

THE GIRL IN THE PALMS

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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dared risk the accident of a back yard turn of the funny green hat. Then, when all was quiet, I took a deep breath, gripped hard the arms of the chair, and whirled suddenly around.

"Frances!" I whispered. "My darling!"

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightfoot, an American with an English background, is in the city of New York. He is a man of great energy and initiative. He is in the city of New York. He is a man of great energy and initiative. He is in the city of New York. He is a man of great energy and initiative.

CHAPTER XIV.

"You Never Saw Me in Black?"

"Oh!" she gasped faintly.

"That was all I said at first, but I big blue eyes wide at first, her white-gloved wrist curving above the chair-arms as though to rise. Easy to see she was completely floored at seeing me."

"And as it was her move, I just sat kind of grinning, you know, and holding her tight with my monochrome."

"Then her mouth twitched a bit, and her head went up and I heard again that delicious birdlike carol of a laugh. Her eyes came to rest upon the hat in my hand. I had slipped my Harvard band around it, remembering the admiration she had expressed for our colors."

"Oh!" she said again, and she looked at me hesitatingly. "Mr. Jones, it is not—or is it?"

"I chuckled. "Mr. Smith, you know," I said. "Mr. Smith, of course."

"And then I just went on chuckling for I thought it so devilish clever, her so humorous. And just then I thought of a dashed good repartee:—

"Months—so many months, you know, when I telephoned you, and it delighted the way she puckered her lovely little forehead and looked me over. But she just looked so devilish enticing, I couldn't keep it up myself. I leaned nearer and spoke behind my hat, trying to look the love I felt."

"Didn't expect to see me, did you?" she looked at me oddly and bit her lip. But her eyes were dancing and she did not think the cheek she twitched on the verge of laughter. She shook her head.

"Indeed I did not. And again came that old look in her face as though she were studying, kind of balking, don't you know. By Jove, she was perfectly dazzling."

"My dearest," I slipped softly from me as I held the hat.

She stared. Then once more that canary peep of merriment.

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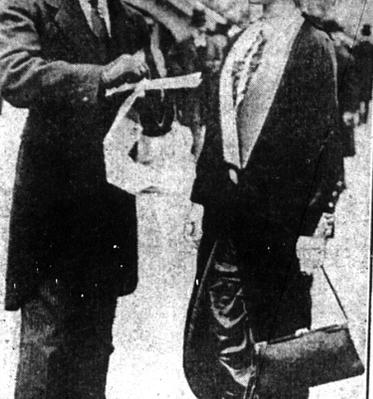
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Surely Extreme of Harem Skirt Is Represented Here

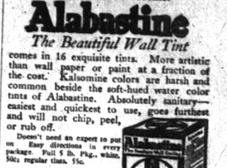


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tells how you can get the very latest effects on your walls.

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DON'T FAIL TO WRITE FOR THE FREE BOOK

Freedom is won through hard obedience to the truth.—William James.

Garfield Tea helps clear a muddy complexion, dispel foul humor and sweeten the temper.

A Question of Time.

"Wouldn't it take some time to let a jungle grow dense enough to serve as a protection for the Panama canal?"

"Yes," replied the experienced statesman, "but it would probably be completed years before we could get an appropriation through congress sufficient for some other arrangement."

Decorations of the Daughters.

The aggregate value of the jewels worn by the Daughters of the American Revolution at a recent reception in Washington is said to have exceeded \$500,000. Estimates of jewels are always liable to large variations, but it may be said that if the fathers of the revolution could at certain periods of their struggle have had \$500,000 worth of ammunition at their disposal they could have shortened the war by two years or more.—Boston Transcript.

The Position for Her.

After speaking at great length on the emancipation of women, a young woman stated a statement:

"Supposing women were admitted to govern the affairs of the commonwealth, what post would you assign to me?"

"The management of an institution for the deaf and dumb."

"Because either they unfortunately would learn to talk or you would learn to keep quiet."

His Veracity.

