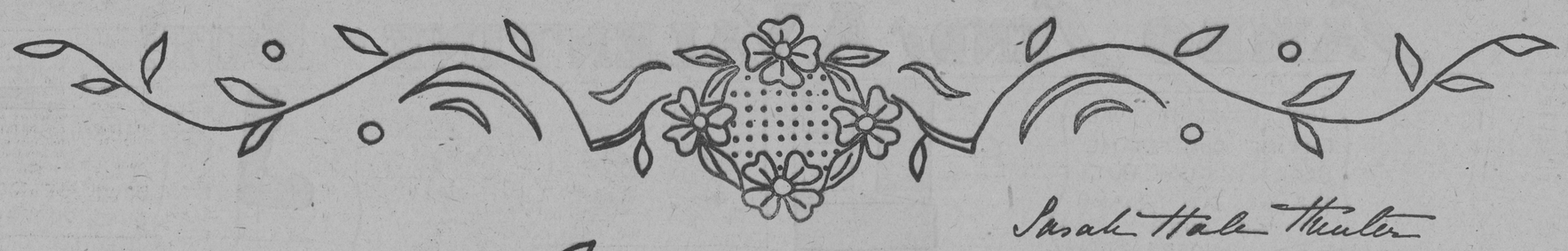
WORK AND PLAY FOR THE IDLE HOUR

Collar and Cuff in Rhodes Embroidery and Pattern for Candle Shade

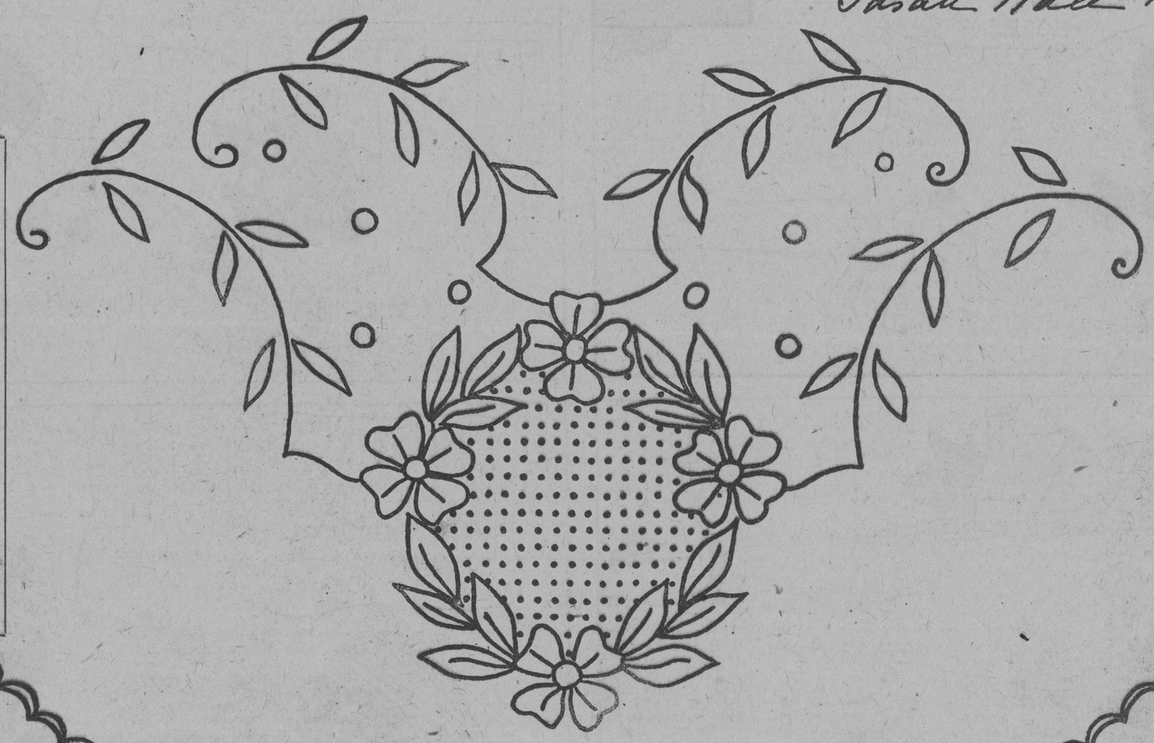
Drawn By
SARAH
HALE
HUNTER

No Patterns
Of Designs
Available



THIS collar and cuff, which correspond with the shirtwaist given last week, are done in the Rhodes embroidery, or punched work. The solid work may be done before the punched work is begun. Use a very coarse needle for the punched work. Select a corner of the design, pierce the material at the first dot of the second row of dots from the upper lefthand corner of the design. Tie thread on the back of the material. Draw it through, and pass needle down through the first dot of the first row, bringing it up in the first dot of the second row, and sending it down again in the first dot of the first row, bringing it up in the second dot of the second row. Then send it down in the second dot of the first row and bring it up in the second dot of the second row. Now send it down in the second dot of the first row and bring it up on the third dot of the second row. When you have finished all the work in one direction, turn and repeat the same at right angles.

