WOMAN'S PAGE

D. A. R. CONFERENCE

FOUR HUNDRED WOMEN WILL BE PRESENT THIS MORNING

GOV. VAN SANT WILL SPEAK

Meeting Will Be Held in Park Congregational Church—Chapters Throughout the State Will Be Represented.

Between 300 and 400 women will be present this morning at the annual state conference of the Minnesota Daughters of the American Revolution, held in the auditorium of Park Congregational church. The church will be elaborately decorated with the national colors and the D. A. R. colors, and there will also be an attractive display of cut flowers and palms. Mrs. D. A. Monfort, the state regent, will preside at the meeting.

The local chapters have been in hopes that Mrs. Fairbanks, the president general of the national society, would be present, but up to date the officers have had no word from her, so that it is not probable that she will be present at today's meeting. Seated with Mrs. Monfort on the platform will be Gov. Van Sant, who will make the principal address; Mrs. S. R. Van Sant, who will represent the Winona chapter; Mrs. E. R. Sanford, regent of the St. Paul chapter, who will welcome the visitors; Mrs. E. J. Newcomb, member of a Minneapolis chapter, who, on behalf of the guests will respond to an address of welcome; Mrs. Edward W. Markell, regent of the Daughters of Liberty chapter in Duluth; Mrs. E. A. Loyhed, regent, and Miss Cole, ex-regent of the Charter Oak chapter, Faribault, and a number of others.

The following party of Winona women arrived in St. Paul yesterday, to be present at this morning's meeting: Mrs. H. G. Smith, Mrs. Agnes Marfield, Mrs. F. W. Little, Mrs. E. D. Lyar, Mrs. C. H. Burroughs and Mrs. H. S. Bolcom.

Mrs. Russel R. Dorr has arranged the musical programme, which will consist almost entirely of patriotic selections. A quartette composed of Mrs. M. O. Graves, soprano; Mrs. Charles O. Kreiger, contralto; Harry George, tenor, and Robert Geddes, baritone, will sing "America," "The New Hall Columbia," Chadwick, and "The Boys of the Old Brigade." Mrs. Graves will sing the stanzas of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the quartette will sing the chorus. The quartette will also sing "Dream, Kindly Dream," Mendelssohn. All those present at the meeting will unite in singing "The Red, White and Blue."

Following Gov. Van Sant's address and the reports of the various regents, the state regent will entertain the members of the visiting chapters at a buffet luncheon in the parlors of the church. Miss Hope's Ladies' orchestra will play.

THANKSGIVING DINNERS.

Christian Endeavorers Will Provide Them for the Poor.

One hundred poor families will be furnished with Thanksgiving dinners through the efforts of the central committee of the St. Paul Christian Endeavor city union. At a meeting of the committee held last night in the Bethany Congregational church it was decided that each society in the union should be asked to contribute a certain number of dinners.

The central committee is composed of the presidents and the recording secretary of each society and the junior superintendents and chairmen of committees. J. E. Frisby will have general charge of the arrangements for the dinners.

It was decided at last night's meeting to hold a joint New Year's reception with the Epworth League and the Y. M. C. A. in the rooms of the latter organization. Further arrangements will be made for this reception at the next meeting of the central committee.

MONROE MOTHERS' CLUB MEETS.

"Send your girls to bed early whether their school teachers or we university professors give them studies to get or not," said Prof. Maria Sanford yesterday afternoon in an address delivered before the Monroe School Mothers' club. Prof. Sanford stated that growing girls needed all the rest they could obtain, and that neither pleasure nor studies should be allowed to interfere with that rest. This advice to mothers was a little introduction to a talk on "Whittier." Prof. Sanford read a number of selections from the poet's shorter verse. She said that what the world needed was not better clothes, better food or better houses, but better thoughts and that the works of such poets as Whittier inspired these thoughts.

Mrs. Yorks presided at yesterday's meeting. About sixty women were in attendance. Mrs Homer B. Hanson sang two selections.

