WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

MILITANT MAID'S "VALOR" REWARDED BY DEATH AS SUICIDE

Strange Story of Laura Gray's Career Revealed in Letter Accompanying Presentation of Medal.

A really gifted and brilliant young woman, whose life might well have been diverted into the highest channels, has under the saddest of all circumstances gone over to join the great majority. Her suicide by an overdose of a drug to which she became addicted after joining the militant suffrage forces, took place in a flat in Jermyn street, London, last June. Joan Lavender Guthrie, or, as she called herself, "Laura Gray," frequently led the militant suffragettes on wild expeditions.

Until her 21st birthday, a couple of years ago, she lived with her widowed mother under the most comfortable circumstances in Kensington. Highly educated and of brilliant abilities, she developed a leaning for socialistic literature, and became a militant suffragette. But until the following letter and its accompanying medal for "valor" was sent her, the young girl's life was fairly normal. The medal was from the W. S. P. U. to militants, and the letter reads:—

Dear Soldier in the Women's Army:

No mere words can possibly express the feelings of the committee towards you and the other comrades who have so nobly and with utter disregard of self suffered the pain of the hunger-strike, and the horrors of forcible feeding in prison, at the prompting of duty and loyalty to the cause you passionately love, and which is the dearest in life to us all. I send you therefore, in all honor, and on behalf of the committee of the W. S. P. U., the medal for valor in action, and my personal wish that you have not suffered too seriously in health as the result of your heroic fight for principle. Yours, with all greetings,

MABEL TURE.

When the Coroner, Dudley Oddie, summed up, his voice trembled with emotion, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. He seriously fingered the above letter, and then said:

"Can anything be more calculated to upset the mind of a young girl such as receiving this document and this travesty of a medal? After this she began to exaggerate her own importance. The weak mind probably gave way. She leaves her home, her sister, her mother, for a garret in order to earn her own living and probably devote herself to the cause. She is next on the stage as a pantomime girl, and when a young girl, brought up as she was, starts to live the free and independent existence we hear so much about in England, men of the world know the danger she runs, a danger of which this girl unfortunately did not escape.

"Next we find her in the company of men frequenting night clubs and taking money from them. There is no more about the suffragist movement. The girl seems to have been absolutely degraded, and from then her whole history is one of drink, drugs, immorality and death from her own hand."

The Coroner read aloud a letter written by the unfortunate Miss Guthrie, to her mother, in which she says:

"My Dear Little Mother—Whatever wretchedness I have had has come to me through my own doing, and during this last year, in particular, I have met some very dear souls, both men and women. If you ever come across them and they speak to you of me give them a welcome for my sake, even though I may have met them in bad and unusual ways. Please don't imagine for a moment that what I have done was suggested in our last conversation. I have been taking drugs for the last six months practically every night. I only lied to you about it, because I knew you would worry if I told you the truth. Of course, the kindly Coroner will call it 'temporary insanity.' But, as a matter of fact, I think this is about the sanest thing I have yet done. I am simply worn, very tired of things in general. I cannot see that the world will progress any the worse for my being out of it. It seems cowardly, I know, but I should only go on causing you more unhappiness, dear soul, for there are certain ways of life which it is absolutely impossible to give up. In fact, one does not want to. You are so sure and good that it is hard to write this to you, but I feel it to be the absolute truth. I believe there must be a further sphere for people like you, where unhappiness and disappointment are smoothed away. Anyone in this world could have had a better or more sympathetic mother than—I, is, is.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

"At the age of two," he said, according to an exchange, "my parents—all my relatives, in fact, were impressed with the range and volume of my voice, as raised in joy or woe. So, from two to 12 years of age, I took voice lessons from Signor Spilloni, who charged $1 a minute, but who, let me assure you, was worth it.

"From 12 until I was 21 years old, I came under the tutelage of Monsieur Gratin, who used to make Patti's bars for her and who, therefore, knew the human voice from A to G-sharp.

"M Gratin taught me for five years at the rate of $500 a year, and then I was sent to Europe, where I spent my time studying under the best masters in Stoodleburg and Boodem-Bunden until I was 30 years old, when I was pronounced perfect."

He smiled sorrowfully, yet serenely, and added, "And now, thanks to the rough, clear purity of my tones and my superb enunciation I can sell twice as many vegetables as any other huckster in towns."

CONTENT WITH SCOTLAND

An extremely self-important middle-class Londoner, visiting Scotland for the first time in his life, volunteered to a kindly but sharp old Highlander that no Englishman could ever find Scotland anything but a place to leave—and that rapidly.

