

Taffeta Afternoon Gown, Novel Trimming



The very good-looking afternoon gown of taffeta shown here has several novel and original features to recommend it to those who are looking for something new in style. It is interesting from the facts that it is an American model, that it is easy to make, and that it is in line with the new models.

The bodice is cut in three pieces and has long shoulders and a high neck. It fastens on a diagonal line running from the middle of the neck at the front to the left side of the belt. It is set into a narrow belt, (which is slightly wrinkled over a foundation) made of the taffeta. Small soom shaped buttons made over molds are covered with the silk. A row of these, set close together, follows the line of the fastening, beginning at the swell of the bust and terminating at the belt. This row of buttons is balanced by a second row set at the right side of the waist.

The skirt is plain, consisting of

three widths of taffeta gathered in at the belt and into a wide band at the bottom. This band is edged with a silk cord of the same color as the taffeta. The side seams of the bodice and skirt are outlined with the small silk-covered buttons extending from the arm's-eye to the border of the skirt.

The sleeves are plain and long, finished with a narrow band of silk, piped with white. A similar band encircles the neck and supports a double frill of net.

An odd and unexpected feature is introduced in the large white buttons with dark rims that are sewed to the front of the belt. They repeat the color of the dress with its pipings of white at neck and wrists, and therefore seem to belong in the scheme. But they are not essential to the finish of the gown; they are used solely for the sake of the novelty they furnish.

Attractive Blouses Easy to Make



Blouses that will stand any amount of wear and are sheer and dainty looking, are made of voile. Others a little less durable but equally dainty, are made of sheer batiste. Two new voile blouses made up with strong venetian lace and further decorated with embroidery are shown here. Clusy laces and hand-crochet laces are even a little stronger than venetian, but rather less fashionable. The third blouse is of batiste decorated with very fine tucks and venetian lace.

These blouses are machine made and all the seams are hemstitched by machinery. When the waists are to be home-made the seams may be managed by setting turned-under edges together with tiny heading or the narrowest laces, or with needlework.

The first blouse in the picture is among the few designed this season with three-quarter sleeves. It is very plain, with "V" shaped neck finished with hemstitched hem. It fastens with small crocheted buttons and is decorated with venetian insertion about an inch wide and small sprays of embroidery. The collar is a wide plain turnover across the back.

One of the prettiest models is shown, made of voile, in the next picture. Its seams are hemstitched and the neck is "V" shaped, but supports a wide turnover collar of the voile. Lace insertion is let in both the back and front of the blouse, and the front is further decorated with small embroidered sprays. Crocheted buttons and buttonholes manage the fastening. The sleeves are long and shaped into the wrists, where they are trimmed with a band of insertion.

Ties of narrow black ribbon help support the collar, which must be

wired if it is worn high.

The waist of batiste is very simply made with groups of thin tucks at the back and each side of the front. The sleeves are full and set into straight deep cuffs that turn back and are edged with lace. The high collar is made in the same way.

Lace edging is used for joining the yoke to the front of the blouse. In all these models the lower edge is hemmed and gathered on an elastic band.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Don't Forget the Apron.

In replenishing your wardrobe don't forget to have at least one gown which can boast of an apron. For instance, on an afternoon gown of green soft taffeta attach a pointed apron of the material, and at the proper places have two little pockets. Have a two-inch-wide belt at the top of the apron—this is to serve as a girdle of the dress—and let it run off into space in the form of apron strings, which are to be tied in a pert bow.

A very quaint dance frock is made of figured voile. Around the neck and the puffed sleeves are ruffles of cream net. A filmy little apron of net and lace is tucked beneath the closely fitted basque, which extends in a point over the skirt.

Collarless Blouses.

Paris sanctions collarless daytime bodices; also makes an occasional model low and round or shallow and oval or shallow and pointed, and finished in very simple fashion with frill or ruche or flat collar or little inside fichu of net. And the small square is well liked, either with or without a standing collar at the back.

To Cure Dandruff.

A sulphur treatment, continued for many months, is effective in clearing the scalp of dandruff. To an ounce of sulphur add a quart of soft water and during intervals of several days agitate the mixture repeatedly. After the sulphur has settled to the bottom of the receptacle use the clear liquid. Saturate the head with it every morning, and in a few weeks every trace of the dandruff will have disappeared. The hair will become soft and glossy and there will be no more trouble.

