

Dress for the Nearly Grown Girl



A ONE-PIECE dress, with a skirt having a long Russian tunic, is shown here as an unusually good model for the slender and immature figure of the nearly grown girl. This dress is designed for the corsetless figure and leaves nothing to be desired as a model for the miss who is finishing her school days. The skirt is set on to the bodice and has a high waist line. The bodice is supported by a light underwaist and thus the weight of the garment is hung from the shoulders as well as the hips. Firmly woven light-weight serges and other close weaves are appropriate for this dress. Supple materials that fall gracefully are the best choice.

There is an under petticoat, of lining, with a wide border of the material at the bottom. This straight-hanging skirt is cut to instep length and of ample width to insure perfect freedom in walking. The tunic is laid in box-plaits at the sides and back, with a straight panel at the front. The plaits are stitched down to the swell of the hips and fall free from there to the bottom. The panel is finished with a row of small covered buttons at each

side, and the skirt opens under it at the left side, where it fastens with snap fasteners.

The loose and cleverly managed bodice is cut with sleeves and body in one piece. It insures perfect freedom to the arms. Fullness over the bust is provided by gathers at each side, let into the goods and laid in plaits which are stitched down over the shoulder. This arrangement helps out the deficiency which is usual in the undeveloped figure of the miss. A large sailor collar finishes the bodice, which opens over a vestee, or fichu, as the case may be, of white organdie. The sleeves are long and close fitting about the wrist, where they are provided with a slit for the hand to go through. This is fastened down with snap fasteners and finished with two buttons like those on the skirt. Turned-back cuffs of organdie are used as a neat finish for them.

A broad sash of heavy ribbon in the rich colors which one finds in the roman stripes is draped about the figure below the waist line. It drops at the front, terminating under the panel of the skirt.

Costumes for the Afternoon



ONE can find enough of the new things every week to write a fair-sized volume on late fashions. Sometimes the makers of fashions take just one idea and develop it to such an extent that it takes column after column of newspaper space to describe the variations that have been rung in upon that idea.

Take the ruffled skirt, for instance. When the minaret tunic was first introduced it was a shock because women of fashion had grown so accustomed to the straight line from hip to ankle that the cutting in half of the figure did not

accepted and even declared to be pretty. So much of the very inevitable is accepted with grace and change of heart.

Taffeta is fulfilling amply the prophecies made concerning its popularity, and as an infinity of ways have been found of diversifying its appearance it is not becoming wearisome on account of repetition.

The photograph shows two of the very latest styles in afternoon dresses. At the left is a model of white crepe with embroidered border. On the right the costume is of embroidered voile, with rose silk girdle.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



AT THE BOOKING OFFICE OFF-STAGE COMEDIES by Will Bradshaw

AND THE GIRLS WEPT, TOO

Al Barnes (a comedian)—Do you know what I just saw as I came along the Rialto? One of the saddest sights in a long time. Men and women, it brought tears to my eyes, and I'm now weeping willer.

Nona Wells—What did you see, Al? Some poor actor bidding good-by to the profess?

Al Barnes—I saw Waldo Van Ness, the leading man, selling his last diamond ring to a newspaper reporter to get enough to take him out of town. Ain't this game getting awful? Imagine a guy like Van Ness, who had his name in lights all winter, selling his rocks for carfare.

Algy—Oh, my! I 'ope I won't be driven to waitin' on table this summer. But I'll do it sooner than starve, proud as I am, don't y' know. I've been watchin' waiters 'ere lately, so I'll know 'ow to carry an armful of dishes if I 'ave 't.

Dad Wadell—I think I shall be able to exist modestly until the Shakespearean season opens agin. I have my pension from the actors' fund.

Maude Fabre (a leading woman)—Are you sure Van Ness was peddling his ring, Al?

Al Barnes—Am I? Wasn't the reporter shining the stone on his sleeve and looking at it under an arc light and blowing his breath on it, and I saw him slip Van Ness a few bills. Then Van took the reporter into Louie's cafe and treated him to a dinner.

Algy—Van Ness always was clever, b'jove.

Al Barnes—It made me pretty sad, though, to see an actor like Van Ness

resorters won't stand to have her rant and rave on a hot night in one of your dramatic things. Give them something light. We'll frame up a four-act vaudeville bill. That will let her out, see?

Algy—I like the idea, I s'y.

Dad Wadell—Why not give some of my Shakespearean offerings on the lawns at the summer places. On a moonlight night it would be picturesque, indeed.

Al Barnes—Nothing doing.

Nona Wells—Do as I say, Al. I can open the show doing my single. Then you can do your specialty; then Algy and I will do a double singing and talking act; then Dad Wadell can do a blackface, and we'll close the bill with a comedy act for you, Algy and me.

Maude Fabre—I have devised a way to get along without Miss Wells, the trouble maker, Al. You, Algy, Dad and I can put on short dramatic pieces. Give them something high class, so they'll keep us over a day.

Al Barnes—I don't want to leave any of you here to die. I want to take you all with me.

Maude Fabre—There must be but one leading lady, and her name shall be Fabre.

Nona Wells—Her name will be Wells or nothing.

