The Prodigal Village

By Irving Bacheller

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CHAPTER FIVE—Continued.

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"The fish are very wise," Judge Crooker used to say. "They know the truth about every one and it's well that they do. After all, they perform an important office. There's many a man and woman who think they've been fooling the fish, but they've only fooled themselves."

And within a day or two, the secrets of the Bing familily were swimming up and down the stream of the under-life of Bingville.

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Mr. Bing had found a situation in the plant which was new to him. The men were discontented. Their wages were "sky high," to quote a phrase of one of the foremen. Still, they were not satisfied. Reports of the fabulous earnings of the mill had spread among them. They had begun to think that they were not getting a fair division of the proceeds of their labor. At a meeting of the help a radical speaker had declared that one of the Bing women wore a noose of pearls on her neck worth half a million dollars. The men wanted more pay and less work. A committee of their leaders had called at Mr. Bing's office with a demand soon after his arrival. Mr. Bing had said "no" with a bang of his fist on the table. A workers' meeting was to be held a week later to act upon the report of the committee.

Meanwhile, another cause of worry had come or rather returned to him. Again, Phyllis had begun to show symptoms of the old trouble. Mrs. Bing, arriving at dusk from a market trip to Hazelmead with Sophronia Ames, had found Phyllis lying asleep among the cushions on the great couch in the latter's bedroom. She entered the room softly and leaned over the girl and looked into her face, now turned toward the open window and lighted by the fading glow in the western sky and relaxed by sleep. It was a sad face! There were lines and shadows in it which the anxious mother had not seen before and—had she been crying? Very softly, the woman sat down at the girl's side. Darkness fell, black, menacing shadows filled the corners of the room. The spirit of the girl betrayed its trouble in a sorrowful groan as she slept. Roger Delane was coming next day. There was every reason why Phyllis should be happy. Silently, Mrs. Bing left the room. She met Martha in the hall.

"I shall want no dinner and Mr. Bing is dining in Hazelmead," she whispered. "Miss Phyllis is asleep. Don't disturb her."

Then she sat down in the darkness of her own bedroom alone.

CHAPTER SIX.

In Which Hiram Blenkinsop Has a Number of Adventures.

The Shepherd of the Birds had caught the plague of influenza in March and nearly lost his life with it. Judge Crooker and Mr. and Mrs. Singleton and their daughter and Father O'Neil and Mrs. Ames and Hiram Blenkinsop had taken turns in the nursing of the boy. He had come out of it with impaired vitality.

The rubber tree used to speak to him in those days of his depression and say, "It will be summer soon."

"Oh, dear! But the days pass so slowly," Bob would answer with a sigh.

Then the round nickel clock would say cheerfully, "I hurry them along as fast as ever I can."

"Seems as if old Time was losing the use of his legs," said the Shepherd. "I wouldn't wonder if some one had run over him with an automobile."

"Everybody is trying to kill Time these days," ticked the clock with a merry chuckle.

Bob looked at the clock and laughed. "You've got some sense," he declared.

"Nonsense!" the clock answered.

"You can talk pretty well," said the boy.

"I can run, too. If I couldn't, nobody would look at me."

"The more I look at you the more I think of Pauline. It's a long time since she went away," said the Shenherd. "We must all pray for her."

"Not I," said the little pine bureau. "Do you see that long scratch on my side? She did it with a hatpin when I belonged to her mother, and she used to keep her dolls in my lower drawer."

Mr. Bloggs assumed a look of great alertness, as if he spied the enemy. "What's the use of worrying?" he quoted.

"You'd better lie down and cover yourself up or you'll never live to see her or the summer either," the clock warned the Shepherd.

Then Bob would lie down quickly and draw the clothes over his shoulders and sing of the Good King Wenceslas and The First Noel, which Miss Betsy Singleton had taught him at Christmas time.

All this is important as showing how a poor lad, of a lively imagination was wont to spend his lonely hours. He needed company and knew how to find it.

