

A WEEK BEFORE EASTER

AND SPRING FASHIONS OPEN BLOSSOMS BRIGHT AND FAIR.

What One May See as One Goes Up and Down and Observes Millinery—Jet Stars, Colling Snakes and Fresh Costumes—A Season of Many Novelties.

NEW YORK, March 18.—Wonderfully interesting is the city these days. The shops are in full spring blossom, and the luxuriance and the brilliance of the flowering increases from morning until afternoon and from evening until morning. Here is a milliner who has made of her show window a boudoir all hung with peach bloom silk right daintily. Here is another who



EASTER HATS.

has turned hers into a garden, where birds of bonnets expand into full blown hats on the branches of lilac and acacia trees. The panorama shifts from minute to minute: frock succeeds to frock and ribbon to ribbon almost before the ever moving throng of promenaders has had a fair view. The parasol whose filmy clouds of gauze caught your fancy in the morning has had a dozen successors, each more diaphanous than the last, before you pass a second time on your homeward way in the afternoon.

This thronging of pictures, this treading of fashion on fashion's heels, brings out the whole city of women. From the quiet up-town streets and the demure side streets they flock and they swarm into avenues. It is a gay spring carnival when day by day women give themselves over to the shops, and feed their fancies fat on form and color, and exult in the magical spring transformations.

There's a certain barbaric joyousness about it all, for we glitter and we shine. We rejoice in gold lace, and in things that give out sparks in the sunshine. We stretch out our hands, as a baby might, to bright colored baubles. They make the baby crows and put them to her mouth and kick her heels. They make us smile at them, and sew them over our hats and our capes and our dresses, and walk where they may be seen out of doors. The dazzle of them reminds me of a cloak I had years ago, on which were sewn what the other children used to call star-spangled-banner buttons. This is a spring of star-spangled-banner fashions.

There is jet and jet, and still there is jet hourly; faceted jet that catches the light and sets it dancing. A woman was trying on a bonnet this morning before a mirror. It was a bonnet of smooth gold braid or a new galloon shaped in the likeness of a regal crown. "Jewell" of jet were embroidered upon it thickly. She held her head erect, and the figure in the glass dumbled back at her. A gleam of sunshine came through a window; it struck the jewels and they blazed; she moved her head and the broken lights in the mirror were dazzling.

All this was not good taste a year ago, but it is not now necessary to be quiet to be in good form.

There are flower hats, though it is said that later in the season the jewels will push them hopelessly and hopelessly into the background. A type of the flower fashion



BROWN-GREY WITH JET STAIRS.

is a hat of black point de gaze, flaring off the face a little and with odd bands and turnings. Velvet violets are tufted here and there over it, and long trails of violets fall in front and are gathered under the chin for strings.

At one of yesterday's receptions I noted a bonnet of peachy velvet worn by a tall, peachy cheeked girl. I never, I think, saw the hues of a fabric match the tint of the face so perfectly. Under the bonnet escaped in front fluffy brown curls, and among

the curls three plump peaches were resting. At the back of the bonnet were four to five more peaches with sprigs of leaves. Fruit bonnets are things to be avoided with a very careful avoidance, but this peachy girl was pretty under these downy spheres.

On all the millinery one sees snakes. There are gold snakes, jet snakes and snakes of silver. Snakes coil themselves to strike, snakes glide through the underbrush of buttercups and valley lilies, snakes wreath themselves and bask in their sunny situation, snakes climb for the view up aigrettes of lace formed of upstanding pleatings.

Bonnets for dress occasions are made in one case out of three, of nothing more than the triple classic band. This may be of jet, or it may be of gold braid or it may be of folded ribbons. The band is tied in the back with erect bows and through the knots are drawn flowers. There are fillets of pinky red ribbon that are very effective in this way with one great rose for garniture. Others in black are at once delicate and striking with lace aigrettes and gold and purple or brown and gold orchids. The large hats are even larger than common and often most fantastic with enormous bows and equally large bunches of flowers.

Grey and yellow, in the smoke and flame shades, one meets constantly. They make most weirdly picturesque and harmonious combinations. The bridesmaids at a recent wedding were in grey silk with flame yellow sashes and waistcoats of yellow crepe de chine. Their hats were grey tulle with a yellow metal edge and long ends of yellow metal ribbon hanging.

