

Pink water-lilies wreath the top of black lacquered chip. Lining of deep rose. Shantung.



A new Redfern model in black and white finished with net of white organdie.



IN RED AND BLUE



Red roses with blue straw—what more charming a combination could be found for so smart a hat?

Knitted Gaiters.

Knitted gaiters made their appearance in Paris this past spring. White wool, snugly knitted, answers the purpose of a spat on a low shoe, and appears to good advantage. Mayhap this is a style that will find favor here as the weeks pass. We are told that shoes are going to be higher in price next autumn and leather so scarce that we may find it best to wear low shoes and gaiters. In that case these well-knitted gaiters might be a really useful aid.

POLKA-DOT DESIGN POPULAR

Has Risen to the Distinction of a Fad Among Society Women at the Nation's Capital.

The polka dot in its various expressions, from the tiniest dot to the coldest, seems suddenly to have "broken through" in Washington. Never a gath-immense grace and charm. They have ering these days of any particular no-clever way of drawing them in at ment that the silken flock with its the hem to give the trouser effect shown in the Redfern sketch.

Gorgeous Evening Wraps.

For Biarritz and Deauville, for chill-frook of dark navy blue cotton velle-evenings, similar wraps are lined marked in the finest of dots set very with bright rose or green velours d thickly together. A one-piece affect, laine, and a special feature is made of the frock has a surplice bodice with the big Manon hood. These cloaks will troy inset vest of organdie and cuffs be worn in the daytime, too, over lace and collar also of organdie. The skirt and linen dresses, the loose fronts has rather long swinging hip dra-throwa back and the cape hood falling perles.

A Very Smart Frock of Plain White

I am sending you a sketch of the georgette combined with small polka-latest rue de la Paix millinery, models dot pattern in coral pink formed an specially designed for the first race attractive frock the other evening at meeting at Deauville. It shows a an informal dinner at one of the sub-really exquisite hat created by Tal-urban "Inna" which have sprung up bot. The shape was direttore and the like mushrooms during the past two hat was made of black lacquered sasons.

Popular Style of Trimming.

This style of trimming is a Talbot specialty. I have seen it repeated with various flowers, and with flowers and fruits mixed. The direttore shapes metallic grapes with black satin fo-are more fashionable than ever; they ilage.—From a Washington Letter in have been found almost universally Women's Wear.

MUST HARMONIZE WITH HAT

Hatpins are little things and almost nonessential except on windy days, but put the wrong hatpin—even the lit-tlest, plainest one—into a hat and the whole effect is spoiled, and the hatpin is proved, after all, to be of great im-portance. So if one must wear hat-pins they should be chosen with the greatest care.

Small, inconspicuous gold hatpins are attractive in a plain sailor hat of light color, and gunmetal ones are suitable for hats of darker hue. But for summer hats in all their glory of many colors new and original hatpins have been devised. These are of enamel and represent flowers or butter-flies or fruits; some of them are small and some are quite large, but their chief charm lies in the fact that one can find hatpins to harmonize with almost any hat trimming and thus avoid a jarring note. What could be more charming than a little coral rose nestling in the midst of the flowers on a hat? Or a colossone leaf among leaves?—New York Evening Sun.

TO WEAR WHEN TRAVELING

Frock of Dark Blue Taffeta Has Many Advantages That Are Worth Remembering.

Do you expect to take a trip soon? Then you will need for wear in the car to "run down." Having heels "bull" or on the train a frock of dark blue up" is inexpensive, is the best silk, preferably taffeta. Charmeuse is "patchy" looking of all shoe repair, very lovely, but under hard wear it is ing, and besides improving the looks apt to grow dull looking. Crepe meteor of shoes, enables the wearer to have a better carriage in walking.

Mrs. Wilson's "Cape-Gown."

The costume of black satin char-tesse and king's blue satin worn in the senate gallery by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson the other day, is the first of the "capegown" type of costume to do-see in Washington. The black taffeta, covered the fitted gown band quite embroidered in vari-colored silk and lightened with sequins of king's blue, of Madeira embroidery. This is a new setly matching the gown in tone.

RICH COSTUMES RULE IN PARIS

Elaborate Materials and Original Designs Mark Reaction From War's Tension.

CAPES IN HEIGHT OF FAVOR

No Doubt That Picturesque Wraps Will Be a Feature of Autumn Styles—Day and Evening Gowns Much Alike.

