

NO NEW NOTE IN FALL MILLINERY

Headgear Retains Shape, Color and Ornamentation of Last Season.

HATS TO SUIT ALL FACES

Feathers Exploited in Plain and Toured Manner—Fringe, Gaura, Shredded Fur and Wings Are Delicately Used.

New York.—There is nothing in millinery today upon which one can put the finger and say that it is definitely new, asserts a leading authority. In looking over the collection, one feels that a strong struggle goes on between the fashion for trimmed hats and the fashion for untrimmed ones.

At a meeting of all the milliners in America, which was held in New York last spring, there was a loud clamor for ornamentation in millinery. The mere mention of it brought forth the clapping of hands. Roses were desired, quills, feathers, fantasies, pieces of fur and jeweled bandings—in fact, anything and everything that would create something that has not existed for a half decade.

The desire of the French for severity and that of the Americans for ornamentation are shown, undoubtedly, in the conflicting hats of this autumn.

the observer wishes to see what is happening below.

The milliners take it for granted that every woman does not wish to conceal the upper part of her face, even though fashion has gone to the most extreme limit in that line, so there are hats that roll straight away from a tight headband and spread out to astonishing proportions when they take the air. They are draped, or they are made exactly like a nice thick cream puff, with a bunch of foolish or daring little feathers coming out of the top, as though the cream were oozing out.

There are comic opera hats, but they do not play the comedy role on a woman's head. They are quite attractive. They need a veil, and a good-looking one at that, for veils are back in fashion and they may be the forerunners of gloves.

There are women who always wear both, and there is a large majority that avoid both whenever fashion allows, the slightest loophole of escape. Even the French forsook veils for four or five years; but as the weather last winter demanded that they use every means of protection to their flesh and blood, veils came back as a part of costumery. They at once became ornamental and coquettish. They carried their own collars with them, and they sometimes seemed to carry the hat, which they evidently considered merely a trifle on which to rest their own ornamental selves.

These are the veils that hold good today. But it is quite probable that they will be discarded when the cold weather comes by those who will take up the two leading fashions that have been revived from two years ago: the funnel collar that envelops the neck, the chin and the lobes of the ears, and



THE NEW HATS OBEY NO LAW, BUT SUIT ALL FACES.

(1) Adapted Anzac hat made of black satin and turned up at one side with a huge shell puff made of Natter-blue ostrich strands. The collar is made from squares of seal and beaver, which is a new idea. (2) Shrapnel helmet of violet velvet, with sweeping willow effect in long ostrich plumes of black and violet. (3) Cone-shaped Mexican hat of sapphire-blue velvet, with shirred crown and brim edged with a band of Russian squirrel. (4) Oblong walking hat in imitation of the new service caps. It is made of gray angora with a broad quill of jet beads. With this goes a neckpiece of angora heavily embroidered in jet.

There is nothing that has not been, and yet there is much that is good and acceptable.

Since there is no exclusive path of fashion in which all should walk if they would be in the procession, there is the more genial, broad highway, in which all types are jostled and mingled and call themselves in the fashion. All the hats of the hour are on this broad highway, and that suits the majority.

No matter what a woman chooses, she has some master designer back of her choice. To begin with fabrics, she may keep loyal to velvet, or she may dip into the caprice of the moment as it is expressed by angora, braid or even serge.

She may insist upon satin from now until next April, and she may choose it in any color that harmonizes or corresponds with her gown. She may feel inclined to avoid felt, for it is so little in the picture.

As for ornamentation, she may adopt it if she likes the idea. If she prefers simplicity, she has three dozen or more French hats at her disposal.

If she likes ostrich feathers, she may join in with the 'Arriets of London and buy herself a big, thick, curled one, place it on her head, and feel herself as correctly plumed as was Henri Quatre. She cannot buy paradise, because of a law that is greater than that of fashion, but she has a plentiful supply of haxel, monkey fur or gaura to take its place. She will also find that shredded taffeta is considered as ornamental as dahlia on a turban, and she will soon realize that toothbrush fringe can be used to flicker over the surface of any hat, with good results.

Question of Brims and Crowns.

Suppose she is concerned about the shape of her hat, and if she isn't she should at once take the lesson of first aid to the ignorant. If her face demands a wide brim, let her choose that shape, and she will find that each milliner has made at least three hats to suit her fancy.

