

How the Trapper Won His Bride

By FREDERICK CLARKE.

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"Will you remember me when I am gone, Leona? Tell me!" The tone was masterful.

"Perhaps."

The man gave a sharp exclamation, and catching the girl by the wrist he said sternly:

"Don't speak that way. When you do it cuts like a knife," and his other hand fell half-consciously upon the belt of the hunting knife in his belt.

"How dare you? You know, Jean Lemare, I have never told any man that I love him."

"Actions speak louder than words," the man returned coldly. "Those glorious eyes of yours say yes, when your lips form no. You have listened to my words of love and never turned away."

"They interested me as long as they were different," the girl returned, maddeningly.

"When you have something new to say, expect me to remember you; but until then I do not care to even listen," and the trapper was left alone with his rage and love. Until his departure on the following day the spotted beauty kept out of his way, and once he had disappeared, she drew a deep sigh of relief.

Smiling a little to herself, and yet wondering if he would study something new to say to her when he emerged from the dangers of the unbroken path into the wilderness, she hummed a song he favored, and was so wrapped up in her own thoughts she did not hear the stealthy step of a man who stole upon her. Small wonder that she did not, for he was skilled in tracking down the wildest kind of game, and hiding his presence from the keen-scented wild things of the unexplored North. The first that she realized that she was not alone was when Leona felt a man's arms about her, and a man's mouth pressed to hers; and frightened almost to death she looked up into Jean's dark, flashing eyes.

"You told me to make love differently," he said, after he had kissed her breathless, "and so I have. I knew no other man had ever held you in his arms or taken kisses from your lips. Now I have put my stamp on you."

With a heavy sigh, and yet with the light of hopeful love in his face, Jean retraced his steps, and this time fairly began his long journey. For weeks afterward, Leona felt her cheeks burn crimson at the very thought of Jean's kisses, and yet in her heart she was not angry, for she did love him, though her untamed girlish nature rebelled at restraint. As the days crept on, she took pleasure in the thought that she belonged to this mighty hunter, and she began to plan her future as his wife. Suddenly her happiness was crushed as the tender verdure beneath the branches of the forest tree. After a day that had seemed unusually long to her impatience, although one of the shortest of the year, she was sitting in the chimney corner idly listening to her father, when some of his words recalled her to attention.

"I didn't think that of Jean. He ought to be ashamed of such a thing."

"What?" Leona asked.

"Marrying an Indian girl," was the careless answer.

"He never did!" she said fiercely, her eyes blazing in the firelight.

For a week she lay ill, and when she finally crawled forth into the open air she loved so well she was like one smitten. All her proud, young courage was gone. She shunned the trappers who flocked to her father's store, and spent her time out in the woods where Jean had kissed her maiden lips and held her in his strong arms. Into this retreat no one dared penetrate, not even Long John Hathers. He would not give up the secret hope in his heart, and tried to court her, although he said but little. His eyes glowed a red fire that nothing extinguished. Leona at first scarcely noticed him, then hated him for the love she saw he bore her, and prevented him from speaking of it until one day when the sun was beginning to feel warm, and she was once more in the woods. Believing herself entirely alone, she began to live over once more the love scene of the fall before, when suddenly Long John stood before her, speaking madly of his love, and pleading madly with her to return it.

The girl fought like a young tiger. She knew now that he had been a witness to her last scene with Jean, and it drove her mad with rage. Finally, seeing the hateful, bearded face coming nearer and nearer, she cried aloud for help, and in providential answer to her cry it came, for suddenly Long John measured his length on the grass, and she saw Jean like one in a dream.

"Come, Leona, sweetheart," Jean said tenderly, "give me the welcome back I deserve," and he held out his arms.

"How dare you?" she gasped. "What will your wife think when I tell her?"

"What about the Indian girl?" she continued, for the man looked puzzled.

"Indian girl? Oh, you mean the one I found and took to the mission. Why, dear, she is only eleven."

Leona gave a gasp of happiness, and Long John, crawling to his feet, once more saw Leona in Jean's arms, but this time she went of her own accord.

SILKS FOR SPRING

Fabric in High Favor for Various Garments.

Material Used for Hats Arriving From Paris and for Headgear Created in America.

While the new styles are undeniably attractive, notes a New York fashion correspondent, the big question that must be satisfactorily settled before much buying can be safely done, whether it be of ready-made things or of materials for custom or home preparation, is "what will the favorite fabric be?"

The answer seems to be silk.

Fashion has decreed linen years-madras years, other silk years, cotton years and, during the war, a glingham year. Now silk is to return to a place that it once held, and never entirely lost, in the hearts of women.

Garments are made up almost entirely in silk from brassieres to evening frocks while the spring hats arriving from Paris and those created here are trimmed with silk used in novel ways. It seems probable, too, that silk shoes will be used this year for street wear as well as a part of the evening costume. In hostelry the more expensive lines will be plain and of the heavier grades of silk without fanciful designs.

