WOMAN'S PAGE

MISS MAR'S SUCCESS

MINNESOTA GIRL IS PROFESSIONAL STORY TELLER TO THE LONDON SMART SET

RECITES FOR THE PRINCE

Thinks King Edward Has Charming Manners—Gossip About English People and English Manners.

"Professional story teller to the London smart set"—that is the title one ambitious American girl may claim, if she cares to. The girl is Miss Helen Mar, and she has the additional advantage of being a Minnesota girl as well, for she was born in Winona just—well, what difference does it make how many years ago a girl was born, provided she's an American?

Miss Mar is visiting her brother, Sidney White Jr., 1645 West Minnehaha street. This is her first visit to this country in seven years, these having been spent entirely in England. Miss Mar was good enough to tell yesterday for The Globe's Woman's page something about the work she is doing in England, and about the interesting people she has met there. But first, perhaps a little pen sketch of this ambitious young woman would not come amiss.

Miss Mar possesses all the characteristics of the born story teller. An exceedingly mobile face, talkative brown eyes, finely kept hands that gesture expressively—all these indicate the clever raconteur. Miss Mar possesses, too, a wholesome magnetism that reminds one of May Irwin, and indeed, in general appearance she is not unlike that popular actress.

"Any American girl who can sing, dance, play or recite is sure of finding in London opportunities to exploit her talent," said Miss Mar yesterday. "Somebody is always entertaining, giving an at home, an informal musicale or something of the sort, and if the hostess can get an American girl to entertain her guests she is happy. And those Londoners are exceedingly nice to meet. There is never a hint of patronage in their manner. While you are in their homes you are one of them, and they make you feel so. It is only the servants over there and the noveaux riche that patronize.

"Perhaps one reason why I was so cordially received in London was because of the fact that I brought a new idea. Before I took up story telling I was on the stage for a number of years. I played here in St. Paul with Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta," taking the part of the American girl who married the lordling. But in my story telling I determined to ignore stage effects—anything that savored of elocution. I announced myself not an elocutionist, therefore, but a story teller. I tell children's stories almost exclusively, mostly selections from Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley. The Londoners seem to like it, and they are very good to me." This is Miss Mar's modest way of saying she's a success.

"I have recited before the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, three times. The third time I was the only artist present. The prince was then visiting at the home of Mrs. Cornwalis West, in the Isle of Wight. You may be sure I was glad to get the invitation—which was in effect a command—to recite before the prince. Mrs. Cornwallis West had intimated that her launch would take me over from the station to her home, but my train was late, and I missed the launch. I managed to persuade two fishermen, however, to row me over, and I stopped at a little inn on the other side to change my dress and prepare for the visit. The day was Sunday, and the landlady was a very prim creature, and I thought I would overwhelm her by telling her I was to recite before the Prince of Wales. It had a contrary effect, however. She looked me over severely and said, disapprovingly, "Well, Hi 'ope it'll be something religious. Hi've no time for the folks that are breaking the Sabboth with their crazy doings."

"I reached the house after 10 o'clock, just as the party were through dinner. When I entered and was presented to the prince I curtseyed, and he immediately arose from the sofa where he was sitting and referred courteously to having heard me before. When I recited two or three little things he asked me how I came to be delayed, and I told him about missing the launch and the difficulty I had inducing the fishermen to row me over. He said, 'You American girls are all plucky,' and then he wanted to know if I had had any dinner. I told him frankly that I had not dined because I was anxious to reach the house, and so he turned to one of the men present and asked him to see that I had dinner. I thought it a very thoughtful act for a prince. When I returned from the dining room I recited again and he seemed very pleased. It is not difficult to realize why Londoners, all English people, in fact, were so devoted to the Prince of Wales. He has the most charming manners of any man I have ever met. I do not know whether his manners have changed since he has become king, but certainly as a prince they were irreproachable.

"April, May and June make up the London smart season. During that time every member of the smart set seems to be endeavoring to get in as much social pleasure as possible. This is the busy season for professional people, too, for there is always a demand for them at entertainments. The English are a nation of tea tippiers. Everybody in England has tea at 5 o'clock, and whether one cares for the beverage or not she cannot fail to care for the social hour that is spent about the tea table. Everybody who is anybody has her day at home, and on that day you are invariably handed a cup of tea. A curious social law in England forbids your calling on anybody until you are invited. When once you are invited, however, you are at liberty to call on the at home day. But you must not call on any other day.

