What the Bride Went Away In

A GEM of a dress is shown here, in this copy of a French model by one of the greatest of those designers who have vindicated the art and precedence of Paris. This three-piece dress, made by Kurzman for Miss Wilson, makes almost no departure from the original design which inspired it.

Corbeau, or raven's bill blue, which is so dark as to be near black, and so clear that it is a fascinating shade, is the color. It seems to be suited to the materials used, which were gabardine and charmeuse.

The bodice is made of dark blue chiffon over white. Over the shoulders are braided straps of gabardine, and the belt is made of gabardine covered with 12 rows of narrow silk braid. The bodice opens over vestee and collar of white organdy edged with a rose and green-flowered ribbon border, fastened in front by three ribbon buttons. The sleeves are long and made over white chiffon, ending in a wide cuff of 16 rows of narrow black braid.

The short skirt is made of gabardine and has three circular flounces starting at the sides. These are fastened at the back with a strap of gabardine, attached to which are four small black silk tassels. The flounces are attached to corbeau charmeuse and about one inch of this shows between them. The flounces and the bottom of the skirt are edged with black silk braid.

The coat is a combination of the gabardine and charmeuse. The front is of the charmeuse, which extends over the shoulders and upper part of the back. It is gathered in at the collar.

Carrying out the idea of combining the two materials, the three-quarter sleeves of gabardine are topped with charmeuse. The edges are bound with flat silk braid. There is a soft girdle of gabardine ending in front with an oval charmeuse buckle.

This quiet-looking but really elaborate costume is of that fashionable type which has replaced the more severely tailor-made. It is a gown that presupposes many things in the way of luxurious traveling and may be taken as a model of an afternoon or visiting gown of cloth which will answer many requirements.

Casque and French Twist Coiffures

THERE is such an unsettled state of affairs in the matter of styles in coiffures that no particular manner of dressing the hair may be said to be THE fashion. But one sees, with greater frequency than any others, two styles. One is "the casque," and one is the "French twist." In the latter the hair is usually placed high on the head.

In the group of coiffures pictured here two modifications of the casque coiffure and one of the French twist are faithfully portrayed. It is noticeable that the side parting is adopted in all of them, and that two of the three are waved and the third is absolutely plain.

When the hair is fairly abundant the unwaved coiffure is liked for those who are given to dancing the modern and somewhat frolicsome dances. It is easier to keep the coiffure in order, it seems, with the hair plain and unwaved than with the adoption of a more elaborate style. To keep it fluffy, without too frequent washing, it may be treated to a bath of orris powder. This is a sort of dry-cleaning process for the hair which leaves it easy to manage. It is not a thorough-going cleansing process like a water shampoo, but may be used to make the shampoo necessary at longer intervals. The powder is rubbed into the hair and scalp and then shaken and afterward brushed out until no trace of it is left.

In passing, it is to be noticed that the fad for dancing has brought in an entirely new coiffure which shows the hair brought back from the forehead and coiled at the back, with the coils either of twisted or braided hair. A sparse fringe about the face is curled in ringlets, and these are pinned to the hair back of them. There is no small pompadour or other soft arrangement about the face, in this style. It leaves the forehead, except for the small ringlets, quite bare.

To do the hair in the French twist is simple enough. All the hair is combed back to the crown of the head and twisted into a lengthwise roll extending from the nape of the neck to the top of the head. This lengthwise coil is pinned down without pulling the hair tightly back, so as to leave it soft about the face. The ends are arranged on top of the head in puffs or coils; or if the hair is short, they may be curled and pinned down in a mass of pretty curls.

In the casque coiffure the hair, either waved or straight and parted or not parted, is arranged like a cap over the head, with the ends turned under and pinned in so that they are lost sight of. The style, therefore, is difficult for anyone with long hair.

