THE GRAND. Tonight "Happy Hooligan" Tuesday, matinee and night..... "To Die at Dawn" Thursday "The Country Fair" Saturday, matinee and night...... "Red Feather"

next, the theatrical week promises to be a very good one.

Tuesday, Empire Day, there will be Avenue, N, and Fifth Streets this week. advantages of his theatrical enter- stage wants to-day is competition, to-a matinee and night performance of The two big cars belonging to the prises. He was reputed to be a wealthy gether with a little affliction to try Laurence Lee's latest success, "To Die

Thursday Mr. Neil Burgess in "The County Fair" will be the attraction. "The County Fair" is acknowledged to be one of the greatest and most successful comedies ever written, and as Mr. Burgess is not likely to visit London for some years, as he leaves for England shortly, he will no doubt be greeted by a large audience next

Thursday. Saturday afternoon and evening "Red Feather" with Miss Grace Van Studdiford in the leading role, will be seen at the Grand, and that Miss Van Studdiford's recent successes here will be repeated is undoubted. Miss Cora Tracy, the London contralto, will also be heard in "Red Feather."

The approaching return visit of Miss Grace Van Studdiford will add to the interest of the following remarks by

this most popular artist: "To analyze the desires of the musicloving public and offer a forecast of what the American theater-going public want in the way of stage entertainment, would require all the equipment of a weather bureau station, and as I have never felt that I possess the qualities of a seer I have often hesitated in expuressing my opinion as to the needs of the lyric stage. However, so many critics and even laymen have deprecated the degeneration of material in the latter-day productions of the lyric. stage that the question has arisen, is comic opera on the decline? I should say no, most emphatically.

"The public taste is the same as it al knowledge is more generally diffused among the masses, and the increase of population has enabled managers to make more ornate productions. and fierce competition has almost beggared managers in embellishing their plays and operas. That it is necessary to produce so lavishly I doubt, seriously, but it still remains the vogue, managers thinking these pictorial adjuncts will make the work. Stage embellishment can go no further, and the ray mind can readily understand that 'to deliver the goods' there must be something more than scenery and costumes to make either a play or opera accentable to the public, and this is the issue of the argument, a well-written playwell-composed opera-interpreted by artists is necessary to achieve success.

"Operatic entertainment is to be the most delightful form of stage expression, and a well-constructed, coherent and melodiously-composed opera should never fail, and that this form of lyric work lives is exemplified in the familiar works in the light opera repertoire which include The Barber of Seville, 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Martha,' several of the works of Gilbert and Sullivan, and one or two Audran and Offenbach, and even 'Robin Hood.' The reason for the alleged decadence of comic opera in this country is because there have been but few genuine comic operas."

It is said theater-goers will be afforded the felicity of indulging in what may be termed without much straining of language the acme of present-day comedy when they witness the produc-"Happy Hooligan," which will be presented by a company of farceurs. The plot, we are told, is ingenious, and at the same time comprehensible, and is spoken of as being as full of fun as an egg is of meat. It contains a plot come to be regarded as much of an inof bewilderingly complicated cross purposes, and is said to be extraordinarily bonds. City people smile at the old funny in its situations and startlingly play, but it takes cold cash and a lot them. He provided for Miss Edna luding in its situations and startingly bad, but it takes cold cash and a lot chem. He provided for Miss Edna ludicrous in its climaxes. A cast of of it to put a big show of this kind on Woollen's musical education at Bilt-

The historical Bowery Theater, New York, is the last relic of artistic glory left the famous thoroughfare, and this will disappear in a few months. It has been sold, and is to be torn down durand Scuth Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, nieces of Gen. Lew Wallace, and their parents are dead, Miss Virginia Wooled theaters on the Bowery (and there watched the work from the Fifth Street len secured an engagement with "The ed theaters on the Bowery (and there watched the work from the Fifth Street len secured an engagement with "The music halls, where decrepit comedians and faded soubrettes appear nightly to amuse the sailors and the strangers in the city. To the last the old Bowery, or the Thalia, as it is now called, mainor the Thalia, as it is now called, maintained its dignity. Recently it was given over to the production of the Yiddish drama of the better kind, and Yiddish drama of the better kind, and there is a new play or a new star to launch. Perhaps the willingness grows School in Asheville. He has since gradthe Eastside Ghetto.

