FOR THE FAIR SEX

THEY WANT NEW FACES

LONDON WOMEN TAKE HEROIC TREATMENT

The Skin Peeled Off in Hopes It Will Grow Fresh Again and Terrible Troubles Result—Soap and Water the Best Treatment for One's Face

The revelations recently made of the disasters resulting from the efforts of women to make their faces beautiful show to what extremes they will go for good looks. Women with faces fairly raw from skinning, a terrible process by which it is hoped to grow a new skin, have recently been in the hands of London physicians suffering untold things in the cause of beauty. In some cases erysipelas has resulted and other dreadful troubles, because they have allowed irresponsible "beauty doctors"—though heaven knows whether there is such a thing as a responsible beauty doctor—do terrible things to their faces with the hope of becoming other than as they were, a futile and senseless proceeding which really almost deserves the suffering resultant. A woman who will deliberately allow somebody she never saw before, to peel the skin off her face and be willing to seclude herself from her family and friends in the hope of improving her personal appearance, is little short of a fool and if she suffers, sympathy will be lacking. But in London and New York there are alleged face specialists growing rich by doing this very thing. The hope is that new and fresh, babylike skin will grow on the face, but if it has ever been accomplished some one has forgotten to record it.

A poor complexion, one that is pimply and red is a great misfortune and no woman is to be blamed for going to a physician to have it remedied if possible, but she is to be blamed if she goes to quacks and adventuresses and allows them to do, heaven knows what, to her face.

There was a St. Paul girl once who thought she could improve her skin by taking some nostrum she had heard of, so she tried it and the result was her face broke out in black spots. The woman who has had one experience of that kind seldom is caught the second time, but the beauty doctors count upon the large percentage of fools of which the world seems to be full. Another one painted her face with some dark messy stuff, her skin began to peel alarmingly and she had to rush to a physician, who said very stern things to her. And she quite deserved them, too.

There are many simple, healthful things which can be done to one's face which tend to improve its appearance, but I know of nothing better than plenty of soap and water. You will hear persons say that soap is not good for the skin, while another will tell you that hot water is death to the skin, and yet another will say that cold water is very bad. Hot or cold water cannot hurt your face very much, but diet has a great deal to do with the appearance of the skin, and it should really be treated from the inside out. Women, many of them, may be cowards about physical suffering—although few of them are—but it is remarkable what one can stand when it improves the looks. An operation of skinning the face if advised by a physician for other purposes than beautification would be refused with thanks, but when undertaken in the cause of beauty a woman will stand it heroically. It is the same spirit which will make a man endure a very high collar if he thinks it is the proper thing and looks well.

There are women with whom the art of keeping young is the absorbing business of life, and strange to say, by one of those little ironies of which nature is capable, the woman who spends hours with raw meat on her face, and who is particularly well groomed, is pretty sure to look older than her friends of the same age. And at times a woman who merely washes her face to keep it clean, will seem quite young and fresh. But a pleasant smile and manner is a pretty good adornment for a face, be it ugly or beautiful, and fortunately one does not have to go to any specialist for that.

Marie

Mainly About People

Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Wheaton gave a large reception last night at their Summit avenue home to introduce their second daughter, Miss Marion Douglas Wheaton. The house was elaborately decorated with palms and cut flowers, the orchestra being concealed in a bower of potted plants. The debutante was gowned in white and about forty of the hostesses' friends assisted. The hours were from 8:30 until 11.

Mrs. Lawrence Washington, of Dayton avenue, gave bridge party yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Klosterman, of Hague avenue, entertained the 1904 Agreeable Euchre club Wednesday evening. Prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. E. Borsch and Mr. and Mrs. C. Gerber.

There will be an all-day meeting of the Women's Society of the Woodland Park Baptist Church today in the church parlors. Mission programme at 3 o'clock.

St. Paul Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F., will hold its annual Thanksgiving eve banquet and hop for their members and friends.

Mrs. George T. Slade, of Summit avenue, opened her home yesterday afternoon for a bazaar for the benefit of the House of the Good Shepherd. The bazaar will continue today from 2 o'clock until 6.

Mrs. Frederick Leslie, of Selby avenue, entertained informally yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. W. J. Dyer, of Grand avenue, has returned from abroad.

Mrs. John Tillotson, of John street, gave a dinner Wednesday night.

Mrs. J. C. Stout, of Grand avenue, has gone to Milwaukee.

Mrs. G. E. Routh, of Holly avenue, has gone to St. Louis.

