The Southern Sentinel

BEN COATES, Editor.

WINNFIELD. : : LOUISIANA.

A FORTUNATE FAILURE

By WHREN WRYDELL

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BY HER manner she evidently meant what she had spoken.

"No, I shall never marry a man who gambles, be it cards or stocks," she repeated.

Joel wondered at her attitude, but resolved that she should never be the wiser in regard to his recent scheming on the market.

"Perhaps that is why you did not attend the last progressive euchre party at the De Laneys."

"You guessed right; it was in conflict with my principle, hence I declined to attend."

He began to suspect that his path in the wooing of Marie would not be as smooth as his sanguine expectations had pictured it.

"It is very exciting," he ventured.

"And very exhilarating when you lose, I presume."

"To lose is not necessary for our health and happiness, besides it is fine sport to win."

"I hope you are not speaking for yourself; if you are we can never be the best of friends, I am sure."

He gazed through the window down the broad avenue and, although it was nine o'clock at night, he readily recognized the face of Williams, his most hated adversary on exchange, passing in his automobile. His wife and daughter were with him, evidently out for an evening spin, and for a moment Joel realized that he was planning their ruin.

A moment later she continued: "I am at present writing a magazine article upon the evils of stock gambling. I shall use the most telling arguments in favor of government control of the market."

He suddenly came to the conclusion that there was only one way open to him and that was to win her before his corner of eggs was announced. She stepped to the piano and he obediently followed. Possessing a fine baritone voice he now, as he so often had done before, poured out his love in song. He laid such stress upon each recurrence of any reference to the delicate passion that she could not help but understand. She seemed engrossed in the manipulation of the keyboard, but he recognized by the bowing of her head that his pleading in song was not in vain. Between the lulls in the music he would whisper what he left unsung, and the result as sooner or later was to be expected, their engagement would be announced in the near future.

Upon leaving he added: "Let me hope that your magazine article will be appreciated by your readers," and chuckled within himself while stepping around the corner to his residence.

The next morning he awoke with the firm conviction that life was one long, sweet song. Not that he doubted this before, but he began to realize that the proper incentive had been lacking.

While partaking of his breakfast he glanced over the morning paper. In the financial column there was naturally much to interest him, and with a glance of satisfaction he noted a prominent heading about his relations with the market. His corner is well-nigh complete and he is recognized as a genius of speculation. It is admitted that he will amass a stupendous fortune. In the editorial section he also finds a leading article about himself. Here he is roundly abused; is accused of forcing the price of eggs to an unprecedented height, thereby robbing the poor of a necessity of life. His speedy downfall is fervently hoped for; which causes Joel to become only more decided in his endeavor. There is no turning back now, no matter what the papers say.

With a start he is reminded that Marie may read this. To say the least his mind was far from its accustomed ease that morning.

On arriving on exchange his mind involuntarily cleared for action. With scant deliberation, but with marvelous foresight, he swept everything before him. His adversaries, including Williams, were upon a mad stampede, vainly endeavoring to hold their forces together, and, above all, ruin stared them in the face.

At the first sight of Marie in the drawing room at her home that evening he fell prey to decided misgiving. We will speedily discover the cause.

From the table she produced a newspaper and pointing to a leading editorial inquired for an explanation. Having concluded, she added: "Remember, I will never marry a man who gambles."

"But, dear," he answered in some alarm, "if I do not make a fortune by manipulating the market some one else will."

Rather a poor argument, and a moment later he became convinced of it, as she answered with spirit:

"Does another's wrong-doing justify your own? Joel, you cannot imagine how this has affected me to-day." Pointing to the editorial, she continued: "I could hardly endure the pain of the thought that this was to be my future husband. Mercy! For your own love's sake—give it up!"

She fell into his arms and wept bitterly. He had experienced many trying moments in business, but he readily confessed that this was the limit. He never for a moment, however, intended to relinquish his corner on the market for a mere sentiment. He did not doubt his ability in the least to convert her to his standpoint in the matter.

He kissed her upturned face tenderly, murmuring the while softly:

"My own, my darling own. The papers have grossly exaggerated the matter. Cannot the love we bear each other mold this slight difference over?"

"Mold it over! Oh, how miserable I am! For my sake stop the daily gamble. I will die if you do not!"

Joel's heart was touched deeply. For a moment he entertained the thought that he would drop the game. But, what would his friends, they who expected so much of him, think? Human nature is passionately fond of a show and if in its self-complacency it can appear above its fellows the hardest toil will be as play. The pinnacle of fame, in its glitter, is sufficiently enchanting to enthrall us in its glory; but the greed for wealth entirely circumvents our better nature and leaves us but a vestige of our real selves.