The leisure class in London lead an ideal existence. There is the smart season in town during the early summer months, then a short season at some fashionable watering place on the continent, another briefer and less brilliant season in the fall, then the country houses and the shooting. It is a gay life, full of variety and interest."

Miss Mar will sail for England from New York on the Etruria Nov. 30. She will leave St. Paul Sunday evening.

UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Ben Johnson and Louis Shawe Will Give Five Recitals.

St. Paul society folk are to enjoy a unique form of entertainment this winter. Ben Johnson, an actor, who was born and brought up in St. Paul but who has during his stage career had little opportunity of visiting his native city, will, with the aid of Louis Shaw, baritone, give a series of five entertainments, dramatic recitals, at the Aberdeen, beginning very early in December, possibly Dec. 1. Mr. Johnson will give readings from Shakespeare's plays, and Mr. Shaw will sing selections that will fit smoothly with those readings. This will be Mr. Shaw's only public singing in St. Paul this winter. Mr. Johnson played for one year with the elder Salvini and five years with Alexander Salvini. He has also played in St. Paul with Mansfield, but has more recently been a member of the Dearborn Stock company, of Chicago, playing principal leading roles there. Mr. Johnson is spending the winter in St. Paul recuperating.

PLANS FOR MUSIC HALL.

Temporary Board of Managers Will Take Charge of the New Building.

Miss Sturgis and Miss Gordon have announced the following temporary board of directors for the new music hall which they wish to have erected in St. Paul: Richards Gordon, Theodore Schurmeier, C. A. Severance, Jules Hannaford and James H. Skinner.

This board will make careful and complete investigation before placing the stock for the new building on the market in order that they may be certain of the feasibility of the plan. The members of this board will act as an advisory committee.

There are a number of people in St. Paul who are of the opinion that St. Paul needs a new library building rather than a new music hall, but not a few are also of the opinion that the two might be combined. A woman prominent in musical circles said to The Globe yesterday: "I am heartily in favor of having a new music hall, for St. Paul certainly needs something of the kind, but I cannot see why the plans of those contemplating such a building should not be enlarged sufficiently to take in a library as well. Such an object would appeal directly to all classes of people. It is the fashion, too, now to combine club house, music hall and library. With the modern system of deadening walls the music would not interfere with the patrons of the library, and, moreover, as nearly all big musical affairs are held in the evening concerts would not interfere with the reading public.

The board of directors who have been selected to advance the plans of the new building represent the various prominent business interests of the city, and for this reason the new venture promises to be placed on a firm business basis. Another meeting will be held on next Wednesday evening, and at this the board will present the results of its investigation.

MENU FOR FRIDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal. Cream.
Hamburg Steaks. Creamed Potatoes.
Hot Biscuit. Coffee.

LUNCH.
Lobster a la Newburg.
Popovers. Lemon Sauce.
Cereal Coffee.

DINNER
Noodle Soup.
Fricasse of Veal Rice.
Baked Egg Plant.
Cheese. Lettuce. Wafers.
Coffee.

Farewell for Mr. Cohen.

H. T. Gilbertson, George B. Harris and James Tyrrell gave a smoker at their flat, No. 7, Colonnade Annex, for Mr. Vic Cohen, who leaves Sunday night for New York, where he will take the management of one of Nelson Morris' beef houses. E. Dahlquist presided at the piano. Those present were: Vic Cohen, A. P. Garrett, F. J. Peterson, George B. Harris, A. E. Youngquist, R. A. Tyrrell, Harry Graff, M. Berger.

A Matter of Show.

"Why did we arrive late and leave before the opera was over" asked the youngest daughter. "It was very enjoyable."

"Of course it was," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "but, my dear, we had to show people that we didn't care whether we got our money's worth or not.—Washington Star.

Book Club Announcement.

By special arrangement with Schuneman & Evans, all purchasers of a membership ticket in their Twentieth Century New Book Club will receive the Daily and Sunday Globe one month free.

Over 200 members of the club are reading all the latest books for 10 cents each, and it is expected that the number will be rapidly increased.

Remember.

