

Jones Gets a Raise

By IMES MACDONALD

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Young Mr. Jones reached over and gave his adding machine a few tentative jabs and again lapsed into a reverie. Five years out of a midwestern college, and David R. Jones had little to boast of in the way of achievement. He had been ambitious, but eager and enthusiastic application to his job for five long years had failed to lift him out of the clerk's class.

When he had taken the job in answer to an advertisement he had been assured of "rapid advancement and a future for the right man." But he was still doing the same work he had been doing after his first three months with the company. He had stuck to one job with sincere and industrious purpose without its bringing him anything in the way of advancement—and now that it was June again the prospect of another long, hot summer in that office galled him.

With a thoughtful air he withdrew from his wallet a clipping which he had torn from his newspaper on the way downtown in the subway that morning.

"WANTED—Athletic young man as boatman on gentleman's estate. Connecticut shore. Must be expert swimmer—know motorboats, sailboats and canoes—make repairs and be generally useful and obliging; \$60 monthly and board. See Mrs. Agnes Turner between 10 and 12 Tuesday, Hotel Arkwright."

And after he had read the ad through once more young Mr. Jones arose from his desk and entered the private office of his great and exclusive boss, the well-known Mr. Henry P. Riggs, Mr. Riggs, or "Old H. P.," as he was called in the outer office, stared at the impulsive Mr. Jones with surly surprise. The privacy of his domain had never before been so violated.

"Well?" he demanded.

"I'm Jones," said Jones. "David R. Jones. I've been with this company five years. I have a fair education, a certain amount of brains and some ability. When I came here I was promised rapid advancement and a future, and before I die of old age at \$35 a week I thought I'd go into the matter with you."

"Well?" repeated Old H. P. sourly. "I want a man's job and \$3,000 a year from today or I'm through."

Old H. P. glared, and the barest crinkle of a sarcastic smile puckered up one corner of his mouth. "You're thorough, all right!" he agreed, "and you won't find three-thousand-dollar jobs hanging on trees around this town, young man."

"Anyway," grinned Jones affably, "I don't intend to hang on this tree till I'm rotten. There are plenty of other trees growing in the orchard of Manhattan."

"Very well," growled Old H. P., turning back to his desk. "But if you don't get your fancy job you can have your old one here any time before the first of September," he flung over his shoulder.

"Huh!" he grunted a few days later when the incident recurred to him. "The young squirt! And I was proud of fifteen a week at his age!"

But at that very moment David R. Jones, clad in a sleeveless jersey and an old pair of flannel trousers, was tuning up the engine of a high-powered motorboat up on the Connecticut shore.

"Hello, boatman!" shouted a voice above the din, and Jones looked up to see a smiling face peering at him over the edge of the dock.

She swung her legs over the side and turned around with the intention of sliding down backwards to the deck of the boat, some six feet below. Her skirt caught on a bolt, but she kept right on sliding till the modest Mr. Jones was compelled to turn his face away.

"Unhook me," she finally wailed indignantly. And Jones, wiping his dirty hands on a piece of waste, reached up obediently and unhooked her, setting her safely on her feet with a grin.

"My—my coming was quite a revelation, wasn't it?" she said demurely, the color deepening in her cheeks.

But Jones had pretended not to notice, although the nice men who pretend never to notice are the very ones who never miss anything. "Who might you be?" he asked pleasantly.

"I'm Lotta, the youngest," she laughed. "Charlotte Riggs, you know. We only got here just a little while ago—Louise and Nina and Aunt Agnes. Aubrey says you impressed her very favorably at your interview in town, and she thinks you're going to be a very nice boatman. What's your name?"

And from that day forth David R. Jones was Lotta's very own. She appropriated him as something sent to her by the gods for her own especial pleasure and amusement. Together they painted the boats—mended the docks—rebuilt the float. Sturdily she worked at his side, and in between times they swam together. If the rest of the family noticed it at all they merely passed it off with a shrug—for after all Lotta was only a kid, but—

The day H. P. Riggs was expected to spend a week with his family, Lotta and Jones went across the bay in the motorboat to meet him, and he was introduced to the bare-shouldered, laughing young boatman by his daughter.

