

WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

Prominent Style Features in Gowns



The most attractive of the new gowns already displayed for the coming winter, are characterized by the long straight lines that belong to the semifitting princess, and by the inspiration of the Russian blouse. Combinations of two materials in the same gown are worked out in one-piece frocks made of cloth and silk, or cloth and velvet. Buttons and braids and sashes of the same fabrics as the gown appear with such frequency that they are assured a place in the coming season's fashions.

In suits there are numbers of severely plain and perfectly tailored designs, the coats semifitting, with the skirt portion showing a ripple or full flare. Dark cloths are chosen for these. The skirts, while amply full, are not decidedly flaring but they are decidedly short.

The Russian idea is developed with fine success in the various pile fabrics used for dressier suits. Many novelties in the light weight plushes and fur cloths, as well as plain velvet, promise much for the popularity of this style.

One of the handsomest of these

suits is shown in the picture. The skirt is full and plaited and reaches to the shoe tops. It is made of a plain, light weight, silky plush with an overdrape of a striped plush of the same color. The stripe is made by a difference in the direction of the pile and not by a difference in color. The coat is the regulation Russian model buttoning to the side. It is worn with a belt of patent leather.

In the management of the collar and cuffs the designer has introduced an individual touch. A narrow "U" shaped collar is attached to the blouse apparently by high buttons. It supports a wide turnover about the sides and back.

The wide turned-back cuffs slope outward and the edges are curved forward. A row of buttons finishes each of them.

The long sash ends of self fabric which appear on many of the new gowns merit much consideration. Besides their pleasing novelty they are graceful and give opportunity for very effective decoration which adds much to the finish of a frock or suit.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Two of the New High Boots for Street Wear



Two out of many beautiful specimens in footwear for fall are pictured here. They are combinations of cloth and leather in high boots for street wear, and are among the most conservative of the new designs. They are trim, shapely and neat, with everything in style and finish to recommend them. The very short skirts, which, in many instances glimpse the stockings above the boot-tops, make smart dressing of the feet imperative. New footwear embodies many styles in which contrasting colors are used with uppers made of cloth and the remainder of the shoe in dull finish or in patent kid. But the colors used for tops are quiet, with various tan and gray shades predominating. The dark colors which are correct for tailored gowns are used in the uppers for shoes to match. Or for midwinter wear spots like the tailored gown are to be worn with black shoes.

Among the fancier shoes are those without seams made of light tan, black or bronze leathers, that lace on the inside. The leather uppers seem to

be in one piece stretched to fit the foot. They suggest a close-fitting boot like those worn by men in days gone by.

Even more daringly masculine are the short Cossack boots with their ornamental turnover band at the top. They are fascinating achievements in footwear and are steadily gaining headway, appearing with more frequency on the promenade than at any time since their introduction.

Very light shades in tan are liked for all-leather street boots, to be worn with suits in any dark color. The Cossack boot ought to appear with greater frequency as the season advances and Russian street suits, trimmed, come more and more into vogue.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Borax for Colored Linens. The delicate shades of the new fashionable colored linens may be kept from fading by using plenty of pure pulverized borax in the water in which they are washed and rinsed.

WAY TO INCLOSE STAMPS

Improperly Placed in Letter They Are Apt to Be Source of Irritation to the Recipient.

It is actually astonishing the number of persons, even those who are in business, who do not know how properly to inclose a postage stamp in a letter. The stamp is inclosed to bring an immediate reply, and the intention of the writer is good, but many times the wrong way of doing the thing is the cause of no little annoyance at the other end of the line.

When a busy man opens a letter and finds a stamp pasted tightly to the sheet he may be excused if he becomes irritated. The letter is often unanswered, the stamp wasted or the party's time taken up in removing the stamp and applying paste to hold it on the envelope sent containing the reply.

Here is one way to inclose a stamp: Moisten a spot about the size of a pea in the center of the stamp and press it to a blank space on the letter sheet. When the party addressed removes the stamp he can lift it from any edge, and that will cause the center to release instantly without injury to the bit of paper. If one corner is pasted down it often tears in removing, and according to the ruling of the department, the postage stamp is worthless if any portion is torn or cut away.

