

Fashion Innovation Is Here
in the Directoire Parasol



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The handle of the parasol suggests the canes carried by the men. The style evidently was originated to carry out this idea. Fundamentally, though, it is of the Directoire period. The parasol is of white silk with a broad black velvet band and silk fringe. When folded up, it can be carried like a cane.

Dainty Dress



Grey voile with a silk stripe made up over satin forms this dainty dress. It has the skirt just eased into the waist-band and faced up at the foot by a piece of the material, which is piped at the top with cerise satin. The bodice also has a lace yoke piped and trimmed on the shoulders with buttons and loops, these also trim the over-sleeves, while the under ones are of the lace. Black satin ribbon encircles the waist, bows and ends are arranged at the left side of front. Materials required: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards voile 40 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard cerise satin on the cross, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard lace 18 inches wide, 2 yards satin ribbon.

For the Young Girl's Eye.

There is nothing more beautiful than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank and attractive. How different is affection! The simple minded are always natural; they are at the same time original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight utterly. Be yourself. To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is impossible to attain it. A genuine cent is worth more than a counterfeit dollar, and the smallest person who is real, is worth more than the biggest fraud in existence. Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real.

DAINTIEST OF TABLE LINEN

Most Elaborate and Expensive in That in Use in Parisian Establishments.

Table linen in Paris today is of the most elaborate and expensive description. Teacloths are made almost entirely of lace composed of squares with insertions of finest embroidery, and serviettes and napkins must also match the cloth. Another expensive habit is to have all the crystals in colored Bohemian cut glass to match the hue of the hostess' afternoon toilet. At a recent reception given by a society leader harmony of color was very successfully carried out. Plates, glasses and decanters were of pink cut crystal, while the lady of the house wore a tangerine gown of rose-colored mouseline de sole. The color scheme was also preserved in the flowers on the table, and long-stemmed pink roses were everywhere about the room. A wealthy host the other day, according to the *Cri de Paris*, prepared a surprise for his guests by an elaborate "sea fantasy" built up as a table center, with shrimps and tiny eels swimming about in the miniature ocean.

NOTE IN COLOR HARMONIES
Modistes Have Achieved Really Excellent Effects With the Materials This Season.

The subtlety of the color harmonies of fabrics, combined with multi-colored embroideries of the evening gowns, are quite sensational this season. Take, for instance, two shades of soft gray chiffon marquisette. It is wonderful what effect can be created by the graceful draping. Then an emerald green tulle over jeweled embroidered satin, which was shown at a recent exhibition, had a suggestion of Titania's gossamer draperies. Another gown suggestive of mystery and the East was in sapphire blue nixon, opening over a side panel of embroidered Parma violet silk. A regal white satin and diamond evening gown, with narrow lace trimmed train, which had a black note in the velvet bow at the waist and tall feather headress, was very striking.

Novel and Useful Clock.

Among curious clock novelties is the shadow boudoir clock. With it there is no need of getting up to strike a light or turn on the bulb. All that is necessary is to touch a button and the time is flashed on the wall, after the same fashion that signs are flashed on the sidewalk. When the owner of the clock goes to bed he turns a night dial to the ceiling and when he presses a bulb the electric light reflects from the dial through the lens and appears, giving the correct time in shadow on the ceiling.

Motorists' Lunch Box.

A toy trunk makes an inexpensive and practical lunch box for motorists. It will hold enough for several meals, and the tray can be used for napkins and small silver.

Belinda's Way

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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At his first meeting with Belinda Howe, Jack Owen determined that the charming girl should become his wife. On and after their tenth meeting he resolved to ask her the all-important question that must precede an engagement, but his courage was not equal to his desire. "I'll ask her tomorrow," was always his desperate promise when his courage failed, and many tomorrows had become today and yesterday, and still the question was unasked, yet he almost knew, without being conceited about the matter, that Belinda cared and that her affirmative answer would be forthcoming when he asked her.

