FOR THE FAIR SEX

SWEET GIRL GRADUAT

SHE SUFFERS GREATLY FROM BEING SADLY MISUNDERSTOOD

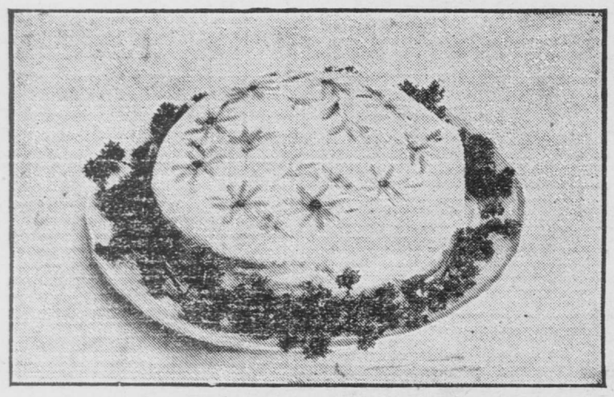
Coming With Cheerful and Complete Solutions of the World's Perplexing Problems, She Is Rejected by a Generation That Cannot Appreciate a Noble Mission.

It is a regrettable fact that the sweet girl graduate is viewed by the vulgar majority in the light of a joke. She had hoped to be a messenger of light to benighted man. She has become merely a space-filler in the comic supplements. This distressing result is not the fault of the sweet girl graduate. On the contrary!

The maiden of the fluffy gown and beribboned manuscript has never taken herself frivolously. Rather has she exhausted every mental endeavor that the world might take her as she takes herself, seriously, respectfully, understandingly. That the world has failed is the world's loss, not the sweet girl graduate's. She has set an intellectual pace with which it were impossible for the vulgar majority to keep step. And what that majority does not understand it ridicules. The sweet girl graduate suffers. What girl or woman doesn't suffer from being misunderstood? But she is not silent. She has set herself a mission and ridicule does not intimidate her nor contumely affright her.

And the sweet girl graduate's mission is a noble one. It is nothing more nor less than to persuade the world to view life and its perplexing problems as she views them. Surely a commendable mission! For the sweet girl graduate is seldom pessimistic. Her spectacles are rosy and her faith is large. Has she not solved the problems of Euclid and every other problem that malicious masters have placed between the covers of her battered school books? And her victory has given her a fine courage to tackle the burning questions of the hour. Her beribboned manuscript contains their solution. That solution may not be convincing. At least, it is innocent and cheery and altogether alluring.

DAISY CAKE.



Make a gold cake and bake in layers. Cream one cup of fine granulated sugar and three level tablespoons of butter together, add the yolks of four eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored, one half caup of milk and one and one-half cups of flour in which has been sifted three level teaspoons of baking powder.

Put the layers together with chocolate melted and sweetened and cover the top and sides with a boiled icing. For the decoration a little of the artist's skill is needed. Beat part of an egg yolk and add confectioners' sugar or powdered sugar until it is thick enough to spread easily. Dip a small new paint brush into the mixture and sketch on the top of the cake a wreath of daisies. Mark the centers with a touch of the chocolate mixture. Dissolve as much color paste as will cling to the end of a wooden skewer in a few drops of water, and paint the stems and leaves; the result will be an attractive decoration of black-eyed Susans harmonizing with the yellow cake, chocolate filling and white icing.

—Alice E. Whitaker.

SOCIAL.

Miss Margaret Muir, of Laurel avenue, will give a euchre this afternoon in honor of Miss Helen Cratsenberg.

* * *

Mrs. A. H. Lindeke, of Summit avenue, will give a luncheon today at the Town and Country club in honor of Mrs. Harry Parks Ritchie and Miss Walker.

* * *

Miss Maribel Otis will entertain for Miss Harriet A. Merrill this afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. G. C. Shaw, of Minneapolis, will give a luncheon and matinee this afternoon in honor of Miss Helen Cratsenberg and Miss Dickenson, of Minneapolis.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Yerxe, of Central Park place, will give a progressive euchre party Wednesday evening, June 11, in the parlors of the Ryan hotel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Willes have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Suemmerville Willes, to Irvine T. Dugan. The wedding will take place Tuesday evening the 17th inst., at Christ church. A reception will follow the church ceremony at the bride's home on Selby avenue. They will reside in Great Falls, Mont.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Maude E. Schadle, daughter of Mrs. Rachel S. Schadle, Pleasant avenue, to Frederick E. Perkins, manager of the Perkins Manufacturing company, will take place Monday, June 9, at the home of the bride's sister, Miss S. E. Haislitt, Milwaukee, Wis. Miss Schadle will leave Thursday with her mother for Milwaukee. Her brother, Harry Schadle, will also go down for the wedding. After a trip East, Mr. Perkins and his bride will be at home at 277 Pleasant avenue.

