HAIGHT, THE MIRAGE

By JOSEPH T. KESCEL.

Out in the mining camps of the Southwest Frank Reed was known as "Satan," or for short, "Sate." Short and stout, with a roly-poly figure, bright blue eyes and honest countenance, he did not in the least resemble the picture of his Satanic majesty. His business partner, Harry Haight, known among the camps as the "Mirage," was extremely tall and very thin. "He's like a mirage, 'cause you ain't dead sure whether it's something real or not," an old prospector had aptly expressed it.

Their occupation was the same—that of mining engineer—but outside of working hours they devoted most of their time to thinking up practical jokes to play upon each other.

"Sate" was in the office alone, planning a new map of the mining district, while the "Mirage" was doing some work away from town. The tinkle of the telephone bell caused the roly-poly man to reach for the receiver. His face brightened at the words, "Is that you, 'Sate?'"

"Yes-s-s! Oh, yes, Mrs. Thompson. I didn't recognize your voice at first," he chuckled into the transmitter. "Your niece, Alice, coming on the morning train? Hubby busy? Want me to go with you to meet her? Certainly, with pleasure, no trouble at all. I'll call for you thirty minutes before train time in the automobile. Good-by."

Even above the grinding brakes and release of air could be heard a woman's clear voice from an open car window calling, "Here I am, auntie—over here." The train came to a full stop, the vestibules were opened and a dainty foot tripped lightly down the steps to the platform. Two flying figures embraced each other. "Aunt Molly!" "Alice!" "Oh, you dear, it is so good to see you."

"Oh, excuse me, Alice," broke out Mrs. Thompson suddenly, "I want you to meet my friend 'Sate.' I beg your pardon," she rippled on, noting the girl's questioning look, "we call him 'Sate,' but his right name is Mr. Reed."

Bending over the wheel as the machine sped toward Mrs. Thompson's he heard the rippling laughter from the tonneau. "Didn't think there were any like that left back East," he thought to himself. "She's a darlin' and looks better than bonanza ore to me."

The annual ball of the Golden Queen Mining company was the social event of the year. The main camp hall was ablaze with light and its freshly waxed floor shone like polished mahogany.

The grand march was announced, whereupon the joyous couples immediately formed in procession, their impatient feet beating time to the music.

Miss Seaboldt's escort smiled, as he thought of the joke he had framed up on his business partner and the young lady by his side.

The "Mirage" appeared, his tall figure easily overtopping the few men standing near the smoking-room door.

"He is here! See that tall man over there—that's the 'Mirage,'" Sate eagerly remarked. "Too bad he's so deaf. It will be necessary for you to speak loudly. You will not forget this when you meet him?"

When the "grand march" was finished, "Sate" hurried to greet his partner with a hearty handshake.

"Who was that I saw you with a few moments ago?" asked the "Mirage."

"The young lady I wrote to you about staying over at the Thompsons'. You'll have to speak loudly to her—hearing's not very good. Too bad, too, for she's a pippin."

Hooking an arm into his partner's, "Sate" conducted him to the girl and shouted a cordial introduction.

Miss Seaboldt's pretty face flushed scarlet and her laughing brown eyes were troubled. Why had Mrs. Thompson deserted her? People looked at them, first inquiringly and then with amusement. The face of the "Mirage" matched her own in redness and his blue-gray eyes showed the agony he was in.

The girl's high-pitched voice was plainly heard above the noisy chatter as she replied to some question directed at her in the loud, roaring tones of the man.

It was too much. "Sate" was obliged to make for the smoking room, where he dropped into a large armchair, his sides shaking with mirth. Numerous friends crowded around him and asked the reason for his strange behavior.

"Let me at him! Let me at him!"

It was the "Mirage" who entered, brushing the crowd to one side. With a howl of rage he grasped "Sate" by the collar, jerked him up and slammed him back in the chair.

Friends hurriedly interceded, and led his struggling partner away.

