

SMOCK FAD IS ADDED BY ALL

Overblouse Now Finds Place in Wardrobe of the Majority of Women.

COSSACK GARMENT IS LONG

Russian Peasant Style May Reach to Knees; May Button Up to Chin or Separate Down the Front.

And now enters the smock—that is, it is entering everybody's wardrobe. At first, writes a fashion correspondent, this curious fad was followed only by those of artistic or gardening temperament or those who loved the most advanced and different sort of thing. The smock has undergone so many modifications from its first appearance as the typical peasant garment.



Charming Russian blouse of blue draped over a dainty frock of dark blue chiffon.

which it really is, that it is in point of fact hardly recognizable. Its name, too, has changed, for whereas in the beginning it was just a smock, now it is known as the "overblouse," and the chemise blouse, and the Cossack coat.

The gardening period in our recent lives is believed to be responsible for the acceptance of this type of blouse. The smock is so comfortable with its loose free lines that it became at once just the sort of thing needed for this sort of work, especially since it looked just as well with trousers as with skirts—a thing which could not be said of all waists or blouses. Of course trousers were a part of the gardening days, and while they have retired at least from general service as far as woman's need for them goes, the smock remains, glorified beyond its most humble followers' recognition.

Of great beauty are those overblouses of midnight blue voile closely patterned all over with round silver disks and held in place with a thick cord of silver threads. This is to be worn with a skirt of silk or sport satin or gabardine and makes a pleasing costume. The printed chiffons have been extensively used for the type of blouse. One seldom sees them without a belt of some sort, generally a heavy silken cord which encircles the waist and loops in front with heavy tassels or fringe.

If the smock is worn under the coat it is often left free and unbuttoned, but rarely is it seen now worn in this way without one's coat or sweater. The smock of the unbuttoned variety has a decidedly dressing-sarong look, but so many women understand so cleverly the adaptation of every mode that we are spared an avalanche of ladies apparently abroad in their breakfast coats or boudoir jackets.

A Lovely Smock Blouse. One of the most beautiful of all the smock type of blouses seen lately is of finest indestructible white voile, braided all over in fine white silk braid in circle design. The bottom of the blouse has a hem of white silk faced back onto the blouse. A vest is cut at the front and piped with white silk. Two silken buttons caught together with loops of the narrow braid fasten it at the throat. It slips over the head in kimono fashion and a heavy silken cord of white slips around the waist and loops in front. This charming thing is to be worn with white skirts of satin or silk or crepe.

A curious concession to the overblouse notion is found in many elaborate waists of chiffon or georgette with the front piece left long enough to go over the skirt and the back, stopping just at the waist line. The belt of the skirt slipped over the front panel gives the effect when worn under a coat or vest. The blouse, of

course, buttons down the back. The vestee lives on and on and appears just as often on simple waists of woad fabric as it does on the more elaborate type.

One finds waists of georgette with vests made by using frill after frill of narrow Valenciennes lace. Always the vestee is simulated by leaving the front panel longer than the back so that it hangs over the skirt. Just as often one finds a hem of some contrasting color to the body of the blouse added, the contrasting color appearing on collar and sleeves also. Now and then in a very fine smock of organdie one finds this sort of trimming done with fine lace.

Of all of the delightful summer things we have seen none is more charming than the smock of organdie of a new sort which has dots of a different color scattered thickly over its surface. Tiny frills of the plain organdie trim collar and sleeves and edge the turned back hem, while narrow string belts of the organdie hold the extra fullness in place at the waist. These offer the greatest degree of freshness and crispness—which any summer wash fabric ought to have.

The Long Cossack Blouse. A variation of the smock is the Cossack blouse. This is just as apt to reach to the knees as not. It often buttons right up to the chin, or again is apt to separate down the front entirely to show a vest underneath of richness and beauty. The Cossack blouse, as the name tells, is borrowed from Russia. It has the same drooping fullness at the waist that one sees in the Russian peasant garment, arranged over a wide belt of the same material as the whole garment or of different color and fabric.

