WHEN AMERICA IS GROWN POLITICS.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

As a factor in world politics, the United States is ten years old this summer. Not until after the Spanish-American war did Europe look upon the American nation as fully entitled to a seat at the council table of the powers. Until that time the Americans themselves had been proud of their Western isolation, and contented themselves with casting a protecting wing over the other American republics. In those ten years the United States has been prominent in world diplomacy. It has participated in international confabs where many Americans thought it had no business. It has prevented the partition of China by the Europeans and the Japanese. It ended the war between Russia and Japan. It cut a Gordian knot of Latin-American politics to facilitate cutting a ditch across the canal. It is now making a naval demonstration in force so that its international political views will receive the respectful attention usually accorded to him who speaks softly and carries a big stick.

Whether it was "manifest destiny" or a deliberate breaking away from the advice of Washington and the other immortals, is now only an academic controversy. The fact is, the United States is in world politics, is in to stay in, and is rapidly gaining a predominant position. So much for ten years. Another ninety, and the American people will have been in world politics for a century. Long before that time the United States will have become the supreme power in the world because of its great wealth, its great population, and its great resources. It will maintain that position by virtue of its captaincy of the Pan-American Union—the confederation of republics—which is already wielding an enormous influence and which must grow in strength and power with the development of the great Latin countries to the south.

Political union of the Americas is improbable, on account of diverse tongues. Political and commercial co-operation is already promised. Railroads direct from Argentina and Chile to New York and Puget Sound, a merchant marine, and the Panama Canal, will cement the nations of the western world into one potential whole. The palace being built in Washington for the Pan-American Bureau may have more of the promise of American glory in its future than Andrew Carnegie, who gave most of the million to build it, and John Barrett, who is bossing the job, have dreamed of.

In the Pacific Ocean the United States will hold Hawaii, its detached islands, and the Philippines. It will have the major portion of the enormous Chinese and Siberian trade. It will be in that day what England so long has been, and Columbia will rule the wave—vice Britannia, resigned.

What the future will bring forth in domestic party politics no man may dare to predict. But the certain influences of growth and development will materially affect the present political and governmental organizations. The forty-six stars on the flag will have been multiplied by the addition of new States and the division of old ones. Arizona, New Mexico, Southern Alaska, and Hawaii will have gained Statehood long before the year 2000. Porto Rico, perhaps in union with other West Indian islands, may also add a star to the constellation of the flag.

Texas is entitled, by the terms of the act of admission, to divide its great empire into five sovereign States. The rapid growth of the Lone Star State will make its local administration more and more difficult as the years go by, and it will split up. The Texan patriotism will keep alive the old memories of the Lone Star, and the States of Texas, Houston, Austin, Crockett, and Alamo will form a great group, as compact in spirit as that of New England, formed by the six States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

New York City will have grown enormously, and will have become the greatest city on earth. The lack of sympathy between the city and "up-State" will so increase that a separation will be deemed necessary, and the new State of Manhattan will include the great urban population of the southern end of New York State, Long Island, and the northern part of New Jersey. Already the people of the inland empire in the Northwest are clamoring for a division of territory by three States, which will enable them to add to the roster of the States the name of Lincoln.

Southern California and Northern California are divided by natural boundaries, and the communities are growing more and more conscibus of the diversity of interests. Southern California already talks of division and independent Statehood. The seeds being sown now will bring forth fruit long before the United States is full grown. The proposition to create a new State of the mountain portions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina has been heard frequently in the past few years. That idea is born of partisan politics, but it is an idea which will grow and which eventually may be acted upon.

Chicago and Philadelphia may also succeed in divorcing themselves from their rural fellow-citizens of Illinois and Pennsylvania. Kansas City, a metropolis in two States, may be the center of a new State carved from Missouri and Kansas territory. These changes, or others of a similar nature, are almost sure to follow the doubling of the present population and the increased convenience of local administration in States of the present boundaries. Even now New York State makes separate laws and organizes separate administrative bodies for Manhattan and "up-State."

Long before the end of the century many of the details of Federal legislation now in the hands of Congress will be delegated to commissions. The work of Congress is now so great that it overwhelms that body and makes true deliberation impossible. The actual power of legislation will always rest with Congress as long as the republic endures, but there will be much of the detail work that will be delegated to other bodies. Tendencies in this direction are already being "viewed with alarm," but the movement will not cease because of the fears of the conservatives.

