

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



About the New Blouse.

In a season when quiet colors and reserved designs prevail in suits and dress, the new blouses appear to be quite independent of these ideas. Except for lingerie blouses and plain shirtwaists, much like those of the pioneer days in blouses, the new models enter—a brilliant and vivid company, in colors and decorations, compelling the eyes. They save the day for a season that would otherwise be too tame.

Costume blouses of georgette crepe, are made in flame red, petunia orchid, purple, gold, green (emerald) char-treuse, wine, and in pale tones as well. Bead work of American Indian inspiration and embroidery of East Indian origin—sparingly used—furnish the logical decoration for these more or less vivid flashes of color.

Lingerie blouses are of another order entirely. They are made of fine voile or batiste or organdie, with the finest voiles favored. They are not by any means inexpensive when the work of making and decorating them is all done by hand as it is in the best examples of this kind of blouse. Minute, hand-run tucks, inlays of real lace and embroidered applique, worked by hand, bring prices ranging from twelve to twenty-five dollars each. But voile is so durable and so fine that it

merits the time spent in doing hand-work on it.

One of the simpler new models is shown in the picture. It is of fine white voile with all seams hemstitched, and is trimmed with venetian lace. Its especially new feature appears in the wide jabot ends gathered to the sailor collar at each side. The sleeves are full and prettily finished at the hand with their fullness gathered into a band which is hemstitched to a narrow flaring cuff. The blouse fastens with small, heavy pearl buttons and a lace insertion is set at each side of the hem in the front.

Indefinable, but Unmistakable.

"I'm blest if I know what you women want with dressmakers nowadays; cut a hole for your head in a piece of stuff and tie it in around the waist and there you are!" So said a smart soldier man on leave, whose own uniform was immaculate. "I have a good mind to follow your directions and take a walk in the park with you," countered his wife. It is difficult to see where the modiste's skill comes in, for the gowns of today fit nowhere and disguise rather than improve the figure. All the same, the costume turned out by a first rate house has a style about it indefinable, but unmistakable. That is what we women cheerfully pay for.



Velvet Hats for Fall.

Although you may make your choice among hats of many different shapes the chances are that it will fall upon something made of velvet, either plain or paume—and that that something will be simply trimmed. The capeline, the casque, the toque and the turban shapes, varied and interpreted in many ways—they are all here. And they are dressed up in velvet sometimes of two kinds and often of two colors. Since the matter of trimming is easily disposed of that of making and draping the hat may take much time.

Soft crowns are everywhere. In the first hat shown in the group above, a wide brimmed shape, covered with paume velvet, has a crown that is a puff, accordion plaited; both these facts marking it a hat of the hour. Its trimming is an ornament of jet and it is a brilliant all-black triumph of millinery art.

The beautifully draped turban in

petunia velvet has a very narrow drooping brim. All the draping flows upward in graceful lines from the center of the crown where a wing is posed. It is in the color of the velvet but in various shades and follows the lines of the flower-like drapery.

An odd shape not easily classified appears in the third hat. It lays claim to originality and is made of gray velvet on a shape that turns back off the face. A pair of gray wings with bright iridescent feathers at the front suggest a scarab, and they are mounted flat against the turned-back brim.

In dressy hats as in afternoon and evening gowns, much more attention is given to draping materials than for many seasons and draperies that conform to beautiful lines, serve to set off rich fabrics.

Julia Bottomley

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

DUCKS AND PIGS.

"Brother Bacon," commenced Daddy, "who was also a grandson of Porky Pig, decided that he would like to have a party.

"I haven't had one in such a long time," he squealed. "I think I should have one. Pigs should be treated well these days with pig meat so expensive.

"Now that people have come to see that we are very wonderful, we certainly should not treat ourselves badly."

"Aren't we treating you well?" asked Miss Ham.

"Not unless you give me a party," said Brother Bacon.

"He is right," said Pinky Pig. "We should have a party. We should let the whole world know that we are fond of ourselves too."

"They've always known that," said Mrs. Duck.

