

WOMAN'S VARIED INTERESTS

EMBROIDERED ARROW TRIMMING

In Their Present Revival, Double Headed, They Appear in Unexpected Places on Suits.

THE embroidered arrow is one of the striking details of the smart suit of the spring. These embroideries are not new, but they are unusual, because many seasons have elapsed since their last revival, and in their present form they appear in unexpected places.

One of these places is on the shoulders, cross below the bust upon a closely fitted waistcoat, and from where they cross are trimmed with closely placed, long buttonholes, tipped with small buttons of gray horn. This novel style of trimming is repeated from the wrists almost to the elbows on the backs of the closely fitted sleeves.

In view of the tendency toward flare in skirts, the japon of this Callot suit is a surprise. Most of the material is in an overdress, which stands in wide, irregular folds away from the narrowest of underskirts—an underskirt, by the way, which scarcely shows. The contrast of the wide skirt and the narrow shoulders is almost a shock.

Rows of Arrows Best Trimming. Rows of small arrows make the smartest sort of trimming for a spring tailor made. No better way exists for indicating the limits of the yoke at the base of the hips. But the yoke is not necessarily all encircling; in fact, it rarely is so, for the new skirts show a tendency to run straight from waist to feet at the centre of back and front and to break their course by a yoke at the sides only. What better for this purpose than a row of closely set, down pointing arrows?

To narrow the appearance at the back, a row of longer arrows, starting at the belt, may partly fill in the space between the side yokes. This is the sole trimming of a skirt belonging to a tailored suit of darkest blue cheviot serge. Although one might expect to find down pointing arrows on the jacket, in this case they go crosswise. At the waist line they cover the shirring stitches, which cause the jacket to ripple about the hips. The jacket fits closely to the figure, and would be too severe but for the flat lying, widely turned back collar of white satin.

Arrows Are Double Headed. Particularly good among the advance models for spring is a pearl gray cover. The back of the jacket is distinguished by a quartet of large arrows pointing down from the shoulders and up from the waist. It shows, however, a novel phase of the embroidery in that the lower pair of arrows are double headed. Of course, these extra heads have a mission to perform—the mission of holding the material where it is pleated at the belt line. This makes a fan flare at either side, which clearly emphasizes the small waist effect, which is a feature of many a spring garment.

From the front no one would ever suspect the gray covert from Callot, by the way of carrying arrows. Broad straps of the material, starting from

That the Sacrifice of Her Three Children's Lives May Count for Workers' Betterment, Mary Petrucci Goes About Telling Ludlow's Story.

A Visit with the Italian Wife of Colorado Miner, a Woman Whose Individual Griet Has Transformed Her Into a Fighter for Her People, the Workers of the World.

BY LUCY HUFFAKER.

AS if deliberately planned as a climax to testimony of men who presumably control this country's capital, Mrs. Mary Petrucci, wife of a Colorado miner, appeared before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations Wednesday and told her story. That story, which is already a classic in the labor movement's history, often and often has she told it, and you, as I, have read it.

So it was not curiosity about what she would tell that sent me to her; it was a desire to know why and what she was. And I found her a sombre-eyed young Italian woman, whose chief emotion was anxiety to be with her husband, who is back at work in the mine. Rachel mourning for her children—Niobe and her woe—I had thought of them as expressing Mary Petrucci. But I saw that she was something more. She was a woman defiant, a woman who would fight not only for herself and those of her own household, but for all her own people—and that means, to Mary Petrucci, the workers of the world. She doesn't like to tell her story. "But surely it will help someone," she says. "And believing that, she is willing to appear before commissions or any one else who will hear her story."

Therefore she recited the tale of her tragedy, and now she will go back to Colorado to her lonesome husband; but one thing she wants to do before she returns—talk to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

"I wouldn't take but a minute or two of his time," Mrs. Petrucci said to me. "He knows my story now. Everybody does. But I'd like to ask him how he thinks he'd feel if he had had three children smothered to death as mine were last April. I want to ask him that. Then I want to go back home."

