

Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Miss Apperthwaite was at home the following Saturday. I found her in the library with "Les Miserables" on her knee when I came down from my room a little before lunch time; and she looked up and gave me a smile that made me feel sorry for any one she had ceased to smile upon.

"I wanted to tell you," I said, with a little awkwardness but plenty of truth, "I've found out that I'm an awful fool."

"But that's something," she returned encouragingly—"at least the beginning of wisdom."

"I mean about Mr. Beasley—the mystery I was absurd enough to find in 'Simpledoria.' I want to tell you—"

"Oh, I know," she said; and although she laughed with an effect of carelessness, that look which I had thought "far away" returned to her eyes as she spoke. There was a certain inscrutability about Miss Apperthwaite sometimes, it should be added, as if she did not like to be too easily read. "I've heard all about it. Mr. Beasley's been appointed trustee or something for poor Hamilton Swift's son, a pitiful little invalid who invents all sorts of characters. The old dorky from over there told our cook about Bill Hammersley and Simpledoria. So, you see, I understand."

"I'm glad you do," I said. A little hardness—one might even have thought it bitterness—became apparent in her expression. "And I'm glad there's somebody in that house, at last, with a little imagination!"

"From everything I have heard," I returned, summoning sufficient boldness, "it would be difficult to say which has more—Mr. Beasley or the son."

Her glance fell from mine at this, and not quickly enough to conceal a half-started look of trouble. I think of no other way to express it that leaped into it; and she rose, for the lunch-bell was ringing.

"I'm just finishing the death of Jean Valjean, you know, in 'Les Miserables,'" she said, as we moved to the door. "I'm always afraid I'll cry over that. I try not to, because it makes my eyes red."

And, in truth, there was a vague rumor of tears about her eyes—not as if she had shed them, but more as if she were going to—though I had not noticed it when I came in.

That afternoon, when I reached the Despatch office, I was commissioned to obtain certain political information from the Honorable David Beasley, an assignment I accepted with eagerness, notwithstanding the commiseration it brought me from one or two of my fellows in the reporter's room. "You won't get anything out of him!" they said. And they were true prophets.

I found him looking over some documents in his office; a reflective, unlighted cigar in the corner of his mouth; his chair tilted back and his feet on a window-sill. He nodded, upon my statement of the affair that brought me, and without shifting his position, gave me a look of slow but wholly friendly scrutiny over his shoulder, and bade me sit down. I began at once to put the questions I was told to ask him—interrogations (he seemed to believe) satisfactorily answered by slowly and ruminatively stroking the left side of his chin with two long fingers of his right hand, the while he smiled in genial contemplation of a tarred roof beyond the window. Now and then he would give me a mild and drawing word or two, not brilliantly illuminative, it may be remarked. "Well—about that—" he began once, and then came immediately to a full stop.

"Yes?" I said, hopefully, my pencil poised.

"About that—I guess—"

"Yes, Mr. Beasley?" I encouraged him, for he seemed to have dried up permanently.

"Well, sir—I guess—Hadn't you better see some one else about that?"

This with the air of a man who would be but too fluent and copious upon any subject in the world except the one particular point.

I never met anybody else who looked so pleasantly communicative and managed to say so little. In fact, he didn't say anything at all; and I guessed that this faculty was not without its value in his political career, disastrous as it had proved to his private happiness. His habit of silence, moreover, was not cultivated; you could see that "the secret of it" was that he was bored.

My note-book remained noteless, and finally, at some odd evasion of his, accomplished by a monosyllable, I laughed outright—and he did, too!

He joined exclamations with me heartily, and with a twinkling quizzicalness that somehow gave me the idea that he might be thinking (rather apologetically) to himself: "Yes, sir, that old Beasley man is certainly a mighty funny critter!"

When I went away, a few moments later, and left him still intermittently chuckling, the impression remained with me that he had some such deprecatory and surreptitious thought.

Two or three days after that, as I started down-town from Mrs. Apperthwaite's, Beasley came out of his gate, bound in the same direction. He gave me a look of gay recognition and offered his hand, saying, "Well! Up in this neighborhood!" as if that were a matter of considerable astonishment.

I mentioned that I was a neighbor, and we walked on together. I don't think he spoke again, except for a "Well, sir!" or two of genial surprise at something I said, and, now and then, "You don't tell me!" which he



Dowden, Beasley and I All Slid Down the Banisters on One of the Hamilton Swift, Junior, Days.

had a most eloquent way of exclaiming; but he listened visibly to my own talk, and laughed at everything that I meant for funny.

I never knew anybody who gave one a greater responsiveness; he seemed to be with you every instant; and how he made you feel it was the true mystery of Beasley, this silent man who never talked, except (as my cousin said) to children.

