

FOR WEAR AFTER LIGHTS ARE ON

House Gowns Are Adopted by the Conservative, Thus Saving Other Clothes.

VIVID COLORS ARE IN FAVOR

Black Velvet With Cream Lace, a Fashionable Outfit for Formal Occasions—High Neck and the Evening Wardrobe.

New York.—The kind and quality of street clothing has been well established since the first of October, even though fashions, newer than September ones, infiltrate through positions strongly held. For house costumes, however, there is no well-defined line of action, writes a leading fashion authority.

A European once said that American women were divided into two classes; those who changed their costumes for dinner and those who did not. He might have added that the divisions also existed between those who had dinner in the day and those who had it at night. It is difficult to make a European take this statement seriously, for he cannot imagine a civilized spot in the world where folk sit down to heavy courses of red meat, vegetables, and dessert in the early afternoon.

He does not always remember that his own royalty have liked heavy dinners before the sun went down, and he would explain that custom reason-

prefer eating in mass, but because the dining parlors connected with these communal eating rooms as the easiest way out of the servant problem, the pressure to dress for dinner is too strong to be resisted, but a special kind of costume has been invented for this hour growing out of the situation. It is the whole balance of demand and supply which governs progress.

And there has come about over here still another fashion, the revival of an old one, which is the use of an elaborate tea gown for those hours given over to the family and, possibly, a few intimates, in the evening. This, too, saves the more formal evening clothes and it spares the street gown.

There lies the crux of the situation to spare the better class of clothes. New and colorful tea gowns.

When a fashion gets good headway variety in design and ingenuity keep it rolling. Now that the women with their seamstresses follow the dress makers in achieving cleverness in these tea gowns that have nothing in common with wrappers the fashion is well established and new glories modeled from past glory is quite the boast of the average woman. To achieve something colorful and clever in this line is woman's favorite indoor sport this season.

As the winter advances the costumes take on more brilliancy and depth and velvet is constantly used, if not as an entire robe then as a voluminous coat that keeps one warm.

Many of these long coats are as vivid as those worn by the Slavs and met in lavishly used. The foundation robe is of chiffon over tulle or satin and several colors throughout. One of the foolish fashions is to follow the French trick of cutting the sleeves short, leaving the arms exposed. No one knows why Paris found herself disposed to try out anything as foolish as this dur-

NO DAN ON STYLES

Infinite Variety and None Are Built Alike.

Straight and Narrow Most Prominent With Only Sign of Any Breadth at Waistline.

The dresses are the great achievements of a season that is still young. Among them there is an infinite variety and no one is built exactly like the last one. For general lines they use these that are straight and narrow, the only sign of any breadth being seen at that unexpected place, the waistline. The line of the waist has also dropped perceptibly and no more do we see on the daytime frock that waistline that starts from a point somewhere under the arms. More likely it is to be seen running around the hips or somewhat above them—never an inch above the normal placing.

The coat dress is new—and useful in the extreme. It is tailored quite formally, but it has probabilities for the insertion of feminine diversions, that add much to its interest. There is one, for instance, made of the popular blue serge, that is wrapped about the form from shoulder to hem. The only variety it shows is where one side of the skirt laps over the other when there suddenly appears a soft satin lining of vivid green tone.

Another one is made of dull green velours, chemise lined and with wide open kimono sleeves. At the waistline, by way of a belt, a narrow piece of skunk fur is seen, and, to repeat this note-of-black-another-bit-of-the-fur is used at the left side of the standing collar, where it buttons tightly under the ear.

Many of the collars on these dresses are made high and thick in appearance. None of them fit the neck as in seasons past.

It is almost necessary now to use two materials in the shaping of a modish frock. The idea was started from a thought of conservation and it survives largely because of its sheer beauty. For afternoon and dinner gowns, printed silks and chiffons are used in combination with plain silks and chiffons. Then for more workaday occasions combinations of wool and silk are more usual.

The straight flat panel is one of the successes of the day and is seen in every possible phase. Usually, though, it must hang from shoulder to hem at back, without any interruption as to waistline. In the front, however, it may be confined or not according to whim or taste.

NARROW SKIRT, TUNIC BLOUSE

Substitute for Tailleur Promises to Be One of Season's Most Popular Garments.

As a compromise between the coat suit and the slim frock which many women choose for autumn street wear there is a costume which may soon be overriden by popularity. It consists of a narrow skirt and a tunic blouse that falls below the hips and is loosely girded with a monastic cord. The blouse has no visible fastening. It apparently does not open. In truth some of them do not open.

They slip over the head and adjust themselves with the carelessness of a peasant's smock. If they are tightly banded at the waistline with yards of brilliant material they would be definitely Arabian and quite brilliant in effect. They do not permit a girdle to touch them.

