

The Wrong House

By LULU LANGDON

"Confound those storage people," muttered Tom Bryant, as he unlocked the door of his apartment and ushered his friend Wells into an empty room. He stared round him. "Here's that confounded landlord of mine decorated the walls in saffron when I went over the matter with him a dozen times and he swore by all the gods to do them in red. And the storage men were on their honor to have my furniture in today. I tell you, Billy, it makes a fellow tired."

They entered and sat down upon a board which the painters had left stretched out between two step-ladders. Tom lit his pipe and began puffing savagely.

The men were old acquaintances whom fate had driven apart for many years. Recently Tom Bryant had been spending his vacation with Wells in the Adirondacks, and the latter had accompanied him back to his home, to be his guest for a few days. Mrs. Bryant, who had been visiting her mother, was expected on the following morning.

"I'm going round to the storage men the first thing in the morning," said Tom, "and I'm going to tell them some of the things I won't do to them if they don't have my goods here before 11 o'clock. He paused and began wrinkling his brow. "Billy," he said, "if you'll give me your word of honor never to breathe a word of it I'll tell you of an extraordinary thing that happened to me when I got back from my honeymoon four years ago. Mrs. Bryant has never ceased teasing me about it, but it was mighty serious at the time, and this little episode reminds me of it."

"Word of honor," said William Wells. "Go ahead, Tom."

The other struck a fresh match for his pipe and cast the burned end into a pall of half dry paint.

"We'd just got back from a blissful three weeks' honeymoon in the mountains," he began, sending out clouds of smoke and leaning back against the ladder. "Previous to my marriage I had rented a little apartment something like this one in the West Fifties. You used to know this town pretty well, Billy; I guess you remember that section, where every house looks just like its neighbor and every street for blocks is exactly the same. Well, the place was decorated for us and our new furniture was moved in and we were both thoroughly pleased. We speculated how happy and cozy we were going to be, and all the way home in the train we talked about it and indulged in housekeeping rhapsodies.

"When we reached our apartment house the janitor met me at the door with a telegram in his hand. It was from the office, asking me to come down immediately after I returned in order to explain something that had cropped up during my absence—a matter of which I alone was cognizant. It wouldn't take more than a couple of minutes to straighten out affairs, and perhaps an hour's absence in all."

"The matter proved more important than I had anticipated. I called up my wife, explained the matter and remained at the office until late in the evening, unraveling the tangle. It was half past nine before I got home. I walked straight in, went up the three flights of stairs and unlocked the apartment door.

"It was absolutely bare, Billy, as bare as this one. The smell of fresh paint was about the only thing there was in it. Not a stick of furniture, not a rug, not a cup or saucer or a dish rag in the kitchen. And Eleanor was gone.

"Well, I spent that night pacing through the apartment, and by morning I was as nearly crazy as a man could be. Somehow or other, though, I had sense enough to call up the office to say I couldn't get down, and when I got the answer I found I could get down after all. In fact, I got down in record time. Eleanor had been telephoning all the evening before until they closed up at eleven (we were doing a rush business then), and that morning she had camped on the doorstep about six and waited till the day watchman came on duty, and then she had a fit of hysteria in his arms. And the police had been notified and were searching the hospitals and looking in all the dark corners to see if I was lying there snuggled. When I got down and Eleanor faintly in my arms and then came to and had another hysterical attack in the middle of the office floor—well, it was no joke, I tell you. And all because I had mistaken the street and walked into the corresponding house on the same block in the street above it. I tell you, Billy, my sticks and rugs looked pretty good to me when I got back with Mrs. Bryant about nine o'clock.

"But for the Lord's sake don't mention a word about it to her when you meet. You'll be surprised how she has changed from the time when you knew her four years ago.

"Where did you say you used to live?" asked William Wells.

"Number 465—across the street, Billy," said the other yawning.

"Fifty-seventh street?"

"Sure! This is Fifty-seventh street.

"Nothing," answered his friend. "They must have marked it on the corner lamps, because I call it Fifty-eighth. Tom, you're fooling you're in the wrong street."

HIGH COLLAR IS FEATURED



This is a suit of nigger duvetyn embroidered in rich braid. The simplicity of line is exquisite and a note of great smartness is added by the collar.

