

Latest Fashions

By Lillian Young

Fashion seems to have expended her greatest efforts on the afternoon gown for evening. The form of these costumes, but more often they are made of satin and brocade, to be worn under velvet or fur wraps, and much of the day is spent in the study of these gowns.

There is first a white net foundation blouse, over which the blue chiffon is draped. The latter has the left side draped well over the right, with the center part cut at one side and carried over the right shoulder to a point just in front of the left hip, where the material is draped in under a square medallion of dull gilded bugles and finished with a fringe of gold cord. The sleeves are cut kimono style and are three-quarter length, held in above a heading with a narrow strap of self material. Besides the inner lace Medici collar, there is a round flat one of white chiffon to finish the neck of the blouse.

The skirt shows one of the more advanced methods of draping and really requires considerable skill in its arrangement. It is cut in two parts; one opening down the front and back. The back is draped, of course, and hidden beneath a knee-length panel that swings from over the top of the skirt. The front has a box pleat describing a full length sweeping line from waist to hem on the left side and soft folds are gracefully draped below the hip. The right side must be cut extra long and then folded to an even length with the left by pinching over the pleater shown on that side, then the remainder of the skirt length is similarly draped to correspond with the opposite side, leaving a curved slashed opening over the feet.

The blouse, of course, opens along the draped edge and the skirt placket is disguised by the fringe medallion.



Theatre gown of gobelin blue brocade and chiffon.

Little Stories for Bedtime

Peter Rabbit Gets a Ducking.
By Thornton W. Burgess
(Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.)

Farmer Brown's boy sat with his chin in his hands staring at the pond in the Green Forest and at the dam that had made it. That dam puzzled him. Who could have built it? What did they build it for? Why hadn't he heard them coming? He looked carefully at the stump of one of the trees, and then a still more puzzled look made deep furrows between his eyes. It looked—yes, it looked very much as if teeth and not an axe had cut down that tree. Farmer Brown's boy stared and stared, his mouth gaping wide open. He looked so funny that Peter Rabbit, who was hiding under an old pile of brush close by, nearly laughed right out.

But Peter didn't laugh. No, sir, Peter didn't laugh, for just that very minute something happened. Swift! Swift! That was right behind him at the very edge of the old brush pile, and every hair on Peter stood on end with fright. "Bow-wow, wow!" It seemed to Peter that

didn't like the water. He couldn't dive and keep out of sight like Jerry Muskrat or Billy Mink. All he could do was to paddle as fast as his legs would go. The water had gone up his nose and down his throat, so that he choked, and all the time he felt sure that Bowser the Hound would plunge in after him. And if he shouldn't why, Farmer Brown's boy would simply wait for him to come ashore and catch him.

But Farmer Brown's boy didn't do anything of the kind. No, sir, he didn't. Instead, he shouted to Bowser and called him away. Bowser didn't want to come, but he long ago learned to obey, so very slowly he waded over to where his master was sitting.

"You know, it wouldn't be fair, old fellow, to try to catch Peter now. It wouldn't be fair at all, and we never want to do anything unfair, do we?" said he. Perhaps Bowser didn't agree, but he wagged his tail as if he did, and sat down beside his master to watch Peter swim.

It seemed to Peter as if he never, never would reach the shore, though really it was only a very little distance that he had to swim. When he did scramble out he was a sorry looking rabbit. He didn't waste any time, but started for home as fast as he could go, tipperly lip. And Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound just laughed and didn't try to catch him at all.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Sammy Jay, who had seen it all from the top of a pine tree. "Well, I never! I guess Farmer Brown's boy isn't so bad, after all."

Next Story—Faddy the Beaver plans a House.

A FEW SMILES

The New Reporter (going to the telephone and automatically starting the machinery)—Hello central! Let me have 3745 C, please.
(A pause.) You giddy little thing! No, I said twenty-seven, not twenty-four. That 2745 C? In Mr. Sawgert's Devoy in the office? Will you tell him that Mr. Jefferson McAddister would like to speak with him? Yes, that's the name, McAddister, journalist.
(The other reporters listen in awestruck silence.)

