

### Scraps From the Waste Basket

By LILIAN HALL CROWLEY

John Armstrong sighed pleasantly as he dropped into the hammock. His eyes wandered over the lawn and across the street to the bay beyond; the beautiful shimmering water, the blue sky above and the quaintly charming houses along the street protected by towering elms.

At last he had come away from the rush of business; the noise of the city and the endless engagements to take a much needed rest in the quiet little village.

Here he could rest to his heart's content. No one was in a hurry. No one had lofty ambitions. Just to get through each day, one like another, and for recreation a dance in the town hall where every one was welcome.

He certainly did need the rest, he thought. Why, his nerves were calmer already. Not a thing here to jar them. In a little while he would don a bathing suit and go into the delicious salt water. No big waves even to thrill him. Just enough of a swell to make him keenly enjoy the trouble of going in. Then a delicious nap when he became as drowsy as if he were drugged. And he would be drugged, too, by the restful beauty of it all.

Oh, yes, life was good again. He would go back to Wall street a new man—but now he wouldn't think of business. He would put away all excitement and enjoy the present.

Just then a little, flitting breeze, one more vigorous than any of her companions, waited a piece of paper right at his feet. He looked at it carelessly—then was attracted by the beauty of the handwriting. He picked it up. It was evidently a letter with top and bottom torn off the page.

It certainly was beautiful writing and he read a few words. It was only a scrap, and even if it were some one's letter it could not be important or it would not be blowing about. Still admiring the writing he read on: "And now, Evangeline, have the kid be at the house for some practical purpose before he robs and murders the old man; otherwise your idea is a good one. Let me know daily how you are getting on. Good-by."

Armstrong leaped to a sitting position. What foul plot was this, and who was Evangeline? The paper was new, so some one must be planning a murder right now—this very minute.

He dropped back in the hammock. He saw his duty plainly—he must foil this she-devil Evangeline. Evangeline! What a name for a murderer! More suitable for a pure and beautiful woman. What could he do?

Nothing! Still—he could be on the alert. He looked about the lawn for more scraps of paper, and was rewarded in his search by another torn piece, same writing, same paper. He read:

"Yes, Evangeline, you have done wisely to choose such a quiet place, and I am sure you will succeed in your plans. No one here suspects."

Evangeline again. The name was all he had to go on. He would walk about, talk to people and listen for the name.

His landlady's little daughter came to sit with him in the hammock. They had become good friends in the past week.

"Tell me," he said to the child, "do you ever have robberies here, or anything of the kind?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "we never lock our doors. Nobody steals anything—ever!"

That night he tossed about in bed; the swish of the waves did not soothe him as it usually did. It was his duty to uncover this crime and he must hurry or the murderer would succeed.

He was awakened in the morning by a girlish voice calling from the street: "Evangeline! Get up, you idle creature; here it is high tide and we're ready for a swim. Come on!"

"In a minute," answered a sweet voice from the window next to his. He leaped from his bed. Evangeline! Was he dreaming or did he hear that name?

Why, the creature must be living in the same house with him. There were other lodgers, but he had been too taken up with his own feelings to notice them. Most of them were artists and were off painting before he arose. He supposed they did as he did in regard to meals—went to different places.

He heard a door slam and then soft pattering down the stairs. He hurried to the window and saw a tall, slender figure enveloped in a cape hurry across the street and join the other bathers on the beach.

Hastily he donned his bathing suit and was soon in the water. Evangeline proved to be a wonderfully beautiful young girl, about twenty-three, he thought. She swam like a mermaid and seemed full of the joy of living.

Armstrong often read that gangs of thieves choose young and lovely women to do the most heinous work because they would not be suspected. But why was she so careless about her letters?

Still, the cleverest of them sometimes slipped up on some small bit of carelessness.

After his swim and breakfast he again went to the hammock to rest and think. He heard the landlady in the distance scolding the new maid for her untidiness. "You let papers blow all over when you empty the waste baskets. Please be more careful in the future."

