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"HER OWN WAY"
Prices—$2, $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c. Seats now ready.
FRIDAY, SATURDAY, March 18-19
MATINEE SATURDAY, 25c and 50c.
"Under Southern Skies"
Written by Lottie Blair Parker
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Indianapolis vs. Marion
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Elbert Hubbard
(FRA ELBERTUS)
Will lecture at the
Assembly Hall, Propylaeum
Monday Evening, March 14
Subject: "Socrates, the Philosopher." Tickets on sale at the Bobbs-Merrill Co. Prices 50c and $1.00.

PLANS FOR OPENING OF THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

Programme for Inauguration Ceremonies Will Be Officially Announced This Week.

ST. LOUIS, March 13.—The programme for the inauguration ceremonies opening the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, on Saturday, April 30, probably will be officially announced within the next day or two.

The opening celebration will be exclusively an exposition affair as to participants and will be confined to the grounds. There will be a parade, but the line of march will be inside the grounds. After the parade the ceremonies will be held in the plaza of St. Louis. The programme, it is estimated, will have been completed by noon, at which time the exposition will be formally declared open.

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The problem of dressing the wee boy is always one of the more difficult ones, but this pretty little dress goes a long way towards solving it. It is sufficiently boyish in effect, it is not too old, and is as comfortable as it is simple. The model is made

4879 Boy's Dress, 2 to 4 years.

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By a Hair's Breadth

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A Thrilling Tale of Adventure, Dealing with Life in the Russian Secret Service

By Headon Hill

[CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.]

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF THE PERIL.

It was the morning after the Tsar's arrival in Vienna, and the rain splashed down in torrents on the excited citizens who thronged the broad Ringstrasse and surged right up to the gates of the Hofburg. According to the programme of festivities the Russian monarch was to be present at a grand review on the Schmelz parade ground, and the drenched sightseers never dreamed that the potentate of the icy North would be prevented by "a little weather" from attending the function.

Inside the palace, however, a rumor already prevailed that a postponement was under discussion by imperial host and guest. The ladies and gentlemen of the Russian suite, a brilliant bevy in Parisian millinery and gala uniform, had gathered to await the summons to the carriages in the grand salon of the wing in which they were accommodated, and they were discussing the situation as one in which they had a very personal interest.

"I am sure I hope that this delay does mean postponement," remarked a lady of imposing appearance but rather silly expression, who sat on a divan fanning herself vigorously. "I would willingly lay down my life for their dear Majesties, but I cannot afford to ruin my clothes—and yours, my child—for them. That Worth toilette which you are wearing cost 1,200 roubles, Ilma, and it will be a long good-bye to it if the review takes place to-day."

The little feminine grumble was addressed to a tall girl in a magnificent costume of dove-colored silk, who was standing at an adjacent window, gazing down into the rain-splashed courtyard. The speaker was the Countess Vassili, one of the three ladies in waiting who had accompanied the Tsarina. The younger was her daughter Ilma, the junior of the same number of maids of honor.

The girl turned to her mother with a little laugh, and there was a note of nervous tension in her voice as she replied—

"What is a dress more or less if one can get a few hours' excitement? We have been cooped up for days in the train, and now it seems that we are to spend our stay in Vienna shut up together like animals in a traveling menagerie—Russian bears, for instance. I am sure I feel like one."

"For heaven's sake, child, do not let any one hear you talk in that fashion," said the horrified old lady, looking round in trepidation. "It almost amounts to treason. Besides," she added with a giggle intended to be significant, "you have an antidote to ennui always at hand." And she prodded a stubby forefinger towards a group where Boris Dubrowski was chatting with his brother aids de camp.