Jim Slomson of Montgomery county, avers the Kansas City Journal, was called as a witness to impeach the testimony of a man in that county. He was asked if he was acquainted with the reputation of the witness for truth and veracity. Jim said that he guessed maybe he was.

"Is it good or bad?"

"Well," said Jim, "I don't want to do the man an injustice, but I will say that if his neighbors were to see him looking as if he was dead they would want some corroborative evidence before they would be willing to bury him."

Looking to the Inevitable.

Seventy-nine years old, but with no thought of dying for years, a South Boston retired windmill dealer spent his recent birthday in Cleveland, Ohio, looking for a bargain in coffins. He said he never had cared much for such things, but he would care when, dead, so he wanted something that would be durable, not fancy. The undertaker recommended a "good coffin for good coffins" he told a friend, "none of which looked to be worth more than \$50. For \$25 I found it." "I don't suppose I could get a good one-hand one anywhere, do you?" The man did not answer, but he said he would wait awhile and see if the high cost of dying might not be reduced.

When the Appetite Lags

A bowl of

Post Toasties

with cream hits the right spot.

"Toasties" are thin bits of corn, fully cooked, then toasted to a crisp, golden-brown.

This food makes a fine change for spring appetites.

Sold by Grocers, and ready to serve from package instantly with cream and sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Post Road, Postville, Rutland County, Vt.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

But when I telephoned that Mr. Billings had not been at the club since last evening. Some one who answered the phone thought Mr. Billings was with her friend, Mr. Lightfoot, in the Kahoka Apartments. And, of course, I knew jolly well I felt.

As I turned from the telephone, something in Jenkins' expression arrested my attention.

"What?" I said impatiently, for he has so many devilish clever inspirations, you know; and dash it, I like to encourage him.

"Parson, sir, but don't you think—"

"Here he looks straight at me, his eyes electric and coughed. "About Mr. Billings, sir, I was going to suggest that though he isn't over at the club, he's somewhere, eh?"

"Why, dash it, I thought that jolly likely, myself!" I said so.

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins darkly.

"And Mr. Billings usually goes where he is. I guess, sir, he's in this neighborhood—hm?"

I just sat staring at him a minute, thinking what a devilish wonderful thing intuition is for the lower classes.

"By Jove, Jenkins!" I said; "might you think—"

"I think Mr. Billings, sir, might prefer to find himself—hm? Yes, sir, Jenkins fitted the breakfast tray with destination removed. It was in the room and returned, moving about the furniture and busying himself with an air of mystery. Dash it, I knew he had up his sleeves some other devilish clever notion, and so presently I spoke up just to touch him off.

"By Jove!" I remarked.

"Yes, sir," Jenkins retted the end of the thumb brush on the table and considered me earnestly. "You know, Mr. Lightfoot, last night at eight o'clock Mr. Billings was retiring, he says to me, 'Jenkins, Mr. Lightfoot has promised to go up home with me tomorrow for the week end. There's a room waiting for you if he doesn't forget about it. He's to go tomorrow, now, by Jove, Jenkins; and it doesn't matter what comes up. You see that he goes up tomorrow.'"

"By Jove!" I said as he panned, and I threw my monochrome tighter and nodded. "I see."

Of course I didn't see, but I knew the poor fellow was driving at something, and I wanted to get it out of him. "Exactly, sir." And he stood waiting. "So, shall I pack, sir? You'll suppose," I said the fourteen express, I suppose."

"By Jove, it was the most amazing thing I dashed clever guess I was making. Jenkins got off! Fact! I knew that if there was one thing more than another in all the world that I wanted to do, it was to take that fourteen express. To think of seeing Frances again, and today!"

I left Jenkins to travel by a later train, and a little after four I was writing above Spuyten Duyck, looking about the chair-car to see if there was any one I knew. But, by Jove, there was hardly a soul in the chair-car—nobody except the women who know, and these filled the whole place.

