

'Twas by Telephone

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Lydia sat in the library alert to hear the doorbell that would announce Dick Fellowes' arrival or the sharp whirr of the telephone that might defer his coming.

Something he had whispered last evening had hinted at his errand, and she was aglow with her honest love for him; and charming in her favorite pale blue gown with a pink rose at her waist.

The telephone bell whirred and she heard Biddy's light step as she went through the hall to answer it. Then she heard the girl's musical Irish voice.

"You? What—never, Mick Doolan, not if I never married all my days!" and Biddy slammed up the receiver, and Lydia heard her heels clicking toward the kitchen.

A little smile crinkled the corners of Lydia's red lips. She had heard from Biddy of the importunities of Mick Doolan who was wild to marry the Ford's pretty maid. Biddy was quite fascinated by Andre, the chauffeur, who flirted outrageously with her, and so poor Mick who was elevator starter in a big office building had been relegated to the background.

But Lydia soon ceased to think of Biddy and her love affairs. It was a pleasanter pastime to dream about her own. But where was Dick Fellowes with his story, now?

At ten o'clock Lydia went softly up stairs and sat with an open book before her which she did not read. Her eyes were more often fixed on the bedside telephone.

"That is all over," said Lydia tragically as she snapped up her electric light and crept into bed. That she cried herself to sleep no one knew but herself.

Up in Biddy's chamber under the mansard roof, another girl was weeping into her pillow. The cook had told Biddy that Andre was keeping "steady company" with a French manicurist.

"Yes, old Dicky went to Canada on that hunting trip he talked about," babbled Willie Blair in Lydia's pretty pink ear the very next evening.

"Went today?" asked Lydia with a dizzy look in her brown eyes.

"Yes—grouchy as a bear, too. Fleming said Dick's girl had given him the mitten—you know he was some sweet on little Alma Raymond?"

"No, I didn't know it," answered poor Lydia with a pitiful attempt at a smile.

"Yes," went on the gentle gossip amiably. "I put two and two together and the sum I make is that poor old Dick has been put out of the game, and that explains his sudden departure."

"How could he leave business at this time?" asked Lydia indifferently.

"Prescott is taking his place—isn't this our dance?" and Mr. Blair changed the topic as they circled the ball room in time to the dreamy music of the palm screened orchestra.

When Lydia reached home that night Biddy let her into the house and followed her upstairs to her pretty bedroom. Lydia sank down in a soft chair and extended one little slippered foot.

"Oh, Biddy, I am so tired," she said with a little catch in her voice.

"I'm sorry, Miss Lydia. Shall I bathe them? I'll have the basin ready in a moment." Presently Lydia was comfortable in dressing gown with her pink feet in Biddy's capable hands. Biddy rubbed vigorously while Lydia sat there with closed eyes thinking of what Willie Blair had said about Dick Fellowes and Alma Raymond.

It couldn't be true, she told herself, not after what Dick had whispered to her the night before last. A muffled sob startled her and she opened her eyes to see Biddy's hot tears falling on her feet.

"Why, Biddy, what is the matter? Are you in trouble?" asked Lydia sympathetically.

Biddy wiped away the tears and lifted her reddened eyes. "Excuse me, Miss Lydia, I didn't ought to break down before you but—" her voice quavered into silence.

"But what, Biddy?" asked Lydia gently.

Biddy drew a long sigh. "Men is deceivers, ma'am," she sobbed.

"I am sorry you have found them so," faltered Lydia, startled at this voicing of her own troubled thoughts.

"Yes, ma'am." "It isn't Mick Doolan?" "Partly, ma'am." "And—Andre, Biddy?"

Biddy's face went into her hands, reddened and rough with honest toil. Her shoulders shook with her deep sobs. "It's him mostly, Miss Lydia, begging your pardon for telling you my troubles, and you that tired after your dancing all night—but there's nobody but c-c-cook to tell, and she warned me against him!"

