

WOMEN OF FASHION, STAGE AND WAR PROMINENT IN RECENT NEWS

Mrs. Eliseo Arredondo May Preside at Mexican Embassy at Washington—Mrs. Raimonde Fernandez, Best Dressed Woman of Paris, to Sell Gowns for Charity—Germany's "War Baby" Christened, Father at Front.



Mrs. Eliseo Arredondo is the training wife of the Carranza agent at Washington. If he is made Ambassador by Carranza, she will preside over the Mexican Embassy at the capital.

To be pointed out as the best-dressed woman in Paris is an enviable honor. This has been bestowed by the members of fashion on Mrs. Raimonde Fernandez, wife of the former Mexican Ambassador to Paris, who arrived in New York with \$100,000 worth of the latest creations in hats and gowns recently. These are to be shown during the course of a charming play in two acts. After the fete of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, the week of November 22, the hats and gowns are to be sold under the supervision of Mrs. Fernandez.

The proceeds to be used for the establishment of an orphanage in Paris, where children of women whose husbands have been killed at the front, will be reared and educated.

The baby of the Crown Princess of Germany is the only daughter of the German heir and his wife, and is known as the German "war baby" although she has been christened "Alexandrine." It is believed she was born and christened while her father, the Crown Prince Frederick, was at the front. Princess Cecilia's mother-in-law is the Empress of Germany.

Rosie Quinn is the latest young addition to the Winter Garden forces.

PICTURESQUE PEASANT COSTUMES INSPIRE LATE WINTER FASHIONS

Tight Bodices and Gathered Skirts Suggest Influence of Out-of-Way Places in Europe—Silver Embroidery and Lace Copied From Gay Costumes of Southern France—Dutch Skirt and Brittany Bodice Travel Together.

FROM a devotion to the classic and during court costumes of the divorcee period, fashion has shifted to a leaning toward humble and peasant effects. Every country the world over has contributed its share of inspiration to the modern wardrobe of this winter and there is an amazing miscellany of types. One finds the Russian peasant's smock united with the knotted sash of Sicily, and the tight little waist and full petticoat of the Breton peasant become companions of a sleeveless jacket originating in the Tyrol. But the peasant styles are picturesque; they are full of color and of daring, and when cleverly modified and adapted for conventional wear, they have a charm all their own.

And they are used in most artificial ways; for example, the graceful mantilla of Spain is adroitly incorporated with a dancing frock in the almost crude yellow of cigar ribbons and shades of metal lace and a red, red rose at the girde help to carry out the Carmen suggestion of this really enchanting frock. The skirt has a front panel of flaming orange velvet embroidered richly with pearl and rhinestone beads. At either side of this velvet panel are puffed draperies of pussy ribbon yellow color, the draperies lifted in tiers over the hips and slightly distended by stiffening underneath. In the bodice one finds the Spanish mantilla, really a long scarf of exquisite black lace arranged as a sort of bertha around a very deep V-neck opening. Inside the V are two folds of chiffon, one burnt orange, the other cigar ribbon yellow. Silver lace trims the bodice under the mantilla drapery, and a red velvet rose flames at the girde. Small round pearls about that brilliant costume will attract sufficient attention when it makes its appearance in a ballroom.

The homely white apron, dusted by the woman of advanced years, comes back into its own with the fall for peasant styles. The apron is a most feminine article of attire and is frankly

bourgeois; built of checked gingham or even of frilled lawn, no disciple of the mode would deign to wear it with a normal costume—except for the matter of that, with any other costume—but the apron built of silk net with a border of silver lace and pockets represented by chiffon ruffles, is quite a different affair. It adds untold charm to the dance frock and the dinner gown and expresses the fashionable peasant idea in dress in the most distracting and coquettish way.

One of the daintiest dancing frocks of the season shows this apron device most effectively introduced. The frock has a widely gathered skirt of palest pink pussy willow tulle embroidered at the ankle with crystal beads. The bodice, also of pink pussy willow, comes down below the waist in a long point, and boning inside the seams gives a trim perfection of fit, suggestive of the tight peasant bodice. The bodice is a full gathered petticoat. The boned, pointed bodice is square-necked and sleeveless, and underneath is a glimpse of white tulle, silver embroidery above a full gathered skirt of striped tulle tied around the arm above the elbow. The adaptation of the conventional peasant costume, full skirt, tight waist and white gathered tucker beneath, is easily perceived. But the crowning touch is the little apron of white tulle, silver embroidery, which falls over the front of the skirt, under the deep point of the boned bodice. The apron reaches almost to the hem of the skirt, just escaping its border. Trimming of crystal beads.

