FOR THE FAIR SEX

FOUNDS A NEW CULT

BROOKLYN WOMAN CLAIMS SHE IS THE WORLD'S SAVIOR.

A Minneapolis Man, She Says, Is the Reincarnation of St. Peter, and She Has About Her the Other Eleven Apostles.

Nearly every day brings forth some new ism and ology, or fad and fancy in the religious or ethical line, and the latest development of this kind is the "Manna Mysteria" of Brooklyn, a woman who has established a new cult and promises to reap quite a harvest of notoriety. She is a Jewish girl who claims to have discovered about six years ago that she was endowed with supernatural powers, and now she is the feminine manifestation of Christ. Aside from the horrible blasphemy of this claim, there is not novelty about it, for it is practically what has been claimed by others. Strange to say, this Brooklyn woman has a great many followers, which shows how gullible are some persons and how utterly at sea they are religiously—as the scripture says, "blown about by every wind of doctrine."

However, the Broklyn woman goes her predecessors one better, by having the twelve Apostles by her side, which means that a dozen able-bodied men are given over to this new fad and ready to defend the feminine religionist. Probably they are all supported by the dollars of the gullible. In a recent account of this strange cult a picture of the man who impersonates St. Peter is given, with an account of his career. He claims to have walked all the way from Minneapolis to become a disciple of Manna, and this reminds us again of the luck of our sister city has in obtaining the center of the stage. He felt the strange power of Manna all the way from Brooklyn, calling him and drawing him to become a disciple, and when he arrived Manna made the discovery that he was the reincarnation of St. Peter and she at once put him at the head of the Apostles. Strange luck again of the flour city! A Minneapolis man at the head of the Apostolic college! With the modesty which is characteristic of our twin, "St. Peter," said he desired to have his portrait published without retouching, as he wants the world to see him as he really is. After looking at the pictured presentation of the Minneapolis "St. Peter," and reflecting upon this request, one comes inevitably to the conclusion that Peter is a man of no conceit, or he would have allowed the retouching process to proceed. But, of course, a man who has the burden of a new religion upon his shoulders would not have much time for sartorial effects. Really there seems to be a special Providence caring for children, fools—and Minneapolis.

Marie

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Miss Grace Doran has left New York and sailed for Cuba, where she will remain the coming winter.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. T. C. Jones, of Grand avenue, gave a small tea in honor of Mrs. Harbaugh, of Seattle.

* * *

On Thursday Miss Marvin, of the Angus, will give a luncheon at the Country club, and on Friday evening a dance at the same place.

* * *

Mrs. Byrne, of Laurel avenue, has gone to New York and Washington.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Edwards, of Goodrich avenue, have returned from New York.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Bole are entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, of Barnesville.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Boardman, of Dayton avenue, have returned from White Bear.

* * *

Mrs. J. C. McCaul, of Ashland avenue, is entertaining Mrs. McDonald, of Seattle.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Patterson gave a small card party Saturday evening in honor of their tenth wedding anniversary.

* * *

Mrs. Mitchell, of St. Cloud, has been spending a few days with Mrs. Edgerton, of Portland avenue.

* * *

Mrs. Hughes, of Lincoln avenue, will soon issue invitations for a tea to introduce her daughter, Miss Lillian Hughes.

* * *

The Misses Willius, of Hoffman avenue, will give a card party Saturday afternoon.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McKibben, of Virginia avenue, have returned from White Bear.

THE CONVENTION AT MANKATO.

This morning all roads lead to Mankato for the clubwomen of the state, whose annual convention opens today at the First Presbyterian church in Mankato. The council, or executive board will convene at 1, and at 2 the state president will open the general meeting. The programme is an excellent one, and the clubwomen are to be honored this year by the presence of the national president, Mrs. D. T. Denison, of New York, who will make an address before the convention on Wednesday night. On Thursday night the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, will speak.

Among the clubwomen who will go down from St. Paul today are Mrs. C. A. Dibble, Miss Obenauer, Miss Bailey, Mrs. R. F. Dorr, Mrs. J. W. Edgerton, Mrs. Mitchell, of St. Cloud; Mrs. Samuel Joy, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Conde Hamlin, Mrs. A. T. Bigelow, Mrs. John Wharry, Mrs. C. N. Akers, Mrs. John Dale and Mrs. W. E. Dockstader. Full accounts of the proceedings of the convention will appear on this page each day.