* * *

Miss Myra Jay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jay, and Lucien Ware were married last evening at the home of the bride, on Iglehart street, Dr. M. D. Edwards, of Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church officiating. Miss Alice Thorne attended the bride as maid of honor and Louis Gilbert was the best man. A reception followed the ceremony. The wedding march was played by Miss Belle Morse. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Ware will live in Sioux Falls, S. D.

* * *

Mrs. C. C. McElwee, of Hague avenue, gave an informal euchre yesterday afternoon.

* * *

Miss Murphy, of Granite street, entertained yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Abbie Treacey.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Reed, of Nelson avenue, entertained informally last evening at their home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rouch entertained informally last evening in celebration of the eleventh anniversary of their marriage.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McMillan, of Dale street, will receive informally this evening at their home.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

Mrs. Charles G. Johnson, of Dayton avenue, will entertain the members of the Twentieth Century History club Friday afternoon.

The Ladies' Social Union of St. Paul's Universalist church was entertained yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. H. Glidden, on Maria avenue.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Christian church will hold an all-day meeting today at the home of Mrs. Foster, on St. Peter street.

Mrs. George N. Hillman, of Lincoln avenue, entertained the members of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the First M. E Church yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. McCall, of Ashland avenue, will entertain the members of Como Division No. 98, O. R. C., this afternoon.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. R. C. Haase, of the Ashland, left last evening for West Virginia, where she will remain a month visiting relatives and friends.

The Misses Nunnally, Summit avenue, has returned from the South.

Mrs. Rossell, Dayton avenue, and Mrs. C. B. Yale, have returned from California.

J. H. Ware Jr., of Beaumont, Tex., is visiting T. E. Covington, 342 Iglehart street.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Wheaton, Summit avenue, will leave next week for the Brule.

Miss Lillian Bannon, Osceola avenue, will return next month from London, England.

Mrs. E. V. Appleby and Mrs. A. H. Wilder, Summit avenue, have gone to Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Chatsworth street, will go to Lake Minnetonka next week for the summer.

Miss Jane Holabard, of Evanston, Ill., will be the guest of Miss Florence Finch, Summit avenue, this month.

Mrs. J. E. Bell and Mrs. E. E. Sheldon, guests of Mrs. Berkey, Dayton avenue, have returned to Madison, Wis.

Mrs. E. E. Merrit, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Farwell, Selby avenue, has returned to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs H. H. Fouse, of Philadelphia, will arrive in the city Saturday and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stees, Virginia avenue.

Miss Cannon, Iglehart street, is entertaining Miss McManus, of West Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Edwards, Summit avenue, have gone on a Western trip.

Miss Queen Arey and Miss Leta Charlton left Monday night for Grand Forks to attend the Booker-De Camp wedding, which took place last evening.

Miss Florence Durkee, who has recently graduated from Leland Standford university, in California, is spending the summer with her parents in St. Paul.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor M. Watkins, Holly avenue, have gone to Chisago lake for a few weeks. Mrs. W. H. Wilder, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, has gone to Manila to join her husband, Capt. Wilder.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Saunders and family, Summit avenue, will spend the summer at the seashore. Miss Caroline Saunders will attend the commencement exercises at Smith college this month.

Miss Laura Rogers, of Milwaukee, will be the guest this week of Miss Finch, Summit avenue. Miss Finch and her guest will leave the latter part of the week for Duluth, where they will be the guests of Mrs. William Dalrymple.

Mrs. Monfort President.

The board of managers of the St. Paul School of Fine Arts re-elected all of the old officers at its annual meeting yesterday morning. These officers are: President, Mrs. D. A. Monfort; first vice president, Mrs. George R. Metcalf; second vice president, Mrs. Herbert Davies; secretary, Miss Clara Sommers; treasurer, Mrs. S. C. Olmstead. The following directors were also re-eletced for a three-years' term: Mrs. Franklyn Floete, Mrs. C. W. Ames, Mrs. T. D. Simonton, Mrs. E. P. Sanborn, Mrs. J. D. Paxton, Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Miss Grace Doran, Mrs. G. F. Benedict, Mrs. G. R. Metcalf, and Mrs. Thomas McDavitt.

