Plain, Tailored Utility Coats

THE long, protecting "rain or shine" coat, made to meet the exigencies of travel or life in the out-of-doors, is cut on simple lines.

One of the most practical of these coats is pictured here. It hangs straight on the figure. The needed fullness at the bust line is provided for by two small plaits on each shoulder. This is taken up from the swell of the bust down in a stitched-in plait at each side of the front, the plaits extending below the normal waistline for at least six inches.

The coat is open at the throat, but without revers. The neck is finished with a small sailor collar and the sleeves with turnback cuffs. Bone buttons are used for fastening and as a decorative feature on the cuffs.

Coats of this kind are made with skirts to match. The latter, severely plain and straight, are worn with blouses of thin wash silk, pongee or sheer wash fabrics. These coats and skirts require firmly woven rainproof goods in quiet staple colors. Either can be worn without the other, and the coat is designed to do duty wherever a separate coat is needed.

In some of the new models these coats are cut with a flaring skirt set onto a shorter bodice in the style of the Russian coat. Others, of heavier fabrics, are cut double-breasted, in long-waisted designs having an inverted plait at each side to give a slight flare to the skirt part. In these the sleeves are large and straight with turnback cuffs. Turnover collars that may be brought up snugly and tightly about the neck make this a warmer garment than open-throated models. This is best for the automobile.

One of the most modish of coats belongs in the redingote class. It is constructed with an easy-fitting, long-sleeved jacket to which a plaited skirt is set on. This terminates at each side three inches, or a little more, from the front of the jacket, to which it is attached under a belt of folded satin. There is a rolling collar of velvet and narrow cuffs of it, both finished with a silk braid. The jacket is fastened with large barrel-shaped buttons at the front. When a skirt to match any of these utility coats is needed it is cut in the straight-line style and the requisite fullness given with inverted plaits.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Small Girl's Outfit for Cold Weather

SHOPPING for the requirements of the little girl develops the knowledge that she may be provided with almost as many dress accessories as are designed for her mother.

In anticipation of wintry weather the little maid in the picture is about to be outfitted with warm clothing in which she may defy the cold for no other thing and look pretty and well cared for, for another.

In outside garments she is first supplied with a heavy, close-knitted sweatercoat. It is finished with turn back collar and cuffs and a knitted belt and is almost as warm as fur. The color is a rich red, about the best choice and the most pleasing to the little wearer. The collar may be rolled up about the neck and the cuffs brought well down over the hands to protect the wrists. For daily wear this is the ideal garment.

The little Scotch cap to be worn with this or any other coat is of black and red velvet band and trimmed with black silk braid. The crown is a long puff of black velvet, and the bands about it at each side are of red lined with black and finished with a binding of black silk braid. These bands are extended at the back, where they are cut into two tabs which are turned down and fall over the hair. At the front the bands are also turned back and the points tacked down. Small bows of the black silk braid used in the binding are placed at the middle of the front and back.

Knitted caps or hoods for school and for outdoor play and mittens to take the place of the muff, are to be provided. Freedom to play keeps an active child warm in ordinary cold weather without the fur sets which are not expected to stand a great deal of hard service.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

IS OF RARE BEAUTY

CANADA'S FAMOUS RAINBOW STONE MUCH ADMIRED.

Mixture of Colors and Its Capacity for High Polish Are the Two Qualities That Have Brought It Into Prominence.

The gift to Sir Thomas Lipton of a model in serpentine stone of his new racing yacht has revived interest in this beautiful stone, which some years ago was much in vogue.

Serpentine is often found in conjunction with asbestos. Canada produces about nine-tenths of the world's production of asbestos, which is largely used for insulating purposes and also for weaving into fireproof cloth.

In the province of Quebec are to be found the largest asbestos mines in Canada. The production is large, and it is interesting to note that whereas in 1909 the exports of crude asbestos were valued at $1,758,057, in 1913 the figures had increased to $2,486,769.

And in the same province are also to be found some of the world's most beautiful deposits of serpentine.

It was in 1846 that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, when on a visit to Cornwall, England, were shown specimens of serpentine, which they admired so much that several large pedestals made of this stone were ordered for Osborne house.

The patronage thus secured brought serpentine into considerable fashion, and among others who at that time favored it were the duke of Westminster, who ordered a pair of Luxon obelisks 14 feet in height; the Hon. Pemberton Lee, who bought the first and finest chimney-piece ever made in this material; and the then duke of Devonshire, who had several large pedestals and pilasters, unequaled for beauty and color, made for his sculpture gallery at Chatsworth.

During the rather short-lived boom in serpentine which followed, a manufactory on a large scale of a great variety of household and domestic ornaments, etc., was started at Penzance, which afterwards passed into the hands of a London company. Serpentine was exhibited at the exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and was awarded medals on both occasions.

