

A LITTLE COURAGE

By GRACE CANFIELD.

"Charlie Wetherbee," remarked that young man to his own reflection as he juggled at a colorful tie, "do you realize that you are twenty-one today—a rising business man, and yet you haven't got a girl? You poor boob! Ardeth Appel doesn't even know that you exist. Are you never going to forget her and go hunt up a wife?"

The blue eyes glared back at him for a moment, then twinkled irrespressibly.

"Yes, by gum, I am," replied the other Charlie. "And I'm going to be married today! I appoint myself a committee of one to declare a holiday."

The fates had been preparing a little joke on Charlie Wetherbee. There was a girl, beautiful, rich, and full of the love of adventure, who, unknown to herself, had been adored for years by a youth strong, active and poor, but also loving adventure.

Ardeth Appel did not know Charlie at all—or she had not until the fates took a hand.

Charlie smiled blithely as he swung down the street to the station on his way to New York on his search for a wife. But every step took him away from her, and by the time he bought his ticket, his smile had faded a little.

"Wonderful weather," he remarked to himself enthusiastically, and forced a large, artificial smile. He wondered if, after all, he wanted a wife, when he couldn't have Ardeth. He prepped up the fast-fading grin with two fingers.

"Why grieve so hard? asked an old gentleman.

"I beg your pardon?" stammered Charlie.

Charlie looked at him earnestly, seized with a sudden desire to confide in someone.

"I am sad," he confessed, "and so would you be if you had loved a girl for five years without ever meeting her."

"But why don't you meet her?"

"Can't. I am only a poor working boy, and her father is a millionaire—more or less. She sure is a winner, though," in a musing tone.

Charlie's smile was gone now, and it had been his undoing. If he had not been so busy trying to hold on to it, he would have seen Ardeth Appel get in at the other end of the car. She, too, had felt the urge of adventure that morning, and had slipped out of the house before her father could stop her.

Now as Charlie Wetherbee told his sorrows to the kind gentleman, something strange happened to him. He had just said: "It's pretty hopeless, I guess," when he suddenly felt that it couldn't be—it mustn't be hopeless! Unaware that the train had stopped, and that the passengers were filing out, he said in a loud, determined voice, looking straight ahead:

"No, it is not! Some day," he continued with conviction, "I am going to marry that girl!" And as he spoke he looked right into the eyes of the girl herself! The fates chuckled with glee.

Ardeth, at first inclined to feel insulted, was suddenly amused. Looking calmly back into the clear, honest eyes of the stranger she answered:

"You may consider yourself accepted." Before the astonished young man could follow she was speeding away in the luxurious limousine of a school friend.

It was two years before the fates gave him the opportunity. The morning was perfect, and Charlie quite looked the successful young business man as he boarded the train bound for a conference in New York. The train was crowded and when Charlie saw that he must share the seat with Ardeth Appel or stand up, he felt that the moment was indeed his.

He settled himself beside Ardeth with a polite, impersonal bow, and began to read a story.

"Things like this just don't happen, you know," he broke the silence casually. Ardeth, startled, looked a question.

"Like this story," he went on, "I loved a girl for years without her knowing it. He sees her on the train one day and, throwing all caution to the winds, proposes to her.

"How improbable!" But the girl's cheeks were suddenly flushed.

"She calls his bluff, though," he continued in the same impersonal tone, "and accepts him."

"You say he has always loved her?" The girl's voice was faint.

"Since he was a kid. But her father had no use for him. Good chap, too," he added, brazenly.

The girl recognized him suddenly, and an overpowering embarrassment seized her. What would this terrible young man say next?

Then Charlie Wetherbee took his life in his hands and leaned forward. "What do you think the fellow's chances would be?" he asked.

Ardeth could not but admire the courage which had prompted these words, and her tone was not too angry as she replied:

"I should say—with as much poise as she could summon—that the young man ought to go to her and beg her pardon."

NEW FROCKS ARE HINT OF SUMMER

Organdies, Voiles, Taffetas and Light Weight Materials at Southern Resorts.

DRESSES OF TWO MATERIALS

Combinations Are Holding Their Own; Featured in Sports Clothes of Which the American Woman is So Fond.

Under southern skies, at the southern resorts, is the place to see the new summer clothes—vorn, and wherever we go there, in search of fashion's inspiration, writes an authority on styles, we are greeted by organdies and voiles, taffetas and summer silks—anything that is light in weight and transparent in texture. From the look



One of the New Sports Suits From Paris Has Cotton Poplin Skirt and Blue Serge Coat.

of the new, thin frocks one imagines that the old-fashioned style books have been combed and everything of a mediocre type discarded without further notice, for we are confronted with only the best, the most exquisite, the simplest and the most picturesque of designs. One sight of the clothes in a shop here and a wild desire seizes one to take the first train for the South in search of an opportunity to wear some of these lovely things.

