

EVENSONG

Like the warm coverlet,
God's Love enfolds us;
Safe and warm
From all harm
Night long it holds us.

Like the candle by the bed,
God's love lightens us,
Turns to day
The shadows gray,
And the dark that frightens us.

Like the mother's good-night kiss,
God's love blesses us,
Wipes away
The tears of day,
Quiets and caresses us.

As the mother, so is God,
Father most dear to us;
And although
The morn comes slow,
Yet he is near to us.

CAPRICE

Dorothy sat in the dark, empty hall, listening to the last bars of the Brahms violin concerto. It was amusing, being allowed in on a rehearsal like this—amusing and rather chic. She would tell about it when she got back to Boston. She had had an unusually interesting time in Paris for an American, but this trip to Biarritz with Amelita Correlli, the famous Italian violinist, was going to prove the most interesting of all.

Amelita had asked the tall, blond French conductor if Dorothy might come to the rehearsal, and he had reluctantly agreed. He hated people listening to his work. It disturbed him, and besides it was very boring of Amelita to have brought this American with her. It meant there would be no pleasant tea-tetes, and he had enjoyed his hours alone with the beautiful Italian last year, when she had come down to play with his orchestra.

Dorothy, alone in the rows of empty seats, was somehow conscious of his annoyance. She had not met him yet, but Amelita had told her how impatient he was with outsiders. The rehearsal was over, and, like a bad child, she crept from her seat and back to the door through which she had come. She would sneak out and back to the hotel without even speaking to him. But the door wouldn't open. Apparently an usher had unintentionally locked her in from the outside. How embarrassing! Well, she could not stay there until the concert in the evening, so there was nothing to do but face the wrath of the imperious conductor.

"Amelita," she called, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I cannot get out. The doors are all locked. Could you ask M. Le Grand how I can avoid spending the day here?" At the same time she thought:

"How I wish I were the kind of woman who could sweep up with the grand manner and carry him off his feet! But I won't. There never was any glamor about me."

Amelita had taken hold of Le Grand's arm.

"Regardez, cher maestro. Voilà ma petite amie Americaine, Mme. Brewster. Let me present you to her."

Dorothy was walking down the aisle to the stage. Le Grand held out his hand to her.

"Sautez, madame," he said. "You must jump over the footlights."

Dorothy climbed onto one of the front seats and sprang across the lights. Her foot caught on a loose wire on the stage, and she started to fall, but Le Grand leaped forward to catch her. Their eyes met as he caught her in his arms, and then they stood there a few seconds transfixed. A warming rush of color from the soles of Dorothy's feet to the roots of her hair made her spring away roughly.

"Thank you," she murmured and turned to Amelita. "Come on, Lita, darling, let's go swimming. It's such a heavenly day, and you've been working all morning. It will do you good."

But Amelita was afraid to swim, with a concert ahead of her that evening. She wanted to be in the sun a while, however, so she and Le Grand would go sit on the beach.

Dorothy strolled along beside them as they walked from the Casino. She felt strangely ill at ease with these two musicians, even though she was an intimate friend of Lita's. She could not help smiling to herself at the absurd incongruity of their lives. How remote her prosaic George in America seemed to her, with his absorption in his law and his interminable bridge games at night. A wave of homesickness suddenly flooded her. She thought she was going to cry aloud for that monotonous security she had run away from. Instead, she turned to Le Grand and asked for a cigarette. As he handed her one, he looked steadily down into her eyes, and something in her shuddered agreeably.

"Correlli," he said, without turning his head, "what manner of woman is this? She is not like you and me. And yet," he continued gravely, "I think I can understand why you two are friends."

Amelita laughed warmly. "You will like her," Le Grand," she said. "She is just a little American, a good mother and a good wife. Every now and then she escapes from her husband and family long enough to hear some music and make friends with a few crazy artists like you and me. But always she goes back again—to George."

Dorothy felt suddenly resentful at Amelita's affectionate patronizing. Why should it always be assumed, she wondered, that she could never be entirely free? She had a nagging, unhappy sense that she did not fit, either here with Correlli and Le Grand, or at home with George and

her dreary round of "smart, young married" friends.

"George would say I was making myself miserable by thinking too much, and that all I need is a little exercise," she thought ruefully, and then, exasperated to find she had thought more about George in the last half hour than she had all the rest of her trip, she left the two musicians abruptly to put on her bathing suit.

