FOR and ABOUT WOMEN

NEED REPOSE SUNDAY

WHY BUSINESS WOMEN AREN'T INCLINED TO GO TO CHURCH

It Is Not From Lack of Reverence, but Because Those Who Work All the Week Require the Gospel of Repose, and Want Sabbath to Themselves.

A minister declared the other day that the women who are regular in their attendance at church are mistresses of homes and not business women. He also lectured men for their irregular attendance at church. A man who heard this unbraiding of business people for not attending church flared into resentment and declared that the person who works all the week needs "the real gospel of repose on Sunday," as a rule.

A business woman who heard the little sermon especially for working people who are irregular in their attendance at church, said:

"Yes, the average business woman is no more inclined to go to church than the average business man. Perhaps she is even less so, for she generally gets more tired than he, and she has ways of spending her time on Sunday from which he fortunately is excluded.

"This is not from the business women's lack of love and reverence for the church, but only because they want the day to themselves. It requires too much nervous energy and strength to dress and then sit through a two or three hours' service, and the woman who works hard all week wants one day in seven upon which the thoughts of rising will not hang heavily upon her heart when she wakens.

"She wants to rise leisurely and look the papers over without a sense of haste. She wants to dawdle over her dressing and attend to the hundred and one odd things for which she can find no time during the week. She wants a day when she can wash her hair, sew on a button or two, put a stitch here and there, arrange boxes and drawers, wash a few handkerchiefs, write a friendly note or two, fall asleep in the afternoon over a book or magazine, and get a little strength for the toil and money-getting of the coming week.

"I have asked a good many business women if they go to church, and the reply usually has been negative.

"I have found this to be true even of women who had been considered church devotees before they were obliged to become self-supporting, and I don't think there would be any use in starting a crusade for the evangelization of the business women.

"Unless the weekly grind which makes the day of rest so desperately necessary to her can be mitigated, she will never go to church more than semi-occasionally. However much she may regret the necessity herself, it is impossible for her to do otherwise."

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Alcohol and water constitute a good washing fluid for fine cut and plate glass. Soaps, cleaning powders and polishing preparations are apt to scratch and dim highly polished surfaces. Only old, soft towels should be used for wiping glass.

If a large cedar packing chest be included in the household belongings, then the family owns a genuine treasure, which is fully appreciated when storing winter clothing. In place of a cedar chest in many houses cupboards are built with cedar shelves and when the doors are tightly closed it answers the same purpose as the chest. An ordinary cupboard or packing box may be utilized effectively for storing woolens and furs if well sprinkled with oil of cedar. Care must be exercised so that the oil will not come in contact with the articles to be packed, as it will leave a stain.

A professional cleaner made a spot on delicate silk disappear in the following manner: Instead of attacking the ugly mark at once, he began about ten inches from it. He stretched a scrap of thin white broadcloth on the end of his finger, dipped it lightly in gasoline and worked quickly around the spot in wheel-like sweeps, getting nearer and nearer the stain which yielded in a few minutes to gentle but steady rubbing. The gradual approach to cleansing the stain he explained did away with all danger of leaving the halo one often has to sponge out after a stain disappears.

By a very simple means one can renovate yards of velvet without the least strain on the temper. If you possess a chafing dish you only have to light the newly filled blazer and place over it the hot water pan filled with boiling water from the tea kettle. By this means a continuous supply of steam is secured. If one has not a chafing dish tiny gas and oil stoves are to be purchased for a few cents at the 5 and 10-cent counters. One has only to light one of them and place a shallow pan of boiling water upon it to obtain the steam. Spread a newspaper on a table, set the lamp or stove on it and lay out the pieces of velvet that are to be renovated. Before commencing work brush the velvet. An ordinary whisk broom is too harsh and will scratch delicate material. All spots should be entirely cleaned with gasoline, and when this is dry and the velvet thoroughly shaken it should be held over the steam until all the marks disappear and the surface of the velvet is all the same. The wrong side of the velvet is held toward the steam, but not close enough to moisten or wet the goods.