Christmas day, Judge Crooker had presented him with a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna and Child.

"It's the greatest theme and the greatest picture this poor world of ours can boast of," said the judge. "I want you to study the look in that mother's face, not that it is unusual. I have seen the like of it a hundred times. Almost every young mother with a child in her arms has that look or ought to have it—the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world. The light of that old star which led the wise men is in it, I sometimes think. Study it and you may hear voices in the sky as did the shepherds of old."

So the boy acquired the companionship of those divine faces that looked down at him from the wall near his bed and had something to say to him every day.

Also, another friend—a very humble one—had begun to share his confidence. He was the little yellow dog, Christmas. He had come with his master, one evening in March, to spend a night with the sick Shepherd. Christmas had lain on the foot of the bed and felt the loving caress of the boy. The heart of the world, that loves above all things the touch of a kindly hand, was in this little creature. Often, when Hiram was walking out in the bitter winds, Christmas would edge away when his master's back was turned. In a jiffy, he was out of sight and making with all haste for the door of the Widow Moran. There, he never failed to receive some token of the generous woman's understanding of the great need of dogs—a bone or a doughnut or a slice of bread soaked in meat gravy—and a warm welcome from the boy above stairs. The boy always had time to pet him and play with him. He was never fooling the days away with an ax and a saw in the cold wind. Christmas admired his master's ability to pick up logs of wood and heave them about and to make a great deal of noise with an axe but, in cold weather, all that was a bore to him. When he had been missing, Hiram Blenkinsop found him, always, on Bob Moran's bed.

May had returned with its warm sunlight. The robins had come back. The blue martins had taken possession of the bird house. The grass had turned green on the garden borders and was now sprinkled with the golden glow of dandelions. The leaves were coming but Pat Crowley was no longer at work in the garden. He had fallen before the pestilence. Old Bill Rutherford was working there. The Shepherd was at the open window every day, talking with him and watching and feeding the birds.

Now, with the spring, a new feeling had come to Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop. He had been sober for months. His Old Self had come back and had imparted his youthful strength to the man Hiram. He had money in the bank. He was decently dressed. People had begun to respect him. Every day, Hiram was being nudged and worried by a new thought. It persisted in telling him that respectability was like the Fourth of July—a very dull thing unless it was celebrated. He had been greatly pleased with his own growing respectability. He felt as if he wanted to take a look at it, from a distance, as it were. That money in the bank was nudging and calling him. It seemed to be lonely and longing for companionship.

"Come, Hiram Blenkinsop," it used to say. "Let's be off together and get a silk hat and a gold-headed cane an' make 'em set up and take notice. Suppose you should die sudden an' leave me without an owner?"

The warmth and joy of the springtime had turned his fancy to the old dream. So one day, he converted his

"Oh Dear! But the Days Pass So Slowly!" Bob Would Answer With a Sigh.

bank balance into "a roll big enough to choke a dog," and took the early morning train to Hazelmead, having left Christmas at the Widow Moran's.

In the mill city he bought a high silk hat and a gold-headed cane and a new suit of clothes and a boiled shirt and a high collar and a red necktie. It didn't matter to him that the fashion and fit of his garments were not quite in keeping with the silk hat and gold-headed cane. There were three other items in the old dream of splendor—the mother, the prancing team, and the envious remarks of the onlookers. His mother was gone. Also there were no prancing horses in Hazelmead, but he could hire an automobile.

In the course of his celebration he asked a lady whom he met in the street, if she would kindly be his mother for a day. He meant well but the lady being younger than Hiram and not accustomed to such familiarity from strangers, did not feel complimented by the question. They fled from each other. Soon, Hiram bought a big custard pie in a bake-shop and had it cut into smallish pieces and, having purchased pie and plate, went out upon the street with it. He ate what he wanted of the pie and generously offered the rest of it to sundry people who passed him. It was not impertinence in Hiram; it was pure generosity—a desire to share his riches, flavored, in some degree, by a feeling of vanity. It happened that Mr. J. Patterson Bing came along and received a tender of pie from Mr. Blenkinsop.

