

JOY at LAST

By CLAUDIA SISSON

Joy had known about it from the first. From the tiny wine-covered porch of the house where she lived with her Aunt Marshall who had taken her when she was left an orphan baby and had sent her to school until she could support herself by teaching, she had often on a Sunday afternoon seen Billy saunter past with Haroldine.

Haroldine was then one of the prettiest girls in town and also one of the best dressed. She thought a great deal about her clothes and had nothing that was not becoming and tasteful. Joy had always envied Haroldine her clothes, even as far back as the days when they had studied together in the second grade, for little girls, like big ones, feel the social distinction implied between washed hair ribbons and those that are fresh from the bolt.

Haroldine had always held herself above Joy and beyond Joy's reach. She had money and was considered fashionable. Joy was neither pretty nor well-to-do, nor popular. Many people did not know her even by sight. Sometimes Haroldine pretended she did not.

As for Billy, Joy had always known him. They had lived for years on the same street in adjoining houses. His mother was a widow, a kind, sensible woman. After she died, suddenly of heart trouble, Billy sold his house and struck out for himself. He was bright and ambitious and people liked him. Haroldine's father took him into his office and Haroldine began to take notice of him.

Young men were scarce in Westmore, and one so personable as Billy was not likely to be neglected. Haroldine asked him to dinner to meet her friends occasionally. And Billy accepted all invitations gladly. He seemed completely under her spell. And he never came back to Westmore to call upon Joy.

Joy loved Billy, and she suffered. She felt that he was going to marry Haroldine. It seemed the most nat-



Joy Lost Her Voice in Surprise.

ural thing in the world that Haroldine should care as much for him as she did.

But one day a rumor startled her. Mrs. Marks, who was much given to harmless gossip, said that she had heard that Haroldine had refused to marry Billy. Joy was stunned. To think that any girl who was so lucky as to get a chance to marry Billy should refuse him! Glad as she was for herself, she was yet sorry for Billy. It was cruel of Haroldine to treat him so.

A week later as Joy sat alone upon the front steps on a moonlight evening trying to get the better of her headache a man walked down the street, saw her, hesitated and came straight up to her.

"Good evening, Joy. This is a beautiful night, isn't it?" he said.

Joy had lost her voice in her surprise. Her heart beat so loudly that she was afraid he must hear. She could do no more than smile at him, but he seemed to accept that as sufficient greeting, for he sat down beside her and began to talk to her. Once in a while he sighed and she knew what he was sighing for. Yet it was such dear delight to have him there beside her that she created herself to be as entertaining as she could. Her pity for him overcame her natural shyness. In consequence, Billy remained for a long time. And the next evening he came again. And then he asked her to marry him.

"My mother always wished it," he said. "She liked you, Joy, I like you, too. And I'll be awfully good to you. I'm going away next week to the city

to see if I can't find a job there. If I do, I'd like you to marry me as soon as you can get ready."

Joy consented. She was glad to have him at any cost. And when he kissed her her grateful heart was ready to break.

Joy and Billy were married and went away to the city to go to house-keeping in a four-room flat. Joy proved to be a marvelous little housewife; she juggled with the dimes until they did the work of dollars; she kept Billy's clothes in perfect order; her dinners were the best of their kind to be had. She never troubled Billy with complaints or any demonstration; she simply loved—and waited. In return Billy rather neglected her. He was kind and appreciative, yet he accepted her as a matter of course. His disappointment was still recent enough to hurt.

They had been married three years then the baby came. He was a beauty—big, dimpled, merry, all smiles and giggles and with adorable winking ways. They called him Robert, which presently resolved itself into Bobby.

Then for the first time Billy woke up to the fact that Joy was of real importance; she was his boy's mother. He planned and lived and saved for that boy. And Joy looked on, stifling her longing and trying to be content. But it seemed a long time to wait.

When Bobby was four years old Aunt Marshall died and left to Joy the little house in Westmore and a few thousands of dollars, which were all her worldly possessions. Then, for the first time, Joy expressed the homesickness which she had silently endured so long.

"Let us go back," she pleaded. "Westmore is better for the boy and for us, too. We can live in the house and you can have the money to start in business with. You'll be sure to find some opening there."

Billy had fallen into the habit of taking Joy's advice. He hated to go back where Haroldine was; he had not heard anything concerning her in all the seven years he had been married and away. He still sighed with unutterable longing when he thought of her. A man's first love dies hard. Yet it came to pass that one day he and Joy packed up their belongings and set forth for Westmore.