BETHEL MOTHERS' TEA.

The regular mothers' tea at the Bethel was largely attended yesterday and an unusually interesting programme was presented. Rev. Theodore Sedgwick, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, gave a delightfully conversational talk on "Making Home Attractive to Children." Miss Abbie Spaulding played a piano solo, Mrs. Burnett recited, Miss White and Mrs. Fifer played a mandolin duet, Mrs. Walter Merrill sang, and Mrs. Richardson, superintendent of the Bethel Industrial school, told the mothers something about the new system of sewing that has been introduced in the school.

Mrs. Riley was hostess for the day yesterday. She was assisted by Mrs. R. A. Lanpher, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Coykendall, Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Henry and Miss Mehnert. Miss Lanpher and Miss Agnes Watson had charge of the nursery.

MISSIONARY WOMEN MEET.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church met yesterday afternoon in the parlors of the church. The subject was "Persia." The meeting was opened by a short devotional service. Mrs. Lewis gave a vocal number, which was followed by a report of the treasurer showing that $38.50 had been taken in at the annual praise meeting held in October. Mrs. Baldwin read a paper on the "Results of the Outlook of Christian Missions in Persia." Mrs. Burnett gave a reading, "Love's Offering," and Mrs. Lewis conducted "Flashlights in Persia."

Answer to a Query.

A subscriber has written to The Globe's woman's page, asking whether it is proper to answer an invitation to a reception and whether cards should be left; also whether it is necessary to answer an invitation to a luncheon.

It is not necessary to answer an invitation to a reception, but it is absolutely necessary to answer one to a luncheon. Cards are always left at a reception.

New Place of Meeting.

Instead of meeting at the homes of the members the Central W. C. T. U. will hereafter hold its bi-monthly meetings in the lecture room of the Y. M. C. A. The union will meet there Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Senior Class Reception.

The members of the senior class at the Central High school will give their annual reception to the members of the faculty on the afternoon of Dec. 6, in the assembly hall at the school.

Miss Green's Debut.

Miss Minnie E. Green will make her debut as elocutionist at an elocution and pantomine recital to be given Thursday evening, Nov. 21, at the Earl Presbyterian church, corner of Ross and East Seventh streets.

Union Services Planned.

Special union services of all the hill churches will be held in Park Congregational church Thanksgiving morning. Rev. Dr. Rader, of the First Methodist church, will conduct the services.

MENU FOR SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal. Cream.
Finnan Haddie.
Toast. Coffee.

DINNER.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Roast Beef.
Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
Cucumber Salad.

SUPPER.
Oyster Omlet. Scalloped Potatoes.
Stewed Figs, Cream.
Cereal Coffee.

Of Social Interets.

Mrs. W. B. Dean gave the second of a series of receptions yesterday afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Dean.

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Mrs. F. A. Defiel, of Carroll street, gave a coffee yesterday afternoon for Miss Clara Weber, a November bride.

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Mrs. H. R. Brill, of Laurel avenue, will introduce her daughter, Miss Winifred Brill, at a reception this afternoon.

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

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Mrs. C. S. Cowles and Mrs. E. V. Canfield will give a card party this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Cowles, on Carroll street.

* * *

Mrs. William Galbraith, of Laurel avenue, gave a children's party last night for her son, Raymond Galbraith.

* * *

Mrs. Gardner S. Moore, of Goodrich avenue, will give a supper this evening for Mrs. Milburn, of Savannah, Ga., and Mrs. Knapp, of Chicago.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The rummage sale which was to have opened yesterday for the benefit of the Catholic Infants' home has been postponed on account of the inability on the part of its managers to secure a vacant store in which to hold the sale.

St. Luke's Aid Society of St. Paul's Church met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. P. Jurgens, of Nelson avenue.

The Hamline W. C. T. U. met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. J. Meacham, of Taylor avenue. Rev. R. N. Avison spoke on "The Public Schools, the Safeguard of the Nation," and Miss Taylor on "The Virtues and Vices of the Public Schools." Miss Jennie Kimball sang several solos.

