

THE COURIER

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FASHION

To the exquisite strains of Margi's "Valse Bleue," now as popular in New York as in Paris, nine o'clock ushered in what was probably the most fashionable opening night of the horse show ever seen in New York. The gowns, wraps and hats were ravishing. There were several full-length Imperial sable cloaks and one of ermine, while the regulation silk and satin, chiffon, lace and fur-trimmed capes and coats were simply bewildering in variety. By half after nine the boxes were all well filled, and it was at once apparent that in the costumes of the women there was a lack of the vivid coloring that was so marked last season. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Orme Wilson were present, the former resplendent in magnificent jewels; her earrings were enormous solitaires. Mr. George Keppel attracted a great deal of attention, although she is not so handsome as the reading public has been led to believe. She wore a black lace gown with sleeves of fine lace crossed in ladder effect over the bare arms. Her collar was of large diamonds zigzagged on black velvet, and was very high. As her bodice was transparent to the bust she sat all the evening with a huge fur boa about her shapely shoulders. She wore a cluster of four American beauty roses near the waist. Her hat was a white beaver twisted in a fantastic manner, and had pink and black ribbons by way of trimming.

Mrs. J. Stevens Ulman, who has a petite, but pretty figure, was resplendent in lace, velvet and diamonds. Her gown was a black velvet Princesse with yoke and sleeves of exquisite Duchesse lace. Where the tabs fell from the yoke over on the velvet she wore some oddly set diamonds. There were also diamonds about the throat. Her hat was of the flat variety, with black and white in combination. In fact, these colors, or lack of color, ruled on Monday evening, with the pale pastel shades following a close second.

Two scarlet hats were conspicuous, being the only spots of brilliant color in the boxes. One of these was worn by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who dined with a large party at the Waldorf before the show. It was of scarlet chiffon elaborately shirred, and scooped over the face in a sort of poke bonnet fashion. Her gown was a startling white and black affair, and was not over-pretty, but her wrap was lovely. It was of the Inverness order, of which I spoke some weeks ago, made of fine cloth. The shade was a cross between palest lavender and gray, and was charming. It had a straight collar trimmed with two bands of narrow sable. In combination with the red hat it was stunning.

Mrs. "Joe" Widener looked very handsome in a white plumed hat and a gown of white lace on the bodice of which some fine diamonds were displayed to excellent advantage. A large diamond heart caught the bodice in the center of the bust, and a remarkable oval-shaped solitaire hung pendant from a chain of pearls about her throat. She wore a bracelet of diamonds and turquoise. I observed that many of the women wore bracelets. In fact, everyone wore

either some costly pendant at the throat, a diamond collar or a fine bracelet; and some of those most favored by fortune wore all three.

Mrs. John R. Drexel wore gray silk with tucked bodice, and a lace-trimmed hat turned from the face at one side in a most becoming manner. Her jewels were enormous square emeralds surrounded by diamonds. One was worn brooch fashion at the throat, and a diamond chain connected this with another just like it about three inches lower on the bodice.

Mrs. Van Alen wore a peculiar gown of the Dolly Varden order, with full, puffed sleeves. It was white with pale yellow garnishings, and had a tight, snugly fitting waist, over which a small diamond heart hung pendant from a rope of small pearls.

Her hat was of white tulle, with a band of sable about the edge of the brim and a handsome white aigrette at the left side. She wore a large black and white tulle boa finished with ribbons.

Miss Blight wore a most severe toilet. It consisted of a perfectly plain, tight-fitting Princesse of black velvet, made close and high about the throat, and with long, tight-fitting sleeves.

A large, beplumed black hat completed the costume. She wore absolutely no jewels, and her white gloves were the only relief.

Mrs. Bend's charming complexion and fair hair were set off by a gray costume, with corded velvet hat. She had a pink feather boa, and was much admired by the younger men.

Her jewels were a long lorgnette chain of diamonds and a turquoise matrix with diamonds.

Senator Depew's niece, Miss Paulding, looked very well in a brown velvet suit, simply made, with which she wore sables.

Her hat was picturesque, turned up at both sides, and with two long white plumes trailing over it from front to back.

Mrs. Elkins was in steel-gray velvet, with white lace let into the front of the bodice. She wore few diamonds.

Some of the fashionables occupied seats back of the boxes, and not a few promenaded once or twice around. There was certainly more promenading done by well-known persons than on previous occasions.

But there is also a more marked tendency to pay no attention whatever to the ring. The occupants of the boxes simply visit and talk, often with backs to the arena.

The New York Horse Show is, and perhaps always will be, merely a social function, patronized by out-of-town folks and others, to see the aristocracy at close range.

I have neglected to mention the handsome lace costumes, the newest being of white lace with black applied upon it. The effect is extremely rich. A heavy black satin with this combination used for yoke and elbow sleeves was particularly attractive.

Those of white or cream lace, made over colors, were also in evidence, but their popularity is waning.—Lady Modish in Town Topics.

A Street Parable

A little girl stood at a window blowing soap bubbles. Beneath stood a little boy, and as she blew bubbles toward him he tried to catch them. They broke and disappeared on all sides, but the two laughed and kept up the game, she smiling down and he gazing upward eagerly.

"Behold a parable!" said a man to a woman. "The eternal relation of the sexes. You blow beautiful bubbles down to us from your height and we weary ourselves in trying vainly to catch them. Poor little boy!"

The pair played and laughed in the sunshine till the boy grew tired. He called out goodby gaily and ran away to play with other boys and girls in the street. The girl looked after him wistfully, a shadow on her face. She did not care to blow bubbles any more. She leaned out to watch him, and as she did so she tipped over the bowl of soapy water. She looked very lonely.

"Behold, a parable!" said the woman to the man. "He has tired of the game, not she. There is no other little boy to blow bubbles to, and if there were, she has no pretty bubbles left to blow. Eternal relation of the sexes! Poor little girl!"—New York Tribune.

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