Weekly Health Talks

The Many Mysteries of Nature

BY L. W. BOWER, M. D.

You can take an onion seed and a pansy seed, and plant them side by side in the same spot of ground. In one case, you get an onion, with its peculiarly strong odor, and in the other you get a flower of rare beauty. You can plant a poppy seed and get opium (a dangerous, habit-forming drug), or you can plant a rhubarb seed and get something that helps constipation. No scientist, living or dead, can explain these mysteries of Nature. Behind the invisible life germ in each seed is hidden the deep secret that nobody understands. Everything growing out of the ground seems intended for some use in establishing natural conditions. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening drains, bearing-down pains, periodical irregularities, pelvic inflammations, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it.

Favorite Prescription should have the full confidence of every woman in America because it contains no alcohol and no narcotic. Dr. Pierce knew, when he first made this standard medicine, that whisky and morphine are injurious, and so he has always kept them out of his remedies.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. of tablets.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Agents—French Army Foot Powder Dozen $1.50; sells 25c on sight; sample 25c. Breuer, 81 E. 125th St., New York.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 6--1919.

A Misplaced Effort.

Samson was peeved.

"Why didn't she do it to Absalom instead?" he cried.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Any man who hasn't a good opinion of himself is inwardly deformed.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is not a "lozenge" or "syrup," but a real old-fashioned dose of medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworm with a single dose. Adv.

Resolve and thou art free.—Longfellow.

Look out for Spanish Influenza.

At the first sign of a cold take

HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

Rheumacide
GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE
Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?
Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.
"RHEUMACIDE ON THE INSIDE PUTS RHEUMATISM ON THE OUTSIDE"
At All Druggists
Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributers
Baltimore, Md.

Why Lose Your Hair — The Cause is Dandruff and Itching; The Remedy Cuticura
All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. Z, Boston."

He Passed.

Medical Officer—Have you any organic trouble?

Recruit—No, sir. I ain't a bit musical.—Tit-Bits.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. Give it a trial.—Adv.

The Sort.

He—"I eat fish because I consider it good brain diet." She—"I suppose you prefer weakfish?"

Your Eyes — A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. M-13
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

The Light in the Clearing

A TALE of the NORTH COUNTRY in the TIME of SILAS WRIGHT

By IRVING BACHELLER — Author of Eben Holden, D'ri and I, Darrel of the Blessed Isles, Keeping Up With Lizzie, Etc., Etc.

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PREFACE

—1—

The Light in the Clearing shone upon many things and mostly upon those which, above all others, have impassioned and perpetuated the Spirit of America and which, just now, seem to me to be worthy of attention. I believe that spirit to be the very candle of the Lord which, in this dark and windy night of time, has flickered so that the souls of the faithful have been afraid. But let us be of good cheer. It is shining brighter as I write and, under God, I believe it shall, by and by, be seen and loved of all men.

One self-contained, Homeric figure, of the remote country-side in which I was born, had the true Spirit of Democracy and shed its light abroad in the Senate of the United States and the capitol at Albany. He carried the Candle of the Lord. It led him to a height of self-forgetfulness achieved by only two others—Washington and Lincoln. Yet I have been surprised by the profound and general ignorance of this generation regarding the career of Silas Wright.

The distinguished senator who served at his side for many years, Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, has this to say of Silas Wright in his Thirty Years' View:

"He refused cabinet appointments under his fast friend Van Buren and under Polk, whom he may be said to have elected. He refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme court of the United States; he rejected instantly the nomination in 1844 for vice president; he refused to be put in nomination for the presidency. He spent that time in declining office which others did in winning it. The offices he did accept, it might well be said, were thrust upon him. He was born great and above office and unwillingly descended to it."

So much by way of preparing the reader to meet the great commoner in these pages.

There were those who accused Mr. Wright of being a spoilsman, the only warrant for which claim would seem to be his remark in a letter: "When our enemies accuse us of feeding our friends instead of them never let them lie in telling the story."

He was, in fact, a human being, through and through, but so upright that they used to say of him that he was "as honest as any man under heaven or in it."

For my knowledge of the color and spirit of the time I am indebted to a long course of reading in its books, newspapers and periodicals, notably the North American Review, the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, the New York Mirror, the Knickerbocker, the St. Lawrence Republican, Benton's Thirty Years' View, Bancroft's Life of Martin Van Buren, histories of Wright and his time by Hammond and Jenkins, and to many manuscript letters of the distinguished commoner in the New York public library and in the possession of Mr. Samuel Wright of Weybridge, Vermont.

