

Show Me, Angela!

By BARBARA KERR

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She was such an alluring bit of femininity. Her dark brown hair was beautifully marcelled—not that she had spent twenty-five perfectly good dollars and had the job done, that is permanently waved at one sitting, but she was a twice-a-week customer at Mme. Periwig's, and as this was one of the bi-weekly days and she knew that it was thoroughly and efficiently done.

She knew that the two curly little horns, one over each ear, were just so, and were skewered into place with innumerable invisible hairpins; that her hair was roached back with a most bewitching "cowlick" at the most becoming angle of her forehead, and that her "widow's peak" was pointed precisely over the left eyebrow. Therefore by and because of all these signs her coif was the last word.

Her complexion was arrived at by the benzole method. It was now seven months and twenty-one days since water had touched her face. Her make-up box took up the whole end of a clothes closet, and her bills for cosmetics, creams and other beautifiers were greater than those of her father for clothes.

But her devoted parents had no fault to find with Angela's tout ensemble, nor the cost thereof, for she was vastly easy for all to look upon, and a finished feast for the tired eyes of indulgent parents.

And to all this Angela Burton was wise. She had capitalized her appearance and knew it. More than once it had brought her what she desired. But now, and it was a fearful, almost terrifying moment, Tommy Hampton, her old sweetheart, who had always stood so in awe of her, was returned from France, and in their first minutes he was saying to her:

"No use, Angie! You've got to show me something besides good looks—You're a peacherino, all right, all right, but I've been around some—I've seen all kinds of girls—and the girl that interests me now is the girl with the goods—and not dry goods, either."

"Oh, I suppose that Lieutenant Hampton is going to marry money!" retorted Angela scornfully.

"No!" thundered Tommy, "but if you don't, you'll soon be short of grease to run that complexion of yours."

She sprang to her feet in a rage.

"Now that was pretty coarse work, Angie, but it's the honest-to-God truth. I didn't start out to be a beast. I was only going to tell you that my ideas on what was inside our heads and not what we were painted up to look like. I've seen girls ragged, uncombed—yes, as savage as we were—who'd go with us to the gates of hell and kiss us, and cry over us when we came back. And they looked a good deal more like angels to me than you do. Angie, you and I are a century apart. I'm looking for a mate, not a piece of blue-cream for a corner what not. You won't do, Angie. You're just scenery."

Clapping her hands over her ears Angela sped up the stairs and Tommy took his hat and left.

She was too angry for words. No one in the world had ever before told her she was utterly useless. In order to revive her self-respect and dry her tears with bits of absorbent cotton, she sat down before her mirror. Then her vitalizing sense of humor came to her rescue.

"So you're scenery, Angie?" she mimicked to her reflection. "Well, he didn't say you weren't interesting scenery—oh, no, but he said a lot!" Gazing at herself intently and after a moment's thought, "No, we'll not de-face the scenery—it's all I'm traveling on, just now, but I'll show Mr. Hampton."

Angela was nobody's fool. There were as many convolutions in the brain inside of her marcelled head as there were waves in her hair. Thoughtfully, preoccupied, she went through her closet, took down an old blue linen, put it on; then laid out on the bed a clean white collar and cuff set, put on a big apron and hurried to the phone.

"Yes, dad, I've some extra time on my hands, and if you want to bring out an old friend to dinner we'll set him up a nifty little handout. Any one you bring is all right," she assured her father. Then she repaired to the kitchen and told her mother what she had done, adding: "But it wouldn't be any more trouble to fix for two than one. Let's have Uncle Joab, too." And they called him. He was delighted.

Angela was more to him than merely an only sister's child. She was the charming replica of his mother, long since dead, whom he had idolized. So when Angie got him off by himself and haltingly proposed to rent his farm he chuckled and with a wise little wink he asked:

"Are you the farmer, Angie, or is there a partner in the background?"

"Now, uncle, haven't I been out there enough with you to know a lot about farming? Anyway, no one ever said I couldn't learn." Then, demurely, "Of course, I might take on a partner, later. Who knows?"

And the dotting uncle agreed that she couldn't do worse than some of

the tenants he'd had, and she might try, as the present renter was leaving.

"And," continued Angie, patting his cheek and straightening his tie, "I'll have some first-class advice on tap all the time, for I shall keep one room just for you, and whenever the side-walks begin to hurt your feet you'll have a place in the country where you can come and hibernate. Oh, we'll have loads of fun, Nunkie, see if we don't."

"But it's a hard life—country life is—for a woman," discouraged her uncle wistfully. "You'll have to part with some of your style and good looks."

