

# FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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Corsage Rose Sets Off the Costume.

WITH soft lace drapery which forms their bodices, gowns for evening or for afternoon functions are completed by draped skirts meeting the bodice with a girde or sash. Often the top of the skirt extends itself into the waist line drapery, and often a separate girde in a contrasting color is employed.

But whatever the finish at the waist line, for these gowns for high occasions, the splendid corsage rose is rarely left out. This is a rose made of ribbon & velvet, mounted with or without millinery foliage and having a ribbon-wrapped stem.

The roses of satin or velvet are made in all the fashionable new colors. Certain yellow and strong light green shades, also deep orange and black, have been favorites. These corsage roses—in passing—will transform a plain skirt and dressy blouse into quite formal dress. They are large and are made of ribbon about three inches wide, or wider. The ribbon is cut into lengths to form the petals, each length being twice that of required petal plus an inch extra for plaiting in at the base of the petal and winding in at the stem.

A wire provides the stem. A little ball of cotton is wound about one end, the size of a thimble, and over this a bit of ribbon is placed and fastened to the stem by winding it with a thread or tie-wire. About this center a short length of ribbon (folded lengthwise) is wrapped to imitate the heart of the rose.

After the center has been made in this way, the petals are made. Each short length is doubled and plaited in at the raw edges. The plait is sewed down. After the petals—say ten or eleven in all—have been made, they are fastened about the center of the rose already formed, tied to the stem with thread or tie-wire. Finally the corners are curled back on some of the petals and blind-stitched down. Shape the petals, cupping them with the fingers. Wind the stem with narrow green ribbon, winding in a spray or two of millinery rose foliage.

These roses made of velvet ribbon about two inches wide in a deep gold color are mounted with velvet foliage. Besides satin and velvet ribbon the heavier gauze ribbons are used, and the gold and silver tissue. Roses of this sort are expensive bits of luxury when bought ready-made—from two to five dollars each. The value is placed upon the time consumed in making them, and the workmanship, far more than in the material used.

For less dress-up times, the little rosegay of rosebuds made of several different colors of narrow satin ribbon, is still a great favorite. These small roses are made of a length of satin ribbon (folded lengthwise along the center) or of separate petals made of narrow ribbon. They are mounted on little stems of small green covered wire. Sprays of fine millinery foliage of maidenhair fern usually are used with them by way of variety. Narrow velvet ribbon in green or purple winds the stems together, and finishes the nosegay with a little bow. These small nosegays are accented and form the daintiest of accessories worn on the coat or furs for the street. Small bits of ribbon or silk will make them. They are always appreciated, bound to please those who possess a sense of the value of such finishing touches to the toilet. It would be difficult to think up a better Christmas gift for one's friends. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs to her room in search of him, and during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college, and then deserted her. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. The breach between Fran and Grace widens. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Fran shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an impostor. She threatens to reveal the secret to the school board. Mrs. Gregory declares that the secretary must see Gregory before she will sign a letter in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains staunch in her friendship.

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Miss Sapphira was highly gratified. "I wish you'd talked this reasonable at first. It's always what people don't see that the most harm comes of. I'll give a little tea out here on the veranda, and the worst talkers in town will be in these chairs when you bring Fran away from Abbott's office. And I'll explain it all to 'em, and they'll know Abbott is all right, just as I've always known."

"Get Miss Grace to come," Bob said sheepishly. "She doesn't like Fran, and she'll be glad to know Abbott is doing his duty by her. Later, I'll drop in and have a bite with you."

This, then, was Bob's idea, that no stone might be left unturned to hide the perfect innocence of the superintendent. He had known Abbott Ashton as a bare-legged urchin running on errands for his widowed mother. He had watched him through studious years, had believed in his future career—and no, no bold adventures, though adopted into Hamilton Gregory's home, should be allowed to spoil Abbott's chances of success.

In his official character as chairman of the board, Robert Clinton marched with dignity into the superintendent's office, meaning to bear away the willied Fran before the eyes of woman. Abbott Ashton saw him enter with a sense of relief. The young man could not understand why he had held

his innocence. "I haven't seen a sign of her, but I'm looking every minute—glad you're here."

Confidences were impracticable, because of a tousel-headed, ink-stained pupil who gloomed in a corner.