Such was the situation with Joel. He was winning in a desperate game. He did not require additional wealth to exist better. He could not live in better comfort with any number of millions added to his already vast store. But deep in his nature there lurked the germ of greed. It found food upon contemplating another's succes. Failures were not noticed. An opening presented itself for a cornor and the germ, the trifling blaze at the bottom of his nature, fanned into an uncontrollable conflagration.

He departed that evening sorely pained at heart. He did not value riches above Marie, but he positively could not understand why both together should be an impossible attainment.

Marie's last words—"Oh, had the seeds of my love fallen upon better soil"—bewildered him and the day that began so bright ended in chaos.

The afternoon of the next day saw Marie shopping and Joel in his office deeply engrossed in the fluctuations of prices caused by rumors of fresh shipments from the west. His partners on exchange kept him constantly informed by a private wire of the turn of the cards. The news became more and more disquieting and the corner of the market became doubtful. Was he losing? With the birth of the thought he dashed

CAME SUDDENLY UPON MARIE.

out of his office and directed his steps to the produce exchange. Veering around a corner he suddenly came upon Marie. Intensely surprised he inquired quickly and shortly:

"Shopping?"

But Marie, more composed, replied:

"Good evening, Joel. This is certainly very unexpected."

"Yes, I—have—am—yes—I am in a great hurry." His confusion betrayed his excitement and Marie was not slow in understanding. A moment later he added:

"Am I excusable? Will call this evening as usual."

"Joel, are you still at it after all my entreaties? Although you did not say it, I took it for granted that you would give it up for my sake."

Jeol gave her one long look, then rushed down the street, leaving her standing alone.

Marie hurried home, convulsed with a variety of feelings. She quickly determined that their engagement should be broken. A gambler for a husband—never!

Passing a well-nigh sleepless night, she arose quite early next morning. Wishing to have something to occupy her mind she took recourse in the morning paper. A fire, a fatal accident and—what is this? Bewildered and nearly prostrated she read the following heading:

"Joel Leland ruined. His corner broken and eggs are again within reach. His entire fortune disappears."

The heading was sufficient. Above all she felt sure that Joel's gambling proclivities were undoubtedly cured and—perhaps they could marry after all. The thought brought self-composure and at last she felt happy.

It was evening before Joel called upon her. A silent tread ushered him into her presence and with bowed-down head he began:

"Marie, am I forgiven?"

Her answer was never uttered. With a bound she was in his arms and between the pauses of her sobs he found time to kiss the tears from an upturned face.

"A fortunate failure for both of us," he muttered.

"Joel!"

Westward March of Literature.

It may be true, as a writer in the current number of the North American Review declares, that the musical center of the world has shifted to London, but a fact equally worthy of record, says the Chicago Chronicle, is that the literary center of America has managed to get as far west of Boston as Indiana.

Successful.

Visitor—What a beautiful binding you are putting on your new novel.

Publisher—Yes. It's bound to succeed.—Cornell Widow.

WOMEN CAN'T DO THE WORK

The Place of "Credit Man" Is One Which They Are Not Fitted to Fill.

"There's one walk in business life where woman has made a flat, miserable, unmistakable failure," said a business man who employs a large number of young women in his store and office, according to the Chicago Tribune. "No woman, as far as I can find out, has ever been a successful 'credit man.'

"I don't say this as any reproach against the sex," he went on, "because I have a great respect for the American business woman. But just for my own satisfaction I must say that I'm glad to know one place at least where a man stands no show of being shoved aside to make room for his energetic sister. A true woman may rightly be proud of being a poor credit man, however, because it merely shows that she has too much faith in mankind, and can't prevent herself from being affected by a good hard luck story. She doesn't have to believe it to be carried away by it, for her heart gets the better of her head in spite of herself. The result is that she extends a long line of credit to customers that aren't a safe risk, and the house suffers for it.

"I was reminded of this noted point of weakness in the feminine business equipment by seeing that the Federal bank, which has just failed in New York, had a woman to pass upon its credits and discounts for the last four years. don't wonder that there was a smashup. From my experience and observation I have found this job is beyond the natural powers of a woman just as much as freight handling and other work requiring a man's physique. It doesn't matter what kind of a woman she is, either. It's just the same whether she has been tested by years of experience in confidential commercial affairs, or whether she has been merely a cog in the bookkeeping machinery of the firm. Many men have stenographers who have been with them for so long that almost all the inner secrets of the house are necessarily known to them. And I think the fact that this knowledge is sacredly guarded should do a great deal to kill the old superstition about a woman's inability to keep a secret. It is women who mount guard in the outer offices of John D. Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers, and decide what is important enough to go into the inner sanctum. Just think of the responsibility of a position like that and of the fortunes that could be made by betraying some of the knowledge that accompanies it.

