

REFUGE

A Modern King Cophetua
and the Familiar Beg-
gar Maid.

[By Stephen French Whitman.]
Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum.

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Enterprise Association.)

Her name was Bertha; she was a shop-girl, twenty-one years old. Her hair was dark and heavy; her skin had fine, clear pores; her eyes were large and serious. Cheap clothes she wore with that subtle display of good taste which poor girls of discernment manage sometimes to acquire by observation of the more fortunate women whom they have to serve.

The mother did sewing, paid for by the piece; towels, napkins, babies' clothing she made from materials with which a charitable society of women furnished her. Bertha worked in a great department store, and her week's wages were six dollars.

She had been put to work in the basement, in the glassware department. There, in an enormous, white-washed room as full of pillars as an Egyptian temple, under the violet glare of arc-lights sputtering in great globes, from morning till night she sold dishes, tumblers, cruetes, fruit jars, articles for a hundred homely uses. Lengthwise in the place ran long tables, laden with glittering glass. Here were the samples, and when a customer had made her choice from them, a young man hurried off to the storerooms with the number of the specimen, to duplicate it. He was a tall, bony youth, his face as flat as a pancake, his blue cheeks every day, but seemed seldom able to afford a hair-cut. His coat sleeves were short; his wrists were thick, and one saw no cuffs about them. His cravat was invariably the same; faded blue, with bluish-white polka dots. For weeks, once, the top button of his coat was

FALLING HAIR

Dandruff and Itching Scalp Are
Caused by Microbes.

There is a microbe, a factor in the hair, which when it is infected with dandruff germs and which disappears in a short time, after medical work has accepted the dandruff discovery as final, ask any worthy physician.

Paris leads the world in knowledge of diseases of the hair and remedies for the same.

Parian Sage which can now be obtained at leading druggists all over Canada is the one great remedy that kills the dandruff germs.

That is why W. T. Strong says to every reader of The Advertiser, if Parian Sage does not banish dandruff, stop falling hair or itching scalp in two weeks they will refund the purchase price.

Dandruff is the forerunner of baldness. Take care of your hair while you have hair to take care of. Kill the dandruff germs and you prevent the dandruff germs kill your hair.

Use Parian Sage, the guaranteed dandruff cure and delightful hair dressing.

It is used extensively by ladies of refinement because it keeps the scalp absolutely clean and gives a bewitching lustre to the hair. Comes in large 50-cent bottles at W. T. Strong and leading druggists everywhere. Girl with the Auburn Hair on every package. Made in Canada by the R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ontario. Mail orders filled, all charges prepaid.

BURNING AND ITCHING ECZEMA

On Hands and Arms. Broke Out in
Fine Rash. Had to Give Up Work.
Could Not Rest. Cuticura Soap
and Ointment Cured.



Lombardy, Ont.—"I had been suffering for two years with eczema on my hands and arms. At first my hand broke out in a fine rash with a burning and itching that was hard to bear. The itching and burning were so bad I had to scratch till my hands and arms bled and were so sore I could not stand to put them in water. I also had to give up my work. Then it spread all over my arms. I could not rest at night as the bed clothes would irritate the eruption every time I would stir or move my hands.

"I tried two treatments giving each a fair trial but they failed to cure them. Then I saw the advertisement in the paper about Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a sample and I began to use them with very little faith, but to my surprise I found relief from the very first. I washed my hands in warm water with Cuticura Soap and dried them with a soft cloth, then I put the Cuticura Ointment on and bandaged them with soft cloth. I used two boxes of the Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap and used them steadily for two months and they entirely cured me." (Signed) Mrs. Helena E. McCall, May 17, 1913.

A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 22-p. Skin Book. Address post-card Post: Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

Lamp-light Stories for Winter Saturday Nights

missing. This annoyed Bertha, who was always neat; she had often an impulse to sew a new button there.

One afternoon a strange man, a superintendent in a frock coat, while walking between the glass-laden tables noticed Bertha. He hesitated, stopped, and came back to her. He stared at her face, her hair, and especially at her figure.

