#### The Ways of Destiny

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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 diorama.

"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

"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, 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 engrossed for some time in discussing mine." 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 be 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

"Yes, when winter comes and I have Irene.

the article just returned.

carried it home fully satisfied with a they've been blue. purchase that provided her with a value.

and was interested in Irene's story of feel like crying." the incident that had led to its acquisition. The Dawsons had known comfort and plenty until the head of the blue bird. "That is easy for me to sole support of her aged mother.

"I will get at the coat tomorrow,

So for the time being the garment ter Morse, Ceramics," "I felt sure he ers followed some artistic calling," Irene told herself, and then blushed consciously. "Why," she cheated herself feelings. So as I am blue in my looks into saying, "one would think I was it doesn't mean I must be in my feelin love with him. What nonsense!" but went to bed still thinking of Mr. in their looks because they are blue Walter Morse.

The following day was one of short working hours and Irene came home early. Her mother met her at the door in a great state of excitement.

"I came near sending for you," she fluttered. "I could hardly wait till you came home. Oh, Irene! the most wonderful thing! In an inside pocket | bird. of the coat, sewed up, I found-but come and see for yourself."

Upon the dining-room table lay the coat and beside it was a small bank book. It was open and its first page recorded a recent entry of two thousand dollars. Beside it was an envelope containing a certificate of deposit for a like amount and a dozen Liberty bonds.

"Don't you see, Irene?" said Mrs. Dawson, "the mother of the young man sewed that treasure into the pocket as a safe way to keep it and died before she could tell him about

"We must get to him at once," declared Irene. "I know he was worrying because nothing could be found to provide for the children," and at once she insisted on her mother accompanying her to the address given by Mr.

The conjecture of Mrs. Dawson was correct and gladness, relief and grafftude showed in the face of Walt : Peeky. Morse when his two unexpected callers appeared. Irene fell in love with the cherubic orphans at first sight. The young man asked outright if Mrs. Dawson would undertake their care until he made more permanent arrangements, and the Dawson home was enlivened by the constant presence

of the little tots. The "permanent arrangements" materialized, as they were bound to do where two young souls were mutually interested. They were ushered in by of college, are you going to give him of homespun jumpers and the like. the love god, and included the housing of the five, a happy and harmonious family under one and the same



THE BLUE BIRD.

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

"I am that," said Peeky who was also known as Miss Peek. Peeky was small smoothhaired 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-aboo," said Peeky. "I've been called things so many since that I consider each of them my real name. And Explain Something 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-boo. It's a name I haven't heard for so long that I have almost forgotten it as a name of

"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."

"Gladly will I do so," said the blue bird.

"I have heard people speak of being saved up enough to buy it," laughed blue," said Peeky. "They have talked of being discouraged and sad and such "Well, here is your chance," and things. They have looked sad and nounced Miss Lowe, and she held up their voices have been without laughter for a while-for all of the time in Irene inspected the garment eagerly. fact that they said they were blue. The low price was irresistible. "I will And when they've been discouraged take it," she said, and that evening and sad and such things they've said

"Now you are always blue and yet cold-weather wrap at one-half its real you are not sad. You are a blue bird and still you sing. When people are Irene's mother approved the bargain blue they do not sing, they say they

"You want me to explain why it is I sing though I am blue?" asked the family died, and Irene was now the do. I will explain it to you at once." "Good," said Peeky.

"You see," said the blue bird, "that dear," said the latter. "It is quite I am blue in color. Now when people long, and I think the best way to do are sad and discouraged and when would be to turn in the defaced edge." | they say they are blue you will notice that they are not blue in color. Their was forgotten, but not so the interest feelings, their cheerfulness has being young man who had brought it to come blue but not their faces and their the store Irene consulted the tele- feathers. I didn't mean to say feathphone book. Yes, there it was: "Wal- ers for, of course, they haven't feath-

"But they do not become blue themselves in their looks, only in their ings any more than they must be blue in their feelings.

"I'm a blue bird, that is my color, I like it and I am happy. I do not feel

"And you are happy then?" asked "Tremendously

so," said the blue "Oh. bow-wow,"

said Peeky. "There comes my breakfast coffee and my lump of sugar for dessert."

"What?" asked the blue bird.

"Of course," said Peeky, "I have a blue, and between looking blue and feeling blue there is a great differ-

For Breakfast.

small bowl of coffee with milk and melted sugar every morning for breakfast. I may not take it quite so hot as most people but I do like coffee. I really, really do! I love it! Most dogs are different. And then after Charles has had his breakfast he brings me a lump of sugar. He never, never forgets it. It is always in his pocket. I'm not blue in my feelings, or sad, not I," ended

What the Problem Was. Father-Young man, why were you so late coming home from school tonight?

me to stay about a problem. Father-What was the problem? Son-I was.

.Citizen-Now that your boy is out a chance in your business?



Sackville Street, Dublin,

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. To us who are used to the extraordinary hotchpotch of London, deriving its characteristics of brick and stone from every conceivable century, there is something peculiarly attractive about the street upon street of square Georgian houses. London always seems to be in a state of violent reaction against everything which is called "eighteenth century," so that those parts of London which most resemble Dublin seem most foreign to our conception of London itself. Perhaps it is because it is Georgian that Bloomsbury attracts a particular type of inhabitant, as often as not a cultured foreigner, not to be found in the urbanity of Mayfair, nor in the banality of Maida Vale. And if you imagine a city where all the streets are like Great Ormond street and the squares like the Bloomsbury squares, you have an honest conception of Dublin.

