

IN KIDDIES' TOGS

Small Costumes Patterned After Large Ones Are Smart.

Plaited, Plaided and Embroidered Clothes Prove Charming for the Little Folks.

Dresses and coats are no less smart these days for being caught while they are young. You see, observes a fashion writer, small costumes patterned after large ones and so, of course, they are smart.

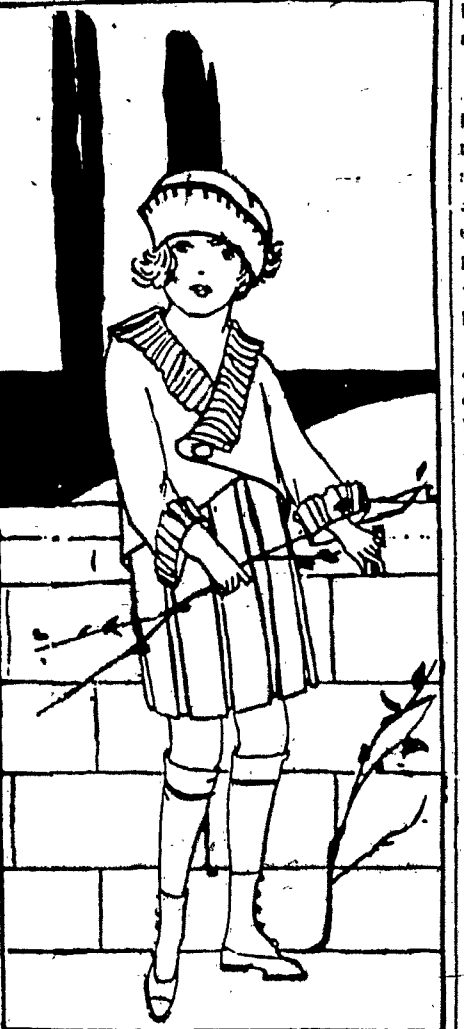
Autumn costumes for grown-ups are very much plaited, plaided and embroidered, hence small clothes must follow suit. When these various styles are fittingly adapted to the needs of little people the effect is nothing short of charming.

How do you like the clever adaptation of the eon jacket and the plaited skirt?

Here there is a wonderful opportunity for using bright colors, since the skirt may be made of Roman stripe or plaid material. Suppose you use a red woolen for the little jacket and striped red and brown for the skirt? The collar and cuffs may be made of plain white organdie or batiste and basted to the frock so that they may be easily removed for washing. A single large smoked-pearl button should be used to fasten the jacket in front.

Perhaps you would prefer a dress which takes its color from the autumn woods, as they appear in the earlier season, you know, just when the leaves change their color. Make the jacket of dull green and the skirt of plaid or striped material in which there is much brown, green and red.

Among the materials you have a choice of serge, gabardine, Jersey cloth, duvetyne, twill or flannel. Let us say you use orange-colored duvetyne for the top and a plaid in which there is much orange and brown for the skirt. A lapel is placed on the skirt to make up for the absence of



Child's Coat and Skirt Suit.

Lapels at the collar. This, of course, should be made of the orange-colored material.

If plaid does not please you, then use plain-colored velours. Navy, dark brown, maize or dull green will be most attractive.

BREAKFAST COAT VS. KIMONO

Latest Garment Is Regarded More Becoming and Excellent as Pullman Robe.

Simplicity is the rule in the best undergarments shown this season, and fine sheer cottons are extremely popular.

Negligees and boudoir apparel shown for fall and winter adhere to simplicity in line, although rather gorgeous materials are liked. Printed chiffons and georgettes and the lovely printed silks in soft weaves are used for breakfast coats, which are usually untrimmed except for ruffings of self fabric or ribbon.

The breakfast coat, generally a garment with a long plain upper section reaching about to the hips, and a gathered or plaited skirt attached, making it full figure length, is an excellent Pullman robe. The woman who wears one for traveling looks much more presentable in the early morning than when she dons a kimono. A matching bandeau or boudoir cap is not a bad investment. Nearly all the more elaborate negligees shown are equipped with boudoir caps to match. Some three-piece sets, negligee, boudoir cap and chemise, made of shaded chiffon, are among the novelties now being offered.

