

# The Way That Won

By Belle Field

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At number 237 South Walnut, in Millwood, the home of Mr. Ramsey Martin, Dr. Harvey Wilmot made the last of his evening rounds of calls, and started toward his office.

There was a harassed look upon his face, usually so serenely handsome, and in his heart there was that longing for a confidant which sometimes takes possession of wifeless men. Accordingly, as he neared the residence of Hon. T. B. Paine, a block nearer town, his steps grew slower and he stopped.

Upon such occasions he had found the society of Honora Paine very soothing. Her reposeful manner, her well chosen words, her even voice, were balm to his ruffled spirits, worn out in sympathy for others' ailments, irritated by the many vexations of a physician's life.

He had never honestly told himself that he intended to marry her, but the thought was in his mind, still unformed, perhaps, and as for Honora, the matter was settled with her, and when a thing went so far as that, it very seldom changed.

She came forward to meet him this evening in her slow, dignified way, preserving the perfect sweep of her gown, which in its lilac silk and black velvet displayed her big blonde beauty to perfection, showing as much enthusiasm as she ever allowed herself.

She wound up her warm welcome by saying:

"We were afraid that you had forsaken us; your visits have been so scarce of late."

Honora's cousin, Ruth Joslin, who was politely included in the plural pronoun, was seated reading near the grate, which the chill evening of early spring made comfortable. She returned his salutation and went back to her reading.

"You look tired," said Honora, an exquisite note of concern in her voice; "I fear you are working too hard and trying to carry too many burdens at once."

Then, with tender interest, she began to inquire after certain of his patients.

"The most urgent need I have is in the case of Mrs. Martin," said he; "they live in the next block, and are old acquaintances of mine. Mrs. Martin is suffering from nervous prostration, and the invalid and three children are entirely without care. Being strangers here, they have no neighbors to call upon, and I cannot hope for very much success until help can be procured."

Before Honora could frame a consoling reply, to this confidence, Ruth, who had been listening earnestly, spoke to her:

"Honora, let us send them Jane. We can do her work for a while."

Honora turned a voice and face of gentle reproach on her cousin.

"My dear Ruth, how unneighborly it would seem, even if Jane could leave her duties, which you know is impossible. We must not forget our duty to strangers. I will go myself to-morrow."

"Thank you, Miss Paine," said the young man, gratefully; "you will be showing the truest kindness in going."

And he mentally compared the generosity of the two girls, much to Ruth's disadvantage.

The next morning Dr. Wilmot entered the gate of the Martin residence. In the front yard the five-year-old twin boys were holding a circus, supplying the lack of wild beasts with their own lungs.

At the door he was let in by ten-year-old Mary, who wore a general untidy, discouraged look. The dining room was open, showing a dusty carpet, scattered over with oases in the shape of ashes, bits of coal and crumbs.

When he entered the sick room, there sat, by the bed, Honora Paine, in an impeccable street gown and bonnet, carrying on a formal conversation.

Honora was sweetly sympathetic during the call, and watched the doctor approvingly as he drew the curtains and tried to make Mrs. Martin comfortable.

That evening he called again, hopelessly, to be sure. He noticed that the porch and walks were tidily swept, and the morning's litter absent from the front yard.

In answer to his ring a trimly attired figure opened the door, in whom he recognized Ruth Joslin.

A pinafore was drawn snugly over street dress, her dark-lashed blue almost black with excitement exercise, her bronze-brown hair edged fluffly over her forehead. Raising a warning hand, she said:

"I do not think you should go up just yet, Dr. Wilmot; I left Mrs. Martin sleeping quietly only a short time ago. Tea is ready, and Mr. Martin wishes to know if you will not come into the dining room and share it."

And she opened the door, showing, instead of the cheerless, untidy room of the morning, a cozy place, with neatly set table glowing attractively under the yellow-shaded lamp.

Mr. Martin, looking several years younger than in the morning, was seated at the head of the table; next him, the twins, who with their clean faces, collars and cravats, looked quite angelic.

When Dr. Wilmot descended the

stairs, having left his already much improved patient with her husband, he met Ruth in the hall.

