FOR THE FAIR SEX

WOMEN WITH FADS

THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN CRANKS AND FADDISTS

It Is Better to Be Earnest and Sincere and a Crank, Than to Be Nothing—Young Men Are Indifferent, and Indifference Is Fatal to Ambition.

A man said the other day that he objected decidedly to women who were faddists; that they rode a hobby to death and bored every one who came in contact with them. This is unfortunately too true, and we all know women to whom this criticism applies. We also know men to whom it applies—but that is another story. It is an age for fads—that is, it was the age of fads some little time ago, but we seem to be growing out of faddism a little. However, many good and useful things have grown out of some man or woman having a fad; indeed, there are those who claim that nearly everything of value was once a fad.

We all know the woman who runs her particular hobby in the ground. The writer remembers calling upon a friend who had been taken hold of by the genealogical fad; she had made a book of her ancestry and persisted in showing it to her friends when they called, and explaining how her great great-grandfather was related to Elder Brewster, or some other worthy, and just how it occurred, including charts of collateral lines, etc., until her friends regretted that she had any ancestors and wished she had just grown like Topsy. But the ancestor craze is one that has been much fostered by the formation of patriotic societies, and one seldom meets a woman nowadays who does not know all about her forebears. However, the judicious woman will not tell you about them, because they are seldom interesting save to the descendants.

The faddist of any kind is a specialist, and while she may bore persons to the verge of extinction with her particular hobby, still she may do some good at the same time, by discovering facts of giving valuable information to others. In the same way a man who is regarded as a crank may be doing a great work in some particular line that does not interest the community at large. For instance, a temperance crank may be a good deal of a bore when he gets on the subject of drink, but if by his persistence he redeems one soul he can be forgiven everything. It is not such a bad thing to be a crank. For, usually, a crank is very sincere, earnest, a hard-worker and exceedingly persistent. Therefore his crankism, if it is altruistic in intent, makes for good. We all know cranks and faddists and occasionally we fly from them, but we should always remember that to be terribly in earnest about some one thing is the way to accomplish anything in this world.

Indifferentism is a curse. It is the don't-care policy of the young men of the day that is making the older generation tremble for the future. It is better to be a crank and a faddist than nothing. And there are thousands of young men in this country today who are nothing. They have no ambition—save to be amused—they are not in earnest, care very much about nothing, and spend their waking hours in devising ways and means to make money without working. They are full of schemes. Schemes in a polite term which means living by one's wits.

A crank or a faddist is infinitely more valuable to the community than these indifferent young men.

Marie

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

A very pretty wedding was celebrated last evening in Hamline when Miss Lulu May Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Murphy, of Hewitt avenue, was married to Mr. Walter S. Elridge. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Hazel Murphy and Miss Nellie Sturtevant, and the ushers were Mr. Bert Parsons and Mr. Ralph Hazenwinkle. After a short wedding trip the young couple will reside at the Marlowe, on Maria avenue, where they will be at home to their friends after Dec. 1.

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Mrs. Angus MacDonald, of Laurel avenue, has been visiting friends in Northfield for several days.

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Mrs. A. G. Briggs, of Fairmount avenue, has gone to Chicago for a short visit.

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Mrs. B. L. Goodkind, of St. Albans street, is entertaining her sister, Miss Rau.

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Mrs. Stowell, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Averill, of South Exchange street, all summer, will soon return to her California home.

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Mrs. Ebers, of Portland avenue, has returned from Chicago.

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Mrs. William J. Knight, of Chicago, is in the city, the guest of her cousin, County Commissioner Nic Pottgieser.

