

### THE CONFESSION.

Where Peter guarded heaven's gate  
A woman came, one day,  
And meekly knocked and meekly said:  
"Oh, let me in, I pray!"  
And many a fairer one than she  
The good old saint had sighed to see  
Forever turned away.

"And why," he asked, "should I unbar  
The gate to let you in?  
Is there upon your heart no scar,  
And did you never sin?  
Nay, look me fairly in the face  
And bury up and plead your case—  
I'm waiting—come—begin!"

"Ah, yes! I must confess I sinned,"  
The one without repit;  
"To keep from paining others I—  
Well, often, Sir—I lied!  
But pray do not condemn me yet,  
I have some virtues I would set  
Upon the other side!"

"I didn't hate my husband's folks,  
Nor run them down," said she;  
"I let him love his mother, and  
Be kind to her, and be  
Could talk to other women who  
Were young and blithe and comely, too,  
Without offending me.

"I never, never made him wait  
A dismal hour or two;  
When he and I agreed to meet  
I got there!—And I threw  
No stirs nor ever tried to faint  
The names of pure—"  
"Ah," said the  
saint,  
"Come in, you angel, you!"  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Lady Alice's Novel.

"HEN that's all settled?" remarked Lady Alice.

"I think there is nothing more to be—discussed," ponderously replied Mr. Popham of the great publishing firm of Popham & Snell.

Lady Alice rose and walked to the looking glass above the great mantelpiece in Mr. Popham's room. She, in the most unembarrassed manner, gave the nicest tilt to the big picture hat she wore, and the most imperceptible pat to the fair curls on her forehead.

"And," said she, without turning round, "what about the writing of the novel?"

Mr. Popham's bushy white eyebrows went up.

"The writing of a novel is, as a matter of practice, generally left to the author," he observed. "You—surely don't propose—"

"What I propose is this," broke in Lady Alice impudently. "I'll give you the plot of the story, and the general idea, and—and all that, and you must find some respectable person to do the writing."

"This—ah—is most unusual," said Mr. Popham helplessly.

"I can't help it," remarked his visitor coolly. "Surely you have people about you who are capable of such a simple task?"

She looked round the room vaguely, as if expecting to find ready writers concealed in all the cupboards and productive at a moment's notice.

Mr. Popham rose. He rubbed his glasses in a bewildered way. He was a stout man, with many chins and a shining head—the head of a man with a large balance at his banker's.

"My dear lady," he said at length—"my dear lady!"

"Well," said Lady Alice with a small frown.

"You understand, Lady Alice," said Mr. Popham in the same helpless way, "that when we undertake to publish a book as a general rule we confine ourselves to the business of printing, binding, advertising and distributing the—ah—work. The writing of it, we find, is generally preferred to be done by the author personally. Still, if you are serious in what you say—"

"Of course I am," interrupted Lady Alice.

"I dare say," continued the publisher, "I might find some suitable person. Let me think. Ah, yes! A young man—a Mr. Thorpe, I think—called on us a few days ago with the manuscript of a war novel—a kind of goods with which the market is considerably overstocked. He mentioned that he was anxious to get some sort of employment, either temporary or permanent, and I have managed to send him some translating to do."

"Do you think he would suit?" inquired the would-be author.

"I think so—yes," returned Mr. Popham. "He appears to be able to write tolerably well. He has—ah—just returned from South Africa, where he was in some—ah—irregular corps or another, I believe."

"How jolly!" cried Lady Alice. "Please send him to me as soon as possible, dear Mr. Popham. Thank you so very much."

Lady Alice Lyllie was the only and spoiled daughter of a venerable ornament of the peerage, whom she ruled with a rod of iron. Pretty, clever and rich, she had reached her twenty-fourth birthday without marrying, and the gossips were beginning to look knowing when "dear Lal" was mentioned in the course of conversation.

Meanwhile, "dear Lal" recked not at all. She was a girl of many hobbies. Photography, spiritualism and sports of various kinds—each had their little day—or, one would rather say, hour—with this versatile young woman. Then music reigned and Lady Alice composed a "Mafeking March," which was "arranged" by the patient professor, who guided her somewhat erratic footsteps along the paths of composition. Finally Lady Alice decided that she must write a novel. "That stupid Lady Lester has written one—or says she has," remarked the young woman—"and I'm sure I'm better able to write a decent novel than she."

Hence the visit to the great publishing firm, and the proposition which so startled Mr. Popham.

Punctually at 10 o'clock a tall, soldierly man, whose shabby clothes covered a spare, sinewy, well-knit figure, was ushered in. His age might have been 29, but his dark hair was beginning to thin, and there was a great disgust and weariness in his eyes. He wore a pointed beard, and his mustaches were fiercely turned up toward his eyes.

