

Two Samples of the most recent productions of the Parisian Dressmak ing geniuses.

FOR RAINY

Fashions and Customs Have Undergone Remarkable Change in the Past Ten Years.

Fashions and customs have changed everwhelmingly in the past ten years, but in no other respect more than in the rainy day garb. Everyone remembers with many a hearty laugh the way people used to look out of the window and say, in a resigned way: "Well, it's raining." That meant very positively that good looking clothes were not in decent taste in such weather, and one must wear a mackintosh-was there ever a more hideous garment made?-heelless rubbers, dark clothes, shabby shoes and one's oldest hat. And who ever did enjoy the girl who looks on the cheerful side purple hat that, of course, has no

NEW PARIS MODEL



are high and thick, but they are just as good looking as those she keeps for sunny days, and often, to add another bit of color, she carries a red or purple silk umbrella. It keeps the rain off just as well as a black one and it just makes you feel better. It is wonderful what a becoming hat and gay umbrella can do toward chasing away the blues on a stormy day.

SOAP TABLETS FOR TOURISTS

New Preparation That is Likely to Appeal to Traveler of Fastidious Tastes,

Somehow soap powder has never

taken the fancy of fastidous folk. It is not especially pleasant to use and it never smells like anything but anything in her oldest hat! Nowadays the washroom of a railway station or department store. It, moreover, has a of things and rather enjoys the rainy way of sprinkling itself around everyday for a change has a bright red or where except on the hands in a messy and disagreeable way, and dainty wofeathers, but is plain and serviceable, men who travel will have none of but which she knows is most becom- it, preferring to carry the wet cake ing. She wears her tailored suit, but of personally preferred toilet scap It has a short skirt and is protected by in a rubber lined receptacle in the a good looking raincoat. Her shoos traveling bag. A new soap tablet, however, will be likely to appeal to the fastidious traveler, because of its convenience and the attractive way it is put up. Fifty of these tablets are packed like bonbous in a pretty little box less than three inches square. A pair of nickel tweezers are tucked in the box for extracting the tabletsagain like bonbons—and the tablets themselves, though firm in composition, dissolve easily in the water, And the entire package costs no more than the ordinary cake of good tollet

HAIR A LA POMPADOUR AGAIN

French Expert Says Style of Half dressing for This Season Will Be Simple.

An indication of the fashions in hairdressing for the forthcoming season was given at a meeting of more than 400 hairdressers from London, Brussels and Berlin in London re-

"The tendency is," said a famous Paris hairdresser, "for the hair to be dressed upwards, and, in fact, to show a return to the pompadour style. The keynote of the new fashion is simplicity. There will be practically no chignon, and the hair will not, as formerly, be brushed flat over the ears. The new style should be especially suitable for the Englishwoman."

Blue and White China.

Blue and white German china, decwith Deift designs, is good for the blue breakfast table. made on good lines, is thin enough to be dainty and thick enough to be durable. A coffee cup and saucer in this china is priced 50 cents. An interesting piece of blue and white fluted Copenhagen tableware is a square egg dish with scalloped top stem in each of the eight scallops.

New Tallored Walet. A new washable shirtwaist is made up on the lines of a man's shirt, with platted bosom front, dickey collar and black cravat. It may also be had it

"Long Time Sleep" Intends to **Take Part in Coming National** Reliability Run.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATION

Expert at Handling the Wheel, and is Expected to "Make Good" in the Contest Wherein the Leading Drivers Will . Take Part.

Long Time Sleep, a wealthy Indian of the Glacier National Park reservation, Montana, joined the American Automobile association at a meeting of motorists held in the Minneapolis Commercial club, April 10, and he will enter his car in the national reliability run which starts from Minneapolis July 11 and ends at the eastern gateway to Glacier National Park July 19. The tour covers about 1,200 miles. This is the first instance on record of an Indian joining the American Automobile association. Long Time Sleep enjoys the distinction of being the most fluent "talker" in the universa! sign language of the American Indians. He is of the Peigan nation and does not speak a word of English.



"Long Time Sleep."

He is an expert handler of the automobile and has enjoyed motoring with his Indian friends in the new National park in northwestern Montana ever since it was created by an act of congress in 1910. Long Time Sleep. despite his name, is very much awake all the while and he expects to be able to make as good a score as any of his paleface competitors in the long drive across Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana. He says he will have his Indian friends scatter buckskin confetti over the last lap of the journey as a mark of welcome to the white autoists entering upon the reservation domain of the red man. Indications are there will be close

to 100 automobiles in the tour Louis W. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great North ern railway, himself an enthusiastic automobilist, good roads advocate and one of the contestants in the tour, has agreed to run a palatial "automobile hotel train" without a single paid fare, in order that the motorists may have adequate eating and sleeping accommodations en route. This train will consist of sleeping cars, dinera, an automobile repair car and a baggage car containing a newspaper plant, with an engraving outfit for the publication of the world's first automobile paper ever printed "on wheels." Newspaper correspondents accompanying the tour will get out this novel sheet daily during the trip.

