

## MOST ELABORATE ARE THE COIFFURES FOR THE EVENING

If devotees of fashion follow the lead of costumers and the big department stores, they will wear such gorgeous and conspicuous head-dresses as we have never seen. It seems, since lovely woman may no longer wear a hat at the theater, she will take to coiffure ornaments quite as picturesque and more unusual than anything the milliners have ventured to make in the last century. The most gorgeous gold and silver laces, jeweled bands sweeping feathers and exquisite flowers are brought into requisition to make these headpieces beautiful.

The opera season will reveal whether the more ambitious and imposing of these brilliant ornaments have ap-



peared to the American great lady or not. But even if she rejects them they will have an influence upon the modes of the winter in coiffure ornament.

East India seems to have inspired many of the elaborate and novel head-dresses which are being displayed in anticipation of the opera season. But no matter what their source, the new head-dresses are dazzling. Many of them are so large they might be classed as crownless hats. It is not likely that these extremes of size and gorgeousness will be generally worn even among the ultra fashionable. What will come into favor,

more likely, are designs, modest in size and not too intricate, like the sample shown in the picture.

The broad band is made of gold braid in a lattice work pattern, studded with rhinestones at the intersections of the braid. Similar pieces are made of pearl beads and any other mock jewel that suits the wearer.

Ornaments, feathers and flowers, often add further embellishment to coiffure decorations of this character. Such elaboration in ornaments presupposes more elaborate coiffures also. There is no limit to latitude in styles at present. What will happen as a result of this exploitation of extreme ideas, will be a general use of decorations for the head, other than hats, for evening wear.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### Elderly Lady's Wrap.

Supplementing the really warm wrap which the elderly lady leaves in her limousine when entering the opera house or a theater, is a transparent affair said to be for the purpose of warding off vagrant draughts from her shoulders, but actually designed to conceal her figure. This wrap, in gold or silver-striped black or white gauze, in plain malines or in chiffon, is unlined and easily made, for it is simply a three-yard length of the very wide material run in general use. At each end it is gathered into wrist-bands concealed by frillings and about the center of the back, all of the fullness is gathered into the edges of a four-inch diameter circle of the same material. When worn, the gauze, malines or chiffon falls in soft folds about the bust and hips and vails, while it does not actually hide the bare shoulders and arms.

### Newest Mantles.

An essential point of the evening mantle, and one which the daytime coat shares, is the wrap effect which brings with it plenty of possibilities for the use of rare and lovely clasps and ornaments.

The three-quarter length is advised on account of its lightness of weight and because it does not tend to crush a very fragile frock nor to hide it unduly.

One made for a bride whose proclivities are artistic was carried out in the most splendid dull deep orange broadened upon dark garnet velvet and trimmed with black fox flecked with white in great tufts, uncommon and remarkably handsome in appearance.

### Suspenders With Skirts.

An interesting novelty is the suspender made similar to men's suspenders. Those of black velvet, finished with gorgeous buckles, are particularly striking. These suspenders are dressy rather than tailored in effect, and are especially appropriate to wear with the new black separate skirts and fancy lace blouses.

## Latest Fur-Trimmed Millinery



TWO attractive but not unusual hats are pictured here, in which millinery furs are used. Neither of the shapes are innovations in size or style, but both are graceful and becoming.

In the hat with brim covered with moleskin it is noticeable that the fur is fitted to it, but on the upper brim the brim-covering becomes a sort of soft ash about the base of the crown. This is a novel and interesting management of this exquisitely soft fur.

The crown of velvet matches the fur in color, and is laid in rather deep pleats, giving a more ample fullness than appear in most crowns. The velvet is supported by an interlining of crinoline.

The fancy ostrich "stick-up" at the side is white. Many hats in this color are adorned with similar fancy feathers in the orange and tango shades, combined with paprika, and the color combination is splendid. Nearly all colors harmonize with mole color, so that the fancy feather may be chosen

to suit the preference of the wearer. That shown in the picture is typical of the season. These stick-ups look fragile, and are strong. The ribs of natural feathers are used for stems, surmounted with their native flues or others.

A band of white fur and an ostrich plume in white trim the graceful black velvet hat which appears in the other picture. The crown is small and soft in this model—merely a lined puff of velvet. A broad French plume, with quill end thrust through the brim, is quite modest as to height, compared with extremes which have become popular.