"When a man finds a woman employe that he can trust to the same degree as Mr. Rockefeller trusts his private secretary, he is naturally inclined to think that she can fill any confidential position in the house. But in 999 cases out of a thousand her heart is liable to be influencial in directing her course. For business is business, as you may have heard, and the heart has little place in it. A credit man need not be harsh and cruel in fact, he should not be so, and he should at all times be ready to help a worthy customer along with easy terms and kind treatment. But it takes judgment to tell what a worthy customer is, and to keep an unworthy and dishonest one from imposing upon the firm by his ingenious and pitiful tales of woe. I know a woman who caused her house a dead loss of several thousand dollars simply because a man who was deliberately defrauding the firm used to bring his little girl down with him when he came to see her about getting an extension of his credit. The child was a nice little girl with plenty of golden curls, and she innocently succeeded in making the wholesale house carry her father's business for three tyears, until inevitable and disastrous bankruptcy ended the game.

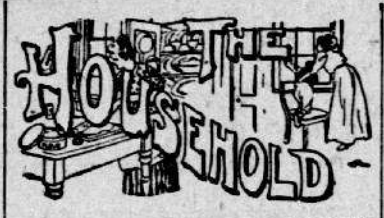
"There are few branches of business in which it can be said that women have been failures," concluded the speaker, "because they are not apt to venture forth independently upon untried fields. Unless they are pretty sure that they can succeed they won't start in. If they take up a new line of work it is usually their employer who inspires the step and furnishes the necessary courage for its accomplishment. No one doubts that woman has permanently won her place in the busines sworld, and that her field of action is steadily increasing in width. But I am afraid that her heart will limit her activities in certain directions, just as her physical weakness and her lack of initiative does in others."

Sound Telegraphy at Sea.

Since the experiments of Prof. Elisha Gray, three years ago, the system of submarine sound telegraphy has been considerably improved, and it is now in practical use on steamships plying between New York and Boston. The sounds transmitted are those of a bell let down into the water about 25 feet below the hull of the Pollock Rip light ship. These sounds are easily heard in foggy or stormy weather on ships as much as seven miles distant. The sound receivers consist of two metal cylinders, filled with water, and clamped to the inner side of the iron hull of the ship below the sea-level, one on each side. A telephonic apparatus connected with the cylinders transmits the sounds received by them to the pilot house. The two cylinders may be likened to a pair of ears, and by listening alternately with them the pilot can tell the direction from which the sounds come through the sea.—Youth's Companion.

Japan's War Censor.

This is what the Japanese censor forbids the publication of: (1) Details or accounts relating to tactics; (2) what relates to future war movements; (3) damage done to the Japanese warships and transports; (4) the range of guns in action and the quantity of shots used; (5) the position and names of the bases of naval operations; (6) the whereabouts of warships and transports, and (8) particulars with regard to coal, fresh water, munitions of war, etc



LITTLE ESSAY FOR GIRLS.

Woman Writer Tells How Any Average Young Woman Can Win a Good Husband.

It is quite possible that there are some girls who possess none of the faults mentioned hereafter. A perusal of my little essay, however, will do them no harm. In fact, it might possibly help them to guard against developing habits which are as unbecoming to them as they are distasteful to friend or admirer or lover or bridegroom.

To become a faultless girl is, of course, an impossible task. But every girl who wishes to appear at her best—and what girl is there who does not?—must approach as near to that ideal as she possibly can. It is not true, as some would have us believe, that a girl with faults will keep them to the end of her days. They can be remedied by steady perseverance by any girl who takes a pride in herself and her manners. "We are seven." I may speak as one having authority.

One of the most common failings among girls is that of making themselves distasteful to man's eye. Either they try to improve whatever beauty nature has bestowed upon them by extravagant artificial means, or, through envy of the appearance of other girls, and because it is the fashion, dress themselves in all manner of fantastic hats and costumes, without giving the least thought as to whether the costume suits their stature and face and figure or not. It is quite true that men like a well-groomed, well-dressed woman, but a woman is not well dressed who does not use a little discretion in the choice of her clothes.

Neither is she likely to earn a man's appreciation by resorting to all the wiles and arts of a complexion specialist and hair-dye artist. These only produce an illusion of beauty, which is quickly seen through.