"No!" said Mr. Bing, with that old hammer whack in his voice which aroused bitter memories in the mind of Hiram.

That tone was a great piece of imprudence. There was a menacing gesture and a rapid succession of footsteps on the pavement. Mr. Bing's retreat was not, however, quite swift enough to save him. The pie landed on his shoulder. In a moment, Hiram was arrested and marching toward the lockup while Mr. Bing went to the nearest drug store to be cleaned and scoured.

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A few days later Hiram Blenkinsop arrived in Bingville. Mr. Singleton met him on the street and saw to his deep regret that Hiram had been drinking.

"I've made up my mind that religion is good for some folks, but it won't do for me," said the latter.

"Why not?" the minister asked.

"I can't afford it."

"Have you found religion a luxury?" Mr. Singleton asked.

"It's grand while it lasts, but it's like p'ison gettin' over it," said Hiram. "I feel kind o' ruined."

"You look it," said the minister, with a glance at Hiram's silk hat and soiled clothing. "A long spell of sobriety is hard on a man if he quits it sudden. You've had your day of trial, my friend. We all have to be tried soon or late. People begin to say, 'At last he's come around all right. He's a good fellow.' And the Lord says: 'Perhaps he's worthy of better things. I'll try him and see.'

"That's His way of pushing people along, Hiram. He doesn't want them to stand still. You've had your trial and failed, but you mustn't give up. When your fun turns into sorrow, as it will, come back to me and we'll try again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COURTESAN OF LOWLY ORIGIN

Lady Hamilton Rose to High, If Anomalous, Position, Solely Through Her Great Beauty.

Lady Hamilton, who, during the latter part of the Eighteenth century, was a world figure, and whose activities did much to change history, was born of a blacksmith and a cook. The time was to come when she was bedfellow with the queen of Naples, and close friend to kings and princes, as well as the wife of the British ambassador to Italy, and mistress of the great Nelson, but it was as Emma Lyon that she began her career of mastering power and authority by her woman's beauty and wiles.

While walking along the street at the age of sixteen she saw an old schoolfellow in the hands of a press gang that was about to convey him aboard a British ship bound for forced service. She went to Captain Payne, commander of the ship, and begged his release. The captain agreed—on a condition. The girl accepted it and gave up her honor to save her friend. The captain paid dearly for his act shortly afterward, as the young beauty went about the town charging up bills of enormous amounts, and he was forced to settle.

The Kiss in Ancient Folklore.

A story of Alexander the Great and a kiss forms one of the most thrilling bits of history. An enemy of the king's invented a novel plot to cause Alexander's death. He discovered a beautiful young girl, who, like Rappacini's daughter in Hawthorne's story, had been brought up on deadly poison, and every one who came near her was killed by her deadly atmosphere. She was sent to the king's palace with instructions to do what would be called "vamping" today. Alexander saw and admired her extravagantly, but the shrewd Aristotle suspected treachery. Before he allowed the girl to approach the throne he sent for a criminal who had been sentenced to death, and instructed him to kiss the girl in the presence of the king. He fell dead on the ground, like one struck by lightning.

The same story appears in folklore of India, and the early Christian monks made great use of it in their sermons, personifying the Christian as Alexander, conscience as Aristotle, sin as the venomous girl, and the weak sinner as the criminal who was punished.

The "Pie Calendar."

Schoolboys would easily remember the months of the year if they would study them in the "pie calendar" that the Chicago Daily News has prepared and that celebrates the kind of pie most appropriate to each month.

There is no such general agreement about pies as there is about flowers or birth stones, but the following list will probably commend itself to the judgment of most inhabitants of the pie belt:

January, cranberry; February, apple; March, rhubarb; April, raisin; May, strawberry; June, peach; July, cherry; August, gooseberry; September, blueberry; October, currant; November, pumpkin; December, mince.—Youth's Companion.

