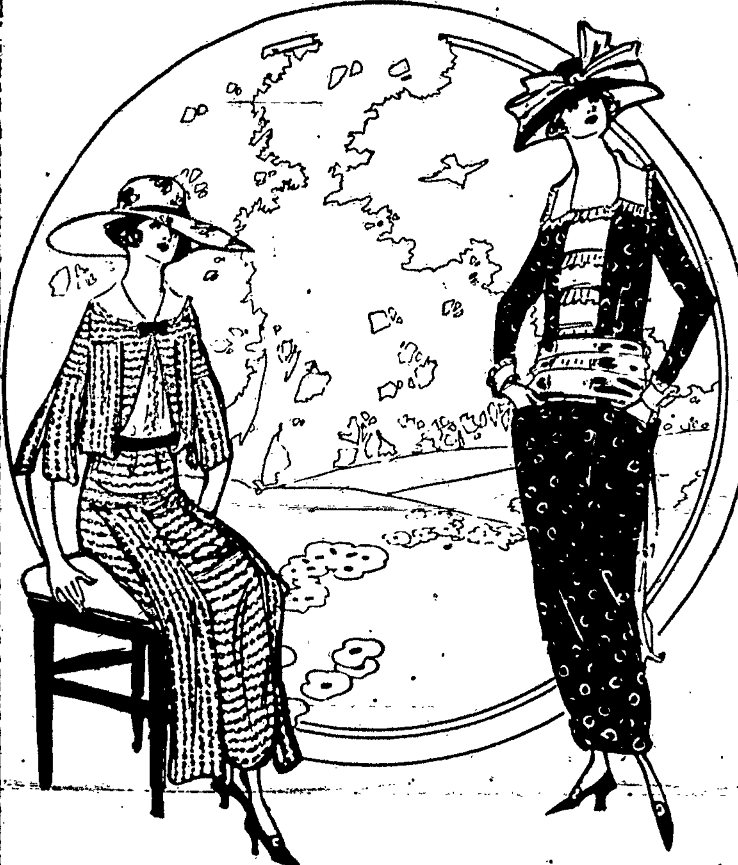

An Attractive Dress of Crepe de Chine, and a Favorite of Foulard With Organdie Vestee and Sash.

NEW FOULARDS TO HOLD HIGH FAVOR

Fabric Resplendent in Sprawling Designs Which Almost Cover Surface.

SPANISH VOGUE GAINS HOLD

Wide and Bouffant Skirts With Rather Tight Bodices Are in Evidence—Silken Gowns Are Be-ruffled.

After all is said and done, for the perfect summer wardrobe no gown ever gives quite as much satisfaction as does the one of some soft and clinging silk of a quiet color which permits it to be worn on any and all occasions. For this reason, observes a prominent fashion correspondent, the lovely foulards never seem to lose their popularity and year after year find their faithful friends who exploit them with undying devotion.

The newest weaves and designs in this sort of silk are resplendent in their huge sprawling effects which almost entirely cover the silken surface of the blue. White is usually preferred to all other tones though the sand and champagne shades are coming a good deal into favor especially for a combination of foulard and georgette.

One of the most satisfactory combinations, indeed, is achieved when these two fabrics are placed together. Since the smock is so important this summer and the chemise blouse is equally as much in demand, some excellent results are obtained by combining a georgette jacket with short French sleeves tipped with foulard and a belt of the silk slipped over a skirt of the foulard silk. To further enhance the beauty of the simple jacket or overblouse a deep hem of the foulard may be placed along the bottom edge.

One of the happiest results in summer things is the effect of smart simplicity for one wants to get away from the heavier and elaborate affairs of other seasons—the sort of dress just described is enchanting because of its extreme simplicity. It has been well developed in a gray foulard with a round cherry colored figure scattered over the surface, the silk being used for the skirt and a gray georgette of the exact shade being employed for the soft loose blouse. A preference for very narrow belts is noted and in this instance a mere ribbon string of cherry color is entwined about the waist with one of gray.

