

WORK OF CYCLONE

Acts as Matchmaker and Reunites Lovers After Many Years of Misunderstanding.

By JOHN ALWAYNE.

"Why don't you an' the Widow Wilson git hitched?" his cronies would ask of William Yoakum at the village store. And Yoakum, with a sudden flash of anger in his blue eyes, would answer:

"I don't go courtin' no women. When they want me let 'em send for me."

All of which would duly find its way to the Widow Wilson's ears through the wives of the various auditors of Yoakum's ultimatum. Nevertheless it did seem strange that two old friends should live in chilly isolation upon neighboring ranches. True the ranches were quarter sections, and at least half a mile lay between the two houses. But they were the nearest neighbors of one another, and they had known each other since childhood. Yoakum was a man of fifty, and the widow might have been forty-five—though she did not look anywhere near it.

There were few residents of the little Kansas settlement who remembered the time when it had been a frontier outpost. But everybody knew that old man Farley and old man Yoakum had migrated together and fought Indians together. The children had grown up together and everybody had expected them to get married. Then Wilson had come along and snatched Adeline Farley out of Yoakum's hand—almost literally, for the bans had been announced when the startling news came from Kansas City that the pair were man and wife. Old Farley forgave his daughter and took her home when Wilson deserted his young bride; but Yoakum never got over it. He went to California and was not heard of for five and twenty years. Then he drifted back to take up land in the town of his birth, to find all his old friends scattered or dead, and Adeline Wilson, a widow, farming her father's land.

Yoakum had never married. Gossips averred that he and the widow would soon come together, even



"It All Seems Like a Dream."

though a bitter enmity seemed to rage between them. But Yoakum was proud as well as shy. Thus, when he was twitted, he returned the answer given above.

"I should think, Adeline, that a comparatively young woman like you would think of marrying again," her friends would say, thinking of her neighbor.

"If it's Will Yoakum you're thinking of," Mrs. Wilson answered, "you're all dead wrong. When a man wants to come courtin' me, let him come and ask me. I don't go out of the way to invite any man into my home."

"I'll never enter her home until she asks me," was Yoakum's answer, and the two stood pat. Inwardly both regretted the position they had taken. Each had secret romantic remembrances of that period when they were sweethearts, but the widow's will was as inflexible as his.

They were not enemies; when they met they would bow and sometimes speak, but their spoken words acted as a barrier between them. Thus matters ran along for a year after Yoakum's return.

March came, snowy and blustering. The winds were incessant. Yoakum was harnessing his horse for the first blowing day when he felt a violent blow on the back of the head. He turned to defend himself, but everything swam before his eyes, and, with the sense of being carried away on a swift river, he lapsed into unconsciousness.

He opened his eyes ages later, as it seemed, and the first thing they lit upon was the Widow Wilson.

He was lying in bed in a darkened room, and she sat by his side. Her eyes were red from crying. Yoakum endeavored to sit up.

"Hush!" she said, gently pressing him backward. "You have been very ill. You must lie still."

The widow, in his house! Yoakum had often pictured the possibility of such an occurrence, but now, to his surprise, his sensation was one of shame. He looked at her as well as he could in the obscurity of the room

Except that she was more matronly and that threads of gray showed at her temples, she might have been the same Adeline Farley, and he might have parted from her a few minutes before.

"Adeline," he said timidly, "it all seems like a dream to me."

Adeline was silent, but he could see that she, too, was moved.

"It seems as though we hadn't been parted these five and twenty years, Adeline," he resumed. "Do you remember when we went down to the stream that night I asked you, and found a bunch of wild myrtle growing, and how I put it in your hair?"

"And then you told me you loved me," said Adeline.

"And I've loved you ever since," Adeline, he continued, taking her hand. Adeline Wilson made no resistance, but her eyes were still downcast.

"Why did you marry Wilson, dear?" asked the man.

