

NEW BROCADES ADD BRILLIANCE TO SHOPPING BAG

The new metallic brocades, and other brocades in ribbons, exceptionally rich in effect, are used in making up bits of splendor in bags. A great advantage lies in the fact that plain ribbons are used in conjunction with the brocaded patterns and the heavy texture of the brocades (especially those having metal threads) gives body as well as brilliance to this season's bags.

These brocades are found in the medium and narrow widths. They combine to advantage with plain soft satin ribbons for many reasons. The plain ribbon is chosen in the color which is predominant in the brocaded ribbon, and becomes a background, which enhances the beauty of the latter.

Three handsome bags are pictured here. They are easy to make and ele-



gant enough for any one. Although the ribbons used are expensive, only small quantities are necessary, and there is hardly any other gift embodying so much elegance for as little money, as these luxurious bags.

The bag at the left of the picture is made of a rich brown satin ribbon, about five inches wide, stitched to a strip of gold and brown brocaded ribbon in which many shades of brown and tan appear, and there is a liberal mixture of gold flowers. The flat design of the cosmos blossom is cleverly handled in this ribbon. These brocaded ribbons are marvels of weaving. In them artists use the loom and silk as other artists use the brush and paint. The plain ribbon used is a frame for the fabric picture.

The three strips of ribbon, machine stitched together, are cut in a length twice that of the bag, with an allowance for turning back two inches at each end. The ends with this two-inch hem are machine stitched in two parallel rows forming a casing for the narrow ribbon of heavy satin that is run in to form the drawing string.

A bolt of No. 2 (or even a little

wider) satin ribbon of first-class quality is required to make the hanger, the rosettes and pendant ends which decorate the bag at each side.

In shades of purple, lavender and light green, with a touch of white, the second bag is also made of three strips of ribbon, machine stitched together. The brocaded strip shows a pale gray ground with white border and a blurred design of flower petals and foliage in heliotrope, lavender and green.

The bottom of the bag is made of a dish of cardboard covered with the figured ribbon. It is five inches in diameter. The length of ribbon made of three strips (two plain and one figured) runs around the bag, and the edge of one strip is gathered to the covered dish. At the top of the bag a two-inch hem, with parallel rows of stitching, to form a casing, accommodates a small length of round elastic. This forms the mouth of the bag.

Heavy satin ribbon an inch wide, in the same shade as that of the plain satin ribbon in the bag, is used for the hangers or handles. Narrower satin ribbon in the same color and shade, provides the rosettes at the side. This is a lovely opera bag, suitable, too, to be worn with a visiting gown. It is less expensive than bags in which brocaded ribbons are used, for the figured ribbon may be either a printed or "woven-in" design.

The third bag is a splendid bit of finery in which plain gold-colored satin ribbon and a narrow gold brocade (showing a surface almost entirely of metal threads) are combined to make an opera bag. The cord is of gold-colored satin-covered cable cord, and might be effectively replaced with the regular metallic cords which are shown for this and similar purposes.

The narrow brocaded ribbon is cut in the required lengths (enough for both sides of the bag), and joined by pinning of the plain gold-colored satin. A bottom for the bag is made by covering an oblong piece of cardboard about two and a quarter inches wide with the plain ribbon. A mirror inserted here adds to the attractiveness of the bag.

Both top and bottom of the bag are bound with the brocaded ribbon, machine stitched to place. Machine stitching is a factor in the shapeliness of these bags. The covered bottom is finally sewed in and the cord hangers sewed to position.

This is one of the most fascinating of the new designs, any one of which will make a beautiful gift for Christmas time.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Using Old Tablecloths and Napkins. Old tablecloths of fine linen may be made into napkins, but napkins made of heavy table linen are neither good looking nor pleasant to use, but an old table cloth made of heavy linen in fair condition will make hemstitched covers for the sideboard and serving table, or for bedrooms. If it is fairly heavy, the odds and ends can be used for plate and tumbler doilies, either scalloped on the edges or finished with linen lace or lace braid.

PEOPLE MOST TALKED ABOUT

DELEGATE FROM ALASKA



A voice crying in congress is James Wickersham, territorial delegate from Alaska. Between a voice crying in congress and one crying in the wilderness there is no difference in the eyes of Delegate Wickersham. Neither can vote. All it can do is to cry.

And the delegate from Alaska is some crier!