"'Tom people' are getting ready for the pike." To the uninitiated this ambiguous statement means little, but to those in the know it conveys the sentiment that the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the conveys the sentiment that the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" t shows are getting ready for the annual alluringly—legimately but afluringly shows are getting ready for the animal stour. The fierce Siberian bloodhounds tour. The fierce Siberian bloodhounds that been hauled from their winter of the snare.

The "angels" are never nonentities kennels and treated by veterinarians for the distemper and mange, and or "come ons." in the ordinary sense of the drama. Of course he did not Elizas all over the country have been of the term. Indeed, the infalliole rule miss so favorable an opportunity of climbing stairs and skipping ropes to is that the eleverer or better educated putting in a good word in behalf of get rid of surplus tissue. A fat Eliza or more generally experienced an his pet scheme, a British national ventions which no manager would the cash.

wings at the concert which follows the are, and it you ask the find the follows the are, and it you ask the find would at once raise the digitive few weeks to prevent the collection of the drama to the level it occupies sediment from the oil, admire a pretty woman."

He came back presently with a well-sediment from the oil, admire a pretty woman."

It know that "she said quietly, "and worn portfolio in his hand, "I know that "she said quietly, and worn portfolio in his hand, "I know that "she said quietly, and word help to check those malig-thoroughly before putting in the burner."

Would you like to look at these

generally useful when not otherwise "angels" in New York who had reduc- nant growths which are poisoning and employed.

Nothing but wind and water can beat the managers of an "Uncle Tom's cabin" show out of getting the money. Its of the young rich men who were a national theater to put an end to about to come into their inheritances.

New York who had reduction and reduction of the process of catching backers for his expensive musical comedians to such an exact science that he kept a Cabin" show out of getting the money. Its of the young rich men who were a national theater to put an end to about to come into their inheritances.

No science that he will age street records here in the will age street records here. play in the village street, people begin No sooner had the unsuspecting object pathetic. At best it could only do to dig down in the weazel skin for the of his enterprise had a final session in one place what the old stock comprice of tickets. It is a flow which with his family's lawyers than this pany system did in a hundred places

There have been hustle and bustle bill. This same manager, meanwhile, days of earliest infancy. With patronbout the railroad tracks at Fourth lived in luxury and reaped the passing age comes degeneration. Minneapolis promoters have been re man, but he did not have a dollar that men's mettle, starve the incompetents painted and scrubbed until they shine was his own. He "controlled" capital like Uncle Tom's countenance. Trucks —that is he, controlled "angels." have been hauling in load after load of canvas for the big tents, and scen- All the sage advice which George W.

Although the Grand Opera House

Although the Grand Opera House
season practically closes on Saturday
season

ery, seats, dogs, ponies, trombones, ac- Vanderbilt gave to charming Edna



THE AMERICAN PATTI.

Miss Grace Van Studdiford, Who Will Be Seen Again in "Red Feather" at

tors, and actorines, and all that goes to Woollen, and which the Southern make up the travelling village, have beauty rejected in view of her aspirabeen in evidence. The bloodhounds tions for stage honors, is now being have consistently tried to bite the leg earnestly reconsidered by her since beof every loafer they could reach, and ing repeated by wise Dan Cupid. It is the Shetland ponies have tried to kick announced that she will leave the footthe sides of the car. Marks came lights to appear beside the hearthstone. near meeting his finish while assisting Her not less beautiful sister, Miss to feed the pups, and Miss Ophelia sat Virginia, will follow suit, and if present on the car steps and made goo-gooized plans do not miscarry, a double wed

vestment as the playing of stocks and ciety set in Asheville, N. C., and Mr. ludicrous in its climaxes. A cast of well-known players, it is said, will aid in its presentation, and the scenic embellishments will be exceptionally fine. belief the road of it to put a big show of this kind on the road. It is a miniature circus these work. The sisters wished to become days, and demands the same keen business management required in any other line of business. The show which has been outfitting in Minneapelis this.

