

### The Dolly Varden Gown

By SUSAN CLAGGETT

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In the attic Eleanor Brooke dived into the old horse-hair trunk that had once belonged to the great aunt after whom she was named. She was looking for and hoping to find something she could shape into a dress for the dance on the fourth. Whenever she was at a loss for fiery Aunt Eleanor's trunk had been a veritable treasure trove, but so often had the girl gone through the contents she had small hope of finding anything that would be suitable for the party toward which she was looking forward with more than usual anticipation.

Aunt Eleanor's gowns were all of the heaviest brocades, velvets and satins, so stiff they would stand alone. She had never been stinted in money, as her namesake frequently was, and rich dresses, with here and there a time stain, that had come from London and were of a bygone style, had lain for long in the horse-hair trunk under the eaves until young Eleanor one morning pulled it into the light. With little exclamations of pleasure she opened the carefully wrapped packages and found herself heir to much that was totally unsuited to her youth and petite figure, even in a day when maids were gowned in costly stuff.

But when one loves dances and has not the wherewithal to buy vanities, the fact that material is unsuitable has little weight, and she always carried the day against her mother's more certain judgment of things fit and unfit. But if her gowns were not always what she should have worn, that fact was lost in the pleasure one found in looking at the animated face and the absolute joyousness of the girl herself. For this little story is of a time when girls, young girls, were not so sophisticated as at the present day and their pleasures, coming far apart, made them all the more desirable, simple though they usually were.

This dance had been heralded for weeks. General Washington had signified his intention to be present, pausing for a few hours in Upper Marlborough on his way to Annapolis. Naturally everyone was on the qui vive, and Eleanor Brooke forthwith went into the attic to search for a gown brave enough to do honor to the occasion.

She knew what she wanted and lovingly fingered the heavy brocade covered with pink roses and the under-skirt of pink satin that had long been her utmost desire. And more daring still was the wish to wear the gown just as it was, quaint in its looped-up overdress and wateau plait.

She shook out the folds of satin and held it against her height. It was long, very long, for Great Aunt Eleanor had been a tall woman. But she had also been slight, and when later her namesake stood in her own room and twisted and turned before the mirror to get a glimpse of her back, she decided the only change needed was in length.

It was a lovely gown and she would have been a very indifferent girl if she had not been thrilled by the vision that peered half shyly at her from the gilt-framed glass. It was the first time her face had impressed her and the dainty-colored oval with its shining eyes, framed in waving hair, made her wonder if it really was herself. Her color flamed at a deeper thought which she tried to hide from her consciousness, but it would obtrude, and at last she faced it. "Would he like it?" Even to herself she hesitated to call his name.

For before all others she wished to appear fair in his sight. She gave no thought to other guests who would come from Georgetown, Alexandria, Baltimore and Annapolis on horseback and in great coaches, drawn by four horses. Four horses were always used upon state occasions, and what more important event could there be than this ball, the first after the Declaration of Independence? There had been such rain and the roads were deep, and the maids in and about Marlborough watched the clouds and prayed for a south wind that would dry the mud, while the young men of the county made the assembly room brave with flags and greenery.

Even with greatest interest Eleanor Brooke watched the clouds, for she lived a long way from Upper Marlborough and was to stay with her grandmother at "Croome" over the fourth, and for a little visit thereafter. There was the chance her father would think the mud too deep to drive from near Mattapony Landing, and whenever that thought occurred there was a sinking at her heart for fear she might lose the long-looked-for pleasure.

But the day of her expected visit rose clear and bright, and with her horse-hair trunk strapped tight on the rumble and Uncle Clem and Jake in front, she set out with her mother for "Croome."

It was a weary way through the mud and night had fallen before the carriage encircled the drive at her grandmother's, but weariness was forgotten as she gazed out at the brightly-lighted windows and recognized voices and faces as the house door was thrown open and a group of young people rushed out to greet her, for Eleanor was but one of a group of cousins gathered together for the Independence ball.

