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IDEAS IN BLOUSES

Short Sleeves Appear in Many of the Summer Garments.

American Designers Reluctant to Accept Paris Recommendation for Abbreviated Arm Coverings.

Unquestionably this is a season of novel ideas in blouses. The ordinary, old-time suit blouse wins barely a glance. Of course, suit blouses must be had, because suits are being sold in much greater numbers than suit department records have been able to show for years. The suit blouse with round waist length back and sides and long apron panel front is one favorite.

Another of the new blouse novelties is the cosack, which is somewhat on the order of the old-fashioned basque. It is not a tightly fitted affair, but is drawn softly across the figure in front and at the sides and tied in the back.

Both plain and printed georgettes are used for the apron models and for warm weather wear sheer cotton voile or fine handkerchief linen may be used in the development of a blouse either of the cosack or apron type.

There is no ironed ruling in regard to blouse length. The waist length model is shown, like the one on the cosack lines, and blouses appear with hip length peplums, and long knee length models, called costume blouses, continue to be approved.

Short sleeves, definitely approved by French style designers this season, ap-



Tastily Tucked Blouse of Pussy Willow Taffeta, Severely Simple.

pear to excellent, advantage in many of the summer blouses.

American style designers have not so far generally accepted the Paris recommendation concerning short sleeves in silk and wool fabric frocks for street wear, but the summer blouse and sheer summer frocks did the style very desirable.

The woman who elects to wear short sleeves in the daytime should have pretty arms. Unfortunately not all women are so blessed and for that reason it is not probable that the fancy for short sleeves will be so generally accepted as to make the style become "common."

SUMMER BRINGS LARGER HATS

Brighter Sunshine Causes Demand for Broader Brims to Protect Face and Eyes.

With the approach of late spring and early summer weather, the big hat is coming actively into its own. The first spring days demand that the headgear selected shall be small and rather close reefed to withstand wind and weather, and a hat of this type is very smart with narrow straight line tailored suit or frock. But big hats are almost uniformly becoming and when late spring and summer suns begin to shine, a spreading hat brim is a great protection to the eyes and complexion.

When trimming is used on the spring or summer chapeau, flowers usually are first choice. All kinds of garden flowers are lined up in the millinery field this season. Hollyhocks, poppies, bleeding hearts, violets, and roses, of course, and lilies, including those of the poppy and calla family, are approved. Ribbon flowers are fashionable, also, some of the smartest hats showing clusters of very real looking asters, sunflowers, etc., made of narrow ribbon in carefully selected colors.

SMART SUGGESTIONS

Sailor collars are smart. Suits have very narrow belts. Coats are very ample in the back. Afternoon dresses are not very long. The tablier blouse is being made in wash materials. The frilled lingerie blouse is gaining in popularity. Skirts for afternoon wear promise to be more full. A revival of the real lace collar is strongly suggested.

A LATE ARRIVAL FROM PARIS



Charming frock for day wear, attractively embroidered. A summer hat, of which white tulle forms the brim; the crown trimmed with small fancy flowers completes this alluring outfit.

PARIS GOWNS GROW BUNCHY

Sash is an Important Adjunct to Some Garments—Wrist Length Gloves Again in Evidence.

The imported gowns from that dear Paris are not pretty as to line and design—not even the most enthusiastic admirer of French creations can enthuse over the very short skirts and sleeves and the rather bunchy look most of them seem to have—but they are decidedly interesting and, more than that, even they are different from anything we see hereabout, observes a writer in New York Sun.

Now, for instance, comes a white silk Jersey evening gown, and from Doucet. It is a charming thing, with long lines so very graceful that it is distinctly novel.

The sash is an important thing on every gown, as it appears in many unusual and interesting arrangements, sometimes placed high up under the arms and crossed in the front and again in the back, where it loops between the shoulder blades and then falls the length of the entire frock. In this instance the sash is not more than four inches wide and appears on a light satin frock made with the simplicity of a little girl's school dress, falling long and straight from the shoulders, with only the little crossed sashes at the bust and in the back to hold in the fullness. The sleeves are very short, just the length we would call awkward, as they stop far short of the elbow.

