

Dress for the Nearly Grown Girl



A ONE-PIECE dress, with a skirt having a long Russian tunic, is shown here as an unusually good model for the slender and immature figure of the nearly grown girl. This dress is designed for the corsetless figure and leaves nothing to be desired as a model for the miss who is finishing her school days. The skirt is set on to the bodice and has a high waist line. The bodice is supported by a light underwire and thus the weight of the garment is hung from the shoulders as well as the hips. Firmly woven light-weight serges and other close weaves are appropriate for this dress. Supple materials that fall gracefully are the best choice. There is an under petticoat, of lining with a wide border of the material at the bottom. This straight-hanging skirt is cut to instep length and of ample width to insure perfect freedom in walking. The tunic is laid in box-plaits at the sides and back, with a straight panel at the front. The plaits are stitched down to the swell of the hips and fall free from there to the bottom. The panel is finished with a row of small covered buttons at each side, and the skirt opens under it at the left side, where it fastens with snap fasteners. The loose and cleverly managed bodice is cut with sleeves and body in one piece. It insures perfect freedom to the arms. Fullness over the bust is provided by gathers at each side, let into the goods and laid in plaits which are stitched down over the shoulder. This arrangement helps out the deficiency which is usual in the undeveloped figure of the miss. A large sailor collar finishes the bodice, which opens over a vestee, or fichu, as the case may be, of white organdie. The sleeves are long and close fitting about the wrist, where they are provided with a slit for the hand to go through. This is fastened down with snap fasteners and finished with two buttons like those on the skirt. Turned-back cuffs of organdie are used as a neat finish for them. A broad sash of heavy ribbon in the rich colors which one finds in the roman stripes is draped about the figure below the waist line. It drops at the front, terminating under the panel of the skirt.

Costumes for the Afternoon



ONE can find enough of the new things every week to write a fair-sized volume on late fashions. Sometimes the makers of fashions take just one idea and develop it to such an extent that it takes column after column of newspaper space to describe the variations that have been rung in upon that idea. Take the ruffled skirt, for instance. When the minaret tunic was first introduced it was a shock because women of fashion had grown so accustomed to the straight line from hip to ankle that the cutting in half of the figure did not suit at all. After much grumbling and criticism, however, the idea was accepted and even declared to be pretty. So much of the very inevitable is accepted with grace and change of heart. Taffeta is fulfilling amply the prophecy made concerning its popularity, and as an infinity of ways have been found of diversifying its appearance it is not becoming wearisome on account of repetition. The photograph shows two of the very latest styles in afternoon dresses. At the left is a model of white crepe with embroidered border. On the right the costume is of embroidered voile, with rose silk girdle. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Becoming Jewelry. Always wear jewelry with regard to color. Take, for instance, highly-colored gems, such as rubies and sapphires. They should not be worn with a shade of red. Soft colors should always be selected in such cases—turquoise, pearls or diamonds. The woman with dull eyes must never wear diamond earrings, for these stones will accentuate their dullness. The pearl softens the face more than any other jewel. Another stone which is equally becoming is the onal. Accepted and even declared to be pretty. So much of the very inevitable is accepted with grace and change of heart. Taffeta is fulfilling amply the prophecy made concerning its popularity, and as an infinity of ways have been found of diversifying its appearance it is not becoming wearisome on account of repetition. The photograph shows two of the very latest styles in afternoon dresses. At the left is a model of white crepe with embroidered border. On the right the costume is of embroidered voile, with rose silk girdle. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

JED HAWKINS' LUCK

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom! Stridently there hammered out upon the air the measured beat of a big bass drum. Stalwart, free-armed, Jed Hawkins stood at his task as resolutely as a maestro at the baton stand. Before him, propped in a low tree crotch, was a home-made sheet of music, its sparse notes big as eggs. This was his "score." Over the neighboring fence old Seth Brown protruded his broad tanned face, set all in a capacious grin. "What ye think yer doin', Jed?" he propounded. "Practising," was the terse, serious reply. "You call that music!" derided Brown. "Twill be, when it mixes in with the rest of the band." "What band?" "The village band—I've joined it. There's just as much system to a drum as there is to a flute. Nature's music isn't all bird song—there's frog croakings, too." Seth Brown went on his way, chuckling. The lonesome boomings of the big drum were dismal. Besides, he had a poor opinion of Jed Hawkins. In the first place, his pretty daughter, Nellie, liked Jed. In the next place, she had her pick of several richer swains. "I'll admit Jed is stiddy," ruminated the practical old man, "but he's slow and poky. Well, it will take him so long to save enough to get married on, that Nellie will get tired waiting and marry some one else." "Slow but sure," was the way Nellie put it to herself. "Dear fellow! He loves me and that's enough, and I'll wait fifty years for him, if I have to." "A little extra money—everything counts," reflected patient, honest Jed. "The band gets four dollars a head an evening for playing at dances. Next winter it will be three times a week—boom-boom-boom-boom-boom! and Jed proceeded industriously to beat out the notes of his score. "Well, dear," challenged him, and he turned to face his loyal sweetheart,



