

CLOTHES.

Mere man has been consistently and earnestly poking fun at woman because of the vagaries which fashion has imposed upon her.

An automobile bill has been passed by the legislature of New York after a wrangle as to which of the departments should have the licensing power.

There are probably few farmers who have closely figured the average cost of marketing any given unit of their crops as a manufacturer figures upon each article he turns out.

A clubwoman in a discussion how to make home happy uttered the now famous dictum, "Feed the brute." A New York magistrate has taken up the challenge and supplemented this dictum with the order to feed the brute well.

Another wealthy English nobleman is reported to have sold a Rembrandt masterpiece for \$500,000. Presumably the purchaser will be set down as a rich American, and the vials of British wrath will be opened on his head.

International control of the air is to be advocated at the fourth Pan-American conference to be held in Argentina, at which time aeronautics and wireless telegraphy will be discussed.

The divorce of young couples and the romance of octogenarians rub each other by the elbow in the day's news. Cupid is a queer little chap, and there is no accounting for his freaks.

Anti-vicectionists are now holding a congress in London and trying to convince the world that the life of a dog is of more value than the life of a man.

The remarkable thing about most of these feather-brained people who rush along city streets in automobiles is that they have nothing to rush about.

It would be annoying if a judge's decision should unmarry 3,000 or so couples who were wedded in good faith and prefer to remain wedded.

Japan's government ought to be sold with the people for some time. It has supplied good crop prospects.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has lived to a ripe and honored old age without seeing the popularity of her great song grow dim.

Paris merchants would hate to connive at smuggling, but they want to sell lots of goods to American visitors.

At the same time no one is obliged to eat wheat bread. There's rye cake and corn pone—just as good.

It is dangerous every once in awhile to spit on the sidewalk.

AUTOGRAPH GHOSTS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE



HALLIE ERMINE RIVES

THE autograph friend has a far more amusing fad just now than the mere collecting of ordinary signatures of extraordinary folk and the newest thing in this hobby necessitates the possession of a "ghost-book" to hold the signatures which portray the "ghosts" of the eminent ones.

These little books are becoming very popular both in London and in New York. They have an advantage over the ordinary autograph album, because the collecting of signatures has been so overdone that many of the "great ones" have had rubber facsimiles made of their very best autographs—not the kind that appears on their checks—and instead of taking time to respond whenever a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed, all they do is to pass the letter, request and envelope over to the secretary—or perhaps it never gets beyond the secretary at all—and the autograph is stamped on in such a manner that it serves the purpose well and saves Mr. Author, Mr. Actor or Mr. Singer a lot of time and trouble.

But a request for a name in one's ghost book has a certain novelty about it and there is, too, considerable curiosity to see just what sort of a ghost one's name will make, so that nearly everyone will take the trouble to picture his ghost for you.

In making the collection for a ghost book, partially reproduced here, many well-known men and women were asked for ghosts. President and Mrs. Taft were immensely amused at the idea and both took the keenest interest in seeing how their ghosts would turn out. The big statesman adjusted his glasses, folded with the utmost precision the paper on which he was to inscribe his ghost, looked around for a stub pen, which, unfortunately, he could not find on his desk in the Hot Springs bungalow and then he wrote his name and hastily folded back the paper.

"Cannot say that for such a big man as I am in the flesh my ghost cuts such a wide swath," he laughingly remarked as he held the paper up for Mrs. Taft to view. "But anyhow, the smaller one's ghost the better—perhaps," he added.

"Mrs. Taft was more pleased with her ghost than she was with that of her husband. 'You are more important just now, but my ghost is a far more artistic creature than yours and really more spirituelle,'" she laughed.

It will be noticed that a part of Mrs. Taft's ghost bears a remarkable resemblance to a Masonic emblem.

Miss Mary Garden practiced several times on her ghost before she would allow the final one to appear in the writer's ghost book. "Ghosts, like everything else, improve by practice, and I look upon my final ghost as a worthy effort," laughed Miss Garden. "In fact, I see the urn above from which my spook must have hopped out," she said, and sure enough, if one will look at the prima donna's ghost it will be found quite true.

