

How It All Came About

By Eben E. Rexford.

"DON'T believe Mary's going to the sewing society," Mrs. Dawley said to herself, as she passed the Stephens place. "She's out in the backyard to work now. If she was going, she'd be in the kitchen, or gone, for this time, I guess. She never was one of the last minute kind of folks. Dear me! I never used to think when she and I was girls together that things would happen so we'd scold each other, or at least, both of us livin' right in the same neighborhood. But she was always drowsy set—the Parkes always was. I dunno our folks was much different. I don't suppose all the blame was on her side. I know I wasn't, in fact I hadn't never felt like admittin' as much to her. I wonder if she's ever been sorry over our fallin' out? 'Tain't like her to say so, if she was. But sometimes in meetin' I've noticed her lookin' kind of sorry. It does seem queer to think of us two women, born an' brought right up together, an' members of the same church, a holdin' a grudge against each other for more'n 15 year, an' all about somethin' is likely never was much to blame for. I've always thought, if we could have got together an' talked it over peaceable, there wouldn't ha' been no trouble, but we didn't do that, and Mrs. Dawley sighed, as she gave one backward look at the Stephens place. "Dear me, what a queer world it is! But I guess the folks in this area a good eight quoser. I always liked Mary better any of the other girls, an' I don't know but she's ever been sorry over it, more than she did of her own sister, an' to think we're hardly on speakin' terms, alone." How often she and Mary Stephens—Mary Parkes in the old days—had walked this selfsame road together! But now each would go a long way around, or cross-lots, to avoid meeting the other.

The sewing society held its semi-annual meeting at Deacon Crossford's today, and Mrs. Dawley found nearly all the members of it already there, and ready to begin work, when she arrived. "You didn't see anything of Mrs. Stephens, did you, when you came by?" asked Mrs. Jones, the president of the society.

"Yes, I did," answered Mrs. Dawley. "She was doin' somethin' in the backyard. I don't think she's comin'."

"I hardly thought she would," responded Mrs. Jones.

"'Tain't 't all likely she will, under the circumstances," remarked Mrs. Spooner, meeting Mrs. Dawley as she was her. "I wouldn't feel like seein' anybody."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Barnes, in her sharp, rasping tones. "I'd be ashamed to look folks in the face. An' you may be sure she is. She's proud, Mrs. Stephens is. I'm free to say, I don't think she deserves as much."

Added Mrs. Barnes, spitefully. She had never liked Mrs. Stephens, because Mrs. Stephens had given her to understand very plainly, long ago, that she did not care to list to her boasts.

Mrs. Dawley wondered what had happened. She had heard nothing. But she asked no questions, and the conversation went on, and Mrs. Jones or three particular friends of hers, seemed delighted at this opportunity of giving their grudge against the absent member of the sewing society, and they improved it to the utmost. Presently Mrs. Barnes turned to her.

"I don't suppose you feel as sorry for Mrs. Stephens as you would if she'd used you different," she said.

"I don't know what you are talkin' about," answered Mrs. Dawley, frostily.

