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CATALOGUE UPON APPLICATION

All in Reseda Green

By LOUISE H. GUYEL

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ADELE ALLSTON had never liked the idea of running true to form. She had no desire to be cranky.

As she drew into maidenhood she realized that she was rather cocky about her freedom from the emotions by which women were supposed to be swayed. She laughed at tales of women who grieved for a lifetime over love. And she could not understand many of the other things that writers, most of them men, wrote about women and their desires.

"I don't believe it," she said one day when a group of pseudo-Freudians had been considering mankind from its lowest elements, and laughing, had left the luncheon party.

Unusually boastful, inwardly, of her exemption from this silliness, she walked briskly down Beacon street, reveling in the violet shadows that the late afternoon sun struck from the old brick house fronts and pavement.

A pang of homesickness twisted her heart and suddenly she was not in Boston but in New Orleans, in her own garden, bending over a miniature tree and Robert Harlington was with her.

"I like the leaves," he was saying, "they're such a pretty green. And the flowers," he plucked a spray, "they're so fragrant. Mignonette, isn't it?—Rezzider—"

"Say ray-zee-dah," she rose as she corrected him, laughing, and, laughing, they looked into each other's eyes.

"Ray-zee-dah," he mimicked her, brushing her lips and then his own with the little spray of blossom he put in his pocketbook.

In that moment the first love of her first young womanhood had come full blown; into being—a love that had been as exquisite as the leaf and flower of the tree mignonette and as fragile.

How long ago that had been!

"What a sentimental old maid I am," Adele thought. "I'm running true to form this time. It must be the springtime."

The conversation around the luncheon table came back to her. How outrageous those women had been. Surely few women could be addicted to those emotions about which they talked so boldly, glibly quoting Havelock Ellis and his ilk—especially that longing for children—that thing about dreams and wish fulfillment, and—

She came almost to a standstill, stunned by the impact of memory, then again her feet sounded their independent little tap-tap-tap on the walk. But her thoughts had changed. She had had dream children, two of them. There were Robert's children. They had never been babies, nor had they ever grown up.

The children had faded from her consciousness as the years brought forgetfulness of Robert, whom she had never seen since the ending of that brief sweet season of her young love. At Temple place, waiting again for official sign that all was safe, she glanced diagonally across the street. Next moment she had crossed, dodging an automobile and was standing face close to the plate glass window behind which were coats and suits and hats and stockings to match—all in reseda green.

"How lovely!" she breathed. "How springlike. Oh, how lovely!" Lovely all in their own right, unhallowed by any memory. At least, thinking it all over afterward, she had had no conscious memories then. All she felt conscious of was that here was just what she wanted, that it was too late to shop now—the store would be closing in a moment—but she would come in early tomorrow for one of those coats.

She turned from the window and bumped, forehead and breast, against the solid bulk of a man.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, and then for some reason turned. The man had stepped just beyond the window filled with reseda green and Adele's heart missed a beat as he made a motion to turn. He did not swing all the way around, however; only his profile cut sharply across her vision and it was Robert Harlington. He was staring across the street as though searching for some one in the crowd, and, with conflicting emotions, Adele noted that over his face, so still as he stared, there was the shadow of ineffable sorrow.

"Oh! Here you are!" An athletic-looking girl, scarf ends flying, came swinging across the street. "Sorry you've had to wait." She slipped her arm in a rough tweed sleeve into Robert's arm. "Been waiting long, Dad?"

How dare she? That great creature, almost as tall as he and in that hideous yellowish coat? He would have had to stoop way over to speak to his children and they would have been dressed in green. Little green coats of satiny broadcloth with collars of velvet, just a shade darker, buttoned close about their throats.

"I couldn't find a thing," the girl was saying petulantly, that I can wear. "Everybody's crazy over that color—" she pushed Robert round toward the window, "rezzider green they call it."

"Say ray-zee-dah," the man spoke as though in a trance but the girl paid no attention. "Isn't it hideous?" was what she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said Robert Harlington as he turned his back on the window and on Adele Allston.

