

Milly's Spring Hat

An Easter Story

By CLARISSA HADICK

The window of Miss Pettigrew's millinery parlour held a most enticing display of spring hats.

Milly Blake, who sold hats behind Miss Pettigrew's counter, parted the inner curtains and stole a wistful glance at the marvels of straw and tulle and ribbon and flowers.

"Looks pretty nice, Milly," chirruped Miss Pettigrew, who lived over the store and seldom wore a hat herself while she admired everything that her own deft fingers turned out.

"Doesn't it?" agreed Milly; then she added enthusiastically: "That green hat I just hated to put that in the window. I'm afraid some one will buy it before I can save up money enough."

"Never mind, I got straw enough left for one more and I'll duplicate it for you, Milly, but the materials are all imported, so I'll have to charge



"It's for you, is it? You'd accept it?"

"You full price for it. I'm not making a penny off hats like that, but they are a good advertisement."

"Eight dollars seems a sinful price for me to pay for a hat," sighed Milly after her employer had returned to the workroom. She knew that Miss Pettigrew could not afford to make any more hats in the price of the lovely green hat, for there was Eben Pettigrew, her crippled brother, who had to be supported, as well as the orphan child of another brother.

"I'll have to trim up my old black hat, I'm afraid," decided Milly while she selected a bunch of lavender daisies for old Mrs. Bemis' new bonnet.

"There, Mrs. Bemis; that is very pretty. I think a black lace butterfly pinned over the flowers would be lovely."

"Not for me, Milly. I should be as nervous as a witch if I thought there was a butterfly or any other insect on my bonnet! I'd feel as if it was nibbling away. Ugh, take it away, child, and put a rosette of black lace there!"

Milly laughed as she put the black butterfly back in the case where it belonged. Mrs. Bemis was as kind-hearted as she was queer, and no one knew it better than Milly Blake, for she had boarded with Mrs. Bemis ever since her mother had died and she had been compelled to earn her own living.

"Here comes Evelyn Allen," whispered Mrs. Bemis suddenly, "and I declare if she hasn't got that darning city girl with her—what's her name? Oh, yes, Rosamund Lagrange. I never knew Evelyn Allen bought her hats in Sunnybrook!"

"She does occasionally," said Milly. "Miss Pettigrew said she'd trim your hat this afternoon, and I will bring it home tonight."

"That's a good girl," approved Mrs. Bemis as she sat on her old bonnet with a jerk. "Come home early, dear. I'm going to have waffles and honey for supper."

"Goody!" cried Milly with her own sunny smile.

The remains of that smile greeted the two fashionably attired girls who entered the little shop as Mrs. Bemis passed out.

Evelyn nodded cordially at Milly and spoke in her pleasant way:

"Good morning, Milly. I'm in love with that green straw in the window. Don't tell me that Miss Pettigrew turned out that confection!"

"She copied it after a pattern hat. All the materials are imported."

"Indeed!" smiled Evelyn. "Well, I'd like to try it on. It's an exact match for my spring suit, and it will save me a trip to town if I can find a hat here. Just imagine, Rosamund, dear old Sunnybrook turning out a hat like this!"

Milly winced as Miss Allen posed before the mirror in the coveted green hat. Undoubtedly it was becoming to Evelyn, and Miss Lagrange was quite enthusiastic over it.

"Get it, darling!" she urged gushingly. "Oh, here comes Mr. Madison! Good morning, Mr. Madison. Do tell me if Evelyn doesn't look stunning in that hat."

Dick Madison, who had stopped in the store to see Milly Blake, was taken back by the warm welcome he received from the two pretty customers.

He had barely time to exchange a glance with Milly, when Evelyn and her friend monopolized his attention. Half an hour later he left the store with a girl at either side, both talking volubly.

Milly, standing straight and pale behind the counter, listened to Miss Pettigrew's excited chatter with unsmiling face. The little milliner was twisting the green hat on her outstretched fingers.

