

# Jephson's Discovery

By HAROLD CARTER

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It had been a slashing day on the exchange. Interests which Jephson had thought at enmity had combined against him. Jephson was ruined.

It was the last episode of a long-drawn-out fight against him, in which one man, with a paltry five millions, had fought twenty times his wealth, had fought a losing battle for weeks, culminating in this day.

Bitterly Jephson reflected that somebody in his office had betrayed him. It was Edgar, his clerk, most probably. Jephson smiled cynically, as, beaten and helpless, he watched the suave assistant gather his papers together.

"We're done for, sir," said Edgar.

"I think so," answered Jephson calmly.

Miss Garrett, his stenographer, put the cover on her typewriter. The clerks in the outer room had already departed. Each was under a month's notice, issued at the beginning of the fight, and revocable in case of victory. They had mostly found other berths long since.

"Edgar," said Jephson suddenly, "you have got another position?"

"No, sir. I thought I'd stay as long as you wanted me."

"That will do," said the ruined man, with a sudden outburst of temper. "You can go. It is no use coming back. I will send you a check tomorrow."

Edgar took his hat and left the room. Miss Garrett put on hers and went to the ladies' room to put on her veil. Jephson was left alone.

It had taken him five years to jump from obscurity into the light of pub-

pay, and the office had been at sixes and sevens till she came back. And to think that the girl was a common thief!

He opened a drawer and took out a revolver. He always kept it there because he had frequently to work at night, with a hundred thousand in his safe. It was fortunate that he had it. He could end all his troubles by the least pressure of his finger on the trigger.

He raised it toward his forehead and hesitated. He was not in any hurry. He wanted to deliberate upon the act. What would men say of it? And did he care what men said?

The sound of light footsteps outside startled him. He thrust the revolver hastily into a drawer, and looked up to see Miss Garrett. She hesitated and then came up to him.

"I must say something before I go," she said anxiously. "I should have told you long before, but then the mischief was done. Mr. Edgar has betrayed you to the interests on the exchange."

Astounded, Jephson rose to his feet, and at that moment Edgar came hurriedly in.

"I saw Miss Garrett come into the office, sir," he cried, "and I decided that I couldn't accept your decision. I charge her in your presence with—"

"Steady," said Jephson. "Miss Garrett has the floor."

Millicent Garrett turned upon Edgar with flaming eyes.

"He stole that confidential paper from your desk, Mr. Jephson!" she cried. "I was in the cloakroom Saturday afternoon about a month ago, and I saw him come in and fit a key to your office door. I knew he had no business there, and so—well, I watched him. And I saw him unlock your desk and take that O. & F. paper from it."

"Why—!" shouted Edgar.

"Go on, Miss Garrett," said Jephson, raising his hand for Edgar to be silent.

"I saw where he put it and I contrived to get it. He didn't know that the key of my typewriter desk fits that lower third drawer. Well, it does. And I took it. And I kept it, so that he shouldn't sell you out. But he had done so already, evidently."

Miss Garrett's eyes flashed fire.

"Why didn't you give it back to me?" demanded Jephson.

"Because I wasn't sure," she faltered. "I have been watching him. And in the last week we have all known you had been betrayed."

"Why, you told me to take that paper, sir!" said Edgar.

"I did," said Jephson briskly. "You see, Miss Garrett, you acted in my interests, but each of you suspected the other."

"He suspected me!" gasped Miss Garrett.

"I did," said Edgar, a little sheepishly.

"Well, you'd better shake hands," said Jephson briskly. "Shake hands, I tell you! That's better. And business will be resumed at the same old stand tomorrow, and we'll fight it out as long as there's rent in the bank and petty cash in the stamp drawer."

For he knew that with subordinates as jealous for him as that no man could ultimately fail. And Jephson's heart went up in thankfulness that the disaster had revealed this asset to him at last—loyal hearts, such as a man only finds when he needs them.

## MAY ASTONISH THE WORLD

Find of Prehistoric Skeletons That It Is Believed Will Prove of Greatest Value.

Near the outskirts of Los Angeles is a bit of ground underneath which lies a bed of asphaltum. In this thick, black substance are concealed thousands of skeletons which once belonged to strange, prehistoric animals.

The owner of the 35-acre tract has presented this subterranean treasury of ancient secrets to the city of Los Angeles with the understanding that the search for fossils is to go on and that the skeletons recovered are to be housed in a museum to be maintained upon the spot.

