



A NEW YEAR CHARITY

BY LOUISE ROBINSON RHODES

Bertram Wingate closed his desk with a weary sigh as the bell in the courthouse tower struck five. The plans for the Bettler hospital were not going very well. There are times when even a "rising young architect" ceases to feel the stimulus of his upward movement. Wingate paused a moment before the window to look out upon the swirling snow which was fast converting Nicollet avenue into a white desert.

"Wonder if I can have a carriage to go to Minnie Norton's tea?" he thought. "I've had to buy my dinner at the club three nights this week. Every one recovering from Christmas, I suppose, and too tired to entertain. Club dues on New Year's with the usual tips and presents. No, the Eighth avenue will have to do me."

He hurried to the hotel, and after a brief toilet boarded a car for Park avenue. The rooms were crowded when he arrived at the Norton home. The heavy odor of roses, the suspicion of charcoal from the samovar, and above all, the animated chatter from the guests made his head ache, so he was very grateful when Bessie Shaw mentioned him into a deep window seat

Margaret," replied her aunt. "But about Bertram Wingate, I do not think you are acting right. He seems to care sincerely."

"Oh, not really, I think," said Margaret, lightly. "He just thinks it looks well to be a good deal at our house. You know he believes that things like that help him in his profession. He lives at the West for the sound of it. Has a little bit of a room at the very top, the boys say. And they say his office boy takes his breakfast to one of Ross's. He calls it his second breakfast and says he acquired the habit when studying in France—but the boys think—"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Miss Redmond, sharply.

"I didn't mean to gossip, really, Aunt Marge," said Margaret hastily. "I don't care what he does, although it seems foolish for a bright man to try to keep up with things he can't afford. Men wouldn't think any the less of him for sticking to his work now, and when he has succeeded he can put on all the frills he likes. There, I must be going now. You have made me feel quite uncomfortable about that invitation to the New Year's dinner, though truly it



"MOTHER, HERE'S BERTRAM WINGATE."

upon pretense of consulting him about favors for the next cotillion. They were hardly seated when some one beckoned Bessie away and she left him with voluble promises to return in a moment.

Wingate leaned back against the cushions and drew the heavy draperies as a screen between himself and the glittering kaleidoscope of the room. Presently there was a rustle of skirts and two ladies seated themselves on a divan beyond the curtain. Wingate had no desire to play eavesdropper, but his position seemed too desirable to leave, so with half-closed eyes he settled himself to await Bessie's return. The first words of his unseen neighbors roused him to instant interest, however, for it was Margaret Little who spoke.

"Now Aunt Marge, what is it this time?" she asked, with a defiant note in her voice.

"Only one question, Margaret," was Miss Redmond's calm reply. "Why have you asked Bertram Wingate to the New Year's dinner?"

"Charity, pure and simple, I assure you, Aunt Marge," laughed Margaret. "He doesn't seem to belong anywhere in particular. New Year's is such a stupid day now that no one receives and he has been very nice to me, you know!"

"He has been more than nice," said Miss Redmond gravely. "He has seemed thoroughly devoted for several months. The New Year's dinner has been a family festival with us for many years because it celebrates your father's birthday, as well as the general holiday, and an invitation to that dinner might seem—"

"Nothing of the sort, auntie," interrupted Margaret. "Perhaps it was thoughtless of me to ask him— that dinner, but I am sure—"

"Wingate knows better than to dream he can draw plans for spending papa's money. Why, I wouldn't think of marrying a poor man. I should always wonder how much I weighed in the balance of selection. There's two much of my father in me to want to give something for nothing. Now with Charlie—"

"So it is Charlie Leflingwell, after all?" said Miss Redmond.

"Well, yes, if you must know," laughed Margaret. "It's all arranged, but Charlie is putting through a wheat deal for papa just now and it wouldn't do to have our engagement announced yet. I shall give a large reception soon and tell everybody. You will have to come and help me. Let the home and the ladies' Thursday go for once."

"I shall, of course, receive with you."

was only out of charity. I half expected Mr. Wingate would be here to accept in person, he so dotes on going to teas in business hours, but perhaps the fates will be kind and he'll refuse. Good-by, I must run on. Don't forget your promise about the reception."

As Miss Redmond and Margaret Little moved away Bessie Shaw returned, and it was some time before Wingate could excuse himself from the discussion of cotillion favors and escape into the cold twilight.

