

"Hush!"

By Victor Redcliffe

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"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Barnabette Burgoyne."

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," pronounced Wayne Blatchford, only a humdrum law clerk, but artistic, temperamentally poetic, and, therefore, susceptible to strong impressions.

He had paused in a casual stroll through the little inland city of Waltham to observe the occupant of a modest but expensive automobile. The car was standing at the curb, its chauffeur evidently having been sent on some mission to one of the stores on this, the principal street of the town. A young lady sat in a somewhat rigid pose, her face statuesque in its classic beauty. What struck Blatchford was that, while to ordinary eyes, this superb figure would have suggested the cold hauteur of an aristocrat, seeking the depths of her eyes he noted a hidden trace of sadness, subtle, ineffable.

More than that, he discovered that while humble passers-by bowed to her with infinite respect, those in passing automobiles of higher social prestige either greeted her not at all or with a scant civility, and the lips of the peerless creature fluttered tremulously at the fact, as though she felt deeply the contempt, or obloquy, expressed.

Then the chauffeur returned and the automobile sped away, leaving Blatchford like one in a passing trance. He aroused himself with an effort.

"Burgoyne?" he repeated vaguely. "Where have I heard that name before? Ah! I fancy an old historical reminiscence."

Wayne Blatchford did not meet the young lady again during the next two days, but he did not forget her. Then his interest in her was revived by a strange circumstance. He was strolling through the beautiful cemetery at the edge of the city one afternoon, when he observed a high, massive shaft bearing the name "Burgoyne."



"Williston"—Ah! a clue, a vital suggestion.

Again it suggested something he had forgotten, but the similitude once more escaped him.

The imposing shaft bore a lengthy legend. It detailed the services to his country and to his city of William Burgoyne, ranking brigadier in the army and mayor of Waltham. It expanded on his integrity and public and private charities.

Then, aroused to sheer amazement, Blatchford traced a brief and obscure legend upon a low, flat slab of marble placed at the remote edge of the same burial lot, for it read, "Williston, son of William Burgoyne—Hush!"

He thrilled, and he knew not why. The uncanny sensation that overcame him was past analysis. Why the half-hidden tablet in the shadow of the towering shaft? Why—"hush"? It was a warning, an appeal, a pitiful call for human charity. Why?

Involuntarily, Wayne Blatchford removed his hat and stood with head bowed. His impressive nature responded to this fairly emotional presentation. The stone hid—what?—a secret?—a mystery?—a direful taint? And what might it not have to do with the bereaved daughter of William Burgoyne!

"Williston—ah! a clue, a vital suggestion. The names in conjunction stirred up memory to a new effort. Now he knew where he had seen that name before. His thoughts went groping to rest upon a clear central fact. Then a rustling sound in the grass behind him caused him to turn quickly, and he could not restrain a quick gasp, for, viewing him wonderingly, was Miss Barnabette Burgoyne.

In the near distance was her automobile, in her hands she bore some flowers. Evidently her mission was to do homage to the dead. Blatchford drew aside almost guiltily, as though he were committing a desecration, for

feared she might construe his presence here into callous seeking into the mystery of the secret that hallowed grave might conceal.

A fine bitter scorn came into that lovely face he had not believed it capable of expressing, as he said simply: "Pardon me," and started respectfully to move on.

"Oh, I understand!" she said—"they even enlighten strangers as to the wretched calamity that killed my poor father."

"You mistake," spoke Blatchford speedily. "It was reverence, it was sympathy, it was a solemn pity at the presence of that strange word—'hush!'"

She fixed a look upon him as if intent upon reading his very soul. Then her eyes softened. She turned her face away. He caught the faint echo of a sob.

"If I dared to believe that I could be of service to you!" he was constrained to speak, "not to intrude on your sorrow, only to lighten your burden, if that were possible. Believe me, all I see, all I surmise, appeals to the depths of my very soul."

Again those translucent eyes fixed his own. She put out her hand. She did not withdraw it until she had led him to a rustic bench at the edge of the pathway.

"Hush!" she said. "Do you understand what that means? Go ask any gossip of the town, look back in the public prints a year ago, learn all the tragic story as others tell it. Then, if your soul does not shrink from the hideous presentment, come to me, as friend, as counselor of a broken-hearted woman with but one thought in life—to clear the memory of a noble father unjustly accused, driven to his death by the uncharitableness of a cruel persecution."