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

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE

Robe gowns are more in vogue this season than ever before and are shown in an immense variety of models, great ingenuity having been displayed by their designers in the perfect finish and intricate manipulation of the materials used. So beautiful are some of these gowns that it is almost impossible to tell one from an especially made-to-order gown designed by a fashionable modiste, but, of course, the former are much cheaper. Among the latest models are those with double skirts, the under one finished with deep flounces of lace; spangled or embroidered chiffon or some other similar fabric, and the upper skirt resembles the oldtime overskirt cut in deep points and scallops and also elaborately but more delicately trimmed than the flounces. For instance, one robe of pale yellow mousseline is made with a wide accordion plaited flounce embroidered all over in rich tones of yellow and finished with a full ruche caught at intervals by narrow straps of ermine. The overskirt falls in points, long back and front, shorter on the sides, and is embroidered in a border effect at the bottom with lace set in on the edge. The bodice is cut surplice and is embroidered all over and above is a yoke of lace outlined by a twist of mousseline and ermine. Another lovely robe gown is illustrated. This is of rose pink messaline and Renaissance lace, and is made up over pink taffeta of the same tone. The lace is used for the lower half of the beautifully shaped skirt and the messaline upper portion is spangled with iridescent pink paillettes. The full bodice blouses over the tight fitting girdle of pink panne velvet, fastened by a double row of gold buttons, and is made with a pointed yoke, square bolero and cable sleeves of the spangled messaline extensively appliqued with Renaissance lace. The puffed undersleeves are also of the lace and the neck is finished with a soft scarf of messaline knotted at the bust on either side.

MAJESTIES PARADE IN A LONDON FOG

Very Happy Address Is Presented to the Queen of Portugal

LONDON, Nov. 17.—King Charles and Queen Amelia of Portugal passed in procession through the streets of London today and had luncheon at the Guild hall as the guests of the lord mayor and corporation. As a pageant the royal progress through the lamplit streets of the city was not a success. An opaque fog at some parts of the route, so dense that it was impossible to see more than fifty yards ahead, veiled the overhead decorations, and the troops lining the route and escorting the sovereigns hid their bright uniforms under heavy great coats. The crowds were not large, but nothing was lacking in the warmth of the reception accorded to their majesties. Addresses were presented to them by the local authorities at various points along the route. One of these was typical of all. It neatly referred to Queen Amelia as follows:

"Sprung from France, born in England, wedded to Portugal, she has linked the three nations, which we trust will always be found in close association with one another."

At the Guild hall Lord Mayor Pound and the lady mayoress, in their corporation robes of office, awaited the royal visitors. A procession was formed and proceeded to the library, which was filled with cabinet ministers, peers, members of the house of commons, officials and officers of both services, the Prince and Princess of Wales being among the distinguished gathering. An address in a gold casket was presented to King Charles, and the presentations of officials and others to the king and queen followed, and then the city's 800 guests filed into the large hall, where luncheon was served. The lord mayor toasted the king of Portugal, who, in reply, referred to the long standing alliance between Great Britain and Portugal, and hoped it would continue for all time. At the conclusion of the luncheon the royal party returned to Windsor.

Denial From Mrs. Maybrick

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The Associated Press has received the following communication from Brooklyn:

"Will you kindly do me the great favor to most emphatically contradict any and all statements that I intend to make a public appearance either on the stage or the lecture platform. In no instance has there been the slightest ground for such a report.

—"Florence Elizabeth Maybrick."

Geisha Girls Must Go

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 17.—On the report of Immigration Inspector Dunne, the department of commerce and labor today ordered the deportation of fourteen Geisha girls and six Chinese who have been employed in a concession at the St. Louis exposition. A hard fight was made by the representative of the Geisha girls to induce the government authorities to permit them to remain in the country. It is said that on the statement of facts set out in Inspector Dunne's report, the authorities could do nothing less than order the deportation of the women. It is understood that they will be deported immediately.

Sheehan-ONeal

Special to The Globe

STILLWATER, Nov. 17.—Miss Rose O'Neal, a popular young woman of this city, and Edward Sheridan Sheehan, a son of Col. Sheehan, of St. Paul, were united in marriage at 6 o'clock this evening at St. Michael's church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Corcoran, in the presence of a large concourse of friends of the bride and groom. George W. Sheehan, of Chicago, a brother of the groom, was the best man, and Miss Anna O'Neal, a sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. The ushers were James Donnelly and Thomas Brennan, of St. Paul; Senator William Smith, of Windom, and Harold O'Neal, of Stillwater. Following the marriage ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neal, where a large throng of people from this city and elsewhere called to congratulate the young people. Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan have gone on a wedding tour and will make St. Paul their future home.

