DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1901.



hews her words so. "Tell her to come right ideas,"

her

of my room.

specied hus he up and saw an utter other side. inger standing in the doorway. Fur- "But the 'daily menus for families enser standing the woman was so with an income of \$400 a year? scopied in taking in the furnishings of ere-two in front and one behind-and "But what if people should try the respective for back of this one would escape 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 ef-I rose from my desk and coughed, She gave a great jump, then she fumbled in her pocketbook and handed me a card somewhat the worse for wear.

MISS CARHART, Reportorial Staff Sunday Screamer.

It read

I beg your pardon," I answered. There must be some mistake. I am not

a celebrity, and I never talk to report-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 as if you didn't know me. You do a little bit. Don't you remember little Bessie Carhart at Miss Perrypoint's

that Miss Carbart has since written a itte of going to an exclusive echowie and the best people.) times, just for a lark, you know, she'll side?" "Oh, there's no danger of that," I an-

UMSBLLE-BLLE-that letter, the woman's sporting column what the name sounded and the 'daily recipes for families with Felicie's mouth. She an income of \$400 a year.' Sometimes.' she added confidentially, "I run out of up." I answered carelessly. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed, and

g was almost lunchtime, and I was ex- was so amazed by the miscellaneous it was almost idirection. I went right quality of her work that I leaned for-pecilog Peggy Clement. I went right quality of her work that I leaned for-en with the letter I was writing. I love ward and crossed my legs at a boyish to have Peggy angle which I sometimes permit myself interrupt me in the seclusion of my room. Mamma when I am do- has spoken to me time and time again ing anything, about that pose, but I always unconshe has such a sciously adopt it when anything intercharming way | ests me,

of running up "How on earth can you write the Lonbehind me and don letter when you are here in New throwing her York?" I asked.

arms about my She laughed. "Oh, that's easy enough. neck. I heard Of course, you date the stuff London. the rustle, of Then there are the English papers to skirts as crib from, and when you get hard up climbed the you can always run in some twaddle stairs. Then about King Edward's fondness for there was a American women and make some vague pause. I scrib- remarks about his being about to ap bled away more point one of them to the post of lady busily than ever. of the high something or other. When the furnishings To my surprise, everything else fails, you can rake out my room. instead of the some old scandal of the nobility. esseled hug there was nothing but They're full of that sort of thing on the

"Oh, you hypnotize yourself with three my room that she did not even see me. or four cookbooks and then seat your proom that she day here to tell me self before your typewriter, cast your h herded ho second are belight and

> Miss Carbart looked at me with scorn. 'You don't for one moment suppose that a family



her. "I hear that the girls in your ed a new fad-

with a smile, "If you would like to stop "Is it true?" as it is," she added rather dryly, "b at my dressmaker's." Of us do the I suppose they would be new to you."

more mannish, you know. There's-oh, fectly dreadful, and society is getting Then indeed I had a faint remem- but she wouldn't want any one to know. so dull! You meet the same people ev-"Oh, won't you sit down?" I Well, hers are pale blue slik, with a erywhere, and they say the same old said. Of course, I couldn't turn away vandyke frill running around the neck conventional things an old schoolmate so curtly. (I hear and the bottom of the jacket and a "Perhaps you will have a change," wide cluny lace applique edging the- she said, with a smile-"that is, if your very able article on the value in after ahem-trousers. She looks too sweet sister marries Lord Ashurst. How illustrations I life of going to an exclusive school and for anything, just like a boy, and some- would you like to live on the other



LACE TRIMMED CLOTH BOLERO.

"I suppose you're interested in wo- chuckle. Just then I heard Peggy's men's rights?" I said, by way of mak- step on the stair. Miss Carhart rose to ing conversation. "Oh, but I haven't given you a single

She seemed rather surprised and ask-"Oh, I don't know. I thought all

newspaper women and-and independ- do for you. ent women were," I concluded rather "What do you understand by wo-men's rights?" she said.

"Oh, well, the right to act like a man -to smoke, to say what you please, to out a chaperon, to have bachelor's quarwearing pyja- ters and a latchkey and to go out alone I'm sorry I couldn't do more." mas," she said, in the street at night."

