

Elaborate and Beautiful Evening Gown



The Oriental influence is distinct enough in this elaborate evening gown, in which one thin fabric after another is draped over the silk foundation. There is first a skirt of silk veiled with chiffon. Six narrow ruffles are also veiled with chiffon with a border or tuck of this fabric extending below each ruffle.

Over this skirt a tunic of lace is worn, extending almost to the knees. One would think this quite enough in the way of draping, but over this the drape of gorgeously embroidered chiffon is gathered like a second tunic. By way of further elaboration a wreath of scattered chiffon runs on a fuzzy stem extends from the bust to the hem of the embroidered chiffon, and a small bouquet at its upper end finishes the corsage.

The draped shoulder and opening at the neck are finished with a fine lace edging. There is a narrow corsage of chiffon. The natural lines of the figure are followed in this wonderful gown, and we must concede to the French designer a masterful handling of the drape. It is modest, but is meant to be conspicuous. It is original and sticks to beautiful lines, so that there is no straining after novel effect at the expense of taste.

The headpiece is in keeping with the character of the gown. It is made of ribonettes and a magnificent array of costly feathers. The hair is peculiarly dressed but suits the type of face of the model in the illustration, which is pure French. Together with the gown, collar, and hair ornaments of this type incomparably well, so that the ensemble is full of fascination. One could hardly be other than charming with a toilette so complete and so beautiful. And it is the knowledge that she is making a charming appearance which lends charm to these wonderful french women, to whom the world owes a debt of gratitude. They are preserving charm; they take care to be charming. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PURPOSE OF LIFE

By FLORENCE LILLIAN HENDERSON. "You won't amount to much, Nephew Donald, if you keep on this way." "Uncle Gregory," started the recalcitrant and dissipated Donald Brier, with a whimsical twinkle in his merry eye, "I found out long ago that it was an oddish, not much good, to knock around the world, work hard and keep cheerful. Here you insist on my remaining a land lubber. I don't fit in. Let me pack up to the blue and bounding land again, and throw me off your mind, and make me happy."

Old Gregory bald shook his head dolefully and groaned. He was very fond of this erratic relative of his. When Donald returned from running away to sea after a voyage around the world two years previous, the uncle had set down his foot hard. "Here is a comfortable home and enough to last several lifetimes," he had observed. "I'll leave it to you and Rupert if you obey me and behave yourselves. If you don't, I'll cut the rebel off with a penny."

And so, not that he thought of the money, but because he loved and respected the old man, Donald hung around the Baird homestead, half-bored to death and longing constantly for the pickling breezy life on the ocean wave. "It's all right, your studying navigation and trigonometry, and all those sailor-like gimcracks," now spoke Uncle Gregory, "but all you need to do is to find some good woman for a wife, settle down here, run the estate and enjoy life."

"I've got to see the lady I'd take for Rupert," laughed Donald. "I'd rather be free to rove as I please and busy myself about the village here than all I find to do is to spin yarns for the boys and girls and make toasts for the little tots."

"You're wrong there, Donald," insisted the old man, "I've managed over it to himself to settle down and raise a family. Now look at your cousin, Rupert—drags well, goes into the social swim, and has got to with the ERUDITE WORKMEN IN PANAMA Men of Intelligence and Education Handled Pick and Shovel in Construction of Canal."

she must see you to thank you," a neighbor told Donald that evening. "Do you know who she is?" "No." "The rich Miss Caruthers. They have magnificent summer home up at Silver Lake." Then the next morning, rather grudgingly it seemed, his Cousin Rupert came to the door. "I saw Miss Caruthers last evening," he announced. "It seems you captured one of her lost pets. She insists that you must come to Silver Lake this evening. Say," continued Rupert, with a rather disdainful glance at the careless attire of his humble cousin, "I'll give you a bit, will you?"

"Ashamed of me, are you?" challenged Donald, with a laugh. "Of course not," said Rupert. "I like the family to make a good impression—see?" It seemed to Donald as though some subtle influence had been experienced in urging him to go up to Silver Lake. The memory of the charming face he had seen in the automobile lingered vividly. It was just before dusk when he reached the Caruthers home.

It was well that Donald had come. A heavy storm had done up darkness and a dense fog were fast enveloping the broad lake. He found the anxious Caruthers family accusing the probable whereabouts of the whereabouts of the house and Rupert, who had gone out in a yacht. "Donald was too much of a sailor not to realize the peril of the yacht if it had not landed somewhere. He found a small steam launch at a pier. Soon he was afoot."