Why He Needed a Week.

Clerk—"I'd like to get a week off, sir, to attend the wedding of a friend." Employer—"A very dear friend, I should say, to make you want that much time." Clerk—"Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."—Boston Transcript.

Here's Another Idea.

"Many a man talks 'bout the high cost of livin'," said Uncle Eben, "when de real reason for his difficulty is de uncertainty of a craps game."



IN THE CITIES

Look Out for Motor Car Gyps When in New York

NEW YORK.—When in New York look out for the gyps. Don't know what a gyp is? Well, you don't have to fear them unless you attempt to purchase a second-hand automobile. Then watch your step. The gyps are the direct descendants of the old-time horse traders.

The motor car gyp can accomplish temporary miracles. Under his deft fingers worn down cylinders and pistons are suddenly brought together and compression seems nearly perfect. Gears that have shrieked and rattled begin to purr like a well-fed cat and the victim gets a "demonstration" that is highly satisfactory.

A gyp sees, for instance, a fairly good-looking touring car of the vintage of 1911 in the hands of a dealer. "How much?" he asks. "I'll sell for \$650," but after a good bit of dickering the dealer makes it \$500. "I think it'll just suit a friend of mine," says Mr. Gyp.

Looking over the classified newspaper ads the next day we see: "Private party compelled to sell his car (1914), cost \$4,000, for \$1,000; all equipment; just like new. See Gyp, Hotel Pluto." "Must be all right if he lives in that hotel," the bargain hunter argues. He finds the gyp in a low-priced hotel room. "Oh, yes," says the gyp. "I have to give up my car. I'm funny about such things—always wanting a new car. My chauffeur keeps them in perfect condition, but I have to get a new one every spring." And so on and so forth.

Gyps often hire private garages or stables in the districts inhabited by the wealthy. It is known that a gyp has gone as far as Plainfield, N. J., in hiring a private garage to give an air of genuineness to the claim of a private sale.

As to "doping" them, graphite mixed with cedar sawdust is used to tame the worn gears in a transmission or differential, while a very heavy lubricating oil or a mixture containing wax will fill the spaces between piston and cylinder and bring compression almost up to normal.

Ghost Invites New Orleans Girl to Dance Minuet

NEW ORLEANS.—Legends like the fragrance of lavender hang about the old buildings in Chartres street. Tenement houses now, in the old days they were the abodes of cavaliers and fair ladies. Even now when the lights are out and the neighborhood is dark swords and silks swirl in ghostly sarabands as the dwellers of other days come back and take possession for the night of their former abodes. At least that is one of the legends, and the imaginative of the neighborhood will vouch for its authenticity.

Miss Lucile Lacoste, since she was a little girl, has lived in one of these "haunted" tenements. She and her mother have a dinky little room, and oftentimes the girl would waken her mother and bid her hearken to the gallants and their ladies as they danced the olden dances on the vacant floors below.

Lately she had become imbued with the idea that one of the cavaliers nightly sought her for a partner in a minuet. The idea of the phantom follower grew and grew until the girl could stand it no longer, and she decided to kill herself and to seek release from the "ghost" which followed her so relentlessly.

Away from the city, in the swamps back of Port Chalmette, the girl poised on the railing of a bridge over a deep ravine. She was ready to hurl herself over when she was discovered by Sheriff Fred Hahn of St. Bernard. She jumped into the water as Hahn rushed to the rescue. Hahn followed. In the water there was a struggle, the girl fighting to die, but at last she was pulled to the bank.

Chicago Con Man Tried the Wrong Old Gentleman

CHICAGO.—An old man whose thick-lens spectacles framed a pair of faded, mild, benevolent blue eyes, walked slowly down North Clark street. At Austin avenue a young man, whose predominant points were razor-creased trousers, cloth-topped shoes, and gleaming finger nails, stopped him. "Uncle John!" he cried. "Gee, I'm glad to see you!"

The old man looked puzzled. "Nope; not Uncle John," he corrected, gently. "Uncle Bob. Guess maybe you made a mistake, sonny."