My experience is that a man likes to see a girl dress neatly, quietly and becomingly, no matter if her apparel be not of the latest fashion. He unconsciously to himself admires the suitable color and "style" which shows off a girl to the best advantage. He hates to see a girl make a positive scarecrow of herself, simply because of her desire to be in the fashion, as much as he hates to see her make a liberal use of paint and powder to heighten the color of her complexion.—Chicago American.

WHAT TO ASK THE BUTCHER

Valuable Hints for Housekeepers Who Have to Superintend Their Own Marketing.

Now that meat is the most expensive food item every one should know how to talk to the butcher intelligently. The illustration will give you some ideas. No. 1 shows the loin where the best steak, the porter-house sirloin and the selected rib roasts are cut.

Two, the rump, makes good boiling meat or pot roasts, and when properly cooked is as nutritious and delicious as any more expensive cut.

Three is the round, which is a cheaper steak, but generally tough. It serves for

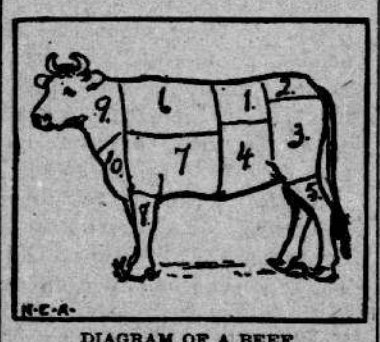


DIAGRAM OF A BEEF.

Hamburg steak or can be made tender by much chopping; or may be rolled with a stuffing inside, steamed and browned as the flank is usually prepared. Four is the flank.

Five, the shank, is the cheaper boiling meat; 6, the shoulder roast; 7, the short ribs, for roasting make a good and very inexpensive roast. A pound of short ribs will make better soup stock and go further than two pounds of shin.

Eight is the shin; 9, the neck; and 10, the brisket, usually corned.

Health Fads on the Brain.

To get all sorts of health fads on the brain is a disease in itself. It is a very prevalent disease, too. With a few foolish rules to observe, a whole lot of hygienic quirks to adjust to and a schedule of superstitious sanitary notions diligently followed by day and dreamed of by night, is a malady which begins as a mental derangement and ends in a complete physical fizzle. No room left for a spontaneous life, no place for free joyous liberty. Not a minute's pace for free rollicking disregard. Everything fixed, every minute disposed of, introspections without number. Forebodings, misgivings, hovering vaguely about the mind, like flocks of carrion crows. Such a life is not worth living. One might a thousand times better go back to the reckless regime of a rough rider.—Medical Talk.

Pa's Idea of It.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what kind of modesty is false modesty?

Pa—False modesty is the kind other people have, my son.—Chicago Daily News.

FINEST PALACE IN PARIS.

It Was Planned by Count Boni Castellane and Built with His Wife's Money.

Count De Castellane may not be a great statesman, but he is decidedly a man of cultivated mind and refined taste. And these elements of discernment and true elegance, backed by untold millions, enabled him to set up a palace the equal of any in the world and far more consistent in the way of combining lofty architecture with congenial furnishings than any royal residence of this or other days.

The great house rises at the junction of two broad avenues near the Bois de Boulogne, standing entirely by itself, one of the main charms of a really beautiful edifice, and Count Castellane, who by his marriage to the former Miss Anna Gould, of New York, gained control of a vast fortune, spent a king's ransom to rear this palace, which, like that of many a majesty, remains unfinished for want of funds, writes a foreign correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Castellanes own the finest grand staircase in France, the land of great structures of that kind. It is of bright red marble having white veins, and the loftiness and elegant swing of its several landings is unexcelled in architecture.

The structure is said to be an imitation of the great stairs of Trianon,

COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE.

the building of which contributed so much to poor Marie Antoinette's undoing, the most extravagant stories about its cost being noised about among the starving. It does resemble the Trianon example in outline, but conveys a more dignified impression by the richness of the material employed. Ye, who have millions, look at the railings of gilded bronze. Each foot, nay inch, tells a story, and tells it admirably. There is a decided odor of royalty about the rooms. Almost every piece of furniture, including the wall hangings, dates from some royal palace or other. Several years ago a great deal of fun was poked at Count Boni on the supposition tnat he had allowed himself to be duped by curiosity dealers into buying imitations In his house all is real, all is valuable, all is history.

