

INTRIGUING LACE COLLARS; KNITTED ENSEMBLE FOR FALL

THAT persistent call of the feminine for accessories of lovely lace and lingerie is to be satisfied to the fullest this season. The new fall frocks simply revel in those ever coveted touches of lace, which so glorify one's appearance.

All sorts of oddly shaped collars and capes, scarfs, cuffs, jabots and what not have received the overwhelming endorsement of Paris couturiers. Wherefore it follows that the quest of fashionable women leads more directly to neckwear displays, than it has for many a moon.

The lover of dainty lingerie touches may well prepare for a feast of good

succeeded in capturing all the intriguing details known to couturiers art, and to the wonder and admiration of the fashionable world, is interpreting them to a point of fascination via knitted machinery which seems almost human in its achievements.

Speaking of the new knitted ensembles for fall, their colorings were never more alluring—each costume a color masterpiece! Browns are played in every key. Tobacco, chocolate, coffee and the lighter tones are interwoven with all the radiant autumn yellows, tangerine shades, gold and rose tints.

The very smart Paris black-and-



Lace Collars New Fashion Note.

things, for there's everything to choose from ranging from chic collar and cuff sets to the most elaborate and unique lace fancies.

Perhaps interest centers most about the graceful lace shoulder capes, such as is shown at the top in this group. This winsome accessory imparts a magic touch of beauty to even the simplest frock. It is made of a fine all-over patterning bordered with exquisite Alençon lace.

Embroidered ecru georgette finished about with Alençon lace describes the model below to the left. It is a noticeable fact that the majority of this season's lace fantasies are in ecru and egg-shell tints rather than pure white.

Favor for fichu lace effects is expressed with enthusiasm. The pretty fichu-like collar in the picture is also of all-over and Alençon lace.

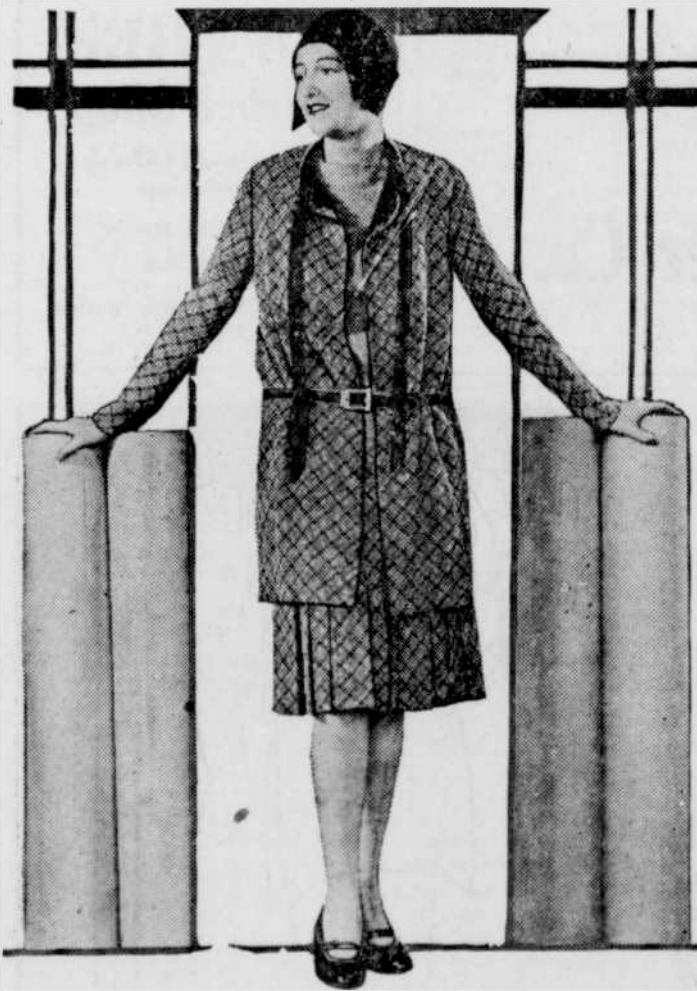
Jabots and tabs are often artfully introduced in connection with lingerie collars. The adoption of Peter Pan lines for the collar is often remarked

white vogue is reflected in the knitted realm with flattering results. The sports ensemble in the lower picture is fashioned of a black-and-white knitted fabric. With consummate art the colorist complements this black-and-white plaited effect with a blouse of rose-colored jersey. And if you wish to vary the program substitute for this rose-hued slipover one in pale blue for the alliance of "baby blue" with black or black and white is one of the promised color delights for fall.