At first he did not recognize Jones, but the way Lotta hovered over

that young man drew her father's undivided attention and disapproval—and while he glowered over his daughter's so apparent affection for his erstwhile clerk, Jones' identity registered itself on his brain.

"Davy isn't really a boatman," explained Lotta to her father that night at the dinner table. "He's just a very nice young man who worked his head off five whole years for a grouchy old man who wouldn't give him a chance. So Davy made up his mind to have a nice vacation this summer and had a better job next fall."

And as usual Lotta hurried through her dinner and slipped down to the beach and Davy Jones.

"Why, darn it all!" said Davy, a few minutes later. "You shouldn't have told him that. Your father was the old guy who wouldn't give me a chance!"

And Lotta sat back against an up-turned boat in amazement. "Mean old thing!" she said, disrespectfully, with visions in her young mind of putting it over on her father. Then she leaned her slim length against Davy Jones, with one hand curled behind his neck—and if you've ever had anyone you loved standing as Lotta was, begging to be kissed, you probably know just what Lotta did about it.

"Since the very first day, Davy dear, I've been wanting you to kiss me," she was saying, as the glow of Old H. P.'s cigar came around the corner of the boathouse. For a moment he stopped and watched the two who stood so close together—there, his daughter and Davy Jones—then he walked over and faced them grimly.

"I suppose you'll be wanting your old job back again," said H. P. Riggs to the startled Mr. Jones. "When a man's married he rather needs a job, doesn't he? But the two of you can't live on thirty-five a week."

"Lotta says we can," grinned Jones, hugging that willing young woman just a bit closer—and then he bluffed a little. "However, we won't have to. I'm starting with Rogers, Wyman & Co., the first of September at \$3,500 a year."

Whereupon Lotta squeezed his arm and eyed her father hostilely. For a moment H. P. Riggs withstood that glance and then he extended his hand with a grin.

"On the contrary, Dave," he said almost genially, "you're starting with H. P. Riggs & Co. at \$5,000—and eventually a—partnership."

And then Lotta graciously transferred one of Davy Jones' kisses to her father and back again.

DESIGNED FOR THE CURIOUS

Not Hard to Trace Origin and Reason for the Gazebo in Architectural Designs.

No name could be more descriptive than gazebo for a building, whether it assume the form of a tower or balcony, which was erected for the purpose of enabling anyone to gaze about; and there is no need to hunt through the pages of a dictionary for the origin of so obvious a term. Curiosity is common to the race, and contrivances of all kinds have been called for throughout the ages, and will continue to be, to enable people to pry into their neighbors' affairs; and architectural solutions of the problem must always be as interesting as they have frequently proved most picturesque.

Doubtless in the remotest antiquity such means of prying were in vogue, and the hanging gardens of Babylon may have presented replicas of the towers of Kent or Chambers; but we will go no further back for examples than Pliny's villa at Laurentum. The Plinys, as we know, were of a very inquiring turn of mind, and are most appropriately commemorated at Como, their supposed birthplace, on the west front of the cathedral, by a sculptured representation of each engaged in looking out of a window. Thus it was that when Pliny the Younger built his celebrated villa he gave it two towers, and as they could be used neither for defense in such a place nor for smoking rooms at such a period, we can only suppose them to have been erected to serve as gazebos where he could look into the grounds of his neighbors and watch their comings and outgoings.—J. Travenor Perry in Architect (England).

Joe's Mistake.

Six-year-old Joe had the influenza. Knowing that Aunt Anne always brought gifts to her sick nephews and nieces he expressed a desire to see her. She came and brought with her several toys and books. Eight-year-old Virginia and Aunt Anne were both at Joe's bedside when mother brought in his medicine. Joe fretted against taking it, and Aunt Anne generously offered: "If you'll take it like a little man, auntie will get you a new soldier's cap," she promised.

