

therefore, that Mr. Davis now regards his mark as so indelibly made that a wife will be unable to efface it, and having experienced the mental exaltation resultant upon a life of self-denying celibacy he ventures to risk a descent to commonplace mediocrity for the novelty of hymeneal bliss. Those that know Mr. Davis best, however, are a little surprised that he should have chosen to wed a young woman as aggressively assertive as is his bride of today rather than some sweet slip of femininity of the clinging vine description. Miss Clark is the opposite of feminine, and a slap on the back with a "Give us a cigarette, old chap!" appears to be much more characteristic of her than love pats and labial caresses. Arrayed in modish attire and seated on the box of her high cart, she has for several seasons been a most attractive figure on the Chicago boulevards and at the several suburban clubs of the Western Metropolis. Confident in her impregnable position, the conventions have been of small moment to Miss Clark. Upon Mr. Davis she heaped invitations to drive, to dine and to sup in such flattering multiplicity that he had scant opportunity to reciprocate. For the sake of old friendship Mr. Davis invariably accepted, and this constant companionship resulted in the attachment that now finds its natural sequel at the altar. I understand that Mr. Davis and Mrs. Clark are simply devoted to each other, and the affectionate admiration of the mother is second only to that of the daughter. Miss Clark's beauty is in her figure, which is tall, slender and very erect. An abundance of curling hair and a fresh color are other charms. —Town Topics.

IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

MARTHA PIERCE.

The straight and narrow way trodden by the religious instructor of the infant mind, has also its pitfalls. We often hear of ludicrous occurrences arising from attempts to force on a baby mind lessons which will stun an adult unless most carefully presented. Unfortunately it cannot be claimed that our primary Sunday schools, generally, have kept up with modern educational thought.

Not so long ago the writer happened to be in a primary Sunday school, numbering perhaps a hundred ranging in age from four to ten years. The International series presented the martyrdom of John the Baptist for the delectation of the innocent, that morning. Before the school was a thing purporting to be a picture, in which a murderous looking man in flamboyant red flourished a dripping sword in the near vicinity of a body whose grass green draperies could not compensate for the loss of its rather undesirable looking head, now in the possession of a third atrocious creature in abhorrent blue. If the teacher who "explained" the picture to the school would have taken the trouble to explain to the critic, its probable effect, and assured her that the admiration depicted on certain faces was certainly for John the Baptist, it would have contributed largely to my comfort.

The same misguided zeal which perpetrated things of this sort upon the child is responsible for cramming his mind with hap-hazard texts, with reward cards alluring in the dim perspective of the future.

A school which semi-occasionally allows itself a diversion, recently cited quotations as a morning exercise. A shock headed boy with wide solemn gray eyes, took breath enough to last him through the performance and favored us thus,—

"In these days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea saying Repent ye for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand, for this is he that was

spoken of by the prophet Esaias saying the voice of one crying in the wilderness,—that ain't all of it but its all I know, and when I get it learned as far as the fift' verse my Sunday school teacher's going to give me a card about so big with all pretty pictures on it and a nother verse." he finished breathlessly. "Little childish voice crying in the wilderness."

"U-m-m!" said the teacher, not feeling equally to anything more explicit. The hurried rapid enunciation recalled to memory a time when a little girl oppressed with a sense of duty rose up to "take part" in a meeting. She strove to repeat a favorite passage succeeding thus, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me beside still pastures, he maketh me to lie down in green waters." Suddenly over come she sat down and wept. To some such humiliating early blunder might be traced the aversion some people entertain to the idea of religious meetings for children, in which they are encouraged to bare their great small souls for the advancement of religion generally, and taught to be both self conscious and priggish.

Fortunately a great deal of the seriousness which is poured upon them is shed off as lightly as the water from the back of the proverbial water-fowl. A little girl who "learns a verse every week" came home one day with the usual announcement, "I've learned another one." Being urged to air her new knowledge she rattled off glibly,—

"A good name is rather to be Joseph than gray breeches."

If this gem of wisdom contained any meaning for her, inquiry failed to elicit the fact.

Like the little boy in the following story the meaning was rather prevented by a slight misapprehension.

This little boy, aged five, gave such serious and round eyed attention while the morning lesson was being read, that he called particular attention to himself. The lesson was concerning the hand writing on the wall, and the minister who was the fortunate father of the five-year-old, flattered by his unusual alert interest, explained the lesson carefully. "I believe he understands every word of it" he said fondly and enthusiastically to the child's mother. That evening when he unfolded the paper, the boy's eye was caught by the picture of a hen scratching by a stone wall.

"Papa," he said excitedly "Is that the hen writing on the wall?"

It is safe to guess that the father has not since made any serious attempts to explain the prophets to a juvenile audience of one. Children have such funny notions.

A patriotic school insists after repeated correction upon singing with great unction,

"Our father's God to Thee
Arthur of liberty, etc"

What, in the infant consciousness is an Arthur of liberty? Perhaps the infant mind does not trouble itself sufficiently to enquire? A class of maturer age, learned a song from the blackboard. In this song some reference is made to "angel chores." The united efforts of teacher and school mates have not sufficed to deter one little girl from warbling joyfully of "angel chores." Whatever in her mind the chores of the angels may be, she evidently takes genuine satisfaction in the thought that they are employed.

A woman who can still remember her small perplexed thoughts pursued while she sat upon her father's knee in church and listened solemnly with half understanding ears to all the queer proceedings, says she thought for some years that the congregation sang.

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He grew upon the tree?"
Her little head was perplexed to know how anybody's sins could cause a person to do a thing so extraordinary

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