Miss Geraldine Farrar was enchanted with her ghost, which she said looked like a veritable butterfly. "How splendid to be so picturesque a ghost!" Miss Farrar commented.

Miss Emma C. Thursty has one of the most remarkable ghosts of all, and for beauty and symmetry it is quite as pleasing as a wrought-iron work design or a Japanese brass candlestick. "I prefer to think of it as something that was designed by the shades of some Japanese artist, which idea I absorbed when I visited some of the great temples in Japan," said Miss Thursty.

Lady Warwick says she doesn't believe in ghosts at all, but she was very much impressed by the appearance of her titled name when her ghost became a reality. "I think I shall design a book plate out of it. That wouldn't be a bad idea, would it?" the countess added as she viewed the strong, bold writing that formed her signature.

Lady Cosmo Duff-Gordon was enchanted with her ghost and ghost-collecting has become such a fad with her that she has purchased a dozen of the little volumes for her friends. "I put my ghost in each one and I suppose I must be a woman of a number of selves or else there are a number of warring ghosts in my ancestry, for each one of my signatures produced a ghost so totally different from the others that one would scarcely believe that they came from the same name and handwriting. But I am rather pleased with the idea, for what is more prosaic than lack of variety? I have made my fortune by original and diverse designs in the making of frocks," said the titled dressmaker, "so why shouldn't my ghost signatures portray that characteristic?"

When Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," had made her ghost she thought that it bore some resemblance to a tiger and eagerly pointed out its claws. "The tiger is essentially one of my transmutations, or shall I say manifestations?" remarked Mrs. Glyn. "Hence my tiger ghost. Paul would be pleased with that, wouldn't he?" she added with a smile.

Emmy Destinn, the gifted Bohemian prima donna of the Royal opera house, Berlin, who has

just finished a brilliant first season in America, said that she could see in her ghost the shades of the late empress dowager of China. That fancy may have occurred to her because when she made her ghost the news of the death of the Chinese empress had just been received.

George Bernard Shaw hasn't time for ghosts or interviews or writer folk at all, he says, yet this most inconsistent of men generally gives his interview and sees the writer person, and here we have his ghost. Mr. Shaw generally makes it as uncomfortable as possible for the interviewer before allowing him to be admitted, but after that the genial blue-eyed Irishman is irresistible and one readily forgives him anything that has seemed rude. The writer sent a note asking for an interview with Mr. Shaw in his chambers just off the Embankment in London last summer and in response Mr. Shaw characteristically wrote:

My Dear Miss —: I will have ten minutes' rest to-morrow some time between 11 and 12.30. If you catch me during the ten minutes I will see you. If you stay longer I will throw you out of the window.

GEORGE B. S.

The writer went at a quarter to twelve and Mr. Shaw talked and talked and talked until the history of cultured society and is not without its romantic side. One of the Ptolemies once paid the starving Athenians in wheat for the privilege of copying some treasured manuscripts of the immortal Greek dramatists. The wretch kept the originals and returned the copies. If it had been the ghost signatures of Euripides and Sophocles that the unscrupulous ruler was after he would not have found it easy to perpetrate so heartless a trick.

person will often show an apparent wide difference in conformation, owing to the shape of the pen, the flow of the ink and the amount of pressure used, a more careful scrutiny will make it clear that the chief characteristics hold throughout. The ghost is true to its type.

Who, then, will interpret and reveal the true meaning of our ghost autographs? Here is a new field for investigation and amusement.

With the advent of the ghost book we have a new twist to an old, old fad. Travelers in central Europe as early as the fourteenth century used to carry their "Book of Friends," an octavo volume in which names and sentiments were inscribed. On their return home they could show an interesting record of the famous personages they had met. These are the first autograph albums of which we hear, but the passion for collecting manuscripts and autographs is as old as the history of cultured society and is not without its romantic side.

Europe is a lovely place; the grave of Shakespeare is a noble sight and it's worth money to see the hillsides that produce the wine that made the Rhine famous. But this year it was Broadway, Bath Beach, Kokomo or Kalamazoo for a large number of worthy American citizens whose custom it has been to spend the sultry months across the water.

