

## LEAP YEAR AND SUZANNE

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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"I've an idea!" cried Suzanne Melrose, banging the table with the handle of her knife to attract attention. "I say, people, let's take the ski jump at midnight. There's no moon, so it will be fairly dark. How about it?"

"Hear—hear!" came a chorus of voices. "Sure thing—jolly good sport!"

"All settled, then," said Suzanne, and returned placidly to her consumption of Maryland chicken.

Of all the merry, care-free crowd gathered for the winter sports at Agawam Lodge on Lake Adirondack, Suzanne was the most daredevil and the most persistent in her pursuit of pleasure. Lithe, glowing with health, she was the life of the party—quite too much to suit Cameron Stuart, whose one pursuit was Suzanne herself. He would have preferred a little less gregariousness on Sue's part and more of an inclination to spend some time alone with him.

But his pleadings had effected nothing more than a peremptory stamp of the girl's expensively shod foot. "Some day I'll settle down," she had declared, "and do nothing but boss the servants and say 'How divine' at old ladies' musicales, but now, right now, I am going to have my fun and play the game for all there is in it." Cameron, watching the play of expression across the girl's plangent features, loved her more than ever. The nine years' difference in their ages made him more tolerant of her youthful spirits than a younger man might have been.

Sue's parents, feeling the urge of the sunny Florida regions more potent than the call of the north, had dispatched the girl and her fifteen-year-old brother to the Lodge, under the wings of various friends already foregathered there. Dwight was really not strong enough to engage in the energetic sports of the season. A constitutional tendency to feel fatigue quickly and a slight heart weakness often barred him from strenuous activities, much to his disgust. His one great friend was Cameron Stuart.

And after dinner Cameron sought out the boy and begged him not to make one of the party taking the jump.

"Are you going?" asked Dwight.

"Of course," said Cameron. "You know I play watchdog for your sister."

"She needs one," returned the boy frankly. But he did not say he would not go. Just at the age when a boy most feels himself a man, he resented, even from Cameron Stuart, any implication that he was not perfectly well able to hold his own with the rest.

Eleven o'clock saw a laughing mackinaw crowd with waving scarves and woolly tam set out across the snow-blanketed grounds of the Lodge. Past the iced chute for the toboggans across the blackness of the lake, into the shadowy forest they tramped, skis slung across their shoulders.

At the jump itself the skis were carefully strapped on and tested. Suzanne herself led off, sailing gracefully out into the air and landing triumphant on the snowy stretch a hundred and thirty feet below. One by one they took the leap, and by the time Suzanne had regained the crest only Cameron and Dwight remained.

Dwight had never attempted it before, being satisfied with the lesser jumps near the lodge. And Sue could not recall having seen Cameron take it either. As she approached Cameron stood on the brink as if irresolute, gazing down into the darkness below. Suddenly he turned, stooped down to unstrap the skis, and remarked quietly, "I guess I'll not take it after all."

Suzanne stared at him in unbelief.

Cameron Stuart a coward! She hardly noticed that Dwight also was taking off his skis. She was merely thankful that the rest of the crowd, plodding slowly up the slope, had not witnessed Cameron's act. "Cameron Stuart," she said with cutting emphasis, "never—never ask me to marry you again." Her head high, she moved away. And Cameron little knew the pain in her heart—only the great emptiness in his.

Some nights later Cameron sat gazing soberly into the smoldering depths of the huge fireplace in the heavily-beamed living room of the Lodge. The crowd had gone sleighing, but he had chosen to stay here alone. What use, he mused bitterly, to tantalize himself watching Sue flirt with first one and then another of the men in the party, to catch glimpses of her profile as she talked to some man beside her, sending what messages he knew not with her starry eyes. No, he did not care to go. What was more, he would leave the Lodge tomorrow. Sue thought he was a coward. Since the day when he had not taken the jump she had avoided any chance encounter with him.

Some one opened the door. Cameron looked quickly up. There stood the girl who had been in his thoughts, a glorious picture in soft brown mink, with a furry toque perched jauntily askew on her tawny hair. "Oh," she said slowly, tauntingly. "Home—where it is safe!"

Cameron sprang to his feet. "Suzanne!" he thundered, "don't dare use those words to me, or that tone. You come with me!" The girl, stunned, stood still. In all her life none had ever spoken to her like that. Cameron, snatching up mackinaw and cap from a settle, grasped her arm and led her unresisting to the door. Taking down his skis from the rack in the outer hall, still without a word, Cameron

strode rapidly over the snow, Suzanne following meekly, like one hypnotized.

