

Lingerie Gowns



THE majority of American women, including the very rich, will not adopt the long trailing skirt for their lingerie gowns. The simple skirt in clearing length is as necessary now as it has been in seasons back.

For the lingerie frock, too, the trailing skirt is not practical, for the bottom of the skirt is sure to become soiled after one wearing, and this, of course, makes the laundry enormous during the summer season.

Nothing is more attractive in warm weather than a simple lingerie frock of muslin, made round length with self-toned hat, parasol and shoes. The clinging princess skirt, defining somewhat the curves of the figure from the bust line down, yet loosely fitting, with no suggestion of tightness at any point, will be the standard style on which most of the frocks will be built this coming season. It is this feature which renders a badly-made gown impossible or, at least, very unbecoming.

Given perfect cut and supple fabric, there is no occasion for tightness in such a gown. The bungler attempts to achieve, through drawing the material very tightly over the figure, what she cannot obtain through cut, and so she falls in models of this class.

The three dresses shown on this page are simple lingerie gowns—one of muslin and two of plain white linen. They may be easily copied and made up at home.

IDEAS FOR ROOM FURNISHINGS.

Some Suggestions That May Be of Help to Young Housekeepers.

The white muslin curtains, long ones or short, are prettier for bedrooms, and ecru lace are pretty for living room, sitting room or parlor, as you may call it, while lace for dining room and hall windows, upstairs and down, the colored madras curtains for a den or library. If in your living room you should have a window seat you can get three-quarters length curtains, so as not to cut them off, a white iron bed and white chiffoniere, white chair, etc., and a bedspread made of white dotted muslin lined with white or some delicate color, with shades to match, also dresser scarfs of same material are pretty for a young girl's room. A room fixed up with yellow and white, with a brass bed, is pretty for a guest chamber. A white lace spread, lined with yellow china silk, is pretty for a covering for a brass bed.

SEASON'S NECKWEAR



Neckwear of the season is of dull and lace, one having buckles of colored crystals.

Dainty Cases and Bags.
For the dressiest of town costumes are new card cases covered first with white satin, then with old venise lace. Others are covered with lace net, embroidered, and inset with tiny lace motifs. Little sacks for the fan or opera glasses are made to match—such a pretty fancy; and one easy of achievement with the new fad for hand needlework. The covers for sachs and portocartes are removable and are easily cleaned.

KEEPING THE HAIR RIGHT.

Proper Way of Drying and Cleaning Woman's "Crown of Glory."

There is never the slightest doubt as to when the hair is clean, for when rubbed between forefinger and thumb it squeaks a little if all dust has been removed. However great may be the temptation to dry the tresses over a radiator or before a register, it must be resisted, and dried by rubbing with towels, letting the mass hang loose at times while resting the arms. The most attention must be given the scalp, for the lower will dry itself. If there is the slightest disposition to waviness, when dry, only a comb should be used in removing the snarls, for a brush straightens too much.

No application is better for lusterless hair than salt.
Rub well into the roots of the hair at night, then tie up in a large handkerchief or wear a nightcap.
Brush out the salt in the morning.
Several applications will show a marked improvement in the appearance of the hair.

Put a tablespoonful of ammonia into a basin of tepid water and dip the brushes down into it until they are clean. Dry with the bristles down, and they will be like new.

One-Piece House Frocks.
Women who have to superintend or do much of their housework will be foolish not to avail themselves of the fashion for one-piece frocks. They are excellent for the working hours.

They are narrow, trim, short and have no undue trimming to rumple and soil in a day's wearing.

They fasten down the front, usually down the left side from the shoulder with pearl buttons.

One can get these buttons with patent clamps so that they may be removed when the frock goes to the wash.

Longer Shoulder Seams.
It is said by those who know that bodices are to be cut more squarely across the shoulders, and therefore the sleeves will be set lower on the arms. This will be accomplished by running the shoulder seams much longer than we have had them during the directoire period.

