

COMEDY.

I have known griefs that burned my heart out; those That leave red footprints where their sad path goes. But this is grief, indeed, that we whom Love Crowned and caressed and made great monarchs of, Should stand and watch him dying—aye, nor give Or look or touch or word to bid him live. Lo, this is worse of all, that you and I Can stand and laugh, laugh, laugh to see him die.

—Smart Set.

The Brute Won Her.

"I don't know what it is," said the young man with the delicate chin, "but there's some weird influence about an automobile. That's the only way I can explain what happened down at Atlantic City a month ago. Incidentally I never help a man with a broken down machine. I used to."

"I went down to Atlantic City three months ago and took my automobile with me. There was about the sturdiest girl staying at the hotel you ever saw. I knew the minute I laid my eyes on her that we'd take to each other. Less than a week after I got there we were old friends. I used to read to her an hour or two every morning. This was rather rough on the rest of the girls—there were a couple of dozen of them—because I was the only eligible man at the hotel. First I tried her on Austin Dobson and a little Omar Khayyam and then George Meredith, and finally after I'd got my courage up I brought out a few little things of my own. We were so complements all right and I told her so. I guess she'd been thinking the same thing because she laughed a lot when I told her. We enjoyed this sort of thing for about a week and then one day I thought she was looking rather blue.

"Well I am," she said, when I asked her about it. "This place bores me terribly."

"I don't blame you," I told her. "Nothing but droves of grabbing women. You'll have to take some rides with me in my automobile."

"She sighed and then said 'That would be great fun, but I'm afraid mamma wouldn't approve, and you know there's no room for a chaperon.'

"Well if there's no other way," I said, "we could read in the afternoon as well as the morning. Then you'd only have to stand the bore evenings."

"She seemed terribly pleased at that. She bubbled over so she couldn't speak for a while.

"You're simply a genius, Mr. Williger," she said. "How did you ever come to think of anything so clever?"

"Then she laughed again. She was a very happy-hearted girl.

"But, after all, nothing came of the idea she thought was so clever. She happened to have a headache the next afternoon and the next day was Sunday. And on Monday Bangs arrived. Bangs was a big, coarse-jawed man whose looks showed what he amounted to. I believe his chief claim to distinction was that he played on a Yale football team. Ethel—she was the sturdiest girl you know—came to me the same afternoon and asked me if I didn't think he was dreadful.

"Oh, he might do for some girls," I said.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Ethel, shuddering. "Isn't it disgusting?"

"The joke of the whole thing was that the poor lad seemed terribly taken with Ethel from the moment he saw her. The first week he was there he followed Ethel about from morning to night. It broke up our reading, but Ethel thought she ought to be polite to him, he being a stranger at the hotel. Pretty soon, however, matters began to get more serious. Two weeks passed and then three, and still we didn't do any more reading. He began taking Ethel walking, and the walks began to get longer and longer. Every time they started out together and the poor girl got a shudder she'd make a face over his shoulder and shake her head despairingly. Finally I caught her alone one day and put it to her straight whether she wasn't letting the chap impose too much on her kindness of heart. She confessed that perhaps she was, and said she'd see whether she couldn't get a hint through the fellow's head.

"But things didn't change, and about a week later I went to her and asked her if she could trust me as a friend. You ought to have seen the look she gave me when she said she hoped so.

"Well," I said, "I want you to tell me perfectly frankly why you yet that fellow continue to drag you out walking when you don't want to go?"

"She looked at me terribly queerly for a minute, and wouldn't tell for a long while. Then finally she said: 'Well, if you must know, I simply can't help myself.'

"I smiled sarcastically at that.

"You don't know that man, she went on. 'I never saw anything like him. I can't tell you how he carries on if I don't put on my hat and go with him when ever he asks me to.'

"Why," I asked, 'do you have anything to do with him at all? Why don't you tell him you have a regular engagement to read with me, and send him about his business?'

"She was so nervous she actually laughed, although you'd better believe it didn't look like a laughing matter.

"Well," she said finally, 'I'll try it. You're awfully clever. I should never have thought of it myself.'

"A week later I asked her what she had done. You ought to have seen the girl looked around she didn't want to say a word, but I told her it was her duty to tell me all.

"He—he says," she said scarcely able to speak, if I don't walk with him

whenever he asks me, that he'll—he'll do something dreadful, jump into the ocean or burn down the hotel or something like that. I really don't know what to do."

