

BY AID OF LULU

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

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The gray stone walls of the old French convent were austere and forbidding, but behind the iron gates a quaint and delicious garden dreamed in the mellow, October sunshine.

Up and down the gleaming paths of white marble paced Sister Victorine and "Angel" Smith, of Milwaukee.

A pace or two behind them walked Sister Victorine's familiar, the convent cat—the pampered, the petulant Lulu. Lulu was not convent-bred; she was of the lawless, intriguing breed of cats of Paris, and her eyes still retained the expression of the boulevardier.

This was Angel's second year of unwilling exile, of the irritating realization of encompassing walls whose open sesame she was not to know. To be thrust into a convent for falling in love a few years in advance of the date decided upon by parents and guardians, is a very passe situation in fiction; but when such a thing occurs in real life, it is so roocco as to be extremely ridiculous. This "Angel" felt keenly.

She would have regarded her lot as unrelieved tragedy were it not that "Ralph's" twenty-first birthday occurred at the beginning of her second year of seclusion, and he had promised that on the day following the attainment of his majority he would set sail for France and rescue his captive princess.

But Angel's monotonous existence was not destined to be of long duration. One evening, as the girls sat in the long, bare refectory eating their blameless supper of bread and cheese and stewed pears there was a sound without as of the running of many feet, and Sister Victorine burst into the room.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Sister Victorine, uprising her hands.

"The good Rosine, our maid, glanced from the window of the buttry and saw, walking up and down the street of All Angels—a man. He meditated evil, for he scanned the convent closely. Then Rosine hastened to inform the mother superior who ordered the gates locked at once. But—oh, mon Dieu!—my heart grew small for fear that Lulu might be without!"

While Sister Victorine spoke "Angel" Smith's eyes had dilated curiously. Her face was pale and on her lip lay a vivid smile.

The next afternoon in the freedom of the garden "Angel" confided her hopes to her schoolmates.

The daughters of European nobility grew pale. They swayed as if in a strong gust of wind. Such daring sentiments! Such heart devastating emotions.

But the times were pregnant with events. Just as they reached the far end of the garden, in their walk, a stone wrapped in white paper whizzed over the ivy-grown wall and struck Lulu, the cat, so that the air resounded with her loud cries. Fortunately, these failed to arouse Sister Victorine, who dozed peacefully beneath a nearby pear tree.

Then "Angel," surrounded by her breathless and excited companions, read the scrawl. It assured her of undying love and certain rescue, even if it were necessary to dynamite the convent. It begged that as the evening grew dusk, she climb the tree which leaned against the southwest wall and there he, mounted upon a ladder, would meet and assist her down the other side. Her sister was in the village, and would witness their marriage, and then they would fly to Paris to win the forgiveness of her mother.

The European nobility gasped with joy. "Write back at once that you will," they commanded, supplying a pencil.

"Angel" obeyed, and sent the white-wrapped stone flying back over the wall. Having acted, she paused to think. "Now that I have said I would, how can I?" she asked, dejectedly. "You know that we are not allowed in the garden after dark."

"Intrigue will be necessary," said the countess, firmly. "A moment! I have an inspiration!"

She rolled her eyes wildly and clutched her curly black head. "Listen, then! We will keep Lulu among us all afternoon. During study hours, I can slip away a moment. I will bear her to a tree by the southwest wall and tie her there by a cord fastened to her collar. Just at the close of supper we will tell Victorine that she has escaped. Victorine will express distress, consternation; and you must demand the privilege of searching for her. Once without, rush straight for the tree, cut Lulu's cord, and over the wall. Is not that simple?"

"What mind! What intellect!" chorused the nobility.

Fate herself seemed to aid that daughter of a quick-witted race. Lulu's cord was sufficiently long to permit her to spend several happy hours in an exciting chase after some scolding and vociferous birds. At the proper moment she was discovered missing.

Victorine's agitation was as great as had ever been hoped, and "Angel" Smith's offer of service was gladly accepted. Like an arrow from the bow the young woman sped through the sweet, dark night to the distant tree. Lulu greeted her purringly, for she had grown weary of the chase. The

tree was easy to climb—but a step from one bough to the next higher, and the wall's summit was gained—and there was Ralph.

Then a sound! A hideous noise which could only be the result of black art, filled the air—piercing, rasping, nerve-agitating! The voice of Lulu!

She clung to the branch above them, her mouth stretched wide and the night echoed to her witch-calls.