Body Frames and Shells.

Nothing shows more plainly the quality of its finish than a fine motor. but few people have any idea of the amount of attention given to the details of design and finish nowadays. The high-grade coach work of former days was built entirely of wood, but the intricate curves and lines of the modern motor car put wood out of the question, considered from the point of view of permanently satisfactory results. Years were put into experimenting and trying out various kinds of metal until a prominent company at last hit upon an aluminum alloy, from which their own shops in the new works at East Springfield shaped the outer shells of the different body styles. Inside of these are the wooden frames of oak or ash which keep the shells in place. This is the way the problem of excessive weight is met.

So far as possible joints are avoided in the woodwork, for joints always, everywhere, are a source of weakness. To give the wooden frame the with a dainty egg cup held by the strength necessary to withstand the racking strains to which a motor car is subjected for any length of time the joints are all 'Ironed' or reinforced with metal at the points where the heaviest strain comes. Wherever it is possible, any wooden strip in the frame is bent instead of being jointed in a fine motor car.

LOVER MEANS BETTER PRICES

MOTOR TRUCK OF FREQUENT VALUE TO THE FARMER.

Helps in Getting Goods to Market Quickly -- Co-operative Scheme Might Be Put in Force.

The rapid changes in market prices of fruit and produce from day to day have much to do with the farmer's profits. By placing his goods to the commission man's hands at the right instant he is often able to realize several dollars more on a single day's harvest. The importance of a swift and reliable motor truck in assisting him to do this can hardly be overesti-

truck is also winning a place in the hearts of the small miller. Flour is being hauled to the large cities by trucks from small towns which are not far enough away to make railroad shipment profitable. In one case a truck makes a round trip of 54 miles hauling 21/2 to 3 tons of flour on from 16 to 18 gallons of gasoline. Formerly it took two teams between two and three days to make the same trip Another miller hauls flour to his customers within a radius of 50 miles of his place. Usually, too, old farm wagons are used for trailers and the motors pull these along, well loaded a feat that was impossible in the past.

Weary workers of the city who delight in spending their summer vacations on favorite farms have noted the swift introduction and extensive use of the motor car by the farmer. The wise tiller of the soil has even applied this knowledge to the transfer of his milk. There was a time that the small city boy delighted in rising early during his stay on the farm and riding to the creamery with the hired man in a light wagon. Now this is being changed so that a motor truck carries the milk. Co-operation among the farmers is also a factor, for any number in a community are making a combined investment, and finding that such an action makes a return in profits.

Numerous co-operative plans have been suggested since the farmer has begun to realize the value to him of motor-driven vehicles. Among these is one which would have the merchants of a central village work in touch with the farmers in outlying parts, so that each could have their goods delivered with the greatest dispatch and at the least possible cost And with the attention now being giv. en to the transportation of milk and cream to the cities this could be worked out on a schedule that would do away with the necessity of having milk standing for hours on hot and dirty platforms. In some cases the places would be close enough to the cities to make direct deliveries at lower figures than the railroads, and where the distance was too far less time would be necessary in hanling to shipping points

MAKES A SAVING OF GASOLINE

Dependable Cranking Device Dees More Than increase the Effielency and Comfort.

"In addition to increasing the efficlency and comfort of an automobile. a dependable cranking device is a material factor in gasoline economy." says a well-known driver. "In driving around the city much of the fuel is consumed while the engine is running idle. At least such is the case forgot when the car is not equipped with an efficient automatic cranking device. Ir. city work, a driver rolls up to the curb, jumps out, makes a brief call and is off again to the next place. He often makes many such stops in a day. If he have no automatic starter he will let the engine run because he does not want to undergo the annoyance and the labor of cranking. To go through that operation 10, 20 or more times a day entails a great deal of energy and consumes time. Therefore, he lets the engine run idle so that he can step in and drive away without loss of time and without the outlay of physical effort.

"If, on the other hand, his car is equipped with a dependable cranking device, he will stop his engine, no matter how brief his call may be, because he knows that all that is required to start it again is to press the button. Consequently the car so equipped is consuming no gasoline during these frequent stops and has that much advantage in fuel economy over the car that must be cranked by hand."

Use for Vacuum Cleaner.