There are irregular brims; there are brims that slope upward on one side and downward on the other, with the perilous side tip of an airplane when

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There are women who always wear both, and there is a large majority that avoid both whenever fashion allows, the slightest loophole of escape. Even the French forsook veils for four or five years; but as the weather last winter demanded that they use every means of protection to their flesh and blood, veils came back as a part of costumery. They at once became ornamental and coquettish. They carried their own collars with them, and they sometimes seemed to carry the hat, which they evidently considered merely a trifle on which to rest their own ornamental selves.

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SPORT TOGS PASSE

Death Knell Sounded for a Once Overindulged Fashion.

Question of Proper Footwear Now Absorbing the Attention of Women Seeking Most Sensible Shoes.

A curious phase of fashion during the second year of the war is the passing of sport clothes, observes a fashion writer. This does not mean that they weren't worn in-tiresome profusion at summer resorts. Wherever women gathered from East, West, North or South, they came with trunks of sleeveless jackets, colored sweater coats, separate skirts and the other paraphernalia that goes with the beach, the mountain and a motorcar.

But through all these costumes ran a thread of different dressing, which was quite noticeable to those who had seen other summers at American resorts. Few of the women wore white linen skirts, white shirtwaists or sweaters. Few wore flat-heeled shoes. The majority of them made the mistake of wearing sleeveless jackets and separate skirts with pointed pumps and Louis XV heels.

That's the kind of thing we do quite badly over here, and which is a departure from the good sense which characterized our sport clothes ten years ago. In fact, the whole shoe situation in America is so extremely bad that one would like to write down rules and regulations about shoes and have them enforced by the government. We used to pride ourselves on the best shoes in the world, worn in the most suitable manner and differing for each occasion. We laughed at the French for their eccentricities.

Today, although we do not seem to realize it, the majority of women in the world are looking askance at our feet. We demand absurd shoes, unless a uniform demands sensible ones. The whole condition is topsy-turvy. Women stand behind the counter in pumps that should be worn in a limousine at five o'clock in the afternoon; others walk up Main street in shoes that should be used for a restaurant dinner at seven o'clock—and thus it goes through the string of hours. Rarely, except in the evening, is the average American woman properly shod. She has lost her head completely concerning her feet.

BAGS REGARDED A NECESSITY

Beaded Patterns Are Much in Evidence, Many Handsome Designs Being in the Limelight.

A trio of bags, so pretty one would need a wishing ring to choose the prettiest, is offered by leading shops. Women consider a bag a necessity these days, and, by the way, a luxury, too. The head of an Egyptian princess is wrought in the finest of beads on a beaded background in which green, gold and tan predominate. Cleopatra never carried one as beautiful as this. The shops carry a large variety of beaded patterns, some a beaded initial on a bag of solid gold color.

A socks bag of taupe leather with a gathered satin top is the very new.



Center pieces and dollies made from linen dresses that are past use are O. K. for the cottage or every-day use. Trim with narrow lace and insertion.

A rug made by braiding all black stockings with a border made from old neckties is prettier than the ordinary braided rug.

A small fat top trunk can be made into a child's make-believe couch and hold the toys at the same time. Cover with cretonne or other suitable material, padding the top. Pad is made separate, so cover may be washed when necessary. The dolls generally recline on top and have a few small sofa pillows for their own use.

Summer Sweaters. A sweater knit of very narrow ribbon was edged with slightly wider satin ribbon, the effect being extremely good. The ribbon used in knitting turns while it is worked in, giving a pretty, uneven appearance. Interest, too, are the sweaters knit of emerald silk of a rather heavy quality. These are not so warm as are wool sweaters and are attractive with shoes.

ONE OF THE LATEST FROCKS



Henna duvetyne raccoon is combined to make this good looking suit. The coat is loose with an eight-inch hem turned up on the outside. The skirt is wider than one would expect—the whole an extremely smart garment.

FOR SEVERE SUITS AND HATS

Stiff Sailor Has Aided in Relegating to Rear the Shapeless Sport Headgear.

The incoming of the stiff sailor hat did much to relieve us of the shapeless sport hat, declares a fashion correspondent. It ruled through the summer, and it will rule through the winter for those who can stand its severity. There is a strong recurrence of coat suits in prospect. The sailor hat goes with them. The war brought this national uniform back into fashion, and we will see far less of separate frocks and top coats as the season progresses.