Serpentine, it may be mentioned, gets its name from the variety of the colors which it presents. These colors are of the most beautiful and variegated description imaginable, black and green, perhaps, predominating, with a frequent mixture of diallage; but the choicest sorts are generally considered to be those which show the greatest number of tints, and chromatic combinations are as various and many as the figures in a kaleidoscope.

Some when cut and polished shine with a metallic green luster on a reddish base. Then there is a rich jet black, a purple, a brown, a red, crimson, and bronze, and a cream-colored, striped, dappled, or variously intermixed and blended with one or other tints. It well deserves the name of rainbow stone.

Several of the finest bank and other buildings in Canada are beautified by columns, pillars, panels, or floorings of this beautiful and vari-colored stone, which takes a perfectly exquisite polish.

Decision on "Recall" Law.

A suit to test the Washington law for the recall of officers was heard by the supreme court of the state in Pybus vs. Smith, city clerk, in which the plaintiff, a councilman of the city of Wenatchee, sought to have the city clerk enjoined from calling a special election to submit the question of his recall to the voters. It appeared that the charge against the plaintiff was that he agreed to and did trade votes with another councilman on matters pending before the common council, but the plaintiff contended that the charge was not one for which he could be recalled. The lower court dismissed the plaintiff's suit and in affirming the judgment the supreme court said:

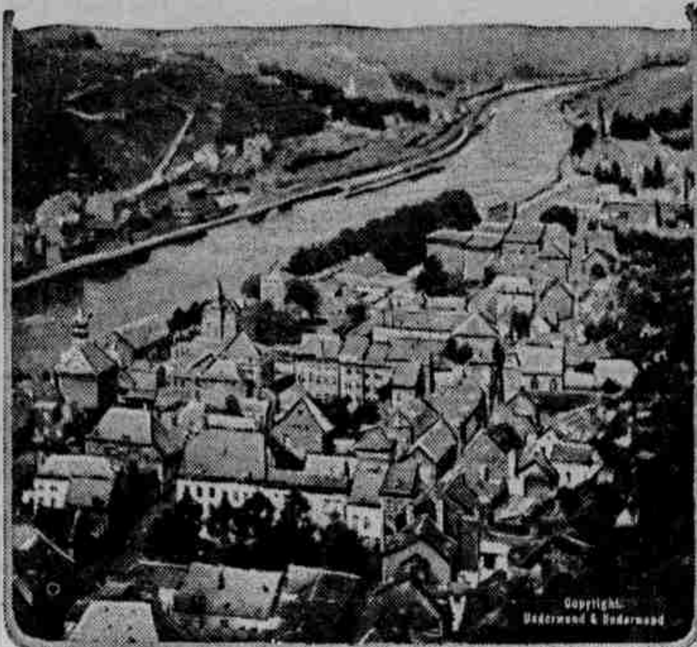
"Whether this appellant could be convicted of a misdemeanor in our state upon the charge here made may be regarded as somewhat doubtful. But we are, however, of the opinion that the facts here charged against the appellant, if true, do constitute malfeasance in office on his part, within the meaning of that word as used in our constitutional and statutory recall provisions, and form sufficient legal cause for submitting to the voters of the city the question of his recall and discharge from public office."

Keeping Fish.

The very best way to keep fish in camp (or anywhere without ice) is to scale, clean and behead them; then string them by a cord through their tails and hang them, downward, in a dry, breezy, shady place. No fish should be eaten that have been lying in the sun or that have begun to soften. It is in neglected fish that ptomaine poison forms.

Do not put fish on a string to keep in water until you start home. It is slow and painful death to them. If you have neither live-box nor net with you, kill and bleed every fish as soon as caught. The flesh will be much firmer and far more palatable. Fish and meat should be hung high in the open, for it is a curious fact that blowflies work close to the ground and seldom bother food hung over ten feet from the ground, while it is certain that game or fish suspended at a height of 20 feet will be immune from blow-flies.

Along the Meuse River



MEUSE RIVER AT DINANT

THE Meuse is a river singularly symbolical of, and wedded to, the three groups of peoples through whom the three great phases of its life as a river run. Its part in war also has corresponded to all three, and since it first entered recorded history, 2,000 years ago, till today, when it is so apparently the obstacle surmounted by the German invasion of France, it has checked or aided 50 generations of soldiers. All its first course goes through that essentially Gallic country of Lorraine, of the Three Bishoprics and of the countrysides that bound the Barrois. On its very upper waters, where it is no more than a clear meadow stream, you will find Domremy and the house where Joan of Arc was born.