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Proves that "Chidlow" Bread is good. Buy a loaf and see.
102 Ward-Corby Co.

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.

Small maidens of any age between eight and twelve have many pretty fashions shown for them, in many cases very elaborate. The very fussy models are never very sensible to choose from, however, unless they are to be kept for very formal affairs, as the afternoon play frequently turns into a romp, and then either the dress suffers or the child, in her knowledge that it must not be harmed, spends a wretched hour in avoiding the fun.

The frock shown in today's sketch is a happy medium, being suitable to wear to neighborhood tea parties where the last doll's charms are discussed, and quite nice enough for the holiday afternoons when there is the precious half hours with the "grown-ups" at their "real afternoon tea," after the drive has been long and chilly. It is of ivory white velling, the skirt in five gores, finished with a four-inch hem and gathers at waist line, where it is attached to the blouse waist, which is made for a guimpe.

The back as well as the front of the waist blouses a little over the soft Roman sash, which is tied at the back in a large bow. The neck is finished by a circular bond continued on fronts in rever effects, piped on both edges with white satin buttons. The accordion plaited border frill and the two others which form the shoulder cape are of ivory white batiste, edged with Valenciennes lace. The sleeve is finished with a cuff having both edges piped, the upper one trimmed with buttons and bordered with a narrow plaiting of the batiste. The guimpe may be of the batiste with tucks or smocked fullness, or with dainty lace insertions, which are always pretty.

It is well to use fine material and good quality lace in the guimpes, for the frequent washing soon destroys inferior goods. Sash ribbons, too, should be carefully chosen, for unless both firm and soft, they will quickly become stringy and show the marks from tying. The Roman sash has again come into favor, and the well known exquisite blending of colors is more than gratifying to the eye.

Winona Federation Officers.

Special to The Globe.

WINONA, Minn., Oct. 12.—The Winona Federation of Women's Clubs has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. J. F. Millspaugh; vice presidents, Mrs. Edward Lees, Mrs. N. S. Lane and Mrs. G. F. Wruck; recording secretary, Mrs. H. J. Willis; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. W. Booth; treasurer, Mrs. Enoch Stott.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS

Why is the American girl so desirous of marrying into the nobility? From one high authority comes the assertion that a fashionable girl yearns for a title regardless of the man with whom she must share it. But, while ambition is said to inspire this step, it is said also the ambition lies with the girl, not the mother. Aspiring mammas have borne more than their share of blame. In books and plays American mothers are represented as eager to sell their daughters for the joy of posing as the mothers of noble women. After all most of the American girls do their own choosing.

While Yankee maids are seeking titles, it is a fact that many fashionable women in London have no other "handle" than plain "Mrs." In the king's own set most of the shining lights are untitled, and if the king does not insist upon having titled women about him why should anyone else? Of English women none are of greater importance than Mrs. George Keppel and Mrs. "Willie" James. Wherever a hostess has the king to dinner these two women are invited. Mrs. Cornwallis West "queened" things in the Continental spas, where women of title were compelled to play second fiddle to her. Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, although allied with nobility, is just plain "Mrs." and in London she holds her head high above a score of mere viscountesses. Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Ronalds, American women, have prestige. While Mrs. Adair has the right to call herself Lady Adair, she clings to the homlier name.

Mrs. Williams is one of the few women on an intimate footing with the Duchess of Connaught, and Mrs. Bradley Martin has pushed her way to the front, although her daughter, the Countess of Craven, gave her a slight impetus. Other women whose names dot the court papers are Mrs. John Mencies, Mrs. Jack Cumming, Mrs. Guy Fairfax, Mrs. Gervase Beckett, Mrs. "Willie" Lawson, Miss Grenfell, Miss Van Wart and Mrs. Albert Petre.

Girls who wish to get married should lose no time in starting in for a career of golf. There seems to be an odd connection between the golf course and the altar. Several champions have found husbands as soon as they have become prominent golfers. Miss Genevieve Hecker, when at the pinnacle of her golfing career, was married to Edward Stout. Mrs. E. A. Manice, as Miss Caroline Frazer, was a great golfer and won her husband by defeating him by "nine up." Now comes the news that Miss Bessie Anthony, the champion, will be a November bride. She will become Mrs. B. S. Horne, of Chicago. Mr. Horne was attracted to her through seeing her wield her clubs. Still Miss Anthony was always one of the most popular young women in Wheaton. It is said Mr. Horne will not permit his wife to continue golfing, on the ground that "too much unpleasant notoriety accrues" to the leaders of the game.

