

## IN PRINCESS MODE

Old Favorite Is Returning in New York Fashions.

Colonial Line With Bustled and Panneled Hips, Wasp Waist and Berthaed Neck.

Manhattan's winter season of lobster cocktails and grand opera will be a shady season as far as feminine regalia is concerned, according to a New York fashion writer.

Each day on the avenue brings out new evening creations of hue as somber as the proverbial raven's wing. Wholesalers, retailers and dapper salesmen say that this is the aftermath of the orgy of color in evening gowns worn directly after the war-time habitments of mourning were cast aside.

Whatever the cause, the truth is that the fluffily ingenuous girly-girly frock of pastel tinted tulle and chiffon, or some gorgeous, lustrous satin bespangled with rhinestones, has given the right of way to stately and matronly figure-swathing gowns of jet, chignon velvet, beaded satin of midnight black with jet-black sequins or the same materials developed in dull brown, green, midnight blues or the least possible shade of any color.

The old princess line is returning. Some modistes are endeavoring to break this similar line to the street moyen age and choose dresses by developing the colonial line with bustled and panneled hips, wasp waist and berthaed neck. A certain house on Fifth avenue which boasts a name to conjure with in the fashion world has just brought forth this big-hips-small-waistline in a bibical gown of heavy ivory satin. A heavy wire at the hips swells the dimensions of the frock several feet. The belt is more than snug and the round girlish neck is finished with a cascade of old lace. The same design is developed in olive colored velvet most effectively.

However, although the smart houses are showing these modistes, society is not seizing the style eagerly. It is the snug, simple princess line that will be seen on special occasions.

These "midnight gowns" are far from being altogether somber, as their dullness of hue is always contrasted with some note of elaborate color. Thus, one stunning model of heavy jet velvet uses a huge carved ivory rose of flame color as a corsage. Shoulder straps of flame velvet and a long train of flame tulle complete the costume. A really spectacular model is developed in white satin with corsage of black and white chignon roses and train of jet beads falling from the right

## CHIC SEMI-TAILORED MODEL



In Siberian squirrel gray is this charming semi-tailored model. The front and back panels are longer than the skirt and are very fashionable.

## PLAIN SUITS FOR SERVICE

Tailored Model, Plain or Plaid, Regarded as Most Practical for All-Around Wear.

The best suit purchase, the one that will certainly give the longest service is the perfectly plain tailored model, whether of plain color or plaid fabric.

Novelties in suits are shown in great numbers, but as a matter of fact the woman who gets the most for her money in the matter of clothes, buys novel and more or less elaborate things for home and evening wear and adheres to rather severe lines when selecting garments for street wear, no matter whether a frock or suit is under consideration.

A plain tailored suit is good just as long as it lasts, as skirt length is never settled by any cut-and-dried style rule. Skirt width is pretty nearly as individual a subject. The woman decides how wide or how long her skirt shall be, with Dame Fashion's recommendations used merely as a guide.

Suit manufacturers bring out all sorts of novelties and oddities every season in the hope of stimulating a big business in suits. Bargain sales at the end of each season usually find a good many of these novelties and oddities waiting for purchasers. This season sees a suit line featuring the fitted basque jacket, the redingote or directoire type of garment, the straight hip length coat and the conventional semi-fitted coat, strictly tailored.

With all this variety, however, according to present indications, the straight line conventional suit will be the favorite. Plaids and checks and a few attractive mixtures give variety to the fabric line-up.

## SEPARATE SKIRT FOR WINTER

Garment is in Demand Because of the Popularity of Sweaters and Short Fur Coats.

Sweaters and short fur coats both make a demand for separate skirts. Therefore, these skirts are likely to be worn through the winter, both in fancy plaid woolsens and in the regulation navy blue serge. Wool jersey is another favorite material for the separate skirt.

The vogue of heavy weight material for skirts is largely on account of the shorter coats that promise to be used this winter, and that call for more protection than was given by the satins and silk materials used for wear under the long coat.

