

TEN DOLLARS

Kathrine had put the \$10 bill in the small inside pocket of her blue serge coat. She was sure of that. There was a walk of four lonely blocks between the "L" station and her rooming house, and she was afraid of holdups; so she carried just the loose change in her purse and with a stout pin fastened the inner flap of the pocket over the bill. And then two days later she deliberately left the coat in the cleaner's shop, and left the bill in it. It made her heart-sick. She had been two long months saving the \$10. Eight dollars a week left small margin for saving after room rent, car fare and meals had been accounted for, and it had vexed her to break into it to pay for cleaning the coat. She would never again sit beside Myrtle in a cafeteria. Myrtle was at the notions counter, which adjoined the hosiery, where Kathrine was stationed, and Myrtle always spilled something at lunch. Once it was her coffee; but that time she only damaged her own clothes. Mostly it was bread or cooking which are not injurious. This time it had been tomato soup. She had turned suddenly to look at Clara's new style of coiffure, and swept the bowl of red, greasy compound straight at Kathrine. It splattered the entire front of her coat. Myrtle cried and offered to pay for the cleaning, but Kathrine knew Myrtle's finances too well to dream of allowing her.

If Kathrine hadn't been so upset over it she would have remembered about the bill. But she didn't remember until she was taking off her shoes that night for bed, and then it was too late. And when she went to work in the morning the cleaning shop was not open. Kathrine couldn't risk being late by waiting. She reflected wrathfully that a cleaning shop wasn't such a place to keep its doors closed till 8:30, and she waited on customers that day in an absent-minded fashion that was twice reported to a floorwalker.

That night she hurried from the car to the shop and almost breathlessly demanded of the tall, thin, dark-eyed young fellow to whom she remembered giving the coat, "Did you find that \$10 in the pocket?" "I never looked in the pocket," he said, courteously, "but I will now." And went swiftly to the back room, separated from the front by a partition of glazed glass. He came out a moment later with his coat. She saw by his face that he had not found it. Mechanically she ran her fingers into the deep but narrow pocket. Empty! "Are you sure?" he asked, a bit doubtfully. "Absolutely," she cried, so loudly that

IF CHILD IS CROSS FEVERISH AND SICK

Look Mother! If Tongue is Coated, Cleanse Little Bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-eck, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.



SPRING STYLES IN HATS

The above is an early spring model just from Old London. It is a dainty creation of mole colored straw trimmed with black moire ribbon and jet buckle.

a small, gray-haired man sitting at a desk at the side of the store, looked up curiously. The young fellow cast a queer glance over his shoulder at him, and lowered his voice. "I'll make inquiries," he said, hastily. "Only two or three people have touched the coat since it was brought in. If you left it there, I am sure it will be found."

And then Kathrine, rather to her surprise, found herself bowed out the door into the street. There she had a notion to go back. He had been too cut about ending the affair. She went to the rooming house that had been her only home since the death of an aunt. Her parents had died long before. The \$10 was to have been devoted to a new suit. Now she would have to save again. She shuddered with dismay at the many weeks that she had already been saving. She was tired, saying, "I'm planning. Presently she forgot her personal affairs in another angle of the affair. She remembered the quick, suspicious glance from the old man, who was evidently the proprietor. And the young fellow had acted queerly. Why, he didn't seem to want the old man to hear her or himself. Why hadn't she complained to the old man? What a simpleton she had been! Kathrine could hardly wait till the next evening.

Her coat was cleaned when she got there and boxed for her. But no \$10 bill had been found. "And I am sure," said the young man anxiously, "that it must have been lost before it came into our possession." Kathrine looked at him searchingly. "Edwards," called the old man harshly, "I wish you'd come here a minute." Presently, impatiently, "I'm sure," he began again hesitatingly. But he did not look at her, and he seemed embarrassed. Kathrine's lips pressed tightly together. If he didn't appear guilty, then she never saw a guilty person. She opened her mouth to speak and then closed it; for there was something appealing in his glance. She couldn't just analyze it. But he looked at her as though he wanted to ask her something. To her surprise she felt more hurt and sad than angry. Of course he had sought to be arrested. She took a step toward the desk where the gray-haired man sat, and then stepped back. He didn't look like a bad fellow! Perhaps he needed the money.