The skirt of this blouse is always very long, and just as apt to reach to the hem of the skirt as not. It is most often developed in some handsome fabric such as georgette thickly braided or beaded, or in silken indestructible voile or even in heavier silk or velvet, and naturally is intended for elaborate occasions. There is nothing which offers a simpler way of remodelling an old garment than the use of a Cossack blouse.

One can really make a sort of elongated skirt and belt it in at the waist and conform thus strictly to the type. Or the front can be opened, a vest added and the sides of the skirt be left open to show the petticoat of the dress beneath. There are endless ways in which one can vary the design, therefore it has everything to recommend it.

Now because there is much talk of these newer models we must not for a moment think that the regulation blouse or shirtwaist is out of favor. Indeed, it is not, and it is repeated in just as many materials as there are factories to make them. The kimono type with its slip-on ease is still much favored for the dresser blouses of georgette or chiffon. Many have a rather tight foundation over which is hung a panel of contrasting color back and front. This panel, while short, is left to hang free over the skirt and is smart in appearance. The sleeves of this blouse are of the same color and material as the body. One often finds this type of waist enveloped in a combination of organdie and linen or pique or heavy lawn. The effect is pleasing and unusual, too.

Waist of Tailored Type. As to the more tailored type of waist for traveling or business there are several models which bid for favor. One of these is the strictly tailored



Gayly embroidered smock adds charm to the wearer who sports a dainty hat to match.

design following the exact lines of a man's shirt and is much affected for sport wear. A long time ago shirts of this sort were made of a brilliant striped percale and these are again in favor—bright red and white stripes, blue or green or yellow or black for first place.

These, of course, are strictly tailored and have the appearance of belonging to one's brother, as they demand the same ties and link cuff buttons.

Another tailored model is less severe than these, as it has a turned down collar usually added of some heavier material than the sheer lawn or dimity or linen of which the blouse is made. In one model the collar of linen crash becomes a pointed revers extending the entire front and fastening just below the yoke with one large pearl button. Fine lawn is used for the body of the blouse. The cuffs which finish the long, tight sleeves, are folded back to fasten with buttons or narrow bows of black and white ribbon.

CHAINS OR BEADS

Wood, Japanese Glass and China Worn About Neck.

Decorations Hang Below the Waist and Missy Must Have an Ample Supply.

"And a string of beads" is sure the last word in the description of every modish summer costume. It is the last touch but by no means the least in importance. Once upon a time a girl thought she was very lucky to possess a neat little string of coral, or a short rope of fine pearls, or possibly a pendant on a gold chain. Now she must have almost as many as she has handkerchiefs.

It is often the chain of beads that makes the costume. This is especially true of the collarless frocks that look so unfinished without something about the neck. The shops are showing such a wonderful variety of bead necklaces at an equal variety of prices that one should have no trouble in indulging in two or three at any rate. These lovely long chains—most of the newer chains reach below the waist—of Japanese glass, china and wooden beads, strung on knotted cords and ending in beautiful carved wooden lockets, larger many of them than a silver dollar, look especially good over linen frocks of the chemise variety, or with severe blouses and skirts.

For the organdie and voile frocks pretty little chains can be made at home from tinsel cords with Japanese or Italian beads and finished off with silken or tinsel tassels. The advan-



This jewelry is of carved hennki wood and beads of scarlet give the wearer a distinct personality.

tage in making these chains is that they can be planned as an intimate part of the costume. It would not be surprising to hear of some one buying a frock to match her beads, so important has the necklace become.

And here is a way to imitate with little trouble and surprising effect those lovely woven chains done on the small wooden looms. Use about eight strands of various colored silks, and lay them parallel, being sure they are exactly the same length. About half way on these at each side weave some small beads for the depth of an inch or so to hold the threads together, and at the bottom where the strands meet in 16 threads weave beads again for a depth of two inches and let the threads unravel into fringe with a bead tied into the end of each.

LACE IS ENJOYING A VOGUE

Decoration Popular This Summer on Hats as Well as on the Parasol.

Now that the stern war uniforms are a thing of the past and woman-kind is turning to the most feminine clothes she can find in the general reaction against plainness and severity in dress, lace, the eternal feminine among fabrics, has a large part to play in modes of the moment. Lace parasols, for instance, are enjoying a vogue they have not had since Victorian days, and to match these are lace-velled hats of picturesque lines. At a recent country club opening a woman, who last year never appeared out of her trig motor corps costume, floated across the lawn under one of those new sunshades of black lace; and her hat matched the parasol.

