

# THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

## A Romance

by Zane Grey

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued from last week.)

### SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station of El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York girl, finds no one to meet her. While in the waiting room a drunken cowboy enters, asks if she is married, and departs, leaving her terrified. She returns with a priest, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "Yes." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems dazed. In a shooting scrape outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, "Bonita," take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother.

**CHAPTER II.**—Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismisses the cowboy, Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exonerates him of any wrong intent.

**CHAPTER III.**—Alfred, scion of a wealthy family, had been dismissed from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has redeemed him. She meets Stillwell, Al's employer, typical western ranchman. Madeline learns Stewart has gone over the border.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Danny Mains, one of Stillwell's cowboys, has disappeared, with some of Stillwell's money. His friends link his name with the girl Bonita.

**CHAPTER V.**—Madeline gets a glimpse of life on a western ranch.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Stewart's horse comes to the ranch with a note on the saddle asking Madeline to accept the beautiful animal. With her brother's consent she does so, naming him "Majesty" her own pet nickname. Madeline, independently rich, arranges to buy Stillwell's ranch and that of Don Carlos, a Mexican neighbor.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Madeline feels she has found her right place, under the light of the western stars.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Learning Stewart had been hurt in a brawl at Chiricahua, and knowing her brother's fondness for him, Madeline visits him and persuades him to come to the ranch as the boss of her cowboys.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Jim Nels, Nick Steele, and "Monty" Price are Madeline's chief riders. They have a feud with Don Carlos' vaqueros, who are really guerrillas. Madeline pledges Stewart to see that peace is kept.

**CHAPTER X.**—Madeline and Florence, returning home from Alfred's ranch, run into an ambush of vaqueros. Florence, knowing the Mexicans are after Madeline, decoys them away, and Madeline gets home safely but alone.

**CHAPTER XI.**—A raiding guerrilla band carries off Madeline. Stewart follows alone. The leader is a man with whom Stewart had served in Mexico. He releases the girl, arranging for ransom. Returning home with Stewart, Madeline finds herself strangely stirred.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Madeline's sister Helen, with a party of easterns, arrives at the ranch, craving excitement.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—For the guests' entertainment a game of golf is arranged. Stewart interrupts the game, insisting the whole party return at once to the house. He tells Madeline her guests are not safe while the Mexican revolution is going on, and urges them to go up to the mountains out of danger. They decide to do so.

He said good-night and turned. Madeline wonderingly watched him go down the path with his hand on the black horse's neck.

She went in to rest a little before dressing for dinner and, being fatigued from the day's riding and excitement, she fell asleep. When she awoke it was twilight. She wondered why her Mexican maid had not come to her, and she rang the bell. The maid did not put in an appearance, nor was there any answer to the ring. The house seemed unusually quiet. It was a brooding silence, which presently broke to the sound of footsteps on the porch. Madeline recognized Stillwell's tread, though it appeared to be light for him. Then she heard him call softly in at the open door of her office. The suggestion of caution in his voice suited the strangeness of his walk. With a boding sense of trouble she hurried through the rooms. He was standing outside her office door.

"Stillwell!" she exclaimed.

"Please come out on the porch."

She complied and, once out, was enabled to see him. His grave face, paler than she had ever beheld it, caused her to stretch an appealing hand toward him. Stillwell intercepted it and held it in his own.

"Miss Majesty, I'm amaz'n sorry to tell worrisome news. But it can't be avoided. The fact is we're in a bad fix. If your guests ain't scared out of their skins it'll be owing to your nerve an' how you carry out Stewart's orders."

"You can rely upon me," replied Madeline, firmly, though she trembled.

"Wal, what we're up against is this: that gang of bandits Pat Howe has chasin'—they're hidin' in the house!"

"In the house?" echoed Madeline, aghast.