For Small Girls.

Combinations of black and white are greatly favored for children's dresses. One charming little dress of black velvet recently seen had the touch of white carried out by bands of white angora at neck and sleeves. For dressy wear are shown chiffon velvet frocks in black, cut low in the neck and sleeves, and worn with gumpes of white tulle lace.

FALL AND EARLY WINTER



For everybody wear this coat with its simple but modish lines is just the thing. The collar is cut on the season's most stylish mode. It is large and could be used for a bonnet or as a protection for the hat in rainy weather.

PLAILED AND PLAILED SKIRTS

Fashion Apparently to Experience Another Season as Successful as the Last.

The statement heard constantly in manufacturers' showrooms that at least 50 per cent of their early fall skirt business is being done in plaids is attested to by the showing in the retail stores.

Plaids, too, are apparently to have another season as successful as the last. This is the type of skirt that is most in evidence on the many racks and display forms around the stores. Although many of the colors are rather somber in effect, the brown tones predominating, some of the brighter shades, including burnt orange, appear frequently.

One of the most striking instances of this is seen in a knife-plaited model of large plaid on a background of burnt orange, which is visible in large squares. Many knife-plaited numbers are included among the new things, although other plaited styles are also well represented. The all-around box plaited skirt is seen in a blue and tan checked basket woven fabric, while larger checks are treated in other ways.

Plaids made in combination plaited styles, stitched down at the top, are another important item, more interesting owing to the fact that they are newer than the simple knife and box plaids that held sway during the past season. There are also pocketed skirts, which have plain sections alternating with stitched-down plaids.

HEADGEAR IN BRIGHT COLORS

Rich Yellow Tones Featured in Many of the Hats; All-Feather Toques Arrive.

Rich yellow tones, running through the range of gold and pumpkin to rust shades, are occupying the center of the millinery stage just now. Just how long the style will hold—how many yellow hats there will be on the heads of womanhood as well as in the shop windows—awaits to be seen. As yet yellow is seen principally in millinery shops and in shop windows. It is striking, and when becoming should be very smart indeed. A vivid color that topping a dark street suit or frock is unquestionably chic.

It is interesting to observe that the all-Feather toques that have been worn for several seasons are with us again, unchanged as far as shape and general appearance is concerned. As always they are finding purchasers.

Hand painting on velvet is a very smart trimming touch employed this season. The design may be as colorful and unusual as fancy dictates. Imagine peacock feathers, in their natural colors, painted across the upper brim of a big black velvet hat, or gorgeous butterflies in various sizes and colors studiously placed.

Ostrich is recorded as one of the much used trimmings. Uncurled or "glycerined" effects, as well as curled plumes and tips, are employed.

Scarfs Are Much Worn.

The cool days have brought with them a vogue for scarfs, worn tucked under the belt in front, or with one end thrown over the shoulder—in fact almost any way. Many of the scarfs are of a soft woolen material, in stripes of vivid and soft colors combined. Others are woven in silk thread, having a knitted effect. A fringe of the material finishes the ends, or they are just left plain.

Wave Softens Face Lines.

A little wave in the hair softens the lines of the face. If your hair is not naturally wavy, either have a permanent wave put into your straight locks or do them up at night on one of the new wavers that gives such a natural appearance to the hair.

WALK NOT MONEY MAD

Recognize There Are Higher Things in Life Than Practicing Buying and Selling.

The real Turk, unlike the so-called mongrel Turk, does not have to impress his sense of superiority on others. And, although the latter is always eager to do business with you, according to Mr. Herbert Gibbons in Asia, the real Turk is often quite indifferent.

