

ALTHEA

By DOROTHY O. GRAVES.

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A large gray car purred along the uneven country road. The driver, a man of 60, his hair iron-gray, his eyes clear, guided it skilfully. He was content with his lot, and well might he be. Fortune had dealt kindly with him. When a boy he had left this very county with no more than a silver dollar in his pocket and his wardrobe on his back. Now as the car swept through the dusk and the familiar old hills recalled to him his past life it was with no little satisfaction that he knew his wealth had been accrued with no hardship to another. So far as he knew, he had harmed no one and all who knew him respected him. That there was something lacking the old man was aware. The man stopped the car and jumped out with the agility of youth. His eyes sought a familiar landmark. It was there. A narrow winding footpath bordered by a little garden of sweet alyssum, baby's breath, and mignonne. Having curved around a clump of hollyhocks, the path abruptly ended before a toy-like little white house. A single candle glowed yarm in a window. The man knocked softly at the green paneled door. His heart bounded at the response he remembered so well, a light springing step—the same. The door opened and the gentleman saw before him in the candle-light, a dainty little woman in gray, her white hair curling softly above serene blue eyes. A single rose nestled in her bosom, its freshness no fairer than its wearer's cheeks. Behind her in the tiny room the candle-light glowed on polished surfaces of tables and chairs, and the old man longed to enter. By the coldness with which the little lady regarded him, he felt he was not recognized so he offered: "Madam, my machine is at the roadside. It will not run. May I accept your hospitality?" "Come in," he noticed the voice, naturally mellow, was hard. The door closed behind them and the woman turned to him fiercely, "Hugh Basse, do you dare come here?" The old man was startled and because he did not understand he asked with sincere wonder. "Miss Serena, I do not know why I should not come back. I passed through the village, the old hills recalled our youth, and that same old clump of immortelles by the gate decided me. I could not pass this by. "Hugh Basse, you'll say that to me, Althea's sister?" "Althea?" the old man echoed, "but why Althea? She was but a baby. It was always you, Miss Serena, even if I did not come back before." "Say no more of that, sir, what of Althea's child?" "Ah, she married?" "You ask that? Men are cruel." The old man pondered. Truly, he did not know what the little woman meant nor why her fury. Again the green paneled door opened briskly. A pretty girl of 19 entered with a soft rustle of summer skirts. "Why auntie, I did not know of company." She advanced to the old man and held to him a cordial hand. "Did I see your car in the lane?" The old man assented and smiled kindly into the bright black eyes. Miss Serena shuddered and commanded sternly. "Helen, go to your room. I will call you when—when—" "Hugh Basse, is that your child?" The old man drew back in astonishment. The little room seemed to whirl about him. "Althea's child? My child?" echoed in his ears. "Hugh"—trembling. Miss Serena seated herself and pointed to a chair for him—"didn't you send for Althea to come to you in the city." "Never!" the old man answered truthfully. Miss Serena covered her face with her hands. "She said you did—Althea said you did. She said Helen was your child." She searched his face for the truth. "When Althea died she said you were Helen's father. The neighbors all know. Helen knows and believes it is you. Again the silence was heavy. The little gilt clock ticked faster and faster, until the old man could not bear the sound of it. He arose unsteadily and stumbled to the door, an older man. His fingers fumbled for the old-fashioned brass latch. He found it, and slowly drew open the door. A gust of wind swept across his hot brow, cooling its feverishness. Beyond in the moonlight the old familiar hills rested sublime in the night. The man turned slowly back into the room. He forgot the open door and knelt before the little woman, his large hands groping for hers. "Serena," he said, his voice vibrant and urgent, "I did Althea no harm, nor any man or woman; but I will say I did before the world. I will claim Helen as my own if you will take me as I am and love me." "Hugh, I loved you; I love you, but I cannot marry you. If you will take Helen—the neighbors, you know," she sobbed softly now. The old man arose slowly. "I will take Helen," he said, "to prove to you I love you." And the kind old man took upon his shoulders the burden of another's sin.

"COURTS OF LOVE" IN FRANCE

Seven Hundred Years Ago Noble Ladies Laid Down a Strict Code for "Gay Science." In southern France, seven hundred years ago, court etiquette and the forms of social intercourse among the nobility were regulated by women. War yielded to love and the cultivation of the "gay science." Each troubadour must elect some lady—generally the wife or daughter of his patron—as the object of his addresses. Gallantry, however, must not transcend certain conventional limits, under pain of banishment or of dire physical penalties, of which the history of the troubadours furnishes not a few examples. This separation of passionate devotion from the idea of marriage has not been without its effect upon subsequent society and literature. The establishment of courts of love seems so fantastic that their very existence has been doubted. They were composed of noble ladies, whose authority was regulated by a code of love, disobedience to which was punished by expulsion. This code is given by Andre le Chapelain in a Latin treatise, written about 1180. Of its 31 maxims we quote the following: He who conceals not his feelings from others cannot love. No one can be bound by a double love. Wedlock is no excuse against love. Love is ever increasing or diminishing. She who survives her lover is bound to a two years' widowhood. It is shame to love those to marry whom is shame. Love published rarely endures. Easy acceptance repels love; coyness encourages love. True love craves not the embrace of any save its companion. Every lover is wont to pale in presence of his love. Full of love is full of fear. To a lover, love can deny nothing. He that is overburdened by luxury cannot love. Nothing prevents one woman being loved by two men, or two men by one woman.—From "Literature of All Nations."