Grey and pink is pretty, if less daring. It is equally popular at weddings. One of the fairest bridesmaids of the season wore silver grey cloth with coral panel and grey Medici collar lined with coral. Her sleeves with puff of coral were covered with grey passementerie. Her hat with its coral velvet crown had a band of grey velvet and a bunch of grey tips behind.

The cuirass bodices produce startling effects at receptions and in theatre boxes. A dress of the steely gray of armor worn with a bold crimson cuirass was before my eyes all that evening and sent me home to dream troublously of wars and rumors of wars. It spoke loudly of drums and martial parades.

Beside it was a toilet that should have proved quieting. It too was of gray, a soft greenish, whitish gray, over which trailed and splashed seaweeds. It was a frock for the seaside piazza, with moonlight to silver misty outlines.

Stars were not lacking, for at no great distance was a dusky brown-gray frock, studded by way of border with jet luminaries. It would be making a metaphor go on all fours to compare its "French" Louis XIV. cascade to the mantle night, and yet assuredly it was sprinkled with points that shone. On a head of short, straight



COSTUME OF BROWN CHEVOT AND SILK.

dark hair rested a capote of jet plates with a greenish gray feather.

The flowered silks are among the prettiest things that are shown to delight the spring. Some of them reproduce quaint old mediæval patterns. Over a soft ivory satin ground climbs a silvery lattice work, and across this stray faint-hued roses full of old world grace and sentiment. This is sixteenth century and venetian. Flowers are drawn small and often rather prim, as on the silks that a generation ago our mothers used to delight in. Sometimes they are curiously spotted and mottled. Frocks for the after dinner dances are being made of creamy chiffon with knots of tiny roses or valley lilies sustaining their festoons. Wreaths of roses circle white shoulders, and girdles of the royal flower are looped about slender waists.

Dress is very smart in the afternoon parades. Georgia Cavan was out yesterday in a pale gray frock and jacket braided with gold and silver galore. Her trim little toque had the same garniture and over it a large crimson bird spread its wings. A frock of light blue with stripes of yellow of a soft rough make, like a swan skin, was very noticeable. A black satin swept the pavement, and over it were dotted violets, pimpernel and other spring blossoms. It had a jetted girdle, and where the skirt opened at the side one saw an undergrowth of the most delicate heliotrope. A white cloth frock that crossed the side-walk from a carriage was cut with long jacket and clinging skirt in the Louis XV. style. It had a brocade waistcoat, lace sleeve ruffles and at the throat a white lace jabot. The hat was white felt with lily of the valley trails. A brocade after which eyes were turned was of yellow daffodils on black. A quieter frock was of the new color, "cedar wood," striped in small floral designs. A simple but unique costume was of brown chevot and silk, the bodice crossing transversely from above the right shoulder to below the left arm in three scallops overlapping the silk under bodice cut in loose blouse style. The skirt unbuttoned at one side over a silk panel, and a brown turban was worn with butterfly garniture. One or two blue cloth capes were visible, braided in blue and gold. Others were in scarlet with gold braid, or in grey with gold garniture. So far as appears a week before Easter, this is going to be, as regards fashion, a most riotous spring. ELLEN OSBORN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest specific of the age for the cure of blood diseases, suppressions, irregularities, female weakness, etc. Give them a trial. Never fail.

NEWSY CARRIES TALK

THE RULES FORMULATED FOR THE UMBRELLA SCHOOL.

What it Costs to Give One's Best Boy a Likeness of One's Features—The Chic Young Women Who Have Been Able to Get Ahead of the Fashions.

NEW YORK, March, 8.—A school is about to be founded in the great city of New York for the purpose of teaching young men how to carry an umbrella properly over the head of a fair companion.

Something of the kind has long been needed. This season with its rains and hail and snow created an absolute demand for it. And so an Umbrella School has



AN INTERESTING STATE OF AFFAIRS.

sprung into existence. A committee of women selected from the most popular classes of women—widows and debutantes—have formulated a code of rules which shall stand as the A B C's of the school. They are as follows:

Be sure that the umbrella is unfurled before you leave the doorstep or car. It is exasperating to a woman to walk under a drizzly drip while her escort is fumbling with the shelter.

