Bellefonte, Pa., March 8, 1929.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear-It matters little if dark or fair-Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where earth fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below. Beautiful lips are those whose words

Leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterance prudence girds. Beautiful hands are those that do

Work that is earnest and brave and true Moment by moment the long day through. Beautiful feet are those that go

On kindly ministry to and fro, Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care With patience, grace and daily prayer. Beautiful lives are those that bless-Silent rivers of happiness, but few may

in an autom vilight at set, of sun, bal with race well run, Beautiful rest with work well done. Beautiful grace where grasses creep, Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie

deep, Over worn-out hands-oh, beautiful sleep!

### HOW ST. PATRICK SAVES THE IRISH.

There are distinctions. The person (or nation) of one distinction is apt to be blind to many others. The Frenchman is rational. His ability to be witty may blind him to many other qualities, including that of merriment. And the Englishman, to whom merriment is native, may have neither eye nor ear for the gayety which Ireland loves.

ment and gayety—the greatest is a twenty-five-foot fall is some feat! gayety; for, like poetry and the chameleon, it can live almost upon nothing, and be the better for its lack. To her eyes. be witty one must be abominably thoughtful. To be merry one must be exhaustingly comfortable. But to be gay one needs only to be alive.

On the whole, an Irishman's lot should be a happy one. It may be that the number of things which he can enjoy in his own land are severely restricted—and foreigners have been known to assert that there is nothing to enjoy in Ireland except bad weather—but, even if everything else should lack, he can enjoy his own superabundant energy. And, given that he had made peace with this world, he need not (as all other as to his destiny in the world to come. He may thank mythological kings b bae a ımmemorial past, that is-for his energy, but he should render a special gratitude to St. Patrick for services given in the second instance, and which he will for a long time give.

This, if the reader will permit, is how it happened:

the second day of February is the first day of Spring, and it is also the feast day of St. Brigid (pronounced) Breed.)

There has never been a period Brigid was the goddess of poetry. In less ancient times, by a shocking but logical declension, she became the goddess of war; and in the comparatively recent day which represents hour with Noni. "I want to talk to the year 1 of this era she became the Noni." respected patron of the new religion and the beloved "Mary of the Gael."

Poets, soldiers, saints-these are great travelers. By creating, destroying, preserving, they accomplish the work of the world and, like the Siva of another mythology, our Brig- you think of them." and Noni shrugid seems to have been mistress of the ged. three great-the three divine-quali-

world and came to an overcrowded an afternoon bridge, and I'd play, place to place seeking shelter she came to a stable and went in. A bridge! man and a woman were there before her, and the woman was in the pangs of childbirth. It was Brigid who helped her and it was in Brigid's cloak that the Child was born, Hence she is known as Brigid of the Mantle. as the Foster Mother of Christ and

as, after Mary, His Best Beloved. went from this world. Then the years your regular playmates." surged again, 430 of them, and St. Patrick came to Ireland; and then, she told him, eyes downcast. St. Patrick died; but his faith was established in the country that he

loved. The scene of this tale next changes to Heaven itself. Brigid and Patrick time," he said. "Then I'll lose a pal." were walking together. They were, God help them, talking about Ireland, one asking the other had he or she ever been to Connemara; the other asking the one if she or he remembered the Dingle Peninsula, and how it looked in storm. Or Ben of Gulbain seen with the moon alight. Or yon basket full of lakes, where each being sweetly sticky for a whilelake dared any other to be as beautiful and every pool in Ireland lifted

the challenge. Be sure the two saints assured tenance. each other, or perhaps even reassured each other, in the faith that, after all, Heaven was prettier than Ire-

Their walk had been a long one, and, immersed in (as Jean O'Casey would say) darling memories, they had reached a place which the saints care but rarely to visit. They had come to the Seat of Judgment.

There the Judge sat, vaster than Vastness, blacker than Blackness: immovable, unescapable, terrific.

St. Brigid did not dislike Rhadamanthus, for that would be a sin. But she did not like him, for he had never been to Ireland nor even had he expressed a desire to go there. As much money."

her gaze fell on him and off him a terrible thought caused her to look at him again—at his blank, black vastness, at his super-solid solidity. She saw his great hand move this way and you as, like black lightning, he scrutinized this and that being who groveled and screamed at his awful brow.

"He," said St. Brigid, and she was astounded as she said it, "he would send even an Irishman to hell!" "He would," said St. Patrick, but even as he said it he went icy with horror, for the thought had never before struck him.

