

VELVET IN FAVOR

Soft Fabric Invades the Realm of Evening Gowns.

Lovely Creations Evolved Indicate the Material Will Hold Sway Indefinitely.

Velvet has invaded the realm of evening gowns, and judging from the way it has been received and from some of the lovely creations evolved, it will remain a favored medium for some time.

One gown is of a delicate shade of French blue panne velvet with touches of gold for trimming. The bodice is made on classic lines and is cut so that the wide shoulder straps are included, and there are no seams. Gold ribbon bands circle the arm below the shoulders, the ribbon ends being attached to the top of the bodice. The three-piece skirt has a velvet foundation partially covered by a tunic of heavy mesh gold fillet lace over which is a second tunic of velvet. This is quite short and has a narrow heading at the top and a wider gathered flounce at its lower edge. A narrow gold ribbon ties around it to define the slightly raised waist line, and just below the ribbon is a delicate flower wreath which encircles the gown.

Another velvet evening creation would be suitable for a woman of more mature years. The color scheme is silver and black, worked out with metal lace and black panne. The bodice which is of velvet, is cut in surprise effect, one side of it draping across the other to fasten at the side. The neck is in the shape of a rounded "V," both front and back. Diminutive sleeves of silver lace are attached to a foundation under the velvet. The velvet skirt is draped in a few graceful folds at one side, but



Evening Frock of French Blue Panne Velvet, With Gold Lace Tunic.

hangs comparatively straight on the other. A tunic of silver lace appears from beneath the draped bodice and hangs obliquely, so that its lower edge is above the velvet drapery on one side of the skirt, but slants down almost to the hem of the undraped side.

SUITS FOR WEAR IN COUNTRY

Homespuns and Tweeds in Attractive Colorings Make Good-Looking Outfits for General Use.

Homespuns and tweeds in the loveliest of colorings make some extremely good-looking suits for winter sports or just general country wear. They give a warm dash of color to the lamb's-wool on days when the ground is covered with snow and the air is chilly. The knickerbocker suit has evidently come to stay. It grows in popularity continually. All the warm red shades and beautiful rose hues are seen in these knickerbocker costumes—quite a departure from the tans and browns of the old-fashioned, substantial-looking tweeds. The trousers usually are made of the checked material, while the coat is of plain color. There may be a hat and scarf to match the jacket.

CREPE DE CHINE IS LIKED

Fabric Retains Prominence in Frocks Most of Which Have Plaitings in Grand Array.

It is not easy to find a frock that is not built of crepe de chine. Even at night crepe predominates. All these frocks have plaitings used in a bewildering mixture of lines and scallops. You can distinguish the American from the French woman by the tying of the slender girdle. The former lets it slip carelessly down over the figure to preserve the straight line; the latter gives it a smart pull in at the waist, quite plainly defining it.

If the crepe de chine is not black, which it is eight times out of ten, it is white, yellow or mauve. The presence of the queen of Roumania in Paris at the presentation of her play "The Lily of Life," and her constant wearing of white and black started all Paris toward both

MacSwiney's Ghost.

Mother I'm glad you are gone, where trouble is unknown, You of the peaceful mind, foundation of the happy home.

Vividly do I remember while I was yet a boy The discussions on life we used to have, You and I.

Your views were ever optimistic, how your face with light did shine, No trust in vacillating human nature, pessimistic always mine.

Glorious and grand you'd picture Christ's second coming, sin to assail, Oh Mother in heaven, who could ply the torch to Listowel—Listowel on the banks of the Fael.

Albion, proud Albion, in your halcyon days, soon you have forgot, By the roadside the poor Irish lad in the little thatched cot.

Who footsore and weary, for complaint in his makeup no room, Tramped the blazing trackless desert, with Kitchener to Kharthoum.

His oath ever sacred, his heart with the green, for the fallen foe neither pity or remorse.

To maintain England's glory, untiring and tenacious, a bulldog and a horse. And the private from the ranks, who the stumbling block of the Crimes did scale.

With Lord Kitchener they played when boys at Listowel—Listowel on the banks of the Fael.

Britannia, Britannia, your vision has grown shorter, at Dover's Cliffs why stand you idly by.

While continental Europe's myrmidons for your disintegration dot the Eastern sky.

Mute your answer pointing towards the setting sun, from out the twilight there arising a formidable mighty host.

Alack for your protection, its a phantom Irish Army led by MacSwiney's Ghost.

On every foreign clime, their bones lie crumbling, they strew the Ocean's floor.

Their spirits now a just reward receiving, from you no fear of interruption as they soar.

Over the Shannon, the Lakes and the Lee, to Sarsfield's home through the Golden Vale.

