

# Latest Fashions

There is more novelty and variety shown in the new evening wraps than ever brought about hitherto in any two seasons. They are made of every conceivable material, from fur to tulle, and are straight hanging or of the draped wrap-around type. Very long and sweeping, or moderately long and designed to hug the ankles.

The rich fabrics made expressly for the new wraps are nothing short of marvelous and woven in ravishing colors and designs. Embossed velvets and brocade satins are much used, but usually in combination with a plain weave that reflects the ground color. Fox and mouton are used more than any of the other furs for collars and cuffs on such wraps.

In the very graceful model here shown white fox is used for the large cuffs and neckpiece on a blue and cream-colored velvet garment, and the combination is irresistible.

Plain cream-colored velour forms the draped-on skirt that crosses well over the front and fastens with two huge silver buttons at the left side. The upper part of the skirt is cream velour, with an embossed leaf design in old blue. There is a deep yoke with dropped shoulders, to which the long sleeves, the front, and the back are attached under the corded seam. The body portion is roomy, but not baggy, and is drawn closely about the hips, where the lower part is joined to it. The lining is of Nile green satin, with buffed bandings outlining the edges.

A special word must be given to the linings themselves, for they are all-important. They are preferably of brilliant hues, but always contrasting, although white never altogether loses its prestige. Brocade satins are attractive and no more expensive than the plain, since special weaves have been brought out for the purpose with a view to wearing qualities.



Modish Evening Wrap, developed in old blue and ivory white.

open air exercise offered by the city, playing dozens of different games, but how many girls and women do you see? Precious few!

You who are anxious about your figure or complexion, don't you know that a good long morning spent in outdoor exercise will do more to give you bloom, suppleness and grace than slathers of cosmetics or hours of dawdling on city streets?

It's true. And then there is a world of fun in outdoor games. Talk the thing over with your chum, decide what particular game or form of athletics most appeals to you, choose, if you like, some distinctive costume that shall be becoming and comfortable and simple enough to make at home, ask the four girls the two of you like best to join you—and see if you don't get a new joy out of life.

## The Ragtime Muse

Relief at Last.  
Comes now a doctor who, in accents solemn,  
Declares that early rising leads to madness.  
Three cheers for that wise Dr. What-d'ye-call-um!  
He's filled my heart with gladness.  
I hail his words with self-congratulation,  
Although I think it not at all surprising  
That lunacy and mental aberration  
Proceed from early rising.

I always know—in spite of sage assertions  
Of this becoming "healthy, wealthy, wise"—  
I always know, in spite of colored versions,  
That "that way madness lies."

For when they of the early bird have told me  
My sympathies were ever with the worm,  
By whose sad fate—in that worm I beheld me!—  
Their logic proved infirm.

Thanks to the medic's wise proclamation,  
No longer will I shun the lengthened dawn,  
Nor let the sun's untimely exaltation  
Dispel my sweet repose.

No longer by a premature uprising  
Will I induce bad temper, which is sin,  
Nor let the evening bring a self-deploring  
For follies storied in.

No longer will I let a virtuous dawning  
Precipitate a day of sleepy groans and sighs,  
Nor pay with downfall of impetuous yawning  
A rash, impulsive rite.

**Buckler Is Willing.**  
London, Oct. 12.—W. H. Buckler, the archaeologist, said he had been asked to become president of Johns Hopkins university, and would accept if the governors made the proposition unconditionally.

## WHY WE NEED MORE MONEY

By Edna K. Woolley.



"I'll take a bottle of peroxide and a bottle of that hair shampoo, and charge them, please," said the plump, middle-aged woman to the clerk at the toilet counter.

"Peroxide is invaluable," said her companion, as they proceeded on their way. "I don't believe I could get along without it. Yet it isn't so many years ago when peroxide was almost unknown for its general usefulness in the household."

"For that matter," said the plump one, "I can think of a lot of things we deem necessities now—that were not even thought of when I was a girl."

"Now that hair shampoo I ordered—we didn't use any prepared hair shampoo 10 years ago. We washed our hair with common laundry soap and thought it was good enough. We weren't so particular about fine soaps, either. I believe we mostly depended upon our friends and relatives to supply us with toilet soaps and perfumery at Christmas time. But nowadays we buy expensive medicated soaps and think nothing of it."

"We didn't pay much attention to hand lotions or face lotions, either. We used milk or lard, or something like that. Everybody uses cold cream now, and most of us pay high prices for a good quality. But mercy! If we'd spent money for such things when I was a youngster we'd never have heard the last of it!"

"Same way with face powder. Time was when a girl surreptitiously hid a piece of magnesia and rubbed some of it on her handkerchief, thence on her nose, when nobody was looking. But now she openly buys a tiny box of imported powder at an awful price and thinks nothing of using her powder chamels in public. And as for talcum, we use it now by the wholesale."

"There were other things we didn't consider necessary because we knew nothing about them. When one of us children cut a finger mother made us stick it in hot water, then she wrapped a bit of butcher's brown paper around the cut. Now we make a solution of bichloride of mercury and wrap the finger in antiseptic gauze, or we stick surgeon's plaster on it."