Some real Anatolian Turks are merchants and sit in the bazaars. But they will not go out of their way to make a sale, and they really do not care whether you buy or not. Often they ignore strangers; sometimes they rebuff them. When you meet with this type in the bazaars where all the Jews and Gentiles are hard after your money, it is like a dash of cold water in your face.

Once in a little open shop I saw a rug that attracted me. I started to enter, but the crunched figure on the mat put out a long-fingered left hand, grasped firmly my ankle, and removed my foot outside the threshold. I thought there must be some superstition about which foot went first; so I tried the other. The same left hand "proved" again its strength. All the while the merchant did not speak or look up. His right hand was stringing beads, and he was smoking a nargile.

He simply did not want to bother with me, and my shoe told him that I was a foreigner (European). Later I got to know that old bird, and we laughed over stories together. But he never asked me to buy anything, and I did not want to risk his friendship by making a second try for the rug. There are more important things in life than buying and selling.

"SQUEEZE" POPULAR IN CHINA

What the Western World Calls "Graft" Is Practiced by All Classes in That Country.

One trait firmly imbedded in the Chinese character which the foreign business man and the housewife both have to contend with is the weakness for "squeeze." It is said by foreigners that the Chinese merchant, coolie, politician, fisherman, chauffeur and beggar would rather make \$1 by "squeeze" than \$10 by the same amount of brain work or manual labor.

Squeeze is Chinese for graft. It is a word in that international Far Eastern tongue known as pidgin-English. But squeeze is something more than graft. Its political phase might be termed graft, and that form of squeeze is what makes the military governors of Peking and Canton so fat. Most Chinese politicians would have been acceptable in the eyes of Julius Caesar, and squeeze is the reason for some of the corruption in China.

Squeeze is the Chinese translation of "as much as the trade will bear." It is a factor in Chinese business, as much as supply and demand, or profit and loss.

Tapestry in History.

During the Italian Renaissance the art developed in subtle treatment of color and shading, and Flemish tapestry reached its height of artistic perfection in the magnificent pieces from cartoons by Raphael and other Italian masters.

Royalty supported the industry at this period. Incidents of history were woven into design with threads of gold and silver, and even jewels. Others were modeled by soft colorings of wool, with their high lights supplied by silk threads. The dyes, often as costly as the gold and silver, have held their colors for centuries, and it has been beyond the modern chemist to solve their alchemy. No such color that is so un fading. When tapestry making waned in Brussels, France developed the art, and under Henry IV and Louis XIV the Gobelins were famed for their perfection of workmanship and color.

An Apple a Day.

"They tell us," said Mr. Billtops, "that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, and I guess that is so; I am sure that an apple a night promotes sound and restful slumber."

"We keep our apples in the icebox. The last thing that Mrs. Billtops, ever-thoughtful Mrs. Billtops, does in making her rounds before retiring for the night is to get an apple out of the icebox and place it, with a fruit knife, on the dining-room table for me."

"Nightly the last thing I do before going to bed is to go out into the dining room, seat myself comfortably, and eat that apple leisurely. I find it cool and refreshing; in every way agreeable; and having eaten it I turn in and sleep delightfully."

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away. An apple at night makes you sleep right."

Exclusive Organization.

Though legendarily reputed to be more than 1,000 years old, the Order of the Thistle was founded by James II in 1687. After the revolution, says the London Star, it fell into desuetude, but was revived by Queen Anne in 1703. The chapel of the order, in St. Giles' cathedral, where the king attended service on Sunday, was not commenced until 1609.

The Thistle is one of the most exclusive orders, its only members being the king and 18 knights. The motto of the order is: "Wha daur meddle with me."

Last Night's Dreams - What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF HAM OR BA CON?

OF ALL the "high-brow" modern investigators of dream phenomena Frederick Greenwood is the most daringly inclined toward the school of the mystics. While by no means accepting the arbitrary interpretation of dreams as set forth by the empirics he says, writing in one of the ponderous and learned English Reviews: "So far as we know neither the free imagination of childhood nor the absolute unfettered faculty of madness is ever productive of a dream of the things called supernatural for want of a word more expressive. These are the most remarkable phenomena of sleep and it appears that prophetic dreams which seem to import something of the supernatural only arise and do not appear until the mental qualities are of full growth. Dreams which have all the character of revelation and prophecy do undoubtedly occur."