A few minutes later in the dining room adjoining the sick room she heard the gift discussed. "You didn't take on enough, Joe," Virginia was criticizing her brother. "If you had cried loud like everything you'd got a whole suit of clothes."

Good From Alchemy.

The philosopher's stone never existed except hypothetically in the imagination of credulous humanity. But out of the efforts of many thoughtful men the present has grown with its enlightened views and fuller knowledge. Alchemy, although in many respects a remarkable example of the extent to which human reason may aberrate, can never be without human interest. It brought to view many fresh fields of research, and led to the discovery of many facts of great importance during its strange and devious career.

Quick Change in Style of Gowns

New York.—It is time to change a few things in women's apparel, asserts a prominent fashion authority. Women are leaping from uniforms into medieval gowns of gold, and crystal, and tulle in brilliant colors, and into smashing furs and red street apparel.

There are significant changes working up from the ground. There is the new décolletage which was prophesied in this department weeks ago and which is coming into view as smart women exploit it. Half a dozen new ways of cutting the neckline have leaped into existence and a dozen new collars claim the blue ribbon of excellence. No matter whether we dress differently about the hips and feet, we are dressing decidedly differently about the neck and even the wrists.

It is in these significant changes that the great mass of women are interested who do not feel that they can afford entirely new gowns for the mid-season.

The artist who said that all changes in fashions for women consisted in the placement of the bulge, or the absence of it, should have added that the open spaces in costumes were second in importance.

Cut to the bone, there is no doubt that he was right. The contour is the thing. It is where a garment goes in or out that determines its fashion. Few women there are who are brave enough to go against the contour of the hour, even though it may not suggest the best there is in their figures.

New Decolletage.

The change in the neckline is perhaps the most important to the average woman. She has belief in herself when it comes to cutting a new kind of neckline. She feels that a good pair of scissors may be the medium of transforming an old gown into a new gown by the simple process of turning an oblong neck into a round one, a square one, or a U-shaped one.



V-shaped décolletage in back of a black velvet evening gown which is cut high in front. This idea is worked out in many types of gowns, even those for street. Delta décolletage shown in new brocade evening gown in white and gold. This neckline originated in the Elizabethan days.

All history is filled with rapid changes in the neckline, and so far we have not had anything new. We have rung the bells of history all over again. That is all.

When Edward II was king of England the women wore the georgette, which wrinkled about the neck and spread outward over the chin and the back of the head. This was introduced to fashion a few years ago through a dancer and her clever designer. It is still worn by women who go motoring, and they make it of dark blue crepe or veiling, rather than of white satin.

When Richard II was king his French queen brought over the fashion of the low neck, and so, after centuries, women dropped the neckband of the gown from chin to collar bone.

When Elizabeth was queen of England the delta décolletage was invented, and it ran along with another neckline that exposed all the chest and half the shoulders, and then, as if by a sudden spasm of prudery, hid the neck and ears by an immense ruff.

When James I came to the throne of England his queen introduced the very décolleté, tight bodice with its immense, flaring collar of wired lace at the back, and when Charles I allowed Henriette of France to lead the fashions for his court, there was the low, round neckline that dipped well downward in the back and was finished with a deep vandyke collar that extended over the sleeves.

In the picturesque days of Queen Anne women introduced the low, square cut décolletage, guileless of collar, which our women have worn for two decades; and in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the Georgian era, women used a simple décolletage in a rounded V outlined with a wrinkled handkerchief as a part of their street attire.

Running the mind over this slight

summary of historical changes in the décolletage, it is easy to see that we have done nothing new; but here is what we are going to do at the immediate moment: Revive the delta of the Elizabethan times, the deep square of Queen Anne, with its tight, high line at the side of the neck, and the U-shaped décolletage of the end of the eighteenth century, with its modesty piece of lace.

Return of Lace Collars.