"By Jove, she could be spared!" I thought, studying a young woman who stood in the aisle beside me. She rather heavy-set—what you might call egg-shaped. Her face and her heavy brows seemed to proclaim a man in life, and the dowdyish cut of her hair and the reckless way it was curled on made it plain that she was on to the fact that nature had made a blunder in her sex, and she wanted to get out of it as she knew.

She was talking to the lady nearest, distantly behind me. At least, I discovered after five minutes that she was talking. "By Jove, up to that time, I thought she was conversing."

"The other never got in a word, don't you know. And I was getting devilish tired of it and wished she would move on, when she showed preparatory to doing so, and raised her colorless face.

"Very well, then, if you don't care to come, I think I will go forward again and finish the discussion with some Newman upon the metaphysical purposes of the primordial plasma. Watch out for Tarry-wo—ah!"

"Tarry-wo—ah!" By Jove my heart added a beat!

And then the train left. I watched her speedily down the aisle and saw through the little corridor before I

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TAFETTA FRILL, MOST USEFUL

Just the Right Thing to Supplement Hem of a Marquisette or Clifton Frock.

It is on the hem of a marquisette or Clifton frock that the brunt of the wear comes by middle age. After forty a taffeta frill at this point, and the skirt can trail without disturbing the character of the dress. A lovely taffeta frill, pulled out in soft tulle, and tulle gown is so combined, and countenance the scanty frill shirred over cords at the hem there are two cords in the chiton a little above the knee and about two inches apart. These pull in but do not hobble the shirred over, which is again shirred over in a heavy cord at the waistline. The frock, of course, is a one-piece affair. The surplus waist closes with two goring buttons and finishes in a narrow rolling collar of tulle. Over the taffeta collar is a second collar of filmy handkerchief linen adorned with finest Madeira handwork, which takes the shape of a monk's cowl at the back. The taffeta again appears in a quaintly twisted bow and again in the shape of a monk's cowl at the waist line.

New York and Its Millinery.

Whatever may be said about the dresses, which are for the most part very freakish and unbecoming, there is little or no adverse criticism about the hats, which are really lovely and of great diversity of shapes and color. The demand at present is for the closing hat, the turbant and the turban, rather flat hats will be for midsummer wear. Many of these are made with primrose, white, and lace, and are very soft and dainty, although they have not the stiffness characteristic of the lingerie beehive hat.

—Millinery Trade Review.

Silver Wedding.

A novel cake for a silver wedding reception has been devised by a white noise party, with the monogram of the bride and bridegroom in raised silver letters, and in one corner the date of the wedding and in the other 1912.

Instead of having the conventional fruit cake wrapped in its frills of paper, this is a small cake which has been made of cookie batter, and tied to it by a silver cord and white oar in a pleasing composition. This symbolizes the union of a heart and hand during a quarter of a century.

Graduated Plaiting.

The introduction of graduated plaiting removes the last hope that the skimping hem which confiningly made of cookie batter, and tied to it by a silver cord and white oar in a pleasing composition. This symbolizes the union of a heart and hand during a quarter of a century.

Smart Idea.

A smart idea for the trimming of tailor-made dresses is to make for the binding of a collar and sleeve worn for the waistcoat. The gloves worn with such a dress should be made of material known as a self-cleaning material, which can be bought for about 30 cents a yard and can be made to look smarter than the average colored dress. Those venturing upon costumes of this nature, however, to make assurance doubly sure, should see that the material has been well shaken before it is made up.

For Lingerie Frocks.

Girdles of satin in soft folds are one of the most beautiful lingerie frocks, especially those of velvet without lace insets. On the lace trim, most dress chiffon or tulle is more used for belts, and those are matched by bows at the neck. These accessories are in a contrasting line, black taking first place, while pale blue and emerald blue give special place. Except for the girdles and bows the frocks are entirely white.



Her Face Softened Kindly.

I jumped up at once and moved into the aisle.

