

THE FIVE RIVERS ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAUREN STOUT



THE last and the most fascinating word that the goddess of fashion has uttered in this whisper of crepe and chiffon in which she tells her dream of the best of the things for midsummer. One may follow the gown pictured here and be sure that it will outlast the summer, and it will tell the world and winter will see its day of greatest triumph.



COIFFURE caps are almost a necessity for those light-footed young women who dance the airy and other rather acrobatic steps of the modern dances. It is possible to keep the hair confined during the buoyant steps and frolicsome springing about in which the new dances abound. These little caps have proved the best solution to the difficulty of keeping the hair neat looking at the dancing party.

SYNOPSIS

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which was the property founded and which was the property founded and which was the property founded...

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"You are cold," he said. "Isn't that gown too thin for this night? You are cold. No, I often walk here till quite late. Listen!"

THOUGHT ONLY OF ARTHUR

Grapher Clark Amos told Nothing When Sweet Innocence Was Sending a Message.

Old English Custom Kept Up

An ancient custom of the Clingco at Brightness, Essex, England, when Mr. Douglas Stone was re-elected mayor, with old-world ceremony.

DULL BRAIN LIKE DULL TOOL

Successful Merchant Tells How He Develops Brightness Among Those Who Work for Him.

CHAPTER XIX

A quicker breeze was stirring as John Valiant went back along the Red Road. He had waited in the garden at Rosewood till Shirley, aided by...

CHAPTER XX

"I've always loved it," he said. "I've been reading some late—a little old-fashioned book I found at Damory Court. It's 'Lucie.' Do you know it?"

SHIRLEY, WHO HAD AGAIN SEATED HERSELF, SUDDENLY LAUGHED AND POINTED TO THE BOOK.

In the doorway behind them, John Valiant sprang to his feet. "Ah, Shirley, you know it! I heard it was 'Lucie.' Is that you, Chilly?"

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Shirley, who had again seated herself, suddenly laughed and pointed to the book which lay between them. "Imagine what we are doing, dear! We were reading 'Lucie' together."

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CHAPTER XXI

As she leaned out of the stillness there came to her ear a mellow sound. It was the bell of the courthouse in the village. She counted the strokes falling clearly or faintly as the slight breeze ebbed or swelled. It was eleven.

CHAPTER XXII

There were new dentures, also. These had arrived in a dozen zinc tanks and willow hampers, to the amazement of a sleepy express clerk at the railroad station.

CHAPTER XXIII

"Why, what else should it be?" said he. "You would expect to find a really have the arbor thinned out. On heavy nights it's positively overpowering."

CHAPTER XXIV

Shirley slipped on a pink shell-shaded dressing gown. Her hair was a riot of azeas scattered in the wind, and then, dragging her chair before the open window, drew aside the light curtain and began to brush her hair.

CHAPTER XXV

Long ago her visitor would have reached Damory Court. She had a vision of him wandering, candle in hand, through the woods, looking at the portraits on the walls, thinking perhaps of his father, of the fatal fall of which he had never known.

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