"Miss Joslin, I have finished my rounds and am on my way down town. Will you not accept my escort to your door?"

"No, I thank you," said she, decidedly. "I shall stay until the children are asleep, Mrs. Martin settled for the night, and arrangements made for Mary to prepare breakfast. But I would like you to stop and tell Honora where I am, and that I will not be at home for an hour or so. Good-night."

And Ruth started upstairs with the sleepy twins.

Harvey Wilmot had never exchanged more than the merest commonplaces with Ruth Joslin; perhaps because she had always appeared indifferent to him, and that she was usually overshadowed by her more beautiful cousin, but as he walked away, he experienced a strange feeling in the cardiac region, and he thought how sweet she looked presiding at the table.

Through the open window curtains of Honora's home he saw that young lady, radiant in a gown of light blue and white lace, her golden hair soft on neck and brow, and beside her a huge blue bowl, rioting full of pink roses, she looked like an exquisite piece in Dresden china.

"I suppose you have just come from Mrs. Martin. How is she? I have thought of her very often today."



Then He Began to Talk Earnestly.

Ruth said she intended calling there, but she has been out all afternoon, and I suppose, changed her mind."

There was a hint of sternness in Dr. Wilmot's voice:

"I am just from Mrs. Martin. She is very much better. Miss Joslin has been there all afternoon and desired me to tell you not to expect her home till later."

Honora shook her head disapprovingly.

"That is just like Ruth. She refused to go with me this morning. She will never learn to do things like other people. I am glad your patient is improved, and that you gave me the opportunity to call upon her this morning."

For a week Ruth held her self-imposed post of duty, vastly to the Martin family's comfort and Harvey Wilmot's admiration.

Then, when a strong-handed, kindly Dorcas came from the city, the girl still kept up her cheering visits to the invalid.

It was a warm June evening, long after the young doctor and Ruth had ceased their "professional visits," that the pair met at the Martin home. This was one of several pleasant evenings that they had spent with the family.

As they were leaving together, Mrs. Martin said, laughingly:

"Harvey, I have always thought that Ruth should have been given half the honor of my restoration to health."

"I shall try to persuade Miss Ruth into a verbal acceptance of the half of my success, Mrs. Martin."

Superstitious people say that there is witchery in the moon. Perhaps, once out doors, its spell kept the couple quiet, for nothing was said at first.

Then suddenly the slender fingers resting on Dr. Wilmot's coat sleeve were covered closely with his right hand, and then he began to talk earnestly.

They walked slower and slower, until they were inside Ruth's gate, and then, screened by a friendly syringa bush, they stopped altogether and their voices ceased.

Honora, from her hammock under the ivy canopy, saw the two figures apparently merge into one, and over the shoulder of Ruth's white dress she could define a black-clad, manly arm.

Realizing for the first time that her well-built plans had tumbled to earth, she arose and swept majestically into the house, indignation in the very rustle of her garments.

But the pair under the syringa bush were so absorbed in each other that the indignation was forever lost on them.

## BY NAME UNKNOWN

IMPORTANCE OF ANONYMOUS UTTERANCES IN HISTORY.

Scriptures Full of Instances in Which the Words of Nameless Speakers Were Most Fateful—Incident of the "Young Ruler."

In the course of reading one is often struck by the important part played by anonymous voices throughout history.

The Scriptures are full of instances in which the words of nameless speakers have become historic. "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killest the Egyptian?"—words few, and their speaker unknown; but they drove Moses into the desert, an exile for 40 years. "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," sang the Hebrew maidens in their rejoicing over the death of Goliath, and we know what fateful words they proved to the hero they were meant to honor. We remember the breathless arrival of Job's servants in sad fourfold succession, each with his tale of woe no sooner delivered than outdone by that of the next comer, and how each ended with the piercing refrain: "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee." Job's wife, that eastern Lady Macbeth, hisses out her diabolical instigation: "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die." Certain Chaldeans pilory themselves and glorify three Jews for all time by their sycophantic tale-telling: "These men, oh, king, have not regarded thee; they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou has set up." And others perform the same office for "that Daniel" which was "of the children of the captivity of Judah," to his great honor and their own undoing. Returning with slow steps and with awe and wondering looks come the men set to catch Jesus in His words, framing as the pass their more than sufficient excuse: "Never man spake like this man." The "young ruler" runs with this eager inquiry to the Master, and goes away sorrowful, making the great refusal. The woman of Samaria, with her keen questioning, draws from Christ the glorious truth that "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." As speaker of an all too memorable sentence, there is the pert servant maid who with a word cowed Peter and made him sin the sin of his life.

