

Practical and Fancy Needle Work CLOTHILDE

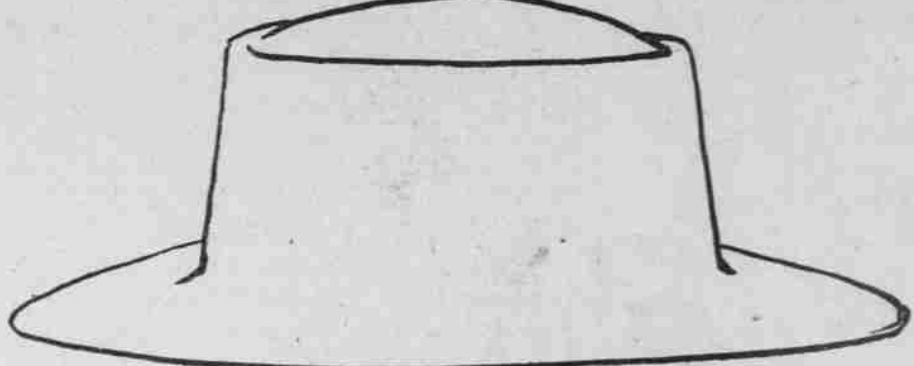


Fig. 1

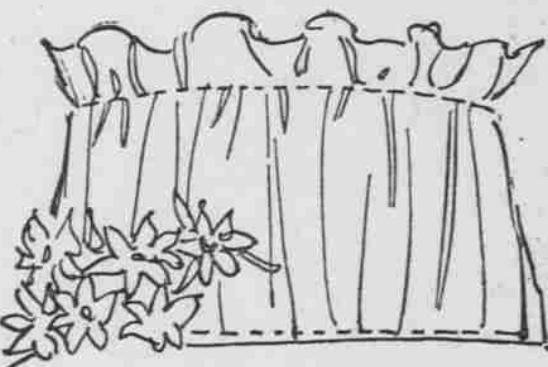


Fig. 3

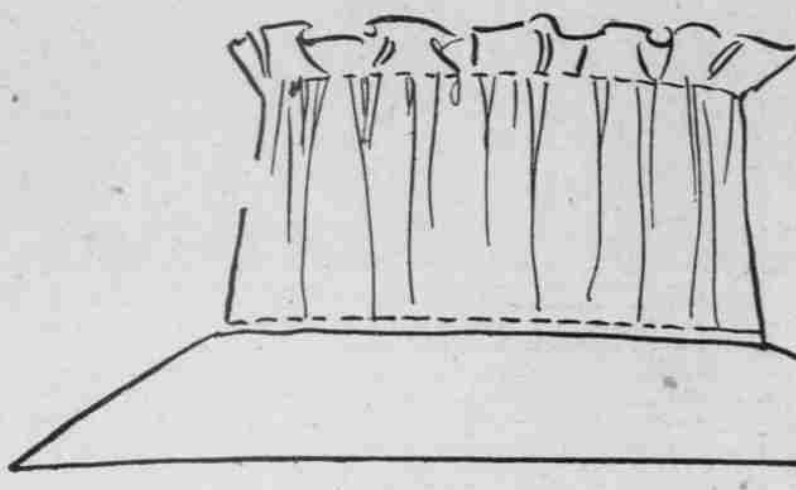


Fig. 2



Fig. 4

AT this time of the year the stores offer a large assortment of straw hats at astonishingly low prices. The average woman looks at these hats and thinks one might be a real bargain if she just knew the right trimming to put on it and how to do it. I've selected a simple little shape, which you will be able to duplicate in black, white, or almost any color, and I am going to tell you how you can use it as a foundation for a

smart hat. The crown is three and one-half inches high and the brim, which droops ever so little, is two and one-half inches wide. The trimming consists of a ruffling of changeable taffeta, gathered over two cords, and a wreath of small flowers. A piece of silk cut crosswise—that is, from selvage to selvage—seven inches wide and thirty-six inches long, is needed for the trimming. See that both long

edges are straight with a thread and then ravel one-half inch on each edge, leaving a fringe of the threads of a single color. Join the seven inch edges and gather the silk over two three-sixteenth inch cords at a distance of one and one-half inches from the fringe on either edge. This cording should be long enough to just snugly around the crown. The upper ruffling stands up prettily around the top of the crown and the lower edge lies with a little

fullness on the brim. Fasten securely with stitches, long on the wrong side and small, hidden in the gathers, on the right side. If you can find just the color scheme you want in a made up wreath of flowers all you will need to do will be to fasten it in place. But if you can't, buy the flowers in small bunches, separate them by unwinding the wire stems, rearrange them to suit, fasten again with your wire, and sew them in place.

