

An Enchantress of the Slums

By R. J. PEARSALL

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Ford's Landing had once been a village. Boats trafficking in Michigan lumber had stopped there, wagons laden with lumber had come from far inland, and boisterous lumbermen had spent their money easily at the two prosperous stores and the three prosperous taverns. Times were good then! The clink of money vied with the rattle of logging chains. But now—

The lumber was all gone, years before. So was the dock. Weakened by neglect, it had been seized by no-does and crushed into splinters. The storekeepers and hotel men had drifted away one by one with the cessation of trade, taking their goods with them and leaving the empty shells of buildings to rot away unmissed.

All the people were gone, that is, all but a few. The Simpsons, the Maxfields, the Frazeres, Joe Bailey. Bailey had turned one of the three rooms of his house into a sort of general store.

Thus, Ford's Landing had ceased to be either a landing or a village. It was merely a name, worse, it was a term of reproach. To live there implied disgrace.

Now, of all the shiftless families of Ford's Landing the laziest and poorest was that headed by Jack Simpson. Simpson himself was tall and angular and rawboned with straight black hair, high cheek bones, and a noseless, gliding walk. He was supposed to be part Indian. His wife was a nonentity, a little, thin, apathetic woman, so used to privation even to real cold and hunger, that she never thought of complaining. Then there was the daughter, Lizzie, a girl of sixteen.

She was a true daughter of her parents and of her environment and, consequently, was not beautiful. But that did not prevent her from being pretty.

Lizzie had been sent to "borry" some butter from Mrs. Maxfield. The Maxfields owned a section of land lying just to the west of Ford's Landing, and, compared with the Simpsons, were wealthy.

She had to pass the two-room shack in which the Maxfields lived.

Jack Mann happened to be sitting in front of the house. When he saw her he scrambled up and came awkwardly out to meet her. He was about twenty; tall, ungainly with a freckled but not unpleasant face.

"Mornin', Lizzie."

"Mornin'," she said, not unkindly.

"Where y' goin'?"

"Up 't Maxfield's."

He sauntered along beside her, wordless.

"Where you goin'?" There was untaught coquetry in her eye.

He blushed, and stammered guiltily: "Oh, just up the road." He tried to answer lightly, but signally failed.

Then followed silence.

"Why don't y' say somethin'?" he blurted desperately.

"Say somethin'?" Why, yer th' funniest feller. Why don't you? Y' act th' funniest, lately. What's the matter? Cat got yer tongue?"

"Y' know what's th' matter. I told y' before. I—I like y' so, Lizzie."

"So do other people. I guess. An' they c'n talk."

"Oh, it's different! I—I love y'."

"Why, Jack Mann? But y' don't mean it."

"Mean it! Why, I love y' so I dream about y'. I'd do anything for yer, Lizzie."

She looked at him curiously, as if measuring her power. "I don't believe it."

"I would, I can't help it. I'd—I'd go an' jump in th' lake this minute if y' told me t'."

"I wonder if y' would?"

"I would."

She broke into merry laughter.

She turned to go. "Now, go back," she said. "Ye've come far enough."

He obeyed, and she went on, smiling at his obedience.

Mrs. Maxfield had a visitor, her brother, Joe Stanley, from the city. He was a young man, possibly twenty-one. He was sauntering about the yard when Lizzie entered the gate.

She looked at him, and of a sudden became conscious of her bare feet, her shabby dress, her unclean hands. His eyes swept over her figure, and her own sank, abashed, to the ground. There was nothing of the bashful timidity of young Mann in his direct gaze.

Several times during the week Lizzie and he met.

After the first few times he, being a free-mannered youth, accosted her with a nod and smile. But never anything more.

Lizzie cast about for reasons for his indifference. All of which was not good for her disposition.

"Lizzie," said her father sharply, one evening, "I don't see what 's got into y' lately."

"Pa," said Lizzie, as if making a desperate resolve, "I want a new dress."

"Well, is that all? Are y' sure that's all? Don't y' want a kerridge. Or an automobile? Now, I tell y' what. Yer gettin' too high-fangled notions."

Lizzie did not pursue the subject. It was no use.

But she had decided upon the one thing that would give her the happi-

ness she needed. The means did not matter.

III.

