

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.

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

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 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?"

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 over 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.

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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 taken 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 midinettes 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 clews 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

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 it 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

A woman in a lace frock with a hat. The frock is a combination of lace and organdy. The hat is black and has a lace trim. The photo is in black and white.

an organdy 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 plenum 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 Platting.

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 platting. 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.

Drecoll 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 organdy 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 organdy 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.

Clothes 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!