The burden of his lamentations is the manner in which the federal government ever has treated the northern territory, the Cinderella in the sisterhood of the American Union.

Alaska was purchased by the United States in 1867. Not until Delegate Wickersham had cried all over congress for four years did the United States finally, in 1912, give Alaska a form of local government.

The Philippines, Hawaii and Puerto Rico were adopted in the family when Alaska, as an American possession, was more than 30 years old. They did not know about the hours she spent in loving care of that cottage across the road.

"Mrs. Grey would have felt so dreadful to have had it neglected," she told herself as if some excuse were demanded for her own self-estimation.

At rare intervals letters came from queer, outlandish places. Once Rodney wrote asking her to rent the place if she could get anything for it. "You deserve something for the care you have given it all this time," he said. Once he sent a check that took Jane's breath, in answer to her statement that the roof needed patching. "Do what fixing is necessary to keep the old place from falling to pieces," he wrote, "and keep the rest for yourself." And when she returned that money, after paying the local carpenter for repairs, saying that she could not think of accepting so large a sum, the longest letter of all arrived.

"You see, I've prospered out here, Jane," it said. "I had to sit down and think how that check would have looked to me in Grey's Crossing, not to be really offended with you for returning it."

So Jane began picturing Rodney in the place of the millionaires about whom she read—Rodney riding about in a private car, Rodney in fine raiment smiled upon by beautiful women. She could scarcely conceal resentment when the neighbors wondered "how Rod was getting on, anyway." Each fresh picture of glory which she proudly yet reluctantly drew seemed to remove him further from her, but she did not experience despair until the night she heard of the petition for changing the name of the Grey's Crossing postoffice to "Paterson."

"There's no Greys here any more," explained the circular of the petition, "and the Patersons have done a lot for the town; it don't seem more than fair."

Jane took the pen he held ready for her and bent above the paper. "I—I can't do it," she gasped. "It'll go through without my signature, I reckon. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I never can agree to have that name changed."

"I suppose it will make a sight of talk if Jay tells what I said," she admitted to herself, and the thought kept her awake at an unusual hour. "I don't know what possessed me, anyway. I never did like changes as some folks do. The Grey house is here, yet, whether any of the family is or not." And she lifted her head from her troubled pillow to look across to where she knew the dark bulk of the house would be showing in the starlight. A bright light was shining from the kitchen window!

Although Jane had lived alone so long, she was a timid little creature after a charming, feminine fashion, but brave as a lion in the face of duty. "I've got to go over there," she whispered. "I've got to see who is in that house."

Feeling about in the darkness she dressed with all haste, and stole noiselessly from her own door. She had almost reached the center of the Grey yard when the kitchen door was flung suddenly back and Rodney Grey stood revealed in the opening.

"Jane," he cried, as the light shone on her white, scared face. "I never thought of this—I thought you were asleep."

"How did you get in?" gasped Jane, almost too weak to stand.

"I pried open that hook to the old woodhouse door. It was dark at your house so I thought I would not disturb you for the key. I never thought of your seeing the light and being frightened."

"I should not have seen it once out of a hundred times," she stammered, thinking of the reason for her wakefulness. "But I'm real glad to see you, Rodney." He went down the starlit path then and shook hands with her and insisted upon going with her across to her own door. "You will come over and have breakfast with me?" she insisted. "There isn't a thing in the house over there, you know."

"That is like you, Jane. Yes, I'll come, thank you."

BRAVE LITTLE THING

By SUSANNE GLENN.

Jane went to the station with the others to tell him good-bye. Jane was always a brave little thing, accepting whatever life brought without much murmur. And life hadn't been lavish with gifts at the little brown house.

"So that is the last of the Greys at Grey's Crossing," said the men, when the train had switched round the curve. "Wonder how long it will be before the name changes? I should think Rod might have been better off right here."

"We always thought you and Rodney would make a match of it, Jane," the women added, "especially since you were both left alone, so."

"I suppose we know each other too well to be very sentimental," smiled Jane. But she slipped her hand into her pocket and grasped the key to the little Grey cottage to be sure she was not having an unhappy dream.

But Jane did not have much time to mourn the absence of Rodney Grey from Grey's Crossing. She had to keep the hens laying and the garden and the berry patch productive to ensure food and clothing for the coming winter.

People said Jane looked over-worked, and that she must have a hard time of it making a living off her little place. "Seems to me," they always ceded, "that a nice little thing like Jane has always been, ought to find a good husband somewhere. They did not know about the hours she spent in loving care of that cottage across the road."