By a curious freak of fancy it seems that Parisian women wear the short, wrist-length glove, just as people used to do before the days of 1860, which sets us wondering if we shall see the old-fashioned lace frills appearing again at the tops of gloves or shall the thin meshed mitts return?

At any rate, if a French frock among the new arrivals shows sleeves at all it is this curious half-length—of course it remains to be seen whether our makers will adopt these funny sleeves. Americans have as much cleverness in adapting these fashions as the French display in creating them, and for this reason the French things always look well on our women.

DRESS SHIELDS NOT NOTION

An Accessory That is Entirely Indispensable to the Neat and Careful Dresser.

It doesn't make any difference how fashionably one is gowned nor how expensive are one's clothes if there is the slightest suggestion of carelessness in the care of the clothes.

Dust in the folds or pleatings will ruin the appearance of the most ultra smart frock.

Stains of any character—a slight splashing on the street crossing, the trace of powder at the neck of the gown, the unsightly evidence of perspiration—are all things that are unnecessary if one uses the ordinary precautions in obviating them.

This year we find the extremes in sleeves. Paris has abbreviated sleeves for every gown apparently that is to be worn in the house, but among the multitudinous models for street and all the occasions taking one out of the home we find the long close sleeves featured very extensively. With such frocks or suits or blouses there is only one sure road to constant freshness and stainless beauty, and that is by way of the well selected well-adjusted dress shield.

It has a very nice significance—the shield; it means to ward off, to defend, to protect.

Mandarin Coats.

Short mandarin coats that may be worn over milady's pajamas are made of black satin and the odds and ends of wool from the knitting bag. Or one might use rope silk in the pastel tints for decoration. These delightful little coats are very simple to cut with sleeves and body in one. Of course the neck is collarless in true Chinese style, and sometimes the embroidered trimming forms a mad riot of coloring that is both bizarre and artistic. Brilliant red poppies and nasturtiums are interesting and one chooses this type of flower rather than the dainty rose or sweet pea for the oriental kunging jacket.

THE CORRECT WAY TO SLEEP

Soft Beds Make Flabby Skin, and Large Pillows Injure Health and Appearance.

No matter how comfortable a soft bed and large, soft pillows may be, they are not healthful, and women especially would do well to avoid them, for they assist materially in injuring their physical appearance, states a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer. When the body sinks down in a soft bed a considerable portion of the skin is robbed of its proper ventilation and the circulation is interfered with. It also helps to make the muscles flabby.

A hard bed will make the flesh firmer, and the form must, therefore, appear somewhat better as a result. The large pillows are not good to sleep on because the head is too high when it rests on them, and this prevents that deep, regular breathing which gives good lungs and in consequence a better appearance to the bust and shoulders.

One ought always to sleep on the left side, and preferably with the arms at the back. This may be a little awkward at first, but as soon as one becomes accustomed to it she will find it not only the most restful and easy, but the position in which sleepers are more easily induced. The pillow ought, of course, be small and the bed hard, or at least firm. The body is then in the correct position for sleeping and for helping the physical appearance of the person while at rest.

The arms at the back throw the chest forward, make the shoulders broader and the back straighter, so that material assistance toward a good carriage is thus obtained. When one lies on the back, even though the pillow is small, it has a tendency to crook the shoulders, and many cases of stooped shoulders have probably originated in that way.

FRINGE FOR THE BED SPREAD

Decoration That is Pleasing and Attractive May Easily Be Made by Nimble Fingers.

Some of the loveliest of the new spreads for the bed are of unbleached muslin with inserts of handmade lace or a touch of hand embroidery in large bold patterns, knots, cross stitch and the like. One may finish off these spreads with a wide hem, a blanket-stitched or buttonhole edge and best of all with a handmade, crocheted fringe. Now this may sound ambitious, the making of enough fringe to go around the whole spread except the top, of course, and the bottom if it is to be tucked into a wooden foot board, but the fringe is simple. Start with a favorite crocheted edge that leaves an irregular edge of points scallops or open squares. After your whole edge is crocheted, all you have to do is to tie into every point, or into three or five points in a group as many strands of thread according to the size and thickness of tassel you want. If there is flax lace in your spread, you will want a flax heading for your fringe. If the embroidery is dainty, make your heading a series of lighter picoted interwoven loops. You can find patterns and directions for such a heading in any crochet book, and all you will have to do is to knot your strands of fringe into the most prominent loops or points.

