

When Fate Was Kind

By LILLIAN F. LEONARD

Tall spikes of mignonette misty with tiny bloom stalked along beside low, old-fashioned garden pinks, for all the world like spars, stately gentlemen conducting squatty ladies along the white gravel walk to the porch door.

Against the eel of the cottage was a perfect forest of rose bushes; and as a king over them, flaunting his gaudy but beautiful clusters of blooms, trailed a crimson Rambler rose on its trellis, completely covering the eel and making a sharp contrast against the white cottage with its green blinds.

An unkempt lawn sloped down to the street and on this lawn was staked a cow! An aristocratic mooly, and a sure-enough practical mooly, as evidenced by the show of being a big producer, also in the steady cropping of the grass in short, sharp swishes of the tongue. But as an ornament to the front lawn—

"Daddy," faltered eighteen-year-old Lila, with crimson cheeks and tears held in check, "do—do you have to stake Betty there? Can't someone mow the lawn? If not, I'll cut the grass with a sickle."

Mr. Blake glanced at his daughter from under shaggy brows.

"Now what is it? What new idea have you got into your head? Why can't Betty crop the lawn? Don't let me hear another word about it!" And Mr. Blake shoved his chair noisily back from the table and stomped out to the garden.

Tears of mortification gathered and welled over, and Lila looked appealingly



Crouched Over on the Lawn.

ly at her mother who shook her head sadly and said with a sigh, "What your father says, Lila, has to go."

Hours passed, the moon had sailed aloft, grandly, beautifully, serene and majestic; then with no hint of defeat, but seeming to know it was the withdrawal of its own majestic splendor that caused the deepening shadows, it slowly sank from sight below the hill, leaving the lawn in total blackness.

Great layers of fragrance hung heavily in the still air, and the little dark form had nearly covered the entire lawn with its mysterious snip-snip.

At last, with every muscle and joint screaming with pain, with soft hands cruelly blistered and smarting, the dark form gathered up the four corners of a sheet and carried it to the rear of the house, dumping its contents in a mound. Shaking and folding the sheet, the gnome-like figure now disappeared within the house.

Dawn. A joyous chorus of awakening bird-life. A gentle breeze scattering the layers of fragrance into breaths of wadded perfume. Roses! Mignonette! Old-fashioned garden pinks! Mr. Blake awakened to their strong, spicy fragrance blowing full in his face.

He arose and dressed, for this man—hard, stern, embittered—had yet a side to his nature, deep, sympathetic, and loving all beauty wherever found. He always looked his roses over the first thing in the morning, as this was his own particular garden and he gave of his best to it. His early visit to his roses was like a morning prayer, a something sweet and beautiful to begin the day. And somehow all through the day's routine, prosaic and unpleasant though it might be, there would remain about the man a hint of gentleness, like the fragrance of flowers.

As his boot crunched on the gravel of the walk, a low little face, with deep violet shadows under the eyes,

peered anxiously from an upper window. Mr. Blake had halted, and with hands on hips, stood gazing in astonishment at the lawn. A flash of amusement whipped into his eyes, and he weakly lowered himself onto the doorstep, where he shook in silent mirth.

The head above craned sideways to view the lawn, but it looked all right from that vantage point, and why her father was lost in merriment, for he never laughed aloud, but shook in silent paroxysms, Lila could not figure out. But that he was amused gave her courage and she slipped down the stairs and out to his side.

Without a glance at the lawn she slid her arms around her father's neck and laid her velvet cheek against his stubby brown one. His eyes followed the slim arms to the hands, swollen and blistered. He cradled them gently in his own rough palms, while the amusement in his eyes faded, leaving only pain in its wake.

But Lila had caught sight of the lawn and stiffened in horror, for there were mountains and valleys, serried ranks and haunting ridges. Great tufts of grass, brazenly whipping in the wind as though saying, "Well, I squeaked through!" Patches of brown earth shrinking away from their own nakedness, tried to hide behind a row of stubble, but her father chuckled and said, "Looks like Paul's head the first time I shingled his hair. Mother had to go over it with the horse clipper. Guess daddy will have to kinder even it up with the scythe."

