

# FASHIONS IN FURS FOR FALL-WINTER

Peltry of Every Conceivable Variety Is to Be Much in Evidence.

## STRIFE IS VERY DESIRABLE

Borders and Bands of Rich Color in Contrasting Arrangements Are Used—New Shades for Fall.

A poor excuse is better than none, and so milady will comfort her conscience as she digs deep in her pocketbook and purchases one of the fur wraps of the new season with the fact that a cloth suit or coat would cost in some cases almost as much, writes a prominent fashion correspondent.

In truth furs are proportionately about as expensive and the only reason that there is anything within reach is that every conceivable fur is in fashion.

Paris has been astonishingly catholic in this respect of late and under the exigency of the times admitted to the list of possible furs such lesser pelts as Mongolian goat, rabbit, coney,



Taupe divet de laine suit trimmed with embroidery of the same color and taupe racoon. Hat is of clipped beaver; pheasant tail decoration hangs down.

Manchurian dog and even ordinary house rat. As the scarcity of furs continued through last winter old furs were dragged out of the moth ball closet and worn until there was not a fur left that might not be seen on the streets of Paris.

Fortunately this brought every fur into play, for just imagine the prices if only two or three furs had happened to be in fashion, as in some seasons past.

This is not to say that there are not favorite furs this year, too, but because some of the less expensive furs are in better standing than usual is not an indication that sable, ermine or any of the furs that are always high in price are out of it. Indeed, it is not so much a question of the kind of fur as the manner in which it is made up and the color. Gray furs, squirrel and chinchilla are a shade more in demand than those in other tones.

Tails as a Decoration.

Again, it may be merely a matter of tails, and the wrap or fur piece that can count the most tails is easily the winner.

Probably the rage for tails is traceable to the rage for fringe and any and everything that dangles with every motion of the wearer. Seldom are the tails placed anywhere near the spot nature intended them to be. Placed close enough together to form a semblance of fringe is the approved method, but as this is decidedly expensive the close formation in short spaces is sometimes seen.

The dolman, more in evidence here than abroad, is very apt to show a long fringe of tails that runs from the wrist straight down under the arms to the bottom of the hem, otherwise it may run down the sides and around the back or around the bottom without any at all the sleeves.

# IN PRINCESS GOWN

Favored Frock Not Affected by Downfall of Royalty.

Women Cling to Some Version of This Type of Dress—New Evening Style.

The general downfall of royalty seems to have affected not one whit the princess frock. Always there are women of fashion who cling to some version of this type of dress. This year there are quite a few New York

On a wrap of mink for evening or afternoon wear the stripes run up and down for the major portion, but a wide band of the fur with the stripes running in the opposite direction is mitered in the front corners and crosses the back at the bottom. The collar on this wrap, which is typically French, is very large and falls over the shoulders and half way down the arms bordered with a horizontal band of mink, bringing the line straight across the figure.

The Parisian with her short skirts wears these all enveloping wraps exceedingly well. Exactly the length of the skirt underneath, the wrap still escapes being cumbersome, particularly as the cut is most apt to be straight and the sleeves rudimentary. Either sits in a cape or very short sleeves in the coats are seen.

Neither American makers nor buyers abroad favor the short sleeves in furs, so the costes and coats on this side are all offered with regulation sleeves.

Large Collars and Cuffs. Large collars and cuffs of the longer haired pelts are a feature of many fall suits. Skunk, fox and pointed fox are used and the collars are cut high, giving a luxurious air to the suit. When the use of bands and large pockets is noted it is usually in close fur, as seal, squirrel or beaver. A suit of French blue velours is fashioned with flaring lines from the waist and a vest and high rolling chin collar of squirrel fur. The fur is arranged so that the stripes run horizontally across the front of the vest. The simple tailored suit without a belt and trimmed with large collar and cuffs of fur is sure to be one of the smartest features of the fall openings.

Pervenche is one of the new shades that have been captured for the fall. It is named for the little French flower by that name, which we see once in a while in an old garden in this country under the name of myrtle. It is a shade of lavender which just escapes coming under the head of blue.