Membership in the Book Club...$1.00
Daily and Sunday Globe 1 month. .50

You Can Get

The membership ticket in the Book Club and the Daily and Sunday Globe one month on trial for only $1.00.

Book Club tickets on sale at the business office of The Globe.

Of Social Interest.

Mrs. Thomas Cochran, of Western avenue, gave a reception yesterday from 4 to 6 to introduce her daughter, Miss Louise Cochran. Among those assisting were Mesdames E. H. Cutler, T. Abbott, E. H. Bailey, Archibald McLaren, Noble, Parks Ritchie, Alexander Colvin, E. Green, C. D. Clark, Hale, Alice Montfort, J. D. Paxton, C. Bunn, Halbut; the Misses Sutfield, Furness, Saunders, Helen Dean, Kitty Marvin, Louise Judson, Ellen Wheelock, Katherine Wheaton, Alice Green, Mary Smith, Jennie Durham, Lucia Cutler, Annie Sloan, Lucy Sanborn, Bessie Winter, Winnifred Brill, Helen Mair, Julia Freeman, Butler, Constance Mackey and Margaret Davis.

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Mrs. Prescott Burton Beidelman, of Ashland avenue, gave the second of a series of "at homes" yesterday afternoon.

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Mrs. C. E. Furness, of South Exchange street, gave a reception last evening from 8 to 10 to introduce her daughter, Miss Laura Furness. Dancing began at 10:30.

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Mrs. E. A. Cammach, of Goodrich avenue, gave an informal thimble bee yesterday afternoon for her sister, Mrs. E. R. Lay, of Marshalltown, Iowa.

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The marriage of Lieut. Egan, of St. Paul, to Miss Consuelo Yznaga, which was to have taken place Tuesday, was postponed until Nov. 21 because of the illness of the bride's mother.

* * *

Mrs. Burnside Foster, of Farrington avenue, will give a luncheon tomorrow for Mrs. Robert Rantoul, of Helena, Mont.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Jane Campbell and Mr. David Philips, of Farmington, Minn., was solemnized at 6 o'clock last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Nason, of Aurora avenue. Rev. Mr. Ackerman performed the ceremony.

* * *

Mrs. Ethan Allen and Mrs. Louis Bigelow, of New York, and Miss Cornelia Bigelow will be the guests of hoor at an informal tea to be given by Mrs. John I. H. Field, of Dayton avenue, Monday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. Casper Ernst, of Farrington avenue, will entertain at dinner Tuesday evening.

* * *

Miss Aida Fry will entertain some of her Minneapolis friends at an informal luncheon today.

* * *

Mrs. James Schoonmaker, of Bates avenue, will entertain at whist Tuesday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. W. B. Dean, of Summit avenue, will give the second in a series of receptions this afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Dean.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Standard club gave a party last night in Cambridge hall. Cards were played during the earlier part of the evening, a supper and dance followed. Music was was furnished by the Twin City Mandolin club. The committee on arrangements was Messrs. B. Beckman, Leo Goodkind, Fred Plechner and Sam Dittenhoefer.

The National Food company gave a seven-course dinner last night, complimentary to the Ladies' Social Circle of Plymouth Congregational Church in the parlors of the church. Mrs. De Graw had charge of the dining room and she was assisted by Miss Lowell, Miss Rowe and several others from the Sunday school and Christian Endeavor society.

A meeting of the central committee of Mrs. C. B. Rust, of Minneapolis, will give an address on "Chapel Car Work." Mrs. Rust will also give several vocal numbers.

May Flower Camp., R. N. A., will give a social hop Monday evening, the 18th inst., at I. O. O. F. hall, Fifth and Wabasha. Mrs. Marion Brown, Mrs. J. P. Mohan, Mrs. George Reible and Mrs. Turner are in charge.

Court Minnesota No. 453, I. O. F., gave its eleventh annual ball last night in Bowlby hall. Music was furnished by Wickey's orchestra. The committee on arrangements was J. W. Dickey, J. M. McDonald, J. W. Carter, E. Holmes F. R. Ross and T. Larocca. The grand march was led by Mr. and Mrs. Dickey.

The Laurel Cycle club gave its regular semi-monthly dance last night in Litt's hall.