The reserved powers of the States, such as are left, will be guarded with as great jealousy and with more intelligence than they are now. The annual meeting of the House of Governors, in some city other than Washington, will facilitate uniform legislation by the States upon important matters of general interest, and this will have the effect of stopping a general outcry for increased Federal powers. The recent meeting of the governors at the White House was the first step in this direction—it is easy and natural for the movement there begun to assume the predicted importance.

The municipal government problem will be solved, and the ruin of boss rule avoided by the general adoption of the commission system. It is entirely possible that the idea of co-operation may be so extended that the commissioners who administer local municipal affairs may be united in an organization which will provide a system of checks and balances which will guarantee honest government. The commissioners of New York, for instance, will hail from five other cities. One commissioner is removed to some other city each year, and inspecting supervisors from other cities may come in at any moment. This would be a combination and adaptation of the German municipal system and the old-fashioned Methodist itinerary.

Absolute and complete publicity of campaign contributions and expenditures is sure to come within the next decade or two. The Federal government and all the States will recognize the fundamental importance of party government, so that all primaries and conventions will be held under the laws of the land. The Congress will unseat a man whose nomination was obtained by fraud as quickly as if he were elected by fraud. The corrupt practices of present-day elections will disappear. This is as certain as the life of the nation, for if corruption is not stopped it will increase; if it increases, the nation cannot hope to live.

What was looked upon fifty years ago as "smart politics" and was admired, twenty years ago became "sharp practice," and was frowned at. The same thing to-day is "corruption," and is roundly denounced. Not long hence it will be "crime," and will be punished with severity. A more acutely sensitive civic conscience is making the old-fashioned methods of politics decidedly unpopular.

(Copyright, 1908, by Frederick J. Haskin.)

To-morrow — The Pan-American Conference.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS ENDED

Holy Cross Pupils Are Graduated at National Theater with Impressive Exercises.

Seldom has a better musical programme been heard than that presented by the pupils of Holy Cross Academy at the graduating exercises held yesterday afternoon in the New National Theater.

As Rev. Dr. Edward A. Pace, of the Catholic University, said of the programme in his address to the graduates: "The only element missing was surprise, as all who have been fortunate enough to attend the commencement exercises in past years knew what a degree of excellence to expect."

Miss Agnes Hamilton read an original poem, "To His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate," after which she presented him with a huge bunch of American Beauties. Vocal and instrumental music of unusual excellence was rendered. The harp trio, "Autumn," by Thomas, was a technical study. Fine execution was shown by Miss Marguerite Curtis in a piano solo, Grieg's "Concerto in A." Medals and diplomas were awarded to his excellency Diomede Falconio, the apostolic delegate, to the following: Agnes Isabelle Downey, Agnes Mary Hamilton, Imogene Frank Karns, Marie Rose McGee, and Marie Anne Parks.

An interesting feature was the recitation of an original poem by each girl of the graduating class, and the presentation to his eminence the cardinal of the flowers that each graduate-student had carried.

It rarely happens that the cardinal and the apostolic delegate grace the same commencement with their presence, and in this mark of distinction Holy Cross was particularly favored yesterday.

In addition to these distinguished prelates there were present at the exercises the following clergymen:

Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Shahan, Rev. Dr. Edward A. Pace, Rev. Dr. William J. Kerby, and Rev. Father Lawrence Brown, of the Catholic University; Rev. Father Henry J. Shandelle, S. J., of Georgetown University; Rev. Father J. P. Kennedy, O. P., of the Dominican House of Studies; Rev. Dr. William T. Russell, and Rev. Father James A. Smyth, of St. Patrick's Church; Rev. Father Paul Griffith, of St. Augustine's Church; Rev. Father Thomas S. Lee, and Rev. Father Edward L. Buckey, of St. Matthew's Church, and Rev. Father Walker S. Caughy and Rev. Father Thomas G. Smyth, of St. Stephen's Church.

The programme was as follows:

Programme of Exercises.

