Virginia's Idle Hour

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"I'm sorry for you, Peg," said Marion for at least the tenth time, "but you know how mother is. She simply takes a dislike to a person and there's no arguing her out of it. It's a pity she feels that way about Stuart. He seems to me the very man for you."

The two girls were having a farewell talk as Marion packed her going-away suitcase, for in just a few hours that young lady was scheduled to be married amid a profusion of flowers, bridesmaids and flower girls, beneath a huge wedding bell at that very moment being suspended in the living room below.

"It's so unreasonable," protested the younger girl "Just because his politics differ from those of the family isn't an excuse for spoiling my life!"

"It looks," said her sister, "as if you would have to do what I have wanted to do right along—elope. Really, very much simpler than all this

Speeding Cityward.

fuss. However, cheer up, child. You never know what may turn up!" And she gave a wise little nod of her head which Peggy remembered afterward.

At the same time that the above conversation was taking place, the best man and maid of honor of the forthcoming nuptials were speeding cityward for a few last errands.

"This is going to be one busy hour, believe me," laughed Virginia, her slim gloved hands taut on the wheel, her eyes fixed on the dusty ribbon of road ahead. "There's the change in the order to the caterers, the buttonhole bouquets for the ushers, the confetti—and, oh, various things!"

"I suppose I can nevertheless manage time for a forty-leventh proposal," flashed her companion. "Some time, I'm hoping, you'll say 'yes' absent-mindedly, and then your sense of honor will keep you to your word!"

It seemed to Jack Andrews that all his life he had been pursuing the elusive Virginia and never quite catching up with her. It was always just like today—something perpetually occupied her time to the exclusion of him. If it wasn't a question of teas and receptions and dinner dances, then it was war work or settlement work or community canning. Oh, for one single, idle hour!

At that point in his cogitations Jack noticed that the water in the radiator was boiling furiously and that the engine seemed unusually hot.

"Slow down," he advised. "I'll see what's the matter."

Matter enough it proved to be. The fan belt had broken, and combined search of the tool box and recess beneath the seat disclosed no duplicate.

In other words, two of the principals of the elaborate wedding planned to take place so shortly were stranded apparently miles from nowhere in sight of nothing on a little-used road, which Virginia had taken because it afforded a short cut from the Kendalls' country home to the main pike.

"It seems to me," mused Jack, who had a memory for places, "that there is a railroad station somewhere about."

Sure enough, a walk to the summit of the next hill revealed a line of track and a small station just below.

"We will have to take the next train to the city and telephone out for them to meet us and tow back the runabout," decided the girl.

A few minutes' trudging brought them to the station where they found the station master locking the door. "Next train? Wal, the local goes through in an hour or so. You kin flag it," and he turned away.

On a long seat backed against the station wall the two young people sat them down prepared to cool their heels indefinitely. At first there was little conversation. Jack was content to enjoy the nearness of Virginia, while Virginia herself was worrying considerably as to whether they would be on hand for the ceremony.

"Somehow I feel as if all the preparations for this affair were being wasted on Marion," she broke the silence suddenly. "She is only going through it to please her mother. Her preferences are for a wedding with the least possible fuss and feathers."

"It's lucky you and I think alike on such matters," said Jack calmly, regardless of the fact that he didn't in the least know how she thought at all.

Virginia gave him the benefit of a direct gaze from her lustrous eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked, then realized that she had given him the opportunity he wished.

"Two people who are going to marry each other ought to have the same ideas about such things. Oh, Virginia, I have asked you so many times to marry me. You always put me off. This time, please don't evade me. Will you marry me?"

At that instant a distant rumble caught Virginia's attention, and Jack was forced to repeat his question. "Dear, will you marry me?"

"Yes," murmured Virginia in an absent-minded way as the train swept round the curve. In answer to the hoisted signal, it slowed down and stopped.

Aboard the train Virginia and Jack, who wanted nothing so much as a chance to take up the conversation where it had been interrupted, found the surprise of their life. As they walked through the coaches in search of a seat, they saw, unmistakably, Marion Kendall and the man she was going to marry!

