

## LOVE AMONG THE BONNETS

By CORINNE JACKSON

"Frances," said the soft voice, "bring me another pair of those wings, please."

The young girl waiting beyond the drawn curtains of the alcove, obeyed, and Louise Ward, designer and head milliner for Marshall Mills, laid the wings beside a corresponding pair which flared across the broad moire hat she was showing to the fastidious woman who sat before the mirror. The effect was immediate, and the woman's bored countenance warmed to interest.

"Why, that is magical!" she exclaimed.

Louise deftly set the hat upon the elaborately dressed head and stood aside that the woman might study her reflection.

"Yes," she said at last, "you have carried out my idea exactly. I will take the hat."

Louise smiled. They always said that, and yet it was her idea that they adopted and considered as their own—her idea so cleverly suggested, presented, insisted upon, so artfully concealed that they did not suspect the origin. Her wonderful tact, added to her artistic ability, had kept her in her place for 14 years, and earned for her a salary that would have pleased most men. She held the curtains aside, and as this customer passed out another stood waiting to enter. It was the regular routine of the day. And the day was drawing to a close. Since nine o'clock that morning with the exception of a bare half-hour for lunch, she had been upon her feet, designing, fitting, directing, always outwardly calm, smiling, soft-voiced. The two young girls who stood at her bidding had never seen her frown in anger.

Yet, though no one guessed it, she was in reality, very tired—so tired that she had to steel herself to endure from one moment to the next. Her feet ached, her head throbbed, her eyes burned and her face felt stiff with smiling. Her plentiful hair, ash blonde and slightly gray, had become loosened with the trying on many hats for when one is very beautiful in a



Louise Added Another Purchase to Her List.

certain shape, one's customer naturally expects to look the same, and is urged to make a purchase. White hats and black, big, medium, little hats; tall, wide, droopy hats, all looked fetching above Louise's attractive face. Even the plainest woman who sat before her mirror went away believing that they somewhat resembled her in the hats.

Above the head of her last customer she saw her own face with fine lines of weariness showing about the eyes and purplish depression at each nostril. She patted a lock of her hair into place and went on talking.

"Black is too somber for you. You need color and height," she set the green turban in place. "Is not this your idea?"

"It is indeed!" said the woman. And Louise added another purchaser to her list.

It was closing time now. She pinned on her own simple black hat, restful looking after the extravagant shapes and pronounced colors she had handled all day, donned her black coat and gloves, and walked out of the store alone. Though she was always so charmingly cordial of manner, it was always manner and did not necessarily admit any one of her intimacy. Of the 35 milliners who worked under her, there was not one to whom she would have committed or from whom she would have received a confidence. And there was not a man in Marshall Mills' whole establishment who would have dared offer her the familiarity of accompanying her home.

It had been raining all the afternoon, but now the rain had ceased, leaving the streets unpleasantly wet. Louise usually walked home rather than hang to a strap in a crowded car. But tonight she decided that she preferred the car. As usual it was packed with hangers. She appropriated a strap and hung upon it wearily. As the car jolted around a curve she lost her balance somewhat and her shoulder came in sudden sharp contact with a larger one—the plaster-clad shoulder of a man who was

clinging to a strap opposite her own. He turned at her low "pardon!" and they looked into each other's faces closely. His was thin and dark—a face not noticeable in any way save for its strength and a certain three-cornered scar above the left eyebrow. Only one man in the world, Louise knew, had such a scar as that and she had given it to him. Into her mind flashed the memory of a scene—a boy and girl quarreling. The girl had been ironing some doll clothes and she had a tiny flatiron in her hand. Angrily she flung the iron at the mocking face opposite, and struck it; the boy fell with a trickle of blood across his white cheek from an ugly wound which had resulted in an ugly scar—this scar. Of course she knew him.

"I'm sure I can't be mistaken. It is Duncan, isn't it?"