This snacks something of the Second empire. But everybody is prepared for anything just now.
Embroidered Net Tunics.
Tunics of embroidered net or chiffon with a simple waist are being worn with satin skirts and gowns and are coming into great vogue.

NEWS FROM The CAPITAL

First White House Auto for Mrs. Taft



WASHINGTON.—In the eyes of feminine visitors to the national capital an object of pre-eminent interest just now is the handsome new \$7,000 automobile in which Mrs. William H. Taft may be daily seen spinning about the streets of Washington. Not only is the new car the first vehicle of the kind ever maintained for a first lady of the land, but it is practically the first automobile used by a mistress of the White House, for Mrs. Roosevelt rarely entered an automobile, being in full sympathy with her husband's well-known prejudices on the subject.

The automobile which has been installed as Mrs. Taft's equipage of state is distinctly the property of the new mistress of the presidential mansion. President Taft has a steam automobile of the regulation touring car type, and another of the same description will be added later, these two machines being purchased with the recent congressional appropriation of \$12,000 and being applied to official conveyances—that is, for the use of the president and his secretaries in the discharge of their duties.

Mrs. Taft's new \$7,000 gasoline automobile of the limousine type is the personal property of the new tenants of the White House, purchased from their private funds and destined for

use on all occasions when their journeyings about Washington and in the suburbs have no official significance.

Mrs. Taft's car, like the other White House automobiles, has the right of way over all vehicles in Washington, and will not be compelled to observe any speed limit. Her car is upholstered in dark blue broadcloth and her chauffeur wears a neat and unostentatious livery of corresponding tint. On either side at the front are mirrors, which enable the chauffeur to keep constantly informed as to what vehicles are following him, and thus minimize the danger of collisions at turns.

The interior of the car is the embodiment of luxury. There is an electric dome light, supplied with current from the storage battery of sufficient capacity to keep it aglow for 24 hours. Occupants of the tonneau can communicate with the chauffeur by means of a speaking tube, or may employ an annunciator, which causes to flash up before the eyes of the car driver such signals as "start," "stop," "slow," "fasten," "right," "left," "home," etc.

The most distinctive feature of President Taft's motor is the insignia on the side doors, in lieu of the monograms which are now displayed by most owners of expensive automobiles. The emblem on the presidential car is the coat of arms of the United States in colors and this decoration serves instantly to identify the car to all passers by in Washington. The coat of arms thus emblazoned takes the place, in a sense, of the red, white and blue cockades which distinguished the White House equipage during the Roosevelt administration.

New Building on Site of Famous Mansion



THE bureau of American republics is an institution supported by 21 republics of the Americas for the promotion of commerce and trade and for the cultivation of peace and friendship. At the present time it is housed in a building on Pennsylvania avenue near the White House, but it has in process of construction a white marble building south of the Corcoran gallery on the grounds of the old Van Ness place. For this building Andrew Carnegie contributed \$750,000.

For a long time the Van Ness mansion was one of the historic buildings of the city. It was built by Latrobe, one of the architects of the capital, for Gen. John P. Van Ness, who married Marcia Burns, daughter of David Burns one of the original land-holders of the city. "Crusty David Burns" lived in a rude cottage near the river, and cultivated a large plantation extending over the spot where the White House now stands. The demand for his land made him wealthy, and his only child Marcia was known as the

beautiful heiress of Washington. For some time Burns was opposed to the projected transfer of land to the government, and the president and commissioners had several conferences with him. On one of these occasions the choleric Scotchman answered one of Washington's arguments by this outburst: "I suppose, Mr. Washington, you think people are going to take every grist from you as pure grain; but what would you have been if you hadn't married the rich Widow Custis?"