"Lulu, my dove, where art thou?" called a fat and anxious voice. The rays of a lantern help high in the air suddenly irradiated the scene, which was surveyed by Sister Victorine and the mother superior.

At this unexpected sight, "Angel" broke from Ralph's restraining arm, and scrambled hastily down the tree.

One afternoon about a week after "Angel's" undignified scramble from Olympus to Avernus, she and the countess walked together, Victorine panting in the rear, and Lulu stepping sedately before them.

They had paused beneath the belfry tower at Sister Victorine's request, in order that she might gain breath and also scan the rest of her flock.

"An ideal!" murmured the countess. "If the good God will but let us fulfill it. Listen. If the bells, le Grand and la Petite, now peacefully reposing in yonder tower, should suddenly peal out, dost thou not know that the entire village would be immediately upon the spot?"

"What of it?" asked "Angel."

"Why, stupid, thus thou couldst escape. If now M. Ralph was informed as to the moment the bells would ring—"

"Dear old Jacques would never ring the bells except for service."

"True, true," replied the countess, patiently; "but," with deep meaning, "some one else pulled the rope?"

"Who?" demanded "Angel," bluntly.

Lulu rolled her black silken body before them in the gravel.

"If," continued the countess, in a rapid undertone, "if to-morrow after noon when we walk in the garden,

Victorine's attention should be so distracted that some one might run lightly up the belfry steps and cast that evil cat upon the ropes, think you the bells would not ring as she climbed down them? Write thy letter to M. Ralph, and I will give Jacques a sou to deliver it. The rest, I will manage."

By the following day all preliminaries were accomplished, and at last the moment arrived when her plot was to be tested.

At that instant the pinkest and whitest of the English honorables turned her ankle and sank to the ground with a cry of pain. Victorine, all sympathy, waddled hastily toward her.

Seizing the unsuspecting Lulu from "Angel" Smith's arms, the countess fled up the steps of the tower and cast her through a Gothic aperture. Then she sped down again, unheeded, unnoticed.

"Lulu, my lamb," presently called the fatuous voice of Sister Victorine, the rose-and-lily honorably having recovered herself sufficiently to rest on the stone bench beneath the pear tree.

"Lulu chases butterflies amid the shrubbery, dear sister," said the countess.

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when from the tower the bells pealed forth a terrible summons.

In a moment the cries of the alarmed nuns were lost in the hubbub of many voices, for the whole village poured through the open gates.

"Angel" Smith turned a pale face on the countess. "Fly," cried that Napoleon of the heart, "this is thy opportunity!"

"Angel" Smith fled into the windswept street of All Angels and almost into the embrace of a pair of gray arms.

For a moment she hid her happy face in his tweed coat. "It is Lulu!" she cried, "the adorable, incomparable Lulu. Adieu, dear Sister Victorine. Adieu, Lulu. I am going back to the world."

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KNOWWHATYOUBUY

You Can See Quality and Quantity in the Local Stores.

PAYS TO TRADE AT HOME

The Purchaser Must Take Mail-Order House Goods on Faith—Keep the Money of the Community at Home.

When the consumer buys merchandise he is interested in three things—quality, quantity and price. When he goes into the store of his local merchant he sees the goods that he is to pay for displayed before him; he can determine whether the quality is first-class, and whether the quantity is all that is claimed. These two points settled, he should have a fair idea as to whether the price asked is a fair one or not.

But how is it when he attempts to buy of the big mail order houses of the cities? The only guide he has to the quality and quantity they are offering is what the catalogue says, and the catalogue is prepared with the one object in view of selling the goods.

When the consumer buys of his local merchant and finds the goods he has purchased were not as represented he can promptly take them back and receive his money. When he buys of the mail order house in the large cities he has practically no recourse but to take what he gets and look pleasant at the results.

It is cheap goods and short weight that is making mail order house profits. They can buy but little, if

almost the exceptional order that is conducted on the theory that it is possible to take an inferior job and foist it on a credulous people by means of a reduced price and the honest reputation established by the meritorious original which it shamelessly caricatures. These methods have been crowned with success solely by reason of the fact that mail order houses put more skill, energy and money into advertising than do the manufacturers to whom the American people are directly indebted for the best vehicles on the face of the earth.

"The mail order business is the quack doctor of commerce. It promises much and guarantees nothing. The directions are always on the inside, and you have to buy a non-returnable package before you can find out what they are."

