

Effective All-Crape Costume



THE use of crape in the decoration of costumes designed for mourning wear led up to its use in the making of dress accessories. Then came the all-crape blouse and now we have the all-crape gown. This is an extreme of the style which is very striking inasmuch as it is so unusual. But there is no good reason why so beautiful a fabric as crape should not be used in the making of gowns. Neckpieces, muffs and other accessories made of it proved how adaptable it is for garments as well as millinery. This gown is cut with a rather narrow draped underskirt and an outer garment having a rather long basque, which gives the effect of a tunic. This is worn over an under-bodice of plaited white chiffon having a high collar in black. There is a girdle of folded crape and the ornaments, which simulate large buttons, are made of narrow folds of crape also. In trimming garments made of this

rich fabric, folds, covered cords, tucks and plaits, very neatly made of all decorations. There is something about the distinctive character of this unusual product which precludes much ornamentation. In the construction of apparel for mourning it should be borne in mind that extremes of style are inappropriate. Conservative designs in dresses and hats are in good form always and in mourning costumes they are imperative. In the matter of decoration, also, the forms that show careful workmanship and express a sedateness in choice are consistent and therefore beautiful. In millinery there is a wider range in choice of trimmings, but, after all, none looks so well as forms of flowers, buckles or ornaments made up in crape used with neatly laid folds and plaits.

For Little Sisters to the Mermaid



EVERY little girl has a right to play in the water and to learn to swim and be as much at home in it as her brother is. The adventurous spirit of boyhood takes him out with his fellows and if water is within reach he is apt to learn to swim. Girls make splendid swimmers, and the mere knowledge that they possess this accomplishment keeps them from getting panicky when joining in the water sports of their companions. The most noted swimmer in this country is Miss Annette Kellerman. Quite likely there are numbers of men who swim as well and have as much endurance. But no one of them can do better, and no one of them can look half as well as this sister to the mermaids. The exercise develops all the muscles of the body in the most uniform manner. The pleasure of swimming and the tonic of cool water are both healthful. Nothing could be better designed for the little girl's water sports than the simple one-piece garment shown in the picture. It is cut in two pieces, consisting of the perfectly plain waist and the bloomers. But these two

pieces are machine-stitched together in the finished garment. Brilliant or mohair, in a good quality, is about the most appropriate material for these bathing suits. Whatever material is used for the suit, or for trimming, must be shrunken. Blue in bright, strong tones, or gray or certain shades of green and red, will all stand the water and sun. But the old reliable combination of blue in a bright navy trimmed with white braid cannot be improved upon for good looks or durability. Small pearl buttons make a fine bit of finishing used with white mohair braid. The little rubber-cloth caps are to be had in all the bright colors and in checked and spotted patterns. These caps are made also in plaids and stripes in brilliant colors. They are usually bought ready made. As the rubber cloth may be bought it is a good idea to add an odd bit of trimming made of it, to distinguish the cap from others. One can keep an eye on the small wearer, if her cap is recognizable, and allow her more freedom in her water play. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



AT THE BOOKING OFFICE OFF-STAGE COMEDIES by Will Bradshaw

WAS IT ACTING OR REAL LOVE?

Margie Walters—(dramatic woman)—Did you read where Winnie King and her hubby— Tom Finerty (a single)—What—trouble again? Margie Walters—No, indeed, sir. They were just offered a hundred a week apiece in separate shows and they refused to separate. Such devotion in a young couple I never did see. Tom Finerty—Young couple? He's young, but it's "grandma" parts for her after this. What you mean is, it was fine of them not to separate when they couldn't deliver the goods. When they played on a bill with me—oh! If that manager wasn't a kind-hearted old gink they'd be sentenced for life on the small time. Margie Walters—I meant from an affectionate standpoint. Tom. It showed what a loving couple you will find in the show business every so often. Alys Daly (of the Daly sisters)—I knew a couple like that one time—for two weeks. Then he got an offer of one show a day less—Bloody! Them hams ain't got no more affection than a chink laundryman, take it from me. Edna May Sims (child impersonator)—Didn't the man spurn the offer to be with his loving wife, Alys? Alys Daly—Lovin' wife? She's playin' in the Bronx and he's billed for San Diego the last half of next. Dad Wadell—Such family disruption was not the rule in my day. I remember— Gene Bally (comedy juggler)—Look at me, crowd, if you want to see a sample of connubialistic happiness. Wife's playing Chicago and I'm here. Margie Walters—Connubial bliss is

