

The Magnet

By R. RAY BAKER

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For three years Leah Wellington and Grover Gary were true to each other, which might be considered a remarkable record.

By this it is not meant that the present generation of men and women is so ruled by fickleness that three years of being true is of the ordinary, although you will find sored-on-the-world cynics who will assert that such is the case.

One of the extraordinary things about the fealty of Leah and Grover was that during the three-year period in question they were in different cities and yet did not exchange a letter or a postcard. But the feature that really justifies the use of the word "remarkable" is the fact that the young lady and young man concerned never had formed an acquaintanceship—did not, in fact, know each other's names.

Leah was clerk in the magazine, cigar, popcorn, candy, postcard counter at the Union station in a city of some 100,000 souls in Illinois. Grover was one of those hustling young men who can convince you that not to take out insurance on your life is rank treason against the human race.

Grover arrived at the station one evening, weary from a slow, bumping ride on a local train that appeared to scorn the rails and insist on traversing the ties between them. He had a grouch which he directed against the railroad, the insurance business and the world in general—until he spied Leah.

Leah was not in a joyful mood. She was obliged to work overtime because the night clerk at the stand was sick and she had to miss a theater party with four girl friends. She scowled as she sold a fat man a package of gum, but when she looked up from the cash register and saw Grover wreaths of smiles adorned her countenance.

"There he is at last," breathed Leah; "the handsome man I've dreamed about so often. I always knew I'd meet him some day!"

"By George! That's the girl I've been waiting all these years for," Grover told himself. "Isn't she the pretty thing?"

As a matter of fact, neither of them was beautiful or handsome, although each possessed the normal amount of attractiveness.

Grover at once approached the stand. She smiled welcome at him, somewhat timidly, for her experience with men had been limited, as had his with girls. He was far from being at ease, and somehow he could not decide on what to purchase from her. Naturally, when a stranger approaches a place where things are sold and stares at a clerk, the clerk expects to sell something he argued, and still he could not think of a thing he needed.

He looked over the magazines, finally selecting one, but when he thrust a hand into his pocket he found that his purse had vanished. She was rolling up the magazine.

"No, I don't want that after all," he faltered. "I have read it, come to think of it."

She laid it back. He ransacked his brain for the name of some magazine that he did not see on the stand. It was useless. The supply laid out before him apparently included every publication in the world.

She was waiting and he was being tossed helplessly on a stormy sea of distress. He fidgeted and perspired. At last, desperately, he blurted out:

"The magazine I want is 'The Magnet.' Have you the last issue?"

The smile left her face and disappointment crept into her eyes. She wanted to please this stranger, to furnish him with the article he desired to purchase. She had failed.

"No, sir," she answered, "we don't keep that magazine. In fact, I never heard of it, and I thought I was an authority on periodicals."

He thanked her and trudged homeward with a curtain of gloom settled over him. He had made a mess of it, he raged, and he went to sleep to dream that he had met the girl that was meant for him, and that, just as he was about to lead her to the altar to make her his bride, a witch descended from the clouds and transformed him into a donkey.

However, on thinking it over Grover saw that his blundering had opened the gate of opportunity for further conversations with the girl that fate had selected to become his partner on the highway of life. So at least three times a week he appeared at the station and asked if the "Magnet Magazine" had appeared. Every time Leah was obliged to confess that she had been unable to get track of it. If it had been possible she would have obtained it for him, for she had made a search which included all the agencies in town.

If Grover had used the same tactics in love that he used in selling insurance it would have been comparatively easy to win his heart's desire. Leah was ready and waiting, for she was a firm believer in the doctrine that every woman born into the world is intended to wed a certain, particular, pre-selected man.

Leah had been told, and she believed, that if a woman failed to marry the man that fate had selected for her unhappiness would be certain to result. It was the reason for many failures in matrimony, she was convinced. People didn't wait for the right one to

come along. Somehow Leah always felt that she would know when her right one appeared, and now she was sure that Grover Gary was he. So she merely waited for him to get down to business and make himself acquainted and ask her to be his wife.

But Grover didn't get down to business. He found himself tongue-tied whenever he tried to talk anything that bordered on the personal. He could not even bring himself to the point of introducing himself. Lovemaking, in its initial stages and in all others, is so different from selling insurance, particularly when one has to fight back bashfulness in the presence of the other sex.

One morning Grover got out of bed with the determination to do two things. First, he had made up his mind to "write up" a very wealthy but obstinate "prospect." Next he was going down to the Union station, introduce himself and propose to the girl that was rightfully his.

He did neither. When he got to the office he found a telegram summoning him to the head office in Chicago on the first train that went. The train left before Leah went on duty at the stand, and it took Grover away for three years.

Leah watched in vain for the man that was meant for her. When days dragged into months and the months into years she was forced to the conclusion that he had deserted her.

