



WORK

Work as if thy task were made for thee;
Be strong as if thou hadst courage,
And charitable as if thou hadst been rewarded;
Remain poor if riches are dishonorable,
And carry poverty with the dignity of virtue.
When others dine sumptuously, eat thy crust;
Let love be thy guide and justice thy god—
Not for thyself alone, but for all men.
Pursuing these things thou wilt be misjudged. . . .
Then, uncomplaining, lie thou down at even,
Cheered by the love in thy heart
And by the full grown soul of thy charity;
Then hast thou won the heroic battle.

—Max Ehrman.

Dibley's Reckoning

By JOHN CHARLETON

Laurence Dibley looked ruefully at the flat punctured tire of his automobile and then around at the thickly wooded section in which he was stranded.

The road ran through tall woods and all along its length it was perfect for motoring; Laurence had never been on the Cross highway before and he had been an ardent admirer of the quaint little villages and picturesque farm houses scattered through this New England country. Once in a while he came upon the river and crossed it through echoing covered bridges. He had just passed through the wood when a tire burst beyond all repair. Laurence slipped it off and applied the emergency tire he had carried and had barely gone another hundred yards when a rear tire exploded loudly, ruinously.

"Talk about disasters at sea!" grumbled Laurence as he pushed the light roadster into an open space among the trees beside the road and gathered branches of autumn leaves to heap over it until it was quite hidden under October foliage. "If ever a mariner was marooned at sea—this landlubber is wrecked on dry land! I wonder how many miles from civilization I am?" He pulled out his road map and studies it closely. "Four miles to a repair shop—wheew!" He pocketed the map and tucked his long dust coat into a locker with his heavy fur coat, and with cap tilted on the back of his head set forth to tramp the four miles into the next village, Melton.

At last he emerged from the woods into a more open country and there, temptingly on his right hand lay a long, low, white-painted farm house whose great square chimneys denoted hospitality as well as did the roomy front porch furnished with comfortable chairs and tables. Laurence could see large barns in the distance and on rolling meadows in the background were dotted a dozen cows.

"That looks like glasses of buttermilk and hunks of cold Johnny cake," murmured Laurence wistfully looking backward as he passed the place. A quaint signboard swinging from a tall elm tree near the gate arrested his attention and sent his feet speeding in the opposite direction and up the path to the inviting front porch. "Refreshments Served to Travelers," it stated plainly.

Laurence lifted the polished brass knocker and made known his presence there.

Light footsteps sounded and there was the click of high heeled shoes on bare polished floors and the door swung open revealing a girl clothed in a chine blue pinafore that enveloped her from neck to heels. She was a pretty girl—may a beautiful girl, with a mist of fine dark hair breaking into tendrils around her rose-tinted face and with delicately arched black brows above large hazel eyes. There was a dab of flour on her nose of which she appeared unconscious. She looked inquiringly at Laurence, for so absorbed was he in contemplating the charming vision of her that he quite forgot his errand.

He whipped off his cap and stuffed it in his pocket. "Good afternoon—I've had a breakdown with my car back here in the woods and I am on my way to Melton for a mechanic. I happened to be mighty hungry and I saw your signboard—so I came right in. Is that right?"

"Certainly," said the girl gravely. "If you will sit down in the porch I will bring you whatever you wish. It is so warm and sunny out there people seem to prefer it, but if you'd rather we have a room inside."

"Out here by all means," protested Laurence dropping gratefully into a comfortable rocking chair. "I dreamed of buttermilk and cold Johnny cake," he smiled.

"Your dream will be realized, only the Johnny cake is hot from the oven—I have just made it." She flashed out and in the door again leaving in his hand a small card on which was set forth a list of viands served at Elm Farm. The handwriting was angular and the ink was of old-fashioned violet hue.

Laurence ate his hot Johnny cake and drank glass after glass of cold buttermilk in addition to various other delectable viands, all served by the beautiful girl in the blue pinafore. She went about the business of serving him with a quiet gravity that charmed him. He could have remained hours and would willingly have eaten up and down the bill of fare several times over if he had not feared the grave inquiry of her eyes.

"She must think I'm a glutton," he

thought with chagrin as she carried the empty dishes away. "I never ate so much in all my life at one time, and I'd do it all over again just for the privilege of watching her trip in and out!" He summed up the cost of his meal and asked the girl if it was correct. "What is my reckoning?" he smiled.

She said it was and he thrust his hand into a pocket for his wallet. He went through one pocket after another with growing embarrassment, finally fishing up a solitary dime.

"I—I must have lost my wallet," he stammered awkwardly, before the concern in her eyes. He was conscious then that his clothes were dusty and that his hair must be untidy. What if she thought him an impostor? He blushed deeply.