* * *

Mrs. Alice I. Bordwell, of Oakley avenue, gave a trolley party Monday afternoon for the officers of Mistletoe Court No. 1, Order of the Amaranth. The guests were taken through the state prison and luncheon was served at the Elliott house at 5 o'clock. Places were set for twenty-four. Mrs. Bordwell was presented with a cut glass water set, and each guest was the recipient of a Haviland china cup and saucer, and souvenir badges of red satin ribbon, with the emblem of the Amaranth, were given to each.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

The "no-breakfast" plan has been heralded as a cure for many of the ills that man is heir to, but perhaps Miss Mellesi Rose, of Morristown, N. J., is the first experimenter with the fad to proclaim it a cure for rheumatism. Miss Rose is sixty-eight years old, and for the last forty years she has suffered from rheumatism in arms, legs or hands. Her hands were twisted and knotted till she could not hold a knife or fork, she was unable to walk more than a few hundred feet, and as a result of the agonies she endured she almost went insane. Now there came to Morristown one Dominie Sherman, formerly a Presbyterian clergyman, who preached the "no-breakfast" gospel. He had cured himself of insomnia by a course of going without breakfast, and eating less at the other meals, so he lectured on the "no-breakfast" plan. Miss Rose was one of his auditors. Four months ago she began to follow in his footsteps, making her first meal of the day at noon. She can now walk four or five miles without pain, or undue fatigue, and is correspondingly well in other respects. She attributes here recovery solely to no breakfasts.

Cereals, as a rule, make a good breakfast dish, the New York Medical Journal says, but it warns people against placing any belief whatever in the contention that they are in any special way "brain foods." "Good digestion," says this journal, "such digestion as the ordinary man possesses, is quite equal to the task of providing the system with all the nutritive elements that any portion of it may require from the miscellaneous diet that most of us subsist on. The idea that a perfectly healthy person may be made healthier by a particular diet seems to have taken a strong hold upon many members of the community, but medical men recognize the absurdity and omit no occasion to combat it, though it must be admitted that it is hardly likely to do harm. Not only are the cereals not 'brain foods' in any technical sense, but there is reason to suppose that some of the highly lauded and widely advertised preparations are actually harmful in their action."

"Doctor," said the sweet young thing, "I've been told that eating cucumbers will remove freckles."

"So it will, under one condition," replied Dr. Gruff.

"And what is that?"

"That the freckles are on the cucumbers."—Philadelphia Press.

NO VEILS FOR BABIES.

"Now that cooler weather is here, and the morning air has a sharp tang of autumn, the little folk who throng the park on every pleasant day are beginning to take on the appearance of small human partridges, so carefully swathed are they in warm, closely buttoned wraps," says a mother "who knows." "It is, of course, desirable that proper precaution be taken against cold, but it is not in any sense a wise proceeding to put on heavy garments so early in the season, for there is still enough of summer in the air to render the children uncomfortably warm just as soon as they begin to run and romp in the way that healthy children will, and it is while in this overheated condition that they are in most peril of taking cold.

"Until the cold weather is actually here it is the better plan to make such changes as are necessary in the under rather than the outer garments, substituting a medium weight woolen shirt and fine, soft, merino stockings for the thin gauze and lisle thread articles worn during the hot weather. With the body and extremities thus protected the danger of a chill is reduced to a minimum, especially as the wool, being next the skin, will readily absorb any moisture that may result from violent exertion. With woolen underclothing as an ever present safeguard, a light-weight cloth or serge coat should amply cover all requirements in the way of an outdoor garment.

"But even more pernicious than this persistent overclothing is the custom of putting thick veils over the faces of babies and little children whenever there is the slightest chilliness in the atmosphere—and, in so far as the babies are concerned, very often when there is not. Did you ever pause to consider, you tender young mother rejoicing in the possession of your first little nestling, that your precious baby is just as eager to make use of those wide-open blue eyes of his as you of your gentle brown ones? Then why, in the name of all that is sensible, do you insist upon shrouding his face with a yard or so of cloudlike woven material whenever you send him out for an airing—if one can call it by so palpable a misnomer when every breath of air is sedulously excluded from the tiny traveler as if it were laden with deadly miasma. If the filmy bit of lace or chiffon or net that constitutes the veil feminine is as hurtful to the adult wearer as the doctors assert—bringing about an unhealthy condition of the complexion and involving the eyes in irremediable disaster—the veil that the luckless infant is forced to wear must of a surety be fifty times more so, for it is made for the most part of fine white wool, woven in a pattern so close and intricate that either to breathe or to see through its meshes is so difficult as to approximate the impossible. To put one of these woolen network affairs upon a child old enough to keep its eyes open and use them intelligently is positive cruelty; for, instead of protecting the delicate organs of vision, as it is supposed to do, it really subjects them to a strain ten times as great as that produced by full exposure to a strong light. Behind his impenetrable mask the baby keeps his eyes constantly at work in the fruitless effort to see what is going on about him, the result too often being either myopia or strabismus, the former due to protracted nerve strain and the latter to repeated efforts to dodge the closely woven filaments of wool.

