

## Little Sister

By R. RAY BAKER

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Frances Hayden sat at the window of her room and looked out on a dreary, drizzly day—Sunday, March 30. In one hand she held a letter, which was somewhat crumpled, as though she had started to convert it into waste paper and had thought better of it.

Two robins were holding a conversation in the tree whose branches brushed the window. The birds started out as if they were quarreling, but the excited chirping diminished into a sound that was as near cooing as can be expected of robins.

"Wouldn't it be fine to be a bird?" Frances sighed. "They're always happy, it seems."

She looked at the letter and a wry little smile adorned her face.

"He calls me sister," she mused. "That's what they all say when they want to leave you for someone else. 'Little sister'—that's what he says. It sounds pretty, but he used to say things that were prettier."

She stood up and made a motion as though to throw the letter in the wastebasket, but changed her mind again and placed it in a drawer of the dresser. Then she stood before the mirror and surveyed herself critically for several moments.

The person who gazed back at Frances from the glass was not exactly beautiful, but there was something about her that would not permit her to pass unnoticed in a crowd. The eyes were just common eyes; that is, there were no special arches to the brows, and the long, graceful lashes that are considered so desirable were not there. There was a lot of good, wholesome blue in the eyes, which could not be discounted in an inventory of attractive points.

The nose was inclined to be "pug," which gave the face a kind of saucy look, and the hair was nearly stringy, being of a rusty hue; but there was plenty of it, and it was done up attractively, if not up to the minute in style. The teeth were the principal attraction of Frances Hayden's countenance. When she smiled even the least bit they showed, dazzling white and even, and the smile was about as sweet as any girl could hope to offer.

But Frances was unhappy. She had long suspected that Melville Clark had ceased to care for her—in the way he once had cared. But, she told herself, it was hardly unexpected, despite the protestations Melville had made, when he left Glendale two years ago, that he would never care for another girl and that he was coming back "some bright, sunny day" to make her Mrs. Clark. She remembered the apprehensions she had entertained at that time, regardless of his earnest words, that he would come across someone else in the big city. However, Melville had written steadily for a year, and in every letter had reiterated his intentions. During the next year, however, she could not help noticing that his letters alluded more and more to friendship and less to love. Finally they dropped off altogether, until for a period of five months none came at all.

Frances went about her stenographic duties in the real estate office with the usual smile and the same capacity for work that she had always displayed, but when she got home at night she often shut herself in her room and thought hard, and sometimes cried a little.

Frances had given her heart to Melville when he went to the city to make a name for himself and a few coins for his pocket. It was a hard and rocky road; as his letters showed during that first year, and then his communications began to take on a more hopeful tone. "Things are coming, slowly but surely," he would write.

Frances hoped in vain that Melville would return home for a visit. He had said he would come for her when he "made good," but now, when he was making good, there was no mention of the visit. Then came this letter referring to her as "little sister," in which he told her that he had at last attained the object he had sought. He was a successful stock broker, with an office of his own and a neat sum in bank. But never a mention of coming to Glendale did the letter contain.

Later in the day she chased the clouds away and warmed the earth again and Frances went for a walk.

"Maybe this is the bright, sunny day he referred to," she said, as she threaded her way through the village; and she laughed, with a tinge of wistfulness, when she recalled the "little sister" passages of the epistle from Melville.

At the edge of Glendale was a wooden bridge which spanned a silent little brook, wending its way through the valley with many twists and turns. Foliage was beginning to adorn the numerous trees on either side of the stream, which looked delightfully refreshing. Frances leaned over the railing and looked into a miniature whirlpool created by a bend which formed a pool just above the bridge. A fish coming up to dine on an early bug left spreading circles in the water, and it caused something like a sob in Frances' throat. She had seen that same thing happen—perhaps it was the same fish—when she and Melville stood looking over that same railing of that same bridge on the same kind of day two years ago. It was the day

on which he asked her to marry him. A purring sound along the road made her look up the slope and see an automobile approaching the bridge and the village. In the car was Melville Clark, on his way to Jenson City, 15 miles distant, to deliver a proposal of marriage to Julia Armstrong, daughter of Benjamin Armstrong, the wealthy importer, who lived in the same city where Melville had made good in the financial world.