Gounod—Waltz from "Faust".....Chorus
Vocal class. Solo, Geline MacDonald. Piano, Violet Hickman and Ruth Ridgway.
Thomas—"Autumn".....Harp Trio
Marguerite O'Toole, Suzanne Yerby, and Marguerite Curtis.
Saint-Saens—"El Desdishado".....Vocal Duet
Evelyn Pomar and Geline MacDonald.
"To His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate,"
Agnes Hamilton.
Mozart—From "Andante und Allegro," Symphonie No. 12. First violin, Imogen Karns; second violin, Irene Schaefer; viola, Gertrude Murphy; 'cello, Gertrude Eichhorn.
Liszt—Rhapsodie No. 2. Solo, Marguerite O'Toole; piano quartet, Evelyn Pomar, Hattie Swart, Marie McGee, and Catherine Schaefer; violins, Imogen Karns, Irene Schaefer, Rose Clark, Gertrude Murphy, Winifred Watts, and Marie Swart; 'cellos, Gertrude Eichhorn and Violet Hickman; harps, Marguerite Curtis, Suzanne Yerby, and Geline MacDonald.
Thomas—Polonaise from "Mignon".....Vocal Solo
Agnes Downey.
Chopin—Polonaise, op. 53.....Piano Trio
Suzanne Yerby, Violet Hickman, and Ethel Brown.
Class poem, "The Graduates."
Verdi—"Miserere," semi-chorus. Duet, Agnes Downey and Evelyn Pomar; harp accompaniment.
Rehfield—"Spanischer Tanz".....Violin Solo
Imogen Karns.
Address to the graduates, Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., professor of philosophy, Catholic University.
Schumann—"The Gypsies," chorus, vocal class. Solo, Ethel Brown; pianos, Violet Hichman and Lillian Bernstein.
Grieg—"Concerto a Moll".....Piano Solo
Marguerite Curtis, accompanied by Marie Parks.
Diplomas and medals awarded to graduates, his excellency the Most Rev. Diomede Falconio.
Poem—"Holy Cross".....Agnes Downey
Schubert-Tausig—"Militar Marsch".....Piano Trio
Pauline Pfluger, Marguerite Curtis, and Marie Parks.

GOULDS SANCTION NEW UNION.

George Admits Sister May Soon Wed Again.

New York, June 9.—George Gould sailed for Europe this morning aboard the steamship Kronprinzessin Cecilie, of the North German Lloyd service. Mr. Gould expects to be away about a month or six weeks.

Before sailing he said that he would probably see Mme. Anna Gould while on the other side.

"I expect that my sister will marry in the near future," said Mr. Gould, "and if I am on the other side I shall attend the wedding."

From Mr. Gould's remark, it was inferred that he expected to attend the wedding of Mme. Anna Gould and Prince Helie de Sagan.

"My sister has my entire sanction in the matter, and she will have my blessing," said Mr. Gould.

The date for the wedding was not discussed by Mr. Gould.

On financial matters, Mr. Gould seemed to be optimstic. He said the appointment of a receiver for Wheeling & Lake Erie was necessary, and that it was done to protect Wabash property.

ATLANTA BELLE WEDS.

Miss Mary Gatins Becomes Bride of E. P. Coyne.

New York, June 9.—Miss Mary Gatins, daughter of Joseph Gatins, a retired stock broker, of Atlanta, Ga., was married this afternoon to Edward P. Coyne, formerly county judge and surrogate of Livingstone County, at the residence of the bride, 71 Central Park west.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Charles D. McGregor. Only intimate friends of both families were present. The bride was given away by Miss Gladys Hoadley, of New York. Stephen B. Elkins, jr., a son of Senator Elkins, and John L. De Saulles, the former Yale quarter back, were the ushers.

Girls of Trinity College Hold Their Commencement Exercises in the Lecture Hall.

Trinity College was the scene of an interesting ceremony yesterday, when an audience that overtaxed the capacity of the lecture hall assembled to witness the conferring of degrees by his eminence James Cardinal Gibbons upon the students of the college.

The green-carpeted stage, converted into a veritable garden, bordered with red roses and ferns, banked and surrounded with tall palms, presented a striking picture.

The red robes of the cardinal, and the purple of the prelates at either side, Right Rev. Bishop Garrigan and Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell, enhanced the effects of the scene.

Seated on the stage were also Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Shahan, Justice Victor J. Dowling, of New York City, who addressed the graduates; Gen. Vincent. Rev. Dr. Turner, Rev. Dr. Aiken, and Rev. Dr. Kerby, of the Catholic University.

The Visiting Clergy.

Among the clergymen present were Rev. Father Francis T. McCarthy, S. J.; Rev. Father John J. Neary, S. J.; Rev. Father John J. Fleming, S. J.; Rev. Dr. Gillis, C. S. P.; Rev. Father Paul Griffith, Rev. Father Edward L. Buckey, Rev. Father Riley, O. P.; Rev. Father Eugene Hannan, Rev. Father G. A. Dougherty, Rev. Father James O'Connell, Rev. Dr. Melody, Rev. Dr. Healy, Rev. Dr. Spencley, and others from the Catholic University.

