

American Fashions

BY CORA MOORE AND LILLIAN YOUNG



There can be no doubt of the popularity of the white cloth gown for this winter. It is thoroughly artistic and, fashioned as it is now with a color note and further relieved with a touch of fur trimming, it is likewise very becoming.

The model shown here is built of broadcloth in one of the deepest of the cream tones, and though exceedingly simple every one of its few details is made to count. The skirt and what appears to be a tunic are one. One side is cut considerably longer than the other of the opening one, so that, as it is mounted at the top, it is draped a little low at the foot, while the other side hangs quite straight from the belt. Then this straight side, which is the left, is cut in wide, shallow scallops as far as the knees, the scallop edge being finished with large silver ball buttons sewed to the edge at close and regular intervals in imitation of ball fringe. At knee depth the slashing or scalloped edge terminates and the regular line of the skirt is continued.

The crossover blouse continuing the scallop opening of the skirt closes over a little tucker of cream mousseline de sole, the long close sleeves finishing in a point over the hand show the scalloped effect up the back to the elbow with the same button trimming, and then come in the two most telling features, the tab collar of fur that reaches just around the neck to the mousseline shield, and the girde with its single wide sash end—Burgundy crepe tipped with fur.

Length of line and plain expanses of surface are best calculated to produce the successful white cloth costume. Colors and black may take to elaborate draperies and trimming schemes, but for white cloth, plain, though not necessarily severe, designs will always be found to work out most satisfactorily; for the white gown for winter wear has a distinction that is not shared in common with colored effects.

A fact in this connection, and rather a pretty one, is that of having the white cloth worked in coarse embroidery, as was done with taffeta last spring. The colors are always crude rather than brilliant, and the designs of the simplest character. Alternating with this idea is another in which the embroidery is stuffed and made solid looking. It is accomplished with the same worsteds



The white cloth costume has a peculiar charm of its own in winter, and with the same long, loose stitch, but the stitches are close together, although compared with French or other modern stitchery, the shading is hardly more delicate than in the first named method.

Some Home-Made Christmas Presents

By Elizabeth Lee

It is not a bit too early to be thinking of making Christmas gifts if one wishes to avoid the rush at the last moment.

There are so many things to take one's attention from the sewing just before the holidays and what appears to be just a few stitches to finish means really hours of close sewing very often. Of course, every one is looking for novelties. Now the very newest shape in a night dress case is a most handy looking bag. The envelope shape is entirely out of date. The new bag is made of white linen, and measures about eight by fourteen inches when finished.

A dainty basket of flowers is worked on one side of the bag. The seams are left open about four inches from the top and finished with a buttonhole stitch. A row of buttonhole loops is stitched around the bag where the seams stop to be used for running ribbon through as draw strings. The ribbon matches the color of the embroidery.

In these days of the folding bed the envelope shaped bag is often in the way. The new style can be hung on a peg in the closet.

A comb and brush case to match may be carried out in exactly the same way, but in a smaller size.

One or both would make a delightful holiday gift because pretty and practical. Another novelty out this season is a table runner and pillow to match for use in a library or the living room. The material is the ever popular tan crash worked in any preferred color combination. Let the colors chosen clash with the tones of the draperies it will be wise to use the shades of soft old rose, the different tones of brown, running from cream to seal, and pretty greens. This combination will harmonize with almost all colors.

The ends of the table runner and the corners of the pillow are embroidered in a conventional design. If the corners are lightly connected with an embroidered motif in the center the effect will be very handsome. A heavy tan linen

fringe trims the ends of the scarf, also all around the edge of the pillow.

In writing about fancy work readers may like to have the following hint from an authority passed on to them.

He says: "Ladies who do fancy work in their leisure time left from household duties sometimes find their hands so rough that it is difficult to handle the silks. If they will purchase a sheet of emery paper or finest sandpaper and keep a strip in their work basket their trouble in this line will be over. A little rub over the whole surface of the hand will make it as smooth as glass, even removing hangnails, and they can pursue their embroidery without that annoyance."

Among the stamped novelties are files for preserving favorite recipes. Such a gift would be equally welcomed by a bride or a silver wedding bride.

The covers are of tan linen. One bears a design of a quaint little Dutch boy at the top of the cover, and below, stamped ready for working, one reads: "Show me the man who can live without cooks."

The Indian basket of sweet grass will make a doubly attractive gift if lined with silk, cut sufficiently large to come above the basket and to be drawn up with ribbons enclosing the contents of the basket.

YOUR BROTHER

By Graham Hood

We hear much about the brotherhood of man these days. It is a good sign. It indicates that we are about to put our swords and bayonets to better uses. It suggests that peace among men may not be altogether the dream of the idealist.

There has always been a certain amount of fraternity. It is necessary that there should be. Society could not exist without it.

In the beginning it was a fraternity based upon selfish interests—the protective alliance of men against mutual enemies. Later there was the fraternity of the family or the clan—still a more or less selfish institution. In still more recent times we had the fraternity of organization—the men whose interests had made them brothers bound by solemn oath to aid rather than injure each other.

Society is a process of evolution, and it is here that we find evidence of it. From the simplest kind of protective alliance we have advanced to a plane where fraternity begins to mean the real brotherhood of man. Is it not logical to suppose that the next step will bring us more nearly to the realization of this ideal?

And it will be the most logical step for the human race to take. The interests of one are inextricably bound up with the interests of all. Life is so complex that it is impossible to denote the point at which we cease to be dependent upon others.