Japanese Prince at Mount Vernon

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 17.—Prince Fushimi today visited Mount Vernon, placed a wreath on the tomb of Washington and planted a tree on the old estate of the first president. The trip was made on the president's yacht, the Sylph. As the prince entered and left the navy yard the marines gave him the prescribed honors and he was given the royal salute of twenty-one guns and 200 blue jackets on the Hartford stood in the rigging.

The wreath placed on the tomb was of large size and made of chrysanthemums, the national flower of Japan. As four orderlies from the marine barracks placed the wreath between the sarcophagi of George and Martha Washington the prince and his party remained outside with heads uncovered. The prince did not enter the tomb. The planting of the tree was then begun, the prince himself throwing several spadefuls of earth on the Japanese maple which will mark his visit.

The prince was the guest tonight at an elaborate dinner given him by Mr. Hioki, charge d'affaires of the Japanese legation. The prince and his party leave tomorrow for St. Louis.

Nurses Fare Well

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 17.—Dr. Anita McGee and her eight associates of the American Red Cross society who have returned from Japan, where they served with distinction as nurses to the wounded soldiers, say they received every attention and were honored in every way possible during their stay in the country by the officials and representatives of the Japanese army. Before they left they were given a farewell reception at which a large number of dignitaries were present. The way they performed their duties in the hospitals won the highest praise from the surgeons at Piroshima, the receiving hospital for all the Japanese wounded in the war, where they were stationed. Dr. McGee was given an audience by the emperor.

Death of Police Matron

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 17.—Mrs. Pattie Moore, police matron of this city, died at her home here today after a long illness, aged sixty-two years. Mrs. Moore was a member of the National Matrons' society and was well known, especially in the West.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

This is a funny fix the Friday Morning club, of Los Angeles, has got itself into. The joke, it should be added, is quite lost upon the women most intimately concerned, although it contains a warning to all club women who build club houses. The situation, in brief, is this: The Friday Morning club about five years ago built a beautiful club house, which has since become one of the show places of the city. As the members of the club were slow in taking up the stock, two women of means, not members, bought large blocks of stock. The building could not have been erected without these women, who, by their generous purchases, secured a controlling interest. The club has since occupied the house under a five years' lease, at a rent of $125 a month. And now, the knowledge that they do not really own their club house at all is brought home to the members by the fact that, their lease being nearly expired, they have been informed that if they wish to release for the next five years, it can only be at an increased rental, owing to the appreciation of the club property from $20,000 to $28,000. The club is at the crossing of the ways. It may buy the house, of course, at the higher figure, or it may release it, of course, at the increased rental. Either way it is in a hole. The members feel they have not reaped the just reward of their labors; for, if the bulk of the money came from outsiders, it was their initiative, they claim, that made the club house possible. On the other hand, the two financial backers insist that, having found the necessary funds, they are entitled to the fruits of their business acumen. The club membership is said to have doubled in the last four years, until now it includes eight hundred of the most influential women in the city. That many of these women have come in because of the attractive quarters of the club is not to be doubted. Whether this is so or not, the club is much stronger financially than it was when the club house was built, which is about the only crumb of comfort the members find in the present situation.

"Do you know, these superb autumn days make me long for life of leisure far more than the summer," observed a successful business woman the other day. "I never feel the discipline of the office or the duties of my work so irksome as in this crisp weather, when the leaves are turning, the chestnuts are falling, the fall crickets are chirping and the atmosphere is a delicious tonic. Then I positively envy the women who are free to spend long days on the links, to take long cross country walks and to live in the open as much as they please. I don't kick at having to work, mind you; I enjoy my work—all but during these heavenly fall days, and now I find it a great bore, I can tell you."

The Japan Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to build a number of public drinking fountains for horses in memory of those who have suffered and died in the war with Russia.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM

Canaries who have basked in the smiles of society may as well fly away home to the Canary islands, or any other remote place that strikes their fancy, for as boudoir favorites their reign is over. In their stead one sees in embowered bay windows cage after cage of those dear little parrakeets that were in great demand two score years ago—so say the oldsters—and always have been idolized by children, particularly when performing sleight-of-claw tricks for suave street Greeks. The most popular parrakeet is green as the grass of Claremont, pert as a housemaid out for a holiday and clever as any two other birds rolled into one. Mrs. Perry Belmont has a beautiful pair of the love birds, as they used to be called, each of whom finds his chief amusement in setting stunts for the other. They think nothing of walking a tiny tight rope over a miniature Niagara, nor do they balk at somersaults, wing-springs or beak-springs.

