

USE OF TRIMMINGS

Decorations Are Not in as High Favor as Formerly.

Cause More Anxiety for the Home Dressmaker in Obtaining the Desired Lines.

Trimnings on dresses were once much like the garnishes added by hotel cooks to their most elaborate dishes—little dabs of ribbon, braid or beads—lemon skin, parsley or paper frills—that had nothing to do with the structure of dress or dish.

Of late years we have got away from this way of adding trimmings to clothes and hats, and although at first thought it might seem that the home dressmaker's task was thereby lightened, it has not always worked that way. For with the absence of trimming more depends on the structural line of the dress and the bungler in dressmaking can never achieve a good line. It takes real talent and skill whether the one who does it be a famous French dressmaker or an overworked, tired mother, who is said to have "good luck" or "natural knack" of making her children's clothes.

If you are sure that you can achieve beauty and distinction of line in the dresses you attempt to make at home, then don't have any trimming. But if you are less sure of your skill, make the best use of the few trimmings that are still permitted.

Once you could have added a bow of ribbon almost anywhere on a dress, as a trimming, apparently, but, in fact, to cover up some pucker in the making of the dress. Belts covered a multitude of sins in the way skirt and bodice met at the waist. But now belts are mere afterthoughts. If we have them at all, but there still are some devices that help.

A design of braiding in the same color as the skirt, some four or five inches wide, applied a few inches from the bottom of the skirt, either all around or merely at the panels, adds enormously.

Although fringe has worn out its welcome in some quarters because it has been used too persistently, it is still one of the most effective trimmings the home dressmaker can possibly use. It is easy to apply and it gives weight to the edge of the dress.

Woolen embroidery is one of the extremely good-looking trimmings. The embroidery is usually in some rich contrasting color and adds much spirit to a plain dark dress. But it is not the easiest thing in the world to work in wool. To help you in this respect there is wool embroidery on a thin net foundation that can be applied to the place desired with exactly the same good result that you would get if you worked the stitches directly on the fabric.

LATE ARRIVALS FROM PARIS



The above magnificent creation is one of the latest arrivals from Paris. It is a woolen parma tricot gown.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO SEWS

When Making Aprons Use Flat Seams Then There Will Be No Right or Wrong Side.

When you make aprons, use tailored flat seams stitched on both sides like you see in men's shirts. This will mean that there will be no right or wrong side and the apron will have double wear.

In patching a garment, do not use new material if you can help it, as it will only strain the old material around it. If partly worn pieces are not handy, use thinner material. Be sure the warp of the patch runs the same as the material.

To remove a stain from a pricked finger when the blood has fallen on silk material, take a few inches of white sewing silk in the mouth, moisten it, roll it into a ball and rub the blood spot easily. The stain will disappear.

Always use coarse thread for sewing on buttons. It does not show, is stronger even than double fine thread, and does not take so much time.

GRAY TULLE EVENING GOWN



This beautiful gown is built of gray tulle over silver cloth with floral decoration of chiffon and ribbon in rose shades.

NEW JET AND STEEL BUCKLES

Decorations for the Different Colors of Footwear Worn in Afternoon and Evening.

Ornamental buckles are in vogue for afternoon and evening shoes and slippers, and the shops are showing a most tempting assortment of them. One of the most unusual—although by no means freakish—of the evening slipper buckles is the leaded one. That does not mean that an elaborate design is worked out in colored beads. It means that a buckle is formed of row after row of small beads fastened snugly on a stiffened form.

Jet and steel bead buckles are worn on black slippers and on bronze and brown slippers buckles of tiny brown beads are worn.

Sometimes too a design is worked into these bead buckles, but it is only plain, two-tone design—black and steel, bronze and brown beads, or some such unobtrusive combination as that gives the best results.

For the gray suede shoes—and a good many are in evidence for afternoon wear—there are buckles of steel beads mounted on a gray suede foundation, with a patch of gray suede showing inside the band of shining steel beads.

There are some attractive new bead slippers, with straps across the instep. These come in both black and bronze, headed in steel and brown or bronze beads. They also come in gray suede, with steel beads.