Although he had quite convinced himself that he cared for Margaret, rather than John Little's heiress, Wingate found his indignation at her misapprehension of his motives quite swallowed up in the misery of realization that he was being laughed at for the very pretensions which he had flattered himself were assuring his success. He turned away from the handsome house on Park avenue and walked briskly toward the outskirts of the city. There to a rich woman's feet and in feeling the sting of the spitting sled which cut his cheeks, where the red of angry humiliation burned through the tan so carefully acquired on the Minnesota links. For six years he had struggled for a position in society. He had dropped old friends and cultivated men in whom he felt no real interest; he had been errand boy for the matrons and cavalier for the buds; he had joined more clubs than he could afford and had pinched in many ways to make up for his expenditures. He had told countless stories of his life at Harvard, but never spoke of his family in Dakota. He had often referred to incidents of his trip abroad, without hinting that he had been there to win a winter in Mexico, carefully concealing the fact that he had been assistant to an invalid architect. He had talked wittily of plays and operas, gathering his ideas from the daily papers rather than from observation. Indeed, he had done everything in his power to seem a man of the world and a favorite in society.

And now—when he had thought his position assured—when he had dreamed of spending John Little's millions with perfect taste and passing his days in an atmosphere of wealth and leisure with the grace of one "to the manner born," he found that he did not "seem to belong anywhere," and that he was to be given a New Year's dinner out of charity, while little Charlie Leflingwell, who never managed to get beyond his freshman year at Yale, whose only accomplishment was driving an automobile and whose one aim in life

was to increase his already large fortune, was to share the Little millions, and "the boys" would no doubt laugh behind his back because he, Bertram Wingate, had snigled for them in vain. The whole shallow mockery, which lay bare to others, for the first time seemed thoroughly contemptible to him. Angry tears smarted in his eyes and his hands were clenched in his pockets with a fierce determination to win an enviable position without the help of a society; to live a life too busy for the tolerant patronage of women or the amused contempt of men.

He had walked for nearly an hour before he became conscious that his feet were numb with cold and his face no longer felt the sting of the sleet. Pausing irresolutely to get his bearings before seeking the nearest car line, he stood for a moment in a shaft of light from the window of a pretty cottage.

A young girl, turning briskly to enter the house, exclaimed: "So you have really come to see us at last. This is the place. Come right in. Your mother said she would write and tell you we were here, but we thought she had forgotten. Mabel is teaching, I'm going to the conservatory, Bob's in business college and father's got a good job buying wheat for the Consolidated. Why haven't you been to see us before?"

Wingate murmured something about being very busy, as he meekly followed the girl into the house.

"I suppose you're always busy," commented the girl kindly. "Out this way on some building I guess? I hope you haven't been to dinner."

"Mother, here's Bertram Wingate. He was out this way and has looked us up," she said, ushering Wingate into the cheery sitting room.

He was thankful for the easily assumed explanations and glad to follow the girl into the cosy room. Mrs. Whitcomb greeted him heartily and the whole family gathered about him, pressing him to stay and asking news of his people. There was an air of pleasant affection and a deference for his accomplishments which was soothing to his wounded vanity.

When he took his departure, Mrs. Whitcomb said, kindly, "Can't you spend New Year's with us, Bertram?"

"It would be real charity on your part if I may," said Wingate, flushing warmly at the thought of the other charity dinner he had expected to eat.

"It's nice of you to speak that way, Bertram," said Mrs. Whitcomb, stroking his sleeve, but you know the pleasure will be ours in having a friend from the old Dakota home to share the day with us."

The New Year's dinner was by no means the last which Bertram Wingate ate in the little cottage.

In the spring Molly, the irrepressible, wrote to her Dakota confidante, "Mabel and Bertram Wingate are going together a good deal. He isn't a bit stuck up as some of the Dakota people used to say he was. Father says he has drawn the plans for nearly all the big buildings to be put up this summer. If he's going to be my brother-in-law, I hope he'll plan a cute little house for Mabel. I think mother knows all about it, but she won't tell."

—Washington Home Magazine.

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HER RULE OF XMAS GIFTS.

Fainstaking Aunt Has a System of Her Own by Which She Distributes Gifts to Her Relatives.

The right rule for a gift, according to Emerson, is that it should be something which will "convey to some person that which properly belongs to his character, and is easily associated with him in thought."