SOCIAL.

Mrs. Philip Moore, of St. Louis, president of the Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs and well known for her prominence in the National Federation of Musical Clubs, is visiting in Minneapolis. Monday morning, from 10 till 12, a reception will be given in her honor by the Commercial club of Minneapolis and the officers of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at the Commercial club rooms in that city. Mrs. E. M. La Penotiere and Mrs. Moore will be assisted in receiving by the officers of the federation now in the Twin Cities. A general invitation is extended to the club women of St. Paul and Minneapolis and their friends to be present. Mrs. Moore will be accompanied by her daughter, Miss Moore, who is a Vassar graduate, and the alumnae and students of Vassar living in the Twin Cities are invited to meet her. It is expected that Mrs. Moore will make an informal address.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley B. Finch have announced the engagement of their daughter, Lilla, to Sewall D. Andrews, of Minneapolis. The wedding will take place some time in October.

* * *

Mrs. George Hinsler, of East Seventh street, will entertain a party of friends from Kansas City at dinner this evening.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Boyeson are entertaining a house party at their summer home at Bald Eagle lake.

* * *

Miss Gauder, of Como boulevard, gave a dinner party last night in honor of the Misses Michael, of Ohio.

* * *

Mrs. S. B. Green will give a dinner party tomorrow evening in honor of Prof. and Mrs. F. D. Tucker.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Schuette will give an informal tea this afternoon at her home in St. Anthony Park.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bowe, of Dayton avenue, will entertain informally this evening at cards.

* * *

Mrs. Gardiner Blake, of St. Anthony Park, gave a reception yesterday afternoon.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The St. Paul Union of Primary and Intermediate Sunday School Teachers will meet this afternoon in the parlors of the House of Hope church. Mrs. Boardman will have charge of the opening and closing exercises and Mrs. Judd will teach the lesson.

The board of managers of the Bethel will give a midsummer tea this afternoon at the home of Rev. J. W. Martin, 1707 Hewitt avenue, Hamline. The gathering will be an out-of-doors affair.

The Hamilton Whist club played yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Wells, at Mahtomedi, White Bear lake. A luncheon was served.

The Ladies' Aid Society No. 12 of the St. Paul Camp No. 1, Sons of Veterans, will hold a regular meeting tonight at Odd Fellows' hall.

Mrs. A. B. Hibbard, of Highwood, will entertain the Ladies' Aid Society of the Garfield W. R. C. this afternoon at her home.

The Young People's Society of the First Lutheran Church gave a river excursion last night on the steamer J. J. Hill.

The board of managers of the Woman's Christian home will meet this afternoon at the home on North street.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the A. O. H. gave a basket picnic yesterday on Harriet island.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. George Hensler and son Norbert, of East Seventh street, have returned from a tour through Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek, Denver and Kansas City.

Mrs. R. A. Merrill, of Clark street, is entertaining Miss Nellie Lapham, of Boston, and Mrs. F. S. Lapham, of Anoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Floete, who have been spending a few days with Mrs. John W. Willis, have gone to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Roussopouls, of Goodrich avenue, will leave next week for an extended trip in the South.

Rev. W. J. Tell, of Manitowoc, Wis., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Tell, of Ashland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Guiterman, of Mackubin street, will go to Atlantic City next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Floan, of Ashland avenue, will return next week from the East.

Miss Lillian Egan, of Nelson avenue, has returned from a visit in Pine City.

Miss Rose Newman, of Ashland avenue, has returned from Waconia.

Mrs. J. E. Adams, of Goodrich avenue, is visiting in Cleveland, Ohio.

Judge and Mrs. Finehout have returned from a trip on the lakes.

Miss Stella Johnston, of Dayton avenue, left last night for the East.

Miss Caroline Austin has returned from the East.