Arrived at the spot where Cameron had shown the white feather, according to Sue, the man buckled on the skis, took the start, and leaped off. Presently he was back. Again he jumped. Suzanne, ready to take back all she had ever said, was silenced by the look on his face when he returned. Again he leaped. This time he did not come back so quickly—in fact, he did not come back at all. Sue waited—waited—then, fearing she knew not what, ran quickly down the slope, in and out through the trees. What was that dark object on the snow—prostrate? Not Cameron!

But it was Cameron—Cameron with one foot badly twisted. "It's nothing," he managed to say, and tried to stand, then crumpled up. Suzanne knew it was no time to protest her sorrow and repentance. Like the very deer that she had often startled in the forest, the girl sped back to the Lodge for help.

A week later Cameron, limping slightly, walked on the sunny south veranda of the Lodge. Beside him was Suzanne. Suddenly she halted him, a soft hand laid gently on his arm. "Cameron," she said, "don't you like me?"

Cameron shut his lips. Then, "Every one does that, Sue," he said casually. Even as he had resolved to marry no one who thought him a coward, no less would he have anything to do with this girl, moved temporarily by pity and a feeling that she was rather responsible for the accident.

Sue's most dare-devil mood took possession of her. "Cameron," she said, "if I have ever wanted anything, I have gone out and got it. And what is more important in life than the man you want to marry? And I want to marry you!" Cameron looked at her amazed. No, there was no doubt that this expression of almost desperation sincerity. Then she covered her face with her hands. "Forget what I just said," she murmured brokenly. "It was unwomanly. But I thought—I thought you really cared."

"My darling girl," Cameron's tender voice left no doubt as to whether he really cared. "My darling girl!"

Presently Cameron told her why he had refused to take the jump. "At the time I was so hurt by your readiness to accept the unworthy explanation that I let it go at that. I realized that your brother ought not to take the jump, but knew that he would not undergo what would seem to him the humiliation of being the only one to refuse to do it. All he needed was an excuse—and my not doing it made it easy for him."

"Forgive me, dear," said Sue humbly. "And forget that I asked you what you should have asked me!"

"You only availed yourself of your privileges," smiled Cameron. "After all, it's leap year. And while sometimes it doesn't pay to take a leap," he eyed his foot whimsically, "sometimes it does!"

"When we do it together," whispered Suzanne.

## By-Products of Lumber.

Thanks to the activities of the United States department of agriculture and especially the forest products laboratory, ways have been revealed by which well nigh every scrap of a tree can be put to good account, and the waste material of one plant or factory can be utilized gainfully in the manufacture of commodities turned out by others, says the *Scientific American*. Through the medium of the wood-waste exchange much is being done to promote the further working up of by-product lumber, but the practice is relatively only in its infancy with us. Finally it should be kept in mind that the alcohol that can be made from sawdust is chemically identical with grain alcohol, and therefore valuable for many industrial purposes. As a source of energy, in place of gasoline, it is used successfully and extensively abroad. A ton of so-called wood refuse will yield as much as 20 gallons of alcohol.

## Expensive Headgear.

For centuries in Mexico and other Spanish-speaking countries the hat has been the object of man's vanity. The custom found its origin in the days when the Hapsburg power was supreme. One of the most cherished privileges which the old grandees enjoyed was that of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty. The absolute power of the monarch left them little else to do but enter into rivalry with one another in the splendor of their head coverings. The gay conceits spread rapidly throughout the Spanish dominions, and even today characteristic sugar-loaf hats may be found in Mexico for sale at the astounding price of from \$500 to \$1,000 for a single hat.

## Men Who Signed Peace Agreement.

It was at Aix la Chapelle on November 15, 1815, that there was signed a declaration of peace, second only in importance to that signed Saturday, January 10 last.

The signers of that document of November, 1815, bore names well known in history, and also well known the world over at that time. Time will show whether the leaders of the world today will cut as important figures.

Here are the names of the men whose signatures attested the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte's mad ambition. Matternich, Richelieu, Castlereagh, Wellington, Hardenberg, Bernstorff, Nesselrode, Capo D'Istria.

## Sufficient Cause.

"Why did Smith leave home?"

"His wife and a book agent started in to outtalk each other one day and he ran away."—*Florida Times-Union*.

## The Soul of Constantinople



Aya Sophia.

WHEN Constantinople passes out of Turkish hands what, the religious world asks, will become of Aya Sofia?

Is it to remain a place of Moslem worship, or will that "greatest temple after St. Peter's" be rededicated to Christian use? So asks E. A. N. Valentine in *Los Angeles Times*.