The designer for one of the famous modistes declares that there is a strong psychological angle to the appeal of silk to women. She has discovered that from children of twelve or fourteen up to dowagers all prefer silk for the same reason, differently expressed. She found it difficult to put this universal reason into a phrase, and it is even more difficult to record it as second hand, as it were. The children frankly said that it made them feel "dressed up," the debutantes said that it made them feel properly equipped; the matrons declared it "such good form," and the dowagers expressed the belief that silk was a dignified and proper fabric for those who are no longer young and that it had the advantage of lasting so well that they did not have to bother about new gowns every little while just as they were getting accustomed to their favorite ones.

SPRING FASHION SHOW MODEL



This is an interesting tailleur shown at the spring promenade of the National Retail Garment association in Chicago. It is of gray cheviot stitched in blue.

THE SKIRT LENGTH QUESTION

Younger Women Prefer Shorter Garments Despite What Dame Fashion May Have to Say.

As to skirt length, that question is an individual one and always will be. It seems impossible to induce a great many of the younger women to wear their skirts longer, no matter what Dame Fashion may have to say about the matter. And as a matter of fact, some matrons whose skirts should have a more dignified length seem to feel that a trifle below the knees is quite as far as a skirt should go. However, skirts for the coming season are distinctly wider than for several seasons, and a rather wide skirt, especially if it has any flare at all, looks shorter than it really is.

The circular skirt is distinctly in the limelight just now, but it is too early to say whether or not it will really "take." The type of skirt is always an experiment, and the woman who is to have just one suit of frock for spring will do well to avoid it. Circular skirts almost always sag, that is, unless made of very firm material and most carefully shaped.

Favorites in Silk.

In silks the tendency is toward soft fabrics like Canton crepes and heavy silk crepes, charmeuse and satins. Taffetas also are very good, particularly in brown and navy.

MOVES WITH REST OF WORLD

Abundant Proof That China is Waking Up From Her Sleep of Two Thousand Years.

As a study in strange customs and startling incidents, China is interesting because it has changed so little in point of view during the last two thousand years. The characteristic of China is satisfaction with the wisdom of the fathers, slowness to let go of principles tested by ages. The good old-fashioned Chinese soldier slouching along in his baggy clothes, or floundered up on a pony, the shave-pated priest, the mandrake with his glass button and peacock's feathers, the coolie in his blue cotton drawers, the plucky merchant in his silks, have been coming and going for two or three millenniums, just about the same. Up to two decades ago the land seemed unchanged and unchangeable. The empire has an organization under which the nation has as much internal peace, and more prosperity, than most of its neighbors.

Nevertheless even a month or two in China makes it clear enough that China is rapidly going through a great change. Many Chinese in the treaty ports wear European dress, telegraph wires are strung all over the country; a Chinese post office takes your mail, unless you make a point of turning it over to the foreign posts; Chinese steamers splash along the rivers; locomotives frighten Chinese donkeys; iron works clang; schools spring up; modern buildings arise; newspapers appear; armies are created; public opinion has become a fashion.

EARLY AMERICAN BLUE LAWS

In 1643 the Idea of "Paternalism" Had a Distinct Hold on the Colonists.

In early America the township and provincial authorities regulated private conduct and personal affairs with a rigor which, if sought to be applied now, would raise a general and indignant outcry. What are called "blue laws" were familiar to our ancestors, and it would appear that they represented public opinion as to what constituted proper and socially conduct on the people's part.

As bearing on the daylight saving matter, and as proving that it is difficult to find something new under the sun, the municipal authorities of Hartford, Conn., have found among their records that a general town meeting in Hartford, October 24, 1643, voted that there should be a bell rung by the watch every morning an hour before daybreak, "and that they who are appointed by the constable for that purpose shall begin at the bridge and so ring the bell all the way forth and back." Master Moody (Wylshill) to John Prentiss and that they shall be in every house one up and some lights within one-quarter of an hour after the end of the bell ringing, if they can, or else they to be up with lights aforesaid half an hour before daybreak, and for default herein is to be fined 1 shilling; 6 pence to be paid to him that finds him faulty and 6 pence to the town."

The Sin of a Pre-Flood Style.

In one of his Edinburgh Review articles, Sydney Smith advises that men who write books should remember that longevity has been greatly diminished since the Deluge; that from seven or eight hundred years, before the flood, life is now reduced to seventy or eighty years; that any man who writes without the Deluge before his eyes, and handles a subject as if men could lounge ten long years over a pamphlet, commits one of the most grievous wrongs against humanity. It may be far less dishonest to pick a man's pocket than to rob him of his time. It is the man who can tell it well and tell it so that those who run may read that always gets an audience which keeps awake; his audience is always glad to hear him, and it frequently reverts to him James F. Willis in "Bibliophily, or Booklove."

