

Now Comes the Bride



No one can tell when the bride of today will introduce the mode of today in some detail of her wedding gown, be it ever so conventional in style. For since her choice of fabrics may lie anywhere from tulle to brocade, falling upon the lightest or the heaviest or any of the gradations between, she has as wide a choice in design. This follows because she must adapt style to the fabric, and therefore we have wedding gowns and wedding gowns, no two alike and all interesting.

But brides are apparently of one mind as to the treatment of the bodice. Nearly all of them choose the conventional long sleeve and the unconventional V-shaped neck, more or less low.

As to skirts, they may be short and wide, in thin materials, and untraced. A girlish French model of lace and chiffon was made even a little shorter than ankle length, with wide panel of lace down the front, broadening toward the bottom. The skirt flared decidedly. Having departed in an opposite direction from the conventional mode thus far, the designer appears to have repented. The very long sleeves of chiffon and very high neck in the lace bodice made a humble and contrite apology for the engaging frivolity of the skirt.

The veil worn with this gown was of lace-bordered net, ample as to fullness and long enough to lie a few inches on the floor.

Nothing could be much simpler in design than the splendid wedding gown of one of New York's spring brides. It was made of white and silver brocade with white satin court train, and cut in the empire style. The skirt and waist were in one. The skirt, long and only moderately full, hung close to the figure. The "baby" waist had a V-shaped neck and very long sleeves of net. The train was bordered with wide lace, and a handsome lace veil was arranged in mantilla fashion over the hair. It fell partly over the train.

New Petticoats.

The phases of the new petticoat are many. We have princess slips of silk, batiste, crepe de chine, held over the shoulders with straps of ribbon and elaborately trimmed about the hem with wide flounces of lace, platted organdie, chiffon or net, caught here and there with bouquets of delicately tinted French flowers. They measure from four to six yards about the hem, and sometimes little 1845 pantalettes, made of materials to match the petticoat, are worn beneath.

Convertible Outing Caps



The outing cap, which can be easily converted into an auto bonnet, and is made of stuff that will stand the stress of wind and weather, needs not to be recommended. It speaks for itself and its talking points are unanswerable.

As a rule these caps are made of mercerized poplin or Palm Beach cloth, although pongee, taffeta and some other fabrics are occasionally used. Mercerized poplin and Palm Beach cloth are cotton materials in weaves so attractive that they are often combined with silk and lose nothing by this close association with it. Both these materials are washable and strong.

Machine stitching and narrow silk braid are relied upon to furnish the decorative features in these useful caps. Sometimes they are used together. The brims and crowns are often in contrasting colors, or the brims are faced with a color different from that in the body of the cap. Favorite combinations are those made of pongee-colored cloth with bright green, blue, black or red introduced in the brim facings.

Veils are either of the same color as the body of the cap or like the contrasting color used. They are about two yards long and three-quarters (or less) in width. When the cap is to be used for motoring they slip through

slides sewed at the sides of the cap. The brims turn up or down and remain in almost any position the wearer may want. The veils may be tied about the cap in big bows and become a trimming in an emergency requiring something more pretentious looking than the cap unadorned. The clever girl may be trusted to ring all the changes possible with these classy bits of headwear, which are, by the way, so inexpensive that everyone may own them. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

New Hat Model.

One of the prettiest transparent hat models is shown in a shop which caters to exclusive patronage, writes a New York correspondent. The crown, a round buncho, dented tam-o-shanter, is of neapolitan and the brim is naught but a wide stiffened ruffle of malines, so full that the ruffle curves up and down bonnily at the edges. If desired, so that the malines will longer keep its shape, the ruffle may be supported with satin-covered wire, bent to accommodate the natural curves of the ruffle and extending in a few radiating spokes from the crown as well. If the malines ruffle is unsupported by wire, then the malines must be renewed from time to time, and a very stiff variety must be obtained.

DIDN'T WANT TO MARRY A FAMILY

Young Woman Farmer Courted Said She Did Not Like Stepchildren.

IS ACCUSED OF CRIMES

Man is Suspected of Killing His Son to Aid His Lovemaking—Rumors and Gossip Also Touch Other Incidents.

Topeka, Kan.—Did George Post, a farmer of McPherson county, determine to get rid of his only son so that he could offer his hand and heart and wealth, free and unincumbered, to a young woman neighbor? This is the theory upon which the prosecutor will attempt to clear up the mystery surrounding the murder of the boy, seventeen years old; the burning of an elegant home and possibly the murder of Mrs. Post within the last 18 months.

George Post is forty years old. Twenty years ago he was a poor boy in a central Kansas county. He was only reasonably successful in farming. Bad luck came to him in streaks. He accumulated some property, and some years ago, during one of his good luck periods, Post built a fine home for his wife and only son.

In January, 1914, Mrs. Post was killed. She was sitting at the breakfast table when a charge of shot struck her head. Post explained that while his wife was finishing her meal he was cleaning a shotgun. He "didn't know it was loaded" and the gun was discharged.

No Action is Taken.

While there were rumors and gossip, no action was taken. A few weeks later it developed that there was sufficient insurance on the life of Mrs. Post to pay off the mortgage on the farm and buy some additional land.

One evening last autumn the fine new Post home caught fire. Post and his son worked hard to extinguish the blaze and neighbors came from considerable distance and helped, but the home was destroyed. The fire was supposed to have been caused by an overheated stove. The insurance companies paid Post and he built a small cottage for himself and son and bought another farm.

On the evening of June 2 Post began calling up neighbors and asking



He "Didn't Know It Was Loaded," and the Gun Was Discharged.

