

DRESSES For the Little Girl or for Her Dolly



By Mlle Lodewick.

HERE is Dolly and her hats and dresses, all ready to cut out. She has a frock for every occasion, and the proper hat to go with it—best of all her dresses are right up-to-date and Dolly's mother can make them for her own little girl of red flesh and blood.

No. 2 is the school dress for Dolly or her little girl-mother. It is fashioned of brown serge and a wide belt, with a front panel on the waist. The main blouse is bright plaid, in red, blue and yellow.

Sweet and dainty is No. 3, a pretty girlish costume of pale green chaille. From under a small collar of black velvet drops a deeper collar of cream all-over lace, held in the front with tiny black buttons.

The little Russian dress, No. 6, is cut from dark blue cashmere. There is a broad detachable collar of white linen. The side opening is caught with white pearl buttons and from under it comes a broad band of Oriental embroidery.

A distinctive frock is No. 7, made of amber-colored albatross and set off

by a wide sash of soft brown silk, very full and tied in soft, puffy loops in the back with one long end. The entire waist is finely tucked and trimmed with a pointed collar and cuffs of cream lace. The same lace also makes a wide band on the skirt, peeping out from under the sash.

No. 9 is an alluring party frock of pale blue accordion pleated chiffon, with wide shadow lace banding inserted through the French waist. A small peplum of the same lace trims the short skirt.

A stunning red broadcloth coat is No. 10. It has double capes, black silk frogs, and a collar of short black fur.

No. 11 is a dressy frock of black velvet, made with a guimpe effect in cream net. Pink satin makes a pretty belt, and finishes the bottom of the skirt. Pink satin buttons trick out the shoulder straps and at the neck is a plaiting of chiffon.

CHANGES ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM

THE palmy days of the lecture platform. When were they?

Most folks would guess before the war, when Ralph Waldo Emerson demanded five dollars a night and a tip of four quarts of oats for his horse, or a little later when Eli Perkins used to say all he asked was F. A. M. E. (fifty and my expenses). Wiser ones will point to the time between 1872, when Henry Ward Beecher got his first \$1,000 fee, and 1890, when Major Pond paid Henry M. Stanley \$100,000 for one hundred lectures. They will cite Mark Twain, John B. Gough, J. P. Barnum and a long list of old timers that got from \$500 to \$1,000 a night in that period, and they will tell you that those times have gone.

Maybe they have, but the lecture platform hasn't. Those who doubt it may find food for thought in the fact that two of the oldest Lyceum bureaus, recently combined, are actually doing a business of more than a million dollars a year, mainly west of the Mississippi. This one combination furnishes lecturers and entertainers during the season to at least 12,000 cities and towns, where the audiences aggregate two million people annually. Add to this the Chautauqua, that has courses in more than a thousand localities, attended by over a million people. It doesn't look as if lecturing were dying out.

William J. Bryan has made most of his money in the past fifteen years not in politics but on the Chautauqua circuit. And although he was re-

cently warned by the lecture committee in a certain Missouri town that if he filled a date there they would not be responsible for the result, there are still places a-plenty where people will throng the hall to hear him.

That kind of people won't pay money any more to gaze at a literary lion. But they will listen to men who seem to say something about the questions of the day. For instance, on the list of one of the leading Lyceum bureaus we find Judge Marcus A. Kavanagh lecturing on the reform of legal procedure, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley on pure food, Edward Amherst Ott on heredity and advanced marriage legislation, and Hon. Frank J. Cannon on Mormonism.

Major Pond "broke into" the Lyceum business in the "seventies" with Anna Eliza, nineteenth wife of Brig-

ham Young, lecturing on the same subject.

The lecture platform has changed since then. Individual fees are not so high, but the business never offered better chances to the would-be entertainer than right now.

An Alphabet for China.

THE recent Chinese National Educational Conference at Peking discussed the question of a Chinese alphabet. Four resolutions were adopted: (1) That universal education and a written language should be accessible to every citizen and not to a privileged few; (2) word sounds should be pronounced alike throughout the country; (3) in order to fix the sound of a word an alphabet is indispensable; (4) scholars versed in phonetics, and also representatives of every provincial capital, should be employed to invent or adapt signs which would form an alphabet, and certain conditions which that alphabet should satisfy were laid down.



They all rushed toward Stephen and bought stock in Skyrocket.