"But if you'll give me your address," he said abruptly, as though the words came out against his will. "I'll let you know if it should turn up." Kathrine told him in a low, tired voice

and he wrote it down. Then she took the cardboard box and went out. Maybe he would repent and send it to her—maybe. At this point Kathrine laughed scornfully at her foolish imaginings, and berated herself for not telling that young swindler what she thought of him. And she turned to go back. But she didn't. Instead she decided sorrowfully that if he cared enough for \$10 to steal it he might have so nice looking.

And the next evening the landlady called her down to the gloomily furnished parlor, and he had brought it back. "All your fault," he said easily. "One of the boys who attends to detail work had found it and given it to the book-keeper. The boy had been home sick ever since, and I supposed that he had gone home a day sooner. So I never thought of questioning him, although I asked all the others. And I am very sorry."

"Oh, it's all right," said Kathrine, taking the money and looking speculatively at it. She was glad to get it back.

Starting the Day Right

Do you begin the day with a "grouch"? Are you tired in the mornings? Do you fail to benefit by the restorative influence of sleep, which should make good the energy and vitality consumed by the day's work?

Then you are rapidly becoming bankrupt so far as health is concerned. You should look to your habits of eating, make sure that you get lots of fresh air in your sleeping apartments, and restore wasted vitality by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great food cure does not induce sleep by any drugging effect, but when you have been using it for a few days and get the nervous system into condition you find yourself self resting and sleeping naturally and healthfully. By keeping up this restorative treatment you will be able to make good the waste and fill the exhausted nervous system with new vigor and energy. This means thorough cure of such symptoms as headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, and tired, listless feelings.

but she wished with a queer aching of her heart that he had never found it necessary to take it in the first place. And when he had gone she sat in a chair and thought much more of the temptations that must assail a young man than of the dress that she could now begin to plan for.

At 1 o'clock she yawned and began to undress. Life was very stale. Just working and eating and undressing, and then dressing and eating and working again. And it didn't promise to ever hold anything else. Kathrine sighed disconsolately. What was the use of having blue eyes and a decent nose, even if your hair was rather short and none too thick? No one ever noticed you unless you wore a slit skirt and had flaming cheeks. She wound her watch and laid it on the dresser, brushed her hair, brushed her skirt, then her shoes. And then she remembered. She put her hand inside the lining of one small patent leather. The night before she took the coat over she had been afraid to carry it longer in that easily accessible pocket and had transferred it to her shoe; and then had forgotten.

"I am an absolute simpleton," she gasped at her horror-stricken image in the mirror. And silently she stared at two ten dollar bills. He had not told the truth. Why had he come with that string of falsehood? Kathrine's cheeks burned. And it had been on the tip of her tongue to accuse him! Her eye had accused him if her tongue had not.

Kathrine went to bed with red cheeks. She got up in the morning with red cheeks. And that night she went, crimson faced, into the cleaning shop and handed back the \$10 bill. "I—I found it, after all," she said miserably. "You know that it wasn't mine! Why did you?" She was surprised to see his face reddened. Before he could speak the gray-haired man came forward and asked if he would be needed that evening. "No," said the young man, "only don't forget to mail those letters." There was an authoritative ring to the young voice that told of ownership. And the old man answered in a manner that told that he was an employee, not employer.

Kathrine repeated, "Why did you?" as accusingly as she might have asked previously when she thought that it was taken. He evaded her eyes, reddened again, finally murmured in embarrassed tone, "I wanted to get to know you—and I thought maybe that would be a good way. I'm—I beg your pardon." He acted as guilty as a man might if he had stolen it.