"Mr. Thorpe?" queried Lady Alice. The visitor admitted his identity.

"I'm so impatient!" proceeded Lady Alice. "Where will you sit? Do begin at once, please!"

The meek person poised her pencil, and two pairs of feminine eyes gazed expectantly upon Mr. Thorpe.

"I think it would be better," remarked that gentleman, "if I had some general idea of the plot you propose."

"Oh, yes! How stupid!" gayly cried his collaborator. "I don't think you need wait this morning, then, Miss Golding. Come again to-morrow at 10. By then we shall have settled the plot, and we can begin the writing."

Miss Golding gone, Lady Alice gazed meditatively into the fire for a few moments.

"Well," she announced at length, "it's got to be about a girl."

"Yes."

"And a man."

"Quite so."

"And they must fall in love, you know."

"Naturally."

"And they can't marry for ever so long, and people try to keep them apart, and they have each other at the end. I like happy endings," remarked happy Lady Alice, with a judicial air.

There was a short silence.

"Hasn't something like that been done before?" Mr. Thorpe ventured to ask.

"I suppose it has," admitted Lady Alice disconsolately. "All the stories have been done before, I think. Bother!"

"But we might do it over again," suggested Mr. Thorpe. "Only in a different way, you know."

"Oh, so we might!" cried Lady Alice joyfully. "How clever of you. Do let's!"

The writing of the novel went merrily on for about a week, when one morning a radiant vision floated into the morning room and announced that it was the chairwoman of the Society for Bettering the Conditions of the Middle Classes, and that there was a committee meeting at 11.30.

"So we shan't be able to do any novel this morning," continued Lady Alice. "Don't wait, Miss Golding."

The meek person removed herself, but Mr. Thorpe seemed in no hurry to go. He continued to gaze at Lady Alice, who certainly was worth looking upon. Her gown was an exquisite creation, but it was upon a simple, almost shabby, little pearl brooch at the throat that Thorpe's eyes were fixed.

"I see you've had your brooch mended, Lal?" he said in a strained voice.

Lady Alice paled.

"The brooch—Dick's brooch? Why, what—?" she gasped, with her eyes riveted on the pallid face before her. Then she took a step forward.

"Dick?" she cried. "You know Dick?"

"No," answered Mr. Thorpe. "I am Dick! It was the beard and losing my hair, I suppose, that prevented you recognizing me."

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### SLAVERY IN LONDON.

#### DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF ENGLISH SHOP WORKERS

Infinite Horrors of the "Living-in" System Enforced by Rich Proprietors—Both Men and Women Are Poorly Paid and Heavily Fined.

Thousands of the working girls and men of London, with the assistance of influential members of Parliament, are making a determined effort to alleviate the deplorable conditions under which they are now compelled to labor. The poor shop workers are imposed upon in many ways by the rich proprietors of some of the metropolis' biggest department houses and the condition of many is described as little better than slavery, from which up to the present there has been no hope of escaping, as the majority of the shop workers have no other means of obtaining a livelihood.

One of the systems enforced by some of the proprietors is known as the "living-in" system. By this plan the employees are lodged and fed together at the employer's expense and are under his jurisdiction night as well as day. The system has many advantages in theory, but in practice they are found to be remarkably few. The grievances of the shop assistants who have to "live in" begin with their sleeping rooms. Of all the big London shops there are not more than one or two where every assistant has a bed to himself or herself. The general rule is, two, and sometimes three, in one bed and

in a building in a side street near the shop, and at the street door there is a Cerberus who lets in the young men and young women as they arrive, up to the forbidden hour, when the door is shut, and if a girl has been delayed in getting back it's ten to one she will have to walk the streets all night unless she can find friends to "put her up."

Just fifteen minutes after the closing hour the gas goes out everywhere, and anyone who has a light later than that time is allowed. In most houses it is a rule that all rooms shall be unoccupied on Sunday, and most of the assistants are glad to live up to it, but sometimes, when the seventh day happens to be rainy, it comes hard.

No marriage is tolerated where "living in" obtains. If the firm gets wind of an affection between a man and a girl one of the two is promptly discharged. Such houses will not employ a married man if they know it, but sometimes they are outwitted by men who see their better halves only from Saturday to Monday. It is another hard and fast rule that none of the male employees in these shops may vote.

The dining-room is usually a dark one in the cellar, not invariably free from cockroaches, known in England as black beetles. The meals are served on long oilcloth-covered tables, bare of anything beyond the essential implements of gastronomic warfare. As a rule the food is indifferent, for the proprietor is constantly dissatisfied with the chef's efforts in the way of economy, and the bill of fare hardly ever consists of more than three staples. The damp room is lighted with flaring gas-

### THE WONDERFUL CENTURY.

Its Discoveries Surpass Those of All Previous Ages.