Whatever be the tolerance shown the creed of the Arab prophet in the Constantinople of the future, it is almost certain the cross will supersede the crescent on Justinian's splendid monument to early Christianity. Its new consecration to the purposes for which it was reared is a duty owed the memory of its illustrious founder.

Not even St. Peter's outrivaled Aya Sofia in interest. Its history is inseparable, not only with Constantinople itself, but with Christianity. The

creation of Byzantium as the seat of the eastern Roman empire by Constantine the Great had a religious as well as a political motive. Made a convert to the teachings of the Nazarene by the "In hoc signo vinces" vision, he resolved to establish a new capital in which that faith should have exclusive sway, and his first act was to lay the foundations of the original basilica of "The Divine Wisdom" on which the present fane was rebuilt by his descendant, the author of the "Pandects." Byzantium was to be what Rome is today. It was through this successor of the Caesars and his Church of Aya Sofia, the See of the Greek Patriarchs, that Christianity attained her first great triumph over paganism.

Besides the amazing display of mosaics it is a liberal education in marbles. Marbles of every kind known to the ancient world is there—marble of divers hue—black, green, cream and rose—marble veined, dappled, variegated and starred, marble from the near mines of Marmora, from Greece and Asia Minor, from Egypt, even from Ultima Thule. Famous temples were ravished to supply the innumerable pillars of the galleries and the plasters of the walls. Some of these are from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek; others from Thebes, from Palmyra, from Athens, from Rome itself. The structure, with its porches and side aisles, is rectangular, and besides its main dome is roofed by minor vaults. It is the vast cupola of the nave that carries one away by its suggestion of a vast, inverted abyss. The least ponderable of practicable material was needed to sustain it; and this was found in volcanic pumice and Rhodian brick, that weigh but a fifth of the common variety.

The dome, and indeed the whole interior of Aya Sofia, is mosaic lined, representing Christ, the apostles and legions of saints. The Turk, whose religion abhors human representations, covered these with gilded wash that, grown thin, suffers this Byzantium art to re-emerge in spots. Cartouches with sentences from the prophet and rosettes of gold have been stuck here and there, and the childish decoration of ostrich eggs, together with bronze lamps and glass globes, the lattice work of the women's galleries, the inlaid Minbar or pulpit; the lecterns with old costly Korans open on them, the looped green linen with Arabic inscriptions hanging by silken cords from the ceiling, priceless carpets on the wall, the Minbar indicating the direction of Mecca, all proclaim the Mussulman's house of prayer.

On One of Seven Hills.

The cupola and flanking minarets of Aya Sofia, familiarized by paintings and photography, are what first catch the eye in approaching Constantinople by water. Dawn or sunset hour is the most favorable moment for that approach the impressions of which stir the pulse of even the most sophisticated traveler. Visioned at dawn, with the city wrapped in light mist, faintly touched by blushes of a still hidden sun, the many mosques of Stamboul appear almost aerial, seem like vast rose-tinted soap bubbles afloat on the filmy sea, insubstantial as the fabric of dream, like the phantasmagoria evoked by hashish-eaters. Aya Sofia occupies one of the seven hills of Stamboul, that congested quarter of true Turkeydom, lying on the site of old Byzantium, on the Asiatic shore and separated from Galata-Pera, the cosmopolitan quarter, by the Golden Horn and from Skutari by the Bosphorus. Of these superb summits it has the nearest and most commanding location. One sees it from almost every point of Constantinople and its environs. Yet like most else in the city, a near view does not enhance happy impressions. When one has gained the square on which it is situated it is no longer like a pleasure-dome of Kubla Kahn. The main cupola has lost both its silvery airiness and swelling proportions; the irregular mass, guarded by its four minarets, like giant pointed pencils, lacks warmth of color and seems confused in design. Its nucleus—the basilica of Justinian—struggles, Laocoon fashion, in the coils of Mohammedan encumbrance.

Despoiled by the Turk.

The Turk has despoiled Aya Sofia of all that is not essential to the building. The heaped treasures of Justinian's hands that once filled the sanctuaries are gone; but there are still the rich materials out of which the basilica was constructed. When one passes through porphyry gates of the courtyard, ornamented with a fountain

ornament she hadn't noticed.

Thirty years ago we used to wear our hats for several years, and each year about November we got out our winter hat and felt just as proud as if it was new, writes a correspondent of the *Chicago American*. On one occasion I was wearing a four-year-old hat that had been bandboxed for two years. I have one peculiarity and that is: "Never look in a mirror."

So when I took a front seat at church that day I noticed people in general had on a smile that didn't wear off.

I never dreamed it was anything about my hat, but when I took it off in my bedroom, there on the top was a mud dauber's nest as big as a baseball.