Use mercerized cotton No. 12 for outlining the design, and No. 40 or 50 for the punched work.



A VERY pretty candle shade may be made after this pattern in the Reticella work. The dots and small ovals are worked solid. The other figures are closely buttonholed around the edge with the purling brought to the inside. The cross bars are made by stretching strands of the cotton from one side of the figure to the other and buttonholing closely over these strands, without catching through the material which is cut away underneath. The scallop is closely buttonholed after it has been padded. The dotted lines indicate where the shade should be sewed together. It may be mounted over colored paper or silk. Mercerized cotton No. 25 should be used.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSFERRING

In taking off these patterns, lay a piece of impression paper upon the material, place the newspaper pattern over this, and with a hard, sharp pencil, draw firmly over each line. If the material is sheer it may be laid over the pattern and drawn off with pencil, as the design will show through.

The Best Dressed Woman I Know By Ada Patterson

THE secret that every woman wants to know has become mine. A woman who knows has told me how to dress well on a very small income.

I might have listened with a faraway gaze and a faraway mind were it not that the woman who told me was the one unquestioned authority. Tables on how to save $4,500 of a $5,000 income, how to build from what you have saved out of an already stretched-to-the-limit salary and how to dress on a trifle more than nothing a year awaken little more than derision; certainly not interest. But the woman who held the key of the secret was the woman herself—the one who dressed well on the very small salary. I had admired her invariably-stepped-out-of-a-bandbox appearance. No one with a woman's eye in her head could fail to see that her gowns were always doubly becoming, for they suited first herself, then the occasion; that they were always fresh and dainty; that they were individual, rather than modish, but never so far from the mode as to be conspicuous. She always looked well, which is a valuable point in dressing. Too many women are content to look badly at one time and make up for it at another. A woman who pins up the braid on her walking skirt because she is "just rushed to death" may wear a spotless white lace the next evening, but the memory of the pinned-up, but dragging, braid will remain. The law of averages will not hold in the matter of dress.

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But that is merely my observation. Listen to those of the oracle, the woman who can and does: "I think it may be because I have developed my gift of management. My mother had it. She, being the wife of a poor clergyman, had to 'manage.' I studied her methods and got a start in the right direction. My first lesson in economy in dress came when mother and I were paying a visit to a relative. Mother had worn a traveling suit and carried a little bag with a change in it. A relative drove up just as mother was busy with the dusting. She disappeared. Mother never hurried nor ran, as other woman do. She was too serene and deliberate for that. She just disappeared. I watched her with admiring awe when, three minutes later, she came down stairs. When she vanished she had worn the one gown she brought with her—a blue broadcloth. But that was the day of basques, and she had worn a severe one of dark blue, trimmed with black braid. When she came down stairs she looked quite a different mother, in a basque of blue broadcloth, to be sure, but trimmed with wonderously becoming broad revers of blue and gold plush that threw her pale, fine face into charming relief. Her cheeks were quite pink, doubtless partly from the excitement of the rapid change, in part from the consciousness of looking well, for she had no acquaintance with the rouge pot.

"I resolved then that I would do as mother had—buy a broadcloth suit of dark color and durable quality, so enabling broadcloth to live up to its reputation of wearing for three winters. But I would make it as two frocks by ordering two blouses—one for plainest wear and one for dressier use.

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"As I grew up my clergyman's daughter allowance taught me further economy. I found that the coat and skirt I wore for best one winter could be cut down, or up, as desired, for storm wear for the next. If the hem were wearing white, it could be shortened. If it were wearing thin, it could be strengthened by a braid. Worn spots on the sleeves could be covered with braid. Shabby buttons could be cheaply replaced. One of the leftover blouses could be freshened by covering it with chiffon of the same or a contrasting color.

"I learned never to throw away a particle of trimming that could by any chance serve. The tiniest particle of good lace could work in as the motif of a combination of embroidery or applique or ribbon. Some strips of fur that had bordered an evening cloak was transferred to one gown after another, finally to a lace blouse, for 10 years."

I reminded her that it is possible for everyone to dress economically, but how to dress economically and always well was what every woman wants to do.