It's the old story of Balaklava over again—only worse. Some millions have blundered. Times are twisted up in a hard knot and we are just beginning to get the kinks out. Nobody knows what is going to be the outcome of the new tariff law. The indications are good for a poor wheat crop. Panama hats and overcoats are selling side by side in the open market.

In short, there is no time like the present for staying at home and attending to business. In these crucial circumstances 200,000 persons have consented to make the sacrifice. At any rate, such are the present indications.

This means something to the rest of the country. Paying to see Europe is our annual blood-letting operation. Millions upon millions are taken out of our national circulation. We work hard during the winter, either at earning money or at getting it from those who have earned it, then hustle across the water to fatten up the Swiss guides and the hotel keepers. That is, about 1,200,000 of us do. The other 78,800,000 do their traveling in their sleep, so they can be back next morning in time

for work.

The rich American going abroad counts only one on the passenger list, but he must be carefully considered in any estimate.

He spreads out the chart upon his desk. An exceedingly anxious-to-please agent of the steamship company is at his side. Here is something up near the bow that is just right—so the steamship man says. "Not for a minute," says the man who has the last say. It is too far up in front. The motion of the boat would put him out of business the first day. What else?

Oh, an exquisite suite amidships. It's great. The Countess de Spitzbergen never takes anything else when she is going to or coming from America. Beautiful parlor, mahogany finish. Bedroom in ivory. Bathroom in baby blue. Maid's quarters. And the rate for two adults and one servant is only \$1,700.

Will the gentleman take it? Indeed he will not. The Countess of Spitzbergen may travel in the hold if she likes, but no baby blue or mahogany can lure him to a point over the engines. Why, didn't he come over once in a suite thus located? Didn't the incessant coughing, wheezing, trembling and sneezing of the machinery nearly drive him wild? Not a wink of sleep from the time he went aboard until he got home. Friends thought he had been sick when he showed himself in the street.

Oh, very well. Here's an equally beautiful suite far removed from the engines—back toward the stern. Occupants of these apartments often call for the captain to ask what makes the boat go, because they can hear no noise nor feel any vibration. Highly recommended by the best physicians to nervous patients. Price, the same.

Did any one ever hear of such stupidity? Here our patient multi-millionaire has explained in detail that he cannot travel at the bow of a ship because the motion is too great and the agent has shown him a suite near the stern. What's the difference between the bow and the stern, anyway? Isn't each end balanced in the middle where it will go up and down like the end of a walking-beam? Well, a steamship man who doesn't know any more than that can go back home. Mr. Multi-Millionaire will travel by some line that at least employs persons of intelligence.

The other smiled scornfully. "Arrah, g'wan, you foreigner! This is the day we bate yees!"—Sunday Magazine.

Reading for Improvement. Any girl with an ordinary public school education can do something to improve her mind a little every day. She can read a page of some good book—a book of travel, or a book of history, or a book of poems, or a book of essays—and she can think of what she has read, and by copying in a blank book a few sentences or lines

which impress her, she can improve her knowledge of spelling and phrasing, so that she will acquire after a year of such practice a better education than many high school graduates possess. Any librarian will advise an ambitious girl what books to read for self-culture. To read a novel hurriedly, just for the sake of knowing "how it comes out," is only a waste of time and brain power. Good novels are worth reading, but they should leave something in the mind besides the story, or they are better left unread.



LADY DUFF-GORDON

Our mistakes of yesterday are responsible for our worries of to-day. Many who used to smoke 10c cigars are now smoking Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. When a woman gets really sick she begins to wonder if she will look good in a halo. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Life's Unequal Combat. You, a river, are contending with the ocean.—Latin. Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, etc. Practical Device. "Why don't you mend that large hole in your umbrella?" "I keep it to put my hand through to see if it is still raining."—Megendorfer Blaetter. Fitted for the Job. The general consulted the topographical chart. "You understand, colonel," he said, "that this charge on the enemy's fortification necessitates the most reckless disregard for human life?" "I understand, general," the colonel replied. "The forlorn hope that leads the movement will be composed exclusively of amateur chauffeurs."

A Financial Epigram. "H. H. Rogers," said a New York broker, "always advised young men to get hold of capital. He used to point out to them that without capital a man could do nothing, nothing. He used to pack this truth into a very neat epigram. "Fortune," he used to say, 'can't knock at the door of a man who has no house.'"

