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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XV-Continued

-20-North Shore hostesses vied for the honor of entertaining these notables. Paula - pretty, clever, moneyed, shrewd-often emerged from these contests the winner. Her latest catch was Emile Goguet-Gen. Emile Gohero of Champagne Goguet of the stiff white beard, the empty left coarsleeve, and the score of medals, He was coming to America ostensibly to be the guest of the American di vision which, with Goguet's French troops, had turned the German onslaught at Champagne, but reafly, it was whispered, to cement friendly relations between his country and a somewhat diffident United States,

"And guess," thrilled Paula, "guess with's coming with him Diet and s coming with him. Dirk! That wenderful Roeif Pool, the French sculptor!"

"What d'you mean-French sculptor! He's no more French than I am. He was born within a couple of miles of my mother's farm. His people were Dutch truck farmers. His father lived in High Prairie until a year ago, when he died of a stroke."

When he told Selina she flushed like

a girl, as she sometimes still did when she was much excited. "Yes, I saw it in the paper. I wonder," she added, "if I shall see him."

That evening you might have seen her sitting, fingering the faded shabby time-worn objects the saving of which Dirk had denounced as sentimental. The crude drawing of the Haymarket; the wine-red cashmere dress; some faded brittle flowers.

Paula was giving a large-but not too large-dinner on the second night. She was very animated about it, excited, gay. "They say," she told Dirk 'that Goguet doesn't eat anything but hard-bolled eggs and rusks. Oh, well, the others won't object to squabs and mushrooms and things. And his hobby is his farm in Brittany. Pool's stunning-dark and somber and very white

Paula was very gay these days. Too gay. It seemed to Dirk that her nervous energy was inexhaustible— and exhausting. Dirk refused to adthe sallow heart-shaped exquisite face lean brown clutching fingers, the air of ownership. He had begun to dislike things about her as an unfaithful spouse is irritated by quite innocent mannerisms of his unconscious mate. She scuffed her heels a little when she walked, for example. It maddened him. She had a way of bit-ing the rough skin around her carefully tended nails when she was nervous. "Don't do that!" he said.

Dallas never irritated him. She rest ed him, he told himself. He would arm himself against her, but one minute after meeting her he would sink grate fully and resistlessly into her quiet depths. Sometimes he thought all this was an assumed manner in her.

"This calm of your-this effortless ness," he said to her one day, "is a pose, isn't it?" Anything to get her

What are you going to do with a girl like that !

him entirely, and who never held out tem. a finger to hold him. He tore at the smooth wall of her indifference, though he only cut and bruised his own hands "Is it because I'm a successful busi-

ness man that you don't like me?" "But I do like you. I think you're an awfully attractive man. Dungerous, that's wot."

Oh, don't be the wide eyed ingenue. You know d-d well what I mean You've got me and you don't want me. If I had been a successful architect instead of a successful business man

would that have made any difference? "Good Lord, no! Some day I'll prob-ably marry a horny-handed son of toll. and if I do it'll be the horny hands that will win me. If you want to know I like 'em with their sours on them. There's something about a man who has fought for it-I don't know what it is—a look in his eye—the feei of his hand. He needn't have been suc-cessful—though he probably would be. I don't know. I only know he—well. haven't a mark on you. Not a you're all smooth. I like 'em bumpy. That sounds terrible. It isn't what

"Oh, never mind," Dirk sald, wearily "I think I know what you mean. Lis-ten, Dalias. If I thought—I'd go back to Hollis & Sprague's and begin all over again at forty a week if I thought

a day. Dirk had not met them-was out on the porch to await Selina. She to meet them at Paula's dinner that was out on the west sixteen—the wes evening. He was curious about Pool sixteen that used to be unprolific, half but not particularly interested in the warrior. Restless, unhappy, wanting to see Dallas (he admitted it, bitterly) he dropped into her studio at an unaccustomed hour almost immediately after lunch and heard gay voices and

laughter. Dalas in a grimy smock and the scuffed kid slippers was entertaining two truants from Chicago society— Gen. Emile Goguet and Roelf Pool. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. She introduced Dirk as casually as though their presence were a natural and expected thing—which gray sweater was buttoned closely it was. She had never mentioned them to him. Yet now: "This is Dirk DeJong—Gen. Emile Goguet. We were
campaigners together in France.
Roelf Pool. So were we, weren't we,
ing soil. Her hair blew a little in the

Gen. Emile Goguet bowed formally. but his eyes were twinkling. He appeared to be having a very good time. Roelf Pool's dark face had lighted up with such a glow of surprise and pleasure as to transform it. He strode over to Dirk, clasped his hand, "Dirk De-Jong! Not-why, say, don't you know me? I'm Roelf Pool!"