The reports read yesterday showed a most successful year, the school having seventy regular contributors which places it on a firm financial basis.

Mr. Jurgensen, director, and Miss Helen Brodsen, curator, will fill the same positions for the ensuing year.

Many Children Cared oFr.

The June meeting of the board of managers of the Day Nursery was held yesterday. Mrs. B. H. Evans presided. Miss Fredericka Sommers and Miss Kate Chittenden were named visitors for June. The matron reported that over 350 children were cared for during May.

In Support of Suffrage.

The Rev. Mr. A. N. Alcott, pastor of All Souls' church, Minneapolis, will speak on Wednesday afternoon at the state capitol, St. Paul, in the public sessions of the Minnesota Woman Suffrage association on the subject, "The Objections to Woman Suffrage Answered." Mr. Alcott has many friends in St. Paul as well as in Minneapolis who will be interested in his statements.

Freak Frolics in Washington.

Washington society from the presidential circle downward has gone mad over freak frolics. Coster songs at the White house for notable guests; dances of the wildest sort, performed by the most beautiful women and girls of the official and diplomatic set, and fancy dress balls, where the fancy was permitted the wildest range possible and fabrics rigorously economized, are a few of the more prominent events of the season.

Anything to stimulate the jaded sense of pleasure has been the rule, especially during the last few weeks of the season. The high tide of social daring was, of course, reached at the ball at ex-Senator Henderson's. The participants of that function have not ceased to whisper new details of the doings of the evening. It was perhaps the most important gathering of the younger set, and the leaders of the gayeties were those two brilliant and beautiful women of the diplomatic corps, the Countess Cassini and Mrs. Crackenthorpe.

Lifting the Skirt.

If one has pretty feet, nicely booted, the skirt should be raised in front above the instep; but not to the edge of the uppers. The feet should be suggested rather than exhibited. When they are allowed to peep out it is coquettish; when they are shown it is brutal.

In sitting, especially in public places or crowded rooms, always draw the skirt a little forward. This prevents tightening across the knees and unsightly creasing and bulging, so unpleasant a feature of the wearing apparel of careless women.

Lift the skirt always with the gloved and not the ungloved hand. A glove is inert and does not affect the fine tissues; but the hand, especially in warm weather or a warm room, is covered by an invisible film of perspiration which discolors and often stains a delicate tissue. When the hand is ungloved a careful wearer will use the handkerchief between the finger tips and her skirt.

Fashionable Correspondence.

Many very smart people now type their letters and are amusingly heard to complain that they shall not only soon forget how to write, but that the machine has become a necessary adjunct to luggage, even when leaving home for a stop of two or three days. The Countess of Warwick types all her correspondence excepting answers to formal invitations. The decoration of her paper is "Warwick Castle" clearly engraved over an earl's coronet. Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, as many other American women are also warmly attached to the typewriter.

Young society women are showing quite a preference for having their initials, or even their petits noms done in script letters to fill a little circle of contrasting color to the paper and which decorates the upper left hand corner of the sheet. When this is the preferred mode it is thought to be very smart to have the name, or initials done in autographic style.

MENU FOR THURSDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Hominy Grits. Sugar and Cream.
Hash on Toast. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Graham Rolls. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Salsify Fritters. Milk Biscuit.
Fruit. Tea.

DINNER.

Vermicelli Soup.
Beef Croquettes. Tomato Sauce.
New Potatoes. Spinach.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Cottage Pudding. Lemon Sauce.
Coffee.

HAMLINE STUDENTS OBSERVE CLASS DAY

Programme of Excellent Features Rendered—Today Is Alumni Day Tomorrow Commencement.

Class day was celebrated at Hamline university yesterday afternoon with appropriate exercises in the university chapel. Miss Hope's orchestra played an overture while the class of thirty-two students made its appearance on the chapel rostrum, and the exercises commenced with the singing of a chorus. Louis C. Winship, president of the class, delivered an eloquent oration directed to the members of the class, and the class history was given by C. C. Tyrrell. Miss Bessie W. Gates recited "How the Church Was Built at Kehoe's Bar," after which Herbert P. Ide delivered an oration on "The Christian Citizen." Mr. Ide, in his address, spoke on man's relation to his family, state and church. John D. McCormick, in his oration on "The North Star State," revised the principal events in the progress of Minnesota and the important position it has taken in the Union. Miss Edith M. Gold recited "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and Miss Esther E. Smith gave the class prophecy. The exercises closed with the singing of the class song. Of the class of thirty-two in the literary department, thirteen are young ladies and the rest young men.

