Home Magazine

AN EGOTIST AND A WOMAN.

By JESSIE LLEWELLYN.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"IT was a sad affair," he said.

"Yes?" She regarded him curiously. So this young man, known to his limited circle of friends as "The Egotist," possessed sympathy.

They sat on opposite sides of the long table in her father's library. At the further end of the room the grate fire had gone out, but she did not ring; it might encourage him to stay after he had told the story. Perhaps he was not the egotist that people thought him to be. He seemed to feel the tragedy in what he told—else why should he be telling it?

"And you knew him very well?" she asked.

"Oh, very well—in a business way. The governor used to rely on him. Afterward when I took on the business, I kept him—out of kindness, you know. I'm a soft-hearted chap"——

"Yes, I know," she interrupted. "He was incompetent? You felt sorry?"

"Not that exactly, oh, no. He was a good man—student and digger—great chemist. I appreciate a digger. I even took him over to the club for lunch once or twice. He was a natural gentleman. Then, anyway, I'm a humane chap at heart—regular democrat, you know."

"You say he was a very gifted scientist?" she asked quietly.

"He was that. We paid him a bigger salary than any extract house in the world ever paid a chemist. The governor and I always looked out for good men—and paid for them. I can tell a man of brains the minute I lay eyes on him. It's just natural for me to know one on sight—funny, isn't it?"

"Very," she replied.

"I'm a queer contradiction," he ruminated, absently crushing some rose petals on the floor with his wide foot. "I was never before so shocked to hear of a suicide. He had often spoken to me about himself when he had one of those melancholy attacks. I encouraged him, for I'm an easy sort. Fellows can move me to tears and not half try. You see he had married a girl—well—the "good fellow" type. Said he owed it to her after pronounced attentions had made people talk. She told him that. He felt sorry for her—acted the fool, as those studious chaps always do, and married her. Now, I"——

"And she?"

"Went to the other extreme. From being too—er—jolly, she overdid respectability. Joined woman's clubs and things—that sort was the best she could do. Developed into a shrew.

"Do you know what I'd do if I found myself married to a shrew? Oh, I'm"——

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he!" A grave expression came over the young man's round face. He turned his profile toward her—he had a good profile—and passed his fingers through his front hair, careful not to disarrange it. "As I said before, he was one of those fine, supersensitive souls; the kind that quivers at a rough word. I always know how to deal with that kind of a man. Now, most people do not—but—well—you wouldn't think it—I'm naturally of the artistic temperament myself—funny, with my business ability, isn't it? I could see, you know, that the woman was driving him to the edge of his nerves—that she was killing him. Never saw such a picture of misery as he grew to be. Always looking off somewhere and not hearing anything that went on around him. We grew intimate—I may say, very intimate. He was a gentleman, you know, always without a cent, but a gentleman, and, although he was only a salaried man in the house, I actually grew fond of him. We would tell college yarns, and I"——

"You were in college together?"

"Not exactly. He had gone in for the German and Russian universities after ages of cramming on this side. Of course I—with the governor's money"——

"Yes, I know," she swiftly replied, and a dark red overspread her face and neck. "You became intimate friends, and—how very sad—he—it was only last week, wasn't it?"

"Committed suicide last week. Took five grains of morphine and was as dead as—er quite dead in no time. I was with him that afternoon. He was downhearted, and I just thought of some such thing at the time. I'm a pretty good reader of human nature, you know—pretty good. I"——

"You and he were associated daily, and were very close friends for several years, were you not?" Her voice was beginning to sound as if it came from a remote corner of the long room and she shivered as he spoke again.

"For fifteen years—ever since I became manager in my own right. He was as fond of me as a—awfully fond of me, but I didn't discourage it—it pleased him. When I'd come down in the morning after a—well, after having been detained late the night before, I'd feel his eyes on my face. Then he would slip up behind my chair and lay his hand on my shoulder, for all the world like the governor used to do. And he'd say: 'Take care of yourself, old man; you're working too hard. I couldn't bear to see another name at the head of our stationery. It would break me all up, old man.' That's the way he would talk. The way that man loved me was wonderful. Funny, isn't it?"

"Very," she replied, still more quietly.

"But I started out to tell you about the suicide. Saddest thing I ever knew. That afternoon I had told him in plain words that I'd promised another man his place—fellow I met on the other side last summer. Her brother you know. You'll not feel—er—jealous when you get the cards? I gave you two opportunities—I want you to—well, you know people and I"——

"And the man," she reminded.