Worn with this brilliant hat is a neckpiece of marabout and ostrich, showing strips in white, white and black and all black, making a wide scarf that is very dressy and very comfortable. Although the down of marabout looks so airy, it seems almost to generate warmth and looks as cozy as it feels.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## BACK TO THE GARDEN

By LESLIE DAVIS.

Professor Harrow sat in his study in the big city college and tapped his desk restlessly. Professor Harrow was young and energetic enough to be impatient.

"If they are ever going to send me that assistant," he muttered, "I wish they would hurry him along."

He turned back to the work of making notes. "Primrose, Variety No. 7. Rare. Pink and white. Fragrant. Sometimes found in unexpected places when it has escaped from gardens. Does not flourish—"

A light tap at the door interrupted. "Come in!" called Professor Harrow.

A girl stood in the doorway. She had light brown hair and big eyes and her face was a dainty combination of white brow and pink cheeks. She wore a pink linen dress with wide white collar and cuffs, for though it was October, the city was suffering from the last burst of heat.

"I believe I am to be your assistant," she introduced herself. "My name is Chloe Curtis."

The professor continued to stare. "The very description," he noted, as though thinking aloud. "Rare, pink and white. I wonder where she escaped from."

Miss Curtis returned his gaze with indignant surprise.

"Escaped?" she echoed. "Weren't you expecting a secretary? Why should you think me a lunatic?"

"I didn't; I thought you were a primrose," answered Professor Harrow, confusedly. Then he remembered his manners and sprang up to give her a chair.

"Excuse me, Miss Curtis, please," he apologized. "I was puzzled for a moment. You see, I expected a man to be sent. Can you see well there? Is the chair comfortable?"

Chloe affirmed that all was to her liking. She sat down, produced her pencil in a most businesslike manner and awaited orders, but the professor could see that she was regarding him curiously from the corner of her eye as though she thought him a very queer creature indeed.

"If you are ready, we will begin," he declared with dignity. "I will read and you may make notes. 'Primrose, Variety No. 7. Rare. Pink and white. Fragrant. Sometimes found in unexpected places when it has escaped from gardens.'"

"Oh-h," broke from the lips of the new assistant, her cheeks growing pinker as his meaning came to her. "Oh, I see!"

"You do, do you?" retorted the professor; then they looked at each other and laughed.

"It was perfectly plain," explained Professor Harrow, "that you had escaped from some garden or other. The city varieties are likely to be white."

"I've escaped from East Wilton," announced the girl, blithely.

"I've come to the city to make my fortune. I'm the luckiest girl in the world!"

"Lucky to leave the glorious country?" The natural world was a passion with Professor Harrow. "Lucky to exchange birds and flowers and free air spaces for pavements and dust and noise?"

"I am the oldest of seven children," returned Miss Curtis, gravely. "I mean to take care of myself and East Wilton is not a good place to make a fortune. Shall we go on with the work?"

"Does not flourish with transplantation," resumed the professor. "Ah, Miss Chloe, there's your warning!"

"Perhaps the plants that have tried being transplanted have not been sufficiently harrowed," remarked Miss Curtis, calmly. "Do you suppose that could be it?"

The startled professor gazed at her suspiciously. Her face was very bland, very demure, but the twinkle in her eye could not be suppressed.

"Variety No. 8!" cried the professor, and the writing went on.

Miss Curtis proved to be a valuable assistant. She loved the work and her enthusiasm and faithfulness sent Professor Harrow's lectures speeding on their way. She seemed to be prospering too.

"I've sent ten dollars home to mother as a present," she confided in him gleefully at Thanksgiving time. "And I have twenty-five dollars saved besides. Who says transplanting isn't the road to fortune?"

"Good!" the professor rejoiced with her. He knew she was working hard for the hours with him in the morning were only part of what she had undertaken. As for himself, he tried to think that his extreme content with life came from the fact that his work was marching along so satisfactorily, but when, during the Christmas holidays, he had spent one restless lonely morning working alone in his study, the truth came suddenly upon him.

"It isn't the work at all!" he cried, "it's Chloe! I love her and I want her, I want her, I want her!"

