

retainer," not unlike an old-fashioned soapstone. A hundred or more of these are put into the oven at the beginning of the preparation for a meal, and by the time of distribution enough heat has been absorbed to keep up an even temperature for five hours equal to that secured by pans resting on a steam table. Thousands of enameled steel pans with straight sides and flat, tight-fitting lids are in reserve in the storage room. These pans are of different sizes, to accommodate large or small orders. Each order is checked off in the kitchen by an employe. A dinner for four persons may consist of puree of tomato, roast beef, fresh green corn, shoestring potatoes, pudding with sauce and a quart of coffee, requiring six pans. The food is placed in each of the warm dishes and closed tight before the steam can escape, and the pans are placed one on top of the other in a zinc framework, which in turn fits into a large can, with the heat retainer at the bottom. The top is fitted with a deep cloth-bound lid.

After several hours a dinner served in this way is still hot and palatable, as the heat is not sufficient to do any further cooking or drying up of the food. The dinner is delivered from a wagon similar to an ice cream wagon, and the only labor involved to the housewife is the washing of the pans.

FASHION LETTER.

(From the Sunday Papers.)

Do you know that it's jolly good fun to watch a girl put on her veil? If you haven't that splendid soul-warming quality—an appreciation of the humorous—you may never have noticed that when a girl ties one of these flimsy witcheries about her head she screws up her nose, does things with her mouth, puts her eyebrows in strange and uncomfortable tangles and makes faces generally.

The veil is the "tipping off" of the dressing performance. It is like a sip of benedictine after an excellent dinner, just the thing needed for good finishing effect. The girl's belt is pinned and arranged just so fine for Sunday, her stock is trimly snuggling in place, her boots are shiny and "booful," and her cuffs are immaculate; her hat is carefully poised just the slightest bit to one side for coquettishness, you know, and her golden threads of hair—sometimes they are brown and even again they are red—are correctly bulging at the temples. Now is she ready for her walk, or drive, or whatever it is that my lady is planning for a few jolly hours out of doors. Then—then—comes the veil!

Oh! it is a wonder to me that any man can resist the sparkle of beautiful eyes when they are fenced in and barricaded by those bewitching little black dots, strung together with cobweb wave. It was a wise man who invented veils, and it's ten to one that the man wasn't a man at all, but a clever and designing woman.

First the veil is patted and stretched and looked at critically, just as a girl eyes the bad graces of a woman she does not love. It is held up to the light and inspected carefully, for while this is not at all necessary it is customary and a habit. Eve did it, if she had a veil. If she put seaweed over her face she looked at its meshes carefully and wondered which side up they should go.

After inspecting it the cloudy flippery is held at either corner and spread across the face. During this time comes a moment of sublime joy, for the "becomingness" of the thing is considered. How the complexion brightens under the mystic frail weave of tiny black threads and chenille dots! How the "rubiness" of lips not generally ruby glows and fascinates! Eyes become

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brilliant living diamonds of feeling and emotion, cheeks look round and full and a youthfulness appears that makes the girl so tickled with herself that she could squeeze her own hand for joy.

Oh, it must have been a woman who invented the veil. Perhaps she accidentally put a piece of old lace curtain over her face, and so caught the idea; anyhow, so splendid a scheme never appeared first in the mind of a mere man.

Observe the girl as she tries first to stretch the veil over her hat brim. Her eyes sweep upward, downward and from side to side after the fashion of those queer advertising pickaninnies that stand in the windows of cigar shops. She takes in all the various lines, folds, crinkles and flappy places, after which she makes a mouth and tries to hitch the veil thereto. If she had a picture of herself at that stage of the fun she'd never be vain, you may be sure of that.

Such facial calisthenics! Such queer manipulations of the eyebrows! Is it not remarkable how many kinds of a face one face can be? If you do not think so, watch a girl put on her veil.

According to actual statistics, the process of veil attaching takes about six and a half minutes. Of course, there are girls who put on their veils in a hurry, but they are usually the ones whose hairpins are always moulting and whose belts hike up where they should hike down, and visa versa. Unless a veil is put on just so it would better not be put on at all. There is quite an art in the task, and, it has been noticed, the art is always accompanied with facial contortions before mentioned.

