Facts and Features for Women

of Interest to Our Feminine Readers and the Home Circle

FOR PLUMP WOMEN

Styles of 1921 Quite in Favor of the Stout Ones.

Even Taffeta Can Be Manipulated to Fall Softly and Flatteringly Over Fleshy Figures.

While there is never a time when the woman of stout, mature lines cannot be fashionably as well as becomingly dressed, a thing that is accomplished with unusual success by certain dress designers, it can be said almost without an exception that the styles for 1921 are particularly favorable to the stout woman, states a fashion correspondent in the Philadelphia Record. Even taffeta, that sprightly fabric associated with youth and slim lines, can be manipulated to fall softly and flatteringly over fleshy figures.

Of course, it will not be in the charming little pointed basque, full-skirted, round-neck, puffed-sleeve frocks which early spring showings are featuring, but in long-waisted models with long pointed openings to the waist to show a lace vestee, or contrasting georgette, with sleeves at least three-quarter length and flowing if not flaring. The skirt may even decide to flare a bit to the sides if the flaring or draping comes low, and length is preserved back and front with soft panels of lace, georgette, or the newer lingerie touches of eyelet batiste or net. The combination of navy and gray in these taffeta frocks is very good, and especially for the large woman.

It is going to be a great temptation to the woman who is taking on flesh to wear gray this spring. Such beautiful frocks are being shown in it, in all its varying shades, but generally speaking it is not a good choice. Of course, there are exceptions. Gray is inconspicuous and in many ways looks better than a whole henna frock say, or one of jade green, but it has a tendency to give a large woman an elephantine appearance, which is never flattering. Better keep to the safe path of dark, receding colors and get your bright hues in trimmings and embroideries. There are several new things in the notebook of the mode that will help the stout woman in this direction. One is the building of a straight chemise frock, let's say in navy canton crepe, over an underdress of henna or gray crepe split to the waist to show the underdress, and the long slit in front from neck to waist doing the same thing. In this way the long straight lines are preserved in the dark material while the underdress helps much to relieve its sobriety.

TAILLEUR OF CHAMOIS CLOTH



This novel tailleur of chamois cloth has a smart loose coat embroidered in motifs of brown, with an unusual, draped collar of the same material.

ANGORA SCARFS ARE LIKED



A new scarf of angora is now being shown. It is of tan color, with reverse of tan and brown check.

DECORATIONS WORN IN HAIR

Women and Girls Do Not Venture Out at Night With Their Heads Unadorned.

No maid or matron ventures out at night with her head unadorned. Every woman wears her wreath of laurel with silver filigree or close-set rhinestone leaves. Single strands of diamonds also bind the youthful brow, while diamonds and onyx are combined for the silver-haired matron.

Topaz in a Grecian border bandeau is a favorite headdress for the slender, brown-haired woman, while an iridescent metallic band in American Beauty red is worn with matching slippers and an ivory satin robe. A wreath of fine brown paradise mounted in brilliants forms a delicate aureole for the titian-haired debutante, especially if her shoulders are wrapped in bronze tulle. Diamond butterflies flitting along a silken ribbon will hold the yellow curls of the sub-deb and all her bobbed-hair school chums are begging for diamond-studded barrettes in their short, curled locks.

New Cloth for Spring Hats.

For spring hats Paris has presented a new cloth of the alpaca order, similar to the horsehair that was so popular last season but of a coarser weave, and with a shinier surface.

Empire Waistline This Spring.

There is rumor that the short, or empire, waistline will be introduced as a new spring fashion feature on dresses.

SILKS FOR SPRING SEASON

Fabric Is Not Confined to Small Hats, Being Used on Many of the Larger Shapes.

With the beginning of the spring season silk is always in the foreground of millinery. Crepe de chine now is considered very chic for hats, both large and small, and the leading Paris milliners are showing many interesting models in this silk. The use of crepe de chine for millinery purposes was advocated by Caroline Reboux, and is being continued in her line. Other milliners are showing various interpretations of draped crepe de chine hats finished with some sort of a scarf end. This silk is not confined to small hats, as one might expect, but is seen even in large shapes.