He Was Superstitious.

Every one knows that a lot of people are superstitious about $2 bills, but a new phase of it appeared on a Fourteenth street crosstown car. A $2 bill was tendered in payment of fare. Panic! "For God's sake, ain't you got anything else," said the conductor, backing away.

"Sorry, but I haven't got any small change."

"It ain't the size of the bill. Gi'me a five or a ten and I'll change it, but if I take that I'll have an accident sure before the end of the run. It never failed. We either run into somebody or somebody runs into us, or we go off the track."—New York World.

Sheep Shearing in Australia.

Shearers in Australia are paid by the number of sheep they shear, but the ranch helpers are paid by the week. Averaging everything, from young wethers, which are hard, to old ewes, which are easy, a good man will shear about 90 to 100 sheep a day. The actual record is 327 sheep shorn by a Queensland shearer in nine hours. And other big records have been made. But that was probably years back with the "blades," when the fleeces were five-pound and six-pound, and not nine-pound and ten-pound, as they are today.

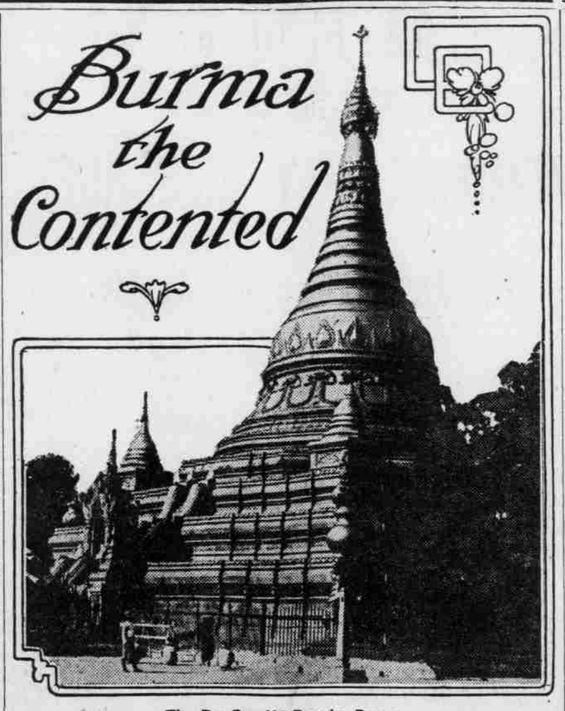
The Death Cup.

The death cup is a very poisonous mushroom of wide distribution. It ranges in color from pure white to more common form in the United States, to olive or yellow, and is so called from the prominent volva. It contains phallin and is almost invariably fatal when eaten.

Tact.

"What do you think that pretty girl said to the officer who introduced his comrades to her at the naval ball? She said, 'You have got me in a nice mess.'"

Burma the Contented



The Eng-Daw-Yd Pagoda, Burma.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

While there is a considerable amount of unrest in many parts of India proper, the people of Burma, which is governed as a part of India and yet is geographically separate from it, seem to be living contentedly. Geographical and social conditions and the economic situation flowing from them undoubtedly have much to do with this. Burma knows little of the fear of famine or the pinch of poverty. Its lands are productive, it is rich in minerals, it is not over-populated, and it is free from the elaborate caste system which is a tremendous handicap to India, both socially and economically.

Kipling and practically all other writers about the East have pointed out repeatedly that it is difficult at best for westerners to understand the oriental peoples. If the observer from the West wishes to tackle this admittedly difficult problem by easy stages, perhaps he could find no better place to start than Burma. In a number of senses there is less of a gulf between the life and customs of the Burmese, and those of the West than will be found if the comparison is made with any other eastern country.

The Indian is in most cases a sober individual. The lower castes must take life with desperate seriousness because of its hardness and the difficulty of clinging to it. The higher castes are sedate and given to speculative philosophy. The Chinaman is an enigma. His emotions are difficult to fathom. The people of the Mohammedan countries are marked by a quiet dignity.

