

Comfort in Motor Coats for Winter Use

COLD weather falls to daunt enthusiasts motor folk, and even upon the most wintry days that have come our way so far this season, open touring cars have divided honors with limousine cars on the city streets and have had things pretty much their own way on the country roads.

There are even hardly motor women who maintain stoutly that the sport is more exhilarating in winter than in summer; and, certainly, if a woman is appropriately dressed for a cold weather spin she should suffer little from the cold, if at all.

The manufacturers of motor apparel have bent every effort toward the designing and making of outfits that shall defy the frosty air, and not only warm coats and caps and hoods, but a host of minor accessories are offered by the makers of motor garments.

High fleece lined boots or gaiters run up to meet milk bloomers lined with flannel or albatross. Separate, Scotch hosiery of long armlets help to protect the feet, and are equally covered by short sleeves or hat sufficiently warm in long sleeves of silk or cotton.

Sweaters and waistcoats in all degrees of warmth and in surprising variety are in the market. One may have an ordinary sweater cut down at the throat, or if more warmth across the chest and throat, it is wired, there are knitted sweaters buttoning down the left front from the shoulder and made with standing collar opening on the side.

Certain English sweater models are of knitted wool, buttoning double breasted from shoulders to hem and not cut down at the throat. A straight standing collar of soft leather, leather cuffs and leather covered buttons trim the garment effectively and in some models a leather belt is added.

Waistcoats of leather and of supple, short hair fur are numerous and are either sleeveless or made with sleeves of silk. An English coat of heavy rough tweed has instead of a waistcoat to supplement its warmth on very cold days a loose short coat of flexible leather, cut upon the same lines as the long outer coat and fastening into it with snap catches so that when in place it is really a leather tunic, like all things calculated to blow and need holding, are a mistake in motor apparel, some of the heavy winter cape coats have caps which strap or button down so snugly that they are sure to stay in place, and these caps do furnish a very acceptable extra warmth.

Some of these warm tweed coats have hoods which may be drawn up over the head, protecting neck and ears in very severe weather, but the average woman, if she wears a hood at all, usually prefers to have it separate from her coat, fitting down snugly under an upturned coat collar.



AUTOMOBILE COATS OF PONY SKIN AND CLOTH, FUR TRIMMED AND LINED.

stopped there for luncheon on a recent Sunday. The day was cold, but there was, as usual, a long line of handsome cars drawn up along the driveway and more coming in swift procession up the hill. Suddenly the crowd of interested onlookers saw a high power roadster come whirling along the driveway. On the running board a chauffeur clad from top to toe in brown leather.

A woman was driving, and beside her sat another woman, evidently her sister. Both wore superb coats of remarkably handsome natural mink reaching to their ankles and entirely covering their frocks.

The coats were loose, ample, luxurious, and made with hoods of the fur, which were pulled up over the wearers' heads, fitting closely around the face and throat and fastening snugly under the chin.

Gloves of same fur completed the outfit. This side fastening in one form or another is in high favor with the coat designers, and excellent effects in appearance as well as in comfort are obtained in this way. The brown cloth fur lined coat pictured among the sketches is an example of the possibilities in this side fastening and in all its details a particularly admirable model.

Plain colored cloth coats of this general type, with fur lining or warm interwadding and big collars of long hair fur, are extremely elegant when well made and in handsome materials. Royal blue, a warm and vivid yet deep red, gray in the taupe and other deep shades and the browns are the colors most liked for these plain coats, and instead of smooth cloth broad wale serge or chevrot of handsome quality is sometimes preferred.

The plain colors will not, of course, give such service as the mixed tweeds and chevrot, since they show soil and wear more, while the soft brown and gray caracul are popular. These caracul coats are sometimes trimmed in self-tone braid with good effect, and the models sketched here had bindings of braid. Another pleasing note was provided in the big buttons of brown cloth embroidered in vivid green.

Beer at \$100 a Glass. Jack Frederick is a mining promoter of Wallace, Idaho. On Saturday several St. Paul men who have become interested in mining properties exploited by Frederick arrived in Wallace, and until after midnight were closeted with Frederick.