He rose and paced the study, filled with a hunger for her sweet face, a longing to gather her in his arms and tell her how he loved her, how he wanted her all for himself, to keep and to cherish like the dainty flower which she had always seemed.

And then came a blow; he had to leave her! Those in authority decided to send him south to study certain specimens of flora at first hand and for two weary, dreary months he traveled about, working hard but with his only floral interest the condition of

transplanted primrose in the north, his only comfort the gay little notes that came in answer to his longer ones.

In these missives she seemed so blithe that when he first saw her, after his return, her paleness startled him. However, his greeting sent a quick color back to her cheeks and her sweet, rather shy welcome filled his soul with joy. She seemed so quickly pleased to have him back that it gave him courage to propose a little festivity.

"Miss Curtis," he began, "won't you help me celebrate my home coming? Let me come for you this afternoon and we'll have dinner. I know a delightful little place. And then we'll go to a play; what would you like best to see?"

Miss Curtis turned and looked out the window. "I am sorry," she answered, coldly. "But I have an engagement for tonight."

For a minute Professor Harrow was too downcast to speak.

"I see," he said, presently. "Well, good morning," and with a bow he left the study and walked blindly down the hall.

"I was mistaken," he kept whispering to himself. "She doesn't care at all!"

It was not until he reached the street that he realized he had forgotten the notes for his lecture that afternoon. He must go back and mechanically he retraced his steps.

He pushed open the study door expecting to find the room empty. There in his chair sat Chloe Curtis crying as though her heart would break.

"Chloe, dear!" he sprang to her. "Tell me what the matter is!"

It seemed the only thing to do to take her in his arms and brush away her tears. It filled him with delight that she did not try to escape; she just snuggled down as though she belonged there.

"I wanted to go with you so much and I made you think I didn't!" "Then why did you answer me that way, dear?"

"I didn't have anything to wear!" in a forlorn wail.

In spite of himself, Professor Harrow laughed. "Oh, Chloe," he protested.

"I'm not joking, I'm shabby from head to foot. And I've only that worn old coat I brought from home for outside. I couldn't go with you that way!"

"But Chloe," he cried, anxiously, "I thought you were prospering. You said you were saving money."

"I haven't saved a cent since before Christmas. Oh, I confess, I haven't flourished in transplanting. I could have managed it alone, I shall yet, but you see there was Sarah, too."

"Who is Sarah?" he asked, puzzled.

"The boards where I do. She came from the west to earn her living but she got ill and lost her place. The doctor's bills made it awful."

"And you've been paying for her?" he cried.

"What else could I do? Would you have had me desert her?"

Humbly, Harrow raised her hands to his lips. "Chloe," he said, "I've been offered a new position. They want me to take a piece of land outside the town and start an experiment station. Can't you love me a little and come with me, back to the garden?"

In answer, Chloe let him keep the hands.

"Not a little!" she whispered. "Oh, how I missed you and wanted you while you were away! Take me back to the garden and never, never let me escape again!"

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### Cheaper Than New.

He peered anxiously into the shop where sporting supplies are sold, slowly entered, and as he slowly advanced to a counter, where a clerk was standing.

"Do you keep golf goods?" he asked. "Yes, sir. What do you desire?"

"I am looking for a second-hand set of golf links."

"A second-hand set of golf links?" exclaimed the astonished assistant.

"Yes. You see, it's this way. Me and my wife have just opened a smart boarding house, and as we have a pretty sized yard, I thought it would attract boarders if we could start up this golf game I hear so much about. A second-hand set of links would be cheaper than new ones, and they'd do well enough to begin with."

"No," replied the diplomatic assistant, "I am sorry to say we have sold out all our second-hand sets. Anything else in our line?"

"Nothing else."

And the bargain hunter departed.

### Giving Themselves Away.

The late Mayor Gaynor was one day censuring a hypocrite.

"Hypocrites," he said, "whether they are correcting the social evil or starting factory girls, always give themselves away. They remind me of the tramp."

"The gentleman who ran into this tramp had gone out on an all-day fishing trip, taking his lunch with him. When he reached the river side, he discovered that he had dropped his lunch somewhere on the way, and so he hurried back to look for it."

"After a while he met a fat, healthy tramp, who strolled along sucking a toothpick and looking very well pleased with life."

"Did you pick up anything on the road as you came along?" the gentleman asked.