Even as she spoke to the gay crowd while waiting for Uncle Clem to let

down the carriage steps, Eleanor looked about, longing, yet afraid to meet the quizzical eyes of John Eversfield, and her heart sank when she did not see him. The pleasure she anticipated turned to a dull ache and she twisted her lace kerchief between her fingers as she leaned further forward hoping to gain a glimpse of him.

Then pride came to her aid. He had promised to be the first to meet her, and she must not let this crowd of consins sense her disappointment. With a light laugh that well covered the ache at her heart, she accepted the extended hand of Allan Bowie and descended from the high carriage.

This was two days before the ball. "Isn't it too bad," Ruth Worthington whispered to her that night, as they went up the stairs together, "Cousin John sent John, Jr., to Baltimore upon affairs of importance. I think it a shame. He might have waited until after the ball. Although John told me nothing but death would keep him away, there is always the chance of something happening. But even if he does get back in time for the dance, he will miss the good time we are having, and Cousin John was certainly mean to choose this opportunity for pressing business."

Eleanor's heavy heart lightened after hearing this and she took her full share of the gaiety that filled every minute of the day and evening. Although no coquette, as were some of the other pretty cousins, time did not lie heavily upon her hands, Allan Bowie saw to that, and Alec Worthington. Both young men were bewitched, and between them she was kept fully occupied. The night of the dance, as she descended the stairs, brave in her Dolly Varden gown, no maid among them all was lovelier, and the two gallants, beruffled, powdered and dressed in the height of fashionable attire, all but came to blows in their effort to win her favor.

But mistress Eleanor minded not that. She accepted their admiration shyly, which was most becoming, but underneath her pleasure was the hope John Eversfield would also find her good to look upon. Yet, when they left the house, early on account of the roads, he had not come, and there was a tiny misgiving lest he might not be in time to see her in the wonderful gown or to claim the minuet he had begged for.

Ruth pinched her as she was about to step into the carriage, whispering, as she handed her a small package: "I wonder if you can guess what this is? John Eversfield's Tom brought it. I'm dying of curiosity. Slip back into the house and open it before grandmother comes. There's time," and giving the girl a push, Ruth stepped into her place and gave back tit for tat, as the two young men called for an explanation of Eleanor's sudden disappearance.

And in her room the girl was looking with fluctuating color upon a pearl-encircled miniature while she opened with fingers that trembled the note twisted about the slender golden chain. There was only a line, but it made of life a beautiful thing, for it asked for that which she was glad to give.

Over and over she read the single line: "Dear, will you wear this for my sake?"—John. Then she slipped it into the bosom of her dress. With hesitating fingers she clasped the chain about her neck, but overcome by modesty at so flaunting her lover's miniature for curious eyes to look upon, she hid it among the ruffles of her gown and hastily ran down the stairs, a radiant thing that took away one's breath.

Measure after measure was danced before John Eversfield appeared that night, and when he came, one arm was in a sling. "An accident," he told them lightly, as he made his way to Eleanor's side, where he stood so as to cut her off from the view of others. "Tom did not reach 'Croome' in time?" he asked, leaning toward her. "Yes," she answered breathlessly. "I wear it here."

"But not before them all?" The color came and went upon her face. "I could not with you not present. I had no courage." "And now?"

She drew the miniature from among her laces, letting it fall upon her breast. "It is different now. With you I have no fear of what is said."

"Then come." He extended his hand as the slow music of the minuet filled the room, and together they took their places, in the sight of all, a man and a maid promised to each other.

**Aesthetics and Health.** The connection between individual health and beauty, though seldom recognized in theory, is intimate in practice, says the New York Medical Journal. True, extravagant ideas of what is beautiful have caused much nuisance and harm in the way of absurd and unhealthy fashions of dress, but it is to the aesthetic instinct of people that we owe most of sanitary improvement. The removal of filth, so important to public health, and cleanliness in general, is due in a large part to a dislike for ugliness.

