

Retribution

By BERTHA D. ALSOP

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He was from childhood a lady killer. As a boy in kindergarten he had given the little girls of his acquaintance flowers and invited them to have tea with him. They were not old enough to quarrel about him, but they detested on him all the same. As a youth he resembled a young Byron with his large blue eyes, his negligent hair and round white throat. Then came young manhood. By this time he found more rest in his attentions to girls, though fewer pleased him. He and they were still young enough to feel the sweetness of a flirtation and occasionally when the demagogue came he was obliged to admit to himself that he had been singled.

He had no thought of marriage at home, children. He did not count himself old enough for that. When he reached twenty seven he began to look forward to it as something that would naturally come about. At thirty five he wished that it would come about. At forty he began to fear that it would never come. Then it occurred to him that he had better try to bring it about.

But by this time young girls had begun to consider him an elderly man. And, as for those near his own age, he had no use for them. He knew that men of forty have on rare occasions married girls half their age and both husband and wife were very happy in each other. Why not he? He resolved to make an effort.

An effort in love. He had good naturally in so many affairs of the heart that to try to get into one seemed repugnant to him. Why had he not taken advantage of some one of these affairs to provide the possibility of the lonely old age that was overshadowing him why? He knew enough why. He had always considered the game, not the reality. To have taken one of the girls he might have had would have been to give up a conquest. At least so he had regarded it at the time.

Having lost his position at home of a young man and consequently got being thrown in with young girls, he determined to go elsewhere. It was the season of outing, and he determined to go wife hunting by the sea. He had made many conquests there. Moon light shimmering on the dancing waves had called out to him that while he moved away a girl to love him. True, once there were gray hairs to his forehead, but his Byronic forehead was higher than it had been, but he thought of the same surroundings he might do the trick as he had often done it before.

It was said to see a young girl pass him without looking at him, whereas twenty years ago another of her age could not have refrained from a glance. He became acquainted with several of them, but somehow there seemed a gulf between him and them that he could not cross. These were half or less than half his age. Finally he met one between twenty five and thirty who caught his fancy. There was this, too, about her that he did not find in the younger ones that surprised him by acting and talking in a way that seemed childish to him. They seemed to him to have grown nearer the nursery than their photo types. Surely the girls he had associated with when he was under twenty-five were not as frivolous as these misses. The older girl, on the contrary, talked and acted like a woman. She could be a companion to him.

He made up his mind that if he could win her he would do so. He made a few abortive efforts to make love as he would have made it fifteen or twenty years before. What he would have said and looked and acted then now seemed insipid to him. He desisted, contenting himself with the girl's companionship and showing her little attentions.

One thing troubled him. Though she accepted his attentions and listened to his chat, she did not seem to be impressed with his superior wisdom. He felt that, while she attended to what he said, she occasionally let it be known that she knew more of the subject he was talking about than he knew himself. Surely there was nothing near the nursery here. He was uncomfortable at the thought that this young woman felt him intellectually beneath her. It was rather that he felt her to be his superior.

When the season was drawing to a close he wished to bring matters to a close. This used to be easy enough when he was a youngster playing a game. But now that he was a middle aged man, intending to tell a mature young woman that he loved her and ask her to be his wife, it seemed that the many times he had done the same thing came up to mock him.

However, he got it out. "How times change us!" she said. "A dozen years ago, when I was sixteen, you proposed to me, and you did it beautifully. Then I thought you were a god. Now, being older, I know you for a very admirable and pleasant gentleman. I think you for the honor done me, but I am not now minded to marry."

He looked at her with a dazed expression, vainly trying to recall her as she was. But about the time of their former meeting he had proposed to too many girls to enable him to distinguish her from the rest. He arose in silence and retired.

He returned disengaged and is still a bachelor. His forehead extends to the back of his neck, his teeth are going, and he is alone.

NEWNESS OF THE MODES.

Charming Things in Belts—Embroidered Robes Are Marked Down. Patent leather and Persian silk are combined in some of the newest belts. The leather forms the front piece with buckle to match.

Embroidered linen robes are to be bought at remarkably low prices, the all white costing more than the tinted ones. Navy and old rose are the favorites in colored lines.

A bag which has a slip foundation is a new arrival at the leather goods counters. Sewing materials, enough for cases of emergency when it is necessary to sew on a button or mend a



COSTUME WITH "TIED IN" SKIRT.

tear, are fitted in the compartment, which is not visible until a tiny spring is touched. This costume is very dainty. The skirt is drawn in at source depth, but without exaggeration, and the waist gives the bit suggestion that is so well liked. The materials used are not too chiffon and embroidered mouline.

