

### BROCADE OPERA COAT WITH CAP OF GOLD LACE

**B**ROCADES in silk and velvet, crepe and velvet and in satin have had, are having now and will continue to have a wonderful vogue. They are luxurious and beautiful and drape the figure in the manner of classic drapery. Women are inspired by them; they embody the "splendor dear to women" which Tennyson noted. There is no gaudiness in their effect upon the



more of the light evening dresses worn under them than need be covered by coats for day wear. They are ornamented with fur at the neck and sleeves, and heavy cords and long tassels used for fastenings. Everything about them is sumptuous.

For lining, plain crepe de chine and the thin supple satins are liked. The matter of warmth is not given great attention, for the wearers of so much splendor are supposed to ride and not walk upon the occasions that call for the coat. Still one may see plenty of these beautiful wraps in the cafes and elsewhere, on people who go about in the street cars and subways. But these conveyances are quite comfortable nowadays and the distances to be walked over are short.

The evening coats fashionable now are ample and simple in outline. Most of them are cut with a yoke and having big, roomy sleeves in one with the body of the garment. They are easily put off and on. The picture shows an example which is a good type of the majority of cloaks.

The small cap of gold lace trimmed with a standing spray of silk fibre aigrettes is simple enough. The gold of the cap and the black of the aigrette repeat these colors as they appear in the deep and vivid natter blue of the wrap.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

**Flower Decorations for Muffs.**  
Flowers are extraordinarily popular this season as decorative adjuncts for the muff. Huge, vivid-toned chrysanthemums and dahlias in velvet, lead the way, and the splash of color afforded by the tawny shades running through all the gamut of riotous reds and yellows appeals irresistibly to the feminine mind.

Many opportunities for the display of superb peltry are given this season by the varied arrangements of fur on the winter suits. It seems as though women were more than ever convinced that fur makes the most fascinating background for the complexion and were determined to lose no chance of using it for decorative purposes on every possible occasion.

**Lingerie Vanity Bag.**

Every woman knows the dainty squares of linen or lawn with elaborately embroidered corners that are called glove handkerchiefs, but every woman doesn't know that they may be fashioned, into the most sanitary or vanity bags. As the glove handkerchief is never more than five inches square, it is easy to realize how very tiny will be the bag that is formed after a strip of lace beading has been run circle-wise between the corners and they have been drawn in with a quarter yard length of narrow ribbon which ties in the smallest of bows. When the bag is closed, the four embroidered ends fall over like the petals of a white lily.

carriage of their wearers. They are queenly garments.

The fabrics are wonderful to start with, as rich looking as the old, heavy brocades after which they are patterned, and as light and supple as crepe. Many of them show raised velvet flowers or conventional designs on a crepe ground, the velvet flowers weighing the crepe so that it hangs in lovely lines about the figure.

These garments are cut longer than plush or cloth coats in order to cover

### The Simplest of Lace Waists



**A**n attractive waist made of all-over lace is shown here, which is as simple as can be and at the same time stylish and effective. It is cut by a blouse pattern, having the sleeves and bodice in one. The seams are set together with hem-stitching and frills of net finish them and the neck.

Unlike many net and lace waists, the sleeves are barely elbow length, for in many of the new waists they are long. In fact, one extreme or the other seems to be the rule—either very long, coming well down over the hands, or else ending just above the elbow.

A waist like that shown is useful in many ways. It is cut on the right lines by expert cutters. Women buy these simple lace and net waists and use them as a foundation on which to build much more elaborate affairs. By adding chiffon drapery—embroidered motifs, fine net or lace gimpings, handsome girdles—they work transformations and lift the waist from the three dollar class into the thirty dollar class.

Or if a lace and draped bodice is

wanted with a skirt of velvet or satin or any other of the season's fashionable fabrics, one of these net or lace waists is draped with a bit of the material of the skirt. Sometimes there is a drapery over the shoulders, and sometimes it is in the form of the girdle. Often it is merely a panel at the back and front with chiffon over it and a separate girdle of ribbon.

The skirt is separate usually but after the waist is adjusted and the girdle pinned to place the dress seems all in one.

Nothing was ever more useful to the tourist than these simple blouses of lace and net. They are so soft and light that it is no trouble to carry them. One needs pretty corset covers of silk or lace under them, and they are mere wisps of clothing weighing nothing. With a pretty lace waist a ribbon girdle and the fancy corset cover, a plain skirt will answer and still the wearer may feel "dressed up" for dinner at the hotel or on the steamer, or at home, wherever there is a call for a pretty demi toilette.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### THROUGH ACID TEST

By KATHERINE HOPSON.

