

THE BABIE'S BEDTIME.

Sweet are children in the morning, in the afternoon or night, In their dainty frocks of red and blue, or gowns of simple white; In their play up in the playroom, in the yard or on the lawn, But they're sweetest when it's bedtime, and they get their "nighties" on.

Little ghosts of white a-romping o'er the bed and through the room, In the season of a lifetime they're the rosy month of June; Little ghosts of white a-marching to the music of their laugh, And the one who'er would miss it sees in life its minor half.

Little curls a-dangling frowsy—to the heads a-fitting wreath, Little gowns a-hanging loosely, and the peeping feet beneath; Merry monarchs of the household and their love is as the fawn, And they're sweetest when it's bedtime and they've got their "nighties" on.

Oh, the clear notes of their laughter, and the patter of their feet, As they romp and chase each other in the game of hide and seek— Gives a hint of faint suspicion of the world that is to be, For the Master taught us, saying: "Suffer these to come to Me."

Soon fatigue o'ercomes the players, and the white brigade is still, And the "Now I lay me" whispered with a pleading and a will. Oh, the wee tots are in slumber and their dreams are in repose, For the clearness of a conscience rivals beauties of the rose.

And the white, upturned, sweet visage adds to innocence the charm Of the soul-reposing trust upon the guardian angel's arm; Oh, the sweetest-scented nectar flowing from this life is gone, If you cannot see the babies when they get their "nighties" on. —Indianapolis Press.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1911, by Ward, Lock & Co.)

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Leglosse had already engaged a cab, and when I joined him I discovered that he had also brought a Sicilian police official with him. This individual gave the driver his instructions, and away we went. As we had informed the cabman, previous to setting out, that there was no time to be lost, we covered the distance in fine style, and just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains entered the little village on the outskirts of which the villa was situated. It was a delightful spot, a mere cluster of human habitations, clinging to the mountain-side. The Angelus was sounding from the campanile of the white monastery, further up the hill-side, as we drove along the main street. Leaving the village behind us we passed on until we came to the gates of the park in which the villa was situated. We had already formed our plans, and it was arranged that the island official should send his name in to Hayle, Leglosse and I keeping in the background as much as possible. We descended from the carriage and Leglosse rang the bell which we discovered on the wall; presently the door was opened, and a wizened-up little man made his appearance before us. An animated conversation ensued, from which it transpired that the new occupant of the villa was now in the pavilion at the foot of the grounds.

"In that case conduct us to him," said the officer, "but remember this, we desire to approach without being seen. Lead on!"

The old man obeyed and led us by a winding path through the orangery for upwards of a quarter of a mile. At the end of that walk we saw ahead of us a handsome white edifice, built of stucco, and of the summer-house order. It stood on a small plateau on the first slope of the cliff and commanded an exquisite view of the bay, the blue waters of which lay some 200 feet or so below it.

"His excellency is in there," said the old man, in his Sicilian patois.

"Very good, in that case you can leave us," said the officer, "we can find our way to him ourselves."

The old man turned and left us, without another word, very well pleased, I fancy, to get out of the way of that functionary. Goodness only knows what memories of stolen vegetables and fruit had risen in his mind.

"Before we go in," I said, "would it not be as well to be prepared for any emergencies? Remember he is not a man who would stink at much."

We accordingly arranged our plan of attack in case it should be necessary, and then approached the building. As we drew nearer the sound of voices reached our ears. At first I was not able to recognize them, but as we ascended the steps to the pavilion, I was able to grasp the real facts of the case.

"Good heavens!" I muttered to myself, "that's Kitwater's voice." Then, turning to Leglosse, I whispered: "We're too late, they're here before us."

It certainly was Kitwater's voice I had heard, but so hoarse with fury that at any other time I should scarcely have recognized it.

