

## SHE WAS SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN

(C) by D. J. Walsh.

"THERE'S George Putnam, now," exclaimed Ida Allen, as the train pulled into Helena. "Congratulations," she added, mischievously. "I'll hurry out so as not to embarrass you when I congratulate him."

"What do you mean?" asked her companion, opening her hazel eyes wide with surprise, either real or simulated. Ida thought the latter and laughed, saying, while putting on her hat. "Oh! You didn't fool anybody when you announced you were going to visit your aunt in Seattle. We all knew just about the time George was expecting to sail for China. Still, I don't know why you wanted to pass up a big wedding, unless you thought it more romantic to elope. What a joke, though, that I should strike the same train on my way home from visiting mother."

The other woman laughed mirthlessly as she said, "Your wild conjectures are a bigger joke. George Putnam proposed to Elsie Green, at the Dalton masquerade, and—got turned down, and—I don't want any woman's leavings."

"I don't believe it," cried Ida, indignantly. "He has been daffy over you for a year."

"Over my money, you mean," was the cynical rejoinder, "but Elsie has more."

"For shame, Joan. George isn't that kind of man. Somebody has been trying to make trouble between you. He didn't propose to Elsie Green."

"Ask him," taunted Joan, "you say he is on the platform."

"I will," retorted Ida, flouncing out of the pullman, without even bidding her fellow traveler good-by.

Left alone, Joan sank back in her seat and closed her eyes, entirely absorbed in her painful reflections. George Putnam filled her mind, and she smiled derisively although tears welled up in her eyes. She finally roused herself as the voice of the porter's "las" call for lunch rang through the car; then she rose, languidly, and followed him into the diner.

The dining-car conductor seated her at a table where a man was reading a newspaper that effectually concealed his face. Two or three minutes later the waiter brought his order, when he put down the paper, and Joan found herself face to face with George Putnam.

She flushed, then bowed formally, murmuring his name. He returned her salutation with great composure, saying, "Ida told me you were on this train. I was going to look you up after lunch, as I could see no reason why a rejected suitor should consider himself a pariah."

He smiled as he spoke, but Joan made no answer, merely folded and unfolded her napkin nervously and fingered the cutlery by her plate.

Her brain was in such a turmoil that she could not converse intelligently. She looked out of the window, but the wind blew the engine smoke so that at times it entirely veiled the landscape and she really saw nothing. As she kept her eyes turned toward the window he could watch her unobserved. A shadow crossed his handsome face as he noted her golden red hair, matchless complexion and lithe, graceful figure, and the dimple that nestled so close to the sweet red lips.

He lingered over his luncheon and gave an extra order so as not to finish before her. As she began to eat he caught her eyes turned on his face with a speculative expression in their depths, which was easy for him to understand after his conversation with Mrs. Allen.

They left the diner together, and, as they reached the outside platform, he said, resolutely, "I want to explain about the Dalton masquerade, Joan. Get your wraps and we'll go out on the back platform of the observation car, where we can, probably, have a chance for private conversation, as it is pretty cold this afternoon."

His assurance nettled her. It was in her mind to refuse his request, or rather command; still, as they walked through the car that contained her berth she picked up her coat and went on with him to the observation car. He took a couple of camp stools as they went out to the platform, placed hers in the most sheltered corner, then sat down at an angle where his broad shoulders would shield her still more from the wind.

"So," he said without preamble, after they were seated, "you think I proposed to Elsie Green at the Dalton masquerade and you don't want her leavings?"

The satirical smile on his lips, and the mocking light in the eyes that were looking Joan squarely in the face, again roused the girl's indignation.

"I know you proposed to her," she retorted angrily. "I suppose you liked her best all the time and were just fooling with me to make her jealous. Then, when she refused you, you thought you might do worse than take me."

In answer to this unpleasant speech George laughed long and heartily, which so exasperated Joan that she rose, and would have left him and gone inside the car, had he not detained her with a strong yet tender hand.

