

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A GIRL WHO EARNS A LIVING MAKING BICYCLE TIRES.

When a Woman in Wheeling Costume Is Out of Place—Womans Should Now Use Lemons—Princess Maud's Outfit—The Summer Glove Question.

Most people know a great deal about the girls who ride bicycles, but very few know anything at all about the girls who help to make bicycles. It is never the same girl. Most of the girls who make bicycles think it rather unladyl-like to ride them.

There are about 600 girls in this city engaged in making rubber tires for bicycles. Miss Lizzie Burns is a representative type of the girls who work in the tire factory. She lives in a west side tenement. It isn't bad as tenements go in New York. It's an old fashioned house without air shafts and of the four consecutive closets type. The little front parlor is evidence of the love for pretty things and home and the self sacrifice of a girl who gets only \$7 a week. There is a Brussels carpet on the floor, a haircloth out of furniture, and a tall mirror between the windows reaches to the ceiling. There are a big clock on the mantel and two gorgeous blue glass vases. The pictures are mostly photographs and crayons of her parents and her two brothers. There is a tea store picture of a little girl, framed with rosettes of baby blue ribbon, and a lamp in a pink silk petticoat, and Lizzie tells you with some pride that she spends most of her evenings making fancy work to decorate her home. Most girls like to have their homes nice, she thinks. She lives "at home" with her mother and brothers, and in that she is representative too. In the big factory where she works there are only four girls who do not live at home.

"These unlucky four live with friends," she says, "and pay their board. They pay \$3 a week. It isn't much, though, out of their week's pay—only \$2 a week to dress and save. It's



hard, but they manage to get along, though, if they have steady work. They always look nice. We are like sisters in our factory. We have all our fun together. When one girl goes out anywhere the others go too. We have regular parties, just ourselves and our gentlemen friends. Sometimes we have our lady friends too. Sometimes we meet at each other's houses. In summer we go down to the seashore every Sunday—two houses and all. Sometimes the men go to the factory along. We have grand times. It's a real nice place to work. All the girls stay there. I've been there three years, and most of the young ladies have been there as long or longer. They hardly ever leave except to get married. Most of them seem contented to stay. Sometimes they say they'd like something else where the hours weren't so long and the pay was better, but when you hear of so many places where the girls only get \$3 and \$4 a week you think you'd better be thankful. It's no worse. I tried last year for a junior clerkship in the postoffice, but I didn't get the appointment. I passed the examination in the eighties. It wasn't bad when I've been out of school nine years.

"How do the girls compare with salesladies? Well, they're just the same young ladies. I've worked at both, and I would rather work in a factory a great deal.

"What else do we do for amusement? Well, of course, some of us have brothers and gentlemen friends who belong to associations that give dances. I go to a reception or dance once or twice a month, and I usually go to the theater once a week. Some of the girls are fond of home, and they stay at home in the evening and fix their clothes or do fancy work."—New York Recorder.

Women in Bicycle Costumes. We are not going either to oppose or advocate short skirts, bloomers or even knickerbockers. Whatever the rider of a bike deems necessary for comfort or adaptability to the exercise we say let her wear, but—and here is where our great revolt occurs—do not let her wander through city streets on foot or gaily promenade at gatherings where the majority of those present are conventionally attired unless she is desirous of attracting attention and enjoys the comment and remark that her conspicuous garb always attracts; for conspicuous it is of the wheel, no matter how modest it may seem on. The little cap that looks eminently suitable and becoming as she spins along the country roads gives her the air of a sourette out of employment when she seats herself in a restaurant among women in the every day garb of civilization. Of course at a bicycle meet or at the clubhouse where members assemble bicycle attire is the rule, and the woman so arrayed is not conspicuous, but the short skirted get up is no more in keeping in a general assemblage than a bathing suit would be.

It may be imagination, but it seems to the writer that the women who thus publicly parade acquire an air of boldness which perhaps is assumed to hide the innate embarrassment that they feel. Bicycling as an exercise has received the highest commendation, and it is to be included in with no lessening

of a woman's dignity if she chooses to carry her femininity into this vacation the same as into sewing or embroidery. But when she so far forgets herself as to swagger about in a garb not intended for walking purposes, she calls upon herself the unpleasant remarks of bystanders, and it is to awake her to a knowledge of this fact that we implore her to stay on her wheel until she gets to some spot where her costume is in keeping with that worn by the majority of the others present.—Philadelphia Times.

Womans Should Now Use Lemons. This is the weather for lemons—lemons within and lemons without. Come, confess, is there anything so refreshing as the flavor of lemon in ice water these warm days? Or is there anything more comforting to the skin than lemon applied upon the face? Perhaps you are not in the habit of using it the latter way. If you are not, put a slice of lemon in the water with which you wash your face and observe how it removes the oil and freshens the skin. Now and then, too, it is pleasant and beneficial to rub the undiluted juice of the lemon upon the face before retiring, only this should not be done oftener than twice a week. It clears out the impurities of the skin and closes the pores, opened unduly with perspiration. But it is easy to see that this might be overdone. In the tropics the ladies use the lemon or the lime in the bath almost always. Lemon water makes a fine hair wash, too. The pulp of the lemon can be rubbed vigorously upon the scalp. No soap need be used, but after a few minutes the lemon can be washed out and the towel vigor only applied. The lemon gives a gloss to the hair and stimulates growth. It delays grayness, too. Of course, everybody knows that it is one of the essentials of manicuring. It removes the stains from the finger nails and displaces the superfluous cuticle around the edge of the nails. As a tooth wash it is exceedingly refreshing and effective, and as a remover of stains or dirt from white goods or straw hats it has no equal. In short, in very hot weather there is no one thing a lady can have on her dressing table which will add more to her comfort than the lemon.—Omaha World-Herald.