Medical men who watch over the digestions of society are concerned because of the craze for chocolate nibbling spreading rapidly among the younger set. Miss Cynthia Roche has been warned earnestly to reduce her allowance of the little brown tabloids to a dozen a day, and Miss Kittie Cameron has been advised to give them up entirely. Both the young women are so fond of chocolates—not the comparatively harmless chocolate creams of schoolgirl tradition, but the rich and meaty product in cake form—that they carry the tiny squares about in their muffs and set their pearly teeth into them at every opportunity. Miss Cameron ate at least a half pound each afternoon of the Toy dog show, and Miss Roche easily made up the rest of the measure. Doctors say chocolates not only are extremely bad for the complexion, but that, by causing the circulation to deteriorate, they hasten the advent of time's footprints on the face by many years. Of course, so long as the craze lasts, they will have to make the best of it—a task the average society physician somehow struggles through, so long as his bill clerk is kept busy.

"There might be more hope for the decrease of crime of all kinds if so many homes were not sending out so many boys and girls unwarned, undisciplined, uninstructed and unprotected." This is the conclusion of a statistician who has been gathering figures relative to juvenile crime. And he quotes the judge of a juvenile court in one of the large cities as saying that "the moral training of a child begins at home," and "the failures of the parents come to the children's court for treatment." Believers in corporal punishment, judiciously administered, in the family and in the school, have been saying this sort of thing for a long time, but nobody except a few old-fashioned persons like themselves would believe them. The fact seems to be that even in society people are getting tired of the spoiled darlings, the petulant, willful children, who have never been crossed, but have been allowed to reason things out so as to develop their powers of initiative—and all that sort of thing. In the public schools the teachers are wearing themselves out trying to patch up the bungling work of the parents in manners and morals. The juvenile courts are kept busy with "the failures of the parents." That the pendulum will begin to swing in the direction of firmer parental discipline and control before long seems likely. In the eyes of a good many thoughtful persons it cannot swing too soon.

How Tim Was Cured of Tipitis

TIM LEWIS was a night waiter. In the restaurant with him No. 8 was a nice, little waitress.

Tim was a saving young man, but altogether too keen for tips was he. "Ham and eggs," he'd say. "I don't care what you do with them; they're for a dead one." Or he'd say: "This customer wants his eggs turned over; don't bother with him; he's only a stiff." And the cook would simply turn the eggs over on the dish, not touching them to the frying pan.

But if there were possibilities of a tip! Then was Tim Lewis indeed a watchful, efficient waiter, criticising and examining an order to assure himself that there had been no neglect.

Then, too, there were customers that would not tip if they could possibly avoid tipping, but might be made to. Out would come Tim's whisk broom. "Excuse me, sir, but your back is all marked up; you must have been leaning against whitewash." Brushing away on a back, without a sign of whitewash, though it must be said that he refrained from going through the customer's pockets in the meantime, which was a peculiarity of the waiter that had preceded him.

Still, times were hard as to tips, for an order had been sent out that no waiter should hold a customer's overcoat unless asked to. Imagine the consternation and disgust caused by this cruelty! For it is when holding an overcoat that a waiter is most irresistible.

"I'm out for number one," said Tim Lewis. Still, his interest in arithmetic was more extensive than that, for there was No. 8.

Said Tim to No. 8: "Would you like to go to Coney Island when I'm off Sunday night?"

Therefore they were in Coney Island seeing everything and trying everything with a thrill in it; having their pictures taken by flashlight—looking like a highwayman and some kind of a female pirate in pink frames, to be sure; but then, too much must not be expected in Coney Island, even for 10 cents. Yet Tim was moody.

"Tell me what's the matter," urged No. 8. "You always say things aren't so bad when you tell me your troubles." And what did Tim do but confess that he was in love!

Said No. 8, coyly enough: "Is she a hasher?"

"Well, I should say not! She's a stenographer and comes of a very fine family. She'd have me all right, but her people won't, because I'm a hasher."

And sympathetic No. 8, who felt absolutely no sympathy, asked: "Is she pretty? Tell me about her."