The ludicrous likeness to badly shingled hair got the better of Lila too, and they hugged each other and laughed together.

"But, daddy, my hands are paying the penalty for a better piece of work than that!"

"Now tell daddy why you objected to Betty cropping the lawn?"

"Well, you see, I overheard an auto-load of young folks hot and derisively remark: 'Tip the patent lawn mower.'"

Mr. Blake flushed under his tan. He, too, had heard the remarks. At the time he had ground his teeth in rage and spat out his anger to his pulling of weeds from about his choice garden truck! "Lot of young upstarts! Won't have the price of a pint of milk at the end of their vacation!"

He thought of it now, and of what the city had drained from his life—his hope of the future, of which he had long laid the foundation with back-breaking toil and patient endurance, for a strong shoulder upon which to lay his aged hand in the last faltering steps toward the valley. His all, his first-born, his only son!

His face hardened. "What do you care, Lila, what those hoodlums say? They are here today and gone tomorrow. It seems odd to me that you make such intimate friends of the cottagers, it is only for such a short time."

Lila caught her breath. "Oh, but, daddy, you know what a delightful girl Phoebe is, even you like her, and she is my dearest friend!"

"Yes, and the next thing you will be away to the city."

Lila knew the knife ranking in her father's heart, and felt inadequate to cope with the deep agony underlying his hatred of anything smacking of the city or city folks. She dimly surmised his great fear that made his hand tremble of the danger that she, too, might take flight.

A tender gleam crept into her eyes. "Daddy, dear, I'll tell you my real reason. You know that Charlie is trying to put through a big real estate deal with those city people and he passes here every day with them, and you, yourself, will acknowledge that in the perfectly beautiful landscape picture that you have made, Betty is—well, certainly out of place. Like—Daddy, a worm on one of your lovely roses."

"Charlie? Charlie Swan?"

"Why, yes. There isn't any other Charlie, is there?"

At her naive confession her father smiled.

"But what has my front yard and cow to do with Charlie and his business people?"

"Oh, nothing much, only he points out this house as his fiancée's home."

The shadow of misery in Mr. Blake's eyes seemed to flout off into space and his gaze looked dreamily into the future. Charlie Swan was the son of his life-long friend. There were two children in each family, Charlie and Ethel in his friends', and Paul and Lila in his own. So the elders had hoped, and he had dreamed of a twin to his own cottage, built on this beautiful site, and of his grandchildren playing about his chair—

An auto stopped and a young man sprang out, his quick, spry footsteps scattering the white gravel as he hurried up the walk.

"Where's mother? Hello, dad! Bonjour, Mademoiselle. All grown up and dad's not a day older."

"Martha!—mother!—mother!" rang out in three voices.

Paul was gripping his father's hand while Lila clung to him. Tears stood in his eyes like a mist, near falling.

"Well, well, dad, Charlie put that deal through slicker'n goose-grease." (At the old country expression the father's eyes smiled. It was his boy still.) "Now we can be blasted bureaucrats for the rest of our lives and have that twin cottage ready for Ethel and me by Thanksgiving."

"What's all this hub-bub in the wee sma' hours?" inquired a sleepy voice.

"Paul!"

"Mother!"

Woman's Way.

She—I don't believe it.

He—But I have proved it to you.

She—Of course! But I don't have to believe it if I don't want to!

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

A CHAT

"The American Osprey or Fish Hawk," said Daddy, "was out in his yard part of his home in the zoo. Across the way was a Ring-Tailed Monkey."

"I build a very heavy nest," the Osprey said. "I make it of sticks and pieces of old oars and boats which I find around the beaches."

"I also use parts of fish nets and seaweed, and I have even used game barbed wire which I've found."

"Here I have a very enormous home. A very enormous home. But when I was free I used to look about for everything I might need."

