NOW SUIT FROCK

Close Relative of Coat Dress Introduced Last Year.

Satin and Velvet in Combination Shown in Many of Smartest Tailored Gowns for Fall.

The sketch illustrates a simple but extremely smart little suit dress made, preferably, of serge and with trimming of inch-wide flat braid. The skirt is plaited, but without flare. The upper part of the dress is cut with length-

Newcomer in Field of Dress.

ened back section, so that a suit is closely simulated.

The garment is a near relative of the coat dress introduced last year, and which enjoyed a season of popularity. The coat dress in its most distinctive form was open from collar to edge of skirt hem and designers claim that the dress suit has advantages over this because the garment slips over the head and has a very conservative skirt, whereas the coat dress that opened all the way down the front found many objectors on account of its tendency to flare open unattractively if a button dropped off or was left unfastened.

Suit dresses are shown that so closely resemble [illegible] two-piece suits that it is [illegible] distinguish them and for fall and early winter wear these garments [illegible] favor.

If a [illegible] to the [illegible] be [illegible] like it.

[illegible] shown [illegible] ly be [illegible] over[illegible] Sleeves [illegible] ally [illegible] lished [illegible]

Velvet and georgette are attractively combined in [illegible] afternoon dresses shown. The lower half of the skirt will be fashioned of velvet and the upper part of georgette with velvet bodice and georgette sleeves. The bodice that is cut surplice style continues to be featured.

FASHION ACCENTS THE CUFF

It Appears This Season Not Only on the Sleeve But on Skirt, Blouse and Glove.

A dress feature that fashion is accenting just now is the cuff. She has shifted its position on the sleeve. Instead of being at the wrist, its old accustomed place, we now see it at the elbow. Then again, when it is used at the bottom of the sleeve, it is often so deep that it reaches to the elbow.

Skirts have cuffs, too, this season, says the Woman's Home Companion. Not a few of the smartest are finished with a cuff hem. The cuff, which turns up on the right side of the skirt, varies from one inch to three fourths of a yard.

Eton jackets are finished with a cuff. The little jacket is turned back in cuff form two or three inches above the normal waistline.

The new gloves are keeping up with the style procession. They, too, have cuffs. Sometimes the cuff is in the form of a contrasting kid band, or the glove is in the gauntlet form with V-shaped insets of contrasting kid or suede.

As to Belts for Fall.

The belt may be arranged in a variety of ways on both afternoon and street dresses. For the long waisted style there is the wide, straight belt, the sash belt that loops and ties is favored for certain models, also a three yard long belt which encircles the waist and wraps once or twice about the hips, looping either front, back or side.

FUR APPEARS ON ALL COATS

In Many Cases It Is Used as a Border Somewhere Around the Hem—White Trimming Popular.

Attention is focusing on coats of cloth, duvetyn and the like. Made in one of the charming ways in which they are variously being presented, they are all the most fastidious woman could either wish for or obtain.

In nearly all the new models an artistic tendency is very apparent. The lines are straight, yet full and loose; there are often large Oriental-shaped armholes, a kind of "shapeless shapliness" being cleverly imparted.

Another feature is that though the coat itself may not be of fur, fur of some kind enters prominently into its composition. There is, perhaps, a roll-back fur collar, fur cuffs or fur buttons. In many cases there is a border of fur somewhere around the hem, sometimes very narrow, sometimes extending to quite a considerable depth.

Golden-colored raccoon is being used very much in this way, and lynx cat also plays its own inimitable part, and there is no mistaking the tremendous liking existing for white fur trimmings. White fur is to be seen on coat after coat, sometimes some superior fur such as white fox or tailless ermine, sometimes some substitute, of which lapin is the fashionable name, but which is, frankly speaking, rabbit.

White or gray lapin, however, is by no manner of means to be despised. It is a fur with which marvels can be wrought. The soft "flat" surface is a delight, and one remarkably becoming.

SOME CLEVER PLACE CARDS

Patriotic Idea Can Be Carried Out by Use of Bits of Khaki, Navy Wool and White Duck.

