

BY HELEN WALLACE, Author of "The Greatest of These," "Their Hearts' Desire," Etc.

upheeded by her plate.

"Oh, my, I'll catch it!" she exclaim-

in the momentary pause in the talk-

damask with her lacy wisp of a hand-

"It is not only in the fairy stores

that the princess drops toads out of

Lady Carruthers; "though, if I re-

member aright, it was always the

instance is decidedly more piquant,"

singular contrast to her little gau-

"I shall have to be sent back to the

nursery. Isn't it dreadful to be be-

was saying with an embarrassed

laugh to her partner, Lord Dalguise,

is, catching her mother's glance, she

let the rivulet of wine meander at its

own sweet will among the flower-

Lady Carruthers caught the look, too.

ich a pattern not only of all the vir-

ues, but of all the due decencies and

proprieties, that all this must be very

rying to her-those 'freaks of memory,'

"From such lips as hers, Miss Stor-

first, one hardly notices it," said Ashe,

carelessly. "But I thought they were a

bsorb even more than the usual wo-

from his hostess' gracious presence to

table. He had lapsed for the moment

into moody abstraction, and the large

smiling lady beside him was evidently

inclined to transfer her favors to the

"Bother the man!" said Lady Car-

ruthers crossly. "This affair seems to

death's-head at his own table. I'll

smiling stress upon the last word.

"Whatever wild-oat-sowing David did,

ian waiting, and it caused some talk-

her neighbor. "Why are you wanting

me to turn over these bones of old

"Here is feminine justice for you!"

said," dropping her voice, "'What have

murdered some one and taken her

place. I'm afraid I shall begin to hate

that old Isobel soon if I hear very much

more of her. She," nodding toward

Lady Carruthers, "said I was like a

then at your picture in the tapestry

as that-should I not have said that?"

so many silly little things I can't re-

"My dear young lady, why should

itself into a chrysalis again," said Lord

Dalguise with elderly gallantry, while

child's right; I'd nardly have got more

"Look in your glass, Miss Isobel, and

lips parting in a fleshless smile.

whatever they are," the withered

nt's accent has certainly all the

lasses and the rose-shaded candles.

cherie and her exclamation.

kerchief and then with her napkin.

as impossible, but Mr. while she tried to stem the dark n able to keep his partner at dinner iciently entertained, and yet have a ck eve and a sharp ear for all that as going on around. Tonight, how- her mouth when she speaks," said er, nis task might have been more ficult, since he was honored by d Lady Carruthers' company, who ugly one who did so. Our modern med able by some instinct to detect t only a wandering glance, but a randering thought; but fortunately and appearance, heightened by her him her interest for once appares through the maze of flowers cross the table. Presently more eyes nan theirs were drawn in the same ginning life again at my years," she

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EXQUISITE NEGLIGEE, marry when his friends have looked out There is something about a dainty negligee that is quite irresistible to the woman tho loves pretty things, as every refined woman does. Perhaps it is the pleasant but what are you wanting to find out?" nsciousness that she cannot be other han charming in one of the lttle confecs in silk and lace that seem to exhale ndolence and comfort. In the dainty ressing sack here sketched, elegance and stories now?" mplicity are seen in rare combination. The revere collar, rolling away from the broat in V-shaped outline, is especially in any case, what is there to find out? ecoming to the woman who can boast a hapely neck, while the arrangement of ncks attractively disposes of the fullness n front, back and sleeve, a perfect fit beng assured at the shoulder by the little times it seems doubtful now." lder-yoke. Silk was selected for makyards 36 inches wide being need- the little Miss Isobel I used to know-" ed for the medium size. 6973-Seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches, bust

measure.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE are so changed, so unlike the old Iso-

(if child's or misses' pattern).... I had never lived before; but there are groping hands, as if she would ward