Minnehaha lodge, Degree of Honor, gave a card party last night at Odd Fellows' hall.

Saintly City council, U. C. T., will give the second of a series of card socials and dances tonight in Elks' hall. J. M. Dresser is the chairman of the arrangement committee.

The first of a series of Neighborhood socials given by the members of People's church was given last night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Howes, of Fairmount avenue.

The Friday circle met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. R. A. Kirk, of Laurel avenue. Mrs. C. J. Backus presided, the subject being "Ancient Greece."

The Dames of the Round Table met with Mrs. E. F. Sands, of Laurel avenue, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. J. W. Straight, of Hague avenue, will entertain the dames next Thursday.

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Schmidt and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bruner, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. William Meagher and family, of Chicago, and Miss Kuhn, of Indianapolis, Ind., are at the Ryan to attend the wedding of Miss Alda Fry, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Fry.

Rev. and Mrs. Lee, of St. Louis, Mo., will be the guests next week of Mrs. Horace R. Bigelow, Irvine Park.

Austin Smith, of New York, is at the Aberdeen.

J. M. Hall, of Everett, Wash., is a guest at the Aberdeen.

Mrs. E. R. Lay, the guest of Mrs. E. A. Cammack, Goodrich avenue, has returned to Marshalltown, Iowa.

Mrs. F. E. Draper, Dayton avenue, has returned from St. Louis, Mo.

Benjamin Schurmeier, of the Aberdeen, has gone to Florida for the winter.

Col. and Mrs. C. A. Morton, of Fargo, are guests at the Aberdeen.

Mrs. C. J. McConville, Arundel street, will return next week from the East.

J. W. Ewart, of the Aberdeen, has gone to the coast.

J. H. Strut, of Menomonie, Wis., is a guest at the Aberdeen

Mrs E. J. Ricketts, Fairmount avenue, is entertaining Mrs. Charles Ricketts, of Helena, Mont.

Mrs. H. J. McManus, Ashland avenue, will leave next week for the South to spend the winter.

Capt. and Mrs. H. Bannings, guests of Mrs. H. J. Horn, Irvine Park, have returned to Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Mabel Horn, Irvine Park, has returned from the East.

For the Children.

PLAYING AT BEING GROWN UP.

"You are old enough to take very good care of yourselves," said Mother Hunt.

"Of course!" said the children.

"And you are all too old to get into mischief," said Mother Saville.

"Sure!" said Fred and Louis.

"We will be back at 7 o'clock—remember what I said about minding Lizzie, and remember, too, that you are on your honor and are really in charge of the house. If any callers come, be sure to treat them politely, and tell them we are away for the day, and Mother Hunt climbed into the carriage with Mother Saville.

Mother Hunt and Mother Saville had been to school together when they were girls, and only last week Mother Saville had brought her two children, Nanette and Louis, to spend a whole month with Mother Hunt. Fred and Elsie Hunt were very glad indeed to have the two new playmates, for they lived on a large country estate, and had few child neighbors.

The two mothers had been invited to spend the day with another school friend in a neighboring town and the four children felt very proud of being trusted to stay alone with only Lizzie and Hannah, the two maids.

They stood on the gate and watched the carriage till it had vanished round a curve.

"I feel quite grown up," said Elsie.

"Let's play we are grown up," suggested Nanette. "Let's be grown up all day. You and Fred be Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and Louis and I will be Mr. and Mrs. Saville. Oh, and let's dress up, too."

"Say, that will be great!" Fred exclaimed. "Come on, Louis, I'll get some of father's clothes for you."

"If anyone comes," said Elsie, as she and Nanette went up stairs, "we will talk just as if we were really our mothers."

"Let's put on the prettiest dresses we can find," suggested Nanette. "Oh! Oh! I wish I dared put on mamma's new white silk muslin party dress with the pretty violet silk underneath. Would you?"

