

DAISY BROWN

By JACK LAWTON.

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The snowstorm increased as Lyn Walford endeavored to force his car up the hill. If it continued he would be obliged to seek shelter at some farmhouse along the way. Driving further, with great riffs blowing upon every side, was dangerous. Lyn pressed his lips angrily together as he drew out his watch in the half-light, to ascertain the time. The whole journey was a fool affair, he told himself impatiently, its object, purposeless and unavailing. The great house of his departed uncle might remain unclaimed in its impossible distant situation as far as he was concerned. Sighting the lights of a nearby cottage, he turned in at the driveway and made his way to a rear entrance to seek welcome. A bent old woman responding to his summons raised her voice. "Daisy," she called, "Daisy Brown."

Then in the lamplight Lyn Walford saw a girl coming toward him.

"Certainly you may come in," the girl answered his question. "Run your car into the shed. We are accustomed to strangers seeking shelter on nights like this."

And after a hearty supper, Lyn sat before the cozy sitting room fire, his eyes resting admiringly upon "Daisy Brown" who sat opposite.

"I was making," Daisy Brown told him, "little pies when you came. Muted ones of mince, and cranberries. The kind—" she laughed softly, "that you used to like when you were a boy."

"I wonder," Lyn Walford said, "if I ever was a boy. I feel very old tonight. And yet—" she smiled at her, "my unexpected stopping here brings me an old-time sense of adventure to come."

"Perhaps," the girl suggested, "the pleasant adventure waits at the end of your journey."

The man frowned, and unaccountably, for his nature was reticent. He was moved to confidence. "My journey," he told the attentive Daisy Brown, "is a rather foolish concession to form. An old uncle whom for years I have not seen took it into his head during his last illness to bequeath to me his estate, upon condition that I share the same with his ward and stepdaughter as husband and wife. This unusual young woman has installed, I believe, in the fine old rooms a sort of roadside tea-house, which has become so popular with auto parties that dollars are pouring into her coffers. The young woman certainly possesses ingenuity and cleverness, to have made of this crumbling dead old house an assured financial success. But I am on my way tonight to tell my uncle's stepdaughter that I am not eligible for that position. As she has put in no refusal to the condition of the will, I take it that she leaves that decision to myself. It's an idiotic position in which to place a man, but I shall leave the ambitious woman sole mistress of her realm."

"What," asked Daisy Brown, "is the name of this young woman's tea-room, and where is the house?"

"A communication which I received from her," Walford replied, "had an inscription painted at the top: 'The House at the End of the Road.' Beneath it, that poetic quotation about 'Living in a house at the side of the road, and being a friend to all.' It was very pretty. Also, I fancy, very fetching. She still calls the place by my uncle's name of 'Walford,' and signs herself 'Marguerite, your uncle's stepdaughter.'"

Daisy Brown's face was rosy in the freelight, the sweet sincerity of her gaze was refreshing, somehow, to Lyn's tired spirit.

"I know the place very well," she said softly, "and I know—this Marguerite, too. You wrong her when you think she was too acquiescent to the will condition. She was just trying to hold the place, you see, until you should come, and to practice, perhaps, for some future plan of self-support. She has been successful, but that is because she has worked so hard, cooking and baking herself, and really trying to be, to a friend to all. Your uncle's last illness had taken all that he had. It was a long illness, and Marguerite was as faithful as she could be. So, he liked her—and as he had always liked you, it was due to his affection for both that he plighted the mistaken will." Daisy Brown dimpled into a smile. "But the managing sort of person will not want the gift of your uncle's house," she said, "and I am quite sure that she would not wish either to manage your uncle's nephew. You see, she has a tiny home of her own that used to be her mother's when her mother was Daisy Brown, and there, this ambitious Marguerite, is just Daisy, too, to the old couple who lived there with her when she was born. And in that little house your uncle's stepdaughter cooks and bakes the things for her grand tea-room, and if you'll wait just a minute—" Laughingly the girl arose. "I will go and fetch you a cranberry pie," she said.

Lyn Walford arose, too. With a sudden eager movement he put forth his hand. "Please," he begged unsteadily, "shake hands and pardon. I don't know how to sufficiently humble myself, or to speak my admiration for your courage." His earnest gaze belied the lightness of his tone. "Or my admiration for uncle's far-seeing wisdom," said Lyn Walford.

PARIS MOTIFS IN GRAY AND GREEN

Models in Serge Emphasize Pleatings and Cape Wrap—Mantel With Vivid Linings.

ATTENTION IS PAID TO LACE

Material Used for Foundations, Many Gowns Being Elaborately Embroidered in Metal—Ribbons Featured on Millinery.