"I'm glad you've got grace to blush, young man," rasped a shrill voice and behind the girl appeared the sharp features of a middle-aged woman clad in a violet print dress and white apron. "That's an old story—you're not the first impostor I've cooked for and waited upon only to have serve me such a trick! I'd be ashamed—"

"Miss Malvina!" protested the girl with a shocked look at Laurence. "I'm sure this gentleman must have lost his money—pray, give him a chance to explain."

Laurence turned a grateful look upon her and then addressed Miss Malvina. "I am sorry, madam," he said a little stiffly, "but appearances certainly are against me; my automobile broke down in the woods back yonder and now that I come to think of it I must have placed my wallet in a locker in the car! If you care to send somebody with me as a guarantee of my return I will go back after it, and return to pay my reckoning!"

"Fiddlesticks!" sniffed Miss Malvina. "There isn't a soul to send along with you now. Here I am without a mite of help around the place today—everybody gone off to the county fair at Melton. If Miss Fairy hadn't put on her big apron and come down and helped me I don't know what I'd have done—it ain't right either, her being a boarder and up here for a rest! You can set right down here, young man, until my brother Samuel comes back from the fair—I reckon he'll walk back with you after your pocketbook!"

"Miss Malvina!" cried the girl again, and this time she was quite indignant. "I will pay you the money because I am sure this gentleman will return—here!" She flashed in and out of the house, returning with a silver mesh purse, from which she took some money and paid Laurence Dibley's reckoning with Miss Malvina.

"I hope you don't object," she said with a smile toward him.

"Miss Fairy, I am deeply grateful," he said warmly, and under the scornful eye of Miss Malvina Lee he strode down the path and returned to his disabled machine. When he reached the spot he came upon a large motor car full of people lunching in the shade of the trees. Among them were several friends, and after he had told them of his trouble there were many willing hands to pull out his car and with an elaborate tool kit the chauffeur of the big machine repaired the broken tires sufficiently to send him rejoicing on his way to Melton.

No one could blame him for tooting his horn triumphantly as he stopped before Miss Malvina's gate, and when he reached the porch and had paid the money he had borrowed from Miss Fairy into her pretty pink palm, he grasped it for a moment in his own strong clasp.

"You've been a friend indeed to me," he said soberly. "My reckoning with Miss Malvina is paid—but my reckoning with you, Miss Fairy—well, I never want to settle that!" With a smile and a blush from her he was gone—but he went back again.

A Gals Night.

"Last night I saw a cab full of calves."

"That's rather strange. What made you think the cab was full of calves?"

"I was merely judging from the number of French heels I saw sticking out of the window."

The Apparatus.

"I was just wondering one thing in all this talk of weighing souls."

"What are you wondering?"

"If they can do it with a spirit level."

The Reason.

"I wonder why gossip travels so fast?"

"Because the tongues which carry it are always on the rail."

Empire Mail Bag



Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

No up-to-date costume is considered complete without the inevitable hand-bag, which must harmonize with, if not match, the costume. This bag is suspended from the shoulder—either side—and made of

embroidered moire—three Persian palm leaves bordered with pearls being the chief decoration. The fringe—and fringe is the mode at present—is made of pearl and wood beads, in brown to match the cloth suit.

URGENT NEED FOR A NAME

If the Bisected Skirt is to Be Generally Worn Let It Have Feminine Appellation.

It is thought by some in Germany that the name "bared skirt" or more horrible still "trouser skirt" is the only thing that prevents the spread and general use of this much talked of article of wearing apparel. So these same people have offered a prize for the best names and have hit up "Amazon" and "cavalier" skirt as a result, and hope by keeping these more alluring titles before the feminine public to popularize the garment. Not that it needs so much to be popularized, they say. The leading German shops advertise it in bewildering variety, and privately claim that orders are pouring in to a degree which shows that, like other extreme modes gone before, the trousers—er, that is, the cavalier skirt—is sure to conquer in the end. But if the more timid follower of fashion buys one, and keeps it hanging in her closet to gaze upon with awe and admiration, yet is afraid to wear a "trouser" skirt upon the street, by all means let us christen it with something softer and more feminine.

CHILD'S SIMPLE FROCK



This pretty frock is of gray blue cashmere embroidered in the same shade. The waist is finished across the front with a band of maderia embroidery on linen, of which the shoulder collar is also made.

This last is placed over a collar of black satin, bands of which finish the silk cord matching the gown forms the girldle.

DRESSES FOR EVENING WEAR

Slight Change in Styles Will Be Noted in the Coming Season's Garments.