"I'm nae so sure o' that," returned the old man, drily. "I'll tak' ye to a place no far frae Stirling, whaur thereth thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been content for five hundred year, and thoo're the thocht o' leaving yet!"

"What is the place?" bellowed the Londoner.

"Bannockburn!" snapped the Scot, waving his hand in the direction of the battlefield.

STRANGE

Craig Biddle, tall, bronzed and athletic, was dining in Monte Carlo, after the Nice tennis tournament.

"Do you see that girl?" an Englishman said to Mr. Biddle, and he nodded ward a beautiful girl in a white gown dip without sleeves, that seemed to be ally falling from her lovely shoulders. Well, that girl is a worthless creat and she's ruined my best friend, my best friend has spent half a n on her in the last year.

ange," said Mr. Biddle, with a "strange, isn't it, how these se girls are alw most ex- plifies a

CHURCH FEELS WAR BURDEN

German Methodists, Crushed Under Heavy Taxes, May Close Temples.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—A letter was received here from Bishop L. Nelson, director of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Board of Foreign Missions of that faith, stating that the German Methodist congregations are crushed under the heavy burdens imposed upon them by the war.

The congregations are face to face with the necessity of closing their churches temporarily, he says.

CHICAGO MUNICIPAL MARKET MANAGERS ISSUE "DON'T" LIST

Tell Housewives Not to Expect All Fancy Grocery Store Frills at Farm Wagons.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—"Don'ts" for housewives dealing at the new municipal markets, work on two of which was begun yesterday, have been issued with the approval of the Municipal Markets Commission. These rules are laid down as a guide to women eager to cut the cost of living, but who may expect the frills of fancy grocery store service on the school lots where farm wagons loaded with garden truck will be found.

The markets to be opened this week, as the result of an inspection tour made by Alderman James H. Lawley and his aides, will be at Maxwell and Union streets, and on the Washington School property, Morgan and Ohio streets.

Following are the "don'ts" for municipal marketers.

Don't expect the farmers to telephone you at your residence and take your order over the wire.

Don't ask to have an ear of corn and a bunch of onions delivered.

Don't demand credit from the sturdy agriculturist who sells you tomatoes at bottom price. Spot cash talks.

Don't hunt for premiums at the municipal markets. The farmer cannot give you a cake of soap or a silver-handled toothpick with every 50-cent purchase.

Don't expect the municipal market to deal in toilet goods, razors, imported olives, caviar, roller skates, hair tonic, pickled oysters and gasoline. Go to an up-to-date grocery store.

Don't come to market without a basket. It may not look stylish, but what you save might buy a new winter hat.

Don't expect that your purchases are going to be wrapped up like Christmas tree ornaments.

If you don't see what you want, ask a policeman.

WAITERS OUTNUMBER GUESTS IN BIG PARIS HOTELS

Assistant Secretary Breckinridge Leaves Capital to Aid Refugees.

PARIS, Sept. 15.

The hotels are suffering from a scarcity of guests. At the Continental there are only seven guests in all. Each has five waiters to attend him.

A party of Americans went to the Hotel d'Iena a few days ago and asked: "What are your prices?"

"What are you willing to pay?" asked the manager.

Henry S. Breckinridge, Assistant Secretary of War, in charge of the relief of Americans, went to London today. He expects to arrive back in America before the end of the month.

Mr. Breckinridge probably has seen more of the actual fighting than any other noncombatant.

TODAY 44 YEARS AGO

German Forces Had Reached Fortifications of Paris.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15—On this date 44 years ago the Prussian advance reached the Paris fortifications and troops were forwarded to surround the city.

A FRIENDLY TIP

Richard Bennett, the actor, was a prize-fighter when he was a young man, and as a result of the accomplishment he has many friends in the ranks of pugilism.

One evening during a performance in the Middle West Abe Attell went behind the scenes and called on Bennett in his dressing room.

"Are you going to play San Francisco?" asked the pugilist.

"Yes," replied the actor. "I think we'll put on the play in the Greek Theatre over at Berkeley for one or two special performances."

"Take it up from me, Bennett," cautioned Attell, not getting the real significance of the theatre name; "don't do that. If you do, you'll lose a lot of money. There ain't enough Greeks in that town to fill a moving picture house."—The Popular Magazine.