When once the umbrella is raised, hold it, not to the right nor to the left, nor to the front nor to the back, but directly over the hat of the woman.

Be sure that it is not so far forward that the back prongs of the umbrella will drip upon her shoulders, nor yet so far back that the front will drip upon her bangs.

Don't yank her by the arm while carrying an umbrella. She wants to hold up her skirts and, besides that, the pose of the umbrella is sure to suffer.

Never mind your own hat, even though it be a silk one, and do not value the safety of your eyes, but devote your whole attention to the covering of that one woman.

Should the elements rage in all directions and the rains descend from everywhere, and the clouds pour forth torrents from the north, south, east and west, abandon at once all hope of keeping the woman's garments dry, and bring all your energies to bear upon the preservation of her frizzes. Keep them dry at all hazards. E'en though you have to shelter them under your plaidie. Remember always that better a wet, sozzled, dripping woman with pretty bangs than a dry one with stringy, discontented desolated locks.

Miss Helen M. Congar, of Indiana, has startled herself and everyone else by an announcement. Having made the announcement, she is going to prove it if it takes the whole of her time. It is to the effect that she, Miss Congar, believes and knows that each and every occupation on which men are employed is being successfully performed by a woman. Miss Congar holds herself in readiness to name the woman and tell where she is employed—be the occupation ever so unusual or ever so unique. So hear ye all! If any one is in doubt as to the eligibility of woman for any given occupation, write now to Miss Helen M. Congar and she will tell you of some woman who is already employed upon it.

Do not be startled if you see a young woman clutch her breastpin wildly and haul it from its moorings, dragging with it a long length of chain. She is only about to consult her watch, which is fastened upon the end of the chain. The apparent breastpin is only the charm upon the end of the chain. It is so arranged as to dangle prettily over the spot under the chin where the brooch properly rests.

There is still another hiding place for the watch. It is inside the high collars which all the world of women wear. A small pocket of crocheted silk is fastened on the left side of the collar far enough to the side to be out of sight. In this case, where it will rest lovingly against the soft skin of the wearer is the jewelled timepiece which is dearer to her than anything save



OVER THE SLIPPERY CROSSING.

her yellow garter. Be it known that within this darling little watch there rests, more often than not, a likeness of the best boy whose bounty paid for the dainty hand of time.

The dear little cheats of girls have ferreted out a way of getting ahead of the fashions. It is the season for contracted skirts with little material in them and no apparent clothing under them. The girls are well aware of this and they also know that none of the pretty beruffled superfluities of former years can be worn underneath the simplicity of these tailor-made gowns. Yet one and all have declared that they cannot and will not go unpetticoated.

THE BUTCHERS' BALL!

A GOOD TIME ASSURED.

THE ladies are all going. Be sure and have a new pair of our slippers. We've got new ones for the occasion. It'll make all the difference in the world in dancing, what you wear. We've everything you want in Fancy Ball Slippers, to match dresses—you'd better see them.

A SMOOTH FLOOR

To dance on, is half the battle, a good pair of Slippers is the other half—then you're sure to have a good dance. Get a new pair of our latest to wear at the ball, they're so nice, stylish, and neat. You'll like them the minute you see them. There will be lots of new slippers there, and you'll want a pair of ours.

WATERBURY & RISING, - - - KING & UNION STREETS.

Fancy the horror of seeing a woman cross a street without revealing as much as a fluff of muslin or a frou-frou of lace! Picture the barrenness of effect, were the slightly tilted skirt to show nothing more interesting than a pair of boot tops. Of course, the girls could not and would not endure such a state of affairs. 'Twas out of the question. The whole condition of womanhood seemed at stake. Then some one (all honor be upon her!) thought of a way out of the dilemma—a way of approaching to wear petticoats without wearing them at all.

Inside of her tailor made gown, about two inches below the knees, she sewed a flounce of lace which was long enough to reach the hem of the skirt. Two inches below the first ruffle, was sewed a second one extending within half an inch of the bottom of the dress. Then came the moment for experiment. Breathlessly this woman of talent poised before the mirror, took a step over an imaginary crossing, gave a little kick, grabbed up her skirt, jumped a puddle and turned quickly to the glass to observe the effect. It was highly satisfactory. There was the dress skirt beautifully elevated at just the right angle and, hanging below it, were the lace skirts in charming fold and pose. Yet the costume from the knee up was as rich in outline as the heart of any full-limbed girl could desire.

