

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Blouses in Filmy Fabrics.

Along with all the rest of the regalia of fashionables for the coming fall and winter the new blouses have made their triumphant entry. So far as materials are concerned their designers appear blissfully unconscious that there is any such thing as cold, for they are made of the same filmy will-o'-the-wisp fabrics as those for summer. It is the business of coats and suits and furs to provide warmth, and the blouse refuses to take any responsibility in this matter.

Georgette crepe, fine voile, organdie and net engage the attention of those who create blouse styles. Very fine pin tucks (hand run in high-priced models), narrow lingerie laces, bead embroidery, satin and small buttons, together with hemstitching, have not been displaced by any other decorative features on crepe blouses, but laced tinted to match the material is a new note. Much of the work is borrowed from that of the American Indian in design, and a motif embroid-

ered on the blouse is continued in tabs and tassels that hang free from the blouse. New styles in necks and openings at the back and on the shoulders are features to consider for the sake of variety. To the joy of thin women, very elegant high-necked blouses are shown with high collars that are detachable. They fasten round a band with snap fasteners and may be taken off and cleaned. Two or three collars to each blouse keep it in first-class order.

The blouse shown in the picture is of georgette crepe with satin piping and small satin-covered buttons. It has a round neck with flat collar of satin, and fastens along the shoulder and under arm.

The sleeves are full above the elbow but shaped into the forearm and lengthened with a pointed cuff over the hand. This particular sleeve is a great favorite this season. A butterfly, outlined in small, fine beads, makes a beautiful finishing touch at the front.

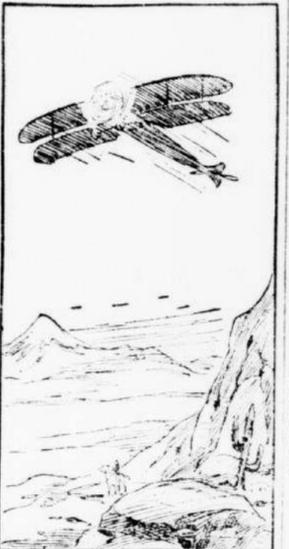
WILL PROSPECT FOR GOLD IN AIRPLANE

Arizona Woman Plans Job That Is Quite Out of the Ordinary.

New York.—Prospecting for gold by airplane is a job quite out of the ordinary, but that is what Mrs. Frances K. Dyas is going to try.

Mrs. Dyas lives in Prescott, Ariz., and she holds the record of having been the first woman in the state to obtain a license as a stock broker. She was able to get the license because of her maxim that woman can do anything she wants to, provided she makes up her mind to do it.

"I came to New York," she said, "to interest folks in several propositions, and after I had been here a while I saw the first airplane I had ever seen in my life. This caused me



To Prospect for Gold in Airplane.

to wonder whether I couldn't fly one and whether it wouldn't be practicable to use it in flying over the mountains where I know ore is to be found.

"The mountains I have particular reference to are the Bradshaw range, 60 miles across a big desert and full of rich gold ore. It has, however, never been gone over because of its inaccessibility, and this I hope to remedy by means of an airplane. Ore brought back by Indians from this range has been assayed at \$1,000 a ton.

"You see," Mrs. Dyas continued, "the desert is of sand, in which you sink to your knees. It has been almost impossible to carry supplies across it. But I am sure the airplane idea will prove practicable."

WIT and HUMOR



BREAKING OFF CONNECTION.

"Well," said the far West mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here when some of our boys get tied up in that thar bankrupt telephone company I was tellin' yer about they became mighty crusty."

"Oh!"

"Yes; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener. "Then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartinly, I wuz goin' ter tell yer. They just hung up the receiver."

Attention Missed.

"I thought Crimmon Gulch had reformed."

"It had," replied Broncho Bob.

"But it seems wide open now."

"We had to make some kind of a demonstration. There's nothin' we used to enjoy so much as havin' a good talker come along an' tell us how wicked we were. We've been so regular respectable that nobody pays the least attention to us an' we feel slighted."

Brought Adventurers Together.

The magazine in question ran a regular department where those who planned storage, exotic and desperate ventures could get in touch with kindred spirits. The publication made an effort to bar out illegal enterprises, with what success it is impossible to say. But a good idea of the kind of thing that has passed with the coming of the world war may be got from the following three notices picked out of the once-a-month advertisement column in this section of the magazine:

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"Strong and intellectual men—no boozers—who can keep their mouths shut, are wanted to help me dig up buried treasures under the altar of an old Inca temple. If a fool or a detective should babble, there are unscrupulous parties who would not hesitate to charter a steamer, follow us, and sink our vessel with all on board as soon as they got an inkling of our destination."

