

HER ROSE JAR

Isola L. Forrester. Copyright by T. C. McClue.

Neither one spoke, although Temple lifted his cap mechanically and waited, not knowing what she would do.

She did the most sensible, natural thing under the circumstances and the most characteristic as well. She simply laughed up at him and put out one slim, bare hand in friendly fashion.

"Isn't it a glorious morning? It is my first Easter at sea. I came out early on purpose for the sunrise. Let's take the other side of the boat."

"You get the wind there," Temple hesitated.

"I like the wind," she said happily. "Every one keeps to the cozy, sheltered side of things. If you hunt the windy side you hunt alone."

He followed her in silence. It was over two years since he had seen her. There was a half acknowledged little twinge of annoyance in him now. Vaguely he had never expected to see her again. He tried to remember just



"WE'VE RUN AWAY, YOU KNOW."

how far the engagement had gone—three weeks, about. (He had not even finished college. He had been an idiot of a kid ready to fall in love and out again six times a week and twice on Sundays.)

And Geraldine Moore had been his first serious affair, the first girl he had met whom he thought he could not live without. She had been a delicious sort of girl, a willful, madcap, tantalizing girl, with an undercurrent of dreamy southern mysticism in her gentler moods that seemed to give promise of a splendid womanhood.

She had broken the engagement herself. He had believed she broke his heart as well. And then at college the news had come to him of her marriage with Kingsley Haines. It had brought him out of boyish cynicism with a jerk. After the first cold water shock he had felt inclined to congratulate himself more than Kingsley. He caught rumors of their honeymoon pace now and then. It was not a steady one. After three months in Europe Kingsley had come back home, and Mrs. Haines had remained in Paris with her mother. At this point rumor stopped and let imagination fill in the gap.

Temple's imagination was an active one, and he felt cordially sorry for Haines when news came that he had broken his neck in an ugly fall out on Long Island in a cross country run.

That had been a year ago. So much had developed in Temple's life since then that he did not realize how completely he had forgotten Mrs. Haines until he met her face to face Easter morning 200 miles from Southampton on an ocean liner.

She stopped suddenly in front of two deserted chairs.

"We can sit here a moment. Have you had breakfast? No? Neither have I. Doesn't the sea look like a Mexican opank? There's a sunrise in every wave. Talk to me. Was it two years ago or 2,000?"

She was laughing. Temple joined in it with an effort. He was devoutly wishing it had been 2,000 years ago. She watched his face with keen, merry eyes.

"It isn't pleasant to remember, is it, Archie? Isn't it queer, no man likes to remember old love affairs. He always buries them decently and resents any impromptu resurrections."

"And a woman?"

She shrugged her shoulders and looked out at the opal tinted sea.

"To a woman old loves are only rose leaves faded. She generally loves the fragrance of her rose jar."

Temple squared his shoulders slightly. "But she hunts the fresh roses for everyday use every time," he said bluntly.

Mrs. Haines' eyebrows lifted, but she was not displeased.

"Do you bear malice so late in the day? You must not. If it hurt you, Archie," she hesitated an instant, and went on softly, "be assured you had full, unconscious revenge. If I made a mistake, I have paid a penalty even your malice would not have exacted."

Temple was silent. He wished she would not take that tone with him. It was not right. Kingsley had been his friend.

"Is there any one else you know on board?" he asked presently.

"None so far, only Margaret Sloane.

I saw her last night for a moment. How she has developed! Last time I saw her she was riding a crazy polo pony on a dead gallop with her brothers out at Lakewood. She wasn't sixteen then. She's a perfect sensation now. That tint of red hair in a child is simply superb in a woman. Do you know her?"

"Know Margaret?" Temple checked himself. "Oh, yes, I know her."

"I wonder who she is with. Wasn't she engaged or something? I heard a pretty story of some little romance she had just before her coming out. A girl should not entangle herself before she is a debutante. It takes the first blush of the rosebud, don't you know?"

"Yes, I suppose it does," said Temple carelessly. "None before, but all she can get after. That's the unwritten law in those things, isn't it?"

