

Man of Style and His Fancy Waistcoat

UN THE line of the fashionable man down east, the vest is a waistcoat. This explanation will enable the westerner to "get next" to the subject, because those who assume to set the style declare "this is the year of waistcoats." At no time in the last half century, according to the New York Bazaar, has the waistcoat been so important a feature of men's dress as today.

When in the past men wore embroidered or light-colored silk and satin waistcoats the price of these garments was so great that only the wealthy could afford them. The waistcoats of satin embroidered in silk and gold that were worn on dress occasions so recently as half a century ago cost as much as an ordinary suit of clothes of a Fifth Avenue tailor's today.

Now the fancy waistcoat is within the reach of all three manufacturing classes, clothes have made so great an advance that today the providing of exclusive models to the masses is reduced to a science.

A man may buy for less than \$5 a waistcoat which will in all external appearances resemble very closely one that a few years ago would sell for six times as much. In texture, cut and general style the two will look very much alike.

The expert will see that the silk in the cheaper waistcoat is of a less fine quality than in the other, and in the manner of its making the more expensive waistcoat will be worth the difference in price. It will wear much longer. It will show some of the results of cheap and hurried manufacture which so often reveal themselves in articles manufactured in gross.

In point of style, however, the cheap waistcoat will not be a far behind the one made for its wearer especially. Manufacturers of these garments now follow the fashions as closely as the most expensive tailors.

The result is that the fancy waistcoat has become an article that any man can afford. If he is slight of figure and able to wear the customary sizes it is probable that he will do just about as well at the store dealing in ready made clothes as he would with a costly cutter and fitter.

Wonders of the Season's Stock.

Some of the waistcoats shown this winter in the shops are appealingly modern in comparison with more conservative models. Those intended for evening wear are long as to the points, high as to the bottom of the waistcoat and are connected with so narrow a space that two buttons suffice to bring the waistcoat together. Sometimes one button is held together, thus forming this very pronounced style, which could not be highly recommended for men who do not desire to attract attention by the way they dress.

These waistcoats come for dinner coats in pale mauve and silver gray tones, silk. They are also seen in light lavender woven silks, sometimes with buttons of the same material, sometimes with silver buttons and in one or two exaggerated cases in buttons of rhinestones and such colored stones as may appeal to the taste of the wearer.

One man at the Waldorf the other evening wore a pale mauve waistcoat with a single button, which was a large amethyst surrounded with pearls. This was with a dinner coat and the tie was black in accordance with the proper rules. The two studs were of small amethysts, also surrounded by a ring of pearls.

Other dinner coat waistcoats are made of fine white cloth edged with a narrow silk braid about the pockets and the edge of the waistcoat. An exquisite waistcoat for this kind of wear is of black and gray striped silk finished with three black jet buttons with stones in the center.

The V in front is so narrow that comparatively little of the shirt front is visible. There are broad, peaked lapels on the waistcoat. The edges of the pockets have a piping of black.

All waistcoats for wear with a dinner coat should be single-breasted. The pointed V is regarded as a necessity by the makers of the new-fashioned waistcoats, as the old oval is now a thing of the past.

Tucks in the Shirt.

An evidence of the elaborateness of men's dress today it may be said that the shirt to accompany the striped waistcoat is made with a series of small tucks and a moderately wide center pleat, the cuffs also having a narrow pleat toward the end.

All the new waistcoats for evening wear

small garnets about a large central stone. It was not only smart, but sufficiently subdued to be excellent style.

Turquoises are a little infantile and very young men are perhaps the only ones to wear them appropriately. The entire side of the suit has almost fallen into disuse, so little is it seen now.

The waistcoat that differs from the suit is within the reach of nearly all, owing to the wide range of its price; it is distinctly the style and it has affected other styles to such an extent that coats are now cut low enough to show the waistcoat above them.

The waistcoats made of black and white are still admired, but do not predominate to anything like the same extent as last winter. The black and white comes in stripes and figured patterns.

There are also browns, grays and reds, mauve, green and gray and nearly every shade known to masculine wear in the past along with several that were not formerly used. Sometimes the waistcoats are of a solid color so much embroidered that they

add considerably to the cost of a suit. One tan cloth waistcoat intended to go with a brown worsted suit made by a tailor on Fifth Avenue had a put on change pocket which was heavily embroidered in silk braid. In addition there were elaborate embroideries down the front.