Apart from plaids, embroidery and stitching are a few favored forms of trimming. Where the skirt is made up plain, a band of some kind of embroidery is used around the bottom. Gray wool embroidery on navy blue serge is well thought of and frequently seen. Colored cross stitching that suggests a broken plaid was used last season and is still considered quite good.

## Moyen Age Frocks.

Everywhere, at the openings of the great Paris houses, were high collars, long sleeves, and lines reminiscent of the moyen age. Though this high-necked and long-sleeved mode is new—an ultra note—it is not likely to be the prevailing style in America this winter, though it will make its first appearance. It will have a tendency, however, to make the open-necked dress a little higher, and the sleeves undoubtedly will be long, sometimes close fitting or sometimes flaring. Good Housekeeping.

## Products of Hand Loom.

Little handkerchiefs of gayly colored linen, often the product of the hand loom, are seen in stores these days. Some of them are edged in real Valenciennes or Armenian point, while others show quaint designs done in hand embroidery. Popular colors are deep and dull blue, crash rose, taupe, brown and yellow.

## LADY KITTY.

BY MILDRED WHITE.

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

People wondered what would become of Kitty Cavendish when her father died, and perhaps old Oliver Cavendish wondered, too.

And this anxiety upon his part may have been accountable for the request that his beloved daughter bring to a satisfactory climax the flirtatious game she had been playing with her two eligible admirers. With almost a lover's idolatry, Cavendish worshipped the Lady Kitty, as he called his girl and only a certainty of his own approaching end could have persuaded him to place her in another's care.

When he reasoned gently concerning the advisability of her choice between two men who so eagerly waited her pleasure, Lady Kitty, endeavoring to laugh the affair off, paused before the sad determination of her father's face.

"But dearest," she objected, "why should I marry without love, and if love were here, would there not be a sign?"

"Arthur is a happy companion—I love him in just that way, and Robert is my obedient servant—I use him just that way. But to settle my contented heart upon either one as a husband whatever has got into you father to ask such a thing?"

Cavendish turned aside impatiently. "I do very much ask it, Katherine," he said, "take a walk and think it over."

Wonderingly, she wrapped the geranium wool scarf about her shoulders and started for the woodland path.

It would soon be time to close up Estimate and go back to the city apartment with its marble surroundings. Sometimes she played her another game, which since childhood never lost its charm, a secret game never shared.

At these times she was a gypsy Kitty free as the wind, gathering nuts with her little hands that must be carefully creamed afterward, digging red-berry plants from beneath their beds of leaves, or swinging out upon a branch, with the light cur-barn dog barking beneath her—the yellow cur dog was with her now, as she hurried down the woodland path to think out her problem. Her childish confidence had been natch discarded by entangling branches, ripping loosely and charmingly about her small head. She was going to sit down upon a fallen log to dispense the troubling question of her future state, when the cur dog's bark again lured her on. He was leaping before the entrance to a log cabin house, and as Kitty followed a man's voice called from within.

"Come in, whoever you are," called the man. "I need help."

Pain troubled in the voice, Kitty went in. He lay there on a cot, but a long slender figure, with an arm helpless and red stained at his side, the face turned toward her was fine of feature and pale beneath its tan.

"Quick," begged the man, "get a bandage. The bleeding is making me faint—there is no one else to help." The faint had come.

Lady Kitty worked quickly, as he had asked her. A flower from her white petticoat was just the thing. There was water near to wash the lacerated cut, and antiseptic on the wooden dresser; water, too, to bathe his forehead. The brown eyes opened at last to look up at her gratefully.

"I tried my best to tie the thing up," the young man murmured, "but everything the weakness got me. It was an axe on the ground. I stumbled and fell against it some ways, then when I tried to get back here to the hut—"

"All right," Lady Kitty said, cheerfully, "don't bother talking. I will—"

Her eyes roving about the room fell upon a small cupboard.

"I will get you some coffee to eat. Then when you feel stronger I'll go and send out a doctor."