"Don't be snappy. It shows age and disappointment. A man is never a cynic until he has tasted sour grapes, and you are not old, Archie—twenty-five. You see I know, because there is only a year between us."

"There are two," Temple smiled at her and rose from his chair. He had caught a glimpse of a figure in brown coming toward them. "Two thousand."

"Good morning, everybody," called Margaret. "Why don't you wait for me, Archie? Isn't he a terrible boy, Mrs. Haines?"

Temple put his arm around her and laughed as the wind blew wisps of curly hair across his lips.

"I haven't told the secret yet, Peggie," he said. "We may as well start in with Mrs. Haines. It will all come out by the time we land in New York."

"Of course it will, and who's afraid?" She smiled down at Mrs. Haines joyously. "We've run away, you know. It's a whole month now. We were married in New York and caught the first boat over, and we've had the greatest time honeymooning and not answering cables or letters or anything. I didn't want to be a debutante and fuss around everywhere for a year or so, and Archie and I had been engaged nearly a year, so we just settled things ourselves and ran away. You used to know Archie, didn't you?"

Mrs. Haines kissed the bride very gently and graciously. She did not look at Temple.

"A long time ago, dear. He is a splendid boy, and I know you will be happy, both of you. I wish I could give you lilacs this morning, Easter and lilacs and young love always seem to go together. But I have only the faded leaves of a rose jar 2,000 years old." She hesitated.

Temple was looking out at the waves of rose and pearl, his face pressed tenderly to the red brown curls. They had forgotten her, and after a moment she went quietly away from them, back to the sheltered side of the boat where the rest of the world took its morning stroll.

Unwanted Luxury.

When the old house which had belonged to Squire Potter in the days of his youth was bought by Sam White of Pottersville and made over into a hotel the proprietor was determined that all his guests should appreciate their good fortune.

One day he showed a dry goods runner who stopped over three trains in Pottersville the best room in the house.

"You can have this room for tonight, seeing the house isn't full," he said somewhat grudgingly and stood in the doorway waiting for a word of praise.

None came, and when the young man carelessly threw his coat over one chair and placed his hat on the table and let his umbrella rattle down to the floor Mr. White felt the time for a word of remonstrance had come.

"See here," he said, with dignity, "there's a cuzter where you can put those things out o' sight. I guess you aren't much used to dadoed rooms nor yet rooms with landscape paper on 'em, young man."

A Perfect Understanding.

"Yes, I remember that little bill I owe you—remember it perfectly well, and in fact thought of it just as soon as I arrived in town," said a man in reply to some one who had dunned him. "Let me see. Where will you be at 4 o'clock this afternoon—at 4 sharp?"

"At the hotel."

"All right. Be at the hotel at 4 sharp."

"Collins," said an acquaintance, "you are a very plausible fellow. You know that you do not intend to pay that man."

"Well, no; that's a fact."

"Then why did you want to know where he would be at 4 o'clock?"

"So that I could time myself accordingly. If I know where he is at 4 o'clock I will be somewhere else at that time. In this life, my dear boy, to have a perfect understanding is to avoid many embarrassing situations."

—London Telegraph.

A Foolish Man's Blunder.

"Well," said Mrs. Happerson, "I'm glad I have at last convinced you that you were mistaken."

"You haven't convinced me," her husband wearily replied. "You have merely shown me that it is foolish to reason with a woman."

After which the argument was resumed at the same old place.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OUR FASHION LETTER

New Circular Wrap For Tall and Stately Women.

NEAT PIN STRIPED MATERIAL.

The Full Skirt is to be Displaced by the Plaited Yoke—The Separate Waist Continues in Popular Favor. The Handkerchief Ruffle.

The new circular wrap should only be worn by tall and stately women. It is a long, sweeping cape, measuring many yards in circumference, made of some rich material and often embroidered. It is much handsomer than the old garment of this name.

