AMERICA TO FRANCE.

Take them. O beautiful France. Close to your generous breast; Keep, them, my dear dead sons, Honored, beloved, at rest. Under your glorious flag, Under your red, white and blue, Near to your gallant boys, Bury my laddies, too.

France, there are tears in our hearts; Bravely we bite back our pain. Proudly we try to smile Over our children slain; Over the soldiers we bore, Over our bravest and best. Over our loved and lost-Lo, we will stand the test!

Sister and comrade and friend, Lift up your heart and your head; Mothers of men are we. Mothers of noble dead! Liberty, Justice, and Right; These are the price of their blood, Shed on your sacred soil-Glorious, gallant flood!

Steadfast I come to your aid. Steadfast, I stand by your side, There where our heroes fell, There where our great sons died. Take them, then, beautiful France, Close to your generous breast; Keep them, my dear dead boys, Honored, beloved, at rest. -W. E. P. FRENCH, Major, U. S. A.

STRAIGHT FROM HEADQUAR-TERS.

It was at Seventy-second Street that Frances was convinced, beyond the necessity of any further speculation, that sooner or later the young man was going to speak to her. His oblique glances were rapidly becoming more portentous and his restlessness was becoming more acute; indeed, as he assembled the elusive fragments of his courage, he positively squirmed in his seat. As to his outward appearance, he was passably good-looking, and he was dressed neatly enough without being exactly what you would call well-groomed. His clothes lacked the final snap of exclusive tailoring, and the wearer himself lacked the final coat of social

varnish. It was at Seventy-third street that he leaped out into the aisle, and smiled in a manner which she held to be both ingratiating and importunate. He had raised one hand to the brim of his hat, so that his arm was crooked uncomfortably; and as he bent side-wise he was jolted by the vibration of the car into curiously awkward postures, from which he recovered still more awkwardly. His eyes were brightening and the color was creep-

"Excuse me," he said in a breath-less undertone, "but I'm a stranger here—you aren't, are you?" She regarded him with a half-humorous, half-contemptuous cynicism which, in many similar cases, had

an ultimatum, had almost without exception served her purpose in the past. This man, however, was impervious to the rebuff.

"Are you going up very far?" he persisted.

Frances surveyed him deliberately. "How," she asked crushingly, "does that concern you?" The young man winced, and clutch-

ed his hat brim more firmly. "Oh!" he said, abashed. "Ever since I got here I've been anxious to But at this juncture Frances turned squarely away from him and gave her attention to the park. Her dignity and the consciousness of her position wouldn't permit her to retreat; her diagnosis was that the young man, parried both by word and by deed, would vanish at the nearest

The young man rose, and stood swaying to the motion of the 'bus. "I'm sorry," he said. "But nobody's insulted you. All I wanted was to find out if you could tell me when we go by the Vrylings' house. It's somewhere on Riverside Drive. I thought you might know it. I've forgotten the number. I guess I'd better get off and hunt up a directory. That's all." He bowed, and with his head high and his shoulders stiffened he took a lurching step or two toward the stair-

way.
Instinctively Frances reversed her earlier judgment, for the sincerity of the young man was suddenly unmis-takable. Her impulses were prompt and generous; she perceived that his strange contortions and the play of his features might conceivably have been nothing more than expressions of his youthful confusion and rusticity, and her nature impelled her to make amend for her misjudgment as soon as possible. She was inherently mercurial, her amends were often as extreme as the bursts which caused

"Wait a moment!" she commanded imperiously.

"I don't propose to bother you," he said, and touched his hat again and took another step. "I may have misunderstood you; if

I did, I beg your pardon. What was it you wanted to know?" This was mere subterfuge, designed to render her apology more expansive. She had clearly heard what information he was seeking, but she

she might double her graciousness.
"Thank you," acknowledged the his artlessness he eased himself into the seat behind her, instead of seizing his opportunity. "You see, we've heard so much about the Vrylings over there, I thought I'd like to go

ceived her; and now that he had ceas- was to be the guest, and which

This time her interest was involuntary. She herself was a member of the committees and a laborer for the "I'm starve good of the universe.

"Really? Whereabouts?" "Most everywhere. I had about two years of it."

Frances regarded him incredulously. It was her first encounter with an enlisted man from the front, and she was illogically thrilled. "Is that so?"