JUDIC CHOLLET

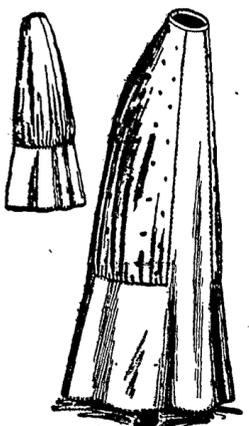
This May-Manton pattern is cut for girls of fourteen, sixteen and eighteen years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

FEMINE FRILLS.

Petticoats Match Frocks—Kimonos Effects Hold Their Own. Not only are the materials selected for frocks and blouses of the very softest possible weaves, but petticoats must match. Some up to date petticoats are made entirely of accordion plaited chiffon, strengthened at the edge with a band of firm soft silk also accordion plaited so as to give the necessary fullness.

The kimono coat and the kimono blouse evidently have come to stay. Just now even the most elaborate bodices are cut with the sleeves all in one. A long sloping shoulder effect is often obtained by a band of insertion set down the shoulder seam and along the back of the arm from collar to elbow.

Paris turbans are mere puffs of tulle with an upstanding loop at the side



THREE PIECE WALKING SKIRT.

and double rows of roses peeping over the brim. Yards and yards of tulle are needed.

Skirts that are gathered at about knee depth are new and much liked. This model is among the prettiest that have appeared and is not extreme. It means very little labor in making. The essential feature is to be found in the circular sides that are gathered at the lower edges and joined to the plain band.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May-Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 22 to 36 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size 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.

IN A SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF

By SHIELA ESTHER DUNN

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"My child, what's the matter between you and George?"

"Oh, aunt, I'm vexing him!"

"Don't do it!"

A young girl sat at the feet of a woman of ninety. The tender curves in the face of the one contrasted strongly with the wrinkles of the other, who was her great-grandmother. The one was of the early twentieth century, the other of the early nineteenth.

"When I was your age, the old woman continued after a pause, "General Jackson was president. He was a great fighting man and since he not only fought the enemies of his country, but his own enemies, his example affected every one. He fought a duel with and killed a young married man who said something disagreeable about his wife. I always thought she was so saint, but the romance of it fired a young friend of mine, Albert Stevenson, and he was constantly looking for some girl on whom to practice Jack's son's knight errands."

"I was accepting the attention of a young Virginia, Fitz Hugh Fairfax. He was a remarkably handsome man and full of real vitality, not the spurt one kind affected by many others. He was devoted to me and I loved him desperately."

"But our southern girls had the same romantic ideas as the young man. We thought it a fine thing to flirt with. As a matter of fact, I once gave my sister to a young man who was ready to play for me. I was in a game with both Albert Stevenson and Fitz Hugh Fairfax. I had one other thing to my love, but I have forgotten his name. And yet, I think I should almost marry him, for he is now a military officer after so many years."

"One day I was walking in the garden with Fairfax. We sat down on a bench under a tree. Stevenson came and they told him I was in the garden. I saw him leave the house and come toward us. Fairfax was turned away from him. I am sure Fairfax was about to propose to me. He was bending over me with his face near to mine. Suddenly I jumped up, assuming an offended appearance. At the same time Stevenson joined us."

"He asked Fitz Hugh what it all meant. Very red in the face, he told Stevenson to ask me. Stevenson turned to me and I, sitting under the guidance of the spirit of mischief that was in me, said never a word but walked to the house."

"I was on a corner of the gallery that occurred to me that some real truth might come out of my freak and, returning to the young man, I told them that there was nothing of moment between Mr. Fairfax and me and they were to consider the matter as not having happened. Then when Fairfax gave me that cold contemptuous look, which I can see at this very moment, my blood ran cold. I knew he had loved me, that I loved him and that I had lost him."

"Neither of the young men spoke. As I had nothing more to say and influenced by the look Fitz Hugh had given me, I went away, leaving them together. I made a second mistake in doing this, but I cannot remain where Fitz Hugh was after that look. I wished to go to my room and weep. There was more to weep for than the loss of his respect, and to me, as a truly love, a woman without that. It did not occur to me that after I had exonerated him there would be any trouble between him and Stevenson."

"I lay awake that night till dawn and then fell asleep. I awoke late in the morning and went downstairs into the dining room."

"'As a ma'am, Miss Imogen, said our table servant, 'have you heard of news?'"

"No, I said. 'What is it?'"

"'Mars Stevenson and Mars Fitz Hugh fought a duel this mornin' before sunup, an' Mars Fitz Hugh killed Mars Stevenson.'"