The Burmese Love Life.

In contrast with these other peoples of Asia, and almost alone among them, the Burmese are frank, open, happy—lovers of life. Their women are not secluded, but are among the freest women in the world. Both men and women are lovers of music and wearers of bright clothing. Because of their spontaneity and friendliness they have been dubbed "the Irish of the Orient."

Burma is a country of many tribes, but practically all of them are of the same racial strain. Shans, Karens, Katchins, Chins and Palaungs are among those living in the outlying parts of the country, though the Karens and to a certain extent the others are to be found in parts of lower Burma, a more heavily settled section which is most easy of access to the outside world. It is the Burmese, however, who constitute the dominant element with the highest culture, and give color to Burma as it is known to most westerners who visit the land.

The Burma of the Burmese, that is lower Burma and the basin of the great Irrawaddy river, is a land of pagodas, the shrines of Buddhism. Thousands upon thousands of these bell-shaped structures surmounted by gilded spires and tinkling bells have been built. Many of them have fallen into decay, but others are built each year. They are the symbols of the hold which the Buddhist religion has upon the people of Burma. It is their belief that the surest way of "acquiring merit" and achieving holy rest after death is to erect a pagoda; and very few Burmese who are able to add to the country's forest of pagoda spires fail to do so.

No Aristocracy, Few Poor.

There are no noble classes among the Burmese, no aristocracy, few who are very wealthy, and few very poor. While the caste system as a system does not exist in the country, there are several classes of people who are looked upon as degraded by their vocations and with whom practically no intercourse is had by the majority of the people. Unfortunately, too, these classes are hereditary. They are the grave diggers, the descendants of the former pagoda slaves and the beggars. The general attitude toward these unfortunates is one of the contradictions in Burmese character; and there are others. Their religion requires kindness toward animals, and Burmese will not even become drivers of vehicles in cities because they feel that such a calling entails a certain measure of cruelty of horses. Yet their attitude toward crippled and maimed humans is the height of unkindness. Such unfortunates are considered to be in the degraded classes along with the grave diggers and the beggars, and are denied association with the normal population.

One custom among the Burmese that cannot fail to arouse comment from westerners is the prevalence of smoking and the peculiar turn it has taken. Smoking is indulged in literally by men, women and children. Cigarettes and cigars of a huge size are preferred, often a foot or more in length and with a circumference in proportion. Children of all ages use these gigantic "smokes," and it is not uncommon even to see an infant in arms puffing away at a huge cheroot. The habit is not as injurious as might be expected because the tobacco used is adulterated with a considerable proportion of milder materials.

Their Marriage Customs.

Marriage in Burma is not a matter of great ceremony or ritualism. Formally eating together, usually before witnesses, constitutes a couple man and wife. Though the theory is otherwise, a girl usually selects her husband, and is given to him by her parents. If a bride is dissatisfied with her husband she may run away from him and return to her parents. She is promptly returned by them, but may repeat the procedure. After she has run away three times and been returned three times, she may leave for good, it being assumed that it is impossible for her husband to retain her. She is then in effect divorced.

The rule works the other way about also. If parents do not consider a suitor eligible and prohibit a match, the maiden has only to run away to him three times, after which the parents must not interfere, but must consider the marriage a thing accomplished.

Where Burma touches India proper on the latter's eastern border, it is bounded by Bengal and Assam. Farther to the north it touches southeastern Tibet. Along its eastern border, Burma is in contact with China for a considerable distance. The Chinese at one time claimed sovereignty over the land. The lower part of Burma's eastern boundary is formed by French Cochin China and Siam; and to the south and west lies the Bay of Bengal. The total area of Burma is slightly less than that of Texas, our largest state, while its population is in excess of 12,000,000, several million more than that of our most populous state, New York.

Climate and Resources.