The young man nodded.
"And these Vrylings in New York have sent so much stuff over to the boys. Of course, bales of other peo-ple have sent things, but I happened to get three different kits from the

Vrylings in two years, so-" "Then you're going to call there? Surely you are! And what an adventure!

'Why, I haven't made up my mind about that yet," said the young man, ruminating. "You see it's like this; I know dozens of men on permission that went to see their marraines in Paris-sort of fairy godmother stuff, you know-and every one of 'em was sore afterward." "But why should they have been disappointed? That's what

meant, isn't it?"
That's what you The young man assented gravely.
"Well, when a woman sends things
to soldiers, she's generally thinking
about battles and heroes and all that -I don't see how she can help it very well-and then if a chap halfway between a tramp and a pirate comes to see her all of a sudden she's surpris-ed, and he's rattled, and they're both uneasy; it just don't work out! Their

ideas are both spoiled, and they stay spoiled. And if it don't work out in Paris, where the war is, there isn't hardly a ghost of a chance in New York. Now is there?" "I'm not sure there isn't," doubted Frances. She was as excited as she

ever allowed herself to be; the drama of the great conflict had flown to her 'You're a Canadian, did you say?"

enlisted in Canada. "How is it you're back in this coun-"Oh, I was discharged. I'm going

back to Montreal to re-up, that is, to re-enlist, tonight. "I didn't know that they discharged nen until- Why, were you hurt?'

He gestured in deprecation. "Just a bit. They didn't seem to think I'd be much good any more. But I fooled 'em, all right. I've had four months' rest, and I'm fit! Just thought I'd spend one day in New York first. Its funny—" He halted abruptly.

"I can't make it out myself," he confessed. "I haven't got a friend nearer here than Buffalo. I don't know why I wanted to travel all the way down here for just one day in New York. It cost a lot, and—well, if you'd ever lived months at a time in a trench full of mud and muck, and rats and typhoid and pneumonia, and anted to see that house

"Hadn't you a marraine in Paris?" she asked gently. "No; there aren't enough to go round. That's how I got one of the

American packages. And I haven't any relatives, either."
While he had been talking, Frances had conceived one of her spontaneously intrepid plans, and it was dazzling her. She gazed at the young man earnestly, and saw that his eyes were frank and true, and that his features were indicative of boyish strength. He was unquestionably poor, and he was certainly imaginative. Tonight he was again to go forth to the hypothecation of his vigorous young manhood, and he would depart uncheered, uncomplainingly, for another bout with the Fritzes and the trench rats and the fevers. Frances shuddered at the picture. And then a panorama of the day she had planned, an idle, careless day, came before her, and solidified the fantasy of her resolution. What harm could come from a little adventurous altruism? Furthermore, she was genuinely sorry for this young man; and she was a member of committees organized solely for the comfort of such as

"What," she asked, "were you going to do until train time?" "Nothing much, just hang around." "Suppose," she hesitated, "you happened to have a godmother, a mar-

raine, here in New York?" His face lighted swiftly, and as swiftly clouded. "No such luck. The best I can do is the movies. This is the longest time I've talked to one woman, hospital nurses included, since 1914." "You may be wrong," she said.
'I've always intended to be a god-

mother to some one in the trenches, but I've put it off, and put it off . . and if you think I can make up for it and went out on our hands and knees The young man recoiled violently and his pupils grew wide.

"Not you!" he faltered. "You're not saying--you . . . "Here we are at Grant's Tomb," he said imperturbably. "Unless she said imperturbably. "Unless you've something better to do, let's ride down town on the same 'bus and

talk it over." But even then his bewilderment was so great that he didn't offer to take wanted to hear it again in order that the seat beside her until she smilingly reminded him of the official respect due to her from a youthful godson. young man, and as another proof of It would have been impossible to determine which one of them was more stimulated by the phenomenon of

their acquaintanceship. For the first time in her life, Frances lunched that day at a Child's restaurant. At the original mention of "Over where?" She was beginning it she had quailed, and debated whethto realize that he was infinitely er tact would permit her to insist upyounger than she had supposed; he on acting as hostess and specifying was hardly more than a boy. His air the Ritz. She almost wished that she of semi-maturity and his slightly had remained adamant in that brief roughened complexion had totally dediscussion as to which one of the pair

grave and suggestive of grave re- lytical, and also kind; she had sursponsibilities.

"France," said the young man, althis strange young man to do the honmost in apology. "I was over there ors, especially since he ought not to afford it.

