

FIFTY-EIGHT
FIFTY.

By R. RAY BAKER

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It did not look like a good investment that Hilda Caruthers had made. No, Hilda had not taken a flier in copper, oil or motors. She had simply bought a dress.

Clothes being a necessity, the purchase of a dress when one is needed is an investment. But Hilda was fairly well supplied with wearing apparel that was pretty enough, but suited only to everyday wear.

The reason the dress in question did not look like a good investment was that she wanted it for one special occasion, and it cost \$58.50 of the \$60 she had in the bank.

It seemed like downright foolishness but she just had to go to Anne's wedding, and as Anne's wedding was to be an event of stellar social importance common clothes would be out of place.

Anne was the best girl friend Hilda ever had. They had been chums in school and had been together so much they were taken for sisters, and even began to feel that way themselves.

In their senior year at high school the two girls became separated when Anne's parents moved with her to a nearby city. However, the two girls corresponded regularly and were as good friends as ever, spending most of their vacation periods together.

Hilda was graduated from high school, took a business course and became a bookkeeper in a department store. Anne took a position as stenographer in a broker's office.

Three years later came the surprising news from Anne:

"I'm going to marry a millionaire!"

It seemed that Anne's employer fell in love with her and she with him, and there could be only one natural result. In the midst of preparations for the wedding the Moorehouse home burned to the ground, and plans were upset for a short time.

Then Anne got the idea she would like to be married in the little church she used to attend in her old home town; so the two families most concerned motored thither.

It was to be an elaborate function, and consequently when Hilda received an invitation she knew it behooved her to adorn herself suitably for the occasion.

The wedding was set for eleven o'clock in the morning, and at nine Hilda set out afoot for the church. It had been raining hard, but had cleared off, and the sun was shining brightly.

Two blocks from the church she stopped at a corner to let a big couple roll past. The machine was closer to her than she had calculated as she stood on the walk, and the rear wheel churned up a sea of mud and hurled a tidal wave at Hilda.

As the auto vanished round a corner a block away the girl stood and with her fists rubbed wet dirt out of her eyes and looked down at her dress to see that it was ruined.

Hilda realized that as far as her presence was concerned the wedding might have been on Mars. She simply could not attend in that mud-bespattered costume. There was only one thing to do—retrace her steps, take off the \$58.50 worth of ruined goods and spend the day in misery in her room.

As she walked dolefully toward her home, trying vainly to brush the clinging mud from her, a feeling of rage gradually rose within her. She remembered how she had seen a young man driving the coupe, and she recalled that he had smiled at her as he drenched her with mud.

For a moment the smiling face had attracted her and she had wished that she might know the young man. Now she had the same longing, but for a different reason. She would like to present him with a slice of her mind.

Fretting and fuming, Hilda wended her way homeward, while the wedding guests crowded the church, and the bride-to-be, with the assistance of a maid, got into her gown in her room at the hotel, and the groom-to-be sat in his room with his father and smoked black cigars to his heart's content.

In the midst of these preparations the telephone in Anne's room summoned her, and when she turned from the instrument she displayed excitement.

"Get mother," she ordered the maid. "Gwendolin has had a nervous collapse and can't act as bridesmaid. Anybody would think she was going to be married, instead of her cousin. I was afraid she'd do something like that, she's so high-strung. Mother insisted on having her, though. Now maybe she'll consent to Hilda Caruthers, if it's possible to get word to Hilda this late, and if she'll consent to playing second fiddle."

So Mrs. Moorehouse fluttered onto the scene, and when she had been made acquainted with the situation she fluttered to the young man who was about to become her son-in-law. The latter's brother, who was to act as best man, had just driven up in his machine.

"Fred," directed the prospective groom, "take a run up to the church and yank Hilda Caruthers out of the audience and bring her here. She can wear one of Anne's dresses."

"I don't know her," Fred objected.

