

CHANGED HER MIND

She Had Called Him the Debutante's First Discipline and Other Names.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

"You've asked Captain Wallace here! Barbara, I think it's simply—simply fiendish of you."

Barbara turned her head and bit the end of her penholder nervously to gain time. Up from the mass of pillows in the hammock had risen a towseled head and shocked, indignant face.

"He'll only stay over the week-end, dear, and Duffy likes him. Of course I couldn't expect—you wouldn't want me to explain things to Duffy, would you?"

"I don't care who you explain things to," retorted her sister haughtily, desperately. "You may tell everybody in the place, but I will not stay here and meet Jack Wallace for any consideration."

"You can't go to the city, and stay at a hotel, dear, and every one's out of town, you know, anyhow. You needn't see him alone. I'll get Lillian to be nice to him."

"That old widow. He wouldn't look at her twice. Why, everybody knows she's thirty if she's a day."

"Trotting in her dotage on the brink of her grave," laughed Barbara. "Wait till you see Jack when she lifts those long lashes at him, and asks what his ambition in life it. She never has to talk to men. She just drags out the pet secrets of their hearts, and they adore her. Don't you worry a bit, Mona. He shan't bother you. You can stay up in your room if you like and I'll say you have a headache."

Mona tumbled out of the hammock and hunched up her mass of russet curls into a protesting topknot. Two or three loose rings fell about her face. She looked like an excited, scrappy kiddle, in her pink middie blouse and short linen skirt.

"If you think I'm going to be made a prisoner to accommodate Lillian Morris and Captain Wallace, Bab, you're very much mistaken. Didn't mamma tell you why she sent me out here for a month?"

"She said you were ailing," said Barbara tactfully.

Mona smiled for the first time.

"Do I look it? Have I acted like an invalid since I came? Now, listen, Bab, the only earthly reason why mamma made me come here was to get me out of Captain Wallace's way. I hope you'll respect my confidence."

"Mona, dear!" reproachfully. "What else? Was he really serious? Did he know how old you are?"

"I suppose you're trying to make me uncomfortable, Bab, but you can't. I told him the very first night I'd be eighteen in October."

"Did he propose?"

"He did. That same night. He said he'd never believed in love before, real love, I mean, Bab, and he said he hoped I'd always remember the hour as he did. And he said he'd never met a woman in all his life before who seemed to understand him."

"What else?"

"Wasn't that enough?" with wide eyes of surprise. "I told him I simply couldn't marry him for a year at least, but I'd give him a chance."

"Mona Whitmore, you didn't say that?"

"Well, it only seemed fair, he was so cute, Bab."

Mrs. Hammersley leaned back her pretty head and broke into a peal of merriment.

"You silly kiddle. Don't you know that Jack Wallace has said exactly the same thing to every like debutante for ten years. No wonder mamma sent you to me, if you took Jack seriously."

"I didn't. I only gave him a chance."

"So kind of you. Did he live up to it?"

Before Mona could answer, the telephone bell rang in the hall and Barbara answered it. It was Captain Wallace.

Her face grew grave as she listened. He was pleading an excuse for the week-end trip, and in the midst of his business excuses, Barbara cut in.

"We can't possibly let you go, Jack. Lenore is coming down. Yes, you know her of course, and we'll be one short anyway, as my little sister is returning to mamma's. What? Yes, Mona. Yes, it was rather sudden, but she felt homesick, and is going today. Wait just a moment." She turned her head, but Mona had fled down the garden walk. "It was on account of Mona, you say, Jack, that you were not coming? I don't understand."

Her tone was just a wee bit haughty, and gave warning over the wire to the man at the other end. Even though Mona had perhaps worn her heart for a shoulder decoration in girlish fashion, Mrs. Hammersley was averse to having such a thing discussed. Every debutante caught her first whiff of the society whirl from Jack Wallace if he happened to be in town from one of globe trotting trips. Most of them had been wise enough to accept a few lessons in flirting, and drift away heart-whole. It seemed Mona, fresh from California ranch life, had taken the captain at his face value, and believed in him. Point blank over the wire came the captain's fire.