The length of the coat for this costume invites comment, for it establishes a new trend—that of the coat which is not short, neither is it unduly long.

Fancy jersey cloth is conspicuously featured in advance modes, not only gay printed modernistic patternings, likewise plaids and checks, but very cunning dowerly prints are finding their way into the knitted realm.

Much embroidery is being lavished on the new jersey frocks and in con-



Black and White Ensemble.

In connection with fanciful jabots of lace and the effect is very youthful. Cleverly designed collars and cuffs of colorful georgette with emphasis placed on novelty for the cuffs, make up a goodly percentage of the season's accessories.

All signs point to a most outstanding knitted season. A baffling thing about modern knitted apparel is that that which is knitted does not always appear as if knitted. One has to look twice and sometimes oftener to be certain whether this or that is really knitted, or whether it has been stylized of wool-and-wart fabric.

Then, too, the knitted artificer has

nection with jersey ensembles. The angora embroidered jersey blouse is a striking new item.

And the jersey peasant frocks, all smocked and embroidered, and exploiting a wealth of color are sure to prove a lure to youth. Of course, the knitted jersey of which these are made is just as dainty and lightweight as any silk or wool fabric and it smocks beautifully. There's no reason why the ambitious girl of limited means should not buy a few yards of jersey and fashion one of these smocked and smocked dresses at a great saving.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

ONLY GIRL HE WANTED

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

DELIA WATKINS beat away at the carpet on the clothesline. It was an old fashioned Brussels carpet, thick and hard as a board and the faded roses were dusty. Delia's mother cherished the carpet for she had bought it herself with butter-and-egg money during the first years of her marriage. But Delia hated the carpet just as she hated many like things in her young life. Now in thrashing the Brussels roses she was trying to get rid of a rebellious energy so terrific that it fairly obsessed her.

Delia was eighteen, a slim thing with smooth black hair—long, of course—gray eyes full of light, red lips and a stubborn white chin. She was not pretty, but she had enough charm to make Alec Bruce pick her out of all the girls of his acquaintance.

It was Alec who now came whistling round the corner of the house, his arms full of groceries. Alec owned the grocery store and sometimes drove the red delivery car himself. He was tall, with sandy hair, white teeth and humorous crinkles at the corners of his blue eyes. Scotch with a tang of Irish, his ancestors had settled on the north coast of Erin, drifting thither from the more rugged country. Alec's father had been born beside a peat fire, but Alec was first, last and always American.

"Hey, there!" he accented Delia. "What you think you're doing, anyway—tanning the hides of all the hoodlums in the Guideboard district?"

Delia's only reply was to thump away harder.

Alec took the groceries into the house, where Mrs. Watkins received them. Then he returned to Delia.

"Quit punishing that poor old rag a minute, can't you?" he laughed. "Here, let me have the club." He tried to take the carpet-beater from her hand, but Delia clung to it. Their eyes clashed. "Come, Delia! This is a man-sized job," he said earnestly. "I'll finish cleaning the carpet for you."

"I wish you'd go on about your business and let me alone," Delia said, exasperated. She was keenly conscious of her looks, a tear in her old blue gingham, a smudge on her nose and patched shoes. Besides, she had a broken finger-nail that hurt cruelly. And she had just got a speck of dust in one eye that was making it red and watery.

"Too nice a morning to be whipping a carpet," Alec said, taking his hand from the beater. "Better hop into the car and go with me, Delia. I've got to take a couple sacks of flour out to Mrs. Peterson's."

"I tell you I'm busy. And—you're bothering me."

"Sorry! Guess I'll ask Helen Morse, then," Alec was nettled. He did not whistle as he went away.

Delia gave the old carpet two or three more hard thumps, then she collapsed against it in a fit of passionate weeping. She had been horrid. She had driven him to Helen Morse, which was just what Helen had taunted her into doing. She peeped out around the edge of the carpet at the next house, the big, handsome house where big handsome Helen Morse lived. But Alec hadn't stopped there for all his threat. Hope soared again; maybe he'd forgive her. She'd had her lesson; next time she'd behave.