"One is not a housemaid—to be always hand-squeezing with one's bethrothed," replied Ilma coldly, as she turned again to the window with an impatient shrug. She was not an undutiful daughter, but she did not look to her frivolous mother for sympathy—simply because she knew she would not get it. All through the close association of the long railway journey from Petersburg, it would have been patent to any ordinary maternal instinct that a widening breach existed between Ilma and Dubrowski—that the erstwhile fond lovers were drifting hopelessly apart. Yet the Countess Vassili was too busy chattering court gossip and prattling of "their dear Majesties" to notice that Boris held himself, when possible, sulkily aloof, and that Ilma's proud heart was up in arms against such treatment.

Since her mother could not, or would not, see what was happening before her eyes, it was not possible to one of Ilma's self-contained character to enlighten her. That would come too near whining to harmonize with the boiling indignation that consumed her, and she felt that it would be quite time enough to confide the situation to her mother when the breach became an open one. For the present she was devoting all the effort of a naturally strong will to control herself, and so avoid the contretemps of breaking her engagement to Boris during the imperial tour. Yet she was fully determined to give him his freedom whenever he asked for it—and without waiting for him to do so, as soon as they were back at Petersburg.

"Olga Palitzin is welcome to him. She has bewitched him, and she can have him," Ilma said to herself a hundred times a day.

Some such thought was in her mind now as she stood waiting, but it was interrupted by a burst of well-bred laughter from the group of officers.

"Come, gentlemen, it is not fair on such a dull day to keep a joke to yourselves," the Countess Vassili called over to them. "Pray, let us share the cause of your merriment."

"We were counting heads to see if we were all here," said one of the aids de camp. "With the exception, of course, of the grandees now in solemn conclave assembled, and the ubiquitous Restofski, we find that Paul Volborth is the only absentee. Some one suggests that he has been sent for to try and rearrange matters with the weather."

"Ah, very good—very good, indeed," laughed the countess. "You are making sly hits at the dear Paul's persuasive powers, but you would not do it to his face. He would turn the jest against you."

"I think M. Volborth has gone off rather, lately," said Ilma, joining in this as in every conversation from a desire not to attract attention to her private troubles. "It is sometimes difficult to recognize in the grave, preoccupied historian the sociable dilettante of our Petersburg drawing rooms. I have been studying him and puzzling over him ever since we left home."

"The cares of office mademoiselle," said gray-haired Count Woronzoff, the court chamberlain. "As soon as a man receives a government apointment a little abstraction is pardonable. If he have it not he may even feign it—to make believe that his duties weigh heavily upon him."

"That must be it," said Ilma gaily. "M. Volborth is shamming a devotion to duty. I shall tell him so at the first opportunity."

Within the limits of his knowledge—for none but the Tsar, Prince Lobanof and General de Boisdeffre, the chief of the staff, was aware of Volborth's real functions—the court chamberlain was right. At that moment the chief agent of the Third Section was very much imbued with "the cares of office," nor was there any need for him to dissemble a devotion to duty. He was in the act of leaving the presence of his sovereign and the Emperor of Austria, and with him were Prince Lobanof, General de Boisdeffre and Restofski.

"Thank God for that," said the foreign minister, as he closed the door of the Imperial sanctum, after "backing" into the corridor. "And thank God for the weather which furnished the excuse. He would never have taken heed of our vague alarms if it had not been for the rain. I will convey to the suite the probably welcome intelligence that the review has been countermanded till to-morrow, and that the fine plumage of the ladies is safe."

The veteran diplomatist, hale and vigorous as a man of forty, started at his best pace for the part of the palace apportioned to the guests, but in a few steps Volborth overtook him.

"Pardon me your excellency, but there is a slight arrangement which I should wish to make before the suite are informed of the change," said Volborth. "General," he added, as the chief of the staff and the ostensible head agent of the Third Section joined them. "I believe that in the ordinary course Captain Dubrowski would be free for the rest of the day, now that there is no public function?"

"That is so," replied de Boisdeffre.

"May I request, then," Volborth proceeded, "that you alter the duty-roster and assign him to close personal attendance on his Majesty? The affair is urgent."