To any who may think that they discover portraits in these pages I desire to say that all the characters—save only Silas Wright and President Van Buren and Barton Baynes—are purely imaginary. However, there were Grimshaws and Purvises and Binkses and Aunt Deels and Uncle Peabodys in almost every rustic neighborhood those days, and I regret to add that Roving Kate was on many roads. The case of Amos Grimshaw bears a striking resemblance to that of young Bickford, executed long ago in Malone, for the particulars of which case I am indebted to my friend, Mr. H. L. Ives of Potsdam.

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK ONE

Which Is the Story of the Candle and the Compass.

CHAPTER I.

The Melon Harvest.

Once upon a time I owned a watermelon. I say once because I never did it again. When I got through owning that melon I never wanted another. The time was 1831; I was a boy of seven and the melon was the first of all my harvests.

I didn't know much about myself those days except the fact that my name was Bart Baynes and, further, that I was an orphan who owned a watermelon and a little spotted hen and lived on Rattleroad in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit. I lived with my Aunt Deel and my Uncle Peabody Baynes on a farm. They were brother and sister—he about thirty-eight and she a little beyond the far-distant goal of forty.

My father and mother died in a scourge of diphtheria that swept the neighborhood when I was a boy of five.

A few days after I arrived in the home of my aunt and uncle I slyly entered the parlor and climbed the whatnot to examine some white flowers on its top shelf and tipped the whole thing over, scattering its burden of albums, wax flowers and seashells on the floor. My aunt came running on her tiptoes and exclaimed: "Mercy! Come right out o' here this minute—you pest!"

I took some rather long steps going out, which were due to the fact that Aunt Deel had hold of my hand. While I sat weeping she went back into the parlor and began to pick up things.

"My wreath! my wreath!" I heard her moaning.

How well I remember that little assemblage of flower ghosts in wax! They had no more right to associate with human beings than the ghosts of fable. Uncle Peabody used to call them the "Minervy flowers" because they were a present from his Aunt Minerva. When Aunt Deel returned to the kitchen where I sat—a sorrowing little refugee hunched up in a corner—she said: "I'll have to tell your Uncle Peabody—ayes!"

"Oh please don't tell my Uncle Peabody," I wailed.

"Ayes! I'll have to tell him," she answered firmly.

For the first time I looked for him with dread at the window and when he came I hid in a closet and heard that solemn and penetrating note in her voice as she said:

"I guess you'll have to take that boy away—ayes!"

"What now?" he asked.

"My stars! he sneaked into the parlor and tipped over the what-not and smashed that beautiful wax wreath!"

"Jerusalem four-corners!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to—"

He stopped as he was wont to do on the threshold of strong opinions and momentous resolutions.

The rest of the conversation was drowned in my own cries and Uncle Peabody came and lifted me tenderly and carried me upstairs.

He sat down with me on his lap and hushed my cries. Then he said very gently:

"Now, Bub, you and me have got to be careful. What-nots and albums and wax flowers and haircloth sofys are the most dang'rous critters in St. Lawrence county. They're purty savage. Keep your eye peeled. You can't tell what minute they'll jump on ye. More boys have been dragged away and tore to pieces by 'em than by all the bears and panthers in the woods. Keep out o' that old parlor. Ye might as well go into a cage o' wolves. How be I goin' to make ye remember it?"

"I don't know," I whimpered and began to cry out in fearful anticipation.

He set me in a chair, picked up one of his old carpet-slippers and began to thump the bed with it. He belabored the bed with tremendous vigor. Meanwhile he looked at me and exclaimed: "You dreadful child!"

I knew that my sins were responsible for this violence. It frightened me and my cries increased.

The door at the bottom of the stairs opened suddenly.

Aunt Deel called:

"Don't lose your temper, Peabody. I think you've gone fur 'nough—ayes!"

Uncle Peabody stopped and blew as if he were very tired and then I caught a look in his face that reassured me.

He called back to her: "I wouldn't 'a' cared so much if it hadn't 'a' been the what-not and them Minervy flowers. When a boy tips over a what-not he's goin' it purty strong."

"Well, don't be too severe. You'd better come now and git me a pail o' water—ayes, I think ye had."

Uncle Peabody did a lot of sneezing and coughing with his big, red handkerchief over his face and I was not old enough then to understand it. He kissed me and took my little hand in his big hard one and led me down the stairs.

I dreamed that night that a long-legged what-not, with a wax wreath in its hands, chased me around the house and caught and bit me on the neck. I called for help and uncle came and found me on the floor and put me back in bed again.