"Miss Majesty, it's the amaz'n truth, an' I shamed indeed an' I to admit it. Stewart—why, he's wild with rage to think it could hev happened. You see, it couldn't hev happened if I hadn't sloped the boys off to the gol-fink links, an' if Stewart hadn't rid out on the mesa after us. It's my fault. But now we've got to face it—to figger. Now, listen. When Stewart left you an hour or so ago he follered me direct to where me an' the boys was tryin' to keep Pat Howe from tearin' the ranch to pieces. At that we was helpin' Pat all we could to find them bandits. But when Stewart got there he made a difference. Pat was nasty before, but

hit the trail up into the mountains. Tell them to pack outfits before goin' to bed. Say as your servants hev sloped, you might as well go campin' with the cowboys. That's all. If we hev any luck your friends'll never know they've been sittin' on a powdermine. Now, Miss Majesty, I've used up a lot of time explainin'. You'll sure keep your nerve?"

"Yes," Madeline replied, and was surprised at herself.

"Better tell Florence. She'll be a power of comfort to you. I'm goin' now to fetch up the boys."

Instead of returning to her room Madeline went through the office into the long corridor. It was almost as dark as night. She fancied she saw a slow-gliding figure darker than the surrounding gloom; and she entered upon the fulfillment of her part of the plan in something like trepidation. Her footsteps were noiseless. Finding the door to the kitchen, and going in, she struck lights. Upon passing out again she made certain she discerned a dark shape, now motionless, crouching along the wall. But she mistrusted her vivid imagination. It took all her boldness to enable her unconcernedly and naturally to strike the corridor light. Then she went on through her own rooms and thence into the patio.

For guests laughing and gladly entered into the spirit of the occasion. They trooped merrily into the kitchen. Madeline, delaying at the door, took a sharp but unobtrusive glance down the great, barnlike hall. She saw nothing but blank dark space. Suddenly from one side, not a rod distant, protruded a pale, gleaming face breaking the even blackness. Instantly it flashed back out of sight. Yet that time was long enough for Madeline to see a pair of glittering eyes, and to recognize them as Don Carlos'.

Without betraying either hurry or alarm, she closed the door. It had a heavy bolt which she slowly, noiselessly shot. Then the cold amaze that had all but stunned her into inaction throbbled into wrath. How dared that Mexican steal into her home! What did he mean? Was he one of the bandits supposed to be hidden in her house? She was thinking herself into greater anger and excitement, and probably would have betrayed herself had not Florence, who had evidently seen her bolt the door and now read her thoughts, come toward her with a bright, intent, questioning look. Madeline caught herself in time.

Thereupon she gave each of her guests a duty to perform. Leading Florence into the pantry, she unburdened herself of the secret in one brief whisper. Florence's reply was to point out of the little open window, passing which was a file of stealthily moving cowboys. Then Madeline lost both anger and fear, retaining only the glow of excitement.

The miscellaneous collection of dishes so confusingly contrived made up a dinner which they all heartily enjoyed. Madeline enjoyed it herself, even with the feeling of a sword hanging suspended over her.

The hour was late when she rose from the table and told her guests to go to their rooms, don their riding-clothes, pack what they needed for the long and adventurous camping trip that she hoped would be the climax of their western experience, and to snatch a little sleep before the cowboys roused them for the early start.

Madeline went immediately to her room, and was getting out her camping apparel when a knock interrupted her.

"Who's there?" she questioned.

"Stewart," came the reply.

She opened the door. He stood on the threshold.

"May I speak to you?" he asked.

"Certainly." She hesitated a moment, then asked him in and closed the door. "Is—is everything all right?"

"No. These bandits stick to cover pretty close. They must have found out we're on the watch. But I'm sure we'll get you and your friends away before anything starts."

"Do you have any idea who is hiding in the house?"

"I was worried some at first. Pat Howe acted queer. I imagined he'd discovered he was trailing bandits who might turn out to be smuggling guerrilla cronies. But talking with your servants, finding a bunch of horses hidden down in the mesquite behind the pond—several things have changed my mind. My idea is that a cowardly handful of riffraff cutouts from the border have hidden in your house, more by accident than design. We'll let them go—get rid of them without even a shot. If I didn't think so—well, I'd be considerably worried. It would make a different state of affairs."

"Stewart, you are wrong. I saw one of these bandits. I distinctly recognized him."