The order of exercises was as follows:

Opening anthem—Sung by the students in chorus.
Prayer—His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons.
Introductory remarks—By the Very Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph. D.
Presentation of candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Letters—By the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D. D.
Presentation of candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts—In the groups of Greek and Latin, Latin and German, Latin and French, Latin and English, German and French, German and mathematics, German and English, English and French.
Presentation of candidate for the degree of master of arts.
Conferring of degrees by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, president of the board of trustees of the college.
Address to the graduates by Hon. Victor J. Dowling, of New York City.
Anthem of thanksgiving, sung by the students.
Blessing, His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons.

Candidates for Degrees.

Master of Arts—Helen Catharine McNamara, Binghamton, N. Y., A. B. Cornell University, 1907. Subjects: Sociology and history. Thesis: "The Labor Press."

Bachelor of Arts—Anna Patricia Butler, Cambridge, Mass.; Margaret Mary Callaghan, Haverhill, Mass.; Lilian Callahan, Albany, N. Y.; Mary Mildred Connelly, Bradford, Pa.; Ora Maria Dansby, Fort Smith, Ark.; Beatrice Antoinette Gavagan, Los Angeles, Cal.; Louise Catharine Holohan, Waterbury, Conn.; Agatha Rose Kelly, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Janet Louise McQuaid, Holyoke, Mass.; Marie Regina Madden, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elizabeth Wenis Merkle, Chillicothe, Ohio; Marie Louise Simon, Philadelphia, Pa., and Helen Teresa Vlymen, Hempstead, N. Y.

Bachelor of Letters—Mary Katherine Murray, Troy, N. Y.

CONVENT ALUMNAE REUNION

Youth and Old Age Side by Side in Exercises.

Miss Juliette Williams, Bride of To-day, Declines When Called Upon for a Speech.

The reunion of the Alumnae at Georgetown Convent yesterday was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the association, and emphasized anew the treasured friendship of the Sisters for the pupils and the loyalty and devotion of the "Convent girls" for their alma mater.

Mother Fidelis presided at the table of honor. Around her were grouped the president of the Alumnae, Mrs. Eugene A. Carr; the ex-presidents, Mrs. Julius S. Walsh, of St. Louis; Mrs. John V. Moran, of Detroit; Miss Agatha O'Neale, the corresponding secretary; Miss Mary Wilcox, Miss Jane Turnbull, and Mrs. Rosa Macias White, of Washington.

Among the bevy of beautiful girls none attracted more attention than Miss Juliette Williams, the alumna whose marriage to Mr. Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, takes place at noon to-day.

"God's blessing of health and future happiness to the young bride of the morrow" was gracefully proposed as a toast to Miss Williams by the president of the association, Mrs. Eugene A. Carr, when Miss Dorothy Williams, the valedictorian of the class of 1908, concluded the recitation of a poem dedicated to her fellow-students.

Miss Juliette Williams modestly declined when her old classmates called upon her for a "speech."

Miss Agatha O'Neale, at the request of Mother Fields, acted as toastmistress and first introduced Mrs. Herbert Claude, better known to the alumnae as Cicely Arms, whose toast "To our future mothers," gracefully worded and feelingly delivered in an unusually clear and beautiful voice, fully merited the applause it gained.

Quoting Abraham Lincoln's words, "All that I am I owe to my angel mother," Mrs. Claude eloquently described the character building that depends on the mother's life as a girl.

A storm of applause greeted the announcement of Sister Paulina's name, and when this gifted speaker finished her beautiful thesis, Miss Juliette Williams presented her with a bouquet of lilies of the valley and pink roses.

Alumnae from nearly every State in the Union were present at the luncheon.

All the old pupils gathered again at the close of day for the opening service of the retreat, conducted by Rev. Father Francis T. McCarthy, S. J., of Gonzaga College, a triduum held annually for the spiritual benefit of the alumnae.

Only 10 cents a week, delivered at your door—the daily issues of The Washington Herald. 'Phone Main 3300.

S. KANN, SONS & Co.
8th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

Small lot of 50c mixed suitings,
Choice of any style to-day, 25c a yard.

Just half what they should be.
And a good range of styles and colorings.
They'll make up handsomely into very stylish suits.
They are in a variety of effects as follows:
Black and white hairline stripes.
Black and white checks.
Herringbone effects in street shades.
Mixed tan effects.
Self-colored plaid effects in street shades.
Just a small lot, so there's need for hurry. Special, a yard to-day, 25c.