"Do you think she really cares?"

"I have not noticed any signs of pining, Jack," with a little laugh of amusement. And face down in the warm scented grass at the end of the pergola lay Mona sobbing. "I think that you and Lenore will be left quite free and happy."

The ejaculation from the captain was smothered but audible. He added that he would be out on the 5:45 train.

"Of course, dear, if you really feel you want to go to mamma, why go," Barbara said placidly, after she had dutifully helped Mona to pack her suitcases. "I will send Briggs in with you, and if you don't find mamma home, go right through to Lakewood and take Briggs with you. I'm so sorry you have to go."

"Yes, you are!" retorted Mona, with a swift flash of sisterly resentment. "You know I detest Lenore Morris, and I won't meet Jack Wallace."

"Powder your nose, dear. It's quite shiny from emotion," teased Barbara. "You simply must stop this fireworks exhibition, Mona. It's so conspicuous, honey. What has Jack done to deserve it?"

"Well, if you must know—" Mona watched Briggs gathering up her luggage. The runabout was waiting. "I've found him out. He has been tacitly engaged to about 20 different girls. I don't think I've spoken about him to any girl in your set who hasn't told me Jack Wallace made love better than any man she ever met."

"But, dear, that doesn't imply they were all engaged to him."

Mona's wide hazel eyes blazed with indignation.

"I don't suppose it does down here in your horrid old New York. Out west when a man kisses a girl and tells her he loves her best in all the world, she knows he's straight and means it, or she wouldn't permit him to do it. That's why I don't like your Captain Wallace, Bab."

"Have you told him all this?"

"I wrote to him yesterday, and I told him I fully realized what a little dorky I had made of myself. Yes, I explained it all, fully. I don't think he can misunderstand."

Barbara smiled, and kissed the flushed, lovely face. Secretly she felt proud of her. She knew just how keen the thrust had been to the captain.

"Don't miss your train, dear, at 6:02," she said.

The runabout drew up on the shady side of the little stone station. Mona went into the waiting room. She was early. It seemed almost deserted, and then suddenly she saw Jack Wallace. He had been waiting. She saw that at a glance. Probably it was for Lenore, she decided, and prepared to cut him. But the captain understood military tactics. Straight towards her he came, and he was not smiling.

"You must not take that train, Mona." The note of authority struck Mona oddly. He gave her no chance to argue or protest. Briggs came towards them. "Take Miss Whitmore's luggage back," he said. "She has changed her mind about taking this train."

"You do nothing of the sort, Briggs," Mona found her voice. "Buy the tickets."

"Briggs, go out and talk to the chauffeur for a moment." Bland, middle-aged Briggs beamed on the captain, and retired. "Now, dear, he turned and took Mona's hands in his. "I have just come from your mother."

"I suppose you explained everything satisfactorily." Mona's tone was still peppery. "You need not have troubled. I told her, and Barbara, too, and took all of the blame for my mistake."

"What mistake?"

Mona was silent. He knew well enough what she meant—that she had loved him with the first, sweet, believing love of a girl untaught in social ways or wiles, and because he had sent her flowers, spoken tenderly to her, singled her out from the others for weeks, she had given him the same trust as if he had been a westerner instead of a New York squire of dames.

"What do you mean?" he persisted.

"I mean that I mistook a carpet knight for a real man," she flung back cruelly. "Every girl I have met has told me that Jack Wallace was a debutante's first discipline. I didn't know that kind of a game."

"If you were anywhere but a railway station, I would take you in my arms and crush you until you took that back," said Wallace between his teeth. "I have come directly from your mother with her permission to say this to you. Will you be my wife, Mona?"

"I think my train is about due," said Mona, calmly.

"I shall lift you and carry you out to that car if you do not come willingly. You put this ring on your finger, and look me in the eyes and say, 'Jack, I love you.'"

"No, you don't," laughed Mona. "I did that before. I told you that when you kissed me. I don't go back on my word. I wonder if Briggs bought the tickets."