Kathrine laughed nervously. "It was rather an expensive way, I think," called her expensive, he said boldly. Myrtle a week later watched Kathrine in surprise. "Why, I thought you were going to get a dark dress. You can't wear that light silk to work." "I don't want to," said Kathrine. There was a decided glad note to her voice. "I guess there's other places to go besides work."

Fit For Tat. The following correspondence, ending in true Irish fashion, actually passed between two men in England some years ago.

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his dogs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell 'dogs' with two 'g's'."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'o' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and Lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

They Tell This as a Fact A Rosedale lady, after entering her limousine to make a round of calls, discovered that she had forgotten her calling cards. She sent her chauffeur (a recent arrival) to bring them from the living-room table where she thought she had left them, and put them in his pocket. At different houses she told the chauffeur to hand in one, and sometimes a couple, until at last she told him to leave three at one house.

"I can't do it, mum," was the reply. "Why not?" "I've only two remaining—the ace of spades and the seven of clubs."

A woman sighs with regret; a man sighs with relief.

Easy and Practical Suggestions

FOR THE

HOME DRESSMAKER

For neatness combined with smartness, it would be difficult to find a more desirable model than this little



GIRL'S ONE PIECE DRESS.

A design that is both pretty and practical in kindergarten cloth. The dress may be finished with a high neck and standing collar, or the low effect illustrated here with turn-down collar and bow tie.

frock in kindergarten cloth trimmed with plain linen. There are two rather wide tucks at either side of the front and back, which are released below the lengthened waistline to give added fullness to the skirt.

Long or short sleeves may be used and the neck calls for a high finish with standing collar or open effect with round collar.

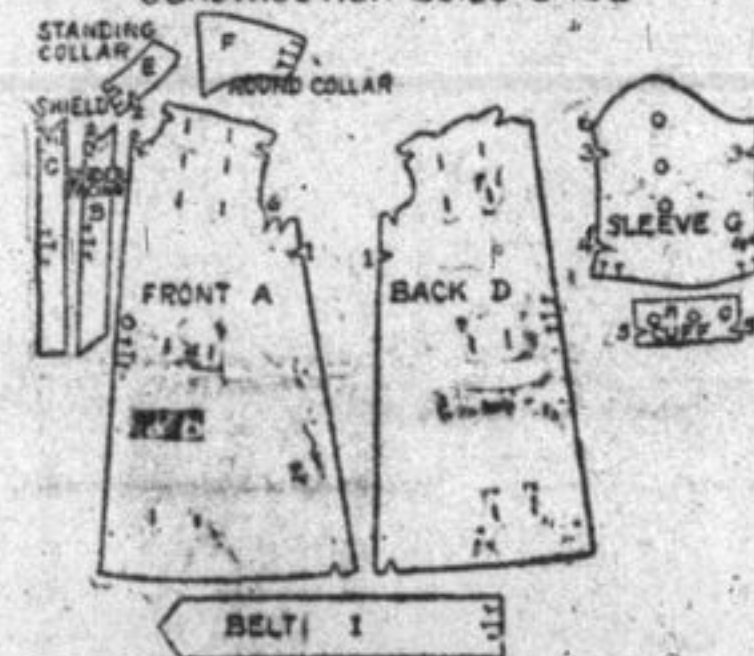
The dress is becoming to girls between four and fourteen years of age. For eight year size, 3 yards of 36-inch or 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material are required. Materials other than kindergarten cloth that make this dress effectively are denim, luene, taffeta and Scotch gingham.

The back, front, shield and collar may be placed on a lengthwise thread of the material. These are marked by triple "TTT" perforations, to be easily distinguished. Now, arrange the sleeve, underfacing and cuff on a lengthwise thread of the material, and the pieces of pattern are ready to be pinned down and the material cut out.

