

AT-HOME DRESSES

Simple Effects Characterize the Models Now Offered.

Little One-Piece Gowns of Soft Wool or Silk Fabric Are Favored by Milady.

Never were the costumes designed for the afternoon of "the day" at home so alluring in unusual artistry in simple effects.

The modes for the afternoon, when friends arrive to chat informal how-dys over cups filled with impromptu-brewed beverage, are quite wonderful in simple adjustment and decoration that typify the best artistry. Many of the models presage a permanency of respect for comfort, good health and beauty in the development of modes.

The little gowns for the afternoon at home are especially simple in the portrayal of a hostess' good taste in separating herself from any hint of being overdressed.

One model is a combination of skirt and jacket. The skirt is of black taffeta, quite plain, with exception of an apron of the same fabric, at the front, caught up in soft wattle folds at the left side, and secured at the hip line in one soft, long loop and longer end of the same fabric.

The back of the skirt is scantily fulled. The jacket is of white lace over fine black net, and it hangs straight to the hip line. The fronts form a low V, and attached to the edges and to the semlow neck, in the back, is a wide Venice lace bertha, flowered on an almost transparent background.

Little black beads glisten on the definite and sweeping neck line. The open front of the vestee is filled with six rows of soft lilac taffeta ribbon, scantily fulled into ruffles. The sleeves are elbow length, finished with narrow Venice lace. This model is declared one of the extremes in "dressiness," for the afternoon at home.

Little one-piece gowns of soft wool or silk fabric, daintily and plainly developed are especially in favor for milady's at home afternoon. Skirts and blouses, in odd or usual combination, are shown in great variety for these occasions.

One blouse has a front of red chiffon satin and attached sides and back of twill wool fabric. These sides are gathered at the waistline, and depend straight to the hip line. The plain back is similar. The sleeves are of the wool fabric, bell shaped at the wrist. Many of the blouses are quite plain, of lace, soft silk or wool—and others are fluffy and frilly things, but not at all suggestive of elaboration.

CHIC HAT OF AUTUMN BROWN



Here is shown an appealing hat of autumn leaf brown velvet; it is trimmed with a feathery fancy of the same color.

MANY CAPES WORN IN PARIS

French Styles Counted on to Hold Sway Throughout Country for Fall Wear.

Wise in the changed ways of the world, we no longer look every autumn for a complete revolution in fashion, such as used to happen in the old days, when every gown and suit in a woman's wardrobe might become unwearable almost over night, says a Paris writer in Vogue. Individual taste in dress is allowed its way nowadays, in a manner which was never dreamed of in our mothers' philosophy. Nevertheless, as summer wanes, we look eagerly for indications of coming modes in the dress of women whose ideas as a rule influence the mode, and we attend smart gatherings with our eyes wide open for any indication of future intentions on the part of the great couturiers.

What is worn in Paris during the Grande Semaine still has its bearing on what will be worn by the rest of the world in the autumn. Some of the early events were held in cool and threatening weather, with great gray clouds overhead, ready to pour rain on any expensive finery. The later races were held in magnificent sunshine, but because of the first damp experiences, every other woman was provided with a cape, and every possible variety of this garment was to be seen, in all materials, from rubberized white tussur, with a big collar of black oil cloth, to filmy lace, collared inconspicuously, but charmingly in black fox. Many capes were plaited all over, and some were of serge, crepe de chine, or tulle; many were of

DUVETYN AND SATIN DRESS



A dress of duvetyne and satin in wonderful shade of apricot, verging to warm orange. On the skirt is embroidered realistic bunches of grapes.

USE RIBBON LOOP TRIMMING

Decoration Popular for Frocks, Millinery and Neglige, as Well as Fancy Work.