One long step brought him close to her.

"Who was he?" demanded Stewart.

"Don Carlos."

He muttered low and deep, then said, "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. I saw his figure twice in the hall, then his face in the light. I could never mistake his eyes."

Madeline was tremblingly conscious that Stewart underwent a transformation. She saw as well as felt the leaping passion that changed him.

"Call your friends—get them in here!" he ordered, tersely, and wheeled toward the door.

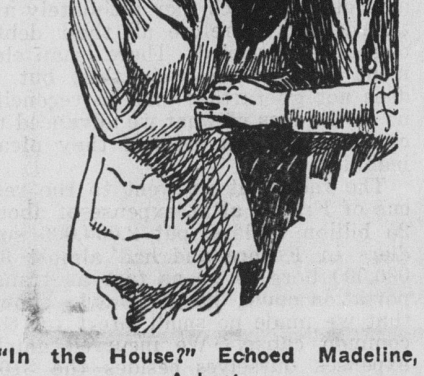
"Stewart, wait!" she said.

He turned. His white face, his burning eyes, his presence now charged with definite, fearful meaning, influenced her strangely, weakened her.

"What will you do?" she asked.

"That needn't concern you. Get your party in here. Bar the windows and lock the doors. You'll be safe."

"Stewart! Tell me what you intend to do."



"In the House?" Echoed Madeline, Aghast.

But suddenlike he'd fetched a cooler change of heart. He had been some flustered by Stewart's eyes a-pyryn in his moves, an' then, mebbe to hide somethin', mebbe jest nat'ral, he got mad. He hollered law. He pulled down off the shelf his old stock grudge on Stewart, accusin' him over again of that Greaser murder last fall. Stewart made him look like a fool—showed him up as bein' scared of the bandits or hev'n some reason fer stoppin' off the trail. Anyway, the row started all right, an' it might hev amounted to a fight. In the thick of it, when Stewart was drivin' Pat an' his crowd off the place, one of them de-pooties lost his head an' went fer his gun. Nels threw his gun an' crippled the feller's arm. Monty jumped then an' threw two forty-fives, an' fer a second or so it looked ticklish. But the bandit-hunters crawled, an' then lit out."

Stillwell paused in the rapid delivery of his narrative; he still retained Madeline's hand, as if by that he might comfort her.

"After Pat left we put our haid together," began the old cattleman, with a long respiration. "We rounded up a lad who had seen a dozen or so fellers—hev wouldn't say they was Greasers—breakin' through the shrubbery to the back of the house. That was while Stewart was ridin' out to the mesa. Then this lad seen your servants all runnin' down the hill toward the village. Now, heah's the way Gene figgers. There sure was some deviltry down along the railroad, an' Pat Howe trailed bandits up to the ranch. He hunts hard an' then all to once he quits. Stewart says Pat Howe wasn't scared, but he discovered signs of somethin', or got wind in some strange way that there was in the gang of bandits some fellers he didn't want to ketch. Sabe? Then Gene, quicker'n a flash, springs his plan on me. He'd go down to Padre Marcos an' hev him help to find out all possible from your Mexican servants. I was to hurry up hyar an' tell you—give you orders, Miss Majesty. Ain't that amaz'n strange? Wal, you're to assemble all your guests in the kitchen. Make a grand bluff an' pretend, as your help has left, that it'll be great fun fer your guests to cook dinner. The kitchen is the safest room in the house. While you're joshin' your party along, makin' a kind of picnic out of it, I'll place cowboys in the long corridor, an' also outside in the corner where the kitchen joins on to the main house. It's pretty sure the bandits think no one's wise to where they're hid. Stewart says they're in that end room where the alfalfa is, an' they'll slope in the night. Of course, with me an' the boys watchin', you-all will be safe to go to bed. An' we're to rouse your guests early before daylight, to

"I won't tell you," he replied, and turned away again.

"But I will know," she said. With a hand on his arm she detained him. She saw how he halted—felt the shock in him as she touched him. "Oh, I do know. You mean to fight!"

