

# Latest Fashions By Lillian Young

ALTHOUGH supple stuffs have somewhat taken the place of velvets, there are each week a few models advanced in which a new development of the latter is shown and the ideas are really so graceful and the effects obtained so different from those brought about by the use of opaque fabrics that velveteen may be counted upon throughout the season.

A very smart costume with an odd arrangement of lace veiling is sketched herewith. It is developed in chartreuse green (that very popular shade), charmeuse and black shawl lace, and will make a most serviceable gown for the theatre or afternoon affairs worn under a fur coat all through the winter. It is a design particularly well adapted to tall figures, as the horizontal draperies are happily conceived to cut the height.

There is a net guimpe with whole arm sides and elbow sleeves of black lace over white net and a tiny round yoke of the same, with a turnover collar of white chiffon. The blouse is cut without any sleeves or underarm sections, and the fronts have extended ends at either side, cut long enough to tie in a little sash below the belt in back.

The short upper tunic of charmeuse is gathered all around and its hem describes a line that slopes to the backs as does the lace flounce below. This flounce is not attached to the upper tunic, but set on underneath it to the skirt proper.

The main skirt is cut along the left side of the front from waist to hem, with rounded edges at the bottom of the slash. The drape of the left side is held in place under the opposite edge of the opening.

If so desired, chiffon may be used in place of the lace in which case it should match in color the dress material. Needless to say that the same design will look equally attractive in any color one may choose. Tulle would be lovely, with maybe a touch of emerald green or cerise at the neck and sleeve ends.



An attractive costume developed in chartreuse green and black.

# In Stageland

Knaw & Erlanger's company in "The Count of Luxembourg," Franz Lehár's musical romance, adapted for the American stage by Glen MacDonough, is headed for the far west.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Charlotte Walker, is meeting with marked success on its western tour.

Joseph Brooks has accepted a play by Rachel Crothers, entitled, "The Rising Generation," in which he will present Mabel and Edith Taliaferro shortly. The play has gone into rehearsal under Miss Crothers' direction and will be presented in New York in October.

William H. Crane is due from Europe early in October and will soon start in rehearsals of the new version of "The Henrietta," in which he is to appear under the management of Joseph Brooks. Much that would be regarded as old fashioned in the famous play will be eliminated and some of the characters will be materially changed, but all that was best in the earlier version will be found in the new. Mr. Crane has been abroad for several months. Most of the time he spent at Carlshad.

It is the general opinion that Klaw & Erlanger have found a fitting successor to "The Round-Up" in their new production, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," written by Edwin Milton Royle from the book of the same name by Harold Bell Wright. Produced recently in Atlantic City, N. J. for the first time, it was received with great favor. Scenically it is most pretentious. The prologue gives a wonderfully realistic picture of the desert, culminating with the sand storm. The final act shows the town of Barba during the flood, and is quite as novel a scene as has ever been presented upon the stage.

## CAMP FIRE GIRLS WILL MEET TOMORROW NIGHT

At 7:30 Wednesday evening all Campfire Girls of Portland are invited to sing campfire songs under the direction of Miss Hattie Haines, a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

At 8:30, Dr. Robert F. Hall has kindly consented to sell "What Campfire Girls May Learn at the Milk Exhibit." Some of the girls see in this an opportunity to gain more honor bands.

Mothers and friends of Campfire Girls are cordially invited.

**Prince Rospiogiosi Is Dead.**

San Francisco, Sept. 23.—Dispatches received from Rome tell of the death of Prince Don Rospiogiosi, head of the famous family of that name and husband of the former Mrs. Mary Rod Parkhurst of New York and Boston. Prince Rospiogiosi is well known in San Francisco, where he has many relatives.

## Little Stories for Bedtime

**Over the Old Stone Wall**  
By Thornton W. Burgess.  
(Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Temptation always is at hand to lead one by the nose.

Or hidden close beside the path to trip one up.

It was by the nose, that funny little wobbly nose of his, that temptation caught Little Pete. At first the old stone wall had seemed such a wonderful place to sit upon, and he had no desire to go away from it. But, after he had explored it to his heart's content on the side next to the Green Meadows he began to wonder if it was just as wonderful on the other side. That is, Farmer Brown's garden was over there, because Danny Meadow Mouse had said so, and had warned him not to go there lest he should get into trouble.

