

# FLIGHT OF FORTY IN FILMY CHIFFON

### Connecticut Farmers Lament the Loss of Summer Beauty Show.

#### LEARNING LYRO-RHYTHMIC ART

Forty of the most fair and most figure-  
uressome—if there is such a word—  
young women that the town ever beheld  
have invaded one of New York's most  
fashionable sections.

Better looking than a beauty show,  
more graceful than the best trained ballet  
you ever saw, and all—or nearly all—  
society girls!

No, this is not a theatrical announce-  
ment. It is merely the news that Mrs.  
Florence Fleming Noyes, instructor in  
poise and "lyro-rhythmic expression,"  
transferred to No. 230 Madison avenue  
for the winter a school which in the  
summer she has been conducting at  
South Woodstock, Conn.

No. 230 Madison avenue is the old  
home of Robert Ingersoll, and is di-  
rectly across the street from the house  
of J. Pierpont Morgan. The forty beau-  
tiful girls will dwell there as well as  
study there.

And they will wear—though not in  
the open air, as they did at South  
Woodstock—filmy costumes of chiffon.  
There will be neither sufficiency nor  
weight of fabric to encumber them in  
their limbo movements.

#### Slacks of Roger and Keller.

Just how South Woodstock, which has  
had the young pupils of Mrs. Noyes all  
summer, feels about their departure is  
difficult to ascertain. But it is prob-  
ably a mixed feeling, with the feminine  
part of the countryside heaving sighs of  
relief, and the masculine part closing its  
eyes and trying to call back the won-  
derful visions it beheld through the  
warm, sunlit days. At least that is the  
occasional feeling of a reporter for the  
New York World who saw the dances of  
the sorties.

At the beginning of July, Mrs. Noyes  
rented the 20-acre farm of Judge Al-  
fred Mathewson of New Haven, a  
beautiful place which contains velvety  
lawns, rippling brooks, secluded wood-  
lands and all the other things  
necessary to call to the mind of a young  
woman what might be termed "thoughts  
beautiful." Mrs. Noyes is the dancer  
who impersonated "Liberty" on the  
capitol steps at the inauguration of  
President Wilson. She has appeared at  
various pageants given by suffragists.  
Rodin, the sculptor, said she had the  
most perfect right arm in the world,  
her friends say.

To the remote Connecticut farm came  
her pupils from New York, Boston, Phila-  
delphia, Chicago, Cleveland and half a  
dozen other cities. They were in lea-  
sure, grace, poise and "lyro-rhythmic ex-  
pression." Some of them brought ten or  
twelve trunks of clothing with them,  
but as soon as they arrived they learned  
that the most imperative order of Mrs.  
Noyes was that the girls were to wear  
loose robes of the lightest of chiffon;  
only that, nothing more. No shoes, no  
corsets, absolutely nothing but the  
chiffon.

#### Spectators Brake Stockade.

At first the dancing lessons were  
given on a smooth stretch of turf not  
far from the road which leads to Pom-  
fret, where the Woodstock Valley farm-  
ers go to send their produce to market.  
But it was not long before Mrs. Noyes  
found that farmers' wagons and auto-  
mobiles were blocking the roadway, and  
that every dance was beheld by an as-  
semblage of spectators, ranging from  
millionaires to hired men. So she had  
her own hired man, Gus Erickson, cut  
20 white birch saplings and make a  
stockade of them, which shut off the  
view.

But enthusiastic spectators prigg and  
cut apart the birches, and threatened the  
roadside in greater numbers than ever.  
As a result for the general populace—  
Mrs. Noyes changed the scene of the ter-  
sichorean endeavors to a secluded glade  
away back in the woods, far from any  
road.

Every morning and afternoon the girls  
dressed and sought to give rhythmic ex-  
pression to their thoughts. Each was  
told, upon her arrival, that she must for-  
get her family and name, and assume the  
character of some mythological person.  
Here are the characters and those who  
impersonated them, as given to the World  
reporter by Mrs. Noyes:

Gaiares, Miss Lilla Carling, New York;  
Phaonon, Miss Anita Day, Boston; En-  
dymion, Miss Rebecca Jordan, Chicago;  
New York; Achilles, Miss Grace Currie,  
Salt Lake City, Utah; Echo, Miss Hazel  
Rowland Sands, Boston; Erato, Miss  
Anna Gage, Cambridge; Eurydice, Miss  
Emily Adams, Boston; Narcissus, Miss  
May Simpson; Bacchus, Miss Margaret  
Warner King; Juno, Miss Eva Daiton,  
Boston; Pluto, Miss Valerie Ladd, Min-  
neapolis; Cupid, Miss Louise Killinger,  
New York; Iphigenia, Miss Helen Uring,  
Philadelphia; Aurora, Miss Edith Merrill,  
Kansas City; Atalanta, Miss Winifred  
Lawrence, Cleveland; Clytie, Miss Dor-  
othy Smith, Cincinnati; Mercury, Miss  
Georgia Sprague, New York; Apollo, Miss  
Bertha Hemick, Boston; and Calliope,  
Miss Alice Barney Hemmick, Washing-  
ton.