Stephen Miles sat stunned, while the letter fell unheeded from his fingers.

"I can't believe it—I can't!" he exclaimed over and over. Then he picked up Avis Cordon's letter again and reread the last page:

"I hope you're going to say won't hurt you, Stephen. We have been very good friends, and I hope always shall be, but this is probably the last letter I shall ever write you, for I am going to be married in October. My fiancé is a man I met this summer while visiting Uncle Alfred, in Denver. Robert Harley is owner of a large silver mine in the Tahoe valley, and is a man of ability who inspires one with confidence."

At this last sentence Stephen winced. "That's more than she could say of me. But it wasn't because I didn't try to make good." His mind went back over the past, which seemed a series of misfortunes, beginning with loss of health, then position and prospects. And now, after two years of fierce struggle he had regained all three.

"But on the eve of success I have lost my sweetheart." There was a wounded boyish look in his gray eyes. "I don't wonder she grew tired of waiting—and an offer from another man in settled, comfortable circumstances seemed attractive after the tales of discouragement which were all I had to give her for so long! But, oh, Avis! Avis! If only you had held on a little longer, all would have come right for us!"

He laid his head down on the old student table—where for so many nights after a weary evening's work, he had written his daily letter to Avis. That hour of writing had been the brightest one of the 24.

"If I'd received this letter six months ago—or even four, it would merely have seemed part of my chapter of bad luck, but now when I thought things had taken a turn for the better, this comes as a knock-out blow."

For a long time he sat with head bowed on his arm in thoughtful silence, then he straightened up. "Well, it's a blow I must take like a man." Squaring his shoulders he got out writing materials and wrote—in the graceful, kindly way which had always characterized him even in moments of deepest discouragement, and wished her all good luck and happiness.

There was another moment of anguish when he wrapped up her letters and photograph to send back. They had helped him over so many hard places. "If I could only keep this," thought he, as he looked at her picture.

In a way he was glad he did not know the exact date of her wedding. Yet each day during the month of October he wondered if this were the one. He had intended to return this fall to the old town in Ohio to visit his parents. But he could not go now—not until Avis was married and gone from there. He decided to accept an offer he had received of a position in Montana.

His train left St. Paul late in the evening, but he entered the Pullman early to get well settled. With a sense of relief he laid down his grip and prepared to make himself comfortable in the seat, when he glanced carelessly through the car—and there before him, across the aisle, sat Avis and—the man.

Stephen stared in blank amazement. "Well, of all predicaments!" he ejaculated. "I have tried to give her up with the best grace possible, but I'm not equal to sitting across from her for two days and witnessing another man's happiness. Besides, the situation would be a bit embarrassing for her. Quietly he picked up his bag and left the car.

He went back to the ticket office and arranged to have his berth changed to another car. It was necessary for him to go on that train to meet his business appointment, but he could not avoid the bridal couple. He would time his going into the diner so as not to meet them. The first day he was successful. They seemed always to go in at the first call, but at noon the second day they were late, and Stephen, supposing they had come and gone, was just beginning his dinner when they entered.

They went to the end table, and Avis did not see him. Her back was turned, but he could see her face reflected in the mirror. It was not a happy face. For one moment Stephen felt a human gleam of satisfaction that she had not found the anticipated joy with this other man. Then like the acid test which brings out gold from dross, his better nature rose from its struggle to the surface, and there surged over him a wave of tender pity. Avis—his Avis—had evidently made a terrible mistake—and it was for all her life long. He studied her reflection. The eyes were sad, and there lurked a look of tragedy in their violet depths. His gaze shifted to her husband as he sat facing her. He sat studying the bill of fare with intentness. It was evidently a matter of much moment what he ordered.

Sick at heart, Stephen left the diner. "If I thought she were happy, I would try to conquer my primitive jealousy and be happy. But now—oh, hers is not the face of a happy woman. And to think—it's Avis!" The train stopped at a station for a few minutes, and he got out and

strode savagely up and down the platform.

That afternoon the man strolled into the smoking car and sitting down beside Stephen he began to talk about a hunting expedition he was going to join in Montana. His air of braggadocio made Stephen like him less and less. All his consideration seemed centered about himself and no mention made of his bride.

"Will your wife accompany you on the trip?" Stephen found himself asking, his voice strangely unnatural.

"Oh, no, she isn't a good traveler, and doesn't like to rough it," was the careless rejoinder.