Was she pretty! Well, very soon No. 8 was trying to say the alphabet backwards so as to control her wrath. A stenographer, mind you! A hasher was not good enough for him!

"But," said Tim, "this mustn't make any difference in our friendship. I was telling Angelina about you; she says she'd be pleased to meet you."

Which made No. 8 feel as if she had been caught short-checking and had broken a dozen plates with two inspectors looking on. But, sweetly, she answered: "I'd be much pleased myself; only I see Alonzo nearly every evening and maybe wouldn't have time."

Alonzo!. Well, what do you think of that! Was Alonzo the stubby-faced waiter up at 719?

Indeed not! Alonzo was a bank clerk; his was an old Southern family. Well, who knows?

So that all the way back on the boat Tim and No. 8 sat far apart, and not a word was spoken except "Is that the bridge?" and "Yes; you wouldn't think it is curved, would you?"

Angelina, indeed! Just wouldn't No. 8 get even though! But how? Tim was very saving; she might ridicule him for that. No; No. 8 was of thrifty, German parentage, and saving ways could not be ridiculed by her. Then Tim was too keen after tips.

"I will get even!" stormed No. 8.

It was Monday night; the theater rush was on. There was Tim Lewis holding a quarter in his hand. He stammered and writhed; he had been tipped.

Hastening to the kitchen. Throwing the quarter as far from him as he could. Then wishing he had merely dropped it, so that he could jump on it. To be sure, he then searched on hands and knees for it, moving boxes and tins, crawling over and under until finally he found it, but he thrust the quarter deep into his pocket, jingling it with other money so that he should not know which the hateful coin was.

For into the restaurant No. 8 had come. A young man was with her. The young man had tipped Tim, in whose station they had taken a table.

Tuesday morning at 7:30, just as the night force went off, No. 8 appeared upon the floor, looking rather fearful as she met Tim. Tim looked at the top of her head, and seemed to see no more of her. Whereupon No. 8 tossed the top of her head, as if to say, "Who cares?" Still on Wednesday morning, she stood in front of him in the passageway leading to the stairs as he was leaving the dining room. And Tim wavered; in wavering, his glance lowered to her forehead. It was a smooth forehead, and never before had Tim noticed how attractive a forehead could be. But the indignity was too great. He had been tipped. Striding on as if strong enough to withstand the top of a head and then a forehead, he feared that the charms of an eyebrow or two he could not resist.

Said No. 8, the next morning: "Mr. Lewis, would you mind untying this knot for me?"

Well, under any circumstances, Tim Lewis would be polite. Taking between his fingers a knot that was a marvel of intricacies, he kept his eyes turned to the ceiling.

In all the history of knots, Gordian or any other kind, never had such a knot been heard of. The cord went three ways at once, and then went a dozen other ways. The ceiling could not be looked at. Again the top of a head was in view. And a forehead again. Then Tim Lewis was looking into eyes.

"Did it make you mad?" No. 8 asked faintly.

"What? Oh, because the boat was a little late Sunday night? Not at all." But next minute, "That was mean of you," he reproached.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" cried No. 8. "And you needn't bother with that knot, because there are only old newspapers in the package anyway. And there isn't any Alonzo; he was only Jimmie, who keeps company with my sister. I put him up to it. Why, it was only for fun! But you're mean to make me confess."

Tim was looking at a nose and a mouth. There was a chin, too. These attractions were so overwhelming that he, too, confessed.

"There isn't any Angelina, either," Tim, too, confessed. "But do you know what I've been thinking of? I never want to touch another tip. I'm going to put in my application for night manager, and have good reason for thinking I'll get it.

"Here's the quarter. You give it back to this Jimmie. Still, it would buy a yard of oilcloth for a kitchen I'd like to have, where rents are reasonable—if I could find anyone to sort of preside over it, you know."

"Or matting," suggested thrifty No. 8. "They say matting is very cheap just now."

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.

Vagrant Verse

Behind the Times

"Behind the times," expresses pat
My sorry case. This last year's hat
And shabby coat the fact betray.
Her father frowns, and well he may—
My pocketbook is lean and flat.

This hustling age I can't combat;
Its fleeting fames, its fortunes fat
Elude my grasp. I'm doomed to stay
Behind the times.

But there's a game of tit-for-tat;
I'm up to date, at least, in that.
The world may run its whirling way
For all o' me, since yesterday
I kissed her while her father sat
Behind the Times.