"How long have you been down here?"

"Six months," she answered, and was almost suffocated by the beating of her heart. He looked surprised.

"Report for work at the dressmaking department in the morning."

She entered the flat with glowing eyes, she entered the kitchen calmly peeling potatoes.

"Mother, I'm to go into the dressmaking department! It means nine dollars a week!"

Her mother dropped the potatoes, which rolled about on the floor. The two women embraced; there was even tears in their eyes. Their supper was an event. The whole flat seemed at once more cheerful, and they spent the evening planning a thousand little projects of improvement, now and then dreaming in the silence of the possibilities of the future.

In the morning, Bertha became a dressmaker in the dressmaking department.

She learned the names of the women who came to shop, the affairs, the scandals in the lives of some of them, evolved in exact detail no one knew from what sources, but nevertheless implicitly believed by eager audiences. Her eyes were opened to a strange world; things which before she had heard of through indefinite hints alone, here were recounted to her in plain language, and with the co-called principals of disreputable histories she came in actual contact, serving them, their presence would watch them meanwhile, wondering at the calmness of their agreeable faces, their beauty, their prosperity. Was this, then, the way that viciousness was served?

One day, at some preposterous story related by the forewoman—a ruthless gossip—Bertha returned almost in exasperation.

"One would think there weren't any good people at all in a big city."

"My dear," said the forewoman, looking at her intently, "those you hear nothing about are the clever ones."

Ten months passed; Bertha was nearly twenty-three years old. Her life in the store continued in its outward details as before. Day after day, with quiet pride and flattery, she exhibited costumes of silk, of velvet, or diaphanous tissue—perchance masterpieces of dressmaking on each of which a dozen working women somewhere had used up their wits, stiffened their fingers, and worn out their eyes. Nonchalantly she mentioned to the customers the extravagant prices of these things, amazed no longer at the thought that there were women who could pay for a ball dress what would keep her and her mother for almost a year.

On her way home at night, walking for choice along the fine avenues as far as possible, through a dusk gemmed with golden lights clustered before the porticoes of great hotels and restaurants, she was tormented constantly with jealousy. She saw, before canopied doorways, ladies descending from their carriages, climbing the carpeted steps, their long trains trailing after them like tumbling foam. Doors opened to them, disclosing the interiors of splendid houses, and shut while she looked longingly. Beyond the deserted terrace of restaurants, she perceived, standing on the stairs a yard from him, and gaped at her as if petrified.

"You live here?"

"You've left the store?"

"Six months ago. And you?"

"Still there."

On his way downstairs, holding one end of the stretcher, he still kept gazing up at her in bewilderment.

"Three months ago, I met her at the door of the flat-house, stammering that it was his 'night off.'"

"I thought perhaps you'd go to a show?"

George returned to the flat on his next night out. After that he presented himself at every opportunity. He took Bertha sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to an "Italian" table d'hôte. There seemed to be little doubt of his intentions, and the mother from behind her blue spectacles watched the progress of his courtship with suppressed excitement. Late one night when he had brought Bertha back to her door, in an agitated, half-coherent speech, he asked her to marry him.

"I know I'm not good enough for you! But ever since I first saw you in the basement—"

Watching him with intent eyes, deliberately she compared him to the figures in her dreams. She thought: "We should never be different. It would always be just—this!" Clinging to her old visions, her own unreasonable hopes, she told him the truth: she did not love him. He stood still for a while; then his eyes filled with tears, and turning at last he walked away.

She went upstairs to the window facing east, and stared out over the house-tops.

Weeks afterward, when her mother, unable longer to contain herself, asked what had become of George, Bertha said calmly:

"I refused him."

"For a minute the mother sat motionless. Behind her blue spectacles she seemed disguised, and Bertha, looking at her, had for the first time in her life an incomprehensible sensation of antagonism. At length, in a low, trembling voice, the mother exclaimed: "So that's what you've done!" And after a moment, rising to leave the room, added in a low, almost inaudible tone, "I hope things might be a little different some time before I died. I thought maybe I deserved it—at least for a little while."