Mrs. Moorehouse fluttered back to her daughter and returned with a picture of Hilda. Fred's face took on a queer, elated expression as he studied it.

"That's funny," he remarked. "I

passed that girl just a little while ago on a corner a few blocks from here."

He went away, muttering.

"The real funny part of it is, though, that she struck my eye and I nearly ran over an ice wagon, because I was looking back at her."

Fred was unable to find Hilda among the guests assembled at the church. He asked the church ushers and they stated positively that Miss Caruthers had not arrived. So he got her address and went to her home.

Hilda had entered her room and was on the point of taking off the mud-ruined dress when her aunt called her. Hilda's parents had died within a year of each other shortly after Anne moved from the city, and she was living with her uncle and aunt.

"There's a young man here to see you on important business," said the aunt. "He wants you for bridesmaid at the wedding. He's the brother of the groom."

Hilda began to unfasten her dress.

"I won't change," she decided suddenly. "I'll just show them that I did have a good dress, even if it is ruined now."

When she saw Fred her feeling of anger returned, but the smile with which he greeted her made it impossible for her to harbor her wrath. So she smiled in return and said:

"You're to blame for this mud. Your old car did it, and that's the reason I'm not at the church now."

"Never mind," he returned. "Come along in the car, and I'll apologize on the way. They'll fix you up at the hotel. They'll fix you up at the hotel."

But Fred did not take the shortest way. Instead he drove several blocks in the wrong direction. The truth is he was captivated by Hilda—well, you can't get around it. There is such a thing as love at first sight, and mud can't alter it.

At the hotel the bridal party waited in vain for the bridesmaid and best man.

Mrs. Moorehouse was all aflutter and was for telephoning the police and the hospitals to ascertain whether there had been an accident. The mother of the prospective groom was little more composed, while the two fathers held an excited conference and the young man who was to become a husband smoked black cigars and dug his finger nails into the palms of his hands.

For half an hour the bridal party waited, and the assemblage at the church grew restless, and some of it left. The tension at the hotel ended when Anne was called to the phone.

"This is Fred," said the voice on the wire. "Say, I forgot all about your wedding. I was so interested in your friend Hilda. You'll pardon me, but I couldn't help taking her for a ride, and we had a mishap. Oh, we didn't get hurt, but we got pretty well acquainted. We'll be right up to the hotel. Better get those clothes ready for Hilda, because she's going to be your attendant, all right; but what's more interesting to me—there's going to be a double wedding."

HISTORIC RELICS IN BOSTON

Painters' Arms and the Boston Stone Have Been Preserved in Building Erected in 1652.

Two mementoes of the colonial period, the Painters' arms and the Boston stone, are set in the wall of an old building in the north end of Boston, a historic quarter which has changed little with passing time. This building, erected in 1652 by Thomas Marsh, became, in 1692, the property of Thomas Child, the painter, who erected his arms over the doorway nine years later, testifying to a partnership in business between the painter and his wife, for the initials which embellish the carved board, "C. T. K." are interpreted as standing for "Child, Thomas and Katherine." The date, 1701, appears finely graven in wood, and showing the striking design which was conceived to advertise the talents of the "painter stainer," as Child was referred to. The Painters' arms are an artistic as well as a historic value.

Thomas Child and his wife were also responsible for the Boston stone. The round grinding stone was found in 1737 by Joseph Howe, who bought the site of the colonial paint shop, while he was cleaning up the yard. The stone was covered with paint, and a little inquiry proved conclusively that it was the means Thomas Child has used to grind his colors.

James Davis, who bought the property in 1885, set both the Boston stone and the Painters' arms into the wall of his new building. His heirs have the same regard for these relics that he had, and have seen to it that both stone and sign are protected as symbols of the industry which flourished on the site 200 years ago.

Considerable Petting.

While motoring with a party of friends in the far West our car crashed through a wooden railing on a high embankment along a drive near the Oregon river.

