

A Question of Money

By FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

May Allyn stepped from the elevator with a bit of lace in her hand and walked through the rotunda, looking to right and left among the massive pillars that were both emphasized and screened by the drooping palms. There were few persons in sight, a semi-invalid or two lounging about, an old gentleman reading a newspaper, and now and then a sightseer with up-turned face and curious eyes. Most of the guests were over on the beach, for it was the bathing hour; a few were up the lake boating or fishing, and a few others out on the ocean pier or wandering among the many trails. May went nearly across the rotunda before she found the object of her search, a woman in a retired corner reading a novel.

"Here you are, mamma," she exclaimed rebukingly; "and reading that novel, as I might have expected. Don't you know the characters in it would stay exactly where you leave them if you should close the book for a few hours, and this glorious weather outside is something of the present. But see here," holding up the lace for inspection; "do you think this will do?"

"For what?"

"Oh, you know, mamma, I'm to be Betty the Maid in the play we're getting up, and am to have the white badge of servitude on my head and wear a white apron and carry round a broom or something. I've told it all over before, only your head's in that book. Do please shut it up."

The older woman did so, with a sigh, and took the bit of lace between her fingers.

"No, it won't do at all, May," she decided instantly, a ripple of amuse-

ment breaking the dreamy quietness of her face. "It wouldn't be appropriate."

"But why, mamma?" with an air of disappointment. "It is so pretty."

"Yes, and costly. Child, child, don't you know that bit of lace is worth as much as Betty the Maid could earn in years. You must have something cheap to be in character."

"I don't believe I have anything."

"No, I suppose not. You will have to try at one of the stores. You will need—"

Mrs. Allyn's gaze went inquiringly about the rotunda until they found one of the hotel maids dusting a plant. She waited until she caught the girl's eye, then raised a finger.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she said as the girl approached, "but my daughter here is to be in the church benefit, and will have to wear a costume something like yours. Would you mind my looking at your pretty lace cap a moment?"

The girl removed it with a pleasant look.

"This is exactly what you want, May," went on Mrs. Allyn, holding it up critically. "You—"

But May had snatched the little cap from the upraised fingers and placed it upon her own fluffy brown hair.

"Now let me have your apron a minute, please," she cried merrily. "Thank you," as the girl complied and fastened the apron to her waist with deft fingers. "And now the dusting brush. There, mamma, how will this do?" with a flourish of the brush and a sweeping courtesy.

The girl laughed, and even Mrs. Allyn smiled indulgently as May danced away toward the middle of the rotunda flitting the brush indiscriminately over jardinières and palm leaves as she passed. Soon pillars and palms intervened and concealed her from their view.

Count Ortega and a young American sculptor were just entering the rotunda. They had known each other in Paris, and met again on the steamer coming over, and now they had come south together, not because they had much in common, but they were acquainted and all the people around were strangers.

May had not noticed them until they stopped beside her with exclamations of astonishment and pleasure.

"Mlle. Allyn, c'est si possible!" cried the count rapturously. "Est-ce en Paris that you vanish this three month, and we never know to where. Some say to Italy, and some that you fly back to heaven where they keep ze angels. But est-ce heaven that you make anywhere. Now I know why the place here seem so beautiful, est-ce the angel?"

May laughed and gave him her hand. "Thank you, count," she said. "I am glad to see you, also. You are sure to like it here—even with the angel. And you, too, Mr. Bethune," offering her hand to the sculptor. "Can you not make a pretty speech like the count?"

"I am afraid not," smiling down at her. "Only that I am very, very glad to find you here, Miss Allyn. Your presence will add much to our pleasure at Palm Beach."

"Why, really, that does very nicely." She twisted the brush with a pretty, unconscious movement that caused the tips of its leathers to flicker across one of the palm fronds near. The motion caught the count's attention, and with wondering consternation his eyes went from it to her white apron and to the badge of servitude upon her head, and his sloping shoulders stiffened suddenly into protesting reserve.

"Pardonnez," he rebuked, "but est-ce si so hurry I am now. I will see—Mons. Bethune will tell you we have not register yet. I will do set now."

May watched him hurry away with an odd look of inquiry in her eyes.

"What's the matter with the count?" she asked innocently. "Has he forgotten something?"

Bethune laughed joyously. A moment before there had been both reserve and repression in his eyes; now they were suddenly eager, glowing, determined.

"The count's an odd sort of stick," he answered, "and his visit here is confessedly in search of a rich American wife."