"Most of these privileges are mine as it is," she added rather dryly, "but

of us do-the "Oh, we can't do anything. It's perters

fainted, but when I saw the wanted to die.

ing me. Good morning.'





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 Mehigan, 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 chord 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. HD?'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 mud-I said, congcience stricken. "And I'm sure that is the least I could dy. Hill's father, up in Canada, was a north of Ireland man: his mother was a Dunbar, descended from the royal Stu-"No, thank you," she answered. "On the whole, I don't think I need any new arts of Scotland. The family in the old ideas. Thank you so much for receivcountry were, however, strong Protestants, and it was owing to troubles with their Catholic neighbors at the time of "If you would like to stop at my the Stuart rebellion that the ancestors dressmaker's," I called over the banset have adopt- go to the theater and restaurants with- isters, "perhaps she will give you of Hill came to Canada. Hill's family some hints for your fashion column. In Canada were Presbyterlans, and he was a Presbyterian in the blood. Why I mention this you shall see.

But I needn't have worried. He came to the States because Can-She was right when she said she had ada was not large enough to hold him. ideas enough. In 1856 he settled as mud clerk in St The next Sunday The Screamer had a full page interview with that witty Paul. He settled, but he did not settle member of society's younger set, Miss down. His knowledge of steamboat and freight business enabled him to start a Katherine Clyde. My name was in letcoal and wood carrying enterprise. He an inch ived meanwhile at a house called the high. I nearly [MOUSS RATHINTON Merchants' hotel, and here he met sweet Mary Mehlgan. 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 It appears that purity vibrating out from her and in-Carna folding her like a garment. There was also an artist. no coarse chatting of Mary Mehigan by The first picture the boarders. They knew better. She represented the was Irish, Catholic and beautiful, but interior of my that she was a waitress the biographers room with starslur over. Why should they? The stotling fidelity, 1 the divan in a source targe rab ry 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 -oh. horrorsthe identical When I saw the illustraman, although he was only a little past tions, I wanted to die. 20 and a mud clerk. The maid must be pair of byjaeducated up to the plane of King Comas I had described-by the way, they belong to Aunt Sophronia. This phetua. Mary Mehigan left the dining was entitled "Society's Latest Fad." In room of the hotel and became a student another cut 1 was wearing a deeply in a convent school, according to her frilled gown, but I was seated in my un- faith, though Hill was a Presbyterian. conventional attitude and looked out She had a brilliant, acquisitive mind. of the corners of my eyes with a most She entered the convent ignorant of the killing expression. Under this was a lore of books, though she had learned quotation, "It won't be because Ashurst the more important lesson how to earn isn't trying hard enough." The third an honest living and preserve her self drawing showed me smoking a ciga- respect under trying circumstances. rette, and it bore the following legend: 'Miss 'Pussy' says society is a bore and clous, accomplished woman, one who ants' use alone there are 17 bathrooms. dowments that girls should have the same rights could hold her own socially with the Connected with it is the most superb So nearly perfect a wife, so apprecia. as men-smoke, swear, go out alone best. Beautiful she had been when she private art gallery in the United States, tive a husband, so happy a household, nights and have latchkeys." There was a terrible scandal. All out, she and Mr. Hill were married. mamma's old friends called upon her. While she was at school Hill was not books while his wife was studying in Lord Ashurst hasn't been near the wasting his time. A learned man one the convent. house since, and Muriel won't speak to day went into a bookstore in St. Paul Nine fine children-three boys and six elect should consider the position she me. Aunt Sophronia is the only one and saw upon the counter a pile of girls-were born to the pair. These will hold when married. It her future who thinks it is a joke, but then she heavy scientific volumes being wrapped Mrs. Hill reared in her own faith, her husband has only a small income, a looks upon life in quite a different way up for delivery. He picked them up husband, Presbyterian still, not ob- number of expensive dresses would be one after the other, looked at their ti- jecting. Neither politics nor religion out of place; her gowns would be few, from Tate Clus the dealer.

woman question should carry some weight. He says:

"If a woman finds herself fitted to do a certain kind of work as well as a man, I don't see why a man should call it his work."