"Well, let him go," she sighed. "Just because he defies Destiny is no reason why I should. I shall remain true to him."

It was early in the evening when he returned from his three-year absence. Leah was thumbing the first number of a new periodical, when a familiar voice inquired:

"Have you the 'Magnet Magazine'?" She jumped back and her eyes opened wide. Then she smiled her first real smile in three years.

"Why, yes, I was just reading it. But it contains an announcement that it is the first number of the magazine. There's a good article in the front about 'Every One Was Meant for Some One.'"

"I know it," he said. "You see, when I used to ask you about the 'Magnet Magazine' I knew very well there was no such publication. It simply gave me an excuse to come in here and talk with you now and then. Three years ago I went to Chicago and got interested in the publishing business. I made some money, and finally launched the 'Magnet.' I know that article is good, because I wrote it myself. In fact, it's a proposal from me to you, and therefore it has to be good, doesn't it?"

THIS THE GARDEN OF EDEN?

Many Believe That Territory in Which Famous Spot Was Situated Has Been Located.

"And the Lord God planted a garden to the eastward in Eden. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and it was parted into four heads."—Genesis.

Sir William Willcocks, who, in behalf of the British government, has had charge of the wonderful irrigation works in Egypt, was assigned not long ago to the duty of planning a similar large-scale enterprise for the restoration of ancient Babylonia to its former agricultural productivity.

Thus it happened that he located, to the reasonable satisfaction of archeologists, the veritable site of the Garden of Eden. For reasons wholly practical he thought that the best way to begin.

Starting from the spot where Jewish tradition placed the gates of paradise—the word "paradise" meaning garden—he followed the traces of the four streams mentioned in Genesis, which, as therein named, were the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel and the Euphrates.

The Euphrates (known by that name today) flowed through the great city of Babylon. The Gihon is now called the Sakhlawia, which flows into the Tigris at Bagdad. The Pison has gone dry, but is represented by many-armed channels "encompassing the whole land of Havilah" (see Genesis), which lay between Egypt and Assyria.

The Euphrates enters its delta a few miles below Hit, there leaving the desert and debouching into a vast alluvial plain. In this departure it has a considerable fall, with a number of cataracts, and along a narrow valley giant water wheels lift water to irrigate the land on both sides of the stream.

The entrance to this valley (according to Jewish tradition) was the gate of the Paradise in which Adam and Eve dwelt, and from which they were expelled for disobeying a divine command. There the traveler first meets the date palm, which is a "tree of life" (see Genesis) to the whole Arab world.

Along the valley garden succeeds garden. It is today a veritable paradise, orchards and date groves checker-boarded with fields of cotton. The climate is everlasting summer, so that three or four crops a year may be grown.

Anciently the cataracts were much higher, and water wheels were unnecessary, the water being led off by ditches.

The Garden of Eden, indeed, gains interest from the fact that it seems to have been the first irrigated area in the world.

Good Intentions.

"Do you think Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works?"

"Why start that old controversy?"

"Sorry! Thought it might be a relief to get up a little argument about something besides the League of Nations."

Lace Frocks in Favor in Paris

Deauville, Aix-les-Bains and Monte Carlo are principal points of interest on the fashion program. Paris, which is to say all of fashionable Paris, has betaken itself to the smart resorts in France, so it is necessary to follow closely, asserts a prominent New York fashion writer, if one is to keep in touch with the latest developments in dress.

Always on the alert, Paris traveled to the races, but many of the best people were absent and the midnights failed the dressmakers at the last moment, so that there were fewer new frocks than had been expected. Happily most of the troubles are over and the best houses have promised interesting and important changes. However, we are left to guess what the changes are to be, though a few of the models give some important clues and the assurance that whatever the changes may be one may be certain that they will be interesting.

The elegance of the pre-war toilettes is repeatedly mentioned and there is every indication that eventually the more elaborate manner of dressing will return. Lace, which has long since been discarded, is considered one of the most important materials for afternoon wear.

Many and conflicting were the comments on its use at the races, but in spite of adverse opinion it was noted that as the days passed by and the makers had an opportunity of showing new models the lace dresses increased in numbers.

An all-lace frock was contemptuously referred to as a lace curtain, but nevertheless the dress was repeated later by other women.

The widely diverging views in regard to the use of lace are to be expected, for there is no more difficult



This creation is a combination of rich all-over cream lace and gold and blue-flowered chiffon. Hat is of black, glazed Milan, with great yellow organdie rose.

material to handle, and if used the frock is sure to be either a decided success or a miserable failure.

Paris is surely correct when following its usual rule of never doing things by half-way measures. It selects the widest laces possible and drapes them over something dark to give the pattern the best advantage. Other models illustrate the use of black and white Chantilly, used in the same dress with a most refreshing effect.

