

## HER SISTER'S RING

By EDWARD MARTINDALE.

"Worshipping a divinity at a distance, eh?" railed Don Warren. His chum and familiar, Nate Stanbro, flushed and looked embarrassed. Then he challenged boldly: "Do you blame me?"

Warren cast a look through the leafy screen of greenery that shaded the river path whence he had come upon his friend. In the center of a rustic bridge spanning a purring brook stood a young lady, a fair picture, indeed, in her neat walking dress and dainty sunshade cap. She stood gazing dreamily down into the limpid waters, mechanically slipping up and down her slender finger a ring, her glowing face showing health, beauty and intelligence.

"It's Miss Ava Reese of the big place up the road, isn't it?" spoke Warren. "No, I don't blame you, Nate. She has some handsome sisters, and if I wasn't called back to the city I would put in the rest of the vacation courting their attention."

The speaker passed on his way. He and Nate had been together at Hazelwood for a week. Only incidentally twice at formal social functions had Nate met Miss Reese, not half a dozen words had been passed between them. Nate, however, had



Stood Gazing Dreamily Down into the Limpid Waters.

surrendered his soul's best adoration to the charming miss who had crossed his path, a fresh bright rural flower, the modest violet, and not a wilted rose of the great city.

"I must speak to her," he resolved, after watching the object of his adoration in silence for a few minutes. "She is gentle, kindly and will not take it amiss."

Ava did not change her attractive meditative pose as Nate approached. She was not aware of his coming. He was almost at her side when she started back with a quick scream.

"Oh, dear! what have I done?" she gasped, turning pale with dismay, her startled eyes fixed upon the surface of the brook directly beneath the spot where she stood.

"Miss Reese, something has distressed you?" ventured Nate.

Ava turned quickly. Involuntarily she placed her hand upon his arm in a pleading way and he thrilled at the touch.

"Oh, can you help me?" she pleaded. "See," and she held up her finger—"the ring was too large for me. How foolish I was to wear, to toy with it! There—there! It fell right inside of that little heap of rocks," and she pointed tremblingly, with Nate's peering face dangerously close to her own. The stream was shallow and clear, but the lost object had been engulfed by the pebbles and sand.

"It was valuable!" hinted Nate.

"No—oh, it is not that. Indeed, I must recover it! Is it possible, do you think?"

"I shall try hard," promised Nate and descended from the bridge. Miss Ava uttered a little disarming cry as Nate waded recklessly out into midstream. She quite besought him to desist, as he reached the spot she had indicated and thrust an arm clear to the shoulder into the eddying water.

He reckoned on it that the missing ring was held within the shallow rock-fringed pocket that she had indicated. Nate worked carefully. He would grope out a handful of sand and gravel at a time until he had filled his cap. Then he would sift the sand free much like a miner with his sieve.

He was wet now from tip to toe, but he kept up the labors of love industriously, uncomplainingly. It was with a real cry of satisfaction that he at last held the lost ring aloft.

"There it is," he announced. With a gasp of joy Ava took it from between his fingers as he held it towards the bridge, he knee deep in the water.

"You are soaking wet," said Ava commiseratingly. "You must come up to the house and father will see that you have dry clothes. Sister, too, will want to see you and thank you."

"I will make a quick dash for home and call later, if I may," suggested Nate.

"You cannot know how glad I am to get this back," said Ava. "It is an engagement ring," and she fondled it as if it were a precious possession indeed.

With precipitate haste Nate waded ashore and started away. Ava gazed after him in manifest surprise, almost feeling that he was discourteous. Nate strode on in a passion of vivid

emotion. He was like one who had received a smiting blow.

"Engaged!" he groaned. "Ah, it will be hard to cure myself of this folly!"

He was terribly humbled and disappointed. He thought not of his wet and uncomfortable condition. His dream was over—its fair guardian spirit lost to him. Ava belonged to another. Oh, the bitter awakening!

Nate wandered about for hours. Then he lay down on the grass to rest, to think. A cold wind came up. He reached home chilled through and through. The next morning Nate was in the grasp of a hot fever.

It was a week later when he came back to something like normal coherency. His landlady explained to him about the flowers that stood upon the stand at the head of the bed.

