

THEATRICALS.

THE OLIVER.

Every woman in Lincoln should hear Dr. Longshore Potts. As a doctor and a woman she is distinguished. Her rooms at the Lincoln are thronged with patients whom she treats with success.

Thanksgiving matinee and evening, November 30th. Leavitt's gorgeous spectacular extravaganza, "The Spider and Fly," will be the attraction at the Oliver, presented by a large company of competent artists, and embellished with startling scenic effects and costly costumes. The music of "The Spider and Fly" is entirely up to the closing century standard, full of vim and melody. Regular prices at both matinee and evening.

THE FUNKE.

Myles McCarthy and his company, presenting "Dear Hearts of Ireland," opened at the Funke last night. Mr. McCarthy has a voice of wide range and excellent quality. "Nora Malone," is a catchy ballad written by himself. The entire performance was clever and replete with situation true to Irish life. "Dear Hearts of Ireland" will be repeated this afternoon and again tonight, and is given for the benefit of the sisters of charity. Prices, matinee, 10 and 25 cents; evening, 15 to 50 cents.

Miss St. George Hussey has had an interesting career, as leading lady in Shakesperian productions and singing Irish songs and comedy for five years in London. She is well remembered as a star feature with "Fun on the Bristol," Violet in Hoyt's "A Tin Soldier," and as Mrs. O'Flannigan in "Ole Olson." Miss Hussey is perhaps one of the richest women on the American stage, her property on Long Island being valued at over \$155,000, and she pays taxes in Chicago amounting to over \$16,500 a year. She is extremely genial and her charitable enterprises are numbered by the score. "The Widow Wiggles," at the Funke one night only, Monday, November 27. Prices 15 to 50 cents.

Few companies introduce so many startling, novel and exclusive features, artists and acts as do "Two Jolly Rovers," the newest musical farce, which comes to the Funke November 28, 29 and 30, and special Thanksgiving matinee. The organization numbers twenty five artists and include besides the stars—John F. Leonard and Sherman Wade—Miss Mazie King, undoubtedly the greatest living toe dancer. The American comedy quartette, comprising Messrs. O. M. Scott, J. A. Marcus, Arthur Earle and George Lynne, are also members of the "Two Jolly Rovers." Box office, Monday 9 a. m.

BABIES AND COMPLEXIONS.

LAYETTES, NURSES AND FAIR SKINS DISCUSSED.

All the fashion plates published are designed not only for the divinely tall and adorably svelte figure, but always for the demoiselle or jeune mariee. But in the smartest circles of this as other lands, not all gentlewomen have aristocratic or artistic types of figure. Upon fashionable women, as upon the peasant, Time wrecks his will, although for the favored of fortune his full vengeance is some what retarded. Most toilettes are as stupid as the volumes of descriptions written about them. Most women despite this era of extravagant cost of dress, are content to take their fashions at second or third or tenth hand. Some of these fashions that make the sensitive observer shudder whichever way she turns, are more or less bald copies of toilettes handed down from the original creation via several different and increasingly crude pictorial representations. The majority are modeled upon differ-

ent, if not bad, illustrations made by the overworked hands of some uninspired toiler in a third flight black, working for no figure in particular, turns out a design that is correspondingly negative.

Toilettes that confer the coveted distinction upon the wearer of being well dressed must be built for her. Selection is the solution of the dress problem. How well this is known by the few women who understand the art of looking their best was borne in upon me at the Terry-Irving matinee on Saturday.

Mrs. — is neither young nor slender, and, as I must note these unwelcome truths, she shall be nameless. Her hair has grown quite white since last year, but it is even more becoming than when it had merely lost its youthful lustre, and she is every inch the grande dame in appearance. A clean soul and a first-rate digestion, and not the complexion specialist, are responsible for her fresh, fair—almost girlish—skin. Her frock was of wool, one of those fabrics to which commerce give a variety of odd names, but which is really only a fine broadcloth with the sheen of silk on the surface. It was not automobile, or any other of the absurdly named colors, but an honest claret—that glorious shade which falls upon the damask when a candle gleam is reflected through the glass. The skirt was in some one of the conventional cuts, the bodice was lighted up with a trifle of panne velvet in the same color, and set off with a bit of incrustated white lace and a few motifs in black, altogether Parisian in effect, though I know it came from that new Fifth avenue establishment which is making some of the longest established houses rattle in their ruts.

There was no coat—of course, for forty-five years or thereabout—but a long, enveloping cloak that was the perfection of cut and acme of refined richness, with its collar and stole of sable. And then the hat—not a bonnet, but a hat—not large, not small, but perfect for the face, and framing the hair with its draped puffs of velvet, the exact shade of the claret-with-light-in-it. A middle-aged woman, but a picture to delight the eyes! And yet most middle-aged women are so hopelessly frumpy.