The chief of the staff made an impassive motion of assent. It is part of the iron system of police domination that demands made by the Section, no matter how apparently irrelevant, shall be executed by all departments without demur or cavil. This one, however, was so out of the common, as affecting the private entourage of the Emperor, that Prince Lobanof, secure in his high station, could not repress his surprise.

"Eh? What is this, Monsieur Volborth?" he exclaimed. "There is nothing wrong with the staff, I trust? Surely all our fellow-travelers are above suspicion?"

"This is rather a measure of precaution than of suspicion," Volborth replied evasively. "I have no cause to doubt the loyal intentions of any member of the suite, but I must rely on my privilege not to go further into my reasons for this step—even with your excellency."

Prince Lobanof indulged in the shrug which Russia has imported from Paris, and his shrewd features assumed a whimsical expression.

"You gentlemen of the Section must be paramount on an occasion of this kind," he said. "As I have to meet the Austrian foreign minister in half an hour, I shall be glad to go to my room instead of congratulating the ladies on the reprieve of their millinery. Do it in your own way—at your own time."

The three men bowed as the holder of the most important portfolio in the world passed on to his apartments, and Volborth turned instantly to the chief of the staff.

"General," he said hurriedly, "I shall be obliged if you will announce the postponement of the review to our colleagues. Present yourself in five minutes, and if I may suggest a hint, enter hastily, as though fresh from having audience of their Majesties. At the same time notify Dubrowski that he is for immediate personal duty. It is necessary that I myself should be in the salon where the suite is assembled when these instructions are given, and, of course, we must not go in together. Restofski, your work is cut out for you—a ceaseless hunt for La Tchigorin under the auspices of the chief of the Vienna police, who, by now, is awaiting you at the office."

For it was to the known presence in the city of Anna Tchigorin that the postponement of the day's function was reallly due. Restofski had caught a fleeting glimpse of the notorious female Nihilist in the crowd at the station during the reception on the previous day, and now for half an hour the Tsar's advisers had been striving to induce him to consent to seize upon the rain as an excuse for a change of programme. Their hard-won victory over Imperial scruples was a relief to Volborth, for the knowledge that the handsome fiend who had shot already a Russian chief of police, was in Vienna, convinced him that some sinister plot was afoot, and he felt that in his ignorance of the enemy's plans he would best baffle them by changing their own as often as possible. Besides, he wanted to try an experiment.

Restofski, a heavy-lipped, clean-shaven man—a human automaton in the art of spying, nodded comprehension, and disappeared down the next flight of stairs in the direction of the courtyard, while the chief of the staff and Volborth made their way along the noble corridors to their own wing where they separated, de Boisdeffre entering his own private apartment and Volborth proceeding to the salon.

Up to the moment when he turned the handle of the door his brows were knit in deepest thought, but when he entered he met the ripple of laughter that greeted his appearance with an amiable smile, joining as if by accident the group of which Boris Dubrowski made one.

"No, I have not been consulted about the weather," he replied to the bantering questions as to his recent whereabouts. "I had certain arrears of work to make up—in the privacy of my own apartment."

The Countess Vassili was near enough to overhear the remark.

"Oh come, Monsieur Volborth, that won't do," she wheezed, with a foolish woman's aptitude to say awkward things. "Everybody else thinks that you are bowed down with the cares of office, or that you are pretending to be. I don't. In my opinion you are up to the eyes in intrigue—engineering a Nihilist plot, or some such abomination."

Inwardly anathematizing the old lady for thus frivolously connecting him with a subject which he had studiously striven to keep altogether out of the mouths and minds of the suite, Volborth was, nevertheless, grateful to her for the information that a change in his manner had been noticed. He determined to put a little stronger check on his anxieties in the future, and his facial muscles were under perfect control as he answered lightly, with a humorous affectation of terror—

"My dear Countess, pray do not make such frightful accusations when our friend Restofski is about. It is well he is not here now, or I should be dogged by spies for the remainder of the tour, and that would not be pleasant in Paris, where I hope to enjoy myself. If you must invent an occupation for me, why not choose the other side of the blanket and tax me with belonging to the Section? That would be so much kinder—because safer—to the object of your solicitude."