"As a matter of fact, the prevailing idea that a baby's eyes are too weak to bear the light of day is nothing more or less than arrant nonsense. If there is no congenital eye trouble to begin with the child should, after the first week or two or its life, be accustomed to go out into the open air with its face wholly uncovered, care being observed, however, so to adjust the sunshade attached to the baby carriage that neither the rays of the sun nor the glare from the sky can fall directly upon the baby eyes. A little ordinary vigilance on the part of the tot's attendant will effectually provide for this need.

"If mothers could only realize what an ordeal of physical torture the daily outing often is to the average small baby—overweighted with clothing and rugs, strapped up like a trussed chicken, so that free respiration is almost as impossible as voluntary motion, and forced by the same thick veil that obscures his vision to inhale and reinhale his own warm breath until it becomes positively fetid—it is safe to predict that a reform movement would speedily be instituted that would at least abolish the pernicious face covering, even if it did nothing else.

"It sometimes happens, however, that it becomes a matter of necessity to provide some such protection for a sleeping or very young baby, owing to the proximity of vicious or poisonous insects. When this is the case, the most satisfactory results will be obtained by throwing a piece of clear net or mosquito bar—preferably green—lightly over the entire carriage, this simple expedient effectually preventing the incursion of winged pests, while permitting free circulation of air through and beneath the covering. Moreover, the transparency of the latter offers no obstacle to the baby's sight."

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

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

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.

The very dainty Empire tea gown which is illustrated is of light weight quality of crepe de chine in a pale apple blossom pink, combined with ecru Margot lace.

The collarless yoke is of the lace lined with white chiffon, and below this the crepe is shirred with small tucks to a depth of four inches, the fullness falling in soft folds at front and sides. The fichu is caught at back with a rhinestone circlet, the ends continuing at full back breadths with a border frill of the lace carried on from the edge of fichu. At front and sides is a deep lace flounce, through which one has a glimpse of the plaited border ruffle of the loose China silk lining. At front the fichu is tied in a soft knot, the long pointed scarf ends falling to hem and frilled around with lace. A wing lace ruffle finishes the elbow sleeve.

In the short matinees and tea jackets many lovely models are shown, the majority of them in accordion plaited chine silk, silk muslin or crepe, with lace insertions lengthwise, crosswise or forming plaids and narrow ruffles of lace to match on borders. With these there is almost always a wide collar effect with elaborate insertions. In one just imported which had not a collar, there was an exquisite French lace yoke on which were applied chine Dresden roses cut from taffeta ribbon. The lower part was of three bands of the ribbon fagotted to insertions of lace and in the finest accordion plaiting that can be made. This was finished by a full lace ruffle and scarf of pink silk mousseline tied at front with flower designs applied on ends above lace insertions and the border frill.

One of the latest lace combinations for the yokes and flounces is Irish lace with Valenciennes, and charming effects are produced by ending the finer insertions under a motif of the heavier, for which purpose single flower designs and medallions of various shapes are made.

THE CLEANSING AND HEALING CURE FOR

CATARRH

is

Ely's Cream Balm

Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drug.

It is quickly absorbed.

It Gives Relief at once. It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents, by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

Wed at Hastings.

Special to The Globe.

HASTINGS, Minn., Oct. 20.—George W. Hetherington and Miss Marie M. Harsch were married at the parsonage of St. Boniface church this afternoon by the Rev. Othmar Erren. A pleasant informal reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harsch. They leave tomorrow upon a wedding trip to Duluth.