The historical Bowery Theater, New the stage was too the sta

out of his love for art; more likely it is his susceptibility to the fascinations

get rid of surplus ussue. A lat E/121 in the generally experienced all his pet scheme, a British national rolling over floating ice and chased by "angel" is the easier it is induce him theater. He asked permission, he said, man-eating hounds at ten, twenty, and to invest his cash in the tinseled world. to make "one little plea on behalf of thirty would be a violation of the conman-eating hounds at ten, twenty, and to invest his cash in the tinseled world.

Company," and it takes two cars to carry the hounds, Little Evas, Simon Legrees, Topsies, tents, seats, and those who follow the thespian life and "double in brass." "Tom people" travel in style. They have at their disposal a private sleeping and dining car. This car is the perambulating home of fifty-car is the perambulating home of fifty-ed by inheritance, and who never learntwo people, including the colored folks who wear white coats and silk tiles in the style of the lamp is dry, carry the hounds, Little Evas, Simon capitalists who have retired and made express a hope that on some fair spring afternoon when, free from the graver cares of State, their minds may lightly turn to thoughts of love—to love of the arts—they may help us to the fulfillment of our ligitimate aspirations, the endowment of a national theater—a theater which should uppassing off in the form of gas, which is o wear white coats and silk tiles in task of earning it. They are not the hold the noblest traditions of the Brit-parade, peel potatoes, and wash youths who comprise the great stand- ish stage, where the best and worthiest the parade, peel potatoes, and wash youths who comprise the great stand-dishes, show up in a cotton-picking in army of "Jonnies." They are not dramas of British authors should be scene, act as chattels in the auction conspicuous around the playhouses, show the great stand-dramas of British authors should be attached. Such an institution with follows the are and if you ask the man at the which follows the are and if you ask the man at the work of the dramas of British authors should be attached. Such an institution would at ence raise the dignity and wash the reservoir every the dramas of the love of the dramas of British authors should be attached. Such an institution would at ence raise the dignity of the drama to the love of the dramas of British authors should be attached. Such an institution would at ence raise the dignity and wash the reservoir every few weeks to prevent the collection of

ding will soon be celebrated.

Vanderbilt became much interested in

week carries almost seventy-five peo-ple, including actors, canvasmen, busi-ness agents, and the ticket-sellers and antecedents and that they would quicktakers. The company will play North ly tire of the occupation. They are and South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, nieces of Gen. Lew Wallace, and their bridge but the abusive language used Isle of Spice" company, and her sister Edna is now with "A China Doll" com- way:

Charles Gibbons, of the "David Harum" company. The picture of the sisters as children were awarded the first prize at the World's Fair.

Royal Academy dinner in London, and was called upon to reply to the toast True, her sisters have not been either stand for—not for a minute.

The biggest "Uncle Tom's Cabin" York theatrical enterprises during the show in the business is just now fitting out for the season in Minneapolis. This is headquarters for the Wilharts & Smith's "Premier Uncle Tom's Cabin Company," and it takes two cars to Company," and it takes two cars to capitalists who have retired and made the legislature I would venture to capitalists who have retired and made the express a hope that on some fair haughty or unkind, but she still awaits skin will result in a clear polish.

