

When a Woman Buys a New Hat

Mrs. Dobley's "Half-Season Affair."

By Kate Masterson.



Dobley wanted a kiss across the table to his wife in her fluffy pink morning gown.

Mrs. Dobley allowed her eyes to rest admiringly on him. "But you always choose such pretty hats for me!" she pleaded.



"How Fortunate That You Are Here!"

prepared the watercreases for her husband, "that was for a funeral, I could scarcely go on wearing it to other things."

is the bill! Mrs. Dobley's brow puckered pathetically and she looked at the proffered bill as she might at a snake.

Mrs. Dobley laughed heartily at his wit. "I can't imagine what you mean!" she roared at Dobley, and her lip quivered.



Perched On the Arm of His Chair.

"There are no birds on it!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "You know you never approved of my bird hats. Besides, they have gone out!"

How embarrassing it would have been! "You!" said Dobley, diving for his pocketbook.

Ethel Lloyd Patterson, of the Evening World, Describes The Gentle Blue-Eyed Manager of Bryan's Campaign.

She Says NORMAN E. MACK IS Quiet, Strong, Artistic, Intelligent and Has a Wonderful Will, and He Says Nice Things About Bryan, the Fair Sex and Honest Politics--Mrs. Mack Is "Eager" for Life, Fond of Dress and a Great Admirer of Mrs. Bryan.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson

AND a gentle, blue-eyed man shall lead them--these Democratic campaigners of 1908.

That is what I travelled all the way to Buffalo to see--a very gentle, very blue-eyed man, recently appointed Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Of course, Norman E. Mack is other things besides gentle and has other features on his face besides his eyes. Beneath his gentleness, to be sure, is latent force and an indomitable will, and behind the color of his eyes are kindness, kindness and a natural directness that is yet capable of paradoxical blankness and exclusiveness without evasion.

All of the stubbornness and most of the determination of which Mr. Mack is amply capable have settled in his chin.

I would not care to get at "loggerheads" with that chin. It is like a very decided and not to be ignored period at the end of a sentence.

His nose is shrewd, light-nostrilled and narrow-bridged; doubtless it helps him in his art selections. A "nose for news"--why not for art, indeed?

His mustache is heavy and altogether superfluous, for it certainly conceals nothing that is disagreeable. On the contrary, quiet humor and humanity lurk beneath it.

His forehead rises, a straight front of undeniable intelligence, above brows that are "shaggy" and yet fall somehow of nature's intention to strike terror to the heart.

A Wholesome Life.

Roughly, one would judge Mr. Mack to be between the ages of forty-three and forty-five. In fact, I am sure he is all of that, although his skin is fresh and clear, suggesting a wholesome life, with plenty of outdoor air in his lungs; and again the impression of great physical strength, perfectly controlled by an even greater mental vigor.

Mr. Mack speaks simply and directly, in a voice that is low and rather pleasing. Just touched with a suggestion of his Scotch origin, that becomes more noticeable when he uses the telephone.

Apparently Mr. Mack's one outlet is in the direction of a somewhat obvious luxury in his surroundings. His office is not only hung with examples of the newspaper artist's skill, but it is strewn with a magnificent memory for faces and the names of their owners. This is a faculty, of course, that pleases people, particularly women, in a rather subtle manner, although it is a gift, rather than a sense, that is capable of education. Then, too, he has an infinite fund of admirable stories, that he tells as only Mr. Bryan can tell them, and there is enough of the child in the heart of every woman to stimulate her admiration for a clever raconteur.

It is hardly a revelation of your sex, either," continued Mr. Mack, "so that most women are affected by a man's appearance. Here in my opinion, Mr. Bryan is safe, for his presence is modestly commanding, while the magnificence of his personality is acknowledged even by his enemies."

"You will have to excuse me from any discussion of Gov. Hughes's acceptance of renomination," deprecated Mr. Mack, obviously annoyed at having to deny a woman anything, but none the



Mr. Mack in His Office, Surrounded by His Works of Art, in Which He Takes Great Interest.



The Striking Resemblance Between Mr. Mack and His Daughter Norma.

less with a certain finality that left me sure that further insistence would be fruitless; "besides," and here Mr. Mack's cheerfulness was markedly on the increase. "I see Mr. Mack coming through the outer office and I want you to meet her."

