

BE WHAT MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE.

By Willis S. Adkin.

While walking down a crowded city street the other day, I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say, "Say, Chimmey, lemme tell youse I'd be happy as a clam If I only wuz de feller dat my mudder 'tinks I am."

CROSS PURPOSES.

"I don't care if he does hear," declared Emmy Franklin. "I've a good mind to throw that door wide open and let the smell of the griddle cakes and sausage go right in there. It is all stuff and nonsense. Why should our own brother have to have his breakfast taken in to him on a tray, and have soft-boiled eggs and toast and grapefruit, and eat while he reads the morning paper? I'm just about sick of it!"

"You know that was the way poor mother brought him up, and she charged us to take care of him, because he was delicate," said Hattie Franklin. She was a tall, pretty woman. "Delicate, nothing!" said Emmy imperiously. "And what is more, I honestly think it is hard on William. I believe he would like these nice sausages."

"But Emmy, the sausage might disagree with him, and you know poor mother was so careful—" "Yes, I know, and mother was wrong."

"Emmy! Mother is dead." "I can't help that. She might have been wrong when she was alive. She was wrong. Here we are sacrificing everything to a mistake our dear mother made, and can't undo, and I certainly believe we are hurting William. It is wrong, Hattie; you know it is," said Emmy.

"I don't know." "Now, Hattie Franklin, don't pretend you don't know, when you do know. Here's poor Peter been waiting all this time to marry you, and now his mother's dead, and he needs you more than ever. He will have to hire a housekeeper."

Hattie blushed, then the tears stood in her patient eyes. "Peter knows how I am situated," she said pitifully. "Oh, yes, but what does he think in his heart of hearts? He must think that you prefer your brother to him. I know, of course, you could marry Peter if I would promise that I would stay right here with William all the rest of my life; but as for me, I won't."

"I'm not asking it of you, Emmy." Suddenly Emmy began to weep. "I might as well promise," she sobbed. "I shall never have the chance to marry; that is, not the chance I would look at."

Hattie looked at her, and her own eyes became redly suffused. "Is Dicky going away?" she whispered. "Yes, Kate told me yesterday. He has that splendid chance in Boston. He can't wait here any longer," Emmy sobbed outright.

"Don't, Emmy dear." "I can't help it. Here we are, living all the lives we've got on earth, and not getting what we ought to out of them. Sometimes I wonder if mother was right. Sometimes I wonder if it is best for William. And I don't really know where I am at. I don't know whether we are not putting ourselves out sometimes when William wouldn't mind if we did things we wanted to. Mother was always so afraid he would be hurt. Maybe he wouldn't be. I want to have Peter and Dicky and Kate to supper Wednesday evening—Dicky is going Thursday—and I'm such a coward I am not crazy, but for once William might mind—he never did care much for company, you know—and yet maybe he wouldn't, and I'm a fool. I do know one thing—Peter and Dicky are worth a hundred of William, if he is our brother. They are men, anyhow."

"Oh, Emmy, don't talk so." Suddenly Emmy sat up straight. She began to laugh wildly. "Emmy, what ails you?" cried Hattie, staring at her with frightened eyes.

"We are going to give in to William's preference," said Emmy, choking with sudden laughter. "Oh, don't look so frightened, Sister Hattie. I am not crazy, but for once William shall wish we hadn't humored him, even if he does want us to, as mother always said he did. He shan't have to put up with company at a meal. We'll humor him all right, don't you be afraid."