"If you ain't my Uncle John Williams from Indiana I certainly did make a mistake. I just got off a train from the West and found someone had picked my pocket. Wife's coming to town tomorrow and I haven't even got enough money left to get my trunks. There's \$19.75 charges against 'em, and if I had \$20 I'd be all right. You let me take that \$20 and I'll let you keep my \$300 stickpin."

"Did ye ever hear of a feller called Long John Wentworth?" the old man asked, irrelevantly. "He was mayor of Chicago in Civil war days. Don't suppose you know who John Turtle was? Turtle was John Wentworth's chief of police. Robert Kenney was John Turtle's chief of detectives. Getting old now, Kenny is, but there isn't a speck of hayseed in his hair. Ain't made an arrest since before you were born—but no telling when he'll start. That's all. Now, about that \$20 and the \$300 stickpin and the pickpockets and those trunks of yours?"

The young man disappeared, racing around the corner at Vanderbilt cup speed.

"Perfect" Babies in Los Angeles Are Betrothed

LOS ANGELES.—A perfect baby boy and a perfect baby girl have been dedicated to each other by their mothers in the hope that in the coming years love, guided by maternal hands, may lead to an eugenic marriage. The 100-point children who are unconsciously facing a made-to-order romance are William Charles Flynn, thirty-seven months old, and Aline Calvert Houck, seventeen months old.

After the babies emerged from a baby congress, each with a "perfection tag," their mothers held a conference. Three times before the children have won first prizes in the same baby show. The boy is the winner of fourteen first prizes and the girl of six. The mothers are convinced that fate has thrown their children together for some great purpose, but they have agreed that they will not resort to any form of coercion in snatching the futures of their children.

Aline has not been walking as long as her possible future admirer. When the boy was less than one year old he developed a fondness for beef-steak. At his present tender age he could be classed as an athlete. He performs several athletic "stunts."

It will be strange if, in time, William does not become interested in Aline's violet eyes. She has naturally long lashes, which are always a great aid. Her mother thinks that the violet eyes may have a tendency to perfect the present plans. William has brown curls—natural curls, the kind that have charmed feminine eyes in all ages.

New Use for Mercury.

A scientific investigator of Europe has discovered a method of destroying fungus disease and household pests by the use of mercury. In enclosed spaces the mercury is employed in the form of vapor. In other cases it is injected in metallic form directly into the circulating fluids of the plant. The growth of the plant is not only not disturbed, but is in many cases actually assisted.

Appreciation.

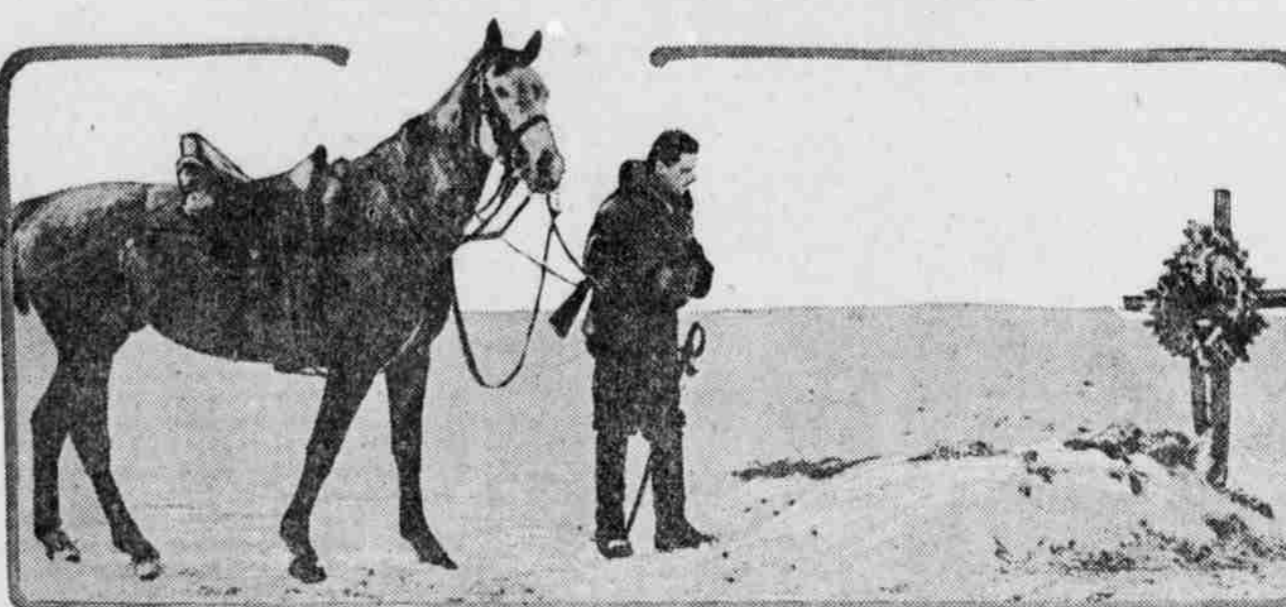
The curtain descended slowly. Hamlet had died a beautiful death and was being carried out shoulder high and by his loyal friends. The audience sat with bated breath, impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Not a whisper was heard and the silence was so intense you could hear the beating of your own heart. All at once a shrill whisper was heard distinctly. "My, ain't that just swell!"

