

THE KICKERS

All organizations of whatever name. No matter how small or how large. Have some persons in them who never can "gee" With the fellows who have things in charge.

It has always been thus in lodge, church and State; The fellows who do all the work. Are criticised daily by those who should help. But instead they do nothing but shrink.

The children of Israel with Moses found fault. Got peevish, then gave him the laugh; And while he was trying to lead them aright. They worshipped a great golden calf.

There are golden-calf worshippers living today; Some of them unite with the lodge; They are in the "receiving line" all of the time. But their duties to others they dodge.

You ask these same kickers what's wrong with the lodge Whose praises they formerly sang; They'll tell you the lodge is all "going to sticks" Because it is run by a "gang."

In most of the instances we have observed That the "gangs" never known to refuse To bring in new members and visit the sick. And make the collection of dues.

If this bunch of objectors should reach Heaven's gates, While with music of angels it rang. They would probably leave, with dissatisfaction grunt. And claim it was run by a "gang."

—Edgar W. Ellis

BLIZZARD HOUNDS

The town of Lockport, in the Berkshire Hills of New England, was in a state of turmoil, of wild excitement. Snow had begun to fall about nine o'clock in the evening of the third of March, though this was not the primary cause of the excitement—and had continued all that night and the next day, until by the morning of the fifth the streets and yards of the town were hidden under a white blanket some three feet thick.

The wisecracks shook their heads and declared that it couldn't last much longer; it was too late in the season for a very heavy snow-fall. But despite these assurances the snow kept on coming down, soft and silent, burying roads, changing the outlines of buildings, covering everything with its smothering weight.

On the morning of the sixth, the towns-people looked out from their windows to find that the storm, far from abating had taken on a new lease with the rising of the wind, and now the snow, no longer falling gently was driving in mad slants before a howling gale from the north-west, a gale that swept open spaces bare, piling the snow in huge drifts fifteen and twenty feet deep against fence or tree or building. It seemed, too, that the wind had knocked the bottoms from the thermometers, for the temperature had suddenly dropped about forty degrees, and now stood at twenty below.

Even to the hardy New Englanders, accustomed to severe winters, this was terrible weather; no trains could come in, the milkmen were unable to go to their rounds, and there was much discomfort and some actual suffering.

All this, however, could very well have been borne—it was no worse than the town had often experienced before—but early Friday morning—March sixth—a fire broke out on the northern edge of town. A householder, trying to keep warm, had forced his furnace too hard, a hot flue had set fire to neighboring woodwork, and before anything could be done the house was doomed.

The fire department turned out promptly, but found that the mains were frozen and the little water they could pump from nearby wells was useless against a conflagration fanned by a terrific wind. Word was quickly passed around and every able-bodied man in town turned out to help, some rescuing furniture and other movables from the threatened rooms, others digging frantically through the snow and building bonfires to thaw out the frozen mains, still others dynamiting houses in the path of the flames to prevent the spread of the fire, for it seemed that the whole town would go, the buildings being almost exclusively of wood, and set close enough for such a wind to carry sparks and embers readily across the yards; even, in some cases, for the direct heat to spread the fire.

It is no exaggeration to say that the town was in a turmoil; excited men ran back and forth on various errands or labored strenuously to avert the deadly peril; women, heroic as women are in such a crisis, made hot coffee and sandwiches and carried them to the workers, heartening and encouraging their men with brave words that belied their own terror. Against the gray of overcast sky and driving snow the flames glowed red and even by day, the roar of the fire and the howling and shrieking of the gale were punctuated at times by the dull booming explosions of the dynamite.

At intervals when the wind died down for a moment, one could hear the splintering crash of falling buildings gutted by the flames or torn to pieces by axe and rope. It was an awful, a terrible day, a day never to be forgotten by any who lived through it, as some did not; more than one house was turned in to an emergency hospital for men who had been burned or trapped by crumbling walls, and more than one life flickered out, a sacrifice to the twin destroyers of fire and storm.

The scouts were of course out in full strength, working under direction of their scoutmaster and patrol leaders, nor was their assistance of any slight value; they labored like heavers, and were responsible for

much salvage as well as for considerable checking of the flames. About three in the afternoon it began to be seen that the conflagration was being held, fully a third of the town was gone, but a fire-break was laid between the sound part and the portion which was still burning, and water in quantity was being poured on the flames; snow, also, was shoveled on the ruins that formed the fire-break.

