WOMAN'S PAGE

DINNER FOR MOTHERS

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING FEAST IS GIVEN IN BETHEL BOAT DINING ROOM

CHILDREN ALSO REMEMBERED

Interesting Programme Given After the Turkey and Other Good Things Had Been Finished.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner for the mothers of the Bethel was served yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the dining room of the Bethel boat. There were 127 women present at the dinner. The turkeys for the feast were provided by Rufus C. Jefferson. The forty children in the nursery were also served with part of the good things provided and the children of the Bethel Sunday school who were practicing for their Christmas programme in one of the rooms received a share of the feast. The dinner was served at small tables, each one of which was decorated with a bunch of flowers.

Preceding the dinner a Thanksgiving day programme was presented. Mrs. E. C. Stringer gave an interesting talk on "The First Thanksgiving Day," telling something of the trials of the women who were among America's early settlers. Ensign Davis, who has charge of the Rescue home of the Salvation Army spoke briefly on "Some Present Causes for Thanksgiving." Miss Harriet Ruddy, principal of the John Ericsson school, had charge of the entertainment yesterday. She was assisted by Miss Konantz, Miss Ray and Miss Bisonette, teachers of the school. A large delegation of children from the school gave an attractive Thanksgiving programme of songs and recitations.

The nursery yesterday was in charge of Miss Jean Kirk, Miss Addie Lanpher, Miss Agnes Watson, Mrs. Gatewood and Mrs. Terrill. The hostesses for the day were Miss Mehnert, Mrs. F. S. Eaton Jr., Mrs. Van Name, Mrs. Coykendall, Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. George Tapley and Mrs. Hanson.

First Christian Church Social.

The women of the First Christian church gave a social and musicale last evening in the parlors of the church. The programme was presented by Miss Margery Hill, Mrs. Harry Crandall, Mrs. Hornick, Fred Hornick, Mrs. Smitten, of Merriam Park; Prof. Gordon and Richard Luck. Following the musicale refreshments were served by the women of the church.

Choir Boys' Guild.

The choir boys of the Church of St. John the Evangelist have, under the direction of Rev. Theodore Sedgwick, rector of the church, organized a choir boys' guild. One of the features of this guild is a savings bank. The boys are encouraged to save whatever money they make or are given to spend and place it in this bank. They have regular check books, and whenever they wish to draw money they write a check for it. Not only does this bank teach the boys thrifty habits, but it also teaches them good business methods. The choir, which is made up of about thirty boys, is divided into two sections. These sections alternate in holding meetings every two weeks for social purposes. Walter Mallory has been chosen president of the guild, and Park Learned is the treasurer.

Reception for the Pastor.

The Women of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer will tender a reception to their new pastor, Rev. Henry B. Taylor, and his wife Thursday evening, Dec. 5, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Rothschild, 553 Marshall avenue. The Ladies' Social union of the church will meet next Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. J. W. Nelson, 676 Summit avenue, to complete arrangements for the reception. Mrs. W. V. Towle will preside.

Of Social Interest.

The St. Paul German club gave its first cotillion of the season last night in Summit hall, on Laurel avenue. The hall, unusually artistic in itself, was simply but tastefully decorated, the dais at one end was partially shut off from the rest of the hall by a bank of palms and ferns. On one end the orchestra was stationed, and at the other were the favor tables. The favors were novel and pretty and were in charge of the chaperones, Mrs. C.W.Bunn, Mrs. J. D. Lawler, Mrs. Archibald McLaren and Mrs. W. D. Mitchell. A. W. Lindeke led the cotillion, and among those present were: Mr. Boyle, Mr. W. V. S. Finch, Mr. Griggs, Mr. E. S. Holbert, Mr. R. C. Holbert, Mr. Lindeke, Dr. Lewis, Mr. Merrian, Mr. Price, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Taylor, Mr. William Forepaugh, Mr. Walker, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Green, Mr. Corning, Mr. Stout, Mr. Gregg, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. Newport, Mr. Charles Flandreau, R. P. Warner, Philip Allen, F. I. Bigelow, H. W. C. Bowdoin, C. M. Bend, Homer Clark, John Dairymple, Sydney Dean, Blair Flandrew, George W. Folds, Julien M. Kirby, F. D. Monfort, C. D. Matteson, Allen McQuillan and C. N. Nelson Jr.; Miss Abbie Livingston, Miss Cornelia Saunders, Miss Dean, Miss Sanborn, Miss Butler, Miss Julia Rogers, Miss Roxanna Smith, Miss Cochran, Miss Caroline Saunders, Miss Horn, Miss Marvin, Miss Young, Miss Judson, Miss De Coster, Miss Cecilia Kalman, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, Miss Jordan, Miss Laura Furness, Miss Mamie Livingston, Miss Sloan, Miss Ransom, Miss Elsie Pope, Mrs. Holbert, Miss Freeman, Miss Lilla Finch, Mrs. Merriam, Miss Alice Pope, Miss Wheaton, Miss Ferguson, Miss Britton and Mrs. Wilke.

