

THE BEAUTIFUL.

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

HOW ST. PATRICK SAVES THE IRISH.

There are distinctions. The person (or nation) of one distinction is apt to be blind to many others.

Now of these three—wit, merriment and gayer—the greatest is gayer; for, like poetry and the chameleon, it can live almost upon nothing, and be the detest of its lack.

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.

He may thank mythological kings and heroes for the detest of his immemorial past, that is—for abominably thoughtful. To be merry one must be exhaustingly comfortable. But to be gay one needs only to be alive.

According to the Irish calendar, the second day of February is the first day of Spring, and it is also the feast day of St. Brigid (pronounced Bred.)

There has never been a period when a personage of this name was not in Ireland. In very ancient times Brigid was the goddess of poetry.

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 Brigid seems to have been mistress of the three great—the three divine—qualities.

She was traveling in the east of the world and came to an overcrowded little town; and as she went from place to place seeking shelter she came to a stable and went in. A man and a woman were there before her, and the woman was in the pangs of childbirth.

The scene of this tale next changes to Heaven itself. Brigid and Patrick 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.

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

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.

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 yon 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, implacable eye.

"I'll convert him," said St. Patrick. "Tis but one of the reasons why Irishmen, of whatever religious or political complexion, pledge St. Patrick when his day comes round and why they may all be fearless of the word 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.

"Down with women!" she greeted him. "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 water neatly—and straightening out in a twenty-five-foot fall is some feat!

"You roughneck!" she yelled as she came up and shook the water out of her eyes. "Come back," he shouted. "I've thought of a stunt!"

"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, for she had the inside around the float, but she slackened her pace so that it ended in a tie.

"Hey, you!" scolded a man who was waiting for them on the lower 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 way," she challenged gaily, "what is life without the spice of danger?"

"And Mad loved it, the frank and sometimes brutal banter that was man's talk. She loved being the only girl who wasn't afraid of that twenty-five-foot dive, too.

"Me? Supercilious? You're crazy!" she told him. He shrugged. "Let the women alone, Mad. You haven't got a feminine thought in your head. Stick to your regular playmates."

"Yes, I have feminine thoughts," she told him, eyes downcast. "I—I want to get married. That's feminine, isn't it?"

"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 yourself a flock of fluffy dresses and try being sweetly sticky for a while—"

"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."

"Pride, huh? Well, that's another quality I want in the man I marry. I told father he needn't have bothered to put all that money in my name. He said he did it so I could marry a poor man just worth his salt. But I'm afraid it's just another handicap. Unless my proud cave man will be big enough and broad-minded enough to see that money is the least important 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 moonlight night, if possible—and marry him before he can back out," Noni offered lightly. Whatever possessed Mad to turn the conversation into this channel? he wondered. It wasn't like her at all.

"Thanks, I'll remember that," she said. "The appropriate costume is ruffles and lace and earrings and perfume. I take it?"

"Right!" smiled Noni, a little crookedly. The rest of the summer passed uneventfully enough. Mad continued her never-ending contest with Noni for superiority in the water. What did it matter that the morning swim usually ended by Noni's ducking her forcibly and standing on her prostrate water-covered form until she sent up large bubbles of air to beg for mercy.

Her farewell to Noni on October 1 was as casual as her farewells always had been. Noni was too busy getting the Florida-Ferris Hotel ready for its December opening to go up to Drummond Island that fall with Mr. Hilary and Mad and the men who had been invited to accompany them for the duck-hunting season.

But the Mad Hilary who appeared on the outside of the desk of the new Florida-Ferris on December 22 was a new girl to Noni. Gone were the boyishly tailored suits, the silk shirts and the snappy little bow ties. Gone the sturdy little low-beeled brogues. Gone the masculine little hat.

"I'll be going to the beach," she said, with a wry sort of smile that exposed rather than hid his heart-ache. "Be yourself, Noni!" she admonished. "This fluffy-ruffle stuff was your idea. You told me it was good man-bait!"

"You be yourself!" he told her sternly. "You're the one who's being anything but natural. I can't bear to see you making such a fool of yourself!"

"All right! See you at 2!" she called gaily. "And I'll be myself, too!" It was the Mad Hilary of other times who waited for Noni on the south veranda. The marcelled red hair was hidden by a plain little black band. The little feet were again in sturdy brown brogues and woolen hose. Instead of the elaborate frocks she had worn for afternoons all winter, there was the plain little tan flannel suit that was exactly right for Mad Hilary, and the white silk blouse with its round collar and its soft Windsor tie. His Mad!

"Now I've got my girl back," said Noni with decided satisfaction. "Gosh! You don't know how I've missed you!" "I've missed myself," said Mad. "But all for love and the devil take comfort!" she laughed.

"Out along the road that paralleled 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 expected at any moment.

"Gad! It's good to be natural!" 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 beamed, dropping down beside her.

