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AN AFTERNOON CALL.

My dear, I hadn't the least idea I should find you at home. It is such a lovely day I was positive you would be out. Now, Ethel, how horrid of you—you know I didn't mean—I really thought you would be out. I only hoped—oh, dear, what's the use of trying to explain? I'm always getting the horse before the cart when I've made a mistake, but you know what I mean, don't you? Of course you do.

Oh, is that your new photograph? Yes, perfectly stunning, simply lovely; just gorgeous—but it doesn't look a bit like you. Why, no, my dear, how touchy you are! I don't mean it exactly flatters you—it just doesn't look like you. That's all. I like it, though, tremendously. Yes, I had mine taken there, too. Did they? I can't remember how many proofs they took, but I know it was a great many more than that. They had one of my pictures in the window, too. Of course I insisted they had to take it right out—I told them I would sue them if they didn't, but they wouldn't. My pictures were splendid, too, only they looked precisely like me. Now, Ethel, if you say another word about that picture I am going straight home—you know perfectly well what I meant. You know I'm the last woman in the world to say anything nasty intentionally. All right, we won't say any more about it. No, I'm not a bit mad now.

Why, I think your gown is perfectly dear—and you have such a hard figure to fit. She's really cheap? Yes, perhaps. Still, I think, dear, I don't bother to take her address—I don't believe she would do for me—you know I'm awfully particular.

Tired? Don't talk to me about being tired! I'm a wreck after that old charity bazaar. I don't show how really tired I am because I have just been having my facial treatment. Such a deserving woman, too—I am so glad to help her. She has a sick mother and a—let me see, I think it's just a plain sister to support; consequently she needs the work so badly she comes to me for half price. That's the kind of charity I thoroughly enjoy—to help those who really need it.

Well, I—I don't know, my dear, whether she would work for you, but I'll speak to her about it. You see, the real reason she made the figure so low for me is because I've been so kind to her and she is very fond of me. Of course I'll ask her if you are perfectly sure you want me to. I don't want you to think for a moment that I'm not willing to—you know I would put myself out to any extent for you. Well, all right, Ethel, just as you say. You know there isn't anything in the world—Very well, have it your own way; only, remember, I offered to.

Yes, Aunt Margaret roped me into that hateful charity bazaar—I nearly worked my-

self to death. No, I didn't make anything for it—I thought if I gave my time that was all I could do. Yes, a whole evening, and I never sold a thing but two photograph frames, and then I made a mistake. Some way, I don't know how, I got the price-tags mixed—you know how they will go and get all snarled. Well, I sold the two frames for fifteen cents a piece—that was the price of the pen-wipers—the frames were a dollar and a half. You know Edna Grant painted them, and of course she had to happen along just then and ask who bought them and the price and everything—she is the most inquisitive thing I ever saw. She was hopping. I told her it didn't make any difference—it was all for charity, anyway, but she was so stubborn and couldn't seem to see it in that light, though I explained and explained. That's the way when you try to help—if anything goes wrong, why, you're always blamed for it. And I gave up a theatre-party to go there and work. At least, the party was postponed till the following week, but really in a way I did give it up just the same. My dear, mark my words, every time you put yourself out to do people favors you get yourself in hot water. That old bazaar taught me a lesson. No more charity for me.

She's left? And she thought she was right? They always do. But, my dear, you treat them too well. Yes, I know she was good-natured, but if they are they always have sticky dishes—I never knew the combination to fail. Yes, I had to get rid of Katy—she wasn't a pleasant girl at all. She had such a disagreeable habit of looking tired and sulky. I never had a moment's peace with her till she went. She said there was too much to do—she never was through till all hours. Now, isn't that just an example of those stupid, ill-natured creatures? You see, on the contrary, I was always urging her to hurry—I never tried to keep her back—

Why, my dear, no such thing! She had simply nothing to do. Yes, six of us. Yes, the cook. Yes, the cleaning. Yes, the waiting on the table. Yes, and help take care of the baby. Oh, yes, I always make them do the mending. No, I don't think I spoil a girl. Of course, if I had anything for a second maid to do I would have one. Edward says women always talk about their servants. Well, I'm sure it's awfully hard to know what to talk about, don't you think so?

Edward has got it into his head that I don't read the papers thoroughly, and has been making the most awful fuss. My dear, never marry a man with one idea—he'll drive you nearly crazy. I read the paper every single morning straight through—at least, I read everything that's interesting—I couldn't exist unless I knew who was dead and the personal column and the department-store advertisements. The war? I suppose so, but it really bores me to death. And, my dear, have you seen the bargains in silk shirt-waists that Wickheiser & Murray are advertising for their Friday sale? I can hardly wait to get there.

Edward is trying to teach me politics, too. Yes, I told him I thought he would have a hard time; but if you will believe me, he says I am very intelligent about it. You see, they mustn't have a Tammany President again—that is, if they ever had one, I can't seem to remember—and tariff and free trade aren't the thing at all. Of course, there is a lot more to it, but this is all you really have to know to be able to carry on a real political conversation. Edward is so fond of having me well-informed, and I don't mind it nearly as much as I thought I would. Why don't you try it? Oh, your ethical culture class? Yes—yes—suppose it must be pleasant, but I think I will stick to politics for the present—it's so broadening.