More of those 50c black and white checked and striped suitings, a yard, only 19c.

There's been a rush on these ever since opening time Monday morning. It is time to get in line if you intend to get any of these fine suitings at this special price. 38 inches wide.
Bargain Tables—First Floor.

THE SOUL OF CROESUS

BY GERALD VILLIERS-STUART.

Copyright, 1908, by Gerald Villiers-Stuart. Entered at Stationers' Hall. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

Vandraken had dressed rather early, and was alone in the drawing-room when the butler announced "The Reverend Fabian Dare." He was standing at the far end of the long drawing-room, looking at a photograph of Lady Kitty, which he had found on a table. When he heard the chaplain announced, he looked up, with a natural curiosity, at the man Lady Kitty had so often referred to. But the smile of welcome died out of his fresh young face, and every vestige of color. The roots of his hair were stirred by a crawling fear. He retreated slowly, as though he had seen an apparation. His breath caught, as it had when he last looked into the eyes of the Cobra. It was not that he recognized the man whom he had bought for a scapegoat—the face was too changed for that; but something so evil and so repulsive to him had entered the room that his first impulse was to fly from it; his second, to go forward and kill, efface, and destroy it. He had heard of unaccountable antipathies, but this instinct to annihilate—such as animals have, to destroy abnormal representatives of their species—which now possessed him was so unexplainable that it filled him with that sickening terror which only the intangible can inspire.

If Fabian Dare had recognized the other occupant of the room as the man in the motor mask, the two men would have been locked in a death grip; but as he did not, and only saw a man reeling and clutching the back of a chair for support, he came forward and said, solicitously:

"You must be Mr. Vandraken. But, I say!—are you ill?"

"No, no!" answered Vandraken. "But for God's sake keep away from me!"

Now, for the last month things had been going much better for Fabian Dare. Just when it seemed as though he could fight no longer his evil dreams, his almost superhuman temptations had suddenly ceased; and while he knew they had left their mark on him, his face had changed so gradually that he was only partially aware how dissipated it had grown to look. And yet here was a young man, obviously of the world, feeling absolutely repelled at the very sight of him. There was no other way in which he could account for the curious behavior of the stranger whom he had found in the drawing-room. He naturally resented it.

"I don't understand you," he said, sharply.

"I don't understand, either," answered Vandraken, in a strained voice, holding tight to the back of a chair to keep himself in check; "but for your own sake keep away from me! Good Lord!" he thought to himself. "How can any one stand such a depraved-looking creature as that about? He's hardly human!"

At that moment Dashmore entered. He noticed immediately that there was something strained in the attitude of the two men he found in the room, and decided it was because they had not been introduced. He came forward cheerfully, with outstretched hand. "You must be Mr. Dare. If two from three leaves one, excuse me introducing myself, but our hostess seems a bit late."

Vandraken could not believe his eyes when he saw Dashmore shaking hands with what looked to him like a repulsive satyr. Fabian shook hands as if Dashmore had been a long lost brother, so delighted was he by the contrast in his reception by the two men.

Then Lady Kitty, with Miss Sidcombe, came down, and greeted Fabian in a kindly, if rather reserved, manner, introducing him to Miss Sidcombe, who, if she did not shake hands, at least showed no signs of repugnance. And Lady Donoyle, who hurried in at the last moment, looking whimsically at her crepe, went into dinner with him.

"What's wrong?" asked Lady Kity, noticing her finance was eating nothing, and occasionally shivering. "Why do you look so strangely at poor Mr. Dare?"

"It's horrible—absolutely horrible!" he muttered.

"What's horrible?" asked Lady Kitty. "The salmon cutlets?"

"No; his face! Great Scott! How can you have any one about who looks like that? It isn't right!—and a parson, too!"

"Poor dear! He has got to look a bit dissipated, but one mustn't be too hard on people."

"A bit dissipated! Why, Kitty, he makes me goosefleshed! It's the most repulsive face I ever saw in my life!"

"You're not well, Standish. I'm sure you are not well." The girl was trying to reassure herself, as much as her lover, for a cloud seemed to be passing over her spirit. The dim forebodings which began to form that last night on the yacht were taking more definite shape now that she was in contact with the personalities of the two men. It was as though that contact had completed an electrical circuit, over which messages were trying to travel. Her Celtic intuition, which in the earlier stages of friendship with Vandraken had urged her to look at the back of the picture, now seemed to be telling her that she dare not; that she must shut her eyes to everything but the physical attractions, on which this fight with the brigands had put such an exaggerated value. Vandraken sat out the dinner in miserable silence. Fabian Dare left almost immediately afterward. He was acutely sensitive to the other man's antagonism, and resented it all the more bitterly on account of his envy of Vandraken's fresh, unsullied face.