The Elks gave their regular monthly stag party last night in Elks' hall. A ladies social will be given Nov. 29.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. E. R. Lay, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. A. Cammach, of Goodrich avenue, for the past two weeks, has returned to her home in Marshalltown, Iowa.

Mrs. C. V. Jaquith, the guest of Mrs. F. W. Hurty, Dayton avenue, has returned to her home in Indianapolis.

Maj. and Mrs. Hoxsie have taken up their residence at 55 Western avenue.

Miss May Bend, Summit avenue, has returned from a two months' trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis N. Hill have taken the Newport residence on Summit avenue.

Miss Butler, of New York is the guest of Miss Furness, South Exchange street.

Miss Grant, Marshall avenue, is entertaining Miss Beatrice Bailey, of Mankato.

Mrs. Conrad Gotzian has taken the Barnum residence, 345 Summit avenue.

Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Gilbert, of Detroit, Mich, are guests of Mrs. F. I. Whitney, Dayton avenue.

Mrs. W. R. Field, Fairmount avenue, is entertaining Mrs. E. R. Sharp and Mrs. R. E. Sheldon, of Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Louis Bigelow, of New York, will be the guest next week of Mrs. Horace R. Bigelow, Irvine park.

Miss Kuhn, of Indianapolis, Ind., is the guest of Miss Aida Fry, of the Ryan.

Mrs. Burnside Foster, Farrington avenue, is entertaining Mrs. Robert Rantoul, of Helena, Mont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Shepard, Dayton avenue, are in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Shepard Dayton avenue, have gone to New York.

Miss Bessie Winter, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. W. J. Dean, Grand avenue.

Mrs. R. C. Wright, Crocus place, has returned from Montreal, Can.

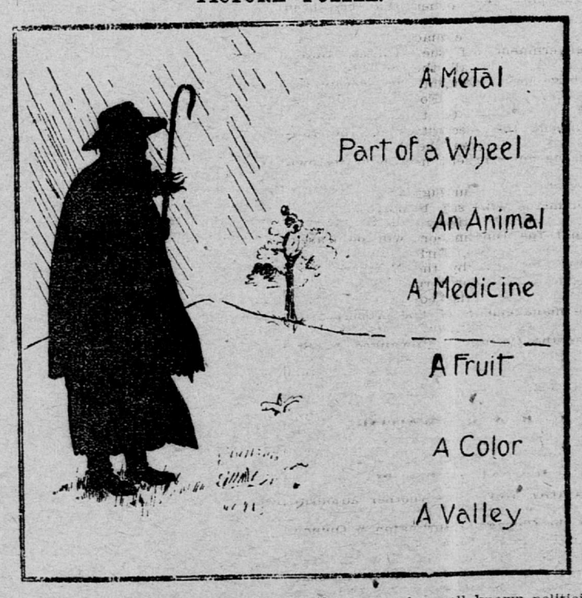
Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Lincoln avenue, are in Kansas City.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

An Indian pudding belongs to Thanksgiving as surely as a plum pudding to Christmas. A sort of compromise is made sometimes with a cracker pudding, well sprinkled with raisins, but the really proper dessert to go with the turkey is an Indian pudding, baked until red, and with a sweet whey in the bottom of the dish. If you wish to graft something modern onto this time-honored dish, serve a spoonful of ice cream with each portion.

For the pudding, put one quart of milk and one-half cup of boiling water over the fire, and when it is scalding hot sprinkle in slowly one-half level cup of cornmeal and cook six minutes, stirring all the time to prevent lumps; add one-quarter cup of butter and take from the fire. Beat two eggs in a bowl, add three-quarter cup molasses, one level teaspoon of ginger, one-half level teaspoon of salt and one pint of cold milk. Add the hot mixture, beat well and turn into a baking dish. Bake three hours slowly. If the oven is hot the pudding will be dried or burned or spoiled in flavor; try to get the slow, moderate heat of the old-time brick oven. Serve the pudding in the baking dish set on a large plate. Slip a 5-cent fluted paper collar over the pudding dish to cover its discolorations or coarseness of ware. —Alice E. Whitaker.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



The first letters of the seven words give the name of a well known politician.

Solution to puzzle in yesterday's Globe: Mrs. Roosevelt.

ABOUT PERFUMES

PIVER is one of the greatest of the world's Perfumers.

