

You Never Can Tell

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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Little Miss Angell looked smothered behind her pile of exercise books. The front of her hair was quite white where she had brushed against the chalky board, and her middle finger had a deep scar of ink.

When you looked very hard at Miss Angell you saw she might have been pretty, if the shyness of her eyes had not concealed their sweetness and the dullness of her hair had not hidden its softness and the wistful look about her mouth had not forbidden you to look at its pretty curves.

When you had seen all this—you saw suddenly just how little Miss Angell would look in ten years when the softness had changed to sharpness and Miss Angell would have become a "good teacher."

But Miss Angell wasn't thinking just now of becoming a good teacher; she was staring right through the schoolroom with its prim little desks, right through the wall with its gay maps, into the mansions at Brookline where Uncle Pete was sitting all alone.

Just because she, Mary Angell, wanted to go out into the world and see what happened there. And this was the world. This school with its gay, carefree girls, and its older women who had taught too long to care very much what happened to the Mary Angells—all except Roberta.

Right into the middle of Mary's thought came Roberta Hardy, the real Roberta. In a minute the room had ceased to be a schoolroom and had become the background for her glowing person. She perched herself on the desk, which was unthought of; she tossed off her hat and put a warm hand on a cold, red cheek, while her black eyes gleamed.

"Been in here all the afternoon working?" she groaned in sympathy. "Oh, Angell, if you wouldn't do so good! But whatever should I do without you in this nursery? Angell, I've got to tell you," she lowered her voice so that none of the curious maps could hear. "I'm going to marry!"

"Marry!" repeated Miss Angell. "Oh, Roberta!" Her eyes glowed as though it were she to be married. "So it is Joe, and you are going to—"

"You poor innocent! No! Whoever heard of marrying a man you could have? I just saw him this afternoon. I was taking the children walking up by the old highway and I was so bored. At the top of the hill we passed that pathetic looking mission; the girls begged to go in. Anything was better than their everlasting chatter. So in we went. I felt like an orphan asylum, of course, with six of them tagging on behind, and then I knew why they had wanted to go. Up the aisle came the assistant—a man. The first I've seen in months, with the face of a St. Anthony or some early martyr, and the devil lurking in the back of his eyes. And a voice, the kind that once you've heard it winds itself about your heart and squeezes it. After the service I put on my saintly expression and went up to him.

"I wonder if I couldn't help you. Isn't there some Sunday school work or—"

"He looked at me very gravely before he said, 'Thank you, I have about all the teachers and assistants I can manage at present. But—'

"'Yes?' I asked sweetly.

"I'm going to have a sewing class Saturday mornings; perhaps you might—'

"I jumped at the chance, not that I can sew a stitch."

Mary Angell sat looking at the narrator breathlessly. She loved her warm cheeks and her wiry black hair and her eyes that were dark and daring and gay.

"That's all," Roberta ended, "so I'm going to marry him. It's very simple. I shall make a delightful minister's wife, something new in that line. Hark, there's the dressing bell! See you later," she caught up her hat and flew down the hall, her heels clacking over the polished floors.

And that was the beginning of it.

The last bell had rung, the lights were out in the dormitory, except for the tiny gleam that peered through Miss Angell's keyhole. Miss Angell was still working over a problem in arithmetic. She never even heard Roberta's light knock.

"Working? Oh, Angell, you'll lose your beauty sleep!" Roberta laughed at a funny little thought of her own. "You've got to help me, Angell. I'm in an awful mess. You know the man-I'm-going-to-marry!"

Mary Angell nodded and for some reason she flushed all over her fair skin. "Yes, I've seen him when I've been walking with the children in the afternoons."

"Somehow that man is very hard to woo," Roberta went on, "in spite of Bernard Shaw. You know, I've taught sewing every Saturday and twice a week I've gone to the mission in the afternoon; but he's very backward. Now I come to the awful part. He asked me today if I could play, and I told him I could! I promised to play for him tomorrow—the only way out is for you to do it! Mr. Page will never find it out, for you are to wear my squirrel coat and my little squirrel hat and hide your face; when you are through, sneak out the rectory door. Don't forget, the rectory door."

"But—but—"

"You've got to; besides that tire some Joe is coming up from home tomorrow just to see me."

So that was how little Miss Angell came to be caught in the organ loft by the young assistant of the mission.

"I wanted to thank you, Miss Hardy, for playing. It was—" he stopped, for instead of Roberta's self-assurance and daring black eyes, he found a girl with wide, dreamy eyes of gray set in a white little face, who looked as though she had been caught in the wickedest of crimes by the blush that went creeping to her temples.