"Miss Ava Reese sent them, sir," she explained. "She has called twice. I promised to phone her as soon as you were well enough."

It would be pain ineffable to view that fair face again, yet Nate could not forego the opportunity.

He saw a trap driven by a handsome young man come up to the house. Ava was with him in another minute.

Her words were sweetest music to his ear. She was gracious, gentle, sympathizing. She told of how she had never forgiven herself, that she had brought upon him such serious illness in his efforts to restore the ring.

Nate hopelessly thought of the handsome fellow in the trap—probably her lover. Happy rival! Ava noted his glance.

"My brother," she explained. "He is anxious to know 'the gallant knight errant,' as he calls you. My sister has yet to thank you, too—"

"For what?" stammered Nate, not understanding.

"For restoring her engagement ring. She had loaned it to me. She is a superstitious being, is Marcia, and—"

"Your sister!" breathed Nate, a whole heart of hope springing to his ardent eyes.

She flushed and thrilled. Artless as she was, Ava read in the radiant glow of love in those intense eyes the secret of his soul—and was glad!

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

## PIECE OF BLOTTING PAPER

Its Characteristics and What It Indicates of the Habits of Its Owner.

Few people realize the true inwardness of blotting paper, particularly people who live in big towns and should know better. It is, for instance, a real pleasure to sit down to a large, clean sheet of new pink blotting paper and instead of its soiling one, to be the first to soil it. White blotting paper has to be very thick and absorbing to hold its own, while green blotting paper is only suggestive of banks and business, and little soiled ends which are used for the week's books. The blotting paper connoisseur changes his blotting paper with absolute recklessness. It becomes to him like the paper target which, once marked with his prowess, has fulfilled its function. It is a delight to tear the corner off a sheet of thick pink, and pick up as much as possible of the blot made by an overflowing pen. But the corner once away the sheet loses its charm and should be replaced by another.

Blotting paper and blotting pad are indices of the household psychology, a writer in the Manchester Guardian observes. There is, for instance, the pad which, though not very much used, has grown shiny with use, and its acquired surface absolutely refuses to pick up any ink at all. There is the pad that has been overused and has lost its absorbent power through the writing of many black and dashing notes. There is the neat pad which is always carefully tended and which suggests that the sooner all trace of writing be removed the better, and there is the blotting book, with its choice of half dirtied leaves and its surface which by no possible means can ever be as level as blotting paper should be.

The ideal way of using blotting paper is to have two or three loose sheets of thickish white or pink, which can be thrown away, used or stolen with impunity. It is useful to be able to blot from above and the singleness of the sheet enables this to be done most efficaciously. Also it necessitates no conscientious scruples as to waste, and enables the writer to write straight ahead with comfort instead of dodging about his pages to avoid the pains of blotting.

Why the Boundless Dardanelles? Why did Homer call the Dardanelles "boundless" or "boundless," although at the point where Leander and Byrron swam it the breadth is barely a mile? Byrron's comment is very neat: "The wrangling about the epithet 'the broad Hellespont,' or the 'boundless Hellespont,' whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot, and, not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the meantime, and probably may again before the point is settled."

Probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time, and when he talks of boundless means half a mile, as the latter, by a like figure, when she says eternal attachment simply specifies three weeks.

The Marine's Debut. The marine is in his origin and use peculiarly British, and even today America is the only country to possess a similar force. The marine originated in 1664, when 1,200 land soldiers were raised to be distributed in his majesty's fleets. Since then the marines have been constantly disappearing and coming to life again. In 1697 they were disbanded, only to be revived by Queen Anne. Disappearing again in 1712, they were revived as part of the army 26 years later. In 1748 they vanished again, but seven years later they appeared once more, and since then their history has been continuous—and glorious.—London Chronicle.

## Satin Coat of French Design



BEFORE the great French dress-making houses were caught in the maelstrom of the war, they had brought out many new modes that were successful upon their presentation, and had in them a vitality that makes them apparent now in the fashions of the hour.

Our coats and gowns and hats are rarely exact copies of the original models, but the original models are reflected in them. As Americans we see fit to follow certain Paris creations at a little or a great distance, according to their adaptability to our needs. The originals are beautiful, or, at least, interesting.