Emmy came close beside her sister and whispered. Hattie smiled faintly, but she protested. "Oh, Emmy, I am afraid it's an awful queer thing to do," said she, "asking Peter and Dicky to take her somewhere to supper instead of coming here." "I don't see why. It certainly is humoring William. And I am going right over to see Kate and tell her we can't have them on Wednesday." She got her shawl and white hood from a peg on the kitchen wall, and went out, despite her sister's faint protestations. Hattie saw her crossing the field to another house, whose roof rose steeply behind a row of fir trees. As she went about her work Hattie,

for the first time, realized a sensation of intense indignation against her brother. Left to herself, she would have been incapable of it. She had one of the gentle, feminine tempers which require a fulminate of another temper to awaken it. Emmy for the first time had succeeded. Hattie thought of poor Peter Foster, who would have to cook his own dinner this dreary day, and her heart rebelled. Peter would not be sitting in the warm library, like William—William was town librarian. Peter was a doctor, and he would be driving miles through all this storm, and he would come home to a cheerless house and be unwelcomed.

Suddenly Hattie thought of the probable housekeeper. Yes, Peter would be obliged to have a housekeeper. She might be young and pretty. Then Peter, if she made him comfortable, would be tired of waiting longer for a woman who preferred her brother and his comfort to him. He would marry that housekeeper! Hattie felt a sharp sting of jealousy. After all, why should William demand so much? Why could not he get married?

There was Kate, Dicky Maxim's married sister. She had been a widow for four years. Everybody knew how she made her husband obey her, for his own good; nobody denied that. Kate's husband needed a firm hand. He had lived longer for it. William would have no relish for that firm hand, but Hattie suspected that it would be good for him. "Why can't William marry Kate?" thought Hattie.

She clinked the dishes unnecessarily. She slammed doors. She stepped heavily. Soon she heard William close the front door. It was much earlier than he usually left the house. The library did not open very early. "I'm glad of it!" thought Hattie. "We've kept the house quiet too long for William. I shan't keep quiet for him any longer."

Suddenly Hattie caught sight of her face in the little kitchen looking-glass, and was horrified. The gentleness was gone. The eyes were alert, snapping. The cheeks were flushed.

Soon Emmy returned and she was radiant. "I've seen Dicky," she announced. "He has a plan. You've got to say yes, Hattie. It is the only way." She went close to her sister and whispered.

"You scare me," said Hattie. "I'm afraid it is a dreadful thing to do." She did indeed feel alarm, but along with it a certain sense of triumph. Suddenly the head of a bay mare, glistening with rain, appeared beside the window. "Here's Peter," said Emmy. "How fortunate! I'm going to tell him what Dicky says."

She met Peter at the outside door. She talked rapidly. Hattie, tremulously waiting, heard the man's quick laugh. Then he came in, and Emmy vanished up the back stairs.

Hattie clapped her hands to her hair. "It looks lovely," said Peter with another burst of laughter. "Here, sit right down, Hattie. I've something to say, and I've got to say it quick, for my mare won't stand in this storm, and I've got a patient threatened with pneumonia, and I don't dare stay a minute."

Peter took both of Hattie's little hands, damp with dishwater. Then he talked. He did not stay long. He kissed Hattie and bade her not to be frightened. (People were always bidding Hattie Franklin not to be frightened.) Then he was in his carriage, and the bay mare was plunging alarmingly on her way to the road.

When Emmy re-entered the kitchen Hattie was sitting limply in the rocking-chair. She looked pale.

"Well?" said Emmy. "Oh, Emmy, it is awful, and we are doing wrong."

"I don't think it is awful at all, and I know we are not doing wrong," said Emmy.

"But how can we manage? And it is so soon." "I don't think it is very soon. It strikes me as being very late," said Emmy dryly. "And as for managing, everything can be managed. The first thing to do is to make two loaves of fruit cake. Do you realize how very little time there is?"

"Oh, Emmy!" "Don't look so frightened, Sister Hattie."

"William! What will happen to him?" "It is the very best thing we can do for William. Do look at it sensibly, Hattie."

They told William at noon that they had decided not to carry out their plan of having Peter Foster and Dicky Maxim and his sister to supper on the following Wednesday. William listened with his usual quiet composure, and made no comment. After dinner, while he smoked in the sitting room, Hattie again rattled dishes, slammed doors and stepped heavily, and again William set forth for the library before his usual time.

