

Frills and Fancies In Woman's Sphere

Patriotic Parasol For Spring



The parasol shown in the illustration is one of the most colorful of the season's showings in a season of extremely temperamental sunshades. Red, white and blue silk was used in its making. Large checks of blue and white fill the center, and narrow red and white stripes finish around the top, while silk of wider stripes of red and white finishes the edges. The handle is black ebony.

STRAIGHT GIRDLES FAVORED.

And the Problem of the Woman With a Large Waist is Accentuated.

The newest designs that have been sent over from Paris as forerunners of the summer styles show a marked tendency to straight girdles passed around the figure directly at the line where the old waist used to be before we allowed the natural largeness of the figure to have its fullest development there. These belts could not be worn with the frock or skirt and separate blouse that shows a small decrease of size between the bust and hips.

White or light muslin frocks have a belt of three inch black velvet ribbon which is a decided return to the days when small waists were in fashion. The empire line is also accentuated in evening frocks and short jackets, but one does not yet see it on day frocks. The individualist may try it out, but the average dressmaker is content to work out the return to the normal waist.

You may think that the problem of the women who must get a small waist is the more difficult one, as flesh has a way of remaining where it has gained a strong hold, but after all the corsetiere faces the worst of the work.

Unless she knows how skillfully to handle the shaping of a corset and can contrive to give it a flexible appearance at the normal waist line, the work of the dressmaker is in vain and the task of the woman who wants a small waist is almost impossible. Again has a body blown been dealt the woman who is stout? The large waist line was her hope to be fashionable, and if it is taken away what will she do to be rightly dressed?

Timely Tip.

When choosing a cream consider the nature of your skin. If it is at all dry do not use a cream with peroxide in it. If, however, the skin is inclined to be oily get one with as little grease in it as possible.

Spring Thoughts



—Chicago Herald.

IS BLACK SUPREME?

Not Quite, Since Blue Is a Favorite and Tans Cannot Be Denied.

Is there anything smarter this season? It doesn't seem as though there were, judging by the number of black hats and black suits that are being shown and worn.

Just the same, black is not to have everything its own way. Blue is not to be relegated to oblivion. If you do not care for any of the new military blues you may pin your faith to navy, for it is quite as smart as any of the newer shades in the blue family.

The tans have by no means relinquished their hold upon public favor, and by tans we mean the various sands and putties. Of course theirs will not be the vogue they enjoyed last fall and winter, but they will still be used.

In "off" colors one finds a lovely plum, many soft greens and a few browns. These, however, are only secondary choices. If one wants to wear the approved color one chooses a military blue, always provided, of course, one will not entertain a thought of black.

Correct Table Service.

Many of the niceties of table service which busy housewives are apt to regard as unnecessary frills are in reality distinctly savers of money, time and labor.

For instance, the custom of using plate dollies with a centerpiece for two menus of the day, reserving a tablecloth for the dinner table only, is recommended for its common sense as well as attractiveness. The dollies can easily be raised out whenever a spot appears, and in the season of fresh fruit a stain on a dolly is not such a serious matter as the same spot on a large damask cloth. Small luncheon cloths, either square or round, barely reaching the edge of the table, are also a great saving of labor and more handsome table linen and enable the housewife to keep her table immaculate with little trouble and expense.

Daintiness and economy are also achieved by keeping on hand a supply of individual paper cases for the serving of entries or desserts. When unexpected guests make the quantity of some particular dish an embarrassing proposition these receptacles often save the day. Every available morsel can be apportioned in these individual cases and no empty platter be visible as evidence that the supply has been exhausted. Moreover, even the simplest preparation assumes an air of elegance when served individually in a paper or china case and with an appropriate garnish.

Corduroys will be worn again. Velveteens and velours are elegant and distinctive.

SASH CURTAINS.

Materials For Making Them and Their Fashioning.

