

Garrett Hume's Opportunity

By WILL T. AMES

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Hume, big and boyish, looked just a little more boyish than usual. Joyce Allerton thought, as he hung open the gate and hurried up the gravel walk. He fairly radiated optimism. The very gesture with which he waved his hat with one hand, while the other busied itself with the gate latch, was significant of a spirit of triumph. His smile was a sunburst.

Joyce could not help thinking that there was that about Hume, sometimes, which suggested a prep school boy lost in the sanguine excitement of the day's football match, rather than a veteran of a hundred ghastly days in "the forest" and a man with his face set to the serious business of making a way and a place for himself—and for a woman. But Hume's infectious smile was reflected in the serious gray eyes of the girl as she greeted him.

"Somebody leave you a million, Garrett?" she called to him before he reached the veranda steps; "or



"I Don't Need That Kind of Softy Luck."

did you win a set of tennis? Something happened, I know, you're bubbling like a geyser."

Hume threw himself down on the top step, tossed his hat down beside him, leaned his back against the wooden column that flanked the steps and clasped both hands around a knee.

"Nobody's left me a nickel—and I don't want anybody to; I don't need that kind of softy luck. And I'm through with tennis—and all the rest of the foolishness, Joy. But something has happened."

"Joyce"—the young man's face took on suddenly an expression of great earnestness, an earnestness in which there was just a suggestion of awe—"Joyce, I fancy there's something to that saying about opportunity coming once to every man. Mine is here. It has come."

An observer less influenced by the equation of personal interest than Garrett Hume might have read more than he did in the abrupt flash of concern that came into the gray eyes. All that she said, however, was, "Tell me, Garry."

"You've heard me talk about Neville, our major, Joy—'Mad Hal' they called him—the chap who took our battalion a mile farther than his orders—and pried a Hun division apart by doing it. Well, he's in on a big deal in China, a railroad concession, and he has offered me a rattling good position out there and a tiny little interest in the syndicate—gratis, of course, for he knows I haven't any money. The salary is three times as much as I've ever had, to say nothing about the ultimate profit and the 'getting in' with men of big business affairs."

There was eager expectancy in Hume's manner of looking at the girl as he told his big news. But Joyce had drawn a spray of the honeysuckle to her and her head was bent over it. So he hurried on, getting upon his feet and coming close to her as he spoke.

"Joyce, dear," he said, "this means success—it is success. You know I have only waited for the justification of assured position, of decent income, to ask you to marry me. It has come. You will—won't you, Joyce? And go out to China with me? I have accepted, of course—I'd be crazy not to. But it would spoil it all if you didn't go with me."

Joyce's cheeks were a little pale, but her voice was cool and firm as she replied after an instant's pause: "Garry, sit down here and let me talk to you. Laddie, I care for you more than any one else in the world; but I am not going to promise to marry you. I do not agree with you that this chance of yours is in itself a success. And I cannot marry you unless you succeed. Wait—it will do to good to insist. This is the most

vital problem of a woman's life. I must make my own decision, and make it out of my own heart and my own mind. I have made it."

"Joyce, don't say that it is 'no'!" "No, Garrett, I will not say that. It would be as unfair to me as to you. My decision is this: You must take two years—two full years. While you are out there you may write and I will answer; but there must be no renewal of this subject during that time. Then, Garrett, if you have really and truly succeeded, if you can show me that you are a man in whose hands I can safely entrust my life, and that you are, beyond the possibility of failure, it shall be as you wish if you still want me for your wife."

That was in August. In September, two years later, the Asiatic mail brought to Joyce Allerton the most tragic epistle she had ever received in her life. It was dated at Shanghai, on the anniversary of the day when Hume so joyously announced the arrival of his great opportunity. Joyce read:

"This is the last day. In the face of every misfortune, of each bitter disappointment, I have fought down despair and clung desperately to hope—until now. It is the end, of course. Instead of having made the success you so rightfully demanded, instead of having attained to position and fortune and the assured capacity for protection which a girl like you has every logical reason to expect in her husband, I have to confess myself not only a failure, but a failure so complete and disastrous as to present, in contrast to my cocksure bragging on that last day at home with you, a spectacle of sprawling comicality like one of those slapstick clowns that everybody used to buffet in the movies."

