

WHITE-TAILED DEER.

"Well," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer to Mr. White-Tailed Deer, who was in the next little house in the zoo, "your dangerous season has passed."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. White-Tailed Deer. "Are we not animals of the dark forests, and do we not see that there are plenty of us left because we do not do foolish and foolhardy things? We do not put ourselves in the way of danger.

"We stay off by ourselves and keep where it is safe. We live near rivers where few others live and where it is wild, and because we don't try to be too sociable there are still lots of us living.

"It doesn't do to be too sociable, do you think so?"

"No, I think we're wise," said Mrs. White-failed Deer. "But then we're in the zoo now. It isn't the free, wild life, but at least it is safe. Here we can be sociable and no one will harm us.

"The zoo people will not let anyone hurt us. They will only let people come to admire our antlers and our fine bodies and our great beauty."

"That's true." said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "but at the same time we do nice things for them. We don't like some animals, refuse to let our babies be born here. No, we let the babies come and we show them we're grateful to them for their kindness to us and for their protection."

"You too have spoken the truth." said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "We are rather nice, sensible, pleasant, goodlooking animals."

"What do you mean when you say we are 'rather' nice?" asked Mr White-Tailed Deer. "We are very nice, aren't WA?"

"Of course," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer: "I only said we were rather aice, meaning that we were very nice.'

"Then why didn't you say what you meant?" asked Mr. White-Tailed Deer. "Still cross?" asked Mrs. White-Tailed Deer.

"No," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer. "only it seems sensible to say what

one means." "It does seem that way," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "but I forget sometimes and put in words I don't mean and leave out those I do. I didn't





There was always a pleasant, interested smile on the face of Drury Law rence whenever his fellow clerks chatted about home, wives, sweethearts or love.' He was a quiet, unassuming young man, and Eric Dawes. his one close friend, had often noticed the sympathetic glow in his honest, earnest eyes, and wondered why it

grew so intense, on the occasions

noted. Drury was closing his desk late one afternoon and he and Eric were the only occupants of the room. A brighthearted young fellow, a new clerk, had just left after showing an engagement ring to Drury he intended presenting to his fiancee. Drury listened to his eulogies of its intended recipient with pleased attention.

"You must be a happy man in your own love affairs to be so ready to appreciate that of others," suggested Eric.

A peculiar expression crossed the face of Drury. It was serious, yet tender and expressive. A dreamy, faraway look came into his eyes as he said :

"There has been only one so-called love affair in my life. Eric, and there will never be another. Do you know who that is?" and he produced a photograph from a drawer in the desk.

"Why, it is Miss Ina Vernon!" exclaimed Eric in unmitigated surprise. "You don't mean to say that you are interested in that direction?"

"Eminently so," replied Drury, and his tones were fairly reverential. "I have loved her devotedly for over two years. You are my only confidant, so respect my secret. See !" and he produced a packet of letters tied with a bit of ribbon. "Each month I have written to her, unfolding my heart, beginning with 'Dear Miss Vernon' and now addressing her as 'My Soul's Treasure."

Eric was fairly astounded. This quiet, unpretentious friend had outstripped them all ! Miss Ina Vernon, the daughter of the wealthy manufacturer! In correspondence with her for two years-she, the proud beauty of a leading family! The "soul's only treasure" of a plain, humble office clerk.

"Then-then you are engaged?" insinuated Eric.

"In my letters," replied Drury in puzzling accents of sadness; "in letters never sent. I have carried on a love fiction for my own hopeless consolation only. Miss Vernon unknowingly took possession of my heart. I realized my yearnings were as those of a rushlight craving for the star. I was content to love her in secret. I have never spoken to her. She has never read a line of my letters."

"And you are never going to tell her," spoke Eric, with genuine feeling; "you, a man worthy of the consideration of any woman !"

"It would be presumptuous. I have no right to aspire, to hope," replied Drury sorrowfully. "Let my dreaming suffice. She is of another world than mine."

THE MONITOR

STATISTICS AND DESCRIPTION OF

Late French Hats Are Modeled to Adorn the Wearer.

LINES SUIT

Deftly Arranged to Afford Most Becoming Headgear.

always the lines that suit the face they other sections of the south.

are built to accompany. It takes an artist to construct a hat of the proper lines which will look smart and trim. But the French, when round ball. There seems to be no of autocracy. frame and no foundation, and yet they are perfect frames for the faces they adorn. Ostrich feathers of all sorts

have a fascinating way of curling over the ears and necks of their wearers. The hats are black or of very dark colors and the feathers are bright.

Many variations of the Tam o' Shanter are shown by the French modistes. They are large or small, trimmed or untrimmed, for sport or for dress, but at any rate the Tam o' Shanter in one form or another seems to be an indispensable part of the hat equipment of 1920. They are made of velvet or of hatter's plush or of tiny ribbons shirred and sewed round and round, and they are in solid colors when they are smartest.

Feather and coque turbans are distinctly good and these come in many daring colors, worn usually with no trimming but with an exquisite lace vell. The veil is more an ornament for the hat than a protection for the face

Picture hats, wide and spreading for wear with the old-fashioned French costumes and with those that follow the Spanish influence. These are made of hatter's plush or of velvet, beautifully sewn; and their rather high crowns are made soft enough to fit over the head. Sometimes there is a suggestion of trimming about them, but more often they have on inconspicuous band of ribbon.