Today is Alumni day, and the afternoon will be given over to field events between the alumni members and the members of the graduating class.

A feature will be a baseball game between the alumni and the graduates. The alumni banquet will be given at the Hamline M. E. church this evening. The commencement exercises will take place tomorrow afternoon, when the thirty-two graduates in the literary department and the thirty-four graduates in the medical department of the university, located at Minneapolis, will be given their diplomas. The orators at the graduating exercises on Thursday will be C. H. Wallace, W. J. Kern, G. W. Babcock, Miss Jennie Hill, Miss Pearl Jennings and Miss Pearl Heal.

ONE WOMAN'S BIG FEAT.

MRS. H. MERRILL.

Mrs. H. Merrill was an eyewitness of the terrible volcano eruption that devastated St. Pierre. With wonderful coolness and nerve she leaned over the sides of the steamship Korona and secured six snap-shots of the volcano and St. Pierre, while the cataclysm was raging.

Ibsen's Confirmation Certificate.

Henrik Ibsen, the noted author, recently received from a village in the north of Norway a letter with which was inclosed an old, yellow sheet of paper. Examining the letter, he found to his surprise that it was the certificate which he had received from the church on the day of his confirmation.

The man who sent it wrote that he had left his watch in Tromso to be repaired, and that when it was returned to him by the watchmaker it was wrapped in an old sheet of paper, which proved to be the author's certificate of confirmation. How the certificate found its way to Tromso no one seems to know.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO VOTE

MINNESOTA SUFFRAGISTS HEAR FRANK N. STACY DISCUSS IT

Annual Convention of State Suffrage Association Begins in St. Paul—Miss Goldstein, of Australia, Gives Interesting Talk on Woman's Life in That Country, Where Equal Rights Are Said to Prevail.

The Minnesota Woman Suffrage association held the first day's meeting of their annual convention yesterday in the senate chamber of the capitol. There were about thirty delegates from out of the city besides a number of local women. The morning session opened at 11 o'clock, the president, Mrs. Maud C. Stockwell, of Minneapolis, presiding. Mrs. Margaret K. Rogers gave the address of welcome in behalf of the St. Paul members of the association, and Mrs. Stockwell responded in a few well chosen words. The morning was spent in hearing the reports of the officers given by the vice president, Mrs. E. A. Brown; the recording secretary, Dr. Ethel Hurd; the corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. W. Kissam; and the auditor, Mrs. Ella Carlton.

A resolution was adopted favoring arbitration as a means of settling international disputes and repudiating war.

The afternoon session was opened by "A School of Methods," conducted by Dr. Ethel Hurd, of Minneapolis. The discussions coming under this head were lead by Mrs. A. W. Kissam, Mrs. Lora C. Little, Dr. Koch, Mrs. Ella Carlton and Mrs. M. J. Kelly. Fraternal greetings were presented by Mrs Addie Bixby Upham in behalf of the Minnesota W. C. T. U., by Mrs. Alice Bradwell, from the Woman's Relief corps; Mrs. H. W. Phillips, from the Order of Eastern Star, and by Mrs. Helen Bissell in behalf of the Civic league.

Mrs. Stockwell gave a detailed report of the national convention. Mrs. A. T. Anderson, of Minneapolis, gave an address on "Helps and Hindrances" in which she expressed a belief that the advancement of women's clubs and the aid of the W. C. T. U. were doing a great deal to advance suffrage for women.

Address by F. N. Stacy.

Frank N. Stacy, of Minneapolis, gave some very plausible reasons for suffrage in a remarkably strong address. "The home and one-half of the conscience of the world should be represented in politics," said Mr. Stacy. "The votes of men are often controlled, bought, but nothing could buy the votes of the women, and if women held equal places with men in voting there would be no political bosses. There would be political managers, of course, but the commercial boss would disappear. This has already taken place in the states where women have suffrage. The enfranchisement of women is the enfranchisement of the school and of the church as well."