Now, all the girls are doing that sort of thing, and no one knows just how it happens that there is apparently no petticoat there, and yet there must be one—for now you see it, and now you don't. Which fact goes to demonstrate once more that you should believe only half of what you see.

Jay Gould's box at the Grand Opera house is the best patronized one in town. It is never empty and is seldom occupied

live the wrist bangles of the days of the Louis's for our nineteenth century men, but 'twas impossible. They simply would not wear them. But they have consented to the silver band above the elbow. It is worn just below the muscle bump, which every man is always asking you to squeeze, and is so located that it is lost to sight, though it is never out of memory dear.

The ladies of Gotham are very good to the gentlemen of that place. They are presenting them with miniatures of themselves exquisitely painted on ivory. Time was when a simple photo, card size, was good enough for anybody's best fellow. Then a cabinet must be bought for him, or a panel nearly as large as life and as natural as the camera could make it. Now it costs \$25 to give one's likeness to one's divinity, for it must be upon the finest of polished ivory and so beautifully tinted that none but a real artist can do the work.

The most approved ivory likenesses are no larger than the pictures of George Washington upon our postage stamps. And they are designed to be fitted within a locket which is to be worn upon the watch chain. Twenty-five dollars is the very cheapest sum for which the ivory likeness can be obtained. They used to cost fifty dollars, but an artist recently imported who makes a specialty of these says "They cost no more than twenty-five in Lunnion." And so one must pay no more than that in this country.

Another dainty personal gift is a likeness of one's self painted upon a coffee cup which is to adorn the bachelor quarters of one's best love. If painted by an artist who understands china painting, the colors do not change in the firing and the effect is as lovely as could be desired.

Still another way of giving one's likeness to one's best boy is by having it painted upon the inside of the case of his watch. This method possesses one advantage over those previously mentioned, namely, that of endurance. Seasons may wax and wane. Time may come and time may go, but as long as the ticking of that particular watch goes on, just so long will the dainty, smiling features look out from the inside of the golden cover. Nothing can erase it and nothing can cover it up, save another picture painted over it. And shame be upon the artist who could be prevailed upon to do so ruthlessly a deed.

CARRIE CARELESS.

STYLES FOR LITTLE MEN.

What Looks Well on the "Wee Boy" and His Bigger Brother.

NEW YORK, March 18.—I have just awakened to the fact that all children are not girls, and that the little men as well as the little women deserve to have some attention paid to their garmenting. While their styles are not as variable as those of their little sisters, there are still many points of importance to be chronicled in regard to what is fashionable for both big and little boys.

Upon diligent inquiry I find that there is nothing more becoming to the wee boy than the Kilt suit, which is capable of such infinite variety, the different designs partaking of the individuality of the designers. Of course, the regulation highland kilt is always in style, and as tartan plaids are still the rage the little man and his mamma can be dressed off the same piece of goods.

Kilts of diagonal, cassimere, chevot, serge or velveteen there are in a great diversity of styles, among the prettiest being one of stone-grey diagonal, bound and braided in black silk soutache. Sailor kilts of marine blue serge have several lines of white mohair braid upon the skirt, while the collar, cuffs and pocket-flaps are of white serge, trimmed with dark blue braid and wrought in blue stars; a white sash girdles the waist, the pendant ends finished with embroidered anchors.

Kilted suits for warm weather are fashioned from a number of excellent wearable and washable materials, such as chevot, pique, duck, denim, etc. These cute little suits come from the laundry fresh, sweet and unfaded, and the embryo architect can erect mud forts, build sand palaces and run and play without fear of spoiling his clothes.

