



SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1910

THE SMARTEST FASHIONS OF WELLDRESSED FOLK



A FIELD OF GOLDENROD

DEAR ELEANOR:

Acres of goldenrod! The children have been out picking it until I am fairly smothered in it; but I love it, it is so fresh and golden and sunshiny. Just the spirit of the September woods, I think.

Your small niece, and Elsie Willoughby's John, and Big and Little Al, and another youngster they have picked up somewhere—even so early in the game I cannot follow all my daughter's swift acquaintanceships—have just come in from the fields, where they have been all afternoon. I have been watching them from my window—such a healthy, pretty set of kiddies as they are!

Eleanor is such a cleanly child that I can dress her quite early and be sure that she will be presentable all the evening. Today she is in white batiste, with yellow beading around the square neck and finishing with a bow in back at the loose belt. There is rather a deep flounce of tucking and embroidery, with an underflounce of lace. Altogether a charmingly dainty little frock, if I do say so as made it.

Little Al—that dear child—is in pink linen, with a scalloped sailor collar and short kimono sleeves, both buttonholed, and with an inner border of coin dots. In front there is a daisy design in satin stitch, but in pink linen thread. Her white linen hat is scalloped and buttonholed in the same way, and by the same devoted mother.

Big Al, very much absorbed in his airship, is in a Norfolk suit of blue-striped white serge, light weight, of course, with a Byron collar, white cuffs and a big black tie to match his patent leather belt and the patent leather crown to his white-brimmed hat. The blouse is pleated in front, with big black buttons.

John Willoughby is a sailor laddie today, with a white duck suit, made in a sort of blouse and bloomer effect, but still with a red sailor collar and cuffs and the conventional red tie and emblems. I wonder whether a boy would feel really like a sailor if he didn't have anchors copiously embroidered upon his suit?

The little stranger—she looks a bit like our new neighbor, so perhaps she is the daughter of the house—is in gray-blue challis, with a white guimpe, and braid decoration outlining the open blouse. There are two double rows of the braid, one running straight and one in wall-of-troy design.

While I have been writing, those blessed youngsters have emptied goldenrod all around the house, and now are threatening a raid on the kitchen; though it is nearly teatime. I must go down and superintend operations.

Love to Ted and to Ted's parents. Your sister, MADGE.

Ruth E. Newton.