#### Peeped at Goddesses Bathing.

Following the afternoon dances, the  
girls would go to a brook where there  
was a little water fall, and, still in their  
chiffons, would lie in the stream and  
allow the tumbling water to fall over  
them.

But admirers of the classic and beau-  
tiful sought them out, the girls and Mrs.  
Noyes discovered, even in these retreats  
so far from the beaten paths. Behind  
bushes and up in tree tops were discov-  
ered the faces of farm lads and (this is  
amply vouched for) even gray topped  
and gray whiskered visages of grown-up  
agriculturists.

And to the home of the forty fair ones  
came reports that many an irate em-  
ployer wondered why in all Lexington his  
produce didn't get to New York in time,  
and, learning, went down and sought a  
violin for himself. And there were also  
tales of amply-formed farmers' wives  
going to the old Mathewson place and  
dragging away their beauty worshippers  
spouses.

Eventually the guardian of the forty  
had a high barred-wire fence placed  
about their dancing turf and about their  
bathing brook, which more or less effec-  
tually kept away the ardent devotees of  
"lyro-rhythmic expression" as a scenic  
affair.

#### There Was a Ghost, "Too."

The Mathewson farmhouse is a great,  
rambling structure with forty rooms.  
But these young mythological spirits  
sought to sleep beneath a roof. Arroy  
tents were procured for them, and they  
spent their dreaming hours in the open,  
too. Two of the girls one night fancied

they saw one peeping beneath the cover  
of their tent, but decided that it must  
have been a ghost. In some fashion this  
apparition was named "Alfred the  
Ghost," and it was one of the jokes of  
the aesthetic colony to ask each morning  
if any one had seen "Alfred" during the  
night.

At the beginning of September, when  
the days and nights began to grow  
coolish, Mrs. Noyes closed her school and  
most of the girls went home. They had  
some amusing experiences. Their shoes  
would not fit because going barefooted  
had changed the shape of their feet.  
Garments were too loose, because figures  
had grown more slender. Altogether they  
were quite different girls.

Their departure was a great event  
for South Woodstock—as their arrival  
had been. For it was, as has been said,  
an occasion of mingled regret and relief.  
If you know anybody who lives up South  
Woodstock way, ask him, and he will prob-  
ably sigh nostalgically, but at the same  
time sorrowfully.—New York World.

#### WHY THE SKELETON GRINNED

##### Pulsing Power of Vocal Nerve Dem- onstrated on a Gaping Crowd.

A skeleton peacefully reclining in the  
window of a surgical supply house had  
attracted a motley group of men. Their  
eyes were sober, almost glaucous, in the  
dim glow of the window light. A tall,  
yellow with a red face, rimless spectacles  
and thin lips that opened and shut with  
a click, was holding forth excitedly and  
the others were drinking in his words  
with a grave eagerness. The speaker car-  
ried a book in his hands which he used  
expressively in gesture. "That man," he  
was saying, swinging his book toward  
the window, "that man never died a natural  
death. He was killed. What killed him? Doc-  
tors, drugs, medicine. All drugs is poi-  
son. Maybe they cut 'im open with a  
knife. And all he needed was a little  
adjustment, little pressure here and a  
little rubbin' there. When a man gets  
sick they send for a doctor. The doctor  
gives 'im a lot of medicine, all poison,  
and ef that don't kill 'im he usually  
gits a knife and cuts something out of  
'im. All sickness is the result of lack  
of consonance in the functioning of the  
anatomy, and the only thing that'll cure  
it, I tell you men, is adjustment, adjust-  
ment of the nerves, tendons and neuro-  
nes of the body so that all co-operate  
together. Medicine won't do it, for medi-  
cine is poison. Take quinine, for in-  
stance. If that man there," pointing to  
the skeleton, "took quinine it would ha'  
stayed in his body all the days of his life.  
Quinine enters the bones and it stays  
there, and if that man was dosed with  
quinine you could take them bones here  
and melt 'em and get back every bit of  
quinine he ever took!" here the speaker's  
voice reached a high pitch and his face  
became alarmingly red.

A quiet voice interrupted him. "But you  
can't melt bones, you know. It's a chemi-  
cal impossibility." The young man who  
uttered these words was possessed of a  
face almost completely lacking a chin,  
a condition which gave him a near im-  
becille appearance, but he spoke with such  
assurance that all of the group turned  
instinctively to him. The orator of the day  
was not so easily dispossessed of his position.

"Well," he said, "maybe you can't melt  
'em, but if you could the quinine would  
be there. My authority for that state-  
ment is Dr.—Dr.—Oh that great French  
doctor—I can't remember his name just  
now, but I'll tell you what—" turning  
to the doubter—"if you come up to my  
place I'll show you the book that it's  
in." The young man with the missing  
chin seemed entirely satisfied with this  
explanation and, with the others, as-  
sumed an air of great attention.

