

### Enter: A Wine Colored Gown

By RITA KELLEY

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The train was thirty minutes from Padmore when Miss Rand sat up straight and began pulling the pins out of her hat, a pretty wine colored affair that exactly matched her traveling gown. Five minutes later in a tan rain coat and cap she splashed down into the pools of water on the open platform of the railway station and faced the glaring eyes of the hansom cabs, transfer wagons and a private brougham or two lined up opposite. She paused under a lamp midway of the line and looked expectant.

Only a brougham and a cab remained when Miss Rand gathered up her skirts and started down the platform. A coachman in green livery was guiding a young woman in a wine colored gown to the brougham. Miss Rand was hurrying toward the coachman when a voice drawing from the cab at her right made her stop short.

"Hello, Kate!" it said. "What in time are you doing here?"

"Well, Tommy Yates," she laughed, offering her hand, "isn't this funny?"

"Yes, isn't it?" he said, holding fast to the hand. "Don't you know enough to come in out of the rain?"

The next moment she was settling herself on the dry cushions.

"I've been standing out there hours waiting for some one to claim me," she said as the door banged shut and the cab started off. "And you sitting here all the time! Cruel! What were you doing anyway?"

"Looking for a girl very much like you," Tommy turned and gazed at her. The damp air had made little blond ringlets about her face. "You are just as pretty as ever, Kate." He leaned over and looked closer. "Yes, even prettier," he said.

"Nonsense!" she said, blushing as the cab passed under an arc light. "You are just as silly as ever, Tommy. You'll never get over that."

"What?" asked Tommy shortly.

"Silliness."

"I thought I had," said Tommy shortly. "But somehow I think I never will, either." Something in his voice made her turn and look at him.

"I am going to Brettons," she said after a silence. "I think it is 538 Grant. If the coachman did get the wrong girl I couldn't stand out in the rain another minute. You see, I was to be identified by my wine colored dress, but it rained so hard I put on this coat. I wasn't going to have the gown spoiled."

"Ah-h!" Tommy actually hugged himself. He bade the cabbie stop at Martin's. "How long has it been since I saw you, Kate?"

"You have forgotten?"

"No. I just wanted to see if you remembered. Four years since you fitted me."

The cab had stopped, and Tommy was out in the streaming light of the cafe, ready to assist her. She sank back on the seat.

"Oh, oh!" she protested. "I forgot. I was to be at the Brettons' for dinner. They'll be expecting me."

"Oh, pshaw! Here I was deputed to look after a girl in a wine colored frock, and now she disapproves of my scheme of entertainment!"

"Oh," said Kate, climbing out, "is that it? I thought you were simply a convenience."

"Now, see here"—Tommy tucked her under the umbrella—"I'm not a kid any more. I'm assistant cashier of the bank."

They were eating their soup, when Kate straightened back in her chair.

"Tommy Yates," she exclaimed, "it was the other girl you were looking for?"

"What other girl?"

"Why, the other girl in the wine colored dress! The coachman was taking her to the carriage when you stopped me."

"Well, let him take her. You didn't see me looking for her very hard, did you?"

"Tommy Yates!" Kate leaned over the table, chin in hand. "Do you mean to say this is one of your little games?"

"Game?" Tommy was leaning over the table too. "I never was so serious in my life."

"I'm going."

"Going? What do you mean? Please don't!"

"But, you see, it is this way," she expostulated. "I don't know the Brettons. I never saw them. They're friends of my mother's just moved here, and it was arranged by the two families that I was to visit them. It seems there is a young man in whom I'm expected to find a congenial life partner."

"He's a nice sort," commented Tommy.

"You know him, then? Why, Tommy, it isn't—it can't be you?"

Tommy smiled complacently.

"We'll go up after dinner and find out," he said.

"Why, no," she laughed embarrassedly, "of course—how silly of me! They said his name was Frank. Such an ugly name! But, Tommy"—she looked up suddenly from her salad—"who was the girl in the wine colored dress?"