He propounds as a new theory the possibility "that these dreams occur when all the mental faculties are lifted to a higher range of freedom and at the same time maintain their accustomed harmony similar to the rapid condition of men of genius engaged in their best work." There is such a thing as a dream intuition, he believes.

Most of his fellow scientists scorn this theory, though the eminent Dr. Corliat contents himself with being "very skeptical" and asking to be "shown." The real mystic, however, does not require any lifting of the mental faculties harmoniously to a higher plane. For him something prophetic lurks even in dreams of ham and bacon. All agree that to dream of ham is an excellent sign. It means financial success for you and much happiness ahead. The more you see in your dream the greater will be your good fortune. But, strange to say, while bacon is so nearly of the nature of ham, yet many, if not most, of the circles look upon it as an unfavorable omen; though one or two see in it a prophesy of imminent gain. This disputed point is respectfully referred to the packer combination.

Mother's Cook Book

"This world which clouds thy soul with doubt Is but a carpet laid on dust. It is when we view these shades and ends We know not what the whole intends. So when on earth thou art, look but to God, What thou seem'st to do on strokes, will there be order and design appear. Then shall we praise what here we spurned. For then the carpet shall be turned."

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY TABLE.

Those who enjoy doughnuts will like to try this recipe:

Cocoa Doughnuts.

Beat thoroughly two eggs and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar; add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one cupful of milk. Sift together twice three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and add to the liquid mixture. Then add flour to roll out. Cut in strips and twist slightly; fry in hot fat. When cold roll in powdered sugar.

Spiced Cranberries.

Take two quarts of cranberries, two-thirds of a pint of vinegar, two-thirds of a cupful of water, six cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice. Combine the ingredients and cook 45 minutes. Put up as usual in glasses.

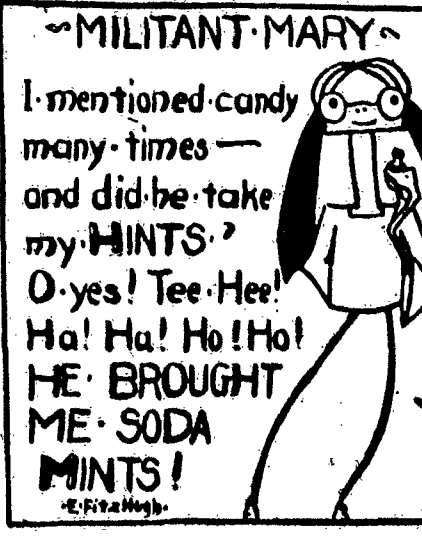
Baked Corn With Clams.

Take one can of minced clams, one cupful of canned corn, one cupful of milk, one egg well beaten, one cupful of dry bread crumbs, a bit of onion juice, salt and pepper to season; mix well and put into a baking dish. Place bits of butter, using two tablespoonfuls over the top, and bake one-half hour.

Molasses Candy.

Take two cupfuls of the best New Orleans molasses, one cupful of butter and one cupful of granulated sugar. Mix and boil until it hardens in cold water. Turn out on buttered plates, and when cool enough pull until light. Cut in pieces with shears.

Keenie Maxwell (©. 1920, Western Newspaper Union)



SHEILA'S FRIEND

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Sheila had been sent to the hill country because of poor health. Her Aunt Gwendolen, in care-free pleasure loving life, could not realize or sympathize with frailness, and the constantly added tasks of the city apartment had grown to be more than Sheila could bear. She must go away, the doctor said, and soon. Pretty, fashionable Aunt Gwen petulantly objected.

But the doctor was firm, and scribbled a certain country address on his prescription pad. "Tell Mrs. Saunders I sent you," he ordered crisply, and Sheila had gone.