And at that, Marion was the most unruffled of them all. "Are you eloping, too?" she asked.

"Eloping!" cried Virginia. "Certainly not. But—are you?"

Marion nodded.

"But your mother and all the guests and the ——" gasped Virginia.

"Oh, that's all right," said Marion airily. "I fixed that up a long while ago with Stuart Cushing, the man Peg wants to marry, you know. Mother would do anything rather than let the whole affair fall through, so I told Stuart to have his license ready, and when mother found my note to suggest that he and Peggy take our places."

Virginia and Jack left the eloping couple and found seats in a forward car.

"It's really impossible to be angry with Marion," said Virginia, "but I do think she might have taken her maid of honor into her confidence!"

"Forget about them!" commanded Jack masterfully. "And remember that just as the train pulled in you told me you would marry me? You must keep to your bargain!"

"Did I really say 'yes?'" asked Virginia so innocently that Jack was almost misled. Then he caught the expression of her eyes.

"My darling little girl," he said tenderly. "I always knew that if I could have you an hour to myself I could persuade you to accept me, even absent-mindedly!"

"Perhaps it wasn't as absent-minded as you think!" murmured Virginia, whereat Jack, delighted, surreptitiously kissed her.

CAMERA OF IMMENSE SIZE

Chicagoan Has One Three Times Bigger Than Any Other Known to Be in Existence.

A camera that is thought to be three times as large as any other in the world is that owned by a scientist in Chicago. With it several noted pictures have been taken, including bird's-eye views of factories and towns. It is also used for enlarging purposes.

The body of this giant camera is 9 feet 4 inches wide, 6 feet high, and 20 feet long when fully extended, and in its construction over thirty gallons of glue were used. The lens is 12 inches in diameter and cost $1,500. All moving parts, including the curtain slide, run on roller bearings. The focusing is accomplished by two panels of glass, which can be moved to all parts of the field. The plateholder weighs nearly 500 pounds when loaded and is put into the camera by means of a derrick. Great care is used in loading, as a broken plate would result in a loss of $150. The plates are made of plate glass 8 feet long by 4 feet 8 inches wide, and weigh over 200 pounds.

In order to dust the plates a man enters the camera through the opening in the front. A piece of ruby glass is then placed over the lens and the slide in the plateholder is withdrawn. After the plate has been dusted the slide is replaced and the man steps out.

In making enlargements the focusing is done from the inside and the operator remains in the camera during the exposure. In this process the entire apparatus is supported by springs, which absorb any possible vibration.

Ordeal by Solitude.

Shallow people are incapable of solitude. To the empty head solitude is a desert, terribly infested with the hyenas of loneliness and boredom. To the thoughtful, solitude is a spiritual necessity as imperious as the physical necessity of food. "The greatest events are not our noisiest but our stillest hours . . . Open still remaineth a free life for great souls . . . Empty are still many sites for lone ones and twain ones, around which floateth the odor of tranquil seas."—Boston Globe.

RED CROSS RELIEF SPEED EXPLAINED

Preparedness Helped, Organization Make Great Record at Wall Street Explosion.

"How on earth did the Red Cross get here so quickly?"

On all sides among the tremendous crowds which hurried to Wall street, New York City, following the recent explosion in America's financial center which killed thirty-five persons and injured several hundred one heard queries similar to the above. Numerous requests for enlightenment along the same line have been received at Atlantic Division Headquarters of the Red Cross, all occasioned by the fact that within twenty minutes after the death-dealing blast Red Cross nurses, physicians, surgical dressings, hospital supplies and a squad of experienced relief workers were on the scene.

Red Cross preparedness for just such emergencies is the general answer to these queries. The specific answer is the smoothness of the organization maintained by the Atlantic Division in New York City to meet emergencies of this character—the Metropolitan Disaster Relief Committee. This committee, composed of representatives of all the Red Cross chapters in the metropolitan area, is in touch with every part of the territory.

The member of the committee nearest the scene of disaster sets in motion the machinery of the committee.