"Forgive me," he said, still laughing, "but who told you such a story?"

It really is awfully funny because I wasn't at the Dalton masquerade." "What!" exclaimed Joan, forgetting her resentment in surprise, "you told me, yourself, that you were going as the earl of Leicester, and a man, your size, dressed in that costume was there, and—proposed to Elsie Green. I saw and heard him myself," she added excitedly, "I was in that little curtained alcove, just off the conservatory. I know you were missing at supper, when we all unmasked, but I supposed you were so fussed by her refusal that you left at once."

Again George laughed gaily, saying, "Fortunately, I can prove an alibi. I expect two telegrams at Spokane, one from my father, and another from Dalton. I wired them both at Helena, after I saw Ida, and learned what you thought about me." He paused, and the merriment died out of his face as he continued, "I was dressing for the masquerade that evening, hoping for an opportunity there to ask you to be my wife, when father phoned that my mother had been taken ill, suddenly, and to come at once. I was hurriedly getting into my street clothes and packing a grip, when Coleman came in. He had just returned from a fishing trip, and I suggested that as he was about my size, he had better take my suit and go to the dance in my place, as it might put Mrs. Dalton out to run shy a man, at the last minute. He didn't need a second invitation after learning Elsie would be there. They grew up together and I believe he proposes to her, regularly, about twice a year. Her money isn't the attraction, either, as she is poor, compared with him. I am glad we have had the chance for this mutual explanation," he added, formally, "as, otherwise, I should have gone away thinking you a heartless coquette. Then, too," he added, a hard note in his voice, "I would not like to be considered a fortune-hunter, as I am not guilty."

He rose to his feet abruptly, saying with exaggerated politeness, "I hope I haven't kept you out here too long. I hope you are not cold."

He stood before her, evidently considering their interview at an end, but she remained seated. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. A dumb devil seemed to possess her, as she looked up at him, entreatingly, pining and flushing alternately.

"Sit down, George," she managed to articulate at last. "Will you ever forgive my mean suspicions?"

He smiled rather bitterly as he resumed his seat and answered, "Perhaps—when you have read those telegrams, and I—have made my fortune in the Orient."

"I don't want to read the telegrams," she protested. "And—and sometimes it takes a long while to make a fortune. Have you quite forgotten last summer, George?" she pleaded, putting out her hand until it rested on, but not in, his. "Don't you care for me a little still?"

"Care for you—a little," he repeated, his large hand opening suddenly and engulfing her small one. "My God!" he groaned, "I wish it were—a little."

"Then why leave me, when—I want you to stay?"

"Because I have a little pride and self-respect left."

"Have you?" asked Joan, while her quivering lips twisted into a crooked little smile. "I don't believe I have, because I am going to ask you to please marry me in Seattle, and take me to China with you, as—as Ida expected."

For a minute he looked uncertainly into her sweet, earnest face, flushed with the shame of her unaimed request. Then a merry smile chased all the shadows out of his eyes as he answered tenderly, "It would be a pity to disappoint Ida, wouldn't it?"

Fortunately, at that moment, an opportune tunnel enveloped them in darkness.

**Snakes' Sting Supply Renewed When Lost**

According to experts at the New York zoological park, rattlesnakes in captivity shed their fangs at least twice a year. Nature has provided these snakes with a magazine of fangs that is apparently inexhaustible. If the fangs are extracted the rattlesnake is rendered harmless for only a short period, until new fangs replace those removed. The only effective way of rendering rattlesnakes harmless is by an operation which removes not only the fangs but also a portion of the bone to which the fangs are attached. This operation is very seldom performed by anybody. On this subject the United States biological survey says: "So long as snakes are healthy, teeth will be replaced when lost. Ordinarily harmless snakes have two rows of teeth in the upper jawbone. In the venomous snakes, the upper jaws carry a single pair of functional teeth, the poison fangs, in addition to the undeveloped succussorial teeth. When either the fangs or the teeth of snakes are dislodged or lost, they are replaced functionally by these supernumerary teeth."—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Head-Hunting Lovers**  
Dyak women urge their husbands, sons and lovers to join in head-hunting expeditions, to prove that they are really men of valor.

