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VOL. LXVII.

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NO. 21.

In the Light of Truth.

By George Madden Martin.

Anne looked about the class room. She was a new pupil, and was wondering which of the many would prove the interesting girls.

She based her liking for people on the degree to which they were interesting. At least, this was her way of putting it. Not even to herself would she have acknowledged that they were interesting according as they were fine—fine in the sense of fashion and of show. For Anne secretly longed to be fine.

Matilde was fine. She attracted Anne. She wore charming clothes, and she wore them with an air. Perhaps Anne envied her the air more than the clothes. And Matilde made incidental mention of appointments with the dressmaker.

Anne soon learned about Matilde. She and her father and her older sister came down from their sugar plantation for the winters, that Matilde might attend school and that her sister might attend society. Every girl in school had something to tell about the sister. She was a belle, and her goings and her comings were ever in the newspapers.

Anne came down from an adjoining parish, too, for school, going home every Friday to stay until Monday. Only an unusual price for the cotton crop had made possible for her this year at the Gray college preparatory school. When the year ended—well, there were two scholarships open to the pupils of the school, and Anne was ambitious. She was also a student and a worker.

But just now her ambition centred on things social. She had made up her mind that Matilde would be a charming friend. But besides being a leader in her set, Matilde was, perhaps, a mocker at things serious and earnest.

On first meeting Anne she had given her a preoccupied smile. She evidently had many and large interests outside of those of school. Her conversation chiefly concerned a dancing club and a schoolgirl box party for a matinee.

Presently conversation turned upon the coming recitation of mathematics. Matilde gave a dramatic shrug. "I haven't a problem solved," she declared. "Not that I mind algebra. I haven't had time. However," Matilde's laugh was provokingly charming, "there's nothing like establishing early the reputation you mean to sustain."

Anne, on the outskirts of the group, felt nettled. Matilde seemed to make light of worth and work and achievement.

"Really?" Anne said. "I can't imagine any one so willingly taking an inferior place in anything—"

Matilde flushed. It was perhaps a new point of view to her. She turned and looked at this newcomer.

Anne bore the scrutiny well; she was pretty.

The two girls happened to be near each other when they were going in from recess. "I have the problems solved here if you care to look at them," said Anne. "It's a mere detail to work them out, any way, when you've got the principles."

"Why, thank you—I should like to," said Matilde. "I really mean to do them, but went to a dance, and—well—just didn't." Matilde, flushed and grateful, was more charming than ever.

She was clever, too. She studied the paper up the stairs and into the schoolroom and through the roll call. When her time came, she rose with a smiling readiness and made a clever recitation of her gleanings. Going out at dismissal, she slipped an arm through Anne's.

The next day she asked Anne to drive with her in her father's carriage. She also asked and received permission to take Anne home to dine. Matilde's sister appeared in a bewildering gown of trailing gauziness. With a preoccupied goodby, she bade them be "good children," and left in the carriage for some more festive dining elsewhere.

Matilde's father was silent and dark, and hardly glanced at his daughters' guest. Afterward Anne told Matilde that he looked sad.

"Sad," the girl replied. "Who? Father? O Anne, how absurd." It was a servants' house. There was no profession, but there were also laziness and carelessness. But to Anne it was only fine—the glitter, the show, the form.

Afterward Anne gazed at the books in the library, although she was used to books. Then, as if reminded, she asked: "Our themes for tomorrow—have you written yours?"

Matilde made a little mouth. "Haven't thought of it. I hate work. I'll scribble off something in study hour tomorrow," and her shrug indicated that deeper concern over such a matter was not worth while.

Matilde's estimate of these things of such moment to Anne, her assumption that carrying at beck and call, servants, a fine house, were common to all persons who were anything at all—this point of view seemed to Anne to put her at a disadvantage. Matilde seemed to have no idea that cleverness and ability played any part. Anne decided to make her feel their advantage.

"But so many are good in English it would never do to fall down in the it would never do to fall so far down in rank. Write it now; I'll help you."

They did it then; that is, Anne wrote and Matilde bit her pencil and praised. "And you are not like most of the smart ones, Anne; generally they're so goodly and prissy!"

"Matilde Leveaux has taken Anne Norwich up," was the school comment before long, but none except Anne knew it was because she was making school life easy for Matilde.

Anne worked early and late on her theme. She spent a night with Matilde, delving into volumes for excerpts and quotations. She meant to win by her theme the notice of Doctor Gray.

Matilde produced her sentiments. They were sparse and abbreviated. Her head was filled with thoughts of the coming dance on Friday. "Do help me, Anne!" she begged.

Anne laughed, and taking Matilde's essay, said it was merely "notes." She placed the pages in her book, promising to put them into shape. But being incapable of scribbling anything, she did not averse to impressing Matilde, she threw herself into her friend's point of view, and wrote the essay. It was bright, it was clever, it was humorous.