There are also buckles for afternoon shoes of natural leather made of black enamel and steel beads, and some of black enamel and rhinestones for evening slippers.

NEW SPRING HAT FASHIONS

Brim That Turns Abruptly Back From the Face Characteristic of Some Headgear.

A tufted hat of dark blue taffeta, with a steel head fastened in each tuft, is not only charming in itself, but capable of several deviations from the original that would be quite worthwhile.

Brim that turn abruptly back from the face are characteristic of a good many of the spring hats. Trimming is often placed on this back-turned brim in a very effective manner.

Many of the new hats show a band of trimming at the edge of the crown. This is sometimes a row of artificial flowers, fastened with very short stems straight around. Sometimes there is an inset band of silk on the straw, with embroidery in colored cotton thread. Sometimes the trimming consists in tiny ostrich points, upstanding in a band half an inch from the edge of the hat brim.

NAME 1919 VICTORY COLORS

Rich, Deep Blue and a Bright Cherry Are Chosen—Provide Excellent Contrast.

Those in America who choose the seasonal colors for the dyes and dressmakers have united upon a rich, deep blue and a bright cherry as the victory colors for 1919. It is not the red that we associate with conquerors; it is too light and thin in its tones; but it will undoubtedly prove a success, as it is an excellent contrast to the victory blues.

The choice of these colors is confined to America. We do not know that France will launch victory colors but it is to be supposed that if she does, observes a correspondent, she will use the horizon blue of the French uniform or the blue of the French flag. She is not much given to this kind of work. It may be that she will not celebrate victory through fabrics.

Hands Up!

BY RALPH BEACH WALL

(Copyright.)

There was wild, unsubdued fire in her eyes. By the way she threw back her head and shouted to her mount, a sleek cayuse, one could tell at a glance that she was a girl of spirit, who did things.

Bess was not accustomed to riding alone through the gorge trail covered only by a stage from Silverhead, a neighboring mining town. Usually Phil rode with her.

It was half in anger toward him that she had chosen the lonesome, some said dangerous, route.

She had seen Phil two hours before, and, as usual, had shouted an invitation for him to ride with her.

"Can't! I'm busy today. See you later," he answered, waving his hat to her and galloping on.

There was something in his eyes that bothered the girl, when she remembered it. It was for that reason, half an hour later, Bess had chosen the lonesome gorge road.

She wanted to be alone, to think about Phil, and weigh her father's doubts about the young fellow, who seemed to do nothing save tilt his time away, and who had never been caught working since he had struck town two months before.

Why did he occasionally go off on his horse alone, and not come back till the next day? Who were the city men he often met at the daily train, and sometimes went out with for a day or two?

He had never explained his business to Bess.

The night before he had asked her to marry him. The thought had come to her so suddenly that all she could do was ask for time.

"I will answer you tomorrow evening," she had said.

She could not understand his urgency, the eagerness in his voice.

"But I have many things to think of," she protested. "You know how father is opposed to you. It's partly because you look city bred, and still know horses and mining so well. He seems to be almost suspicious of you."

"I can easily clear up any suspicion," he had answered confidently. "But I want my answer now. Tomorrow may be too late."

Why had he repeated that ominous warning? Had he planned anything for today? Was he in danger of any kind?

At that moment the rattle of wheels behind her caused Bess to turn. She had already reached a lonely spot in the gorge, some miles from town.

It was the stage from Silverhead, carrying its cargo of silver and passengers winding through the gully, cut sharply between high cliffs. The four horses were straining at their load, and coming along at a smart clip.

Bess whipped up her horse to gain a wider part of the road, where the coach could pass her.

The passage was uneven and full of rocks. Riding being difficult, the girl bent all her attention on the steed.

At a sharp turn in the road, something scared the skittish cayuse. A second later the animal shied at a big bowlder confronting them, and Bess was hurled through the air, over his head, landing in a jolt in the wall.

Her revolver flew from her belt with the jolt, and the frightened cayuse galloped on alone.