LIKE THE OVERSKIRT BLOUSE

Stout Women Will Never Give Up Tunic—Solution of Separate Skirt and Waist Problem.

The stout woman will never give up the tunic or overskirt blouse. It is the solution of the separate skirt and waist problem for her. Few of the new blouses cannot be worn by her, but better lines result if she chooses the blouse that is slightly longer than the hip-length midday styles, as this, if it contrasts with the skirt, is apt to emphasize hip breadth when it is not wanted.

For evening the large woman is almost unlimited in her choice of gowns. The new dyed laces can be used for her providing she does not get them too fluffy-ruffy in character. Low-draped effects, apron tunics and combinations with straight lines of satin will harmonize them with her figure. Thus she may choose a navy satin with an apron front and back of black net embroidered in crystal. The modest décolleté is U-shaped, and while the satin remains smooth and untripped at the neck and shoulders, a full overskirt of the net falls to a low waistline in front, giving to the satin a bolero appearance. Short sleeves are of the net, also the closely-folded girdle which ties in a fluffy bow at the side.

FADS AND FANCIES

The circular tunic is new and smart. Many frocks suggest the flying panel. The full-length surplice collar is seen.

Wraps continue to feature large collars. The Victorian line is used in décolletage.

The foundation skirt is still quite narrow. The newest fullness is just above the knee.

Many of the new frocks slip over the head.

Many gowns feature the full-length back panel.

Crepe de chine is used for straight tunic frocks.

Dress collars stand a little away from the neck.

Lace blouses are usually cut with kimono sleeves.

Very fashionable is the deep scollop at the hem.

Dark blue silk is very popular for the coat dress.

Pointed vestees have made their appearance.

Duvetyn and satin make an excellent combination.

The new neck is cut a little low at the back and side.

Paris looks with favor upon head work of every kind.

SKIPPER REGRETTED HIS FIB

Persistent Questioner, in the Classic Language of the Street, "Got Back at Him."

The deep-sea fisherman often has a sharp tongue and is not likely to get the worse of a verbal duel. But George, the skipper of a Yarmouth trawler, who figures in "North Sea Fishers and Fighters," by Mr. Walter Wood, certainly met with his match once whether he knew it or not.

"There's land people who come and bother you with foolish questions," he complained in recounting the hardships of a skipper's life. "I try to put 'em off, but can't allus do it. There was an old lady who worried me past endurance with her questions, askin' if the herrin's were caught in barrels, as she'd sometimes seen 'em that way in shops. I told her no, and then she aggravated me to that extent that I told the only fib I ever spoke in my life.

"How do you kill 'em when you've caught 'em?" she asked.

"We bite off their heads," I answered.

"She looked at the catch of herrin's we had. 'My! My!' she murmured, walkin' away. 'How tired your poor jaws must be!'"

POINT HE HAD OVERLOOKED

Until That Moment, of Course, Thug Had Not Realized He Was Breaking the Law.

Archibald Periwinkle had \$14 in his pocket, and he hunted to walk home that night.

However, he decided that four bits was too much to pay for a taxi ride, so he started afoot. From the shadow of a building stepped a masked man.

"Throw up your hands," commanded the man, presenting a gun.

Archibald did. But he frowned. "Sir," said Archibald, "have you a permit to carry that gun?"

"I have not," replied the thug.

"Then you are breaking the law. You do not wish to do that, do you?"

"No, indeed," replied the thug. "Thank you for calling my attention to it."

And, throwing his gun away, the man disappeared in the darkness.

SIMPLE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

As Benevolent Old Gentleman Pointed Out, Desired Result Might Easily Be Attained.

The beautiful young woman, dressed in fashion's most pronounced style, entered the street car and sat beside a rather benevolent-looking old man. As the car started she happened to glance out the window at a bunch of little girls playing on the sidewalk.

"Don't they look happy," she gushed. "But no wonder. Why, I remember my happiest days were when I used to wear short, little gingham dresses."

Now the man had seen her enter the car, and he was well informed about the length of the dress she was wearing. "You might try gingham instead of the silk you're now wearing," he suggested.

Advanced Backwards.

Speaking about great retreats, the German army pulled off one that ranks with the best.

The large town of Fanchonville, won by the Germans in their first drive, became a headquarters for the three succeeding years. In the meantime they advanced a dozen miles further.