AUTION-Be careful to inclose member, like when to use all these difove illustration and send size of pat- ferent forks and things, or else some ern wanted. When the pattern is bust word pops out like that just now, from measure you need only mark 32, 34, or I don't know where, and though you whatever it may be. When in waist laugh, you are thinking: 'The old Isobel asure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may would never have done that.' I feel that be. If a skirt, give waist and length I am disappointing every one. I am I! asure. When misses' or child's How can I turn myself into that old self pattern, write only the figure, repre- again?" and the brilliant eyes looked nting the age. It is not necessary to into his with a mock distress which rite "inches" or "years." Patterns was not wholly whimsical. annot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of you? We don't ask the butterfly to turn masculine bass. "You've certainly proch pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT. LONDON ADVERTISER. than a yes or a no from her once upon

a time, but she's found her tongue now and all her wits, two." Then aloud and nore earnestly, "My dear Miss Isobel, I don't deny it; why should I? You are Management Appeals to Hotel's Patchanged, but if you want to know whether it's for the better or the worse -well, I'm an old fogey, so I may say it—just you get Mr. Basil Conyer's opinion, and he'll not be slow to give t, I'm thinking," with a kindly chuckle.

"My cousin!" with a little hard laugh, 'you forget, it was to 'the old Isobel' that he was engaged—" but at that be continued at the restuarant point to moment Lady Stormont gave the sig- the triumph of the long-established nal and the ladies rose, while good-natured Lord Dalguise gazed in some perplexity from Isobel's retreating figure to Basil's moody face. In the drawing-room Lady Carruth-

ers fastened at once upon her hos-"My dear Marian, what's this hear? Why have you allowed Isobel's with that fine instinct for the raw, as

'What do you mean? Who told you?' exclaimed Lady Stormont.

"Why, the child herself."

you think the world is dumb or the tired in evening dress. One of the girl deaf? Some one was bound to affirmative voters says: "I certainly faspeak to her about it. But why did vor maintaining the rule. You should you allow Basil to draw back unless keep up an all evening dress resyou had some better substitute up taurant. It is one of the most brilso, the sooner you produce him in the Isobel's upset a wineglass standing flesh the better."

"Basil did not draw back," indignantly. He is hotter on it than ever. ed-an exclamation distinctly audible It was my husband's wish. He thought that the engagement ought to be sus- if we would be compelled to maintain pended for a little-that it was not stream flowing over the glistening fair to allow Basil-

"Fair! Fiddle-de-dee-that was his lookout. David was daft even to think of such a thing, and you to give in to him. Can't you see that the one thing to do is to marry the girl!"

"There is plenty of time yet. think we really made rather a mistake Me. at first in letting the engagement go on-she is so very young," said Lady glancing across at Isobel, whose air Stormont with a coldness which might have checked any one but Lady Carfaint, exquisite blush, was in such

"Young! Plenty of girls are married at her age-what is it? Not eighteen yet-well, of course, you should know," with her dry chuckle, "but she certainly looks older," gazing through the double eyeglass, of which she had in reality but little need, at the daughter of the house.

"What-music!" crossly, as a chord or two were struck. "Nothing spoils talk like it, unless, perhaps, Isobel is going to favor us. That might be in "Poor Marian! She had always been teresting.

"Isobel's music has quite gone from her, not that, poor child, she ever had nerve enough to be the unexpected. Why, it's George Dalguise!" as a lusty and also somewhat rusty baritone voice rose. "Well, we all know what sort of a fool is the foolishest," resignedly

Which was precisely the apology which Lord Dalguise had made, but since it was "all among friends," he had allowed himself, not very unwill-Which was precisely the apology merit of the unexpected, though, at had allowed himself, not very unwillpattern pair; or does Lady Stormont ingly, to be persuaded. He had been a man's share of the virtues," glancing after-dinner seances rather than in drawing-rooms, and his audience, Sir David at the far end of the long chiefly country neighbors who had remained after the fete, listened with an air of kindly, if somewhat amused indulgence, as he trolled out the latest music-hall banality. The ditty was as inoffensive as it was utterly silly, but though it had been whistled and hummed and sung everywhere, it was not have shaken him all to bits. He should the kind of song which was usually go for a trip somewhere, and not play heard in the Stormont drawing-room. the mistress of which was old-fashionspeak to Marian about it. It's enough ed enough to regard "the 'alls" and all to set people talking. Ah, yes; they've pertaining to them with extreme disalways been a pattern pair," with a

favor. To Lord Dalguise, however, some license was always allowed. Midway in the second verse he sudhe did it, like a decent man, before he denly floundered. If he had thought married, but you can't arrange for the to substitute a fa-la-la or a rumreaping of that crop with the same tiddy-tum for the missing words, nicety," with her queer inward chuckle. they would have conveyed as much "Not that I ever heard of much. A man meaning, but as he paused, disconcertis usually not in any great hurry to ed with an embarrassed apologetic laugh, a round, fresh young voice sudthe very wife for him,' and he knows denly caught up the air and sang out she'll wait for him. He did keep Marthe rest of the verse and the inevitable refrain with a verve and a rollicking turning suddenly fiercely almost upon