Melville had decided to marry Julia, not because of love but because she would get a dowry that would increase his little fortune at least threefold. A taste of riches had made him hungry for more, and he had set out deliberately to win Julia for his bride. She appeared responsive, and he could see that her parents did not object.

When Julia went away for a week as the guest of honor at a house party at Jenson City and invited Melville to join her Sunday he had decided it was the opportune time to make his proposal. He arose Sunday morning when the watch under his pillow told him it was eight o'clock. Picking up a timetable he made sure that the train for Jenson City left at 9:30, and then he smiled when he saw that one for Pembroke went exactly an hour later.

The smile was occasioned by the realization that his old home town was on the Pembroke line, and because he had never gone back for a visit. Frances Hayden did not enter his thoughts; they were busy with more important matters.

When Melville arrived at the station he had five minutes, according to his watch, and a train was standing on the track. It was a branch station, and he did not have to show a ticket at the gate. It was only after he had been riding half an hour that he discovered he was on the wrong train. That was when the conductor came to take up his ticket.

"Your train left an hour before this one," said the official. "You must have forgotten to set your watch ahead. Shall I let you off at the next station?"

"Can you beat that?" Melville exclaimed in vexation. "I forgot this was the day the daylight-saving law went into effect." He thought swiftly. "I'll get off at Glendale," he told the conductor. "I can get an automobile to take me to Jenson City. It's a 15-mile trip."

As the car approached the little bridge and Melville discerned the girl standing there a strange feeling came over him. The memory of that day two years ago flashed across his mind, and it made him smile with mingled sadness and pleasure.

"Stop a minute," he ordered the driver. "Stop right on the bridge. I used to live here and I want to glance things over."

The machine paused on the bridge and Melville's eyes met those of Frances. There was silence, broken only by the chugging of the motor. A moment later Melville was out of the car and clasping Frances in his arms.

He stood off and looked at her. Yes, she was the same girl. There was the reddish hair, the sincere, wholesome blue eyes, and the flashing, fascinating teeth.

"By George! You look good, Frances!" he said, and he meant it. In the two years he had been weaned from the influence of that smile and those eyes; but now he was back in their power again.

"You mean 'little sister'?" she said, somewhat mischievously.

"Hang the little sister!" he ejaculated. "Let's go down to the little nook on the bank of the river and talk it over." Then to the chauffeur:

"Move ahead and wait beside the road. I'll be back soon."

The driver did as directed. The sun was rather hot, and he pulled his cap over his face. The air made him drowsy and he curled up on the seat. In a few minutes he was sleeping.

An hour later the chauffeur was awakened by a poke in the ribs.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Melville. "I've decided not to go on to Jenson City. I'm going to stay right here for a week."

"Island" in the Air.

Three miles south of the Mesa Encanada in Mexico is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion—an "island" in the air; a rock with overhanging sides nearly 400 feet high and 70 acres in area on the fairly level top, indented with countless bays, notched with dizzy chasms. The greater part of the island overhangs the sea like a huge mushroom, and on the top stands a town which for artistic charm, ethnological interest, and romantic history has no peer. This little town of Anconima is one of the pre-historic Pueblo architecture. It was only with inconceivable labor this island town in the air was built. It was reached by a mere trail up the stem of the "mushroom." The age of the island is not known, except that it was already old in 1540.

Fly Model Planes With the Wind.

