

PICKING THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

(By D. J. Walsh)

HUNT & HUNT often congratulated themselves on their Miss Andrews. Where could they have found a secretary so alert, so modern, so everything that was efficient? Luck—that was all. And the luck stayed with them. Other firms might envy the treasure, with her knowledge of deeds, transfers, business ratings, all at her finger tips. But hints as to bettering herself never seemed to penetrate Miss Andrews' pretty ears—ears just peeping from modest bunches of curls.

And work! Not above tapping out her own letters, where others in her position apparently forgot all that had known of the science of word-mechanics.

And as for handling prospects! "Like magic she does it," James Hunt would murmur in admiration as she landed some millionaire with a high-priced showy place, and had the decorators presenting their plans to the new owner before one could say Jack Robinson—supposing one mentioned such a low person in the office of Hunt & Hunt.

"I wonder if Miss Andrews was ever a girl-flapper—now, like my niece and these other youngsters all so boyish in looks that they puzzle me. Miss Andrews is smart-looking, of course, but—well—she never had a romance, I'll swear."

Which was unkind, for all the elements of a first-class thriller were tangled up in what she called to herself the "dear past."

Romance? Miss Hunt was steeped in it. But when one pays the best tailor in town fancy prices to keep one looking businesslike, and when dark hair, a bit curly as it is, mimics its mistress and stays put all day long, it must be admitted that there is little color of a romantic hue in the appearance.

Even in her own little apartment—as neat and trim as Miss Andrews—there wasn't even an incense burner to dispense that weird odor which fiction lovers imagine transports the whole room to far-off enchanted lands.

No, Miss Andrews was more apt to scent her apartment with good coffee—a cup of which she enjoyed over her open fire of an evening.

But when the real story began to happen it was June and a hot June, and the coffee had been foregone for a week or more. Miss Andrews was restless and wished she could take her vacation a bit early.

"Can I be getting old? That surely wasn't a white hair there!"

"I wish—I wish—dear me—what do I wish?"

"I'd like to have a house with a yard. Not a lawn, but an old-fashioned yard like we had at home in Kingston. This apartment is so stuffy. And hardwood floors and rugs hurt my feet."

"Let me see—how much have I in bonds now?"

"No—not enough. And I couldn't come in to the office if I lived as far as Kingston."

"Well, I may as well forget it." Forgetting made her cross, perhaps, for she shoved Felix Shoe Polish rudely away when he came purring after a romp with his catnip mouse.

"Go away! You ought to be out in the grass, chasing field mice, with catnip leaves in your ears. Felix! I wonder why women must work alone so long for a little bit of living money? James Hunt has had enough to retire on this five years—and I've helped him make it, but I get only a 'raise' once a year and a bonus at New Year's."

"I wish—"

What Miss Andrews wished was forgotten the next day when Mr. Hunt the elder told her he wanted her to take a look at some Kingston property. Leave right away—see what kind of shape it was in. A loan on it—see if it was worth another. Set a price, and everything. She knew what to do. And here was the location.

Miss Andrews gasped. She hadn't known who had bought that place.

How many years it had been since she had seen it! Just down the road from her old home. What roses had grown there—old-fashioned hundred-leaved ones. Pale and pink and with a delicate perfume which had forever spoiled Miss Andrews for heavy, heady scents.

When she arrived at Kingston and found her way to the cottage the roses were still there. Though the field of clover just over the fence had been planted in prosaic corn. The roses, too, had been rudely trimmed and tied up as if some one paid to do it had hurried about the task.

The cottage was in good enough repair, though. The furniture, shrouded in covers, stood about in the same places. Over there by the window Sam's mother used to keep a great stand of ferns. Sam's mother. So there had been a Sam in Miss Andrews' life?

With a sigh of weariness and something else Miss Andrews sank down on the sofa by the fireplace.

"I should have taken a taxi at the station. The walk is surely longer than it was—let me see—how many years is it since we would stop here on our way from school and Sam's mother always had lemonade and cookies?"

"It couldn't be that there's such a thing as ghosts—there's a step in the kitchen as surely as I am Pauline Andrews!"

Miss Andrews was no coward. She walked steadily to the kitchen door and asked, "Who's there?" in a voice that trembled only a little.

Something, though, made her waver and clutch at the door when she saw a real, flesh-and-blood man standing by the sink.

"I can't seem to find any scissors, Pauline, to trim these rose stems. Hold them carefully and they will not stick your fingers. Mother always knew how to take the sting out of roses—she said."

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Miss Andrews turned pale, then pink, then pale again.

"It's not you, is it, Sam? Sam McCully who lived here when we went to school the other side of Kingston and whose mother always asked us in to rest on the way home evenings? Why—I heard you had gone off somewhere. You never seemed to care about the old crowd after we graduated. And I went to the city to work and the girls have all m-married and gone."

"I didn't know the name of the owner—Larrimore—when I came up to see the house today for my real estate firm."

"Haven't you been in Kingston either—or didn't you know the house is for sale?"

No, Sam hadn't been in Kingston and as for the house, that had gone to pay the debts after his mother died.

