

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Sweaters and Sweater-Coats

The sweater coat has become an institution as permanently placed in the wardrobe of the modern woman as the wrist and the blouse are. It started its career as a matter-of-fact garment devoted to comfort alone, but as become as much diversified as causes are, and style is an important element that enters into its make-up every season. It continues to flourish the strength of being both comfortable and smart.

Sweaters this season, shown in silk and in wool, also in fiber silks in great variety, are made mostly in two-color combinations. Many of them are knitted to conform to the figure rather snugly at the waistline, and equally as they depend upon a sash or belt, like a sweater, to give them a little definition of the waist. Nearly all of them have rather ample collars and many—among them some of the finest models—are furnished with pockets.

The slip-on sweater is one of the venter successes of this particular season. Its name signifies that it has a front opening, but slips on over the head, and it is made with and without sash and pockets; the silk models being usually provided with these extra furnishings. The coat sweater is shown in the picture with collar and cuffs in a color contrasting with the body of the garment. It is of silk knitted with a heavy thread.

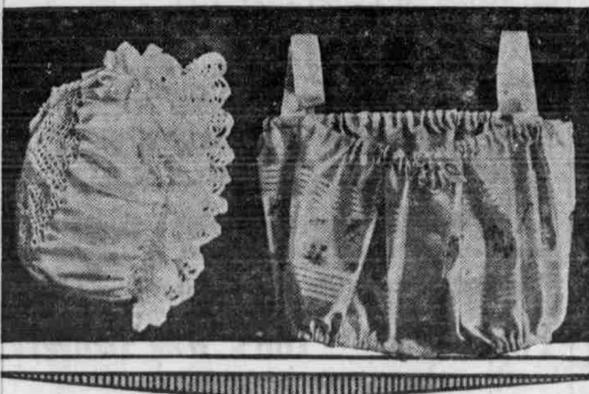
In colors there is a wide and beau-

tiful range to choose from, combined with white, with either the color or white dominant, according to the taste of the wearer. She may choose among turquoise, peach, Nile green, rose, tan, royal blue, orange, water blue, violet and yellow—all have their devotees.

Our Food Supply and Our Allies

Every one of us must share, whether we will or not, in the burden of the cost of the war. The common-sense thing to do is to determine now how we can help lighten this burden for ourselves and for others who are already carrying about as much as they can bear. There are many well-to-do families in every community who are not inconvenienced by the increased prices of foodstuffs, but this burden bears heavily on their poorer neighbors. Therefore it is the duty of the well-to-do to economize in food and to forbid all waste of it in their households, in order to make it more plentiful for others.

This year America must feed itself and share its food with all its allies, and the chances are that prices will soar again. There may not be just enough to go all round, and some people will then go hungry. It is un-patriotic and unchristian to waste food now, and every housewife can best show her patriotism by conserving it in every way known to her.



Pick-Up Work for Summer Days

The good old summer time brings nothing more delightful or worth while than the neighborly gatherings of women on sheltered porches and in shaded corners of the garden, to work and visit. It is not fashionable to be idle and, even if it were, the good sense of the majority of American women would make them go on their industrious way rejoicing—much happier than their less independent sisters.

Just now everyone can visit with a clear conscience if work for the soldiers and sailors goes on at the same time. This is one kind of "pick-up" work that the times make most popular. Then there are gifts for graduates and brides who are entitled to their usual consideration. So those who can knit may go armed with knitting needles and yarn and spend the time making mufflers or socks for the army and navy, and those who can't will be indulged in the privilege of making gifts for friends. It is not too

soon to begin getting ready for Christmas time.

By way of suggestion, two pretty accessories of dress made of ribbon are pictured here. One of them is a breakfast cap of white satin ribbon and white crochet lace that will rejoice the heart of any bride-to-be, when added to the treasures of her hope chest. It is finished with a full rosette of narrow satin ribbon, and it is very rich and effective in all white.

The corset cover is made of flowered ribbon with pale corn-colored background, vague roses in light coral pink and leaves in a soft, light green. The shoulder straps are of narrow satin ribbon in the same lovely yellow. Corset covers of ribbon or silk were never quite so acceptable as gifts as they are now that blouses are mere veils of sheerest fabrics, for them.

Julia Bottomey

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MUD-PIE PARTY.

"The mud had been very thick of late," said Daddy, "and Peter Gnome thought he should have some fun with it."

"How about a mud pie party?" he asked the other Gnomes.

"Gorgeous," they all shouted.

"Now of course there are foolish people in the world who don't know enough to enjoy mud—but they aren't children, nor the Gnomes and Brownies and other little friends of theirs. To be sure, there are many reasons why grown-ups should not like mud. It spatters their clothes and makes their shoes very dirty and altogether it is not nice if one has to dress up and look well every minute of the time.

"Luckily, though, children don't have to dress up all the time! They can make mud pies! And if they think they enjoy them—well, they should just hear about the Gnomes and Brownies having a mud-pie party."

