

The Dead Soldier's Afterglow

By HELVIN BRAYTON

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The national guard were fighting a sham battle. The red were attacking the enemy's country, while the blue were defending it. Lieutenant Ned Wagstaff was standing behind the line of battle, the men at parade rest, waiting orders. A staff officer rode up and said:

"This command has been annihilated."

The colonel turned to his men and told them that, having been annihilated, they could fight no more. Then he gave the order to stack arms and be dismissed to do as they liked till re-enrolled.

"Billy," said Wagstaff to Captain Drummond, "I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?"

"Go up to the house and tell Belle Harkway that our regiment has been annihilated, that I've been killed and she'll be up all around."

"What for?"

"I want to see how she'll take it. She is certainly not so silly as to take it literally."

"She's pretty stupid."

"Stupid girls are most attractive to men—that is, if they are pretty—and Belle is very pretty—decidedly pretty."

"If you play your part well you can fool her. I'm curious to know if she'll mourn for me."

"All right, I'll try it on. Suppose she wants to see your dead body?"

"I never thought of that. Perhaps I'd better be dead on the battlefield. You can bring her to see the corpse. But first I want to know if you're going to give me away."

"No, I won't do that though it would be a good joke to do so. I'll play the part for you as well as I can."

"And you'll tell me how she takes it?"

"No, but if she wants to see your corpse you can judge for yourself about that."

"All right. You'll find me under that big oak over there. So long."

Billy departed for the house, and Wagstaff went over to the oak, sprang down and hid himself on the grass and to kill time while waiting to be inspected for the dead man. He lit a cigar. Men who fight Dutch battles need to get up a little Dutch courage. Ned had distinguished himself for bravery induced by several brass bands during the fight, consequently he felt doped and soon yielded to slumber. Suddenly he was awakened by a girl's voice.

"Where is he? Oh, tell me, where is he?"

Ned, recognizing the voice of the girl he loved and, realizing that soldiers are not usually killed with cigars in their mouths, lit the half smoked weed.

He felt it roll down his cheek, but where it landed he couldn't see. He lay stiff and stark.

"Here he is," he heard Drummond say.

Ned looked sidewise between his fingers and saw Belle Harkway burying toward him. He closed his eyes and lay with a peaceful expression on his face. Indeed, he put on a certain serenity which he had often practiced before a mirror and which he considered very becoming to him. Belle knelt beside him. He dared not open his eyes, but he knew she was there and very near him.

"Oh, Ned," she moaned.

"He died a noble death," Billy put in solemnly.

"Dear, brave Ned," if I had only not treated you as I did. If you could but speak one word to me to tell me that you forgive me. Are you sure he is dead? There's color in his face."

"Oh, that's often the case with men shot in battle. They call it the soldier's afterglow."

"This was very clever of Billy, seeing that the afterglow was produced by the brocans Ned had taken during the fight."

"Ned," moaned Belle, "speak to me. Ned didn't dare part his lips sufficiently to look at her, but he could hear her moaning over him."

"He makes a beautiful corpse," Billy remarked.

"Lovely! He must have been smoking when he was shot."

"What makes you think that?" asked Billy.

"Do you see the cigar on his shoulder? Dear, brave Ned—coolly smoking in the face of danger."

"That was just like him," said Billy. "He was always doing that kind of thing. He cared nothing for danger."

"What were his last words?" asked Belle. "Did he say anything about me?"

"Yes. He said, 'Tell Belle Harkway that my last thoughts, my last words were of her.'"

"Oh, dear! If I could have been here to hold him in my arms when he died! Somehow I can't realize that the red color you call the soldier's afterglow isn't the blood of life. I'm going to pinch his cheek. It may bring him back to us."

"She gave his cheek a terrific pinch. Ned winced, but stood the test."

"See!" cried Belle. "The afterglow—lot of it!"

"She pinched him again, this time so vigorously that he howled."

"Opening his eyes, he looked into two of the merriest orbs that ever gazed on the corpse of a beloved object."

"Belle!" he said. "There's no use trying to behead—under a pinch like that."

"More afterglow!" she cried, clapping her hands with delight as a blush of shame covered his face.

CHIC STYLES.

A Practical and Modish Blouse For Summer—Lingerie Newness.

A smart waist, made over white crocheted cable net, made over white crocheted net, has a shallow yoke of Irish crocheted.

A stamped nightdress of fine gauze look ready for embroidering in a dainty pattern. The sleeves are short and the neck cut in Dutch round style. The stamped design is on the breast and edges of the sleeves, with additional markings at the waist depth. In the front are slits to be buttonholed and then threaded with ribbon. The price is 85 cents.