There are few people indeed who do not at least try to consider the particular taste and character of the friends to whom they give, says the Youth's Companion. But once in awhile a man or a woman quite fails to perceive that this is necessary. A good thing is a good thing, in the eyes of such a giver, and he may be assumed that the recipient will therefore like it, and be grateful, unless, indeed, he happens to have it already, which is the one possibility to be dreaded.

There is a placid, painstaking, prosaic, but much beloved aged aunt to a large flock of youthful nephews and nieces whose system, based upon this comfortably simple view, refuses to consider even the drawback of duplication. Every Christmas she makes everything she gives, and her presents are of two kinds: one for girls and one for boys.

One year it may be penknives for the brothers and needlebooks for the sisters, the next, mufflers for the one and mittens for the other. These articles she patiently and leisurely produces for weeks beforehand. They are always tasteful in tint and exquisitely made, and are usually welcome.

An unfortunate schoolgirl whose birthday in November had brought her already two pairs of bed-shoes, in what she had discovered to be Aunt Elmira's bed-shoe year, tried to avoid a third pair by a word in season conveyed discreetly through a cousin.

"Dear, dear!" murmured Aunt Elmira, softly, halting her knitting needles for an instant. "Both pairs blue, did you say, child? I must be sure that my pair is pink, and—yes, that is a very good idea—I'll knit them a size or two larger, so she can wear out the other first, and be quite sure they will fit when she is ready for them. Pink with a white finish should be pretty."

Very gently the cousin blinited at another present, but Aunt Elmira's head was shaken at once, a slight but decisive shake.

"No, dear," she affirmed, tranquilly, "two kinds of gifts are all I can make in one year without feeling myself worried and hurried. Ruth will find her bed-shoes just as serviceable and just as pretty a year or two later, if she can't wear them now; it doesn't matter. My mind was made up long ago, my dear, that too many Christmas presents were spoiled by worrying."

Perhaps Ruth was not wholly grateful for the pink shoes, and the system may be questioned; but Aunt Elmira's friends certainly find the spectacle of one person always unburied, unworried and unruined, even in the world we live in, a most refreshing sight.

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

The Circus Has a Yellow Fever Scare—The Bad Boy and His Dad Dress Up as Hottentots—Pa Takes a Mustard Bath and Attends a Revival Meeting.

Well, we have had a row for your life, and all the excitement anybody can stand. We got into Indiana and have had a yellow fever scare, a quarantine that lasted one night, so nobody could sleep on our train, a riot at Evansville 'cause we took on a couple of female trapeze women that came from Honduras, via New Orleans, and a revival of religion, all in one bunch, and pa is beginning to get haggard, like a hag.

The female trapeze performers, who had been expected ever since we started on the road, had been quarantined at New Orleans, where the yellow fever is raging, and finally got through the quarantine guard somewhere in Mississippi, and got to us Saturday afternoon, and some official telegraphed to the mayor that two yellow fever refugees had struck his town to join the



THE DOCTOR SAID IT WAS AN UNMISTAKABLE CASE OF YELLOW FEVER.

circus, and he ordered the chief of police to hunt them out, and put them in a pest house. The Honduras females were yellow as saffron, but it was caused by the climate of Honduras, but the whole show was scared to death for fear we would all have yellow fever, and the management detailed pa and I to hide the yellow girls from the police.

Pa fixed up one of the cages, with the girls blacked up as Hottentots and pa and I blacked up as an African king and prince of the blood, and we did stunts in the cage at afternoon and evening performances, and the crowd could not keep away from our cage, until pa got hot and unbuttoned his shirt and, before we knew it, everybody saw pa's white skin below where his face and neck were blacked, and while we were talking gibberish to each other a crowd yake got mad and he led a country lute and made us remove our shirts to prove that we were Hottentots.

When they found we were white people blacked up they wanted their money back and were going to tip over the cage, when pa saved the day by making a speech, at the evening performance, to the effect that we were all yellow fever refugees from New Orleans and the mob lit out on the run

know as it was right to do it, but about the time pa had got to the red paper case and was opening it on his skin, pretty thick, and he was beginning to get pretty hot, and was beginning to get a little, I told the chief of police, who was looking around with the health officer for suspicious cases, that there was a man acting sort of queer behind the wagon that had a piece of canvas over the wheels. They both rushed in on pa and grabbed him.

