

"WHO KNOCKS?"

BY FLORENCE EARL COATES.

Who knocks at the door so late, so late—
Who knocks so late at the door?
Is it one who comes, as a stranger comes,
Or one who has knocked before?
Is it one who stays with intent to bless,
Or one who stands to implore?

"My days have been as the years," she said,
"And my heart, my heart is sore;
Love looked in my face with a wistful grace
One happy spring of yore—
Looked in my face for a moment's space,
And left me to grieve evermore!"

Through all the days the door stood wide,
For hope had breathed a vow
That love should not be kept outside;
The years wore on, and hope had died;
The door at last is barred and fast—
Why comes this knocking now?

"Yet was the waiting heart," she said,
"And the heart it waiteth for!
And was the truth and wasted youth
That nothing shall restore!
The faith that's fled, the hope that's dead,
The dreams that come no more!"

Who knocks at the gate—so late, so late?
Thou foolish heart, be still!
What is't to thee if love or hate
Knocks in the midnight chill?
Art thou, poor heart, compassionate?
Is love so hard to kill?

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

From the French of Charles Montague,
Adapted for the Commercial Advertiser by F. M. Weston.

SATURNIEN awoke later than usual that morning. He yawned, sighed, arose, approached the window and with a languid gesture pulled back the ample curtains that kept out the light of day.

"A perfect day for fishing," he lamented, "and to think that I have to pass it chained to a desk in Paris."

"Don't go to Paris," counseled Mme. Saturnien; "write to the manager that you are ill."

"Tempt me not, daughter of Eve," Or better still, I will write to M. Aperasse myself, that will surely convince him of the gravity of your condition."

"A terribly imprudent thing to do. What if he should send the administration doctor out to see me?"

"Here—to Varenne—this very day? Oh, the cowardice of men!" retorted the "daughter of Eve" contemptuously.

They passed into another room where Mme. Saturnien—Juliette, if you prefer—turned over the pages of a ponderous book of medicine belonging to Doctor Salolles, their neighbor and tenant. For Saturnien, you must know, was a property-holder, and his house, situated on the banks of the Marne, consisted of two pavilions exactly alike, which adjoined each other after the manner of the Siamese twins. In one of these divisions the Saturnien couple had their abode; in the other was that of Dr. Salolles.

Juliette wrote: "Monsieur: My husband, after suffering all night with torturing pain in his left foot, perceived this morning that the great toe was swollen to an enormous size. He intended going to the office as usual, but on making the effort found it quite impossible to proceed. He begs me to express to you, together with his deep regret, the sincere hope that the disability will be of but short duration."

"Sincerely,
"JULIETTE SATURNIEN."

"Simple and in good taste," approved the employee; "neither compromising in the present nor binding in the future. Come and give me a kiss, my charming secretary! And how busy with the letter to friend Darblouise, whom you will find at this moment in the station, it being just the hour at which we both take the train for Paris. In this way the manager will receive the earliest possible notice, and I shall be able to pass the day with a comparatively clear conscience."

M. Aperasse, on reading Juliette's missive, contracted his brow into a frown. He well knew the ruling passion of his subordinate, and guessed the facts in the case at once.

"Decidedly fishy," he said, tapping the letter with a stern forefinger. Then he hurriedly betook himself to the office of the manager-in-chief, where the two officials held a consultation in the case of Saturnien, which, could the latter have overheard it, would have cured him at once.

Meanwhile, installed in a flat-bottomed boat close to the shore near his house, the truant, happy as a god, was taking in fish after fish. The Marne, tranquil and sunny, flowed smoothly past him, as did the hours steeped in bliss. At noon the housewife brought an abundant cold repast, and together they sat in the little boat and ate it. While they were in the midst of this agreeable occupation a shadow fell on the water before them, Saturnien was on the point of turning around, when the little bell attached to one of his poles gave a tinkle, and immediately he became engrossed in the rapture of jerking high up into the air the invisible creature that had caused the sound—a perch!

"Bravo!" exclaimed a voice directly behind the boat. No sooner was the word uttered than the same voice emitted a cry of distress and a heavy body, striking the water, parted it, and sent showers of spray up over diners and repast. Bravely the fisherman plunged in over the side of the boat, and after a moment closed his grasp on a pair of moving cold tails. To draw his magnificent burden up to the surface and raise it laboriously, with the help of Juliette, into the boat was the affair of but a few moments.