They have a monk's cord carelessly twined below the waistline, knotted and dropped in tasseled ends at front or side.

AFTERNOON GOWN IN BRONZE

When One Leaves the House.

All tea gowns are not after these elaborate designs, however. So the woman who could not and would not wear such costumes at her table and in the sitting room, can find plenty of admirable ideas for the reconstructing of ancient and honorable dress clothes into more demure house gowns. The idea is rampant. It is left to the individual to work it out according to her purse, inclination, environment.

Reaction Always Follows.

This is natural. Anyone who will read the past as a means of appreciating and understanding the present and immediate future will learn much that otherwise will seem new and unprecedented. All periods of depression and repression have been followed by a joyous reaction in women's apparel, and often in men's clothes as well. It was the tremendous swing of the pendulum away from the right sway and reign of death and privation of Cromwell's domination over Great Britain that brought about the excesses in apparel for which the reign of Charles II was conspicuous.

As one clothes historian tells us, it was the saving of material and all other extravagances during Cromwell's era that amassed the fortunes that went toward the utmost follies in clothes during the restoration. It may be that we will see the same sort of reaction. It happened in Paris when the allies finally defeated Napoleon and the duke of Wellington, with his colleagues, occupied Paris. Those were exciting days of pleasure, Lady Shelly says in her letters, and women of all countries went into the greatest excesses in clothes and gaiety. So it is better to be warned by history as to what to expect.

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SMALL SUMS WORTH SAVING

How Amounts That Seem Insignificant Pile Up into Figures That Are Impressive.

A great French banker was once asked the secret of French thrift, and he replied, "Compound interest." Just as constant waste, even in little things, may change one's life from success to failure, so the steady saving of money will eventually bring independence, if not actual wealth.

Let us analyze the statements made by the Frenchman. There are very few people who can not, without any inconvenience whatever, lay aside 10 cents a day. Within ten years one's daily savings of this insignificant amount will amount to \$365, in addition to \$90.36 compound interest, making a total of \$455.36 to show for one's saving just 10 cents a day for ten years.

By saving 15 cents a day for ten years, with interest compounded at 4 per cent, one will have the comfortable sum of \$638.18; 20 cents a day will net \$800.00. Save 50 cents a day for ten years and you will have \$2,277.73. A dollar a day will give you a total of \$4,455.74 for the ten-year period. All these figures are based on the savings being put out at a 4 per cent compound interest.

Look back over the last ten years of your life today. Be honest with yourself! Look facts squarely in the face! Could you not have saved 50 cents a day, or a quarter a day, or possibly a dollar a day? It might have pinched you, now and then, to do so; it might have meant the surrender of a few good times, a few luxuries or extravagances. But it would have meant a substantial sum for you—something that would add immeasurably to your peace, peace of mind and self-confidence.—S. W. Straus in Thrift Magazine.

UNIQUE IN DECORATIVE IDEAS

Praise Must Be Awarded Individuals Who Have "Sprung" Something New on Old World.

A famous prima donna had two rooms of her town house decorated with what she called, "The records of old and dinner."

To be translated, this meant that her bedroom was papered with leaves of music from the operas in which she had won fame and fortune, and that her dining room was similarly decorated with the hotel bills she had collected—and paid—in every country and continent. A wealthy young woman had many admirers, either for herself or her possessions, and received piles of love letters. She decided to make a date of them in her special sanctum. For months it became quite a society function to sit on the floor and read this lady's date album.

The Tenderloin club at London possesses two wonderfully decorated rooms. The card room is decorated with 6000 playing cards arranged in every conceivable order; and very well they look.

Another room in the club is papered with theater tickets, completed with a cornice of champagne corks all round the room. What a lot of "Won't-go-home-till-mornings" those silent corks could repeat had each a tongue!

How Haydn learned to beat a drum and the preservation of the first one he played make an amusing story. There was to be a great church festival, including a procession through the streets in which the choristers were as a matter of course to take part, but the drummer falling ill, no one could be found to take his place until the director called for Joseph Haydn, and left him alone. Joseph found a meal tub, stretched a cloth over the drum, set it with such vigor that the stool was soon overturned and himself covered with mud. But the stroke was learned and the spectators of the procession found their gravity unduly taxed by the sight of a little fellow of six years beating a big drum carried before him by a hunchback, since a bearer of ordinary stature would have raised the instrument far out of the drummer's reach. The drum used on that occasion by Haydn is still preserved in the choir of the church at Hamburg.

Learning to Drum.

One of our "Indian" napes loses some of its flavor of romance under the investigation of Will G. Steel, gazetteer, in Steel Points. He says that the musical name of Ne-wan-nah, in Clatsop county, Oregon, was derived from the circumstances that a pioneer of the place who employed several men also had a daughter named Hannah.

