

(Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.) Sylvette, "clever and beautiful chan-teuse," was singing, and the patrons of the fashionable vaudeville theater, where for two weeks her name would continue to appear on the outside in electric lights, were agreeably conscious of the fact that she was in exceptionally fine voice and

Sylvette had the choice place on the bill, which means that she appeared at an hour neither too early, when people were arriving, nor too late, when the audience would be weary and hard to hold.

All the lesser vaudeville lights had twinkled and disappeared from the hori-zon, those who were forced to submit to the indignity of "supper show hours" hav-ing retired from the scene long before the peerless Sylvette had arrived to dress for her act. And now this bright particular star could shine in all her giory, supreme in the consciousness of unrivaled splen-

bylvettes songs were of a various na-ture. She changed from a pathetic love ballad to a French ditty of the most sparkling, not to say naughty, character, and from this returned in a flash to face her delighted admirers with the latest and most approved "coon song," into which she threw herself with the utmost aban-

Yes, Sylvette was astonishingly versa-tile. The array of grinning youths on the front row were unanimous in their expressions of approval, all agreeing that she "did a great act," which in their vernacular signified that very climax of appreciation.

The baldheads used their opera glasses

The baldheads used their opera glasses in open admiration; not with more vigilance, however, than did the women of the audience, although their interest was not of so friendly a nature.

Two of them, seated in a box at the singer's left, seemed especially interested in that dainty individual.

"You can se the make-up so distinctly from here," whispered the younger of the two.

"Of course you can. Oh, she's heavily made up, that's plain enough. I wonder if she's as pretty off the stage?"
"No, she can't be. Who wouldn't be

our letters we want! We know but little your letters we want! We know but little of your plans—your life. You make such vague mention of your musical work. You vague mention of your musical work. You say you have engagements in and around New York, and we know you must be well paid, for you are constantly remembering us with some lovely gift. Be careful, dear, not to try yourself too far. Don't think we ever forget what we owe to you. I pray that my daughter is the same sweet Sylvia she always was and that she is happy. Won't your engagements ever bring you west? We could get you up a concert at the opera hause, as you up a concert at the opera hause, as we used to do in the old days before you went east. We simply must see you again, dear. You will write more fully, won't you, daughter Sylvia? Your loving Mother."

Sylvette folded the letter carefully, her eyes staring vacantly before her. Sud-denly she arose abruptly and went to the denly she arose abruptly and went to the writing desk in the corner, took out her diary, sat down and wrote: "Mother has asked again why I don't tell them all about myself. I suppose I shall have to tell them some time, but not now! No, it's out of the question. They would never understand."

She underscored the last sentence and again arose, pacing the room restlessly. What a strange mood she was in to-

Returning again to the desk, she caught up the diary and began to turn its pages, reading them as she stood. A look of absorbed interest replaced the pained distress of her face. At length she sank down in the rocker and read on and on, as if she were reading the story of an-

"New York, April 16.—I am almost dis-couraged; I don't know where to turn. There seems to be nothing for me here. I have sung, recited and played at musi-acles and similar functions hoping that they would lead to something better. But I'm just as far from securing a pay engagement as ever. Mrs. Mills hints at my returning hom. I dare say I have imposed upon her hospitality—but what can I do? I can't go home; I promised them I would succeed and send them relief and I will do it. Oh, the complications at home; I dare not think of them. Poor

other things to please the general public. He tells me I would command twice as much salary and play only two shows per day, but how can I ever sing those songs and how can I-oh, I can't-I simply can't

"October 19.—Yes, yes, I can do it; I can do anything to save Alice. Mother writes that she has grown so delicate the doctor insists that she must have a change of climate during the coming winter. He urges them to send her—says it is absolutely necessary to her recovery. She has been ill ever since that first time She has been ill ever since that first time mother wrote. Poor, patient little thing! Will I sing soon songs, French songs, and wear abbreviated skirts? Yes, I'm narved up to it at last. I know I can do it and make a success. Applause shall be mine! For applause means money and money means a change of climate for dear Alice. "December I.—Well, it is all done. I am a full-fledged 'vaudevillian' of the most pronounced type. They have sent Alice away. At last the great stress is over. I have sufficient ready money for my needs and the family are living in comfort—so

have sufficient ready money for my needs and the family are living in comfort—so no matter about the rest!"

