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Almond Blossom
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A NEW CHURCH THEATER

Herbert Booth, Son of the General, Would Teach Religious Truths on the Stage.

New York, May 5.—To teach the gospel thru the eye by means of a religious theater, is the plan of Herbert Booth, son of General Booth, whose resignation from the Salvation Army is still a mystery.

Mr. Booth, who has arrived in New York, is not unlike his brother, Ballington. He came to New York almost directly from Zion City, the headquarters of Dowieism, but he denies that he has joined the Dowie movement.

"The movement I am going to start in New York," said he, "is meant to solve the problem of the unreached masses. It was for that my father started the Salvation Army.

"My appeal is to the eye. I am going to form in this city a great theater, with a powerful company of Christian actors. My movement is to be be known as the Scientific Evangelization Society, and it will be for the purpose of sending broadcast illustrated bible dramas. I expect to get such great writers as Canon Farrar was to write powerful dramas for me. These I will have told in continuous pictures by the cinematograph."

Chicago—Fire destroyed the Planet Picture Frame company's plant and a number of dwellings adjoining, in N Oakley avenue, early to-day. The total loss is estimated at $75,000. No persons are reported to have been seriously injured.

PRETTY CHEEKS.

A Food That Makes Girls Sweet to Look Upon.

The right food for young ladies is of the greatest importance to their looks, to say nothing of the health. Thin, sallow girls don't get the right food you may be absolutely certain. A Brooklyn girl says: "For a long time, in spite of all I could do, I was thin, skinny and nervous. My cheeks were so sunken my friends used to remark on how bad I looked. I couldn't seem to get strength from my food—meat, potatoes, bread, etc. So I tried various medicines without help.

"I often read about Grape-Nuts, but never tried the food until one day something impressed me that perhaps if I would eat Grape-Nuts for my nerves and brain I could digest and get the good of my food. So I started in. The food with cream was fascinating to my taste and I went in for it regularly twice a day.

"Well, I began to improve and now, while on my third package, I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, etc., etc. My cheeks are plump and rosy and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound and it seems as though I couldn't get enough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

The Spenders

A Tale of the Third Generation.

By HARRY LEON WILSON.

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

The Patricians Entertain.

The young woman herself entertains privately a state of mind which she has no intention of making public. It is enough, she reasons, that her action should outwardly accord with the best traditions of her class; and, indeed, her family would never dream of demanding more.

Her gown to-night is of orchard green, trimmed with apple blossoms, a single pink spray of them caught in her hair. The rounding, satin grace of her slender arms, sloping to the opal-tipped fingers, the exquisite line from ear to shoulder strap, the melting ripeness of her chin and throat, the tender pink and white of her fine skin, the capricious, inciting tilt of her small head, the dainty lift of her short nose—these allurements she has inventoried with a calculating and satisfied eye. She is glad to believe that there is every reason why it will soon be over.

And, since the whole loaf is notoriously better than a half, here is the engaging son of the house, also firmly bent upon the high emprise of matrimony; handsome, with the chin, it may be, slightly receding; but an unexcelled leader of cotillions, a surpassing polo player, clever, winning, and dressed with an effect that has long made him remarked in polite circles, which no mere money can achieve. Money, indeed, if certain ill-natured gossip of tradesmen may be true, has been an inconsiderable factor in the encompassment of this sartorial distinction. He waits now, eager for a first glimpse of the young woman whose charms, even by report, have already won the best devotion he has to give. A grievous error it is to suppose that Cupid's artillery is limited to bow and arrows.

And now, instead of the rude commercial horde that laughed loudly and ate uncouthly at the board of the Barbarian, we shall sit at table with people born to the ony manner said to be worth possessing;—if we except, indeed, the visiting tribe of Bines, who may be relied upon, however, to behave at least unobtrusively.

As a contrast to the oppressively western matron from Kansas City, here is Mistress Fidelia Oldaker on the arm of her attentive son. She would be very old but for the circumstance that she began early in life to be a belle, and age cannot stale such women. Brought up with board at her back, books on her head, to guard her complexion as if it were her fair name, to be diligent at harp practice and conscientious with the dancing master, she is almost the last of a school that nursed but the single aim of subjugating man. To-night, at seventy-something, she is a bit of pink bisque fragility, bubbling tirelessly with reminiscence, her vivacity unimpaired, her energy amazing, and her coquetry faultless. From which we should learn, and be grateful therefor, that when a girl is brought up in the way she ought to go she will never be able to depart from it.