The hat was a poke-shaped affair of leghorn, with a brim blinding and ribbon band in bright Italian green. Over the green-trimmed leghorn was thrown black lace and a pink rose nestled in the founce of lace that overhung the brim. The parasol was of Italian green silk and was rather small. The much larger lace cover fell over its edge and rippled softly in every breeze. As for the rest of her costume, this lacy young lady wore a frock of black taffeta made with utmost simplicity, a cunning skirt drapey falling over a very narrow skirt that clung about the ankles.

Look at the Back. If you want to make the new frock decidedly French, look to the back of it. The French woman always pays much attention to the detail of the back of her frocks. She realizes that she is not a paper doll with a negligible back. A simple chemise frock with a very plain front might show considerable braiding in the back, and the effect would be smart.

Stanley's Water Lily

By JANE OSBORN
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"And down that lane you get to the bungalow of Tom Stanley, the water lily man—water lilies, pond lilies or whatever you call them. He calls them nymphaea, if that is the way you pronounce the botanical name." This was part of the information that Mrs. Bob Manning gave her house guest, Fay McLeod, on the first of her week ends at the Manning country cottage.

"So, you see, we haven't very many eligible bachelors for you, Fay," she went on, "though, truly, I imagine that Mr. Stanley is nice enough aside from the pond lilies. He's a professor at one of the colleges in the winter, though his property would make him independent if he chose. At least, he's harmless and quite good looking and you can see how you like him. We've asked him up for the little dance tonight."

Perhaps the fact that Fay was getting all her vacation in those week ends at the summer place of her old friend, Mrs. Bob Manning, that summer, and that what diversion she had from the grind of directing a play-ground in one of the crowded city neighborhoods had to be deriving from Saturday noon to Monday morning, accounted for the fact that she showed less than her usual reserve when she met Mr. Tom Stanley and the other guests at the Bob Mannings' Saturday night dance.

"It must be a fascinating study," she told Tom, as she brought up the subject of his hobby that her hostess had told her about. "There are some that bloom only at night, aren't there?" Tom uttered an affirmative, but without digression on the subject of nymphaea, for at that particular moment the delicate curving of Fay McLeod's lips, and the delicate rounding of her chin seemed of vastly more interest than all the night-blooming water lilies in the world. He had an absurd desire to tell her about it.

"I have always longed to see a lotus," went on Fay, hesitantly trying to continue the conversation. Usually when all other devices failed one could talk on a man's hobby with results, but this time the rule was failing. "There must be something inexpressible about them. Yet, I suppose they never grow in this climate?" "So you are interested in them, too," said Tom Stanley, recalling himself. "Most people find them rather stupid. Really, I do wish you could get up an interest in the subject, because if you did then perhaps you wouldn't find me so dull as I am afraid you would otherwise. What a jolly thing it would be if I could make myself a really interesting friend to—a girl like you."

"I really do wish some nice girl could take Mr. Tom Stanley in hand and marry him," sighed Mrs. Bob Manning over Sunday morning breakfast with her husband and Fay. She had told her husband her plans beforehand and had coached him on what he should say.

"He really is a fine chap," he explained. But he had been much absorbed in his shaving when his wife had coached him, and he had forgotten the details of the instruction. "Say Fay," he said, "why don't you marry him? He seemed immensely taken with you when he asked me when you were coming again and all about you. You might as well be spending his money as having him squander it all on those infernal water weeds of his. He spends all his stray time moping through the marshes looking for them, and isn't content with what he gets that way he spends thousands of dollars having roots imported from Egypt and other God-forsaken places. Why what he spends on those weeds would support half a dozen wives."

The days that followed were gloomy ones for Tom Stanley. He was pessimistic from the first about Fay. He knew well enough that she was the girl whom he would want to marry, but he felt no security at all in his method of courtship.

Now, if it was a new sort of water nymph that he was in search of that would have been different. That was a matter of patient search through the marshes communication with his agent, and then careful cultivation on his own part. But wooing a wife was something that he felt he knew nothing about.