"There's no need of sickness in the  
world. Adjustment, proper adjustment,  
will cure 'em all. Why, I went to call  
on a doctor the other day, and his nurse  
came down to the door, and said the  
doctor was sick in bed, and couldn't see  
no one. I said, 'Lady, you just let me  
see that doctor a minute.' And I walked  
right past her and went up into the doc-  
tor's room and found him in his bed  
not able to move. I set him up and ran  
my hand down his spine, found a nerve  
in the lower vertebrae out of place and  
pushed it back. Well, sir, that doctor  
was out on the street in half an hour,  
walking as straight as an arrow! Insan-  
ity, consumption, fevers, all could be  
cured in the same way—just by adjust-  
ment. Why, I tried to get in out here at  
the asylum to work on the patients and  
they wouldn't let me in! Wanted to  
know what I knew about anatomy and  
physiology and the structure of the hu-  
man body"—here the faces of his audi-  
tors took on an expression of sympathy  
—"and I told them that I knew more  
than the whole bunch of them put to-  
gether"—here their faces manifested ap-  
probation.

"Why, men, people might go on living  
forever if they only paid attention to  
adjustment. Any man ought to be able  
to add fifty years to his life by ad-  
justment any way. Here's my business  
cards, gentlemen, and if any of you  
have any disease from neuralgia to con-  
sumption—or think you have any disease  
—or want to double your life on earth  
—I will pay you to make a visit to my  
office."

Each of the men took one of the cards  
and read the inscription thereon with a  
curious face. The only levity discernible  
was in the face of the skeleton in the  
window. It seemed to grin a little.—  
Indianapolis News.

A "For Sale" ad will turn second-hand  
furniture into cash.

#### TODAY'S BEAUTY HELPS

Nothing excites more criticism than a  
woman with her face all daubed with  
face powder in her desire to hide a faulty  
or aging skin. Instead of using powder,  
which clogs and enlarges the pores, it is  
far better to use a good face lotion that  
will improve and permanently benefit the  
skin. By dissolving four ounces of spir-  
max in a half pint of hot water you can  
make an inexpensive lotion that will do  
wonders as a skin whitener and com-  
plexion beautifier. It removes all shin-  
iness, sallowness and roughness, and  
gives the skin a smooth, velvety tone,  
while it does not rub off easily like  
powder, nor does it show on the skin.

By washing the hair with a teaspoon-  
ful of castile dissolved in a cup of hot  
water, afterward rinsing thoroughly with  
clear water, one finds that it dries  
quickly and evenly, is unstrained, bright,  
soft and very fluffy, so fluffy, in fact,  
that it looks more abundant than it is  
and so soft that arranging it becomes a  
pleasure. This simple, inexpensive sham-  
poo cleanses the hair and scalp thor-  
oughly of all dandruff and dirt, and  
leaves a clean, wholesome feeling. All  
scalp irritations will disappear, and the  
hair will be brighter and glossier than  
ever before.—Advertisement

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- A. D. PRIBBERNOW—Pharmacy - 24th and Vinton Streets
- A. L. HUFF—Pharmacy - - - - - 2924 Leavenworth Street
- A. SHAW—Fancy Grocery - - - - - 2116 Military Avenue
- BEMIS PARK PHARMACY - - - - - 3233 Cuming Street
- BERNAK & SON - - - - - Sixteenth and William Streets
- BLAKE DRUG COMPANY - - - - - 16th and Locust Streets
- ERNEST BUFFET—Fancy Grocery - - 50th and Underwood
- FENTON DRUG COMPANY - - - 33d and California Streets
- FENTON DRUG COMPANY - - - 3852 Leavenworth Street

- FLORENCE DRUG COMPANY - - - Main Street, Florence
- FOREST & MEANY DRUG CO. - 401 N. 24th, South Omaha
- FREGGER DRUG COMPANY - - - 16th and Grace Streets
- GOLDEN PHARMACY - - - - - 24th and Leavenworth Streets
- HANSCOM PARK PHARMACY - - - - - 1501 Park Avenue
- HERMANSKY BROS—Pharmacy - - 16th and Vinton Streets
- KNUDSEN GROCERY COMPANY - 5909 Main St., Benson
- LOUIS SOMMER—Fancy Grocery - - - 4820 Dodge Street
- LAEMMLE FILM SERVICE COMPANY - - 1122 Farnam
- MID-WEST ELECTRIC COMPANY - - - 1207 Harney Street
- MUNT DRUG COMPANY - - - 24th and F Sts., South Omaha
- NEBRASKA CYCLE COMPANY - 15th and Harney Streets
- O. H. WIRTH—Pharmacy - - - - - 1330 North 40th Street
- PHILLIPS DRUG COMPANY - - - 13th and Harney Streets

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