# The Girl a Horse and a Dog

FRANCIS LYNDE

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(Continued). SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$440,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brownhaired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.-On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III .- Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be some-thing in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe reposipossibility of a mine, as a "safe reposi-tory." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow trav-eler was a mining engineer, Charles Bul-lerton. Bullerton refuses him informa-tion, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appear to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE dog. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving hm fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for \$50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses. ford again refuses.

CHAPTER IX.—Jeanie cautions Brough-ton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently in a spirit of mischief, allows him to kiss her. After a conversation with Daddy Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy, without doubt Bullerton, wrecks the pumping machinery. Broughton decides to have it out with him next

CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Bullerton and Jeanie have disappeared, apparently eloped. He also discovers that his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownership. Mysterious actions of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanie.

CHAPTER XII.—They find Jeanie's pony, abandoned, but no trace of the girl, When they get back to the cabin, Bullerton is there, apparently awaiting their

CHAPTER XIII.—Believing Jeanie te have gone with Bullerton, the sight of the man is too much for Broughton, and he uses him roughly. Bullerton denies knowing the whereabouts of Jeanie. Broughton orders him off his property, and he departs vowing vengeance. Satisfied Bullerton means mischief, Broughton and Hiram fortify themselves in the mine shafthouse and prepare for a siege. Bullerton comes with a crowd of desperadoes and on their refusal to vacate, begins an attack.

At the halt in the glade one of the party-Bullerton, we guessed it wasbroke a branch from a pine, stripped the twigs from it, and made it a flagstaff for his white handkerchief. Under this flag of truce he and two of his



Daddy and I Were Eating When We Saw the Army Coming.

men came on, leaving their guns bethe bench to the ledge upon which \*h

mine buildings stood, so we got a fairly good look at the peace party before it came within talking distance. Bullerton still had a slight touch of the wry-neck, and the devil-may-care jauntiness which had been his chief characteristic as a guest of the Twomblys had been wiped from his face and manner like a picture from a blackboard.

As the three of them topped the rise in the ore road I reached behind me and got one of the Winchesters. "That's near enough!" I called out.

"Do your talking from there, if you've anything to say." The delegation halted and Bullerton

took a paper from his pocket. "I'm serving legal notice upon you, Broughton," he said, waving the paper at me, "and I have two witnesses here, as the law requires. I represent the Cinnabar Mining company of Cripple Creek. You are trespassing on our property and I am making a formal demand for possession."

"So that's the new wrinkle, is it?" I laughed. "I was hoping you might spring something a little more original. How are you going to prove ownership?"

"The burden of proof isn't on us: it's on you!" he ripped out. "You haven't a shadow of claim to this mine. I've got your so-called deed right here"-and he shook that at us. "It's a forgery; a clumsy, childish forgery that wouldn't impose upon a blind man! We can send you to the rock pile on the strength of it if we want to!"

Since he had stolen the deed out of my pocket, I thought, of course, that he was just bluffing about its being a forgery. He must have known perfectly well that it wasn't. But Daddy was whispering in my ear as he sat behind me. Something like this: "Gosh-all-Friday, Stannie, he's got you goin'! He's made a copy o' the deed and throwed the 'riginal away-burnt it up, 'r somethin'!"

"You have it all your own way, Bullerton-or you think you have," I told him: and if I didn't get all of the selfconfidence into the words that I tried to, I am persuaded that he didn't know the difference. "I might even concede that you have everything but the mine itself. If you want that, you may come and take it; but you'll permit me to say that when you break into this shaft-house there will be fewer people alive on Cinnabar mountain than there are at the present moment. I shall quite possibly be one of the dead ones, but before I go out a shall do my best to make you another."

"All right," he snapped back; "you're speaking for yourself, and that's your privilege. But how about you, Twombly? This is no quarrel of yours. Suppose you go over yonder to your cabin and stay out of the fight.

Nobody wants to hurt you." That put it pretty squarely up to me, too, so I turned to the old man at my side.

"It's good advice, Daddy," I said; "and this isn't your quarrel. You'd better duck while you can."

Daddy Hiram made no reply at all to me; didn't pay any attention to me. Instead, he stood up on the door-sill and shook his fist at Bullerton.