"I wonder what a garden is, anyway," said Little Pete one morning as he sat upon a warm sunny spot on the Green Meadow, side of the old stone wall. He had spoken out loud without knowing it.

"There's one right on the other side and all you have to do is to climb over and see for yourself. It's a wonderful place," said a smooth voice behind him.

Little Pete turned to see who was speaking, for he had thought himself all alone. There, curled up on a flat stone, alone, there, was little striped Mr. Garter Snake.

"I suppose it is," replied Little Pete wistfully. "Every place seems wonderful when you can't go there."

"Because Danny Meadow Mouse says I am likely to get into trouble if I do," said Little Pete.

"That's all right," exclaimed Mr. Garter Snake. "I go over there every day and I don't get into trouble."

Now, this wasn't true, for more than once Farmer Brown's boy had chased little Mr. Garter Snake to the safety of the old stone wall. But Mr. Garter Snake belongs to a family who would rather tell a dangerous story than a true one, and so he continued, "There isn't the least bit of danger over there. Why don't you go over and see for yourself? You mustn't believe everything that Danny Meadow Mouse says, for Danny is afraid of his own shadow."

"That may be so," replied Little Pete, "but here I know I am safe, and while it may be perfectly safe for you over there, it may not be for me."

"Oh, well, if you want to be a fraidy like Danny Meadow Mouse you'll miss half the good things in life," retorted Mr. Garter Snake lazily uncoiling.

"Over the garden wall are wonderful things for all! Things good to eat. That can't be beat. Over the garden wall!"

Little Pete sat for a long time thinking of what Mr. Garter Snake had said. The more he thought about it the more he wanted to see that garden. Anyway, it wouldn't do any harm to climb up on the wall and look at it. He could see it and still be perfectly safe. So he scrambled up to the top of the wall where he could see Farmer Brown's garden. How nice it did look! It was quite different from the Green Meadows. He had never seen growing things like those. He wondered if they were good to eat.

Just then along came one of the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother

# IN OUR SCHOOL--By Paul West

Yes, indeed, school opened this morning. When Miss Palmer gazed down upon our smiling faces she noted many vacant chairs, the same being F. Bellows, E. Brigham, H. Van Ness, Bol. Haines, W. White & S. Hardy, also T. Stebbins. She said she wasn't worried about T. Stebbins, he being probably delayed on the road preparing his excuse, but what about the others? They not appearing by 9:15, she sent a committee



Many Vacant Seats.

consisting of Genevieve Hicks and Art Wilkins to visit residences, who returned with the following report:

E. Brigham, sick from eating watermelons.

F. Bellows, sick from eating watermelons.

H. Van Ness, sick from eating watermelons.

Bol. Haines, sick from eating watermelons.

W. White, sick from eating watermelons.

S. Hardy, sick from eating watermelons.

As the absent brothers are all active members of the Willing Helpers, which resolved to surprise Farmer Griggs by picking his watermelons last night, some suspicious minded persons are saying that it serves them right. So shines a kind deed in this heartless world.

Genevieve Hicks has a new hair ribbon and has changed her mind about going into that convent right away.

Torpy Stebbins didn't arrive till ten o'clock. He had a very fine excuse, he said, and was eager to tell it to Miss Palmer, but she said what's the use? Why not count him absent for this day and a little too early for tomorrow? Torpy thought well of the idea, only he couldn't see why he had oughter have to do any reciting today as long as he

was counted absent. Miss Palmer refused to discuss the matter.

Lance Bogert's new Composition today was better to his effort on "Aeroplanes," according to many critics, including Lance. It follows:

**Grate Men.**

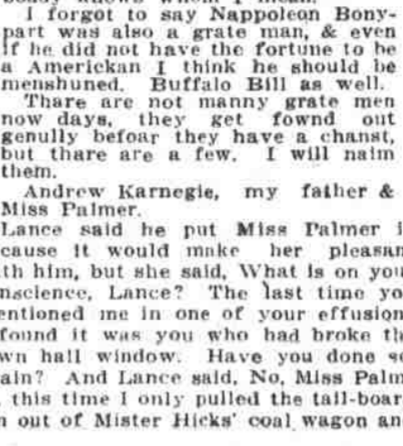
There have bin many grate men in this country, such as Gorge Washington, Benedick Arnold, & many more which I will not talk the time to menshun, as every-buddy knows whom I mean.