It was a strange soul communion. He welcomed it, he cherished it. And all the time his mind was repeating that name, "Williston Burgoyne." The single name had simply awakened his memory, the two together—it all came back to him now! He did not tell his impassioned companion what was in his mind. He listened to her story and a new flood of light resulted.

She told of her father, rich, honored, respected, accused by a business rival who hated him of faithlessness in the sacred trust of a widow and orphan. Long since the just division of an estate had been concluded. When Mr. Burgoyne went to get the papers proving every step he had taken in the trust, they were gone.

"The house had been burglarized a month before," narrated Miss Burgoyne. "Whoever took jewelry and money also carried away a portfolio containing those papers. The wicked, relentless, persecutor saw his power and urged it cruelly. Our claims were treated as fiction, my father was disgraced. The blow killed him. The thief probably threw the papers away, for I have advertised a large reward for their return."

An appeal for help, for sympathy, for interest was in those beautiful eyes. Blatchford arose, a great purpose in his mind.

"Dear lady," he said, and his strong voice trembled, "your pitiful story has opened a sealed chamber in my mind. I may have great news for you within the next forty-eight hours."

He had, for this had happened: Nearly a year before his law firm had closed up the affairs of a notorious criminal and his wife had brought all of his papers to the office. Distinctly now Blatchford recalled a package of documents bearing the name "Williston Burgoyne." Back he sped to the city. On a dusty shelf of the vault of the office Blatchford found them, where they had been cast aside as having no bearing on the estate of the criminal's widow.

But to Barnabette Burgoyne they were everything, for they were the documents that proved her father an innocent man!

It was the glory of her life, the rehabilitation of that beloved parent's memory. It was Blatchford who stanchly assisted her in the task.

In the glow of a beautiful summer evening those two, with joined hands and joined hearts, saw removed by the carver's chisel from the little obscure tombstone, that searing, sinister word, "Hush!"

True Good Nature.

Good nature does not mean easy, happy-go-lucky or to loaf when the employer is away, and a spurt when he is present. A grouchy spirit on the part of the employee, a feeling that they do not want to do any more than is absolutely necessary, has doubtless forced many an institution to the wall, and this indolent spirit usually exists among employees where the boss man is too exacting and overbearing. Good service comes from a desire to do the right thing, whether the owner of the business be present or thousands of miles away. The man who is a real cheerful and good natured is one of the noblest works of God's creation.—Pennsylvania Grit.

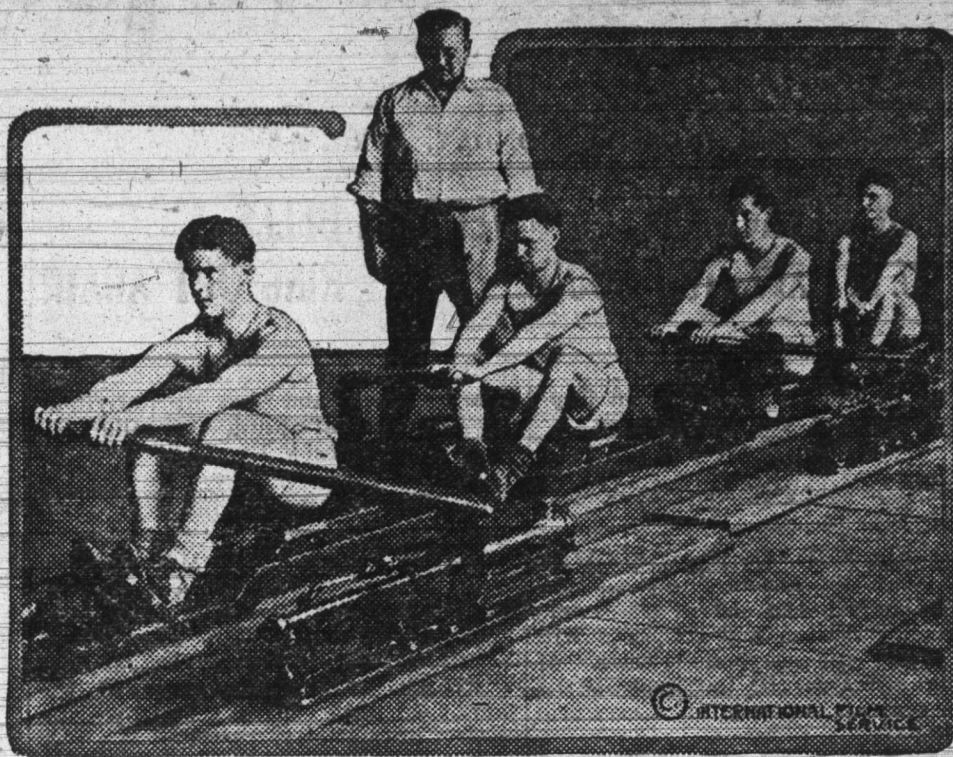
The Alcohol Habit.

