

# WOMAN'S WAYS.

## USES FOR RIBBONS

HERE FASHION HAS DRAWN THE LINE TIGHTLY.

Each Season Demands Changes, the Majority of Which Are Easily Accomplished—Color Scheme Always to Be Remembered.

It might seem at first thought that the correct use of ribbon is one of the easiest things in life, but each season ushers in its own especial use of the different widths, if not of particular kinds and qualities, all of which block the way to success through past experience.

To say that the sash is to be worn is not to mean necessarily the 12-inch ribbon that meant "sash" a few years ago; and to proclaim the hat with the ribbon bow is not to tie any sort of a little bow and believe one's self walking the rope of fashion.

Fashion draws her rope tightly, and makes little allowance for deviations from its difficult way.

The ribbon as a sash is admitted when in its softest form it hangs in two long slim ends, very much as if it were bias liberty. To accomplish this effect the ends are tied sometimes into knots, with end, and again into actual bows, which weight them into a graceful fall.

Ribbon may also be folded successfully into the sash for the waist girdle, when, for this use, also, it is of a liberty quality.

The hat bow of the season demands breadth of ribbon and crispness of quality.

Ribbon has been used successfully as a tunic edge for the marquisette and chiffon drapery of the figured foulard gown, and it is the color touch on many a pretty garden party frock.

Here, if anywhere, is ribbon at its best. The buttonhole slot provides successful openings for the slipping in and out of folded wide ribbons and of two-inch ribbon velvets. These are used in gayest colors on the handsome white or ecru frock and on the bower-sprigged or embroidered mull and the dotted swiss. Black or lavender ribbons slipped into the natural eyelid spaces in black and white embroidered robes are an unusual treatment of the summer frock for those who wear light mourning.

Always successful as summer neckties are the medium widths of soft ribbon, whether tied in a bow or knotted into a four-in-hand.

Color enters largely into the successful use of ribbon, and not alone are the brightest tones called into requisition in the furnishing of hat and gown. The French are fond of a certain deep prune ribbon on black hats, and the combination is not far from ravishing so unusual is it. Black ribbon on the dark blue hat or on the gray hat is as successful as certain combinations of black moire ribbon with burnt straw and with ecru raffia fabric.

Changeable ribbons, last of all, because they are the newest and also for reasons of convenience. Straws are not easy to match and neither are materials, and the two-toned ribbon is frequently the only possible hat trimming that will shade harmoniously into both.

## ATTRACTIVE REST SLIPPERS

The Mule Shape in Persian or Paisley Patterned Silk is Most Admired.

Attractive looking "rest" slippers for the girl whose feet trouble her are of mule shape in Persian or Paisley patterned soft but firmly woven silk.

For feet that are very sore or greatly swollen the most comfortable slippers are the low cut strap affairs, resembling sandals, made of fine kid and equipped with thin, flexible soles.

There are also heelless slippers of satin which will fold up and may be carried in a shopping bag of ordinary dimensions, and less expensive replicas of the same model can be made of suede, which affords rather more support to the feet.

If a girl wishes to have rest slippers to match her various negligees she may have them made of the same materials, and if she cares for still more elaborate footwear of a similar type she may embroider pongee, braid fine flexible kid or hand paint satin tops, the pattern for which may be procured from the cobbler who is to attach them to soles.

## Linen Pincushion.

Round pincushions are just now considered very smart. They are made of embroidered or lace-trimmed dollies and are not in the least difficult unless one is sufficiently ambitious to do one's own embroidery.

A small circular cushion that is not very thick through is used and the dolly is placed flat over this. It should be much larger than the cushion, so that the edge extends beyond the cushion all around. The dolly is double, the under side being plain; this under side is open in the middle and fastened together with buttons and buttonholes. The cushion can thus be slipped in and out readily when the cover is to be laundered.

## WEAR SHIRT WAIST RIGHT

It Should Suit Your Style, Be Put on Properly and Pinned Where It Belongs.