"I was so indignant that I felt like going out and telling the fellow what I thought of him. But I knew there was no use getting into an altercation with a man of that kind."

"Do!" I said. Why complain to the proprietor of the hotel or to your mother at once. He's merely taken advantage of your good nature and the thing ought to be put a stop to at once."

"She sat thinking for a long time. Then she said: 'I'll do it; of course right away because mamma is not very well and it would upset her. As soon as she is better she shall know all.'

"So the walks went on for a while and all the consolation Ethel and I had was to roast the fellow whenever we got together. Ethel's mother didn't seem to be very bad, but Ethel wanted to be sure about her health before she told her.

"That brings me to the queer part of the story. The fellow was evidently impressed with my automobile and the first thing anybody knew he'd had one of his own sent down. And the next day he took Ethel off riding in it. Now, remember she'd never gone riding with me, because she was afraid her mother wouldn't like it. It shows how the fellow had terrorized her. She came to me for sympathy when they got back. She said it was bad enough to go walking with him, but sitting beside such a lump of clay in a whizzing automobile would surely give her nervous prostration. When I asked her how her mother was she looked grave and said she'd had a headache the night before. I told you I felt sorry for that girl."

"They went automobiling every day for a week. One morning they didn't get back for luncheon and Ethel's mother was terribly worried. So after luncheon I called around my automobile and started out to see if I couldn't find them. About eight miles out, in a lonely side road I came across them sitting in his automobile alongside of a fence. If ever a girl looked glad to see anybody that girl did. She leaned over her knees and laughed out loud. The poor dad himself seemed worried. I pulled up and asked them what was wrong."

"Automobile broke," said Bangs.

"Yes," said Ethel, "and we don't know how we'll get home."

"Perhaps I can help you," I said, jumping out.

"No use," said Bangs. "It's a bad break; can't be fixed outside of the factory. If you'd just hurry back to the hotel and send out a team we'd be ever so much obliged. It looks like rain."

"Ethel couldn't help laughing at him.

"You leave Mr. Williger alone," she said. "He's an expert on automobiles."

"With that I got down and looked over the machine's gear. Bangs got down, too, scowling. He didn't seem to like his greenness being shown up before a girl. I saw what the matter was in a minute—not a thing but a loose nut."

"It's a pretty bad break," I said looking seriously, "but I guess I can fix you out."

"Well let me get out first," said Ethel. "It might upset."

"No danger of that if you understand the thing," I said looking at Bangs. "But if you and Mr. Bangs are nervous you can get up and sit in my machine. You'll be safe there."

"They got in and I followed them over to get a wrench I always carried."

"Your starting gear is different from mine," said Bangs, frowning with the lever. "How does she work?"

"Before I could answer he pulled the lever and the machine started."

"Ethel screamed."

"How do you stop it?" yelled Bangs.

"Push the lever away from you!" I shouted. "Instead of doing so the excited fool pulled the lever toward him as far as it would go, and the machine jumped and ran."

"Push it away," I yelled. "Push it. 'Oh, I see now," he called back. Then, 'I can't—it's stuck, and off they shot about forty miles an hour."

"They'll both be killed," was the first thing I thought, and ruin my automobile. Then suddenly it occurred to me that they'd carried the wrench with them, and there I was eight miles from a hotel in the wilds of Jersey with a broken-down automobile. That wasn't the worst of it. I worked at the confounded nut for an hour with my hands and then it began to rain. I never saw it rain so hard before. I stayed under the beastly automobile until I was in water up to my knees and then crawled out and hunted for a farmhouse. I found one about three hours later and the robber who lived in it charged me \$10 to take me to town. My clothes froze on me on the way in."

"When I got to the hotel every soul there was waiting for me down in the office. I believe they cheered when I came in. Ethel and Bangs were there. They said they were terribly sorry about it. Ethel said it was a miracle they hadn't both broke their necks, but that Bangs had worked out how to control the machine after a mile or so."

"That night I got her alone in a corner of the parlor. I'd never seen her look so stunning. There was a soft glow on her cheeks and a new light in her eyes."

"Bangs has cut his own throat," I said to myself. "My boy, go in."

"Ethel," I said to her, suppose I hadn't happened along this afternoon. You must hesitate no longer to show that fellow his place."

"She looked down. 'Too late,' she said gravely. 'It is too late.'

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"We—we are engaged."

"Ethel!" I cried, seizing her hand.

"Just then Bangs came up."

"I've been trying to work the thing out ever since."