It is the successful hostess who recognizes the artistic and conversational possibility of the place card. As a means of stimulating table talk really novel place cards will do it as nothing else will, declares a writer in the Washington Post. Designing and making one's own place cards is good sport. Cunning little things can be made from bits of khaki, navy wool and white duck. Wee soldiers and sailors might be cut out of cardboard mounted on stands, and dressed in their respective "stuffs." A bit of glue is quite the only thing necessary for the dressing. The little hat, shirt and even the leggings can be made realistic.

Other realistically patriotic cards can be made from plain white bristol board by inking on wee tin sabers, woollen guns, miniature tents and even a whole company of tin soldiers standing upright. Then, too, little silk flags might be draped on the cards with artistic effect.

Another charming thing to go with place cards is to press flowers and paste some where on the card.

"FUR SET" FILLS BIG NEED

All of the fair sex who look at huge fur coats, fur neck pieces and muffs and despair at their not being able to purchase such expensive articles, are in for a great surprise, and a pleasing one. The latest designed "fur pieces" are altogether just as pretty, perhaps not as warm, but very few women wear furs for the warmth they give, and their cost is negligible in comparison with the cost of the real thing. The set shown in the picture is made of Ispahan ribbon trimmed at the edges and with bands of fur running through. The stole, muff, hat, and even the purse are made of the same materials in the same way.

Millinery Notes.

Black, rose and brown are three popular favorites, and one of the three may be worn with almost every shade.

Moire silk vies with velvet in pleasing the public, and it is so soft and pliable that it fits in very well with the styles of the day.

As for shapes, take your choice. Broad brims and narrow ones, high crowns and square crowns, and crowns that are round as a full moon, all appear in hat land.

And it matters not at all which one you wear. Only be sure that it suits the contour of your face.

MOVING DAY.

By ISABEL FROST.

It had never occurred to Alice Barton that Mr. Paxton, her landlord, would not trust her indefinitely, even though she had not taken the time to apprise him of her intentions. She had meant to drop in the office on her way to the station and tell his slave at the desk that they might renew her lease; but it was pouring pitchforks, and she had to make a train; therefore he trusted to luck and the landlord's intuition.

When she returned on May 1 she encountered large packing cases in her hall, also a young man in shirtsleeves wrestling with the same.

"I'll have these out of the way in just a minute, so you can get by," he told her, pleasantly.

"But I don't want to get by," said Alice frigidly. "Thank you. I merely wish to get into my apartment."

He looked at her in surprise.

"There seems to be some mistake here. I rented this apartment under the impression that it was vacant," he explained. "From May 1 for one year. I'm just moving in."

Alice's face turned a shade paler. Manners were instinctive second nature to her, and she forced herself to speak very quietly.

"May I phone the office?" she asked, a bit helplessly.

Paxton's voice was suave but firm. He reminded her that they had written several times, inquiring her intentions on the renewal of her lease, and she had calmly ignored them.

"Have you anything else left in the building?" she asked.

"No, I am very sorry, but there is nothing at all left. We waited until the very last moment for your decision, but Mr. Reeves wished the apartment on the first, and we accommodated him. If there is anything that we can do—"

No, there was nothing they could do. She thanked him and hung up the receiver. Drawing off her gray suede gloves, she looked around her a bit tiredly.

"I'll pack up my things right away," she said.

"You won't do anything of the sort. I shall not retain the apartment," he told her resolutely. "It was heartless of them to rent it without your knowledge. I'm going to throw the whole thing up."

"But you can't, you know. Not if you've signed a lease." She laughed rather wearily. "If you don't mind, I think I'll make a cup of tea for myself before I pack my dishes. Won't you join me?"

Before the impromptu tea was half over she took several enlightening discoveries. First, Mr. Reeves was a Yale man the same class as her brother Tom. This in itself could have warranted her in accepting the invitation of his friend. The tea shopped while he said of Tom a minute on the [illegible] and then she [illegible] to him [illegible] of the [illegible] escape.

[illegible] "He's [illegible] I ever met. I'd got into a mix-up in college with a girl who [illegible] into town with a road show. I guess she was a square little kid all right for she never tried to hold Dick and told him he was making a fool of himself for nothing. His old man went mad over the affair and cut Dick off without a cent. He stuck it out though, working his way through his last year, and took his degree. I don't know what became of the girl. I believe he's working now in his cousin's automobile factory, learning the business from the ground up. I'm mighty glad you've met him."