Bohemian Women Led in Feminist Movement

Czechoslovakia claims the distinction of being the birthplace of the feminist movement. Historians have found documents showing that a republic in which all the important offices were held by women existed in Bohemia in the Seventh century. The Society for Historical Research will publish a complete account of this republic. It appears that at the death of Queen Libuzza of Bohemia, a young girl named Wlaska, who had been the trusted counselor of the queen, organized an armed force of a few hundred women and waged war against the barons of the country. Several strong castles were stormed and taken by these amazons and the prisoners were compelled to work the fields and do the most menial labor. An assembly composed entirely of women voted that, 1. Any man in possession of arms should be punished by death; 2. When expeditions were to be made only women would be allowed to fight, the men's role being that of nursing the wounded and driving the carts with food and water; 3. Men were to be allowed to ride with their knees on the same side of the horse (sidewise); 4. Women were to chose their husbands and a man's refusal to accept a woman's choice was an offense punishable by death. This rule of women is said to have lasted seven years, after which, "with bitter fights, the men regained the upper hand."

Fifty Years' Silence Brought to an End

A curious case of the strange workings of what we call the subconscious mind is reported from New York. A man who had been supposed to be both deaf and dumb for 55 years—ever since he was five years old—was put under ether in order to undergo an operation. When he came out of the anesthetic he could both hear and talk, and he did talk fluently and steadily. As a child the man was extremely shy and self-conscious. He learned to talk, but his own voice seemed to frighten him, and he kept silent as much as possible, sometimes for days at a time. When he was five he stopped talking altogether. The doctors say that his vocal organs were perfectly normal, but that he deluded himself into the idea that he could not talk. Later by a similar process of self-hypnotism he became convinced that he could not hear. That he did hear and that his subconscious mind took note of what he heard are evident from his ability to talk when the strange inhibition was removed by the unusual experience of etherization.—Youth's Companion.

Bali Men Steal Wives

The men of Bali, an island in the Indian archipelago, still as they did centuries ago secure their wives by purchase or capture, according to the Family Herald. An exchange of ardent glances in temple or market place and perhaps a few clandestine meetings tell the lover if the lady is not averse to abduction. He knows, however, that if he is caught in the act of carrying her off her willingness will not satisfy father or brother; so he lays his plans carefully and smuggles her away in absolute secrecy. After a few days in hiding the groom sends a friend to his bride's parents to ask their forgiveness.

Though the messenger invariably is received with great show of hostility, the culprits usually are forgiven. But if the third visit of the "go-between" is without result the lover and his bride are doomed to banishment from their village and people.

Be Beautiful at Thirty

"If you're clever, you'll be better looking at thirty than you have ever been before," writes Hazel Rawson Cades in the Woman's Home Companion. "You'll be better dressed, better poised. It's only a question of taking the trouble, and of accustoming yourself to thinking in terms of your own age. It is, I'll admit, more work to be charming at thirty than at eighteen. But it's curious that many women, born to a mediocrity which persisted through their youth, have at thirty found their charm. Because they've seen then the possibilities of their age, and realized that the charm of maturity depends not so much on your natural endowments as on the grooming, grace and mental qualities that you are willing to work for."

Signals

The Martins were preparing to make an evening call. Said Mr. Martin:

"I can't stand too long an evening with those Bergers. We're coming home at ten o'clock if I have to develop a headache to do so."

All went well until about 9:30, when four-year-old Juanita Martin became somewhat bored with the entertainment the Bergers were offering her. Climbing up into her father's lap and putting an arm around his neck, she commanded, in a stage whisper:

"Start your headache, daddy, start your headache!"—Kansas City Star.

That Made Difference

Mollie had fibbed, but confessed the fault readily—in fact, as though she were rather proud of the accomplishment. Mollie was a modern child.

"You know, it was very wrong of you to tell auntie that lie," granny told her. "Your conscience must be troubling you."

"Oh, no, it isn't, granny," said Mollie, promptly. "She believed it."

Surreptitious Holidaying

By J. A. WALDRON

(Copyright.)

"YOU'RE always enjoying life, while I . . ."

"There you go! I guess you get your share of enjoyment all right!"

Mrs. Binger had courageously started something. Binger's tone put her on the defensive. She sniffed as women sniff before tears.

"But can you deny you have a good time on the road?" Tears had come, and Mrs. Binger rubbed her nose until it was red and nullified a perfectly good job of powdering. When she was free of lachrymal suggestion she was good to look at.