Al Barnes—Listen. My plays all call for six people—two ladies and four gents. Have a little sense, girls. Because you were both engaged to Van Ness is no reason to quarrel. That's the kind he was. Getting engaged to every pretty girl he met, and then giving her a big diamond engagement ring. Then his heart would waver when he met someone else. But



"Van Ness Always Was Clever, b' Jove!"

hocking his jewels on the street to get out of this burg.

Maude Fabre—And to think that the beautiful stone I am wearing was a gift from the same party.

Nona Wells (musical comedy)—It is, is it?

Maude Fabre—It certainly is, m' dear. Have you any objection?

Nona Wells—Far be it from such. I just wanted to let you know the three-carat ornament I wear on my left hand is also from Mr. Van Ness.

Maude Fabre—When?

Nona Wells—When? When Waldo and I were engaged, of course.

Maude Fabre—Is that so? I—

Al Barnes—Cut it out, cut it out! What we got to settle now ain't diamond rings or who Van Ness was engaged to. We've got to work out a system today to get us out of town and working before we starve to death.

Algy—If I 'ave to go waitin', Al, I'll speak a word for y'.

Al Barnes—What I have in mind is this. We have just enough in this crowd to get up a repertory company. I have several plays in my trunk, and we can produce "His Father's Pride," "When Love Was All," "By Fast Express," and several more. We'll go on the road and play summer resorts. Play in the dining-rooms after they clear the tables out.

Algy—Dinain' rooms sounds good, ol' chap.

Dad Wadell—Eating should not come before art.

Nona Wells—It's a cinch we can't get any more booking here.

Al Barnes—We'll play the different places on a percentage basis. Split 50 and 50 with the manager, and he throw in our meals. We'll divide the companies, share equally.

Maude Fabre—We will what, sir?

Al Barnes—Divide our takings equally.

Maude Fabre—Let me stay in town and starve amid the scenes of my triumphs. Do you expect a leading woman like I am to work for the same amount her mediocre companions will get?

Al Barnes—What do you mean by mediocre?

Maude Fabre—Don't I get more than Miss Wells, who has never been out in a show that lasted more than two weeks?

Nona Wells—Woman, don't criticize one who saw you act. I'm the one to object. I can go out and do a single and get away with it. You have the wrong idea, Al. Those summer

the girls were always the winners. He never wanted or wouldn't accept his rings back. He told them to keep it as a memento of a star.

Dad Wadell—I heard a story of Van Ness and his rings. It seems that on a southern tour he picked up a quantity of whitish stones called "Mexican diamonds," which looked to the unlearned like the real thing. They cost him 50 cents apiece. As a publicity move he had them set in 75-cent gold-plated bands when he returned, and he passed them out to his personal friends and admirers. They thought they were getting a rich token from a rich man. Therefore, I say, you two young ladies are foolish to quarrel over baubles the cost of which was \$1.25 each.

Al Barnes—Well, that's like Van Ness. I'll bet he got 25 bucks from that poor reporter.

Algy—No wonder 'e could afford to take 'im to Louie's.

Al Barnes—Well, girls, you aren't going to quarrel over Van any more, are you?

The Girls—No, Al!

Al Barnes—Then it's us for the tall sycamores this afternoon.

Booking Agent (entering)—So long, everybody. Be good!

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Electricity From the Air.

A well-known inventor, Julian Yglesias Blanco of Madrid, has succeeded in extracting electricity from the atmosphere by means of antennae and other apparatus. The antennae were mounted in pairs upon a wooden tower 33 feet high, erected upon a high hill. Senor Yglesias' apparatus received electricity at a pressure of 5,000 volts, which was transformed down to 150 volts. Fifteen lamps in a house were easily lighted and maintained at full pressure during the prolonged test. The experiments will be continued, with the object of ascertaining the full capacity of the installation. Senor Yglesias states that he can obtain direct from the atmosphere electricity in enormous quantities at will, according to the arrangement of the installation.

His Idea.

Ruth—Well, I think every woman should have the right to choose her husband.

Zeke—Wa'al, in that case there wouldn't be princes enough in Europe to go 'round here in Podunk.—Judge.

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Where it Counts. "Aunt Dinah, are you going to have 'obey' eliminated from the ceremony?" "No, chile; but I sho is gwinter hab it 'liminated from de matrimony." —Puck.

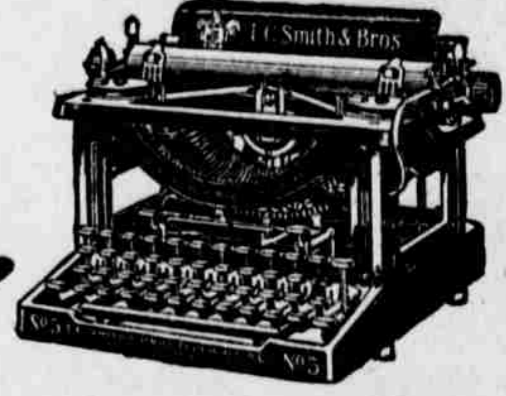
Right Name for Them. "How much did your motor car cost?" "Fifteen hundred dollars, exclusive of the excessories."

His Mistake. "He's a self-made man." "I know. He surely made a mistake in not consulting an expert."

A young man may have to fight for the first kiss and thereafter wear a catcher's mask for self-protection.

If the play is a frost the audience soon melts away.

It's a case of love's labor lost when a woman has to take in washing in order to support a worthless husband.



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