

Joe Goes A-Fishing

By ALICE E. IVES

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"It's all tommyrot, nonsense, tomfoolery, this vacation fever!"

Mr. Torrey was getting red in the face. Joe Burnell expected it. He always knew what was coming when he asked for his two weeks' layoff. But as this explosion had been an annual occurrence for the past six years, and as he had always not only been granted his request, but an extension of time if he wished, he simply waited in a calm, indifferent frame of mind for the end of the tirade.

"Why anybody wants to go and pay out good money to be uncomfortable, to have bad meals, a slatty bed, mosquitoes and no ventilation in your room—"

"But you can go where you don't have those things."

"O, yes, if you want to pay enough for one day to live comfortably on at home for a week."

"Not necessarily. I went to a place last summer and stopped with a lady who takes in only two or three boarders, and I wouldn't ask for anything better."

"Perhaps you wouldn't," growled Torrey with a strong accent on the "you." "But I would. New York is good enough for my vacation. Why anyone wants to go tramping off to the country is what gets me!"

"If it only would get you once boss, I'm sure it would do you a world of good."

"Huh! you think so!" sniffed Mr. Torrey. "Well I'm doing pretty well now without a doctor. What time do you want to go?"

The date was arranged to Joe's satisfaction, and he went to his desk with a covert smile drawing his lips. Later on the curve of his mouth took a tender turn. He was thinking of old Torrey the man, aside from his cranks and oddities. He knew the strong integrity, the fine sense of justice, and the generous, kindly heart under the rather repellent exterior. Joe had started in the big electric firm at the bottom of the ladder when a boy of eighteen. He had steadily worked his way up to one of the most responsible

that's going!" His warm, strong hand-clasp drove home his meaning. The look around his lips was much like Joe's had been when he thought of the heart of old Torrey.

It certainly was not entirely "all the comforts of home" that had drawn young Burnell to the house of Mrs. Burke. As Mr. Torrey had surmised, there was a daughter. The tender memory of her had lingered with Joe for a year; and not only a memory, but several letters had passed between them, the matter of securing a room having required a large amount of correspondence.

Margaret Burke had good honest gray eyes, shining brown hair, and a pleasant mouth which she never touched with rouge. The red of her lips and cheeks came from a wholesome life and plenty of exercise in helping her mother take care of the summer boarders. She was well educated and well-read for a girl of twenty. Her mother, who had been left a widow when Margaret was twelve, had seen to her education out of school in the many ways that only a mother of good breeding can.

Joe and Margaret had gone a-fishing. Ah, what a glorious day it was! The sun just glinted through the leaves enough to let you know he was shining his brightest, and not enough to trouble the two who sat on the bank of the little stream with the corks of their lines bobbing on the surface. Were the fish biting? Well, no. It was not exactly a good day for fishing, altogether too sunny. But what did that matter? It was much more important that they were together, that they talked of things that brought out a greater understanding of each other, and—well, after all, just that they were together.

They were rather ashamed to go home with just two fish, but Margaret had a sudden sense of being wanted in the kitchen, and they started. When about half way, Joe paused as though struck by a thunderbolt.

Mr. Torrey loomed up, if a small man can loom, in the pathway, facing them. Joe, being too dazed for utterance, Mr. Torrey spoke first.

"Well, Burnell!" he observed cheerfully. "Large catch, isn't it?"

Joe endeavored to cover his embarrassment by immediately introducing the gentleman to Miss Burke.

"Where are you stopping, Mr. Torrey?" he asked.

"At the Grandview."

"Oh, that can't be half as good as my place. Come and dine with me, right now."

Torrey looked as though he was trying to invent an excuse to refuse, but he changed his mind, and went. Mrs. Burke made the stranger very welcome. She was a cheery little woman, with hair just whitening a bit on the temples, a pretty color, and very blue eyes. There was only one other boarder besides Burnell. She was an elderly lady, who had been there for four summers, and was quite one of the family. The dinner was good, and the guest ate with a surprising relish. It was cozy and "homey," and it was plain to see Mr. Torrey felt this.

