Young Woman's

Tragedy That Followed Automobile Ride at Night.

When a young woman permits her name to become a bar-room jest, she cannot worthly wear the name of an name to become a bar-room jest, she cannot worthily wear the name of an honorable man."

The hospital nurse was weeping as she uttered those dramatic words, and she added: "Whoever the man was whom the dead woman loved, he ought to have foreseen what an influence his words would have upon her life. She was constantly muttering those words in her delirium and when she was convalescing, she told me her story, but she insisted that she could not get well, and hoped that she might die repeating, and she did die repeating the statement of the man who had left her, because, as he told her:

"When a young woman permits her name to become a bar-room jest she cannot worthily wear the name of an honorable man."

"I knew her from her babyhood.'5' said venerable Sister Teresa, of the Holy Cross academy, as she adjusted the cross upon the motionless form of the beautiful woman. "The bereaved sisters of Lazarus said to the Blessed Savior, 'If Thou hadst been here, our brother had not died.' But in this case, as in so many others, it might well be said: 'If her mother had only lived, she also would have lived.'"

Sister Teresa's benignant eyes were suffused with tears, as she added: 'Her

would have lived."
Sister Teresa's benignant eyes were suffused with tears, as she added: "Her mother was a pupil of mine, and she gave me charge of her baby. I did my best fer her, but her father took her away from me, and for years I knew not where she was. It was always best to leave the motheriess girls to the church sisterhood. But men do not understand,"

to leave the motherless girts to the church sisterhood. But men do not an every and and probably never will understand, and probably never will understand to the special of the compital, and miss frome, the hospital, said Miss Thorne, the hospital nurse. "We had been friends in childhood, and I requested permission to take special of the probably of the marron. I am so giad now, because "Sissy" wanted to talk with someone, after the fever was over; and she seemed to be almost happy in her relief at finding me by her bedsed. She was not yet hair was entirely gray; her skin is shriveled as with old age, and the pinched expression shows that she knew what suffering was, and care she was able to earn \$1 a week. The said was an arrelessly old membrand to the strength of the was one of those thought of the membrand of the various tragedies of real life, and Miss Thorne said. "Sister Teresa is right. The loss of her mother was an intent; particularly the said of the was carefully and the proper should be succeeded to the strength of the proper which was an irreparable loss. Itili in business in this city. He was one of those thought of the paper had a correspondent in the place, but the correspondent in the place in the place of the paper and correspondent in the place in the place of the paper and correspondent in the place, but the correspondent in the place, but the correspondent in the place in the place of the paper and correspondent in the place in the place of the place of

We had walked to as Miss Thorne was continued.

"Her name was and the girls nicknas She was bright, bea populär in our sche drifted apart, and I of her for months was brought to the me of her father's she tried to be his receiving any com receiving any com agement; and how were broken when woman but three

were broken when a married a young woman but three years older than 'Sissy' bear in filet, run the streets, attend all of he matiness, meet all sorts of young it and old men, and go to hotel dinners on appears with them; men whom she con not introduce to her father, or whom he would not introduce to her you stepnother. Her father's second married practically made her homeless, so the she lived in the streets. Her father we liberal with her, in the matter of an allowance, and no girl was better drawed. She became a gay and giddy hair street firt,' and was often seen toying the country in automobiles with runs men. But she told me 'hat her intes in life was altered and for the letter when she met a mature man, a was it to me.

"'He was in trouble and dire distress, and I aided him in the care of an invalid dear to him she to me gratitude, but I saw him my love. I saw him do mastel fit phings in a quiet but masterful manner, and I adored him. His voice was as sweetest music to my ears, but I was a accomplished, and in sheer desperation at accomplished.

when the profile of the first two processing and the profile of the first two processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his toolee which we reconstruct the processing and power in his too

into her past life, and when she needed me and my love, she ought to have been received by me in all charitable-ness. Honorable men have a right to demand pure lives in those whom they would make their wives, but they have no right to be brutally cold-blooded in their demands."

eir demands."
And after the earth had been closed
er the tragedies of their two lives,
iss Thorne said: "After all, it might
well for that dramatic expression to
engraved upon the minds of all young women:

"When a young roman permits her name to become a bar-room jest, she cannot worthly wear the name of an honorable man.—Los Angeles Times.

Rewards of a Women's Pen

A Record of Fifteen Years of Hard Work.

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The Sun printed recently an account of the earnings derived from literary work by a man who, while not making literature his life work or means of livelihood, has followed it for twenty years. Here is a relation of what a woman can do under similar circumstances.