Taffeta enjoys its usual springtime prestige. It is used in the shot effects, as well as in solid colors.

A great deal of energy is being expended by the designers on models of faille silk. Just how popular these will prove is difficult to predict. This silk has rarely proved successful in youthful models. And fortunately we have arrived at a period in the history of dress when there is little demand for mature-looking clothes by women of any age.

Some of the imported hats are of a shiny satin known as shoe satin. These are of small or medium shape and flower trimmed. Importers of millinery predict that this will be a flower season.

Side Panels Accordion Plaited.

Side panels are sometimes accordion plaited.

FASHIONS IN BRIEF

Striped wool mohair is favored for spring sports wear.

Novel black satin pumps have pleated tongues of satin.

There seems to be no tendency toward a really long skirt for spring.

Hats of tulle in a beautiful rich brown shade are the latest innovation in evening hats.

Caped jackets for spring suits are a prediction advanced and substantiated by numerous interesting models along these lines.

Corsets of heavy lustrous taffeta, of satin and of brocade are in such rich shades as rose, orchid, lavender, green and lemon yellow.

French handmade dresses in handkerchief linen and cotton fabrics are being imported extensively and find ready sale among the appreciative.

Hats, both large and small, developed in crep de chine and embroidered in self-colored floss, wool or chenille, are spoken of as early spring models.

Fashion Note.

Hats are Spanish, Breton or American navy. The Paul Jones is dominant. The materials of which they are made are velvet duvetyn and silk beaver, in the order in which they are made. The duvetyn hat has all the earmarks of its success, especially when it is rust, rock and brick color. The short veil of lace is attached to the tricorne and the marquise and also worn with broad Spanish hat with a pair of earrings of jet.

Parisian Skirts Longer.

Parisian skirts are decidedly longer.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 27

REWARDS OF FAITHFULNESS.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 25:14-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.—Matt. 25:23.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matt. 25: 31-46; Luke 19:11-27; Rom. 12:1-8; 1 Pet. 4:10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Doing Our Best.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Duties and Rewards.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Faithful Use of Our Abilities.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Use or Neglect of Our Resources.

This parable, like that of the ten virgins, is associated with the Second Coming of Christ. In both instances the unpreparedness for His coming on the part of the people is exhibited. In that of the ten virgins their unreadiness consisted in their failure of inward life—absence of the Holy Ghost. In this of the talents it consisted in their failure to properly use the gifts which had been intrusted to them. The first was failure to watch; the second, failure to work.

I. The Distribution of the Talents (vv. 14, 15).

1. It was a sovereign act. He called His own servants and distributed to them his own money. The Lord did not consult us as to our gifts.

2. It was an intelligent act. "According to his several ability." The God who made us knows our ability to use gifts, therefore has made the distribution upon that basis. The reason some have greater gifts than others is due to the fact that they possess the ability to use them.

3. It was a purposeful act. The talents were given to be traded with. They were not given to be used for one's own gain and profit, but as stock in trade for the enrichment and glory of the Master.

II. The Employment of the Talents (vv. 16-18).

1. All the servants recognized that the talents were not their own—that they were responsible to the Lord for the use made of them. We are not responsible for the creation of gifts, but for the employment of such gifts as have been given to us.

2. Two servants used their talents. The five talented man put his to use and gained five more. The two talented man put his to use and gained two more. This shows that God's gifts can be increased. The exercise of any gift increases it. The faithful use of what we have in the place we are will prepare us for greater usefulness and honor.

3. The one hid his talent. The fact that one possesses but one talent should not discourage him, but should make him strive harder. God sees not reward according to what we possess, but according to our faithfulness. The crime of the one talented man was not that he had but one talent, but that he hid the talent which the Lord gave him.

III. The Accounting for the Talents (vv. 19-30).

1. Its certainty. There is a day coming when all must give an account of our stewardship.

2. The time. This will be at the coming of the Lord. If we have done well we shall then have praise. If we have been unfaithful we shall then be cast out from the presence of the Lord. Watchfulness is not idleness.