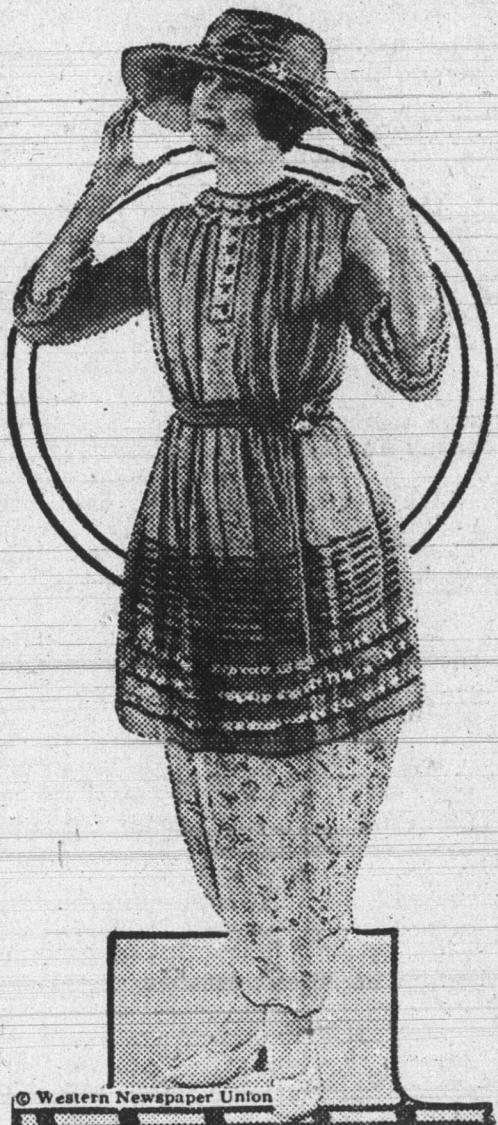
As regards the flying of a model plane, the beginner has much to learn, writes William Maclean in the *Everyday Engineering* magazine. It should always be remembered that while it occurs to the average person that a model should be flown into the wind this in reality is not the case; a model should always be flown with the wind.

Another point to remember is that a scale or reproduction model can never be a long distance flyer as are types of stick models. Further, a reproduction model must necessarily have a propeller or tractor screw out of proportion, as a screw to scale is not capable of delivering the necessary thrust to fly a model which must necessarily be too heavy for the thrust developed.

## SMOCK FAD IS ADDED BY ALL

And now enters the smock—that is, it is entering everybody's wardrobe. At first, writes a fashion correspondent, this curious fad was followed only by those of artistic or gardening temperament or those who loved the most advanced and different sort of thing. The smock has undergone so many modifications from its first appearance as the typical peasant garment, which it really is, that it is in point of fact hardly recognizable. Its name, too, has changed, for whereas in the beginning it was just a smock, now it is known as the "overblouse," and the chemise blouse, and the Cossack coat.

The gardening period in our recent lives is believed to be responsible for the acceptance of this type of blouse. The smock is so comfortable with its loose free lines that it became at once just the sort of thing needed for this sort of work, especially since it



Charming Russian blouse of blue draped over a dainty frock of dark blue chiffon.

looked just as well with trousers as with skirts—a thing which could not be said of all waists or blouses. Of course trousers were a part of the gardening days, and while they have retired at least from general service as far as woman's need for them goes, the smock remains, glorified beyond its most humble followers' recognition.

Of great beauty are those over-blouses of midnight blue, voile closely palliated all over with round silver disks and held in place with a thick cord of silver threads. This is to be worn with a skirt of silk or sport satin or gabardine and makes a pleasing costume. The printed chiffons have been extensively used for the type of blouse. One seldom sees them without a belt of some sort, generally a heavy silken cord which encircles the waist and loops in front with heavy tassels or fringe.

If the smock is worn under the coat it is often left free and unbelted, but rarely is it seen now worn in this way without one's coat or sweater. The smock of the unbelted variety has a decidedly dressing sack look, but so many women understand so cleverly the adaptation of every mode that we are spared an avalanche of ladies apparently abroad in their breakfast coats or boudoir jackets.

A Lovely Smock Blouse.

One of the most beautiful of all the smock type of blouses seen lately is of finest indestructible white voile, braided all over in fine white silk braid in circle design. The bottom of the blouse has a hem of white silk faced back onto the blouse. A vest is cut at the front and piped with white silk. Two silken buttons caught together with loops of the narrow braid fasten it at the throat. It slips over the head in kimono fashion and a heavy silken cord of white slips around the waist and loops in front. This charming thing is to be worn with white skirts of satin or silk or crepe.

A curious concession to the overblouse notion is found in many elaborate waists of chiffon or georgette with the front piece left long enough to go over the skirt and the back, stopping just at the waist line. The belt of the skirt slipped over the front panel gives the effect when worn under a coat or a vest. The blouse, of course, buttons down the back. The vestee lives on and on and appears just as often on simple waists of wash fabric as it does on the more elaborate type.

One finds waists of georgette with vests made by using frill after frill of narrow Valenciennes lace. Always the vestee is simulated by leaving the front panel longer than the back so that it hangs over the skirt. Just as often one finds a hem of some contrasting color to the body of the blouse added, the contrasting color appearing on collar and sleeves also.