"I'm starved!" she confessed happi-. Aren't you?"

ly. Aren't you?"
His answer was somewhat irrele-ideals.
"Wh "It's the most amazing thing!" he asked. said. "I have to keep pinching my-self. Am I dreaming?"

"I think we're both very much awake. Do you know you haven't told me your name yet? We've been

mind, I'd like it if you just called me 'Don. "I shall-Don," she said, enjoying

"Donald Mackenzie. If you don't

so busy talking generalities."

his delight. "And yours?" Her answer was hesitant; she hadn't heretofore computed the number of contingencies which depended on it. "I'm Frances Putnam. Now please

ning."
The young man frowned in retro-

thing I want to remember is being a longer, do you? Let's walk some-messenger boy in a law firm. I must where until two o'clock." have been about ten or eleven. I didn't have any family, I just lived. And then I went to night school, and got a regular job, and after that I drifted into the lumber business and took a correspondence course, and when the war broke out I was just going to be promoted to assistant office manager of the Canadian branch of our furniture company. I was in

Montreal then."

"But why," she queried, "did you ever enlist? You're an American. It

isn't your war!" "Yes, it is, too," he declared. "It's all our war, only most people over here don't seem to get it. The United States has been a turkey buzzard instead of an eagle so far. I never thought twice about it. You see, I'd had to study history there at school, "I'm from Michigan, really; but I so I knew what this meant—fight or get swallowed. Then they began to take up war collections, and I knew I ought to give as much as I could. didn't have any money to give, but I had me, and—there you are!" "How old are you, Don?" she in-

"Me? I'm twenty-one. I guess it wouldn't be polite for me to—"
"Your godmother is exactly twenty-four," said Frances. "Tell me

"Well, I enlisted, and by and by they sent us over. We went right to the front; that was around Neuve Chapelle. Then we fought at Ypres and Festubert and some other places, and settled down at Givenchy. There was where I got my kit from the Vrylings. And then nothing much happened until one night when I wasn't expecting it. There was a sort of flash of black and white and red—the blackest black and the whitest white and the reddest red in the world-and had to fight the Fritzes and trench then I was back in a base hospital eating through a straw. And they "No," she responded, in her cold, sweet, throaty voice, entirely without accent. The frigidity of it, in itself st sort of tender. I guess that's

all." Superbly unconscious that he had devoted only half a minute to occurrences for which the historians will need volume on volume, he tendered the salt to Frances, and picked up his

fork. "And is that all you have to say about it?" she managed. "Oh, every now and then little snapshots come into my head," he ad-

mitted. "But what were you doing when

you were hurt?" "Oh!" said the young man laughing. "That was funny. You see, we weren't getting much of anywhere. We were just stalling, and waiting for breaks. And opposite us there was a crawd of Bavarians. They weren't bad chaps, either, they played pretty straight. And we fixed up a sort of exchange: at night some of their men would crawl out between the trenches and leave a lot of bottles of beer covered up with an old newspaper, so we could see the white spot in the dark; and then they'd scuttle back and some of our boys would crawl out and get the beer, and leave jam. Those Bavarians were plain batty about English jam. And then after they'd crawled out again and got the jam and get back to cover, we'd all shoot like the mischief for a few minutes, just for instance, and go on there.

"Well, one night when I'd gone out, two of the boches stuck their heads up and yelled, 'Look owit! Look owit! Prussians tomorrow! Prussians tomorrow!' And that was all they said. We didn't pay much attention to it.

"But we didn't see any Prussians the next day, and when the regular time came we saw the newspaper flapping in the wind, and another chap and I loaded up with jam pots, He broke off and calmly buttered a slice of bread.

"Yes!" she implored. "Go on!" "Well," said the young man simply, "those Bavarian fellows were square, all right. So Prussian regiments relieved 'em about dark. And the Prussians knew all about the way we'd swapped supplies. So when I pulled the newspaper—that was when the

blast went off."
"N-no!" she faltered, and her cheeks were white. "I ought to know," he said, chuck-"It was a young infernal ma-The newspaper had a string

"And—and you can laugh about it?" He was instantly alert and perplex-

"Laugh? Who laughed?"

about. This other chap, now, he never knew what struck us." He peered for a moment into space, and finallly

mised what pleasure it would give this strange young man to do the honors, especially since he ought not to ors, especially since he ought not to fford it.