Sash curtains should be measured from the top of the inside of the window casement to the sill, allowing two inches at the top and bottom. The top is turned and stitched through the center, which allows for a small heading and the casing for the brass rod. The hem is turned in at the bottom, so that the curtains just escape the sill.

The curtains may be perfectly plain or finished with a lace edging. A narrow gimp braid is sometimes used as a finish for sash curtains. The French striped net or brussels net is always nice.

Serim and a quality of voile made for curtain purposes are also used, especially where a less transparent material than net is desired.

Good Form Hints.

Poiteness has well been called the kindness of small things.

Those who are kindest in their judgment are generally the least unjust.

Negligence is the rust of the soul that corrodes through all its best resolutions.

She who receives a good turn should never forget it; she who does one should never remember it.

It is impatience that breaks the machinery of life.

Better to suffer without cause than to be the cause of suffering to others.

Broom Covers.

The sleeves and legs of old knit underwear are excellent to cover a broom for cleaning dust off the wall. Put the broom handle in the large part of the sleeve or leg and pull it up well over the broom. It cannot slip off, as the more one pulls down on the wall the tighter the cloth will hold.

The Boy Who Fell Asleep

By ARTHUR A. CORNELL

JOHNNY HOXEY, aged fourteen, went to bed one night with a splitting headache. The following morning he remained in slumber, and no effort to awaken him availed. He did not seem to be in pain, sleeping tranquilly. He remained asleep week after week, month after month and year after year. He needed very little food, and that was given him by various methods devised by the doctors. He slept seven years in the same room, in which no change was made during that time.

When Johnny went to sleep a little girl thirteen years old was his "best chum," as he called her. They were in the same class in the same school and used to study their lessons together, for Lucy Treadwell lived directly across the street from Johnny, and they had not far to go to reach each other. Lucy grew from childhood to womanhood, seeing almost daily a person of the opposite sex who was in a perpetual slumber.

One day Johnny showed signs of waking. For a week there was hope that he would do so, but those about him had been so often disappointed that they had lost confidence in his recovery. But he did awaken, and when he came to himself he was alone.

He lay for some time, after becoming conscious, with closed eyes, thinking of his sufferings "the night before," as he supposed it was, and feeling much relieved to be out of pain. Then he attempted to turn on his other side. He was surprised to find himself very weak. Lying in bed without using his muscles had taken his strength. While on his back he opened his eyes, still seeing nothing but the ceiling. Hearing a step in the room, he turned so that he could see a young woman sitting beside a window reading. She was unknown to him. When Johnny as a boy had awakened in the morning and did not have to go to school he usually lay in bed reading.

"Is this Saturday?" he asked. The girl started, and Johnny was astonished at the sound of his voice. The girl rose excitedly, came to his bedside, then ran immediately out of the room. Johnny in his amazement thrashed about and while doing so put his hand to his face. It was covered with hair.

"What in the world!" he began. And, sitting up in bed, he saw in a mirror the reflection of a man. He was dumfounded. He moved, and the reflection moved. After it had followed several of his movements he covered his face with the bedclothes and gave way to a nervous chill.

Hearing persons hurrying into the room, he threw off the clothes. His mother, looking much older than "the night before," ran into the room, fol-

lowed by the young woman, who had gone out of it, and, taking him in her arms, sobbed:

"My dear boy! Heaven be thanked!"

"What is it, mother?" cried the affrighted John. "Something strange has happened! How big I am! How rough my voice! I seem to have grown to be a man overnight!"

"You have grown to be a man, dear, but not overnight. You went to bed one night when you were a boy and have slept continuously ever since."

There was silence for some time while a realization of this singular announcement was working its way into John's brain. Then he asked a dozen questions so rapidly that his mother found difficulty in answering one before another came forth. Finally he pointed to the girl, who seemed as much affected by his recovery as his mother, and asked who she was.

"She is—was—your best chum, Lucy Treadwell."

"Good gracious," exclaimed John wonderingly, "is that Lucy?"

"Yes, I'm Lucy. I've prayed for your waking ever since your long sleep began."