"Well, even at that I'll not part with more than some of the girls who are living in flats, half starved, without chick or child—no room for even a pet cat. And those boarding-house women—why I can spot them as far as I can see them. I've thought it all out carefully, Uncle Joab, and I want to try—and you know grandmother lived there and she was the prettiest woman in this country when she died. I knew you'd let me."

When everything was planned and almost ready Angela sent her mother to dress. "Now doll up a bit, mother, for my dad, your old steady, likes it." And she took off the big apron and put on the white collar and cuffs over her blue linen as became the daughter who was to serve.

Dad was more than pleased when Angela led him and his two old guests to talk of the olden times, how they started in life, what the girls did and the hardships of the mothers. The old men were charmed. They resented it when the bell rang and a messenger delivered a note to Angela, who slipped away to her own room to read it.

"Monday evening and lonesome."

"I needn't have been such a beast, Ann. I could have left if I did not like the artificial makeup. But somehow I can't be sorry, for it had to come out some time, sooner or later—guess I've become uncivilized. I'm headed for the up-country and when I get a beginning I'm going to ask some real grownup, human girl to marry me. She'll not get an angel, as you know. She'll feel sorry for her. Will leave tomorrow at two." He started to write "love," but crossed it out and signed, "Resp'y, Tom."

After Angela had her cry out she went and washed her face with water, then indited her reply:

"Tuesday, Busy Day."

"Dear Mr. Hampton—Fine for you! I'm started on just such a career myself. Uncle Joab is going to let me manage his farm next year. I'll have to economize, for it will take lots of grease for complexion and other farm machinery. But I'm figuring to marry later on some competent young man to help run the farm. It will be much cheaper than hiring, but you needn't feel sorry for him, for I'll treat him white when he proves to me that he is a full-size man. And I shall not expect him to tell me how to comb my hair. Resp'y, A. BURTON."

The note was handed to Tom an hour before train time. He read it, grinned appreciatively, then on second reading laughed broadly. He felt that it should be answered at once.

"Dear Ann—Have you any one in view for that place? I might be persuaded to take it. Answer. TOM."

And she did, sending it to the station, where a rather disconsolate and crest-fallen Tommy was wondering whether Ann might relent.

He fairly snatched the note from the hand of the messenger, turned aside from the crowd and read:

"Dear Mr. Hampton:

"No. But I never persuade and pay too. You might bring around your recommendations from your last place, and we'll talk it over. Uncle Joab and I are going out to look over the farm at three. I might add, that I am disposed to give an old soldier preference over other applicants, all other things being equal. Resp'y, A. BURTON."

Tom dismissed the messenger, deciding to answer the note in person. He called at a jeweler's on the way and still arrived at Burton's in time to prove that he was qualified to fill the place, and to go with Angela and Uncle Joab out to look over the farm at three.

New York's First Bank.

The first bank in New York City, in point of age, is the Bank of New York in Wall street, which was organized 135 years ago. A number of prominent merchants and citizens met at the Merchants' coffee house and elected officers of the financial institution. Alexander Hamilton was the real founder of the Bank of New York, but Gen. Alexander McDougall was chosen as its first president. Hamilton drew up the constitution of the bank, which had its first headquarters in the Walton mansion. Both Hamilton and Aaron Burr were stockholders, and the former was a director for years. For many years after its organization the Bank of New York, with the Bank of North America in Philadelphia and the Bank of Massachusetts in Boston, held the entire banking capital of the United States. The Bank of New York has occupied its present site since 1798.

Bargain in Chemicals.

"Bayard, dear," she said, "I do hope you will stop smoking cigarettes; you don't know what's in them."

"Oh, yes, I do; why, for quite a trifling sum you get nicotine, valerian, possible a little morphia, and any amount of carbon."

She looked into his eyes and murmured: "Bayard, dear, it does seem like a bargain, doesn't it?"



Now that ostrich feathers have returned to favor the woman that has cared for her plumes will bring them out to find them increased in money value and available in a number of ways. Fashion approves of ostrich plumes in many forms and plumes are used not alone in millinery but as decorations for evening dresses and for making the handsomest fans. The flues form innumerable fancy feather millinery ornaments, neckpieces, wreaths and fringes and are fashionable in both the curled and uncurled state. Handsome wreaths for hats are shown with the feathers along one side of the rib curled and along the other straight.

If plumes that have been laid away are in good condition but soiled it is not a difficult matter to clean them, except that the curling process is a little tedious. They may be washed in a lukewarm suds of soft water and castile soap. They are shaken in the suds and drawn through the hand to squeeze out the soiled water. After they are clean they should be rinsed in warm, clear water and wrapped in cheesecloth or other absorbent material and put through an ordinary clothes wringer. But the rolls of the wringer must not be close enough to damage the feathers.