New Life-Saver.

To a life-guard at Pablo Beach, Fla., is attributed the invention of a new kind of life-saving float, which is a cylinder of thin steel, pointed at both ends, three feet long and weighing only six pounds.

The contrivance is attached by a short line to the guard's belt. Thus, if an adventurous swimmer be in danger of drowning outside the surf, the life saver can swim out to the rescue the float bobbing behind him. To the float are attached rope handgrasps, which the drowning person can grab.

The float, however, is connected with the shore by a long line, so that when the exhausted person has grabbed it he may easily be dragged ashore. Though very small in size it will support six men.

Mountains on the Move.

Geodetic observations in the Himalaya mountains have led to a belief that these great mountains, the mightiest on the globe, are constantly moving sidewise toward the south, with a consequent crumbling of the Siwalik hills. It has been long known that there exist curious anomalies in the density of the earth under these mountains and in the vicinity which would seem to verify the creeping theory, but it is difficult if not impossible to make accurate observations, as access to the Tibetan country is forbidden to foreigners, even those who would like to visit the country purely in the cause of science.

NEW GOWN FOR DEBUTANTE



This evening gown for the debutante is of shell pink faille, trimmed with silver lace. The apron front is wired out in hoop effect.

CLOTHES FOR STOUT WOMEN

Black, Navy Blue and All Extremely Dark Shades Will Attract Less Attention.

While the slender women may occasionally indulge in bargain corsets, a purchase of this kind with its hapazard fit is to be avoided by the woman inclining toward stoutness, for it is by means of a properly constructed and properly adjusted corset that the figure foundation is made.

The choice of fabrics for gowns is also very important when a slender appearance is desired. There are certain materials and colors that have a tendency to magnify the figure, while others have the opposite effect. Rough surfaces should be avoided by large women. Brilliant colors can be used successfully only in very small touches. Certain colors are generally known to apparently diminish size, among them being black, navy blue and all the extremely dark shades, while white and the light colors are apt to be expansive.

Stripes cut off the width and emphasize the length, but a woman even verging on stoutness cannot consider a plaid. Fabrics woven or printed in large figures are not to be thought of, although small figures may be considered. A one-color scheme of dressing is good for the stout woman. In dress designs long ones should be cultivated, as they break up the width of the figure. Horizontal or cross lines should be studiously avoided. Tunic and draperies are good if they are long. Tightness is a mistake. A gown that is tight fitting will attract attention to size. The lines should be easy, or compression in one place to cause a bulge in another, for flesh must go somewhere. Plain girdles and narrow ruffled girdles may be used with one or two narrow sash ends.

Soft, indefinite colors suit an older woman. She should avoid bright, harsh shades that call for a young, fresh complexion on the one hand, and the drab tones and dull blacks that suggest the old lady on the other hand. Pearl, silver, oyster-gray, clermont, wistaria, pansy color and black and white are the best colors for her. For street suits older women should keep pretty close to very dark blues, blacks and dark grays.

USE COLORS IN HAIR NETS

Hair Dresser Advises Certain Shades to Add Colorful Glints to the Tresses.

A well-known hairdresser advises the use of hairnets of certain colors to add colorful glints to the hair.

If the hair is a dull mouse color and the eyes are blue, use a gold-yellow hairnet.

If the eyes are brown, a red net should be tried.

Of course, the very best nets must be purchased, and not those of artificial hair, poorly colored.

If gray hair is inclined to be yellow, a very fine, dark blue hair net, worn over the coiffure, will take all tinge of yellow out of it.

As blue hairnets cannot be purchased, a white one will have to be dyed in one of the bluing preparations. The net should be of the best quality, so as to give the right effect.

Patent Leather Hat.

A smart hat worn by a woman who knows how to dress is made of black patent leather of a fine, thin quality, with tiny colored wooden beads, sewed on at regular intervals all over its surface.

Beardless Jackets.

Jackets are generally beardless and single buttoned.

ANCIENT TALE OF CREATION

According to the Chippewa Legend, Menaboshu Was the Originator of All Things.

According to the legend of the Chippewa Indians, Menaboshu was the creator of all things. He avowed one day that he would make the earth. He rounded the soil between his powerful hands until it grew into a great ball. Then Menaboshu mixed water with the soil to form mud, and besides, molded it about a great rock, when, behold—a still larger ball, says Gershom Crane in the Boston Transcript. Menaboshu then undertook to devise the living things which dwell on the earth. The first bear escaped from its maker, leaped to the earth and bounded straightway across the North American continent. But the hind where the sprawling bear's huge paws struck the earth was still so fresh and soft that they left deep tracks.