Gen. Van Ness, a well-born New Yorker, was one of the many suitors for the hand of Marcia Burns. He became a resident of Washington, living at first with his bride in the old cottage which she would never permit to be taken down. He became mayor of the city, his portrait was painted by Gilbert Stuart, the mansion erected on the Burns' estate was one of the finest in the country and the resort of the distinguished people of Washington. In Oak Hill cemetery Van Ness had erected a tomb in imitation of the temple of Vesta. On each anniversary of his death the legend has it that his favorite troop of six white horses make a ghostly midnight gallop around the old mansion. Whether the bureau of American republics will inherit the ghostly horses with the site of the ancient mansion remains to be seen.

Women Walking to Improve the Figure



PEDESTRIANISM has hundreds of devotees among persons of wealth and distinction in Washington society. Women, in particular, who recognize in this form of exercise an antidote for late hours and errors of diet, as well as a remedy for the elimination of that modern bughar, superfluous flesh, are taking it up with a will.

Mrs. Knox, wife of the secretary of state, is especially fond of a brisk walk, although a splendid automobile and other conveniences are ready for her call. Mrs. George von T. Meyer, wife of the secretary of the navy, is another cabinet hostess who is frequently seen in the streets of the northwest or with her face turned toward the suburbs. Mrs. John B. Hen-

derson often walks from Boundary Castle, her home, far out in Sixteenth street to the shopping district. The Baroness Mayor des Planches, wife of the Italian ambassador, is another excellent walker.

One young woman of the navy circle has quite broken the record in regard to the length of her walks and thinks nothing of inviting her friends among the officers to take a tramp of 20 miles on pleasant days. This young woman is Miss Elsie Jarvis McLean, whose father, Capt. Walter McLean, has recently been appointed commander at the navy yard. Miss McLean has returned here after an absence of two years in the Philippines with her parents. They spent a year at Yokohama, experiencing the delights of English and American hospitality there. Later Miss McLean was presented at the British court. She is a strikingly pretty girl, with a dazzling complexion and masses of wavy brown hair, large blue eyes and an engaging vivacity of manner.

Mrs. Taft Selects Her Social Secretary



MISS ALICE BLECH, clerk in the bureau of American republics, has been selected by Mrs. Taft as her secretary. Miss Hagner, who served Mrs. Roosevelt in a similar capacity, has been transferred to a position in the bureau of trade relations in the state department.

Miss Alice Blech, besides being a good stenographer, speaks German fluently and has also a knowledge of

French and Spanish, all of which will be extremely useful to her in the duties of her new position.

This position has come to Miss Blech through no influence, her appointment being governed entirely by her unusual capabilities to fill the position of secretary to Mrs. Taft.

During her several years' association with the bureau of American republics she has gradually risen in salary and position. The director of the bureau speaks of her in the highest terms as a clerk, laying particular stress on her fitness as a secretary. Correspondence was her chief work in her former position, and her systematic handling of letters of different natures will be beneficial to her in her new position at the White House.

DAUGHTER OF CHINA

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD MISS IS STUDENT AT BARNARD.

Studying to Fit Herself for Educational Leadership in Her Own Country—Pretty and Winsome, is Liked by Her College Associates.

New York.—At Barnard college is a little Chinese girl who speaks more languages than any other student there, and who has learned them in traveling all over the world. Her name is Kang-Tung-Pih.

Though assured by a pair of fair flusters that the lady from China was of ponderous proportions and that she never appeared in the presence of a being without a two-edged yagatan depending from her girdle, the seeker found her to be hardly taller than one of those large flower vases you sometimes see on a drawing-room floor. Her hair is jet, and her complexion Spanish, rather than Chinese. An ever ready smile discloses a perfect set of teeth. Her eyes are very brown and very bright. You see none of the half-strabismic slant you expect in the Celestial, and but for an occasional bird-like piping of the voice and a cluck of merriment that suggests the fun and a pair of almond eyes behind it, there is little to recall the very exotic type of Chinese your mind so readily pictures.

"I am here," says Miss Kang, "to study the art of teaching and to find out the wonderful secret that makes of women's education in America such a wonderful organization. It is far superior to all I have seen, and I have lived at Oxford and know its methods. Cambridge, too, I know, and also the



Kang-Tung-Pih in American Clothes.

