

Coats for All Weathers



After a winter of voluminous wraps and a great showing of ample capes for spring, some trim and very practical coats have appeared among the arrivals in outer garments. These purposeful and businesslike wraps have no superfluous fullness. To see one is to suggest—see voyages, motor tours, tramps afield, all sorts of outdoor activities, to be engaged without fear of wind or weather. And they are more presentable. They have a good style all their own.

An example of smartness in a good coat for general wear is pictured above. It is double-breasted, with panel front, full enough to be comfortable, no matter what the demands upon it. It is of heavy cheviot in a gray mixture, and has everything to recommend it to the active, outdoor woman. In point of style, its neatness and fine adjustment place it at the head of its class. It is cut cleverly and on original lines, and it is faultlessly finished. A moderately wide belt is tacked to the coat and fastens with a big bone button at the left of the center, but fastened by a silver button at the right. The coat fastens with two of these large buttons, and two smaller ones give a good account of themselves on the cozy, convertible collar, where they do duty in fastening it up about the neck when needed. There are two welt pockets, one at each side.

Coats of this kind are from four to six inches shorter than the dress-up variety. They are equal to several seasons' wear and are therefore conservative in style. They do not vary much from year to year, but bear comparison with more fanciful garments without disadvantage to themselves.

When Off Duty.

Nervous girls, even in the comfortable corsets and loose one-piece dresses that are the style now, are apt to feel restrained in street clothes. However, about the house there is a chance to relax and every opportunity to do so should be taken. Loose smocks, middieys or even negliges should be indulged in, particularly by the business girl when "off duty."

Some Lovely Blouses



If it were not for ever varying blouses, that lend the appeal of variety to the tailored suit, we might finally grow tired of that mainstay of the American woman's wardrobe. But with the invention of each new style, a new comes a glorious company of new blouses and each time we are convinced that they are the loveliest ever. The business of selecting one's new suit is settled, once for all, and this out of the way, the matter of selecting blouses begins, and is never settled once for all. We gather them in at short intervals, month after month, and part company with some of them shortly after they have seen long service.

Hand-made blouses, elegantly designed and beautifully finished, never lose their charm for gentleness. And they are among the prettiest, the sex-richest or, for she can learn to make them for herself. Even when bought in the shops the simplest ones are not very high priced. But blouses run through a wide range of materials and prices; all the way from flimsy georgette and fine batiste to wash silk and satins, with prices varying as much as materials.

In materials, georgette crepe has won, and held for some time, first place in the esteem of women. It is incomparably dainty, and a more beautiful fabric has not yet been imagined. It is too durable to be classed among the luxuries; nothing stands the test of constant wear better. Here are two new georgette blouses, among many others, that bear characteristics that are just now denuded of blouses. They are patterned after the slip-over style; they button in the back, are long-sleeved, have round necks and are simply trimmed with head and silk embroidery. The blouse at the left achieves an individual touch by its novel neck finish of square tabs, and that at the right has a little "settle" to chemist's cream collar that makes a lovely contrast with blue or apricot or chamois pink or whatever color is chosen. The heads used in the old embroidered designs are dark in color.

Julia Bottomley

Tulle for the slender. It is somewhat of a gift to know one's limitations, but if you happen to be stout, don't try to look like a rose or a butterfly. Use a little will power and cut, tulle and airy materials out of your wardrobe. Have you ever seen a stout woman saunter along the street with a wind-torn and silk dress? From a distance she looks like a creature blown that has landed in the wrong place. Flowing military capes should also be discarded from the stout woman's wardrobe. These creases are hard to wear and none save tall, slender women, with beautifully graceful carriage, and young Red Riding Hood types of girls look well in them.

Made With Deep Hems. Many of the new organdie and other sheer frocks are made with hems so deep as to meet midway from the ankles to the chesting. This makes the frock rest much better than otherwise, because of the added weight at the lower half of the skirt, and also renders a skirt made of transparent material less transparent.

Fate at Long Range

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS

It was somewhere about midnight when a frantic ringing of my bell startled me into throwing the book I had been reading to the floor, and rushing to the great old-fashioned oak entrance.

I had but recently closed into Triverton and had made no firm friendships, nor even acquaintances. My small, six-line advertisement was in the only paper published in the place.

My Great Dane growled, being unused to having his early slumbers thus disturbed.

With the exception of the Great Dane, I was alone. I had permitted my only servant, an old man, to go to visit his sister, almost as old, who was ill.

Opening the door, I saw in the clear, cold light of a winter moon, a young girl. She was pale, extremely agitated and decidedly pretty.

