To Add Charm to Milady's Costume

Details of Dress That Will Interest Women Who Like to Be in Style.

Coats for young people are important this season, and they, too, follow lines of extreme simplicity. They are shown in models for spring, in tweed, homespun, velours, silk, satin, what you will, those for the larger girls being almost always trimmed with fur.

All of the little animal furs are popular, and baby leopard carries on, with the foxes, dyed squirrels, ferret, fawn and the others.

A faddish trimming is white clipped wool; it has the quality of otter, but is snow white.

The young girl "in the know" refers to her "ensemble," and some of the coats in kasha, charmine, broadcloth or satin are lined with a figured silk or crepe to match the dress.

The last word in extravagance of fashion, and incidentally of purse, is illustrated by the novelty heralded as the anklet hose. It is a stocking of sheerest chiffon silk, with a single row of rhinestones wound about in serpentine fashion, beginning at the ankle. It is one of those flashy fads, such as the ankle bracelet, that appears from time to time and has popularity, of a sort, though not with women of elegance.

This fancy for over elaborating articles of lingerie is shown in corsets and brassieres made of silk, satin, ribbon or gauze in pale rose and flesh tints, and having a line of rhinestones to finish the top; or in some other fashion to add an artificial note.

Quite fascinating are the latest things in bracelets received from an exclusive Parisian designer. They are fashioned like the flexible and the "love link" bracelets that have been so popular. But they are set in a manner to give them more importance; that is, with semi-precious stones and cameos.

Corals, the old-fashioned intaglios, like little brooches, are set separately and joined with slender gold links. Finely cut cameos, in white and black, and the two-toned stones, agates and quartz, moonstones, chrysoprase, cats'-eyes and innumerable other old-style stones are used in these quaint adornments.

Just as the softer and gentler fabrics associated with the styles for early spring are shown, there are received among the latest novelties the most gorgeous laces and fancy nets in gold and silver.

The latest thing in fans is a superb affair of rose-colored ostrich plumes, one yard long. The feathers are tinted from a rich shade of rose to the faintest, and they are uncurled, in the natural, not the "willow" form, and are mounted on sticks of beautiful dark tortoise shell.

Flowers as garniture are seen more and more, and now they are used frankly, apparently without any raison d'etre, on plain silk frocks. In a pretty little costume of changeable taffeta, three sprays of silk roses with their silver-crusted leaves and flexible stems are added, one at the low line of the bodice on one side, the other diagonally spaced across the front of the skirt.

Flowers Are Used for Spring and Summer Hats

Trimming appears in plenty on the new millinery for spring and summer. Flowers are especially favored in this model of orchid horsehair and faille ribbon.

Semi-Precious Stones Are Used in Bracelets

Surprisingly pretty bracelets are shown in silver and silver gilt, set with semi-precious stones, the Scotch pebbles that imitate so well the real jewels, and with just plain glass. They are dainty in design, fine in detail of workmanship and imitate so well the genuine article that the cheap price at which they may be bought is most gratifying.

A bracelet of this type is a slender chain, widening in the middle, where little squares of the metal hold semi-sapphires. Imitation emeralds, amethysts, rubies and the real moonstone, which is very fashionable at the moment, present a variety of these dainty chic ornaments.

White-Green Flannel With Sports Blouse

In vernal green, this winsome spring suit of flannel should be a prime favorite. It is in two pieces, piped in white, and is worn with a white sports blouse.

Collar and Cuff Sets of Linen or Cotton

Day-time collar and cuff sets are done in a variety of linen and cotton materials. Very showy ones are made of plaid and checked gingham, with quite deep over-cuffs to match the collar. The colors are very smart in blue, rose, orange, mauve on white, and many lovely mixtures are shown. Besides the ginghams in patterns are the pretty chambrays in plain colors.

In heavy art linen some of the most stunning neckwear sets are designed, and they employ all of the new "art" shades. Extreme flashy novelties are being introduced, such as collars and deep Medici cuffs in colored kid on which the pattern is stamped, painted, perforated or embroidered. Tan leather collar and cuffs are finished with a deep scalloped border, combined with an eyelet pattern, perforated. This effective idea is repeated in light colored kid in silver and gold finished leather.

The scallop, pointed or round, shallow or deep, is the most popular pattern shown in the novelty collar and cuff sets. Some among the variants in these are most lovely. A flat, round collar and narrow pointed cuffs are made of pale green ottoman silk bound with silver ribbon, piped with black silk. One of similar pattern is made of soft "yellow-gray" bengaline, bound with gilt ribbon, showing a cord of black satin. Black and white, green and white, and blue and white are more popular than all of the other possible combinations.