The Redfern model I have sketched this week is very novel and original in design and yet it is comparatively simple, writes Idalia de Villiers, Paris correspondent of the Boston Globe. "This robe, intended for afternoon wear, is typical of present-day styles. It possesses all the elements that go to make up a successful toilette of this wonderful year.

In the first place the general outline of the little gown rather suggests an evening costume. The neck is cut round, in generous fashion, and the sleeves are very short and transparent, yet this is the kind of dress that is worn at the big race meetings and at all outdoor festivities, accompanied by a big picture hat and—more probably than not—by short gauntlet gloves. It is, in fact, a genuine 1919 model.

The material of this costume is black and white foulard—large white spots on a black ground. There is a suggestion of pannier draperies at the sides, and at the hem the supple material is so cleverly arranged that it gives something of the Turkish trouser effect. Then the waistline is long, and what the French call "vague," that is to say, it is loose and ultranatural.

I recently saw a very similar dress worn at an Auteuil race meeting, but the material was midnight blue char-meuse, with a dainty chemisette of flesh-pink organdie muslin and a thick blue fringe on the draped tunic.

Strikingly Original Costume. The neck was cut round, almost like the Redfern model, but the sleeves were even shorter. Very long pale gray suede gloves were worn and an immense, pale gray felt hat, lined with black chip and trimmed with a cluster of black satin water lilies. It was an amazingly original costume, taking it altogether.

Nearly all the best race gowns of this season have closely resembled evening dresses, that is to say, they have had decollete necks, short sleeves and filmy draperies. It is not at all easy to distinguish between day and evening gowns just now unless one makes a careful study of materials. It is not considered correct to wear metallic brocades in the daytime nor paillettes unless the latter be skillfully inter-mingled with fine silk embroidery, but very many of the best and most ex-pensive race dresses are richly trimmed with jet and steel fringes and with embroideries worked in jet steel and moonlight beads.

It is as I have said a wonderful year, and it must be admitted an ex-travagant one. Never have I known money spent so freely as at the present moment, and by the most unex-pected people. As to the prices of the Paris restaurants—especially those situated in the Bois de Boulogne—it is enough to make one gasp with horror; one has indeed to think, not twice, but many times, before inviting a few friends to afternoon tea at an out-door restaurant.

Paris Profiters Busy. Of course, it is true that prices are high everywhere, and for everything, but that does not account for the ut-terly outrageous prices that are now being asked in Paris for simple arti-cles of food and of dress. People in-sist that the mischief has been done by rich young soldiers back from the front, who have not hesitated to make "a big splash."

There may be some truth in this, but it is not all the truth; some people are making huge profits over the neces-sities of the hour, and a day of reckon-ing will surely come.

The KITCHEN CABINET

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

SOME GOOD COMPANY DISHES.

It is a pleasure, when entertaining our friends, to give them something unusual and attractive.

Ham With Cider.—Have a thick slice of ham cut, lay it in the frying pan and quickly sear it over on both sides, then add a cupful of sweet cider, a tablespoonful of parsley and let it simmer for an hour on the back of the stove or in the oven. Serve with the sauce poured around the ham and garnish with parsley.

Fried Chicken Southern Style.—Joint a fat young chicken, dredge it with flour, salt and pepper and place on a platter. In a deep frying pan, fry out a half-pound of bacon, add one cupful of lard and when smoking hot lay in the pieces of chicken; turn when brown, giving the thicker pieces longer time to cook. Place on a hot platter and garnish with watercress.

Rhubarb Baked With Figs.—Cover well washed figs with water (boiling) and cook until the water is nearly evaporated. Cut a pound of unpeeled rhubarb into inch pieces, put a layer into a baking dish, sprinkle with sugar, then add a few figs; repeat until the dish is full. Add a few table-spoonfuls of water and bake covered in a slow oven until the fruit is ten-der.

Frozen Boston Pudding.—Grate a half-pound of brown bread a day old, pour over it a pint of cream, boiling hot, and let it stand until cool. Pre-pare a rich boiled custard, using a pint of milk, three eggs and two table-spoonfuls of sugar. Cook until the cus-tard coats the spoon. When frozen remove the cream to a chilled platter and cover with crumbs of macaroons. The cream may be packed in a mold dusted with the crumbs and let stand packed in ice for several hours to de-velop the flavor.

Blueberry Cake.—This is an old-fash-ioned dish which one never refus-eth. Cream a tablespoonful of butter, add a cupful of sugar, and when well mixed, two unbeaten eggs. Beat five minutes, add a teaspoonful of vanilla a few gratings of nutmeg, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder sifted with two cupfuls of flour; then add a pint of well-floured blueberries. Bake in a loaf and serve warm with butter.