"I don't know," said Elsie doubtfully. "Of course, you could be careful. I'm going to put on mother's blue silk with the long trail."

"Oh, are you?" cried Nanette, "then I will put on the muslin. We won't go out doors."

A few minutes later two very much grown up little maids, holding up their trailing skirts daintily, started down stairs to the parlor, where they found Fred and Louis.

The girls shouted with laughter when they saw the boys. Louis had on a gay striped smoking jacket and broad-brimmed straw hat. Fred's overcoat trailed on the ground and his father's new silk hat almost served as hat and earmuffs, too.

"Allow me to help you into the carriage, Mrs. Hunt," said Louis politely.

The carriage was made of rows of chairs with a tipped over chair in front for the horse. When they were all seated Fred gave a great "cluk," and they started on their drive.

Before they had gone far there came a knock on the front door. The children all jumped out of the carriage in a hurry.

"You go, Elsie," said Fred, beginning to turn the chairs around.

"Well, now you remember, no matter who it is, you are to stay in the parlor, and pretend you are all grown up."

The children all sat down and listened breathlessly.

"Good morning, miss," they heard a gruff voice say, "Is your ma at home?"

"I am my ma," they heard Elsie say, hesitatingly. "Anyhow, I am Mrs. Hunt."

The children giggled audibly.

"Now look here, miss, you can't fool me. Run and call your ma. I have some very pretty dress goods to show her."

"A peddler!" whispered Fred.

"If you do not care to show your goods to me you can go away at once," said Elsie determinedly. "I am the lady of the house."

"Well, lady," said the man roughly, "Show me into the parlor, and while I am getting out my goods you can bring me a drink of milk and a piece of pie."

"Certainly," said Elsie, with dignity.

"I'm awful scared," said Nanette.

"I don't believe he's a good man. I'm going to hide," and she scampered behind the sofa.

"Fraidy!" whispered Louis.

Elsie entered with the peddler. "This is my husband, Mr. Hunt, and this is Mr. Saville," she said politely to the peddler, who laughed loudly at sight of the bashful-looking boy men.

"Why, where is Mrs. Saville?" asked Elsie.

"She heard some of the children crying upstairs," said Louis.

The peddler looked puzzled.

"Is Mrs. Saville your ma?" he demanded of Elsie.

"Oh, no indeed!" Elsie answered quickly. "She is Mr. Saville's wife," and she pointed to Louis. "Now while you are showing these gentlemen your goods I will get something to eat."

"I ain't a goin' to unpack my goods just for kids," said the peddler when Elsie had disappeared. "I passed what looked like a circus procession as I came along. Don't you youngsters want to run down the road a bit to see if it is comin'?"

Without a moment's hesitation the boys started. They forgot, in their eagerness to see the circus, all about little Nanette, who was left alone in the room.

The moment the boy's backs were turned, the peddler began to stuff into his pockets valuable little trinkets that lay about the best parlor, a jeweled paper cutter, a solid silver bonbon dish, a cut glass vase and lots of other things.

Nanette, peering cautiously from the corner of the sofa, saw him stealing. Forgetting how frightened she was, she began to shout at the top of her lungs: "Louis! Fred! Thief! Lizzie! Hannah! Come quick! Stop! you horrid man! That's my auntie's!"

The man was so surprised at her sudden shrieks, which came from behind him, that he dropped the thing he was just picking up, took his pack and started out of the house as fast as he could go. Nanette, forgetful of her mother's dress, started after him, and caught his coattails just as Lewis and Fred, Elsie, Lizzie, Hannah and the hired man came in answer to her cries.

"He's got his pockets full of Auntie Hunt's things," panted Nanette.

"Well, I guess he'll want to show them to the sheriff," said the hired man. Then he and Hannah and Lizzie walked the man off to the next door neighbor, who was at home, and would know just what to do about the matter.