"She has been here nearly every day since your slumber began," said John's mother.

"And happened to be here when I woke," said John, and he put out both hands to her. "What a woman you've grown to be! How old are you—I mean how old am I?"

"You're twenty-one, and you know that I'm a year younger than you. That makes me twenty. Can you see any trace of your 'best chum' in me?"

"A trace only," replied John. "You were a pretty little girl then; you are a beautiful woman now."

Mrs. Hoxey said she must go and call the doctor at once. John must not get excited and take no action whatever till the doctor had seen him and given directions concerning him.

John obeyed the first injunction, but soon forgot all about the last. His mother had no sooner left the room than he reached for Lucy's hand and drew her to a seat beside him.

"So you have been here constantly since I have been in slumberland. Why did you come so regularly?"

Lucy turned away her head. "You were my 'best chum,' and you have proved yourself worthy of the name. I don't seem to know whether I'm boy or man. I remember the kiss I gave you yesterday—I mean before I went to sleep. I wonder, should I kiss you now, would it taste the same?"

"I don't know," was the reply, the face still averted.

John put his arms about her, drew her down to him and kissed her.

"It's worth a thousand of the others," he said.

In and Out of the Children's Playroom

LEGEND OF MONKEYS.

Indian Folklore Says They Once Tried to Build Gigantic Bridge.

Prince Carl of Sweden and Norway, when starting out from Haidarabad, India, on a tiger hunt in 1883, was struck by the scenery around the city, where the undulating ground is strewn with huge blocks of stone, "as if they had been tossed hither and thither by nature in some capricious mood."

Some of the blocks are piled upon each other in such a manner as to cause a lively imagination to fancy them giants barring the way.

According to Indian folklore, these blocks were brought hither some 4,000 years ago in this manner:

The monkeys, which in the earliest times in great numbers inhabited the lands beyond the Himalayas, seized on the remarkable idea of building a bridge between the mainland and Ceylon, and, headed by their leaders, they left their settlements for the south, carrying with them from their mountain materials for their gigantic bridge. But the road became too long for them, and they were obliged on reaching the spot where Haidarabad now stands to throw their loads away, and here they lie today.

Boy Scout Pointer.

If your legs are feeling tired and your feet ache very much, you are generally able to remove your boots before you lie down to have a rest.

Sometimes, however, as is the case with soldiers on active service, there is no chance of taking the boots off.

When in this plight, the best remedy is to lie flat on your back with your legs up against a wall or tree at right angles to your body for five or ten minutes. This helps the flow of blood back to the lungs to be purified.

Should you happen to be in a country where no sort of upright is available, another chap's legs will do; you can support each other.

Striking a Match In Wind.

Kephart in his book on "Camping and Woodcraft" says: "When there is nothing to strike it on jerk the head of the match forward through the teeth, or face the wind. Cup your hands back toward the wind, remove the right hand just long enough to strike the match on something very close by, then instantly resume former position. The flame of the match will run up the stick instead of blowing away from it."

This Boy Is a Crack Shot



Photo by American Press Association.

If there is a secret in the handling of a shotgun young Ralph K. Spotts, the fourteen-year-old son of the champion, Ralph H. Spotts, has surely discovered and applied it. Shooting against thirteen others, including his father, at the regular weekly shoot of the Larchmont Yacht club, New York, recently, he walked off with four prizes out of the seven matches. His first win was the cup for the month. He had a previous leg for it and recently, in which he returned a full score, won him the prize. There were eight ties in the shoot for the take home trophy, and in the shoot off young Spotts was the victor. Eight more ties of full scores of twenty-five were returned in the next match for the Accumulation cup, and in this the boy was the winner in the shoot off, and in the 100 "bird" handicap ties, three of which were shot off, he again was the victor. Excluding his ten and fifteen "bird" scratch contest figures, it was found that he had broken 81 bluebirds out of his 100.

"CHANGE SEATS."