CURE FOR NEURASTHENIA

The little nuke was digging in her tiny garden when old John appeared, with an absent smile on his old black face, and his battered hat in hand, bowing and scraping most humbly, says Youth's Companion. "Is ready to Little Miss" inquires as to what had made him so late, he said:

"Well, Linde Miss, it's jest this way: Ek I were coodin' by Miss Harmer's she sez: 'John, can't you come in and fix this lower bed for me?' And I jes' went in and restated her a minute and come right on. And, Little Miss, as I gits in sight, guess you a-spadin' and a-rakin' I sez to myself, 'John, of no high-bawn lady jes' stretch a bones' sweat, they wouldn't be so proud of this heah nervous prostration. They shody wouldn't."

HOW HE FORGAVE McNAB

A Scotchman on his deathbed was reminded by the attending minister that the hour of death is an hour for the banishing of all ill-feeling—a time for universal forgiveness.

He was a McGregor, and his feud with the McNabs had been notable. So the clergyman, with the family's permission and assistance, summoned the head of clan McNab to the dying McGregor's bedside.

"I forgive ye, McNab," whispered the expiring man, "wi' all my heart—but may my curse rest on my son forever if he ever does!"

In Legal Phraseology

From the Pittsburgh Post.

"Who writes you so many letters, dear?"

"A young lawyer."

"And does he write nice letters?"

"In a legal way, yes. He says I have beautiful eyes and is constantly alluding to what he calls the aforesaid eyes, orbs or visual organs."

BLOUSE OF PEACHBLOW MOIRE FASTENED WITH JET BUTTONS

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

MORE ABOUT JIMMY SOUTH BREEZE

ALL the afternoon and evening Jimmy hunted around in search of trouble, but found none.

True enough, he saw an old owl sitting up in a tree, and he said to himself, "There's a sleepy old fellow; I'll wake him up in a hurry!" So he blew very hard and waked the old owl up.

"Oh, thank you so much, Jimmy," said the owl, the minute he was awake. "I was having such very bad dreams it was a real kind act for you to wake me up. And anyway, it is high time I was about my business. Thank you again," and he flew away.

Oh, but Jimmy was angry!

He went from there directly over to the cornfield. "I know what I'll do—I'll blow the corn down, then they will all think I'm dreadful, I guess!" So he blew and blew. The long corn leaves rustled and shook and Jimmy thought he was being very successfully bad. Till one cornstalk spoiled it all by saying: "You are always so thoughtful and kind, Jimmy South-breeze—all the other winds have gone off and left us, but you stay and fan us and make us very happy. We thank you very much." And all the cornstalks rustled a "thank you" so shyly and happily that Jimmy had no heart for saying an angry word, though he felt very cross in his heart.

He even stayed and fanned them a little longer, while he was trying to decide what to attempt next.

"I know! Why didn't I think of it before!" he exclaimed suddenly. "It's just the very worst thing a breeze can do—I'll blow the baby robins out of their nest!"

Chuckling with naughty delight, he hurried over toward a robin's nest, and pushed two little babies off the edge of the nest!

But before he even had time to think how smart and wicked he was, Mrs. Robin spoilt it all by saying gratefully! "Thank you so much, Jimmy, they were plenty strong to fly, but a little afraid to begin. All they needed was your kind help!"

"It's just no use to try to be bad," groaned Jimmy in despair, "I think I might as well give up and go home."

So he started back.

On his way he passed a fine garden. The flowers were all dead and the tops were full of ripe brown seeds.

He hurried over towards a robin's nest, and pushed two little babies off the edge of the nest!

"My last chance!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I'll tear those seeds away from their home and spread them all over the garden."

He shook the plants fiercely and scattered the seeds hither and yon.

And just as he was finishing, his mother blew up. "That's a nice boy," she complimented him, "you couldn't do anything better than that—now next year we'll have pretty flowers all over the garden."

Jimmy said not a word—he simply gave up trying to be bad—and went to bed!

Tomorrow—Four o'Clocks.

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ACROSS THE COUNTER

A suit of blue cheviot with the redingote coat having a velvet collar and a broad girdle, and a skirt with plaits at both sides that flare at the foot costs $20.

At $25, a suit similar in cut is seen in both blue and black cheviot. The skirt is plain, but is buttoned in front down its entire length.

There are soft greens and browns among the higher-priced suits. Wine color is seen, and many shades of violet and dull purple.

In greseda, or gray green, a suit is priced at $27.50 that has great individuality.

Both skirt and coat are trimmed with rows of buttons made of a combination of bone and of the material itself.

