

A Wild Race

By WILLIAM EASTMAN

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While traveling in Colorado I dined informally with a successful mine-owner. His wife was a demure little woman, who said nothing during the meal, her sole ambition apparently being to see that his children had what they wished and what was best for them to eat. After dinner, while smoking with my host, I asked him if his wife, being such a gentle, feminine little woman, did not find life in a new country distasteful.

He smiled. "I could tell you a story about that gentle, feminine little woman," he said, "that would make your hair curl."

"Do so," I replied. "Lisa," he began, "that's my wife—she was born out here. Her father came out to mine. When she was sixteen years old she was out one day with her father and brother, who were prospecting. They had with them a horse of Tennessee racing stock and feet as the wind."

"While Lisa was dower gathering and her father and brother feasting about in the ground with their picks, suddenly she heard a noise. She looked up and saw her father and brother looking at each other, both very pale. When her father ran to Jack, calling to her at the same time to come to him, loosed the bridle reins, put her on him and said:

"Ride for your life. A cloudburst is coming. Stick to Jack. He can out run anything."

"And, turning the horse's head down the gorge, he gave him a slap on his rump, and away he went, with Lisa astraddle of his back.

"It was not far to a canyon communicating with the gorge they were in, and if Lisa could have turned her horse into it she would have been safe. Her father and brother, who rode the other two horses, did this and had the satisfaction to see the horses boiling past them, they being on higher ground and out of its path. But in giving her the high back race, they had endangered her instead of giving her the best chance. Jack, hearing the torrent coming after him, became unmanageable through terror and shot right past the mouth of the canyon.

"Fortunately Lisa had been used to horses. She knew her danger too. Jack was liable every moment to fall and was killing himself in the struggle. How he ever passed over the path he did I can't imagine. I've been never it often since, and every time wonder more. If he fell the torrent would be on him and his rider before he could get up and she would be slain, even if that were possible. He became exhausted that evening.

"Once, she says, she looked back to see what had become of her father and brother. She saw great trees hurled by a mad torrent against the rocky sides of the canyon. One sight of such a scene was enough for her. She tried to soothe her horse by speaking to him and patting him on the neck. Several times he had stumpled, but recovered himself, and she knew this was her greatest danger.

"Well, here I come in. I was a ten-foot order by my doctor to come out here to breathe the mountain air. At the time Lisa was coming down the canyon I was being driven in a light wagon in the opposite direction by a man I had hired for the purpose. We heard a roaring, but, I being a greenhorn in the country and the driver being stupid, neither of us knew what it meant. The road was narrow. Beside it was the waterway and on either hand the canyon's walls.

"Suddenly I saw up the gorge a horse coming like a bolt and knew by fluttering skirts that a woman was on him. He couldn't pass us at that gallop owing to the fact that we took up all but about three feet of the road. Lisa says he seemed to recognize the fact for he slowed up of his own accord.

"Just before Lisa reached us my driver seemed to catch the meaning of it all and, jumping from the wagon, began to scramble up the side of the canyon. I, not understanding what was the matter, sat still till the girl came up. I had never seen her before, but I was not likely to forget the picture. Her horse was white with foam; her hair had broken loose and was flying in the wind.

"A cloudburst," she cried. "I didn't know what a cloudburst was, but at that moment caught sight of its forward edge and didn't need any one to tell me. I had come west in a sleeping berth all the way from Ohio and was weak as a kitten. My cowardly driver was taking care of himself, but paying no attention to me. The girl took in the situation. She was trying to squeeze her horse between the stone wall of the gulch and the wagon, but had presence of mind to call to me to get on behind her. One glance at that coming death gave me all the strength I needed, and I was on Jack in a jiffy. Then she let him go again.

"We were a mile from her home, the horse was getting exhausted, and now he had a double load. She knew well enough that she was having her chances at taking me on, but we managed to keep ahead of the flood, and in a few minutes Jack mounted the rising ground that led to his stable.

"And that," my host concluded, "is the gentle, feminine woman you're talking about."

"She's that and a heroine besides."

HERE AND THERE.

Chamoisette in the Name of New Spring Gloves.