Here also is Cornelia Van Geist, sister of our admirable hostess—relict of a gentleman who had been first or second cousin to half the people in society it were really desirable to know, and whose taste in wines, dinners and sports had been widely praised at his death by those who had the fortune to be numbered among his friends. Mrs. Van Geist has a kind, shrewd face, and her hair, which turned prematurely gray while she was yet a wife, gives her a look of age that her actual years belie.

Here, too, is Rulon Shepler, the money god, his large, round head turning upon his immense shoulders without the aid of a neck—sharp-eyed, grizzled, fifty, short of stature, and with as few illusions concerning life as the New York financier is apt to retain at his age.

If we be forced to wait for another guest of note, it is hardly more than her due; for Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan is truly a personage, and the best people on more than one continent do not become unduly provoked at being made to wait for her. Those less than the very best frankly esteem it a privilege. Yet the great lady is not careless of engagements, and the wait is never prolonged. Mrs. Milbrey has time to say to her sister, "Yes, we think it's going; and really, it will do very well, you know. The girl has had some nonsense in her mind for a year past—none of us can tell what—but now she seems actually sensible, and she's promised to accept when the chap proposes." But there is time for no more gossip.

The belated guest arrives, enveloped in a vast cloak, and accompanied by her two nephews, whom Percival Bines recognizes for the solemn and taciturn young men he had met in Shepler's party at the mine.

Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan, albeit a decorative personality, is constructed on the same broad and generously graceful lines as her own victoria. The great lady has not only two chins, but what any fair-minded observer would accept as sufficient promise of a good third. Yet hardly could a slighter person display to advantage the famous Gwilt-Athelstan jewels. The rope of pierced diamonds with pigeon-blood rubies strung between them, which she wears wound over her corsage, would assuredly overweight the frail Fidelia Oldaker; the tiara of emeralds and diamonds was never meant for a brow less majestic; nor would the stomacher of lustrous gray pearls and glinting diamonds ever have clasped becomingly a figure that was svelte—or "skinny," as the great lady herself is frank enough to term all persons even remotely inclined to be svelte.

But let us sit and enliven a proper dinner with talk upon topics of legitimate interest and genuine propriety.

Here will be no discussion of the vulgar matter of markets, staples and prices, such as we perforce endured through the overwined and too abundant repast of Higbee. Instead of learning what beef on the hoof brings per hundred-weight, f. o. b. at Cheyenne, we shall here glean at once the invaluable fact that while good society in London used to be limited to those who had been presented at court, the presentations have now become so numerous that the limitation has lost its significance. Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan thus discloses, as if it were a trifle, something we should never learn at the table of Higbee tho we ate his heavy dinners to the day of ultimate chaos. And while we learned at that distressingly new table that one should keep one's heifers and sell off one's steer calves, we never should have been informed there that Dinard had just enjoyed the gayest season of its history under the patronage of this enterprising American; nor that Lady de Muzzy had opened a tearoom in Grafton street, and Cynthia, Marchioness of Angleberry, a beauty-improvement parlor on the Strand "because she needs the money."

"Lots of 'em takin' to trade nowadays; it's a smart sayin' there now that all the peers are marryin' actresses and all the peeresses goin' into business." Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan nodded little shocks of brilliance from her tiara and hungrily speared another oyster.

"Only trouble is, it's such rotten hard work collectin' bills from their intimate friends; they simply won't pay."

Nor at the barbaric Higbee's should we have been vouchsafed, to treasure for our own, the knowledge that Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan had merely run over for the cup-fortnight, meaning to return directly to her daughter, Katharine, Duchess of Blanchmere, in time for the Melton Mowbray hunting season; nor that she had been rather taken by the new way of country life among us, and so tempted to protract her gracious sojourn.