After this washing process they

should be shaken until dry. Holding the feather by the rib it is shaken and gently beaten against the other hand. If the little flues cling together this may be corrected by holding them over the spout of a steaming kettle. When the plume is thoroughly dry it is ready for curling.

An ordinary table knife will answer for curling a plume. The plume is drawn along the edge of the knife between it and the thumb. The trick is to curl the flue only at the end and not too tightly. Each flue is to be curled to correspond with the others.

A faded plume may be tinted or a white plume given a color by dipping them in gasoline into which a little oil paint, such as comes in small tubes, has been dissolved. One has to experiment to get the tint wanted. Gasoline will not affect the curl of a feather. This tinting should be done by an open window in a room that has no fire of any kind in it, or in the open air.

It takes a professional feather manufacturer to make fancy feather ornaments, wreaths and pompons of the flues. There are many new ways of using ostrich flues on the new millinery for fall and winter and the possessor of plumes will not look far before finding a use for them.

Top Coats Are Full and Soft



Already coats for winter, both in cloth and fur, have passed and are daily passing in review before merchants and buyers and reporters who publish the styles. Certainly no winter was ever heralded by more comfortable or more becoming garments. They are fuller than last year's models and the same materials that were so successful then are used to make them. Duvetyn, velours and similar cloths appear in lighter weights than last year so that top coats and suits may be full and draped without being clumsy. This apleness of cloth makes the top coat easy to slip on and off and adds to its warmth, and there is room under it for panniers and other arrangements of drapery for wide hip effects. These are fairly well established in the styles and must be reckoned with. Heavy homespun are used in some of the handsomest and practical new models.

Collars are either of fur or of the cloth in the coat. They are very cozy looking in either case. The fur collars are wide and fit snugly, coming up about the face and chin and very high at the back. The cloth collars are managed so as to give the same effect of coziness with the face snugly down into them; very often they button across at the front and become a small cape when unbuttoned.

The coat shown in the picture is a good example of the new styles in substantial and practical top coats. It is of heavy cloth and therefore not as full as dressier models. Its narrow belt of the cloth fastens at one side, and its very odd and smart cuffs are finished with a single large button.

The pockets are set in. This coat is long and reaches to within six inches of the bottom of the dress skirt, which is almost instep length. Its collar could hardly be improved upon. For street wear or motoring or as a steamer coat this model may be worn with assurance. And the silk hat trimmed with fluted ribbon that bears its company is of just the same character as the coat.

Julius B. Morley

Feminine Frivolities.

Velvet figures, cut with raw edges and applied on capes and evening coats of heavy silk jersey, are an effective trimming. Sometimes they are edged with silk floss, sometimes with jet or colored beads.

For the woman who enjoys sport togethery great enveloping scarfs of the softest Shetland wool woven on the diagonal and made in the most fascinating misty colors are to be found in a few of the smartest shops and appear to be finding favor when worn straight around the neck, with the wide soft ends tucked under the belt in front.

Dainty Collars.

Dainty collars make their appeal to the purse of the shopper, both by their colors and fabrics. Natural and colored linens embroidered in wool are good. Small collars in flit lace may be purchased very reasonably, while the ruffles of georgette in various shades are always acceptable.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Old Man Finds Relic of His Boyhood in Museum

DENVER.—In the Colorado state museum hangs the tattered little coat of a ten-year-old boy, with its coarse, brown, homespun weave, its frayed bands of black velvet about the collar and sleeves, its old-fashioned plaid lining, its brass buttons, the rents at the shoulders and the legend upon the description card pinned to it, which reads:

"This boy's coat with other clothes was found after the battle of Tupelo, Mississippi, July 14, 1864, by J. R. Wylie, Company D, Forty-fourth Iowa volunteers. Present address 175 South Franklin street, Denver."

An old man, gray haired and feeble, was among a crowd of visitors the other day. He was accompanied by his wife, hardly less gray, but with a firmer step. Suddenly the old man gripped the arm of his wife and exclaimed:

"That's my coat! That's the coat my mother made for me when I was a boy. And I'm going to take it back home with me."

To Superintendent James Merrick and Curator J. C. Smiley he told the story of the battle and of how, a child then of only ten years, he had fled with his mother from the neighborhood while the battle was on, returning later to find the house ransacked.