out of the profession, and reveal the capable players by the process of natural selection. Supposing Mr. Hare's most ardent ambition to be gratified, and the British national theater established, who does he suppose would be at the head of it? Who would be the teachers to recreate the art of acting? Young, energetic, inventive, enthusiastic men like Mr. Benson, or respected veterans, longing for ease with dignity, such as Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. John Hare himself, or Sir Henry Irving. It would not be long before the institution became more of an asylum than a school. At any rate, t would only be one school. Let Mr. Hare devote his energies to the in vention of a concerted plan for the gradual overthrow of Trusts and the restoration of the old stock company system, and he will help to establish a national theater in every city of the country.-New York Post

What the

A BRAIN TEST. "Wanted-A stenographer. Call at -

State street," was all the advertisement Margaret Roberts called. There were just seven girls ahead of her and as they sat in the little reception room and looked at one another a pigeon-breasted man came out and handed to each a long sheet of paper covered with figures. He said gruffly to each girl: "Add them and write your name on the paper."
Margaret's heart sank. She knew she couldn't add, and she might just as well cynically. At any rate, she wouldn't give comfortable and best-appointed abodes fingers. So along a column her pencil flew, and a figure was put down. The second column was taken in the same way, and the third and fourth were hardly glanced at as she put down the The other girls stared, got nervous, for-

got what they were carrying and had to begin again. Calmly Margaret handed her paper to the manager and waited for him to say: "Wrong. You may go."
"That's right," he said, comparing it with some figures on a slip of paper his hand. "Step into my office." Two minutes later the manager was explaining that the stenographer would have no figuring to do, but he always used this method as a brain test. Margaret said nothing-she looked intelligent. She still has the posi tion, and she is firmly convinced that it pays to make a bluff.—Chicago News.

IT WAS "CATCHING."

The Copenhagen papers publish this piquant little story:
A prominent business man appeared at the office of his family physician and communicated to him with great concern that his son, the joy and hope of the from diphtheria. The doctor shrugged his shoulders in sympathetic way: "Very sorry to hear it sympathetic way:

No mother's son is safe when that sneak-"But," continued the man, "the dear ung lad has confessed that he caught the disease from the housemaid, who he had kissed.'

Well, what in the world shall one say to that? Young people are very thought "But, don't you see, doctor-how-to be plain—between you and me—I have also kissed the girl (the horrid thing!); per-hays I, too, will be down with the dis-"Yes, by thunder, that is the next thing

"And 1 kiss my dear wife every mornevening, so we risk having "Gracious goodness!" exclaimed the doctor, bringing his fist down emphasis, "then I, too, will have it!"

THE MAJOR'S BARGAIN. A well-known major has an idea that can manage the affairs of the pantry than his wife,
dear," said he, one day, "tha

so the major set off for the bake On arriving he pointed to a pile of buns Winnie" This was a year ago, and on the counter, and said, in his severest

"But—" said the girl in attendance.
"No 'buts' in the matter!" roared the major. "If you don't give me seven I'll go elsewhere and get them."
"Well, sir, if you insist," said the girl,

"I do insist," said the major So the girl counted seven buns into a paper bag and gave them to the major, when went off home greatly elated with ris success. 'Look what firmness can do," he said Mr. John Hare was a guest at the Royal Academy dinner in London, and was called upon to reply to the toast been cheated. These are ha'penny buns!" -Spare Moments.

TO CARE FOR LAMPS.

Never touch the chimney of a lamp with water. A few drops of kerosene oil will remove the smoke and dimness, and a rub with soft flannel or chamois Clean every bit of the burner with a rag dipped in kerosene, and polish it dry and bright. Boil very dirty, neglected burners in soda and water.

See that the outside of the lamp is dry, clean and perfectly free from oil after being filled. Each day rub off the burned

passing off in the form of gas, which is often smelled when entering a room where the lamp has been turned low.

LIFE TODAY IN JOHANNESBURG

By H. C. Shelley, in The Westminster Budget.