Anne was proud of the work, but she was prouder of that which she did for herself. It showed more study.

"Pick out some quotations for it when you copy it," she begged Matilde, who embraced Anne and promised. But the dance intervened.

A month later Doctor Gray announced to the school that on these themes the faculty had based their choice for the Groy scholarship in English.

The assembled class gave breathless attention; the announcement came as a surprise. Anne flushed, and was conscious that more than one girl gazed her way.

Doctor Gray continued: "And in making the choice known, I would say that it is not only on the merits of the actual theme in hand, which is marked by clearness, simplicity and a rarer quality—humor—but because of her fine showing in English as compared with earlier work of the year that the scholarship is awarded to Miss Matilde Leveaux. A close second, but lacking the simplicity and humor of Miss Leveaux's work, stands the work of Miss Anne Norwich."

As it was Friday, Anne went home. Home meant a low, broad house in a group of live oaks and pines. Home meant father working early and late for a cotton crop. Home meant younger sisters and brothers, and a sacrifice by all to give Anne her year at school. Home meant mother, never strong, today lying on her couch, her hand at this moment on Anne's head, which was buried against the sofa while Anne sobbed.

"But it's mine mamma don't you see?" Anne said. "I can't imagine any one so willingly taking an inferior place in anything—"

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When the school year was half over, Miss Henry said to the class in English one day, "I wish a special theme this week upon original lines. Doctor Gray desires to note class progress as compared with earlier work of the year."

Matilde would drop on a cushion by the couch. "There's a charming pink in your cheek tonight, Madame Mere," she would say, as if Anne's mother were a girl like herself, and your hair—your lovely hair—let me take it down and arrange it the new way."

The mother liked it; she liked Matilde to come—she said so. And yet, trample the thought as she would, Anne remembered. Had mother forgotten? Matilde had never told.

But Matilde was learning so things. The Norwich plantation was isolated, and the children could not attend the daily school.

"Mother's teaching us this winter so Anne can go to town to school," little Dorris had explained. Most generally we have a governess."

And Matilde was to be proved. There came a day at school when, as she and Anne were passing through the hall, Doctor Gray called her into his office.

"And Anne," asked Matilde. "And Anne," said he, smiling. The two girls entered.

The doctor looked at Matilde over his glasses. The smile was earnest, now.

"It is to speak a word of commendation I called you in. It is about your work this year. You have earned more than the Groy scholarship; you are earning the respect and admiration of the faculty."

Matilde held Anne's arm tight as they went out. It was a grip that hurt. She had forgotten even Anne, and was looking inward. She drew a breath suddenly.

"Earned," he said, Anne— "earned!"

And Anne knew, all at once, that Matilde said.

"Oh, no, don't!" said Anne, for Matilde had turned back to the office. "That is, not—not for me; I couldn't bear it, Matilde."

"But—but your father—" "Oh," said Matilde. But she went. "Oh," Anne went, too. Matilde incriminated only herself. "My theme was not original work. I took the scholarship from Anne, whom you ranked second."

Then Anne spoke. She drew Matilde's hand away from her lips in endeavor to stop her. "I proposed it to her; she never realized anything but the joke. Then—"

"Who wrote the theme?" asked the doctor.

Neither girl spoke, Anne fearing to seem to lay claim to its merit, Matilde because to speak would incriminate Anne.

"You know," said the doctor to Anne, "you, in this case, stand next for the scholarship."

There was a flash illuminating Anne's face. "But it's mine mamma don't you see?" Anne said. "I can't imagine any one so willingly taking an inferior place in anything—"