Then came the inevitable. Beaten by Yank, Tommy and Pollu, they were obliged to turn their faces back toward Germany. Feeling, however, that an orderly retreat would wreak havoc with the men's morale, the general, in a flash of inspiration, posted this order:

"Advance at once to the rear and retake Fanchonville!"—American Legion Weekly.

Decorations.

The other morning a high school senior came into the assembly room with a large white chrysanthemum pinned in the lapel of his coat. No one seemed to notice it at first, so he moved about in a way that would make the chrysanthemum, which his best girl had given him, very conspicuous.

Finally he succeeded. One of the sophomores passed him as he stood in the midst of one of his old classes. "Hello, Fred," he exclaimed, "where did you get that bunch of slaw you're wearing on your coat?"—Indianapolis News.

A Familiar Warning.

A man was walking down a street in Dorchester the other day and an acquaintance some distance behind was calling out after him: "Hey, Luke! Hey, Luke!"

As the man ahead did not show any sign of hearing, a war on the street corner shouted: "Stop, Luke, and listen!"—Boston Transcript.

Must Have Been.

"He went across to the fireplace and stood with his back to its warmth, starting into the fire with unseeing eyes.—From a popular magazine.

Obviously the poor fellow's head was turned.—London Punch.

Better Convert the Enemy.

Any business act which nets one friend and one enemy is a bad proposition. For the enemy can accomplish more harm as a knocker than the friend can do as a press agent or booster.—The Nation's Business.

COAT-FROCK MODE

Garment Can Be Relied Upon to Do Long Service.

Wrap May Be Worn Over It on Cold Days; Stole Later, Then Just by Itself.

In the very earliest days of the new year when crocuses begin to poke their yellow noses through the brown earth, and the air blows fresh and clean with a promise of good things to come, we feel a keen desire to throw aside our heavy wraps of winter and to walk abroad, in the pale sunlight, unencumbered by their weight. We shall still need to be warmly clothed, and for this season we shall probably find ourselves considering some of the beautifully warm and light wooled materials, with which the shops are crowded, with a view to purchasing a new coat-frock.

For a coat-frock, at this season of the year, observes a writer in the Christian Science Monitor, may well be regarded as an absolutely safe investment, one that can be relied upon to do us good service for many months to come. On the coldest days we can always wear a wrap over it and then when things warm up a little it can be worn very comfortably with a stole and later on in the year, of course, just by itself.

The latest expression of the coat-frock is that which is carried out in two wooled materials, the one plain such as duvetyn or velours de laine, and the other a wool broadie. Some of these latter have the pattern all



Coat-Frock of Two Materials.

worked out in one color, and the more attractive are those which combine two or three harmonizing colors, and when used in combination with a plain material of the most salient shade in the pattern some very original and pleasing effects can be obtained.

Coat-frocks are also very successful when made of wool jersey or stockingette, some charming effects being obtained by an embroidered stockingette being used with a plain one. The embroidery may be done with silk or fine wool, and small steel, gold, or colored beads may be introduced to enhance the pattern.

THINGS NOW WORN IN PARIS

Artificial Flowers as Part of Headdress; Yellow and Orange for Evening Wear.

The French style trend in hairdressing that includes some rather elaborate headdresses is fast being accepted here, especially by young women and debutantes, who affect rather elaborate headdresses of artificial flowers, in many cases matching the flowers that trim their frocks in the way of girdles and skirt garlands.

Little girls' midseason dance frocks are of crepe de chine in two-tone combinations and colorful organdies trimmed with net ruffles.

Gray, it is said, is a color choice for spring, made up without color combination and in combination with henna and navy.

Crepe weave in silk will be extensively used for dresses of all descriptions this coming spring.

Yellow and rich orange are two colors for evening wear that seem to hold the preference over many other colors, equally lovely but less brilliant.

Blouses of crepe de chine and georgette in combination are a spring novelty, and these fabrics used individually are also much in evidence.

Egyptian and Russian motifs and colorings are extensively used in embroidery treatment on blouses of silk crepe.

Long sleeves for spring blouses of the tailored and semitailored type are an assured style trend.

To Wear Under Sports Skirt.

To wear under the sports skirt, a neat silk jersey petticoat finished with a long silk fringe will be just the right thing.