"I ought to know you," said Dirk. "Oh, but I mean I'm—I knew you when you were a kid. You're Selina's Dirk. Aren't you? My Selina. I'm driving out to see her this afternoon. She's one of my reasons for being here. Why, I'm—" He was laughing, talking excitedly, like a boy. Dallas. all agrin, was enjoying it immensely.

"They've 'run away," she explained to Dirk, "from the elaborate program that was arranged for them this after noon. I don't know where the French got their reputation for being polite. The general is a perfect boor, aren't you? And scared to death of women. He's the only French general in captivity who ever took the trouble to learn English."

"We're all going," announced Dallas, and made a dash for the stuffy little bedroom off the studio.

Well, this was a bit too informal. "Going where?" inquired Dirk. The general, too, appeared bewildered. Roelf explained, delightedly. "It's plot. We're all going to drive out to your mother's. You'll go, won't you?

You simply must." "Go?" now put in General Goguet
"Where is it that we go? I though we stayed here, quietly. It is quiet here, and no reception committees. His tone was wistful.

Roelf attempted to make it clear. "Mr. DeJong's mother is a farmer. You remember I told you all about her in the ship coming over. She was wonderful to me when I was a kid. She was the first person to tell me what beauty was-is. She's magnificent. She raises vegetables.

"Ah! A farm! But yes! I, too, am a farmer. Well!" He shook Dirk's hand a nin. He appeared now for the first time to find him interesting.

"Of course I'll go. Does mother know you're coming? She has been hoping she'd see you, but she thought you'd grown so grand—"
"Wait until I tell her about the day

I landed in Paris with five francs in my pocket. No, she doesn't know we're coming, but she'll be there, won't she? I've a feeling she'll be there, exactly the same. She will, won't she?"
"She'll be there." It was early

spring; the busiest of seasons on the They were down the stairs and off in

the powerful car that seemed to be at the visitors' disposal. Through the loop, up Michigan avenue, into the South side. Chicago, often lowering and gray in April, was wearing gold and blue today. The air was sharp, but beneath the brusqueness of it was a gentle promise. Dallas and Pool were much absorbed in Paris plans, Paris reminiscences. "And do you re-member the time we . . . only seven francs among the lot of us and the pose, isn't it?" Anything to get her notice.

"Partly," Dallas had replied amiably.
"It's a nice pose though, don't you be great, Dallas ... remember what

Vibray said . . . study . . . work . . ." Dirk was wretched. He pointed out objects of interest to General Goguet. Here was the woman who could hold Sixty miles of boulevard. Park sys-Finest in the country. Grand boulevard. Drexel boulevard. Jackson park. Illinois Central trains. Terrible, yes, but they were electrifying Going to make 'em run by electricity. you know. Things wouldn't look so dirty, after that. Halsted street.

Longest street in the world.

And, "Ah, yes," said the general, politely. "Ah. yes. Quite so. Most interesting."

The rich black loam of High Prairie. A hint of fresh green things just peeping out of the earth. Hothouses.

Coldframes. The farm.
"But I thought you said it was a small farm:" said General Goguet, as they descended from the car. He looked about at the acreage. "It is small," Dirk assured him.

"Only about forty acres."

"Ah, well, you Americans. France we farm on a very small scale, you understand. We have not the land. The great vast country." He waved his right arm. You felt that if the left sleeve had not been empty he would have made a large and sweeping gesture with both arms.

Selina was not in the neat, quiet house. She was not in the neat, quiet house. She was not on the porch, or in the yard. Meena Bras, phlegmatic and unflustered, came in from the kitchen. Mis' DeJong was in the fields. She would call her. This she proceeded to do by, blowing three powerful blasts and again three on a horn which "Don't."