"Why, hello, there, Jakey!" cried Clinton, disconcerted; he had hoped that Fran's subjugation might take place without witnesses. "What are you doing here, hoy?"

"Waitin' to be whipped," was the defiant rejoinder.

"Tell the professor you're sorry for what you've done, so you can run along," said the chairman of the board persuasively.

"Naw, I ain't sorry," returned Jakey, hands in pockets. Then bethinking himself—"But I ain't done nothin'."

Abbott said regretfully, "He'll have to be whipped."

Clinton nodded, and sat down solemnly, breathing hard. Abbott was restlessly pacing the floor, and Bob was staring at him unwinkingly, when the door opened and in came Fran.

Fran walked up to Abbott hesitatingly, and spoke with the indistinctness of awed humility. "You are to punish me," she explained, "by making me work out this original proposition—showing the book—and you are to keep me here till I get it."

Abbott asked sternly, "Did Miss Bull send me this message?"

"She is named that," Fran murmured, her eyes fastened on the open page.

From the yard came the shouts of children, breaking the bonds of learning for a wider freedom. Abbott, gazing severely on this slip of a girl, found her decidedly commonplace in appearance. How the moonlight must have bewitched him! He rejoiced that Robert Clinton was there to witness his indifference.

"This is the problem," Fran said, with exceeding primness, pronouncing the word as if it were too large for her, and holding up the book with a slender finger placed upon certain italicized words.

"Let me see it," said Abbott, with professional dryness. He grasped the book to read the proposition. His hand was against her, but she did not draw away, for had she done so, how could he have found the place?

Fran, with uplifted eyes, spoke in the plaintive accents of a five-year-old child: "Right there, sir . . . it's awful hard."

Robert Clinton cleared his throat and produced a sound bursting with accumulated his and r's—his warning passed unheeded.

Never before had Abbott had so much of Fran. The capillaries of his skin, as her hand quivered warmly against his, seemed drawing her in; and as she escaped from her splendid black orbs, she entered his brain by the avenue of his own thirsty eyes. What was the use to tell himself that she was commonplace, that his position was in danger because of her? Suddenly her hair fell slantwise past the corners of her eyes, making a triangle of smooth white skin to the roots of the hair, and it seemed good, just because it was Fran's way and not after a machine-turned fashion; Fran was done by hand, there was no doubt of that.

"Sit there," Abbott said, gravely pointing. She obeyed without a word, leaving the geometry as hostage in the teacher's hand. When seated at a discreet distance, she looked over at Bob Clinton. He hastily drew on his spectacles, that he might look old.

Abbott volunteered, "This is Mr. Clinton, President of the Board."

"I know," said Fran, staring at her pencil and paper, "he's at the head of the show, and watches when the wild animals are tamed."

Clinton drew forth a newspaper, and opened it deliberately.

Fran scribbled for some time, then looked over at him again. "Did you get it?" she asked, with mild interest.

"Did I get—what?" he returned, with puzzled frown.

"Oh, I don't know what it is," said Fran with humility; "the name of it's 'Religion.'"

"If I were you," Clinton returned, flashing, "I'd be ashamed to refer to

the night you disgraced yourself by laughing in the tent."

"Fran," Abbott interposed severely, "attend to your work."

Fran bent her head over the desk, but was not long silent. "I don't like a-b-c and d-e-f," she observed with more energy than she had hitherto displayed. "They're equal to each other, but I don't know why, and I don't care, because it doesn't seem to matter. Nothing interests me unless it has something to do with living. These angles and lines are nothing to me; what I care for is this time I'm wasting, sitting in a stuffy old room, while the good big world is enjoying itself just outside the window." She started up impetuously.

"Sit down!" Abbott commanded.

"Fran!" exclaimed Robert Clinton, stamping his foot, "sit down!"

Fran sank back upon the bench.

"I suspect," said Abbott mildly, "that they have put you in classes too far advanced. We must try you in another room—"

"But I don't want to be tried in rooms," Fran explained. "I want to be tried in acts—deeds. Until I came here, I'd never been to school a day in my life," she went on in a confidential tone. "I agreed to attend because I imagined school ought to have some connection with life—something in it mixed up with love and friendship and justice and mercy. 'Wasn't I silly! I never believed—just fancy!—that you might really teach me something about religion. But no! It's all books, nothing but books."