"Let us get him quickly to the house," cried Juliette. "Oh, why must Dr. Salolles be away to-day of all others?"

Turning their back on fishing-poles and sandwiches, the couple lifted the insensible man out of the boat, and between them got him up the stairs that led to the bank above and to the house, where they undressed and put him to bed. Mme. Juliette, in presenting the soaked garments to the blaze of a roaring fire, turned the coat upside down, and from one of the pockets dropped a folded sheet of paper, which opened as it fell. Juliette picked it up, ran her eye over the writing it contained, and for a moment stood petrified with dismay. Then, in a panic-stricken voice, she called to Saturnien, and handed him the letter. This is what he read:

"Dear Doctor—Please take the next train to Varenne and call there on one of our employees, M. Louis Saturnien, 106 Rue du Colombier. I have just received word that a painful swelling of the great toe prevents his coming to the office to-day. Kindly make an examination to-day and impart to me at your earliest convenience your diagnosis of this most remarkable case.
"Sincerely,
P. APERASSE."

"Heavens!" cried Saturnien, aghast. "A messenger from the ministry must have delivered this note. Ah, why did he not break his neck? This wish must have referred to the messenger, for pointing to the bearer:

"As for him," he said, "he can come to life or not, as he pleases. I am going to change my clothes."

When Dr. Bonenfant recovered consciousness the first person he perceived was the sympathetic Saturnien bending solicitously over him.

"It is you who have saved my life—I thank you."

Saturnien and his wife had formed a daring scheme which reposed upon the probability of the doctor's having no knowledge of his rescuer's identity. In pursuance of this Saturnien made reply:

"But, tut, my dear patient, not a word about debt between fellow practitioners like ourselves."

The doctor raised himself upon his elbow.

"You are a physician, then?" he asked.

"Dr. Salolles, of Varenne, at your service," Saturnien responded, in as firm a voice as he could command.

"Ah, my dear colleague, Heaven has placed you in my path. How can I thank you for the service you have rendered me? I am Dr. Bonenfant, of Paris, an ass who doesn't know any better than to fall into the river on his first visit to Varenne. By the way, speaking of Varenne, I am looking for some one here; can you direct me to 106 Rue du Colombier?"

"Rue du Colombier?" repeated Saturnien slowly, in order to gain time for reflection; "hm-hm, that's quite at the other end of the town—a new road cut through—utterly impossible for a stranger to find his way—"

"But I am called there on a very important matter; a certain Louis Saturnien is passing himself off on his employers as disabled, and my mission is to investigate his case and expose him."

"Be quite at ease, my dear doctor; I know this Saturnien and will gladly attend to the matter for you."

"Most good of you, my dear colleague; but unfortunately, I must turn in my report to the ministry to-morrow morning."

"No trouble about that at all; I shall send you my diagnosis so that you will receive it to-night. I caution you as a physician and a friend not to exert yourself unnecessarily. You are in urgent need of rest."

"Very well," acquiesced the doctor; "but be sure and handle the fellow as he deserves; a swollen great toe—non-sense! The rascal is simply trying to steal a day from his employers. Be pitiless, implacable, ferocious!"

Relieved and confident, Dr. Bonenfant took his leave.

Now it happened that early that morning Dr. Salolles had gone to Paris to purchase some furniture, and on his return to Varenne had ordered an expressman to take goods to his house, 106 Rue du Colombier? He was overheard by a severe-looking individual who was standing near, who marched impetuously up to Dr. Salolles and laid a rough grasp on his collar.

"How—what's this?" demanded the doctor, facing around indignantly; "take your hand off my collar, monsieur, and your foot off my great toe!"

"Ah, yes; your great toe!" sneered the other, who was no other than Dr. Bonenfant on his way back to Paris.

"So you live at No. 106 Rue du Colombier?"

"I do—let me go, or I'll—"

Dr. Bonenfant rushed for his train brandishing an angry fist at Salolles.

When Saturnien reported for duty next day he received a document wherein were set forth the ministry's reasons for pronouncing upon him the sentence of three months' suspension of salary.

