

Pretty Costume for Club Meeting



FOR the club woman, or one who attends any informal afternoon function, here is a simple and smart costume. It is designed on very conservative lines, but provided with the most popular of the present style-touches to make it acceptable to the most up-to-date wearer.

It is a model especially well adapted to a stout figure. The small coat hangs closer than the majority of those equally smart. Its cut sets the material close to the arm and narrows the shoulders. The sleeves are easy, in straight lines and three-quarter length. There is a deep and rather narrow "V" at the throat, and the basque is long, sloping down toward the back. It is unfinished except for the sewing at the bottom. Thus the long line of the figure is not broken by the separate coat. It is noticeable that all the lines of the coat tend to preserve length of line, in the figure.

The skirt is fuller than the average, with the effect of being a double skirt at the front. It is cut wide enough to allow it to be caught up in plaits at the left knee under a soft rosette of chiffon. A piece is let in at the front, but the split or overlapping breadth is absent and there is worn enough for a comfortable step. At the long "V" at the front a little soft white chiffon is let in and a strand of the ever-present white beads finishes the neck dress.

The jacket laps at the front with fastening concealed by an inverted

"V" shaped piece of the material. There is a plaiting of lace about the throat and small ribbon decoration at the right side by way of garniture, a short satin girdle of plaited ribbon fastens with hooks and eyes at the left side under extremely small made ornaments.

The hat is of hatter's plush, with facing of velvet in black. The paradise wreath in shaded flame color gives brilliance and distinction to the entire toilette.

It will be noticed that the long gloves are glace kid in black. They make the arms look very slender and reduce the apparent size of all hands remarkably. Very thin women should not wear them. High surfaced black is not for them. The sleeves are finished with a band of satin.

To study this costume is more convincing than describing it to show that it has been carefully thought out as adapted to the full figure.

The narrow drooping brim of the hat makes the most of the length of the neck, since it does not conceal it. The feather swirl is light, following the brim line almost exactly. The shape is extremely graceful.

It is by such careful thinking out and management of line that grace is arrived at. Developed in black or grey or mauve or taupe, this is a good model, but for the purpose of reducing the apparent size of the figure black is the best choice.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PARISIAN WOMEN OCCUPIED WITH TWO NEW "FADS"

AT the present moment there are two very prominent fashions governing Paris. One of these is white hair. The other is red fox.

Early last spring there was noticed the growing fashion of wearing powdered hair. All through the summer season one saw the most wonderful, and often very beautiful, heads of silver hair at the opera, and at the Theatre des Champs Elysees, on Russian Ballet nights.

The Parisiennes started this fashion. Then, almost immediately, it was taken up by women of other nations, especially by American beauties.

Now it is the fashion to wear powdered hair in the day time as well as by night. This does not mean pure white hair, such hair as one sees at a fancy dress ball. The powdered hair now so fashionable in Paris is, as a rule, quite dark in parts. It is obviously powdered at the sides and in front.

The great drawback to this fashion is this: Powdered hair makes considerable demands upon one's toilet, and upon one's personality, generally. It seems to silently call for a special style of dress. It cannot be worn, successfully, with "just anything."

In the evening these difficulties disappear entirely, for modern evening gowns are so ornate and elaborate that they seem to harmonize, naturally, with powder.

As to the second "fad," what can be said? Red fox skins have become ubiquitous in Paris. All through last summer, and autumn, the most exclusive Parisian beauties were making sensational successes in white linen and satin sea-side costumes, accompanied by a brilliant red fox skin, in the shape of a flat tie.

Skins or the ordinary red fox looked all right when adopted as an eccentric "fad," by ultra smart women, and in conjunction with fragile summer dresses; they look hopelessly common when adopted as a regular winter fur and worn with handsome tailored suits of cloth and velvet. Neverthe-

less, the red-fox-rage is apparently in a healthy condition. It seems likely to last all through the winter. And the pity of it is that already the shop windows are filled with imitation red-fox skins, worthless furs which have no meaning and which would make any costume look ordinary. This was, of course, inevitable, but it is nevertheless deplorable.