Algy—Keep your old chicken farm! Margie Walters—Yes, m' dears, they just stood there looking at that call-board. Dad Wadell—A pretty situation, I'd call it. A dramatic moment. Algy—I'd call it a piffle scene, I would. Margie Walters—Winnie drew herself up to her full height; she choked her sobs. "George," she said, "it seems that we must part." Algy—It seemed, eh? Margie Walters—"Don't let me be a burden to you any longer," she cried, "Don't let me hold you back from the career that is yours. Take the juvenile job, let me go my way, and, when you are great, all I ask is that you think of me—sometimes." Edna May Sims—If I witnessed that scene I'd burst out weeping. I'm that tender-hearted. Dad Wadell—My dear young lady, if you saw me in "Henry of Navarre" you'd weep. Algy—By jove, you're a candid ol' top! Gene Bally—That was George's chance to act as I would under the circumstances. Margie Walters—He did, Gene. George took her in his manly arms and said right out loud, "Kid, you're not a burden to me. You've always played your half of the sketch. Ned Ward can have the juvenile job—the show will close soon, anyway. We're both going to quit now and go back East, back to your uncle's farm for the summer." George King is made of manly material. Edna May Sims—I don't know Winnie or George, never saw their act, but from those words I'd say he is every inch a man. Algy—Back to uncle's farm for the summer, eh? 'Oo'd blame the rotter!



"Look at Me, Crowd, if You Want to See a Sample of Connubialistic Happiness. Wife's Playing Chicago and I'm Here."

easy under such conditions. If Mr. H. V. Walters had stayed 30 hours' railroad distance from me we would never have a word. Algy (late of the 'Alla)—I'll bet you'd get lonesome and write, me young lidy. Margie Walters—Write my husband? Never! I did, however, send him a dozen telegrams when we separated. I sent them "charges collect," and all I said in them was, "You mean brute!" Mr. H. V. Walters will rue the day— Gene Bally—Don't think my case is anything like that. Cruel fate is what separates us. If someone will tell me how to frame up an act we can play together, something for a comedy juggler and a leading lady—which she is—I'll give 'em my chicken farm. Algy—I'll try to think of a w'y. But first give me a description of the place. If it's more than a mile from Broadway I don't want it. Margie Walters—Here's how Winnie's case was. Winnie and George were with us in "Oh, Oh, Claudine." After we were out two weeks they were married. A week later Puton & Takeoff cut down the company to 37 people. When the notice was posted at Ft. Wayne Winnie and George went up to read it. What did they see? Winnie was let out altogether and they let George do the juvenile and double as the count in the last act. Tom Finerty—That was an awful responsibility to give to that ex-bell-hop. Dad Wadell—In "Midsummer Night's Dream" I played Bottom and— Algy—I'd 'ate to've been there w'en 'y did it. Edna May Sims—When George and Winnie saw that notice did they carry on something awful, Margie? Margie Walters—Not a-tall! They stood clasped in each other's arms. Winnie looked up into George's face, her big brown orbs filled with tears. George looked at poor little Winnie, and— Gene Bally—I got an idea for an act out of this mush. A leadin' lady befriends a poor juggler from a stranded ride-show. That night the hotel burns and the juggler carries her down on one arm—my balancin' stunt. The juggler turns out to be her old schoolmate—

I'd s'y the same thing if I 'ad a wife's uncle like 'im. Tom Finerty—But George said the right thing at the right time. Gene Bally—My words. Dad Wadell—"Till death do us part" meant something to them. Tom Finerty—That George is a wise one. He thought of free board at uncle's and know he couldn't get by next season without Winnie in his act. Edna May Sims—If I thought that was in his mind, I'd hate the villain. Dad Wadell—None can fathom the subtle workings of a man's mind. Gene Bally—His spiel then at that time did sound a little too "melo" to be real heart stuff. Algy—I'll bet 'e 'ad the part rehearsed. Edna May Sims—How about Winnie? Alys Daly—She's a wise old actress, that girl. She knows she can't get booked next season without George. Booking Agent (entering)—Who wants Saturday night at Yonkers? (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Very few people are really free from liability to stage fright, and the veteran in public life is just as likely to be affected as is the novice. Attacks, moreover, frequently come when they are least expected. Hence no speaker or artist can face an audience and feel sure that he will not have to suffer from the tortures of this particularly painful form of nervousness. Musicians, of course, are the worst sufferers. The performer on a stringed instrument is helpless if his hand trembles, while the clear enunciation of a singer can be ruined by that "catch in the throat" or that twitching of the lips which is perhaps the simplest and most common manifestation of stage fright. Greater Than Edison. "Who is that man who is being cheered by the crowds?" asked the stranger. "That is John Smith," replied the bystander. "What did he ever do?" asked the stranger. "He invented the noiseless phonograph," replied the bystander.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Advertisement for Coca-Cola featuring a woman's portrait and the text: 'Everybody Drinks Coca-Cola - it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness. It will satisfy you. THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.'

