

## While She Was Away

After the young woman in mauve had turned out the light in her room and started for the stairs she went back and snapped on the current again, peering anxiously in the mirror. It was as she thought—she needed a little more powder on her nose. It was so aggravating to have sunburn so obstreperously in evidence.

She sighed as she noted the brown of her complexion above her pale mauve gown. Then she ran downstairs because the bell rang—three short rings. That was Ted's ring. She always could tell when he was at the door. She was a little excited—to think she had not seen him for two months!

After the greetings were over they regarded each other a little blankly. "My, it seems good to see you again!" repeated the young man, smiling at her as he readjusted his tie.

"Does it, really, Ted?" asked the young woman.

"Indeed, it does," returned the young man.

"I missed you, too," she confided.

"It was stupid at the lake."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

"Didn't you flirt with any one, not a bit?" demanded the young man.

"The idea!" said the young woman in mauve. "Didn't I write you every single thing I did and whom I talked to, and—and everything?"

"Well, I wrote you everything, too," said the young man.

"Oh, that's different," she said, darkly. "I knew even if I was having a perfectly stupid time that you weren't dying of loneliness! I know how men are! I warrant you took Sadie out to amusement parks and to the theater lots of times while I was away—now, didn't you?"

"Only twice," declared the young man, defensively.

The girl in mauve turned upon him a reproachful glance. "You did take her, then!" she cried. "Why Ted Pen-lap! And pretending to me you just went mooning around so lonesome you couldn't bear to live—and not telling me—or anything—"

"I suppose," said the young man, with some bitterness, "you didn't go canoeing with a fellow from New York or walking with a man from—"

"I'm amazed at you!" cried the girl in mauve, with round eyes of sorrow.

"That was different. I was at a summer resort! You—why, you have to do those things at a summer resort or have everybody think you're a wall flower! You wouldn't have wanted to hear that I was a wall flower and that nobody paid any attention to me?"

"That's precisely it!" exclaimed the young man. "I didn't want you to feel hurt because no other girl would look at me. I thought you'd be glad to know some one else would go around with—"

"You might have taken some one besides Sadie!" she flashed. "She's always trying to get you! And you like her pretty well, too! Are you sure it was only twice? Did she wear her hat with roses, and what did she talk about?"

The young man looked a trifle despairing. Then he brightened. "What did the man from New York talk about?" he countered.

"I didn't think," she said, loftily, "that you'd be jealous, Edward! I thought that was beneath you! Whom else did you take?"

"Jean went once," the young man confessed. "I—I don't just remember."

"That homely little thing! The way she uses her eyes is ridiculous! Think hard—how else?"

"I asked Charlotte," the young man said with dignity, "because she was visiting my sister, and I had to be polite to her."

"Why there is a perfect string of them!" cried the girl in mauve in tones of horror. "You must have used up all time just running from one girl to another! And having a gay time! And I, miles away, feeling so sorry because you were shut up in a stuffy office and wandering around evenings so awfully lonesome! You said in your letters you were lonesome! Yes, you did! And longing for me to come home! My, wouldn't I have interfered with your pleasures if I had!"

"Now, Lucy!" said the young man, twisting his tie nervously, "you are unjust! You were going around with other men yourself! And you know I thought of you all the time and whenever I took another girl anywhere I always wished it was you!"

"That's very well to say!" cried the girl in mauve. "But how do I know?"

"Am I not telling you?" insisted the young man, firmly. "Don't you know I had a perfectly miserable summer and wasn't happy a minute because you were gone, and wished for you all the time and counted the days till you would get back, and watched for the postman and read your letters over about fifteen times, and was bored to death by every other girl I talked to, and—"

"Oh, Ted!" murmured the girl in mauve. "Truly?"

"Truly," repeated the young man, still more firmly, reaching for her hand. "I could go on forever telling you about it."

"Oh, Ted!" cried the girl in mauve, as he drew her head down on his shoulder. "I didn't really doubt you, you know, but I just wanted you to tell me!"

"Gee!" breathed the young man to the chandelier, "that was, a narrow escape!"

## ALL BRIGHT COLORS

CHARMING DESIGNS SHOWN IN THE SUMMER FROCKS.

Also a Season for Fine Handwork—Slimness Continues to Be an Indispensable Effect—Ideal Gowns Illustrated.