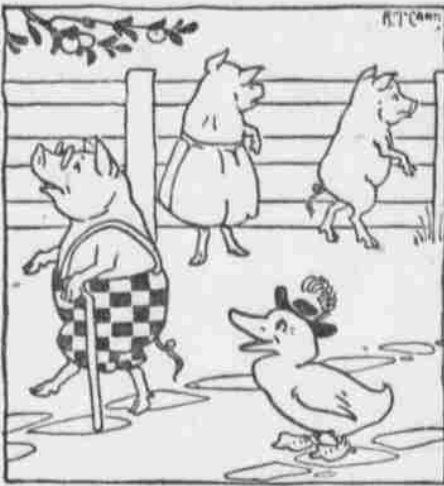
"And pray tell, how have they known such a thing?" asked Grandfather Porky Pig.

"Because," said Mrs. Duck, who had wobbled into the barnyard to hear the talk, "they have always known you were fond of yourselves because they have called you pigs."

"That doesn't mean anything," said Brother Bacon.

"Why not?" quacked Mrs. Duck. "We were called pigs long before they used the name to mean someone selfish," said Grandfather Porky.

"Maybe so," said Mrs. Duck, "but I can't remember so far back. As long



"Good Day," Quacked Mrs. Duck.

as I have known the barnyard you have always been called by the family name of pig. And as long as I can remember all selfish, greedy people were called pigs."

"We got the name first," said Miss Ham, squealing angrily.

"That's true," said Mrs. Duck. "Now I begin to see."

"Good," said Miss Ham crossly, "it is about time you began to see."

"But maybe it wouldn't please you if I told you how I understood it all so clearly now."

"You may tell us anything you please," said Miss Ham.

"Of course," said Mrs. Duck, "your family must have been given the name of pig in the first place many years ago."

"Of course," squealed the pigs. "It's an old name, a good old name, and we have never changed it."

"But what I want to explain," said Mrs. Duck, "is that you must have been given the name first in order for selfish people to be called by your name too."

"It doesn't follow at all," said Grandfather Porky.

"Oh yes, it does," quacked Mrs. Duck. "How could selfish people have ever been called pigs if your family of pigs had not been greedy?"

"We can't stop folks from talking," said Miss Ham, who quite plainly saw that Mrs. Duck was right. But she did not want to admit it.

"No," said Mrs. Duck, "you can't—especially when they are right in what they say."

"Anyway," said Grandfather Porky, "they may say we are greedy and they may have named selfish people after us, but it's more of an honor than was ever paid you, Mrs. Duck."

"And how so?" asked Mrs. Duck, wobbling over nearer to Grandfather Porky.

"People are never called ducks," said Grandfather Porky. "You're not even selfish ducks, you are simply ducks who don't amount to anything. No one could be named after you. You aren't of enough consequence."

"Indeed," quacked Mrs. Duck. "That shows how little you know, Grandfather Porky. 'When things are lovely and when children are kind and nice you will often hear it said, 'Oh, isn't she a perfect duck!' Now, what have you to say to that, pig family?"