Model of White Souple Satin. Three Tier Tunic of White Lace With Black Maline Bow at Waist.

SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent

A Romance of the Future  
By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard

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SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America has been isolated from the rest of the world by Z-rays, the invention of Hannibal Prudent, president of the united government. A message from Count von Werdenstein, chancellor of Germany, that he has succeeded in penetrating the rays hastens the death of Prudent. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that foreign invasion is now certain. Astra succeeds her father as president. Napoleon Edison, a former pupil of Prudent's, offers to assist Astra and hints at new discoveries which will make North America impregnable. A man giving the name of Chevalier de Leon offers Werdenstein the secret of making gold in return for European disarmament. The chevalier is made a prisoner. Countess Rosita, a spy, becomes a prisoner in the hope of discovering Leon's secret. She falls in love with him and agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of rockets he summons a curious flying machine. He escapes and sends a message to Astra which reveals the fact that he is Napoleon Edison. He warns Astra that the consolidated fleets of Europe have sailed to invade America. He calls on Astra, the following night and explains his plans for defense. By the use of aeroplanes made of a new substance which is indestructible he expects to annihilate the European forces. He delivers a note to von Werdenstein on his flagship demanding immediate withdrawal. He is attacked and by destroying two warships and several aeroplanes, forces von Werdenstein to agree to universal disarmament. The princess, who has remained in America as a guest of Astra, receives an offer from von Werdenstein of the principality of Schomburg-Lithow in return for Edison's secret. Edison and his assistant, Santos, go in search of new deposits of the remarkable substance, crynith. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow. The countess gets Santos into her chamber. He accidentally discovers the princess's secret as von Werdenstein turns over the Schomburg-Lithow estate to her. On the day of the wedding of Astra and Edison the countess and Santos flee the country. Santos perfects a machine, is made a count and marries the countess. He accidentally discovers a liquid that will render opposing airships helpless. Santos completes a fleet for the princess.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"What need have we of European commerce and troubles? The American continent is ours, we love it and we can live on it. The Z-ray stations have been kept in order and we can easily cut ourselves off from those warring countries. We will not be the losers." So his address ran. He sat down amid tremendous applause.

However, another orator arose and propounded opposite reasons for open ports and no determination was reached.

Astra and her mother-in-law were sitting in the library at the Crystal Palace depressed and sad. The uncertainty of Napoleon's fate caused long, sleepless nights.

Thus they had lived, day after day, hopefully and fearfully.

The life of the woman who had been the mainspring of all their troubles was different. The Princess Rosita had never been happier than now. The twenty-first aerodrome was finished, and she, like a general, would drill her flying squadron personally.

Rosita had acquired great skill in handling the aerodrome, and she could execute the capturing act very easily. She was loved by the whole crew, which was composed of men from noble families.

These men admired their leader, they were hypnotized by her charms and she handled them so that they were, as one man, ready to give their lives for her.

After a successful maneuver day Rosita gave the order to her men to gather in the large hall. The hall was the schoolroom where Santos taught them the art of aviation in theory.

There were forty men in all—young, vigorous, brave and bold. When Rosita entered, followed by her husband, a cheer rang out: "Hurrah for our princess!"

She walked to the platform, and her clear voice rang through the hall: "Gentlemen! The silence was intense. 'I have called you together to explain the situation. The American continent has voluntarily taken from us Europeans, children of a different caste, a different race, our most cherished traditions. There is not one among you who is not a nobleman. You all know the situation and Europe's eyes rest on us. Europe is awaiting our action to restore the old order of things. We have the might! Think of these words: 'We have the might!' Therefore, we have the right! The aerodrome flotilla is my own property. Think this over and consider!

"Is it right that I—that we—should obey orders that come from powerless rulers? That we, the gallant aerial fleet, should consider those who are held to the ground? That we who have the might should obey anyone else except the one we choose?"

"Gentlemen, we were all born to be rulers, or I would not have selected you as my aviators. Gentlemen! You must select one of us for our com-

mander, and we will rule the world!"