"I been lookin' for you and your kind of a crowd for a year back, Charley Bullerton, and drawin' pay for doin' it!" he shrilled. "Stannie, here, says if you want this mine you can come and take it, and, by gummies. I say them same identical words!"

"All right," said Bullerton again. "But it's only fair to say that we outnumber you six to one, and we've get the law, and a few deputy sheriffs, on our side. You two haven't as much show as a cat in heli without claws, and when the carcus is over, you'll both go to jail, if there's enough leit of you to stand the trip." Then, as he was turning to go he flipped the deed into the air so that it fell at our feet. "You may have that," he sneered. "We'd like nothing better than to have

you produce it in court." It didn't seem just fitting to let him have the last word, so I pitched a small ultimatum of my own after him as he herded his two scoundrelly looking "witnesses" into the downward road.

out. "Your flag of truce holds only until you get back to your army. If you or any of your men are in sight of Cinnabar property ten minutes after you reach your camp, we open fire." Since the truce was thus definitely

"One thing more, Bullerton," I called

ended, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closing the doors and making everything snug I asked Daddy what kind of human timber Bullerton was likely to have in his army, and if there were any chance that his boast about having deputy sheriffs in the crowd was to be taken at its face value.

"There's nothin' to the deputy brag. Ike Beasley is the chief deputy for this end o' the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse commytaters down yonder. As for what he has got, there's no tellin'. Most likely he's picked up a fistful o' toughs and out-o'-works down in Angels. There's always plenty o' drift o' that kind hangin' 'round a minin' camp." "Fighters?" I queried.

"Oh, yes; I reckon so-if fighting comes easier than workin'."

With the doors shut and barred I climbed up on our breastwork to bring my eyes on a level with one of the high window holes. The ten-minute ultimatum interval had come to an end, but the raiders were making no move to vacate the premises. On the contrary, their cooking fire was now burning briskly and they were apparently making leisurely preparations to eat. It fairly made me schoolboy furious to hind. There was a climb of about see those fellows calmly getting their thirty feet, maybe, coming up from noon meal ready and ignoring my warning.

"Hand me up one of those dynamite cartridges!" I barked at Daddy Hiram; and when he complied, I lighted a match and stuck it to the split end of the fuse. There was a fizz, a cloud of acrid smoke to make me turn my face away and cough, and then a frenzied yell from the old man. "Throw it - good-gosh-to-Friday -

throw it!" I contrived to get it out through the window opening in some way, and lost my balance on the earth bags doing it,



"Throw It! Good - Gosh - to - Friday! Throw It!"

tumbling awkwardly into Daddy's arms as I fell. Coincident with the tumble, the stout old shaft-house rocked to the crash of an explosion that was still echoing from the cliffs of the mountain above when the sour fumes of the dynamite rose to float in at the window holes.

"G-good gizzards!' stuttered Daddy Hiram, "did you reckon I cut them fuses long enough so 't you could hold 'em in your hands and watch 'em

burn?" "What do I know about fuses?" I asked, grinning at him. Then I mounted the breastwork again and looked out, prepared to see the entire landscape blown into shreds.

Aside from a few sheets of corrugated iron torn from the roof of the adjacent ore shed, the landscape appeared to be fair' intact and still with us. But down on the bench below, the lately kindled cooking fire was burning in solitary confinement. The raiders, to : man, had disap peared.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Applied Hydraulics. "They've skipped," I reported to Daddy, as I climbed down from the earth sacks, "and that shows us the quality of the humanity stuff we have to deal with. Bullerton will never get that bunch to rush us in the open."

"That's something gained, anyway," said the old man; "and ever' li'l' bit helps. But if they ain't goin' to take it standin' up, we got to look out for Injin doin's; the snake-in-the-grass kind. Charley Bullerton ain't goin' to quit none so easy."

Nevertheless, for an hour or more, it looked as if the jumpers had quit. In due time the cooking fire in the little glade burned out, and no one came to rekindle it. Around and about the solemn silence of the mountain wilderness ringed us in, and it was hard to realize that the siege had not been abandoned—though we knew well enough it hadn't.