The storm showed no signs of decreasing, however, and the workers were nearing exhaustion. Still, the need for hurried, insistent effort was passing, and those in charge felt more hopeful though it was even yet imperative to keep everyone at the task; and slackening now might easily mean a renewed outbreak of the fire which would sweep away the entire town.

While matters were in this state Joe Cullen, second in command of the Eagle Patrol, dashed up to his leader, Bob Carter, who was evidently in a highly excited condition, so much so that he could hardly speak clearly.

"Bob," he exclaimed, "there's a train stalled over in Newlin's Cut, over by West Martinville, this morning's train it is—you know it hasn't come through yet—over in Newlin's Cut—you know where it is—over by West Martinville—it's stalled there in the snow—"

"Hold on, Joe," interrupted Bob. "Take a deep breath and count ten, then say it. If you can't say it, whistle it. You're all wrought up in what you humorously call your mind. Now, then!"

Cullen, thus adjured, got hold of himself and went on with careful restraint. "A man just came in, looking for help. He's from the stalled train. A woman on board has been taken sick. There's a doctor there who says it's appendicitis. He says she must be got to the hospital at once. She must be operated on immediately if her life is to be saved. This man is her father. He wants someone to go over and get her. He wants to get somebody to take a sledge and take her to the hospital. There hang you, is that clear enough?"

"Clear as mud; covers the ground, anyway. Where is he? Can I talk to him?"

"Sure. He's over at the drug store. Come on."

Together the boys went to interview the man in question, who proved to be from Ewanville, twenty miles south of Lockport. He and his daughter had been visiting in Martinville, and feeling this illness coming on—though far from suspecting what it was—the girl had attempted to get home. The heavy snow, drifting into the railroad cut, had stalled the train, delaying it now some six hours with no prospect of its moving for several days. The girl's sufferings had rapidly grown more acute and her father, after a futile effort at telephoning—the wires were down—had made his way over to town in search of aid.

His evident anxiety and his exhaustion were pathetic in the extreme, and Bob found his sympathies roused; he resolved to do what he could.

"It's no use trying to take a car," he reflected aloud. "No machine could buck the drifts between here and there. Neither could a horse, for that matter; it's a case of go on foot if at all. Well, let me see—I'll talk to Mr. Sawyer; he's one of the selectmen, and he's in charge here. Maybe he can pick out some men to go."

But Mr. Sawyer shook his head when the matter was detailed to him.

"I'm sorry, Carter," he said, "but I can't spare a single soul; every man is needed, we aren't let up or the town may go. If you want to get together some of your fellows and have a try at it we won't hold you, but I'd advise against it. It would be a terrible trip, and I would advise against it very strongly. Ask your scoutmaster; your father, too."

"I know what Dad'll say, fast enough," was the boy's reply. "He'll say go ahead; he knows I can take care of myself—I think Mr. Rennie'll say the same. How about a doctor? Can you spare one to go along? It's terrible to think of that poor woman over there suffering, maybe dying, and I want to help!"

Mr. Sawyer put his hand kindly on Bob's shoulder.

"It is hard," he said, gently, "it is hard. But my responsibility is to the town, and there are people here who are suffering and dying too. There have been five men and two women killed today, and others injured. Over a hundred families are homeless and must be cared for. And the danger is still great. Don't you see, Bob, it's a question of the greatest number? I can't spare anyone."

"One of our doctors is out of town; Dr. Ransom is laid up with a crushed foot—he was caught by a falling beam—and that leaves only Dr. Lawton to care for the others. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we can't do anything for her unless you can over. And as I say, I would consider that foolhardy; you'd be risking your lives with a very, very slim chance of doing any good. I've lived in Lockport Valley for fifty-five years, and this is by far the worst blizzard I've ever seen."

"I don't care for the risk; I've taken chances before—well, if you don't need me here I'll have a try at it. I can't stand thinking of that poor woman; the folks here have help, but she's—"

"Speak to Mr. Rennie and your father before you go." And Mr. Sawyer hurried off.

Bob hunted up his father and told him the story, and John Carter, after a moment's thought trusted out his hand, saying: "Goodbye, take care of yourself." They shook hands and Bob turned away, saying to himself with pride. "Gee, that's the kind of a dad to have!"