But the problem of her future and the problem of the wounded arm, were as nothing in this new problem—of cookery. Everything in the cupboard seemed to be contained in cans. She hurried one can labeled "soup" to the cot.

"How," she asked interestedly, "do you get it?"

The young man winced with pain as he attempted to show her.

"Oh, I will manage," she assured him with confidence she was far from feeling. But when one hammered a knife into the tin, one made an opening sufficient to release the soup and when one put two sticks in the little stove with some paper and matches beneath, why it actually made a fire. And when one carried the hot soup to a thankful young man, who nevertheless accepted it matter of factly well, one felt a growing satisfaction of accomplishment.

And when Oliver Cavendish that evening welcomed home his daughter, his consternation at her unbridged and disheveled appearance was promptly relieved by the radiance of her smile.

## FOUND FLOATING

Great men are usually kind.

Ambition can enoble or ruin.

Carefulness is the best wisdom.

Unlucky at play, lucky at love.

Serbia has only 200 physicians.

Let your face reflect happiness.

Money is man's slave, or master.

Neither speak nor listen to slander.

A baby cries because it can't argue.

Facts—and fancies—are stubborn things.

The successful man doesn't believe in luck.

The high cost of living makes us dig down.

Broad hints are wasted on narrow-minded people.

Pain is like news—of no value unless well spread.

Don't wait for the dead past to bury itself—re-entrate it.

Our best opportunities are of the home-made variety.

He who laughs last sometimes laughs impudently.

Barbers are men who have illusions about women.

Even the art galleries are not averse to moving pictures.

Theory raises a man's hopes. Practice raises his wages.

This world has no very high opinion of a low-salaried man.

Those who look before they leap sometimes see double.

Wise men may fool others, but the fool fools only himself.

Be cheerful and don't argue; and you will multiply friends.

Kissing is dangerous, but every girl considers herself immune.

In making a choice don't bite off more than you can choose.

The principal use of a hat won on the election is to talk through.

Make your own friends. The ready-made kind doesn't always fit.

The woman who is a perfect 36 will tell you that figures never lie.

The women have the vote, but the mud vote must also be counted.

If marriage is a tie, how can a wedding pass off without a hitch?

A man naturally has a hard neck when he travels through life on it.

A man usually puts his best foot forward, but not so with a mule.

Interest sometimes assumes the role of disinterestedness for a purpose.

The largest sweet shop in the world was recently opened in New York.

There is nothing that bores a man who is in love more than a crowd.

Most of us prefer a hair-raising story to a bald statement of facts.

To have the reputation of being half-cracked isn't all it is cracked up to be.

Some men wake up and find themselves famous, but the majority sleep.

Bars of marriage are so-called because ban originally meant proclamation.

Everyone wants to be entertained; and he will pay as much for it as for food.

Many a man is continually in hot water without ever acquiring a clean record.

The way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation—Sterner.

Watch your step. Many a fellow falls in love who is otherwise well balanced.

Easiest means of spreading happiness is by paying compliments. Hot 'em thick.

Speaking of styles someone remarks that the snake is the longest-waisted animal.

Those who live for gain don't have nearly so good a time as those who live for service.

In your effort to make both ends meet you must be mighty careful they don't snap in the middle.

Nor can you tell from the size of a man how far he can jump from the frying pan into the fire.

It sometimes happens that a man refers to his wife as a "jewel," just because she is "set" in her ways.

## THE HONEYMOON

By MARGARET A. SWEENEY.

"I'll not pay it—you're profiteering!" Phillip Crosby was angry. "I'll get out, you can have your house. You think—"

The door slammed and Crosby stood looking through the glass at his landlord's disappearing back.

It was the Crosbys' wedding anniversary, and every year, for 15 years, Phillip Crosby had celebrated the event by closing his office and taking Mrs. Crosby on a one-day "honeymoon."

This tiff with his landlord was annoying. It would upset Helen, he reflected, as he turned from the door and climbed the stairs to his wife's room.