We have gone through a season of medieval severity in the neckline. Women have aided nature which made them ugly or cheated nature which made them beautiful by going about without any softening effect at the neck, by wearing coat collars of heavy homespun unrelieved by white, and by the use of V-shaped lines of heavy velvet and crepe which fashion kept unadorned.

True to history this was, but not true to art. There were few women who looked their best in such severity. Today collars return slowly. There are still those who tell you they are not smart, but at the exclusive house there is a tendency to put precious lace on the new neckline. It is not a V-shaped neckline; it is a deep U which calls for a softening outline and an extremely soft arrangement of lace or tulle across the bust.

The Queen Anne décolletage which hugs the side of the neck and runs down into a narrow L-shaped opening is extremely smart, and it is banded with fur and then filled in with fine folds of silk net.

It is felt by those who have their hands on the pulse of fashion that the oblong neckline of the Renaissance is no longer smart, although it is worn by some well-dressed women.

Double Neckline.

There is a disposition on the part of some designers to make a double neckline, and this they do by a subtle



V-shaped décolletage in back of a black velvet evening gown which is cut high in front. This idea is worked out in many types of gowns, even those for street. Delta décolletage shown in new brocade evening gown in white and gold. This neckline originated in the Elizabethan days.

arrangement of thin fabrics. A certain designer has turned out a remarkably brilliant gown of raspberry chiffon having a deep U-shaped décolletage outlined with chinchilla which swings the chiffon with the movement of the figure, as though it were a necklace. Beneath it, and hugging the bust in the eighteenth century manner, is a bodice with a rounded décolletage.

There will be an oblong Renaissance neckline that reaches from shoulder to shoulder, cut on a tight satin bodice, and over that will be swung a looser bodice of colored chiffon or tulle which is high at the back and has a long, rounded line in front that drops to the waist.

Black and seal brown velvet afternoon gowns have the Queen Anne décolletage, which follows the exact line where the neck is placed on the body, until it gets to the collar bone, where it dips into a straight, open space half way to the waist. This is outlined with fur. Again, it may be outlined with Venetian point.

The delta décolletage is considered the most becoming of all for evening wear. Get out any picture of Elizabethan times and you will see what is meant. In that gorgeous era the women wore a jeweled piece of open net over the shoulder to the base of the neck at each side, and then the décolletage spread downward and outward to the arm-pits.

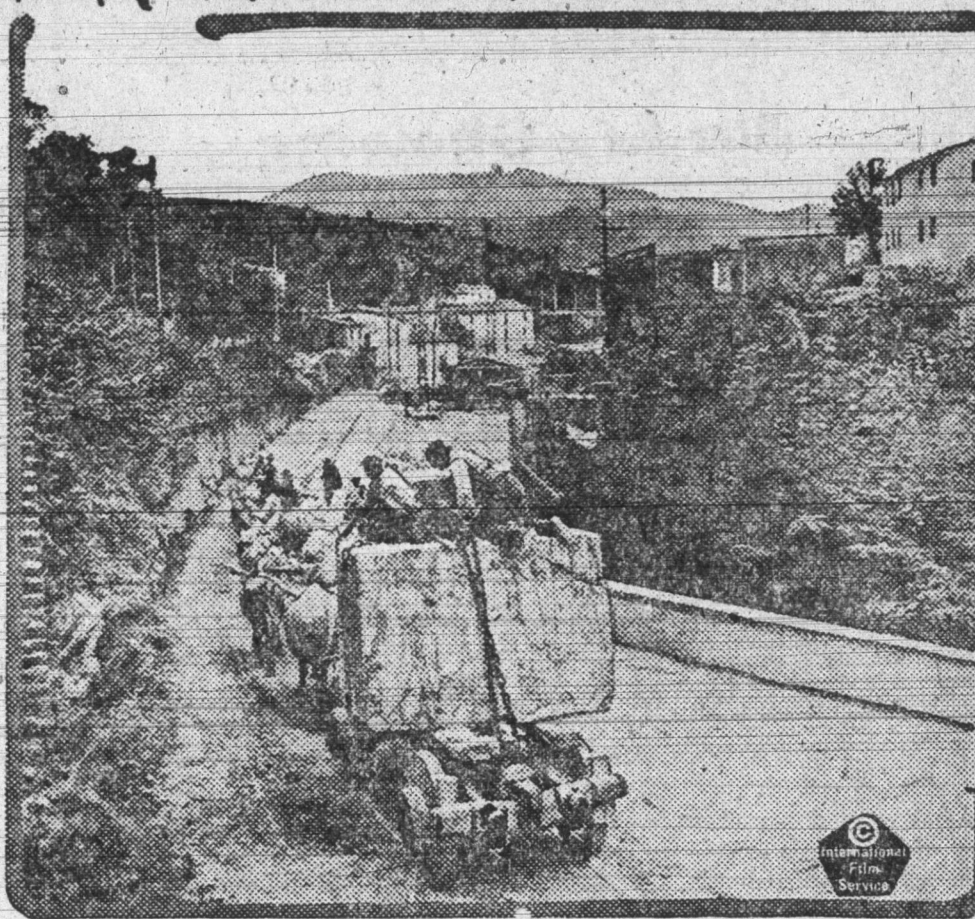
Take this change in the neckline seriously. It will govern the clothes of the next few weeks.

