

THE MONSTER.

The sun has gone down on my anger! The sun has gone down on my wrath! I have looked on the vistas of darkness that stretch to the end of my path.

WHEN MONEY WAS TIGHT.

The burglar had entered through the kitchen door by cutting a hole in the glass pane, inserting his arm and turning the key.

As he passed on through the kitchen, butler's pantry, dining room and hall he carefully left each door wide open, so that in case of necessity he would have a clear run for it.

As he passed the sideboard in the dining room he looked it over critically. His sharp eye detected instantly that the articles were all plated, with the excelsions of two salt cellars. These looked like gold.

He had a reasonably large canvas bag in his left hand, which had been folded neatly and put in his left hand pocket. This he unfolded as he leisurely made his way upstairs, tucking one end in his trousers pocket and letting the rest of the bag hang out.

In going up the stairs he carefully stepped on the sides, putting his rubber-soled shoes down, cautiously. He knew if he stepped in the middle the stairs might creak. Once a mistake like that had caused him to waste a whole evening.

As he paused an instant half way up the stairs his eye caught in the reflected light of the street lamp, lying carelessly where it had been thrown on the window seat, the outlines of a magnificent party wrap with its sable collar.

The burglar had timed the whole affair very well, although, to be quite candid, he had not come upon his midnight venture by chance. It was all done by a system. He was in his way an artist. He always worked alone.

He never went on a job that was not a big one, and he employed one or two "agents" to tell him where he could make a good haul, giving them later a certain percentage of the spoils.

He was in reality an admirable, methodical specimen of a burglar. One of the great secrets of his success was that he never hurried. He had a theory when he entered a house that he should please himself mentally in rapport with the atmosphere.

When he reached the upper hall he did not hesitate an instant, but walked straight to the rear and paused in front of the door on the right. A gas jet had been left burning low. This he did not disturb.

His light enabled him to see at a glance that the door was ajar. He opened it softly and slipped into the room, as he did so drawing forth from his pocket a diminutive electric flashlight.

The window was open top and bottom and the cold air was flowing through the room. A large screen around the foot of the bed protected its occupant.

He went over to the dressing table. There were several jewels scattered over its top, but not the one he wanted. He picked up the odd rings one by one, so that they would not jingle each other.

In one drawer was a jewel case. He opened it. A medley of gold and silver ornaments on the upper tray revealed themselves under his intermittent light, but not the pendant. He lifted out the tray. Underneath was a similar mass of ornaments and a folded letter.

He was about to toss it aside when, obeying his self-composed, leisurely instinct, he quietly opened it. It was from the well known jewelers, Trench & Smyth, and read as follows:

"Dear Madam: In reply to your favor of the 23rd we shall, of course, keep our agreement made with you at the time you purchased from us the yellow diamond necklace, that any time within one year we will upon request purchase it back from you at \$2400, or \$400 under the selling price. We trust, however, that you will reconsider your determination to compel us to accept the necklace at the present time. As you know, there has been a severe setback in trade, and while we are in honor bound to keep our agreement we should consider it a favor if you could grant us a six-months' extension of time. Await your reply, respectfully, Trench & Smyth. T."

"That's all right. Did you bring the pendant with you?" "Oh, certainly, sir."

"The young man opened a small pigskin bag. From this he drew forth a chamois bag. This he put in Mr. Trench's desk.

"She asked me to apologize for not having the case. It was mislaid—you see it was too big to go in the safe deposit box with the other things."

"Oh, that's all right." "He was gone some time. At last he came back.

"That pendant is all right, Mr. Thompson." "Mr. Thompson, shall I give you a receipt for it and send Miss Van Glen a check?"

"The fact is, Mr. Trench, Miss Van Glen would like the money." "I'm, I suppose," he said, "well have to do it. We certainly intend to live up to our reputation and agreement," he added, proudly.

"I presume," he continued, "merely as a matter of form, you ought to be identified." "The goods are usually considered quite sufficient, I believe, still," Mr. Thompson put his hand in his pocket.

"Do you think it would be possible to arrange to get me the cash? You see, Miss Van Glen's account is locked up in the trust company that failed. That's the reason why she is so anxious to have the money. She really needs it greatly."

"Mr. Trench smiled grimly. 'Wait a minute,' he said. 'With the pendant in his hand he went over to the office of his partner and briefly explained the circumstances."

"He wants the cash," he added. "The pendant is all right," Mr. Smyth got up and craned his neck over the glass door to where the young man was seated.

"Is that the man?" he asked. "He looks all right. Perhaps she ought to have given him an order, but I should say the letter was sufficient. These women, you know, don't know much about business."

