

The Slater-Ashley Affair

By RAY LEWIS

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

George Vanderpyle gazed from the balcony down upon the animated scene below, where many couples moved in rhythm with the seductive cadences of the palm-embowered orchestra. He had wandered into the chapter house in search of an old classmate and had paused for a moment to look on.

Suddenly, "Who is that wonderful woman?" he exclaimed, grabbing the arm of the young fellow nearest him and pointing out a slim figure away in the dance on the floor beneath.

"Who d'ye mean?" Billy Walters leaned farther over the balcony. "Oh, that! Why, that's Miss Slater, librarian of the Mary Webster Memorial—has been here several years."

The man who had addressed him made no comment, but merely continued to wait for the reappearance of the slender, silk-draped figure in the round of the waltz. George Vanderpyle had seen many women in his forty-odd years of life, but never, so he told himself, had he seen as beautiful, as graceful, as attractive a one. And to think of her being incarcerated in the Mary Webster Memorial! Where were the men, to permit such a thing?

Vanderpyle, back for his twentieth reunion, had dutifully done what was expected of him as a wealthy alumnus, and made the rounds of the various university buildings. He recalled the Mary Webster Memorial, erected since his time, as an architecturally perfect, severely classic building of cold stucco, with a dim, vaultlike interior—admirably adapted, no doubt, for the preservation of fragile first editions and rare manuscripts, but hardly a suitable environment for the winsome, glowing bit of flesh and blood he had just seen. He did not remember having seen her there. No doubt she had an assistant.

Suddenly, the man smiled, whimsically. All his life a mere desire on his part to see a thing accomplished had predicated its accomplishment. And although thus far the field of matchmaking was for him virgin soil, that fact might make a venture there all the more interesting.

Surely out of all his vast acquaintance he could pick some well-favored bachelor sufficiently cultured and worthy to rescue the beautiful librarian from the clutches of the Mary Webster Memorial and place her in the environment to which her loveliness and charm entitled her.

But first he would like to meet her—to make sure that she fulfilled upon acquaintance the promise of her face.

"Who'll introduce me to her?" he asked young Walters, much to the latter's amusement. These old fellows coming back were dandy chaps and all that, and demanded loyalty as fraternity brothers, but it was odd to think of them being interested in the female sex! He considered a moment, reflectively.

Then, "Why, let me see," he said decisively. "You might ask Jack Ashley—he knows everybody."

Jack Ashley! The boy had hit it. Jack Ashley not only knew everybody but everybody knew Jack Ashley, knew of him as one of the finest products, mental and physical, ever turned out by the university. Vanderpyle knew a little of his history since graduation. He had hunted big game in Africa, had served with the Canadian troops, had become an American ace, and was now being spoken of for an important diplomatic post. And there was the very man he was looking for! What a pair they would make!

He found Ashley at the Union, swapping cigars and stories with other members of his class, which was about ten years later than that of Vanderpyle. Like the canny financier he was, the latter approached his object obliquely. For he was becoming as enthusiastic over the match as was his custom in closing a business deal involving millions.

Settling himself in a deep-cushioned chair, he joined in the conversation. Not till his close did he direct his attention particularly to Ashley. Then, "I'm interested," he began, "in the Bereton Americana. Come over with me in the morning to the Mary Webster Memorial and tell me what you think of the collection."

Ashley amiably agreed, and the conversation drifted to other channels. Vanderpyle, regarding the man opposite, wondered how he had escaped the matrimonial net. Surely it could not have been through neglect on the part of the women! Perhaps he was awaiting an ideal, so perfect that he had never found her.

At the thought, Vanderpyle nearly chuckled aloud. She had been found for him!

Next morning the two men met at the small library which was sedately situated on a side street beyond the campus, apart from the ways trodden by the commencement week crowds, and presently Vanderpyle found himself shaking the slim fingers of Anne Slater and looking into her dark eyes. She was even more charming than he had hoped, with a simple directness of glance, low contralto voice, and fine eyes which looked first at him, inquiringly, and then, almost with startling surprise, at Ashley. Yes, apparently Ashley had known her all right, for they had called each other immediately by name. That young Walters chap had been a wise one.

Content to let whatever slight acquaintance the two may have had develop, he sauntered away, ostentatiously displaying deep interest in the glass cases displaying yellow-leaved books with ragged margins. To his surprise, he ultimately did become absorbed in an odd collection, and an hour slipped by unnoticed.

When he looked up from the last pamphlet, he noticed that he was still alone. Good for Ashley, by George! Knew enough to recognize his opportunity!