"For the first time she raised her eyes. 'I guess because I was a fool, Will,' she answered."

"And you couldn't manage to care for me just the least bit, could you, Adeline?" he asked.

The widow was tracing out the pattern upon the counterpane. "Why wouldn't you come to see me?" she asked suddenly.

"I guess for the same reason that you married Wilson," he answered. "I'm stubborn, as you are. But I'm sorry. And when I think that it was you who gave in and came to me, it just makes me feel cheap. Did they get the robbers?"

"Robbers? What robbers?" asked Adeline, looking at him curiously.

"The men who struck me down. Slick fellows they must have been, too. There was I, sitting beside my plow in broad daylight when they cut me and I never so much as saw or heard them."

"Where do you think you are, Will?" inquired the Widow Wilson.

"Why, at home, of course," he answered. "Where else should I be? But I see you've changed the furniture round, haven't you?"

The Widow Wilson was laughing and crying hysterically. Yoakum looked at her in wonder.

"Don't you know that when our fathers built their homes they made them both the same and got the same kind of furniture?" she asked when she had recovered her self-possession.

"You mean—that I'm in your house, Adeline?" he cried. "Who brought me here?"

"You brought yourself, my dear, yesterday morning. There weren't any robbers, Will, it was a cyclone. Picked you up from your plow and carried you nicely through the air and plunked you down beside me on a bed of hay I'd pulled down for Bessie and her calf. If that plow hadn't toppled over on your head—"

But the Widow Wilson did not have a chance to finish just then for William Yoakum had caught her in his arms with surprising strength for a sick man to show; and you can't talk when you are being kissed, they say.

UNMOVED BY GOOD FORTUNE

John McCluskey Evidently Possessed of All the Well-Known Calmness of the Scotch Nature.

It was said of John McCluskey when he visited the states that he was the calmest man in the world. Throughout his sixty years he had been a farm laborer in Scotland. Some months previously his brother James died and left a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars to the brother he had not seen since they bade each other good-by in the heather forty years before.

A lawyer was appointed the administrator. It was his duty to find the lucky brother.

"He was slicing turnips for the sheep on his employer's farm, up among the mist-clad hills of Scotland," said the man of law, "when I found him. I had traced his life from the old farm on which he was born step by step through the forty years of ill-paid and often most unpleasant labor, before I found him. It was not difficult, for he had held but few positions in all those years. Everyone in the countryside knew him."

"Are you John McCluskey?" I asked.

"I am," said he, without taking his eyes from the turnips and the knife.

"Your brother James is dead in New York," said I.

"Aweel, aweel, all men must o'ep die," he said, slicing away.

"He left you a good fortune," said I. "I want you to come to the house with me, so that I can establish your identity and arrange for you to enter into possession of the estate."

"I'll talk to ye at sax o'clock, young man," said he. "I'll be busy till then. The fortune will keep, but the turnips will not."

Quite Correct.

During the army maneuvers two oficers of the Royal artillery were disputing about the classification of a tree. One said it was a birch tree, and the other an oak tree. They could not agree, so they called a gunner who was sitting near by and asked him if he could tell them what kind of tree it was.

The gunner looked up and down the road, walked all round it, drew his sword, and began cutting it. The officers asked him what he meant by this behaviour, when he looked up at them and answered:

"I'm trying to discover what kind of tree it is."

Inspecting the gash he had made, with the air of a sage the gunner at length delivered his long-expected verdict:

"It's a wooden one, sirs!"



WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

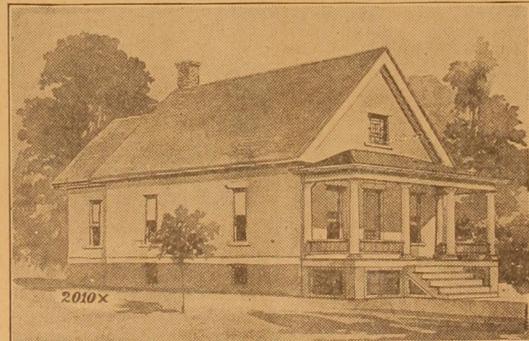
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The majority of people have to figure pretty closely in approaching the building problem. At least, it is well for them to do so, even those who have an abundance of the "where-withal."

