

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Captivating Morning Coats.

Whoever thought up the morning coat, or breakfast coat, added a new joy to life. It has taken its bright place in our midst and is welcome to stay, and destined to do just that, for the rest of time. It will take a great inspiration to create something equally captivating to replace it.

The morning coat is a gay and pretty garment, made of light-colored taffeta, on the lines of a regulation coat. It is dignified enough to appear at the breakfast table and frivolous enough to be charming. It is long, reaching almost to the bottom of the lacy petticoat that is its companion for life. It has a coat collar and a belt and fastens at the front like any other coat. In the matter of sleeves it is wayward refusing to go further than elbow or three-quarter length.

In the coat shown in the picture there are pockets at each side edged with shirred bands of taffeta. This finish is used on the sleeves and down the front of the coat and the buttons

are covered with taffeta. They fasten through cords, made by covering cable cord with the silk instead of shirred bands, full box-platings made of narrow strips of silk, frayed out into fringed edges, make a lovely finish. Almost anyone could make a coat of this kind if it were worth while to spend the time, but they are so inexpensive ready made that there is nothing to be gained by doing the work at home.

Of course nothing could look better with a breakfast coat than the little lace cap that has a remote resemblance to a sunbonnet with its cape of lace behind and frill over the face. The ribbon that extends across the top of it ties at the nape of the neck in the back and is of the same color as the coat. The tiniest chiffon flowers are set in little clusters on it. Pink, maize, blue, lavender and light green are all used for these coats with the preference at present for pink and maize.



"Forward" March! Say Millinery Styles.

All millinery minds appear to travel to an inevitable goal, no matter by what road they go. When they negotiate with fashion concerning the matter of mid-winter hats, fur and velvet, fur and metal brocades, fur with metal embroideries, fur with metal cloths, appear to be the end of their imaginations. One might think it contrary to the constitution, to the realm of style, to leave out fur; for it is everywhere. But, if the designers haven't fur then they use fabrics that suggest it, and feathers.

Very small neckpieces made to match, account partly for the partiality shown to fur. Just a touch of fur on the hat, and a high collar, like a small muffler of the same fur, to be worn with the hat, leaves no doubt in the mind as to the smartest thing in winter millinery. The neckpiece may be a scarf or cape, and both it and the hat that goes with it may be of cloth and fur. Designers have made many variations on this theme and all of them successful.

Three new arrivals in millinery are shown in the group above. Something between a cap and a turban at the center of the picture, is made all of caracul and it is draped up at the center of the front revealing a gleaming bit of silver brocade on a black ground. This hat is soft and furnished with a chin strap of the fur that extends from side to side and fastens with a snap fastener.

Very few hats are stiff, but there are many in which only the crowns

are soft. The pretty hat at the lower right is of this description. It is made of taupe-colored velvet embroidered with silver threads. The coronet is edged with moleskin and the soft crown is finished with three small pompons of this fur set where the velvet drapery is fastened down.

The hat at the left is of brown haters' plush with the brim smoothly covered and the crown draped with this beautiful material. It dares to be furless, inasmuch as the plush is much like a glossy fur, and is trimmed with a handsome flat band of feathers that extends across the front of the brim.

Julia Bottomley

Vells Have Magic Lure.

The lure of the veil is second only to the lure of millady's eye. For motor use the veil is of thick substantial chiffon almost too coarse to claim recognition to its parent stem, and preferably in taupe, beige or gray, though some of the darker brown veils are excellent and the high colors are permissible for those who like to fleck the grim winter landscape with a touch of color. Where the veil is attached to the motor cap usually it matches. For the separate veil the style that is liked is square—about three and a half by four yards or even longer, and is clef at one end or both for a short way to admit of close draping in helmet effect about the head and face.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WAVING AND DREAMING.

"Did you ever notice children waving to trains," asked Daddy, and Nick and Nancy laughed.

"Of course," they said, as they smiled. And Daddy's eyes twinkled. "You know we do it too!" said Nancy.

"To be sure, to be sure, so you do," said Daddy. And both the children laughed still harder.

"Well," said Daddy, "as you've seen children waving to trains as they whiz along through the country, and as you've waved yourselves, I must tell you the story of Laddie.

"Laddie was a little boy with curly golden hair and big blue eyes. Of course when he grew to be big he hoped his curls would all be gone, for he wanted to have short hair and look like a big boy. But he was only a little chap now and his mother loved his curls so he said he would not mind them until another year passed. "His eyes were very big and blue and his cheeks very rosy, and he was round and chubby and fat.