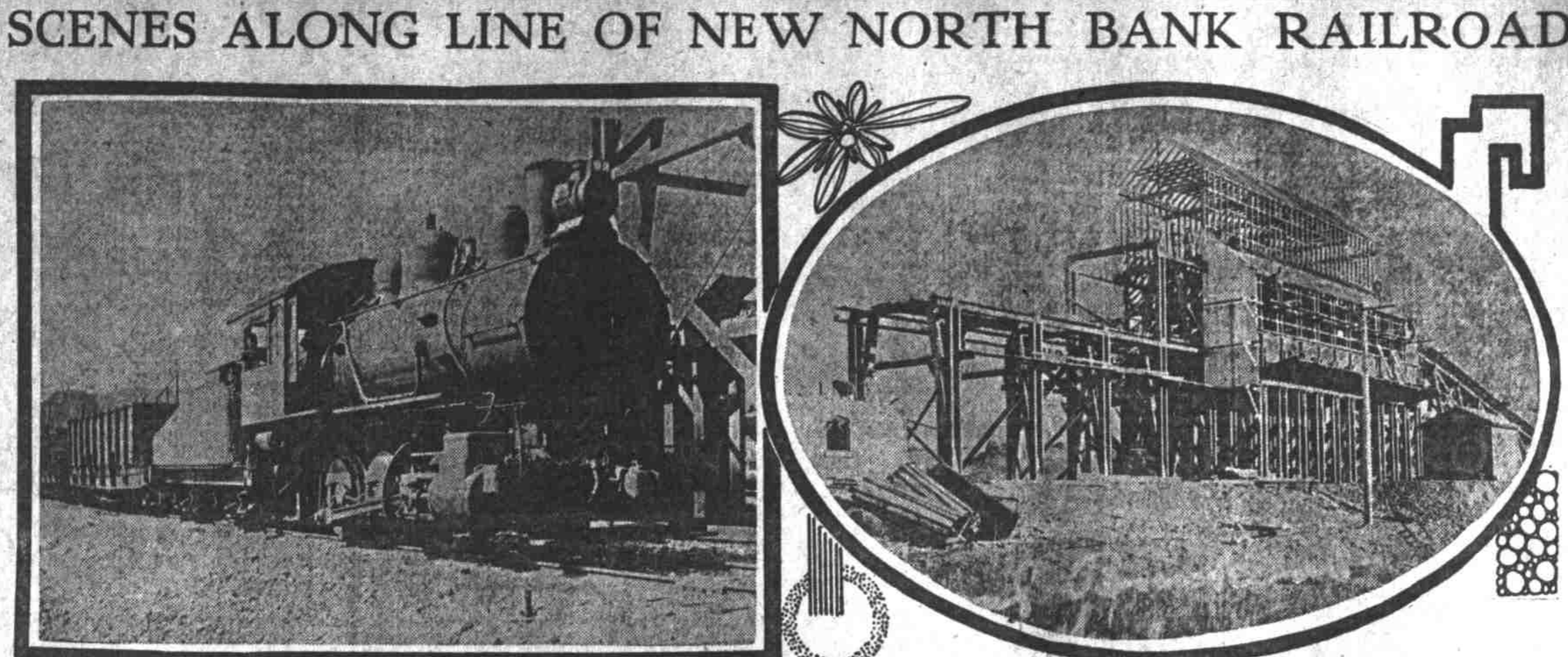
"You don't," exclaimed Mrs. Barnes. "Why! it can't be you hadn't heard about what John Stephens has done?"

"I have heard nothing," answered Mrs. Dawley.

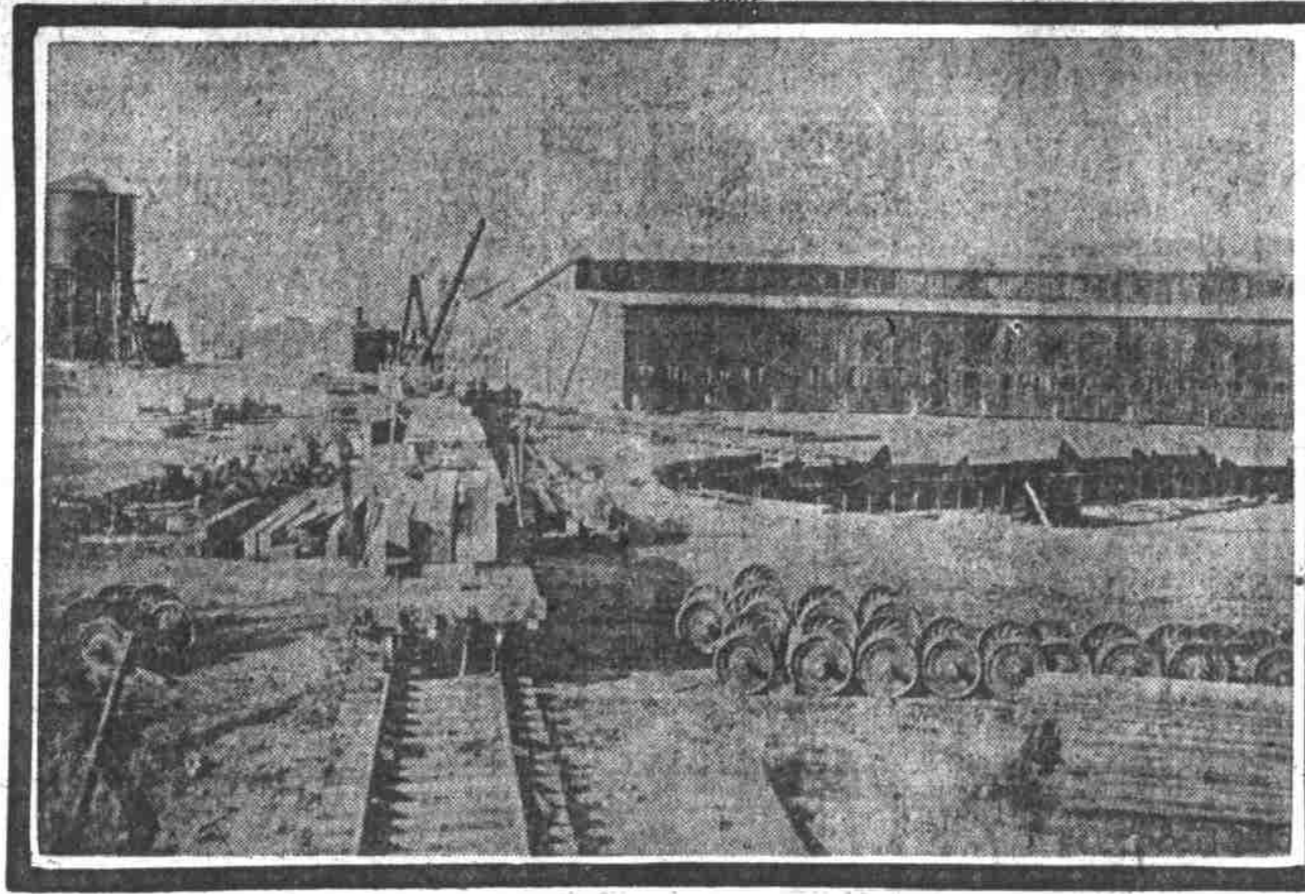
"Well, I declare! that beats all," said Mrs. Barnes. "I s'posed ev'rybody knew about it. It's in all the papers."

