

THE THEATER JACKET.

Some Few of Its Beauties and Also Its Conveniences.

How It Helps One Dress to Seem as Many—Its Laces, Its Ribbons, Its Frills, Its Buttons, Its Frills—Theater Wraps and Millinery.

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King Solomon in all his glory or, rather, no one of King Solomon's seven hundred wives ever wore such or so many fancy bodices as a night at the theater will present to the modern woman's respectful consideration. It is curious how, with all the bigness of the city, one is constantly running upon people. I think I have not been at Daly's once this winter that, somewhere in the audience, my eye has not struck a small, peculiar-shaped bald head, high and narrow, belonging to a little thin, blue-eyed old man in elaborate evening dress. He has a squeaky voice; I have heard it once. One night I had missed him when, in the throng in the passage



YELLOW SILK AND VIOLET CREPE.

after the curtain fell, a squeak that somehow by the strangeness associated itself with the special oddity of that man's head sounded in my ear, and, turning, there he was close behind.

He is one of the strangers with whom I feel familiarly acquainted. Another is the girl whom I have never seen at close range enough to know the color of her eyes, but whose theater bodices, different on every occasion, have come to be reckoned among the season's sights for me as often as I go to Palmer's. I think I must have pleased myself with approving or disapproving of at least a dozen of her originalities since November.

Last night she sat across the aisle and only a few rows away in a new color in my experience of her—a rather pale cowslip yellow India silk, crossed over the bosom above a little triangle of jet filled in with faille and under a small Figaro jacket of openwork jet flashing with every flicker of the gas and every bend and turn of her shoulders. Deep jet cuffs reached almost to her elbows, and about her throat was a black feather ruche matching the feather edge to her theater hat and her great feather fan.

She looked well in yellow; most people do, especially in the evening, if they choose the shade carefully; but she looked better, I believe, one night at the opera—it's not alone at Palmer's that I have run across her, though oftener there—in a pointed waist of pale green with a stomacher of folded white tulle. I haven't said yet that this girl, whose name I don't know, but whose face keeps asserting itself as the face of the heroine in my whole wintery of unwritten stories, is dark and rather good looking, with an immense quantity of heavy dark hair. On the night in question she had a broad green gold pin thrust through the mass of it, and bands of dark green velvet crossing the tulle over her bosom. Wide white guipure lace was turned back from the stomacher and was arranged in curls standing ruffs over her shoulders and up and down each side of her green velvet sleeves.

With her long dark green gloves and green gold bangles she listened to, Lili Lehmann with the air of a queen in coronation robes, and I could feel no definite assurance whether it was feminine malice or feminine appreciation that made me notice that her plain dark green skirt was the same she had worn on at least three previous occasions with at least three different fancy bodices; so little silk and so little lace add



THEATRICAL HAIR AND MILLINERY.

so little money does it take to construct a new and dazzling toilet when you have one simple and well-fitting skirt to begin with.

The green had done duty—I could look back and check off the nights on my fingers—with a pink jacket very prettily. That was the evening it snowed, and a particularly devoted young man had received the flakes full on his broad expanse of ruffled shirt as he held the umbrella all over her, while his overcoat flapped wide as they went out from the light into the storm.

It was a very pretty pink jacket of pale rosy de soie with three insertions of lace in the back, alternating with bands of rosy ribbons. It was gathered to a point below the waist, and in front it had four insertions of lace and velvet, tapering to the bottom of the bodice. Between the insertions was a gathered vest of pink chiffon shot with silver. The pointed neck and the elbow sleeves were edged with cream colored lace gathered extremely full.

The green had done duty also with a gray furry jacket that was a matinee. The dark girl had sat with a blonde girl and the two had eaten bonbons out of a little box with a blue en-

ameled cover. It was a particularly original jacket of a heavy ribbed gray silk matching the tint of the gray cloth cape that was to be worn above it and that, as she walked down the aisle to her seat some rows in front of me, reached below the knees. The jacket had a shadowy mouflon edge, and in front it opened on a darker gray velvet plastron burred across in diamonds with more mouflon. It had a furry ruche at the throat, and it went admirably with a gray felt hat with gray feathers and wings.

The theater jacket par excellence is a work of consummate millinery art. It is used a good deal more this winter than the costlier but less effective theater gown. It's a provoking bit of frippery with little excuse on the surface for its frills and its follies, but deep down in its heart of hearts it knows its business, for it's mighty convenient and economical, transforming the plainest street dress into the gayest of gala costumes.