"Cover him, Codd," he was shouting, "and if he dares to move shoot him down like the dog he is. You robbed us of our treasure, did you? And you sneaked away at night into the cover of the jungle, and left us to die or to be mutilated by those brutes of Chinese. But we've run you down at last, and now when I get hold of you, by God, I'll tear your eyes and your tongue out, and you shall be like the two men you robbed and betrayed. Keep your barrel fixed on him, Codd, I tell you! Remember if he moves you are to fire. Oh! Gideon Hayle, I've prayed on my bended knees for this moment, and now it's come and—"

At this moment we entered the room to find Hayle standing with his back to the window that opened into the balcony, which in its turn overlooked the somewhat steep slope that led to the cliff and the sea. Codd was on the left of the center table, a revolver in his hand, and a look upon his face that I had never seen before. On the other side of the table was Kitwater, with a long knife in his hand. He was leaning forward in a crouching position, as if he were preparing for a spring. On hearing our steps, however, he turned his sightless face towards us. It was Hayle, however, who seemed the most surprised. He stared at me as if I were a man returned from the dead.

"Put up that revolver, Codd," I cried. "And you, Kitwater, drop that knife. Hayle, my man, it's all up. The game is over, so you may as well give in."

Leglosse was about to advance upon him, warrant in one hand and manacles in the other.

"What does this mean?" cried Hayle.

His voice located him, and before we could either of us stop him, Kitwater had sprung forward and clutched him in his arms. Of what followed next I scarcely like to think, even now. In cannoning with Hayle he had dropped his knife, and now the two stood while a man could have counted three, locked together in deadly embrace. Then ensued such a struggle as I hope I shall never see again, while we others stood looking on as if we were bound hand and foot. The whole affair could not have lasted more than a few moments, and yet it seemed like an eternity. Kitwater, with the strength of a madman, had seized Hayle round the waist with one arm, while his right hand was clutching at the other's throat. I saw that the veins were standing out upon Hayle's forehead like black cords. Do what he could, he could not shake off the man he had so cruelly wronged. They swayed to and fro, and in one of their lurches struck the window, which flew open and threw them into the balcony outside. Codd and the Sicilian police official gave loud cries, but as for me I could not have uttered a sound had my life depended on it. Hayle must have realized his terrible position, for there was a look of abject, hopeless terror upon his face. The blind man, of course, could see nothing of his danger. His one desire was to be revenged upon his enemy. Closer and closer they came to the frail railing. Once they missed it, and staggered a foot away from it. Then they came back to it again, and lured against it. The woodwork snapped, and the two men fell over the edge on to the sloping bank below. Still locked together, they rolled over and over, down the declivity towards the edge of the cliff. A great cry from Hayle reached our ears. A moment later they had disappeared into the abyss, while we stood staring straight before us, too terrified to speak or move.

Leglosse was the first to find his voice.

"My God!" he said, "how terrible! how terrible!"

Then little Codd sank down, and, placing his head upon his hands on the table, sobbed like a little child.

"What is to be done?" I asked, in a horrified whisper.

"Go down to the rocks and search for them," said the Sicilian officer,

when I say that I am now a married man, Margaret Kitwater having consented to become my wife two years ago next month. The only stipulation she made when she gave her decision was that upon my marriage I should retire from the profession in which I had so long been engaged. As I had done sufficiently well at it to warrant such a step, I consented to do so, and now I lead the life of a country gentleman. It may interest some people to know that a certain day-dream, once thought improbable, has come true, inasmuch as a considerable portion of my time is spent in the little conservatory which, as I have said elsewhere, leads out of the drawing-room. I usually wear a soft felt hat upon my head, and as often as not I have a pipe in my mouth. Every now and then Margaret, my wife, looks in upon me, and occasionally she can be persuaded to bring a young Fairfax with her, who, some people say, resembles his father. For my own part I prefer that he should be like his mother—whom, very naturally, I consider the best and sweetest woman in the world.

THE END.

A SERVIAN BRIDE.

Peculiarities of Costume and Articles Bestowed Upon Her as a Dowry.

At market we saw a bride in the native dress, who had just come from the church where the marriage ceremony had been performed, and was receiving the congratulations of her friends and neighbors, while her proud husband stood at her side and was envied, says a Servian correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. She was a buxom damsel of the Swedish type, with blonde hair and a clear blue eye. Her head was covered with a peculiar turban, from which hung clusters of silver coins. Long strings of coins were suspended from a necklace and a girdle, and hung over her shoulders and hips and must have been very heavy. These were her dowry. She had begun to save them during her childhood, and instead of putting them in a savings bank, had strung them together for ornaments, and had worn some or all of them on festive occasions to attract the attention of the eligible young men of the neighborhood.