Their Banner a blazing flagot from Listowel—Listowel on the banks of the Fael.

—Michael W. Scanlan

Hearts and Arts

By FREDERICK HART

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The sight of a young man striding rapidly along the road toward her father's woodlot was not in itself enough to make pretty Elsie Dean raise her eyes to follow him; but when the particular young man is dressed in flannels instead of the "blue jeans" that were the accepted weekday attire of her immediate environment, and when he carries in one hand a spindly looking arrangement of rods and braces and in the other a black case that is too large to be a doctor's bag and too small to be a suitcase; and when he has on his back an oddly shaped bundle; and in particular when he is handsome and care-free looking, it is small wonder that Elsie looked after him.

Indeed, she went to the front gate to see him go down the road, which is why she saw him suddenly swing aside from the beaten path and climb over the fence that divided the woodlot from the outer world.

Now her father's woodlot was terra sanctissima, as she well knew. It bristled with "No Trespassing" signs and warnings hinting at the extremities of legal pains and punishments for the hardy soul who should set foot within its sacred glades; so Elsie's surprise soon turned to wrath.

Her father and his men were all in the far field, haying, and there was no immediate male to whom she could look for assistance; but she did not hesitate. Down the road she ran and over the fence on the stranger's trail.

She was up with him in almost a moment; he had evidently not heard her coming, and she was prepared to blast his soul with a scathing command to depart, when the oddity of his conduct struck her. He had in folded the spindly arrangement, and lo! it was a tripod with a cross-piece; and on the tripod rested a square of snowy canvas; and out of the little black bag many brushes and a lot of little tubes and a heart-shaped piece of wood on which the young man proceeded to squeeze the contents of some of the tubes—the brightest reds and greens and yellows Elsie had ever seen. And then this startling young man began to make lines on the white canvas, humming to himself as he did so. Enthralled, and totally forgetting her previous vengeful ideas, Elsie drew nearer; he heard her, and turned sharply.

"Oh," she gasped, and then, remembering his iniquity, she went on sharply. "This is my father's woodlot!"

"Really?" The young man did not seem particularly impressed by the statement.

"Yes, it is—and you're trespassing."

"So I am! I did notice some signs, but I didn't pay much attention to them. I don't believe in signs."

"Oh!" Elsie was not quite sure she was not being made fun of; the stranger seemed so irritatingly calm, as though the right was on his side rather than hers. "You'll be arrested if you stay here much longer."

"I've never been arrested. I wonder what it's like. Is the local calaboose comfortable, do you think?" Then dropping his manner of badinage, he continued: "Really, I know quite well that I am trespassing; but I am working on a painting with which I hope to win a great prize, and these woods are exactly what I want for a background. It seemed a pity to miss the perfect opportunity just for the off chance of being arrested, so I came in. I intended to ask permission, but there seemed to be no one in sight, so I just broke and entered. Now, please don't turn me over to the police!"

His penitent manner mollified Elsie, and besides, her curiosity was aroused.

"Oh, you're an artist?"

"Yes—in a way. If my picture takes the prize I shall know that I am an artist. I live in hope. And you must not be so hard-hearted as to blast my ambition. There is no other stretch of forest which so exactly suits my purpose as this."

"Well—you can stay—but you must ask my father's permission after to-day."

"I will." But he seemed in no hurry to go on with the work. Instead, he looked at Elsie—looked so long that she became embarrassed and blushed.

"I beg your pardon?" he exclaimed. "I had no right to stare so, but—"

"But what?" as he hesitated.

"Oh—nothing. If you will excuse me I will go ahead with my work."

Elsie blushed; but he did not seem to be doing much but putting aimless-looking lines on the canvas, so she soon left to work with a fury, painting like lightning. "I must hold it!" he muttered to himself. "I must hold it! Just what I have sought!" And he painted more furiously than ever.

That evening he came over to the farmhouse to gain official consent to paint his pictures in the woodlot, and Elsie's father, a good-natured man, allowed him to continue, "as long as you don't light no fires nor cut no timber." Assured of the young man's intention to abstain from arson or larceny, all was well.

Day after day the young man worked, and he soon fell into the habit of coming over to the farmhouse in the evening, for the ostensible purpose of talking to some one. The hotel in town, he explained, was not ac-

ceptable in its appointments, and he welcomed the chance for human converse.

His matters proceeded throughout the summer. The artist worked intelligently, and Elsie, with whom he was soon on terms of intimate friendship, often begged to see the picture; but he would never oblige her curiosity.

"When it's finished," he would say, "and not till then. It looks all muddily and messy now—and I want you to be the first critic to see it complete." So Elsie was forced to be satisfied.