At the conclusion of the consultation Frederick invited the investors to have a glass of beer. At the Wallace hotel they found the lock was on tight. Frederick then bought the bar for \$5,000, giving a check therefor. The party of mining men then fled into the bar room. There were just five glasses of beer left in the bar. Then the party passed out. "Do you want to buy a first-class bar?" asked Frederick, approaching Mr. Simpson, proprietor of the hotel. "I'll give \$4,500 for the place," was the reply. "It's yours," and forthwith the check was returned to Frederick, who gave Simpson a \$50 bill. When you have anything to sell advertise it in The Bee Want Ad Columns.

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Activities and Views of Progressive Women in Various Walks of Life

Pampering American Girls.

THE editor of the Century Magazine had a grievance against fashionable society and boldly charges that it is "trying to spoil the American girl." "The importance of the young woman in American society," says the Century, "is out of all proportion to her achievements, and naturally, where such importance is the rule, the social tone, however 'gay,' is unintellectual and devoid of the mellowness which makes the formal intercourse of human beings an institution. Instead of being taught in childhood that her business is to serve, and that her only chance of happiness is in service, she is virtually taught that everything must be done for her. The rewards of a woman's existence—love, respect, deference—are thus placed at the wrong end of life. To begin with, the sense of values is lost by the prospect of Christmas, Easter and birthday presents showered upon her every year. As Whately said of literary style, 'He who accentuates everything accentuates nothing.'

"In such extravagance the beauty of simplicity disappears, and besides the luxury of such a gift, the gifts of nature and of common human life lose their preciousness. A gorgeous sunset, the nightly miracle of stars, the treasures of noble poetry—the heritage of human kind—what are these to most debutantes compared with a spectacle of colored lights at the theater? Space fails to follow up the theme—to speak, for instance, of the approximation of the life of girls to that of their elders in dress and entertainments, which is but a part of the lavish and unappreciated idleness that attends from cradle to altar—none the less a monstrous folly that is committed in the name of parental love."

An Office for Mrs. Field.

Because her ideas are very much in advance of anybody who has previously attempted the work, Mrs. Marshall Field, widow of the famous merchant prince, has obtained an appointment as head of the civic health commission of the city of Chicago, with the entire charge of a new bureau of milk inspection. Now she promises the safe-guarding of the health of the citizens of the western metropolis and the saving of the lives of hundreds of infants who yearly die through the use of impure and adulterated milk. She will do this event if it is necessary to bring into play a large part of her enormous wealth of \$60,000,000.

When Mrs. Field pledged herself to this work, there was a gasp of surprise from society all over the world. Known everywhere, a natural leader, and by reason of her personal charms and her great wealth

amly qualified for social pre-eminence it was expected that she would return to the brilliant rounds of social events, from which she had separated herself when Marshall Field died, eighteen months ago.

Mrs. Field has been presented at several European courts and is a familiar figure at European watering places frequented by royalty. Her nephew, Spencer Eddy, is secretary of the United States embassy at Berlin. Mrs. Field has a love for fine horses and has exhibited her thoroughbreds in almost every big show in America. She is daring to a degree. A year ago she made the attempt to climb Mount St. Moritz, a 5,700-foot peak in the Alps, a feat never accomplished. They almost succeeded in reaching the top, through dangers that would have daunted the ordinary man.

Her Children's Faces in Gold.

A few years ago Daniel O'Day, one of the Standard Oil millionaires, wanted to get a Christmas gift for his wife that would be absolutely unique. It was to be something in the way of jewelry. Being a man of good taste, costly stones set in a showy way—the sort of things most rich men are pleased to see on their wives did not appeal to him. So he asked Richard Brooks, a sculptor, to design him something original and artistic. The result is the necklace, composed of medallion portraits in yellow gold of the six O'Day children—each portrait on a 2-carat disc about the size of a nickel. Five of the medallions are joined together by oddly wrought links of reddish gold, while the sixth—that of the youngest child—hangs from a chain in which the monogram O D appears.

