

Her Love, in the End, She Confessed

Once he would gladly have put
His lips to the glorious clay
That had known the sweet touch of her
foot.
And once, on a halcyon day,
She drank from a cup, and to him
Came the thrill man has once and no
more.
When he pressed his glad lips to the rim
Where her lips had touched it before.
Once he was proud as he pressed
His nose in the folds of her hair—
But her love, in the end, she confessed
She confided herself to his care!
There once was a charm in her touch,
But she seems to have lost it, some-
how.
And his language would frighten the
Dutch.
When she uses his hairbrush now.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

DICK'S DECISION

BY CATTENDEN TADGOTT

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There was no doubt at all that Fred Williams owed everything to Dick. For seven years he had stood in the place of a parent, making a far more satisfactory one than a real happy-go-lucky father had done up to the time when he had shuffled off his life as easily as had shuffled off most other obligations, leaving his only child to the care of his chum in misfortune.

Dick at that time was twenty-three years old and Freda was twelve; Dick was poor as a church mouse, picking a precarious living at space work on a New York newspaper, and Freda was absolutely penniless. It seemed the only solution of which was put Freda in an orphan asylum or her go to work.

But Dick swore she should do neither. He had been fond of her father, and because he had done so much and received so little from him, he made up his mind that Freda should have her chance in the world. It was easy to decide what this chance should be, as the child was a mimic, a mimic to her finger tips, and the possessor of many witchways which Dick was sure would bring her fame in due time if given per chance for their display.

But first she must be educated. About this Dick felt sure she would be handicapped, so that even her natural talent would not bring her to the top. So off to school she went, while Dick turned himself into a galley slave to provide the wherewithal.

At the end of the five years—hard years, when Dick was seldom certain of his dinner; years when his terror that he might fall ill and be unable to keep up the payments that Dick had between Freda and utter want—struck it rich. First a novel and then a play of his made a great hit, giving his copy into sudden demand. Dick during past heart-breaking years only to be unanimously rejected by short-sighted managers and publishers, were dragged from the dust, brushed up and sold at increasingly profitable prices. In four years, Dick became a poverty-stricken hack, Dick became a famous author, comfortably fixed for life.

Freda had repaid the benefit of this purse. After one summer spent in California with a western schoolmate had left school for good and was doing a year with a careful chaperon in a tour of Europe, designed to give a final breadth to her education. She took up the actual study of profession in life.

Meanwhile the years had had their effect on Dick no less than on the girl. As she had grown in grace, Dick had found it increasingly hard to maintain his brotherly pose. "My lady, old man!" he had said to himself again and again. "This won't do. Freda is to be a great actress—she will be one; there is no doubt about it—and you must not stand in her way. She likes you as an elder brother. Let her continue to do so as she has made her hit; then—"

At this point Dick would have paused to tell you—your first of all—you who have been so good to the penniless little orphan thrown on your hands seven years ago. Dear Dick, I am to be married. Dear, darling Dick, I will be married before you get this letter. Dearest brother, I am to be married to-morrow.

"Forgive me, Dick, for not waiting to hear from you, but there is no time. Tom—Tom Woodward, brother of my California friend Rita, you know—asked me last summer, and I refused him. But he came over here and asked me again, and—Dick, Dick, dear Dick, I just couldn't refuse. Tom has



A mimic to her finger tips. Only two weeks more to stay in Europe before we must both go back to California, and he wants so much to spend it in Switzerland with me, so that we may always have the memory to look back on. So, dear Dick, dear elder brother, we are to slip away to the American church here and be married to-morrow, and go to Geneva for a week; then come home. If you write at once, we will get your letter at the Embassy in London.

"P. S.—Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten—my career! I regret it only because I'm sure you will. For myself—Tom will make up for everything."

When Dick raised his eyes his face was very white. Without pausing to think he drew a sheet of paper before him and wrote:

"Your letter lies before me. It is exactly the sort of letter I might have expected from your father's daughter. Without faith, without gratitude, without even common decency, he never hesitated to sacrifice his best friends to his selfishness. You have followed worthily in his footsteps. For several years I have educated you, clothed you, fed you; many a day I have gone hungry that you might have money to throw away with your wealthy school companions; cold, wet, ragged, hungry, ill, day after day, I tolled that you might not suffer; that you might have your career. And this is my reward. For the sake of your two weeks with Tom you forget everything—you can not do me even the poor courtesy of cabling your intentions before executing them. I hope I shall never see your face again."