Three days later Mr. Torrey asked to be taken in, and was given a large, pleasant room, which Burnell had insisted on giving up, all unknown to the new boarder. Old Torrey fell in with all excursions planned by the others, the elderly lady preferring to remain at home. He hired a large touring car, and they explored regions quite unknown to the widow and her daughter.

Joe saw with great delight that Torrey was looking younger, talking younger, and acting younger. But something strangely like a stab at his heart came when he saw Torrey going off with Margaret for long walks, and looking at her with tender eyes of understanding. Why had he brought this man here to rob him of all that life held for him? The next moment he was filled with remorse for the thought. Was it possible this old man's money was more to the girl than his love?

One evening Torrey asked Joe to go with him for a little walk. Out of sight of the house he said: "Maybe, Joe, you'll think me an old fool, but I'm going to be married."

Joe, feeling faint and stricken, managed to say: "That's quite your own affair. I—I hope you'll be very happy."

"I expect to be," said Torrey, with brisk conviction.

"Margaret is the dearest—"

"Margaret!" broke in the other. "Do you think I'm going to marry a child? I expect to be her stepfather. I had to get her to kind of intercede, you know."

Joe came so near falling in his arms that Torrey, quite unexpectedly to himself, embraced the boy.

Working for Success.

Success does not always come to those who work the hardest, unjust as that may seem. It comes usually to those who work, knowing without doubt that their efforts will be crowned with success; to those who realize that there is a place for them in this world, a place which no one else can fill successfully, and all they have to do is to strive to find that place.

Work, certainly. That you must do, as a matter of course, if you expect success. But work knowing that you will find your place, and once having found it success will come. Learn to think success as well as to work for it.

Bound to Find Out.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by.

"I'm going to see where—where he wants to go, first," was the breathless reply.

Taffeta in Spring Coat Fashions



Taffeta dresses and coats reappear each season, sure of a good following. This season, countenanced by Paris—if that makes any difference—it promises to be more used for afternoon and evening dresses and for separate skirts than any other silk. It leads for the last mentioned by a long way. These separate silk skirts are in plaids, checks and occasional stripes, and in combinations of many colors, some of them rather startling. It is a fancy to wear long coats of plain silk over them, made in the fashion of a suit coat or a long coat of black taffeta will serve this purpose and many others.

The coat of black taffeta shown in the picture is touched up with white braid and buttons and a white collar. Contrasting collars of chiffon broadcloth are a feature of these coats as well as of blouses and suits. There is a wide, soft girdle with hanging ends tied loosely about the waist.

Pockets are conspicuous by their absence on this coat, but they are suggested and the inevitable widened hip effect attained by plaited panels let in at the sides. They are set in in box plaits, stitched down with a braided

strap that leaves a standing plaiting over two inches wide.

One of the best of the new taffeta coats is made with a plain, tight-fitting body, decorated with pin tucks running in parallel rows from the center of the back to the underarm seams. The front is similarly trimmed. The sleeves are plain and flare at the wrists, revealing their lining of soft, white satin.

The skirt of the coat is very full and slopes from the front to the middle of the back, where it is pointed. It is lined with satin also. It is heavier by the weight of its lining than coats of the sort shown in the picture.

Keeps White.

To keep crepe de chine articles white, be careful to use luke warm water, not hot; use white soap, rinse at least three times, then wrap in a towel for two or three days (keeping damp if inclined to dry out), and then iron on the wrong side with a warm (not hot) iron. If these directions are followed carefully your things will keep like new. It is the standing wrapped in the damp towel that is the most important part.

Blouse of Silk Jersey



Somewhere between a sweater coat and a dressy blouse stands this novel model made of bright green jersey silk trimmed with white satin. It is fashioned with a rather long peplum, provided with a belt made of the jersey and has the easy adjustment to the figure of a sweater. But its wide collar, turned back cuffs and fancy sleeves place it in the class of dressy blouses. This compromise between two purposes makes it a useful garment for the woman who likes to spend the day in a garment that will not be out of place, whatever its environment.

Novel management of the body of the blouse and of the sleeves, in cutting, makes this an interesting garment and it looks as if it would be a good selection for the woman with a stout figure. At each side pockets are simulated by narrow bands of satin burst onto the front. The small buttons are black and white, making a very sparkling combination with the vivid green of the material.

