

THE PRINCESS EVELYN.

By INA BREEVORT ROBERTS.

Roger sat watching the woman he had come to Woodbourne to see. She was the center of a group of young people who were discussing the details of a cabare party at the other end of the piazza.

Roger sighed. He had thought that perhaps away from the town and its artificial life he would sometimes be able to get more than a word or a dance with the woman he loved; he had even hoped they might become comrades, companions.

But she had told other men beside him that she was coming to Woodbourne, it seemed; Roger could count at least half a dozen of her admirers in the group over which she was holding court.

At first they were content to listen in silence to the patter of the rain, but soon Roger began to repeat all the Mother Goose rhymes he knew, feeling ashamed because he could not remember more. He wove Winifred a crown of straw flowers, and when they lay back and looked at the firmament in the rafters, where a window was the moon and each tiny hole that let in the light a shining star.

"Yes," answered Roger, with a sigh. "Once, upon a day while Roger and Winifred rested by the river after a long walk, there came across the field behind them footprints that made no sound in the stubby grass, and so it happened that they were surprised in their retreat by a young lady with a book in her hand, who started at sight of them and would have slipped away again had not the child seen her and run to her side.

"Please stay, Miss Hartly," she begged. "Roger's going to tell me a story." Roger had risen to his feet. "Yes, please stay, Miss Hartly," he said courteously.

The young woman hesitated, and finally seated herself on the grass with her back against a tree and one arm around Winifred, who nestled close to the slender figure.

She was very beautiful (Roger told himself this every time he saw her), with a fresh, healthy beauty and seemed of a piece with the green-and-gold world about them.

"Now you begin the story," commanded Winifred, with what was for her unusual boldness. "Please tell the one about the Princess Evelyn."

Roger stirred impatiently. "Miss Hartly may not care to hear a story," Roger's majesty," he said, "and as she is our guest, we must please her. Winifred and I are king and queen, and this our castle," he explained to the newcomer.

"It's Winifred. What's yours?" "Roger—Roger King. That's not a pretty name, is it?"

The child thought a moment. "King is," she said at last. "Whose little girl are you?" was Roger's next question.

"Mamma's and papa's. I live here always, in the winter, too." A silence followed, during which the dusk deepened. Presently Roger felt the touch of small fingers in his and roused himself from his abstraction.

"What do you do with yourself all day?" he inquired, feeling a desire to know how this odd, old-fashioned little girl spent her time.

"I play," Winifred answered, "and help mamma bake, and sometimes I ride to the depot with papa. After the boarders is all gone he's going to take me for lots of walks, down to the river and up to the top of that hill." She pointed to the towering black mountain behind them.

"I'm going down to the river to-morrow morning," said Roger. "Would you like to go, too?"

"Will you let me throw stones in the water?" "We will see who can throw them farthest?" "And we'll sit down under the trees?" "Of course."

mon to children. Sometimes she would sit or trot along beside him with her hand in his for an hour without speaking, and then suddenly begin asking questions that Roger would have needed to be wise, indeed, to answer.

Some times they lay in the grass on the river bank and counted the cloud-boats as they sailed across a sea of blue, and when there were no clouds in the sky, as happened often in that perfect weather, they watched countless yellow butterflies or closed their eyes and tried to name the bird-calls.

For the most part they met few people in their walks, and had their favorite spot by the river to themselves; when they did chance to hear voices in the vicinity they escaped down some leafy way as noiselessly as poachers.

On the first day it rained a very disconsolate and woe-begone little girl looked out the farmhouse kitchen window, but when Roger appeared in the doorway and asked permission to take Winifred to the barn, smiles chased away the tears.

Roger borrowed a blanket, and when he had made a throne of hay he spread the blanket upon it. Winifred settled back with a sigh of content. "Ain't this awful nice?" she whispered happily.

At first they were content to listen in silence to the patter of the rain, but soon Roger began to repeat all the Mother Goose rhymes he knew, feeling ashamed because he could not remember more. He wove Winifred a crown of straw flowers, and when they lay back and looked at the firmament in the rafters, where a window was the moon and each tiny hole that let in the light a shining star.

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"I'm going down to the river to-morrow morning," said Roger. "Would you like to go, too?"