wing which left every one agape. Little Isobel, who would hardly lift her voice to speak, singing like that! The effect was like the sudden splash of a stone into a tranquil pool, breaking up the calm and sending the edsaid Ashe. "Have I said a word, and, dies rushing and hurrying to the banks. There was a murmur of sheer amaze-Nothing save that Sir David was once ment, and every eye was turned on a young man, and I am quite willing to Isobel, still standing in the full lamptake your word for it, though at

"Bravo, Miss Stormont, give us the "You in the nursery!" Lord Dalguise rest. Capital-capital-Tillie Travers ing the sack, lace and silk braid being used was saying meantime, with a great herself couldn't have done it better," g the sack, face and six that being made laugh. He was a jovial elderly man, cried Lord Dalguise, innocently thinkor triming, but the crepon, challis or cash and an old friend. "Now, if it had been ing that he was paying a compliment. "Why Isobel, I never knew you could "Oh, please don't talk about her," sing," came in the same breath from broke in Isobel, "or I shall soon not one and another, while Lady Stormont, know who I am. As it is, I am begin- startled out of all her usual self-con-

ning to wonder. Every one says, 'You trol, exclaimed: "My dear child, where could you bel,' or as that old lady over there have heard that song?" The clear, bright color flew to Iso-Please send the above-mentioned you done with your old self?' as if I had bel's face and then ebbed, leaving her whiter than her roses, drooping in the heat, as she said in a curious muffled voice, as if between sleeping and wak-

> "I heard it everywhere; we used often to sing it at-" Then she stopped dead, a piteous, frightened look leaped to her vacant, dilated eyes as she looked from one wondering face to another. She put her hands to her "But was that ever really like me? head in a bewildered way. She was Surely I was never such an awful softy trembling violently. "What is it-oh, what is it? I don't understand," she anxiously, as Lord Dalguise broke into faltered. "Something seemed to come another laugh. "Oh, it is dreadful; I do to me, and now it is gone again-quite love this beautiful life. I feel as if gone-oh, what is it?" putting out

> > off some impending Presence. "It's that beastly shock you got this afternoon," exclaimed Basil Conyers, shouldering his way to the girl's side and planting himself between her and the ring of curious faces before even her mother could reach her. "It's no wonder you're upset; you shouldn't have been down at all," he continued in that wrathful tone in which a man's agitation so often finds vent.

"Have you many more surprises for us, my dear?" Lady Carruthers' high piercing treble could be drowned by no vided us with a unique drawing room entertainment. Tillie Travers herself, inwardly he was thinking, "Gad, the as George Dalguise says, couldn't have

(To be continued.)

EVENING DRESS RULE

rons for Their Opinion.

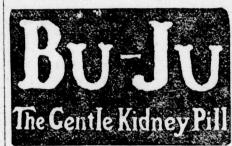
London, Oct. 16 .- The replies so far received to the postcard ballot set out by the Savoy Hotel management for the purpose of deciding whether the compulsory evening dress rule should custom there. Out of five hundred well-known patrons appealed to replies have been received from ninety, all favoring a continuation of the rule. Only one negative reply was received. This voter writes as follows: "Certainly it would be a stupid rule which would prevent people in this democratic century from dressing as they please. engagement to fall through?" she said, People are more important than rules of fashion. It is just such conventional ideas which maintain England's reputation for being a country enslaved

by form." The name of the writer of the above s not divulged, but the card is believed to be from an earl, who, with his wife, was recently unable to dine "Of course I did-come, Marian, do at the Savoy because he was not atyour sleeve? Perhaps you have. If liant sights in London. If the rule is relaxed people will soon appear in tweeds and knickerbockers, or perhaps in red flannel shirts."

The manager of the hotel says: "Of course, the result of the vote looks as the rule. Our patrons are the mos fashionable diners out in London, and the verdict seems to be unanimous."

John Kendrick Bangs, the author has forsaken New York and will hereafter make his home in Boston. He will spend his summers at Ogunquit

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