CONTROL CONTRO

Johannesburg is popularly supposed the services of the tin opener? There are occasions when tinned roots are not to be a city of gold dust. At the present time the adjective "gold" had better be deleted. Then the popular

notion will hold good. Much was said rather than the necessaries of the boor; in Monday's debate about the expensiveness of life in Johannesburgh, but a few facts will help the reader to broken and amost unvaried course realize the actual truth. The announcement that plague also had
made its appearance makes this subthe outside is consigned to the impoont made its appearance makes this subject of importance at the present other exploded mythe. No matter who moment, the name on the outside may be, at There are times when those corre-

spondents of London papers who live in the capital of the Rand think it worth while to inform the world, at a cost of a shilling a word, that there nas been a "dust-storm" in Johannesourg. When a visitation of that kind ompels fame at an outlay of a shilling a word it must be worth seeng-once-for the normal atmospher condition of that town is one of dust So mush so, indeed, that nearly every shop door is adorned with a variant o this legend:

COME IN. CLOSED ON

ACOUNT OF THE DUST. Under happier conditions, perhaps, a eneration hence, Johannesburg may cease to be a town of dust, and rise to its reputation as a town of gold, The latter condition, indeed, will certainly be more quickly attained than the former, for everything is against such a marvelous change. The roads are of friable soil which sucks in the heaviest deluge of rain in an hour or wagons, with their sixteen spans of undulating, so bestrewn with

own is the paradise of the traction such inconsiderable items as bricks or iron girders. A crucial test, this, for he most substantial highway in the world. It is fatal where the road surface, as in Johannesburg, is crumbled into dust as easily as a rushes a piece of salt in a bread-pan. As an Englishman's life radiates from his home, a word or two may be devoted to the house in Johannesburg They vary, of course, as in every other town of the British Empire. Johannes burg has its East End and its West End. In the West End, the district north of and including most of Wolmarans street-Parktown, in shortleave at once, but three others were go-ing, and that mean man was smiling challenge comparison with the most satisfaction of seeing her count fingers. So along a column her course, of the mining magnates, the gears and unlovely tailing-heaps.

colored gardens, are often, both inside and out, restful pictures for the eye jaded with gazing on hideous head-That there is an East End in Johannesburg, and that there the homes are squalid and miserable, is more a dis grace to the Rand than it is a disgrace to London that there is a Whitechape in the Metropolis of England. Such contrasts of poverty and plenty are inevitable everywhere. But what has to be said in favor of Johannesburg is that a big scheme is now in process of evolution by which the homes of the poorer classes will be made such in structure and environment that they will compare favorably with the best in any town at home. In the meantime, the homes of the poorer classes on the Rand can only be described a wretched tin hovels, in which it mus: be impossible to observe the mos elementary decencies of civilized life

the contents appear to have the same

Jonannesburg, is alray case, but in of impressionistic daubs listlessly, most cases possesses the other quality And then a thin sheet of paper fluta well. It is probably due to lack of skin in the thawing process that Johan-nesburg frozen meat is eather so whony uevoid of flavor or is so hierally endowed with a havor which is latel to the most hearthy appetite. It is a actum nearthy subscribed to by most experienced tra-velers that in no town in the world does the day's menu cost so much and give less value in return for the cost than in Johannesourg. Fruits and vegetables, judging from the picturesque appearance of the overloaded baskets carred round the town by coones, appear to be plenti-lul and of freeproachasie quality. But they are only another sad litustration of the fact that things are not what they seem. Vegetables and truits anke share

in that curious no-flavor which is common to all other viands of South Africa. Johannesburg is a city of spacious distances. Immense open squares are a common feature; the streets have a noble heaviest deluge of rain in an hour or two, and this friable surface is continually being milled into from the distribution of the continually being milled into from the continual transfer of the conti tinually being milled into finer and All this means an extra tax on his purse still firer atoms by the traffic which for the transit of his body. For pedesis the most conglomerate of any city in the world. The rickshas and the cabs hardly count, but the heavy drays do, and the incessant stream of oxwagons, with their sixteen spans of

wagons, with their sixteen spans of animals, would be enough to try the most perfectly macadamized surface.