Meanwhile, things were not pleasing Jack Mann. He wondered dully how he could have displeased Lizzie. Her capricious attitude toward him had been changed into one of actual dislike. It was hard to get to talk to her. One day, however, he got an opportunity of remonstrance.

"What makes y' use me so?" was his plea.

"Use y' how?" Lizzie was plainly anxious to get rid of him.

She saw Joe Stanley coming up the road.

"Like yer usin' me now. Y' act like y' want me t' go. An' I'd do anything fer yer. I would, y' know it."

Lizzie saw the approaching figure turn off from the road across the field, and her face fell. Then her eyes brightened again.

"Y' don't mean that, Jack?"

"I'll show y'. Anythin'. It don't matter what."

"I've really mean it? If I thought y' did—"

"Let me show y'."

"Mebbe I will, Jack, some day." She looked at him with the first tenderness in her eyes that he had ever seen there.

"I believe y' would," she went on, speaking almost to herself. "I've got t' go now, Jack. But I'll see y' again." She pressed his hand. "I'll see y' again, Jack. Good-by."

She left him trembling, bewildered, staring foolishly after her.

He looked to her again next day. He made love to her clumsily, and she let him. But she would not believe in his sincerity. Over and over again he protested it. And at last she set him his task.

"Oh, I know y' didn't mean it!" she cried at the look in his eyes.

"Anythin' else, anythin'."

"I know it. An' I'm sorry." Under her eyes his young blood mounted feverishly. "Oh, all right, then." Her tone changed suddenly, and she turned away.

"Wait! Wait a minute! I will, Anythin' I said I would, an' I will."

IV.

That was a memorable night in Ford's Landing. For the first time in twenty years something happened important enough to warrant the mention of the place in metropolitan newspapers.

The window of Joe Bailey's store was forced, the store entered, and the till robbed.

There were several things about the robbery that marked it as a peculiar one. One was the fact that, although there were more than twenty-five dollars in the till, only five had been taken.

Again, the thief had been at no pains to conceal his tracks, and had been easily identified by them. Finally, when accused of the crime, he broke down at once and confessed, refusing to say, however, what he had done with the five dollars, or why he had wanted that particular sum.

Jack Mann went to the penitentiary for two years.

Lizzie Simpson secured her coveted finery.

The day before she put it on, Joe Stanley, his vacation coming to an end, went back to his work in Detroit.

COCO-PALM RIGHTLY PRIZED

Natives of Ceylon Seem to Put It to Every Conceivable Use During Their Lives.

To the natives of Ceylon the graceful coco-palms that line the shore where red flamingoes fly, are far more precious than the rare woods and spices, the fragrant tea or the bright jewels for which Ceylon is famous, according to Mary Titzel, in *Asia Magazine*. Over the head on which he is born and over the grave in which he is buried is hung a cluster of coconut blossoms to charm away evil spirits. This one tree furnishes practically all he needs for life. The fruit provides him with food and oil, and the sap with "jaggery," or coconut sugar. The "milk" of the green nut is a healthful, refreshing drink. The juice of the unopened flower he makes into a delightful wine; distilled, the wine becomes "arrak," a powerful spirit. From the fiber or "coir," that cases the shell he makes ropes, fishnets and matting; his baby sleeps in a cradle of coir-ropes. The shell of the nut he fashions into drinking vessels and spoons, and the fragments left over serve as fuel. He plait the leaves into dishes and into thatch for his dwelling. The dried leaves serve as torches; with the stalks he fences his garden. He hollows out the trunk of the tree into a canoe that, buoyed by an ingenious outrigger of poles, goes swiftly through the roughest seas. He builds his house of coconut wood, and when he dies he is laid away in a coffin hollowed from the friendly tree.

Some Noted Bells.

The Church Bell foundry has turned out about a dozen bells for America, most of them for New England churches, including the Church of the Advent, Boston; Groton school chapel, that Roosevelt attended, and the chapel of Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn. Canada has only two bells, one in Vancouver cast by a French foundry and one in Montreal cast by the Mott establishment.

Australia and South Africa have several peals, and Indian and African plantations have many far-carrying bells, for summoning workers. They were cast by Robert Mott's successors, who also have produced fine-toned dinner bells for aristocratic homes in Great Britain. These costly specimens are silver plated.

FOR SPRING WEAR

Dress or Suit Is Question the Young Lady Has to Decide.

Winter Sale Garments Likely to Prove Satisfactory for the Milder Days.

