



CHORUS GIRL IN SAN FRANCISCO

IN LONDON AS A TROUBADOUR

IN NEW YORK AS A SPANISH DANCER

Incidental. The critics, those of them who have taken notice of Truly Shattuck, even in a mild sort of way, never accused her of having the least spark of genius or even anything approaching a voice.

Notwithstanding all this, Truly has, more or less, "arrived," and the big type is there, and thereby hangs a tale. Other girls have had limbs and never got above the second week neck to Dot Truly and Berlin and London, and now she is back with a trunk full of diamonds and her name in big type.

In San Francisco a few brief years ago she led the Amazon march at the Tivoli for \$10 per week and was paid to receive it. Now she is among the top liners and claims to be worth \$20 a week and to get it, though one cynic who has seen her "do her stunt" remarks with a nasty little laugh that it must be in stage money.

After the carpenter—perhaps not in immediate succession—there came a pleasure-loving youth of 21, with whom the complaisant and unenergetic Truly came near putting an end to her career and settling down in commonplace domesticity. He was one Harry Poole, a young man with a distant prospect of inheriting a nice little fortune, and with it quite a catch even in the eye of ambitious Mamma Shattuck.

But Harry was a pleasure-loving youth who did not mean to marry—if he could help it—and after awhile Mamma Shattuck had a stern little talk with him and sent him about his business "with her in his ear."

Mamma Shattuck tucked herself into bed, trying to look as near as possible, and Harry came. He sat on the bed beside her while she demanded of him to marry Truly at once.

Some young girls would have looked on such a tragedy—a lover murdered, a son-in-law murdered—as the knell of hope. Some could not help weeping its gloomy shadow. But Truly was not hampered by any foolish sensibility. She possessed, even at the time, peculiar fortitude and clarity of spirits.

And Truly obediently looked pensive and wore black. But she held fast to her opportunity, the request and at her mother's trial Truly was the center of attraction, costumed and posed for the part. Truly obligingly sat for pictures in stage and street and house costume, and day and night were daily printed. The drop of Truly's eyelid, the little curl of Truly's forehead, the rose on Truly's cheek, the turn of Truly's ankle, were studied and described in the papers. Truly appreciated the advertising to the last line and letter. She knew the value it gave her.

Where the unknown chorus girl had been courted by the impetuous young blades who would be gay on a clerk's salary, the handsome heroine of a real murder, an inquest and a trial, now drew the attention of the curious general public and the more opulent connoisseurs of feminine beauty.

She prospered after that and went East, where her sordid little tragedy became a romance. Many some of you have seen Truly. She was in Cincinnati at the People's last season, and exhibited herself and her beautiful curves to an admiring People's audience. In the East she prospered still more. She learned to patronize and be advised by the artists who gown the rich—the best tailors and dressmakers and milliners and importers.

She made a collection of jewels—partly because she loves gewgaws, partly because she is practical and provident. Among the earliest in her collection was a ring set with four little rubies. It was the ring Harry Poole wore when her ardent letter called him to his death; the same ring she wore at the inquest that followed—and how it passed from the dead hand to her warm one is known only to Truly Shattuck and to Him who sees all things.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

Mannheimer Brds.

MARGARET'S BUSINESS

Sketch. "Miss King will be with you directly, sir."

"Thank you," gasped Max Eden, and as soon as the maid had disappeared, he sped swiftly and noiselessly across the room to the elevator, where he surveyed himself for the fiftieth time that day, pulled savagely at his tie and carefully adjusted a small wispy of hair that seemed inclined to stray across his forehead. It is a pity that Master Max acted thus, partly because he runs the risk of being called conceited by the ladies who read this story, and partly because a young Journalist who even now sent by a magazine to interview a celebrated lady novelist should always spend the time that the subject allows him before making an effective entrance in taking notes of the signed photographs, autographed novels and presentation checks that have been sedulously strewn about the room from his bench.

Eden had been long enough in Fleet street to know his business, but when the interviewer happens to be desperate in his efforts with the lady, he has come to write up he is apt to forget the rules of his trade in an overwhelming desire to create a good impression on her.

Max Eden, who sat up in his chambers alternately at all hours from Margaret King's portrait in the center of the mantelpiece and re-reading stray lines in her novels that he already knew by heart.

The odd part of the matter was that until he wrote to her for the interview that Miss Margaret had never heard of Master Eden at all. Even now he was no more to her than any other of the many press gentlemen who call upon her at all hours and in all places, and whom his business reasons it was expedient to see.