"Well, Miss Hammond, isn't it about time?" he asked. There was weariness, dignity, even reproach in his question. "The fact of that Mexican's presence here in your house ought to prove to you the nature of the case. These vaqueros, these guerrillas, have found out you won't stand for any fighting on the part of your men. Don Carlos is a sneak, a coward, yet he's not afraid to hide in your own house. He has learned you won't let your cowboys hurt anybody. He's taking advantage of it. He'll rob, burn, and make off with you. He'll murder, too

Madeline thought she had persuaded him—worked her will, with him. Then another of his startlingly sudden moves told her that she had reckoned too quickly. This move was to put her firmly aside so he could pass; and Madeline, seeing he would not hesitate to lift her out of the way, surrendered the door. He turned on the threshold. His face was still working, but the flame-pointed gleam of his eyes indicated the return of that cowboy ruthlessness.

"I'm going to drive Don Carlos and his gang out of the house," declared Stewart. "I think I may promise you to do it without a fight. But if it takes a fight, off he goes!"

### CHAPTER XIV

#### The Mountain Trail.

As Stewart departed from one door Florence knocked upon another; and Madeline, far shaken out of her usual serenity, admitted the cool western girl with more than gladness. Just to have her near helped Madeline to get back her balance. She was conscious of Florence's sharp scrutiny, then of a sweet, deliberate change of manner. Florence might have been burning with curiosity to know more about the bandits hidden in the house, the plans of the cowboys, the reason for Madeline's suppressed emotion; but instead of asking Madeline questions she introduced the important subject of what to take on the camping trip. For an hour they discussed the need of this and that article, selected those things most useful, and then packed them in Madeline's duffel-bags.

That done, they decided to lie down, fully dressed as they were in riding-clothes, and sleep, or at least rest, the little remaining time left before the call to saddle. Madeline turned out the light and, peeping through her window, saw dark forms standing sentinel-like in the gloom. When she lay down she heard soft steps on the path. This fidelity to her swelled her heart, while the need of it presaged that fearful something which, since Stewart's passionate appeal to her, haunted her as inevitable.

Madeline did not expect to sleep, yet she did sleep, and it seemed to have been only a moment until Florence called her. She followed Florence outside. She could discern saddled horses being held by cowboys. There was an air of hurry and mystery about the departure. Helen, who came tiptoeing out with Madeline's other guests, whispered that it was like an escape. She was delighted. The others were amused. To Madeline it was indeed an escape. She heard low voices, the clamping of bits and thumping of hoofs, and she recognized Stewart when he led up Majesty for her to mount. Then came a pattering of soft feet and the whining of dogs. Cold noses touched her hands, and she saw the long, gray, shaggy shapes of her pack of Russian wolf-hounds. That Stewart meant to let them go with her was indicative of how he studied her pleasure. She loved to be out with the hounds and her horse.

Stewart led Majesty out into the darkness past a line of mounted horses.

"Guess we're ready," he said. "I'll make the count." He went back along the line, and on the return Madeline heard him say several times, "Now, everybody ride close to the horse in front, and keep quiet till daylight."

Then the snorting and pounding of the big black horse in front of her told Madeline that Stewart had mounted.

"All right, we're off," he called.

Madeline lifted Majesty's bridle and let the roan go. The trail led in a roundabout way through shallow gullies full of stone and brush washed down by floods. At every turn now Madeline expected to come upon water and the waiting pack-train. But time passed, and miles of climbing, and no water or horses were met. Expectation in Madeline gave place to desire; she was hungry.

Stewart kept on. It was eight o'clock by Madeline's watch when, upon turning into a wide hollow, she saw horses grazing on spare grass, a great pile of canvas-covered bundles, and a fire round which cowboys and two Mexican women were busy.

Madeline sat her horse and reviewed her followers as they rode up single file. Her guests were in merry mood, and they all talked at once.

"Breakfast—and rustle," called out Stewart, without ceremony.

For that matter, Madeline observed Helen did not show any marked contrast to the others. The hurry order did not interfere with the meal being somewhat in the nature of a picnic.