Not a precious stone in it—only the gems of which the Roman Cornelia boasted. Yet these few ounces of gold are well worth \$5,000, because the artist has given them not only that perfection of form that characterized the personal ornament of the ancient Greeks and Etruscans, but has made of them besides a strikingly beautiful group of family portraits.

The necklace accomplishes the highest ideal of the jeweler to produce the greatest amount of beauty in the most limited space. It is equal to the best work of the eighteenth century, when small objects for personal adornment reached their utmost refinement of designs. The little portraits are remarkable examples of exquisite modeling and breadth of workmanship.

Heroine at Galveston Flood.

Mother Mary Joseph, superiora of the Southern Province of Ursuline Nuns, at Galveston, who recently was made the head of the English-speaking Ursulines, with headquarters in Rome, was one of the conspicuous heroines of the great storm which devastated the Texas city and its vicinity

on the night of September 8, 1900. The Ursuline academy, over which she presided, relates the Kansas City Journal, stands close to the gulf shore, on Galveston island, and afforded refuge to hundreds of people from the battle of the elements which cost the lives of nearly 10,000 human beings. The big structure was the scene of wild excitement. Men, who, stripped of their clothing by the fury of wind and waves, sought shelter there, were clad in the gowns of the nuns, and those who were not too demoralized resorted in the care of the injured. Several children were born beneath the roof of the academy during the night. One man, whose home and family had been swept away, and who had been washed up to the windows of the building and rescued, heard a noise outside the window of the room in which he had been placed, and, investigating, found a bath tub containing a woman and a baby. They proved to be his wife and child, who had been swept out into the gulf and then brought back again and provisionally thrown almost into his arms. For weeks Mother Mary Joseph labored among the people of the stricken city, and during all that time, unlike many of the prominent men of the city, she kept her head and went about her work calmly and expeditiously as if the circumstances were quite ordinary. No history of the fearful disaster that does not give her a very large share of credit is complete.

Montana sapphires, which are considered remarkable for their purity and uniformity of color, and have the admirable quality of not, like other sapphires, being subject to women who dress much in blue. Nothing is a more perfect match for electric blue than a Montana sapphire. For evening costumes aquamarines, of which many are found in North Carolina, are used a great deal. They suit the palest, delicate blues and green, and especially do they harmonize with the blues in which there is a faint green tinge.

For gowns of red or black there is the coropette, which goes well with either of those colors, or with green. Godlike harmonies with the Delft blue shades that are worn so much now. Rutulated quartz, a faintly colored tan stone, is exceedingly pretty with evening gowns of light champagne. For the new old rose shade there is the ruby, a variety of amethyst pink. Corals are rather out of favor at present, but they have rare shades for matching velvet and broadcloth. There is even a stone to be worn with the checks and plaids so much in vogue now. It is the chrysolite, a variety of andalusite, and it has a curious checked appearance—bands of a tawny shade across the brownish or blackish foundation making it look exactly as if nature had manufactured it to "go with" the popular Scotch plaids.

Queens Larger Than Kings.

The kings and emperors of today are all, as a rule, smaller than their queens and empresses. Whether or not the royal and imperial women, because of their larger stature, are enabled to sway the minds of their consorts cannot, of course, be said, but every one knows that in most instances they are. Mother Mary Joseph usually has the advantage when it is a "stand-up conversation."

Queen Alexandra, as all who have seen their photos are aware, is taller than King Edward.

The king of Italy, who is the smallest man upon a throne today, scarcely reaches to the shoulders of his queen, who comes of the Montenegrin family, all rugged and well developed.

King Carlos of Portugal has to "look up" to his consort, and this can also be said in regard to the king and queen of Denmark.

And, as for the queen of Spain and the queen of Romania, while they do not find it possible to "look down" on their kings, they at least are as tall.

Gems to Match Costumes.

In the old days one could count upon one's fingers the varieties of precious stones that women wore. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, garnets, emeralds, and a few others—these were all. Even the richest women had comparatively few ornaments; the notion of having different necklaces, and clasps and bracelets and tiaras to match different costumes had never entered anybody's head. Nowadays all that is changing. Women, through travel and the study of artistic objects, and all the advantages that wealth gives, are growing more artistic. It is not enough now to have splendid ornaments. They want the ornament to suit the gown.