Wallace glanced about. There were five or six people waiting out on the platform. The ticket seller was busy at the telegraph desk. The side door of the station stood open, and just beyond was the runabout. Before Miss Whitmore realized his intention, he had picked her up easily, and carried her straight out to the car. In it sat Briggs, deaf, dumb, and blind to all proceedings, and the chauffeur was talking to the expressman.

"Change seats, Briggs," ordered the captain briefly. "Your mistress is a little faint. I will sit with her. Call Leroux."

He placed Mona on the seat, and stepped in beside her. Very delicately he took her hand and drew off the glove. As the car turned the corner towards home he slipped on the narrow ring with its diamond catching the sparkle of the sunset. Mona sat still, her face a trifle white.

"Take back that carpet-knight remark," he said. "Will you be my wife, Mona?"

"I suppose I shall have to," said Mona. "If you're going to be so—so conspicuous."

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It is almost as easy to give advice as not to take it.

Suggestion for Draped Gown That Has Won Admiration



A gown of black charmeuse trimmed with lace. The skirt reveals a rich panel of the same material, accordion pleated.

GOOD USE FOR OLD GOWN

Complete Transformation May Be Made in the Fashioning of the One-Piece Frock.

It is rather astounding what a fashionable air can be given to a one-piece frock that has served during the winter as a house gown, by adding to it a belted jacket of figured silk matelasse or crepon. Also, it turns the gown into a serviceable thing for outdoor wear through the spring and summer and saves one the necessity of getting a suit.

A dark blue crepe de chine trimmed with satin cloth which had served its purpose since December as a smart house frock was converted by one woman into a spring suit for the street and for afternoon wear by the addition of a dark blue watered poplin jacket which had a pronounced wave in it. This was lined with a figured silk in blue and yellow and belted in with a loose girde of crepe

BEAUTIFUL NEW MODEL



A new model of blue crepon trimmed with white matelasse and lace collar.

de chine run through a jet buckle in front. The revers were of crepe de chine and the long sleeves had a two-inch turnover cuff of the same. The economy of getting this garment was furthered by having a separate skirt made of plain material, which could be worn at odd hours with a white shirtwaist.

Whatever else you forget in planning your spring and summer wardrobe remember that the short dressy coat is probably the conspicuous garment of the moment.

OLD POKE BONNETS REVIVED

Made into Things of Beauty by the Clever Hands of the Up-to-Date Milliner.

Here and there one sees an alluring poke bonnet brought to life by the milliner who is clever enough to know that the old fashions are being revived, and if women wish to look like old prints they must have hats and mantles to go with the gowns.

The revival of the poke bonnet has met with approval because in its modern shape it is exceedingly becoming and does not clash with the ideas of present millinery. It is not a scoop; it merely has a rounded brim in front to shade the eyes, and is turned up with a flap in the back. There is a chin band of black velvet or colored satin ribbon and a bunch of flowers over one ear.

The milliners make these old-time flowered mantles to go with the hat, and the same color scheme is supposed to be carried out in the two. If a woman is going to attempt trimming such a hat and making such a wrap at home, it is wise for her to remember this.

Pictureque Note.

Even in the matter of tailor-made gowns a certain picturesque note asserts itself this season, the severity of the coats, for example, being very frequently softened by the introduction of frilled jabots of net and lace, emphasizing the Directoire style in which the collars and revers are cut.

The coats themselves, too, show a very becoming fullness, both back and front, above the curved lines of stitched strappings with which so many of the basques are finished. The fabrics which are employed for some of these tailor-made gowns are in themselves exceedingly pictureque and far more decorative than the smooth cloths and fine serges which have been used hitherto for gowns of this description.

Change Purse Bracelets.

Change purse bracelets are among the new pieces of jewelry. The purse, shaped like a tiny circular powder puff box, has a closely fitted spring-operated lid which flies back at a touch and reveals a space for nickels and dimes. It is attached to a self-closing extension bracelet so narrow that it scarcely shows upon the wrist, and the purse itself is so flat that it readily slips out of sight under the glove's wrist.

TENDERFEET WIN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

HILL AND SONS, THE OAT CHAMPIONS, ARE COCKNEYS BORN AND BRED.