If the color of the hat you have chosen is becoming to your complexion you may leave the underbrim just as it is. But if there is a doubt in your mind as to the effect, put in a facing of the silk. Cut a strip thirty-six inches long and two and three-quarters inches wide, allowing one-half inch to ravel for the fringe. Gather the other edge and fasten in at the headsize. Tack the other edge evenly and invisibly, just inside of the fringe, to the brim.

If you are fortunate enough to pick up this shape in a nice white milan braid you can make a hat suitable for wear with your summery little dresses or white skirts and shirt waists. You will need some white faille ribbon about five or five and a half inches wide. Fold one edge over and draw it softly around the crown, fastening securely in the middle of the front. Cut two pieces of ribbon, one sixteen and one eighteen inches long. Ravel both ends of each

piece. Fold one edge of both pieces down, having them laid together with the sixteen inch piece on top. Arrange directly across the front of the side crown in a semi-box plait effect. Fasten with invisible stitches and place two pearl headed pins so that they seem to hold the ribbon in place. Nothing is so smart on the white milan hat as white faille ribbon this year, and you can't go wrong if you arrange it in any tailored effect you fancy.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

CLAIRE'S RIDE IN 1778

CLAIRE was only 10 years old when the great Declaration of Independence had been signed, yet she was heart and soul with the new republic, and eagerly looked forward to the day when she could be of some assistance to her country, and to the great George Washington. When her father and her brother John went off to fight with General Washington's army, she breathed hard and clinched her little fist at the thought that she must remain at home, but home she stayed and found much to do there in the way of comforting her mother and helping her to spin and sew.

It was about noon one Autumn day in 1778 that Claire's mother was taken suddenly ill, and the poor child was at her side just what to do for her. She attended to her personal comfort and then suggested Aunt Cynthia, who lived on the next estate, a distance of 15 minutes' walk from her home.

"Cross the field, dear," called her mother as she was leaving the house, but Claire was sure she had heard her mother groan, and as she hastened away she decided to run through a nearby woods and so lessen the distance by five minutes. The girl knew no fear as she swiftly walked under the dense trees, and her only thought was to hurry her aunt back at once. Birds were singing overhead, but there was little joy in Claire's heart. They had not heard from the father and brother for a long time and now her mother lay sick. Suddenly she heard voices and at the sound of Washington's name she stood stock still. A man's voice was saying: "We'll get him sure tonight!" Then he laughed a half drunken laugh and continued: "Neither he nor his men think our boys are so close, but they will get the surprise of their lives, eh?"

His companion laughed a hoarse laugh as he said: "It is a good 12-mile ride from here to the Warner house,



"My Child, You Have Done Your Country a Noble Service Today."

where they are stationed, and all the able men in these parts are away. They couldn't get help even if they knew. It is high time that the rebels are brought to their senses. We'll land our biggest fish tonight or die in the attempt. Then as the red coat raised a half-empty bottle to his lips Claire breathlessly crept away, nor breathed freely until she saw her aunt's house. She knew no fear for herself, but all her dear ones were in danger, and she seemed so small and helpless.

When Aunt Cynthia heard the news of her girl's illness, she died on her bonnet and hastened back over the field to Claire's home. The child talked about everything but the awful news she had just heard, and this she thought wise to keep to herself until her mind was made up just what was best to do.

Mother was soon made easier through the aunt's and Claire's assistance, and then the girl excused herself from the sick room. She then flew to the stable, and, untiring the old horse, she jumped on his back and was off. To see Claire riding the animal was nothing new to the people along the road, but many a such a breakneck speed. She knew the Warner house well, for Mr. Warner had been her father's best friend before he had been killed in this war.

Like young Lochinvar in the poem, she stayed not for stick and she stopped not for stone. She rode all unarmed, and she rode all alone.

Twelve miles in a train may not seem long to you, but over rough roads with a slow horse and a heart full of misgivings made Claire think the distance very great.

Fearlessly she turned her horse into the lane that led up to the Warner homestead when a man came from behind the bushes and pointing his gun at her, he cried: "Who goes there?"