The coat pictured here is one of those that may be copied exactly to advantage. It is of satin with long waist and flaring skirt, the fronts cut in one piece. Three cords are inserted near the bottom, giving the skirt its outward swing. The body is cut in one, with the sleeves and its ample fullness at the back gathered in where it is joined to the skirt.

It is cleverly shaped in at the neck by means of cords inserted in shirings. The neck and revers are finished with a narrow fringe of ostrich plumes and malmes, and the sleeves with two rows of cording like that at the bottom of the coat.

The coat is lined and interlined, and

finished at the back with sash ends that terminate in flat rosettes.

Narrow borders of fur might be substituted for the ostrich feather fringe, and the sleeves and skirt bordered with wide bands of fur. Coats very similar to this in outline have been made of heavier materials and trimmed with fur.

The skirt appears only of moderate length because of the long waist line. But the garment is long, graceful, attractive and comfortable. And it is distinctly original and new in design.

## Simple Blouses.

Attractively simple blouses for women who cannot stand fussy trimmings are of daphne silk made with long sleeves, a little fullness at the shoulder seam to give soft lines over the bust, and a kimono finish around the neck and down the front edges—that is a flat facing on the outside which forms a narrow upstanding collar band across the back of the neck. A blouse of this sort of dark green daphne silk over white has a kimono facing of black satin, and within this a facing of equal width of white satin. The blouse crosses in kimono fashion at the bust and a single snap fastener holds it in place. The rather severe neck finish is becoming because of the softness of the materials.

## Dainty Morning Caps That Cost Little



ALTHOUGH there is nothing startlingly new in morning and boudoir caps, they continue to captivate the feminine public and cause them to part with small sums of money. Surely nothing was ever designed which offered more in the way of daintiness and beauty in return for a little outlay than the gay caps of ribbon and lace which remind one of bright, well-known and well-loved flowers.

The two caps shown here are made of thin satin ribbon and shadow lace. The ribbon is about three inches wide, and one yard of it is used to join the strips of lace together, which form the cap. Wide boucings of shadow lace cut into strips will provide a lace frill for one cap and the insertions in the crown of two. That is, a founcing of ordinary width may be cut into five strips.

In the cap shown at the left two strips of ribbon join three of lace, making a square of 18 inches. The corners are rounded off and the edge curved up in a narrow hem. A narrow side-plaiting of net is sewed about the edge, and a narrow bias tape is stitched on the under side along the top edge of the net, to form a casing. Flat elastic cord is run in this casing, gathering the cap in

about the head. It is finished with small flowers and loops of satin ribbon a half inch wide.

A ribbon only two inches wide is used for the second cap, cut into one length of 23 inches and one of 15. The short length is drawn up, by gathering it along one edge, into a small circular piece for the center of the cap, and finished at the center with a tiny ribbon flower.

The lace strips are 3 1/2 inches wide. They are machine stitched to both edges of the longer strip of ribbon. This makes a wide band of ribbon and lace. The ends are sewed together, forming a crescent. The top edge of this is folded in to the center already made, and stitched down, completing the cap.

Baby ribbon is threaded through the lace frill and ties in a bow at the back, adjusting the cap to the head. Three little ribbon flowers are sewed to the frill at the front.

All the materials for a cap of this kind will cost less than fifty cents. Thin silk may be used, cut into strips, instead of ribbon. There is economy in making two caps at one time. They are made up in all the light, beautiful colors—pink, blue, lavender, rose, green, etc.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## Starched Tudor Collars.

Collars are very uncertain. They follow the lead of Cromwell, Raeburn, or Romney, Medici, or Mary Stuart. Very pretty are the elaborately folded fichus, which appear just inside the bodices, a revival from the days of our great-grandmothers, and they are fastened with all sorts of brooches and pretty pins, the more old-fashioned the better. All the summer through, the fronts of the bodices have displayed the prettiest lace and the prettiest diaphanous muslin. The latest idea

is a large starched linen fichu collar on wires, suggestive of Tudor days.