French and German practice of pedagogics. My object in life is a very serious one. When I return to my country I shall be appointed one of the chief directors of the educational machinery of China. My position will be official and in close touch with the government."

Just listen to this for a girl of 21! Miss Kang is the only daughter of the celebrated Kang-Yu-Wei, the earliest of all the New China reformers. He in a Cantonese mandarin of the first order, a man of great influence and power, coming as he does of the Cantonese princes of his name. Under the regime of the late empress dowager he suffered imprisonment with several of his chief reformers, but, escaping from duress, left China, and, with his daughter and a retinue of accomplished guides, made a tour of the world. Some of his fellow reformers were not so lucky. Most of them lost their honorable heads.

Marking the winsome graces of the exotic little lady in a big, big armchair before him, the writer reflected that most men could easily condone a lack of learning clothed in such amiability and charm of manner. Yet Miss Kang-Tung-Pih has her store of erudition as well as her equipment of personal grace. She has traveled in every country in the world, speaks at least half a dozen languages well, one of them being Hindustani, besides being acquainted with several more, including Sanscrit. There is just a modest hesitancy in her rendering of the P's and R's that spell its own particular charm, but she is rarely at a loss for the correct word, and her knowledge of the proper idiom is beyond criticism.

Her relations with her associates at the New York university, to whose requirements she always gives such faithful attention, are of the pleasantest character. She is well liked without having seemed to try to be so, and no one can study the young woman, even in the brief opportunities of a casual meeting, without feeling convinced that she will succeed at whatever she sets her head and hands.

She likes America and is free to say so, while always, as she herself so frankly declares, remaining a daughter of China. It is China, the women of China, the future of China, that she has in her mind while she plods so faithfully at her work of mastering the studies placed before her by the tutors entrusted with disseminating the wisdom of the west.

She spends most of her leisure time in her own room reading, writing, embroidering—preferring always the tasks that will further her progress toward the ideal of personal equipment or a great work which she has with such charming zeal and confidence set before her.

PREDESTINED TO THE BAR.

Goldfield Youngster Had Early Learned the Value of Quibble.

Doctor Norris of Goldfield, Nev., called his eight-year-old son into the library after breakfast the other morning, and regarded him with a sad frown.

"Harry," he said, "why are you so often late at school?"

"I'm never late, father," Harry responded promptly.

"Careful, son," said the doctor. "Try to remember. Haven't you been late at school in the last few days?"

"No, sir."

"Then why has your teacher written me this letter, saying you were late three times last week?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, father," said Harry, reassuringly. "I don't know what kind of a clock they have at our school, but I'm always on time. Of course, they start school sometimes before I get there, but that isn't my fault—is it?"—Harper's Weekly.

WITH MOTHER A CLOSE SECOND.



"Hi, you, Willie! Wat's de matter?"

"Nuthin'. I'm trainin' for a Marathon!"

Fate of the Dutchman.
Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife. "That Dutchman Schwartzkeltmer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big spalpeen the likes of you to get bats up by a little omdhoun of a Dootchman the size of him! Why—"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try DeLancey Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Pampered Prisoners.
The Floyd county commissioners, it is reported, "have ordered ten dozen suits of pajamas for the county's convicts." Is there another county in Georgia or another penal institution in the United States that provides its prisoners with the fashionable "nighties?" Who wouldn't rather be a pampered prisoner in that Floyd county chain-gang than a no night-shirt freeman on the plains of windy Kansas?—Savannah News.

The Alternative.
"If the window had been eight feet from the ground," pouted the young wife, "instead of eight stories, I'd have thrown myself out when you quarreled with me. Then you'd have had to besweet to me when you picked me up. A lot of wives attempt suicide, they say, just to be petted when they come to."

"Yes," said he, "but sometimes they don't come to, remember."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. DeLancey Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

The Idealist.
The Bride—I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle.
The Butcher—Madam, I think you'd better have an egg.—Harper's Weekly.

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