They were of different denominations, all of silver, and were strung together with a good deal of taste. The custom of the country permits a bride to control her dowry after marriage, and many women are able to preserve their wedding coins and transmit them to their children. Sometimes they are exchanged for a piece of land, a cottage, or cattle, and sometimes the coins are taken, one by one, from the string to meet emergencies in domestic economy.

AN ENGLISH BATH STORY.

Novel Arrangement for Obtaining a Shower-Bath in an Irish Seaside Resort.

A good story has recently been picked up in the west of Ireland by Mr. R. J. McCreedy, the well-known motorist. It concerns the rising little seaside town of Lahinch, a place which has recently developed tremendously through the tourist and golf booms, says the London M. A. P. A few years ago the public baths, like most other institutions in the village, were very primitive. They were situated in a little cottage, which was just above the high-water mark. Shower baths were a specialty, and they were to be had in a room which had a bathtub placed in the middle of the floor. On pulling a string a perfect deluge of bracing sea water came through the ceiling. A lady visitor once stood ready in the tub and gave the dread signal. But instead of the usual avalanche of green water there came from aloft the gruff voice of the fisherman proprietor of the baths: "If ye'll move a taste more to the west, ma'am," said the voice, "ye'll get the full benefit of the shower." Looking up she, to her horror, descried the old fisherman standing by an aperture in the ceiling, and holding a barrel of sea water ready for the douche! Whether the lady moved to the west and received the shower or not, the chronicler does not relate. But Lahinch has made giant strides onward since.

Nothing.

A traveler in the Bolivian Andes says that at one time while his cart was making its progress through passes and over dizzy heights he had a chance to learn how two taciturn persons may show their satisfaction at meeting in other than the conventional way.

It was midday, and under the glaring vertical sun drowsiness had invaded us. We slept until we were awakened by the approach of the mail cart coming in the opposite direction, the first civilized vehicle we had encountered. Both drivers stopped and gazed at each other long in silence.

They were evidently pleased to meet, but had nothing whatever to say. At last one inquired:

"What news?"

"Nothing," replied the other.

"What did he say?" asked the first, doubtless continuing a conversation a fortnight old.

"Nothing."

Easily Traced.

Mrs. Winks—Why in the world didn't you write to me while you were away?

Mrs. Winks—I did write.

Mrs. Winks—Then I presume you gave the letter to your husband to mail, and he is still carrying it around in his pocket.

Mrs. Winks—No. I posted the letter myself.

Mrs. Winks—Ah, then it is in my husband's pocket.—N. Y. Weekly.

RICH IN PETROLEUM.

The Wells of Southern California Are Fair Producers.

Only Drawback Is the Speculative Fever Which They Cause and Which Impoverishes Many Small Investors.

[Special Los Angeles (Cal.) Letter.]

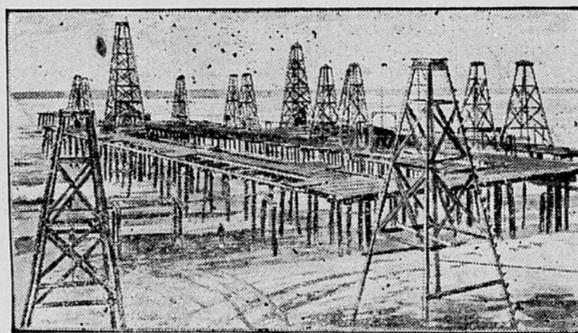
IT WAS remarked recently that there is hardly a poor working woman in Los Angeles who has not lost more or less money by investing in oil wells. While facts are exaggerated in this statement, it remains true that the petroleum craze, in its seasons, more thoroughly than any other enterprise in southern California, drains the pockets of large numbers of citizens who can ill afford to lose their small savings. It is undoubtedly true that the poor people of this state are wretchedly, sordidly poor; and the remembrance of better days and a hope of adding to a depleted income causes many to listen with over-willing ears to smooth stories concerning the oily product. There are still unwary individuals who seem not to be content unless they are risking burning their fingers, but the petroleum industry is now reduced to a very safe working basis. A radical though gradual change has been taking place during the last six months in methods of conducting this business. Instead of the eagerness formerly displayed to secure the oil in tanks, care is now being directed toward arranging for better transportation to such market as existed and increasing that market. For, although there was an increase of 50 per cent. in the oil product of California last year over that of 1900, the decline of 37.7 cents per barrel, resulted in a loss of about \$2,950,000. This has caused a decline in the amount of development being made. In May, there were 122 rigs and 533 wells drilling, while in June there were 113 rigs and 529 wells drilling. This is a greater reduction than at first