The New Reporter—Is this really Mr. Devoy? My name is—Ah, you recognize my voice? You perhaps remember that? I interviewed you yesterday? What's that? Best report? Oh, thank you! You're very kind. I tried to make it so. Has anything turned up in regard to that case since noon? Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Dinner? You're extremely kind. At Sherry's? What? And a bottle? (Burgling interest in the entire staff.) It's awfully kind of you. Well, say Tuesday at 8. But really I—

City Editor (in his everyday voice)—I have some work here, Mr. McAddister, when you are quite through talking to yourself. That telephone has been disconnected since morning—Puck.

A certain eminent landscape artist sold a picture to a wealthy woman of Boston. The woman soon became tired of the picture, because she declared it lacked animation. So she sent for another artist and asked him to paint a man or a woman on the road that ran through the middle of the picture.

The artist did so, and when he met the man who had painted the original work he told him what he had done. "I had the temerity to alter a landscape of yours the other day," he said. "It was the one you sold to Mrs. W. She wanted a figure painted in, so I added an old man walking down the road."

"What? What road? There's no road in that picture."

"Why, yes, there is," said the other. "There is a road that runs through the middle of the canvas."

"Why, you fool!" indignantly cried the first artist, "that's no road! That's a river!"

Two little English children had run away from home, drawn by the irresistible attractions of a circus.

"Oh, Mary, come here!" cried one excitedly, lying on the ground and raising the bottom of the large tent. "I've the 'orse's' co's'!"

"The Delicatour."

Wood block paving, tried and discarded in many cities of the United States 20 years ago, is now coming back into marked favor, due to improved methods of treating and handling the blocks.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

By Mary Lee

Dishes Made From Apples.

Baked apple pudding as the English people make it is both nourishing and inexpensive when apples are at all plentiful. In fact, it is claimed the pudding furnishes a perfect midday meal for children not yet old enough to be given meat, while it is certainly a substantial dessert for everybody. You chop four ounces of good beef suet very fine and rub it into one pound of flour, with a teaspoonful of baking powder and one quarter teaspoonful of salt. Then you wet it up with cold water into a dough, rolling out on a well floured board.

With this you line a buttered pudding basin, reserving enough to cover the top, and proceed to fill with apples, peeled, cored and cut into small pieces, adding sugar to sweeten, also a few cloves and a dust of cinnamon as liked. When the bowl is quite full cover with warm water and cover securely with the paste. Dip a cloth into boiling water, sprinkle with flour and tie over the pudding. Take the cord well down the bowl, bring the four corners of the cloth together at the top, the firmly and plunge into plenty of boiling water and cook for from two to two and one-half hours, according to the apples used. Some take longer to cook than others. Juicy apples cook quickly. Hard, dry apples take longer. Serve with any simple sauce, or when serving for children, pour over a little milk.

Mock Apple Dumplings.
This is a nice dessert, and one easily prepared. You fill a deep buttered dish with tart, juicy apples, peeled and cored, filling the space with brown sugar. Then you pour over a cupful of hot water, sweetened, and is then finished off with a meringue made from the whites of the egg and powdered sugar.

Four over the softened apples as directed, cover them and bake in the oven until cooked through, then to pour over them a custard made from one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the yolk of an egg. This is baked for a few minutes, and is then finished off with a meringue made from the whites of the egg and powdered sugar.

Apple Snow.
You make a simple custard as before directed and pour it into a shallow glass dish. Then you grate sour apples, say a cupful, and beat into it the white of an egg and powdered sugar, sweetened. This mixture is laid in spoonfuls upon the custard and dotted with whipped cream dusted with sugar.

Women's Clubs

Henriette L'Huillier to Lecture in French.
Madame Henriette L'Huillier will lecture on a play of the "Comedie Francaise" in room "A" of the public library this evening at 8 p. m. The lectures are open to the public.

Current Literature Department.
The current literature department of the Portland Woman's club held its second meeting yesterday afternoon with Mrs. H. J. Bigger, 441 East Fifteenth street north. There were about 15 members and several visitors present. Mrs. Bigger finished the reading of "Molly Makebelieve." Following the reading there was a social hour during which Mrs. Bigger served refreshments. On account of the next meeting day being Thanksgiving day, that meeting will be omitted. The next meeting will be held December 11 with Mrs. Helen Miller Senn at the Mallory hotel at which time three Christmas stories will be read. Later in the season the department will take up the reading of "Within the Law."