This speech, characteristic enough of the man as he was known to his hearers, was a straw thrown out to feel the direction of the wind, and its reception reassured him that no serious discussion had caused the countess's public accusation. Volborth's method was a combination of subtlety and daring and it was typical of this method to thus moot boldly his concealed employment as a joke in order to note how it would be taken. As it was, the laugh of the incongruity of his being either a Nihilist or a police agent was general with one exception. Ilma Vassili was still standing by the window, and Volborth became conscious that she was regarding him with a grave interest.

It instantly recurred to him that early in the journey from Petersburg the young maid-of-honor had seen him in conversatiin with Restofski. He had been most careful to avoid open communication with his subordinates of the Section, but at one of the stoppages it had been absolutely necessary, owing to an urgent telegram from headquarters, for Restofski to consult him; and having received the prearranged signal, Volborth had slipped from his saloon-carriage and had gone to that in which the police agents were traveling. Ilma had chanced to pass at the time. He had a high opinion of the girl's intelligence, and he wondered whether she was now "putting two and two together."

Further surmise was for the moment curtailed by the entrance of General de Boisdeffre, who at once created a diversion by informing the waiting suite that the orders for the day had been canceled, that the review would take place on the morrow, and that the Tsar and his party would go straight from the parade ground to the railway station to take their departure for Kieff. The announcement was received with a universal chorus of approval, in which Volborth joined without showing that he was watching Boris Dubrowski's every movement.

On hearing of the change of programme, the young officer evinced by a glance at the door, and by a half-turn towards it, that he meditated leaving the salon. If such was his impulse the chief of the staff promptly checked it.

"Captain Dubrowski," proceeded de Boisdeffre, "his Majesty purposes spending the day at the castle of Lainz, in the hope that, if the weather moderates, he may have some shooting. He will drive thither in half an hour from now. You are the best sportsman on the staff, and I detail you therefore to accompany him in place of Captain Baron Alten, who is hereby relieved from duty. You will present yourself in his Majesty's anteroom forthwith."

Ilma had shifted her gaze from Volborth to her recreant lover, and she perceived that his face was crossed by a shade of annoyance. Discipline prevailed, however, and, quickly mastering himself, Boris yielded cheerful submission to the command.

"Very good, General," he replied. "I will go at once. May I take a minute in which to scribble a—a note?"

By this time the rest of the liberated suite were busy with plans for the day; some were already leaving the salon, and the little matter of the changed aids-de-camp was attracting no attention. Only Ilma, watching half-hidden by the window curtain saw a quick telegraph of inquiry flash from de Boisdeffre's eyes before he answered the question. Its direction was to where Volborth stood in apparently careless converse with Count Woronzoff behind Dubrowski's back. A tenth of a second elapsed, and the chief of the staff gave the required permission, turning away immediately to join a group of officers.

Upon this, Boris produced a pocket-book, tore out a leaf and wrote a few lines in pencil. Then, looking about him, his eyes lighted on Volborth, who put himself forward much as a sharper "forces" a card on his opponent.

[To Be Continued To-morrow.]

J. A. MURPHY.
In the New Vaudeville Bill at the Grand.

In the Theaters

To-Day's Schedule.

ENGLISH'S.—Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way," 8 p. m.
GRAND.—High-class vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
PARK.—"Through the Center of the Earth," 2 and 8 p. m.
EMPIRE.—Burlesque, 2 and 8 p. m.
UNIQUE.—Variety, 3 and 8 p. m.

Maxine Elliott To-Night.