## Chantilly Capes.

Capotes of chantilly, ornamented with embroidery, are formed in loose sacks, dark blue, silver and deep red appearing in the stitching. Sometimes the chantilly is mounted over a cape of black tulle for young girls. They are just little sacks with kimono sleeves, the long fronts turned under and caught into the belt; this makes a pretty little addition to a dress.

## REALLY ODD "SAVINGS BANK"

Wife of Mexican Millionaire Devised Most Curious Hiding Place for Her Money.

With the coming of the pay envelope for women has developed the evolution of the broken-nosed teapot as a savings bank. Many and varied are the methods women have worked out to save money, although it is only within the last fifty years that the average woman has had to consider the problem individually. With their "going to business," however, questions of finance and investment have come to them.

Many amusing incidents of the broken-nosed teapot as a savings bank have come to light. There is a story of Pedro Alvaredo, the peon millionaire of Parral, Mex., whose mines yielded silver so fast that he could not spend it, though he bought pianos and ponies by the carload, and all the metal work in the palace that stood where his old adobe had once been built was of silver.

Alvaredo had no faith in banks and kept great quantities of cash in his house. Naturally, much of this came into the hands of Senora Alvaredo. The senora had a special bed quilt which always covered her at night and was never far away in the day time. When the senora died her maid went to Alvaredo and asked for the quilt. But Alvaredo was superstitious and disliked to give away anything to which his wife had been so much attached. He offered the woman money instead, and though dollars were no longer flowing in at the rate of 20,000 a day, he was generous in the matter. But the girl insisted that she would have no memorial of her mistress but the quilt.

Finally Alvaredo's suspicions were thoroughly aroused and he ripped the quilt to pieces. It contained \$30,000 in \$1,000 pieces. Among them was a letter from the senora saying that she had saved the money for her two sons and directed that it be put in the bank to their credit. And now the young men are being educated in an American college upon the interest of their mother's savings.—From the Business Woman's Magazine.

## Getting Lead From Radium.

A very interesting paper by K. Fajans on the different atomic weights of lead was read recently before the Bunsen Gesellschaft fuer angewandte physikalische Chemie at Leipzig. According to a line of reasoning, simultaneously developed by Fajans and Soddy during the last few years, lead derived from radium and lead derived from thorium by the loss of five and six atoms of helium, respectively, should be identical, except in atomic weight.

Throughout the past year Doctor Fajans' assistant, Doctor Lumbert, has been working in Richard's laboratory at Harvard, in order to obtain atomic weights of as high a degree of trustworthiness as possible.

The differences established by the series of determinations announced at the meeting by Fajans amount to about 0.3 per cent. In this connection it is interesting to note that Soddy and Hymans read a paper before the London Chemical society early in the spring, in which they likewise described experiments which showed a difference between thorite lead and ordinary lead of 0.5 per cent.

## In the Day of Love.

If men are just to each other they will love each other without effort or coaching, because of the justice they receive. They will not need to be taught to love each other. Men are taught that now because they find it impossible to love the man who is exploiting him or depriving him of his due in any sense, either as exploiting, slave-driving employer or competitor in business or labor.

And that, by the way, is exactly the reason why teaching men to love one another as they love themselves, if not a failure in 2,000 years of trial, has not been the success the teachers have hoped. For, how can men love each other when their principal business is to cheat each other? It can't be done. It ought not to be expected. Men simply can't love each other under these conditions.—Exchange.

## Ready With Answer.

The prevalence of hog cholera in central Kansas recalls the meeting of the state Y. M. C. A. which was held in Salina a few months ago, and is giving Dave Bean, a big ranchman, merited distinction as a prophet. Efforts were being made to raise money by subscription, and a noted worker from New York was telling the audience what they should give. "You Kansas people spend your money for farms to raise corn to feed more hogs, to buy more farms to raise more corn to feed more hogs," etc. After he had gone over the rotation of words a dozen times he cried out at the top of his voice: "And where is it all going to end?" Mr. Bean, in the center of the auditorium, who knew by experience, spoke up quickly. "More hog cholera!"—Kansas City Star.

## Physical Facts.

The faculties of the mind are rendered active by heat, under whose influence thought, talkativeness, versatility are increased. Cold and phlegm produce apathy of mind and torpidity in the members. So alleged the Syrian author, who approved Hippocrates' dictum, "Excessive sleep and excessive wakefulness are equally bad." Pain in the brain is caused by some change in its composition, or in that of the arteries leading to it, or by increase of moisture in the brain.