"I've been so busy, for the last week, that I hadn't read the papers," responded Mrs. Dawley.

"Well, it's like this," explained Mrs. Barnes. "John Stephens, and the papers say, has robbed the man he was to work for of over so many thousand dollars, an' they've got him locked up, an' Mr. Stephens, he's gone down to the city, to see about it. Of course, Mrs. Stephens feels like death about it—you know what a proud sort of a creature she always was—an' as I've been sayin' to some of 'em, I don't feel half so sorry for her as I would for lots of other folks. I hain't forgot what she said about Joe Bonner, when he was took up for stealin' from the postoffice. Now, I guess it'll kind of come right home to her. She'll find her own boy ain't no better'n other folks' boys. It'll be dretful gallin' to her. I shouldn't wonder if she jest aches herself right up to home an' stayed there. I believe I



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would, if I'd carried my head as high as she has. I think it's a kind of judgment ag'in' her after sayin' what she did about Joe Bonner."

"If my memory ain't entirely at fault, Mrs. Barnes, you had as much to say about Joe Bonner as anybody," said Mrs. Dawley, while Mrs. Stephens' face and her cheeks reddened with indignation. "But if Mrs. Stephens did say somethin' hard about him, she was justified in it, for nothin' ever happened here that was quite as mean an' cowardly as what Joe Bonner did, an' you know ev'rybody thought so. You thought so, and you was a bit backwards in explainin' your mind. So why should you blame Mrs. Stephens for sayin' what you think. I can't help it. I've said it, an' she ain't goin' to take back a word of it."

"Why—I thought you wasn't on real good terms with Mrs. Stephens," said Mrs. Barnes, with a flushed face, a snap of her eyes.

"Mebbe I ain't," responded Mrs. Dawley. "But that's no reason why I should go to runnin' her down, as I know of."

"I don't know anybody's been runnin' her down," said Mrs. Barnes, with an attempt at dignity.

"You do," said Mrs. Dawley, spitefully. "You've been sayin' things ag'in' her. If we'd all fell in with you, she'd have passed the Stephens place, an' she'd be a long way from here. I don't like that way. I despise it. It's like takin' advantage of a man when he's down. I know Mrs. Stephens ain't hain't been on friendly terms for quite a spell, but that don't keep me from feelin' sorry for her. An' I know she ain't to blame, if her boy has gone wrong. She always tried to make him what any of us mother's like to have our boys be. I know Mrs. Stephens well enough to know she'd be sorry for you, Mrs. Barnes, if your boy did somethin' he hadn't ought to. I know she don't like you none too well, but she wouldn't let that keep her from sympathizin' with you. An' I don't believe, yet, that John Stephens has stole anybody's money. I shan't believe it till I know somethin' more about it than what the paper says."

