

THE AWAKENING

By GERTRUDE ALLEN.

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Rosamond was in that delightful state which is neither sleeping nor waking, and was vaguely aware that it was morning, for the town was becoming vocal. A dim suspicion of dawn made the windows faintly visible, but it surely could not be time to get up.

A wave of thankfulness swept over her at the thought that she was safely in her own little white-and-pink bedroom, and then she slipped back into dreamland and found herself walking along a brookside, a little buff spangled running in and out of the water beside her. A rainbow arched the brook and receded as she advanced. Suddenly she heard an ominous growl, which resolved itself into the rumble of a passing dray.

"Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning," she repeated drowsily. She was back in dreamland, where a queer old woman sat rocking, singing in a raucous voice, "John Anderson, my Jo," and as she sang she changed into a lovely young girl with a spinning wheel, who seemed inclined to speak when Rosamond became aware that the hum of the wheel was really made by a street car two blocks off.

She stretched lazily and smiled a little, thinking sleepily of the small white-and-pink room—her very own room—the "apple blossom room"—so called because when the house was built years and years before an apple tree stood in front of the east window of the room, and in its flowering season filled the little room with its fragrance. Ah, she could smell it now, though the apple tree had long since disappeared.

She began to realize that it was morning and time to wake up, and then dozed off once more. Now she was in a sleigh rapidly approaching a vertical precipice, but on the very edge, the catastrophe was averted by Ray Randall, who suddenly appeared from nowhere, remarking, "Dreams always go by contraries."

Now she was really awake, but lying with closed eyes, trying to induce another visit from Morpheus. She was contentedly happy that she had firmly resisted all the pressure brought to bear upon her when she refused to marry Mr. Comstock, the aged millionaire.

At least he was aged according to her standards. She was nineteen and he was forty-four. To be sure, he was tall, erect, elegant and learned, but there were indications of a bald spot, and he wore spectacles, the kind with big, round lenses, and he was not slim. She had always thought of him as one of her father's cronies, and the idea of marrying him made her shiver.

Once more she dozed, and this time was part of a confused dream of apple blossoms and music, and Ray Randall, and then she was suddenly wide awake, thinking of Ray.

Poor? To be sure he was. Young? Just twenty-four. Ambitious? Certainly; he already had plans about the United States senate. But she was willing to wait, willing to work, willing to efface herself, if only she might do it for Ray. In the meantime she had her own little white-and-pink room—her sanctum sanctorum—her haven in all times of stress.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and looked straight into the eyes of Mr. Burton Comstock. She was certainly in a white-and-pink room, a very large and luxurious room; a room decorated with apple blossoms, and Mr. Comstock carried a wonderful branch of them in his hand.

"My rose of the world," he said, "a penny for your dreams; they surely must have been pleasant ones."

"Yes, Burton, in a room like this, no other kind would be possible."

"And Rosamond," continued her husband, "didn't Ray Randall use to run around in your set? I see by the morning paper that he has won the election; and also his engagement to that rich widow, Mrs. Stevens. At one time I was almost jealous of him."

"And at one time," replied Rosamond, "I almost thought I did not even like you."

Burial Place of "Mother Goose."

Near the center of the older part of Boston is a large graveyard in which are buried many notable persons of the colonial days. It is a very interesting place and the old gravestones have been well-cared for. One small stone marks the grave of "Mother Goose," to whom many thousands of children have been indebted for much innocent enjoyment.

Soldier Earned Furlough.

Private James Cunningham won a 90-day furlough from Camp Dix, N. J., when he shinned up a 90-foot pole to replace a pulley that civilian workmen said could not be replaced without lowering the pole. Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, commanding officer, was so pleased that he gave Cunningham a day's leave for every foot he shinned.

Depressing Introduction.

The chairman of a club in an Indiana city was introducing the speaker of the evening. After announcing the name of the lecturer and her subject, the chairman in conclusion said: "That year we went in debt on account of our lectures and so this year we decided that we would have a 'light' night."

PARIS HAIR MODE

Elaborate Headdresses Worn by Majority of Women.

Revival Came into Action at Nice and Monte Carlo and Has Grown Prominent.

