

A Puzzling Case

By A. W. PEACH

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Albert Hill was a mystery from the moment he appeared at Mrs. Bates' boarding house. From the first he kept to himself; while uniformly courteous, he did not invite advances of any kind. Next, it was discovered that he spent many hours in the evening just walking. "One of those physical culture bugs," old Doctor Greene said grimly, and the boarding house accepted his conclusion.

But Ruth Taylor, looking as she did each day at the strong but haggard face, reached a different conclusion. The gray eyes lifted to hers, as she chatted in the familiar way of the house, were shadowed. Each evening after supper she saw him go out, his tall figure swinging away into the night; and many times she heard him returning at midnight. And finally, because her training as a nurse had helped her to look into human hearts, she knew that he was walking to forget, hoping to leave behind somewhere in his lonely strolls a memory that he wished to blot out.

She made up her mind as she watched him grow thinner and more haggard that she must take a hand in caring him. She decided she must find out, first of all, what was wrong, and she decided to take a bold step if necessary. Her professional instinct was aroused.

The next evening, as he stepped from the door, she was waiting. "Mr. Hill, why don't you invite one of us lonely females to stroll with you some evening?" She felt her cheeks glow a bit with shame at the boldness of her request.

He looked down at her with grave eyes. "I have noticed that you, at least, have plenty of invitations from others," he added quickly as he saw her wince. "I would like to have you come, but I am afraid you would find me poor company. But do come." He smiled this time, and the smile won her.

They started down the avenue and the adventure began. To find his trouble and to cure him was the task she had set for herself. She made little progress that evening, but they chatted and walked—most of the time in silence. When they returned she had made little gain in her attempt to solve him; but she found some satisfaction in his good-night words:

"You make a good comrade. Please join me if you can tomorrow. My work has been changed, so I shall wander a bit in the afternoon."

Lightness came into her feet as she mounted the stair. She had helped him a bit to forget something—what it was she could not guess, unless it might be some wrongdoing that preyed upon him; but the clean strength of his lean face, the gray kindness of his eyes seemed to shut away all thought of crime.

The first link in the chain of mystery was broken the next afternoon. They were strolling together down the broad, sunny central path of the great park when she saw coming toward them a graceful, pretty girl whose eyes quickened with interest as she saw them. She turned toward them.

"Greetings, Albert," she said to him. Ruth saw his face whiten and grow sterner, then take on a look of hunger that vanished as quickly as it came. And light began to dawn dimly upon her.

He turned to her with a word of introduction, "Miss Dennison." The girl's appraising eyes swept her coolly and turned to him.

When they went on again Ruth was aware that the mystery was nearing a solution. The conversation dragged, though he made an evident effort to keep it up; but his mind and heart was elsewhere.

She determined to use drastic methods, for that night at the dining room table he looked wearier and more depressed than ever. The pity that his hurt eyes had first aroused in her was doubled many fold. She thought over a plan and decided to put it into action. She drew him aside into the quiet of the reception room. She was a bit hesitant just how to begin, but she began, anyway.

"Listen, I want you to tell me something and tell me truly. I have decided to hire myself as your doctor. Any way, you need a mother—or perhaps a sister."

"The Lord knows I do," he said quietly.

"Then—here it is—and forgive me—but did you love Miss Dennison once?"

He drew a long breath and sank back into the shadow of the corner. She was afraid he would not answer; then the words came, touched with pain. "I love her now—that's the trouble."

He was silent for a little while; then his man's will broke and the whole bitter tale came out—a story of man's true love, given fully to a girl who took it; and then when it had gone so far as to make ready a home, had been given back.

Ruth listened with pounding heart, and understood. Worthy or not, she was all in all to him; for love does not follow the cold logic of facts or the guidance of the will.

He finished with, "So you see I came here to forget, and I'm not, as the good doctor says, a physical culture bug." You understand, I know; and you have been a fine little friend. Now, just what would you advise?"

His voice was light, but the heaviness within was reflected without. She shook her head, but said quietly: "Perhaps there is a way." She remembered the quick glance of the girl who had flitted him; in that glance was question and remembrance.