"I've told you a good deal in my letters, Joyce—how poor Neville's concession turned out to be only half baked after all and how his luck didn't stick to him as it did in the Argonne and how his five New York friends stood out from under when the Japs diplomatized his railroad line to their own hands and left him flat broke; how he offered to send me home with his last five hundred—and his wife sick unto death at Chicago; how I obtained a 'position' in Hong Kong and how I hoped for something better very soon and all that kind of thing. But I didn't tell you that the Hong Kong position was that of a porter in an English hotel; I didn't tell you that I stuck to that job for a solid year because I couldn't get anything better. I didn't tell you that I lost it by thrashing a cockney who bragged that England would have won the war six months sooner if we had kept out of it—and for the next six months earned my living typewriting English letters for a tea exporting firm of Chinamen—which is considered the unpardonable sin out here for a white man. I didn't tell you that the 'superior employment' which I came here to take was a miserable clerkship for the treaty court. You never would have guessed that it has taken me all this time to earn and save my passage money home—and now that I have it I'm not going, but am going to stay here in the land of my failure and invest those few hundreds in an American sofa fountain in a desperate attempt to wring a ridiculous little pittance of success out of my colossal failure."

"God bless you, Joyce, and give you a happy life. You had rare sense." And this is the expensive cablegram Joyce sent in reply: "Pecuniary success nothing to me. Have too much money myself. Feared failure in tenacity of purpose. Regard you as true success. Answer is yes. Please come home." It was a Thanksgiving day wedding and Joyce said to her husband, "I think, dear, that what we have to be most thankful for, after all, is that great opportunity of yours—to prove yourself just a man."

time I tumbled off the limb of a tree and fell into a hogswill of water and was rescued, and once some bad boys stoned me and left me for dead, but I came back and here I am."

"Well, well, I shall have to believe you, Mr. Tom," said Mr. Rat, "but how I should love to really see you die and come to life! That would be most interesting."

"Suppose now you should jump into that meal box with the cover open, and it should close and smother you, do you think you would come to life?"

"I'll take your word for it," said Mr. Rat, "you have five lives left and I have only one, and if I let you out my one life would not be worth a grain of corn."

"I will take your word for it, Mr. Tom, that you are alive, and as you have five of your lives still left I will take care you do not see me again. Good-by. I hope you get out before your other five lives are used up."

Poor Mr. Tom moved so loudly that some one heard him and let him out, but he stayed in the meal box so long that he almost smothered, and he was not at all sure after that whether he had five lives left or only one.

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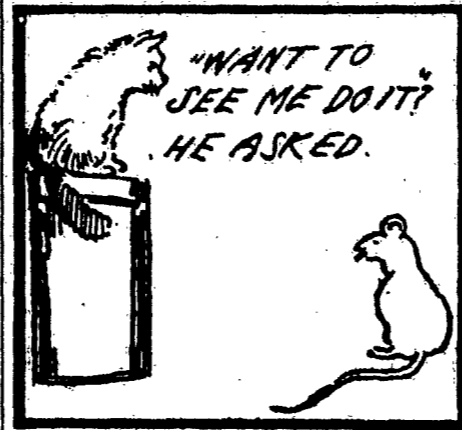
MR. RAT'S ONE LIFE

MR. RAT was cornered and he knew if he tried to use force with big Mr. Tom Cat he would come to grief, so he used his wits, thinking to gain time and by so doing he might save his life.

"Before you take me," said Mr. Rat, "I should like to know, Mr. Tom, if it is true that you have nine lives."

"I have often heard this, but I have never believed it, and I should like to know before I die from your own lips the truth of this matter."