SPLINTERS

Luck and work are twins.

Knowledge must be earned by study.

A burnt cat shuns the fireplace.—Tamil.

Don't stop to pick up the kind words you drop.

Greatest of all things is love—if it's the real thing.

The love that never grows less is the love for money.

He burns his candle at both ends.—Dutch proverb.

Never argue with a wasp; it always carries its point.

After putting up a bluff a man is sure to stumble over it.

Father Time is no gallant; he always tells on a woman.

A sly enemy is worth more than ten others.—German proverb.

Wise is the chap who apologizes before he gets a black eye.

Even speed when we are anxious seems like delay.—Syrus.

It is one thing to wish for something, and quite another to work for it.

Every unselfish act is turning the searchlight into some dark corner.

Some folks act as if they were attending a continuous funeral service.

Few photographers would care to take people for what they are worth.

When the habit of perseverance has been formed, hard duties become easy.

Every dog has his day, but it's not every dog that knows when he's having it.

Fine literature is a mosaic in which unexpected words are in opposite places.

"Principle is a higher thing than feeling, and will stand life's test far better."

Love makes the world go round, but matrimony gives it the flat-wheel motion.

The sparrow can fly for short distances at the rate of about 80 miles an hour.

A dressmaker may not have a graceful form, but she knows how to make up for it.

Many clergymen in London, it is said, are paid lower wages than street sweepers.

Love of the limelight is totally incomprehensible to those who don't care for it.

Even the man who carries chips on both shoulders doesn't necessarily walk upright.

Most people are more than satisfied with their misfortunes, but not with their fortunes.

Ireland spends less per capita on drink than any other part of the United Kingdom.

The glory of life is to love; not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.

Mankind is divided into two classes—those who drive autos and those who dodge them.

Those who always predict disaster have a distressing penchant for rocking the boat.

Luckily it's impossible for a woman to tell the difference between her first born and a genius.

The great dome of St. Paul's cathedral, London, is supported on eight underground piers.

Many old frontier saloons in the West are being rebuilt into parsonages and churches.

A golf tournament for one-armed players was a novelty staged recently by a club in Paris.

Lots of men wouldn't know what to do with their money if they should ever get out of debt.

A good many people think they have done their duty to a friend when they tell him not to worry.

The Polynesians believe that the moon at its waning is devoured by the spirits of the dead.

A girl seldom begins to take life seriously until she has been up against one case of unrequited love.

It is currently rumored that owing to the advance of lumber the price of board will also be raised.

All things that are supposed to come to him who waits are subject to change in price without notice.

Digging will do more than wishing toward making a beautiful garden. Just as true of the garden of the heart.

DAISY ROBINSON



Daisy Robinson, the "movie" star, made her debut as a child—one of the fairies in the production of Peter Pan. Later she played juvenile roles in a Brooklyn stock company, when she was taken over by a large motion picture producing concern. She has appeared with some of the leading film players. She declares she likes comedy best.

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"IN" AND "INTO."

THE distinction between the uses of these two words, "in" and "into," can be expressed best by giving examples of proper and improper usage. Therefore, compare the two sentences which follow: "The man walked in the house" and "The man walked into the house." In the first case the action was confined entirely to the house; that is, the man was in the house, and he walked therein. But in the second case, the man was outside the house, and he entered it. "In" shows state of being, or position; "into" denotes action, movement, tendency or direction.

Do not say: "I fell in the water," but say: "I fell into the water." Following is a case in which the two words are used correctly in one sentence: "I threw the stone into the house, and it lies in the room." "Come in the house," says the mother to the child. She should say: "Come into the house."

How It Started



POSTAGE-STAMPS.

THE first stamp for letters as a revenue producing agent was introduced into Great Britain by Sir Rowland Hill in 1840. For a while the stamps were simply bits of paper, which had to be pasted on the letter by the purchaser. The first adhesive stamp was the English "one-penny black." It was not until 1854 that perforated stamps came into use. Before this all stamps had to be cut apart.

Doe in Town.

Beavertown, Pa.—A large doe chased by dogs came down the main street here the other day, and taking a flying leap, landed in the garden of Fuller's hotel. After a few minutes she again jumped the fence and trotted through the business streets, often stopping to look in windows. The doe returned to the garden and then to the woods.

