

THE BITER BITTEN

KATE CLYDE

Interviewed,
Illustrated and—
Disgusted

Her Experience Narrated by Herself

MRS. UMBLE-BLE—that is what the name sounded in Felle's mouth. She chews her words so. "Tell her to come right up," I answered carelessly. It was almost lunchtime, and I went right up. I was writing. I love to have Peggy interrupt me when I am doing anything. She has such a charming way of running up behind me and throwing her arms about my neck. I heard the rustle of her skirts as she climbed the stairs. Then there was a pause. I scribbled away more busily than ever. To my surprise, instead of the expected bug there was nothing but a stranger standing in the doorway. Furrier, the woman was no more, the strange woman was no more, the woman was no more. I needed no second glance to tell me what she was. Reporters have three eyes—two in front and one behind—and I was sure that nothing to the right, left or back of this one would escape her notice. In fact, she was trying so hard to take in everything at once that she was almost cross-eyed from the effort.

MISS CARHART.

Reportorial Staff Sunday Screamer.

"I beg your pardon," I answered. "There must be some mistake. I am not a celebrity, and I never talk to reporters." She gave me a beseeching look. "Oh, but you won't send me away now that I'm here!" she pleaded. "Besides, it isn't a little bit. Don't you remember little Bessie Carhart at Miss Perrypoint's school?" Then indeed I had a faint remembrance. "Oh, won't you sit down?" I said. Of course, I couldn't turn away an old schoolmate so curtly. (I hear that Miss Carhart has since written a very able article on the value in after life of going to an exclusive school and rubbing elbows with the best people.) She fairly beamed with gratitude. "Oh, this is so good of you!" she murmured. "You see, I do a great deal of work—the society notes, the 'advice to mothers' column, the 'London gossip

letter, the woman's sporting column and the 'daily recipes for families with an income of \$400 a year.' Sometimes," she added confidentially, "I run out of ideas."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, and I was so amazed by the miscellaneous quality of her work that I leaned forward and crossed my legs at a boyish angle which I sometimes permit myself in the seclusion of my room. Mamma has spoken to me time and time again about that pose, but I always unconsciously adopt it when anything interests me.

"How on earth can you write the London letter when you are here in New York?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh, that's easy enough. Of course, you date the stuff London. Then there are the English papers to cut from, and when you get hard up you can always run in some twaddle about King Edward's fondness for American women and make some vague remarks about his being about to appoint one of them to the post of lady of the high something or other. When everything else fails, you can rake out some old scandal of the nobility. They're full of that sort of thing on the other side."

"But the 'daily menus for families with an income of \$400 a year'?"

"Oh, you hypnotize yourself with three or four cookbooks and then seat yourself before your typewriter, cast your eyes devoutly to heaven and improvise."

"But what if people should try the recipes?" I asked, horror-stricken at the possible results.

Miss Carhart looked at me with scorn. "You don't for one moment suppose that a family living on an income of \$400 a year would have any money to waste on newspapers, do you?" she said.

"I admit that I began to admire her."

"I hear that the girls in your set have adopted a new fashion—wearing pyjamas," she said, with a smile.

"Is it true?"

"Oh, well, some of us do—the more mannish, you know. There's—oh, but she wouldn't want any one to know. Well, hers are pale blue silk, with a vandyke frill running around the neck and the bottom of the jacket and a wide cluny lace applique edging the hem—trousers. She looks too sweet for anything, just like a boy, and sometimes, just for a lark, you know, she'll smoke a cigarette in that costume, isn't that wicked?"

Miss Carhart raised her eyebrows. "Yes, if it makes her sick," she observed.

"If you would like to stop at my dressmaker's."

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LACE TRIMMED CLOTH BOLERO.

"I suppose you're interested in women's rights?" I said, by way of making conversation.

She seemed rather surprised and asked why.

"Oh, I don't know. I thought all newspaper women and independent women were," I concluded rather lamely.

"What do you understand by women's rights?" she said.

"Oh, well, the right to act like a man—to smoke, to say what you please, to go to the theater and restaurants without a chaperon, to have bachelor's quarters and a latchkey and to go out alone in the street at night."

"Most of these privileges are mine as it is," she added rather dryly, "but I suppose they would be new to you."

"Oh, we can't do anything. It's perfectly dreadful, and society is getting so dull. You meet the same people everywhere, and they say the same old conventional things."

"Perhaps you will have a change," she said, with a smile—"that is, if your sister marries Lord Ashurst. How would you like to live on the other side?"