"You didn't know, but mother was slowly dying, even in the days she was so jolly and good to us all."

"I had to look after her—I couldn't leave her for college or business, and when you—and all the rest left, it was pretty lonely."

"I hadn't anything to offer you, Pauline—when at last I was alone, and free."

"I heard you were doing so well—such a wonderful salary. But now I've enough to buy this house back—this house where I've stolen the roses to give you from the old bush by the walk."

"I came to see the way things were left, though Cousin Larrimore, who bought it, would not disturb mother's home, I knew."

"And I saw you, Pauline, at the window upstairs. So I gathered the roses and slipped in through the pantry window—I've often done it when I stayed too late at a party—and you and I walked home too slowly."

"Then—seeing you here, I wished you'd stay, Pauline."

"I can buy the place and still have enough for a little business in Kingston. We can have enough—that's happiness."

"It won't be the city—and that wonderful office where you talk in millions every day—"

Pauline smiled happily. Then spoke practically.

"No, it will not be that old office, thank Heaven! Who wants an office when there's home—and a hundred-leaved rose right at the door?"

"We'll go right down to the city and fix up the deed, and then get James Hunt to play 'father' at the ceremony. Poor man! He's going to have a new secretary, and he will not like it."

"But you and I, Sam—we're going to be folks out of a story book. Here, give me the roses—you didn't know you were picking the bride's bouquet, did you?"

But Sam was a wise man. He answered in a better way than words.

Japanese Baby Hurt by Falling Meteorite

The hitting of a human being by a meteorite is probably the rarest of all accidents, according to Dr. E. E. Free. Yet that is what happened, says Pathfinder Magazine, to a three-year-old Japanese baby living near Sukata, a village northeast of Tokyo. The incident was reported to Popular Astronomy by Issel Yamamoto of Kyoto university.

At the time of the occurrence the child happened to be playing out of doors alone. Hearing a sudden cry the mother rushed out to find the infant seared across the neck as if by a hot iron. Further search disclosed a small stone in a fold of the child's dress. It was still slightly warm, which evidently had caused the burn on the neck. Transmitted to Yamamoto and examined by the scientists of Kyoto university this stone proved to be a typical meteorite, covered with the usual black crust caused by melting during its flight through the air.

The stone is only about one-fourth of an inch in length and weighs only a few grains, making it probably the smallest meteorite ever recorded. In spite of the millions of meteorites that hit the earth's atmosphere each day and burn up to make shooting stars, only a few reach the ground. In only one previous historic instance is one known to have hit a human being. That occurred in 1827, when a native of India was killed by a meteorite.

Water and Cholera

Hamburg and Altona are cities that have merged into each other, like New York and Brooklyn. They still have, however, separate water supplies, both coming from the River Elbe. Altona filtered its water and Hamburg did not. A map showing where cholera cases appeared followed irregularly the line of demarcation between the part of the city that got filtered water and that which did not. It was regarded as definitely proven that filtering the Altona water made it safe from cholera carrying.

Gigantic Book

One of the books in the British museum, said to be the largest book in the world, is so tall that a man can walk behind it without being seen.

Black and White, Paris' Favorites

Suit Skirts Are Slashed Full Length at Center Front c. Side Front.

How far we have progressed along the road to real femininity, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune, is strikingly evidenced in the collection of Lelong. One need only compare the flared and flounced skirts of formal models with the simple, boyish evening gowns of a few seasons back to understand what a tremendous change has taken place in the temper of the mode. This change has passed its oral stage. It is now an actual established fact and no one can run counter to it and still be sartorially smart.

So far as color is concerned, Lelong is definitely committed to black and white. This preference is principally applicable to evening costumes, although it occasionally enters the daytime field. The tendency is particularly interesting in view of the exotic colors which Paris has been so partial to since the late openings. It is probably a result of more fanciful dress themes which always limit vivid colors.

Prominent among the effective themes of this Lelong collection are the draped fichu collar emphasized in the front of the frock; the handkerchief point yokes in skirts; the use of shirring not only to give fullness either to the front or the back of a frock but also to lend decorativeness to the otherwise unadorned frock; the reversed side of his full-length flowing jabot—that is, descending from the neckline in front down the length of the frock; hitherto it has been placed at the back in evening gowns. Over-skirts are used bountifully with side dip flares in the underskirt on one side in front, the other in the back. There are many straight, fairly broad loose panels, some from the shoulders, others from the hips—sometimes squared at the ends, sometimes rounded.

Frocks Match Coats.

In daytime ensembles frocks frequently match the coats—in velvet surfaced fabrics with the frock in crepe-elle, for instance. Coats are almost all collared and cuffed in fur, with the latter made to extend almost to the elbow, or at least apparently to this depth. Crepe de chine, all-over lace printed and plain velvets, printed chiffons, both soft and stiff satins and georgette crepe are used for afternoon models—in black, gray, midnight blue, nigger brown, maize and a very pink bois de rose tone. Morning glory blue, beige and pale green enter the sports mode and black comes into the tailored costumes. Suit-skirts, by the way, are slashed full length at the center front or side front.