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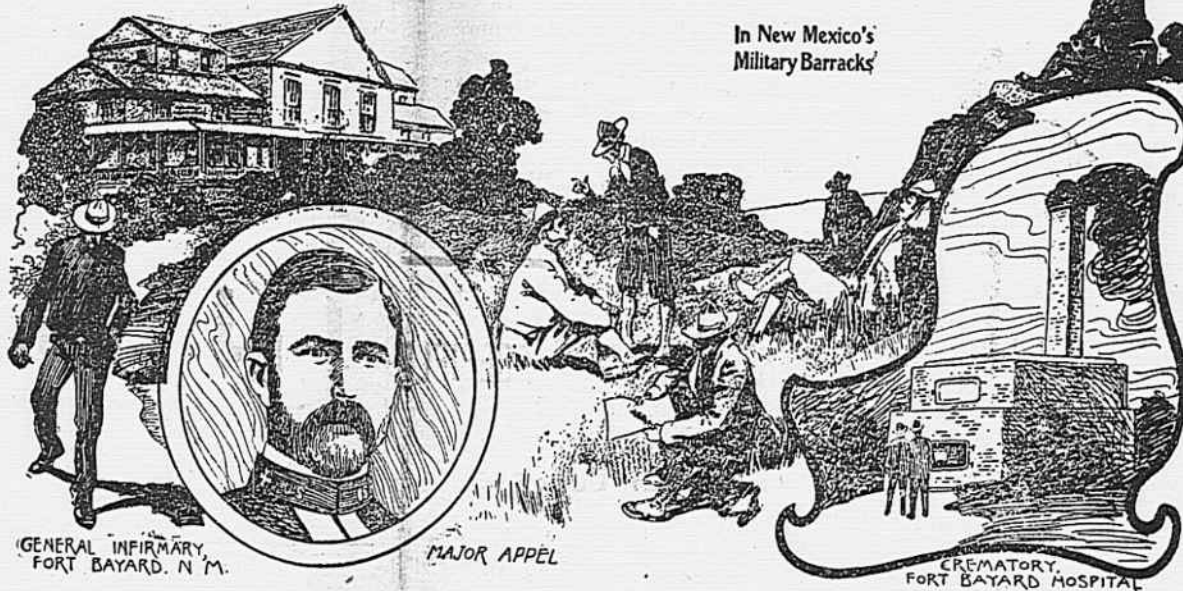
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The Army's Sure Cure for Consumption



GENERAL INFIRMARY, FORT BAYARD, N. M.

MAJOR APPEL

CREMATORY, FORT BAYARD HOSPITAL.

LBUQUERQUE, N. M.—In this remote part of the world the longest forward step has been taken toward the cure of consumption, no matter how advanced its stage.

Not by the learned professors in Vienna or London, nor in the clinics and hospitals of New York and Philadelphia, are consumptives being saved from death.

The specialists in the sanitariums of the East claim only that their "open air treatment" will cure those who suffer from incipient consumption.

But in the United States military hospital at Fort Bayard, 200 miles from here, consumptives in the advanced stages are being cured—men who were, hopeless, to whom their physicians could promise no chance of recovery.

This hospital, where soldiers are being treated for the disease that year in and out takes the lives of thousands of men, is the only one in the United States where the "open air treatment" is practiced.

Major Appel, who is in charge of the hospital, says: "The 'open air treatment' is practiced here, and it is the only one in the United States where consumptives in the advanced stages are being cured—men who were, hopeless, to whom their physicians could promise no chance of recovery."

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The "open air treatment" for consumption is now acknowledged to be the best.

Here, in this dry, rare atmosphere of astonishingly equable temperature, a consumptive can remain in the open air day and night all the year around.

Again, Major Appel can enforce his orders; military discipline compels all patients to do precisely as he directs.

In a word, Dr. Appel can say, "Take these pills or I'll put you under arrest." Physicians who are in private practice or who are internes in non-military sanitariums for consumptives cannot do that.

And Dr. Appel has laid down for his patients a set of hygienic rules that common sense itself should enforce without fear of the guard house.

To the foolish these rules may seem "vulgar," but the truly wise will at once appreciate their force against the infection of tuberculosis. Besides, these rules can be advantageously followed by every consumptive wherever he is.

The rules are conspicuously posted throughout the recreation rooms and dormitories:

"Consumption is an infectious disease, caused by a germ which is found in the saliva, therefore the saliva must be carefully destroyed. Should it be allowed to dry, and in the form of dust float around in the air, millions of these germs would be set free and would endanger not only those who are well, but would often infect those who are sick, and thus undo the benefit derived from months of care."

"To be benefited by this excellent climate you must live outdoors as much as possible."

"Do not move as long as it cannot bend its legs, the fetter being stiff enough to prevent this. The inventors are William Remmel and Thomas B. Owen, and they state that it is adapted to afford cavalrymen a perfect means of preventing the horses from escaping without human aid."

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NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Eau de Nil satin foulard is here tastefully combined with mouseline de soie of the same shade, and ecru lace.

The waist has for its foundation a

Flounce on the Skirt. An effective way to join the flounce to the skirt is illustrated in one of the model gowns in Liberty satin. The pattern is in a black and white scroll effect on a café au lait ground. This is prettily emphasized with trimmings of black velvet ribbon, which also is introduced at the head of the flounce. The ribbon is in graded widths, the widest lowest down, and there are several rows set on a foundation of heavy cream colored net. The whole is then used as a sort of insertion between the skirt and flounce, and the net shows through the ribbon to good advantage.

Newest White Waist. Absolutely new and striking are the new and white linen shirt waist patterns. These are of a heavy but not tight weave, and the embroidery on them is called English, but it is Persian in color, and cord, silk, twine and thread as to material, not to mention the little tassels that are worked into the design. This gray embellishment is on the front, and also figures sufficiently for stock and sleeve adornment.

Shaped