Relentlessly she thrust the Ritz out of her mind.

"I'm starved!" she confessed happi
"I'm starved!" she conf

"What did you think about?" she palpitant.

"What?"

"Well, that's a question. When there's anything doing, you simply haven't time to think, and apart from that—well, I guess I spent the last few months I was over there woolgathering."
"How do you mean?"

exactly think, and you don't exactly

"Personally," said the young man, spection.

"There's not such a lot to tell. I deal of an idiot, I suppose. . . . You was born in Detroit. The earliest don't want to sit around here any

> He paid the check out of a thin roll of bills of low denomination; Frances's heart contracted, but she held her peace, for she knew that he was glorying in his mastery of events. This was his day to be lavish; and he would be mortified beyond words if she attempted to deter him. In fact, he had flatly refused to accept her proffered companionship unless she gave in to his demands. 'Why do you think you were an id-

iot?" she prompted him when they were on the sidewalk. The young man wavered, looked at her, and suddenly grinned.

"I guess it won't kill me to tell you -I spent most of my time courting."
"Not—literally?"

"Oh, no! Far from it! There never was anybody, anyhow. But it was this girl that lives up there on Riverside Drive, this Eleanor Vryling. I used to think about her so much Ioh, well, it's just pure tommyrot And me—thunder! I was coming back to put over some deals that'd make the United States Steel company look like a five and ten cent store! And then—" He eyed her quizzically. "You aren't rich, are you?"

"That's not an easy question to answer, Don." "I guess it's all right," he said.
"You wouldn't be half so nice, and you wouldn't spend ten seconds talking to me! Where were we?"

my lord! what could we do?"

"What was she like, Don?"
"A good deal like you," he said unof food, and he's got clothes to wear. He hasn't got any bills to pay, there's hasn't got any ls to pay, there's not a lot to worry him. You see, nobody thinks much about getting hurt, that's part of the day's work. You can be done. Now where does that own fault. leave us? The Government takes care of a man's body, and they send a

holy Joe along to—"A what?" Now if people, I mean nice women and off. It's the friendly side of it we it'd be worth ten times as much, or a

"I hadn't thought of that," said Frances reflectively. "Well, you reason it out. Anyway, America was through those shipments

"Didn't you write to her?"
"Oh, yes." His intonation was significant.

"What's the matter; didn't she answer you?" "No—not exactly. But I can understand it, now. The stuff wasn't for me, it went out in bulk. It belonged to whoever happened to grab it. She probably ordered those kits in carload lots; she couldn't have answered the letters she got in a month of Sundays. I did have a note from her mother, though, on another card, about as long and friendly and chat-

ty as a keep-off-the-grass sign." half enough exercise to put me in shape again.'

rows of the orchestra; and from the the peace of the world to come. time that the young man gave Frances her program, and the house lights subsided into dimness, she was sensitive to a sweeping alteration of his mood. The sentimental play which seemed banal to her, affected the young man powerfully. He had spoken the bare truth when he had ing himself to grim actualities he had shooting star fell from the sky. left himself no defenses on the roed to impress her as a provincial flirt she saw that he was fundamentally she saw that he was saw that he was saw that he was fundamentally she saw that he was saw that

There was an interval of incommu- all soft illusions. And as Frances, the terrific devastation among his she was suddenly overwhelmed by a their wits' end wondering what they wave of compassion which left her

In the dusk of the theatre she put out her hand. It encountered his, and elf. Am I dreaming?"

"What did you have to think automatically he drew away. Frances smiled a deprecatory little smile about?"

The young man scowled in retrocorrectly anticipated his strong, lean fingers came stealing back and closed around hers and tightened. She could fathom, as definitely as though his sensations were spread before her for the laboratory test, just what were his reactions at this moment. She knew that he was reverent in his at-"It's hard to describe; you don't titude toward her, and that he was immeasurably grateful to her, and not think; you're not asleep, but you she couldn't possibly have avoided the don't seem to notice very well what's knowledge that she fascinated him; going on around you, and you just and yet his clasp was firm and steady she couldn't possibly have avoided the sort of work out what you'd do with and reassuring to her, for it told her go ahead, Don; tell me all about the world if it was all yours."

everything. Begin at the very beginning."

"I know," she sympathized. "I've done that often!"

that he was in undisputed control of himself. It also told her that he was a palpable foreigner in the realm of flirtatiousness.