"I found it on the beaches, too. Oh, I found what I looked for, all right. Yes, I was smart in that way."

"Some creatures go out shopping or hunting or marketing, and they do not find what they want. But I do. Oh, yes, indeed I do."

"Now, there are other birds about here—blackbirds and birds of different colors. But I think I dress as well as a bird could dress."

"I have a nice white head such as we older members of the family have, and a brown coat and white waistcoat—nothing could be better."

"My feet are so splendidly strong and help me in catching my fish dinners."

"I've been a traveler in my day, too. I've gone from Alaska to the West Indies, and I've been all along the American shores, I do believe."

"But what are you watching me for, Monkey, without saying a word?"

"I don't feel well," squeaked the Monkey.

"You don't? asked the Osprey."



"When I Was Free."

"That was what I said," the Monkey answered.

"True, it was what you said," the Osprey remarked, "but then I thought I'd make sure if that was what you meant."

"It was what I meant, and it is what I mean."

"Dear me," said the Osprey, "aren't you a little bit cross?"

"Perhaps," said the Monkey.

"I believe I've heard that when a creature was getting cross it meant that creature was getting better."

"I pay no attention to such talk," the Monkey said.

"But I do know that I don't feel well. You see, my keeper put a sign outside our yards about not feeding us."

"That was for people to see. There are many visitors who come to the zoo these nice summer days, and they bring food with them."

"Well, I ate too many peanuts and too many bites of bananas, and now I feel poorly."

"I can't get the exercise I would if I were free and had eaten so much. The keeper knows that, and so he puts out the sign that we're not to be fed."

"It's for our own good he does that, and sometimes those things that are for our own good are truly for our own good, even though we may hate to admit it."

"I suppose so," said the Osprey, "but I luckily have little trouble with indigestion or my stomach or whatever it is you call such trouble."

"You're lucky," said the Monkey.

"I have eaten too much and now I feel sick. Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't. But I do wish people would not feed me when there is a sign written in their own language asking them not to, for we're fed enough, and more food may make us sick."

"I made me sick this time. And now I have to feel poorly before I can feel well. It's a shame, it's a perfect shame."

"It does seem a shame," said the Osprey, "but then I can't be bothered to think much about anything but myself, so you will excuse me if I look to see if my dinner is on the way!"

RIDDLES

What bird is most useful to builders and ironworkers? The crane.

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like a weary foot traveler? Because he cannot "go" a step farther.

What is that which, though full of holes, holds water? A sponge.

What kind of bow could nobody, not even Alexander, untie? The rainbow.

What class of workers is always on a strike and yet not idle? Blacksmiths.

IN EVENING WEAR

Drapery Gives Important Touch to Formal Apparel.

Exquisite Brocades of Silver and Gold and Vivid Colors Are Used for Decorations.

For the evening dress there is nothing to distinguish it as much as drapery, asserts a fashion authority. The materials are as handsome as any fabrics which have made their debut from antique times until modern ones. There are exquisite brocades of silver and gold and vivid colors. Of course they cost a fortune per yard, but then a very few yards of them will make the gown, and there need not be the slightest degree of trimming. In the design of the fabric itself there is quite enough to make the gown notable and there need not be the slightest trimming. The fact is that trimming would spoil the effect and that anything the least fancy added to the plain straight lines of the gorgeous material would be a superfluous addition.

Many of the girdles for evening gowns are made with a motif over the stomach. Some of them are made in rounder, fuller motifs, of a composition of many and various colored flowers fashioned from the colored ribbons. Then, instead of streamers of beads, there are streamers of the various colors of ribbons that hang from the motif of flowers. In any case these motifs and the streamers which hang from them are the only decorations which the gown boasts, but the colors are so artistically and practically chosen that they constitute the decoration without any other help.