In the evening Miss Vida Goldstein, of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, gave a very interesting address on "The Women of Australia." Miss Goldstein is a remarkable young woman, and has probably done more towards the advancement of suffrage than any other one woman of her age. She is under thirty years old, very English and extremely bright and clever. She represented Australia and New Zealand at the international conference at the convention in Washington in February. She is editor of the leading woman's journal in Australia, "The Woman's Sphere." Miss Goldstein is a great student of sociological questions and has been delegated by the Australian government to inspect our methods of caring and treating with prisoners. She is also investigating labor questions in behalf of the Trades Hall Council of Australia. Her talk was both interesting and instructive, being mostly on the conditions of suffrage for women in her native country. Women have equal rights with the men nearly all over the country.

There will be two sessions today and a banquet this evening at the Windsor hotel. Among those attending the convention are: Mrs. Alpha H. Poostrom, Austin; Mrs. Cora Workman, Luverne; Mrs. Palmer, Covington, Ky.; Dr. Henrietta Miller, Minneapolis; Dr. Ethel Hurd, Minneapolis; Miss Augusta M. Smith, Fairmount; Alice B. Russell, Excelsior; Arella L. Phillips, St. Paul; Norah E. R. Perkins, Minneapolis; Mrs. Lora C. Little, Minneapolis; Mrs. Margaret J. Kelly, St. Paul; Mrs. Addie Bixby Upham, St. Paul; Mrs. Cynthia Woodbury, Hamline; Mrs. C. S. Soule, St. Paul; Mrs. Eugenia B. Farmer, Kentucky; Lizzie McClary, Minneapolis; George F. Wells, St. Paul; Priscilla M. Niles, Marion W. Willett.

He Is a Cynic.

"This is the season for commencements," remarked a man who is of a cynical turn of mind. "I feel like leaving town for a month, and I certainly would if I happened to be situated as I was a few years ago. Of course, it is all right for the doting parents, the proud relatives and the sweethearts of those who are to receive diplomas, but when a fellow, for business reasons, has to sit through nine out of ten of the graduating ceremonies of the educational institutions in a city the size of Washington, as tell to my lot, existence is, to say the least, monotonous for the time being.

"I have a particular grievance against the valedictorians," the man of grumpy disposition went on to say, "They strike me as being all alike, especially the 'sweet girl graduate.' I can hear her now. Invariably she starts off like this:

"'Our lives are like a canoe gliding down a stream. Occasionally we encounter driftwood, which constitutes the obstacles of life.'

"Turning a page of her manuscript, the sweet girl always calls attention to the fact that:

"'Tennyson has truly said——'

"And then goes on to spring a sentence that has been used in a similar way as far back as we are able to remember.

"Of course the valedictory of the girl graduate would not be complete without:

"'To you, dear teachers, who have been ever patient with us——'

"I know 'em all by heart, and I don't believe I could stand another season of commencements if my life depended on my attending the exercises."—Denver Times.

The Dogs of Constantinople.

The kindness of Moslems toward these four-footed pariahs of their streets is the more astonishing when it is considered that the dog, being held to be an unclean animal, is never admitted into their houses. Concern for the welfare of this animal has indeed occasionally induced pious Turks to add to their good works testamentary bequests in favor of the dogs of their quarter of the city of which the "dean and chapter" of the mosques—or their Moslem equivalents—are constituted the permanent trustees and administrators. Some recent writers on Constantinople have asserted that the number of these canine lazzaroni of its streets have greatly diminished of late years One can, however, at the present day hardly walk a dozen yards, even in the European quarter of Pera, and still less in Stahboul, without being impeded by half a dozen or more dogs curled up in a row on the narrow pavement, or in the roadway. A driver many occasionally hurry them from under the wheels with a touch of his whip, but the pedestrian invariably walks round or steps over their prostrate bodies, and disturbs not their slumbers.—Good Words.

Her Reason Is Good

Annette—Why did you accept Jack instead of Tom? Jack, you know, has nothing, and Tom has half a million.

Eloise—Well, if you must know, Jack asked me, and Tom didn't.—Chicago News.

GIRL KILLS SUITOR

Encourages Him in Order to to Screen Meetings With Favorite Lover

RIVAL BETRAYS LATTER

Leads Revenue Officers to Former's Illicit Still and in Revenge Sweetheart Stabs Him.

TYRON CITY, S. C., June 3.—The marriage of Ralph Redmond and Lou Parris is a moonshine love story. In the fastnesses of the mountain near here eight years ago was an illicit still of a little party of moonshiners, skillful in evading the revenue officers.