"Will you let me throw stones in the water?" "We will see who can throw them farthest?" "And we'll sit down under the trees?" "Of course."

"And stand as long as we like?" "As long as you like."

"Oh, won't we have a good time!" cried Winifred, softly. "Won't it be awful nice?"

During the ensuing week the house was in a whirl of gaiety; dances, card parties and golf and tennis tournaments succeeded each other in quick succession, and Miss Hartly continued to hold court in a series of bewildering gowns. Roger did not join the train of her admirers, but he was not altogether lonely, for he had found a comrade.

After each meal two figures would leave the house together; sometimes to climb a mountain, sometimes they walked to the river bank, where they rested while Roger told stories to Winifred, and the child and the beauty of nature soothed the dull, never-ceasing ache that toggled away at his heart.

Gradually his awe of the child lessened, though it never quite left him. She was a quiet little thing, perfectly healthy, but with none of the restlessness com-

and I are. Isn't that a pretty story, and wasn't it nice of the shepherd to love the princess always and never marry another lady?"

Miss Hartly's lips smiled. "Yes," she replied, "it is a pretty story, but you have told only part of it—the man's side."

The girl paused and glanced at Roger, but his eyes were on the ground. "It may be," she paused again, to choose her words, "that the princess did not care for the glitter and gayety of the court; perhaps she, too, preferred the fields and a simple, sensible life. But princesses may not do as they like," the words were coming fast and vehemently now, "they are hedged about and—how do you know that, though this princess danced at court, the girl drew a quick breath, as if bracing herself for something difficult. "her heart was not with the shepherd all the while."

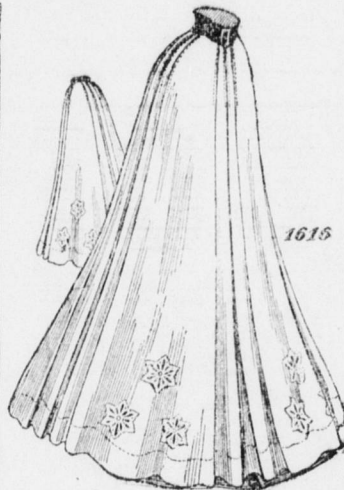
"This time it was Roger who looked up, but Miss Hartly's head was bent. They had forgotten Winifred, who, with a child's wonderful wisdom, kept very still.

FADS AND FANCIES.

MINNA SCHLATT CRAWFORD.

Although the picturesque and eccentric play the leading parts on fashion's stage this season, there are many charming styles that are decidedly conservative and simple, so that it is merely a matter of taste whether one be dressed conspicuously or with quiet elegance. Fashion is so elastic that "becomingness" is the only real essential of good style.

This is the period for wash gowns, and the clever woman who can sew on the machine is able to make herself half a dozen pretty tub toilettes for the sum she would be obliged to expend on one of these smart creations if she bought it ready made.



Ladies' five-gored skirt, with inverted plaits at front, sides and back. A very attractive style that is becoming to every type of figure, and suitable for all kinds of material. Specially handsome for linens, percales, mohairs, panamas and silks. The pattern No. 1616 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches bust measure.



Something new in the way of a dainty corset cover is always welcome. The one here pictured is made with a high girde belt which, while permitting all the fluffiness so dear to the feminine heart,

does away with the bulky material at the waist line. The trimming may be varied to suit individual fancy, but the way it is arranged on the model is very pretty and extremely becoming. No. 1841 is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.



The loose fitting pony jacket gives an extra smart touch to any costume with which it is worn. It has such a luxuriously feminine air and is more modish than any of the longer coats. It may be made of either taffeta or of cloth to match the dress. The one here illustrated was made of blue taffeta with narrow bands of Persian embroidery and left unlined, except a wide front facing which reached to the first row of plaits. The pattern No. 2041 is cut in sizes 32, 36 and 40 inches bust measure.

The simplicity of the outing suit here pictured has taken the fashion world by storm. Not in years has a style sprung into such immediate and overwhelming popularity. Go where you will, along the great boulevards, on the boardwalk, at the seashore, or on the piazzas of the big hotels, one sees nothing but these simple frocks, made of brown linen, white linen, and red and blue, or of foulard or surah silk, or in polka dotted batistes. The blouse has short sleeves with turn-back cuffs and collars of white or of some material, and modified circular skirt handsomely trimmed with plaits. The waist pattern No. 2044 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern No. 1936 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

To obtain these patterns, write number of pattern and size very plainly and enclose fifteen cents for each pattern desired. Address all communications to FASHION CORRESPONDENT, 6032 Metropolitan Bldg., New York City.