A ribbon trimming that is very pretty is made of ribbon loops. Satin ribbon about an inch wide is the favorite ribbon to make it of, and the loops are applied in all sorts of ways. Flat loops about two inches deep are perhaps the most favored. Pale pink ribbon loops make the sole trimming on a young girl's party frock of pink georgette and are looped at intervals of a few inches apart around the round baby neck, hang just below the wide girldle at the top of the skirt and are looped upward on the short bell sleeves and upward from the hem.

On millinery loops of grosgrain ribbon, to imitate fringe, around the crown of this year's turbans are very good. Other wearables on which this popular ribbon loop trimming is seen include negligee, camisoles, petticoats, children's frocks, evening frocks and fancy work, such as sofa cushions and bureau accessories.

Wool Flowers and Trimmings.
For fall, crocheted and embroidered wool trimming for hats will be more widely used than ever. Stiff geometric designs embroidered on felt, duvetyne and velvet in all colors, it is said by designers, will be fashionable. Wool embroidery on a net foundation if it is slightly raised, gives the effect of having been crocheted instead of worked through the material.

Boudoir Coat.
For the boudoir, to give added warmth, little silk coats are worn instead of sweaters. They are sometimes padded with cotton for warmth, but withal they are so supple that they cling to the figure charmingly.

black velvet, a fashion note for autumn. Some of the linings were white, some were of flowery silks in bright colors. Here and there, blue serge might even be seen, lined with large figured cretonne.

THE LATEST PARIS COIFFURE

Hair Drawn Back Loosely From Forehead and Waved in Large Knot; Combs Used.

Fan-shaped coiffures are the fashion in Paris for evenings. This method of hairdressing is particularly suitable for the tall, slim figure. The hair is drawn back loosely from the forehead and waved in a large knot just above the nape of the neck.

From the knot there stands up a wide, high fan-like wave of hair, supported by invisible combs, which often reach four to six inches in height. The general effect is striking. Hair is now usually worn in its natural color, and the use of henna and other coloring matters is vanishing.

An effective headdress is formed by a narrow band of brilliants just above the brow, which holds on the left-hand side a beautiful spray of black ospreys drooping over the face.

Applique Work for the Home.
Attractive and original luncheon sets, table runners, curtains, etc., can be made by applique work. Linen, either unbleached or colored, is generally used. The designs are carried out by using patches of cambric, gingham, or chambray of different patterns, to give the best idea of the flower or fruit chosen.

A Pleasure Trip

By KITTY PARSONS

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In the privacy of her own room Doris stamped her foot indignantly. "I don't care," she cried; "I just won't stand it any longer; I've been engaged to Phil for over a month and all he has done is to rave about Anita Fisher—the way she does her hair and the hats she wears and everything. It's perfectly safe and harmless, I suppose, but I'm sick to death of hearing about her. Why didn't he marry her himself if he thinks her so perfect?"

Doris spent a long time considering the situation for she had fully decided that she was not going to hear so much of Anita from that day forth forevermore. Then the next thing she did was to write a sweet little note to Mrs. George Fisher and invite her and her husband to spend the following weekend with Phil and herself at her mother's bungalow, some miles out of town. They accepted promptly, and Friday afternoon they drove down to the lake where the bungalow stood and deposited themselves, bag and baggage.

After they had all admired the view, Doris showed Anita to her room and, slipping on a thin summer gown, went down to the kitchen to prepare the dinner. They had all agreed to the camping-out plan and every one was to help with the cooking. But when the meal was ready, an hour later, Anita had not yet appeared below stairs. When she came she was a vision in flame-colored satin which fairly dazzled the eyes of the others.

Phil was charmed, and after dinner he undertook to show her the grounds, while George and Doris washed the dishes. It was almost twelve when they came back to the porch, and Doris had been pinching herself to keep awake for the last two hours.

"Breakfast at nine," said Doris sweetly, as she started upstairs a few moments later, without remembering to kiss Phil good-night.

About 10:30 the next day Anita appeared in a lavender georgette creation that would turn any man's head. Then she threw herself in a low chair and ordered her husband to bring her rolls and coffee.