In materials pin stripes are an interesting feature. As a rule, they ap-



CLOTH COSTUME.

pear on smooth weaves, such as flannel and fine serge. White, with a hair stripe in black at quarter or half inch intervals, is liked. Another attractive combination is represented by white hair lines on black.

The prestige of the long, close fitting coat is great, and, since it is at its best in cloth, it will be a feature of the winter modes. Waistcoat and collar details and originality of cut give variety to these coats, and a new model shows a most effective directoire collar and jabot of lingerie bordered with velvet on an otherwise plain long coat.

Skirts are for the most part circular in cut. The plaited yoke is voted de mode, and the full skirt has had its day of triumph.

A deep purple velvet hat is lavishly trimmed with lavender roses, and another model of the same hue and material is adorned with a great pinkish lavender bird on the left side.

The attractive costume pictured consists of a box plaited plaid skirt and a plain cloth jacket. The coat has the long dart effect coming from the shoulder and rounds gracefully over the hips. The notched collar is of velvet.

SEPARATE WAISTS.

Notwithstanding the popularity of the separate waist its reign is by no means over. The winter models are charming. The general lines in these waists have not changed much. The difference is seen in the use of new materials and in the decorations.

The Marguerite and Dutch necks are seen on silk and net separate waists,



THEATER WAIST.

and in lingerie ones the collarless effects are just as much worn.

The new separate waists have their underarm seams curved definitely into the figure, and there is less fullness at the waist line.

In the dressier separate bodices white taffeta is the material often used elaborated with entre-deux de valenciennes and other fine laces. The sleeves may extend to the wrist or cut off at the elbow.

A pretty finish for an elbow sleeve is called the "handkerchief ruffle," resembling a fine handkerchief with the center cut out.

Fancy separate waists of all over lace are worn with Eton and bolero suits. Such a jacket may appropriately be worn at the theater, concert or luncheon.

The waist in the cut is a dainty creation for theater wear. It may be carried out in soft silk or in any of the attractive new nets or laces. Embroidered bands trim the U shaped empiement and elbow sleeves.

ATTRACTIVE TRIFLES.

Cream serge dresses are to be worn this winter by girls of ten and twelve for "best." These frocks hang straight from the yoke, having first been laid in two side plaits turned in opposite directions, simulating box plaits. They



HAT OF PLUM COLORED VELVET.

start from the bust and are stitched to long waist depth, confined there with a pale blue belt and finished on the bottom with a hem. The round yoke is

trimmed with two rows of flat pale blue braid an inch wide, looped in the center as it is sewed on. The sleeves are bishop affairs, with braid trimmed cuffs. An original touch is given by sewing three handsome enameled buttons at intervals down the left plait.

With the renewed popularity of the princess gown it behooves femininity to do what they can to make the lines of their backs more symmetrical.

There is a sharp line drawn this season between morning and afternoon costumes. All lines of a walking suit must be severe, while there is no limit to the elaborate reception gown. Deep red and plum color as well as all the dark shades of purple are the colors of the moment for evening costumes. For afternoon light shades rule with dainty color contrasts. Black relieved with white or some pale color at the collar is smart, with the same shade carried out also in the hat.

The hat illustrated is of deep plum colored velvet. About the crown is a wreath of shaded purple and plum colored satin and velvet roses. The back is raised with a large alsatian bow of velvet.

White collars of pique or linen with a scallop done by hand have a brightening effect on a dark school dress when worn with a wide soft silk tie.

In small girls' coats there is an endless change rung upon three themes—box coats, reefers and Russian blouses, with chevrons and belts stuck on with apparent disregard of the fitness of things.

Navy, the real old fashioned color, is coming into favor again this season. Red in all the soft shades is a leader, and brown, although not first choice, is still in the sartorial field.