"Some hostile, wasn't he boys? So long fellows. It's my dance with her, and if she's as hostile as the 'Mirage,' I'm saying good-by for keeps."

Presently he returned to the smoking room, and shouted: "It's a cinch I'll have to join the bunch of stags at supper."

His last statement was entirely correct. She with the laughing brown eyes sat beside the "Mirage" at the table and a year later walked beside him in the main church aisle, while "Sate" and Mrs. Thompson followed close behind.

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Collars of Various Sorts

Our varied collars are of many sorts and inspirations, and we can trace them to widely separated places and times. If one has beauty, or the right style, oddities in collars may be worn, but they are not for everybody. The Chinese collar and the Medici fashion are only for the few who can carry them off. But the cape collar and the sailor collar seem to fit in with every style, and they have been presented in mending variety of designs. Along with round, turnover collars and jabots they keep the makers of neckwear busy.

Collars and collar-and-cuff sets of organdie find themselves important items in the make-up of midsummer frocks and blouses. Whether of silk or cotton, but more especially when made of silk, these dresses are hardly considered complete without the introduction of organdie at throat and waist. Blouses of other cotton fabrics rely upon the crispness of organdie to complete their daintiness and appropriate collars and cuffs of it.

Two of the new collars are shown in the accompanying picture. One of them is trimmed into points at the back and finished at the edge with a very narrow edge of eluny. Tatting or fine crochet edgings make the prettiest sort of trimming for collars of this kind. Each point is weighted with a pair of small prudent balls in crochet and a medallion of lace about the size of a half-dollar is set in the material above each point. Home-made medallions and edgings and handwork in making the collars add much to their elegance.

A very deep cape collar with wide hemstitched hem is shown in the second picture. It is narrow at the front, but falls to the waistline at the back. In each corner, eyelet work is introduced in the three small circles grouped together.

The advantage of organdie in collars is its sheeriness and crispness and the success with which it stands laundering. It is better for jabots than cheap laces, but perhaps not quite so pretty as fine nets.

Julia Bottomley

Scalp Tonic.

When the scalp is hard and tight and the hair brittle and lusterless, one of the most valuable aids in restoring the healthy tone of the scalp is made by blending carefully beef marrow with a tablespoonful of good olive oil. This tonic will not be found any more greasy or objectionable than any similar preparation containing oils or grease. Small partings of the hair should be made all over the scalp, then anoint the finger tips and apply directly to the scalp, rubbing it in thoroughly.

Brilliant Colors Fashionable.

"In general," says Grace Margaret Gould in the Woman's Home Companion, "delicate shades and dainty patterns have vanished. It's the splash of brilliant color today and the most daring designs. Gone are the sprays of rosebuds and sprigs of forget-me-nots. Instead we have big dots, wide stripes, bold checks and curious Chinese, Japanese and Egyptian symbols. The sheerest of crepes flaunt a design that used to be thought suitable only for a sports fabric."

New Features in Taffeta Frocks

Just a glance at the chic two-piece frock of taffeta, shown in the picture above, might lead to the conclusion that there is nothing unusual about it. It conforms to the straight silhouette and the vaguely defined waistline that are characteristic of the smartest frocks. But the practiced eyes of the critic of clothes will never dismiss this dress with a glance. It abounds with well-executed new touches that arrest the attention and the design succeeds in placing itself as one of the most unusual and satisfactory of the season's showings.

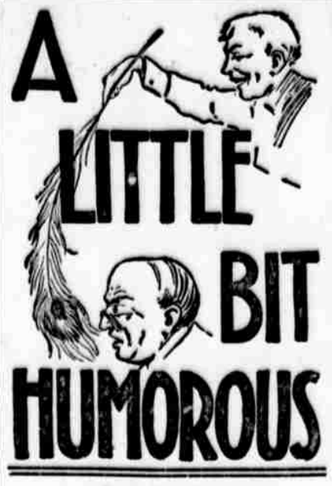
It is made of chiffon taffeta with sleeves of georgette which is a familiar enough combination, practical and cool. Added to these fabrics, satin furnishes the collar and cuffs and emplacements on the sash ends.