Next morning, with wide eyes, Bertha saw the dawn creep through the window, and that day she telephoned to the hospital where George had worked. He was gone; she could obtain no information of him.

debonair, aristocratic, always dressed for the evening in glistering hat and pumps, and a fur-lined great-coat, always at the end of the adventures in which she perceived him, taking her in his arms.

And yet, walking with burning, hungry eyes in that fair region, craving intensely all its rare allurements, into her mind crept stealthily speculative thoughts that she would not, a year before, have tolerated.

Each night she opened the door of the flat, she knew exactly what to expect. In the little kitchen the kettle boiled on the stove; the tin clock ticked resonantly on the cupboard shelf; her mother, in a gingham apron, stood there preparing supper. Looking into the "parlor" she could see the tidy on the table, the work-basket, the earthenware shepherdess on the mantel-piece, the broad brown stain on the ceiling where the water had leaked through one day, the foot of the bed looming in the black aperture of the little alcove. Night after night that scene, its insignificant details always the same.

One evening, the monotony of their existence was broken in a startling way. There was a rumble and a crash on the staircase, a clatter of feet, a woman's screams. Every one rushed into the hall.

A glass-cutter who lived with his

the same afternoon she was resting on one of the green sofas in the shop, which happened for the moment to be empty. Beside her reclined the forewoman, who while recounting wittily an intimate adventure of a friend of hers, managed to exhibit, as if casually, a new ring set with a large emerald. Listening absent-mindedly to the forewoman's story, replete with details of a sort which nowadays did not disturb her in the slightest, Bertha looked up and saw entering the room a young woman and a young man, both strangers. The young woman was blond, handsome and well dressed. Her companion, following with that self-conscious pose of tolerance which men are apt to assume when lured into such places, was the embodiment of Bertha's dreams!

He was tall and heavy about the shoulders; his smooth-shaven face was finely modeled; his yellow hair clipped short, rippled above his white forehead. He and the woman with him looked alike; evidently she was his sister.

She wanted a new ball dress in a great hurry; she had been everywhere else, but had not found anything to suit her. Perhaps the forewoman had something threatening to drop from Paris, that would fit her with a few alterations? The forewoman, with suave and competent manner, produced from a

As for Bertha, before her rose the indistinct faces of innumerable other women.

In the dark street that night when, faithful to his appointment, he approached her, the girl turned on him bravely: "I want nothing to do with you! How dare you speak to me!"

"What!" he ejaculated, astounded, crestfallen.

She sped home: in the black alcove, she checked upon the pillow, stealthily she crept herself to sleep.

She thought of the flat, of her mother working night after night in the little kitchen, of the racket rising from the rough street to her window, disturbing sleep in the close alcove. She thought of the days before her, each one like a funeral procession, and of her mother finding her life on one of them with ever having enjoyed "something better."

"Oh, what a fool I was!"

Summer passed; fall brought cold rains, and in the sombre streets the first snow fell.

Walking home one evening through the fine avenue where, perversely, she still tormented herself by gazing at that other world, she saw striding toward her a tall figure, with glittering hat and pumps and a fur-lined great-coat. In a flash she felt an acute, burning



HERE BERTHA LEARNED TO FLATTER, TO CAJOLE, TO TELL UNTRUTHS ABOUT HER WARES, AND STILL, WHILE DOING SO, TO APPEAR FRANK AND HONEST.

wife and three small children across the hall—a great brute of a man who spent his money on liquor as he earned it, and every Saturday night appeared before his family reeling—had come home drunk, slipped on the last staircase, and fallen down it.

The ambulance surgeon, in a white suit, came skipping upstairs and examined him. The fellow's back was broken. The surgeon called up his driver, who appeared with a stretcher. And Bertha, with a shock of amazement, recognized in this tall, bony, blue-coated man, the youth who, in the glassware department, used to run back and forth between tables and storerooms. He looked up, saw her, standing on the stairs a yard from him, and gaped at her as if petrified.

"You live here?"

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"Six months ago. And you?"

