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THE S O S.

By CRAWFORD LUTTRELL. **80000000000000000000000**

Army men on a post welcome visiting girls as the glad old earth wel-comes spring, but it was quite evi-

dent, after the first week of her sojourn in the house of Captain Anstruthers, that his sister Helen was going to have a sorry time of it. She was pretty enough in her way, but that elusive something that makes or mars a girl's success with men held no promise for the captain's uneasy wife, Anne. What was she going to do with her sister-in-law for a whole month?

Men came, perfunctorily, at her bidding. They ate her dinners, nibbled her cakes and drank her tea, but they returned the courtesies with the air of men paying just and honest debts when they could make far happier use of the money. None of them on leaving lingered a little to grasp her hand and whisper, "She's some little peach, your visitor! Say a good word for me! How about dinner with me tomorrow night, and could you squeeze in a horseback ride for the next afternoon?"

Something had to be done and done quickly.

Anne thought over the list of pos sibilities. Her heart gave a little convulsive gasp at thought of sending an S. O. S. to the colonel, and yet she looked forward happily to the opportunities that it would offer to exhibit herself in all her mature loveliness to the man whom she had refused to marry Tom Anstruthers. There was always a little glow of feminine satis faction when she reflected that he was a bachelor because of her. His eyes were inscrutable, unfathomable, They looked at her as if they were still seeing the pretty, innocent young girl she had been when, visiting the post years before, she had chosen a husband because he was the bestlooking officer there, the best dancer and the most adept at making love. Well, she had paid for her failure to discriminate, but nobody knew how much she had paid. Outwardly she was the toast of the officers' mess beautiful as a star and just as cold, men found who ventured to make up for Anstruther's obvious lack of attention.

She had never asked a favor of Colonel Kent, but the time had come when she felt that the end justified She could not have Tom's means. quiet little sister go back home with VICE-PRESIDENT
LY DIRECTOR a tale of unhappiness to tell. The girl had looked forward to the visit for years. Anne knew. She remembered how it had been when she was young. So Anne wrote a little perfumed note and asked the colonel to call at tea time the next day. She planned to have a few others in so that she could take the colonel aside and explain just what was wanted without having Helen suspect anything.

She longed to wear a blue georgette frock elaborately embroidered in steel beads, but the colonel had often mentioned his fondness for her in that col-or in the never-to-be-forgotten days of youth, so she resolutely pushed aside the alluring little garment and selected a drab gray to which only her sapphires gave color.

Of course they had met almost every day in the year, but he never went to Anne's house unless he was invited there, and Anne only asked him when there were many other guests, Lately she had seen little of him. He was beginning to plead that middleaged officers ought to turn over social affairs to the younger fellows and let

them have their fling. When the few people whom she had asked had all been served, Anne left the gay little tea table and casually moved over to sit beside the colonel. "I'm so glad that you came," she said. "I want to ask a big favor of

"Granted," he answered, smiling inscrutably, "before you ask, as you must

have known it would be." "Captain Anstruther's little sister is visiting me for a month. For some reason, not known to me, she is not proving very popular. My sixth sense

tells me that.' "Woman's intuition."

"She is young, as you can see, so young that her heart and her eyes are still filled with dreams. I want her to be gay and happy while she is here. Already she is beginning to feel that the men are not rushing her as she had hoped they would. Can you help me? Will you help me to make her visit here all that I want it to be?"

A little wistful smile played about his full lips and etched with a bold stroke the fine lines that were already showing at the corners of his brown eyes. "It's a big task to put up to a

come true, but I'll do my best. Whatever you say goes, you know. I told you that same thing, fifteen years ago.

Only that once did she let the mask fall. Her face went white as a snowdrop and her hand, idly fingering the of sapphires on her breast, trembled visibly. There was the agony of confession in the eyes she lifted his for one brief moment. "If it hadn't been for the memory of your kindness, I couldn't have endured it all these years."

"I know." His clasp on her hand was warm, reassuring. "I'll do every-thing that I can for the girl."

If a miracle can happen, then one happened at the post. The end of Helen's visit came, and Anne knew that no girl who had ever been entertained there had enjoyed greater popularity. There had been rides lunch eons, teas, dinners and theater parties to the nearby city, all of them sponsored by the able, quiet-looking colonel. Anne was grateful beyond the power of words to express, but the visit had been a trying one for her. She was conscious every time that she saw the commanding officer at the post that all he did was for her. She had worn her blue dresses because she had heard him say so many times in the old days that blue was his favorite color, and she wanted to please him because he was doing so much for her.