I forgot to say Nappoleon Bonapart was also a grate man, & even if he did not have the fortune to be a American I think he should be menshoned. Buffallo Bill, as well.

There are not many grate men now days, they get found out genully befor they have a chanst, but there are a few. I will namt them.

Andrew Kargene, my father & Miss Palmer.

Lance said he put Miss Palmer in because it would make her pleasant with him, but she said, What is on your conscience, Lance? The last time you mentioned me in one of your effusions I found it was you who had broke the town hall window. Have you done so again? And Lance said, No, Miss Palmer, this time I only pulled the tail-board pin out of Mister Hicks' coal wagon and



Lance Only Dumped Hicks's Coal.

he said he was going to tell you, Miss Palmer said she would defer action till she got an official complaint.

We had a lesson on mushrooms. Miss Palmer told us she heard some of us was picking them and selling them to the grocery store, and she showed us the difference between good ones and poisonous ones. It was very instructive.

**Bulletin of Daily Progress.**

Attendance, 32. (if you count Torpy Stebbins).

Lickings, only 5, but moar coming when the Willing Helpers recover.

Kept after, most of the rest.

**IN FAIRYLAND**

**Snow-Man Who Loved the Stove.**  
Retold by Anne Brunner.

"How astonishingly cold it is! My body is cracking all over!" said the Snow-Man. "The wind is really cutting one's life out! And how that fiery thing on there glares!" He meant the sun, which was just setting.

Instead of eyes he had two large, three-cornered pieces of slate in his head; his mouth consisted of an old rake, so that he had teeth as well.

The sun went down the full moon rose, large, round, clear and beautiful, in the dark, blue sky.

"There it is, again on the other side," said the Snow-Man, by which he meant the sun was appearing again. "I have become quite accustomed to its glaring. I should very much like to move about, if I only could I would glide up and down the ice there, as I saw the boys doing; but somehow or other I don't know how to run."

"How-wow!" barked the old yard-dog, who was rather hoarse and could not bark very well. His hoarseness came on when he was a house-dog and used to lie in front of the stove. "The sun will teach you to run!"

"I don't understand you, my friend," said the Snow-Man. "That thing up there is to teach me to run?"

"I don't run just now, for I saw it quite plainly over there, and now here it is on this side."

"You know nothing at all about it!"



Next story: Little Pete Sees a Giant.

said the yard-dog. "Why, you have only just been made. The thing you see there is the moon; the other thing you saw going down the other side was the sun. He will come up again tomorrow morning, and w soon teach you how to run away down the gutter. The weather is going to change."

The weather really did change. Toward morning a dense, damp fog lay over the whole neighborhood; later on an icy wind, which sent the frost packing. But when the sun rose it was a glorious sight. The trees and shrubs looked like a wood of coral, and every branch was thick with long white blossoms.

"Isn't it wonderful?" exclaimed a girl who was walking with a young man in the garden. They stopped near the Snow-Man and looked at the glistening trees.

"Who are those two?" asked the Snow-Man of the yard-dog. "Do you know who they are?"

"Do I know them indeed?" answered the yard-dog. "She has often stroked me, and he has given me bones. I don't bite either of them."

"But what are they?" asked the Snow-Man.

"Lovers!" replied the yard-dog. "They will go into one kennel and gnaw the same bone!"

"Are they the same kind of beings that we are?" asked the Snow-Man.

"They are our masters," answered the yard-dog. "Really, people who have only been in the world one day know very little! Now I have age and wisdom. I know everyone in the house and I can remember a time when I was not lying here in a cold kennel. Bow-wow!"

"The cold is splendid," said the Snow-Man. "Tell me some more."