"A friend of Washington," answered the young rider, "and I must see him at once."

"Not so fast, my precious," said the man not unkindly, shouldering his

rifle. "Who are you and what is your precious message? Did the British steal your best dodd or—?"

"My name is Claire Mason, and my message is for Washington's ears only." The rebel saw how serious she was, and stood aside while she dashed up the path to the house. Beside the name "Mason" gave him confidence, because both father and son of that name were distinguishing themselves under this great leader.

Claire sprang from her horse and literally jumped into the arms of her father, who was guarding the porch. "Father," cried the excited child, and as she burst into tears, her father became alarmed.

"What's wrong at home? I hoped to see you and mother tomorrow morning. We are in hiding here for the night. How did you know where to find me?"

Then his little daughter gave a detailed account of what she had heard in the woods, and her father paled. "If what you have heard is true we are in mortal danger and you have not come a moment too soon. Thank God for your bravery, and for your timely warning. Come and tell General Washington."

Her story ended, Claire took the hand held out to her and a glow came over her as he said: "My child you have done your country a noble service today, and we will not forget your brave act."

"I must hurry home now or mother will miss me," she said, kissing her father.

Calling a guard, Washington commanded Claire to be escorted home, and the happy child didn't realize until next day, when sitting around the warm logs she heard her father say to her mother, "but for Claire's warning we would all have fallen into the hands of the enemy," that a little girl at home could frequently be as useful to her country as a big brother in the army.

A July Hero.

A TRUSTED friend of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin was our great naval hero, John Paul Jones, otherwise known as the "wizard of the briny deep." He was born on July 6, 1747, and died July 18, 1792.

At the age of 12 he went to sea and visited America several times. In 1773 he settled in Virginia, and when our war for independence broke out two years later he accepted a command in the Navy. In 1777 he was sent to France to take a more important command, and in 1779 he sailed to the English coast in his ship "Bonhomme Richard," and had a long and bloody combat with the Serapis and was victor.

This won for him fame, and Louis XVI presented him with a gold medal for his services. "How old was Paul Jones when he died?"

"About 45, sire," came the answer. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Corsican, "if Paul Jones were alive today France would have an Admiral now."

He was buried in France, but his body was brought over to America on July 23, 1806, and in April of 1806 he was laid to his final resting place in the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

A FLAG ANECDOTE

WE all know that the first American flag was made on June 14, 1777, and set up at once as the standard for Liberty and Independence here in the United States, but it was not until five years later in December that our emblem was first hoisted in England.

There lived in England at that time, in the year 1782, an American artist by the name of John Singleton Copley. He was so popular for his portrait work that even King George, who was not very fond of Americans on account of being engaged in the Revolutionary War with them, used to visit the artist's studio and have his children's pictures painted. It is no wonder, then, that any American visiting London would want Mr. Copley to paint his picture so that he could take it home as a souvenir. An American by the name of Elkanah Watson called on Copley and sat for his portrait. The work was nearing completion when the artist said: "It is time that we thought of an appropriate background. What shall it be?"

"Make it a ship bearing to America the news of her Independence," answered Watson.

The artist thought for a moment and then shook his head. "Sky and water would make a poor setting for your powdered hair." Then, after a little more thought, he said: "I will paint a dark curtain drawn back from a window, through which can be seen a ship bearing at her mast the colors of the new nation."

A few days later was the 5th of December and the King made his great speech before Parliament in which he formally recognized the United States as a free and independent Nation. Our two Americans were there to hear him say it and after that they lost little time in hastening back to the studio to complete the picture. With a few masterful strokes of his brush, Copley made the Stars and Stripes float from the painted ship, and thus was hoisted the first American flag in England.

Quiet Games for the Fourth.

DO YOU know that you can have packs of fun on the Fourth without danger and without noise? To be sure, firing off crackers and bombs is exciting, but this kind of fun does not pay. With the best of intentions it is almost impossible to go through a "firecracker" Fourth of July without some burns on hands or body to make the day unpleasantly remembered for a long time.

There are quite a few good patriotic games that would be enjoyed by you and all your neighborhood friends if you will only take the trouble to play them. Try this one:

Stick flags in the lawn to form the words "Fourth of July" and then blindfold each one of your guests in turn and ask him to see how many of the flags he can pick up in a minute. You must also announce that each flag that he tramples on or breaks will be worth a forfeit. At the end of a minute you tap a bell and, after giving his forfeit, the bandage is removed from the player's eyes and he must replace the flags in the ground.