"Really," she admits, "we're comin' to do the right thing over here; a few years were all we needed. Hardly a town house to be opened before Thanksgivin', I understand, and down at the Hills some of the houses will stay open all winter. It's coachin', ridin' and golf and auto racin' and polo and squash; really the young folks don't go in at all except to dance and eat, and it's quite right, you know. It's quite decently English, now. Why, at Morris Park the other day, the crowd on the lawn looked quite like Ascot, actually."

Nor could we have learned in the hostile camp the current gossip of Tuxedo, Meadowbrook, Lenox, Morristown and Ardsley, of the mishap to Mrs. "Jimmie" Whettin, twice unseated at a recent meet; of the woman's championship tournament at Chatsworth, or the good points of the new runner-up at Baltusrol, daily to be seen on the links. Where we might incur knowledge of Beaumont "gusher" or Pittsburg mill we should never have discovered that teas and receptions are really falling into disrepute; that a series of dinner dances will be organized by the mothers of debutantes to bring them forward, and that big subscription balls are in disfavor, since they benefit no one but the caterers who serve poor suppers and bad champagne.

Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan takes only Scotch whisky and soda.

"But I'm glad," she confides to Horace Milbrey on her left, "that you haven't got to followin' this fad of havin' one wine at dinner; I know it's English, but it's downright shoddy."

Her host's eyes swam with gratitude for this appreciation.

"I stick to my peg," she continued; "but I like to see a Chablis with the oysters and good dry sherry with the soup, and a Moselle with the fish, and then you're ready to be livened with a bit of champagne for the roast, and steadied a bit by Burgundy with the game. Phim sticks to it, too; tells me my peg is downright encouragement to the bacteria. But I tell him I've no quarrel with my bacteria. 'Live and let live' is my motto, I tell him—and if the microbes and I both like Scotch and soda, why, what harm. I'm forty-two and not so much of a fool that I ain't a little bit of a physician. I know my stomach, I tell him."

"What about these western people?" she asked Oldaker at her other side, after a little.

"Decent, unpretentious folks, somewhat new, but with loads of money."

"I've heard how the breed's stormin' New York in droves; but they tell me some of us need the money."

"I dined with one last night, a sugar-cured ham magnate from Chicago.

"Dear me! how shokin'!"

"But they're good, whole-souled people."

"And well heeled—and that's what we need, it seems. Some of us been so busy bein' well-familied that we've forgot to make money."

"It's a good thing, too. Nature has her own building laws about fortunes. When they get too sky-scrapy she topples them over. These people with their thrifty habits would have all the money in time if their sons and daughters didn't marry aristocrats with expensive tastes who know how to be spenders. Nature keeps things fairly even, one way or another."

"You're thinkin' about Kitty and the duke."

"No, not then I wasn't, tho that's one of the class I mean. I was thinking especially about these westerners."

"Well, my grandfather made the best barrels in New York, and I'm mother-in-law of a chap whose ancestors for three hundred and fifty years haven't done a stroke of work; but he's the Duke of Blanchmere, and I hope our friends here will come as near gettin' the worth of their money as we did. And if that chap"—she glanced at Percival—"marries a certain young woman, he'll never have a dull moment. I'd vouch for that. I'm quite sure she's the devil in her."

"And if the yellow-haired girl marries the fellow next her—"

"He might do worse."

"Yes, but she? He's already doing worse, and he'll keep on doing it, even if he does marry her."

"Nonsense—about that, you know; all rot! What can you expect of these chaps? So does the duke do worse, but you'll never hear Kitty complain so long as he lets her alone and she can wear the strawberry leaves. I fancy I'll have those young ones down to the Hills for Hallowe'en and the week-end. Might as well help 'em along."

At the other end of the table, the fine old ivory of her cheeks gently suffused with pink until they looked like slightly crumpled leaves of a La France rose, Mrs. Oldaker was flirting brazenly with Shepler, and prattling impartially to him and to one of the twin nephews of old days in social New York; of a time when the world of fashion occupied a little space at the Battery and along Broadway; of its migration to the far north of Great Jones street, St. Mark's place, and Second avenue. In Waverly place had been the flowering of her bellehood, and the day when her set moved on to Murray Hill was to her still recent and revolutionary.