This is a cottage house plan, 32 feet 8 inches wide by 42 feet 8 inches long, exclusive of the porch. Ten feet of the length, however, is accounted for by the kitchen extension, so that the main part of the house is not very large.

It is intended to be a cheap affair. The word "cheap" in this instance is used in its better sense, meaning good value for what it costs. The word "cheap" has been shamefully abused. Such slang phrases as "cheap skate," "cheap John," etc., have given a snide value to a good, old-fashioned English word which originally meant "bargain." As this little house can be built under favorable circumstances for about \$1,000, the word "bargain" should apply without any qualifications.

The value of a house is not always in its size. It is more in after comfort and continuous convenience. There are many small families living in crowded quarters who would have much better accommodations than they are accustomed to, if they lived in a

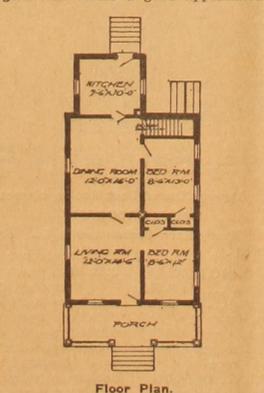


little house like this, erected in the outskirts of town, where fresh air and sunshine may be had in quantities sufficient to promote health and good looks.

The arrangement of the rooms is very simple, and while the finish is good and neat, there is nothing expensive about the house. The plan calls for a good cellar with a concrete wall, or with stone wall properly laid and coated on the outside with a half-inch layer of Portland cement mortar to insure a dry cellar.

There is room in every town and city for hundreds of such houses. Transportation is so easy, quick and convenient on account of the new electric trolley lines, that there is no longer any excuse for people huddling together in small, badly lighted, unventilated apartments, except in very large cities.

The large veranda across the front gives the house a good appearance.



Floor Plan.

It takes away the plainness, and, in fact, is the main difference in outward appearance between this little modern cottage and the old-fashioned one-story house that everybody avoided if possible. But there are other and more important improvements in the new construction. Modern methods of using building paper, cement, better mortar, and better plaster, are working wonders in the comfort of such little houses. It is just as cheap to use these materials as to build a house in the old-fashioned way. In

fact, in some instances, a saving of money and labor may be effected while improving the building.

The specifications provide for good mortar that is to be gaged with cement when used below grade line, and beam filling between and alongside of all joists on top of the wall by fitting brick closely underneath the floor. It is also provided that the cellar bottom shall be leveled off and paved with brick, or it may be laid down in the more modern concrete if the foundation bed is properly prepared. There are a slop sink and catch basin provided, the same as for larger and more expensive houses.

Another feature never seen in cheap houses until lately is the cement wainscoting in the kitchen. The use of cement for this purpose has many advantages. It is dry and rat-proof, and it has a good, smooth, hard surface that may be stained or painted any desired color.

BEST OF ALL INVESTMENTS

This Writer is of Opinion That One Can Not Do Better Than Put Money Into a Boy.

A professor of the Chicago university has been indulging in figures relating to the cost of rearing a boy. He says that no matter how poor a boy's parents may be it cost \$4,000 to bring him from babyhood to the age of eighteen. This is the minimum for any boy. And you can spend as much more than this as you please.

The professor, perhaps unconsciously, conveys the impression that even

if you spend as little as \$4,000 you may not get your money's worth.

But in our humble opinion, if it should happen to cost \$1,000,000 to rear a boy it is well worth it. Not that we would encourage the expenditure of a million dollars on any boy. But is there any other investment which pays such big returns?

