

WHAT SHE KNEW ABOUT LAW

By ANNA MARSH

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There was a ring at the doorbell of Mr. Elias Bentley's residence. The butler went to the door, and a man asked to see Mr. Bentley if he was at home...

"Please wait a moment," she said and turned to go into the library, when the man stopped her. "I can't let you go and hide the papers," he said.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Bentley. "Well, I don't know. His nose is crooked, and there is a cast in his eye."

"That's a pretty reason. Do as you please, but if you get imprisoned for contempt of court don't blame me."

"I don't believe he's an officer of the court at all," said Mrs. Bentley. "Why not?" asked her brother. "Well, I don't know. His nose is crooked, and there is a cast in his eye."

"I thought he was a fraud," said Mrs. Bentley to her husband over the phone. "Why so?" "I don't know. I didn't like the looks of his nose, and he squints."

"Well, said Mr. Bentley, 'keep him where he is, and I'll come right up. I'll bring a policeman.' Mr. Bentley soon appeared with a genuine cop. They all went to the closet and unlocked the door, and out stepped the constable.

"My eye," exclaimed the cop. "It isn't Joe Green, alias Tom Dugan, alias several other names." "I told you so," said Mrs. Bentley. "Look at his pockets," said the cop. They were bulging with the jewelry Mr. Green had picked up while in the bedrooms. You didn't know him for what he is, did you, ma'am?"

"No, but I didn't believe he was what he pretended to be." "Why not?" "Don't you see," Mr. Bentley put in, "that his nose isn't straight and he's cross eyed. That's how she spotted him. She's no good for logic, but she hits right conclusions."

Mr. Green was removed to the station house, where he explained that he had seen in the morning paper that there was a dispute about certain documents in the case of Perkins versus Bentley, and it had occurred to him that the circumstances furnished a chance for a stroke of genius. Having had a great deal to do with courts (though they were the criminal courts), he knew enough to perpetrate the fraud. Possessing himself of a blank search warrant, he filled it up himself, and, borrowing a fireman's badge, he considered himself well equipped to play the part of constable. It was only Mrs. Bentley's peculiar method of determining the difference between a thief and a constable that spoiled his game.

Mr. Bentley's brother, who had pronounced the search warrant genuine, became a lawyer. Mr. Bentley always insisted that Mrs. Bentley could tell more about law by the twist in a man's nose and a cast in his eye than her brother could tell by a legal document.

A FALL FORECAST.

Tweed a Fall Favorite For Tailor Made Suits.

It is said that next fall we will be gowned in the most fascinating Scotch tweeds—the woolly sort that look as though a breath of leather had been blown over them.

It looks as though brown would be an autumn color, as most of the new



STYLISH DRESS WITH ENGLISH BROCCADE.

Tweeds and mixed English fabrics are in lovely shades of brown and tan. It is almost certain that severe tailored styles will be in vogue in the fall.

No simple summer frock is designed on better lines than this one. It is buttoned right down the front and held in place by a belt. It is composed of knickerbocker material of the same material. For the small girl it is an ideal costume.

JUDIC CHOLLET

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for children from four to ten 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.

VANITY'S VISIONS.

A Smart Class Fitting Skirt That is Not Out of Season.

The fashion of holding skirts close to the figure only a short distance from the lower edge is not exactly a pretty idea, but the style can be so modified as to bring it into more becoming lines.

Here is the way of a pretty dowered organdie. The skirt was a double ef-



FOULARD TRIMMED WITH CHIFFON.

fect, just two deep flounces hemmed on the bottom and falling over the other. Above the hem on the upper skirt flits were cut and worked to receive a broad ribbon which ran in and out and tied in the back, sash fashion. The satin peasant bodice of black is worn with a white dress. It is merely satin crossed and swathed, with no trimming but a galloon for shoulder straps and to catch the sleeves together over the elbow, the sleeve being open at the upper part of the arm.

This gown is of coin dotted fardel velled with chiffon, and a charming effect is obtained in this fashion. Practical women will recognize the possibilities of this model for remodeling and be sure to welcome it. JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Story of a Rose

By MARY A. BOWERS

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If all the old books in the world could be opened at once and the articles found between their pages displayed to the world they would fill a museum. These inclosures would be made up of faded flowers, memoranda, bits of lace and occasionally a letter. And among those letters there would be found some that would wreck the peace of families.

Here is one of a rose. I am—or was a white rosebud. When I was born I don't remember any better than people remember when they were born. I was very young when I was plucked, and that is the earliest event in my life that I recall. It was a June morning, June 15 (I'll tell later why I know this), and most of the dewdrops on me had been absorbed by the air.