OUR FASHION LETTER

FANCY DESIGNS ARE NOW UP-TO-DATE.

From the Items of Gift and Silver It's a Real Tie to Turn to Gowns of Simple Wash Goods—Mohairs and Linens Are Leading All the Rest.

Blue crepon gown trimmed with guipure. Model from L'Espresso.

Superb cloak of pastel blue etamine lined with shaded taffeta silk. A bolero or Bruges guipure lace trims the upper part of the cloak, and the cuffs of the sleeves are of the same lace, all of which is slightly tinted. Down the fronts and around the lower part of the cloak are applique designs of the lace most effectively arranged.



ranged. The high collar is faced with ruffles of cream white mousseline de sole. A long scarf of the mousseline de sole, tied in the effect of a bow, has long floating ends. The back is arranged in a double box pleat, caught down by the bolero, but below the bolero is left in full width. The fronts of the cloak fall straight and loose from the shoulder. Full undersleeves of the mousseline de sole finish the sleeves.

It is now almost out of the question to find an undecorated braid in silk, wool or cotton, a lace that has not many colored threads run through it, or a button that is not as fancifully designed as a penny prize box brooch. We are, indeed, painfully rocco except when a country gingham or a designed simple tailor suit is under consideration. The plain and unvarnished truth is that we are turning back to a revival of the Louis XVIII. fashions, which, for a revival, is something almost new. The hats, the high and elaborate collars, the sharp revers, broad cuffs and over-elaborated materials we wear all belong to this transient Bourbon period. Of course, the well disciplined twentieth century fashion arbiters never go too far in any one direction.

A morning dress has a bias skirt with three folded flounces below the knees. Its easy waist is decorated with stitched bands of solid green material, a yoke of green, rose and gilt Persian embroidery and clusters of small bullet-shaped jade buttons. The hat that tops it all off is a green leghorn stitched with black and trimmed with black quills and chiffon.

There is the unusual strong preference shown this spring for capping all sorts and conditions of gowns with solid black hats or colored straws decorated entirely with black. Straws dappled with variegated sizes of black chenille dots have rushed into rivalry with plain satin braids, and the ever useful black horsehair shape, and as they only need a wreath of roses to complete their trimming, they have justifiably risen high in feminine esteem.

Late comers from Paris have their brims faced with cream lace, through the mesh of which bebe ribbon is run and bunched in tiny rosettes at intervals. Other smart chapoteaux show faces of shirred chiffon, dotted net or silk muslin, that at intervals gather in very narrow groups of pendant flounces, which need no more than a fluffy feathery trimming. By a very fashionable milliner the hat brims are treated with opalescent effects in gauzes laid one over the other. For a set of June bridesmaids, there have already been imported a group of faint green grass straws, the brims of which are lined with white over green chiffon, upon which run neat little rows of baby roses made of pink tulle.

In the specialty shops where aunts, neckties, hair bows, etc., are for sale they are now offering carriage and calling chapoteaux with capes, mantlets and collarettes trimmed and designed to accord with the toque, shepherdess shape or little bonnet with which it will be worn. How ably this scheme is carried out is shown in a Devonshire hat. The brim is faced with black shirred chiffon and banded near the outer edge with a fold of blue panne satin. Upon the crown and outer brim a very full wreath of white roses makes all the decoration. With this is worn a carriage cape of blue gaze de sole, mounted in many black velvet strapped puffings on a lining of changeable white taffeta. Over the shoulders fits a shaped collar of heavy cream silk lace shot with blue and silver threads, and from this collar rises the white tulle neck ruff. Ostensibly serving as cash ends, wherewith to draw the top edges of the cape together, but in reality officiating as draperies, appear two fringed scarfs of blue.

The bargain counters that are offering such tempting opportunities in lace boleros, signify that a place is being made for the jackets of steel, gold, silver or colored beads and for even more unusual specimens made of finely woven silk, silver or gun metal mesh. Brunhildes are the names these go by, for the mesh of the metal garment is very like that of the silver side bags that have for six months been so popular.

From all these glories of gift and silver it is a pleasure to turn to the simple little country gowns of wash goods that never linger long on the hands of their manufacturers. Mohair and linens are, in their new and beautiful colors, but most particularly in blue or string gray, leading all the rest. For slim young girls they have revived the sun pleated skirt pattern which should never have been dropped. String gray linens are as a rule decorated with straps and reverse, of shiny black linen; and the small linen coats, when opened, reveal low cut waistcoats of white drill liberally peppered with small black French knots. A full folded black satin Ascot tie chimes in well with this Whistler arrangement in light values.