Shirred costumes are very good style this season. The model illustrated



A SHIRRED COSTUME.

gives a princess effect, yet is made with separate blouse and skirt joined at the waist line. One of the pretty French foulards is the material used.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns are cut in sizes for the bust from 32 to 40 inches, bust measure, and for the skirt from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents for them to this office, giving number, 652, and skirt 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.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

To Make an Old Waist Up to Date. The Princess Lace Vest.

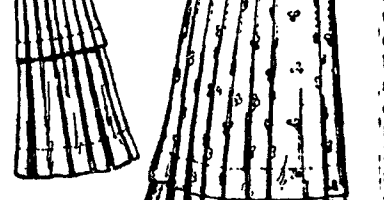
Convenient aids for the freshening up of a blouse of net or soft silk are the jumpers of chiffon elaborately embroidered with soutache that come in all the modish shades.

White princess lace vests are worn with tailored hats. They are draped over the crown so that two long ends hang below the shoulders in the back.

A new linen collar made to wear with tailored ties is finished with narrow hem and white cord.

Jacquard silk, a popular summer material, comes in all shades and is offered at 25 cents. Mousselines are sold at 35 cents.

One thing there is to the credit of the present style—one may have a comfortable gown for the street and not be compelled to wear a wrap with it for convention's sake. The street gown is one of the strong features of



SKIRT WITH TUNIC EFFECT.

the mode, and it differs little from the gown made for the house.

The plaited skirt has come back to vogue again, and in the jupe pictured one will find a practical skirt for wash materials, as it is straight and will not stretch and pull in an unseemly fashion. The lower tuck gives somewhat the appearance of a tunic.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

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JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Wedding Day

A Tale of New Amsterdam

By HELEN INGLEHART

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There lived in the town of New Amsterdam, which is now the great city of New York, a Dutchman—they were all Dutchmen there then—named Peter Van Gasback. Peter had a daughter, Katrina, whose eyes were as blue as the vault of heaven, whose cheeks were like two roses floating in a pan of milk and whose hair hung down her back like a lovely woven flax rope.

Now, there were a people not far to the east of New Amsterdam who were of English extraction and of an entirely different makeup from the Dutch. These were the Yankees. Whenever the two peoples met for trade—they never met for anything else except to fight—the Dutchman invariably went home with nothing while the Yankee had twice as much as he had before. It is not to be wondered that the former hated the latter.

Pardon Langdon, the Yankee who had won Katrina's young heart, was a long, lean, bucking young fellow who walked with a slouchy gait, drew his words and did not appear to know enough to go under cover when it rained. Nevertheless he was not to be shaken from his purpose to marry Katrina despite the refusal of her father and mother and the principal citizens of New Amsterdam. These principal citizens, including her father, met to take measures to prevent the robbery of one of the most beautiful of their lassies by a Yankee and her transfer to the cabbage fields of Connecticut. A great deal of snappings was consumed, and many pounds of tobacco were smoked—for a Dutchman could not deliberate without both—when the council came to the conclusion that the best way to prevent Katrina's marrying a Yankee was to marry her to a Dutchman.

No sooner was this decision reached than every unmarried man present put forward a claim for the position of Katrina's husband, whereupon her father announced that she should be wedded to the man among them who could show the largest number of pistols—for that was the sole business of the town—and old Dietrich Van Crinle, some sixty years old, baldheaded and with the palsy, having shown that he owned more skins than any other, was selected to save Katrina to the community.

This was too much for Katrina's mother who from this time sided with her daughter. But Katrina's mother was the stupidest woman in New Amsterdam. Katrina told Pardon Langdon all that had happened and she was to be forced to marry old Van Crinle on the fifteenth day of June coming. Pardon told Katrina to persuade her father to promise her that if she was not married to Dietrich Van Crinle on the 15th of June next, she should not be forced to marry him at all, but should be permitted to marry whomsoever she liked. Katrina sided with her mother and sent a week persistently entreating the old man to grant this request and he worn out by their importunities, finally gave in. But he told Van Crinle what he had done and warned him to surely be on hand on the appointed day to claim his bride.

When Katrina reported the success of her and her mother's work done upon her father he told her to tell her mother to meet him that night at the house of the tower where the town clock. The mother did so, and Pardon, opening the door for her, told her to go up and set the clock back twenty-four hours. This was done, and Pardon instructed her that on the 15th of June she should tell her husband what she had done.