Sylvette let the diary slip into her lap and read no more. After awhile she rose wearlly to prepare for bed. As she did so she noticed a folded bit of paper on the floor, and picking it up discovered it to be a postscript to her mother's letter. "How strangs I did not notice it before," she murmured. A sudden apprehension seized her. There were only a few words. "P. S.—I don't want to worry you. Sylvie, but Alice is not improving as we had hoped. Of course there may be no cause for alarm—perhaps we are expecting the change too quickly, but the doctor writes that she is still very frail. Try not to worry, dear.

Sylvette slept wretchedly that night. Frightful dreams startled her out of slumber avery hour or so Quee she awake

Frightful dreams startled her out of slum-ber every hour or so. Once she awoke crying, "Alice! Alice!" and sat up in bed,

crying, "Alice! Alice!" and sat up in bed, shivering with terror.

She had to force her spirits next day to appear as scintillant as was expected of the radiant Sylvette. A heavy hand seemed clutching at her throat, but she flung off the somber influence. She wrote home at once and sent a letter brimful of tenderness to Alice. She began to feel honeful once more.

tenderness to Alice. She began to feel hopeful once more.

On the last night of her engagement, however, she grew restless and foreboding again. She was feverishly alert when night came. It was almost time for her turn and Nancy was adding a finishing touch to the jaunty costume when a telegram was brought in by one of the stage hands.

"For ma?" questloned Salvette Again

hands.

"For me?" questioned Sylvette. Again that hand clutching her throat. She opened the telegram slowly, in a dazed way, and stood reading the words over and and stood reading the words over and over. "Alice died this morning. Come at once. Mother."

Sylvette stared dumbly.
"What is it, Miss Sylvette? Lord! look at her lips!

at her lips!"

"Are you sure this is right?" Sylvette asked the boy.

"Yes, ma'am," returned the startled youth in wonder.

She took the pencil and blank and wrote mechanically:

"I start tonight. Sylvie."

A loud rap sounded on the door and an alarmed voice—"Sylvette! Sylvette! your cue."

She faced the stake manager with the

same dazed, startled eyes.
"Must I go on? My sister is dead!" Her voice sounded strangs to her, like that of another person. The applause of the audience came back to her like the sound.

another person. The appliause of the audience came back to her like the sound of a waterfall.

"Good God, woman! I can't let you off now, it's too late." They're waiting for you. The Thornley sister disappointed us, too—one of 'em's sick. I am sorry, but—" Sylvette was on the stage, smiling, sparkling. Her hands were like ice. There was a roaring in her ears, but the habit of affected buoyancy asserted itself. She sang, she piroutted. Her eyes flashed with even more than their accustomed brilliancy. Her audience thought her amazingly spontaneous tonight. Gay, winning, rollicking, she captivated them as never before. It was all a nightmare to her. The rapturous applause, the sea of upturned faces. "Alice is dead; Alice is dead." The words kept beating on her brain till it seemed the tension would snap.

When she reached the shelter of her dressing room she did not cry out nor swoon. She heard as in a dream voices murmuring: "Poor Sylvette; too bad about little sister." "Can't we help you?" "How brave you are."

How brave you are."

"How brave you are."

Sylvette was flinging her things on a chair while Nancy packed the trunk. "Hurry Nancy," she cried. One thing she would avoid. In the next act a quartette sang "The Lost Chord." She must get away before then. She would not, could not, endure it.

She felt to and assisted Nancy with desperate dispatch. "There! We're ready."

She was dimly conscious that the stage manager spoke to her kindly and that the others pressed her hand and offered their sympathy.

She found herself gazing at the plump envelope just brought round from the box office.

"It will help pay the"-she shuddered-Suddenly a sweet, piercing tenor arose:
"Seated one day at the organ—"
"Oh, Nancy—come—I can't stand that!
Quick—my satchel—goodby—"

Her voice broke. She was gone. "It will do her good to cry," said the

Out in the box Marie and her aunt were

"The gay Sylvette was gayer than ever, wasn't she?" remarked the girl.
"Yes, and just as superficial. What a life! I wonder she never tires of it!"

Philadelphia Press: Casey-Ye're look-in' purty bad this mornin', but ye seem

feel great to think av the turrible toot'-ache Ol had lasht noight. Casey-Phwy should that make ye so

Cassidy—Bekase Ot hoven't got it this mornin', thot's phwy.

Tit-Bits: Willy-I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday. Mother—H'm! And what did you say to that? Willy—I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and walked right off and left him.

Tit-Bits: Wife-Do you mean to in-sinuate that your judgment is superior

to mine?

Husband—Certainly not, my dear.
Our choice of life partners proves it
The Suez canal was begun in 1859
and completed in 1869.