Mrs. E. H. Gutler, of Summit avenue, will give an informal tea Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 4, from 4 to 6, for Miss Edith Abell, of Boston, a singer and teacher of some note in that city, who has recently removed to the Twin Cities.

Mrs. Joseph McKibbin, of Virginia avenue, gave a large reception yesterday afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Allison McKibbin. The drawing room, where the guests were received, was very prettily decorated with large bunches of white chrysanthemums and a number of green-hooded candelabra. In the library roses predominated. The table in the dining room was dainty in green and white. The centerpiece was a bunch of cosmos and green-hooded candelabra added delicacy to the scheme.

Mrs. James D. Paxton, Mrs. Elbert O. Duncan, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Tiffany presided at the tables. Mrs. C. E. Smith and Mrs. Dorsey had charge of the punch bowl, and Mrs. R. G. Mackay and Miss Newson poured coffee.

Other women assisting were Mrs. George Squires, Mrs. C. G. Johnson, Mrs. George Fuller, Mrs. Charles Schuneman, Mrs. W. H. Wood, Mrs. E. H. Mann, Mrs. H. A. Boardman, Mrs. Guiteau, Mrs. Wallace Winter, Miss Caroline Austin, Miss Hester Pollock, Miss Nancy Wood, Miss Constance Mackay, Miss Boardman, Miss Frances Boardman, Miss Mary Smith, Miss Polly Bullard, Miss Elinor Ritzinger, Miss Emily Corning, Miss Charlotte Rogers, Miss Lucy Sanborn, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Winifred Brill, Miss Margaret Routh, Miss Julia McMasters, Miss Louise Cochran, Miss Kate Marvin and Miss Watson, of Minneapolis.

Miss McKibbin wore a pretty girlish frock of white crepe de chine.

Mrs. Richard Washington, of Virginia avenue, will give an informal luncheon Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Haisley gave an assembly last night at Woodruff hall, Merriam Park.

Miss Proctor will give a cotillion for Friday afternoon class this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The Misses Merrick, Gooding, Westlake, Black and Gold, of Minneapolis, will assist.

Mrs. Charles Webb, 624 Ashland avenue, entertained Mrs. Frank Bently, of Chicago during the past week.

Mrs. E. C. Carnes and daughter, Fuller street, have returned from a visit to Royalton, Minn.

Miss Ella Funk, Lincoln avenue, is visiting in Faribault.

Miss Lyons, of St. Joseph, Mo., will be the guest next week of Mrs. M. D. Flower, Ashland avenue.

Mrs. E. W. Dadmun, Lincoln avenue, will return this week from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Conolly, of Marquette, Mich., and Miss Alice Quigg, of Saratoga Springs, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Conolly, of Pennsylvania avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Thompson and family, Woodward avenue, will leave the 1st of December for Thomasville, Ga., to spend the winter.

Mrs. J. M. Welch, St. Albans street, has gone to Redlands, Cal., for the winter.

Miss Stutfield, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of Miss Cochran, Western avenue.

Miss Lucy Rich, of Windom, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Rich.

Mrs. C. W. Hornick, of Ashland avenue, has returned from the East.

Miss Alice Hull, of St. Peter street, will return next week from California.

Mrs. W. B. Hawley, of Carroll street, has returned from an extended Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon Brown, of Mason City, are guests of George W. Freeman, of Summit avenue. They will remain in St. Paul until January.

Mrs. Spoor, of Oregon, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. Wheason, of Rochford, Ill., are guests of Mrs. Henry Brann, of Pleasant avenue.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Woodland Park Baptist Church held an all day work meeting yesterday afternoon in the parlor of the church.