"Oh, there's no danger of that," I answered incautiously. Then, frowning lest she should think Muriel unattractive, "But it won't be because Ashurst isn't trying hard enough," I added, with a

chuckle. Just then I heard Peggy's step on the stair. Miss Carhart rose to go.

"Oh, but I haven't given you a single idea," I said, conscience-stricken.

"And I'm sure that is the least I could do for you."

"No, thank you," she answered. "On the whole, I don't think I need any new ideas. Thank you so much for receiving me. Good morning."

"If you would like to stop at my dressmaker's," I called over the banisters, "perhaps she will give you some hints for your fashion column. I'm sorry I couldn't do more."

But I needn't have worried. She was right when she said she had ideas enough.

The next Sunday The Screamer had a full page interview with that witty member of society's younger set, Miss Katherine Clyde. My name was in letters an inch high. I nearly fainted, but when I saw the illustrations I wanted to die.

It appears that Miss Carhart is also an artist. The first picture represented the interior of my room with starling fidelity. I was reclining on the divan in a careless attitude, and I wore—oh, horrors—the identical pair of pyjamas I had described—by the way, they belong to Aunt Sophronia. This was entitled "Society's Latest Fad." In another cut I was wearing a deeply frilled gown, but I was seated in my unconventional attitude and looked out of the corners of my eyes with a most killing expression. Under this was a quotation, "It won't be because Ashurst isn't trying hard enough." The third drawing showed me smoking a cigarette, and it bore the following legend: "Miss 'Pussy' says society is a bore and that girls should have the same rights as men—smoke, swear, go out alone nights and have latchkeys."

There was a terrible scandal. All mamma's old friends called upon her. Lord Ashurst hasn't been near her house since, and Muriel won't speak to me. Aunt Sophronia is the only one who thinks it is a joke, but then she looks upon life in quite a different way from

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MRS. JAMES J. HILL

The Pretty Romance
Of a Railway King

ARE we so fond of reading novels because they depict a true and more nearly perfect love passion than anything we know of in real life? Perhaps. Yet they do not do it always. Not a love story of them all is more tender and attractive, more out of the common, than the true romance of James J. Hill and Mary Meghan, his wife.

It is common for biographers of the great railroad president to slide over that romance lightly, revealing only a glimpse of it, thinking mayhap it will not have a good sound in that high life which mankind assumes all rich Americans aspire to enter. And here the biographers go dead wrong. That romance is the bravest, brightest, sweetest episode in the career of Jim Hill. It is more than an episode. It runs through all the strong, steady current of his life. "If I have been successful," he said once in a public speech, "it is because I have never had to fight a fire in the rear."

Jim Hill's love tale is exactly the sort of story that touches and vibrates the chords of romance which lives forever in the hearts of all—old boys and girls as well as young.

Conceal that story? Rather exalt it. Linger with loving touch on this romance and lesson in one. It is a credit to Mr. Hill's moral nature, and it shows no less than his long-headed railroad schemes do his sagacity in building for the future. And here it is:

Hill was "mud clerk" on the St. Paul levee. The mud clerk, in steamboat lingo, is the young man who stands at the landings in all weathers and checks off freight passing to and from steamers. He frequently gets his feet muddy. Hill's father, up in Canada, was a north of Ireland man; his mother was a Dunbar, descended from the royal Stuarts of Scotland. The family in the old country were, however, strong Protestants, and it was owing to troubles with their Catholic neighbors at the time of the Stuart rebellion that the ancestors of Hill came to Canada. Hill's family in Canada were Presbyterians, and he was a Presbyterian in the blood. Why I mention this you shall see.

He came to the States because Canada was not large enough to hold him. In 1856 he settled as mud clerk in St. Paul. He settled, but he did not settle down. His knowledge of steamboat and freight business enabled him to start a coal and wood carrying enterprise. He lived meanwhile at a house called the Merchants' hotel, and here he met sweet Mary Meghan. Some say she was scrubbing the front steps the first time he saw her. She was a waitress in the Merchants' hotel, womanly dignity and purity vibrating out from her and infolding her like a garment. There was no coarse chaffing of Mary Meghan by the hearers. They knew better. She was Irish, Catholic and beautiful, but that she was a waitress the biographers slur over. Why should they? The story shows what men and women may be and do in the United States.