Women Send Greeting to the Pope.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 6.—At a quarterly meeting of the board of supreme trustees of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association of the United States today congratulations were sent to Pius X. The following delegates to the national fraternal congress at Milwaukee, Aug. 23, were selected:

Supreme President Mrs. E. B. McGowan, Buffalo; Supreme Recorder Mrs. J. A. Royer, Erie, Pa.; Supreme Trustees Miss Alice Delaney, Buffalo; Mrs. Katherine Dowling, Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Katherine Gaughran, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Margaret F. Gallagher, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Miss Julia A. Ward, Chicago; and Supreme Medical Examiner Dr. Jane W. Carroll, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Stanford Circling the Earth.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford sailed today on a two-year trip around the world.

GOOD WARM-WEATHER DISHES.

A boned turkey or chicken is an acceptable dish in warm weather. Select a fat hen turkey. A freshly killed fowl is positively necessary for this purpose, as the skin of a frozen fowl is too tender to be successfully boned.

Cut off the legs at the joint of the drumstick, and the tips of the wings, but do not touch the bird otherwise.

With a sharp, slender boning knife (one may be purchased at any good cutler's for about 40 cents) cut through the bird (to the bone) at the back from the neck down to where there is very little flesh, only skin and fat.

Beginning at the neck, run the boning knife between the flesh and the bones until you come to the wing. Cut the tendons that hold the flesh, and press it from the bones with finger and thumb. When you come to the joint of the wing carefully separate the ligaments and remove the bone. Do not disturb the bone in the second part of the wing, as it does not interfere with carving. Push all the flesh you can off the bones with your finger and thumb.

In the same way work around the leg to remove the bones, and finally turn the entire bird inside out.

Draw the skin from the breast bone and run the knife between the fat and the bone at the rump, leaving a small piece at the extreme end to hold the skewer.

After you have removed the flesh from the bones turn the bird right side out again. Rub it with salt, stuff with forcemeat dressing and after pulling it into as good a shape as possible sew up the back, neck and vent. Truss the bird in the same way you would if it had not been boned. With a strong piece of heavy cotton pin it firmly up, drawing the cotton very tight at the legs, as this is the widest part. Steam the bird in a steamer for three hours. Baste it well with butter, pepper, salt and flour. Roast it for one hour in the oven, basting it every ten minutes, using stock every other time.

When it is cold remove the skewers and strings used to truss it. Garnish on a platter with aspic jelly and parsley. When carving it cut thick slices off the neck, where it will be quite fat, remove the wings, then cut up the rest in thin slices. Serve a little aspic jelly with each slice.

This turkey is not drawn in the regular way, but the interior parts are removed with the skeleton when it is turned inside out off its bones.

Stuffing for Boned Turkey.

Any appropriate forcemeat of chicken or turkey may be used to stuff a boned fowl. To stuff a turkey weighing eight pounds, or two boned chickens weighing about four pounds each, use the flesh of one chicken weighing four pounds, one pound of clear, lean veal, one pound of salt pork, one cup of rolled and sifted cracker crumbs, two eggs, one cupful of broth, two and a half tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of summer savory, one of sweet marjoram, one of thyme, half a spoonful of sage, a tablespoonful of capers, a quart of solid oysters, two tablespoonfuls of onion juice obtained by grating.

Let the flesh of the chicken be uncooked and free from any tough pieces. Mix it with the uncooked veal and the salt pork; chop or grind the whole as fine as you can. Add the quart of oysters whole. Add the seasoning and cracker crumbs and mix thoroughly.

Boned turkey is hardly equal to an unboned bird properly roasted. Considerable flavor is lost in separating the flesh from the bones. It is much more easily handled, however, and can be quickly carved at a luncheon or picnic party in the woods when the guests are sitting or standing about.

Aspic Jelly.