If they had seen his seventeen-year-old son, Roy. All the neighbors turned out and began searching for the youth. Late that night his body was found in the Post barn. The boy had eaten supper and then went out to do some chores. When he did not return at dusk the father said he thought Roy had gone to a neighbor's home to call.

Killed With Gas Pipe.

The lad had been killed by a blow on the head with a piece of gas pipe. Post had been to see his own parents, who live a few hundred yards away, during the evening. There was no doubt that a murder had been committed, so the officers sent for bloodhounds. The animals followed a trail from the barn out through a potato patch and then to the Post home. Post had been kept inside his house until the dogs came up. When he stepped outside the dogs lunged at him. Then a pair of shoes Post had worn were found. They had been washed recently. The shoes fit the track the dogs had followed.

Then the officers discovered that George Post had been calling upon a young woman neighbor. This woman had told some of her girl friends that she "didn't want to marry a family." She wanted a family of her own, and did not like stepsons and daughters. This gave the officers a possible theory of the murder of the son, and they asked the coroner to hold Post on a charge of murder.

Why He Sues.

New York.—Complaining that he insisted she accompany him to tango parlors and cabarets, despite her protests, Mrs. Katherine Kirsch has filed suit for separation.

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Calm Resignation. Reference having been made to beautiful resignation, Congressman Joseph J. Russell recalled an appropriate story.

During a dinner party some time ago, the congressman said, the topic turned to the connubial state. Among the guests was a bachelor person. "Speaking of marriage," eventually remarked the bachelor, "it seems that the longer a man is married—" "The happier he is," impulsively broke in a splinter party with a hopeful glance at the other.

"I was going to say," resumed the bachelor, disregarding, "that the longer a man is married the less he seems to mind it."

Expansive. George Bowles, press agent for "The Birth of a Nation," was dealing with an editor who was hostile to the production, yet in a note to Bowles arranging for an engagement the editor wrote:

"I approach the matter with an elastic mind."

A short time later the editor invited Bowles to have dinner with him, to which Bowles replied:

"I approach the table with an elastic belt."

Sure Cure. "What are you taking for your cold?" "Advice."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The farther the waters of the oceans get from the equator the less salt they contain.

Horses in Iceland are shod with sheep horn and those in the Sudan are fitted with camel-skin socks.

Generally speaking, a crank is a man with an enthusiasm for some particular form of idiocy.

Patience is the long road that leads to success.

HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THAT Of Course Young Mother Could Only Reason That the Fault Must Be With the Scales.

The story is told of a young mother who, after her first baby had been born, hurried to a hardware store to purchase a pair of scales, that she might be able to keep tabs on the remarkable growth of her first born.

When she got them home and weighed the baby for the first time the little bunch of humanity did not quite measure up to her expectations and she promptly carried the scales back, stating that they were not satisfactory. Asked by the storekeeper what the difficulty was, she replied:

"I think the scales are not right. My baby did not weigh as much as I think she ought to."

"Did it ever occur to you," asked the hard-hearted seller of hardware, "that the fault might be with the baby and not the scales?"

She saw the point and kept the scales.—Brookton Enterprise.

Cotton in California.

Since cotton was first planted in Imperial valley, California, as an experiment, about eight years ago, the acreage has increased yearly until it is now 65,000, yielding 50,000 bales. The United States department of agriculture says the valley's production per acre is more than twice that of any other part of the country. In the valley there are nineteen cotton gins, three cottonseed oil mills, and three compresses. Over half the acreage is in the vicinity of Calexico, there being there eight gins, two oil mills, and one compress, all busy day and night during the winter making by-products like cottonseed oil, cottonseed feed and hulls.

Expression Misunderstood.

There is a certain young man who used to be notoriously egotistic. Some of his acquaintances were one day speaking of him before an old lady who was not "up" in the slang expressions of the day.

The next time she met him she put out a congratulatory hand.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she cried, "I am so glad you are better! I heard last week that you had a swelled head."

The Wife—I am beginning to suspect that the cook we got from Philadelphia has a terrible past.

The Mero Man—What makes you think that?

The Wife—She's been with us six months and hasn't even hinted at wanting to leave us for the city.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Scoop. "I'm writing a history of the European war."

"But the war isn't over yet."

"That's where I get the bulge on the rest of the historians. I can put my book on the market the day after peace is declared, and they'll have to wait two or three months."

Nearly Lost. She—If you could have only one wish, what would it be? He—It would be that—that—Oh, if I only dared tell you what it would be!

O, Swear Not by the Moon. Romeo was swearing by the moon. "Nothing doing," protested Juliet, "the moon is a dead one."

A prize fighter is punished once every six months, the average man every day in the year.

When an old man falls in love he is entitled to a lot more sympathy than he gets.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before—the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A Nebraska Case

John U. Metcalf, 855 Pacific St., Omaha, Neb., says: "My kidneys were disordered and I was laid up six months under the doctor's care. I became a wreck and the pains were awful. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and best of all, the cure has lasted."

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Such a Long Time Ago.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

From the Way It Acted.

Little Almee was learning to sew, and one day after vainly trying to thread a needle, she said: "Mamma, what do they call the hole in a needle?"

"It is called the eye, my dear," replied her mother.

"Well," continued Almee, "I'll bet this old needle is cross eyed."

Revenge! Mollie—What are you letting your hair grow so long for? Going to be a musician? Chollie—No; I've got a grudge against the barber.

And No Wonder. "What made that stout woman so furious?" "Just as she was getting on the subway train the gateman said 'Both gates, lady.'"

Her Worry. "Darling, will you love me when I'm old?" "I will if you'll promise to love me if I should grow fat."

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