"It certainly is, Louise. How do you do?" their free hands met. "This is as pleasant as it is unexpected. How glad I am to see you again."

She smiled. Fourteen years spent in serving an exacting public had taught her self-control and she was thankful for it now. She spoke with the necessary amount of frank delight:

"And I am just as glad to see you. But how do you come here? I thought you were in Oregon."

"I came east about two weeks ago, urged by a hunger to see the old places and the old faces. Business brought me into town today."

They fell into the conversation of renewed acquaintance, ever mindful of the strangers who might be listening. By the time they had reached the house where Louise boarded she had received and accepted from him an invitation to dine and to attend the theater afterward.

He waited in the parlor while she went upstairs to dress. The instant her door closed upon her Louise forgot that she had been overtired and nervous; she felt buoyant, elated. Color came to her cheeks and light to her eyes. And, oh, what should she wear? It was so long since she had been out to dinner. And with a man—Duncan!—ah, there was that catch at her heart again! Duncan of the scar! As her trembling hands turned and coiled the lengths of her hair she looked at her excited face in the glass and wondered if he still thought it as fair as it had been 14 years ago, when he had last seen it. She had just come from her apprenticeship in New York, so highly recommended, however, that Marshall Mills had felt it safe in intrusting to her the bonneting of his feminine customers. She had been so happy, so eager. From a poor girl, with no talent save the hitherto doubtful one of tying bows and sticking flowers together, she saw herself in a way to earn a good living. Money was so much needed in her family. As for her beauty, it had not yet developed sufficiently to be of interest to herself or any one else. When Duncan More, with who she had played and fought as a little girl and been on friendly terms with ever since he had asked her to marry him, she had been shocked. That Duncan should wish to marry her! It was absurd, and she told him so.

"I won't marry anyone, I want to work!" she said hotly.

"Well," Duncan had replied, tossing his hat in the air and catching it absentmindedly, "then it's the west for mine. Goodby Lou, maybe you'll never see me again."

For 14 years she had heard almost nothing concerning him. She conceived the notion that he was not doing so well as he might. He had never been able to keep the money he earned. Louise had always felt inclined to scoff at him as lacking essentially some qualities, but tonight she forgot that. She was so genuinely glad to see him. She had never dreamed she could be so glad.

She went down to him such a vision as might have dazzled eyes more used to the conventionalities of life than Duncan's. He stammered out a compliment. Then he handed her out to the taxicab that stood waiting to take them first to a restaurant, then to the best play of the season.

"I don't know why it is," Louise mused, going home, "but we seem tonight to be better friends than ever before in our lives."

"It's because we are older," he answered, "and experience has taught us the value of some extremely vital things. Of friendship and perhaps also of love. You must know Louise, that I came back to see you, to learn what my long absence had meant to you. You see, I always felt that there would come a time when you would be glad to see me, when life would mean something more to you than French millinery." He laid his hand over her two clasped ones. "Has the time come?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Louise said, and her voice vibrated in a way new to him. "I guess I have had too many hats and too little companionship—friendship—sympathy, love. Since mother died and my sister married and went away I have been alone. It is an awful thing to be alone. I've had chances to marry, of course, but there has never been any man save one that I was willing to—to marry."

Suddenly she threw her arms about him and sank against his shoulder sobbing a little wildly:

"Oh, Duncan, I never want to be another bow in all my life! I want to cook and sweep and bake in a house of my own, for somebody—I—love and who loves me. It has taken me fourteen years to find it out, but tonight I know—I know—"

As he held her close, hushing her dear confession with glad kisses, the taxicab stopped and the chauffeur sat wondering what had happened to his fares.

## MODES of The MOMENT



IT IS difficult to interest any woman in fashions just now. She is watching for what is to come and caring little for what has passed. It is too hot, too humid, too fatiguing to bother one's head with anything so exacting as clothes.