The little girl came to sit with him again. In her narrow life her mother's lodgers meant the world. She spoke of several of the artists and their work, then: "Have you seen Evangeline Morton? She's awful pretty, I think."

"Is she an artist, too?" asked Armstrong, beginning to hate himself for tracking down the glorious creature.

"No, she doesn't paint. She just stays in her room all day and goes out nights. She swims on moonlight nights and goes out in a boat."

"That's when she meets her confederates," thought Armstrong.

The more he realized it was his duty to uncover the plot and save a defenseless old man from death, the more he realized that he hated to spy on the girl.

That night he waited in his room with the door open until he heard her start down the stairs.

"One moment, Miss Morton, please; I think these letters belong to you." He handed her the scraps of paper he had found on the lawn.

She flushed scarlet when she took them from him and, with a curt "Thank you," hurried down the stairs. "She will realize now that I know and will, of course, leave at once."

Several days passed with Evangeline Morton living her life as usual—all day in her room and going out at night.

His plan had failed, so he decided to tell her.

He passed a restless day in the hammock, hating himself for what he was forced to do. Then he would dream of a beautiful face and of how it might have been if the girl was what she seemed instead of a criminal.

In all his thirty years he had not thought seriously of women, and now fate laugh in his face.

He dined early and hurried back to his hammock, which gave a view of the front door. When it was quite dark he saw the graceful, slender figure he had unconsciously learned to admire emerge from the door and walk rapidly up the street.

"It may be tonight," he thought as he followed her. He had purposely put on a dark suit, while she, much to his surprise, was in white. She went along for a few blocks and then struck out for an old pier. Going to the end of it, she sat down.

Armstrong could see her distinctly while he himself was in the shadow of an old sail loft.

"This is where she meets her confederates," he thought, peering across the water to see if they were coming by boat. She sat silent and still for nearly an hour, then began walking up and down the pier. She looked out at sea more as if she were admiring the beauty of the night than planning a miserable murder.

Desperately, he decided to tell her. He had done all he could to let her slip quietly away, and she still stayed. He walked toward her. She turned a startled gaze when he came near.

"Good evening, Miss Morton," he said.

"Good evening," she replied. "I have something important to say to you."

"Yes?"

"You remember the parts of letters I returned to you?"

"I read them."

"Well?"

"Now I know why you are here. You came secretly, but I found you out."

"And now I don't care." She reached her arms out to the stars. "I have succeeded in my plan and I am going home."

"Succeeded!" gasped John.

"Yes, I sent my mystery story to an editor last week and he accepted by return mail. I am too, too happy! I know I could never get time to write at home. I have so many interruptions, and this place is so quiet I can write all day long. I came with two of my friends who are painting. Now that I am a real author the family won't dare interrupt me when I write."

"Allow me to congratulate you," said John.

"You're a New Yorker, aren't you?" she asked with seeming irrelevance.

"I am." He was still dazed.

"Maybe you know my cousin, Owen Welpton?"

"I do! I do! You mean the famous author?"

"Yes, he has been criticizing my work for me. I wouldn't let any one else know, and I was so ashamed when you found those letters. I thought I tore everything in bits."

Suddenly he remembered she was going home.

"Let us celebrate your victory tomorrow by taking a long ride down the coast. I know a place where we can get a famous shore dinner. We'll celebrate together, for I, too, have had something fine come to me."

"Tell me about it."

"I will on our drive back."

**Genuine Parking.** Mrs. Briday—Jack, dear, do you remember that you didn't kiss me when I started out shopping this morning?"

Husband—No, but I remember that I kissed my money good-bye.

## Dress Accessories



Parasols for a season or so contented themselves with plain coverings, and attended to their duty with much singleness of purpose. But now that we may think of something else besides duty, they are unfurled under this summer's sun touched up with pretty embellishments as in time gone by. They take their cue from hats to be worn with them, and pass it on to bags, so that there are two-piece and three-piece sets to match. Considering the chic of these matched sets it is very well worth while to choose hats and bags and parasols with reference to one another, instead of quite independently.