"Just think, my dear; she said she would give me \$20 for the hat if I would promise not to duplicate it!" Suddenly she noticed Milly's sad face and recollection came to her swiftly.

"Oh, my dear," she added doubtfully, "I quite forgot that you wanted it—and, well, Milly, I always keep my word, so I guess I better telephone Miss Allen at once that the hat is promised to some one else."

Milly leaned against the glass case and closed her aching eyes.

Miss Pettigrew waited, her worn little face sharply anxious over the outcome of the matter.

"Never mind, Miss Pettigrew," said Milly quietly. "I think I'd better have a black hat. It will be more useful. Besides, you can make double the money by selling this one to Evelyn Allen."

"Milly, I am relieved," cried Miss Pettigrew warmly, "understanding why you're doing it, and—well, you can pick out any black hat in the store, and I'll trim it for you, and it won't cost you a penny!"

Dick Madison was a young civil engineer in charge of the construction of a new railroad bridge at Sunnybrook, and Milly had learned to like him very well.

He had dropped into the store to see her, and Evelyn Allen and her friend had monopolized his attention, and in the end they had carried him away with them under the pretext of examining the steering gear of their motor-car. As if the chauffeur didn't know all about that!

So Milly went home early that night with Mrs. Bemis' bonnet in a paper bag and found a delicious supper of hot waffles and honey, but she could hardly eat a mouthful, and when Mrs. Bemis questioned her closely Milly burst into tears and ran away to bed.

Milly was fighting a battle with herself. She was telling herself that Easter had a deeper meaning than the wearing of new clothes, and she felt that she was very wicked because she could not place the spiritual significance of the great day above her own petty vanity.

But Milly fought the battle and won, and as a punishment to herself she decided not to have a new hat at all. She would wear her velvet winter hat even if the day was very warm indeed.

So she went to sleep with a smile on her sweet lips, and when she awoke in the morning there was peace in her eyes and in her heart.

The following Sunday was Easter, and although Milly did not see Dick Madison in the interval, there was a little song of contentment bubbling in her heart—why, she could not have told you.

Easter Sunday morning she took her place in the choir, wearing her new soft green dress and her black velvet hat, under which her soft fair hair curled alluringly.

Senator Allen's family came in, Evelyn looking lovely in her new green suit, with the becoming green straw hat.

Milly saw Dick Madison come in. He walked slowly up the aisle, and Mrs. Allen turned and beckoned him into her pew.

Milly's heart almost stopped beating for an instant; then it resumed its even throbbing, for Dick smiled a polite refusal of the invitation and turned into the humble pew of Mrs. Bemis, where he shared that little woman's prayer book and hymnal with grave devotion.

When it was all over Milly found Mrs. Bemis and Dick waiting for her at the porch, and they went home together, saying very little, but strangely contented. The Allen's motorcar rushed past them, leaving a cloud of dust behind, but the occupants did not appear to see Dick and his friends.

"Dick's coming to dinner," announced Mrs. Bemis. "Tip having fried chicken and ice cream. You talk to him in the parlor, honey, while I set the table. No, I don't want any help!"

In the parlor Milly composedly laid aside her hat and jacket, and Dick put his gloves and hat on the square piano and faced the girl.

"Milly," he said with a tremor in his deep voice, "I've got an Easter gift for you—if you will accept it—and your acceptance of it will mean a whole lot to me. It will make me the happiest man in the world." He stole a glance at Milly's rosy, downcast face, and lifting down a white hatbox from the piano, he placed it in her lap.

"Open it," he urged.

Milly untied the white ribbons and lifted the cover. From a bed of white tissue paper she lifted an exquisite white tulle hat trimmed with orange blossoms and white satin ribbon.

"What is it?" she whispered. "For me?"

"It's for you if you'll accept it. It's a wedding hat, Milly, darling. Ah, I know all about the green hat, dear. Miss Pettigrew told Mrs. Bemis and me all about it. We understand why you did it, and it's a present from all three of us under condition that you'll wear it—soon—when you marry me!"