The greater part of Burma is in the tropics and during half the year much of it is very hot. This heat is especially trying to Europeans in parts of the delta region where the humidity is high. In some sections more than 20 feet of rain falls each year. There is considerable loss of life among natives in some parts of the country from snakes, spiders, poisonous insects and wild animals. Just as India has its Simla to which officials and others journey in the hot season, so Burma has its hill station, Maymyo, only 42 miles from Mandalay, but nearly 2,400 feet higher. This summer capital makes it possible for Europeans to stand the rigors of the Burma climate.

Burma's mineral wealth has long made it one of the treasure houses of the Orient. One of the richest silver-zinc-lead ore bodies in the world is situated in the northeastern section. Mogok, a short distance north of Mandalay, largely supplies the world with rubies. Silver and precious stones were among the things most highly prized in the old East. But Burma also possesses modern treasures: tungsten, a necessity in an age of steel and electricity; tin, essential in performing the world's sanitary work and in equipping its households; and petroleum, the fuel of today.

SOME CHARMING NEW WRAPS

Latest Outer Garment for Spring Wear Is of the Coat and Cape Type.

Charming and very smart are the new coats which, though very few and far between, are beginning to make their appearance. One hesitates whether to dub them coat or cape, and compromises on wrap, which quite satisfactorily covers them.

One, of French blue, was drawn in rather closely about the waist, and came to just below the knees—that is, the main part of it did. This was straight, and cut on the lines of a rather close cape. A smaller cape, which came to the waistline, was embroidered in a single thread of silver, and a close collar of gray squirrel completed the wrap.

Equally interesting was another wrap of tomato red, which was cut on the lines of the old-fashioned circular cape. At intervals in the fabric was woven a wide double stripe of cream color, which ran through the material just above the knees, just above the waist, and again above the elbows, so that it came out across the wide part of the cape that served as sleeves. This wrap has but a narrow collar of its own material.

The New Hats.

The flower and fabric or braid hat, featuring brim of flowers and crown of silk or braid, is one of the popular features of the season. For summer wear the indications are that large hats will be in high favor. This means, of course, that flowers will be a preferred trimming. Long "sketchy" wreaths of flowers that drape the crown and hang streamer-like at one side are much used, and there seems to be a leaning to very large flowers, only one or two of these mammoth blossoms being required to trim the entire hat.

Style Hints.

A chou of black tulle trims a simple black satin hat. Some of the new bodices blouse over the girdle. Newest coiffure combs are wide and high and sparkling with jewels. The plaids are still good in fashion, but are more subdued than last season.

CAPE FOR THE SUMMER

Favorite Old Wrap Still Holds Milady's Attention.

Garment That Has Been Worn Through All Ages Is More Charming Than Ever.

Women have always loved capes, and in all ages have they worn them—in the days when court ladies of the empire covered the indiscretions of their India muslins with bright grass green capes, glitteringly embroidered in golden garlands; in other days when the prim Colonial Priscilla hid the soft whiteness of her kerchief under a demure gray cashmere cape, as she hurried by with downcast eyelashes; and in far desert countries where dark-eyed women, idling beside the sweetmeat booths in the bazaars, shrouded their dark beauty in the colorful brilliance of their burnouses—draped, silken capes. For every woman knows the infinite grace and glamor surrounding a cape and the wearer of a cape.

The crepe capes of today surpass in their charm and variety all the capes which have gone before them and inspired them. We see them designed in every color, for every hour of the day, for every variation or age, complexion or occasion. There are crepe capes of demure gray, collared with squirrel or mole and matching smart gray crepe town frocks; there are mahogany-brown capes, embroidered in silver to add picturesqueness to a mahogany restaurant frock; there are crepe capes of peach or

The Popular Shawl-Cape Dress.

maize, gray-blue or orchid, whitely collared with caracul for a debutante's summer evening wrap. There are capes of strawberry-red crepe to throw over one's white crepe tennis frock, when the wind freshens and the sun sinks behind the blue hills; there are capes with oriental burnous drapery, richly embroidered; capes with high rolling cuffs and capes with quaint narrrow peasant's collars, tying with ribbons.—Vogue.