The Judge looked toward them. "I will not have it so," said St. Brigid, and she spoke the words, as it were, into that all-sighted, implac-

able eye. She drew St. Patrick with her,

away. They went to her Foster Child and she obtained from Him, who loved her, this concession—that every person who came from Ireland should be judged by St. Patrick himself and not by Rhadamanthus.

"You will be very, careful," she said to St. Patrick. "Surely, I will," the great saint

answered. "But if," said St. Brigid, and the heart within her was shocked, "and if a bad Irishman is brought before

"I'll convert him," said St. Patrick. " 'Tis but one of the reasons why Irishmen, of whatever religious or why they may all be fearless of the world to come.

But I, an apprentice in the craft that Patrick loved and of which he was the patron, am desolated to think that perhaps St. Brigid is not getting her share of the praise. Just then Noni's head came up ov-

er the edge of the platform. "Down with women!" she greeted

"Down you go!" he answered, picking her up in his arms and tossing her off the platform. She twisted around in the air and struck the wa-Now of these three—wit, merri- ter neatly—and straightening out in "You roughneck!" she yelled as she came up and shook the water out of

"Come back," he shouted. "I've

thought of a stunt!" Back up the ladder she scrambled. "We'll run from the back of the platform and go off the diving board side by side. See who goes the farthest! And I'll race you around the float and back up here," proposed

"Let's go!" she sang out blithely. With their arms around each other's shoulders, they ran the narrow length of the plank together and dove. The girl wondered if Noni was conscious of her bare arm as she was of his. She could have won the race, poor nations must) be in any doubt for she had the inside around the float, but she slackened her pace so that it ended in a tie.

"Hey, you!" scolded man who was waiting for them on the lower grand?" platform of the float. "That was dangerous! If one of you had slipped off the diving board you'd have hit one of the support beams."

"Shut up!" commanded Mad. "Old women, all of you, except Noni. Any- fed. way," she challenged gayly, "what is According to the Irish calendar, life without the spice of danger?"

"What did you do with the sense you were born with?" demanded the man. "You haven't got any of it left!"

And Mad loved it, the frank and when a personage of this name was sometimes brutal banter that was not in Ireland. In very ancient times man's talk. She loved being the only girl who wasn't afraid of that twen-

ty-five-foot dive, too. "Go 'way!" she said to the man who had interrupted her morning

He went. Men always obeyed Mad's

orders. "Noni," she began. "Why do the women hate me so?'

"It's mutual, isn't it? And you make no bones of showing them what

"Dad recently suggested that I him see it." make a fuss over the women. I was She was traveling in the east of the thinking I might ask mother to give little town; and as she went from she offered as the greatest possible sacrifice. How she did hate feminine

"It's pretty late to begin that now, isn't it?" he asked. "You'd be superciliously instructive over the first bum play your partner made—" "Me? Supercilious? You're crazy!"

she told him. He shrugged. "Let the women alone, Mad. You haven't got a fem-Then the years rolled on and she inine thought in your head. Stick to

"Yes, I have feminine thoughts," after the passage of some more years, I want to get married. That's feminine, isn't it?'

He sighed. Mad heard that sigh with delight. "I was afraid that marriage bug would bite you some-"Not necessarily," said Mad, but Noni didn't seem to catch her mean-

"I suppose it's inevitable," Noni went on. "But why don't you try the feminine role before you take the plunge?" he suggested. "Get your-self a flock of fluffy dresses and try

"What has that got to do with marriage?" Amazement was written all over the frank, boyish coun-

"That's just the beginning," he laughed. "Fancy you catering to the whims of some man! Why, Mad, the only safe husband for you would be some nice feminine chap who'd let you make all the decisions and run

the family." "You're crazy!" she told him again. "I want a husband who would beat me when I needed it-" "Try and find one foolhardy enough," he scoffed.

"You would !" she assured him. "Oh, I-" with a change of tone. "I

don't count." "No! Why not!" "I'm too poor. And you've got too

told father he needn't have bothered could stand. to put all that money in my name. He said he did it so I could marry a poor it's just another handicap. enough and broad-minded enough to thing. Tell me, Noni, how can I get

around my caveman's pride?" "Sweep him off his feet, Mad. Catch him in a weak moment—on a moon- 9 o'clock and promptly on the hour had risen to a new high peak, and light night, if possible— and marry disappeared in the direction of the she wanted to hold it there forever. motif which is being stressed aphim before he can back out," Noni offered lightly. Whatever possessed Mad to turn the conversation into concentrated, unconscious even of his her coat pocket. "Look! she comthis channel? he wondered. It wasn't presence. like her at all.

fume, I take it?"

crookedly.

forcibly and standing on her prostrate were the first two. water-covered form until she sent up peration if her high dives were more her father had given him every posrick when his day comes round and events, he finished the program by financially, just so he would be able just as well not to take a chance !" ducking her anyway.

