



The Genevieve Who Took a Boy to Raise

Genevieve was a charming woman. She was, in fact, a charming widow, and that is very important indeed.

James was as nice a young man as ever executed a clean shave with a safety razor or fretted about the way his trousers were pressed. Though, for the matter of that, James was no ladies' man either, and not more in love with himself than a young man has a right to be.

Genevieve was not only charming; she was also several years old. Not an impolite number of course; but more Junees had slipped by her than had cast their roses upon the head of James. She had just about enough money to take lovely care of herself; but she also had to take lovely care of her daughter, who fulfilled to the letter that old, but true saying used by the wise Latin people about "Mater pulchra, filia pulchrior," which, being translated, means that mamma used to be as good looking as daughter is now.

Daughter was sixteen and in a boarding school.

James met Genevieve at a dinner, where she was looking lovely, and where he was so happy as to take her in. She was lovely. Her hair was very soft and almost a true corn yellow, and that shade of hair is the easiest thing in the world to keep from turning gray. All a wise woman needs is per-well, never mind what. All she needs is to take it in time, and it will never fade at all.

Genevieve's hair was not at all artificial; and her eyes were as blue as could be and had a natural baby stare that many younger women would have given all their beautiful switches to own. Young Jennie was taller by two inches and her hair was smooth and black and shining. But she was at school.

James fell head over heels in love with Genevieve. He was wonderfully good to look at himself, being an athlete and carrying himself with a swing and a swagger to his shoulders that spoke of pure, physical arrogance.



"She Let Him Gather Her to His Heart."

His disposition was not arrogant, but very kind, and so gentle that a lady might lead him. And she did.

Genevieve looked at James and thought to herself, "He is a most inconvenient age—just too young for me and just too old for Jennie. I suppose I had better not have him about."

But she was not consult; d because James came calling the very next afternoon in his touring car. And he entered with confidence in his manner and worship in his big, black eyes. Genevieve saw the confidence and reluctantly declined to see the worship.

James said, "Do come out for a drive and find out how the spring feels—I am sure you are pale for the need of fresh air." And Genevieve said, "I am always pale, but it is very kind of you, and I shall be charmed."

So she and James motored all that afternoon and James had never had such a good time in all his life. He had little experience with women, this nice James.

James came around the next afternoon, and then the next. The third time Genevieve was not at home. She was, in fact, holding a serious conversation with herself. She was saying that James was much too young for her. Of course, anybody knows what that leads to. She could make him happier than any mere girl—she knew men, and an unhappy marriage would cause her to appreciate a happy marriage.

When she doubted about Young James—as to how this would be after a while for him—"He wants me—just me," she whispered to her doubts and crushed them out of sight. Though she knew perfectly well the look that would come into the faces of her friends when James was kidnapped. But she would not think of that, because Genevieve was doing that thing

for which people always laugh so at a woman—she was falling headlong in love with a man her junior—twelve years, to be exact. And when she was fifty—which would not be for a long, long time, she told herself—her husband would be just thirty-eight.

James spoke near the end of a summer of outdoor recreation which had made him neglect his business and reduced her wardrobe to one evening frock and a house dress or two. And when he did speak, she put her two little hands into his and let him gather her right to that throbbing young heart of his.

Genevieve felt guilty about not having Jennie to the wedding, which took place in October. But Jennie had visited friends in the west all vacation, and had lost a week of the opening, so she was working very hard, her teacher said. So Genevieve just wrote and told her; and Jennie was a little hurt and felt that mamma had acted rather rashly without consulting her, and wrote and told her so. Jennie was a capable young woman.

James was very happy at the time. Even when she took her hair down, Genevieve was still charming, and that is a test which no woman past thirty likes to meet, unless her husband is a perfectly well-trained husband, and used to her anyway.

About Christmas Jennie came home for the holidays. Jennie was now seventeen; and when she was introduced to her stepfather, her new stepfather nearly had fit. She was as tall as he, and looked old enough to be married herself.

When this happens in stories, it is only up to the point of the young man being engaged to the mother of the grownup daughter. Then his father, who has known the mother in his youth, always comes along and rescues his boy at the cost of an illusion or two. But James was not in the rescuing stage. He was married.