Another way to inclose a single stamp, or two or three stamps, in fact, is to cut a little slit in the corner of the letter, taking pains that this is not done where it will be folded as the letter is made ready to go in the envelope. If the slits are properly made the stamps can be tucked in and will remain safely in that position.

But for a large number of stamps it is better to put them in a small envelope, which is inclosed in the envelope containing the letter.

KITCHENER AS A PET

ROLE WOULD COME AS SURPRISE TO HIS SUBORDINATES.

Nevertheless, Graphic Picture Has Been Drawn of His Friendship With Two Elderly Ladies—Unique Use of Gift.

Many of the best friends of Lord Kitchener, the great English soldier, administrator and secretary of war, are women, despite the popular belief that he is a grimly uncompromising woman hater. In a recent brief biography of "K. of K." Harold Hogbie draws a most winning picture of his friendship with two of his elderly relatives—"two dear, diminutive old Scotch ladies who lived in Phillimore gardens, Kensington, by name of the Misses Hutchinson; and Kitchener was no coarser to these charming spinsters than they to him.

"He wrote to them brightly and boyishly by almost every mail. . . . Before he went to Egypt for his advance on Khartoum, these dear old ladies presented him with a gold-headed 'swagger' cane; and when the advance was accomplished and the photographing arrived to make a picture of the general and his staff, Kitchener seated himself in the center of the group with this stick held so ostentatiously that the old ladies in Kensington could not fail to recognize it when the photograph appeared in the illustrated papers. He sent them roses from Gordon's grave at Khartoum, and coats of the caliph from the Sudan."

Their house was always his goal on his return from distant service, and in it he was like a schoolboy, running up the stairs two at a time, whistling in his bedroom, going and coming as he pleased, and telling them such stories of his campaigns as no one else in London ever heard. They called him Herbert, pronouncing it "Hair-burr" in the broadest Scotch, and would sit on either side of him "studying his bronzed face with their small, smiling, shrewd eyes, teasing him, chaffing him, adoring him, and giving him sound advice."

Later on in his triumphant career their "Hairburr" once wished to make the little old ladies a gift so valuable and unusual that they felt called upon to pause and consider before accepting it. It was a gold casket—one of the many gold caskets presented to "K. of K." by the grateful corporations of provincial cities.

"Do we need it?" pronounced the first old lady, pointedly.

"No, we certainly don't need it," reflectively acquiesced her sister.

"What could we do with it?" pursued the first old lady. But the second had had time to think.

"Hum," she suggested contemptuously, "perhaps we could use it as a tea caddy."—Youth's Companion.

How Far Soldiers Can See.

Some interesting experiments have been made in the German army with the object of discovering at what distance the recognition of one soldier by another is reliable. For soldiers with good eyes it was found that a person seen once before could be recognized at a distance of 80 feet, while an acquaintance could be recognized at a distance of 300 feet, and an intimate friend or relative at a distance of 500 feet.

The various parts of a man's body can be distinguished and any decided movement can be detected by an expert rifleman at a distance of 300 feet. At 1,800 feet, a man appears as a spot on the landscape and cannot usually be seen if he keeps still or if his dress does not contrast with the background. Sailors, hunters and farmers can usually see twice these distances, probably on account of their constant training in making out the nature of distant objects.

Submarine Treasure.

A boat is now being built to locate submarine treasure. The new submarine consists of a steel sphere, eight feet in diameter and capable of carrying two workmen. It is designed to be lowered into the water from a tender, but is provided with electrically-driven propellers by which it can be moved about in the water as it hangs at the end of the cable. One of its essential features is a set of four electro-magnets, which, when energized by current from the motors within the sphere, serve to hold it securely to the steel hull of a sunken ship. Current for the operation is supplied through a cable running down from the tender. In addition to this equipment it will be provided with electric drills for piercing the side of the ship, and with a powerful searchlight for working purposes and for exploring the bed of the ocean when the exact location of a sunken ship is not known.

Curious Italian Ambulance.