We put in the time as best we could, tinkering up our defenses and trying to provide for all the contingencies. For one thing, Daddy found a big auger and used it to bore loopholes at various places through the wall, by means of which we could command the approaches to the shaft-house on two of the three exposed sides. Eastwardly, the blacksmith shop intervened between us and the boiler shed-it was built as a lean-to against that side of the shaft-house-and in that direction we were necessarily blind. The fourth side, as I have said, faced an abrupt cliff of the mountain, a rocky wall rising to maybe twice the height of the buildings and almost overhanging them. At its summit this cliff tapered off into a steep upward slope, bare of timber; hence we were comparatively secure from attack in that quarter.

As to provisioning we were not so badly off. Daddy Hiram, well used in his long experience as a prospector to figuring upon the longevity of "grubstakes," estimated that, what with the canned stuff, part of a sack of flour, and another of cornmeal, we could live for a week, though the cooking was going to be rather inconvenient. For a fire we should have to resort to the forge in the blacksmith shop, and the shop was nothing but an open-cracked shed, as I have described it, entirely indefensible if the raiders should conclude to rush it.

In the fulness of time the period of suspense came to an end, and we were given audible proof that Bullerton had finally made his "dispositions," as an army man would say. The announcement came in the form of a rifle bullet ripping through the roof of the shafthouse as if the stout iron roofing had

been so much paper. "The fun's a-beginnin'," said Daddy; and the words were hardly out of his mouth before another bullet came this

time from the opposite direction, and it, also, tore through the roof.

"Got us surrounded," Daddy grimand at intervals of a minute or so, came from all three of the exposen sides of the building, and the time elapsing between the ripping crashes on the roof and the crack of the guns told us that the marksmen were all well beyond the range of our Winchesters, even if we could have seen them-which we couldn't.

Bullerton had evidently given his men orders to aim at the roof, for it was only a stray bullet now and then that came through the walls. After a time the purpose of the bombardment became obvious. Bullerton seemed to have absorbed the idea that he could break our nerve-wear us out. After the first fusillade the shots came at Ralph Luse assistant installing offiintervals of maybe five minutes; just often enough to keep us on the strain; and I don't mind admitting that the object was handsomely gained. I can't speak for Daddy Hiram or the dog, but at the end of the first hour I was little better than a bunch of raw nerves.

As all days must, this wearisome first day came to an end at last, and with the coming of dusk the bombardment stopped-with our roof looking like a sieve.

But after darkness had settled down we were made to feel in another way how acutely helpless we were. We could see nothing, hear nothing. Though we knew we were surrounded, the silence and solitude were unbroken, and the strain was greater than that of a pitched battle. If we were to get any sleep at all, a night watch could be maintained by only one of us at a time; and with our utmost vigilance a surprise attack would be the easiest thing in the world for Bullerton to pull

There are no night noises in the high be blowing; no frogs or tree-toads, no ant installing officers. insects; and the silence was fairly deafening-and maddening.

Not wishing to strike a match to determine the exact end of my watch period, I stuck it out, meaning to give Daddy good measure. So I think it must have been somewhere around ten o'clock when the collie woke with a start, jumped up, took the kinks out of his back with a little whining yawn, and trotted to the door-the one opening toward the cabin across the dump head. Screwing an eye to one of Daddy's auger-bored loopholes, I tried to fathom the outer darkness, which was only a degree or so less Egyptian than that of the shaft-house interior.

Though I could see nothing suspicious it was very evident that the dog could hear something. He had his nose to the crack under the door and was growling. I quieted him and listened Something was going on, either inside of the cabin or back of it; in the dead silence I could distinguish a low murmur of voices and, a moment later, a sound like that which would be made by the cautious opening of one of the sliding windows. While I still had my eye to the peep-hole a jet of flame spurted from the dark bulk of the cabin and simultaneously a bullet tore

through the shaft-house roof. The raiders had captured our outworks. The report and the bullet clatter tract in Gregg township; \$50.

aroused Daddy Hiram, and when I

turned he was at my elbow. "Done crope up on us, have they, son?" he said in his usual unruffled manner. Then: "Maybe this is just a sort o' false notion over here. S'pose you try and get a squint at things over on the blacksmith-shop side, Stannie."