For a long time I thought that the way a man punished a boy was by thumping his bed. I knew that women had a different and less satisfactory method, for I remembered that my mother had spanked me and Aunt Deel had a way of giving my hands and

He Belabored the Bed With Tremendous Vigor, Exclaiming "You Dreadful Child!"

head a kind of watermelon thump with the middle finger of her right hand and with a curious look in her eyes. Uncle Peabody used to call it a "snaptious look." Almost always he whacked the bed with his slipper. There were exceptions, however, and, by and by, I came to know in each case the destination of the slipper, for if I had done anything which really afflicted my conscience that strip of leather seemed to know the truth, and found its way to my person.

Aunt Deel toiled incessantly. She washed and scrubbed and polished and dusted and sewed and knit from morning until night. She lived in mortal fear that company would come and find her unprepared—Alma Jones or Jabez Lincoln and his wife, or Ben and Mary Humphries, or "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg." These were the people of whom she talked when the neighbors came in and when she was not talking of the Bayneses. I observed that she always said "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg." They were the conversational ornaments of our home. "As Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg says," or, "as I said to Mr. Horace Dunkelberg," were phrases calculated to establish our social standing. I supposed that the world was peopled by Joneses, Lincolns, Humphries and Dunkelbergs, but mostly by Dunkelbergs. These latter were very rich people who lived in Canton village.

I know, now, how dearly Aunt Deel loved her brother and me. I must have been a great trial to that woman of forty unused to the pranks of children and the tender offices of a mother. Naturally I turned from her to my Uncle Peabody as a refuge and a help in time of trouble, with increasing fondness. He had no knitting or sewing to do and when Uncle Peabody sat in the house he gave all his time to me and we weathered many a storm together as we sat silently in his favorite corner, of an evening, when I always went to sleep in his arms.

I was seven years old when Uncle Peabody gave me the watermelon seeds. I put one of them in my mouth and bit it.

"It appears to me there's an awful draft blowin' down your throat," said Uncle Peabody. "You ain't no business eatin' a melon seed."

"Why?" was my query.

"'Cause it was made to put in the ground. Didn't you know it was alive?"

"Alive!" I exclaimed.

"Alive," said he. "I'll show ye."

He put a number of the seeds in the ground and covered them, and said that part of the garden should be mine. I watched it every day and by and by two vines came up. One sickened and died in dry weather. Uncle Peabody said that I must water the other every day. I did it faithfully and the vine throve.

It was hard work, I thought, to go down into the garden, night and morning, with my little pail full of water, but uncle said that I should get my pay when the melon was ripe. I had also to keep the wood-box full and feed the chickens. They were odious tasks. When I asked Aunt Deel what I should get for doing them she answered quickly:

"Nospanks and bread and butter—ayes!"

When I asked what were "nospanks" she told me that they were part of the wages of a good child. I was better paid for my care of the watermelon vine, for its growth was measured with a string every day and kept me interested. One morning I found five blossoms on it. I picked one and carried it to Aunt Deel. Another I destroyed in the tragedy of catching a bumblebee which had crawled into its cup. In due time three small melons appeared. When they were as big as a baseball I picked two of them. One I tasted and threw away as I ran to the pump for relief. The other I hurled at a dog on my way to school.

So that last melon on the vine had my undivided affection. It grew in size and reputation, and soon I learned that a reputation is about the worst thing that a watermelon can acquire while it is on the vine. I invited everybody that came to the house to go and see my watermelon. They looked it over and said pleasant things about it. When I was a boy people used to treat children and watermelons with a like solicitude. Both were a subject for jests and produced similar reactions in the human countenance.

At last Uncle Peabody agreed with me that it was about time to pick the melon. I decided to pick it immediately after meeting on Sunday, so that I could give it to my aunt and uncle at dinner-time. When we got home I ran for the garden. My feet and those of our friends and neighbors had literally worn a path to the melon. In eager haste I got my little wheelbarrow and ran with it to the end of that path. There I found nothing but broken vines! The melon had vanished. I ran back to the house almost overcome by a feeling of alarm, for I had thought long of that hour of pride when I should bring the melon and present it to my aunt and uncle.

"Uncle Peabody," I shouted, "my melon is gone."

"Well, I van!" said he, "somebody must 'a' stole it."

"But it was my melon," I said with a trembling voice.

"Yes, and I vum it's too bad! But, Bart, you ain't learned yit that there are wicked people in the world who come and take what don't belong to 'em."

There were tears in my eyes when I asked:

"They'll bring it back, won't they?"

"Never!" said Uncle Peabody, "I'm afraid they've et it up."

He had no sooner said it than a cry broke from my lips, and I sank down upon the grass moaning and sobbing. I lay amidst the ruins of the simple faith of childhood. It was as if the world and all its joys had come to an end.