Ruth carefully planned the next moves in her little game. She took pains to discover the time Miss Dennison went for her afternoon walk in the sunny park and it came about that Miss Dennison saw her each time with him. With all the skill she was capable of Ruth dressed for the part, looking her prettiest and happiest. Results came, for she saw in Miss Dennison's eyes the first glint of jealousy and the first hint of a new awakening of a desire to claim Albert.

A week later Albert came to her smiling. In his hand he held a note. "She has invited me to the house tonight. Wish me good luck." There was a joyous note in his voice; but to her his joy brought a strange and unaccountable shock. After he had gone she stood silent in her room a moment staring; then her hands went to her heart. "Why, I do believe I—love him!"

She sat down abruptly, her eyes dark with question. Back to her came memories of their happy times together, his pleasant friendly voice, his amiable smile, his charming presence, and every memory brought a headache.

"I tried to cure him and I exposed myself," she muttered half tearfully and half laughing.

The shadow clung to her. She did not see him in the morning; and he did not return till late in the evening. She knew, for she listened in spite of herself for his din tread, his slow, pleasant greeting; and slowly the truth dawned upon her. He and his love had become reconciled; and he was busy making plans for the home that came so near to being and now was to be.

She heard his quick step in the hall—a step vibrant with new meaning, and she stepped from her room, meaning to be "game" to the end. He loomed in the dusk of the corridor, and suddenly he caught her arm and drew her into the reception room.

His voice was quivering with pent-up emotion. "Little comrade, it's all over. I've been fighting it all afternoon, for I'm still afraid. Hold on—I must tell you right out." His voice grew calm, but in it was something that held her as by a spell. His hand was still on her arm. "I saw her—Miss Dennison—and I discovered that I no longer loved this girl who flitted me—it came over me—Ruth, I must say it; but these hours with you have been the happiest, and you are the one I love. Now, I've said it, and I'm going; I made arrangements to move this afternoon. I know you don't want the cut-off lover of another; but I know now what a true woman is—and I know I love one—yours."

She drew his arm about her, and it tightened convulsively as he felt her trembling. She half spoke, half whispered, "I thought I was helping another to love—yours—and I was helping myself. My dear, you have been a hard case, but I'm glad—so glad—I cured you!"

MISTAKE TO YIELD TO AGE

Women in General Have It in Their Power to Retain Youth for Long Period.

Women, although many of them are unaware of it, are far more sensitive to outward impressions than are most men, and in cultivating this keep themselves young.

The fact that many people think women grow old quicker than men has nothing to do with the case, as many women do not tell their right ages in the first place. Perhaps with a family to look after a few indications show quicker than with the sterner sex. But in later life the difference is more than made up.

The woman who would remain young cultivates this keen sense of beauty and takes her enjoyment more or less as a child in the song of a bird, in the sunshine and the blue sky, and forgets quickly the petty gossip and annoyances which fill the lives of the women who fail to appreciate life's best gift—simple-mindedness.

Proletarian.
The word proletarian comes from the Latin word *proles* (offspring), and 2,000 years ago was used by the Romans to designate the less substantial and useful members of society, those who had nothing except their children to offer to the support of the state. The word also has taken on other shades of meaning until it has come to be applied to a member of the community who has no other capital than the strength of his hands; the laborer or workman who lives, as it were, from hand to mouth, and who has no reserve to support him in time of need.

Fish's Eyes on Left Side.
In the clubroom we were talking of the turbot caught off the Shetlands, which fetched \$9. It seemed a big price and one member jocularly suggested that perhaps the reason for its great value was that its eyes were on the wrong side.

The remark puzzled us until the speaker put the question to us collectively: "On which side of a turbot are his eyes?" Nose could say positively, so he added enlightenment to censure of our woful ignorance of flat-fish in general.

It seems that the turbot and brill have invariably their eyes on the left, while with halibut, plaice and sole it is a case of eyes right.—London Chronicle.

TAFFETA IN FAVOR

Fabric Serves for Both Day and Evening Wear.

Dark Colors for Street Frock; Figured Weave for Afternoon; Pastel Shades for Night.