"That," said Tommy, "is rather difficult to explain. Would it simplify matters any if I told you she is the one who is to carry off the friend of the Brettons?"

"And how about the friend?"

"Well"—Tommy looked at his watch—"she has an hour and a half the start of you."

"So this is your little game?" she

cried. "Do you think for a minute, Tommy Yates, that I'm going to let another girl do me out? No, sir. He's mine."

"Do you really think that much of a fellow you never have seen?" asked Tommy anxiously.

"Wait him! Who said I wanted him? I wouldn't take him as a gift! But if you think I am going to let another girl take him before he's even seen me you're mistaken. She's up there now, and they think she's me—I am she."

"You are right. She's having the time of her life."

"See here, Tommy Yates, you explain this mystery. Why did you let me stand out there soaking in the rain?" Tommy's eyes blinked.

"I couldn't really believe my eyes that you were you."

"You came down to get that girl in the wine colored dress," said Kate accusingly.

"So I did." Tommy was staring hard at her wine colored blouse. "I got her."

Kate pushed back her plate, clasped her hands on the table and looked at him.

"Explain yourself," she said.

"Happy."

"Well, why don't you begin?"

"Are you going to stay until I am through?"

"Till the crack o' doom."

"Very well, then. I was going to marry that girl."

"Tommy Yates?"

"Isn't it permissible to marry?"

"And you sat there, high and dry, without ever offering to get out and find her! Tommy Yates, you're a beast!"

Tommy pulled out a box of cigarettes and flourished it. "With your permission," he said. She did not deign to answer him. He lighted one regardless.

"I decided one minute after the train pulled in that I wasn't going to marry her after all."

"And you ran back and hid your head in the cab to prevent her seeing you, I suppose?"

"I didn't get out."

"Baby! You were afraid you would get your feet wet?"

Tommy blew a wreath of smoke over the carafe.

"I was trying to figure how I was to get you into the cab and keep her out."

"Tommy!" Kate's eyes had widened. "Did you love that girl?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Then why did you ever think of marrying her?"

Tommy made an inventory of the pretty girl before him—pink and white, blue, gold—cheeks, eyes, hair.

### An Animal Story For Little Folks Mrs. Flamingo's Nurse

Mrs. Flamingo Longanecker wanted a nurse. She put an advertisement in the Forest Times, and her only answer was a little gray cat.

"Dear me," said the Flamingo lady, "you look very small. Have you had any experience with children?"

"I have raised sixteen of my own," replied the cat.

"Sixteen," repeated Mrs. Flamingo Longanecker. "That's a very large number of children. Did you raise them all at once or by—er—on the installment plan?"

"I raised four at a time—four kittens, you know," Pussy Gray replied demurely.

"I suppose you know how to handle a child and hold it and carry it," the lady Flamingo said. Pussy Gray thought she did, and so the young flamingo was given into her charge to take out into the park. Mrs. Flamingo



FUSSY GRAY.

was going to a club and couldn't be bothered. That evening when she came home the mother went upstairs to see if her young flamingo was put properly to roost. On the first limb she met Pussy Gray. "I done the best I could, ma'am," Pussy Gray said. "But I think his legs is mostly worn off from dragging over the gravels. He did have such a long neck, ma'am."

"Dragging over the gravels," screamed Mrs. Flamingo Longanecker, and let me tell you that when Mrs. Flamingo Longanecker screamed it was real screaming—"dragging over the gravels! How did you carry the child, wretched being?"

"Why, I j-j-just carried him like I used to carry my own babies," whimpered Pussy Gray, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes. "I took him by his neck, and it was so long and twisty-wistly that most of him dragged on the ground. And, please, ma'am, I don't like nussin' young flamingoes. And, please, ma'am, I want to quit."

"Quit you will," shouted Mrs. Flamingo, "and without a character!" as she flew upstairs to put arnica, vaseline and poultices on poor baby Flamingo's legs. But the dear Flamingo lady never thought for a moment that if she had stayed at home from her club to look after her long legged baby these sad happenings would never have been—Worcester Post.