An unusually décollete neck finish, extremely short sleeves and an irregular-shaped train inclined to shortness are features having a bearing on the new evening gowns for fall and winter. Lace plays a large part, both as a foundation material and for trimming purposes, every variety being used, no matter what the texture or pattern. Allover designs or robe gowns are used as an underbody, in which case the filmy draperies partially conceal the pattern. They are laced silks, crepes and satins, and in these instances usually are cut in one with the waist. Some of the newest models show the allover lace extension below the waist line in cutaway coat effect, Citoyenne frill or peplum. In some instances the pointed effect is made in the front, with tapering lines cutting off to the waist in the back.—Dry Goods Economist.

Detachable Flower.

It must have been the girl of small allowance who invented the detachable flower for her hat. Trimming the winter's chapeaux is so simple that it is an easy matter to whisk off one flower and put on another to match the next costume worn.

Velvet poinsettias are a favorite flower on winter hats for those who can stand the vivid red so close to the face.

Another popular flower is huge velvet roses in rich dull tones. A new idea is to outline the edges of these roses with tiny beads to correspond to the color of the costume worn.

Instead of sewing on the detachable roses each time, they are provided with tiny safety pins on the under side, which are quickly adjusted to the trimming.

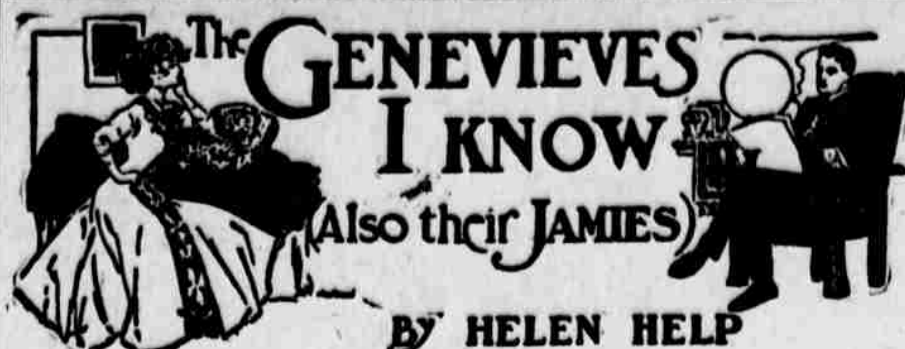
Making a Pillow Cover Fit.

The cover of a sofa pillow can be made to fit well by the following little trick: After sewing up three sides, but before turning the cover right side out, tack the two finished corners of the case securely to two corners of the pillow. Turn the case over an inch or two at each end. Tack these two corners to the corresponding corners of the cushion. Finish as usual. This keeps the pillow from pulling and sagging away from the cover.—Housekeeper.

Large Revers Popular.

The use of the large collar is no doubt responsible for the popularity of the large revers. Some are long and narrow, coming down below the waist line. Others are square and a few round.

In a certain number of cases the coats are made with a single revers on one side and double revers are seen in some instances. The long shawl collars are again meeting with favor.



The Genevieve Who Married to Reform Him

BY HELEN HELP

When a woman marries a man to reform him she falls to take into consideration that by the time she has got it done there will be nothing left but reform—the man will be entirely rotted away.

James was a delightful man with only one bad habit. It was the habit which most women call "bad habits." He was a real estate man, was James, and his bad habits were very active right after he had clinched a deal. He clinched a deal rather so often—perhaps—

Genevieve met James at a club party, according to the commonplace wont of things, and he was very nice to her. She was a nice little thing, and he got into the habit of driving out rather often to her father's home on the very edge of the town. It is not too much to say that Genevieve fell in love with him. James fell in love with her, too. Then he went driving out to see Genevieve very often and was allowed to stay to supper, and he and Genevieve had a lovely time on the veranda in the moonlight.

Then, as cool weather came on, he was rather busy and fell from grace, as usual, when he clinched a deal. And at last, at a party, Genevieve saw him when he had fallen from grace. He was a bit above himself, and, besides, she danced with him and noticed something about his breath.

Next morning big brother said, "Jim had a lovely souse on last night, didn't he? But he certainly had a nerve to dance with you. You should have turned him down."

Genevieve gasped a bit. Then she said, "He was nothing of the kind, and I don't thank you." And then she ran to her big, pretty, pink and white room and got down upon her knees and cried and cried. Then, when she could get her breath, she remembered his; and then she prayed for Jim very sincerely and very girlishly, and felt better.

She entirely failed to pray for herself, because she had not yet found out

cerely and James now declared that he hated the very smell of the stuff. These two things stood to Genevieve in the relation of cause and effect. And this was the exact moment chosen by James in which to ask her to marry him.