Catholic Standard and Times: Jenks

—Haven't you and that neighboring
farmer settled your differences yet?

Farmer Akers—No, but our lawyers
have settled.

Jenks—Settled? How?
Farmer Akers—On our farms.

Catholic Standard and Times: Towne—I suppose you've heard about Kadley, that awful cynic, losing his mind.

Browne—No? My, that's terrible.

Towne—O! I don't know. I haven't any sympathy—

Browne—What! Suppose some decent fellow should find it!

Catholic Standard and Times: Towne

Philadelphia Record: "That duck was fine," said the enthusiastic patron. "I can't imagine anything more acceptable than a nice little canvasback." "Unless," replied the proprietor of the restaurant, "it's a nice big greenback."

Louis C. Crampton, the new repubtican congressman from the Seventh Michigan district, publishes a country paper and has held several state and county offices. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan law school

This Young Woman Is a Duchess | PUTTING TOWNS and Her Hubby's Got \$85,000,000



GERMANY'S WEALTHIEST REIGNING DUCHESS. The Grand Duchess Theodore, of Saxe-Weimar, is the wife of Germany's wealthiest reigning prince. The princess was married in 1910 and celebrated her 23d birthday June 29. She has one daughter. Her husband, who was until the birth of Princess Juliana heir to the throne of Holland, is reputed to be worth \$85,000,000.

From the Indianapolis News.

There are many people who think of popular government as a government that will do what they wish done, and will not do what they do not wish done. They are indifferent as to methods as long as the desired result is reached. Each class, whether it be represented by labor leaders, the agents of protected industries, or the officers of the National Association of Manufacturers, thinks that popular government has been vindicated when it gets the tegislation it desires, or defeats that which it does not desire. Government is looked on as the agent and servant of a class.

looked on as the agent and servant of a class.

And out of this class warfare a good deal of legislation, much of it of a very bad, or doubtful, quality, has been born. Members of congress are almost openly threatened with vengeance if they oppose one piece of class legislation or favor another. Such government, of course, is not popular in any sense—it is government by private interests. We should think that the men at Washington who are honestly trying to do their duty would rejoice at the lifting of the veil that is now assured. The result will be for them a freedom such as they have not enjoyed for years. It may even, in time, be possible for them to consider all measures absolutely on their merits, without a thought as to the effect of their action on this or that "yote."

interested. The policy has been one of trading votes at the polis for votes in congress.

It now looks as though there were a good chance of breaking up this system of government by combinations. We do not mean to say that all of the legislation favored by these combinations is bad. It seems to us that the laboring men are right in asking for some modification of the practice as to injunctions, and that the manufacturers are right in opposing any step looking to the legislation of the boycott. But both these questions should be dealt with from the point of view of the people as a whole, and senators and representatives should be left free to act on them in the light of law and reason, intempted, uncoerced and unterrified by the lobby. We must have a free congress, is well as a free people, if we are to have a free government.

COUNTRY EDITOR SITS IN CONGRESS



LOUIS C. CRAMPTON.

Don'ts for the Season.

Now that we are back to the summer again let us consider "Don'ts" by nom other than the illustrious Capt. Leslie T Peacocke. Read on:

Don't mix with people who are blessed with greater wealth than you.
Don't let yourself be patronized by purse proud people who
Will treat you with mere tolerance and ridicule your bluff.
But keep yourself within yourself until you have enough.

Don't walk as if you had some queer affection of the spine,
Like lots of girls do when they're dressed and feeling extra fine;
Don't hump your shoulders, tilt your nose or stick your shoulders out,
Don't wriggle if you're skinny and don't waggle if you're stout.

Don't talk about your allments or your tummy or your health,
Don't boast about your pedigree, don't don't ever talk of wealth,
Don't talk about the weather—only bromides talk of that—
Don't mention that you're growing thir or getting very fat.

Don't marry till you've saved enough to buy a wedding ring;
Don't rent a house until you have examined everything;
Don't be afraid of anyone, and learn to say "I won't."

There's lots of things we'd like to do, and ought to do, but don't.

The New Haven Case. From the Minneapolis Journal.

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From the Minneapolis Journal.

While the immediate cause of the retirement of President Mellen, of the New Haven railroad, may be the criticism that has come to him because of an unusual number of apparently preventable accidents, the main cause is to be found in dissatisfaction of stockholders with the way the New Haven stock has declined. With Mr. Mellen's advent, vast plans of consolidation were set afoot. Trolley lines and boat lines were acquired. The Boston & Maine was absorbed. Yet the stockholders saw their dividends cut and their shares decline from 200 to less than par. It became a question whether the New Haven had not lost out by trying to do too much work.