He raised his hand significantly toward his head; but for a moment she looked puzzled, then a quick, comprehending flush rose to her face.

"Oh, that," she said thoughtfully. "And you?"

Bethune laughed again. He could not help it.

"Can't you see, Miss Allyn?" he demanded. "I fancied it was sticking out all over me. Over yonder I was a poor devil of an artist, and you a rich heiress; and now—Oh, May!"

There was the soft rustle of silk moving across the carpet. May raised her finger.

"Mamma is coming," she warned.

"I don't care," impetuously. "I've got to speak now. I can't wait another day. Where can I see you alone?"

She hesitated, then appeared to consider.

"The maids and nurses usually walk on the beach at about three o'clock," she said demurely. "I expect I shall be there."

At four o'clock two wheel-chairs swept leisurely down the bicycle avenue and on past the Breakers toward the beach. It was the hour for Mrs. Allyn's daily outing, and she preferred to take it in a wheel chair, and leisurely. The occupant of the other chair was Count Ortega, and from the satisfaction in his face he had evidently discovered the mistake. As they turned toward the beach path they saw two figures approaching them only a few yards away.

"There's May now," exclaimed Mrs. Allyn. "Suppose we wait a few minutes. She will be glad to see you, count—"

The count's face grew eager, and words of an elaborate apology began to form in his mind; but as the figures drew near and he saw the expression on their faces as they looked at each other the apology died away and a Parisian oath, muttered under his breath, took its place. He merely bowed politely, and then waited for Mrs. Allyn to give the signal to go on.

Culprit in Luck.

Steady Baker was at one time mayor of Folkestone, England. Once a boy was brought before him for stealing gooseberries and Steady, aware of the importance of the case, turned over the pages of the alphabetically arranged "Burn's Justice" for a precedent. Falling to find one, he turned to the culprit. "My lad," said he, "it's lucky for you that you were not brought here for stealing a goose instead of for stealing gooseberries; there is a statute against stealing geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in all 'Burn,' so let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offense."

Lost Two Days in Ice Cave.

Newark, O.—Particulars have been received from John Mohlenpab, the Newark merchant who was for 20 hours lost in an Arizona ice cave. Mohlenpab says he, with six others went to the cave, but with J. S. Price, of Flagstaff, became separated from the others and lost his way. They burned part of their clothing to light the cavern, but when their last match was exhausted they found them selves in a four-foot cavern, with a bottomless pit on one side and a cliff on the other. In a crouched position they remained there for 20 hours until rescuing parties found them. The men almost froze, but kept up circulation by constant rubbing.

If a man does right from the highest standard that he knows of right, he is entitled to as much mercy as his noble brother who has done more good because of his good fortune in having obtained a higher conception of what good really is.

Late Designs



The theater or opera gown is of white silk, braided in black rat tail and trimmed with black net. The buttons are covered with net. The belt is finished with a large soft chou of black panne velvet. Black and white is one of the smartest combinations and practical, too, as one does not tire

of it as quickly as one does of colors. Light gray tweed and white fur form the trotteur suit. The coat is cut on the semi-fitting lines, which is the favorite type for general wear. The hat is turban shape, of white fur, with a black velvet crown, and two broad black and white quills.

BEAUTY IN THE NEW STYLES

Never Have Gowns Designed for Feminine Adornment Been Prettier Than This Season.

Somebody—a mere man I think it must have been—stumbled over the new name "la lause" and blundered into the still newer one, "la lisonjera." Really, when you stop to think of it, it wasn't such a bad break, after all. There is a great deal of kinship between the washerwoman and the flatterer. The latter is a prettier name, certainly, perhaps not as descriptive, but quite as truthful, as the first. For there is no doubt about it—the new styles are flattering. Take the least attractive of women and put her in the most attractive of dresses—a soft, petal-like drapery, a beguilingly feminine bib, and a fichu that makes you think of Marie Antoinette or the "Lady with a Muff"—and you may take my word for it that the gown will cajole the most unpromising form and features into something very close to beauty.

It really seems as if the gowns of the present year had been especially designed to make plain women lovely and lovely women still lovelier. Take, for instance, a dress that I saw at a casino dinner not long ago. It was so very beautiful that you quite forgot to analyze its wearer's charm and simply set her down in your memory as a most enchanting person.—Edouard La Fontaine in the *Delineator*.

DAINTY LITTLE DRESS.