Chiffon, gauze and crepe are the stuffs it likes best to pick among, though it disdains nothing thin and delicate and capable of being made up without darts; the pretty stuff drawn or gathered over a fitted lining. Those which are most in favor have an undefined flavor of some dead and gone, indefinite but most gorgeous Louis about them, with their trappings of brocade and velvet and frills of dainty lace and jeweled buttons.

I remember one that I saw at an amateur performance last week, when the play was bad and the players worse, but the costumes among the audience most decidedly fetching. It was a short paniered jacket of pale violet crepe with a plastron of gold embroidered crepe set into the front between bands and narrow waved bretelle of violet velvet. A velvet ribbon sash went twice around the waist, drawn up and down in points in front to form a diamond. A velvet frill followed the short paniers about and the medice collar was velvet lined. The girl who wore it was blonde and pale—not at all pretty, but making the most of her possibilities.

Next to theater jackets there is interest in theater hats and—for hats come off oftener than they used—in theater hair. It seems to be considered particularly enterprising this winter to make the hair stand up as high from the top of the head as possible. The Grecian knot, for example, looks particularly unclassical when the girl about whose fuzzy locks you are trying to catch a glimpse of the death agony or the death toilet of the long-suffering but well-clad



DARK GREEN AND TULLE.

heroine pulls it up to her crown, twists it tight and lets a brush of curls stick out and up in the middle with a dagger diving straight down to pierce the brain.

One peculiarity of theater dressing this winter is that the fantastic ruffs, boas and collarettes which the grip has called into existence and many of which it has christened are not commonly unfastened. You will see half a dozen girls in a row most wonderfully tied up with laces and ribbons and ruffles as to their throats sitting out a long, tear-compelling and most disheveling tragedy without loosening one knot or lightening one twist of fur.

There was a pretty creature on the street this morning with a round ruff at her throat of golden beaver. It was tied in front with a pink ribbon, which rested on a wide box-plaited yellow crepe ruche falling to her bosom and flushed with just a hint of rose color. Fancy crying over "Camille" in such array.

Hats with strings are favorite theater wear, very broad strings often, and white to make them the more conspicuous. Ruched wreaths of ribbon are the simplest and most usual trimming with fancy feathers standing up behind.

I haven't left myself much room to talk about the evening wraps that are used to cover up all these playhouse glories when their wearers go out into the night, but I can at least tell of one of white velveteen which I saw getting tucked into a carriage not many evenings ago. It was long and full and lined with rose-colored satin and trimmed with white ostrich feathers. It had loose fronts and set on pelerine forms over the arms, and it looked as if the woman in it was pretty confident of good fortune in not brushing against any (literal or metaphorical) muddy wheels.

ELLEN OSBORN

That Made a Difference.
"You don't seem to have the patience of Job," said Mrs. Bunting to her husband, who was down on his knees, looking under the bureau, and making use of strong language.
"Well," replied Bunting, "the style of shirt that Job wore didn't call for collar buttons."—Brooklyn Life.

Perfectly Safe.
Dobson—Can you safely call him a liar?
Hobson—Well, I should say so. He's in Europe and will not return for three years.—Judge.

An Important Question.
Mrs. Gazzam—Dear mother isn't herself to-day, George?
Gazzam—Indeed! Who is she?—Judge

Got No Invitation.
"Tramp—Please, mum, me feet'n on th' ground; an' if ye could spare me an ole pair o' shoes, I'd—"
Mrs. Spinks—There's a wedding going on in that big house across the street. Just you go over there and wait. When the couple comes out the family will throw a lot of the bride's old shoes after her.
"But, mum, they'd be too small."
"Huh! Wait till you see her feet."—N. Y. Weekly.

She Found an Explanation.
"You see, Mrs. Oilriz," said the suave young man, "they called them 'Canaanites' because they came from Canaan."
"Oh, I understand," said the old lady affably. "There's something that Mr. Oilriz knowed and I didn't."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. He had heard that you spent several years in Paris, and he spoke of you yesterday as 'a Parisite.'"—Judge.

So He Was.
"I thought you advertised that you were selling out at cost?" growled the customer, throwing down the required twenty-five cents for a small package of note paper.
"Yes, sir," replied the stationer, briskly. "That's right. We referred to our postage stamps. Want any?"—Chicago Tribune.

No Use Trying.
Old Friend—I have it on good authority that your daughter has determined to marry your young Fastfello. You must prevent it.
Mr. Mecke—I can't.
Old Friend—You are her father.
Mr. Mecke—That's it. She's a woman, and I'm only a man.—Puck.

