

# For and About Women Folks

**A Wedding Director.**  
**WIFE-AWAKE** woman in Boston has found a new outlet for woman's activity by taking charge of weddings. On the day of the marriage ceremony the bride and the bride's mother are generally too busy to give much attention to the management of the details. As a helper in this household emergency the wedding director fills a long felt want. The name of this pioneer is Mrs. Nellie Bliffins, and she lives with her husband and daughter on Boston's aristocratic Beacon street. Mrs. Bliffins's method is to get to the house early and to give her first attention to the trousseau. She sees to it that the dress, gloves and slippers are just right. She then takes charge of the packing. The bride eats her luncheon in comfort knowing that everything she needs will be in her bags and trunks, carefully inventoried in a little book as to its precise location.

Mrs. Bliffins is at the church door before the marriage ceremony to give the last touch to the bride's gown before the bride enters the church. The girl's mother is even saved from having to see that the rooms are put in order after the newly wedded wife has gone on her wedding tour. Mrs. Bliffins attends to all that.

The value of the work of the wedding director is best attested by the popularity it has attained. Most of her business, Mrs. Bliffins says, comes indirectly. It has grown on the principle of the advertisement of a merchant. Much of this work she does alone at home. Her butterfly order has kept her busy all summer, and the last of the 2,000 are just being turned out. She will get \$50 for the lot. The butterflies will be used in window decoration by a lady friend.

A recent order was for 1,000 burnt leather cards for a grocery firm. There was a picture of a grocery window on the card. On the window pane was inscribed: "Families Supplied Cheap." In front of a gentleman of the hazy type gazes and remarks: "Wonder what'll they take to supply me with a wife and five children?" She supplied the cards for 5 cents apiece. She works in all sorts of materials and with all sorts of tools—paper, burnt leather, burnt wood, plaster, paint, wallpaper, glass, lithograph. She has knolls for plaster casts and tiny pyrograph needles that cost her \$2.50 apiece. But some of her work is accomplished with absurdly feminine tools. A round plaque hangs on the wall, with a ferocious bull terrier's head springing from it in high relief. The dog's face she modeled in the plaster with a hairpin.

Many of the most profitable ideas have been made up of the simplest material. A certain newspaper in Chicago got out three handsome lithographed posters of feminine figures. These posters were used in the windows of newsstands for the time and, finally, getting old, were retired. She took one of each variety of the posters, cut out the figures of the three girls, mounted them on a large sheet of cardboard in such a way that they were connected by a chain of links. The girls were reading a copy of the paper. The pictures were cut from another poster and properly mounted. She covered the background with a plain pale green wall paper and painted masses of roses around the girls. The whole in the style of work called pastiche.

She took it to the office of the publication, and as a result the paper turned over some thousands of its old posters to her and gave her several months' work in preparing them for window display. She did the same sort of work with the

**Money in Ideas.**  
 A clever New York woman, realizing the importance of novelty in advertising, started some ten years ago to put her ideas on practical use and has made thousands of dollars since. She was working in a department store for \$4 a week when an idea came to her. She made a calendar, at the top of which she placed a large painted panes. By a little sliding arrangement the panes could be pulled down, revealing a picture of a girl. Under the court plaster was the legend, "I'll stick to you when others cut you." Below was space for an advertisement. She took this model to a printing company. They bought it and paid \$100 for the idea. Since then she has not earned any more for \$4 a week.

Her next idea was a parrot. The parrot stood on a horizontal bar, which in the original design was made of a bit of broomstick. He was a gay and beautifully painted parrot, and in one claw he held a little card, advertising a cigar. Her parrot stood on cigar store counters from Boston to San Francisco. She was not paid a lump sum for this idea. Instead, she was employed at \$3 a week, with twenty girls under her, steadily making advertising parrots until the idea grew old and a newer one took its place.

A good part of her pay comes in this way. She submits an idea, and if it is accepted the manufacturer gives her an order for so many of the articles at a specified price. Much of this work she does alone at home. Her butterfly order has kept her busy all summer, and the last of the 2,000 are just being turned out. She will get \$50 for the lot. The butterflies will be used in window decoration by a lady friend.

**Fetters of Fashion.**  
 The little fan continues in fashion. Charming little paper fans are to be had for next to nothing, and are very nice to have around for one goes.

For the economical woman who likes the appearance of a silk skirt there are prettily made fans of striped and checked striped silks known as the "Summer" silk. They come in soft tan and silver gray stripes.

A white silk parasol which has a white enameled handle has the end of this finished with a blue bachelor's button, one natural sized flower and a bud set on. Other flowers are used in this way with pretty effect.

There is every prospect that we shall be wearing overalls within the coming year. The tunic skirt, being bonned by the dressmakers, and since many women have taken kindly to the innovation, its success is fairly well assured. The tunic skirt is becoming to tall figures, but it is not at all a happy one for short or stout women.