An applicant for a political job in Topeka recently was asked to fill a blank containing certain questions. "Do you use morphine, opium or other narcotics?" was one of the questions. "No," was the answer. "Have you been in the habit of using any of the above articles?" was the next question. "Yes," was the answer of the applicant.

"If so, which one, when, and to what extent?" came next.

"A year ago," was the answer, "used alcohol; external application on wife for paralysis."—Kansas City Star.

CREW OF UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



CANDIDATES WORKING AT ROWING MACHINES.

Persons in the know in the rowing world are loudly saying that the death knell of the four-mile regatta is at hand. The distance is the least of the worries of either the coach or crew of the University of Pennsylvania. Just at present they are working overtime at their rowing machines, getting ready and in trim "to take the water" as soon as spring breaks.

The photograph shows a number of candidates for the red and blue shell working at the rowing machines in the University of Pennsylvania gymnasium under the supervision and direction of their new coach, "Joe" Wright.

LITTLE PICK-UPS OF SPORT

The hardest thing about basketball is the other fellow's elbows.

When a bicycle rider gets a puncture could you say he was tired out?

Umpire Joe O'Brien will not be in the American association this season.

The difference between a fighter and a butcher is the way they make weight.

'Twill be a cold day when we consent to watch a bunch of dog teams race.

Outfielder Al Sheer will change uniforms. The Toledo club sold him to the St. Paul club.

A professional amateur runner runs with his head. And he don't wear spikes on his ears.

What has become of the old-fashioned fight promoter who used to stage championship bouts?

Nothing wrong with the New York Boxing commission—nothing but charges of extortion, bribery, etc.

Percy Haughton wants to reduce the size of the home plate, and it's already so small that the umpires can't see it.

President Weeghman of the Cubs, had a salary roll of \$145,000 last year. This season he will not go above the \$80,000 mark.

Suggest that those baseball recruits who look good, but need further seasoning should be sent to the Mexican state of Tabasco.

Baseball "experts" figure that Ty Cobb is losing his batting prowess, but what difference does it make so long as the pitchers don't know it?

If the various sports continue to adopt different definitions of an amateur there soon will be as many kinds of amateurs as there are sports.

A year ago Benny Kauff was talking over 400, but in the subsequent season he batted only .275. This winter he has been talking less than .275.

Philadelphia Grand circuit horse races will be decided over the Belmont club course at Narberth a few miles outside of the Quaker city.

Ten of Manager Connie Mack's Athletic club pitchers are players who never wore the ex-champions uniforms before the present training trip.

Lot of players got fined last November for playing baseball, but it is a safe bet that some of 'em won't be charged with that crime next July.

Kitty Bransfield, the new National league ump, played first base for the Pirates a dozen years ago, and Barney Dreyfuss is still hunting for a successor to him.

The annual Army vs. Navy football game will again be played at the Polo grounds, New York, Saturday, November 24, the Saturday before Thanksgiving day.

If all the fans organized a union and agreed to stay away from the games it would be mighty tough on some club owners, but Connie Mack wouldn't notice much difference.

Georges Carpentier, the French champion heavyweight pugilist, and Bombardier Wells, the English fighter, are to box in Paris and the proceeds will go to the Red Cross fund.

San Francisco-Pacific Coast team's new baseball park includes a grandstand with a seating capacity of 6,700, with additional bleachers, which will bring the seating capacity to 14,000.

YOUNG JAKE NEXT CHAMPION

Freely Predicted That Schaefer, Jr., Will Some Day Succeed Hoppe, the Incomparable.

"A chip off the old block." This is the expression currently used by billiard followers in their talks anent "Young" Jake Schaefer, star balk-line player.