She knows that her head must be troubled with this problem in six more weeks, and she is saving up her vitality for that time. She has got her clothes for summer, and she has no idea of getting her clothes for winter. She wants to enjoy the open air, the new book, iced meals on the awning-shaded veranda. As far as it is possible she wants to be let alone. She is quite willing to listen to any overture to pleasure, but she is actively opposed to any effort toward work, writes Anne Rittenhouse, in the New York Times.

In a way she is a mollusc, in that she holds on with all her strength to doing nothing.

She may want to wear the clothes she has, but she may not be able to do it. It is rare indeed when a woman is not compelled through inclination or some forces of circumstances to rearrange her wardrobe in every season, no matter how well it is planned.

She may regard the heated and languorous midsummer as the most irritating time to think about anything so simple as a blouse or so terrifying as a hat and a gown, but ten to one she must do it. This is true of each of the four seasons. To save herself trouble she may use all her wits toward planning and perfecting a wardrobe that will leave her free for the rest of the season, but her best laid plans will go awry.

Some Good New Ideas.

She will learn there are midsummer fashions as soon as she begins to experiment with them. She will be surprised to learn how many clever things are introduced in a dull season to keep up interest, and how really satisfactory these are when tried out.

Some of them are entirely new; others were invented much earlier in the season, but in the rush of many new things they were allowed to pass by without notice.

The designers themselves take great pleasure in introducing scraps of new things, in applying new methods, in playing with new ideas, when the bulk of the work is over and the frenzied demand for clothes has somewhat ceased. One designer, noted for charming things, says that she gets all her inspirations after June. She explains this by the fearful rush of the spring, when every woman wants all her gowns at the same time, and no leisure is allowed for suggestions or inspiration.

As long as women must look at clothes and make them or buy them it is wise to know some of the interesting things that are being done in midsummer gowns. Embroidering white embroidery with colors is a truly pleasant touch that is brought into favor and gains new followers each day.

The eyelet embroidery is bought in the real or imitation varieties, and then its openings are overcast with vivid tones in mercerized wash floss. The pale blues and pinks which, in other days, every woman chose, have given way to intense colors, such as red, green, purple, black, and yellow.

These are mixed in with several other tones, and sometimes three or four colors are used in strong contrast to each other.

Can Be Done at Home.

This work can be done at home, although it become tedious if attempted in large quantities. The best part of it is that a small piece of it goes far. The method of the day is to use very little trimming, but make that little most brilliant and important. A patch of scarlet and yellow embroidery on a dead white gown is effective and artistic. A mass of this embroidery is not.

The woman who needs new white blouses for her coat suits or informal wear with white linen skirts, is getting eyelet embroidery and touching it off with a splash of oriental coloring to give it character. These blouses fasten down the front with crochet buttons, are finished with a frill of handkerchief linen, or silk mull edged with picot lace, and then the embroidery, with the eyelets as a foundation, is carried out in some sweeping Egyptian design across the shoulders, at the bust, or on the edges of sleeves.

This is more effective on a peasant blouse cut without shoulder sleeves and armholes.

The entirely square blouse is coming more into use every day. The patterns for it are extremely simple. They require the material to be folded over to the required depth, a circle cut for the neck and straight underarm seams cut in one with straight undersleeve seams. As you easily see, there is little sewing to do. The underarm seams are stitched up, as are the seams under the sleeves. The front is opened, hemmed back and buttoned, and the trimming is what one desires.

There is nothing new about cretonne coats. They were worn last year, but they have been brought out again in a popular way. Sometimes the cretonne is merely used as a most important trimming. It is applied to a homespun linen in any color desired. Bands of it are put at all edges, including a four-inch hem at the bottom.

There is a wide Inevoyable collar, buttons covered with cretonne, and wide cuffs that flare back over the elbow on a short sleeve.

These coats reach to half way between the knees and hips, and many of them are cut away in front. They are put over thin white frocks, and some women wear them with foulard, marquisette, and veiling.