The LaBrea ranch, on which prehistoric bone discoveries were first made three years ago, has already produced the most striking collection of skeletons in prehistoric animals in existence. The country in that section must have been a favorite haunt for strange animals of all kinds in the dim ages of the past. The theory is that these animals wandered unsuspectingly into the asphaltum area, were overcome by fumes, and expired. The asphaltum preserved their bones in perfect condition. Up to the present the complete skeletons of 16 imperial elephants with hundreds of skeletons of unknown species, including enormous birds.

This rich discovery is destined to prove of immense importance to scientists, who, up to the present, have been obliged to reproduce prehistoric creatures from more or less incomplete specimens. Montana, Nebraska, and Wyoming have yielded remarkable fossils. These, however, have usually been recovered only at great labor, the bones being incased in solid stone or buried deep in the earth. The bones on the LaBrea, however, are easily recovered, and it may be possible to construct from them a story of the prehistoric animal kingdom which some day will amaze the world.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

### Can't Change.

Mrs. Flatbush—I don't like your hair like that, dear.

Mr. Flatbush—Well, I'm not like a woman. I can't have a different kind of hair every day.

# The Modern System

By C. H. REEVES

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Mr. Sampson Waters glared at pretty Miss Jones, the new employee in the haberdashery department of the great Fitton store.

Miss Jones had been at work a week, and Mr. Waters had taken a decided liking to her. After gallantly promising her to see that the road was made easy for her, he had ventured on a familiarity when they found themselves alone in the doorway for a moment. Now the tingle of pretty Miss Jones' hand across his cheek smarted still.

Waters was the superintendent of the haberdashery department, and the dreaded tyrant of all the girls. They knew that their positions were at the man's mercy. Nobody had so much influence with Fitton as he. A word was as good as a command, it was said.

Fitton had never run his store very successfully. He had inherited it, which was the principal reason. He leaned more and more on his employees. He was an old man, and when his daughter, now at Vassar, came to the ownership—well, Mr. Waters smiled. He expected the general management of the sales department. And Fitton had as good as promised it to him.

There were stories about him, concerning Nelly Gregg, who had disappeared from the store a year before. One of the girls had seen her on Broadway late at night, and Nelly had shrunk from her and hurried away. That Waters was a married man was known, and the girls often speculated what sort of woman had been willing to take him.

Of course, the man was at his ease among the rowdy element, but many a



"I'll Go With You to Coney."

modest girl shrunk from the thought of attracting him. And Mr. Waters felt particularly vicious toward Miss Jones. He went up to her that evening, just before closing time.

"I want to speak to you," he said.

Miss Jones put down her account book and waited patiently.

"I guess you weren't feeling well this morning, kiddo," he said. "That was a pretty raw thing you did. I wouldn't stand it from anyone but you. How about Coney tomorrow night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Miss Jones, turning scarlet with indignation.

"Well, then, I'll explain," said Waters, leaning heavily upon the counter. "Mr. Fitton thinks a good deal of me in this store. He doesn't care what goes on so long as the sales keep up to the mark. He leaves me to keep them up in any way I think best. And what I say goes with him. Get that?"

Miss Jones nodded.

"Got anybody to take care of you?" pursued Mr. Waters. "Living at home or alone?"

"If you mean that as a question," answered the girl, "I live at home with my father, and he supports me."

"Well, six dollars wouldn't go very far," answered Mr. Waters thoughtfully. "Still, I guess you'd hate to go home and tell the old man you'd lost your job, wouldn't you?"

"I certainly should," answered Miss Jones.

"Now you're talking sense," said Mr. Waters. "Well, then, I want lively girls in my department. And not little spiffers. So you'd best make up with me and come to Coney tomorrow night, and I'll give you a good time, kid. What?"

Miss Jones bit her lip and reflected. "I'm sorry for what I did this morning," she said penitently. "And I'll go with you to Coney."

"Now you're talking sense," said the manager, mollified. He glanced quickly about him. "Let's kiss and make up," he added.

Miss Jones extended him a frigid cheek, but Mr. Waters seized her face in his hands and kissed her on the lips. He saw her eyes fill with tears and smiled approvingly.

"You're a little peach, girlie," he said. "I'll wait for you at the side door at seven tomorrow."

At seven o'clock he met Miss Jones as by appointment and escorted her to the surface car. "We'll get supper out there," he said. "Lobsters and beer. Then we'll take in the shows."

All the way down to Coney he congratulated himself upon his partner. Miss Jones was well bred, there was no doubt of that. She was in a class by herself. He began to anticipate an enjoyable summer.

"What's that umbrella for?" he demanded.