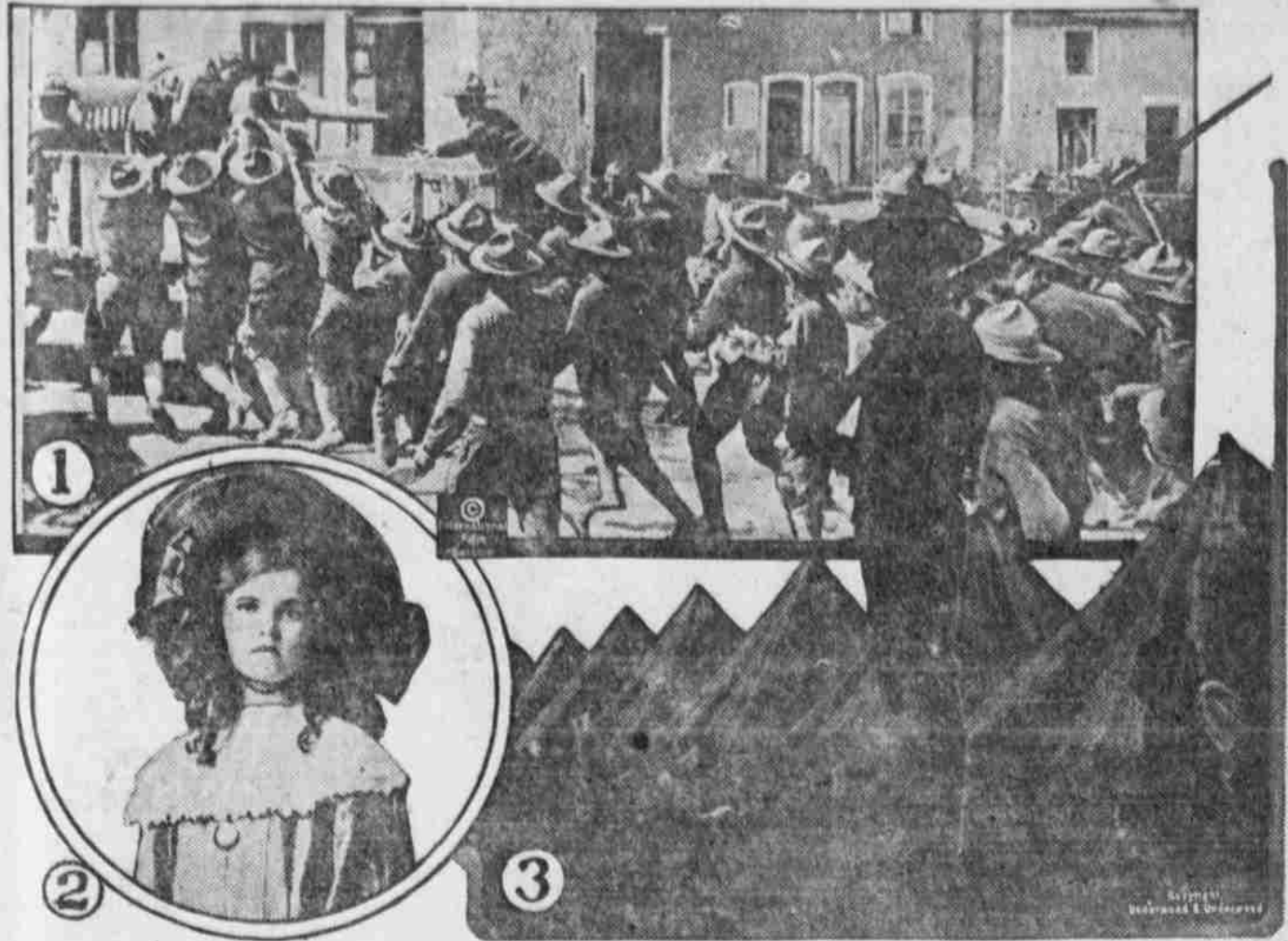
"The pigs all walked away toward the mud in the pen. They had remembered hearing something about ducks that was nice, but they didn't want to tell Mrs. Duck so."

"I think we must be going," said Grandfather Porky. "Good-day!"

"Good-day," quacked Mrs. Duck, as she grinned. "Of course they had to be going," she said to herself. "They said so many wrong things and they know it."

"She wobbled back to the duck pond to tell the others all about it, and the pigs went back to the pen.

"Brother Bacon had his party in which all the pigs joined, for they thought they needed a good meal and some comfort after such an extremely disagreeable talk!"