When the hair is parted at one side for this coiffure the ends are brought to the opposite side, tucked under and pinned in. The usual finish, at the line where the pinning in is done, is a long shell comb or a Spanish comb. The Spanish comb used with the French twist is quite the latest and smartest item in hairdressing style.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

SCOLDING BY PROXY

By JOHN KENT.

Mrs. Belman and her daughter exchanged glances after the doctor had left the house.

Daisy was the first to speak.

"Now mother, dear, don't you worry about the medicine! I know we can afford it—"

"Dear, how can we?" interrupted the delicate little woman on the sofa. "Dr. Witherbee admits it's a very expensive treatment, but he is positive that it will relieve my trouble so that I shall really be of use in the world again."

"As if you were not the greatest use in the world to me—just as you are there on the sofa? What would I do without you to come home to at night?" asked the girl passionately. "Mother, I've thought of the loveliest plan to raise the money—and you are not to ask a word about it, and don't worry!"

Mrs. Belman raised herself to a sitting posture and Daisy put another pillow behind her.

"Let me tell you something, dear, and it may save you trouble and some mortification. Don't go to your father's half-brother about it—Anthony bears an old grudge and would not help me if I was dying." A pink flush came and went in her thin cheek.

"Mother!" gasped Daisy. Daisy's one hope had been Anthony Bush, rich and childless. "Why did he hate you so?" whispered the girl after awhile.

"Because I married your father—instead of him," said Mrs. Belman quietly.

"Oh! And he holds revenge after all these years? How contemptible he must be!"

"He is a hard man."

"Never mind, dear, I will get the medicine, somehow. I can get the first prescription filled tonight—the powders."

"Very well. As soon as you return we will go to bed—you must be very tired."

The next day Daisy Belman went to her work in a downtown law office, unrefreshed by a night of sleepless tossing.

How to get the money needed for her mother's medicine puzzled her. There was not a relative to call upon—no money in the bank since her father's sudden death a year ago, and no valuables which she could pawn to gain the necessary amount. Daisy was the sole support of her mother and their tiny flat was the best that she could afford.

"I will come home with the medicine tonight, mother," Daisy had promised.

All day long that promise haunted Daisy. She had promised her mother—how could she fulfil that promise?

On the way home she decided to appeal to Uncle Anthony. What if he did snub her? It was for her mother's sake. She could bear anything for her.

Mr. Anthony Bush sat in his private office frowning at the calendar which glaringly spaced off the remaining months of the year. Anthony Bush was soured at the world—he had frowned at it for so many years that he had forgotten how to smile.

His expression did not change when Daisy came timidly in, having been preceded by her card.

Anthony Bush did not arise at her entrance, nor did he even deign to turn his head in her direction.

"Well?" he barked out.

"Uncle Anthony," began Daisy tremglingly, "mother is very ill and I need help—I'll pay it back to you, every penny, if you—"

"Save your breath!" snarled Anthony, rudely. "Your mother came to me for help a year ago—I told her then that if she had married me, all of my money would have been at her disposal. As it is, she chose the spendthrift—and must abide by the consequences."

Daisy said not a word. She vanished from the room and never caught her breath until she had reached the lower corridor of the big office building. "How I hate him!" she cried passionately. "I wish I had told him so—I will now!" She stepped into an empty telephone booth, picked up the directory, and with eyes blurred with tears, sought and found the name of Anthony Bush.

At the same time Daisy Belman was telephoning to her Uncle Anthony, the telephone bell jangled in a pleasant studio, not far from Washington square.

At the sound a big young man roused himself from a deep chair and picked up the receiver.

"This is Anthony Bush," he said pleasantly.

A girl's sweet, indignant voice came to his astonished ears.

"Uncle Anthony, this is Daisy Belman. I have just reached the lower floor of the building after my hateful interview with you. I want you to understand that I never would have asked help from you for myself, but the thought of my dear mother suffering, perhaps dying, for lack of necessary remedies, drove me to pocket my pride and appeal to you. You refused, and I want to tell you that I think you are the most cruel, heartless, detestable, selfish old man in the world. I'm glad mother didn't marry you instead of father—I don't wonder why she refused you. You're a perfect bear—and I hate you, there!"