It happened that I thus met him, as we were both starting down town, and walked on with him, several days in succession; in a word, it became a habit. Then, one afternoon, as I turned to leave him at the Despatch office, he asked me if I would drop in at his house the next day for a cigar before I started. I did; and he asked me if I would come again the day after that. So this became a habit too.

A fortnight elapsed before I met Hamilton Swift, Junior; for he, poor little father of dream-children, could be no spectator of track events upon the lawn, but lay in his bed upstairs. However, he grew better at last, and my presentation took place.

We had just finished our cigars in Beasley's airy, old-fashioned "sitting-room," and were rising to go, when there came the faint creaking of small wheels from the hall. Beasley turned to me with the apologetic and monosyllabic chuckle that was distinctly his alone.

"I've got a little chap here—" he said; then went to the door. "Bob!"

The old dorky appeared in the doorway pushing a little wagon like a reclining-chair on wheels, and in it sat Hamilton Swift, Junior.

My first impression of him was that he was all eyes: I couldn't look at anything else for a time, and was hardly conscious of the rest of that wizen, peaked little face and the undersized wisp of a body with its pathetic adjuncts of metal and leather. I think they were the brightest eyes I ever saw—as keen and intelligent as a wicked old woman's, withal as trustful and cheery as the eyes of a setter pup.

"Hoo-ray!" Thus the Honorable Mr. Beasley, waving a handkerchief thrice around his head and thrice cheering.

And the child, in that cricket's voice of his, replied: "Br-r-r-vo!"

This was the form of salutation familiarly in use between them. Beasley followed it by inquiring, "Who's with us today?"

"I'm Mister Swift," chirped the little fellow. "Mister Swift, if you please, Cousin David Beasley."

Beasley executed a formal bow. "There is a gentleman here who'd like to meet you." And he presented me with some grave phrases commendatory of my general character, addressing the child as "Mister Swift"; whereupon Mister Swift gave me a ghostly little hand and professed himself glad to meet me.

"And besides me," he added, to Beasley, "there's Bill Hammersley and Mr. Corley Linbridge."

A faint perplexity manifested itself upon Beasley's face at this, a shadow which cleared at once when I asked if I might not be permitted to meet these personages, remarking that I had heard from Dowden of Bill Hammersley, though until now a stranger to the fame of Mr. Corley Linbridge.

Beasley performed the ceremony with intentional elegance, while the boy's great eyes swept glowingly from his cousin's face to mine and back again. I bowed and shook hands with the air, once to my left and once to my right.

"And Simpledoria!" cried Mister Swift. "You'll enjoy Simpledoria."

"Above all things," I said. "Can he shake hands? Some dogs can."

"Watch him!" Mister Swift lifted a commanding finger. "Simpledoria, shake hands!"

I knelt beside the wagon and shook an imaginary big paw. At this Mister Swift again shook hands with me and allowed me to perceive, in his luminous regard, a solemn commendation and approval.

In this wise was my initiation into the beautiful old house and the cordiality of its inmates completed; and I became a familiar of David Beasley and his ward, with the privilege to go and come as I pleased; there was always gay and friendly welcome. I always came for the cigar after lunch, sometimes for lunch itself; sometimes I dined there instead of down town; and now and then when it happened that an errand or assignment took me that way in the afternoon, I would run in and "visit" awhile with Hamilton Swift, Junior, and his circle of friends.

There were days, of course, when his attacks were upon him, and only Beasley and the doctor and old Bob saw him; I do not know what the boy's mental condition was at such times; but when he was better, and could be wheeled about the house and again receive callers, he displayed an almost dismaying activity of mind—it was active enough, certainly, to keep far ahead of my own. And he was masterful; still, Beasley and Dowden and I were never directly children for insubordination, though made to wince painfully by the look of troubled surprise that met us when we were not quick enough to catch his meaning.

The order of the day with him always began with the "Hoo-ray" and "Br-r-r-vo" of greeting; after which we were to inquire, "Who's with us today?" Whereupon he would make known the character in which he elected to be received for the occasion. If he announced himself as "Mister Swift," everything was to be very grown-up and decorous indeed. Formalities and distances were observed; and Mr. Corley Linbridge (an elderly personage of great dignity and distinction as a mountain-climber) was much oftener included in the conversation than Bill Hammersley. If, however, he declared himself to be "Hamilton Swift, Junior," which was his happiest mood, Bill Hammersley and Simpledoria were in the ascendant, and there were games and contests. (Dowden, Beasley and I all slid down the banisters on one of the Hamilton Swift, Junior, days, at which really picturesque spectacle the boy almost cried with laughter—and old Bob and his wife, who came running from the kitchen, did cry.) He had a third appellation for himself—"Just little Hamilton"; but this was only when the creaky voice could hardly chirp at all and the weakened face was drawn to one side with suffering. When he told us he was "Just little Hamilton" we were very quiet.