When the girl pulled herself together she found that the horse had thrown her into an opening, a little pocket in the natural stone wall at the turning which commanded a view of the road on both sides of the sharp corner.

She glanced out, and found the stage drawing near at a rapid rate; then, looking in the opposite direction, Bess saw her cayuse galloping madly, already half a mile away.

The revolver that had jolted loose was the next thing to attract her attention, and she was about to slide down and recover it from the ledge, two feet below, when a quick movement attracted her in the direction her horse had taken.

The girl's eyes dilated and she seemed frozen to the spot, as she watched three masked horsemen nearing the gully road through a narrow defile down one side.

In a moment Bess realized. The stage was thundering on. She slipped forward to get the gun. The stage was not a hundred yards off.

Bess glanced apprehensively at the three grim horsemen, partly concealed behind a bowlder at the roadside.

The hand reaching for the revolver drew back sharply. She caught in her breath with a convulsive gasp.

Bess had recognized in that instant the leader of the bandits.

It was Phil.

Around his neck was the very handkerchief she had spent weeks embroidering for him, every stitch an expression of love and faith.

BEYOND ALL OTHER DEBTS

TOILED HARD FOR SUCCESS

Great Sculptor Knew Many Vicissitudes Before His Genius Compelled World's Acknowledgment.

The old, old story of genius toiling against adversity and winning the struggle is ever repeating itself—and is ever interesting. Rodin, the great French sculptor, climbed the ladder laboriously, but with such a persistence that fame could not escape him. In "Rodin, the Man and His Art," Miss Judith Cladel tells how the young artist, in order to live, applied himself to varied occupations.

He chipped at stone and marble, he drew sketches for the fashionable jewelers of Paris, and he made articles of decorative art ordered by manufacturers. Despite a considerable loss of time he obtained by that means a true apprenticeship in art, and finally was able to realize his first dream—to have an atelier of his own.

His atelier! It was a stable in the Rue Lebrun, in the quarter of the Gobelins, where he was born. It was a cold hovel-cave, with a well sunk in the angle of the wall that, at every season, exhaled its chilling breath. It did not matter. The place was sufficiently large and well lighted.

There Rodin accumulated his studies and works until the place became so crowded that he could hardly turn himself about, but, being too poor to have them cast, he lost the greater part of them. Sometimes the soft clay settled and fell asunder; sometimes, becoming too dry, it cracked and crumbled.—Youth's Companion.

NEVER WORE ROYAL DIADEM

Seven Queens of England Who Remained Uncrowned on Account of State and Religious Reasons.

There have been seven uncrowned queens of England. The first was Margaret of France, the second wife of Edward I. Money was scarce in the government coffers at the time, and Edward could not afford the expense of a coronation. The four later wives of Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn's successors—Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr—were never publicly crowned as queen consorts. Perhaps it was because Henry thought it would cause ridicule to have coronations occur as frequently as his marriages. Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I, being a strict Catholic, refused to take part in a state function which would compel her to partake of the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Sophia Dorothea, the wife of George I, and mother of George II, was never recognized as queen of England, and therefore cannot be classed as one of Britain's uncrowned queens. Catherine of Brunswick, the wife of George IV, was not permitted to be present in Westminster hall at his coronation.

MOORS HAVE NOT LOST HOPE

Despite Long Dispossession, They Still Hope to Return to Granada and the Alhambra.

At Granada, I remember, that the guardianship of the Vela (or Watch) tower at the extreme western point of the Alhambra, directly overlooking the city, has been in the hands of one family for several hundred years—practically since the conquest, in 1492, forming a stay of several weeks at Granada. I cultivated that family, consisting of an aged crone, a middle-aged daughter and a scapegrace grandson called Escamillo.

Upon the top of that tower hangs the famous "wishing bell" that is believed to insure a husband to any girl who can knock it with her knuckles sufficiently loud to make it ring. The bell is about seven feet above the nearest perch, and that is where "Escamillo comes in. He allows the anxious girl to climb upon his back and then stands erect so she can reach the object of her hopes. The gratuity is never less than a peseta (10 cents), and the fees often equal \$1,000 a year.