But these drays and wagons are by no means the worst enemies of Johannesburg's unmacadamized roads. The nesburg's unmacadamized roads. The would create, is the paradise of the traction in the lohannesburger is a liberal

Hence the Johannesburger is a liberal wieldy type of that road-destroyer runs riot in the streets of Johannesburg, and it is generally dragging in its train a full half dozen massive goods-trucks. Jaden to replation with the streets of Johannesburg, and it is generally dragging in its train a full half dozen massive goods-trucks. Jaden to replation with in its train a full half dozen massive with its minimum fare of sixpence a goods-trucks, laden to repletion with mile. The tramears of Johannesburg are uncomfortable and dear and dirty; the cabs are always the second, frequently the third, and sometimes the first. The typical cab of Johannesburg is a vehicle or the victoria type, and its only pro-tection against the torrential rains which requently descend in the summer consists of a huge waterproof sheet stretched oover the gap between the hood and the driver's seat. This sometimes keeps out the rain, and always shuts in the passenger as effectually as though he were taking a trip in the criminal's black omnibus. The cabman's are in Johannesburg is regulated by the clock. After 7 p. m. he can—and, of course, does—caim a fare and a half; after midnight he demands double tare, or as much more as the paucity of vehicles warrants him in extorting. All clock.

his spells extra addition to the expenses of one's theater-going.

And theater-going is the chief amusemuch-talked-of millionaires of the hard the times, a company can always her, then, as she came into his life count upon a full house most nights of the week. And this is not because seats the week. And this is not because seats the week. The week week week week are the property of the week week. ment of Johannesburg. No matter how her to Lespard. He had remen in the theater are cheap. on the average, rule higher than in the best theaters of London. Stalls are al-ways half a guinea, and there is nothing answering to the London pit.

Apart from the theaters, the Johannes burger can always count upon a liberal supply of pleasant time-killing functions being provided at Wanderer's Hall, where fancy-dress balls are frequent and where fancy-dress balls are frequent and concerts common. In the grounds at-tached to the hall, cricket and baseball matches, tennis tournaments, shows, and other outdoor amusements give con-Rand. Nor should it be forgotten that the lover of horseflesh can generally depend upon a good meeting about twice a month on the picturesque course of stant relief to the stress

Turffontein. Less adequate are the resources of Less adequate are the resources of those whose recreative tastes lie in the direction of reading. It is true that there is a public library, of sorts, and that the town appears to be well stocked with booksellers shops. But an effort to compile a hundred-best-books library would be worse than a labor of Herenles. To some extent this is the Before life in Johannesburg can be enjoyable to the man who has lived most of his years at home there will be needed a radical revolution in the food supply of the town. What the Rand would do at the present time without tinned products it is impossible to say. And who would have the termidity to pose as a champion of foodstuffs which call for

HIS ARTISTIC INSTINCT

BY H. T. GEORGE.

It would not be quite fair to Floyd, ways happier than your wife." to say that she had rehearsed the scene, but certainly she had planned are impossible, Floyd," he said i.nscene, but certainly she had planned patiently. "Tomorrow I'll come ur it very carefully beforehand. It is again. By that time you will see things even possible that she had a fine more clearly."
sense of its dramatic possibilities, for "That will b a woman can indulge her theatrical instincts when her heart is breaking. come again. And perhaps"-Floyd had Moreover, she did not mean him to know that she cared. But even if it were quite true that he had ceased to love her, she had fancied that in the moment of losing her he would

moment, when she held out to him the ring—the ring whose sweet significance she had hidden from her ally, "you know what sort of a feldidn't look for the name on the cover," might lie between her heart and his. He took the little symbol quietly. know-to save your letters." His face was white, but that was

from anger, she thought. "I quite understand," she said, the fingers of her pride gripping the sobs you in the least. You would not be the artist you are if you did not love the artist you are if you did not love unveiled. When she told Russell are it was only that she happened to appear to your artistic instinct."

beauty, And if you should marry a was not going to the studio, he gently peal to your artistic instinct."