There is a vast difference between real warfare and dress parade. Under the exigencies of a difficult campaign one must put up with makeshifts improvised from the readiest means at hand. An illustration in point is to be found in a recently taken photograph of a curious ambulance used by the Italians in the fighting in the Alps. This is really a large sled, fitted with two small wheels. The sled runners permit of hauling this ambulance over bare stretches of ground. The sure-footed little donkey is the best means of locomotion for this type of vehicle. An ambulance of ordinary proportions could not be used on many of the narrow roads and pathways of the Italian Alps.—Scientific American.

NO GROUND FOR SCANDAL

Though for a Time the Domestic Peace of the Deary Family Was Seriously Threatened.

A young married woman, whose husband was of an exceedingly jealous disposition, decided to have her dining room repapered, and telephoned to the nearest paperhanger to send one of his men with samples to her home that afternoon.

Promptly at four o'clock the man appeared with the usual large sample book, and Mrs. Newlywed ushered him into the dining room, as she thought the paper could best be decided upon when tried against the wall.

"No, I don't like that brown, Mr. Paperhanger. Try the buff," she said. Then, "No, Mr. Paperhanger, the figure is too large in that; let me see that dark blue! Yes, I like that, don't you, Mr. Paperhanger?"

"Yes, madam, that looks very well, but don't call me Mr. Paperhanger, that isn't my name."

"Oh, pardon me, but what is your name?" Mrs. Newlywed asked.

"My name is Love," the paperhanger answered, when Mrs. Newlywed began to laugh.

"Yes, Love," the paperhanger repeated, somewhat nettled by the lady's laughter. Then she straightened her face and was about to speak, when her husband strode into the room, with fire in his eyes.

"Get out of here, you infamous rascal!" he thundered, shaking his fist in the paperhanger's face. "Get out before I throw you out."

"What's the matter with you?" the paperhanger snarled. "What have I done?"

"Doesn't ask me what you have done! Here I just come home from a hard day's work and find you making love to my wife, and then you ask me what you have done!"

"Why, man, you're crazy! Why should I make love to your wife when I have one of my own? Your wife asked me what my name was, and I told her. W. E. Love. Now what have you to say?" and the paperhanger straightened up ready for what might happen next, when Mrs. Newlywed said: "Oh, Harry, don't act so!"

The man is telling the truth and he is laughing when you came in at the idea of having Love and Deary under the same roof."

This time the paperhanger looked mystified, when Mrs. Newlywed explained: "Our name is Deary, Mr. Love; this is my husband, H. O. Deary!"

Needlessly to say Mr. Deary looked very much ashamed of himself, and Mr. Love is now debating whether he shall change his name or not!

Fire in the Sky!

With flames shooting up to a height of 50 feet, a Paris aeroplane on patrol duty dived to earth just at nightfall recently.

The passenger threw himself from the machine, falling ten feet on to the roof of a house. The pilot, Benoit, came down with the machine, but was rescued. Thousands of people witnessed the accident, which occurred over the densely-populated quarter of Vaugrard. The machine took fire at a height of 750 feet. It was then a mile from the Issy aerodrome. With remarkable coolness Benoit attempted to vault into the Issy ground, but was not high enough.

He managed, however, to swing the blazing machine down to the waste land close by, the aeroplane narrowly missing the roofs of the houses and signal posts on the railroad as it dived earthwards amidst the cries of the horrified onlookers.

Tubular Headlights.

A new electric bulb for headlights is tubular in form, instead of being round, with the result that a much more effective light is produced. When a round bulb is inserted in the base of the headlight, rays from the filament have to pass through two and three thicknesses of the glass, on their way to and from the reflector. The tubular bulb, being but of slightly larger diameter than its base, sends the reflected rays straight ahead without any further interference by the bulb itself in the center. The tubular bulb has another advantage, which may on occasion prove highly important. It can be withdrawn through the rear of the reflector, making it possible to use front lenses which are screwed on tight, instead of being hinged to the lamp.

HIS PROTEGEE NOW HIS WIFE

She Went to School as the Object of His Compassion, but Became His Beloved.

Mrs. Borman was a widow who kept a boarding house in a small western town. Her daughter, Alice, was a scrawny little girl of fourteen. Mrs. Borman had been forced to take her out of school to help with the work; washing dishes and waiting on table.