"Fran," Abbott reasoned, "if we put you in a room where you can understand the things we try to teach, if we make you thorough—"

"I don't want to be thorough," she explained, "I want to be happy. I guess all that schools were meant to do is to teach folks what's in books, and how to stand in a straight line. The children in Class A, or Class B have their minds sheared and pruned to look alike; but I don't want my brain after anybody's pattern."

"You'll regret this, Miss," declared Clinton in a threatening tone. "You sit down. Do you want the name of being expelled?"

"I don't care very much about the names of things," said Fran coolly; "there are lots of respectable names that hide wickedness." Her tone changed: "But yonder's another wild animal for you to train; did you come to see him beaten?" She darted to the corner, and seated herself beside Jakey.

"Say, now," Bob remonstrated, pulling his mustache deprecatingly, "everybody knows I wouldn't set a dog hurt if it could be helped. I'm Jakey's friend, and I'd be yours, Fran—honest!—if I could. But how's a school to be run without authority? You ain't reasonable. All we want of you is to be biddable."

"And you!" cried Fran to Abbott, beginning to give way to high pressure, "I thought you were a school-teacher, not just, but also—a something very nice, also a teacher. But not you. Teacher's all you are, just rules and regulations and authority and chalk and a-b-c and d-e-f."

Abbott crimsoned. Was she right? Was he not something very nice plus his vocation? He found himself desperately wishing that she might think so.

Fran, after one long glowing look at him, turned to the lad in disgrace, and placed her hand upon his stubborn arm. "Have you a mother?" she asked wistfully.

"Yeh," mumbled the lad, astonished at finding himself addressed, not as an ink-stained hulk of humanity, but as an understanding soul.

"I haven't," said Fran softly, talking to him as if unconscious of the presence of two listening men, "but I had one, a few years ago—and, oh, it seems so long since she died, Jakey—three years is a pretty long time to be without a mother. And you can't think what a fault-blinded, spoiling, can-diest mother she was. I'm glad yours is living, for you still have the chance to make her proud and happy. No matter how fine I may turn out—do you reckon I'll ever be admired by anybody, Jakey? Huh! I guess not."

books to worm themselves fro a lid to lid, swallowing all that comes in the way. But I'd never been to school, and I imagined it a place where a child was helped to develop itself. I thought teachers were trying to show the pupils the best way to be what they were going to be. I've been disappointed, but that's not your fault; you are just a system. If a boy is to be a blacksmith after he's grown, and if a girl in the same class is to be a music teacher, or a milliner, both must learn about a-b-c and d-e-f. So I'm going away for good, because, of course, I couldn't afford to waste my time in this house."

"But, Fran," Abbott exclaimed impulsively, "don't you see that you are holding up ignorance as a virtue? Can you afford to despise knowledge in this civilized age? You should want to know facts just because—well, just because they are facts."

"But I don't seem to, at all," Fran responded mildly. "No, I'm not making fun of education when I find fault with your school, any more than I show irreverence to my mother's God when I question what some people call 'religion.' It's the connection to life that makes facts of any value to me; and it's only in its connection to life that I'd give a pin for all the religion on earth."

"I don't understand," Abbott faltered. She unfolded her hands and held them up in a quiet little gesture of aspiration. "No, because it isn't in a book. I feel lost—so out in space. I only seek for a place in the universe—to belong to somebody . . ."

"But," said Abbott, "you already belong to somebody, since Mr. Gregory has taken you into his home and he is one of the best men that ever—"

"Oh, let's go home," cried Fran impatiently. "Let's all of us skip out of this chalky old basement-misery place, and breathe the pure air of life."

She darted toward the door, then looked back. Sadness had vanished from her face, to give place to a sudden glow. The late afternoon sun shone full upon her, and she held her lashes apart, quite unblinded by its intensity. She seemed suddenly illumined, not only from without, but from within.

Abbott seized his hat. Robert Clinton had already snatched up his. Jakey squeezed his cap in an agitated hand. All four hurried out into the hall as if moved by the same spring.

Unluckily, as they passed the hall window, Fran looked out. Her eyes

fell upon the private conversation with Jakey. "I had a mother, but no father—not that he was dead, oh, bless you, he was alive enough—but before my birth he deserted mother. Uncle turned us out of the house. Did we starve, that deserted mother and her little baby? I don't look starved, do I? Pah! If a woman without a cent to her name, and ten pounds in her arms can make good, what about a big strong boy like you with a mother to smile every time he hits the mark? Tell these gentlemen you're sorry for punching that boy."