This is going to be a season of "evening headdresses." This revival came into action at Nice and Monte Carlo during the holiday festivities. It has since then grown more and more prominent. This season in Paris, writes a correspondent, we shall find elaborate evening headdresses worn by every one—and on unexpected occasions.

A curious fact connected with this revival is this: On one hand we have women who refuse to wear any hair ornament whatever, who make a habit of dressing their hair exceedingly simple in the evening—natural waves, just a jeweled pin or two, perhaps a small comb, but nothing more. This is what one might call the "classic style" and it is admirable from every point of view.

Now that "powder and patches" are coming in again we shall witness a little war of headdresses, the ornate style which was popular in the period of Marie Antoinette or the picturesque mode of half-dressing exploited by such a beauty as Mme de Pompadour. We shall see.

Just now the favorite evening headdress takes mob-cap form. It is made of beaded or puffed tulle. Some of the more costly models are almost covered with valuable jewels and fine embroidery.

Almost always there is a dangling ornament hanging loose at one side, over the ear, sometimes there are two of these ornaments—tassels or trailing flowers, one on either side. Little chains of pearls or diamonds are attached to evening headdresses.

The Parisiennes are playing all sorts of cunning tricks with veils this year. They are wearing them large and small, square, round and oblong; thickly covered with spider-web designs or plain tulle with an elaborate border.

Many of the new spring hats have charmingly veils attached to the wide brim. The lace is always fine and as transparent as possible. The veil is so arranged that it falls over the brim unevenly—much longer at one side than the other, or very long at the back and short in front.

All-black hats, of picture order, are to be seen in the best millinery studios, and also a great many black velvet toques, the latter rather eccentric in outline and very wide at the sides.

TROTTEUR OF CASTOR SERGE



This spring trotteur or castor hat is just the thing for the season at hand.

MAKES DAINTY PARTY DRESS

French-Blue Chiffon Embroidered With Silver Beads Develops Into Winsome Frock.

A sweet and lovely dainty little party dress may be made of French-blue chiffon embroidered with silver beads, with a girle of silver cloth tied jauntily on the left side in one smart loop and end. The overskirt was made with four points, the points hung a bit below a slip of white satin. The design for heading may be carried out in bugles and round beads, or just the round beads may be used. By the way, when heading, be sure to baste the material very securely over the paper pattern, and sew the beads on with backstitches. The stitches should not be taken through the paper; the paper serves only to show the design and to hold the material in place. Another idea is to use two thicknesses of paper, so the design will not become torn, and in order to have a very firm foundation on which to work.

SATISFIED WITH DULL LIVES

Siamese Require Little, and Have a Government Which Sees That They Get It.

Bangkok, for all its modern waterworks and trolley cars, is a fairy-tale land, with a fairy-tale king, writes Florence Burgess Meehan in Asia Magazine. In Bangkok the king is a reality, not a figurehead. Two or three times a day whistles announce his approach along the street, as he takes the route to or from the golden-roofed palace and the audience hall two miles distant.

Rama VI, Oxford graduate, playwright, poet and keen administrator—is perhaps the most absolute of all the monarchs left on earth. He is an autocrat, but his government is more like an advanced state socialism than anything else. The state owns the main lines of the railroads, the oil fields, the forests and the mines. The street cars and waterworks and the lighting system of the capital are state property, and the king is the state.

Siamese are satisfied with autocracy. Siam seems to be the happiest land in the world. It has no exclusion laws. It has no class struggle. They are a happy-go-lucky people. Their by-word is "Mypemay?" ("What does it matter?") They cultivate their little rice paddies, and work at jewelry or ivory carving or weaving, but they almost invariably retain craftsmanship in a small way, content with a mere livelihood.

DAY OF HORSE ALMOST GONE

Increasing Use of Motor Apparatus Will Soon Make Him Only a Loving Memory.

A defective fire had brought the fire department to Teah and Teacuseh streets. New, bright red motor apparatus came rushing up from a half dozen firehouses. Presently a worn old hook and ladder truck, horse-drawn, appeared on the scene. It carried just the ladders the firemen needed to reach the fire.