While it is impossible to give minute detail as to the sums received this woman has kept careful account of the money she has made by writing. During the fifteen years concerned she has besides brought up a family, done most of the time her own housework and sewing, and found time for some church work and some social pleasures.

Sixteen years ago this woman, feeling that she must do something to aid in bearing the family burden, crocheted habies' bootees at 75 cents a dozen pairs. There was a little baby a year old to be attended to, and by dint of great perseverance she was able to earn \$1 a week. In the meantime she was writing, at the request of an editor, little news items from her home locality for a very small country newspaper in another town. She got a free paper, and stamps and envelopes and nothing more out of it but the satisfaction of seeing her work in print, which was something.

There came about this time to the woman's home town a city paper which was making an effort, by printing a page of suburban news, to get a foothold in suburban towns. The paper had a correspondent did not seeem to be doing very good work, and the woman decided to try to get the work for herself.

Waiting till a large fire in the vicinity gave her material, she wrote and sent out a little account of it to the city paper. Her pride and delight knew no bounds when the next evening the paper printed the item, only very slightly blue penciled.

This satisfaction was added to very materially the next day when the suburban editor of the paper called upon her. The result of the visit was that the woman was told to send in what news she could get and the pay, while not munificent, seemed like a fortune after the

about \$60, making \$355.85. The next year, while it brought a new baby to the home, also brought more money, and the earnings footed up the nice sum of \$650.85.

home, also brought more money, and the earnings footed up the nice sum of \$650.85.

The next was a banner year, probably because a work girl was kept who relieved the busy mother of some of the home duties. The receipts for this year were \$1,000.80 and for the next \$590.98.

Then ensued a period of ill health and depression and generally discouraging conditions. The worker, for some reason, felt as if the bottom had dropped out of everything, and as if it did not any longer pay to keep up the elegral struggle. The result seems to have shown in the quantity if not in the quality of the work done, for the receipts that year footed up only to \$450.37.

Having retrograded, there seemed to be little hope of climbing back to the heights of 1867, but by and by things began to brighten, and 1800 showed a fair increase over the previous year, with \$535.68. This seems to have been the turning point, for in 1901 there was earned \$671.20; in 1902, \$712.20, while in 1903 the total again crept the very close to the \$1,000 mark, reaching \$901.85.

By this time the woman had awakened to the possibilities of the work, and sho was doing, besides the regular news work, all sorts of little bits for women's departments and some little magazine work, and one department had been started which brought a small sum regularly.

In this same year a paper gave the

started which brought a small sum regularly.

In this same year a paper gave the struggling writer one of her strongest boosts, by printing and paying for some of her verses. This opened up a new field, and the profits of the next two years were muterially increased by the income derived from the little verses, most of which were written in a humoraus vein.

Cupid at Play

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MET her; loved her; but I did not propose to her. This is why. We met at Poughkeepsle, a week before the regatta, when the river is not too crowded and the weather is so often perfect. It always breaks when it is wanted. She was staying at a smart hotel—I forgot the name—and wore white frocks in the divinest fashion. I love a well-dressed woman, and as a rule my lady friends do not dress well. I am a New Yorker, and so are their husbands, and roughly speaking, ntmwetaolnshrdiushridu shrdi tain netso they share our taste for speculation. Nothing else explains their variegated appearance.

they share our taste for speculation. Nothing else explains their variegated appearance.

To return. She was punting when I first saw her. Nobody knows how pretty a woman can look till you see a pretty awoman punting. I think it is that long lovely line from the shoulder to the hip; and the green rushes behind her; and perhaps the dazzle of sunhelps, it certainly brought out her hair. The French have a name for it—Something "cendre." She was talking to a man who was not listening, but just looking and looking as if he couldn't look enough. He was a good-looking fellow-regular West Point cut—and obviously tremendously "gone." When I found out she was staying at the same hotel I was, with her mother, and that she wore no ring on the third finger of her left hand, I endeavored to effect an introduction. It was very difficult; the soldier guarded her as jealously as if she had been an important outpost, and the mother was very select and was careful not to make casual acquaintancs at hotels. So she said twice at dinner the evening after I had seen her daughter punting. The observation was apparently called forth by my having passed the mustard once too often as a legitimate means of makin her acquaintance. She also said that she disliked New York men, with an air of sending the observation to my address. How she found out I was a New Yorker passes my comprehension, I don't wear rings, and my socks and thes, if not somber, are not New York men, with an air of sending the observation to my address. How she found out I was a New Yorker passes my comprehension. I don't wear rings, and my socks and tles, if not somber, are not unduly festive. Of course she may have noticed me in the afternoon, and I must confess, that I do not look my best in flannels. I am not exactly fat, but I put on weight easily. The few time-houored observations I hazarded regarding the weather were received with frigid acquiescence. The soldier simply looked at me as if I was not there, the most obtrusive way of recognizing a man's existence I know. The only person who showed the slightest sign of recognizing my presence was my divinity, who had changed her white serge for transparent black, and managed to lose nothing by the exchange, which is saying a good deal. She smiled at me once, and asked me to pass her the menu; it was something. I followed it up in the hall by picking up her handkerchief, and was rewarded by another smile, and a supplementary glare from the soldier. After that things moved fairly quickly, and I discovered that my divinity, whose name was Rosamund, far from belonging to the black-velvet, white-marble type, was quite approachable. At breakfast she started a conversation which she engineered so successfully that the soldier had to join in without leaving me out. He looked very tired at the end; but he realized the obligation. Mrs. Greye was less amenable; she consistently regarded me as if I was bart of the furniture, which, I found discouraging. But, later, I discovered that she was by way of being something of an invalid, and that, assuming a sympathetic attitude while she related symptoms, gained me favor.