Time and again he had gathered his courage and on each occasion his tongue had clove to the roof of his mouth when Belinda's brown eyes had shyly dropped before the love light in his.

Occasionally he raged at himself for his stupidity. "If she only knew what a consummate ass I am she wouldn't have anything to do with me," he groaned one day.

Perhaps Belinda knew—or guessed the state of affairs! "I'll ask her tomorrow—sure!" he said one evening after he had returned from a dinner party where he had taken Belinda in to dinner, and sat beside her in ecstatic wonder at his great good luck.

Tomorrow came and with it a note from Belinda saying that they were all going down to Sea Sands that day for the week-end and she hoped Mr. Owen would be sure to accept her mother's invitation to accompany them.

Mrs. Howe's invitation came in the same mail and Jack accepted it delightedly. Then he made hurried preparations for the journey because he wanted to be sure and catch the same train that Belinda was going on. He went to the station and engaged a seat, trusting to his customary good fortune to find it placed next to Belinda's chair.

It was next to Belinda's seat, but on the other side of Belinda sat a new man—a foolishly grinning idiot with his hair parted in the middle and a dimple in his chin. This was Jack's summary of the masculine charms of Mr. Harry Brompton.

Belinda was interested in Mr. Brompton, so deeply interested that she only spared an occasional smile for Jack, who sulked openly and determined to ask her the fatal question that very night—if he got a chance.

When they reached Sea Sands and the Howe's motor vehicles were filled with the expected guests it was found that Mr. Brompton was seated beside Belinda in one car while Jack Owen was squeezed between Mrs. Howe and her private secretary, a little pale black-eyed being who shivered with the excitement of the coming week-end gaities, of which she would only snatch an occasional glimpse.

"I'll show him!" sputtered Jack fiercely as he noted the devoted attitude of Mr. Brompton's by no means ill-looking head.

It was an added irritation to find that Mr. Brompton was to occupy the pleasant room which Jack Owen had always occupied on his frequent visits at Sea Sands. The room now appointed to Jack was less pleasant than the other, but jealousy is fed by little things like this and Mr. Owen became positively unhappy over the matter.

By the time Jack was ready for dinner the situation looked very bleak. He was positive that Mr. Brompton had been a dark horse in the race for Belinda's heart and hand and he was sure that gentleman had won out, and that the engagement would be announced tonight.

He hoped it would not be announced at the dinner table—he was positive that he would be unable to control his features. Yet it looked ominous enough. As he tallied the guests who would be there he realized that they consisted of old and intimate friends of the Howe family.

Harry Brompton was the only stranger to him. He wondered vaguely if any of these friends were related to Mr. Brompton or was the prospective bridegroom an orphan like himself?

He went down to dinner in a mood of black despair.

"Dear boy!" murmured Mrs. Howe, as she stopped for a word with her. "We are so delighted about little Belinda!"

"Then it is decided?" he asked in a hollow voice.

She looked at him in a puzzled way. "You mean about announcing it tonight?"

He nodded grimly. He could not speak.

"Oh, yes—of course you do not mind?" Jack's face hardened. Of course they had thrust the knife in, but they needn't twist it around!

"No, indeed, Mrs. Howe, I am delighted, of course!"

"Poor boy!" she murmured sympathetically. "I suppose you are frightened to death—do go over and talk

to William. Belinda has hurried us so, only notified us this morning and insisted on its being announced tonight."

"That's all right—don't mind me," faltered poor Jack and strolled over to William, who was Belinda's father. "Keep up your courage, old boy!" whispered Mr. Howe. "Brace up—it can't happen but once, you know!"

"I won't give any one a chance to let it happen to me again!" growled Jack fiercely, but William Howe was happily hard of hearing, and at this moment dashed away, for dinner was announced.

"Mighty kind of 'em to be so careful of my feelings," thought Jack as he tried to quell a murderous thrill at sight of Harry Brompton's carefully parted curly hair.

Belinda came in then—a wonderfully radiant Belinda in pale pink satin veiled with white lace and with pearls about her throat. She included Jack in her swift survey of the room, and he saw that a rosy wave of color stained her cheeks from brow to chin and left her pale.