The crowd that gathered smiled at the picture. The old horses seemed to know that they were playing an important part, even in the presence of their enemies, the motor apparatus. It was a picture of a changing time. One by one the motor machines turned away, leaving the horse machine to finish the job.

Somehow, the crowd moved toward the horses and, one by one, men, women and children, paused to stroke the manes or pat the noses of the faithful old beasts that now are fast passing to the Land of Memory.

And, somehow, the horses seemed to know and understand. Their heads were not down, however. Instead, they looked around and saw that the enemy had left the fight to them.

"Still on the job," they would have said had the crowd the power to understand them.

Yes, still on the job, but—going—going!—Indianapolis News.

National Museum Gets Opals.

The National museum in Washington has just received from Archie Rice, an opal expert in New York, 100 specimens of gem opal in the rough just as they come from the only opal mines in the United States. The opals are red, white, blue, black, brown, green and purple; two have replaced fossil wood, and three possibly fossil bones.

The mine is located in Humboldt county, Nevada, about a mile above sea level and some 200 miles inland from the Pacific; not very accessible, since the railroad town of Winnemucca is about 120 miles away. Because of the high altitude, the ordinary water content of the opals is often injuriously affected when they are removed from the ground.

Thus far, excavation for opals has gone only to a depth of 30 or 35 feet.

Prickly Pear Worries Australians.

The kind of cactus which we called the "prickly pear" has become a first-class nuisance in Australia. It grows very fast, spreads with great rapidity and forms masses of vegetation so dense that the clearing of ground once occupied by the plant is accomplished with utmost difficulty. Incidentally, it renders the land unavailable for agricultural purposes.

In response to urgent request, our government is sending to Australia, certain insects that prey upon the prickly pear. Hope is entertained that they may do enough damage to discourage the spread of the cactus plague in that part of the world.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cheap Light.

Science and invention describes a recent achievement of a French scientist, who has successfully tried out in his house a scheme for operating electric lights without cost.

Upon his water-supply pipe he has fitted a high-speed water turbine, which drives a dynamo, charging a storage battery. Every time a faucet is turned on in the house the stream of water is put to work at loading the battery, which furnishes current for the lights. "It is simply utilizing energy that is ordinarily wasted," says the inventor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Overzealous.

"What is your idea of a grafter?" "A grafter," replied Senator Sorghum, "is a man who, when he finds an opportunity knocking at his door, isn't satisfied to give it a cordial welcome, but insists on dragging it in and beating the life out of it."

SKEPTICISM OUT OF PLACE

No Announcement of Scientific Discovery May Today Be Looked Upon as Fantastic.

That the butterfly contains within itself what Huxley would have called the promise and potency of the cure of tuberculosis and perhaps of other malignant plagues might seem fantastic proposition were it not for our memory of its antecedent, remarks the North American Review. It is now about 55 years since Pasteur perceived in the fermentation of beer and wine the principle which emboldened him to declare that we should one day learn to eliminate all communicable diseases from the world. Biot, Dumas and other veterans of science were incredulous. But crying "Travailleur! travaux travailleur!" the young master of them all proceeded to cure first the "sickness" of beer and wine, then the "silkworm disease," then a formidable poultry pestilence, then one of the deadliest plagues of cattle.

Having thus worked his way up in the scale of life, he addressed himself by the same methods to the salvation of man from what had been regarded as the most hopeless and horrible of diseases, rabies, and thus opened the way of Lister, of Koch, of Finlay and Carrel, and to all the unspeakably beneficent wonders of the science of bacterial therapeutics. If thus Pasteur found in an atom of yeast the cure for rabies, typhoid, cholera, malaria, yellow fever, diphtheria and bubonic plague, there is no occasion for skepticism when his disciple, Metchnikoff, suggests that in the larva of a butterfly may be found the cure for other pestilences.

TOBACCO USERS NOT IMMUNE

Only Germs of Cholera and Meningitis Succumb to Smoke or Juice of Nicotine.