Her voice was calm and her manner quiet as she said that. In fact she talked all the time in something like a monotone. There was nothing obviously dramatic in her manner. Perhaps that is why it was so effective. She talked on, telling of the horrors which she had seen and which she had felt, just as if she were telling one of the most commonplace stories in the world. Only once did she seem about to cry. And then it was one of those inconsequential little things, and not the tragedy, which made the tears come to her eyes. She had picked up my card and looked at my name.

Name Recalls Tragedy.

"Oh," she said and there was something very close to a sob in her voice. "Is your name Lucy? That—that was my little girl's name."

She clasped her hands tightly in her lap and waited for a minute before she went on talking, as if she were trying to regain her control over herself. Mrs. Margaret Dominiski, also from Ludlow, patted her on the shoulder. "I'm not going to cry," said Mrs. Petrucci. "Somehow I couldn't keep from it when Mr. Costigan went on the stand at the hearing and told of the massacre. Then I could hear those machine guns—I hear them so much. And I could taste that smoke which poured into the cave where we had gone for protection, the smoke which smothered my three children. I shall hear those machine guns, I'm afraid, as long as I live. Sometimes I think I'll hear them after I'm dead, too."

"I Don't Sing Any More."

"Perhaps it seems strange to you that I want to go back home. But I do. My man is there and my children are buried there, and I don't believe I could ever live anywhere else. I have been so happy there. Why, there wasn't a happier woman anywhere than I was, was there, Maggie?" she appealed to Mrs. Dominiski. "You see I'm Italian, although I was born in this country, and our people are gay of heart. I used to sing around my work and playing with my babies. Well, I don't sing any more. And my husband doesn't laugh as he used to do. I'm twenty-four years old and I suppose I'll live a long time, but I don't see how I can ever be happy again. But I try to be cheerful on account of my husband. It is so hard for him when he comes home from work to find only me in the house, and none of the children.

"Sometimes he thinks I oughtn't to go so often to the graves of the children, but something inside me makes me go. And I guess looking at those mounds can't make me feel any worse than I do, anyway. You see, I didn't know for a while that the children were dead. When I came out of that cave where I had been all night, I was dazed. It was days—I think nine—before I really knew that Joe and Lucy and Frankie, who was the baby, were dead. I'd gone, it seems, to the station so I could go to my mother who was in Trinidad. Somebody must have paid my fare. I didn't have any money, of course. But I don't remember that at all. They say I was crazy, and I suppose I was just like a child who always wants to go to her mother when she is in trouble.

"They say that my children had a decent burial. I only know what they tell me. And when I got back home there was nothing left to remind me of them. You see our tent had been burned down. All the clothes and the



MRS. MARGARET DOMINISKI and MRS. MARY PETRUCCI, LUDLOW'S HEROINES

toys which belonged to the children were gone. I guess that is just as well. I don't believe I could stand it to see one of Lucy's dolls. She was only two years and seven months old, but she could talk just as well and fast as anyone.

"I'm Glad That Doll Was Burned."

"When her father came home from work, he used to tell her that he was going to spank her. That was one of their jokes, and she knew he didn't mean it. Then she'd tell her doll that she was going to spank it. But instead she'd hug it close to her and kiss it. I'm glad that doll was burned. There was just one thing which belonged to the children which wasn't destroyed. That was a little hammer which belonged to Joe—he loved to work with his little tools. It was metal, of course, and so it didn't burn.

"It's a good thing I'd given my mother and my sister pictures of the children, or I wouldn't have any—all I had were burned. I've had all of them enlarged. They were such pretty children and such strong ones. They had thrived when we went to live in the tent colony. Why shouldn't they? Everybody is saying now that it is good for children to be out of doors all the time, even to sleep there. And our tents were very comfortable and the stoves kept them warm and dry. I used to bathe the baby—he was just six months old—every day just as I did

before we went to the tent colony. We were all right there until 'Bloody Monday.' But it has been all wrong ever since.

Makes Less than Before Strike.

"My husband went back to work when the strike was called off. I don't understand just why the strike was called off, but anyway it was and the men went back. My husband, before the strike, made \$240 a day—now he makes only \$3. But then there was a family to support. Now there is only himself and me.