The coat is cut to almost knee-length in the back, and it has the high Napoleonic collar that is becoming to so many faces.

It is bound with black silk braid that carries out the military effect, and is cut away to partially reveal a waistcoat of the material, buttoned and braided.

The skirt has three narrow plaits at each side that widen toward the foot and that are unconfined from the knee down.

It would seem that we need no longer mince along the street, but that we may walk with the natural stride of the free born once again.

It is hard to tell just what relation color has to price, but as one departs from the blue and black the prices soar upward.

There is perhaps more individuality in the cut or trimming of each suit, but the outlines are pretty much the same and the redingote is seen more often than any other form of out-of-door garment.

One of the exclusive shops is showing a suit at $18.50 in a dull tobacco brown that has the Napoleonic collar, the edges bound with black silk braid and the redingote coat with its wide flare.

The individual note is struck by the black satin fringed sash and the way it is draped about the hips.

Nevertheless, one can buy a suit of blue or black for $20 or $25 without fearing to see too many duplicates. The shops have learned to guard against this very thing, and by ringing slight changes on the same model a variety is offered from which to choose.

And it is just here that the individuality of the wearer comes into play and can find expression.

THE INDEPENDENT GIRL THINKS MAN BEST "PAL"

Platonic Friendship an Aid to Mental Development.

With the recent triumphant rise of the bachelor girl, and the subsequent discarding of that opprobrious term, old maid, a freer camaraderie has sprung up between the sexes, and many are the advantages to be reaped therefrom by both parties.

Platonic friendship has until recently been regarded with a suspicious eye and generally condemned as being something unnatural and queer, and, anyhow, superfluous. "What is the good of platonics?" said a hasty young man once. "If I want a real friend I go to a man who can talk decently and who understands things, and who can knock around with me. But girls are different. When you go out with them they expect you to spend a lot of money on their amusement, and, anyhow, girls are not meant to be real pals as men are to each other."

But, indeed, it is time these foolish statements were contradicted. The independent girl desires equality in her friendships, and is much too proud to accept favors for which she cannot return full measure.

Instead of being an expensive luxury, she wishes to be a true friend, giving as much pleasure as she gets, and she regard her friendships with men not only as a pleasure, but as an education and an experience, and contrary to some opinions not as a pathway that, if successfully and diplomatically trodden, leads to the inevitable altar. Her outlook is broadened and her mind entertained through masculine companionship, and the man, on the other hand, finds that he, too, gains both pleasure and profit from the friendship.

He discovers the mind of his woman friend, if she be clever and interesting, to be at once more complex and more incomprehensible than that of his ordinary male companion, yet the one friendship does not in the least exclude the other, for the friendship between men and men must always differ from the friendship between men and women, the latter admitting certain reserves, certain unexpected surprises, and always and ever a certain curious charm of freshness not usually to be found in the former.

MISS A. MORGAN IN FRANCE

Miss Elsie de Wolfe With Late Financier's Daughter at Biarritz.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Elsie De Wolfe, actress, in writing to a friend in this city, says that Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, is staying at Biarritz, France, with Miss Elizabeth Marbury.

Miss De Wolfe says she was motoring from Avignon to Spain when the war broke out. She reached Biarritz on August 15 and two weeks later she was joined by Miss Morgan and Miss Marbury.

BLOUSES RETAIN HOLD ON FASHION DESPITE CRITICISM

New Basque Is but a First Cousin — American Modistes Will Have Opportunity to Show Skill.

Once in so often the rumor is hinted abroad that the separate blouse is condemned to death, fashionable death, that is. But it reappears quite brazenly and in irresistibly tempting guise. Before the season is over we will perhaps tire of the basque, for even the blouse is tarred slightly with the same brush. It is altered or modified, but there is at least a suggestion of it in many that are designed of the heavier materials.

The illustration shows a blouse of moire, cut with the kimono shoulder and the new cuff that comes down over the hand almost to the fingers. This cuff is the last word of the modiste, at present, and while it may be shaped in various ways, left open or closed, it must be not only long but very long, indeed.

The blouse is finished with a sailor collar at the throat, and the vest and girdle are cut in one piece and fitted snugly to give the basque effect. The vest buttons noticeably higher than those we have been wearing; it would seem almost as if the higher the fastening the smarter the effect.