Stood at His Task Resolutely.

bright-faced and cheery as usual—"how are you getting on?" "I can play the whacks where they're marked to come in," explained Jed. "I reckon I can fill the bill." Nellie had been to the post office. She carried the weekly town newspaper in her hand. This she opened and held it before the face of her lover, her dainty forefinger indicating a great black type advertisement. "Look, dear," she directed and Jed read it in his slow accurate way. "A thousand dollars reward," he said, "I'd find the child for nothing, if I could. Poor little tot! No clue, eh?" "No," replied Nellie, "the paper says that Ida Strong has been kidnaped and probably carried to a distance. Her parents are frantic. They only hope that, once they get safely in hiding, those who stole her will offer her for ransom." "They're rich enough to pay a big one," remarked Jed. "How well I recall the little one. Only a week ago I gave her a pretty red apple and rode her on my shoulder down the square." "When is your first band playing?" asked Nellie, changing the subject. "Saturday night. It isn't a very select dance, or I'd ask you to go. It's over at Jung's Corners. They're a rough lot around there, you know. Their shindigs generally break up in a row." "Take care of yourself, dear, won't you?" said Nellie softly. "And the four dollars—yes, indeed! The first nest egg for a home. Give me a kiss on it, Nellie." She gave him a dozen, and was proud of the artless but earnest young fellow who fairly worshiped the ground she trod on. A great clumsy carry-all conveyed the rural band over to Jung's Corners on Saturday evening. Jed had not exaggerated the conditions prevalent with that community of lawless roysterers and rude river men. There were ten members of the band. They placed their instruments in a small room back of the dance hall and sat around until the crowd arrived. Then when the last number was played off the program, they again stored their instruments and accepted the invitation to supper from the proprietor of the place. Jed noticed half a dozen fights in progress as he was the first of the party to go after his instrument. When he got into the poorly lighted store room he rolled his bulky drum near to the door. It was quite heavy and he usually asked some one to help him when it had to be carried. Just then he paused and bent his ear sharply. A thin piping wall proceeded from beyond a door in one corner of the

room. It was bolted. Jed unslipped the bolt. "Gracious me!" he ejaculated, and well he might. In a wretched adjoining apartment a little child lay sobbing on a pallet. "Ida Strong!" gasped Jed and then he advanced towards the child. The light from the dancing hall permeated the room. "Don't you know me, Ida?" "Oh yes, sure I do!" palpitated the little one, putting up her thin wavering hands. "Oh, Mr. Hawkins! Please take me away from here. I've been locked up for a week and I heard them say they were going to take me further from home tomorrow." "Do just as I tell you," whispered Jed, an exciting thought coming into his mind. Then there were some strange and rapid movements in the room and then, as the cornet player appeared and took up his instrument, Jed sang out. "Help me get this clumsy old baggage of mine to the wagon, will you?" "Say! it's pretty heavy, isn't it?" propounded the man as he took hold of one side of the drum. "Rather bulky, yes," nodded Jed. "Go easy—that's it," and he gave a great breath of relief as the big drum was hoisted aboard the carry-all. He sat well back in the wagon near to his precious drum, when they got started on their homeward route. Jed was nervous, for he bent his ear many a time anxiously as if seeking for signs of pursuit. There were none and as the horses reached the top of the last hill overlooking the home town, he pulled the drum towards him. He unstrung its great moon-faced top. "All right, little one!" he hailed, and the child he had secreted in the big, roomy drum put out her arms and climbed into his lap. His companions in the carry-all stared at child and man in open-mouthed wonder. Their eyes goggled as he told of his unique plan to rescue her. "You see, some of that lawless gang down at the Corners had her hidden away in Jung's place," explained Jed. "And you get a thousand dollars," shouted the leader of the band. "Yes, the reward is yours," chorused half a dozen voices. "Not so slow and poky, after all," commented Farmer Brown, when he came to know that Jed Hawkins had fairly won the price of a home for his pretty daughter, Nellie. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

NOT THEIR STRONG POINT

Literary Taste of Schoolboys Seems to Be Chiefly Remarkable for Its Absence.