French lawyers, especially the younger members of the profession have a grievance that has been loudly voiced by Maître Antoinin Oudart. The law which gives defense to a minimum charge in case of appeal to try the criminal, the widows and the orphans are taking increasing advantage of the generous provision and asking the court to appoint lawyers to defend them. Last year, out of 29,031 criminal cases in the Paris courts, 9024 pleaded poverty, and secured defense at the quoted rates, 10 francs a day, payable out of the treasury.

"A man should live by his occupation," says the eloquent maître, "but the Parisian lawyer cannot do so. We ought to plead to live, not to be compelled to live to plead. Strike is out of the question, because the traditions of the bar have made the barrister an officer of the court, and to always obey his mandates is a duty, but hardly a pleasure."—Chicago Chronicle.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

SHE'S A GAME BUYER.

The Novel Occupation of a Young Woman of Milwaukee.

A novel occupation is that which is being pursued with success by Miss Emily L. Marden, of Milwaukee, Wis. There are now quite a number of Dianus who take out a hunting license each season, and Miss Marden is among the women to whom licenses are annually issued, but it is not to hunt the game that she obtains the legal document necessary. With her it is a strictly business proposition. She probably knows more about the habits of game, either feathered or four-footed, than most women who hunt, but that is because she is a game buyer, and the only woman engaged in that business in the State.

A great proportion of the game which reaches Milwaukee each autumn season represented the results of hard work and arduous traveling by Miss Marden in the northern part of the State. For three months each year she goes from shipping point to shipping point buying direct from the hunters when she can or from the dealers to whom the hunters bring the game they have killed. This has to be done as rapidly as possible, and there is little rest or sleep for the young woman until she has gathered up a sufficient quantity to make it worth while to take the long and tiresome trip back to the city.

Under the game laws no shipping is allowed, and this means that every time a consignment of game reaches town some one with a hunter's license has brought it down from the North as personal baggage. With Miss Marden this personal baggage is at times excessive, and she has brought in at one trip as many as 2000 birds which she had gathered up in the course of three or four days' travel through the woods.

Traveling through the hunting district is not the pleasant thing in the world, even for a man, for the hotel and railroad accommodations are rarely even passable, but Miss Marden, though a slight young woman of modest ways, makes little complaint about it.

"How am I treated? With absolute courtesy. At first I think the hunters thought it queer to deal with a woman, but they have gotten over that long ago, and no one could be nicer to me than those men are. They are not cultivated society men, to be sure, but get rough fellows fresh from the woods, yet absolutely chivalrous in their treatment of a woman. They want to go out of their way to do a kindness for one, and seem to take it as a matter of course that they should be allowed to. The heart of the hunter is a big and generous one, if his clothes are tough and his bearing uncourtly. I've always found him a gentleman."—Chicago Chronicle.

Hints For Girls Who Travel.

One of the first lessons the girl needs to learn is how to travel without looking untidy. To the novice this seems impossible. All the sticks. Her clothes lose their freshness and she does not understand the secret of spending twenty-four hours on the train without presenting a generally demoralized appearance at the end of her journey.

The experienced traveler will always carry with her cold cream and almond meal. The latter softens the hard water and enables her to keep her hands clean. Cold cream smeared thickly on the face and neck at intervals, rubbed in well and removed with a bit of absorbent cotton or an old handkerchief, removes the coal dust and cinders.

As for clothes, she will not wear white shirt waists or cotton gowns on the train. One plain China silk blouse of a color to harmonize with her walking skirt is sufficient. The latter should be of mohair, which can be brushed clean in an instant. She should wear a thin gauze combination suit if the weather be warm, a heavy one if necessary, and carry as many more as the trip demands. For comfort she should wear a mere girdle for a corset, the latter being too stiff to wear with comfort throughout the day.

Pongee "knickers" are better than petticoats. They roll into a mere wisp at night, and China silk corset covers may be worn for the same reason. Stom, easy shoes, Turkish slippers, to wear to the dressing room at night and to rest the feet occasionally by day, and a soft cap, to be worn in the stead of the hat, and a long, plain, dark China silk wrapper, to wear at night and to the dressing room, complete the necessities in the way of dress.

Lavender salts and a vial of aromatic spirits of ammonia should be carried in case of headache. It is a good idea to skip breakfast or luncheon and merely eat figs and Graham biscuit. It is a mistake to overload the stomach when obliged to sit all days in a car. Always, when the train stops long enough, hop out at an important station and walk swiftly up and down the platform.