That evening William Franklin went rather early to his room. Before he fell asleep he heard the front door-bell ring. Then he heard voices, one of them a man's, in the front entry. After awhile he heard the bell again. Again he heard voices. William knew that his sisters had callers. He awoke a long time, thinking. He, as well as they, had his perplexities.

During the next week he made no sign whatever that he was aware of anything unwonted going on. It stormed nearly all the week, but his sisters went out, and the dressmaker came. Also there were callers during the evening. William took himself to bed early every night. He seemed very calm, but he was in reality perturbed. He realized within his inmost soul what oldest awe of the world, that of the male mind before the aroused, mysterious female of the species. The terror of the boy-child before feminine secrecy was upon him.

He told himself angrily that something was going on; that it was an outrage that he should not be informed; but he actually dared not inquire. This was the first time in his entire experience of womankind that anything like this had occurred. He was bewildered. He had a queer feeling, as if gravity itself were reversed. He

felt like that immortally astounded old woman of the clipped petticoats, in Mother Goose. He almost doubted, like her, his own identity.

When William came home from the library on Wednesday evening he saw the usual bright light shining out from the dining-room windows. As he entered the hall it struck him as queer that neither Hattie nor Emmy called out a greeting, as they always did. He missed Hattie's soft, pleasant voice and Emmy's clear, ringing tones.

On entering the dining-room William was astonished to see the table laid for one. It was carefully laid, as it always was. He opened the kitchen door. The silence and darkness smote him like a blow. As he turned back into the lighted dining-room he saw an envelope lying beside his plate. He sat down and read its contents in a dazed sort of way.

"Dea brother," it ran, "We have gone to have supper with Dicky and Peter. It is to be our wedding supper. Forgive us for surprising you, but there didn't seem to be any other way. Peter needed me so badly, and Emmy felt she couldn't let Dicky go to Boston without her. Your loving Hattie."

"P. S.—We have left plenty of things cooked for you. You could get Minty Griggs to come every morning and cook and clean up."

William Franklin, sitting there in the deserted dining-room, had exactly the look of a little boy entering his school-room for the first time. It was, in reality, hard upon him. Love, after coddling him against the winds and suns of life until he had lost, possibly, all his power to face them, after holding him so close that his very growth had been prevented, had suddenly let him go. The crash had been a risk.

It remained now to see what would come of it. Any woman, seeing the man beside the table that evening, in his desolate house, would have let her reason go to the winds for love of the poor, forsaken little child staring from his blue eyes.

William did not eat his supper. He went to his usual chair by the sitting-room window. He sat there, staring out at the deepening dusk, and a strange and rather solemn thing began to happen. It was as simple as the growth and flowering of the plants on the window sill. It was not, however, as common an occurrence.

It is seldom that a man of adult years, who has been trained to walk in a certain track of life, by influences against which he has never actively struggled although he may have realized at times inward impatience, has mental power to work a radical change along different lines. It probably cannot be done unless the previous course has been almost wholly due to outside influence.

William was a man but little removed from the normal, although his adoring mother had forced him, when young and pliable, into mild abnormalities. He was a man of sensitive type, but, left alone, he would never have come under tyranny of the type. That he had been so forced had been due to the loving, although rebellious attitude of his womenkind. However, he had also been influenced by his own love and consideration for them. Emmy had been entirely right about that matter of the breakfast sausages. He had come to loathe eggs and he smelled the savory odor with a ravenous appetite. But he feared lest his sisters, who had prepared his dainty breakfast would be hurt.

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Finally he began to talk as he sat there. His voice had a monotonous cadence, like a child reciting a lesson. He accused himself. He analyzed himself before his own tribunal. There was not once a tone of pity. He did not spare himself.

"All your life," William Franklin told himself, "you, a man, have let women carry you along like a child in their arms, when you ought to have carried them. Carry them! You have not even carried yourself. And that is not the worst of it. You have been such a fool that you liked it most of the time."