Delia finished beating the carpet, dragged it off the line, got it into the house and tacked it fast to the parlor floor. Mrs. Watkins bossed the girl without lifting a finger. Thin, pale, anemic, she was obsessed with the idea that she had heart trouble; she saved herself at the expense of her daughter.

After dinner mother lay down and Delia, having bathed and put on a clean frock, sat down at the desk in the living room to puzzle out the family accounts. Some bills must be paid. With Delia it was a constant struggle to get bills paid. Besides, she had to earn the money herself, teaching forty weeks a year in the Guideboard district. That was a job, believe me. Twenty-three kids of assorted sizes and unruly dispositions, to say nothing of dirty noses and "things in their hair." She sighed heavily as she opened her crumpled little account book.

Voices, laughter coming in through the open window. She pulled aside the stiff Nottingham lace curtain and peeped out. Alec was just putting a package into her lovely white hands. Helen looked into Alec's eyes—and dropped the package. White sugar flew in every direction. Helen gave a little scream of dismay. "That's all right," Alec said. "I'll bring you another five pounds."

"Mother's waiting for it," Helen said.

"I'll be right back with it," Delia's gray eyes grew cold and hard. She knew Helen Morse through and through. Helen had dropped that five pounds of sugar on purpose just so Alec would have to come back with more.

With another sigh she returned to her accounts. She rummaged in the drawer where her mother kept a few private memoranda, old letters and the like. There was a bill missing and she just wanted to check up on it. She found the bill, quite a sheaf of bills,

in fact, all from Alec's grocery and all unpaid.

White, tight-lipped, with the tell-tale bills in her hand, Delia marched into her mother's presence. Mrs. Watkins raised her head from the pillow, vexation clouding her brow. She was just dropping off into a comfortable snooze, and likely being thus aroused, she'd lose her afternoon nap.

"I found these unpaid grocery bills," Delia said. "I didn't know we owed Alec a cent. What did you do with all the money I've given you to pay him? Be perfectly honest and tell me. I must know."

"I sent it to your brother Harry," Mrs. Watkins said defiantly. "He wrote asking for help. I knew just how hard you've always been with him, never giving him a bit of aid when he got into a tight corner. Alec said he'd wait for his money. He's in love with you. If you had any sense you'd marry him. That would settle the account."

Delia only turned and left the room. Next morning Delia walked into the store. Alec sat at his desk, tapping out lists of numbers on the adding machine. She laid down a check. The check represented every cent she had had in the savings department of the local bank.

"Why, what's this, Delia?" He looked from the check to the girl.

"I'm sorry you had to wait for your pay," Delia said stiffly. "Alec, please—please don't trust me—again. Don't stop today to take orders. Please."

"What's the idea? Don't you like me or my groceries, either?"

"They're both all right," Delia smiled with quivering lips. "But I've made a rule. That's all. Please help me to keep it unbroken, Alec."

"Certainly," said Alec coldly.

It was a bad week. Groceries gave out and were not replaced, for Mrs. Watkins put her foot down. She wouldn't buy of old Peter Perry, and there was nobody else.

Saturday morning Delia was alone in the kitchen at work. The door opened. In came Alec. He dumped down upon the kitchen table a great armful of groceries.

"I didn't order them! I don't want them. Take them away," gasped Delia.

Alec leaned against the table. He looked at the girl with a smile in his clear eyes.

"I won't eat anybody's groceries but my own. I'm coming here to board," he said.

Delia stared at him in astonishment.

"I've left over to Borden's. That last fly I found in the warmed-over potato did me," Alec said firmly. "And the hotel is too expensive. I just met your mother down the street and she said she'd take me in. I'm a poor homeless orphan, Delia. You haven't got the heart to turn me off, have you now?"

"It's—it's a frameup between you and me," Delia said with a sob. "I don't want you here, I—"

Alec took her in his arms, held her powerfully, laid his clean cheek to hers, let her hear how his heart beat for her.

"The only way you'll ever get rid of me is to marry me, Delia," he said.

"You can have any girl in this town—"

"Sure. But you're the only one I want," returned Alec tenderly.

"Talkies" of Weddings

Might Have Drawbacks

We are extremely dubious about this plan, proposed by an Omaha judge, to make talkies of weddings, so that in event of subsequent domestic trouble they can be run off before the unhappy couple and thus avert a separation.

