

## By Fair Means or Foul

By FRANK R. TUCKER

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It was a perfect summer's evening. A soft breeze wafted ashore the melodious tinkling of innumerable ships' bells as they struck the hour. From the piazza of the Ledge Cove Yacht club issued the sound of laughter and the merry clink of glasses.

In the midst of a group, one hand fending an empty stein, the other similarly engaged with a pedagogue Boston bull, his constant companion; sat a careless, nonchalant young fellow in yachting attire. The bronze of his complexion was, unmistakably that of a lover of aquatic sports.

"Well, Hadley," said a youth who boasted of two terms at Yale, "you've certainly enjoyed good luck today; a blue ribbon at the dog show this morning, and another hundred on your yacht this afternoon. But then," he laughed, "I suppose it's that cur's blue ribbon that counts with you."

"Yes," returned Hadley. "I admit that it pleases me immensely. And," he added, gazing blandly at the friends grouped about him, "let me tell you I consider that brindle, subtitled Boston pup as worthy of affection and esteem as any of this company."

"It's strange," he went on, stilling, "that Gill persists in thinking, at a hundred dollars per think, that he has the faster boat."

A good-natured chuckle behind his chair caused him to turn. Gill had joined the group unnoticed.

"Yes, gentlemen, Jack is right; that tub of mine has caused me the loss of just three hundred plunks. But I still think I can win—if not by fair means, by foul."

"And thereby hangs a tale," suggested Hadley.

"No, merely a proposition." He perched himself on the piazza balustrade.

"What is it, a race for another hundred?"

"Exactly."

A burst of uncontrollable laughter followed.

"Gad, Gill, have another!" roared Hadley, rising on the table for the steward.

The challenger quietly waited for silence.

"I admit, Jack, that you have the better boat," he finally went on. Hadley raised his eyebrows. "Nevertheless, I'll wager three hundred, the sum that I've lost, that I can make my boat win, provided you accept my proposition."

The usually immobile countenance of old Commodore Noing, who was seated at a short distance from the group, showed a slight degree of interest as he followed the conversation.

"Your conditions are fair enough so far," announced the son of Bill, grinning, "but isn't it customary to take in a reef when there's too much wind?"

Gill glanced at his tormentor, who, with a didn't-know-it-was-loaded expression, retired into his shell.

"My conditions," he said, lighting a cigarette, "are, that the boats be allowed to win by fair means or foul."

It was arranged that the race should take place the following morning.

The course selected was a short, triangular one of eighteen nautical miles.

After much friendly bantering, Hadley finally arose.

"I must be going home," said he, looking around for his little four-footed friend, "as a clear eye tomorrow seems to be one of the requisites for winning this peculiar competition. Why, where the deuce is Cracker?" he suddenly asked in astonishment; "he was here at my side not two minutes ago!"

This was the signal for a general search.

Gill and many others joined in the search.

At a very late hour, a tired and disappointed party dispersed to their homes to court the sometimes elusive god of slumber.

But not Gill. Returning by a circuitous route to the yacht club, he stepped into a boat which had evidently been in waiting and was rowed out to his yacht.

The captain stood at the rail, boat-hook in hand, as the sailor unslipped his oars; and Gill sprang on board.

"Well, Cap," said he, laughing, "I feel about as contemptible as a pick-pocket. Did you have much trouble?"

"None at all, sir," answered the captain. "We kidnaped him easy. He didn't make a peep. An' now he's sleepin' peaceful on one of the transoms."

"Good! Now, Cap, if you'll accompany me below, we'll discuss tides."

"Tides, sir?" exclaimed the skipper in bewilderment.

"Don't ask questions, Cap; everything will be explained to you in due time." Gill laughingly replied.

"I hope he will," said Hadley wistfully. "I'd rather lose a hundred yachts races than lose old Cracker."

As the sound of the preparatory gun rolled across the water, the two yachts swung away from their moorings and commenced maneuvering off the clubhouse. Five minutes later, close hauled, white water under bows and lee rails awhirl, they bore down upon the starting line and were off.

"A splendid start!" observed old Commodore Noing with enthusiasm from the yacht club piazza.

"Yes, but Jack has the windward position as usual," excitedly cried the young collegian, raising his binoculars.

At the commencement of the second leg, Hadley's yacht was leading by four lengths and was gaining perceptibly.

From the deck of the leading boat, Hadley gazed astern and smiled with amusement.

"It does seem a shame," said he, addressing a guest, "that Gill can't seem to win by any old means, be they fair or foul. There's the Ledge Rock on the starboard bow, the third leg practically commenced. Why, we'll simply walk away from him; he can't hold a candle to us in running free."