William stood up, and the man was transformed. He was still pale. He had been through a strange and bitter ordeal of nature which a grown man, with all his understanding, seldom understands. It was like upon the conviction of sin of his Puritan ancestors, and yet unlike, since it was not so much sin of which William stood convicted, but perversion of soul-growth. He stood there with all his pampered sensitiveness under his feet, where it would remain during the rest of his life. It would endure, but it would not reign. The man henceforth would reign.

A swiftly moving figure passed the window, and William recognized Mrs. Kate Sheldon. He flushed. He crossed the room hastily and opened the door for her. She pushed past him and entered. She looked up at him with a sort of defiance.

"Well, what are you going to do now, Billy Franklin?" said she. She was a handsome woman, very small and delicate-looking. Her fair hair tossed over a boyish, candid forehead. Her black eyes were steady, her lips frankly smiling. William gazed at her, and again the poor frightened boy looked out of his eyes. The woman made a slight movement, then she stood still.

"What on earth are you going to do now, Billy Franklin?" she demanded again. Her voice shook a little. "Stay awake," replied William unexpectedly. "I've waked up, and now I propose to stay awake."

Kate Sheldon stared at him. "You ought not to have come over here," said William abruptly.

Kate laughed. "I know it," said she. "At this very moment Mrs. Sam Trotter and her mother and her husband's sister are staring with all their eyes out of the windows of the Trotter house, watching to see how long I stay. They are all speculating as to what I came for."

"You came," said William with a chuckle, "for Emmy's blue shawl. She left it over a chair in the sitting-room."

"Don't be foolish, William," said Kate. Then her tone changed. "I don't see what you are going to do, Billy," she said.

William opened his mouth. She stopped him. "Now, you listen," said she. Kate began to talk. She talked swiftly, unhesitatingly.

"I know perfectly well that I am doing something most sensible women would think me a fool for doing," said she. "I don't care, and yet I do care. But I can't help it. No woman gets through this world without making a fool of herself at least three times. They may think they don't. I was a fool the first time, when I was only a girl, and I thought you were only a man to ask me to marry you. I was a fool the second time, when I was so ashamed because I thought I had been mistaken that I married the other man. I made him a good wife, though," said the woman proudly. "He never had any cause to complain. I made him as happy as any woman could, and I nursed him through consumption. He was sick when I married him, poor man. I don't know that I could have married him if it had not been for that. I certainly did pity him, and that meant an awful lot to me. But, looking at it just the way it was, I see that was the second time I made a fool of myself."

"And now I know perfectly well that I am making a fool of myself for the third time, and—"

Kate started violently, for William had risen suddenly and was motioning her to be silent. "You stop," said William. "Don't you say another word. Supper is on the table. Emmy and Hattie left it. You stay and have supper with me. Let the Trotters watch. Guess it will amuse them. We will have supper. Emmy and Hattie have done the best thing for me they ever did in their whole lives. They left me a good supper and they waked me up. High time I was waked up. Sit down, Kate."

The woman flushed a little. Suddenly she had a sensation of relative positions changing. "Had I better, after all, Billy?" she inquired. "The Trotters—"

"The Trotters be hanged!" said William. Kate regarded him admiringly, but also with a little awe. She took the chair which William placed for her.

"I have waked up," said William as he took his own place. "I reckon, to do myself justice, that the women who have belonged to me have helped me in taking too long a nap; but I ain't going to blame it into them. I suppose they got to petting me by degrees. I reckon I wasn't very strong when I was little, and I was the youngest. I know I was always sort of ailing. I wasn't strong."

Kate was almost weeping. "No, you were not, William," she said brokenly. "You were very delicate. Nobody thought you would live to grow up. And you looked like an angel, too." She fairly sobbed.

