

**NEGLIGEEES SHOW NOVELTIES;  
FRENCH GENIUS IS SUPREME**

JUST when other garments are taking up with elaboration and intricacy in their making, negligees appear to be traveling in the direction of simplicity and concerning themselves with the business of being practical as well as pretty. Of course, for the benefit of women of leisure, and as contribution to trousseau, there are airy affairs with lace, like the negligee pictured, but even these, in the new displays, are much more simply designed than usual. Along with them

The genius of the French for beauty reaches its climax in romantic clothes for evening—whether they undertake to make them gorgeous or only gay and dainty. When the matter under consideration is evening dress the fancy of the French designer spreads its butterfly wings and flies wherever it will in the wide, wide world of beautiful things, gathering ideas to bring them back to Paris workrooms. In the salons flowerlike frocks, "robes de style" or "picture



NEGLIGEE IN NEW PATTERN

certain old (and artistic) favorites hold their own, the humble corduroy and the gorgeous mandarin coat among them.

Interest centers in beautiful, but inexpensive, fabrics and novel garnitures, in the new negligees for winter. Manufacturers of cotton fabrics have made such progress in the use of rayon mixtures and mercerizing that they are turning out brocades and stripes and other patterns with the keen and suppleness of silk velvet, and these are supplemented by the heavier goods in many patterns, like those "turkish towel" weaves that have long been favored for lounging and bathrobes. But the new patterns,

and regal evening wraps come into bloom for the allurements of a waiting feminine world.

In the two evening dresses from Paris, shown in the sketch, the outstanding style points of the season are most successfully embodied. Uneven hemlines, flaring skirts, long molded bodies, "V" shaped neck openings and metallic embroideries are all among the important means for developing the season's graceful evening modes.

The dress at the left is very simple by comparison with more gorgeous affairs, but just as effective as any of them. It consists of a straightline underdress of rose satin partly covered with tracery in gold and black



FILMY EVENING GOWNS

In bold modernist figures and vigorous colors, or in softer shades and floral patterns, have inspired designers of negligees to new efforts. Borders and collars like the wool fur used on sweaters and coats add to the coziness of negligees that are as useful as the popular corduroy. In practical garments, silky cottons that look like very fine corduroy are made up with linings of sheerest Jap silk and brocaded patterns are used in the same way. Chiffon, by way of adornment, is used with these in two shades of the color chosen for the negligee and appears in jabots, revers, borders and hand-made flowers. In effect these garments are as rich as silk velvet, but they are considerably less expensive.

A border design is worked out on the scalloped hemline and at the neck and armholes. The vestee is plain. A mere hint of a black chiffon overdress is posed over the rose satin slip, but it serves to provide the flare in the skirt, and ends in points at the front.

Pearl-white satin and white georgette give a good account of themselves in the clever dress at the right. The straight underdress is of satin embroidered in pale gold and the overdress is plain except for a little tracery about the hemline, also in gold. A long scarf of the georgette, with gold embroidery at the end, is attached to the right shoulder.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.  
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**In the JUNGLE**  
With Cheerups and the Quixies  
By Grace Bliss Stewart

**THE CRUSTY CROCODILE**

"DEAR, dear, but this has been a dull day," yawned Cheerups, stretching his arms above his head and brushing away a passing fly. "Home life is splendid, but a change now and then is good, too. I'm going for a walk! Come on, Quixie Boys; what do you say to a stroll down by the Yellow River?"

Of course, Brighteyes, Quixie, Softfoot and Sniffsniff were willing. So in single file down the Winding Way they went, Cheerups in the lead with the Quixies behind, keeping their eyes on Cheerups' little red shoes as they twinkled in and out of the Tall Grasses. They didn't want to lose sight of their leader and the promised lark.

On and on they trudged until they came to the Yellow River, and there, on the muddy bank in the shade of an old date palm which had been bearing



"Oh, No, Thank You, Crusty," Cried Cheerups in Alarm.

fruit for hundreds of years, lay a rough brown log. Just a splendid place for weary folks to rest.