It was two weeks later. He sat on the window-seat looking down at Gramercy park. "Alice," he said suddenly, with a touch of desperation in his tone. "I've got to tell you something. Something I'm mighty ashamed of, now that I've met you and known the real thing. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me, for aught I know before I ask you to be my wife."

Alice bent a little lower over her embroidery as she sat in a dark-green willow chair beside him.

"I've heard all about Peggy," she said, quietly. "Tom told me. I like you much better as a worker, Dick, than as you must have been before she switched your life into the manlier way of independence. Was that all?"

She glanced up at him with a little mischievous smile of inquiry, and Dick left the window seat.

The following morning Mr. Paxton glanced up from his desk. Dick's tone was very decisive.

"We wish a few alterations made in the apartment, Miss Barton and myself. We will be married on the 19th, and it will have to be in shape by the time we get back from our honeymoon."

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CROWING OF COCKS

Rooster's Midnight Alarm May Be Haunt of Soldier?

Historical Events Are Quoted to Show Effects of Call at Regular Hours.

Is the crowing of the cock the haunt of soldiers?

Philosophers might ask themselves this question, fools might hesitate long enough with a ray of intelligence to remark, "It does look funny." The cock sounds his first shrill clarion call at twelve o'clock, midnight.

His neighboring cock from an eminent perch in an apple tree hears it and answers "auwk-er uk-er-oo-o." Then he sleeps again and an hour later sounds the second watch of the night. He sleeps some more. He sounds the call from the barracks and his neighbors join in to make the dawning welkin ring.

Through this Eastern section, where eastern and central time changes and the country is thickly settled, there is an hour difference in the time of the midnight crowing of the cock within a few miles' ride of the traveler.

Since the war began in Europe and the nations engaged in that conflict set the clocks back an hour for military reasons, it is said that the cock has adjusted his midnight crowing to suit the hour by the clock.

Beginning two weeks before Christmas the cock crows first at ten o'clock at night and then at the regular hours as before until after Christmas eve.

When the Roman empire claimed its outposts as the outposts of civilization and its armies as legions, the watches of the night were sounded by the bugle of the sentinel from his tower stationed wherever the mighty country had laid claim to domain. It was then that the crowing of the cock seems to have become connected with the soldier's call of the watches of the night. "The cock shall not thrice crow this night before you shall deny me." It is mentioned in the Bible to denote the watches of the night.

The Christmas festivities in the early days of Christianity lasted several days, beginning prior to Christmas day and the revelries of the night, in which wines flowed freely, doubtless led to a curfew call which descended to the cock as the other watch calls of the soldier's bugle.

In the present world war when the haunt of the soldier is again world-wide, it is not unlikely that it might exert an influence on the life of the domestic animal. The horse, it is claimed by scientists can scent the battle from afar and his nature even feels the approach of war.

Even again the time of the universal crowing of the cock might be changed by the effect of the military change of the people of the day.

Cyclist Messengers Satisfactory.

One of the difficulties that has been experienced by infantry following up a retreat, has been the quick transmission of reports and the maintenance of touch with their [illegible] cohorts, writes a war correspondent. In [illegible] this is de[illegible] a wide experience has proved [illegible] a [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] West has [illegible] capable [illegible] and will continue to be one of the most important and valuable arms of the service.

35,000,000 Documents in One Room

One of the most marvelous organizations in the world is found in the new buildings at Kew of the claims and record department of the ministry of labor. Here the whole work of unemployment insurance, formerly administered from various towns throughout the United Kingdom, is directed.

In one room alone 35,000,000 documents relating to workmens insurance are housed, and even in this labyrinth it is possible to trace the name and full particulars of any claim in two or three minutes. The efficient working of an intricate and complicated system is carried out almost entirely by a staff of women numbering over 600.

Suggests Decoy Soldier.

We have heard of tin soldiers, but [illegible] has remarked [illegible] officer in training at Fort Sheridan, Ill., to bring to our attention a camouflage soldier of papier mache. His plan is to place a large number of these dummy soldiers beside the regular troops on the firing line, to serve as decoys for the Germans. Unable to distinguish between the real and faked soldier, he believes the Germans will waste a great amount of ammunition on the papier mache figures. In this instance every hit will be as good as a miss.—Popular Science Monthly.

Occupation.

"I failed to reach you by telephone either at your office or at your home. Don't you work any more?"