"I sank on the floor in a swoon. It was a long time before I recovered from an attack of brain fever. I recovered from the fever, but that's all I have recovered from to this day."

"Fitz Hugh never came to see me or, as far as I could learn, asked for me. I knew that in my heedless act and its result I had fixed a great gulf between him and me. He went back to Virginia. He never married, nor did I. But we never met again."

"A friend of both parties told me what had happened after I left the two young men. Stevenson assumed that I had exonerated Fitz Hugh because I was magnanimous and did not wish to make trouble. He posed as my defender and sent a challenge to the man who had insulted me. I suited me! In another moment he would have asked me to be his wife. They fought with pistols, and at the first shot Fitz Hugh had fired in the air. Stevenson then made some irritating remark, whereupon Fitz Hugh on the second shot had sought to wound his opponent. By this shot he unintentionally killed his antagonist."

"By that one act I lost the only man I ever loved, made him a murderer with a sting upon his conscience, caused the premature death of one who loved me and have lived for three-quarters of a century under a blight."

"No, no, dear, don't vex your lover. Many a pair of young lovers have been separated and their lives turned awry by a spirit of mischief on the part of the girl. But mine is the worst of all."

FRILLS AND RIPPERS.

Fashions in Blouses—Sleeves—The Popularity of Soutache Continues. Bishop sleeves are used for the softest possible blouses only, while the three-quarter sleeve is much in evidence. In this case some soft material such as chiffon, is employed. Deep, inch wide rucks have the preference and as often as not the sleeve itself is



BOYS SUMMER SUIT

finished midway between elbow and wrist with a broad band of some rich or coarse make of fancy lace.

Soutache embroidery is used upon very sheer material and is considered very chic upon the finest of lingerie fabrics. Smart little teens are made from pieces of a braid and from trimmings with tiny ribbon flowers for decorations.

Petate, pearl gray and flesh tinted gloves are preferred to white ones for afternoon wear.

White Italian parasols embroidered with braided lace harmonizing with the blouse suit are to be had in the shops. When the color scheme is not what one wants an order may be given for any desired shade.

No suit is better adapted to the small boy than this one made in blouse style with the big becoming sailor collar. It will be found appropriate for linen, galatea madras and similar materials.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May-Manton pattern is cut in sizes for boys of two, four and six years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size 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.

VANITY'S VISIONS.

A Still More Impossible Skirt Made Arrives From Paris.

From Paris comes the rumor of a new skirt that will not be easy to wear—that is, with success. It is reported to be of irregular length, short perhaps in front and longer at the sides. The skirt has been described with a pool in front cut short or than the sides and back.

One of the prettiest finishes given lingerie gowns and one that is easily of



PLAIN BLOUSE OR GIMPEE.

fect is the underlying of bands of astat embroidery with colored ribbons. Such veiled appearances have brought many such devices into play. In such cases one is likely to find a pretty case or other garniture of the same ribbon about the waist.

The English and French plaques in white and the newest shades of plain colors are smart for tailored skirts and costumes.

For outing skirts khaki cloth is a good selection. As the material does not take kindly to plaited effects it is best to use a seven-gored pattern.

The plain blouse pattern is a useful one to own, as so many different trimming schemes may be carried out with such a foundation. Again, many women like to tuck the material first, then cut it from a plain pattern. Such a blouse is here given.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

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A Sketch

By ETHAN ARBUCKLE

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I was sketching in the country with my portable easel before me, seated on my three-legged stool. I was doing a bit of landscape when a girl came by who surely did not appear rural. Her dress was ragged, her hat a straw, darkened by the weather and having a lacy ornament, while over her shoulders she wore a faded shawl.

Had I not, with the habit of an artist, kept an eye open for models I might not have noticed a certain kind of beauty under these frayed garments. The girl took off her hat and displayed a wealth of hair, with just enough red in it to make it gold. The day was hot and she threw back her shawl. Then I noticed that her bodice was cut low and revealed a superb neck set on a pair of well rounded shoulders.

"Why do you wear that kind of dress at this time of day?" I asked.

"Because I haven't any other."

"Do you live about here?"

"No, I don't live anywhere. I'm tramping."

Then she smiled. Not a slip in grammar, not an unrefined expression escaped her. She had evidently seen better days. Indeed, she might have lived in luxury.

"If you will let me make a sketch of you," I said, "I will pay you well for doing so."

"What would I do with the sketch?" she asked. "I would not wish them to see it at home."

"I will put it in my portfolio. I don't think any one who knows you will ever see it."