James Montgomery's Comedy Told in Story Form by the Playwright.

AS Stephen Baird left the little Eighth avenue restaurant he turned up the collar of his top coat, pulled the soft hat over his eyes and walked slowly through the holiday crowd toward the park. It was New Year's eve!

Stephen Baird, possessed of but twenty-five cents, walked home with nothing to cheer him but a forlorn hope that "way out in Arizona the men who had been working for a year might at the last moment discover gold in the mine in which he had invested his entire fortune.

When he bought an option on the mine for \$10,000 he had, in order to take title to the property, to borrow an additional \$20,000 from Morgan, owner of the adjacent mine, who had taken his note secured by a mortgage on Skyrocket. The note had to be paid on Jan. 2 or Baird would forfeit his mine and the \$10,000 he had invested. He had opened an office in Wall street, but sold only \$2,500 worth of stock in a year.

Baird occupied a room in the apartment of his friend, Sam Welch, a young man whose father supplied him with plenty of money.

Morgan, one of the wealthiest mine owners in the West, dropped in on his way to a New Year's supper. He was just about to leave when Stephen entered. They spoke about the note, which Stephen begged Morgan to extend; the mine owner refused, saying the loan was not a personal one, but had been made by the corporation. He offered to lend Baird \$500 personally, but not having the cash or a blank check with him he promised to bring it to Stephen the next day.

And Baird still had his quarter. He was aroused from his disconsolate reverie by Grace. She and Sidney Rosenbaum had slipped away from the others to persuade Stephen to join them.

"I'm sorry, dear, but I can't go down there to-night," he said.

"Very well, Stephen, we're going back to just where we started a year ago. I want you to take this." She removed the engagement ring and handed it to him. "No," cried Grace, "I can't do that, but mother is acting so peculiarly lately we must do something or"— She placed the ring back on her finger again and with Sidney returned to the party.

And Stephen still had his quarter! Jackson Ives was announced. Ives was a thorough man of the world, suave, polished, well groomed and forty. He noticed the despondent note in his friend Baird's voice. He had been waiting for this opportunity. Stephen, unable longer to withhold the truth, explained his financial condition reluctantly.

"I knew it," said Ives. "In fact I've known it all along, but I wanted to hear it from you. I've watched and studied you, my boy.

"I'm going to make you a proposition, and whether you accept it or not I want you to promise that it shall go no farther."

Stephen agreed.

"You are going to pay that note and you won't lose your mine. I'm going to buy 20,000 shares of your stock. I've placed twenty one-thousand-dollar bills on the table.

"But I don't understand," said Stephen. "This is like—well, I don't know what to say. Mr. Ives, but if you ever need help, ever want any

one to go through for you, I want you to promise to give me the first chance."

"That's all right," said Ives. "I'm going to see how far you will go. Suppose I were to tell you that money was counterfeit!"

Stephen quickly placed the money back on the table. "I knew it couldn't be true—it was too much to expect."

"Wait," said Ives. "This money is superior to the Government's. I've done nothing for the past twenty years but think, study, read and write money."

"What would the authorities do if they found out?" asked Stephen.

"But they won't," said Ives. "They've been after me for ten years now, but they'll never get me." Ives took a telegraph blank from the desk and asked, "What's Reardon's first name?"

"Mike," answered Stephen. Then he read the following telegram: "Mike Reardon, Mansion House, Gallup, Ariz. Double force of men. Work day and night—have paid Morgan's note. I own the mine."

(Signed) "STEPHEN BAIRD."

"But I haven't paid the note and I don't own the mine," Stephen argued. "Do you know what that Irishman will do? He'll work his head off!"

"And isn't that just what you want?" answered Ives.

They were interrupted by Welch and his friends, who came to fetch him to the banquet. Seeing Stephen so disconsolate Welch told the boys he was going to invest \$1,000 in Skyrocket. They all laughed at him.

"I'd give you the money now," said Welch, "but I have only this check for \$10,000 and I can't cash it to-night."

"I can," said Stephen quietly, taking a roll of \$50,000 in new bills from his pocket.

"My God, look!" said Sidney. "I know, boys, Steve's struck gold. His mine is all right." Whereupon they all rushed toward Stephen with their New Year's checks and bought stock in Skyrocket as the clock struck twelve.