Callot, Cheruit and Pierre Bulloz are all making use of quantities of lace in the summer models, which they always show in midseason for the benefit of their resident Paris clientele. French women have always been partial to lace for afternoon wear and know how to wear it to the best advantage. Where the American woman is prone to place with it a hat that carries the same tame note as the lace, the French woman will wear something that will provide a contrast and tone up the entire costume. The contrasting note will be found usually in the hat or the material combined with the lace. As black and white is at present the most popular combination in Paris the hat is frequently of black tulle, either with crosse or paradise.

Two of the smartest dresses of lace at Monte Carlo were in black, as were the hats which were worn with them. In both of these dresses the lace fig-

ured in the skirt principally and the waist was of taffeta with a touch of lace. Tunics are as prominent as ever in the scheme of the lace dress, but the lace reaches almost to the bottom of the foundation skirt.

The dark silk dresses considered sufficiently elaborate for any afternoon affair if embroidered or otherwise embellished seem to be passing out, at least for the summertime.

Jenny uses Chantilly lace in a large way, that is to say, in quantities and in big spaces. A black satin and



An organdie embroidered summer skirt with a flesh georgette blouse with Val lace. The hat is maline with a robin's egg blue raffia crown—a fine summer outfit.

black lace frock by her is typical of the prevailing mode in more ways than one. It carries the harem hem, the almost sleeveless bodice and the nipped-in waistline with the fullness bulging both below and above. To all intents and purposes the dress is of lace, with the pattern in the sweeping curves common to Chantilly. Below the waist there is a full pleated and the satin is draped as a scarf over the shoulders, forming the only sleeves there are and falling straight to the hem at the front, leaving an open space showing the lace, about eight inches wide, in the center.

Drapery and Plaiting.

Several striped dresses in taffeta have been noted that show the same arrangement of drapery over the shoulder and one a bit on that order is marvelously constructed of fine plaiting. Variation is found in the way the plaiting is looped up at the sides is a modified pannier effect. Across the front of the upper part the plaits are held in closely, like a girdle, and at each side allowed to fall loosely in a large loop.

Drecol shows a Chartreuse colored frock with the skirt draped in Chantilly and the girdle forming wing-like loops at the side, giving the desired width.

On the whole new models are rather scarce, suggesting that the best known makers are not averse to holding back as many of their creations as they may for later in the season.

Whether by accident or following the lead of Paris, a well-known American designer turned out lately a charming afternoon dress of organdie and black net, bearing out the assertion that silks are no longer absolutely necessary in the construction of the reception and dinner frock.

The entire gown was of French blue organdie draped with the net in tunic fashion and edged with black lace. If either this frock or the lace frocks noted at the races are any indication, the chemise dress is on the wane, for each one is marked by a decided waistline and both show sashes tied in huge bows at the back.

All the late models by Beer point to the fact that the flaring tunic over a tighter foundation will continue in favor.

Redingotes Are Coming Back.

Cloth dresses in redingote style continue to appear and are quite the accepted thing when wool dresses are worn. From this the indications are that the redingote will be among the autumn models when they make their appearance on this side. Redingotes were introduced two or three seasons ago. At the time they did not make any deep impression, but are now rather surer of success, as any suggestion of being extreme will be out of the question, and they are undoubtedly smart.

As the longer jacket is rather sure of being the proper thing this fall, one may have the same trouble as formerly in trying to tell a dress from a coat or the reverse.

All authorities agree so far on the wider hip line and the accentuated fullness about the hips, and this is to be found in the coats and suit jackets, as well as in the frocks, where it has been seen principally so far. Jenny is very active in turning out suits, as it appears that the dolman and even the cape are slightly less in demand and it is anticipated that the suit will take the place to a certain extent.

Among New Fall Shades.

Among the new fall shades, Indian red, Pompeian red and Cordovan brown (a warm yellow brown tone), are most prominent.

STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

Primary English as She Is Spoke at Hull House

CHICAGO.—If America is the melting pot, Chicago is where the mixture bubbles fastest, and Hull House is right in the middle of the boiling. The teacher in one of the classes in primary English told her polyglot pupils to write a play, promising a prize for the best. This one was turned in, among others:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE AMERICAN FLAG."

Act 1, Scene 1—A Tent at Valley Forge.

Enter two colonial officers:
First Colonial Officer—We ain't got no flag for the Revolution.
Second Colonial Officer—Gee, ain't that fierce!

Act 2, Scene 1—George Washington's Tent.
First Colonial Officer (to George Washington)—George we ain't got no flag for the Revolution.
George Washington—Gee, ain't that fierce!