As soon as the pack-train was in readiness Stewart started it off in the lead to break trail. A heavy growth of shrub interspersed with rock and cactus covered the slopes; and now all the trail appeared to be uphill. The pack-train forged ahead, and the trailing couples grew farther apart. At noon they got out of the foothills to face the real ascent of Madeline, and as she came up she said: "We're going to have a storm. Shall I call a halt and make camp?"

"Here? Oh no! What do you think best?"

"Well, if we have a good healthy thunderstorm it will be something new for your friends. I think we'd be wise to keep on the go. If it rains, let it rain. The pack outfit is well covered. We will have to get wet."

"Surely," replied Madeline; and she smiled at his inference. She knew what a storm was in that country, and her guests had yet to experience one.

"If it rains, let it rain."

(To be continued.)

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

#### DAILY THOUGHT.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.—Emerson.

Backs didn't used to matter very much.

Fashion books showed expansive and intricate front views, with the printed comment, "For back view see page 569." And on page 569 there were miniature figures showing all the backs in the book. Generally they looked very much alike.

To the Victorian generations backs, like feet and ears, were necessary evils. The less you showed them the more genteel you were. Women lived in a sort of two-dimension world, like paper dolls.

A few weeks ago a young woman bought an evening gown in haste, she did not try it on. The color suited her, and the workmanship was guaranteed by the name of the dressmaker. She needed the gown to wear to a dinner that night and she did not put it on until a half hour before the dinner hour. She put it on one way and then she put it on the other, and either way she had it it looked as if it had gone on backward.

Frankly she called a family council, appeared first with the dress on one way and then the other, and asked for a vote. The result was a tie. Grandmother and father and the house-keeper formed one party, and mother and a younger sister and a thoroughly up-to-date maid were on the opposition. She wore the dress as the opposition insisted, not because it fitted her any better that way, but because, as she said, it looked as if it was on backward and the tendency, as this young woman knew, nowadays is for backward effects.

One such gown is of rose-colored satin, bound with almond green and fastened at the waist with a large pearl ornament. You might make a whole fashion book of the present clothes, composed of distinctive and interesting back views, and you might put all the front views on a page somewhere in the back as being quite unimportant and insignificant.

Some young women craving novelty, desiring possibly to excite their elders, fasten their neckties in the back. All sorts of smart fichus and collars are meant to fasten in the back. Only berthas, which have conventionally fastened in the back, seem now to go on frontwise.

And English girls, they say, are having their hair cut very short in the back and long in front. It is the compromise with the vanishing bob. The long front hair is rolled or curled, and disposed of over the ears or looped up under the back hang.

Little mats of interlaced ribbons make patches for the dress of the young girl. Those patches are not to cover soiled or torn places, but have been created for the newest and sheerest of frocks. However, if a pretty frock has been torn or stained the ribbon mat may be used to cover the spot.

There are numerous ways of making these patches. After interlacing the ribbons the ends are allowed to fly out and are not fastened down to the material. Another patch is made of the scallop-edge ribbon, which has a draw string along the straight edge. By pulling the string the ribbon may be gathered and turned into almost any shape of flowers, circles, etc. These may be applied at odd places on the dress of dotted swiss, organdy or light silks.

Still another patch is made of narrow ribbon, according to the Walls of Troy design and applied to the dress wherever the feminine instinct says it should be.

"Oh, look, my beautiful blouse is all ruined!" Have you not often said that, when you removed your coat or suit and found that the color of the lining had come off on your waist?

If you had remembered when buying the suit-coat to take along a clean, white cotton handkerchief and rub it briskly over the lining you might have saved yourself this disappointment. If any of the color comes off on the handkerchief, the fabric is not fast to friction.

Do you know how Uncle Sam sometimes tells how a piece of military cloth is fast to perspiration or not? By placing small samples in the shoes of marching soldiers, or under the saddles of those on horseback. A few days' test in this way will prove beyond a doubt the degree of fastness.

So if you are buying material for lining, underwear, or a dress or blouse, the best way to test it is by wearing a sample next to the skin for a few days.