"Angels have to live up to their parts," said William firmly. "I reckon angels are harder worked than men. They are if they have to do the police work they're said to. I would rather work digging by the day than watch out over the man that dug; and with nothing coming for it, either, except the man's own private harp and crown, if the angels don't happen to quit. Look here, Kate, I know it is almost too late. I have worked my guardian angel too hard to have the right to be called a man on this earth, but I have turned around; perhaps not as well as if I had turned around sooner; but I have waked up and turned around, Kate."

"I am different," said William, and his voice rang more firmly. "I shall stay different. But I do know that I am the kind of man who all his life needs the sort of care women can give him. Maybe that is nothing to be ashamed of, if I don't take advantage of it. I shan't now; I shall take care in my turn. Maybe, now I have come to realize it, that is nothing to be ashamed of."

"No, it isn't," cried Kate. Her voice was full of tenderness. The two ate their supper. Neither was aware exactly what was eaten. William rose. "Now," said he, "you must go home. I am going with you."

"I will clear away the dishes first, Billy."

"Oh, Lord, hang the dishes! Let's start. Are you sure you won't carry Emmy's blue shawl? The Trotters—"

Kate's face blazed. "I don't care what the Trotters think," said she. "I did not come here to ask you to marry me, Billy Franklin."

"I don't think you did. It would be an insult to me," answered William, simply. "It would show me that you thought I hadn't any tongue in my head, or any brains. I am going to ask you myself as soon as we get to your house, Kate. If you will, it shall never be for you as it was for my sisters. There is never to be any more setting me apart as if I were a little better than other people. I shall do the man's work about the house, and you are to do exactly as you wish with the woman's work. I shall split up the kindling-wood, and make the fires and take care of the garden, and shovel snow, and never set out, no matter what you cook. It shall be cabbage every day, if you want it."

"I don't," replied Kate with a spirited look, "but I do want to feel that I could if I would."

William laughed. "I'll raise cabbages," said he jubilantly. "Come along, Kate."

BURNING UP PENNSYLVANIA.

During the five years ending with 1920, fire losses in Pennsylvania caused the destruction of property valued at the astonishing total of \$96,779,559, according to figures made public by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, which compiled the statistics from its Actuarial Bureau's records.

The causes are classified under three headings, of which twelve are designated as "strictly preventable," with a total of \$24,103,254 or 24.9 per cent of the whole; nine are designated as "partly preventable," the aggregate being \$36,926,072 or 38.2 per cent of the complete loss, and in addition there are those listed in the "unknown" column, which total \$35,750,233 or 36.9 per cent. The "unknown" losses may be considered as largely preventable since, if determined, they would have been distributed among the other causes.

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In analyzing the figures, it is found that while "exposure," which means the effect of communicated fires, was responsible for the heaviest loss, \$14,637,282, the principal specific cause of fire was "electricity," with a toll of \$7,885,513. This indicates how the safest form of power and light is abused in Pennsylvania as a result of carelessness. Next in importance, as causes of fire, were "Matches, Smoking," \$5,614,154, then "stoves, furnaces, boilers and their pipes," \$4,614,728, and then "spontaneous combustion," \$3,845,139.

Pennsylvania stands second among all of the States in the amount of loss by fire and the figures quoted should be increased by about 25 per cent to cover losses not reported to the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

The State's losses during the five years from 1916 to 1920 inclusive averaged \$19,355,511 per annum. If the total of \$96,779,559 could have been used instead of wasted, it would have built 19,355 houses at \$5,000 apiece (sufficient to furnish homes for 96,775 people, or more than the population of Wilkes-Barre and Oil City) or it would have built 9,677 miles of good macadam roads at \$10,000 a mile.

A study of such figures indicates the need of public education in fire prevention. It should be realized that property destroyed by fire represents an utter and irretrievable loss to the people as a whole, while the inexcusable toll in human life and suffering can hardly be compared.—Ex.

MINE FIRE BURNS THIRTY YEARS.