The Spanish Vogue.

Just who is responsible for the Spanish vogue no one seems to know, but that there is such a vogue no one can deny. Even in the matter of skirts one finds again and again the wide and bouffant models with rather tight bodices which are so often observed in Spanish paintings. The effect is achieved often by the addition of wide and very full ruffles placed along the bottom of the skirt which standing out give the desired effect of extra fullness.

Black taffetas and henna-colored chiffon have been happily placed together in a dress of the Spanish type. The taffeta is embroidered in henna silk and used to form a rather tight petticoat, over which fall wide side draperies from under a long pointed "basque." Down the front of the petticoat are placed henna silk tassels, which give a most unusual effect, while the crossed pieces of the waist, which end in the deep point in front, recall portraits of long ago.

Henna chiffon is used to form the upper part of the waist, the sleeves of which are longer than the French sleeves, but still are merely elbow length. It has been rather interesting to note to just what extent the bebe sleeves would be adopted for street wear, and as yet one finds little disposition to leave off the lower part of the sleeve when the dress is intended for more or less general service. The French frocks which came over earlier were frankly short as to sleeve and skirt, but later models arriving have added length to both.

The fancy for ostrich trimming continues at such a pace that an imported model of black taffetas is ornamented down the sides of the skirt with huge round disks of ostrich fronds held in place with rhinestone buckles. The tiny sleeves of chiffon are edged with the bright blue feather trimming placed almost like a fringe around the armhole and down the front of the bodice also. This is intended to illustrate the novel way in which the feather trimming can be employed, for the result is certainly striking enough for only the most daring to adopt.

The summer silken gown is finding itself beruffled in a way we have not seen in many years. A particularly youthful model in a ruffled skirt is a black taffeta with the same tight little narrow skirt women have been wearing for some time. Tiny frills of black net placed very close and from the top to the bottom of the skirt relieve the effect of skimpiness and make the whole very soft and light. We need not attempt to deny the fashion of the black taffetas gown—everything that clever makers and designers can do to take away its old and stiff look has been done—as is seen in this charming model. The bodice is not quite so befrilled as the skirt, but reproduces the tiny net frills in small clusters down the front in a vestee shape. The sleeves are likewise finished with the frills and a wide flowing sash of the net finishes the dress prettily.

Of course, in the demand for a dress of service for summer wear, such as a shopping expedition into the city from one's country place may demand, the darker tones are given preference and the tricolette georgette and voile rank in favor with the foulards. We see less of the veiled foulards than last season displayed though they were such pleasing frocks with the big sprawling surfaces softly hidden under voile or georgette that possibly there may be a revival later on.

Challis Popular.

Strange to say, challis is having a rage such as no other fabric, not even tricolette can boast. The soft woolen material is esteemed for the utility dress as developed in the silks. The darker tones are likewise chosen in this, and collars, cuffs and sashes of crisp white organdie added for morning wear. Some of the challis designs repeat those of the fine and quaint English prints, and as the demand is so great for them the selection of pleasing colors narrows all the time.

Challis were popular 25 years ago, but for some reason they have not been much used except for little girls' dresses and dainty boudoir gowns. Now, however, one's possession of a challis frock stamps one as being well aware of fashion's latest whim. Hats and parasols made of the same material as the dress are much seen. The challis hats, like the dresses, have organdie trimmings put on either in little flutings along the edge or that are tied in a wide bow in front. The parasols also repeat the organdie ruffles.

There is a certain demureness and quaintness about this old-time material which suggests quiet country towns and restful rural life, for though people in large cities have for so long forgotten challis, those who live in less hurried and crowded places seem always to keep a "best" challis for "occasions." The shirt waist type of dress lends itself well to the soft woolen fabric and embellished with the organdie makes the whole pleasing.