Lenox is excelling its record of hospitality because of the presence of Mrs. Frederick Sherman and her daughter. Mrs. Sherman is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Giraud Foster. Mrs. Sherman was Miss Foster. In Paris, where she has a large apartment, she is among the most prominent of the Americans. With a comfortable income, she is known best as a giver of musicales, and it is a distinct feather in a musician's cap to have performed before Mrs. Sherman's guests. She steers clear of the flashy set of Paris. These are women of wealth who indulge in freak dinners and what they call "Bohemianism." Mrs. Sherman is an intimate friend of Miss Fanny Reed and is also on the invitation list of the Countess de Castelaine. In Lenox the other night Mrs. Edward Wharton had sixty guests at a dinner for Mrs. Sherman and her daughter. The Fosters, in Bellefontaine, have given several parties, and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane broke her period of inactivity and entertained with a large musicale.

Mrs. Cooper Hewitt is one of the most conspicuous women in the Swiss resorts this summer, and has joined the little British set in Lucerne. She is in half mourning, as her father-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, has been dead only seven months. Mrs. Hewitt, however, stops short only at formal balls, and is one of the best dinner-givers in Lucerne. She is wearing lavender exclusively, and this hue is becoming to her. Many consider her prettier than her sister, the radiant Mrs. Burke Roche. The latter woman is pleased when a stranger asks which is the elder—she or Mrs. Hewitt. The "sporty" set misses Mrs. Hewitt, who is a fine horsewoman and one of the standbys of the Meadowbrook club.

Two other interesting women are in Lucerne. One is the Countess Gherardesca, a bride of last May, who is the daughter of H. A. C. Taylor. The countess and her good-looking husband are seen often with Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, who missed the Newport season in order to enjoy life in the Swiss city. The countess will return soon to New York and will divide her time between that city and Washington. It is said she swept the Lucerne folk off their feet by her fine jewels. As Miss Harriett Taylor she dressed elaborately; as a matron her gowns are said to be wonderful.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

In Germany domestic servants have character books, in which the mistress is bound by law to enter the dates of the coming and leaving of the servant, with her character while in service. This the girl is obliged to take to the nearest police station and have it dated with the official stamp, thus preventing the manufacture of bogus character books. The system is said to work well in Germany and to save a lot of trouble, and one very obvious advantage it possesses is to prevent thieves and burglars from posing as servants for the sake of gaining access to the houses which they wish to rob.

Rags are rarely seen in France, it is said, and a tear is considered a disgrace. The clothes of the peasants are patched and darned till scarcely any of the original is left, but they are never ragged. The peasant woman would be ashamed to let her husband or children appear in a torn garment.

The French peasant lives on fare that the wealthier classes of other countries might enjoy, says an observer. His earnings are small, but his wife is an excellent manager, and generally a supremely good cook. She evolves dainty dishes out of nothing, makes a leek or a cabbage, with a few bones, produce soup which is delicious, and transforms dried beans or macaroni, with an egg or a vegetable, into a nutritious and palatable dish. She prides herself upon her thrift, and it is wonderful.

An interesting branch of domestic science instruction in Scandinavia is the itinerant work for the daughters of farmers and laborers in the country, says the Home Science Magazine. In the beginning this work was supported by Consul Oscar Ehman, who has done much for education and temperance reform in Scandinavia, but it is now being carried on by the county agricultural associations. The interest taken in the lessons is so great that the pupils come long distances for them, some rowing across a lake, or walking for two hours through the forest every day. This and other domestic education has had a noticeable effect in reducing the amount of beer and coffee drinking in Scandinavia—coffee being used to excess by the women of that country, as alcoholic drinks are by the men. A kind of oatmeal gruel is now being substituted for coffee at breakfast in many families which have come under the influence of the domestic science instructors, and in one factory a couple of domestic science graduates are employed to supply this gruel to the men, with the result that they do not drink from six to eight quarts of bad beer a day, as they used to.

"The kindergarten seems to have come just in time to save the children of our modern small families from the danger and unhappiness of isolation," said a kindergartner recently. "Where half a dozen children grow up together in a family they educate one another, and can get on fairly well without much outside society, but the kindergarten is the salvation of the only child, giving him not only the society of other children, but removing him for a certain time every day from the oversolicitude of his mother."