"It is quite true," replied Tom. "I have six lives left. Once I was thrown into a pond and came home. Another



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HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"BALANCE" AND "REMAINDER."

ALTHOUGH grammarians writing in recent years say that the use of "balance" in the sense of "rest" or "remainder" is now used so frequently that it may be said to have become a part of the language, they agree in asserting that a distinction should be made between "balance" and "remainder." In this as in many other cases, everyone must co-operate if the purity of the English language is to be preserved.

A "balance" is the amount that must be added to or subtracted from one side of an account to make the two sides agree; the word should not be employed to indicate the amount or the number left after a part is taken away. When it is necessary to express the latter meaning say "remainder" or "rest." For example, do not say, "I ate half of the apple this morning, and expect to eat the balance this afternoon." Use "remainder" or "rest."

Veratile.

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale, declares he gets credit for only 25 per cent of the after dinner speeches he actually makes.

"Every time I accept an invitation to speak I really make four addresses," he says. "First is the speech I prepare in advance. That is pretty good. Second is the speech I really make. Third is the speech I make on the way home, which is the best of all, and fourth is the speech, the newspapers next morning say I made, which bears no relation to any of the others."

Stretch Like a Cat to Be Healthy." is the Advice of a Famous Woman Physician.

hips, raise the body to a sitting posture, with the trunk bent well forward. Lie down again slowly, and rise once more, and repeat this several times. Inhale as you go down, exhale as you rise.

This exercise gives the desired slender classic lines to the shins, groins and stomach. Authorities say that if every young woman did this exercise a dozen times a day, protracted and painful childbirth would be done away with—except in cases where the organs are contracted. Some give the exercise without support to the feet, the best authorities agree that this way the results are very slight. With the feet supported the pull comes on the abdominal muscles, reducing all extra flesh here and adding strength.

The body must be raised steadily and slowly, jerky motions will not do any good.

Line Forms at the Right.

This story, as told by a toy salesman "on" his chief, a big doll manufacturer, is going the rounds in New York: A customer of long and good standing wired in to the firm: "Cancel all outstanding orders for dolls immediately," whereupon the manufacturer wired back: "Can't cancel immediately. You will have to wait your turn."—Dress and Waist News.

TONES OF RUST LEAD TO BROWN

New Red Tones Run From Dark-est into High Tints That Touch on Russet and Gold.

GREEN IN FASHION'S FAVOR

Shade is Promised Bright Future, Especially the Dark Bottle and Olive-Hues—Navy Blue Losing Popularity.

Color, always an important factor in fashions, is claiming more than usual attention this season. This is practically the first time, notes a Paris fashion correspondent, that the Paris dressmaker has had an opportunity to launch absolutely postwar colors. During the years that have succeeded the signing of the armistice it has been largely a question of using up stocks of both manufactured goods and raw materials. But throughout the seasons which have intervened the French manufacturer has had time to readjust himself to a new regime, so that what is being shown this winter as novelty is actually new. Hence the new colors appearing for 1921 are worthy of more than passing mention.

Strong, well determined and definite describe the tones shown on the color cards for next spring. The choice of the Paris dressmaker and milliner is equally well defined. Red is the present winter novelty, and it is anticipated that its favor will be increased in the spring. In the new red series rust shades still are immensely popular.

Rust Color Leads into Brown.

These rust tones gradually lead to brown, a color in high favor and shown in a very large assortment of tones, running from the deepest so-called black browns into high shades that touch on russet and gold.

There is no reason why red and brown ever should have been considered as belonging to the autumn and winter. They are infinitely more suitable to wear in the springtime. When the little green buds are shooting forth on the trees and nature everywhere is putting on new dresses we feel that we must be in keeping with our surroundings by being clothed in fresh new taint, and no color adapts itself so readily and so cheerfully to the mood of spring as brightly warm red. Nor does it ever show off to greater advantage than in such a setting as the soft green of new foliage. Later in the summer, when the streets are hot and dusty and the leaves parched and brown, red is not attractive.

