

them have high collars, also. Not many women can afford to wear total dark blue without a touch of white. It is too sombre and is rather inclined to bring out the lines of the face but it is easy enough to slip in a bit of sheer fabric in white to soften the effect and it does not destroy the good points of the blouses either.

The much maligned furs which have been scoffed at through the summer will come into their own with these one-piece dresses for they will be a necessity, not a luxury and will be the only means milady has, snuggling close against her soft white throat, of warding off the cold chills which beset her as she leaves the warm home or shop for the bleak fall streets.

There are still plenty of summery things to be had in the shops and now is a good time to buy if you need a garment or two to get through the month of August for everything of that kind is "dirt cheap." Costumes which were sky high the first of the year have suffered a decided slump but lots of them are by no means a poor investment because carefully chosen they can be accommodated to future modes.

ANONYMOUS

By G. Charles Hodges.

It was Paris—in springtime.

But the little old lady in the carriage had no eyes for the milliner girls, with their handboxes, smiles and bunches of flowers. Even the budding of the elms and the chestnuts, the gay spots of the boulevards, meant nothing to her any more.

She sat very straight, for an elderly lady, in the landau. Her weary-lidded eyes were half shut; but it made no difference, for she saw things just as clearly—thinking back as old people will. Now and again she would smile tremulously at her two companions. And they would nod in sympathetic comprehension over what most of the hurrying world had forgotten. As the horses turned from the Champs Elysees, the friends watched her the more kindly. The carriage swung about a great open place vibrant with the shimmer of verdure crowding into full green—Paris, the captive of spring.

As for the little old lady, she only pressed her agitated lips together, then beckoned the coachman into the curb. Her friends hastened to step out; she laid a detaining hand on the door, a remonstrance of quiet dignity.

—No, my dears, would they remain in the carriage for a little while, because it was an old person's wish—to be alone in the Gardens?

They would, of course.

—Not even the footman to follow her?

Not even the footman.

And she smiled her appreciation to them.

She had not long, this springtime, in Paris. Moreover, one could not tell if there would be another for her. Old people could not count too much on tomorrow; long ago she had learned that it was only yesterdays that never failed, no matter how often taken from

the coverings of the past. She idled down the walks among the nursemaids with their serge capes and starched linen, and the precisely dressed children. The young ones stared after her—she seemed in some way the grandmother of the mall. And the nurses stopped flirting with the gendarmes long enough to wonder who she was, this old lady. As for her, the dead years fell away while she lived again the other mornings spent in the Gardens when it was springtime; the springtime of her days.

He-he! an old one! . . . She saw that the paths were nicely gravelled—just as they used to be; the grass plots were as blatant a green as in the other times. Even a flower bed—! She stooped closer and blinked her eyes, for they were not what they once were. Something hard kept coming into her throat as she reached for the single bloom. . . .

"Pardon, madame, but it is not permitted to pick the flowers here."

At the sound of the rough voice, perilously near, the little old lady started. She turned, to be confronted by a gardener standing inflexibly in the path. In a flash the reminiscent happiness dropped from her worn face.

The man shifted apologetically at

the sight of the pain in the little old lady's eyes—maledictions on the rules! He caught at his hat, relenting, with a jerk of courtesy. "But the flower in the hand, it is that you may keep it," he added, not ungraciously.

Agitated, the other clutched the ne m'oubliez pas in her thin white finger.

The gardener coughed discretely.

"If it might be asked—your name?" he ventured.

"My name?" repeated the little old lady. She looked at the forget-me-not in her hand, then away up the path. There seemed to be something recalled by it, for she drew herself up in a kind of imperial dignity. The gardener was almost impressed. Une grande dame? He regarded her closely as she spoke.

"I am Eugenie," she said simply

She smiled upon the republican with distant sweetness. She walked up the newly raked gravel, slowly, clasping the forget-me-not.

The gardener gazed after her—scratched his head.

"Eugenie! what do you know?" blankly interrogated the man. "Eugenie—eh, now—Eugenie—what?"

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