Perhaps the happlest days of this ideal family are passed on the Hill farm at North Oaks. Mrs. Hill and her daughters retire from the world when it pleases them, leave all their state behind and go to the North Oaks farmhouse. Sometimes they do their own housework for a change. When James J. Hill, the Presbyterian, founded and endowed a Roman Catholic theological seminary, he told in these words why he did so:

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"For nearly 30 years I have lived in a RE we so fond of reading nov-els because they depict a true and more nearly perfect love passion than anything we Childs called the finest private resi- of whom it may be said, 'Blessed are the dence in America. It is on St. Antho- pure in heart, for they shall see God,' ny's hill, St. Paul, and overlooks the and on whose behalf I desire to present



"Oh, this is so good of you!" she mur- Isn't that wicked ?" "Oh, this is so you of you a great deal of Miss Carhart raised her eyebrows. she should think Muriel unattractive, "But it won't be because Ashurst isn't work-the society notes, the 'advice to "Yes, if it makes her sick," she obmothers' column, the London gossip served.

swered incautiously. Then, fearing lest trying hard enough," I added, with a



LOUIS XV GOWN OF MAUVE BROCADE AND CHIFFON.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Thres thousand marriages are per- | Impressed by her own desolateness, she formed every day all over the world. All the eight ladies who acted as with being kept from having anybody train bearers to Queen Alexandra on to play with.

allys. All save one are married. The marry spinsters is 26, but of widowers property of the crown. The set was to equal them at the seventh year and are insured against all risks for \$65,000, grandchildren and 27 great-grandchil- the purposes of the society-the sending Lady Victoria Reward is the one excep- who marry widows just under 50. An authority states in a medical Prince of Wales,

Queen Wilhelmina was a lonely child. journal that the height of a very tail. Mark Twain sees at least one virtue again above the girls for two years.

erages 5 feet 6 inches to 5 feet 10 inches. vres dessert set at Windsor castle sup- tion." posed to have belonged to Queen Victo.

ure.

At 5 years of age boys are mainly bought by George IV when he was continue thus up to and including the Those of the duke are insured for \$10,- dren. ninth year, after which the boys rise 000.

New York.

CHILDREN'S STUDY HOURS.

Says a physician: I abominate night parties for children. I believe every physician does. It is not so much the exercise and the eating in the night and the bad associations formed (of a high class sort possibly), but the breaking into the sleep habit. Equally bad is it for children to study in the evening. It gorges their brains with blood, and if they sleep they dream. I had a little patient of 12 years who was wasted and nervous and whose dreams were filled with problems. It was a marvel and a pride to his parents that the youngster worked out hard problems in his sleep, such as he failed to master when awake.

But he came near his final problem. I locked up his books at 4 o'clock. He must not touch one after supper. He must play and romp and then go to bed. He is now robust. You cannot emphasize too strongly the mischief of children's night study.

WHAT ATTRACTS MEN.

What attracts a man is one thing; what will hold him and command his respect is quite another. A woman's smile, for example, attracts a man, but an even temper retains him.

A pretty gown attracts a man; the knowledge that it was inexpensive delights him.

A pleasant manner attracts a man: brightness of brain holds him.

She came out of the convent a gra- river. It is so large that for the serv- and turn over the seminary and its en-

LILLIAN GRAT. went to the school. When she came which is freely accessible to visitors, are rare indeed. Mr. Hill got his knowledge of art from

HINTS TO BUIDES ELECT. When getting her trousseau, a bride

tles and asked the dealer, "Who reads mars the harmony of that home where but good.

these books?" "A mud clerk on the love rules. Being the father of numer- A good stock of underlinen is absolevee of the name of Jim Hill," replied ous daughters and the husband of a lutely necessary-a dozen of everything, wife who has given him an ideal home or, if her parents be unable to afford it. The young couple began housekeep. life, the opinion of James J. Hill on the half a dozen, but never less.