"Tell me all about it, Biddy." "There ain't no more to tell, ma'am. Andre was married this afternoon to a swell French girl who works in a manure place on Twenty-third street. He had the impudence to send c-c-cards to me and c-cook."

"Never mind, Biddy. Andre did very wrong to pay attention to you when he was already engaged, and I know that under the circumstances you will be glad to hear that he gave up his position this morning—father says he is going to operate a taxicab."

"It's some comfort to think I won't see his false face no more," sobbed Biddy, as she dried Lydia's lit-

tle feet and tucked them into blue satin slippers.

"And how about Mick Doolan, Biddy? Will you be glad to know that he has been hired to take Andre's place here?"

Biddy's head was bent over the basin. "Tis him that's worse than Andre!" she burst out with sudden anger. "A telling me to my face that he didn't ask me to marry him that night when I heard him with my own lips—the spalpeen!"

Lydia was startled. "Told you he didn't ask you to marry him?" she asked. "How could you make such a mistake, Biddy?"

"'Twas by telephone, ma'am. Several nights ago, I answered it and a voice as plain as ever was Mick Doolan's said: 'That you Biddy?' 'Shure,' say I, and says he: 'Darlin, this is Mick. I've lost me nerve after all and I'm askin' you this way: Will yer marry me—you know I love you! Just fast like that, ma'am, and says I: 'Not if I never married nobody all my days!' and he muttered something and rung off. And I went to the kitchen and told cook and says she: 'Wake up out of that dream me girrl!' But 'twas no dream, Miss Lydia, for he asked me plain as could be."

"Yesterday evening, it being my night off, he come around and asked me again, and I says to him: 'Mick Doolan, I told yez no last night and I meant it forever, and the villun up and swore he never called me by telephone that night, and that when he asked me to marry him he'd look me in the eye. And I asked him who was it asking me so intimate, and he says nasty-like that he'd like to know, for he'd punch him in the eye. And he went away and it's two days and I've never seen him since."

Lydia's face was pale and red by turns. Her eyes shone like stars. "Never mind, Biddy, I am sure there is some mistake. You know Biddy sounds something like my own name—and perhaps—I was expecting a message myself and I never received it."

Biddy arose and looked down at her pretty mistress. There was relief and shame in her comely face. "Oh, if it was for you, Miss Lydia, I shall die of shame, for taking it to myself. But his voice was deep and rich like Mick's—I will say that for Mick, he didn't have a squeaky French voice like Andre!"

"Never mind, Biddy, it was a natural mistake, and it has helped to make things all right between you and Mick, hasn't it?"

"It will, Miss Lydia, if he ever asks me again," returned Biddy, rather dolefully.

"He can't help it if he is here all the time," smiled Lydia, drawing the telephone directory toward her.

When she was alone she obtained connection with a hotel in Montreal while she waited for Dick Fellowes' voice, her heart beat tumultuously, and the color came and went in her cheek.

At last it came, a thin reedy call. "Mr. Fellowes?" she asked.

"Yes, who is it?" came back the answer.

"Lydia Ford. Oh, Dick, did you call me on the telephone Tuesday evening?"

"You should know that I did," came a little sharply.

"But I never got your message," she cried.

"What?" he shouted.

She repeated the words, and added the information that Biddy had received the message and answered it under the impression that it was from a certain Mick Doolan.

"That's all—I just found it out—and I wanted you to know," she ended.

"Oh, Lydia, darling!" There was nothing sharp about his voice now. "Shall I come home now?"

"If you want to," she cried gladly. "I am waiting for you."

"Coming now—good-by, sweetheart!" (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Origin of "Yeggman." William A. Pinkerton introduced the word "yeggman" to the knowledge of a world above the gutter about a dozen years ago in an address delivered to the National Bankers' association. He establishes the word as existing in tramp and criminal dialect, therefore in police speech by evil associations, as indicative of a tramp who blows safes and postoffices with the aid of nitro-glycerin, which is known in the same dialect as "the soup." On less sure ground Mr. Pinkerton credits the name of an eponymic Johnny Yegg, punctatively the first or the foremost practitioner of the art.