More than fifty communities in the Atlantic Division have established Red Cross disaster relief units.

RED CROSS TEACHES THRIFT PRINCIPLES

Women Shown How to Convert Slightly Worn Clothing Into Attractive Garments.

Conservation is playing a big part in the work of the Atlantic Division Chapters of the Red Cross these days. Thrift that deals a telling blow at the high cost of living and at the same time enables the loyal Red Cross women workers to assist in clothing the needy children of America and Europe is being practiced.

Present conditions in Europe make it imperative for Red Cross workrooms to increase their production. There are in the famine and disease swept regions of Central Europe wide areas where rags constitute covering for millions of fatherless children. Winter is coming to increase their suffering unless warm clothing is sent overseas, and the women of the Atlantic Division are working hard to maintain the division's record.

One of the many problems the Red Cross had to face was how to continue production in the face of the necessity for conservation of material. A practical solution was found in the remodeling of worn clothing into warm garments, and this is exactly what is being done. Old suits and dresses that have outlived their usefulness are being ripped apart, cleaned and cut over on practical patterns.

Sometimes only a yard or so of good cloth is left after the worn pieces have been thrown away, but it is possible by careful piecing to make an entire new garment for a child out of what seems at the first glance to be merely a useless remnant. For instance, a pair of rompers for a two-year-old may be made from the front width of an old skirt. Tiny skirts are evolved from a woman's discarded coat, and sometimes a whole costume is fashioned from an old-time garment which has such voluminous widths of material that the frayed parts may be cut off and still enough be left for a one-piece dress. Members of the Red Cross can help in this humane work by renewing their membership during the Annual Roll Call, November 14 to 20, and by inducing their friends to join the organization.

ORIGINATED IN DAINTY VERSE

Expression That Is Considered Slightly Vulgar Today Traced to Poet Cowper.

Some of the crudest expressions in the English tongue had their origin in poetry, and even religious commands. Among these the phrase, "to go the whole hog," is a striking example. Today it is looked upon as a vulgarism. Yet the words were obtained directly from a poem by Cowper, whose title is the pretty term, "Love of the World Reproved." The poem is the versifying of an Arabian story that seems well founded in fact.

Mohammed in giving forth his laws declared that a certain part of the pig should not be eaten, but he forgot to mention just what part it was that he thought unclean. His followers, to make sure of not violating his commands, debarred the whole pig. As there were many, however, who were dearly fond of pork, they met and agreed that one would eat the steaks, one the chops, one the feet, and so on, until the whole pig had been eaten, and thus but one of the feasters could be made to suffer for a sin. As Cowper says: "They thought it hard from the whole hog to be debarred," and adds: "With sophistry, their sauce they sweeten, till quite from tail to snout, 'tis eaten."

STILL KEEN ON AIR TRAFFIC

Germany Actively at Work Building Airships—Monster Zeppelin Said to Be in Contemplation.

A few weeks ago Germany delivered a brand-new Zeppelin, the largest yet built, to France and another new Zeppelin to Great Britain. Yet we are told by the Airplane that Herr Colsmann, the director general of the Zeppelin interests, recently returned from the United States after negotiating with certain firms regarding transatlantic air traffic. Negotiations have also been carried on with Holland, Sweden and the United States for the construction of airships on an international basis. It is rumored that a new type Zeppelin airship, with a load capacity of 60 tons, accommodation for 500 passengers and fuel capacity for a voyage three times the length of the Atlantic crossing, is to be evolved.—Scientific American.

Had Opened His Mouth.

Brownsmith and Johnson were junior M. P.'s returned, somewhat to their own surprise, at the general election. Although they sat on opposite sides of the house, they were great pals and their frequent meetings in private life were often enlivened by frank and trenchant criticism of one another's parliamentary proceedings.

"It's all very well to pick holes in other people's speeches," said Brownsmith one day. He was rather nettled by something Johnson had said chaffing him. "But I don't remember that you ever opened your mouth in the house during the whole of last session."

"Oh, yes, I did, my dear chap," retorted Johnson. "Every time you spoke; only I had the decency to put my hand before it."—London Tit-Bits.

