

WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

Marked Liking for Boleros



All at once a liking for little boleros is making itself felt in the specialty shops that deal in waists, and in the departments of the stores that deal in everything women want—or imagine they want. And the supply of small jackets that has sprung into evidence includes those made of lace, of net, of sheer fabrics, of silk and of yarns.

A little jacket of batiste is shown in the picture. It is designed to be worn over a light-colored evening gown or afternoon gown, but for the purpose of bringing out the pattern it is photographed over a dark street dress. It fits the figure rather snugly, with shaped underarm seams, and has a high turn-over collar at the back. A very fine pattern in eyelet embroidery trims the bottom, and a narrow edging of fillet lace is stitched on all the edges of the jacket.

Silk muslin, crepe de chine, Georgeanne crepe, and chiffon, as well as the metal gauzes, suggest themselves for

more fanciful boleros. Fine laces run with silver or gold threads that outline the pattern, or the metallic laces, will make lovely little jackets and add new finery by way of variety to the evening or afternoon gown or to the dance frock.

Even an amateur or a beginner in needlework ought to have no trouble in making one of these fascinating accessories of dress. There are only two seams to sew at each side, the shoulder and underarm seam. They are so short that it will not tax the patience to tell them by hand. Hand work is to be recommended for all these small garments and is imperative when the metal laces are used. If you are considering what to make, as an acceptable holiday gift for some friend, the little bolero presents few difficulties and many charms.

Julia Bottomley

Styles Beautiful and Authoritative



The Goddess of Fashion appears to be taking a vacation, or perhaps she has abdicated; at any rate she is issuing few edicts. We do not hear "thou shalt" or "thou shalt not," and are left to do as we please, with a world of new designs in hats and gowns to choose from. They include many beautiful things.

In the early season there was a universal vogue for the black velvet hat. It is a becoming thing, this black velvet hat, but when ninety-nine out of a hundred women wear it it becomes monotonous. The demand has swung away to black hats in plush and velours and to the dark colors that look so well with the metal trimmings and handsome furs and feathers.

Two hats are pictured here which are so good in shape and in design and in every particular that they may be chosen with the comforting conviction that there is nothing better.

One is a moderately wide-brimmed model, with lines lifting a little at the front and a little more at the back. Its small, round crown is concealed by three soft half-plumes mounted over it. They are topped by one of those odd steel ornaments mounted on a stem, which look like nothing on the earth or in the air above it. Perhaps this is a part of their fascination.

A hat of this kind must be developed in materials of excellent quality

and will be beautiful in dark-colored velvet with plumes in shades of the same color, or in black.

A pretty toban of plush is shown with a broad bow of wide striped ribbon poised at the back. It appears to be tied over an odd extension of the crown, covered with the plush, which supports it and adds an entirely new feature to the shape. A moire ribbon is used, having a dark and a light stripe. There are many color combinations that will be fine for a copy of this model.

With all this collection of varied styles and influences striving to make themselves felt, the opportunity for the individual who knows what to choose for her own particular style was never so good. In millinery the display of pleasing hats is creditable to the many independent designers who have created them. There is nothing startling in the two hats shown here, and nothing freakish. They represent legitimate types of real millinery, with novelty in the handling of trimmings to further commend them.

Julia Bottomley

Well, He Causes a Suspicion. A girl's idea of a coward is a man who attaches importance to the story that there are germs in a kiss.

THOUGHT SHE KNEW COFFEE

Young Lady, Testing Beverage Made of Refuse, Declared It Unmistakably the Right Thing.

A great many people who flatter themselves that they are judges of coffee or other beverages may learn a lesson of caution from the experiments carried on by Sir Hiram Maxim when he was trying to find a palatable preparation of wheat and coffee. It occurred to me, says Sir Hiram in "My Life," that very few people knew much about coffee. One Sunday I brought out from the Maxim Lamp works about thirty young men and women. My stenographer was also present; she was one of those young ladies that know all—from whose decisions there is no appeal.

I had cleared off a long bench and arranged on it a large number of cups, milk, sugar, cream, much coffee, and plenty of apparatus for making coffee. I got from the army and navy stores various kinds of coffee that were supposed to be the very best in the world, such as Mocha, Java, and so forth, and I also got from a dealer in coffee some of the sweepings and siftings of his shop—small, imperfect, and broken kernels. These I freed from dust and dirt, roasted and ground, and mixed with three times their weight of chicory. I was ready for the test.

My shorthand writer came in, tasted the Mocha, the Java, the Costa Rica, and pronounced them all very bad. She then tried some of my wheat coffee, which she said, was also bad, but not so bad as the others. But when she reached the mixture of siftings and chicory she was delighted. "That is coffee!" she said, with an air of finality. "That's it! That's the right stuff!"