"I'm so sorry," I said miserably, "so sorry, dear, I hurt you. I didn't mean ever to speak of the pajamas. I knew you wanted to forget about the old night, and I knew you wanted me to forget, too."

"Oh, please—"

She shook her head, her beautiful eyes like those of a frightened deer. But it was the last car and I blocked the aisle. I didn't realize at the time that she was doing it. It came to me afterward, and was one of the things I kicked myself

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FLOWER TOUQUE

Very different from the severe cardinal hat of untrimmed, shiny material is this adorable flower touque which would be becoming to any face but overtaken by middle age. After forty the flower touque is a trying test to the complexion. The new touques of this character fit the head closely and the hair is pulled out in soft tulle, and tulle gown is so combined, and countenance the scanty frill shirred over cords at the hem there are two cords in the chiton a little above the knee and about two inches apart. These pull in but do not hobble the shirred over, which is again shirred over in a heavy cord at the waistline. The frock, of course, is a one-piece affair. The surplus waist closes with two goring buttons and finishes in a narrow rolling collar of tulle. Over the taffeta collar is a second collar of filmy handkerchief linen adorned with finest Madeira handwork, which takes the shape of a monk's cowl at the back. The taffeta again appears in a quaintly twisted bow and again in the shape of a monk's cowl at the waist line.

Auto Hammock.

What to do with numerous small packages in an automobile after the pockets are full, can be solved by hanging a child's doll hammock to the top, over one's head. This is especially handy for a long trip when space is at a premium, as there is always room for just one more thing in the hammock. This device is all the more appreciated because it is in no one's way.

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Smartness of Whites.

The woman of limited income would not be tempted by colored lines in frocks. They are not a wise investment when your main necessity is in a long time.

Her Face Softened Kindly.

"Oh, dear!" Then her face sobered and she almost pouted. "Now, you mustn't promise, really—it gets so tiresome. Don't you American, or rather, you Harvard men, ever talk anything to a girl but love? Why, it's absurd!" she smiled, but her lashes dropped and, by Jove, I was taken back to my feet. Evidently she was piqued with the devil's wiles.

"And just then I remembered another clever idea of Pugley's—what she said was a corking good way of diverting their minds."

"I say, you know," I said suddenly—and though I threw a whole lot of enthusiasm into my face in carrying out his idea, I didn't have to try very hard—I think that's a ripping good thing. It is ever so much more your style than—hm—"

By Jove, I swallowed just in time! He had swallowed her. I could see her brighten.

"Oh!" she said. "Let me see—what if you remember?" And she—what of it?"

"Perhaps I can tell from your thought."

She paused expectantly.

"Oh, I say, you know," I said, and I twisted the hat, feeling a bit rattled. "Why the deuce did she want to see that?"

"But I want you to tell me," she said, and I was taken back to my feet. Evidently she was piqued with the devil's wiles.

about for hours, more or less. Just at the moment I was so dashed wild about setting myself right with her. The only other thing I had presence of mind to remember was the nearness about a lot of beauty-eyed girls, and so I drew near and lowered my voice so none could hear.

Facing a Serious Problem

English Housewives Seem To Be Called Upon to Choose Between It and Parfait.

Now, the crux of the situation is this: Which of the maid's to go? Must the nee-handed parlor maid take her departure? If so, the lady of the house must be ready to start her own house, for she will have to do so as her sister from the colonies usually does—make it herself. Women from the colonies, by the way, are apt to be amused at the comfortable assistance led by the home people. English gentlemen who have settled in Canada are often compelled to get up of a morning to coal the basement fire for heating the home. Think of the gentleman of the upper middle classes at home getting up to a morning at the staid kitchen fire! It is not to be thought of the suggestion is an impossible one. Then a glance over the drawing room, with its polished floor, its rug, its ornaments, its coal fire, for the moment, the middle-aged housewife goes out to see the door of the room, and med-

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Somewhat Out of Date.

Have you seen anything of the old fashioned man whose vocabulary of frocks consisted of "by cracky" in a long time.