Aunt Deel spoke in a low, kindly tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

"Come, Bart, don't feel so about that old melon," said she, "it ain't worth it. Come with me. I'm going to give you a present—ayes I be!"

I was still crying when she took me to her trunk, and offered the grateful assuagement of candy and a belt, all embroidered with blue and white beads.

"Now you see, Bart, how low and mean anybody is that takes what don't belong to 'em—ayes! They're snakes! Everybody hates 'em an' stamps on 'em when they come in sight—ayes!"

The abomination of the Lord was in her look and manner. How it shook my soul! He who had taken the watermelon had also taken from me something I was never to have again, and a very wonderful thing it was—faith in the goodness of men. My eyes had seen evil. The world had committed its first offense against me and my spirit was no longer the white and beautiful thing it had been. Still, therein is the beginning of wisdom and, looking down the long vista of the years, I thank God for the great harvest of the lost watermelon. Better things had come in its place—understanding and what more, often I have vainly tried to estimate. For one thing that sudden revelation of the heart of childhood had lifted my aunt's out of the cold storage of a puritanic spirit, and warmed it into new life and opened its door for me.

In the afternoon she sent me over to Wills' to borrow a little tea. I stopped for a few minutes to play with Henry Wills—a boy not quite a year older than I. While playing there I discovered a piece of the rind of my melon in the dooryard. On that piece of rind I saw the cross which I had made one day with my thumb-nail. It was intended to indicate that the melon was solely and wholly mine. I felt a flush of anger.

"I hate you," I said as I approached him.

"I hate you," he answered.

"You're a snake!" I said

We now stood, face to face and breast to breast, like a pair of young roosters. He gave me a shove and told me to go home. I gave him a shove and told him I wouldn't. I pushed up close to him again and we glared into each other's eyes.

Suddenly he spat in my face. I gave him a scratch on the forehead with my finger-nails. Then we fell upon each other and rolled on the ground and hit and scratched with feline ferocity.

Mrs. Wills ran out of the house and parted us. Our blood was hot, and leaking through the skin of our faces a little.

"He pitched on me," Henry explained.

I couldn't speak.

"Go right home—this minute—you brat!" said Mrs. Willis in anger. "Here's your tea. Don't you ever come here again."

I took the tea and started down the road weeping. What a bitter day that was for me! I dreaded to face my aunt and uncle. Coming through the grove down by our gate I met Uncle Peabody. With the keen insight of the father of the prodigal son he had seen me coming "a long way off" and shouted:

"Well, here ye be—I was kind o' worried, Bub."

Then his eye caught the look of dejection in my gait and figure. He hurried toward me. He stopped as I came sobbing to his feet.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked gently, as he took the tea cup from my hand, and sat down upon his heels.

Barton meets the famous Dunkelbergs, including little golden-haired Sally, whose pretty face and fine clothes fascinate the boy, whose few years have been spent in quite another world. The next installment tells of some other interesting persons with whom Barton becomes acquainted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YANKS DO THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

For First Time in History Stone Houses Have Been Successfully Moved in France.

Declaring that is the first time that a stone house has been moved in France, Sergeants Abe Griesner and Mike Murphy of Company C have recently finished a job of moving a 350-ton structure and have set it down on its new site.

The French said it could not be done and declared that the only way the road could be cleared for the new line of railway track would be to tear the house down. But the sergeants with their detail of fifteen men started to work with jacks and rollers and soon had the house moving across the fields. News of the feat spread and the authorities sent a photographer from the French Academy of Sciences to record officially the stages of the work.

The house was placed upon its new site without a crack. It is believed that this demonstration of American ingenuity will save many stations along the lines where the Yankee engineers are building additional tracks and switching yards.—From the Spiker, France.

New Surgical Battle Formation.

The French Aid Society for Wounded Soldiers (Societe Francaise de Secours aux Blesses Militaires) has devised a new type of surgical ambulance which meets the needs arising during active military operations. This ambulance can be advanced and moved back quickly, being essentially different from those in use for some months. Furthermore, it enables the surgeons to render speedy, immediate and complete service to patients with extensive wounds of the thorax, abdomen or head. It consists of a number of large tents, one serving as a salle de triage, a second for local administration, another for preparing the wounded for operation, a fourth for radiography; an operating tent, connected with the sterilizer camion, which contains two autoclaves, and, finally, the hospitalization or ward tents. For transport, the whole outfit is carried in two camions or trucks and two trailers.

Merely a Superstition.