"Laddie lived out in the country on a farm and not far away were the railway tracks. How Laddie did love to see the great long trains go rushing by and the curling blue smoke coming from the engine!

"He would sit on the back porch of his home and watch and watch the trains as they went by, and every day there were sure to be trains passing five different times. Laddie was always there on the back porch, just as regularly as if he had to be there.

"And every time a train would pass Laddie would wave and as he waved he would think of the people in the train and how they would go on and on into wonderful parts of the land, new parts he had never seen.

"Often people would wave back to him and then he would smile and run



Laddie Would Wave.

into the house after the train had gone saying, 'Mother, they waved to me today!'

"That always made him very happy. He loved having the people in the trains notice him, for he thought they were so exciting—those people in the trains—going off on adventures.

"Now one day he was sitting on the back porch for it was almost time for the twelve o'clock train to pass. He had been up since early morning and he had been working with his little tool chest. He was quite tired but he wanted to see the train that always went by at noon.

"It was not quite noon yet and Laddie was waiting. 'I feel so sleepy,' he said to himself. 'I don't know whether I will ever be able to wave to the twelve o'clock train.' And as he said that he nodded a little and his eyes shut.

"'Laddie, Laddie,' said a voice and then a great, shrill whistle sounded. Later an engine was puffing, puffing, puffing and it went more slowly and more slowly until at last it stopped.

"'Laddie, Laddie,' said the voice again, and a man jumped down from the engine of the train.

"'I'm the engine driver,' he said, 'and I've often seen you waving to the twelve o'clock train. Jump aboard for I know you long to see the world. I'll show you a part of it—that is I will show it to you with the assistance of my powerful engine.'

"He picked Laddie up and he sat by the window of the engine cab. They went along the country so fast that Laddie wished he had hundreds of pairs of eyes.

"He saw farm houses just like his and yet a little different. He saw cows and they seemed to be so tired. They hardly even noticed the train. 'They don't care for the world much,' said Laddie.

"'They like a world of grain,' said the engine driver. They passed goats and pigs and horses. They saw children who waved to the train and they saw fields and hills and valleys. 'We'll send you back by the six o'clock train which passes this one further along,' said the engine driver.

"'I never had any idea there was so much to see,' said Laddie as he rubbed his eyes.

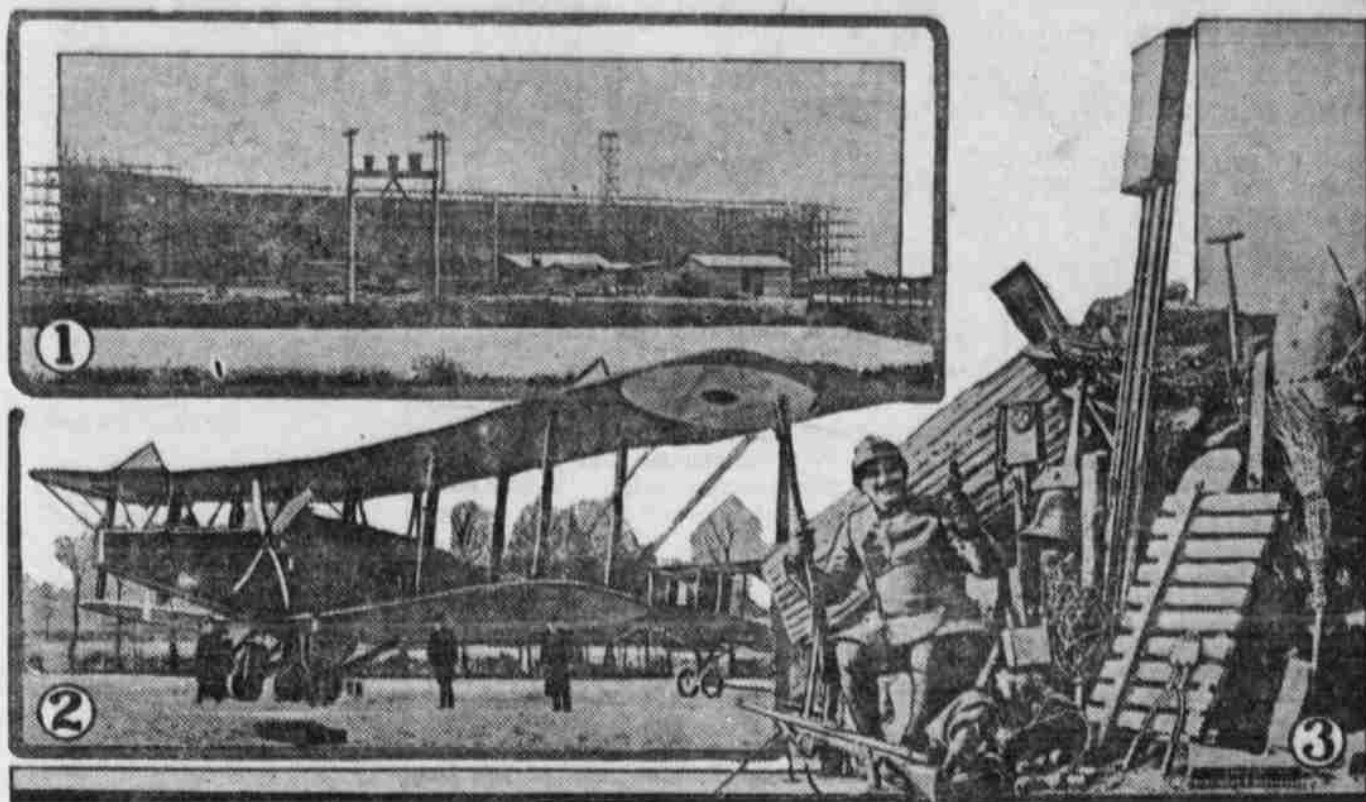
"'Asleep,' he heard his mother say. 'Goodness me, Laddie, you've been having a nap, and the twelve o'clock train has gone by.'