Medical science is coming more and more to the idea of enforcing sanitary measures by fostering a public sense of aesthetics. The Journal concludes with rare sense: "One of the chief means for the furthering of public health consists not so much in preaching the need of sanitary conditions as in awakening the sense of beauty."

**Remarkable Feat of Memory.** "Pa, I learned four new French words today."

"Did you, my son? What were they?"

"Grenade, village, envelope and locomotive."

"And what are they in French?"

"The same."—Boston Transcript.

## YANKS BUY OUT SHIP'S CANTEEN

### Britisher Tired Out by Americans Who Purchase Everything in Sight.

### HAVE WEAKNESS FOR CANDY

#### One Soldier Spends \$15 for Sweets and Ginger Ale and is Only Stopped by Seasickness—Discover English Money.

London.—"Next for candy," cried the keeper of the ship's canteen. In front of his booth is a long queue of American soldiers, patiently awaiting their turn to buy the sweets and souvenirs displayed on the counter and in the showcases. It is an incident of life of American soldiers on a transport bound for France.

The canteen-keeper is tired. Never in his experience on British vessels has he encountered such a rush of business. He has sold his wares in all the seven seas to people of many nationalities, and if he were awarding a prize to the best customer it would be bestowed promptly on the American soldier.

"I say," he exclaimed to the chief steward after he had closed shop the first day out, "what a sweet tooth they have! At the rate they're buying me there won't be a gumdrop left by the time we get halfway across."

**Have Sweet Tooth.**

On some of the British transports that are taking Uncle Sam's troops to France are as many as five canteens. The demand for chocolates is so great that the supply, large though it may have been, is quickly exhausted. American chewing gum is next in popularity. After the home variety of confections have been sold out, the soldiers begin to experiment with British sweets, of which toffee wins perhaps the most favor. If American "pop" could be had, it would be consumed in large quantities. Failing that, the troops drink Spanish ginger ale. One soldier is known to have spent

\$15 for candy and ginger ale. He probably would have spent more before the ship reached port, but one day, greatly to his astonishment, he became seasick.

The canteen curios, such as shells on which are painted the American flag, attract many buyers, and before the trip is ended almost every soldier's kit contains one or more of these treasures.

On the British transports the barber shop is advertised on the door as "Hairdresser." As a rule this sign is not understood by the American looking for a haircut or a shave. He thinks it is a place for women to have their hair dressed, and he passes it by. When he confesses to his comrades that he can't find the barber shop, he is made the victim of a good deal of joshing from those who have fathomed the secret.

The soldiers who patronize the hairdresser find the experience rather novel. It seems queer to be shaved in an immovable upright chair, and queerer still, but extremely satisfactory, to be charged half the price one pays in a first-class American shop.

**"Discover" English Money.**

It is on the ship that many Americans become acquainted for the first time with English money. Aside from a stray Canadian dime, they usually have never seen British coins, and when in exchange for an American bill they are given strange-looking pieces of silver and big disks of copper, they register, in the language of the movies, wide-eyed interest.

"What are these stove lids for?" asks an Iowan of a Texan, puzzled and showing some disdain for the big English pennies.

"You put 'em in a sock to bean a Hun with, I reckon," replies the Southerner, hefting the coins. "Or, maybe," he adds, "we can use 'em to throw at submarines."

A sergeant steps up with information. "You use those things for tips," he volunteers. "They're worth two cents apiece. That's a good-sized tip in London."

"You fellows," the sergeant goes on,

### THIEF HAD LOOT HOARDED

#### "Diamond Dick's" Safe in London Contained \$5,000 Worth of Valuables.

London.—Henry Jones, known to the underworld as "Diamond Dick," a notorious criminal, was arrested the other day on a charge of attempting to pick pockets.