His Own Man.

"Why is it, Mr. Hibernardo," asked the social worker kindly, "that you cannot hold a job?"

"I can't be bossed," said Mr. Hibernardo promptly.

"But you were in the army?"

"Yes, but believe me, I was in the army three days when I was made sergeant and the sergeant, he is not much bossed. He bosses."

"What did you do before you went in the army?"

"I was in a circus."

"What did you do in the circus?"

"I was the strong man," he said with a regretful sigh and a heave of mighty shoulders.

Whereupon the social worker discontinued her investigation.

Part of It He Didn't Like.

Little Francis was attending his first party, and among the things served for refreshments was coconut cake. Francis had never seen shredded coconut before, so when the hostess saw him busily engaged picking out the shreds and placing them on the side of his plate, she asked:

"Francis, don't you like coconut cake?"

"Yessum, I fink I'll like it when I get the slivers picked out of it," he answered.

What She Preferred.

Of the wit of Miss Marie Tempest, who is paying London a visit, many stories have been told. This is one of the latest.

At a party some one mentioned in her presence that a certain girl who had refused an earl had recently married a very wealthy young manufacturer.

"Oh," said Miss Tempest, without a moment's hesitation, "she very wisely preferred a business plant to a family tree."

No Stops.

"Hear about old Gottrich and his new sun-dial?" asked the man with the red ears.

"Yes; and he had his electrician conceal an arc light in a balcony above the sun-dial, so it would work at night and on cloudy days."

A Good Reason.

"You refused him?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"He didn't impress me as a man that I could get up in the morning and cook breakfast for."—Detroit Free Press.

FALL SUIT OF PEACH BLOOM

The up-to-date and chic miss will like this fall suit of peach bloom trimmed with mole.

FOR THE YOUNG AND SLENDER

Coat Has Cape So Large and Heavy That It Makes Shoulders Look Broad.

A quaint model which seems likely to become very popular is a shaped coat—quite long—made of heavy cloth and finished off with a large shoulder cape of "coachman" form. This style of coat is only suitable for young and slender girls; the cape is so large and heavy that it makes the shoulders look unduly broad and a coachman's cape always has a tendency to cut the figure unless one is unusually tall.

Capes of this form made of fur and sold separately, may be worn over any dress or coat. This is a revival of an old fashion and it will probably be a welcome one, since these big capes take the place of cloth or velvet wraps.

Some of the Paris tailors are showing sack coats of curious outline—short, straight little garments with long pagoda sleeves and square collars of velvet or fur. Early in the summer season a determined effort was made to bring sack coats into fashion, and this effort had a considerable success, for such coats, in linen and Shantung, have been worn with flounced or plaited muslin skirts.

We are in a war of outline so far as coats are concerned. Several influential Paris tailors are determined to bring back the strictly classic tailored suit, with a plain, rather tight skirt, and a close-fitting coat of mannish order.

HAT TRIMMING ON UNDERSIDE

Brim Decoration Favored Over Crown; Only Slight Changes in Headpieces This Year.

A very good idea for the woman who dresses on a small amount is to have her last year's hat or hats made over at once, so that she can have something to use as a substitute for her new hat or hats right from the start.

In fact, if you must be very economical, it is well to take the old hat to the milliner at once. It may be that it looks so well that you will not need any new hat at the outset.

There is no very radical or essential change in the hats this year. To be sure, there are some new shapes and some of last year's shapes are no more. But in general there is a similarity about the head size and the proportions. The trimming is rather differently placed in the season's advanced models from anything we have seen in several seasons. It is usually so arranged as to bring it downward rather than upward. Not infrequently when possible it is placed on the underside of the brim. You seldom see elaborate trimming placed on the crown.

To Be Well Groomed.

Cleaning, brushing and airing garments, using two pairs of corsets, at least two pairs of shoes, frequent changes of clothing—all these tend toward perfection of toilet and physical attractiveness. The reason for the daily bath is not cleanliness alone, but also the tonic effect of the cold sponge and the brisk rubdown.