Now and then in a very fine smock of organdie one finds this sort of trimming done with fine lace.

Of all of the delightful summer things we have seen none is more charming than the smock of organdie of a new sort which has dots of a different color scattered thickly over its surface. Tiny frills of the plaited organdie trim collar and sleeves and edge the turned back hem, while narrow string belts of the organdie hold the extra fullness in place at the waist. These offer the greatest degree of freshness and crispness—which any summer wash fabric ought to have.

The Long Cossack Blouse.

A variation of the smock is the Cossack blouse. This is just as apt to reach to the knees as not. It often buttons right up to the chin, or again it is apt to separate down the front entirely to show a vest underneath of richness and beauty. The Cossack blouse, as the name tells, is borrowed from Russia. It has the same drooping fullness at the waist that one sees in the Russian peasant garment, arranged over a wide belt of the same material as the whole garment or of different color and fabric.

The skirt of a blouse is always very long, and just as apt to reach to the hem of the skirt as not. It is most often developed in some handsome fabric such as georgette thickly braided or beaded, or in silken indestructible voile or even in heavier silk or velvet, and naturally is intended for elaborate occasions. There is nothing which offers a simpler way of remodelling an old garment than the use of a Cossack blouse.

One can really make a sort of elongated skirt and belt it in at the waist and conform thus strictly to the type. Or the front can be opened, a vest added and the sides of the skirt be left open to show the petticoat of the dress beneath. There are endless ways in which one can vary the design, therefore it has everything to recommend it.

Now because there is much talk of these newer models we must not for a moment think that the regulation blouse or shirtwaist is out of favor. Indeed, it is not, and it is repeated in just as many materials as there are factories to make them. The kimono type with its slip-on ease is still much favored for the dressier blouses of georgette or chiffon. Many have a rather tight foundation over which is hung a panel of contrasting color back and front. This panel, while short, is left to hang free over the skirt and is smart in appearance. The sleeves of this blouse are of the same color and material as the body. One often finds this type of waist enveloped in a combination of organdie and linen or pique or heavy lawn. The effect is pleasing and unusual, too.

Waist of Tailored Type.

As to the more tailored type of waist for traveling or business there are several models which bid for favor. One of these is the strictly tailored design following the exact lines of a man's shirt and is much affected for sport wear. A long time ago shirts of this sort were made of a brilliant striped percale and these are again in favor—bright red and white stripes vying with those of the most vivid blue or green or yellow or black for first place.

These, of course, are strictly tailored and have the appearance of belonging



Gayly embroidered smock adds charm to the wearer who sports a dainty hat to match.