In his possession was a key which fitted a safe in a large deposit vault. The safe contained nearly \$5,000 worth of property and two wax impressions of keys, one being the impression of the master key of a large Piccadilly hotel, where Jones had been staying for nearly two years.

His bank pass book showed \$1,000 to his credit. He was given three months hard labor as a suspected person.

### MISS KAISER HATES BILL, SO COURT CHANGES NAME

Los Angeles.—"I just hate that hateful old German kaiser and you must change my name right away."

So declared Miss Adelaide C. Kaiser to Judge Charles W. Wellborn here. Judge Wellborn also hates the German kaiser, so he permitted Miss Kaiser to change her name to Adelaide Robert.

### Hen Establishes Record.

Mnith Centre, Kan.—Rev. F. M. Rice of this city, has a hen that has established what is believed to be a record of the maximum in production. She began to lay an egg a day in February and in April went to setting. Despite setting, she continued to lay and even afterwards when raising and mothering her brood. She did not cease laying eggs until she set for the second time late in June.

Kings county (N. Y.) officials have discovered that they work 33 hours a week, and are wondering how they will be affected by the antiloading law, which requires 35 hours.

### OVER THE TOP FOR THE LAST TIME



An Italian soldier who has gone on his last furlough from the firing line, and who has given his life so that democracy might live. He had just started to go over the top to attack when his life was flicked out by an Austrian bullet.

### POPULAR MEETING PLACE



The canvas waterbags for cooling water are the most popular meeting places for soldiers in the many cantonments in America these hot days. Though the bag is only imperfectly shielded from the sun by its scant covering, the water is kept surprisingly cool.

reaching for the Iowan's coins, "better get wise to this English dough." He holds up a silver coin. "You know what that is?"

A crowd has gathered to hear the lecture.

"That's a shilling," says a voice. "Shilling your grandmother. That's a halfcrown. It's equal to two shillings and a sixpence. You want to be careful not to get it mixed up with one of these two-shilling pieces that's nearly the same size."

"How much is a shilling?" queries the Texan.

"About two bits," says the sergeant, who hails from California. "It's equal to two of these sixpences."

He gives the coins back to their owner and stalks off, followed by admiring eyes.

"Say," observes the Iowan, "we got a lot to learn. And when we get to France, I guess we'll run into some other kind of foolish money."

"War certainly is hell," says the Texan.

## MUST MAKE GOOD TO GET BIG JOB

### Y. M. C. A. Workers Given Severe Test Before Getting Important Work.

### NOT WHAT THEY EXPECT

#### Have Visions of Performing Heroic Services and Then Find That War is Not All Romance and Visions.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

Paris.—On the way across the ocean the good-looking girl in the natty, new uniform sat in a steamer chair, her eyes hazy while she dreamed a dream of what her work in France was to be.

One had a hint of what that vision was, for now and then, her voice low with suppressed emotion, she would talk a bit about it. In her mind's eye she saw herself somewhere out by No Man's Land, crouching beside a wounded boy in khaki whose last words she was taking down while she ministered to his last, parting wants. It was a fine, heroic dream, that dream of hers.

In a nearby chair sat another war worker, this one a man. He too had a dream, and the dream was even more heroic than the girl's. Out in the front-line trenches he saw himself standing by with the boys in khaki, the air overhead filled with the puffs of deadly bursting shrapnel while he too, heroically brave, ministered to the wants of his charges.

**Altogether Different.**

The writer has just returned from a trip among a line of camps. There was a Red Triangle hut near the entrance of one camp. One side of the hut was flanked by a steaming mess kitchen; across a rutted road, a channel of traffic filled with men, mules,

motors and trucks, was a stockade filled with German prisoners of war. A Y. M. C. A. secretary met the writer at the door. The secretary looked tired, fagged, worn out. In spite of that, however, his air was cheerful, brisk, cordial.

Inside all was spick and span. There was a scattering handful of boys in khaki, the majority colored soldiers, who belonged about the place. At the hut's other end was a counter and behind the counter were two familiar faces.