Usually it is the art of the milliner that inspires the decoration of parasol or bag that brings these feminine belongings into the class of the hat worn with them. An example of this appears in the dressy hat of black hantilly lace trimmed with ribbon and lowers and the lace-draped parasol shown at the left of the picture above. Here the parasol is covered with the same silk as that which makes the foundation of the hat, bordered with the same ribbon as that in the band about the hat and finally veiled with the same fine black lace. There is a deep fall of lace about the edge of the parasol repeating the narrow curtain of lace about the edge of the hat brim.

In the center of the picture a three-piece set reveals the effectiveness of the new heavy silk weaves when used in accessories for street dress. A plain and checked silk make up the hat, bag and parasol, whose story is fully told by the photograph. Finally a plain silk parasol gets into line with one of the summer outstanding style features by means of figures worked about it in white wool. Decoration of this kind appears on hats, bags, frocks and wraps in endless designs and colors. It is an easy way in which to bring yesteryear's parasol up to date.

**Gay Handbags.** Particular attention has been paid to handbags this season by the manufacturers. Frames of gold, silver, colored celluloid and shell are used. A bag of black satin has embroidered on its sides a colorful design in wooden beads. Another of dark blue faille is made gay with oriental embroidery.

**Popular Straws.** Lisere and milan straws are very popular for hats but the latter straw is difficult to obtain. Ribbons, ostrich fancies, flowers of straw, velvet or silk and various kinds of feathers, are used as trimmings. As to colors it would seem that any of those found in the rainbow are popular.

## At the Seashore



There is variety enough in beach attire to furnish, besides the standard and conservative beach and swimming suits, many novelties. Certain smart shops assure their patrons that they have models that are exclusive and unique—which goes to show that women on gash themselves for beach and bathing with ever-increasing care. This season's beach clothes are attractive, and the outstanding features in them are modesty and graceful designing. The beach cape in addition to the suits, has made itself worthy of special mention.

Nothing is better than the worsteds, in which many designs have been carried out. In addition there are flatter and mercerized suits and finally tafetas and satins to be considered along with accessories, the caps, shoes, sandals and hose that make up the bathing outfit.

For the girl who swims considerably and needs a strong, practical suit, the hair line stripes in pure worsted offer attractive models. They are made in two-color combinations, the long over-body bordered with plain worsted in the color of the stripes, and the trunks of the striped material. In nearly all worsted suits two colors are used or a color and white to give character.

Two of the new satin suits are shown in the picture with an innovation in bloomers inviting attention in the model at the left. This suit is made of black satin embroidered in green wool. The bloomers are fashioned much like riding breeches and the overgarment is merely the ever-present smock with a girdle of green yarn

braided and ending in tassels. Satin sandals and a smart satin cap suggest that this is more of a beach outfit than swimming suit. The cape is reversible.

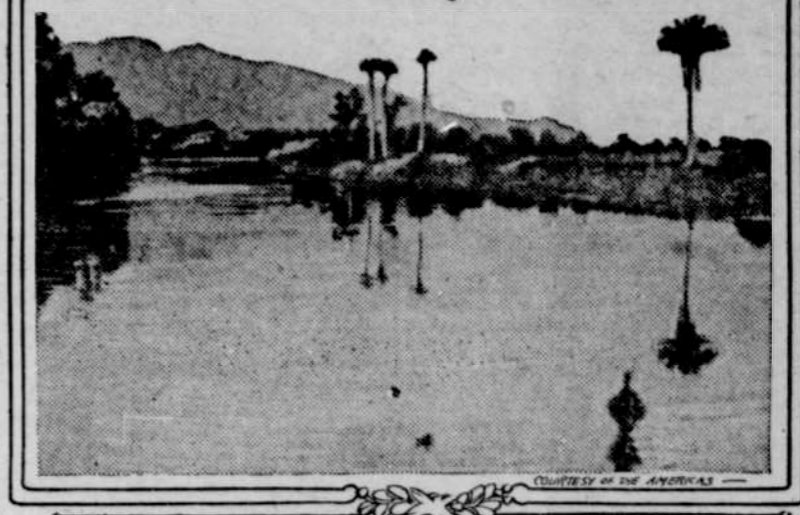
The suit at the right is not meant to meet any very strenuous demands, but to look pretty while it lasts. It is made of purple satin, trimmed with folds of orchid satin and a turban of the orchid satin caps it off. These colors are apt to be unstable between sun and water, but the same model in black or navy blue with white bands will last out a season.