It was after they had known each other for three week ends that Stanley decided he could endure the suspense no longer. He determined to ask her that week end to be his wife. Stanley met Fay at the small station where those who visit that section of the country must get off and ran her over in his roadster to the Bob Mannings' house.

"Are you going to let me sick around this afternoon?" he asked Fay as soon as he had reached their destination.

Fay assured him that she would most rather have him come that night and ordered him playfully to let her and Mrs. Bob assure themselves alone during the afternoon.

can't tell you what it is. It's a surprise," she said, looking at Tom.

Tom hesitated for a moment, but his mind was made up. "I'm awfully sorry—I had some business to attend to tonight. It has to be done tonight," he said. "If I could come for dinner and tear myself away later—and then I'm counting on having you all up for supper at my place Sunday. Aunt Mandy's promised us something special."

Fay protested and Mrs. Bob retreated. Fay begged to be told why his business was, she pointed and said she was jealous. Tom didn't tell her, because he felt that she would not realize that business such as that could chain him. Finally it was agreed, however.

His business, he told her, meant a solitary hour or so spent in the woodland swamp, and strangely enough so did hers. So, after dinner they ventured forth, both donning rubber boots before they went, and Stanley taking a lantern, in case the moon should be hidden by one of the clouds that were rising in the misty sky.

The fact was that for several weeks now there had been thieving going on. There were some water lily roots which Stanley had been cultivating—in fact, he had been the first to establish them in this climate—that had been stolen from a stretch of marshland that was a part of his land. Always the theft took place on Saturday night. His man had tried to discover the thief, and then for a week Tom had patrolled the marshes, but he felt that as the theft had taken place on the three preceding Saturdays he would have better success if he sought the thief on that night.

"We must walk up through this thicket first," said Fay when they started out. "I'll tell you now it is a beautiful surprise. You told me you would like it if I studied up on water lilies. Well, I have been doing it, and I've been scouting around and I've found some most beautiful pink ones that come out only at night. I pulled some up last week and the other week ends, and I wanted first to find out what they were before I showed them to you. But I couldn't. Besides, they always close when I get home. So I wanted to take you to them."

"Did you manage to pull them up by the roots?" asked Stanley, with a catch in his voice that Fay did not detect. They were, he saw, the roots that it had cost him so much in money and patience to establish.

"Yes, I got root and all, because, I thought that would help me to identify them. It was hard, but I did it." "Don't let's pull that one up," suggested Stanley as Fay pointed out the last of his most choice roots that he had imported from the ends of the world. "Let's leave it there so we can always come back and see it."

"And now let's attend to your business," said Fay, rather disappointed that Stanley had shown no more enthusiasm, but blissfully ignorant of the real situation.

"Oh, my business," echoed Stanley. "Why, for that matter, it is quite settled. Perhaps the reason I wanted to bring you out in these woods was because it would seem a little easier to ask the girl I love to marry me right here—in this misty moonlight." And Fay agreed with him.

Dead Sea Is Alive. The Dead Sea isn't really dead, after all. Ancient writers established a myth that it was an abode of death, that nothing could live on its shores, and even the birds flying over it would drop dead.

But all this has been disproved by a well-known scientist, Dr. E. W. C. Matherman. He says that it is true that nothing can flourish where the waters are deeper because of the salt, but near the shores, where the water is brackish, small fish, crabs, etc., are found.

A few years ago a crowd of tourists saw fish swimming about in the sea and they signed a declaration to this effect. And at many spots along the shore acres of reeds and trees flourish, and in these places animal and bird life is abundant.

Damascus Is Oldest City. Twenty-seven centuries have passed into history since the founding of Rome. Damascus was an ancient city when the Roman empire was founded. The mysterious pyramids and the still more mysterious and awe-inspiring sphinx have reared their towering and massive outlines above the shifting sands of Egypt for more than 3,000 years. Damascus is older than they are. Compared to Damascus the great wall of China is a work of modern construction, and this also applies to the cities of northern and western Europe, while the oldest cities of the western hemisphere are as saplings compared to an old oak.