Jack Forbes, twenty-five, was his widowed mother's only child—wealthy, by the way. Jack had never been strong, so he went West. He came to live at Mrs. Borman's.

He felt sorry for the poor little scrawny girl and offered to send her through school. He sent her away to a private school and paid her bills regularly, in a fatherly way, though he never wrote her or went to see her. With him it was simply an act of compassion.

At twenty-two he ordered her home—to his mother's home, feeling that there she could get some finishing touches socially. Then he intended to make a schoolteacher out of her. In the meantime he had gone into business, made a success of himself, and regained his health at the same time. Work was all he needed, anyway, and to get away from his mother's apron strings.

He was not at home when Alice arrived, but came a few days later, probably out of curiosity. I cannot finish this ideal story by saying that Alice had blossomed out into a wondrous beauty, for she had not. But people say she was dainty and refined, with wonderful hair and eyes and the manner of one high born.

Of course, Jack fell in love with her. She had always been in love with him, I think. Had she been courted by a score of lovers I think he would have been her choice. Well, they are married now and, as the story book says, "they have two beautiful children."

Isn't this a regular story book romance? And the beauty of it is it's true. I know, for I am Alice and Jack Jr. is up on my chair back now, poking clover blossoms into my hair, and baby Alice is asleep. And they are two such beautiful, wonderful children!—Chicago Tribune.

Partner's Liability.

A unique question of liability in an automobile accident case was decided by the supreme court of South Dakota in Van Horn vs. Simpson, which held that where defendants were copartners and were riding in an automobile in partnership business, the negligence of the owner and partner in driving the automobile was imputable to the other partner, since as a member of the copartnership the owner and driver was his agent, and both defendants were jointly liable for injuries to a traveler upon the highway. It is pointed out that these two defendants at the time in question were copartners in the real estate business, and that this auto was then transporting both defendants in the prosecution of such copartnership business; that it was then being used as an instrument for the benefit and within the scope of the partnership business; that Simpson was not a passenger or gratuitous guest of Anderson in said car, but was a party interested in the purpose and business in which such car was then being operated.

Marked Resemblance.

The allies seem to be taking Constantine in about the same fashion that we used to spell it, when we were boys and girls, away back in the years of never-mind-what. We had a quaint old crank of a teacher who taught orthography in a most peculiar wise. He would make us spell and pronounce a syllable, move to the next, duplicate the previous performance, hop back and bring up the prior syllable, go ahead, back and ahead, and so on to the bitter end. Thus: "C-o-n. con; there's your con—s-t-a-n; stan; there's your stan; there's your con-stan—t-i. ti; there's your ti; there's your stan-ti—n-o. no; there's your no; there's your ti-no; there's your stan-ti-no. ple; there's your ple; there's your no-ple; there's your stan-ti-no-ple; there's your con-stan-ti-no-ple; there's your Constantinople!"—Kansas City Star.

Blind Man's Advice.

Capt. Francis P. Peirson-Webber became a successful poultry raiser, though sightless. So adept has he become in this vocation that he can tell the weight of an egg to the fraction of an ounce, can determine its freshness, and even what breed of fowl laid it. He is now county adviser in poultry culture to Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, England. He hopes to persuade "everyone who has the opportunity to keep not less than ten good hens, so as to provide a household economy which shall yield an average of 1,500 eggs yearly, the hens being fed almost entirely on household waste scraps prepared 'the right way.'"

Well-Dressed Farmer.

Apparently the best-dressed farmers in the country live in California. In a questionnaire 556 farmers gave the cost of their clothes. Of these, 116 paid from \$10 to \$15 each for their suits; 143 from \$15 to \$20; 142, from \$20 to \$25; 26 from \$30 to \$40, and three from \$40 to \$50. Two of the three in the last named class were from California, and 12 of the 26 who paid from \$30 to \$40 were also from the same state, the next greatest number from any one state in this class being six from Texas.

Culinary Mechanics.

"What air them kitchenettes I hear tell of in the cities?" asked Deacon Hyperbole Medders, the somewhat honest agriculturist.

