

# The Sisters of Charity Know



NEW YORK.—The heroine of this strange love story is now Mrs. Edward Charles Parker. Many people in New York's literary and artistic circles have known her well as Mrs. George Homans. That marriage seems to have been undertaken from the start, and the one tie between husband and wife was a little daughter, Sara, who promised to develop into a girl of rare charm and talent. At eleven she was earning money with her pen and she has written poetry that is deemed worth while by critics.

But in time even this tie failed to bind. The inevitable "other woman" appeared on the scene, and the wife and mother passed through that deep valley of humiliation which is so often revealed in divorce courts.

Mr. Homans, who was a theatrical manager, making a good income, continued to support his wife and daughter, but made his home with the other woman. Relatives and friends tried to induce Mrs. Homans to sue for divorce, but she firmly refused. While not a Roman Catholic, her personal religious creed did not tolerate divorce, and she declared that the day would come when the man who had married her would once more need her—and she must be ready to respond to the call.

Her very severity in her hour of stress did much to ripen a beauty which up to that time had been merely girlish prettiness. Hair of rather nondescript tone turned to an exquisite gray, accentuating the deep glow of hazel eyes. With her slim, athletic figure—though she was close to thirty—and fresh, delicate complexion, she made a charming picture.

At least that was what Dr. Edward Charles Parker, professor of literature in the manual training school of Philadelphia, thought when he saw her standing, bewildered and anxious, in the crowded waiting-room of a local station. He passed her, turned and looked back. She was still in the same position, but now she was turning her hand and her coat pockets, inside out. The look of anxiety grew, and finally as what she sought was not unearthed, a blank look settled on her face. It was quite clear, the fair New Yorker had lost her purse. And the Philadelphia physician, being resourceful and alert, felt impelled to go gallantly to the rescue.

"Can I be of service to you?"

Beginning of the Romance.

A perfectly conventional question, uttered in a perfectly well-bred voice.

The New York woman flushed, paled—and considered.

It is just a trifle. My purse has been taken, and my friends live some distance out. I haven't got the price of a phone call.

"Permit me, please?"

Of course, he wanted to call a cab, but Mrs. Homans insisted that a plain Philadelphia street car would be quite as well—and would be told her where to return the change he had so kindly lent her?

Now, of course, Professor Parker never would have missed the nickel or two, but not for worlds would he miss the opportunity of meeting this fair woman again. He gave her a card. She opened her bag and drew out one of her cards on which Professor Parker wrote the address of the friend she was visiting. If she did not mind, he would call for that little loan to person. Then he put her on the right car, lifted his hat—and Capt. Dodge, sitting on the portico of that world, dingy old railway station, turned somewhat of a glower.

The professor called the next day, and the next, and still again. Then Mrs. Homans had to return to New York. What is ninety miles to a man in love? Nothing!

But when Professor Parker came to New York he found that something far more baffling and grave than space stood between him and the woman he had loved at first sight. Mrs. Homans' views concerning the permanency of marriage vows had not altered simply because love had come into her life. She was not sure that happiness would follow the breaking of that promise made at the altar years before. And between the power of her old beliefs and the call of the newly found love, she was sadly torn. To use her own words:

"I was between two fires. I had married George for better, for worse. Somehow I felt that when it came to the worse for him he would summon me. On the other hand, I had the natural womanly craving for the real love which is the consummation of life for a woman.

"Doctor Parker was in Philadelphia, as I knew grieving over the situation, which somehow I felt powerless to alter. In her own daughter, who was now in her teens, urged me not to stand in the way of our happiness. But I was restless, undecided, distraught; when one day two lovely little gray-gowned nuns came to the door at my apartment in One Hundred and Ninth street asking for charity. No one will ever know what a sudden feeling of peace swept over me as I looked into their calm, beautiful faces. I felt that here were women who had attained peace through doing what they thought was right. I asked them to come in, and we talked. The younger sister of the two looked, as I thought, with just a little regret at my comfortable home, my worldly clothes, and said gently: 'You must be very happy.'

"No," I replied, "I am very unhappy."

Then, suddenly, the elder sister turned to me and, clasping my hand, said: 'But you are going to be very happy soon, because you are struggling to do what you think is right.'

"I had told them nothing of my private affairs, but the words sounded like a prophecy and I regained my courage.

"It was only a few days later that fate, moving in its inscrutable way, unlocked the door that was to let me into my kingdom of happiness. When my husband, dying of consumption, sent a summons to me I could hardly interpret it as leading me a step nearer to that happiness. But it did, and in a strange way.

"I answered his summons. I found him in a pitiable condition, his health shattered, his life hanging on a thread, his earning capacity gone and, during his months of illness, his savings used up. In common charity there was nothing for me to do but to look after his welfare in the few weeks he had to live.