That Christmas a college friend of Genevieve came to call on her; and he was stout and bald and had a tall son with him who was in business with his father. Of course, father had married very young.

Then Genevieve had a letter from a girl friend of her youth.

"Dear Genevieve," wrote Kate, "I am to be in your city soon and would so love to see you in your home."

Of course, Kate was invited to see Genevieve in her home. Kate was a bit older than Genevieve, to begin with, and she weighed two hundred. James, in his anguish of soul, groaned that she was a hundred and weighed three. But one must make allowances.

Kate was introduced to James, and she looked down at him—he was so ridiculously young anyway—and then she said, "Why, Genevieve, what a nice boy he is! Just about my Wilyum's age!"—though, goodness knows, Wilyum was five years younger. And then she said, "I am just going to give him a kiss for Wilyum's sake." And she did.

But James and Genevieve were married. And after a while Jennie had a dear little sister; and she was very vexed about it.

Now, in this household there are two young people, an old person and a baby. But somehow they are not mated properly. James does not fall in love with Jennie. He is a nice man, and he is sick of falling in love anyway. And Jennie does not become the victim of a secret passion for her step-papa; because Jennie is a nice girl, and, besides, as things stand, falling in love looks a mighty poor business to Jennie. But to say that they do not feel the incongruity of their positions would be a dreadful story.

However, any incongruity that those two young things feel is a joke, the mere piffle and persiflage to what Genevieve feels.

And the other day, when she was out walking with her oldest daughter and her youngest daughter, both of whom are beautiful, they met a gay party of ladies, one of whom exclaimed in an audible voice, "The little girl looks far more like her grandmother than her mother, doesn't she?"

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Invited to a Shakedown.

Bedford is a good man not to invite to take luncheon with you these days. This is the reason as he tells it himself:

"I was just putting on my hat and coat to go out to my midday milk and crackers banquet when Helm came along and said:

"Come and lunch with me. I know a swell place not far from here."

"I accepted, wondering at the same time what had come over Helm, for he is known as the office 'tightwad.' It was a swell little place and we did get a good lunch, and when the checks came Helm took them both and then said to the waiter: 'Bring us some dice.'

"I wondered what the dice were for, but when they arrived Helm said:

"Now, I'll tell what we'll do. We'll shake to see who pays the bill."

POPE PIUS RECOVERS HIS HEALTH



GOING FOR A CARRIAGE RIDE

THIS photograph of His Holiness Pope Pius X arrived the other day from Rome. It shows him leaving the Vatican in order to take the first carriage ride of his convalescence. To the left is a group of high ecclesiastics; to the right the footmen, in the act of opening the carriage door and making an obsequious meanwhile. Added interest attaches to this photograph by reason of the fact that the Pope said of it and others that were taken at the same time: "Give them as large a circulation as possible, thus showing to the world my complete recovery."

SPELL HOLDING WIFE

Woman's Heart is Breaking Because Friends Forsake Her.

Mrs. Charlie Song Endures Seven Years of Torture, but Cannot Break Oriental's Charm—Was His Sunday School Teacher.

New York.—A contrast of religion and hideous vice, of the utmost common place and the fantastic was the story told by Mrs. Charlie Song, who had been seized in Newark, N. J., in a federal raid on Chinese opium smugglers in her rooms in the Newark Chinatown the other afternoon.

Mrs. Song is an American woman and graduated to her present position as wife of a Chinese from being his preceptor in a Sunday school.

"Seven years of hell," is the way she characterizes her sojourn among the yellow men. She says her life there has been one long fight against slavery for herself, yet she has been unable to leave because of some subtle spell that her association with them has cast over her. She is not an opium user nor a drinking woman, she says, and in spite of her troubles she has kept her religious enthusiasm. At first she was afraid to admit a reporter to her room, as she was afraid of the vengeance of the Chinese whose secret she holds and who may be implicated at the hearing. She probably will be called as a witness.

"I was a country girl," she said. "I married and moved to Newark. My husband and my two children died, and for two years I was very lonely. I had always been religious and interested in missionary work, so to bury my trouble I began to teach a class in the Chinese Sunday school of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal church. Charlie Song being among my pupils.

"On New Year's in 1905, he asked me to go to New York with him and see the time celebrated among his own people. Other teachers went on such excursions with their pupils, so I saw nothing wrong in it.