One evening, however, he lingered instead of going to the hotel. Elsie had remained on the piazza to enjoy the moonlight for a few moments. "Elsie," he said, "I want you to come to the woods tomorrow morning. The picture is almost finished—there is only one more day's work on it—and I want you to say what you think."

She joined him in the woodlot as the morning sunlight filtered through the branches. Before her was the easel, covered with a cloth. He led her close to the frame, then suddenly took the cloth away. Elsie looked, then gasped and looked again. Before her on the canvas was the familiar woodlot, with its tall aspens and green lights and shadows; but under the one she had worn the first day she had met him. It looked like herself—and yet—was she this radiantly beautiful creature? With a catch in her throat, she turned to the artist. "Is it—is it really I?"

"It is you, just as you were when I first saw you. I came a hundred miles to find my ideal, and I found it—in you."

"Oh!" Elsie closed her eyes. Strong arms were holding her close, and a voice that she knew she loved was whispering magic words to her. "Oh, I never guessed—but I know now that I wanted it all the time—dear."

The artist clasped her. "I came down here to work for a prize," he said; "but I never dreamed I should find the biggest prize in the world—you!"

After Cleopatra had vamped the Roman general, Antony, and had won him from camp and battle to bask in the warm sun of Egypt by her perfumed side, she was often at a loss to devise new means of entertaining him. One day she hit upon the idea of a fishing party, and the two accompanied by a great retinue proceeded to the river's edge, where they fished to the tinkle of harps and the waving of peacock feather fans.

Antony had but ill luck, and the magic of honor pulled up more fish than he. This was held to be either a great joke or an indication of the displeasure of the gods, and it needed but a feather weight to throw the scales either way. Antony, hated being laughed at, and to be thought disfavored by the gods was a serious business in those days. He therefore arranged with a personal slave to strip and dive beneath the boat and there fasten fish to his hook, the fish being taken from the strings of those caught by others. It was done. About the tenth fish was enough for the queen, who started a quiet investigation of this marvelous luck and discovering the secret, sent a slave of her own to dive and fasten a salted herring to the hook. A great laugh went up when the board-stiff fish appeared, and the queen said: "Go, general, leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharos, and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms and nations."

The Cue Is the Thing. The billiard cue is equal in place to the table, and the manufacturers of cues select their woods with great care and circumspection. The weight must be neither too little nor too large, and since the size is regulated in custom, the requisite weight is secured by selecting the wood that possesses it, says the American Forestry Magazine. The cue must have elasticity. It must start the ball upon its journey with the proper speed. That cannot be done by the player alone, no matter how skillful he may be. The cue is called upon to do its part. Maple is regarded as the best wood for cues.

Saffron in History. Saffron is the dried stigma of the crocus flower and is found mentioned by Homer; is written about in the Canticles as a sweet-smelling herb, and was in the materia medica of Hippocrates and of the early Chinese. It was long ago produced in Persia, and in Cilicia, where the town of Korghos is a degeneration for the old name Corycus that itself came from the ancient name of crocus, that city having been the saffron market of the east. Others maintain that the derivation was the other way and that the crocus was named for the city Corycus.

Picking Up a Language. It is said that Darwin mastered the Spanish language during his voyage from London out. It was a voyage of many weeks—not the fifteen to twenty-day trip of a modern steamer. Last year one of Argentina's foreign ministers found it necessary to come to New York en route to Buenos Aires from a Castilian-speaking country, and during the twenty-day voyage he conversed with astonishing readiness.

—From The Americas.

THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MEMORIES.

WHAT is it most that the soul remembers in the long years that come after-whiles?

What are the thoughts of the long December When white and empty lie snowy miles?

What is the picture that grows and smiles Deep in the heart of the glowing embers?

We dream no dream of the passing pleasures That held us thralls in an idle hour, We count no riches in heaping measures

Nor pulse again with a futile power— Nay, a verdant tree or a crimson flower

Is the jewel then that the memory treasures.

Oh, these are the visions that come long after

When face to face with our own sad soul;

We see a tree in the smoky rafters, Behold a rose in the glowing coal;

The months of wintertime backward roll

And the room is filled with the ghost of laughter.

For here is the tree that we knew together

When the ending year was a spring-time young

The northman's pine and the Scotsman's heather,

The Briton's oak where the children swung—

Oh, these are the things by the night-wind sung

Above the roar of the wintry weather.

For all the year is a time of clover

While Memory sits by the ingletide, And Home goes forth with the world-wide rover

To every country o'er every tide; And when the autumn has dropped and died

We live our summers, our summers over.

Life has its seasons and life its sorrows,

When the soul sits dreaming a dream like this.

When the hungry heart from the pale past borrows

A silenced voice or an endless kiss—

Yea, in our sorrow we find our bliss.

