

LONGER SKIRT TO BE FASHION

Silhouette Straight, Long and Reasonably Lacking in Fullness, Paris Edict.

SIMPLICITY IS THE SLOGAN

No Signs That Era of Gingerbread Is Returning—Vogue for Crepe de Chine for Afternoon Dresses.

All signs point to the longer skirt, and the silhouette is still straight, long and reasonably lacking in fullness. Those who have just landed in this country fresh from the Parisian showings of later models say that the creations which the smart couturiers are presenting to their private patrons adhere minutely to the general rules. Simplicity is carried to the last de-



Navy Blue Serge Embroidered in Yellow.

gree of perfection. It is the sole standard that is considered worth while. They seem to be aiming to gain the utmost in this direction, for there are no tell-tale signs that the era of gingerbread is returning. Indeed, one importer states that the very smartest dress shown at the Moly-nex opening was of silk duvetyn, with no trimming whatsoever added to the loveliness of its texture. It was simply an arrangement of lines so subtly conceived that simplicity led all other characteristics.

The long waistline, either formed from a bodice that is long and shows a belt underneath its slight blousing character or made by the little tie belts on the one-piece frocks, is decidedly the preference of the season. Of the high waistlines there are some, but these are usually on the more quaintly designed frocks for dancing or for the very young people, or for those whose figures are of the uncompromisingly straight up and down variety. The long waist helps with the straight line, especially on figures that are inclined to tend toward fullness, for, if the belt or the lack of it is cleverly managed, then all minor discrepancies are lost sight of in the beauty of the gown's line.

An afternoon frock of Eremet's is made of marine blue silk duvetyn material, something that goes by another name, but is still of this same family. It has a long and rather severely fitting bodice, terminated by a flat embroidered belt, the blue and green silken stitches being interspersed with steel beads. Then there is an overskirt, made of panels lying close together, but swinging free from the skirt, and the underskirt, which extends for a space below the edges of the panels, is embroidered in the same manner as the belt. The high and rolling collar is also embroidered, as are also the wide kimono sleeves which reach the wrists and are not confined by cuffs. It is one of the smartest reception frocks that has been seen this season and bids fair to become the inspiration for many more gowns.

"models" which become common in the time. Then, again, a figure must be reasonably graceful and slender in order to carry off a one-piece dress of this character with any degree of satisfaction. Curves cannot be too wide, neither can lengths be too extended, for in either case the proportions of the frock upon which all the art of the simplicity depends are thrown out of key and must necessarily leave some imperfect line exposed. Therefore these little frocks de luxe are confined to an extremely exclusive class, and cannot be lured from the narrowness of their limits.

The coming winter promises to be one of many festivities, and that brings the reception gown or suit to the attention of the feminine population devoted to the pursuit of style. All of the softer silk afternoon dresses that are being designed by the smartest of dressmakers are made of some variety of crepe de chine. Nothing else will do if the frock is to be the last word in fashion. The skirt must be reasonably full, so that the whole effect of the garment is one of gracefulness and softness in the most extreme representations. This is all the restriction that there seems to be, for there is as much latitude in the matter of trimming as ever there has been when other materials were in question. But trimming is not one of the points upon which the Interest hangs. Some of them are entirely or nearly without-trimming of any sort. The material and the line of the garment are the interesting points of consideration. Embroidery there is plenty, but it is of the sort that is massed over some portion of the material, so that it becomes more a part of the gown than any extraneous decoration.

One of the newest gowns made of this soft and draping material was cut on the one-piece lines so generally popular. It had a skirt that was covered with little bounces no wider than two inches at most, and as narrow as one inch as the folds graduated toward the waist. The color was a warm, red brown, and there was only a narrow, tied belt to suggest an irregular waistline. Another was in gray, with a side-plaated skirt, the plaits being wider than those that have just finished their run of popularity, and the waist was a simple affair that draped at the waistline and had a turnover edge of real Duchesse lace around the oval neckline.

This suggests a new neckline. It is the oval line that shapes itself under the chin to a greater or a less depth, as may be the preference of the one who is to wear the gown. Sometimes these oval shapes dip way down in front, and then are filled in with quaint little plaits or ruffles, but always handmade, with the most delicate of stitches. It is sometimes a great relief, on an otherwise plain frock, to see this bit of freshness peeping out at some place under the open neck. It is a touch that is always feminine and always beautiful.