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No one could have guessed that the exceedingly fresh and pretty little woman across the table from Rodney Grey next morning had not closed her eyes the night before.

"It hasn't been all pleasure, by any means," he was telling her in his old impulsive way. "At first it was exciting to make money, but that palled after a little, for I didn't know what to do with it, and I've never loved money just for the mere possession. I've traveled some, but that gets mighty tiresome after a while. A spell back, I thought if I could get here to the old place I'd be satisfied, but—I don't know—it seems different than I thought, somehow. I don't know that I shall stay long, after all."

But he reckoned without the rotten old back steps which gave way under his unaccustomed weight, twisting his knee under him painfully. Jane heard his call and summoned help. Jane sent for the doctor and ordered a nurse from the city—a nice, cheerful young man, she bargained for, "who will be a companion for him and cheer him up."

In spite of all this, Rodney was not cheerful. In fact, he looked quite melancholy the afternoon Jane went over to sit with him while the nurse went to the city for a half-holiday. "I'll wheel you out on the west porch," she said cheerfully. "I want you to see how fine the old dahlia bed is looking. Isn't it fortunate, if you had to be ill, that it could be here in your old home?"

"It hasn't made any difference, Jane," he blurted out, as if glad to unburden himself. "That has troubled me—I ought to enjoy being here, but I do not. What is the matter with me, anyway?"

"Oh, you have a roving disposition, I suppose," answered Jane, pleasantly, unfolding a bit of sewing from the little basket beside her. "There goes Jay Brownell," she continued. "He is circulating a paper to have the postoffice name changed to 'Paterson,' seeing there are no Greys here, any more."

Then her sewing seemed to absorb her attention, and there was silence save for the buzzing of bees along the late flower border. The quiet, flower-filled garden, the porch with its silent worker and its cozy tea table spoke suddenly of peace, a peace that flooded the heart of Rodney Grey.

"Jane," he said eagerly, leaning toward her, "I know now what it is I've been missing all along—it's you, Jane! I've wanted the garden like this, and you with your sewing telling me the neighborhood happenings, and—someone to eat supper with me." He laughed out happily, like a boy. "Do you understand, Jane? I've been a fool—for I didn't know!"

There was another nice, comforting silence on the little porch. Then Rodney smiled at the top of Jane's head where it rested against his shoulder. "I guess they'll not need to change the name of the postoffice," he said, with deep satisfaction.

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MICROBE THAT EATS METAL
English Student Discovers Bacillus That Has Specific Action on Iron and Steel.

Although science knows a hundred micro-organisms that devour the human tissues and cause all sorts of maladies, and also many that eat plants, roots, dirt, wood and clothing, it has never been imagined that there was one capable of eating up bits of steel and iron. Yet the discovery just made by E. M. Mumford, an English student, shows that this is the case.

A bacillus that has a specific action upon solutions of iron and steel was obtained by Mr. Mumford from the Bridgewater canal tunnels at Worsley, Lancashire.

This new species of bacillus varies in its digestive action upon iron and steel compounds according to whether it acts in the presence or absence of air. When oxygen is present the iron is precipitated by the germs as iron bog ore, while in the absence of oxygen no iron salts are formed.

This iron-eating germ is a short microbe about one-thousandth of an inch long. It grows readily on potatoes and then looks greenish-brown in color. It also colonizes in milk, gelatine and agar.

It also forms an iron digestive juice or enzyme, which acts upon iron just as the germ itself does.

Not Like Father.
An old Irishman who had a good deal of money, but who wasn't very particular about his habits or conduct, lived in Chicago. His custom was to go down town about once a month on a spree, and then come back and beat his family and break the furniture. His aged wife who had stood him for many years, was blind.

Finally he died, and his children gave him a fine funeral. They had plenty of money now that the old man was dead, and so they spread themselves. At the church there was elaborate ceremony. The blind widow was dissolved in woe. She cried and cried all through the service, paying scant heed to what was going on until the eulogy was pronounced. She listened. The parson referred to the dead man in glowing terms. After about ten minutes of this the aged widow nudged her son and whispered: "Danny, do they be havin' two funerals here today?"

Of Course Not.
"The idea of dozing while I was stung." "You were stung a baby, weren't you?" "Yes."

"Then I couldn't pay your art any higher compliment."