"Of course, one loves one's own country, but I shall be very glad to get back to Paris," said a woman who had lived in the French capital for the last half dozen years. They are older than we in France, and have learned how to live. All the rough edges seem to have been smoothed off there, and after living in Paris for a few years, one becomes terribly sensitive to the jar of such a place as New York. The French do not work nearly so many hours as we do, and that makes as much as anything else for tranquility. I don't think you could find a place of business open before 9, and no one thinks of working between 12 and 2. You may take your proverbial glass of milk and piece of pie, if you choose, when you have business to do in Paris, but that would not help you, and you may sit and sweat until the city is ready to go to work again. Americans are apt to find this trying at first, and it generally takes them about a year to learn to enjoy Paris, but when they have once fallen into the French ways they seldom want to go back to the rush and bustle of America."

HOUSEHOLD TALK.

With all the thought and money expended on housefurnishing in these days, very little attention is given in the majority of cases to convenience. The earth is scoured for everything that can please the eye, and the most ordinary comforts and necessaries of every-day life are forgotten. Bedrooms, for instance, with all their luxurious and often superfluous furnishings, are often howling wildernesses, so far as genuine comfort of body and mind is concerned. Silken hangings and embroidered linen are small solace to the unfortunate guest who finds herself sleepless at night in a strange room, with never a book to read or a biscuit to stay her hunger. How many housekeepers ever think of arranging the light, so that it will be convenient for reading in bed, or placing a table or a little case of books by the bedside? Even such prosaic necessaries as matches are forgotten, and that such superfluities as a workbasket, court plaster, smelling salts, etc., should be remembered for the guest room is perhaps too much to expect.

When the czarina of Russia travels she takes with her, it is said, a veritable batterie de parfumerie, including fountains, vaporizers and bath sprays. Everything belonging to her and about her is perfumed, and even the carriages and trains in which she travels have to be impregnated with sweet essences. Her children are bathed in water perfumed with violets specially gathered and distilled for her, and their nurseries are vaporized daily with sweet odors.

A bedroom need not resemble a hospital ward, but it should contain nothing that cannot be easily and immediately removed, beaten or washed, as the case may be. Curtains should not be banished, but they should be periodically removed and cleaned. Carpets are unnecessary, as rugs are so much more easily cleaned. The walls should not be covered with any woven material, but paper is perfectly permissible.

Answers to Correspondents

Sally writes—"Dear Marie—I am interested in reading your answers to correspondents, and thought I would write, too. Is it proper for a fellow to ask a girl for her company? If he wishes to go with her, if he has escorted her home a few times, and not asked for her company, is it because he don't care enough for her?"

I am afraid I don't understand exactly what you mean by asking a girl to keep company. The real significance of "keeping company," I fear, is a closed book to me. If he has already escorted her home from different places and calls upon her, that shows some interest at any rate. I wish you would write again and say what you mean by asking for her company.

Blue-Eyed Beauty says—"I am twenty-one years old and feel very backward in society where there are young men. I feel at a loss what to say, get very nervous and afraid of making some blunder. But I am very jolly and talkative when with girls. Would be pleased to get some advice in this matter."

I think perhaps your diffidence when in the presence of young men will wear off, particularly if you try to make others have a pleasant time and forget yourself. Self-consciousness is unfortunate and prevents much enjoyment when with people, but some persons cannot help it, and suffer very much from embarrassment when in company. However, there is so little of it these days that is rather refreshing to see it sometimes in the young. Merely cultivate forgetfulness of self and think of the comfort and pleasure of those you are with, and it will not be long before this diffidence leaves you. Write again.

Claribel says—"My cousin and I always have been a great deal together. We dress alike and are very dear to one another. Is it impolite to always try to sit or get together at a ball or any place, as we enjoy our own company and don't care to take up with any other girls?"

It is not impolite to flock by yourselves, but it would be more politic and unselfish for you to make yourselves generally agreeable to the others present. As a rule the unselfish thing is the most courteous; you surely want to have more friends than one in this world, and to be pleasant to everyone and to try to add to the general enjoyment is certainly better in the long run. Write again.

