

Dewdrop and Rose

By Michael Jarvis Dunlap

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Phantasy or reality, Walter Osborne was dead. He had been ill for over a year; he had closed his eyes peacefully, the last kiss of his daughter Estelle seemingly still fitting upon his lips. Then he seemed floating without the room into space, through it. He was no longer a mere entity, but a part of some concrete All made up of the elements of the universe.

His wish had always been expressed that cremation, the scattering of his ashes across some wide sea should mark his fitting from one sphere into another. And now all that seemed his world ego was a slowly ascending, vaporous smoke. The spiral flight mingled its density with the higher air and was swayed and dissipated until only a fine thread, scarcely discernible, remained. So far as an essence, a spirit, could comprehend sentiment, there was exaltation in the rapid upward flight, where, with a new vision, the world lay bare and fading beneath. Then the tiny vestige of vapor was taken up and buoyed along by other masses of impregnated ether. The volume of progress was retarded. The Unit assumed a new aqueous form with qualities of actual weight and form. The sun withdrew its rays, the mass descended now, and the fragment of vapor that comprehended all that was left of Walter Osborne assumed the substance of a distinct drop of dew.

This floated downward, to perform its tiny mission. It swayed with the



"Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

Breeze past lilac gardens, sweet with fragrance of lily beds, and then, directly within the garden that surrounded the home of Estelle Osborne, now the bereaved one, that tiny dew-drop sank deep into the heart of a rose.

In her distress and anguish at the loss of a father who had reared her amid peace, comfort and refinement, Estelle had no consolation to alleviate her consuming grief except the thought that there was one who would surely hasten to her side when he learned of her desolation—Marvin Farr. To her this friend, later lover, still later her fiancé, had brought all the cherished joys of pure love. She had trusted him wholly. Her father's great anxiety had been concerning the worthiness of the flashing, brilliant young man upon whom he was asked to bestow the carefully nurtured idol of his heart. He had not attempted to curb the progress of the long wooing.

He had tried to feel that whatever faults the young man might possess would be obscured by the renovating power of the sweet, gentle influence of Estelle. The beautiful young girl aroused from her lethargy of grief when Marvin Farr, a few days after her great bereavement, came to the desolate house. He was subdued, she noted, but that was natural. He expressed his sorrow in tender terms. If Estelle noticed that he was abstracted, that he did not refer to their future, she traced it indulgently to consideration for her troubles. He left her without the customary parting kiss, but he spoke feelingly of her great bereavement and left her counting the moments until she should see him again.

"I am a scoundrel!" he muttered, as he proceeded down the street. "What will that sweet, innocent girl think of me when she comes to comprehend the baseness, the meanness of my inner nature?"

He winced at this self-abasement as he faced the wayward, cruel purposes he had in view. Estelle, as they passed through the garden, had plucked the most lovely rose upon her favorite bush. He had negligently placed it

upon the lapel of his coat. Its sweet perfume nettled and accused him. He viciously tore it from its place and dropped it into his pocket—the rose, in the heart of which reposed the dew-drop which emblemized the soul ego of dead Walter Osborne.

Half an hour later Marvin Farr entered a gorgeous mansion, aglare with electric light, crowded with gay company. A close friend, its owner, Arthur Bond, greeted him effusively.

"She is here and has been fearing you would not come," spoke the latter.

"Your sister, Mrs. Willis?"

"Yes, Marvin, we're old chums, and there is no man I would more willingly welcome as the mate of my sister than you. I can tell you something you have already guessed—Eudasia loves you."

Marvin reddened at the audacious statement. He paled at the thought of the poor girl he was scheming to desert, to forget; of the heart he was about to crush, already prostrate under fresh grief.

"Eudasia is going to the beach resort for a week, tomorrow," proceeded Bond. "Myself and my wife will invite you there as our guest at the cottage. You will come?"

"And your sister?"

"She is ready to be won. Make hay while the sun shines, old fellow! You have no rivals."