"They try to console me by telling me that I may have other children. My young and there may be other babies. But they won't be those same babies. And although I'm so lonely without 'em—sometimes it seems to me the days will never end, because there is nothing for me to do now that I haven't the children to take care of—I don't know whether or not I want any more. I've lived through it once. But I don't believe I ever could stand it to lose another child. It was bad enough when Barney, my eldest child—he was six years old—died last March. But that couldn't be helped, I suppose. And I like to think that he wasn't sacrificed as the other three were. I don't know that I want to run the risk of having any more children murdered as Joe and Lucy and Frankie were."

I didn't say anything to that, because there didn't seem to be anything to say. Mrs. Dominiski, who, except now and then when she would suggest a name or an incident to her friend had sat as quietly as I, while Mrs. Petrucci had been talking, nodded her head.

"I know how you feel," she said. "Even if I didn't lose my children, I know how you feel."

And then—and this is the memory which I shall keep of Mary Petrucci—the sorrowing mother became something else. She held up her head proudly, and looked me right in the eye.

"Paid for Our Belief."

"But you're not to think that we could do any differently another time," she said. "We are working people—my husband and I—and we're stronger for the union than we were before the strike. We've paid—I guess you'll admit and everybody will—that we've paid a pretty big price for our belief. I don't know just how any man and woman can do more than have their children, all their children, taken from them, do you? But we're not 'scabs.' We never have been and we never will be. There is sorrow in our hearts, and there always will be, but there isn't any dishonesty.

"I can't have my babies back" she concluded. "But perhaps when everybody knows about them, something will be done to make the world a better place for all babies. At least, I like to think so. It is the only thing which gives me any comfort."

BOYS WORK TO HELP RELIEF

Lads Sell Milk to Get Money for Belgian Homeless—Suffering Abroad Grows—Pleas Made for Various Funds.

Letters from two little boys in Indiana, who sold buttermilk to help the Belgian children, and two New York children, who sent a dollar and said they were going to save more, were received at the Belgian Relief Fund headquarters at 10 Ridge st. yesterday. Here are the letters:

"Kind Friends: I have read about the little hungry Belgian children and wanted to help, so I sold buttermilk and am sending the 25 cents to help. I am nine years old and my name is Master Ralph Leppo, and I live at Columbia City, Ind. Free Delivery Route 5."

"Belgian Relief People: My brother and I are eight years old. We wish we had more to give, but this is all we have. We are going to save more soon.—The Price twins, Alice Cecilia Price and Donald Price."

No matter how many children, old or young, follow the good example of Ralph Leppo and Alice and Donald Price, there will not be any too many, the Belgian Relief Fund managers say. They received a letter yesterday, forwarded from Arsene Richard, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Belgium Luxembourg, telling what misery refugees from that province, driven over the border into France, are suffering.

Aid Asked from Homeless.

It was stated that these Belgians are located in desolated French towns where they can get no help from the impoverished French, and so far have received none from outside. Secretary Richard is so impressed by these people's plight that he has addressed his appeal even to the thousands of homeless refugees whose lot appears much worse than that of the refugees in England or Holland or other parts of France.

"The province of Luxembourg, which is in the very southeast part of Belgium, just north of the Argonne region, and bounded by the River Meuse on the west, Germany on the northeast and the principality of Luxembourg on the east, with France to the south, is not altogether depopulated at present," the letter read.

"The postoffice and banks of Luxembourg were closed August 4, in view of the strategical position of our province. The Belgian Engineers' Corps had cut off all railroad communications by blowing up the bridges and other connections with lines leading outside. As you probably know, it was on August 22 and 23 that the flight of our poor inhabitants of Luxembourg took place.

"You should see the misery of the Belgians in France, for they are loaded with families and are without work. Most of the factories are closed for the lack of men, and all the Frenchmen are in the ranks. We therefore appeal to philanthropy and generosity. After four months of absence, our countrymen are in need of everything, even clothing."

Repeated messages from Ambassador Morgenthau and missionaries in Palestine and Syria have resulted in the formation of the Palestine-Syria Committee, whose purpose is helping the starving natives in the East. The region most affected, the committee says, is larger than Belgium and the population is as large.