3. The judgments announced. (1) Reward of the faithful. (a) Praise—"Well done." We all like to be praised. How blessed will it be to hear from the very lips of the Lord the word "well done!" (b) Promotion—"Be thou ruler over many things." Promotion is desirable to all. Much of that to which we look forward in life is the passing from lower to higher privileges and positions. (c) Entrance upon the joy of the Lord. The five-talented man and the two-talented man received the same praise and same promotion. (2) Punishment of the faithless. The one-talented man lied when brought to account. The talent when dug up was not the same as when it was buried—it was not of the same weight. Gifts unused are lost. The natural eyes lose their power if we live continually in darkness. This is true spiritually. The one who ceases to grow in knowledge and grace loses the capacity to grow. (a) Reproach—he was called slothful and wicked. To be called lazy is a reproach which even the lazy man dislikes. (b) Stripped. The talent which was given to him was taken from him. (c) Cast out. He was condemned on his own ground. The very fact that he knew the character of the Lord should have been an incentive for him to have exerted himself. His condition was his own fault. In the day of accounts there will be no excuse to be made.

Fountain of Gladness.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

The Sower and Reaper.

"He who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love."

Envy and Misery.

Envy feels not its own happiness but when it may be compared with the misery of others.—Johnson.

The Only Way

By REV. LEW W. GOSNELL

Assistant Dean, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—That I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.—Philippians 3:8, 9.



One of the reformers, Theodore Beza, once exclaimed: "O Christ, I am Thy sin; Thou art my righteousness." This sentiment is not one of curious interest, merely, but is of great importance to every apostle of man. It indicates the way, the only way, of acceptance with God. Men have many notions as to how they may commend themselves to God, with whom all must deal ultimately. We are easily led astray by the feeling that our way is superior to that of another man. But, even allowing that we may have a better way than some others have, we are still faced with the question, "Will my way stand God's test?"

Gains Counted Loss.

The apostle had rested content in a righteousness of his own for some years. He had a wonderful heritage of religious ancestry, and, in addition, lived in a manner so worthy of his ancestry that he was able to say that "touching the righteousness which is in the law," he was "blameless." According to human standards, nothing more could be asked than was exemplified in this man.

Yet Paul tells us that when the Lord Jesus Christ was revealed to him in glory, on the way to Damascus, he at once changed the headings in his ledger. The very religious assets which he had accounted "gains" he now classified as "loss." This was not because these things were evil in themselves, but because he felt they had come between his soul and Christ, and had robbed him of all the blessings he might have had in the Saviour.

Righteousness By Faith.

One of the blessings of which he had been deprived, by dependence on his own righteousness, was that righteousness of God which is by faith. This righteousness issues from God, is the God-kind of righteousness, the only kind which avails with God. Truly, any other is but "loss," but this kind is a "gain," which a man would obtain cheaply if he were to sell all he had for it. But the wonder is that it is given freely to the empty hand of faith!

The text makes clear that this righteousness, this state of acceptance with God, belongs to those who put their trust in Christ, and thus are "in Him."

Martin Luther's Statement.

This truth was brought to the fore in the Reformation and is set forth clearly by Martin Luther. Luther says to believers in Christ: "Thou art so entirely and nearly joined to Christ, that He and thou are made, as it were, one person; so that thou mayst boldly say, I am now one with Christ, that is to say, Christ's righteousness, victory and life are mine. And, again, Christ may say, I am that sinner; that is, His sins and His death are mine, because He is united and joined unto me and I unto Him." Paul puts the whole matter succinctly when he says: "Him who knew no sin He (God) made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him." (II Cor. 5:21).

Men Would Earn Salvation.

