# EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1914. 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 sin's life was fairly normal. 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 committee who have so nobly and with utter disregard of self suffered the pain of the hunger-strike, and the horrors of fercible 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 herefore, in all honor, and on behalf the committee of the W. S. P. U., s medal for valor in action, and my I resonal wish that you have not suf-lard too seriously in health as the dailt of your herois fight for prin-Yours, with all greetings, MABEL TUKE.

When the Coroner, Ingleby summed up, his voice trembled with emo-tion, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. He nervously fingered the above letter, and then said:

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 gar-ret in order to earn her own living and probably devote herself to the cause. She is next on the stage as a pantomine girl,

is next on the stage as a pantomine girl, and when a young girl, brought up as she was, starts to live the free and indedependent 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 drink, drugs, immorality and death from

The Coroner read aloud a letter written

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 isst 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 my sake, even though I may have t them in bad and immoral ways. Please don't imagine for a momwhat I have done was suggested by our 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 very, 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 guys of life which it is absolutely impossible to give up. In fact, one does not every night. I only lied to you about sillle to give up. In fact, one does not want to. You are so pure 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 disapplement are apported away. No one sintment are smoothed away. in this world could have had a better of more sympathetic mother than— J. G. L.

#### 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 joy or wee. So, from two to 12 years of age. I took voice lessons from Signor Spilloni, who charged \$1 a minbut who, let me assure you was formances.

"From 12 until I was by years old, T

came under the tutelage of Monsieur Gratin, who used to make Patt's hars for her and who, therefore, knew the human voice from A to Glazard.

"M Gratin taught me for five years at the rate of \$5000 a year, and then I was sent to Europe, where I spent my time studying under the best masters in Stoodleburg and Booden-Baaden until I was 29 years old, when I was pronounced perfect."

He smiled sorrowfully, yet sweetly, and added, "And now, thanks to the liquid clear purity of my tones and my superior vegetables as any other huckster in

## CONTENT WITH SCOTLAND

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

'I'm nae so sure o' that," returned the eld man, dryly. "Ill tak" re to a place no' far frae Stiriling, whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha been content for five hundred year, and they're nme thocht o' leaving' yet?"
"What is the place?" bellowed the Lon-

waving his hand in the direction of the battlefield.

## STRANGE

Craig Biddle, tall, bronzed and athetic, was dining in Monte Carlo, after the Nice tennis tournament.
"Do you see that girl?" an Englishman said to Mr. Biddle, and he nodded toward a beautiful girl in a while gown quits without sieeves, that seemed to be literally falling from her lovely shoulders. "Well, that girl is a worthless crea-ture, and she's ruined my best friend.

Yes, my best friend has spent half a million on her in the last year."
"Strange," said Mr. Biddle, with a smile-"strange, lan't it, how these "Strange," said Mr. Biddle, with a "In a legal way, yea. He says I have smile—"strange, lan't it, how these beautiful eyes and is constantly alluding worthices girls are always the most ex-

### CHURCH FEELS WAR BURDEN

German Methodists, Crushed Under Heavy Taxes, May Close Temples, NEW TORK, Sept. 15.—A letter was re-ceived here from Bishop L. Nelson, direc-tor 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 ipen them by the war.
The congregations are face to face with

e necessity of closing their churches mporarily, 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'te" for lousewives 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 sides, will be at Maxwell and Union streets, and on the Washington School property, Morgan and Ohio streets.

Following are the "don'ts" for munic ipal marketers.

Don't expect the farmers to telephone you at your residence and take your or-der over the wire. Don't ask to have an ear of corn and

unch of onlons 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 mop-stick with every 50-cent purchase. Don't expect the municipal market to deal in tollet goods, razers, imported olives, caviar, roller skates, hair tonio, pickled oysters and gasoline. Go to an p-to-date grocery store.

Don't come to market without a basket t may not look stylish, but what you are 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 :

## 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'leng a few days ago and asked: "What are your prices?" "What are you willing to pay?" maked

Breckinridge, Assistant Sec retary of War, in charge of the relief to the cornfield. "I know what I'll of Americans, went to London today. He expects to arrive back in America before the end of the month.

M. W. So he blew and blew. The

more of the actual fighting than any

## TODAY 44 YEARS AGO

German Forces Had Reached Fortifications of Paris.

