

He Had an Iron Will

By H. IRVING KING

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ADA STANDISH was determined on one thing—she would never marry Thomas Chamberlain. She had never seen the man and did not want to see him. Ada was a very determined young person and her parents were very determined old persons—that is, comparatively old. Determination ran in the family. Mr. Standish, aided and abetted by Mrs. Standish, one day suddenly announced to his daughter that it was time she was thinking of getting married and that he and her mother had gone to the trouble of picking out a suitable husband for her—a young man of considerable fortune, excellent character and good prospects in life, whom the fond papa had met in a business way and had now invited to dinner.

The rest Papa Standish considered would take place as he planned, automatically. He was frank enough to intimate to Ada that he had hinted to Chamberlain what was in his mind when he gave the invitation and this, naturally enough, strengthened Ada in her resolve never, never to marry the man thus thrust upon her.

As for Tom Chamberlain, he felt very much about the matter as Ada did. "So old Pomposity has decided that I shall marry his daughter, has he?" thought Tom. "It does not seem to occur to him that I might be foolish enough to want to pick out my own wife. Doubtless the girl has received orders and stands ready to obey like a dutiful daughter. I can't very well get out of dining there tomorrow night, though. Botheration! Why did I accept the invitation?"

So the next night behold Thomas Chamberlain, attired for the sacrifice which he was resolved should never take place, seated at the Standish dinner table, on his best behavior and in his most engaging mood; secretly laughing in his sleeve at the joke he was perpetrating on "Old Pomposity"—as the younger men in "The Street" called Standish. Ada was there, too, of course, very gracious and very beautiful, a new frock and bubbling over with fun. For she, too, was thinking of the joke her ungrateful self was intending to play upon her fond parents by accepting the attentions of Thomas—and then rejecting him! Tom was surprised to find that Ada was not of the meek and clinging sort, but rather of the self-confident type.

"Oh, she's in it all right," thought Thomas, "and intends to take me by storm." And the brute laughed sardonically. He was contrasting Ada with sweet little Katharine Grey, so gentle and so mild. And Ada was thinking "how different he is from George Braisted, so learned and so calm. I can see that he is in cahoots with father and will be as surprised as my fond parents will be when I give him the mitten."

Just to keep up the joke Chamberlain began calling regularly at the Standish house and, just to keep up the joke, Ada received him with the utmost cordiality. Whereupon Mr. Standish said to his wife: "I told you, my dear, that when I have determined upon a thing it is as good as done."

Then one day, when Ada considered that the farce had been played long enough, she decided to ring down the curtain. They were alone together in their mid-Victorian front parlor, and Ada fixed her gaze upon the family album on the marble-topped table as she said: "Mr. Chamberlain, did you ever see a girl that you wanted to marry?"

Tom gave a start and a gasp. "Why, yes," he stammered.

"Describe her to me," demanded Ada. She thought he was going to describe herself. But he described Katharine Grey, and then asked: "And you—did you ever meet a man whom you thought would make you a desirable husband?"

"Yes," she replied, looking at him with a curious expression, and proceeded to describe George Braisted. When she had finished Tom said: "I was scarcely more than a boy when I knew Katharine Grey—she has been Mrs. Walter Penstock for four years now—and has grown enormously fat."

"And I was only a girl when I met George Braisted," mused Ada. "He married Kitty Madison five years ago and is professor of archeology now in some western college."

"Hum," said Tom, "there does not appear to have been anything very serious about our early love affairs. Do you think now you could revise your description of what constitutes a desirable husband?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Chamberlain," said Ada. "We have both been playing a part just to punish father for his whim that we should marry each other. Let us shake hands and part good friends."

"I see no reason," replied Tom, "that the old gentleman's whim should not be gratified." And he proceeded to argue the question so convincingly that at last Ada said, with a blush: "Well, perhaps we had better humor him."

"When I decide upon a thing it is as good as done," reiterated Mr. Standish to his wife when he heard the news.

Sillier the Better

"I'm writing a song."
"Indeed? What's the subject matter?"
"It doesn't."

Soldiers Willing to Share Glories of War

A scrap of conversation just before the Blanc Mont action shows the attitude of the men in the trenches toward the war.

It was the last day of September, and as the forenoon went by an intermittent drizzle sent the battalion to such miserable shelters as the men could improvise. Company commanders and second in command went up toward ruined Somme-Py for reconnaissance and returned to profane the prospect to their platoon leaders.