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The Winsome Suit of Black Satin.

decidedly the preference of the season. Of the high waistlines there are some, but these are usually on the more quaintly designed frocks for dancing or for the very young people, or for those whose figures are of the uncompromisingly straight up and down variety. The long waist helps with the straight line, especially on figures that are inclined to tend toward fullness, for, if the belt or the lack of it is cleverly managed, then all minor discrepancies are lost sight of in the beauty of the gown's line.

DISTILLING ATTAR OF ROSES WONDERS OF HUMAN BODY

Business in Which a Great Part of Bulgaria's Population Is Vitalily Interested.

Every year in Bulgaria there is an immense harvest of roses in which the people take a good deal of interest. This rose crop, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, is the support of one hundred and seventy-three villages and amounts to some twenty-five million pounds of rose flowers. It is for the world's supply of that rare perfume, attar of roses.

From all these million pounds of blossoms, however, the average yearly distillation of pure attar amounts only to about one hundred and twenty thousand ounces. It takes from one hundred and sixty to two hundred pounds of rose flowers to make one ounce of attar, and there are about three hundred roses to the pound.

The distillation of rose flowers is carried on, during the progress of the harvest, in copper boilers with condensing attachments; the first product of distillation is redistilled into what is known as "second rose water." This double-distilled water is very strong in odor and very turbid in appearance. It is full of tiny, yellow-white, oily globules, and when the long-necked bottles in which the rose water runs are filled they rise to the top. These globules are the real attar of roses. They are skimmed with little conical spoons and put into separate bottles that have little holes in the bottom large enough to let the water run out, but not the oil.

OBJECT IN MYTHICAL SUIT

Oriental "Faked" Case Before English Magistrate to Settle Quarrel Over a Woman.

Two Indians came before an English magistrate, one complaining that the other had allowed his cattle to stray off the path through his cornfield, whereby the crop had been greatly damaged.

The defendant replied that he certainly had driven the cattle along the said path, there being right of way, but that he had taken care not to allow the crops to be damaged. Both brought witnesses to support their case.

The magistrate, with the intuition which comes from experience with Orientals, adjourned the case, and rode out many miles to see the field and the damage done. He found on the one hand that no such field existed, and on the other that the defendant had no cattle!

Further inquiry disclosed the fact that the two Indians had quarreled over a woman. Not caring to bring her name into court, they had decided to put up a mythical case to the magistrate, the victor to have the woman!

China's Miracle.

The miracle of South China is associated in my mind with a certain landscape in northern China. Near Chunglungshan, on the Peking-Kalgan section of the Chinese government railways, it was necessary for a section of the great wall of China to be demolished in order to let the locomotive pass through. At a point where one instinctively pauses to enjoy an impressive view of the historic barrier which winds up the precipitous sides of the mountain like a huge dragon, the eye drops back to the foreground and to the familiar switch signal that indicates a sidetrack. There it stands in the very gap made in the great wall, this prosaic emblem of modern progress. This switch signal and a huge billboard on the crest of the mountain to remind the visitor of the merits of a certain brand of cigars are my most vivid memories of the great wall of China.—Edgar Allen Forbes in Leslie's.

Pretty Japanese Custom.

Since the earliest days and in every land, the launching of a ship has been the occasion for a ceremony of some kind, usually resembling in a general way the ceremony of christening a child peculiar to the particular country. Of all the launching customs, however, that of the Japanese is undoubtedly the prettiest and most symbolic.

When the Japanese ship is ready for launching a large cage filled with birds is hung over the bow, and as the ship glides into the water the birds are released. The Japanese sailors firmly believe that by no other means may a ship be insured good luck. The birds, they say, will, in gratitude for their liberty, guide the ship to safety in times of peril.

HAD BUSINESS FURTHER ON

Truck Driver Evidently Couldn't Wait to Learn Just What Mammy Intended to Do.

She was a buxom mammy. She was crossing Broadway at Reade street, moving slowly. She waited for a surface car to pass. Engrossed in her thoughts, she started on again to cross the rest of Broadway and stepped directly in the path of a motortruck. The truck driver emitted a startled yelp of warning and threw on his brakes hard.

Mammy had resources of speed. With amazing agility she leaped toward the curb, just clearing the front wheels of the truck.

The truck driver leaned over with a howling: "Hey, you—"

Mammy whirled on him. "Yo' low-down no 'count trash. Whatta' yo' mean tryin' to hit me, yo' wuffless-white man? Ah'll!"

