# Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 11, 1919.

#### THE SONG OF THE STARS.

The morning star began it At the dawn of creation's birth, And the circling spheres go swinging And singing it unto earth.

And earth shall forget her groaning, And learn the songs of the spheres, And the tired shall sing that are moaning And the sad shall dry their tears.

As the sears tread paths appointed, And the sun gives forth his heat, So the sons of men shall labor. Ere they rest in leisure's seat.

And kings are to serve the people. And wealth is to ease the poor, And learning to lift up the lowly, And strength that the weak may endure

Lo, the burden shall be divided, And each shall know his own, And the royalty of manhood Shall be more than crown or throne.

And the flesh and blood of toilers Shall no longer be less than gold. And never an honest spirit Into hopeless bondage be sold.

For we the people are waking, And low and high shall employ The splendid strength of union For liberty, life, and joy. -Silver Cross.

# THE MURDERER.

(Concluded from last issue.)

The mate measured him with a practiced eye. Though he had the crazy courage of a bulldog, he was too much an expert in warlike emergencies to overlook the risk of trying to rush a desperate man armed with a knife; the chances of the grapple were too ugly. There was something lunatic and strange in the youth's glare also; and it will sometimes happen that an oppressed and cowed man in his extremity will shrug his meekness from him and become, in a breath, a desperado. This had its place in the mate's considerations.

"Finish, den!" he rasped, with no weakening of his tone or manner. 'You don't t'ink I'm goin' to vait all night for dem rope-yarns—hey?"
He turned his back at once lest Conroy should venture another retort and make an immediate fight un-

avoidable. Before his eye the silent audience melted as swiftly as it had appeared, and Conroy was alone with thrill of victory. The thrill came later, in the fore-

castle, where he swelled to the adulation of his mates. They, at any rate, had been deceived by his attitude; they praised him by word and look; the big Greek infused a certain geniality into his smile. Only Slade said the wrong thing.

"I was ready for him as soon as he moved," Conroy was asserting.
"And he knew it. You should ha'

put the knife away."

The men were listening, crediting him. Old Slade, in the background, took his pipe from his lips. "Ar' now I suppose you're fied," he mquired, harshly

"How d'you mean, satisfied?" demanded Conroy, coloring. "You saw what happened, didn't you?" "You made him gape," said Slade "That was because he made you howl,

eh? Well ain't you calling it quits, then-till the next time he kicks Some one laughed; Conroy raised

his voice. "He'll never kick me again," he ied. "His kicking days are over. He's kicked me once too often, he

has. Quits—I guess not!"

Slade let a mouthful of smoke trickle between his lips; it swam in front of his face in a tenuous film of pale vapor.

"Well, talkin' won't do it, anyhow," he said.
"No," retorted Conroy, and collected all eyes to his gesture. "But this

He showed them the thin-bladed knife which the Greek had given him, holding it before them by the hilt. He let a dramatic moment elapse.
"Like that!" he said, and stabbed at the air. "Like that-see? Like

They came upon bad weather gradually, drawing into a belt of half-gales, with squalls that roared up from the horizon and made them for the time into whole gales. The Villingen, designed and built primarily for cargo capacity, was a wet ship, and upon any point of sailing had a way of scooping in water by the many tons. In nearly every watch came the roar, "Stand by yer to'gallant halliards!" Then the wait for ten Then the wait for ten minutes while the wind grew and the big four-masted back lay over and bumped her bluff bows through racing seas, until the next order, shriland more urgent, "Lower away!" and the stiff canvas fought and slattel as the yards came down. Seaand oilskins were the wear for every watch; wet decks and the crash of water coming inboars over the rail, dull cold and the rasp of heavy, sodden canvas on the numb fingers, became again familiar to the men, and at last there arrived the even-

ing, graved with tempest, on which all hands reefed topsails. The mate had the middle watch, from midnight till four o'clock in the morning, and for the first two hours it was Conray's turn on the lookout. The rest in oilskins and sea-boots, were standing by under the break of the poop; save for the sleeping men in the shut forecastle, he had the fore part of the ship to himself. He leaned against the after rail of the forecastle head, where a ventilator somewhat screened him from the bitter wind that blew out of the dark, and gazed ahead at the murk. Now and again the big bark slid forward with a curtseying motion, and dipped up a sea that flowed aft over the anchors and cascaded down the ladders to the main-deck; spray that spouted aloft and drove across on the wind, sparkled red and green in the glare

of the sidelights like brief fireworks. The splash and drum of waters, the heavy drone of the wind in the stilts, the clatter of gear aloft, were in his which the sou-wester and the head it

from the poop, which he should have answered with a stroke on the big bell behind him and a shouted report on