"Dress or suit for spring?" asked the girl who is always forehanded. Because no one can ever be perfectly sure of these things, and always sure of avoiding mistakes unless some thoughts in advance, very much in advance, are given to the matter. And someone answered rather non-committally that no woman who lived at all out of doors and who went about in the street cuts at all could possibly do without a suit.

The forehanded girl is even forehanded enough to see an advantage in buying a winter sale suit for the first spring days. So many are being offered and at such wonderful prices that, even if one regretted later that the purchase was made, the matter would not be especially serious.

Now that frock and coats and suits have ceased to cost, separately, as much as one felt should be spent on the entire wardrobe, everyone is feeling easier about that most important question, "A frock or a suit and blouse?" It can easily be answered by purchasing all three.

One particular pet with the woman who delights in spring suits is the lingerie blouse. Any number of lovely ones are shown in the shops, both those of flimsy material trimmed with fillet, and the batiste with eyellet embroidery trimmed around about with hand drawn scallops.

Then Irish has gained such a tremendous place in the affections of the woman of 1920 that it is sure to be given a nice place in her 1921 wardrobe.

But the pretty French camisole to be worn with the spring suit had only a little place started for itself last year. Women are busy now acquiring them, either through buying or making for the spring suit. They look dressier than the blouse, made of net fillet, Irish and embroidery, with their pink ribbon roses added, and they make both a frock and a suit of the suit.

BLOOMER SUIT FOR SPORTS



One of the most striking and practical sports costumes designed this year is this stunning model of striped woollens, with bloomers instead of herringbone skirts and set off with a belt of the same material and a coquettish toque of brushed wool.

HOW TO MAKE A SMART BOW

Ribbon Should Be Wound Around Fingers or Over Nails Driven Into Block of Wood.

Stylish bows are always tied and are never fashioned from a series of sewed loops. With a little practice unskilled fingers may soon become proficient in the art of making smart bows. To make the bows the ribbon should be wound around the two index fingers of another person's hands as many times as there are to be loops, and then tied and knotted tightly in the middle. This produces a dainty, attractive bow. If no one is there to furnish the helping fingers, wind the ribbon over two long wire nails which have been hammered into a block of wood the required distance apart. It is important that the loops be pulled out loosely to produce the effect of a rosette or bow. The length of the loops, of course, will depend upon the use to which the bows are to be put and upon the width of the ribbon used.

Little Girl's Frocks.

For dancing school and dress-up occasions little girls wear frocks of crepe de chine, daintily trimmed with hand embroidery. Taffeta frocks are also good.

CHIC SUIT IN POMPEIAN RED



For the gray wintry days the color is heart-warming. This smart gown is a duvetyen tailleur trimmed with opossum.

CREPE DE CHINE IS FAVORED

Popularity of Fabric Past Season Indicates That It Will Be the Standby for 1921.

Paris has a way of developing a fashion which, seemingly unimportant at its inception, often becomes a dominating feature of such importance that it develops into a world-wide movement. During the last year there has been gradually developing a strong feeling in favor of crepe de chine in preference to almost any other silk fabric. This simple and not at all dressy material came at most without herald as a medium for developing semi-dressy toilets.

Several well-known makers, such as Chanel, Miller, Soeurs and Rolande, emphasized crepe de chine in their spring collections. Some of the larger and perhaps more important houses, such as Collet, Chouart and Madeleine et Madeleine, while they showed crepe de chine in their collections, did not make an emphatic point of it, but talked rather of more novelty fabrics.

But when the Parisienne began to buy her summer wardrobe it was early manifested that crepe de chine was to have a big vogue. Before mid-summer arrived it was not only the crepe de chine dress, but it was the crepe de chine cape that carried the palm for summer success. In the fall collections of the houses who had early success with crepe de chine, an increasing number of models in this material was shown. Crepe de chine was used for foundations of dresses of lace and metal novelties in preference to satins. New fall mantles of lissues and of fur began to be lined with crepe de chine.

All of this is most significant from a standpoint of distribution. It looks as if crepe de chine may be the big seller in 1921, taking the place to no small degree of volles, taffetas and foulards.

GINGHAM CHECKS AND COLOR

Fabrics Quite Vivid in Tone and Plaidings Are Fascinating in Their Peculiar Way.