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WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

Mrs. Batts' husband. Mrs. Batts was bellow.

physical aliments and the defects of Young Jiminy's crying voice was a be much or you wouldn't do it!" profuse in her offers of neighborly ac- Mrs. Turtle was a highly respectable discome, malicious, quarrelsome percommodation to Mrs. Turtle.

even offered to lend Mrs. Turtle \$5. ters. That evening was the regular tell the kind of people you came from, Next day Mrs. Batts borrowed a cup calling night of the steady company with your sloppy old shoes and your of tea from Mrs. Turtle. The two la- of Miss Florence. When, therefore, ragged, draggled skirts. I've always dies went out together to take Mrs. the temporarily orphaned infant wall- been told not to have anything to do Batts' haby for an airing. Mrs. Batts ed his protest till midnight, the situa- with people that live in cheap teneborrowed a cup of sugar from Mrs. tion was embarrassing. When Mrs. ments, and I wish I'd minded it!" Turtle. They urged each other con- Batts returned for her precious at stantly to "run in." They ran in, Mrs. midnight, Mrs. Turtle was frosty. Mrs. Fatts. "You're cheap yourself!" Batts to Mrs. Turtle, Mrs. Turtle to She did not ask her neighbor to "run She slammed the shaft door with a Mrs. Batts. One day Mrs. Turtle bor- in." Mrs. Batts resented it. Next day crash that made the milk bottles upon rowed some butter from Mrs. Batts, she invited Mrs. Turtle across the Mrs. Baits gave Mrs. Turtle a pin- dumb waiter shaft, where folk could helpless protest. cushion worth 5 cents, which addi- hear, to pay back the butter she had Mrs. Turtle moved away immediatetionally clinched the friendship. It borrowed. Temper flashed up into ly. She said the Mirabelle was nothdeveloped so rapidly that in a week's Mrs. Turtle's face.

across the hall from Mrs, shaft, the dumb walter shaft and even "I spose you've forgotten how I Batts. The ladies met at the through the shell-like walls of their gave you a pincushion and offered to dumb waiter when the iceman left his apartment house, built by contract to lend you \$5 and treated your ugly daily small lump of refrigeration. sell. One evening Mrs. Batts testified daughter Florence to ice cream and They nodded good night to each other to her affection for dear Mrs. Turtle took you all up and went out with when the janitor, in quest of ashes, by confiding to that lady the care of you when nobody would notice you! roared up in his ursine voice, the ter- her baby, sweet little Jiminy, while snapped Mrs. Batts. "People in the rors of which not even the whistle of she, his mother, went to the theater. house are all talking about you, anythe speaking tube could obscure. This was the rift in the lute, hair fine, how, you three women living here Next the two ladies began to ex- but it served. Angelic Jiminy cried alone, without any man around! They change tiny confidences concerning for his mother from 8 o'clock till 12. think it's mighty queer, and you can't is physical aliments and the defects of Young Limburg

Mrs. Turtle bolled. "You are a med-She widow with two young lady daugh- son!" she said. "It's easy enough to

> "Cheap tenement people!" shrieked the dumb waiter shiver and rattle in

ing but a low tenement house filled up time the ladies were inseparable. "You better pay me back that sugar with the commonest kind of people,

of English women to the colonies-and

Albany ast Oree of injurthis hou

English woman was, 50 years ago, 5 in woman suffrage. "If women could At about 12 years the girls suddenly be- mobilist in Washington than Mme. Wu, trait of Queen Victoria after death feet 7 inches, while now the height av- vote," he said recently, "there would be come taller than the boys, continuing wife of the Chinese minister. She does painted by Professor von Herkomer. elected a mayor of New York who until the fifteenth year, when the boys not attempt to run the machine herself. The painting was done in water colors. It appears that the magnificent Se- would put an end to municipal corrup- finally regain their superiority in stat- but goes out with her husband's driver. At a recent meeting of the British Mrs. Walker of Birchington, Eng. Women's Emigration society Colonial

The jewels which the Duchess of land, has lived in the reigns of five soy- Secretary Chamberlain made as eloria and valued at \$300,000 is really the taller than girls, but the girls appear Cornwall took with her to Australia ereigns. She has 6 children living, 58 quent address, in which he advocated King Edward keeps in his private recommended that the work be greatly

There is no more enthusiastic auto- study at Marlborough House the por- expanded.

RS. TURTLE moved into a flat They communicated across the air- and tea you borrowed!" she retorted.