"What's that floating off to port, Cap'n?" asked a member of the party.

"Pears to be a small boat. Yes, 'tis a small skiff," he replied, squinting.

"That's strange; she's anchored," announced Hadley, looking through his glasses. Peculiar place to anchor a small boat."

"Probably somebody fishing," Hadley again raised his binoculars.

"No, there's no one on board."

"Heads!" called out another as the boom swung over; and for the time being the small boat incident was forgotten.

"Now, here's where we walk away from them," laughed Hadley as a sailor let out the main-sheet. "How's the tide, Cap; with us?"

"Pears to be pretty nigh-flood," replied the captain, gazing at Ledge Rock, which was all but submerged.

"Hello, what the deuce do you call that?" cried Hadley, pointing toward the ledge. A horrid suspicion flashed across his mind. "By Jove, it can't be—"

He gazed through his glasses with wide, staring eyes.

Upon the topmost rock of the cluster, with the water all but lapping its body, sat a small, brownish-colored animal, manifesting evident signs of the liveliest distress.

Hadley's heart sank within him—his worst suspicion had become a certainty.

There on that barren ledge, five miles out to sea, ungraced, lonely and miserable, sat the pride of the Hadley kennels—the blue-ribboned aristocrat, Cracker!

There was not a moment to lose. Even now it seemed as though the waves must engulf him.

"Cracker!" Hadley wildly announced and sprang at the wheel, wrenching it from the captain's grasp.

Hadley, in a moment, grasped each step of Gill's Machiavellian plot. Gill had marooned the dog. Gill had placed the skiff there for a purpose; it was the one means by which Cracker's rescue could be accomplished. The yacht could not approach the dangerous reef. To save the dog they must needs return for the small boat.

"You can just about do it, sir," announced the captain.

"No thanks to that confounded fool, Gill!" Hadley wrathfully exclaimed, although much relieved by the skipper's words. "I call that a *damned* mean low-down trick!"

"Oh, I don't know, Jack," one of his friends quietly remonstrated; "remember—by fair means or foul."

### TOO MUCH FOR 'PROFESSORS'

Boysish Nervous Gave Way When Subject on Dissecting Table Gave Voice to Moan.

Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, was a busy boy. His fertile brain was seeking expression long before short trousers were abandoned, and one of the outlets was the formation of a club among his boy friends which he dubbed "Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts," and in which every member gravely called himself, and all the others, "professor."

Bell decided to elect himself to the chair of anatomy, and cared not at all that surgery was not generally included in the fine arts. On the night the club met at his house he startled the members by appearing in an apron, and with a long butcher knife in his hand. He explained he had secured the body of a small pig and intended to "dissect" it.

The boys, somewhat pale, gathered around the rigid corpse as Bell, drawing a long breath, placed the point against the pig's upturned stomach and pushed. The knife remained rigid for a moment, and then disappeared into the pig with a rush, while from the snout came a long, low moan. There was a mad rush for the door, and it was led by the anatomist. The society died that night. Investigation by older heads showed the noise was merely a release of air pent up in the animal's interior.

Modern Kid in Hard Luck.

"Everything's too high," exclaimed the corner tobaccoist. "A few years ago we could afford to put out chromos of E. J. Barrymore and Jim Jeffries with a pack of cigarettes. Well, they've cut out the pictures now, and how's a kid going to get an education?"

## IN SPRING BLOUSE

Gay Colorings Promise to Feature Coming Season.

Tomato Red Is Given as One of the Bright Particular Spots in the Offering.

Blouses in suit colorings, having been given the center of the stage for the winter season, are even now being replaced by more brilliant ones for spring, according to a fashion authority. Tomato red is given as one of the bright particular spots in the offering. Red having been neglected for years, has quite suddenly become a most important note. It is early to talk of organdies and cotton fabrics, but in passing it is a temptation to say that tomato and flame are colors often repeated in these materials.

A blouse of two of more fabrics offers fascinating possibilities for the combination of color, and black and white is always stunning. In one blouse black expresses itself in satin, softened with sleeves and a gilet or yoke of white georgette banded with black. Such a blouse makes of a separate satin skirt a modish costume and in this instance a white faced-satin hat completes the picture.

Since crepe dresses are quite the newest note it is natural that blouse-makers should turn their attention to this fabric as well. It is not to be supposed that lingerie blouses and lin-



Blouse of Two Fabrics.

gerie frocks will be neglected, but there is every justification for the prophecy that fabrics of the crepe order will be made into utility dresses, and waists range in color from navy, black and brown to the lightest pastel shades and white. Georgette, always important from the blouse viewpoint, is combined with crepe for many of these models. In fact, present indications point to a season of interesting and out-of-the-usual combinations of materials, often of the same color.