There was a faint attempt at applause in the room when Mrs. Dawley concluded her little speech. But the majority of the members of the society stood so much in awe of Mrs. Barnes and the president, that the demonstration was something of a failure. But Mrs. Dawley had the satisfaction of knowing that most of the women indorsed what she had said, and now that she had dared to speak her mind about Mrs. Barnes, she felt a great deal more courage than she had ever believed herself to be the owner of. Indeed, she rather enjoyed what she had done. She had often felt as if someone ought to tell Mrs. Barnes the plain truth, but she had never felt as if she dared do it. But now she felt a feeling of duty performed. Probably Mrs. Barnes would never forgive her, but she didn't care for that, since she had said nothing but what

she could get back before tonight," said Mrs. Dawley. "He'll be home on the 5 o'clock train. I'll tell you what you'd better do, Mary—you get your bonnet an' come home with me an' we'll keep watch for your husband when the train comes in. Now, don't be nothin' but goin' to listen to it. You must come."

Could the Sewing society have seen these two women going up and over the hill together, there would have been many comments made about the unusual sight, and some of its members would have wondered how it came about. But these two women knew. The smoldering life of friendship had been fanned to a blaze at last, and by its warmth the chill of anger and displeasure was being driven out forever through the heart's open door.

Mr. Dawley's face was a perfect picture of astonishment when he saw his wife and Mrs. Stephens coming up the garden path together. Had the days of miracles come again?

"We've made up," said his wife, simply in explanation of the mystery over which his surprise was so evident. "We ought to have done it years ago, but we didn't, an' it's better late than never. I'm glad to see you, an' I'm glad to see Mrs. Stephens. Make yourself right to home, just as you used to. Joseph, light the kitchen fire an' put the water on, an' while I'm changin' my dress, an' then you go out an' keep watch for Mr. Stephens. He's been to the 5 o'clock train. If he comes, he's to stop to supper."

Mr. Dawley did as he was told, wondering if his wife would ever see him. "But I'm glad of it," he told himself. "I'm awful glad of it. It's what ought to have happened long ago. In fact, it is to be glad of it. I'm glad of it. His incoherency must be pardoned because of the suddenness with which the clouds in his affairs had cleared. He somehow felt as if he must be dreaming. "Stephens'll be glad, too. He's told me, more'n once, that he didn't see me time they lay out an' I always told him I couldn't. But bel'n' wimmen, I s'pose it seemed different to them. Wimmen's such queer things." When Mr. Dawley could not explain to himself what seemed to be a woman's inconsistency, he always set it down to her. This was simply another instance of it.

While the tea kettle was getting ready to boil, Mrs. Dawley found time to explain to her husband about the troubles which had come to the Stephens family.

"You don't know how I pity poor Mrs. Stephens," said his wife, as she wiped her eyes on her apron. "She's all broken up over it. I can't help thinkin' how keen workin' for, an' that it was our boy. The shadows were beginning to gather in the corners of the garden when Mr. Dawley saw the train on the road. It was the man he was looking out for. He went to the gate to meet him."

"Well, Stephens," he said, "Glad to

see you back. I have been watchin' for you. Your wife's here. "Come right in." "My wife here?" cried Stephens. "I'd like to know how that happens."

"You'll have to ask them. She's here. That's all I know about it. I've just heard about—about the trouble. I'm sorry. I hope you found out it wasn't so bad as you thought."

"I found everything all right with John," answered Mr. Stephens, as he grabbed his neighbor's hand and shook it as if the act afforded him positive relief for his pent-up feelings. "Yes, indeed, my John's right, an' don't you forget it! An' the wimmen's made up. That's more to be glad for. Why—I feel'st I'd like to hear of, or do somethin' to kind of celebrate things. It's better'n a Fourth of July to me!"

"Me, too," said Mr. Dawley, pushing his neighbor into the house. "There's your man, Mrs. Stephens, an' he says it's all right with John."

Four Mrs. Stephens rose to her feet and took a step or two toward her husband. Then she stopped and stood there with an unspoken question in her face, resembling like a least.

"It's all right, Mary," said her husband, as he came and put his arms about her and kissed her. "One of the clerks stole the old man's money, but it wasn't John. He'd been sent to some place on business, an' the reporter got things all muddled up, an' laid it all to John, 'cause he'd left town when he didn't know the first thing about it. They've got the fellow that stole the money, an' he's owned up to it, an' there's goin' to be a piece in the paper explainin' how the mistake was made about our John."

"Thank God!" cried John's mother, and her face was bright with joy. "I knew he was right out in the kitchen an' get ready for supper, Mr. Stephens. It's on the table waitin'."