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Miss Gilbert's Sunday school class of Dayton avenue Presbyterian church gave an oyster supper last night in the parlors of the church.

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The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church held an all-day work meeting yesterday in the parlors of the church, in preparation for the annual holiday fair to be held during the first week in December.

Mrs. F. W. Sachese, of East Prescott street, entertained the Fleur de Lis club yesterday afternoon.

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Mrs. C. S. Morgan, of Dayton avenue, entertained the Twentieth Century club yesterday afternoon at a literary tea.

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The Wide Awake Cinch club will meet this morning at the home of August Witte, on Hope street.

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St. Paul Lodge of Elks gave a highly enjoyable hop last evening at the hall in Lowry Arcade. This was the second of a series of five dancing parties at which the Elks will entertain their friends during the present season. About 200 couples were in attendance. Music was furnished by Snyder's Mandolin orchestra.

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The Koochiching club met with Mrs. Charbonneau last Tuesday evening. Favors were won by Mrs. Springer and Mrs. George Francis. The club meets next with Mr. and Mrs. Southern.

MELBA AT HOME.

"In Melba's town house the drawing room and music room which constitute, together with the boudoir, one suite, are always cheerful, with flowers and palms. lenty of light is let in through an unusually liberal suppy of window space, and the glow is heightened by yellow moire hangings and the cream white of the walls that are reproductions of those in the palace at Versailles. Madame Melba has searched through antiquity shops to some purpose, for the flood of light is neutralized by the tones of old brocades that cover the Louis XV. chairs and couches; imagine the drawing room and music room banked with flowers, the gilt sconces and crystal chandeliers alight on the occasion of an evening party when the musical programme is given by the hostess and a group of celebrities whose presence at one time behind the footlights would mean a struggle for life at the box office.

"The grand piano of a great singer is generally the shrine that holds her most treasured possessions. Here Madame Malba has placed the decorations given to her by the King of Belgium, the King of Sweden, the medals from the Donizetti festival at Bergamo, from Brussels, from the Paris conservatory and from Australia. Back of these are autograph portraits of Gounod, who wrote, 'To the charming Juliette of my hope;' of Verdi of Madame Marchesi, and of Puccini, the composer of 'La Boheme.' Other autograph portraits, including that of King Edward VII., of Queen Alexandra, of the Duke of Clarence, of the Duke of Cornwall and York, of the Duke of Cambridge, of the King of Sweden and of the King of Saxony. They are souvenirs of occasions when Madame Melba has sung for these great personages. Her own portrait and bust are evidences of interest in two of her countrymen. The bust in the music room was made by Bertram Mackennal, and the portrait was painted by Rupert Bonney, whose two pictures in the Paris salon this year have received favorable mention.

"For painters, Mme. Melba has much admiration, and for writers a kind of reverence. One somehow never associates books with great singers, in their journeyings the costumes leave so little space for works of literature in their trunks. Mme. Melba's favorite books may be seen at her home on a little table by the fireplace. There is an easy-chair rear it, and the pages of Rosetti, Shelley, Keats and Fitzgerald Omar show that they have been read.

"Five o'clock is an institution at Great Cumberland place that generally sees gathered a group of people whose names are as familiar on one side of the ocean as the other. Lord Kitchener is a stanch admirer of Mme. Melba, for all his reputed apathy toward the civilizing sex; Lord Charles Beresford is a visitor; Lord and Lady Cadogan, when they are home from Ireland; Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady De Grey, regarded as the closest friend of Queen Alexandra, and the mainstay of the Covent Garden opera; Joachim, the violinist—these and many others—call to drink a cup of tea at the hour when all London likes to remind itself of the happy fact that it has friends to be looked upon.

"Lying neglected in a cabinet in the library is a 'visitors' book' that Mme. Melba once kept. It is a register of international celebrities. No longer in notice, the volume hints to one that at some past day collecting the autographs of the great of the earth became a bore."—Ainslee's Magazine.

Mon Choir Case of Duck.