Every adequate system of ethics that the world has known has had this principle for its foundation.

From the early days philosophers have taught us that an injury to one is an injury to all; that if we fail to employ one, we injure—not him alone—but society as a whole; that a lie told about one has its effect upon the well-being of the many.

Thus we see that existence, if it is to be a successful and a happy one, must of necessity proceed along the lines of cooperation. It was this idea that Prince Kropotkin emphasized when he wrote about the part which mutual aid has played in the struggle for life.

In other words, existence is not so much a battle in which the strong conquer and destroy the weak. It is far more an effect of helpfulness of the one for the other, and the races that have made the most conspicuous progress are those in which the spirit of mutual

aid has been most pronounced in its development.

We can prove this theory to be true, in the animal kingdom as well as among men. The trouble with us has been that we have been too slow in recognizing the causes back of the effects we have seen. As a result, many of us seem to feel that life is a case of each man for himself, with nothing short of perdition for him who is so unfortunate as to fall behind.

It is this inspiration toward selfishness that has kept us from the realization of the idea embodied in the phrase "the brotherhood of man," and that has retarded the progress of humanity.

Try to think what would happen if all the nations of the world saw no further need for maintaining the fighting machines that now represent such a tremendous outlay in thought and money every year. Suppose that we had no more use for vast armies and costly battleships. Suppose that the nations of the earth, after dispensing with this source of expenditure, were to devote the same amount of time, energy, thought and money to the adjustment of some of the serious social problems that now confront us.

Don't you think that such a course would soon bring about the brotherhood of man in all its glorious realities?

And don't you think that the world would be a better place in which to live if this change were brought about?

Journal Want Ads bring results.

At the End of the Rainbow

As to Neighbors—By Walt Mason.

"I'm disappointed in my new neighbor, Mr. Mushroom," said the retired merchant. "I thought when he moved into the house next door that at last I'd have a neighbor of the right sort. He was polite and amiable, attended strictly to his own business, and his folks didn't come over to borrow anything, or complain that our hens were eating the paint off their fence. Not until yesterday did I discover a flaw in this promising neighbor. Then I found that he is a whitened sepulchre, like all the rest of them."

"That man actually plays an old-fashioned concertina by the hour, and he plays the old, old tunes that were chestnuts when our fathers went to school. Last night he played 'Lilly Dale' for three hours on end. What is a man going to do when his next door neighbor wrentles with a wheezy concertina when he ought to be in bed?"

"Neighbors are always a nuisance," remarked the hotelkeeper. "If a man wants to be perfectly happy in this world he must buy a lot out in the country, and build a high fence around it. I have had neighbors all my life and never knew one that was satisfactory. I remember when I was first married, my wife and I lived in a vine-covered

cottages with other vine-covered cottages close by. The house just north of us was occupied by half a dozen different families and they nearly drove us to distraction. One man kept about 10,000 dogs. The yard was full of them, and they slept in the woodshed at night, and they all had bad dreams, and the way they used to yowl and shriek made a nervous man think of midnight in a graveyard.

"Finally some good Samaritan pried loose a board from the side of the shed and threw in some porterhouse steak which had been seasoned with poison, and when my neighbor went out in the morning to greet his bowwows he found about a cord of them dead, and the rest dying. He accused me of having poisoned his doggone dogs and had me arrested, and before I was through with the case my lawyer had taken my cook stove and piano and other goods and chattels."

"Then another man moved into that house. I thought I was going to like him at first. He was a pale, studious young fellow, and an old aunt kept house for him. He seemed wrapped up in his own affairs and bothered nobody. But it turned out that he was dippy on chemistry. He fixed up a

sort of laboratory in the basement of the house, and was always trying experiments there, and the way those experiments smelted was a caution to the board of health. I used to wear a baseball mask to keep out the noxious odor of the fragrance, and even then I nearly smothered every once in a while.

"One evening some of the men of the neighborhood were holding an indignation meeting in my house, devising ways and means to run that chemist out, and we were just passing a series of ringing resolutions when there was the blamdest explosion you ever heard. We rushed out just in time to see that chemist's aunt coming down from overhead. She was blown halfway to the moon, and the fact that she landed on a hay stack was all that saved her. The chemist's hair was burned off, and it scared him so that he moved away. Then the house was repaired and another family moved in.

"That family was composed of rubbernecks. Father, mother, sons and daughters all had long distance ears and eyes, and the way they kept tab on us was discouraging. Sometimes when my wife and I would be having a comfortable quarrel, thinking it a family affair, I'd glance over to the house next door and there would be all those rubbernecks straining every nerve to hear what we were saying. They knew more about our business than we did, and their conduct got on my nerves to such an extent that I went over one day and cornered the head of the fam-

ily in his own yard and punched his nose, and had to go to law again.

"The next neighbor seemed an agreeable man, friendly and obliging, and I thought at last life would be a round of pleasure. But he was meaner than any of them. Before he had been in the house two weeks he was down with the smallpox, and we had to move to the other end of town.

"The fact that a man has to have neighbors, whether he wants them or not, shows that there's something radically wrong with our government."

Bus Breaks Laborer's Leg.

(Special to The Journal.) Forest Grove, Or., Dec. 18.—Frank Bear, a laboring man of this city, was run over by a livery stable bus and received a badly fractured leg. Bear was working for the street paving company and was wheeling a load of cement. In the darkness the driver of the bus did not see him. Bear has a family.

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