A quart of aspic jelly may be made of one and a half pints of bright consomme, half a box of gelatin, the white of one egg, half a cup of cold water, two cloves, one slice of onion, twelve peppercorns, one stalk of celery and a salt spoonful of salt. Soak the gelatin for two hours in the cold water. Put the other ingredients over the fire and simmer for twenty minutes, after they boil. Add the melted gelatin and strain the whole through a napkin into a mold or dish to harden. Sometimes the juice of half a lemon is added to this jelly.

NOTES ON NEEDLEWORK.

One of the uses to which raffia lends itself is the making of small picture frames. One would not attempt a thing of this sort on a large scale, of course. As a preliminary, the raffia needs to be thoroughly soaked in water and carefully smoothed out to its full width. Take the raffia and wind it smoothly while still wet over the frame, which may be of any shape desired, and should be made of stiff cardboard. Round frames are easiest and prettiest to do. When a beveled frame is desired, a second smaller frame is secured in position upon the first, and the raffia wound over the two. When an oblong or square frame is selected, perforate a line of small holes extending from the inner to the outer edge of the frame at each corner. When one side has been covered, the winding is continued through the line of holes until the upper half of that corner is covered. Then continue as before, covering the other half of the corner and its adjoining side.

Handsome effects for summer sofa pillows are obtained by darning huckaback, the well known towel material. Huckaback, or huck, as it is popularly called, comes now in a great variety of dainty colors and tints, such as ecru, that one finds in the shops are stamped upon cambric, pink, blue or green, as the case may be. Avoid the pink patterns, as pink will prove trying to the eyes.

Finley-Tupper.

Special to The Globe.

HASTINGS, Minn., Aug. 6.—B. E. Finley, of Senecaville, Ohio, and Miss Ida N. Tupper, late of Panora, Iowa, were married this evening at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Fred C. Ross. Rev. M. B. Critchett officiated. Only relatives and immediate friends were present. Following the ceremony an informal reception was held. The groom is principal of the Guthrie county high school at Panora, and the bride is a graduate of the state normal school of Cedar Falls, Iowa, and for some time past a teacher in the Panora high school. Mr. and Mrs. Findlay left for Chicago, and will be at home at Panora, Iowa, after Sept. 7.

Reign of the Practical.

To suggest to the average young woman that wealth and position weigh more with her in the choice of a husband than love would probably excite her indignation. There are two reasons for this.

Most young women like to think that they are the counterpart of the popular stage heroine who, when asked to choose between the wealthy suitor and impecunious lover, unhesitatingly declares that she prefers love in a cottage to a life of luxurious misery in a mansion.

This is a practical age, and, although the days of romance are by no means past, the present day young woman, while recognizing the value of love, is apt to look at a man's worldly possessions before deciding to accept him for a husband.

And perhaps it is as well that she should do so. For while marriage without sincere mutual love is not to be recommended, seeing that such a union would be likely to result in much misery and unhappiness for all concerned, one must not lose sight of the truism that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window.

What can be more natural than that a woman whose youth has perhaps been spent in continual drudgery should look forward to marrying a man who is in a position to provide her with a comfortable home?

Perhaps for years she has had to work hard for a scanty pittance, which has scarcely sufficed to provide for her bare needs. Or, again, she may be one of a large and poor family who have always experienced the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet.

Some girls, of course, are quite content to marry a man and continue the struggle for existence to which they have always been accustomed. But life is a very uninviting prospect, and one can scarcely blame a young woman who accepts the offer of a suitor who can remove her from the struggle with poverty, even though he may not have won her entire love.

The Alligator Pear.

Many advocates of the use of the alligator pear, that lustrous green stranger with the tough skin, say that it has the merits of both food and medicine and is remarkable nutritious, besides having that quality of flavor that seems nicer the more you know about it.

It can be eaten one morning plain, the next with pepper and salt, like a salad, the next with lemon juice and sugar, and the partaker cannot tell in which guise it is most delicious, being so satisfactory in all.