In his book, "In Borneo Jungles," Mr. W. O. Krohn says that no Dyak is a real man until he has got a head. So the young Dyak fortifies himself with an orgiastic dance, consults the omens, and sallies forth. When he brings home the head, there is a feast. The whole thing is a rite deeply interwoven in Dyak religion.

## Formal Bouffant Frock Is Popular

Robe de Style Being Given Place of Prominence in Milady's Wardrobe.

Extending throughout many hours of the day, the robe de style of distinctive lines is finding a place of importance in the spring wardrobe. One very important reason for the popularity of the bouffant gown is the fact that it serves so many purposes well. It not only may be seen in somewhat informal effects when made of dark colors, but it may also gradually change its appearance until it is the most formal of dance gowns.

The afternoon or tea dress of taffeta, moire or heavy silk made along wide lines is extremely smart now that the mode has included longer skirts in the list of important points. In the lovely shades of blue, green, gray and beige or black, there is no more chic appearing afternoon or tea dress than that which uses the picturesque lines of the robe de style, toned down for informal occasions.

On the other hand, when the bouffant dress appears in the evening, colors lighter and brighter. Flowered taffeta, a favorite of the moment, is seen in some exceptionally smart formal gowns. Bows in trimmings play an important part and decorate both the draped and the bouffant gown with skillfully feminine lines.

Doris Dawson, featured "movie" player, seen in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," appears to special



Bouffant Frock Fashioned of Watermelon Pink Gros de Londre.

advantage in a bouffant frock of distinctly feminine charm. It is girlishly simple in outline and is fashioned of watermelon-pink gros de londre, shaded with silver and faced with silver cloth. Oak leaves in orchid and other pastel tones trim the skirt and snugly fitted bodice, which achieves the appearance of décolletage through a fine meshed net yoke.

## Stress One-Sided Brims in Hats for Sunny Days

A strong characteristic of spring millinery is the one-sided brim.

Reboux uses it in the new type of straw hat that will be worn later when the weather is warm and sunny. The straw is one of the exotic supplies weaves in natural that came from the East originally. The brim on the right side hides the face completely, while the other side is prolonged into a rolled strip which passes around the crown, holding in place the very large, flat flower or red feathers. Agnes, also, makes one-sided straw hats for spring and, like Reboux, uses a supple exotic straw. One has a brim that comes down in a long point, like a Roman helmet, on one side and is turned off the face in front. "Off the face" hats are still much in vogue. The close cap idea is also still influencing millinery.

## Cape Bolero Short and Full; Dress Material

Anything that is short, from an epigram to a cape, is likely to be called a bolero these days. But the dressmakers can make capes and cannot make epigrams, so we see more of the former. The new cape boleros are short and full and usually of the same materials as the dress over which they are worn. But most of them are entirely covered with braid of a similar shade worked in intricate designs.

## Zebra Coat for Motor Wear, New Paris Idea

For the motorist a la mode who likes black and white, one Paris furrier is showing a genuine zebra skin coat. The skin is scraped to make it light in weight and the markings are skillfully matched.

The same furrier, who has a weakness for zebra, shows a silk fabric woven with black and white stripes like the jungle animal's. With this material she combines rich collars and cuffs of skunk.

## Scarf Idea Developed in an Interesting Way



The scarf idea, so popular now, is smartly developed through a contrast-colored checked material in a natty white flannel ensemble worn by the motion picture actress, Loretta Young, heroine of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Not only is the accompanying blouse fashioned of the same checked material, but the ensemble idea is carried out in the use of the checked material on the accompanying accessories.

## On Rearing Children from CRIB to COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of "CHILDREN, The Magazine for PARENTS"

Every child should have periodic health examinations by a physician followed by prompt attention to any necessary remedial work.