"I do not like this place," declared the captain of the Forty-ninth company to his juniors. "It looks like it was just built for calamities to happen in."

"Yes, and all the division is around here for calamities to happen to. . . . A sight more of us will go in than will ever come out of it."

Meantime it was wet and cold in the dripping shelters. Winter clothing had not been issued, and the battalion shivered and was not cheerful.

"Wish to God we could go up and get this fight over with!"

"Yes, then go back somewhere for the winter. Let some of these hero noble national army outfits we've been hearin' about do some of the fightin'! There's us and there's the First division, and the Thirty-second—H—! we ain't hogs! Let some of them other fellows have the glory!"

"Gawd help the boche when we meets him this time! Somebody's got to pay for keepin' us out in this wet an' cold."—Capt. John W. Thomson Jr. of the United States Marines, in Scribner's.

Luncheon Club Rules in Queen Anne's Time

We think luncheon clubs are new stuff, forgetting there is nothing new under the sun. Rambling through my Addison the other day, I found that the Spectator's club, organized by Brother Editor Addison, had some rules that have a familiar ring and some unfamiliar. For example:

None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

If any member swears or curses, his neighbor may give him a kick upon the shins.

If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a half-penny.

If a member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.—Merle Thorpe in Nation's Business Magazine.

Swimming to Work

Pacific Islanders are probably the cleanest people on earth, for they spend a good part of every day in the water, and may be said to be almost as amphibious as seals. The children learn to swim almost as soon as they learn to walk. If the village happens to be at some distance from the shore, a swimming pool is formed in a nearby stream, and there mixed bathing is indulged in several times every day.

With the skin constantly greased with coconut oil, the pulp of the bitter green orange makes a good soap and lathers freely. Dame Nature also supplies them with scrubbers, the husks of the coconut, and this they apply to their shining bodies very vigorously. Their towel is provided by the sun and wind.

When Windows "Sweat"

The sweating of windows is due to imperfect ventilation, and if perfect ventilation could be obtained it would probably give the most effective results. In many cases openings are made in the sash, top and bottom, so that a current of cold air may cover the interior side of the glass. In some instances, where the sweating of windows is not so bad, 55 grams of glycerine is dissolved in 1 liter of alcohol (68 per cent), to which a little amber oil is added. As soon as it is thoroughly mixed, it may be rubbed on the inside surface of the window with a chamol or linen rag. A thin coat of pure glycerin applied to both sides of the glass will prevent moisture.

Europe's Oldest Bell

What is the oldest bell in Europe? This distinction is claimed for the largest of the bells in the town steeple of Lanark, Scotland. This bell originally hung in the old church of St. Kentigern, Lanark.

Although its bearings are worn and require attention, the ancient bell is still in good condition. Wallace, the Scottish patriot, worshipped in St. Kentigern's and met and married his bride there. Doubtless the hero often listened to the chiming of the old bell, and we can imagine it ringing a joyous peal on the morning of his wedding day.

Early Canadian Coal

The first recorded mention of coal in Canada was made in 1654. At a very early date coal was gathered in Nova Scotia without mining, and mention of this was made in 1721. In 1743 coal was shipped from Cape Breton, as is stated in a letter of M. Duchambore to the French minister. In 1785 coal was mined at Sydney, Cape Breton, under license from the crown. In 1798 the coal in Pictou county, Nova Scotia, attracted the attention of the authorities, and Admiral Sawyer of the British navy ordered a small cargo to be sent to Halifax for the use of the admiralty.

Newest Hats Are of Medium Size

Headress Reflects Styles of Other Days—More Trimming.

The tradition held to by ladies of an earlier day that the bonnet and the boot gave tone and style to the costume is equally applicable to these times. A modification of the severe cloche, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Times, has been gradually becoming apparent and many of the new hats are fashioned to show something of the hair. They are turned back from the face, or rolled at one side, though all of the shapes are still worn low on the head. Some of the handsomest hats, in both the stiff and the draped models, show the influence of old styles such as the picture hats taken from old masters' portraits of great ladies. The genuine Gainsborough, though, has not yet made its appearance, and from present indications its return is a long way off. But the new hats follow more generous, graceful lines. The most marked compromise of the present season is the hat of medium size with more trimming than any have lately shown. The hat with larger crown and fuller arrangement of drapery is welcomed by many women on whom the tiny tight shapes are trying.