That bell is supposed to be rung hourly throughout the night to apprise the sleeping people in the city below that the Moors have not come back; but across the Strait of Gibraltar, absolutely every night, the coffee houses of Tangier resound with the droning, haunting song of "Yerga," the Arabic word for "We shall return"—meaning to Granada and to the re-possession of the Alhambra.—Julius Chambers, in Brooklyn Eagle.

SWINBURNE CALLED WAR'S POET.

Nelson Collins, writing in Century, puts forward Swinburne as the poet of the world's war, and to prove his point he quotes liberally from Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise," published in 1871. "It is the greatest single volume of poetry in the last 50 years," Mr. Collins continues. "Swinburne was writing against King Frederick of Naples and Napoleon III and Francis Joseph, and for Italy in the birth of a new freedom and a betrayed France and a Europe disturbed, if not always demonstrative, throughout its length and breadth. Mazzini and Carducci were akin to him in abstract international mood. The poems are nearly 50 years old; but, then, he was a 'forward looking' man. And, anyway, what's in a date? The best book on the way the great war stamped the men who fought in it, 'The Red Laugh,' was written in 1905."

WORKERS GO AHEAD OF SHIRKERS.

Most of us are unwilling to give ourselves to our work for ten hours out of the day, much less 20—indeed, five hours of work is as much as most of us really accomplish, and many of us far less than that.

There is no royal road to success any more than there is to learning. It is said that there is no such thing as an average man or woman, but if each of us would live up to our possibilities there is no limit to what we might accomplish. In any business office you will find the workers and the shirkers, and very often it may seem that the shirkers get just as far ahead as the workers, but the probability is that, should you go back after a year and a day to any one of these same offices, you will find that those who had labored had forged away ahead of those who had idled.

NEVER LOSE HOPE.

Hope is something to be busy with. It is something of which we should accumulate a store. Always have plenty of hopes, and have them so that they will reach out and last away into the years of the future.

There is really something mysterious about a hope. If you will cherish it faithfully and keep it warm in your heart, you will be almost sure to some time realize it. It is said that we are what we believe ourselves to be. But, perhaps, we might better say that we are what our hopes are.

BEYOND ALL OTHER DEBTS

TOILED HARD FOR SUCCESS

Great Sculptor Knew Many Vicissitudes Before His Genius Compelled World's Acknowledgment.

You can repay all services, all kindnesses, either by money, or service, or love, or devotion, but a mother's debt you can never repay. Bhupendranath Banu writes in the Journal of the Royal Society of Arts. Those of you who have been to India and visited Benares must have noticed the leaning turrets on the banks of the Ganges. Benares is the holiest city of the Hindus, and temples erected there were considered as earning great merit for both those who built them and those in whose memory they were built.

Tradition says these turrets are the remnants of a Hindu temple which a dutiful son erected to the memory of his dead mother, believing that he would thereby repay the debt which he owed to her. When the temple was completed after several years—for you can even now see it was a great temple of stone—and was about to be consecrated, the son was filled with the pleasure which comes of a duty discharged, and he cried out: "Now, mother, I have after all been able to repay my debt to you," and lo! and behold, the temple began to lean toward the earth, and was about to fall, when the pious builder, remembering his blasphemy, exclaimed: "Oh, mother, that art in heaven, truly I am sinful, for how can I think of repaying my debt to thee!" and the fall of the temple was arrested, but the leaning turrets still preach a great lesson to devout Hindus who visit Benares.

LEARNING TURRETS OF BENARES RECALL TO MEN THEIR DEEP OBLIGATION TO THEIR MOTHERS.

There was the love of a savage and the hate of a savage in her expression. She had found out her lover at last, and had instinctively pointed the gun at him.

Bess' left hand clenched so that the tendons showed white through the skin, and the forefinger of her right hand twitched on the trigger.

Before she realized the trembling finger gave a jerk and pulled the trigger. There came a slight click, but nothing more.

The hammer had become jammed by the jolting received when it fell from her belt.