Once, for ten days, his Invisibles all went away on a visit: Hamilton Swift, Junior, had become interested in bears. While this lasted, all of Beasley's trousers were, as Dowden said, "a sight." For that matter, Dowden himself was quite hoarse in court from growling so much. The bears were dismissed abruptly; Bill Hammersley and Mr. Corley Linbridge and Simpledoria came trooping back, and with them they brought that wonderful family, the Hunchbergs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Summer Vacations in Africa. At the equator, in Africa there are only two seasons—the wet and the dry. The former is the summer season, and lasts eight months. The thermometer averages from 110 degrees to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The other four months are the cold and dry season, when the thermometer rarely goes above 70 degrees Fahrenheit. During the rains the natives live in houses made principally of bamboo and roofed with leaves, but as soon as the rains stop, which is some time around the first of June, they take on a holiday mood, desert their towns, and set out; household furnishings are transported on the heads of the women and children.

Gowns of Velvet

Material Favored for Dresses for Formal Wear.

Afternoon and Evening Garments in Black and White; Made Up in Original Ways.

Black velvet is one of the accepted materials for afternoon and evening dresses. While it is always good during every winter season, this year it is better than ever, and of all the collections shown by the smart dress-makers there is a preponderance of black velvet, made up in many original ways. There is not a great deal of trimming added, for the trimming is honored to the extent of holding the floor by itself. But the fabric is handled in such a way that in itself it manages to take the place of both foundation material and decoration, too. And many of the gowns made from it are positively beautiful in their expression.

Particularly lovely are dinner gowns in black velvet, for they have a semi-formal appearance which is most attractive, and they are even better than the full evening dresses, for they can afford to have a great deal more trimming and to be fuller and more graceful in line—that is graceful with reference to the quality of the fabric.

Black velvet is also extremely good for evening coats and is trimmed with the puffiest and most sumptuous of furs, so that the whole wrap takes on that luxurious quality so to be desired for evening wear.

White velvet is also one of the favorite materials for evening, and sometimes these two are combined in a most effective manner. A frock of

black and white velvet designed in Paris by Martal et Armand has a little loose jacket of the white that is embroidered with threads of black and gray and silver in a lacy pattern around the edges of the little coat. There is a fringe of white to make a finish and the costume succeeds in being the most effective of its sort. The wide sleeves are faced in white and the gown manages, chiefly by reason of its contrast, to create a distinctly picturesque appearance.

LONG, FULL CIRCULAR SKIRT



This jeune fille frock in mouse-colored satin canton has a long, full circular skirt and a flare around the fitted bodice.

NECKWEAR NOW IN LIMELIGHT

Berthas and Guimpes or Varied Models to Suit the Tastes of All Wearers.

After a prolonged period of collarless frocks, fashion is calling neckwear into play again. Berthas that open in back or front or are closed entirely, Berthas that are wide enough to be called capes or narrow enough to be called collars. Berthas of net or batiste or linen, plain, embroidered or lace-trimmed, are in order. Guimpes of net are gathered into a close neck and, given a lace-trimmed flat collar and three rows of narrow insertion down the center.

The round collar and the two-piece collar that fits the Jenny neckline are both in the reckoning and there are a few revere sets. Occasionally there are frilly pieces but the majority of the new neckwear, although it may be as ornate as lace and embroidery can make it, has a tailored aspect and it is all very dainty and wearable.

Capes to Match Gown. Ever so many of the new evening dresses are shown with velvet or brocade capes to match the gown. A copper colored dress, elaborately worked in an Indo-Chino design, has a wide hem of the copper colored cloth thickly padded. The same padding, which is similar to cable cord, appears on a cape which is of the copper cloth.

OXFORD GRAY TRELAIN WRAP



Heavy Oxford gray is used to develop this smart wrap. Black and white cire braid, finished with an embroidery of red and white trims collar, cape and cuffs. Silk surfaced trelaine in white, edged with the same embroidery motif done in red and black, is used for the lining.

CHIC FUR TRIMMINGS ARE LIKED

Peltry Affords One of the Most Interesting of Decorative Developments of the Season.

The fur trimmings are perhaps the most interesting of the decorative developments of the season, asserts a fashion authority in the New York Times. On all of the new frocks, we find bits of fur making their appearance in the most unexpected directions. There are little fur belts; there are big and little fur ornaments. There are fur buttons and fur edges, and all of them are managed in the most original manner. But they establish the fact that a little trimming of fur is almost a necessity on the modern gown.