"Yes," Russell agreed, smiling now woman who was not beautiful, it would not be your failt if you repented it. But it would be your fault - way that made Floyd hesitate. and hers - if you married her. will not make that mistake, you and

"I had thought," he retorted sharply, "that you were above being jealous of another woman's face." was a disappointment in his voice that hurt her, even while she tlushed angrily under the insult.

"You may call it that if you like," she relied. "It is not because you have painted her portrait. I am above being jealous of your models; but I am tired of hearing you praise her - that is all; tired of seeing you look at her from the moment she enters a room until she leaves it; tired of sitting by while you sketch her, and being asked to admire her eyelashes and the curve small and lost in the thronged studio. of her chin. I am tired of all this I filled with technical criticisms and low who am not a beauty, who can in no laughter. She was only one of the rest. way appeal to your artistic instincts." but the "Lady in Blue" was supreme.
"I did not want you for a model," he The ricture, the painted proud face. began.

enough."

"And I have told you that I am not other, and hated both fiercely. at all in love with Miss Erwin, and that I am very much in love with you. Her voice shook niteously. But can't promise that when I marry you I shall close my eyes thenceforth hans if you sit here quietly it will be to beauty in women. I shall always better. The rooms are overcrowded."

"That will be quite useless," she returned. "I would rather you did no: and her ideas of the process were largely traditional — "perhaps you will be good enough to send me back the the letters I have sent you?" Something that might have been a care. And this was the crucial laugh in Lespard's eyes was drowned on the cover?" he asked most tenderin apprehensive pity.

"My dear girl," he said apologeticfriends, that the secret of their love low I am. It really never occurred to me-I was seeing you every day, you the room, and put a tiny sketch book The next day, when Floyd met Rus-"You are sure you know what you are saying, Floyd?" he asked, quietly. ed her if she was on her way to the fingers of her pride gripping the sobs I espard to plan, and which she was ing down at the study in violet and in her throat. "And I am not blaming trying to forget. It was in honor of gray. the "Lady in Blue," who was to be "I know." Lespard said hurriedly. unveiled. When she told Russell she "It was only that she happened to ap-With a woman's grasp of details in

for the occasion, and that her last covert glance into a plate glass window had been not unsatisfactory. And if Russell suspected, he might fancy she was afraid — afraid of Miss Erwin! She turned the next corner with him.

"For my sake," he said gratefully;

and they went together.

Lespard shook hands with her gravelv. His cold, dignified reproach grave-lv frightened her, and she felt very The ricture, the painted proud face. with its insolent knowledge of itself be administered to children without im-"No, you have shown me that often faced the model across the room, and posing the penalties which follow the with its insolent knowledge of itself Flovd looked from one site to the

"My head is so bad!" she told him.

Wise Ways of Women.

No "prizes" offered with common soaps will long tempt the wise woman to use common soaps. The wise woman soon sees she has to pay dearly for "prizes" in the low quality of soap, in the damage commen soaps do her clothes and her hands. The wise woman considers her health—so soon ruined if she were to continue breathing the steam of adulterated common soaps. The wise woman recognizes the difference between such soaps and Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar. 213

sketches?" he asked. "They're mostly Lespard's. I make it a roint to

no-flavor. This is one purden of life in lose mine. He went away laughing. Floyd opened the portfolio, turning the pages prozen meat is, of course, plentiful in opened the portfolio, turning the pages se mine. impressionistic daubs listlessly. tered out. She picked it up and looked at it hungrily, pitifully, for the line at the top was in Lespard's handwriting, and she read it through a

mist of tenderness. "My dear mother," it ran, and then stopped abruptly. The rest of the sheet was covered with sketches pen and ink sketches - sketches of-Floyd gave a half articulate little sob of rapturous assurance. "They're me!" she whispered ungrammatically.