Then it can be served with madeira or sherry as a dessert and made into a pie if need be; only connoisseurs do not especially recommend the pie, except for those pie enthusiasts who can be taught to know and love a strange fruit only through that familiar medium. It gains in popularity in New York yearly.

It is said the oil in the alligator pear has superior nutritive value to the olive oil or to that yielded by peanuts, and that it is almost equal to a fresh egg in food value. It is in reality one of the laurel family, not the pear.

Few people of the tropical cities would willingly do without it, and it is valued and beloved both in Mexico and in China. A small orchard of this fruit is bearing down at Palm Beach, Fla. It was founded by French growers, who anticipate great success. California now has several orchards of it. The Brazilian variety is pronounced finer than either the Chinese or Mexican.

Don't Wear Buttoned Shoes.

A boot authority declares that a woman with big, shapeless feet can afford to wear only a laced shoe, and never a low shoe of any kind.

Buttoned shoes are not to be recommended, a pretty foot suffering considerably in these.

No matter how firm the buttons, they "give" to the motions of the feet, and if worn regularly entirely ruin a pretty ankle. Laced shoes, on the other hand, tend greatly toward the correction of any faults a foot may possess.

Buttoned shoes encourage the spreading out and unnatural development of a good shaped foot and are the cause of many a weak ankle.

Pioneer's Golden Wedding.

Special to The Globe.

CAMBRIDGE, Minn., Aug. 6.—Saturday evening George W. Nesbitt and Martha Nesbitt will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding at their home here. Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt were married in Delaware county, New York, Aug. 8, 1853. In September, 1856, they located in Minnesota and have lived her ever since. In the early days Mr. Nesbitt conducted a hotel at Brunswick and here congregated many men who have since taken a prominent part in the political and business interests of the state. Mr. Nesbitt entered the mercantile business at Isanti and later the business was removed here. In middle age Mr. Nesbitt studied law and was county attorney of this county. Twelve children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt and of these eight are still living, and most of them will attend the golden wedding. Mr. Nesbitt is hale and hearty at seventy-six year and reads The Globe every day.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

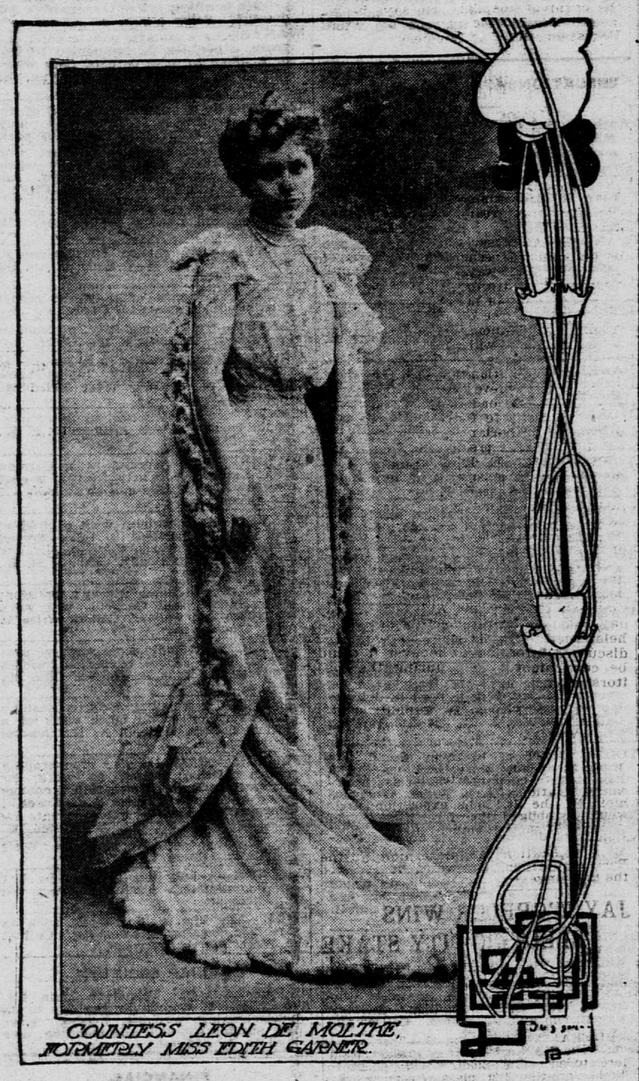
How has woman kept pace in the world's progress, handicapped as she is by the things she wears? asks Good Housekeeping. Put a sane-minded, sound-bodied man of fortitude and controlled impulses into high-heeled shoes, long skirts, "done up" hair, a picture hat with veil and pins, start him down a boulevard, and he will be in a frenzy with impatience and discomfort before covering the first block, ready to fight the fellow being who might by accident step on his draperies. Add to his impediments a fitted-in corset, and he would collapse in Promethean helplessness.