What she would do nobody knows. Nobody will know. She started, but the truck driver started first. Mammy's big jump showed him. He shot the truck up Broadway, leaving mammy glaring like an ebony Nemesis.—New York Evening Sun.

PERFECTION OF MODERN ART

Small Wonder Young Lady Artist Exulted as She Gazed on Her Completed Painting.

The young lady looked before her with entranced gaze. She looked lovingly on the purple sun as it arose in the west.

Her eyes lingered appreciatively on the bright green sky, with splashes of red and orange stretched across its spacious breadth.

She clasped her hands with joy, she gazed at the filmy, odd-looking clouds of yellow, splashed across the heavens. Several fishes were flying in the sky, while birds could be seen in the waters below, swimming and drinking.

Their her eyes turned toward where a few ocean liners sped across the horizon, with sails unfurled; a fisherman's castle, and the lowly fisher outside cleaning some fish, seated on a one-legged stool in a patch of red grass.

"Wonderful!" cried the young lady. "This is really the prettiest picture I have ever painted."—London Answers.

The Mercenaries.

Brander Matthews, the famous critic, discussed at a Columbia tea the American short story.

"The American short story would be better," he said, "if the American short story writer were less mercenary. I'd like him to think more of beauty and less of cash."

"A short story writer read me one of his tales the other day. It wasn't bad, and I told him so."

"I'd like the thing," I said. "It's realistic."

"The short story writer beamed. 'Realistic,' he cried. 'That's the word I want to hear. And how much, Mr. Matthews, do you think it will realize?'"

SELECTED

"Is Mr. Life here?"

"Yes, I got a package from him this afternoon."

Question: "One of the girls in the class was crying. The one who sang 'I will be a nurse'?"

Odd Remark: "They say poetry don't pay, but that's queer, considering it's all up of feet."

His Business: "Is he a man of good habits?" "He has to be; he makes his own ones for ladies."

Feebleness: "You simply can't reason with woman." "Who wants to?"—St. Louis Courier-Journal.

Much More: "Old Mr. Grabbit holds his own, doesn't he?" "Yes, and as much of anyone else's as he can get."

Cause and Effect: "I saw Jim's wife hanging up lace curtains." "And I saw Jim hanging up his watch."

Prolonging It: "Two heads are better than one." "But some lecturers want about a hundred heads to a discourse."

The Obstacle: "Let's put a roof garden on the house." "Can't, my dear; there's mortgage there now."

Obliging: "My wife will borrow trouble." "Send her over hers, then. We have plenty we can lend her."

The Proof of It: "Don't you think Miss Flashlight a stunning girl?" "Evidently, from the way she struck you."

An Eye for an Eye: "I hope, dear, you pray for your enemies?" "Oh, yes, auntie; I pray that they may be punished."

Humor: "What's in a name?" "Nothing. I hear they're serving liquor on the Dry Tortugas."

Exactly: "Bobby-Pop, what is it that you're in poker?" "Pop—a good deal, my son."

The New Route: "Just bought a ticket from New York to San Francisco." "Traveling from coast to coast, eh?"—Life.

Always Drugging: "Yes, she has been in Paris." "Well?" "And can't seem to get back."

Disintegration: "Jips seemed all gone to pieces when I saw him." "No wonder. His fall fell and then his voice broke."

The Crews in Front of Jones: "What's all the excitement about?" "Jones is going to fire his steak day at 2:30!"—Cartoons Magazine.

Paradoxical Way: "How are you going to learn to drive your motor car?" "I am going to employ a coach."

Turns Out That Way: "How's the new play getting along?" "Oh, there's the devil to pay for it because we can't get an actor."

Sure Proof: "Is that man really patriotic?" "Is he? Well, he knows the names of all our national hymns by heart."

The Locality: "Were you gassed in France?" "No; at our regular club meetings."

Cause for Thanks: Mrs. Flatte—That girl across the hall has a singular voice." Flatte—Thank heaven it's not yours.

Yes, Verily: "She married him to reform him, didn't succeed." "Took his name in vain, so he says."

Getting Wiser: "Mamma, will heaven be so kind as they say in the Sunday books?" "Certainly, my dear. Why ask?"

"Places we go to in the mountains never as nice as the circus."—London Transcript.

A Base Deception: "That pretty waitress is all run her feet off for you. How do you arouse her interest?" "Why," replied the woman, "I told her I was a million-dollar scout before I ordered my breakfast."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Shock: "They had breakfast for me." "The kid. I don't know how his body can eat breakfast at times."

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