When James and Genevieve came back from their honeymoon, the happy bridegroom was warmly congratulated by his many friends. When he went home to Genevieve the first evening he said, "M'darling! assure you nothing wrong—hatetastestuff."

All the years that James was coming home to Genevieve perfectly sober—or—that is, sober at least three evenings out of the week, Genevieve was thinking with some pride that if he would only straighten up, he would show those friends of his who had so far outdistanced him in the race—because, really, said Genevieve to herself, James was far the ablest of them all. It was nothing but his disastrous habits that stood in his way.

And at last the day dawned when James came to. He saw what he really looked like and decided that the time had come when he must straighten up and leave behind his boyish ways. So he straightened up. Immediately? Yes, immediately. Was it an awful struggle? No, it was not an awful struggle.

He was sick a week or so and felt depressed and down for months, but that was about all. Because the truth is that it is not such an awful struggle, as a rule. The truth is that James and John and William and Charles are not often in earnest when they say they want to stay on the water wagon, so they cheerfully fall off again.

Their wives think they are? Yes, but their wives only see them when they are depressed and down in the mouth. The minute James and the rest of them get outdoors, they are different men.

You don't believe it? Well, you ask your brother about it, Genevieve, my dear, and watch what he says.

Well, when James really made up his mind to quit he just quit. And the saddest point of the story is right here—he never did astonish the world. He never set the rigger on fire, he never did a thing except to continue to make rather a shabby living for Genevieve.

She had reformed him, but the reform was about all there was left. As Genevieve sometimes said to herself, "It seems as if he were only a ghost—only a ghost."

As he was a perfectly commonplace ghost at that, perhaps Genevieve did not have much of a run for her money after all.

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The City Policeman.

"The man in uniform," says Magistrate House of New York, "is a target for street loafers."

"It's a funny thing," mused Officer Findley some months ago, "but everybody is against a cop. If he gets the worst of it in a scrap, everybody is satisfied, and if a cop was to walk his beat with a blacked eye every citizen would laugh himself to death in the matter. 'Kill the cop!' that's what they shout. And yet what is he doing? He is doing his duty. Take a fireman; he does his duty, too, but he's a hero. Why? His work isn't any more dangerous than a cop's. Perhaps you think it's a cinch to arrest a dangerous character who is waving a gun or a knife or a razor. Well, it isn't, and a cop never knows when he goes out in the morning whether his wife will be a widow by night. And say! Imagine this town without any cops for just one week! What?"

Baby Was Mother's First Thought.

A story of a mother's sacrifice followed by her death comes from Coventry. Mr. Walter Clifford of Coventry took his wife, their child and a friend out for a motor drive, and when about a mile from Stonebridge, where there is a narrow stone bridge, the car got into difficulties. It was evident that a collision with the bridge was imminent. Mrs. Clifford, seeing the danger, took up from her lap the child, who is two and a half years of age, and in a moment threw it over the side of the car on to the grass. The car immediately afterwards overturned and its occupants were thrown out. Mrs. Clifford sustained a bad concussion and died a few hours afterwards. Her husband and friend escaped with mere scratches. The child was uninjured.

Choice Engravings.

"America is not deficient in patriotism nor in love of art," said the cheery citizen.

"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "But just the same, the general eagerness to possess twenty-dollar bills is not due entirely to the fact that George Washington's picture is on them."

Appropriate Space.

"How much space shall I give this account of the pillars of society?"

"Oh, give 'em a column."



"Nothing wrong, hatetastestuff."

that she was the person who really needed that attention.

James came out in a few days, sober and in his right mind. He knew how bad he had been, and he supposed she did, too, so he told her he was not fit to speak to her, but he was going to be a man now, and would she forgive him? And Genevieve said he must be a man for her sake, and she would forgive him, because she was sure he was repentant and would never fall again.

When James went back to the club the next night he lifted a restraining palm to his friends and said: "Never again! I'm on the water wagon for keeps." And his friends laughed, because they had climbed on the water wagon themselves at the bidding of a nice girl.

About Christmas Genevieve had a shock. James was doing great business and, besides, it was the blessed holiday season. He was to dine with them on Christmas, and when he arrived, rather late in the afternoon, he had been warding off the cold of the drive.

Genevieve cried her eyes out that night, down on the floor beside her bed; and James went back to the club and gathered together a monumental—er—well, he was a little above himself again. Because he was extremely ashamed.

By the time this wore off, he was truly repentant, and hated the very smell of the stuff. So he drove out to see Genevieve and told her so. Genevieve had the theory, held by every well brought up girl, about a man reforming by the grace—well, by prayer and such things. She had prayed sin-