BUTTON TRIMMING IS NOVEL



Rows of tiny buttons on the cuffs and the pocket sleeve, and also on the front of the suit, is a trimming that sets the outfit off most attractively. This sport suit is made of tan gabardine.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

No talent will enable us to do any work without drudgery, but no childlikeness must tempt us to give it up because it is hard. No work can be well done by one who is unwilling to sacrifice ease to its accomplishment.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

For those who are fond of the fresh, crisp cabbage there is no more acceptable way to serve it than this: Shred a hard, firm head of cabbage very fine, sprinkle with salt and a dash of cayenne, add enough vinegar to make a snappy flavor and sugar and cream to taste. If the cabbage is wilted let it stand in water until crisp.

Rochester Soup.—This is a rich dinner soup, and at the present price of chickens and almonds cannot be called economical. Blanch two-thirds of a cupful of almonds; chop and pound in a mortar; add gradually while pounding, few-tablespoonfuls of water, half a teaspoonful of salt; then add three cupfuls of chicken stock, one sliced onion and three stalks of celery. Simmer one hour. Rub through a sieve and bind with two tablespoonfuls of butter and four cooked together and mixed with the soup, cooking until well done.

Sour Cream Salad Dressing.—Let a cupful of cream stand until sour, then whip until thick; add one tablespoonful of sugar and one of lemon juice. Beat well into the cream and add a dash of cayenne, if liked.

Cream Pie.—Cook in a double boiler one cupful of top milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with a cupful of sugar, then added to the milk, two beaten egg yolks, a pinch of salt; cook until thick. Set aside to cool, then add flavoring and fill a baked shell. Cover with a meringue made from the whites beaten stiff and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Set in the oven to brown.

Minced Chicken With Peppers.—Cover a green pepper with boiling water and parboil for ten minutes. Cut the pepper in strips with scissors, removing the seeds. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour; cook until well blended with two-thirds of a cupful of chicken stock. Add one cupful of diced chicken and the peppers and serve on buttered toast.

Nellie Maxwell

THE KITCHEN CABINET

The highest duty of the state is to legislate and minister so to make good homes, for it is only a larger home, and for the same uses that the state exists.—Ellen Richards.

SUMMER FOODS.

Now is the time to enjoy the luscious field mushroom. With plenty of rain there should be an abundant crop. Look for them in the fields used for pasture or where fertilizer has been placed the year before. Mushrooms will also be found around the roots of decaying trees and stumps. Learn a few of the common varieties and add a most delicious vegetable, with no cost but the effort of gathering, to your table.

Deviled Mushrooms.—Mix a teaspoonful of mustard, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and half a teaspoonful of paprika, cover broiled mushrooms with this mixture and serve hot on toast.

Put a layer of finely chopped pecans or walnuts over the top of a custard pie. The nuts will form a crust over the top which will, when baked, be especially delicious.

Grape Surprise.—Take four tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin, soften with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, then add the juice and rind of a lemon, two and one-half cupfuls of grape juice and one-half cupful of sugar. Stir until well dissolved and the gelatin has begun to thicken, then add a half-pound of skinned and seeded grapes. Pour into a wet mold and set away on ice to harden.

Date, Nut and Pineapple Salad.—Chop a cupful of dates and three good sized apples, add a cupful of chopped celery and a cupful of broken nut meats, half a pound of seeded skinned grapes. Mix all together and heap on a slice of pineapple placed on a lettuce leaf. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. Marshmallows cut in bits may be added in place of the nutmeats, making a more dainty salad.

Peach d'Armour.—Fill tall glasses with peach ice cream and sufficient raspberry juice to run down through the cream to color it. On top place a spoonful of plain vanilla ice cream, garnish with a fresh raspberry or two, or a maraschino cherry.