"You wished a fine scheme onto me!" chided Mad. "Trying out the feminine role! Another month of it would bore me to extinction! And it failed! How the devil am I going to get the right man to propose to me?"

"What man?" asked Noni, all the joy gone from his face. How could he bear to see this girl go to another man's arms? "You should ask me!" laughed Mad. "Got any ideas?"

It was too much for Noni's long-tried restraint. Roughly he picked her up. Roughly he drew her across his lap. Roughly he kissed her. Savagely, as if he would teach her to play with love. The restraining dam of pride had burst, gone out on the flood of love and desire. "All for love," she said, "and the devil take comfort. Make pride, too."

men and sweet consideration of the women was almost more than he could stand. If Madelon Hilary had never had a lover before, she made up for the deficiency this winter. Only her bridge hours were free from fawning, supplicating males. The only satisfaction Noni got out of the whole affair was her sturdy clinging to the evening hours for bridge with her "gang." They wouldn't make love to her.

After dinner Mad would dance till 9 o'clock and promptly on the hour disappeared in the direction of the cardroom. Sometimes Noni looked in at them and found them wordless, concentrated, unconscious even of his presence.

In the water of mornings and in the cardroom in the evenings was all that was left of the Mad he loved. He made no attempt to deny—in his thoughts—his love for the girl. But he did regret with his whole heart that he'd been induced to tell his business ambitions to her father that night two years ago. And he doubly regretted his acceptance of Mr. Hilary's offer to finance the string of hotels of which the Michigan Hilary-Ferris and the new Florida-Ferris were the first two.

He just hadn't nerve to test Mr. Hilary's generosity to the extent of asking him for his daughter, even if her father had given him every possible evidence of his approval and liking.

So sought after was Mad these days that the only private conversation Noni ever got with her was in the water. Sometimes the swam out beyond the earshot of the more timid bathers and floated around, happily chattering. One morning, along in February, when the season was drawing to a close, Mad said:

"I think I've learned the necessary tricks. Three men proposed to me last night between dinner and bridge. That's pretty good, don't you think?" "And what did you do?" asked Noni. "I told 'em I was in love with another man."

"Oh!" It was more like a moan than an exclamation. "Let's go ashore," he called over his shoulder as he struck out. "Wait!" she called as he reached the beach. "Noni, can't you take me for a drive this afternoon?"

"Can I refuse you anything?" he asked, with a wry sort of smile that exposed rather than hid his heart-ache. "Be yourself, Noni!" she admonished. "This fluffy-ruffle stuff was your idea. You told me it was good man-bait!"

"You be yourself!" he told her sternly. "You're the one who's being anything but natural. I can't bear to see you making such a fool of yourself!"

"All right! See you at 2!" she called gaily. "And I'll be myself, too!" It was the Mad Hilary of other times who waited for Noni on the south veranda. The marcelled red hair was hidden by a plain little black band. The little feet were again in sturdy brown brogues and woolen hose. Instead of the elaborate frocks she had worn for afternoons all winter, there was the plain little tan flannel suit that was exactly right for Mad Hilary, and the white silk blouse with its round collar and its soft Windsor tie. His Mad!

"Now I've got my girl back," said Noni with decided satisfaction. "Gosh! You don't know how I've missed you!" "I've missed myself," said Mad. "But all for love and the devil take comfort!" she laughed.

"Out along the road that paralleled 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 expected at any moment.

"Gad! It's good to be natural!" 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 beamed, dropping down beside her.

"You wished a fine scheme onto me!" chided Mad. "Trying out the feminine role! Another month of it would bore me to extinction! And it failed! How the devil am I going to get the right man to propose to me?"

"What man?" asked Noni, all the joy gone from his face. How could he bear to see this girl go to another man's arms? "You should ask me!" laughed Mad. "Got any ideas?"

when you marry this caveman you want? Oh, don't you know all that, Mad, darling?" "Noni! You sweet idiot! Kiss me again!" This time two arms were suddenly around his neck. Two red-brown eyes, misted with happy tears, came close to his. Two red lips sought his.

Time was not while she clung to him. Shadows crept out from beneath the trees and touched them before she stirred. Life and its possibilities had risen to a new high peak, and she wanted to hold it there forever. What an hour this has been! Reluctantly she freed one hand and fished in her coat pocket. "Look!" she commanded.

What she produced was a marriage license, dated December 22—the day she had arrived in Florida—made out to Madelon Hilary and Benoni Ferris. "Oh, Mad, darling! Have you been trying to tell me—all the time? Was it—I—oh, Mad! And I thought this was farewell!"

He crushed her to him again, bathing her face with a strong man's tears. "Sure was, old thing," Mad choked a bit on it. "You said you'd have to be rushed off your feet, and it isn't moonlight. Oh, let's go and find a minister before you change your mind!"