The summer frocks are most charming. There is a riot of pale flower colors, sweet peas, buttercups, roses, carnations, trellised vines, slim stripes and checks. Board-like lines lie beside linens almost gossamer fine; muslins and ginghams fall in soft willed folds, and some embroidered webs seem as grand and bewitching as those once worked in hand frames.



An Ideal Dress for Practical Wear.

and lying now in museums to show dead beauty's thrift and taste.

Since slimness is the rage though the wide skirt threatens—there must be no superfluous bulging. Only soft materials shape the finer frocks, and every line from throat to hem of skirt must go toward the look of skimpness. Trimmings lie flat, shape waist and skirt fronts, and are inserted in bands whose very joints seem made with glue.

And yet the right woman is a saint in these narrow restrained modes. But the situation means that one must cultivate ardently all knowledge of her very own type, and when in doubt choose always the thing midway in the scale of dazzlement. It is far wiser to be a little behind fashion in a becoming dress than to keep pace with her in things which make us look frights.

An ideal gown for practical uses is pictured. This, singular as it may seem, is a semi-princess model, but so trimly is the joint of the waist and skirt hidden by the neat belt that a one-piece frock would never be suspected. If liked, the costume could be made in two distinct pieces, or the bodice or skirt alone may be chosen as a model for a separate garment. Six yards of the wider goods will make this dress and eight and seven-eighths of the narrower.

Such a style would not suit a clinging texture, for all its lines are on the tailored order, and such effects call for rather solid materials. Linen striped and plain, pique, duck, cotton, ottoman suiting, and khaki are some of the desirable mediums, and the round buttons could be of pearl or bone, and either match the dress color or be in pure white.

### A Dress Idea.

A pale blue madras, showing a blue satin figure, cost only 15 cents a yard, but it was made into a chic little garment of the princess jumper style, with short sleeves. This was worn with a dotted swiss guimpe having long sleeves. The over-sleeves were less than half length, trimmed on all cut edges with white and banded across the arm with strips of its own material. The jumper was cut down the center and strapped across. All outlines upon the bodice were piped with white and trimmed with white buttons.

### Buckram Frames.

A good way to utilize old buckram hat frames no longer wanted is to sponge thoroughly until evenly wet, then stretch out flat, lay on ironing board, iron with a hot flatiron. It will iron out as smooth and stiff as any buckram you can buy at the store. Being a material that is extensively used in the line of sewing and often not to be had just when wanted, this may be a suggestion.

### Fashion for White Veils.

As the warmer weather comes on heavy black dotted veils are giving way to thin white ones. Many of the new ones have barred squares in white formed by heavy threads. Others have black dots, and some have a tiny black selvedge.

### The New Parasols.

Some of the newest parasols have detachable handles, making it quite possible to pack this article of one's wardrobe in the trunk without any trouble.

## GOT A LITTLE SATISFACTION

Editor, Unable to Collect Bill for Paper, Could Afford to Affront the Widow.

To the editor of a little Maine newspaper there came the other day an indignant elderly woman, who waved a bit of paper in the editorial face.

"Looker here!" she said. "What does this mean—a bill for the Citizen to my husband that's been dead two years? Ye don't expect his widow to pay debts of his contracted long after he's dead?"

"You say he has not been getting the paper?" said the editor, after long thought.

"No, ye donderhead!" screamed the woman. "I tell ye he's been dead two years!"

"Strange," mused the editor. "The postoffice department has not notified me of his failure to receive them. Quite sure you yourself haven't been enjoying the estimable educational values of a perusal of my sheet?"

"That ain't the point," argued the widow. "You've been sending the newspaper and a bill to a man that's dead. It's your affair, not mine."

"Well," said the editor finally, perceiving that he must be a loser, "in future, madam, I will cause an extra copy to be printed on asbestos to insure that your husband receives his Citizen regularly."

## TOAD EVIDENTLY A THINKER

Clever Maneuver by Which Batrachian Foiled His Invertebrate Enemy, the Serpent.

The following snake story was told some years ago by a reputable citizen of Anson county: Driving along a public road one day he saw a toad frog crossing the road at top speed—hitting only the high places and few of them. As the frog disappeared in the bosky underbrush on one side a black snake in hot pursuit made its appearance on the other. The story-teller followed the two into the bushes to see what the result would be. He had proceeded only a short distance when he found the frog at bay, facing the snake and with the latter circling about in the effort to make an attack from the rear. His frogship kept turning all the time, always facing the enemy.