"Dalton, get your toboggan; that's better than a sled for this soft snow. Lindley, you go down to the store and get half a dozen squirt-lamps, the largest size, and a couple of dozen extra batteries; it'll be dark long before we get there, and a lantern would blow out in this wind. Take Dalton with you, and bring about a hundred feet of quarter-inch Manila rope too. Joe you and Rennie and Sullivan scatter and get half a dozen heavy blankets and a couple of quarts hot coffee, with plenty of sugar and milk in it; put it in thermos bottles—the coffee, not the blankets. Bring sandwiches, too. Snow-shoes, belt axes, cords, compasses, whistles, knives for all of us. Joe you go up to our house and get my outfit, will you? Morphine tablets in case the patient and the railroad agent as you can. Wear your heaviest sweaters, Scott!"

Bob himself hunted up Dr. Lawton and asked advice.

"There isn't much you can do," said the married physician. "Get her to the hospital as quickly as you can, that's all. Keep her warm; use hot-water bags and blankets. Handle her gently and don't shake her up more than is necessary. Take an ice-bag and keep it filled with snow and over the region of pain. You can get hot water from the engine, you know. Do you know how to handle a hypodermic syringe?"

"Yes, sir. Learned it for use in case of snake-bites."

"Good! Come around to my office and I'll let you have one, with some morphine tablets in case the patient unendurable, and some strychnine in case of collapse. But be cautious with them, though; I'll explain how to use them as we go. Most likely, though, if there's a doctor on the train, he has his outfit with him."

On the way Dr. Lawton gave Bob full instructions, and a few minutes later the patrol leader joined his men as appointed.

"All right, permission?" he asked, and all assented.

"My dad kicked like a steer," said Sullivan, "but he gave in when I said the rest were going."

"All right," Bob responded, and proceeded to check over the supplies, seeing that they were properly lashed to the toboggan. "Dalton and Rennie, you break trail; Cullen and Sullivan, you haul the load; Lindley and I'll come along behind to spell the trail-breakers. When we go ahead, Dalton and Rennie'll drop and rest, then come on and haul, while Sullivan and Joe get rest. That way we'll change off; breaking trail's the hardest part of the work. You two Rennie and Dalton, don't wait till you're plump exhausted before you call a spell; use your brains about it. Let's go!"

It was five minutes past four when they pulled out of Lockport, and they had about nine miles to go for Newlin's Cut is half-way between Lockport and Martinville, but about a mile from the road, lying off to the north, since the railroad follows the contours of the mountain in order to maintain a possible grade; Martinville is nearly seven miles higher than Lockport. Now nine miles is no great distance on a smooth road and a pleasant summer day, but with snow drifted under foot, with the early night coming on, and with a savage blizzard tugging and tearing at one, to say nothing of the bitter cold—well, it then becomes a far different matter.

And the driving snow, fine, powdery, almost like sand, cut and stung like red-hot needles against their faces. Fortunately, they were traveling east, so the worst of the storm was at their backs but there were many places where the wind, swirling and eddying about some obstruction, a row of trees, a barn, or the like met the travelers full on thrusting them back, checking them like a torrent. Time and again they brought up sharply, turning their backs to the gale, gasping for breath, only to swing about once more and press on, dragging the loaded toboggan, pushing ever on into the dark and the storm.

Doggedly the scouts plugged ahead, finding the road swept bare in places, so that they could move at a trot, then coming to a stretch where it was drifted deep and every step called for a definite effort, their snowshoes sinking into the dry and powdery fluff under foot. Several times they got off the road, for it was dark and the driving snow veiled the trees which for the most part lined the track. But by using their flash-lights they got back again and pushed on, changing about as occasion demanded. From time to time one or another would scoop up a handful of snow and thrust it into his mouth, allowing it to melt and run down his throat, but no stops were made until about seven o'clock, when Bob halted and called the others to him.

"Here's Allen's farm," he shouted, pitching his voice above the roar of the wind and his companions noted a glow of yellow light from a window. "If we follow up his lane it'll take us to the foot of the mountain, and from there on we climb. Take time for a shot of coffee all around; the toughest part of the job's ahead of us."

While Lindley was getting out a thermos bottle and passing the coffee, Bob considered. Should he go straight up the side of the mountain a stiff climb of six hundred feet through second-growth timber, or should he turn from Allen's lane into a cross-road that skirted the foot of the mountain rising gradually to meet the railroad then follow along the tracks to the train? The latter course would be easier going, but much longer, and he believed he could save time by going straight up. And as he drank his coffee he explained his decision.

"It'll mean we'll all have to fall onto the rope steeper than straight-up-and-down. And don't any of you guys lose your footing, either, or you may not fetch up till you hit bottom. And we haven't time to go back and pick you up. Ready? Let's go!"