Grinding up, her wits scattered by this sudden discovery, she saw the stage rolling past the gap.

It was too late. The gun had failed, and the stage had passed before she could give the warning.

"Hands up!"

The gruff growl made Bess grow faint, and her eyes swam. For in it she recognized the same tone that she knew so well in Phil's voice, but it was so brutal, so different.

She watched, with a stifling throat and heaving bosom, as a shot rang out from Phil's gun and the driver, who had not obeyed the summons quickly enough, tumbled from his seat and flopped onto his back in the road.

Bess sprang to her feet, aflame with madness. Her wits worked rapidly; she must do something to cope with his brutality.

The bandits stopped the dashing horses, and in a moment a t. abling party of travelers filed slowly from the stage.

They lined up in a row, their hands high above their heads.

Bess gave a strangled gasp, a sudden impulse seized her, and she leaped to the road, her revolver clutched and clutched tensely.

With blind fury she flew to the hold up scene, her nostrils dilated, her eyes red rimmed.

The leader evidently saw her coming. He darted forward, and a minute later Bess found herself struggling and fighting in his strong arms. He knocked the revolver from her hand and tried to explain something in eager words.

But she would not listen. She screamed with rage and tore at him; his very touch was the blight. His hands seared her wherever they rested.

In the meantime his companions continued their work and paid no attention to him.

With a wild gleam in his eyes, Phil suddenly forced her back and held her tightly, explaining to her, trying to get the girl to listen to his defense.

Through sheer weakness Bess finally had to listen. Then the words had their effect. Her eyes gleamed, she looked at him squarely and became more quiet.

"Wait here!" he cried suddenly. "I'll go back and get the stuff. Wait here for me."

As he dashed off Bess sank to the ground, utterly spent, and the lady sobbing weakly, while her lover rushed back to the frightened group of travelers, swooped up the valuables, tied them in a wide handkerchief, mounted his horse, fired several shots in the air, and swung down the trail to where Bess sat in a heap, wondering, trying to reassure herself that all he had said was true.

Half a mile from the hold-up scene he drew rein abruptly and turned to Bess with a reassuring smile.

"I had to go this far," he explained. "They need a slide in the trousers of the bandits getting away, and I guess mine was some picturesque get-away."

"Your butting in helped the picture a good deal, Bess. They'll change the idea and label this part: 'Wife Pleading With Bandit Chief!'"

"Phil," she said, looking up with yearning eyes, in which the slightest suggestion of a smile was beginning to glow, "is it really true? I know it must be. But the thing seemed so real at the time. I never saw a moving picture taken before."

"Well, it won't be the last one you'll see taken, I hope," the man smiled, wiping her tear-stained face with the handkerchief she had made for him.

BEYOND ALL OTHER DEBTS

TOILED HARD FOR SUCCESS

Great Sculptor Knew Many Vicissitudes Before His Genius Compelled World's Acknowledgment.

He chipped at stone and marble, he drew sketches for the fashionable jewelers of Paris, and he made articles of decorative art ordered by manufacturers. Despite a considerable loss of time he obtained by that means a true apprenticeship in art, and finally was able to realize his first dream—to have an atelier of his own.

His atelier! It was a stable in the Rue Lebrun, in the quarter of the Gobelins, where he was born. It was a cold hovel-cave, with a well sunk in the angle of the wall that, at every season, exhaled its chilling breath. It did not matter. The place was sufficiently large and well lighted.

There Rodin accumulated his studies and works until the place became so crowded that he could hardly turn himself about, but, being too poor to have them cast, he lost the greater part of them. Sometimes the soft clay settled and fell asunder; sometimes, becoming too dry, it cracked and crumbled.—Youth's Companion.

NEVER WORE ROYAL DIADEM

Seven Queens of England Who Remained Uncrowned on Account of State and Religious Reasons.