August Hohmann, of St. Paul, and Miss Josephine Stotzheim were married at St. Boniface church today, the Rev. Othmar Erren officiating. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stotzheim. They leave tomorrow to take up a residence in St. Paul.

Wall-Smith.

Special to The Globe.

WINONA, Minn., Oct. 20.—Thomas Wall and Mrs. Catherine Smith, of this city, were united in marriage by Rev. Father Cummiskey. They will make their home in this city.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS

For some reason, not yet clear to the general public, the London board of education is not in favor of the establishment of the vacation schools in that city for which Mrs. Humphry Ward has been working so earnestly. Numerous meetings in Toynbee hall and elsewhere have been held in the interests of this project, and Mrs. Ward has given several lectures in its behalf. The supporters of the movement are confident of success and popular support, despite the disapproval of the powers that be.

During the examination in New York of children for "working papers" (permission to stay out of school to go to work), a mother who had positively asserted that her son was fourteen was confronted with the date of his birth as on the school records, which showed him to be only twelve.

"Oh, yes," was the rejoinder. "It was 1891 then, but it's 1889 now, for I've changed it."

"Changed it!" echoed the inspector, "you can't change such a thing as that, my good woman," with an unconscious emphasis on the "you."

"And I'd like to know why not?" came the quick reply. "Who can if his mother can't? Who's got a better right, I'd like to know—just tell me that! What do yer know about my family, anyhow? If I say he was born that year, I'd like to know what proofs you've got against it. I'll have Mr. Jerome look into this thing a bit. I will—dictatin' to a woman when her own children shall be born."

As a result of the first state public service examination held in Queensland, Australia, two women have been appointed to office, Miss Millicent A. Carlow, in the treasury department, and Miss McLaughlin, in the education department. Miss Carlow ranked first in a list of nine successful candidates.

On the completion of the fiftieth year of service a silver loving cup filled with gold pieces was recently presented to Miss Olive Raynes, of South Berwick, Me., by her quondam pupils, of which Sarah Orne Jewett was one. Miss Raynes is still "plying her trade" among this, the third, generation of small South Berwickers who have made the acquaintance of the alphabet in her unpretentious little school.

A well-known hostess, who, because of her husband's prominence, has to open her house to many strangers during the season, says that she has a touchstone to character in a group of exquisite little marines which adorn a corner of her music room. Sooner or later, especially if the guest be some one of interest to her husband, this woman of tact and intuition contrives to decoy him into her "sanctuary," as she calls it, and by the criticisms given or the impression made she judges, and rarely inaccurately, of the mental and moral fiber of the man. These "touchstones" are not, perhaps, masterpieces—just stretches of sea and sky, a dawn and a mountain top—but they seem to be vital, and rarely, if ever, has their test failed to reveal some telltale trait of character. "Are you going to take up his scheme?" the wife will frequently ask. And, "Well, not until you've had him in the library," will be the almost invariable reply, somewhat mystifying to the uninitiated.

Croquet is having an unexpected revival in England. The king indulges in the game, and his subjects have seemingly gone mad over it. They tell each other impressively that it is a scientific game. Croquet tournaments are all the "go" with country house parties. Croquet sets are coming in more costly styles, and the mallets and balls are kept bright with an oil duster and chamois. For croquet parties, egg lemonade, made as follows, is served on the grounds: Half a lemon to a glass, a dessert spoonful of caster sugar and one freshly whisked egg. Strain and add an equal quantity of soda water, with a small piece of ice to each glass.