"Young" Jake is only a boy with boyish ideals, but he has perfected his style of play to such an extent during the last few months that the



Jake Schaefer, Jr.

old-timers of the green cloth see in him a duplicate of his father, the late "Wizard" Schaefer, who reigned supreme in the billiard world before the advent of Hoppe. Like his accomplished parent, Young Jake is developing a wonderful stroke and under the tutelage of Willie Hoppe is absorbing knowledge rapidly. It is freely predicted that Schaefer will be the next champion, but that is still a long time off, as Hoppe is good enough to retain the title for a number of years.

POPULARITY OF HORSE RACES

Past Year Was One of Most Brilliant in History of Trotting Turf—Many Records Broken.

In many respects the past year was one of the most notable and brilliant in the history of the American trotting turf. In point of speed the season's records far surpassed those of any past year, as shown by the notable changes in the table of world's championship marks, records for the year, number of fast performances, both trotters and pacers, and number and quality of performers in the juvenile divisions.

That the harness racing sports or "the trots," are still popular with the American public, was demonstrated by the fact that close to 1,300 separate race meetings were held in this country during the season extending from June to December.

HOLD MULLANE WAS FASTEST

Former Cincinnati Pitcher Compared With Amos Rusie and Walter Johnson as Speediest Hurler.

During a recent argument between Cincinnati baseball fans the question arose as to the speediest pitcher. The name of Tony Mullane was connected with that of Amos Rusie and Walter Johnson. John B. Connolly, one of the oldest fans, declared that Tony Mullane was the speediest pitcher the game ever developed.

Unquestionably, the old-timers say, Mullane had great speed in his earlier years. It would be difficult, however, to make the admirers of Rusie's time believe Mullane pitched a speedier ball than their idol.

Paris Designers Doom Old Gowns

New York.—There are quite enough changes in the new clothes arriving from Paris to make every woman shake her head in despair and say that she must have a new gown, whether or not her dress allowance can be stretched to cover it.

There are women who hold out that the gowns of autumn can be renovated to meet the demands of spring, and the forehanded person has already been at work in the sewing room having her skirts reshaped and her bodices built up or down to meet the requirements of the hour.

The dressmakers are divided into two classes of opinion; those who are worried over the seeming similarity between the spring gowns and those of last autumn, and others who are blowing the trumpet loudly to proclaim that the modern silhouette compels every woman to discard whatever she has and buy things that are new.

Paris has spoken, however, and no matter how intense our patriotism, we listen and hearken to the words that come from the city by the Seine. That is the phrase one hears on every side among the commercialists. We know what we should wear. The gowns have been shown our buyers, and as many as possible have been shipped to this country. We may talk all we please about our own fashions following our own flag, but all fashions become ours after they have had their source in Paris, in a limited district of the city.

The Drastic Changes.

A mere cursory glimpse at a foreboding of French gowns may convince the casual onlooker that nothing is to be feared from the new styles. Old gowns will do; old suits will serve; old wraps are not thrown in the



This Gown of Dark Blue Gaberdine Shows the Type of Barrel Skirt Which the Americans Have Accepted. Its Trimming Consists of Rows of Machine Stitching With Gray Silk Thread, and the Neck Is Filled in With a Tiny Vest of Gray Tulle.

shadow; and last summer's hat can be revived to meet this spring's need.

That is the opinion of a most casual observer. The truth is that the changes are more drastic than even the reporters and prophets felt they would be. Paris has been insidious in introducing a silhouette that will grow as the days lengthen and that will soon make the gowns of yesterday look too old-fashioned for even trivial uses, unless they are altered by a skillful hand.

What is known as the American uniform was conspicuously lacking during the first openings in Paris, but Mme. Paquin, Doreillet and Drecol came out with tailored suits that met the expectations of the American buyers.

The Paquin ones were particularly good, but no one style was emphasized. Mme. Paquin has always liked the three-quarter coat and she was the first person to revive it a few years ago. It was then regarded as too old-fashioned for any American woman to take up, and yet, a year after, it was universal in this country.

The knee-length jackets that the house of Paquin showed have the barrel effect between the waist and knee and are worn over an exceedingly narrow skirt that is from two to four inches longer than what the women have worn over here for two years.