Literary taste is rather an inherited birthright than an acquired possession. It may be cultivated and improved wherever it has been implanted, but to plant it in the nature of the ordinary schoolboy calls for both genius and patience. The author of "The Romance of Northumberland," in commenting on the literary associations of Flodden Field, is led to reflect on the reaction of the schoolboy to literature.

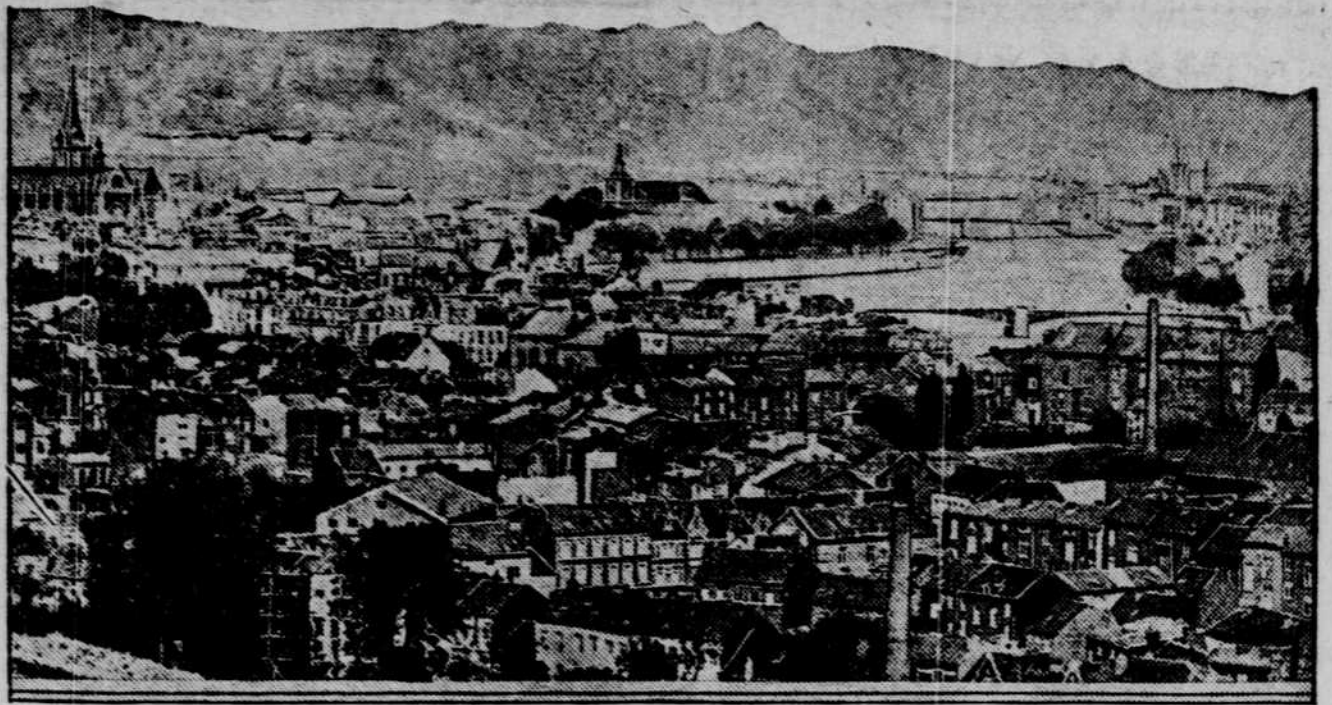
Coercion of the youthful British Philistine to read inspiring verse can, I presume, do no possible harm, and some of the seed may fall on fertile ground, take root and prosper. The dismal task, moreover, seems occasionally to be rewarded by mental revelations that from a teacher's standpoint would easily redeem a wasted hour. A friend of mine, not very long ago, was giving a lesson in English literature at a well-known public school to one of those forms where stodgy youths who have long outlived all intellectual ambition are apt to vegetate in cheerful apathy, until their waxing stature or downy chins make the situation a reproach to themselves and intolerable to their preceptors. The subject was "Marmion." On the suggestion being made to one of the most invincible dullards that he should give his view as to what Scott meant by "The battle's deadly swell," he replied with reasonable promptness and with sublime innocences of any humorous intent that he supposed it was Lord Marmion.