ENGLAND'S LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

The appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the attorney general, as lord chief justice was announced in London the other day. He succeeds Baron Alverstone, who recently resigned. Sir J. A. Simon, solicitor general, is appointed to the attorney generalship. Stanley Owen Buckmaster succeeds to the solicitor generalship. Baron Alverstone has been created a viscount.

The career of Sir Rufus Isaacs disproves the idea that remarkable and rapid rises in fortune can occur in America alone. When a boy Rufus Isaacs ran away and joined a ship's company for Rio de Janeiro. At twenty-five, although a member of the London stock exchange, he was marked as a financial failure, and yet, ten years later, he had been admitted to the bar of the Middle Temple, for which he began studying when twenty-six years old, he had been created a king's counsel, and had the largest practice of any barrister in England, and probably the world.

He is the son of Joseph M. Isaacs, a London merchant. He received his education at the University College school and in Brussels and Hanover. His parents destined him for Cambridge, but the idea of study became irksome to him, and it was then that he ran away. He soon tired of the life of a sailor and returned to London and became a stockbroker.

He learned, however, that business in London was as uncongenial to him as life at sea.

It was at this juncture that he met his future wife, Miss Alice Edith Cohen, daughter of an American merchant who had moved to London. She became engaged to the young broker and advised him to study law. He at first remonstrated, but finally consented, and she used to help him in the evenings with his studies.

BELIEVES IN HIGHER EDUCATION



Representative Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, chairman of the house judiciary committee and leader in the recent impeachment proceedings against Judge Robert W. Archbold of the commerce court, is one of those who firmly believes in the value of higher education.

"No matter what line of work a man enters," said Mr. Clayton, "he will find that a well ordered, well trained mind is of infinite benefit to him."

"Let us suppose that a man is about to enter an athletic contest. He will first develop his muscles, slowly and carefully, until he reaches a state of proficiency beyond the untrained man. Any athlete would ridicule the idea that he should enter his contest without a proper degree of preparation."

"Thus it is with the mind. If a man is to be a lawyer, a doctor or a writer he must first seek a general preparation, a strengthening of the mental muscles, so to speak."

"What is the man in public life but a man employed in the special pursuit of directing government? Administrative, judicial and legislative branches should all be composed of specialists. And these specialists should first prepare themselves by a course of study which will bring their minds to a perfect realization of what they are to do. The trained mind, better than the untrained mind, however brilliant the latter may be, can grasp the propositions of a given case, analyze and digest them and proceed to the solution of the matter."

"Thus the lawyer who is in congress can better prepare a resolution of complex nature than the man who has not studied law. He realizes better than the layman what interpretation the courts may put upon it. And carrying this idea one step farther, the lawyer who is fortified by several years of college study (generally called the classical education) finds it easier to grapple with the law than the lawyer, however brilliant, who has not had the benefit of the early training."

"This is the rule. There are exceptions which continually arise. But after all they are the exceptions, a small percentage compared to the great number of cases which make the rule."

Fanciful Trimming on Hats of Velvet.



BY WAY of variety some odd, new trimmings placed in odd new positions, have been devised for the latest of the new velvet hats. Rich velvet in black and in colors holds its own as the overwhelming favorite of the season. But, to keep from having too much of even a very good thing, it has become necessary for milliners to devise oddities in trimmings.

A soft and becoming hat has a drooping brim covered with velvet and laced with satin. A very full puffed crown, much larger than the average soft crown, is draped so that it falls over the brim at the back in the fashion of a cap. It is a clever and effective arrangement.

The crown is supported at the front so that it stands quite high. And here one of the oddest of feathers in fancy ostrich is placed. It is a jaunty affair of two standing sprays springing from a flat pompon of ostrich at the base. It is a saucy look-

ing fancy which could not be better placed than on the girlish shape which it adorns.

A slash of black ribbon tied in a small flat bow at the front finishes the hat.

One of the few plain shapes with velvet fitted to it smoothly, is pictured in the second hat. It is one of those having an eccentric brim, widening at the back and indented at the side. The shape, perfectly covered, is untrimmed, except for a rose made of ribbon, mounted in millinery foliage, which marks the indentation of the brim at the side. It rests against the crown, with foliage extending over the brim.

There is a bride extending from one side of the shape to the other. It fastens under the chin at the left with finishing of a flat bow, which is provided with a snap fastening. All are exceedingly attractive.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.