Seek Relief for East.

The new organization is made up of Christian missionaries in Syria and Palestine and Jewish societies in this country. Aid will be given irrespective of race or creed, and the most urgent need now is that of food. Nathan Straus has undertaken to send a shipment of supplies and has contributed \$50,000 of \$25,000 so far raised. Sufferers include Christians, Jews and Mahometans. Contributions should be sent to Brown Brothers, 59 Wall st.

One of the first contributions that will go toward the cargo of the New York State ship which the Commission for Relief in Belgium is to send on March 1 has come from Mrs. Whitman, wife of the Governor. It is 100 pounds of rice and was given through the women's section of the commission. The women also received \$750 from Pasadena, Cal., yesterday for the purchase of milk, making a total of \$2,950 from Pasadena in the last two weeks. A contribution of \$400 has come from Wallace and neighboring towns in Idaho.

Lafayette's courageous example, though the distinguished Frenchman has been in his grave more than eighty years, won the Lafayette Fund at the Hotel Vanderbilt yesterday money for comfort kits for a French soldier in the trenches. The boys of the sixth and seventh grades of the Central School, Rock Hill, S. C., were the senders. In a letter accompanying the gift they wrote:

"We are sending you enough money to buy a Lafayette kit. We have studied about how Lafayette helped us out, and hope that our little collection of pennies and nickels will not be too late to help one of his countrymen. We are mighty interested in this war, and somehow in sending this we feel as if we were paying something we owe."

name and its origin would hardly warrant this anti-German action, but as I am a living example of the new slogan, 'Made in the U. S. A.', the Kaiser will, I hope, overlook this lack of respect."

Mme. Slavko Y. Grouitch, wife of the Serbian Minister to London, who came here recently to assume the duties of financial secretary of the Serbian Red Cross, was too ill yesterday to appear at Salvation Army headquarters and watch the work of preparing first aid appliances for use of the belligerent nations.

Articles prepared yesterday will be shipped to the French army. In all 2,496 articles were made, consisting of abdominal binders and two-three and four inch bandages. This work engaged 110 persons. It is planned to have at least three hundred persons busy at this in a few days.

Following the shipment to France, supplies will be sent to Russia, Serbia, Germany and the British soldiers with the Allies. The workers are now paid \$1 a day. Later on this rate will be reduced to 75 cents.

"Life" has given up the struggle to help the French. It issued an announcement yesterday that the clogging of the docks at Havre owing to the lack of laborers and the use of the railways for military purposes, making it impossible to distribute goods for the sufferers with any sort of promptness, had determined its decision to make no more shipments.

It will turn over its remaining funds to the Commission for Relief in Belgium. Up to February 1 it had received \$4,942.33. In addition there were cash contributions of \$1,730 and some clothing, which were forwarded. "Life" urges its readers to direct their aid in the future to the commission.

Red Cross Fund Grows.

Jacob H. Schiff reported last night that the New York State Board of the American Red Cross had a total fund of \$450,859.95. That of the American Jewish Relief Committee is \$412,658.06, and the Secours National Fund for Women and Children of France is \$57,542.34. The Committee of Mercy has collected \$110,123.31. The grand total of the Belgian Relief Fund is \$900,911.40.

Instead of holding their fifteenth annual dinner next month members of the George White Alumni Association have decided to make contributions of \$1 each to war sufferers, either here or abroad, as designated by the givers. There came to the headquarters of the British American War Relief Fund, 500 Fifth av., yesterday, the following letter from a British soldier:

"May God bless you for your efforts on behalf of the English 'Tommy's' the sincere wish of a 'London Territorial.' You will be pleased to hear that about 300 soldiers, just out of hospital and almost ready to return to help crush German militarism forever, had gladdened hearts, thanks to your kindness."

SUFFRAGE GETS UNANIMOUS VOTE

Assembly Passes Resolution, but Senate Won't Set Definite Date for Action.

[From a Staff Correspondent of The Tribune.] Albany, Feb. 3.—The Assembly unanimously adopted to-day the woman suffrage resolution, but the suffrage workers are unhappy because of what they regard as the obstinacy of the Senate leaders. The Senate will pass the resolution, but the leaders refuse to make it a special order for next Tuesday, so that the women can carry out their plans to celebrate with a jubilee meeting in the Senate chamber next Tuesday evening.