Almost every motorist knows how difficult it is to remove dust and dir from an automobile top and the upholstery. If you can have the use of through. You'll only be deported." a vacuum cleaner, that is the best method I know of.

Brushing a mohair top will remove the surface dust, both inside and out. but a lot of dust remains in the fabric itself, and it is impossible to remove this except by the means I have suggested. Of course, the outside of a rubber or composition top should be many years together. Then across his washed, and the cleaner used on the memory flashed a picture of Blancalining.

leather or cloth, the vacuum cleaner beyond the heavy screen opened now is splendid. It draws every atom of and closed with much grating of locks. dirt and other accumulations from As through a mist he saw the figures of around the buttons, bindings, etc.

One of the hardest objects in the world to keep clean is an automobile, because it gathers dust with every ing idle in the street, so the annual as it can be made.

The Faith of Mari

A Case of Too Many Wires

By AGNES G. BROGAN

A great city. There is a noise in the streets, over the streets, under the streets. A whirling mass of human beings in the morning rolls down from the north like the ebbing tide and flows Aside from the farmer the motor up again in the evening. And all night the whiri goes on, but a different whirl. There is a glow of electric lights; the streets are full now not of workers, but of pleasure seekers. They pour into the theaters, into the hotels, into the restaurant. And then they pour out

Captives in the cage of the city jail, men moved about like bees in some mammoth hive, and not unlike the buzzing of bees came the continual bum of their low voiced conversation. Here rough faced men passed the anxious hours, engaged boisterously in a game of cards, while over there others sat lost in deep brooding dejection.

One figure alone seemed to stand apart, different from them all. This to go. difference might have been accounted tain infectious light of good humor in the boyish blue eyes, an irresponsible air of happiness, which distinguished Peter Olaf from his companions in crime. Once again he walked the length of the long room, keeping time to his step by a subdued though merry whistle; then he paused sociably at the side of a prisoner who glowered up at bim. Peter spoke with a soft foreign accent.

"That makes twelve times around," he said. The man addressed lumbered to his feet, joining the youth in his

"What chu here for?" he growled. The boyish blue eyes widened, while a dull red crept to the blond hair on Peter's forehead, "Bigamy," he anstill with a muttered exclamation.

"Bigniny," he repeated, and exclaimed again-"bigamy, a kid like you?

What chu do it for?" Peter Olaf shook his head. "I didn't the screen with reproachful eyes, mean to," he said slowly. "I-I don't "You unworthy, l'eter?" she said ten-

new country Mari and I were mar-

"Some day I would send her money; then she must come to me. So I told her we would be rich here and happy. And Mari was glad. At first I wrote to her long letters, and then"- Peter stopped abruptly. When he spoke again his tone was harder, more constrained.

"Well, in the house where I boarded lived Blanca. I was lonely here in the strange country-oh, very, very

"Blanca was most kind and beautiful, Together we went to many placesout upon the ferryboats in the moonlight, down to the sands of the sea. And Mari seemed to fade away so far I could scarce remember her face. It grew dim like a dream one has almost

"And so I did not send to Mari the money. May not one have a new wife in a new country when one shall never return to the old? Blanca also had a lover who would have married

"This she told me." The boy passed his hand across his forehead. "So what could I do?" he asked. "Could I lose Blanca?" And then that very day when we were married Mari comes along to this country. Alone she had worked and saved, and now "And Mari asks them to find me

for her-the officials and when they find me I am married again. So you see it is bigainy. That is what they tell me, and I must be held for trial." The boy clutched the prisoner's sleeve fearfully. "What will they do with me?" he cried.

The hardened man, whose own crime had brought suffering to many, stared disgustedly into the frightened face.

"Do with you," he answered flercely -"do with you? I don't know, but I hope they will lock you up. I hope they make you work as she never thought of working-that little Russian thing you deserted. Chances are they con't do it, though. That innocent, baby face of yours will carry you

"Deported?" questioned the boy eagerly. The man turned on his beel. "Yes," he answered gruffly-"sent back where your kind belong."

Peter Olaf stood considering. He seemed to see again the little village that had been his home, the tiny schoolhouse where he and Mart had gone so Blanca of the crimson lips and laugh-Even on the upholstery, whether of ing eyes. The great oaken doors just

an officer and a girl. "Forty-five!" rang out the officer's voice, and the girl's slender figure came waveringly, indistinctly, toward him. mile it travels and even while stand- A moment she stood, her white face pressed close against the veiling wires. spring cleaning should be as thorough | her dark eyes shining golden black in the reflected light. Then with a joyful, half in the late cry Mart emopou

her tremb.in tands. "Peter," she whispered--"oh, Peter!" Dumbly the guilty youth stood peering through his cage. The woolen shawl which the girl wore fell back from ber head, revealing the well remembered clustering curls. The sound of his home tongue upon her lips brought a sob to Peter's throat.