"Of course, I work," protested Mr. Chuggins.

"Whereabouts?"

"On a street corner or in the middle of a country road—any old place the flivver happens to quit on me."

THE PADDED BRICK

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"Impossible!" uttered John Raymond and his visitor bowed her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

He sat watching the convulsing figure, the fair golden hair, the cheap but immaculately neat and modest attire. His was a hard, heartless business. And it had made his nature hard, but not heartless. The pitiful pleader had impressed him. For the moment he lost his stern, rigid bearing. A wave of genuine sympathy swept his iron nature. He sighed.

Quickly that human signal of emotion went to the mark. The girl looked up. She caught the trace of pity in that immovable face before the mask was on again.

"Oh, sir!" she pleaded, "reconsider. Put yourself in my place. If you have no faith in poor Jim, try and trust me. I know him, sir. He has been bad and wicked."

"Young lady," spoke Detective Raymond, rising to his feet, "for your sake, yes."

"You'll give him a chance?"

"His last one, yes."

She had sunk to her knees before him. She had clasped his hand and was covering it with kisses.

Within the month Detective Raymond went before the state pardon board. Two days later Jim Waldron, alias "The Ferret," was released on commutation of a ten years' sentence. Still later the detective noted a modest line in a daily print among the marriage licenses—"James Waldron and Vinnie Morse."

The detective could find no one willing to go bostage for Jim, so he had him paroled to himself. He felt it his duty to look up Jim within a month. His heart warmed as he found the happy pair living in two pretty rooms, neat, though humble.

The contented wife told him how Jim had "found a job." It was poor pay, but a beginning, and oh, they were so happy!

Then, somewhat later, the detective met Jim coming home from work. There was no mistaking the manly spirit in the ex-burglar. His eye was clear, his head erect.

"How is it, Jim?" Raymond inquired.

"Grand, sir. Just to work, just to keep straight for her sake—bless her!"

"Good for you, Jim. Keep it up," nodded the detective with apparent indifference, but joy was in his soul.

For over a year Detective Raymond did not hear of his protege. An important government case sent him to Alaska. He returned to his city post on the eve of a great burglary. A jewelry establishment had been looted. An expert had done the job, but his identity was not even guessed—except by John Raymond.

"It looks like Jim Waldron's old-time work," he decided and proceeded to look up the ex-convict. At his old home he learned that the Waldrons had left there four months previous.

The detective started in to find the missing couple. It was one evening at dusk that he located them in a shabby tenement house. His inquiry divulged the fact that [illegible] a week before. [illegible] gone to [illegible] city. Careful of finding [illegible] where he was not known [illegible]

"At the [illegible] sir," said the detective's informant, "[illegible] yesterday [illegible] days [illegible] room [illegible] She [illegible]

The detective drew back in the [illegible] wear[illegible] her [illegible] down the stairs. It was Vinnie Waldron, [illegible] white and thin, despair in her wan face.

He was about to speak to her, when her shawl moved aside. Under it she concealed a bundle, boxlike and wrapped in a pillow case.

"I've hit it," muttered Raymond. "The swag. I'll bet! and she's taking it to Jim."

Square after square he guardedly followed the lone figure. He gasped as she reached the edge of the city. It was to enter the gateway of a cemetery.

Vinnie Waldron glanced all about her, as if fearful of being observed. She finally reached a remote plot of ground bearing two mere fragments of stone, on one "Father" and on the other "Mother." She placed her hidden burden on the ground. She produced a trowel. Mid tears and sobs she dug a shallow grave, and placed the box in it.

She heaped the loose soil upon the mound and left her poor, short-lived darling to the mercy of God.

John Raymond shadowed the poor creature home. He paused outside. He drew back as some one came down the street and entered the house. It was Jim.

Within ten minutes Jim reappeared. His pinched, agonized face bore a stricken, desperate expression. He stumbled down the street; Raymond followed him. At an alley Jim found a brick. He wrapped his heavy mauler about it. Bereaved, his wife starving, the wretched man came to a delicatessen shop, with its tempting array of food. He raised the padded brick.

"No need!" spoke John Raymond, detective, the man of heart now, halting the descending hand. "Jim, hero, brother, I greet you!"

His arm was around him and the man was sobbing on his breast—the man who, with his loyal wife, should never know want and poverty while John Raymond had the means to hold them at bay.