"When I was a small girl one of our women neighbors had a distinct mustache, and some of the girls I knew had hair on their arms, which showed all too plain when they wore short-sleeved party dresses. They bore their affliction as best they could. Some painfully pulled out prominent hairs on their faces. Nowadays they'd resort to the electric needle at a good round sum."

"We used buttermilk or sour milk for freckles, but now we buy preparations to get rid of them. Same way with sunburn."

"In my youth a girl developed her arms and bust by doing housework. Now she must massage with cocoa butter and a few other things that cost money and do no particular good."

"Add to these all the physics, gymnastics, table tennis, and such things that are regularly kept on hand as something that we just can't do without, and one begins to realize why we need so much more money to live."



**PURPOSE IS TO FORM RECREATION LEAGUE**

An organizing and nominating committee of which Robert H. Strong is chairman, has called a meeting for next Thursday evening in the public library for the purpose of perfecting a recreation league of Portland.

By way of program Robert Krohn will give a number of demonstrations of play activity in the city, tennis cups offered by the Honeyman Hardware company will be awarded to winning high schools, short addresses will be made by prominent speakers, L. H. Weir, field secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, will give a resume of the play and recreational progress in Portland during the last year.

## Little Stories for Bedtime

Grandfather Frog's Big Mouth Gets Him in Trouble.

By Thornton W. Burgess.  
(Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.)  
Grandfather Frog has a great big mouth. You know that Everybody does. His friends of the Smiling Pool, the Laughing Brook and the Green Meadows have teased Grandfather Frog a great deal about the size of his mouth, but he hasn't minded in the least, not the very least. You see he learned a long time ago that a big mouth is very handy for catching foolish green flies, especially when two happen to come along together. So he is rather proud of his big mouth just as he is of his great goggly eyes.



But once in a while his big mouth gets him into trouble. It's a way his mouths have. It holds so much that it makes him greedy sometimes. He stuffs it full after his stomach already has had all that it can hold, and then, of course, he can't swallow. Then Grandfather Frog looks very foolish and silly and undignified, and everybody calls him a greedy old fellow who is old enough to know better, and ought to be ashamed of himself. Perhaps he is, but he never says so, and he is almost sure to do the same thing over again the first chance he has.

Now, it happened one morning that Grandfather Frog had had a very good breakfast of foolish green flies, and really didn't need another single thing to eat, when who should come along but Little Joe Otter, who had been down to the Big River fishing. He had eaten all he could hold, and he was taking the rest of his catch to his secret hiding place up the Laughing Brook.

Now, Grandfather Frog is very fond of fish for a change, and when he saw those that Little Joe Otter had his eyes glistened, and, in spite of his full stomach, his mouth watered.

"Good morning, Grandfather Frog! Have you had your breakfast yet?" called Little Joe.

Grandfather Frog wanted to say no, but he always tells the truth. "Yes," he replied hesitatingly. "I've had my breakfast such as it was. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for no reason in particular. I just thought that if you hadn't you might like a fish. But as long as you have breakfasted of course you don't want one," said Little Joe, his bright eyes beginning to twinkle. He held the fish out so that Grandfather Frog could see just how plump and nice they were.

"Chugarum!" exclaimed Grandfather Frog. "Those certainly are very nice fish indeed. It is very good of you to think of a poor old fellow like me, and I—er—well, I might like room for just a little teeny, weeny one, if you can spare it."

Little Joe Otter knows all about Grand-

father Frog's greediness. He looked at Grandfather Frog's white and yellow waistcoat and saw how it was already stuffed full to bursting. The twinkle in his eyes grew more mischievous than ever as he said: "Of course I can spare it. But I wouldn't think of giving such an old friend a teeny, weeny one."

With that Little Joe picked out the biggest fish he had and tossed it over to Grandfather Frog. It landed close by his nose with a great splash and it was almost half as big as Grandfather Frog himself. It was plump and looked so tempting that Grandfather Frog forgot all about his full stomach. He even forgot to be polite, and thank Little Joe Otter. He just opened his great mouth and seized the fish. Yes, sir, that is just what he did. Almost before you could wink an eye the fish had started down Grandfather Frog's throat head first.

Now you know Grandfather Frog has no teeth and so he cannot bite things in two. He has to swallow them whole. This is just what he started to do with the fish. It went all right until the head reached his stomach. But you can't put anything more into a thing already full, and Grandfather Frog's stomach was packed as full as it could be of foolish green flies. There the fish stuck, and gulp and swallow as hard as he could, Grandfather Frog couldn't make that fish go a bit farther. Then he tried to get it out again, but it had gone so far down his throat that he couldn't get it back. Grandfather Frog began to shake.

Next story—"Spotty the Turtle Plays Doctor."

Ashes Strown on Sea.  
Long Beach, Cal., Oct. 12.—The ashes of Henry Scott, a wealthy manufacturer, were scattered on the sea yesterday in accordance with his last wish.

## A FEW SMILES

Mandy is but a little girl—a little colored girl, trying hard to learn how to be a good housemaid. The other day when she came to her employer and handed her a calling card.