"All right." "He looked at her intently through his mask, switched out his light, opened the door, locked it on the outside, and was gone.

A few minutes later he leisurely stepped into a small motor car waiting in a side street, and while the telephone was ringing, bearing its message to headquarters, he was speeding away at thirty miles an hour.

When he arrived at his destination—a small, unoccupied house in the suburbs—he made his way upstairs into an attic room. Here in one corner were all the tools of his trade, and what was more to the point for the purpose, a collection of paste stones of all sizes and shapes.

Turning on the power that he got from the electric current he set to work. After several hours of skillful work he had constructed what was to all intents and purposes an exact duplicate of the real pendant. Selecting a chamois skin bag he placed the real pendant in it. The other he put loosely in his pocket.

Then he dressed and went out to his breakfast. At ten minutes past nine a quietly clad young man walked into the office and salesroom of Messrs. Trench & Smyth.

"Is Mr. Trench in?" "Yes, sir, back there in the office." The young man went back to the office. He respectfully removed his hat while he waited for that gentleman to look.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm from Miss Van Glen." "Oh yes." "The 'oh' on Mr. Trench's part in this case was very expressive. His manner changed at once. He got up.

"His visitor went on coolly: 'I'm from the office of Messrs. Grober & Scott, sir, Miss Van Glen's solicitors, and she sent me over here, sir, in answer to your letter.'



Beautiful Lawyer. When Miss Helen Miropolsky made her debut as a member of the Paris bar recently, she was attired in a simple black gown relieved by the conventional white barrister's bib.

Siberian Bride's First Duty. A Siberian bride's domestic capabilities are put to a somewhat severe test immediately after her marriage, as her first duty is to invite guests to her husband's house to partake of a dinner specially prepared by her alone.

Entertaining a Simple Art. In our social life we are too often governed by the two tyrants, "They say" and "What will people think." Resolve to dress and entertain accordingly to your means regardless of other people's opinions.

Cat Saved Her Life. Mme. Marie Rayot's cat saved her mistress' life one morning recently. Mme. Rayot, who lives in Paris, heard the cat mew loudly and jumped out of bed, thinking that it was after her birds, which were in the next room.

Five Maiden Aunts. Chicago is boasting of its "five maiden aunts" and declaring that they have done more toward securing better industrial conditions in that city and in the country at large than any other like number of citizens, men or women, in the world. The

Jububes.—Dissolve one pound of gum Arabic in a pint and a half of water. Strain and add one pound sugar. Stir over a moderate fire and cook until the mixture toughens when dropped in cold water.

Facial Massage For Wrinkles. A plentiful use of cold cream, the kind that feeds the skin, and massage are the best cure for wrinkles. Each wrinkle has its own peculiar motion, up from the chin, to cure the sagging around the mouth, gently down on the forehead for the horizontal wrinkles, across for the vertical wrinkles, a rotary motion for the crow's-feet, etc.

Niece of Gerald Griffin. There died the other day in the Visitation Convent, of Washington, D. C., an old nun whose name recalls a distinct epoch of Irish literary history. For she was a niece of Gerald Griffin, that dainty Gaelic poet who renounced fame for the cloister.

Improbable Combination. They were talking of the strange sights to be seen in a great city, and one man paid his tribute to New York. "I don't believe one of you could think of any combination of circumstances that hasn't at some time occurred on the streets there," he said.

Pottery Adorns Her Home. The Spanish ways of making a home attractive are growing on those who furnish summer dwellings. Spanish pottery is having a run of popularity in the country homes around New York almost to the extent of the prized Indian ware or the Delft plates.



Brownbread Omelet. Two ounces brownbread, one tablespoonful butter, one ounce of cold ham, half teaspoonful of salt, quarter teaspoonful pepper, three eggs, one gill of milk.

Curried Pork. Half a pound of cold cooked pork, chopped finely, one shallot, one heaping tablespoonful butter, one egg, one tablespoonful curry powder, one teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful of lemon, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped coconut, one egg and one desertspoonful chopped parsley.

Boiled Herrings. Twelve herrings, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful vinegar, half a teaspoonful pepper, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, Wash, clean and scrape the herrings, place them in a saucepan, cover them with cold water, add the salt and vinegar.

Potted Herrings. Twelve herrings, three tablespoonfuls of butter, quarter teaspoonful of powdered mace, quarter teaspoonful grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful white pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one lemon. When the herrings have been scraped and cleaned, place them in a saucepan, cover with cold water and bring the water to boiling point.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book. Whenever you lick a postage stamp you partake of me, since all lickable gums are made from dextrine, one of my products.

