

**NEW FABRICS FOR BLOUSES;
SCHOOL-DAY HEADWEAR**

MODERN women, like the Athenians, are always looking for something new, and blouse makers are determined that this fall they shall find what they are looking for. Troops of lovely new costume blouses are passing in review, almost no two of them alike, endlessly varied in design, many of them made of novel materials that the season has brought in. These new materials immediately gained a foothold and are industriously climbing. They include satin-faced pique, crepe, crepe metalasse, varied rashes, chiffon velvets and various bits-

vorite and is shown in several varieties, of which the polo tam, in tan shades, appears with quill or flower trim of black velvet. The polo tam is made to match the polo coat, and almost any coat can find its matching hat, either in a tam or a soft, round hat, with a brim that can be turned up or down. These hats are made of coat fabrics, as tweed or velours, but there are some felts among them. Some of the tams are made to fit snugly by the insertion of an elastic band across the back, which holds them firmly to the head.



One of Coming Season's Blouses.

ered silks that appear in company with familiar crepe-back satin, crepe de chine and georgette, and there are a few fancy tricolette weaves. Variations in style keep pace with those in fabrics and trimmings, and the costume blouse is cast for the most interesting of all roles in the new season's fashion play. Sleeves and trimmings lend themselves to the whims and vagaries of the designer's fancy, and among them appear the deep bertha sleeves, like capes over the arms, and those that emerge from epaulettes on the shoulder and are fairly close-fitting above the elbow but flare below it. There are also many sleeves in two sections, with hanging drapery or a deep puff set on above the elbow. The puffed sleeves are gathered in to a band at the wrist. Everything in trimmings brings grist to the designer's mill, sequences of covered buttons, parallel rows of narrow fancy ribbons, pump bows, bead

The display of hats to match coats might be a little too sedate in color if it were not for the bright hats in cherry red, of cloth or velvet, which are usually trimmed with an ornament made of black grosgrain ribbon. Enterprising shops sell these ornaments ready-made, so that the home milliner can buy them for trimming the hat she has made or acquired. They reveal the art of the professional and give a hat the right finish. The summary of school hats includes many tams of black velvet and some very attractive knitted models. Hats made by manufacturers of knitted apparel are in the ring with every promise of making a triumph, and two of them are pictured here. The school-girl is well outfitted for autumn and winter with one of these hats worn with a wide warm scarf of angora wool. The "hat to match" idea promises the success of felt hats in all colors for



Headwear That Suits Schoolgirl.

and silk embroidery, tucks, inserted medallions of embroidered net, fancy ornaments, or anything else that happens along. For instance, little tugs of material are set, like small flags, from neck to elbow on the sleeves of the pretty crepe de chine blouse pictured. It appropriated, also, hemstitching about the neck and bottom, needlework medallions and embroidery of silk at the front and an uneven girdle finished with rosettes posed over the draped sides. Many costume blouses are very long waisted, ending in hip bands that encircle the figure below the hip bone. Others are not confined at all, hanging straight from shoulder to hem, and still others are draped. Be prepared to meet all sorts of eccentricities in blouses. The shops are displaying headwear for school days, to suit girls little and big, and the preference of their patrons has already decreed simple and soft hats. The tam is the fa-

Junior, and the bright red hat is worn with any color frock or coat. Besides the knitted hats there are some very classy crocheted hats for older girls and young women. They are handmade, by a peculiar process and are necessarily higher priced than the machine-made hats, but both have one attraction in common. Bands and other decorations can be introduced on the hat in the making—that is, they can be knitted or crocheted in. Even the trimmings that are added to the completed hat are often knitted or crocheted of yarn, like that in the hat, but in several different colors. School colors or emblems may be knitted in, in bands of contrasting color against a plain-color background which is usually dark.

Julia Bottomley

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale
BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE CLOUDED SULPHUR

"The Clouded Sulphur is a strange name for a butterfly," said Daddy, "but such is the name of a butterfly who has sent you his story to hear. And you know him very well, even though his name may not sound familiar to you. He is a small yellow butterfly, very pretty and dainty with dark markings around the edges of his wings. I suppose he is called the Sulphur Butterfly because he is yellow and sulphur is a yellow-colored substance.

Perhaps he is called the Clouded Sulphur because of the markings around his wings like clouds in a sky. I don't really believe he knows just how he got his family name, but he does know that he is dainty and small and yellow in color and that he loves the honey from clover."

"I am a harmless little butterfly," said Mr. Clouded Sulphur, "and I am very fond of the world and so are all the members of the family. We will never fall to come back each year, for we love the fields and the countryside. We love the clover better than anything and the clover invites us to many charming dinner parties and luncheons and breakfasts. People may not go out much to breakfast, and they may very seldom have breakfast parties, but we go to breakfast parties and have a delicious time of it.