A week from the date I met Miss Greye I was sitting in the punt, just as I had seen the soldier sitting, and she was runting and the soldier sitting. She insisted

I was sitting in the punt, just as I had seen the soldier sitting, and she was punting, and I was looking. She insisted on punting. She said she wanted exercise. Pretty women so often do when they get a chance of punting. Then I tried to tell her that I loved her, but was play bridge with us this evening; I have a friend coming down from Albany—such a preity girl," she said, just when I had made a decent start. Of course I u-cepted; although if there is anything in this world I hate more than another it is playing cards with women. They generally cheat and they always fight. But of course I accepted. So did the soldier. When the preity girl arrived—she was not pretty. I had arrived at that conclusion before I naw the lady. Miss Rosamund Greye, if divine, was extremely feminine, and no woman calls another pretty unless she is comfortably aware that she is not. The soldier turned very restive at the close of the first rubber. His temper for the last tew days had shown distinct signs of wear and tear, and was not improved by his inability to cut Miss Graye as a partner. A tremedous scowl at Miss Lister (the so-called pretty girl) was intercepted by Rosamund, who premptly commented on it with disastrons result. "I am afraid Capt. Trevor is bored," she said, gently. "He does not appear to think much of our bridge." "I was not aware that we were playing it," retorted that gentleman with considerable acceptity. Here Miss Lister flung away an acc instead of a two, and explained the performance by observing that it was the mere difference of a pip—an explaination received in stony silence. "One musta't be too particular when one plays with ladies," I remarked. The observation struck me as diplomatic, but was ill received. "Women play just as well as men," retorted Rosamund with some heat.

"Bridge was invented by a lady of high degree, in order that the equality of the sexes might be finally proved beyond dispute," put in Trevor with a aneer.

"Wisdom while you wait," I smid in a great hurry. I dislike people annexing clever things as their own to which they have no claim. He didn't deign to answer, but rewarded me with a murderous giance. I was very pleased. In that plance I read recognition of a rival. "Did you see the sexes might be finally proved beyond dispute," who had a passion fo

what awkward. We are both in love

what awkward. We are both in love with the same lady."

I was electrified by his condescension. Only yesterday he had answered my good morning with an Irate grunt.

"The position has its difficulties." I managed to Say.

Then he processed to explain. "You cannot propose to her because you are always in the way. We are bound to interfere with each other. Let us arrange matters."

Then he offered me a crearette. His programme had at lust the minor merit of simplicity. We are to tors up as to who should have first innings. The one who lost was to leave the field clear for his adversary. It the first man was accepted, the second was to retire. If the first man was rejected, he was to retire. When I got my breath back I assented. We then tossed up, and I won.

"Well I can't wish you luck," he said, pocketing the half dollar with which he had solved the question, "but nothing could be fairer," and off he walked.

Now that I was committed I was conscious of a distinct feeling of nervousness. How was I to put it? What was I to say? I have always held that a great deal depended on the way in which you approached a woman. At last I resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment and walked back to the grounds of the hotel, as Rossmund often came out after dinner. As I approached the house I detected the glimmer of a white dress in her favorite seat—and to my consternation a man seated beside her in what I can only describe as a loverlike atitude. My first thought was that he illustrated the soldier's perfloy; but as I drew nearer I saw that he was a stranger. And before I could turn away the situation was further emphasized by a kiss I am thankful to say that I was unobserved). I hurried away, and as I turned I cannoned into the soldier. My appearance obviously suggested defent and disaster, for his face lit up with delight.