Dick stopped abruptly and stared into vacancy for a moment; then he laid aside what he had written and began anew:

"Mrs. Thomas Howard:
"Dear Madam—Your favor without date, telling me of your marriage, has been received. Permit me to extend my congratulations. I regret that I shall not have the honor of meeting your husband, on your return, as I am about leaving the city indefinitely."

Again Dick paused and threw down his pen; then a softer expression came over his face and he again essayed:

"Dear Freda—Your unexpected news startled me, but, if the young man is worthy, it's all right. I shall immediately place ten thousand dollars to your account as a little wedding present. A wife is never the worse off for having a small income of her own."
"Your Own Brother."
For the third time Dick paused and a malignant expression passed over his face. He laid the three letters before him and read them over again and again. At last with a sudden gesture he tore up two of them, signed his name to the one remaining, placed it in an envelope and without pausing to think, rushed out into the hall and slipped it into the mail chute. As it vanished from his sight he went slowly and despairingly back to his room. Which letter did he post?

FOIBLES OF FASHION

A Pretty Frock.

An original frock seen on a young girl at the luncheon hour might easily be reproduced by any clever dressmaker. It was a white-mull of heavy and firm quality laid in side plaits around the hips, these being released just below the hip line. It was of round length and was finished at the bottom with an almost knee-deep flounce of all-over English embroidery done in scallops at the lower edge as well as the top and having run through the top two lines of half-inch black velvet ribbon two inches apart, these gathered the ruffle and were tied at the left side in careless bows.

The deep girde, which merely rounded down a little at the front, was of finest white kid and closed with a silver buckle.

The short Eton coat was entirely of the openwork embroidery, unlined and worn over a blouse of mull to match the skirt. The jacket, which otherwise would have hung straight, was also gathered or drawn in below the bust by a half-inch black velvet ribbon run through the openwork embroidery, and a butterfly bow of wider black velvet ribbon finished the front, where the narrow ribbon ends met. The sleeves—large, single puffs of the embroidery—had similar velvet lacings at the elbow that gathered the scalloped edges at the bottom into



three-inch ruffles. Both the sleeves and the jacket were cut from wide embroidered flouncings, and therefore had embroidered scallops as a finish at their edges. The Eton jacket did not extend over the shoulders, but the back and the front were held in place by two straps of half-inch velvet ribbon going over each shoulder; one of these straps finished, or rather concealed, the others, some two inches from the sleeve strips, in the front, revers cut from the mull, the shape of a shawl cut diagonally through the center, were joined to the jacket tops; these were hand embroidered and had hemstitched edges. In the back, however, the straight-across top showed scallops to match the lower edge. The stock and front of the mull under-blowse were embroidered to match the revers on the jacket and the elbow sleeves of mull were finished by narrow embroidered bands.

A broad-brimmed white hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and sprays of wistaria, topped the frock, one of the prettiest seen this summer in town.

Here are a few pointers on coming fashions. Sleeves are to continue short. Skirts are to either trail on the ground or be very short; no more will be seen the ankle-length gowns which are so unbecoming to the average figure. Skirts that just escape the ground seem to be a woman's idea of a comfortable dress, when in reality it is an ugly and dirty length. I say dirty because it gathers up more dust than you can imagine, and of course can never be held up.

Let me say a word on the subject of holding up your gown. Have you ever watched the various ways it can be done? Have you sat in any public place and seen a stream of women, fat and thin, tall and short, old and young, and after growing thoroughly discouraged at the way they walk and hold themselves begin to notice their different ways of doing things?

Call to your mind the fat woman in a hurry to catch a train; her bonnet slightly askew, her flushed face, and that frightful shopping bag, with leather handles, which she holds together, to hold in the bundles which are oozing out. The bag itself is one of those flat cloth ones which nine out of ten women love. With her other hand she clutches the skirt at the side, toward the front, and holds it high in the air, showing, usually a cloth boot with elastic sides and a stout ankle. Her gown trails out in every direction and she moves like a frigate under full sail, as the wind slowly creeps under and inflates the skirt, while she, sublimely unconscious, lifts the skirt higher in just that one place, and calls on to her woollens.

Don't you remember the girl who holds her skirt tightly about her, as if lashed to the mast, bundling it all up about her any which way, and half the time her boots or shoes are not what they should be, and her petticoat is frayed or soiled.

How many people can stand having their feet looked at? You have all made a study of a row of feet in some electric car, beginning at one end, and following right along the line, and you have noticed the rapidity with which the women haul down their skirts and the men shift and wiggle and try to sit on their feet. Perhaps one in that whole car will sit serenely satisfied and allow you to look and admire, and to wish the whole world would go and do likewise.