"Oh! Are you Mr. Byrne?" she asked.

"Yes, my name is Byrne—David Byrne," I answered. "In what way may I be of assistance to you?"

"You are a lawyer?"

"Then—let me talk to you a moment. We—I—my father—"

"Please take a moment to get your breath. You are excited. My office is rather chilly. Suppose I accompany you to your house. You wish to consult me, I suppose?"

"Yes, come with me. That is why I came here. My father is dying. Is there a printed form of will?"

"Ah! Your father wishes to make his will? I will be with you in a moment. But I know of no printed form of will. However, it will take me but a moment to write it."

"My father is Donald Redbag," said the girl.

"He wants to make his will," went on the girl with a choking sort of sob, "but I don't want you to write it for him."

"You don't want me to write your father's will?" I asked in amazement. "Does he wish you to be left without inheritance?"

"No. He wants to leave me everything."

"And yet you don't wish it—seems to me there is something more to this than the mere desire of a sick man to make a will. Please explain."

"He has taken a violent dislike to my brother. He wishes to cut him off with a hundred dollars. I do not want that."

"How much is he worth?"

"More than a million."

"You see, he went on," my brother Donald married—a poor girl against my father's wishes. Yet I like her, and do not—do not understand—I do not wish him cut off. You are a lawyer. You will know how to manage."

"But if he wishes to make a will, I must write it as he commands," I answered.

"Well—I suppose so—but it will be hard on Don."

As we entered the wide iron gate-way the girl turned to me again.

"The doctor is with him now. Try to persuade him to befall."

"The doctor?"

"No. My father. Don't let him die leaving a will that is unjust."

I had no time to reply, and I could not have framed an answer if I tried. A tall, thin old servant answered her call, and I was ushered into a bedroom where a man lay huddled in a heap of bedclothes, and a grave, intelligent man I had seen driving about the streets sat close at his side.

"You are Byrne?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Mr. Redbag wishes to make his will. You will need to—"

He glanced at me significantly. He did not need to finish the sentence. I could see that but a spark of life remained in the shriveled old frame, and that spark was going fast.

"Write—write—write the sick man. Leave it to Edda. Just a hundred dollars to Donald."

Alone with him, and with a strange feeling of repugnance, I began writing as he ordered.

It was a brief will. He simply left one hundred dollars to his son Donald, and all the residue of his estate after his funeral expenses had been paid to his daughter Edda.

"While I was writing, a young man entered. He was well set-up, a manly looking young fellow, and there was nothing in his appearance that was not pleasing."

"Father," he said in a low, well-modulated voice, "I am going. Will you shake hands?"

With a scream that seemed beyond his waning strength, the sick man half raised himself on his elbow.

"No!" he said sharply, although feebly. "Shake hands with you? Go. I thought you had gone."

"I know you ordered me out yesterday," said the young man, "but I was not here all night. I am going for good now. I wanted to take your hand before I left."

"The young man stood for a moment with bowed head. It seemed to me his lips moved. Then he stepped noiselessly to a large oak cabinet, opened a drawer, took something from it, and thrust it in his pocket.

"Ah!—the sick man—and if I were alone,

I placed the will on a book and held it before the dying man. The doctor bent over him and lifted him. He took the pen and reached out toward the line on which I indicated he should place his signature.

Suddenly the hand that held the pen dropped. A sound, indescribable, came from him, and with a slight gush of blood from a bullet-wound in the right temple, he fell over—dead.

The doctor stared at me for a moment. "Through the window," he said.

He bent himself to the task of holding back the end. It was useless.

"His son," said the physician. "We'll get him. You go—you two. I must do what I can."

The butler and I raced like two maniacs from the room and out into the crisp night air.

"He is not here, sir," said the thin old fellow.

"We can't let this wait," I said. "The police must be notified."

"Yes—the police," said Simmons in a bewildered manner. "Did you hear the shot, sir?"

"No."

"This was the first thought that had struck me. I had heard no shot.

We went out through the iron gate and raced like two madmen along the street. The butler knew the way. I did not yet fear enough of Triverton to be sure where to find the police.

It did not take us long to tell the story—what we had to tell.

The police officer in charge showed the aggressiveness characteristic of the sturdy.

I asked how the son had asked his father to shake hands. How he had been ordered from the house, and how he had taken something from the cabinet and thrust it in his pocket.

"It's a clear enough case," said the officer. "He must have been watching at the window, and fired just as the old man was about to sign the will. We'll have him. There is no way out of Triverton before six in the morning."