Dashmore, noticing his friend's curiously rude behavior, went out of his way to be pleasant to Dare, a fact of which Vandraken could not be oblivious. He spoke to Dashmore about it as soon as they were alone in the smoking-room.

"Great Scott, Slap Dash!" he asked, "how, in the name of all that's clean and normal, could you touch that chap's hand? I feel like getting drunk to-night, to try to get the taste of him out of my mouth. That's to say, if I could get drunk," he thought.

"What's the matter with you, Vandraken?" asked Dashmore, impatiently, as he lit a cigar. "To hear you talk, one would think you had been asked to dine with the devil himself. I would judge from that chap's face that he had been going a bit large, trying to have a better time than he could have. I expect pink rats and skinned monkeys are no strangers to the poor devil. But really, you know, Van, you are not in a position to criticise the morals or the appetites of your fellow-men."

Vandraken was walking impatiently up and down the room, stopping occasionally to light his cigar, which he then forgot to smoke.

"I'm not criticising him," he answered, as he stopped to pour out a whisky-and-soda of such mammoth proportions that even Dashmore's seasoned notions as to what constituted a drink were startled. "I simply know that the man's face is the most repulsive and disgusting sight I ever saw, and I can't stay in the same room with it, or the same house, or the same country—or, by God! the same universe!" he added, in a curious, shrill voice.

Dashmore came over and took the glass out of his hand.

"It's bromide you need, not this. 'Pon my word, I believe you've got 'em."

For he could not realize the truth, and how could Vandraken, himself, know that the thing he could not live in the universe with was the image of his own soul, defaced and soiled by the record he had written thereon? If the story had been slowly carved on his own face he would have gradually become accustomed to it; but his consciousness came upon the horror as suddenly as though he had died, and on his star had met his soul, defaced by his own writings, and acquired the agonizing knowledge that each man is his own recording angel.

That night, as Vandraken tossed on his bed, he felt again that sense of clouds gathering, a fear of the fate he had belittled. The world still smiled, but far away the mocking laugh of some ribald star came faintly to his ears. Or was it the laughter of the gods he had so openly defied?

CHAPTER XXVII.

But it was one thing for Lady Kitty to try to keep her eyes fixed on her lover's youthful good looks, his amusing originality of thought and expression, his light-hearted impulsiveness, and the sense of power in the background which his vast wealth added. It was another thing to succeed. An invisible hand was tugging at her skirts to attract her attention; a voice seemed, by turns, to implore and command that she look away from the bright, fresh canvas and the gilded frame, and dare to look on the back of the picture. Sometimes the voice sounded like her own, sometimes like Fabian Dare's.

Perhaps she would have succeeded in resisting the voices, or her whimsical humor might have laughed them down, had Vandraken succeeded in resisting her entreaty that he attend service with her at the Donoyle Chapel the following Sunday; but her lover, not willing to admit to himself that he was afraid of his inexplicable antipathy to Fabian Dare, consented.

Afterward the girl tried to persuade herself that it was only an optical delusion, a moment of hysteria; for as the sermon proceeded, and the inspired thoughts of Fabian Dare fluttered down from the pulpit, clothed in the irresistible magnetism of his voice, the face of the man whose personality had made such an impression on her girlish fancy began to lose the soiled look which had repelled her for the last year. She saw him again as she had first seen him at Oxford, but strengthened and ennobled by the consciousness of hard won victories. He preached from the text, "So God made man in his own image." "Perfection," he said, "wishing to design something perfect, could do no more. A great sculptor, who had set up his masterpiece in the market-place might call to account the passers-by who had altered it to suit their lower level—might forgive criticism, might forgive neglect, but consider the defacement of perfection as the unpardonable."

It was at that moment that Lady Kitty had looked up at the young chaplain, with the thought in her mind that he was the last man on earth to preach that sermon, and saw him transfigured in the perfection he talked about.

Then the impulse to look at the back of the picture of the man who sat next her, in drowsy boredom, dominated her. What she saw passed like a flash, or something too incredible to dwell on. She had caught a glimpse of his defaced soul grinning through the mask which he had bought and paid for.

Vandraken, who was yawning at the moment, did not notice that she drew away from him.

