

WRAP IN FAVOR AS PARIS MODE

Conspicuous Variety of Coats Provided by the French Creators of Fashions.

HUMPED-BACK CAPE NOVELTY

Garment Said to Be Designed After the Hindustan or Persian Priest's Robe—Has Peculiar Neck Effect.

From the standpoint of variety the coats of this season are a great success, observes a fashion writer.

This movement has the indorsement of Paris, inasmuch as various great houses there gave tailored suits a prominent place in their collections.

The leading American dressmaking houses report absolutely no demand for the tailored suit.

Although creators of styles may bring out startling new things, they are too clever to force them upon the public.

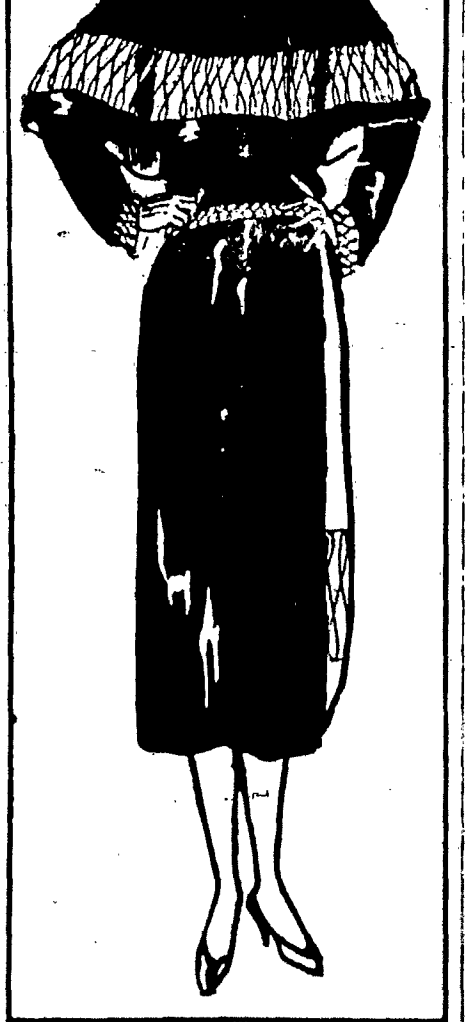
Designers and manufacturers, to be successful from a financial point of view, must make what women want.

Laces not only plain, but beautifully embroidered, play their part, as do wonderful trimmings of ribbons and

aded tea rose shades. These ornaments are distinctly like a padded applique standing away about half an inch.

The peculiar neck effect in this wrap, which is a distinctly new feature, is obtained by a framelle support or lining which holds it to the back.

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of the figure at the center back. The head and neck of the wearer seem to fit into this groove-like space formed by the collar foundation.

Blue Serge Wrap Transparent Effect. It is not only in the dressy wraps that one finds this collar of Madeleine et Madeleine, but also in more practical styles for day wear.

Another important and interesting feature in connection with this model is that, while the coat is developed in blue serge, it is given a transparent effect through the very elaborate open-pattern embroidery which shows a crepe georgette lining.

Woman will enjoy a blue serge coat which is not uncomfortable in its weight for summer. Attention is called to the fact that this model has the low-set kimono sleeves characteristic of so many of the new spring coats.

Another novel idea in wraps, presented with great success by Madeleine et Madeleine, is the puff cape. They show this developed in a number of different materials.

One of the most attractive models, Kitah by name, which is made in a lovely dull rust red velours de laine of almost featherweight, elaborately embroidered in gold.

The silhouette given by this wrap is very interesting. The wearer appears to be girdled at the knees and closely enveloped above in a sort of cocoon-like wrapping.

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MAN HE WAS LOOKING FOR

Old Goldstein Bigpurse Had Good Job for Burglar Who Had Been Boyhood Chum.

"Who's there?" This snappy question shot forth from the lips of Goldstein Bigpurse, owner of one of the finest offices near the Mansion house.

"Only me," came the answer, and the burglar turned his lantern upon himself at once and on each side of him to show that he was telling the truth.

"You?" cried the multi-millionaire. "You? Why, so it is! You—Bill Bluffen, my school chum, my faithful companion in all schoolboy pranks. Great Scott! And fallen to such depths!"

"Well!" exclaimed Burglar Bill. "If it ain't Goldie, me old pal! I know all about you. You're president of one of the largest financial skindelines in this country, and I ain't nothin' but a common, ordinary burglar. Boo-hoo! If you let me go this mornin', I promise never to let you catch me again! Will yer?"

"Ha ha!" laughed the financier. "Let you go? Well, I should say not. No! Never! For I'm going to make you a partner in the skindeline. For years I have been looking for a man with the proper training."

So saying, the two pals embraced each other fondly.—Houston Post.

SNAGS IN LIFE'S CURRENT

Are Something That It Is the Part of Wisdom for All of Us to Avoid.

A young woman in a rage with her fiancé for some apparently inexcusable oversight, exclaimed: "I never can forgive him—never!" Her grandmother, sitting near, looked up from her knitting. "I felt the same way one day nearly 50 years ago," she said quietly.

In our judgment we must first get rid of the eternal self; we must learn to look at the fault wholly in its relation to the person to whom it belongs, not in its relation to ourselves.

Nation Without Language. One of the strangest things to be found among the nations of the world is the fact that Switzerland has no language of its own.

Public documents and notices are printed in both the French and German languages. In the Swiss national parliament the members make their speeches either in French or German, the members being as familiar with one language as the other.

Panama Springs Geographic Joke. Panama perpetrates one of the greatest of geographic jokes on those who visit it. It convincingly makes east west. From Panama City the sun rises out of the Pacific, which is the most American mounds is the proper place only for setting suns.