And weave of Yesterdays our Tomorrow.

(Copyright.)

Elegant English.

"Avoid the use of the word 'megalomania,'" said the man who always wants to give instructions about every thing.

"For what reason?" "Its effect is disproportionate. The word is entirely too large to fit the importance of the person to whom it can properly be applied."

Affection makes and holds more friends than service; but you can't always evoke it.

Those who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character.



Gold Horseshoes

Expense is not efficiency. Don't pay for gold horseshoes when you buy your printing.

Sensible printing on sensible paper—Hammermill Bond—will save you money and get results for you.

That is the kind of work we do and the kind of paper we use.

Use More Printed Salesmanship. Ask us.

HOP—INSTEAD OF DESPAIR

Inscription Suggested for Portal of British Institution Would Seem Peculiarly Happy.

Above the entrance to the prison on Dartmoor, Eng., which is now to be done away with, two Latin words are cut into the stone, which may be rendered "Spere vanquished," and it was in this spirit the French prisoners in the Napoleonic wars as well as American prisoners in the War of 1812 were received and treated, and in time allowed to live on parole in the neighboring villages and towns.

Stories of these refined and charming hostages have delighted the heart of youthful readers of many generations, and the work done by them in carving and carpentering is still carefully treasured in many a home in Dartmoor to the present day. Little could they have imagined that the fine air would make Dartmoor as famous a resort as some of the highlands of Switzerland, and that after having become a convict prison about 60 years ago, the place of their incarceration would be turned into an institution for training lads on the Borstal system. The boys will have freedom, and will be acquiring a knowledge of farming and reclamation work, as well as other means of gaining a living and fitting them to become valuable members of society. The boys will be merely hostages, and another legend should be carved over the gateway, this time something more suitable to the occasion, such as "Take hope, all you who enter here."—Christian Science Monitor.

"THRIFT" THAT DOESN'T PAY

Some Suggestions for the Housekeeper and for Those Who Are Too Saving.

There are some thrift suggestions that do not always pay, remarks a writer in the New York Sun.

It doesn't pay, for instance, to wrap the ice in your icebox up in newspaper to save the ice when by so doing you will keep the rest of the icebox from being kept cool. You may save your ice, but you may lose more than the worth of the ice in meat and vegetables that have been spoiled.

It doesn't pay to make a cake without butter or eggs when you have to throw half of the cake away because no one will eat it.

It doesn't pay to do your own housecleaning to save the expense of a woman by the day when this means that you are not able to have dinner at home at an expense of rather more than new material would cost.

It doesn't pay to deal with a grocer who undersells the other grocers a little because he has no delivery service when you spend an hour in getting your supplies in order to save 10 cents. There are other ways that you can make an hour's time worth more than that.

It doesn't pay to set so economical a table that your children and your husband will have a craving for candy and between meals that will cost very much more than would be needed to set a really beautiful table.

Trees Hard to Kill. When a tree is cut to the ground and the root is left to rot, all the forces seem to rally round the dormant leaflets contained in the old roots. Subsequently, strong new shoots grow, in much the same manner as from pollard willows.

With the saplings and peasticks, the cast is the same as with shrubs, because, purposely or inadvertently, some leaflets on the stem have been buried under the earth.

Although oak stakes are rarely found among those which flourish under such conditions, yet there is a case now in a Welsh colliery, where a piece of oak timber, supporting the roof, has developed branches like miniature trees, which have grown to a length of three or four feet.

These are thickly covered with fully opened leaves of pale green, tipped with pink.

They live in utter darkness, and present a most peculiar sight when revealed by the light of a passing safety lamp.

Measuring Mammoth Cave. An odd method has been used in measuring the height of some of the great chambers in the Mammoth cave. The experimenter had little balloons made of a special pattern, with thinner and more elastic rubber than that of common toy balloons. Then, with five balloons tied in a cluster, and each inflated with hydrogen to a diameter of 10 inches, he began his attempts. An acetylene light revealed the balloons when they touched the top. The measuring tape was a light thread. The Rotunda was found to be just 40 feet high, and the Mammoth dome 119 feet 6 inches. But in the vast temple called Gorip's dome, wandering air-currents rendered the balloons unmanageable.

Writings Ascribed to Jews. It is believed today by many savants that the Old Testament description of Solomon's temple was written by the Jews after their return from captivity, with the memory of the real splendors of Babylon fresh in their minds, says Anstruther Mackay, writing in the Atlantic Monthly.

It is possible that the actual temple was a simple place of worship. If it had been otherwise, it is hardly possible that no remains of it would be visible today, seeing that the temples of Egypt, which are so much older, remain, in some cases, almost intact.