Most of these colored waistcoats are collarless. They have rarely more than five buttons and as a rule three, the entire are pointed and the pocket flap is regarded as being of so much more importance than the pocket itself that there are frequently flaps without any pockets. The best styles have only one upper pocket in the waistcoat, and sometimes even that is missing, the two pockets at the middle of the waistcoat being intended to take the place of both upper and lower pockets. Braid often finishes a perfectly plain cloth waistcoat which is otherwise without ornament. It is considered just as smart, however, to have the edges of the cloth unfinished. Buttons may be made of bone, wood, mother of pearl or even of the material.

For everyday wear the waistcoat should be to a certain extent sporty. There must be no collar, the V must be cut low and the pockets provided with heavy flaps. For a somewhat more dressy waistcoat, to be worn for instance with a morning or cut-away coat, which has been put on as a substitute for a frock, there are waistcoats in white and mauve and very light cream woolens which are finished with thin lines of braid.

Of the variety of the fancy waistcoat there is no end.

Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

Wolves Tend a Lost Baby.

IT IS only great good fortune that has saved tiny Margaret Schweitzer, sister of Brockway township, Minnesota, from becoming a veritable wolf-child.

"The child bears a charmed life," aver the township wise folk, with many a shake of the head, "or else how could she be snatched by a wolf without being torn to pieces?"

And that is just what did happen. The little one was carried off to a den where a she wolf had her four cubs. She was taken right into the family and made friends not only with the mother wolf, but with the four little wolves. What might have happened had she grown up with them can only be surmised, yet such things have happened in India.

Little Margaret is but a baby girl of 1. Her father is a well-to-do farmer. There is another little brother and a sister, both older than Margaret.

A few days ago the three youngsters went out nutting in the deep woods a couple of miles away from home. Somewhat Baby Margaret became separated from her brother and sister, and when it was time to go home the lot was missing.

The other youngsters searched everywhere, but in vain. So home they ran, crying as if their hearts would break. Schweitzer jumped on a horse and galloped back to the woods where the nuts were, out, high or low, he could find no trace of the child.

Then he went for help. Soon a party of twenty men and boys was scouring the woods for the missing child. But no track nor trace of her could they find. All that night the hunt continued, but the break of day brought no tidings.

Far and near spread the word of little Margaret's strange disappearance, and the searching party kept growing larger and larger as people from further away came in. Farm owners gave the township was neglected, so great was the excitement.

On the second day one of the searchers came to a knoll thickly studded with pine and a heavy growth of underbrush. He discovered a narrow path leading into the thicket, and by the path he found a little blue sunbonnet.

It was a hard path to follow and the man had to get down on all fours to do it. But the trail was hot now and he crawled along. Suddenly he came across a pile of chicken bones, feathers, bits of sheep pelt and gnawed bones. There in front of him was a wolf's den.

An awful fear of the tot's fate flashed across the man's mind. He determined to make sure, however, even if it meant entering the wolf's lair. He cocked his rifle

and, with his finger on the trigger, crept in cautiously.

It was almost dark inside; at first he could see nothing. But gradually his eyes became used to the gloom, and there, sitting on a rock, peering a young wolf, and the missing little Margaret, absolutely unharmed and as happy as you please.

Of course the young wolf with its three mates at the sight of the man, and little Margaret began to cry.

"Oo frightened away my nice 'little doggies!' she sobbed. "Oo is a naughty, naughty man; Margy don't like 'oo. Go away!"

But the young farmer snatched up the child and backed out of the place just as quickly as he could. He didn't quite fancy facing the she wolf in those narrow quarters. And then back to the Schweitzer farm just as fast as his legs could carry him.

There the child was restored to her despairing mother, who swooned as soon as she caught sight of the little figure clasped tight in the sturdy farmer's arms. It took a physician several hours to restore the fainting mother, and for the father, he was beside himself with joy and he presented a fine 2-year-old colt to the child's rescuer as a token of his gratitude.

News of the finding of little Margaret spread rapidly all over the township and soon the farm house was overrun with sympathetic visitors. Margaret, of course, was the center of interest and she was showered with questions of all sorts. She could tell but little, but that little was remarkable.

"Margy wasn't cold one bit," she liped. "Margy wasn't hungry, either. I don't eat the nuts and the big doggie ties me and keep me nice and warm."

"But the naughty man came and frightened the nice little doggies all away. Some day Margy go back and play with the doggies again."