Silk in various weaves from the thinnest crepe georgette to rather heavy jersey, like that in the blouse pictured, appears to have displaced cotton and linen materials to a considerable extent. But nothing can

ever be more elegant than these same sheer cottons and linens that emerge from the laundry as good as new. Midsummer brings back our wandering allegiance always to the refinement and beauty of white in washable blouses. It is just as well to get them ready now; they are to be our main dependence in hot weather.

Julia Bottomley

Old Gold Blouses.

Since the short outside blouse was put up as a rival to the wash waist tucked into the skirt there has been strong rivalry in the way of new designs. Colors have been accepted without question, and, so far, women have gone in heavily for blue and dull burgundy red; but now there is a new blouse of old gold satin, which is lined with crepe and has a belt of Japanese embroidery. This is offered for any kind of skirt and can be worn in the home or under a top coat.

The blouse that is worn with the tail under the skirt is no longer smart. The peplum blouse is the fashion.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Washington's False Teeth in a Baltimore College

BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore College of Dental Surgery owns the only set of false teeth in existence which belonged to George Washington. The only other set of artificial teeth Washington possessed was buried with him.

These teeth are the work of Dr. John Greenwood of New York, who was the first American dentist. They were presented to the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery by Doctor Greenwood, and are the set worn by Washington at the time his portrait was painted by James Sharpless in 1796. The artificial teeth account for the "calm and benign" expression which he wears in the portrait.

The set is a complicated affair, and is ground and carved out of walrus tusks and not of solid ivory. The teeth are plainly those of a large man, and are carved in careful imitation of nature. There are full upper and lower sets. The plate of the upper set is made of gold, with the teeth carved of walrus tusks, while the entire lower set is made of walrus tusks, no effort being made to imitate the gums such as is found in the methods of today. Tiny platinum pins are now used to hold the teeth to the plate, but the set belonging to the Father of His Country contained rather crude wooden pins. The two sets are joined by a gold spring, closely wired. The idea of comfort seems not to have entered into their construction, so it is naturally supposed that Washington wore them only on state occasions.

Yellow with age, and dark about the ridges, the teeth, doubtless worn on many an occasion of the greatest importance to the young republic, are impressive to one who views them for the first time. Pictures of the banquets and the great occasions of state to which they were worn flash through the mind of the observer.

Fake Art Being Ousted From Independence Hall

PHILADELPHIA.—Desperate efforts to forestall disclosures of the extent to which fake paintings have been foisted on the city of Philadelphia reached a climax when the city council passed an ordinance recently that led to the very revelations which the measure was designed to suppress.

The ordinance provides for the creation of a commission to take charge of Independence hall and all its paintings and relics. It is nothing more nor less than a "ripper bill" aimed at the art jury, which has been engaged in cleaning out the fakes from Independence hall for the last three months.

More than a third of the 342 paintings in the collection at Independence hall have been passed upon by the art jury. The percentage of rejections has not been announced, but it is large. Paintings ascribed to early American artists of note like Gilbert Stuart and Charles Wilson Peale, and denounced as fakes heretofore, are to be eliminated.

But the big task which the art jury has set itself is to clean out the "French" gallery at the hall, the paintings by Albert Rosenthal, Philadelphia artist, of which no originals exist. Nearly all these paintings were sold to the city by Rosenthal as copies of originals in the Museum of Versailles. Andre Perate, assistant curator of that museum, says that in at least nine instances the originals are not at Versailles, and to the best of his knowledge do not exist.

Vouchers on file at the city hall, and reached after considerable difficulty, show that Rosenthal was paid from \$250 to \$1,000 each for these paintings. In a little more than 12 years Rosenthal has sold 129 paintings to the city for the Independence Hall commission. Thus nearly half the entire collection is the work of Rosenthal.

When letters from Perate were shown to Rosenthal denying the existence of originals, which he said he copied at Versailles, the Philadelphia artist produced pen and ink sketches as his proof. He admitted that he had made many of the paintings in this city from the sketches, all of which, he contends, were made at Versailles.