Alfred Russell Wallace, the English scientist, and equal discoverer with Darwin of the law of evolution, says the nineteenth century was wonderful for its development of the truth that the spirit-world exists, and near to us; and that for other discoveries it surpasses all the preceding centuries combined. He holds that, "to get an adequate comparison with the nineteenth century, we must take not any preceding century or group of centuries, but rather the whole preceding epoch of human history." This he does in the following comparative list of the two eras:

- Nineteenth Century—
- Railways.
- Steamships.
- Electric telegraphs.
- The telephone.
- Lucifer matches.
- Gas illumination.
- Electric lighting.
- Photography.
- The phonograph.
- Röntgen rays.
- Spectrum analysis.
- Anaesthetics.
- Antiseptic surgery.
- Conservation of energy.
- Molecular theory of gases.
- Velocity of light directly measured.
- Rotation of the earth experimentally shown.

- The uses of dust.
- Chemistry, definite proportions.
- Meteors and the meteoric theory.
- The glacial epoch.
- The antiquity of man.
- Organic evolution established.
- Cell theory and embryology.
- germ theory of disease and the functions of the leucocytes.
- All Preceding Ages—
- The mariner's compass.
- The steam engine.
- The telescope.
- The barometer and thermometer.
- Printing.
- Arabic numerals.
- Alphabetical writing.
- Modern chemistry founded.
- Electric science founded.
- Gravitation established.
- Kepler's laws.
- The differential calculus.
- The circulation of the blood.
- Light proved to have finite velocity.
- The development of geometry.

### MARRIAGE GETTING UNPOPULAR

Increasing Tendency Among Women to Remain in the Celibate State.

The increasing number of bachelor girls or old maids one meets has doubtless attracted the attention of the general public, as it has of those whose duty it is to keep track of social statistics. Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician, has been investigating the subject and finds that of 17,427 representative working-women living in twenty-two cities 75 per cent of them being under 25 years of age, 15,337 were single women. These figures are simply appalling. In the good old times, it is claimed, one-half of these young women would already have been married from three to five years. The fact seems to be that there is a tendency to the postponement of marriage on the part of both sexes. In the case of women this postponement is too often fatal and in the case of men it gets to be a bad habit.

Several theories have been advanced to account for this increasing unpopularity of marriage. The statement that young men have become more shy and embarrassed in the presence of the modern go-ahead girl may have some truth in it. The present tendency is undoubtedly to cultivate self-assurance and independence in young women and to encourage them to become self-supporting. Many avenues are open to them; they can make a comfortable living and enjoy life. Many a woman, in fact, can make a better living for one than the majority of young men can make for two (with prospects of more). This situation tends to check marriage in two ways—first, it makes the women more independent of men and, therefore, in the second place perhaps a trifle less attractive to them. Marriage is an odd affair, anyhow. It is largely a psychical business at the start, based upon a delicate emotional instinct, and all the logic and reason of a progressive age cannot alter that fact. The pushing and businesslike modern woman is not conducive to it.

### Used to It.

Mr. Lurker—Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity—

Miss Snapper—Never mind the preamble, Mr. Lurker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years.

### A Spider's Thread.

What we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.

### Slow About Going.

"It has always been my rule," said Mr. Boren, "to spend as I go."

"Indeed," exclaimed Miss Sharpe, glancing significantly at the clock, "in that way I suppose you have saved considerable money."

### "Necessity the Mother of Invention."

It is said that "Necessity is the mother of invention." Admitting this to be true, who can tell what visitor to the Pan-American Exposition will recognize a necessity in some field that will inspire him or her to the discovery or invention of something that will revolutionize the present day practice of the world in that field.



HEART OF LONDON'S SHOPPING DISTRICT.

lights. The stale bread, rancid "butter-line," a pallid chery mixture that masquerades as "coffee," stewed tea and tainted meat, and having to bolt it in fifteen or twenty minutes amid a clatter of dishes, combine to make a ghastly experience.

The clerks go to their meals in "parties" and are as liable as not to be called back to the shop again before they can eat two mouthfuls. If a clerk is busy when his "party" is ready to go he has to wait an hour or more until all the parties have finished, when there is a special table for stragglers, and if he is busy when that time comes he has to go hungry. It often happens that a man or girl has to work on for eight or nine hours in a busy time without a bite. The proprietor does not have much trouble with grumblers, however, had a table he "sets." The reason is that he fines his people two shillings sixpence, or 62 cents, a grumble.