"Why, you're the girl I've wanted—that I've seen walking every afternoon up by the old highway."

"I'm not a girl, I'm a teacher," said Miss Angell gravely.

Then she knew why it was that Roberta had said that the very devil lurked behind those eyes of the young St. Anthony.

"Would the teacher play for me?" he asked very gently.

Because she was very shy, Mary Angell turned back to the organ and began to play; it was so much easier than talking to this disconcerting young man. After she had played a few minutes, she forgot all about him, about everything in the world except her music and the things her music was saying.

It had grown very dark in the organ loft; the young assistant said, "Thank you," and helped her down from the high bench, and they stumbled together down the steps into the dimness of the mission room.

"I'm going to walk home with you," he said very firmly, "it's too dark for you to be out alone."

It sent a strange thrill through Mary Angell to be walking beside this tall, manly girl that she felt somehow as though she knew; for she had never known any men in her secluded life, from her school days to her teaching days.

"It isn't as if I don't know you," the young man was saying. "I've seen you every afternoon for a month, and I made up my mind—" he stopped.

Mary Angell wanted to know very much what he had made up his mind to do.

Then he went on: "So you live in Brookline? How strange! Do you know, my brother-in-law's cousin lives there, a very nice old lady. I must run down to visit her. When are you going?"

"I'm going the next holidays—in a week," Mary Angell said and her heart was beating very loud and she was afraid he could hear it.

"May I come to see you then?" the young assistant asked.

It was on the white stone steps of the school and Mary Angell said, "Yes," and felt she was saying a great deal more when she looked into his eyes.

He took her hand for a moment and said, "Good-by until then."

"Until then," Mary Angell repeated and her voice was just above a whisper.

Not until she reached the dormitory did she remember Roberta, Roberta who was her friend. Mary's face was pitiful; for friendship in Mary Angell's code was a sacred thing not to be marred. She would not go to Brookline next week.

"Angell, what's the matter?" Roberta flung open the door and pulled her across the threshold. But Mary was too wretched to see how excited Roberta was.

"Look; do you like it?" Roberta held out a pin, frosted with pearls. "Of course I wouldn't accept it unless we were engaged!"

"Engaged!" breathed Mary Angell, and her face was suddenly white, so white that it looked as though she would faint.

"To Joe, of course, you silly! You never can tell whom you will marry."

Little Miss Angell found herself sitting on Roberta's bed, crying as bitterly as though her heart would break. Roberta was still puzzled when Mary Angell lifted a face radiant in spite of tears, threw her arms about her neck and cried, "I never was so happy!" and ran out of the room.

Mary Angell's eyes were all sweetness, her hair blew about her face like thistledown and her mouth showed its prettiest curves, as she breathlessly climbed the stairs to her own room, saying to herself, "And it's just one more week!"

"Hit! Not on the Program.

Mary was on the church program for a recitation. She was to hold an envelope containing a penny in her hand and tell what the money was going to do. She got started all right: "I got an envelope in my hand." Then she held up the envelope and continued: "There's a penny in it. Oh! there's no penny in there. I forgot to put the penny in." Then the little miss stopped and fished around in her pocket until she could find the penny and no amount of urging on the part of her teacher could induce Mary to proceed until that penny was in the envelope. The audience roared and the incident was the hit of the evening.

Mathematical Mendacity. "Figures won't lie," remarked the statistician.

"No!" sneered the chronic skeptic. "How about these two-dollar bills with a cipher pasted after the 'two' so as to make them look like twentys?"