"That was Haskins for the rent," he told her, "and he said that it would be \$10 more after this month."

Mrs. Crosby, standing before her mirror, adjusting her new fall hat, was silent.

Phillip Crosby's attention seemed suddenly attracted to the rug at his feet. He had caught the meaning of his wife's silence. He remembered how often—how very often—she had pleaded with him to buy a house—"a real home, Phillip, a roof we can call our own." Her words had come back to him now, "a few hundred or a thousand down, Phillip, and the rest as rent, and we—we can get along without a car, but we must have our own roof."

And he remembered, too, that after the arrival of the new car Helen never spoke to him again about buying a house. The subject had become taboo.

"I am ready, Phillip," Crosby had brought back from his reminiscent mood by the touch of his wife's hand upon his shoulder.

"I was just wishing, Helen, that I had taken your advice and— and not put so much money into that car—I—I don't blame you for being sore about it at all."

"Well, we won't talk about it today, Phillip," Mrs. Crosby had begun to do something to her husband's tie. "We'll go along on our 'honeymoon' and forget our troubles."

Phillip Crosby's face brightened, and he stooped and kissed the patient little woman who had so loyally shared his ups and downs—mostly downs, for Phillip Crosby was not the kind of a man that amuses money.

"Where are you going to take me, Phillip?" Helen Crosby asked as they went downstairs.

"Anywhere you say, Helen; the car is all ready. I had just finished cleaning it when old Skinfint Haskins came along—we—we must find a house that has a garage—I—"

"I do wish that motorcars were built big enough to keep house in—it would solve the housing problem for many families," Mrs. Crosby remarked from the open doorway as she surveyed the graceful lines of the big gray car, "and—and just think—some of them cost as much as a comfortable house—and their upkeep is—"

"Well, we won't talk about it today, Helen," Phillip Crosby chuckled as his wife stepped into the car, "we'll go along on our 'honeymoon' and forget our troubles."

Helen Crosby laughed—they laughed easily, these two, who were all and all to each other. Her husband took his place beside her and the big car swung into the clear September sunshine.

"Have you seen the new bungalows on Grove Hill, Phillip?" Helen persisted; "there are eleven—perfectly charming six-room affairs and no two alike. I wish you would take me up there before we go home."

"I'll take you up now, but no doubt they are all rented—the location is good."

The white and green bungalows on Grove Hill were good to look upon, standing wide apart among towering trees, with screened verandas, sun parlors, garages and garden plots—they looked good to Phillip Crosby.

"That one with the chimney on the outside is, to me, the most 'homey' looking," Mrs. Crosby pointed to a bungalow standing back from the street where the car had stopped; "let us get out and look at it."

They walked up the neat asphalt path and tried the door. It was locked. "Try the side door, Phillip; maybe some of the carpenters are out around the garage."

When Phillip Crosby had disappeared around the corner of the house Helen began to fumble in her beaded bag. She fished out the key and let herself into the house, leaving the door open behind her.

When the astonished Phillip walked in a few minutes later his wife was standing in the hall, nervously dangling the key.

"How in—what the—" Crosby roped for words. Helen Crosby handed the key to him and her firm little hands went up and gripped his shoulders and her frank eyes looked into his.

## GRANDMOTHER NOT SO SLOW

Possibly Less "Flip" Than the Maidens of Today, but She Seemed to Get There.

Grandma disdained the first aids to beauty—powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil and eyelash lotion.

She acknowledged before the world that she had ears. She exposed them to view.

She attended church regularly. She knew nothing of theaters, movies and cheering gum.

She danced the minuet with men she knew. She would have been horrified with the primrose dance, the hula and the shimmy.

She wore high necks and long sleeves, both trimmed with lace. She would have considered the sash and shoulder strap of today indecent.

Her skirt was very long and her toes peeped in and out like tiny mice, were told. She would have been scandalized by the knee-length skirt, the sheer hose and the low shoes of the present mode.