ing extent, and this fact has given a wide spread impression that it is all too heavy. This is a mistake as there are all grades of oil in the state. In fact, near Newhall, are the white wells where perfectly clear kerosene, ready for illuminating purposes, has been found. This territory is, so far, supposed to be limited, being confined to a portion of Placerita canyon.

The first well was drilled at a large expense owing to the quality of the rock formation, but after months of hard labor the operators were rewarded by a fine flow; in fact, for a short time, the well was a gusher, throwing a stream 100 feet into the air—a 400-barrel tank was filled in 24 hours. They tried boring deeper, but the pipe deflected and the flow was "smothered." It is thought that the removal of the pipe and redrilling in a straight line will bring oil in paying quantities again. It filters through the rock in some way until it is distilled, and is worth from four to five dollars per barrel on the field. The smell of natural gas meets one at every turn in Placerita canyon, and in some portions of the state there are paying, flowing gas wells. It is probable that the Los Angeles fields have produced more oil than others in the state, although the greater portion of the product has been of low grade, and most of the wells must be pumped at considerable expense. One skeptic who believed that there were no flowing wells in the city was invited to look at a gusher when the cap was removed, with the result that a new \$50 suit of clothing was ruined. In oil more than in any other industry one must look for the unexpected to happen. Most of the wells produce in large quantities at first, but a woman who lives in the midst of some wells, near Westlake Park, stated recently that some of the wells at the rear of her residence formerly furnished 65 barrels daily each. Now it is necessary to pump 65 wells to obtain that amount of petroleum.

In 1853 a well costing \$65,000 was drilled on Hoover street, but the business was not pushed.

The California product differs from



OIL WELLS IN THE WATER AT SUMMERLAND, CAL.

appears, for of the 80 wells drilling in the Kern river field 56 were suspended, leaving 24 in operation. In the McKittrick-Sunset fields, of the 167 drilling 118 were suspended.

The same state of affairs exists more or less in other portions of the state. However, the increase, in June, to 1,030 barrels per day, from 625 in May, in the Carraega and Fullerton fields has kept up the general average. There is talk of extending railroad lines in different directions in order to tap the oil lands now nearly inaccessible to market.

California is justified in being proud of her newly-acquired fuel wealth. Coal and wood have always been scarce and high and the discovery of an abundant supply of petroleum has rendered the heating and cooking problem easy of solution. It was estimated that the yield in 1900 was about 4,000,000 barrels an day 1901 nearly twice that

found in the east in that it contains, as a rule, asphalt instead of paraffin. Since the earliest times the Indians used it for various purposes, and the Catholic fathers employed asphalt in roofing the missions.

During the time of the early oil excitement in Pennsylvania there was a great deal of wildcat speculation in this state, large sums of money being sunk. Oil is found in different strata representing different ages of the world. The productive strata are of sandstone or sand underlying bodies of shale. The most productive wells are about 1,000 feet deep, or even deeper. Their "life" varies. At Summerland some run down only 125 feet. And this point is one of the most picturesque of all the oil fields. The town is a settlement of spiritists and is situated on a narrow strip of land between the ocean and the mountains, the latter approaching very near the shore line at this place. Nearly the whole territory out into the sea is covered with wells. These ocean wells are most interesting to visitors. Some run to a depth of 350 feet, but 200 feet is a fair average. Wharves run out into the water and are surmounted by derricks.