Oh, say, right opposite me in the car sat that woman we saw the other day—you know that one with the reddish hair—What? Dyed? Oh, I don't know. Of course, my hair is red, too. I've noticed it seemed to be getting lighter lately. You know when we used the soft coal—I thought perhaps—it might have been that—sort of made it lighter. For myself, you know I simply loathe red hair. Well, anyway, don't let's talk about it. And then we got stuck in a blockade, and if you could have heard what the motor-man said to the truck-driver! It was simply awful.

My dear, have you noticed how Mabel Graham is carrying on with Archie Thorne? I think it's perfectly awful. He's there all the time, and when he isn't they are out together. It makes a girl so conspicuous—everybody is talking about it. I should think her mother would put a stop to it. And I don't think she is a bit attractive—in fact, I

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dislike her. And if you will believe me Edward seems to think she is awfully pretty. Well, you know me; I'm not a bit jealous, but I hate anything of that sort. I trust Edward implicitly, but I always keep a little watch, just the same.

What was I saying about Archie? When I get stirred up about Edward I forget everything else. Oh, yes—well, he was just as devoted to me before I introduced him to her. Of course, I'd gotten through with him or I wouldn't have thought of introducing them—she's such a silly thing. But nevertheless you hate to pass a man over to someone else even if you don't intend to speak to him again. Oh, not at all. Edward loves me to receive all the attention I can from other men; he never objects—I would like to see him try!

Well, Archie and I quarreled—I'll tell you about it, and you see if you wouldn't have been raging, too. I promised to meet him at Sherry's one Saturday afternoon about five. I said if it rained or even looked like a storm I positively would not go; but I told him he had better be there just the same. Well, anyway, it did rain—it poured; but I went to the matinee and stopped on my way home, and, my dear, if you will believe me, he wasn't there at all! Suppose I did say I wouldn't be there if it rained, I told him to be there just the same. Well, I do think you argue very peculiarly, Ethel. Of course, he tried to explain afterward, and, my dear, he seemed to think it was all my fault, so of course I wouldn't speak to him again.

Well, that's the kind of a girl Mabel Graham is! I don't see how men can stand that kind. I haven't any use for her.

You know, my dear, I think I shall go in for a career—everything bores me so, and I have so much to do with all my household cares. I really have a lot of talent for the end of things. In fact, that's the reason I've never settled down at one thing—it seemed so difficult to decide which really wanted to do. I've sometimes thought I would like to be an actress. They never get up till ten o'clock in the morning and have late suppers and get quantities of flowers. I haven't made up my mind between that and art, even in the meantime—Good heavens, is that four o'clock? I intended to make eight more calls this afternoon. You see, I made four before I came here and was lucky enough to find everybody out. Don't be stupid, Ethel. You know you are the only one I hoped I'd find. Now, do come and see me soon. All right, any day you say next week. I haven't a thing to do. No, no, no Monday. Any other day, at all. Now, isn't that provoking? I'm going to the matinee Wednesday, but any—Tuesday? Let me see. Now, how stupid of me! Of course not Tuesday. I'm giving a luncheon—at least it's—you know I don't mean a real luncheon, for, of course, I should have invited you first of anyone. No, one that I really care about—just Japanese napkins and a cup of chocolate and a sandwich—that sort of thing. Now you understand, don't you? I really must go right along; but any day at all, my dear, the next week after. Good-bye, you dear thing!

The United States Senate.

Two United States Senators, Burton of Kansas, and Mitchell, of Oregon, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment as common felons. They had accepted payment for exercising their influence as senators, in securing favorable consideration for their clients in the executive departments of the government. The law there is the same in principle as ours for securing the independence of parliament, and of equal weight with that which forbids senators accepting a money or other consideration for their votes in the Senate. While the conviction of Burton and Mitchell is hailed by the press as additional proof of an awakened public conscience, regret and humiliation is expressed at the decadence of the character of the Senate. It is recalled that till within the few years the United States Senate deserved, and enjoyed, the people's fullest confidence. It was composed of men of honor, nobly ambitious of serving their country. Most of them were poor men, as wealth is now calculated, irreproachable in character and conduct. But a change came when the Senate was transformed into a chamber of rich men, having vast financial interests to subserve, apart from those of the general public. The first indication of the change was given when it was charged that a senator had profited at Wall Street from his knowledge of the sugar schedules in the Wilson tariff. Since that time, it is mournfully admitted, the descent of the Senate in public estimation has been rapid and continuous. Confidence in the honesty and patriotism of its members no longer exists, and now that two of its members have been branded as criminals and others are under strong suspicion of being equally guilty, it seems to have reached the lowest point of degradation. This is not an outside or partisan view, but the solemn conclusion of the best newspapers in the country. But the situation is not without hope. Exposure of a public sore is the first step towards its cure and, when the public conscience is pure and sensitive, as recent events have shown it is, it will not be long before a remedy will be found for this great evil.—Montreal Witness.