And in the company of the beautiful widow, reputed to have a million in her own right, Marvin Farr basked through the midnight hours. The glare, the company, the responsive eyes of Eudasia Willis enthralled him for the time being. When he left her it was with a promise made to spend a week at the home of her brother at the beach resort.

Outside, homeward bound, the fresh evening air cleared his besotted brain. He shrank within himself as he analyzed the treachery he was about to commit. In a business way he had an income sufficient to cover all reasonable expenditures of a modest household. The rose-guarded home of Estelle was her own. With love rampant, it would become a paradise of delight. But Eudasia Willis, her butterfly life, allured him. He would never have to toil. The sensuous beauty of the stately woman would fill his life. On the one hand, simple love; on the other, lavishness, luxury, the ready requisition of change, excitement—all the alluring enchantment of opulence.

"I will write a few brief lines to Estelle. I will confess to her that I am unworthy of such love as hers. Poor girl! Wretched, selfish craven I! But the die is cast."

When he reached his own room his hand came in contact with the rose in his pocket. He flung it carelessly on the bureau, went to bed, tossed uneasily for a time, and finally went to sleep, feeling that he had sold his soul to the evil one.

His dreams were not pleasant ones. He awoke in the morning unrefreshed and irritable. The weight of remorse was on his mind.

"I'll get through with it at one dash," he muttered, "and send the note to Estelle. I'll leave the city, so my determination cannot be weakened. Wealth, luxury, society—I would be a fool to barter all this for love."

How the sweetness of past hours at the rose-hung garden came back to him! Passing the bureau, he reached out and casually lifted the rejected rose.

Within it the soul of tears lingered. Their moisture had kept the flower fresh as when it was plucked. The strong, vital scent of the rose made the man reminiscent. Farther back than Estelle ran the swift grouping thoughts of Marvin Farr. They used to have such roses, all purity and beauty, at the old homestead where mother—

He choked up at the poignant memory of that mother's loving care and advice came back to him.

"Always be a man," she had said, and he was about to become a poltroon, a traitor, a ruthless desecrator of the holy pledges of love. He wavered, a dimness came into his eyes. He fell to his knees by his bedside and burst into tears.

When he arose his face was calm, his eyes wore a new expression of resolve, mingled with contrition. With a steady hand he indited a note to Arthur Bond, to inform him that circumstances prevented his accepting the invitation to the beach resort.

The dewdrop sank deeper into the heart of the rose, to become a part of it—of the rose which was to become a cherished secret memento to Marvin Farr through all the years to come.

And after, when gentle, loving Estelle was by his side, there seemed to be with them a spirit that blessed them. The dewdrop had performed its mission and the soul of Walter Osborne was at rest.

Wool Production in Sweden.

A recent official report on the wool production of Sweden says there are 300,000 owners of 1,200,000 sheep, and that the average clip is 3 kilos per sheep, making the total production 3,600 metric tons. The owners of the sheep are only allowed to keep for their own use 2 kilos (2.2 pounds) for each member of the family, the remainder being delivered to the government.

Scholarship Memorial.

A scholarship in memory of Miss Isabella Austin has been founded at the University of Washington, to be known as the Isabella Austin scholarship. The first holder is Miss Kathryn Barnhisel of Tacoma. The scholarship is awarded on a basis of personal need, scholarship in high school, and womanly promise.

RANKS WITH SERGE

Jersey Cloth Staple Fabric for One-Piece Dresses.

Stands Much Wear and Tear and Lends Itself to Either Straight Lines or Draperies.

Wool jersey cloth now ranks with serge as a staple fabric for the development of one-piece dresses. This material has not been on the market many seasons, but it has so much to commend it that its permanent popularity seems assured. As material for a dress for hard wear—that is, for business or traveling—wool jersey cloth hardly has an equal. It stands a great deal of wear and tear and freshening up, and to a business woman that is certainly a strong point.

Then jersey, like serge, seems to lend itself to either straight lines or draperies.