The connection broke suddenly as a receiver clicked at the other end of the wire.

Anthony Bush, the landscape painter, was left staring foolishly into the mouthpiece of his telephone.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he muttered as he returned to his chair. "That's the worst blowing up I ever had—and, by Jove, it wasn't meant for me, after all! Tough luck that Uncle Anthony, whoever it is, didn't get it right in his ear! I expect he deserves it. Any old codger—she called him old—who could so anger a pretty girl—I know she's pretty—deserves a good rip." He picked up the telephone directory and ran his finger down the column. Next to his own name was that of another Anthony Bush—a broker in the Woolly building.

"That's the old duffer," he said, noting the number. "I've heard of him—rich as can be. Let me see, didn't Doi Peterkin tell me that he asked old Anthony one day if he was related to his namesake, Anthony Bush, the landscape painter? He did, and Doi thought it a great joke because the old man snarled that he'd rather claim kinship to a prosperous house painter than a starving artist! He must be an old teaser!"

Tony Bush changed his coat, put on his hat and went down to the Woolly building. When he was admitted to the presence of the other Anthony Bush he found the broker studying his card with mingled impatience and curiosity.

"Some beggar trying to claim relationship with me," muttered old Anthony, whose conscience was still tender from his interview with the timid little dark-eyed girl whom he had scared out of his presence.

He was scarcely prepared for the appearance of a young man, well dressed, well groomed, and quite unusual looking for the Woolly building. Tony stated his business at once.

"I wondered if you could supply me with the address of Mrs. Belman," he asked, pleasantly.

"Lydia Belman? I don't really know—let me see, I had the girl's card here a moment ago." He searched around among the papers on his desk, found Daisy's card, and tossed it over to the young man.

Tony copied the address into his notebook and arose to go. "Thank you for this information," he said, with a keen look at the unhappy old face. "I happen to know that Mrs. Belman is very ill and in temporary distress; I am axious to do something."

Anthony grunted. "Any relation?" he asked.

"None."

"Ever met the girl, Marguerite?"

"Never saw her in my life," truthfully replied Tony.

"Spiritless little chit—I could have admired a spitfire!"

Anthony remembered the fiery message he had received over the wire and chuckled.

At that instant the door opened breezily and Daisy Belman came hurrying in. She did not see Tony Bush and he could not guess her identity until she spoke.

"Oh, Uncle Anthony, I am so sorry for what I said to you over the telephone! You must think me very rude and ill mannered—mother would have cried if she had known it. I simply had to come back and tell you how sorry I am and beg your pardon for the dreadful things I said—"

Mr. Bush put up a protesting hand. The hand shook a little—perhaps because he noticed for the first time how like her mother she was.

"My dear, I don't know what you're talking about," he said with strange gentleness. "You didn't say a word after I refused to help you, and I rather wish you had. As for a telephone message, what are you talking about?"

Daisy was looking at him in amazement. "I went right downstairs and telephoned up to you—and called you mean and cruel and lots of things! Don't you remember?"

Anthony Bush's eyes twinkled. "My telephone bell has been silent for three hours," he protested. At that moment his glance met the betraying ones of Tony Bush, who had lingered near the door. Tony came forward at once.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid that your message came to me instead of your uncle. My name is Anthony Bush, too."

Daisy turned red and pale, while Uncle Anthony laughed until he cried, and young Tony, who had received the scolding by proxy, tried to keep his lips straight, but he couldn't, and when the laughter came into his eyes Daisy laughed, too, and the spell of embarrassment was over.

"Young man, I owe you something for taking that scolding for me," chuckled Uncle Anthony, when Tony turned to go away. "How can I pay it?"

Tony spoke in a low tone with a quick glance at Daisy, whose eyes were fixed on the rooftops below.