Stockings for Evening Wear.

Stockings for evening wear have insets of rare old lace and several of the new evening slippers are adorned with little bows of lace.

To Be Fur-Trimmed.

Fur-trimmed velours and duvetyn suits will attract a great deal of attention this winter.

BEADS PREFERRED TO BREAD

People of the Levant Set Great Store on Colored Glass of Every Description.

Beads are more necessary than bread to the Levant. Men, women and children wear and carry beads to ward off ill luck. Even the horses and donkeys have strands of beads about their necks "to baffle the evil eye," and the long horns of the work oxen are decorated with blue-and-white beads to keep them from falling prey to diseases.

In Athens, Constantinople, Tiflis, Smyrna and other cities of the Levant men of all classes carry short strands of fidget beads, which they play with while walking in the street, riding in streetcars and trains just as nervous men in the West finger their watch chains. Bead shops abound everywhere in the larger cities and general stores and market stalls sell them in the smaller places. Peddlers hawk them in the streets everywhere.

Light-colored amber beads of large size are the latest thing in beads for women. Meerschaum beads are also popular, and for the moment plain beads of all sorts have displaced highly ornate carved beads of the type which Syrians produce in great quantities for exportation.—Washington Post.

GOT REPORT THAT COUNTED

Coffee Dealer a Little Too Enthusiastic in His Praise of Goods He Had Condemned.

"Have you any of Blank & Co.'s coffee?" the stranger asked.

"Plenty of it, sir! How much would you like?" the dealer responded briskly.

"Do your customers generally like this coffee—I would want only something really good," the customer observed cautiously.

"Never had a more popular brand—it is fine—use it regularly on my own table," the dealer assured him.

"Well, I am glad to hear you speak so well of it now. You wrote me a while back that the goods were so unsatisfactory that you would have to return them unless you were given a further special discount. I'm Blank, you know. Good day!"

The Call of the Deep.

Norfolk vicar has been accustomed for years to take his choir boys for a trip to Yarmouth. Each year he has longed to display to them the fine parish church, but has been grieved at the indifference of the boys to hallowed walls; always the first thought was the sea, and only the sea.

This year, however, a change was apparent. As they alighted from the train the boys begged earnestly to be shown the church. The vicar was delighted at this first reward of his influence; but as they came near the church the new-found zeal was explained. One of the boys said in tones of anticipation:

"Father says they have got a stuffed shark there!"—London Chronicle.

One or the Other.

"My cousin, Dodd Durnitt, from over in Shellback county, that's visiting at our house, says the day before he left home a passel of fellers digging in the bluff extricated a mummy," related Gap Johnson of Rampus Ridge, Ark.

"What in thunder will they do with a mummy?" surprisedly asked an acquaintance.

"Dodd says they hadn't done nuth'n with it when he came away, but some folks were advising 'em to go into the op'ry business and show it around the fairs in a tent, and others thought they ort to elect it to the legislature."—Kansas City Star.

Some Real Hunting.

"Well, Joe," said Wilkins, as he met his friend Robinson on the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"

"We sure did," said Robinson.

"How did that new dog Brown sent you work?"

"Splendid!" was the reply. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for that dog we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot, and we spent four days looking for him."—Boston Transcript.

The Chief Need.

Bridget, the maid, appeared at the door with a somewhat rueful expression.

"What do we need for dinner, Bridget?" asked the lady of the house.

"A new set of dishes, mum," was the prompt response. "I've just tripped over the edge of the rug in the hall."

The Cost.

"Her mother says that Nell's engagement ring cost $800, but it is only a little bit of a stone—couldn't possibly have."

"Oh, I guess she means that that was the amount they spent entertaining the chap before Nell could get him roped."

Its Style.

"It certainly is a funny tale Ned tells about the time they had using signal guns in the fog."

"I should think they would have threaded their way better with a needle gun."

A Sad Reflection.

"Wonderful boy baby."

"Yes. Isn't it too bad to think there are two people living who will some day hate that good enough to marry each other."