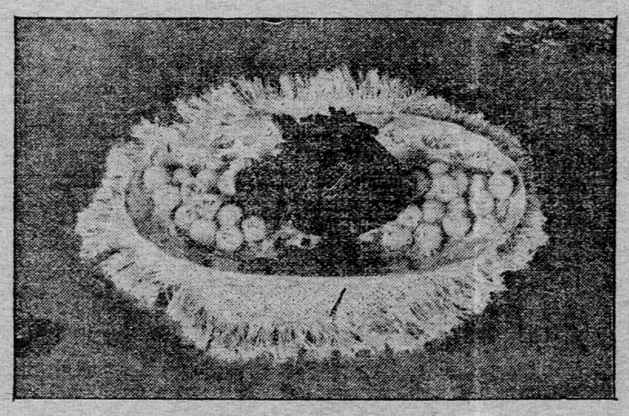
Fred, Louis and Elsie turned to praise Nanette for being so brave.

She was down on her knees, holding up the front breadth of her mother's beautiful dress. Square in the center was a big three-cornered jagged tear.

"I—caught it—on the so—fa, when—I ran a-af-ter—the peddler," she sobbed. "And mamma will never, never, love me any more—and I—I'm going to my papa now! I—never—never want to be grown up again. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

The children took off their grown-up garments and spent the rest of the day in trying to comfort Nanette, and in trying to be good. They all felt very young and small and miserable. When the mothers finally came home they all tried to explain at once. When it was finally made clear, Mrs. Saville picked Nanette up in her arms, as she used to when she was a little girl, a very little girl, and told her that she was very glad she had been brave, and she knew that next time she was left alone she would be both brave and thoughtful.—Toledo Times.

BEEF A LA MODE.



Buy a square thick piece from the round the size depending on your baking dish or casserole. If three pounds is selected, lard it with one-quarter pound of salt pork or make gashes across the top and place in each a very small strip of pork. Put the beef into an earthen baking dish that has a close-fitting cover and pour round it one cup of boiling water, one-quarter cup of vinegar, add a slice of onion, three cloves, a bit of red pepper and a pinch of mixed seasoning herbs. Put on the earthen cover to the dish which fits closely and set in a moderate oven for four hours. If the meat is not tender at the end of that time cover again and allow more time. Take the meat out, thicken the liquid in the dish and strain. Return the meat to the dish, pour the sauce round and garnish with carrot straws and potato balls.

The acid of the vinegar and the long cooking in its own steam at a low temperature makes the meat tender. The potatoes can be cut into cubes if the cutter is at hand to make the round balls. Boil the potato balls about ten minutes and test with a knitting or darning needle as a fork would break them.

—Alice E. Whitaker.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

The man is fishing in a forbidden stream. Can you find the angry owner and his dog?

Solution to puzzle in yesterday's Globe:
Silver.
Hub.
Elephant.
Pill.
Almond.
Red.
Dell.
SHEPARD.

A Misstep on the Stairs.

Ordinary Accidents Lead to Uterine Derangement—Mrs. Reiner's Suffering Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My trouble was inflammation of the womb. Two months after my baby was born, I made a misstep in coming down stairs. I did not mind it until two weeks after, then I could not bear the weight of my clothes, and had a constant burning feeling. I suffered a long time without relief, then I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it cured me. I think your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for women."—MRS. S. P. REINER, Box 258, Ashley, Pa.

The troubles to which women are subject, because of their sex, are legion. Every day a woman is liable to have a new pain. Excessive worry may disturb the menstrual function and unsettle the nerves, over-exertion may set up some abdominal inflammation, or a trifling accident derange the whole reproductive system.

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND has cured and is curing thousands of these cases of female trouble—curing them inexpensively and absolutely. When you go to your druggist, insist upon getting

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

$5000 REWARD We have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, $5,000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

Saving a Reputation.

BY JOHN GASTON.