"Phil will do it," Doris assured her. "George is just off to play a little tennis with me. Perhaps you two won't mind starting lunch if we are a little late."

They returned about three and found no signs of food of any kind, so ransacked the larder for cold meat to sustain them till dinner at least.

Phil, who had had no exercise all day, was crying for a long walk in the woods and insisted that every one should go. So Anita squeezed her feet into high-heeled oxfords and put on a fetching costume, which took her exactly ninety minutes to arrange. It was after five o'clock when they set out.

"Lucky it stays light fairly late still," said Phil as he looked at his watch. "Come on, Anita, we'll lead the way."

They were soon overtaken by Doris and George, however, and Phil found that politeness was forcing him to creep along at a snail's pace, far behind the others, at the side of Anita. Doris knew every path in the woods, for she had been brought up in this part of the country and she had always loved the woods about the bungalow. But after a time the sky became dark and there was a distant rumbling in the hills that bespoke a storm.

"It's going to rain in a few minutes—one of those sudden, heavy showers we have up here sometimes; we must find a good place to stay."

"Is there no shelter about?" demanded Anita, whose feet were hurting her.

"No, we'll have to get under that clump of trees over there; as long as the thunder and lightning doesn't come this way, we'll be perfectly safe there."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Anita, as she touched her dyming marcel wave with a groan of despair.

"Take my sweater, Doris," begged Phil, trying to wrap it about her.

"I don't need it, really. Anita has fewer clothes on and she looks cold; you'd better give it to her."

A little reluctantly he did as he was told.

"This is a lark!" cried Doris as she leaned against a broad tree-trunk.

"I must say you have a queer idea of amusement," put in her guest, whose hair was beginning to hang in straight wisps about her face. "I fail to see anything funny about it."

"Neither do I," agreed Phil, whose disposition was being affected by the chill which his gallantry was costing him. "Are you sure there is no way out?"

"It's a good four miles to the first place where we could meet the road, and at least three back the way we came. It's getting dark, too, and I'm afraid we won't be able to make it at all. There's no moon tonight and you don't follow these trails without even a buglight. We are probably here for the night."

"Don't joke," retorted Phil. "This is really serious."

"I realize it as well as you do," returned the girl quietly. "I know these woods and how easy it is to get lost in them. We haven't even a calm—am I right?"

Phil was amazed at the calm poise of his fiancée; he hardly knew her.

"It's an outrage!" screamed Anita, stamping her foot vehemently.

"Come, come, Anita," her husband

put in, mildly. "You'd never be able to walk another mile tonight; and you can't expect Phil to carry your 100 pounds for old time's sake, can you? There's a limit to everything."

"Shut your mouth!" flashed his wife angrily. "Can't you do something, Phil?"

He did not seem encouraging, so she walked abruptly away. Doris was the only one of the party who was not excited by their unexpected plight. She busied herself finding a cool spot where they could camp for the night and after a time George caught something of her spirit and endeavored to help her a little. She even produced some small cakes of chocolate which she had stored in her pocket, and which proved a great boon to her very hungry companions.

"I must go to bed now," said Doris, when she had finished.

"Can't you stay and talk to me?" Phil almost pleaded, as she went over toward the bed that she had prepared for herself beside Anita.

"Not when I'm so in need of my beauty sleep," she told him sweetly.

"Hang your beauty sleep!"

"And I thought you loved beauty," she laughed. "Call me at seven—good-night."

Phil started to kiss her, but she was gone.

Doris had a short but refreshing sleep and was up at five, making a tour of inspection of the surrounding country.

Very early they staggered back to the bungalow and immediately the Fishers disappeared to their own apartments to make up a little of the sleep which they had lost. Doris took a cold bath, slipped on a fresh dress and went down to the lake. For a long time she lay there dreaming happily. All of a sudden some one came up behind her and covered her eyes with his hands. Doris put up her hands and drew his arms about her.