That afternoon Lady Kitty went out alone into the forest, to do battle with herself, to endeavor to shake off the state of mind which threatened to complicate a life which had seemed so simple a few days before. Of course, all her world would believe that she was marrying the American millionaire for his money—that was inevitable. She herself knew she would have married him for his money if, by some kindly interposition of Providence, she had not happened to fall in love with him. And now, if she discovered that she could not marry him for love, it would be almost impossible to marry him for his money. Existence would sink to that most unendurable of conditions—a life-long pretense. She was tempted to put her fingers over the lips of her soul; to push away the hand that was dragging her half-willing body back from the man who could gratify every physical wish that her mind could invent. And the cry, which at some time or another, has broken the stillness of the calmest life, rose to her lips; the denunciation of the force which had made her half human and half divine, instead of all human or all divine.

The aged, mauve tree trunks remained silent on the subject; the flakes of green which formed their leaves were yet too soft and young to whisper advice, and all the voices of the forest, and the exuberance of spring, were ranged on the side of the physical.

She came to the fallen tree above the river, where, one Sunday, nearly a year before, she had talked with Fabian Dare, and as she sat down she saw him coming along the path from the opposite direction, with a book in his hand.

He hesitated when he saw Lady Kitty; but, moved by a sudden impulse, she motioned him to sit down beside her. Perhaps she wanted to test the stability of that sudden impression about him she had had in church.

"What book have you got there?" asked the girl, thankful for the small chance of conversation which the novel provided.

"'The Master Chord,'" he answered, regarding the book lovingly.

"Why, that's the book every one is talking about, and wondering who the author is! Did you know it was the most successful novel written in the last ten years? Even the sensational pulpits refusing to abuse it have not affected its popularity. I'm half in love with the author. He must have a beautiful mind—a poet's mind. How he must have suffered! But you won't like it, Mr. Dare—you are a clergyman."

"I preached my last sermon to-day, Lady Kitty," answered the young man. "As far as one can resign from the church, I am resigning to-morrow."

"Resigning! But why?"

"Because—because I wrote"—he held up the novel—"'The Master Chord.'"

"You wrote it!" she said, incredulously—"you!" And she looked into his half-triumphant, half-pleading eyes. "Fancy that book being written by a clergyman—I remember a passage which says: 'The church is the orchestra, which plays to keep humanity quiet while it is waiting for the curtain to rise on the truth.'"

"I never was a clergyman," he answered. "I had something to say—the pulpit was the only place from where I could get a hearing; but now the world is waiting with bated breath to hear what I will say next. In the streets of London, where they trampled me into the gutter, into—well, never mind where—they will fight over the scraps of paper with my poetry on it—I shall be rich—why, I shall even be a baronet! You know, my grandfather has traced me up. I am the only one left of all his grandsons."

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

A DAINTY SLUMBER GOWN.

The fad for loose, short-sleeved nightgowns is one that has always commended itself to the woman who loves to wear sheer, dainty lingerie. The nightgown shown in the sketch is one of the prettiest of the new models, and its making is sufficiently easy to bring it well within the scope of the home needle woman. The gown is gathered to a well-fitting yoke and is designed to be slipped on over the head. The loose-flowing sleeves, which are cut in one with the front and back of the gown, are a pretty and novel feature, and are distinctive of grace and comfort, but if the loose effect is not liked the sleeve may be gathered into a band, as shown in the smaller sketch. Nainsook or batiste is suitable for making the gown, while lace or embroidery may be used for garniture. For the medium size 5¾ yards of 36-inch goods will be needed.

Four sizes, 32, 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents to the Pattern Department, Washington Herald, and indicating number (6148) and size desired.

Whether you go to your Country Home or remain in town, you can look ahead to a far more pleasant summer if you provide yourself with a

PIANOLA PIANO.

IN THE country, of course, you must have music. There will be a thousand and one occasions, such as impromptu dances, guests to be entertained on rainy days, &c., which demand it.

In town, while friends are away, few theaters running, and the lazy days and evenings disincline you to go out, you will never be at a loss for amusement after you once experience the fascination of producing music yourself with the Pianola Piano.

Your present piano will be accepted in part payment for the Pianola Piano.

Pianola Pianos cost from $500 to $1,050.

PIANOLAS (in cabinet form, to be used with your present piano), $215 and $300.

Moderate monthly payments.