A dainty little dress such as this might be made up in cashmere, velvet or vicella. It has a strip of plaid material down center of front, the darts are stitched to just past the waist, the edges of other parts are scalloped and laid over folds of darker material, and have buttons sewn on a trimming. The sleeves are set to a plain cuff finished off by a lace frill. Materials required: 6 yards 42 inches wide, 1 dozen buttons, 1/4 yard darker material.

MAKES A PRETTY PRESENT

Fan Bag, Always Acceptable, and by No Means Difficult to Construct at Home.

Just to throw together in a hurry and yet to accomplish the most dainty and effective of presents.

Here is one of the most fascinating of fan bags for the young girl party-goer or for the matron who never sits without her fan.

It is merely a finished strip of Chinese embroidery on satin—the kind ripped from a royal mandarin's old jacket and sold in our country as "curio." The embroidered strips run to blues and yellows, and are about thirty inches long. Double one together, wrong side out, and fell the sides with perfect stitches; face the top with its least obtrusive color in a plain satin or China silk. Draw the bag with ribbons of its darker shade run through a casing, and put the fan inside or not, according to the dictates of your conscience—or your purse.

To Carry a Neat Tray.

There is no reason or excuse for serving a patient with a sloppy tray. No matter how heavily it is laden or how far it must be carried nothing need be spilled if precautions are observed.

Do not fill tumbler, pitcher or cup full. Never pour cream over cereal or fruit, but put it in a tiny pitcher.

Individual pots for coffee, tea or chocolate are not expensive. They keep liquid warm, besides being more neatly handled.

Most important of all when the tray is finally full, perhaps to overflowing, nothing need be spilled over the edges if the one who is carrying it will sway the tray slightly from side to side as she walks.

Grandma's Shawl.

You may use your grandma's lace shawl—her fine old black lace shawl—again if you have ingenuity enough to drape it. I say "again" because it is supposed you have done so before, and because I mean to imply that, with care, you may use the beautiful thing over and over again.

It should not be cut, but only draped in tunic shape, and if too long it may first be drawn up in apron-like lines, and even tied into pannier knots at the front, back or side, according to the lines of the garment.

Buttonholes in Strips.

The home dressmaker or the seamstress who dislikes to work buttonholes will find joy in the fact that they can be bought by the yard and in all kinds of fabrics.

They come on muslin or silk strips, and can be easily attached to the edge of a blouse which is to fasten under a fly.

The New Old Slipper.

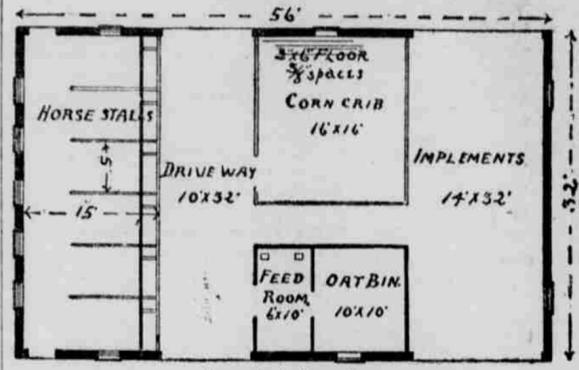
French women are wearing the most adorable slippers, made of exquisite brocades, with lovely odd designs; the same style slipper that was worn in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—long and narrow shoes, but with a square rather than pointed toe.

Darted Sleeve Liked.

A favorite sleeve is the one that has no fullness at the shoulders. Instead, the extra material is put into tiny darts which are carefully fitted about the armhole, the material being cut away underneath.

PRACTICAL PLAN OF CONVENIENT HORSE BARN

Illustration Showing Arrangement of Building Well Adapted for Storing Feed and Implements—By J. E. Bridgman.



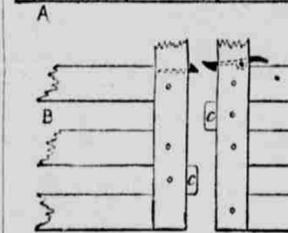
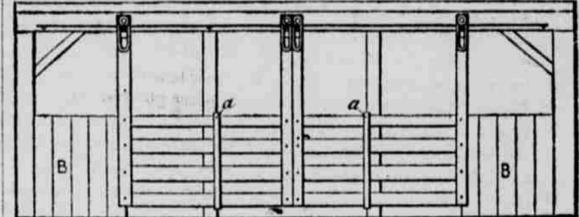
Convenient Horse Barn.

Many farmers find it convenient, or necessary, to house the horses in a separate building. The usual small horse barn is rather small and provides no space for storing hay and other rough feeds. The arrangement shown in the floor plan herewith illustrated, seems well adapted to the purpose and not only provides storage room for the hay, etc., but also has a large corn crib, a good-sized oats bin, and a large implement room.