That might work if all parties to weddings were ladies. They, so far as one can judge, get a real thrill out of their weddings; indeed, for many of them their wedding day seems to be the big day of their lives. But did any man ever get a thrill out of his wedding? He did not. It was the day, to begin with, when he was a complete sap; when he looked like a sap, felt like a sap and was treated like a sap. For once in his life he played a miserable second fiddle to a magnificent creature called the Bride; it was for her that the music was composed, that the presents were sent, that the ring was provided. Nobody ever heard of a wedding march dedicated to the bridegroom.

It was the day again, which was fixed in his mind in connection with appalling expenditures that swept out all his savings since his graduation from college. Furniture for the apartment, flowers, presents, railroad tickets for two, gray pants, cutaway coat—all these things blended into a horrible nightmare with a dollar sign in front of it, and focused on that one terrible day.

Thus the proposed talkies might have an effect exactly opposite from what is intended. A talkie of the night they became engaged might help, though.—New York World.

The Fraction System

Lawyer—Was the man you found under the street car a total stranger? "No, sir, a partial stranger." "What do you mean?" "Well, one arm and one leg were gone."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Luck Wooded and Won

Luck is a fickle thing. She is commonly known as "lady luck," because she likes to be wooed. Get acquainted with her. The "breaks" in a baseball game, it is said, invariably go to the team which forces the issue.—Grit.



SILVER AND GOLDEN

The golden pheasant and the silver pheasant were talking.

"I am a pleasant pheasant," said the golden one.

"So am I," said the silver one. "Yes, I am a pheasant and I am pleasant," said the golden one again. "I agree and so am I," said the silver one.

"I do not fight and I get along with other birds, and so do you, you are quite right."

"We are both pleasant pheasants."

"Just what we are," said the silver one.

"You don't hurt small birds, nor small members of the fowl family to which I suppose we belong," continued Mr. Golden Pheasant.

"We're both unusual, for most pheasants fight and are very cross and horrid."

"That is why we deserve a story all to ourselves and why we are allowed one."

"What is a story?" asked Mr. Silver Pheasant.

"It is a tale—"

"We have tails," said Mr. Silver Pheasant.

"Yes, but not the kind of a tail you mean."

"What kind of a tale?"

"The kind of a tale which tells something about some one and what they do and what they think."

"We're to have our thoughts and ways put into a story. That will be so others can know about us, and we



"Yes, I am a Pheasant."

deserved to be known about because we are so pleasant, and that is unusual.

"Other pheasants will hurt each other badly. We are so different."

"True," said Mr. Silver Pheasant, "and you are looking so handsome today with your wonderful feathers of blue, crimson, orange and gold."

"You are looking very lovely yourself," said Mr. Golden, "and your white tail I have always admired."

"Your white tail deserves to be in a story or a tale!"

"Your white shawl is exquisite and your size is wonderful. You are quite a good deal taller than I am."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Silver. "We are indeed pleasant, each admiring the other, each being so very friendly and sociable."

"You and I are the best of chums always," said Mr. Golden Pheasant, with a smile and a sweep of his beautiful tail.

So they are in this story—those two pleasant pheasants who never quarreled and who enjoyed admiring each other, and who got along so beautifully.

And the other pheasants, cross and quarrelsome, aren't in any story at all. Golden and Silver deserve to be put into a story and if you could have seen them—so beautiful, so magnificent with their fine plumage, and so friendly toward each other, you would have been delighted with them.

The Luck Fish

A very lucky fish is the climbing perch of India.

This remarkable fellow can live out of water for quite a time; and not only that—he can travel about on land, too! He has no legs, but manages somehow to wriggle along on his peculiar-shaped gills, which gills are kept continually wet during his "dry" traveling.

This does not limit the accomplishments of this fish, for he can even climb trees. He is blessed beyond all the other fish, because, when the frequent droughts come along, all he has to do is to leave his rapidly vanishing water home and go forth in search of another!

To Catch the Unwary

Place three pennies in a row on the table, leaving a slightly longer space between the first and second than between the second and third, and then ask your friends to say without measuring between which coin there is the largest space. Doubtless most of them will say the first and second, and when you dispute it will be ready to measure it to prove you wrong. Allow them to go to this trouble, and then quietly point out the largest space is between the first and third.