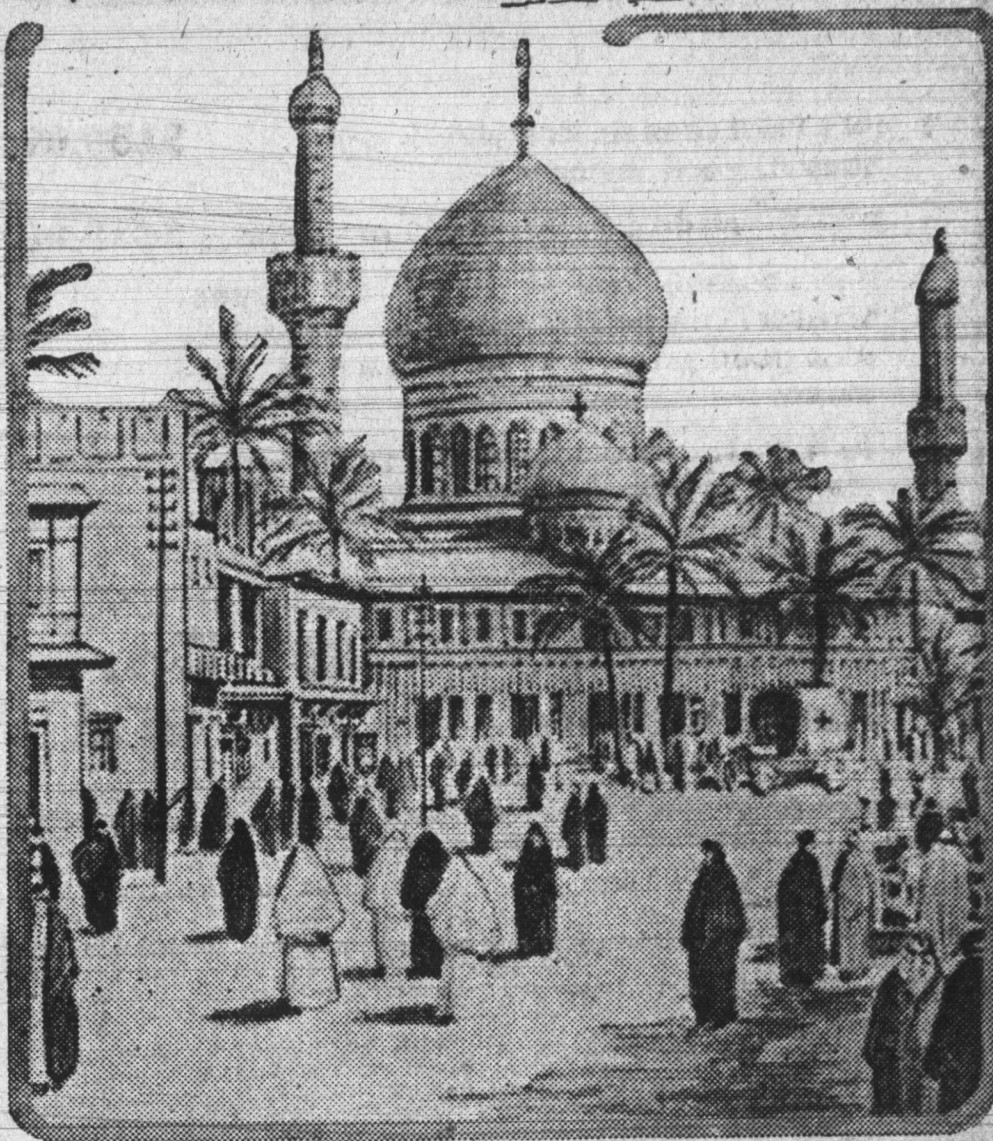
to one's brother, as they demand the same ties and link cuff buttons.

Another tailored model is less severe than these, as it has a turned down collar usually added of some heavier material than the sheer lawn or dimity or linen of which the blouse is made. In one model the collar of linen crash becomes a pointed revers extending the entire front and fastening just below the yoke with one large pearl button. Fine lawn is used for the body of the blouse. The cuffs which finish the long, tight sleeves, are folded back to fasten with buttons or narrow bows of black and white ribbon.

Hip Stiffening in Skirts.

Hip stiffening is being used to a large extent in Paris dresses, giving skirts very much the old crinoline effect.

## BAGDAD



Al Maidan, a New Street Through Center of Bagdad.

PEOPLE are apt to be disappointed in Bagdad, but this is not unnatural unless one hears clearly in mind that what one sees today is a comparatively modern Turco-Arabian town and not the city of romance of Arabian Nights entertainments that one has probably imagined. That old Bagdad, or rather Dar-es-Salam as it was originally called, was built in the year 763 A. D. by Al Mansur, the second Abbasid caliph, out of the ruins of the city of Ctesiphon. It saw its palmiest days in the time of Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, the fifth of the Abbasid line, who flourished from 786 to 800 A. D. The city soon after this came to its end.

The caliphate was for political reasons moved to Samarra in 836 and when it was brought back again to Bagdad in 892, a new city was built on the opposite, i. e., left, bank of the Tigris, a mile or two downstream from the old site. Of Dar-es-Salam nothing now remains but a few indistinct mounds, says a writer in the *Times of India Illustrated Weekly*.

It cannot even be said that the new capital of which we have just spoken is the Bagdad that we know today. The site has remained the same, but of the city there is now nothing above ground that can be identified as being nearly as old as 892. Bagdad has suffered more often and more severely from destruction and decay than European or Indian cities, even taking into account such incidents as the great fire of London or the sequence of events that has produced the seven capitals at Delhi, or the cheery habit of the old Roman emperors of pulling down the buildings of their predecessors in order to build finer ones for themselves. Twice has Bagdad been sacked: in 1258 by the Mongols under Hulaku Khan and again in 1400 by Tamerlane. It has been besieged many times and flooded still more often.