Chopped watercress and delicate lettuce leaves make delicious sandwiches for a garden party luncheon, also very thin, waferlike slices of thoroughly pared lemon on bread and butter. Boston brown bread and home-made white bread, both cut very thin and spread thickly with peanut butter, make a variety pleasing to both eye and taste, says Harper's Bazar. The two kinds of bread should be laid evenly together, put under a heavy weight in piles of not more than four sandwiches in depth, and when the weight is removed, cut out in figures, round, diamond shaped, etc., with sharp tin molds. This adds greatly to their daintiness and attractiveness. If hot Russian tea be served at a garden party it should be accompanied with thin strips of bread and butter, spread with cavair mixed with lemon juice. In the matter of cakes served at such affairs, nut wafers, almond strips, almost anything that is not sticky or too crumbly is desirable. In serving creams and ices a pretty fancy is to have the former in tall glasses, with a generous supply of whipped cream on the top of each, a rose or some single attractive blossom on the plate beneath, or, in the case of ices, a slice may be served on a plate with the blossom laid gracefully beside it. When the frappe is to be home-made, vanilla parfait is one of the daintiest and most convenient things to have, as it does not require to be put into the freezer. To make it beat the whites of six eggs very stiff; cook a cup of water and a cup of sugar till it forms a ball in your fingers, and slowly beat this syrup into the egg; add flavoring and beat till cold; then lightly add a quart of cream whipped stiff; put this in square molds, which close tightly, and bury in ice and salt for five hours. This quantity will serve fourteen persons.

For country dwellers, who may desire the blossoms of a favorite rose for some "special occasion," a homely but effective method of keeping the buds at that particular degree of "half blowness" that gives a chalicelike beauty of outline, with more than a hint of the deep heart color, is as follows: When the bud reaches the stage which betokens a bursting on the morrow, take strips of old linen a little wider than the blossoms are deep, and wind "gently, but firmly," about each, to the number desired in reservation, and pin together lightly at tip and base. The linen should be two or three thicknesses deep about each bud to exclude the coaxing rays of the morning sun. Late evening, when the bud is cool and perhaps dew moistened, is the best time for its imprisonment. In this condition buds will "stand still" for two or more days, thereby greatly increasing the available supply of desirable blossoms when their slower sister have caught up with them and the fete day arrives.

A woman renowned for her share of the "grace of hospitality" makes a point of having her luncheon or dinner flowers harmonize with her toilets. At "second breakfast" she appears, for instance, in a trailing gown of yellow, and the table reflects a glory of tea roses, heavy and dewy and sweet. At dinner, perhaps there will be a profusion of the graceful, richly colored fuchsia, and the hostess's gown, of soft crepe, running the gamut from palest mauve to deepest purple, emphasizes the unique effect. Incidentally, the fuchsia is a flower rarely used in table decoration, but especially adapted, nevertheless, to an artistic pyramidal effect, and unsurpassed in grace of spray point and bud arrangement.