White duck is to a large extent taking the place of linen for bureau appointments and makes a pleasant change. The effect is more decorative and it is in harmony with the cartridge paper, burlaps and other rough grained coverings now so fashionable for household use. A pretty handkerchief case is made of white duck. Two strips of duck about sixteen inches long and eight wide are joined together with a thin layer of cotton batting between, sprinkled with sachet. The batting is divided into two squares that the strip may fold easily. Half of the top strip is decorated with a design of violets and leaves or forget-me-nots, embroidered in silks. The strips are joined together with gathered violet or baby blue ribbon, which fluffs out prettily from the duck. The strip is then folded together and forms a square.

St. Paul Girl's Success.

Miss Bronson, who has been the guest this week of Mrs. C. E. Stone, No. 9 Crocus place, will leave this morning for the East. Miss Bronson, who formerly taught in the public schools of St. Paul, gave up her position two years ago to serve on the American educational committee of the Paris exposition. Her work took her to Paris, where she remained throughout the exposition. When the Buffalo exposition was planned Miss Bronson was asked to undertake part of the educational work of that exposition and served as a member of the educational committee during the exposition. She has been engaged to do a like work at the St. Louis exposition that is now being planned for 1903.

Somerset Union Meets.

The Somerset W. C. T. U. will meet Monday afternoon with Mrs. Addie Bixby Upham, 655 Central Park. A report from the National W. C. T. U. convention, recently held at Fort Worth, will be given and the superintendents of the various departments of the union will present their reports.

Annual Sale.

The annual Christmas sale of the Ladies' Guild of St. Clement's Church will be held in the guild hall, Portland avenue and Milton streets, Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 2 o'clock.

Menu for Saturday.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Liver and Bacon. Brown Sauce.
German Fried Potatoes.
Corn Muffins. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Vegetable Croquettes. Sauce.
Shrimp Salad.
Cheese. Wafers.
Cereal Coffee.

DINNER.

Clear Soup.
Beef Bouille. Mashed Potatoes.
Buttered Parsnips. Sour Sauce.
Cabbage Salad.
Apple Float. Coffee.

FEMININE FACTS.

The most picturesque Parisian salon is the studio of Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, who has friends in every circle of society. Verses are recited at her receptions, old-fashioned dances are danced, songs are sung. Many actors and actresses can be met there, among them Bernhardt and Rejane. The Infanta Eulalie of Spain is also a frequent visitor.

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Queen Alexandra is a great lover of flowers, her favorites being lilies of the valley and violets.

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Mrs. D. L. Moody and her younger son, Paul, recently graduated from Yale, have gone to Edinburgh for the winter, where the latter will study.

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It is said that Mrs. Theresa Wilcox, wife of Hawaii's delegate to congress, will start a newspaper printed one-half in English and one-half in Hawaiian.

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The headmaster of Harrow, the well-known English school, paid a high tribute to women at a meeting not long ago. He said that his experience led him to disagree entirely with Darwin's opinion that the brain of a woman is inferior to man's, and declared that when he wanted anything done intelligently, conscientiously and carefully he gave it to a woman to do.

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Collecting pitchers is the hobby of Mrs. A. F. R. Martin, of Newark. She owns a unique and valuable collection, numbering 1,500 pitchers of all sizes and shapes, old, curious, useful, ornamental, historic and artistic, and representing many different countries and ages, from that of the ancient Egyptians to the souvenir pitcher of the Pan-American exposition.

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To see itself as the biographer saw it, is the present fad of English society. At an exhibition in Birmingham recently Mrs. Chamberlain came across a reproduction of her husband making his speech at Blenheim. "It is wonderful, Joe," she exclaimed to her husband. "Why, I am just closing my parasol." This aroused the curiosity of Mr. Chamberlain, who soon had his eye at the spyhole. Presumably he was pleased, for he has ordered duplicates for the entertainment of his own guests.

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The poor little chamellons women used to wear were bad enough, but an English exchange goes to quite a length to inform its readers that Lady Constance Mackenzie is the owner of two curious pets. They are baby boa constrictors, already good-sized snakes but not half grown. Lady Ellen Wickam's taste in pets runs to toads. Her favorite is an Italian toad, which she has owned for twelve years. Then she has a blue-tongued toad from Australia; this is said to be very sociable with visitors. He has been taught a number of things. All of which inspires the real old-fashioned woman to ask, "What will women do next?"

For the Children.

THE DOLL IN THE BATH.

When Humphrey was a little boy he could not bear his bath. "No, no!" he used to cry when he saw his nurse approaching him in her big white apron, and noted obvious preparations in the way of rough and smooth towels and cans of hot and cold water. "No, no! Humphrey not like it! Not go in bath!"