In a wider sense the failure of the Mellen policy raises the question whether monopoly gives efficiency. In fact, the whole theory of efficiency and economy under consolidated management is brought into dispute, and the verdict appears to be against the trust idea of the greater economic value of consolidation.

The officials of the New Haven made a nistake when they turned their attention from the operation of a splendid railroad with a natural field to domination of other railroads, the buying up of trolley lines, steamship lines, electric, gas and water power plants, and the general choking off of legitimate competition. Instead of making more money, they apparently opened the doors to waste, inefficiency and confusion. The experience is applicable to other corporations. The case of the New Haven so strikingly illustrates this that its recent history will be narrowly studied. Mr. Mellen, undoubtedly a good railroad man, seems to have become drunk with power. Many of his acts in New England show evidence of an unbalanced belief in his right and duty to run everything.

Business Men's Blunders. From the Boston Globe.

Everything Mulhall says about electing congressmen by bribery in the form of money or rum may be true or not. One thing, however, is indisputable, the men

who directed the affairs of the National Association of Manufacturers were foolish enough to hire persons to attempt to influence legislation by methods unknown to the general public.

In the opinion of Napoleon and other great ones there are blunders that are worse than crimes.

The spectacle of a body of solid business men dabbling in subterranean attempts at changing the course of political events is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Besides, the method is obsolete. Publicity, not privacy, is the watchword piate. Besides, the method is obsolete, Publicity, not privacy, is the watchword of the hour. The business man who is drawn into any surreptitious scheme or covert intrigue for the purpose of pun-ishing his political opponents or rewarding his political friends is a dupe, or will soon be one.

## "ON THE MAP"

By F. J. Wilstach.

By F. J. Wilstach.

Is there any sure way of "Putting a Town on the Map?"

There are hundreds of towns that have never been blazoned on the flags of fame, while the names of othersfor one cause or another,—are ever affutter on the public flagpole.

It may be said that there is no sure way to make a town famous, but the things which may contribute to "putting it on the map" are nevertheless of decided interest.

A town, like an individual, to be known, must have done something; must be something other than a mere conglomeration of people.

must be something other than a mere conglomeration of people.

When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to Virginia, he chanced to look at a map of the Magellan straft. Here he discovered a point of land labelled: "The Painter's Wife's Island. Sir Walter expressed surprise that heretofore he had not noticed such an island. The captain told him there was no such island, explaining that one day when the painter of the mag was at work, his wife requested him to put in an island for her. This, the painter did, calling it "The Painter's Wife's Island."

A good many towns are like "The

painter did, calling it "The Painter's Wife's Island."

A good many towns are like "The Painter's Wife's Island;" they represent nothing; they can be found on the map, but that is about all.

There are several reasons which serve to "put a town on the map," and cause it to "stay put." One of these is that it may gain renown through the celebrity of one of its citizens. There are a great number of towns the size of Concord, Mass., yet Emerson "put it on the map;" just as Lincoln did Springfield, Ili, just as Walt Whitman did Camden, N. J.; just as James Montgomery Balley, "The Danbury News Man," did Danbury, Conn.; just as William Shakespeare did Stratford-on-Avon. Nobody ever hears of these towns excepts. ever hears of these towns except in association with these famous names. Even Elbert Hubbard put the roar

Even Eibert Hubbard put the roar in East Aurora.

Then a town may be the seat of some art or manufactory,—such, for example, as Detroit, which is famous for automobiles,—Battle Creek for breakfast foods, Grand Rapids for furniture, South Bend for plows, Seymour, Conn. for Waterman pens, Bridgeport for phonographs, Glouster for fish, Ansonia for clocks, Columbus for buggles, and it was beer that placed Milwaukee on the crest of the foam of fame.

for buggies, and it was beer that placed Milwaukee on the crest of the foam of fame.

A comic will serve the purpose, sometimes, of placing even the most outlandish burg. We all remember Dan Daly's song of "Far Cohoes;" Peter Daly's famous ditty of the "Hackman who drove his hack at Hackensack;" and who can forget Peoria after hearing of the show that "busted up" in that classic city?

Other towns are remembered only on account of some thrilling battle, extraordinary crime, or devasting calamity. We all remember the Northampton bank robbery, the Astabula bridge disaster, the battles of Gettysburg and of Waterloo, and the Johnstown flood.