I saw the girl change countenance. I don't think he noticed it, but you know a man has not the delicate perceptive faculties of a white rose. They sat down together on wicker chairs and chatted for a long while. It seemed to me that he would have liked to tell her that he loved her, but some reason interposed, probably the fact that he was just starting in life and both were very young. At any rate, he took to go without having done so.

He offered me to her and told her that if she would keep me till he came again he would have a secret to tell her. She tried to look indifferent when he called his dog and started back home. But as soon as he was well down the road she ran into the house, taking me with her, and up to her room, where she kept a long while. Then she noticed me on her bureau, where she had placed me, and put me in water. There I remained till she went to bed. Just before doing so she placed me in a book of poems.

In the morning as soon as she awoke she opened the book and kissed me. Then, lest I should fall from between the leaves, she pinned my stem to the leaf. Under me she wrote June 15. This book of poems was to be my permanent home, a very fit dwelling place for a white rose. The girl read the book very often and always crossed me when she did so. A year passed, and when the next summer had gone she wrote under me on the margin of the page: "Will he ever come?"

Years passed. I don't know how many, perhaps five or six—and he did not come. Then the girl went away, leaving me with her other favorites. More years passed. One day a man came into the room where I was and packed all the books, the one I was in among the number, and they were carried away. When the box containing me was opened a man took out my book dwelling and placed it on a shelf of a shop with other books.

I must have been by this time eight or ten years old. At any rate, my leaves were yellow and brittle, though my stem was still firm. One day a man came into the bookshop and asked if they had a certain book of poems. I was taken down and handed to him. He opened the cover, and when he saw the name written on the flyleaf I felt his hand tremble. Then he turned over the leaves till he came to the page to which I had been pinned. His fingers clutched the book in a sort of spasm. "How much?" he asked the shopkeeper. "Oh, you can have that for 10 cents." The purchaser tossed a bill on the counter and, forgetting his change, hurried away. The shopman called after him, but he did not hear.

I didn't recognize the purchaser till he saw me in the shop and what was written under me. Then I knew him, despite a full beard he wore. He took the book and me to his room in back of his quarters, and there I remained a week. Then one day he wrapped up carefully in paper and took us to another city on a train. We there entered a house, and in a few moments a lady entered. The man looked at her and said: "I have come at last." The lady looked at him and uttered a little cry. He handed the book to her, open at the page to which I was pinned, and my dear mistress and I looked each other in the face again. I now live with the two, who are married, and am considered the most precious thing in the house.

WHAT IS WORN.

Fashions For the Small Boy—Remarks Possibilities.

Small boys are hard on their clothes, as every mother knows and two models in blue serge and a velvet have been specially designed to meet the little man's needs. They are both the same price, \$3.50. The sizes are from three to seven years of age. The first is a Russian blouse suit, the blouse closing on the right shoulder with clusters of self-colored buttons. The sleeves are plaited to form deep cuffs. The bloomers are simply full and are lined. The second model is similar to the first.

The possibilities of discarded four-and-a-half dresses are many—for instance, a pretty house jacket for morning wear. Nothing could be smarter for a girl than this simple little dress made of



OF DOTTED PIQUE.

ring dotted pique. The trimming is of hand embroidered lace. The straight skirt is box plaited and joined to the blouse the closing being made invisibly at the back. JUDIC CHOLLET

This May Manton pattern is cut for girls from eight to fourteen 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.

UP TO DATE STYLES.

Now There Are the Chanticleer Gloves—Evening Slippers. Chanticleer gloves have come to match the chanticleer handkerchiefs. A tiny rooster or a golden pheasant is embroidered at the elbow. The rich dull coppers as well as many other metallic shades are seen.



A BUFF COLORED FROCK.

In many of the stunning evening slippers. The little linen frock shown here is of buff color, and the trimming is white rattail braid, while the little yoke and undersleeves are of white embroidered muslin and the frill of embroidery to match. 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 623, 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.

By Hook or by Crook

By EDGAR FALES MOODY

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When the civil war came on two classes of men in the north went out to fight. The one were actuated by patriotism, the other by what they expected to make out of the matter. But the war, instead of lasting but a few months, as many at first expected, furnishing military titles and big pay for this last named class, proved a gigantic, bloody struggle, and with each fight the army was in need of these so-called soldiers.

Colonel Jim C. in 1862 commanded the brigade in which I served. The colonel had been a politician in a large city and was one of the first to offer himself a sacrifice to the Union, his idea of that sacrifice being that he would start out with rank of colonel and return with that of general, picking up sundry "perquisites" by the way, then run for a fat office. He was a fine looking man and prided himself on being a lady killer.