"I'll never change my mind, darling! Never!" he promised. "I'll never," said she, scrambling to her feet and putting the folded paper carefully back into her pocket, "it's just as well not to take a chance!" But she grinned impishly as she said it.

And that's how Mad Hilary "got her man."—Public Ledger.

Co-operation in Roadside Planting.

The Pennsylvania department of highways is desirous of having individuals and organizations plant roadside trees for the protection and beautification of the state highways and adjacent lands. To encourage this work the department gladly will cooperate with interested individuals and organizations, insofar as its funds will permit, by planting and maintaining trees furnished f. o. b. the roadside.

In deciding upon a location for planting, those providing the trees should select an area along a durable type of pavement and on ultimate grade and location so the trees will not be disturbed by road relocation or construction. Nor should shade trees be planted directly under telephone, telegraph or transmission wires, where they will be subject to severe pruning when they mature.

The right is reserved by the department to pass upon the kind of trees to be planted, their size, spacing and other details. Both avenue and group planting are favored, the oaks, maples and elms being very desirable for avenue planting. Trees from 1 1/2 to 2 inches in diameter, eight to twelve feet in height are best. They should be spaced about fifty feet apart on both sides of the highway and from one to two feet inside the highway right of way.

There is more latitude in choice of variety in the group, or informal plantings. Individual shade or ornamental trees may be planted with shrubs and vines of various kinds and sizes to create a natural effect. Supplying trees at the roadside may be regarded as the initial effort that looks forward to the protection and beautification of the highways. After a tree is purchased, it must be planted, watered, mulched, sprayed, trimmed and protected until a healthy, vigorous, mature growth is attained.

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 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 D. Mitchell, of Minnesota, aged 55. Postmaster General, Walter F. 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 51. Secretary of Commerce, Robert P. Lamont, of Illinois, engineer, aged 62. Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania, former steel worker, aged 56.

—The Western farmers are willing to live another year on promises.

How St. Patrick Got His Reputation.

Most people think of St. Patrick as Irish. Of course he was not. The chief thing that legend attributes to him was the honor or driving all the 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 island cloister of Lerinus. In the beginning, Lerinus had been infested by snakes, so that no man could live there. Honoratus, a monk, took possession of it, drove out the snakes and reclaimed it for cultivation. Hence the confusion. I imagine the snakes were all gone by the time Patrick reached there.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

There are three things that I have always loved and have never understood—painting, music and woman.—Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle.

For the first act of the Spring style drama in hats the simpler designs are shown sports, semi-sports shapes and hats for general utility to accompany the first suits and ensembles for early Spring. The flower motif which is being stressed appears 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-ers against the plain cloche in millinery of the feminine type are un-availing, for it blooms in the show-room and window of every exclusive millinery shop and is flooding the larger fashion market. The shapes are myriad, but the idea is the same that has prevailed since war days, expressed in felt, silk, straw and several kinds and in some new and interesting combinations of straw and fabric. The arresting point in all displays of sports hats is the scarcity of black. For several seasons women have worn the black felt cloche almost as a uniform and have managed to make it serve almost every occasion, until a little black felt hat, however plain, has been seen with even the most elaborate costumes and at quite formal affairs. This inconsistency has been adjusted, but the felt cloche carries on for tailored dress.

This year's crown is a little higher, 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 in the brim, which is cut in varying widths and lines to form new patterns. The cloche which shades the face and the reverse style turned abruptly off the brow with a brim, sometimes very wide, at the sides or back are both conspicuous among the late styles from Paris. In all of these, almost without exception, more graceful lines and a design that is greatly softened are evident.

First among the most conservative designs in felt is a simple little cloche which shades the face with a narrow brim, with raw edge tapering along the sides to nothing at the back. A narrow grosgrain ribbon drawn around the crown is tied in a bow in the middle front. In a severely plain felt hat of this sort the brim is hand-sewn over the crown, and each edge of the felt is cut without finish sometimes in points, or scallops. The inevitable pin or ornament is added to some shapes, but in new forms and a fancy bow or motif or ribbon or a stiffly made flower is a later style. The smarter hats of the cloche type dip at one side to cover one ear or are made to cover both ears. This is done in some models by cutting the brim longer at the sides and in others by adding a piece which is folded over to form a fan, relieving the severity of the shape. In these the line in front is usually close, sometimes cut sheer with the crown with the effect of a skull cap with ear flaps, an extreme mode that is so strongly featured in the hats from Rebourg.

The felt cloche is used as a basis 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 brims that droop limply all around—are slashed, shaped or tucked back to give variety. One of these hats to be worn with a sports frock 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 give each hat a distinctive air.

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 Rebourg 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 conservative models in felt one has a 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 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 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 with an ornamental bow of many loops and clipped ends. Others are trimmed with wide ribbon to match the hat or in a different color.

—Griddle cakes can be served as a dessert by spreading with jelly or preserves and then rolling like a jelly roll.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.