It seems very difficult to human nature to accept God's righteousness by simple faith. We are prone to desire to give something, to do something, to go somewhere in order to merit salvation. It is a blow to pride to humbly receive the gift of righteousness by faith. Much meaning is wrapped up in Paul's statement: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." As one has said: "His own family probably regarded him as a disgrace to Judaism. His Pharisaic confreres considered him a deserter from the cause. The Jews in general treated him as a renegade and a turn-coat." But to gain Christ and be found in Him was a sufficient compensation, yea, more than a sufficient compensation, for it all.

Faith Gives Security.

When Paul speaks of being found in Christ, he seems to have in mind both the present and the future. Even the light of the great day of days will not abash those who have put their trust in Christ and are "found in Him."

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His Righteousness alone
Faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ, the solid Rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.



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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

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"It's all quite easy," Gardiner continued. "And if it should fail there are a dozen other ways just as easy. But we won't let it fail. We mustn't let it fail, on your account."

"On my account? What more account mine than yours?"

"Well, you see, Harris, no doubt, has your letter stowed away somewhere, and it would make bad evidence for you. I don't think it mentions me at all. Besides, I know a way through a pass in these mountains, and if it doesn't turn out right—why, I'm glad I know the way. You see, I've nothing to lose, and nobody to worry over me. But it's different with you, Hiram. You have a wife and a fine farm down in Manitoba, and it would be inconvenient for you to slip away without notice. So I say that on your account we mustn't let it fail."

"You didn't say nothin' about that before, I notice," said Riles.

"You mustn't expect me to do your private thinking as well as that of the firm," Gardiner retorted. "You had the facts—why didn't you patch them together for yourself? You're in a mess now if things don't go right. But, as I said, I'm going to stick with you and see that they do go right."

They rode along in silence in the gathering darkness. Had they been able to read each other's minds they would have been astonished at the coincidence of thought. Gardiner was planning to make away with the money when he got out of the building. Why should he divide with Riles—Riles, who would only hoard it up, and who had plenty of money already? Not at all. Riles might sue him for his share, if he wanted to—and could find him, to serve notice! On the other hand, Riles' slow wits had quickened to the point of perceiving that there lay before him a chance of making $20,000 instead of $10,000, if he only had the nerve to strike at the strategic moment. When he got the Harrises out of the shack, by hook or crook he would leave them and follow Gardiner. He was much more than Gardiner's match in strength and he had little fear of the revolver, provided he could take his adversary unawares. If the worst came to the worst, and he could not give the Harrises the slip, he would take them with him, and they would all come upon Gardiner red-handed with the loot. Then he would explain to Harris how he had discovered Gardiner's plot and frustrated it. * * * The idea grew upon Riles, and he rode along in a frame of mind bordering upon cheerfulness.

It was now quite dark, and the horses picked their steps carefully along the hill side trails. At last Gardiner drew up and pointed to a heavy clump of trees. A faint glimmer of light shone through it.

"That's the shack," he whispered. "They have a lantern there. We better get off the road and tether our horses in this coulee."

They turned down a narrow ravine with scarce room to walk single file between the branching trees. They tied the horses where the woods closed all about them, and there seemed no chance of discovery.

"Quietly, now," said Gardiner, as they stole toward the old building. "Things seem to be working out as we planned, but we must make sure of every detail, so that we can change the attack if necessary."

The two men stole up the rough road leading to the hut. The glow of the lantern came from the building, shining in a long, fading wedge from



Allan Sat Up in a Sudden Cold Chill of Terror. Had He Been Asleep?

the sashless window, but seemed strangely obscure about the door. As they approached this mystery was revealed; a blanket was seen to hang over the doorway.

"That's a good sign," whispered Gardiner. "One, or both of them, are sleeping. That's why they feel the cold. If they had stayed awake they would have built a fire and perhaps walked about outside."

They paused for a moment to listen. The night was moonless and starry, except where a bank of clouds came drifting up from the southwest. A moist breeze, smelling of soft, mountain snow, gently stirred the trees about them. But from the shanty no sound could be discerned. They approached nearer, and still nearer.

"Now, you go to the door, and I'll take the window," Gardiner ordered. "Shove the blanket aside a little and size up the situation before you speak. We must make sure they're there, and there alone."