A great local favorite, Maxine Elliott, will begin a two nights' engagement at English's this evening in a new comedy by Clyde Fitch entitled "Her Own Way." There are few actresses before the public having the personal charm of Miss Elliott, and added to her unusual grace and beauty is talent of a high order. This will be her Indianapolis debut as an independent star. Heretofore she has been seen here in company with her husband, Nat C. Goodwin, sharing with him the honors of such delightful plays as "When We Were Twenty-One" and "The Altar of Friendship." At the opening of the present season the Goodwins decided to separate for professional purposes, as Mr. Goodwin wished to undertake a Shakspearean season in an elaborate revival of "Midsummer Night's Dream," while his wife was desirous of appearing as a star on her own responsibility in the comedy which Playwright Fitch had outlined for her.

"Her Own Way" proved a decided success in New York, and Miss Elliott was hailed by the metropolitan reviewers as one of the luckiest actresses of the season—a season that has been notable for its many failures. Mr. Fitch himself had furnished some of the failures, but in "Her Own Way" he struck a "winner," having turned out a comedy that not only suited Miss Elliott like the proverbial glove, but one which had the sort of stuff in it that made it well worth while. At least one gathers these impressions from the accounts that have preceded the production.

Miss Elliott is surrounded by a company of well-known players, and Manager Charles B. Dillingham has been particularly careful, it is said, to give the play a splendid scenic investiture. One of the child actors in the company—there are four children in the piece—is little Donald Gallaher, who is well remembered by Indianapolis theater-goers for his very amusing portrayal of a naughty boy in "The Little Princess" last spring.

The Opera Season Next Week.

Indianapolis has in store a rare artistic treat in the brief season of grand opera which begins at English's a week from to-night. The Savage Grand Opera Company does not come as a stranger this spring. All music-lovers who attended the performances of this splendid organization a year ago in this city will gladly recommend the forthcoming music festival as one that should receive every encouragement. The company had earned a lasting reputation in every large city except Indianapolis when it came here for its first engagement just a year ago, and Indianapolis—always cautious concerning a theatrical attraction with which it is not familiar—hesitated at first to rally to its support. There were good-sized audiences present, but the crowds at the earlier performances were not as large as the sterling merit of the company warranted. But when it became generally known that no such grand opera in English had been heard in Indianapolis since the time of Emma Abbott, the music-lovers flocked to the theater, and the last performances of the engagement were given to very large and enthusiastic gatherings.

There is hardly room for doubt that the three operas to be sung here next week will be heard by audiences that will pack the theater. The repertoire will contain one great novelty and two old favorites. Verdi's "Othello" will be sung in English here for the first time next Monday night, and, according to the music critics of New York, Washington, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities, it is given a superb interpretation by the high-class artists of Manager Savage's organization. "Il Trovatore" will be sung at a special Tuesday matinee, and "Lohengrin" will be given Tuesday evening. These two last named operas were presented during the engagement of the company in Indianapolis last season, and were sung in an admirable manner that cannot be forgotten. The seat sale for the coming operatic festival will open at English's box office Thursday morning. A great demand is assured and the management is preparing to handle many orders from out-of-town people. In a musical way, next week's offering will be by far the most important of the theatrical season.

Theatrical Notes.

The Gand's vaudeville programme this week, opening with the matinee this afternoon, will be headed by Valerie Bergere, one of the most talented little comediennes on the vaudeville stage. Miss Bergere is well remembered here for her splendid work last season in a bright little comedietta entitled "Billy's First Love." Her new vehicle is another playlet, of pretty much the same sort, called "Jimmy's Experiment." She will be supported by two other competent players and her offering should prove one of the most enjoyable acts seen at the Grand for some time. The second feature of importance on the new bill will be the first appearance here of the celebrated Jackson family of bicyclists and gymnasts. The Jacksons have won a reputation both in this country and Europe as the greatest troup of trick cyclists to appear before the public.