One was the girl who'd sat in the steamer chair, her eyes hazy as she'd dreamed her dream. The other was the fellow who'd seen himself framed heroically amidst the bursting shrapnel.

A trio of soldiers was draped about the girl's counter. The three, it happened, were whites. About the other counter were four other soldiers, and all the four were black. The man, a damp, muggy towel in his hand, was mopping off the counter. The look on his face was the same look one beheld on the face of the girl. It was a look of bored, excruciating weariness.

"What'll you have, eggs?" he was murmuring to a big Galveston roustabout.

The girl, her voice even more listless, was saying: "Cigarettes are 75 centimes the pack. Ne, there is no chewing tobacco today."

**Their Bubble Pricked.**

As they saw the writer it would be difficult to describe the look that spread upon their faces.

The girl was the first to regain her poise.

"I'm very well, thank you. The work? Oh, yes. It's not exactly what I thought it would be, but then, C'est la guerre." It took a struggle, though, for her to say it. Chewing tobacco, chocolate and cigarettes—that instead of glory.

The man was more brief. "The war—what do I think of it? It's eggs, mostly—fried eggs." Their bubble had been pricked. They were seeing the war, a large part of it anyway, face to face with its realities. Outside, the hut secretary with a grin stopped to bid the writer good-by.

"That's the way with a lot of them from over home," he remarked. "They come over here, thinking they're going right up to the front where they can have a hand in the big show. But they're all right. That girl's got the right stuff in her, and after she's been tried out here a while she'll have a chance at bigger things. The man, too, is coming on. He's had a Jolt just as all of us got it over here, but when he gets the romance all wiped out of him he'll be a mighty valuable person for our sort of work. No, there's mighty little romance in this man's scrap. You can't do much joy riding just now in France."

Ten hours is the legal work-day in Arkansas sawmills.

## LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



**Sign of the Times.** "Glittering, you probably know, is a confirmed misogynist." "That's so, I don't suppose there's a man in this town who hates women more than Glittering." "But he got a Jolt the other day." "How was that?" "Something went wrong with the engine of his motor car. After tinkering with it for an hour Glittering called a garage for first aid. A woman mechanic came around on a motorcycle and fixed it in a jiffy."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### A THEORY.



Cook—I wonder if Adam had any regrets when he left the Garden of Eden? Hook—It's a safe bet he didn't if he tried to raise his own vegetables.

**Truth and Suspicion.** A blessing is the truth direct. Most ills that we endure Arise from things that we suspect, But do not know for sure.

**Different Now.** "Do you think government wages should be larger?" "I do," replied Senator Sorghum. "And it's a pretty unselfish attitude on my part. I can remember when folks used to stand in line asking my influence for government jobs till I hardly got a chance to attend to anything else."

**Helped Some.** "I see," said the father, putting down the paper, "that Signor Mazzantini, the Spanish bull-fighter, has killed 3,500 animals in the arena with a single sword." "Well, say, pop!" exclaimed the family hopeful, "he's certainly helped to fill up the cold-storage plants, hasn't he?"

**What She Objected To.** Parson—Cheer up, sister; your husband is now in heaven. Widow (sobbing)—Yes, and so is his first wife, whom he fairly idolized.

**The Idea.** "We must give until it hurts." "I think I get the idea. We must act as though we were giving money to our own wives."

### REASONS ENOUGH.



Chief Raw Dog—Why did you resign the honorable post of medicine man and prophet of the tribe?

Doctor Rainmaker—Because I found that the prophet was without honor and the honor was without profit.

**Law of Averages.** "Why don't you make your husband promise never to bet on the races again?"

"Because," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "Charley has been losing so long that I'm afraid I'll stop him just when his luck is due to change."

**Perplexing.** Johnny—What's the new baby's name?

Grandpa—He hasn't got a name yet.

Johnny—Then how does he know w.L. he is?