Le Grand and Correlli sat talking on the beach as Dorothy came shining out of the water. Her healthy, well-made body was bronzed and glistening. Her eyes shone, and when she smiled, her teeth flashed brilliantly behind the warm loveliness of her full mouth. Le Grand stood up to greet her and an unreasoning fear took possession of her. She muttered something about getting dressed for lunch and ran into her bathroom like a creature pursued.

A bottle of red wine and Amelita's good-natured but determined concentration on herself soon made Dorothy forget her icy terror. Only every now and then she was conscious of a deeply buried sense of foreboding and unrest.

Le Grand came to the hotel after lunch and they all piled into Dorothy's car to drive out into the foothills of the Pyrenees. The two women sat in either corner of the car with Le Grand between them. It was a warm, sunny afternoon, but there was a matter-of-fact quality about the fields and hills which always comes during that period between lunch and tea. There were no long shadows to entice you with their vagueness, only a frank obviousness which made you want to turn away.

"Any other time of day or night has its particular charm," thought Dorothy morosely, "but between 2 and 4 one should be alone—asleep or with a good book."

Amelita had slipped her arm through Le Grand's and they were reminiscing gaily. Dorothy sat back in her corner feeling a little out of things. Laughing, Le Grand turned to her and, lifting his right elbow, ever so casually, put your arm through mine, too, and then we shall be three gay comrades."

As Dorothy felt the rough tweed of his sleeve under her hand, she knew that this was no casual gesture between them, but a significant and expectant one, despite its simplicity. She had a second of panic and glanced swiftly at Amelita to see if she had sensed this lightning flash between her and Le Grand. But Correlli was looking admirably out at the handsome Basques who strode along the road.

So they drove for several hours, Dorothy scarcely crediting her strange premonitions—and yet, at times, quite sure that she was caught up by a force beyond anything she had ever known. The only thing she could compare it to was the day when she was very little and had got scarlet fever. In the morning she had been quite well, and in the afternoon the doctors had told her she was very ill and would be for a long time. She remembered her distress then before she had adjusted herself to the idea.

"What are you thinking of?" Le Grand leaned close to her. It seemed quite natural that the very turn of his head should be a caress—just as it had seemed quite natural for her to have that high fever that afternoon so many years ago.

"I was comparing you to scarlet fever," Dorothy laughed.

"You hear that, Correlli," he cried. "Your charming friend compares me to the most virulent disease. It is unkind of her, and most unfair. She is most likely, tired of driving about with you and me. Let's stop in a little inn I know, not far from here. They have the best liquors in this part of the world, and we can sit at a table by a lovely stream and drink them. You like good wines, madame? But surely yes—car vouz avez du gout et pour les choses du corps et de l'esprit."

They drove up to a tiny inn, where, on a court in front, the Basque men were playing their favorite game of "pelota." Le Grand took the two women through the house and out on the other side to a long, sloping lawn. Down at the end of the lawn was a winding stream with an apple tree growing with crooked charm on the bank and a table and chairs set invitingly beneath it.

Already this afternoon had lost some of its banality, for the shadows were growing longer. Amelita ordered beer, Le Grand a glass of port, and Dorothy a creme de menthe frappe. It was cool, clear, and very fresh and just what Dorothy felt she needed. She raised her glass and sipped its aromatic sweetness. Her eye caught Le Grand's and she wished futilely that his gaze were less searching.

"I like the way you drink," he said, simply and disturbingly.

On the way home Dorothy pondered over the strange shifting that had come in her position to these two musicians. So little had been said or done, and yet at the end of a few hours she found herself no longer an American outsider with her friend Amelita and a strange French conductor, but a woman supremely conscious of a man.

Was it this sudden awareness which made her feel it entirely legitimate to scheme in everything but words with Le Grand to get rid of Amelita? Whatever it was, it was stronger than she and she might as well acknowledge its supremacy.

It had always been her boast that no situation had ever caught her unprepared and no relationship of hers had not been planned for. She had wanted to marry George and so she had schemed with great deliberation to achieve that end. Her babies had been wanted and arranged for long before they started on the way. Even her affairs with men had been meticulously kept in their proper place in her well-ordered life. But now or

the fading light, when suddenly he turned upon her savagely.

"How bitter it will be looking out here to the west when you are gone," he said. "My lovely view will be 'empoisoned,' because every time I look toward the setting sun I shall see your eyes, your maddening, beautiful eyes turning to greet the man who is your husband."

"What manner of man is he? Tell me about him. No, don't, don't. I can't bear to hear. I don't want to be able to see you with him. If I could picture him, I should go mad. My brain reeled when you fell into my arms this morning, and all day long I've thought of nothing except that you and I, some day, somehow, will share each other's lives."