The frock sketched is made of wool jersey cloth, and has the surplice type of bodice which is becoming to most figures. A straight line front is featured, although this is broken at the



Surplice Frock of Jersey Cloth.

walst by the surplice section, which extends into sash ends that tie at the center of the back. The back of the dress runs in one piece to a point well below the waistline, where the skirt is gathered on, with fullness let in to form a moderate side flare. The dress fastens in the center front, fastening being concealed by the surplice bodice. This dress would be very effective developed in tan or beige color, with collar of green, purple or red broadcloth.

Many surplice bodices are shown in wool jersey. One model recently noted has the bodice reaching exactly to the normal waistline and fitting rather smoothly in the back. The front is cut in conventional surplice style, with ends that loop at the back. The skirt is straight and gathered to the bodice. The dress is collarless, sleeves and neck opening, as well as surplice sash ends, being piped with broadcloth in contrasting color.

VEIL DESIGNS ARE VARIED

Some So Elaborated With Outline or Tracery Embroideries That They Resemble Lace.

While the scroll veil is very popular, it has a rival in the dotted veil. The latter may show the dot in heavy chenille spots, velvet pastels or in embroideries of silk. Its chief allurements lies in its novelty.

Nearly all the new veils have geometrical or irregular meshes, many of them so elaborated with outline or tracery embroideries as to resemble lace. Dark brown, taupe and gray are favored colors, sometimes overwrought with white or black embroideries.

The veil shapes are almost as varied as the colors and patterns. Some are square, others circular, and there are those that are oblong. Indeed, a good deal of pains has been taken to shape the veil so that it will have an artistic relation to the hat with which it will be ultimately worn.

To Retain Freshness.

The care of the skin is perhaps the most imperative task in keeping up one's appearance. The only way to retain freshness and strength, especially when it is being taxed by daily work, is by careful nourishment and rest. Many persons drink too much coffee, especially those who work hard mentally and feel the need of a "bolstering up" to continue their labor. Milk and food are good substitutes, and a little nourishment taken when one is tired will allay fatigue just as surely as coffee seems to do.

Colors White Shoes.

To make your white kid shoes like new that are past cleaning, get a ten-cent package of dress dye, take one-fourth of the package, put in an old teacup, pour boiling water over the shoes and brush in dye with common vegetable brush. Give them two coats. You can make them any shade to match your suit. A waterproof coat may be given by procuring a cleaning paste the shade of the shoe.

SHORT CUTS IN NEEDLEWORK

Suggestions That Will Save a Few Minutes' Time Are Most Welcome in These Busy Days.

Time is way above par nowadays. Everybody is busy. No one has time to devote to fine stitches if big stitches will do. Hence any suggestion which will save a few minutes by the clock are welcome. What about these?

If you need a casing for the top of a camisole or nightgown or kiddie's frock in a hurry, try making a wide cat-stitch on the outside of the garment with a heavy silk or mercerized cotton. You can run a ribbon or tape through this and make it decorative, as well as useful, in a much shorter time than stitching on the usual bias facing. There is another way, too, of crocheting a row of open filet mesh and sewing it on. This takes a little longer but wears well for wash clothes.

White-bone knitting needles slip through the wool much quicker if they are first filed on a plain kitchen file, as you would a lead pencil, into a long smooth point.

In hemming towels or table linen don't stop to make knots. They are unsightly, anyway. Just run the stitches for the first half-inch very small with a back stitch or two, and do the same at the end of a thread. With the new thread begin over the last few stitches in the same way and you will never need a knot.

A loose leather stitch for sewing trunks into dresses for growing girls is much better than either hand embroidery or machine stitching. It wears well, takes but a short time and does not show the marks of the stitches when removed.

Don't pin patterns if you are in a hurry; you are sure to pin crookedly. Use weights of books, heavy desk articles or small bags filled with sand for the purpose. They hold as well as pins and are a much simpler proposition.