Colors Gentler Than They Were Last Season

In the lightweight sports suits and frocks for general street wear colors are gentler than they were last season and the season preceding. "Natural" is the name describing the shade of material which is now in vogue for spring frocks, says a fashion correspondent.

There is natural kasha, for example, the soft wheat-colored material that resembles old-style camel's-hair and has all of the lovable qualities of that staple among fine dress fabrics. Engaging models of this tone are shown in tunic frocks and two-piece suits. Invariably they are built along the simplest lines, presenting all of the new details, but without exaggeration.

One delightful ensemble suit is made of natural kasha in a shade that is almost cafe-au-lait. The straight, simple frock is short, being 14 inches from the floor and narrow. Above the hips a front panel forming a waistcoat of flame-colored crepe is added. The seven-eighths length coat of the woolen stuff is lined with the crepe, matching the waist coat, and a piping of this and black outlines the long narrow collar lapel, the cuff bands and a strap that goes about the hips, crossing in front.

A soft hat of the kasha cloth, the crown square and rather high and the small brim slightly rolling, has a simple band of red for its trimming.

Sports Duds Should Be Practical in Texture

Sports clothes can be very pretty but they must be practical in texture. Homespun, whipcord, rough serge, and all the waterproof materials are useful for the purpose. Woolen sports mufflers are edged of contrasting color and material; scarlet galon, musquash, bright green wood beads, tapestry embroidery, and so on, in three-inch bands.

Cosy little snow-caps are made of brushed wool, and have an attached scarf which twists round the neck.

Russian cross-stitch embroidery in its primitive crude colors is very effective for pull-over caps.

He Was Going the Limit

By FRANK D. HOPLEY

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"I'M READY! Come on, Inspector Wills!"

Livingston stood with one thousand dollars in each hand, beside the open safe in the First National.

On the floor, at his feet, was a young man, crumpled and still, whose face showed white under the rays of a flickering candle that had been stuck in an inkwell. In another minute that door would open, and then—

He had followed his friend, Carey, that night, to the rear of the bank; had seen him open a door and disappear within. Entering quietly, he saw Carey beside the safe. In each hand was a package of bills. As he saw Livingston a look of terror came into his eyes.

Livingston had seen that terrified look in the eyes of newcomers to the state prison, where he, himself, had served five years. Carey, who, up to the present, had been honest, was going the limit to save the stock in which he had invested all his savings, and all because of the fluffy-haired girl at home. The girl that Livingston, too, had loved, and Carey had won.

It all came back to Livingston in a flash. They had been pals for years, working side by side in the First National bank. Then a sudden temptation had come to Livingston and he had fallen.

It was this same Carey who, for five long years had stood constantly by his friend, visiting him in the prison each month. The Carey who, when he had come out, had taken Livingston to his home, and after much effort, found him a position.

Livingston went over to the man on the floor and, putting his arm around his shoulders, gently raised him and led him to a chair. Carey was babbling incoherently; his nerve was completely gone.

"Carey," said Livingston sadly, "why—why were you going to do it?"

Carey looked at him beseechingly. "I—I had to," he faltered. "There's no other way. I've got to go the limit on that stock to save myself—because of—you know—Elsie."

"But, Carey, don't you know—!"

Carey paused, gulped hard, then began again.

"I heard this morning that Industrial Common was kiting down. I went to my broker's office. All the time I G. was going down, down, down. They told me that they would require new margins of two thousand dollars tomorrow morning, before the exchange opened, or they would sell me out. I didn't have it; I'm cleaned out."

Livingston started to speak, but Carey stopped him. "Wait," he said, "until I've told you all. I left the broker's office at two o'clock. I didn't know what to do. I wandered around and finally found myself in the park. I stayed there until I knew that every one had left the bank, then I came here, but I couldn't stay."

"You went out again, but you didn't come home."

Carey nodded. "I couldn't," he said. "I couldn't face Elsie. I walked the streets. The newsboys were crying extras; I saw 'Industrial Common' in big letters on the front page. Then I thought of taking the money to tide me over. I was horrified at first, but there seemed no other way. I thought of you, Livingston, and I hesitated, but something had to be done, so I—"

Carey paused suddenly. Through the stillness came the sound of footsteps. The measured tramp of feet, such as distinguish an officer of the law over the ordinary pedestrian. Under the open window the footsteps suddenly stopped; then voices.

"I think I'll take a chance and go up; there might be some funny business going on." The words came in a harsh, hoarse tone. Livingston had heard it before; so had Carey at the trial.

"Inspector Wills!" he gasped. "He's found the door open and is coming up. I'm lost!"

