satin, embroidered—not all over—but in good design, that outlines the bottom of the skirt and appears again on the corsage.

This embroidery may be as elaborate or as simple as you please, and it is sewn not only with gold and silver thread, but also in tinsel and chenille of all and every color.

After the long session of diaphanous frocks that has endured, these new satin frocks—which are, after all, a not very old fashion revived—come as a decidedly pleasant variation.

They have the advantage, too, of fitting the figure to perfection, allowing an infinity of variety in their coloring and design, and not the least of all, by any means, forming, besides, an admirable background for the display of jewels galore, that the leaders of the smart set now consider a necessary part of their sartorial whole when en grande toilette.

At the Heber Bishop ball last week Mrs. Ogden Mills wore a white satin gown embroidered in silver bullion, but not a paillette twinkled to detract from the brilliancy of her jewels, which were superb.

Mrs. Mills, from her throat to nearly her waist, was a blaze of light. With her wonderful crown of pearls and diamonds she has never resembled Queen Alexandra—whom she always suggests—more closely.

Mrs. Mills has lately discarded her cape of Russian sables when she drives, and is wearing a cape of moufflon, with a toque also of moufflon, accentuated by white ostrich plume and aigrette—so, of course, the vogue of moufflon is now definitely established, and its value will promptly advance accordingly.

Mrs. Fred Edey is wearing one of the best of the simpler satin fall gowns.

It is in rose pink satin. The skirt, which is long, plain and close fitting, has a queer, irregular design of some eight inches in depth embroidered about the train in silver thread, pink tinsel thread and pink chenille.

The bodice ends at the waist line in the back and finishes in a sharp point in front. The satin is so draped that the gown appears to be cut in one. The em-

broidery outlines the top of the bodice in the back, crosses it diagonally to the front, and also forms the tiny sleeves, which are transparent and softened with palest pink tulle. This pink tulle always outlines the top of the bodice.

Mrs. Edey wears emeralds and diamonds with her pink frock.

Mrs. Joseph Stickney wore at the assembly a blue satin frock as a background for her jewels. Mrs. Stickney has a most becoming arrangement of diamonds that she wears in her hair. It is a mass of diamond leaves, and clasps the hair in a somewhat laurel wreath fashion, that is not only immensely becoming, but is a welcome change from the various conventional tiara effects one sees.

There appears to be no respect left in these days of change and progression for the once cherished "family jewels" that tradition held should be kept sacred and intact from one generation to another.

Women with plethoric jewel boxes now count the unsetting and resetting of their contents among their pet diversions.

There is every reason why they should, however; and something more beautiful than all that yet has been seems to materialize each day in the modern jeweler's fascinating art.

Apropos of diversions, this season will always be associated, in the feminine mind, with the establishment of two new fads—bridge whist and driving in open traps in most kinds of weather.

The unusually mild winter is more or less responsible for the latter craze. Women have learned to enjoy being in the open so thoroughly they refuse to be closed up in a brougham by a little rain or cold.

One frequently sees Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Egerton Winthrop and other well known women sitting calmly in their victorias, with a gentle rain besprinkling them, to their apparent unconcern.

During the cold waves even the victorias still crowd the avenue.

Cold waves are not becoming to feminine loveliness, however, and there are a good many red noses on parade when the mercury falls.

Mrs. Clary Mackay is wise in her generation, and when the weather is severe she protects her face with a white embroidered lace veil, which completely disguises her and leaves her free to enjoy the bracing air without feeling that her beauty is suffering in the eyes of the beholder.

French women are very fond of these white lace veils, and wear them constantly—especially in the morning, when they are feeling perhaps a bit seedy or are so carefully coiffee as usual—but for some unknown reason white veils have never had any vogue over here, so Mrs. Mackay's appears in the light of innovation.

It is really curious how slow we are to adopt some fashions that the Parisiennes go quite mad over.

The revival of the vogue of sealskin has been one of the most pronounced innovations of the Paris season.

It has been used for short coats, for capes, for trimming cloth gowns and coats—in short, it is the dernier cri in such things, and yet only one smart coat of sealskin has been worn here thus far this season, and that by Miss Evelyn Burden, and an exceedingly smart coat it is.

It is quite plain, depending upon the exquisite fineness of the fur to make its effect—which it unquestionably does. It is long and fairly tight fitting. Miss Burden wears with it a snuff-colored gown and hat, and is altogether a veritable symphony in brown, most charming to behold.—Lady Modish in Town Topics.

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