They went. And let no one think it was a joke, that trip up the mountain-side! Slipping, stumbling, falling, catching themselves, at times clinging with one hand to some

chance sapling or bush while they tugged and hauled at the rope of the toboggan with the other, ploughing through the fluffy, powdery snow that loaded and weighted down their snow-shoes, they made their way inch by inch up the slope. Once when they halted to rest and catch their breath Lindley puffed; "Bob, I think you're a dogged grump! It would have been heaps easier to go 'round by the road!'"

"And hours longer!" flashed back the retort. "What was that gag I heard a lawyer spring, one time? Oh, yes! Time is the essence of the contract." Well, so it is here. You rested enough? Then come on!"

And so, exhorting, cajoling—and at times abusing—Bob got his scouts up the steep slope. Topping a little rise, they looked down and saw some fifty yards ahead of them the long row of lighted windows that marked the stalled train. Up front, in the glare of the headlight, fifteen or twenty men were standing around in a hopeless, dispirited-looking group, discussing the chances of escape, and the little hill made their way a thither, Bob finding the conductor and explaining to him their errand.

That official promptly led them back into one of the coaches, where a young woman of about twenty-five lay on a bed improvised of seat-cushions. She was evidently in great pain, and as soon as Bob was introduced to the doctor, a grave and elderly man, the boy asked diffidently, "Can't anything be done to relieve her? Excuse me, doctor, I don't want you to think I'm trying to tell you your business, but—well, Dr. Lawton gave me a hypodermic syringe—and he suggested morphine—so I kind o' thought—"

"Morphine! I should say so! Let's have the syringe. That is, unless you prefer to use it yourself. I have absolutely nothing here."

"No, no!" Bob disclaimed. "I'd rather you'd do it—I wonder if he is giving me?" he thought. "Me do it when there's a doctor around!" But he handed over the outfit and was amazed at the immediacy of the relief afforded by the drug; it seemed only a few seconds after the administration that the expression of suffering on the woman's face was replaced by one of comfort; the tense muscles relaxed and a smile crept over her lips.

"Golly!" exclaimed the boy. "I had no idea it would work like that!"

"Morphine is at once one of the greatest blessings and the most terrible curse among drugs," replied Dr. Preston. "Properly used, it is a heaven-sent mercy; improperly—well, it might have originated in the other place. Now, about this girl. You think you can get her over to the hospital?"

"I think so," was the reply. "Anyhow, we can try; that's what we came for, you know."

Dr. Preston had drawn Bob out of earshot of the patient, the other scouts joined them.

"Well," went on the physician, "I am extremely doubtful of her standing the trip. Frankly, she's in a very serious condition, and the shock of the journey may easily be too much for her. On the other hand, there is no prospect of relief if she stays here, and unless she is operated on within a very short time there's little chance for her."

"I have heard of a bad appendix case recovering without an operation—in fact, I knew the man—but not one in ten million would; that is an advanced case, such as this is. But a man has gone over to Martinville for help, it might be better to wait for someone to come from there. It's rather a question, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but, frankly, I am a little dubious—not of your good-will, in the least, but of your ability. You seem—pardon me—a bit young for such a task. What do you think; how do you feel about it?"

"We can get her through if anyone can," answered Bob stoutly. "It's a case of hauling, anyway, for no car or horse could get through either way to-night. How long ago did your man start for Martinville?"

"About three hours."

"Well, then—"

"Look here, Bob," broke in Joe Cullen, "you know the railroad makes a big loop around the end of the mountain, to get into Martinville. Why don't we go on up the slips—it's only about as far as we've climbed already—and hit the Furnace Company's charcoal road that oozles and zig-zags along the ridge? That way we'd cut off about four miles from what we'd have to travel if we went by the main road; we're a mile off the main road now, you know."

"You said something, Joe!" the leader exclaimed. "But it'd be a tough trip," he added doubtfully.

"Well, we didn't come out thinking we were going to a party, did we? I'll say it hasn't been all pie and peanuts so far!"

"All right; we'll do that! Get the boys to the steps of the car, shake out the blankets and load up the hot-water bags. Go talk to the engine-man about it; he'll fix you up. I think it's the best way, Doctor."

"Well, if you feel confident of your ability to make it... do you want any help? I can get you any number of volunteers from the men on board."

Bob shook his head. "We'll do better just ourselves," he answered. "You see, we know this country and can pick our way where others would get lost. And then we're more or less used to this sort of stuff.... I don't mean hauling women around in blizzards, but... oh, well, outdoor stuff, you know!"

The physician nodded, and Bob went on.