Some of the dressy new hats are distinctly reminiscent of the Charlotte Corday, the Directoire, the early English poke bonnet and other historic shapes. But they are cleverly adapted to the mode of the hour and show a tendency toward individuality for which the best designers strive. Franklin Guy of Paris studies the individual as he plans his hat and shapes it to conform with the features and to flatter the woman who wears it. This ability to individualize design is an undeniable gift of great importance. It is most effective in millinery.

The cloche has not disappeared altogether, though its form is modified. It still represents simplicity itself, but with variants that make for grace and beauty. The small tailored or semi-tailored hat remains the correct hat for day-time dress, for street wear, sports and even for afternoon dress, in a somewhat softer treatment. All of the prominent milliners present the small hat. Monsieur Guy, Reboux, Agnes have done some charming things this season, notwithstanding the limitations to a style of such extreme simplicity.

Changes in Shape. Most of the models are felt, beaver or some sort of cloth. The material is not inexpensive, since it must be of a quality to stand the cut edge. The changes in shape are marked. The inverted kettle, which the original cloche resembled, is seen no more. Instead, there is a model with a crown like that of a man's silk hat and a little brim gently rolled at one side. Another model that is especially popular among younger women has an oval, ribbed crown looking much like a football and a narrow flange that turns back from the face. A crease across the crown, a slight fold in the material or a slash in the brim with two ends finished at the back, are among the slight touches that vary the latest models of the best Paris houses.

The season has brought out some conspicuous styles. Some of the smart milliners have gone in for exceedingly eccentric things. Reboux, Maria Guy, Camille Rogers, Charlotte Hennard and Monsieur Guy and Lewis have made some strikingly original hats with success, conforming, to some degree, with the conventional, but establishing some things of unusual type and artistic value. A black felt helmet completely covering the head and ears, with a metallic ornament in front, has a decidedly Cleopatra look. A brimless cloche is made of cloth with the crown completely covered with long stitches of embroidery silk, a stiff feather with two brush ends covering the back at a sharp angle. Another must have had its inception in a royal Russian headress. The high up-turned brim in front is embroidered in mother of pearl and beads of steel and scarlet.

Designers are inclined to vary the small hat as much as possible. The widened brim, the draped crown, the entire hat covered softly with a fabric and the turban in several variations are examples of the latitude in the fashions of the moment. Felt continues to be used in utility hats particularly, but the novelty of the season—which promises to carry on in velours,



No. 1—Turban of Moire. No. 2—Ensemble Emphasizing Turkish Influence. No. 3—Cloche of Tan Felt.

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The latest stockings to startle the French capital have an inset up the front shaped like the old lace ones in which our mothers used to replace or heavy embroidery in colors and gold. It is a fashion that requires anxieties, and as that is a thing very few French women have, it is unlikely to spread to any great extent.

Small Arthur—Don't you.

Boys That Go to Heaven

Sunday School Teacher—Some little boys are good and some are bad. What kind go to heaven?

Small Arthur—Don't you.

This is a flattering material equally adaptable for sports hats or for more elaborate dress. Two materials in different colors are seen in some of the handsomest hats. This treatment gives a more "dressy" appearance to a hat of simple contour, with little or no trimming. Some rather extraordinary liberties are taken by the combination of gilt lace with cloth or velours in a semi-tailored shape bearing the label of a recognized authority in millinery designing.

Ensemble Idea in Millinery. The ensemble idea in millinery is most attractive. A strictly tailored hat, Empire in feeling, of Oxford gray beaver is matched by a collar of the same material. The hat comes well over the eyes and is set at the angle at which men's hats are worn. The collar, straight, detached and high enough to cover the ears, is shaped like a cravat, and drawn through a loop at one side. This comes from Franklin Guy. Another, the creator



Turban That is a Perfect Complement to Smart Afternoon Costume. Expressed in Hatters' Plush.

of which is not revealed, is done in Scotch plaid. The hat is one of those melon or football shapes with a flange of cloth matching the red of the plaid turning back flat, against the high-ribbed crown. A straight scarf, like a muffler, is made of the plaid wool. Pretty turbans of metallic brocade or plain silk in lovely colors are sold with scarfs of the same fabric. In some of these decorative ensembles fur is added to the scarf ends. From an important Parisian house has been received a toque of gold lame and Russian sable with a scarf of the same in diagonal stripes, faced with lame.

Colonial buckles always were and always will be stylish. But each season witnesses some slight change in their size or shape. During the season squares, oblongs and ovals will vie with one another for first place. After all, the selection of one of them should depend solely on the type of foot of the wearer. It is only natural that these three types of buckles should give a different aspect to the shoe. The square buckles are solid, whereas the ovals and oblongs are more often seen with open centers, with or without center bars.