"Hoy! You schleepin' up dere-

It was the mate, who had come forward in person to see why he had not answered. He was by the fore fire-rail, a mere shape in the dark. 'Sleepin'-no, sir!"

"Don't you hear von bell shtrike?" cried the mate, slithering on the wet deck toward the foot of the ladder. "No, sir," said Conroy, and stooped

to strike the bell. The mate came up the ladder, hauling himself by the hand-rails, for he was swollen beyond the ordinary with extra clothes under his long oilskin coat. A plume of spray whipped him in the face as he got to the top, and he swore shortly, wiping his eyes with his hands. At the same moment Conroy, still stooping to the bell-lanyard, felt the Villingen lower her nose and slide down in one of her disconcerting curtseys; he caught at the rail to steady himself. The dark water, marbled with white foam, rode in over the deck, slid across the anchors and about the capstan, and came aft toward the ladder and the mate. The ship rolled at the same moment.

Conroy saw what happened as a protesque trick of circumstance. The of fates. "You feel bad—yes? Vell, mate, as the deck slanted, slipped and reached for the hand-rail with an ejaculation. The water flowed about his knees; he fell back against the hand-rail, which was just high enough for him to sit on. It was what, for one ridiculous moment, he seemed to be doing. The next, his booted feet amid the confusion of splashing water that leaped down the maindeck. Conroy heard him strike something below with a queer, smacking noise. "Pity he didn't go overboard while he was about it," he said to himself, acting out his role. Really, he was

rather startled and dismayed. He found the mate coiled in the scupper, very wet and still. He took hold of him to draw him under the forecastle head, where he would have shelter, and was alarmed at the inert-

ness of the body under his hands.

"Sir!" he cried, "sir!—sir!"

He shook the great shoulders, but quickly desisted; there was something horrible, something that touched his nerves, in its irresponsiveness. He remembered that he might probably find matches in the lamp-locker, and staggered there to search. He had to grope in gross darkness about the place, touching brass and the uncanny smoothness of glass, before his appeared, and Conroy was alone with hand fell on what he sought. At last his sick sense of having ventured too he was on one knee by the mate's far, which stood him in place of the side, and a match shed its little illumination. The mate's face was odd in its quietude, and the sou'wester of oilskin was still on his head, held there by the strings under the chin. From under its edge blood flowed steadily, thickly, appallingly.

"But—" cried Conroy. The match—

flame stung his fingers and he dropped it. "O Lord!" he said. It occurred to him then, for the first time, that the mate was dead.

The men aft, bunched up under the seen how he gaped when I wouldn't break of the poop, were aware of him as a figure that came sliding and tottering toward them and fell sprawling at the foot of the poop ladder. He floundered up and clutched the nearest of them, the Greek.

"The mate's dead," he broke out, in fixed on Conroy. a kind of breathless squeal. "Somebody call the captain; the mate's dead. There was a moment of silence:

then a cackle of words from several of them together. The Greek's hands on his shoulders tightened. He heard the man's purring voice in his ear. "How did you do it?"

Conroy thrust himself loose; the skies of his mind were split by a frightful lightning flash of understanding. He had been alone with the mate; he had seen him die; he was sworn to kill him. He could see the livid smile of the Greek bent upon

"I didn't do it," he choked, passionately, and struck with a wild, feeble hand at the smile. "You liar—I didn't do it." "Hush!" The Greek caught him

again and held him. Some of the men started forward: others had slipped into the alleyway to rouse the second mate and captain. The Greek had him clutched to his bosom in a strong embrace and was hushing him as one might hush a scared child. Slade was at his side. "He slipped, I tell you; he slipped at the top of the ladder! She'd slip-ped a dollop of water and then rolled,

and over he went. I heard his head go smack and went down to him. I never touched him."
"Hush!" It was Slade this time. "And yer sure he's dead?"