These wells pay pretty well, for although the quality is not especially good or the output great, the cost of drilling is small and a well may be pumped for ten dollars per month. It may be loaded directly into vessels from the wells or be shipped on the trains while run through this field. A bituminous belt extends along the entire Pacific coast from some point in Mexico to Alaska. In transmitting solid asphaltum from the mountain mines of Santa Barbara to the coast refinery, naphtha is used as a solvent. After reaching its destination the naphtha is pumped back through the pipe to the mine and is ready for another journey with another load of asphaltum. Oils in the state vary from eight to over 50 specific gravity. The cost of wells varies with depth and formation of the ground. The cheapest are at Summerland, where \$300 will put down a well 150 feet deep and furnish the equipment. There are wells costing up to \$35,000. In Los Angeles the cost varies from \$500 to \$3,000, the rise in iron work having increased the price, particularly of casing. Oil was first found in paying quantities in Ventura county. It has been produced and refined there for 25 years. Oil bearing sand is found, alternating with shale, if the latter be soft there is little annoyance from water. If hard shale, the water is not easily shut off. A well in Tar creek is over 600 feet deep. It at first produced 300 barrels per day, now about 50 barrels. But the product of the white wells near Newhall is most valuable of all.

WHITE OIL GUSHER, NEWHALL.

amount Twelve oil refineries in the state are using at a rate of over 1,500,000 barrels of petroleum per year, the total amount of distillates being over 170,000 barrels, and the refining business is in its infancy. It has been practically proven that the supply is well-nigh inexhaustible, and manufacturers will no longer hesitate to make needed changes in their furnaces.

Until comparatively recent times, petroleum has been almost exclusively used for illuminating purposes, and the public has been slow in learning its value as a lubricant and fuel. Oil at one dollar per barrel is equivalent in cost to coal at \$1.50 per ton. Coal in California is worth from \$7.50 per ton, up. A large quantity of the output is not susceptible to refining to any pay-

ment. Twelve oil refineries in the state are using at a rate of over 1,500,000 barrels of petroleum per year, the total amount of distillates being over 170,000 barrels, and the refining business is in its infancy. It has been practically proven that the supply is well-nigh inexhaustible, and manufacturers will no longer hesitate to make needed changes in their furnaces.

Until comparatively recent times, petroleum has been almost exclusively used for illuminating purposes, and the public has been slow in learning its value as a lubricant and fuel. Oil at one dollar per barrel is equivalent in cost to coal at \$1.50 per ton. Coal in California is worth from \$7.50 per ton, up. A large quantity of the output is not susceptible to refining to any pay-

ment. Twelve oil refineries in the state are using at a rate of over 1,500,000 barrels of petroleum per year, the total amount of distillates being over 170,000 barrels, and the refining business is in its infancy. It has been practically proven that the supply is well-nigh inexhaustible, and manufacturers will no longer hesitate to make needed changes in their furnaces.

Until comparatively recent times, petroleum has been almost exclusively used for illuminating purposes, and the public has been slow in learning its value as a lubricant and fuel. Oil at one dollar per barrel is equivalent in cost to coal at \$1.50 per ton. Coal in California is worth from \$7.50 per ton, up. A large quantity of the output is not susceptible to refining to any pay-

A WOMAN'S TROUBLES

"If I ever move away from Washington to another city I am going to save myself a lot of bother in my new place of abode by doing two things—first, I'm going to buy a cute little gag for my husband, and, second, I'm going to solemnly declare to all of the women friends that I make that I can't sew a stitch for the life of me," said a clever little matron who moved to Washington from Chicago a few years ago. "The gag will be used to prevent my husband from bragging about me, and the declaration as to my inability to sew a stitch or do anything handy with my hands will help me out in accomplishing my purpose, I hope."

"Before my marriage in Chicago, you know, I was in the millinery business. I learned the millinery art from the beginning to the end of it, and, of course, I've always made my own hats. I never meant to have that fact known when I came to Washington, not, of course, out of any feeling of silly pride, but because I was perfectly well aware that if the fact got out among my women friends here I'd be pestered to death. As a matter of fact, I never did say a word about being a milliner, but, of course, I couldn't keep my husband from bragging about the hats that I made for myself."