Mother was very distressed that Humphrey was so unhappy in his bath, and she saw that it worried nurse almost as much as it worried Humphrey. But at last she hit on an excellent way for making him good. She bought a little china dolly in a bath, and always washed the dolly while Humphrey was having his bath. Humphrey watched the proceedings with interest as he stood upright in his bath, and forgot to cry because he was so curious about the doll.

The dolly lived in a long box with a glass lid to it, and there were three compartments inside. The dolly was in the center, and on one side was a little tin bath, green outside and white within, a very large sponge, a big bit of soap and a very small towel with fringed ends. On the other side were her clothes—white muslin petticoat, pink silk frock, also a back glass, a sash and a hair brush, with flowers on the back.

There was one person who admired the dolly very much, and that was Mr. Shem. He had lost his wife a little time before (she had been eaten up by one of the tigers), and his mother was always telling him he ought to marry again.

"You want a wife to walk with you when we walk around the table on Sunday," she said. "Everyone goes two and two. I don't like to see anything odd."

"I know it spoils the procession," said Mr. Shem ruefully; "it was most unfortunate accident, was it not?

"No good crying about it now," said Mrs. Noah, "what is past is past. What you have got to do now is to set about finding a new wife as soon as you can."

Mrs. Noah was very determined, and generally got her own way. She had to be rather masterful, she had such a very large family to look after.

"It is quite about time you were married," said Mrs. Noah. "I have thought of Miss Ninepin for you."

"Miss Ninepin's so plain," replied Mr. Shem. "I would much rather look out for myself."

He took a little walk round the nursery table, and very soon he came to the china doll, who lived in the box with the glass lid. There she was! A grand lady, indeed, with her bath on one side of her and her clothes on the other.

"What a nice wife you would be for me!" said Mr. Shem. "Will you think it over? Shall we make a match? I am not very well off now. I have only the clothes I stand up in—the yellow coat I have on—but I shall be very rich one of these days. I am the eldest son, and the whole of Noah's ark will belong to me."

"I should like to see the animals," remarked the china doll; "I have never seen them come out."

"You shall go on Sunday," said Mr Shem; "we always go out but once a week, and we will all walk past your house. I am sure my mother will like you. She will admire your beautiful clothes."

When Sunday came Mr. and Mrs. Noah went out for a walk with the whole of their family. First came Mr. and Mrs. Noah, in bright scarlet, with lions and tigers, and bears. Then Mr. Shem with the elephants, and he also had buffaloes and moo-cows. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ham, in blue, with zebras, stags and two monkeys, who sat upright with a red apple in their hands. Mr. Japhet and his wife were both dressed in green, and it was their place to look after dogs and cats and birds and insects, for these things were all of one size.

Mrs. Noah gave the china doll a sharp glance as she went by. "Rather a fine madame," she said to herself.

The china doll had been very much impressed with the show, and began to realize the importance of Mr. Shem. She began to think she should like to live in the ark and to rule over such a large establishment. When Mr. Shem had walked round with the animals he came to have a talk with the doll.

"I should like you to be Mrs. Shem," he said. "You look so smart, and I can see that you have a sweet temper."

"Yes, I have a good temper," replied the doll, conceitedly. "I am much better than Master Humphrey. He is not as good as I am in his bath. You are not fond of the water, I think?" she added.

"Not to wash in," said Mr. Shem hastily, "but I like to sail on it. You know, I am nearly always traveling. We are always going for nice trips. Won't you come with us next time?"

"Willingly," replied the china doll; "I have never seen foreign parts."

Next day the Noah's Ark was starting for China, and just as they were ready to start Mr. Shem brought the doll on board.

"Do you go in by the roof?" said the doll. "What a funny way! What is the good of the door?"

"You shouldn't make remarks," said Mr. Shem. "My mother has taught me that." Just then they caugnt sight of Mrs. Noah, who was all ready for traveling, in a bright red ulster and a black shiny hat.

"You told me to look out for a wife," said Mr. Shem. "Here she is."

Mrs. Noah looked her sharply up and down.

"A great deal of luggage," she said. "I don't see how we are going to get it in."

"I couldn't possibly do without my bath," replied the doll.

After a bit Mr. Shem shouted, "Come up on deck; this is France. You will like to see it for the first time."