*Julia B. Bromley*

**Rainbow Ribbon Hat.** A delightfully unique hat for summer wear is the rainbow ribbon one. It is made by sewing long upon row of one-inch-wide grosgrain ribbon upon a buckram mushroom shape. Start with a delicate pink at the central point of the crown and go round twice and then put in two rows of a champagne color. After the champagne use two rows of a pinkish tan. Thereafter follow two rows of the pink, and this color is followed by a pinkish lavender color for the next two rows. After completing this cycle just simply start all over again with the champagne ribbon.

Panels of embroidery, more often placed on the side of a frock rather than at the front or back, are much in evidence on elaborate dresses.

## Up the Magdalena River



Scene on the Magdalena River.

**T**HE trip by the Magdalena river from the sea to Bogota, the capital of Colombia, is one of the most interesting traveler can find, says the London Times. The time of the voyage varies from nine to fourteen days, according to whether it is made in the wet or dry season.

During the trip one ascends from sea level to 9,000 feet above it; there are three separate trains, and two steamer journeys; the scenery varies from sweltering forest to wide, airy pastures, wheatfields and ragged blue mountain peaks; the dwellings of the people change from insouciant, palm-thatched huts to the imposing Spanish style stone mansions of the ancient city of Bogota.

Puerto Colombia, with the turquoise Caribbean washing its feet, is a port by courtesy. Steamers call there for the convenience of Barranquilla. Wide-spread, sunny, flower-bedecked Barranquilla sits upon the bank of the Magdalena, and continually and passionately discusses the question of water transport, for it can have no direct access to the sea until the Magdalena bar is conquered.

From Barranquilla one takes a river steamer to La Dorada. On the flat-bottomed river boat, drawing only a foot or two of water, travelers must provide themselves with bedding; the steamship company lends a canvas cot but nothing else, and the Barranquilla hotels specialize in providing the visitor for Bogota with the outfit—a pillow of tree-cotton, a couple of tiny sheets, a mosquito netting "bar," a couple of little towels. No other bedding is needed, for the heat is stifling but the judicious also take table delicacies and everything needed in the way of beverages, with the exception of coffee, of which there is a constant and most excellent flow.

Soon the forest closes down to the edge of the water, as unconquered, as dominant, as in Quesada's day, 400 years ago. Quesada took two years to ascend the river to Bogota, the survivors of his party arriving ragged and starving; the marvel is that a single one of those adventurers reached the plains.

**Scene of Great Beauty.** The jade of banana leaves, whipped into rags by the wind, the glaucous green of lilies, the emerald of the palms, the Jasper of the great forest giants, is only broken here and there by a trail of flowering vine or the rare sight of a high-perched mauve or gold orchid; where open spaces occur there are low-growing bushes covered with flowers, and one sees a host of butterflies and birds, but usually there is nothing but the river and the green wall of forest. When rain falls in a straight sheet even the forest is blotted out and the alligators and turtles of the margins are invisible until the sun reappears.

When a stop is made for wood or to deliver merchandise to some little trading point the outlet for some rich region producing sugar, hides, coffee or tobacco, all the village comes to the little wharf, guns are fired and the church bell is rung in the steamer's honor; there are a number of such places below Puerto Berrio. Puerto Berrio is important as the starting point for the wonderful Cauca Valley, worth some trouble to reach and possessing a perpetual June climate, a wealth of fruit and flowers, a fertile soil and mountains sown with precious minerals.