When they sat down to the supper-table, Mr. Dawley asked a blessing, and it ended in this way:

"An' we thank thee, Father, that ev'rythin''s coming out all right. Amen."

They were homely, simple words, but there was a world of meaning in them, and from the heart of those who heard them rose up a kindred thankfulness which was none the less fervent and sincere, because it did not find expression in speech.

"I've so much to be thankful for," said Mrs. Stephens when she and her husband rose up to go. "I've got my boy, and there's nothin' to be ashamed of, an' I've got an old friend back, an' I then she put her arms about Mrs. Dawley's neck and they cried together again.

"More of wimmen's queerness," whispered Mr. Dawley to Mr. Stephens, who responded Mr. Dawley. "So'm I. Some-how it makes me feel kind of queer myself," he added as he cleared his throat.

would readily flow from his lips, because the soul of the passerby, he he tramp or vagrant, would be there to ascribe to him the things that he did not do. It is today fewer vells that cloud the soul, and were Hamlet now to look into the eyes of a beggar, he would see revealed to him the things that then he did not know.

"Think of you! This is one of the strangest most troublesome truths. Is it clear to you that if there be evil thoughts in your soul, your mere presence in the world would be a hundred times more plainly than would have been the case two or three centuries ago."

Do you realize that if you have perhaps this morning done anything that has saddened the heart of any up being, the peasant with whom you are to talk about the weather, will know it—his soul will have been warned even before his hand has opened the door to you.

Though you put on the expression of a saint, a hermit, or a martyr, even the most indifferent are constantly watching you. Our forefathers did not speak of these things, and we realize that life of today is quite different from theirs. They decayed us, or did they not? It is felt on all sides that everyday life is rapidly changing and the youngest of us already differ entirely in speech and action from those of the preceding generation.

edges, and neckties grow soiled, and coats and hats shiny, just as fast as ever when one is out of work as when one is in employment; and sometimes even faster, owing to the wearing of the best in celebration the way of exposing the stomach cries out for three meals a day, and there must be some spot where the hat may hang up, and there is usually a landlady.

But the only reason for referring to all this is that you may be encouraged to keep a steady head on your shoulders in celebration the way of certain proprieties. For instance, if it is your taste, is it not, to boast of your fine job and prospect of promotion before you are who is living from hand to mouth during this shutdown season, and who is twice as skillful as you are? It is poor policy, too, to smile or to wink an eyelid when some applicant for work is politely shown the door.

And it is very poor citizenship to be flippant or daring or too conspicuous in extravagance, or to make a smart remark where men are lined up anywhere, either for food or the hope of selection for labor.

In the main, you are rather adaptable to conditions, and you are a judge of times and seasons in the way of propriety in jest and joke; and you generally know when you may shirk a little, as your tasks and when you must keep your sleeves rolled up in earnest. Still, you are too much of a Yankee to let pass by any real good chance for fun or games, and in ordinary times this is all right.

But hearts are sensitive these days and feelings are easily wounded; moreover, you are not a fixture. Be careful, or you will be put back where you belong and at a lower figure!

Oh, Oh!
From the San Antonio Express:
"Do women dress to please men?" inquires a contemporary. Well, at any rate, their dresses very seldom please another woman.

Five hundred and fifty dollars has been paid for a single specimen of the Antimacassar butterfly.

Queer Things That Some Women Wear

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

IT IS TOO much to expect that the time will ever come when all women will act with wisdom and cease to be the victims of fashion's fads, but it is surprising that in this age of intelligence and culture of women there could be found so many who would adopt the extremes of fashion as exemplified by the "Merry Widow Hat" and the "Sheath Gown." Both are such preposterous exaggerations of the articles of women's apparel which they represent that they suggest escaped lunatics or that their wearers are fit subjects for incarcerations in asylums for the insane.

The wearers of these ridiculous fads must realize that they attract unfavorable attention and unfavorable comment from all observers. A woman who has not thrown all her modesty to the winds should hesitate to wear a hat that is too wide for an ordinary doorway and that must inconvenience those near her. They have been seen with hats so broad from rim to rim of the brim that two ladies so cheapened could hardly sit in the same seat in the cars or in a carriage without disagreeably scraping against each other.

The sheath gown is something disgusting and assuredly belongs to women who treat the boards of a stage as if they were the boards of a ship, and who are not over-modest in exposing the outlines of their natural or artificial figures. The wonder is that good women will follow styles that are invariably started by others of questionable character. No pure-minded different woman ever conceived anything so desirable for novelty as it is regrettable that any woman of refinement should have copied the vagaries of the recklessly inclined.