The Ubiquitous Potato. Whenever you lick a postage stamp you partake of me, since all lickable gums are made from dextrine, one of my products. Your neck caresses me all day—for the starch that stiffens your collar is made from the potato.

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RELIGIOUS READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR. THE WAY OF LIFE. I used to think in youthful days, That I could plan aright my ways, And never err make;

So thus I lived—I left out God, And sought my way to be the idol, And all my footsteps guide; He sent His arrows from above, To pierce my soul in tender love, And show me all my pride.

"We Esteemed Him Not." It is a sad story. The holiest, the purest, the best, the most useful man that ever lived in the world was misunderstood and condemned. The good and beautiful are not always appreciated. Which one of the prophets was not persecuted? Which one of the apostles escaped torture and imprisonment? Great and good men have been regarded as enemies by those for whose good they gave their lives.

Another reason why He was lightly esteemed was the judgment of those who condemned Him was perverted. They had erroneous ideas of goodness and greatness. Selfishness, hypocrisy and wickedness blinded their eyes to true merit and goodness. One cannot appreciate music unless who has music in his soul; one who has no taste for culture cannot understand culture. The people esteemed Jesus lightly because their tastes and ideas were all wrong.

Another reason was that they did not feel their need of Him. Jesus came to give light to the ignorant, but they thought their sight was good enough. He came to make men free, but they declared that they had never been in bondage. He came to save men from their sins, and they boasted of their righteousness. What need had they of light without Him? He was the light of the world, but they loved darkness rather than light.

What do we think of Jesus? Do we feel our need of Him? Do we feel the burden and peril of sin? Do we think we are good enough, holy enough, free enough without Him? If we can appreciate Him we will look upon Him, not as a root out of dry ground, but as the lily of the valley, the bright and morning star, the fairest among ten thousand, and the One Altogether Lovely.—Christian Advocate.

War on Man's Inhumanity. We must fight the inhumanity of man to man, fight it in the faith that some day it will cease to be, and to invoke in our hearts the dear and sublime humanity of Jesus Christ, and through Him the loving humanity of God.—Rev. George A. Gordon.

Knitting Characters. Authority has ruined as many characters as neglect; there is no development of any value without responsibility.—Rev. Frank Crane.

FAULTY POEM. "I have a serious criticism to offer against this exquisite little sonnet entitled 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,'" said Rowland Rimer, producing his monthly gas bill.

"How is that?" asked the cashier. "Well, you see, the meter is wrong," said Rimer.

New Yorkers Eat Many Eggs. According to the market record the consumption of eggs in New York City annually is 632 for each inhabitant.



A novelty is repped mohair, called ottoman royal. White gloves seem to have come back for evening wear.

Black lace edged with velvet is the latest thing in sashes. Peacock designs figure prominently in decorative finery.

Darned effects continue in favor in the matter of embroidery. For the dressy waist the tucked sleeve is generally chosen.

Eyebrow embroidery will maintain its vogue the coming season. The turn-over linen collar with jabot will be worn as of yore.

The old-fashioned sailor collar has come back for the younger set. Among the small hats are turbans of silver with colored aigrettes.

Large spots and tiny ones are mixed on some of the new veils. The scarf is almost indispensable for both day and evening wear.

With the tailored suits more silk belting of every color is being worn. The one-button glove is the thing, and made of natural colored chamois skin.



Never eat idly or between meals. The teeth should be brushed from the gums to the cutting edge.

If a cracked egg is wrapped in oiled paper before put in water the contents will not ooze. If boiling water instead of cold is used in making icing for pulverized sugar, it is less apt to run.

Wash and bathe the body at least every twenty-four hours, in cold, warm or hot water according to your condition of health.

A variety from potato cakes is to warm over the mashed potatoes in a double boiler, adding more butter-milk and a little cheese. A bag made of soft outing flannel, with a ruffle bottom and a draw-string at top, to fit over the broom, will be found excellent for dusting walls and ceilings.

Remove fly specks from paint by rubbing with a very wet cloth dipped in baking soda, letting it remain on for ten minutes, then scrubbing with soap suds.

Two tablespoonfuls tapioca added to a quart of any kind of soup about fifteen minutes before removing from stove adds greatly to its flavor and nourishing qualities.

Use a small five cent scrubbing brush for cleaning vegetables and graters, for scouring paint, the kitchen sink and range, etc. Keep several for different purposes. Sleep as many hours as you find necessary to completely recuperate your strength, and, as nearly as possible, take half of these hours before and half after midnight.