To get his request before the board of capitol managers the old man wrote out this:

"I find in the capitol basement, in case No. 3970, a coat of mine. This coat was made by my mother during the Civil war, she having spun all the cotton and wool, then weaving the same into cloth and made the coat from homemade cloth. Part of the battle of Tupelo, Miss. was fought on my mother's place. This coat and many other articles were missing after the battle. I would very much appreciate your returning this the first coat of my boyhood days back to me. I was raised in Tupelo, Miss. My present home is in Elgin, Tex. Respectfully yours, J. W. THOMAS."

Confederate Veteran Gets New Pair of Trousers

LOS ANGELES.—Ezra L. Bliss, seventy-five years old, who was a sergeant in the Fourth Missouri cavalry during the Civil war and was once a neighbor of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, the Confederate leader, declared in the juvenile court that he had been assaulted. The weapon, it developed, was a roman candle in the hands of Willie Brown, seventeen years old, a colored high school boy.

Willie Brown went to court accompanied by his parents. The extremes met at either end of a long table presided over by Judge Reeve. Sergeant Bliss in full regimentals, looked every inch the old soldier. He bears a striking likeness to the pictures of Gen. Robert E. Lee, with whom he said he fought. When the court asked Sergeant Bliss what the trouble was, he replied:

"Well, sir, I was assaulted.

"What was the weapon?"

"A roman candle in Downey about ten o'clock at night. This boy fired it at me and two of the balls struck my trousers when I was only six feet away. I have the trousers here, sir, with the holes burned in them."

The court released Willie Brown into the custody of his parents.

"A very good way to straighten up this 'bunch' is," he said, "to make a pool among them and pay Sergeant Bliss for a new pair of trousers."

Willie agreed to do this.

Sergeant Bliss said his trousers cost from \$12 to \$14. His uniform is made of fine woolen army blankets.

Bank Bandit Elucidates the Why and Wherefore

CHICAGO.—It was in the new Sixteenth Street State bank at St. Louis avenue. Behind the cashier's cage were Jacob A. Kalis, cashier, and pretty nineteen-year-old Elsie Landauer, collection teller. On a bench, Mrs. Rose Rowen, 1022 Central Park avenue, who had just made a deposit, and Mrs. Mary Rudnick, of the same address, who had just paid a note, were discussing

H. C. L. In front of the cashier's cage stood Nathan Maltz, father of Samuel W. Maltz, president of the bank, discussing with David Flyer, 3011 West Sixteenth street, the social unrest and economic turmoil.

In the cage Jacob and Elsie were worrying neither of the high cost of living nor of the social unrest. Jake was showing a new revolver and telling what he'd do to bank robbers. Elsie was explaining how she'd telephone the police.

Then five young men entered with drawn revolvers. "Hands up!" said the leader. Up went the hands. A bandit confiscated Jake's revolver and collected about \$5,000. They were so polite that as they left Mr. Maltz said to them:

"Why? Why? You're all young men—fine, healthy young men. Why do you risk your lives this way? For this you will be bounded all your lives. Why do you do it?"

"I'll tell you why," said the leader. "I was in the army—overseas."

"I figured if I came back alive things back home would be wonderful."

"My girl was waiting for me when I came back. There were all kinds of cheers and parades. We were married. That was six months ago. Then I started looking for a job. I couldn't get a job. None of us here could get a job. My wife is going to be a mother pretty soon. And no work."

Then he wheeled and the five walked out to a waiting automobile.

Missouri Centenarian Who Has Never Quarreled

BRACKENRIDGE, MO.—In Brackenridge is a man who has made it a lifelong practice never to quarrel or argue and never to speak ill of any person. And that man is one hundred and one years old. He is Dr. Joseph S. Halstead, who was Henry Clay's physician many years.

"There is no man equal to Clay in American public life today," he said.

"Yes there is; President Wilson is," interrupted Mrs. Halstead. But the doctor merely shook his head and waived further answer.

They never have quarreled, these two aged people, who have spent 67 years as man and wife. The usual family "spat" has been entirely unknown to them. "We sometimes disagree a bit, but we never permit it to go to the extent of an argument or quarrel," Mrs. Halstead said. "That is one reason our love for each other is as great as it was when we were married."

Dr. and Mrs. Halstead are the parents of eight children. They have 88 descendants.

Doctor Halstead is an advocate of simpler foods, especially cornbread and mush, and thinks them beneficial to the human system.

Doctor Halstead has smoked tobacco and chewed tobacco since he was twenty years old. He still enjoys his pipe.

The doctor was not a strong youth; not a few predicted in his boyhood that he would not live long.

Moreover, during his days of practice as a physician he underwent all the strain and hardships that are a part of a country doctor's life.

He finally quit practicing and became a farmer that he might be able to lead a life of more regular hours.