"After expressing a willingness," said Senator Brown, president pro tem. of the Senate, to-day, "to set down the final passage of the constitutional amendment submitting woman suffrage to voters for next Tuesday, I have been obliged to change my mind. The Judiciary Committee, having charge of the bill, refuses to do as requested by the suffragists, who desire to make a demonstration. The committee bases its refusal on an unwillingness to manipulate the regular order of the Senate either for or against the propaganda and to convert the Senate into a part of the demonstration."

GIRL IN RUSSIAN ARMY DECORATED

Moscow, Feb. 3.—Among the wounded who have arrived in Moscow from the front is Olga Krasnikoff, nineteen years old. After taking part in nine battles in Poland she was wounded in the foot.

The girl, who went under a man's name and this deception has just been discovered. The Cross of St. George, fourth degree, has been awarded to her.

Watch Your Hands Because Others Do

You should watch your hands, if only because others are watching them. Be the first to see that they are red and cracked. Keep others from discovering the fact by the prompt use of VELOGEN.

SUBSTITUTES FOR MEAT



With Meat Prices Sky-Rocketing, Vegetarian Dishes That Are Carefully Prepared Engage the Attention of Economical Housewives.

NOW when meat is so high in price is a favorable moment to try some good meat substitute. Too many dishes of a pulpy character must be avoided, however. Food which is soft in character is excellent with other things, but alone it is neither very satisfying nor nourishing, at least to a person of strong digestion.

Seasoning is also very important, and an excellent dish for this sort of diet is a vegetable curry in which all the vegetables are treated like meat and turned out crisp but tender. The vegetables must be fresh and young for this method of serving.

The following tested recipes have been carefully selected from an original collection of vegetarian dishes:

Potato and Nut Croquettes.

Mix two cupsfuls of rice potatoes with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of milk, a few drops of onion juice, pepper and salt to taste and the well-beaten yolk of one egg. Heat one-quarter of a cupful of cream, add one-quarter of a cupful of grated bread crumbs and stir to a thick paste. Add half the yolk of one egg, well beaten, paprika and salt to taste and one-third of a cupful of chopped nut meats. Mix well and in one spoonful of the nut mixture inside a coating of the prepared potato. Form into croquettes, roll in fine bread crumbs, brush over with beaten egg, roll again in crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat to a golden brown. Drain for a moment or two on brown paper and serve on a folded napkin, arranged on a chop platter.

Mixed Vegetable Souffle.

Chop finely half a pound of stewed and drained small white onions and add one-quarter of a pound of cooked and mashed carrots, half a pound of potatoes treated in the same way and three-quarters of a pound of cooked turnips, also mashed. Season with one tablespoonful of softened butter, pepper and salt to taste, the yolks of three eggs and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Whip the mixture until very light. Have in readiness the stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold these in lightly and turn into buttered fireproof dish. Bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven and serve immediately in the dish in which it has been cooked.

Devilled Bananas.

Chop eight bananas rather coarsely and mix with half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of chutney sauce, one dessert spoonful of chopped pimentos and a few drops of lemon juice. Have ready in a shallow pan two tablespoonfuls of hot butter, turn in the banana mixture and cook for four minutes, stirring constantly. Serve on rounds of hot toast.

Parisian Cauliflower.