Advertisement for Redwood Stock and Tanks featuring an illustration of a tank and the text: 'REDWOOD STOCK AND TANKS SUPPLY LAST A LIFETIME—CAN'T RUST OR ROT—NO KNOTS We manufacture the celebrated California Redwood tanks. They neither shrink nor swell and cannot rot. Our tanks are held in perfect shape by a patented appliance, not found in any other tank made. Redwood tanks have been known to stand 68 years without decay. Cost no more than others. Send for price list and mention size of tank wanted. ATLAS TANK MFG. CO., 210 W. O.W. Bldg., Omaha'

FURNISHED BOND OF AMITY

Discomfited "Good Samaritan" the Unwilling Means of Bringing Rival Humorists Together. Once upon a time two humorists dwelt in the same small town and both contributed to the Sunday Star. As was but natural, they became wildly jealous of each other, and when one would win a little more prominence than his fellow the other would have seven kinds of fits. "Your Pleasant Valley Items give me a pain!" quoth one. "Your prose rhymes make me ill!" retorted the other. As they were about to come to blows there appeared on the scene a Good Samaritan and to him they appealed. "Which of us is the funnier?" they asked. "Neither!" was the prompt reply. "You are both as unfunny as wart hogs, and as tiresome as a trip across the Sahara!" Thereat they both set upon the gentleman from Samaria and beat him full sore, and dwelt together in amity forever after. Moral: From this we should learn that while humorists delight in quarreling among themselves, they frequently resent criticism from outsiders.—Kansas City Star.

Sporting Instinct Aroused. The street-corner orator had gathered around him a group ofurchins. Why they listened so attentively he didn't understand; nor probably did they know themselves. Simply nothing doing. But the orator took full advantage of his opportunity and delivered an improving lecture on the value of kindness to dumb animals. At the end he sought for some illustration to point the moral and adorn the tale. It was there at hand. Across the way walked a lady, leading two little dogs in leash. The one was black and the other white. "Now," exclaimed the tub-thumper, "after what I have said, supposing those two dear little dogs were to start fighting, what would be the first thing you would do?" No answer came at first; but one little arab turned to look at the dogs critically and thoughtfully. "Well, guv'nor," he answered, at last, "I knoll'd 'ave tuppence on the little black 'un!"

Marriage Causes False Fire Alarm.

Seven minutes of blasts from the whistle of the Passaic Metalware company, in honor of the marriage of the daughter of the superintendent, recently turned out five volunteer fire departments. The fog made the whistle audible in Rutherford, Nutley, Belleville, Garfield and Clifton and the firemen rushed to headquarters at the alarm. It took half an hour to determine where the whistling came from. The wedding which caused the commotion united Miss Sallie Karp, 217 Brook avenue, Passaic, to Michael F. Bernan.—New York Mail.

Modern Greek. A stranger came into our office and graciously offered us some fruit which he said he purchased downstairs in the Greek grocery store. We asked him what Greek grocery, and he said the one right under us, in Holpos' place. We have been here some time and knew nobody of that name, and to satisfy our curiosity we went downstairs to have a look. Sure enough, there was what did look like "Holpos" on the end of the awning, at least there were the letters "H Q L P O S" standing out in bold relief. We have learned since that it is an abbreviation used by the store which when translated means "Highest quality, lowest price, our standard." To the average reader it's all Greek and would easily pass for a Hellenic name.—Quincy Ledger.

Short Memory.

Father—Why, son, you've grown another foot since you went off to college. Son—No, father, you forget; I had two feet when I left home.

Going Him One Better.

An English bishop, offering an orange to a little child, remarked, sweetly: "Now, my little man, I shall give you this orange if you tell me where God is." "My lord," answered the child, son of a clergyman, "I'll give you two oranges if you'll tell me where he is not."

WRONG BREAKFAST.

Change Gave Rugged Health. Many persons think that for strength, they must begin the day with a breakfast of meat and other heavy foods. This is a mistake as anyone can easily discover, for himself. A W. Va. carpenter's experience may benefit others. He writes: "I used to be a very heavy breakfast eater but finally indigestion caused me such distress, I became afraid to eat anything. "My wife suggested a trial of Grape-Nuts and as I had to eat something or starve, I concluded to take her advice. She fixed me up a dish and I remarked at the time that the quality was all right, but the quantity was too small—I wanted a saucerful. "But she said a small amount of Grape-Nuts went a long way and that I must eat it according to directions. So I started in with Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft boiled eggs and some crisp toast for breakfast. "I cut out meats and a lot of other stuff I had been used to eating all my life and was gratified to see that I was getting better right along. I concluded I had struck the right thing and stuck to it. I had not only been eating improper food, but too much. "I was working at the carpenter's trade at that time and thought that unless I had a hearty breakfast with plenty of meat, I would play out before dinner. But after a few days of my "new breakfast" I found I could do more work, felt better in every way, and now I am not bothered with indigestion. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Rotation of Tools.

"Your garden will be late." "I'm afraid so; but you see the Bradleys are still using Folsom's spade and hoe."—Boston Transcript.

Same Thing.

"Didn't you stretch a point to get all that news?" "Well, I did rubber some."

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Nebraska Directory

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