

The Ways of Destiny

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE
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There was something about the young man who approached her in the suit and cloak department of the store where she had just been employed, that won the attention of Irene Dawson at once. This was her second week at earning a living, and not yet had interest in noticing and studying the various types of people who came along abated. Home and school had confined her girlhood to a narrow scope, and bustling business life fascinated her with a presentation like to a constantly changing panorama.

"I am to see the manager, if you please," spoke the young man, and his tones corresponded with his delicate, refined face. "It is about a coat," and he set down a suitcase he had carried.

"Miss Lowe has gone to the stockroom and will be here in a few minutes," Irene apprised him, and just then the lady in question appearing, Irene busied herself folding and sorting some silk sweaters, and, as was her wont, mentally analyzing the caller, picturing him as an artist, or poet, or a professional man of some sort, judging him by his intellectual features and trying to surmise the cause of a somewhat sad expression in his eyes. He and the lady manager were engaged for some time in discussing a lady's street coat which the suitcase contained. She wrote him out a cashier's check, placed the returned garment aside, and was busy making a notation on a tab, when Irene passed to her side. "Walter Morse," read Irene, and an address.

"Poor man. Rather a peculiar case," said Miss Lowe. "His mother purchased the coat here a week ago and died three days later. From what he tells me she had taken charge of two children of a dead daughter, and now these are left to his care. Nothing is at hand to provide for the little brood, and I fancy he is not himself possessed of any material surplus of income. Oh, my dear," she called after Irene, as the latter moved away, "you told me you were thinking of a new winter coat."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

THE BLUE BIRD.

"Ah," said the blue bird, "you're a lucky dog, a very lucky dog, indeed."



Peeky who was also known as Miss Peek. Peeky was a small smooth-haired black dog and his best friend was a little boy named Charles.

"My real name, or rather I should say my first name of all was Peek-a-hoo," said Peeky. "I've been called so many things since that I consider each of them my real name. And in a way each is my real name for by each name am I called."

"But the first name of all which I was ever named, so my master and my mistress tell me and so Charles tells me, too, was Peek-a-hoo. It's a name I haven't heard for so long that I have almost forgotten it as a name of mine."

"You look so happy," said the blue bird as he looked at Peeky who was sitting on the grass. The blue bird was perched on the branch of a tree.

"Blue Bird," said Peeky, "I want to ask you a question. Do you mind if I do?" he added politely.

"Not in the least," said the blue bird. "Well," said Peeky, "I have often heard you called the blue bird and I suppose that must be your name for you always answer to it. It is your name, is it not?"

"It is," said the blue bird. "Mr. Blue Bird is my name."

"Then," said Peeky, "you must surely explain something for me, for it is puzzling me greatly and I would like to have it explained."

CULTURED DUBLIN



Sackville Street, Dublin.

IT HAS been said that Dublin has more the character of a continental than an English city; this is true in a way, but it is not the first thing that strikes the visitor from across the Irish sea. The most striking thing about Dublin is that its architecture bears traces of being all of one time, says a writer in the Christian Science Journal.

Stephen's green is the great center of the whole city; here, as he tells us in that most fabulous of histories, "Ave Atque Vale," Mr. George Moore lingered to meet Mr. Yeats on the occasion of their founding the Irish dramatic movement; here live Mme. Gonne, the Irish Joan of Arc, and Mrs. John Richard Green, Ireland's historian, and many others of the best loved of Ireland's children.

There appeared upon the stage a little man only five feet in height, and weighing about 140 pounds. Not young, either, for he was only three years off forty.

The audience rubbed their eyes. Was this the much advertised strong man? A huge anchor was brought in, and four men clung to it. This burden, weighing no less than 1,500 pounds, was at once lifted by Letti, who thus beat the record lift by no less than 400 pounds.

He then stood between two eight horsepower cars, to which he attached himself by means of hooks, which he held in his hands. The cars were started simultaneously, but, by sheer finger-strength, Letti held them so that they could not move, although the engines were working at full power.

At Vichy, before a large audience, he essayed a similar feat, his arms being harnessed by chains to two cars which were driven in opposite directions. He accomplished the performance safely, and then, in answer to applause, tried it again. To the horror of the spectators, he was seen to lose his balance. Before the motors could be stopped, all the muscles of the right side of his chest were torn out. He died almost instantly.

bookshop which, like all the rest, has come into being through a wider enthusiasm than the mere desire to sell books. There is an Arts club of the most respectable type, so respectable, indeed, that the bohemians who do not belong to it will tell you that it has only once had a real artist within its doors and he was expelled at the end of a week.

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Amazing Feats of Strength Pole, Without Seemingly Remarkable Muscular Developments, Breaks Record—Performer's Awful Fate.

Visitors to a well-known London music hall some years ago witnessed a remarkable sight.

It was announced that a Pole, named Letti, would perform some amazing feats of strength.

This feat of holding two cars may perhaps be taken as pretty well the limit of human strength. That it is a fearful feat is proved by the horrible accident which recently befell the famous strong man known as Apollon.