"You can repay the debt, Mr. Bush, by relieving Mrs. Belman's distress. As the message came to me, I was going to do what I could anonymously—unless you prefer to attend to it yourself—I'm sure you will.

"I will," said Anthony gruffly. "But I haven't repaid you yet," he said with a quizzical look in his eyes.

Tony blushed and hesitated. At last, with a glance at Daisy's graceful form, he said, doubtfully:

"You—might introduce me to your niece! That would repay me a thousandfold."

Six months later Doi Peterkin met Tony Bush outside the studio door.

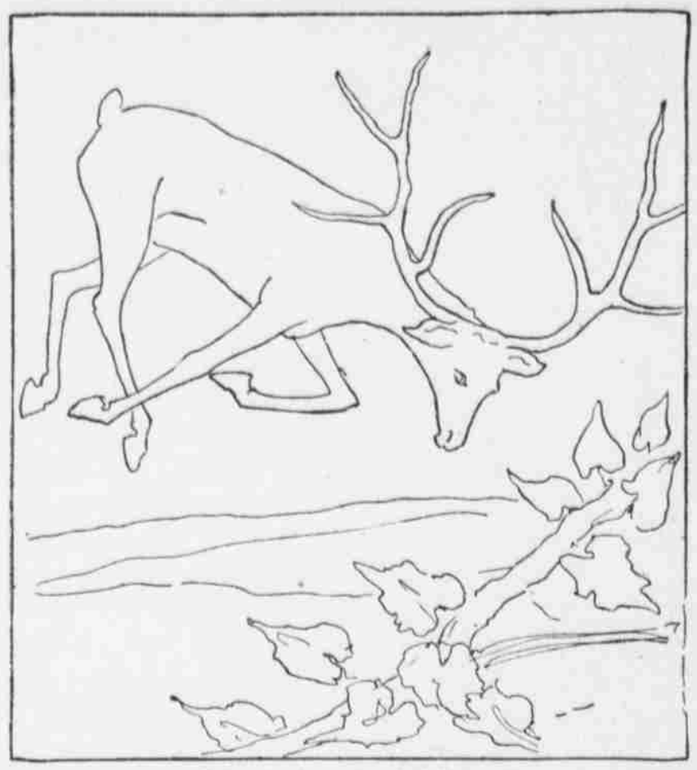
"So you're related to old Anthony Bush after all! Read all about the wedding in the paper. Congratulations!"

"Yes, we're related," admitted happy Tony. "He's my step-great-uncle-in-law!"

New Indian Animal Stories

Why the Deer's Teeth are Blunt

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Color the Animal to Suit Yourself

Long time ago, the deer had no horns. He was a great runner, and so was the rabbit. All the animals wanted to know which could run faster, and they arranged a race. But the rabbit was caught trying to cheat, and so the beautiful horns which they had made as a prize for the winner were given to the honest deer.

The rabbit said to himself, "I must get even with the deer for taking the horns," and so he fixed up a plan.

First the rabbit stretched a big grapevine—as thick as your arm—across a trail and gnawed it with his sharp teeth until it was almost cut in two. Then he went back on the trail a little distance and made a running jump at the vine. He did this again and again, and finally the deer came along and asked him why he was doing it.

"Can't you see?" said the rabbit. "I am so strong, and my teeth are so sharp, that I can bite through that grapevine at one jump."

"Well, I'd like to see you do it," said the deer, who didn't believe what the rabbit had told him.

"Watch, then!" said the rabbit, and made a great jump and bit the grapevine through just where he had gnawed it before.

"If you can do that I can, too," said the deer. So the rabbit stretched another grapevine as big as the first across the path, but this time he did not gnaw it at all. Then the deer went back on the path, made a long run and a jump, as he had seen the rabbit do, but when he struck the grapevine it only threw him backward on his head. He tried it again and again, but could not bite through.

"Let me see your teeth," said the rabbit at last. So the deer opened his mouth and showed the rabbit his teeth. They were long, like a wolf's teeth, but not very sharp.