"Whew, but I'm tired," puffed Quixie, "tired and hot. Let's sit down for a while!"

"That's a good idea," said Cheerups, fanning himself with a leaf. "It's very warm exercising."

"Oh, don't," cried Brighteyes, just as they were about to settle down on the old rough log. "Please don't sit there; you might hurt his feelings!"

"Whose feelings, for goodness' sake, Brighteyes? You do say the queerest things," scolded Sniffsniff. "It won't hurt mine certainly. You forget that we haven't all of us Softfoot's padded slippers. We are tired!"

"But don't you see those round shiny eyes in the end of the log?" cried Brighteyes. "It's Mr. Alligator, I do believe. Now wouldn't it have been funny if we had all sat on him?" and Brighteyes clapped his hands gleefully.

"You mustn't be rude even to a log of wood, Brighteyes, for you see there's no telling what it might turn out to be. Ahem, good afternoon, Mr. Alligator," said Cheerups, in his best

manner. "I am sorry we didn't recognize you at once."

"I hear that you can stay under water a long time, Mr. Crocodile," said Cheerups, trying to keep him in a good humor.

"Right you are, Mr. Cheerups. I can stay under water with my mouth wide open, too, and that's more than any of you can do, I'll wager."

"Goodness! I should say so!" gasped the Quixies in chorus.

"That sounds a bit like a fish story, Crusty," teased Cheerups, "but of course I know it isn't," he added hastily, as the Crocodile began to open his jaws and show his rows of terrible teeth.

"No fish story about that," he rumbled and grumbled. "I'll take you under water with me, if you would like to prove it."

"Oh, no, thank you, Crusty," cried Cheerups in alarm. "I am perfectly sure you are right about it, but what I want to know is how you do such a wonderful thing."

"Well, it's this way," replied Crusty Crocodile, all good nature again. "At the back of my throat is a curious valve which closes so tight when I open my mouth that not the tiniest drop of water can get down my throat. But that isn't my only accomplishment. I can run very fast on land, and you just ought to see me swim! By switching this powerful tail o mine from side to side, I can go through the water like a streak of lightning. But dear me! Here I am talking about myself all the time. Please excuse me, Mr. Cheerups, and tell me why you chose to come to Africa?"

"Oh, we didn't exactly choose," laughed Cheerups merrily; "we just came. You see, we lived on the top of a Great Mountain in America and nobody ever came to see us so we wished and wished for a chance to

**Eleanor Boardman**



This is the latest picture of handsome Eleanor Boardman, the well-known "movie" star, who advises the too fat or too lean to go on a milk diet—either one will profit by such diet, asserts this popular feature player, who has been seen in many pleasing pictures.

broaden our acquaintance. Then we decided to travel, and here we are. We really came to help people, and I am sorry, Mr. Crocodile, that we haven't done anything for you."

"Oh, but you have, sir. It has made things look brighter just to talk to you, Mr. Cheerups."

"Sometimes a smile, as you will find, is the very best way of being kind."

Then into the water slid Crusty Crocodile. "Watch me swim," he called, as he waved his tail and vanished in a curve of the Yellow River.  
(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

**THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS**  
By H. IRVING KING

**BIRDS ON WEDDING GIFTS**

IN MANY parts of the country it is considered unlucky to receive as a wedding gift anything with birds depicted on it. This arises from an association of ideas—a primitive conception of relations and, therefore, cause and effect, sympathetic magic of a sort. Birds suggest flight—something fleeting—and for the married state permanency is desirable. Therefore, the wedding gift should not suggest impermanency or it will produce impermanency. The superstition is ancient: it is found in other countries. It is obviously primitive.

Those superstitions which are clearly of a primitive origin present a most interesting problem in their survival.

They were the primitive man's science. They were the best he could do with his defective system of ratiocination to explain the phenomena by which he was surrounded. But to the civilized man of today they are so far from being the offspring of his reasoning that they are directly opposed to it. It might be supposed that when the stage of intellectual life which produced superstitions had been passed—had died out under civilization—the superstitions evolved from that stage would die with it. But such is not the case. It has been said that in the past hundred years there has been a great decline in popular superstition. But many still cling to their beliefs.