"If you're going to wear a shirt waist, wear it right!" was the emphatic remark of one girl to another, as she surveyed disapprovingly the blouse worn by another, which "skewed" in the back and was baggy under the arms where it should have been taut and trim.

In the first place, suit your shirt waists to your style. To some the severely tailored waists are infinitely more becoming than any other; while to another contingent the more elaborate, "dressy" modes are in better correspondence with the wearer. Discover which kind is best for you and hold to it.

Then, as to accessories. Frills and pleatings may not be "your style;" jabots and cascades no better. A short jabot may be becoming and one that falls below the bust line much less so. This is a discovery you are to make for yourself, and having made it, don't be tempted from your knowledge.

Don't think because you wear "just a shirt waist" you can get into it any old way. Put it on properly, pin it down where it belongs; establish close connections with it and the skirt; make it do you credit. A ten cent percale will look better and have more style properly put on than a hand embroidered linen that isn't. And don't forget it.

## LINEN WAIST.



This waist may be made of either striped or plain linen, and in either case is trimmed with bands of plain linen ornamented with soutache and buttons.

The sleeves are finished with deep cuffs trimmed to correspond. The collar and wrist ruffles are of linen or batiste.

## SOME NOVELTIES IN HATPINS

Roosters, Pheasants and Owl Heads, Some With Combs and Feet of Colored Jewels.

The woman who can not stand for Chanticleer hats can achieve a touch of the barnyard in her hatpins. There are roosters, pheasants, owl heads galore, from cheap ones of small size in imitation enamel or silver to huge affairs in rhinestones with combs and feet of colored jewels.

Some of these rhinestone pins are three inches long from comb to claws. Usually they present a side view when in the hat, occasionally they are set to look as if just stepping forth for a morning crow, showing both sides of the body studded.

Huge colored enamel hat pins have superseded rhinestone ones for the moment, though the former when of good quality are always in style. A good-looking one has a large heart worked out in various tones of red enamel delicately lined with gold.

The girl who would make sure of having her powder puff ever with her now carries it in her hat pin. So huge are some of the new pins that there is room for quite a sizeable powder puff, when the hinged lid is lifted. So skillful is the workmanship that none but the initiated suspect the complexion safeguard.

With a set of these pins one can be used for powder, the second for nail polish or rouge and the third for tiny chamolis.

## Origin of "Weeping" Plume.

The weeping feather is said to have originated in a disastrously wet race-meeting in Paris. Uncurled feathers were brought out afterwards as a humorous allusion to the catastrophe. These melancholy decorations caught the public fancy and became immensely smart, but their lack of decorative quality soon made itself felt, and they gave place to the "plume pleureuse," which, while also uncurled, has thick and numerous fronds, which obviate the impoverished appearance of the first uncurled feathers.

# When the Petals Mingled

By Philip Kean

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On each side of the fence there was a little garden. There were red roses in the garden on the right and white roses in the garden on the left. It seemed as if the owner of the white rose garden might exchange blossoms with the owner of the red rose garden. But there was no exchange. Bitterness and strife existed where there should have been harmony, and the man who owned the red rose garden never spoke to the woman in whose beds the white flowers bloomed.

It was a feud of such long standing, however, that the enemies had grown gray while fighting it out, and their children had waxed strong and tall, and had reached the age of loving even while their elders hated.

Because of that hatred the boy and girl were forced into secrecy. They hid their good friendship, and when they walked in the red rose or the white rose garden only their eyes strayed across the fence. These glances and the trysts they kept in the little grove a half mile away on the hill were the sole outlets for the emotions that were beginning to possess them deeply. In fact they were in love.

"It's no use trying to hide it from anybody," David said when he had kissed Elvira for the first time.

Elvira flushed. "But they will never let us marry, David," she said. The boy clinched his fists. "But we can run away," he told her defiantly.

Elvira shook her head. "Mother loves me too much for that."

"I know." The defiance left David's voice. "Father loves me, too, but he hates your mother."

They talked over the feud after that, of the quarrel about the strip of land that had made the first trouble.