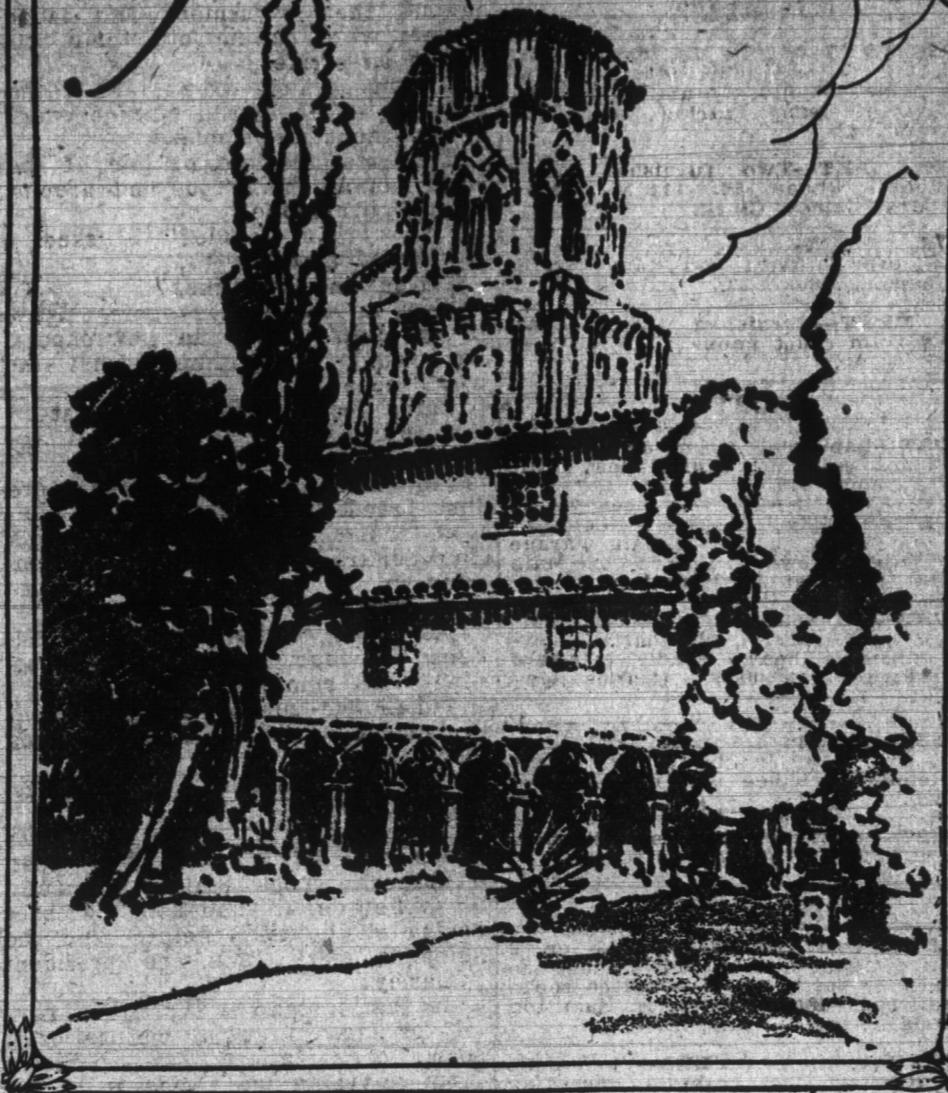
The car ran 50 feet down the bank and landed in the midst of a picnic party which was just beginning to have a feast. The big car dashed among the picnickers, made them scatter, and demolished the spread.

We congratulated ourselves that the car had not turned over and tried to explain matters, offering to pay for all damages, but the picnickers, none of whom understood English, assaulted us with the mangy remains of their bacon.

We hurried away and found ourselves considerably disfigured by the pies, cakes, pickles, jelly, chicken and broken dishes with which we were pelted.—Exchange.