At the head of this lawless band was Redmond. In this city dwelt the Parris family, and the only daughter, Lou, then aged sixteen, was the belle of the country. Redmond was a handsome fellow of twenty-two. Concealing his occupation from her he set out to woo and win Miss Parris. He did gain her heart, but before he could bind her at the altar Mr. Parris discovered his connection with the mountain still, and drove him away.

This opposition only fanned the flame of love.

Then appeared, in the person of William Johnson, another suitor for the hand of the girl, and he had the backing of Parris.

Lou Parris looked upon this new suitor as a shield for her meetings with Redmond, and appeared to welcome the new wooer's attentions. The girl deceived her father, but not Johnson. He discovered that his sweetheart frequently met Redmond.

Moonshiner Is Arrested.

He did not tax the girl with her perfidy. Neither did he proclaim his discovery. He simply waited to "get even." He did what to moonshiners is the meanest thing of which the human heart is capable. He led the "revenues" to the illicit still. The handsome and dashing Redmond, of all his gang, was the only one arrested. The government officers destroyed the plant. Redmond was taken to jail in Tyron City.

That same night twenty men came down the mountain, battered in the doors of the prison and carried off their leader in triumph. A price was set upon his head, but the offered reward availed nothing.

That Redmond and Lou Parris met at intervals is now known. That he told the girl that Johnson was his betrayer she herself told at a later day. Johnson was discarded. He began to circulate slanders against the girl's character.

One day Johnson received a note from Lou Parris asking him to meet her that night. He kept the tryst, and there met his death. The girl plunged a knife into his heart. She was indicted for murder, and when the trial came on she was permitted to plead guilty to murder in the second degree. Her sentence was fifteen years in the penitentiary near Columbia.

Waits Seven Years for Her.

Redmond changed his name, went to Spartansburg, and there obtained work. On visiting days he was the first to be admitted to the prison, and no official suspected that the prisoner's half-brother, as he was called, was Ralph Redmond.

Three years wore away. During this time influential friends of young Redmond had secured the quashing of the indictments against him. The King's Daughters became interested in Lou Parris and secured her pardon. A proviso attached ed to the executive clemency was that the convict agree to enter the House of the Good Shepherd, Baltimore, and there remain until the sisters pronounced her fit to return to the world. Four years ago the girl entered the institution, and remained there three years.

Hard on Alfred Austin.

"In this general attainment of high but occasional excellence only one well known writer of verse can be confidently reckoned on for never getting near real poetry. His name it is hardly necessary to mention.

The ruler of the British state
May make a bard a laureate;
But it is something more than hard
To make the laureate a bard.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CAS RANGES AND WATER HEATERS

Always Ready for Use.

With them there is no necessity of keeping up a hot fire all day to do a few minutes, work. We sell them at cost and make ordinary connections free of charge.

St. Paul Gas Light Company.

THINGS NOT AS THEY SEEM.

The Danger of Convicting on Circumstantial Evidence.

"If I am ever on a jury I'll never convict a man on circumstantial evidence, no matter how strong it may be." The speaker, who was president of a leading bank, took a pull at his cigar, and, settling back in the parlor car chair, continued: "I have known of two cases within the past month that would ordinarily have convicted, and they have proved to me that you can't count on circumstantial evidence.

"Several weeks ago a young man who keeps an account in our bank came in with the bank book of his mother, who also keeps an account there, and left it to be balanced. Soon afterward his mother received word that her account was overdrawn. The son answered the notice and was very indignant. He claimed that when he left the bank book he deposited a check for $125, which had not been credited to his mother's account, and he was so hot about it that he accused the teller of pocketing the money. It seemed such a serious case that the young man was promptly brought to my private office, where he repeated his charges.

"'That is a very serious charge you are making, young man—you are accusing one of our trusted employes with theft,' I said.

"'That is just what I do,' he replied, 'for I will swear that I deposited that check on the 3d of May, and mother's account is not credited with it.'

"'What kind of a check was it?' I asked.

"'A dividend check of the National Car Wheel company for $125.'

"'On what bank?'

"'The Park National Bank of New York.'