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Kind Hearted King Alfonso.

Of Alfonso, the young king of Spain, an art dealer said the other day: "Alfonso deserves a happy married life, for he is a fine young man."

"A friend of mine has a studio in Paris. Alfonso bought two of his pictures, and took a fancy to the man himself. He honored him, one afternoon, with a visit.

"The painter's studio was on the fourth floor of an old house in the Latin quarter. The king asked the concierge, or janitor, if the painter was in, and the janitor, ignorant of the identity of his royal visitor, replied:

"Yes young man. Fourth floor back." "The king started up the old steep, dusty and dark stairs. He had reached the second floor when the concierge, knocking his head out of his little office, shouted:

"Look here, young fellow, do me a favor, will you?"

"With pleasure," said the king. "What is it?"

"Just carry this wash up to your friend," said the concierge, tossing to the monarch a huge bundle tied in a white sheet, and tell him the woman left it this morning."

"So the young king of Spain carried to the artist his bag of laundry and placed it, with a hearty laugh, on a settee.

"Your laundry," he said, "which the woman left this morning."

"The artist was embarrassed and shocked.

"But, your majesty, why have you brought it up?" he stammered.

"The concierge asked me to," said the king.

Recipes That Housewives Ought to Know.

A Few New Delicacies.

Little Savory Potato Cakes.—Twelve tablespoonsful of floury potatoes, eight tablespoonsful of white flour, two tablespoonsful of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of cream, the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, salt and cayenne to taste. Boil the potatoes and rub through a fine sieve. Add the butter, flour, cheese, baking powder and seasoning and blend thoroughly. Mix into a light dough with the cream and the yolks of the eggs. Roll out half an inch thick, cut into little rounds and brush over with the beaten egg. Bake in a rather quick oven until a nice brown. Split in two, butter and sprinkle with a very little finely chopped parsley.

Egg Savories.—Pass the yolks of three or four hard boiled eggs through a sieve and pound them with an ounce of butter and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Season with celery salt, pepper and a little cayenne. Add a teaspoonful of warm butter. When it is hot, spread it on some triangular shaped pieces of toasted bread. Heat carefully in the oven and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Indian Toast.—Take all the bones and the skin from the remains of some cooked, smoked haddock. Weigh four pounds (this is sufficient to cover six pieces of toast) and pound it in a bowl with a dessertspoonful of fresh butter. Then add a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of curry powder and a few drops of vinegar. Pass the fish through a wire sieve and make it hot in a small saucepan containing about a teaspoonful of warm butter. Dip the toast carefully into the mixture, and place in a bowl of the prepared fish on them. Then sprinkle over this some hard boiled white of egg which has been passed through a sieve, and after placing in the oven for a minute send to the table topped by a stuffed olive.

Curried Beans.—Soak half a pint of butter beans for a couple of hours and then boil them in salted water until they are tender. After draining them well, season with salt and pepper and put them aside until they are required. Cut a large onion into slices, chop it coarsely and put into a stewpan containing three tablespoonfuls of butter. Add two tomatoes, sliced and cut into small pieces, and as soon as the onion begins to acquire a golden color sprinkle in a tablespoonful of curry powder and let it cook very gently for ten minutes. Pour in three cups of boiling water, and when the sauce has boiled, draw the pan to the side of the stove and let it simmer gently for a quarter of an hour. Then add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and the beans. Cover with buttered paper and place the stewpan in a moderately hot oven for an hour. The curry stirred once or twice during the hour and the heat should not be allowed to rise, or the curry will be too dry when done.

Education.

The principal of one of Washington's high schools relates an incident in connection with the last commencement day of the institution mentioned. A clever girl had taken one of the principal prizes. At the close of the exercises her friends crowded about her to offer congratulations.

"Weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, Hattie," asked one, "when there were so many contestants?"

"Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hattie. "Because I knew when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned alive!"

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