"Nor, sir, not me, boss," said the tramp. "I didn't pick up nothin'. Couldn't a dog have found it and eat it, sir?"

# In the PUBLIC EYE

## DR. WILLIAM BAYARD HALE



William Bayard Hale has been a good deal in the public eye of late because President Huerta of Mexico objected to his presence in that republic. Dr. Hale was a clergyman, but is better known as an editor and writer. He is forty-four years old, and comes from Richmond, Ind. He was educated at Harvard, and was in the ministry from 1896 until 1900. Then he became editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. In 1901 he was made editor of *Current Literature*. He gave up the magazine field in 1902 to become a special correspondent of the *New York World*. Then for several years he was managing editor of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Later he was one of the editors of the *New York Times*, and in 1909 he went to Paris as correspondent of that paper. He is a brilliant writer.

Various foreign governments have honored him. He is a Knight Commander of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun of Japan and an officer of the Order of Leopold of Belgium. He has been quite a student of history. He wrote "Making of the American Constitution," which is a standard publication. He was associated with Mr. Wilson in some of his historical writings.

## WRITES POEMS TO ORDER

Handmade verse, instead of court-made law, has been handed out by Representative Edward T. Taylor of Colorado in many an instance where he believed he could serve his clients better with common sense than jurisprudence. Taylor is one of the big characters of the mountainous state from which he comes, and in addition to his knowledge on the subject of irrigation, public lands and law, he is considered to be a shrewd and far-seeing citizen worth while knowing.

He had a law case once in which a ranchman named Greenough rode 25 miles one hot day to find Taylor in his little office at Glenwood Springs. Greenough's complaint lay in the fact that a neighbor's hens would stray across the dividing line and scratch up Greenough's garden sass.

"I'm tired of talking to that fellow," said the ranchman, "and I want to get out a court injunction against the hens—not the owner—the hens! Do you understand?"

"How many hens are there?" asked Taylor.

"About a thousand," replied Greenough.

Taylor figured up the number of eggs that a thousand hard-working hens might produce, and then, instead of giving words to a long list of legal advice, he scribbled down a four-line verse and handed it to Greenough. This was the verse:

"If the poultry of your neighbor man  
Into your yard should chance to stray,  
Don't let your angry passions rise,  
But find the hens a place to lay!"



## THIS IS J. W. BRYAN

Secretary Bryan and Representative J. W. Bryan of Washington are not related, but they are much alike in that both are great public speakers.

The secretary of state got his early training in school "boy-orator-ing" out in Nebraska, while the representative learned to talk while selling books down in Texas.

Bryan was sole agent for northern Texas and other parts for the works of Dr. De Witt Talmage. He had a sixteen-pound oration and a twelve-pound book that he just fairly threw at the natives for several summers, while working his way through college. They do say down there that once he got the front door open and his foot between it and the threshold the honest housekeeper had as well dig up \$1.75 for a set of half morocco Talmage works and save time. He nearly always made a sale.

During the first summer out Bryan had several peculiar experiences. He traded books for lodging, board and most everything else. Finally he became so affluent that he bought himself a horse and buggy and went scurrying around the countryside on wheels—a thing no book agent in those parts ever had done before.



## SEÑOR MANUEL DE ZAMACONA

Manuel de Zamacona, once Mexican minister at Washington, arrived in this country a short while ago on a mission from President Huerta. His mission was said to bear some resemblance to that of Ex-Governor Lind, who was sent to Mexico by President Wilson. It is understood that Zamacona was Huerta's personal representative, and did not possess an official status.

There is some ground for the belief, however, that Zamacona had the sanction of the so-called dictator of Mexico for an endeavor to reopen the negotiations which had been at a standstill since the last note of Foreign Minister Gamboa, turning down the proposals of President Wilson.

When he left Mexico City, en route for Washington, it was said he was going to see the several members of President Wilson's cabinet in an attempt to negotiate a loan to put Huerta's government on a substantial financial basis, and to make a desperate effort to raise at least \$5,000,000 in gold to pay the interest on the National railway bonds, which fell due on October 1.

President Wilson and his cabinet members, however, refused to open negotiations with Señor Zamacona as a representative of the Huerta administration, and therefore, it is said, his mission, so far as the loan is concerned, was a failure.