All of Paris has been laughing over a play called "L'Air de Paris," in which the principal figure is an American ex-soldier. The successful plays, observes a fashion writer, always bring about a display of clothes both on the stage and off. The costumes for this play are a sort of reinstatement in the good graces of the Parisian of the house of Drecol, which has been somewhat criticized owing to the fact that it formerly was an Austrian organization, the parent house originating in Vienna. But being able to substantiate its claim of English and French ownership, this house weathered the storm of criticism and is now in full favor.

The costumes made for the play "L'Air de Paris," are very typical of the work of the house of Drecol, which has catered more or less to conservative taste, while at the same time giving all its creations the Parisian touch so essential to successful local operations. The clothes made for this piece are just such as the smart Parisienne herself wears, and are in no sense eccentric theatrical things.

Vivid Hats Top Costumes.
Extremely typical is an afternoon dress which emphasizes the continued popularity of pleatings and the taste for the cape wrap in harmony with the dress. The model is developed in gray, serge and gray crepe de chine. Both the skirt and the cape are of sun-pleated serge, while the tunic bodice or top of the dress is of gray crepe de chine of exactly matching shade embroidered in black, the pattern being both light and heavy. There is a narrow line of black embroidery at the bottom of the skirt. The collar is of blue fox. As a striking contrast the hat accompanying this toilette is in one of the vivid copper or rust browns. In this instance a very high tone of coppery pink is used.

Green is apparently a favorite color, as evidenced in a dress of white cloth with a lovely matching mantle lined with vivid green and trimmed with black and silver embroideries. This is completed by a small tricorn hat having a split brim in the same flashing jewel-like green.

Extremely modest in coloring and smart in line is a model of black and gray crepe de chine with lovely embroideries and soutache braiding, which on the gray are done in black and on the black in gray. An important note in the completion of this toilette is the vivid toque made of velvet and wings in deep green, a turquoise green shade which makes a startling but interesting contrast to the sober gray and black of the dress.

Callot is showing a number of grays in her winter line, and some of her most successful dresses are in



Dress and Wrap of Gray Serge and Gray Crepe de Chine.

this demure tone. An ideal dress is developed in gray velours de laine with trimmings of black astrachan fur and black embroidery. The fur forms the close-fitting choker collar and the wristbands. It also drapes the front of the oblong, square-cornered vest. Down the center are fur-covered buttons, and between the lines of fur are embroideries in black. One

of Callot's smartest customers wears this with a double silver fox boa and a gray felt hat trimmed with curled aigrette of white trim. Again note the combination of gray and green.

Puts Great Stress on Laces.
Molyneux's winter showing for his Parisian trade is very successful. The Molyneux type of draped styles, accentuating the slender line of his mannequins, has been kept up in the



White Cloth Frock Having Matching Mantle Lined With Vivid Green.

additional models added to the line since the autumn collection. An important feature is the increased number of lace dresses and lace foundations, many of the Chantilles being elaborately embroidered in metal.

This emphasis of lace at the height of the Paris season is a significant one from a standpoint of lace consumption. Everybody's attention is being directed to the further possibilities of lace.

An interesting and impressive accessory to the Molyneux collection is the huge lace fan matching the dress in the pattern of the lace or its ornamentation. Thus lace dresses which have metal embroideries are shown with huge fans of lace embroidered in the same pattern. Rare mountings are used for these lace fans; sticks of shell, amber, carved ivory as well as painted wood being used. These fans are as large as the feather fans which have been so much the vogue.

The chief characteristic of successful millinery in Paris is the utter simplicity, both in line and trimming. Fanne velvet is a leading note for hand-covered shapes and silk beaver plushes are much used for manufactured forms.

Motor Hats of Red Ribbon.
Ribbons continue to be greatly featured. A popular combination is a faille ribbon trimmed on panne velvet shapes. Plaited ribbon underbrims, in vivid colors, are used on hats of black velvet. New motor hats are made entirely of ribbon, usually in the copper reds, and fanlike ornaments which form the trimming of many of the hats are made of plaited faille or moire ribbon of rather a stiff quality. These fanlike ornaments are attached at the right side of the hat, where the brim is slashed and, spreading out, they sometimes extend nearly to the shoulder.

A feather novelty of the season is the breast plume of the heron dyed in navy, dark brown and black. The aigrette of the same bird continues very much in vogue, but the high cost as well as the dressy character of the aigrette make the breast feather novelty most welcome for medium dressy shapes.

The Paris milliner is covering small, round turbans and coronets almost entirely with these feathers, which form a fringe not unlike monkey fur, but softer and more refined looking. The proper adjustment of these delicate breast feathers is to have them practically cover the top and sides of a small turban and hang in fringed ornaments over the ears. Maria Crozet is using these feathers very successfully in dark blue on close-fitting turbans of dark blue velvet.