A Wife's Devotion.

"I took him to my home, nursed him, saw that he had the best medical service and did everything in my power for him. There were even then friends who told me that I was foolish—that I should not take on myself the responsibility of looking after the man who had treated me as he had done. But I had felt that it was all a part of a life scheme, bigger than we could arrange, and against the work of which none of us should rebel. But, as my husband lay dying in my apartments, it became evident that, while I was doing everything in my power for him, I was not supplying him with the one thing that he needed more than all else to ease his last hours. He must have the presence of the other woman. I determined that she should.

"My friends were against when I told them that I was going to send for her. It was outrageous, they declared for me to allow myself to be

## Silk-Hatted Peddler Turned Down

The chief of Chicago's license bureau and the mayor's secretary are still wondering today why a man attired in the height of fashion and bedecked with diamonds should want a peddler's license at the rate of \$1 a year. B. Cheekin, who presented a neatly engraved card showing him to be a real estate broker, with money to loan on mortgages, applied for the license yesterday.

"What do you want with a push cart license?" asked the astonished chief of the bureau.

"Well, I don't push the cart myself any more," was the broker's reply, "but one never knows what may happen, and I want it renewed. I've had one for eighteen years."

The license was refused and Mr. Cheekin went away declaring he would take the matter into the courts.

## The Credit System.

A South side woman makes frequent purchases at a near by drug store, and always has them charged.

She often takes her five-year-old daughter with her. One day recently the child made her way to the store alone, walked in, picked up the proprietor's card and started for the door.

"Here you have my card," called out the druggist.

"Charge it," said the child, and kept on going. At last accounts she still had the card.—Kansas City Post.

## Faith Harding's Ride

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

On a wooded bluff, overlooking a stream, and about ten miles from where the American army lay, stood the unpretentious house of Mrs. Harding. She was a widow, her husband, Joseph Harding, had given his life for Independence early in the days of the Revolution. Here with her daughter Faith, a beautiful girl of eighteen, she lived alone, deriving a livelihood from her few acres of tillable land below the bluff.

Mrs. Harding and Faith were firm patriots, and although they had mourned deeply the loss of Joseph Harding, they had never once lost enthusiasm for the cause that had brought their great sorrow.

Entering Into Joy.

"My actual widowhood after Mr. Homans' death lasted for only a month. My marriage to Doctor Parker was hastened by his belief, which I shared, that tradition and convention amount to little when the heart dictates that one should go against their tenets; and when he insisted on an immediate marriage I yielded. Besides, his vacation was about to begin, and he wished to spend it, as he had arranged, in the British Isles. So we were married on June 25 by Rev. George Clarke Houghton in the Little Church around the Corner, with my dearest friend, Mrs. Mabel Barnes, as matron of honor, and only a few intimate associates in attendance. We sail soon for England, and to me now life is one glow of bright sunshine!"

"Some of my friends and I am afraid, many who do not know me, will not see my actions in the same light that I do. I know that I shall be criticized for my kindness toward Mr. Homans. I have been told that I showed a lack of spirit, that I acted foolishly. Lack of spirit! If those who have never undergone the agony of those last days, with the attendant humiliation entailed by bringing that other woman into the presence of the man who should have been satisfied with my love—if that does not show spirit and plenty of it I am not able to analyze the sentiment! I only hope that never again shall I have to go through such an experience of self-sacrifice and self-effacement!"

"My meeting with Doctor Parker was, of course, unconventional. My wooing by him was equally unconventional. Everything has been unconventional, perhaps. Why, then, I have been asked, did I so wait on convention as to refuse to obtain a divorce and marry my present husband when I might have done so months and months ago? I reply, because it did not seem right. I am governed in everything by that sense of right, and it never fails to make me happy in the long run.

"I believe that there is great happiness in store for me and my husband. He will never be very rich, perhaps, because he is above all things a student, but I shall have reason to be proud of his work. He has done some admirable literary work and is now writing a serious volume which will challenge attention. And, after all, faith and love will bring the happiness which money has never been known to purchase."

Mrs. Parker is still under forty, possessing more than ordinary beauty and rare gifts, including a delightful voice which has brought her many offers for opera. She is not interested in a career for herself, though she is planning one for her daughter, who, inheriting her mother's vocal gifts, will make her debut this coming fall.

And there is the story of a woman who had the courage to wait. And you see the same thing might happen to any woman or any man. Only—how many would have the courage to wait until fate opened the door to happiness?

The High Handshake.

He put his hand on a level with the lady's chin. Reaching her own up, she said with a laugh:

"It is easy to see you have been in the Philippines for some years, else you would know, my friend, that the high-action handshake is no more."