"Why, it might rain, you know," faltered Miss Jones.

Mr. Waters roared with laughter. "Yes, and it may snow, or hail," he mimicked. "Say, if you ain't the limit! But I guess I'll educate you."

They had supper together at a flashy restaurant, filled with overdressed youths and girls. Under the stimulus of the beer Waters became exuberant in his professions of admiration, and he hardly noticed that Miss Jones only tasted hers.

"Now for the shows," he said. "Scenic railroad first, kid. I'll show you something."

They entered a car and shot down a declivity into a dark tunnel. Mr. Waters seized Miss Jones in his arms and clasped her to him, while he kissed her again and again. When they emerged into the light he saw that she was crying. She clutched her umbrella tightly.

"Well, of all the dead sports!" he exclaimed. "You'd carry that umbrella to your wedding, I guess, Dorothy."

Miss Jones returned no answer. They took in a number of other shows. "I must be going home now," said the girl, as they passed the terminal.

Mr. Waters laughed. "Come and have a whisky," he said. "It'll cheer you up. Say, what's the matter? You look as if this was your funeral."

"My father will wonder where I am," faltered the girl.

"Ah, cut it out," said Waters. "Say, Dorothy—" and he whispered something in her ear.

The girl turned and looked at him fixedly. In the intense light, among the moving crowds, they might have been alone, for none noticed them, each person was bent upon his own amusements.

"It'll be all right," coaxed Mr. Waters. "I took to you from the first minute I saw you, kiddo. I said to myself, 'that girl's a good-looker if ever there was one. And she needs a protector.' Then fellows at the store are a pretty tough lot! Now, if you treat me right I'll treat you right, I swear. My wife's going to leave me—yes, I knew you'd heard about her from those old hens behind the counter. They're always ready to stick a knife into a fellow. Anyway, she's going to leave me, the Lord be praised, and I'll do the right thing by you just as soon as I can get the divorce. What do you say, girlie?"

At that moment, before Miss Jones could answer, an elderly gentleman, with a scholarly look, which would have made it almost impossible to identify him with the ownership of a department store, came slowly toward them from the crowd. It was Mr. Fitton.

"Say, there's the boss," he whispered to the girl. "Be a good sport, kid, and play up to me."

"Good evening, Waters," said Mr. Fitton casually. "Seeing the sights?"

"Yes, sir," said the manager.

"I came down to have a look about me," said Mr. Fitton, watching Miss Jones rather intently, and then looking inquiringly at Waters.

"My sister-in-law, sir," said Waters. "Came up to town from Pennsylvania this morning, and the wife asked me to bring her along to Coney and show her the sights."

"I am surprised to hear you say that, Waters," said Mr. Fitton, mildly. "How, sir?" inquired the other, unashamed.

"Because she happens to be my daughter," returned his employer. "Just home from Vassar and studying the methods in the store in anticipation of the day when she will take hold."

"I'm going to take hold soon," said Miss Dorothy. "I'm sorry for what I did to you yesterday, in the doorway, Mr. Waters. I'm sorry I didn't do more. But I'm going to now."

And before anyone understood what was happening, she had deftly unfolded her umbrella and pulled out a little and very interesting horsewhip.

"Great Caesar!" shouted the manager, putting up his hands. "Don't use that on me. I'm sorry, Miss Fitton. If I'd have known who you were—"

Whirl! The lash coiled itself about his legs, and he leaped and yelled with agony. Instantly a crowd gathered about them. Whirl! It descended on the manager's back and shoulders. Waters turned to fly, but the crowd, shouting approvingly, barred his way.

The way the girl piled the lash was something to be remembered, everyone agreed. In half a minute Waters was rolling on the ground in agony. And the lash never ceased till Waters tumbled from sheer pain and terror. Then Miss Dorothy broke the butt across his shoulders and left him.

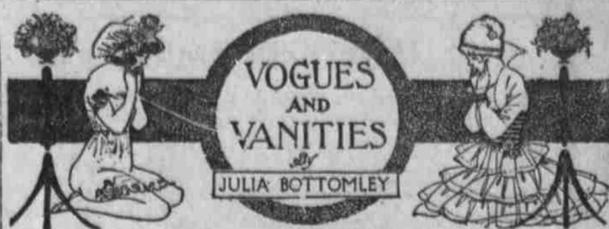
"You see, father, dear, it takes modern methods to run a department store," she explained to the old gentleman, who had reluctantly agreed to meet her there that evening.

And, escorted by a cheering throng, their auto rolled away.