"Oh, I can't come now," said the dolly; "I'm doing my hair."

It was just the same way all through the voyage. They passed the most beautiful places, they saw the most lovely sights, but the china doll never looked at anything. She was always having her bath or drying herself, or dressing or doing her hair. The Chinese dolls were very anxious to see the English dolly, but she never would appear—her toilet took all the time.

"Why she so much washee?" asked the Chinese dolls. "Dat lady in her bath again!"

When they got back to England, Mrs. Noah gave her a piece of her mind.

"I have been very quiet all the voyage," she said, "for it's no good to quarrel when you're traveling. But now we've got back, I'll tell you. You won't do for my daughter-in-law at all. You bring too much luggage, you take up too much room. Do you know how we live in this ark? Every square inch of room is wanted. The poor animals have been awfully crowded this time, all on account of you. The stags haven't had a bit of room for their horns, and but for the lion being so good natured they could hardly have laid down. The birds have been very uncomfortable, and the wolf has suffered dreadfully from the cramp. And the poor elephant has been out of it altogether, and he always enjoys the voyage so much. And what's the good of talking to you? You don't look at anything, you don't enjoy anything, you are messing about with water, and dressing yourself up all the time. I've been traveling around ever since I came to this ark, and I tell you I never was so uncomfortable before."

So the china doll was turned out of the ark, and Mr. Shem married little Miss Ninepin instead. Mrs. Noah was much more pleased with her; she was just the right height, and though not so handsome as the last Mrs. Shem she had quite a look of the family. She took up no room in the ark, and packed in with the rest without complaining.

The china doll was unhappy at first—it was a great blow to her vanity—but after a while she consoled herself. "The ark is dreadfully stuffy to travel in," she remarked, "and it's not so nice to be always going round with your mother-in-law and the whole of your husband's relations."

A TRUE STORY.

He faced the beautiful creature as she stood before him. She stood before him, as she had heard that was the proper thing, and Lewseal Oleomargarine O'Flin figured on doing the proper thing always and forever.

"Has it come to this?" he hissed.

"Yes," she replied, shrugging her beautiful shoulders.

"Woman, would you drive me insane?" he cried once again, not forgetting to hiss.

With a cruel, cold smile she murmured: "You wouldn't have to be driven far."

This blow staggered him and for a moment he stood as one in a trance, but presently a fiendish smile chased itself into the region of his ears.

"I suppose you think I have no reason to talk thusly?" he queried, raising his eyes with an effort.

"None whatever," she replied haughtily.

At this the husband, for such he was, gave a fiendish cry, and, bending toward her, asked hissingly:

"You ask for money, woman! What did you do with that 50-cent piece I gave you last month?"

"I spent it for groceries," she admitted and then fell on her knees and became a woman, instead of a statue cold and impassive.

Dear, patient reader, their honeymoon had been placed on the shelf some time and she had merely asked her generous and noble mate for money to buy some actual necessities, with the above result. After which the man went downtown and blowed in $10 on a sap-headed galoot of a cheap politician who handed him a bouquet, saying: "You are the party's logical candidate." Dear, kind reader, is not this a true story?—Denver Times.

MOTHERHOOD.

The night throbs on; but let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth.
To thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that thou hadst need of him!
He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise thee; all his life had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt his life; his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at thy throne,
To threat and pray thee that thou hold them still
In memory of us.

See thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack
One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in heaven? Gibe him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.
Thou art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child and he is safe in thee,
And I believe

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back!

—Josephine Dodge Daskam, in Scribner's Magazine.

$13.50 to Chicago and return via the Chicago Great Western Railway on Dec. 2d, 3d and 4th, account annual convention National Live Stock Association. For further information apply to J. N. Storr, City Ticket Agent, cor. Fifth and Robert streets, St. Paul.

The Health of a Manly Man

Why will not all men insist upon having it, when it is so easy to get and to keep. Some men are eaten alive by tape-worms, others wander hopelessly for years dying slow deaths from bowel disease.

"After taking two Cascarets, there came on the scene a very unexpected visitor in the shape of a tape-worm eighteen feet long at least, which I am sure caused my bad health for three years."—Geo. W. Bowles, Baird, Miss.

"After taking Cascarets I have had a natural relief without taking medicine of any sort during the past two weeks. This had not occurred for 18 years."—Chas. E. Penny, 601 Yates Ave., Brooklyn.