"'Never mind,' said Laddie, 'I was on it,' and it was several moments before his mother knew what he meant."

She Was Engaged.

Caller—I would like to see your mother if she isn't engaged.

Ruth (aged five)—Engaged! Why mamma's been married every since I knew her.



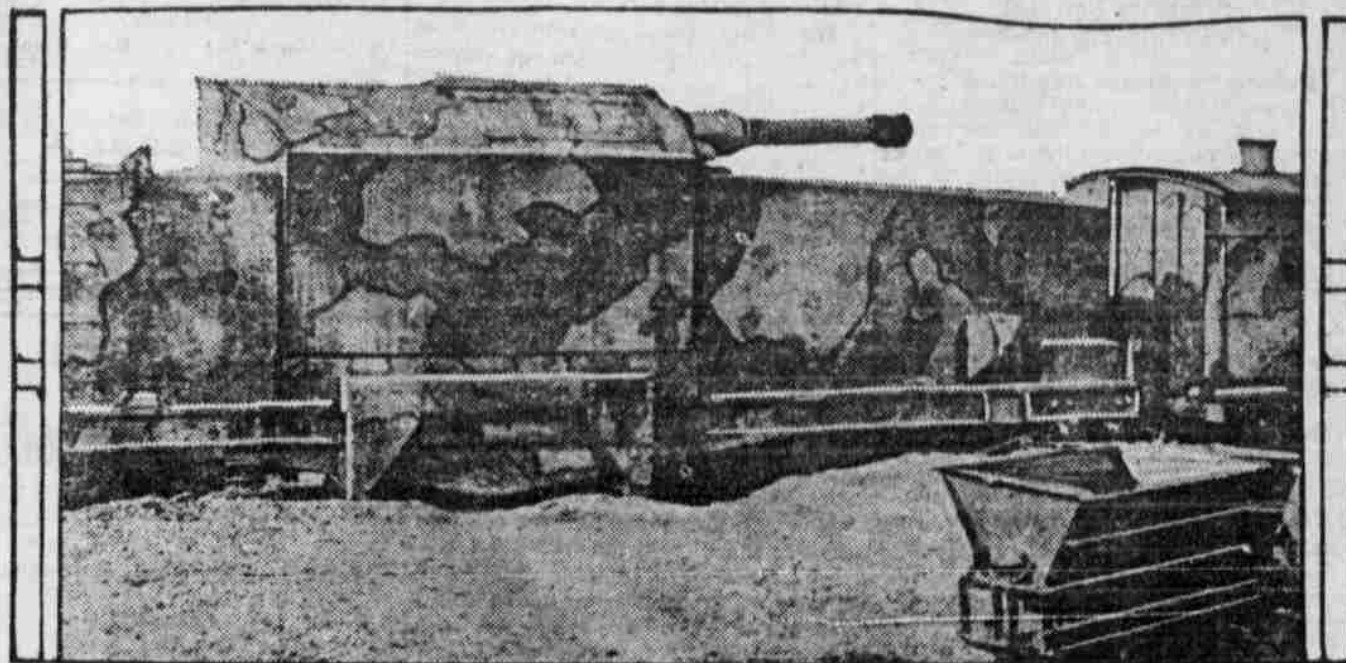
1—Ship of re-enforced concrete, 350 feet long and of 5,000 tons capacity, which Alvin Macdonald is outfitting at San Francisco. 2—The Handley-Page, Great Britain's largest and most famous bombing airplane. 3—French soldier with his complete equipment for the trenches.