"I came," Mari went on breathlessly, "to you, beloved. Because you had not been able to send me money, should that then keep us apart? So I worked and worked." The words melted into a soft, little laugh. "Oh, you did not know that I could be so clever, Petercould of myself earn so much money. enough to bring me to the far America. But me, alone-I did it." The triumphant tone turned now to one of deep compassion. "And you, my Peter"the girl said quickly-"they have made you suffer. Because of a cruel, wicked mistake they have placed you here behind their great locked doors.

"'He is married in this country,' the men tell me, but I ask them how can that be. It is foolish, for is not my Peter my husband, and have I not here our printed records? But the interpreter is very stupid, and he will not understand, and he tells me over and over again, 'Peter Olaf is married,' so I come away angry."

The girl tossed her head. "Be brave, beloved," she said, "and all will yet be

"Do not grieve that I must go back, for so they have ordered. 'Return at once to your own country,' the stern man said, as though that were punishment to me. I am glad-glad

"Here the people are so strange and for by the jaunty suit and cap and fine and grand; here no one cares." the high white collar which the young | Mari caught her breath sharply. Tears man wore; but, after all, it was a cer- welled in the golden black eyes. She waited, wondering at his silence, and then, with a sudden hopeless gesture, Peter stretched forth his arms.

"Mari," he murmured brokenly, "if I could but touch your hand."

"Have I not, then, the same longing?" she answered tremulously. "But when they have learned their mistake, Peter, when they know of their wrong, then they will set you free, and you will hasten back to our happy home

"There will I be to welcome you and see in the garden our fruits and flowers are growing and upon the hills our sheep. So you will be content and happy forevermore, so you will never care again to wander."

"Mari." the boy cried out in despair, nounced briefly. The elder man stood "how may I then come to you-I who am so unworthy?"

An attendant laid a kindly hand upon the girl's shoulder. "Time's up," he reminded. Mari looked back through

derly. "You"- Then obediently Mari "It just happened. Far away in Rus- followed on up the stair. Outside besia was Mart. Before I came to this fore the jall a dark faced Italian paused to adjust the golden harp which he carried. At his side, in bizarre costume, tripped a red lipped girl. With a swift sidelong glance at the man she flirted her beribboned tambourine.

"I go in there, Toni," she said. "I not play on the boat today." The Italian stood looking down upon her with a sort of dogged devotion.

"You go to see him, Bianca," be said -"he who was not your husband. He fool you and lie to you, yet you can forgive?" The girl shrugged her shoul-

"What do I forgive?" she asked pertly. "He leave her for me. If he leave me for her'-Blanca's eyes narrowed--"but l'etro he not do that," she said. Halfway to the impressive entrance she turned back to smile at him. "You wait for me, Toni?' she called, and the Italian answered with sad resigns-

"Always I wait for you, Blanca." She smiled at Peter also, showing her pretty white teeth, as he drew near the forbidding sereen. "Hello!" she greeted him gayly.

"Hello, but I cannot shake handa." "Would you?" Peter asked her gravely. "Would you if you could?"

"Why not?" laughed Bianca, "You will be free," she added quickly. "I ask the man at the desk if they send you to jail, and he frown, and he say he think not. They send you lack perhaps where you belong. But, Petro," she whispered softly, "when you are free you will come back to me? Promise. I am your wife."

The boy leaned wearily against the screen. Through it came the fragrant breath of roses in her hair.

"Promise, Petro," the girl caressingly implored him. "I will come back to you. Bianca," he answered evenly. She laughed a

little as she turned away. "Goodby," she said. And as she came out again into the light and found the Italian still waiting in pa-

tient hopelessness Blanca anticipated the burning question of his eyes. "No," she said, slowly shaking her head; "no, Toni; he never come back to me; never, any more." The man

leaned forward, unbelieving "He told you that?" he asked eagerly. "He not tell me," Blanca replied,

with a shrewd little smile. "He not need to tell me: I know." "Beloved." the man entreated and

spoke no other word. For a moment the singing girl swayed her tambourine teasingly before her mocking face; then, suddenly serious, she gazed at him across the tinkling bells.

"Your kind, Toni," she said gently: "the slow kind. It is the best."

And far out upon the pier another girl sat, her upraised face glorified in the light of the setting sun, her dark eyes filled with dreams. "Deported," murmured a pitying voice, but the immigrant girl was smiling happily as she followed the long line into the great white ship. Mari had entered upon the journey into her promised land.