It is not an easy thing to manipulate into a coat suit throughout the day so that it will adapt itself to different occasions, but the belief in France, and the growing belief in this country, is that afternoon costumery will disappear until the world is on a new footing of peace.

This is the fashion that will rule but it will not be observed by all women. It has not been observed so far. There never have been such brilliant décollete, gorgeous clothes worn at luncheons in restaurants since the war; but the entire pressure will be put upon the coat suit with the culottes blouse.

If such costumery is to rule between breakfast and dinner then we are going to see a decided change in hats. We will keep the severe ones for the day hours and indulge in the brilliant one for the evening. And why? Because there will undoubtedly be a vast amount of dining at restaurants, and for this the hat is to be smart.

MADEOVERS THAT WILL SAVE

One-Piece Military Effect Can Be Made From Spring Suit—Use of Stockings and Ties.

A smart winter dress, the latest one-piece military effect, can be made from your spring suit if the coat is not too closely fitted. Rip and wash or turn—downward lining and interlining. The cutting and fitting are practically eliminated. The sleeves will need to be made smaller at the cuff. A wide belt covers the seam at the waistline. Have a collar to match the belt. Trim with buttons and military pockets.

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Re-enter Treadgold

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

It was the trailing melancholy of her voice that first stirred Treadgold's lethargic pulse into action. Later he had a too fleeting glimpse of a pale oval face framed in tawny gold as Lida gazed wistfully from the rose-hung gate that opened into her cottage garden.

Treadgold was annoyed with himself that the quality of the girl's voice had dwined itself among his senses and indignance at womenkind in general merely because Lida's eyes had stabbed his heart with a silent appeal.

Ever since the day he had donned the khaki uniform and become a soldier to fight for his country Treadgold had eschewed anything even bordering on the feminine. He had shunned that thrilly, fascinating, heady world of the gentle sex as if it had the plague running wild within its borders. War was a thing apart—a business that must be sternly followed. There must be no counter-magnet luring the senses from the austere purposes of the fighting man.

During his six months at training camp his brain had been far too busy for the most part in trying master the contents of some twenty or more textbooks, as well as drills, field practice and a few more oddments of learning, to find much time for missing the feminine part of life.

A few more months at camp, where he and many of the field artillery men had been sent to officer the troops, quite rounded off Treadgold's ability to live happily and usefully without the love of woman.

In weaker moments, perhaps under the influence of a glorious moon or the trickle of woodland stream, reminiscence of dainty, smiling lips, a swift caress or the fragrance of ruffled tresses came to disturb Treadgold's war-filled brain. These had been fleeting, easily banished dreams.

"Ancient past!" the fighting man would mutter grimly. But in the case of Lida's blue-eyed, wistful face Treadgold found himself up against a power stranger than himself. Unless he took a frightfully circuitous route, his billet led him straight past the cottage, with Lida either in it smiling with melancholy sweetness, or gazing appealingly from the garden gate straight into the eyes of the passer-by.

Treadgold was annoyed when he saw her and upset for the day when he didn't see her. He felt that the girl was aware of his presence on the path, whether he passed or didn't pass. This feeling, too, irritated him. He decided, however—and with the decision his jaw clinched—that he would fight this unknown girl's influence, and as successfully as he had fought the lure of all his feminine world when he had first entered the army. Soon France would see him an actual fighter on the battlefield.

"And if I remain on that battlefield when the fight is done," philosophized Treadgold, "there will be less regret, and if I come out whole, then a straight path to something nifty, and not masculine, for me."

"In fact," he decided, "something just about the type of Little Sad Eyes there will be my finish."

So he fought the magnet and conquered. Had Treadgold been another type of man he could have managed to meet the girl who had stirred his pulses, could have loved and sailed away. But he was not that kind of man. Love to Treadgold was a wonderful thing. He could the less happily kill the Boche and destroy man kind greedily were he to be reminded constantly that he had left a wife behind. He knew that ever behind the sword thrust of battle he would sense the humanity side of the question, would realize before killing the man that he was also killing the woman whom that man had left behind—killing her happiness at least.

Besides, Treadgold knew that should he marry a girl like Little Sad Eyes he would be consumed with longing for her every moment that held him from her side. He had not the strength to fight both the enemy and his own emotions.

So when the great ship stole out under cover of darkness from the New York wharf and sailed out toward France Treadgold found himself rejoicing that he was not bringing the tragedy of separation into some one's life.