CASTING THE SUFFRAGE LIBERTY BELL



In the presence of prominent suffragists from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York, a new "liberty bell" was cast at a Troy, N. Y., foundry. It is the hope of the suffragists that the bell will toll victory for the suffragists in three states next November. After the bell is exhibited throughout Pennsylvania it will be set up in Independence square. Eventually it is hoped to hang it in a tower in Washington. Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, the president of the Pennsylvania Woman's Suffrage association, is shown at the wheel of the ladle. At the right are Mrs. Katharine W. Raechenberger, the donor of the bell, and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

AT THE GRAVE OF HIS DEAD COMRADE



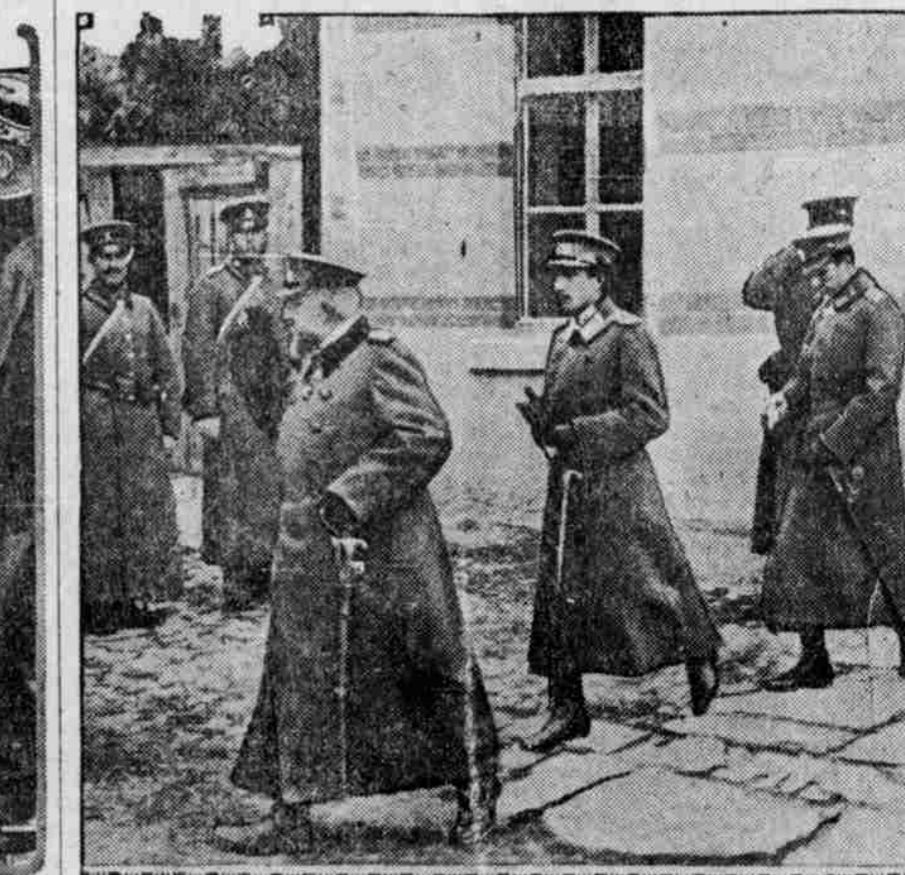
Pathetic scene on a battlefield in France, where a soldier stands at the grave of the man who had fought shoulder to shoulder with him.