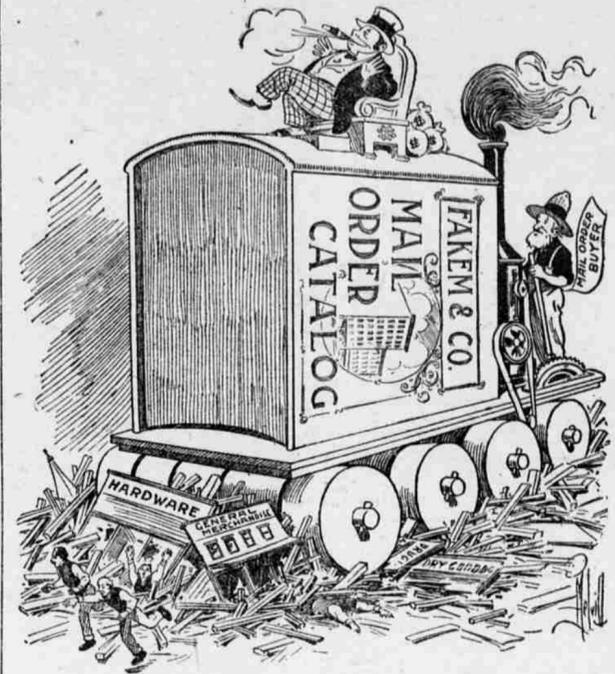
A. G. Enderton, of Walter, Okla., writing to the Shawnee, Okla., Union Signal, says:

"... The mail order houses are the worst offenders of the pure food law that we have to deal with. They are the people who use short weight tin cans and every year the American public is cheated out of thousands of dollars by this alone."

"... I see where some mail order houses offer paint at about what good oil is worth. Now, does anyone think that a mail order house can buy good paint stuff cheaper than anyone else?"

"Now suppose you find out what crude petroleum, like what is pumped out of oil wells cost. Very cheap, is it not? That is the oil that is used and what about the paint stuff? How about Spanish whitening, with just enough white lead to stick it together?"

The question of prompt delivery is another question which mail order house patrons should consider. It is filled promptly. The reason for this



The mail-order juggernaut is crushing the lives out of hundreds and thousands of local merchants, and hundreds of towns and villages as well. When you send a dollar to the mail-order house you are but operating the lever that keeps this death-dealing machine on the move.

any, cheaper than your local merchant can. First-quality, standard merchandise is manufactured on a very narrow margin of profit, but the mail order house can win and pay big dividends on enormous capital if they can sell to the people an inferior quality and short weight quantity of merchandise at the prices they ask. Your local merchant could do the same thing, but you would not buy the same goods of your local merchant that you buy of the mail order house at an equal price.

Here is an item clipped from the Parma, Mich., News which shows the nefarious system of the mail order concerns, and how they victimize their patrons:

"A farmer purchased two sacks of binding twine of a large Chicago catalogue house, and upon its arrival this morning a ball was unrolled and measured with a ball of Plymouth twine sold by local dealers, when it was found that the Chicago article was just 306 feet short of that sold at home. There being ten balls in a sack, it will be seen that the farmer lost 6,120 feet, or over a mile of twine on two sacks by not buying at home. Then, too, the mail order house product was of an inferior quality, being full of knots, and one farmer standing near during the measuring process remarked that it would never work on a binder. Now we wish to ask you, does it pay to trade at home? If there is anyone who is skeptical of this story, just call and we will show you."—Parma, Mich., News.

Bankrupt stock, merchandise that reliable jobbers would not handle because of its poor quality, the refuse of the factories made over into cheap merchandise. These are the things the patrons of the mail order houses are buying. Here is an extract from an article that appeared in the Sioux Falls, S. D. Leader:

"The mail order house selling vehicles by the catalogue route, is more than a pirate, it is a turkey-buzzard. It takes the freaks and failures that have died for want of real merit, and tries to stifle legitimate business by selling the embalmed remains at a reduced price."

"The whole nefarious mail order system, in so far as it relates to vehicles,

delay is that they do not carry the goods in stock, and must purchase them after your order is received. In Chicago, for example, no mail order house will sell to any person living within the city limits, and the reason for this is that these concerns purchase a large amount of the merchandise they are selling from the retail stores of the city, the proprietors of which refuse to sell them the goods except upon the condition that they are not to sell to the people of the city.

Here is the wall of a mail order victim taken from the columns of the Crookston, Minn., Journal, which explains this point:

"Sir: I want to register my kick right here on catalogue houses and their misleading methods. I am frank to acknowledge that I have been duped to perfection. The only difference between me and the other victims being that I am a little deeper in and that I am willing to acknowledge the corn."