"Oh, Phil, isn't it perfect?" Phil sat down beside her and drew her close.

"You are perfect," he told her. "I never realized how wonderful you were till last night—I'm not worth your little finger."

"I think so," whispered Doris.

"What a lucky dog I am," he went on, after a little while. "When I look at other men I realize it more and more. Only think of that poor boob of a George—I pity him from the depths of my heart. Imagine being married to a woman with a disposition like Anita's—oh boy!"

"Anita is really a very attractive woman," his fiancée insisted, kindly.

"Not to my way of thinking; that will have to be one of the few things where we disagree."

BLAME SHUTTERS FOR RIOTS

Barricading of Places of Business in the Near East Frequently Cause of Disturbances.

Iron shutters have probably caused more riots, massacres and pogroms in the Levant than political agitators, says the Brooklyn Eagle. All shops in the near East are provided with rolling iron shutters which work in iron grooves. When they are banged down they make as much noise as a machine gun. Every time there is a rumor of any sort of trouble some timid merchant slams down the shutter to protect his plate glass. Without investigating the cause other merchants follow instantly with such a clatter that the public becomes panicky and rushes about trying to discover the cause of the flurry.

At such moments excited crowds will credit any rumor which is put in circulation. Pickpockets avail themselves of the opportunities. Soap box orators, street fakers and magicians gather crowds by this device. In any Turkish city the circulation of a rumor that a movement is to be started against Christians will cause all the Armenian and Greek shops to close within a few minutes, and frequently the noisy closing of the shops fans the religious hatred of the Moslems into action.

Up-to-Date.

The other day seven-year-old Joseph came in from playing with his three sisters. "Mother," he began, "it isn't very much fun to play with just girls. I wish I had a brother."

"All right," mother agreed affably. "We'll buy you one."

"No," Joseph shook his head. "It would be a baby then and I would have to take care of it a long time before it could play with me, and I don't like to rock babies."

Mother was still accommodating. "Then I'll go out to the Orphans' Home and get you one of your own size," she suggested.

His head shook another protest. "No, I wouldn't like that kind, either," he said, "What I want is a home-grown one."

Growing Edible Bamboo.

The tender sprout of the bamboo plant, according to a recent statement from the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture, when prepared like asparagus, is a most delicious vegetable. Already several bamboo plantations are being operated on a paying basis in Georgia, and Louisiana. In addition to the edible sprouts, of which about 1,000 are secured yearly from each acre, the plantations sell much of the grown timber which is worked into barrel hoops, ladders, trellises, and similar articles.—Popular Mechanics Magazine

Oil Main to Cross Channel.

A great concrete oil main is proposed across the English channel at Havre, which it is hoped will satisfy the demand of Paris without burdening the usual transportation facilities.



THE CATBIRD'S CALL

ONCE upon a time, it is said, all the birds gathered in the woods one night to meet the fairies, for they had been bothered so much with a bad Puss who visited the woods they wanted revenge.

"What we want," the birds told the Fairy Queen, "is to bother Puss. She has worried the life out of us, catching some of our family and climbing the trees and getting our children."

"Of course, I cannot put Puss out of the way," said the Queen. "She is far too useful catching mice; but I do not approve of her bad habit of catching birds."

"She does catch them, and she must be punished," said the birds. "Do help us, Fairy Queen, or she will stay in the woods, and soon there will not be a bird left."

"I will tell you what I will do for you," said the Queen, after thinking a while. "Puss is very proud of her fine



voice and if she thought anyone could mock her I am sure she would be so ashamed she would run away at once.

"I will give to one of you birds the power to mock Puss, and every time she comes near the trees you can cry out at her in her own peculiar tones."

All the birds began to chatter with glee, and then they fluttered about trying to decide which one should be given this power.

After a while a pretty little bird,

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

A LITTLE POWDER

A POWDER puff has become the symbol of feminine vanity and frivolity. To be sure, the tiny powder puff and the box that has sprung into fashion, and that women exhibit in public so frequently, must seem ridiculous to the masculine eye. Yet a little powder now and then is an excellent thing.