A tossing light finally directed him. As he drove ashore of the yacht it was to find his cousin sick and helpless. "Do not get up," he ordered, "but at the helm; but the yacht nearly a wreck. He had arrived just in time to save them."

Donald's true nature of a sailor not to realize the peril of the yacht if it had not landed somewhere. He found a small steam launch at a pier. Soon he was afoot. A tossing light finally directed him. As he drove ashore of the yacht it was to find his cousin sick and helpless. "Do not get up," he ordered, "but at the helm; but the yacht nearly a wreck. He had arrived just in time to save them."

SIMPLY REASONED IT OUT

General Manager Could Form Only One Conclusion From Appearance of the Applicant. "Poor girl!" said the general manager as the young woman who had just applied for a position as stenographer walked out of his office. "What's her trouble?" asked the secretary. "It's too bad that a girl who is so pretty—one who might be living in luxury—is compelled to get out looking for work because she refused to marry to her parents. You heard her sob as she was married, didn't you?" "Yes, I didn't hear her mention her parents' name."

"Evidently you have not developed much ability in the way of making deductions. Why would a girl with such eyes, such hair, such a complexion, such teeth, such a beautiful face and such a figure as she have to go out looking for work? It is not her parents' fault, is it?" "I don't know," said the secretary. "I don't know." "I don't know," said the secretary. "I don't know."

To Minimize Fire Hazard. "The first waste in the United States, owing to the failure to build in this country as securely against the ravages of fire as they do in Europe, has been estimated to be not less than \$200,000,000 a year. This is forcing the rebuilding of many structures and will force the rebuilding of a still greater number in our cities to minimize the fire hazard. The rebuilding must be done and the problem is how to finance it. From actual experience in Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh and some other cities," says an expert, "the answer is—the first mortgage real estate bond."

Certainly Frightened. "Footlights! Awful case of stage-fright at the theater, last night!" Miss Sue Bretton—"Do you have it?" "No," was the answer of the playwright, who they dared to come before the curtain. Putnam Fades! Dyes do not stain the hands. Adv. "Are you a stenographer?" "I am—the best of not believing that McMillan ought to be recognized as the Irish word for 1909."

During the consulting at Empire, the U.S. Frigate "Albatross" of the "Zouave" was the subject of his experiences as an enunciator in the Panama canal zone, was started one morning to have suddenly from the tower, a jumbled room of the negroes in to a bare-floored, freshly-scrubbed room. It contained some very clean mats, a small table and kamiks, and a general air of frankness and simplicity. "On the table, book in hand, sat a Spaniard. He was dressed in worn but newly washed working clothes. I sat down and began to read off the questions that had grown automatic. "Name?" "Frederico Malero." "Can you read?" "A No."

Women Everywhere Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from all sections of this great country, in cities so large, no village so small but that some woman has written words of thanks for health restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No woman who is suffering from the ill peculiar to her sex should rest until she has given this famous remedy a trial. It is not reasonable to believe that what it did for these women it will do for any sick woman?

Wonderful Case of Mrs. Stephenson, on the Pacific Coast. INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.—"I was sick with what four doctors called Nervous Prostration, was treated by them for several years, would be better for a while than back in the old way again. I had a reputation of the best very bad, fainting spells, and was so nervous that a spoon dropping to the floor would nearly kill me, could not lift the lightest weight without making me sick; in fact was about as sick and miserable as a person could be. I saw your medicines advertised and thought I would try them, and am so thankful I did for they helped me at once. I took about a dozen bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and also used the Sensitive Wash. Since then I have never used them again. I feel like I am a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. W. STEPHENSON, Independence, Oregon.

A Grateful Atlantic Coast Woman. HOPKINS, ME.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My blood ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep. Then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. H. W. STEPHENSON, Independence, Oregon.

For 80 Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs which has restored so many suffering women to health. Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., 233 CENTRE STREET, LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Typewriter for the Rural Business Man. Whether you are a small town merchant or a farmer, you need a typewriter. If you are writing your letters and bills by hand, you are not getting full efficiency. You don't acquire an expert operator to run the L. C. Smith & Bros. typewriter. It is simple, compact, complete, durable. Send in the attached coupon and we will give special attention to your typewriter needs.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson. Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.