"Perhaps I should say we have a very good time of it, but still we do have a delicious time of it, and I might as well be truthful. We're fonder of honey than we are of talking. Oh, yes, honey is better than talking. One can't swallow words, although some people do talk as if they were trying to swallow them. Perhaps they are trying to see if the words are good to eat. I might try that myself if I were a talker. But I'm not a talker as a rule, and so I won't try eating words. And, too, I know one really cannot eat words. So why should I waste my time trying to do something that I know is impossible to do? It would be very foolish, indeed; very, very foolish.

"I wonder if people who try to swallow their words are trying to find out if there is any honey in words. Perhaps they are. One cannot tell, or at least a butterfly cannot tell. "To be sure, honey is a word, but then it is a delicious drink too. How I love the word "delicious." It makes me think of honey and the thought of honey is very pleasant.

"But as I said before I am a very harmless little creature. Some of my relations are far from harmful. But the birds take care of that. They are the ones to look out for that. I am not harmful; no indeed. I am as harmless a little butterfly as I can be. Mother Clouded Sulphurs lay their eggs upon clover leaves, which hatch out into little green caterpillars, who nibble at the leaves. Yes, from babyhood, or perhaps I should say caterpillarhood, we're always fond of clover.

"But no one must think that we only care for clover, for we like other flowers, too, and we like to sip little drinks of water from tiny pools.

"Yes, after we've had good meals we sip cooling sips of water. And when you see us about we hope you'll know who we are, and you'll see plenty of us, all summer long. We believe in arriving early and staying late, for by doing that we can have such a very, very good time. Yes, we are pleased with the world and with a long, long summer time, so we come into the world and we stay a long time, too. But now I must be off and have some meals from a number of the flowers who've invited me to call today. I must be off for my calls!"

RIDDLES

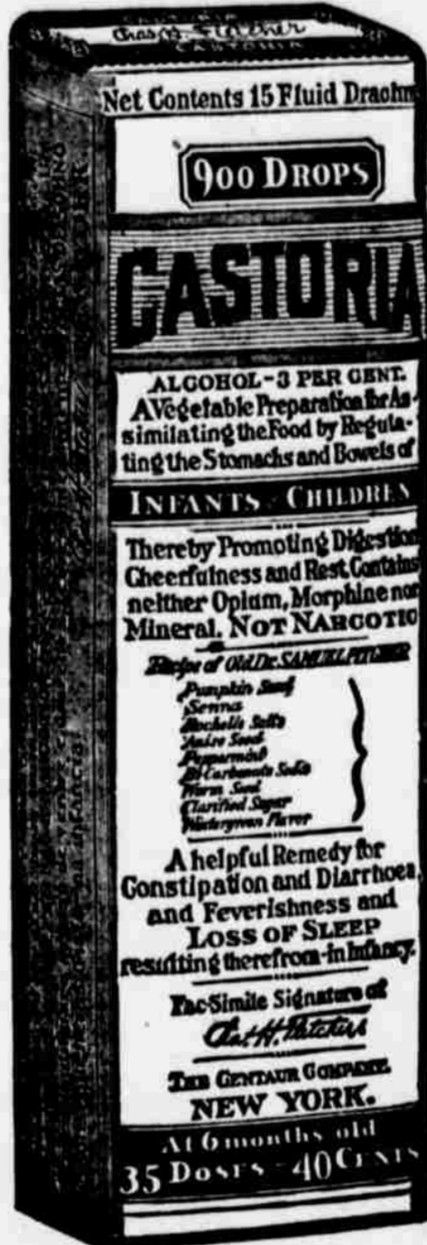
- What has only one foot?
One leg.
- When is an umbrella of no use in a shower?
When it is at home.
- What are the most difficult ships to conquer?
Hardships.
- What key in music would make a good officer?
A sharp major.
- What is the count on which you always lose?
Dis-count.

Shame on Them.

PERHAPS there are a few mothers who do not know the virtues of Fletcher's Castoria. Perhaps there are a few who know that there are imitations on the market, and knowing this demand Fletcher's. It is to ALL motherhood, then, that we call attention to the numerous imitations and counterfeits that may be set before them.

It is to all motherhood everywhere that we ring out the warning to beware of the "Just-as-good". For over thirty years Fletcher's Castoria has been an aid in the upbuilding of our population; an aid in the saving of babies.

And yet there are those who would ask you to try something new. Try this. Try that. Even try the same remedy for the tiny, scarcely breathing, babe that you in all your robust womanhood would use for yourself. Shame on them.



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Believe him when he tells you—as he will—that Fletcher's Castoria has never harmed the slightest babe, and that it is a good thing to keep in the house. He knows.

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No Help. Some Town. True.
"I feel blue." "Is your burgh a sporty town?" "Some say slang enriches the language."
"Look at the sky." "Sure is. Why, when the wind whistles, it whistles jazz."—Judge. "There's such a thing as getting too much dirt."
"That's bluer." A feud is usually the result of too much silent contemplation and not enough church socials. At life's banquet the scum is often taken for the cream.

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