At the end of the first act he relinquished her hand so that the blaze of light disclosed them sitting sedately in conversation. She observed, however, that his paste between slices of white bread ting held a new quality, and and butter. that he displayed less concentration upon the topic of discussion; but she was inwardly pleased that he was neither mawkish nor languishing. He might indeed adore her, but he couldn't possibly be puppyish about So much for the sandwiches. couldn't possibly be puppyish about

ventured, after a pause.
"I am," she said. "More than any-

thing I've seen for ages."

"If it was all over and finished and change." done for while I'm saying this," he stated in an undertone, "I'd remember it always as the most beautiful afternoon that I've ever had."

"Is it as fine as that—honestly?" been perfectly rotten, if you were

She blushed at that, and was amazed to know it; she had rather assum- nuts. ed that blushing was one of her lost arts.-B. Holworthy Hall, in December American Magazine.

(Concluded next week). ONE MOTHER'S VIEWPOINT.

are as many different viewpoints as cent. in the material which enters into there are different with the state of the st be easy.

Can anything be more terrible than per cent. "You'd spoken about this girl."

"Oh, yes. Why, I used to figure out what she looked like, and how she talked, and all that. It's sully; but,"

"Yes, a thousand times yes:
Peace with dishonor. And can anything be more awful than to have one's son go to war? Yes; have a son thus the Parisian modiste was inductive than to have one's son go to war? Yes; have a son thus the Parisian modiste was inductive than the parisian modiste was inductive th one's son go to war? Yes; have a son who does not want to go to stop designing needless frills who does not want to go.

expectedly. "Only not so pretty. Oh, lord! It seems so far off now. boy should go, just because he wants to, for the boy who is getting his ed-fountain head of fachical statements. But there's a point that nobody but a ucation is preparing himself to "do ed, or dared not to consult the "ultifew people in France and England his bit" just as much as if he enlisthave caught yet. You take the avered. But what a "body blow" to a Simplicity is to control the modes age man in the line: he gets plenty of food, and he's got clothes to wear. want to enlist.

want to enlist. And there are some mothers who are willing to have other mother's citadel of women's gowns was the sons protect them and their sons, but threatened shortage of wool. get it or you don't and there you are. do all in their power to give a selfish tor Gifford appealed to M. Jusser

Every mother, if she will conscientate plain designs, with only necessatiously have a "little confab with her ry use of material. soul" knows that this war is a war economy board told the French Am-"Holy Joe, chaplain! They send for humanity; a war to save men's bassador that conservation of cloth 'em along to look after the men's souls and bring out their character in was necessary to enable the nation to souls, if they've got any. Not all of 'em have. But the thing that plays the deuce with us is that we haven't are self-centered, money grubbing the dense will be shorter, or the deuce with us is that we haven't are self-centered, money grubbing to look after the men's souls and bring out then are leaded to was necessary to character the men's souls and bring out then are leaded to was necessary to character the men's souls and bring out then decessary to character the men's souls and bring out then decessary to character the men's souls and bring out then decessary to character the men's souls and bring out then decessary to character the men's are self-centered. much of anything to put in our hearts. men who have been transformed into not been announced. self-sacrificing christian gentlemen, to curtail use of raw materials, the

"Our boys in khaki" who are giv- manufacturers rather than with the miss. Oh, of course, it's pretty cheering their lives for us mothers. It consumers, Mr. Gifford said. This ful to get stuff to wear and eat, but if just brings a lump into our throats, was decided after close study of all people only put a letter along with it, and yet, when I think that my own phases of industries likely to be afit'd be worth ten times as much, or a hundred times." He frowned, and corrected the estimate. "No—a thousand!"

boy may soon be one of them, it is a lump of joy to know that he wishes to go. When a woman asked me if I "would let my how go" I encoured products as non-essential to the pros-"would let my boy go" I answered, ecution of the war, or as a frivolous

"let him go? I'd send him." the only way I was in touch with is a "water boy" for the Foreign Le- the use of unnecessary belts and trimgion. That does not sound very hero- mings, the public will not be urged to from here. And at that I'd have tradic, but it really is, for twice in twen- forego such luxuries, but the makers ed all three for one good letter! ty-four hours he loads four small three was just a card with her name on it."