"Oh, he. He took it all right. Business is business, you know. He never said a word. Just got a little whiter—it was a little sudden—and walked straight out of the building. What I didn't just like was the way he went—not even waiting until 4 o'clock, but I'm naturally a soft-hearted chap, and I didn't say much.

"He must have gone straight home then. They say he stepped into the house and asked for his wife. She had left word that she had gone out and would not be home for dinner. As he went out again, they told me, he met his little girl playing in the yard with some children. He asked her to go with him for a walk, but, naturally enough, she said she would rather stay and play with the children. She never was much for her father, anyway. He was quiet, you know. Nobody ever knew him—except myself—I knew him like a book, I"——

"And he died alone without anybody?"

"Well, that was the last any one ever saw of him, alive. The next morning they found him in his bed. And his face"——

She got up suddenly. "Please!" was all she said.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Your eyes look so peculiar."

"The details. It is the details that I cannot"——

"Oh, certainly!" Curiously his face relaxed in a broad smile. He raised his hand in a grand gesture and stroked his small black mustache.

"I just told you the story," he began. "We were speaking earlier in the evening of literary ability. Well, I wrote a friend of his a complete account of the suicide, and—do you know, it was the most graphic thing I ever did? The way it impressed me and all makes me believe that I have real literary ability. Funny, isn't it?"

"Very." Her voice sounded strange to both of them. Her arms were held close to her sides and her hands were clinched.

"What's the matter?" he asked again.

Her face was very pale. He wondered stupidly.

"And now," she said in a repressed, monotonous tone, "I will tell you something funnier even than yourself. I've got to tell!"

Her voice had risen, but she carefully modulated it again.

"For fifteen years you knew him intimately. For fifteen years I knew him, too. I loved him—always—before his marriage—long before—and afterward. I love him—now. You see he didn't need you—or anybody. I—he—we—good-night! Oh, good-night!"

HER CONFESSION OF LOVE.

"I LOVED HIM AFTERWARD—I LOVE HIM NOW."

BRILLIANT FISH.

The clear, limpid waters that surround Bermuda and the West Indies lie above coral reefs covered with plants and animals, many of which are brilliant in color as a rainbow. They look like glimpses of fairyland, and as your eye wanders from one wonder to another you catch yourself striving to peek just around some corner into a strange nook, half hoping to see a bevy of mermen and mermaids sporting and playing within the crannies. Here is a patch of pale green sea lettuce; there a group of great purple sea fans, says Prof. C. L. Bristol in St. Nicholas. Yonder some golden corals standing out like a shelf or branching like a tree; while among them all swim lovely fishes that take the place of the fairies that should dwell in this magic land, and fascinate you by their gorgeous colors and their graceful, wavy motions.

There is a great green "parrot fish," as brilliant in color as his namesake the bird, showing himself boldly, and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of springtime, and each one is bordered by a pale brown line. His fins are pink, and the end of the tail is banded with nearly every color of the rainbow. He is showy, but this showiness serves him a good purpose. His flesh is bitter and poisonous to man, and probably so to other fishes as well, and they let him well alone, for they can recognize him afar off, thanks to his gaudy dress.

Underneath the parrot, lying on the bottom, is a "pink hind." You notice him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet, and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the parrot been looking for his dinner, and thought the hind would make a good first course, this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the hind is disturbed at night he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder and send him away in affright.

MAY MANTON'S HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

ROSE COLOR WITH BLACK.

Eton Jacket 4071. Five-Gored Habit Back Skirt 4182.

The material is more satisfactory or more fashionable for midsummer wear than linen in its various weaves and colors. This smart costume is of the etamine in an exquisite shade of rose and is stitched with black and finished with a collar worked with black French knots and edged with twine-colored lace. The back of the jacket is seamless and fits with perfect smoothness. The fronts are pointed and extend slightly below the waist line. At the neck is a square collar that adds greatly to the effect, but which can be omitted when a plain finish is preferred or it is desirable to reduce either weight or warmth. The sleeves are in coat style slightly flaring at the wrists. The skirt is cut in five gores that are shaped to fit the figure closely about the hips and to flare freely below the knees. At the lower edge are three circular flounces that are curved to give the new flat effect and one, two or all of which can be omitted. The closing in the case of the original is at the left front seam, where it is carefully rendered invisible; but it can be made at the centre back, if care be taken to hide it from sight, or it can be made ornamental with lacings or buttons and buttonholes that extend the entire length of the skirt, as seen in many of the latest gowns.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for jacket, 4 yards 21 inches wide, 3⅝ yards 27 inches wide, 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 50 inches wide; for skirt, 12¾ yards 21 inches wide, 10 yards 27 inches wide, 10 yards 32 inches wide, 7 yards 44 inches wide, or 6¾ yards 50 inches wide.