Nellie Maxwell

Charley Zepp's Feet

By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW

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His chair propped up comfortably against the door jamb, in the narrow hallway leading from the stage of the Olympia theater to the back alley, with a dim red light casting its feeble rays on his white hair, Baker, the doorman, kept watch anxiously, against the trespass of unhalloved feet. And then an unhalloved foot brought him upstanding, and an unhalloved hand on his stooped shoulder brought a frown, which quickly changed into a grizzled smile as a bill shot under his nose.

"I say," piped a voice, "my good man, will you give this card to Miss Dolly Hart?"

"H'm-m," came the answering grunt, as Baker scanned the card. "I'll see I think her act's on now. Joe wait."

"Baker shambled off, but hadn't got a foot when a retaining arm shot out of the darkness and stopped him.

"Pep!" hissed Charley Zepp, reaching for the card. "Who's Dolly's Johnny?" Then as he read the card he turned a surprised face on Andy Scobell, the property man. "Shades of Morgan, Andy, it's Piper!"

"Piper!" echoed Andy quizzically. "Where does he tend bar?"

"Can it, Andy," growled Charley Zepp. "He's no bartender. His daddy's name's on most o' yer weekly pay."

"Forrest's angel!" quizzed Andy, puzzled.

"Forrest's nothing," was the retort. "He ain't got nothin' to do with th' manager o' this house. He's president



"Can't y' tell 'im by 'is Pigeon Feet?"

"O' th' Consolidated National bank—worth about fifty million—oh, boy, what a write-up for Dolly!"

"Soft pedal," admonished Andy, in a hoarse whisper. "You press agents 're reg'lar nuts. Dolly's partner Bill Hensley'll give you all that's comin' if you'll go to framin' up Dolly with a money-masher. Besides, this don't look real—a bank president Johnnying around stage."

"It's his son, not him," and Zepp gave Andy a scornful look. "Besides, y' gotta be a fair property man before y' can get t' be a stage doorkeeper even, and that's ten jobs below press agent. So keep yer mind on yer own business. This is my meat. Oh, boy!"

Charley Zepp started for Dolly's dressing room and accented the dainty little dancer just as she returned panting from the stage. Greeting him with a winsome smile, she invited him in. Cautiously he held his breath until the door was closed.

"Well, what's up, Charley?" she demanded, dabbing cold cream on her slightly tinted cheeks—Dolly didn't need much make-up—nature had saved her some expense on that score.

"Biggest thing in years," answered Charley, hoarsely. "You've got him sittin' up an' barkin' for yeh."

Dolly blushed prettily, and a soft glow suffused her face and neck.

"Who—Billy?" she asked, smilingly. "Good old kid—he's some boy."

"Billy be dinged!" shot Charley, scornfully. "A real one—a gilded gusher—a dough-dripper—he just coaxes money—millions of it."

"That's not Billy, then," admitted Dolly, still smiling; "but he's a—"

"Course it ain't," snapped Charley. "This is Piper—son o' th' big Wall streeter—he's waitin' for yeh outside; here's his card."

"For me?" asked Dolly, with a puzzled frown, scanning the card Charley gave her.

"Sure," insisted Charley, impatiently. "Wants to date y' up for tonight. Baker's waitin' for an answer. Biggest write up y' ever had, kid. Better wrap it up an' hug it t' yer bosom. Can't I tell 'im yes, an' when?"

"Wait, Charley," Dolly's smile turned to a deep frown. "This is my business. I don't want to see him. Tell him so."

"But I can't marry him," said Dolly, broke off abruptly.

"Y' don't have t'," asserted Charley, eagerly. "though I don't see why not. He's a gold mine. But all y' gotta do is string him along for a couple of days, an' I'll do th' rest. Look where I'll get yeh. I can see yer name now on th' electric sign out front. 'Hensley and Hart—Dances Divine.' Or even 'Dolly Hart—the Irresponsible Ingenue.' Y' can drop Bill Hensley."