Stephen's blood boiled. So neglect was to be Avis' portion before the honeymoon was scarcely begun! He left the smoker abruptly. He felt he could not answer for consequences if he remained.

He was profoundly thankful when they reached Butte, where he was to change cars. And yet—could he go away and leave Avis in the keeping of that man who evidently failed to keep his vow to love and cherish?

It was a pale, set-faced young man tensely gripping his traveling bag who alighted. He had fought the matter out with himself and decided that the kindest things he could do was to go away and not add to her discomfiture by a dramatic scene.

Many passengers were getting off and on, and as his train was not due for a couple of hours, Stephen waited until the first confusion had passed before entering the station. By the time the long overland train had steamed away into the darkness he was alone, save for one other passenger, evidently of the same mind about waiting. She was looking around in a bewildered way. As she turned, and the light from the station fell on her face, he saw, to his amazement, it was Avis.

"Why is it? What's the reason?" his quick mind questioned. Her face looked strained and resolute, and her big eyes were piteous.

Gently he spoke her name, so as not to frighten her. But she started in nervous terror. Then she realized who it was.

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen," she half sobbed.

"What is it, Avis? Where is your husband?"

"My husband?"

"The man you were with," he returned, grimly.

"Oh—my uncle?"

"Your uncle!" It was his turn for astonishment.

"Why, yes, Uncle Fred Sangster, Aunt Mollie's husband. She was with us, too, but the poor dear was terribly car sick, and had to stay in her apartment most of the time. What a funny mistake."

They laughed. Then his face became serious. "But your letter said—"

"It is past time for your wedding—"

"The tragic look returned to her face. "The wedding did not come to pass, nor will it ever. A week before the date set for our marriage I learned some things by accident about the man I was to marry—and I gave him back his ring. That is all—except that it's my pride more than my heart that's hurt. A position was offered me to teach here in the Butte schools—and I came."

He scarcely heeded what she was saying, except that she was free.

"Some cousins were to meet me here—but our train was late—and they aren't here—"

Full realization returned to Stephen with a rush. "I'll see you safely to their home, if you'll allow me. I will take care of you now—always, Avis!"

"Always is a long time," she laughed.

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### ASSURES HONESTY OF VOTE

French Method Seems Somewhat Complicated, but Doubtless It Effectually Eliminates Fraud.

Have the French discovered the only honest way of getting the number of votes? The way of voting which has recently become a law is called "isolated electoral." The following is the description given by a Paris paper:

More than 20,000 electors defiled before the urns in a district of Ivry for the election of a deputy. Before putting their votes into the urn they all passed through the isolator. When they entered the voting room, after receiving a paper, which proved their right to vote, which they had taken to court the day before, according to the new law, the voters were each given an opaque gray envelope, with which they were allowed to go to the urn. but only after passing through one of the eight cabins put there for the voter to be able to choose his ticket freely, without anybody seeing him do it. A squad of policemen stood by as the men went about to enter the cabins, and told them what to do. "Put your vote in the envelope." "Now go on the other side." "Don't try to seal the envelope." And then the voter was allowed to throw his vote into the urn.

**Loss of Electrical Energy.**

When energy-transmission wires are carried overhead on wooden poles there is no appreciable loss of energy in the poles, but when high-tension lines are carried on steel poles or towers the steel of the structures becomes magnetized to some extent and energy losses take place. This is particularly likely to occur if any one of the wires passes through a closed loop of steel in the structure of the tower. The only question of importance to the electrical engineer is whether the losses thus incurred are sufficiently great to be serious from any practical standpoint.—Electrical World.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

### TO CHRISTEN BIG BATTLESHIP



When Miss Lorena Cruce, daughter of the governor of Oklahoma, christens the new United States battleship Oklahoma next March, the most truly American warship will be launched—the Indian of the navy.

Miss Cruce, herself part Indian, will be surrounded by the representatives of 40 tribes of red men of the forty-sixth state. And if the request of Oklahoma is complied with, and the vessel is manned largely by Oklahomans now in the navy, a strong vein of Indian blood would be found in the crew's personnel.

A majority of the Indians to be present at the launching will come from the Five Civilized Tribes, but Miss Cruce insists that all other branches of aborigines shall have delegates at the launching. They are expected to appear in native dress, and the scene will be the most unique in the navy's history if her plans prevail.

Robert L. Owen, United States senator, and his daughter will represent the Cherokee strain, and Congressman Charles D. Carter the Choctaw branch of the five civilized groups of the Indian Nation, whose emblems is a five-pointed star surrounding the seal of Oklahoma will be the most conspicuous design to be engraved upon the \$7,500 silver service which the state will present to the battleship.