TO GET OVER $1,000,000



COUNTESS LEON DE MOLTKE, FORMERLY MISS EDITH GARNER.

Countess Leon von Moltke, one of the three daughters of the late W. T. Garner, married a nephew of the great German strategist, Von Moltke. She will shortly visit America to claim her third share in the fortune of $4,000,000 left by the estate of her father to three daughters.

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Fingers roughened by needlework catch every stain and look hopelessly dirty. **Hand Sapolio** removes not only the dirt, but also the loosened, injured cuticle, and ***restores the fingers to their natural beauty.***

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* **and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.**

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Because It Happened So

BY H. L. MARRINER.

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"Now too late—now too late," ticked the great walnut clock high on the wall of the bank.

Jack Cavendish, head bookkeeper of the bank, gazed at the clock, absent-mindedly, thinking that it seemed to have spoken the words.

"Now too late—now too late."

"Damn it all," muttered Cavendish, running his hand through his hair, and turning to his ledger. The great room was silent except for the ticking of the clock.

The figures on the fat gray book seemed to run together; the red lines seemed to zig-zag up and down and across in a way no ledger lines should rightly run.

There was nothing at all wrong with the figures. They were carefully made in a hand made proficient by years of accurate work. Cavendish marveled that he had managed to keep them so.

"Now too late."

He buried his face in his shirt sleeves and a single tear ran down and plumped on the open book, streaking its white surface with faint blue.

Cavendish jerked himself up, took up the glistening drop mechanically with the corner of a blotter and closed the book. He sighed and placed it in the warm vault in which a single electric light glowed, and mechanically closing the ponderous door, he pushed open the heavy portal and stepped out into the night.

His face was hot and his eyes left heavy and feverish.

"Workin' late, ain't you, Mr. Cavindish?" greeted the night watchman.

The bookkeeper spoke to him mechanically, hesitated on the stone steps and turned up the street toward the South side.

In his troubled brain there was a species of self-pity mixed with a resentment, grim and savage conditions. It was that feeling he reflected hazily that creates in a man a desire to drink—to get drunk—to do something—anything to forget.

It was hideous. The lights on the corners shone coldly on him as he passed. Cavendish scarcely noted them, for he was thinking of what would be called a tragedy in real life. The end of the story was near he knew—he was walking straight toward the ending of it.

The story had its beginning a year before at a public picnic where Cavendish had gone in mere idleness. He remembered that, in a pitiful attempt at self-defense and partial justification.

At this picnic he had met Stella Berger. The fates or the evil, Cavendish did not know which, had caused her to shine out from the mass of young women there like a golden-haired goddess.

Beneath the high-piled mass of gold her eyes were soft and gray and set in a delicate oval face. Her plain white dress was an agreeable contrast to the finery of the rest of them.

Cavendish was with her all that day, and at its close had been invited to call.

Cavendish dimly remembered the shock he had experienced on finding that the parents of Stella were hopeless from a social standpoint, and that old Berger, the father of that sweet, muslin-clad girl, chewed tobacco publicly and ate with his knife.

Also he watered the street with a hose in his soiled shirt sleeves.

They had hospitably pressed him to stay to supper, and half ashamed of the situation and wholly ashamed of his acceptance of a hospitality he mentally criticised, he had yielded.

There the trouble had its beginning. He came into the habit of dropping in when on his way home. He frequently sent little presents of candy and books to Stella as a species of self-justification for never going out with her.

Whenever he would appear Stella would be frankly glad to see him, and the old man would glance at her mother with elephantine humor and indicate that they were not needed.

Sometimes he would jokingly poke Cavendish in the ribs with a fat elbow and grin heavily at nothing.

Then one night when they had all retired except himself and the girl the devil had entered his soul and in the dim passage he had taken her in his arms and kissed her until she clung to him dizzily and happily and wept in very joy.

That night Cavendish drank heavily for the first time in his life and friends found him and sent him home in a cab wondering mightily at his "break."