In the midst of that same stretch—where already the Meuse is a river—stands the great Gallic fortress of Verdun, the town upon whose fortunes so many invasions have depended. Further upon its course see the somber name of Sedan; and in all this long French rising and flowing of the river there is upon either side that mass of rich meadowland and vineyard, low, rounded hill and strictly ordered woods, which make up a French landscape. It is this stretch, too, that runs—all the earlier and higher part of it—along and behind these "Cotes de Meuse" which are the stretched line of defense between Toul and Verdun; which make a wall of forts from Commercy at the gates of Toul to the Verdun ring.

Merges Into Dutch.

Similarly, all the lower reaches, from the Roman crossing at Maastricht to the vague marshes, flat mud islands, dykes and confused shallows whereby it mingles with the Scheldt and with the Rhine and passes to the sea, are quite Dutch, not only in the language spoken upon either side of the river, but in the broadening flats and sluggish waters and in the very sky. For the skies of the Netherland plain are different from anything else in the rest of Europe. They seem to be lit from beneath and their clouds supply the accident and contrast which the earthly horizon lacks. All this lower stream is full of such wars as the seventeenth century fought to withstand Louis XIV. The duke of Marlborough owed his title to the clearing of the Lower Meuse—rolling up the French garrisons as far as Liege in 1702.

Between these two peopled, wealthy sections, the upper and the lower, the broad seaward reaches and the inland meadow streams, the Meuse by a curious accident experiences a fate not promised by its origin and hardly remembered at its end. It runs through gorges more bold, and in parts more deserted, than those of any western river. The trench which it thus occupies is the more memorable to those who have followed it, from the breadth, the depth and the silence of the stream that flows through it between the very steep walls of wood and rock upon either side. These are 500, 600, 700 feet above the stream, and in places 1,000 feet, but they give an impression of far greater height from the uniformity of their coloring and wooded cloak, from their sharpness of fall, and from the way in which they run parallel, supporting each the effects of the other upon either side of the dead, flat floor of water between. This accident which the Meuse suffers, this exceptional landscape coming after the easy pastures of Lorraine, coming before the great sea-flats of the Netherlands, makes the course of the Meuse comparable to the life of some man whose youth and manhood were merely prosperous, whose old age was secure, but who fell by some fate in a few yards of middle life upon surprising adventures. And this gorge, though less mixed with the history of war than is that which lies above and below it, has fortress at its gates and in its midst corresponds to history of war.

All these three sections, then, correspond to something in the history of war. The wars to protect the Netherlands against the ambition of the French concerned the Dutch Meuse; to possess Maastricht, ultimately to possess Liege, was the object of the defenders and of the attackers. The upper reaches through Sedan, through Verdun, on against the stream into Lorraine, were a mark of obstacle against invasion, a line of bases for counter-invasion; a string of names big in the story of the perpetual come and go between civilization and the barbaric marches of the Germanies. Upon the Meuse was the capitulation of Sedan; upon the Meuse the surrender of Verdun in 1792 threatened the survival of France perhaps, certainly, of the Revolution. The Gaulish river rises in those high, rolling lands near Langres. But the central exceptional piece, the highland country through which the Meuse has cut its way, or has had a way opened to it by nature, has had less place in the story of arms. The wars have passed to the north of it, over the Belgian plain, and even in this, the greatest and perhaps the last of the struggles between the confirmed West and the uncertain Germanies, the central gorge of the Meuse has been no highway. Its bridges, not its line, have been the matter of contention, and when it was abandoned in the retreat the German columns passed, in the main, on either side of the trench; not along it.

From Liege to Namur going upstream the valley, growing though it does more striking, is yet not fixed in character, and in many places the solemn heights of the Ardennes upon the south overlook an easier land to the north. But between Namur and Givet the ruggedness of outline increases. At Dinant the valley is already strikingly profound. Between Givet and Mezieres its majesty, depth and isolation make one remember the Sierras or the Pyrenees and forget the too easy north.

This gorge singularly corresponds in its aspect and spirit both to the legends that have risen round it and to the obscure but enormous part which the little Frankish tribe and the Carbonarian Forest played in that great transition of Europe between the Pagan empire and Christendom. The Franks lay all around that valley; Tournai at its edge is the Roman tomb of their king: a Roman officer. The Ardennes is the very forest of the Franks. And the auxiliary Frankish troops—a Belgian people—which the Roman empire had raised upon the lower valleys of the Rhine and of the Meuse, those auxiliary troops whose captains were later to assume the government of northern Gaul, had it would seem, for their legendary place and for the center of their national dreams, this strange cleft running tortuous and alone through the heart of the great woods. It is from one group of its fantastic rocks that the four sons of Aymon, in the Carolingian poem, spurred their horses, and another group of its bare pinnacles of stone is, in popular tradition, their castle; while those highest dominating cliffs, which are called "The Ladies of the Meuse," are thought of by the populace as a gate to a defile which may lead to all mysteries.

Motor Fuel in War.