In all probability the young lady had never tasted a cup of genuine coffee in her life until that Sunday morning. —Youth's Companion.

MADE THEM BOTH ASHAMED

Frail Newsboy Taught Irritable Business Men the Folly of Giving Way to Temper.

Apparently it had been a bad day for the big, pompous business man, and he must have dealt heavily in wheat just before the 2,000,000-bushel contract was canceled, for he slammed his office door shut with a bang and mumbled something profane concerning the breaks in the market as he shambled out into the street.

He might have known that one of us would have to turn out, but he expected me to do it, and I wasn't in a pleasant frame of mind myself, what with a trying headache all afternoon and a fuss with the boss. So I didn't propose to get out of somebody's way when I was on the right side and he was wrong.

Well, we couldn't walk through each other, so we just naturally came together, while the big business man proceeded to cuss me as he had just finished cursing the market, and I tried to make him understand that he couldn't walk over me, regardless of markets.

Then Benny came hobbling along; Benny Paul, who was whistling to beat the band! His small, frail body was bent on crutches and he was luging a big bundle of papers that seemed almost too much for him, but he was whistling just the same. Not a worry nor a care, making the best of today and hoping for the best from an uncertain tomorrow. He stopped and smiled. "Paper, mister?" he called cheerily.

I exchanged a sheepish glance with the big business man, and he dug down in his trousers pocket and said: "I'll take the whole bundle." Then he paid Benny for them and gave them back, and I bought them and did the same thing, and we all whistled!—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

His Precarious Condition.

"I overheard someone saying that your nephew, Emmett Uckles, is lying in a critical condition. What is the nature of his complaint?"

"He isn't making any," replied Uncle Foggy. "It is his wife who is doing the complaining. You see, Emmett went to Kansas City not long ago to buy goods, and a few days after his return there came a dainty note signed 'Your Little Sunshine.' It fell into his wife's hands, and he has been lying ever since. I should call his condition middlin' critical, too, for I don't see how in tunket he is going to falsify his way out of it."—Kansas City Star.

Age of Elephants and Parrots.

Earlley-Wilmut, in his "Life of an Elephant," says that these animals live one hundred years under favorable circumstances. R. Lydekker in his "Great and Small Game of India" says of the Indian elephant that its age depends upon its teeth.

Definite information as to the age of parrots is hard to find. In a work on "Parrots in Captivity" one black Madagascar specimen in the London zoo is mentioned, which was presented to the society full grown in 1831, and was still alive and well in 1884. Several others about twenty years old are mentioned.

Cape Cod Canal.

An idea of the value of the Cape Cod canal to shipping is given in the fact that more than two thousand five hundred vessels have passed through this waterway since it was opened in the summer of 1914, each of these vessels saving something like seventy miles of travel and avoiding the dangerous route around Cape Cod

Pantalette Undoubtedly Here



Diversity of detail is a striking characteristic in the new models. In the morning blouse to wear with the tailored suit it is the brilliant coloring and old-fashioned fastenings that in the great style change from the preceding season. Made of velvet, satin, faille, georgette crepe or taffeta, it matches the petticoat or its new rival, pantalettes, of the same material, generally a kiddie finished satin. The blouse and pantalettes are now attached to each other.

The pantalettes, which are made on masculine trouser lines as to width and general shape, are no longer than the short skirt worn over them. The hem of the skirt, undulating or falling in points, partially conceals the pantalettes or delusively gives them the appearance of a tight drop skirt. Sometimes the pantalettes are drawn in like bloomers. More frequently

they are edged by bands of fur. The lacy pantalettes of last season of the old-fashioned kind and longer than the skirt are almost never seen now.

In the evening gown the pantalette is confined to the chamoise drop skirt, which is almost lost to view under the diaphanous outer skirts, long and short, that hang over it. This pantalette drop skirt is pretty because it indicates the long, slender lines of the limbs more than a mere drop skirt would and gives the same appearance without shackling the wearer's movements.

Julia Bottomley

The only thing some women lay up for a rainy day is silk hosiery.

Party Frock of Taffeta



Party gowns may be fashioned in a froth of lace and net, in layers of chiffon or net, or both over a silk foundation. Or they are made of the new and airy taffetas. And no matter how airy and unsubstantial they may be, bands of fur are very likely to appear on them. Embroideries of silver thread, the introduction of silver laces, and a use of spangled trimming lends them life and sparkle. When designed for youthful wearers trimmings are to be sparingly used.