A little old woman of the hermit order, who lives among the suburban hills, where "summer folk" love to wander, is very fond, indeed, of visitors, but because of her conversational limitations is not exactly a favorite with sojourners. Some of these, however, in a fit of compassion for the lonely old soul, determined to spend an hour with her on a certain sweltering afternoon during the dog days. "Make it half an hour," pleaded one of the party. "Stay as long as conversation lasts," suggested an experienced member. On arrival the weather was, of course, discussed from every possible point of view. Then such other topics as are usually supposed to interest native suburbanites. To all observations and questions concerning these the hostess accorded a pleasant but invariably monosyllabic reply. The situaton was becoming serious. The last ditch seemed to have been reached when a self-satisfied old white hen strolled past the window. "Oh, Miss Hannah! How are your chickens this year?" one of the guests inquired with enthusiasm, hoping to open the way for a general discussion of poultry matters. "They're well," gravely responded the taciturn old body, again relapsing into silence, and the party unanimously decided the limit had been reached.

In front of one of the full to overflowing East side tenement houses two women were noticed poking about in one of the heaped garbage cans. "There be more'n half a sardine (accent strongly on the first syllable) in the box," said one of them, who held a crying baby balanced on her shoulder. "No wonder her man's hard up!"

"Here's some spoonfuls of tomato in the can there, too," chimed in her companion, holding by the hand a tangle-haired child, whose nose just about reached the level of the savory mass of rubbish. "Oh, it's easy to see this comes from that Mulligan woman's. Sadie Poltowka she told my Hannah as they've no can opener machine, and do open cans with knives. And she complaining that they're so poor, too! And letting her Michael there take a bite of the cake I give to my Hannah"—

Further conversation as to the shortcomings of their neighbor was suddenly cut short by the appearance of the quondam owner of the discarded tins in question at one of the upper windows. A splash of water sounded on the broken pavement.

"Take that for yer nosiness!" said the source of the interruption, "and go home to yer own garbage if yer be that stuck on the mess. If I choose ter throw me man's money in the barrel, what's that to you, yer do nuthin's? Get along wid ye and stop yer talkin' in front o' me steps," and another mug of water emphasized the wishes of the speaker.

Such are the sources of gossip in slumdom, and such the summary manner of putting an end to unsolicited personal criticism, where life is lived "close to the bone."

FOR HER NECK.

Any originality of style in a stock collar at this advanced stage of its wear is a matter of pure inspiration. It is, of course, a matter of proper pride with the originator, though she is morally certain that within a week every one of her feminine friends will have copied it. Stealing the design of a stock collar pattern is, of course, wholly beyond the horizon of anything the patriarch could have had in mind when he penned No. 8 in the decalogue.

The two leading colors in this variety of neckwear are light blue and scarlet, although almost any other good shade is employed when the costume calls for it. All white, of course, is of unwaning popularity and black and white always au fait.

A pretty way to make up linen stocks is to stitch a very narrow border of red on the outer edges or even the tiny turnover flaps on each side and the tabs, whether these be double or single. Small red bordered straps are sometimes stitched across such a stock, and little white and red crocheted buttons are sewed on wherever there is room. Rows of small clusters of French knots are still in high favor. Narrow silk folds, for the especial use of amateur stock designers, can be purchased in the prevailing shades, and so can bands of the popular needlework stitches of the day, herringbone, feather and brier stitch, cross stitch, hemstitch and French knots. Besides these there are the narrow drawnwork bands and wider ones of the fascinating Paraguay disks that are still altogether "the thing."

The busy designer avails herself of all aids, but the true artist prefers to put in her own fancy stitches upon the dainty creation and so give it that indescribable but unmistakable air of style and individuality. In making up tabs for stocks scraps of lace, often the most minute, may be charmingly utilized, woven together with pipings and fagotings into a fascinating and cobwebby whole, that sometimes defies imitation.

Two favorite styles of "tabs" are the overlapping pieces, cut in all sorts of odd shapes and falling from the center of the stock to any length desired, and the double ends, one on each side of the center, made in semi-stole fashion. V-shaped front pieces of lace are especially designed to be worn with pelerines and fichus which open in front. Quite a fad is at its height now for little turnover collars and cuffs bordered with fruit in natural colors and almost natural sizes. Sprays of the same are also applied to the ends of the tab or the tie in front. Natty sets for morning wear are of white dotted pink or blue lawn, with extremely narrow borders of white, or white collars with the borders of any delicate shade. An especial attraction of these simple designs is that they launder particularly well. A pretty idea is to cut the edge from a dainty handkerchief, decorated with lace or embroidery, and sew this to a stock band with the corners in front. The rest of the handkerchief border makes a pretty pair of cuff turnovers to match. Since the manufacture of the ubiquitous stock pretty much any and evrything is utilized, even the possessor of "only a rag bag" need not be behind the times.