When the battle raged for him he was still more glad for a nasty bit of shell caught him pretty squarely in the temple.

Treadgold re-entered the world of femininity on a stretcher. An other words, he was carried tenderly if unconsciously into the hospital, where the gentle, shunned sex took him into its wonderful care.

that first glimpse and he realized that a world with women in it was a good place to get back to. His nurse's hands were slim and caressing and her hair waved softly about her smooth brow. Treadgold wondered if he would eventually find himself in love with her.

He was, in fact, drifting in that direction when, during a dull afternoon in the hospital, he heard the trailing melancholy of a voice. Instantly Treadgold knew that it was the same voice suggested in sweetness and timbre that had quickened his lethargic pulse—far back in America. For America seemed frightfully distant to Treadgold after the smoke and fire of battle and the long lapse from consciousness.

He looked eagerly at his nurse, "Whose voice is that I hear?" he asked her.

The nurse smiled at his excitement, sensed a romance and told him all she knew.

"Her name is Lida McVicker, and she is the niece of our staff surgeon. She was plining away by lichen. It seems in America because she couldn't do anything when all her brave countrymen were going off to fight."

"But how did she ever get over here?" burst out Treadgold, "from a cottage with roses?"

The nurse smiled again. "The organizer of a concert party heard her singing and thought her voice held the appeal that our wounded boys would appreciate and here it is. She sings every afternoon and evening and any other time when her voice is needed. She's happy now—happy as a lark. It's wonderful what doing a little good to others does for oneself," added the nurse.

Treadgold then made a headlong, steady dash right into the heart of a world of femininity. He demanded to see Lida McVicker then and there.

When she stood beside him and looked with those wistful eyes straight into his face a deep, happy flush mounted her cheeks and Treadgold knew that recognition was there. Apparently she had not gazed unseeingly nor unappreciatingly at him when he had dully passed her cottage gate.

"Little Sad Eyes" was what she thought he said by way of greeting, but she was never quite sure about it. There was so much unexpected emotion expressed in the wonderful meeting that words didn't really count.

Treadgold had always known that love would completely swamp him when it came, and he told Lida so before many months had passed over the region of the world.

HIS QUALIFICATIONS FOR BAR

Philadelphia Man Allowed to Practice Law Because He Couldn't Make Excellent Chicken Salad.

There has been a radical change in the method of examining students for admission to the bar in Philadelphia from the practice of a generation or two ago. Recently the state examiners held an examination, and the students found that considerable knowledge of both the theory and practice of the law was essential.

This, in theory, might always have been the case, but in practice the examination was less thorough in the old days.

There is a story of Edward D. Ingraham, one of the leaders of the Philadelphia bar sixty years ago, who was an examiner as well as a noted wit. Indeed, his capacity for jokes was at least as great as his capacity as a lawyer and as a speaker.

In those days there was not enough student to hold a formal examination, and the appearance, manner and character of the student himself had a great deal to do with passing him for admission.

On one occasion a young man, the son of a wealthy Philadelphian and known as a good liver and story-teller, a man about town, appeared before the lawyer, who was acting as one of the examiners.

Mr. Ingraham knew perfectly well that the applicant had no intention of practicing law. He merely desired to acquire a profession in a graceful, easy manner.

Consequently, Ingraham asked him only one question: "Mr. G.," he said, after the applicant had been shivering in apprehension of the result, "how do you make chicken salad?"

Not realizing the purport of the question, Mr. G. answered naturally and with superior knowledge of the subject.

"Perfectly satisfactory," said Mr. Ingraham, "I will sign your certificate with great pleasure."

But one can not pass so easily in these times, or every cook could become a member of the bar.

Wanted.

"Is no payment pa," cried we at a cabbage farm yesterday, when the anything else just by way of treating for our coming exploits on the western front, unfortunately, however, hesitating so much over the question and the pronunciation that the enemy, taking full advantage of the unexpected respite, outmarched himself and disappeared with a checkmate completely as if the earth had swallowed him up.—Ohio State Journal.

Aids in Picking Fowls. Picking fowls by hand is a tiresome, troublesome job, but it is no longer necessary. A feather-picking machine is on the market which is quick and cheap and will not injure the fowls. Moreover, the feathers are kept dry and clean, and while ducks and geese are to be plucked, the machine will soon pay for itself.