A lovely model appears in the picture above, made of taffeta. This silk is shown in a new and substantial-looking weave, in all the light colors and in fascinating opalescent effects. Any of them will be suited for development into a gown like that shown here.

The bodice is simplicity itself, so far as shape is concerned. It is merely a broad band of the silk wrapped about the figure and fastened at one side. It is overlaid by an embroidered band of chiffon in which silver threads and spangles are wrought in-

to the pattern. It is supported by suspenders of black velvet ribbon over the shoulders, edged with scant ruffles of malines in black.

The skirt is moderately wide and finished with a heavy cord at the bottom which weights it and preserves a little flare. It is cut so that a bit of draping is introduced at the right side, where a pretty spray of little chiffon roses, set on a long wire (wound with gray-green ribbon), is tacked to the skirt in several places. These roses are in pastel colorings and add a gay, youthful touch that looks as if it might have sprung from the mind of the young wearer.

Slippers or high-laced boots of satin are worn with dancing frocks, to match them in color. Those made of silver or gold tissue have the advantage of looking well with a frock of any color. Silk hose matching the slippers complete the details of the costume properly.

Julia Bottomley

SURVIVALS OF OLD STYLES

Interesting to Trace the Various Periods Denoted by the Clothes of English Servants.

By a large number of interesting survivals, says the London Times in its report of Mr. Wilfred M. Webb's lecture before the Ethnological society, dress illustrates the innate conservatism of humanity.

Among these survivals is the handkerchief, the original purpose of which was to hold a piece of cloth or linen round the head. A picture exists of an Egyptian figure dated 3500 B. C., the headgear of which consists of a piece of linen, with a hand tied round it that terminates in two tails at the back. A survival of that is to be found in the tails of the present-day Scottish bonnet and of the sailor's cap. Again, the clocks on stockings were originally a species of ornamentation put on to hide the seams where the stuff was joined together. The "points" on the backs of gloves originally were strips of braid used to cover the seams in the gloves of early times.

Men of fashion, when they tired of particular suits of clothes, have always given them away to their servants, and the practice has resulted in some styles of servants' costume familiar to us in modern days. The groom, for example, represents a gentleman of the beginning of the nineteenth century, and he still wears the belt that ladies used to hold on by when riding behind on the pillion. The footman, with plush breeches and powdered hair, is a gentleman of the time of George III; the sheriff's coachman, with full-skirted coat and wig, is a gentleman of the time of George II; and the Lord Mayor's coachman and suite are very fine gentlemen of the time of George III. In the twentieth century we hand on our evening clothes to the waiters who stand behind us at the dinner table.

RACE MARK IN THE FACE

Subtle Sign of Clanship That May Have Had Its Origin Numerous Centuries Ago.

No eloquence of tongue, nothing that stands written in any book, may sway the heart as does that elusive quality—the race mark in the face. And this is true less of the obvious physical aspect than of its thousandth secret connotations. All the world knows the Hapsburg lip, the jaw line of the Bonapartes; the subtler marks of clanship keep their eloquence for their own. Conspicuously or not, each family group stands before these symbols as the small company of the learned might before some inscription on a desert ruin. Mere strokes and scratches to you and me. To the few who understand here is the key that unlocks the past.

So the family look. In the arch of an eye orbit, the curve of chin, we read the signature of race. Chance imprints maybe, maybe seal of some struggle so profound as to have seared our lips at this particular angle, or through dimming attentions to perpetuate a gesture born a thousand years ago in joy or in some stark agony of body or of soul.

The family look. The first we remember: the last we shall forget.—Elizabeth Robins in Harper's Magazine.

Salt-Water Cataracts.

There are a good many salt-water cataracts in existence. They may be found in Norway, southern Chile and British Columbia, where narrow floes, or arms of the sea, are obstructed by barriers of rock. The rising tide flows over and filters through such reefs into the great natural reservoirs beyond, but the water is held back at the ebb until it breaks over the obstruction in an irresistible torrent. Most curious of all is the waterfall at Canoe Passage, where the island of Vancouver approaches the British Columbia mainland. Here the flood tide from the Gulf of Georgia to the southward is held back at a narrow cleft between two islands until it pours over in a boiling cascade 18 feet high, with perhaps double the volume of the Rhine. At the turn of the tide, however, the waters from the north rush back into the gulf, producing a cascade of equal height and volume. The waterfall actually flows both ways.

The Cheerful Japanese Ad.