He came to call, alone, the night be fore Helen was to leave. The girl seemed strangely excited, as if she were just bubbling over with happiness. Anne said good-night to them early and went to her room, thinking over her own care-free days and her unwise choice of a partner. She would try to save Helen from the same fate. She wondered if the girl had come really to care for any of the men who had danced attendance on her. None of them probably cared a straw for the girl herself. Of course, they rushed her to please the colonel There was a little lieutenant who had seemed sincere in his attentions Could it be that he-Anne was startled from her reverie by Helen tip-toeing into the room, with her finger on her lips. The little visitor was in a flamecolored taffeta with wide-plaited ruffles that served to round out her slim, girlish figure. A high Spanish comb held her yellow curls on top of her head. She was eager, vivid, keenly alive. Her eyes were sparkling.

"I have a secret, a wonderful one," she confided rapturously. "Yes?" questioned Anne; but already that strange sixth sense was at work,

prophesying the astounding news.

"I'm coming back—to be lady at the post-think of it! The colonel's wife! Maybe I'll snub you and Tom," she laughed, rocking herself back and forth on the low stool by Anne's dainty dressing table. "You know I was wild about him before I came here. Tom had told us so much about him. I cared even before I saw him. So you see your quiet, demure little sister-in-law has something that all the lovely, scintillating visitors who came here before must have lacked. I met him two or three days before you asked him to tea. He said then that if you didn't soon ask him to call he would have to hint to you." Then suddenly she changed the subject. think that I will have a brown goingaway dress, Anne. I thought of blue, but he hates it. Isn't that queer? Most men adore it. Why don't you say something? Aren't you perfectly thrilled to have a sister who is the colonel's lady?"

Anne was staring at her, eyes dark as shadowy pools, as if she were seeing her for the first time. "Why, of course, I am delighted."

"I wanted him to tell you, but he said it would be better for me to break the news. Wasn't that thoughtful of him? Women do love startling secrets, don't they? And just think, Anne, he says that he has never loved a girl before, and he is nearly forty

Women and Asthma.—Women are numbered among the sufferers from asthma by the countless thousands. In every climate they will be found, helpless in the grip of this relentless disease unless they have availed themselves of the proper remedy. Dr. J. D. Kellogge's Asthma Remedy, despite its assurance of benefit, costs so little that it is within reach of all. It is the national remedy for asthma, far removed from the class of doubtful and experimental preparations. Your dealer can supply it.

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FANS THAT WILL INTEREST

New Models Are Inspired by Egypt and Greece; Novelty From Un-curled Ostrich.

New fans are made of aigrette and paradise. These only the European may enjoy, as the bird law of America prevents their import. For export trade eagle and vulture plumes are being shown. In the effort to provide something new and interesting models are being brought out in stripped ostrich, which closely imitates aigrette and coque. The square Egyptian and the pointed Greek forms are being

much used. A novelty fan in East Indian design is made from uncurled ostrich, the delicate fronds springing from a ring of tortoise shell, which serves in place of sticks. The fronds fall in a graceful one-side sweep. The stock of the fan is of tortoise shell and from the shell ring falls a long silken

Another takes its inspiration from the fans of the ancient Egyptian beauties. This one, in the form of a square, is developed in imitation aigrette, made of ostrich feathers and mounted on shell sticks.

Pure white eagle feathers make still another new fan of Greek design. To be in keeping with the feathers of this superb bird the sticks are of onyx, set with pearls and diamonds, and the fan is carried on a platinum chain.

LINES LONGER, WAIST LOWER

Method Most Often Employed Is Draping of Sash Low About the Hips.

In all of the new clothes prepared for this spring the carrying out of longer lines appears. This is done in various ways. Perhaps the method most often employed is the draping of a sash low about the hips. This low tied sash is the favorite method of giving the straight chemise dress —which still remains in fashion—the low waistline appearance. It is only necessary to tie a softly draped piece of material about a last year's chemise frock to place it in the front rank of this spring's fashions.

For those who wish to economize, this really offers an excellent opportunity. Each woman may satisfy her own taste in the manner of tying her sash. It may be at the side or in the back; some of them even tie in small bows at the front. There is just as bows at the front. There is just as much leeway, too, in the size and length of these sashes, which may be puffy bows with ends that are little longer than the loops themselves, or the ends may be very long, in some instances hanging below the bottom of the skirt. Putting wide sashes on chemise dresses is a decided departure from the narrow string belts, that have girdled the chemise frock here-

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