Many Browns and Tans. Duvelyn is not considered as smart as velvet for the fall or winter hat. Also one will note when scanning the collection in the best shops that there are almost no dark blue hats, but quantities of all shades of browns and tans, while feathers are greatly in the majority as trimming. Velvet shirred and plaited very closely and very cleverly handled is sufficient to distinguish some of the very high-priced modas.

Two new sport hats of special interest are masterpieces in handwork and



Striking and beautiful combination of moleskin and squirrel is this extremely modish winter creation. The hat is of gray velvet with rose beaded silk.

In very different ways. All the vivid colors are used in floss in a turban-shaped affair, and that each shade lose none of its value it is embroidered in a more or less irregular fan shape all by itself and not intertwined with any other color. This hat is also suitable for wear with a strictly tailor-made suit.

The standing collar is stolen from the military uniform.

# Comrades Three

By SAIDEE E. BALCOM

There were three suitors for the hand of pretty Mina Dale, at least that number of young men resident at Wooster or its vicinity who called regularly upon her once a week.

"I reckon Mina has her pick of a very fair bunch," observed her sensible homespun father to his neighbor. "They are all likely young fellows, and it would be a pretty particular girl who couldn't be suited with some of the crowd."

"Which one do you favor?" was propounded. "That's not for me to say," replied Mr. Dale. "I've always followed the principle with my children that when they get ready to leave the home nest I won't interfere, and I won't begin with our youngest. Of course Val Worden is the best off of the group. His father left him a neat little farm. Then young Ned Bradley is getting a good salary at the Empire plant."

"And that Vernon fellow?" "John Dale shook his head dubiously. "Tell you," he answered. "Bert Vernon is a fine young man. He's smarter than the others, and sort of more refined, but he's barely started in the law, and all his prospects are way ahead. Between you and me, Mina favors him. I think. He writes poetry and talks it, and gets it into the minds of the girls he knows until they're all sentiment. Well, I've got my own affairs to look after, and I must let Mina attend to hers. You know the big case brought against me by Seth Dover is about ready for court."

"Yes, I have heard it comes up next week. Think you're going to win it?" "Vernon says so. He says it all depends on a possible flaw in the Dover claim. It's pretty hard to think I may lose every foot of land I've tilled so hard to get, just because my father forgot to record a release deed 20 years ago. Hain't I paid the taxes and been in possession all these years? Don't Dover know he is leaning on a measly pettifogging trick to dispossess me? Well, I'm trusting to the smartness of young Vernon to keep me in possession of my land, and I know he will do his best for me. The other side is trying to get a delay."

Each one of the three young men named was well known and liked in the community. Val Worden was a great, strapping fellow, manly appearing and handsome, with muscles of iron and a fearless and confident bearing. When he came to see Mina he walked ten miles.

"I reckon I'd better get a pedometer and keep track of the odd thousand miles I've got to tramp to even give Mina a hint of how much I like her," he told Bradley, with whom and Vernon he was on the very best terms, although tacitly they were rivals.

"Well, I don't see much chance for myself," acknowledged Ned. "Fact is, Val, we don't stand much show with Vernon in the field. I can't help admiring him. He is certainly as smart as they make them."

"He's a fine fellow and a genuine friend," declared Worden, "and the best man wins!"

Val was welcomed on Saturday evenings, and made it a point to pitch in and help in the heavy work about the Dale place. He no more minded the long tramp his coming involved than if he were a professional sprinter. Bradley, who was a natural-born mechanic, won the old farmer's good will by deftly putting his harvester and other vehicles in order. Vernon, outside of dividing his fund of information with the family, did all the hard sums for the children.

"Worden all feet, Bradley all hands, Vernon all brains," was the terse way in which Mina's sister expressed her estimate of the three suitors. One Saturday afternoon Vernon was in his office when Worden, who happened to be in town for his regular call on Mina, dropped in and shortly afterward Bradley followed suit. They were chatting familiarly when Vernon's clerk rushed into their presence, pale and excited.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon," he panted, "Seth Dover is in town and he's wild with drink, and he's bragging that he'll fix Mr. Dale so he'll make him postpone the case Monday till he can get some more witnesses he needs. He's got a crowd of rowdies with him."

"I'll see that Mr. Dale is kept safe out of that ruffian's way," announced Worden, and made a bolt for the door, never doubting that he could outdistance the rioters.