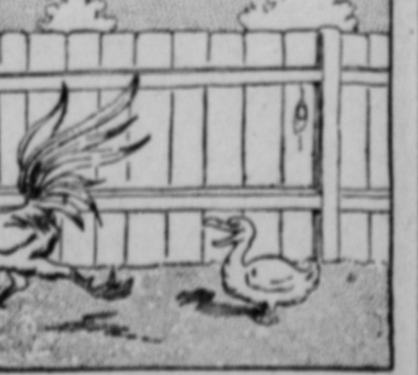
### An Animal Story For Little Folks THE DUCK AND THE DIAMOND

Once upon a time a duck in picking around found a beautiful diamond, and he was so proud of it that he became very pompous and gradually tired of the other ducks on the farm and said:

"I've had enough of this company, and in future I intend to associate myself only with well bred chickens."

And so, with the diamond neatly held in his bill, he flew over into the chicken yard. As the diamond flashed it attracted the attention of the handsomest roosters on the place.

"Why, dear me!" cried the rooster. "I'm glad to see you. You must cer-



RAN WITH IT.

tainly stay over here and join our set. Don't you think you would like to lead the german for us Friday evening?"

The duck was simply overcome with joy, and when he started to say, "How very kind of you; I accept with great pleasure," the diamond fell out of his mouth.

Now, this is exactly what the old rooster had been waiting for, and he picked up the gem and ran with it as fast as he could, leaving the poor old duck to wend his way home in misery and tears.

Moral.—Be sure that your friends admire you for yourself alone.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Gems In Verse

Home. Whether in the arctic circle Or on India's coral strands, Where the winds are perfume laden And warm waves caress the sands, Whether eastward, whether westward, When the daylight fades to gloom, Where a baby runs to meet you And to kiss you, that is home.

Where a baby runs to meet you— That is all there is in life; All there is at all worth winning, Worth the slaving and the strife, Two wee dimpled arms stretched to you.

Two expectant eyes that wait, It is home for you wherever There's a baby at the gate. It is home—sweet home—forever, Where the lilt of laughter run Of a tousled headed baby Sitting playing in the sun. It is home where every night-time As the evening shadows creep A wee, nightrobed figure whispers, "Now I lay me down to sleep." —Houston Post.

Unexpressed. Dwells within the soul of every artist More than all his effort can express; And he knows the best remains unuttered, Sighing at what we call his success.

Vainly he may strive; he dare not tell All the sacred mysteries of the skies; Vainly he may strive; the deepest beauty Cannot be unveiled to mortal eyes.

And the more devoutly that he listens, And the holier message that is sent, Still the more his soul must struggle vainly Bowed beneath a noble discontent.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you All the wonder that his soul received; No true painter ever sat on canvas All the glorious vision he conceived.

No musician ever held your spirit Charmed and bound in his melodious chains, But be sure he heard and strove to render Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wove in numbers All his dream, but the diviner part, Hidden from all the world, spake to him only In the voiceless silence of his heart.

So with love—for love and art united Are twin mysteries, different, yet the same. Poor indeed would be the love of any Who could find its full and perfect name.

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor All its boundless riches to unfold; Still its tenderest, truest secret lingers Even in its deepest depths untold.

Things of time have voices, speak and perish; Art and love speak, but their words must be Like sighings of illimitable forests And waves of an unfathomable sea. —A. T. A. Procter.

The Coming Man. A pair of very chubby legs Increased in scarlet hose, A pair of little stubby boots With rather doubtful toes, A little kilt, a little coat, Cut as a mother can— And, lo, before us stands in state The future's "coming man."

His eyes perchance will read the stars And search their unknown ways; Perchance the human heart and soul Will open to their gaze; Perchance their keen and flashing glance Will be a nation's light— Those eyes that now are wistful bent On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little, busy hands, So sticky, small and brown; Those hands whose only mission seems To pull all order down— Who knows what hidden strength may be Concealed within their grasp, Though now 'tis but a taffy stick In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands, Whose work is yet undone! And blessings on those little feet, Whose race is yet unrun! And blessings on the little brain That has not learned to plan! Whate'er the future holds in store, God bless the "coming man!" —Beacon.

