

Latest Fashions Seen on the Aristocratic Boise de Bologne



Two Samples of the most recent productions of the Parisian Dressmaking geniuses.

CLOTHES FOR RAINY DAYS

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

Fashions and customs have changed overwhelmingly in the past ten years, but in no other respect more than in the rainy day garb.

NEW PARIS MODEL.



Model of new and other broadened styles, with and without collars, and the latest forming the latest designs.

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.

SOAP TABLETS FOR TOURISTS

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

Somewhat soap powder has never taken the fancy of fastidious folk. It is not especially pleasant to use and it never smells like anything but the washroom of a railway station or department store.

HAIR A LA POMPADOUR AGAIN

French Expert Says Style of Hair-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 recently.

"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.

Blue and White China. Blue and white German china, decorated with Delft designs, is good china for the blue breakfast table. It is made on good lines, is thin enough to be dainty and thick enough to be durable.

INDIAN AUTO LOVER

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

IS 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.



"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.

Louis W. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern 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 on route.

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.

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 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.

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 in the commission man's hands at the right instant he is often able to realize several dollars more on a single day's harvest.

Aside from the farmer the motor truck is also winning a place in the hearts of the small miller. Flour in being hauled to the large cities by trucks from small towns which are not far enough away to make railroad shipment profitable.

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.

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.

MAKES A SAVING OF GASOLINE

Dependable Cranking Device Does More Than Increase the Efficiency and Comfort.

"In addition to increasing the efficiency 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 when the car is not equipped with an efficient automatic cranking device.

"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 dirt from an automobile top and the upholstery. If you can have the use of 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 washed, and the cleaner used on the lining.

Even on the upholstery, whether of leather or cloth, the vacuum cleaner is splendid. It draws every atom of dirt and other accumulations from around the buttons, bindings, etc.

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 up again in the evening.

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 hum of their low voiced conversation.

One figure alone seemed to stand apart, different from them all. This difference might have been accounted for by the jaunty suit and cap and the high white collar which the young man wore; but, after all, it was a certain infectious light of good humor in the boyish blue eyes, an irresponsible air of happiness, which distinguished Peter Olaf from his companions in crime.

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

"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 announced briefly. The elder man stood still with a muttered exclamation.

"Bigamy," he repeated, and exclaimed again—"bigamy, a kid like you? What chu do it for?" Peter Olaf shook his head. "I didn't mean to," he said slowly. "I—I don't know."

"It just happened. Far away in Russia was Mari. Before I came to this new country Mari and I were married.

"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 Bianca. I was lonely here in the strange country—oh, very, very lonely.

"Bianca was most kind and beautiful. Together we went to many places—out 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 forgot.

"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? Bianca also had a lover who would have married her.

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

"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 bigamy. That is what they tell me, and I must be held for trial." The boy clenched 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 fiercely—"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 won't do it, though. That innocent baby face of yours will carry you through. You'll only be deported."

"Deported?" questioned the boy eagerly. The man turned on his heel. "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 school-house where he and Mari had gone so many years together. Then across his memory flashed a picture of Bianca—Bianca of the crimson lips and laughing eyes. The great oaken doors just beyond the heavy screen opened now and closed with much grating of locks. As through a mist he saw the figures of an officer and a girl.

"Forty-five!" rang out the officer's voice, and the girl's slender figure came waveringly, indistinctly, toward him. A moment she stood, her white face pressed close against the veiling wires, her dark eyes shining golden black in the reflected light. Then with a joy-

ful, half-sobbing cry Mari clasped her trembling hands.

"Peter," she whispered—"oh, Peter!" Dumbly the guilty youth stood peering through his cage. The woeen shawl which the girl wore fell back from her 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, Peter—could 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 well.

"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 to go.

"Here the people are so strange and fine and grand; here no one cares." Mari caught her breath sharply. Tears 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 land.

"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, "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 the screen with reproachful eyes.

"You unworthy, Peter?" she said tenderly. "You"—Then obediently Mari followed on up the stair. Outside before the jail 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 ribboned 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," he said—"he who was with your husband. He fool you and lie to you, yet you can forgive?" The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"What do I forgive?" she asked pertly. "He leave her for me. If he leave me for her—Bianca's eyes narrowed—"but Pietro 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 resignation:

"Always I wait for you, Bianca." She smiled at Peter also, showing her pretty white teeth, as he drew near the forbidding screen.

"Hello!" she greeted him gayly. "Hello, but I cannot shake hands."

"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 luck perhaps where you belong. Rut, Pietro," 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, Pietro," 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 patient hopelessness Bianca 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," Bianca 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.