His own heart did not leap in response to her passing glance as it had been wont to do. It felt quite cold and still. It did not throb even when he found that he was to take Belinda in to dinner. His face was like a white mask as he gave her his arm and led her to her seat.

To his relief Belinda did not talk much to him. She seemed absorbed in conversation with Harry Brompton on her other hand, while Jack was not obliged to talk for a lady beside him chattered foolishly from course to course until dessert was reached.

An unusual silence came upon the company as Belinda's father slowly arose holding his wine glass.

"Friends," he smiled upon them, "may I ask you to drink to the health happiness of one who is very dear to me—my daughter, Belinda, and her future husband, Mr. Jack Owen."

"It is a joke!" gasped poor Jack as the company merrily drank to their health and happiness. "There must be a limit to—"

Nobody heard his voice save Belinda, whose hand sought his and pressed it significantly.

"I'll explain afterwards, Jack!" she said hurriedly. "You must respond to the toast."

"It's true, then?" he asked dazedly.

"Of course—stupid!"

Afterwards they commented on the brilliant speech of Jack Owen.

"Didn't know it was in him to be so funny!" commented one.

"Enough to make any one hilarious to win a girl like Belinda Howe!" retorted another.

"Who is this young Brompton?"

"Oh, I don't know—some friend from the west who inflicted himself upon them this morning and had to be invited down."

After dinner Jack Owen found himself mysteriously spirited away to the alcove in the library. Belinda was beside him, very pale, very quiet. Sounds from the company in the distant drawing room came faintly to them.

"Oh, Jack, do you mind?" asked Belinda after a long silence.

"Mind?" he asked, still dazed at the strangeness of the whole thing, and suspecting a trick of some sort.

"Mind being engaged to me?" she faltered.

"Mind being engaged to you?" he repeated. "Why, Belinda, darling, it's what I've been trying to accomplish ever since I met you!" His arms were around her now, and his lips were pressed against her wonderful hair. "I didn't understand, you see."

"I knew you wanted to, only you were so diffident—oh, indeed, sir, you are recovering rapidly—and it was the only way. You know this is leap year!"

Moon Blindness.

A naval correspondent has written from Port of Spain, Trinidad, stating that in his travels he had come across many cases of moon blindness, caused by men sleeping with the moon shining upon them, such cases occurring principally in the tropics and the Mediterranean.

Strange to say, adds the Trinidad correspondent, men so affected can see in daylight, but cannot do so when dusk sets in. Mr. Elgie further quotes from a communication made by a New Zealand correspondent to a weekly scientific journal. This correspondent was, many years ago, an apprentice on the Liverpool ship *Langdale*, an East India trader.

Once when the ship was between St. Helena and the line some of the crew slept on deck fully exposed to the glare of the brilliant moon. When they awoke, three of them were quite moon blind. They had to be led about at night, and ropes put into their hands.

Dividends From Smuggling.

Italian custom house officials have just discovered a large contraband company, with headquarters in Milan and Lucerne, which regularly pays dividends secretly and whose field of operations extends across a large tract of the Swiss-Italian frontier, from the shores of Lake Maggiore up to Lugano. Over 1,000 persons are involved in the operations, and there have been many arrests recently, though a number of those implicated have escaped from Italy by crossing the frontier into Switzerland, where of course they cannot be arrested. The contraband goods consisted chiefly of saccharine, sugar and Swiss watches, which were smuggled across the frontier in trucks with the connivance of several railway employees.

There is in friendship something of all relations, and something above them all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world.—John Evelyn.

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VENICE A CITY OF DREAMS

Many Charms for the Tourist in This Picturesque City of Italy.

To the wanderer in Italy, Venice has a peculiar attraction. Arrive there at sunset, or better still by moonlight, and you will fancy yourself transplanted to some city of dreams. With daylight this feeling may wear off to some extent, although there is never, at any time, as much bustle and stir in Venice as in other towns. Morning, noon and night, Venice has a fascination all her own. This is partly due to the fact that she is a city built on the water.