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White Collars.

In spite of the fact that some of the newest frocks have no white at the throat, and that others favor the rounded neck, with lace and a tucker, still others feature a white satin collar that is high at the neck and that extends in the front over the bodice quite to the waistline.

VINTAGE TIME IN TUSCANY



A Road in Tuscany.

IT WAS the vintage time, and I tried to forget that half of Christendom was plunged in a great war. Leaving the fighting line, I wandered about in the lovely freedom of the hill country of Tuscany, past villas which are surmised rather than seen through the long vistas of grave, still cypresses and around smiling, silvery-green olive slopes from whose summits beckon dignified palace fortresses of the Medicis or sterner and more aged ivy-decked towers, writes a Tuscan correspondent of the New York Evening Post. Finally, I reached the road of my morning's quest and stopped where a high wall, after many turns and twists, suddenly opened to a vision of green terraces. It was the gate to the podere upon which Tonino and his forebears have labored for the last century and a half—the family "going to the land," not as serfs, but as willing servants of the soil.

Entering the terraced farm, I skirted a stout wall with ivy spreading lovingly over its gray stones; a hedge of winter roses followed me in fragrant companionship all the way to Tonino's farmhouse, a structure poised bravely over a precipitous ledge of rocks.

The house itself might be called an architectural slant of walls, chimneys, stone flags and steps running off and down in all directions till they seem to merge with the vines and the olive tree and the green sod. I lingered a moment, then followed in the wake of a primitive oxcart, painted bright red, on which the empty grape vats rumbled sonorously as the plodding beasts dragged their draft, over the stony road.

Harvesting the Grape Crop.

It was a pagan—almost bacchanalian—picture, as those huge cattle, white and big-horned, moved slowly and processionally down the way, flanked by grape vines in endless, festive wreaths and festoons strung from tree to tree.

At the lower terrace a host of neighbors was busily at work cutting the dew-moist grapes, dropping the luscious bunches into picturesque baskets lying all about. The sun played in glad, shifting shadows in and out of the vines and olive trees, while the damp soil, drinking in the solar warmth, exuded a moisture heavily odorous with the abounding vitality of Mother Earth.

The harvesters included many women, some territorial soldiers on leave and a few children. No one, old or young, gave signs of fatigue; the labor was pursued slowly and easily, not at all as a struggle in overcoming time, or resistance. It was this seeming slowness of the laborers in Italy which often gives to the outsider, especially to the nervous and strenuous American observer, the impression of a wastage of time in the accomplishment of things. This apparent slowness, however, is rather a wise restraint and distribution of effort, coupled with traditional skill or special hardness, which bring about results by deftness as well as by mere expenditure of force.