Another test you can easily make for fastness to perspiration is to steep a sample in acetic acid for a few minutes. If the color does not fade then, you will be safe in making the purchase.

If you want to tell whether any goods are proof against "spotting," sprinkle a sample with water, and then dry before brushing off. If there is any change in either the color or luster, do not buy it for a suit or dress, as it will never be practical for street wear or general outdoor use.

The only way to tell whether goods are fast to washing is to actually wash a sample in hot soap suds, and then compare it with the original material. Sometimes in buying a colored fabric to make up in combination with a white piece of goods, you want to know if the colored material will "bleed." Braid a strip of the white with a strip of the dyed, and wash together. If the colors are not absolutely fast, they will "run" into the white.

In order to tell how fast a material may be to light and air, expose a sample in a sunny window for several days. This takes time, but you may save yourself many a disappointing purchase in this way.

Narrow bead bracelets are just the thing to carry the gay little chiffon handkerchiefs that are so popular at present.

Cheese Sandwiches, Hot.—Spread large slices of white bread, cut thin, butter, then with a layer of grated cheese add a little French mustard, cover with a top slice, press down well, cut in long strips and toast. Serve hot.



"Stewart, I Forbid You to Fight, Unless in Self-Defense."

If it falls his way. These Greasers use knives in the dark. So I ask—isn't it about time we stop him?"

"Stewart, I forbid you to fight, unless in self-defense. I forbid you."

"What I mean to do is self-defense. Haven't I tried to explain to you that just now we've wild times along this stretch of border? Must I tell you again that Don Carlos is hand and glove with the revolution? The rebels are crazy to stir up the United States. You are a woman of prominence. Don Carlos would make off with you. If he got you, what little matter to cross the border with you! Well, where would the hue and cry go? Through the troops along the border! To New York! To Washington! Why, it would mean that the rebels are working for—United States intervention. In other words, war!"

"Oh, surely you exaggerate!" she cried.

"Maybe so. But I'm beginning to see the Don's game. And, Miss Hammond, it's awful for me to think what you'd suffer if Don Carlos got you over the line. I know these low-caste Mexicans. I've been among the peons—the slaves."

"Stewart, don't let Don Carlos get me," replied Madeline, in sweet directness.

She saw him shake, saw his throat swell as he swallowed hard, saw the hard fierceness return to his face.

"I won't. That's why I'm going after him."

"But I forbade you to start a fight deliberately."

"Then I'll go ahead and start one without your permission." He shook off her hand and strode forward.

"Please, don't go!" she called, beseechingly. But he kept on. "Stewart!"

She ran ahead of him, intercepted him, faced him with her back against the door. He swept out a long arm as if to brush her aside. But it wavered and fell. Haggard, troubled, with working face, he stood before her.

"It's for your sake," he expostulated.

"Let me out, Miss Hammond. I'm going to take the boys and go after these guerrillas."

"No!"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Stewart. "Why not let me go? It's the thing to do. I'm sorry to distress you and your guests. Why not put an end to Don Carlos' badgering? Is it because you're afraid a rumsp will spoil your friends' visit?"

"It isn't—not this time."

"Then it's the idea of a little shooting at these Greasers?"

"No."

"You're sick to think of a little Greaser blood staining the halls of your home?"

"No."

"Well, then, why keep me from doing what I know is best?"

"Stewart, I—I—" she faltered, in growing agitation. "I'm frightened—confused. All this is too—too much for me. I'm not a coward. If you have to fight you'll see I'm not a coward. But your way seems so reckless—that hall is so dark—the guerrillas would shoot from behind doors. You're so wild, so daring, you'd rush right into peril. Is that necessary? I think—I mean—I don't know just why I feel so—so about you doing it. But I believe it's because I'm afraid you—you might be hurt."

"You're afraid I—I might be hurt?" he echoed, wonderingly, the hard whiteness of his face warming, flushing, glowing.

"Yes."

The single word, with all it might mean, with all it might not mean, softened him as if by magic, made him gentle, amazed, shy as a boy, stifling under a torrent of emotions.

