

# The Ready-to-Wear Hats for the Autumn Days

### Alpine and Fedora Shapes in Felt—The Tailored Hats Show Simple Leather-Band Trimmings.



A SOFT AND BECOMING TURBAN.



THE INDISPENSIBLE TURBAN.



LAST OF THE STRAW HAT.



THE BRETON SAILOR.

**T**HE wise woman who can buy but one "dress" hat does not invest at this season of the year. It is much safer to wait a few weeks and ascertain which of the styles are to become cheap and common. There are always certain features of the millinery modes which are easily imitated in the cheapest of materials, and which for this reason are crossed off the list by the woman who likes to consider herself well dressed.

The hat of the hour for the economically-inclined woman is a ready-to-wear hat, which in dark shades is just the thing for wear with the hat of her Summer tailored gowns and the first of her Fall ready-to-wear suits. In lighter colors these hats look very well with even more dressy frocks.

Opinion is divided as to the price which one is justified in paying for the first ready-to-wear hat. Some women buy the very best quality of tailored hats and make them last for general wear during the entire Winter. These women have in addition what they call their rainy-day hat, built on alpine or fedora lines, and trimmed with a band of leather or plain silk, laid in folds. This hat matches in general tone the rainy-day suit or coat and the better tailored hat is kept for

wear with a tailored street suit which is not sacrificed to shopping tours and similar excursions on rainy days.

Young girls soon tire of the first felt hat, however. They are apt to select a pure white felt, a pale gray or a champagne color, and these sell quickly. The light hat is unquestionably the ideal one for first days, but nothing is uglier later in the season than a white hat which shows marks of dust and rain. It is a bad investment for a girl who knows she must make her Fall hat play a part in the mid-Winter wardrobe.

On the other hand, if she can afford two tailored hats it will pay her to buy both of them now, and religiously lay away the darker one for Winter days. The time for the selection of ready-to-wear hats is absolutely complete, and the stock of the factories and wholesale millinery stores is now spread upon retail counters.

If a girl buys her white turban now and leaves her darker hat for selection until November, she will find a poor assortment to choose from. To be sure, prices will be cut by that time on all ready-to-wear hats, but when she looks them over her mind will turn back to the more graceful shapes, the fresher colors, the more careful handwork, which she saw in the September offerings.

For the young woman two shapes sold in ready-to-wear hats are the sailor and

the modified, tailored director's hat. For the older woman—and in truth, many young women are adopting it—the turban has no rival. It comes in so many shapes and in such a variety of materials and trimmings that the purse and the taste of every woman may be suited.

The sailors are smaller than in Summer. A favorite model is the Breton, slightly wider from side to side than from back to front, yet not quite so pronounced as it was during the Summer. The brim rolls decidedly and is almost invariably edged on the under side with velvet in a contrasting shade or with novelty braid. An effective model on the Breton line shows a white felt with a rather large flat crown, encircled simply with felt and white surah silk. The brim is edged with a novelty braid in which golden brown velvet is the predominating note. Interlaced with white silk cord and a note of gold, this is an ideal hat for wear with a golden brown dress in either plain goods or material shot with white.

The director's hat shows a high crown, a brim flat on the right side, flaring on the left and bent down in the back to meet the soft collar or "bum" in which the up-to-date girl knots her hair at the nape of the neck. The true director's hat is trimmed very high in the front with plumes or flowers, but the tailored direc-

tor's does away with all high trimming. A stylish model on this line is a shaggy brown felt, flecked with very light tan. The brim is faced with fancy silk to match the light shade in the hat, and this is brought over the edge of the brim so that it forms a sort of puffing all round. Around the crown is velvet or the darker shade; interlaced bands of velvet run down from the crown on the right side to the band of the brim at the back with a long golden arrow twisted through it. This gives a pretty finish to the back of the hat where it meets the hair. Under the flaring brim on the left side is fastened a flat braid in a dark shade of brown. There is absolutely nothing on this hat which the Fall winds can tear or rumple. It is sufficiently simple for wear with a walking suit, while the light-colored silk facing makes it possible as the accompaniment of a more dressy costume. Later in the season the light silk facing may be removed and the darker shade of brown substituted, with perhaps a tiny line of fur on the top of the brim.

The beauty of the turban is the way it fits to the hair. At first glance the well-fitting turban and the carefully groomed and waved hair seem to possess a subtle unity. The turban which does not fit the head well, which leaves a gaping space between its brim and the hair, causes harsh lines and makes the wearer look old. The turban demands a liberal showing of hair around the face, and it is a great mistake for one who dresses her hair tightly and severely, drawing it away from the forehead to don a turban.