Who noticed that the short red hair tune hunter. was growing as September drew to a So sought after was Mad these close? She went regularly to the bar- days that the only private conversa- her man."-Public Ledger. ber, but he had instructions only to tion Noni ever got with her was in trim up the very edge at the back of the water. Sometimes the swam her neck.

had been. Noni was too busy getting along in February, when the season the Florida-Ferris Hotel ready for its was drawing to a close, Mad said: December opening to go up to Drumduck-hunting season.

"See you in December,' said Mad in farewell

But the Mad Hilary who appeared on the outside of the desk of the new than an exclamation. Florida-Ferris on December 22 was ashore," he called over his shoulder a new girl to Noni. Gone were the as he struck out. boyishly tailored suits, the silk shirts and the snappy little bow ties. Gone the sturdy little low-heeled brogues. for a drive this afternoon?" Gone the masculine little hat.

Madelon Hilary was all dressed up! asked, with a wry sort of smile that satin, subtly feminine in its lines, ache. with a white fur collar under her caressing her cheek.

"Ye gods! Will you look!" gasped Noni. her on all sides. "I got hair! You self!" and other details. ought to see! All marcelled and "All right! See you at 2!" she cal-

"I'll say! But what's the big idea?" She dropped him a curtsey. "I'm being very feminine this season, sir," she simpered.

"A lot of fun you'll have !" he scof-"Maybe so, maybe not so." She wasn't so sure herself. "Have my she had worn for afternoons all win-

bridge-playin' boys got reserva- ter, there was the plain little tan flantions?" she demanded. wife got here yesterday."

"Good," said Mad with satisfaction. "That'll be a relief from—" "From what?" he urged, as she hesitated.

"From the women, drat 'em! I'm sed you!" going to cultivate them. Find out how

they do it," she told him. 'Do what?" he wanted to know. She leaned far over the desk. As far as tiptoes and 5 feet 2 would per-

mit. "Catch a husband!" she whispered. Noni howled with glee. "Kinda hipped on that subject-eh, what?' he teased.

"Nope,' she denied. Hipped on one "You will," he chortled. "He hasn't got a chance !"

"I hope not," said Mad seriously. The only relief Madelon Hilary had ed, dropping down beside her. from the stifling feminine activities she had condemned herself to was the me!" chided Mad. "Trying out the water. And more than one man who feminine role! Another month of it had danced with a befrilled, bepow-would bore me to extinction! And dered, not to mention "befreckled" bit it failed! How the devil am I going to of dainty femininity the night before get the right man to propose to me?" refused to credit his senses when he saw her in the water the next morning. Mad Hilary was her old natural he bear to see this girl go to another

pesky marcel had to be treasured. put in new every day.

during the bathing hour. And the

days she had to wear a bathing cap,

nightly bridge with her 'gang" went on and on. were a little aghast at the loss of a pal outside the cardroom, they forgot it when she settled down to her usual serious masculine bridge. As usual, their cardroom was forbidden territory to all other women, and Steve's laughed delightedly. new wife led the anvil chorus on that subject. If Mad was a bit incongruous in her new finery in that smoke-filled room they forgot it, for sighed.

of bridge. And Noni? He was bewildered. take of the man talk she had so loved eternal farewell. nine advantages. Gone was his dear Mad, precious! Will you oh, won't

Mad Hilary played a marvelous game

It was worse than having her married to somebody. She'd still have been the same old Mad, no matter adore you? That for me there isn't Patrick reached there. how much married. But this simper-ing, big-eyed girl playing up to the sun goes down, never to rise again,

"Pride, huh? Well, that's another men and sweet consideration of the when you marry this caveman you quality I want in the man I marry. I women was almost more than he want? Oh, don't you know all that,

If Madelon Hilary had never had a lover before, she made up for the de- again!" This time two arms went man if I wanted to. But I'm afraid ficiency this winter. Only her bridge suddenly around his neck. Two red-Unless hours were free from fawning, supmy proud cave man will be big plicating males. The only satisfac- came close to his. Two red lips sought tion Noni got out of the whole affair his. see that money is the least important was her sturdy clinging to the even-