Semi-precious stones, consequently, are being used more and more, reports the New York Tribune. Without them it would be impossible to match all the new shades now seen in women's costumes, and to please his customers the fashionable jeweler must do that. In Paris and Vienna and Berlin, the three great fountains of beauty in dress, the master of matching fabrics and with semi-precious stones is being made an art.

sonite, a pink mottled stone found on the shores of Lake Superior and just beginning to be known. Florence Nightingale. "At the age of 37," says the New York Evening Post, "Florence Nightingale has been made a member of the Order of Merit, instituted in 1902 by Edward VII, as a reward for conspicuous public services. Miss Nightingale should be at home in the distinguished company to which she has been admitted. Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Marquis Oyam, Admiral Togo and Lord Lister are in a position to discourse with interest and authority on the subject of the infliction and cure of gunshot wounds, though possibly the Angel of the Crimea may find herself a little behind the times in either phase of the art of war. She cannot expect to enjoy her new dignity for many years to come, if 'enjoy' is the proper word at all to use of a woman who at the age of 36 refused to receive the public honors offered her by the British people, and her work done, fled surreptitiously to her quiet country home. Her nomination, however, is a precedent. Her place in the Order of Merit will be taken, in the course of time, by some other Englishwoman—whether by a woman of the Florence Nightingale type or the author of the 'intensely realistic' novel of the season, we do not pretend to foretell. To look her time at large Florence Nightingale's appearance in the newspaper columns must have come with a shock at the fact that one whose fame already waxes among the immortals should still be among us. More fortunate than Tolstoy or Salvini, as fortunate as Adelaide Ristori, whose recent death only brought the public gaze upon her, the new member of the Order of Merit has been able to live her life far from the Sunday cabdriver and the special supplement."

Woman's Daily Sacrifices.

"I suppose that tyrant got his good and plenty?" ventured the clubwoman's husband, as his spouse drew off her long gloves and removed her hat. "I wish you wouldn't talk slang, my dear," said his wife. "You know perfectly well that it always offends me, yet you persist in doing it. Mrs. Gillippen made a very eloquent address. I presume that is what you are talking about. You always sneer at everything she says, I know."

"I beg your pardon, my dear. I wouldn't sneer at her for much, but she does—may I say 'hammer us'?" Well, she hits us rather hard, doesn't she?"

"Don't you think she is justified in hitting you?"

"Why?"

"Do you think we ought to submit meekly to be trampled on and never strike a blow in our own defense? Do you think a woman ought to be satisfied to be a slave and a puppet and not make the slightest effort to burst the trammels that your sex has been winding about her from the beginning of time?"

"Did she say that?"

"You know it's true, whoever said it. A woman's life is one perpetual sacrifice to the wishes or caprices of the man she marries."

"That's not so bad," said the man. "Is your life a sacrifice to me?"

"You know I wouldn't like to hurt your feelings, my dear."

"Well, is it?"

"I think every woman's is."

"If you had a man's life being a perpetual sacrifice to the wishes and wishes of the woman he marries?"

"Is yours?"

practically done the same, except perhaps as to the coffin.

Possessing in her own right a fortune of \$200,000, Miss Nell Huntington of Cleveland, O., daughter of a late Standard Oil magnate, has forsaken society and is devoting her time to the teaching of classes of girls in a social settlement at Cleveland. Miss Huntington has lately been instructing her pupils how to make the most of life in a flat.

A pretty southern girl in an eastern city showed herself a match for the curiously minded woman in her boarding house who were bent on knowing what her father's business was. As a matter of fact she was an undertaker, but the girl was a bit sensitive on this point, so she made up her mind not to gratify their curiosity. When unduly pressed on the point she answered: "He's a southern planter."