Chamoisette in the name of the new fabric gloves for spring wear. Though woven from cotton, these gloves closely resemble the genuine chamois. They are smooth to the touch on the outside, rough and warm on the inside and are closely woven. They may be purchased in the natural chamois and a number of other shades. Pale tan and

A Masquerade

A Story of the Eighteenth Century.

By EDITH B. GOLDWIN

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"For shame! You, the son of an earl and a member of one of the proudest families in England to make a blunder of yourself! Our betrothal is at an end. Leave me!"

The Hon. Alfred Tillotson, younger son of the Earl of Enderby, withdrew without offering a bit of defense, keeping his face white while retreating to ward the Lady Clara Travis, the pious of his hat trailing on the floor. But, though his bearing was humble he was not without hope. Did he not know by her heightened color, the tremor in her voice, even a slight moisture in her eye, what she suffered in dismissing him? But would her heart triumph over her resolutions? Clara Travis was not a proud girl. She was a light-hearted girl who could dance till morning at a ball, ride across country, taking fences and ditches by the way, but she would never stoop to injure even an enemy. Indeed, men said of her that her standard of honor was that of no honorable man.

Months passed, and Tillotson saw no alteration in Lady Clara's treatment of him. He looked in vain for the slightest sign of relenting. But if she grieved she did not believe in seclusion. She hunted, danced, played at cards with no trifling stake, just as she had done before her disappointment. Tillotson when he met her looked in vain for even recognition. She smiled or colored slightly at his approach, but evidently considered one who had taken pains even for amusement unworthy of her acquaintance. When months had passed and there was no reconciliation the lover became despondent.

During this period, the latter part of the eighteenth century, Venice set the fashion in all matters of amusement. Just as under the second empire in France Paris set the fashions in woman's dress, from the City of the Sea a mania for unscrupulous and gambling spread over Europe. In London people were accustomed to go about to gambling and dancing houses and matters finally came to such a pass that the city government decided to raid a notorious dance house in Soho. A few hours before the raid was made the lord mayor, dining at a fashionable club, received the proposed law to a companion. The latter begged, and he permitted to accompany the force sent for the purpose, equipped as a policeman, and a card was given. By the word of order he was admitted and introduced as a special policeman.

He was in fact sitting at the dance house when a policeman followed by three constables, the policeman looked the lord mayor and pointed a man at each point of egress with orders to permit no one to pass out. Nearly all those present were masked. The dancers standing still in their places. Then the officer of police called:

All unmask! Some endeavored to pass the policeman at the points of exit, but were driven back. Some endeavored to hide under the furniture or behind curtains, but they were pulled out. It was a slow process, but one by one they were all pushed on to the open floor and forced to uncover their faces. What was the amazement of the police to discover that at least a third of the company consisted of ladies and gentlemen of the highest aristocracy. A policeman stepped up to a lady furious at her exposure, her eyes snapping, her foot stamping the floor, and doffing his hat respectfully, said to her:

"My service to your ladyship. I've come to ask which is worse, taking purses on the highway or frequenting low dance houses?"

The lady looked at him, stupefied for a moment, then exclaimed:

"Alfred Tillotson, what does this mean?"

"That a highwayman has found the police. You would not take me as a highwayman, so I have none of those who are so fond of it as to be highwaymen."

"How dare you speak to me as I have persistently cut you," she cried angrily.

"Clara, I can get you out of this."

"Oh, Alfred!"

"I knew you the moment I entered the room. You have not been recognized. Put on your mask and come with me."

Donning the mask and slipping her hand on his arm, the two walked out of the hall and, entering a carriage were driven away.

SPRING STYLES.

Safe Color Combinations—Dutch Neck to Be in Vogue.

The vogue for black and white which has been spreading since early fall is likely to continue into spring fashions. This combination is a safe one for the woman who is at all dubious as to color schemes.

In the spring one may still wear the Dutch neck or high collar and be in fashion. In these enlightened days fashions are largely a matter of being common, and one must study oneself and find out the little touches or lines which suit one's special figure or face.

