

...of the...  
**THE BILLS**  
by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALKERS  
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I Swung Aboard.

Fashion Innovation is Here  
in the Directoire Parasol



The handle of the parasol suggests the canes carried by the men. The style evidently was originated to carry out this idea. Fundamentally, though it is of the Directoire period, the parasol is of white silk with rided like a cane.

**Dainty Dress**

different is affection! The simple minded are always natural; they are at the same time original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they never had it, they have lost it, and will never find it again. He himself, by himself, he would be anybody else is worse than fifty. It is impossible to attain it. A genuine original is worth more than a counterfeit dollar, and the smallest person who is real, is worth more than the biggest fraud in existence. Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real.

**NOTE IN COLOR HARMONIES**

Modelers Have Achieved Really Excellent Effects With the Materials This Season.

The subtlety of the color harmonies of fabrics, combined with multi-colored embroideries of the evening gown, are the sensational this season. Take, for instance, two shades of soft gray chiffon marquisette. It is wonderful what effect can be created by the graceful draping. Then a emerald green tulle over jeweled emerald satin, which was shown at a recent exhibition, had a suggestion of Titian's gossamer draperies. Another gown suggestive of mystery and the East was in sapphire blue tulle, opening over a panel of embroidered Paris violet silk.

A real white satin and diamond evening gown, with narrow lace trimmings, which had a black note in the velvet bow at the waist and tail feather dressings, was very striking.

**Cultivate Neatness.**

Tidiness is one of the most attractive of feminine qualities. It is also one of the rarest. Early and persistent habit the girl into womanhood, with "bump of neatness" well developed. Unless inherently fastidious during school days, she is likely to drift into careless habits which she never outgrows.

Her feet may have a trick of leaving shoes about her care for the neatness was permitted to do this, and as she grew older the untidy custom and was abandoned. For the simple reason anything unusual about it, and probably nobody else took the trouble to get it, as it is a habit which is not leaving a bunch of combings in the comb or on the dressing table. Can't it be made into a woman's part? necessary in these summer months, if she would be thought really tidy.

There is nothing girl's eyes. There is nothing girl's eyes. There is nothing girl's eyes.

**WOMEN SHOULD BE PROTECTED**

Against So Many Surgical Operations. How Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Moore Escaped.

Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so tired I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and I was ready to die." Mrs. Moore, who is now 60, was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have any one moving in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me and I thought I would have an operation. I would not listen to that when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife. I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like a new woman. I can do my own housework, wash, iron, and milk a cow. I can visit with my friends, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—Mrs. Emma Brunner, Sikeston, Mo.

Murrayville, Ill.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a very bad case of female trouble and it made me feel like a new woman. My health was all broken down, the doctors said I must have an operation, and I was ready to die." Mrs. Moore, who is now 60, was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have any one moving in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me and I thought I would have an operation. I would not listen to that when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife. I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like a new woman. I can do my own housework, wash, iron, and milk a cow. I can visit with my friends, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."—Mrs. Emma Brunner, Sikeston, Mo.

**DAINTEST OF TABLE LINEN**

Most Elaborate and Expensive is That in Use in Parisian Establishments.

Table linen in Paris today is of the most elaborate and expensive description. The cloths are made almost entirely of lace composed of squares with insertions of finest embroidery, and serviettes and napkins must also match the cloths. Another expensive habit is to have all the crystals and colored Bohemian cut glass to match the hue of the hostess' afternoon toilet.

At a recent reception given by a society leader harmony of color was very successfully carried out. Plates, glasses and decanters were of pink, and the table of the house wore a gown of rose-colored mousseline de soie. The color scheme was also preserved in the flowers on the table, and long-stemmed pink roses were everywhere about the room.

A wealthy host the other day, according to the *Cri de Paris*, prepared a surprise for his guests by an elaborate table setting.

**SYNOPSIS.**

Richard Lightnin, an American with an assumed English name, was a guest at a party in Paris. Lightnin, who is a man of means, and a very handsome man, is the subject of the story. Lightnin, who is a man of means, and a very handsome man, is the subject of the story. Lightnin, who is a man of means, and a very handsome man, is the subject of the story. Lightnin, who is a man of means, and a very handsome man, is the subject of the story.

**CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)**

"Lightnin" he called. "I just started up at the castle on the hill. I feel devilish annoyed, though. I recalled a conversation the other day at the city in which Van Dyne said that the intimacy affected you by chauffeurs was growing insufferable. Doctor! This man had asked him to take a light that morning." The fellow stared a little; then he came toward me, smirking in a jocular, impudent way. "Say, stop your kidding, old man," he muttered; "girls have no sense of humor, you know. Come along—I've just been telling them you are my best friend."

I stole another look at the car, but Frances avoided me, so I came to a decision. I turned shortly on the driver. "See here now, my good fellow," I said sharply. "You stop subjecting those ladies to annoyance. Drive on, or I'll report you to my friends."

He stared—seemed to be trying to stare me out of countenance, in fact. "Why, Dicky!" he said. "I answered with decision. I felt my face getting red with vexation. "And what's more, my name is not 'Dicky.'"

He had slowly swept his chin and he whistled.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he whistled toward the car.

"On me, this time, I guess! You're right!"

Then his face clouded and he moved down upon me.

"Here, you get along now about your business, whoever you are! I heard waved as though sweeping me away. "I've a mind to tell you how for anything that young lady."