Severe. Samuel Gompers was talking in the smokeroom of the Baltic about a recent newspaper attack on a rich corporation. "It was a cruel attack," Mr. Gompers chuckled. "It was as cruel as the Jonesville Clarion's paragraph about old Deacon Hiram Ludlow. "This paragraph header the Clarion's obituary column. It said: "Deacon Hiram Ludlow of Frisbie township, aged 82, passed peacefully away on Thursday last from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss after a short but severe attack by Maria Higgins, a blooming widow of 37 summers."—Detroit Journal.

GAVE HER AN IDEA. Cycle Dealer—Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate; not at all like some cyclometers, which register two miles, perhaps, where you have only ridden one. Miss de Byke—You haven't any of that kind, have you?

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS. Unselfishness in Life is the One Thing That Will Transform All Things to Gold. The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness. Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold? It is unselfishness—or, to use a better word, selflessness. He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his nights set with stars and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

And all his tears shall turn into smiles.—Brooklyn Eagle.



They Were Good Mothers. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is quoted as saying that a woman's first duty is to develop all her powers and possibilities, that she may better guide and serve the next generation. Mrs. Stanton raised seven uncommonly healthy and handsome children, says an admirer of hers, and the children of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe testify to the virtues of the noted woman as a mother. The eagle may be as good a mother as the hen or the goose.

Self-Made. "I might say to you, young men, that I am a self-made man." "In what respect?" asked an impatient youth. "In this respect, if you must know," replied the orator. "I made myself popular with men who had a pull and thus obtained my present lofty position."

Her Intentions. "Do you think your sister will marry me?" "If you keep comin'." "Have you heard her say anything about it?" "I heard her tell ma that if you didn't stop comin' here so often she'd make things unpleasant for you."

Ready Cooked. The crisp, brown flakes of Post Toasties. Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay. They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

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Nebraska Directory. TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS. 1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices. M. Schlesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery. The Best in the West. OMAHA, NEB. MARSEILLES GRAIN ELEVATORS. Are the best; insist on having them. Ask your local dealer, or JOHN DEERE PLOW CO. OMAHA. TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES. The Roof with the Lap. All Nail Heads Protected. CAREY'S ROOFING. Nail and Fire Resisting. Ask your dealer or SUNDERLAND ROOFING & SUPPLY CO. Omaha, Nebraska.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Sifts dandruff to the wind. Cures scalp disease & itching. Write for the bargain list and offer. CHAMPION MFG. CO. OAKLAND, CAL.

TROUBLE IN ROYAL PALACE. Tidings Borne by Amateur Actor Sufficient to Lead Hearers to Expect the Worst. The Shakespeare club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said, in a high-pitched voice: "The swoon has quenched."

Aid Fight Against Tuberculosis. At the recent meeting of the National Association of Bill Posters, held in Atlanta, Ga., it was decided to donate to the campaign against tuberculosis \$1,200,000 worth of publicity. The bill posters in all parts of the United States and Canada will fill the vacant spaces on their 3,000 bill boards with large posters illustrating the ways to prevent and cure consumption. The Poster Printers' association has also granted \$200,000 worth of printing and paper for this work. This entire campaign of billboard publicity will be conducted under the direction of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in co-operation with the National Bill Posters' association.

With the Air He Breathed. Emigrant from the Green Isle Absorbed Americanism. How long it requires an Irishman to become an American is another story. The federal statutes, of course, have their own crude opinions on the subject; but those authorities are apt to be influenced by prosaic fact rather than by divine instinct. It is told of two steerage passengers whose steamer entered New York on the morning of the glorious Fourth, that one of them, an Englishman, listened a few minutes to the tremendous cannonade and cracker firing that ushered in the dawn of Freedom. At last he turned to his companion and wondered what was the meaning of all the "blooming row."

Reading for Improvement. Any girl with an ordinary public school education can do something to improve her mind a little every day. She can read a page of some good book—a book of travel, or a book of history, or a book of poems, or a book of essays—and she can think of what she has read, and by copying in a blank book a few sentences or lines

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