But he? Ah! At how many first nights had he admitted—from the pit—the back of her head, and high on the forehead in the Park—caught sight of her hair as she flashed by in her carriage? How well he remembered the time she dropped her purse in Bond street, and in handing it back to her, had had the exquisite pleasure of seeing both her eyes at once!

Eden was not for getting from his seat, and the lady novelist maddly. No, a thousand of which it was her soul, the true depth of which she felt, and which she loved, and most exultant portions of her sense of affairs for which she loved, and temperament had been yearning ever since she had discovered—nearly six months before—that he had such a thing about him.

Eden still engaged with the refractory stone she caught the public eye, and she was not showing any bare leg between the top of his socks and the bottom of his trousers. "I have been yours. Perhaps you will let me make an extract from it?"

"The last was said by way of a little joke, and with intent of putting him at his ease, but Eden took it for a snub and inwardly cursed himself for a fool. "I'm awfully sorry," he exclaimed.

"The fact was that when you came in I was not at home, and I thought I had better straighten up something, so I snatched up the first novel that I could get my hands on."

The young lady novelist laughed. "The boy's candor pleased her, and on looking flat in New York, she established her name after she was sentenced to imprisonment for life and then retired and turned loose, as they have a way of turning women loose who kill men in California."

With a murdered man for a stepping stone to the public eye, and she has held it by her beauty, her splendid, sumptuous, rounded, dimpled, glowing animal beauty, and her cheerful good humor.

COWBOY RELIGION.

Chicago Evangelist "Busts" Brochures and Converts Sinners. Chicago Correspondence New York Sun.

"Instead of leading in the singing of 'Heaven is My Home,' I will now name Flynn Duff, a vicious broncho owned by Brother Smith."

This is the way Evangelist William Mullen, who has come to Chicago to point out the errors of the ways pursued by residents, begins his meetings. Rev. Mr. Mullen combines the art of busting bronchos with that of saving wayward souls. He says religion nowadays has large crowds that he draws leads to the conclusion that he is right.

He holds his meetings in the open air, in places that give him ample scope for his equestrian exhibitions. When he appears upon the platform that is his pulpit he is not a very ministerial-looking figure. He wears a corduroy coat, a sombrero and high-top boots.

The evangelist offers a broncho, then takes off his coat. A broncho is led up in front of the speaker reserved for the attention of the audience is immediately interested. When the horse is tamed and the owner has paid the small fee which is the only collection puts on his coat. Bines his heated brow with his handkerchief and says his topic will be "Going to Hell at a 230 Galit."

He has a keen eye and a pleasant face, and when he opens the Bible to read a few verses of Scripture there is not a person in the audience who has the hardihood to walk away before the sermon. There is something in the preacher's manner that forbids any trifling. His exhibition of what he can do with a horse has caused people to respect him. Mullen was formerly a cowboy, and a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. He attended one of Moody's meetings while in the East and became converted. He came to Chicago, and after a brief instruction at the Moody Bible Institute he began to preach. But he found that men and women are not eager to hear sermons. Advertisements of texts, no matter how sensational they happen to be, did not draw crowds. It was necessary to do some human interest outside of that of soul saving, and the horse-taming plan suggested itself. It has proved successful, and it is Mr. Mullen's theory that ministers who desire to gain a large hearing should provide some good attraction to draw those who need converting.

Winter Tourist Tickets to Southern Resorts Via Southern Railway (6-985 Miles).

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ing in love with your soul?" he asked. And Max did not remember, until he paused in the doorway. "That is my business," said Margaret, gently closing the door.

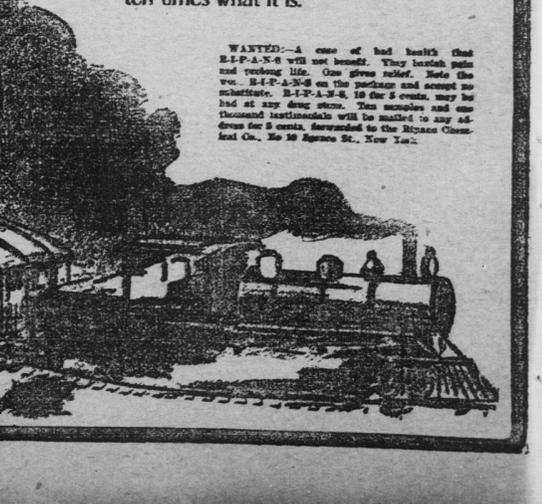


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