"Sorry," muttered Jakey shamefacedly.

"I am glad to hear it," Abbott exclaimed heartily. "You can take your cap to go, Jakey."

"Lemme stay," Jakey pleaded, not budging an inch.

Fran lifted her face above the tousel head to look at Abbott; she sucked in her cheeks and made a triumphant oval of her mouth. Then she seemed to forget the young man's presence.

"But when mother died, real trouble began. It was always hard work, while she lived, but hard work isn't trouble, is it, no, trouble's just an empty head. Well, sir, when I read about how good Mr. Hamilton Gregory is, and how much he gives away—to folks he never sees—here I came. But I don't seem to belong to anybody, Jakey, I'm outside of everything. But you have a home and a mother, Jakey, and a place in the world, so I say 'Hurrah!' because you belong to somebody, and, best of all, you're not a girl, but a boy to strike out straight from the shoulder."

Jakey was dissolved; tears burst through his confines.

One may shout oneself hoarse at the delivery of a speech which, if served upon printed page, would never prompt the reader to cast his hat to the ceiling. No mere print under bold headlines did Abbott read, but rather the changing lights and shadows in great black eyes. It was marvelous how Fran could project past experiences upon the screen of the listener's perception. At her, "When mother died," Abbott saw the girl weeping beside the death-bed. When she sighed, "I don't belong to anybody," the school director felt like crying: "Then belong to me!"

Fran now completed her work. She rose from the immovable Jakey and came over to Abbott Ashton, with meekly folded hands.

He found the magic of the moonlight-hour glowing—softened—womanized—Abbott could not find the word for it. She quivered with an exquisite-ness not to be defined—something in hair, or flesh, or glory of eye, or softness of lips, altogether lacking in his physical being, but eagerly desired.

"Professor Ashton," she spoke seriously, "I have been horrid. I might have known that school is merely a place where young people crawl into

its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish conqueror Pizarro is said to have found drums in South American temples. The snakes of Ireland, we are told, feed from the Emerald Isle before the drumbeats of St. Patrick.—Stray Stories.

Extravagance Rebuked.

Two bachelors live together in a flat on East Nineteenth street. They kid themselves into thinking that they save rent and board and clothes and gain freedom and a lot of other things by so doing. But the collector comes to them the same as he does to married folk.

The other morning one of the bachelors awoke from a sound sleep and called to the other:

"What was that noise I heard?"

"A shoo," replied the other, from the hall.

"What did you do?"

"I killed a bill collector."

"You extravagant pup! When powder costs as much as it does now it does seem to me as if you might choke those fellows, even if it does take a little muscle!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DISPENSING WITH THE DRUM

Other Countries Will Follow France in Discarding it as Part of Military Equipment.

It was some time ago that, acting upon the recommendations embodied in a report by a military commission, the French government reached the conclusion that the drum was no longer a necessary article of military equipment.

The report set forth that the drum was a serious encumbrance in marching; that rain impaired its usefulness; that its calls could not be distinguished in time of battle; that it consumed a period of two years to turn out an efficient drummer; and that by abandoning the use of the drum many thousands of youths and men would be released for active service.

Since the decision of the French government other European powers have followed its example in discarding the drum.

The history of the drum is both ancient and honorable. The Egyptians employed it, and the Greeks ascribed

to Freshen Velvet Hats.

During the velvet hat season, which is now with us, those having stained, spotted and shabby looking velvet hats can freshen them up nicely by heating an iron, then placing a wet cloth over it, and holding the iron up close down in the inside of the hat. When the entire surface is moist, hang the hat without touching it. When dry brush well, and it will look bright and new.

It may also be held over the steam log spout of a boiling kettle until moist. If the fingers come into touch with the wet nap, it will press it down and dry in that condition.

Walking Stick Feminine.

'Tis here!

And 'tis smart.

Have you seen it?

It graces the promenade.

As a rule, it is silver headed.

It is a good four feet in height.

Ebony, turtle bone, rosewood and pimento are some of the woods serving.

These canes are elegantly slender and not as tall as those favored by femininity during the Directory.

