

FOR EARLY FALL



WHEN summer millinery begins to look faded and it is still too warm for heavy winter hats, one must take to "between seasons" millinery or to the styles that come under the head of "all-the-year-round" millinery. The silk covered hats that appear in September and those made of silk fancy braids offer the best choice to the purchaser for a number of seasons. First because they are not too heavy looking for warm autumn days; then they are conservative in shape, not running to any extremes, and they are very durable and able to stand the little spells of bad weather that portend the coming winter. After serving their purpose for fall, they come in handy during the winter for stormy weather when the best hat must be saved, and they prove altogether desirable for general utility until early spring arrives and demands its own between seasons head wear.

These hats are manufactured ready for trimming and are excellent in shape and fit well on the head. As a rule no bandeau is required with them, and they are therefore easy for the home milliner to manage.

The trimmings selected must be in harmony with the shape, that is designed to withstand weather and wear. Natural or very well made wings, fancy feathers, ribbons, velvet and compact, strong-colored fall flowers

give one an ample choice—malines, especially those that are waterproofed, are very useful and the fashion of drawing maline over the feather trimming to keep it from blowing about is sensible and pretty as well as thoroughly appreciated.

In fashioning the trimming for such a hat, folds and plaitings or other compact arrangements of the fabric used, are altogether desirable for they are not easily disarranged. The hats of silk braid and silk hats with velvet facings are often simply trimmed with big bows made of taffeta or corded silk. A single strip of silk is split along the center, lengthwise, hemmed at the edges and stiffened by thrusting a fine wire in the hems. A single large mow and collar made of two yards of silk, which makes a strip four yards long, is all the trimming required. Its great advantage lies in the fact that it may be taken off, freshened, pressed and replaced on the hat.

There are any number of pretty and inexpensive fancy feathers to choose from and they are all made from the plumage of domestic fowls or birds that we may use with a clear conscience. Wings always make a smart trimming and the big ornaments, many of them in Persian colorings and designs, are destined to be a great help to the amateur milliner in turning out a creditable and useful hat.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PLAIN AND DAINTY.



This is quite a plain blouse made with pointed yoke at the back; it is suitable for making up in almost any washing blouse material. One tuck an inch wide is carried from waist to shoulder each side front, where it is joined to the yoke; there is a wide box-pleat in center under which are hooks and eyes or buttons for fastening.

The deep turn-over collar and pointed cuffs are bound with plain material. A kid belt and crepe-de-Chine tie are worn.

Material required, 2 3/4 yards 28 inches wide.

Neck Ruches.

Crocheted neck ruches are a novel idea and very smart and practical. If sewed to folds of lawn or linen these ruches may be laundered without taking apart. Dainty shades of wash material to match gowns may also be used, and a chiffon fold next to the throat adds to the attractiveness of the same.

FOLLOW ONE COLOR SCHEME

Advice From Writer Who Should Be an Expert on Art of Dressing Economically.

It seems strange that more women who must practice economy in dressing do not follow a distinct color scheme. I find it best to use the same color for a year; then have a change for the sake of variety. In this way all of one's accessories correspond, and a much better effect is produced for the same expenditure of money. The "best" afternoon gown may be worn with either the summer or winter hat and yet look as if they were made for each other. Girdles, collars, and parasols may always be made to do double or triple duty, and yet always be exquisite taste. This idea is not new, but it is surprising how seldom we see it carried out by the woman of moderate income; more often we hear the explanation that the blue gown was chosen because "I haven't had anything blue for an age," and it is accordingly worn with a brown coat, tan gloves and a black hat.—The Housekeeper.

Milady's Locket.

The newest lockets are very large. They are worn on a slender gold or platinum chain.

The locket itself is studded with brilliants or colored stones.

These are of course only for "dress-up" occasions.

For street or day wear the jeweled locket seems out of place.

For this purpose there are many in silver and steel which are both appropriate and cheap.

With two or three imitation dark stones the effect is elegant without being overdone.

Are Long Skirts to Come?

Not yet has the long skirt come to be accepted for other than dressy wear, yet the makers of fashion recommend it for more constant use, and the American women are adopting it slowly.

WANTED, A New King for Palawan

THE Tagabanos are disconsolate, for their man-god, soldier-king is dead. Sallp Akib and Sallp Tomi, the pirate Moro chiefs, are again despoiling the peaceful and fertile island of Palawan, for was not the man they had come to fear as the devil incarnate seen to tumble ingloriously from a boat, founder helplessly and sink to the bottom. Lieut. Edward Y. Miller, the governor of the most outlying of all Uncle Sam's territory, and the inspired uplifter of its people, has been drowned in the course of duty and where is the man who will be able to fill his place?

This is the question that is facing the Filipino government and the Bureau of Insular Affairs. This is the question that is bringing to light a piece of work that has been carried forward in the wilds of the great East that is as full of romance and accomplishment as the most fanciful yarn ever spun by the imagination.