There is no material which will answer better for a hurried morning's motor trip into the city or informal wear in the country, for challis will not crush and rumple, and if one selects the colors carefully, one frock will go through a summer satisfactorily.

COULD NOT HOLD ARMADILLO

Writer Admits Underestimating the Strength of Little Animal He Was Trying to Capture.

When he was a small boy, W. H. Hudson, the author of "Far Away and Long Ago," came to grief while he was attempting single-handed to capture an armadillo. One day, he says, I was standing on the mound at the side of a moat, some 40 yards from where men were at work, when an armadillo bolted from his earth and, running to the very spot where I was standing, began vigorously digging to bury himself in the soil.

Neither men nor dogs had seen him, and I at once determined to capture him unaided by anyone. I imagined that it would prove to be a very easy task. Accordingly, laid hold of his black, bone-cased tail with both hands and began tugging to get him off the ground, but could not move him. He went on digging furiously, and getting deeper and deeper into the earth, and I soon found that instead of my pulling him out he was pulling me in after him. It hurt my pride to think that an animal no larger than a cat was beating me in a trial of strength, and I held on more tenaciously than ever and tugged and strained more violently, until—not to lose him—I had to go down flat on the ground.

But it was all for nothing. First my hands and then my aching arms were carried down into the earth, and I was forced to release my hold and get up to rid myself of the mold that he had been throwing up into my face and all over my head, neck and shoulders.—Youth's Companion.

EPIGRAM IS NOT GREELEY'S

Great Editor Long Wrongly Credited With Advice, "Go West, Young Man, Go West."

The famous epigram "Go West, young man, go West," so commonly attributed to the pen of Horace Greeley, was not written first by that venerable editor of the New York Tribune, but by John L. B. Soule, editor of the Terre Haute Express. In 1851 Richard Thompson, afterward secretary of the navy, urged Soule to go west and grow up with the country, and praised the editor's talents as a writer. He wagered a barrel of flour that Soule could write an article that would be attributed to Horace Greeley.

The result of the suggestion was a column editorial about the West's opportunities for young men. It declared that Horace Greeley could never have given a young man better advice than contained in the words, "Go West, young man." Although stated merely as Soule thought Greeley might have put it, newspapers all over the country began to credit Greeley with the epigram. So widespread did the quotation become that Greeley's paper reprinted the editorial from the Express, with the following footnote:

"The expression of this sentiment has been attributed to the editor of the Tribune erroneously. But so fully does he concur in the advice it gives that he indorses most heartily the epigrammatic advice of the Terre Haute Express, and joins in saying, 'Go West, young man, go West.'"

How Do You Meet Emergency?

Your treatment of life's accidents is a test of your ingenuity. Things that can be done by rule can be relegated to the clerk. Things that demand the exceptional must be handled by the man who is master of affairs. When the accidental comes there is no time for preparing to meet it. It's an emergency that demands immediate action. If the note is not taken truly it brings discord. When life's notes out of the usual scale are not promptly and properly met they bring dissatisfaction and calamity. It's the mark of the master to be able to make the usual contribution to the whole of life. And best of all the man with the right spirit enjoys the challenge the accidental gives in life. It not only affords change but it suggests stages of development by which he can estimate growth.

Man Tested by Trials.

A man's dependability can be measured by the way he takes accidentals. The great mass of men can go along serenely when everything goes according to custom. But the appearance of the accidental throws them out of balance. The same thing is true of life. So many fellows lose their heads when they need them most. Trouble in any quarter seems to flash the red flag before them. The unusual unnerves them. Turmoil in the camp becomes contagious and they bolt when they should be the most steady. It takes trials to test the man. Any one who goes wild with the appearance of the accidental can never be trusted to meet life's real problems.

Doing.