The washerwoman skirt is another modification of humble peasant modes. "La blanchouse," this drapey is called in Paris, and it imitates the tucked-up petticoat of the washerwoman in most picturesque manner. A fetching little debutante frock for theater and restaurant wear has this "blanchouse" skirt. The full skirt of light blue pussy willow turns back upon itself to show a petticoat of white lace, the turned-in skirt being faced most luxuriously with crystal embroidered

white chiffon over pale blue. The lace petticoat flounce which reveals itself to a 12-inch depth is exceedingly full—about eight yards around, so that the gathered lace falls in soft folds about the ankles. Inside the tucked-up washerwoman skirt is a light striped petticoat in circular form, and the skirt out from the lace flounce in a very coquettish effect. This frock has a bodice made of a few wisps of flesh pink tulle over the shoulders, and a broad, draped girde of the pale blue tulle, which rises above the bust.

Borrowed from an earlier century is an English peasant costume of flowery sweet old English daisies. The skirt is looped up at either side to show a petticoat of silver lace, and the fitted bodice boned slightly underneath, has a quaint English fichu of white tulle over which is arranged a festoon of old-fashioned flowers, field poppies, tiny pink English daisies and blue cornflowers. The décolletage is square and the sleeves, rather tight, reach to the elbow where they are widely flaring. The flairs of white tulle to match the fichu.

Naturally, the Dutch type is a favorite in the peasant adaptations for the costume. In the Holland and the Netherlands has a particularly picturesque quality. An afternoon frock which shows Dutch sentiment, is built of navy blue faille classique, a lustrous ribbed silk of soft but substantial quality. The gathered skirt, short enough to display a dainty buttoned dancing boot, has trimming bands of navy blue velvet, each edged narrowly with skunk fur. There are two bodices—for every Holland woman wears a costume upon bodice which has much to do with the clumsiness of the Dutch Skirts.

Painted Photographs.
From Chicago News.
A light diet is the best board of health.
Some men are so skeptical that they

refuse even to believe the report of a sun.
The woman who hesitates at an auction saves money.
There's nothing like being ready when opportunity knocks.
Some mechanics have their quarters and some need more quarters.
It isn't always the clock with the loudest tick that keeps the best time.
No woman really cares for the kind of love that the hero in a novel makes.
A dentist finds work for his own teeth by depriving other people of theirs.
The amateur pickpocket is always waiting for an opportunity to get his hand in.
The value of a man's advice depends upon the success he achieves by following it.
The use of the mosquito is to show us that troubles are not always in proportion to their size.
If one man tells a woman she is beautiful all the rest of the world can't convince her that she is homely.

Winter Is Time to Offset Harm to Health.

Complexion May Be Kept Fresh by Regular Daily Exercise in Some Form.

COSMETIC-FAIRNESS is a poor substitute for the peach-and-cream complexion which nature bestows. Back from the country radiant with health and good looks, came maid and matron, too, a few weeks ago; and already steam heat, lack of fresh air and exercise, late hours and even-indulgence in vices begin to tell their tale in lack-luster eyes, bleached skins and sallowness.

Only the debutantes with their unspiced cheeks can stand the pace, and even the girl in her second season begins to look fagged and faded by mid-season. Winter is the time to go in for exercises, both indoor and outdoor, to offset the injury being insidiously done to one's good looks by luxurious indoor living.

Summer one is out of doors so much and exercising so regularly that over-eating is not so dangerous. In summer, also, the pores are kept open, natural and elastic; and, if possible, is allowed in the sleeping-room at night, and the complexion has the benefit by day of sunshine and fresh breezes.

Regular exercise should be taken every day in town, whether in the form of a three-mile tramp, a canter on horseback, an hour at the skating rink, or in going through systematic exercises in one's room. The warm bath on arising should be followed by a cool shower and brisk rub—no soap. Exercise is not enjoyed. At least two hours of every day should be spent out of doors, and at night windows should be thrown wide open, even if this necessitates a flannel nightgown and sleeping cap.