There are collectors priding themselves upon their maps full of written autographs. Count Castellane filled his hundred-room house with autograph furniture. Each mantelpiece and tabouret, each chair, table, desk, sofa or music stand bears the signet of some maker of the eighteenth century, who worked for kings and princes only, giving each customer a unique article that he would not think of duplicating for some one else, no matter what price was offered. In those days artisans had character and individuality and a rich art lover was able to secure pieces that his neighbor could not. There was joy in collecting then and in creating no machinery to turn out works of sculpturing; wood carvers had it all their own way and originality counted with jewelers no less than with carpenters and blacksmiths. These unique pieces of furniture in the Castellane palace are works of art, everyone of them. One might go curiosity-hunting for years before finding a single duplicate.

Countess Anna's boudoir is the quintessence of refined eighteenth century taste. No princess of the blood contemporary to the magnificent Louis boasted of a more splendid and more elegant apartment. A room like that one involuntarily associates with La Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Princess Lamballe and other great and smart ladies of that picturesque period.

The count's bathroom is another gem. The walls are covered with drawings and water colors by French masters of the eighteenth century.

To sum up, the Castellane place legitimately represents the power of money used to create splendor wedded to art. Despite its lavishness, I am certain there is not a franc wasted. The Castellanes bought the best and the richest that money can buy, but good taste and the sense of the fitness of things outweigh mere monetary considerations, or passion for display.

Useful Hint for Hostesses.

A few drops of oil of lavender in a silver bowl or ornamental dish of some kind, half-filled with very hot water, and set in the dining-room just before dinner is served, give a delightful and intangible freshness to the atmosphere of the apartment. Hostesses often put a small vessel in the parlor and dressing rooms when arranging the house for a festivity. The suggestion is especially valuable to the hostess in a small apartment, which sometimes in the bustle of preparation becomes stuffy.

Kerosene Removes Rust.

Rub all rusty places on iron with kerosene oil.

Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months and at the end of that time I was a new woman. I really have not felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh ten pounds more than I ever did, so I can hesitatingly recommend your medicine."—MRS. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., Pres. Household Economics Club.

—$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The Third Division.

A Southern planter employed a negro to work some of his land during the last year on shares. On account of the high price of cotton the negro's half of the proceeds amounted to $1,600. The planter knew that it would ruin any Afro-American to get such a sum of money, and decided that half of it would be enough. By further reflection the conviction came upon him that $800 would ruin any negro in the world, so he cut the money in half again, and piling four hundred shining silver dollars on his desk for the negro and brother, and told that he was ready to settle. The negro fairly gasped at the amount of wealth in sight.

"Fo' Gawd, boss," he said, "is dat money all ours?"

"Yes."

"Well, den, divide in in twe piles and you take youah half and I'll take mine."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Hard Luck.

Biddy Malone was in a great state of excitement when she landed in America direct from the old country. Her certificate of character had been lost on shipboard, and what could she do? To her great happiness and consolation, Tim Mulligan volunteered and wrote a beautiful recommendation as follows:

"This is to certify that Biddy Malone had a good character before she left the old country, but lost it on shipboard coming over."—Tidbits.

May Come to This.

Mrs. Upperfloor—I suppose you have heard the latest order the janitor has promulgated?

Mrs. Firststory—About dolls? I wonder why?

Mrs. Upperfloor—He says some of the dolls the neighbors' children leave here look so much like children that they are apt to give the hotel a bad name.—Boston Transcript.

A Domestic Difficulty.

"Is that the new girl?"

"Yes."

"How long is she going to stay?"

"Well, I'm going to try to keep her until the dessert comes on, but I'm afraid she'll quit after the third course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOTH JAWS SHOT AWAY

Still a Successful Business Man.

A man who had both jaws shot away had trouble eating ordinary food. He found a food-drink that supplied the nutriment needed. He says:

"I have been an invalid since the siege of Vicksburg, in 1866, where I was wounded by a Minie ball passing through my head and causing the entire loss of my jaws. I was a drummer boy and at the time was leading a skirmish line, carrying a gun. Since that time I have been awarded the medal of honor from the Congress of the United States for gallantry on the field.

"The consequences of my wound were dyspepsia in its most aggravated form and I finally proved ordinary coffee was very hard on my stomach. I tried Postum and got better. Then I tried common coffee again and got worse. I did this several times and finally as Postum helped me every time I continued to use it, and I often I think that if the Government had issued Postum to us in the Army how much better it would have been for the soldier boys than coffee.

"Coffee constipates me and Postum does not; coffee makes me spit up my food, Postum does not; coffee keeps me awake nights, Postum does not. There is no doubt coffee is too much of a stimulant for most people and is the cause of nearly all the constipation.

"This is my experience and you are at liberty to use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."