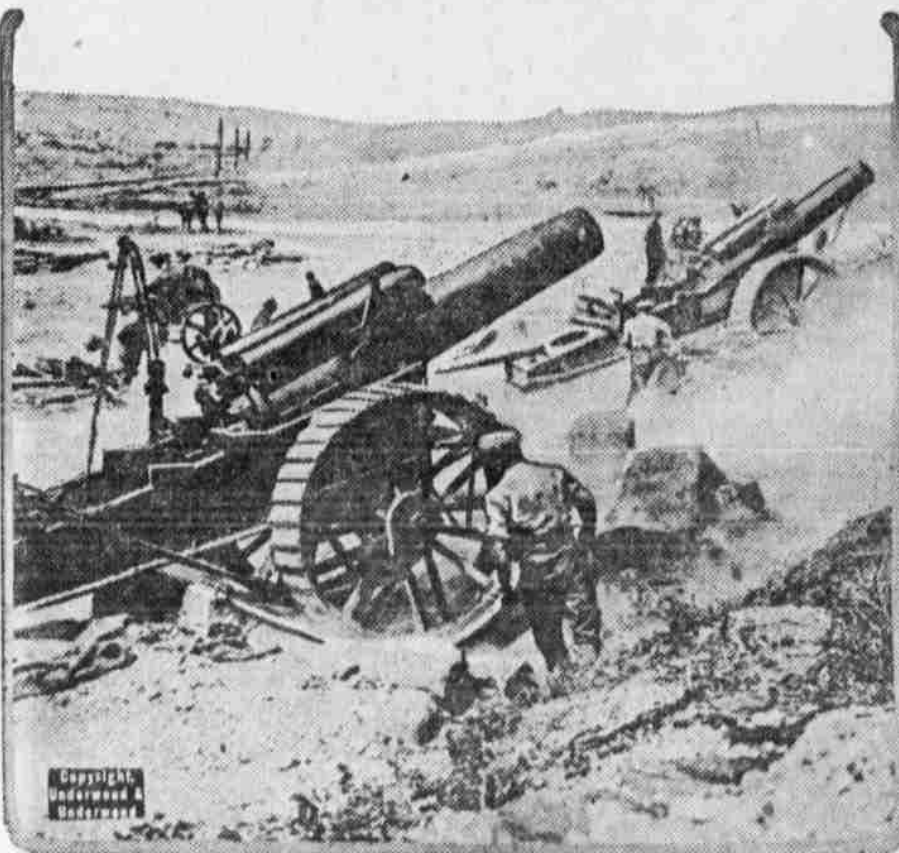
1—American soldiers in France making a mad rush for the motortruck that is bringing them a supply of cigarettes. 2—Princess Barbie, great granddaughter of Gen. U. S. Grant and daughter of Prince Cantacuzene of Russia, who with her sister and brother has been brought to America because of unsettled conditions in Russia. 3—Sentry on guard in one of the cantonment camps of the National army.

OLD GLORY ROUSES ENTHUSIASM IN LONDON



The sight of Old Glory carried before a contingent of our fighting men roused usually phlegmatic London to the wildest enthusiasm. The photograph shows the troops marching through the city and, inset, the king and queen saluting the colors, which are dipped to them.

CAUSES OF "STRATEGIC RETREAT"



Another "strategic" German retreat is the burden of the news from Flanders. A glance at these busy British guns banging away at the German trenches will show the reason for the strategy.

"ACE" RAOUL LUFBERY



Lieut. Raoul Lufbery, premier "ace" of the Lafayette escadrille, who has brought down more than a dozen German airplanes. Recently he made seven flights in two days and engaged in five aerial battles in a single day.

QUALITY THAT WINS SUCCESS

No One Need Consider Himself a Failure Who Has the Merit of Self-Reliance.

We would like to see every boy fuke up the spirit of Henley's lines:

Not in any rash or boastful way, but out of respect for himself. A boy must develop his own personality and put it to work on his destiny. He must not stand back, depending on Pap or Uncle Jobe to give him a boost and be there to help him if he fails. He must assist himself. Whenever he doesn't he is a failure. It makes no difference how much knowledge or money he has or how high up in society he is, if he hasn't within him the impelling force of his individuality he won't amount to much. "Go at some-

thing now," is the only advice that will materialize into success. Don't ask dad. Don't wait forever on opportunity. Pitch in and fall a dozen times if necessary, so it is done with a brave heart, a clean mind and the spirit to work. The boy who relies on some one else is half a failure already.—Ohio State Journal.

Talking Shop.

A butcher of some eminence was lately in company with several ladies at a game of whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked:

"Pray, sir, what is the stake now?" To which, ever mindful of his occupation, he immediately replied: "Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than one and ninepence a pound."

Ostrich Eats Anything.

The old saw about "A stomach like an ostrich," is not altogether beside the mark, for the ostrich will eat literally anything, including nails and glass. They demand large quantities of gravel or other gritty substances, and are given a regular ration of broken bone and shell every noon.