The well-informed housewife will find no great difficulty in selecting a combination of foods that is nutritively efficient and at the same time simple and economical.—Jordan.

CARE IN CONTAGION.

Contagious diseases are due to dis-tinct living things, which are trans-mitted from one person to another and live like parasites upon a patient. This knowledge will help us to guard ourselves and our loved ones from the spread of contagion.

The best protection against contagion is robust health.—One who is strong and vigorous is much less liable to yield to disease than one less robust. Wholesome food, exercise and fresh air are essentials in combating disease. An active body is far less liable to disease than an inactive one that has little outdoor ex-ercise.

The need of fresh air, day and night, is one of the important factors in maintaining health. The belief that night air is dangerous and sleeping in an unventilated room is responsible for much ill health. Sleeping rooms should be well aired by day, bedding spined often and a free circulation of air in the coldest weather maintained in the sleeping rooms during the night.

The eating utensils used by a pa-tient, or indeed anything else which he uses or handles during a contagious ill-ness, are a menace, as they are easily contaminated with infectious germs.

A diphtheria patient who has bacilli in his mouth will contaminate spoons, cups, forks or anything which he uses. This is also true of other contagious diseases to a less extent. Consequently, too much care cannot be taken of ev-erything that the patient handles.

Allow no one to use or handle any of his utensils, toys or books. The utensils may be boiled; ten minutes will sterilize them, but toys, books or things that cannot be boiled should be burned.

Paper napkins and dishes of paper may be used, saving the care of linen and utensils, and these may be burned. To ventilate a sick room without a draft, place a board four to six inches wide under the window, and of the same width; by shutting the window down on this board, a current of air will come up between the sashes, keep-ing a circulation of fresh air, without a draft.

Nellie Maxwell

PIES VS. LIES

By NELLIE GORDON.

At exactly 1:45 p. m. Grace burst into the office 15 minutes late.

"Oh, girls," she almost shouted. "What do you think? The Mt. Wash-ington docks tomorrow afternoon at 2:30. And Jack's on it."

"So is Bill," cried May. "And Joe," added Helen joyfully. "Everyone had answered except quiet Ruth Bent. A comparatively new ar-rival in the city.

"I notice Ruth hasn't said anything," teased Grace. "I'll wager there's some special 'he' on that boat that she's thinking about. Come, 'fess up, bash-fulness, isn't there?"

Poor Ruth's cheeks burned with hu-miliation; if she were only able to say "yes," but a lump rose in her throat and she couldn't answer.

"I know it," triumphed Grace; "she doesn't answer. That's why she has been so quiet. She's been waiting for him."

Ruth opened her mouth to protest, but stopped. Why shouldn't she let them go on thinking that there was some-one? Perhaps they would treat her with a little more respect hereafter.

Just before closing time the office manager made the announcement that in view of the general interest shown in the docking of the transport the next afternoon would be half-holiday so that the girls might go down to the pier.

His words were greeted with great glee, and they immediately began mak-ing plans for the morrow. "I'll tell you what, girls," began Grace, the leading spirit, "we'll all go down to-gether direct from the office. And I was just thinking that the boys might appreciate something in the line of sweets. You know, they don't get much of that in the army, so why wouldn't it be a good idea for each of us to bring a pie?"

The idea was instantly adopted, and the girls separated, promising to bring the most delicious pie possible in the morning.

Poor Ruth! Her harmless white lie, if lie it could be called, was assuming alarming proportions. What should she do?

The mighty Mount Washington, bear-ing her precious cargo of khaki-clad heroes, was steaming toward the har-bor. The din of changing bells, pier-cing whistles, and people shouting, all testified to the stupendous welcome which awaited them.

One lad, standing a little apart, leaned over the rail watching the near-ing city skyline. The thrill that he had felt upon hearing the noisy wel-come had died away, leaving in its stead a dull ache of loneliness. If only there would be some one there, who would be looking for him alone. It had been hard, to listen to the other chaps, whose mothers, sisters and sweethearts were on the pier, waiting to greet them.

Bob Crandall was an orphan, from a far western city, who had enlisted at the beginning of the war. He had no relatives, and what few friends he had were hundreds of miles from here.

The girls, after a hasty lunch, ar-rived at the pier in due time. After the docking of the boat, Ruth had somehow become separated from the others in the monster crowd. She leaned against a post wearily, protect-ing her precious pie as best she could.