Doctor Moss of Shrewsbury, where Milton is apparently the time-honored subject for written compositions, related at a public dinner recently an incident equally good in its way. It appears that the day after the late Lord Tennyson's death, a Shrewsbury master, while carving at dinner, remarked on the melancholy event to some senior boys sitting near him, when a youth of neither scholarly nor industrious habit, somewhere down the table, looking up with a truculent and vindictive expression, fervently exclaimed: "I wish it had been that beastly old Milton!"—Youth's Companion.

Where the Fabians First Met. Clifford's Inn, by Temple Bar, which was recently sold at auction in London, has already undergone a good deal of reconstruction, though this has not so far materially damaged the last of the cloistral retreats behind the frontage of Fleet street. When the old buildings disappear, as seems inevitable, there will go a good many sets of chambers associated with famous men—among them the rooms occupied for many years, while his books were slowly making way among the discerning, by that poor eccentric Samuel Butler of "Crewton." It was, by the way, in the little old hall of Clifford's Inn that the weekly meetings of the Fabian society were held; for at least a decade and a half. It was there, indeed, that the old gang—Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Hubert Bland, Graham Wallas, Sydney Olivier and the rest—finished and practised the debating game which, in the nineties made them so powerful a band of controversialists.—Manchester Guardian.

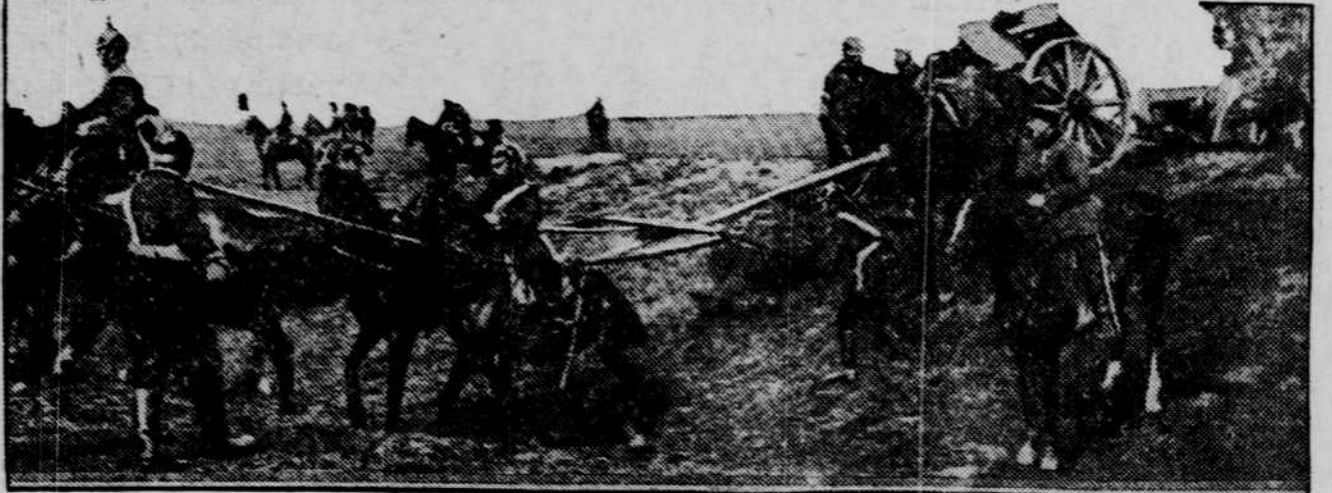
After the Honeymoon. Nuwedd—I was worried for nearly three years for fear I wouldn't get you. Mrs. Nuwedd—What are you thinking of now, dear? Nuwedd—Thinking how foolish I was to worry.

BELGIAN CITY CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS



Panoramic view of Liege, the city so fiercely defended by the Belgians and finally captured by the Germans at heavy cost to themselves.

GERMAN ARTILLERY TRAVERSING ROUGH COUNTRY



COMMANDS FRANCE'S ARMIES



General Joffre, commander-in-chief of the armies of France.