"Please, please don't say anything to me now. I know it sounds insane, and I know it is more true than the sure rising of the sun tomorrow morning."

Dorothy was shaking perceptibly. Her heart felt as though it were turning over entirely every time it beat, and her troubled gaze never left Le Grand's face. Gently he put his arms about her and gently drew her to him.

"Tell me," he whispered, "your eyes, your incredible, glorious eyes would never lie. They never could; could they?"

His tone besought her and for an answer he only needed the scarcely visible shake of her head. Then he pressed his mouth on hers. Great waves of passion possessed them both, and swept them off their feet. At last they drew away from each other and Le Grand stooped down and kissed her hand.

"I love you, my dear love," he said. "I don't reason or explain. I know nothing of you, and yet I know you deeply. I cannot understand why you should jump across the footlights into my life," he smiled gravely at her. "I did not ask you to. I did not want you to. I dare not let myself imagine what the future holds for me. You will leave me, perhaps, but you will come back, I know."

Dorothy's mouth was quivering. "I won't come back, my dear," she whispered. "I love you, but I won't come back. Perhaps you'll understand—perhaps you won't. Like you, I cannot talk about it. Only believe me that I love as I never knew I could love any one."

An hour later Dorothy rushed herself hurrying to the hotel. She rushed to Amelita's room to wake her as she had promised, only she was late, terribly late. Amelita would be angry and she would never be able to get dressed in time for the concert. Dorothy burst in, to find the violinist sitting before her dressing table.

"Aha, my little American," she said, "in the morning you meet a strange French conductor, and by afternoon you have forgotten the existence of your poor Italian friend. It is lucky that I woke myself in time. It would not have been easy to explain to the audience that I was late because you and Le Grand were out having a flirtation and you forgot to wake me!"

"Lita, darling, don't!" Something inside Dorothy turned to ice. How impossible it would be ever to explain to another person what she had been through and how unbearable it was to have Lita speak of it as a "flirtation!"

"I'm terribly sorry to be so late," she said. "I apologize, Lita. Please forgive me. Tomorrow I will try to explain it to you. Now I must run and dress. Le Grand wants me to come to his dressing room before the concert and I must not keep him waiting."

Amelita's eyes stared back at her from the mirror. "You mean you are not going to the Casino with me?" she queried, "I am to go alone with my music and my violin and no one to help me? Voyons, ma chere, ce n'est pas bien poli de ta part."

Dorothy had not waited to listen. She was already in her own room throwing off her clothes as she ran for her bath.

"Lita, darling, if you hurry I'll go with you," she called in, "but I won't wait for you a minute."

Of course, Amelita was not ready and Dorothy got to the Casino before any of the audience. She went to the stage door and was shown up a winding flight of stairs to Le Grand's dressing room. There he was, waiting for her, his hands outstretched.

"My dear," he said. "My very, very dear."

"You will play for me tonight," she said, "and I shall listen to you proudly."

She smiled up at him while he lifted her hands to his mouth and held them there, feeling the smooth, brown skin with his lips. Suddenly Dorothy threw back her head and laughed.

"Monsieur," she said, "I had forgotten to ask you your first name. I should like to be able to use it, with your permission."

"You may indeed use it, madame," he said, with a little bow. "It is Pierre."

Dorothy tried saying it over to herself, but somehow it made her feel very shy. She couldn't manage it quite yet.

The calboy came to tell Le Grand that he had five more minutes.

"Good-by, my love," said Dorothy. "I shall sit close to you while you play."

Le Grand watched her as she ran down the stairs and then he shut his eyes to hold close in his memory her loveliness as she turned away from him.

Dorothy crept into her seat in the front row. How incredible it all seemed! This morning only, standing on this same chair, she had scarcely been conscious of Le Grand's existence. This afternoon they had been swept as close together as two human beings ever get to each other. And tomorrow—but the mere thought of that brought with it such a rack-pain that she heard herself let out a furtive groan.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT

Those who cannot go to Germany can at least read Goethe, one of the world's four greatest writers. The other three, Homer, Dante and Shakespeare.

This is a good time for newspapers to reprint some lines of Goethe's and that, abbreviated, run:

"Money lost, something lost, Honor lost, much lost, Courage lost, everything lost, better thou wert never born."

—Setting the styles for the women of America, Easter parade of fashionable New Yorkers along Fifth and Park avenues was a panorama of the correct modes for the spring wear.

All in all, the dressy suits were the dominant new note of the day and season. They were of woolen fabrics, thin or thick, rough or smooth, with jackets that barely reached the normal waist line or flared all the way to the knees—even the sleeves were of varied length, some stopping at the elbow, others continuing to the wrist. The most popular seemed of seven-eighths length, supplemented by longish suede gloves.