It is necessary for us here to wear furs and woolen wrappings, but many are the fortunate ones who are migrating to a gentle climate, and they are busily buying outfits directly the opposite of the heavier coverings.

How refreshing it is to enter a shop and see displayed all those fresh and dainty garments while imagination supplies the necessary surrounding. There comes a picture of the southern sea with its beach dotted by colorful clothes all made according to the latest dictates of a fashion decree.

Dimities and organdies and printed muslins are the thin things for dressy occasions that have received the greatest amount of attention. And they are not only for the time being. They are setting a pace for our own summertime later on; any innovation now advanced is one that carries weight, for it may be the thing that will rule the fashions of our coming summertime. They cannot be ignored, these southern fashions. Even if one is not among those who are to wear the newest things at once, still they hold their interest as an indication for dresses to come. Many are they, too, who take advantage of the chance to be before-hand and have their summer things made up at this time of the year. Now there is the most varied choice of new cottons and silks. Later they will be picked over in the stores and not nearly so great a variety will be available. Now one can attend to fittings and designs without being prostrated by the heated blasts of late spring and summer days. One's mind works more freely and is more subject to the inspiration supplied by the fresh new things being displayed around every corner.

Materials Are Numerous. The materials allowed for smart summer frocks are as numerous as the days of the summertime. There is no hard and fast rule about what shall be worn and what shall be taboo. Indeed, if ever there was a chance for latitude it is right here and now, and the individual may choose her clothes according to her own likings and desires with never a fear that they will be running far ahead.

Organdie is perhaps the favorite of all the thinner materials only because it is so very becoming to almost every type of womanhood and girlhood, and childhood, for that matter. A few years ago it started to rise in popular favor, and its growth in popularity has been a steadily increasing thing. The colors are what take it so extremely attractive, for they have reached the maximum of perfection. The shades are as ach-

illating as so much pure color, and the fact that the thinness of the fabric helps to catch and reflect the light is something that is charming in itself. Nothing can set up competition with it. It is safe and sound and unassailable, right there on its own platform.

Some of the organdie frocks are made quite elaborately, while others are most simple and unpretentious in construction and workmanship. One of the more intricate models is made of a sort of maize colored organdie, trimmed with inserts of the same color and material made in fine pin tuckings. These shapes are oval, are inserted at intervals on the full skirt and are outlined in bands of lace insertion shaped to conform with the outlines of the oval motifs. The lace is cream colored and adds the only note of relief from the predominance of the maize color. Another organdie model has a skirt with narrower ruffles extending all the way and in close succession from the hem to the waist.

A panel just in front is made of the organdie unadorned by ruffles, and there is a finely tucked vest, with a sort of an apology for an eton jacket. There is a velvet ribbon grille of dark sage green, while the organdie in the gown is of that light and singing green.

The Dotted Swisses. Then there are the dotted swisses—sisters to the organdie family. They have dots of color and dots of the same shade as the foundation material, dots that are large and dots that are small, dots that are separated by many inches from each other and dots that are close together. Each new arrangement of the little dots gives a whole new appearance and character to the fabric, and each new handling by a designer gives a new touch that the frock stand out as something quite exquisite and fresh among all the others. On the new summer frocks there are overskirts a-plenty, and there is one of jade dotted organdie made in a sort of princess line with side panels that are full and make an effect like an overskirt. The only trimming on this gown is an edging of maize organdie laid on in a two-inch double fold and outlining the edges of the overskirt, the neckline and the bell-shaped sleeves. It is an attractive color combination and a new idea in the use of a combination of dotted swiss and plain organdie.

A dainty frock is an indispensable part of any of the present summer wardrobes, for this fabric has been perfected in a most remarkable manner both as to dye and weave. It has a distinct character of its own. One of these in a bright pink cross-bar is made with a full skirt that has tiny flutings of the frock's material running up either side from the hem to the waistline. It has a wide and rounded sash edged by the same sort of flutings, and the bodice is made quite snugly fitting, with the same little plaitings running about the edges of the neck and sleeves.

There are the sports clothes of which particular notice must be taken, because they do constitute so large a part of our dressing as a whole. They are the foundation of any outdoor outfit, and so great a variety is offered for their choice that it is almost necessary to know just which things are best and which are only nearly best. The sports suit of heavy or light homespun is always good, and this season more particularly than

any other.

MADE RAG FIGURES POPULAR

Russian Princess Instrumental in Causing a Return to Pastime That Was in Favor Long Ago.

It was the fashion a little time ago to think scornfully of the woolwork screens, the paper flowers or the wax figures made by the women of the past, but now they are eagerly sought and added to collections of articles illustrating home life.