LE ROI S'AMUSE.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
  King am I and emperor and lord,
And the ghosts
  Gather meekly to my sceptre at a word.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
  Arbiter of all that is to be,
And my dreams
  At my bidding compass mountains, span the sea.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
  Youth is mine, immortal, unafraid,
And the crown
  That is clasped about my forehead cannot fade.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
  Love is mine, old love that cannot die,
And the years
  Shrink away before its stainless majesty.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
  I, the slave, am emperor and lord,
And a world
  Does me homage with a humble sweet accord.

Ah! when I draw the curtains I am king.

—H. H. Bashford.

van Houten's Cocoa

Perfect beverage, light and delicate, invigorating and sustaining.

Best & Goes Farthest

...Cupid--Quick Luncheon...

From One, near the cashier's desk, to Thirty-three, by the gas range, all knew that Five was deeply in love with Sixteen. They worked side by side behind the long counter. She was a shapely slip in black and white, with a lace dolly on the top of her head. Ignoring straw hair, sky eyes and tilted nose, her mere brogue as she chirped tossing her head, "Oh Kay! Twice on the Bostons! Draw one, milk on the side!" was enough to dumbfound any chip of the old Adam block into dishing rice instead of tapioca, New Yorks instead of Bostons and drawing milk with coffee on the side. Indeed, who, seeing the numbered badge at her taut belt, could have missed the coincidence "Sweet Sixteen?"

Five was a lank, sacrifical priest in white duck and a pancake hat, beneath which a sole rebellious curl trickled down his brow like a blonde celery top. He invalidated all rivals by demagnetization. Once, detecting Twelve red-handed in fond trivialities under cover of a round of wheats, extra brown, he challenged him straightway to a bread-slicing contest, a outrance. The engagement was fought beneath the eyes of Sweet Sixteen. In one minute by the clock Five cut one hundred and thirty slices; Twelve cut ninety-six slices and three fingers. They wrangled a foul, covered, respectively, with glory and gore. Sixteen merely dropped her lashes and smiled.

One rainy afternoon Five loaned her his umbrella, includin himself, all along her transpontine way. Thereafter the tables buzzed, behind the manager's back, with rumors of Five's accelerating suit. Her folks were nice, respectable folks, and they thought a lot of him. Five's uncle, wealthy and attached to Five, was a steady customer. All Five had to do was to drop something in his chowder and name the happy day.

"It's fixed," confided Five. "There was a guy keeping company with her—a neverwork, a reg'lar deadhead; but her folks soured on him, an' kicked him out, an' give me the running. I'm over there every evenin'. Don't say nothin' but she's gettin' fonder of me every day." Five had never seen his rival, but intimated that if he turned up again, he, Five, would make him look as mean as raisins in rice pudding.

"He put out of action successively the chef, his two assistants, Coffe-Urn Charlie and Wheatcake Willie; but customers stretched him bound and gagged upon the rack. To his whetted sense they but toyed with the viands served them by Sweet Sixteen—a diaphanous screen behind which, to dart hurried monosyllables of passion at fair Ceres of the drooped lashes and tilted nose. They sat upon his soul, a legion of green-eyed monsters, mocking the meat they fed on.

But early in June there appeared a modest, subdued youth with ruddy cheeks, close curls, and a pair of square shoulders beneath his old coat. Every day, in the wake of the noon rush, this seedy imposter would plant himself at the counter. He dissembled well, fixing shy eyes upon his plate, but once Five detected his gaze shunt covertly to the seductive waist of Sweet Sixteen, and there began the tragedy of a soul. At Five's very shrine sprang up an intrigue of maddening subtlety. No sign passed between the guilty pair. The new customer champed stolidly. Sixteen, her work done, leaned opposite, with alluring averted face, and as Five imagined the multiplied reflections each could see of each in the mirrored walls his soul shriveled to a crisp and he put the bread knife from him.