Black and white and pastel tints are used for evening, in georgette, tulle, solid beading, stiff satin for wraps, and satin and velvet for coats.

Right now principal anticipatory interest in Paris centers around the coat, which, incidentally, is autumn's



Charming Embroidered Gown in Black and White for Evening Wear.

leading item of dress. The new note in this field is the return of the flare, which had been quite positively banned for spring and summer. It is rather a modified species of flare, that these advanced models are affecting and its place may be in front, at the sides, or, on rarer occasions, in back. The appearance of slenderness, however, is still maintained, and it appears that the svelte line silhouette will always be the fetish of the fashionables. Velours, zibeline, English woolsens, suede materials and rough woolsens emphasizing small patterns are the outstanding fabrics. There is a well founded suspicion that the smart costumes of late summer and early autumn will, to a great extent, flit large garish prints and confine themselves to daintier effects. In line with the flared type of coat

is an advanced frock style which very pointedly emphasizes flounced treatments. There is a definite return to the hemline flare and there is a continuance of the uneven hemline which has been largely confined to robes du soir during the current season. Hats and scarfs serve the dual purpose of diversifying and feminizing the neckline, while velvet vies with satin as the principal dress fabric.

On one silhouette point in both afternoon coats and dresses there is general agreement—the conforming neckline still persists. This is unchanged from its midseason versions and can safely be counted upon as one of the assured advanced fashion themes.

Elaborate Fabrics for Evening. For evening fashions the trend has never before been so clearly toward extremely rich and elaborate fabrics. Indeed, if anywhere in the mode there is a premise upon which to base predictions of a return to Victorianism in dress it is in the mode du soir. Not since the halcyon days of the fin de siècle have fabrics been more rich, and if the modern gowns lack something of the heavy swishing luxury which belonged to their predecessors



Figured Foulard, Featuring Ruffles, a Drape, High Waist Line.

they are making up for that deficiency in a diversity of themes which is really unparalleled in fashion's history. It has usually been the case in evening wraps that when rich fabrics were employed the trimmings were comparatively simple. The current trend, however, takes no notice of precedent—it combines the richest of velvets and metallic brocades with the most luxuriant trimmings, and caps the climax with perhaps the addition of silver or blue fox at the collar, occasionally both.

Fur and Skirts. There are two fashion points which are being rather closely observed in smart circles just now. Many of the most effective coats have either partially or entirely disposed of fur trimmings and there has been some wonderment as to whether pelts will again be conspicuous by their paucity next autumn. The second point concerns the much mooted question of skirt length. Shall skirts be shorter, longer or the same next autumn? Indications point definitely to a return of fur trimmings applied quite as lavishly as in the past. Silver and blue fox right now are the leading candidates among the furs. As to skirt length, Paris fashion prophets do not hesitate to predict a further lengthening of the hemline. There will be nothing epoch making about the added length, which will probably not be more than one inch, but its significance is that it proves conclusively that the tide has turned in the turbulent history of the ever shortening hemline.

One must, very subtly to be sure, affect the fall themes, which are still in the embryo. And to discover those modes one must look to Paris—not anywhere in Paris, but in those places where the next season's mode is being definitely tried out. Mannequins at Longchamp and Auteuil, vraie fashionables at Deauville and St. Cloud—these are the first to test the public reactions to projected fashion motifs. And if you follow them closely you may attain some of that chic which otherwise would require the psychic talents of a clairvoyant.

Coral Is Imitated by Paris Exclusive Shops. Even coral is being imitated in Paris now, some of the latest ornaments shown at exclusive shops being woven or twisted chains of tiny imitation coral beads. The chains terminate in large knots of beads or a many forked branch of genuine coral.

Another recently introduced ornament is the choker collar of flattened beads separated by gold disks. These collars usually are in deep coral red or jade green.

The turtle has become a pet motif for costume jewelry and small art objects. Turtle belt buckles, hat pins and ash trays are shown in the luxury shops.

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Beau in Hard Luck

Hassan Effendi, who prided himself as being the Beau Brummel of Scutaria, has been arrested and sentenced to a week's imprisonment on the charge of wearing the baggy trousers known as chavalars, universally worn under the old regime, but prohibited recently by law of the new republic. The indignant dandy has carried the case to the Court of Appeals, alleging that he wears no antique chavalars and that the trousers which roused the suspicions of an ignorant police are actually the latest cry in civilized garb, imported from the United States as "charleston" trousers.

A Way Out

"I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song." "Why don't you get the key, and you won't have to break in."—Pearson's Weekly.

Incompatibility

Bob—"What's the trouble between you and your masseur?" Bob—"Oh, he rubs the wrong way."

BEST SHAVE MONEY CAN BUY. SEND \$20 for five razor blades, Gillette type. Finest Swedish steel. Vanalystye, Inc. 17 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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Thoughtfulness

Visitor—So you and Ted have postponed your marriage? Fiancee—Yes, you see, we thought mother and dad ought to have a little more time to find a larger apartment. It is easy to take the rest cure by neglecting one's tasks; that, too, is expensive.



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