Ferocious Rabbit Is Terror of the New York Zoo

NEW YORK.—Bunch was exiled the other day from the comfort and warmth of the hayhouse in the Central park zoo to solitary confinement in the small house back of the zebu corral.

Bill Snyder, animal lover and head keeper, gave a sort of farewell party to Bunch in the hayhouse, when his friends gathered for their weekly talk-fest in the hayhouse. As he held up Bunch by his long ears he explained that he was, so far as he knew, the only fighting rabbit in existence and that his banishment had been finally and reluctantly decided upon only after Bunch had nearly killed a champion and valuable gamecock.

When the rabbit started first upon his prize-ring career, Bill was very proud of his pet, but Bunch became such a ferocious bully of small animals and fowls that the keeper concluded that a beast so dangerous should be confined where he could do no more harm.

As Bill held the rabbit up for the inspection of his friends—Bill's, not Bunch's—the small fighter much resented his attentions. One of Bunch's ears is torn, and there is a scar across the entire top of his head, souvenirs of an encounter with Spot, Bill's fox terrier. One of the rabbit's hind legs is out of alignment also, from injuries received in a three-round bout with Judy, a fighting orang-outang now some time gone to rest. Bunch tried desperately to wriggle from the keeper's grasp, and it was plain to be seen that but for the man's superior strength the dauntless rabbit would have attacked Bill with great fury.

Remarkable Enterprise of the Junkmen of Gotham

NEW YORK.—"There are tricks in every trade," remarked Honest Bill Quigley, the Battery boatman, as he moored his faithful Whitehall in the barge-office basin. "But the stunt I just saw pulled by a South Brooklyn junkman was the best I have seen lately."

"He had a fine lot of old hawvers and ropes piled in his boat. This is the day of prosperity with the junkman, and even old hawvers sell for five cents a pound. But this fellow didn't seem to think his ropes weighed enough. Leastwise, he performed a remarkable operation on them."

"To begin with, he untwisted all the strands on a rope and then inserted bits of wood between them. He did this until he got a bunch fixed up and then he dropped the lot over the side and let the rope soak while he untwisted a fresh lot."

"After all the rope had been well soaked he pulled it out of the water and pulled out the sticks that held the strands apart. Then he let the outside of the hawvers dry off and went on his merry way to sell them. Of course they weighed a good many pounds more than before the wetting process."

The junkmen, said Quigley, now have to paint their license numbers on their boats, "with white paint a foot high." Always regarded by the harbor police more or less as pirates, the junkmen are compelled to carry these numbers conspicuously on the sides of their boats, which these days are usually motorlaunches painted a dark gray or green. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the marine bluecoats, the river pirates are always turning new tricks. Recently one of them was caught boring holes through the floor of the Spanish Line pier. Profitable streams of cocoa poured into the junkman's boat until he was caught at it and the practice stopped.



It Was Not Exactly a Good Day for Fishing.

positions in the house. Through all these six years he had many opportunities of knowing the real nature of the senior partner. There had grown to be something more than respect in his feeling for old Torrey. It was something like the love of a son. Joe had no father, and the interest and wise counsel of Torrey had seemed in a way to supply the parental need. But Joe saw with some sorrow and regret the continuous hardening and roughening of the exterior. He wondered if it was penetrating to the heart and soul of the man. Was he becoming a mere money-grubbing machine, whose only happiness was in turning the grindstone, and whose whole life revolved around his office desk? Torrey had never married and lived in a handsome bachelor apartment. There really was no reason for calling him "old" for he was still on the sunny side of sixty. But he had seemed to age rapidly of late. Joe wondered if it was not due to his treadmill existence.

The young man, as usual, left his country address when he said good-by Saturday to leave for his vacation.

"I suppose," said Torrey, "you are going again to that model boarding house."

"Yes, Mrs. Burke has written that she will take me in again."

"They'll all do that," remarked Mr. Torrey dryly.

"Not Mrs. Burke!" fired up the young man. "She isn't that sort!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Torrey softly. "Has she a daughter?"

Joe felt his face getting red, so he hastily said: "Yes," and turned to go. But Torrey caught him by the arm.

"Have a good time, my boy, just the best