Young Hill was powerfully attracted to the girl. But he knew already that he was to be a millionaire and a great man, although he was only a little past 20 and a mud clerk. The maid must be educated up to the plane of King Cophetua. Mary Meghan left the dining room of the hotel and became a student in a convent school, according to her faith, though Hill was a Presbyterian. She had a brilliant, acquisitive mind. She entered the convent ignorant of the lore of books, though she had learned the more important lesson how to earn an honest living and preserve her self respect under trying circumstances.

She came out of the convent a gracious, accomplished woman, one who could hold her own socially with the best. Beautiful she had been when she went to the school. When she came out, she and Mr. Hill were married.

While she was at school Hill was not wasting his time. A learned man one day went into a bookstore in St. Paul and saw upon the counter a pile of heavy scientific volumes being wrapped up for delivery. He picked them up one after the other, looked at their titles and asked the dealer, "Who reads these books?" "A mud clerk on the levee of the name of Jim Hill," replied the dealer.

The young couple began housekeep-



WHITE SUMMER GOWN TRIMMED WITH BLACK LACE.

river. It is so large that for the servants' use alone there are 17 bathrooms. Connected with it is the most superb private art gallery in the United States, which is freely accessible to visitors. Mr. Hill got his knowledge of art from books while his wife was studying in the convent.

Nine fine children—three boys and six girls—were born to the pair. These Mrs. Hill reared in her own faith, her husband, Presbyterian still, not objecting. Neither politics nor religion mars the harmony of that home where love rules. Being the father of numerous daughters and the husband of a wife who has given him an ideal home life, the opinion of James J. Hill on the

and turn over the seminary and its endowments."

So nearly perfect a wife, so appreciative a husband, so happy a household, are rare indeed.

LILLIAN GRAY.

HINTS TO BRIDES ELECT.

When getting her trousseau, a bride elect should consider the position she will hold when married. If her future husband has only a small income, a number of expensive dresses would be out of place; her gowns would be few, but good.

A good stock of underlinen is absolutely necessary—a dozen of everything, or, if her parents be unable to afford it, half a dozen, but never less.

WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

MRS. TURTLE moved into a flat across the hall from Mrs. Batts. The ladies met at the dumb waiter when the landlady left his daily small lump of refrigeration. They nodded good night to each other when the landlady, in quest of ashes, roared up in his urticaria voice, the terror of which not even the whistle of the speaking tube could obscure. Next the two ladies began to exchange tiny confidences concerning physical ailments and the defects of Mrs. Batts' husband. Mrs. Batts was profuse in her offers of neighborly accommodation to Mrs. Turtle. She even offered to lend Mrs. Turtle \$5.

Next day Mrs. Batts borrowed a cup of tea from Mrs. Turtle. The two ladies went out together to take Mrs. Batts' baby for an airing. Mrs. Batts borrowed a cup of sugar from Mrs. Turtle. They urged each other constantly to "run in." They ran in. Mrs. Batts to Mrs. Turtle. Mrs. Turtle to Mrs. Batts. One day Mrs. Turtle borrowed some butter from Mrs. Batts. Mrs. Batts gave Mrs. Turtle a pin-cushion worth 5 cents, which additionally clinched the friendship. It developed so rapidly that in a week's time the ladies were inseparable.

They communicated across the air-shaft, the dumb waiter shaft and even through the shell-like walls of their apartment house, built by contract to sell. One evening Mrs. Batts testified to her affection for dear Mrs. Turtle by confiding to that lady the care of her baby, sweet little Jimmy, while she, his mother, went to the theater. This was the rift in the lute, hair fine, but it served. Angelic Jimmy cried for his mother from 8 o'clock till 12. Young Jimmy's crying voice was a bellow.

Mrs. Turtle was a highly respectable widow with two young lady daughters. That evening was the regular calling night of the steady company of Miss Florence. When, therefore, the temporarily orphaned infant wailed his protest till midnight, the situation was embarrassing. When Mrs. Batts returned for her precious at midnight, Mrs. Turtle was frosty. She did not ask her neighbor to "run in." Mrs. Batts resented it. Next day she invited Mrs. Turtle across the dumb waiter shaft, where folk could hear, to pay back the butter she had borrowed. Temper flashed up into Mrs. Turtle's face.

"You better pay me back that sugar

and tea you borrowed!" she retorted.

"I s'pose you've forgotten how I gave you a pin-cushion and offered to lend you \$5 and treated your ugly daughter Florence to ice cream and took you all up and went out with you when nobody would notice you!" her baby, sweet little Jimmy, while she, his mother, went to the theater. This was