"And then another thing—I hate to say it, 'cause it sounds as if we were stuck on ourselves, but we're all more or less in training, you know. I'm sure there'd be plenty of men glad of the chance to go, but well, I sort o' think we'd make out better just ourselves, or anything like that, but—"

"I understand. I've no doubt you're right at that. I'd like to go, myself, and fifty years ago you wouldn't have got away without me, but it

would be folly to attempt it now, at my age. There are some things that require youth to accomplish. Well, better get started."

The patient was wrapped in blankets and carried out to the waiting toboggan by several of the men on the train and lashed in position as comfortably as possible, and the scouts, warmed and stimulated by hot coffee and food, tailed onto the rope, scrambled out of the cut, and set off on their terrible journey.

Lindley, glancing back, was amazed at the suddenness with which the lighted train was blotted from view; one minute it stood out clear and distinct, the window-sills level with the surface of the snow, the glowing panes of glass white-plastered from the drift; the next it was utterly gone, and they were alone in a whirling, spinning, howling world of gloom, the dark pierced only by the feeble rays of the flash-lights, which showed faintly yellow amid the driving flakes.

The journey up the mountain was more dreadful than anything that had gone before, for it seemed as though the elements put forth their utmost power to hamper and hold back the little band. The wind from the upper reaches of the air swooped down, blasting, shrieking and howling in wild and frantic mirth or again rising and falling like the wailing of lost souls in torment. The icy snow, driven by the furious gale, seared and cut and stung as if it were sandpaper on raw flesh, till the boys winced and covered away from it, protecting themselves as best they might from its bitter touch.

Time and again they were forced to halt and wait for a blast, more desperate than usual, to blow itself out before they could win onward; time and again they lost their footing and floundered wildly in the drift of snow. But still they pressed on, gasping and choking when the wind caught the breath from their nostrils, turning their heads to breathe in the shelter of an arm, but always struggling ahead, foot by foot and inch by inch.

Again and again the others wondered how Bob could find his way, how he could pick out landmarks that could not be seen at three yards distance, when all the world was hidden blotted out by the white veil that wrapped them around. But by some occult power he kept his direction, avoided ravines that would have meant disaster. Afterward when Cullen questioned him as to this, Bob could give no answer.

"I just sensed it, I guess," was his best explanation. In all likelihood it was his unconscious memory of often-traveled country that took command of his steps.

But avoid obstructions, he did, and with heart-breaking slowness the six boys dragged their load up the steep slope, till at length, reaching the crest, they struck into the old woods road. Here it was not so bad; a thick growth of brush had sprung up beside the cleared stretch, and this, together with the trees, afforded some protection, a protection which was lacking lower down where the growth was practically all scattered saplings.

Still, the going was heavy enough even here, and the boys felt their young strength leaving them as they floundered along over drifts that were in some cases fifteen feet more in height. Above, high over their heads the wind still howled and shrieked through the bare branches, but at least they were spared its biting breath, a mercy for which they were thankful.

But toward the end, the journey became a nightmare of exhaustion, of utter weariness that craved only to lie down and sleep, to rest—even if it were the last long rest of all. Bob only seemed driven by some inner fire, some consuming blaze that kept up his spirit and urged him on; something of this he managed to impart to the others, though Dalton found himself struggling ahead only by force of keeping his vision to the next single stride and then I lie down."

"One more step and then I lie down," he kept saying to himself over and over, and then as he took the one—"One more!"

So in the end, weary beyond the power of words to tell, cold, exhausted, barely dragging themselves along to the accompaniment of a faint moaning from the tortured form on the toboggan, they came to Martinville, lurching and staggered through the deserted, wind-swept halls, occasional gleams of light from the houses guiding them and so reached the hospital. Here the others dropped on the steps, but Bob, his face a ghastly mark of wind-seared flesh, held himself upright long enough to rouse an attendant and give his message, long enough to see his patient in the hands of those who would care for her, then he too relaxed and slumped in a chair, and was instantly asleep.

Long ages after Bob Carter awoke to find himself stretched in a warm and comfortable bed, a uniformed nurse bending over him. He ached from head to foot, his face burned and smarted, and a vast sense of lassitude enveloped him; he was only half awake even yet.

"Drink this," said the nurse, popping him up with a strong arm behind his shoulders and he obeyed. A trifle stronger, he asked.

"How about her? Did we get her here in time?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, smiling, "she'll live. They operated shortly after you got here. You've slept twenty-four hours, you know. It was a magnificent thing you did; you saved her life, beyond question. Magnificent!"