A 10x32 foot drive way separates the horse stalls from the crib and feed room and will be handy for protecting a load of hay or grain at night, or during stormy weather it may also be used for storing vehicles. The upper floor may be arranged to suit your fancy, or requirements, but hopper-shaped bins should be provided above the feed room for storing chop feeds which are drawn down through small

spouts or chutes. The corn crib has pears instead of a solid foundation and the floor is laid over 2x10-inch joists with 2x6-inch timbers, a space of about three-eighths-inch being left between the same for the air to circulate up through the corn. This permits solid side walls and keeps out the rain and snow, also the wind, but will admit plenty of air to circulate through the corn. Any grain that may fall through the cracks is eaten by the poultry or hogs, so none is wasted, writes J. E. Bridgman in *Farmers' Review*. There is no doubt that much corn is wasted by storing same in the old-style open-slat cribs. It is not necessary to say this building should have a good foundation and the exposed wood work receive at least two coats of paint, as this should be the rule with any building that is built on the farm.

GATE PLANS FOR STOCK PENS



My barn is 30 feet wide, and across one end it is divided into three pens, each ten feet square, writes G. A. Clark, in *American Agriculturist*. The gates are ten feet long, and are hung on common barn-door rollers, and track, as will be seen by sketch. There is a stationary fence extending from the wall half across each outside pen, B B, Fig. 1. By shoving the gates to the right the left-hand pen is opened, and by pushing them to the left opens the right-hand pen,

while by parting the gates in the center opens the middle pen. Fig. 2 shows the form of catch I use for the center of the gates. If one has a forge it can be made very easily at home. C C in Fig. 2 are short projections of wood beveled at the ends to pass between the bars of the opposite gates and hold them rigid when closed. Fig. 3 shows the form of loop that may be made of old wagon tire. It is secured to the posts that divide the pens, as shown at a, Fig. 1, and keeps the gates from swinging.

MAKING MONEY ON THREE ACRES

Farmer Devotes All of His Time to Small Tract and Finds It Profitable—By Thomas M. Cisel.

I know a man who is making money on three acres of land.

This was his share of the old home place. When the land was turned over to him he had only the one small field with no buildings.

The first year he planted most of the ground to garden truck. One half acre was planted in small fruits and strawberries. From this first year's crop money was secured to make the first improvements.

He built a storehouse for keeping his products in winter and used all spare time and money in enriching the soil.

Manure was bought at the stables in near-by towns and in three years the entire three acres had been covered with plenty of stable manure with but a small outlay of money.

Now he is growing fine crops of potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbage and beans, besides other garden crops. He has built a house and other buildings, has a small greenhouse, several stands of bees, a few chickens, fruit and shade trees—in fact a beautiful, well-kept home which is his own.

He gives all of his time to this small farm and is making money and a good living. The same can be done in almost any county or state, but it takes study and industry.

In almost every state land can be had in small lots at low prices. These lands are broken too much for grain farming and usually can be purchased for from \$8 to \$15 per acre, and there is no place more suited to the building of beautiful country homes than these

hill lands, and the man with \$300 or \$400 could soon have a home to be proud of.

As much of this land still has some timber left, true it would be a backwoods life for a few years, but the time is not far distant when the change will come.

Much of this hill land belongs to people who give it no care. They came there to work in the timber for the railroads; they bought the land for the timber, worked it up and are now glad to part with it at almost any price, as they are not suited to farm life.

A man does not have to own a large farm to make a success of farming. The middle west is fast becoming a truck-growing country and the small form of from three to twenty acres is more often found than large ones, and crops of this kind are bringing higher prices each year.

Sharp Tools for Pruning.

Use very sharp tools in pruning trees to insure smooth cuts. Where a heavy branch is to be cut off support it with one hand during the cutting process, so that splitting of the stub will not result. The branch should always be cut perfectly smooth and close to the wood from which it grows, so that it will heal quickly and evenly. Cut away all water sprouts, both at the base of the tree and further up. A good way to keep a moderate-sized orchard in shape is to keep a large, sharp pocket knife, and go through the orchard every few weeks of the year, cutting out useless branches and shaping the trees to suit individual taste. If the work is begun in time all orchard pruning can be done with a large, sharp pocket knife. With a good knife of this kind and a little practice one can easily remove branches an inch in diameter, doing the work quickly, easily, and making a smooth cut than can be made with any other tool.