They are rather prettier over white than anything else. It may not be an ultra-nice suggestion, but if a frock is a little worn or not altogether fresh the coat, like charity, covers much. It gives distinction to what would be commonplace.

The smart ones are all cretonne, and the colors chosen are soft and cool looking rather than vivid and glaring. There is an attempt on the part of the ultra-smart designers to substitute these coats by tapestry ones, that give the same effect, but which are quite warm.

Virtue in Tapestry Coats.

They can only be worn on the coast or in the mountains. The cretonne is far the better choice for our climate unless one is going to spend vacation days in a cool climate, where there are formal social affairs.

If the tapestry coat, however, remains in fashion until next autumn it will make rather a pleasing garment for afternoon affairs. It will be made



Morning Gown of Dotted Foulard.

In an ornate style, with frills of good lace at neck and elbows, and will be fastened with gemmed buttons set in rims of metal.

This is the theory; it may not materialize. Women may not like this coat, and it will not last. It has its advantages, and I see no reason why it should not have a fair trial when the cold weather comes in.

The Long-Line Effect.

Which same might be entitled "the long-line effect and how to get it." For all of us must look like sylphs nowadays, and if Nature has been unkind, she must be gently assisted to kindness.

Nothing succeeds for this purpose, with the woman whose clothes are of her own devising, like the vertical band running down the front of the one-piece frock, almost from chin to toes.

The gown may open in this manner, so that there is a row of fabric-covered or pearl buttons or of braided frogs all down the front, caught at the waist by a loose girdle. Many of the new skirts also open in the front, seeming nothing but wide oblongs of dress goods wrapped about the form feminine.

Or that long line may be a simulated opening, whereas the dress fastens quite conventionally in back. Then there is a frill effect of lawn or linen, deeply scalloped and perhaps edged with embroidery or itself embroidered. Indeed, a fold and a row of buttons in the exact vertical middle of a gown will give the desired effect with a minimum of trouble.

Then there is the tunic effect. A tucked underskirt and a tunic slashed down from the frilled Dutch collar to below the knees will make one look delightfully long and slim.

Moreover, simple defining embroidery will do a great deal; and there is always the sash, appropriately draped and fastened at shoulder and knee.

And the applied strip of embroidery over net, or of braiding, or dress goods figured in a contrasting color to the plain fabric, always succeeds in its effects, especially when the whole skirt is vertically plaited in wide folds and the appliqued band reaches entirely to the low-cut neck.

The important thing to remember is not to undo the effect, laboriously gained, of the straight front line by wide frills or tucks elsewhere in the gown. Let everything be subdued to this one feature, so that the idea of length is accentuated.

And so, all hail to the long-line effect.

## LATE INVENTIONS.

A draining rack for wet dishes, to be hung on one side of a dishpan, is a new convenience for the housewife.

It is claimed for a new electrical melting pot for glue that it keeps its contents at a perfectly even temperature.

An improved cover for street manholes, recently patented, screws into its socket so that wagons cannot knock it out of place.

A new tool for painters consists of a reservoir for paint, which is fed out upon an embossed roller to stripe flat surfaces or to apply ornamental designs.

For thawing dynamite a metal kettle has been invented in which the explosive is placed in an inner compartment, which is surrounded by hot water.

About the size of a lawn mower is a new machine designed to sow lawn grass seed, disks cutting into the earth receive the seed, which is covered by a following roller.

A single turn of the handle of a new letter stamping machine cuts a stamp from a strip, moistens, and affixes it, registers the transaction, and ejects the stamped letter.

A double frying pan, hinged in the center, has been patented by an Iowa man, so that two articles can be cooked at once and to save space by folding it when not in use.

To test the speed of projectiles driven by modern high power explosives British scientists have perfected a chronoscope which measures time to the millionth of a second.

A new range employs both electricity and steam, a current of the former, used to cook food on the top of the range, also heating water to produce steam to operate the oven economically.