So, at this harvesting, all of that crowded, terraced acreage had been shorn of its grapes by sundown, and all the fruit carried away to the wine press.

Supper for Tonino's Laborers.

At nine in the evening we gathered at Tonino's house for the harvest supper, to which, by immemorial custom, everyone who has labored in the vineyards must be invited. We entered by the kitchen door, near which hung a little oil lamp patterned after those of the Etruscans; at the long table in the main room of this casa colonica sat three generations of harvesters—24 men, women and children.

A warm, soothing, "natural" odor of oxen and stable came thinly and not unpleasantly into the feast chamber, which had that dignity of proportion and fine simplicity of lines which speaks of Tuscan taste, even in these humble quarters. A light hung from the center of the ceiling threw a rather dim illumination over the festive board, but amply sufficient for us to see all the good things which awaited our impending attack. First soup was served from huge bowls into deep, ca-

pacious dishes; next came a rich and satisfying frizzo misto, and then large platters, burdened with pasta redolent with an herb flavored sauce. There was plenty of honest wine to wash down the huge slashes of war bread served out generously to all of us.

No Bitterness in War Talk.

After the pleasant business of eating was over the men started talking about the war. It was a simple, rather objective discussion, without bitterness or hatred, of something unpleasant which had to be done, but all must wish that it should be ended and laid aside as soon as possible. Then the conversation waxed warm in the more direct and personal realities of the year's crops, and the promise for the coming seasons. One by one the little children snuggled closer to their mothers' sides and childish heads bled sleepily over the table or fell, relaxed and safe, on arms soft and solicitous with maternal care. The drowsiness of a hard day's labor crept irresistibly upon the men, urging them to well-earned and refreshing sleep.

We said good night and started homeward; the little oil lamp by the door had flickered out, but a faint moonlight was bathing the landscape in a soft, mystical indistinctness; far away the domes and towers of Florence rose skyward like dream symbols of hopes and darlings, of love and faith.

I sat in contemplation, watching the moonlight wax stronger and brighter, making more real and definite the picture of peace on earth spread so wondrously before me, till my thoughts wandered away to another harvest scene, far removed among sterner but no less peace loving mountains, a harvest scene of battle wherein men like those with whom I had gathered grapes today were the protagonists.

We have been told of the thrill of a gallant assault and the stirring emotions of a brave defense, but what of the harvest after the decisive fighting is over and one walks over the fields plowed by the merciless artillery and harrowed by the struggles and the sufferings of men. What of the fruitage of battle, not alone of the dead and the wounded we have been told so often, but of all the other and indescribably sad things which the eye and the heart of the harvest gatherers!

Amidst Scenes of Desolation.

Look! A once flourishing little town, with not a single one of its houses unscathed, and most of them horribly rent asunder, showing the debris of what had once been the privacy and the sanctity of peaceful hearths. In the partial shelter of these shells of homes along the main streets of the town, countless men are sitting or crouching, in full fighting equipment, waiting for orders to proceed to the front trenches, where a battle has just been fought and won.

Let us walk to the battlefield; it is reached through a pine wood still smoking resinously from the fires which the bursting shells have started. The road is wholly exposed to the range of the enemy's artillery, but thousands of men have gallantly crossed it in order to reach their comrades in the trenches beyond. You can see what the harvest has been here! There are fragments of shrapnel and unexploded shells along every foot of the line; by the whir of the projectiles still passing over our heads we can reconstruct the scene of fire of some hours ago; the shells whizz by us with that horrible suggestive rotatory sound which seems to say: Coming, Coming, Bang—and you die!

Dog Had Something to Say.

The Hon. John W. Davis, appointed our ambassador in London in succession to Mr. Page, is an eminent lawyer.

Mr. Davis tells the story of a very small boy who was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up a busy thoroughfare. "Where are you going to take that dog, my little chap?" inquired a passerby. "I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.