By frenzying degrees the new Customer's ten-minute quick lunch expanded into a Grecian gorge; he sat by the hour in a wistful trance, batening his soul on beauty beneath an interminable menu of pretext. With the digestion of an ostrich, the deliberation of a cow, he sacrificed daily before his divinity great hetacombs of bread, stew, fish, eggs and pie. Vainly did Five ossify his rival's toast, saliniate his coffee, ice water his wheats, plant toothpicks in his pie, win back abandoned eggs to desperate resuscitation. The new Customer, soaring above the realm of taste, continued the mechanical process of mastication and steeped his soul in multiplied reflections of Sweet Sixteen.

Good looks in ragged clothes lay seductive siege to femininity. The girls whispered sentimentally beneath the clatter of china that it was just beautiful, so romantic—at reluctant odds with their sympathy for Five. But of that he would have none; he escorted Sixteen twice diurnally, and hinted that the day was not far off.

"It's all right!" he whispered mysteriously to Bluepoint Pete. "Her folks is dead anxious to have it fixed; an' we got our eye on a little flat across the bridge; an' that girl—say, she gets fonder of me every day." Thus rumor echoed, but Sweet Sixteen merely drooped her lashes and smiled.

It was on the 1st of July that the new Customer swung in in official blue, with a silver badge on his chest and "Conductor 741" blazoned acrosss his cap. He smiled over the bill of fare at Sweet Sixteen; she handed him a napkin, blushing, and her cry for "Drop two on the hash—coffee, little milk," thrilled with suppressed emotion.

He gazed upon her, salting his food obliviously; she strove weakly to mould butter chips, beneath the blaze of his buttons; Five stirred imaginary things around in the great stewpot with cannibalistic frenzy.

Just then a second man seated himself. Five hurried up, beaming; and the rumor flew that it was Sixteen's father. All unconscious, Sixteen and the uniform were searching through the bill of fare. Suddenly the newcomer started from his stool, eyes bulging, and laid violent hands on a soup plate. Five looked from him to the pair, then experiencing vast floods of light, turned utterly callous to an armful of china.

Sixteen, wheeling at the crash, grew quite white. The Uniform sat up, very stiff, and glared upon her father.

"You're out of it, see?" blustered Five, with menacing fist. "She's gettin' fonder of me every"—

The other rose swiftly. The nearest Five ever got to marriage was to sit jucily in a pan of rice pudding.

"What's this?" demanded the manager, bustling up.

"Arrest him!" whined Five, wringing rice out of his pants. "I was defendin' this young lady I'm gointer marry."

Sweet Sixteen fumbled at her throat and, blushing, fitted something on her finger. Then she dropped her lashes and smiled.

As some one said afterward, "Cheaper than Niagara, and far more original."

BILL JOHNSON'S DOG.

Bill Johnson had a yellow cur;
  This yellow car had fleas.
They nestled in his saffron fur
  As cozy as you please.

The canine's cognomen was Jim,
  The insects' name was legion;
Their favorite resting place on him
  Was in the lumbar region.

The fleas they stuck to this here dog;
  The dog stuck to his master
As close as bark upon a log
  Or as a porous platser.

Things got so bad as last that Bill
  Brought home some poison stuff.
The druggist said the fleas 'twould kill
  If they but took enough.

The fleas they ate that poison up
  And died in great distress.
Alas! When they were gone the pup
  Died too of lonesomeness.

So now Bill Johnson has no cur,
  The 'ur he has no fleas
The moral is as you'll infer,
  That dogs are hard to please.

—Judge.

They Earned It.

First Statesman—You have, sir, absolute confidence, then, in the people?

Second Statesman—I have, sir. I have made all my money out of them.—Town Topics.

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