This argues a gradual disappearance of the chain and beads, often of such barbaric color and splendor, and a reappearance of smart little bows and neckties, of the kind that were high favorites a few years ago. Here, there is neither bow nor tie, just buttons, but beautifully cut jet buttons that are very decorative on a delicate color. The buttons are also used on the cuffs where they hold the pointed ends of the cuffs in position against the sleeve itself.

There is something essentially French about the use of jet for this purpose. The blouse is trimmed with its own material for both collar and cuffs, and it needs just the daring touch that the glistening black buttons give.

It is an artistic touch, for when all is said and done the French modistes are artists where color is concerned.

Just what effect the war will have in giving American designers an opportunity to create fashions after their own style and taste will perhaps depend on how long the war lasts. Certainly they have never had a fair chance, for the public demand is for French fashions in clothes and millinery.

It is not a matter of fad or fancy, nor a lack of patriotism. American artistes have yet to prove themselves when it comes to a really fine feeling for color. In this respect it can certainly be admitted still, that "they do those things better in France."

WHEN JONES SUBSIDED

A well-known illustrator, who makes interesting Western pictures, once made the acquaintance of a noisy but good-humored cowboy, who rejoiced in the appellation of "Hollering Jones."

In physical appearance this man was typical of his kind, and the artist made several studies of him, both in repose and in his favorite diversion of "hollering." Some of the studies were sold by the artist to an Eastern magazine. They showed Jones in his most violent state.

A year later the artist again visited the region. He was soon approached by Mr. Jones himself, bearing one of the pictures, which he had torn from the magazine in which it was printed. Pointing to it, he asked:

"Is that me?"

"Well," replied the artist, evasively, "I got the general idea from you, of course, but—"

"Oh, I ain't takin' no offense," Jones made haste to say. "It's all right; only if it's me, say so."

"If you put it to me that way," said the artist, "I can only reply that it is a fairly good portrait of you."

"The men here on the ranch agree with you. So I look like that when I holler, do I?"

"I think you do."

"In that case," said Hollering Jones, "all I've got to say is that Hollering Jones has hollored his last holler. Hereafter, when I celebrates, I does so with a tin horn. In my opinion, no man has a right to look like that—not round white folks, anyhow."—Youth's Companion.

THE LAST COMPLIMENTS

I heard of the most perfect man-servant in the world recently. He had waited fifty years upon an aged and crusty Baronet in his London lodgings, and his servility and obsequiousness were without bounds.

Presently, in the fashion of all aged Baronets, our gouty and rheumatic crank died. His funeral hour being set and given out, the attending clergyman suddenly found himself unable to attend. In haste he summoned the servant, and bade him send out notice of the change in the time of funeral ceremonies.

The old man thought a very long time. Then he took up his pen and laboriously indited many little notes. Each one read: "The master sends his compliments to you and says as how he won't be buried till tomorrow evening at 5."

A RETROSPECTIVE SENTENCE

Justice Maule once addressed a phenomenon of innocence in a smock-frock in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; I think you innocent; but a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not appear to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day, and, as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business." The unfortunate rustic, rather scared, went about his business, but thought that the law was an uncommonly puzzling "thing."

FIRED

A well-known Judge often relieved his judicial wisdom with a touch of humor. One day, during the trial of a case, Mr. Gunn was a witness in the box, and, as he hesitated a good deal and seemed unwilling, after much persistent questioning, to tell what he knew, the Judge said to him: "Come, Mr. Gunn, don't hang fire." After the examination had closed the bar was convulsed by the Judge adding: "Mr. Gunn you can go off; you are discharged."

FINANCIAL REVERSES FORCE ELLEN ADAIR TO LEAVE HER HOME

Death of Mother Makes Her an Orphan Without Friends — Pictures America as Land of Promise.

II

The sorrows of youth are so often ignored—and yet, ah, so pitiful! For it is only in youth that one really "touches bottom"; it is only in youth that the blackest abysses of sorrow are gauged. For in youth, and in youth only, the power to "feel" is at its keenest, and this the older folks are slow to realize. The child sorrowing over her broken doll—the little boy lamenting the death of a favorite dog—the disastrous ending to a young girl's love affair—why, the universe for the nonce is blotted out for these! The pain of it all would be too great, too overwhelming, were it not for the blessed twin capacity for joy.

And I, Ellen Adair, alone in America and without one real friend in the world, can yet thank heaven for this capacity for deep feeling. For the pendulum will surely swing around and happiness one day come to me again. "Ellen, dear child," my mother used to say, "never grow hard and never grow worldly. And if sorrow comes, let it only serve to soften you.