"No wonder you can't do the trick!" said the rabbit. "Your teeth are too blunt to bite through anything. Let me sharpen them for you and make them like mine. Mine cut through things just like a knife!"

The deer thought that was the right thing, and so the rabbit got a rough piece of stone and began to file away at the deer's teeth. He filed them until they were down to the gums.

"That hurts!" said the deer, but the rabbit told him it always hurt a little just as the teeth were beginning to get real sharp. So, the deer kept still.

"Now try it again," said the rabbit at last. And the deer made a run and jump at the grapevine, but this time he found that he could not bite into it at all.

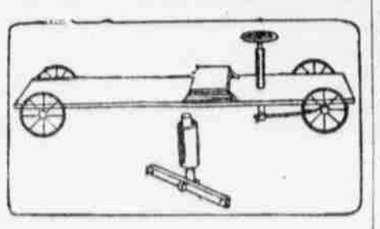
"Now," said the rabbit, "you've paid for your horns!" and he ran away through the bushes.

Ever since then the deer's teeth have been so short and blunt that he cannot chew anything but grass and leaves.

MAKING A COASTING WAGON

Boys Can Usually Find Sufficient Material Lying Around to Build Dandy Little Coaster.

The diagram given herewith shows a coasting wagon or automobile. After securing four wheels, get a board 18 inches wide and six feet long. The front wheels should be attached to the steering gear, which is made by running a small piece of pipe through



Coasting Automobile.

a larger piece, with the steering handle attached, as shown in diagram. Chains or ropes are attached to the crosspiece of the lower part of the steering gear, and to each side of the axle of the front wheels. Boys can usually find the wheels, pipe, and other material lying around the house and barn to make one of these.

Some Rowing Hints.

Here are a few hints which you should remember when you go rowing:

Do not, when learning to row, always watch your oars; you will never learn to scull or row if you do.

Take great care when getting in or out of a boat not to upset it.

Don't change seats in midstream, but always wait until you are close to the bank.

If you hire a boat, make sure that everything is in good condition.

You should not go rowing without knowing the "rule of the water."

A row-boat going against stream or tide keeps to the shore or either bank, and keeps inside all boats meeting it.

A row-boat going with stream or tide keeps in the middle, and outside all boats meeting it.

Plausible Prosy Man.

Why is a plausible but prosy man like an unrifled gun.

Because he's a smooth bore.

SOME POINTS ABOUT DIVING

Few Boys Who Swim Know How to Travel Under Water Properly—Practice Makes Perfect.

Almost every small boy who has ever been in swimming knows how to dive after a fashion, but few of them can dive properly or in such a way as to run no danger of being hurt while enjoying the sport. If you know how to do it you can dive about as well in two feet of water as in twenty and with equal safety. In various parts of the country there are now professional divers who are nightly making crowds of spectators hold their breath with apprehension while the diver drops from a height of 50 feet or more into a small tank of shallow water.

When you dive draw the head down slightly toward the chest and stretch the arms forward on a level with the breast, not raising them above the head. Bend the knees a trifle and make an oblique plunge, taking care not to keep the body too stiff. Don't push too hard with the feet or you will come down on your back or side. After entering the water instantly throw the head back and turn your face toward the surface. This will make your body assume a crescent shape, bending upward, and you will slip to the surface like a greased eel. If you have made a deep dive, a swift stroke or two downward with the hands will make you rise very quickly. When jumping from a great height the legs, arms and head should be kept perfectly rigid. A feeling of fright and an odd sensation in the bowels give one a desire to spread the legs and arms or to bend the body. Doing this will be sure to result in disaster. Don't try to make any high dives unless you have had long practice in diving.

Materialists.

Why may fishmongers be called materialists?

Because their soles are always beneath their notice.

Ceiling Whacks.

If a man bumped his head against the top of a room what article of stationery would he be supplied with?

Ceiling whacks (sealing wax).