Brass Best Alloy. Brass is perhaps the best-known and most useful alloy. It is formed by fusing together copper and zinc. Different proportions of these metals produce brasses possessing very marked distinctive properties. The portions of the different ingredients are seldom precisely alike; these depend upon the requirements of various uses for which the alloys are intended. Peculiar qualities of the constituent metals also exercise influence on the results.

Fearing the Worst. "Is that lunch counter patron crazy?" "Not a bit of it. He's wise in his generation." "But what was he muttering to himself?" "Mud-cat by all other names is still mud-cat." He has just ordered "enderling of trout."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A recipe for proud cooks—When you taste a blueberry pie that you have just made and feel a thrill of pride in its delicious flavor, always remember that you didn't make the blueberries.

MEALS FOR OCCASIONS.

We never lose our desire for something new, and when a combination a little unusual is heard about we wish to try it.

Squash Mirabeau. Prepare squash as for roasting, broil five minutes in broth, and then remove them. Slice them down the back, without breaking the bread-bone, season with salt and pepper, cover with egg and crumbs and cook in butter fifteen minutes. Garnish with small onions and potatoes browned in butter.

Codfish Bonnefemme. Butter a long baking dish and place half a codfish, skin side down in the dish, surrounded with potato balls, season with salt and pepper and put butter on top of the fish. Put into the oven to bake, baste frequently, cooking about 15 minutes. Just before serving baste again with brown, then sprinkle with minced parsley and serve.

Raspberries in an Aster. Take two cupsful of raspberries, add a little lemon juice and powdered sugar and a pinch of nutmeg. Mix thoroughly with whipped cream and flavor with marshmallows. Sprinkle with pistachio nuts finely minced, place on ice to chill for two hours before serving.

Waffles Tongue. Cook a loaf tongue slowly for two hours or until tender, skin it and put it in a casserole. Melt three tablespoonsful of butter, add three of flour and cook until smooth; add a pint of broth in which the tongue was cooked and a pint of stewed and strained tomatoes. Cook until thick, adding one chopped onion and half a carrot finely minced, half a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a few dashes of red pepper and the tongue. Cover and simmer for two hours. Serve from the casserole.

Cherry Olives. Fill quart jars with the fruit well washed but not stemmed. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and fill the jar with good vinegar. Add and put away for later use. The olives may be eaten from the stems and are a delicious relish, keeping well in the vinegar is good, for two or three years.

If you have a few tablespoonfuls of cooked corn left over, add it to the potato salad; it gives a most appetizing flavor.

Miss Maxwell

The KITCHEN CABINET

Who has no inward beauty, some people say, though all around is beauty. —Dante. Half the joy of life is in the things taken on the run.

MISS CELLANEOUS.

Miss Cellaneous, though a small and dainty dame, is one of the most extravagant. She never buys anything such over five or ten cents, but what enormous bills she foots at the end of the month. Miss Cellaneous, too, has to bear the burden in our expense account of the things we cannot recall her about, because we must balance our accounts.

Five, ten, fifteen cents, or a quarter seems so little, so we go to the store, buy a little candy, a magazine or a new ribbon; often things we do not need, and the sum mounts up to quite a showing at the end of a month. It is the smallness of the amount that is our undoing. The old man who tells us to "look out for the penny, for the pounds will take care of themselves," is one we should heed.

It is the experience of those who have observed, that the person who buys household fruits and vegetables early in the season is the one who will find it necessary to call for help when it comes time to buy coal.

It is the little leak, the small hole that we need to watch for, and not the big hole that is necessary to discover only when spending high amounts. One does not wish to be penniless miserly, fruits which are deliciously popular, but we must, if we live up to our income, use discretion in our buying.

It is fully as indispensable to a woman to use the savings of her budget in shrewd spending. One should need training in marketing and buying as well as in cooking and house-making. No two families with the same income can follow the same line of expenditure, for happily we all have individuality and like different things.

Each housewife has her own method to solve; she may get great help and inspiration by reading it by consultation with other housewives, but her problem is hers alone to work out, and the efficient, up-to-date woman is constantly looking to improve her methods. In these days of high prices and stationary salaries we are called upon for the best effort to make every cent do its full duty.

Miss Maxwell