### His One Yarn.

Four men who at one time or another had enjoyed the hospitality of one Canadian camp were talking around an open fire in a club the other night about the taciturnity of the average Canadian guide. The experience meeting had been opened by one man who had been telling of two days he spent with a native woodman in pursuit of a moose, and who in all that time had only spoken once, and then he dropped the undeniable fact that their way through the forest was a "damned bad trail."

"That's what I like about Jim McDonald," interjected one of the listeners. "You remember Jim? The others 'allowed' they did right well. Now, he tells you the kind of stories I like to hear when I am in the woods. The last time I was up to the governor's camp he told me a bully yarn about being caught out on the lake one evening last winter without even a knife, and he got the best of three."

"Five-four-six," broke in the listeners. And they all grinned. It seems Jim had told each one the tale, embroidering on facts in the story and increasing the number of wolves that had pursued him with each recital.

"Well," remarked the man who had started to tell the yarn, "I'm no nature student, and I don't care about the mere detail of facts. When I'm in the woods I like to hear my guide talk, even if he is a harmless liar."

### Truly Admirable.

An Illinois politician, who once delivered what seemed to him an excellent and striking speech on the trust question, was most anxious to ascertain its effect upon the Democratic part of his audience, these for the most part being Irish.

"Was the speech to your liking, Pat?" he asked an old friend in the audience.

"Sure, it were a grand speech!" averred Pat, in a tone of such sincere admiration that the politician felt moved to investigate further.

"Was there any part of it more than another that seemed to hold you?" the speaker asked.

"Well, now that ye ask me, I'll tell ye," responded the Celt. "What took me most, sir, was yer perseverance—the way ye went over the same thing agin and agin."—Harper's Weekly.

### Non-Committal.

"How old are you?" asked the magistrate of the woman who had been mixed up in a fight.

"Five years younger than her that had me pinched," said the woman.

"Well, and what age is that?"

"Ask her first."—St. Louis Republic.

### Merely Realism.

"Advertisements on the scenery!" exclaimed the star. "That's carrying commercialism entirely too far."

"It isn't commercialism," explained the manager. "We want the scene to look like a real meadow, don't we?"

### Extremely Absent-Minded.

Professor—I always forget to carry a handkerchief. I really must tie a knot in mine.—Fliegende Blaetter.

### UP TREE TO ESCAPE TIGRESS.

Unexpected Meeting on a Jungle Path way in India.

I was patrolling the jungle paths between two of my chowkies, accompanied by my jemadar, and on approaching an exceptionally thick patch we were startled by hearing a tiger roar almost at our feet, says a writer in the Madras Mail. I coughed pretty loudly to let him know that we were near, but judging by the growls he was disposed to dispute the right of way.

As we were unarmed swift retreat was the only way to escape the danger. I soon found a tree, up which I "shinned" till some 20 feet from the ground, but on looking round for my jemadar, I found he was making frantic efforts to climb one, but slipped to the bottom after each endeavor. So I called him to my perch, and had just hauled him up when a fine tigress emerged from the jungle, followed by two small cubs.

She passed under our tree and sauntered into the thicket, but reappeared a few minutes later, without the cubs, and remained watching us for some time, apparently considering if it was worth while to claw us off our perches. After some embarrassing moments productive of the bluest of funks she disappeared, and my jemadar, who had been dumb while the interview lasted, found his voice and gave tongue to the most agonizing yells to the rest of our party, who were close behind, to come to our assistance.

No one, however, appeared, and it is well they did not, as the tigress would probably have attacked them. After remaining in the tree for an hour or so we descended and saw no more of our unwelcome visitor.

