PAJAMA COSTUMES ORIENTAL; VELVET VOGUE RETURNS

THERE are pajamas for indoor wear and there are pajamas for outdoor wear. No matter which way you take it the pajama costume, without a doubt, is one of the most enticing themes, from the standpoint of an opportunity to give play to imagination, ever offered to the fashionist.

The stylizing of the modern pajama, whether viewed from an indoor or an outdoor angle, involves every trick of creative genius known to fashion art. No material, from simplest cottons to most magnificent velvet for the jacket, with moire for the trousers, present an interesting theme. Long, simple coats of velvet or crepe satin, to wear over nightdress, are attractively designed.

Fashion, like history, repeats itself. We are to enjoy the velvet vogue once again, and more so. Those lovely-to-sight and to-touch transparent velvets which so completely captured the heart of the feminine world during past months are playing a return engagement, with added features in the way of new color glories, super styling de-

Along Japanese Lines

tails, and that which especially adds zest to the mode, flattering lace and lingerie accompaniments.

It is difficult to imagine anything in the way of an afternoon gown more genuinely appealing than the advance velvet models which make radiant browns their chief color scheme.

Of all the beguiling colors offered this season, none outrival the exquisite dahlia shades which have only just recently projected their rich tones into the fashion spectrum. Expressed in terms of velvet, these superb flower colorings are fairly breath-taking in their deep glamorous tones. Then, too, the now-so-fashionable dark greens are themselves most enchanting.

In this connection just a word about the new chenille-crocheted snug little caps which are now featuring in millinery displays. They top velvet costumes of matching color most enchantingly. Why not have your milliner match up a crochet-chenille headpiece to the color of your velvet gown? You'll love it!

Much of the prestige of the afternoon velvet frock as fashion presents it today is due to its prettily feminized styling. For instance, the gown pictured below, wins its way into instant favor not only through the lure of the velvet of which it is fashioned,

Intriguing Effect in Velvet and Lace

is made of eggshell satin for the trousers and the sleeveless low-neck slip-over blouse. A short three-quarter coat of eggshell georgette completes this trio, the entire being effectively trimmed with ecru alencon lace and dainty ribbon flowers.

Contrast between trousers and blouse, or jumper, as the case may be, is a tendency which is creating considerable interest. For instance, and formal weaves, are omitted from the list of pajama media, and no color combination but what finds expression in the realm of pajama modes.

To the woman whose interest centers about "indoor" types, a beguiling Japanese lounging pajama of orange silk brocade should prove an inspiration. This cunning outfit made such a hit with one of our well-known screen stars, Kathryn Crawford, if you please, that she adopted it for her very own, and here it is—pictured above for the enlightenment of readers who are pajama-inclined.

Speaking of pajamas of mandarin influence, have you seen the new models of glove silk? They are about as fascinating a proposition as has come the pajama way. A particularly alluring "indoor" type is of fine black milanese silk, the trousers with a flare about the ankles, the pullover blouse with a V-shape neck and long rather snug sleeves which flare over the hands. Bright tangerine faces the sleeves and both the blouse and the trouser hemlines, while gaily colored Chinese flowers, done in appliqué, adorn the blouse front.

A perfectly adorable night robe pajama ensemble, one which would enhance the most fastidious trousseau, but because also of an intriguing styling which plaits sheer velvet with as much ease as if it were chiffon or some other as dainty a weave. Then, too, there is the inevitable lace touch which shows no partiality between daytime and evening velvets, adorning each in ways that are tuned to the occasion.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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A NEW LINE OF THOUGHT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE Spencer high school had been out now for more than a month. The summer vacation was passing and Margaret and Angeline Carter, who taught in the school, were longing for something, anything, to happen so long as it brought a change. The first week or two after school closed the two young women had been busy in doing a belated house cleaning in their small, white house. When the cleaning was finally done to their entire satisfaction they turned their attention to their clothes, and when their wardrobe was in apple-pie order they made calls and caught up with their reading. And now when they had done everything they had planned there seemed nothing further for them to do but sit with folded hands and wait for vacation to end and the school year to begin. Though, dear knows, the Carter girls were tired to death of teaching. In fact, they were tired of home and a wee bit tired of each other, and for the past week they had discussed the idea of selling or renting their house and boarding for the coming year.

"I think," said Margaret seriously one day when a morning of idleness had irritated her frayed nerves more than usual, "that I shall go to see Cora Blaine and see if she will let me board with her this winter."

"Well, of course you can do as you like," answered Angeline, "but for my part I wouldn't think of boarding with Cora Blaine, not with that snip of a daughter of hers in the house."

The discussion was waxing hot when the postman brought a special delivery. Angeline tore open the letter and read it.

"It's from Cousin Fanny Pringle," she announced as soon as the man had gone. "She is coming to make us a visit. She is planning a continental tour and she is seeking a congenial companion for herself and a comfortable, safe place where she can leave Darling while she is gone—Darling—who do you suppose Darling can be, Margaret? I never heard her mention her before, did you?"

"Never," said Margaret. "But read on, Angeline, maybe she will explain."