City-bred in the world's greatest metropolis and untrained as to things agricultural, were J. C. Hill and his three boys when they settled on homesteads at Lloydminster, in the Province of Saskatchewan (western Canada), eight years ago. Today they are the recognized champion oat growers of the North American continent, having won twice in succession the silver challenge cup, valued at \$1,500 at the Fifth National Corn exposition, Columbia, S. C. The Plate, officially known as the Colorado Oat trophy, is emblematic of the grand championship prize for the best bushel of oats exhibited by individual farmers or experiment farms at these expositions.

The Hill entry won this year in the face of the keenest competition, hundreds of exhibits being sent by experienced farmers from all parts of the United States and Canada. The oats were grown on land which was wild prairie less than four years ago.

When Mr. Hill and his three sons, who probably never saw a wider acreage than the hills of Hampstead Heath, or the parks of London, came to Saskatchewan eight years ago, they had little more capital than was required for homestead entry fees. They fished on four homesteads, in the Lloydminster district, which straddles the boundary of Alberta and Saskatchewan. They went to work with a will, ripping the rich brown sod with breaking plows and put in a crop, which yielded fair returns.

They labored early and late and denied themselves paltry pleasures, glad to stand the gaff for a while in rising to their possibilities. They talked with successful farmers and studied crops and conditions and profited by both. The new life on the farm was strange but they never lost heart, handicapped as they were by lack of experience and capital.

The farm house, modern in every respect, compares favorably with any residence in the city. The Hills have substantial bank accounts and their credit is gilt-edge from Edmonton to Winnipeg and beyond.

"There is nothing secret about our methods nor is our plan copyrighted. We first made a thorough study of climatic conditions, soil and seed," said Mr. Hill. "We tended our crops carefully and gradually added live stock, realizing from the beginning that mixed farming would pay larger and more certain returns than straight grain growing. We have demonstrated that fact to our satisfaction and the result is that many of the farmers in the district are following our example."

The land that the Hills work is of the same class as may be found anywhere in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.—Advertisement.

Whistled for a Liner.

After running the whole 900-foot length of the Kronprinz Wilhelm with a heavy suitcase in each hand just as the big liner pulled out recently, a young man sank down at the end of the pier, exhausted, and gazed a moment after the ship. Then he put his fingers to his lips and whistled long and loud. The ship did not stop.

"She don't know your voice," said a sympathetic bystander.

His Honor Was Safe.

Chief Justice Isaac Russell of the court of special sessions tells how he went to the city hall to call on the mayor on a rainy day, and as he was leaving the building he slipped and bumped all the way down the stone steps. A man rushed up, helped him to his feet and asked:

"Is your honor hurt?"

"No," replied the judge; "my honor remains intact, but my spine seems to be jarred."—New York Sun.

At the School.

"I never saw such heads as you girls have! Who's got your rats?"

"Old Miss Prim—the cat."

Some people never seem to learn that the impossible is impossible.

Smokers like LEWIS' Single Binder cigar for its rich mellow quality. Adv.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells, which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

WOMAN COULD NOT WALK

She Was So Ill—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Pentwater, Mich.—"A year ago I was very weak and the doctor said I had a serious displacement. I had backache and bearing down pains so bad that I could not sit in a chair or walk across the floor and I was in severe pain all the time. I felt discouraged as I had taken everything I could think of and was no better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am strong and healthy."—Mrs. ALICE DARLING, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 77, Pentwater, Mich.

Read What Another Woman says

Peoria, Ill.—"I had such backaches that I could hardly stand on my feet. I would feel like crying out lots of times, and had such a heavy feeling in my right side. I had such terrible dull headaches every day and they would make me feel so drowsy and sleepy all the time, yet I could not sleep at night."

"After I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a week I began to improve. My backache was less and that heavy feeling in my side went away. I continued to take the Compound and am cured."

"You may publish this if you wish."
—Miss CLARA L. GAUWITZ, R.R. No. 4, Box 62, Peoria, Ill.

Such letters prove the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for woman's ills. Why don't you try it?

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That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

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