Everyone knew that taffeta would be accentuated as a fashion for the spring. We have had remarkably lovely gowns of it since December. France sends over a variety of costumes in this special kind of silk, which serve from ten o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night, says the New York Sun. In dark colors, it makes a morning street frock; in figured weave it serves for the afternoon, and in pastel shades it takes its place for the evening.

It will probably usurp the place of satin, of metallic cloths, of rich colored velvet for evening apparel. Its coloration is superb. It takes all the new shades with success.

Billion lace, fantastic amazing ribbons, strands of crystals and precious lace are used to make it more brilliant. The simple weave that is peculiarly French, combined with ruffles and serge for one-piece frocks.

So far the importations from Paris have not exhibited any special stress upon satin as the favored fabric. There are gowns of it, here and there, and it is used in combination with other fabrics, but it remains a trifle obscure. Taffeta in its new form is an aggressive fabric.

There is no tendency on the part of Paris to diminish the prestige of silk Jersey. It again appears as a fabric for effective frocks, although the Americans have used it in a commonplace way for two years.

Silk Jersey has never been cheap, strange to say, whereas wool Jersey,

TO REVIVE CROCHET STITCH

Handsone New Sweaters Are Being Produced by the Needles Which Have Been Dormant.

Many of the new sweaters are crocheted. There has been an interim when the crochet stitch has been decidedly in abeyance and we were not content unless we could handle knitting needles as well as the crochet hook. But there are some charming sweaters offered in the smart shops that are done in crochet stitch, and so it is a safe venture to predict that before very long we will see the crochet hook again in evidence.

The dollman is the garment you will want to buy if you are looking for general utility spring and summer. In black satin or tulle or in tan, they are excellent, but for the woman who is not afraid of a little color now and then a better selection could not be made than to buy one of these dollman in bright rose color, brilliant drapau blue, Italian green or deep velvet.

The latest color is onton. Now, what in your opinion would onton color be? Would it be the light green you see in the delicate tops of spring onions or the purple that shows in the wrappings of a large Bermuda onion or a sort of oyster color, or a golden white? "Well, in reality," it is the color of the dry brownish skin of the onion—a sort of subdued honna.

There are combs to be worn in the evening that hold a whirl of split ostrich that forms a halo over the top of the head for a sweep of eight or nine inches. These combs are worn with ostrich fans to match.

SOME QUAIN TABLE SCREENS

Mahogany Frame Designed to be Packed and Carried When One Is Traveling About.

There is always something new, or, it may be, something old in a guise that adds novelty to its other attractions. A case in point is one of the new little table screens, reproductions of an antique original which have lately been scoring a great success. Standing about fifteen inches high, the screen consists of a mahogany frame that lifts out of a neat turned foot, so that the whole thing can be packed up into a small compass, for traveling. Within the frame is mounted a beautifully wrought needlework picture. Whether the subject be a study of some gracious early Victorian figure or an old-world garden scene, rendered with a delicacy and truth to nature, it makes the little picture a never-fading source of pleasure.

And, apropos of the garden pictures, there is another to be seen which is a veritable work of art, often the actual presentation of some particular garden, whose owner had selected this medium of keeping a remembrance of its beauty. Allied to this style of embroidery are the motto pictures, embodying some favorite or consolatory motto or verse with specially chosen landscape or flower devices.

SOME NEW PARIS NOVELTIES

Chain of Beads of Blue and Black Crochet—Hand-Knit White Wool Garters.

Among the attractive chain novelties shown in Paris was one which reached far below the waist, made of large beads of bright blue and black crochet, from which was suspended a novelty cross in the two colors, says Women's Wear.

Something rather chic in garters was noted recently on a smartly dressed girl, whose short skirts gave one a good view of a hand-knit white wool garter, which pulled over her shoe and had the usual garter shape, with the strap under the shoe. They fitted the ankle snugly and were very smart. Women in America might combine them to motor and to sport wear, although there is no reason for so doing. Hand-kniters will be interested to know that they were knit with the knit one row and purl back method.

MORNING DRESS OF CALICO

A sunny smile from the Southland, wearing a morning dress of red and white calico, with garden hat to match. An outfit that appeals to many women.



Jackets of Velvet.
Short, boxlike jackets of velvet or satin, extending to the tip of the hip and fastened with one button at the neck, are seen in combination with skirts of white serge or of white tulle.