"Now, what d'ye think of that lid?" he would singly say to friends that we met while out walking, pointing to some new hat that I had recently fixed up for myself. "Made it herself, and isn't it a peach?"

"I tried several times to make this husband of mine see that he was liable to get me in a lot of bother by his telling everybody that I was such a wonder as a maker of feminine hats, but one night just as well try to stem a mountain cascade with a toy sieve as to stop the praises of one's husband when he starts in that way."

"The result is every woman friend that I've got in Washington knows that I am a milliner, and their various ways of availing themselves of this information is the thing that is keeping me thin. I've had a particularly hard spring of it on that account this year. There hasn't a day passed for I don't know how long that one or more of my women friends haven't dropped in to 'ask my advice' about their new spring hats."

"Asking my advice" is always the way they put it. They begin that way, but their "asking my advice" invariably leads on to an accumulation of questions, and I haven't the least idea in the world how to have my new hat trimmed, and one of the regular stock beginnings, and you have such perfectly lovely taste, you know—and then they leave the sentence uncompleted, waiting, of course, for me to fill it out by volunteering to help them in their selection. If I fail to do that—and I'm bound to say that I'm not nearly so obliging in that respect as I was before my women friends began to overdo the thing—they are not the least bit bashful in coming right out and asking me to accompany them down-town to the millinery stores to help them choose their hats."

"What possible chance have I to refuse such plain requests without appearing disobliging and ungracious? I despise shopping of every kind and character, and do all of my own purchasing in a very swift and haphazard manner because shopping tires me so, yet I am compelled to spend hours down town with women friends who, to my grief, have such tremendous reliance upon my ability to pick and choose head-wear for them."

"Some of them really want me to help them select ready-made hats, but these are in a distinct minority. Most of them have their little plan of campaign all marked out in advance of dragging me to the millinery shops with them, and they decidedly mean that I shall make their hats for them. All of my efforts to induce these women to buy made-up hats are, of course, of no avail, and when I select their hat frames and trimmings for them I am always prepared for the next move on their part."

"How in the world I am ever to make out the hat, I declare, I don't know, and what they all say, finger to lip, after the frames and trimmings are duly bought, and then they calmly wait for me to step in and offer to 'help' them. 'Helping' them means making the hat from beginning to end. If I don't make this offer they pretend to be greatly embarrassed over the little thing that they're going to say, and then they say it something like this:

"Dear me, if you would only make this hat for me, Mrs. T.—, after your own perfectly cute and lovely ideas as to how it ought to be made, why, I should be willing, you know—and I know you're sensible enough not to be offended for my mentioning it—to pay you just what I'd have to pay a regular milliner to do the work, you know!"

"Now, most of them know perfectly well, as I've told them, that I couldn't think of entering into any such transaction—that my husband would simply swell up and—er—well, explode over the very idea of such a thing. So you'll perceive how nicely they corner me in the matter, as they deliberately intended to corner me from the beginning. What else can I say, except to repeat, what they well know, that I could not think of such a thing as taking money for trimming a friend's hat, and to tell them that I should be delighted— heaven forgive me for the number of times I've said that!—to trim their hats?"

"Then they fix a morning upon which they'll 'run over' with the things to get trimming suggestions from me, and when they 'run over' on these mornings with the things I've helped them to buy it's simply a case of my plumping myself down and making hats for them that they would really have to pay extravagantly for if they bought them made-up or had them trimmed in the regular millinery shops."

"In asking me to 'help' them pick out frames and trimmings—not a few of the women actually expect me to get my own milliner's discount at the shops for them, and, would you believe it, some of them have really pouted over it when I haven't done this!"

"And are they really grateful for the work that one does for them and the money that one saves for them in this way? Oh, I don't know. Not long ago I was absent from a meeting of the club to which I belong. The women of the club got to talking of the pretty hats they declared I always wore. Then spoke up a woman for whom I had repeatedly made hats, and she said, in an exceedingly cutting and snobbish way, as I was told, this:

"Er—hum—ya—as, she weally ought to be able to make hats, y'know—she was a millinery g-girl in a shawp, I understand, in Chicago, or some such place, before T— married her, y'know."