Under the modern method of dressing everything is done to make the trimming of the gown harmonize with the earrings and the stockings and the slippers and perhaps, scarf or any other extraneous decoration which is used as a part of the costume. These extra bits are never put on, regardless of the gown and its trimmings, but they are, on the contrary, harmonized with the gown as it exists and, in the end, they are able to carry out the effect of that gown in such a manner

EMBROIDERY AND FUR COAT



Made of crepe is this gorgeous costume with a smart coat of original all-over embroidery with bands of fur, shown at the recent fall fashion exposition in Atlantic City.

MODES OF THE DAY

Changeable velvet is used for the new turbans.

For evening wear many soft draped chiffons register in grays and beige. Many sleeves are made narrow at the top with wide bands at the bottom.

Metal cloxy and velvetlike wool velours are among the impressive fabric novelties.

A number of full-length circular tweed capes are worn by Americans abroad.

Dresses are fairly short and in straight lines, with numerous circular movements introduced.

Tiny discs of velvet arranged in graduated tones represent an unique method of dress trimming.

One of the new movements is to own a thick and thin frock, which when combined make a single costume of artistic merit.

Little roses made entirely of tiny triangles of colored galalith are seen this season. The leaves are made in the same manner.

Long fringes are caught with rhinestones, and bead work is posed on streamers of ribbon. Satin and velvet appliques are seen on the crepes.

White and brown is one of the new combinations that well-dressed women have launched. The older generation remembers that the same thing was popular in the 1880 fashions.

Voils for Autumn.

The autumn veils indicate that elaborate dotting will continue in favor. veiling of flat mesh has a wide border of chenille dots in a contrasting color. Thus a sand-colored mesh has

NAVY TRICOTINE COAT DRESS



This winsome navy tricotine coat dress, with side effect met by an interesting buckle that harmonizes with buttons covered in self-material, was displayed at a recent fall fashion show.

that they help materially to produce the general effect.

It is the same way with the straps over the shoulders. Most every dinner or evening gown has a pair or at least one of these straps, and although the space occupied by that bit of decoration is extremely small, still it serves to accentuate the character of the gown in such a way that the small bit of trimming becomes a pertinent part of the design as a whole.

NEW PURSES ARE ELABORATE

Precious Metals and Real Jewels Often Used in Working Out Novelty Mountings.

Great extravagance is manifested in the purses of today. The bagmaker must in a way rival the jeweler, because it is in the small shops devoted to the sale of high-class jewelry that one finds the most beautiful specimens of handbags. Precious metals and real jewels are often used in working out novelty mountings, and other costly materials, such as tortoise-shell, amber, ivory and semi-precious stones are utilized for this purpose. In the more practical purses marquisette trimmings are used in profusion.

Square mountings of real tortoise shell are used on silk bags which are ornamented with bird ants. A monogram inset with glistening stones, often real rose diamonds, is used on the more expensive ones. With such an elaborate trimming the bag is demurely fashioned of black or navy faille.

Roof Garden Gowns.

Some of the loveliest roof garden gowns are of flowered georgette, with draped skirts and kimono blouses often fitted face of very fine pattern is used as an overcoat.

Children's Styles.

Frocks of the frilly type and those of the tailored and outing type share honors for members of the younger set.

dots of brown, a particularly pretty combination with a little brown hat. Taupe has a dotted border of jade or scarlet or of turquoise. Black is dotted with white, and white with black, while there is a navy blue mesh with an intricate dotted pattern in brown.

Sunflowers in Vogue.

There is a vogue at the moment for sunflowers. This splashy decoration is most effective when carried out in some such material as georgette combined with patent leather. On a white georgette dance frock, for example, there are large sunflowers of orange georgette with centers of black patent leather. A sunflower holds the waist on the right side of the normal waistline. Other sunflowers form an epaulette effect on the shoulders.

Burnt Amber Felt.

An unusual hat is of burnt amber felt. In line with the moment's dictum, it is extraordinarily large and so mushroom in shape that it half conceals the shoulders. The high crown has a draped effect. Through the crown on each side over the ear is thrust a sheaf of stiff quills, head down. These come through the underside of the brim almost to the shoulder and are in the dull gold and leaf brown which with burnt amber looks so well.