There are two distinct models in turbans—one that seems eminently fitted to the woman who dresses her hair high, and the other for the one who wears it at the nape of her neck. The latter is longer from front to back and droops a trifle more. The favorite combination in turbans seems to be felt, with plaid or fancy velvet for the more dressy turbans all velvet is used, with toque feathers and metallic ornaments. A few birds of paradise aigrettes are seen on turbans; also the beanie and a dash of velvet which are to be used next Winter. The latter are shown in shades of orange, red or green, such as never a rose bloomed in the autumn, and are very effective. The petals of silk showing half a dozen shades in a single rose. These are much used with the velvet turbans.

A striking example of a more dressy turban shows a champagne-colored fabric laid in

heavy folds and brought to a decided point in front. On either side of the turban, almost covering the brim and meeting in a point at the back over the hair, are two coque braids in self tone; on the right side a bold color effect is obtained by the use of copper ornaments, which blend oddly but harmoniously with the paler shades of the hat. A brown velvet hat with the regulation busser coque braids in the changeable shades of green and brown is equally effective and more durable.

There can be no greater mistake than the purchase of cheap coque feathers. They go down before the first wind storm and are not to be repaired. Even the small busser plumes which irascible shoppers have dubbed pine trees, should be selected with care, and one that costs less than \$1.25 represents a sheer waste of money, as the feathers are merely glued on a canvas foundation and yield both to moisture and wind.

KATHERINE ANDERSON.

**A Difference of Dreams.**  
J. M. Whitaker, in Dallas News.  
Two children by the easement sat,  
And dreamed the dreams of day,  
That scale as nimble garden walls  
To wander, worlds away.

One dreamed him of the soldier lads  
That patrolled the door at midnight  
Oh, rhythm of hoofs and jangling steel!  
Who knows a blither tune?

His eyes pursued some grand dame's coach  
Upon the far highway,  
Or sought the bright night sky that marked  
Where some fair city lay.

The other watched the day pass through  
Beyond the western gates,  
And saw the evening star come out  
And beckon to her mates.

He watched the poplars strew the ground  
With restless shadow leaves,  
And heard the gentle croon and stir  
Of pigeons in the eaves.

Two brothers by the window sit—  
Long lost, each dreams as these,  
Come flocking back like homing birds  
Set free on alien seas.

To one, his gifts of fame and power  
The world has long supplied,  
Or hear her sing some sacred song,  
Long-sought content, denied.

The others' dreams resolve into  
A trial, sweet as prayer—  
His child's foot on the stair,  
To that sweet place where mother's gaze.

## SOCIAL FUND IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

New Way of Entertaining Friends on a Small Income.

**"S**O YOU see, by the time John has put a dollar in the savings bank and a half-dollar in the social fund, his salary is about gone," said Aunt Bess.

"The social fund! What's that?" inquired an eager voice on her right.

Aunt Bess Merrill had come up from Chicago to visit her country nieces and nephews, and she was giving them all the news about their city cousins, two boys and three girls, who were self-supporting, or nearly so. One of the girls was a teacher in the public schools, another had a clerkship and a third was a stenographer. The boys were employed in big wholesale establishments.

"Haven't you heard about our social fund? It has been a family institution for four years, and we couldn't keep house without it. Each of the children contributes to it in proportion to his or her salary, and I add a weekly amount from my housekeeping allowance. Then, when we entertain, we draw on this fund for the refreshments, or the added expense, if it is a dinner, and you would not believe until you have tried the plan how it reduces friction in the household.

"Here in the country, where people drop in unexpectedly and in informal fashion, entertaining is not such a bugbear as it becomes in the city where small flats and high prices for food present many difficulties. And where families work on salaries they must figure carefully, for once your expenses get beyond the salary limit there is no catching up.

"In many families of small incomes the question of entertaining is always under discussion, and pretty sharp discussions, too. If there is a big dinner one night for guests all the rest of the week the family must live on scraps or the cheapest of fare. When I was a young girl I lived with an aunt who was very kind to me—dressed me beautifully, sent me to hear good music and fine lectures, and gave me lovely birthday presents, but whenever I wanted to bring home a young friend for a meal there was trouble.

"The memory of those wrangles over entertaining was so strong that as soon as I was married I started a little social fund of my own, and as fast as the boys and girls began to earn salaries I had them contribute. This was not entirely because your Uncle John and I felt that they ought to help, but because it gave them all a sense of responsibility and placed them in the position of actual hosts and hostesses.