Medford to Have Rose Show.
The clubwomen of Medford have organized a city beautiful movement. The first step was taken this week when 15,000 rose cuttings were made by members of the Greater Medford club and distributed to the school children of the city. Each pupil was given five cuttings, one being a climber and another the official Medford rose, the Hugh Dixon, while N. S. Bennett, a local nurseryman, explained to the children how to plant the roses with the best results. On the first day 11 women made 11,000 cuttings and these were distributed by the women. Mrs. J. F. Reddy, Mrs. W. G. Davidson and Mrs. A. A. Bird have been the leaders in the movement. In the spring a rose show will be given and three prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$1 will be given to the school children who have had the best success. It is planned to make the Rose Show an annual feature in the city.

Next Conference in Vienna.
A conference of 24 delegates of the building workers' organizations from 11 countries on the occasion of the general meeting of the German building workers' conference, in Jena, decided that the next annual international conference should take place in Vienna.

The Aeroplane for War Purposes.
So successful a machine for war purposes has the aeroplane proven that the French army has enlisted expert mechanists to its aerial corps. And has equipped a huge motor truck as a complete machine shop for making repairs in the field.

After Theater Supper.
A simple supper promotes quiet sleep. Drop an ARMOUR BOUILLON CUBE in a cup of hot water and you have at once a delicious bouillon in which the rich flavor of beef is blended with the refreshing taste of vegetables. The very best thing for a light supper. Try it. It is made by Dr. J. C. Armour & Co. from purest materials and is sold everywhere.



SHE IS GOING TO LOSE HER JOB

By Edna K. Woolley



HAT new girl isn't going to keep her position long unless she mends her ways," remarked a young woman, who "bookkeeper" in a large office.

"I met her in the rest room a little while ago and she was crying."

"Well, well, whatever is the matter?" I asked.

"It's that horrid Miss Brown," she sobbed. "I don't care if she is head stenographer, she has no business to say I'm not a nice girl to have in an office. I can't help it if the boys will stop and talk to me."

"Miss Brown has been here eight years!"

"I know the girl. I would think about her saying it," continued the young woman bookkeeper. "But what she really needs is a good heart-to-heart talk, and Miss Brown is just the woman to give it to her."

"You see, that youngster can't remember that she is in an office and that she must leave her party clothes at home when she starts out to fill a business position."

"I just took a good look at her there in the rest room."

"In the first place, she was there wasting time. She had been coming out her hair and doing it up a new way—and the washbowl was full of hair. Other times I've seen her in there cold-creaming her face, and she powders it every 15 minutes. I actually believe, for it seems I never look at her or never go into the rest room but she's there with her powder-chamois."

"She dresses her hair in the most elaborate manner—it sticks out like a toy balloon on each side of her face. That alone would attract attention."

"Her waist was cut very low around the neck, and where my sight of the skin ended there was a wide suggestive bow of pink ribbon. Why do some girls do that?"

"Around her neck and hanging down the front was a long string of beads with a gold locket dangling. I think it would bother her by catching in the typewriter. A large gold bracelet, which she constantly fingered, was on her left arm, and both hands were adorned with rings."

"Her skirt was so tight—really, I wondered if she was able to get it on over her head or if she pulled it on with a shoe horn. And on her feet were black satin shoes!"

"Her whole appearance is an invitation to the boys to step up and take notice, and one really can't blame anybody for seeing she isn't nice."

"But that she isn't a good girl. I don't believe she has a wrong thought. She is just flighty and silly and thinks it a great card to have a cluster of boys around her. She has it doped out in her silly little brain that they are admiring her—perhaps some of them do. I haven't any doubt there are some boys just that silly."

"I can stand a combination of silly girls and silly boys, and it's usually the girls that get discharged. One girl like that can disorganize a whole office."



Principally about People

"We had the best hog and cattle show ever held east of the mountain last week," declared Colonel H. G. Newport of Hermiston, who was a guest at the Imperial. "Prospects are very bright in our section of the state on account of the Umatilla Extension project." Colonel Newport was the purchaser of the first pound of butter churned at the new Hermiston creamery. He paid \$12.25 for it.

The following business men of Seattle registered at the Oregon this morning: William Kerr, P. Lather, H. E. Plan, F. J. York, C. F. Coe, F. D. Cramer, Joe Gottstein, Sidney S. Low, Glenn C. Hupp and C. L. Lamping.