He found them still standing by the desk where he had left them, and enveloped in Ashley's hand was Anne's. Vanderpyle's entrance startled them into separation, although he had not uttered the exclamation of surprise on his lips. Jack Ashley showed speed, he was thinking.

On the way from the library he heard the story. Jack and Anne had been engaged in their college days and had become separated through a misunderstanding. Circumstances had combined to keep them apart, the war for Jack, years spent traveling with an invalid aunt for Anne. Jack had returned to his reunion, unaware of her proximity. Also between the two of them had not quite died out the bitterness of the trivial yet, to them, important quarrel.

"And I certainly owe it to you!" declared Jack soberly. "It's all due to your interest in the Bereton Americana! We are going to waste no more time, but be married immediately. I'm telephoning this noon for berths on the Celtic, which sails next week."

Vanderpyle accepted Ashley's gratitude meekly. After all, his intentions, although somewhat anticipated, had been to achieve the same result.

So Anne and Jack were married—as George Vanderpyle had planned. But about two things, he had always wondered. First, just how much had Billy Walters with an undergraduate's penchant for romance heard of the affair between the fair librarian and the football hero?

Secondly—this after seeing Anne laughing and chatting with the duke of Norcourt at the London horse show, a small Jack Ashley in the offing, a miniature Anne at her side—just why had he been so generous to Jack Ashley?

Instinct of the Groundhog.

Questions about the groundhog as a weather prognosticator arise with each recurring February 2. The marmot family, to which the groundhog belongs, lies dormant in winter, hibernating much like the bear and the bat. At the approach of cold weather in the fall they curl up asleep at the bottom of their deep burrows. About the time of the usual midwinter thaw the groundhog comes out. By a peculiar instinct he is able to foretell the weather several weeks ahead. When his sagacity tells him that an early break-up is at hand he stays out. When a storm period threatens he pops into his hole again and goes to sleep, not reappearing for weeks.

Knights Wore Feather Ornaments.

It is pretty certain that the custom of the knights and cavaliers of wearing feathers did not come from the Indians. In the Fourteenth century, in the reign of Edward II, it is set down that the knights wore on their shoulders feather ornaments called "alilettes" or little wings.

All the men of that generation and those that immediately succeeded it wore plumes of ostrich feathers. These feather ornaments were worn in the left side that the right or sword arm should be free from hindrance. Peacock feathers were considered harbingers of bad luck. One chronicler writes that the men wore "feathers of preposterous size."

Dire Punishment for Sin.

In his work, "Voyages in the Interior of America," Alexander Mackenzie, the famous fur-trader and explorer, who crossed the continent to what is now the coast of British Columbia, tells of a tradition common among the Indians of a tribe called the "Chippouans." At death they said that the soul was placed in a stone ferryboat, till judgment had been passed on it. If the judgment was adverse, the boat sank in the stream, leaving the victim chin deep in the water, where he suffered endless thirst, and made fruitless attempts to escape to the islands of the Blessed.

NEW SPRING MILLINERY

Fabric Foundation Is Feature of Seasonable Headgear.

Etamine, Loose Mesh Cotton Material, Resembling Batavia Cloth, Is One of the Latest.

The new millinery which has already made its appearance this spring has usually some sort of a fabric foundation such as satin, taffeta, faille or crepe de chine, this latter material being in the lead. Another fabric which is new to the season is a loose mesh cotton called etamine, somewhat resembling batavia cloth.

The mesh is so open that ribbons are often run through it, giving the effect of embroidery. Colored fabrics from Japan are also used. In fact, there is quite a vogue for things oriental, and Japanese embroideries are seen on many a smart shape. Sport hats which are trimmed in this manner are generally accompanied by a scarf and handbag to match.

Small shapes are the general favorites, with a strong tendency toward the Moroccan turban effect. This is a draped affair with a trimming which droops at the side. This drooping effect is to be an important one this season. Sometimes it is obtained by means of a ribbon bow with long ends which hang from the side, extending to or below the shoulder. Then again flowers or feathers, often placed beneath the brim, carry out this idea.

It is declared that if the director mode prevails in suits and frocks that this summer will see the high square crown of that period used on many of

LITTLE GIRL'S SILK FROCK



This modest and attractive silk frock, with a broad sash of ribbon was exhibited at the silk show held recently in New York.

WIDE RANGE OF SPORT TOGS

Name Applies to General, Practical Clothes—Smart Apparel That Adds to Milady's Charm.