Nor does the eighteenth century appear in the houses alone; there are those in Dublin who carry on the tradition of old world courtliness which has long become rare enough to be remarkable even in Bloomsbury; it is true that they are few in number even here, but they are sufficient to leave a certain fragrance of other days in drawing room and coffee house.

Clad in Romance. Before getting on board the boat at Holyhead, Great Britain will leave memories of abject Anglesea in the traveler's mind, and when the waste of sea reveals ahead of him the first contours of Ireland, the mountains rise up to greet him with a very different face from that of the flat and cheerless little island he has just crossed. They are almost blatantly green, so that he must perforce murmur platitudes beneath his breath about the "emerald isle." Dubliners are forever conscious of those mountains near by; they escape to them as often as they can and endow them with a symbolical meaning. The Dublin mountains seem to have got misplaced from the far west; they are that part of primeval Connacht which has set itself at the door of Dublin in order to turn the heart of the Gael west rather than east. In the Dublin mountains there travel to and fro the old vagrants with whom lingers the memory of a Celtic poetry and from whom Synge and Yeats and the rest have gathered so much local color.

In Dublin itself this old culture lingers alongside of the modern and English industrialism of the Liffey and the quaysides, and in the dirty streets on the north side one can still come across a ballad singer with a little group round him.

Charles Lever, when he was Trinity college, dressed as a ballad singer and earned 30 shillings in the Dublin streets, and another and ever more famous Trinity college studen earned a crown every now and then for a street song. This young man was Oliver Goldsmith, whose statue now graces the entrance to the university, than whom no man could be found more typical of the best period of Dublin's prosperity.

The Bohemian Quarter. Today all the varied energies, political, literary, social, are concentrated into a space bounded by Grafton street, Stephen's green, Trinity college railings and Merrion square; within these limits there is scarcely a house that does not conceal some enthusiasm. Not the least interesting are the little shops where enthusiasts seek to turn business into an art; Son-The teacher said she wanted the "Sod of Turf," where you can talk and eat and drink in Gaelic, where the fire is a real turf fire, and the waitress a real Kerry Gael; the "Crock of Gold." where the genius which produced James Stephens masterpiece is turned to the making so that the streets of somber eight-Merchant-No; I'm not going to senth century Dublin may blaze with give him a chance-I'm going to take color that would delight a post-impressionist; then there is the Irish

T HAS been said that Dublin has | 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.

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. And in those most tragic days of April, 1916, Mme. Marcievies held Stephen's green with a troop of boy scouts. A story is told which shows the amazing muddle of those days. Some English lady visitors had just looked at the Shelburne hotel and, looking out of the window, they saw some bare-kneed, red-cheeked children digging trenches in the green. "We highly approve of the scout movement," they said. "Let us take them some plates of bread and jam." Judge of their surprise a quarter of an hour later to find them selves prisoners of war in the middle of the green.

## AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH

Muscular Developments, Breaks Record-Performer's Awful Fate.

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

There appeared upon the stage a lityoung, 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 Lettl, setup of her own personality. A cerwho thus beat the record lift by no less than 400 pounds.

He then stood between two eight horsepower cars, to which he at- of a new season. She does not see tached himself by means of hooks, styles as things in themselves, she which he held in his hands. The cars were started simultaneously, but, by sheer finger-strength, Lettl held them so that they could not move, although herself she bites at it like a trout at a the engines were working at full fly. She never buys a gown solely be-

This feat of holding two cars may a fearfully risky feat is proved by befell the famous strong man known great artistic success.

as Apollon. At Vichy, before a large audience, he essayed a similar feat, his arms be ing 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.

The Colors on Santiago Walls. 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 ocher, maroon, tan, vermilion and purple. This jumble of colors with never two shades of the same de gree, gives the city a kaleidoscopic brillancy under the tropical sun that is equally entrancing and trying to the the feet. Now they have sprung sky eye .- Harry A. Franck in the Century high, and everybody-even those who Magazine.

Tobacco Seeds Are Almost Dust. The seeds of the tobacco plant are so minute that a thimbleful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.

# 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 put-Pole, Without Seemingly Remarkable ting 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 It was announced that a Pole, think of gowns that will develop by named Lettl, would perform some the time cold weather sets in. The original scheme may be changed and juggled, but in that way it becomes tle man only five feet in height, and perfected and one's wardrobe, instead weighing about 140 pounds. Not of being a matter of chance, becomes an individual achievement.

the way to be really well dressed. The lessons to be learned from the French women in this respect are numerous. A French woman regards primarily the lines of her own figure. the shape of her own head and the tain line suits her figure. She looks upon that as a fixed point and around it revolves the building of the clothes sees them only as possible adaptations to herself. And if she finds a new thing that fits in with her ideas of cause it is beautiful. She never allows herself to stay out of the picture perhaps be taken as pretty well the long enough to consider the dress as limit of human strength. That it is a separate entity, and, what is more, she accomplishes her end with cleverthe horrible accident which recently ness and thought and usually with

## Importance of the Lines.

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 very nearly touched the ground and clung about 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 shortshorter, 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 chantilly 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.