He has imitators. We handle the genuine only. Have you seen the original packages of other Perfumes? All the best at

PARKER'S

Fifth and Wabasha Streets.

For the Children.

The Story of Canary Dick.

Dick is a canary. That is, he poses as a canary, and any casual observer would suppose that he was merely one of these little piping songsters, not larger than your thumb, and with a throat full of fantastic melody. But how little would you know of Dick if you thought only that. In spite of his delicate plumage and his poetic thrills and roulades, Dick is a terrible fellow, a regular tyrant of a bird.

It really makes me tremble to think of what a dreadful creature he would be if he were six feet in length, instead of two inches! In the first place, you must know that Dick doesn't get along well with his wife. Now, there never was a quieter or more domestic specimen of womankind in a bird cage than this same Polly. Nobody ever saw her "gadding about" or chattering over the back fence. Nobody could accuse her of refusing to obey her husband, or of presuming to sing without his permission.

And yet, when she did take any little notion into her head, Polly was "set in her ways." I'll admit that, and the swaggering tyrant at the head of the household found his meek little companion fully a match for him.

For instance, now, about the housekeeping. Polly says, "We will keep house." Dick says, "We won't." Polly is a domestic little creature, and nothing delights her so much as a cozy corner with a little round nest in it, and the happy privilege of sitting on a nest until the eggs break and the baby birds come out.

I can't imagine what is the matter with Dick. I really believe these degenerate times have something to do with it. He doesn't like housekeeping at all. It must be that he prefers boarding, with water and seed always at hand. If they were housekeeping, forsooth, he would have to feed Polly, while she stayed on the nest; and think of the labor that would involve! No indeed! No housekeeping for this idle and fantastic little swaggerer.

And so, the very moment that Polly begins to gather up the bits of cotton and thread with which she would like to line the dainty basket in the corner of the cage, Dick flies into a violent passion and shows what a dreadful fellow he really is. No sooner does Polly get a part of the lining fixed to her liking than Dick pounces upon it and tears it into shreds and throws the shreds as far as he can. And then he sits upon the perch and sings as though there were nothing to do in the world better than making gay and rollicking music.

And that poor little hard-working Polly, how patiently she goes to work again and gathers up the scattered bits and weaves them around in the little basket and settles herself down into them, turning around and around until the tiny cup just fits—only to have that terrible anarchist come flying at her to pull her off the nest head foremost and to tear the house to pieces again, until there is not one stone left standing upon another, so to speak.

"This will never do," we said at last. "Dick must be restrained; Polly must be protected."

And so we put a partition between them and left Polly and the basket in one side of the cage, while Dick was shut up in the other, to carry his love for a boarding house to any extent he liked. Oh, but he was in a fine humor then, you may be sure. All day long he raged up and down along that partition like a caged hyena; and when at last Polly had her nest finished and was sitting on it in triumph, we really thought that Dick would bring apoplexy or some other dreadful thing upon himself.

The very next day someone accidentally raised the partition, and before you could think there was Dick, jerking poor little Polly off and flinging a perfect shower of cotton in every direction. And when he had finished his work of destruction what did he do but preen himself and flirt about the cage and sing as though he had done something very meritorious, and had quite distinguished himself. Oh, he really was a dreadful fellow, this Dick.

The partition was kept in place after that, and Polly went to housekeeping, with one new egg a day until there were four; and when the four eggs were four naked, squirming, big-headed babies, her pride knew no bounds. She tried her best to introduce Dick to them, but he would have none of them—not he. We did not dare to let him go near them. We feared that he would murder those unconscious innocents, cruel and savage monster that he was!

And yet, now that the young ones are grown up, and are presiding over homes of their own, and the partition is gone from the cage, Dick has forgotten all his lawless ways, and is the gentlest of birds, with such a talent for music as any mere human warbler might well envy. How he sings, hour after hour, his small head uplifted and his tiny throat swelling with the flood of delicious melody!

Looking at him as he sings, and listening to the lilting song, we find it difficult to realize that this is the same Dick that will not have the home altars kindled, and that has proclaimed himself a mere creature of clubs and boarding houses—the veriest idler that ever trifled the days away.

Common Things.