Milly's hands trembled.

Then she lifted the lovely hat and placed it on her sunny head. She lifted her blue eyes and met his gray ones. "That is my answer, Dick," she whispered softly.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

LOST IDEALS

How our ideals fade away,
Even vanish like the dew,
As down the shady side of life
The gilding dew we do
The things that once we looked upon
As all the cake and pie,
The only objects worth our while,
No longer catch our eye.

How earnestly we longed to be
In childhood's happy day
The man who stood outside the tent
And took our change away!
But greater still had been our joy,
Our pleasure more profound,
Could we have been the man inside
Who pushed the freaks around.

Then, growing older and a bit
Discerning in our lives,
Our hero was the pitcher then
Who put out men on strikes,
But quite above him in a class
Resplendent, all alone,
The pugilist who held the belt
Like some bright planet shone.

And then the cashier in the bank
Who turned our checks to cash
And next the one in high finance
Who seemed to cut a dash.
The congressman, the governor,
Then for a time held sway,
But now in sliding down the hill
We watch them fade away.

His Difficulty

"That man just can't keep out of debt."

"Can't he?"

"No."

"Well, he is different from me."

"You can, I suppose?"

"Well, you see, I just can't get in."

All One Way

"There are two sides to every question."

"Are there?"

"There certainly are."

"May be so in theory, but it doesn't work out that way when I have a dispute with my wife."

His Profession

"But why don't you work?"

"On account of not being able to find anything in my line."

"What is your line?"

"Being the European titled husband of an American heiress, madam."

Utility

"His table manners are something frightful."

"Yes, but there is one good thing about them."

"What's that?"

"They produce results."

GRAND CELEBRATION AT Caribou JULY 4

Caribou will celebrate on July 4th on a mammoth scale—the biggest ever attempted

The following is a partial list of attractions:

- 4.00 to 5.00 a.m. Sunrise Gun
- 8.00 to 9.00 a.m. Procession of Horribles
- 9.00 to 10.30 a.m. Parade of Floats
- 10.30 to 12.00 a.m. Racing at Park
- Baseball: Mars Hill vs. Washburn
- 12.30 p.m. United Band Concert in Square, after which Bands march to Park.
- 1.00 to 6.00 p.m. Horse Racing. Baseball—Caribou vs. Fort Fairfield.
- Between the heats there will be athletic events, such as Bicycle Race, Wheelbarrow Race, High Jumping, Broad Jumping, Throwing Discus, 100 Yards Dash, Half Mile Run, etc.
- 4.00 to 5.00 p.m. Entertainment in Square.
- 7.00 p.m. Band Concert in Square. Parade of Boy Scouts and Drum Corps. March to Park. One Mile Relay Race.

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New Trotting Park

will be opened on Friday, July 3, with fast racing on the fastest track in the county.

\$1,850 in Purses

JULY 3

2.21 Pace, \$125
Farmers' Race, Purses \$100
Matinee Race, Purses \$50
BASEBALL—Sweden vs. Otter Brook

JULY 4

2.14 Pace, \$125
2.30 Pace, \$125
2.28 Trot, \$100
2.30 Pace, \$100

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Excursions on All Railroads

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44-X44Z. A neat, well-made Apron of strong blue and white check gingham, trimmed with a narrow fold of white. Cut in a simple, practical style, which assures a good fit. Two pockets, easily laundered. A practical and serviceable apron at a very low price. 29c

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Women's Double Tipped 24-inch Long Siles. Made with 2 dots. Atlanta cut, and double wear finger tips. By placing an order in August 1913, and thus keeping a manufacturer busy during the dull season we are able to give you this exceptional bargain. Many big merchants would be pleased to have such a glove as this to sell at seventy-five or eighty-cent cost, and you need gloves, order now.

24-X112. Black. DON'T FAIL

24-X112. White. STATE SIZE

Each 2 1/2, 7 1/2, and 8.

Shipping weight: 2 ounces each pair.

Pair..... 59c

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Price..... 73c