These deep marks quickly filled with water. Scarcely had the frightened bear bounded away when the beautiful lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron, Ontario and Erie—appeared, full to the brim. They are as old as the first bear's tracks.

The creator now hastened to make rain. At sight of the water filling the lakes he began to fear lest the soil again fall in a heap; and he caused the rain to fall from the sky so long that the lakes overflowed toward Erie, the track of the foot which struck first and settled under the bear's weight much lower than the others—the water, on its way to the sea, dropped abruptly from Ontario into Erie. And lo! the Falls of Niagara!

BEAUTY DESCRIBED BY POET

Word Painting of Sunset on the Arno Brings the Scene Vividly to the Mind.

It was sunset on the Arno; far down the river, over mountain ranges where snow yet lingered, a warm tint, half rose and half amethyst, gleamed along the horizon; beside the low parapet that bordered the street, people were loitering back from their afternoon promenade at the Casino; here a soldier, now an Englishman on horseback, and then a bearded artist; sometimes an oval-faced contadina, the broad brim of whose finely woven straw hat flapped over eyes of mellow gold; and again a trig nurse with Saxon ringlets, dragging a petulant urchin along; and over all these groups and figures was shed the beautiful smile of parting day, and by them, under graceful bridges, flowed the turbid stream, the volume doubled by the spring freshets. I surveyed the panorama from an overhanging balcony, where I stood awaiting the appearance of a friend upon whom I had called.—Henry T. Tuckerman.

Most Ancient Weapon.

Back in the dim reaches of prehistoric ages, no one packed a sword unless it was the sabre-toothed tiger. But soon, primitive man began to evolve his crude cleaver out of every sort of material, from the jawbone with which Samson fanned the Philistines to the shining steel with which the Assyrians cracked down, "like a wolf on the fold." Some very serviceable slushers were swung by the Greeks after they had exhausted their ammunition, which consisted of spears. One of their favorite modes of combat was to mount their chariots and dash by one another, chucking javelins. In the event no bull's eyes were made, they would leap to the ground and draw their swords, the survivor, as in the case of the procedure of Achilles with Hector, making fast the body of the vanquished to the rear of his chariot and ordering the charioteer in a clear, commanding voice, "Home, Jamesus."

Reading Versus Thinking.

It is good to read, mark, learn—but it is better to inwardly digest. It is good to read, better to think—better to think one hour than to read ten hours without thinking. Thinking is to reading (if the book read have anything in it) what rain and sunshine are to the seed cast into the ground the influence which maketh it bear and bring forth, thirty, forty, an hundredfold. To read is to gather into the barn or storehouse of the mind; to think is to cast seed corn into the ground to make it productive. To read is to collect information; to think is to evolve power. To read is to lay a burden on the back; but to think is to give to the feet swiftness, and the hands strength. Yet we have a thousand or ten thousand readers for one thinker, as the kind of books sought after in circulating libraries bears witness.

The Razor in History.

The next time your razor slips remember that it was Scipio Africanus, the great Roman, who was the first to institute the custom of shaving daily. Which observation brings us to the subject of shaves and beards in general. Who took the first shave? Nobody knows. The answer to the question, who wore the first beard? is more simple, Adam, of course.

Something is known of the beard of Belshazzar, the ancient monarch who "made a great feast to 1000 lords." Belshazzar used a curling iron and has frequently been pictured with a beard, full of curls. To users of hen powder it ought to be a comfort to know this monarch used gold powder on his beard.



Martial Massiani

Martial Massiani, head of a corps of correspondents of the N. C. W. C. News Service in Paris, began his newspaper career as a reporter in the Press Gallery of the Chamber of Deputies when only eighteen years old. His rise was rapid and at thirty-four years of age he is secretary of the *Libre Parole*, one of the best known and most widely quoted of French newspapers.

Briullesur-Meuse, the village in the vicinity of Montfacon d'Argonne, where M. Massiani was born, is now entirely destroyed. He left it as a young boy to take a classical course in Paris and immediately upon graduation began his journalistic career. After serving for some time as reporter in the Chamber he was called to assist in the formation of a news service, which was being organized by the newspaper he served. From the Paris office he went to Brussels as manager, completing arrangements with newspapers in Belgium, Holland and Germany. Two years later he returned to France to serve his term of military service. When he was mustered out he was immediately offered the position of secretary of the *Libre Parole*. He fought all through the war as an officer of reserve, and his regiment was alongside the Second American Division in Belleau Woods when the armistice was declared. On demobilization he at once rejoined his newspaper. He contributes to *La Liberté* and is on the committee of the French-American Welfare Center in Paris.

Associated with M. Massiani as Paris correspondents are Canon Reaupin; Francois Veillat, nephew of Louis Veillat and Secretary of the Corporation of Christian Newspapers; Gabriel Latouche, and Henry Thevenin, literary critic of *Libre Parole*.

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