The money question was not a very important one; living expenses in the far away village were not those of the city. Aunt Gwen none too graciously volunteered assistance from her sufficient store. "It is due you for your services," the old doctor drily remarked.

Sheila was not unhappy in her isolation. At first there was the novel sensation of freedom. Never had she been free to seek joy or relaxation and then she found delight in planning walks of exploration about the country. High upon the hill side, she viewed a great red house from her small window in Mrs. Saunders' home.

Sheila wondered who had selected that lonely space for the towered abode, and went down at last to ask her hostess.

"That's the old Wren place," Mrs. Saunders told her. "Used to be great doctors there when I was a girl and Miss Wren was a girl too. Thought we were honored to be asked to one of her fine parties, but now she's plumb alone. Folks all died off, and Worthy Wren's got queer living alone. Some used to say she was in love with the man her sister married. I don't know, but Worthy and Ben Temple were friends from childhood and when Benky Wren came back all bright and snappy from boarding school—seemed she'd grown up all at once and her ways just turned Ben's head."

"He married Becky suddenly, and I guess Worthy never heard from either of 'em after they went off somewhere to live."

Sheila thought the story over as she started up the hill. Miss Wren was in her springtime garden when she got there.

"So you would like to see my flowers?" she said. "Come right in, you will be most welcome; pleasing visitors are a rarity with me."

Sheila returned to the farmhouse laden with spring blooms, and a happy friendship also came to bloom between the lovely old woman, and the young girl. The girl found most of her comfort that summer upon the pillared verandas of Miss Wren's home.

As fall came and fallen leaves crackled beneath her feet in Miss Wren's garden, Sheila was loath to go back to the prison of Aunt Gwen's close apartment. Worthy Wren laid profligate, too, by the girl's companionship. She often laughed softly in an echo of almost forgotten laughter. "Why don't you," Sheila suggested, "leave this big place and go down to the village? It must take a great deal to keep it up."

It was then that her first realization came of her friend's real need. "It does take a good deal," Miss Worthy reluctantly admitted, "but the money I have may be made with care to last my lifetime. I live almost in one room during the winter."

Sheila took to bringing certain donations for mutual luncheon parties after that.

"I wish," wrote Aunt Gwen, "that you would hurry back for the fall house cleaning, Sheila; everything is in a perfect mess."

"Your progress," wrote the doctor back in the city, "is satisfactory. I know your needs and advise you to stay where you are for another month."

In the glory of an October moon, Sheila went up the hill with her offerings for a festive supper. Miss Worthy put logs on the fireplace and the table was drawn before it. The white head was bent close to the golden-brown one, when the doorbell clanged. Sheila hastened to answer. A young man stood there in the moonlight, a big young man with a good natured face.

"I am Jack Temple," he announced. "I have come to see my aunt."

"Come in," she invited, "and have some tea."

They talked it over later, the big young man and she, as he escorted her down hill.

"Mother sent me," he explained. "Mother's not much like Aunt Worthy. I fancy, but she wanted to make up after all the years."

Jack Temple paused thoughtfully. "If you know of any one I could engage to stay with Aunt Worthy through the winter?"

The prompt response of the pretty girl at his side brought from the young man an astonished stare.

"I will stay with her," Sheila replied, and when the snows of the following December were heaped about the great house doorway, Miss Wren admonished her nephew concerning his frequent visits.

"I'm afraid you are taking too much time from business, Jack dear," she said, "though, of course, Sheila and I love to have you about."

WHALE IS CHAMPION JUMPER

Mammal Easily Holds All Records When It Comes to a Question of High Leaping.

If you were asked the question: "What animal can jump the highest?" you would in all likelihood, guess wrong. It is the whale!

Oh, yes, the whale is a mammal, not a fish, and he can jump out of the water to a height of 25 feet with the greatest ease. This is about twice as high as the tiger, who can manage about 12 1/2 feet to 13 feet. A dog has been known to clear 10 feet, and the horse follows next with 7 feet 5/8 inches.