"Hurrah for the queen! Hurrah for the queen of the air! Hurrah for Queen Rosita!"

How sweet that sounded to the beautiful woman! A tear glistened in her eye. She ran into their arms and kissed one after another. The last was Santos, and he was the least enthusiastic of them all.

Rosita, queen of the air!

This was her election. When the enthusiasm had somewhat abated she gave them the oath of obedience, the oath that would be kept secret until the day of its world-wide proclamation. They swore to be true, obedient and brave for the queen. And she swore to be faithful and true to her little army.

"We have only one man to fear, and that man is Napoleon Edison. You all know him. Seemingly he has met with some misfortune, as he has disappeared. When he returns we will fight him and win, and then the world is ours!"

That same day while this infamous thing was happening in Suemeg the American Eagle slowly descended to the roof of the Crystal Palace. It was dusk and no one noticed its arrival. The tall man who alighted from the machine seemed weak, but he fastened the machine, then slowly found his way downstairs. After a gentle tap on Astra's private door he entered. Mother and wife were there. Napoleon had returned at last.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Valley of Xiuh.

The first raptures of the reunion were over. Words took the place of mute expressions of love. Napoleon began to tell his story:

"No one knows of my return, except my men at Clyrue, and they will keep it to themselves. I did not use the graph, as I did not want certain people to know that I was safe—the papers would get hold of it and by morning Europe would know." He smiled. "They have tried to surprise us, and now we will surprise them." His eyes rested lovingly on the two women who were his nearest and dearest.

"It is exactly eight weeks today since I left Washington to continue my search for something that I felt convinced nature had provided for a certain use; that is, to remove the electro-magnetism of crynith. I found it, thanks be to Providence. The discovery nearly cost me my life, but I never was happier than the moment when my aerodrome was helplessly falling down. It is a wonder that I came out alive, but, aside from a few bruises, all is well.

"I was circling around an active volcano and the wing of the Eagle was touched by the warm fluid gushing up from a geyser. The wings folded together and the Eagle was helpless. I turned the tail rudder to break its fall, and thus escaped with my life."

A silent prayer went up from the two loving women, a prayer of thanks to Him who had saved him to save America.

"I lost consciousness when the aerodrome struck the ground by being hurled into the bench. When I opened my eyes it was night and I was on a low bed. An ancient oil lamp was flickering on a table at my head. I tried to sit up, but could not. My strength was gone; even my eyelids fell down, and I had a feeling that I was falling from a great height. I felt some one come near, and a moment later I felt a cooling bandage placed on my head by deft hands. I lost consciousness again and do not know how long I lay in a stupor, but I think it must have been at least eight days.

"The first clear moment I had I found that I was in the home of some rich Indian family. Later I found that they were Aztecs—indeed, the direct descendants of the Incas. In the clear moments during my fever I saw a very beautiful Aztec girl by my bedside nursing me. She was the daughter of the high priest, to whose house I had been taken.

"It was five weeks before I recovered from the terrible fall.

As I regained my strength the old priest, named Xiuhama, assisted me to a porch-like structure that stood before the house, and I beheld a wonderful picture. A few hundred yards

cushions to make me a comfortable seat on the long, broad bench.

"The old priest could express his thoughts so plainly that I understood him almost as well as if we were able to converse, and when I was in doubt he took a board and made drawings in a childlike but expressive way.

"I soon realized that he considered me sent as a messenger by their god Itzcoatl. A prophecy made hundreds of years before by one of their great men told them that a deliverer would come as a bird. That reminded me of my Eagle that had, during my illness, been haunting me, as I feared it had been damaged beyond repair. In spite of all it meant to me I had not asked about it. I was led by the priest to the church, through the wide doors of which my Eagle had been carried and placed before the altar. I looked it over carefully and found that it was in good condition, except that the wings had lost their magnetism. I inspected it and found one wing coated by a pale yellow varnish—it was the wing that had been touched by the liquid from a geyser.