Some years ago more or less wonder was expressed at the army requirements that a motor be capable of using three different fuels—gasoline, benzol and alcohol—with the same carburetor. The present war, with its shortage of fuel, has demonstrated how essential it is to be able to use one or the other. There are places in the zone of activities where only benzol can be had; at another place alcohol only is available, and at a third gasoline is on hand. It was a wise precaution that made it imperative that a motor be capable of using one or all of these fuels.

Saving the Day.

"This is disgraceful. The score is 22 to 0 in the fourth inning. What will we do?"

"Better quit playing, I say, and let the umpire forfeit the game. That will reduce it to 9 to 0, and that ain't so bad."—Kansas City Journal.

Serene Indifference.

"What is that dog's name?"

"Dat's what I been tryin' to fin' out ever since I owned him," replied Erastus Pinkley. "I dun called him all de names a dog kin have an' he pays jes' as much attention to one as he does to another."

INTO RATTLER'S EYES

MAN LOOKED WHILE CLINGING TO LADDER IN MINE.

Why Reptile Refrained From Striking Is Something of a Mystery, Though Its Precarious Position May Explain It.

There is a saying down on the broad Mojave desert, where the burning sands conceal many dangers, that no true son of the greasewood wastes will pass up a rattler. Strong as is the lure of gold which so irresistibly holds the prospector on his search, there is none who will not stop an hour or half a day to kill the deadly foe of the gold hunter.

There is a story which will bear telling and it is comparatively new. It happened in San Bernardino county. The man to whom the experience came is noted the desert over for his truthfulness. He has been bitten twice. His name is George Branch. Quiet, unassuming, with a laugh at what he termed a joke on the snake, he told the story on a recent trip to San Francisco:

"I was hiking along with Jack and Jennie and Joe, my three burros, when I ran across an outcropping that looked good and in a country I knew was among the best there is on the desert. So we four struck camp right there and I began sinking a shaft to get a look at the inside.

"I had little timber, but managed to get enough over to the workings to put down a good ladder and keep the shaft open. The grub ran short and I had to hit the trail back for more. It took about a week. When I returned I started down in the mine to do a half day shift, hitting into camp a little before noon. I wasn't paying much attention to anything except getting down the ladder. My candle shed a pretty small light for all the darkness at the bottom of the hole.

"I was passing the last set of timbers and when they were opposite my shoulder I flashed my candle to the left to see if there was any sign of settling. Just as I was turning around to look on the other side I heard, about three inches from my ear, the buzz of a rattler.

"It sounded more like a bell rattle than I ever heard them before. It was so close it almost scared me into losing my grip on the ladder. In the half second I stayed there I saw every scale on the snake and his wicked little eyes and his fangs and darting tongue. Maybe it was the light of the candle that confronted him and maybe it was something else that kept him from striking. But all that lad would have had to do was to reach out a couple of inches to get me on the cheek and I would have had no chance to stop the poison from doing its work.

"I asked a college professor afterward just how he thought I did it. I don't remember. But in about two skips of a flea I was out on the surface and listening to the rattler buzz away down in the shaft. The professor said there was something that makes a man in an emergency do just the right thing.

"I got a stick and poked him off the timber and killed him by dropping rocks into the shaft. He was four feet long and had sixteen rattles. He had slid down the incline of the shaft and rolled on a four-inch beam. I think he was afraid of falling or he would have struck."

Slip of the Key.

When Frank Mandel first submitted the manuscript of his play, "The High Cost of Loving," to A. H. Woods, it was entitled "The High Cost of Living." It did not take the theatrical manager long to discover that "The High Cost of Living" was well worth the price. He saw Lew Fields in the star role, and as the plot unfolded he saw greater possibilities and within a few minutes after he had read the last page he was dictating a letter of acceptance. Perhaps Mr. Woods was still laughing over the funny situations when he was dictating that letter. It next to "i" on the typewriter keyboard, but be that as it may, when the manager came to sign the epistle his quick gaze detected the fact that the title of the play "High Cost of Living" was changed to "High Cost of Loving." It seemed like an inspiration, for no title could have been more appropriate, and then and there the new play was christened "The High Cost of Loving."

The Electric Era.

This is the electric era. Back in the centuries that are past we had the stone age, the ice age, etc., but the electrical age is purely the utilization of natural forces by the genius of man. In the 25 years last past probably greater progress has been made in electrical power development than in any other sphere of human activity. This has been done by scientific conversion of power represented in the flow of water to an invisible current to almost everything that required power, light or heat. Twenty-five years ago there were no trolley cars, no street cars propelled by electricity. This silent but potent force was known, but little used. In about a quarter of a century it has come into general use. Naturally, the first development of electric power was at the source of the greatest quantity of power anywhere to be found on earth, the Falls of Niagara.—"Harnessing Niagara and Tunneling Catskills," by Edward T. Williams, in National Magazine.