The jacket pattern 4071 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

The skirt pattern 4182 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your pattern send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier," World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions.

HOW THEY SETTLED IT.

D. Broke had a streak of hard luck and had been forced to negotiate a number of small loans. Yesterday found him with a dollar in his pocket for which he had no pressing need, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. He owed Brown a dollar, and Brown came up and asked him for it.

"I wouldn't ask you for it, old man," said Brown, "but I owe Smith a dollar and he needs 50 cents and I haven't got it to give him."

Then D. Broke pondered. He owed Smith a dollar also. Should he discharge his debt to Brown so that Brown could discharge his debt to Smith, or should he hunt up Smith and earn his everlasting gratitude by liquidating his own trifling debt?

It was a puzzler, and he resolved to take Brown into his confidence. They went to a convenient place and talked things over while a man in a white apron did things with glasses. When at last they had decided that the proper thing to do was to "toss up" for it there was only 30 cents of the dollar left, so they blew it in on —— and a nickel's worth of tobies.

CORONATION SPLENDOR.

The failure of the coronation fetes sent numberless women home with trunks laden with costly gowns and superb wraps. As a result the watering places are even more resplendent than common. Summer dinners and dances, outdoor teas and the like are attended with even more fine dressing than is the rule. Unquestionably, the predominance of white is the first feature to attract the attention. Following that one is struck with the exquisite colorings and the somewhat overlavish use of trimming. If we do not paint the lily in these days, we do what is equivalent, and not infrequently spoil a good thing as a result. Not a few of these gowns which failed to see the splendor of England's court are more remarkable than truly beautiful, but while this is true, much genuine beauty is to be found and hints as to what is good style are to be gleaned by the score.

No material has the favor shown voile for visiting, driving and all modern afternoon functions. One of the latest whims is the use of coats made to harmonize with the costume, while not of the same material as the gown. As a rule silk, and preferably taffeta, is the fabric chosen, and it matches in color and finish the gown with which it is to be worn. One seen quite recently is of a delicious shade of fawn and is of the same silk as that used to trim the gown of voile that is of the same shade. The coat is in three-quarter length with a fitted back and half-fitted rounded fronts which open to reveal the exquisite bodice worn beneath. The sleeves are in ample bishop style with roll-over cuffs of silk overlaid with Irish lace, below which fall plisse frills of fawn-colored chiffon. Another is in soft dove-gray and cut en traine, so completely covering the gown. The coat proper is cut in panels edged with Irish lace, and to their lower edge is attached a deep plisse flounce of mousseline. At the neck are double collars, the uppermost of lace, and down the fronts are jabots of lace over mousseline that are amply full and handsome. The sleeves are in bell shape split at the back, and are finished with frills like those that form the jabots. In both instances the linings are of the same shade as the coats, and the entire costume so retains its prevailing note. Nothing more elegant could well be imagined. The color scheme in both cases is exquisite and in the best of taste, and the wraps give just the final touch while they serve to protect the still more dainty gowns which they conceal.

ALL OCTOGENARIANS.

In the celebration of his birthday an Englishman, eighty-one years old, invited sixteen guests, all older than himself. The united ages of the host and guests amounted to over 1,400 years.

FAIR ELLEN'S TOWER.

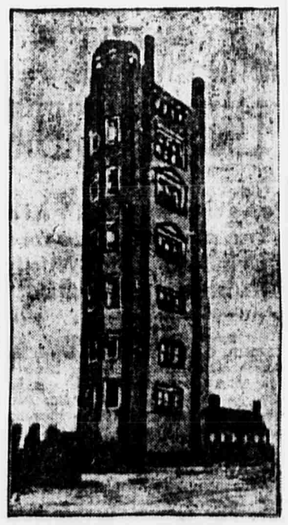
Preston Tower, the striking ruin which adorns the district of Preston, near Ipswich, England, was built as the result of a clever and quaint idea which came to William Latimer, who afterward became the famous bishop, martyred, together with Ridley, for Protestant principles.