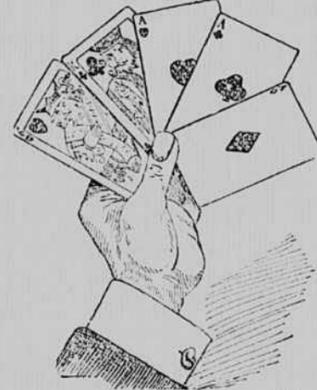
Steak in a Hurry.
Customer (in restaurant)—Here, waiter, a sirloin steak, well done. I'm in a hurry.
Waiter—Is yer in a hurry?
"Yes, yes."
"Den why not take dat steak rare 'stead of well done, if yo' is in a hurry, boss?"—Texas Siftings.

Time and Money.
"Time is money, my dear," he said, hustling around in a great hurry.
"Come off," she replied, tartly, "I've got plenty of time to go down street and buy a bonnet, but I don't get the bonnet, just the same."—Detroit Free Press.

A Discriminating Dog.
Miss Beauti—Fido is just the funniest dog. When I sing he wags his tail; but when I play the piano he sits right up on his haunches and howls.
Rival Belle—Well, I think myself you sing rather better than you play.—Good News.

An Explanation.
Bobby—Pa, what does it mean when it says a man's estate was divided according to law?
Pa—It means, Bobby, that the heirs of the dead man get what is left after the lawyers get through.—Judge.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.



—Life.

Entirely Inadequate.
"Mamma, is it swearing to say that these stockings ought to be darned?"
"Certainly not, Willie."
Willie looked the stockings over again, noted the gaping holes in the knees and the frizzled condition of the heels, laid them down, and shook his head.
"No," he said, "there's no use of my sayin' it. It wouldn't be half strong enough."—Chicago Tribune.

She Came First.
She claims the first of every joy. Yet you should not demur; For as you are to love, my boy, You must be after her.—Judge

What Carried Him Away.
Weeping Widow (to whom the news is brought of her husband's death in the west)—P—poor James! And—did he—boo-boo—die of his own free will and acc—?
Pampus Phillip (who has brought the sad tidings)—Well, mum, yans, he—er—he did die of a cord, I might say.—Boston News.

Just in Time.
A Texas teacher was calling the roll. Just as she called out "Bob Smith," Bob pushed open the door, out of breath, and answered: "Here, ma'am."
"Robert, next time you must not answer to your name unless you are here."
"Yes, ma'am, I'll try not to."—Texas Siftings.

A Lonely Mortal.
Bilkins—How do do? Had the grip yet?
Wilkins—No.
Bilkins—I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about when you meet people?—N. Y. Weekly.

Pleasant.
When sailing o'er life's changing seas, O where's the bliss can equal this?— If we can kiss the girls we please, And please the girls we kiss.—Jurj

To Get the Boys Up.
Little Dick—I hate to get up in the morning; don't you?
Little Jack—No. We always have buckwheat cakes.—Good News.

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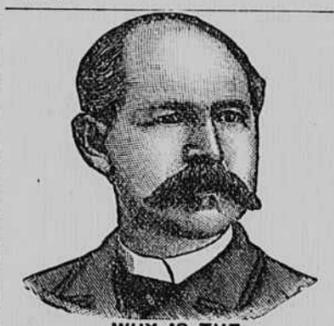
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9:35 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol; also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton. Pullman sleepers to Memphis and New Orleans and to Radford and Intermediate stations. No connection beyond.
6:15 p. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol. Connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.
NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY:
7:00 a. m. for Shenandoah. Pullman sleepers to 12:50 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to New York via Harrisburg and Philadelphia.
11:30 p. m. for Hagerstown. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and to New York via Harrisburg.
6:30 a. m. for Petersburg and Richmond.
12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman parlor car to Norfolk.
8:05 p. m. for Lynchburg; no connection beyond.
11:15 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleepers to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.
Clinch Valley Division—Leaves Bluefield daily 7:00 a. m. for Norton, and 2:05 p. m. for Norton, Louisville and points on L. & N. R. R. via Norton.
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| WEST BOUND. | | EAST BOUND. | |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| First Class. | First Class. | First Class. | First Class. |
| No. 3, No. 1. | No. 2, No. 4. | No. 3, No. 1. | No. 2, No. 4. |
| Passenger. | Passenger. | Passenger. | Passenger. |
| Mail, Express, Sunday. | Mail, Express, Sunday. | Mail, Express, Sunday. | Mail, Express, Sunday. |
| Daily. | Daily. | Daily. | Daily. |
| STATIONS. | | | |
| P. m. | A. m. | A. m. | P. m. |
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