Murphy and Willard will contribute a comedy musical act that has never before been presented at the Grand. Ward and Curran, old-time vaudeville favorites, will again be seen in their laugh-provoking character sketch, and other entertainers on the programme will be Ferguson and Passmore, in a singing and dancing specialty; the two Lamonts, acrobats; the Silvers, in illustrated ballads, and the McAvoys, in a farcical sketch that is considered very amusing. The bioscope will complete the show with a series of new motion pictures.

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Edward Blondell is said to have written and placed upon the stage a fanciful story that is equal to one out of fairyland in his "Through the Center of the Earth," and Harry Von Tilzer is said to have made much of his opportunity in regaling it with music. It comes to the Park this afternoon as a pretentious offering in the way of spectacular extravaganzas, with a large chorus and gorgeous scenery of the north pole and the mythical realm in the center of the earth, where explorers go in search of wealth. Bloudell, who is known as a competent comedian, plays the part of an awkward country boy, who fights a dragon and becomes king of the newly discovered land. The piece is described as a hurrah of fun and music, glittering with settings as varied in colorings as a rainbow. The Hawes sisters and a number of other teams will give specialties. The engagement is for three days.

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It has just been settled that Mme. Rejane, the great French comedienne, will open her American tour the second week in next November, at the Lyric Theater, New York. During her tour in this country she will be seen in all of the leading plays of her repertoire, but her principal offering will doubtless be "La Montansier," the new drama, by M. De Flers, which is to have its initial presentation to-morrow evening in Paris, and of which great things are expected. The piece is to be given a great scenic production, the stage settings having been painted by M. Ronson, the best scenic artist in Paris, who painted the scenery for Sir Henry Irving's "Dante." Liebler & Co. control both the French and English rights for America, and if the play proves the great success anticipated, it will not only be presented in this country by Rejane in French, but will be given in English toward the later part of next season, with a prominent American actress in the leading role.

+ + +

Clarke's "Runaway Girls," a burlesque organization that scored a success when seen here last season, will hold the boards at the Empire this week. The company is credited with being a well-balanced combination, with a big chorus of pretty girls and a number of specialty performers of some prominence. Two musical travesties will be given—"Cohenstein and the Fairies," as the curtain raiser, and "King for a Day" as the afterpiece. Helen Russell is the chief burlesquer of the company and her principal assistants are Ada Buttner and the Misses Marshall, Lewis, Crane, Elder, Green, Burman, Brosnan, Taburine and Jacques. The vaudeville olio will be made up of specialties by Murphy and Davis, grotesque comedians; the Marimbo players; Mile. Rosalie, vocalist; the La Vails, novelty gymnasts; Reynolds and Buhl, German comedians; the Berg Sisters, character change artists, and Derenda and Brown, high-class jugglers.

+ + +

Seats will be placed on sale to-morrow for the engagement of Lottie Blaire Parker's pretty play, "Under Southern Skies," which will be at English's next Friday and Saturday nights and at a "popular-price" Saturday matinee. The admirers of Mrs. Parker's wholesome comedy-dramas, of which "Way Down East" has been the most successful, will be desirious of seeing her new offering. "Under Southern Skies" is described as a beautiful story, interestingly and touchingly told, and in the hands of a cast of players capable in every respect of bringing out the many excellent qualities of the piece. Ida Mulle, once so popular as a soubrette in the days of the Henderson extravaganzas, has one of the leading character parts, and Sara Lewis, a strong emotional actress, is seen as the heroine. The play is given a very elaborate scenic presentation.

+ + +

Bert Leslie, one of the best burlesque comedians on the road, will be a co-star next season with Robert Dailey, in a new musical comedy called "A Pair of Promoters." Leslie has long been a great local favorite with Empire audiences, as he has never failed to present an original specialty during his annual visits to Indianapolis. His farcical act seen at the Empire about a month ago, was one of the funniest specialties ever presented there. His new partner, Dailey, is now rehearsing one of the leading comedy parts in the forthcoming spring production of the musical comedy, "A Man from China."