The prettiest little frocks that have girls are wearing this summer are made of pink dimity in a variety of patterns. They are trimmed with lace, and have a wide heading set in at neck, waist and sleeves, through which is run narrow black velvet ribbon. Others are trimmed with narrow edges of white lace and a few tiny pearl buttons.

One of the simplest and prettiest of corset covers is made in round baby shape, simply gathered at the waist and around the shoulders. The front of the waist is made of all-over embroidery in small clover or other figures. The back is plain, and so is the material, which secures sufficiently below the waist to actually protect the corsets from skirt bands which might soil them. Tail lace finishes the garment around the neck and sleeves.

A pretty white waist which a girl made at home has wide embroidery for the front. This forms the back, front and cuffs of the sleeves. Four lengths of the embroidery are used, two at the back and two in the front. The scooped edges just meet in the back; the little pearl buttons, placed on each side, are worked on the other. The front is simply the same as the back, the two together permanently.

**Chat About Women.**  
 Mrs. Almira Kramer of Kalamazoo, Mich., who recently died, left a trust fund of \$10,000 to be used to feed tramps, and Sena-

old theatrical posters of a company of five cakewalkers, receiving \$7.50 apiece for cunningly devised passive partous of the five figures. A certain breakfast food company has an old farmer on all its advertising material. She clipped the picture of this old farmer and mounted it so ingeniously that they gave her an order for \$50 of them.

One of her 100 ideas went to a New Orleans tobacco manufacturer. It was a horse on a pivot, so constructed that however it was thrown or tossed about on a counter it would land right side up. It bore the legend: "Can't be downed," and rocked its way from one end of the country to the other.

**What Women Do.**  
 There is a woman who is a successful jockey. Another who is an intrepid deep sea diver. Another who is a successful gold prospector. Another who is a railway constructor and president of the road.

Another who, though but 15 years old, is a marine observer on an island off Cape Cod. Another who is harbor mistress of Tacoma. Another who is keeper of Point Pinos Lighthouse at Monterey, Cal.

Another who farms a Texas ranch 2,000 square miles in area. Another who farms frogs in Jersey and clears \$1,500 a year by the enterprise. Another who is a capable graveler. Another who is a professional nut cracker.

**Close Saturday 1 P. M. Through the Week 6 P. M.**



## OUR AUGUST CLEARING SALE

With Its Numerous Offerings at Great Discount Carries With it the Opportunity of a Life Time

Our buyers now in the market wire us to close all broken lines in every department, no matter how great the sacrifice, to make room for the new fall stock

**Beautiful Pieces of Furniture** in all the popular finishes. Elegantly upholstered parlor and library furniture, creations of only the best workmanship. All going at this sale at a discount of 25 per cent and in some cases at.....ONE-HALF PRICE

**Oriental Rugs**— 1,000 pieces of the finest products of the Orient—all to be sacrificed—none reserved.....ONE THIRD OFF

**Our Drapery Department** catches the biggest cut of all. This department in this spring's business has fairly been shot to pieces—leaving a large stock of broken lines in Lace Curtains, Portieres and piece goods, consisting of the cheapest to the finest dainty creations of art.....ALL GO AT ONE-HALF PRICE

xx ACCEPT OUR INVITATION xx

**Miller Stewart & Beaton**  
 CARPET & FURNITURE COMPANY  
 1315-17-19 FARNAM STREET.

for Burrows will have direct charge of the money. Mrs. Sarah J. Cochrane of Chester, Pa., in fine health, though 90 years old, was one of a class of schoolgirls who attended the reopening to Lafayette in Philadelphia in 1824, when he visited America the second time, as the guest of the nation.

Mrs. George von Langerke Meyer, wife of the American ambassador to Russia, is becoming as popular in St. Petersburg as she was in Rome, before her husband was transferred there. Mrs. Meyer is a clever and charming woman and a delightful entertainer. She is on friendly terms with the empress and the dowager empress and is highly esteemed by the czar.

A real daughter of the revolution has just died in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Sarah Atchison Ross was 88 years old and was the daughter of Thomas Atchison, who fought under Washington at the battle of Trenton, and the widow of Thomas Ross, a veteran of the Mexican war. She was one of three women to whom were presented gold spoons by the national society because of being daughters of men who fought in the struggle of '76.

Mrs. Carrie F. Adams of Fort Gibson, I. T., is said to be the only daughter of the revolution who is an Indian. One of her ancestors, John Ross, was chief of the Cherokee nation for forty years, and her husband, Richard C. Adams, is a Delaware Indian, and a direct descendant of Captain White-Eyes, who was an officer in the revolutionary war. Mr. Adams has for several years represented his people before the United States Senate and is a member of the interior and the Dawes commission.