The result of all this was that on the morning of the appointed wedding Peter Van Gasback called the council together, told them of his promise to his daughter, of his wife's turning the clock back twenty-four hours, and that Katrina now claimed that the day for the wedding had passed. What should he do?

Anthony Ten Broeck, the clearest headed man in New Amsterdam, arose, and attempted to prove that though the clock had been turned back a day, no day had been lost but he became involved in his own argument and sat down in confusion. Others endeavored to set the matter right, but met with no better success than Ten Broeck. Then the bridegroom expectant attempted to show that the day appointed for the nuptials had arrived, but he only succeeded in proving that a day had been lost by the turning back of the clock and it was now the 16th of June. As the snappings and tobacco smoke mounted to the brains of the Dutchmen the confusion became greater, and the debate lasted so long that some of them went to sleep, while others went home to dinner. After dinner the discussion continued till it began to grow dark, and all went home to supper and to bed.

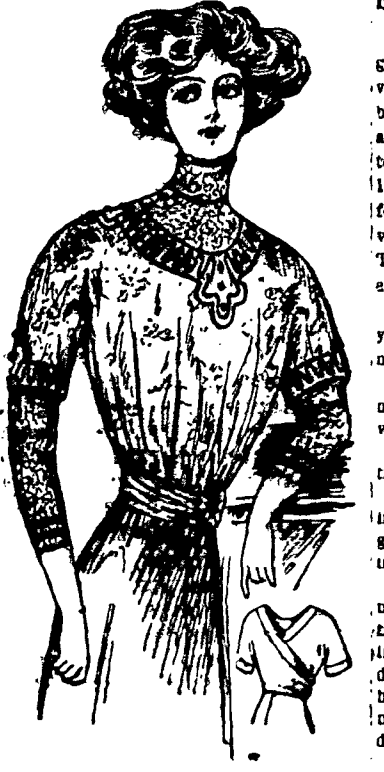
The next morning Katrina went to her father and claimed that the 15th of the month had passed while the council were debating and she was now entitled to marry whom she pleased.

The old man was satisfied that it was now at least the 16th of the month, and he was not quite sure but it was the 17th. Katrina's mother got so mixed in her calculations that her reckoning was set entirely. The father, being satisfied that whatever was the date the day appointed had passed, felt bound in honor to permit his daughter to have her own way.

FADS AND FANCIES.

Fascinating Hat For the Small Girl. Velvet Dog Collars Modish.

For the small girl there is a fluffy hat in mob cap style with a crown of embroidered batiste done in hand embroidery eyelets. The trim is of wide valenciennes lace, made very full.



THE AEROPLANE BLOUSE.

Pink ribbon is drawn very softly around the crown and nestled at the side with one large open pink rose and ribbon ends.

There is a return to style of velvet dog collars. The most commonplace and yet the most brilliant ones are of ringtonettes in bars of fleur-de-lis and marguerites.

All parasol sticks and handles are long, showing the director's influence. In colored handles the artists do not try to keep close to nature but merely aim to achieve charming effects.

The overblouse that is cut with the back portion to form a belt is what is known as the aeroplane style. It requires but little time to make a blouse of this kind, and it is very smart made of transparent material over a fancy blouse.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

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VOGUE POINTS.

Ball Fringe the Smart Trimming For Chiffon Blouses.

A tiny ball fringe to match makes a pretty finish for a blouse of white or cream made of plain chiffon or crape veiled with coarse net.

Solid mesh in the gold and silver bags is newer than the openwork pattern.



A BRAIDED LINEN COSTUME.

And when these hand bags are lined with a dainty colored silk the effect is charming.

Linen braided with soutache, rartail cord or coronation braid is always handsome and in the height of fashion. This gown is in buff colored linen, while the braid is white. A pretty effect can be obtained by making collar and cuffs of white on color, or if the design represents too much work the model is good perfectly plain.

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JUDIC CHOLLET.

A DOCTOR'S REVENGE

By ALBERT CHITTENDEN

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When I was a young doctor just graduated I found making a living a very difficult job. I wished to start in by doing hospital work. There was an excellent hospital in a suburban town where I knew some people, and I was advised to take the examination for the position of house surgeon, which was vacant. I did so and failed. The question that turned the scale against me was this:

"When you have done everything in your power for a patient, what is the next step?"

Having a vein of satirical humor in me, I answered the question in this way:

"Get rid of him by sending him on a trip."

I saw by the grim looks of the examiners that I had lost. The man who got the position answered the question in this wise:

"Try something new even if it has no apparent connection with the patient's ailment. To cease your efforts indicates to him that you have abandoned him. To continue them gives him the benefit of hope. Besides, we must never give up a patient till he is dead."