Veils have a way of hitching up where they shouldn't and of being draggy and full in the wrong place. These frailties of veil-kind cause a good deal of annoyance. It means that a girl must pull and tug here, lift up and fold over there, fussing and putting and trying to make squint eyes and "googoo" faces until she appears to have gone hopelessly and riotously mad.

The process, stimulating under the most ordinary circumstances, becomes particularly live when one or two hairs escape from the girl's forelocks and hang down like fishlines, tickling her precious nose. These stray threads are never found until the veil is perfectly arranged.

The girl goes after them. She lifts up her veil carefully and grabs at the hairs much as she would dive into a bird cage after a canary. Of course she never gets them. Her hat keels over one ear, her veil becomes deranged and detached, and the result is the girl grows discouraged and tries the attack from the other side. If she doesn't have to remove her hat entirely, untie the veil and "do" her hair all over she's in great luck. Stray hairs that dangle over one's nose are very aggravating. They never assert themselves until it is extremely inconvenient to capture them. It's much like playing blind man's buff with nothing.

But when the task is finished and the veil is all neatly and trimly arranged, how happy that girl feels. It's worth the trouble, especially if the veil is of the bewitchingly becoming variety. Why? Because the friendly little bit of nothing hides behind its meshy formation every speckle, freckle and imperfection of the complexion. They are not veils; they are beautifiers and dainty nets all ready for their catch of masculine hearts.

Here's to the veil! Long may it make us lovely! Never mind if we do screw up queer and curious faces when we are getting our faces into it. It's worth the price and the trouble—and more also.

If you can't be pretty, be picturesque. If a generation of regular-featured and aristocratic relatives is responsible for your good looks, then be both.

But waive the general prettiness for the picturesque flavor these days.

It's the vogue. Dear me, yes.

And it's increasing at a terrific pace.

There's one indisputable charm about it all—the girl of mediocrity, of whom the woods are full, is going to let it scornfully alone. She doesn't understand being picturesque. It takes brain capacity, you know, likewise quick wit and adaptability and a good working knowledge of what is in the book world, past and present, to make yourself up according to the one particular Hoyle which you may adopt for the time being. Therefore, the commonplace girl is going to steer clear of it. And you, who like to be individual, may have the fad all your own, exclusive way.

But it's a tremendous hit, as our theatrical friends love to say, when a girl finds her own particular prototype in fiction or history or the drama.

Think of the eclat when she passes swiftly down the theatre aisle, when the light gets lowered and the curtain is slowly rolling upward, to hear subdued whispers of "There she goes! That's the Gainsborough girl—regular Duchess style, isn't she? Have you seen her lovely pictures? Oh, yes, I believe her real name is Massey, but nobody knows her except as the Duchess nowadays."

Or of this sort: "That was Elizabeth we passed in the victoria. What Elizabeth? Oh, there is but one—she who paid the visits, you know. Don't you recognize the wavy pompadour, the charmingly naive expression, the French look about the eyes? She's telling that girl with her all about her English country-house experiences, I'll be bound. Has her picture done in the miniature style like the frontispiece to the book. And the resemblance is astonishing, everybody thinks. Her real name's Margaret Post, but actually she's called Elizabeth more than half the time."

One very lovely young St. Louis girl has found her prototype very appropriate in a St. Louis novel, "The Crisis." As Virginia Carvel Miss Mozelle Price faithfully and completely fulfills our most general expectations. The profile likeness, the costume, with its quaint shawl draped about the shoulders, and the graceful, girlish pose, all bear out one's idea of Jinny to a marvelous degree. And the seventeen-year-old St. Louis girl of today finds much to enjoy in her chosen character of Civil War times. She is by ancestry eminently fitted for the role, since the Prices are old southern stock—her father is Simon T. Price, and she herself is a Monticello girl. Mr. Straus has followed quite closely along the lines of the novel's illustrations, as to costume and pose, but the detail work is all resultant from his own artistic eye.

What a truly magnificent and unique art gallery of girls we shall have in 1903 if the collection keeps on increasing at its present rate! We have the girls. And the types are all about and ready at hand with a bit of diving and studying as to suitability.