By following these simple directions it is possible to travel with ease and comfort.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Chiffon For Use and Beauty.

Clever modistes are fitting Irish lace, used as berlines or collars, with black chiffon, and this throws up the lace in a subtle and indescribable way that is perfectly fascinating. Of course, it isn't on a single chiffon the lace is laid, and under the black, which is sometimes single and sometimes double, there must be always a layer

or two of white chiffon. Lace is simply lined with black chiffon, and sewn on to it all along its border. The lace doesn't dangle over the chiffon, but seems one with it, and therein rests all the newness and subtlety of the effect.

Mousseline de soie will figure conspicuously in the form of the evening frock, and this applied with lace, either fine or heavy, has more chic at the moment than a frock of lace. The silver element in the form of silver embroideries and silver passermenteries and silver lace have not yet said all their say, and we shall probably have these with us through the winter season. Silver can apply itself with gay colorings, being an element of cool, calm character. The gayest pink or pale blue evening frock will take silver adornment, when gold would at once render it what used to be called "stagey."

Suggestions to the Wakeful.

If you are nervous and wakeful in temperament, don't overtax your memory, but if you have anything on your mind make a note of it. It will pay better to use a paper tablet than to exhaust your brain.

Do no mental work whatever after the evening meal. Use the evening entirely for relaxation, amusement, but not excitement.

When you go to bed stop thinking, or let the mind rest very lightly on some pleasant or even childish subject.

A hot foot-bath before getting into bed soothes the tired nerves, draws the blood from the brain and is one of the best sleep inducers.

Relax. Lie as limply on your bed as though you were a year-old babe. You cannot have repose of mind without repose of muscle.

The salt rub will be found highly beneficial with the bath. First wet the body with warm water, then rub hard all over with handfuls of damp salt, rinse and rub dry.—American Queen.

Educating Pioneers.

A new college for women has been founded in connection with the Horticultural College, at Swanley, in Kent. Here young women will receive training fitting them for life in the colonies, with special regard to gardening, dairying and other out-of-door pursuits. The syllabus includes gardening work (market and private), domestic economy, fruit preserving, lectures on first aid to the injured and tropical diseases and instruction in South African languages. It might be a good thing for this expanding country to follow British lead. All who have seen American women trying to make homes in our new tropical possessions must acknowledge their failure. This is undoubtedly due to ignorance and the inability of American women to conquer new conditions.

Evening Gowns.

Flowered silks and satins and brocades will be fashionable. A few of these gowns were seen last year, but did not become so popular as it is expected they will be this year. There are double-width silks and satins with large flowers, which cut to especially good advantage in a circular skirt or in a skirt with the shaped front breadth and circular sides. As is right, so beautiful a material is left plain as to the skirt, while the waist is finished merely with a berth of real lace, and is cut in the old-fashioned round low-neck, with a small tucked sleeve almost hidden by the lace, which falls over it. The satin crepe de Chine and liberty satins, white, black, or blue, spangled with steel paillettes, make up most charmingly.—Harper's Bazar.



There isn't the slightest decrease in the favor shown lace as a garniture.

A shade of blue known as marine is the latest notion in both hats and ribbons.

A leather fob in lieu of a tassel is a novelty just out on women's umbrella handles.

A bishop collar, with a jabot attached in front, is one of the latest novelties in neckwear.

A satin border about an inch and a half wide in self-tone appears upon some of the extreme new umbrellas.

Piping adorns many of the most stylish gowns of the season, and is one of the most used methods of trimming.

The hair line of white on blue or black is no longer considered so desirable for a walking suit material as plain stuff.

The correct silk underskirt now clears the ground by two or three inches. A fashionably-dressed woman disdains a trailing petticoat.

The slender, svelte fashion figure rules so completely that femininity lends all her thoughts to accentuating this effect in her clothes.

A tiny band of ermine is the odd trimming that separates the lace shawl piece from its fluffy chiffon ruffles on a modish neck ruff.

The Norwegian marten is a rival to sable and French marten, its beautiful fawn tone giving it a prominent place among fashionable furs.

Some of the new models of the Monte Carlo coat are made without a collar, having a wide stitched band curved to cover the collar of the dress and form a novel square effect in front.