## Unused to That Voice.

A sweet little child is Frances, but there are moments when her busy mother finds her reiterated questions and repeated requests somewhat trying. One day, receiving a rather impatient reply to an innocent remark, Frances, who sat out of range of her mother's countenance, quietly expressed her surprise and perplexity over that dear mother's unwonted brevity and crispness. "Is your face smiling, mamma?" she naively inquired. "Your voice sounds awful strange!"

# Japan's Hard Working Women

G LADLY though I would linger on the more beautiful and romantic aspects of Japan, the Japan of the iris and cherry blossom, of violet lake and pine-clad mountains, of maple trees running in autumn like tongues of flames along the hillside, of little fishing villages crowding the romantic shores of the inland sea, of Fuji, snow-powdered and aloof, hanging as it were in misty twilight earth and sky—it is of another and less lovely Japan I must speak today. Modern industry has laid its hand already on this race, writes Violet Markham, in the Westminster Gazette, and the pressure is not likely to grow less heavy as time goes on.

Bounties for Industries. The establishment of factories and industries in Japan is a matter which causes the government much preoccupation. It is sought by bounties to foster and encourage infant industries, and in Manchuria there is much grumbling over the preferential position Japanese control of the railway achieves for Japanese goods. So far the number of operatives, male and female, in Japan is but small—793,885—as compared with her total population of 53,000,000. But the statistics published by the Economic and Financial Annual of the department of finance, 1913, afford much food for reflection when taken in con-

junction with the actual conditions of

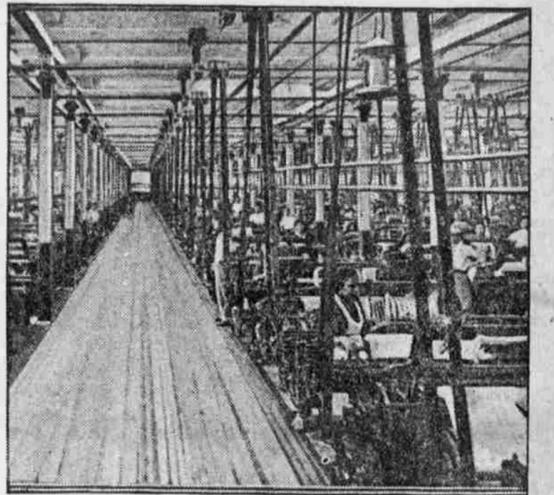
and even amusement of their operatives. In one compound I saw a theater and also a shrine erected to the memory of those who died in the mills. Hospitals, unfortunately, are necessary adjuncts, some clean and well-managed, others squalid and dirty. In one compound there would be a strip of garden nicely kept with flowers, in another a dank, depressing yard. Even at the best, who could wish for a young girl to spend three of the best years of her life under such conditions? But the Japanese daughter has few rights over her own person.

If her family is poor, up to the present she has resigned herself to the fate to which her parents may consign her, being practically sold by them either to factory, gin-house, or the deeper degradation of the yoshiwara.

That the girls themselves are beginning to revolt against such conditions is a healthy and desirable sign of the times in Japan. The difficulty of obtaining cheap labor may lead to a reform of factory life from within. Though living-in is the rule for women, it is not invariable, and I saw one factory where a large proportion of women lived out. Here arose the different evil of the employment of married women, this particular factory having a nursery attached where the women left their babies. But unquestionably there was a less coarse, hopeless look about the women who lived out and had some redeeming influences of home in their lives than that one noticed about the listless girls of the compounds. This circumstance struck me very forcibly in a very dirty match factory, where all the girls lived at home. Despite the conditions under which they worked and the long hours, the women did not look anemic or ill nourished.