Go! but pa looked and smelled like a plate of pigs' feet and the doctor said it was an unmistakable case of yellow fever, he could tell by the smell, and then pa turned pale and yellow from fright, and they wrapped him up in a piece of canvas and took him away in an emergency hospital ambulance, and the whole show at once knew that we were in for a quarantine.

They burned up the suit of clothes pa took off and the one he was going to put on, and the ambulance drove away, while pa shook one flat at the sailor and one at me, and his skin began to shrink and smart, and he yelled, and the audience stamped, and the show was in the dumps.

We had to stay over Sunday in Evansville, and the show people were so scared the manager thought he better have religious services in the tent Saturday, so they got a revivalist preacher to preach to them, a fellow who used to preach to the cowboys out west. Sunday morning the tough fellows in the show said they wouldn't do a thing to the preacher when he came on to do his stunt. Their idea was to wait until he got well on his sermon and then begin to interrupt him and ask questions, and finally to get a blanket and toss him up a few times for luck, and then chase him out and have the circus bulldog, that

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SEQUOYAH THE NEW STATE

Why This Name Was Chosen to Designate the Former Indian Territory.

In selecting the name Sequoyah for the new state of what has hitherto been the Indian territory, the statehood constitutional committee has conferred a fitting and very proper honor upon one of the leading members of the Cherokee nation, who did more than any else to advance the cause of education and civilization among his tribe.

The name Sequoyah to-day is chiefly associated with the big trees of California, but when used as a botanical name the word is spelled Sequoia, says the New York Times. Probably few persons, however, know that Sequoyah, from whom the mammoth trees were named, and who is now to be honored in the name of a state, was the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. This famous Indian, whose memory deserves to be better known, was born about 1760, and his early life was spent in the village of Tuskegee, Tenn. Among the white men he bore the name of George Guess, and as a young man was noted as a successful hunter and trapper. He possessed an inventive turn of mind and was a skillful worker in silver ornaments.

On one of his hunting expeditions he broke his leg, and during his enforced idleness Sequoyah's attention was directed toward devising an alphabet for the Cherokee language. He realized the importance of written characters among the white men, and after months of hard work he submitted to the leading man of his tribe his alphabet, consisting of 85 characters.

Sequoyah was laughed at, and even his wife called him a fool for spending so much time in making queer characters. He succeeded, however, in formulating a list of characters expressing every sound in the Cherokee tongue. It was put to a severe test. The missionaries among the Indians were quick to appreciate its value, and about 1821 Sequoyah had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his alphabet adopted by the Cherokees. With minor changes, Sequoyah's characters are in use to-day, and educators have called his alphabet one of the most perfect ever devised to express any written language. Sequoyah died in 1843.

The first printing press to use Sequoyah's alphabet was set up at New Echota, in the Indian territory, and its first issue was a copy of the Cherokee Phoenix, published in February, 1828. Within five years of the acceptance of the alphabet, over 700,000 pages of Cherokee literature were printed in the territory. Sequoyah lived to see many beneficial results accrue from his invention, if such it can be called. He was made a chief of his tribe and received many high honors from the red men before his death. His remains are buried in the future state that will bear his name.



AFTER SCRATCHING HIS HEAD A MINUTE, HE TURNED AND WALKED TOWARD THE PREACHER.

performers, clowns and peanut butchers, came in, snickering, and sat down on the reserved seats in front of the little pulpit, improvised from the barrels of them, and said: "Hello, Bill!" and "Ah, there!" and "Get on to his collar," and a lot of other things.

The little husky preacher had a Salvation Army girl to play the melodeon, and he didn't take any notice of the remarks the boys made, except to set his jaws together and moisten his lips. Finally they were all seated, and he got up to open the services, when a big canvasser, a regular Smart Aleck, got up on a seat and said: "Pardner, how you going to open this jack pot?"

The crowd laughed and the preacher pulled his long blue gun up out of his pocket and laid it on the barrel, and then he picked it up and pointed it at the big canvasser and said: "This game is going to be opened with this hand, seven of a kind, all 45 caliber, dum-dum bullets, and unless you sit down quick I'll send a mess of bullets into your carcass right where your heart ought to be. If you open your mouth again before I say 'amen!' real loud at the close of the services, I will shoot all your front teeth out. Do you comprehend? If so, be seated."