As many seats as players save one, alert to observe when he adds, "The king's come," when all change seats, and he must try to get one. If he should say, "The king has not come," the seats must be kept.

Religious

A Visit to the Polish Mecca.

Czenstochowa, Poland, a city of 50,000, is typical of life under the German occupation, for the Silesians who scrambled over the line at the crack of the pistol—the declaration of war—and who came in at the front door as the Russians were making their exit at the back, have been there ever since. There are also more beggars to the square yard in Czenstochowa than almost any other place. They have a never failing formula for extracting your copper money, for they all offer to pray for your soul at the nearby shrine of Jasna Gora, the famous Pauline monastery.

Jasna Gora is the famous Polish Mecca to which armies of pious pilgrims went not only from all over Russian Poland, but from Silesia and Galicia as well, while the pilgrimaging was good, and their hundreds of thousands will no doubt come again as soon as traffic conditions improve.

The attraction is the miracle working image known as "The Black Madonna of Czenstochowa," painted, according to the legend, by the Evangelist Luke and brought there in 1377 by one Opolski, a priest. It is further alleged that the face of the Madonna was originally painted in flesh tints, but once miraculously turned black overnight, with the result that the miraculous cures effected by it have brought fame and profit to the monastery through all the ensuing centuries.

The Kaiser is said to have stood for many minutes deep in thought before the Black Madonna, rich with gold and precious stones, and glowing strangely by soft candle light, and afterward to have donated an appreciable sum of money to the monastery.

Of more immediate interest to an American reporter, writes a correspondent of the New York Times, was the human interest connected with the beggars that lined the long approach to the shrine, squatting on the cold pavement when they had legs, and propped against the stone walls when they hadn't. The old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows no one good," was borne out here, for the war had actually improved the lot of these hideous grotesques, these poor cripples that strewed the court like fallen gargoyles.

Before the war there were five times as many beggars there, but in the panic that followed the news that the Germans were coming—most of them found legs and made off. The lame, halt and blind who remained are thanking their stars now that they, too, were not miraculously cured by fear of the Germans, for not only has the fierce competition for alms been removed by the flight of the faint hearted, but the barbarians who came to see (and the many who came to pray), are providing a stream of revenue such as never flowed from the pockets of poor pilgrims even in the palmy days.

Inside the lofty dome you noted that the place was littered up with high scaffolding, for in spite of war time, repairs are being made and mural paintings retouched. There is not an inch of kneeling room before the miracle working Black Madonna. In the semigloom you slowly make out the picturesque, mixed war congregation—Polish women wrapped in shawls, poorest of the poor; Catholic German soldiers, holding their spiked helmets before them; fervent Austrians, praying before starting for the front; very few Polish men, many German soldiers in field gray, standing, forming a respectful background. In a side chamber an impressive Polish priest is celebrating mass, and here you note many better dressed Polish women, many crying.

Bible In New Zealand Schools.

The New Zealand government has introduced into the house of representatives of that colony a bill to provide for a referendum vote at the next parliamentary election to determine whether the Bible shall be read in the public schools under the supervision of teachers, but without sectarian teaching, and whether provision shall be made during school hours for religious instruction by a minister or his substitute, to be chosen by the parent. If the bill, which has received the indorsement of the government, shall pass, it will be submitted to the voters at the next election, and the result will be laid before parliament at the opening session of 1915.—The Living Church.

To Save Judson Memorial.

A campaign has been launched by Baptists of New York to save Judson Memorial Baptist church in Washington square. About \$300,000 is needed, of which half will be devoted to an endowment.

The church, which is a famous landmark, does a great deal of institutional work, and in one of its rooms are preserved mementos of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the missionary for whom the church is named.

Baptists are so concerned about the fate of the church that a national committee was formed to take charge of the work of raising the money to save it.

In the Lone Star State.

Texas, as a whole, has been much benefited by cleanup campaigns. Many sanitary ordinances have been passed and several towns have put in sewerage.

Keep up the good work. Lone Star Staters.