"For three years I have been afflicted with diabetes. Since using Cascarets I have found great relief and feel that I must send you my personal recommendation."—C. H. Lyman, 823 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have been using Cascarets for stomach trouble of six years standing. I am cured and recommend them to all who need a remedy."—Rev. E. M. Chandler, Mill P. O., Mo.

"Cascarets cured me of the piles, with which I had long suffered."—J. L. Wolleson, Perry, Oklahoma.

"I used Cascarets for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years. They gave me immediate relief."—Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

"Cascarets are the only remedy I have ever used that cause a fine, easy movement of the bowels without impairing the functions of the stomach."—Chas. S. Campbell, Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

Business as well as social life of today is one of strain and effort, and the struggle for existence in competition makes life a fight day in day out, in which care of body, nerves, blood is more or less neglected. Men wonder what's wrong with them. No man can stand such unnatural conditions unless he counteracts them by using Cascarets Candy Cathartic, causing regularity of body in spite of irregularity of habits. A man who "feels bad" should take Cascarets, find out what's wrong and be cured.

Cascarets

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 509

The Globe's Daily Short Story

He Who Listened.

BY MARY KING EMORY.

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He sat by the roadside, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, gazing at the sunlit hills before him. The afternoon was hot, and he was tired and hungry. He had walked many miles since morning, and the dirty face beneath the torn hat brim was streaked and smeared with perspiration. It was a careworn, hopeless face; a face upon which want and privation had left their marks; a face which childish pleasures had hurried by; but in the eyes there was an expression of defiance, mingled with uncertainty.

Before him the sandy road stretched southward; behind him rose the rugged hills, with their scanty covering of stunted oak and pine trees and a meager sprinkling of scattered houses.

Moving uneasily, he glanced anxiously over his shoulder at the clay-daubed house in the clearing, half-way up the hill behind him; then his eyes wandered back to the hills again.

"I dunno what ter do," he muttered, at last. "It were bad afore Mammy went, but et's worse since 'Liza Snow an' th' new baby come. Yestiday her knocked me over, an' th' day afore dod beat me, an' now I got th' chance I'm a-goin'."

His hand clinched, and the shrill childish voice had a defiant ring. The sun was sinking in the west, flooding the hills with gold, while from somewhere out of the pines came the tinkle of a cowbell. The boy shuddered.

"I dun th' best I knowed fur youns, mammy," he whispered, "but fur little Tildy Ann——"

His voice ended in a sob, and tears trickled unheeded down tht dirty little face. The hills, the house and the trees faded away. He saw again the room in the house on the hill behind him, with its few battered cooking utensils, its splint-bottomed chairs, and worn deal table. Lying in a bed in the corner was a woman, her eyes bright with a feverish light, her wasted face turned toward the window, through which she watched the setting sun.

"Joe," she said at last, wearily turning her head. "I'm a-goin' home ter-night, an' I wants yer ter promise afore I go thet yer'll take care o' little Tildy Ann. I dun the best I could fur ye," she continued, brokenly, "though God knows, 'twan't much. Yer dad won't care when I'm gone, and more'n like he'll take ter beatin' ye, when he ain't got me." She looked yearningly at the child beside her. "So I wants yer ter promise thet yer'll allus stan' atween him an' Tildy; then I ken rest easy."

And, kneeling there in the gathering darkness he gave his promise to the dying woman. That night all was over, and the clay-daubed house perched on the rocky hillside was filled with the silence which comes only when life has flown. Early the next day he helped his father and some of the neighbors bury her, in the grove beneath the hill, where the pines chanted a requiem and the withered oak leaves moaned through the long winter nights. For two years he had been faithful to his trust; for two years, and now——

"I dunno what ter do," he sobbed; "I dunno what ter do!" He had lost sight of the ugly clay-daubed house and the familiar hills that morning for the first time in his life. Long before sunrise he had crept from the house and followed the road as it wound around the hills like some great snake in the purple morning light toward the distant town. He walked until the rugged mountains rising above his home grew hazy and indistinct; until strange scenes and new faces met him at every turn. Once or twice he had been given a "lift" by some friendly mountaineer, to whom he boldly "'lowed he were a-goin' ter th' circus." But when he reached the town, with its unaccustomed sights and sounds, he felt alarmed and uncertain as to what to do. Hesitatingly he followed the hurrying crowd toward the circus tent; but as he neared it the strangeness of the scene, the music and the noise frightened him. Pushing his way through the crowd he looked anxiously about for some means of escape, when suddenly he determined to run around to the back of the tent, for there all seemed quiet.