From the first day of his arrival he had been on the outlook for Haroldine. But Haroldine was not in Westmore. He learned that her father had died the year before and that she had gone with some friends to California. It was not known when she would return. People had forgotten that Billy had ever been interested in Haroldine. Perhaps Haroldine herself had forgotten. Certainly it ceased to be a living reality to all save him and Joy.

The business in which Billy engaged thrived wonderfully. He had brought to it the experience and now energy that it needed. It was soon said of him that he was making money. Women who, seven years before had not known Joy, came to call upon her and ask her to their houses. They made parties for her. Soon she was drawn into such a whirl of society as Westmore afforded. By spring Billy had decided that if they were to return any of their social obligations at all they must have a larger house. He bought a lot in the fashionable quarter of the town and proceeded to have a house erected upon it. The house was finished and they were living in it when Haroldine came home.

When invitations came from Mrs. Herbert Crosby for her music on the 9th, Joy accepted them for herself and Billy, knowing very well that Haroldine would be there. There was a good deal of anguish, a good deal of uncertainty in Joy's mind the night she dressed for the music, but she hid it all under a brave little smile. She wore a black dress of jetted lace. Men admired Joy and considered Billy a lucky fellow to have such a wife. And Billy himself was proud of her. When he saw her that night standing beside Haroldine, he felt a pang of revelation as turned him sick at heart. Haroldine was still Miss Ross and with no immediate prospect of changing her name. Her pale blue hair looked too young for her; she had grown visibly thinner; her eyebrows showed their penciling and her cheeks their rouge. Beside Joy's fresh, young matronliness she looked faded and lank and overdone. And when she turned to Billy with that conquering smile that he had realized long ago that he had been a fool for seven years and thanked God that Haroldine had refused him.

At home after the party he took Joy in his arms and kissed her many times—kissed her as a man kisses the woman he loves and has won. In his penitence he confessed a great many things, but the sweetest thing of all he told her was that he loved her and her only.

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"You, Joy, you—for all these years and I have not known it until tonight. I wasn't much of a lover and I haven't been much of a husband, but if you'll forgive me I'll make it all up to you, dear."

Above her scintillating black lace, Joy's face shone happily. Her waiting was over. The good she had prayed for was here forever.

PARIS ET LES PARISIENNES

PARIS—Dresses for the Grande Guizaine, dresses for our fittings, for seaside or Casino. Dress for anything and everything—is the order of the day!

Madame la Parisienne is at the zenith of her "Fievre de Toilette," and she is up betimes to rush off to her tailor for the smart little costume which can no longer be called a "trouteur," considering that we can hardly walk in it, and to her couturier for those flower petal gauze frocks in which she realizes all the charm of her fragile personality!

As to the heads of the great houses, they are now rushing off for a brief holiday before that terrible period of "creation" which they subject themselves to during August and part of September.

It is in the silence and mystery of those closed doors that the new fashions are devoted—the Paris fashion to whose tune the world must dance—for centuries have gone to create the artists in dress whom Paris alone can boast of possessing.

The exhibition of Brussels and the coming exhibition of Buenos Ayres set many of the grandes maisons into a fever of anxiety.

Paquin's exhibition in Brussels is a marvel whose artistic beauty is due

to the fertile brain of the genius who presides over the great house that bears her name.

I have spoken to Mme. Paquin, whose unseen presence is felt through every fiber of the firm's gigantic operations. To her is due the adorable mise-en-scene that gives such relief to the exhibition where familiar life-like scenes have the haunting charm of reality.

The lingerie of this house is far-famed, for it surpasses in beauty and artistic merit all that can be imagined—the empire nightgowns are so embellished with lace and embroidery that not one inch of the linen groundwork can be seen.

Mme. Paquin is really an artist in every sense of the word. She has a wonderful eye for scenic effects, as well as being gifted with a sense of detail which renders her creations quite perfect.

The "Lever de Madame" at the Brussels exhibition shows us how lingerie can be glorified. The dainty nightgowns and saut de lits are most fascinating and much enervated with lace.

It is marvelous how natural was women can be made to look, and the life size dolls are almost as natural as creatures of flesh and blood.

The wonderful "scenario" at the Brussels exhibition, with its pink ground of golden yellow and its pink shades, is all Mme. Paquin's own designing.

I saw some dainty new trifles at Paquin's in the guise of cache corsets made entirely of lace and Soutiens gorges so dainty and light that they are a luxury for summer wear, as they take the place of corsets.