A child will learn to work for himself and his own ends with a real zest if parents will see that he is supplied with creative materials, opportunities and the proper atmosphere for original, interest-building experiences. There is a wealth of material at hand for every child. Clay, cement, musical instruments, paints and colors of every kind, foods, textiles, building materials, tools, chemicals, the world of animal and plant life—all he needs are the adults who will recognize the necessity for opening up these possibilities to little children if they are to develop the basis for liking to work and live in an adult world.

Children do not live by bread alone. The parents who fall to render good example, good advice, a watchfulness and comradeship that never abate, yet never tyrannize or oppress, have not lived up to the divine precepts of parenthood.

Laughter is the birthright of every child. It should be cultivated in every home. Children are afraid of formality and in proportion as the atmosphere of the home is stiff, severe and exacting, will they be rigid and unresponsive to all efforts at training in the art of happy living. Just one smile limbers them up astonishingly. A real laugh with them makes them as clay in your hands, plastic to your slightest touch.

Your adolescent son will eat twice as much of anything if it looks attractive. His esthetic senses are just awakening and he hates things ordinary or "messy." But a boy at that age, more than ever, needs simple food of high nutritional value, plenty of green vegetables and milk, few sweets.

Home experience can be made to function in co-operation with, and not against school experience. The home that is organized on democratic principles, that allows the children voice and choice, is the home that sends forth resourceful, responsible citizens. The home where children work together at dishwashing or bedmaking is tending the important lesson of teamwork. The home that sponsors pleasant parties where boys and girls meet, is breeding the courtesy, tact and unselfishness that make up the difficult art of social intercourse. The home that takes its part in community activities—that makes use of the library, supports the church, contributes toward the work of social agencies is forming an attitude of responsibility toward the whole human family.

If you find it difficult to keep the baby from kicking the covers off at night try fastening the corners of the blankets to an elastic. The other end of the elastic should be sewed to tapes which may be tied around the bed posts. Thus the covers will be held down firmly enough to discourage crawling out while the give of the elastic prevents their becoming uncomfortable.

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## Coat for Schoolgirl

Very smart for the younger girl, and as warm as a fur coat, is a straight belted model of skin processed to resemble reptile skin. It is lined with cloth.

## EASY LESSONS IN AUCTION BRIDGE

By PAUL H. SEYMOUR  
Author of "Highlights on Auction Bridge"

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Article Thirty-Six.

## Rules and Etiquette

I RECEIVE many questions regarding the bidding and counting of Auction; and there also seems to be a great lack of knowledge among ordinary players regarding the laws. In a purely social game it is not customary to exact penalties and require strict observance of rules. If a card is faced in dealing, a new deal seldom is asked for; and if a person leads out of turn or if declarer leads out of the wrong hand a simple correction is made and the play proceeds. Even where a revoke is made it usually is corrected when discovered without exacting the payment of the penalty of two tricks.

There can be no objection to such customs, but there are a few laws the repeated and habitual breaking of which renders a player very objectionable. For instance, when a declarer picks up one of dummy's cards, holds it in his hand a moment or two—perhaps whistling a senseless tune at the same time—puts it back and plays another one. The rule reads "When it is declarer's card from dummy and he touches a card (unless in arranging) that card is played." If all players would insist upon this law being followed much pleasure would be added to the game.

Some matters which are not subject to law and which are really trivial seem to worry many players. In what order shall dummy's cards be laid down? Shall red and black suits be alternated? Is it right to lay down dummy's trumps before senior has led? Shall the one who cuts the cards complete the cut?

When there are so many important things to occupy a player's attention and thought why devote time and energy to such trifling matters?

It is customary to put dummy's trumps at his right and to alternate the red and black suits, but there is no law regarding either of these matters.

The player who as dummy always lays down his trumps before the lead is simply making himself conspicuous with his undue haste.

So many people were troubled about completing the cut that the latest laws do recognize this point and say that the cut should be completed by the dealer.