One of the men presented her with a hat, which she did not appreciate, and his fellow workers made sport of him by calling to one another in his presence, "Oh, Hannah." The term, Mr. Steel finds, finally became attached to the string as O'Hannah, subsequently becoming Ne-wan-nah. The word is also said to be Indian for "wonderful," but probably this is only a coincidence, for Mr. Steel gives full credence to the "Oh, Hannah" version.

At Last.

The nice young man, opening up a conversation with the lady of his affections:

"I made a perfect fool of myself today!"

"There, I knew you would make something of yourself if you only tried long enough!" was the startling response.

Geo. Standish's Brother

By JANE OSBORN

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"Daily demonstrations in the making of sugarless desserts and war bread. Demonstrator, Clarabelle Snell, United States food administration. Next demonstration two o'clock."

Bill Burke regarded the sign and then looked at his watch, observed that it lacked but twenty minutes of the hour and decided to stay—howbeit with a guilty conscience. He reflected to his comfort, however, that it was really Laurette's fault. If she would insist on sending him to household furniture sections of department stores where such bewitching white-colored demonstrators as Clarabelle Snell performed culinary intricacies in the enticing background of an electrically equipped, white enamel kitchen such as the one set up on the demonstrator's platform before him, then she must take the consequences.

The fact was that Laurette had sent him on an errand some two hours before—hadn't exactly sent him, but had indicated that it was her pleasure that he should go and buy some cooking utensils, had told him to go to this particular department store, and he had gone. This wonderful Clarabelle creature was just finishing a demonstration on sugarless date-pudding when he came, and drawn by the magic of her voice, he wedged his way forward among the listeners who gathered around her little demonstration platform kitchen. There was a look of yearning in his thoroughly masculine eyes. There must have been, and Clarabelle must have thought it was yearning for some of the pudding, for when the demonstration was over and he still lingered, she smilingly asked him if he would sample it. And he did and fancied it ambrosia, though he really had no taste for date pud-



Bill Burke Regarded the Sign.

ings. After that he had taken a turn around the store and had come back just to see Clarabelle again.

Now to explain just why Bill Burke was so vulnerable to the charms of the white-clad Clarabelle Snell and her Hoover kitchen. Largely, of course, it was because Clarabelle was really a very charming sort of person; her particular charms appealed to him because of the contrast they bore to the woman whose personality dominated his entire existence. That woman was no less than the justly celebrated novelist, George Standish, in private life Laurette Burke, his sister. Laurette was some five or six years older than he. Her first successful novel had helped him through college and by the time he was graduated her renown and her income from her writings were phenomenal.

But she needed a manager, her bank account was in a helpless mess. She could not endure to live alone, her rather eccentric housekeeping methods would have been the despair of any woman who might have been helpful to her, and, though she might have chosen a husband, she preferred the less binding companionship of her brother. He shared her tastes if not her talents. He had a good head for business and was at least used to her ways and owed her a rather deep obligation.

So, just when he was trying to decide what his choice of a career should be she settled the matter, offered him a salary that would have been a temptation to any young graduate, and took him on as her manager. In that choice Laurette showed that for once she had managed her affairs wisely, for with Bill as her constant companion and adviser she nearly doubled her literary output, found new inspiration and was relieved of all the little interruptions that had previously harassed her.

Meantime, Bill had become nobody in the world but George Standish's brother. He lived in her apartment, worked as her oddly-chosen meals, criticized vigorously all that she wrote, always on my jaunts and feel that I stood between her and her publishers, and incidentally did such other

not really worthy tasks as going shopping for her, hiring maids when they left and, when they couldn't be hired, sharing with Laurette, the work of their admittedly shiftless housekeeping.

Of course, it was not just the manly, strong thing to do—to become so absorbed in the personality even of a brilliant sister. But Bill felt keenly his obligation, and he couldn't make up his mind just how he would make the first step that would mean his independence.

At times the whole thing really got very much on even his steady nerves. The morning of his first vision of Clarabelle was one of these times. For Laurette had worked all night in the throes of a nearly completed novel and came to breakfast haggard but jubilant and ravenous. It was in one of the cookless epochs of their housekeeping, and what breakfast there was Bill had got; and Laurette, who might have been a very comely woman—and in fact was so on occasions—sat there eating the scrambled eggs though they were burned and cold, reading aloud the product of her night's labor. A new maid was promised for that afternoon, and to solve the dish-washing problem until then Laurette had conceived the happy idea of getting more dishes and pans and glasses Bill had been dispatched to the store to buy them.