It may be said that these superstitions have been handed down from generation to generation to account for their persistence. But unless there is some other quality to sustain it a conception handed down becomes void when enlarged experience and more perfect reasoning disprove it. The conception of the earth as a plane was handed down for ages, but when experience proved the fallacy of this conception it ceased to exist. Primitive superstitions are as much opposed to modern experience and reason as the conception of the earth as a plane, yet they persist with astonishing vitality. Modern ratiocination and primitive superstition would appear to be incompatible, yet they exist side by side. What is the answer?  
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**"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"**  
By MILDRED MARSHALL

**MONICA**

MONICA is not nearly as popular a name as it deserves to be. Not only has it beauty of sound and significance, but a strikingly interesting history, as well. It comes to us at most direct from the Spanish, but is nevertheless regarded as an English name and is more popular in England than in its native country. Many a golden-haired, blue-eyed English girl bears the name first used to designate a raven-tressed, red-lipped, coquette of Spain.

Monica is thought to have its earliest origin with the Greek term "domo," meaning "to rule." Dominica is a direct offspring of this word and there have been Saints Dominica, Domingo and Dominico, without number. One holy man by that name, who is associated with the Inquisition, had namesakes in all the Romanist lands, and the feminine of this popular title came to be officially Domenica; for short Monica.

The mother of Saint Augustine was the first to be called Monica. Some etymologists even believe that her name should be classified as one coming directly from the Latin verb "moneo," meaning "to advise," but the consensus of opinion is that Monica was evolved in the manner aforementioned.

tioned. Monica is also a favorite in France and the peasantry call it Monique. Monica is the Irish form. The emerald is Monica's talismanic gem. It is believed to bestow upon her the gift of foretelling or sensing future events. She will have especially keen perception when she wears the jewel and will be guarded against deceit. Wednesday is her lucky day and I her lucky number.  
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**AN ABBREVIATED STORY**

**DWINDLE DOWNS**

ONCE upon a time there was the dearest, prettiest, cutest little girl, and her name was Goldilocks, and she acted in the "movies" so dearly and prettily and cutely that every one that saw her fell in love with her and saved up to see her in her next picture, and Goldilocks made \$50,000 a week and nobody begrudged it to her except one person, and that was her landlord.

Her landlord's name was Dwindle Downs, and he raised Goldilocks' rent and raised it and raised it and raised it and raised it until poor Goldilocks was driven almost to distraction. But she couldn't move because all the other houses were being lived in, and at last, when Dwindle Downs told her she would either have to pay him \$200 a month or move, she summoned Cream-puffa, her good fairy.

"If you raise Goldilocks' rent one more, you wicked man," said Cream-puffa to Dwindle Downs, "I will wave my magic wand and change you into a bee hive, and all the bees will come and live in you free of charge without a cent of rent."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dwindle Downs scornfully. "One more threat



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outa you and I'll send word to the Affiliated Landlords of Fairyland to raise your rent to a hundred ounces of thistledown a month."

With a cry of fright Cream-puffa flew away, and poor Goldilocks had to pay \$200 of her \$200,000 a month for rent.  
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**Pimples**

What can I do?

"OH, why can't I have a skin like other girls? Why do I have to have these ugly pimples, blotches and blackheads?"

"If I could only find something that would clear up my skin and give me back my soft, rosy complexion, I know I would be the happiest girl in the world! What can I do?"

Is that you talking? If it is, you don't have to worry a minute! Just build up the rich, red blood in your body. Then your skin will be as clear and soft as anybody's.

That's what S. S. S. has been doing for generations—helping Nature build rich, red blood! You can build red-blood-cells so fast that the impurities that cause breaking out on the skin hardly get into the system before the pure blood annihilates them—kills them right out—stops them from breaking out through the skin.

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