The onomatopeic names of some towns,—producing uproarious cachinations,—such as Kalamazco, Podunk, and Oshkosh,—are ever visible on the mental time-table. You simply can't forget them.

Some towns, too, are a long time getting placed "on the map." Until the occurence of some unexpected event their traditions, their history, their very existence is confined to the outskirts of their immediate neighborhood.

hood.

If some one should have asked a week ago, "Where is Parien?" they would, more than likely, have answered that "It is a gulf in the Carribbean sea;" or, "It is in Georgia;" or "It is in Missouri;" or "It is in Wisconsin;" or, "There is an Isthmus of Darien, near Panama;" or have quoted Keats: "Looked at each other with a wild surprise,—silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Now ask anyone, "Where is Darien?"

Now ask anyone, "Where is Darlen?" and they are certain to have in mind only the quaint old town of that name in Connecticut. It is the pageant to be that has served this admirable purpose, for it has blazoned forth the town's amazing historic background, and the fact that it has been the home of a surprisingly large number of extraordinary people.

The pageant has put Darlen "on the map."

He is happiest, be he king or peasant who finds peace in his own home.—Goethe.

If there is a harvest ahead, even a distant one, it is poor thrift to be stingy of your seed corn.—Carlyle.

Aspire, break bounds, I say; Endeavor to be good, and better still And best. Success is nought, and endeavor's all.—Browning.

To spare a step in the path of piety is to spend money in the rocky road to misery.—Thomas Fuller.

Genuine greatness is marked simplicity, unostentatiousness, se forgetfulness, a hearty interest others, a feeling of brotherhood w the human family.—Channing.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do, and one does like it—in time.—Dinah Muloch Craik.

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking and deeds he is doing—When there is not forever beating at the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Tribute From a Political Enemy. From the New York Sun.

From the New York Sun.

We hope it is true Colonel Roosevelt will lecture in Argentina next fall on the progress of the United States. His visit to that country of splendid prosperities and more splendid hopes will be more than an hour to a world citizen; nor is it, for example, to compare smaller things with greater, like the visit of M. Clemenceau. The republics of Latin civilization are friendly to each other. It would be blinking the facts to deny that Mexico, South and Central America are far from fond of the United States.

Colonel Roosevelt may say something, may do something, to improve relations between those countries and his own. His renown, his experience, his great part in affairs, his bluffness married to a subtle spirit, his strange engagingness of personality, his equal delight in all companiea, his supreme happiness amid wild things and under the stars and sun, these musistir more than an interest of curiosity among a people where the luxurious expensive urbanites are surrounded by slife mainly rural and healthy.

What region of the earth is not full of the colonel's labors? We need not, but we shall, wish him a good voyage and plenty of fun. Those he is sure to have; and the old cowboy will be at home in the pampas. Somewhere he will find pumas, jaguars, wildcats and whatever else he want to hit. He will make a hundred thousand new friends; and meanwhile he may still be lecturing his countrymen in the Outlook.



preity under the same circumstances? And then, think of her gown!"

"Just imagine, Marie," said the older one, "the froth and frivolity of such a life; vanity, vanity, nothing but vanity. Her nature must essentially be extremely inferior to permit of her singing those horrid songs with such apparent enjoyment. How dreadful to live always a life of superficiality and sham—never to have noble incentive! Oh, it's pitiful, it's

shameful."

Marie's eyes were on the stage. She was but vaguely conscious of her aunt's words. "It is said," she murmured absently. Sylvette was bowing for the last time, with a flashing of eyes and teeth and a swirl of rose-lined ruffled skirts.

"There—she's off. What comes next?
Let's see your program, auntie."

"I can't forget that girl," pursued the older woman, still in her pitying mood. "Such an existence is saddening to think of. Life to her is nothing but a gay bubble, and when it bursts—what then?"

But Marie was disappointed at the appearance of Irish comedians at this juncture and replied rather peevishly as she yawned behind her fan, "I'm sure,auntie, I don't know."

I don't know."

When Sylvette left the stage she hurried at once to her dressing room, ignoring the crowd of envious performers and admiring stage hands, who, according to their custom, had gathered to watch her

Her maid speedily divested her of the rosy finery which but a few moments ago had shimmered in the glare of calcium and foot lights.

had shimmered in the glare of calcium and foot lights.

A swift application of cold cream removed the roses from her cheeks, the lascinating shadows from her eyes—and in an incredibly short time she was ready for the smart tailor-made gown that Nancy was holding in readiness for her.