The Countess of Jersey possesses attainments many and varied and she has an immense fund of general information. Lady Jersey has justly earned for herself the character of being one of the best platform speakers in England. She is terse and convincing and her voice is so clear and well understood that she can be heard in all parts of a great hall. And she is a clever, cultivated woman, reads and thinks and has been one of the most energetic of society globe trotters. Lady Jersey is somewhat ignorant of dressmakers and takes little interest in general society. She is an authoress, has written stories and plays for children and articles descriptive of travel in reviews both English and American.

Miss Madge Pickler, daughter of a former well known member of congress, deserves a place in the front rank among plucky young American women. She left her father's mansion in Parkland, S. C., to take possession of and work a mine which she owns on the Cripple Creek Short mine. The start of her mine has now been sunk to a depth that makes it no longer a prospect. It is a real mine and there is lots of ore in sight. Miss Pickler is her own superintendent. She has a force of 100 men, and every morning dons a miner's garb and, with a lighted candle goes down into the mine and spends the day underground. She is much liked and when the miners are through the day's work she brings her guitar and sings to them the music she learned in her father's home from famous teachers.

### Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

**B**ILLIE, in the dark. Because his mother had to go away almost every evening directly after dinner, Billie had to undress himself and go to bed alone. He was not at all brave about it.

One night he lay awake for ever so long, and it was very, very dark. He covered his head, and thought he had more reason to be frightened because Tomlin was gone. Now Tomlin was the dearest doll in the world, in Billie's opinion. He had always taken Tomlin to bed, and he didn't realize until now what good company he had been.

That day he had seen a poor little girl who was crying because her little baby brother had gone away, and was never coming back, never, not today, nor tomorrow, nor even the day after. How awful that must be, thought Billie; so he gave her his dear Tomlin. He did so hope she would take good care of him, for Tomlin was dreadfully afraid of the dark, too.

Billie lay thinking of Tomlin and what a comfort he had been, when he saw a light. How scared he was! He was sure something dreadful was going to happen. He lay very still and waited, but nothing came. He wondered, perhaps it had gone—should he look? He might take a little peep unobserved. At last he became brave enough to lift the covers ever so gently and carefully. Peeping cautiously into the room, he saw a light—not so bright as the moon, but soft and beautiful. He became braver, and, opening the crack wider, he saw the light creep up to the bed. It wasn't fearful in the least. He couldn't see very much of it, so he opened the covers wider, and with a rush of fearlessness he flung them away. The light filled the room. Billie looked out of his window and up to the sky, and what did you suppose he saw? The moon. This was the fairy who was trying to make friends with him. Billie was very happy. But how did the moon get there? It wasn't there when he got into bed—and all the little stars? They must be the children. What funny pictures they made—the clouds trace them with his finger. Some were such wee ones, too. Surely they were the babies. And, oh! There was a very big star, brighter than any other. How beautiful it was! He was sure it was looking straight at him, as much as to say, "Is that little boy afraid of the night when we love the night time more than any other?"

By the moonlight he could see in the tree outside his window some little birds fast asleep. Then he saw two big eyes looking right at him, and as they flew away, he was sure it was that bird who likes to be abroad in the night. He wished he could have wings and see the beautiful things the night people saw. How pleased Tomlin would be! Very likely Tomlin saw the moon, too.

He was so contented, so happy! No, he would never be frightened again. He laughed softly and he was sure the stars, especially the big one, were nodding to him, and the moon seemed to be taking him sailing—and he was asleep—Kinder-garten Review.

**Special Words.**  
 My mother, she has special words. She's always telling, but I find. The ones that I've most often heard. Is By-um-by and Never-mind.

**Whenever I can't have my way.**  
 And beg her "when" and tease her. The things she's likeliest to say. Is Never-mind and By-um-by.

**My mother, she has special words.**  
 For question answering and such. But I guess some that I have heard. "Don't really mean so awful much."  
 —Burges Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

### Hints on Latest Fashions

For the accommodation of readers of The Bee these patterns, which usually retail at from 25 to 50 cents each, will be furnished at the nominal price of 10 cents. A supply is now kept at our office, so those who wish any pattern may get it either by calling or enclosing 10 cents, addressed "Pattern Department, Bee, Omaha."



NO. 629 AND 629-LADIES PLEATED AND SHIRRED COSTUME. Sizes—No. 629, 32 to 42 bust; No. 629, 20 to 30 waist.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
 Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.  
 Remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Redness, Itchiness, and all Skin Troubles. It is the best skin preparation for the face and neck. It is sold by all druggists and fancy goods stores. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods stores. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods stores. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods stores.

## Life-Malt

**THE TONIC YOU LIKE**  
 The most palatable malt tonic. Clears the complexion, purifies the blood. Recommended by physicians. Sold by all first class druggists.

### Greatest Strength Builder Known to Medical Science

For the well to keep well—for the convalescent to get well—quick.  
 15c A Bottle



Heat—electric light—janitor service—all night and Sunday elevator service—a fire proof building—all cost the tenant of The Bee Building nothing extra.