"I shall room at the hotel while I am in Spencer," Mrs. Pringle wrote. "But I shall expect to take my meals with you girls, as the hotel fare doesn't agree with Darling. I will arrive some time before noon on Tuesday and I wish you to have an extra fine sirloin steak, well done and cooked without either salt or pepper. I trust you will select the steak very carefully, for Darling is most finicky about her food. She is having a twist with her stomach and that is one reason why I am getting her out of the city for a few days, hoping the change will do her good. In her present condition of health I am uneasy about leaving her for my trip abroad and I shall not go unless I can find an understanding person to leave her with." There was not a great lot more to the letter and nothing that explained the mysterious Darling.

Tuesday! Why, there would be only tomorrow in which to put the house in order and do the extra baking for their guests! The Carter girls were all excitement and with so much to think about and so many things to attend to they forgot for a time their differences and were as busy as bees.

Tuesday morning dawned clear and bright. Margaret and Angeline were up at five o'clock putting the last touches to their immaculate house and planning the final details of the dinner. Everything must be perfect, for Cousin Fanny was very wealthy and fussy, and then of course there was the mysterious Darling. No one could guess what she would be like. Probably some one out of the ordinary, for Cousin Fanny was always getting infatuated with unusual people. And then of course there was the trip abroad, and it all depended upon which of the Carter girls Cousin Fanny took a notion to. A trip abroad with all expenses paid was a prize worth working and fighting for if necessary. And Margaret and Angeline each secretly meant to do her best to win her way into the good graces of Cousin Fanny.

As the hands of the old-fashioned clock in the hall moved slowly toward the noon hour, excitement ran high. The table was set for five with all the best linen and silver, the dinner was cooking and the extra sirloin steak was pounded to a shred and ready to be put over the coals at a moment's notice.

The coffee had just begun to percolate when Margaret, who had gone for the dozenth time to the front of the house, announced in a low tone: "They've come!" She ran to open the door.

Angeline, who was in the kitchen, slipped the steak over the coals, tore off her kitchen apron, smoothed her hair with her hands and arrived in the front hall just as Margaret opened the door in answer to an imperative peal of the doorbell. On the steps stood Cousin Fanny. She was a stout old lady, elaborately dressed. Behind her stood the chauffeur, and in his arms he held a small, silky black dog. The dog had such a funny, wrinkled old-looking face that Angeline had to stifle a desire to shriek as the diminutive little creature peered at her from under a huge red satin bow.

"Well, here we are," announced Mrs. Pringle. "Parker," she commanded the chauffeur, "set Darling down, and then you may go." Then, turning to the waiting girls, she said: "I hope dinner is ready. Darling is used to having her meals on time and she doesn't like to be kept waiting. Let's eat as soon as I can get my things off. We can talk later while Darling is having her nap. She likes to go to sleep just as soon as she is through eating."

While Margaret was helping Mrs. Pringle remove her wraps Angeline hurried back to the kitchen and a few moments later they were all seated at the table. Darling had a chair close beside his mistress, because, as Mrs. Pringle explained, her food had to be cut up just so. The girls winced when they saw the little dog eating off the delicate china that had been put on the table for the expected guest. It was a long and tedious process coaxing Darling to eat, but after a while she was stuffed to her mistress' satisfaction and was carefully lifted down from the chair and laid to rest on a fat silk pillow on the davenport, where it was cool and quiet. When the little dog's snores satisfied Cousin Fannie that her pet was sleeping she herself settled cozily back in her chair and announced that she herself felt like taking forty winks after her dinner and journey. This left the Carters free to retire to the kitchen and do up the dinner work.

It was a good thing that Mrs. Pringle and Darling were tired and their naps were prolonged, for never before had it taken the Carter girls so long to do a mess of dishes. They did not talk much, for fear of disturbing the sleepers, but words under the circumstances were unnecessary. They would look at each other and go off into perfect spasms of laughter. They laughed until they cried.

"Can we hold out for a whole week, Angeline?" Margaret asked in a whisper.

"I don't know," Angeline answered. "But whether we do or not, I can see where the experience is going to do us a world of good, can't you?"

"Which do you prefer, Angeline—a trip abroad with Cousin Fannie as a companion or staying at home to keep Darling comfortable?" Margaret asked.

"Neither," Angeline answered, with finality in her voice. "I only want you, my home and my job when vacation ends. What about you, sister?"

"You have expressed my sentiments exactly. What fools we were getting to be to want to break up our dear home. And, Angeline, do you remember those lines. 'The more I see of men the better I like dogs?'"

Angeline nodded and they began to laugh again, and anyone who heard them would realize that nothing—nothing could ever spoil their companionship again.

Audience Before Him Sways Public Speaker

Public speaking may be an art, but it certainly is a necessary evil. It must be evil because almost everybody deplores it. It must be necessary because there is so much of it. Why it is necessary we do not know, James Warnack declares, in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Speaker and audience are about equally responsible for their mutual boredom. Speaker and audience both are self-hypnotized. In reality, they are practically one, the speaker standing in the same relation to his audience that a man's voice stands to its owner and operator. The public speaker usually is merely the mouthpiece of his audience, saying the things his hearers like and want to say, but which he can say better for them.