Paquin also revives the redingote with a narrow hem and slender waistline, but the barrel effect is given in the middle. This house also insists upon the short coat. It is made somewhat like an old-fashioned basque, with a short peplum that clings to the body, although it is cut circular. Paquin introduced a coat like this last autumn which was excessively liked by the women who had turned away from the long coat, and it is probable that with its revival for this spring it will gain headway before June.

Paquin, like Jenny and Premet, uses the unusually wide, loose girdle on all gowns. She does not touch the

empire waistline, which nearly all the other houses show in two or three of the best gowns of their collections, and she does not go in for the medieval girdle, which has not been relinquished by every other designer, but added to the belt over the normal waistline.

Royant's New Coats.

The house of Royant, which is not as well known to the public as it should be, but sufficiently well known to our buyers to have the fashions brought to this country every few months, has sent out an exceptionally good looking coat to match each one-piece frock. It is a diversion from the winter top-coat, which often turned out to be a troublesome problem, although as a garment it is well-nigh indispensable.

This new coat is like a cape that has little fullness and hangs limply against the body. It is slashed at each side from the hem up to above the knees, and the sleeves are loose and bell-shaped. The only trimming used, no matter what the color of the coat, is a pointed, fluted design of machine stitching. This stitching is by no means commonplace; it is easily done in America, but it is very expensive. It is a loose chainstitch that must be perfectly done in order to carry out the sharp, interlacing outlines of the design. Belge, string color and dark blue are used for these coats, and the material is a sort of soft broadcloth. The machine stitchery is in black.

Royant has made a great name in Europe for one-piece frocks, or sport suits, which can be worn on the street with dignity. The best gown sent over from this house is such a decided contrast to everything we have been wearing, that it was eagerly accepted by the Americans who saw it.

The skirt is exceedingly narrow, is laid in machine knife plaits and hangs in a plumb line from waist to ankles. The bellboy jacket is in a straight line from shoulder to hips, cut on slim measurements in order to make one look youthful, and its surface is covered with this machine chainstitch in oyster white. The sleeves are plain, small and quite long, finished with a narrow band of white satin that flares over the hand, and a row of pearl buttons that keeps it tight at the wrist. From the bottom of the jacket comes a sash that goes straight around the figure at the hips and is looped over into two ends at the back.

Driscoll and the Redingote.

Jenny is not the only important designer in Paris who put out the redingote for the spring. Her house has never relinquished the redingote idea, but has played upon the one theme in different ways.

Paquin and Driscoll come back to the actual redingote in the form of a slim coat with a slight curve below the hips to show that the oval silhouette, as the French call it, is approved.

Driscoll has always had a high reputation for coat suits and for whatever is tailored, and he makes the straight redingote which opens in front over a narrow skirt of satin or crepe de chine, as opposed to the worsted fabric of the coat. He also combines foulard and serge and crepe and serge.

The house of Driscoll is one of the few that makes afternoon gowns with full skirts. It is true that this fullness is not displayed as much at the hem as it was last autumn, but there is not the straight, put-down line that the buyers feel is entirely new and will be accepted.

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COSTS \$653 TO DRESS WELL

This Is Dictum of Executive Board of Fashion Art League of America—Doesn't Include the "Extras."

To be well dressed in 1917 a woman must spend \$653-plus. The \$653 doesn't include house dresses or lounging robes or any of the little trinkets so dear to the heart of a woman.

The amount to be spent is the dictum of the executive board of the Fashion Art League of America.

This is the way the bill for a well-dressed woman will appear to the fond husband:

One tailored gown.....	\$ 75
One top coat, tailored.....	150
One afternoon gown.....	110
Two waists for suit.....	40
One evening gown.....	135
Two pairs of shoes and one pair of slippers.....	25
Two hats.....	35
One corset.....	8
Three pairs of gloves.....	6
Underclothing.....	50
Stockings.....	20
Total.....	\$653

Stockings.

In homes where there are children going to school, and where the stocking bill is one of the big items in the family expense, a great saving can be made by the following method:

When the stockings have become worn and darned at the knees, and no longer look neat, cut the leg from the foot, below the top of the shoe, and turn the worn part to the back of the leg, bringing the unworn part to the front. Sew back to the foot with a flat seam, so that it will not hurt the child's ankle. They may not look particularly neat, but certainly no worse than if worn with the darning in front, and it is indeed a great saving.