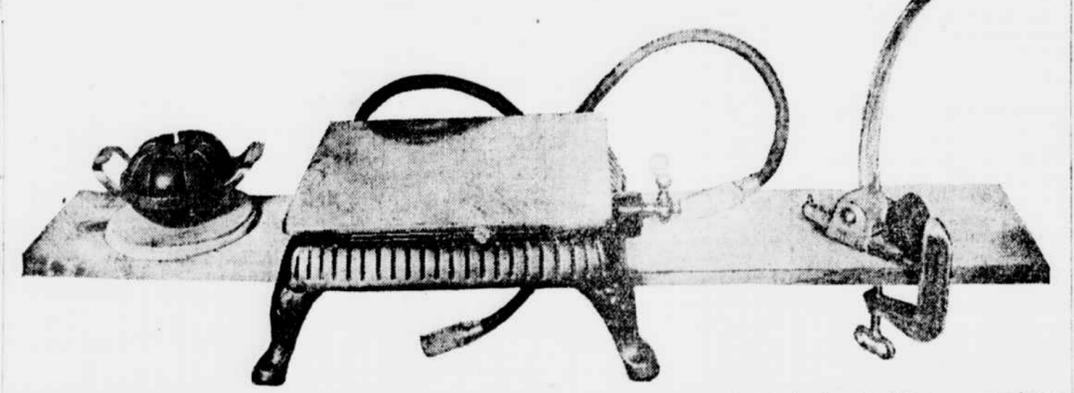
This is an excellent method of using up a small portion of cooked cauliflower and cream sauce that has been left from a previous meal. Heat the vegetable with the sauce in the upper part of the double boiler, and when boiling hot press through a potato ricer

onto a heated chop platter. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese, dust over with paprika, and stand in a hot oven while you punch the desired number of eggs. Arrange these when cooked over the cheese, dot the egg yolks with black pepper and serve immediately.

Rice à la Maitre.

Fry to a delicate brown in four table-spoonfuls of hot butter one grated white onion. Add two chopped hard-boiled eggs, half a cupful of cooked rice, one tablespoonful of white sauce, and salt and paprika to taste. Stir over hot water until almost at the boiling point, turn out on a hot platter, pour over one cupful of spiced tomato sauce and sprinkle with one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

THREE NEW CONTRIVANCES FOR THE EFFICIENT KITCHEN



OF two time-saving kitchen pavers, both of which are operated by a handle that turns cogged wheels, the one illustrated at the left is for paring apples and does its work perfectly. It costs 75 cents. A second pares potatoes thinly and will cut them into curls, which, when dropped into hot lard and fried, form a very pretty garnish for chops. This machine costs 60 cents.

Very convenient for table use is the steel top griddle in the centre. It

has a gas attachment, stands six inches from the table top on wrought iron legs and may be used for cakes, chops, toast, bacon, or almost any other frying purpose, or to keep things warm during the breakfast hour. The grill costs \$2.

The adjustable nut cracker is attached to the table by a thumbscrew and is useful in the kitchen because it can be adjusted to nuts of any size. Price, 55 cents.

Temporary Furnishings for the Successful, Permanent Home

THE successfully furnished home is not acquired at once. A great part of the pleasure in arranging or fitting up a domicile consists in having to search, and often to wait, for the discovery of the object which good taste will immediately recognize as just what has been sought for.

This is especially true when an effort is being made to adhere closely to the carrying out of some definite style or of some particular period. Even in this day of excellent productions of period furniture it is not always possible to obtain precisely the objects of furniture needed. It is even more difficult to obtain the small details of furnishing and adornment which mean so much and which add so greatly in creating the atmosphere or "setting" which is the essence of successful furnishing.

The use of antiques—of furniture and objects of decoration which have already seen long years of service. The acquiring of just what one needs involves a long and patient search.

Care should be taken that appropriations do not run short. Such a case occurred not long ago when a country home on Long Island was being fitted up. An unusual number of bedrooms had been tastefully furnished, the hall and the living room had been carefully planned before it was found that the furnishing appropriation had been expended without the dining room having been planned for.

The housekeeper was about to select a rather indifferent dining room suite of oak when some one suggested a plan of temporary furnishing, which was very tasteful and yet extremely inexpensive. Such temporary furnishings are es-

A Rainy Day Toy

The Child May Become a Real Gardener in the Miniature Through Playing.

A FASCINATING rainy day toy for wee children and big children is a garden set. The littlest set includes Br'er Rabbit and the little Br'er Rabbits and their house. Then there are other sets, to be sure; chickens and houses and gardens—wonderful gardens, with brick walls and flowers of all varieties. And you may plant the flowers wherever you wish if you will close the little white gate, so the chickens can't run in. There is such fun in this new toy that it brings happiness to all who see it. Prices range from 25 cents to \$12.50, according to size.