Compounds and factories alike vary in cleanliness and comfort. Some factories are well constructed and well ventilated and filled with machinery coming from Oldham. Others are dirty, dilapidated and ramshackle. It is the same with the compounds. When a factory has to provide accommodation for 1,000 or 2,000 women operatives we may well scrutinize the conditions, even when the altogether simple standard of life in the far East is taken into account. The Japanese have no beds, but sleep rolled up in quilts on the floor. In one compound I visited, I saw 24 girls asleep in a dormitory 24 by 12 feet, and this is no uncommon state of affairs. Phtisis is a disease which is beginning to play havoc in the cotton mills, and when, as in many cases, girls employed on the day and night shifts use the same dormitories and no proper ventilation is possible, it is easy to understand the spread of this dread scourge.

The Japanese women are fragile little creatures, whose appearance does not encourage the idea that they can be tossed without protection into the fierce stream of industrial competition. These girls, drawn as they are from the farming and fishing class, often return home utterly broken in health at the end of their indentures. Some factories cater for the health



COTTON MILL IN KOBE.

of the actual conditions of labor revealed by a visit to a Japanese mill. According to these returns there are in Japan 395,196 male operatives over fourteen years of age, and 427,676 women. Under fourteen years of age there are 12,192 males and 48,821 females employed.

The dominant industries in Japan are cotton and silk, and they absorb the largest proportion of the workers, namely, 448,243 persons, male and female. In raw silk, cotton spinning, and cotton weaving we find employed 45,496 men and 293,468 women. In the thirty-two Japanese cotton mills for which returns are given the average number of working days per annum was 325, and the average number of working hours per day was 22.44. The two great centers of industrial activity are Tokyo and Osaka. I penetrated, not without considerable difficulty, into various cotton mills in Japan.

Women and Children in Factories. Generally speaking, Japanese women engage in the cotton trade work under contracts essentially servile in character. They are indentured for a period of three years, and live in compounds attached to the factory. During this term they seldom leave the compound, and cannot save under very exceptional circumstances, break their indentures. Sunday, of course, is not kept in the far East; the principle of one day's rest in seven does not obtain there. The cotton factories work day and night on shifts of 12 hours each, and there are two holidays in the month, more, one suspects, for the needs of the machinery than that of the human beings. The average daily wage of the female silk spinner is 30 sen (say 14 cents), and of the female weaver 25 sen. But from

the amount of coal which will be dug out of the ground in the United States during the present year will be greater by far than the total excavation for the Panama canal.

Experts of the United States geological survey have estimated that originally there was enough coal in this country to make a solid block ten miles long, ten miles wide and ten miles high. A block of this size would weigh more than 3,500,000,000 tons, and up to the present time the coal that has been removed amounts only to something like 15,000,000 tons.

The coal mined during 1914 will amount to about 600,000,000 cubic yards, containing about 200,000,000 cubic yards. The total excavation for the Panama canal from start to finish is computed at some 262,000,000 cubic yards.

The comparison indicates in a striking way the extent of the coal mining

output of coal is enormous, but it is increasing year by year. The amount of coal so far taken out is only a fraction of what remains, according to the estimate of geologists. The people of this country, however, are using more coal every year, and with the exhaustion of some of the European coal fields already in sight the foreign demand for American coal will increase enormously.

Can't Depend on Compass. It is a physical phenomenon known to the most ignorant skipper who ever commanded a whaler or a trawler, or any description of water craft, that the magnetic compass is not dependable. It points toward the north pole or the south pole in only a few of the so-called parallels of latitude or longitude. Its guidance is only less unavailing than that of philosophical delvers, most of which have become objects of derision with never discoveries which have put the older convictions to flight, only to have those newer discoveries and theories suffer an awful upset sooner or later.

COAL FIELDS NOT EXHAUSTED

Estimated That Many Millions of Tons Still Remain to Be Drawn Upon.

It has been estimated that the amount of coal which will be dug out of the ground in the United States during the present year will be greater by far than the total excavation for the Panama canal.

Experts of the United States geological survey have estimated that originally there was enough coal in this country to make a solid block ten miles long, ten miles wide and ten miles high. A block of this size would weigh more than 3,500,000,000 tons, and up to the present time the coal that has been removed amounts only to something like 15,000,000 tons.

The coal mined during 1914 will amount to about 600,000,000 cubic yards, containing about 200,000,000 cubic yards. The total excavation for the Panama canal from start to finish is computed at some 262,000,000 cubic yards.

The comparison indicates in a striking way the extent of the coal mining