G. A. R. Encampment. For the benefit of those desiring to attend the Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania, at Reading, June 5 to 10, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Reading from all stations on its line in the State of Pennsylvania, on June 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, good to return until June 12, inclusive, at reduced rates. For specific rates, apply to local ticket agents.

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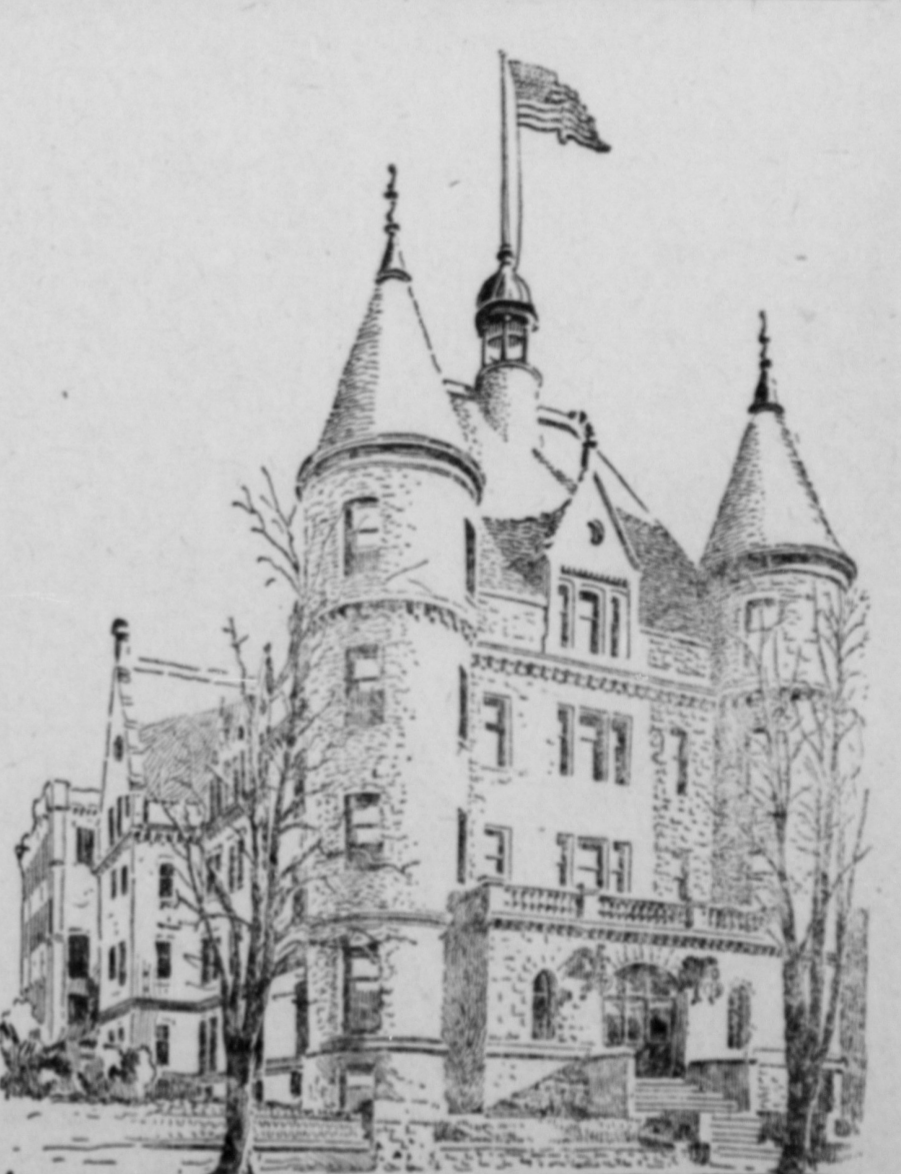
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