When you have a thing to do, you will do it right in proportion to your love of right. But do the right, and you will love the right; for by doing it you will see it in a measure as it is, and no one can see the truth as it is without loving it. The more you talk about what is right, or even about the doing of it, the more you are in danger of exemplifying how loosely theory may be allied to practice. Talk without action saps the very will. Something you have to do is waiting undone all the time, and getting more and more undone. The only refuge is to do.—George Macdonald.

WEEDS USEFUL IN MEDICINE

Grandmother Used to Concoct Some Wonderful Curealls From All Sorts of Growing Things.

With the exception of some of the daintier spring blossoms, our wild flowers are passed by without comment. Violets, hepaticas, bluebells, trilliums are still sought after and picked, the fall asters are gathered by some and the goldenrod is admired, but passing into disrepute on account of its hay-fever aggravations. There was a time, however, when grandmother was young, when most of our common field and wayside flowers were of prime importance in the household, in the shape of family bitters, physics and curealls.

Yarrow, a pest to the farmer, and of doubtful beauty even to the wild flower lover, was at one time a most useful herb, from which a tea was made that cured all sorts of ailments, from toothache to typhoid fever. From the boneset plant, so common along our streams now, a tea was also made which was a prime favorite in curing that common malady, "breakbone fever"—do not laugh—probably what we know today as grippe. Comobile, we call it dog fennel, was brewed into a tea as well, and was used as a tonic and blood purifier.

Jimson weed, a corruption of Jamestown weed, was valued by the settlers of that early village as a narcotic, and is still so used, for that matter. Selfheal the little, close-growing purple-flowered pest of our lawns, was used to relieve sufferers with quinsy and other throat afflictions. This plant belongs to the mint family, and most of the mints were of use medicinally. Pennyroyal, spearmint, Oswego tea, bergamot, catnip and motherwort were all of value to the simpler folk of a century or more ago.

FIRST EMBLEM OF BABYLONIA

Writer Points Out How Eagle Became National Symbol Many Thousands of Years Ago.

The useful schoolboy, whose knowledge is casually referred to whenever it is desired to imply general historical information, doubtless knows about the eagles of Rome, and more or less connects them with the heraldic eagle of the United States, but Prof. James H. Breasted of Chicago carried the lineage of the symbol much farther back when he recently pointed out that the American eagle reasonably enough originated some 5,000 years ago in Babylonia. Then first appeared the eagle with outstretched wings symbolizing the state. Rome came later, and the succession of European nations that have adopted the eagle: Russia, Austria, Prussia, France and others. But this first eagle was a bird of autocracy, and nothing could have been more opposite to the governmental idea of ancient Babylon than the American Declaration of Independence. Free and powerful, the eagle stands logically for liberty and strength, but when it first became a national symbol, liberty, as the word is now understood, did not exist.

Fun in Trees for Children.

What a delight an old apple, cherry or plum tree is to children, boys or girls. Particularly a tree that has been trained to a low, open head, that the youngsters can scramble up in without much effort.

My heart stands still sometimes when I see the children swinging in the plum tree, like the simians some scientists tell us we have descended from, and it is the only resemblance of an ape I have observed in mankind. Surely there must be some relation or there would be broken limbs and broken heads among the flocks of children that swarm in that glorious old tree.

Frequent cautioning and pleadings excite no fear, but if there are no accidents the old plum is fulfilling a splendid mission, though there are no other plum trees sufficiently near for the bees and insects to fertilize the flowers, resulting in the tree producing only one kind of fruit, pleasure for the children.

Chance Discoveries.

Some of the finest friendships have grown out of the chance circumstances that have thrown men together for the moment. Some of the greatest discoveries have been due to the fortunate disclosures of life's incidentals. Much of self-discovery is the direct product of the unlooked for. Science has been made rich by the fortunate combinations of accidentals whose meanings have been caught by observant men. And the great fact remains that most of them have been paraded before men through the ages, to be discovered only now. And the ages to come will wonder at the lost opportunities of the present age when they have harnessed the powers we see not—the mysteries we wonder at.

Equality of Opportunity.