"Yes, he's dead."
"Well—" the old man exchanged nods with the Greek. "All right.

Only-don't tell the captain that tale; it ain't good enough."
"But—" began C "But—" began Conroy. A hug that crushed his face against the Greek's oilskin breast silenced him.

"Vat is all dis?" It was the captain, tall, august, come full-dressed from his cabin. At his back the second mate, with his oilskin coat over his pajamas, thrust for-

ward his red, cheerful tace.
Slade told the matter briefly. "And it's scared young Conroy all to bits, ' he concluded.

"Come for'ard," bade the captain. 'Get a lamp, some vun!"
They followed him along the wet, slippery deck, slowly, letting him pass ahead out of ear-shot. "It was a belayin'-pin, ye-es?" queried the Greek, softly, of Conroy.

"He might have hit his head against me might have fit his head against a pin," replied Conroy.
"Eh?" The Greek stopped. "Might 'ave—might 'ave 'it 'is 'ead! Ah. dat is fine! 'E might 'ave 'it 'is 'ead, Slade! You 'ear dat?"
"Yes it sin't bad!" replied Slade.

"Yes, it ain't bad!" replied Slade. and Conroy, staring in a wild attempt to see their faces clearly, realized that

they were laughing, laughing silently and heartily. With a gesture of despair he left them. A globe-lamp under the forecastle head lighted the captain's investigations, gleaming on wet oilskins, shadow-pitted faces, and the curious, remote thing that had been the mate of the Villingen. Its ampler kight revealed much that the match-flame had missed from its field—the manner in

cut in the sou'wester through which clotted hair protruded, the whole ghastliness of death that comes by violence. With all that under his eyes, Conroy had to give his account of the affair, while the ring of silent, hard breathing men watched him and marveled at the clumsiness of his sto-

"It is strange," said the captain. "Fell ofer backwards, you said. It is very strange! And vere did you find de body?"

The scupper and deck had been washed clean by successive seas; there was no trace there of blood, and none on the rail. Even while they searched, water spouted down on them. But what Conroy noted was that no pin stood in the rail where the mate had fallen, and the hole that

might have held one was empty.
"Ah, vell!" said the captain at last. "De poor fellow is dead. I do not understand, quite, how he should fall like dat, but he is dead. Four of you get de body aft."

the tall captain turned. "Vell, vat is it?" "Can I go below, sir?" It was me that found him, sir. I feel rather—

rather bad." ed, "Sa ed, "Sa ready." him inscrutably, he, the final arbiter

you can go below!"

The little group that bore the mate's body shuffle aft, with the others following like a funeral procession. A man looked shivering out of the door of the starboard forecastle, and inquired in loud whispers: "Was ist los? Sag, mal—was ist denn los?" swayed up and he fell over backward, He put his inquiry to Conroy, who kick Conroy, but it aindt," he observwaved him off and passed to the port of orecastle on the other side of the "He got vat he ask for. . . . Dodn't deck-house.

The place was somehow strange, with its double row of empty bunks like vacant coffin-shelves in a vault, but solitude was what he desired. The slushing lamp swung and stank and made the shadows wander. From the other side of the bulkhead he could hear stirrings and a murmur of voices as the starboard watch grew aware that something had happened his face hotly. on deck. Conroy, with his oilskin coat half off, paused to listen for comprehensible words. The opening of the door behind him startled him, and he spun roud to see Slade making

a cautious entry. He recoiled.
"Leave me alone," he said, in a strangled voice, before the other could speak. "What are you following me for? You want to make me in. An' any feller that says he did out a murderer. I tell you I never touched him."

door, the upper half of his face shadowed by the sou'wester, his thin lips curved in a faint smile. "No?" he said mockingly. "You didn't touch him? An' I make no doubts you'd take yer oath of it. But you should not have put the pin back in the rail

staring at him with horrified eyes.