Reason for Sunday. How did Sunday become the first day of the week instead of the seventh? The Sabbath of the Jews was the seventh day of the week, the day of cessation from work among all Hebrews, following six days of labor and closing the week.

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL

By CHRISTIE JACKSON.

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Dr. Harden answered the hospital phone impatiently—he was ready to go out. "Emergency call" was all the voice said, but that meant his evening was spoiled, for to Doctor Harden, as to most physicians, duty has to be first, love second.

He took time only to call Evelyn Melden on the phone and tell her he could not spend the evening with her and ask if he could call the next day. Then he made ready to go to the emergency ward.

The patient, a man about thirty hurt in an auto accident, lay on the operating table.

"Guess I shall make you quite a visit this trip," then his face sobered. "When I am fit to be seen I wish you would send for Miss Evelyn Melden. Tell her Arthur wants to see her."

Then the nurse came busying herself about the patient and he said no more.

For a moment everything Doctor Harden looked at was red, then he pulled himself together. It would never do to let his own personal feeling get the upper hand.

If he tried to read he saw the name "Arthur" on the printed page; if he closed his eyes the name danced before him, and the words, "tell her Arthur wants to see her," rang in his ears. So he passed the night, too unhappy to think of sleep.

Early in the morning he went to the man's room. The patient was rational and although suffering greatly he would be able to see callers later in the day. His name was Arthur Marquay.

To his great relief Evelyn did not answer the phone and he left the message for her.

As he went his rounds among the suffering patients his own troubles were put out of his mind and he was the alert, skilled physician, giving kindly words of greeting and encouragement to his patients, and orders to the nurses—then a lecture to a class of students. He was glad to be too busy to think.

It was early in the afternoon when a message came to him that Miss Melden wished to see him. He went to the office at once. It was no use putting it off, he must see her.

She was seated in a low wicker chair and appeared very charming with the troubled look that sympathy gave her. She rose as he entered. "How is he? Will he live?" she asked hurriedly, her eyes searching his face.

"Yes," he answered brightly, trying to get a grip of himself so that he would not betray his feelings. "To tell me all about it. How did it happen?"

He told her as well as he could, with her standing before him with clasped hands, the color coming and going in her face.

"You see, I am so anxious about him. He is engaged to Alice Winthrop and I am the only one who knows it. It would frighten her blue to get a telegram that he was hurt—she is away visiting her aunt. I wrote her this morning, telling her I was not well and asking her if she would please come home today. I don't think it was wrong to say that, do you?"

Evelyn looked up at him. Their eyes met. He stepped forward and took both her hands in his.

"No, dear, I think it was fine of you, to think of that way to get her home. Marquay will be as good as new in a few weeks and she can come to see him every day; I will see to that."

He had called her dear unconsciously; he still held her hands.

"I thought it was you, Evelyn, he was interested in."

"I was horribly jealous."

"Were you?" she glanced up again. "Yes, and I want the right to be jealous; may I have it?"

"Tardon me, Doctor Harden, but Mr. Marquay wishes to know if he may see Miss Melden?"

Doctor Harden dropped Evelyn's hands and turned to the nurse who had quietly entered the office.

"Tell Mr. Marquay I will bring Miss Melden to him at once."

He wondered how much the nurse had heard, but he was too happy to care.

"I want my answer before I take you to him," he said as soon as the nurse was out of the room.



BOLD PUMPKIN VINE

ONCE there lived in a big field a vine among a great many other vines, all of them some day expecting to grow big yellow pumpkins.

"I cannot see the use of staying in this field day after day," said this vine as it twisted and strained from the ground trying to see what was going on.

"Keep quiet, brother," called the other vine, "you will break away from the rest of us and then no one can say what will become of you."

"That is just what I plan to do," said the restless vine, "here I have been growing for a long time and not a thing has happened. This dull place is not to my liking. I am going to crawl out."

"Better stay here," warned its brothers, "the golden pumpkins will soon be growing and think how beautiful we all shall be."

But the restless vine would not listen, and day after day he crept farther away from the field and his mates.

When it reached the cornfield the corn wanted it to stop. "You are safe here," they said. "Once outside the wall and no one can tell what will happen to you."

"That is just what I want to know," said the restless vine. "What is out-

side and what will happen when I get out."

So on it crawled through the cornfield, in and out, and by and by it reached the stone wall.

But it was not discouraged. It began to grow up the wall and finally it reached the top.

"Ah, at last I am seeing the world outside a field," said the restless vine. "All my days I might have rested on the ground and never have seen a thing but vines."

One morning a big blossom grew on the vine, showing plainly from the road, and then the vine began to feel very proud, for as they passed many people turned to look at it growing all along on the stone wall.

"How foolish my brothers are to live all their days on the ground," thought the vine. "Here I am seeing the world and being admired and if I stayed in the field no one would have noticed me."

One day a pumpkin came in place of the blossom and the vine grew prouder than ever. But as the pumpkin grew larger it reached the side of the stone wall and one day it grew too heavy and off it tumbled and broke from the vine. It was still green and no one bothered to pick it up and now the restless vine began to think of its brothers growing in the field on the ground, for it knew that soon their golden fruit would be ready for the farmer to gather.

How it wished it had stayed at home and not roamed to a strange place to grow.

By and by the nights grew cold and the vine began to wither, and one morning as it lay shriveled upon the top of the wall a wagon full of golden pumpkins passed by and the restless vine knew when it was too late that its brothers in the field were wise, while it had been a restless and foolish vine.

It had seen the world outside of the field, but it had nothing to show for the time it had lived in the world, while its brothers had grown big yellow pumpkins of which any vine might well be proud.

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