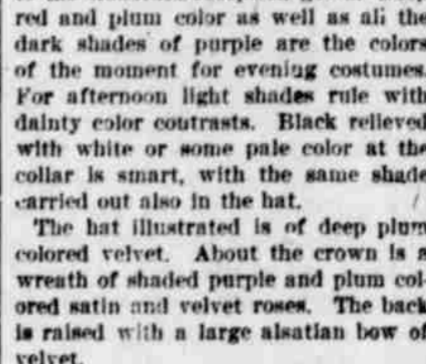
Plaids in several tones of the same shade are new and chic. They blend so perfectly that from a distance the plaid is hardly discernible.

Princess effects in frocks are to be smart, but it takes a good figure and a perfect dressmaker to bring about the desired stunning result.

The child's frock seen in the cut is of blue serge. The skirt is plain save for a double box plait in front. Button trimmed bands, piped with silk, trim the waist and sleeves. The chemisette is of white linen.

CHILDREN'S STYLES.

In materials for school dresses there is a wide choice, the tweed mixtures



BLUE SERGE FROCK.

Great Armies and Battles.

Modern conflicts appear like slight skirmishes when compared with the battles which at different times in past ages have laid Asia in blood. Sultan Mohammed marched against Genghis Khan at the head of 400,000 fighting men, and on the immense plains outside the city of Otrar met the Tartar army, consisting of 700,000 men commanded by Genghis himself, assisted by his four sons. The Mohammedans were defeated and Otrar was taken. In eighteen years Genghis Khan subdued half of China, and Hindustan, Persia and Russia, and even carried his victorious arms into the heart of Korea. Genghis Khan issued a new law, the execution of which compelled all his soldiers to be heroes. He ordered the penalty of death for those who, when called to the assistance of their fellow soldiers in time of battle, should take to flight instead of going to the rescue.

Newbro's Herpicide

THE ORIGINAL REMEDY THAT "KILLS THE DANDRUFF GERM."



THE HUNTERS CAME TOO LATE!

Their Faithful Dog has pointed out the True Remedy to Prevent Baldness but the hunters came too late—Chronic Baldness is Incurable.

Herpicide—A Hair Saver.

Newbro's Herpicide saves the hair by destroying the germ or microbe that is now known to be the cause of dandruff, falling hair and baldness. In chronic baldness the hair follicles are completely atrophied, causing the scalp to shrink and shine; little can be done in such cases except to save the remaining "fringe," and this is well worth saving, for it offers some protection against the cold.

The "hair grower" is a fallacy. It requires but a slight knowledge of anatomy to know that the hair gets its strength from the hair-papilla at the bottom of the hair follicle and the papilla in turn gets its nourishment direct from the blood; therefore nature is the only true hair grower. There are enemies of hair growth that cause hair loss and baldness. Invisible microbe growths enter the sebaceous glands, situated at the top of the hair follicles (Dr. Sabouraud, of Paris, says the microbe usually enters the scalp in youth), where one colony after another is established, until finally, after months and sometimes years, there is dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. The Sebum also solidifies, causing dry, lustreless and brittle hair. Destroy this microbe growth with Newbro's Herpicide and protect the hair against re-infection, and it will grow as nature intended.

Newbro's Herpicide is a Twentieth Century Remedy.

Its mission is to teach new rules for scalp cleanliness, new rules for hair preservation and to supply a germ-destroying solution that will enable careful persons to have beautiful and luxuriant hair. Almost marvelous results follow the use of Herpicide, and if it does not do more than we claim for it, your dealer will refund your purchase price. As a hair dressing it is truly exquisite, on account of its dainty and refreshing odor, which is characteristic. It contains no oil, grease or sedimentary substance, neither does it stain nor dye the hair.

Stops itching of the scalp almost instantly.

Herpicide Far in Excess of All Others

During the past three months our sales of Herpicide have been far in excess of the sales of all other hair preparations combined, and the satisfaction its use has given to purchasers is highly gratifying.

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Never Found its equal.

In my twenty-one year's experience in my business I have found no preparation that equals Newbro's Herpicide for stopping itching of the scalp and removing dandruff.

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"DESTROY THE CAUSE—YOU REMOVE THE EFFECT."

At drug stores \$1. Send 10c in stamps for sample to Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

An Unhealthy Hair. A Healthy Hair.