SLIM LINES ARE FEATURED

The slim lines of this English tailleur are accentuated by straight braided panels.

TASSELED TURBANS IN GRAY

Color in Numerous Shades Popular for Millinery, Furs, Shoes and Other Apparel.

A color which is very popular just now is gray. Years ago gray was gray and that was all there was to it, but now it has a myriad of names and tones. Moonstone, cloud, cinder, pelican and zinc are a few of them.

Many of the new draped and tasseled turbans are shown in this color, silk and soft duvetyns being the materials employed in the fashioning of these new shapes.

Gray furs such as squirrel and lamb are popular, too, and worn with a bright blue suit, a neckpiece and a jaunty chapeau in one of these soft tints make a most pleasing combination. But blue is not the only color which combines artistically with gray; brown, so much in vogue this fall as a street shade, goes splendidly with it, too, opossum being used on many a beautifully tinted suit or coat.

Shoes are another part of the costume which has fallen under the spell of gray, and many of the newest boots are coming in delicate tones of this color.

Silk Stockings

A satisfactory mending silk for silk stockings is floselle, with the dull finished embroidery floss, which is made up of twelve slightly twisted strands. It is softer than fine sewing silk, much stronger, and goes a long way, while in black the color is much better than that of the ordinary mending silk. For ordinary holes a doubled strand is about right. It is also useful for hand sewing, as it sinks well into the fabric.

Millinery Note.

Rust-colored hats are especially stylish when worn with dark one-piece street dresses.

Luminous Gowns in London Styles

Fabric That Does Not Merely Shine, But Burns With White Light, Is Latest.

Luminous dresses, iridescent hats and glow-worm gauze stockings have been aeroed to London from Paris and are creating a sensation in ultra smart society.

Metallic effects in shot silks and changeable tissues have led to this new craze and not a little impetus has been given by the scientists who have been exchanging data with the fabric weavers and the dressmakers, which data goes to prove that "sweetness and light" are bound up with bright clear colors, that happiness and the genius of youth unfold in a radiant, gold-flecked atmosphere.

A dress worn at a theater supper during Grand National Race week was of apricot charmeuse dusted with pale gold threads. In daylight this dress seemed to be merely a particularly happy blend of yellow and pink. But with candlelight the silk glowed and pulsated with living light which seemed to radiate from it. This effect is produced by a phosphorescent quality imparted to metallic threads woven into the silk.

Luminous flowers and ribbon on gauze hats are likely to be even more popular than the radiant silk and are much less expensive. For evening wear they are distinctly becoming and seem to add mystery and charm to the face. Pale crushed silk roses or tiny wreaths of tight buds emit a soft rosy glow in the half light. The stockings are woven of fine rainbow colored silk and are worn with gold tissue sandals. The silk does not merely shine, it burns with a white light.

Dressmaking Hints.

The fullness of skirts is often laid in pleats or arranged in godets at either side of the front, leaving the back plain. Bodices may show the softly bloused effects which give an indefinite line to the figure. Sleeves vary in treatment, some afternoon and evening gowns showing shoulder caps while other types of models feature full length sleeve. Many high necklines are introduced for daytime wear, with a disposition to accent the high effect at back.

Sofa Pillow Filling.

Here is a way of filling sofa cushions which many of the best upholsterers use: Take a piece of percaline as wide as the pillow in question and twice its length. On this tack cotton batting a good seam's width from the edges. Form a bag by stitching on the machine. Turn so that the cotton will be on the inside, then fill the cushion with feathers. The effect will be as good as if down had been used.

The Scarf.

Scarfs have come to their own again and are used in the most unusual way. The trimming counters have them in various materials as panels for evening dresses. Worn as sashes, they lend "chic" to an otherwise simple costume, and as a wrap for the throat they have their old time popularity.