### He Meant Muclilage.

In an office building of Philadelphia there is installed a young Englishman who is endeavoring to establish himself as an architect. His room adjoins those of a prominent real estate dealer, who from the first evinced a friendly and neighborly interest in the young Briton.

"Any time I can help you," suggested the Philadelphian when the foreigner first took up his quarters in the building, "I shall be glad to do so."

Not long ago the real estate man engaged a new stenographer, a pretty girl, but with rather an exaggerated pompadour and an extremely haughty manner.

One morning, the Englishman, having occasion to avail himself of the kind offer referred to, entered the office somewhat precipitately, when he was brought to a sudden halt by the frigid air of the new stenographer.

"I beg your pardon," hesitatingly began the architect, taken back by the sight of a new face, "but could you spare me a little of your gum?"

"Sir—" indignantly began the stenographer, "you don't know—"

"Oh, how awkward of me!" exclaimed the Briton, more and more embarrassed. "I remember now that in America you say muclilage."—Exchange.

### Eight Flights Up.

When the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through three or four structures for it, he described an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the topmost floor of an eight-story tenement, a little farther up the street.

"Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building.

In answer the old woman motioned for him to come up.

Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights and burst into the room where the old woman was.

"Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire nor smoke became visible.

"Oh, there ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an ear-trumpet. "I asked 'y' up 'cause I couldn't hear a word you said 'way down there!'"—Bohemian.

### As She Is Spoke.

They were tourists from a more or less aristocratic London suburb, and they were "doing Paris" with that celerity and intelligence for which the British tourist is famous. Of course, they went to the Louvre, and by and by James caught sight of a somewhat striking picture, and immediately proceeded to express his admiration in the accepted manner:

"What ho! What price this—eh?" he said to his companion in adventure.

An attendant standing by had evidently studied English to some purpose, and, with the courtesy of his race, stepped forward.

"Pardon, m'sieu," he said. "Zat picture—ect is not by Watteau, and ect is not for sale."

### Romance of a Poor Young Man.

"Ferdinand speaks of love in a cottage, but that's foolish talk."

"Especially to a girl of your social standing."

"Yes; one could not possibly live at Newport all the year 'round."

### One Want Not Filled.

"This is a wonderful age with wireless telegraphy, smokeless powder and the like."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fidgety, "but I notice the men are not exerting themselves to invent a smokeless cigar."



## FOR MAIDEN OF 16

STYLES THAT ARE SUITABLE AND BECOMING.

Mothers Frequently Find It Hard to Dress Girls of That Age Becomingly, and Suggestions May Be Welcome.

The title of "sweet 16" seems sadly misplaced. Pretty 21 would be much truer, for in reality there is no age more trying than 16.

Girls who have reached that number of years are either too young to do one thing, or too old to do the other. It may be a sweet age to study,



Neat and Practical Utility Suit.

but to actually live through every girl looks back to it as a nightmare. And mothers are often sorely perplexed with the question of what style is proper for a miss of that age. Perhaps these few suggestions will be welcome to such mothers. At least we hope so.

Oftentimes the miss of 16 is "lanky," and a dress that has a few tiny ruffles on it will set the skirt out and

### BALLAST FOR BABY'S CHAIR.

Simple Device That Will Prevent Its Possible Capsizing.

After watching our strong baby boy sway his high chair almost to the point of capsizing,

I made a bag of cloth or canton flannel matching in color the woodwork of the chair, and finished it at the top with the usual casing and strong ribbon drawstrings. In this bag was put a flatiron, and thus heavily weighted, the bag was tied to the rounds of the chair. Not even the most athletic of boy babies could overturn a chair so anchored and this knowledge may come as a blessed relief to some anxious mother who is called suddenly out of the room, when baby is in his high chair.—Good Housekeeping.

### COSTLY VEILS A NECESSITY.

More and more are veils becoming a feature of the smartly clad woman's hat, but they are not a joy forever; in fact, they are about as expensive as any detail of the feminine toilet, inasmuch as a cheap bit of gauze or net will not in the least answer the purpose. The veil must always be absolutely fresh, and usually matches the color scheme of the hat, unless white trimmings are used on it, in which case it is better to have it of that color, as it is more becoming to the complexion.