The biggest mine fire in the world is raging in Perry county, Ohio, in what is one of the finest seams of soft coal in America, if not in the whole world. This fire has been burning for thirty years and, according to those who know about the coal deposits there, it may burn for another thirty or even longer. The fire began just as an ordinary pit fire in 1885, and the owners of the mine were not unduly alarmed as they thought they could soon get it under control. They started by pumping water into the mine. But this did not seem to make any impression; the fire burned as furiously as ever, although millions of tons of water were poured into the mine. All the coal under 400 acres belonging to these men vanished during the course of the years, and the fire went on to the next estate of 550 acres, and on to the adjoining property of 400 acres. This was near the end of it, for up to date nearly 1,500 acres of coal have been consumed and still the flames go ahead.

The idea that the fire could not keep on because there would not be sufficient air was held at the beginning. But the layer of coal is comparatively near to the surface, never more than a hundred feet down and sometimes as close to the top as ten feet. As the fire rages great cracks appear in the ground and a kind of chimney is opened up which makes the flames burn all the more strongly. The district is a strange one in which to live. Quite often there is a rush of flames from the ground following on a tremendous explosion. Now and again a spring of water which has always been cold will become boiling hot. Or a great tree will suddenly fall over because all its roots have been burned away. Many houses have had to be moved or abandoned, as when the underground fire gets near, it is not safe to stay in that part. The ground might fall in all of a sudden and a house and its occupants be thrown into a blazing furnace. Yet most of the people do not seem to mind the danger much for they are hard at work mining the coal that has not caught, anxious to get it up before the fire reaches it.—Reformatory Record.

FISH SCALES USED.

Nothing hitherto has been deemed more worthless than fish scales; yet the commercial fishermen now find a market for them at a very satisfactory price, fifty cents a pound.

It should be said, however, that only the scales of some species of fish, such as the shad, the river herring and the sea herring, have value. These silvery scales are now systematically saved by the fishermen of Maine, Massachusetts and Virginia, and during the last year six tons of alewife scales alone were thus collected and sold.

The scales are used in the manufacture of "pearl essence," which is the material employed for lining the glass globules commonly sold as imitation pearls. It is a beautifully iridescent substance, and, separated from the scales by chemical means, is utilized in the form of a slightly milky fluid which looks as if shot with all the hues of the rainbow.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again—The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes with pain, And dies among his worshippers.—Bryant.

In colors there is no evidence that black is preferred. Red runs riot everywhere and the shades of it are never somber. Burgundy is taboo; flame, flag, lacquer are omnipresent colors in whatever material the season offers. The color of war is the chosen color for peace. Possibly it is a flag of sarcasm to the Disarmament Conference. It started on its wild and victorious career at the time Washington was the center of the world discussion as to how and when war could be controlled by civilization.

Green, the color of the Amazons, is the rival of red. It, too, is a color of ancient war, when a far-famed race of women fought as well as men and with as little, if not less, conscience. Is the heralding of this vivid color another token that women have gone into the field of battle, if not with swords then with votes?

The tender shades of green are not accepted. Fashion takes the biting tone of this universal color, mixing it with some blue, again letting it strike the eye like a clear jewel. Both America and France weave soft fabrics in it, somewhat like Chinese crepe, and France delights in a coarser open weave material that reminds one of the samplers of Revolutionary days. One could embroider a trite and sincere motto on it in colored wools and frame it to hang in the hall.

Gray has something of prestige; brown has little over here, although we hear much of it from Paris, but as it is the least happy of hot weather colors, there is little thought of it, except as a possible forerunner of autumn fashion. The tan and beige tones, I still see in the ascendency and there is a mixture of pink in the sand and beige colorings that is not only pleasing to the eye, but attractive against the flesh. It has more warmth than the cold tones of tan and can be used for more purposes.