There have been seven uncrowned queens of England. The first was Margaret of France, the second wife of Edward I. Money was scarce in the government coffers at the time, and Edward could not afford the expense of a coronation. The four later wives of Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn's successors—Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr—were never publicly crowned as queen consorts. Perhaps it was because Henry thought it would cause ridicule to have coronations occur as frequently as his marriages. Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I, being a strict Catholic, refused to take part in a state function which would compel her to partake of the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. Sophia Dorothea, the wife of George I, and mother of George II, was never recognized as queen of England, and therefore cannot be classed as one of Britain's uncrowned queens. Catherine of Brunswick, the wife of George IV, was not permitted to be present in Westminster hall at his coronation.

MOORS HAVE NOT LOST HOPE

Despite Long Dispossession, They Still Hope to Return to Granada and the Alhambra.

At Granada, I remember, that the guardianship of the Vela (or Watch) tower at the extreme western point of the Alhambra, directly overlooking the city, has been in the hands of one family for several hundred years—practically since the conquest, in 1492, forming a stay of several weeks at Granada. I cultivated that family, consisting of an aged crone, a middle-aged daughter and a scapegrace grandson called Escamillo.

Upon the top of that tower hangs the famous "wishing bell" that is believed to insure a husband to any girl who can knock it with her knuckles sufficiently loud to make it ring. The bell is about seven feet above the nearest perch, and that is where "Escamillo comes in. He allows the anxious girl to climb upon his back and then stands erect so she can reach the object of her hopes. The gratuity is never less than a peseta (10 cents), and the fees often equal \$1,000 a year.

That bell is supposed to be rung hourly throughout the night to apprise the sleeping people in the city below that the Moors have not come back; but across the Strait of Gibraltar, absolutely every night, the coffee houses of Tangier resound with the droning, haunting song of "Yerga," the Arabic word for "We shall return"—meaning to Granada and to the re-possession of the Alhambra.—Julius Chambers, in Brooklyn Eagle.

SWINBURNE CALLED WAR'S POET.

Nelson Collins, writing in Century, puts forward Swinburne as the poet of the world's war, and to prove his point he quotes liberally from Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise," published in 1871. "It is the greatest single volume of poetry in the last 50 years," Mr. Collins continues. "Swinburne was writing against King Frederick of Naples and Napoleon III and Francis Joseph, and for Italy in the birth of a new freedom and a betrayed France and a Europe disturbed, if not always demonstrative, throughout its length and breadth. Mazzini and Carducci were akin to him in abstract international mood. The poems are nearly 50 years old; but, then, he was a 'forward looking' man. And, anyway, what's in a date? The best book on the way the great war stamped the men who fought in it, 'The Red Laugh,' was written in 1905."

WORKERS GO AHEAD OF SHIRKERS.

Most of us are unwilling to give ourselves to our work for ten hours out of the day, much less 20—indeed, five hours of work is as much as most of us really accomplish, and many of us far less than that.

There is no royal road to success any more than there is to learning. It is said that there is no such thing as an average man or woman, but if each of us would live up to our possibilities there is no limit to what we might accomplish. In any business office you will find the workers and the shirkers, and very often it may seem that the shirkers get just as far ahead as the workers, but the probability is that, should you go back after a year and a day to any one of these same offices, you will find that those who had labored had forged away ahead of those who had idled.

NEVER LOSE HOPE.

Hope is something to be busy with. It is something of which we should accumulate a store. Always have plenty of hopes, and have them so that they will reach out and last away into the years of the future.

There is really something mysterious about a hope. If you will cherish it faithfully and keep it warm in your heart, you will be almost sure to some time realize it. It is said that we are what we believe ourselves to be. But, perhaps, we might better say that we are what our hopes are.

ANT'S SWEET TEETH.

One of the greatest pests that haunt our orange groves is the Argentine ant, and yet it never goes near the trees. Every bit of the damage it does indirectly. It seems that it has a very sweet tooth and is abnormally fond of a honey dew that is secreted by certain mealy bugs and scales that are most injurious, and it will go to any lengths to protect them from being destroyed or harmed in any way. In Louisiana they have discovered a way of trapping these ants. They construct nests and when they all congregate there, as they will in rainy weather, they can destroy them.

In California they poison them with poison syrup. When they are once gone it is easy enough to deal with their friends.