"That's funny," he remarked. "I

The Charm of Toulouse



In the Museum Courtyard, Toulouse.

A WANDERER coming from Provence, westward, to the historic capital of Languedoc, and looking for the first time upon the ancient towers of Toulouse, may well wonder whether they are indeed old, so modern is the appearance of the red brick, after the gray-gold stones of the Roman Provence. Old, nevertheless, they are, though differing in style, as in color, from any thing to be seen in other parts of Paris.

The Toulousain gothic has a character all its own; for the true spirit of northern architecture—that of the soaring line—never became indigenous here, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. These southerners accepted it only as a fashion of the day, to which concessions must be made; that granted, they proceeded at once to modify the style, to suit the local traditions of a people that at heart loved a horizontal line better than an aspiring one. So they declined to build interior vertical pillars—which, moreover, needed large stones and were very expensive—and instead they threw great vaults over wide spaces, broke up their towers into bays, generally mingled, in a very curious fashion, the spirit of the gothic and the Romanesque. These points that strike one about the great cathedral of St. Sernin in Toulouse, the largest and finest building of the southern style that is to be seen in France today.

Cathedral of St. Sernin.

As usual in churches hereabouts, the building is dark, being lighted by windows behind the triforium, and not from a clerestory above. The Romanesque manner did not relieve its main walls by distributing part of the weight along flying buttresses to the aisles; therefore it dared not build them very high, nor weaken them by piercing large windows. Toulousain congregations, however, never cared for much light within their churches. There was already more than enough without.

Very interesting was my walk round the church, with the sacristan beside me, a handsome, kindly man, gentle and courteous, yet with a certain dignity in his manner, as of one who, though in a humble station, knew well how to command. I liked the quiet firmness with which he rebuked the old women who would chatter too loudly in the transport.

As we did the round of the church we talked together. He told me how deeply he cared for knowledge and learning, how much he regretted that such things meant so little to so many people of his country. "They are lizards who love to lie in the sun; and it is the sun we must blame"—he smiled at his jest—"if my fellow townsmen are neither savants nor workers, and are too idle to follow up the idea that their minds seize upon so quickly. That is why when we have energy we do so well. I say often that some of our best presidents have come—Mr. Falliere among them—from the left bank of the Garonne." And with a bow the sacristan left me, to continue "my studies." He was the most eloquent of the many who have deplored to me the meridional disinclination to hard work. There is a proverb extant: "The men of the Midi use what the men of the north produce." The men of the north, I suppose, produced that proverb.

Houses are Fascinating.

After the churches—perhaps even before the churches—her renaissance hotels are the greatest charm of Toulouse. And by "hotels" I mean houses, not hostels. Certainly they are most fascinating, both as specimens of architecture of their time, and as affording an idea of the magnificence in which the merchant princes of that day lived. Almost all styles of renaissance are to be seen, from that of the Hotel Beauvau—trans-

lation

Up-to-Date Riches.

"Jones has secured his pile, all right."

"Plenty of the long green, has he?"

"Long green, nothing! I was referring to his coal pile."—Boston Transcript.

A Leap-Year Revenge.

"That rich girl the fellows are all after has a mean disposition."

"What's she doing?"

"She says she is going to propose to all the men in her set."

One-Piece Gown

Is Still in Favor

Perhaps there is no type of dress which has ever given more comfort and general satisfaction to women of all degrees than the one-piece dress. This, observes a prominent correspondent, is undoubtedly a truism and yet it cannot be dwelt upon too often by its beneficiaries for fear that if they do not recognize their blessings on some evil day the useful little one-piece frock may be snatched away from them.

Fashion is proverbially a fickle dame, but after centuries of high handed and capricious proceedings with her votaries it was a merciful dispensation on her part to decree the reign of the one-piece frock at a time in the affairs of women when life moved for them in a swift and almost overwhelming flood of public and private activities.