+ + +

Drina De Wolfe, one of the most beautiful women on the American stage—in fact, Maxine Elliott is about her only rival—is to become a star ere long, it is said, under the management of Charles Frohman. She is now scoring a decided success in New York as a young society woman in Augustus Thomas's new comedy, "The Other Girl." She was seen in this city last season with Henry Miller, playing the part of a London music hall actress in Richard Harding Davis's play, "The Taming of Helen."

+ + +

It is understood that Otis Skinner will not devote his entire attention to Shakspearean repertoire next season, after all, but will be seen in a new play by the French dramatist, Jean Richpin—a strong romantic drama of the French-Canadian border of the period of 1850. He will not wait until next season to make the production, but will give the play a trial late this spring. Its first presentation will be in Milwaukee during May.

+ + +

Pretty Madge Lessing will not be with the Francis Wilson company in the big revival of "Erminie" when that tuneful comic opera comes to this city next month. This is her last week with the organization, as she will resign from the company to play Della Fox's old part in De Wolf Hopper's big revival of "Wang." Esther Christie MacDonald or Irene Bentley will succeed her in "Erminie."

PREACH IN RAIN.

Band of Religious Exhorters Brave Elements to Win Souls.

Six women and two men, earnest workers in their faith, stood at Illinois street and Kentucky avenue in the drizzling rain and hail yesterday afternoon and exhorted the people to join their faith and live a better life. Their heroic work in braving the elements to attract the attention of the people was generally commented upon.

Russian Royalty Goes Driving.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 13.—The Emperor and Empress and their children spent to-day at the Sarskoye Selo and went sleigh riding in the park. To-morrow the imperial family will resume its fast, the fourth week in Lent, like the first and last, being rigorously observed.

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Bible Expositions
By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Second Presbyterian Church, Every Afternoon at 3:30
First Presbyterian Church, Every Night at 7:45
Song Service Led by MR. CLIFTON POWERS

Chat of the Morning

The Way She Told It.

The Ten Club were gathered at Janet's planning for a leap-year dinner. The members were all chattering volubly except Sara, curled up on the corner of the couch with a big blue pillow tucked comfortably back of her blonde head. "You look as if you had a secret, Sara," called Marie from the other side of the room; "out with it; you know we'll keep mum." Sara smiled with a guilty blush and said she was only thinking about her leap-year letter.

"You see, when I lived in Richmond eight years ago," she explained, "the girls in our crowd wrote letters to each other on the 29th of February, to be read in 1904. We planned then to get together and read them this year, but, of course, I wasn't there, so I had to read mine by myself. They were awfully funny, especially one from my cousin, which began, 'My Dear Mrs. Brown,' and went on to prophesy that we would all be married when we read the letters and she hoped I would be Mrs. Brown. Dear old Joe Brown, we quarreled long ago, and he has been engaged twice since then. Her letter inspired me to write a ridiculous one in answer, just as though things had turned out as predicted, only I had to get rid of Joe some way, so I killed him off in a railroad wreck and left myself a forlorn widow. If that gets to Joe's ears won't he be mad. I made up a lot more stuff about my having been bridesmaid for the other girls in the crowd and my cousin and I marrying within two months of each other, but some of it's true, because she is to be married in June, and—well, I guess it will be more than two months because August would be too hot. There! I've given it away, but you mustn't tell because we planned to announce it at the leap-year dinner, but Jack brought up the ring last night, and I just couldn't keep it from you girls. Of course, it's a dandy, but don't all grab me at once; I'm being suffocated."

Then every one of those nine girls forgot all about the leap-year dinner and demanded to know when and where and how it all happened, though each one declared she had guessed it long ago and had always thought Jack and Sara would make an ideal couple.

Menu for a Day.

Suggestions furnished by Table Talk to housekeepers of moderate means:

—Breakfast.—
Fruit. Force. Sugar and Cream.
Liver and Bacon. Baked Potatoes.
Pop Overs. Coffee.