Chapter XVI

General Goguet and Roelf Pool had been in Chicago one night and part of went back to her work. They came

drowned muckland. Dirk felt a little uneasy, and ashamed that he should feel so.

Then they saw her coming, a small dark figure against the background of sun and sky and fields. She came swiftly, yet ploddingly, for the ground was heavy. They stood facing her, the four of them. As she came nearer they saw that she was wearing a dark skirt pinned up about her ankles to protect it from the wet spring earth and yet it was spattered with a bor about the straight, slim body. On he ing soil. Her hair blew a little in the gentle spring breeze. Her cheeks were faintly pink. She was coming up the path now. She could distinguish their faces. She saw Dirk; smiled, waved. Her glance went inquiringly to the others—the bearded man in uniform, the tall girl, the man with the dark vivid face. Then she stopped, su ly, and her hand went to her heart as hough she had felt a great pang, and her lips were parted, and her eyes enormous. As Roelf came forward swiftly she took a few quick, running steps toward him, like a young girl. He took the slight figure in the mudspattered skirt, the rough gray sweater and the battered old hat into his arms

They had had tea in the farm sitting room and Dallas had made a little moaning over the beauty of the Dutch luster set. Selina had entertained them with the shining air of one who is robed in silk and fine linen. She and General Goguet had got on famously from the start, meeting on the common ground of asparagus culture.

"But how thick?" he had demanded, for he, too, had his pet asparagus beds on the farm in Brittany. "How thick at the base?"

Selina made a circle with thumb and forefinger. The general groaned with envy and despair. He was very com-fortable, the general. He partook argely of tea and cakes. He flattered Selina with his eyes. She actually dim-pled, flushed, laughed like a girl. But it was to Roelf she turned: it was on



Worn Hand and Kissed It.

Roelf that her eyes dwelt and rested It was with him she walked when she was silent and the others talked. It was as though he were her one son, and had come home. Her face was rådiant, beautiful.

Seated next to Dirk, Dallas said. in a low voice: "There, that's what I mean. That's what I mean when I say I want to do portraits. Not por-traits of ladies with a string of pearls and one lily hand half hidden in the folds of a satin skirt. I mean character portraits of men and women who are really distinguished looking—disinguishedly American, for example like your mother."

Dirk looked up at her quickly, half smiling, as though expecting to find her smiling, too. But she was not smiling. "My mother!"

"Yes, if she'd let me. With that fine lendid face all lit up with the light that comes from inside; and the jawline like that of the women who came over in the Mayflower; or crossed the continent in a covered wagon; and her eyes! And that battered funny gor geous bum old hat and the white shirtwaist-and her hands! She's heauti ful. She'd make me famous at one

leap. You'd see!"
Dirk stared at her. It was as though he could not comprehend. Then he turned in his chair to stare at his Selina was talking to Roelf.

"And you've done all the famous men of Europe, haven't you. Roelf! To think of it! You've seen the world, and you've got it in your hand. Little Roelf Pool. And you did it all alone. In spite of everything."

Roelf leaned toward her. He put

Roelf leaned toward her. He put his hand over her rough one. "Cabbages are beautiful," he said. Then they both laughed as at some exquisite joke. Then, seriously: "What a fine life you've had, too, Selinn. A full life, and a rich one and successful."
"I!" exclaimed Selinn. "Why, Roelf, I've been here all these years, just where you left me when you were a boy. I think the very hat and dress forway, I'm wearing might be the same I wore them. Twe been nowhere, done nothing, seen nothing. When I think of all the places I was going to see! All the things I was going to do!"

"You've been everywhere in the world," said Roelf, "You've seen all the places of great beauty and light. You remember you told me that your father had once said, when you were a little girl, that there were only two kinds of people who really mattered in the world. One kind was wheat and

the other kind emeralds. You're wheat, Selina.' "And you're emerald," said Selina, quickly.