A Hamburg school teacher recently undertook to find out what his pupils knew about common things. Out of 120 children between ten and sixteen years of axe, fifty-eight had never seen a flock of sheep, seventy had never seen a violet growing, ninety had never heard a nightingale, eighty-nine had never seen the sun rise, and thirty-three had not seen it set, forty-nine had never seen a man plow. He asserts that while city children may know about theaters and concerts, exhibitions, museums and stores, hundreds of the simplest things in life are mere words to them that convey no coherent ideas.—Chicago Journal.

NONE

Better mince meat than this *cannot* be made at home.
It is as juicy, fruity, clean and much more economical.
We save you the weary chopping, boiling, seeding, peeling, mixing.

SUCH

Last year we sold ten million (10,000,000) packages.
Each package makes two large (or three small) pies.
So (at least) there were *twenty million* "None Such" mince pies.

MINCE

Beware of so-called "wet" mince meat sold from open pails.
"None Such" is **condensed**—that is, compressed in air-tight, water-proof cartons.
10 cts. a package. Premium list of "1847 Rogers Bros'." silverware enclosed.
If your grocer won't supply you, notify **Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.**

MEAT

The Globe's Daily Short Story

To Meet Miss Trelawny.

BY SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN.

Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

"It would be such fun if we could ever—"

"Wouldn't it?" said Vincent.

"You haven't the least idea what I mean," Mrs. Vincent spoke, severely.

"I wish you would not jump into the conversation so vehemently. I was going to say—"

"You were going to say," triumphantly, "that we could have such a lark if people would only let us alone. I believe it's philanthropy with them. They think we are married and have come up here alone and that we are being bored to death, but won't confess it, so they visit us. We've had all my family, and all your family—who is that now? The Lord help us if the school friends have started."

"It's a school friend, and a dear one; but I don't want her now. I don't want anybody but you. I thought," in a plaintive voice, "that we would be happy now that the last relative is gone, didn't you?"

"Who is it?" Mr. Vincent asked, with a martyr-like air.

"It is Dorothy Trelawny." She glanced at the letter. "She says she is going to be near here, and wants to see me, if it is quite convenient. It isn't philanthropy with our friends," this in fine scorn, "it's climate and—comfort. Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that?" With one comprehensive sweep she took in the summer landscape that lay before them. Beautiful valleys glittering with dew, softly swelling hills, cool shadowed woods, and on every side mountains clothed to their crest with verdure.

"Dearest," Vincent began, "I—oh, hang it all! I've a letter, too. When I wrote I told him what fun we were having, and how cool it was, and that I knew he must be sweltering. But I didn't know he would come. You may trust me not to give another invitation—it's climate—they all accept."

"Who is it?" It was Mrs. Vincent's turn to affect a martyr-like air.

"Henry Cavanagh."

Mr. Vincent not having known women very intimately before his marriage and having been married only a few months, found his wife's unexpectedness her greatest charm.

Now she sprang up gaily, rushed at him, flung her arms about him and declared he was the sweetest thing in the world.

Although slightly puzzled, Mr. Vincent smiled indulgently and awaited further developments.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so excited! Dorothea Trelawny and Harry Cavanagh were born for each other! All Dorothea's women friends want her to marry, and I know three of them," she ran them off on her fingers, glibly, "who have invited them for the express purpose of getting them engaged." She laughed gleefully. "But they never came together—never even met. There was always some trivial thing that kept one or the other away. Fate was aginst them; and she has relented." She ran her slim fingers through Vincent's hair, delightedly. "This is a coincidence—it isn't fate, it's Providence! Won't those other women envy me—won't they hate me! You'll get Mr. Cavanagh to rent a house up here next summer, won't you? It will be lovely for all of us to be together."

"My dear!" Vincent was not able to keep up with his wife's flying thought.

"What if they should not fancy each other?" He put the question hesitatingly. He was unwilling to dampen her ardor.

"They were born for each other!" enthusiastically. "They are waiting. Neither of them will ever marry, they haven't, you see, until they wed each other. I am going to write to Dorothea this moment," she sprang to her feet. "I'm going to write to some others, too. Lots of them—a gay house party full. We will have a week of fun." She danced down the piazza. "Go write to Mr. Cavanagh," she called back and disappeared in the doorway.

"Oh," Mrs. Vincent whispered to Vincent, "I'm so excited!"