'Me, all of them! A face shadowed by a drooping Gainsborough, a face tipped upward to the light, a face in profile, with the loose hair falling about it, a face half finished, only the eyes distinct - and

all the faces here. "My dear mother"-and then at the name of the woman he had loved first he had fallen to dreaming of the woman he loved most. After all, he had been the lover of tradition, seeing his sweetheart's face in her absence, and seeing it beautiful through his love. What was that portrait on the easel to these half-finished sketches? He had painted that because the woman was fair and he could sell her face.

He had drawn these because the face was in his heart and he loved it. Russell, strolling back to her corner looked down into radiantly uplifted eyes. "You like the sketches?" he ask ed. And then he lifted the paper and laughed at her, "Oh, woman, woman Thy name is unchange!!" he sighed

despairingly. Floyd flushed guiltily. "I am afraid" - she began, and then she laid her hand on his, with the trust some men inspire in women, "I fancy you know why I liked that page so well " she said shyly.

"I have guessed," he answered. One could not live long with Lespard and not guess."

Floyd colored again with happiness at the revelation in his speech. "He has made me prettier than I am." she said, not so irrelevantly as

it sounded. Russell studied her face for a moment. "I would trust his memory, if I were you, I think," he said; and he drew another sheet from the portfolio. Floyd gasped as she looked at it. It All was a water color drawing of herself. and she remembered the night she had worn that gown of violet and gray. It was the night Russell had introduced

is almost beautiful. And he has handled the nose so skillfully. It is such tender smudge!" In her happiness, she was able to see the humor of it She sat in the corner a long time watching Lespard across the room with a rhangody in her eyes

As the crowd thinned she made her penitent way to him. "Are you going?" he asked coolly, the smile fading from the face that had been turned upon Miss Erwin at his side. But Floyd's smile did not fal-

"Yes, it is late, and I have not congratulated you. I'll do that tonight, if you co.ne up. You will come, won't you? I shall be waiting.' "I will come," he said kindly, and

rather as one bestows a favor upon a child who has been naughty and repented. That night Lespard hailed Russel' as he came into the room.

"I began a letter to my mother the other day," he said. "Do you know much I'd written, but I want to finish it and post it on my way to Floyd's. Oh, here it is in your pertfolio. Why. what, who-say, who did this? It's Floyd!

"You did it," Russell said flinching a little. "And she found it this after He bore Lespard's stare heroically. "Well-that was skillful of you, old man," Lespard said at length. "Poor

little thing, she was jealous of Miss Erwin. So this is the explanation of the truce!" "That and this," Russell said shortly. He set his mouth hard as he laid the water color before his friend who

regarded it critically. "By Jove, old man, that's good!" he said. "That's a fine color scheme, never saw her wear that dress." "Yes, you did - the night you first met her: and, you remembered it and painted it. You see, I have to recall all this so that you can discuss the matter intelligently tonight" Lespard was silent for wlong time. At last he laid the picture gently down. "And she didn't notice the name

Lespard came back after he had left

"I didn't know these things pleased sell, who shared a studio with Les- a woman," he explained apologetical-"You understand better than I." "I' didn't do it to please a woman," fete—the studio fete she had helped Russell answered slowly. He was star-

eyes, as well as with his voice, in a at the face. "That was it, perhaps."-New York News.

the face of a crisis, she reviewed the IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST. fact that her gown was appropriate Not only is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil of for the occasion, and that her last incomparable value in the household, but

"I was entertaining a belief in a Citizens of Manchester, England, are tram cars "squeeze twenty persons into seats constructed for eighteen," and wore still, "allow some people to stand

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