While I was struggling for a practice one day received a hurry call to see a child who had got a coin in his windpipe. He was but four years old and having been given the coin, was so delighted that he had put it in his mouth and started across the street to buy candy with it. Forgetting it, he breathed it in.

When I reached the patient I found two or three doctors. I had been called several hours before but when the message came was not in my office. The oldest and foremost doctor of those present was Dr. Gibbs, who ten years before had floored me on examination by asking me what should be done when everything had been done. He didn't remember me, and I was glad he didn't, for I dreaded to meet him.

I found these doctors in the very position indicated by that question. They had done everything that could be done, but they hadn't removed the coin from the child's throat. Dr. Gibbs appeared to be the most despondent of the lot. Assuming a fierce tone, I said:

"What are you gentlemen doing here, standing about and holding your hands? Are you going to let the child die of strangulation?"

My remarks were made up all the doctors present, but as I spoke I looked daggers at Dr. Gibbs.

"We've tried everything," he said.

"Well, sir, what's the best thing to do when you've tried everything?"

"Perhaps you can tell us," he retorted tartly.

"Yes, sir, I can. When a doctor has tried everything and all things have failed it is his duty to try something else, no matter how remote it may seem from the patient's ailment."

Well, asked Dr. Gibbs, "what do you suggest?"

"Desperate cases need desperate remedies."

I made three steps toward the child with his hand down and began to speak him innumerable times. He yelled and before I had given him twenty blows out came an old-fashioned copper cent. It fell on the floor, rolled in a circle and turned on its side.

I had never so astonished in my life. I had had no idea of getting rid of the obstruction. I had only wished to beat at his own game the man who had kept me out of a position which might have enabled me to start a practice. But now that I had succeeded I resolved to push on further.

"There, gentlemen," I said, "you have an instance of the importance of never giving up a case. Perhaps success in this case was not to be expected from my expedient, but—"

"Success was to be expected," exclaimed one of the doctors. "It's a wonder that we who were here before you didn't think of it! The spanking induced in the child an emotion which called into play certain muscles, relaxing others. The head being inverted, this relaxation, which was bound to come out."

Dr. Gibbs advanced toward me and put out his hand.

"I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, doctor," he said, "but I do not hesitate to say that you have in you that resource which eminently fits you for your profession. I shall write up your device used in this case in the Tablet, to which I contribute, and if there is anything else I can do for you, don't hesitate to call on me."

I didn't need to call on him. He and the other doctors who had been present published abroad my expedient, tried when the patient had been given up, and so simple that it was a wonder none of them had thought of it.

I am now an elderly man. I have often been solicited to take a place on some examining board, but have always resolutely declined. My faith in erudition has been sapped by my own case. If I should ask a candidate what he should do with a child having a cent in his windpipe I should expect him to answer:

"Spank him."

This would never do. It would be little the profession, and the next child spanked might refuse to disgorge the obstruction.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE MODE.

Something Pretty to Wear With Low Necked Gowns.

A novelty in neckwear that could be fashioned from scraps consists of a strip of velvet (black) an inch wide of sufficient length to fit the neck. In front this band supports a loop of flowers, tiny roses made from small pieces of silk sewed to a stem made from cord covered with green silk. In the middle of the loop the stem is twisted into a bow-knot.

Charmeuse is the most favored material for afternoon wear. The trimming of such a costume consists of soutache braid, heavy makes of lace and chiffon.

A fashionable suit is illustrated of white linen banded with grayish blue.



ORIGINEE SKIRT OF LINEN.

The plain five gored skirt hangs in straight lines, and the coat is made with applied plaits. A subtle, unobtrusive color, with white is handsome.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

These May Manton patterns are cut in sizes for girls of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen years of age. Send 10 cents each for them to this office, giving numbers—coat 650 and skirt 651—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.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

FIBBLES OF FASHION.

The Persian Craze Brings a New Embroidery—Flowered Hats.

The craze for Persian effects has invaded the realm of fancy work, and one of the most popular pieces is cream canvas worked with a new thread called iris pompadour. This comes in a ball, and instead of being a solid color it is dyed in a variety of shades on the Persian tints. The designs are stamped for cross stitch and when worked produce a Persian effect. Scarfs, bureau covers and cushion tops are decorated in this way and finished with deep hemstitching.

The apron that protects the gown and provides ample pockets is practical.



A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.

tical, but this one has the added advantage of being pretty as well as useful. The apron itself is made in one piece, but the ruffle is in sections.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in three sizes—small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38 and large 40 or 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 658, 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.

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