Lord De Freston, the owner of the estate, had a daughter, Ellen, who was not only of a bright disposition, but also the possessor of intellectual abilities of a high order. Concern was felt lest, through over-much study, she should lose the graces of her manner and nature, and it was suggested by Latimer that her pursuits should be diversified as much as possible.

Had I a daughter I would try
To give of learning such supply
As other works should crown.
I'd build a tower six storeys there,
With rooms ascended by the stair,
Each one with purpose known.

And so, according to the story told by the Rev. Mr. Cobbold, in his tale, "Preston Tower," the curious building was erected as a study for Ellen De Freston.

The lower room was used for the purposes of charity from 7 to 8 o'clock; the second room for tapestry from 9 to 10; the third for music from 10 to noon; the fourth for painting from 12 to 1; the fifth for literature from 1 to 2, and the sixth and highest for the study of astronomy in the evening. Thus, for each of her works and studies the fair lady for whom the tower was built had different surroundings and appointments, and from the windows gained varying and more or less extensive views, according to the time of the day. Truly William Latimer, besides being brave, was of an original turn of mind.



PRESTON TOWER.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER REVEALS BEAUTY SECRETS.

Her Sister Owes Her Good Looks to This Column.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

After quite a long absence from this city I returned a few days ago and am surprised at my sister's increased beauty, which she says is due to following your kind advice. She has used several of your formulas with much success, and I am going to ask you to kindly help me, that my sister will not outshine me in company. Would like to know formula for eyelash and eyebrow grower, and also for removing freckles. My skin is sensitive. Have been using cold cream these last few nights for chapped face, but it seems to do no good whatever. Can you suggest something that will?

TRAVELLER.

Thank you very much for your kind letter. I am delighted to hear of your sister's improvement as a result of my suggestion. There are so many remedies for freckles it is difficult to make a selection, but I shall suggest your using very mild remedies, inasmuch as your skin is sensitive, and if neither of the lotions for which I give you recipes is successful, you must write me again and I shall be very pleased to hear from you.

Freckle Remedy: To a quarter of a gram of powdered borax add one ounce of lemon juice and half a dram of sugar. Mix in a bottle and allow to stand a few days. Shake thoroughly and apply to the face occasionally.

Lemon and Glycerine Lotion: (For light freckles and sunburn.) Citric acid (lemon), 3 drams; hot water, 11 ounces; borax, 2 drams; red rose petals, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 ounce.

Dissolve the acid and borax in the water; infuse the petals for an hour; strain through a jelly-bag; after twenty-four hours decant the clear portion and add the glycerine. Apply as often as agreeable.

Formula for a Healing Lotion: White castile soap, in powder, 22 grains; lanolin, 1 ounce; tincture of benzoin, ½ drams.

Distilled water sufficient to make a milklike mixture not quite so thick as cream, but just between cream and milk.

Apply with a soft sponge after washing the face at night before retiring.

I give you also suggestions for enlarged pores and blackheads:

Enlarged Pores: It takes a long time to cure enlarged pores, and the only way I know of is by the use of the scrubbing brush and a pure hygenic soap. By this process the pores, which have become enlarged by the clogged secretions, are kept free, and gradually they will contract and become normal in size. I know of thousands of cures effected in this manner.

Treatment for Blackheads: Get the correct camel's hair face scrub brush—a bland toilet soap, a little good cold cream or toilet cream of superior merit—there are many of them—and a few ounces of common washing soda. If the black points are very distinct press them out; if not, scrub the face morning and night with hot water into which you have put a bit of the soda about a filbert in size to each quart of hot water; soap the brush precisely as you would were you going to use it for your hands, and scrub the face thoroughly.

Tonic Needed.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I saw your recipe for sulphur and molasses and have taken it. Do you mean the patient is to stop on that quantity (enough for nine days), or to fix that much more and take it? Is there any danger of taking too many doses of it? I am very anaemic, and several pimples broke out on my face, so I started the sulphur and molasses, but I still have them. r.Ms. B.

It is better to mix enough of the sulphur and molasses to last two or three days and then mix more as required. You probably require a tonic. A physician who understands exactly your condition should prescribe for you.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Willie—I wonder why people call policemen "peelers?"