At La Dorada, where the blue mountains have suddenly come nearer and he turn green and purple, there is little but a row of modest cottages, and the railway sheds; but here is the river, and traversing a wonderful country of bright green pastures with sturdy herds grazing, fine luscious trees and hills that rise grotesquely, topped with fantastic rocks like battlemented castles of the middle ages. All this region is famous for its tobacco, and has exported it to Europe for over a hundred years. The train stops at Honda, where one looks far down at the rapids; the town is bright and pretty, the center of a gold mining industry, and here, by the way, one buys four cigars of excellent tobacco for the equivalent of 1/2d.

There is another halt at Mariquita,

where Quesada died, and where today an English company has established one of the terminals of an aerial tramway across the broken country, forests and mountains into the Cauca valley. The tall standards march along into the distance almost directly west; I believe that the enterprise has been, at it deserves, very successful—I heard of a grand plane having been carried triumphantly by this air line.

**Trains Go Slowly.** About five hours is occupied by the train journey and then Beltran is reached with its waiting steamer for the rio arriba. The steamers for the upper river are small, the dining-tables set out on the open main deck in picnic style. There are only six cabins on this little boat, and most of the score of passengers sleep outside under a sapphire velvet sky set with a million diamonds. This sky seems very close above; the air is soft, full of woodland scents; all night one hears the song of the river, only overcome when at first flush of dawn hundreds of ringing bird voices begin to call from the bushes.

With full daylight comes realization of the beauty of the rio arriba. Here the steep, folded mountain spurs stand down to the water's edge, little white cliffs marking the force of the flood in the rainy season; brilliant green on the long crests, these spurs take on deep violet shadows in the innumerable clefts and gorges.

When the steamer reaches Girardot, with its scarlet blossoms, its cobbled streets tipping down to the river, and its eternal clothes-washing on the flat stones of the margin, there is but one section of the journey still to be traversed—the railroad to Bogota. During this final stage there is a great deal of steady climbing to the upland plateau, and a long run across the cool plains.

One passes through regions of wonderful fruit—rose-apples and nisperos, grenadillas, and manzanas and melons; ascends through a cutting whose sides are jet black because here is a seam of excellent coal providing fuel for the railway; and, after rolling through level lands where cattle graze peacefully beside willow-bordered brooks, sees at last the twin peaks of Monserrat and Guadalupe, with the white walls of Bogota at their feet. The mountains stand like a vast purple barrier; beyond lies that lake of legends, Guatavita, a score of gold-bearing rivers; the emerald mines of Muso from which the finest stones in the world, and the largest annual quantities, are produced.

**Rationing and Improved Health.** It is not true that under rationing the health of the nation "is suffering from lack of good food," says the Weekly Scotsman. "On the contrary, the health of the children in the schools has never been so good, and but for the influenza epidemic the death rate would in all probability never have been so low. Of essential foods everyone has had enough. Butter has been short precisely because it was necessary to safeguard the children's milk, but no one who understands the work done by the ministry of food in securing the raw material for, and arranging the manufacture of, margarine will say that the subject of fat in general has been neglected."

**Not Worth \$10.** An American unused to court etiquette was invited just before the war, says Collier's, to dine with a German prince. A glittering flunky presented a silver plate to him just before the hors d'oeuvres were served. He blushed, fumbled in his pocket, then said to himself, "I have nothing but a \$10 note, but I don't think any German dinner is worth \$10," so he let the plate pass. He then discovered that the plate was intended to receive the white gloves that he ought to have worn!—Boston Post.

**How Paris Was Named.** In 52 B. C., when Caesar conquered Gaul, Paris was called, in Gallic, Lutetia (Mud-town). At that time it was inhabited by a Celtic tribe, the Parisii. They burned their town rather than surrender to Caesar, so that general ordered a new town built at the same time, and called it after the tribe, Parisii. This was the original form of the present name, Paris.