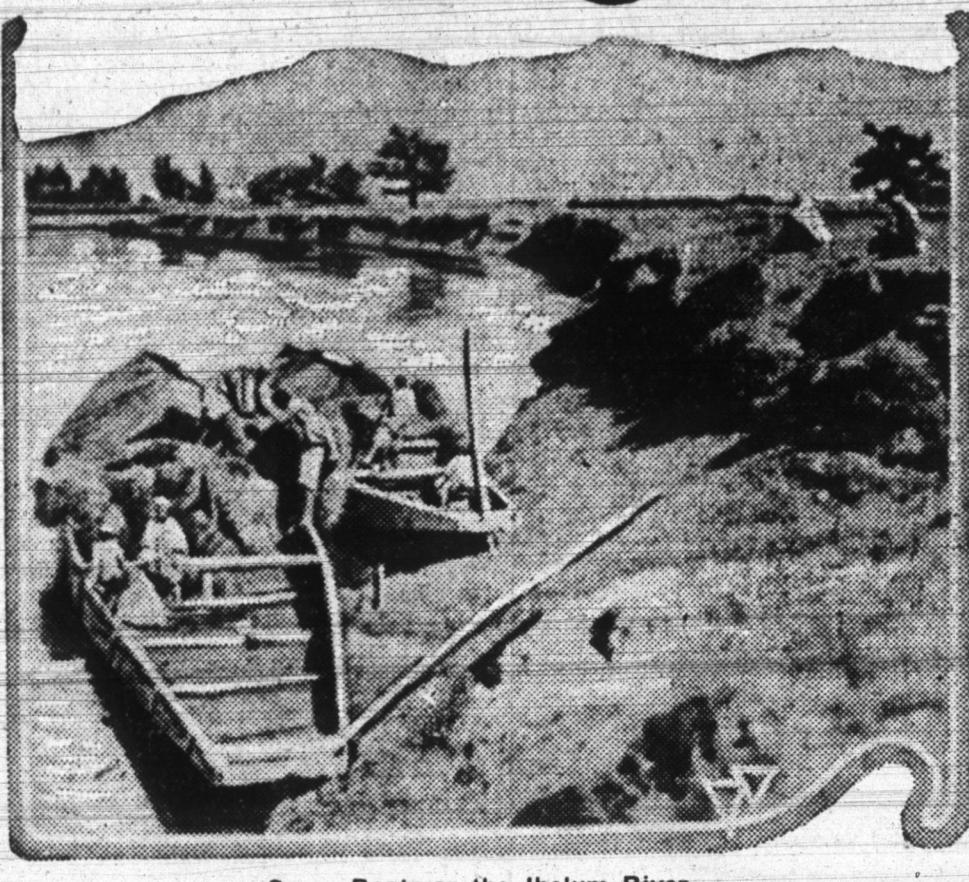
Gone Forever. "Gone are the happy days for the employer."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean those good old days when a boss could afford to get mad and fire the help once in a while."

"But—but—"

Himalayan Holidays



Cargo Boats on the Jhelum River.

THERE are times in every man's life," says Sir Robert Baden-Powell in his charming book, "Indian Memories," "when his whole being cries out for a steady spell of doing nothing in particular, at least, nothing that matters. Nowhere is this so acutely felt as in India." And at no time, one might add, as toward the middle of an Indian hot weather, says A. L. Wright in *Country Life*. But though India in the plains may, at times, become well-nigh intolerable, India in the hills provides a solace such as may be enjoyed in few other countries in the world.

There is something particularly fascinating about the Himalayas. Maybe it is their immensity or their vast silences; but probably it is their infinite variety that makes the greatest appeal. For there is always some new aspect to be discovered, some new interest; and no man can hope to live long enough to be able to say he knows them thoroughly, nor is it possible to see so much of them that they begin to grow stale. No wonder that men who have first visited them as subalterns go back year after year, revisiting old haunts or discovering new, and that even on retirement they have settled down in some peaceful valley to spend their declining years.

In times of peace the army officer in India is usually fortunate enough to be able to get away from his regiment and the plains for at least a part of the hot weather, and with a month or more at his disposal, the hills provide him with an endless choice as to how he should spend his leave.

Anything You May Wish Is There. Of few places in the world can it be truly said as of the Himalayas that they cater for every taste. Do you want month's sheer idleness? Under what more attractive circumstances can it be obtained than on the Jhelum river, floating leisurely along in a Kashmiri doonga, or houseboat? A perfect climate, gorgeous scenery and everything complete for thorough laziness; what could be more ideal? And should mere loafing become monotonous, it can always be varied with a little gentle fish-spearng, or short trips may be made into the mountains, which come down on either side, offering tempting fields for exploration. But the average healthy young man will probably require something more strenuous. Mountaineering? One has only to read of the exploits of the Bullock-Workmen to realize that the Himalayas provide sufficient tests of skill even for the most experienced climber. Big game shooting? Given sufficient time, there are places beyond Kashmir, such as Chilas, Astore, Ballistan and Ladakh, which are veritable sportsmen's paradises. With luck the bag may include both black and brown bear, thar, ibex, burhul, goral, the ordinary leopard; maybe the snow leopard, and possibly the wild sheep, the Ovis ammon. A shooting trip of this nature is, however, rather a long and serious undertaking, but even with two months' leave or less there are many places where excellent sport can be obtained. There is, of course, the country in the immediate vicinity of Kashmir, but, as may be imagined, this has been much harried and shot over, and other places equally accessible, though less frequented, are preferable.

While sport is the main object. For instance, quite good shooting country can be reached both in Chamba state and in Kulu within a month's leave, while little more time is required to get to the upper reaches of the Sutlej, where the Bashahr state borders on Tibet.