"The nub of the matter is that I made a record of a gown or suit that was particularly becoming. I trusted not only to my own taste, for that may now and then play us tricks, it being moody, but to the concensus of opinion. What all my friends voluntarily told me was becoming I knew was a success. I was wary of the apparel which I had to ask them about and which drew from them only a grudging, 'Yes, it is pretty,' or 'Yes, I think it quite becoming.' One must allow for the politeness that covers the lie. When I had all my friends particularly like a garment I made a sketch of it. I drew it as well as I could, front and back view in detail in a large notebook I called 'My Book of Dress.' Beneath the sketch I wrote a brief description of it, telling its color and naming the fabric and the price. So of hats and cloaks. I had there permanent models. I knew that whenever these styles recurred (and styles do recur with remarkable regularity) I need not trouble about their being becoming. I had only to copy them, modifying them a trifle, lest my neighbors should say: 'Jennie's wearing that blue dress she had three years ago.' To prevent this I would have it made in a very different shade of blue, or perhaps in brown.

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"In my 'Book of Dress' I made notes now of my decision and experience with dress. I find there under 'For Summer' always have a dress of dark material, say blue pongee or black china silk or brown linen, that will be ready if the washwoman fails you.

"And here's a warning drawn from experience: 'Don't depend on a leftover to carry you through the winter if the leftover is of soft silk. When they go, they go fast.'"

"The secret, then, of dressing well on little is——"

"Management," said the oracle.

"Thought, fore and hind," said I.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HERO DOGS

TRILBY, a fine black retriever, belonging to the chief Liberal whip, Mr. Percy Illingworth, M. P., entered the Brotherhood of Hero Dogs the other day, being presented with a special collar by the Lady Mayoress, says Pearson's Weekly.

This distinction is only conferred for bravery in saving life under very exceptional circumstances; in fact, it is the V. C. of the canine world.

Trilby, for example, earned hers last summer, when fire broke out at dead of night at Mr. Illington's country house near Salisbury. The dog dashed upstairs through the flames and smoke and gave the alarm by violently barking at each bedroom door in turn, thereby saving the inmates from a horrible death.

The late Mrs. de Courcy Laffan, the well-known novelist, who died only about two months ago, started in the movement, and financed it entirely out of her own pocket, and since her death it has been carried on by her husband, Rev. R. S. de Courcy Laffan.

The decoration consists in each instance of a handsome silver-studded collar suitably inscribed, and no class distinction whatever is made as regards the owner of the four-footed recipients. Indeed, the very first dog to be decorated was Little Nell, the friend and companion of a poor old blind and one-armed man, who played a zither in the street for a living.

Another recipient was Major, a Scotch collie, whose owner, a poor widow named McKerman, was so badly off that she was unable either to pay for his license or to afford to feed him properly. Frequently she went hungry herself so that her dog might not suffer, but presently there came a day when no food whatever—not even so much as a crust of bread—was available for either of them.

When it grew dark Mrs. McKerman took poor Major to the house of a friend, a Mr. Thompson, who shared his supper with the dog and promised to look after it for a few days until things mended. But that very night the house took fire, and the inmates would almost certainly have perished had not the animal they had so kindly fed and sheltered bounded up the burning staircase and aroused them in the nick of time.

After performing this brave deed Major trotted off home, arriving at 5 in the morning, greatly to the surprise of his owner, who, of course, knew nothing of what had happened meanwhile at the Thompson house. Needless to say Major did not want for food any more, and, the story getting abroad, work was found for his plucky mistress. His collar, inscribed with the words, "I Saved Seven Lives," was publicly presented to him in January, 1908, and the hand of a duchess clasped it around his neck for the first time.

Another case of a kindly action bringing its own reward occurred in connection with an old, half-blind dog found outside his home in the snow one night by Mr. Smith Rossee, of West Ferry. Touched by the animal's forlorn state, Mr. Smith Rossee took him in and cared for him, and as no one knew his name they called him Buddha, "because he looked so very wise." Later on Buddha proved his wisdom, and incidentally his courage also, by rescuing from a burning room the aged mother of his benefactor. He, too, was decorated in due course with the collar of the order.

Not all the dogs whose names are enrolled in the archives of the brotherhood are live dogs. Some died in the performance of what they conceived to be their duty, and these have been deemed especially worthy of the V. C.

A hero dog of this class was Soot, who lost his life in a disastrous fire which occurred at Silsden in the early hours of a Sunday morning. After climbing three flights of burning stairs he found his own escape cut off and perished in the flames.

Soot was an aristocrat in the world of dogs, an animal of high pedigree. He was a familiar figure in the Silsden streets, for every day for over a year preceding his death he was wont to trot off to a farm in the suburbs, carrying between his teeth a little tin can, in which he used to fetch a half a pint of cream for a sick woman living near his home.

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