The woman past her first youth can get the Norfolk effect in the jacket of her walking suit without its looseness in the neat new tight-fitting jacket that has stitched box-plaits, patch breast pockets, belt and all.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Keep the Home Neat.

No matter how plain the home may be if it is in accordance with the husband's means and he finds it neatly kept and the meals (no matter how simple) served from shining dishes and clean table linen, that husband will leave his home with loving words and look ahead eagerly to his return.

The Gondola Vase. A new design in china, which a clever woman decorator is using with success, is a gondola vase. Gracefully fashioned, the china bark is represented in the midst of bluish toned waves, on the top of which beautiful nymphs appear to be floating. This vase makes an exceedingly pretty receptacle for geraniums or for sweet peas.

Care of a Bunion. Bathe a bunion in hot water to which a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of starch and a few drops of amica have been added. Wipe dry with a soft linen towel and apply iodine with a camel's hair brush. Wear a loose shoe out of doors, and while in the house a shoe which has the leather covering the bunion entirely cut away.

Copper For the Tea Table. New and pretty ideas for the tea table are always welcome. In genuine copper there are quaint little tea and coffee pots, silver lined. There is the graceful little melon-shaped kettle, with an ebony knob, and there are old can-like tea pots with brass handles and spouts. And also slender, tall after-dinner coffee pots. With these are beautiful copper trays, simple in design, but most attractive.

To Preserve a Broom. While the carpet sweeper is a real labor saving article, yet it cannot take the place of a good broom, for the carpet will still need a thorough sweeping with the old-fashioned broom occasionally. There is a right way and a wrong way to care for a broom. One that is used every day should be washed once a week. The best way to preserve the straws and keep them clean is to prepare a bucketful of suds by dissolving enough washing powder to make a good, strong suds and dip the broom up and down in it until the straws look clean. Have the water warm but not hot; rinse well in warm, clear water, as this toughens the straws so they will not break easily. Never set a broom down in the corner. Have a screw hook in the end of the handle and hang it up when not in use. To set it down bends the straws over and makes it one sided.—The Epitome.

A Cup of Good Coffee. The secret of making palatable, non-turbid coffee lies in the two words: quick infusion.

In the first place have the coffee ground to the finest powder, so that its full virtue may be quickly extracted. Allow a desert spoonful for each person, mix it with just enough cold water to make a thick paste, and let it stand until five minutes before the time to serve. Have fresh water boiling, pour on a cupful for each person, and two more for the persons who are likely to (but should not) wish a second cup. Put the pot over the fire and let the infusion come to a boil, settle with a dash of cold water, or a clean egg shell and serve immediately. This is a cup of coffee and not a cup of tannin. Coffee made in this way may be taken morning, noon and night without injury, but the quantity drunk at one time should not be greater than one cupful.

Coffee that has boiled, or stood more than five minutes, should be thrown away.—American Queen.

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS.

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

IN THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

East End Suburban Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the 1st Monday Evening in each month at 15th and H Streets N. E.

OFFICERS: President, William H. Ernest; Vice-President, Hugh A. Kane; Secretary, J. M. Wood; Treasurer, Aug. W. Stubener. Total membership about 75.

Brightwood Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Third Tuesday Evening in each month in Thomas' Hall.

OFFICERS: President, W. McK. Clayton; Vice-President, Chas. W. Parker; Secretary, Frank J. Metcalf; Treasurer, W. S. Detwiler. Total membership about 75.

Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D.C.

OFFICERS: President, Chas. C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Jas. L. Tate; 2nd Vice-President, Col. Robert I. Fleming; 3rd Vice-President, A. E. Shoemaker; 4th Vice-President, Dr. A. M. Ray; 5th Vice-President, Prof. Louis L. Hooper; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappel; Treasurer, Chas. R. Morgan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Andrew J. Borge; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis P. Shoemaker.

Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

OFFICERS: President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lambert; 2d Vice-President, N. E. Robinson; 3d Vice-President, Thomas Blagden; 4th Vice-President, Dr. Henry Darling; Secretary, John G. Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson. Total Membership about 200.

North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capital and R Streets.

OFFICERS: President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice-President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingley; Executive Committee The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Bancroft, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler. Total Membership about 230.

Takoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

OFFICERS: President, J. B. Kinnear; Vice-President, J. Vance; Secretary, Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, G. F. Williams. Total Membership about 100.

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