They wouldn't make love to her. cardroom. Sometimes Noni looked What an hour this has been! Reluctin at them and found them wordless, antly she freed one hand and fished in

In the water of mornings and in "Thanks, I'll remember that," she the cardroom in the evenings was all license, dated December 22—the day ers against the plain cloche in milsaid. "The appropriate costume is that was left of the Mad he loved. He she had arrived in Florida-made out linery of the feminine type are unruffles and lace and earrings and per- made no attempt to deny-in his to Madelon Hilary and Benoni Ferris. availing, for it blooms in the showthoughts-his love for the girl. But "Right!" smiled Noni, a little he did regret with his whole heart trying to tell me—all the time? Was millinery shop and is flooding the The rest of the summer passed un- business ambitions to her father that this was farewell!" eventfully enough. Mad continued night two years ago. And he doubly her never-ending contest with Noni regretted his acceptance of Mr. Hila- ing her face with a strong man's for superiority in the water. What ry's offer to finance the string of hotears.

large bubbles of air to beg for mercy. Hilary's generosity to the extent of minister before you change your men have worn the black felt cloche-It was just his way of showing exas- asking him for his daughter, even if mind!" perfect than his, or if she managed ible evidence of his approval and lik- ling! Never!" he promised. eo swim an inch farther under water ing. It never dawned upon Noni that to marry without being called a for- But she grinned impishly as she said cloche carries on for tailored dress.

er neck.

Out beyond the earshot of the more
Her farewell to Noni on October I timid bathers and floated around, was as casual as her farewells always happily chattering. One morning,

"I think I've learned the necessary mond Island that fall with Mr. Hilary tricks. Three men proposed to me and Mad and the men who had been last night between dinner and bridge.
invited to accompany them for the That's pretty good, don't you think?"

That's pretty good, don't you think?"

Cooperate with interested individuals the late styles from Paris. In all of "And what did you do?" asked Noni.

> er man.' "Oh!" It was more like a moan

> "Wait!" she called as he reached the beach. "Noni, can't you take me "Can I refuse you anything?" he

She had on a traveling suit of black exposed rather than hid his heart-"Be yourself, Noni!" she admonish-

with some kind of a black feather idea. You told me it was good manbait !"

"You be yourself!" he told her pruning when they mature. "Gee, Mad! You're stunning." sternly. "You're the one who's being

times who waited for Noni on the south veranda. The marcelled red hose. Instead of the elaborate frocks nel suit that was exactly right for "Every one. Steve and his new Mad Hilary, and the white silk blouse with its round collar and its soft Windsor tie. His Mad!

"Gosh! You don't know how I've mis-

"I've missed myself," said Mad. "But all for love and the devil take comfort !" she laughed.

Out along the road that parallelled the beach they drove. Out to the Hilary home that had not been opened that season. Into the drive and out into the garden that was as carefully tended as if the Hilarys were expect-

ed at any moment. "Gad! It's good to be natural!" man. Got to find out how to make crowed Mad, flinging herself flat on the green turf which was kept green

at such a great expense. 'You'll never know how good it is to have you natural !" the man beam-

"You wished a fine scheme onto "What man?" asked Noni, all the joy gone from his face. How could

self in the water, except that these man's arms? "You should ask me!" laughed

which irked mightily, because that Mad. "Got any ideas?" It was too much for Noni's long-She couldn't be bothered having it tried restraint. Roughly he picked her up. Roughly he drew her across And if Mad Hilary had been pop- his lap. Roughly he kissed her. ular with the men before, she certain- Savagely, as if he would teach her to ly was a knockout this winter. The play with love. The restraining dam women gossiped and buzzed about her of pride had burst, gone out on the harder than ever. Not only did she flood of love and desire. 'All for

compete with the girls on their own love," she said, "and the devil take ground but she eclipsed them entirely comfort." Take pride, too! "Why, Noni!" she teased, the bruised lips twitching with the delight she was trying to hide. "I believe this is If her bridge-playing men friends the time to say, "This is sosudden!"

"Sudden, you little idiot!" growled Noni. "Haven't I been mad about you ofr years? Sudden! You ought to compliment me in my forebearance! How St. Patrick Got His Reputation. Sudden!" he shook her, and she "Well, then, what is it, if it isn't sudden?" she asked.

"It's inevitable-God help me!" he

"Go on," she urged. "Say the rest of it!" "Add another proposal to your Gone was the little boyish pal of oth- string? And have you tell me you're er seasons, except during the bathing in love with another man?" He kissed hour. Gone was the brutal give and her again, tenderly this time, as if in "Oh, all right. Gone was the disdain of taking femiloo more than that for you. Mad!

you- marry me?" "That isn't all !" she coaxed. "Do you have to be told that I

Mad. darling?"