Lets "Hubby" Do the Riding. "I see you have a saddle horse now," observed the man in the cafe.

"Yes," acknowledged the other. "My doctor advised me to go in for riding. I've never done any of it before."

"Do you get a good deal of amusement out of it?"

"Well, yes. But my wife enjoys it more than I do."

"I haven't seen her riding with you."

"Oh, she doesn't ride. She says it's safer and funnier to sit on a park bench and watch me go by."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Modest Start. "What do you suffragettes want, anyhow?"

"We want to sweep the country, dad."

"Well, do not despise small beginnings. Suppose you make a start with the dining-room, my dear."

Fine Garden. "How's your garden getting along?"

"Fine. Over three weeks ago I decided that it had got to the point where it was able to take care of itself."

Coiffures Adapted to the Small Hat.



THE small hat is launched upon one more season of popularity and hair dressing must be adapted to it. But the very simple coiffures which have prevailed during the past year have become too tiresomely popular to suit women of fashion, or women who strive for individuality in dress. They want something new. Therefore, those divinites that shape our ends (so far as the arrangement of hair is concerned) have developed some lovely new coiffures.

These truly remarkable and beautiful styles accommodate the new hat shapes, and at the same time answer the demand for more dignified and elaborate hair dressing than the passing mode displayed.

There are three different styles to be featured. One shows the hair dressed high—on top of the head—in another, it is coiled low on the crown,

and in a third the regulation Psyche knot is worn. In several of the new styles a higher and slightly curled fringe appears across the forehead.

In all the new styles the hair is not much waved, and in all of them the ears are covered. In the majority of coiffures three very short, tiny curls nestle somewhere, either at neck or peeping out from the knot, or displaying themselves resting on the hair just above the ear. They are just about the prettiest little finishing touches that can be imagined. Women call them "cunning" and perhaps they are; for these little curls appear to rivet the attention of the masculine mind with extraordinary force.

By the way, few people realize how much men admire pretty styles of hair dressing and good grooming in the women they know.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

SHIRTTWAISTS FOR THE FALL

Washable Materials Will Be Favored, With Linen, Duck and Gingham Most Popular.

The chic shirtwaist this fall will be washable. "No starch" is the verdict for the fashionable shirtwaist.

Many waists of chiffon will be worn. Chiffon waists may be washed if stiffened with a somewhat stronger gum water, two teaspoonfuls of the stock solution to a cupful of water.

Plain shirtwaists will be worn this fall—linen, duck and gingham being popular.

Extremely simple cuts are the rules in shirtwaists.

Very close to the man's shirt is the fall waist for women, elongated shoulder line and short yoke being the rule.

Cotton crepe, voile, satin and broad waists must all have the short yoke.

For a plain tailored waist of linen, madras, pongee or wash silk the yoke may be omitted and the plaits at both front and back run to the shoulder.

Stitching will be made prominent on tailored waists.

"Round stitch" will be used on many of the tailored waists.

FOR THE AFTERNOON.



Model of creme charmeuse and tulle, trimmed with edgings of pink ribbon. Lace fichu.

NET WAIST ALWAYS BECOMING

Fashion Had Good Reason for Its Popularity, Which is Almost Certain to Continue.

There is no doubt that the transparent waist of cotton net was the leader in the race for popularity. The model in it which sold by the hundreds and is still in fashion has a long shoulder seam, slightly gathered, and a loose sleeve that hangs above the waist with two box pleatings of lace.

The long V shaped neck is outlined, and there is a lining, also of net, which is trimmed across its top edges with a smaller lace pleating.

On the majority of these waists there is ribbon attached to the lining. It is done more or less well. Sometimes there are three bands around the figure ending in stiff bows in front; again the top of the lining is gathered into a two-inch ribbon band which is finished with a large flat bow in front.