Platings Are Used.

Since so many of the latest gowns call for platings the underskirts are developed with platings laid over the hips or at the side fronts. Nightgown are often made with the low empire waistline with platings falling from the side fronts.

Home Town Helps

PEOPLE GROW MORE ORDERLY

Gratifying Improvement in Sense of Municipal Responsibility Shown in Recent Years.

Several years ago American cities cut a poor figure in respect to neatness compared with the cities of Europe. At present the comparison is disarray is not so unfavorable to this country. European cities have become less tidy—the war, of course, is to blame for this as for most other things—and American municipalities have become cleaner. At the present time, indeed, the littered condition of London and the English countryside is receiving much attention from the British press. The careless populace not only throws its newspapers into the public highway, but disposes of tin cans in a similarly informal manner. But American cities are still far from immaculate. For this reason the "clean-up weeks" and the creation of agencies which devote their energies to anti-litter work are hopeful signs. Improvement is certain. Anyone who has watched American cities for twenty-five years knows that men and women develop a municipal responsibility much more rapidly than is commonly supposed. Twenty-five years ago few freeborn Americans hesitated to spit in public conveyances or public places. The inhibition that has developed in respect to this vice shows how rapidly personal habits can be improved. The day will probably come when the average citizen will be as careful about dropping his read newspaper in the street as he is now about spitting in a street car.

But there is still much opportunity for missionary zeal, especially among the crowds who spend Sundays in the public parks. Nothing would more eloquently portray the perfection of the civic conscience than an unlettered city park on Monday morning.—World's Work.

PLAN NOW FOR THE FUTURE

Too Many American Communities Have Failed to Foresee the Importance of Looking Ahead.

Most great cities have grown after a haphazard fashion, with narrow and often crooked streets, insufficient park and recreation space, overcrowded tenement districts and improvised means of transit. Occasionally they have been made over at great expense, as Paris was made over by Baron Haussmann under the Second empire; oftener they have groped their way blunderingly into greater and greater confusion. Washington is an almost unique example of a city that was deliberately and spaciouly planned from the beginning.

But in recent years city planning has become a profession, and city governments have more and more become convinced of the advantages of intelligent study of their special problems. In Germany a great deal was accomplished before the war in improving and beautifying such cities as Berlin, Cologne and Nuremberg. Something has been done in England and something also in the United States, though oftener in new or small cities than in the larger ones.—Exchange.

Sow Grass in the Fall.

Springtime is commonly considered to be seedtime, but with lawn's better results often are obtained by seeding at some other season. Except, perhaps, in the northern tier of states and in New England, says the United States Department of Agriculture, early autumn seeding is much more satisfactory than spring seeding. South of the latitude of New York spring seeding should rarely if ever be practiced. There are good reasons for this rule. Young grass does not stand well in spring and summer and is not sufficiently aggressive to combat crab-grass and other summer annual weeds. In the area south of this and north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers the time is early September. The reseedling of an old lawn should be done at the same season as new seeding.

Save Trees When Possible.

One of the unfortunate results of urban growth is the destruction of fine trees which have sheltered generations of young villages only to be sacrificed at last to make room for a few yards of asphalt or to obviate the necessity of deflecting a concrete sidewalk. Often, of course, it is impossible to save a venerable elm or maple or oak which gets in the path of business expansion, but not infrequently these fine old veterans of a hundred years' war with the elements are slaughtered ruthlessly.

Tree Selection.

There is a popular notion that oaks cannot be domesticated, but I have a burr oak 30 feet high, that I planted as a six-inch seedling just 20 years ago, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. A red oak in my lawn I planted when three feet tall, and it has kept pace with Norway spruce set at the same time, furnishing with its brown clinging foliage in the winter no less charm than the green of the spruce. The hickory is perhaps the shyest of domestication, but treated rightly it is a rapid grower.