She gave no thought of career, that vote or the great question of the day.

And yet— She knew what to do when grandfather came along—Judge.

## SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE

Public Demand for Comedy May Yet Bring About Just the Situation Recorded Below.

Director—Would you be willing to accept a minor part for your first appearance in the pictures? To acclimate yourself, as it were.

Dramatic Star—Ye gods! I—I—I that have played kings and princes in the time essay a role of a nondescript miner and wear a lantern on my brow that has worn the crown and the laurel!

Director—No, no! You don't understand. I mean a small part—a minor role—an insignificant character. Strangely enough, the part is the kind you are familiar with—a prince—Hamlet.

Dramatic Star—What! The tragic Dane an insignificant part? Prithee, tell me, then, if Hamlet be a small part, what is the star role?

Director—Why, Yorick. You see, we resurrect him for our star funny man and run the play as a straight comedy.

—Film Fun.

## DRUG STORE, BY ALL MEANS

Victim of Accident in No Hurry to Be Carried to the Undertaker's Establishment.

In a collision between an auto and a load of hay, the driver of the latter was projected into the village road on his head, and lay there semi-conscious until two occupants of the more speedy vehicle lifted him out of the dust and started to carry him toward the sidewalk.

"Shall we take him into that undertaker's shop there, or to the drugstore further down the street?" asked one of the burden bearers.

The victim raised his head with alacrity and vociferated: "Take me to the drug store first, you darn fool!"

He was still smarting under her last rebuke, but being a Scout executive, and necessarily courteous, had not reported as he would have liked to do. But he saw that her attack of temper had been directed toward others as well as himself. She was telling of an encounter she had had with one of her boys at school. "But I bluffed him with a switch," she said. "I wouldn't have hurt him for anything, but he didn't know it. That switch was horribly large—large enough to have beaten a man."

"Then you would have beaten a man?" he inquired blandly. "No, I wouldn't," she snapped back. "I can always use my tongue on a man."

"And very effectively, too," he flashed, triumphantly.

## Lot of Them.

First Movie Director (watching the director of another company at work)—That's a corking mob scene. There must be two hundred men trying to break into the front door of that house, and fully two hundred at the back door. It must have cost you something for all those extras.

Second Director—Only a couple of dollars. I put two ads in the paper: "Wanted for the movies, a man that looks like George Washington; apply at front door." "Wanted for the movies, a man who looks like Napoleon; apply at back door."—Film Fun.

## Natural Colored Silk.

Experiments made in France have, it is reported, shown that the yellow and green colors possessed by the silk spun by certain caterpillars are due to coloring matter derived from the food, and passed through the blood of the spinners. By impregnating leaves with artificial colors the experimenters caused some species of caterpillars to produce silk of bright orange-yellow and the rose hues.

By the aid of the spectroscopic presence and nature of colored pigments in the blood of the little creatures was established.

## Qualified.

Robinson—I hear the boss is going to employ woman bill collectors. Jacket—Well, if a woman is as good at collecting money for bills from other men as she is from her husband, the idea is a good one.



Model Showing the Fashionable Slavic Influence—Developed in Black Satin and Menna Duvelyn.

shoulder. These shoulder drops are almost entirely supplanting the bona fide trails. The evening costume is completed by a touch of both face and hair powder to match the gown. Lavender, rose, blue and green face powders are as common for evening wear as white. Fresh and gold powders are used for the coiffure.

## The Ironing Board.

An ironing board should be padded so that it has spring, but not so that it is like a cushion; if padded too much, the iron will sink down and mark the garment that is being ironed. Heavy felt or the double-faced cotton flannel such as is used on a dining table makes an especially good pad for an ironing board. The width of this material will cover the length of the board. The pad should be made wide enough to turn over the sides, and about two inches should be allowed on all sides for shrinkage.

## Beaded Bags in Lead.

Beaded bags are much in style and handier than ever. There are still newer creations on the market in leather, but the beaded ones are apparent in these.