The reason of this maneuver on the snake's part was that the frog had in its mouth, held crosswise and about the middle, a stick about the size and length of a lead pencil. The frog knew the snake could not swallow him so long as he presented such a front. The man watched the performance for some time and when he left the snake was still circling the frog and the latter facing its enemy on every turn.—Charlotteville Observer.

### A London Problem.

They are dealing with a psychological problem in London that is not on the cards. The "problem" is nothing less than a little baby boy in the Wickham workhouse, a scrap of a child only two years and four months old, who no sooner has to make any serious remark than he rolls forth such a string of unmitigated billingsgate that he petrifies all who hear him. He is described as a beautiful child with dark, soulful eyes, soft fair hair, chubby limbs and the face of an angel. At ordinary times he is the best of boys, but does anything upset his equanimity he brings into play such a volume of foul language that he quite contaminates the infant ward. Where the baby learned to curse and swear is the question. It has been so far a mystery, as his antecedents are unknown, and his age so tender his comprehension of the forms of language might well be of the slightest, but such does not appear to be the case. This little workhouse baby evidently knows what he is talking about.

### The Duty of Rest and Play.

Rest is just as much a necessity of life as Work is. In the face of the popular theory which supposes that work in itself is respectable unless it is proved to be wrong and that rest in itself is suspicious—that it must prove itself to be right; in the face of this popular theory, which is the theory of the spelling books, of careless talk and untrained consciences, I must remind you that Work and Rest have each its own place, and that neither must step beyond that place. In its right place and proportion Rest is as dignified, as creditable, as Work is.—Edward Everett Hale, 1857.

### His Little Deal.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the boarder. "You actually bought a gold brick?"

"Yes," answered the farmer, as he took the specimen tenderly and laid it on the mantelshelf. "All the city folks that came here expected to see one. It seemed like they wouldn't believe I was a regular farmer unless I could show a gold brick. So when I went to town and this was offered me I give the fellow \$99 in confederate money and a Canada quarter, which is cheaper than I could have made one myself."

### Ants in Battle.

The pugnacity of ants leads them to amuse themselves during long intervals of peace by sham battles. They rise upon their back feet, wrestle, seize each other by the jaws or legs, mount on each other's backs, roll over and over and engage in other antics. Neighboring communities of ants are prone to engage in wars which continue through weeks and months, and usually end with the annihilation of the weaker community.

## HE WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Good Reason for Man Blinking Home in the Dark and Avoiding Acquaintances.

In the small hours of the morning a man, carrying a heavy suitcase, hurried down the deserted streets of the sleeping city. His hurried footsteps, despite all caution, echoed in the quiet thoroughfare. He shifted the weight of the suitcase from one arm to the other; he appeared nervous and every sound caused him to start. His coat collar was turned up and his soft felt hat pulled well down over his watchful eyes.

The man was sorely tempted to risk the owl-car, for he had far to go and his burden was heavy, but when the car came with its load of boisterous men, singing and smoking, he dared not venture abroad. Instead he picked up the heavy suitcase and hurried down the darkest side of the street. Once he hurried by a man who turned and gave him a searching look. He tried to walk on as though uninterested, but his knees shook and his brow grew cold and damp, for he thought he recognized the man.

In the shadow of an alley he stood for a long time until two young men ended their late visit beneath an arc lamp and separated for the night. For an instant the street was empty, and hurrying across the street the man disappeared in the shadow of the porch of a handsome brown stone residence. A key grated softly in the lock, a door opened stealthily, and closed almost noiselessly.

"Safe at last," muttered the man, as he dropped the suitcase and mopped the cold sweat from his brow. "But I thought I'd never make it; twice I ran almost into acquaintances. Now I'll stay right indoors until these cursed sunburns heal before I venture out where all my friends can slap me on the back or pinch my arms and shoulders."

## POLICE WOMEN IN THE WEST

Cities of Portland and Seattle Are Said to Have Found the Innovation Satisfactory.

The cities of the west are never afraid of innovations, says the St. Paul Dispatch. This is one explanation of the existence of police women in Portland and Seattle. The other explanation must be found in the fact that these cities have discovered that police women are needed in the business of maintaining order and solving problems of order in the large cities. The old theory that men are the criminals and must be policed by men is giving way before the fact that there do appear from time to time women criminals, and especially before the fact that women can be saved before crime fixes them permanently in its possession.