It was a week later and they were waiting in the parlor for Cavanagh, who had been the last member of the house party to arrive, waiting also for dinner. There was a murmer of talk—soft laughter—the deeper tones of men.

"I am so disappointed!" It was a plaintive little whisper in Vincent's ever sympathetic ear a few moments later.

"But, my dear, what would you have had them do?"

"I would have had her just flutter an eyelash, or color, or get embarrassed—anything—to show she know her hero had come."

"She's of the Vere-de-Vere type," Vincent murmured soothingly. "You know the proud, cold ones don't show what they feel. But she is a stunner! The handsomest woman in the room, my dear."

"The handsomest?" reproachfully.

"Except yourself," promptly.

Mrs. Vincent sent a look flashing down the dinner table at Vincent, and he smiled back that the table and its appointments were perfect. Men are such dear, stupid creatures! Had a woman who understood intercepted the look she would have seen Miss Trelawny and Mr. Cavanagh were not impressed with each other, not even politely interested. Miss Trelawny was talking to the man on her other side, and the brilliant brunette on Cavanagh's right had claimed his attention.

Vincent stood at his bedroom window that night, looking out, when a plaintive little voice, tired out with the heavy duties of the day, confided in him the awful intelligence of Cavanagh's engagement.

He had told her about it himself, and had said that the engagement was to be announced the next week when he went back to town.

Vincent took the little figure into his arms. But he smiled broadly into the friendly darkness—husbands are human, you know.

In all the gay week that followed it seemed that Cavanagh was attentive to every woman in the house but Miss Trelawny.

The Vincents' charming piazza was like a room with its rugs and cushions, chairs and tables, books and magazines, and here, a week later, on the night before the breaking up of the house party, Vincent found his wife.

"Of course you are worrying over those people!" he said. "You wouldn't have run off here alone in the dark under other conditions."

"She is an artful, bold, designing creature! I guess she's a teacher tired of making her own living, and he is such a great, big, splendid, simple fellow he just let her gobble him up. Of course Dorothea is indifferent! She's not going to throw herself at an engaged man. He is not so indifferent. I saw him looking at her as though he would devour her. And to think that two lives should be spoiled by this horrid creature!" She threw out her small hands tragically.

Vincent had placed his hand over his wife's lips.

"I'll be hanged!" he said. "It's Dorothea and Cavanagh."

They came down the long portico slowly; they were utterly unconscious of the proximity of the Vincents.

"Tomorrow is almost here," Cavanagh was saying, "It has been an eternity!"

"Yes," the girl's soft voice cooed, then vehemently, "I couldn't stand it another day—I couldn't!"

"I couldn't stand—anything—without you, my darling." Cavanagh laughed happily and drew the girl's unresisting form into his arms. He kissed her; they then turned and walked back into the house.

There was absolute silence on the piazza after their departure.

Vincent felt something hot and wet on his hand. "Not tears?" he asked in dismay.

"To think that Dorothea would act like that!" Mrs. Vincent sobbed. "I'm sorry for the poor, neglected sweetheart, Heaven knows. And she said my house party was not to be endured another day, and he called it an eternity! They'll know it when I invite them again—asked for their invitations—it's a horrid world," the sobs came faster, "and if you were not in it I'd die!"

Miss Trelawny was still with Cavanagh when the Vincents entered the house through the library. There it was cool and the lights were dim. From the room beyond the sound of music and of dancing feet came.

"We don't care if people do know," she said. "The engagement will be announced next week."

Vincent gasped.

'And we want people to know, anyway," Cavanagh explained. "If Dorothea hadn't wanted it kept quiet until the announcement we would have had the jolliest week! That's what we planned; but when we found the crowd she would not let me even look at her. Why, she telegraphed that I mustn't even know her!" He laughed. "Won't you congratulate us?"

Vincent grasped Cavanagh's hand heartily, and, husbands are but mortal, you know, shot a little side-long glance at his wife to witness her discomfort.

Discomfort? Mrs. Vincent stood drawn to her slender height, smiling, and holding herself well in hand. Her voice was sweet and as clear and cool as crystal as she said:

"You've surprised Mr. Vincent, and all the house party will be astonished. But, you see, your indifference was a trifle too overdrawn—a little too over studied to deceive me."

She kissed the girl, held out her hand to Cavanagh, and then the four of them went in to join the dancers.