Covered With Feather Fringe.
The great vogue for lace is not confined to dresses. It was lavishly used on autumn hats, and is quite as prominent on those for midwinter. Used in this way, the lace is always black, sometimes draped around the hat and falling off in scarflike effect or forming large loops at the right side of small, close-fitting turbans.

From a standpoint of color everything remains dark with the exception of the vivid green and red notes. All of the new reds are on the rust shades and tone down into the loveliest coppery pinks. Entire hats are made in these vivid hues. Again the color may appear in a splashy bow on the side of a black hat. Sometimes the brim facing is in one of these new reds. Coppery red feathers or flowers, the latter in the new hand-painted flat applique style, frequently are used.

PARM JOURNAL SAYS:

We'd rather hear the supper-bell ringing than the finest grand opera ever composed.

The wood-box in the kitchen yawns to be filled these nights; let it not yawn in vain.

The man who sits around wishing he had a million dollars is not likely to get more than a dollar of it.

There have been rumors of men who have died from overwork; but many cases of death from overeating are very well authenticated.

An optimist is a man who can eat a bowl of soup at a church supper and then say, "Well, maybe the oyster was in some other dish."

Too many girls can play "The End of a Perfect Day" on a talking-machine, but can't get up in time the next morning to help get breakfast.

The politician whose heart beats in sympathy with his brothers, but whose books and accounts never balance, has been retired to oblivion again for another year at least.

Peter Tumbledown says it is all bosh about a poor, uneducated boy being able to get to the White House. He says a man has to have a college education before he can be President. Asked how he figured that out he said, "Don't be have to go through the electoral college?" Peter hasn't had enough education to distinguish between a barber college and a school of flying fish.

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY

Even when a fellow is subject to fits you can't always prove it by his tailor.

A quarrel is one of the things that don't always spoil if you pick it before it is ripe.

The man who swallows his pride before eating his own words finds it's a poor appetizer.

You never can tell. Many a man is flushed with victory when he ought to be blushing for shame.

Some people even put off till tomorrow the things they should have done day before yesterday.

It's all right to grasp an opportunity while it's hot, but lots of fingers have been burned that way.

Tommy—"Pop, what is a promoter?" Tommy's Pop—"A promoter, my son, is generally a financier without any finances."

A girl may have an impediment in her speech, but that won't prevent her from saying yes when the right fellow comes along.

"Beauty is only skin deep," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, a clear conscience is more to be desired than a clear complexion," added the Simple Guy.

AROUND THE WORLD

A Chinese trust controls the dye used on firecrackers, made from chibuca, a Philippine wood. The same dye is used for sealing wax and Chinese ink.

In Holland many women find employment in the brickyards. They stand out in the warmest weather smoothing bricks and gathering them in great piles.

On the theory that music banishes fatigue, a building contractor once introduced bagpipes to spur his Scottish workmen on. The men worked so speedily that they struck for more money.

The Jewish women engaged in agricultural colonization and in other work toward restoring the lost industrial and commercial life of the Holy Land are practically all from well-educated families in eastern Europe.

ODD FACTS

Mexico has had 60 revolutions in 61 years.

A sea lion will, on occasion, attack a person.

Quail and peacocks belong to the pheasant family.

An ancient pearl was valued by Pliny at \$400,000.

Many streams in the interior of Argentina end in trackless marshes.

The swallow has a larger mouth in proportion to its size than any other bird.

One of the only two white kangaroos in the world has been sent to England from Australia.

Spaniards discovered cocoa in the new world and lost no time in introducing it into Europe.

On a clear day it is not possible to go up in an airplane anywhere in England without being able to view the sea.

SAW MIRAGE ON SIDEWALK

College Professor Records Interesting Observation He Made on the Streets of a City.

A curious case of sidewalk mirage was described by Prof. V. W. McNair of Michigan College of Mining, Fred McNair wrote in Science.

"I was walking eastward on a cement sidewalk on a street running nearly east and west, and moving up a moderate grade which joins a nearly level stretch of walk. On reaching a point which brought my eye slightly above the level portion, and at which normally the level stretch would have been seen in its entire length, but much foreshortened, I observed instead what appeared to be a stretch of clear dark water covering the entire width of the walk and brilliantly reflecting moving persons and other objects in sight beyond it.

"The sky was clear, the air cool, the sun high. It was about 5 o'clock p. m. local time. There was a moderate breeze. The angle of observation was very small, probably not above three degrees. A step or two either east or west, and the water was gone, but within the proper limits, the illusion was definite and continuing. The weather bureau report for the day indicated that approximately 30 feet above the spot where the mirage was observed the air temperature was about 60 degrees F. and the humidity about 63 degrees."

The resemblance between conditions here described and those which produce the mirage on the plains is obvious.