In Portland there is a woman on the police force who has done efficient work in connection with the Young Women's Christian association—an other vital factor in large towns in the ordering of the city. She had also accomplished much as a probation officer. Having served her term in these, the woman was ready when Portland decided that it required a police woman. She is a regular member of the department, with the same recognition shown to men. In Seattle there is also a police woman, although her appointment is temporary—during the Alaska-Yukon exposition. In all probability, however, Seattle will find this one police woman of such value that she will be retained.

### China Shows Advancement.

A curious superstition, prevalent for centuries in China, will no longer be officially recognized. The Peking astronomical board presented a memorial to the prince regent recently, reporting a forthcoming eclipse of the moon and recommending the performance of the usual ceremonies. The memorial was rejected. On the occasion of eclipses of the sun or moon it has for centuries been customary in China for everybody, down to the meanest subject, to let off firecrackers and cause gongs to be beaten for frightening off the monster which is supposed to be swallowing the luminary, and for every mandarin holding office to burn candles and incense and prostrate himself before the darkening orb.

### Clock Resented Removal.

When representatives of the district collector of taxes attempted to remove from a Georgetown house yesterday a grandfather's clock which had been levied on in payment of personal taxes the old timepiece, which was in perfect running order when the officers entered the house, fell to pieces in a heap of debris.

The old clock was worth probably \$100 to any curb dealer or collector of that type of colonial furniture. It had been in service there for 75 years. When the officers unscrewed the clock from the wall preparatory to removing it it tumbled to pieces as if struck by the wand of a magician.—Washington Herald.

### Safe Offer.

Jones—Why on earth do you offer such a large reward for the return of that horrid, yapping, snapping cur?

Brown—To please my wife.

Jones—But such a large reward will be sure to bring him back.

Brown—O, no, it won't. He's dead. I drowned him myself.—Stray Stories.

### Heavenward.

Blinks (in 1910)—What kind of a funeral did Howard have?

Jinks—A mile of aeroplanes.—Life.

# Special Rates

to

## Chicago

account

## Triennial Conclave Knights Templar August 8 to 13

Tickets on sale August 5, 6, 7 and 8; one and one-half fares for round-trip, final limit to reach original starting point August 16; or by payment of an additional 50c time may be extended to September 6.

J. T. BIRMINGHAM, Agent,  
C. B. & Q. R. R.

FOREST CITY, MISSOURI.



## Now in Press

# Theodore Roosevelt's OWN BOOK African Game Trails

Gives in Book Form the Sole Account of His AFRICAN HUNT WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Agents WANTED NOW in every City, Town and Village to handle Colonel Roosevelt's Great Book

Early Subscriptions Filled by First Copies from the Press FOR FULL AGENTS' PROSPECTUS WRITE TO CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS 63 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

# SPECIAL OFFER!

UNTIL APRIL 1ST, 1910, EVERY SUBSCRIBER, NEW OR OLD, TO

## THE SENTINEL, who pays

One Year in Advance will receive, without one cent of extra cost, A Full Year's Subscription to

## The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer

In other words, will get both papers for only

# \$1.50

## All the News of the World and Home

Both Sides of Every Political Question Ably Discussed. Each Event of National and International Importance Fully Covered. All This, Together With Your Local News Carefully Edited, for

## THE PRICE OF THE SENTINEL ALONE

## A GREAT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

This is a common phrase often used without thought, but **The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer**, the only weekly published by a great Chicago daily, is a great newspaper in every sense of the word.

It prints a resume of the world's news, together with various departments of unusual attractiveness, such as: Field, Farm and Garden Topics, Home Health Club, Lost and Found Poems, Beauty Hints, Chess and Checkers, Veterinary, Complications, Home Circle, Sunday School Lessons, etc., etc.

It gives each week a sermon by some noted clergyman, a story by a distinguished author, and absolutely reliable Market Reports.

A full corps of special correspondents—editors and reporters, etc., trained in the most modern newspaper methods known to the American press, together with the Associated Press, City Press, Private Leased Wires, bringing all the dispatches of the New York World and the New York Press, make **The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer** a great up-to-the-minute weekly newspaper.

These features, together with a Special Magazine Department, make up the Leading Farm, Home and Newspaper of the West.

### OUR OFFER

Price of The Weekly Inter Ocean & Farmer \$1.00 a year  
The price of The Sentinel is \$1.50 a year  
The two papers, both one year, will cost only \$1.50

N. B.—This special arrangement with **The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer** is for a limited time only. Subscribers to **The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer** are assured that no papers will be sent after their subscriptions expire unless their subscriptions are renewed by cash payments.