Smart Boy

Mother—Willie, do you know where little boys go to when they steal pennies? Willie—Yes, mamma, to the penny-tentary.

Hope of Golden Future

Not Much Consolation

Saul Bron, a leading member of the Russian committee that has come to America to spend \$40,000,000 for automobile trucks and tractors, said in an interview in New York.

"Russia will get on her feet, if capital will only give her a fair deal. In Russia we are hoping, and there's nothing like hope—to disappoint you, is there?"

Mr. Bron laughed grimly and went on:

"A friend of mine was complaining about the deal Russia gets from capital. Another friend patted his shoulder and said: 'Cheer up, brother. Somewhere behind the clouds the sun is shining.'"

"Yes," said my friend, "and somewhere below the sea there's solid bottom, but what good does that do to the shipwrecked sailor who can't swim?"—Detroit Free Press.

Case of Heredity

Algernon McClintock, the noted hotel man, said at a banquet in Baltimore:

"Tonight is the anniversary of the birth of Brillat-Savarin, the immortal gourmet. Brillat-Savarin inherited his love of good food. An aunt of his died at the age of ninety-seven as she was finishing a rich eight-course dinner in bed."

"I feel that I am going," said the old lady. 'Quick, my dessert!'"

Good St. Nicholas

St. Nicholas was the patron saint of Russia. He was the bishop of Myra in Lycia in the Fourth century. He is regarded as the patron saint of merchants and travelers by sea and land, but also especially of the young and of scholars. Hence his festival, December 6, was formerly celebrated in the English schools, and still survives in the Santa Claus of Christian rejoicings.

Young Tyrants

There seem to be as many spoiled children as ever. It is remarkable how parents will permit their children to manage them to the detriment of all concerned.—Woman's Home Companion.

Quite Impossible

"Land sakes there Mary! What's all that noise in the kitchen?"

"You don't expect me to break three platters and two cups without makin' a noise, do yuh?"

Children Cry

for

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

A BABY REMEDY

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

FOR COLIC, CONSTIPATION, CHOLERA

Ask for

"TACK-UP"

AEROXON

Fly Catcher

Leading

Ribbon

Fly

Catcher

Nationally

Advertised

Get rid of pesky flies. Hang up original AEROXON (pronounced A-Rock-Son) Fly Catchers with Thumb-Tack Attached. No fuss—no trouble. They will catch thousands of flies for a nickel. Insist upon getting AEROXON Fly Catchers from your dealer. Sole Importers and Distributors for U.S.A. GRAEF & SANDKNOP, Edina, Mo.

Pat. Feb. 16, 1916

Public Fairly Warned

A warning to the public to keep off the streets while a young woman was taking her driver's test appeared recently in a paper of Veterans, Sweden. The advertisement read: "The public is requested to leave the streets today between 11:30 and 12:30. Margit is getting her driver's license. The notice was signed with the name and address of Margit's proud parents."

The Caustic Critic

The late Mrs. John W. Mackay was none too fond of modern fashions. At a luncheon in New York one day she nodded towards a beautiful girl with bare arms, bare knees and so forth, then said grimly: "What walls would go up to heaven if it were poverty that made girls wear so few clothes."



Comfort is yours if you use

Cuticura

TALCUM

SMOOTH, pure, fragrant and delicately medicated, it absorbs excessive perspiration and keeps your skin cool and refreshed.

Talcum 25c. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Sample each free.

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B7, Malden, Mass.

Willie—Yes, mamma, to the penny-tentary.

Mother—Willie, do you know where little boys go to when they steal pennies?

Willie—Yes, mamma, to the penny-tentary.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



SUFFERING ELIMINATED

15-years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean

NON-SURGICAL method enables us to give WRITTEN ASSURANCE OF CURE. ELIMINATE PAIN OR FEE REFUNDED. Send today for FREE 100-page book describing causes and proper treatment of such ailments.

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC

PORTLAND, OREGON

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

Oregon & California Directory

Hotel Roosevelt

One of PORTLAND'S Newest Hotels

All rooms have shower or tub, \$2.00 up. FIREPROOF.

221 W. Park St. Coffee Shop, Garage opposite.

HOTEL WILTSHIRE, San Francisco

240 Stockton St., near Union Square. Suite 2250

FRANKLIN R. SMITH, Manager

Quadruple room with bath, \$2.50 single, \$3.50 double