Miss Cruce, whose mother is dead, and who is the constant companion and chum of her father, is the granddaughter of a gallant pioneer, Capt. Le Flore. Her mother was one of twins whose names were Chickie and Choekie because of the commingling of Chickasaw and Choctaw blood.

Mrs. Cruce was Chickie Le Flore. The daughter, seventeen years old, is a graduate of the Oklahoma State Normal school, and the Ardmore high school. She is a student of languages in the University of Oklahoma and a leader of society in the circles of her age in the capital. She has traveled extensively and, though a girl in years and appearance, she is a woman in intellect and accomplishments.

### BURDEN OF BEING A HERO

Rauf Hussein Bey, captain of the glorious "Hamidie," is advertising for some one who will take off his shoulders the burden of being a hero. A year's experience has proved that being a hero is tiresome. Raouf can tolerate his popularity, the display of his photographs, the flicker of his moving picture face and his prospects of becoming admiral and marine minister. But against this stands the fact that when you become a hero in Turkey influential people insist on marrying you to a princess. Raouf resents this. Though a Turk, he is more European than Europe itself, and he much prefers the European system under which pretty girls who want to marry heroes send along their photographs. In Turkey they do not get their photographs taken. The sultan merely commands the hero to marry a princess of the ancient, mighty and terrible House of Othman, without even knowing what she's like.



Captain Raouf Hussein is a dark-eyed, thick-nosed, handsome, well-set-up Turk forty years old. He served in the British navy, speaks perfect English, has tasted whisky and soda, and in every other respect is a civilized man. It was Raouf who went to Germany to buy the battleships Weissenburg and Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm, which, renamed Messudie and Barbarossa Hairedden, did Turkey such signal service in the war.

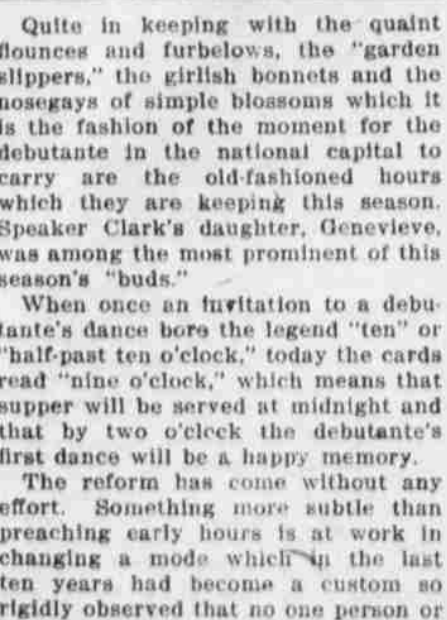
### LAMARS MOVE TO CAPITAL



Lamar is a familiar name in the social annals of the national capital, and, glancing through its written pages, it seems a rare occurrence when a representative of the family has not figured. Certainly not for the past 20 or 30 years. Judge William Bailey Lamar and his attractive young wife are welcome additions to the circle composed of former officials for whom the lure of the city is irresistible. They were here for six years, beginning with the Fifty-eighth congress, when the judge, then serving as attorney general of his state, was sent to the lower house. After serving in the Sixtieth congress, Judge Lamar became affiliated with large legal interests in Atlanta, Ga., and resided there until two years ago, when he and Mrs. Lamar returned to Washington, which will hereafter be their winter home.

"Fads are something I never had leisure to cultivate," said Mrs. Lamar. "One of my delights relates to all that pertains to a home. We recently erected near Atlanta, Ga., a home the thought of which will always give my heart a pang, for it seems now that it will never be our joy to live there."

### GENEVIEVE CLARK, CAPITAL DEBUTANTE



Quite in keeping with the quaint flounces and furbelows, the "garden slippers," the girlish bonnets and the nosegays of simple blossoms which it is the fashion of the moment for the debutante in the national capital to carry are the old-fashioned hours which they are keeping this season. Speaker Clark's daughter, Genevieve, was among the most prominent of this season's "buds."

When once an invitation to a debutante's dance bore the legend "ten" or "half-past ten o'clock," today the cards read "nine o'clock," which means that supper will be served at midnight and that by two o'clock the debutante's first dance will be a happy memory.

The reform has come without any effort. Something more subtle than preaching early hours is at work in changing a mode which in the last ten years had become a custom so rigidly observed that no one person or set of persons, however influential, could uproot it. Another feature of the season is the absence of such purely feminine functions as the erstwhile popular debutante luncheon.