Answer to "A Thinker:" I was very glad to get your letter and read it with much interest. I, too, have heard it said that girls who earn their living become extravagant in the course of time, but one would think it would have the opposite effect, as we all know that business teaches women the value of money and how hard it is to earn it. But one cannot help noticing how very well some business women dress, and often extravagantly, as you say. This may have somewhat to do with preventing men from asking business women to marry them, but I hardly think it has, for as a rule men ask the women they love to marry them, business or no business. It seems a strange thing to me that the fact of your business should prevent that man from proposing to you; men are not much given to marrying women from other reasons than real affection. Possibly some women are married for their money; not many. If your masculine friends consider you lacking in domestic traits, why don't you have nice little chafing dish suppers and invite them, thus proving that you can cook. Or give them evidences of your womanly qualities by letting them know of your accomplishments in other domestic lines. I hardly think a man who loved you would regard you as too expensive a luxury, and it is my opinion that you have not met the right man yet. When you do, and he loves you in the right way, he will not inquire what you can do, nor would he allow the fact that you are in business prevent his marrying you. You write very well, and I hope to hear from you again. —Marie.

Verses From the Smart Set

MEMORIES.

An empty room, and yet how full
Of her since she has gone;
No trifle but becomes a thing
For thought to dwell upon.

The very silence misses her,
And moves on noiseless feet,
Fearing to wake some memory
The brave heart could not meet.

Irrevocable fate is felt
In every place, and look!
How firm its iron hand has grasped
That open half-read book.

—Edith Turner Newcomb, in Harper's Bazar.

LONELINESS.

The weary, dreary hours drag by—
The clocks strike now and then;
Impassively I wonder why—
And then I wonder when.

—Carolyn Wells, in the Reader for October.

HEREAFTER.

How short is life to do the things we would;
To lay our mortal hands on all the good
Our minds have reached; how brief is breath;
The living, that means all, comes after death.

—William J. Lampton, in the Reader for October.

TO R. L. S.

O gallant heart and gallant pen,
Rich nature, finely strung,
A child with children, man with men,
Endear'd to old and young.

Your love, embracing all mankind,
Your hate and scorn of wrong—
Where may we hope their match to find,
Though late we search and long?

Until your life, a rounded whole,
Went downward into dust,
You never doft your singing-stole,
Nor falsified our trust.

Sleep well; about your resting-grave
The winds are breathing free,
While far below, in wave on wave,
Breaks your beloved sea.

—Henry Johnstone, in the Reader for October.

RUNAWAY OF A CAR INJURES SIXTEEN

Woman and Girl May Not Survive Hurts Received at McKeesport.

M'KEESPORT, Pa., Oct. 12. — Sixteen people were injured in the runaway of car No. 9 on the Bryn Mawr division of the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Connellsville electric road at McKeesport tonight. Two of them are injured internally and may not recover. The seriously injured are Mrs. Laura Spielman, of Bryn Mawr, caugth under roof of car, and Miss Daisy Kline, of Cumberland, Md., eight years of age, left leg broken and hurt internally.

The accident was caused by Motorman John Carr leaving the front platform. Conductor Householder did not know of his absence and released the brake. The car ran down the hill, crashed into the curb and was completely demolished.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 55 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers in the U.S., Canada and Europe.
Purifies as well as Beautifies. No other cosmetic will do it.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

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Rains Without Floods
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Sunstroke
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A STUDY IN ECONOMICS

"It isn't half bad, don't you know, though it is not in a fashionable neighborhood."

"But neighborhood does count—with a woman. You know it looks cheap on a card—14 West Johnson street. Johnson street, where they have three groceries to the block, and ice or fish markets in every cellar."

Tate tried to shift the viewpoint.

"There is a stretch of backyards behind us, all open, and nearly every one has vines and flowers in summer, and our room has two windows in it."

"Overlook the yards, I presume. Isn't the view somewhat monotonous?"

"But Mrs. Close takes a real interest in her boarders. The other night, when you had gone down to the island with the Greens, she came up to my room with a bowl of ice cream and some nice homemade cake."

"As a substitute for the society of a young woman try ice cream and cake. Personally recommended as comforting and satisfying."

"Nell, you are absolutely—no, I won't say it, because it is a hot night, and all things are excusable in hot weather."

Nell leaned back on the green-painted settee and looked musingly across the river to where the Jersey hills loomed misty and uncertain in the hot August moonlight. A young couple passed by slowly, absorbed in each other and unmindful of all else. A dark coat sleeve stood out with startling frankness against the white waist worn by the girl. Nell shrugged her round shoulders prettily. If she could not summer at Long Branch or Brighton, Nell took what consolation she could find from thin gowns for summer evenings, and shed her office toggery before she went down to dinner each night. It was all part of her philosophy of doing the next thing. And the next thing in this case was a most fascinating waist of dotted swiss through which her shoulder shone whitely. But her lips pouted.