For one thing, life in a modern city means that a woman breathes air laden with an unusual amount of dust.



A Little Powder... Grimy Dust... Smoke.

and that smoke from chimneys—even in the cities where smoke condensers are used—means that oily particles are constantly sifting down through the atmosphere. While even in the country there is the dry dust from the roads and the plowed fields, which blows into the homes, and settles upon faces as well as furniture.

Now, the pores of the skin are constantly throwing off minute oily particles. The skin becomes shiny, and while the shiny skin is good form in Turkey, it isn't considered so here. A little pure rice powder will absorb this oil, without clogging the pores, and keep the shine from becoming too prominent. Besides, the powder takes up the dust that blows against the face, and prevents it from being absorbed into the pores.

Talcum powder is too heavy for skin of the face. Only the purest grade of rice should be used, as other sorts will clog the pores. Rice powder, however, is so fine that it will not injure the skin in any way, though even this should not be applied too heavily.

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sooty-gray color, which in places deepened into a blackish-brown, with a tail the lower part of which was a beautiful chestnut, flew to the tip of a branch and spoke.

"I have always wanted a name," it said, "to distinguish me from the other members of the very large family to which I belong, and if you will give me this power, Fairy Queen, and a name, I will be the one to mimic Puss the rest of my life."

"I am afraid you will not think the name a pretty one," said the Queen, "but because you are so brave and are willing to take this upon you, and your branch of the family, you shall be given, too, an attractive song."

"You shall have the power to whistle and cluck and make mewing sounds, as well, and when you wish to sing all shall stop and listen to your voice, but as you will make the mewing sounds oftener than the others you will have to bear the name of catbird all the days of your life."

The pretty little bird nodded that he was willing, and up to the limb where he sat the Queen and all her fairies floated, waving over and around him their wings.

"Go back to your homes," said the Queen, "and tomorrow you will find you will soon be rid of your tormentor."

The next day when Puss came to the woods and began to prow around she was surprised to hear "Mi—eu, mee-ow, me-ow, mi—eu," coming from one of the trees.

She looked up very angry, thinking that some other puss had come to her hunting grounds, but she was surprised to see looking down at her a saucy little bird, which again cried, "mi—eu, me-ow," while all the other birds twittered and chattered in the most tantalizing manner.

Puss gave one more look to make sure, and then she turned and ran, while through the wood rang the cry, "mi—eu, me-ow, mi—eu, me-ow."

And that is the way, so the fairies say, the Catbird got its name.

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HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

"HAD HAVE" AND "HAD OF"

THIS expression, "had have" (or the expression that is still more incorrect, "had of") is often used improperly for "had." It is bad English to say, for example, "If he had have tried, he would have succeeded." Say, "If he had tried, he would have succeeded." "Had have" is also used frequently and improperly in such sentences as the following: "Had I have known that he was ill, I should not have visited him." The proper form is, "Had I known that he was ill," etc., or, "If I had known that he was ill," etc. "Had" or "If I had" carries the idea back into the past, and there is no need of the word "have" to express the same thing.

Of course, the expression "had of" is simply a case of mispronunciation. In the careless usage of former times, the dropping of the "h" before "have" changed the word to "ave," and from "ave" to "of" the transition was easy.

An Insect Diet.

Little Tommy was much worried at the condition of his pet cat, who constantly lost flesh despite the very good bits furnished to her.

Tommy's mother tried to reassure him by saying that the cat was thin because of the flies she had eaten during the summer.

Whereupon Tommy surveyed the cat with renewed interest.

"Mother," he said very solemnly, "I think she's been eating bees, too, for I can hear 'em humming."



DON'T PEEVE
THREZ MANY
A'ND BUL
HEART
BEETING BENEATH
A TATTERED
PAIR OF
PANTS