Gardiner waited until he saw Riles fumbling carefully with the blanket that hung in the doorway. Then he darted quickly to the window.

* * * * * * * * * *

While Allan sat in the little cabin he gradually became oppressed with a sense of great loneliness. From time to time he looked at the face of his sleeping father, and suddenly the knowledge struck him like a knife that it was the face of an old man. Allan could see plainly the deepening furrows in his strong, still handsome face. As he looked a vast tenderness mingled with his loneliness; he would have stooped and caressed him had he not feared to disturb his slumbers.

He looked upon the sleeping man now, with the wealth of a lifetime's labor at his side, and the bond of trust and confidence between them seemed so tight it brought the moisture to his eyes. He thought of the past years; of their labor on the farm together—hard labor, but always relieved by their comradeship and mutual ambitions.

His memory carried him still further back—back to the days when he was a little child, and in the mirror of the darkness he could see his own small figure trudging in the track of the plow and hanging to the rein ends that dropped from the knot on his father's ample back. Back to the old sod shanty, with its sweet smell of comfort when the snow beat against the little window and the wind roared in the rattling stove pipe, and his mother sat by the fire and plied her flying needles. Old lullabies stole into his brain; a deep peace compassed him, and consciousness faded thinner and thinner into the sea of the infinite. * * *

Allan sat up in a sudden, cold chill of terror. Had he been asleep? What cold breath of dread had crossed his path? He was no coward; the sense of fear was almost unknown to him, but now it enveloped him, stifled him, set his teeth chattering and his limbs quaking. He had heard nothing, seen nothing. The gun was in his hands as it had lain when last he remembered it; his father slept by his side, and near the wall lay the precious satchel. And yet he shook in absolute, unreasoning, unfounded terror. His eyes wandered from the lantern to the door—to the blanket hanging limply in the door; and there they stared and stayed as though held in the spell of a serpent. Subconsciously, certainly without any direction of will of his own, he raised the shot gun to his shoulder and kept it trained on the sagging blanket. * * * The blanket seemed to move! It swayed at first as though a light breeze had touched it and yet not as though a breeze had touched it. The impulse seemed too far up—about the height of a man's shoulder. The blood had gone from Allan's face; he was as one in a trance, obeying some iron law outside the realm of the will and the reason. He cocked his gun and tightened his finger on the trigger, and watched. * * * And then, so plain that it must have been real, he saw stealthy fingers feeling their way about the blanket.

Then Allan fired.

In an instant he was wide awake, and wondering terribly what had happened. The explosion blew out the lantern, and the building was in utter darkness. His father was clambering to his feet with "Allan, what is it? What is it, Allan?" The blanket had been torn from its hangings as by a heavy weight, and something was writhing in it in the doorway. Allan sprang up and would have rushed upon it, but in the darkness he collided with another man. His fingers found his adversary's arm and ran up it to his throat, but before they could fasten in a fatal grip there was another flash of light, and a hot pang stabbed him in the breast. There was a strange gurgling in his lungs, a choking in his throat, a spinning dizziness in his head, as he staggered over the mass in the doorway and fell into the night.

Gardiner had reached the window just in time to see Allan's gun trained on the doorway. For an instant he stood dumbfounded; there was something uncanny in the sight of the young man sitting there in silent, absolute readiness for the attack. He drew back to warn Riles, but he was too late. At that moment the gun spoke; there was the sound of a heavy body falling, and stifled noises bore ample evidence of the accuracy of Allan's aim. But even in that moment of uncertainty Gardiner had not lost thought of their purpose, and his quick eye took in the sleeping form of John Harris and the location of the leather bag beside the wall. Without an instant's hesitation he vaulted through the window and, revolver in hand, began to steal his way softly toward the treasure.

He had not taken three steps when Allan plunged full force into him. He staggered with the shock, but recovered himself only to find the young farmer's strong fingers clutching for his throat. It had been no part of Gardiner's plan that there should be bloodshed in the carrying out of the robbery, but he was a man of quick decision, who accepted conditions as he found them. * * * A slight pressure on the trigger, and Allan fell, coughing, through the door.