There are many habits or mannerisms exhibited by some players which cannot be stopped by any law but which are breaches of etiquette and should be avoided as such. The only legitimate way to talk across the table is in the Auction Bridge language. If one confines himself to that he may at times give his partner a very accurate picture of his hand; but when he passes in a loud voice with a disgusted manner he is talking a language which is taboo at the Auction table.

Much unfair information may be conveyed by one's manner. All players should realize that to be acceptable at their friends' card tables they must be above reproach in these matters. I have been asked what can be done when a player revokes intentionally because he can gain more than two tricks by it and so be ahead after paying the penalty. There is but one thing to do—shun him or be frank and flatly refuse to play with him. Auction Bridge is a game for gentlemen and ladies and all who persist in breaching the code of ethics thereby forfeit their rights to play with real Bridgers.

The fact that there is an Auction Bridge language never has been sufficiently emphasized. One would not think of going to a foreign country and trying to enter fully into the lives of the natives without learning their language; yet that is precisely what thousands of people do when they sit down to play Auction with good players. Their partners bid something, either announcing certain holdings or possibly calling upon them (in the Auction language) to say or do something, and they sit in blissful ignorance because they understand not the language.

If you are going to play the game why not learn the language so that you may play it right? Learn the rules, what is meant by a bid of one or a double or a pass, each one of which speaks volumes to him whose ears are trained. Why allow your mediocrity in Auction to make you a social "undesirable" when you know that the good player is eagerly sought after by hosts and hostesses.

Above all do not be erratic. Play to the best of your ability, and after you learn the Auction Bridge language always tell the truth to your partner, for the highest tribute that can be paid to a player is to say that he is a "dependable partner."

## Only a Belief

They tell the story of a famous actor who was often accustomed to show a great interest in the lesser lights about him. One day he was good-naturedly conversing with one of his stage hands. "And what, my man, is your vocation?" queried the condescending matinee idol.

"I'm a Baptist," was the reply.

"No, no, good fellow, that is your belief. I want to know your vocation. For example, I am an actor."

Said the scene shifter: "Now, that's your belief."

## CLOTHES IDEAS FROM ABROAD

By Mae Martin

Last fall when I was in France, I admired the dress which the daughter of our hostess was wearing, and she confessed it was three years old, originally rose-beige, now dyed a rich, deep shade of red! The French are eternally surprising you with thrifty little tricks like that—tricks which it pays to imitate.

Most of us have dresses which, if allowed to remain their original color, are discarded or seldom worn. Dyed, they become favorites again.

Just get a package or two of true, fadeless Diamond Dyes, and try your hand at tinting or dyeing. You'll be amazed to see how easy it is to use Diamond Dyes. They never disappear point you. The "know-how" is in the dyes. They are real dyes like those used when the cloth was made. They never give things that redyed look, like make-shift, inferior dyes. The more than sixty colors you can get from them include everything that's fashionable.

My new 64-page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's FREE. Write for it, NOW, to Mae Martin Home Service Dept., Diamond Dyes Burlington, Vermont.

## Where the Law Halts

Every good citizen has a good opinion of the law, but the opinion of some would be better if the law knew how to keep bad eggs off juries.—Boston Transcript.

## Impossible Feat

"Why did you quit your job at the tailor shop?" "Oh, I couldn't stand sitting all day!"



THERE is nothing that has ever taken the place of Bayer Aspirin as an antidote for pain. Safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get real Bayer Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word genuine printed in red:



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Co. of Monroeville, Pa.

## CHILDREN WITH WORMS NEED HELP QUICKLY

Don't delay a minute if your child has worms. They will destroy his health. If he grinds his teeth, picks his nostrils—beware! These are worm symptoms. Disordered stomach is another.

Immediately give him Frey's Vermifuge. It has been the safe, vegetable worm medicine for 75 years. Don't wait! Buy Frey's Vermifuge at your drugist's today.

## Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms



FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Hiscoc Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