There is something stimulating about the newer uses of fur, for they are rather more beautiful than they are rich and sumptuous. Of course, these scattered trimmings of fur have nothing to do with the warmth of the occasion, but they give that wintry character to the frock and the look that is unmistakably of a season when the dresses at least make some attempt to keep the cold air away from the body. There is a good deal of complaint among some male members of the population because the dresses that ladies wear make no attempt to protect them from the cold, but these new trimmings are at least a sop to those who are suffering from any grouch of the sort and once a dress looks warm why then it does not much matter whether it really lives up to that standard or not. Suffice it to say that there are plenty of warm cover-

ings for dresses which are a little lacking in that respect, and that, often, the thinner dresses carry with them a very much better and more flattering line.

MANY USES FOR THE POCKETS

Convenience Found Almost Necessary in Garments; Likewise About the Home.

Some of our dresses are over-pocketed, while others are pocketless, though there is nothing to prevent us from having as many pockets as we wish.

How many pockets have you in your house? Probably none.

Of course you can—and should—have three or four in the inside of your wardrobe door for slippers and other oddments, and more pockets in the inside of your screen for books and papers and bits of needlework—but there's another notion about pockets. You know how you have all sorts of things that you need in a hurry in those small drawers in your dressing table. If you were to tack little cretonne pockets all round the inside of those top drawers you could put pins and velvets and ribbons and hair combs in them, and be able to snatch them in a moment of hurry—always supposing you can remember in which pocket you put them, of course!

Next to shelves, pockets are the most important things in the house, and, what's more, they are decorative if you make them from printed linens or cretonnes.

Lingering Cough Endangers Health

Bear's Emulsion Brings Quick Relief and Guards Against Serious Results.

If you have a cough—even a slight cough—the best thing to do is to take Bear's Emulsion immediately and stop it before it becomes serious. If, however, you have failed to do this and the cough has run on for some time it is even more important that you rid yourself of it at once. A chronic cough will weaken the whole system, make it less able to resist the germs of disease, and is liable to lead to many serious consequences.

Bear's Emulsion has proved to hundreds that it will relieve the most obstinate cough or cold. People have written to Dr. Bear telling him how his Emulsion helped them when other medicines had failed completely.

Bear's Emulsion is not only a wonderful aid in the treatment of coughs, colds, bronchitis, grippe and other affections of the throat and chest, but it is also a splendid tonic that tones up the whole system. It is pleasant to take, induces better appetite and makes the user strong enough to combat the germs of disease that would otherwise find in him an easy victim.

Bear's Emulsion is for sale at leading druggists, or will be sent direct from the manufacturer at \$1.25 a bottle.

JOHN D. BEAR CO. Clearbrook, Va.

Rheumacide
GIVES TO THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?

Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.

PREPARED BY THE INSIDE PUTS RHEUMATISM ON THE OUTSIDE

At All Druggists
Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors
Baltimore, Md.

Learning Business Methods. "How is your son James getting on at college, Mr. Jones?" asked the clergyman.

"Fine! He's getting more business-like every day."

"I am glad to hear that. How does the lad show it?"

"Well," said Jones, "when he first went up there and wanted money he used to write asking for it. Now he generally draws on me at sight."

Big words in the meeting do not make up for the short weight in the market.

GET RID OF THAT "TIRED FEELING"

Do you feel run down and half-sick all the time? Are you thin, pale, easily tired—no energy, no ambition, no "pep"?

Now is the time to take Gude's Pepto-Mangan. It will brace you up, give you a delightful feeling of vigor and ambition, enrich your blood, build firm, solid flesh, and bring the healthy color back to your skin.

Your druggist has Gude's—Liquid or solid, as you prefer.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan Tonic and Blood Enricher

ARNICA CREAM

"The Best for All Chaps"

A soothing lotion for chapped hands, lips and skin, and for sunburn, tan or freckles. Delightful after shaving. If not at your druggist, send us your name and we will have you supplied.

ARNICA CREAM COMPANY, Inc. Box 942 - Roanoke, Va.

A COLD TODAY - DON'T DELAY

AT ALL CASASCARA QUININE
Cures Colds in 24 Hours
LaGrippe in 3 Days
W. H. HILL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Cuticura Soap Complexions Are Healthy

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

COUGH

Prescription

Tutt's Pills

SPEEDY RELIEF FOR CONSTIPATION

NO DYE

To restore gray or faded hair to original color, don't use a dye—use a restorer—get a bottle of Q-Bee Hair Color Restorer—safe as water, apply it and watch results. At all good druggists, or direct from HESSIG-ELIAS, Chicago, Boston, New York.