"Isn't it perfectly dreadful to be poor. When one is poor she cannot purchase the privilege of having love made to her in private. She must have her little romance—and the average woman has just one romance in this day and age—played in the presence of summer night strollers, like ourselves—with a keen sense of humor."

"Yes, that is just why I have been laughing at your sudden espousal of the cause of Close. Not before tonight did I realize that Mrs. Close was, of all boarding house mistresses, the model. I have always consoled myself with the thought that my airshaft bedroom, with all the comforts of a modern flat, presided over by a doting mother, was a paradise compared with even a fashionable boarding house, but now I begin to have doubts—"

Tate broke in eagerly:

"You can just wager that Mrs. Close is all right. Why, when Miss Peebles, the girl who has the third floor hard bedroom, broke her leg, Mrs. Close did not send her to the hospital, but waited until she could work again and catch up on the arrears in board. Now, I call that white."

"It certainly sounds very kind," said Nell, tentatively.

"Then there's Mrs. Fredericks and Mrs. Wilson. Their husbands are always on the road, and they seem to spend lots of time in Mrs. Close's sitting room. I went in there one night and they were having their fortunes told. Mrs. Close is clever at reading the cards."

"Fortune telling is more inspiring than the average boarding house pie. I wonder," musingly, "if she would find a tall, impressive blonde man in the cards for me."

"No, he would be dark, with gray eyes," promptly replied Tate, whose hair was jet black and his eyes an honest, frank gray.

"And Mrs. Wilson has the second story front fixed up just like a real home—"

"With Dresden figures on the mantel and a silk piano cover embroidered in gold tinsel. I have seen those homes in one room, where you can keep your shoes behind the piano and your collars in the near-cherry escrotoire. But then there is another side to the question. If Mr. Wilson talks about how his mother used to cook the reproach rests on Mrs. Close and not on his wife."

"Well, I don't care. Mrs. Wilson don't work herself to death in a kitchen and she keeps young and pretty."

Nell turned suddenly grave, and her gaze came back from the Jersey hills to figures she was drawing in the gravel with Tate's cane.

"And they pay for that one room?"

"Twenty dollars a week."

"H'm. Well, of course, that includes the fortune telling, with all sorts of interesting information about blonde—I mean brunette—men and the trouble waiting for you 'round the corner. But think what they might do with that $20 a month. That is $5 a week for rent. There are just four rooms and bath, with a ducky pantry."

Tate leaned back against the unyielding settee, thrust his hands deep in his pockets and pulled his soft hat over his eyes. Somehow he did not want to look at the pretty round shoulder so tantalizingly near his own.

"And if she had that dear little drawing room—oh, yes, you have a drawing room in a four-room apartment, always—she would burn the soiled silk piano cover and give the near Dresden figures to the janitor, and get some simple, real, comfy things, with a big table for the lamp and Mr. Wilson's papers, and a footrest that will open up and hold slippers. They are old-fashioned, but so comfy. And she'd have plain green paper, not too dark, on the walls, so that cheap prints, paspartoued, would look well. And in the dining room she'd have a striped satin paper with plate racks all around it. And such things in the kitchen. I just had to stop in front of a big furnishing store the other day and look at those cunning copper dishes. And allowing $5 a week for incidentals, like gas, ice, etc., she could make a lot of lovely messes from the $10 left. And there'd be a few flowers on the fire escape and every night she could stand in the private hall and meet her husband—he would have his own rig, of course—and there would be no curious boarders watching to see how they met—and all this for $20 a week."

Tate fairly groaned.

"Oh, I say, you oughtn't to talk that way. Not that I care a fig about Wilson, but when the girl you love and have been trying to win won't even consider married life in a good boarding house—"

Nell's hands trembled a trifle, but her voice was soft and clear.

"But she might consider the four-room apartment with the ducky pantry. I always did love to make mud pies. Don't you remember?"

Tate was looking at her uncertainly; then a great joy illuminated his face.

"Nell, darling Nell, could you—"

"Harry Tate, you are so impulsive. And after all that I said about working out one's little romance in the privacy of one's own parlor—and about the Wilsons meeting in their private hall. Do be good."

But this time the shrug of a round, white shoulder held no terrors for Harry Tate, prospective benedict.

LAZY LIVER
"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."
Anna Bazinet, Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.
Best For The Bowels
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