The London shop man draws a salary of from \$150 to \$225 a year in addition to his board and lodging; the shop girl \$50 a year less. They have to be well dressed, and their little income is drained by all sorts of fines, to say nothing of the small sums they often have to spend to eke out their scrimp meals. Of course there is a fine for every clerical mistake, and the proprietor encourages those whose business it is to ferret out such slips by paying them a small sum for every one they can locate.

Most shops have all their rules and the fines attached to them printed in a little book, which they graciously sell to their employees for sixpence and fine them sixpence if they lose it. One well-known London shop has 198 rules, another 159. There is a fine for being late, which increases with every minute of tardiness; one for taking a knife, fork or spoon to one's room; a set amount to be paid for every box of goods not properly dusted; for wearing a bunch of flowers over three inches in diameter; for leaving the counter before the bell for meals has rung. Then there are what are called "omnibus" fines—that is, the heads of departments "have discretion" to exact a fine for practically any offense. When the clerk has liquidated all the fines that he incurs in the hurry of business and has paid out small sums for the "doctor," the shoe black, the shop's system of accident insurance, and so forth, what he has left for himself must be no great sum.



THE LONDON SHOPGIRL.

is allowed to receive a friend from outside anywhere in the building. But the hardest rule of all is that the clerk cannot choose his bedfellow or bedfellows, but is forced to "bunk in" wherever he is put, and if his bedmates be of bibulous proclivities and come home drunk, or happen to have any disease, why, so much the worse for him. This unbreakable rule is the same in the girl's department as in the men's. There is a sitting-room for the girls and a smoking-room for the men, but they are both always crowded to suffocation, and the assistant who would like to read a book or write a letter, has no chance at all. It is one of the bitterest cries of what the victims have dubbed "The white slavery" that there is no such thing as privacy—that one is never alone. Again, every assistant half suspects every other of being one of the firm's staff of unknown spies, and they distrust each other accordingly.

Everybody must be out of the living rooms by 8 o'clock in the morning and in again at 11 at night—by 12 on Sundays. The living rooms are generally

Counting the Stars.

Today the stars visible from the first to the thirteenth magnitude aggregate to about 43,000,000 of which nearly 10,000,000 have been photographed. In the most powerful telescopes, even the fifteenth magnitude has been revealed; of this magnitude perhaps 100,000,000 stars are suspected, but knowledge concerning them is uncertain. In the Milky way alone there are some 10,000 stars, separate by vast distances. To the eye at the telescope the sky seems no longer dotted with constellations, but powdered with gold dust.

### Indians as Manufacturers.

Our Indian population is not skillful in any line of manufacture save their own crude industries.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's**  
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of  
*Asa Wood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Electrical Exhibits at the Pan-American.

If the first 50 years of the present century prove to be as rich in electrical invention as the last half of the last century, what progressive years they will be! All of the inventions of the last century will be exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition, while many of the ideas that will develop new inventions will be born there.

His way.

"Was little Bobby restless in church?"

"Restless? He acted like a pocketful of fishing worms."

Ancient Cities of Note.

Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river.

Two Thoughts.

Papa—You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn't interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy?

Bobbie—I did think of that, and I was going to part 'em, but then I happened to think, 'a'pose I was the big boy? So I let 'em alone.

Boothblack in Berlin.

Boothblack are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin, owing to the fact that it is one of the duties of German servant girls to shine shoes in the household, and of porters to attend to it in hotels. There are boothblack at the principal railway depots, but they find more patrons among women than among men.

Companionship.

Off Horse—Do you think the man that owns us likes his automobile better?

Nigh Horse—Naw; don't you notice he comes to us when he wants something that can eat an apple out of his hand?

\$30,000 for Sewage Improvement.

Bradford, England, has had a recommendation from the committee on sewage, calling for the expenditure of more than \$30,000 on the improvement of its sewage disposal plant. It is also contemplating immediate street improvements to the amount of \$150,000.

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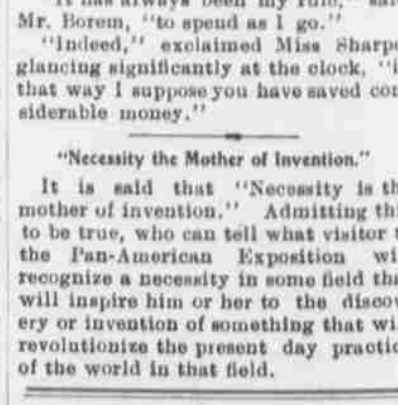
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## CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief, such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."

109 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Pure Good. Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 100% CURE CONSTIPATION.

Besting Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.