"And I'll have no bolshover hoodlums alarming Mina," said Bradley stanchly, and started out to intercept the enemy.

Vernon's share was to perfect the case so near to a hearing. He was glad when he learned that the nimble feet had conveyed a warning in time to Mr. Dale, and that Bradley with his deft hands had met and beaten back the disorderly crowd. He was glad still as with a sense of rare content he went over the case he was working on. He felt sure he would succeed.

Which he did. And he saved Mr. Dale his property. And Mina, right in the court room, crying with joy threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "That settles it," observed Worden, "and he deserves her."

"And she surely will be very happy," added Bradley, "and what more can you and I ask?"

# REMAINS OF MESSIAN CAMP ARE UNEARTHED

Workmen in New York Find Fireplace and Flooring of Hut.

Workmen excavating at Broadway between One Hundred and Sixty-ninth and One Hundred and Seventieth streets unearthed, 12 feet below the surface of the lot, the open fireplace and flooring of a hut. Reginald P. Bolton and William S. Calder, members of the New York Historical society, who were summoned, declared the ruin to be a section of one of 40 huts used by Hessian soldiers during the Revolutionary war.

Further digging by the workmen, under the supervision of Mr. Bolton, brought to view several gold buttons on which were stamped the Hessian coat of arms. Several bullets were also dug up.

The members of the New York Historical society say that, according to records, some 40 huts, each about 12 feet square, were built on the site, and that further digging will no doubt unearth three rows of the houses. According to Messrs. Bolton and Calder, the huts formed the "General Von Doon's Camp," and were occupied by the Hessians until 1778.

The fireplace unearthed is still in good condition, having been made of round cobble stones. Though the flooring of the hut is rotted, the thickness of the boards shows the huts were built carefully and strongly.

"The Memorial History of the City of New York" published in 1892 by the New York History company, tells of an engagement in the vicinity of where the ruins were dug up. Here, according to the history, General Washington fought a bloody battle with General Von Donop's Hessians and a British regiment. The fighting took place along the Hudson and extended far into Harlem Heights, where Washington retired to await fresh troops. It is believed that the Hessians built the huts below an embankment and, hidden by a ledge of rock and brush, established their headquarters.

# WOLF FOR HAWK

Hunter Swapped Bounty for Marriage License.

Wilbur Holcomb, a young Holley farmer, traded a gray wolf for a hawk the other afternoon and they had to give County Clerk Russell of Albany, Ore, \$50 cents to boot.

The hawk was of the Holley variety and very rare, in the opinion of Mr. Holcomb. Her name was Lulu Q., and she is now Mrs. Wilbur Holcomb. County Clerk Blyden tied the nuptial knot.

Mr. Holcomb is something of a hunter as well as a successful soldier in Dan Cupid's regiment. He shot the gray wolf, brought it into the clerk's office, secured the bounty of \$2.00 and straightway applied it on a marriage license.

His application was also sent into the state game commission for the larger premium of \$20 offered by the state for the extinction of gray wolves in Oregon, and the lone gray wolf may pay part of the honeymoon expenses of the newlyweds.

# ASKS EXECUTION OF 14 ELK

California Woman Says They Ravage Vegetable Gardens.

Governor Stephens of California, has been asked to bring about the execution of a herd of 14 elk that have been ravaging the vegetable gardens of Pacific Grove, Cal., for several years. In a letter to the governor, Mrs. L. L. Long says she has appealed to the mayor and other officials without result, and that she carried her plea to Governor Stephens because she was sure there was "some way to get rid of this nuisance."

"The elk," she wrote, "have been ranging on this point of the peninsula for several years, and after the grass dries in the spring they proceed to eat the gardens, fence, or no fence." The writer suggested that the herd be killed and fed to the men of the Pacific fleet.

# Buy Goods to Help China.

The disposition of the 4,000,000 rubles borrowed by Chinese Mongolians from Russia for the purpose of establishing the finances of the country on a sound basis is now revealed. A small part of the money was expended upon the purchase of arms, but the greater part went to Russian manufacturers to pay for 10,000 brass images of Buddha.

# Must Use Proper Form.

In giving vent to his feelings on his discharge, an old British soldier wrote to his late colonel: "Sir—After what I have suffered, you can tell the army to go to hell." In due course he received the following: "Sir—Any suggestions or inquiries as to movements of troops must be entered on army form 12XXYZ, a copy of which I inclose."