Professor Puntoni of the University of Rome has performed a series of experiments by way of determining whether tobacco, smoked or chewed, would act as a disinfectant against disease germs. For the purpose he used Tuscan cigars, Macedonian cigarettes and "very strong chewing tobacco." He placed a piece of paper covered with a saline which contained the germs of cholera, influenza, diphtheria, typhoid and meningitis in a glass jar and then filled the jar with smoke or covered the paper with tobacco juice, says New York Evening Post.

He has arrived at the depressing conclusion that, except in the case of cholera and meningitis, tobacco is powerless in the presence of germs. As to typhoid and diphtheria, he exposed the bacilli to the strongest of smoke from Tuscan cigars for one hour, and they were as robust at the end of the experiment as at the beginning.

As to tuberculosis, Professor Puntoni says that the most inveterate smoker or chewer can hope for no protection from his indulgence. The elements of tobacco that disinfect in the case of cholera and meningitis are tar, nicotine and formaldehyde.

Silk Chemises for Dusky Belles.

Lurid purple silk chemises, size 52, are becoming popular with the dusky belles along the African Congo, according to an announcement by a Chicago mail order house.

The firm's foreign department announced the notification of safe arrival from Chief Angulo in the Belgian Congo of a recent order for such undergarments for 12 of the chief's favorite wives. Because of the color and size, it was necessary to have them made to order.

"The results are quite satisfactory, however," the chief wrote.

With the chemise order came funds for "shoes with watches in their toes," rubber boots with copper toes, pink silk stockings and several hundred pounds of beads and brightly-colored cotton goods.

Twenty Years in Forestry.

The Yale forest school has just celebrated its second decennial reunion and the twentieth anniversary of its founding, says the American Forestry Magazine. Over one hundred alumni and students, or approximately 20 per cent of those who have received professional instruction at the school attended the reunion. Of the twelve leading forest schools ten are under the direction of Yale men, and eleven have Yale graduates in their faculties. In addition, forestry is taught as a subject at four other institutions by Yale graduates. In all, 43 men from this institution are engaged in training professional foresters in America.

Motion Pictures in Java.

The motion picture business in Java appears to be expanding rapidly, according to the American consul at Batavia. American pictures are increasingly popular; the types best liked are big features, comedy, news and travel films. No film of less than five reels makes a great success. The pictures which attract the native audiences are those of the action and adventure type, while the European and American audiences usually prefer well-acted drama of the type most popular in America.

Rebuked.

The prospective employer looked the applicant over carefully. "And now," he said, "about the salary: what would you expect?" "Oh, I couldn't consider less than \$10,000 a year," said the applicant. "You don't understand me," said the employer. "I don't want to buy you; I only want to rent the use of you."

Styles Matrons Will Admire



Now that style creators have proclaimed and reiterated their intention to lengthen skirts, to advocate simplicity, to pay much attention to becoming draperies, we may expect to see many lovely and dignified afternoon frocks that will delight the hearts of smart matrons. The tunic is assured and in the interest of graceful draperies, both the tunic and the underskirt are privileged to be uneven in length at the bottom. Straight hems will disappear to be replaced by lines that deviate from evenness and make a vague finish for the bottom of the skirt.

The new Canton crepe, crepe-de-chine, and other supple weaves of silk, lend themselves to all these style innovations so well that it seems as if they were made for each other. When fabrics fit the mode so perfectly one is inclined to believe that the styles were created for the fabrics. Two handsome frocks for afternoon wear, as shown above, employ the crepe weaves in silks and are dignified styles suited to older women than the models posing in them. In the frock at

the left the needs of the stout woman have been considered. It has an underslip, and long overrives of silk, woven with a drop-stitch stripe, that are unbroken in line. The overdress is split at the left side as far as the hip line and bound at the bottom with a soft ribbon. The sleeves are long and flaring, the neck round with ribbon binding. Panels of embroidery at each side and a narrow girdle, tell the brief story of its decoration.

The dress of gray Canton crepe at the right is also very simple. Its bodice and sleeve edges are finished with silk floss in a stitchery that appears again on the lower edge of the long sash. A few large dots are embroidered on the bodice, sleeves and sash. A deep fringe of beads finishes the last. Either of the gowns is recommended for formal day wear, as at the celebration of a wedding, for instance.

Julia Bottomley

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