**Practical Preference.**

"Darling, I love you so much I would gladly die for you."

"That's very nice of you, George, but it wouldn't do me any good. I'd so much rather you'd make a good living for me than a glad dying."



Made to Wear With Full Frocks.

A clever petticoat of taffeta, made to wear with full frocks of sheer materials, substitutes a wide frill about the hips for the hoop which is usually inserted in a casing in the gown. It has several points of advantage over the hoop. The flare in the frill results from the stiffness of the taffeta and is supported by parallel corded tucks. The tucks are run in at two-inch intervals and a cord is run in the narrow hem which extends about the bottom and sides of the frill.

The petticoat is finished with shallow scallops about the bottom, outlined with narrow frills which are extended into rosettes. It is shirred in at the waistline to a bodice and fastens in the back. The frill may be separate and fastened on at the waistline with snap fasteners, so that the petticoat will serve for wear with other gowns as well as those with a wide flare about the hips. With frocks of this character the frill is more graceful than the hoop and easier to manage. It is acceptable to women who will not go to the extreme of the hoop and is especially effective with dancing frocks.

Taffeta is not the only silk used for petticoats but is the best choice for one of this particular kind. The Japanese wash silks and crepe de chine have steadily advanced in favor for making under-garments. Aside from the softness and luxury of silk it is the easiest of fabrics to launder. Like many fine, sheer cottons the soft, thin silks are far more durable than they look. They are to be washed in lukewarm water with white soap and ironed when about halfway dry, and they emerge from the right kind of washing and ironing with their original freshness and luster. The finer lingerie laces, some embroidery and small tucks, are employed for decorating the corset covers, chemise, and nightdresses made of wash silks.

### Minor Feature.

This trick of using facings that give a dashing color note to the costume is becoming one of the most important minor features of modern clothes. It made its first appearance on the skirt, in the wide cascades of fabric that rippled down the right side from hip to hem; and after it was established in this part of the gown it appeared here and there over the entire costume.

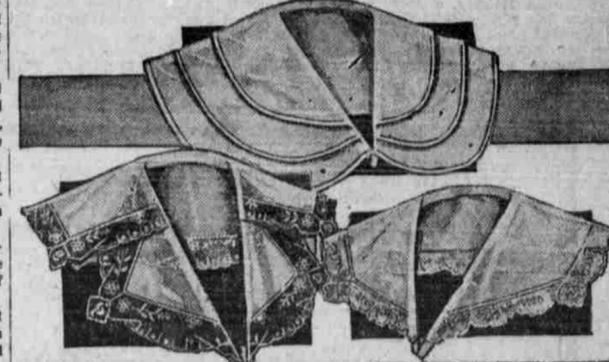
The milliners recognize it as one of the most attractive ways to make a hat becoming to a face.

### Lingerie Seams.

Instead of joining the seams of lingerie with fine beading or having them hemstitched, you may try this method. Put about eight thicknesses of wrapping paper between the two edges to be seamed. Then with a loose tension on the sewing machine and a medium sized stitch, stitch as you would any seam. Pull the paper away and roll or hem down the raw edges of the seam. When the stitching is pulled apart it looks very much like hemstitching.

### Portiere Holders.

You will remember grandmother had these affairs frequently made of brass—now they are made of tin, given a lacquer of black paint, decorated with bright colored flowers and edged with golden gimp.



Between-Seasons Neckwear.

Designers of neckwear are casting about for new things to be introduced along with the presentation of gowns and other wear for fall. So far there is not much change in collars except that the cape collar has grown less at the front and considerably longer at the back. The shawl collar runs to extremes and becomes a cape, and the fichu has a few devotees. Neckwear in the experimental stage and its makers must take their cue after the last word in frocks and blouses for fall has been spoken.

Meantime pretty organdie collars like those shown in the picture enjoy an undisturbed popularity. They are made in all white and in white with colored borders and embroidery. Three good examples of them are shown in the group.

One is a small triple cape collar and plain, having the three little capes finished with plain narrow hems.

A design that is something between a cape and a sailor collar is of plain transparent organdie bordered with a fine embroidery of the same material. In nearly all bordered collars hemstitching serves to join the embroidery to the collar.

A sailor collar with revers is made of white transparent organdie and bordered with a colored organdie embroidered in white. It is one of the prettiest offerings of the artists in neckwear and will almost convert a plain waist into a costume blouse.

### Cobweb Stockings.

Stockings are still as fine as cobwebs, and match the shoes in color. To go with dressy costumes they may have clocks embroidered in silk or heads.