No sooner were the troops grouped into brigades and divisions than Colonel Jim by virtue of the date of his commission was placed in command of a brigade. As soon as this elevation took place he looked about him for a staff. Being allowed two aids, he chose Louis Richmond and Mr. Both, second lieutenants. Richmond told me that he didn't like the colonel and was intending to ask to be returned to his regiment. But no sooner had he told me this than on receipt of a letter from the north he said that he would remain on the staff. I asked him why he had so suddenly changed his views, but he shut up like an oyster and refused to utter a word in explanation.

It was not long after this that one morning at the breakfast table the colonel's brow was very lowering. "Gentlemen," he said, "there's a thief on my staff. Last night while I was at Colonel B's headquarters—he had been playing poker—my trunk was rifled of a package of papers."

As he spoke he looked at all our faces to note the effect of his words. I noticed that Richmond was the only one of the staff whose looks indicated consciousness.

"Might not the thief be one of the headquarters guard, or an orderly?" suggested the commissary. "No," replied the colonel. "The robbery was not committed for gain. There was money in the trunk, and it was not taken. Some one on my staff took the papers for a purpose. If I can prove it so him I'll have him court-martialed."

The colonel's eyes were fixed intently on Richmond as he spoke. But Richmond went on eating his breakfast with a fair amount of equanimity considering that he was virtually accused of being a thief. Nevertheless during the day he made application to Colonel Jim to be returned to his regiment.

Now, the relations between a general and his personal staff are of a peculiarly intimate and confidential character. The general may nominate his own staff and the nomination is considered an honor. But he is not likely to retain an officer who prefers not to hold the position given him. What was our surprise to learn from Louis Richmond that the colonel declined to issue the order returning him to his regiment. Evidently the commander believed that his aid had stolen his papers and proposed to force him to stay where he was until he could recover them.

Since Richmond made no denial of being guilty of the colonel's charge we treated him with coolness and finally refused to speak to him except officially. Though the young man winced under this, he seemed to be sustained by a consciousness of innocence. Meanwhile there were conditions between him and the colonel that we could not understand. Neither took any definite stand. The colonel did not prefer charges, and Richmond made no move to force the colonel to permit him to join his regiment, which seemed to be the only way to get rid of a very unpleasant situation. I noticed that Colonel Jim made no mention of the character of the purloined papers, and his aid made no effort to free himself from the obloquy that rested upon him.

Such were the conditions when we entered our first fight. The colonel did not show up at the head of his brigade, and Richmond, who appeared to be best fitted to take his place, issued orders in his stead. When the fight was over the colonel appeared, explaining his absence on the ground that he had got separated from his command when the light opened and could not afterward find it.

But the division commander did not accept this excuse and called for Colonel Jim's resignation. It was handed in, and the political general disappeared from the service. Colonel Jim's relegation to ward politics relegated Richmond and myself to our respective regiments. Soon after the fight he asked me to come to his quarters. There he made an explanation of the conditions existing between him and his commander. A lady had written him that the colonel had a number of letters from her which she was desirous should be returned. The colonel had declined to give them up. She asked Richmond to get them for her by hook or by crook. He had looked them.

Of course Richmond received his reward. It was the lady herself.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE MODE.

Some Stunning Neckwear—Sartorial Hints For the Season.

New neckwear in butter colored laces is seen everywhere. Jabots in white net or batiste are edged with deep butter toned laces.

The Irish lace sailor collar is the smartest in neckwear, and it is of the "baby" variety.

The woman who goes to the store this year should take with her a poke bonnet in leghorn straw. The trans-



SUMMER CORSET COVER.

formation into this becoming poke shape is easily accomplished by the milliner, and the bonnet will be indispensable for keeping the glare off the sun on the water out of her eyes. Such a bonnet is trimmed with big bows of ribbon of some light shade.

Entirely correct are pumps or oxfords of gray suede, with hosiery to match. They are dressy but far cooler than patent leather. For home wear some women like pumps of black satin or suede, with hose of green or cockscomb red.

The simple corset cover that involves little labor in the making is one that appeals to the greater number of women. This model is just the kind to be good under the poke bonnet and is especially designed for the day. JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 22 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number 624, 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 FASHION'S MART.

Something New in Household Linens—The Meter Sheet.

White linen pillow tops and table covers, centerpieces and scarfs, embroidered simply in new art patterns.



FROCK OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.

and done in dull colors with touches of black, are among the new household displays. The chiffon motor bonnet is making a new use. The traveler dons it on the train on removing her own hat.

A new thing in trimmings is tailored costumes of wool, taffeta or voile embroidered in beads of dull colorings. Coiffures are steadily climbing higher and higher upon tiffany's crown—quite a pretty and cooling innovation. The summer frock that depends upon tucks and shirings for its adornment is exceedingly smart. Here is one that is made from bordered madrasette that is dainty in the extreme. JUDIC CHOLLET.

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