Their Eyes Strayed Across the Fence.

Elvira's father and David's mother had died, still clinging to the old differences and the other two had lived to fight the battle to the bitter end. "They will never let us marry," Elvira said again, "so we might as well give it up right now, David."

"I never give anything up," the boy said, doggedly. "I will find a way, Elvira."

The next day they met in the same place, and David had a plan. Elvira listened with clouded eyes. "But when they find it out," she said, "they will be furious."

"We shall be married then," David stated, triumphantly.

That night when he went home the boy told his father of his love for Elvira. As he had expected, there was a storm of protest. In the first lull David murmured: "But of course I never can marry Elvira. It would kill her mother."

The old man pricked up his ears. "Would it hurt her mother?" he questioned.

In the next house Elvira was telling her mother of her love for David. "But I never can marry him," she said. "It would kill his father."

Elvira's mother gazed out of the window. "I suppose he would hate it," she agreed.

The next day when David met Elvira in the grove his face was radiant. "What do you think father said to me this morning?" he asked.

Elvira shook her head. She was not radiant. Her face was white and there were shadows under her eyes.

"Well," David related, "he said at breakfast that he thought a man ought to be allowed to marry the woman he cared for. I believe he will give his consent if he thinks it will hurt your mother, Elvira."

The tears welled up in Elvira's eyes. "Oh, David," she murmured. "It does not seem right for us to play such a game."

But David took her in his arms and consoled her. "All's fair in love and war," he quoted.

It was interesting after that to see the part that the elders played in the little comedy. David's father chuckled over his son's progress in his love-making—not because his son was happy, but because the outcome would make his enemy unhappy. Elvira's mother smiled when she saw

her daughter start for the trysting place. She knew how bitter the thought of the marriage of these two would be to the man across the way. And so the summer waned and the fall came, and in October the two were to marry—David with his father's consent, Elvira with her mother's, and yet neither parent knew of the willingness of the other. Revenge was the sword with which each hoped to pierce the heart of his opponent.

On the morning of the wedding day Elvira's mother helped the girl to dress. There was no veil, no white satin; but Elvira in her filmy mull, with her fair hair in a golden coronet around her head and with a bunch of white roses from the garden, was a thing of beauty.

The mother was in a flutter of excitement over the supposed runaway. "You go on and meet David," she said, "and I will come after you to the church. It won't do to let David's father suspect."

On the other side of the fence the old man was giving similar advice. "You go and meet your girl," he advised, "and I'll go down to the church after you. It won't do to let her mother know." Then he brought out a bunch of red roses. "She'd better have a bride's bouquet, even if it is a runaway match."

Into the dim country church an hour later came the young couple. The bride was fresh and sweet in her snowy finery; and in her arms she carried great bunches of roses—red and white and fragrant. The bridegroom, with his head up, looked as if he defied the world to take her from him. The minister brought with him a couple of servants to act as witnesses and the footsteps of the five persons echoed through the stillness. Then, as the young pair stood before the man of God, the silence was broken by a careful tiptoeing in the aisle to the right and a careful tiptoeing in the aisle to the left. The red flamed into David's face, but Elvira was white. The minister began the service, and back of that happy trio two old persons, caught in the net of their own evil passions, glared at each other across the empty pews.

But as the service went on the flashing glances softened—none could hear the beautiful words that joined youth and beauty with youth and strength and remain hardened. Into the eyes of Elvira's mother came tears. She leaned her head on the back of the pew in front of her and wept.

David's father cleared his throat. "What God hath joined together," said the minister, "let not man put asunder."

The service over, Elvira almost ran down the aisle. But it was the aisle to the left, and it was to David's father that she ran.

"Forgive us; oh, please forgive us," she said.

In the aisle to the right David held a little weeping woman to her arms, a little woman with the hatred all gone out of her heart. And presently the couple in the left aisle went to meet the couple in the right aisle, and the old woman was saying: "My son," while the old man muttered: "My daughter."