Wider and Longer Skirts

Large Representation of Modified Styles Now on Display Among the Latest Fashions.

It looks as though we are really going to wear wider skirts before long, observes a fashion writer. They are having a large representation among the new displays. A particularly graceful and smart model has Godet inserts around the bottom of the skirt to give fullness. These V inserts are outlined with bias folds of the skirt fabric and form a pretty trimming.

Another striking feature of the newest skirts is the increased length. Women who are right up to the moment in fashions have been wearing longer skirts for several months, but it will not be long now till we shall all fall in line and have our skirts at least reach the tops of our boots.

The uneven hem is being more emphasized as the season advances. A model with a side panel hanging about five inches below the skirt and at the other side a point of the tunic extending about six inches below the regular skirt would have appeared extremely odd to us a couple of years ago, but it is no longer a novelty since smart dressers have adopted this mode.

For the Trosseau.

Combinations of shades such as orchid and gold, black and gold, white and orchid and flesh and blue are extensively used to make lingerie and nightgowns. In the new trousseau sets the nightgowns are sleeveless with deep "V" decolletage. The chemise step-ins have two-toned ribbons to match the colors used in the garments.

Tuxedo Sweaters.

The Tuxedo is a leader among sweaters, especially what is called the "short tuxedo," which reaches just below the waist, has Tuxedo revers and a twice-around girdle.

SHE DIDN'T DARE TO LEAVE HOUSE

On Verge of Nervous Collapse, Indiana Woman Was Almost Helpless.

HER FRIENDS DISHEARTENED

Troubles Disappear When She Takes Tanlac, and Nerves Now Are As Steady as Can Be—General Health Splendid.

"I was on the verge of a collapse and was actually afraid to leave the house, but I am overjoyed now at the way Tanlac has restored my health so perfectly," declared Mrs. Cora M. Jackson, 504 Mulberry St., Terre Haute, Ind."

"I was almost a nervous wreck, and at times for anyone to even talk to me upset me completely. Even at night I could not get easy and quiet and would lie wide-awake, hardly able to sleep at all, and often just got up out of bed, I was so restless. Nervous headaches often came on me and frequently lasted for days at a time. Then I had rheumatism so bad in my joints I was almost helpless. My legs and elbows hurt fearfully and sometimes I just ached all over. There seemed to be no relief for me, my friends were all worried and I was almost disheartened.

"But, happily for me, one of my friends suggested that I try Tanlac. I never will forget how I began to improve and now I think it is wonderful that I am feeling so well and strong. My nerves are just as steady as can be and I haven't a rheumatic pain about me. I am in just splendid health and wish everybody knew what a grand medicine Tanlac is."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Men and Women.

Man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degradation; he cannot elevate her without at the same time elevating himself.—Alexander Walker.

Help That Bad Back!

Why be miserable with a "bad back?" It's time you found out what is wrong! Kidney weakness often causes much suffering from backache, lameness, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness and kidney irregularities. Neglected, it may lead to dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease, but if taken in time it is usually easily corrected by using *Doan's Kidney Pills*. *Doan's* have helped thousands. *Ask your neighbor!*

An Indiana Case

Mrs. Della Hunter, 909 H St., N. E., Linton, Ind., says: "I used to have severe attacks of backache and kidney trouble. There was a dull, constant ache in the small of my back. I had dizzy spells and felt run down. My kidneys didn't act right, either. Doan's Kidney Pills have always cured these attacks. Doan's did me more good than anything else I ever used."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

My Picture on Every Package P.D.Q.

P. D. Q., a chemical (not an insect powder) that will actually rid a house of Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas and Ants with its proper use—impossible for them to exist as it kills their eggs as well and thereby stops future generations.

A 35c package makes a quart. Free a patent spout in every package, to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Special Hospital size, $2.50, makes 5 gallons. Your druggist has it or can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

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HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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