The general was interested but uncomprehending. He gianced now at the watch on his wrist and gave a little exclamation. "But the dinner! Our hostess Madame Storm! It is very fine to run awily but one must come back. Our so beautiful hostess." He had sprung to his feet.
"She is beautiful, isn't she?" said

"No," Roelf replied, abruptly. "The mouth is smaller than the eyes. When the mouth is smaller than the eyes there is no real beauty. Now Dallas here-

"Yes, me," scoffed Dallas, all agrin, "There's a grand mouth for you. If a large mouth is your notion of beauty then I must look like Helen of Troy to

"You do," said Roelf, simply. Inside Dirk something was saying, over and over, "You're nothing but a rubber stamp, Dirk DeJong. You're nothing but a rubber stamp." Over

and over.
"These dinners!" exclaimed the general. "I do not wish to seem ungra-cious, but these dinners! Much rather would I remain here on this quiet and beautiful farm." At the porch steps he turned, brought

his heels together with a sharp smack, bent from the waist, picked up Selina's rough work-worn hand and kissed it. And then, as she smiled a little, uncertainly, her left hand at her breast, her cheeks pink, Roelf, too, kissed her hand tenderly.
"Why," said Selina, and laughed a

soft tremulous little laugh, "Why, I've never had my hand kissed before.'

She stood on the porch steps and waved at them as they were whirled swiftly away, the four of them. A slight straight little figure in the plain white blouse and the skirt spattered with the soll of the farm.

"You'll come out again?" she had said to Dallas. And Dallas had said yes, but that she was leaving soon for Paris, to study and work. "When I came back you'll let me do

your portrait?" "My portrait!" Selina had exclaimed,

onderingly.

Now as the four were whirled back to-Chicago over the asphalted Halsted road they were relaxed, a little tired. They yielded to the narcotic of spring

hat was in the air. Roelf Pool took off his hat. In the cruel spring sunshine you saw that the black hair was sprinkled with gray. "On days like this I refuse to believe that I'm forty-five. Dallas, tell me

"You're not forty-five," said Dallas in her leisurely caressing voice.

Roelf's lean brown hand reached over frankly and clasped her strong

white one. "When you say it like that,

Dallas, it sounds true." "It is true," said Dallas. They dropped Dallas first at the habby old Ontarlo street studio, then Dirk at his smart little apartment, and

went on. Dirk turned his key in the lock. Saki, the Japanese houseman, slid cut from the black satin and outlined sliently into the hall making little hiss- with narrow black braid. The neck ing noises of greeting. On the correct finish is unique and beautiful. Long offer about the best medium for frocks little console in the hall there was a ties made of satin are knotted at the correct little pile of letters and invitations. He went through the Italian living room and into his bedroom. The Jap followed him. Dirk's correct evening clothes (made by Peel the English tailor of Michigan boulevard) were laid correctly on his bed—trousers, vest, shirt, coat; fine, immaculate.

"Messages, Saki?" "Missy Stlom telephone." Leave any message?"

"No. Say s'e call 'gain." "All right, Saki." He waved him away and out of the room. The man went, and closed the door softly behind him as a correct Jap servant should. Dirk took off his coat, his vest, and threw them on a chair near the bed. He stood at the bedside looking down at his Peel clothes, at the glossy shirtfront that never bulged. A bath, he thought, dully, automatically. Then, quite suddenly, he flung himself on the fine silk-covered bed, face down, and lay there, his head in his arms very still. He was lying there half an hour later when he heard the telegentle deferential rap at the bedroom

ITHE END.1

Geese on Guard

Wild geese are extremely wary, and take nothing for granted. While feed-ing they have a perfect system of sen-tries. Not content with this, every round high up to see that nothing is even approaching them from a dis-

and their sense of smell is also. Certainly, if they are approached down wind, they are up and away at once, even if the greatest care has been taken to keep out of sight.

They have a cry like a pack of bounds, which may have given rise to

The ensemble idea has taken root in the minds of discriminating women and is set forth in all the details of and is set forth in all the details of this tollette. A hat of white georgette has the simplest sort of trimmingmerely folds of the material conched down over the crown and a brim binding of black velvet. There is a short strand of pearls about the neck, and the shoes—their wearer points with pride to them as really the most original in design of any item in her costume. They are made of soft black kid, piped with white, and have diagonal instep and ankle straps. No feet were ever more exquisitely clady This hounds, which may have given rise to many of the legends of ghostly packs that are said to hunt an equally ghost-

Only Real Growth

ome men grow, others just swell it most frequently happens that latter swell in the head, rather up. It most trees the latter swell in the head, than elsewhere, and a little largely contributes to this, growth is marked by develope mind, heart, and soul.—Crit.