The summer hats include lovely fan-shaped affairs of tulle almost entirely covered with flowers. One of light brown tulle had the top covered with green leaves, while the brim was bordered with bronze shaded roses and a bow of the same tone of velvet was at the back.

Bishop sleeves are in the height of fashion, and they are often trimmed with bands forming the sleeve into puffs.

Coats a little below the hips are to be smart this season. This length is



KIDNEY COAT

preeminently becoming to young girls. The model pictured is suitable for all materials that have sufficient body for wraps.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut for girls of fourteen and sixteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number 622, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A Protest Against the Too Tight Skirt.

The fashionable blouse, which should be made against the skirt that is narrow at its best and wide at its worst, is just above the ankles at its worst. It should be condemned and discarded by every woman who considers personal comfort and a graceful appearance.

Many of the newest lingerie blouses are collarless, and the old fashion of



SMART BRIGHT WAIST DRESS.

wearing them over pale pastel colored slips is again in vogue. Silver ornaments are raised to a place of importance in the wardrobe of smart women nowadays.

Short waist dresses are worn at all seasons, but are in special demand with the coming of the spring. This one is simple and chic and is of tan colored tulle, trimmed with brown and white tulle.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns come for girls fourteen and sixteen years of age. Send 10 cents each for them to this office, giving numbers—skirt 643 and shirt 653—and they will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

THE ACME ERADICATOR

By CORNELIUS BARRY

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"George," said Mr. Skinner, "you're an excellent young man, but you have no business shrewdness about you. When my girl marries I don't want her to marry a man who is liable to slip up on providing. I wish her to have a husband who can make money. When I was your age my father gave me a thousand and told me to use it and my wife together. Out of that thousand I've made \$20,000. Now I can't give you a grace. You're not sharp enough."

"But I haven't a father to give me a dollar," said George. "I haven't a father at all."

"Well, George," said the other, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you a dollar. Come and see me at the end of a year, and if I find you've done well with it I'll lend you a thousand. The dollar is only to try you without making any serious loss. The thousand will be to set you up. Then if after another year you have made your thousand grow I'll throw in a grace. I don't mean that you must make something out of nothing, but you must come pretty near it."

George took the dollar and his departure without making any further remark.

"Grace," said Mr. Skinner one day some months after this, "a man came into the office the other day and sold me a bottle of some stuff for getting grease out of clothes. I've spilled some gray on my coat. You'll find the extractor in my bedroom closet. I wish you'd bring it and take out the gray."

Grace brought a box containing a white paste and a small bottle. After reading the directions for application on the label she scraped some of the paste on to the grease spot on her father's coat, poured some of the liquid from the bottle on to the paste and rubbed it with a cloth. The mixture formed a frothy substance, which on further application of the liquid, was easily rubbed away. But the grease spot remained.

It occurred to Mr. Skinner that he had been done by the man who had sold him the grease eradicator. Nothing in the world irritated the old gentleman so much as to find a man sharper than himself. "Acme Grease Eradicator," he exclaimed contemptuously, reading from the label. "I'll bet it is a swindle, and if it is I'll go for the company that sells it. I'll have Ben Hunsdon analyze it." Hunsdon was a young chemist and Mr. Skinner was a lawyer.

A few days later the analysis came in. It was "Acme Soap and Water."

"So, a few days ago, I was told that I could get a few thousand for keeping still any way," remarked the old gentleman, still sending for his lawyer, who commissioned him to see the Acme Grease Eradicator people and find out what they were wanting to give for keeping their secret. The attorney did so and reported that the company were now using a different eradicator that they would pay nothing for services and were too rich for Mr. Skinner to punish. They were turning out tons of their eradicators daily, and it was sold in every city, town and hamlet in the country.

A few weeks after this his daughter reminded him that the year he had accorded her lover to make the dollar he had given him sprang was about to expire. Mr. Skinner remarked contemptuously that the dollar had doubtless long ago gone for cigarettes. That evening George called and tendered the loaned dollar.

"Well, George," remarked the lender, "I confess I never expected to see it again."

"You said, Mr. Skinner, that if I made it grow you'd lend me a thousand and if I made that grow you'd give me a grace."