## Siberian Industries.

According to the statistics of the ministry of trade and industry, covering nine governments and provinces in Siberia and the governments of Tern and Orenburg, there were subject to inspection in 1918, 1,568 industrial plants, with 601,301 employees and an annual production of more than 401,778,182 roubles. Of these 779 were plants making foodstuffs with 14,548 employees, and annual production amounting to 158,336,614 roubles.

When Duns Cease from Troubling.

Brown—So you look upon Sunday as a day of rest.

Jones—Yes, and if you owed an

## Novelty Models in Spring Hats

Liberal coats of lacquer are applied to every sort of fabric for millinery use, frayed out horsehair cloth and violently thrusting feathers vie with gayly dyed raffia and spun glass. There are not so many monkey hair scalp locks as during the winter season, notes a prominent fashion writer, but their place is taken by turbans of lizard skin. Chinese hats have imitation queues dangling from their crowns and Egyptian hats have colossal earrings dangling from each side, while native fruits, flowers and vegetables decorate hats of every description.

The first, if not the last, word of any talk about early spring hats is news of the waxed and varnished fabrics which are so pronouncedly in evidence.

Beginning with that curious substance celophane, which is conjured into so many forms, everything glitters, ribbon, satin, feathers and straw. Celophane, as a braid in rather wide strips, resembles a flat, shiny straw, but there are many genuine straw braids which are treated to a highly polished finish.

Raffia, which is used so extensively in a decorative way, is also finely shredded and varnished until it appears like a delicate, silky floss, of which draped turbans are made and veiled with tulle. Another strange fabric, spun glass, twisted and as tough as wire, is made use of in a similar manner.

No End to the Unique.

But there is no end to the unique and interesting substances which French milliners have been experimenting with in these early hats, whether to eke out a scarcity of straw, to distract attention from a lack of originality in design, or merely from caprice, it is impossible to say. How

greater numbers later in the season. At the same time there are many satin hats and hats of faille and taffeta combined with straw.

Ribbon hats are having a great success, and the ribbon is used in many interesting and amusing ways, among them the fashioning of it into wings. Both silk and velvet ribbon are woven into a plaid fabric with strips of celophane, and a clever little hat with a narrow upturned brim is concocted of alternate strips of ribbon and straw, which are twisted slightly on the crown and terminate at the top in a crisply tied ribbon bow.

## The Egyptian Influence.

The only new note in line is provided by the Egyptian influence, so much talked of. In so far as hats are concerned, the Egyptian inspiration has rather attractive results, which are only possible with the hair bunched out over the ears according to the prevailing fashion. This balances the thrusting out of the hat brim over the ears and its characteristic flattened front.

The line is accentuated by spreading wings, by clumps of flowers and in a rather spectacular manner by large pendant glittering ornaments resembling earrings. In a general way any hat which points out over the ears confesses Egyptian inspiration, a hat which is draped with a gracefully fanned back veil inherits from the Spanish and a hat with a peaked crown acknowledges Chinese influence.

The hat brim turned back from the face has found so much favor with women of all sorts and conditions that it is still a feature of the vast majority of the new hats, whether their brims are broad or only an inch wide.



No. 1—Beret Covered With Painted Kiwi Fruit. No. 2—Straw Hat Trimmed With Glycerined Feathers. No. 3—Chinese Hat of Ribbon and Straw. No. 4—Haircloth Hat With a Wreath of Handsome Flowers and Fruit.

These brims are frequently embroidered or trimmed with flower petals or sprays of flowers.

Use Fruit and Vegetables.

Large turbans are not unusual, and under such suggestively barbaric names as Batavia and Congo cloth is much used and its semi-transparent and extremely pliable texture makes it desirable for the somewhat bizarre and informal hats which were once delegated to the sports wardrobe. Hindu turbans, plaited and embroidered toots, as well as larger shapes, are produced from these primitive fabrics and are often embroidered with colored wools and gayly dyed raffia, the latter outlined with a gay Chinese cord. A curious decoration makes a thing of wonder of a soft full beret in gray blue ratine. The color is produced by sprinkling the surface with pears, peaches, plums and cherries in soft yellow leather, painted in the most realistic manner by hand. The vines and leaves which connect these products of the orchard are worked in colored raffia.

Contrary to the usual practice, the early spring models are frequently flower trimmed, and extraordinary fruits and even vegetables are to find favor, the latter of course on sport hats. Large flat flowers are applied to the entire surface of a hat or flowers petals may decorate the upturned brim. Little rosebuds border a close fitting toque of blue straw and two