She consented and I made the sketch, putting in the colors exactly as they were. I gave her a good price for the pose which she, but had eagerly accepted. I believe she was hungry. While I worked I was talking to her with a view to learning something about her. But she would tell me nothing willingly and I was unable to induce her to give me an information by artifice. At last I was obliged to let her go her way.

But her picture it was the representation of "From A Mince to Poverty" remained with me gazing out at me from the sad eyes and I found myself constantly taking it out from among my other sketches and looking at it. Indeed, I found myself with few exceptions, so complete a hold had it taken upon me I slept that night at a farm house and woke in the night depressed by a feeling that the girl was wandering about with no home, no money, nothing to eat and obliged to wear anything she could get to cover her. "What a selfish world!" Why had I not taken her into my heart and provided for her wants?

Then I remembered that there is a barrier which prevents young men from assisting young women. As I looked her into my heart, that I had perhaps in front and longer at the sides, the skirt has been described with a pool in front cut short or than the sides and back.

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Information wanted of Gladys Seymour twenty years old. When last seen she wore a dark blue dress, cut low neck, eyes dark brown, hair the same with a tinge of red in it.

I saw the subject of my sketch described in this personal. I called immediately on the advertiser and found a lawyer. I showed him my sketch, and he showed me a photograph. They were identical save as to dress. That of the photograph was silk, that of the sketch rag. He told me that the girl had been driven from home by the cruelty of a stepmother. She had gone, vowing never to return. The stepmother had died, and the girl's father, who was alone, was anxious to find his daughter, but had little hope of doing so.

I determined to hunt for Gladys Seymour myself. Taking my sketch with me, I went to the place where I had made it, then started in the direction she had gone when she left me. I spent a day in discovering where she had slept that night. A farmer's wife had taken her in and given her a bed and a supper. Having learned the direction she had taken the next morning, I went on and tracked her in a direct line to a little town, where I lost her. But showing my sketch and making inquiries, I traced her to a store, where she had been given work behind the counter. There I found her, though in a better costume than that in which I had met her.

I don't know which I was more affected by the news I gave her, that of selling it or she at learning it. She went at once to her employer to say that she would like to go to her home, and he excused her from remaining. I furnished her with the means to get there—not as charity, but as a loan.

Gladys Seymour did not remain at home long with her father, for I stepped in and took her away from him. There was a bone of contention between me and my wife for a long while. She wished the sketch I had made of her when she was tramping destroyed. I loved it and wished to keep it. But the period was so painful to her that I finally consented to burn the picture.

HERE AND THERE.

Summer Suit For the Small Boy—Lace Sashes Are Modish.

A pretty and cool looking suit for small boys shows a novel feature. The little knickerbockers are built on conventional lines, but the jacket fits the shoulders smoothly and is finished on the bottom with a deep hem. The neck is collarless, and the closing is down the center front by means of buttons and buttonholes. Around the neck and down one edge of the closing there is a buttonhole scalloping of white thread, with a dot of white embroidered in each scallop. The sleeves are short puffs taken into bands edged with the buttonhole.

Lace sashes and scarfs are among the new things, and sashes of black



A SUMMER NEGLIGE.

chantly are worn with frocks of pale silk, tulle or muslin.

With the tight skirt that represents the entire fancy in the season's gowns so petticoat is worn. Knickers of skin being substituted.

A Parisian scientist has designed an oven in which he can make perfect artificial rubies. This is good news for women who are fond of these stones.

Here is a charming design for a summer negligee. This one is absolutely simple, yet it gives exceptionally good lines. The sleeves and side openings are cut in one in conformity with the prevailing fashion.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

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THE MOLD OF FASHION.

What to Buy For a Simple Wedding

Down—Mending Gloves.

Shoes in silk makes a charmingly simple wedding frock. This silk costs 50 cents a yard and is twenty seven inches wide. It can be bought at any department store.

Chamois gloves may be mended by cutting a patch the exact size of the hole, placing this in the middle of a piece of adhesive plaster and then attaching the plaster to the wrong side of the glove in such a manner that the bit of chamois will fill the hole. A woman who has tried this method says that washing does not loosen the plaster. If there is a weak place in the glove a bit of plaster applied in time may prevent a tear.

For little girls purses of white kid with cord handles are adorned with a



CORSET COVER FOR CLOSE FITTING GOWNS.

variety of painted designs—landscapes and floral effects. Children love these purses.

The close fitting corset cover is a necessity of the close fitting gown. The cover illustrated is shapely and at the same time easy to make. Crossbarred muslin and embroidered muslins are liked by some women for corset covers, but nainsook is the usual choice.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May-Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 26 to 36 bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, size 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.

ROCHESTER