A boy's first trousers mark an important era in his small existence; with what delight he dons them, imagining that he has almost reached to man's estate. Fashion's fiat has gone forth,

and the kilt is to be discarded at an earlier age and replaced by the more mannish pants and jacket. So says Mr. Best of the *Litigation Bazaar*, who replied to all my persistent questionings about "How little boys should be dressed," with patient courtesy, although he could tell quite as much in regard to a little girl's wardrobe. To-day we have taken the boys in hand, and under the guidance of the dictator of children's fashions, we are given a further insight into the masculine wear of Liliput. Mr. Best says that boys now put on their pants at about four years of age; the first little jackets are usually made of cloth and bound and trimmed with soutache; with these are worn knee pants and a silk or linen blouse, which shows below the jacket; collars and cuffs of heavy Irish lace or Venetian guipure lend a touch of elegance to the costume.

One of the newest and most fetching styles is the Taureador, the one quoted being of Russian green velvet richly braided in gold; the short bell sleeves reach to the elbows and are slashed and laced together with a gold cord and tassels; the knee-breeches are also slashed and laced together like the sleeves; a blouse of white silk finishes the costume. If the Spanish bull fighter's idea is strictly carried out, a shirt of scarlet or orange silk and a gold tasselled Taureador cashmere impart a very Spanish air to the costume.

Sailor suits more than ever conform to the regulation man-of-war suit and have naval insignia embroidered upon the collar, sleeves and shield; these suits are also made of washable goods.

There are many new ideas in pleated suits, they are made of plain or checked material, either plated back and front or with stitched straps from shoulder to waist and a buttoned belt, the welt at each side forming pockets; others have yokes below which are tucks.

For boys over ten the single or double-breasted sack coat loosely fitting and slightly following the lines of the figure is eminently suitable; the suits with vests are also worn by boys of this age, the coat being the jaunty three button cut-away.

For younger boys the two or three piece suits bound with braid and trimmed with soutache are used for Sundays and holidays; the materials in vogue are the wide-wale diagonals, tricot, crepes, etc.

For full dress for youths from eight to sixteen, nothing is quite as appropriate as the stylish Eton or Tuexedo suits.

Young men always look well-dressed in the unostentatious single or double-breasted sack coat, which is cut with due regard to the latest dictates of fashion, and is made of cassimere, chevot, and blue or black serge.

For driving and for cool days at the seaside are over garments for both little and big boys, being fashioned with due regard to age and becomingness; the reefers are the nicest thing for small boys and are provided with a sailor collar, that rolls or buttons closely at will, the buttons being a fac-simile of those of the U. S. navy. Up to ten years of age the English covert coat, the cape-coat, and the double-breasted reefer are exceedingly suitable.

For young men the most stylish thing is the fly-front overcoat cut rather short.

Storm garments are an important feature in the clothing of boys for they are thus equipped for rainy weather in rubber coats, gossamers, and the rain-dyeing macintosh which looks like cloth.

A hat is to a boy what a bonnet is to a girl, and without stylish headgear the effect of the finest suit would be ruined. Woman can change the color of her ribbons and the shape of her hat, while the sterner sex has but small latitude for variety. To be sure the stylish boy knows all about the last new thing in London, and a small but important change distinguishes last year's title from that of this season. Of course the Derby is always de rigueur and the imported crush hat which is so easily rolled up and put out of the way. The most noticeable feature seems to be the dark trimmings of the felt hats, even the lightest shades being bound and banded with black.

The silk sailor is a novelty for little boys and the English walking hat of stiff felt in grey and the Suede shades. The Tam O'Shanter in Suede leather, with gold bands are essentially new and natty, and also the continental in tri-corner shape with rosette and pompon. The signal service device is newer than the ordinary nautical emblem in yacht-caps, while a golden coronet is substituted on others.

Suede cricketing caps are shown in tan, brown, blue and black, and a nobby little turban for a wee scion of masculinity is well dubbed "our dot."

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

Wasn't ment.

Mr. De Boer—Miss Emma, perhaps I ought not to call during lent, for I understand you deny yourself all amusement.

Miss Emma—Yes, I do, Mr. De Boer. Come as often as you like.—*Boston Budget.*

"I tell you," said Mr. Schnadhorst in the lobby of the house of commons, "the political situation in your district is something to raise your hair when you contemplate it." "I think," said Sir Wilfrid Lawson, as he took off his hat and disclosed his bald head, "that I'll go off and take a look at it."—*Pick Me Up.*

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