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The only way to tell whether goods are fast to washing is to actually wash a sample in hot soap suds, and then compare it with the original material. Sometimes in buying a colored fabric to make up in combination with a white piece of goods, you want to know if the colored material will "bleed." Braid a strip of the white with a strip of the dyed, and wash together. If the colors are not absolutely fast, they will "run" into the white.

In order to tell how fast a material may be to light and air, expose a sample in a sunny window for several days. This takes time, but you may save yourself many a disappointing purchase in this way.

Narrow bead bracelets are just the thing to carry the gay little chiffon handkerchiefs that are so popular at present.

Cheese Sandwiches, Hot.—Spread large slices of white bread, cut thin, butter, then with a layer of grated cheese add a little French mustard, cover with a top slice, press down well, cut in long strips and toast. Serve hot.

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

#### DAILY THOUGHT.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.—Emerson.

Backs didn't used to matter very much.

Fashion books showed expansive and intricate front views, with the printed comment, "For back view see page 569." And on page 569 there were miniature figures showing all the backs in the book. Generally they looked very much alike.

To the Victorian generations backs, like feet and ears, were necessary evils. The less you showed them the more genteel you were. Women lived in a sort of two-dimension world, like paper dolls.

A few weeks ago a young woman bought an evening gown in haste, she did not try it on. The color suited her, and the workmanship was guaranteed by the name of the dressmaker. She needed the gown to wear to a dinner that night and she did not put it on until a half hour before the dinner hour. She put it on one way and then she put it on the other, and either way she had it it looked as if it had gone on backward.

Frankly she called a family council, appeared first with the dress on one way and then the other, and asked for a vote. The result was a tie. Grandmother and father and the house-keeper formed one party, and mother and a younger sister and a thoroughly up-to-date maid were on the opposition. She wore the dress as the opposition insisted, not because it fitted her any better that way, but because, as she said, it looked as if it was on backward and the tendency, as this young woman knew, nowadays is for backward effects.

One such gown is of rose-colored satin, bound with almond green and fastened at the waist with a large pearl ornament. You might make a whole fashion book of the present clothes, composed of distinctive and interesting back views, and you might put all the front views on a page somewhere in the back as being quite unimportant and insignificant.

Some young women craving novelty, desiring possibly to excite their elders, fasten their neckties in the back. All sorts of smart fichus and collars are meant to fasten in the back. Only berthas, which have conventionally fastened in the back, seem now to go on frontwise.

And English girls, they say, are having their hair cut very short in the back and long in front. It is the compromise with the vanishing bob. The long front hair is rolled or curled, and disposed of over the ears or looped up under the back hang.

Little mats of interlaced ribbons make patches for the dress of the young girl. Those patches are not to cover soiled or torn places, but have been created for the newest and sheerest of frocks. However, if a pretty frock has been torn or stained the ribbon mat may be used to cover the spot.

There are numerous ways of making these patches. After interlacing the ribbons the ends are allowed to fly out and are not fastened down to the material. Another patch is made of the scallop-edge ribbon, which has a draw string along the straight edge. By pulling the string the ribbon may be gathered and turned into almost any shape of flowers, circles, etc. These may be applied at odd places on the dress of dotted swiss, organdy or light silks.

Still another patch is made of narrow ribbon, according to the Walls of Troy design and applied to the dress wherever the feminine instinct says it should be.

"Oh, look, my beautiful blouse is all ruined!" Have you not often said that, when you removed your coat or suit and found that the color of the lining had come off on your waist?

If you had remembered when buying the suit-coat to take along a clean, white cotton handkerchief and rub it briskly over the lining you might have saved yourself this disappointment. If any of the color comes off on the handkerchief, the fabric is not fast to friction.

Do you know how Uncle Sam sometimes tells how a piece of military cloth is fast to perspiration or not? By placing small samples in the shoes of marching soldiers, or under the saddles of those on horseback. A few days' test in this way will prove beyond a doubt the degree of fastness.

So if you are buying material for lining, underwear, or a dress or blouse, the best way to test it is by wearing a sample next to the skin for a few days.

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