"Out that!" said Dolly, sharply. "Whatever comes off, Bill's in on it, too. He's a good kid, an—"

"All right, all right," soothed Charley, then returned to the attack. "Come on, take it while th' takin's good. Shall I tell 'im yes?"

"Er—no," faltered Dolly, thinking of the big electric sign. "Er—tell him to call—tomorrow night—and I'll let him know."

"But—"

"Tell him just that," snapped Dolly decisively. "I'll think it over."

"Better had then," surrendered Charley, content with a partial victory. "Think of the big pay, th' big head-lines—th—"

"Fine, Dolly," they congratulated her. "Invite us up on Fifth avenue when y' get settled, will y'?"

Andy Dolly, jokingly, assured them that she would even send her luncheon after them.

But Billy Hensley took it as a shock. Dolly Hart—his Dolly, as he had recently come to think of her—angling for a millionaire? Impossible! But, then, Pearl Popp, of the Juggling Poppes, assured him it was so.

"Told him to come back tomorrow night," she told Billy. "Looks like a sure-fire bit. Old man Forrest says he's been hangin' aroun' the theater for th' last seven nights. Looks like weddin' bells, don't it?"

Hensley granted, and left the theater for his midnight lunch—alone. He didn't want to see Dolly—he wanted to figure this awful blow out alone. Dolly leaving him—it was terrible. But, then, what chance had he against a man who could buy her a pet dog, a plant, and after that, besides, a diamond necklace for the least.

He ruined his appetite, and afterward his sleep. And this, in turn followed by a spoiled breakfast, nearly caused him to spoil their act at the matinee. To only one did he express himself, and that was Andy Scobell.

"Better keep th' tin god out of my sight," growled Billy. "or th' Piper family'll be minus one."

"Y'v stuck yer feet in it, Charley," Andy told Zepp a few minutes later. "Hensley's sore as th' devil."

"Never y' mind about my stichin' my feet in anything," retorted Charley. "They'll get me out of it, too. Hensley's a nut."

And then, later, ten minutes before their act, the news spread that Piper was back for his answer. Hensley heard it as he stood in the wings, and then, across the stage, under a plot of suspended scenery that hung a foot from the floor, he recognized Dolly's feet. Those slippers—he could tell them anywhere. But that wasn't all.

Facing her were two big feet—a man's shiny patent leathers!

And then, with a sickening feeling, he saw Baker shambling toward the back door. In a trice he was at his side.

"What did Dolly tell that rat?" he demanded.

"I-I don't know, str," faltered the aged doorman. "Here's th' note she gave me."

Billy seized it, read the single line. "Nothing doing," and then gripped his shoulders eagerly.

"Is that for Piper?" he demanded, hoarsely. Baker nodded. "Then who?" demanded Billy, breathless with joy. "who is that guy talkin' to her?" And he pointed to the feet showing under the curtain.

"G'wan," growled Baker. "Can't y' tell 'im by 'is pigeon feet? They're big enough. That's Charley Zepp. He's been arguin' with her, but it's no go. It'll cost me a big tip, too. She's a stubborn young woman."

"Thank God she is," snapped Billy, as he hurried away in Dolly's direction.

Later, as Scobell saw Dolly, with her head resting happily against Hensley's shoulders, having heard from the doorman, he missed contemptuously.

"He ain't got no business mixin' in love, Charley ain't," and he stole another glance at the enraptured couple. "An' now he'll be hangin' aroun' like th' rest of th' news-hounds, sayin' I tol' yeh so. But his feet did get Charley out of a mess, th' lucky stiff."

Early Paper Mills.

The first paper mill in New England was established by Daniel Blandin, born in Boston 230 years ago. It was not the first of its kind on the continent, however, the pioneer mill for the manufacture of paper having been built in 1690 by William Rittinger, a Dutchman, at a point within the city limits of Philadelphia. The first paper mills in England were erected at Dartford in 1569. The French and Dutch, however, were the first Europeans to manufacture paper. Paper-making machinery was invented by Louis Robert, who sold his model to Diderot, the great printer, who purchased the apparatus, with the assistance of a Frenchman, for the manufacture of the paper industry was revolutionized.