There is no record of any trade school for the blind in the United States where such a graceful handicraft is taught, but at the Dayton association for the improvement of the blind, lately organized at Dayton, O., a shop has been opened in the arcade, in charge of blind men and women where brooms, willow baskets, and other things made by the men, and embroidery, fancy work and small baskets, the work of the women, are for sale. Different men and women are put in charge of the shop every day, and there is the day's wages and the excitement of shop tending in the business part of the city, which is much prized.

Milwaukee club women have just about a bowing acquaintance with the sport. They might know the skinny old bird from a canary if they saw him. One or two members of each of the ten most prominent women's clubs in Milwaukee were asked to ascertain the number of babies born to members of their club during the last year. They did it, and when they had finished some of them were ashamed to tell what they had found. There are 1,021 women in those ten clubs, and in the last year just fourteen babies have been born among them. Even then a pair of twins is counted as two. The ten clubs include the leading women of the city.

Leaves from Fashion's Notebook.

Hand-painted slippers with sprays of roses and ferns, are in favor. The work of the women, are for sale. Different men and women are put in charge of the shop every day, and there is the day's wages and the excitement of shop tending in the business part of the city, which is much prized.

Educating Women for Women's Work.

"Higher education in the future," writes President Eliot of Harvard in Leslie's Weekly, "should recognize the fact that the majority of women take up the occupation of training children, the married ones as mothers and many of the unmarried ones in the interest of mothers. Training children is the normal occupation of woman and its importance in education has probably not been recognized because it has not hitherto been regarded as an intellectual pursuit. Yet, it is the most intellectual occupation in the world, in no matter what walk of life. It calls always for great moral and carefully trained mental powers. What a great power a reading mother has to train the minds of her children! This normal occupation of woman should be the main subject henceforth in the education of women and no longer should her education be a mere imitation of that of the man. On such a basis I believe higher education will truly perfect the home life and household joy. It is certainly not the chief end of a woman's life to enter man's occupation, as was intended when higher education was advocated for her. It is high time that that idea of an education for her was abandoned and that the aim should be to develop in woman the capacity fully to exercise that her to make life fuller of intellectual enjoyment and happiness, more productive, physically, mentally and spiritually."

Chat About Women.

Sarah Edwards, it is said, has for years had everything ready for her burial even to the casket, which, by the way, they say she sometimes sleeps in. There is at least one New York woman who has

all-yellow gown. Women are at last awakening to the fact that yellow is a remarkable color. It is unusually becoming, it is a well-spring of youth, and it is the most charming of all hues for evening wear.

The new hats are larger than ever. They are dish shaped and the inner side is like that of a bell. Indeed, there are many hats which exactly resemble a bell in shape. They are large and round and under side is hollow so to speak. The crown is high and almost peaked and the effect is bell-like in each particular. There are spreading black velvet hats with six big roses upon the side; only this and nothing more. And the woman who is looking a little toward economy will purchase one of these big spreading black velvet hats and will trim it for herself. She must buy six of the handsomest roses to be purchased anywhere and she must fasten them so that they stand very high on the hat. She will need no other trimming. It is the thing to have the roses differ.

The fad for carrying out the color scheme to the minutest detail has removed the white kid from its position of the universal dress of the season, which is absolutely novel. The white glove has a gaudy which is folded over to display a lining of the same shade as the gown or coat, and a single button covered with the colored kid.

There is a great fancy for the military sleeve, not only for coats, but for really elaborate costumes. This sleeve reaches to the elbow, is only slightly gathered at the top, and, although in reality, it is a different material from that of the rest of the garment, it appears to be merely tapered toward the bottom, where it is finished with the military cuff. The sleeve itself is invariably black, but the cuff, which may vary in depth from three to seven inches, offers an excuse for any amount of decoration.

Even mourning garb is not exempt from the picturesque effect that characterizes the present trend of styles, and there is a marked aversion to the exaggerated use of crepe. The crepe, however, of today is quite a different material from that still ungraceful, uncompromising stuff originally known, and which was so suggestive of the black parlor with its closed blinds opened only on such occasions as funerals and weddings. The new crepe is beautiful, with a soft, silky lustre, unobtrusive as to be quite fitting, and yet without that deadly sameness that always gave one unanny silvers to see it suddenly.

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