A desire for novelty has led many women into absurdities of dress. They ignore the fact that anything bordering on extravagance is not only preposterous and is always affected by frivolous persons who have little brains and whose vanity carries them to the verge of insanity.

The costumes of women of refinement and good taste are not often copied by the fashionable class. They are not so showy and they are not so fancy of vulgarisms who revel in striking colors and startling creations in their dress. As for hats, the war bonnet of an Indian chief is tame beside the hats they would wear if their friends or milliners did not prevent them.

It is an interesting study to watch an assemblage of women. Sometimes in a company of fashionables you will see women decked out in all the colors of the rainbow, their gowns and gowns being fearfully and wonderfully made in styles that are unlike anything ever worn before by any female since Eve constructed the famous garment out of fig leaves.

My advice to women, young and old, is to avoid extremes of fashion, gaudy colors, color blind and have no idea of an Indian chief is tame beside the hats they would wear if their friends or milliners did not prevent them.

Softness and other unfavorable qualities of aluminum may be overcome, it is now claimed, by alloying it with magnesium. An alloy of this kind, to which the name of "magnalium" has been given, is now manufactured in Germany, and its makers believe that its use will shortly supersede that of pure aluminum.

WILL APPEAR IN SOCIETY THIS FALL



Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Who Makes Her Debut in Washington Society This Fall.

CRITICS may storm at the door of the strenuous president of the United States, but his second daughter, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, finds few critics, for she is universally beloved. Possessed of a fund of stable, old-fashioned common sense, combined with good looks and many accomplishments, this new favorite of Washington society is most popular. Miss Ethel is only a little past 17 years of age, which is, indeed, young for a Washington belle to make her bow to society. Even the modest Miss Roosevelt, however, cannot bring herself to forego the honor and social distinction

Beware of Evil Thoughts

By Maurice Maesterlinck.

THE human soul is a plant of matchless unity, whose branches, when the hour is come, all burst into blossom at once.

The peasant to whom the power of expressing that which lies in his soul should suddenly be given, would at this moment pour fourth ideas that were not yet in the head of Racine. And thus it is that men of a genius much inferior to that of Shakespeare or Racine have yet had revealed to them a glimpse of a secretly luminous life whose outer crust, alone, had come to the surface.

For however great the soul, it avails not that it should wander in isolation through space or time. Unaided, it can be but little. It is the flower of the multitude.

When the spiritual sea is storm-tossed and its whole surface restless and troubled, then is the moment ripe for the mighty soul to appear, but if it come at the time of slumber its utterances will be but of the dreams of sleep. Hamlet, to take the most famous of all examples, Hamlet at Elsinore at every moment advances to the very brink of awakenings, and yet though his haggard face is damp with cold sweat there are words he can not utter, words that today without a doubt

The Time to Be Careful

By Cara Reese.

Be careful, son, or you will be put back where you belong; you will be back at the drawing board, or among the laboring hands, or doing the errands of as yore!

You cannot be so consequential in dull seasons as when work is plentiful and positions are begging for occupants.

There are times and places for giddiness and mirth in business enterprises as well as in other affairs, but such times and places are not here at present. These are days for solemnity of countenance, for diligence in pursuit, for deference toward the guarantors of pay rolls, and not days for executing war-whoops, interpolating the old dance, or indulging in grimace at the expense of your superiors.

Most young men in your circumstances are developing remarkable qualities of obedience, correct deportment and habits of discreet silence, and this will doubtless continue until the outside clamor for jobs like theirs subsides or the needy ones have vanished.

They've got the fellow that stole the money, an' he's owned up to it, an' there's goin' to be a piece in the paper explainin' how the mistake was made about our John."

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HERE IS THE NEW SHEATH STOCKING--WHAT NEXT?



The New Sheath Stocking.

AT LEFT is shown the new lace applique stockings worn with the short vamp "Pompadour" slipper. At right the very latest in stockings—embroidered front with sheath effect at the side.

New York, Nov. 14.—"Ain't it awful, Maggie?" a Bowery girl was heard to exclaim as she was standing in front of the display window of a large department store viewing the new sheath stockings. "But I just wish I could have a pair, too," she finished with sigh.

Shocking or not, the sheath gown and the new sheath stockings to match are here to stay. One New York master has sent an order to France for 25,000 pairs of these stockings and already the major part of them have been taken by advance orders.

"I had thought that the taste of American women would revolt at this