I stumbled across to the other door, taking the collie with me. I could see nothing in that direction; less than nothing, since the lean-to shop building cut off what little light the stars \$1,500. gave. But the black darkness didn't hamper Barney's ears or his nose, and his eagerness to get back to the real battle front was a good proof that there was as yet nothing stirring on our side of things.

Groping my way back to Daddy I found that he had one of the Winchesters and semed to be trying to fit a ramrod to the barrel. When I finally made out what he was doing I found that he had thrust a piece of heavy wire into the gun-barrel and was impaling one of the dynamite cartridges on its projecting end. "Li'l' skyrocket," he chuckled; then,

with quaint humor: "You stand by with a match, Stannie, and let's see what-all's goin' to happen. When I say the word, you stick your match to the fuse."

Heavens! maybe I didn't enjoy a delightful little spasm as I got a flashlight mental picture of that old man fumbling around with a lighted cartridge at the muzzle of his gun, trying to poke cartridge and gun-barrel through a hole in the door that couldn't possibly have been over two and a half inches in diameter—and in the dark, at that! What if he shouldn't be able to find the hole in time? Or if he should succeed in finding it and the rifle bullet should jam on the wire? fail to rid us of the deadly thing before it should go off and blow us to kingdom come?

But there was no time to haggle about it, and the whang of another high-powered bullet on the iron roof over our heads speeded things up.

"Do your do," Daddy muttered; and I struck a match, sheltered the tiny flame in my hollowed hands until it got going good, and then, with a silent prayer that Daddy might not miss the hole, stuck the blaze to the frayed end of the powder string.

(Continued next week).

P. O. S. of A. Installations.

District president E. S. Ripka, of aced, when a third shot came from still Centre Hall, had a busy time of it another point of the compass; and last week installing the newly elected a door to a higher sphere.—Henry Ward within the next fifteen minutes Buller- officers of the various P. O. S. of A. Beecher. ton's demonstration was made com- camps in Pennsvalley. The first inplete. The shots, fired one at a time, stallation was at Spring Mills on the evening of Jaunary 2nd when the officers of Camp No. 891 were installed, T. L. Smith being the assistant installing officer. The officers are as

Past President—H. E. Stover.
President—Jerry Albright.
Vice President—Ray Zeigler.
Master of Forms—John Moser.
Recording Secretary—S. G. Walker.
Ass't Recording Secy—C. E. Albright.
Financial Secretary—G. C. King.
Treasurer—S. L. Condo.
Chaplain—W. H. Smith.
Conductor—Boyd Smith.
Inspector—Russell Weaver.
Guard—John H. Smith.
Right Sentinel—C. R. Zerby.
Left Sentinel—C. I. Wert.
Trustees—Jerry Albright, W. H. Hettinger, W. H. Smith.
Centre Hall. No. 889 January 5th.

Centre Hall, No. 889, January 5th. cer.

Past President—T. A. Hosterman.
President—Boyd Jordon.
Vice President—Fred Raymond.
Master of Forms—R. D. Foreman.
Recording Secretary—T. L. Smith.
Asst. Rec. Secy—N. L. Bartges.
Financial Secretary—E. S. Ripka.
Trensurer—D. W. Bradford.
Chaplain—A. C. Ripka.
Conductor—Andrew Jordon.
Inspector—W. H. Bland.
Guard—F. J. McClellan.
Right Sentinel—Miles Snyder.
Left Sentinel—Carl McClellan.
Trustees—N. L. Bartges, R. D. Foreman,
E. S. Ripka. S. Ripka.

Aaronsburg, No. 625, January 6th, T. L. Smith and W. H. Bland, assistant installing officers.