### MAY RIVAL CHEMISE DRESS

Recently Created Garment of Paris Origin, Bids Fair to Find Favor With Midway.

Paul Poiret never made a better thing than the chemise dresses with which he startled Paris many years ago. Since that time, writes a Paris fashion correspondent, he has created many different models, but none has had the enduring vogue of the peasant chemise. This is no reflection on his resourcefulness and creative ability, but demonstrates that there are only a few ideas in the world which would have sufficient vitality to survive.

Recently there has appeared on the horizon of fashion another genre of dress, created and launched by Madeleine Vionnet, which bids fair to have the same vitality and endurance as the chemise dress. As Poiret gathered his ideas from the crudesst form of peasant garb, Vionnet has drawn inspiration from the dress of the highly civilized Greek at the period of his most artistic development.

Just as M. Poiret, in adopting the crude single garment of the unlettered man of toil, embellished it, Vionnet has stripped the Grecian designs of all complications and presented them with a stern simplicity that holds only the faintest suggestion of their origin. While Poiret embellished, Vionnet simplified. He took simplicity and complicated it. She took complication and simplified it. He took the workaday blouse and made it acceptable to the modern woman of fashion. She took the complicated draperies of the effete Grecian civilization and wrought them into practical, sensible twentieth century dresses.

Again the Overblouse.

Blouses continue to be made to wear over the skirt, although many of them are greatly attenuated. Tiesbacks, surprise effects of various kinds and peasant types continue in favor, the tuck-in blouse invariably being of more tailored type, or the lingerie type with its ever-popular cascaded full at the front or side. Eyelet embroidery having registered for winter refuges to be ousted for spring, and among the lingerie types, which include many fine motifs, there are eyelet embroidery motifs to no end. A voile blouse may have a tum-down collar, a rounded bosom and cuffs of coral work, or for that matter the entire blouse may be fashioned of it, no matter what its color.

## IN THE GRAY AND BLUE SERVE



This is a smart trotteur suit of gray and blue duvetyl united with braid. The new short jacket is one of fashion's latest cuts.

### WHAT COLOR SHALL I WEAR?

Color or Shade Should Be Chosen to Suit the Wearer; Harmony the Watchword.

Color has a decided influence on its wearer, for immediately after the question: "What shall I wear?" comes the all important one of the choice of color. What use is color without the right color, tone or shade or combination of both or all three? Most of us choose color for becomingness only, and yet, though a color be actually unbecoming, if it be the latest and smartest, the consciousness of this fact will endow the wearer with a contented look and a glow of satisfaction reflected in her eyes, resulting in a flattering remark among her friends of: "How well she looks!" and then the desired effect is achieved after all.

Colors are no longer chosen according to age as our mothers and grandmothers were prone to do. No color limit, no hard and fast rules of color before and after thirty in this age and era! On the contrary, the range is unlimited and ever varying. The necessary thing is to know your type and then to know color as applied to yourself. Whereas the unsophisticated girl chooses bright colors that please her eye, the sophisticated one chooses colors that match her eyes or hair. A French couturiere suggested that one should match one's eyes in the evening shades and one's hair in the daytime. This is a wise and a safe rule. There are those of us, however, who would go about eternally clad in sober browns if we followed this rule, and for those we would put down the law of harmony in contrast—and what rule was made not to be broken?

### FASHION NOTES OF INTEREST

The extremely decollete evening gown has disappeared.

Wired tunics of metal lace will be worn over satin slips.

Tailored and fluffy ruffles blouses share honors this season.

Paris favors the long, narrow muff with gathered ends.

Even bathing slippers will have the popular ankle strap.

Punch work embroidery on cloth and velvet is replacing other embroidery at smart gatherings.

Dywan vests, pings and facings, in some contrasting color, are used on serge and tricotine frocks.

Green and red seem to be the dominant colors for evening wear, particularly when velvet is the material chosen.

Greys and browns will be popular this spring, but the newest note of the season will be the very extensive revival of the use of pencil-striped materials.

One of the latest effects in French neckwear is a little plaited ruche of colored organdie, hemstitched around the edges and worn close about the throat.

A Handsome Girdle.

A perfectly plain navy blue silk dress has an unusual girdle as the only trimming. The neck is cut square and plain, the short sleeves are plain and the entire skirt and waist are plain, but to wear with this plain dress there is a smart girdle made of wide navy blue grosgrain ribbon with a picot edge and bordered by narrow gold-colored ribbon. This girdle is almost two and one-half inches wide, and is trimmed at intervals with velvet leaves and flowers made of cloth of gold and silver. The girdle or sash is worn a little below the waist line and is knotted only once, the ends being allowed to fall several inches below the bottom of the dress skirt. The girdle changes the dress into a smart costume. The dress and girdle could be made at home at comparatively small cost.

