

FALL FROCKS MAKE THEIR ENTRY



Now that it is a settled fact that one piece dresses for fall share popularity with suits, for general and street wear, it is agreeable to find that the new models on display are very trim and neat looking. There is a vogue for intensely feminine styles, and this promotes the liking for frocks to take the place of suits on the street and elsewhere. Suits themselves are rarely built on severe lines, although there is never a time when a plain suit, beautifully tailored, need make any excuse for itself, it is always good. But the fall season promises a variety of styles and ornamentation in frocks that are of substantial materials and destined to do much service.

All these circumstances pave the way for such smart examples of the one-piece frock as that shown above. They are made, as suits are, of dependable wool fabrics in dark colors—serge, twill, broadcloth, duvetyne and the like, and a little study of these models will impress some new style points on the mind. In the frock which is shown above, a decorative on the skirt, of braid, simulating a neat looking embroidery, is a new departure. The longer waistline is an important item as is also the wide satin girdle with half-length sash fashioned with long fringe at the end. Embroidery, like that on the skirt, emphasizes the jacket effect in the bodice and defines the cuffs on the three-quarter length sleeves. There is a plain narrow vestee of duvetyne, with little round buttons set in a row, which may be in a vivid or quiet color, or there may be two or three vestees furnished for one dress, so that one may change to suit occasions. This is a dashing little frock with a decided Spanish flavor, that may be carried out in the hat worn with it. There is a mere suggestion of it in the small headpiece with upturned brim that has been chosen and shown in the photograph.

SWAN SONG OF SUMMER HATS



Summer hats, so far as designers of them are concerned, will soon be a thing of the past, for designers are always looking forward and fashioning headwear for the days to come. But they force their thoughts away from summertime reluctantly; one is sure that when the last of their efforts—the hats of late summer—make their appearance. They seem to be the most exquisite of all millinery, real poems of apparel—like the fabled last song of the swan—sweeter than all others.

A hat like that shown at the top of the group is entitled to more than a brief season, since it is a beautiful and comparatively staple style. It has a round, well-proportioned crown of chrysanthemum braid, and a wide brim which may be of any light, smooth braid or of a sheer fabric. For trimming there is a band and bow of ribbon about the crown, old blue in color, that makes a delightful background, like the summer sky, for a flat wreath of small flowers posed against it. Sometimes a similar shape in leghorn or hemp or other braid in a light color dispenses with the ribbon band, has the flowers massed against the crown, and both crown and wreath veiled with malines. The designer might have left off here and still have presented a pretty and creditable hat to the season; but a facing of fine black chantilly lace, falling away about the edge of the underbrim, gives this particular model an individual and distinctive touch, immensely becoming and full of class.

At the left of the group a representative of Paris holds its charming own, in a leghorn shape covered with rose petals made of organdie. It has a black velvet band about the crown, terminating in a bow. One can imagine it in white or in any pale tint and picture a thing of beauty to the mind.

In the hat at the right lace hair braid is applied to a straw shape in a different color. For trimming it has a band and rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon, the rosette resembling a blossom. It is centered with a jet cabochon and each of its loops is tipped with a jet bead. There are two hanging ends of velvet ribbon, at the end of each a little jet ornament. A mere description cannot do justice to this handsome decoration of velvet ribbon.

Julia Bottomley

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE HONORED CAT.

"I me-ow, me-ow, me-ow," said Wopsie the cat, "was interviewed after my trip. And would you like to know what that means?"

"I can see and feel that you would so I will tell you. When a person is interviewed it means that person is talked to and asked questions and that people write down what he or she has said because it is so important. And the opinions of famous people are so worth while."

"Well, now that is what is being done with Wopsie, the cat, or rather I should say that was what was done. For now it is some time since I had my memorable trip and since folks wanted to hear about me."

"But I believe there are a number of boys and girls who haven't heard about me who would like to. And so I am telling my story to those who would like to hear it."

"I am not telling all that I told in my other interviews; in fact, this is more of a heart-to-heart talk."

"You know what that means? It means more of a talk where we tell secrets and that is the way I am willing to talk to the boys and girls."

"I will tell them what I said to the big people who came to interview me and I will tell you what really happened and then I will tell you a few of those little personal touches which mean so much."

"You know how I mean, boys and girls. People so like to hear the things about great people that are simple, things they might do themselves, such as use tooth brushes, or perhaps not quite so simple as that."

"Well, to get back to where I was, at the point of which I open my story."

"I was an honored cat. I still am an honored cat, for that honor can never be taken away from me."

"I was taken along in an airship as a mascot. Now that in itself is not so wonderful, as air ships are so numerous these days, but I was taken along in one which went right across the Atlantic ocean."

"Yes, Wopsie, the cat, went along as mascot in one of the great big ships that made one of the great big wonderful flights across the great big Atlantic ocean."

"When I got back from my journey my picture was taken with my master."

and it was printed in many papers. They asked me what I thought of flying over the ocean in the air.

"I told them, but you can never be sure about these people getting things straight."

"I looked at them and blinked in a fine way so they would be able to say that Wopsie's expression was calm and fine and noble."

"I thought that would sound well, and I thought that I would put a modest touch of humor into my account. That is, I wouldn't appear conceited, and if I made a joke they would see that I wasn't thinking of the glory that had come to me, but was merely the same, natural, sensible cat I had always been."

"So I looked at them and smiled, and I said,

"Ah, friends, an airship is different from garbage pails."

"I never knew why they forgot to say that about me when they wrote about me. They were too anxious to write about the trip I suppose, and they lacked a sense of humor themselves."

"But I'll tell you, boys and girls, that while an airship is very different from a garbage pail it doesn't spoil one for the garbage pail in the future."