These dressy suits were luxurious in their use of fur, many having large shawl collars of blue or silver fox. Often a wide collarless jacket sported heavy cuffs of fox or kolinsky. Many of the smartest suits had no trimming but depended on unusual cut of sleeve and neck treatment for distinction. Skirt lengths are about the same as of the past year.

While the weather dictated heavy fur coats for many, the short jacket, usually in brown tones of lapin in either Summer fur, was worn frequently as a smart compromise between Winter coat and Spring suit. Usually a bright colored dress of red, green or blue woolen accompanied the jacket. These gave the dash of color to the scene which otherwise seemed subdued with black, beige, brown and a d blue popular choices. When in doubt, this season, a 'b' color is safe.

FUR FINISHED COATS

The Spring coats that did appear usually were of rough woolen, collarless, finished with flat fur scarf of Kolinsky, baum martin and sable. Often, a gay polka dot or striped taffeta scarf was substituted for the fur and ended in a perky bow under the chin.

Hats were virtually all of straw, shiny or shaggy black straw, flat-crowned, narrow brimmed or of the beret type. Once in a while, a bright red hat appeared, accounting a brown or black costume. There were also several all-white small hats, worn with black suits and coats.

Sandals and oxfords were favored for footwear, threatening to displace the long popular opera pump. Blue shoes were usually worn to complete an all-blue outfit, and with them came the blue mesh hosiery, promised as a style sensation for this season months ago.

PUFF SLEEVES HINTED

All modes seemed designated to emphasize breadth of shoulder and narrowness of waist and there was a hint of the return of the puff sleeve of long ago. The effect was close to the mushroom silhouette which stylists have been promoting for a half year and the result was to give a suggestion of fluent grace to one's walk and at times more than a suggestion of a swagger, especially if hips were less flat than this fashion calls for.

Even flowers intimated a return to the romantic age. Although gardenias were the choice on Easter, five or six to a spray with a silver or white ribbon, and orchids were plentiful, there were many corsages of the old fashioned type—violets with a gardenia or a trailing arbutus, sweet peas and lilies of the valley, with stiff crinkly sheaths—and many of these bouquets were carried in the hand as our grandmothers are said to have done.

Almost everyone had flowers. They struck the gayest note of the day. They seemed to be restored and properly, as the symbol of Spring, indispensable whether or not raiment was possible.

LARGE WOOL LOSS IS DUE TO MOTHS

If the moth population of Bloomfield is equal to its human population, the moths consume each year in the neighborhood of 72 pounds of wool, or enough to ruin all the woolen dresses, suits and coats worn by the people of the community.

This statement of interest to every home-maker comes from the Rex Research Foundation, Chicago, which is engaged in a constant war on household insects which are a menace to life and health and a source of damage to property. It is based on this fact known to science: If 50 per cent of the eggs of a single female clothes moth are fertile and reach maturity and 38 per cent of these are female, two generations (roughly, one year) under favorable conditions will consume .10 of a pound of wool. Multiplying this figure by the population of the community yields the amazing total given above.

Under favorable conditions the larvae, which is the stage of existence at which the moth does the damage, increases about 375 times or more in weight during the feeding period, which extends from three to nine months, according to the Foundation. In that period it devours a total weight of food equal to about 11 to 13 times the weight of the adult moth—the food, of course, being your fine woolsens, furs, upholstery and the like.

Moths crawl down into the darkest places, into the tiniest folds, and under the fattest seams. Here unmolested they secretly lay their eggs. The moth generally does not come out into the open until life work-laying eggs for a new generation—is finished. When winged moths are discovered, a search for the places where eggs have been deposited should begin. Unless this is done one may discover instead of a group of rapidly growing larvae growing in the act of eating voraciously at whatever wool, fur, or feathers are at hand. Regardless of the state in which the insect is found, immediate action for its destruction should begin.

The most effective way of fighting moths at this season is by the regular use of a special scientifically prepared moth spray on upholstered furniture, rugs, and clothing not regularly worn. In the spring a thorough spraying of garments being put away for the summer in cedar chests, tight trunks, moth or paper home-made bags destroys all moth life. The spray will annihilate moths already on the garments, and the tight containers will prevent the inroads of new ones.

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

1. Sponging with soap and warm water as described for the plain sponging.

2. Using an absorbent such as blotting paper, unglazed brown paper, white talcum powder, or fullers earth.

3. Using an absorbent such as blot-