IMPART AIR OF SPRINGTIME

Silk Floss Flowers on the Side of Narrow Collar of Girls' Suits Look Like Fresh Nosegays.

Two advance models for misses have a novel embroidered touch which lends them a distinct springtime atmosphere. Silk floss flowers in natural coloring embellish the right side of youthful narrow shawl collars, looking as though fresh nosegays had been tucked in, says Women's Wear.

A small pink carnation with foliage is very chic on an Eton suit of navy tricotine, which may also be worn as a dress. Black satin folds are used to define the tailored shapeliness of collar and cuffs whose curves match, as well as a horizontal barlike panel which offsets the double-breasted closing. Two flying panels, one piece above shoulder blades, give an unusual back to this Eton, for the ends of each are finished with cord fringe.

There is a one-sided tunic on the narrow skirt which completes this model. The other, a nobby suit of navy Polart twill, has a blue embroidered on it, tracings of silver thread simply marking the shadows cast by the blending shades of floss.

Oblong inset panels on the narrow belt and others of larger dimensions arranged halfway between skirt section and bodice at center back and one at either side front on the skirt section itself to serve as pockets, are other features that are "different."

SIMPLE, YET ELABORATE.



Though its lines are simple as simple can be, this distinctive afternoon gown of blue silk is charmingly elaborate. The reason is found in the rich embroidery with which the gown is trimmed. The embroidery is done in gay, though harmonizing, tones of blue, green, yellow and red silk. It outlines the deep armholes and appears again on the cuffs, besides being used for a large irregular patch on each side panel. A bead fringe in matching colors falls from the front at the waistline.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

ALCOHOL DANGER TO AMERICAN ALLIES.

It is gratifying to know that there is a sentiment in Paris which recognizes the fact that Uncle Sam has thrown safeguards around his soldiers which are effective as long as they are on American soil, and, out of respect to this very evident hostility of our government towards drink, urges protection for American soldiers on French soil from the perils of alcohol. The following is from La Revue of Paris:

"At the present moment France is attracting the eyes of the world more than ever before. It is not enough to show our enthusiasm regarding the English, Americans, Italians, Portuguese or Russians who are dwelling among us. We must likewise watch over their moral security. But alcoholism menaces all in the same degree. The 'Sammies' who arrive from the United States total or partial prohibitionists are exposed to multiple dangers and temptations.

"The great American republic accepts with heroism the sacrifices in men and money which the war against the Germans may demand. But let us take care! We shall commit an evil action if her children find themselves exposed not only to the danger of being slain at the front, but to that of being poisoned by alcohol. Many writers in the United States have already manifested fears upon this point. A few concrete cases would suffice to cause an outburst of opinion on the other side. The Germans are watching and they will not be slow to exploit such sentiments, which are justified. Indeed, to paralyze the noble population of the United States towards the sacred cause of the allies.

"We cannot lay too much emphasis upon the decree issued by the British military authority, January 15, 1917, prohibiting the circulation of alcohol in all the French regions occupied by the English army! And this 'in order to respond to the declarations of civil and military authorities signifying alcoholism as an obstruction to the agricultural and industrial production required by the necessities of national defense.' Shall we wait until the American, too, perhaps, shall inflict a like humiliation upon our ministers of the interior, of munitions, of supplies, and many other of their confreres?"

MEXICO TOO.

"Mexico is improving," said the Mexican general, Alvaro Obregon, at a dinner tendered him in Springfield, Ill. "It has found the reason for the revolutions. It is going to reform the new generations of Mexico. It is going to open a school where there was a saloon before. We see the advantages now of education. There have been too many drunks in Mexico. The governors of the various states are now stopping with radical measures the saloon. Men who are going to save Mexico are those who are going to close the saloon. The United States needs the same cure. I speak plainly. The Mexican government did not wait to raise the taxes before it took steps to close down the saloons. We are going to fight ignorance and vice."

WHY THEY SELL IT.