"I've at length made my unfortunate husband see the error of his bragging ways in connection with my millinery ability so that he now calls me 'a good thing' for consenting to spend most of my time making other women's hats, but, all the same, I'll never have any rest until we move away from Washington, I suppose."—Washington Star.

"And are they really grateful for the work that one does for them and the money that one saves for them in this way? Oh, I don't know. Not long ago I was absent from a meeting of the club to which I belong. The women of the club got to talking of the pretty hats they declared I always wore. Then spoke up a woman for whom I had repeatedly made hats, and she said, in an exceedingly cutting and snobbish way, as I was told, this:

"Er—hum—ya—as, she weally ought to be able to make hats, y'know—she was a millinery g-girl in a shawp, I understand, in Chicago, or some such place, before T— married her, y'know."

"I've at length made my unfortunate husband see the error of his bragging ways in connection with my millinery ability so that he now calls me 'a good thing' for consenting to spend most of my time making other women's hats, but, all the same, I'll never have any rest until we move away from Washington, I suppose."—Washington Star.

"And are they really grateful for the work that one does for them and the money that one saves for them in this way? Oh, I don't know. Not long ago I was absent from a meeting of the club to which I belong. The women of the club got to talking of the pretty hats they declared I always wore. Then spoke up a woman for whom I had repeatedly made hats, and she said, in an exceedingly cutting and snobbish way, as I was told, this:

"Er—hum—ya—as, she weally ought to be able to make hats, y'know—she was a millinery g-girl in a shawp, I understand, in Chicago, or some such place, before T— married her, y'know."

"I've at length made my unfortunate husband see the error of his bragging ways in connection with my millinery ability so that he now calls me 'a good thing' for consenting to spend most of my time making other women's hats, but, all the same, I'll never have any rest until we move away from Washington, I suppose."—Washington Star.

"And are they really grateful for the work that one does for them and the money that one saves for them in this way? Oh, I don't know. Not long ago I was absent from a meeting of the club to which I belong. The women of the club got to talking of the pretty hats they declared I always wore. Then spoke up a woman for whom I had repeatedly made hats, and she said, in an exceedingly cutting and snobbish way, as I was told, this:

"Er—hum—ya—as, she weally ought to be able to make hats, y'know—she was a millinery g-girl in a shawp, I understand, in Chicago, or some such place, before T— married her, y'know."

"I've at length made my unfortunate husband see the error of his bragging ways in connection with my millinery ability so that he now calls me 'a good thing' for consenting to spend most of my time making other women's hats, but, all the same, I'll never have any rest until we move away from Washington, I suppose."—Washington Star.

"And are they really grateful for the work that one does for them and the money that one saves for them in this way? Oh, I don't know. Not long ago I was absent from a meeting of the club to which I belong. The women of the club got to talking of the pretty hats they declared I always wore. Then spoke up a woman for whom I had repeatedly made hats, and she said, in an exceedingly cutting and snobbish way, as I was told, this:

"Er—hum—ya—as, she weally ought to be able to make hats, y'know—she was a millinery g-girl in a shawp, I understand, in Chicago, or some such place, before T— married her, y'know."

"I've at length made my unfortunate husband see the error of his bragging ways in connection with my millinery ability so that he now calls me 'a good thing' for consenting to spend most of my time making other women's hats, but, all the same, I'll never have any rest until we move away from Washington, I suppose."—Washington Star.

"And are they really grateful for the work that one does for them and the money that one saves for them in this way? Oh, I don't know. Not long ago I was absent from a meeting of the club to which I belong. The women of the club got to talking of the pretty hats they declared I always wore. Then spoke up a woman for whom I had repeatedly made hats, and she said, in an exceedingly cutting and snobbish way, as I was told, this:

"Er—hum—ya—as, she weally ought to be able to make hats, y'know—she was a millinery g-girl in a shawp, I understand, in Chicago, or some such place, before T— married her, y'know."