WHERE GERMAN BOMBS KILLED FIFTEEN



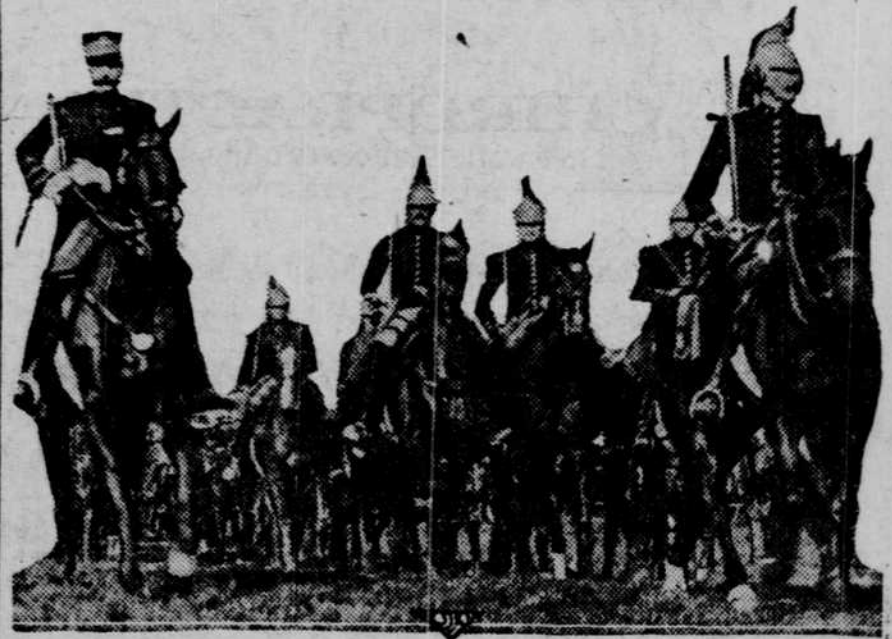
Scene in Luneville, France, where a Zepplin airship dropped bombs, killing fifteen persons. In the photograph the inhabitants are watching the flight of a dirigible over the city.

BRITAIN'S WAR SECRETARY

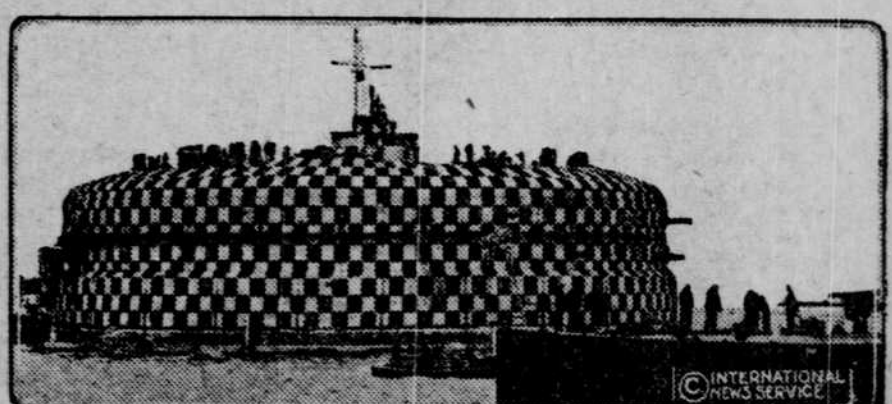


Earl Kitchener, who was recalled to London as he was leaving England for Egypt and appointed secretary of state for war.

FRENCH CAVALRY ON THE MARCH



FORT AT SPITHEAD, ENGLAND



SCENE WHEN GERMANY AND RUSSIA BROKE RELATIONS

St. Petersburg. It was midnight Friday when Count von Pourtales, the German ambassador to Russia, visited Foreign Minister Sazanoff and asked for an urgent interview. As soon as he was received he formally called upon Russia to cease her mobilization in twelve hours. At 7 o'clock Saturday evening Count von Pourtales again called up M. Sazanoff and again asked if Russia would cease mobilizing her force. To this

the Russian statesman replied. "Inasmuch as the Russian government has not answered within the time you specified, it follows that Russia has declined to agree with your demand." Three times Count von Pourtales repeated the German ultimatum and each time the Russian foreign minister met his statement with the same firm negative. Finally Count von Pourtales rose from his chair, bowed

to the foreign minister and left the room without another word. He and the members of his staff at once departed from St. Petersburg. According to the Novoe Vremya, Count von Pourtales held in his hand the typewritten texts of two replies from Germany. One was for the presentation in the event of Russian acceptance of the German ultimatum and the other in case of the rejection. In his great agitation the German ambassador presented both replies to M. Sazanoff at the same time.