Livingston thought quickly. "See here, Carey," he commanded. "I'll save you, but you must do exactly as I say. I'm an ex-convict. I've served five years, and my record's against me. Yours is clean. I was robbing the safe when you came in and caught me. Do you understand?"

Carey gasped. "You—you'll do this for me? Go back to the pen again—?"

Livingston nodded. "Yes; you helped me when no one else would. I'll do it for you—and Elsie."

"But I won't let you. I'll—"

"Yes you will. You can't help yourself. Sorry, old man, but I've got to be a little rough. You see, you caught me and I knocked you out, and was just preparing to get away when the cops came," and Livingston suddenly brought his fist against the point of his friend's chin.

Carey crumpled to the floor. Livingston picked up the package of bills that he had dropped. There was a heavy step upon the stairs. Livingston squared his shoulders, and with a thousand dollars in each hand, stood looking expectantly at the door.

"Now," he said. "I'm ready! Come on, Inspector Wills!"

Skull Turned Hatchet

Henry Leigh, a negro of Springfield, Ohio, was standing under the scaffolding of a new seven-story building on which some carpenters were at work. A hatchet fell from the roof, striking Leigh squarely on the head, causing only a slight abrasion. The blow was not enough to fracture the negro's skull.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE PROUD KETTLE

"You're a comforting old thing, Kettle," said the Flatiron on the kitchen stove to the Kettle.

"Ah, the Kettle is Boiling."

"Everyone will be rushing in soon and saying:

"'Ah, the Kettle is boiling. Now for a hot cup of tea.'

"Yes, Kettle," the Flatiron continued, "you really are a comforting old thing."

"Flatiron," said the Kettle, "I'm grateful to you for your kind words.

"I particularly appreciate them because I know you much prefer flattening things out than making them puffed up with pride.

"I know you press down in a very smooth, decided fashion. So it is nice to hear you speak to me so cordially.

"Yes, I am comforting. I know that. I delight, too, in the comfort I give others."

"It pleases me that I can mean so much warm happiness to people.

"And I am always thankful when I can fill a hot-water bottle and drive away a pain. I feel so like a successful doctor then.

"This very last week I cured one earache and three very bad cases of cold feet!"

"Good," said the Flatiron.

"And yet," the Kettle said, "I realize that I alone do not do all this. I have to be helped by the fire and the fire must be helped by the matches and the wood and the coal and the matches must be struck by the people.

"But so it always is. Every one must have help. Creatures must work together.

"Even a doctor must have help. He may suggest the right medicine, but he needs the medicine's assistance.

"Only, Flatiron, I don't believe you know that I am always filled with ambition."

"Is that another word for water?" asked the Flatiron—the Flatiron hadn't much intelligence.

"No," said the Kettle, "it's not. Ambition is hoping to get on and amount to more than one already does."

"Would you like to amount to something like a boiler?" the Flatiron asked. "That amounts to more."

"Oh, no," the Kettle said. "When a creature has ambition it doesn't mean the creature wants to be bigger in size—but bigger in brains and achievements and such."

"Grand words," said Flatiron, "but they mean nothing to me."

"I will explain," said the Kettle. "Years and years and years ago a kettle—an old ancestor of mine—was boiling, as the saying is. The water inside was boiling, you see.

"A fine gentleman, named James Watt saw that the steam coming forth was strong enough to move the lid. He decided that if steam could do this in such a small way it could be made far more powerful. And so all because of my ancestor he invented the steam engine!

"I Am Always Thankful."

"We Kettles have never forgotten about it. And always, while we're willing enough and glad enough to give comfort to all, we're hoping that some one will discover some other talent about us that will make us even more highly regarded.

"Ah, I'm proud," the Kettle concluded, "but I'm always hopeful of more fame.

"They say that that is the way with the great—they're never quite satisfied!"

And with that the Kettle spluttered excitedly, but the Flatiron showed no excitement.

Enough to Kill Germs

Johnny, aged four, had been very ill with typhoid fever and had been permitted to have nothing but broth. One day he coaxed his mother to give him an apple, but she refused him, saying: "No, my dear, if you were to eat an apple now it might kill you."

"Well, then," answered the young diplomat, "give me just a little piece, enough to kill the germs."

Riddles

What nut begins with a letter of the alphabet? Pea (p) nut.

* * *

What nut can make a good vegetable soup? Pecan (pea can).

* * *

Which tree is always found on board ship?

The elm (helm).

* * *

There was a nickel and a cent on the shelf. The cent jumped off. Why didn't the nickel? Because the nickel had more cents (sense).

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