YORK, Sept. 15 .- On this date years ago the Prussian advance ched the Paris fortifications and troops were forwarded to surround the

## A FRIENDLY TIP

Richard Bennett, the actor, was a prize boxer when he was a young man, and as a result of this accomplishment he has many friends in the minks of pugillam. One evening during a performance in the Middle West Abe Attell went behind the scenes and called on Bennett in his dressing ro Are you going to play San Francisco?"

asked the pugillet,
"Yes," replied the actor. "I think we'll edge of the nest! put on the play in the Greek Theatre over at Berkeley for one or two special per-

nificance of the theatre' name: "don't do that if you so, you'll lose a let of money There ain't enough Greeks in that town to fill a moving picture house."—The

Take a tip from me, Bennett," car

## CURE FOR NEURASTHENIA

The little miss was digging in her tiny garden, when old John appeared, with an amused smile on his old black face, and his tattered hat in hand, howing and apologisting most humbly, says Youth's Companion. In reply to Little Miss' in quiries as to what had made him so late

Well, Little Miss, it's jest' this way Ex I wus comin' by Miss Harney's sile said: "John, can't you come in and fix this flower bed fur me." And I ies' went in and resisted her a minute and come right on. And, Little Miss, as I gits in sight, and sees you n-spadin' and a-rakin' says to myself, 'John, of mo high ed ladies struck a hones' aweat awant, they wouldn't be so much of this healt nervous

## HOW HE FORGAVE MCNAB

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

versal forgiveness.
He was a McGresor, and his feud with the McNabs had been notable. So the clergyman, with the family's permission and assistance, summoned the head of and assistance, summoned the head of clan McNah to the dying McGregor's bed-

"I forgive ye, McNab," whispered the piring man, "wi all my beart—but may expiring man, my curse reat on my son forever if he ever does"

#### In Legal Phraseology From the Pittsburgh Pest.

Who writes you so many letters, dear?"

"A young lawyer."
"And does he write nice letters?" or visual organs."



BLOUSE OF PEACHBLOW MOIRE FASTENED WITH JET BUTTONS

## BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

BREEZE



LL the afternoon and around in search of trouble, but found True enough, he saw an old owl sitting up

in a tree, and he said

sleepy old fellow; I'll very hard and waked the old owl up. 'Oh, thank you so much, Jimmy,' awake. "I was having such very bad dreams it was a real kind act for you And anyway, it is wake me up.

o himself.

high time I was about my business. Thank you again," and he flew away. Oh, but Jimmy was angry!

long corn leaves rustled and shook and Jimmy thought he was being very successfully bad. Till one cornstalk spoiled it all by saying: 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 very happy. We thank you ward haptled 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 But before he even had time to

think how smart and wicked he was

MORE ABOUT JIMMY SOUTH Mrs. Robin spoilt it all by saying gratefully! "Thank you so much, Jim-L the afternoon and evening Jimmy hunted meeded 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 gar-den. The flowers were all dead and the tops were full of ripe brown



towards a robin's

nest, and pushed two little babies of the edge of the nest! "My last chance!" exclaimed Jim "I'll tear those seeds away from their home and spread them all over

He shook the plants fiercely and scattered the seeds hither and you. just as he was finishing, I r blew up. "That's a nice boy mother blew up. she complimented him, "you couldn' do anything better than that-now next year we'll have pretty flowers over the garden." Jimmy said not a word-he simply

gave up trying to be bad-and went to bed! Tomorrow-Four o'Clocks

BATHING.

I play upon the sand;

WHEN in my bathing suit

With skin all brown and

Why should they coax me so

My pretty suit all nasty wet?

But when out in the lake

I sometimes like to take

A walk to get to him.

My mother says, 'Do you

He'd rather bathe in all his

(Copyright)

suppose

clothes?"

My father goes to swin,

They say I look so cute.

tanned,

to get

Convright, 1914, Clara Ingram Judson

# THE COUNTER

ACROSS

A suit of blue cheviot with the redinfote coat having a velvet collar and a broard girdle, and a skirt with plaits at oth 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

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

In greseda, or gray green, a suit is priced at \$27.50 that has great individu-

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 ollar that is becoming to so many faces.
It is bound with black slik braid that carries out the military effect, and is cut away to partially reveal a waistcoat of he material, buttoned and braided The skirt has three narrow plaits at ach side that widen toward the foot

and that are unconfined from the knee 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 as 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 the redingote is seen more often than any other form of out-of-door garment.