No woman is so beautiful and no man so good-looking that they can afford to be slipshod about anything. When shoes get down at the heel they should be repaired or disposed of. I don't care whether they are otherwise perfectly good. Get good, expensive shoes, made to fit, and of the best material. Never leave them off without at once putting them on trees, for that makes shoes keep their form. Now, the average person doesn't tree shoes except now and then, or when they are being cleaned, and, having one pair only, this is no good.

Invest in skeleton trees at least, which are \$1 a pair, and keep every slipper and shoe on them, whether traveling, visiting or at home. Always keep the shoes clean; if colored kid use cleansing fluid; if brown or white get proper materials and learn how to do it yourself, for in many houses it is not done for you, and you should get prepared.

I've known many a girl to wear the same shoes for weeks without treeing or cleansing, and the result was good clothes and thought she looked well. Being neat and fresh is as important as taking the trouble to remember the names of every human being you meet, and always have a smile and cordial bow to greet them with. It not only brings you happiness in endless ways, and helps you an untold amount in politics, business or social life, but it brightens many a sad heart and lightens the burden on many tired shoulders.—Exchange.

Wool Waists.
The wool waist gains in favor over heavy linsens and chevots for cool weather. White is more desirable, but light colors are seen and plaids will be worn a great deal for informal occasions. The lingerie waists will be worn all winter, and soft silks have by no means lost popularity. Among the wool waists batiste, flannel, mohair, albatross and veiling are favorites. All of these except flannel wash perfectly, and flannel is not impossible, if the laundress be an expert. Ordinarily it is better to have flannel dry cleaned. New wool waists trimmed with eyelet embroidery are interesting novelties. They are to be had in half a dozen fabrics, the softer materials such as albatross being very pretty.

Street Suit of Silk.
Changeable silk will be largely used for fall costumes and are wonderfully effective. Among an early showing was one in greens and browns, the different shades harmonizing beautifully. The design has a plain, full skirt, with four applied tucks at bottom. The jacket is of the collarless bolero type with applied tucks in design. It closes in surplice fashion and has two wide pieces of Persian embroidery in delicate shades as revers. The strapped pieces of silk around the neck are fastened down in front with fancy buttons. Mosquetaire gloves are worn, therefore the sleeves are quite short with a straight cuff of brown velvet.

Barley Meal Scones.
Add a little salt to as much barley meal as you require, and mix with it sufficient hot milk to make a thick paste. Roll out thin and cut into three-cornered pieces; bake in a very quick oven. Cut open and butter while hot.

Boudoir Confidences

One of the most popular fashions of this season is the surplice waist. The simple coat for general wear is the short cut, tan covert cloth.

Hemstitched ruffles are very neat and are seen in the most exclusive things.

The wearing of a scarf in tulle, chiffon, lace or thin silk has become a veritable furore.

All the fashionable garments for street and evening wear reveal the short-waisted tendency.

Black and white pin-checked taffeta is being made up into sweet little box coats for baby's wear.

tions rarely extend below a pretty yoke depth.

The bright, scarlet coats, displaying green broadcloth collars, are still considered the smartest for the small man's wear.

The kimono craze has extended to wraps, and now the most gorgeous evening creations fashioned along these lines are shown.

Many of the early fall models in millinery have high, wide brims, high crowns and are trimmed with sweeping ostrich feathers that are shaded.

One of the most notable whims this season is the mixture of materials of every varying texture, not so much as trimmings, but as a whole part of the design.

Combs of all sorts and sizes are worn, and where a set of combs used to consist of a big comb and two side combs, it now comprises five combs and a barrette.

Black Lace Coats are Coming.

Black lace coats are to be very smart next winter, and are also worn now with black chiffon gowns. The chiffon and lace combine extremely well and often when it is desired to have a sharp contrast the fashion is to wear a white lace coat with a black skirt. A bolero of white lace on a black dress, if a woman has a good enough figure to carry it off well, is always smart and effective, but if the figure is not all that may be desired, then it is just as well to have the lace in black also, thus eliminating the sharp contrast outlining the figure.

Handkerchief in the Glove.

The fashionable handkerchief of today must be as small as possible and the newest thing is a tiny handkerchief to be carried in the glove. It is a piece of the finest muslin a few inches square, trimmed with lace, and small enough and soft enough to be kept in the glove. On it the name or monogram is embroidered in the smallest letters and the whole thing is so useless that the owner only just escapes being without a handkerchief at all.