Now, stitch the underfacing to position underneath front, centers and neck edges even. Slash down center-front of front and underfacing to large "O" perforation in front section; finish edges for opening. Adjust perforations in front. Adjust straps of centers and neck edges even leaving edge to left of center-front free for opening. Close shoulder seam; tuck, creasing on slot perforations; stitch 3/4 inch from folds terminating stitching at small "o" perforations and notched. Turn hem at lower edge of dress on small "o" perforations. If made high neck, sew standing collar to neck edge as notched. If made open neck, see cutting directions: sew round collar to neck edge, center-backs even, and along small "o" perforations in front. Adjust straps of material to position at center-back and at under-arm seam, between small "o" perforations to pass belt through. Close the sleeve seam as notched and sew into armhole, seam at notch in front.

A tie of soft satin or silk makes a dainty finish for the neck.

CONSTRUCTION GUIDE 5458



Patented April 30, 1907.

No. 5458. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

The Point of View.

London Chronicle. Lord Eversley, the veteran Liberal statesman, tells an amusing story about that distinguished Lord Chancellor the late Lord Westbury.

One day at a shooting party the guns were walking through a copse in line. Lord Westbury and his son being next to one another. A pheasant rose and flew back on the line of beaters. Lord Westbury and his son both fired at it. The bird fell. There arose an altercation between them as to whose bird it was. Both claimed it. "Twas mine," said the son, with an oath. "You lie," replied the Chancellor, with a stronger oath. "Twas mine alone." Presently it appeared that at the same time that the pheasant was killed one of the beaters was

hit and seriously wounded. Thereupon another hot controversy arose between Lord Westbury and his son as to which of them had shot the beater. The father ended by declaring that he had never even fired off his gun.

His Disposition.

Music and Drama. During a concert tour of the late Theodore Thomas and his celebrated orchestra, one of the musicians died, and the following telegram was immediately dispatched to the parents of the deceased: "John Black died suddenly to-day. Advise by wire as to disposition."

In a few hours the answer was received, reading as follows:—"We are broken-hearted; his disposition was a roving one."

OUR PARENTS.

When Pa is Sick.

Charles Irwin Johnson in Pittsburgh Leader. When pa is sick, He's scared to death, An' ma and us Just holds our breath.

He crawls in bed, An' puffs and grunts, An' does all kinds Of crazy stunts.

He wants "Doc" Brown, An' mighty quick; For when pa's ill, He's awfully sick.

He gasps and groans, An' sort o' sighs, He talks s' queer An' rolls his eyes.

Ma jumps an' runs, An' all of us An' all the house Is in a fuss.

An' peace an' joy Is mighty skeery— When pa is sick, It's somethin' fierce.

When Ma is Sick.

When ma is sick, She pegs away; She's quiet, though, An' not much 't say.

She goes right on A-doin' things, An' sometimes laughs, Er even sings.

She says she don't Feel extra well, But then it's just A kind o' spell.

She'll be all right To-morrow, sure, A good old sleep Will be the cure.

An' pa, he sniffs, An' makes no' kick, For women folks Is always sick.

An' ma, she smiles, Let's on she's glad— When ma is sick, It ain't s' bad.

The ideas of a young man are apt to undergo a radical change after trotting a couple of months in double harness.

IF MEALS HIT BACK AND STOMACH SOURS

"Pape's Diapepsin" ends Indigestion, Gas, Dyspepsia and Stomach Misery in Five Minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula, plainly printed on these fifty-cent boxes of Pape's Diapepsin, then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why they relieve sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. "Pape's Diapepsin" is harmless; tastes like candy, though each dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but, what will please you most is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation.

This city will have many "Pape's Diapepsin" cranks, as some people will call them, but you will be enthusiastic about this splendid stomach preparation too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia or any stomach-misery.

Get some now, this minute, and rid yourself of stomach trouble and indigestion in five minutes.

BIG WATER

THE FINEST QUALITY OF CHEWING TOBACCO.