One of the exclusive shops is showing a it at \$48.50 in a dull tobacco brown that has the Napoleonic collar, the edgebound with black silk braid and the redngote coat with its wide flare. The individual note is struck by the

lack satin fringed sash and the way it draped about the hips. Nevertheless, one can buy a suit of blue black for \$20 or \$25 without fearing to see too many duplicates. The shops have learned to guard against this very and by ringing slight changes on the same model a variety is offered from which to

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 camaraderie has sprung up be-e sexes, and many are the advantakes to be reaped therefrom by both

Pintonic friendship has until recently been regarded with a suspicious eye and generally condemned as being something unnatural and queer, and, anyhow, super-fluous. "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."
Fut, indeed, it is time these foolish statements were contradicted. The independent girl desires equality in her friend-

instead of being an expensive luxury, wishes to be a true friend, 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 opinions) not as a pathway that, if consulty and diplomatically trouden, it the inevitable altar. Her outlook roadened and her mind entertain through masculine companionship, and the man, on the other hand, finds that he gains both pleasure and profit from

sips, and is much too proud to acce

s for which she cannot return

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 friend-ship does not in the least exclude the other, for the friendahip between men and men must always differ from the friendship between men and women, the latter admitting cartain reserves, certain unexpected surprises, and always 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 Finan-

cler'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 Blarrits, France, with Miss Elizabeth Marbury.

Miss De Wolfe says she was motoring from Aviscos in Caste when the

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 Mar-

# **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 s. 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 kimone shoulder and the new ouff 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 but-

tons 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 bar-baric color and splendor, and a reappear-ance 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 out 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 opportun-ity 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 lothes 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 goodhumored 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 ardst to an Eastern magazine.

showed Jones in his most violent state, A year later the artist again visited the region. He was soon approached by Mr. fones himself, bearing one of the pictures, which he had torn from the magazine in which it was printed. Pointing to 'Is that me?

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

"Oh, I ain't takin' no offense." Jones made haste to say. "It's all right; only If you put it to me that way," the artist, "I can only reply that it is a fairly good portrait of you.

"The men here on the ranch agree with ou. So I look like that when I holler, "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 relebrates, 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 sud-denly 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 inhoriously 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-freek 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 resterday, you may go about your busi-ness." The infortunate 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 unhe hesitates a 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 according to the Judge saiding. "Me 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.

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 abyases 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 realiss. 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, Eilen 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 angulah 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 spring-time. The hedges were a mass of tender green, the thorn trees budding in a white 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! More Joung repended heart "alore me: 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.

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 little parlor. But opposite me on the wall was the same old theme, for there,

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 burled my head on the table to shut it out, and the tears ran down my chesks. 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

"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. 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 protty 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

The spring slipped by and the days lengthened toward midsummer. And June and the honeysuckle and the rese

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 alling since the coming of the spring-and one June evening the slender cord gave way, and she quietly slips beyond the pale of earthly things "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. lived a curious, shut-in life," said he to me. "And, my dear young lady, your poor mother has shown a strange lack of usiness capacity. For her worldiy-all

puzzled shamefacedly confessed that, beyond the vicar and the parish doctor, we had as "But, my dear young lady," said the impous little lawyer, "your financial saition is now a serious one, I must form the lawyer, "your financial"

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?"

position is now a serious one. I must inform you that even this cottage will pass out of your hands—for your mother, all hough 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 sevel years. I was at boarding school in Loss. ears. I was at boarding school in Lon-on then, and he came over from Phila-VERTA. delphia 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

day for me, I remember?"
"You had better advise him immediately of your awkward position. "you diately of your awkward position my child," said the little lawyer "Your worldly-all consists of a ten-pound nots in the local savings bank," and he ds-parted. parted.

And slowly I resolved upon action slowly my determination grew. Not would I write to this uncle of macross the seas, but I. Ellen Adalo. quest of adventure and in quest of life, would set forth to seek him myself. Across the seas I netword America, the would set forth to seek him miself.
Across the agas I pictured America, the
Land of Promise, the Ei Dorado of six terprising youth