"To begin with, last fall I with her who is now my wife, decided to purchase some stuff to furnish our new home. Accordingly we ordered all our furnishings of a catalogue house two weeks prior to our marriage, which we thought would be plenty of time to get the goods around. But by the infernal planets let me tell you right here that all the correspondence diplomacy, appealing and pleading has succeeded in landing only a kitchen table and later a mirror from Pittsburg."

"Our honeymoon has been a very dramatic experience; cooking on an old gas plate, eating on a dry goods box, sleeping on the floor and borrowing a few necessary utensils of friends and neighbors. No more catalogue goods for us. We hope to get enough more goods by April 1 to celebrate all fool's day in a fitting manner."

"A VICTIM."

Mr. Consumer, it is to your advantage in many ways to buy honest goods at honest prices of your honest local merchant. See what you are buying. Get what you are paying for. Keep the money of the community in which you live at home, and build up your town instead of tearing it down for the benefit of the mail order houses of the big cities

POINTS OUT WASTE

EXPERT SEES FAULTS IN MODERN HOUSEKEEPING.

Women of Chicago are Said to Spend an Enormous Amount Needlessly—Old-Fashioned Methods Got the Best Results.

Chicago housekeepers waste nearly \$200,000,000 every year. The exact figures, taken from commercial reports and the percentages of waste calculated by domestic science experts, show that \$193,140,000 is lost annually by careless buying, unscientific cooking and other domestic extravagances.

The School of Domestic Science sums up the causes under several heads. Among these the half-dozen following are selected by the Chicago Tribune as the most prominent:

1. Buying provisions by order and telephone instead of seeing them.
2. Buying prepared foods.
3. Buying fruits and vegetables out of season.
4. Taking goods as offered by dealers instead of insisting on quantities brands and cuts wanted.
5. Loss on delight, wrappings and attractive glasses, cans, etc., in which food is put up.
6. Lack of expert knowledge of cuts of meat and how to cook least expensive things to bring out food values and good taste.

"The thing which the average housekeeper figures upon as most important now is her time," said Miss Lyford of the School of Domestic Science. "When she buys so as to save this she has to figure against it not only loss of money, but loss of nourishment. Again, you have to figure if it isn't better to spend more money to get more nourishment."

Of the gain in the old-fashioned plan of going to market instead of ordering by telephone or by the order boy, the women of the school cannot speak too strongly. Said Mrs. Wagley, the secretary:

"It is a matter of fact that your roast will cost more if you order it than it does if you see it weighed. Your butcher may prove perfectly honest and you may have him for years and years and not find a fault if you go get your things yourself. The minute you begin to order, however, the total of your week's bill will be higher. "Another advantage of going is that your butcher does not happen to have the cut you want, you simply and easily can walk to another place without any talk or argument about it. Many housekeepers do not do this, but it is the most logical thing in the world to do. You ask for a certain thing, he says he hasn't it. You say nothing, but go to another place to get what you have decided upon."

One of the things which Mrs. Wagley considers is absolutely indispensable to see cut is hamburger steak; which she says should be cut off as wanted and put through the grinder. The kind that is ready prepared invariably will have scraps and trimmings put in it.

One reason for the common habit of ordering is given by a housekeeper in the fact that in the majority of markets the fresh goods are not brought out until nearly noon, and this leaves the housekeeper no time to market but in the middle of her day. To this is attributed the crowding of markets just before dinner, when it takes an almost impossible time to get waited on.

It is on the buying of ready-made foods that the greatest loss is believed to be found, both in money and nutrition. Says Mrs. Smith:

"Ready-made cakes, pies and almost all ready-made foods are only an imitation. They look beautiful and appetizing on the outside, but did you ever eat anything in your life bought in this way that was not a disappointment? In too many cases they are made of materials that we would not employ in our homes."

FOR DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE.

Rich but Not Indigestible Dish for the Winter.

Devil's food cake may be counted among the best of winter cakes when rich foods may be eaten with pleasure and without fear of indigestion. Cream one-half cupful of butter and gradually add one cupful of sugar, three ounces (about six tablespoonfuls) of melted chocolate and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Add alternately one-half cupful of milk and one and one-half cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-quarter teaspoonful cloves. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla while adding the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs. Bake about 40 minutes in loaf, 20 minutes in layers.

Ways of Using Bits of Silk.

The tiniest bits of silk will furnish material for hat sachets, although one of the simplest ways of imparting fragrance to hats is to place a scented pad in the bottom of the box, completely covering it. Cheese cloth will answer for the covering for these quite as well as silk.