Dark blue has its uses, but they are not often gay ones. The world needs certain steady principles and clothes, so dark blue serge and crepe fill that breach. They take the place of black, happily, and the dressmakers see to it that the change is strongly accentuated. One must record quickly, however, the fact that the milliners are not as progressive as the dressmakers in trying to argue against black for trade's sake, for Lewis, and many another master milliner of France, is pushing the all-black hat for spring and making a success. They argue that they tried to force the colored hat on women and they would have none of it, so now they are giving their imagination free play to invent alluring black shapes. For these hats they use black satin, the old reliable. On it they put wings and ribbon and sometimes curious and conspicuous ornamental hat pins in bright colors. Of course, red and green come into their own just here.

FOR MEN.

At its topmost best men's dress is a darksome affair, holding one down to monotony and a uniformity which stifles the "I" and "my" of individual taste. Therefore, any departure from the same old, tame old thing is to be hailed with genuine relief.

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Gray has something of prestige; brown has little over here, although we hear much of it from Paris, but as it is the least happy of hot weather colors, there is little thought of it, except as a possible forerunner of autumn fashion. The tan and beige tones, I still see in the ascendency and there is a mixture of pink in the sand and beige colorings that is not only pleasing to the eye, but attractive against the flesh. It has more warmth than the cold tones of tan and can be used for more purposes.

Dark blue has its uses, but they are not often gay ones. The world needs certain steady principles and clothes, so dark blue serge and crepe fill that breach. They take the place of black, happily, and the dressmakers see to it that the change is strongly accentuated. One must record quickly, however, the fact that the milliners are not as progressive as the dressmakers in trying to argue against black for trade's sake, for Lewis, and many another master milliner of France, is pushing the all-black hat for spring and making a success. They argue that they tried to force the colored hat on women and they would have none of it, so now they are giving their imagination free play to invent alluring black shapes. For these hats they use black satin, the old reliable. On it they put wings and ribbon and sometimes curious and conspicuous ornamental hat pins in bright colors. Of course, red and green come into their own just here.

There is a struggle for the supremacy of metals in costumery, which may also reflect the terrific battle between currency in various nations which is the aftermath of the war. Gold fights for its life in splendid gowns and silver runs into extravagance on plain frocks and hats, which does not keep it away from the dance, the dinner, the play.

The new embroidery is of silver and black, not ribbon, nor silk, nor wool, but braid in fine width and patterned like Slavic embroidery. It is quite good to look at and not difficult to do. We are bound to see much of it when the new clothes for spring and summer begin to appear in public.

FOR MEN.

At its topmost best men's dress is a darksome affair, holding one down to monotony and a uniformity which stifles the "I" and "my" of individual taste. Therefore, any departure from the same old, tame old thing is to be hailed with genuine relief.

The wing collar, which was widely in vogue some ten years ago, is by way of coming back, as a fashionable form for day dress. It may be worn either with the bow-knot tie, or with the four-in-hand.

If the bow-knot tie be chosen, the ends may be square, pointed or round, and the cravat may be plain-colored or boldly spotted or striped. The tabs of the wing collar are straight rather than slanting, and the tie is knotted over the tabs, not underneath.

"All Dressed Up and No Place to Go."—Echoing the comical, cynical refrain, "All dressed up and no place to go," the everyday American puts on formal evening clothes only when the obligation of high occasion inflexibly compels him. Otherwise, he is a stickler for the dinner jacket (Tuxedo) and nothing seems to be able to wean him away from this easy, leisurely turnout.

The accepted dinner jacket of '22 closely follows the body lines of the day sack, except that the lapels, shawl or peaked, are faced with dull ribbed silk, moire silk or bright satin.

American designers have brought informal evening dress to a much higher pitch of perfection than it is developed abroad, introducing a richness of piping taping and facing and a figure-flexing fit, which are so wonderfully well done, that they seem almost overdone.

Besides the conventional unfinished wadded cloth of main body, there are many patterned effects to be met, as bird's-eye and barata weaves, cords, invisible plaids and shadow stripes, all, of course, executed in black upon black.

Other details of dress are the new