A Chic Afternoon Hat.



A dainty hat for afternoon wear is pale blue Neapolitan with Tam O'Shanter crown. The brim is faced with tiny folds of black tulle and shaded blue wings and blue velvet ribbon adorn the top.

Revival of the Caster.

The table caster is being revived, but it is as a case accessory for each individual cover, and not the large stand for the center of the table. These little casters contain bottles for pepper and salt and a vinegar cruet. Other small ones have a tiny bottle at either side of the stand with a hollow dish for salt suspended between them. They are very cunning and give an altogether modern air to a table.

Short Skirts the Rule.

Very short skirts are the absolute rule and it matters little what the material may be. The short skirt is here to stay for some time at least and those who contemplate making up a gown would do well to take heed and study its ways. The short skirt has many things in its favor. It is very light in weight, for it is abbreviated to such an extent that flounces and ruffles are almost impossible. It is becoming to the feet. It is comfortable and it takes little material. More than all these, it is fashionable and the fashion has spread until it now reaches Paris and is popular in Vienna, where there was the greatest protest against it. The Paris modistes are chopping off the gowns right at the ankles. The new short skirts are much shorter than the former ones. They are now made instead high and some of them are even less. They most decidedly show the feet, and this calls for the prettiest of shoes.

New Idea in Chemisettes.

Chemisettes have been rushed to death, yet the prettiest of the simpler blouses show evidence that the craze isn't over by any means. Not that separate chemisettes are worn with blouses, but the yoke takes the form of an attached chemisette, the blouse folding over it, and usually being finished with scallops, embroidered by hand.

CROCODILES HARD TO KILL.

Many Bullets Necessary to Put End to One's Existence.

Shooting crocodiles in India is a little like shooting mud turtles. A hunter describes the sport: "We suddenly came on our first crocodile about a mile from camp, asleep on the bank, with its mouth open, not more than twenty yards from us. It started to get away, but I fired two shots as quickly as I could get them off, the first into its open mouth and the second into its neck as it turned its head. That stopped it effectually and it never got into the water. The next day we found another crocodile and my friend got it just above the shoulder. That was not enough to stop it, but we both fired as it was getting into the water and one bullet hit it in front of the quarters. They sometimes come up again when wounded, so we waited about twenty minutes, and then looking about I saw it lying on its back at the bottom of the stream. It looked dead enough, so we got hold of the end of the tail and pulled it ashore. We gave it two more shots, one in the neck and the other in the middle of the back, and it then still had vitality enough to bite a paddle in two though the legs were paralyzed and it could not move."

Six Doctors Failed.

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 25th (Special)—After suffering from Kidney Disease for three years; after taking treatment from six different doctors without getting relief, Mr. J. O. Laudeman of this place found not only relief but a speedy and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his cure Mr. Laudeman says:

"Yes, I suffered from Kidney Trouble for three years and tried six doctors to no good. Then I took just two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they not only cured my kidneys, but gave me better health in general. Of course I recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to others and I know a number now who are using them with good results."

Mr. Laudeman's case is not an exception. Thousands give similar experiences. For there never yet was a case of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills could not cure. They are the only remedy that ever cured Bright's Disease.

RITUAL OF THE ESKIMO.

Elaborate Ceremonies Held at the Return of the Sun.

It might be supposed that the Eskimo were too much occupied in fortifying themselves against hunger and cold to indulge in religious rites and ceremonies. An explorer in Arctic Alaska, however, reports that the natives have quite an elaborate ritual, in the course of which huge and grotesque masks are used. Their principal festival is held at Easter, when they celebrate the return of the sun. Eskimo, dressed in appropriate costumes and wearing masks, personate the sun, the moon and various Arctic animals, and there is much chanting and dancing. Some of the masks are so heavy that they have to be suspended from the roof of the house in which the ceremonies are held, the actors simply standing behind them and wagging them from side to side. All the masks are carved not only with a rugged resemblance of the object or animal represented, but with a hideous human face designed to represent its ghost. This is due to the Eskimo belief that every animal and thing has a spirit of human form and features. In some cases the mask is made to open by means of hinged doors, showing another mask formed like a human face beneath.

Gout and Its Symptoms.

Gout may manifest its presence in any part or organ of the body. Indigestion is a common indication of its presence; but its more serious forms are associated with pain in one or more of the joints. Alcohol and tobacco should be avoided, and Vichy water liberally taken.

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed. All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my household and enjoy it. The Grape-Nuts food did it. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

A few days' trial will show anyone some facts about food. There's a reason.