All the available force was at once put on the alert.

I followed with a freed sort of fascination all the movements of the police.

Miss Redbag by this time had been aroused, and sat, depressed and half-dressed, at the bedside of her father.

There had been a way out of Triverton that night. At half-past seven in the morning Miss Redbag received a telegram.

"Dear Edda: I have just received a telegram from Baldwin, at three this morning. I borrowed your horse, and we drove over. I am sending the horse back in care of a man from the hotel. Do not worry about the will. I am going to work."

"Lovefully,"

"DONALD."

"Baldwin—three in the morning," said the police officer in charge of the investigation. "His father's tie, he never fired that shot."

"Who did?" I asked helplessly.

"We must verify the telegram first."

Now thoroughly determined to know the end of it, I accompanied two detectives to Baldwin.

At the hotel we learned that Donald Redbag and his wife did arrive there (twenty miles away) at three o'clock that morning. The shot that killed his father had been fired at half-past one.

"The girl—was she in sympathy with her brother?" asked the detective.

"Yes," I said hesitatingly; "but she never shot her father. The will was all in her favor."

Back we went to Triverton. The doctor had probed for the bullet.

"You thought young Redbag took a revolver," he said. "That is a rifle-bullet. We heard no shot. It was an accident. I am convinced that no murder was committed. And since the man is dead, I am ready to admit that a married couple was present. Don't mind me. I am a poor girl, and Redbag was always a well-behaved man."

In a small town like Triverton such a case becomes the main topic of conversation. Sleepless, I was in the police station at about that same afternoon, when a boy came in, white-faced, frightened, and carrying under his arm a small rifle.

"I'll give myself up," he said. "I shot Mr. Redbag, although I wanted to shoot the man to go. I was out after rabbits. It's fun on a bright, moonlight night. My dog had scared up several, and I guess I got to shooting wild. Do you think I'll have to go to prison?"

Everybody breathed a sigh of relief. The chief of police looked at me peculiarly.

"Redbag was about gone, wasn't he?" he asked.

"He couldn't have lived through the night."

"The girl is true to her brother?"

"Yes, and loyal to her father."

"What's the name of the man who shot the frightened boy?"

"Tom Wyrner."

"The doctor's son?"

"Yes, sir. My father was with Mr. Redbag, and he was shot on the old rifle. I might have shot my father."

"I don't know—I don't know but what we'll keep the rifle," said the chief. "As for you, if it is not certain that it was your bullet, anyway. Still, the weapon is dangerous at night for a boy to handle."

As I look back, remembering the impressions made on me that night, the favorable light in which I looked on Donald Redbag, the harshness of his father, the bitterness of fate, I wonder—I wonder if there was not something more than a boy's chance shot in it all. For I was always a believer in the justice of fate.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By Rev. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MARCH 9

JOSHUA, PATRIOT AND LEADER.

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 1:1-4. GOLDEN TEXT—Be strong and of a good courage.—Joshua 1:9.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL.—Joshua 1:10-24; 2:1-15. PRIMARY TOPIC—A story of a brave leader. MEMORY VERSE—Joshua 1:9. JUNIOR TOPIC—Follow the right leader. MEMORY VERSE—Deut. 1:1, 6. INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—When to be brave.

The book of Joshua is a history of the conquest of the promised land and its apportionment among the tribes of Israel. It takes its name from its principal character—Joshua. During the wilderness journey he was Moses' minister, aid, captain of his army. When Moses was denied the privilege of going over the Jordan, Joshua was appointed to his leadership of Israel. Being so long faithful as a servant, he is now qualified to rule. Only those who have themselves learned to obey are fit to rule. Moses, the representative of the law, brought Israel to the Jordan of Canaan. Joshua was the man chosen to lead the people into the place of rest. The name "Joshua" has the same derivation as the name "Jesus." The law (Moses) was our schoolmaster—to bring us to Christ; but Christ (our Joshua) has given us victory and rest.

1. Joshua's Call (1:1-2). Moses, God's servant, is dead, but God's work is still on. He continues his work by calling others to take it up, through a chosen leader. His work is not done, but Joshua, who was the man chosen to lead the people into the place of rest. The name "Joshua" has the same derivation as the name "Jesus." The law (Moses) was our schoolmaster—to bring us to Christ; but Christ (our Joshua) has given us victory and rest.