"But there would ha' been if I had not took a look round while you were ref-

'He might easy make a mistake that 'ud cost him dear;' so I took a look round. An' I found this." From with-

in his coat he brought forth an iron belaying-pin, and held it out to Conroy. "See?" His finger pointed to it.

"He hit his head against it when he fell," protested the younger man. "He did! Oh, God, I can't stand

He sank to a seat on one of the

chests and leaned his face against the steel plate of the wall. "Hit his head!" snorted old Slade.
"Couldn't you ha' fixed up a better yarn than that? What are you snivelin' at? D'ye think yer the only man as ever stove in a mate's head—an' him a murdouir man driver? him a murderin' man-driver? Keep them tales for the Old Man; he believes 'em, seemingly; but don't you come them on me.'

Conroy was moaning. "I never touched him!" "Never touched him! Here, take the pin; it's yours!" He shrank from it. "No, no!"

He shrank from it. "No, no!"

Slade pitched it to his bunk, where it lay on the blanket. "It's yours," he repeated. "If yer don't want it, heave it overboard yerself or stick it back in the rail. Never touched him—you make me sick with yer 'never touched him!"

The door slammed on his scornful retreat; Conroy shuddered and sat up. The iron belaying-pin lay where it had fallen, on his bed, and even in that meager light it carried the traces of its part in the mate's death. had the look of a weapon rather than of a humble ship-fitting. It rolled a couple of inches where it lay as the ship leaned to a gust, and he saw that it left a mark where it had been, a stain.

He seized it in a panic and started for the door to be rid of it at once. As if a malicious fate made him its toy, he ran full into the Greek outside

"Ah!" The man's smile flashed forth, wise and livid. "An' so you ad it in your pocket all de time, den!" Conroy answered nothing. It was beyond striving against. He walked to the rail and flung the thing forth with hysterical violence to the sea.

The watch going below at four o'clock found him apparently asleep, with his face turned to the wall. They snoke in undertones as though they feared to disturb him, but none of them mentioned the only matter which all had in mind. They climbed heavily to their bunks, there to smoke the brief pipe, and then to slumber. Only Slade, who slept little, would from time to time lean up on one elbow to look down and across to the still figure which hid its face

throughout the night. Conroy woke when the watch was called for breakfast by a young man who thrust his head in and shouted. He had slept at last, and now as he ears; he did not hear one bell strike covered were caved in at one side, the sat up it needed an effort of mind to

recall his trouble. He looked out at his mates, who stood about the place pulling on their clothes, with sleep still heavy on them. They seemed as usual. It was his turn to fetch the coffee from the galley, he remembered, and he slipped out of his bunk to dress and attend to it.

trousers.

door was already dressed.
"I vill go," he said. "You don't bother," and forthwith slipped out. The others were looking at him The one used by most persons is to now, glancing with a queer, sharp determine first the width of the interest and turning away when they stripes, so that if the flag is to be met his eyes. It was as though he were a stranger.
"That was a queer thing last

night," he said to the nearest.
"Yes," the other agreed, with a kind of haste.

volunteer, under the same constraint. "Please, sir," accosted Conroy, and He could not keep silent; he had to speak and make them answer.
"Where is he?" he asked, abruptly.
"On de gratings," he was told. And

the Swede who fetched the coffee added, "Sails is sowin' him up now al-"We'll see the last of him today,"

said Slade. "He won't kick nobody again!" There was a mutter of agreement, and eyes turned on Conroy again. Slade smiled slowly.

"Yes, he keeck once too many times," said the Greek. The shaggy young Swede wagged his head. "He t'ink it was safe to know vat he go up againdst. . . . No, it aindt—it aindt safe. . . . Maybe vish he aindt so handy mit his feet

now." They were all talking; their mixed words came to Conroy in broken sentences. He stared at them a little wildly, realizing the fact that they were admiring him, praising him, and afraid of him. The blood rose in

"You fellers talk," he began, and was disconcerted at the manner in which they all fell silent to hear him

"you talk as if I'd killed him."

"Well! . . . Ach was!"