—Lunch.—
Sliced Cold Mutton.
Alpha Salad Cream.
Milk Biscuit. Chocolate.

—Dinner.—
Campbell's Beef Soup.
Mutton Chartreuse. Catsup. Beets.
Cranberry Jelly. Cold Slaw. Wafers.
Cheese. Egg Jacket. Coffee.

A Little Too Much.

Brooklyn Eagle.

She had a small child with her, and there was no vacant seat in the car.

"We'll have to stand, dearie," she said.

Now, a woman standing alone is bad enough, but when she has to steady a child it is infinitely worse. In this case two men started to offer a seat, but one, being a little quicker than the other, the latter settled back comfortably.

"Here is a seat, madame," said the one who had risen.

"Thank you," she said, and, stooping, she lifted the child into the vacant seat. Then she looked hard at the other man.

"Why don't you sit down, mummy?" asked the child.

"I have no seat," she replied, and again she looked at the man who had started to get up.

The other passengers began to "take notice." The man who had given up his seat had expected she would take the child in her lap, but it was evident that she wanted two seats. Would she get them? Somehow he felt a little bit provoked, but he could still enjoy the dilemma of the other man. The latter had been equally ready to give up his seat when it seemed to be necessary, but now he seemed to descry an opposition.

"Can't you get a seat, mummy?" persisted the child.

"No, dearie," the woman replied. "Mamma will have to stand."

But her eyes were on the man. So were the eyes of others in the car. They were curious to note the result, and they noted it. The man reached over, picked up the child, sat it on his knee, and remarked pleasantly, "There's a seat for you, madame."

The woman's face grew very red, but she took the seat—and the child. And she knew the other passengers were laughing.

Will Be Lined.

New York Times.

The shirtwaist gowns of the coming summer are to have lined waists; that is, those of the custom-made suits. The loose or pouch effect is "out." It seems rather a pity, as they will not be so cool. Wide girdles will be used when the waist is long enough to stand them, and above these girdles the silk will be allowed to puff out the least bit. The skirts are to be fuller, and for street wear they must be of instep length. Some of the new models are cut away slightly from the throat at the sides and in a shallow V or square at the front, and unlined lace or embroidered chemisettes are inserted. The neck and front are finished by a band of embroidery or a line of medallions, the same trimming also appearing in the cuffs and sometimes in the girdle. A new white linen shirtwaist that forms a part of a shirtwaist costume has its neck cut out slightly and is finished by embroidered scallops.

Little Accessories.

New York Sun.

That procession of square bows that set in during the winter is a strong feature of all costume displays. They connect skirt panels and bodice fronts in all sorts of ways and materials—gauze, ribbon, silk and velvet. They have even been seen to descend in their orderly fashion from the belt to the flounce of the skirt in the middle of the back. Often these bows, taking on a sort of square rosette shape, are of chiffon or illusion, and furnish a means for the introduction of a bit of needed color. Jewels and jet often center them. Among the popular trimmings and garnishings none is more generally popular than lace medallions of all shapes, framed by needlework. There is a new scarf that is not revived from the past. No dame or maid of early days would have courted "bad luck" by wearing it. It is of pale green crepe, worked at the ends with a design of peacock feathers and bordered with the eyes of the feather.

Fruit Croquettes.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One-half loaf of baker's bread, one and three-quarter cupful of milk, one cupful mixed fruit, curants, raisins, minced candied orange peel, two eggs (yolks), two tablespoonfuls sugar, one tablespoonful cornstarch, one teaspoonful vanilla extract. Discard the crust of the bread; rub the crumbs fine, turn the milk over them and soak for fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add to them gradually the sugar and the cornstarch. Stir the milk and crumbs over the fire until boiling, add the egg mixture and stir for a moment longer, then remove from the fire, mix in the fruit, nutmeg and vanilla, and turn out to cool. Shape into croquettes, coat with egg and breadcrumbs and fry in hot, deep fat. Drain and serve with a clear vanilla sauce.

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