I wanted to meet her, too, when I saw how wholesome and "out-doory" she looked.

Mrs. Mack must have been before her marriage what people usually call "a sunny little thing," although now she has developed a proper matronliness that gives her dignity. She has retained, however, a girlish vivacity that is not out of keeping with her slender figure and small mounded features. Her eyes are without question the charm of her face, not unusually large or full, but expressive, and thick-lashed Irish eyes, an origin of which their owner is proud.

Mrs. Mack Is "Eager."

If I were asked to tell Mrs. Mack's principal characteristic I would say that she was "eager"--eager of life, every inch of her living right down to the tips of her little brown suede shoes.

One gets the impression somehow that she is standing on tiptoes, so happy she is, and so eagerly inattentive for still more happiness.

She is unaffectedly proud of her husband, jubilant over his success thus far, and sure in her own heart that he will own the nation before he terminates his career.

Despite the fact that the elder of her two daughters is fourteen years of age, it was not hard for me to guess that Mrs. Mack was still a bit of a spoiled girl herself with a great many whims that are quickly gratified by an indulgent husband.

When a Man Buys a New Hat

Mr. Dubley Changes His Lid.

By Martin Green.



Mr. Dubley deposited his almost Panama hat on his individual hook in the office something about the color of the sky--place attracted his attention. He gazed at the hat abstractedly, then took it down and held it up and turned it around.

shoes and that necktie my wife bought me at a sale at Spauld and which I have never had the nerve to wear."



"How Do You Like the Hat?" Asked Mr. Dubley.

confided Mr. Dubley to his own thinking. "It gives me a kind of a rakish look and it feels comfortable. I wish I could get something else on this same style."

"I don't think this hat looks good on me," ventured Mr. Dubley. "Looks a little strange," glibly explained the clerk, "because you've been wearing that wide-brimmed Panama. The hat you have on is the very latest style. We are selling them to our swiftest customers. It becomes you, too, being especially fitted to your style of face. You make a mistake if you don't purchase that hat."

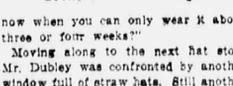
"This is no good to me," muttered Mr. Dubley. "I don't want a straw hat. What's the use in buying a straw hat?"

"There is one thing that has always annoyed me in connection with the newspaper articles written about Mrs. Bryan and the published interviews with her," Mrs. Mack remarked with some little heat. "Why will you explain to me, do they always write her up from the standpoint of the farm?"

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Bryan is a highly cultured woman, and no one has had better opportunities for meeting people of note and mingling with them. Mrs. Bryan may be quiet, she does not advertise herself, but she is never at a loss for an instant in any situation. Why do you know?" and here Mrs. Mack's indignation became intense. "I have heard people wonder audibly what Mrs. Bryan would do in the White House! Do, indeed! She would do just exactly what any other woman of culture and refinement who had enjoyed superior advantages would do in her place."

After luncheon on the front piazza the conversation drifted toward the education of the two children, Norma Emily Mack, fourteen years old, and Harriet Margaret Mack, eleven years old. Norma is surprisingly like her father, if her features are any indication, while Emily is more vivacious and voluble, like her mother.

"You'll get used to it."



Looks a Little Strange.

now when you can only wear it about three or four weeks?" Moving along to the next hat store Mr. Dubley was confronted by another window full of straw hats. Still another show window of a hat store presented nothing but marked-down straws. Mr. Dubley was becoming annoyed.

"Confound such merchandising!" he grumbled. "Just because these fellows want to get rid of their straw hats they don't show any other kind. And if I went into any of these stores and asked for any other kind of a hat they'd put one of those straws over on me because it was cheap."

And happy love that hath a song.

Love's Phases.

By Ada Tucker Stiles. Oh, sweet is love when love is new. And sweeter love when love is true. Oh, fair is love when love is kind. Oh, deep is love when love is blind. Oh, grand is love when love is bold. And greater love when love is told. Oh, love is love when love is sad. And love is yet when love is mad. Oh, dire is love when love is cold. And sure is love when love is old. Oh, rare is love that lingers long. And happy love that hath a song.