Ginghams are particularly good in color and plaidings. The plain colored ones are quite vivid in tone and those made of small or large checks are fascinating in their particular way. Then there are cotton Japanese crepes, which are quite inexpensive and which have added to this season in colors that have not been obtainable for many seasons past. Linens are still very scarce and expensive, but they can be had by the fastidious by the expenditure of large sums of money.

Dimities have been most marvelously developed and they bid fair to be one of the successful cottons of the coming season. Already blouses made from them are being shown over the counters and many are the favorable comments that are casually passed about them. There is a freshness about dimity which has its own charm and brooks no rival. It does wash well and is guaranteed to keep its color as well if not better than others of the sheerer fabrics.

Safety Pocket.

A safety pocket that is easily attached to a corset and which is not only healthier, but safer than the old chamois skin bag for carrying jewelry in, is made of rubber. It is shaped like a dress shield and is placed over the corset near the arm. One side, on which is the pocket, is under the corset and the other side laps over. The flap has a clasp on it, which connects with the pocket itself, through the corset cloth.

To Sew Lace Edge.

When you wish to sew lace or edging to ruffles, pillowcases, petticoats and so on, first crease the hem as deep as you wish it; on this crease place the lace with the right side facing the goods, just as you would to whip it by hand, and stitch it on by machine, holding the lace a little full and the goods tight, thus giving the required fullness without basting. Then turn up the hem and stitch.

DINING CHAIRS

That You Can Depend Upon



Did you ever buy a set of dining room chairs whose joints became loose and wobbly after a short time in use? If so, you won't make the same mistake a second time. You won't make this mistake the first time either if you buy our specially constructed lock-joint dining chair. This chair does not depend upon the glue to hold at the joints, and it costs only slightly more than the ordinary weak chair.

We are showing a complete line of dining chairs, embracing over 150 styles in all the period and modern designs.

Everything for the Home at "Rochester's Home Store"

MAMMOTH ASSORTMENTS H.B. GRAVES CO. WE FURNISH HOMES COMPLETE 78 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N.Y.



Red Cross Public Health Nursing is an all-weather job. An Atlantic Division nurse is seen here starting on a visit to a snowbound settlement.



ENVOIOUS MR. ROOSTER

MR. ROOSTER had many times looked at the Weather-cock sitting on his perch on top of the barn and wished he were in his place. And one morning when it was dark and cloudy, Mr. Rooster, feeling it his duty to make more noise than usual, flew to the top of the stone wall and then to the top of some boxes and barrels, piled up by the barn.

"Nothing to do but swing around up there where he can see everything," said Mr. Rooster, looking up at the Weather-cock; "his feathers never get wet and flat as mine and here I have all the work to do."

"You think you have all the work



to do, do you?" inquired the Weather-cock. "How would you like to sit up here as I do? Rain or shine, blow high or blow low, here I have to stay in all kinds of weather."

"You, Mr. Rooster, can go inside a nice dry house when it rains or snows and when the cold weather comes you have the same warm place to live in. When the hot weather comes you creep

under the shade of the cool bushes and rest and your food is given to you by a good master.

"What happens to me? I am at the mercy of the winds; I have to turn when they blow, whether I wish to or not."

"If I wish to look west, very likely along will come old Southeast wind and turn me that way."

"Or I may be looking at the sunrise when along comes West wind and around goes my head, as he sees it. A fine time I have of it, to be sure."

"I thought you had an easy time," said Mr. Rooster, "but I should not like to change places with you if you cannot even look where you wish. But I thought it must be very fine to sit up there where every one can see you and then it would be such a fine place to crow from."

"But I do not crow," said the Weather-cock. "I just swing and swish whichever way the winds blow me."

"Can't you crow?" asked Mr. Rooster with wide-open eyes.

"Never crowed since I was made," said the Weather-cock sadly, and just then along came the wind and blew him around and down came the rain.

Mr. Rooster jumped down and ran to the shelter of his house. "I am glad I do not have to stay up there in this rain," he said. "And he never has crowed either."

"Well, well, poor fellow. I am better off than I thought, even if I do have to get up and start the day. I shall never envy him again. Can't crow! What is the use of being a rooster anyway, if you can't crow?" and Mr. Rooster began to crow loudly for joy that he was not on top of the barn in the rain.

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SCHOOL DAYS



The leather natatorium.