Past President—Harvey Haffley.
President—R. W. Mensch.
Vice President—H. C. Stricker.
Master of Forms—T. C. Weaver.
Recording Secretary—W. J. Bower.
Ass't Rec. Secy—J. H. Haines.
Financial Secretary—W. K. Haines.
Treasurer—J. H. Haines.
Chaplain—A. S. Musser.
Conductor—Harvey Tressler.
Inspector—O. H. Bower.
Guard—Bruce Homan.
Right Sentinel—Frank Boyer.
Left Sentinel—G. B. Stover.
Trustees—H. C. Stricker, W. J. Bower,
H. Haines. Past President-Harvey Haffley. J. H. Haines

Woodward, No. 357, January 7th. altitudes, unless the wind happens to T. L. Smith and W. H. Bland, assist-

Past President—Hasten Long.
President—I. M. Orondorf.
Vice President—C. P. Sheesley.
Master of Forms—E. F. Orndorf.
Recording Secretary—C. D. Motz.
Asst. Rec. Secy—W. J. Smith.
Financial Secretary—E. H. Musser.
Treasurer—E. F. Orndorf.
Chaplain—D. J. Benner.
Conductor—Frank Korman.
Inspector—C. E. Hackenburg.
Guard—I. M. Smith.
Right Sentinel—C. E. Carter.
Left Sentinel—W. R. Smith.
Trustee—John Brindel.
The third district has shown a

The third district has shown a gain in membership for the year, with good prospects ahead. They have also shown a good gain financially.

### Real Estate Transfers.

Harry E. Breon, et ux, to Harris R. Woomer, tract in Spring township; \$1.200.

Harvey N. Grenoble, et ux, to Samuel Snyder, tract in Ferguson township; \$1,700.

Lawshe Baird, et ux, to Ruth M. quisite dinner gown of embroidered net used filet for this chic note. Bair, tract in Philipsburg; \$1. Ruth M. Bair to Elizabeth S. Baird, tract in Philipsburg; \$1.

Howard W. Lutz, et al, to George R. Mock, tract in Rush township; \$1. Edward S. Erb, et ux, to Edward N. Porter, tract in State College; \$1,000.

Mary Eby, Admr., to John Eby, tract in Walker township; \$1. John Ream, et ux, to D. P. Ream,

Helena Grenoble, Admr., to James H. Runkle, tract in Ferguson township; \$1,400.

James H. Runkle to Harvey Gren-\$1,400. John B. Fetzer's heirs to Henry Fetzer, tract in Boggs township; \$300. ratine or eponge.

George F. Walker, et ux, to Henry Fetzer, tract in Boggs township; \$100. Ida S. Fryberger, et bar, to Clara G. Fryberger, tract in Philipsburg; John E. Rupp, et ux, to Christena

M. Musser, tract in State College; \$3,800. Christ H. Schrader to Edward S. Erb, tract in State College; \$1,800.

## Marriage Licenses.

Aaron Beam and Mary Louise Hockenbury, Cooper Settlement, Clearfield county. Orvis E. Corman, Millheim, and Mabelle J. Stover, Aaronsburg. Ira J. Sprankle and Isabelle E. Tate, Bellefonte. Arthur Burns Hannon, Howard, and Emma V. Bumgardner, Runville. George Kultan, Lecontes Mills, and

## Mary Krasnovich, Clarence. Peace Dollar Now in Banks.

The new silver dollar-the "Peace Dollar"-was placed in circulation last week, several hundred thousand having been shipped to the federal reserve banks by the Philadelphia mint. The new coin was made in commemoration of the arms conference at Washington. It is designed with the head of Liberty on one side, and on the other a dove upon a mountain top, clutching an olive branch, struck the rays of sun with the word "Peace" beneath it.

This is the first time the silver dol-Or any one of a dozen "ifs" that might lar has been changed since 1878, the coinage laws forbidding any change in the design more often than once in twenty-five years except by special legislation.

There will be 180,000,000 of the new coins issued, one-half of which will be dated 1921. The first dollar was sent by special messenger to President Harding.

you?" "Twice," replied Mr. Chug-gins. "When I couldn't stop he arrested me for speeding, and when I finally stopped and couldn't start he arrested me for blocking the traffic." -Washington Star.

### FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Do the best you can where you are, and when that is accomplished God will open

Sporty knickerbockers for women were advocated by the American Designers' Association on the third day of its convention at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York Saturday, to balance the garments it had recommended for men on the preceding day. The men's garments, with high waists, braiding and satin pipings, it was conceded, had a distinctly feminine note, and the knickers in tweed, given to woman by the designers, dressed her like a man.