Doubtless little Margaret would have been cared for by the wolf. This is not so rare in India, where there have been many well-authenticated cases of wolf-children stolen by the beasts and brought up with their cubs. They walk on all fours and seem to know how to make themselves understood by their friends, the wolves.

Just as Mowgli did in Kipling's tales. And all Brockway township believes that would have been little Margaret's fate had not she been rescued in the nick of time.

An Elephant Fisherman.

Elephants are very wise and useful animals and can be trained to do many things. They also often become very much attached to those who are kind to them. A gentleman who had lived for many years in India tells some interesting stories of these great beasts.

He had owned one that became so fond of his two small boys that the parents

felt glad if the children were in the elephant's care.

The three friends often went off on long tramps together, and the elephant never failed to come strolling home with the two small boys riding, happy and safe, on his back. One day they remained away so long that the father finally went to look after them. After some searching he came out on the river bank, and a funny sight met his eyes.

The great elephant was standing knee deep in the mud, with a happy snub boy squatting on either side of him, and all three were fishing just as hard as they could. The boys held their rods in their hands and their companion held his with his trunk, while they all were watching the corks bobbing about on top of the water.

By and by the elephant's line gave a pop, and the boys crowded up to see if it really meant that he had caught a fish. He had, and while the big brute watched them solemnly, they pulled out the line, attached the fish, and then, putting on another worm, gravely handed the rod back to its owner.

The same gentleman speaks of a large elephant he saw at the zoo in London a few years ago. Knowing how the animals are trained in India by their keepers, he held up a nice bun and said, "Salaam kuro," which means make a salaam, or bow. For an instant the big creature looked as if he did not quite understand; then when the words were repeated, his huge trunk went up in the air in a graceful curve, and he made a salaam that was just as correct as it was possible for an elephant to make.—Sunshine.

The Song of Snowtime.

Sing a song of snow-time
Now its passing by,
Milked little dew makes
Falling from the sky.
When the ground is covered,
Picture of the coasting place,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the schoolhouse,
Drawing on their slates,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are hiding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of the gay time
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang goes the bell;
Get your hats and cloaks and wraps,
Hurry off pell mell!
Picture along the counters all
If you want some fun;
Up to the hilltop
Come and slide and run!

Ready, now! Ready, now!
Down on his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
When the snowflakes fall!
Come-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

Early Life of Mark Twain

MY MOTHER had a good deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother Henry, who was two years younger, and I think that the unbroken proximity of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never knew Henry to do a vicious thing toward me, or toward anyone else—but he frequently did righteous ones that cost me as heavily. It was his duty to report me when I needed reporting and neglected to do it myself, and he was very faithful in discharging that duty. He is "Sed" in "Tom Sawyer." But Sed was not Henry. Henry was a very much finer and better boy than ever Sed was.

It was Henry who called my mother's attention to the fact that the thread with which she had sewed my collar together to keep me from going in swimming had changed color. My mother would not have discovered it but for that, and she was manifestly pleased when she recognized that that prominent bit of circumstantial evidence had escaped her sharp eye. That detail probably added a detail to my punishment. It is human. We generally visit our shortcomings on somebody else when there is a possible excuse for it—but no matter, I took it out of Henry. There is always compensation for such as are unjustly used. I often took it out of him—sometimes as an advance payment for something which I hadn't yet done. These were occasions when the opportunity was too strong a temptation and I had to draw on the future. I did not need to owe him ideas from my mother, and probably didn't, still, she wrought upon that principle upon occasion.

If the incident of the broken sugar bowl is in "Tom Sawyer"—I don't remember whether it is or not—that is an example of it. Henry never stole sugar. He took it openly from the bowl. His mother knew he wouldn't take sugar when she wasn't looking, but had her doubts about my "Tom" really doubting either. She knew very well would. One day when she was not present Henry took sugar from her prized and precious old English sugar bowl, which was an heirloom in the family—and he managed to break the bowl. It was the first time I had ever had a chance to tell anything on him, and I was going to tell on him, but he was not disturbed. When my mother came in and saw the bowl lying on the floor in fragments she was speechless for a minute. I allowed that speech to work; I judged it would increase the effect. I was waiting for her to ask, "Who did that?"—so that I could fetch out my news. But it was an error of calculation. When she got through with her silence she didn't ask anything about it—she merely

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