"It caused a perfect isolator, and if I had had the presence of mind to use my dry battery at the crucial moment I would not have had the fall; but everything turns out for the best.

"When I was able to work I succeeded in cleansing the wings, and the machine was in working order again.

"Yesterday I thought I was strong enough to leave and I bade my host goodby with the promise that I would return and bring help.

"This is a short recital of my doings during the two months past, and now, my dear Astra, will you tell me all that is new here?"

Napoleon had heard a few things from Whistler in Clyrue that disquieted him, and he was anxious to know the truth. That Astra could tell him best of all. So she began to relate all the important happenings while Napoleon listened attentively, making notes from time to time. Astra spoke of the European decree and all the facts that were officially communicated to her. Then she told of the newspaper rumors concerning the aerodrome fleet and the preparations for war that were supposed to be occupying the time of the European rulers.

"We have nine days at our disposal. I will be very busy for the next few days, but next Monday I will be ready to appear in the congress as the president of the international peace committee."

Early next morning Napoleon communicated with his brother workers in the peace committee, and then left the capital. He spent some hours at work designing a device to be used on the aerodromes. With six machines, equipped with men and barrels, he headed for the valley of Xiuh that evening.

They landed in the valley the next morning and after a peaceful negotiation with the high priest they caught a large supply of the liquid that had put the Eagle out of commission and returned to Clyrue. While Napoleon analyzed the liquid his workmen made several trips between the valley and Vast quantities.

Napoleon, after a thorough examination, sighed. "Here is something new. It puzzles me, but it solves the question of superiority in the air."

Napoleon's next move was to try out the new swallow-type machine. It was smaller than the Eagle, but the wings and the tail rudder were comparatively larger. It had not the grace of the Eagle in flight, but its speed was something unprecedented—it shot through the air like a streak.

Two more days passed. The third found every aerodrome equipped with a long tube very similar to the old style fire extinguisher. To this tube was connected a small automatic gun, which protruded through a special aperture in the body of the aerodrome. The lever controlling this gun was within easy reach of the aeroman, and the gun itself was so arranged that it could be pointed in any direction.

The four aerodromes that had been sent toward the west were reporting every few hours. They had seen nothing so far that was out of the ordinary.

It was Saturday evening that the last of the aerodromes was made ready for prompt action. Turning the command of the island over to Whistler, Napoleon returned to Washington. The Swallow made the trip in two hours.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coal Smoke and Health.

The medical officer of health for Manchester, England, presents evidence to show that the working life of the people of that city is shortened ten years by the acids in smoke and the carbon particles which invade the lungs. Surgeon J. W. Stoner, of the United States public health service, traces a connection between a smoky atmosphere and the drinking habits of the people. Women living in smoky, gloomy homes, attired in somber clothes, breathing a smoke-filled atmosphere, are prone to be irritable, to scold and whip their children and to nag their husbands who flee to the saloon for solace and relief. Surgeon Stoner is also of the opinion that children reared in a depressing atmosphere are dull, apathetic and even criminally inclined. The smoke problem is still important.

The Outcome.

He—The man who offers me a drink insults my manhood.

She—Well, that's all right as long as you don't follow your usual course and swallow the insult.

Wisdom.

A wise wife soon learns to manage her husband, while a wise husband never tries to manage his wife.



"When I Opened My Eyes It Was Night and I Was on a Low Bed."

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Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Jess—Miss Schreecher is going abroad to finish her musical education.

Tess—Where did she get the money?

Jess—The neighbors all chipped in.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

The British government's old age pension scheme is producing some remarkable figures for the statistics of 1912 show that 603,380 women were in receipt of old age pensions, as compared with only 362,628 men.

**Shake Into Your Shoes**

Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitutes. Sample FREE. Address A. B. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

If they don't know how the fire started, the general disposition is to blame it on the sinful cigarette.

Be sure that you ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and look for the signature of Wm. Wright on wrapper and box. For Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. Adv.

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"My mother has used one 6c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and although she is over 80 years of age, she has obtained great relief from her rheumatism."—Mrs. H. E. Lindholm, Gibby, Cal.

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