It was, and is, a time in which a type of dress was needed which reduced woman's strain to the minimum and which combined ease of adjustment, comfort, smart and youthful appearance, all around wearableness and sufficient variety. If such a thing were possible in an uneasy and imperfect world, one would be inclined to say that the one-piece frock would go on, forever, no matter what other styles might come and go.

Predictions are unsafe and one only knows that at present this desirable type of garment rounds the cycle of the year in an endless procession of models developed in fabrics suitable

plaited frills. However, trimmings of various kinds are rather prominently in evidence in any inventory of the charms of the 1920 blue serge frock.

Embroidery on Two Wide Bands.

In one especially striking and handsome frock of navy blue gabardine the embroidery in ecru silk is entirely concentrated on two wide, loose bands of the fabric which extend from the narrow girdle straight downward at each side until they are fastened up under the edge of the slim skirt. The straight bodice with long sleeves is cut in a deep square at the neck and filled in with a gathered tucker of cream batiste. At the back on either side, where the embroidered bands meet the girdle, there are long and stately tassels of ecru silk.

An interesting decoration from the pleasant source is in the form of oblong perforations of good size outlined with green silk. Lines of these perforations set on end run up and down on the blouse and round about the skirt. There are also narrow bands of embroidery which outline the simulated eton coats of certain frocks, and lines of wool chain stitch embroidery in rose wool break the monotonous length of a blue serge chemise frock. Besides these there are frocks embroidered in navy blue silk, with only an accent of color.

Straw embroidery on blue serge is not half as bizarre as it sounds. How-



Two Frocks of Blue Gabardine, One Embroidered With Castor Silk, Affording an Idea of Pleasing Construction.

for the season, bridging the chasm from chiffon to velvet.

Just now the only sort of one-piece frocks to which any woman's mind will give house room are the mid-season and early spring models of gabardine, tricotette, satin, crepe de chine and taffeta, of which there is an interesting variety in the advanced showings.

Ever Faithful Type Remains.

The ever faithful and desirable frock of navy blue serge, polet twill, tricotine or gabardine is, as a rule, as straight and simple of silhouette as it has been for several seasons past, either on the rather attenuated lines of the French coat dress or with the youthful blousing bodice and narrow gathered skirt with a moderately wide waistband. There are striking chemise models in peasant style which slip on over the head and have but little flouncing.

At the same time there is observed a bold and rather interesting effort to introduce broken and widened lines in the skirt by means of plaited frills, tunics of irregular shape, folds and flounces. Such models stand out conspicuously among so many which have a willowy, unbroken slimness as their chief characteristic.

Simple and practically unadorned blue serge frocks appear to be in just as good standing as blue serge frocks which are elaborately embroidered or trimmed with outstandings and crisply

ever, it is scarcely likely to interest the woman who takes her clothes seriously. Hat tail braid bindings of black or striped silk and upstanding plaitings of satin or organza are conservative and smart trimmings, as are black moire ribbons.

Frills to Edge Apron Draperies.

Fine plaitings of blue serge are used as frills to edge apron draperies, as tunic draperies and as the better part of a frock. One model has a flat back and front panel, but the sides of the dress from under the arms fall in straight, narrow plaitings to the skirt hem, confined at the waist by a belt of braided cords and is sure to have a little vestee and collar of batiste or handkerchief linen or organza, usually showing through a narrow slit in the frock.

The woman who is horrified at the thought of a blue serge frock with short sleeves should take heart if she has either a long pocketbook or pretty elbows. In the first case she will be able to afford long gloves, and in the second she will soon be pleased with her exceptional possession as Katisha was with that famous shoulder blade of hers, and, after all, a wool frock with short sleeves is many degrees more comfortable in mild weather than one with long sleeves.

There is, however, a choice of sleeves for one may have them shortened in a most abrupt fashion or they may run to the wrist or extend just below the elbow.