"De lady what gib me dis is in de parlor," she explained. "Dey's a lady on de steps."

"Goodness, Mandy!" exclaimed the lady, shocked and troubled. "Why didn't you saw them both in?"

"Kase, Miss Murphy," grinned Mandy, "de one on de do'step done forgit her ticket."

She walked in and banged a hunk of yellow substance on the counter. "This," she announced sarcastically, "is the soap that does the washin' itself. It's the soap that makes washing a pleasure. It's the soap that—"

"That ain't soap, ma'am," interrupted the grocer, as he took the substance in hand and examined it.

"Your little girl was here yesterday for half a pound of cheese and half a pound of soap. That's the cheese."

"The cheese!" exclaimed the woman. "Then that accounts for the other thing."

"What other thing?"

"Why, I lay awake the whole night wondering what made the Welsh rabbit we had taste so queer."

The Sunday morning service had been arranged to the satisfaction of the pastor, but the clerk telephoned up that one or two of the hymns would have to be changed.

"I'll never have the courage to chalk those numbers down on the bulletin board in the order of selection," he said.

"Why not?" the pastor asked.

"Why, just look at the numbers!" said the clerk. "1—14. The congregation would have a fit."

The choir began the hymn. When they came to the line, "Neither are they afraid," the composer of the music had so written it that it had to be repeated first by the soprano, then by the alto and finally by the bass. The soprano seemed to be of conservative taste and sang the line, "Neither are they afraid." Apparently, this alto had departed from the usage of her forefathers, for when she brought out the words they became "Nither are they afraid," and it became a curious question which side the bass would take. The bass was an Irishman. Out rolled his rich voice, "Nay-ther are they afraid."

And the question remained unsettled.

A certain man who was recently elected to a position that he had held who congratulated him on his continued good fortune, and the man replied:

"Yes, but it can't always last; I'll have to give it up some day." He felt a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for 40 years, and when discharged for many years met a man on the street charged at last on account of old age, remarked: "Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job."

## Play Games Out of Doors.

Vacations are short lived affairs for most of us. We are back on the job almost before we realize that we have been free. Yet we need a lot of lively outdoor exercise to keep us fresh and fit, to counteract the effects long sitting at desks and counters, and stuffy breathing of used up air.

Try to get up week and clubs among your fellow workers for the purpose of playing outdoor games like tennis, basketball or golf, or for country walks in the warm season, or skating or snow-shoveling in winter.

Most cities have facilities for playing tennis and golf that are quite free, and you can't do a better thing than get interested in these games. For many months in the year they will give you all the exercise and fresh air you need, besides providing delightful companionship and amusement.

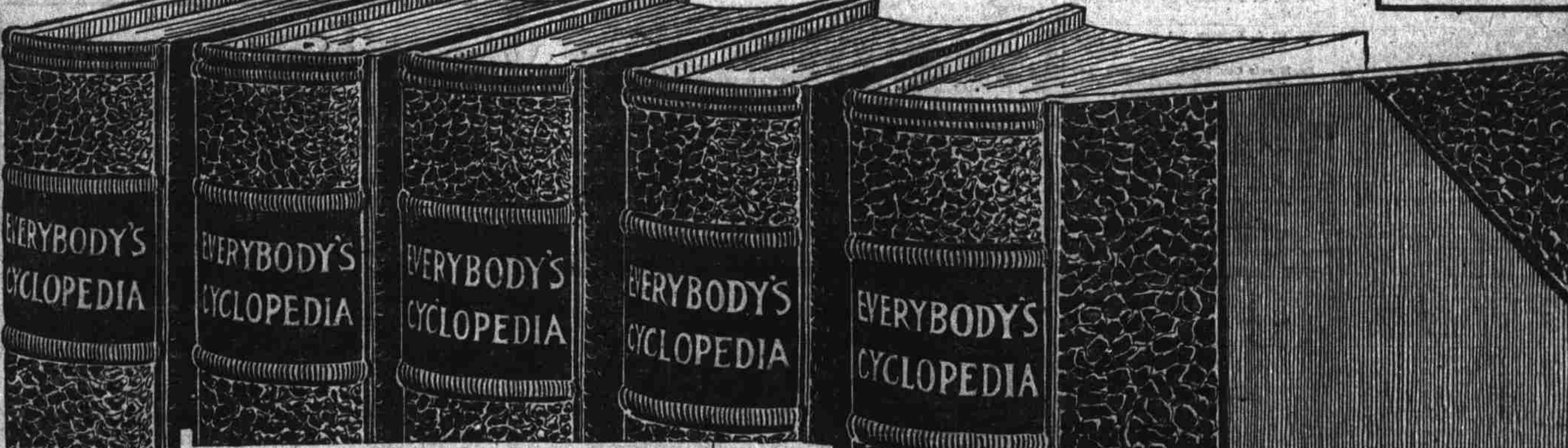
Clubs of six or eight girls are about the right size for outdoor sports. They are not too big to handle, and if one or two of the members are obliged to

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