Sanders & Stayman Co.,
Exclusive Agents,
PERCY S. FOSTER, Manager. 1327 F Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT AT 8:15 — NEW NATIONAL — 25c. 50c. 75c.
Matinees To-day and Saturday, 2:15.
ABORN OPERA CO.
In the Famous Japanese Music Play,
THE GEISHA
Next Week—"FLORODORA," with W. T. Carleton.

COLUMBIA — EVES., 25c to 75c. MATS. THURS. and SAT., 25c and 50c.
FAREWELL WEEK OF
GUY STANDING
AND HIS COMPANY IN
"MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS,"
AUGUSTUS THOMAS' FAMOUS COMEDY.
SPECIAL—Next Week—Seats Now on Sale.
First Time on Any Stage.
CECILIA LOFTUS,
In Wm. Gillette's New Play,
THAT LITTLE AFFAIR AT THE BOYD'S.

BELASCO — EVES., 25c to 75c. MATS. WED. and SAT., 25c and 50c.
SECOND CROWDED WEEK.
CHARLOTTE WALKER
AND HER OWN COMPANY IN
BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY GEM,
"CANDIDA."

Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE
Daily Mats. 25c and 50c. Eve's, 25c, 50c, and 75c.
Magnificent Closing Week Stellar Programme.
ALMAS TEMPLE ARAB PATROL.
Spectacular Display of Superb Tactical Skill.
LADDIE CLIFF, LONDON'S BOY COMEDIAN,
a Bigger New York Hit Than Sweet Victoria.
FRED RAY & CO. WATSON'S FARMYARD CIRCUS. ESPE, DUTTON & ESPE. NETTA VESTA. ELDRIDGE. "A DIABOLICAL PICK-POCKET," and "THE RUSSIAN COSSACKS," Vitagraph. BUY SEATS TO-DAY FOR THE BIG FAREWELL BILL.

GAYETY THEATRE 9th St. Near F
ALL THIS WEEK—MATINEE EVERY DAY.
LAST WEEK OF THE REGULAR SEASON.
THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN TOWN.
BY SPECIAL REQUEST,
The Great Behman Show
CHORUS GIRLS' CONTEST FRIDAY NIGHT.
POPULAR PRICES. SMOKING CONCERTS.

LUNA PARK
WEEK OF JUNE 8.
The Best of Vaudeville.
Edith Helena—Edith Helena, Grand Opera Prima Donna; Murphy & Dunn, Miles & Raymond, Girdeller's Dogs, Reno & Smith, the De Angelos, and extra added attraction, Tom Waters, the Mayor of Laughland.
HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE IN THE BAND SHELL
All Seats Free

The Art of Being Chic.

The Parisienne may be said to dress well in the street, but she is less elaborately attired than women in other countries, says the Paris correspondent of "Vogue." It is essentially the indoor triumphs in sartorial elegance which are mostly coveted by her; whilst a promenade costume is restricted to simplicity, to which, however, she generally manages to add a single note of elegance that makes her particularly chic. This single note of elegance on an otherwise plain gown consisting of an et cetera that might well escape notice, gives the true meaning of the word chic, which is essentially French and difficult to translate.

There must be true harmony between the wearer and the gown before a French woman will apply her verdict of approval and pronounce the entirety tres chic. A great number of women do not understand this when seeking a modish gown in Paris. Those who have best understood the meaning of chic applied to harmony in dress are the American women who regularly visit Paris, and there are many who have proved superior to some of the fashionable women of Paris. The American woman is better endowed by nature than a Frenchwoman, and once she has learned the art of harmonizing her clothes with her personality she outshines any other woman in the whole world.

INSOMNIA IN GIRLHOOD.

Frequently girls of sixteen or seventeen find difficulty in sleeping. This is so wholly unnatural that the cause should at once be discovered and cured.

If the doctor tells you there is no functional disorder, try the effect of fresh air, exercise, regular habits, and simple diet.

If possible, take a brisk walk just before going to bed. This must not be so long as to tire. Follow it by a warm bath in which a little sea salt has been dissolved. A gentle massage after the bath is excellent.

Sip a glass of hot milk just before getting into bed. Sleep in a dark room, with the windows open. Draft can be prevented by means of a screen.

A Summer Hat.

A child's hat for spring was of pink tuscan straw of a quaint bonnet shape and bent into a scallop in front, each side of the brim showing a tiny cluster of pink flowers, while the crown was encircled with messaline ribbon of the same shade, tied in rosettes and ending in long ribbon ends to be tied under the chin.

Only 10 cents a week, delivered at your door—the daily issues of The Washington Herald. 'Phone Main 3300.