History repeats itself, and to this busy athletic age has come a wave of the old finger-work fashion. Lately it was pictures made with feathers, now it is little figures made from rags. These last were the idea of Mme. Wolkoff, formerly the Russian imperial court, when at Petrograd, where the little figures were sold for the benefit of Russian soldiers. Since Mme. Wolkoff has been in England she has modeled little statuettes of well-known people, all in characteristic attitude and lifelike appearance. Odd pieces of rag have been manipulated to make these charming little figures, which vie with the paper modeling and the wax groups of the past.

A Rap. Ellery Sedgwick, the Boston editor, detests the best seller of type of novelist and avails himself of every opportunity to rap best sellers over the knuckles.

Mr. Sedgwick, at a Cambridge tea, was approached by a best-seller novelist from the West.

"Say, old man," the best seller began, "I'll be sending you a thing or two of mine one of these days. I suppose you know about the success of my last yarn? No? Well, by gosh, she's been translated into French, German, Spanish and Chinese."

"Why don't you get somebody to translate her into English?" said Mr. Sedgwick dryly.

Avoid the Hurrying Habit. It is a simple matter for any parent to ascertain how much time a child should be given to dress, eat, walk to school, so that all can be done without undue haste. And once the time requirements are ascertained, training to habituate the child to comply with them may be promptly and earnestly begun.

Then the distressing command, "Hurry! Hurry!" will not be heard echoing through the house. There will be no flustering of the little mind, no tumultuous beating of the little heart—sad fore-runners of the hurry and worry of the years to come.—H. Adlington Bruce in Chicago Daily News.

Praise Where Due. The good old minister naturally wished to speak of all who had participated in the benefit concert, and, happily, could praise the efforts of most of the volunteer performers with sincerity and truth.

"And Miss Hightry?" some one asked. "Did she sing well?" The old gentleman hesitated, then smiled benignly.

"Miss Hightry's intentions were excellent—splendid—most to be admired!" he declared enthusiastically.

New Man, by Jove! "You can't really imagine how stoical and Spartanlike my Archie has become since his return from the war," declared one of the prominent members of the Association of Mothers of Veterans of the Battle of Paris. "Would you believe it, my dear, he rode all the way from New York to Philadelphia in a day coach and never complained—just said it was all part of the day's work!"—American Legion Weekly.

Wise Girl. First Nursemaid—Yes, the father is French and the mother Spanish. Second Nursemaid—Well, is the little one a Frenchman or a Spaniard? First Nursemaid—Who knows? He hasn't started to talk yet.

Early Observation. The Teacher—What bird has been thought by some to bring sorrow and trouble to houses over which it hovered? Robbie Multikids—The stork.

Design for Navy Blue Coat Dress in Blue, Cleverly Embroidered With Touches of Red.

ever because so many smart women have adopted it as a part of their outfit, whether for the city or the country.

One of the latest ideas in an informal outdoors suit has a skirt made of a French material that is a red pique weave with a plaid of black stripes making its pattern. It is a most effective piece of material and hangs into the folds of the skirt with the utmost ease and adaptability. Then the loosely fitting very dark blue serge jacket is a proper complement to the vividness of the skirt. This combination promises to be one of the popular ones for spring, for it is one of the most exclusive that has been chosen for exploitation at southern resorts.

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BEAUTIFUL SCENIC IN SPRING

Santa Clara Valley in California in Bloom Season is One of the World's Wonders.

The true California resident will advise you that the bloom season is one of the wonders of the world, and the traveler who has stood on a high point and overlooked millions of acres of blooming fruit trees, will concur in this, especially when the wholesome atmosphere is there to add emphasis to the belief.

View the great Santa Clara valley, or as much as can be seen from one point, during the spring blossom season. What a wonderful spectacle it is! This great valley, of all California valleys, leads in the plantations devoted to deciduous fruits, such as apricots, peaches, plums, almonds, cherries and plums. When the spring bloom opens out upon the trees, the whole valley floor and the folds of the bordering hills is filled with the delicate tints of their blossoms.

At that particular season the Santa Clara valley presents a spectacle of wonderful beauty, not to be surpassed on earth and very likely not to be equaled by any of its kind. While the same colors, and perhaps in equal purity, are to be seen wherever in the world these stone-fruit bloom, it is not probable that anywhere else in the world is so great an area of them to be seen at a single view.

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SCHOOL DAYS



Dad's old ones

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THE display of Lamps in new and novel designs is one of the "Eye-feasts" at Rochester's Home Store.

- Brush Brass
- Antique Copper
- McKinley Gold
- Verde
- Japanese
- Cloisone
- Etruscan Bronze
- Hand Decorated
- Italian Pottery
- Mahogany
- Pompeian Pottery
- Florentine Pottery
- Polychrome
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