Then they all went out of the church together, and as they went their way was marked by the falling petals of the roses—red and white, and white and red intermingling now in perfect harmony.

## Have No Sense of Direction.

"People brought up in the city have no sense of direction," said a lawyer who was raised in the country. "In the camping and hunting seasons you will notice it is always they who are getting lost in the woods. In a recent case I had occasion to examine fourteen or fifteen witnesses as to the exact situation of an encounter between two men. They all lived within a few blocks of the place, a crossing of two streets, and knew the surroundings well enough to describe the buildings on all four corners, but whether the bank was on the north-west or southwest corner, or whether the trolley car from which they had all seen one of the men alight was going west or north they didn't have the slightest idea. And yet they were all intelligent enough to point out on the city map what corners they had in mind."—New York Sun.

## How He Disappeared.

"I have been awfully worried all day," said she as she pushed the largest chair toward her caller. "This morning a man came to the door and asked if he might open the window and mend the pipe outside. I said, 'Certainly,' and left him at the open window while I went to wash my dishes, and when I came back there was the open window, but no man. I ran to it, looked out and down the area, seven flights, and all over the adjacent window sills, but not a sign of the man. I looked up on the roof as far as I could see, but he wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere. What do you suppose became of him? It has worried me all day."

"He might possibly have opened the door while you were in the kitchen and walked out," her caller suggested, quietly.

"So he might," cried she. "It never occurred to me!"

# HEALTH & SUNSHINE IN JAMAICA



A PICTURESQUE WATERFALL

ON A dreary November day I, in company with about 130 other health and pleasure seekers, started from Paddington by the Great Western railway for Bristol, en route for the Isle of Joy and Sunshine. Dining excellently meanwhile, we were soon whisked to Avonmouth, where our ship, the Port Kingston, was awaiting our arrival, all spick-and-span in a coat of pure white, showing off her beautiful lines, looking quite fairylike, and sparkling with electric lights. By 11 o'clock we had retired to our comfortable state-rooms, and soon afterwards all was quiet and ready for the voyage of over 4,000 miles.

High winds and rolling seas kept most of the ladies in their cabins for four days, but the men and a few hardy ones of the other sex who would not give up came on deck, practising for their "sea legs." Soon the wind dropped and the sea calmed; the glorious sunshine and mild breezes brought out the butterflies from below, and the spacious deck was thronged with fashionables.

Before long we were in the tropics, and soon sighted the island of Bermuda, the fortress, guardship and wonderful dry dock well in the foreground. We were enabled to land, and enjoyed a few hours on shore and a drive over the well-kept roads, passing flourishing plantations and gardens in all directions, and being reminded of home by the English names given to the places and homesteads.

The rest of the voyage was delightful beyond expression. The time passed only too quickly, and the Blue mountains of Jamaica were visible early one morning. The most glorious sunrise imaginable was the reward of those who rose to greet the wonderful panorama presented to our view—a picture never to be forgotten!

Immense business is done in Kingston, which rapidly recovered from the effects of the earthquake. Great emporiums are in full working order, and in more than one may be seen endless varieties of fabrics and models which would not disgrace Worth or Jay.

Landed and past the customs, we were soon on the road for "Constant Spring," a distance of six miles, reached in about twenty minutes by excellent motor omnibuses every few minutes to the "Constant Spring" hotel, so-called after a wonderful spring which has never been known to fail! The hotel, delightfully situated, is excellent in every way, replete with comfort and, being away from the heat and bustle of Kingston, it is an ideal palace "lifting to eternal summer."

Mr. Verley's training stables are about seven miles from Kingston, near his rebuilt and enlarged mansion, which was much injured by the earthquake. Here are also, within a short distance, the Jockey club racecourse and polo ground.

The reports and rumors published of the hurricanes and ravage caused by floods have been greatly exaggerated, yet a good deal of damage is done to the plantations, roads and bridges, and torrents of rain fall. The results, however, give work to hundreds of men, and eventually prove a blessing in disguise. It is believed the next two or three years will prove great fruit seasons, in consequence of the heavy rains.