Nightgowns are ideally pretty with thin empire bodices frothed with tiny valenciennes lace, while the saut de lit and the peignoirs mark the transitions and transformations of the

with white will accompany white waists for the morning. Of these the girls can simply not get enough. One of the triggest fixings for a shirtwaist is the Persian trimmed silk ascot or bow. The Persian is put on in any sort of a novel way—a slanting piece at the knot and another in one end, or the knot is all Persian and the ends are tipped with the same silk. There is no end to the schemes to which the style lends itself, but the combination of plain and figured silk is excellent.

Children's Rompers. A new idea in children's rompers is a circular cut designed more especially for small girls' play, because the fullness created by the circular suggests a skirt.

It is made from pink and white or blue and white checked gingham. The sleeves are elbow length, taken into band cuffs, and the garment is prettily trimmed with narrow folds of white piping. Rompers may now be bought for babies of one or two years of age. The material is checked gingham, made with a square-cut neck and short puff sleeves.

Feminine Trifles of Dress. The clerical collars—the ones buttoning at the back—with shaped turn-overs embroidered in white with a touch of color are among the popular trifles. Colored collars embroidered

petted children of luxury, for one must be rich to indulge in such costly cobwebs of lace and linen!

We are reminded of England's mourning by many of the gowns seen at Paquin's, where the pretty "maqueline" parade the lofty flower laden rooms in the Rue de la Prie.

One exquisite model I noted was of gray—the faintest silver gray silk velvet with a silver embroidered skirt of filmy black tulle, over which was a curiously eastern looking second skirt which only reached either side of the skirt so that the dress moved like a Nautch girl's skirt with every gesture and pose of the wearer, forming a poetry of motion not easy to describe! The bodice veiled and unveiled in turn was a poem of glittering silver veiled in a vest of black tulle. Delightful, too, was a little frocklet of black, the skirt showing a veiled hem of white silk, whilst the upper part of the bodice lighted into the grayness of black and white.

For the country there were fascinating frocks of white pique with narrow skirts to which a detached front and back panel gave wonderful grace.

The coatlet had most incongruous loose revers of black satin, faced half way with cherry color or Chinese blue velvet, and blouse of supple silk muslin in the most distinctive hues looked as if they could be folded into a nutshell. What wonders an ordinary sized trunk will be made to contain this season!

We have grown weary of the broderie anglaise sunshades. They were hard and ungraceful at best; far more charming are the tiny marquise sunshades, absolutely useless in themselves, but decorative in the extreme, as they give scope for such pretty poses and attitudes!

There is very little to tell of hats. We have taken a frantic fancy for sweet peas, which climb over our straw shapes in superb and expensive profusion, for the best of us are growing caddish, and we look to what costs money more than to things beautiful in themselves.

Gigantic poppies with drooping petals, two of which are sufficiently ample to trim a hat, are the latest development of the blooms of the Garden of Sleep.

Fruit is showing on some of the hats—impossible, of course, to apply the size of plums, and cherries of the same "calibre," and all the gamut of weeping plume, and distracted attitudes that represent the power of gold!

The latest summer dresses of floral silk or soft pongee have quaint narrow skirts tied in at one side and trimmed with a deep band of glace insertion. The bodice forms a high draped corselet, and the yoke and sleeves cut in kimono are entirely of lace. This is a simple and girlish make of dress. The chiffon and lace wraps are most poetic.

A dainty and servicable frock is the one stretched for our readers today. It is of blue green taffeta shot with black, the sides very lightly embroidered in black silk soutache with a suspicion of dull gold. It has a very deep sailor collar fashioned from wide black satin ribbon, with narrow inset collar of cream. The soft silk jabot is of ochre lace. The sash and sash ends are of black satin ribbon with tasseled ends. The sleeves have deep revers ornamented with gold buttons. The hat is of black varnished straw lined with blue-green straw and trimmed with shaded blue feathers.

Nonroyal Headgear. One of the attaches of the American embassy at London tells a story wherein Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, who was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin, was the principal figure.

There was brought before him an Irish-American, charged with suspicious conduct. The officer making the arrest stated, among other things, that the culprit was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your honor know what that means?" was the inquiry put to the poet by the accused's lawyer.

"It may be," suggested Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."—Harper's Weekly.

Wings Again. For a change from the favorite flowers and ribbons, wings are again in evidence in summer hats. White, black and gray are the colors that harmonize with nearly all shades. There is no denying the fact that wings have a wearing quality that is greater than that of the usual trimming for summer hats, and then, too, they are comfortable in their ability to carry the wearer into the fall season, unfaded and intact.

