

EATON'S Spring and Summer CATALOGUE

Contains page after page of just such articles as will cause feminine delight; Distinctive Millinery, Stunning Suits, Waists and Blouses of charm and originality, Footwear for every occasion. In fact, everything that a woman could desire for Spring and Summer wear is illustrated and described in this **BIG NEW EATON BOOK**.

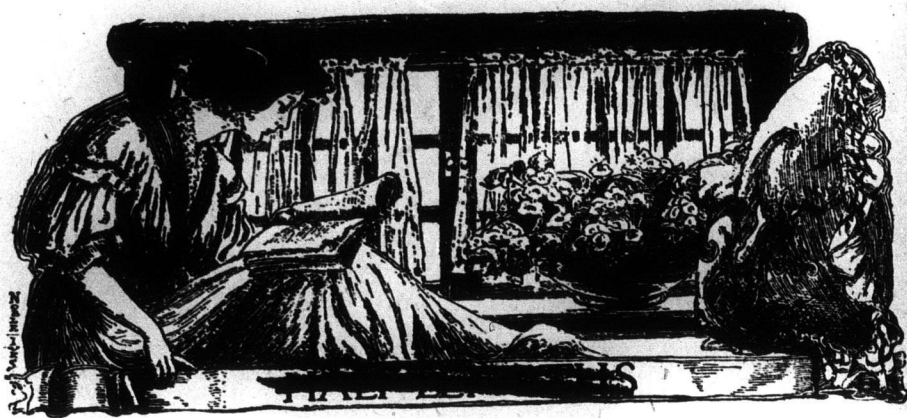
Household Goods, Furniture, Farm Implements and Machinery, too, hold their place of importance in the **EATON CATALOGUE**. The quality is **EATON** and the prices are **EATON** prices, so little more need be said.

If your copy has not yet arrived, send for one without delay. Now is the time.

A POST CARD IS SUFFICIENT



T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



Calla and Lily

By Hulbert Footner

ONE seldom thinks of Coney Island in the winter time, and if he does it is with a shiver, for the idea of the bitter Atlantic gales searching out the crannies in the flimsy structures which compose the City of Fun is anything but a warming one. Yet, though the hoarse invitations of the barkers, the rumble of the scenic railways and the shrieks of the female passengers are stilled; though the scent of the popcorn, sausages and stale beer no longer rises in the air, life in Coney is not extinct even in February. Hilgenreiner's is open all the year.

On the coldest nights couples scurry down Surf Avenue past the great plaster goddess who, with the scantiest of draperies to cover her through the winter, mounts guard at the entrance to Morpheus Land, and around the corner into the dark Bowery, where the loosened planks spring under foot and the wind plays hob with the remains of last summer's decorations. Midway on this deserted boardwalk a single building rays light from every aperture. It is "Hilgenreiner's Dancing Palace," the destination of the hurrying couples.

The O'Heraghty twins (born on Easter Sunday nineteen years ago, and in honor of the day christened Calla and Lily) journeyed to Hilgenreiner's every Saturday night. They liked the place because it was "respectable" they told each other; and respectable it was in the full sense of the word as applied in Coney Island; but it was a stronger attraction than that which drew the twins and other youngsters so far. In the summer Hilgenreiner's, like all the surrounding resorts, was given over to the indiscriminate mob, but in the winter it possessed a character quite its own; in no other place was so much gaiety consistent with such undoubted respectability. Among the decorations at Hilgenreiner's was a large china doll which hung suspended in a swing under the smoky ceiling. It might have been likened to the Spirit of Youth smiling down at the bright-eyed, red-lipped youths and maidens, so frankly pleased with themselves and with one another.

None of the boys had ever asked Calla or Lily to dance. In fact, though they were far from suspecting it, the twins were a sort of joke at Hilgenreiner's. They were so little, so grave, so comically alike; they wore such elaborate, old-fashioned little dresses and hats (which they constructed themselves). In asking them to dance the boys suspected that they would become laughingstocks. Moreover, in some way their botanical names had become known and were the inspiration of many a Hilgenreiner's joke. So poor little Calla and Lily, like two dolls out of the same batch, always waltzed and two-stepped together, followed by smiles. They both wore, for propriety's sake, an expression of forbidding indifference, so that no one ever knew how their hearts began to beat every time they approached the place where the young men waited for partners, and sunk as they passed by and no signal was given.

During the week, sitting side by side at the table where they filed cards, Calla and Lily planned in whispers for Saturday night and what they should wear. In the evenings they sewed. As a result the twins possessed a wardrobe which, as they often told each other, rivalled in size many a lady's who rode in her own carriage. They had imbibed from their mother strong ideas on the propriety of dress which was not to be

lightly shaken by the passing vagaries of fashion. They quite looked down on the store clothes of the other girls at Hilgenreiner's. They possessed a single soul halved in two bodies; since their birth they had not been parted for a day, and now that their parents were dead they sufficed to each other. And yet they did want a young man. They had spirited discussions about the youths they saw from afar at Hilgenreiner's, for whom they had invented names to suit themselves. They always thought of one young man between them; one apiece would have suggested an unimaginable division of their interests.

One Saturday night clad in their latest effort of dressmaking, which they referred to as "our red," Calla and Lily were sitting at a little table by the rail which surrounds the dancing floor at Hilgenreiner's, drinking "pear cider," their invariable tipple. They did not in the least enjoy pear cider, but it was a custom of the place to which they deferred. They made two glasses apiece last out the evening which, with five cents to the waiter, constituted their expenses. They had not as yet experienced the sensation of having some one else pay for their drinks. The evening was half over and so far their "red" had not been any more successful than its predecessors in making a conquest of the swains. The twins hid their disappointment well; promptly upon the sounding of the first note for each dance they took the floor with a businesslike air and danced right through as if there was no such thing as a young man.

Suddenly they were conscious that some one had stopped in the aisle beside their table and was looking at them. Instantly they stiffened into self-consciousness and looked stonily ahead. Their hearts began to beat with quickened strokes.

"Good evening, ladies," said a man's voice.

The twins turned their heads simultaneously with an air of cold surprise which each admired in the other.

"Good evening," they murmured stiffly.

But the young man (he was young, but not quite the "swell dresser" they had dreamed of) was not so easily put off.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," they said together. A chair stood by Calla and another by Lily and the twins experienced a moment of harrowing suspense. But he took neither. He seized another chair and sat at the end of the table. The girls exchanged a glance of approval.

"What'll you have?" he asked politely, as the next step in their acquaintance. The twins hastened to decline any further refreshment, but he called the waiter and ordered two lemonades. The twins exchanged a look of delighted horror at such extravagance. They adored lemonade.

For a while conversation languished. The young man did not seem to be especially gifted in that way, and while a close observer might have discovered that the twins were not quite so chilly as at first, they did not encourage him openly. But their cheeks got red, their eyes began to shine, and their mouths made ready to smile in the corners, in spite of them. Lily was sorry to see Calla giving herself away so completely and Calla had precisely the same thought about Lily. Those passers-by who were accustomed to see the twins on Saturday night were surprised to discover all at

Continued on Page 7