Flaring brimmed hats, set well back from the brow, are the fancy of the tailor-made maid, even for shopping. The shapes are not extravagantly large, and are usually in dark felt or beaver. But to be effective and also becoming, the brims should be faced or bound with dark velvet or satin sometimes edged with a white silk cord. A highly picturesque effect is gained with coque feathers instead of the more perishable and costly ostrich tips, which are out of place with run-about costumes.

### Black Goods Dressing.

Roll ten cents' worth of logwood bark in two quarts of water. When cool add two quarts of stale beer. Add water sufficient to cover goods; lift and stir goods occasionally until of an even black. Then rinse, partly dry, and dress.

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relieve her of that tall and thin appearance, while touches of velvet about the bodice will always make any dress becoming to the girl who is burdened with a fallow skin.

Styles for misses should be chosen as those for their mothers, and that is according to their respective figures. The girl who is slim should select a skirt with some fullness at the hips.

A word as to colors for house dresses. Avoid bright reds—they are of the long ago, and to-day we see in their stead soft browns, shading from mustard and topaz down to the rich seal brown; innumerable blues that are rich in tone with silvery sheens, dull greens that can be livened up with velvet and lace, but no bright, flaring shades to dazzle the eye. Indeed, all colors have almost a faded appearance, so soft are they in tone.

A neat and practical utility suit is pictured, and made of dark blue serge; nothing could be more useful, and give better results for a little expenditure of money. A feature about this particular model is that it buttons close to the throat and thus eliminates the need of fur except in very severe weather.

It is an exceptionally stylish model for school wear, and could be developed in such goods as cheviot, tweeds or any novelty suiting. Corduroy makes a charming dress of this model, and for the girl who is out of doors much the goods is highly commended. It will stand the test of many storms and any amount of hard usage to which every school girl submits her clothes.

A suggestion which might help out would be to make it up of copper brown homespun material. Have straps made of brown taffeta of a darker shade, while the collar might be evolved from velvet of a shade matching the taffeta bands. Silk braid might also be used instead of taffeta for strappings, with velvet buttons for combination.

Many young girls are made absolutely unhappy because their parents never seem to think they have ideas of their own. It really matters very little to the average mother whether her young daughter wears a brown or a green dress, while to the average girl it is a vital question.

A girl was 24 years old before she was allowed to select a dress of the color and style she wanted, and that dress was to her an event. Give the young folks a chance to say at least what color they want, and humor their little fancies as much as you can within reason, for things that to us seem mere trifles are to them mountains of disappointment.

### BELTS OF FLOWERED BROCADE.

Particularly Pretty Are Some of the Designs Shown.

There are new belts made of striped leather that are decidedly popular among young girls. In fact, these belts would be becoming to slight figures only they are striped longitudinally and so have a tendency to make any but a slender waist appear large. They come in white and colored stripes, the pale tints, pink, blue, yellow and lavender being used with the white. They are worn with shirtwaists in colors or white and are nice when used with sprigged or embroidered waists, in which the color of the belt appears.

There are also new belts of flowered ribbon, rather wide and made up with pearl buckles. The newest flowered ribbon has a lattice work pattern over which the flowers clamber. Then there are large wreaths of flowers framing the circular arbor. To match these belts there are knots of the same ribbon to go under the turnover collars which are now fashionable. These knots are made like a small jabot, with one knot at the top, one further down and two short ends, but altogether they are quite short, nothing like as long as the jabots meant for older women. They are particularly pretty to wear with fine linen waists having the soft embroidered collars.

### EMBROIDERY SQUARE.



A square such as this will look well in the corner of a linen tablecloth that has a border of drawn threads; the design should be traced upon the linen, then the lines should be run out, and afterwards worked over in button-hole-stitch. Tack on a stout piece of paper, cut the superfluous material away with a pair of sharp scissors, being careful not to cut the stitches, then work the twisted bars with thread as in point lace.