BELIEVE DEVIL RULES EARTH

Probably Queerest Religious Faith Is That of Tribe of Kurdish and Arabian Blood.

One of the strangest religious sects in the world is known as the Yexedi, a race of mixed Kurdish and Arabian blood. They worship the devil, and believe he will rule the earth for 10,000 years, 4,000 of this number having already passed. On the theory that Jesus is good, and will not harm them, they give most of their devotion and sacrifice to the devil who, they assert, will at the end of the next 6,000 years, be put into hell, where he will weep so hard he will put out the fires, and then will be pardoned and given back his rightful place in heaven.

The Yexedi believe that there were 71 Adams and a similar number of Eves, and that the original ones had a great dispute as to who was the most important, the man or the woman. To prove the matter the woman split in one great jar and the men in another, and the jars were the sealed for nine months. At the end of that period they were opened, and from the women's jar leaped a pile of snakes and worms, while from the men's jar came a beautiful boy and girl. In spite of their strange beliefs they are very industrious, honest, hospitable and kindly, although steeped in dense ignorance, one phase of their religion forbidding them to learn letters.

Words in English Language.

The number of English words not yet obsolete, but found in good authors, or in approved usage by correct speakers, including the nomenclature of science and the arts, does not probably fall short of 100,000, says George Perkins Marsh. Few writers or speakers use as many as 10,000 words, ordinary persons of fair intelligence not above 3,000 or 4,000. If a scholar were to be required to name, without examination, the authors whose English vocabulary was the largest, he would specify the all-embracing Shakespeare, and the all-knowing Milton. And yet in all the works of the great dramatist there seem not more than 15,000 words; in the poems of Milton not above 8,000. The whole number of Egyptian hieroglyphic symbols does not exceed 800, and the entire Italian vocabulary is said to be scarcely more extensive.

Egg Shows Miracle.
One cannot find among the multitude of wonders in nature anything more marvelous than the development of an egg, writes Elsa G. Allen, in the American Forestry Magazine. Whether it be a butterfly which flourishes for a day, or a reptile which lazily leaves its eggs with only the warm sand to mother them, or a fish, like the salmon, which with incredible strength, jumps the rapids to spawn in the upper reaches of rivers, or most appealing of all a bird which builds a beautiful nest for its treasures, the egg in every case is structurally the same, and the miracle of life unfolds according to the same laws of cell division.

Modern Words Traced to Trees.
While the ancient Greeks fancied that every tree was possessed of its own peculiar spirit, and nature lovers insist that trees have personalities even as men and women, it is only natural that men have paid tribute to the tree. The leaves of plants named the leaves of books, and the word "folio" traces back to "foliage." The word paper comes from the old papyrus plant, and the word "Bible" is the Greek name of the plant, according to the Minneapolis Journal. The word "book" is derived from "beech," and the "codex" originally meant tree trunk. It is because men have found the trees kind friends and interesting subjects that they have been paid so much tribute.

OUR LANGUAGE

Here are a few of the etymologies of the English language:

A flock of ships is called a fleet.

A fleet of sheep is called a flock.

A flock of girls is called a group.

A levy of wolves is called a pack.

A pack of thieves is called a gang.

A gang of angels is called a host.

A host of potatoes is called a shoal.

A shoal of barbers is called a herd.

A herd of children is called a troop.

A troop of partisans is called a covey.

A covey of beauties is called a galaxy.

A galaxy of ruffians is called a horde.

A horde of rubbish is called a heap.

A heap of arms is called a grove.

A grove of blackguards is called a mob.

A mob of whales is called a school.

A school of worshippers is called a congregation.—Pittsburgh Courier Telegraph.

TRUE SAYINGS AND QUOTES

"Conduct is three-fourths of success."—Matthew Arnold.

"Every one may aspire at greatness by the ways of virtue and piety."—William Penn.

"There is one article absolutely necessary to be ever beloved, and to be very agreeable."—Lady W. Montagu.

"Silent-epitaph is, after all, the best; it is an assumption of superiority to the majority."—The Conduct Book.

"Those inferior virtues of life the French call 'les petites' and the smaller morals are distinguished by the name of 'mores'."—Dean Swift.

"Apologizing—a very dangerous habit—one that is rarely cured, giving is only egotism wronged nine times out of ten, the first a man's companion know of his coming is from his apology."—W. Holmes.

WISDOM'S WHITTLING

A smart man is one who makes his mistakes without admitting he made it.

How is it that salt has become one-half its price since it has been out of fashion?

Matrimony is not a failure of celibacy; though this may be such a whopping mistake.

We once visited a city where the pavement was made of ice. The city was not to drive fast.

A man who comes with a gun to hunt for a nation of fools is a fool.