All Cuban cities offer a motley of tints, but Santiago outdoes them all in the chaotic jumble of pigments. In a single block we found house walls of lavender, sap green, robin's egg blue, maize yellow, sky gray, saffron, deep imperial pink, old rose, light pink, yellow ochre, maroon, tan, vermilion and purple.

FALL MODES AS SEEN IN PARIS

Skirt and Sleeve Lengths Still Undetermined for the Approaching Season.

CLING TO PRESENT STYLES

Abbreviated Types Likely to Be Retained for Autumn Wear Judging From Fashions Displayed at French Society Affairs.

From Paris, the source of fashion inspiration, there come at this season little tales filled with significance. They are pertinent signs, observes a Paris fashion correspondent, to be regarded with due attention and all seri-



Evening gown showing manner in which lace is being used, Callot putting her own particular stamp upon the design.

ousness if one would know the general fashion tendencies for the season to come.

Now is the psychological moment to think of gowns that will develop by the time cold weather sets in. The original scheme may be changed and juggled, but in that way it becomes perfected and one's wardrobe, instead of being a matter of chance, becomes an individual achievement. That is the way to be really well dressed.

The general lines are the first to be considered, and all signs point to certain changes in silhouette. For instance, the fullness over the hips is gradually declining. That seems to be a certainty, for all the reports from the English and French races say that the lines of the silhouette are straight and uncompromising. They say the chemise dress is still in favor. For that fact many will give thanks, for this dress has come to be greatly loved. So much can be done with it in the way of variations. It is so vastly becoming to many figures and its possibilities of adaptation are too wonderful to be lightly cast aside. Proof of its desirability lies in the fact that it returns repeatedly to the fore ranks of fashion.

There is a heated discussion going on about the ever-variable length of sleeves and skirts. Last year at this time our skirts in America were nearly touched the ground and clung about the feet. Now they have sprung sky high, and everybody—even those who swore they could not do it—is pleased as can be over the change. Will the short skirt stay with us for another season? French and English society women predicted that skirts would lengthen, but, as a matter of fact, they do not seem to be one whit long-

er. All the photographs which are being sent from the races show skirts that well nigh touch the knees by way of length, for the French always have worn them much shorter than ours. American women, too, have become used to the more abbreviated skirt lengths, and common sense would lead one to suppose that the skirt would remain short for the coming season. However, the only fault in that heavy reasoning is that common sense does not always rule the ways of fashion, and for the actual decision one will have to wait until the fall styles have actually been created and imported. All that can be said is that skirts are still short. Not a long one has been seen upon the landscape.

The Sleeve Lengths.

Sleeve lengths are almost as important. In fact, just at this season they are really more important, for sleeves have taken on such a tendency to fluctuate that one scarcely knows what is right and what is wrong about them. Anything goes as long as it is well done, and whether the long sleeve or the short sleeve or the three-quarter sleeve is the most fashionable is a fact that is hard to establish. Many of the latest Parisian reports tell of sleeves which are longer than they have been, but then, Parisian sleeves have always been extremely short—shorter, in fact, than most of ours. They are showing and wearing sleeves of three-quarter length and sleeves that end below the elbow, having there a wide and flowing opening.

There are some very chic new things, too, that show long and tightly fitting sleeves clasping snugly over the hands. They look beautiful, after so great a quantity of abbreviation as has been our portion during the last couple of years. But here, as with the skirts, there is no telling what will be the wild popularity after the fall openings have actually been held and after the winter modes have been launched. Only, a change is due, and just how it will come or what form it will take is hard to foretell exactly. At present any length of sleeve is a good length, and there is ample opportunity to adapt the length and the shape of the sleeve to the proportions of the individual arm and figure. In playing with the lengths and the general tightness much that is beautiful can be and has been accomplished this last season. Also much that is execrable has been allowed to live because not enough conscientious thought and attention has been applied to the problem in hand.

Plaits have had a wonderful run of popularity, but upon many of the new models plaits are seen revived in many ways.

Evening Gowns in Paris.

The between-season evening gowns that are being created in Paris, mostly for the Parisian trade, are extremely simple in outline. Many of them, a report says, are made of heavy crepes in solid colors. The skirts are draped and the bodices are made quite simply, with little or no sleeves about them. Since lace is so extremely popular one finds additions of lace on otherwise quite simple frocks—as an edging for an underskirt (this is an extremely good fashion) or as a trifling addition to a bodice. The whole lace gown is certainly popular. It is seen



Between-season creation by Cheruit, illustrating afternoon gown of orange crepe de chine, with embroidery in silver threads.

everywhere, and every day the leading designers are adding new lace frocks to their collections. At the fashionable evening gatherings in Paris many lace frocks are seen, many of them being of black chintilly draped over cream-colored satin. One lace frock was made in chemise fashion and had a train square in shape set on at the shoulders and allowed to sweep over the floor after the gown, which was quite short as to skirt. This was of black lace over white, and the train was also built from the lace laid over the satin.