

THE MISTRESS

BY EDGAR FARR
CHRISTOPHER

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

I shuddered as I turned away, and reflected sadly on the misfortune of these women, who in their blindness, I felt, were being led to a worse fate than that which they had just escaped. I was not a little surprised to find that the door which I had just closed was again open, and from within I heard a low, plaintive cry.

"What is it?" I called out, and a woman's face peered through the opening. "Come in," I said, and she entered. "What is the matter?" I asked, and she told me that she had just discovered that the door was open, and that she had been afraid to go out. I went to her and closed the door, and she thanked me.

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LARA, PIETRO AND PAOLO.

LITTLE TALE OF THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

Lara was sweeping the back street steps of the tenement. The local Italian had swarmed that morning at the window, and the winter had just come into its stride apparently. The great mass of summer specialists in the colony—the organ-grinders, excavators and friends—was passing for the winter days that would mean work. There was much sickness and some hunger and very little money in the quarter this time of year. Transplanted Italy is always a winter of woe.

The black steps had a sad look, and sweeping in many mornings. Lara wiped the broom until there wasn't a hand of snow left, and then turned to the walk. One of the public carts sitting on the sidewalk just above her waited patiently for the sweeper to go in. The tabby had its mind set on a small warm bird, but no action could take place in the midst of such a skitting of the broom.

The morning was cold but fair. Lara was glad to get out, and the harder she worked the warmer she became. This was to be desired, since she had been cold all night. She hadn't been allowed to sleep long enough to forget how cold it was, for the house was a bellum of whoops. It seemed as if all the children in the world had whoopingcough. There were little short baby whoops and long, drawn-out whoops, and an everybody was miserable. Far down the street, Pietro was coming.

Manifestly the sidewalk needed more sweeping; also Lara noted that her eyes were a little red. She had been told that there were some things in her belt which might be improved. "Ah, hio Lara, dam winter—too much!" Pietro said, genially. She told him that she had been told that there were some things in her belt which might be improved. "Ah, hio Lara, dam winter—too much!" Pietro said, genially.

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FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE

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STOP, WOMAN! IN THE METROPOLIS

George Ade's Unbelievable Stories of an Ocean Liner—Society Now Recognizes Only Spring Sailing Season.

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AMUSEMENT FOR THE EVENING.

Writing "Smudgeographs" Sure to Please the Young People.

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IN ALABAMA

The Land of Sunshine and Plenty—Own a Farm and Be Independent.

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A PRECARIOUS CONDITION.

Many Women Suffer Daily Miserably and Don't Know the Reason.

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