A mohair takes kindly to almost any design and any associate material. One dress, of a handsome fruit green, has the skirt trimmed with touches of duller green, and the small bolero drawn over a fine blue wash silk shirt.

A girl still younger wears an exceedingly fine meshed cream colored mohair showing a bright blue telegraph pattern. A little lace and a white lawn front and yoke complete the costume.

Every woman who wears a Directoire coat with full tails from the hip back, a fine bit of old brocade as a gilet, and a big Paul Jones hat that flares straight up in front, must not forget that the finishing touch is a handsome fob. Five inches of two-inch wide black velvet ribbon is the fob's foundation. At the end of the velvet ribbon hangs a huge amethyst or topaz, engraved with the owner's coat-of-arms and swinging in a pivot frame; or, in the place of the carved stone, a very carefully selected bunch of luck is attached. Midway between the two ends of the ribbon a jeweled slide is run on, to shine out richly against the black velvet, and the ornament is hooked into the dress belt on the left side.

As the season waxes, nuns' veiling becomes more and more popular, but it is latterly more often combined with some other goods. The original veiling frocks were content with merely lace or guipure for trimming. Now, they must be combined with something else. A model in bright blue nuns' veiling combined with a gay, fancy-flowered panne, silk is very effective. The corsage entire is of the panne silk draped slightly at the waist. The broad flowing collar and revers are in the veiling, edged with ecru guipure. The sleeves, with their upper tucks expanding into a full puff at the elbow, are very graceful. Vest and undersleeves are of white wash muslin, tucked over so finely and with a few white lace insertions run with narrow black velvet ribbon. The skirt's upper part is a mass of tiny tucks. At the hem at the back and sides appear two deep shaped flounces edged all round with the applied guipure. Guipure also defines the narrow front breadth, unfinished by the shaped flounces at the foot and tucked for almost its full length. A dainty hat in white "orin," its double layers each edged with a heavy fall of yellow lace and with dark blue flowers with foliage to give it character, completes the costume.

Plaids are more popular than they were at the beginning of the season, particularly plaids in plainish colors. A frock in gray homespun, plaided very quietly, but most effectively, is shown this season. The goods are set on the bias, which shows off to advantage in the "corset skirt," guileless of any trimming whatsoever. The bo-

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PARTING.

To say "God keep you still we meet," "Auf wiedersehen," or "then away sweet," No parting that; heart lives in heart, And naught can tear the spirit's hold apart.

Nay, parting is to walk with one Who holds your faithful heart till life is done.

And watch his love fade day by day Till hope's high noon goes down in twilight gray.

—Frank Chaffee.

JACK'S HOME.

Jack Waring was bashful, but it was a question if he was any more bashful than Ethel Talcott. They could not speak to each other on even the most trivial subjects without stammering and blushing, but Jack persisted in calling, despite the apparent discomfort his visits caused both. Everybody could see that he was desperately in love, and it was a saying among their friends that if Jack could ever summon up the courage to propose, Ethel would be too bashful to refuse him, whether she loved him or not.

She had just come out at the beginning of the season, about the same time Jack, who had just graduated from college and entered his father's business, of which he was the prospective heir, first began to attract the attractive daughters. Perhaps it was while avoiding them that he met Ethel, who had found that there are ways of keeping out of sight when a ballroom was crowded with other girls who were enjoying themselves. Anyway, some common chord of sympathy made them embarrassed friends from their first meeting.

Although Jack was bashful, he called on Ethel as often as he dared, but in spite of all resolutions to overcome his diffidence, he made little progress with his suit. They could get along fairly well when there were others in the room with them, but when left to themselves they suffered. Unlike most young people in a similar case, they courted rather than avoided the company of Ethel's little brother, Gus, and Jack soon became such friends with him that he felt called upon to remember his birthday. This he did by sending him an elaborate box of building blocks, which Gus dragged into the parlor on the occasion of his next visit and insisted that the donor teach him how to build with them.

"What shall I build?" Jack asked.

"Build me a big hotel like one Ethel and I were at last summer."