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"Men to help dig up a deposit of bones of prehistoric animals in northern Indiana, with the object of selling them to museums."

"I want to get in touch with a gentleman; he must be a good fellow."

"I am a Vassar graduate going on an exploring trip up the Mackenzie. Want several healthy, cultured ladies, willing to be fined or fired on display of discontent. No objection to suffragettes if young, healthy, strong and not militant."

To Help the Unfit.

New York.—Medical treatment for men rejected for military service because of physical defects is being urged here by prominent officers and influential citizens. Plans have already been tentatively formed for the organization into units of all rejected men. They are to be treated by physicians, oculists, dentists and chiropodists in an effort to correct defects. It is declared confidently that 75 per cent of the men can be fitted for military service in the line. The movement is expected to become national in scope once its feasibility is demonstrated here.

Advice.

He is the wretch who'll only shirk And loaf throughout the day, For he who finds no fun in work Finds little fun in play.

An Antidote for Agents.

"I have here a little treatise on the evils of the Australian school system as against the effects of toe dancing during the pre-glacial period. It should be in every home."

"I'll buy one if you'll cash this check for me," said the long-sufferer. But the book agent was gone.

Lots Doing It.

"Pop, what's it mean to burn your candle at both ends?"

"Paying alimony and courting another woman at the same time, my son."

Last Call.

"When does the last train leave for Maple Junction?" asked the traveler.

"July 31st, of this year, sir," answered the agent.

"See here, young man. Don't get gay with me. What do you mean by saying the last train leaves July 31?"

"Just that, sir. The Hillside, Juniper Valley and Maple Junction railroad has been sold to a rival line and will be scrapped."

He Spoke From Experience.

"When I was a boy I wanted to become a railroad president."

"That was a laudable ambition."

"However, I soon changed my mind."

"What caused you to do that?"

"I used to talk to an old, one-armed flagman on duty at a crossing near my home. He convinced me that there was nothing whatever in the railroad business."

Choosing a Course.

"My boy is undecided about what collegiate course to take. What would you advise?"

"That depends. Does he want to build up his muscles or his mind?"

The Last Cry.

Customer—What particular advantage is there in this new talking machine?

Demonstrator—Why, my dear sir, it will reproduce the human voice as you never heard it before."

Consoling Percy.

"It grieves me to speak of it, Gwace. Lawst evenin' you laughed at me, right to my face."

"You shouldn't mind that. Every day of my life I am laughing at nothing."

A Good Guess.

"The paper said that the bride was unattended."

"That notice was written up in advance of the wedding, but it was a good guess. The bridegroom failed to show up."

The Brute.

Wife—That vicious dog next door bit mother again this morning and I'd like to know what you're going to do about it.

Hubby—I'll ask him how much he wants for the dog!

HERE'S DOUBLE BIGAMY WITH PECULIAR TWIST

Rome, Ga.—Double weddings, bigamy, divorce and convictions were almost inextricably mixed in the testimony brought out in the divorce suits filed by Mrs. J. H. Tecum and Mrs. M. B. Tecum, sisters, from their husbands, who were brothers. The couples were married at a double wedding in 1908. Four years later the brothers left their wives to go West. In Colorado they again met, wooed, and married sisters, without having obtained divorces from sisters No. 1. Then followed a sentence of two years for bigamy and application of wives No. 1 for divorces, which were granted.

SAYS CAT THEFT IS CRIME

Chicago Man Is Fined for Selling Felony to Medical Research Men

Chicago.—Felinus pestiferous is the variety of cat most recently studied by the medical research men at the University of Chicago.

The university obtained this species from Peter Kerrigan, who, in turn, hired four boys to catch cats at 15 cents per cat. And did these kids catch cats? They got everything that could say "Mur-row," including a prize angora belonging to Edwin Kirkbride.

Kerrigan was fined \$10 and costs for this, although the defendant mopped his brow and said: "I never thought they'd steal cats—I just wanted the stray ones."

TOTS TRAPPED IN A CLOSET

Youngsters, Lost From Home Are Found in Cupboard of a Deserted House.

Clinton, Wis.—After more than 100 citizens of this and adjoining towns had searched for a day for two children of Alfred Yandry, the father found them in the cupboard of a deserted house near his home.

Willie Yandry, aged five, was dead. His little sister, Beatrice, aged three, was asleep on a shelf above where the boy's body lay. A crack in the door had admitted enough air to keep her alive. A spring lock had fastened them in.