"They're the places, Uncle Hy," explained Upon Downs, his city nephew, "in which are molded or cast or somehow produced a fat dweller's daily round of manacles."—Judge.

ROUSED SAILOR'S IRE

CAPTAIN RATHER RESENTED UNMÉRITED REBUKE.

Forced to Lighten Ship in a Hurry, It Was a Case of Heaving Overboard the First Cargo Reached, as He Could Proceed.

Seventy or eighty years ago the only regular passenger vessels from London to New York were the American Black X liners. Capt. Josiah Joshua Champlin was the oldest and best-known man on the line. He did not believe in hurricanes or cyclones, and when he heard of ships being dismantled in them, always attributed such disasters to rotten rigging or spars.

Fire was the one thing which the captain rather dreaded, and at sea, according to him, "it had one point in its favor over fire ashore, namely, that water in a general way was plenty and handy."

"But," the captain always added, "my carpenter is a smart man, and spends most of his spare time between decks among the steerage people. And no mistake about it, the yarns he spins down there about his escapes from ships ashore are not calculated to make them careless about lights."

When a young man, the captain was once "popped" in running too long before a heavy gale, when something started about the stern-post, and he was forced to jettison some of the cargo in order to lighten his ship aft and get at the leak.

He was loaded with flour, cheese, apples, and American clocks. The clocks unfortunately were the first things that could be got at. In consequence over two hundred cases of clocks went to the bottom before the cheese boxes were reached.

He lightened his ship nearly a hundred tons aft in twelve hours, and most of the steerage passengers keeping the pumps going while the crew handed up clocks and cheese.

"No, sir," said Captain Champlin, "I guess I didn't have to coax them passengers any. I just told 'em they'd get to pump or drown! But when I got home again in New York, and my owners asked, 'How was it, Mr. Champlin, that it did not occur to you to select something of less value than them timepieces?' I felt pretty small. I only said:

"Well, gentlemen, I rather wish you had been there yourselves, to pick and choose that night!

"Yes, sir, that riled me, specially as my wife was with me that voyage, and her own private plan was one of the first things that went overboard."

Distress in Palestine.

Letters from Palestine report great destitution in Jerusalem and other parts of the land. There have been no imports for a year. The internal resources have been taxed to supply the army. Food is both scarce and exceedingly dear. The tourist trade, which gave employment to many, and brought much money to the country, is cut off, and with it the manufacture of fancy articles, souvenirs and trinkets which was the chief industry. Agriculture is hampered by the absence of the able-bodied men in the army. Banking has been suspended for many months. Three women missionaries of the Christian and Missionary alliance are carrying on the school and other work of that society in Jerusalem, and the Syrian staff are said to be doing their part nobly. Missionaries both at home and still on the field believe that the end of the war will bring unparalleled opportunities in Palestine.

Prehistoric Camels.

A partially restored skeleton of a small ancestral camel, Stenonyx hitchcocki, from the lower Miocene of Nebraska, has just been added to the exhibited collection in the geological department of the British museum. The specimen was obtained from Prof. F. B. Loomis of Amherst college, Mass., who discovered the remains of a herd of these small animals which had been suddenly destroyed and buried by some local accident. As a camel, Stenonyx is remarkable for its extremely slender build, which would render it as agile as a gazelle. It also has molar teeth with unusually deep crowns, so that it would be able to feed on hard and dry grasses. It was therefore more completely adapted for life on open plains and uplands than the other camels which abounded in North America in Oligocene and Miocene times.

Everything Changed.

A Cleveland party went out automobile the other night and had an unpleasant mishap. It occurred on the Euclid road not far from Willoughby. A four-footed creature of intensified odor got in the way of the car. Nobody in the auto noticed the impact, but everybody noticed the appalling result.

The man who drove the car told a friend about it the next day.

"Terrible," the friend agreed. "I suppose you all had to change your clothes?"

"Change our clothes!" snorted the chief victim. "Why, we even had to change our tires!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easily Got Off.

"I understand you got several wedding gifts."

"We did. At first I thought I'd have to hire a safe deposit vault, but after going over the stuff we simply stored 'em in a barrel in the cellar."