"I refused to have any wine, because I had never drunk any, but he told me the rice wine was harmless. I drank two tiny cups. I could scarcely see the table, the wine went to my

head so. Then he said, 'I love you. I will never let you go away now. You marry me. We go to China, be missionaries together.'

"We went to the home of Rev. George Dowkatt at 90 Madison avenue, and he married us. Then we went right home, I to my home and Charlie to his. Next day, when I realized what I had done, it seemed to me that I would die with shame. That has been my hell ever since—to be ashamed, to be cut off from my people, to have everybody think I am an outcast, something unspeakable, the wife of a Chinaman.

"Finally we went to living together. The first few months he was a wonderful lover. Then he changed.

"I have been praying and praying this last year that some way would open for me to get away. I have tried to leave, but there is something, a sort of hypnotism that draws a woman back. A Chinaman never loses his influence over a woman when he has once had it. You have no idea how many white women are here in Newark living with Chinese. Some are girls in their early teens."

ANOTHER LONDON RELIC LOST

Apothecaries' Hall, Quaint Old Building, to Be Supplanted by a More Modern Structure.

London.—Old London, which is disappearing rapidly before the march of improvement, is about to lose one of its most interesting buildings, the Apothecaries' company having announced that it is about to let on building lease the greater part of its land in Water Lane, just round the corner from Printing House square, where the London Times is published. This land is the site of Apothecaries' hall, a quaint old building now almost hidden from sight by the tall business structures that surround it.

Apothecaries' hall was first built in 1633 on the site of Lady Howard of Effingham's town house. This building was destroyed in the great fire of London and the present hall was erected in 1670. It doesn't amount to much architecturally, but it is packed full of fine carvings, splendid old furniture

and interesting relics of the development of medicine.

The Apothecaries' company is one of the great London companies whose members elect the alderman and the lord mayor. It is the only one that has retained control of the trade whose name it bears. Originally the apothecaries belonged to the Grocers' company, but in 1617 they obtained a separate charter from King James I on the ground that "the ignorance and rashness of promiscuous empirics and inexpert men may be restrained, whereby many commodities, inconveniences and perils do arise to the rude and credulous people." This charter gave the members of the company the sole right of "exercising the art faculty or mystery of an apothecary within the city of London or a radius of seven miles." Among other privileges it granted the company the right to burn before the offender's door all impure drugs.

Even in those days the prescribing druggist was a problem, and in 1687 the College of Physicians denounced the Apothecaries' company for selling advice as well as medicine. The company retaliated by setting up a medical school, and in 1721 the house of lords confirmed the right of its members to prescribe as well as to sell drugs. Many a father of medicine in the American colonies undoubtedly learned his profession in this school.

MAKE CHEAP LUMBER PAPER

Manufacturers Can Turn Out Fiber Board, Largely From Waste Materials, Conservationist Says.

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A superior quality of artificial lumber can be manufactured cheaper than natural lumber made from paper there is no longer cause for great worry over forest conservation, said J. B. White, chairman of the executive committee of the National Conservation congress, here the other night.

He had just returned from a trip through the eastern states. Much of his time there was spent investigating the manufacture of "lumber" from paper.

"A superior quality of artificial lumber can be manufactured cheaper than natural lumber made from paper," he said. "Taking 57 per cent. waste paper, 22 per cent. straw, 5 per cent. jute and 16 per cent. wood fiber, a ton of fiber board, one-fourth inch thick, or 1,100 feet of inch lumber can be produced."

The above figures, however, do not include operations; and, according to a fashionable west end hairdresser, wealthy Englishwomen often spend from \$250 to \$500 a year on their hair and hair dressing.

The revived interest in this subject is due to a Chicago woman, who is quoted as having said that her bill of \$1,875 a year for beauty culture is a modest expenditure.

The average Englishwoman spends considerably less on making herself beautiful than the American, French or Viennese," said a Lord street beauty specialist, who has clients from both sides of the Atlantic, "because she uses more hygienic means and dispenses with artificial helps, such as rouges, chin straps, face masks and other devices to develop her figure by unnatural means. I think the \$450 which the Chicago woman says she pays for face powders is an impossible sum to spend on powder—over here, at any rate. The Englishwoman's greatest expenditure is in obtaining water softener.

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