"Each of the three older children con-

tributes a dollar a week to the fund, and so do I, while the two younger each give half a dollar. On \$5 a week we can do considerable entertaining in the course of a year. Last year we had a little over when Summer came and the children divided it between them for spending money on their vacations.

"Twice a year we give what we call parties; that is, we have a number of young people in for dancing and games, and serve formal refreshments. The three older children entertain their friends at one party and the two younger at the second, but all five are present at each party. This brings about a community of social interests that is good to see in the family. Particularly in big cities boys and girls make friends outside the family. Sisters and brothers do not mingle in the same set, and even mothers do not always know the young people with whom their children mingle in social life away from home.

"At these large parties the girls come in pretty low-necked frocks and the young men in their evening clothes. Both of my boys had evening clothes as soon as they began to go out, for every man who expects to succeed in life should know how to dress well and to carry good clothes with ease.

"We average a dinner a week, but these are simple affairs, with only a slight elaboration of our regular dinner menu, and the children take turns in issuing the invitations.

"As the girls are working and like to keep early hours, we do not give many late evening affairs, but one Sunday night in each month we are 'at home.' That means that any of our friends, young or old, will find us home if they choose to drop in for a chat. We have simple refreshments, hot chocolate and small cakes, or tiny sandwiches and tea in cold weather, and punch and wafers when the weather turns warmer. The girls take turns pouring and the boys are expected to make themselves agreeable to guests, whether young or old.

"It must be very jolly," sighed one of the country cousins.

"Aunt Bess nodded her head. She was riding her hobby now in earnest.

"Half the world of mothers does not know the importance of giving children a social start. They think that because the family income is not large, or the home painful, the task is hopeless. 'Society' is only for the rich, they argue. They sit up nights to make fancy frocks for the girls, they scrimp and save to

pay for piano lessons, they sacrifice themselves to give the children a week at some Summer resort, but they go right up to the air if a few less frills on the end of evening, or a few girls to lunch.

"Oh, can't you take them to a matinee instead?" is the wall, and so the children find their social life at the theater or on the street corner or in the public parks.

And Nelson fumed to the breeze—  
Count well your ships, and your men,  
For they who reckon with England  
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would reckon with England—  
Ye who would sweep the seas  
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft  
And Nelson hung to the breeze—  
Count well your ships, and your men,  
For they who reckon with England  
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—  
Ye who would break the might  
Of the little isle in the foggy sea  
And the lion-heart in the light—  
Count well your horses, and your swords,  
Weigh well your valor and your guns,  
For they who ride against England  
Must savor her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warrens  
Four horses of passants and slaves,  
To crush the pride of an empire  
And sink her fame in the waves—  
Test well your blood and your metal,  
For they who battle with England  
Must war with a mother's sons.

Bathsaba, Barbados, B. W. I.

**Grief.**  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.  
I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless—  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the mid-night air,  
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
Of shrieking and reproach. Full earnestness  
In souls, as countries, lieth silent, bare,  
Under the blanching, vertical eye-gaze  
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted man,  
express  
Grief for thy dead in silence like to death;  
Most like a monumental statue set  
In everlasting watch and motionless woe,  
Thill itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
Tough it the marble eyelids are not wet—  
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

## NUTRITIOUS FOODS AT SMALL COST

Examples Set by Foreign Housewives Worth Following.

**T**HE American housewife who desires to lend variety to her daily menus will do well to look to other countries for certain recipes. For instance, the Germans are notable cooks of peas, beans lentils and similar vegetables. The Scotch have no equals in various ways of preparing mutton. Both the Spaniards and the Italians are masters of cookery in macaroni and toothsome sauces. From India come the richest of curry recipes.

The Germans prepare dishes from lentils, peas and beans so rich in nitrogen and starch that they take the place of both meat and vegetables on a frugal table. Lentils resemble a small, dark, split pea, but they are round and flat, like tiny disks, not plump like peas. They should always be washed and soaked over night before cooking.

Lentil soup—Wash half a pint of lentils and soak them over night. Drain off the water and put them in the soup pot, adding a quart of stock and a pint of water, one bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Cook gently for two hours, by which time the lentils should be tender. Press the mixture through a soup sieve, and return to the kettle. Have ready a tablespoonful of butter rubbed smooth in a tablespoonful of flour, and a small onion, grated finely. Add these to the stock, bring to a boil, stirring all the while, and serve with croutons. If there is no stock on hand, plain water may be used, but it gives less satisfactory results.

Split pea soup may be made by the same recipe, substituting half a pint of split peas for the lentils.