It is true, of course, that you are always taking a gambling chance with any boy. He may go wrong in spite of everything you can do, and yet, looking at the matter in its very worst aspects, there is so much that you gain in large, human experience, in varieties of emotions, in expansion and contraction of the soul, the mind and the heart in rearing a boy, that it pays under any conditions.

When you put thought and affection and interest and encouragement, and as much chastisement as may be necessary, and hope and faith and charity into a boy, it is better than planting a garden, better than speculating in Wall street, better than falling in love with a woman, better than anything else in the world that we know anything about. A boy is a much more human document than any other kind of a human being. There is more genuine response in a small boy than there is in a Wagner orchestra or a medium-sized ocean. There is everything in a small boy that there ought to be, and a great deal more. Besides, a small boy can cause more trouble to the square inch than anything else on earth.

And this is the reason, professor, why it pays to raise one, no matter how much he costs.—Life.

Fairlop Friday.

"Fairlop Friday"—the first Friday in July—is a festival that has fallen out of fashion. It was founded by Daniel Day, commonly called "Good Day," a benevolent pumpmaker of Wapping, who used to feast his friends on bacon and beans beneath the branches of a great oak tree at Fairlop before Hainault forest was disafforested. The custom of going out to eat beans and bacon at this spot on this date spread through East London, and a regular fair was established around Fairlop Oak. With the destruction of the old oak trees and the inclosure of Hainault forest, the Fairlop festival fell into desuetude, but the phrase to "give beans" and "bean-feast" still survive.—London Mail.

DRAPING MOTOR VEIL

AUTO NECESSITY HAS BEEN MADE A THING OF BEAUTY.

Charm is All in the Manner in Which the Chiffon is Adjusted, and Femininity Has Made the Most of It.

The motor car is responsible for a lot of the most alluring little styles that ever were. All the clever little caps and bonnets are so becoming and so comfortable there is no telling where they will lead the feminine world to in the matter of headgear.

When a man gets himself up for motoring he usually looks like a death's-head at the wheel or a monster from some other planet. You look at him and think of dusty roads, flying gravel and fearsome speed. But the auto tots of women are delightfully suggestive of pleasant drives and jolly times.

It is the veil that makes possible this triumph for the gentler sex. And here is the very latest way of wearing it:

It looks like the Persian veil or wherever in the far Orient the idea



came from. You see, the goggles may be put on with it when necessary—and taken off very easily any time; which is a good thing, for no stretch of the imagination can make them things of beauty. Like a number of things in this world, usefulness is their only reason for being here; hence they are dispensed with whenever possible.

This veil is just a two-yard length of veiling chiffon hemmed at the ends and tacked or otherwise fastened to one of the many soft caps and bonnets that are provided for the motorist. If you choose to go to the extreme of the mode you can follow out the oriental suggestion in the veil and wear a turban of silk wrapped about your head.

NEEDS OF THE SMALL GIRL

Simplicity Combined With Comfort Should Be the Idea in Fashioning Attire for Children.

Do not sacrifice utility and practical usefulness to fashion, and yet secure individuality and artistic grace, which is a necessary attribute of children. Simplicity combined with comfort should characterize the attire of little people. Children are no longer dressed in garments which prevent free movement of the limbs. Material and style are all-important. The fabric should be soft and durable. Low price in materials for children's wear is an extravagance, for a cheap stuff always looks what it is, and does not wear well. Linens, pique, chambrays and ginghams are all good, and they can be bought in tempting colors, well worth the having.

BRIEF FASHION NOTES

Cubist designs are seen even in some of the new corset materials.

The black and white combination in footwear continues to be liked.

The crown dent is a smart feature of the new felts for country wear.

Chamois yellow is one of the colors seen among girls' topcoats.

Nothing equals white chinchilla for the fashionable sports coats.

Gold and green is fast coming to be one of the favorite combinations.

All lace underwear is distinctly in the mode. Frequently such garments are made over net.