Suddenly she spied one chap, stand-ing alone, an unusual fact, as most of the fellows were surrounded by a small feminine army. At sight of his rather weary face, a daring idea popped into her head. She walked over to him and touched his arm.

Crandall turned quickly, hat in hand, and asked courteously: "Anything I can do for you?"

All of Ruth's newly acquired courage seemed to ooze away from her. "Why, you—er, that is—you see, I—" sudden-ly the girls dove into sight, and her courage returned, and she quickly blurted out the whole tale.

All the weariness dropped from Bob's face, and he laughed heartily. "I'll be delighted to act as your fiancé, and also to eat that delicious-looking pie. My name is Robert Crandall, and as I believe it is customary for people to know each other's names, I will have to ask yours."

A HEALING LOVE

When, forth, had this rough... they fare... To make show each old mistake... And take themselves with error-purchased... care.

Let not the big home love forsake them in that pitious hour of sorest need. As in a hostile world they roam, instead, this gentle resolution heed: Love still shall wait for them at home.

The wrong things they may do you'll not condone; Still in no need to stand against. Or speak to them in harsh and chilling tones— God knows they know, and it is past. One time you kissed the baby hairs of them.

As they sobbed to you, in the gloom, There'll be no lack of those who will condemn— So let love wait for them at home! —Strickland Gillilan, in *Paris* Ltd.

REALLY NO NEED TO WORRY

But Then, You Know, Some Mothers Get So Worried Over the Merest Trifles.

Uncle Ben was a bachelor, but was full of enthusiasm for his married friends, and when his brother-in-law invited him to come and spend a few days and see his son and hear he gladly accept-ed. It was an ed-ucation to watch the old gen-erous man's efforts to amuse the six-month-old child. Just for fun he would snatch its bottle away at feeding time and wonder why the youngster yelled.

Then he would tickle it almost into convulsions. Finally he gave it his watch to play with. Then peace reigned. And thus the mother found baby and bachelor.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed un-ctedly. "Look! Baby's got the watch in his mouth. He'll swallow it. Take it out or he'll choke!"

"Don't be alarmed," replied Uncle Ben, smiling placidly. "I've got half of the chain. It can't go far!"

MASCOTS THAT WERE USEFUL

British Regiment Adopted Two Cows, Which Accompanied Them Through-out the Entire Campaign.

During their march through London a short time ago the Second Scots Guards were accompanied by two cows and many wondered why they were in the procession.

They were originally acquired by the regiment in 1915, when it was in Belgium, and remained with the bat-talion through the whole war.

They were the means of supplying fresh milk to the officers and ser-gants, and a special man was told of to act as cow keeper. It is said that one day their keeper, being behind the battalion and somewhat merry, the boss of the animals to a farmer in exchange for a trifling sum.

When their loss was discovered there was a great uproar, and the keeper was punished by being sent back some thirty miles to repurchase the cows and bring them back to the battalion again.

It was found that the cows became very tame when they were on their march, and one member of the bat-talion—a blacksmith—determined to show them. He succeeded in doing this, but it was a lengthy operation, occupying nearly ten hours.

When he had finished the animals were well shod, with iron plates cov-ering the whole foot.

These cows were perhaps the largest mascots possessed by any British reg-iment.—London Answers.

Not Fully Equipped

The major had been back from France just two weeks. His legs had chinged so that he had to use a complete new rigalia of "straps." Then, in all his martial glory, he called on her. Father and mother were there to hear all about how he won the war, and he was just in the mood to tell them.

Meaning back importantly in the Morris chair, the center of an admir-able little group, he started in, his fingers blushed and her mother smiled. Father smiled broadly. The major felt ill at ease. Something was wrong.

His utter amazement, the major dis-covered that his socks had rolled down over his shoe tops. Not having any use for them for nearly two years, he had forgotten to get any garters.

Old Sops Give Up Treasure. For years at Luttrell, Tex., an old safe has decorated one of the side streets, a nest for loaves and a hitching place for horses. The combination lock years ago finally gave off and the other day one of the town kids pried the safe open, finding 12.95 gold pieces, 29 silver dollars, and a block of stock in the town's leading corporation. The boys gave up the sack, but kept the cash. Somebody says they must have known there was money in that safe. Why didn't they get it out?—Baltimore.

Wanted Sympathy. "You know last night they got the grocer's, broke open his safe and took \$5,000."

"He should worry! He'll get that back in a few days."—New York World.

All Gals. "What has become of the Hon. Gen-eral, who did everything he could to assist in handling the army?"

"He's out after the ladies now."—Lansdowne Courier-Journal.

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