Matthew Bradstreet Chooses

By JANE OSBORN

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"I suppose you young fellows will all be thinking of getting married," commented Mr. Hannibal Hopkins, peering from over the top of the local evening paper at Mr. Matthew Bradstreet as he passed through the Hopkins living room to the dining room for a late dinner. And then as Matthew paused to hang his hat and coat on the rack that graced one side of the living room: "I see by this here paper that these new houses being put up by our plant is to be reserved for men that are married. The rest'll have to take pot luck boarding round same as usual. And if I was a young chap like you, Mr. Bradstreet, I'd just look around and pick a wife so as to get one of them houses while the getting's good. There's pretty girls aplenty hereabouts."

"Good advice, Mr. Hopkins. But there are a good many things a man has to take into consideration before he picks a wife besides a pretty face. You agree with me there, I'm sure."

In the dining room Violet Hopkins, filling Mr. Bradstreet's water tumbler, blushed unseemly with embarrassment and as he entered the room she retreated hastily to the kitchen to get the plate for dinner that her mother had set in the oven warmer for the delinquent boarder.

"I'll wash those dishes, mother, if you'll take in Mr. Bradstreet's dinner," she said.

The mother looked up and caught the tell-tale blush of embarrassment. "You run along now," she said. "No need you ruining your hands in dish-water. What's fussed you?"

"Nothing, exactly," replied Violet. "Only I wish dad wouldn't talk to the boarders quite so much sometimes, specially to Mr. Bradstreet. You know I'm crazy about dad, but still I just wish he wouldn't talk about 'young fellows' and tease him about getting married. He's getting one of the biggest salaries over at the plant even if he is young and somehow he's too dignified to be called a young fellow, and besides every one says he's going to be engaged to Edna Dorkins, and then he'll be son-in-law of the president of the whole plant."

"Never you mind what dad says," responded the mother after Violet had returned from the dining room again. "And never you mind about Mr. Bradstreet." And then she saw the tears welling in the daughter's eyes. "I know it's hard, us having to wait on table, but others have had to do harder things on account of this war."

"Oh, I'm never the least bit ashamed," said Violet excitedly. "I'm only sorry I can't do more. I know dad is old and everything, and truly I'm sorry for what I said. I don't care a straw what Mr. Bradstreet thinks or anybody else."

But in spite of her protestations Violet Hopkins really did care, and in spite of her loyalty to her father, whose own efficiency and salary had waned and food prices and taxes had increased, she endured hours of mental anguish over her mother's mode of eking out the small income.

She would far rather have given up her work at the normal school and sacrificed the hope of becoming a teacher and gone to work if by so doing she might make it unnecessary to have these endless mealtimes around their board, but she knew that even to suggest such a sacrifice would cause her parents unhappiness.

What caused her the most intense unhappiness was not so much that there were these outsiders gathered around the board three times a day, but the thought that she really was ashamed of her little home; ashamed too in her heart of the crudities and shabbiness of the furniture in the little house; ashamed even of her doting father, because he would insist on trying to entertain the boarders with his own facetiousness and loquaciousness.

The poverty she could endure, but to expose that poverty and that shabbiness to a host of outsiders was what seemed to her so difficult to put up with. As she passed from the kitchen to the little living room she was uncomfortably aware of the cheap, stiff cotton curtains draped back from the windows with equally stiff, cheap scarlet ribbon, and the paper roses that were placed in the vase on the mantel seemed to strike her sensibilities with even greater force.

She took her place on the little stool by the piano. There would be a few moments, she thought, before she would have to clear away the things after Mr. Bradstreet's dinner, and she would use those moments to play some of the music that most pleased her father. For it was her father who had gone without things for himself in order to buy this piano, and now by playing to him perhaps she would make up to him for the lack of loyalty of which she felt guilty even in thinking as she had done.

And before she began to play Mr. Bradstreet, looking from the dining room into the living room, had also let his eyes rest on the paper roses, and he, too, was sensible of the clash of color and taste. The stiff cotton curtains were as much an eyesore to him as they were to Violet, but somehow they did not cause him the same mental anguish that they did her, though

he permitted himself to gaze at them rather intently.