A. C. Dickson, a lumberman of Eugene, is registered at the Imperial. William Evans, a business man of Salem, and wife are at the Imperial. W. H. Marshall, a merchant of Goldendale, and wife are guests at the Imperial. J. C. Fulton, an attorney of Astoria, and wife are at the Imperial. Frank J. Miller, state railroad commissioner, is a guest at the Imperial from Salem. E. B. Hanley, a merchant of Medford, is stopping at the Oregon. M. C. King, a cigar manufacturer of Lima, Ohio, and wife are at the Oregon. W. O. Baker, a business man of San Francisco, is stopping at the Oregon. A. Miller, an automobile man of San Francisco, is registered at the Oregon. Charles Wilson, a fish dealer of Astoria, is stopping at the Imperial. E. L. Knickerbocker, a merchant of Sheridan, is a guest at the Imperial. Burt Shelton, wife and two daughters are guests at the Imperial from Raymond.

IN OUR SCHOOL—By Paul West

Torp Stebbins folks have moved next door to the school house, and Miss Palmer says now maybe Torp'll get to school the same day he starts, but she has her doubts. Torp says it's a darned good idea, and if he'd knowed where his folks was sooner he'd have moved to run away or something.

Patty Bellows got up a little excitement by saying that he thought he was sick, and Miss Palmer had him come upon the platform and looked at his tongue. Then she felt his face, and said if he was like any other boy she'd think maybe he had the mumps, but he was so fat and a little swelling didn't show on him. So she borried a pickle out of Lilac Grimes' lunch box and gave it to Patty. She said if he could eat it that would prove he didn't have no mumps, and Patty at it all rite, so she told him to go back to his seat. By the way he got sicker so she sent him home in charge of Short-Leg Minkler, a transient officer, and Short-Leg said when he got back the doctor said Patty had real mumps, bad. Miss Palmer said then how could he eat a pickle? Which shows she don't know Patty very good!

Don't be alarmed. Miss Palmer read the class about how

HYOMEL SOOTHES, PURIFIES, HEALS CATARRHILLS

When you have frequent sneezing fits, tickling in the throat, crusts in the nose, spasms of coughing, raising of mucus, droppings in the throat and offensive breath, you are affected with catarrh. Immediate steps should be taken to remove this condition of the aliment will increase and spread through the air passages, and a chronic and serious stage of the disease may result. At the first symptoms of catarrh, use Hyomel as sold by druggists, but where there is no other treatment like it, or just as good, none that can take its place and relieve so surely, so quickly and at so little cost. It is a scientific medicated air treatment, that does not drug and damage the stomach, but is breathed in through the Hyomel inhaler, destroying the disease germs that may lurk in the nose, throat and lungs, and soothing and healing the irritated mucous membrane.

Hyomel is offered to catarrh sufferers with the agreement to refund the purchase price to any one who is not satisfied with results. You certainly can afford to test Hyomel with an offer like this. Get it now, and be cured of catarrh. Hyomel does not contain opium, or any other habit forming drug. Complete outfit including inhaler and bottle of liquid, \$1.00. Extra bottles of liquid, if later needed, 50c.



The Stebbins family have moved.

A boy named Charles Ross got kidnapped once and never was brung back. Wake White said wouldn't it be terrible if some of them kidnappers got any of us, and Miss Palmer said that was terrible for the kidnappers. Just then Torp Stebbins laughed and she said what for, and Torp said because what she said was so funny.

Fashion Note.
They was quite a horribel eclosion in the vicinity of Genevieve Hicks just before noon, and Gen. looked embarrassed. Miss Palmer asked her what was the matter, and Gen. went to the dressing room bawling. Miss Palmer



Gen. looked embarrassed.

sent Maude Muldinky in to see what it was, and Maude wouldn't tell any of the letters, but she told Pearl McLoughlin and he told her brother George, and he told the gang. It seems business being a little style, Gen. had borried her cousin's toothbrush and it had blown away when she set down onto it. Gen. says she don't care, she was stylish for a little while anyhow.

Air Saturated With Radium. Such beneficial results have been attained by sufferers from some diseases by spending several hours a day in air saturated with radium emanations that a sanatorium for giving such treatment has been established in Vienna.

Postal Employees Organize.
Postal employees in St. Paul, Minn.,

have organized a cooperative company and opened a store with a view of reducing for themselves the cost of living. Membership is not altogether limited to postal employees.

The bureau of statistics of the department of labor of the United States has issued a bulletin urging the prohibition of night work for children 15 years old or younger.

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