Much as a man, when speaking, puts himself into his voice, so an audience, when listening, throws itself into the mind, heart and voice of the speaker. Speaking may be caused by thought, but the act of speaking is an emotional operation, an emotion and act which gather force with continued and uninterrupted exercise. This law is exemplified in both public speaking and private conversation. Excitement increases with repeated vibrations of the vocal cords.

The public speaker should be forgiven almost anything he says from the platform because when he speaks he is about nine-tenths of his audience and about one-tenth himself. He also should be forgiven if, later, he denies what he said or that he said it, because then he is about nine-tenths himself and one-tenth his public.

In either or both cases he should be forgiven but not trusted too far because in the public address he is the more or less unconscious mouthpiece of massed thoughts and emotions, while later he is merely an ego reacting from the influence of a mob. For let it not be forgotten that almost any audience is a mob in embryo. That the embryo seldom matures is due to the inherent dread of the fusion of individualities and the confusion of each individual.

Language Somewhat Mixed

The Portuguese language is a Romance language resembling the Spanish and paralleling it rather closely in grammar. The Portuguese vocabulary shows a considerable borrowing from the French. According to the latest estimates there seem to be 11 vowel sounds and some 26 consonantal sounds. One of the most marked features of Portuguese as compared with other Romance languages is the loss of the intervocalic "l" and "n"; thus "quaes" represents the Latin "quales" and "pessoa" the Latin "persona." An interesting phenomenon of Portuguese is the appearance of a personal or inflected infinitive, which makes possible a very succinct construction comparable to the Latin accusative and infinitive.

Was It an Invitation?

Young Chap (much in love)—Miss Daisy, I'm telling you, I'm to kiss you before I go.

Miss Daisy—Then, sir, will you leave this instant?

OLD DOCTOR'S IDEA IS BIG HELP TO ELDERLY PEOPLE

In 1885, Dr. Caldwell made a discovery for which elderly people the world over praise him today!

Years of practice convinced him that many people were endangering their health by a careless choice of laxatives. So he began a search for a harmless prescription which would be thoroughly effective, yet would neither gripe nor form any habit. At last he found it.

Over and over he wrote it, when he found people bilious, headachy, out of sorts, weak or feverish; with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy. It relieved the most obstinate cases, and yet was gentle with women, children and elderly people.

Today, this same famous, effective prescription, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is the world's most popular laxative. It may be obtained from any drugstore

View of a Boss

There are two kinds of men; the kind you can teach and the kind you have to break.—American Magazine.

Accidentally an Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never falls, she says.—Adv.

Nobody knows the mental agony of a horse trying to learn a new milk route.

Traffic cop gets summons

Even he can't get away with it

"DON'T try to put anything over on Nature," is the way a cop would express it. "Sooner or later she'll get you. Give you a ticket and lay you up in a place where you'd rather not be. Even cops can't get away with it. Like everyone else, if they don't pay attention to the warnings they get a summons that lands them in the doctor's office.

"What the doctor advises is Nujol. Says Nujol will regulate you just like *you* regulate traffic. Keep things from getting in a jam. And the doctor is right. Just ask the healthiest men on the Force. If *they* need Nujol—with all the exercise *they* get—what about the fellows that roll by in their cars?

"Just take a tip from me. You may have the best intentions in the world. But everybody gets tied up at times. Nature can't always take care of things without help.

"Our Medical Chief tells me that Nujol isn't a medicine. It contains absolutely nothing in the way of medicine or drugs. It's simply a pure natural substance (perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York), that keeps things functioning at all times as Nature intends them to. Normally. Regularly. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."

Nature's law O. K.

Start Nujol today. It won't cost you much—not more than the price of some smokes. Worth a try, isn't it?

You'll find Nujol at all drugstores. Sold only in sealed packages. Get some on your way home today.

Proof of the Pudding

Bride—My, there are a lot of mistakes in the cook book.

Husband—Yes, I've tasted them.—Ulk, Berlin.

Relaxation

"How would you like a detective story?"

"No, I'm a detective. Hand me the boot and shoe news."

Read what Will Rogers writes about LEVI STRAUSS OVERALLS

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Bad Year for City Slickers, Says Rogers

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Say, our champion New York university team looked like Man o' War till that bunch of Oregon apple knockers got a hold of 'em this afternoon. It was no place for a raccoon coat athlete, up against an old bunch of wheat shockers whose college emblem is a pair of Levi overalls.

These old salmon giggers from the mouth of the Columbia had the city slickers strewn from goal to goal.

With Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Al Smith goin down all in succession, it just looks like it's the old country boys' year.

Yours, WILL ROGERS.

Lydia E. Pinkham and Her Great Grandchildren

IF Lydia E. Pinkham were alive today she would be 109 years old. Her descendants continue to manufacture her famous Vegetable Compound and the integrity of four generations is behind the product. By accurate record, this medicine benefits 98 out of every 100 women who report after taking it. You can be almost certain that it will help you too.

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