Hot breads, pastry and sweet, rich cakes should be avoided; crisp rolls or toast, moderately buttered may be taken at breakfast with coffee and soft-boiled egg. Tea and toast after the English fashion, at the 4 o'clock "hungry hour," are much better than the American loaf, cream soda—or the cocktail and caviar sandwich, which sophisticated feminine taste indulges in at "afternoon tea" in a fashionable restaurant. Quantities of celery should be eaten; lettuce is valuable as a complexion clearer and so is spinach, which helps rid the system of bile. Onions are an invaluable aid to beauty and an onion eaten two or three times a week at night will do wonders for the skin.

Chafing Dish, Little Stove and Percolator Enough.

Jays of Light Housekeeping Taken to Small Apartments by Simple Modern Devices.

MANY a woman, living in a two-room-and-bath apartment and taking her meals in an adjoining public dining-room, yearns at times for something "home-made" and delicious; chocolate layer cake, for instance; or scalloped oysters, or old-fashioned molasses cake, or soda biscuit, tender and piping hot, and made in a quantity for the shortening. One woman condemned—as she expressed it—to live in a luxurious hotel apartment most of the year, satisfies her housewife instincts by getting Sunday night tea in her own apartment, by aid of a chafing dish, a coffee percolator and a one-burner gas stove with a little oven about as big as a baby's bath.

It is surprising how many delectable things can be baked in this absurd little oven. Out of it come small layer cakes, pans of fruit, toothsome little drop cakes, small pans of piping hot Sally Lunn and rich gingerbread for the Sunday night supper. The little oven bakes only a small quantity, enough biscuit for four persons, twice around, and layer cake which makes only six good-sized slices; but the Sunday night opportunities to have a taste of creamed entrees, salads, baking of the sort referred to and various appetizing scalloped entrees may be prepared by aid of chafing dish and a little oven of the sort. These small ovens may be used on electric grills also, and rare is the woman who does not enjoy an occasional "cooking-fest" to keep her hand in at housekeeping.

\$300 MONTHLY TOO LITTLE

Woman Asks for More Alimony, as She Cannot Pay Bills.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 15.—Mrs. Marie B. Lally, of Chicago, divorced wife of Frederick Lally, New York manager of the Crane Company, of Chicago, declares she cannot get along on \$300 a month. She has petitioned Judge Halsey for an increase in alimony.

Mrs. Lally obtained her divorce in Milwaukee in 1906, after having been told by her husband, she alleges, to "go West and get a divorce." At that time she told the court her husband's income was \$10,000. Now she alleges his income is between \$20,000 and \$50,000 a year.

GEORGIAN IS RAINMAKER

Dead Blacksnake Is Hung on Bush and Precipitation Follows.

LYERLY, Ga., Nov. 16.—Colquitt Chamberlain believes he is a rainmaker. A few days ago he killed a large blacksnake and hung it up in a bush. A shower came up and gave him a wetting before he could reach shelter. A day or two later he moved some hay, and this, he thinks, brought another rain.

No people in every section are killing snakes and hanging them up and mowing hay to bring rain.

Depositor of \$200 Is "Broke."

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 15.—John Ellison, a farmer from Hope, N. D., in St. Paul Police Court on a vagrancy charge, explained that he went to a bank Saturday with a saloonkeeper and deposited \$200, but the saloonkeeper, a depositor, forgotten the name of the saloonkeeper who took him to the bank and also the name of the bank, and so is penniless.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF OREGON WOMEN ARE VARIED AND PURSUITS UNIQUE

School Superintending, Religious Leading, Lightkeeping, Logging, Homesteading, Turkey and Skunk-Raising Among Vocations.



Miss Goldie Van Bibber, Who Had Charge of Rural Schools

BY ALFRED POWERS
THERE is almost nothing that Oregon women are not doing. They have proved that sex is no barrier to any occupation. Their industrial activities are not circumscribed by any narrow conventions or traditions. In this commonwealth of equal opportunities women do everything.

A partial view of what Oregon women are doing shows among them a County School Superintendent, a School Supervisor of one of the widest sections in the state, a Christian Endeavor superintendent, a police matron, a lightkeeper, a logger, a homesteader, a turkey farmer and a skunk farmer.