A new shoe salesman's stool is provided with small mirrors on each side of the foot rest, to enable the customer to get side views of a shoe he is trying on and also to afford a degree of privacy.

## FASHION HINTS



A dainty little dress, and a practical dress when it comes to the question of ironing, is the style sketched here. It buttons under the arms, which can be made decorative as well as a practical feature if the edges are buttonholed. Lawn or dimity are good materials to use if it is to be a "best dress."

## SPARKS ELECTRIC.

New York boasts an electrically lighted house.

The quarter-in-the-slot electric meter has made its appearance.

A cent's worth of electricity will drive a 12-inch fan for ninety minutes.

An electric light of four billion candle-power would be necessary to signal to Mars.

Thomas A. Edison's royalties for moving picture patents total nearly \$7,000 a week.

The average number of passengers carried daily on the elevated railways of Chicago is 419,397.

Eight thousand passenger elevators in New York carry more than six million passengers in a day.

The express elevators in the Board of Trade building, Chicago, are the fastest in the world, having a speed of 570 feet a minute.

Plans for a \$16,000,000 tunnel between the North and South stations of the New Haven railroad in Boston are about to be approved.

An electromagnet is being used to recover sunken iron cargoes such as nails, steel strips and rolls of wire, in the Mississippi river.

Television is the latest. You talk with a friend a hundred miles away and you see him as plainly as though you were in the same room.

Officers of the new battleship South Dakota, which is equipped with Curtis turbine engines, say there is absolutely no vibration of the fire control masts, a difficulty always found in the reciprocating engine-driven vessels.

## Throwing It Up to Her.

"I have been singing my exercise in the key of C all morning," said the young lady from the flat below.

"Yes," piped up little Johnny from the flat above, "an' pa said about an hour ago he never was so C sick in his life as he was this morning!"—St. Louis Star.

As a rule, there is altogether too much competition for the consolation prize.

## SYMBOLISM DID NOT APPEAL

Belinda Rejects Proposal of Charlie to Be Joined Together Like Hands of Clock.

"Charlie," sorrowfully sighed the young lady in the parlor of the concrete house, on Washington avenue, "it is nearly 12 o'clock."

"Yes, Belinda," was the breathing response of her poetical companion, who was sitting on the sofa beside her. "The minute hand is drawing closer and closer to the hour hand, and when the time of midnight is chimed the two hands will be even as one. Oh, darling Belinda," he continued, as he literally simulated the action of the minute hand, "may not the coming together of those two hands be symbolical of us?"

She broke away and stood firmly on her feet. "No, Charles Henry Smith," she retorted, angrily, "those two hands will remain as one but a single second, and then the minute hand will divorce itself and go on its way alone. No, Mr. Smith, a minute hand that doesn't stick isn't the kind of symbolism I want!"

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## Japanese Is Hardest to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest of all to learn. Even the Japanese find it hard, and several American army officers have found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn this simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class of Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.—Albany Journal.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

## The First Year.

"Remember, my boy, that the first year of married life is always the hardest."

"That so?"

"Yes, it will take you all that time to give dinner parties to the relatives and friends who believe they ought to be invited to test your wife's cooking."

## Effective Methods.

Wunder—Staylor is successful as a collector of bad debts.

Warning—That's because he takes a tent with him and camps out in front of the debtor's door.

## A Painful Fact.

It takes a lot of waiting to bob up precisely at the moment a certain girl comes along.

## Bad Breath

"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

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## An Embarrassing Word.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."

"Oh, gracious no!" replied the hostess; "you mustn't say 'rendered.' You see, her father made all his money in lard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## IT IS REALLY ABSURD

to think that you can cure your weak stomach and get back your health again by dieting or experimenting with this or that remedy. You need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and nothing else. For over 57 years it has been making people well and keeping them so and it will do as much for you. Try a bottle today for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilioousness, Cramps, Diarrhoea and Malaria, Fever and Ague. It never fails.