It is the pride of every American that many cherished names, at whose mention our hearts bound, were worn by the sons of poverty who conquered obscurity and became fixed stars in our firmament. There is no horizontal stratification in this country like the rocks of the earth, that holds one class below forevermore, and lets another come to the surface to stay there forever. Our stratification is like the ocean, where every individual drop is free to move, and where from the sternest depths of the deep any drop may come up to glitter on the highest wave that rolls.—Garfield.

The Hoodlum

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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They named him the Hoodlum when he first came to Blue Meadow farm, a long-legged, knock-kneed, wild-eyed colt, with nothing but a pedigree to make people admire him.

"I can't take him over with me," Dacre wrote back, "and he's all gold, believe me, Aunt Sally. Just keep him till I get back, and don't let anybody but me break him. It won't be long."

That had been nearly a year ago, and still the Hoodlum ranged freely without a saddle on his back or a bit between his teeth. It seemed as if he had become almost a symbol, to Miss Sally, of Dacre's safe return home. Dacre had been her favorite since his mother had died in his babyhood, and had given him into her care when she was only twenty. He had grown up at the farm, and it had brought all of the horror of war close to her heart when she had heard that he had gone into the aero service.

But the Hoodlum took life easily. He was a handsome colt, rich bay in tone, with darker mane and tail, and white feet. He would come at Miss Sally's call, clear from the river meadows where he loved to graze, to the lane bars for some sugar or an apple from her hand. And when she drove along the road toward town, the colt would race, with mane flying, trying

He Would Come at Miss Sally's Call.

to catch her before the carriage turned the bend in the road, to whinny anxiously after her departing figure.

Then Betty had come unexpectedly and the Hoodlum took second place in interest. Betty was seventeen and adventurous.

"I only hope she won't prove a thorn in your flesh," Mrs. Sewall had written. "She seems very cheerful and willing, and I suppose you can put her to some use. It's splendid of you to keep her for me until Will and I get back, for we never could have taken her clear to the islands with us."

They were Miss Sally's second cousins, and Betty's father had recently been appointed on a commission to the Philippines, which meant Betty's being a guest at Blue Meadows, for at least three months. She was slim and big-eyed, with freckles and smooth braids of brown hair wound trimly about her head.

"Just forget I'm here at all, Cousin Sally, and I'll promise not to get into one bit of mischief," she declared, the first day of her arrival. Then, seeing a photograph on the table in an oval, flat silver frame, she asked interestedly, "Any one I know or should know?"

"That's Dacre, your third cousin, Dacre Kincaid."

Betty sighed and smiled approvingly.

"He's a darling in that uniform, isn't he? Aero? He'll be home before long, then, won't he, almost any day?"

"We hope so. I haven't heard in months."

Betty took her cue from the note of reserve in Miss Sally's tone and asked no further questions, but learned all she wished to know about Dacre, from his babyhood up, from old Aunt Selah, his nurse. Perhaps Hoodlum told her something also.

At any rate, they became extremely well acquainted after Jerry, the stable boy, gave her Hoodlum's story. Every day found her on her way down the mulberry lane to the river meadows, with plenty of "coaxers," as she called them, to tempt the colt, and one day she carried an old saddle of Dacre's on her shoulder, and a bridle.

It was early in the spring when Dacre returned. He had been wounded and detained for months at a base hospital. Miss Sally was in a perfect flurry of excitement after the telegram arrived saying he had left New York and was on his way South, but Betty happened to be staying over the week-end at Juniper Hall, nearby, with two girl friends, and missed the news.

It was quiet and natural appearing around home when she came back. Miss Sally had gone to the station to meet her hero and excepting for the big service flag with its one star in the upper bay window there was no special sign of preparations. Betty went to her room, whistling happily, and changed her pretty tan silk gown for one of brown corduroy. On her way out she paused to look at the face in the oval silver frame, and a curious look came in her brown eyes, a look almost of tenderness.