will be asked to stop their manufacture. Clothing already made with these adjuncts might be a total waste, them through the muddy communica- it was pointed out, if a "slacker" tion trenches and woods that are con- charge were laid against them. stantly shelled by the enemy's guns, right up to the front firing line, where coal threatens an industry with curhis thirsty comrades are fighting. tailment or suspension, the economy board will inform all such manufacsort of men from all walks in life turers. Advice will be given as to

who make up. "The Legion that never was listed, That carries no colors or crest, But split in a thousand detachments,

Is breaking the road for the rest." So, boys, "break the road for the patch. rest" that your mothers may be proud of what you do, for every good deed He consulted his watch and estimated time and distance. "Let's walk it," he said. "I'm not getting walk it," he said. "I'm not getting walk it," he said. "I'm not getting building that each boy is doing to-bands upon coats for lengthening purbands upon coats for lengthening purband wards the perfection of a courageous, poses, as cuffs, sleeve-bracelets, chokmanly lad, to join, if not the United ers, glove gauntlets, and collars, for They had seats in one of the last States Army, the Army of Life, for by doing so, many renovation schemes

Great Gunnery.

ward when he came upon the tele- and the mirror will become clouded scope man at Columbus Circle, who and hazy. "Did I?" He grinned broadly.
"That's funny. I didn't know I laughed. I don't see much about. This other chan now here to laugh emotions to stir him; and in harden- to his ears and watched. Presently a ribbon is used for girdle. The happy one smiled broadly, took mantic side; he was hungry for the his fingers from his ear and patted knitted Shetland wool.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

will put in the box or basket. Be sure you have variety and that there is plenty; above all have it dainty. Sandwiches are the mainstays, be-

cause they are never brought back. Try date sandwiches. Wash, dry and stone the dates and chop with an equal amount of walnut meats. Whole wheat bread with peanut butter.

Brown bread with cream cheese. Whole wheat bread with a filling of hard boiled egg chopped fine is relished by most children. It may be moistened with cream salad dressing. Orange marmalade makes a nice filling for white bread. Tender roast beef chopped and seasoned is a good filling.

White meat from a fowl is good. White bread and strawberry jam. White bread with butter and chopa palpable foreigner in the realm of ped ham, or with chopped nuts and raisins. Sardine sandwiches are good. Re-

> Always mince the meat; it is really nicer and much easier to eat Sometimes cut the sandwiches in

odd forms. The bread should be a An orange, an apple or bunch of it—he wasn't that type of man!

"I hope you're liking it, too," he grapes generally meet with approval.

Pick perfect fruit and wan in para-Pick perfect fruit and wrap in parafin paper. Some children prefer a ba-nana. A few olives are nice for a

Have a few small jars with a screw top and use them for baked apples, or custard, potato salad; even beans are liked with the lunch; a tiny glass of jelly or fruit sauce in the jar.

Little cakes, cookies in odd shapes, "Honestly," he reiterated. "But it would have been just as fine if it had coffee cakes, ginger bread, ginger wafers, sometimes a piece of maple sugar, cheese, celery, sweet chocolate, a few figs and dates, a handful of

Simplicity to Control Modes for 1918.—The very latest achievement by a branch of the Council of National Defense startles in the boldness of its purview and the unsuspected mas-What a subject! I presume there point of attack. A saving of 25 per tire the total economizing will net 40

But that does not mean that every and furbelows in the way of flounces, tucks, belts and camouflage pockets.

motive of this stirring assault on the But, I was saying, they take pretty good care of them generally. It isn't the poor man's child is reviled and government of the crisis. Then the modistes were consulted and, with shunned, when it is not really his true French zeal, they pledged to dic-

Faced with the wool shortage, the

In all cases, where it is necessary girls, sent us letters, and a bit of to-bacco now and then, and didn't do another single thing, we'd be better fected by the war during which it was use of material needed elsewhere. A grandson of General U. S. Grant While the economy board frowns on

When shortage of raw material like how other manufactures may be turned to war work or their output reduced gradually and every effort will be made to avoid a sudden stoppage of work, which might have a disastrous economic effect.—Pittsburgh

Fur is being used just as much as a trimming this autumn as last. It is of the world to come. are encouraged, and every little piece of fur in hand can be utilized for these and hat-trimming purposes.

If a mirror is hung where the di-An unstable patron of New York's gay places was taking his way north-

There are still some pockets, but they are growing scarce.

Reversible black and white satin

Two-piece sport suits are made of

High ruffled lingerie collars are one of the new fashions.