"The mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain—
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain."

" Dear mother, how lightly I listened to your gentle moralizing—and how gladly would I listen now.

For the peaceful life in the English village had a sad, and sudden ending. I remember spring had come in a riot of turbulent green, in wonderful stirrings of wood and field, in tender upshoots—and I—I had been strangely restless. The young sap was rising in the trees, the birds were mating in the branches and singing their hearts out in a very ecstacy of joy. "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there! No earthly artist could ever hope to paint an English springtime. The hedges were a mass of tender green, the thorn trees budding in a white profusion, and the sun glittered in a thousand lights on the dew-spangled grass. Oh, those dewy April mornings and my young rebellious heart "More life! More life" I was crying to myself in a vague and groping way. "My youth is passing and I have never lived!" and my heartache deepened with the singing of the nesting birds.

Two rival birds were courting their lady-love on a neighboring tree, and the beauty of their song brought tears to my eyes. "Life and love!" said I, "and love is the only thing that matters. And love, in this sleepy place, is passing me by," and with a dull heartache I walked back to our cottage on the moor. But even there the birds were courting beneath the gables and the dormer windows. To shut out their tender song I hurried indoors and seated myself in our little parlor. But opposite me on the wall was the same old theme, for there, hung by a careful hand, was Watt's great picture, and I gazed upon it for the first time with new and seeing eyes—"Love and Life," and in the shelter of Love's wings Life rested.

I hurled my head on the table to shut it out, and the tears ran down my cheeks.

"Why, Ellen," said a gentle voice, "tell me the trouble, dear," and mother stood by my side. I could not speak, for words were futile to express the vague stirrings at my heart.

"Is it the artist man who was here last summer?" said she. "He may come back to us, Ellen. Do not weep so, dear!"

And then into her kindly ear I poured my longings and my fears. It was not any special love I wanted, but love and life together. And I told her of the artist man's kind words, "Live up to the highest always." I told her of my sudden rebellion at our narrow life and of the strange heart stirrings that the spring had awakened within me. I talked for an hour in my selfish absorption, and then I caught sight of mother's face. How thin and wan it looked; how delicately transparent! My heart smote me. "Oh, mother, my place is here with you!" I cried. "You need me most!" and for the first time I noticed the frailty of her pretty figure and the droop of her slender shoulders.

"I may not need you long, dear Ellen," said she, "and then love and life will come and you will be free." And looking at her dear, thin face, I think the artist's words came true; my self-centredness fell from me, my soul woke up, my soul began to grow. I must never lose her, that dear mother of mine; I would devote my life to her, and find happiness, elusive Blue Bird, in its true place, at home.

The spring slipped by and the days lengthened toward midsummer. And June and the honeysuckle and the roses came in triumphant. I thought the clover in a neighboring field had never smelled so sweet before. And then the sudden tragic ending came—for mother had been ailing since the coming of the spring—and one June evening the slender cord gave way, and she quietly slipped beyond the pale of earthly things to "where beyond these voices there is peace." I cannot talk about it yet; the pain is still too fresh, too new.

And later, the pompous lawyer from the nearest town arrived. "You have lived a curious, shut-in life," said he to me. "And my dear young lady, your poor mother has shown a strange lack of business capacity. For her worldly-all was sunk in a small annuity, which has now, of course, terminated at her death. And I find your cottage mortgaged. Have you no relatives, no intimate friends?"

I racked my puzzled brains—and shamefacedly confessed that, beyond the vicar and the parish doctor, we had no friends.

"But, my dear young lady," said the pompous little lawyer, "your financial position is now a serious one. I must inform you that even this cottage will pass out of your hands—for your mother, although not in debt to any of the local tradespeople, has borrowed from a firm in town. And you are practically penniless. Have you really no relatives?"

"My mother's brother in America is the only one I ever knew," said I sadly. "And him I have not seen for seven years. I was at boarding school in London then, and he came over from Philadelphia to England on a business trip. We spent a day together at the Zoo and dined at Romano's. It was a red-letter day for me, I remember!"

"You had better advise him immediately of your awkward position, my child," said the little lawyer. "Your worldly-all consists of a ten-pound note in the local savings bank," and he departed.

And slowly I resolved upon action; slowly my determination grew. Not only would I write to this uncle of mine across the seas, but I, Ellen Adair, in quest of adventure and in quest of life, would set forth to seek him myself. Across the seas I pictured America, the Land of Promise, the El Dorado of enterprising youth.