He faced their smiles, their concili-

atory gestures, with a frown.
"You better stop it," he said. "He fell—see? He fell an' caved his head not-

His regard traveled from face to The other stood just within the oor, the upper half of his face shadwed by the sou'wester, his thin lips face, giving force to his challenge. "Ve aindt goin' to say nodings!" they assured him, mildly. "You don't

need to be scared of us, Conroy."

"I'm not scared," he said with meaning. "But—look out, that's all."

When breakfast was over, it was his turn to sweep up. But there was when you was through with it, all the almost a struggle for the broom and the privilege of saving him that trou-"There wasn't any pin there," said ble. It comforted him and restored Conroy, quickly. He had backed as him; it would have been even better far from Slade as he could, and was

not took a look round while you were spinnin' your yarn to the old man," said Slade. "I knew you was a fool."
With a manner as of mild glee he with manterous understanding. The Villingen was still under reefed upper topsails, walking into the seas on a taut bowline, with water acoming aboard freely. There was little for the worth to do serve these passed his hand into the bosom of his coat, still keeping his sardonic gaze trivial jobs which never fail on a jobs which never fail on a ship. Conroy and some of the others "Good thing you've got me to look after you," he went on. "Thinks I, poop, and he had a view of the sailmaker at his work on the gratings under the break of the poop, stitching on his knees to make the mate presentable for his last passage. The sail-maker was a bearded Finn, with a heavy, darkling face and the secret eyes of a faun. He bent over his "That's blood, that is—and that's hair. Look for yourself! Now I suppose you'll tell me you never touched him!" eyes of a faun. He bent over his task, and in his attitude and the slow rhythm of his moving hand there was a suggestion of ceremonial, of an act mysterious and ritual.

act mysterious and ritual. Half-way through the morning Conroy was sent for to the cabin there to tell his tale anew, to see it The captaken down, and to sign it.

tain asked him if he felt better.
"Thank you, sir," replied Conroy.
"It was a shock, findin' him dead like "Yes, yes," agreed the captain. can understand—a great shock. Yes!"
He was bending over his papers at

the table; Conroy smiled over his bowed head. Returning on deck, he winked to the man at the wheel, who smiled uncomfortably in return. Later he borrowed a knife to scrape some spots of paint off the deck; he did not want to spoil the edge of his own. They buried the mate at eight bells: the weather was thickening, and it might be well to have the thing done. The hands stood around, bareheaded,

with the grating in the middle of them, one edge resting on the rail, the other supported by two men. There was a dark smudge on the sky up to windward, and several times the captain glanced up from his book to-He read in German, slowly, with a dwelling upon the sonorous passages, and toward the end he closed the book and finished without

Conroy was at the foot of the ladder; the captain was above him, reading mournfully, solemnly, without looking at the men. They were rigid, only their eyes moving. Conroy collected their glances irresistibly When the captain had finished his reading he sighed and made a sign, lifting his hand like a man who resigns himself. The men holding the grating tilted it; the mate of the Villingen, with a little jerk, went over

"Shtand byder tobs'l hilliards!" roared the second mate. Conroy, in the flurry, found him-

self next to a man of his watch. He jerked a thumb in the direction of the second mate, who was still vociferating orders. "Hark at him!" he said. "Before

we're through I'll teach him manners, too.' And he patted his knife.—By Pereival Gibbon, in Harper's Monthly

An Extremist.

"Isn't Nextdore's wife rather fond of an argument?" "Is she? Why that woman is so fond of an argument she won't even eat anything that agrees with her."

-Subscribe for the "Watchman."

LIKE BETSY ROSS.

Girl of 1919 May Easily Construct Her Own Starry Flag.

The American flag is one of the easiest in the world to make since all of its parts are in straight lines. "I won't be a minute," he said to Any school girl who is able to sew can the others, as he dragged on his make a flag for about one-half of what t will cost her at a store, and still A shaggy young Swede near the have a stronger and more durable one was already dressed. are two principal ways of proceeding in the making of the American flag. made of silk, ribbon may be purchased of a standard width. From this the size of the flag may be determined. The second method is to decide either the width or the length of the flag and then compute the amount They sat about at their meal, when of material from the size decided the coffee had been brought by the upon.