He flashed and bit his lip.

"But aren't you glad?" said she.

"It was a silly thing, that high-action handshake. My cousin, the marchioness of Granby, told me how it originated. It originated in a ball under King Edward's arm. He had a ball there for some weeks. Hence he shook hands high up in the air. And the world thought it was a new fashion."

Why Does Miss Power wear such big sleeves.

Miss Spite—Have you ever noticed her mouth?

Jim—Why, yes; but what has her mouth to do with it?

Miss Spite—O, nothing, only they say she has a habit of laughing in her sleep.—Street Starline

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garded with suspicion, and in this case suspicion develops into incredulity when it is found that side by side with the degeneration of the photographic society an increased and ever-increasing business is being done in plates, films and papers.

Bad Symptoms.

"He pays me a great deal of deference," admitted the girl's father. "Yet you seem dissatisfied."

"Yes; I'm afraid that he won't be able to pay any board."

Love Cannot Bake Bread

That Is One Cause of Many Divorces, Pastor Tells His Congregation.

"While men sleep the divorce monster is growing," said Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hill at the Metropolitan temple the last Sunday before his summer vacation, "and this citadel of our civilization is being undermined and overturned. The devil is foreclosing a mortgage on our country."

The clergyman, according to the New York Times, said he thought marriage should be the outcome of judgment as well as of romance, "for love cannot harmonize incompatibilities, expand narrow minds, overcome physical disabilities or bake bread, any more than the relations between husband and wife can be wisely and happily affected by love without judgment."

"To drink," he continued, "the devil of strength which drags men from home, the ruin of many families is attributed, and in the pale face in the kitchen and the hungry little mouths about the hearstone the ravages of the evil can be traced."

"As an antidote for matrimonial infidelity, first of all, uniform legislation is proposed, so that it will not be possible to step across the line from one state into another, and upon a few weeks' residence in a city already made infamous by the countenance it gives to prize fighting, evade legislation against the divorce cobra which is encircling our national life and injecting its poison into our institutions."

"Marriage must be regarded in its true light of a divine institution, not created by men or otherwise. If it become a civil institution man may dissolve the relations with his wife just as with a servant or his cook."

"He may suspect that something is wrong and fail to come," suggested one of the troopers.

"He suspects nothing," declared Dalton. "He'll be here in an hour at least. Finish your supper and conceal your horses. The game will walk right into the sack."

Waiting to hear no more, Faith climbed back up the ladder and whispered in her mother's ear the bold plot she had overheard. "I'm going to outwit Warren Dalton, mother," said the girl, her eyes flashing resolutely.

"How can you do it, child?"

"I'll mount Dalton's Blueskin and ride forth to meet Major Ridgeway and warn him of the plot," exclaimed Faith. "The troopers haven't a horse that can overtake Blueskin."

"But, Faith, think of the danger."

"Mother, a patriot's daughter serving the patriot cause has no time to think of danger. Major Ridgeway's safety means more than my own."

Wrapping herself in her mantle, Faith Harding kissed her mother, softly descended the ladder, then noiselessly let herself out at a window in the bedroom.

Darkness now enveloped the bluff. Making her way through the snow to the rack where Dalton's horse was hitched, she mounted it and rode away.

The storm was increasing rather than abating, and the cold air made her shiver and draw her mantle closer about her. Unlabeled by the snow

from the Harding place, Faith had ceased to recall his threat. He would be too busy to injure two women. Faith reasoned; then, how could he find an opportunity to harm an officer in Washington's camp?

A chill stormy day was drawing to its close as Faith Harding stood at the kitchen window watching the descent of snowflakes. Her thoughts were with a certain young officer it he was comfortable and sheltered from the storm.

Suddenly, four horsemen galloped through the falling snow and drew rein at the rack of fodder where the cow was feeding.

One glance told the two women that the horsemen were British soldiers. Hitching their horses, the troopers strode boldly into the house and up to the fireplace, where a log was cheerfully burning.

They were coarse faced men and the fumes of their breath gave evidence to their having freely imbibed but a short time before. Their rudeness caused Mrs. Harding and Faith to shrink back with apprehension and loathing.

"It's beastly cold outside," observed the leader, stamping his feet before the hearth. "Here, beauty," to Faith, "you and the old woman fly around and get us up a warm supper. You Americans have to be forced into showing hospitality. Be lively. We've got a job to attend to and a supper will brace us up."

With as good grace as it was possible to command, under the circumstances, the women at once prepared a warm meal for their unbidden guests.

As the ravenous troopers arranged themselves around the smoking vands, the leader addressed the women in these words:

"As we have some important business to discuss among ourselves, we will excuse you ladies and serve ourselves."