"Got the knock?" he inquired with alactive, I was a mean thing to do, but the temptation was fresistible.

"Tes," I answered and nothing more. Off he went to try his luck. It was the one redeemin

New York 25 Years Hence

Homes of the Wealthy Will Be In the Brenx and the Suburbs Will

E. A. redwell of 41 Park Row, who knows a good deal about real estate, has a theory of his own as to where New York's greatest splendor in future is to

"There are some curious facts about the city's growth and the moving of certain centers," said he. "To begin with, the East side, from the earliest days of the city's history down to the time in which we live, has always grown fastest; has always led the van in the movement of the city northward,

"The West side has even come trailing along after. That has field good in Manhattan and is holding good in the Bronx.

"I believe that twenty-five years from now the people of all nations will come to see New York as the one superb city of the world. New York is only just now beginning to take on the form which it will have when it becomes the world's greatest as well as the most beautiful city. There are some curious facts about

greatest as well as the most beautiful city.

"The Bronx region, I believe, will not many years hence be built up in a way that will all below the Harlem river look cheap and of the second class. The wealthy have slways followed along park lines and along high elevations for their homes, and these lines in Manhattan will soon be filled up.

"The palaces along Central Park, on the east and west sides, will, of course, semsin for many years as the fine private house of the city, but in the Bronx

park region there will grow up a up at sun-burney and even ecklesely courts homes which will put the Central Park homes which will put the Central Park homes which will put the Central Park that averagines. But wareation over, but are as they now are, into the second sive as they now are into the second sive as the second s

"What will succeed and excel the Central Park palaces of to-day it is hard to say. But it will be something vastly more imposing, and the site of these mannious will be up in that region along the Van Cortlandt-Bronx-Pelham bay chain of parks, with those magnificent control in the line of the same and the way.

"And Cortlandt and Pelham bay park-ways."

What Shalle We Wear Now

A Chat About the Early Autumn Styles.

OLOR is to be the key-note of the coming season. This surely recoming season. This surely recoming season. This surely recomingly and stylishly dressed. The new colors are unusually beautiful and of great variety. Light, medium and dark shades will all be in vorue, with the preference, however, decidedly in favor of the former. Dark shades will be in demand only for the most practical use. For evening wear, delicate apricot and peach, tinted white and sliver gray will be the favorites. Gray will also be very promoted the sold of the season of red in Burgundy, rosewood and rasposer which is a darker of the favorites. Gray will also be very promoted the sold of red in Burgundy, rosewood and rasposer year and probably a close rival in popularity among the fashionable colors and probably a close rival in popularity among the fashionable colors and probably a close rival in popularity of the various plum shades, among them, the exquisite amethyst. In the darker shades, olive green will take the lead this year over browns. An extremely dark blue will be much worn.

The fabrics in which these fascinating colors are to be found, are for the dresser costumes, broadcloths, sain cloth lenricita and drap d' etc. Velvet also will be greatly in demand, both for whole costumes and for rimmings. Satin cloth is not what its name implies, but a cloth with a beautiful finish and procurable in all the most delicate shades.

Tallored suits will be fashioned from white and pastel shades will be rashioned from workers.

Tallored suits will be fashioned from workers, who was a sure absolutely correct cut—another, equally prominent, predicts short coats as clusively. The leaning, however, seems to be alightly toward the long coats are absolutely correct cut—another, equally prominent, predicts short coats acclusively. The leaning however, seems to be ignificantly in the lead in the autimum erytes. Skirt of house gowns or of costumes will be of the all-round length, not quite toward the boak. One very popular model, in an instep length

yan Cortisant tilener-bellam hay chain of thirty with the line. Look at the magnificent of the company of already from Mills. Look at the magnificent warp of already from Mills already out to maperial lines. Look at the magnificent warp of already from Mills already out the already of the street for the street of the company of already from Mills. Look at the magnificent warp of already and always will.

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HOW TO PUT AWAY SUMMER CLOTHES By Martha Cobb Stanford.

dainty fragile creations of the seasons, sad though the fact may be. But another summer is coming, and with this happy forethought in mind the prudent Housewite brings her common sense to bear upon the situation and proceeds to pack away her hot weather wardrobe in a manner worthy of imitation.

All her own washable frocks and those of the children are gathered together and carried to the laundry. There the white ones and the colored ones are put in separate tubs, of course, and the colored dresses washed in topid water and borax instead of with soap to prevent them from fading.

The dresses are not ironed, but put away rough dry. It is a mistakents leave either dirt or starch in clothes that are not to be worn for a long time. The presence of either is very likely to retthe material.