"Noni! You sweet idiot! Kiss me brown eyes, misted with happy tears,

ing hours for bridge with her "gang." him. Shadows crept out from beneath are shown sports, semi-sports shapes They wouldn't make love to her. the trees and touched them before and hats for general utility to ac-After dinner Mad would dance till she stirred. Life and its possibilities company the first suits and ensemmanded.

What she produced was a marriage

that he'd been induced to tell his it—was I—oh, Mad! And I thought larger fashion market. The shapes

did it matter that the morning swim tels of which the Michigan Hilary- "Sure was, old thing," Mad choked teresting combinations of straw and usually ended by Noni's ducking her Ferris and the new Florida-Ferris a bit on it. "You said you'd have to fabric. The arresting point in all He just hadn't nerve to test Mr. moonlight. Oh, let's go and find a of black. For several seasons wo-

than he did. And if the crowd agreed Mad had persuaded her father to put feet and putting the folded paper the most elaborate costumes and at political complexion, pledge St. Pat- that Noni was the winner of the day's Noni in a fairly independent position carefully back into her pocket, "it's quite formal affairs. This inconsist-

## Co-operation in Roadside Planting.

funds will permit, by planting and graceful lines and a design that is maintaining trees furnished f. o. b. greatly softened are evident. the roadside. The probable cost of First among the most conserva-"Told 'em I was in love with anoth-"Let's go trees, nurseries that have them for tive designs in felt is a simple little

"That's not all," bragged Mad, anything but natural. I can't bear to ment to pass upon the kind of trees the cloche type dip at one side to

ought to see! All marcelled and "All right! See you at 2!" she cal-everything. I ask you now—ain't I led gayly. "And I'll be myself, too!" Both avenue and group planting models by cutting the bring longer at are favored, the oaks, maples and the sides and in others by adding a It was the Mad Hilary of other elms being very desirable for avenue piece which is folded over or arranghair was hidden by a plain little height are best. They should be spac- shape. In these the line in front is panama hat with a mannish black ed about fifty feet apart on both sides usually close, sometimes cut sheer band. The little feet were again in of the highway and from one to two with the crown with the effect of a sturdy brown brogues and woolen feet inside the highway right of way. skull cap with ear flaps, an extreme There is more latitude in choice of mode that is so strongly featured in variety in the group, or informal plantings. Individual shade or ornashrubs and vines of various kinds and

sizes to create a natural effect. Supplying trees at the roadside trimmed and protected until a healthy, vigorous, mature growth is at-

# Six Lawyers in Hoover's Cabinet.

Six lawyers, one banker, one engineer, one educator and one former steel worker make up the Cabinet of President Hoover. Eight of them give each hat a distinctive air. exceed him in age by from one to twenty-one years; one is of his own age, 54, and the tenth is three years

his junior. The ten are: Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, of New York, lawyer, aged 62. Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon, of Pennsylvania, banker,

aged 75. Secretary of War, James W. Good, of Iowa, lawyer, aged 63. Attorney General, William Mitchell, of Minnesota, aged 55. Postmaster General, Walter

Brown, of Ohio, lawyer, aged 60. Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, lawyer, aged 63. Secretary of Interior, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, of California, educator,

aged 54. Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde, of Missouri, lawyer, aged Secretary of Commerce, Robert P.

aged 56. The Western farmers are will-

Most people think of St. Patrick as Of course he was not. The Irish. chief thing that legend attributes to snakes out of Ireland. History does not record the event. I think that the story must have arisen from the fact that Patrick took refuge after his escape from captivity in the isginning, Lerinus had been infested by snakes, so that no man could live trimmed with wide ribbon to match there. Honoratus, a monk, took possession of it, drove out the snakes and reclaimed it for cultivation. snakes were all gone by the time

-Subscribe for the Watchman.

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

There are three things that I have always loved and have never understoodpainting, music and woman.-Benard le

Bovier de Fontenelle. For the first act of the Spring style Time was not while she clung to drama in hats the simpler designs bles for early Spring. The flower pears on some of the new hats, but is used with discretion, and is reserved for more lavish trimming on dressier models for Summer.