Such a life would be bound to tell on the constitution even of a well-built city and Bagdad was not that. It was built with inferior building material and as often as not with inferior skill, and its sufferings have entirely changed it during the course of time.

Few Old Buildings Remain.

How thoroughly bad the construction of some buildings has been—more particularly in modern times—may be judged from the fact that two large minarets belonging to one of the mosques of the city, which were built within the memory of the inhabitants of Bagdad, have already lost their top stories. But this, of course, is an extreme example. On the other hand there is the Khan Aurtmah, a large brick vaulted building in the center of the city, which is, in its way, as wonderful a piece of construction as one can see anywhere. It was built in 1359 and is still in use and in excellent preservation. The Marjanayah mosque, close by, and having as part of its endowments the income derived from the Khan Aurtmah, is another fine old building. It was built two years before the Khan and is of considerable architectural merit.

A few fragments of an earlier date are to be found in different parts of the city. Some portions of the old fortification of mustashir, for example, and the eleventh century minarets of Sugal-Ghazl and of the Qamariyah mosque and, at any rate, some of the walls of the old Mustansariyah college (eleventh century) may be mentioned. But there are no other old buildings as complete as the Khan and the mosque.

Beautiful—From a Distance.

Apart from these few examples of an earlier period, the Bagdad we know today is of the seventeenth or eighteenth and succeeding centuries, which in terms of architecture is comparatively modern. Judged in this light Bagdad is not disappointing. It is, particularly for a Mesopotamian town, quite a delightful place. From the dis-

tance it presents a most attractive picture. From miles away in the desert one can see the green mass of Bagdad floating in the atmosphere and as one approaches nearer along the dreary, dusty track, its colored domes and gilded minarets can be distinguished showing above the palms and trees. As one enters the town most of this is lost to sight and one finds oneself in a narrow winding street. The walls on either side are usually very bare. Every now and then one passes a door, sometimes plain, sometimes quite ornate with jolly brass door knockers. Above, from the first floor are projecting oriel windows, these, too, varying from plain brick and timber to carved wood of great richness—with pierced screens, often of very beautiful design. But they plain or fancy, they cast a pleasant shadow on the road beneath and incidentally block out from view except for a glimpse here and there, the domes or minarets which were so noticeable from outside the city walls.

Out of the maze of these narrow streets one would never emerge had it not been for the kindness of the Turk, who very thoughtfully cut a broad road right through the center of the town in commemoration of the fall of Kut. Now, in our day, we use it for the main stream of traffic.

But the most charming feature of Bagdad is the river front and this alone is sufficient to compel one's admiration for the city. Basra in comparison is all mud and shipping. Amara is pretentious with a row of buildings of uniform design facing on a promenade, which reminds one too much of a terrace on the "front" of a small seaside resort. Kut is picturesque too, but designed on a scale befitting its size and importance, and with its mosques and public buildings, the palms and the trees and more especially the numbers of delightful riverside houses, with their verandas and balconies and their exquisite little gardens overhanging the river, Bagdad has a character and a charm all its own.

## OLD LONDON MADE MODERN

Circumstances Under Which the Traveler May See All That He Has Traveled Far to See.

St. Etheldreda, in Ely place, Holborn, London, is one of the old city churches about which Dickens declared a full half of his pleasure in them arose from their mystery. That they existed in the streets of London was a sufficient satisfaction to him, but possibly he would have added St. Etheldreda to the list of the three famous old churches whose names he admitted were household words, if, on his night walks abroad he had heard the watchman cry the hour, as Etheldreda's watchman does to this day. Old London, lurking up byways and round corners, is still to be discovered by the curious who carry the lantern of a certain knowledgeableness. The cry, "Past ten, past eleven," from the watchman of the church with the Saxons name, lying off Holborn with its asphalted pavements and motor buses, bears witness to the assertion.

Lawsuit Lasted 478 Years.

A lawsuit regarding Rhodesian mining rights, which has reached the house of lords in its fourth year, is quite a legal infant when compared with some that have preceded it. The Thellusson will case, for example, dragged out in the courts from 1797 to 1857. Another similar action at law, known as the Bishop-Demetra will case, lasted 122 years. Even this, however, is not a record, for in 1908 there was settled at Friema a lawsuit that had been in progress since 1430. The raising of a dam was the point at issue and it occupied the courts for exactly 478 years.