There is a popular turban of maline made over a sparkling metal brocaded band. It is simply a puff of the tulle with the color of the band showing through around the headsize, and then a puff of the tulle droops over the right ear.

WORK SYSTEMS TO BLAME Manufacturers Feel That Increased Cost is Due to the Week-

Work Scheme.

There is now a feeling among women's garment manufacturers that the factor of increased cost, due to the establishment of the week-work in place of the plece-work system, may play a more important part in high prices than it was realized. This point has occurred to some of the leaders in the



"We Can Be Sociable."

mean to use that word 'rather' at all, It just crept in without being noticed." "I noticed it," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer.

"I didn't." said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "or I might have been able to stop it in time.'

"Oh, well, it is all straightened up now," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer. "Yes," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "and while I'm a deer and a dear at the same time I can't have everything my own way and be a speaker too!"

"Oh, gracious," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "the very idea of you cracking that old, old joke about deer and dear. But you did say something that interested me. You asked me if I were still dangerous, didn't you?"

"No." said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer. "you have made a mistake too. I said that your dangerous season had passed.'

"Oh, well, we've each made a mistake in our talk so we're even that way," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "but pray tell me what you mean when you say my dangerous season has passed." "I mean," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "that during September and October and November you cannot be

trusted, for you are dangerous and are apt to go at creatures with your three strong, spearlike antlers and your great weight pushing you on."

"Oh, yes, that is so," said Mr. White-Tailed Deer, "but why speak of the fact that my dangerous season has passed so long after the time when it has passed? It's well on in the winter now.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. White-Tailed Deer, "I'm so perfectly sure it has passed now, you see!"

Better Still.

The postmaster's boy and the professors' boy were playing together. A question of precedence arose, and the professor's boy exclaimed, "You ought to let me go first! My father's an A. M."

"Huh!" replied his companion "That's nothing. My father's a P. M.'

Didn't Deserve Zero.

Student--There must be some mistake in mr examination marking, 1 don't think 1 deserve an absolute zero. Inspector-Neither do I; but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give

Drury recited how, when Miss Vernon had lost a pet spaniel, he had restored it through the home servants, refusing to accept the reward tendered or to disclose his identity. Again, it was he who had been near

at hand when Mr. Vernon, at variance with some of his mill employees, was assailed by a mob. Drury saved the magnate from a shower of dangerous missiles and then vanished.

Then, too, in seeking an office friend who was off on a spell of dissipation, in shielding him from a group of gamblers, Drury had as well run across Manfred Vernon, the brother of Ina. His efforts and warnings had signally

turned the footsteps of both the young men from the downward path. It was about two months after the disclosure to Eric that the latter was startled by reading in the morning paper that a young man named Drury

Lawrence, passing the mansion of John Vernon, had sprung upon a lurking intruder about to place a lighted bomb within the vestibule, had flung it away from the house, but its explosion had reached him, lacerating and half blinding him. He had been removed to a hospital, and the article commended his heroism and spoke of the gratitude of the Vernon family over this great act of self-sacrifice.

Eric hastened to the hospital to find Drury suffering but radiant. He had

saved Ina and her family! It was enough! The surgeon said he would time. Eric left the hospital with a was, he told her all and placed in her had written. Eric, too, told her of

of her father and brother. He had only to watch the lovely face of Ina Vernon to know that the revelation influenced every sentiment of girlish sympathy and interest From that time forward every day Ina visited Drury at the hospital. One afternoon she came up to Eric as she left the cot where Drury lay. She

took bis hand in a tremulous grasp. 'Mr Dawes," she whispered, blush ing, but earnest, "will you take a mes sage to our brave friend for me Tell him." and her sweet voice bore the thrill of the deepest emotion, "tel him to get we'l-for my sake!"

trade who have not been entirely satisfied that the cost of raw material and other items was alone at the basis of values. Accustomed to piecework prices, which enabled them to know with the best accuracy just what production cost them, some of the manufacturers, it is explained, may have added unconsciously to their profits when dealing with the new system that does not show costs so easily and correctly.

CRETONNE HAT FOR SPRING

A facing of turguoise blue silk and field flowers encircle the crown of this charming broad brimmed cretonne hat designed for spring wear.

Gems Liven Black Gowns.

Emeralds are used as a foll for a black lace gown when emerald silk recover both sight and strength in lines the folded bow ends on the soft crushed girdle and sash, and for one firm resolution in his mind. That notable costume an emerald facing afternoon he called upon Miss Ina is used on the black lace hat. Col-Vernon. True-souled friend that he ored gems are favored for use with the all-black costumes generally, but hands the beautiful love letters Drury jewels of pearl and diamond-set platinum make a most effective accomhis hidden acts of devotion in behalf paniment for a black tulle gown, having an underdress of creamy white.

With such a costume a long diamond chain finished with pearl-mounted pendant and used with pearl earrings carries out the long, graceful lines of one of the new soft hanging tunics. Dignity is added to an all-black costume by the use of a diamond and onyx collarette.

The New Coat.

The newest French coats are cut on the simplest possible lines, without belts, and hanging straight, the silhouette narrowing slightly at the botM. LYNCH,

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