The Jamaica club is a fine house in a pleasant situation in Kingston, and is celebrated far and wide for its hospitality and loyalty.

The homeward voyage was even more pleasant than the outward, because of the perfect weather we were favored with, and it was only when within sight of the Irish coast that the colder breezes and mist reminded us our trip was nearly at an end, and, regarding this, there was only one opinion—never had time been passed more pleasantly or profitably from a health point of view than on this cruise to Jamaica and back, 8,000 miles in five weeks!

Mention of the late Sir Alfred Jones, the chief of the Imperial direct West Indian mail service, has been left to the last for obvious reasons. Just before starting for Jamaica a long telegram was handed to me from the founder of this and many other great undertakings. He never forgot anyone or anything, and fell a victim to his zealous work. Of Sir Alfred's somewhat sudden death the public are fully aware. It has been said no one is so good that he cannot be replaced, but it will be very difficult indeed to

replace the one whose whole thought was the good of his country! It is known he did much for the great cause of empire, but it may never be known how much good he did, how he worked day and night for the one great idea of his life. He was always ready to do a kind action, and many of his noblest deeds were done in secret.

The working and enterprise of the firm with which was connected can in justice be mentioned, more especially now that the chief has passed away. Amongst the great distribution of the products of Jamaica over Europe and America none stands higher than the firm which was formed on the advice of Sir Alfred Jones, who introduced Jamaican bananas into Britain, and it worked unceasingly till he had conquered and the business became so immense that he was called the "Banana King."

W. CLIFFORD WEBLYN.

## WHY JAPANESE DON'T BOAST

Pride, Not Modesty, Sits Throned on Their Hearts, Says Sir Ian Hamilton.

"I study the Japanese from morning to night; I talk to them, walk with them, eat with them and drink with them also, whenever there is anything worth drinking. I am watching them all the time, for I have little else to do. As a result of my patient investigations," writes Sir Ian Hamilton in the *Mindanao* (P. L.) Herald, "everything about these strangers is becoming so obscure and contradictory that I can only marvel at the temerity I displayed in dashing down what purported to be an analysis of their characters before I had lived with them a month."

"For instance, the modesty of the Japanese is a trait which, above all others, has won my profound and unattained respect. Never has there been so much as a tinge of exultation, or what, in its most vulgar form, our colonialists call 'blowing,' about the officers, non-commissioned officers or men of the First army. There have been many unconscious revelations of a sense of superiority to the European, but I cannot call to mind one single occasion of a sober Japanese making a consciously swaggering remark, even in the triumphant reaction immediately after a victory."

"It has always been a special pleasure to recognize and do homage to so generous, high and knightly a quality, but now a corner of the veil has been uplifted, and lo, I seem to perceive a figure like that of Pride sitting throned upon the Japanese heart in great aloofness. The Japanese do not boast after a victory because they are incapable of imagining for one moment that they are not going to win. Bad men may bet on certainties, only fools would boast about them. I am not an theologian, and do not feel called upon to say whether this quality is to be ranked amongst the cardinal virtues or the deadly sins. Certainly self-reliance was considered by the Romans a virtue of the first order. *Possent quia posse ridetur*. But I am sure, nevertheless, that whatever the quality may be, it is not modesty."

## Croker's Love for America.

"Richard Croker will undoubtedly come back to America to live," said a Tammany man at a banquet at Delmonico's.

"Yes, Mr. Croker," he went on, "told me down in Florida that his attachment to America was as strong as the old woman's tea."

"The old woman's tea?" said I, puzzled.

"Then Mr. Croker explained that this old woman used to brag about her tea in these words:

"Och, but mine is the lovely astrong tay. Sure, it takes such a powerful grip on the second water."—Detroit Free Press.

## Sounds Good.

Patience—Isn't this 'summer reading' stuff silly?

Patrice—Oh, I don't know. Here's something I just read which sounds good to me: "As the long arctic night approaches, the polar bear repairs to the foot of the cliff or some other similar place and allow the snow to cover him."