For Lieut. Miller, U. S. A., has for eight years been absolutely ruler over 34,000 people; wild, barbaric, unchristian. He has single-handed brought peace to those people in the place of continuous warfare. He has repelled the Moro pirates in many pitched battles, armed and drilled his natives and made his coasts a place to be shunned of all else by these gypsies of the sea.

Yet Miller died ingloriously a month ago from falling overboard from a boat in the still waters of an inland stream. The Moros have learned of the nature of his death in such a simple emergency that any mere native would have been able to save himself. The fear of him and his kind has consequently vanished and the Moros are again at war.

Dean C. Worcester, American secretary of the interior for the Philippines, came a little later into Palawan to inaugurate Emergency Governor Evans, was attacked by the Moros and much blood has been shed. All is chaos in Palawan, where peace has reigned for six years. The insular bureau and the provisional government is looking the 90,000,000 over for a man who can fill the place of the dead governor-king, but with little hope of success.

All of which leads to the story of Lieutenant Miller. He was at the time of his death a member of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, but had never seen that regiment and was unknown to its officers. This because of the fact that he had been, since the time of his appointment, on detached duty as governor of Palawan. At the breaking out of the Spanish-American war he had been an officer in the Chicago militia and had enlisted. His service was with the Fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry and had first taken him to Porto Rico and later to the Philippines. He served in the outlying southern provinces and his superiors soon recognized his genius for getting along with the natives. Because of it he received his appointment in the regular army and his detached detail.

Lieutenant Miller was but 24 years old when he first enlisted. Yet he left a soldier's sweetheart behind him in Illinois and when he received the permanent detail the sweetheart came into the wilds to him and they were married. All the years between then and now Mrs. Miller has spent at the side of her husband, and hand in hand they have sought to lead the way for their charges from the darkness of barbarism to the light of civilization and to better living. They have left behind a monument of accomplishment that is perhaps unequalled in the history of so small a force working for the uplift.

Palawan is the very outpost of the Philippines. It lies in that great reach of the island that runs out to the southeast, two days' journey nearly to Borneo, and separates the China Sea from the Sulu Sea. It is a strip of land 20 miles wide and 275 miles long. Timbered mountains store the moisture which makes its valleys perennially fertile. Its long coast line offers itself to the spoliation of the Moro pirates, who have swarmed through these waters for centuries and have preyed continuously upon their natives. The mountain people and those of the valleys are wild but sweet natured and simple. They are the Tagabanos, good-natured wanderers, for whom much hope is expressed. Yet all was chaos, and war never ceased in the old days.

It was into these conditions that Lieutenant Miller brought his young wife. The men of the army protested against such exposure, but the young officer believed that he knew the natives better than they and that he was safe with them. He established himself at Puerto Princessa, which had once been a Spanish town of some importance, but had become a deserted city of the south seas. Here he made his capital and here he began his work with the natives.

Soon he was able to muster a number of chosen young natives into a militia organization. These he sup-



plied with arms and drilled. His aim was the repelling of the Moros. Sallp Akib had long been the terror of the coasts. The natives had been ineffective as warriors and the trades were at the option of the pirates. Lieutenant Miller was well prepared before he struck a blow.

Then one summer night the news was brought that the pirates were ashore at a village up the coast and the natives were being robbed of their stores and animals. The raiders had gorged themselves, had stolen a score of the pretty women of the settlement for barter in other ports and were carousing in the village. The governor massed his constabulary and crept upon the town. The pirates were surprised, but expected an easy victory. But they had reckoned without the big American, who was a fiend when aroused. His followers had been drilled into efficiency, but were yet timid, not knowing their strength when armed with American guns. But they followed their chief to battle in fairly good part. The pirates were cut to pieces and the band broken up. The American that day won for himself the title of "the demon." The timid natives learned that they were able to stand against their hereditary enemy. The gratitude of the whole community came to the governor. Recruits came to his arms.

The band of Sallp Tomi gave the second big battle in the working out of the problems of this isolated law and order scheme. "The demon" met this band under similar conditions and the results were the same. The timid natives found that they could fight and that they liked it. They placed themselves at the command of the governor and did his bidding without question. They came to call him king and his word was law. They carried the tales of him to the ends of the island and all the people proclaimed him. None would have dared stand against him, even had they not loved him. He gave his orders as to cessation of war among the tribes and the allotment of land. In two years he had brought peace into the whole island and found it in readiness for his real programme. The fear of his arms among the Moros became so great that for six years before his death there was not a piratical raid on any part of the island. The natives called him king, and his powers with them were absolute. To all intents and purposes he was in reality king; for them there was no authority in the land but his.

Being a practical man, Lieutenant Miller knew that if the people prospered, it would be through a cultivation of their fertile soil. They were mostly nomadic, wandering from place to place. He exerted all his influence to get them to settle down and make themselves permanent homes, cultivating more land.

The Tagabanos, or inland people, were the favorites with the governor. They were intelligent, tractable, musical, lovable. He determined that he would do something for these people to fix their habits and tie them to the soil. It was in the carrying out of this plan that he lost his life.

The Aborlan river runs inland through a fertile valley near Puerto Princessa. Twenty-six miles up this stream Governor Miller selected the



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