2. Joshua's Call (1:1-2). Moses, God's servant, is dead, but God's work is still on. He continues his work by calling others to take it up, through a chosen leader. His work is not done, but Joshua, who was the man chosen to lead the people into the place of rest. The name "Joshua" has the same derivation as the name "Jesus." The law (Moses) was our schoolmaster—to bring us to Christ; but Christ (our Joshua) has given us victory and rest.

3. God's Promise (1:3-4). The promise had been made to Abraham, but renewed to Isaac, Jacob and David. It is now renewed to Israel who are about to enter upon its possession. The borders of the land were quite large (v. 4).

4. From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even into the great river, the River Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast. The nearest it was ever possessed was during the reigns of David and Solomon, though not fully realized. This country still belongs to the Jews, and in God's own time they will possess it. Their getting possession of this land was due entirely to themselves. God promised them that, however their lot was set upon the earth, it was theirs. If they failed to secure possession it was because they failed to claim it. We would all enjoy larger blessings if we would claim them.

5. God's Presence Promised to Joshua (1:5). Joshua was entering upon a perilous and difficult enterprise, but the Lord said as he was with Moses so would he be with him. The difficulties would be his own.

6. The Jordan river (v. 2). It was now at its flood (3:15), making it impossible for armies to cross.

7. In the end and the people were living in walled cities. Notwithstanding this, God's help insured success. (1) "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." (2) "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee." (3) "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee."

8. Conditions of Blessings in the Land (1:6-9). 1. "Be strong and of a good courage" (v. 6). His mission was to go in and divide the land among the tribes for an inheritance. God could not bless him if he should play the coward.

2. Unwavering obedience to the word of God (v. 7). In a land of idleness it requires much courage to obey the Lord's God. The prosperity and good success was conditioned upon unwavering obedience to God's commands. All his work he must conform his life to the law of God. To man, the law is the path outlined there, in which he must tread, and in which he should bring disaster and ruin, in order to accomplish this the law of the Lord must constantly be in his mind. He was to meditate therein day and night. If we are to prosper, our Christian experience should be that that regular and reverent study of God's Word. Joshua renders prompt obedience. He did not stop to cavil, but at once gave orders for the march. God made the plan and gave the directions. His responsibility was to go forward without doubting, taking possession of the inheritance.

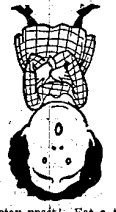
3. Sacrifices. A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources—the best investment of time, strength, and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen because he knows nothing of God.—Samuel Chapman Armstrong.

4. Prayer. Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.—Fuller

STOMACH UPSET?

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, GAS, INDIGESTION.

Your meals hit back! Your stomach is sour, acid, gassy and you feel bloated after eating or you have heavy lumps of indigestion, pain or headache, but never mind. Here is instant relief.



Don't stay upset! Eat a tablet of Pape's Diapsin and immediately the indigestion, gases, acidity and all stomach distress ends.

Pape's Diapsin tablets are the surest, quickest stomach relievers in the world. They cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Remarkable, indeed.

The other evening the little girl in question suddenly saw one of Charleston's "dines" coming down the street, said to her mother:

"Oh, mother, did you know that policemen have visited?"

"What's that, dear?" queried the mother in a tone that implied to the child's ears disaster.

"Well, they have," said the little one, "because I saw a woman and she was a policeman's wife. I didn't know they had wives either I saw her."

—Charleston (W. Va.) Mail.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition, but you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. Your mail makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

Hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

No Discrimination.

Friend (in "Windfall" art gallery): You certainly show excellent discrimination in the selection of your pictures.

"Windfall"—Discrimination? Not on your life; I'm too broadminded for that! Why, if the price is right, I don't care a dang whether the painter is American, Dutch, Dago, Pole, Bulgarian, Chinese, Eskimo, or even German.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sneezing, blowing, headache, dizziness. No struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Bleat comes so quickly.—Adv.

Concrete Comes.

"Why did you pass in the middle of your speech—to let your words sink in?"

"It's replied the disgruntled orator. "I was out of breath. With a crowd like that I'd have to crack their cranial-nuts first."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher.

The Use of Castoria for Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

As without the best engine is useless, so without friendship society is a sham.

Cure croup, headache, bad breath by taking May Apple. Also, sleep rest into a day may kill called Doctor Fletcher's Castoria. Patent, Adv.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

For sore, inflamed, itchy eyes, Murine Eye Remedy is the best. It is made of the purest and most delicate ingredients. It is the only eye remedy that is safe for the most delicate eyes. It is the only eye remedy that is safe for the most delicate eyes. It is the only eye remedy that is safe for the most delicate eyes.

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