Let us assume that we wish to make a flag from two-inch silk ribbons her labor. since two-inch ribbon is a standard The Hem size and may be purchased at any dry goods store. Since the stripes will be two inches wide the width of the club is probably the only yachting or-canton or the blue field, will be seven ganization which has its clubhouse be two inches wide the width of the times two inches or 14 inches, and its solely in charge of women.

length will be the same, since the A bill introduced in the British Parlength will be the same, since the canton of the American flag is square. The canton is also one-third the length of the flag. Then the flag will be three times 14 inches which equals 42 inches and the width being 13 times two inches or 26 inches. Thus, to use two-inch ribbon, one will have a flag three and a half feet long and stop. a little more than two feet wide.

MATERIAL NEEDED. The next thing is to determine just how much two-inch ribbon must be purchased, so that the stripes may be made with little or no waste. There are three full white stripes in the complete length of the flag, which equals 126 inches, and added to that will be three short strips two-thirds the length of the flag, or 84 inches, mak-ing a total of 210 inches, or about six yards. For the red stripes, it is necessary to add one extra short red stripe of 14 inches, which is about a half of a yard. Thus, for a flag made with two-inch ribbon, it will be necessary for the maker to purchase six yards of white and six and a half yards of red ribbon. The canton will be fourteen inches square and the stars may be made from smaller widths of ribbon. There must be 48 stars arranged in six rows of eight stars each. By using a ruler, the exact position of the stars may be determined and they can be easily cut if a paper pattern is made beforehand.

By the second method one determines the length of the flag—for example, make the flag 21 inches long. By applying the same process of computation backwards, the size of the canton will be seven inches square and the width of stripes one inch. The amount of material may be determin- again, black is not so warm for the

representing the United Colonies, in a blue canton, which was raised on bined with facings or other trimmings Prospect hill, Cambridge, on the first of king's blue, and sometimes the satday of Janutry, 1776, has never been in changes its mind and is king's blue satisfactorily determined. It is cominstead of black. monly thought that the continental congress appointed George Washington, George Ross and Robert Morris a committee, authorized to design a suitable flag for the nation and that they called upon Mrs. Ross, who was conducting an upholstery business on Arch street in Philadelphia. The confirmation of this report is not to be

found in the Journal of Congress.

There seems to be little doubt that the American flag is a growth rather than a creation. Few of the writers have declared that both of the stars and the stripes were derived from the coat of arms of Washington's family, which contains both devices, but beyond that coincident no other evidence has been produced to prove this. MADE OFFICIAL EMBLEM.

On June 14, 1777, the American congress in session at Philadelphia adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be 13 stars white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The credit of making the first flag

is given to Betsy Ross. William J. Canby, a grandson of Mrs. Ross, de-She objected to the six-pointed stars, and suggested that they be five-pointed. General Washington is supposed to have redrawn the sketch, changing the star to five points. At first Washington declared that five-pointed stars would be hard to make, but Mrs. Ross demonstrated that by one clip of her scissors she was able to make a

perfect five-pointed star.
In 1912, the United States congress to the Union and the stars then numbered 48. The law did not provide how the stars were to be arranged, and for a long time a considerable diversity existed in this respect. However, on October 29 of that year, the proportion was definitely fixed and the manner in which the stars were to be placed was determined. Since time the same rule has held good, that of six rows of eight stars each.

## Giving Entire Satisfaction

There is a remarkably effective combination of blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening, liver-stimulating remedies. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla for the blood, taken before eating, Peptiron for the nerves, taken after eating, and Hood's Pills for the liver, taken as needed.

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## Running Expenses.

"The home stretch," once a racing term, now applies to making a moderate salary meet all domestic requirements.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. The best woman is the woman who is the least talked about .- Old Proverb.