"There are some creatures who have a taste of luxury and cannot stand going back to their simple pleasures again."

"But not so with Wopsie, the cat. Though I have sailed the great Atlantic, though I have seen many wonderful things, I'm still a regular cat, a cat who doesn't look down upon a garbage pail, no, no, indeed."

"That is where honor is due—where a creature can receive it and not become spoiled by it."



Looked at Them.

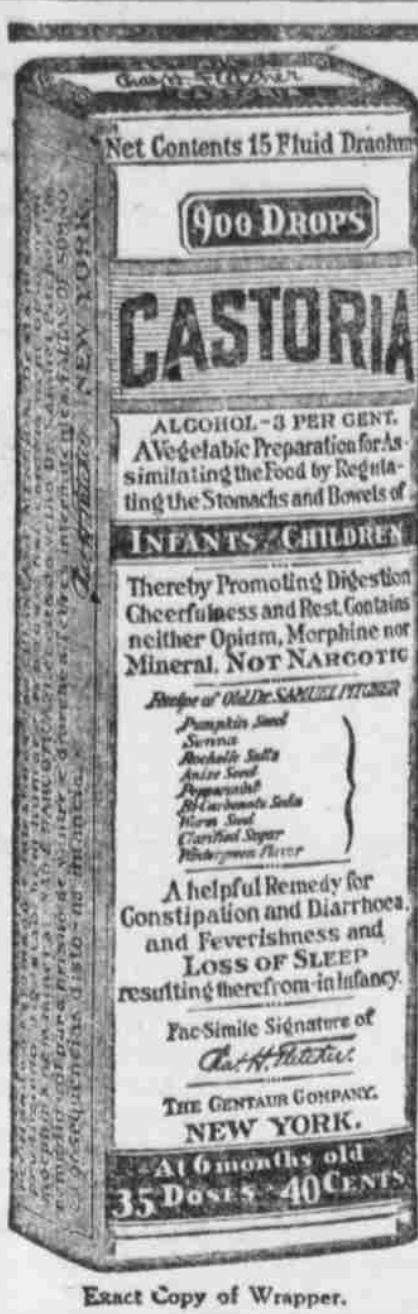
Which are the fastest plants?
Runner beans.

What is that which goes off yet stays where it is?—A gun.

Why is a pig a wonderful animal?
Because when it is killed it can be cured.

What is the most patriotic flower?
The flag.

Why is Ireland like a butter shop?
Because it is full of Pats.



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WAS TO BE MORE YELLING

Safe to Say That Father's Prediction Turned Out to Be Absolutely Correct.

The sweetly peaceful scene in a little sitting room was suddenly disturbed by a loud yell, and the honored guest sprang wildly from the chair into which he had just sunk, while the daughter of the house felt her face grow pale.

She had had hopes from this visit. Alas, poor girl, were they to be lighted?

But father took the matter—and his small son—firmly in hand. With a graceful apology he removed the bent pin from the chair and the aforesaid small boy from the room.

"Now look here, Charles," he said sternly, in the back yard, "why did you do it?"

"It was an experiment, father!" faltered the lad.

"An experiment!" snorted father. "The only man who has visited your poor sister for years, and you go and drive him away!"

"Well, dad," explained the boy, "he advertises that he is a painless dentist, an' I wanted to find out if it was true, an' it wasn't. You should have heard him yell!"

"Yes," was the father's grim comment. "And some one else is going to learn your yell now!"

YOUNGSTER MADE WORD GOOD

Though, as It Turned Out, It Was at the Cost of Some Personal Discomfort.

Marshall, who is five, lives in a flat building. He is a real boy and although he has a rear yard and a sand pile in which to play, his mother has more or less trouble keeping him off the streets. A neighbor saw him across the street one morning and the next day called his attention to the fact that he was out of the zone mapped for him. He was one of the busy ones about a vegetable wagon. "Yes," he said, "I had to get some slugs." The next morning he asked his mother for the market basket. He immediately disappeared and soon returned, accompanied by the vegetable man. In the basket were three pounds of potatoes, a box of berries and two cantaloupes. Mother had to settle whether she needed the goods or not. At any rate, Marshall made his word good with the neighbor that he had to get "some slugs." When questioned by the same neighbor about his shopping expedition he said: "Yes, and mother spanked me, too."

A Friend in Need.

Mrs. Flatbush—Who is that man with the red nose you just bowed to?

Mr. Flatbush—Oh, he's a man I met out west.

"He is certainly not a prohibitionist, is he?"

"Why, I never had occasion to ask him, dear."

"But how did you happen to meet him?"

"Well, we were traveling out of Milwaukee on the same train one night. He had a bottle, and I discovered that I had a cork screw."—Yonkers Statesman.

Heavy Traffic.

They seldom crowd the roads in northern Minnesota, but on our last tour, when we headed into a tamarack swamp and had to take our top off because of the low-hanging trees, we did feel a trifle uncertain about the route.

"Do many cars travel this road?" we asked some children who happened along.

"Oh, yes," came the proud reply; "lots of 'em. One came last year and one this year, an' now you're here, too!"

A Great Improvement.

"Jim's wife can make a tart answer."

"My wife is a lot better than that, for she can make a pie speak for itself."

English Women in Wit.

One of the best-known women in London's newspaper world, returning from Birmingham by train and endeavoring to make shorthand notes en route, was hopelessly interrupted by a man on the opposite seat who persisted in shouting his political opinions to an acquaintance in the farthest corner, says a writer in the London Evening News. At last he used a phrase containing the word "damn" and turned to apologize to the lady for using such a word.

"Don't mention it," she replied, sweetly. "I have been mentally using the word for the last hour."

And the newspapers of the other passengers rustled through the laughter of their owners.

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