The skirt is plain, with the fullness about the waist gathered in at the sides and the back. It is belted with a broad girdle at the front and two narrow ones across the back. They button at the side. The belt is of the taffeta and the skirt is practical for wear with thin blouses in the warmest weather.

The jacket is designed to have the effect of smart slip-over coats and blouses with a shallow split at the front of the neck. Here it is finished with three pearl buttons at each side and three loops of silk cord simulating a fastening. The real fastening is accomplished by buttons and buttonholes at the left side along the underarm seam. This mode of fastening makes it necessary to set the sleeves in a light underbodice. The sleeves are full and their fullness is gathered into deep, pointed cuffs of taffeta at the wrist. The turn-back cuffs of wash satin are detachable like the collar, and they are trimmed in points to correspond with the cuffs of taffeta. Corresponding points at the front of the collar improve its shape and make an adequate position for the button fastening which is placed there.

The girdle is a doubled strip of silk long enough to loop over and fall in sash ends at the front. The pointed ends of the sash are emphasized and brought into harmony with the jacket by a finish of the wash satin. Almost any of the season's fashionable shades might be chosen for this dress with the wash satin in white, sand or chamois color. As pictured, it is in blue and white.

Julia Bottomley



Good Substitute.

"Yore aunt," said Uncle Hiram, "seen a ad in a paper what sed ez how a feller tew th' city would sen ennybody a reseet fer makin' puddin' without uisn' milk, an' a heep site richer, an' all fer a dollar; so she up an' sent th' money."

"And did she get the desired information?" asked the city nephew.

"Yep," answered the old man. "Th' feller writ back an' told her to youse cream."

Nature.

"How old is Miss Flibberts?"

"She has reached the point where she has quit sighing for a soul mate and is looking around for a good provider."

"But you haven't told me yet how old she is."

"I judge she's over twenty-five."

Guess He Was "Stung."

"Yes," said the constant reader. "I'm stuck on one of your books."

"Which one?" asked the author with the high brow.

"Why, the one I bought," answered the party of the reading part.

Very Likely.

"I wonder who it was that started the report that 'silence is golden,'" queried the inquisitive party.

"Oh, some chap who wrote and sold his jokes instead of telling them," replied the wise guy.

What He Left.

She—Did you leave your heart behind you at the seashore last summer?

He—No. But I was forced to leave my trunk behind me when I left.

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY.

"Did he kiss you for your mother?"

"I must decline to discuss family affairs."

A Friend in Need.

The baker and his customer
A kindred nature show
The latter needs "the staff of life,"
The former kneads the dough!

Then He Got Busy.

"Grammatically speaking," said the bashful young man, "would you call a kiss a conjunction?"

"I don't know," replied the fair maid in the parlor scene; "but I am right here to inform you whatever it may be, it's something mighty hard for a girl of my disposition to decline."

Public Place.

"How much do you weigh, Arabello?"

"Why, 140 pounds, Gracie, dear."

"Stripped?"

"Heavens no! I got weighed in a drug store."

Enemies Now.

"Ruth is such an interesting young woman. She said she could tell I was intellectual by reading my face."

"She must have read between the lines."

Right in Line.

"Life," said the unsuspecting young man, "is what we make it."

"Then," said the coy maid, "suppose you make it diamonds and I'll make it hearts."

Hint That Failed.

"Do you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but I am an advocate of peace at any price."

An Explanation.

Mrs. Enpeck—I don't see why married men should want to join a club.

Enpeck—Oh, that's easily explained. Misery loves company, you know.

Possibly.

Said He—Why do women, as a rule, talk more than men do?

Said She—Oh, I suppose it's because they have the men to talk about.

BUSINESS NOTES

John C. Paul, the well-known manufacturer of Burnishine, the great metal polish, has made his wonderful product a household word.

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