"Bow-wow!" barked the yard-dog. "They used to say I was a pretty little fellow; then I lay in a velvet covered chair in my master's house. My mistress used to nurse me, and kind and fondle me, and call me her dear, sweet little Alice! But by-and-by I grew too big, and I was given to the housekeeper, and I went into the kitchen. I had my own oven, and there was a stove there, which at this time of year is the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Is a stove so beautiful?" asked the Snow-Man. "Is it anything like me?"

"It is just the opposite of you! It is coal black, and has a long neck with a brass pipe. It eats firewood, so that a huge mass of its mouth. One has to keep close beside it—quite underneath is the nicest of all. You can see it through the window from where you are standing."

And the Snow-Man looked in that direction and saw a smooth, polished object with a brass pipe. The flicker from the fire reached him across the snow.

"Why did you leave her?" asked the Snow-Man. He had a feeling that such a being must be a lady. "How could you leave such a place?"

"I had to!" said the yard-dog. "They turned me out of doors and chained me here. I had bitten the youngest boy in the leg because he took away the bone I was gnawing, a bone for a bone, though."

The Snow-Man, however, was not listening to him any more; he was looking into the room where the housekeeper lived, where the stove stood on its four iron legs. This whole day the Snow-Man looked through the window toward dusk the room grew more inviting; the stove gave out a mild light, not at all like the moon or even the sun; no, as only a stove can shine, when it has something to feed upon. When the door of the room was open it flared up—this was one of its peculiarities; it flickered quite red upon the Snow-Man's white face.

"I can't stand it any longer!" he said. "How beautiful it looks with its tongue stretched out like that!"

It was a long night, but the Snow-Man did not find it so; there he stood, wrapped in his pleasant thoughts, and they froze, so that he cracked.

Next morning the panes of the kitchen window were covered with ice and the most beautiful ice-flowers that even a snow-nan could desire, only they blotted out the stove. The window would not open; he couldn't see the stove which he thought was such a lovely lady. There was a cracking and cracking inside him and all around; there was just such a frost as a snow-man would delight in. But this Snow-Man was different; how could he feel happy?

"Yours is a bad illness for a Snow-Man," said the yard-dog. "I also suffered from it, but I have got over it. Bow-wow!" he barked. "The weather is going to change!" he added.

The weather did change. There came a thaw.

When this set in the Snow-Man set off. He did not say anything, and he did not complain, and those are bad signs.

One morning he broke up altogether. And lo! where he had stood there re-

# AMERICAN DUCHESS IS SUFFRAGE CONVERT



Duchess of Marlborough, who has astounded English Court circles by announcing that she has been converted to the suffrage cause and that she will hereafter be an ardent worker in the votes for women movement.

maintained a broomstick standing upright, round which the boys had built him.

"Ah! now I understand why he loved the stove," said the yard-dog. "That is the raker they use to clean out the stove!" The Snow-Man had a stove raker in his body! That's what was the matter with him! And now it's all over with him! Bow-wow!"

And before long it was all over with the winter too! "Bow-wow!" barked the hoarse yard-dog.

But the young girl sang: Woods, your bright green garments don't! Willows, your woolly gloves put on! Lark and Cuckoo, daily sing! February has brought the spring! My heart joins in your song so sweet! Come out, dear sun, the world to greet!

And no one thought of the Snow-Man.

# For Shopper and Housekeeper

**By Vella Winner.**

**Beauty Hint.**

A freckle cream offered in the drug department of a Fifth street shop has been found to be a safe and effective tan remover. It must not be rubbed into the skin, but when laid on smoothly and gently, patted in and allowed to remain all night, its effect is all particular. It is a most remarkable, so fresh and white does one's skin become. It should be washed off with hot water in the morning.

**Mat Individuality.**

What a blessed thing is millinery? Did you ever stop to think that we are all more or less controlled within certain lines as to suits, shoes, hats and blouses; but in millinery the individual taste may blossom. This serves as an outlet for taste, either excellent or the reverse. Sometimes I think it imprudently the latter, as I look over an audience before the hats are removed. Yet it is a most remarkable, so fresh and white does one's skin become. It should be washed off with hot water in the morning.

wore soft dark hats with bows in the back and carried English walking sticks.