He looked toward me and Frances and I could see he was knowing. But I thought she looked a little flushed. As for the frump, she suddenly opened the door, stepped down and then up again, but this time behind the steering wheel.

"If you don't come on, I'm going," she said quietly.

"Just a minute," he said, screwing back at her. He faced me.

"Look here, if I hit you once," he leveled his finger at me, "I'll have to pick you up with a sponge, that's all!"

But, except for fixing my eyes for a better study of Frances, I never moved. Didn't occur to me as necessary, you know, until she should drive off just slowly leaning on my cane and with feet crossed, you know, in the way I had long ago found was the least exhausting, if one has to stand at all. But by Jove, that man had a right in my face now, almost devilish annoying!

"Did you hear me, you class-walkin' foot?" he barked in my face, "my master!" By George, I'll mean you!"

And he looked at Frances again and laughed. Just as she was looking away again, she said I'd have to put on those or else buy some other.

"And I had just got into the door and stuffed the rubies and pearls and feet crossed, you know, in the way I had long ago found was the least exhausting, if one has to stand at all. But by Jove, that man had a right in my face now, almost devilish annoying!"

**CHAPTER XVII.**

An inscription and a mystery. Billings rubbed his chin perplexedly. "By Jigger, now, I wonder what those ten tracks mean," he uttered musingly. Then he looked up at me with sudden animation in his face. "Look here, Dicky," he exclaimed, "do you happen to know Doobeen?"

I tried to remember. I shut one eye and studied the marks closely through my glass, but had to shake my head at last.

"Why, man, he's a member of all the great societies of the world. Got a string of letters after his name like a universal keyboard, and is the main-squeeze, the great scream, among all the scientific push over here and in Europe."

"And in this building?" I said quickly.

"Awfully large being," said Billings, elevating his hands some two feet apart, "pear-shaped affair—big end of fruit, porcupine ovals, and a tail."

"Oh, I know," I said, nodding eagerly. "And a little, shriveled—well, kind of a sort of sort of face, eyes beak-like and jolly small. I've got him now. I've gone down with him in the elevator."

**CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)**

"By the way, old chap," puffed Billings, his nose and good humor blooming under the spell of a cigar, "I was sorry to return the palamas torn and dusty and wrinkled as they were. But you see, on account of the rubies, I was lousy about having them pressed, or fused over. So I wrapped and sealed them myself, just as one does a jewel package. Got them, did you?"

I stared at Billings through my glass.

"Didn't you get them?" he questioned in alarm.

"Yes, yes—it's all right, old chap," I said hastily and as pleasantly as I could. "Eugene delivered the box to Jenkins, and I opened it myself, thought it was 'im—thought it was something else." But I proceeded soothingly. "But you're just a little mistaken about the dust and wrinkles. That—that'll do, about that old man!" he choked at last. "Not—another word about him!"

"That's what I'm saying," said Billings, "but you know, when I got them there, they were all right. He restored it, you know, with his hands and gloomed at the red sweep."

I caught a few sentences of his mammothing.

"By George, I'm half a mind to think there's something in the palamas," he muttered—"something ungodly and disagreeable—something they're alive with!"

"I sprang up and back, overturning my chair, and I exclaimed, "Good heavens! Oh, I say!" I exclaimed in consternation, as I fixed my glass on the fabric. "It's your feet! There's something inside there, and suddenly I made a discovery; and I forgot about keeping still."

"By Jove, Billings!" I exclaimed excitedly. "Here's something inside the collar—some sort of jelly writing!"

"What's that?" said Billings sharply. "I don't understand it. He said, 'Oh, I say,'" I said, "and he held it up to the light. The circle within the collar band ran four or five darker red lines of queer Chinese characters, you idiot."

**Added Pleasure to Visit**

New Yorker's Trip to Atlantic City Remunerative Both as to His Health and Pocket.

A retired merchant who was well known in the Jobbing branch in New York fifteen years ago recently wrote some time at Atlantic City, where he took his wife for rest and change of scene, and where he had the lightest pleasant experience. "It was a pleasure to get out of the city, and to be in a business way many years ago. We and our wife, walked and 'roller skated' together, and they seemed to enjoy our company as much as we did their. On the day before we came away Mr. Blank called me into the billiard room, handed me a envelope addressed to me at my New York home, and said: 'I intended to bring you this when our visit here was over and were we went back to our homes out west.' The envelope contained a check for a balance which the man owed when his business collapsed in 1894, with interest to date."

"So glad I met you," he said. "I saved the carriage to your house." The New York man added that the debt he had owed me for many years ago, "profit and loss" in his old books.

"This is all so sudden," Mr. Sampson," she said, with maidenly reserve, "and so unexpected, that I colored. You are not, entirely indifferent to me, I hardly know what to say in reply to you."

"I am in favor of the proposition," suggested Mr. Sampson, who, like Dick Swivel, is a perpetual rag master. "You will please say 'Yes' to me, and 'No' to the world."

"Ay," came softly.

"No!" thundered the old man, opening the door.

"The noon," however it by a large majority," said Mr. Sampson, reaching hastily for his hat.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

Billing's Symptoms Alarm Me.

Billings had a very interesting conversation with me, and I was sure that I'd had but not going into the prisoners' cells again if I knew what was good for me!"

**CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued.)**

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