Gardiner retained his sense of location, and slipped silently to the wall. Harris was rushing about the rotten floor in the darkness, crying, "What is it, Allan? For God's sake, what has happened? Are you shot?" and for his own noise he could not hear Gardiner's stealthy movements. Gardiner's hand fell on a log of the wall, and his keen fingers traced their own way along it. Five steps, he judged, and the bag would be at his feet. At the fifth step his toe touched an object on the floor; he leaned over and raised the booty in his hand.

By this time his eyes had responded to the intense darkness, and he could discern a square of grayer gloom where the window admitted the night. He moved rapidly and silently toward it, but almost with the last step his foot slipped through a broken spot on the floor, and he staggered and fell. The revolver was thrown from his grasp, but he was able to pitch the bag through the window as he crashed to the floor.

The sound arrested Harris, and before Gardiner could extricate himself the farmer was upon him. At first he seemed to think it was Allan, and felt about in the darkness without attempting to defend himself. This gave Gardiner an opportunity; he was able to clasp his arms about Harris' shins, and, with a quick turn of the body, cast his adversary headlong to the floor. At the same moment he freed himself from his entanglement and made another dash for the window.

But Harris, still numbed from his heavy sleep, now realized that some kind of tragedy had occurred, and guessed enough to believe that Allan was a victim. From his prostrate position, with one powerful leg he interrupted Gardiner's flight, and the next moment the two men were rolling on the floor in each other's arms. Harris was much the stronger man of the two, but Gardiner was active and had some skill in wrestling. Besides, Harris had been taken wholly by surprise, and had no idea who his antagonist was, while Gardiner had full knowledge of all the circumstances, and the struggle was less uneven than might have been supposed. Inwardly cursing the luck that had thrown the revolver from his hand, Gardiner sought in the darkness for his adversary's throat, nose, or eyes. Harris, seizing the younger man by the waist, lifted him bodily from the floor and crashed him down again upon it, but the next instant Gardiner had one of his hands in both of his, and, bringing his knee down with great force on Harris' elbow, compelled him, at the risk of a broken arm, to turn face downwards on the floor. Gardiner again wrenched violently to break free, but Harris' grip was too much for him, so with the quickness and fury of a tiger he threw himself upon the farmer's back and wrapped his free arm about his throat. With his air partially cut off Harris released the grip of his other hand, and Gardiner instantly took advantage of this move to bring both arms to bear on Harris' throat. Things began to go badly with the farmer; face downwards on the floor, he was unable to shake his adversary off, and was losing strength rapidly with his choking. Gardiner no longer sought an opportunity to break away; his blood was up and he was in the fight to the finish, ruled at last by his heart instead of his head. Had he been content merely to retain his present advantage unconsciousness would soon have overcome his victim, but he tried to improve his grip, and the attempt proved disastrous. His thumb, seeking better vantage, fell into Harris' gasping mouth. Harris was no more depraved than most of mankind, but when fighting for life, and choking to death in the hands of an unknown enemy, he was ready to seize any advantage, and with a great effort he brought his jaws together upon the intruder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Things Began to Go Badly With the Farmer.

Lake's Peculiar Migration.

Near Valdosta, in Georgia, there is a lake three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with an average depth of twelve feet of water, which disappears every three or four years and then comes back again. It disappears into natural subterranean passages, taking two or three weeks in the process and leaving a beautiful sandy basin. After a month or so the water begins to come back, and in a couple of weeks it is the same old lake.

Enlightenment.

"Is this speech-making tour of yours a campaign of education?" "I don't know how it strikes the audiences," replied Senator Sorghum, "but I must admit that I am learning a few things."

Booze in Baby's Bottle.

Magazine Story—He was an only son. His father, heavily alcoholic, had died in his infancy from pneumonia contracted during a spree.—Boston Transcript.

A girl doesn't necessarily lose her head when she lays it on a young man's shoulder.

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