

# Home Magazine

The novelization by Amelia Bingham of her successful play, "A Modern Magdalen," is replete with love, interest and excitement.

## A MODERN MAGDALEN

BY AMELIA BINGHAM

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
Katkina, eldest daughter of Hiram Jenkins, a ruined insurance man, lives in extreme poverty in a Brooklyn tenement, with her father, her stepmother and her half-sister, Olivia. Eric, her lover, a student who loves Katkina, boards with them. The girl is also loved by Albert Lindsey, a man about town who pursues her with unwelcome attentions. Her father comes home from a vain search for work, with a plan for their betterment. Katkina's plan is that Katkina marry Eric, a rich and vulgar usurper who has asked for her hand, Olivia, whom she loves, is dying for want of proper food. Notwithstanding this, Katkina refuses. In despair she leaves home.  
Katkina goes on the stage, sending her father money enough to make the family prosperous. Her real reason for leaving home is to escape the family reproaches. A year later Olivia, who has recovered, falls in love with John Strong, a reformer. Katkina visits her home. She tells Eric that she is not worthy of his love—he must not love her. Her mother refuses to let her see Olivia.  
Olivia returns, and, influenced by her mother's threats, shrinks from Katkina, who, after a vain appeal for some sign of affection, declares her father's professed aim, remarking as she returns to her carriage, "My father's daughter must forever wait alone."

**CHAPTER VI.**  
**In Another World.**  
HIRAM JENKINS stood in a large, somewhat gaudily furnished drawing-room staring at the stained glass folding doors that led to a dining-room beyond. From behind those doors came the sound of laughter and snatches of song. Somewhere, the tiny cathedral chimes of a mantel clock rang out the hour of midnight.  
At each fresh sound of revelry Jenkins's face twitched with longing to be a part of the jolly crowd behind those doors.  
There was, however, something of apprehension in his manner as he waited in the drawing-room of Katkina's bijou little apartment. Nearly a month had passed since her visit to the Jenkins home, and since then he had heard no word from her except in the form of money. She had always forbidden him to come to her apartment; but to-night he had disobeyed. He had just sent in his card and stood wondering whether Katkina would see him or order him turned out.

A collection of bottles stood on a sideboard across the room, and he was eyeing them lovingly when the folding doors opened and Katkina stood before him.  
"Well?" she queried, "what do you want?"  
For a moment he could not reply, so taken aback was he by her regal air, by the shimmering evening gown and by the masses of jewelry that flashed from her bare neck, arms and hands.  
"What do you want?" repeated Katkina.  
"A word with the queen of the vaudeville stage," he answered extravagantly. "But, Katkina, my heart's beloved, you haven't even kissed your poor but loving old father yet."  
"No, I'm not on kissing terms with my family," she replied.  
"But not including the poor, loving old papa?"  
"Including you."  
"My child," reproved Jenkins, "from your callous mood I fear you have been looking on the wine when it is red—as the preacher hath it. And it seems to have shown in your otherwise gentle heart the seeds of a regrettable if not wholly unbecoming pessimism."  
"Tell me what you want and get out," ordered Katkina.  
"I thought I distinguished Brinker's voice among you gay revellers," evaded Jenkins, unwilling to come to a point.  
"You did. He's paying for the after-theatre supper to-night."  
"I thought you loathed him so?"  
"Oh, no. As long as he doesn't bother me he's all right. But why did you come here? You're not going to be invited to supper, if that's what you're after."  
"Ah, my first horn," sighed Jenkins, with newfound sadness of reproof in his voice, "your coldness cuts me to the heart. You have grieved and wounded me. But—be patient a moment—the old brave nature will assert itself. But I little thought that my beloved—may I seek some slight alcoholic refreshment?"  
"Help yourself," she said shortly.  
"Ah, cigar, too, might lighten my homeward way," he remarked, taking advantage of her back being turned to abstract a double handful of cigars from a box on the sideboard and pocketing all but one.