The big fellow dropped on to the blue seat, as though he had been hit

LIKE AN UNBLAZED TRAIL.

Intense Zen at the Bar of Justice That Was Too Deep for the Judge.

Soon after the late Gilman Marston, of New Hampshire, had been admitted to the bar a civil suit was brought to him. It involved a somewhat complicated question of inheritance, says the Boston Herald, and a young man, in no way daunted, took the case, looked up authorities all the way back to Julius Caesar, and prepared an argument of a few hundred pages which seemed to him unanswerable. His only fear was that it might be beyond the comprehension of the court.

When his case was called Mr. Marston rose with inward assurance and plunged in boldly. The judge seemed interested and he took heart. But at the end of an hour and a half, in the midst of the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what looked like a lack of attention on the part of the court. "What was he so careless as to throw away his argument?" he thought. "Your honor," he said, "I beg your pardon, but do follow me."

"I have so far," answered the judge, shifting wearily about in his chair, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back, I quit right here."

ALTOGETHER TOO TRUSTFUL.

A Guest Who Was No Respector of Persons in a Case of Steel.

Hemery, the winner of the Vanderbilt cup, was condoled with on the destruction of his superb car, relates the New York Tribune.

"I was too trustful," said the young Frenchman, with a rueful smile. "I let the people crowd around me, trusting them implicitly, never thinking that anyone would be so careless as to throw lighted matches about, and hence—puff—my car went up in a mass of flames."

He lighted a cigarette. He tipped his coat. "To be too trustful," said Hemery, "is a fault of the French people."

"A stranger once visited a merchant of Marseilles with a letter of introduction from Alexander Dumas. It was a glowing letter. The merchant welcomed the stranger warmly, and entertained him with great hospitality for three weeks. "Then in the night the guest disappeared, taking with him his host's best horse, and a quantity of silver plate."

"The merchant on his next visit to Paris, sought out Dumas.

"A pretty guest you sent me," he said, bitterly. "The fellow camep with my best horse and plate worth \$300,000."

"What?" cried Dumas, horror-stricken. "Did he steal from you, too?"

He Doesn't Curse Now.

Washington, Kans., Dec. 25 (Special).—Jesse E. Mitchell is a telephone lineman, and also a well-known dentist here. Everybody also acquainted with Mr. Mitchell knows that he was a man who held very positive views about Patent Medicine. Hear what he says now:

"I used to curse all kinds of Patent Medicines, for they never did me any good, but Dodd's Kidney Pills have caused me to change my mind. For twelve years I suffered from Kidney Trouble. There was a hurting across my back that made it positive agony to stoop, and as I am in a stooping position nearly all day, you can imagine how I suffered. After a day's work that any man would think nothing of, I would be tired and worn out. In fact, I was almost blind. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking four boxes I feel like a new man. I am as fresh at night as when I begin work in the morning. I have no pain in my back now, and I am stronger than ever."

Inconsistency.

"It seems very funny to me," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, to see a political orator, with a fancy vest and waxed mustache, trying to convince an audience that he belongs to the plain people."—Yonkers Statesman.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E.W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c

Authors of to-day do not seem able to assume the virtue of letratedness, when they have it not, and do not display the philosophical breadth that underlies the greatest imaginative works alike in verse and prose.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nervous Women

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Uterine Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected

A MEDICINE THAT CURES

Can we dispute the well-known fact that American women are nervous?

How often do we hear the expression, "I am nervous, it seems as if I should fly;" or, "Don't speak to me." Little things that irritate you, make you irritable; you can't sleep, you are unable to quietly and calmly perform your daily tasks or care for your children.

The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minor disturbance of the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration.

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. M. E. Shotwell, of 103 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"I cannot express the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, headache, loss of appetite. I could not sleep and would walk the floor almost every night.

"I had three doctors and got no better, and life was a burden. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has worked wonders for me.

"I am a well woman, my nervousness is all gone and my friends say I look ten years younger."

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be as easily cured as other women.

33 a Day Sure

Send your address to the publisher of this paper, and we will send you a copy of the book "33 a Day Sure" absolutely free. It is the best book on the subject of health and happiness ever published. It is the only book that will give you the secret of how to live and how to be happy. It is the only book that will give you the secret of how to live and how to be happy. It is the only book that will give you the secret of how to live and how to be happy.

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