**Attention, Stout People.**

If you are dieting, you are probably prohibited from eating white bread or at least much of it, but you need not deny yourself the staff of life any longer, for a new gluten flour is being put out from which all the fat producing qualities have been eliminated. This flour passed the pure food test, and is said to make delicious bread.

**A Scintillating Season.**

The autumn of 1913 is truly a brilliant one. Never before have sparkling glittering things been so much in evidence as they are this year. Gowns and wraps are enured in shining sequins and cut beads of all colors. Handbags are covered with beads, fans are beaded, even the heels of dancing slippers are set with gaily sparkling stones; hair bands and fancy hairpins sparkle in the light and the jewelry is set with great gorgeous stones of wondrous size, beauty and brilliancy.

**There's No Hope.**

There is no hope that Mary James will go out of style very soon; for they are now made in white buck, nubuck and canvas.

**New Silver Deposit.**

New in shape and charming in decoration were those odd sets and individual pieces of crystal embellished with silver deposit in extremely dainty designs, which I saw in a Fifth street store this week. The ever popular cream and sugar sets, small plates and bon bon dishes were among those noticed, and the prices were surprisingly low.

**Fashion's Latest Whims.**

Strick red is considered a good shade to use with black when an enlivening effect is wanted.

All-lace under is distinctly in the mode. Frequently such garments are made over net.

The newest collars on the fall coats allow for cold weather.

Draped coats are liked for dress wear; simple, straight-cut garments for general utility purposes.

Coat chains are being made of beads; steel intermingled with cut crystal or coral are favorites.

Charming velvet lamp shades for autumn have great ribbon bows conspicuously placed at the back.

The most fashionable corset stimulates the uncorseted figure. Stiff or constricted lines are a thing of the past.

The printed silks used in the autumn will probably show a return to the soft, artistic colors known as Persian.

Very sheer black net, with bright-colored spots—yellow, purple or green—here and there.

Some of the summer dresses have vokes to their skirts. Heavy silk crepes still themselves peculiarly well to these styles.

**Fashions For Men.**

The correct things in men's wear for autumn were displayed at the fashion show last week, and really made quite as much of a hit as the imported connections of chiffon and gold cloth, lace and jewels. Both young and middle-aged men show the smartest of the new English cut suits in attractive dark mixtures. Both the straight-cut and the Norfolk coats were noted. The men

**The Ragtime Muse**

**Blackface Logic.**

BONES.

"HIT no use frettin' 'en things goes wrong. HITS er whole lot better fer ter sing a song: Jes' take life keerasles es she comes along."

"An' 'un-be she'll smile! Don' youcher worry 'en times is tough An' dar ain't no meat an' de weather's rough. Jes' keep a-singin' an' yo'll git enough— 'Hittl come in a hit while!"

"Says: 'Come in, Trouble, an' take a seat!'"

"An' yo' sholy has got Mister 'Trouble beat! But of yo' kiek yo'll sprain yo' feet, 'Cause 'Trouble ez hard ez stone! Wen de grub is sc'ce an' yo' money's spent, An' de wofers at de do' an' wants de rent."

Jes' 'en yo's glad dat he was sent An' ast for a fo'-bit loan!"

"Wen de hard days come, w'y, jis' 'rejoice!"

TAMBO.

"HIT go long, nigrah, wid yo' food ad' rent."

Ise hongry now an' I-wants de price! 'Whut's dat? Won't give me or thing? I de man 'Trouble hissef—now grin; 'Heah a whar I brode de black face in! Ah so holler 'Nuff! I reckon I win! But why doncher dance an' sing?"

**Demurs to Grant's Divorce Suit.**

Goldfield, Nev., Sept. 23.—Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman Grant demurred to the divorce suit filed by her husband, Jesse Root Grant, General Grant's youngest son, on the ground of insufficiency of facts.



**Woodbury's Facial Soap**

**A famous skin specialist's own soap**

Learn what it will do for you

John H. Woodbury devoted his entire life to a study of the skin and its needs. From his experience with thousands of cases of skin troubles, he developed the formula of the now famous Woodbury's Facial Soap.