Protests from the friends of work-"Oh, Mad, darling! Have you been room and window of every exclusiveare myriad, but the idea is the same He crushed her to him again, bath- that has prevailed since war days, expressed in felt, silk, straw and several kinds and in some new and inbe rushed off your feet, and it isn't displays of sports hats is the scarcity almost as a uniform and have man-"I'll never change my mind, dar- aged to make it serve almost every occasion, until a little black felt hat. "Well," said she, scrambling to her however plain, has been seen with even ency has been adjusted, but the felt

This year's crown is a little higher, And that's how Mad Hilary "got fuller and more becoming to most faces, and at least a gesture of trimming is shown on most of the shapes. Many original and clever designs are worked out in the shape, especially The Pennsylvania department of in the brim, which is cut in varying highways is desirous of having indi- widths and lines to form new patviduals and organizations plant road- terns. The cloche which shades the side trees for the protection and face and the reverse style turned beautification of the state highways abruptly off the brow with a brim, and adjacent lands. To encourage sometimes very wide, at the sides or cooperate with interested individuals the late styles from Paris. In all of and organizations, insofar as its these, almost without exception, more

First among the most conservasale, the kinds to plant and other in- cloche which shades the face with a formation will be furnished free upon narrow brim, with raw edge tapering along the sides to nothing at the In deciding upon a location for back. A narrow grosgrain ribbon planting, those providing the trees drawn around the crown is tied in a should select an area along a durable bow in the middle front. In a setype of pavement and on ultimate verely plain felt hat of this sort the grade and location so the trees will brim is hand-sewn over the crown, not be disturbed by road relocation or and each edge of the felt is cut withconstruction. Nor should shade trees out finish sometimes in points, or chin, and a fetching little white hat ed. This fluffy-ruffle stuff was your be planted directly under telephone, scallops. The inevitable pin or ornatelegraph or transmission wires, ment is added to some shapes, but in where they will be subject to severe new forms and a fancy bow or motif or ribbon or a stiffly made flower is The right is reserved by the depart- a later style. The smarter hats of turning slowly around so he could see see you making such a fool of your- to be planted, their size, spacing cover one ear or are made to cover both ears. This is done in some planting. Trees from 11/2 to 2 inches ed in a cluster of pleats to form a in diameter, eight to twelve feet in fan, relieving the severity of the the hats from Reboux.

The felt cloche is used as a bisis mental trees may be planted with for a great many new styles in form and in the arrangement of whatever trimming may be added. Some of the latest models have quite wide "Now I've got my girl back," said may be regarded as the initial effort brims that droop limply all around Noni with decided satisfaction. that looks forward to the protection or are slashed, shaped or tucked and beautification of the highways. back to give variety. One of these After a tree is purchased, it must be hats to be worn with a sports frock planted, watered, mulched, sprayed, or suit is made of tan felt, trimmed with only a narrow strap of ribbon in the same shade of the felt, with a brim that is practically the same width all around. One smaller model is narrowed at the back and has an amber buckle directly in front. A surprising number of shapes may be evolved from the one cloche foundation, and only a touch is needed to

> In one of the new French models of rosy beige felt the crown is full and high, and the brim, which shades across the brow with the side pieces stitched on the crown, with notched ends high in front, and drooping close and low at each side.

In a hat of less tailored type Reboux uses black soleil, rolling the brim in a graceful line across the front and around one side, and finishing the other side with a soft bow of the material drawn through the crown. Christine of Paris is showing a semi-sports hat of black felt with brim turned up across the front. down at the back, and trimmed with bands of soleil to form a point over one eye and another at the back. The eyes in front, is cut in graceful curving lines, making the sides wider, tapering and fitting close to the neck at the back. A strip of the felt is drawn tightly around the crown, with fancy cross-bars of the goods stitched at each side. Among the less con-Lamont, of Illinois, engineer, aged 62. servative models in felt one has a Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania, former steel worker, brim that is slashed to the crown in front, and flares sharply at the sides and back. The very latest in this model has the crown tilted far back on the head, with a brim showing to live another year on promises. ing the brow in front, widening at the sides and fitting closely and more narrow at the back. With just a slight twist the brim of a light beige felt cloche folds back from the face, showing the hair at one side and rippling close to the head along the him was the honor or driving all the other side and across the back. The crown of this model is creased in two broken lines, and a strap of the felt is drawn around the crown and holds in place the folded brim. Some of these tailored brim hats are softened land cloister of Lerinus. In the be- with an ornamental bow of many loops and clipped ends. Others are

the hat or in a different color. -Griddle cakes can be served as a Hence the confusion. I imagine the dessert by spreading with jelly or preserves and then rolling like a jel-

ly roll. -Subscribe for the Watchman.