The newest collars on the fall coats are fastened up high at the neck to allow for cold weather.

Draped coats are liked for dress wear; simple, straight cut garments for general utility purposes.

Coat chains are being made of beads; steel intermingled with cut coral are favorites.

The most fashionable corset simulates the uncorseted figure. Stiff or constricted lines are a thing of the past.

Beads Tone White Costumes.

Inexpensive glass beads can be worn to give the right tone of color to the all-white costume. Opaque beads are sold in chains sufficiently long to go about the neck and drop in a V-line in front—a line which is artistic and much more becoming than the round neck line—for prices varying from 50 cents to \$1.50. These beads come in various shades of green and are especially effective in jade color. They are also sold in yellow, red and blue.

One-piece dresses are best for children from one to twelve years of age. They fall easily from the shoulders, and all pinafore frocks are easily made. Gimpes are a great invention, as they may be changed so often to freshen a frock. Instead of being made yoke depth, the gimpes should be extended to the waist on summer dresses. They are easily made at home.

It is surprising how much these little articles cost when purchased ready made. Lawn, tucked batiste, swiss, dimity, lace, allover embroidery, cross-bar materials, nets, etc., may be used for gimpes. Be careful that nothing is fantastic, for children are very sensitive as to ridicule. They look charming in picturesque dresses, and all the clear, pure colors suit them. Tans and buff color, and most greens wash well and are cool looking.

YELLOW MALINES IN ORDER

Material Extremely Popular Just Now and Bids Fair to Remain in Fashion Some Time.

The yellow malines girl promises to be a feature of the world of fashion for the next month at least. Fashion is so fleeting that a longer period of popularity can scarcely be promised her. But surely this much is certain, that the tint of yellow between ecru and corn color, brighter than the first and lighter than the second, is in vogue, and is denoted on costumes by maline not accessories.

For the girl's hat it is used in ruches and folds. For her neck it spreads butterfly wings in bows and floats over her shoulders in a light scarf for the evening.

This tint is used with white to such an extent as to lead to the coining of the phrase, "the summer daisy girl." The tart little bow of stiff malines, yellow of course, twisted about the handle of her parasol with three or four large white artificial daisies, helps to make her in keeping with this name.

A word more is in order about the scarves of this flimsy, silmsy material. They are made of the widest goods in the tint to be had, and are cut very long, full two yards and a half, sometimes three yards. The ends are cut straight and left unhemmed, and the scarf is worn over the shoulders or within the cloak in as fluffy a mass as possible, not crushed down. The result is a rather ethereal, wrapped-in-the-clouds effect.

Flesh tints are also popular for these scarves, and some other shades are used as well. The dampness of sea nights is fatal to their loveliness, but for those elsewhere they are wearable and charming.

To Set Colors.

To set colors, use salt, vinegar, sugar or lead or alum in the following proportions: To one gallon of water, one-half of a cupful of vinegar, or two cupfuls of salt, or two tablespoonfuls of alum or one tablespoonful of sugar of lead. Salt is usually best for browns and reds, vinegar for pinks; sugar of lead for lavenders, and alum for blues. The best way is to make a test of the solution. Let a sample remain in a solution over night. Allow to dry, then wash. Drying after setting a color prevents fading.

Ribbons on Bags.

The wrist ribbon has almost taken the place of the strap on the modish handbags. Ribbons appear on leather bags as well as on silk ones. They are certainly more in keeping with the hot weather, says the Washington Herald, and they can easily be renewed when too frequent use wears them threadbare.

New Shoe Buckles.

The most up-to-date shoe buckles are of French brass filigree with settings in Bulgarian colors. The prices for these conceals range from \$3.50 to \$7 a pair.

DAINTY MORNING DRESS



Model of White Cotton Creps With Tiny Red Flowers and Buds. Loose Blouse With Lingerie Vest. Wide Boit of White Satin.