Daddy stopped for a moment.

"Please go on, Daddy," the children said. "We've been making mud pies too, just lately," they added. "We want to hear about the Gnomes and Brownies."

"When Peter Gnome saw that all the other Gnomes wanted a mud-pie party," continued Daddy, "he suggested that they ask all the Brownies to come.

"Well, the Gnomes thought that was a fine scheme, and off they started, this way and that, to ask the Brownies.

"First of all they saw Billie Brownie and his brother Bennie chopping wood.

"Well, of all the things," said the Gnomes, "What are you two doing?"

"Chopping wood," said both the Brownies, and then they grinned and looked at each other.

"What did you imagine we were doing?" asked Billie Brownie.

"Yes," said Bennie. "Do you see? Here is the saw and here is the wood, and here is some we have already chopped."

"What we meant," said the Gnomes, "was to ask why you were chopping wood."

"Ah, that is entirely different," said Billie. "We shall tell you then, shan't we?"



Billie Brownie and His Brother Chopping Wood.

we? And Bennie nodded his head so fast that the Gnomes were a little bit afraid it might come off.

"We were going to have a bonfire party and ask you all to it this evening," said Billie. "I haven't seen my old friend Peter Gnome for many a day."

"We have come with a message from him," said the Gnomes.

"Oh, tell us quickly, what is it?" asked Billie, breathing very hard in his excitement.

"We wanted you to come this afternoon and join us in our yearly mud-pie party."

"We'll come right away," said Billie, "and then you must come back for the bonfire."

"All right," said the Gnomes.

"We have enough wood for a big bonfire," said Bennie. And the other Brownies, who had come about to listen, nodded their heads and turned somersaults with the thought of all the fun that was going to be had that day and night in Gnomeland and Brownieland.

"Peter Gnome and Billie Brownie were delighted to see each other, and laughed and chatted right away.

"Here," said Bennie. "Peter and Billie are the leaders of these parties. Come and start the fun."

"So Peter Gnome and Billie Brownie stopped chatting and joined the others.

"We shall all make mud pies," said Peter Gnome, "and we shall also make mud castles with mud ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps some might think it queer to make ladies and gentlemen out of mud, but we don't think so, do we Billie? Billie, of course, agreed with Peter, and he went on talking: 'I shall give a prize for the finest pie, the finest castle, the finest lady, and the finest gentleman.'"

"And they all set to work. The prizes were very handsome and were new scarfpins of red berries on little sticks. Each pin had a fastener made of long grass. Everyone was delighted with the prizes and the mud ladies and gentlemen caused the greatest merriment of the afternoon. And then they all went to Billie Brownie's bonfire."

Afraid of Mamma.

Little Ruth—My teacher says our conscience is what tells us when we do wrong.

Little Willie—Well, I don't care—just so it don't go and tell mamma.



1—John Spargo, prominent American Socialist, who has resigned from the Socialist party because he believes it is committed to a program that is un-American and pro-German. 2—French civilians being deported to Germany, from a photograph taken by a German officer. 3—Interned German sailors from the vessels seized at Philadelphia taking their morning walk at Fort McPherson, Georgia. 4—Naval Reserve gunners on the volunteer submarine chaser Lynx, owned by Nathaniel Ayer of Boston, and being used in a recruiting campaign along the New England coast.

AUSTRIAN CITY THREATENED BY ITALIANS



The advancing Italian army is only a few miles from the great Austrian naval base at Trieste. The photograph shows a panorama of Trieste and was taken from Miramar, the home of the Archduke Maximilian, afterward emperor of Mexico. In the foreground running along the shore is the important railroad connecting Trieste with Venice, the Isonzo and Vienna. At the foot of the hill is one of the fortifications. In the middle distance is shown the break-water harbor and main part of the city. In the background, fronting the bay, is Servola, the site of Austria's great naval ship-building yard.

MISS RANKIN PLANTS TWO TREES



Miss Jeanette Rankin of Montana, our only congresswoman, has added arboriculture to her list of accomplishments. With the aid of three movie photographers, a few congressmen, a handful of spectators and a pair of diminutive trees, Miss Rankin added to the landscape on the capitol grounds. She planted a fir tree and a California Redwood.

NOT LOST IN THE ARCTIC



Donald B. McMillan who, it is reported, has been picked up after four years in the Arctic searching for Crocker land which Rear Admiral Peary thought he had discovered several years ago. McMillan and his party were sent into the North in 1913 by the American Museum of Natural History, equipped for a four years' stay. In 1915 the George B. Cluett was sent up as a relief ship, but returned after an unsuccessful search for the party. Last year the Denmark was sent up from Greenland, and after wintering in North Star bay found Doctor McMillan and his party.

His Own Record.

"Bank saved that woman's life from the undertow and then she married him."
"Yes, and she found out that she was all he ever did save."

BATTLESHIP PENNSYLVANIA IN ACTION