Jack immediately drew his chair to the middle of the room and began on a suitable design. But he soon found that building while sitting on a chair was difficult, and as Gus was sprawled comfortably on the floor watching the work he promptly slipped down beside him. Now it is a peculiar thing about building blocks that although they are always bought for children, very few children can work out the designs that go with them, and consequently they are forced to call on their elders to help them. Moreover their elders usually take kindly to the task, and are apt to get cross if the child interferes in any way and delays the work in hand. In a very few minutes Jack was as deeply interested as if he was building a sure-enough hotel, and Gus watched with admiration. Presently he tried to put in place an arch that was in two pieces and needed two other blocks to be placed beside it in order to keep it in place. Gus tried to hold the pieces in place, but in doing so he knocked a corner out of the building with his elbow.

"You clumsy boy!" exclaimed Ethel, who had been watching with the most interest. "Here—let me hold them," and a moment later she was sitting on the floor with them.

Jack patiently rebuilt the damaged corner and then Ethel told the arch until he had built around it.

"Now make some bathing houses on the beach," commanded Gus.

Jack obeyed, and then Gus brought out some men and women, cut out of cardboard and set them around to represent the guests.

"Here's you and Ethel. I'll introduce you, for you weren't acquainted then," said the young rascal, as he placed the figure of a man raising his hat before that of a young woman with a parasol.

"All right," said Jack. "But I am not raising my hat at her as I should. I am raising it at the far corner of the building. Here, let me set them right."

Saying this, he reached out and turned the figure representing himself so that it faced the figure representing Ethel. Immediately a white hand shot out and turned the back of the pasteboard belle toward the bowing figure.

"Snubbed!" exclaimed Jack, having a boldness for his pasteboard representative that he never would have presumed to have for himself.

But you don't know him yet. He's the cheekiest man on the beach, at heart," and he moved his representative with his bow in front of the maid with the parasol.

"And she's the haughtiest girl at the beach," said Ethel, as she again snubbed her cavalier.

"Try them behind the hotel where the hammock is and folks ain't looking in," volunteered Gus.

"Great head!" exclaimed Jack, picking up the two figures to make the change.

"Take care whom you're handling like that!" exclaimed Ethel, grasping him by the wrist and striving to pry his fingers loose from her figure.

There was a struggle full of the abandoned gaiety of the nursery, which the blocks had brought back far from the formalities and arrangements of social life.

Jack jumped into the struggle to help and in the general confusion the two figures were separated.

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Jack was so nervous he actually laughed, although you'd better believe it didn't look like a laughing matter.

"Well," she said finally, 'I'll try it. You're awfully clever. I should never have thought of it myself.'

"A week later I asked her what she had done. You ought to have seen the girl looked around she didn't want to say a word, but I told her it was her duty to tell me all.

"He—he says," she said scarcely able to speak, if I don't walk with him

whenever he asks me, that he'll—he'll do something dreadful, jump into the ocean or burn down the hotel or something like that. I really don't know what to do."

"I was so indignant that I felt like going out and telling the fellow what I thought of him. But I knew there was no use getting into an altercation with a man of that kind."

"Do!" I said. Why complain to the proprietor of the hotel or to your mother at once. He's merely taken advantage of your good nature and the thing ought to be put a stop to at once."

"She sat thinking for a long time. Then she said: 'I'll do it; of course right away because mamma is not very well and it would upset her. As soon as she is better she shall know all.'

"So the walks went on for a while and all the consolation Ethel and I had was to roast the fellow whenever we got together. Ethel's mother didn't seem to be very bad, but Ethel wanted to be sure about her health before she told her."

"That brings me to the queer part of the story. The fellow was evidently impressed with my automobile and the first thing anybody knew he'd had one of his own sent down. And the next day he took Ethel off riding in it. Now, remember she'd never gone riding with me, because she was afraid her mother wouldn't like it. It shows how the fellow had terrorized her. She came to me for sympathy when they got back. She said it was bad enough to go walking with him, but sitting beside such a lump of clay in a whizzing automobile would surely give her nervous prostration. When I asked her how her mother was she looked grave and said she'd had a headache the night before. I told you I felt sorry for that girl."

"They went automobiling every day for a week. One morning they didn't get back for luncheon and Ethel's mother was terribly worried. So after luncheon I called around my automobile and started out to see if I couldn't find them. About eight miles out, in a lonely side road I came across them sitting in his automobile alongside of a fence. If ever a girl looked glad to see anybody that girl did. She leaned over her knees and laughed out loud. The poor dad himself seemed worried. I pulled up and asked them what was wrong."

"Automobile broke," said Bangs.

"Yes," said Ethel, "and we don't