TOGGED IN BLACK AND WHITE; PARIS FINERY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

WOMEN may have been more is the end of a perfect ensemble and its owner may go on her way entirely satisfied with it.

Paris sends over a few pictures of forgotten era-they may have been. But mankind is unanimously inclined to give them a vote of confidence, in case they choose to challenge all other periods of recorded history, to com-parisons. The clothes of today are

its small aristocrats, much dressed up, and among them are two of tiny boys clad in silk, as pictured here. Upon rare occasions, even the small boy must be ceremoniously clothed—so let us consider how the French dis-



DESIGNED FOR MIDSUMMER WEAR

PARIS DESIGNS FOR THE YOUNG

end and finished with many falling loops of narrow ribbon.

The ensemble idea has taken root in the minds of discriminating women and is set forth in all the details of this tollette. A hat of white georgette has the simplest sort of trimmingmerely folds of the material couched down over the crown and a brim binding of black velvet. There is a short strand of pearls about the neck, and the shoes—their wearer points with pride to them as really the most original in design of any item in her costume. They are made of soft black kild, piped with white, and have disconsi instep and ankie straps. No feet were ever more exquisitely clad. This

simple, comfortable, elegant and, pose of an uncomfortable half hour or above all, beautiful, and, by way of proof, the costume pictured above, designed for midsummer wear, is offered as "exhibit A." Nothing more unusual than black,

crepe-back satin and white crepe de chine, which can be purchased anywhere, are required for this fine bit of artistry in dressmaking and one of the most gratifying things about present-day modes and materials is that anyone who chooses may have them. It takes very little fabric to make a frock and styles are not difficult for the home dressmaker to copy. The model pictured is a straightline pattern varied ty plaited godets set in at each side at the hipline of the skirt portion. This gives the dress the fashionable flare besides added grace of line and freedom in walking. The undersleeves and shirt-bosom front of the crepe de chine are prettily adorned with small, oak-leaf design,

designed for little girls.

At the left of the picture nothing

less magnificent than marine blue satin makes the straight coat and very short pants with a vest in white with small red buttons. The smaller boy at the right is almost more resplendent in a suit of red crepe, with jabot at the white batiste.

In little girls' summer clothes Paris reveals its partiality for the ensemble idea and presents pretty frocks of sheer materials, very simply made and adorned with drawn work. These frocks have, usually, short yokes and are sleeveless. The dresses, gathered to the yokes, are very short and have narrow hems; it is just above these hems and on the yokes, that the drawn work appears, in different designs. A of adornment. Pastel colored voller



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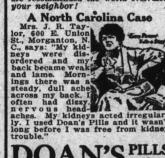
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Interest Has Mounted

There is entered in a bank book owned by Mrs. M. Clifton Edson, East Bridgewater, Mass., a deposit of \$5 by her mother, Harriet A. Holbrook, made October 28, 1848, and upon which nothing more is recorded deposited or withdrawn. The \$5 has accumulated interest until it has grown to \$159.10.

Good counsels observed are claims of grace.—Thomas Fuller.

Tired, Lame, Achy? Are you dragging around with a coastant backache? Feel weak, worn and achy; so miserable you can'tenjoy a moment's comfort? How about your kidneys? Well kidneys filter off body poisons. But when the kidneys slow up, poisons accumulate and upset the system. Backache is apt to follow, with sharp pains, dizziness and annoying kidney irregularities. Don't delay! If you suspect faulty kidney action, use Doan's Pills. Doan's have helped thousands—are recommended the world over. Ask your neighbor!



STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDN Foster-Milburn Co., Mig. Chem., Buffalo,



Cuticura Talcum Is Soothing For Baby's Skin Nobility at Work

Mrs. E. H. Tattersall, who mar-ried a son of a British lord, started to work in a dressmaking establishment within a week after her marriage. Her husband consented to the employment because his wife desired to do some kind of work.