Between the solemn Angstead twins, Mrs. Bines had sat in silence until by some happy chance it transpired that "horse" was the word to unlock their lips. As Mrs. Bines knew all about horses, the twins at once became voluble, showing her marked attention. The twins were notably devoid of prejudice if your sympathies happened to run with theirs.

Miss Bines and young Milbrey were already on excellent terms. Percival and Miss Milbrey, on the other hand, were doing badly. Some disturbing element seemed to have put them aloof. Miss Milbrey wondered somewhat; but her mind was easy, for her resolution had been taken.

Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan extended her invitation to the young people, who accepted joyfully.

"Come down and camp with us, and help Phim keep the batteries of his autos run out. You know they deteriorate when they're left half-charged, and it's one of the cares of his life to see to the whole six of 'em when they come in. He gets in one and the men get in the others, and he leads a solemn parade around the stables until they've been run out. Tell me the leisure class isn't a hardworkin' class, now."

Over coffee and chartreuse in the drawing-room there was more general talk of money and marriage, and of one for the other.

"And so he married money," concluded Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan of one they had discussed.

"Happy marriage!" Shepler called out.

"No; money talks! and this time, on my word, now, it made you want to put on those thick sealskin earmuffs. Poor chap, and he'd been talkin' to me about the monotony of married life. 'Monotony, my boy,' I said to him, 'you don't know lovely woman!' and now he wishes jolly well that he'd not done it, you know."

Here, too, was earned by Mrs. Bines a reputation for wit that she was never able quite to destroy. There had been talk of a banquet to a visiting celebrity the night before, for which the menu was one of unusual costliness. Mr. Milbrey had dwelt with feeling upon certain of its eminent excellences, such as loin of young bear, a la Granville, and the boned quail, stuffed with goose livers.

"Really," he concluded, "from an artistic standpoint, although large dinners are apt to be slurred and slighted, it was a creation of undoubted worth."

"And the orchestra," spoke up Mrs. Bines, who had read of the banquet, "played 'Hail to the Chef.'"

The laughter at this rally was all it should have been, even the host joining in it. Only two of those present knew that the good woman had been warned not to call "chef" "chief," as Silas Higbee did. The fact that neither should "chief" be called "chef" was impressed upon her later, in a way to make her resolve ever again to eschew both of the troublesome words.

When the guests had gone Miss Milbrey received the praise of both parents for her blameless attitude toward young Bines.

"It will be fixed when we come back from Wheatly," said that knowing young woman, "and now don't worry any more about it."

"And, Fred," said the mother, "do keep straight down there. She's a commonplace girl, with lots of mannerisms to unlearn, but she's pretty and sweet and teachable."

"And she'll learn a lot from Fred that she doesn't know now," finished that young man's sister from the foot of the stairway.

Back at their hotel Psyche Bines was saying:

"Isn't it queer about Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan? We've read so much about her in the papers. I thought she must be some one awful to meet—I was that scared—and instead, she's like any one, and real chummy besides; and, actually, ma, don't you think her dress was dowdy—all except the diamonds? I suppose that comes from living in England so much. And hasn't Mrs. Milbrey twice as grand a manner, and the son—he's a precious—he knows everything and everybody; I shall like him."

Her brother, who had flung himself into a cushioned corner, spoke with the air of one who had reluctantly consented to be interviewed and who was anxious to be quoted correctly:

"Mrs. Gwilt-Athelstan is all right. She reminds me of what Uncle Peter writes about that new herd of short-horns: 'This breed has a mild disposition, is a good feeder and produces a fine quality of flesh.' But I'll tell you one thing, sis," he concluded with sudden emphasis, "with all this talk about marrying for money I'm beginning to feel as if you and I were a couple of white rabbits out in the open with all the game laws off."

To be continued to-morrow.

Fire-Fighter's Story

How the Strongest Man in the Philadelphia Fire Department—Once the Weakest—Gained His Strength and Health, by Using Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy.

HERE'S the story of a man who was near death's door and was saved by using Swamp-Root.

If he came to you and said: "My friend, do you suffer with kidney trouble? Does your back ache? Do you feel bad all over and can't tell exactly what's the matter? Have you tried medicines or doctors without benefit? Are you about discouraged? Then do as I did, and get well—Use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root! I know it will cure you."