The next morning Stephen was besieged by telegrams from friends, acquaintances and people he had never even heard of, all wanting to buy Skyrocket.

But Stephen only had his quarter. He could not spend the counterfeit money, nor was he able to cash the checks, it being New Year's Day and the banks all closed.

Mr. Morgan called to lend him the \$500. This was sent immediately to Reardon in Arizona, followed by a wire telling the foreman that the amount was to be used for back salaries.

Ives rushed in. Capt. West of the United States Secret Service had been at his hotel, and might even now be following him.

Taking one of Stephen's self-addressed business envelopes from the table Ives put the fifty one-thousand-dollar bills inside, sealed it and affixed one stamp. Two or three stamps would have insured immediate delivery at Stephen's office in Wall street, but the lack of sufficient postage meant that the Government would care for it until the addressee was ready to pay the extra postage. Just then West and his men broke into the room. While Ives was being searched Stephen slipped the envelope between two sheets of mining literature, of which there were huge stacks on the table. All they found on Ives were two genuine one-thousand-dollar bills. All they found on Stephen was a quarter.

While Ives was taken back to the other room Stephen was brought in and allowed to roam around unmonitored. Capt. West watched him from an alcove, while Hammond, his aid, watched through the door. They saw

Stephen take the envelope and put it into his coat pocket. Hammond rushed in immediately. Stephen had barely enough time while Hammond was telling West where the money was to place the stamped envelope containing the counterfeit money in Grace's silver handbag, which she had left hanging on a chair, and put an envelope full of mining literature into his pocket. West made Stephen agree to force the envelope on Ives. The counterfeiter was brought in and Stephen walked up to him and proffered the envelope. Ives took it and then West placed them both under arrest.

Welch and his guests, including the Tylers, were amazed to find Mr. Baird in this predicament. Grace took her bag from the chair and went home, unconsciously taking the counterfeit money with her.

The next day at Stephen's office in Wall street the stockholders gathered and compared notes. Nearly all of them had wired Reardon in Arizona, and to each telegram the foreman had sent a reassuring reply.

Baird and Ives had spent the night in a cell, but as West had found nothing but mining literature in the envelope there was no case against them and they were discharged.

The note must be paid to-day. Ives forced Stephen to write a check for \$20,000 on the Citizens' National Bank of Gallup, Ariz., though his balance there was only \$7. When Morgan called he was astonished at receiving his money instead of the mine for which he had been hoping.

Then Grace was announced. No, she had not opened the envelope. Stephen and Ives breathed a sigh of relief and were congratulating themselves on their narrow escape when Hammond, the Secret Service man, paid them a visit. While they were chatting Stephen rang for the boy and handed him a ledger and some other books and placed the stamped envelope on top, telling him to lock them in the safe. Capt. West stopped the boy in the outer office and brought the books and papers. Miss Tyler was asked to step into the outer office.

"That was a nice trick you fellows played on me last night," said West.

"I know," replied Stephen, "but we mustn't have Miss Tyler mixed up in this. We'll tell you everything."

And then Stephen, who refused to acknowledge that he had "passed" any of the money, confessed that Ives had brought it to him and told the entire story. Then Ives took a hand in the matter. He challenged West to examine the money in the envelope. West and his aide did so under a glass. To Baird's amazement they both pronounced it genuine.

"If you believe that money is counterfeit arrest me!" exclaimed Ives, "but if you think it genuine return it." West reluctantly handed Ives the fifty-two thousand dollars.

Stephen, still amazed at the development of their affairs, asked, "Do you mean to tell me that money was good?"

"Good!" replied Ives, "it's the best money I ever made, and as he spoke he tore the bills into shreds and threw them into the waste paper basket."

"But," exclaimed Stephen, "you've also destroyed the two genuine bills!"

"They were all alike," said Ives, and then Stephen divided the checks. They had taken in more than \$45,000 for stock, and Stephen had agreed to give Ives half of all the money his "money" should bring.

The boy brought a telegram. It read: "Stephen Baird, 22 Wall street, New York City. Have discovered the richest pay-streak west of the river. Wire quick how you knew it twelve hours before I struck it. REARDON."

"It's too good to be true," cried Stephen. "He found gold the last day. Grace, don't ever lose this piece of silver—it's our lucky quarter."

And as he took her in his arms, he turned suddenly to Ives and holding up the telegram said, "DID YOU send this?"