Saving the Feet.

When a big ironing has to be done what a comfort and relief it is to the feet to use a cushion to stand on while ironing. It can be made from an old quilt folded and covered by a piece of carpet. Until it has been tried no one can believe the rest it is to tired feet.

NEWS ITEMS IN NEBRASKA

The Burlington has begun work on the new depot at Minden.

The new Methodist Episcopal church at Edison has been dedicated.

The ice harvest, a very satisfactory one, is proceeding in all directions.

Fire destroyed the house of Peter Kohler in Burt county. Nothing was saved.

Seward citizens are considering the matter of holding a chautauqua there the coming summer.

The county commissioners of Washington county estimate that \$20,000 will be needed to run the county the coming year.

John Sams, while shelling corn near Arnold, had his right hand ground up in a horsepower so that amputation was necessary above the wrist.

Oliver C. Myers and Mrs. Carrie E. Carpenter were found dead in bed in a room at Lincoln. Death was caused by asphyxiation by fumes from a gas stove.

The state of Washington has accredited the Peru Normal certificates, thus permitting normal graduates to teach in that state without further examinations.

C. C. Hughes, former assistant general superintendent of the Northwestern railroad on its Nebraska-Wyoming division, will probably locate in Fremont.

A telegram has reached Fremont from Washington stating that President Roosevelt has nominated Daniel Swanson for reappointment to the position as postmaster of Fremont.

A number of firms and families in Auburn are now burning Nemaha county coal. James Hayes, owner of the mines located on Honey creek, between Auburn and Peru, shipped the first carload last week.

The trout pools of northern Nebraska will have a considerable addition to their population this summer when the eggs which have just been received by the state commission are hatched and the fry distributed.

At the request of the members of Russell post, Grand Army of the Republic, Fairbury, Congressman Hinshaw has secured from the war department the donation to the post of one of the cannon captured in the Spanish-American war, which will be placed in the city park.

Some forty prominent property owners have petitioned the board of county commissioners of Cass county, protesting against the action of the board in reappointing Anderson House as superintendent of the poor farm. They charge corrupt practices and extravagance.

Copies of a petition are being circulated at Alnsworth to be forwarded to Congressman Kinkaid, asking that the service pension bill be amended in the house to provide pensions ranging from \$10 at the age of 60 to \$25 at the age of 75, and to do away with all boards of examiners.

Adjutant General Culver of the State National Guard, in his biennial report just issued, advocates a plan for building permanent armories for all the companies of the guard. His plan calls for the organization of an association to collect funds and build memorial armories at each guard station, to be dedicated to the great soldiers of all wars of this country.

John Samuel Jay, who was caught in the shafting of the sugar factory at Grand Island, while leaning over the same to clean some windows, and who was terribly injured, after several days of intense suffering, succumbed to his injuries. His clothing was caught, he was whirled about the shafting and to the floor, and many bones were broken and internal injuries caused.

Congressman Hitchcock has received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Doorly, his son-in-law and daughter, dated Kingston, January 12, giving him and his family the assurance they already felt of the safety of the Omaha tourists in the earthquake district. They were to leave Kingston that day and are supposed to have gotten away before the shake occurred.

The Nebraska Volunteer Firemen's association elected these officers: President, J. V. Hyder, York; first vice president, Mark Mortenson, Fremont; second vice president, Bert Galley, Columbus; secretary, E. A. Miller, Kearney; treasurer, Henry Graff, Seward; board of control, George Howe of Fremont, J. F. McNece of Kearney, R. N. McAllister of Grand Island, R. H. Reynolds of Norfolk and John McKay of Blair.

The Union Pacific has asked eight passenger conductors running into North Platte to have their photographs taken to be used in an advertising pamphlet that the company will issue. The feature of these eight conductors is that their combined weight is 2,090 pounds, or an average of 261½ pounds each. The conductors to be represented in this group are: Mooney and Layton of the Wyoming division, and Madden, Wallace, Powers, Clapper, Shoemaker and Keene. They are a bunch of big ones, and every ounce of them represents gentlemanly qualities and efficiency as employees.

Henry Oltman, aged 70 years, has been arrested at Madison on the charge of incest. He is charged by his 18-year-old daughter with being the parent of a child to which she is about to give birth.

The exhibit of the Nebraska Corn Improvers' meeting in Lincoln last week is said to have been the best ever seen at an association meeting. A. Shamel of Chicago, who has been judge of the Nebraska corn show for the past five years, said that it surpassed anything which this state has heretofore exhibited.