And as he looked at that immaculate kitchen he thought of the contract it would make with that other one in Laurette's apartment. Then, as Clarabelle returned, he contrasted her as she stood there—as fine a type of woman as his own sister—yet willing to take the matter of home making and cooking seriously. A thrill swept over him as he asked himself whether men as more witty than he sometimes found wives who would give thought and attention to this notion of making homes run coolly and smoothly. What joy it would be to buy electric stoves and dish washers and all the other costly equipment shown in that kitchen if there were some one like Clarabelle to appreciate them and preside over them!

Well, that is how it began. There was no long-drawn-out falling in love—he was in love when he first saw her, and there was no reason that he could see why he should stand on unnecessary formalities in making the acquaintance of the charmer. Within a week he had induced Laurette to come to the demonstration place, make the acquaintance of Clarabelle and invite her to her apartment for "tea or something"—if Laurette really put her mind to the task, with Bill's assistance she could at least manage tea. And such refreshment in the picturesque, though slightly eccentric, home of the celebrated novelist was something that few guests would not find a treat.

After that Bill didn't mind how things went at home. He was an avowed abolitionist of the material housekeeping as Laurette always was, because he could fill his soul with thought of how those things might be done by a girl like Clarabelle. In a few weeks there was no "night" about it.

He had confessed his passion and had been accepted. He had found in his joy that all the electrical equipment necessary would make only a small inroad on what he had saved from his salary as Laurette's manager. And a little suburban white cottage was part of the picture, and that he could also afford.

"I'm tickled to pieces about it," Laurette assured him when he told her. "I made up my mind when I told her that she was the girl I wanted you to marry, and I was afraid I was almost too open in my scheme to get you two together. I really did manage quite cleverly for me. And I've got it all dotted out; you needn't worry at all about things. I've decided we need some one here to run the place on a smoother basis; some one that can keep a maid—and so run along just as soon as you want to and marry Clarabelle, and we'll have her right in. If you hadn't married her I'd have been tempted to myself, so there."

But Bill hadn't told all he had to tell to begin with. There was something in his dream besides Laurette, and besides the cottage and the perfect kitchen.

"You are great to talk that way," he said; "but you see Clarabelle had been working like a nigger and she's more or less bound up for the period of the war with the food administration, and so when she said that she would marry me it was with the condition that I'd enlist right now and not wait till I'm called. So I've gone and done it. Sis—"

Thus did Bill Burke cease to be simply George Standish's brother.

Service's Joke.

"Some years ago you published a page of discoveries supposed to be too absurd to be taken seriously. One of them contained the suggestion that if one were walking across country it was well to have a pocket full of cork stoppers to stick on the bars of a wire fence so it could be climbed without injury. Now, I am an artist woman, and all summer I wander over field and pasture in search of material for my canvases. I often encounter the barbed-wire fence and of course more or less trouble in getting through or over it. The absurd discovery seemed to me worth trying, and when I next went forth I provided myself in the world but George Standish's with a handful of the recommended cork stoppers. The plan always ate of her oddly-chosen meals, criticized vigorously all that she wrote, always on my jaunts and feel that I stood between her and her publishers, and incidentally did such other Dispatch.



Tea gown of mauve chiffon over flesh chiffon, with a velvet of deep purple. It is embroidered in silver; the cord at the waistline is also silver. Next to it is shown a house gown built from a long straight strip of golden-brown satin embroidered with dull gold thread. Over this is thrown a tunic edged with brown fur.

ably by saying that such a custom did not interfere with the work of the day, as everyone rested after eating and, usually, retired early.

The American world is getting along though in the cosmopolitan idea of having its most substantial meal after the activities of the day are over in order that comfortable digestion may take a leisurely course and the mind be allowed to rest from its labors.

We are learning that a full stomach and a keen brain do not go together and when our millions of soldiers return from a land where dinner is an established pleasure of the evening the homes of the country will probably change the dinner hour without realizing that it is overturning a simple pure Americanism.

Dressing for Dinner.

Whether or not the division between those who dress for dinner and those who do not, will be closed up, must be left to chance. It is a custom that grows with wealth and social surroundings. It is not so much the choice of the individual as the set in which one moves.

Women are like sheep, in that they do whatever their friends do, as a rule, and follow the established rules of the herd. It is primal reasoning, or instinct, this, and few people break away from the accepted and uncriticized customs of that particular mass of which they are units.

In some of the most cultured communities it is the habit, for instance, to make a fresh toilet in the late afternoon, one which serves for the late dinner or supper that follows and these very people may, and usually do, get into gayer and more formal clothes for some evening entertainment that begins late. They keep their décollete clothes for the public and not for their own family.

Among that great and increasing mass who spend their eating hours in public restaurants, not because they

ing a time when coal is difficult to get and leather-for-gloves-almost-prohibitive. Don't adopt it. Cut sleeves long.

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