

kind, even if she had to make it of cotton or butlap. And that tendency is exactly what the manufacturers and makers calculate upon.

They did not engage Miss Garden to present this style; but they knew that the instant she did so and won the approval of the dress leaders, the Russian style would sweep over the whole country. They knew that everybody would have



If the dealer and the manufacturer did not lunch together

Then, once found, the design must be brought to the front by being exhibited, in elaborate and costly showiness, on some woman whom the world will at once look at and envy. If it "catches on," the word is given to the manufacturers to go ahead.

The manufacturers, in turn, put themselves at once into touch with the sellers; with whom the probabilities of sale are thrashed over, the peculiarities of various sections considered, fads and fancies allowed for, and adaptations of the style determined upon accordingly. And then the huge business of sampling begins—an expensive, risky, sometimes ruinous, piece of work; but unavoidable.

The sampling spreads all over the country. It filters downward from big jobber to little one, from big town to little town. And the retailer becomes the court of last decision. He estimates the probabilities of his own trade; he gauges the ways of his own townspeople, and throws the dice according to his judgment. It is expensive, risky, often ruinous, for him, too; perhaps more often for him than for the people higher up. For, he "pays the freight," as it were. The bills come down to him—only, he does his best to pass them along to the public.

Possessing the knowledge that there is an almost infinite source of supplies above him that he does not even have to tap, he makes it his business to keep perpetually putting the new before the people. He changes his stock as often as the changing induces purchases. He has clearance sales when there is too much accumulation. Like the designers and artists away up at the top of the whole game, his quest is ever for the new, the new, the new.

Naturally, all of this huge game looks like a wasteful one—and it is. One would expect to see introduced into it, those elements of consolidation and economy that have come into other industries. One would easily believe that there is a strong syndication of interests at the crest of the thing. But, as yet, not much has been accomplished in that direction. The manufacturers and the jobbers are working together, in deciding upon the fashions and their modifications. And the jobbers and dealers, of course, are necessarily in frequent touch. But there has been no general merging, as in other big industries. Whether or not the recent dry goods combines mean that such merging will come, is a matter for the future to determine. Certainly, the vastness of the interests involved would suggest that it must come.

to have it in some form. And they knew that it would have to be accompanied by all the other modifications in dress which went with that style. They would merely continue the "show"—adapt it to every walk and every purse, exhibit the modifications in the store windows, introduce them over the store counters by special prices or adept salesmanship, boost the publicity in the periodicals and the daily and Sunday press, and so on and so on. Dress follows the leader. Miss Garden was the leader. The rest was, as we said above, professional technique.

So, in summary, the story of fashion, or clothes, is about like this: The leaders, both at home and abroad—that is, the fellows who have won such a position that anything they put forward will command attention, engage designers and artists whose sole business is to find something new. This new thing may be drawn from the riveting of popular attention upon some political event, such as the Bosnian annexation; or from some accident, such as the visiting of Paris by the Russian Imperial Ballet.

The First Law of Nature

(Continued from Page 8)

father to gain a whole mother, would n't I, dear?"

Carrol opened his lips to speak. They moved; but no words came. The two women, watching his face, knew then that the moment was one of terrible portent. A silence fell, and they waited.

Haltingly he told them; then again, with growing clearness and self-possession, he laid the awful thing before them.

"We must go within the hour," he concluded. "It is a matter of minutes now. Perhaps I was wrong in not telling you last night; but it was not cowardice that held me back; it was pity, as well as a hope to find some other way—but there is none."

"For my part, I am glad the time is short," said Mildred quietly. "It makes it easier for me. I have always believed myself a coward, and I am afraid of a psychological contest with the first law of nature."

"What do you mean?" asked Beth, moving for the first time since she be-

gan to catch the import of her father's words.

She dropped to her feet, and stood fairly between the older two, looking eagerly from one to the other.

"Merely that I might find ignoble impulses creeping over me if I had to wait. You see, it is a very simple matter. You have naturally ten years longer to live than I, Beth. I have had a gracious and pleasing life. Yours has just begun. I shall stay."

"Do you think," answered the girl, an angry glow coming into her face, "that I should care to live or could live through that life, knowing that in order to live I had robbed my father forever of the woman he loved?"

"A black shadow would lie over our hearts, full of love though they might be, if I knew that I had won my life with him at the cost of your life—you, his baby girl; you, his own, given him by the Almighty to guard and protect. No, Elizabeth, dear, it is plain, plain beyond



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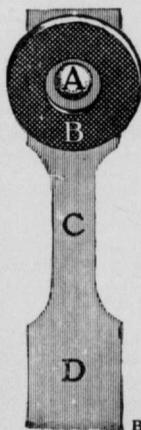
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