Japanese advertisers, according to "The Cosmopolitan," in the Boston Evening Transcript, believe in a lavish use of superlatives. "The paper we sell," runs the announcement in a Tokyo stationer's window, "is as solid as the hide of an elephant." "Step inside!" is the call of a big shop in the same city. "You will be welcomed as fondly as a ray of sunshine after a rainy day. Our assistants are as amiable as a father seeking a husband for a dowryless daughter. Goods are dispatched to customers' houses with the rapidity of a shot from the cannon's mouth."

Remarkable Birth Record.

What is believed to be a record in childbirth was established recently by a Maharratta woman in Bhor state, East India. This woman, at the age of thirty-three, gave birth to quintuplets, two males and three females. All were born alive, but it was not expected they would live, "owing to the want of nursing." The same mother gave birth to three children last year, but all died within three months. A record of bearing eight children in a year is believed to be unequalled in medical annals.

NOVEL STAIR IDEA

Designed for Use Where Space is Limited.

Should Be Especially Valuable in City Tenement Houses and on Passage Ways Leading to Basements.

It often happens in planning a house that the architect is confronted with the impossibility of accommodating a staircase in a narrow space. It is easy enough to lead the narrow stairs down from one floor to the next, but when the landing can be no wider than the stairway he is at a loss to carry the stairs any further. No such difficulties present themselves where there is plenty of room and stairs can be made to turn around a central opening or can be placed one flight over another with a landing alongside of each floor.

To solve the difficulty of narrow space for the staircase William F. Rodgers of St. Louis conceived the idea of making a door right in the stairs, those to lift on a hinge so as to open a way to the flight below. He worked out his idea and has just received a patent thereon. He calls his device an automatic stair-door. The landing is only the width of the stairs that come down to it. On press-

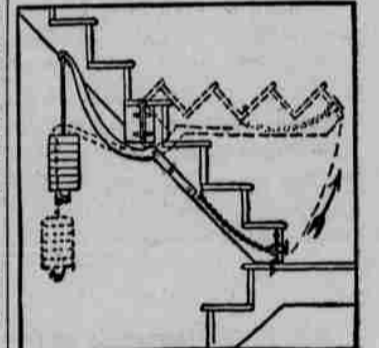


Diagram of the Rising Stairs.

ing a catch on the lowest step—a kick with the toe will do it—four of the stairs rise, swinging on a hinge in the uppermost of the four and moved by a weight hanging from an arm underneath. This leaves an entrance to the flight below, and one can close the stair-door on going down by simply giving the weight a push upward.

Coming up from below, the person who wants to open the stair-door finds a chain hanging underneath it; a pull on this chain releases the catch and the stairs move upward.

The utility of such a device will be found principally on stairs leading to cellars and basements.

Poisonous Metals.

It is well known that such metals as lead, mercury, arsenic, antimony, zinc, etc., as well as substances containing them, have a greater or less poisonous effect upon the human system. Workers in various industries where poisonous metals are used have to take every precaution for removing particles from the skin, as otherwise slow poisoning is inevitable. It is important to observe that washing with ordinary soap does not completely remove such particles, because the soap tends to form with most metals insoluble compounds which still can produce poisonous effects. Ordinary bleaching powder (chloride of lime) is much better than soap for removing poisonous particles. It loosens them by both mechanical and chemical action. It is also a strong but harmless disinfectant, and is practically as cheap as soap.—C. E. Vail, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.

Girl Swam Twenty-one Miles.

Miss Eileen Lee, a young English woman of Teddington, swam 21½ miles in 6 hours and 38 minutes in the Thames the other day, one of the most remarkable swimming feats ever accomplished by a woman. It was the grace and ease of her style of swimming that enabled Miss Lee to accomplish her record.

This is not the only exceptional performance that Miss Lee has accomplished, for a few days earlier she swam 16½ miles in record time. Those who have had experience of long swimming in the Thames pronounce Miss Lee's more recent feat the more difficult because she swam both on the ebb and flood tide. The most attempts at records in the river have been made on the ebb tide alone. It was calculated that the young woman maintained an average rate of 28 strokes to the minute.

Relic of Sun-Worship.

That the ancient practice of embalming the dead is a religious rite connected with sun-worship is the theory advanced by Prof. G. Elliot Smith in a study of the migrations of peoples, published in the memoirs and proceedings of the Manchester (England) Philosophical society, a theory that the editor of the Lancet says Prof. Smith appears to have proved beyond dispute.

Professor Smith has traced the practice of mummifying into the remotest corners of the earth. In a hot, dry country like Egypt it was easy to preserve a body, but in hot, damp climates it was, in the words of the Lancet, "a very beastly and never very successful business," that could have persisted only as a religious rite. It probably had its origin in Egypt and was spread throughout the world by early missionaries.