"You know we've grown to be almost acquainted, haven't we, boy?" she asked it. "I approve of you and of everything I've heard about you. You're the nearest to a hero I've ever had, only you don't know it. I've told a friend of yours all about it, though, and he understands perfectly. Wonder if you ever will."

She went down the wide center hall buoyantly, out through the garden and down the lane toward the lower meadows just as Miss Sally's well-known carriage started homeward. Dacre leaned back on the old plum broadcloth cushions luxuriously, and his eye sought every landmark and beloved spot as they neared home.

Suddenly he saw a horse approaching at a gallop, with a girl in brown riding cross-saddle, a girl with brown braids bound closely around her head under her cap. She leaned forward and waved as she drew near.

"Hello, Cousin Dacre. Welcome home from Hoodlum and me."

It did not occur to him then, not with the first surprise of her face dawning on him and her voice in his ears, just what lay under her words, but two weeks later, as he waited for her at the foot of the wide veranda steps with Hoodlum and Marigold, his own new riding mare, Aunt Selah came by and unburdened her mind.

"I done tole her ovah and ovah she ain't got no right ter ride dat colt, and she say she gwine ter ride it all she like. She broke him in all by herself, Marse Dacre, and dat colt he jes' feed outer her han' like a lam' when she call him. You have ter tell her jes' what's what or she gwine ter do anything she feels like 'round dis place."

Dacre laughed, watching Betty's figure as she stepped through the long window of the library that opened on the veranda.

"I think Hoodlum knew what he was about, Auntie Selah," he said. "I think he recognized his future mistress and I bow to his judgment."

NOT REALLY GIRL'S FAULT

Elderly Lady Was a Little Extreme in Condemning the Enunciation of Her Granddaughter.

In the subway they sat—a young girl of fourteen or fifteen and a grandmother of the "children should be seen and not heard" school. There are few such nowadays. Your up-to-the-minute granny hopes so much to be mistaken for one of her grandchildren that she outdoes them in good fellowship and slang. But this was a woman who in bearing, looks and speech might have been in a stage coach instead of the subway. The young girl was talking and the grandmother, with dignity and assurance, was interrupting.

At every other word it was: "More distinctly, dear; I can scarcely hear what you say." And, "Enunciate more clearly, please. I missed that word altogether. I'm afraid you'll have to take lessons in distinct utterance." And, "That time I heard nothing at all. Do you know I think enunciation is the most important thing that a person, young or old, can possess? And it can be cultivated. Oh dear me, yes. You never have any difficulty in hearing me speak, do you?" "No, grandmother," replied the young girl quietly and with the air of not daring to differ with that grandmother of hers had it been a case of black being white.

But the young girl's face reflected what was on most of the passengers' faces—the knowledge that not her own enunciation was at fault but her grandmother's hearing. She wasn't different, after all, from the up-to-the-minute grandmother in wanting to retain her youth—only she showed it differently.—New York Post.

That Dreadful Man in Russia.

A Russian woman, who has spent several years teaching and lecturing in the schools and universities of our country tells the following story in remarking on how little some Americans know concerning Russia and her history:

"I was in a large city of the Southwest recently. A reception was given in my honor and I was being received by the society people of the town.

"'And oh, madam,' a carefully dressed woman trilled to me, after being introduced, 'I wonder if you have had the opportunity to meet personally in Russia that dreadful, dreadful man, Mr. Bolsheviki?'"

Ainus a Primitive Race.

Despite the fact that their village is on the banks of a river and only a few miles from the sea, the Ainus do not love the water. A native sometimes goes from early childhood to the grave without a bath, unless he accidentally falls into the river. Their faith is of the vaguest kind their god a wooden stick or a bear cub, which is eaten as well as adored. They have no written language, no alphabet, no numbers above a thousand. When the Ainus finally vanish from the Yezo there will be no record of their one-time rule, except a few crumbling huts on the banks of the Sara.