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

FOUR WOMAN  
"Mamma, if I get married when I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?"  
"Why, yes, dear, if you get married you'll have a husband like papa."  
"If I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Nellie?"  
"Yes, dear, you would be an old maid," answered the mother.

"Well, no matter which way we go, it's a pretty tough world for us women, ain't it?"  
—The hat materials are of course influenced by the new silhouette. Straw is very important, but has by no means superseded felt, and fabrics are promised a great vogue. Combinations of materials are a feature of many of the smartest hats.

Panamalake is of course the most important innovation of the millinery season and has introduced a fashion for high lacquered supple straws, such as picot luciole, neora and Forte Bonheur—straws that may be draped and pleated without cracking. Baku, both in the fine bako sole and the coarse linen weaves, is being used for hats for both North and South, and the silken texture of ballbuntli is seen in new shapes and colors. A fine tweed straw of hemp and visca is shown in the hats with brims, in bright tweed colorings interwoven with a thread of shiny black. Frequently they are trimmed with black crepe ribbon. There is also a coarse heavy tweed straw, which reproduces the texture and coloring of the loosely woven sports tweeds.

Though patches of snow on the ground do not deter the Spring hat from blooming they do have an influence on the color of the earliest hats, which are at present apt to be chosen to harmonize with the Winter coat. As black has predominated in the Winter fashions, so it predominates in the early Spring millinery goods. The black hat of Spring is not at all somber, however. Bright color enlivens it in the form of little feather pads or brushes.

Dispatches from Paris speak much of the success of navy blue, or a new "brighter navy" and of linen blue. Greens next to the blues receive marked attention in the fashion predictions; not so much dark greens of the past season, but light and bright greens, pale Nile light blue and yellow green.

Rose reds and yellow reds lend their cheerful tones to the Spring millinery. The beiges are represented by a new peach beige, and natural straw has an important place all its own in the hat fashions.

—There has been an up-heaval in sport fashions and as a result golf knickers are out and tennis bloomers are in.

Smart golfers and tailors decided that golf knickers have become far too popular with men who never had a golf club in their hands. In their place have come long breeches, trousers, which like the riding breeches worn by the Prince of Wales are loose to the knees and thin tight fitting to the ankles.

The tennis bloomers are white and replace the flapping trousers. They are really knockers, coming just below the knees, and are generally in white cotton but can be in white or gray tweed.

—Women of today are so frank about "making up" that beauty specialists are being equally frank in their treatment of the subject, and devote as much time to it as dress-makers and milliners give to their creations. New fashions in "make-up" are appearing with the latest styles in dress, and establish an intimacy between the two. Along with graceful draperies and soft coiffures are more delicate complexions.

The Dresden china type is more fashionable today than the bronzed which the athletic woman indulges in.

It is generally conceded that the effect should be that of the natural complexion, and to get this a powder slightly darker is used, so that one shall look as she really is rather than as she perhaps wishes to be—after all, the natural complexion is the one that blends with eyes and hair.

—Lip rouge calls for skill in choosing because of the difference between individuals in the color of their lips. Some are naturally yellow-red others blue-red, and some of the happily endowed are a very young rose tinted. The lipstick for the morning is darker than that for the afternoon, and the brightest tint is used for evening. The lipstick is of the same tone as rouge for the cheeks.

—Particular attention is paid to making up and shadowing the eyes, which the small hat has more than usually accentuated. Different types and colors are brought out after this fashion: Blue eye-shadow is used for a fair blonde with blue eyes, brown for the ash blonde with brown eyes and blue again for the Celtic blonde with hazel or gray eyes. For the Latin with olive skin, dark hair and dark eyes, black or brown eye-shadow is used.

This beautifying process is indeed a luxury and requires much time and care in cleaning for which there are delicious creams and liquids. The latest is a cleansing milk following the ancient fashion of bathing in milk for beauty. Then an astringent, foundation cream, rouge and powder, all faintly scented. Last the lips and eyes are brought into the scheme and the complexion is ready for the dress ensemble.

—Unwrap meat as soon as it is delivered and place on a clean plate in the coldest part of the refrigerator. A piece of parchment paper may be loosely laid across the top of the meat but not wrapped around it.

—Learn to know the attachments of your sewing machine and how to use them. Keep your tensions adjusted to the kind of material you are using. Use good needles and the right size for your thread and the material to be used.

—Flavor a few glasses of your apple jelly with mint extract and color with green vegetable coloring. The jelly will be enjoyed with lamb.

—Encourage others to subscribe for The Watchman.