There is no kind or a rod, or instrument, which will locate minerals in the earth with any degree of certainty. Sometimes a bed of iron ore will affect the magnetic needle of a compass, or of a surveying instrument, but there is nothing that will locate the precious metals.

The Waves of Michigan.

When I see the waves of Lake Michigan toss in the bleak snowstorm, I see how small and inadequate the comm[illegible]s. But Tennyson, with [illegible] the sea, has shown his [illegible]nerson's Journal.

[illegible] with a sidecar on each [illegible]ana motorcyclist's idea.

The Glory of Evening Wraps

The glory of evening wraps has returned. Sumptuous is a good word to use in describing them; they combine the richness of costly brocades and velvets with the handsomest furs, and extravagance in furs is written into the history of this winter's fashions. But extravagance in furs is not recklessness; they have intrinsic value, like jewels or fine oriental rugs. The woman who owns good furs should cherish them, for it seems inevitable that they must advance in price. There is nothing in apparel that may be remodeled more successfully or that gives such a certain return in satisfaction upon the required investment as good furs.

Such a thing as a furless wrap is hardly to be found. In evening wraps ample fur collars are the rule, but there are gorgeous models in which wide borders of fur divide honors with regal fabrics in the body of the wrap. These wraps are full, voluminous, the style fitting the character of stuffs used for making them. A good example, not an extreme, but a handsome wrap, appears in the style shown in the picture above. Huge silver roses on a dark satin ground make the lovely brocade of which this capelike wrap is fashioned. Nothing could look better with it than the luxurious collar of dark, glossy and long-haired fox fur that finishes it. This collar fairly invites its wearer to cuddle down into it and makes a beautiful background for the evening dress it reveals when thrown back from the shoulders.

The dress in this particular instance appears to be of black satin and black velvet, which is a happy choice to wear with a glorious wrap. One must know where to leave off in the use of color. Everything in the toilette pictured is commendable; the neatness of the coiffure and all the care of details which insures exquisite finish.

Chambray Finery Blooms in January

The little girl with saucy eyes and bobbed hair shown in this picture is evidently posing under protest. Even so, she cannot contrive to look anything but pretty in this new finery of chambray, which anticipates spring flowers by blossoming out in January. Along comes a troop of pretty frocks early in the year, in gayly colored cottons and in white, so that the outfitting of the small fry and of flappers may be disposed of. Weightier matters will district the mind of mothers when Easter approaches, and the more serious matter of choosing her own or other grown-up apparel takes the attention of the head of the household.

Two of the new frocks made of chambray are shown here. Both employ white cotton material with a color, and the color may be any one of the usual popular tones of blue, pink, rose, tan, yellow or light green that are sure of a welcome every spring. These staple fabrics and colors are always used. It is the variation of design and simple ornamentation that add interest to the season's styles.

The frock at the left has a triple box plait down the front of the short-waisted body and the skirt. This is broken at the waistline with gatherings, and a narrow braid is sewed on in such fashion as to simulate smocking. The belt of white cotton terminates at the sides of this panel. Organdie might be used for a belt of this kind, as it is laid in plaits. A pretty, childish decorative feature is made by two flat pearl buttons sewed down with black cotton. Diagonal slit pockets are outlined with needle work in black also, and little embroidered flower motifs are made to correspond. This piquant touch of black is noteworthy in spring style for little folks. With collar and cuffs of white this frock is a crisp and brilliant accomplishment, employing only simple and familiar means.

At the right an equally clever design shows the same simple means used in a different way. In this frock the bodice is lengthened into front, back and side panels, with the chambray set between them by inverted plaits. A tiny chemisette, set in at the front of the collar, adds one more unexpected joy to life for the small girl.

Julia Bottomley

Hats of Monkey Hair.

Monkey-hair hats are quite the thing in Paris, but are said to be rather unbecoming to any but the truly brunette type. Women with very light or gray hair find them impossible.

Using Materials at Hand.

Learn to use the attachments on your sewing machine. Half the women who own good sewing machines do not know how to use these labor-saving devices. Every machine has a book of instructions, usually clear ones. Read them over and try to learn the use of every one. If you find them too hard to understand, go to the store where you bought the machine and have them explained to you. An intelligent woman recently declared in rather a shamefaced way that her dressmaker had been obliged to teach her how to use the braider on the machine. With the least bit of help, however, she readily learned to use the attachment herself and thus saved the price of a good bit of work by a little painstaking effort.

Brims of Fluted Ribbon.

Fluted ribbon brims are a part of some of the new hats. The crowns are of fur, of velvet or of beaver, and the brims are rather narrow, formed of fluted velvet ribbon heavy enough to stand stiff and firm.

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