Small game shooting, being closed till the middle of September, is rarely enjoyed by the visitor to the hills unless he specially takes his leave right at the end of the hot weather. The Himalayas, however, abound in small game. Probably nowhere in the world are pheasants found in greater variety, but, though in abundance, their shooting is often apt to prove disappointing, usually owing to the vastness of the forests they inhabit.

The hillman is passionately attached to his native highlands, and nothing will induce him to forsake them for the plains, which he regards almost as a foreign country. And having learned to love the hills oneself, one can well understand his attachment, for the land of the Himalayas is well-nigh irresistible.

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Appropriate Shelter. "My buddy complained of being dog-tired."

"What did he do?"

"Went to rest in a pup tent."

Attire for the Party and Ball

This season the debutante and the subdebutante are coming into their own. After two years of utter neglect the debt piled up is to be paid, and paid in full with all past interest due, observes a leading fashion correspondent.

Parties, dinners and dances galore are on the program, one crowding the other so closely that two years' reserve strength would seem a necessity. It seems, too, as if everything had been designed in frocks with an eye to the requirements of the debutante—short skirts, short sleeves, oceans of ruffles and foolish little trimmings—and the matron will have to find something suitable as best she may.

Now, it is a well known fact that seldom does the very young woman favor the type of dress that her elders would choose for her. The adorable youthful models hold no particular charm for the adorable youthful girl, but all this has been cleverly attended to by some one who understands these matters well. The vamp and the baby vamp are out of the running to a great extent, but it is a bit too soon to expect a direct change, so in spite of soft colors and multitudes of ruffles there is frequently a touch of sophistication.

If the very young woman is a bit determined she will finally win, for back in the corners here and there are some deliciously subtle frocks, even to those of black chantilly lace, which no one could possibly call suitable for the debutante unless one should see the modifications as shown in the models.

Colors Fresher and Clearer.

As to colors, the matron again is in for a very hard time if she is to continue in the height of fashion. Be it admitted that the colors are fresher and clearer than ever, they are a trifle difficult for any but the very youthful to wear.

One is struck immediately with the difference in the shades shown for the debutante and those in the regular department. Most of the colors are intensified, and the pastel shades the matron is supposed to wear are slightly more than that when shown for the younger woman. Jade color is one of the season's most approved shades and orchid, with a splash of mauve, is also liked.

Taffeta is quite evidently the material best adapted to the present modes in all the afternoon frocks; whether in light colors or dark blues and browns for the street, it asserts itself in the bulging skirts. For afternoon one finds further crispness added by combining organdie with the taffeta. Nets of the finest possible mesh are amazingly embroidered in eyelet. The last thing one would expect to see used on her and a thing that would be impossible if the net were not almost as fine as voile.

A combination of three materials proves a success in a linen dress, with

so well that one is hardly aware there is any difference of color except that the effect is delicious. The bountiful skirt stands out at the sides as a result of the cordings set in a deep band about the hips. This in the overskirt, for there is a slightly narrower underskirt beneath.

The short sleeves are finished with a bit of the embroidered organdie and



An advance model of exquisite daintiness is this frock for Miss Springtime. It is of net and filet; tucks and dainty embroidery are sure to appeal.

the front of the bodice has a vest of the organdie ending in a round tab-like apron below the girdle.

Afternoon Gown for Young Girl.

An afternoon gown that the very young girl will just do on is of black chantilly lace, trimmed with soft French blue ribbons that should bring it within "mamma's approval," for they give the dress exactly the air of youth in spite of the matron's black lace of which it is made. At the hips the lace is wired so that it stands out properly, and over this in the front an apron of the lace falls so that it partially obscures the ribbon, which follows the curved line of the apron with a bow here and there.

The sleeves are short, with a deep ruffle of the chantilly, and the bodice is nothing much but a wide ruffle of it about the neck and down the sides of the front.

Ribbon, as every one knows, is a very important item in the list of trimmings this season, and if not watched carefully will be apt to get a bit tiresome. One very new way to use this form of embellishment is seen on a dress of orange-colored chiffon—rather a pale shade of orange as orange color goes, but by no means faded looking. The ribbon was applied like the crimped edge of an expert caterer's pie. It was simply crimped or fluted and laid about the neck and sleeves of the gown and also in strips down the sides of the skirt. The ribbon is in the same shade as the chiffon.

The White Crepe Frock.

With grosgrain also white in another and attractive manner. Beginning with the skirt, which is in every model the most important point at the present time, we find interesting extensions on the skirt at the sides, which are further supported in the effort to increase the width by the apron of the material covering the entire front of the frock and furnished with loops of the loops about the neck.

The important thing, however, about these dresses is the manner