To explore Venice and to become intimately acquainted with her, a gondola is not a necessity, rather it is a luxury for sunset evenings and moonlight nights. It is a delightful experience, and not a difficult one, to find one's way about Venice on foot; quaint, old world corners are discovered, bits of ancient architecture, carved doorways and little bridges, with a feast of color here, there and everywhere. Apart from all the beauty of scenery, there is the entrancing interest evoked by her history and traditions.

Among the traditions we read that St. Theodore was the first patron saint of Venice, to be superseded later on by St. Mark. The wanderer in Venice becomes familiar with the Lion of St. Mark. More prominently than anywhere is to be seen one of the columns on the Piazzetta, whilst on the other is St. Theodore. These columns of beautiful red and gray granite are supposed to have come originally from Syria. They were erected by a Lombard engineer.—Christian Science Monitor.

CANADA'S PROSPERITY.

The New York Times of March 23, 1912, in an article dealing with Canada's progress, says:

"At the present moment eight shiploads of European immigrants are afloat for Canada, while there are signs that the outward movement which is customary with us during labor troubles will be marked this year. There is no such startling record of our loss to Canada. Our citizens quietly slip over the border in groups or trainloads, but their going is not advertised.

"There is no mystery why Canada is the 'good thing' the United States used to be. It is because Canada is following in its neighbor's footsteps that it is repeating the fortunate experience which its neighbor is envying, even while deliberately turning its back on the teachings of the past. A fortnight ago the Dominion budget speech reported the unprecedented surplus of \$39,000,000, and on Thursday the Government passed through the Committee on Supply credits of \$38,000,000 for railways and canals. With this assistance the railways themselves are both enabled and compelled to increase their facilities. Accordingly we find a single road allotting ten millions for work of its own. Naturally the Canadian newspapers contain announcements calling for fifty thousand men for construction work. This influx is apart from those Americans who go with money in their pockets obtained by cashing in their high-priced American lands.

"A St. Paul dispatch says that within a fortnight two thousand carloads of farm animals and machinery have passed toward Canada, the property of men who expect to pay for their farms with the first crop.

Their Happiness.

"How about that newly-married deaf mute couple next door to you? Do they seem happy?" "Unspeakingly."—Boston Transcript.

Garfield Tea is admittedly the simplest and best remedy for constipation.

London is the healthiest capital of Europe.

HIS MOTTO.



Winks—Do you know the motto of Jupiter Pluvius, the god of rain?
Jinks—No; what is it?
Winks—Watch me soak 'em.

Severely Logical.

It was a Welsh minister who described the devil to a little congregation in a remote Welsh valley. Said the minister:

"The devil is bound round the middle with chains, and round the arms with chains and round the legs with chains. But John Jones," pointing to a man in the front row, "he can reach you; and you, David Evans," pointing to one of the middle rows, "he can reach you, and," pointing to one at the back, "John Williams, he can reach you."

And then a man in the gallery called out, "Why, he might as well be loose."—London Globe.

To Revive House Plants.

Charcoal and a small quantity of potash mixed to a fine powder and fed to the roots twice a week for a few weeks will revive a drooping or dying house plant. This seems to act as a tonic and has been tried several times with good effect. In less than a month's time the plant will take on new life and flourish vigorously if all the necessary elements are not out of the soil.

A "Cusa" Word.

"And why," asks the minister of his deacon, with whom he is playing golf, "do you exclaim 'Gatun!' every time you make a poor drive or miss the ball?"

"Well, you're along," explains the deacon, "and 'Gatun!' is about the biggest dam I know of."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. Litcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Nothing Doing.

The Cat—Come on down and I'll show you a beautiful road.
The Bird—A dark one, I suppose, and colored red.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

There may be crumbs of comfort in knowing that some people cast their bread upon the water.

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The term reverend was first applied to a clergyman in 1657.

Street gas lamps were first used in London in 1807.

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