"So I did, boy. Well, what have you done with it?"

"Made a million."

"A million grains of sand?"

"A million dollars."

What regarding Mr. Skinner's puzzled look George told his story. With the dollar he had received he bought two boxes of Acme Soap for 5 cents each. The soap he cut into candles and ran a wick through each candle. Five cents more he invested in a bottle and filled it with pure water. Fifty cents more went for a table. Then he went to a circus and began to take grease spots off the clothes of the people outside the show. The spots he made himself by spilling his "candle grease" on the clothes, and on the application of water resulting soap was washed it out. Such a demand was made for the grease eradicator that dozens of boxes could have been sold if they had been on hand to sell. But George took a partner and the next night did a good business.

"What did you call it?" asked Mr. Skinner eagerly.

"The Acme Grease Eradicator," said the old man.

We are now selling a real eradicator on the demand worked up on the soap and water, and a million dollars for the plant and the business.

It took Mr. Skinner a long while to awake from the stupor occasioned by his wonder, a long while to realize that George was the Acme Grease Eradicator company and still longer to realize that he was not dreaming. Then he said:

"George, you're a razor. You may have Grace."

SANTORIAL NEWS.

Party Dresses For Easter Dances—The Scarf to Replace Fur Neckpieces.

Little party dresses for Easter dances are sounding the note of simplicity. Hand run trims are used, and the locks are worn over pink and blue slips. A very soft satin mesh is run through buttonholed openings.

Scarves of satin edged with marabou are here for spring wear to replace the fur scarfs. Lace in its dusky glory is combined with tiny cravats of satin. A large frill falls over the top edge, and a cascade falls below to fall in the



FRIBBLES AND FANGIES.

long V shaped opening that is almost inevitable on the newer coats. Irish crochet, both of the heavy variety and the meshed baby Irish, is much in favor for blouse trimmings, and not infrequently both lace appear on the same waist.

Young girls will wear a great many simple dresses this season. The gown illustrated is made from one of the novelty materials combining silk and wool and is piped with silk of harmonizing color. The chemist is of lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

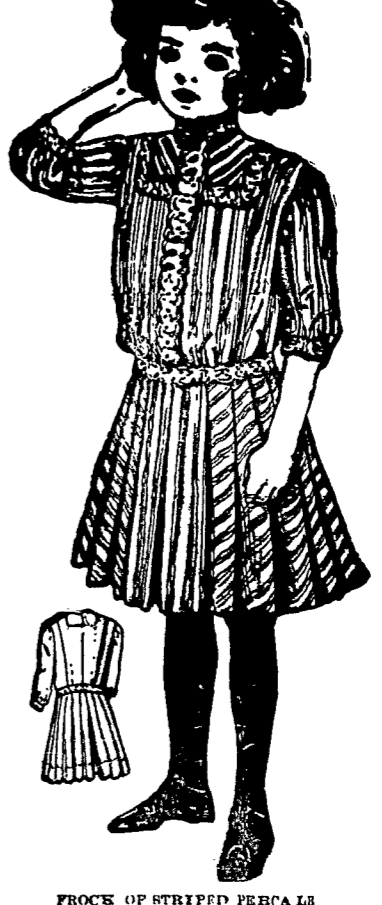
This May Manton pattern is cut for girls fourteen sixteen and eighteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number 621 and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FRIBBLES AND FANGIES.

Collarless Gowns to Have Their Place in Smart New Wardrobes.

With the coming of warmer days simple knife-plaited collars of hemstitched lawn or linen are being worn with the all in one clothing. They are an equal width all round and lie close about the base of the throat and are easy to make at home. The edges may be finished with buttonholed scallops or narrow hemstitching. Lace edged or the plaited net and linen may be bought by the yard and set on a narrow binding.

No prettier frock for warm weather could be found than this one for the



PROCK OF STRIPED PERALS.

small girl. It is made of striped percale, and by simply cutting some portions on the bias an effect of contrast is obtained. Embroidery is the trimming used.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for girls from six to twelve years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number 620, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

ROCKEFELLER