After every one has had a turn, the game of forfeits can be played, and the tasks should be as patriotic as possible, such as singing or reciting national hymns.

Draw the figure of Uncle Sam on a sheet, leaving off the hat. Have prepared a number of paper hats, one for each guest, and the game is to put the hat on Uncle Sam while the eyes are blindfolded. This is like the old game of "donkey" and is just as much fun.

A noisy game is played something like "London Bridge is Falling Down," only when the player is caught under the bridge he is asked: "Which camp do you prefer, Washington's or Howe's?"

The two forming the bridge have previously decided on their names, and they will tell the caught one back of whom he is to go. When all have been caught and placed, then begins the tug of war, and the side that succeeds in pulling the hardest is the victorious side.

A flag race is lots of fun. Strew tiny flags along the path and give each a teaspoon with which he must try to

pick up the flags and carry them to a goal. The most successful one should receive a souvenir in the shape of a silk flag.

Circuit-Rider in Japan.

Christian Herald.

We are in the upper room of the neat Japanese home. We have fallen flat on our faces and exchanged greetings

in the deliberate and considerate manner of the East. Beside me, the Captain sits on his heels, a feat which I admire the more after trying it for over a brief time. In the middle of the clean mat floor a small stand supports an ugly kerosene lamp, the one jarring note in that dainty home. Behind the stand sits the Japanese pastor, and in front of it sits the church treasurer, both on the floor. In recognition of my foreign training I am allowed to sit on the window sill, a silk cushion having been placed there for the purpose of the good housewife, who, after seeing everyone comfortably settled, had bowed to each in turn, kneeling at a distance and almost touching her forehead to the floor, and had withdrawn with the cheerful resignation of the Japanese wife.

Shadders.

Our new house is way up wonder on the hill near City Park, and I tell you it's a wonder when I'm up there after dark.

It's scary way the shadders chase me everywhere I go—Up and down the workmen's ladders, in and out and thus and so.

All the boards just keep a creakin' Every single step I take, And behind me comes a sneakin'—Something cold that makes me quake.

Reckon 't's because the winders And the doors ain't finished yet, That the spooks as black as cinders, Whisk about and never set.

But just one thing keeps me thinkin', Keeps me 'wake all night, about—When it's finished, will the shinkin' Things be in the house or not?

Thomas Jefferson Gives Advice.

WAS it not strange that Thomas Jefferson, the famous writer of the Declaration of Independence, should have died on the Fourth of July, the day he helped to make so great?

This day, that of all days, must have been a sacred anniversary in his heart. But after the stress and struggles through which he had gone in patriotic work, it must have been a beautiful satisfaction to have seen this great free Nation held in honor by all the world.

Here is some good advice that Thomas Jefferson has handed down to you through all the years since 1776: See how many of these rules you can put into every-day practice.

1. "When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry count a hundred."

2. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly."

3. "Never spend your money before you have earned it."

4. "Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap."

5. "Never trouble another for what you can do yourself."

6. "Take things always by the smooth handle."

7. "Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold."

8. "We seldom repent of having eaten too little."

9. "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

10. "How much pains the evils have cost us which have never happened."

The New Fourth.

Better accept the new principle, boys; Better get used to a Fourth without noise; Better line up with a sensible cause; Better begin to abide by the laws.

All the old customs are wiped off the slate; Cannon and crackers are now out of date; The people are down on such dangerous things; And tired of the trouble the use of them brings.

Besides it's much nicer, as everyone knows, To have your full number of fingers and toes; And the fun hardly pays you when, maybe the prize Is a lot of singed hair and two powder-burnt eyes.

What are you to do then? Why play to be sure. There's plenty of games that will please—secure. Parade if you want to—when no shooting's done. A broomstick will prove just as good as a gun.

Make sand-forts and top them with flags, if you like; Play baseball, run races, or go on a "hike." There's no end of safe things you'll find you can do, And best of it all, you'll be whole when you're through.

Reason Enough.

Boston Transcript.

"Strange how Mrs. Woodby Swellman hates everybody who is in trade."

"Nothing strange about it. People don't usually love their creditors, you know."



She Rode All Unarmed, and She Rode All Alone.