The word sport as now applied to clothes covers a wide range of apparel. No longer can this term be taken to describe those clothes to be worn on golf links and for other outdoor recreations. Sport clothes are general, practical clothes—the smart, serviceable clothes that make a girl or a woman look spick and span, trim and businesslike.

This type of tailored and semi-tailored apparel is admirably suited to the American woman and her activities, and it is unquestionably this quality of appropriateness that has, more than anything else, helped to establish sport clothes in this broad and general way.

Our everyday tailored suit and the topcoat that proves such an ideal addition to this outfit when emergency demands are sport clothes in their well-tailored, well-cut development, in the simplicity of their designs and the excellence of the material of which they are made.

So, too, the word sport applies truthfully to the tailored and semi-tailored blouses and shirts of mannish wash silk that many business and college girls affect and to the more decorative and more feminine smocks and overblouses, for is not serviceability, quite as much as style, a dominant note of these well-established garments?

For sport clothes may be as plain and practical as will suit the most conservative, yet be endowed with the charm of color and the allurements of semi-concealment.

Embroidered in Gold.

A low-necked ball gown of black broadcloth is embroidered in gold.

Necks Low in the Back.

Necks are being cut a little low in the back.



Blue Straw, Flower Trimmed.

the summer hats. Soft, drooping brims also characterize this mode and are, as a rule, becoming to many different types.

As to colors, they are gay indeed; vivid greens, bright reds, pimento, tomato and tangerine, blues, and many tones of tan and brown. At the same time black hats are featured, chiefly of tulle, lace, hemp and horsehair.

All sorts of flower and fruit, and even vegetable trimmings, are to be found; grapes, currants and cherries being the most popular fruits. Solid flower turbans are shown, while chintilly lace and cellophane are employed to fashion toques for dinner and evening wear.

Feathers are also used this spring, and as a rule droop instead of standing upright.

Behold the Dashing Sash!

Latest Embellishment for Milady's Gown About Three Yards, When Bought Ready Made.

Enter the sash! It has made its bow, and from the immense applause at its entrance, it promises to be on the boards for some time. By this is meant, not the sash which is of self-material and finishes off a great many of those new low-boused frocks, but its more brilliant cousin, the separate sash, that is bought or made separately, to be treated as a pet accessory for wearing with several costumes, or as several sashes for one costume.

It is long, about three yards, when bought ready made, and goes about the waist only once, tying to one side and dropping to the edge of the skirt, if not below it. Deep-knotted fringe weights it and composes at least twelve inches of its length at each end.

And what makes the new sashes? All those lovely new ribbons you have

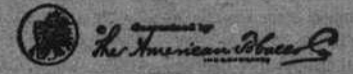
been eyeing from a distance and wishing you could invent an excuse for wearing. There are beautiful Roman-striped ones, the fringe on the ends repeating the colors of the stripes or accentuating one color. These are to be worn with navy tricotine and serge frocks, under the very short jackets that are coming into vogue for topping off the chemise dress, and with separate skirts that are not too gay in themselves. Wonderful new apricot, jade and bronze satin ribbons are weighted with matching fringe for use on canton crepe and crepe de chine, as well as georgette dresses of sombre hue, or with the cotton frocks and separate skirts for summer. It will be the vogue to top the sport silk skirt of white, ivory or neutral gray with one of these flaming sashes.

Use of Laces.

Laces are used extensively, but rather as a decorative feature, instead of the substance of the gown.



LUCKY STRIKE
cigarette. Flavor is sealed in by toasting



To abort a cold and prevent complications take



The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nausealess, safe and sure. Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

No Room for the Incompetent. Much of the work done in this world has to be undone. Incompetency is the greatest drawback to progress. Incompetents are the most costly members of society, and always will be. That's why there is always a premium on brains and skill, which combine to produce efficiency.—Exchange.

WOMEN USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies—Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Cards.—Adv.

Much Worse.

"You'll have to work hard if you want to win Miss Bond, the heiress." "Yes, and I'll have to work a damned sight harder if I don't."

Don't Go From Bad to Worse!

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache, lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected brings danger of serious troubles—dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case



Mrs. S. A. Bethel, 221 King St., Charlottesville, Va., says: "I had terrible pains over my kidneys when I lifted anything. I had pains in my back and often got so dizzy I would have to catch hold of something to keep from falling, and it seemed the headaches would never let up. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me of all kidney trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Clear Baby's Skin
With Cuticura
Soap and Talcum

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.