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Never before had so good a report been laid before Milton Farley. The business for the month showed profits greater than ever before since he had assumed control—greater, indeed, than the average record in the days when old Mason Murray, the founder, had been the guiding spirit. He had certainly justified—had Milton Farley—and even the stern old executor and friend of Murray had begun to soften toward him.

It was very gratifying to have won out in this up-hill fight, with so much against him, and the thoughts of the man leaped into the future, which became rosy-hued. He was a "leading citizen," his name stood at the very top in the business community in the city. Assured wealth was his—and they talked of him for congress, and then there were boundless possibilities beyond. Yes, undoubtedly, he had won the fight.

Born in a Western village and left an orphan before he was fairly out of kilts, he had pushed along with his ardent and indomitable spirit until he had become the most promising young lad in the town. Then he met Rose Mulligan, handsome and ardent as he, and older. Then that ill-advised marriage before he was out of his teens. Then the struggle for a living, the coming of the baby, the dissatisfaction of Rose at the living he could provide, her continued upraidings and the sordidness and the hopelessness of his life; his fierce yearning for position and power—for a chance to do something better than the little shop and the little town afforded; the whining of Rose for a few gewgaws he had not the money to buy; her constant nagging and his final resolution to leave it all and start anew. He had not justified his desertion and did not now, but he had fled a thousand miles, and under another name began life over again. Without references, and not daring to tell whence he came, he had attained a good start, when he met Caroline Murray, the proud young heiress of the Murray thousands. He was a handsome fellow, not without dash, and she had liked him from the first. One soft night in May, when everything betokened the mating of birds and the air held the aroma of romance, he had detected in her all the evidences of preference and passion. Then he had thrown caution—even honor—to the winds and resolved to become possessor of the Murray fortune. He played his cards with rare skill, and finally, despite the strenuous opposition of Joel Kirton, the executor of Murray and the guardian of the girl, married her.

Murray and Kirton had been friends and Mason Murray died in peace, knowing that Kirton would administer his estate upon the most rigid business principles. And so he had and with a fidelity that is admirable from every standpoint. But this suit of Milton Farley had upset him and his plans. He could learn nothing good, bad or indifferent of Farley's antecedents, and Farley was as close-mouthed as he. The girl would not listen to reason, and he had been compelled to acquiesce, although he gave full notice to both that he would withhold certain portions of the estate left within his discretion, pending the results of the marriage. As time went on, however, Kirton could find no weak spot in Farley. He had taken the management of the Murray business under Kirton's oversight, and the executor was obliged to admit that there was no more diligent and able business man in the community.

Thus ruminating Farley rose and joined Joel Kirton with whom he had an appointment at lunch.

While at lunch the two men went over the affairs of the business. Kirton was evidently pleased and had never apon and drawing out an envelope, "how does this make it for the year?"

He laid the envelope on the table and reached for his pencil. As Farley's eyes read the superscription on the envelope he became as white as a sheet and in his eyes came a look of horror. Kirton looking up noted the change and asked in alarm:

"What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"A passing chill; I am somewhat subject to them," replied Farley. Then recovering himself with an effort he assumed a careless tone and said:

"Who is your correspondent, Kirton? You're rather an old bird to be corresponding with a lady."

"Pshaw, nothing but a letter regarding a little mortgage in Iowa," responded Kirton impatiently. "Now let's get down these figures." Then a shrewd look came into the old man's eyes and he added:

"Rather peculiar handwriting, ain't it? Ever see anything like it." His penetrating little eyes were boring into Farley's soul.

peared so warm (or rather less cold) to the younger man.

"Let's see, Farley," said he, plunging into his pocket for something to figure

Farley met the glance, albeit he paled a trifle as he responded with a show of unconcern: "Not that I remember."

The interview regarding the business proceeded and the men parted. As Kirton rose to go Farley carelessly reached over for the envelope which Kirton had been marking the figures on and said: "Let me take that slip to the office. I want to go over these figures again."

"So do I," replied the other keenly. "Make a copy if you like."