When dressed for the street Sylvette was still an attractive young woman, though her face was graver by far than any one would have thought possible who had seen her only on the stage.

An unopened letter, addressed in a woman's handwriting, lay on the table. As Sylvette caught it up with her gloves and pocketbook the gravity of her face increased all at once to an expression almost of pain. She had carried the letter about with her all day, since its arrival at the hotel that morning, and had not yet found opportunity to read it—or was it that she shrank from opening it?

Dismissing Nancy as soon as she reached the hotel, she took the elevator at once to her room.

Even after her wrang more laid and

reached the hotel, she took the elevator at once to her room.

Even after her wraps were laid aside and she was settled in her comfortable rocker she still waited, handling the letter deliberately and musing over it, but making no attempt to open it.

For some time she meditated, her head thrown back against the cushion, her eyes half closed. Finally she straightened up with a sharp sigh and resolutely tore the letter from its sheath. This is what she read:

mother, how does she stand it? No, I won't give up. I will find something."
"April 25.—Letter from mother. Alice is ill—poor little thing. I know why—it's from wearing those old thin shees. My heart aches and aches. I know mother is keeping a great deal from me. I know what desperate straits they are in. Oh, I must find something. I will make one more mighty effort. Dear God, help me and show me the way."
"May 3.—At last help has come. It is far below my ideal, but it means bread and butter and money for the folks. Once I would have scorned the offer, now I grasp at it as a dying man grasps a

and butter and money for the folks. Once I would have scorned the offer, now I grasp at it as a dying man grasps a straw. I am going into vaudeville. I have had a trial and the manager offers me one week, with promise of the entire circuit if I succeed. The idea is popular now—quite the fad, and better than anything else, they say. Mrs. Mills says I ought to be thankful enough to get such an opportunity; that it is not to be sneered at. Mrs. Mills is a New Yorker and she understands, but I can't let the folks at home know about it. In that little country town they would not look at it as Mrs. Mills does, I'm sure. No, it would never do; but I can send them money! Thank heaven for this relief."

"May 30.—What a rush I'vè been in! No time for a diary. Well I made a pretty fair success and they have promised me the circuit, but how the money flies! Photographs, costumes, eyerything! Couldn't send anything home for two weeks. Now, if I can just keep booked up I'll be all right. Luckliy the vaudeville houses keep open all summer, so I need not be idle during the hot weather."

"June 1b.—The work is awfully hard—thresteefeet."

"June 1b .- The work is awfully hard-"June 1b.—The work is awfully hard—three performances a day. I'm losing flesh somewhat, but then it means money for them. How overjoyed they were when relief came! But why will they ask so many questions? They want to know all about my work. Well, there's no use thinking of that. They could not understand. Just suppose they knew I had performed on Sunday! But God will surely forgive me—I had to do it. The work is honest and I shall always keep myself from the real theatrical life. It need never hurt me."

from the real theatrical life. It need never hurt me."

August 6.—I can't imagine what is the trouble. The agents don't give me any more engagements. I haven't a single one in prospect and I have been idle now for two weeks. What can it mean?"

"September 18.—I've trudged and trudged about this city in the heat until my feet ache with weariness. Every theater is booked up. I haven't sent money home for a month. Oh, what shall I do. I'm nearly desperate again. The sight of Fourteenth street, with its signs of theatrical agents, turns me positively sick. They have no use for my act."

October 3.—At last I understand. A well-meaning manager has opened my eyes to

making no attempt to open it.

For some time she meditated, her head thrown back against the cushion, her eyes half closed. Finally she straightened up with a sharp sigh and resolutely tore the letter from its sheath. This is what sho read:

"Dear Daughter Sylvia: Why lo you not write oftener? Messages from you are the bright spots in our monotonous existence. You are so generous, dear, to send us so many lovely things—but it is

Free Congress. Free People. From the Indianapolis News.

the many even, in time, be possible for them to consider all measures absolutely on their merits, without a thought as to the effect of their action on this or that "vote."

The people who are not organized, who are represented by no lobby, and who are seeking nothing but the public good, will be enormously the gainers. With the smashing of this class control—or attempted control—the government will be representative, as it has not been for many years. And so of our political life generally. While there has not been as much class voting as many suppose, there has been constant threat of it, and much class maneuvering. Men have acted not as individuals, but as members of warring groups. Voters have been asked to subordinate utterly their political opinions, and to oppose the man who may have honestly and honorably represented them, simply because he took on some class question a position that was objectionable to the class interested. The policy has been one of trading votes at the polis for votes in congress.

It now looks as though there were a