"I called up the Park National bank on the telephone, gave them the name, date and amount and all the particulars. The reply came in a very few minutes that the check was there—it had been paid to the bank across the street from ours, where it had been deposited by the proprietors of a big down-town department store, where the check had been originally indorsed and cashed. It had never been near our bank. Further investigations developed the fact that the young man had deposited a similar check to his own acount a month previous, and had got it mixed with his mother's account.

"If that had been money instead of a check that young man would always have believed our teller to be a thief."

"Was he convinced of his mistake?" asked a listener.

"Convinced! I should say he was. Turning to me with tears in his eyes, he said, 'Please send for that teller,' and when Mr. —— came, in answer to my summons, he said to him: 'Mr. ——, I accused you of stealing. Now, I want to go down on my knees before these gentlemen and humbly beg your pardon.' And he did."

"What was the other case?" asked another listener.

"Well, that seemed to be a clear case, too. A bellboy from one of the leading hotels came in and laid a depositor's bank book on the desk and went out. The teller thought, as nothing accompanied it, that it was to be balanced, and turned it over to the proper clerk. In a few minutes the colored boy returned and asked for the book.

"'Not ready yet,' was the reply.

"'It don't take that long to make a deposit, does it' asked the boy.

"'No, but you didn't deposit anything.

"'Deed I did. There was a hundred-dollar bill pinned to a paper in that book, sent by Mr. ——, of our hotel.'

"'Nothing in the book,' sternly replied the official.

"The boy seemed to be in earnest and began to cry, but those who had heard the details had come to the conclusion that the messenger was dishonest. Just then the telephone rang and the bank was informed that a deposit blank of our bank, with a $100 bill pinned to it, had been picked up in a drug store a couple of blocks away.

"Of course, that explained the whole thing. The boy had dropped the deposit, but if an honest man had not picked it up, that boy would have come pretty near being proved guilty on circumstantial evidence. It seems to me that there are two pretty clear cases knocked sky high."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THREE LITTLE FRENCH BULLS.

In France Calino Is the Character Who Makes All the "Bulls."

It is Calino, omnibus conductor, who says to a passenger who has a cigar in his hand: "If you want to smoke inside, you must go outside."

Calino, of course, sometimes happens to be alive. Witness the petition of an old soldier of the First Empire to Napoleon III.

In that petition the worthy hero asked for an extra pension, and as a special title to the consideration of the emperor, mentioned that during the Napoleonic wars he had been twice wounded, once in Waterloo, the other time in the right leg.

Calino is also the worthy who takes a seat back to the locomotive in a railroad and arrives very sick at his destination. "Why didn't you ask some one to change seats with you?" asked a friend. "Well," he says, "that's what I should have done—but unfortunately I was alone."—New York Journal.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

There are two dogs and another rabbit here. Find them.

Solution For Yesterday—One in the lower left hand corner of picture; one in foliage of tree, and the other in the bush at the gate post.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

Love and a Ghost

By ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

It was Cousin Susan's idea that the house in which she had been born and reared was haunted by the ghost of her father who had died of yellow fever somewhere in the early part of the nineteenth century. So she not only refused to live at "The Maples" herself, but also refused to allow others of her kith and kin who had not a comfortable habitation to dwell there. As Miss Susan Pennyfeather was rich and could dwell in Egypt or the Philippines if she so wished, it was all very well for her to leave the roomy old house to the ghost of her progenitor. It seemed very hard to the family of Peter Crosley, her cousin, who had no place to lay their heads save as Mr. Crosley sold a poem or a song or a piece of fiction by the error of some publisher and rented them a place. In other and more frequent intervals the family scattered to relatives and stored their few bits of furnishings.

"But it has all got to stop," declared Arabelle, the oldest girl, one summer day. "I shall go and live at 'The Maples,' and when Cousin Susan returns from India and finds it out she can eject me."

"But the ghost?" protested Peter, the father. "Cousin Susan says it is there and walks about the house as in life."

"That is highly probable," returned Arabelle, impudently winking her left eye, "but the ghost must expect the friendly visit of relatives. How original it all is! First cousin to a ghost! Why, is it not delicious! Anyhow, I'm going. If Cousin Susan had not wanted me to do something desperate, she should have traveled me, taken me with her, and thus added to the long list of international marriages."

"We certainly must do something," said Mrs. Peter, "and that quickly. We have no money."

"I shall move to 'The Maples' and invite you all for a long visit," said Arabelle decidedly. "Is there enough in hand to buy me a raidroad ticket, or must I sacrifice that hideous idol Cousin Susan just sent me to show me that there was a crying need of missionaries to Whangpur or some such province?"