JOFFRE AT THE FRONT



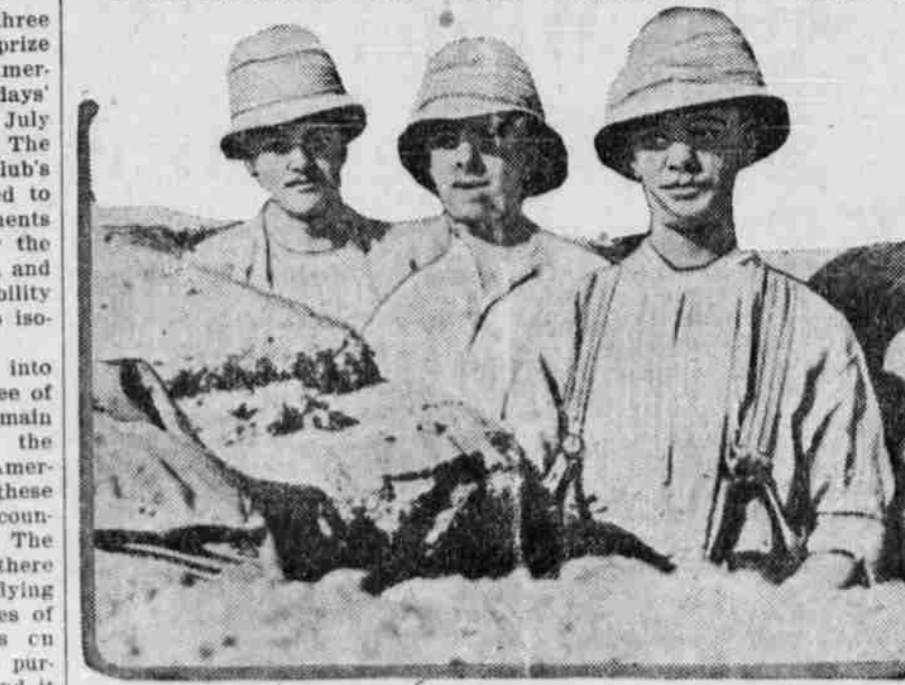
Snapshot of General Joffre, the French commander-in-chief, taken at a point in the lines where he has arrived unexpectedly, and has at once begun to issue orders.

BULGARIAN KING AND PRINCES



King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the crown prince and Prince Carl leaving the cathedral at Stara Zagora.

ENTRENCHED IN THE SANDS OF EGYPT



Three members of the Lancashire Territorials digging a trench in the Egyptian desert near the Suez canal.

TO HONOR FRENCH WRITERS

Proposition That Medal Be Struck to Commemorate Their Services in the War.

In Echo de Paris is published a letter addressed by M. Maurice Barres, member of the French academy, to the president of the Societe des Gens de Lettres. He says: "I wish to use the share granted to me of the Bonaparte fund in having a medal struck to commemorate the

bloody sacrifices undergone by French literature in the defense of our country. I will ask the greatest of all artists to produce his masterpiece for us. "The society will then, with your consent, present on behalf of our corporation a medal to the family of all writers killed by the enemy. On the reverse of the medal, in the space which is available, we will inscribe the author's name, the date of his death, and the names of his chief works. On the exergue we might inscribe Shakespeare's touching words:

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, the gods themselves throw incense." No Desire to Be Ray of Sunshine. "These signs on the order of 'Keep Smiling,' 'Cheer Up,' etc., give me a large pain," said Sackville McKnutt, who has a very somber cast of countenance. "Did you ever see a picture of Abe Lincoln that had a smile on it? And did you ever see one of George Washington with a broad grin? I am proud that I resemble Lincoln and Washington."—Kansas City Star.