In the 12-page wrapper around every cake of this soap the causes for all common skin troubles are given—conspicuous nose pores, sallow skin, blackheads, etc.—and the proper treatments to relieve them.

If there is any condition of your skin you want to improve, get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and follow carefully the directions given in this wrapper. In ten or twelve days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one benefits at the price after their first cake.

**For sale by dealers everywhere**

**The Skin**

The proper care should be used for every man and woman.

**WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP**

**The Hair Store**

FREE—A box of face powder with each cake of soap.

20¢ 6th St. Better Quality Hair Goods

112 Switches, 22-inch, 3 separate... \$4.75  
 27 Switches, 22-inch, 3 separate... \$3.75  
 5 Switches, 24-inch, 8 separate... \$1.75  
 5 All Round, 22-inch, transformation... 2.00  
 Ladies' wigs to order... 1.00 to 2.50  
 Mail orders promptly attended to.  
 112 6th Street, Portland, Ore.

**See Our Specials for Tomorrow**

**Silk Velvet Hats With Hatters' Plush Crowns**  
The Latest Copy of an Imported Novelty.

**Special For Tomorrow**

They come in small and medium nobby tailored shapes. All that they require is a fancy feather or stick-up. The brims (velvet) are black, and the hatter's plush crowns are white, black and gold. Something different.

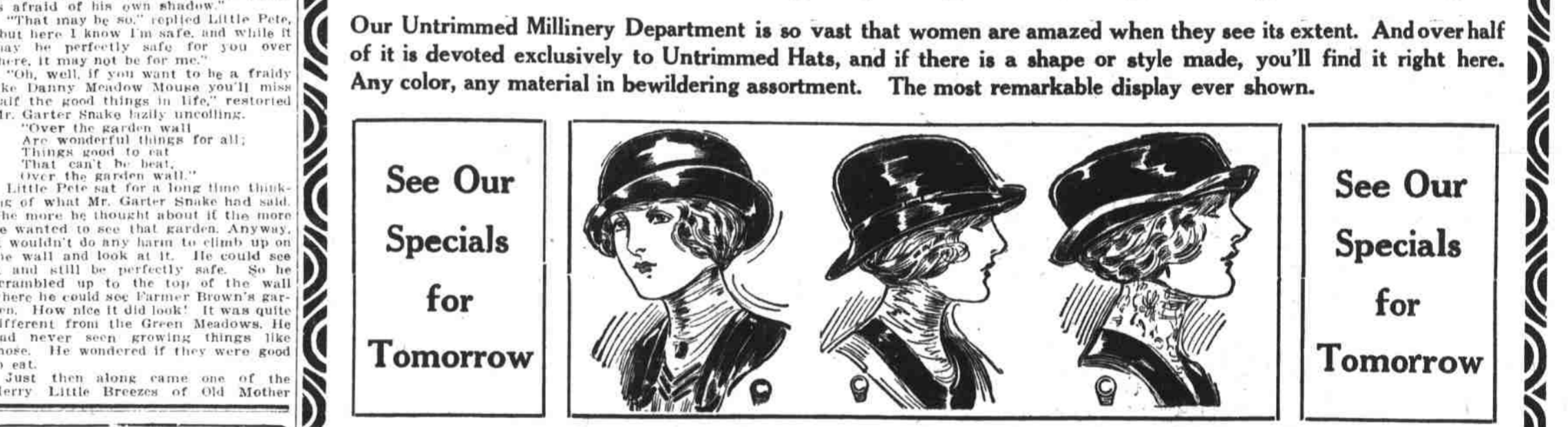
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**The Wonder Millinery** At Morrison and Fourth

# Largest Untrimmed Hat Department in Portland

Showing 5000 Shapes, Representing Every New Style

Our Untrimmed Millinery Department is so vast that women are amazed when they see its extent. And over half of it is devoted exclusively to Untrimmed Hats, and if there is a shape or style made, you'll find it right here. Any color, any material in bewildering assortment. The most remarkable display ever shown.



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**"We Give What We Advertise"**

**The Wonder Millinery** At Morrison and Fourth

**SEE THAT SPOT**

**On Your Gown no More**

Ask the driver—he will tell you how we take it out.

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