A nourishing vegetable course, which will also take the place of meat—an important item in this day of soaring prices for flesh foods—is this preparation of split peas:

Half a pint of dried peas soaked over night are drained and covered with a quart of cold water, to which is added a tiny pinch of baking soda. Cook gently three or four hours. Then drain and add to the peas six small onions grated or chopped very fine, a teaspoonful of salt and half as much pepper. Add two cupfuls of boiling water and simmer half an hour longer

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under a tight cover; then add to this mixture half a cupful of well-washed, cover tightly and cook half an hour longer. Have ready two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour, two cupfuls of strained tomatoes and a dash of salt. Cook this as a sauce. Dish the peas and rice in the center of a large, deep platter and pour the tomato sauce around them, or in cold weather, vegetable soup may be used. The peas and rice are to be used next Winter. The latter are shown in shades of orange, red or green, such as never a rose bloomed in the autumn, and are very effective. The petals of silk showing half a dozen shades in a single rose. These are much used with the velvet turbans.

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two tablespoonfuls of suet or if a more delicate flavor is desired, use butter or good mixed drippings. If suet is used all the "cracklings" must be removed when the fat melts. Add to this the pieces of mutton and shake the pan over the fire until the mutton is browned, but not burned. Lift it out carefully, and to the drippings in the pan add two tablespoonfuls of flour or enough to thicken up all the grease. When this is thick, add one quart of strained tomatoes, freshly stewed or canned, and stir until they reach the boiling point. Then add the pieces of meat, one bay leaf, a small onion, butter, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently from an hour and a half to two hours, according to the size of the mutton pieces. Serve in a deep platter with a boarder of toast triangles or of rice.

The famous Scotch haggis is another economical dish which is evolved from a sheep's heart, tongue and liver. The meat is carefully washed, and with one pound of bacon is chopped very fine, or if the housewife boasts of a sausage-grinder she should put the meat through this. Mix in a deep bowl with a pint of bread crumbs, two sardines, the grated rind of one lemon, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Two eggs are beaten light with the juice of the lemon and mixed thoroughly with the mutton, always by hand. The haggis is then packed in a mold and boiled steadily for two hours. The true haggis is boiled in the sheep's pouch, but modern cooks prefer the regulation mold, which turns out more neatly on a platter. A good brown sauce and tart jelly may be passed with this dish.

**Since Mother's Gone.**  
Alva N. Turner, in Washington Post.  
Since mother's gone I miss the smile  
And gentle voice that used to cheer  
My boyish heart, day after day,  
And put to flight each care and fear  
Which chanced to be along my way.  
No more about the humble home  
I see her ply her daily care,  
Or plead with God in fervent prayer  
For right to triumph over wrong.

I love to hear some sacred song  
Or hallowed hymn she used to sing,  
Or pray the pray' she used to pray  
That I to him may firmly cling  
Who'll always be my comfort day by day.  
The memory of her holy life  
Remains to cheer me on my way,  
Strengthens my soul as I press on  
And life's sweet path from day to day,  
To that sweet place where mother's gaze.

as good things to put in as money. Our girls have no time to work around home, but here is Bess'—putting her namesake on the shoulder—"no one can make such fudge as she, and Mary's cakes melt in my mouth. Sammy's flowers grow and bloom like weeds indoors and out, yet no one thinks to put them on the table. Did you ever think of entertaining your supper guests on the porch? What an improvement it would be over your kitchen, clean as mother keeps it. Try it some time. Let each one give the tired mother a lift and see what a sensation your new style of entertaining will make among your friends. Watch the Sunday papers and home magazines for new games and ways of serving refreshments. Form yourselves into a social fund, and see how much pleasure you will take in it."

**A Reckoning.**  
Theodore Roberts in the Independent.  
There will come a reckoning with England. . . . We recognize her as our old enemy, who stood in the path of Russian development—Princess Hesperia Oukahomsky.)

Ye who would reckon with England—  
Ye who would sweep the seas  
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft  
And Nelson hung to the breeze—  
Count well your ships, and your men,  
For they who reckon with England  
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—  
Ye who would break the might  
Of the little isle in the foggy sea  
And the lion-heart in the light—  
Count well your horses, and your swords,  
Weigh well your valor and your guns,  
For they who ride against England  
Must savor her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warrens  
Four horses of passants and slaves,  
To crush the pride of an empire  
And sink her fame in the waves—  
Test well your blood and your metal,  
For they who battle with England  
Must war with a mother's sons.

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That only men incredulous of despair,  
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