The whole blouse is loose and appears to fall from the figure, and the corset cover that goes with it is of chiffon in flesh color trimmed with tiny button roses. Now if the blouse is still selling wherever you are, buy it. It is unusually becoming. If you don't like the ribbon, take it out, or adjust it to suit your taste.—Washington Star.

Dainty Flowered Hatpins.

The methods of making flowered ornamental hatpins is easy. An ordinary hatpin, with a round or pear-shaped top, such as is bought for a penny or two, is utilized. The head of the pin is first swathed in wadding, and then covered with colored silk or satin, on which should be embroidered colored beads to represent the center of the flower. Pieces of ribbon are next taken to form the petals. Such flowers as poppies, daisies and roses are particularly becoming. The result when finished is eminently satisfactory, and often adds a pleasing dash of color to the general effect.

Flower Muff.

Have you seen the huge summer muffs made of artificial flowers? They are exceedingly decorative, and are composed of many different kinds of blossoms, such as roses, Parma violets and orchids. Some of them are finished with long hanging branches of the same flowers. Of course, they have come from Paris, where they were fashioned for evening fetes and gay dinners.

Novel Hosiery.

Wonderful ingenuity is exercised in the matter of smart hosiery, and for women who like novelties in any form there is plenty to choose from. Curious effects are contrived with stripes in lace or silk stockings, varying from about an eighth of an inch to a fine hairline. These are so cunningly wrought that they give elegance to the ungainly ankle.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 14

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

LESSON TEXT.—Ex. 20:1-21. GOLDEN TEXT.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.—Luke 10:27.

Every commandment contained in this second table of the law is conditioned upon and rooted in that which is commanded in the first table, and all has been reiterated in the New Testament.

V. The Fifth Commandment, v. 12. The word "honor" while confined to this commandment—the relation of child to parent—is predicated upon man's relation to God on the one hand and on the other it flashes its light upon every subsequent command. Our duty to God is pre-eminence. If we neglect or disregard God's rights, the rights of man will soon be lost sight of. A due and proper regard for those to whom we owe our being is our first obligation and is here placed before those laws that deal with our relations to outsiders. Respect, esteem, obedience and support are all a part of that honor which is commanded, see Prov. 1:8; Eph. 6:1-3; Matt. 15:4-6. Notice also that woman's place is here made equal to that of the man. It is Paul who emphasizes the fact that this is the "first commandment with promise," and also that to neglect this duty is to invite punishment (Eph. 6:2, 3). It is the business of the child to honor the parent, no matter what may be his character; he must not sit in judgment. On the other hand, the parent has an obligation to the child, Eph. 6:4.

Human Life Sacred. VI. The Sixth Commandment, v. 13. This is a revelation of the sacredness of human life. God alone has the right to take away or command to take away human life. One reason for this is because we are made in his image, Gen. 9:6.

VII. The Seventh Commandment, v. 14. This commandment deals with the sanctity of the married relation and indicates the sacredness of parenthood. There is no other sin that so speedily undermines human character and overthrows families, tribes and nations. It is the source of, or leads to, every crime in the calendar. It demolishes the moral sense, wrecks the body, brings a hell of remorse, misery and despair, and effectually bars man from heaven, I Cor. 6:10, 11; Heb. 13:4; Rev. 22:15.

VIII. The Eighth Commandment, v. 15. Here is a statement which deals with the sacred rights of possession. To take that which rightfully belongs to another is to steal. It does not matter if it be done "within the law" by withholding a just compensation or by gambling, it is just the same, Deut. 24:14, 15. This works both ways. The employee who steals his employer's time, the buyer or the seller who cheats, lotteries in the church or out of it, these are forms of stealing in that they take something without rendering a just equivalent of value.