—Jennie Betts Hartswick in December Smart Set.

A Toast

Let him who will drink to his love,
Or pledge a friend in wine;
A rousing toast I'll give to thee,
O enemy of mine!

Pour forth the amber liquid; fill
Your glasses to the brim;
Here's to the man whose heart for me
Bears naught but hatred grim!

How oft when steep ascents I climb
Would I cast down my load,
Did not his royal enmity
My lagging footsteps goad!

So drink again! your bumpers raise
And gaily clink with me;
Here's to the man who hates me well—
Down with "Mine Enemy!"

—Blanche Goodman in December Smart Set.

The Aristocrat

Who feels within his veins the throbbing pulse
Of power and purpose urging him to dare,
And, yielding to the message, treads down fear,
Rending in scorn his own innate despair,

He is the nobleman! No accident
Of ancestry can equal that fine birth
Of spirit which unlocks the dormant soul
And rounds endeavor to its highest worth.

—Clinton Dangerfield in December Smart Set.

Diplomacy

With wise intent
The Government
Of Britain's vast dominions,
Writes apropos
Of Russia's blow
As follows to its minions:
"Don't sleep a wink
Though dead you sink;
Omit all food and tippling
Until you've bagged
And tightly gagged
Explosive Rudyard Kipling.

"Secure his pen—
Oh! gentlemen,
And let him cut no caper,
Put all his ink
Upon the blink
And pulverize his paper;
We'll soon allay
In tactful way
This international rippling
With trouble small—
But hang it all!
We must get hold of Kipling!"

So Scotland yard
Now stalks that bard
With sly detective mortals.
(They may be found
In scores around
The London Times' portals),
While Government
With wise intent,
'Mid labors most exhaustive,
Refers the throng
For ringing song
To Mister Alfred Austin.

—New York Sun.

Angel and Imp

On the day the subway opened,
It befell, twixt earth and sky,
That a little two horned devil
Met an angel passing by.

Then they both shook hands together
And their mutual plaints began;
Their exclusiveness was threatened
By the bumptious creature Man.

Said the angel: "It is awful;
Since their buildings higher soar,
Up in heaven we can hear them
Scraping right along our floor."

Quoth the imp: "Would you believe it?
By the cleft within my hoof,
I declare that I have heard them
Scraping right along our roof!"

Then they parted, both agreeing
Man would soon hear something drop;
They would get out an injunction
If the rascals didn't stop.

—New York Sun.

His Motto

Strange as it may seem, some cold-blooded business men have mottoes and wear them in their hats. One of the greatest of hustlers in the financial quarter lost his chapeau in the wind a few days ago. A friend chased it successfully and gathered up a few papers that had blown out of the lining. The owner, thanking him, said: "Did you rescue my motto?" "Motto?" said the other, "Do you possess a motto?" "Yes; here it is." The friend read:

If wealth alone can make and keep us
blest,
Still, still, be getting; never, never rest!

—New York Press.

Harper's Book News

The Truants

Already this new novel by the author of "The Four Feathers" is among the best selling books in England and America. It is a story that both stimulates and inspires. The theme is military honor and a wife's reputation, balanced in the scales. "Once in a long time," declares the Chicago Record-Herald, "a comparatively new author produces a piece of real literature; Mr. Mason has done this in 'The Truants.'"

A Ladder of Swords

"Sir Gilbert Parker can write a historical novel that is something more than a succession of sanguinary encounters. Add to this the merit of novelty, genuine literary charm, a character you would really like to know more about, and a love story that is worthy of the Elizabethan age in which it is placed, and you have a book worth reading."

—*Chicago World.*

The Memoirs of a Baby

Josephine Daskam has proved that there is plenty of fun in children, even babies. No book of the year has caused more merriment, and more people are laughing over it now than ever. If you have not seen the sixty very funny pictures by F. Y. Cory that illustrate the text you have missed a treat indeed.

Rulers of Kings

A young American, heir to countless millions, and a princess of the House of Hapsburg—it is the romantic love of these two human hearts, hedged about by the conventionalities of two continents, that Gertrude Atherton has laid bare in this brilliant tale. It has surprises and fresh glimpses at life on every page.

Harper & Brothers
Franklin Square, New York

GIBSON, CHRISTIE, WENZEL and HARRISON-FISHER EFFECTS
In Black, and White and Color in . . . PHOTOGRAPHY
102 E. 6th St. Tel. Main 2032-L3.