Latest Market News. J. G. G. of the curb district favors us with the following resume of stock market conditions: Tires are flat, he reports. Cement is hardening. Telescopes are looking up. Airplanes coming down. Jellies are stiffening, but nothing stirring in cereals. Coffee is strong. Hats are off. Rising tendency in yeast. Eggs broke badly. Tinware looks brighter. Shoes are pegged. Shipping is buoyant. Coal presents a black aspect. Toy balloons indicate inflation. Soft spots in fruit. Whisky is still. Pocketbooks show no change.—Boston Transcript.

A Fish Story. The story that made millions laugh—that one which includes, "Thunder! Thar hain't no sich animal!"—has, we think, a pretty good running mate in the following more recent one. A countryman was standing on a fish pier where the day's catch was being landed. Presently a swordfish of monstrous size was hoisted up, and the old fellow stared at it in wonder and amazement. He positively could not believe his senses, and when at last he recovered himself sufficiently to speak it was only to exclaim: "The shade in the pattern some very original that caught that fish is a darn liar!"

Permanent Places. Mrs. Douglas Robinson, whose speeches were a feature of the presidential campaign, said at a reception in New York: "Making a speech is nothing like so difficult as keeping a servant. I know a young woman who has actually changed her cook 17 times in the last three months. "This young woman said to me the other day with a sigh: "When cooks go to heaven it must annoy them awfully to find out that they can't leave."

Above the Fogs. There is one feature of the crossing of the English channel in airplanes which possesses special interest, namely, avoiding the fogs which are the greatest source of danger to vessels in that crowded sea tract. It is said that by keeping at an elevation varying from 1,100 to 1,300 feet the aviator is able to pass above the fog that covers the water. During the recent airplane passenger trips from England to France this has been brought out in striking fashion.

Logical. "Johnny," said his mother, "you haven't washed the back of your neck. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "What for? I can't see it." "But other people can." "They can't unless I turn my back on them. And you always told me it was impolite to do that."—Boston Transcript.

Further Remarks Suppressed. Girl (making a surprise call to her sweetheart over the telephone)—Hello, dearest! He—Hello! Who is this, please?—New York Sun.

One Point of Difference. He—Hello, kid! She—How dare you speak to me? I don't know you from Adam. He—You ought to. I'm dressed differently.

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, unscumbered 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 woolen 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 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 woolen materials, the one plain such as duvetyne or velours de laine, and the other a wool brocade. 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 Head-dress; 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 semifitted 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.

HIGH COLLAR IS FEATURED



This is a suit of nigger duvetyne 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 middy styles, an 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 with her figure. Thus she may choose a navy satin with an apron front and back of black net embroidered in crystal. The modest decollete is U-shaped, and while the satin remains smooth and untrimmied 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 decollete. 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 scallop at the hem. Dark blue silk is very popular for the street dress. Deep-pointed vestees have made their appearance. Duvetyne and satin make an excellent combination. The new neck is cut a little low at the back and side. Paris looks with favor upon hand work of every kind. White fur and dark velvet are combined with success. Afternoon frocks appear as lace-over-satin creations. Evening wraps employ large flat flowers as ornaments. Straight-line effects are emphasized by elaborate embroideries. The long body line has been used in many gowns and dresses. The wide peasant sleeves are worked in gay body embroideries. Lace Corsets New Vogue. Lace corsets are new, and stouter than they sound, for the lace is strong Battenburg or Cluny, and stitched bindings of silk, stay the edges and make a foundation for the eyelets through which laces pass. Very light bones are placed under silk cambray here and there. These lace corsets are dainty affairs. The Strapped Slipper. The single wide strap, narrower where it joins the slipper and wider on the instep, remains the favorite mark of this season's slippers. Of course the slipper strapped about the ankle is still worn, but the other is newer.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good.

By JESSE ROBERTS. **EMI LIASIS ON HEALTH.** YOUR economic success is largely a matter of good health: this fact is being recognized today as it never was before. No one can do good work and be out of sorts. Any serious or prolonged illness is a drain on your earning power and an increase in your expense account. "Keep Well" is a slogan you might just as well adopt at once, and then live up to. For very largely it is in your own hands whether or not you shall be in good health. No woman should work at a job that is hurting her. No question of high salary will pay her for such recklessness. There are jobs a man can do with no harm, but not a woman. Let her leave such work alone. There are rules of hygiene, as excellent as they are simple, which it is up to you to know and understand. You must be properly fed, properly rested, kept clean and unclogged. Don't fill yourself with patent medicines. If you are ill see the best doctor you can get and do what he tells you. If you have any reason to fear that you are not in good condition go to a reputable man or to a hospital for a complete physical examination. Don't put this off because you are busy or fear the expense. Put your emphasis on health. Don't fool with a good constitution simply because you are blessed with one. If your work is trying, treat yourself during your rest time with consideration, give the machine a chance to recuperate, or change your job. (Copyright.)

THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH. MARCH. In what a travail is our Springtime born! Mid laden skies and garments of gloom. Wild waves of cloud the drifting start consume. And shiplens seas of heaven greet the morn. The forest trees, stand sad and weep post-tern, Memorials of Summer's waned bloom. For unto March, the sister most belorn, No roses come her pathway to illumine. Yet 'tis the month the Winter northward flies. With one last trespassing of savage might. Now stirs the earth of green that underlies. This other earth enwrapped in garb of white. And while poor March, grown weary, droops and flies. The little Springtime opens wide its eyes. (Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I sat down once to write a verse— A feeling came too strong for me. My little soul went soaring far, A leaf wind-swept by poetry. FROM



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