But a turn of the head! I chanced to be at —'s the other day, when the last touches for a layette going to Hempstead were being decided upon by the pretty, fair haired mother-elect. I remember perfectly well how captivating were the toglets for Baby Number One, who gasped its first faint cries at Beverly-by-the-Sea. If anything this latest nursery wardrobe is prettier still, for every season sees an increase of taste in infantile belongings.

The cloak delighted me especially. It is a long ivory silk in large soft cords, so thick as to look warm, even without the chill-defying linings and interlinings. The sacque itself is perfectly plain, but the cope bears an exquisite applique of silk cord couched on and a border of ermine, enough to add luxurious warmth and not enough to look heavy.

Apropos to complexions, I note that the New York woman—the elegant woman, not the professional promenader—is faking her cue from the pale-faced Parisian and not from across the Channel, where between the fogs and the hare's feet, cheeks are perpetually rosy or rougey. The complexion specialists, as a class are a weird lot, but there are exceptions which restore confidence in human nature. It is to a New York woman that Mrs. de Bath says she owes her marvelous victory over age, as do many others who do not live in the limelight. This specialist has an unending assortment of liquids and unguents; does not permit her patrons to steam their faces; uses only distilled water, thinks much massage, or any but the very gentlest, harmful, and at forty-eight years, to which she herself owns, is able to show a skin like that of a

beautiful child, as the result of following her own directions. Probably all her wares are good; she takes her calling seriously and has studied it for years. But the one feature in complexion improving and preserving, worth all the others put together, can be learned from any understudy in any fly-by-night theatrical troupe. The face should always be washed in cold cream before it is washed with soap and water. Simple, safe and satisfactory!

There is a great deal of nonsense about the English complexion. English women "make up" more than any other women in good society. English girls of good birth are taught regard for their complexions while they are in pinafores eating bread and milk, and it is to their persistent care of their skin, much more than to the climate, that is due the fact that some English women are beauties. Not all? Bless me, no!—Town Topics.

OLIVER

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
O. T. CRAWFORD & F. C. ZEH
Corner 13th and P. Phone 5

Thanksgiving, Matinee and Night.
M. B. LEAVITT'S Big Spectacular Extravaganza.

THE SPIDER AND FLY

OPERA-COMEDY-VAUDEVILLE.

Forty People!

A Carload of Scenery.

Prices, matinee and evening 25, 50, 75, 1.00.

Mrs. A. M. Longshore-Potts, M. D.,

The famous Quakeress will deliver her last free lecture to women

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, AT 3 P. M.

DOORS OPEN AT 2:30. COLLECTION AT THE DOOR.

Tuesday, November 27, at 3 p. m., last and most important lecture, subject, "Maternity." Admission 15 and 25c.

All lectures illustrated with stereopticon views, including many of art and scenery. Positively the most beautiful views ever presented.

SPECIAL NOTICE—For the first time in any part of the world there will be presented X-ray views from life, including those taken by the surgeons on the battle fields and some full-length pictures. Mrs. Dr. Potts treats women only. Residence, Lincoln Hotel. Hour, 9 a. m. to 12 m. on November 25, 26, 27 and 28. On November 29, 30, December 1 and 2, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Consultation free. Remain until 6 p. m., December 2 only.

FUNKE

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
O. T. CRAWFORD AND F. C. ZEH
COR. J AND TWELFTH. PHONE 355

Today—Matinee 2.30, Evening 8.15.

Grand Benefit for the

SISTERS OF CHARITY

Given by MYLES McCARTHEY

WHO WILL PRESENT DEAR HEARTS OF IRELAND

Prices—15, 25, 35, and 50 cents. Matinee 10 and 25c.

Monday, November 27.

One night only, with America's greatest representative Irish comedienne. The only original

Miss St. George Hussey

(As the Widow.)

In the Roaring 3-Act Farce Comedy. The

WIDOW WIGGLES.

Surrounded by a carefully selected company. Two and one-half hours of hilarity. Music, singing, and dancing.

Prices, 15 to 50 cents

November 28, 29, 30
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and
THANKSGIVING.

Matinee and Night

JOHN F. LEONARD.

(Late GILMORE & LEONARD.)

Assisted by Misses Mazie King, Sherman, Wade, and Alice Gilmore. The America's Comedy 4, and a chorus of twelve beautiful women. Presenting

TWO JOLLY ROVERS.

Prices—15, 25, 35, 50 cents. Matinee prices the same.