"Good time, eh? I should say so! Catching trains at all hours of the night, getting into hotels when service is asleep, chasing street cars with no cab in sight—great sport! You have an original idea of fun!"

"But you never ask me to take a trip with you except in the summer, and then you take a golf kit and are out of sight all the time!"

"How in blazes could you travel with me, I'd like to know, and go through what I have had to contend with?"

"But you don't need to tell me you don't have good times on the road, John Binger!" Mrs. Binger had dried her eyes and recovered initiative. "Last night, when Bill Burleigh and you were talking . . ."

"Bill is going to Chicago with me. We travel together a good deal."

"Yes, I know. What were you two whispering and laughing about?"

"Can't men who are business pals tell each other a funny story without exciting suspicion?"

"Fine stories they must be when you whisper them! And now you say you're going to Chicago for two weeks on business. But I notice you've got your golf kit ready to take with you."

"Haven't I told you the best way to sell goods is to play golf with men who buy?"

"A good excuse! And the only word I expect from you is now and then a wire saying you're too busy to write!"

"You know well enough why I don't write. I dictated a nice, long, loving letter to you from St. Louis, and the moment I got home you asked what the stenographer looked like!"

"And you told me she was a stunning blond about nineteen years old!"

"And a fool I was for being honest! You imagined I had asked her out to dinner and blown her to the theater!"

"Very well. I'm going somewhere, also, this time. I'm tired of staying alone."

"All right. But the golf stuff is amusing. Bridge is about your size. Atlantic City is a good place for you. I'm willing." And Binger proved this by handing her three bills with yellow backs taken from an inside pocket. "Trot along and have a good time. It's the old treadmill for mine, as usual."

Mrs. Binger kissed Binger with an impulse a little strange to him. But yellow money, either currency or coin, has a wonderful effect sometimes.

Binger and Burleigh met at the Pennsylvania station an hour later.

"You'll not forget to send a wire from Chicago now and then to Mrs. Binger in my name, old man? You know the usual forms. She'll be at Atlantic City. Address at the telegraph office."

"No. I want the favor returned once in a while. You know me, or ought to. If it isn't a secret, where are you going?"

"To Pinehurst, for a fortnight of golf. Good-by!"

Pinehurst was in its glory. When that happy state ensues golf is on the bills of fare and in conversation and in dreams as well as on the links. Yet there are joys and sorrows unrelated to golf at Pinehurst as there are everywhere else.

There's nothing that begets mutual confidence like golf. Binger got in with a bunch of enthusiasts who were calling one another by nicknames the third day out. One fellow, Montgomery Murrie, an expert at the ancient game and a teacher of it about New York, became very intimate with Binger, who confided to him that he was playing hookey. They exchanged experiences as friends sometimes do, and finally entered the field of sentiment.

"I shall not be able to play with you after tomorrow for a few days," said Murrie. "I expect a lady here, and must give her some attention."

"Lucky dog!" was Binger's response.

"Rather. I met her in New York. She dances divinely and is mentally lively. I promised her I would give her a few golf lessons here. She arrives on the first train in the morning." Murrie handed Binger a dispatch signed "Imogene."

"Married?"

"No. And I wonder why she isn't."

Binger delayed going out to the links the next morning. Hanging about the hotel, he hoped to glimpse Imogene. "If she's what he describes," he thought, "I might make a play to cut him out." Binger was a conscientious person where the fair sex were concerned, and it is strange how masculine friendships melt into nothingness when a woman intervenes.

He caught sight of Murrie coming with the fair one, who saw him at the same time. It was Mrs. Binger.

Wise Idea

"We give a bicycle with every car we sell," remarked the auto salesman.

"How's that?" asked the prospective purchaser.

"So you can park your car in the suburbs and ride to the office."

HOPE H. BARROLL, Attorney.

ORDER NISI

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity No. 2363
Hope H. Barroll, Attorney, Assignee
vs. John W. Tilghman, et al.

ORDERED, this 5th day of August, 1925 by the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Hope H. Barroll, Attorney, Assignee under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a mortgage from John W. Tilghman and wife to Stavely & Bowers, dated June 12th, 1920, and duly assigned to Hope H. Barroll, Attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of October next; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 7th day of September next.

The report states the amount of Sales to be $425.00.

True Copy, ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk
Test, ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

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