Unnoticed and alone he crouched in the grass until, gaining courage with the passing moments, he crept nearer to the tent. Looking timorously around, he cautiously raised a corner and proceeded to crawl under the canvas. Succeeding at last in getting through, he scrambled to his feet and hastily looked about him.

The tent was filled with shabbily dressed women and rough-looking men, one of whom grabbed him as, surprised and frightened, he started to crawl back under the canvas.

"Well, I'll be gol-durned," the man said good-naturedly, "whar'd yer come from? Look er here, pals," he shouted, "here's a brat what's dared ter inter th' private apartments o' th' actors o' 'Th' Greatest Show on Earth.'" Lifting the boy to his shoulder, he carried him to the center of the tent, where the other occupants quickly gathered about them. Somehow the tired, unchildish face seemed to arouse the sympathy of the rough-looking men, for they showed him the animals and gave him food, until, happy and contented, he forgot his timidity and unhesitatingly answered their questions.

"So yer don't like Mis' Snow an' th' baby, an' yer dad beats yer?" the big man said, handing the boy another hunk of bread and meat. "Well, how'd yer like ter come wid us?"

The boy looked at him in amazement.

"I 'lows I'd like ter," he said at last.

"Wal, yer can ef yer wants ter. Yer looks honest, an' we needs a boy ter rub down th' 'orses an' things. Yer'll get enough ter eat, and nobody won't beat yer. An' maybe," persuasively, "yer can ride a 'orse an' wear fine clothes, like these gentl'men some day," waving his hand toward his companions.

The boy's eyes sparkled and the unchildish face flushed with excitement. Enough to eat, and no beatings! He caught his breath.

"I 'lows I'd like to go fust rate," he said, "ef—ef I ken take Tildy."

The man looked at him in surprise.

"Who's she?" he asked, good-naturedly; "your dawg?"

The boy hung his head, abashed.

"No," he said at least, with dignity; "her ain't no dawg. Her's my sister."

The men looked at one another in silence, then at the child. The big man whistled softly.

"We can't take no gals," he said, kindly. "But ef yer goes wid us maybe yer'll come back some day wid heaps o' money, an' then yer can take her away. Come on, boys," he shouted; "et's time fur th' show ter begin. Good-bye, sonny," he said, turning to the boy; "an', recollec', ef yer goes wid us yer'll have ter be on han' by 'leven ter-night, fur then we moves."

The boy looked at him searchingly for a moment, then nodded his head. "I'll be back afore 'leven," he said gravely.

Crawling under the canvas again, he ran across the fields to the road beyond, where he commenced the walk back over the mountains to tell Tildy good-bye.

At first the weary miles seemed short to the boy, whose mind was filled with happy visions of the future. But now, as he sat by the roadside below his home, in the fast-gathering darkness, he felt miserable and uncertain as to what to do. He had just come from the grave beneath the hill, after covering it with vines and wayside flowers; but somehow the red clay mound seemed to reproach him for faltering in his trust. When he started up the path to the road again he had determined to go away without seeing Tildy. Yet he still waited, though the shadows were lengthening and the katydids were beginning to call. Thoughts of the child that he had "taken care of" for two years haunted him, while the remembrance of his promise kept ringing in his ears.

"I dunno what ter do!" he moaned, covering his face with his hands; "I dunno what ter do!"

The dark chieftain night crept up the hills, while vanquished day, followed by his banners of crimson and gold, slowly disappeared. A light shone from the cabin on the hill and harsh voices floated out on the quiet evening air. The boy heard footsteps coming down the path from the house and a timid, childish voice called, "Joe!"

The boy sitting in the shadow of the oak trees started.

"I been a-lookin' fur youns everywhar!" the child sobbed. "Whar is youns, Joe?"

The boy rose slowly, his mouth set his eyes filled with a look of determination. Hitching his suspenders over his shoulders and pulling his hat farther over his face, he turned slowly toward the rocky path.

"All right, Tildy," he called cheerfully, "don't cry; I'm a-comin'!"

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