"I wonder what Lionel will say?" put in Sophronia, the second girl.

Arabelle swept her a mocking courtesy.

"As a young Englishman he will rejoice in ancestral ghosts. As a discarded second son trying to live on nothing but work in America, he may say, 'Oh, what rot!'"

Peter Crosley looked up from a bundle of papers fretfully.

"I don't see why Mr. Lionel Carr's name is brought in at all. Arabelle has promised me to give him no encouragement."

Arabelle's rosy mouth quivered.

"Me encourage Lionel? Far be the thought from me. Why, papa, I have told you a thousand times that he doesn't need—or get—any encouragement from me. There, are you satisfied? Now, I shall sell my idol and go to 'The Maples.' I will prepare the way and you will pack up and follow at once. Don't mind parting with a few airy nothings in order to get there. Because, once there, we are housed, at least."

She sallied forth, light of heart, gay of speech and smile. No one ever knew whether Arabelle Crosley felt all she acted or not, but she was the life preserver that held up the whole family in their dark hours.

The idol was rather a cumbersome fellow, and Arabelle looked strange enough carrying the awkward bundle, head first, to the elevated road.

"I hope he will sell well," she was thinking. "He's a very holy idol, Cousin Susan wrote. I know that he is unearthly ugly and that his green eyes make me shudder. I wish I had a half dollar to take a cab."

But she had not the half dollar, and struggled up the steps bravely. She was a shrewd bargainer, and was going to the best curio store in the city. She was sure she might get as much as $10 for the thing, maybe more. She would go down to "The Maples," scare out the ghost and take possession. In her heart she did not believe in the ghost. The adventure had zest, however.

But Arabelle proposed, and could not dispose. As she stepped from the steps of the train station onto the pavement a hurrying man jostled her, and she staggered with her burden. There was a sharp crack against the nearest post and Cousin Susan's idol lay in several fragments. A crowd at once gathered and there was much laughter at the rolling head, with its horrible green glass eyes.

Suddenly a hand grasped it, a long brown hand that drew it away. Arabelle sprang forward.

"That is mine! Give it to me."

She was clinging to a sinewy arm that tried in vain to shake her off.

"You shall not have it. It is mine!" she panted.

Suddenly a strong blow threw the man backwards. Arabelle sprang for the idol's head and saved it a further humiliation. A voice said:

"Arabelle! You?"

"Yes," she gasped, "and Cousin Susan's idol. Isn't it a shame?"

The tall, fair Englishman was horrified.

"Here, boys, pick up the parts. Arabelle, we may be able to piece it together. But what were you doing with it out on the street?"

Ere he replied a stout gentleman with gold spectacles pushed forward.

"I was going to sell it," pouted Arabelle at the Englishman. "It's a horrid old thing."

"Perhaps," said the stout gentleman, "the young lady will sell even the pieces or the head. I will buy the head as it is."

Lionel Carr looked at the man and then at the hideous face of the idol. He looked from the one to the other and a light came on to his countenance, the light of knowledge.

"Keep the head, Arabelle," he said coldly, and to the man, "We will not sell."

Arabelle saw him gather up the pieces, then he called a cab.

"Let us go home," he said tersely.

This was Lionel in a new phase, but Arabelle loved cabs and she jumped in gayly. Lionel placed the head in her lap.

"Now explain," he said, "and I shall have several things to tell you after that."

Arabelle related her project of the ghost hunt with gusto. Lionel was relieved.

"That is a great lark," he said kindly, "but I must go with you. You can not go alone.

But Arabelle was never foolish.

"You know it is impossible," she said coldly.

"Oh, no, not if we just quietly slip away this afternoon and are married. It has to be—you say the things are at a crisis. Now consent—and I'll tell you two large and blooming reasons why—after you have said yes."

Her curiosity got the better of her in half an hour. Anyhow, she always meant to marry Lionel. He suited her. It was half an hour more ere he allowed her to question him.

"One is that I am called home to England. My uncle has left me some money."

"Oh—oh! And the other?"

"The other? Well, little girl, you do not have to ghost hunting or worry over your trousseau money. The eyes of that blamed old idol are about the finest emeralds I ever saw and are worth a pretty penny. But we will not inquire about that until after this other little matter is attended to—and then we'll invade "The Maples" as a very lively place in which to spend a honeymoon.

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