Farley went back to his office distinctly uncomfortable. That well known handwriting of Rose had struck him with dismay and, fool that he had been, he had let the keen, cold-blooded old watch dog of the Murray fortune see his perturbation. He was fearful that Kirton's suspicions had been aroused. Curse the luck that should have thrown a connecting line from the horrible and sordid past into the radiant present. Pshaw, he muttered, there can be no way to connect John Fleming with Milton Farley. But if there should be—he shuddered; there was loss of fortune, wife, home, position and the penitentiary looming up in the background. He tried to shake off the terror and plunged into work, but it was no use. A shadow hung heavy over his spirits and his hopes all day long—and for many succeeding days. Gradually it wore away and his busy life went on as before.

Some four months after this Farley was at Kirton's office and saw in the outgoing mail four letters addressed to the Iowa town where she lived and from whence he had come. One was to her. The shock unnerved him completely and he hurried from the office without seeing Kirton. The days after that were filled with suspense—deathly apprehension; and this was not decreased by observing that Kirton's eyes were nearly always fixed upon him when they were together with a keen, cruel and suspicious gaze. He tried to convince himself that he imagined this and was unduly wrought up about it. It was all the more harrowing because of the renewed evidences of affection given him by his wife, toward whom he had the tenderest affection. He felt as though being pursued by a bloodhound and rapidly approaching a corner from which there was no escape.

The climax came one day after a conference with Kirton about the business. The latter, fixing his cold, sharp eyes upon him, said:

"Farley, I have a strange commission from a woman in Iowa—a Mrs. Rose Fleming (Farley maintained his composure with a terrific effort). She is an old customer of mine and wants to get trace of one John Fleming, her husband, who deserted her and their child twelve years ago. I think I have found him. He came East under an assumed name and married an heiress with whom he is living happily and by whom he has a son. He has gained an honorable place in the business world and has great ambition. I feel sorry for him, don't you?"

Milton Farley's face was as white as a sheet, but his hand was steady as he lighted a cigar and his voice had not a tremor as he asked:

"When do you propose to make this interesting discovery known?"

"As soon as I have prepared his family (in which I am interested) and have arranged some business affairs."

"Are you going to simply expose him and give him a chance to escape or do you propose to hunt him to the penitentiary?"

"I have not determined. It depends somewhat on his attitude regarding certain property of his second wife's which he is now in control."

There was a long silence and Kirton arose to go.

"By the way, can you come around to the house tonight? I have some matters I would like to talk with you about," remarked Farley.

"Not tonight," replied the old man, triumphantly. "I will have to remain at the office and complete my work on this interesting case I spoke of just now."

For hours Farley sat with white, drawn face, staring vacantly at his desk, the perspiration standing out on his face. Finally an expression of determination overspread his countenance. He glanced at his clock. It was just 5. He called his stenographer.

"I have a few important letters to write, but I have a short errand first. You will wait until I return."

He was back before 6 and dictated some business letters in a cold, methodical manner, and then hurried home. That evening he went to the theater and occupied a prominent box with his wife.

The next morning the city was startled by the discovery of the dead body of Joel Kirton found in his private office with the skull crushed in and the blood and brain-covered poker on the floor showed the manner of his death. In the grate were the charred embers of papers and books. At the inquest the clerk testified that he left the office at 5 o'clock, Kirton being, at that time, in his private office, working over some books and papers. Nobody was seen to enter the office after that time. The letter copy books for some years back were missing, as were the contents of a tin box marked "private," which had been the depository of papers which he never allowed his clerk to see. Despite the large reward offered by the authorities and the still larger one offered by Milton Farley on behalf of the Murray estate, the murderer was not discovered.

Milton Farley aged rapidly after the death of Joel Kirton and he grew more reserved and silent as his hair whitened and the lines in his face deepened—as they did rapidly. His business grew and he maintained his place as the leading business man of the city, but he gave up his ambition for public life and is seldom seen excepting at his office or his home.

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.

December Number

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

Out To-Day.