If it's a foregone conclusion that the children will outgrow their clothes before another senson, it's a good plan to 'let out' any tucks, or even the hems in their skirts of the dresses before washing them.

It's a pussle to most women to know just how to put away the fashionable plaited skirt in silk, challie, or other soft material, so that the plaits will stay in place and be presentable a second season without the arduous task of preseng them with hot irons. If each plait is pinned with a small common pin at the bottom of the skirt the skirt will look as fresh as new when it comes time to let it see the light of day next summer.

By the way, remember that challies are woolen textures and need to be protested against moths. Scatter borax on the floor of the closet where the dresses are hung, or better still, if you inclose the dresses in a cotton bag, shake borax generously into the bag, it cannot hurt the gowns and is a sure preventalive against moths.

Hang all ruffled petticoats upside down by sewing bangers to the hem. This revolutionary process will keep the ruffles standing out straight and fluffy.

But a sunding out straight and fluffy.

But the seves and in the wast testif. This will keep the walk to such a fluffle of

dry quickly. Put away in folds of tissue paper.

Tissue paper is really an indispensable factor in putting away summer clothes. An excellent labit is to save all the pieces that happen to come into the house at any season of the year. Nothing could be a better substitute for a shor-tree, for instance. Stuff the paper tightly into patent leather and white canvas shoes. It will preserve their shape. And of course tissue paper finds its natural place in a hat box. If possible, put each summer chapeau, after it has been well shaken or brushed, into a separate box and sew the brim or crown with long stitches to the bottom of the box. Then, if by any chance the handbox loses its

stitches to the bottom of the box. Then, if by any chance the handbox loses its equilibrium during its long winter sechision and turns upside down, the hat will not be injured.

An excellent plan is to clean a white straw hat the occally before putting it away. Go over it with damp corn meal, tubbing it in well. Next apply dry meal and work thosoughly into the straw; leave it for some hours. Brush out the meal and wash freely with peroxide of hydrogen. Let it dry in the shade.

ONE SENT OF GOD

"It is of God," said the Mexicans, when diphtheria came among them and the children began dying.

"There is no help for it," said the priest to the mission-school teacher. "There is a strain of the Moor or Arab in them, and under the forms of their Christian faith they are fatalists. Tou cannot change their stolld submission to what comes upon them nor break up their immemorial customs."

But to the leacher it seemed a terrible thing that the disease was spreading unchecked, and that every facility was given it for transmission to all the homes in the village.

"Do not let people come to visit your child," she pleaded with the mother of a sick girl.

"It is a duty to visit the sick," replied the mother.

"But the children who come will themselves be sick," said the eacher.

"It may be so," said the eacher.

"It may be so," said the mother. "If so, it is of God.

The disease went on until almost every home was in mourning, like Egypt after the death of the first-born.

At last one family accepted the teacher's advice, and against protest she established a quarantine. She had sent to Albuquerque and obtained some antitoxin, and she adminstered this to fifteen children.

Meantime there arose a fearful muttering of discontent. From all generations the people had sone to visit their friends who were sick. taking their children with them. Who was this young woman from that mythical region, "the states," who usurped authority ever them? Was it not of God when they were sick? And who dared withstand Him by denying to the sick the comfort of the visits of their friends?

There was danger of riot, but the priest intervened. "This young wamas, though a Protestant." said he, "has come in the love of God. It is of God that she has come, and if her teachings be not intervened. "This young wamas, though a Protestant." said he, "has come in the love of God. It is of God that she has come, and if her teachings be not her left a Christian Hife, and her words are good for you to hear when you with the little ones."

Sick indeed s

Sick indeed she was, and all the medicine was gene. It seemed that she must die, and some of the people said, "It is of God. She refused to let us visit the sick, and God is angry with her."

But the little schoolmistress recovered, and by the time she grew well there were facts which forced themselves into recognition. The families that had obeyed the teacher, and had not visited or permitted their children to visit those who were sick of the dread, had suffered least. While more than half of the children who had taken the disease had died, fourteen of the fitteen whom she had treated had recovered. As her illness progressed, the people stood in increasing numbers before her door, and sent their messages of affection, and the news that one and another of their children were recovering.

It was this that seemed to turn the tide in the case of the teacher. Sick she was, and near to death, but at least her health returned. The town had lost one-third of all its children, but it had learned a lesson which would prevent another slaughter of the innocents.

"It was of God, and we must not complain," said the mothers, when again the teacher visited their homes. And one of them addedd:

"Yes, and the teacher, also, is of God."

"Youth's Companion.

them addedd:
"Yes, and the teacher, also, is of God."
-Youth's Companion.