Then the strains of Violet's music came to him and gradually the table before him seemed to fade away, and the roses and the red ribbon. He stopped eating and the walls of the house faded away and a realm of romance, turrets and castles and enchanted forests seemed to take their place. And with it all he felt conscious of the love that seemed to pervade the little Hopkins home, the love of the daughter that made her help when she would far rather have left home to seek her living in a more congenial mode; the love of the wife and mother that kept her smilingly toiling in the kitchen for the sake of the two whom she loved, and the love of the father that was patent in every glance and word, and that made him somehow worth while, in spite of his sentimentousness and tiresome jocularity.

Then the music stopped and the girl who had rendered it slipped from the stool back into the kitchen. Bradstreet rose from the table and passed through the living room.

"So you were saying you wanted more than a pretty face," the old man took up his jesting. "Well, seems as if you were likely to get it. I hope you'll remember old friends and have us all invited to the wedding. Of course, you know it's being talked about all around, that you and Edna Dorkins is to be married."

"I am sorry," said Matthew, "if the fact that I have been an occasional visitor at the Dorkins' has been so misinterpreted."

An hour later, the kitchen work all out of the way, and Mr. Hopkins soothed to slumber in his arm chair by his daughter's music, Matthew Bradstreet returned. Violet answered his knock at the door.

"I want to talk to you," he told her. "It is so hard to find you when I am here that I can't help."

Violet cast a glance at her sleeping father, and then, taking a wrap from the hatrack, tiptoed back to the door. "It's warm outside tonight. Let's talk in the garden." Violet somehow felt that Mr. Bradstreet could only wish to talk about making arrangements to admit a new boarder or to change the arrangements for his own meals.

"Violet," he said when they had walked the length of the lilac hedge, "Violet, I have decided that you are the girl I want to marry. I've been waiting to tell you for a long time, but it has been hard."

Violet uttered a gasp of surprise, and held herself rigid. Yes, she really did love Matthew Bradstreet, and she had dreamed of this moment as the supreme impossibility. How could he, who had seen her at her worst; who had seen her there in the dingy little dining room, waiting on the boarders, and must have seen her embarrassment a hundred times, how could he, who might, every one said, have made Edna Dorkins his wife, how could he possibly have made this decision? The jumble of those stiff lace curtains and the artificial roses on the mantelpiece came before her, and she could hear her father asking him why he did not marry. It was these things that she felt would be the barrier to prevent any possible reciprocation of her love.

"In the first place I love you Violet," he said simply; "and then, you are beautiful."

"But," said Violet, "you said that so much more than prettiness was necessary—"

"I know," said Bradstreet. "It's this way: What made me sure I wanted to marry you—after I knew I loved you—was because I knew you would understand things at home. I never could marry a girl who would despise or misunderstand things at home. You see, though I've succeeded pretty well, my own father and mother have always lived simply, and our home is so much more like your home than the Dorkins home that—well, when I found that you were the girl I wanted to marry I was more glad than I can tell that you had been used to simple living. I—I knew you'd understand."

And as Violet let Bradstreet draw her into his arms the vision of the stiff, ribbon-tied curtains and the dingy little house faded in the unspoken certainty of perfect understanding.

The "Good" Old Days.
People were apprehended in the "good" old times for curious reasons. In 1538 two recalcitrant friars were detained at Cardiff for maligning the king, and so forth. Amongst other things it was charged against them that in answer to the question whether Anne Boleyn was christened in hot water or cold, the unfortunate friars replied, "She was christened in hot water, but it was not hot enough!" What would be thought today of such an absurd question; but it meant then, no doubt, life or death.

Turbines.
A turbine is a water wheel driven by the impact or reaction of a flowing stream of water, or by impact and reaction combined. Turbines are usually horizontally rotating wheels on a vertical shaft. They are of various constructions, and may be divided into reaction turbines, impulse turbines and combined reaction and impulse wheels, which include the best modern type of turbines. By the modern type of turbine a very high percentage of the potential energy of water is converted into work while passing through the wheel.

Physiological Turn.
He is six years old. On hearing his father read that a certain soldier was wounded in the Argonne, the little lad asked: "And what part of the body is that, dad?"