Man's record high jump was made in 1914 by a Californian, who reached 6 feet 7 1/2 inches. In 1913, the tremendous height of 5 feet 5 1/2 inches was attained for the standing high jump, though in 1892 a man reached 6 feet, with weights, at this jump.

As regards the long jump, without weights, the record, 24 feet 11 3/4 inches, was made in 1901, and it has now stood for nearly twenty years.

The longest jump backwards, with weights, is 12 feet 11 inches, and the holder of this record also holds that of the standing long jump, without weights, with 12 feet 1 1/2 inches.

Of animals, one might expect the kangaroo to hold the record, but he can only manage 15 feet—ten less than man—though, talking of long jumps, how about the grasshopper? He can jump 300 times his own length.

GAUDY COSTUME HIS FOIBLE

Marshal Murat, Napoleon's Famous Cavalry Leader, Seemingly Had Craze for "Fine Feathers."

Marshal Murat was the dandy among Napoleon's generals. One Paris tailor said that in some years he had made as much as 100,000 francs' worth of suits, overcoats and uniforms for Murat. He liked to invent new and fantastic uniforms. He strutted about in a suit of sky-blue overalls covered all over with gold spangles, and he decorated his bushy with aigrettes. On the occasion of his triumphant entry into Warsaw when he supposed he would be made king of Poland, he wore an impossible looking uniform, red leather boots, tunic of cloth of gold, sword belt blazing with diamonds, and a great bushy of fur decked out with costly plumes. On this occasion Napoleon lost his temper and testily exclaimed to his general: "Go and put on your proper uniform; you look like a clown." But the emperor was not misled by Murat's love of finery, for it is recorded that he once said of him: "You may smile at my childish mar-hal, but you will notice that when columns are shot down today, Murat's gaudy plume will be dancing in the hottest of the fight. Let a hero have one folly, gentlemen."

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Spruce and Hemlock.

It is not difficult to distinguish between spruce and hemlock in the forest, when one learns to notice the following points: The spruce has stiff pointed leaves (or short needles), its bark scales are never bright red, and the cones—smaller than those of the pine—hang down on the branches. The hemlock, on the other hand, has soft flat needles, often two-ranked, that is, growing on two sides of the stem, so that the sprig has a flat-topped appearance; hemlock bark scales look red, when broken off, and the dainty little cones stand erect on their branches, falling apart soon after ripening, so that no old cones long remain on or under the trees where they grew. Lumber from the two trees may be distinguished by remembering that that of the spruce is white in color, while hemlock wood retains its faint reddish tint.

What Chance Did Dad Have?

"Dad, I lost my commutation ticket today. It slipped out the car window. Will you please give me money enough to get a ten-ride ticket? There are only five more working days in the month, so I'll need only the ten rides. Now, dad, you can't ask me to take it out of my allowances. It simply can't be done. Anyhow, one of your old coronations declared a dividend recently, and I didn't have to ask you for any money for two weeks. That saved you \$30, and the ticket is only \$10. Why, dad, you are \$20 ahead at that! You're making money off your own son! You can't do that! It isn't being done this year. . . . I knew you would feel as I do about it. Thank you, dad."—Indianapolis News.

Emperor's Splendid Tomb.

The body of Napoleon III lies in a tomb in the church of St. Michael at Farnborough, England. This chapel was built by ex-Empress Eugenie as a memorial to her husband. In the crypt also is placed the tomb of her son, the Prince Imperial, who was killed while fighting with the English army in Zululand. The church is a magnificent building of white stone, and stands on the brow of a hill. It is surmounted by a tower and paggled with dozens of small shafts. The emperor used to visit the chapel daily. Ten priests were constantly employed by her to say masses for the dead.

Glad She Does.

"How you can stand your wife's spending her time at club and suffrage meetings beats me. If I were you I'd tell her she should be home doing the cooking." "I'll be hanged if you would, if you knew what kind of a cook she is."—Boston Transcript.