"Still there."

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"Three months ago, I met her at the door of the flat-house, stammering that it was his 'night off.'"

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wardrobe a low-neck gown of silver tissue, covered with minute embroidery, all in one piece. The customer, asked it, and every Saturday night appeared before his family reeling—had come home drunk, slipped on the last staircase, and fallen down it.

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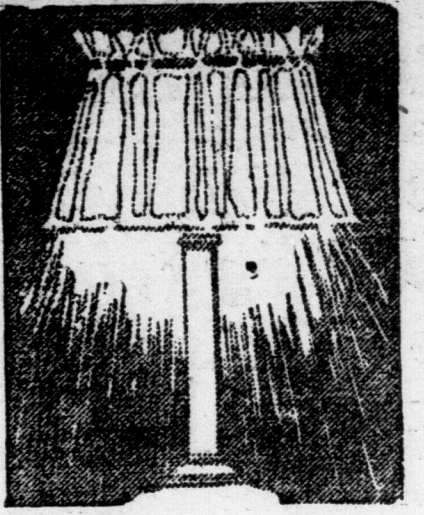
He stopped before her. They stood motionless, heedless of the people who brushed past them with askest looks. Presently, she found herself walking slowly beside him in a by-street, his hand beneath her arm. He began to speak, and the rich vibration of his voice made her tremble.

"Why did you do it? Why were you so cruel? I have had a terrible time ever since. Whenever I see a slender figure indistinctly in a dark street, my heart leaps into my throat and I think: 'Is she?' When I close my eyes, I see you. Why did you run away from me? I would do everything for you. I would like to see you always as you looked that day, in the silver dress. I love you."

"You do?" she asked, in a voice which she did not recognize as hers. She felt his arms about her. In the shadows of the empty street, lifting her nearly off her feet, he kissed her, and she smelled a delicious odor of lilac water. She knew nothing. All was lost. When he left her, after walking with her for several blocks, she had promised to meet him the next night.

The next night she told her mother calmly that she was going to visit a shop-girl who was sick. The old woman, starving for gossip, asked Bertha all about the invalid. The daughter was forced to invent a long story. It was her first direct lie to her mother. She told herself another—and tried to believe it—when, settling out, as short of breath as if she had been running, she kept repeating: "It will be all right. There is no harm in going to dinner, is there? He has been slandered; he is good—shouldn't I know? He loves me, for he said so. Then why should he not marry me?"

She entered Broadway. At once, upon her beat a blinding light, from thousands of globes; scintillating before theatres, from many fantastic signs aloft, which, rocket-like, burst every moment into brilliancy, from the green glare emitted by shop windows, turning all faces ghastly. In this illumination, lowering her head, she hastened through the crowd like a guilty person fearful of detection. She bumped into a woman who was sauntering along, swinging a hand-



She recognized Bertha, and smiled with an expression which drew a stiff crease down from each corner of her mouth. She exclaimed:

"Why, hello, what are you doing here?"

Her utterances seemed like a cordial welcome.

Bertha turned and walked away blindly, knocking against pedestrians. She reached the cool, dark streets. She went on and on, at random, like a somnambulist. She stared up at the clear sky, spread out like a great canopy of blue-black velvet, and was amazed to see shining there the countless stars, cold, calm, unaffected, immutable—just as they had always been.

She reached the flat-house and slowly climbed the four staircases. She opened the door. George was sitting in her rocking-chair, talking to her mother.

He had on a fireman's uniform. He rose, trembling from apprehension, unable to speak, his face transfigured by a look of dumb devotion.

For a moment she could not believe it true.

Then, in a falling voice: "Oh, George!" she cried, and reached out her hands to him.

The End.]



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Suppose you should wake up Christmas morning to find that some one had put the world of music in your stocking.

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The new types, without horns, are especially popular just now. They are made in artistic designs from a variety of beautiful woods. The one shown here is extremely moderate priced. It is called the Amberola VI. It plays the new Blue Amberol records, with all their remarkable beauty of sweetness and volume, with all their range of program. It is fitted with the

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