Harry—I guess it's because they are always swipin' bananas and peelin' them.

Little Elmer had to wear his elder brother's clothes after the latter had outgrown them, and one day he said: "I wish I'd stuck almost to death when I get too big to wear Fred's clothes."

Bobby (aged four)—As I was standing at the gate just now a large beam fell and struck a man on the head.

Mamma—My goodness! Did it kill him?

Bobby—No, mamma. You see it was only a sunbeam.—Odessa News.

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LONG BEACH.
Trains leave New York, 34th St., E. R., week days, 7.00—7.50—10.50 A. M. (1.00 P. M. Saturday only.) 1.50—3.50—4.50—5.30—5.50—6.50—8.00—10.00 P. M. Returning, last train leaves Long Beach 10.42 P. M.

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LV. W. 13TH ST., 8.00, 8.55, 11 A.M., 2.40 P.M. SATURDAYS, 8.55, 11 A.M., 12.45, 2.40 P.M.
LV. BATTERY (nr. So. Ferry), 8.30, 9.20, 11.30 A. M. and 3.10 P. M. SATURDAYS, 9.20, 11.30 A.M., 1.15, 3.10 P.M.
LV. LONG BRANCH, 7.10 A.M., 3.30 & 5 P.M.
SUNDAY SCHEDULE.
LV. FT. W. 129TH ST. (Sundays only), 8.15 A.M.
LV. FT. W. 13TH ST., 8.55, 9.20, 9.50, 10.40 A.M.
LV. BATTERY, 9.20, 9.50, 10.20 and 11.10 A.M.
LV. LONG BRANCH, 4.15, 4.30 and 4.45 P.M.

Excursion to Mauch Chunk, Glen Onoko and Switchback $1.50
Via NEW JERSEY CENTRAL
SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1902
Special train from foot Liberty st. 8.30 A. M.; South Ferry 8.25 A.M. Switchback tickets 50c. extra

NEWPORT $1.50 EXCURSION.
SUNDAY, JULY 27.
LONG ISLAND R. R. AND STEAMER "MAINE."
Special Express train will leave foot of E. 34th St., N. Y., 8.20; Brooklyn, Flatbush Ave., 8.13 A. M. Tickets, limited to 750, on sale at L. I. R. R. ticket offices, commencing on Friday.

Amusements.
VISIT PROCTOR'S, 23rd St., 6th Ave., 125th St. GOOD-BY, DOCTORS. 25c., 50c. Reserved, 75c. Box Seats, $1. IDEAL SUMMER VAUDEVILLE. 26 splendid features. CONTINUOUS. "HIS HEART'S DELIGHT." Big Stock. 10 Big Vaude. Acts. Contin's Vaudeville. Daily Mats. Souvenirs. "JANE." Favorite Stock Co.
FLOATING ROOF GARDEN. FARE 50c. Every Ev. St. GRAND REPUBLIC, Fri. excepted, CONTERNO'S 14TH REGT. BAND & Vaudeville. Lv. W. 129 st. 8 P. M. W. 20 st. 8.30 P. M. Battery 9 P. M.
EDEN MUSEE WORLD IN WAX. New Groups. CINEMATOGRAPH. Continual Concerts. Vienna Bakeries.

Amusements
MANHATTAN BEACH
TO-DAY at 3.30 P. M. SHANNON'S 23D REGT BAND
TO-NIGHT AT 8.15 PAIN'S ANCIENT ROME and GRAND FIREWORKS
TO-NIGHT at 9. SATURDAY MATINEE at 4.
PRIMROSE & DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS
TO-MORROW, MILITARY DAY.
23D REGIMENT DRESS PARADE 8 P. M.
PASTOR'S 14TH ST. & 3D AVE. CONTINUOUS. 20 AND 30 CTS. Trocadero Quartet, Irving Jones, Grace La Rue and Pickaninnies, Selbini, Lillie and Shorty De Witt, Hayes and Wynne and others.
CHERRY BLOSSOM GROVE. CHAPERONS & VAUDEVILLE. (Last Week of the Chaperons.) Bargain Mat. Saturday in Theatre.
LION PALACE ROOF GARDEN. MUSIC HALL, B'way, 116th St.

WHERE THE MILLIONS MEET—The Want Pages of the Sunday World every Sunday.