Act 3, Scene 1—Home of Betsy Ross.
George Washington (entering)—"Betsy, we ain't got no flag for the Revolution."
Betsy Ross—Gee, ain't that fierce! Well, George, you hold the baby and I'll make you one.

Act 3, Scene 2—George Washington's Tent.
George Washington (entering)—We got a flag for the Revolution.
First Colonial Officer—Ain't that grand!
Second Colonial Officer—You bet.

Curtain.
One guess as to which play got the prize.
Anyway, if the play isn't primary English, what is it?



How Heaven Protected This One Poor Working Girl

LOUISVILLE, KY.—She made only \$7 a week, and she was wondering how she was going to spend the two weeks' vacation which her employer had offered her. She reasoned rightly that she couldn't take a very extended trip. But she didn't know that Yaarah Temple of Shriners was passing through Louisville from Atlanta to Indianapolis.

As she passed a hotel on her way to work she was stopped by a man dressed in the garb of a fiction character which she had often seen on advertisements for cigarettes. He stopped her. She was frightened.

And then a lot more men looking like "cigarette signs" gathered about her and sang songs in funny languages. But worse was to come. They took away her lunch basket and dumped all her lunch out on the sidewalk. There were two perfectly good sandwiches; an onion, fresh and juicy; a big red apple and a few leaves of lettuce, still pretty fresh. Naturally she felt like crying, and the tears were just coming when—

One of the number jumped upon a suitcase and spoke to the multitude of red fezzes while the others looked on and danced about her. She was so bewildered she forgot all about crying.

The man who jumped upon the suitcase auctioned off her lunch. The apple brought \$37.40. The onion smelled no stronger than any other onion, but it brought \$35.50. When her lunch had been distributed among the bidders the auctioneer had collected exactly \$250. He handed it to the frightened little "working girl," with the ease and grace of a prince.

She was ten minutes late to work because of the interruption, but she "should worry," she was \$250 to the good, and there was a little something which made her heart beat faster.

Cheer Up, Girls! The Prince of Wales Can Foxtrot

BERKELEY, CAL.—Is the prince of Wales a good dancer? One University of California girl knows first hand that he is. Anyway, she says he is. At a ball at the Casino in Coblenz the royal arm encircled her waist in a dreamy waltz, and on this experience is based her affirmative answer.

The girl is Miss Elizabeth Witter, University of California sorority and Sierra club member and well known in Town and Gown circles in the college city.

Miss Witter has just returned from a year and a half service with the American Red Cross in the canteen work organized by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt.

With the army of occupation at Coblenz, where she passed the months since the armistice was signed, several dances were given by the Americans. At two of these Miss Witter danced with Gen. John G. Pershing, and at the last, a ball given to General Mitchell, she had her first dance with royalty.

"I should say the prince is a good dancer," said Miss Witter. "They dance just the same 'over there' as here. They are strong for jazz music, and their one-steps are not a bit more stately than ours."

Miss Witter went over with Miss Mildred Johnston and Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Potter, a sister of Prentiss Gray, head of the relief for Belgium. They left March 6, 1918, and were stationed at Dijon in canteen work feeding troops and convoys trains. Later they were moved up near Bar-le-Duc, in the Meuse sector, and saw strenuous service, often within range of the big German guns.

The prince of Wales will be over here before long and other charming American girls will also have a chance to know first hand whether he is—or isn't.



Philadelphia Boasting "Youngest Grandparents"

PHILADELPHIA.—"Meet the right girl early, and, if you're lucky enough to win her queenly favor, marry her," is the bit of advice that comes from Frank Miller, 1728 West Passyunk avenue, the man who is, at the age of thirty-five, probably the youngest granddaddy in the country. The twenty-day old daughter of Miller's daughter has been christened Helen.

"There can be but few grandfathers and grandmothers younger than my wife and I are," said Mr. Miller. "I married Mary Shields when she was only seventeen and I was just turning eighteen, and I dare say that there's not a happier man living today. Of course I'm in favor of marrying early."

To his wife, therefore, belongs the distinction of being one of the youngest grandmothers, in the city, and maybe in the state, and maybe in the nation.

Mr. Miller is the father of four children and is probably a little happier than the average father, because this young daughter of his child, Mrs. Mary Donovan, 1509 Emily street, makes him a proud grandfather. His other children are two boys and a girl—Johnny, aged thirteen; Emily, aged eight, and eighteen-month-old Charlie, who has a bad habit of stealing and hiding the visitors' straw hats.

"Certainly marrying young is practical," said Miller. "The whole thing is in meeting the right one; then you're all right."

This family of great-greats, great, grand and plain parents and children begins with Mrs. Helen Higgins, eighty-nine years old. Her daughter, Mrs. Helen Miller, is sixty-one. Her son, Frank Miller, is thirty-five. His daughter, Marie Donovan, is sixteen, and her child, Helen, twenty days.