If he did this, would you believe him?

Wouldn't you, if you were a sufferer, follow his advice, knowing that he bore living, sentient, vital testimony to the wonderful virtues of this great natural remedy?

WELL, that is just what Hugo Hutt, strongest man in the Philadelphia Fire Department, hero of a hundred battles with the flames, is doing *now* through the medium of this newspaper.

Hugo Hutt has been connected with the Philadelphia Fire Department for the past four years. He is stationed at the engine house at Nineteenth and Callowhill streets. Mr. Hutt is known as the strongest man in the Fire Department and has taken many prizes at athletic tournaments for his prowess in the field of sports.

He is also an ex-sergeant of the United States Infantry, having for several years been stationed at Fort Niobrara, Neb. Mr. Hutt also served with the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment during the Spanish-American war.

HUGO HUTT, PHILADELPHIA FIREMAN.

HERE is the story as he gave it to a special representative of Philadelphia's Great Newspaper, "The North American":

"You will hardly believe it when I tell you there was a time when my body was in such a diseased condition that my relatives and friends would have at no time been surprised to learn of my death. It was all due to kidney trouble, for which I could secure no relief. I was under the care of my family physician for a number of years, but he was unable to do me any good. I also consulted two noted specialists on kidney diseases, but they were unable to give me more than temporary relief. I had already made application to join the army, but was turned down on account of my bad physical condition.

"I was advised to try that greatest of all remedies—SWAMP ROOT.

"I wrote to Dr. Kilmer & Co. at Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle, and its effect upon me was so noticeable that I went immediately and bought a supply from my druggist, with the result that in a comparatively short time I had entirely recovered and became the man you see me now.

"I served a number of years in the army, and for the past four years I have been connected with the Philadelphia fire department. My work, both in the army and fighting fires in Philadelphia, has been of the most arduous, and work that I could not do did I not have a strong physique.

"I do not know what the words "Kidney Trouble" mean now, and do not expect to. I cannot speak too highly of Swamp-Root. A few bottles of this great remedy did more for me than a dozen physicians could."

(Signed) HUGO HUTT,
2223 Vine St, Philadelphia, Pa.

AND this is only one man's story—if the average reader of a newspaper could be persuaded to read the thousands of such testimonials which come to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the kidney troubles which now afflict humanity would be cut down fifty per cent.

For these testimonials all prove beyond a doubt that the greatest cure for kidney, liver and bladder troubles is

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root
NATURE'S GREATEST AID TO THE SUFFERING.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Swamp-Root is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all of our readers who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail, also a book that tells about it and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. In writing, be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Minneapolis Daily Journal. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root—Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

NEW SURGICAL DISCOVERY

Magnet Used Successfully as a Surgical Instrument.

Vallejo, Cal., May 5.—John Gatteg, an apprentice at the navy yard, was seriously injured last week by a piece of steel which flew from a tool, imbedding itself in his face. It was thought that the metal had been entirely removed, but yesterday the wound showed indications of the presence of a foreign substance.

Master Electrician Petrie became interested in the case and rigged up a magnet of a design of his own, capable of lifting 500 pounds. The magnet was held directly over the orifice and the current turned on. In an instant the offending piece of metal flew from the wound and attached itself to the magnet, demonstrating a new method of applying electricity in surgical operations.

BEANS KILLED HIM.

Baldwinsville, N. Y., May 5.—Andrew, the 10-year-old son of Leonard Baldwin, was killed by the discharge of a gun loaded with beans. Andrew was playing with some children at a neighbor's house. They found a shotgun charged with dry beans, which had been used for shooting rats that overran the place. While playing with the weapon it was accidentally discharged, the load striking Andrew in the left temple. He died in a few hours.

The End Of The World

by **Simon Newcomb,** the greatest American astronomer: a powerful story, yet a scientific prediction; vividly pictured by the famous French artist, Henri Lanos.

Pittsburg A City Ashamed

a remarkably able paper by **Lincoln Steffens** on a remarkable political situation.

With the other special features and charming stories you will get more from the

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