PENSIONS ONLY ONE WIDOW

Where Moslem Soldier Leaves Several They Divide Grant Allotted by Government.

Paris.—The military authorities have had to settle a knotty question. In the case of a military polygamist being killed, how should the widow's pension be allotted? The question has arisen through France having brought Moslem soldiers from Africa, with whom polygamy is the recognized practice.

Every polygamist widow will have a share in the pension, the total of which will be the same as that granted to the widow of a monogamous soldier.

He Came Back.

The director of a zoological garden was on his holiday. He received a note from his chief assistant which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

A QUEER FELLOW.

"He's an odd sort of a chap. Won't argue about the tariff."

"What's his reason for not arguing?"

"Says he doesn't know anything about it."

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PIRATES ARE NOT NOW IN DEMAND

Market for Adventurers Falls Flat as Result of the War.

MANY ARE IN ARMY

Employment Agency for Soldiers of Fortune Quits Business—Last Institution of the Kind in the World.

New York.—Demand for freebooters, filibusters and pirates of various degrees of legality is at a low ebb. The war has killed both the call on them. Adventurers, of the whole world, almost to a man, are in the armies fighting the great war. Many have fallen. At the same time international expeditions do not have the free and easy time of it they enjoyed in the past. Armed enterprises starting inside their boundaries are frowned on more than of yore by the United States and all other strongly organized governments.

These were the facts learned recently when it became known a kind of magazine employment agency for soldiers of fortune had quit business. It is believed to have been the last clearing house of the kind in the world.

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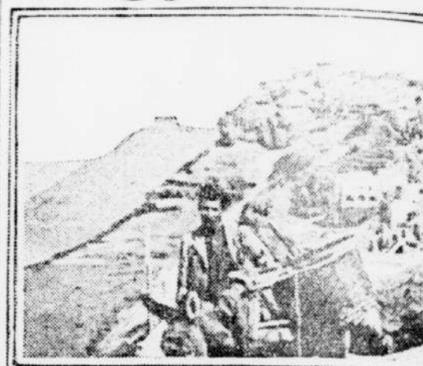
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Visit to the Cyclades



Island of Santorin.

THE Greek Islands, many of which have taken a prominent part in the Venetian movement, are full of interest to the student of classical mythology, the artist and the geologist. The following account in the Sphere describes a visit to one particular group—the Cyclades. We were warned that we must know Greek and that Athens would interest us very much, but the Cyclades not at all! I was not, however to be put off; we started one evening from Piraeus—two ladies alone—and after two nights and a day anchored in the pretty little harbor of Santorin; and there, 900 feet above us, perched on the top of the cliff, lies the modern town of Thera, or Phera.

A collection of boys with their donkeys were waiting to take up the passengers and their luggage, as there are no carriages, and a 20 minutes' ride along a zigzag path brought us to the summit. The less said about the hotels the better, but with the assistance of some kind friends, a charming ride was arranged for the following day. We went to the top of Mount Elias, the highest point of the island, and down below at our feet was Messavonia, the ancient town of Thera, full of interesting old remains. In Greek legend, the island of Thera was connected with the story of the Argonauts, and was represented as sprung from a clod of earth which was presented to those heroes by Triton. After the fourth Crusade it received the name of Santorin, i. e. St. Irene, the patron saint of the place.

Standing on a Volcano.

From earliest times it has been a center of volcanic agency; we were

reminded of this on the Kaumene islands, where the heat of the water, the smell of the sulphur, and the smoke that oozed out under our feet made it very evident that we were standing on the crater, and I was thankful when we got safely off to the harbor, where we had to wait for our boat, which was to take us to Naxos. There we sat on a terrace listening to the soothing sound of the water against the fishing boats and watching the approaching night coming on, faintly lit up by a beautiful new moon.

About nine o'clock our Greek steamer appeared through the darkness, brilliantly lit up, and slowly glided into the harbor; it was like a scene in fairyland.

Early next morning we reached Naxos; the town stretches picturesquely up the slopes of a rock hill rising from the sandy beach and dominated by the ruined castle of the Frankish dukes.

Two nights were all we could spend here as we were anxious to get on to Delos. On inquiry we heard that no steamers went there; that two Englishmen had once crossed in a little open boat, but that it was a dangerous undertaking. Being a fine day, I determined to risk it and to start at once. A little sailing boat, the Evan-

gostis, was not ready, and at 2 o'clock we were under way, with our crew of four Greek sailors, and myself.