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DENVER MONKEY A HUGGER

Simian Causes Sensation When He Boldly Embraces Young Woman Passing Along Street.

The lovable monkey is loose. When he swung from the low branches of a tree at Twelfth avenue and Detroit street and threw his arms about the neck of a young woman pedestrian there was a lot of commotion, says the Denver Post. Aside from breaking the spooning laws, the monkey shouldn't have chosen broad daylight. A scream from the young woman brought residents to their doors. They saw her running in one direction and the monkey in another. It was difficult for them to ascertain which was the more frightened—the young woman or the lovable monkey.

Patrolmen from the Capitol Hill station have been pursuing the lovable monk all over the Montclair district. Where the monkey came from is a question. The zoo keeper at City park says all his monkeys are "just where they should be"; that none of them would be ungentlemanly enough to leave home and try to hug pedestrians.

Residents of the Montclair district have joined in the hunt. A tree-to-tree search is being made by the posse, including an examination of the nursery at Eighth avenue and Clayton street, where the affectionate simian was last sighted. The monkey sought temporary haven on the front porch of G. A. Clason's home, at 945 Detroit street, but when an attempt was made to capture him he curled up his tail and departed suddenly.

In addition to the frightened woman pedestrian, the monkey was seen hugging several trees. Just now he is hugging some secluded spot. Residents hope he is apprehended, as they do not want to be monkeyed with any more.

Call British Tanks "Willies."

During the summer of 1916 an enemy agent, trying to tap the wires in England might have been mystified to pick up such messages as: "Twelve Willies reach you today," or "Send tails for six females," writes Col. E. D. Swinton in the World's Work. "Willie," a pet cognomen adopted as suitable for the telephone and obviating the use of a code for telegrams, was suggested by the fact that the first experimental "Landship" completed, though equally malevolent, was smaller and less powerful for evil than its immediate successor, eventually the type adopted. When the two creatures were togther they gave the ludicrous impression of being child and parent of a monstrous and evil brood. Hence, naturally, "Little Willie" and "Big Willie." The "Big Willies" were also somewhat unbiologically classified as males and females, according to their armament. Incidentally, to help to conceal the destination of the tanks at the stage when any illusion as to their purpose was precluded, they were painted with the inscription, "With Care. To Petrograd," in large Russian characters.

England's Need.

Howard E. Coffin, who is standardizing the American airplane, said to a correspondent:

"Standardization is the modern efficiency method. The Germans have standardized their submarine. England is a great country, a brave country, an unconquerable country, but England needs standardization.

"When an Englishman wants to say that a check is 'for deposit only' he doesn't write that on it. No, that isn't the English way. He writes '& Co.'

"A Canadian professor once explained to a class of English students used at the great English university.

"He said 'full term' means three-quarters of a term. 'May week' is the first two weeks in June. 'General admission day' is the day everybody leaves. An 'ordinary degree' is one obtained by a special examination, and an 'arts inspector' is an arts students."

Long Flights of Birds.

A thrush was caught at Southport recently with a ring on its leg marked, "Inform Witherby, High Holborn, London." Mr. H. E. Witherby, who is the editor of British Birds, has, since 1910, had 75,000 birds so marked in the hope of learning something about their travels. A swallow ringed in Lancashire was found seven months later at Grahamstown, South Africa, 6,000 miles away. A "lesser black backed gull," ringed at the Farne islands, off Northumberland, was found eight months later at St. Louis, Senegal, and a blackbird, ringed at London, was found in Moscow a few weeks afterwards. It would seem that birds are greater travelers than most of us imagine.—Exchange.

What Women Did in Civil War.

Women all over the United States formed societies and made bandages and comforts of various kinds for the soldiers, but their work, too, lacked the direction and uniformity which are necessary for prompt and effective assistance. In the Civil war, country women were especially generous in contributing time and labor to the cause of helping the sick and wounded. In many instances the men were not given enough green food, and farmers contributed potatoes and fresh vegetables in large quantities, which frequently saved a camp from scurvy and other diseases.—Farm and Fireside.

History Repeats.

"The penalties for poaching used to be very severe."

"Yes. And we're drifting around to those times again. As values are going I shouldn't be surprised to see stealing a watermelon or a chicken classed as grand larceny."