## Mother's Good Book

"I wonder whether I shall ever fully realize that happiness is not sought after as an object in itself, but it should come into our lives as a result of the love we have for ourselves and for others."

### FOOD FOR THE FAMILY.

A FROZEN dessert is always a welcome one, which if not too rich may be enjoyed even by the little people.

Fig Ice Cream.

Scald one quart of milk, mix three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold milk, and stir into the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens, then cover and cool fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat the yolks of four eggs, add a half teaspoonful of salt and one-half cupful of maple sirup; beat into the hot mixture and stir until the egg is set; add two cupfuls of hot cream and let chill; add one teaspoonful of vanilla and begin to freeze; when half frozen add one-half pound of figs, chopped fine and mixed with half a cupful of maple sirup, a grating of lemon rind and two tablespoonfuls of the juice. Finish freezing.

Fig Ice Cream Junket.

Make a junket custard with a quart of warm milk, a cupful of cream, a can of condensed milk, one tablespoonful of vanilla, a half cupful of sugar, and one crushed junket tablet dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water. Let stand in a warm place until jelled; cool and freeze. When partly frozen add one-half pound of figs, cooked, chopped and mixed with one-half cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of orange juice. Finish freezing.

Oatmeal Cracker Cake.

Beat one-half cupful of shortening to a cream, add one-third of a cupful each of honey and sugar, the yolks of two eggs beaten light, one cupful of milk, two and seven-eighths cupfuls of rolled cracker crumbs mixed with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Lastly add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in two well greased layer pans about eighteen minutes. Put together with jam or jelly. Cover the top and sides with chocolate butter icing and decorate with the icing piped over the top.

Chocolate Butter Icing.

Beat one-half cupful of butter to a cream. Add gradually one-half cupful of honey, one cupful of confectioner's sugar and two ounces of chocolate melted over hot water.

Flemish Carrots.

Cut carrots in thin slices with a vegetable slicer and cook tender in boiling salted water. For one pint of carrots melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one-fourth of a cupful of chopped onion and one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Cover and let cool slowly until yellowed a little, add one cupful of beef broth and let simmer until the onion is tender; add the carrots and let stand over hot water twenty minutes or longer. Sprinkle with a tablespoonful of finely minced parsley just before serving.

Nellie Maxwell  
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### THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By BESSIE ROBERTS

### NOW THE FOREWOMAN

BEFORE the war the forewoman was unknown; how she is becoming increasingly common in the great industries, especially those that employ large numbers of girls. In some of these plants, like that of the Artificial Limb company, women are admitted to the foreman training classes on an equal footing with the men.

There are two types of forewomen, called the instructional and the production. Women who are working in the plant are those who usually get these appointments, and it is an incentive to women to go to work in these large industrial establishments that was lacking before.

One of the great questions for women today is that of equal opportunity. It runs hand in hand with the one concerning equal pay. The fact that hardly any big factory or mill employing women is now without its forewoman shows that progress is being made. Every woman should work toward increasing these opportunities for her sex.

Many industries are employing more and more women in their regular work, especially factories where delicate work has to be done, such as the assembling of adding machines, electric appliances and the like. And women are gradually ousting men from the watch-making industry, so much better is their ability to handle the minute parts used. The fact is that the girl of nineteen or twenty has become the typical watchmaker of the country. Where the women have a chance to prove themselves they are making good. They will get more chances as it seems likely that they will continue to make good. There is a real future for the ambitious woman in the factories of the country today.

## MILITANT MARY

When I get blue as indigo and hopeless as the TOMB I force a grin—that never fails TO SWEEP AWAY THE GLOOM!

Naturally.

"Is electricity really the best for lighting?"

"Well, that is the current belief."

Yes.

Klecker—"You can't get your hair cut, too."

Bocker—"Well, you can get your hair cut, too."

Literary.

"It's a burning question."

"What is it?"

"The waste of coal in the city."

Domestic.

"Dad; what is a promoter?"

"A promoter is one who is on the interest of the man."

Peace of Mind.

"That city fellow around here."

"But, you know, you're a man."

Transcendental.

"What does it mean to throw an egg at a man?"

"It means they want his judgment."

General.

"You say, you're a man?"

"If you can't get your hair cut, too."

"But, you know, you're a man."

Transcendental.

"What does it mean to throw an egg at a man?"

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