Before the convention brought its mannish knickerbocker suits into view it passed a resolution letting itself out of any appearance of trying to make woman unwomanly. The resolution said that never in the last fifty years had the dress of woman been so convenient and modest or lent itself so entirely to the virtues of hygiene, and that short, scant skirts, which did not hinder a woman's motions, might preserve her life in case of accident when she could not escape swathed in long garments.

The convention, in its discussion, said that knickerbockers for women were certain to come into general use and that it, as a progressive organization, should be in the vanguard in

standing for them. A knickerbocker suit worn at the evening session by Mrs. Alice L. Becht, daughter of Daniel Edward Ryan, the 83 year old designer who suggested the latest style, was of rough mixed woolen goods, the knickers ending in a cuff buttoned over the stocking a little below the knee. There also was a smart mannish coat.

Special displays of advance spring fashions have recently been made by the big stores, where many new and interesting features were noted. Among these the cape gown, the extensive vogue of knickers for every occasion of outdoor wear, the loose, looped panel known as the culotte, the combination of materials for the summer gown, the sanction given the collar, and the prevalence of ratine, both silk and cotton, are perhaps the

most outstanding.

It is a trifling thing, at times—a color tone, perhaps, a touch here or there, a new line-which distinguishes the last year's frock from the up-todate model. But it is this seeming nothingness which stamps a woman as well-groomed and distinctively dressed, or as rather out of things and more or less passe.

We hear much about the added length of skirts. But clothes for sports wear have certainly not taken on any added inches. They continue to swing jauntily and smartly at from 10 to 14 inches from the ground. Afternoon and evening gowns are somewhat longer, but not startlingly so. They more often than not have culotte panels of self-material, of lace or of tulle which, on occasions, reach nearly to the floor. A sleveless even-ing creation of lettuce green crepe, charmingly embroidered in seed pearls, was weighted to uneven lengths so that it dipped deeply at either side, by pearl tassels. An ex-

Sleeves are either missing er, as in the gown for formal wear, or they are three-quarter length and wide cuffed with an occasional seveneighth. Jenny continues to send unusual and lovely sleeves and much attention promises to centre on them throughout the season.

The perennial favorite, black and white, again bobs up serenely. And it is as welcome and as stunning as ever. It may be no more than a gilet of white Irish crochet in a black satin suit, or a facing of black on white rajah, but the combination is certain to exist. Pill-box red, which seemed oble, tract in Ferguson township; so startling when it came out last year, is now firmly ensconced in fashion's favor. It is fascinating in silk

Age is no factor in the wearing of the trim coat suits of homespun and tweed. The coats of these suits continue straight and boxed, but exhibit a liking for trimming. This may take the form of leather inserts, triangular shaped, on the cuffs, lapels, collar and double number of pockets, one above the other. But more often it is the back centre seam, which furnished the line of attack. Both pipings and tiny bands of contrasting material were noted. Bound buttonholes, black on checks and vice versa, were shown, and the slashed bottom is chic. These coats invariably fasten with one button below their rolling collar.

The sports coats are stunning with their accompanying white skirts of flannel or crepe.

All indications point to a colorful spring season in hats for the fair sex, according to the bulletin of the Retail Millinery Association of America,

"Except for the opening collections abroad sponsoring black and white collections, all else pointed to a season for bright colors. The red range and that of the blues and greens are particularly prominent in the French modes, canna and a brighter they call Pompeii being well liked. Of course, the hats for immediate wear stress blacks, browns and grays to beige neutral tints, but these are already on the wane before the onslaught of approaching spring and re-

"With the advent of warm reds, the French have deposited here a shade as bloody in name—feu Landra—as in effect. Tiger lily shades, reddish yellows and pumpkin tones, too, will flourish during the first few months of 1922. The old rose tones have not been entirely neglected either. Blues and greens are especially well thought styles dealing with the empire per-iod." of, especially the latter in relation to

Clothes make such a difference to the way a woman feels, any time, anywhere, that it's worth while giving little thought even to those she is to wear while she does the "dirty wo It's not only unnecessary to look the "sight" some women make of themselves over housework.