# Elephants to Open Jungle.

A movement is under way to purchase 20 pair of elephants in Ceylon and free them in New Guinea. The interior of New Guinea is an impenetrable jungle because of lack of game trails. Elephants, the best dirt road builders in the world, keep great paths open in central Africa and India. They would soon make a way for white men and natives in New Guinea.

# RETURNS FROM WAR TO FIND FATHER DEAD

Sergeant Is Met by Sorrow Instead of Expected Homecoming Celebration.

Michael Murphy's cup of happiness had been filled to overflowing. He had not his son, Sgt. Joseph T. Murphy, returned from overseas, where for more than a year he had been on the firing line?

He had come home, this strapping youngster, tanned, and weather-beaten and with a German helmet as a souvenir.

The father's thoughts went back over the 20 years in which he had been employed by the city of Chicago. He had been a small cog in the big political wheel. He had brought up seven strapping children, two sons and five daughters. One of the sons was a city fireman. And the other, a star of the old block, had come back from France with a German helmet. He had come home to be his contact in his old age.

"Ah, the world was brighter, now that Sergeant Joe was back. No wonder the Hindenburg has had crumpled with a fighting Irishman like Joe in the front trenches."

And now the neighbors were coming in for a bit of a celebration. The little home was in gala attire. The neighbors should see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears what a Murphy had done to the Fighting I.

The aged man sank back in his chair. A smile played over his honest Irish face. His eyes shined and he gave himself over to dream. A cheery voice was heard in the hall. "Why, hello, dad! Come to the party again? Company's coming, old man!"

Sergeant Joe shook the old man's shoulder gently. "Wake up, dad," he repeated. "Company's here."

But he was from they walking through the dark valley. He had seen of the great happiness. The cup had been filled to overflowing.

# NO RECORD OF LOST COAT

Cops Couldn't Help Secretary Holley's Plover.

Ever since Galileo charted the heavens through the medium of his telescope, glass mantled has been allowed the study of the stars. The fair sex of the Great West, the Midwest, the East, and other continental regions, inspired philosophers and poets, and policemen.

A searchlight glared through the mist of the many intricacies of the street street station picture of Northwestern devoted attention to Brantford, Ill. The platform of the few inches above the ground. The platform was Arnold's. Eighteen years old of Chicago. He had him buy a pair of bluecoats. The man who investigated called him name and asked:

"What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to locate Brantford's coat. It's been gone a long time and I ought to be back. I got a streak of it."

"Well, we ain't got no record of coat Brantford reporting a coat lost. Come on to the station."

# REMINDED OF HUN TANK

Hears the Bird and in Dreams Plans to Fight Again.

Ed Kramp, formerly assistant fuel administration office in Toledo, who returned recently from a month's service with an aviation organization overseas, says that the thing a soldier tries to do after getting home is to forget all about the war over there.

Kramp thought he had blasted away army nations, trench rats, coalition Germans pretty well covered from the back of his memory until he returned the other night.

Kramp went to bed early, time during the small hours a fairly noisy owl car caused rattling clanking down the street past his house. In his sleep Kramp got the impression that the Germans had sent a tank over after him, and that the "square heads" would soon be coming over the top. He jumped up, settled his chair, and started to fight the war all over again.

# Rich Ancient Mosaic Is Found.

Archaeologists have discovered a rich mosaic, believed to date back to the days of the Caesars. The work was found in a perfect state of preservation under the foundations of the Casa Popolare. Its decorations are elaborate geometrical signs. The pieces plainly comprise part of the floor of one of the imperial palaces.

# Hero's in Up-to-Date Pension.

Rev. E. J. Bennett, who has been pastor of the Spruce Street Methodist church of Hingham, W. Va., believes in using business methods to get the congregation to attend service. Mr. Bennett is advertising his services in the newspapers and has installed electric fans in the church, and has hired a brass band at the service.

# Rate Cost Britain \$100,000,000 a Year.

Rats and mice have wasted tons of grain and other valuable food products in Great Britain each year, causing a total loss of \$100,000,000, according to a bill recently introduced in the house of commons, asking a \$50,000,000 appropriation for poison.

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