IX. The Ninth Commandment, v. 16. This commandment recognizes the sacred rights of character and insists upon absolute truth as a standard of judgment. Reputation cannot be passed on from father to son; it is much harder to secure than money and is far more valuable. Backbiting, false slander are not compatible with love for your neighbor. To give wings to a bit of scandal you have received is to violate this law.

The Most Severe. X. The Tenth Commandment, v. 17. This is perhaps the most severe requirement of any in this second group of laws. The man who keeps this will readily and easily keep the four which immediately precede it. All desire for those things that belong to another is inconsistent with true love, and in the light of this law such a desire is sin, yes, more, it is idolatry, Col. 3:5. Hard as it is there is, however, a way to observe it, viz., to "love your neighbor as yourself." Such love will desire that he shall have the best things and consequently makes it impossible for us to covet his possessions.

The effect (v. 18) upon the people of this manifestation of God's glory and the giving of the law was that they were filled with fear and besought Moses rather than God to speak with them. This is a commentary upon the words of Paul just referred to, and an illustration of the need of the law as a revelation of sin. Moses responded (v. 20) to their fear with words of assurance, and explained to them that this fear was to prove them that they should not sin.

Life that is truly rooted in religion expresses itself in morality of the highest type. Without right relations with God we cannot expect that children will properly honor their parents, that human life will be safe, that the marriage relations will be held as sacred, that the rights of property will be recognized, that truth will be the basis of judgment, or that covetousness and envy will not be the inspiration of fraud and wrong doing of all kinds. On the other hand, wherever God is supreme, the lives of men harmonize with the professions of their lips.

"YOU WIN"

when the appetite is normal and you are able to eat without distress; but how quickly you go "down to defeat" when the "inner man" becomes weak. Play safe, and at the first sign of trouble you had better take

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It will help you continue to be a "winner."

Never Touched Him. "Want to go to the theater tonight?" "I have nothing to wear," said his wife peevishly. "That won't matter. I only meant one of those moving picture theaters, where it's dark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Evening Things Up. "Mamma," said four-year-old Thelma, "Harry wants the biggest piece of pie and I think I ought to have it." "Why, dear?" queried the mother. "Cause," replied Thelma, "he was eating pie two years before I was born."—National Food Magazine.

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. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Maste Unnecessary. "Hurry up that order!" said a traveler in a railroad eating house down south. "I'm afraid I'll miss my train!" "Yes, sah, boss!" the waiter answered as he hurried off. "After what seemed an almost interminable wait to the traveler, he returned with the food. As he set it down he asked: "Is you de gentlemen what feared he'd miss de train?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, you needn't be feared ob dat, sah, no mo'."

"Good! Is it late?" the traveler inquired. "No, sah, it's done gone!" was the waiter's affable and reassuring response.

Wall From French Jurymen. In France, as well as in England, jurymen have their grievances. The latest can easily be remedied. The French minister of justice has received an address signed by citizens flinging on the Paris jury lists, protesting against the bare appearance of the courts where they have to sit. They point out that if—tired of looking at the judges, counsel, witnesses and other parties to a suit—they turn their eyes upon the walls, nothing but an inartistic paper meets their gaze. In order to relieve this deadly monotony they beg that a print of Prudhon's famous picture, "Justice in Pursuit of Crime," may be hung in each court.

Banana Eaters. Americans used to be called a nation of pie eaters. Today a more appropriate term would be a nation of banana eaters. The United States takes more than two-thirds of the bananas shipped to the handlers in the world. Part of this pre-eminence in banana consumption is due to geography; the source of supply on the Caribbean is almost at our doors. Part is due to accident; a Boston skipper introduced the American public to this tropical fruit while it was still unknown in Europe. Whatever reason one may choose to give, the United States is the world's chief banana market, and though the use of this fruit is increasing abroad, the American boy remains the Jamaica grower's best friend.

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT. Food Worth Its Weight in Gold. We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

A Penn. doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the results are truly interesting. "Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat.

"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts and even as its golden color might suggest it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail, but consented to try this new food.

"Well! It surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My mind was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.