Don't You See That You Are Holding Up Ignorance as a Virtue?

were caught by a group seated on the veranda of the Clinton boarding house. There were Miss Sapphira Clinton, Miss Grace Noir, and several mothers, slipping afternoon tea. In an instant, Fran had grasped the plot. That cloud of witnesses was banked against the green weather-boarding, to behold her indignity.

"Mr. Clinton," said Fran, all sweetness, all allurement. "I am going to ask of you a first favor. I let my hat up in Miss Bull's room and—"

"I will get it," said Abbott promptly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Following a Formula.

"People ought to choose their opponents who they marry."

"Well, did you do that?"

"Yep. She lived right across the street from me."

YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK

Man Who Makes Good is One Who Can Shut Out of Mind All but One Thing.

The man who makes good is the man who can shut out of his mind all but one thing. An unsuccessful principal of a school once said that every teacher ought to be able to do three things at once. Of course, he was wrong. The teacher who does one thing at a time and does it well is giving the pupil the best possible object lesson in concentration. We have to learn to think clearly amid distracting noises, to go forward on a strait and narrow way without diversions and excursions that waste our time and our substance, and to keep at work regardless of the "tired" feeling, the "spring" feeling, and whether the fishing is good or not. When the soft breeze comes in at the window we stiffen the moral-fiber against its allurements. We must pin our attention firmly to the turgid and dry geometry of a legal brief, or the scattered figures of the daybook, or the

other development of the always present girde shows silk in three colors laid in pleats, making a three-toned girde. Certain it is that, in the management of the waist line, our present modes are the most artistic, the most easy and graceful of any that lie within the memory of the women of our country.

The study of a gown of as great artistic value as this one should involve that of the dressing of the feet and the arrangement of the coiffure, because both these matters should enter into the consideration of a dressy costume at any time. Satin slippers in black with rhinestone buckles, and silk hose of the color of the gown take care of the clothing of the feet appropriately.

The coiffure is one of those designs classified as the "casque" style, in which all the hair is waved. It is arranged over the head like a turban. There is no chignon at the back. The ends of the hair are turned under the waves and spread about in such a way as to dispense with a coil.

In cutting a gown of this character wide goods are more easily managed than narrow. Skirts, overlapping at the front, while narrow, give room for easy walking because the front seam is not joined down to the bottom. The under petticoat must be soft; the most clinging of fabrics, as chiffon or crepe de chine, or lace. An inserted flounce will take the place of a petticoat. Anything heavy enough to interfere with the falling of the skirt in close and clinging lines would destroy an important item in the beauty of the design. It is the hang and not fit of garments which is of paramount importance now. The figure, without distortion of any sort, without restraint, but in the lovely, natural silhouette, is glorified in present day styles, which really amount to cleverly arranged drapery. Garments must not shape the figure today; they must be shaped by it, or appear to be, anyway. Hence so many gowns seem to be designed for the corsetless figure.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

There is a little under bodice of embroidered chiffon with elbow sleeves, finished with a wired ruching of maline. A band of beaded embroidery adorns the material of the bodice, which is draped in the fashion of the Chinese collar.

It is not always easy to solve the in-

triacles in construction of the most simple looking of French gowns. It is quite likely that this one is made in two pieces, with the skirt and chiffon bodice attached to a short under waist. The skirt overlaps at the front. The tunic is apparently fastened at the left side and attached to the bodice. The girde is boned and is of soft satin, lined in irregular pleats. Girde are, almost without exception, made in colors contrasting with that used in the body of the gown. Sometimes a girde is in several colors, those in plaid of bright tones being favored for plain cloth gowns. Ab-

Did I Get—What? He Returned With a Puzzled Frown.

Fran's hand, that night on the foot-bridge. Not only had the sentiment of that hour passed away, but the interview Fran had forced upon him at the close of a recent school-day, had inspired him with actual hostility. It seemed the irony of fate that a mere child, a stranger, should, because of senseless gossip, endanger his chances of reappointment—a reappointment which he felt certain was the best possible means of advancement. Why had he held Fran's little hand? He had never dreamed of holding Grace's—ah, there was a hand, indeed!

"Has she been sent down?" Bob asked, in the hoarse undertone of a fellow-conspirator.

"No," Abbott was eager to prove