SCENE IN AUSTRALIAN ADVANCED DRESSING STATION



An Australian official photograph showing a stretcher case being attended to in an advanced dressing station close to the fighting line during a recent forward movement of the allies in France. These dressing stations are often shelled by the Germans.

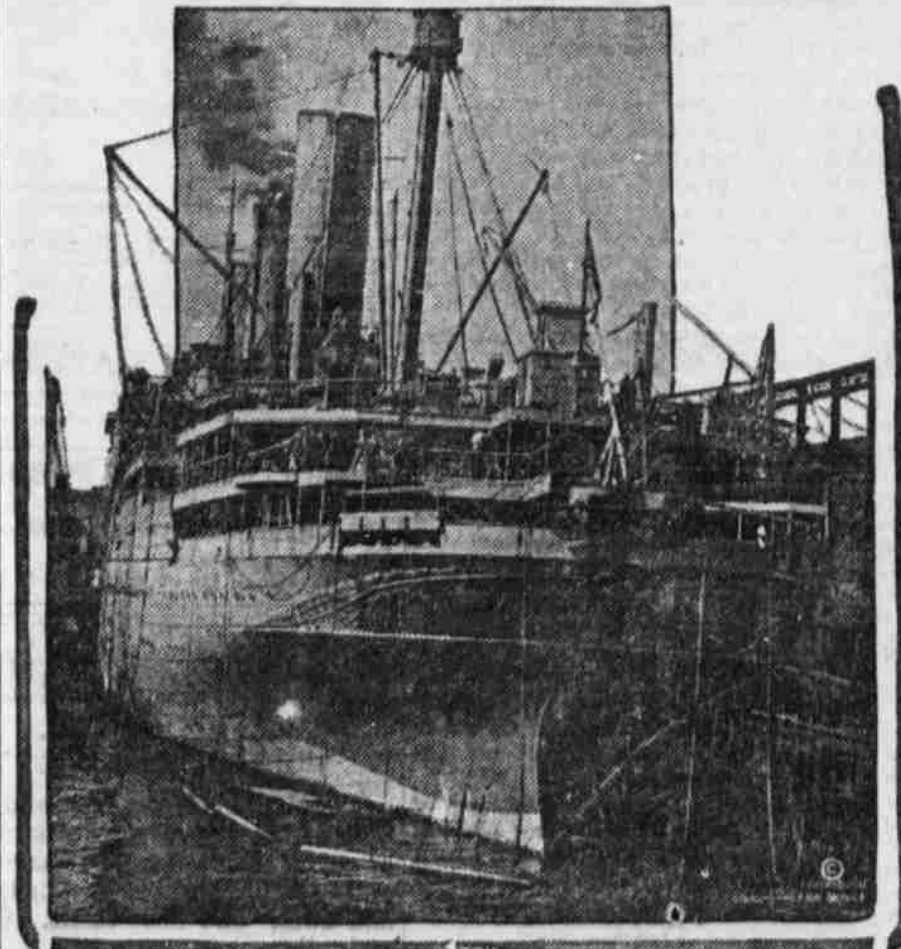
CAMOUFLAGED ARMORED TRAIN ON THE WESTERN FRONT



Scene taken somewhere behind the lines on the French front showing an armored train camouflaged to hide it from enemy observers.

WATERLAND RECHRISTENED THE LEVIATHAN

HELMET SAVED HIS LIFE



The first photograph of the former German liner Waterland made since the United States government took her over and rechristened her Leviathan. The picture was made "somewhere in American waters." The Stars and Stripes is floating from the stern of the vessel.



This photograph shows Private B. Fawley, who was shot twice by the Germans. The fact that he is wearing the steel helmet that he is holding is the reason that he is still alive. The bandage on his head shows he did not escape injury altogether and the dent and the hole in the helmet show the effect of the German bullets on the "life preserver."

Water Mining.

A water power method for breaking down rock in masses instead of crumbling it has been invented in Europe.