Miss Fay Clarke, a girl still in her middle 20's, is County School Superintendent of Malheur County. Under her guidance the schools of that expansive county are fast being socialized, standardized and fitted definitely to their environment. Miss Clarke graduated from the University of Oregon only four years ago. Nobody can doubt that she is rendering the state valuable service.

Mrs. Mattie Coleman and Children

Being her tedious way like the pioneers of old at the rate of 20 miles or so a day, camped at night with her five little children, the oldest 12, the youngest a babe in arms. After a long, solitary horseback trip through the Stanslaw forest she fled on a homestead on Upper Maple Creek, 12 miles from Glendale, Ark. in Oklahoma, the poorhouse had beckoned with its loveless charity, but it beckons no longer. Against the greatest odds Mrs. Coleman won a home for herself and children.

Another Builds Up Schools.

Miss Goldie Van Bibber, another University of Oregon girl, during her three years as School Supervisor of Western Lane County, accelerated the sluggish progress to such an extent that in three years she really did a dozen years' work towards the upbuilding of that section, its roads and churches as well as its schools. In that country Miss Van Bibber's name is a household word. By foot, by boat or mounted on her little gray pony, through all kinds of weather, she visited her 25 isolated schools that stretched in an irregular line 200 miles long. In every economic way within the broad boundaries of her community she exercised a big and constructive leadership.

Mrs. Fay Clarke, Superintendent of Malheur Schools

years old, is superintendent of the Oregon Christian Endeavor Society, with a membership of something like 1500 people. Miss Whiteley lives at a logging camp on Row River, near Cottage Grove. The beginning of her spiritual leadership was when she organized a "Church of the Best Licks," in the little logging camp. At that time she was only 12 years old.

Mrs. Mattie Coleman, Christian, mother, pioneer, with only \$10 in money, a shotgun and a wagon and team, came half way across the continent from Oklahoma to Oregon, pursuing her tedious way like the pioneers of old at the rate of 20 miles or so a day, camped at night with her five little children, the oldest 12, the youngest a babe in arms. After a long, solitary horseback trip through the Stanslaw forest she fled on a homestead on Upper Maple Creek, 12 miles from Glendale, Ark. in Oklahoma, the poorhouse had beckoned with its loveless charity, but it beckons no longer. Against the greatest odds Mrs. Coleman won a home for herself and children.

SASH LENDS YOUTHFUL TOUCH TO DANCING DRESS

Girlish Suggestion Given by Big Bow Posed at Back of Waistline—Nine Loops of Various Lengths Used in Creation.



Divorced Couple Rewed

Pair Elope Just as They Did Nearly Two Decades Ago.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Nineteen years ago Miss E. May Miller, of East Orange, N. J., eloped with George Lord, a clerk in the city of New York, in the municipal chapel, Manhattan, they were wedded for the second time. They were divorced in August, 1913.

"George simply couldn't get along without me that's why we're here today doing again the same thing we did 19 years ago," Mrs. Lord said, after the ceremony.

They lived happily together 17 years. In that time a man and woman come to know each other so well they are almost a single person. Their lives are so closely interwoven each with the other that if a break comes—well, it means more than we ever realized.

"What we regret most is that we have been separated for two years. And we are certain nothing is ever going to separate us again."

Lord is a provision dealer. He is 41 and his wife 35. There are two children—a boy and a girl—who are understood to have figured largely in the reconciliation.

Defendant Wheeled In

Invalid Woman Is Accused of Grand Larceny.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 15.—Mrs. Archie Bell, 2610 Stinson boulevard, was brought into District Judge H. D. Dickson's court in a wheel chair in the first degree. She pleaded not guilty and was permitted to go to her home with her husband, who is jointly indicted with her. No bail was required by the court.

Mrs. Sarah Davenport, 72 years old, mother of the invalid woman, at an answer to a charge of grand larceny, was permitted to go without bail.

Alphid Svlander, complaining witness, alleges that a trunk containing clothing and jewelry worth \$1450, which she left for safe keeping at the Bell home last July while she was in Hopewell Hospital, was stolen from it and its contents have been turned over to the police, untouched, according to Mr. Bell. He said he was at a loss to understand the charge.

EVEN SASH MUST BE FUR TRIMMED.