And there in the dainty little South side flat was Clarice—Clarice who for two years had patiently waited for his promotion that they might rent a cottage such as both had admired and live their lives together.

Clarice, who even now was making table linen and dainty things for the home to come. Cavendish ground his teeth together at the thought.

The next time he went to the Berger home he remembered how old Berger had shaken him solemnly by the hand, and Stella's mother had wept unbeautifully.

And Stella—Stella had been open in her regard for him and had put up her pretty lips to him as soon as he came in the house and had blushingly clung to him before them all.

Cavendish pulled himself together as he neared the flat building on the South side. He looked at his watch. It was barely 9 o'clock and there was a light in the window. Clarice was used to his "having to work at night, poor boy."

He shivered as with a sudden fit of ague, but did not stop.

The little flat with its dainty furnishings brought to him the fearful contrast of the Berger home with its hideous glass vases and coarse china and gaudy parlor furniture.

The girl with happy eyes approached him.

"No, Clarice," he said, holding her off by both delicate shoulders, "wait dear—I have something to tell you. No, I'm not sick, dear, only sick at heart."

"Sit here beside me," he said. "But don't for God's sake touch me."

And there beside her on the dear old sofa he told her everthing. The girl listened in silence, her slender hands clasped in her lap, and her lips paling and trembling.

When the whole story was told, Cavendish rose to his feet and walked unsteadily across the mantel and laying his head upon his arms broke into wild, tearless sobs.

The face of the girl, at first anxious, became pale and gray and drawn, but the blue eyes under the waving hair regarded him through the story with the look of a mother.

"Poor boy," she said, placing her hand on his bowed head. "How you must have suffered. Jack, have you told me everything—think Jack—everything?"

There was the silence of the grave.

"No, Clarice," he said at length. "There is something else. I couldn't tell you, child."

She started back, her face like ashes.

"Go to her, Jack," she said unsteadily. "Go to her. She needs you now—don't mind about me, boy."

Cavendish placed both hands on her shoulders in the old familiar way and looked into her eyes. His brain seemed giving way.

"Dear," he said, "dear, is this the end?"

"Yes, Jack—go now. Don't kiss me. Kiss my forehead just once, boy."

The door slammed noisily through the echoing halls of the building.

When little black Minerva came to turn out the lights she found the girl, her face buried in the gay sofa pillows weeping as if her heart would break.

"Fo Gawd, Miss Clarissy," she said, "is you sick? I gottuh git yuh to baid, honey. Com 'long wif yo' Nervy."

STRANGER FROM THE SOUTH.

Starts to Explore the Wonders of Broadway and Gets in Trouble.

It was evident that a dignified stranger from the South had come to town for the first time and was exploring Broadway. He stole a glance at the flower girl on the corner and jammed his left shoulder into a Wall street banker. Both grunted. As he turned to apologize to the banker a blow in his side whirled him around bringing him face to face with a young woman who seemed in a dreadful hurry. He sprang lightly aside to let her pass and came down on the toe of a portly Vesey street merchant, who scowled viciously, paid no attention to his "I beg youah pahdon, sir," and hastened on. A long beam on the head of an Italian swung round, taking the stranger's silk hat off. His quick stoop to rescue it suddenly checked the rapid progress of a member of congress, who swore softly. The impact sent Sir Dignity down toward the pavement so fast that he put one hand through the crown of his hat. Gathered up when the back of his head caught ering in the wreck he started to straight-the chin of the garter man of the Park bank, putting that worthy's jaw out of business.

A kind-hearted policeman took charge of the old gentleman and gave him some useful advice, which he thus jotted down in his memorandum book: "To see Broadway: "Push right along as if you were trying to catch a train. Look neither to the right or left. Don'e see anybody. Don't try to get out of anybody's way. Never stop to apologize, even though you knock a man in the gutter. Walk straight ahead and he will think it was his own fault. Don't lose your temper."—New York Press.