"I never have jolly evenings. I take serious views of life."  
"Won't you come in to supper now? But I warn you you'll dislike my guests."  
"I'll try not to show my dislike."  
"Yet they—the ladies, at least—are charming. Though not the sort I suppose that you'd like your wife to meet. Have you a wife, by the way?"  
"No. I am engaged, however."  
"You wouldn't care to have her meet me, though? Now confess."  
"If you will pardon my frankness, no."  
"No?" echoed Katkina, in a flash of anger. "Yet I am not bad hearted. I am generous—in my way. I don't lie and snivel and cheat my conscience and turn from those who have helped me. But I forgot," she ended, recovering herself. "You want your supper. Come along."  
As they reached the folding doors Brinker confronted them, coming in from the dining-room.  
"Why, Mr. Brinker?" gasped Strong.  
"What the deuce are you doing here?" growled Brinker, looking down at the little reformer as a mischief might look at a puppy.  
"Katkina, over Strong's shoulder, laid her finger on her lips to enjoin silence. Then, taking the reformer's arm she entered the dining-room.  
Brinker, who had come to the drawing-room for a cigar, selected one and was lighting it when Lindsey, who had followed him in, touched him on the arm.  
"Brinker," he exclaimed, "I want to see you alone a minute. I must speak to you on business."  
"I'm here for fun. I never talk business after hours. Come to my office to-morrow."  
"To-morrow may be too late. I must speak to you at once."  
"Well, what is it?" granted Brinker, throwing himself into a chair.  
"First, about those notes. They must be renewed."  
"Too late. They've passed out of my hands."  
"Good heaven! You haven't parted with them?"  
"At a loss. Yes. In the course of business I'm a straightforward man, Lindsey, and I warned you."  
"Oh, all right. I'll take them up. But—"  
"But what?"  
"—I was going to ask you if you couldn't let me have four or five thousand, perhaps and—"  
"Mr. Lindsey, you amuse me," sneered Brinker. "It's only for a few weeks," pleaded Lindsey. "Only till I can realize on some securities. You know how weak the markets been. It's only a question of ready money. Katkina's so reckless, you know, and she doesn't know what money means."  
"You mean she's above your form. You haven't cash enough to stand the racket."  
"I don't care to pursue that subject, Mr. Brinker."  
"What do I care whether you want to pursue it or not? Face the truth like a man. What's the use of playing dog in the manger?"  
"I refuse to allow you to speak so to me."  
"Keep on refusing till you're black in the face if you like. I—"  
"Do I understand you to refuse my request?"  
"But certainly do."  
"But you made me a promise. You said if I introduced you—gave you a chance of seeing life—you'd make things easy for me."  
"Well, haven't I? I've stood your lies about those bills for weeks. I've spent my cash when you ought to have been blowing yours. Who's paying for to-night's spree, hey?"  
"Well, you are, but—"  
"And why? To see you having a good time on my money forever? If you're wedded to that belief, you lose. I've known that girl since she was a baby. I've more love for her in my little finger than you have in your whole body. She's been true to you because she has more honesty and is a better girl than a cad like you can realize. But your time's up. You've got to get out of the game."  
"Oh, I'm to look on you as a rival, am I?" sneered Lindsey.  
"You can look on me any way you like, as long as you don't look on any more of my cash. Don't you get the idea you're the real thing just because you've introduced an old money-bag to a bunch of sports like those in there?"  
"Curse you, Brinker!" screamed the desperate man, snatching up a decanter threateningly.  
"Don't do it," counselled Brinker, unmoved. "Put that down, you idiot!"  
The men stood facing each other for a second. Then a waiter entered and handed Lindsey a letter.  
He tore it open, and as he read it his face went ghastly white.  
"What all you?" asked Brinker.  
"Send Katkina to me!" growled the other in a hoarse whisper. "I must see her at once!"  
(To Be Continued.)

## AT THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

TWO NEW PRODUCTIONS WILL BE OFFERED.



Cheridab Simpson—Daly's.

Greta Risley, Daly's.

Margaret McKinney, Daly's.

Marguerite Clark, Knickerbocker.

**GARRICK.**  
"King Dodo," which is of some such stuff as the two musical productions now running, will complete a gay Broadway trinity for the spring season. It comes to New York with a promise of Western breeziness, arising from a long run in Chicago. Its place of origin, a doddery old king's experiences in love and with the fountain of youth form the story.  
The outline of the story, which is that of the wife of a man who has lost his fortune in Wall Street, is said to be founded on a real occurrence in New York life.  
"If 'King Dodo' and 'Hearts Affaire' should disappoint expectation and not come, if you mean a saddle-back skirt, yes, I think you could wear one and look well.  
The new fancy shirt waist will be becoming to you. Those with the 'Great' of embroidery, giving long effects, are always becoming to nearly all people.

**WOMEN WARRIORS.**  
An interesting discovery is reported from Norway bearing upon both Norse and Anglo-Saxon history. Three hundred feet from the sea on the coast of Northford there has been dug up from a hillock remains of a buried ship and the bones of a female skeleton and of a horse with a weapon and parts of armor and objects of adornment. The site of these remains is said to be the Viking grave of the wife of the first king of the Vikings who were chiefly directed toward the west of England and Ireland.  
This discovery may prove that in the Viking epoch women lived as warriors, and that it was the custom of the Norse Vikings to bury the weapons of prominent warriors on their ships.

**THE BROADWAY SHOWS.**  
On Broadway there are no closings of theatres and several extensions of runs. That of the Metropolitan, which Mrs. Pugh has done nothing better, is one of the extended plays. It is to continue until there comes a big change in public sentiment. "The Wild West," which is an annual feature of the season, is also being extended. It is being revived at the Knickerbocker. "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is being revived at the Knickerbocker, is being revived at the Knickerbocker. "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is being revived at the Knickerbocker, is being revived at the Knickerbocker.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAR.** The Broadway's reputation for the revival of the old play "Sleeping Beauty and the Bear" is being revived at the Knickerbocker. "Sleeping Beauty and the Bear" is being revived at the Knickerbocker. "Sleeping Beauty and the Bear" is being revived at the Knickerbocker.

### DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.



To cut this frock for a child of four years of age 3 yards 2 inches wide, 3-1/2 yards 2 inches wide or 2-1/2 yards 4 inches wide will be required, with 1-1/2 yards of neckwork or lace for collar and waistband.

**WHITE LAWN WAIST.**  
Dear Mrs. Louise:  
I have taught laces with insertion net between for a white waist. Kindly advise me whether to have it running crosswise or lengthwise. I thought crosswise would look pretty, but will leave it to you. M. S.  
Lengthwise trimming is very much in vogue. I certainly would not advise having the tucking and lace running across the waist.

**PINK DIMITY.**  
Dear Mrs. Louise:  
I am twenty years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, 36 inch bust, 22-inch waist. Have ten yards of pink dimity and would like your advice about making it. Do you think I could use better-colored valence lace? Have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

Your pink dimity is very dimity, and as better-colored lace is very much in vogue for summer frocks, most certainly use it. An attractive design for a dimity gown has the skirt and bodice tucked in clusters of five tucks, which spread toward the bottom of the skirt.

**A Repellent Persuasion.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am a young girl who was so very foolish as to try to bleach my hair. I used persulfate of iron, which has ruined my hair. I would like to know what you would advise me to do to get my hair back to its natural color. I have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

**LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.**

**At What Age?**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am a young girl who was so very foolish as to try to bleach my hair. I used persulfate of iron, which has ruined my hair. I would like to know what you would advise me to do to get my hair back to its natural color. I have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

### MME. LOUISE'S LESSONS FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

**WHITE LAWN WAIST.**

Dear Mrs. Louise:  
I have taught laces with insertion net between for a white waist. Kindly advise me whether to have it running crosswise or lengthwise. I thought crosswise would look pretty, but will leave it to you. M. S.  
Lengthwise trimming is very much in vogue. I certainly would not advise having the tucking and lace running across the waist.

**PINK DIMITY.**

Dear Mrs. Louise:  
I am twenty years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall, 36 inch bust, 22-inch waist. Have ten yards of pink dimity and would like your advice about making it. Do you think I could use better-colored valence lace? Have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

Your pink dimity is very dimity, and as better-colored lace is very much in vogue for summer frocks, most certainly use it. An attractive design for a dimity gown has the skirt and bodice tucked in clusters of five tucks, which spread toward the bottom of the skirt.

and between each cluster of tucks there is an insertion to match the lace, and on each edge of the insertion the lace is sewed, not very full, but just eased nicely. The skirt has a circular flounce finished at the foot with two half-inch tucks, having a row of lace between and above them. The neck is cut square having a tiny yoke formed of white, tucked material finishing just at the collar line with lace. Wear a black sash with this gown.

**A BLACK NET DRESS.**

Dear Mrs. Louise:  
Kindly give me your advice about making up a black net dress. I am medium sized, 5 feet 2 inches tall, 36 inch bust, 22-inch waist. I have ten yards of black net and would like your advice about making it. Do you think I could use better-colored valence lace? Have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

Your black net dress is very black, and as better-colored lace is very much in vogue for summer frocks, most certainly use it. An attractive design for a black net dress has the skirt and bodice tucked in clusters of five tucks, which spread toward the bottom of the skirt.

If you make your lining slip you can wear it over white in the evening.

**BOX COAT FOR GIRL.**

Dear Mrs. Louise:  
Kindly give me your advice about making up a box coat for a little girl six years old. I have ten yards of white material and would like your advice about making it. Do you think I could use better-colored valence lace? Have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

Your box coat is very boxy, and as better-colored lace is very much in vogue for summer frocks, most certainly use it. An attractive design for a box coat has the skirt and bodice tucked in clusters of five tucks, which spread toward the bottom of the skirt.

**SOMETHING BECOMING.**

Dear Mrs. Louise:  
Kindly give me your advice about making up a something becoming dress. I am medium sized, 5 feet 2 inches tall, 36 inch bust, 22-inch waist. I have ten yards of white material and would like your advice about making it. Do you think I could use better-colored valence lace? Have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

### HARRIET HUBBARD AYER REVEALS BEAUTY SECRETS.

**A Repellent Persuasion.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am a young girl who was so very foolish as to try to bleach my hair. I used persulfate of iron, which has ruined my hair. I would like to know what you would advise me to do to get my hair back to its natural color. I have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

**TO SUMMER GIRLS.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am a young girl who was so very foolish as to try to bleach my hair. I used persulfate of iron, which has ruined my hair. I would like to know what you would advise me to do to get my hair back to its natural color. I have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.**  
Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I am a young girl who was so very foolish as to try to bleach my hair. I used persulfate of iron, which has ruined my hair. I would like to know what you would advise me to do to get my hair back to its natural color. I have 3/4 yards of it. If not, what would be pretty to go with it? Am a devoted housewife. JENNIE.

**DR. DECKER'S SHAKE NO MORE**

**KELLAR**

**TO SUMMER GIRLS.**

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.**

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.**

**DR. DECKER'S SHAKE NO MORE**

**KELLAR**

**TO SUMMER GIRLS.**

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.**

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.**

**HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM**

**SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**

**QUO VADIS**

**SOUSA**

**SOUSA**