Quite popular in Paris just now as a jewelry "novelty" are those little enamel perfume balls (made like tiny censets) on a fine gold or platinum chain that were first seen in America about 1916. The call for them has had plenty of time to die out meanwhile, and will probably reawaken with intensity. Paris has also suddenly taken to wearing pearl necklaces, both real and imitation, hanging down the back.

Modified Evening Gowns. A compromise has been reached in regard to the modern fondness for undress evening clothes. The new "backless" evening gowns are not really backless at all. They have flesh-colored chiffon shoulders, or backs to the waist, where the colored material of the gown begins. They are much more nude in effect than the real décollete. The one great advantage, however, is that whereas few backs are really beautiful enough to wear a waist-cut gown, even the skinniest back looks well under a veil of pale-pink chiffon.

The fashionable long sleeve solves many difficulties. The smartest little frocks are being exhibited by all the fine lingerie shops, in the thickest and warmest of crepe de chine, with regular Sarah Bernhardt sleeves, coming down to the hand, in white, cream, pale pink, blue and mauve. They are the most enchanting things, elaborate with drawnwork tucks and hemstitching. There is very little embroidery and flares are giving place to plaits. On the Riviera these frocks will be worn often with fur coats. Shoes and stockings will be light.

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

Mary Graham

Donner

THE MEETING

There was a meeting that night in the Foxworth house and Parent Robert was made the president of the meeting. They each had anecdotes to tell of the bright speeches their children had made that day and of the efforts in getting them off to school which now they laughed about, so that it was some time before the meeting was well under way.

"Everything will be all right," said that they would take their father's offices and do the same work as their fathers had done. Parent Harvey Wiswell would be a doctor, just as his father had been until he became young.

Some thought it was a little foolish as his father had a great reputation and he might hurt it by ignorance. But Parent Harvey didn't agree.

"I've heard lots of people say that all anyone needs is confidence in their doctor, and I'll give them that. I've thought it all out."

"I shall be very soothing with my patients and I'll say."

"All you need, dear madame, is confidence. Then everything will be all right." Or, "Just have a little confidence and back up, my dear fellow."

"Then I'll give them each a small box in which I'll put some kind of quite harmless mixture and call it 'Confidence' and mark on the box."

"To be taken when required."

"That's a good idea," Parent Gerald burst agreed. He was interested in medicine, too. His father had always run the drug store and while still there was an unmarried young man in there who could make some Parent Gerald wanted to be in charge.

"I've thought of a paragon tonic I could give to young or better patients," he told them. "You know how parents will say, 'My nervous are so such a state.' Or, 'Do keep quiet, child, you make me so nervous.' Well, my tonic will be made of a sweet drug and whenever anyone feels an attack of child-nervousness coming on this will be the thing to take."

"I shall put on the bottle, 'Shake well before using, and take three times a day or often if necessary.'"

Parent Billy Mahan's father was a dentist, so Parent Billy of course decided to look after the children's teeth. "I don't know but what I could start as little as most dentists, and as little as my father does, he's the only one who calls himself a painless dentist."

"I could talk low in a nice kind voice and say: 'Am I hurting you very much?' That would show I knew my business. Then I can clean their teeth and look at them with a mirror and poke into the corners and then I can charge them a lot of money and say:—"

"Come and see me in six months' time."

"I bet so one would know the difference."

Parent Sammy Grant would be the town's policeman. On holidays Parent Charles Grant would assist and wear a special badge which could be painted by Parent Roger Cole, whose father was a sign painter. He could also paint the new signs for the shops.

It worked out as easily as could be. Some of the clocks in the shops would remain—the ones who had not been painted and so had not become children. They would be a great help in explaining to the new owners where everything was kept.

Whatever money was needed Parent Robert would give.

"Provided," he said, "you always leave a little money in the bank so we can put a lot of surplus figures on the bank's big calendar next year."

They made many new additions in the shops but in time it was all completed and by way of a celebration they held great fireworks.

fall. The little mothers and daughters were in the parade, dressed so that they looked too sweet for words (so their parents said when they weren't hearing). And they were allowed to all up later than ever before and visit the shops provided they promised that they would be very careful not to touch anything.

It was a splendid tribute to the young parents of Haven-Saw that they succeeded in, as they expressed it, "putting this over."

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Sunday School Teacher—Some little boys are good and some are bad. What kind go to heaven?

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