Feather Eating. Lice sometimes cause feather eating. The hen in attempting to ease herself of the annoyance caused by the irritating presence of the lice, picks at the base of the feathers, occasionally pulls one out, and finding it succulent, continues till she becomes a confirmed feather eater.

What She Wanted. "My wife," sighed the weak-mouthed, give-up-all-hope-looking man, "was not satisfied with having the minister omit the 'obey' clause when we were married."

"What more did she want?" queried the individual with the in-curved nose. "She wanted the clause inserted in my response," murmured the other speaker, in a tone that proved his wife had not been disappointed.

Natural Deduction. Jack—Miss DePlyme evidently has a sense of humor. Tom—Why do you think so? Jack—I caught her in the act of smiling at herself in a mirror this morning.

RAPID MARKET FOR POULTRY

Quicker Bird Can Be Brought to Marketable Size, Greater Profit and Fewer Losses.

I always push my young stock along as rapidly as possible until marketed, or until brought to maturity, says a writer in the Baltimore American. This it pays to do, even when I must buy feed and at a high price. The quicker a bird can be brought to marketable size or to the productive stage the greater the profit, to say nothing of quicker returns and shortened risk. Rapid growth is always cheapest and quick returns most satisfactory. There are always fewer losses in a flock kept growing vigorously than in one allowed to drag, and a shorter period in which chicks are a possible prey to hawks, rats and other enemies.

My young stock is never stunted. After it is removed from the brooder I continue to feed regularly and as generously as before. Feed for a considerable time consists largely of coarsely ground grains or fresh, sweet milk. For this I like corn and wheat principally at first. Later I add other grains, often omitting the wheat or feeding it whole by itself. Rye, although chicks will not eat it whole, is excellent cracked with other grains. Barley, also peas in small quantities, is good. As chicks become larger whole grains are gradually substituted for cracked. Rye, if fed whole, is cooked. In this shape chicks are greedy for it, and it furnishes excellent food. All summer I like to feed a little soft food now and then, either ground feed, shorts or bran, wet with milk or warm water. Grit I keep constantly before my flock, also pure water.

Law came naturally to Mr. Van Valkenburg. His father, Lawrence Van Valkenburg, was a justice of the peace back in New York in the early 60's. Friends of the newly appointed judge say that at the department of justice in Washington Mr. Van Valkenburg was considered as ranking among the ablest United States district attorneys in the country.

As United States district attorney, Mr. Van Valkenburg first attracted national attention in the prosecution of all the packing companies to compel them to comply with the interstate commerce laws regarding the shipment of meats for export. He brought the suit in this jurisdiction and won it before Judge McPherson, sitting for Judge Phillips.

The winning of this suit brought Mr. Van Valkenburg into the lime light before all the big attorneys of the country and he was highly complimented for the record he made. He earned recognition for hard work and unusually high legal ability. He had an honorably conspicuous part in that great movement for the "square deal" whose beginning distinguished the Roosevelt administration.

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VAN VALKENBURG IS JUDGE



Judge Arha S. Van Valkenburg, recently appointed United States district judge, western division of Missouri, is one of the youngest jurists on the federal bench. He is only 48 years of age, but his friends say this will not prevent him from making an enviable record.

Mr. Van Valkenburg succeeded Senator Warner as United States district attorney for the western district of Missouri in 1905 and was reappointed by President Taft in December, 1909. He had previously served seven years as assistant to Major Warner in that office. He was born in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1857. When he was seven years old his parents removed to Illinois and later to Michigan. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1884, attaining high rank as a scholar.

Mr. Van Valkenburg went to Kansas City in 1885 and entered the law office of Dobson, Douglas and Trimble, being admitted to the Jackson county bar in 1888. The same year he formed a law partnership with D. J. Huff. He was married in 1889 to Miss Grace Ingold of Kansas City.

Mr. Van Valkenburg was appointed assistant district attorney by Major Warner in 1888, succeeding William Draffen. Upon Major Warner's election to the senate in 1905 President Roosevelt appointed him to the place he since has held.

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The winning of this suit brought Mr. Van Valkenburg into the lime light before all the big attorneys of the country and he was highly complimented for the record he made. He earned recognition for hard work and unusually high legal ability. He had an honorably conspicuous part in that great movement for the "square deal" whose beginning distinguished the Roosevelt administration.

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