Only too glad to leave the presence of their unwelcome visitors, Mrs. Harding and her daughter went into an adjoining room, then mounted a ladder to an attic over the kitchen.

Scarcely had they gained this retreat, when they heard a horseman coming furiously up the rocky road of the bluff.

Looking from a small window, Faith recognized the newcomer.

"Mother," she announced, "it is Warren Dalton. He is coming to the house. Some plot must be brewing."

"I fear so," answered the mother.

"I am going down the ladder and listen from the clothes closet," said the girl.

"Do be cautious, child," whispered the mother, reluctant to see her go.

The table at which the troopers sat was only a few feet from the little closet where Faith crouched to listen. Inclining her ear to the thin partition she could overhear their conversation distinctly.

Warren Dalton, after greeting the troopers, had made himself comfortable before the fireplace.

"Well, what news Dalton?" asked the leader.

"Good!" returned Dalton with a triumphant laugh.

"So we can bag the young fox tonight?"

"Yes, tonight," answered Dalton with an oath.

"You will remove an enemy from my path, and at the same time capture one who can give you all the army's plans now hatching over at Morrinstown."

"Good!" cried the leader. "The general would give a deal to know the schemes now being concocted in the brain of that sly old fox in those hills. The young officer can supply this information if we have to torture it out of him. How did you manage the business?"

"I've been watching Major Ridgeway's movements very closely," replied Dalton with a chuckle. "Today he has been visiting his grandfather. I've just come from him. Disguising myself I carried to him a false message from the widow here, whom I reported very ill and desirous of seeing him. Ridgeway is dead in love with this girl, and he promised to be here just as soon as he can tear himself away from his doting grandparents."

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resolute in her purpose to meet and warn Major Ridgeway.

Reaching the foot of the bluff, she entered a road through the wood, a short cut to the home of Grandfather Ridgeway. By this way she knew the young patriot would be sure to come.

She had only gone a half mile when the rapid beating of horses' feet on the hard frozen ground behind her told her that her flight had been discovered and the troopers were on her track.

Like a frightened bird, she sped through the night and storm, the noble horse of the man she was outwitting never once offering to turn back or slacken his pace.

The sound of her pursuers came more distinctly, and despite Blueskin's speed she began to fear they were gaining on her.

Three miles of that mad ride passed over and Faith realized that the troopers were surely gaining. She had underestimated the speed of their animals.

Did fate decree that she must fail? Must the man she loved fall into the net so artfully laid to ensnare him? "Never!" she cried. "On, good Blueskin! We will win yet."

She had crossed the stream that wound across the road, when a horseman coming rapidly from the opposite direction reined in with a jerk and grasped her bridle rein with a firmness that almost unseated her.

In the sudden terror that seized her, Faith believed that she had fallen into the hands of one of Dalton's allies stationed there to watch the road. She was on the point of yielding to despair when a familiar voice demanded:

"Who comes here?"

"Major Ridgeway!" gasped Faith between a sob and a laugh. "I thought you an enemy."

"Faith! Faith Harding!" cried the young man, catching and holding her chilled hands. "Why are you here?"

Quickly she gave him an account of her daring mission, and they were soon riding swiftly back to Grandfather Ridgeway's, where the young officer had left a small body of American soldiers who had brought him an important message.

The British soldiers were captured by the Americans and Dalton, alarmed for his own safety, left the country. Soon after her brave ride, Faith became the wife of Major Lee Ridgeway.

Generosity.

"I never deny my wife a wish." "Indeed?"

"No; I let her wish. It doesn't cost anything"—Life.

Taking Father's Job.

"Why should you beg? You are both young and strong."

"That is right, but my father is old and weak and can no longer support me."—Meggsendorfer Blaetter.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Yes, indeed.

Hostess (at party)—Why, so silent, Miss De Muir? You've scarcely said a word since you came.

Youthful Guest—Really, Mrs. Leader, I am having a very enjoyable time, but my father has told me 100 times never to say anything unless I have something to say, and I suppose—

Hostess—But, my dear child, think what a stupid and tiresome thing society would be if everybody followed that advice!

Qualified.

A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him."

"Now, my son," I said, "if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?"

"The boy smiled confidently.

"I be," he said.—Independent.

Merely a Prevaricator.

A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded, and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fail, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers.

"No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

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Get a 25-cent vial. If it fails to cure I will refund your money. Munyon.

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Make the Liver Do its Duty

Five times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine and bear Signature

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**Know How To Keep Cool?**

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**Iced Postum**

served with sugar and a little lemon.

Surprising, too, how the food elements relieve fatigue and sustain one.

The flavour is delicious—and Postum is really a food drink.

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POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

**Photographing on Wane**

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