Saloonkeepers do not sell the drug alcohol to a man simply for the sake of destroying him. They give him what injures him because they think that is the way by which they can get his money. They do not desire, on their own account, to ruin his character, take away his property, break his wife's heart, and beggar and starve his children. Their object is only to get the man's money, and they do these things because that seems the shortest way. Yet it is the price of blood.

IN GEORGIA.

"Two years ago I called prohibition poppycock, but prohibition enforced is a mighty good thing, and we have that mighty good thing here. . . . The chain gang of negro prisoners has fallen from an average of 600 or 700 down to 200. Homicides dropped from 24 in 1915 to 10 in 1916, and eight of those ten were in the four months of 1916 before prohibition became effective."—Doctor Brunner, secretary of the board of sanitary commissioners, Savannah, Ga.

VICTORY NEAR.

New Mexico is the twenty-seventh prohibition state. The District of Columbia is dry, and the territories of Alaska and Porto Rico. Dry areas in wet states are constantly widening. Over 87 per cent of the area of the United States is now under prohibition. At the general election of 1918 eight more states are expected to vote upon the question. Prohibition is now a patriotic issue and Kaiser Alcohol's day of defeat is near.

NO DRINKS.

A Washington newspaper reported thus: "For the first time in the memory of the oldest policeman on the local force, the police blotter at headquarters—but the third day under prohibition—is clean of arrest for intoxication. . . . The law is being rigidly enforced."

GET HIGHER WAGES.

In dry Denver, it is said, the soft drink clerks get bigger wages than the barkeepers in the saloons of wet Cincinnati.

MOTHERS

Keep the family free from colds by using VICK'S VAPORUB

A Mistake.
"A laboring man has very little choice of occupation."
"There you are mistaken. He can always take his pick."

PROMPT RELIEF.
can be found in cases of Colds, Coughs, La Grippe and Headaches by using Laxative Quinine Tablets. Does not affect the head or stomach. Buy your winter's supply now. Price 25c—Adv.

Where Canes Are Popular.
There is probably no country in the world where the use of walking sticks is so general as in the United Kingdom. Practically every man carries a cane, not only in the towns and cities but also in the country; and, in addition, there is a large demand for walking sticks for women, these being used extensively in the country and at seaside resorts, but not to a great extent in the cities.

The winter months are always rainy and even during the summer the weather is often very unsettled, so that the use of umbrellas is also unusually great. These conditions have made the manufacture of umbrellas and walking sticks an important industry in the British Isles.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming up of food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

The Oldest Living Creature.

Among the oldest life forms on the globe is the shellfish, known as the lingula, a specimen of which was taken from Manila bay several years ago. The genus, according to scientists, has remained practically unaltered for more than a hundred million years. With the extraordinary changes of climate and environment since the world began most forms of life with which science is familiar have been transformed or have altogether disappeared since the geologic ages. "That the genus lingula," says the Journal of Heredity, "should have survived for all these ages, and undergone virtually no change, is striking evidence of the fact that the germ plasma, which under some conditions, as in the case of the horse and the dog, is capable of extraordinary variation, is under other conditions remarkably constant."

Girl Bank President.

A girl president lives in Cleveland, O. She is president of a bank, and is only seventeen years old. The bank has 850 depositors and a capital of \$155,581. The depositors are members of the council educational alliance, who save their money to buy Liberty loan bonds, vacations and presents. The deposits come in pennies. Some persons literally have "only a cent to their names."

Expensive Hostelry.

"I like to stop at this hotel."
"Why?"
"The proprietor makes me feel as if I owned the place."
"Well, after you've paid your bill you will feel that you ought to own the place, whether you do or not."

One Failure.

"Everything is striking about this mansion."
"Yes, everything but the clocks."



Women

whose sensitive nerves often yield to coffee's harmful stimulation, appreciate the change resulting from a ten days' trial of

INSTANT POSTUM

INSTEAD OF COFFEE

Such a delicious drink makes the change easy and better nerves make it a permanent one.

"There's a Reason"