What a pleasure was that sail on the "Egean sea," "spell-bound with the clustering Cyclades"! A deluge of mystery and awe came over us as the night began to fall and we entered the sacred harbor of Delos.

Sacred Isle of Delos.

There are no hotels on this island, in fact, it is absolutely without a permanent inhabitant—but we had the director of the French excavations in Piraeus, and he had very kindly offered to put us up. However, as the wife we had sent never reached the island, our arrival caused him no little surprise; he had seen our boat, and thought we were Greeks carrying our trahand goods.

Delos is the smallest but the most famous of the Cyclades, and the birth place of Diana and Apollo, to whom it has been forever sacred. In 33 B. C., to ensure the sanctity of the island, the Athenians passed a law that anyone whose condition seemed to threaten its pollution by the birth or death should be at once removed, and finally they expelled all secular inhabitants.

The following morning Monsieur Replat took us all over the ruins, which are very extensive; he had a good deal to do with the excavations at Delphi, and considers these even more interesting. We saw the site of the Roman empire, a thousand slaves were often put up for sale in a single day. Further on was the portico erected by

Philip of Macedonia, and the base of the colossal statue dedicated to the Delian Apollo by the people of Naxos.

Climbing to the rocky peak of Mount Cynthus, we came upon a theater of beautiful Parian marble, and a little further on the remains of a very old temple of Isis. But our time was nearly up; below in the harbor we could see the Evangelists with our own eyes, impatient to start, and after a hurried lunch we took leave of our kind host and sailed for Syra, and on to the Piraeus.

As It Should Be.

Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of comfort. It is the place of confidence; it is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious reserve which this world forces us to wear in self-defense, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any suggestion of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule.—F. W. Robertson.

Daily Thought.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.—Spenser.

GROW FIGS IN FLOWER POTS

Fruit Will Ripen if Given the Same Treatment That Is Accorded the Rubber Plant.

The fig is one of the oldest fruits known, and since it has become known that figs can be grown in pots and fruited in the conservatory or in the open ground, where there is three months warm summer weather, there has been a great demand for the quick-bearing varieties by people anxious to grow fresh figs. These varieties begin to fruit by the time the young shoots are 6 inches long and form a fig at every leaf. Unlike apples, peaches and other fruits of the kind, the fig is more like the raspberry or blackberry in the respect that the fruit does not ripen all at one time. Figs continue to develop and ripen fruit until checked by cold weather.

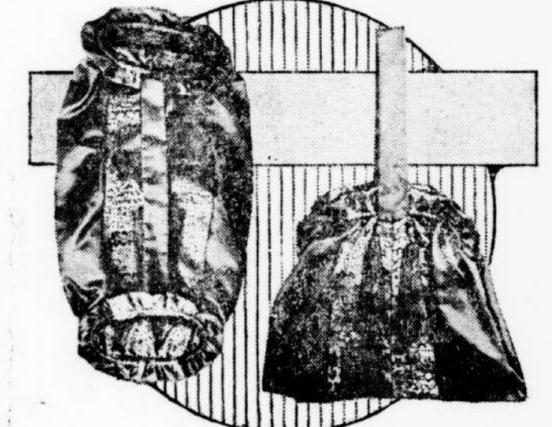
For pot culture the fig requires about the same treatment as a rubber plant, and if supplied with plenty of water the fruit will ripen. Vigorous plants will have fruit in all stages of development, from the smallest green fruit to the ripe figs ready for picking and eating.

Celoste bears rather small fruit of high quality, but is not very productive. Ischia has a green exterior, the inside of the fruit being blood red. Hirtu Japan is an abundant bearer and Magnolia bears large pear-shaped fruit.

One fig enthusiast writes that his figs stood zero weather last year, though when first set out freezing weather would kill them. As they become acclimated the plants stand colder weather. A gardener in Pennsylvania says his fig tree has withstood 20 winters with protection. The tree is bent over to the ground in winter and covered with straw and earth.

Death to Moths.

If moths get into the closet, saturate a cloth ten or twelve inches square with formaldehyde; hang cloth in the closet and close up tightly for twelve hours. The same plan may be used in chests, trunks or boxes, where clothing is stored. The fumes will kill moths as well as their eggs; and germs of any kind. No odor is left in the clothing.



It Is the Day of Bags.

The knitting bag has become a part of every well-regulated life, destined to hold its place for the duration of the war, at least. But it is only one of many kinds of bags all flourishing now in the smile of woman's favor. There are such hosts of them that there is simply no chance to surprise us, but cleverness of new designs and beauty of materials make them always interesting.