Green is another claimant for fashion's favor and a big future is prophesied for it, particularly the dark bottle and olive shades.

In the new cotton materials for the coming summer greens are prominent. It is interesting to notice the exactness with which all the shades seen in silks have been reproduced in cotton fabrics. There are lovely deep-green organdies, with shadow printings in lighter shades of the same color. Of



Coat Dress or Robe Mantau by Cheruit Developed in Velours de Laine in the New Plantain Green.

course, this treatment is not confined to green, for the new cottons appear to have been successfully dyed in every hue under the sun, but much more is made of the green shades this year than for a long time past.

Navy Blue Loses Popularity.

Owing to the marked preference for the foregoing color blue is less important. In fact, there is a minimum of blue in the new color cards in proportion to the prominence of the above mentioned colors. It will not be easy for the American woman to depart from navy blue, which always has been a favorite with her. She has worn it so continuously that the navy blue dress or suit has become almost a national uniform. It will be refreshing to see a number of other colors, for the one great criticism of our dressing is that there is no little variety in it. Apparently every woman

the finishing of the very prettiest of the smartest milliners are looking forward to the later and early spring colored veils. Often such veils constitute the entire costume very smart hat. In all cases a prepossessing of these new veils apparent.

Feathers in Green and Brown.

Coolly feathers, seen at the add aigrette and their substitutes no longer in black, but some of the new dark greens or browns. Preference is given for these evening head-dresses of metal ornaments which show a combination of these



Jenny Model in Russian Effect Developed in Dull Red Velours de Laine Trimmed With Mouton.

the weave. Deep emerald, singly or in combination with metal, is very popular for evening head-dresses.

Prominent milliners are exploiting glowing red hats. Red shades take into practically all embroidered designs. Lanvin is making a big display of black and white and red, and everywhere is found the same evidence of marked preference for deep red, rust color, dark browns and dark greens.

A coat dress or robe mantau by Cheruit developed in velours de laine in the new Plantain green. Note the drapery across the stomach and the fact that the dress is entirely in panels, one overlapping the other; also that there is a buttoned-on panel at the right side only, with a balancing panel at the left.

Robe Mantau Paris Favourite.

The type of dress known as the robe mantau has become a Paris novelty. It has proved so popular that dressmakers each season present new types of this character. The dress in Paris is favorable to this sort of dress, as a heavy wrap is rarely seen until Christmas, and the robe mantau furnishes a lovely background for a beautiful fur trimming or a separate piece of fur.

Cheruit has made stunning coat dresses in velours de laine. The model described above is one of the best numbers. It may be said to be exactly like a coat, except that across the front the skirt portion draped slightly in the new wrinkled stomach effect and over this falls a soft revers or flap, thus making a simple and clever variation of the coat dress.

Mme. Jenny also is very successful with the robe mantau. She has made it of velours de laine and trims it with fur, but keeps something of the Russian type, though one notes also the slight introduction of the stomach drapery or wrinkled effect about this part of the body.

Jenny Model in Russian Effect.

One of Jenny's models of this type is developed in dull red velours de laine and trimmed with mouton. It has the crossed fullness drawn over the stomach. At one side is a long slash of the cloth lined with a beautiful gray satin. Where the slash is attached to the dress a buckle of carved shell is placed.

There is considerable discussion over long skirts, but about the only places where one actually sees them are the dressmaking establishments. Promet is among the dressmakers who stand out in favor of the long skirt. Some of her models are really smart. Just to what extent women will accept these mature-looking gowns is to be determined.

A model of this character is developed in red lace and black velvet. The novelty of the lace, as well as the form of the dress, adds to its interest. The lace is an all-over pattern and embroidered in gold threads. The low waistline girdle is made of pearls and beads.

Conservative houses such as are keeping to the straight traditional type of evening dress, the draped style with long sleeves and pleated necklines, are being noted, however, as draped forms are



BETTER BE MOVING BACKWARDS LOOKING AHEAD THAN GOING AHEAD LOOKING BACKWARDS.