Mrs. Reginald De Koven, wife of the great composer, thinks that the way to fight Bolshevism is to begin with the children. By 330 votes to 218 the French

Chamber of Deputies has decided to discuss the provisions of a bill giving women the right to vote at elections of the municipal general and district councils. The Women's International Con-

gress at Zurich has decided to invite the various national sections of the International Women's League to organize meetings of protest against treaty. Over 50 per cent of the workers in the Philadelphia candy factories

are women. Only one woman in every four in the candy trade in Philadelphia re-ceives as much as \$14 per week for

The Hempstead, L. I., Harbor Yacht club is under the supervision of two sisters—Mamie and Ella Miller. This

liament allows women to become justices of the peace and enjoy all the privileges accorded one in that office.

Miss May Kitson, an 18-year-old
Erdenheim, Pa., girl, desires to accompany the first flyer who attempts to cross the Atlantic ocean without a

Miss Bettie Fisher, yeoman, recentinherited over \$2,000,000 from a distant relative, but she still sits at her desk in the Navy building in Washington.

Ten new policewomen were recently appointed in New York, making a total of 28, for special duty among young people at dances, picnics and other public places.

With summer fashions practically "set" for a few weeks at any rate, let us hope, it is time to talk of such things as colors and those minor details that stamp the woman who takes an artistic interest in her clothes from the one who just throws on "something to wear." There is a decided trend toward black, black and white-which usually turns up about this time of year-and black and blue. Why black should prove such a favorite color for hot weather is a question unless, which is probably true, it makes such stunning contrast among the paler pastel tints and the brilliant sports colors of a summer throng of well dressed people. Under certain circumstances, too, black is, in fact, a cool color, as, for instance, in the case of a darling little black taffeta, all fluted ruffles and relieved with wide fichu collar and deep flow-ing cuffs of white organdie. And the first method.

The official origin of the flag with the 13 alternate red and white stripes, dresses with long loose blouses and flowing sleeves. Often they are combined with facings or other trimmings

> Brown for fall, say modistes and milliners who "know." As an assurance of that mode we catch glimpses even now of such things as a brown dotted foulard with puffed bands at the hip-line of brown mousseline, brown tulle hats both in the toque and picture dimensions, and brown net frocks for the summer dance. So you see this idea of certain colors being too warm for summer wear is largely fancy, for it depends entirely upon how they are developed.

> In the lighter frocks, orchid and yellow seem to rule. Lilac is one of the prettiest of the organdie shades. It is being used extensively, too, even for the organdie hats, which are being made to match the frocks. These hats, by the way, are showing the new maline draping in contrasting color, and a chic use of black or silver flowers, or simple bows of narrow

black satin ribbon. Which brings up another detail of summer fashions which, though small, s going to make a decided difference in the general effect of a costume. Large hats are being raised now by some means to show the eyebrows. clared that Betsy Ross was shown a rough drawing of the flag, which was explained by George Washington. making the crown of the hat small enough to make it set rather high on the forehead. Other times the hat is raised by an underbrim trimming of flowers of silver, or tiny ribbon bows, often of silver ribbon. Sometimes the high coiffure alone will hold the hat sufficiently high, so that its drooping will not hide a pair of pretty eyes or quizzical brows.

A pretty trimming seen on a new blouse suggests that some startling admitted Arizona and New Mexico in- things in handpainting may be expected when wash materials have outlived their summer popularity. This was a peplum or tunic blouse, by the way, with the peplum split to make a short apron in back and a much longer one in front. The trimming, however, was done with paint applied thickly to resemble beads. One can imagine what lovely effects could be had on Georgette in both dark and pastel shades from this new "chromite" work, as they call it.

Handpainting, in flat effect is also to be seen on fine blouses, and very often is supplemented by beads. Another very exquisite blouse trimming is a machine cat-stitching used like a fagotting for seams and armholes. The machine hemstitching has been so popular that home dressmakers are sure to welcome this new short cut, should it prove practical. While still on the subject of blouses, it would not do to omit mention of another slightly more bizarre trimming capable of practical adaptation. It is the use of huge millinery flowers as contrasting color touch. These flowers are often partly appliqued on to make them an integral part of the blouse, and not just an applied acces-

Sory. The summer blouse of Georgette, 64-27 with a touch of filet lace or insertion, is having quite a vogue, particularly at one of the most popular shore re-sorts. The whole blouse is, as a rule, entirely hand-made, and the combination of Georgette and filet makes as dainty an object of apparel as one could desire.