Princess Maud's Outfit. Among the Princess Maud's wedding presents is a tea jacket made for her by the members of the dressmaking class at the People's palace. It is of pure white satin of the Louis XV period, with tight fitting tailor made back and vest set in by revers of silver and white brocade. The puff elbow sleeves are finished by a turned back cuff on the brocade, and ruffles of embroidered white chiffon match the frill at the neck.

The whole trousseau is marked by the exquisite taste and elegant simplicity for which the bride's mother, the Princess of Wales, is eminently distinguished in the matter of her own and her daughters' clothes.

A point noted in the description of the millinery of the wardrobe is that in seven hats described six have quills among their trimmings. There are a black straw with black quills, cream lace and black satin ribbon, a white straw with lace, white satin ribbon and white quills; another fancy black straw, with pink roses, black quills, about of black tulle and black quills, a toque of peacock blue velvet bordered with Russian sable and at one side a bunch of quills shaded to repeat the tones of the velvet and sable; a Tam O'Shanter of tan leather with black velvet and natural owl's quills, and a toque of brown straw trimmed with rosettes of brown tulle and old pink velvet roses and the inevitable, this time brown, quills. Evidently quills are popular with English royalty.—London Correspondence.

The Summer Glove Question. "The summer glove question," says a woman, "is one that vexes me. I am used to being gloved and can't quite bring myself to go about the city bare handed, yet there seems no altogether satisfactory covering. Silk and lisle gloves are crawly and ill fitting and even the best of them wear very poorly. Some with patent tips are ill shaped, with their bagging finger ends, and are no more comfortable than their fellows. I've paid as high as \$3 for a pair of heavy women silk gloves that were well made certainly and slipped on easily and without the binding and sticking of the great majority of these gloves, but, alas, after a fortnight's wear the ends of my fingers were poking through as if they had been 70 cent affairs. The really comfortable gloves are those of white dressed kid, and they are elegant in appearance as well, but they sell so quickly that to keep at all it one needs three or four pairs. Some of them must be constantly at the cleaner's. Chamisso gloves are comfortable and are called washable, but every woman who knows when she is well gloved knows that the statement must be taken very liberally. I've finally decided that the most economical and all round satisfactory glove for general wear in hot weather is a not too light shade of yellow tan of thin dressed kid and easy fit."—New York Letter.

National Deaconesses. The Order of the National Deaconesses, which has recently been in convention at Ocean Grove, is comparatively little known outside of those specially concerned or informed. Its sessions have formed one of the most interesting of the many conventions of the summer and have demonstrated, in a way to astonish many persons, the growth and strength of the movement in all parts of the country. While especially affiliating with the Methodist Episcopal church, the order is organized in a number of other denominations. At Ocean Grove representatives from the order in the Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Swedish Reformed and Lutheran churches were present. The order was long confined to a single state—Pennsylvania—but it has now invaded nearly every quarter of the Union. Among the women speakers at Ocean

Grove were Mrs. J. W. Maynard of Brooklyn, Miss McMillon of Cleveland, Miss E. A. Smith and Mrs. Nimrod of Buffalo, Mrs. C. B. Dickinson of Boston and Mrs. L. H. Benson of San Francisco. The opening address was made by Mrs. Jane Robinson, Ph. D., secretary of the deaconess bureau, and the woman above all in the organization whose splendid work in its behalf has made its strength and efficiency widely known.

Popular Coronets. The young Duchess of Marlborough has made, it is understood, an extremely agreeable impression in England. It is mentioned there that she is rapidly gaining the affections of her English relatives and connections, and the people about Blenheim are delighted with her. One enthusiast writes:

"When we asked what was the most striking of the sights we saw at this great palace, with its glad and grand surroundings, we should answer a large painting, a portrait in the first room we entered. The fair face upon the canvas was that of the present Duchess of Marlborough. The beautiful eyes are almost black, and so expressive! In spite of all the other beauties of Blenheim they seemed ever the fairest sight. Sweetly they linger in memory, inspire the soul and are a moving influence for good. Because this young duchess has come as a bride, crossed the blue Atlantic, some think she is a stranger to our land, but this is a mistake. When a young child of 4, she came to England and has voyaged the ocean so often since that the flying Dutchman, with his phantom vessel and his phantom crew, is not more familiar with the perils of the sea. It is pleasant to notice at Blenheim how every one loves her grace."—Boston Transcript.

Hats and Bonnets For Little Tots. By babies of a year old wear Tam O'Shanter hats of white pique, round, with a black tulle crown and tight band fitting the head. A prettier style is a white corded round hat, the crown being wound down over the brim with white linen buttons, and tied under the chin with broad strings of white muslin. These hats are also made with a soft crown, gathered on the curled brim and finished on top with a flat rosette of muslin or lace. A pretty hat for a baby has a softly shirred brim and a full puffed crown with lace between the puffings. Little girls wear close bonnets, but may have hats if preferred, though they are not as picturesque. The bonnets may have flaring fronts and high crowns, standing well above the head piece, or round crowns and close ruffling around the face, sometimes with a fan shaped piece of lace trimmed muslin standing up in front. They are made of tulle, muslin, fine Hamburg embroidery, dotted muslin, chambray corded and drawn in puffs and India silk elaborately embroidered. If the babies are twins have the hat and bonnet of the same material.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hannah Phillips Eaches. One of the last women to receive the gold sash of the national chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Washington, D. C., is Mrs. Hannah Phillips Eaches of Phoenixville, Chester county, Pa. These other Pennsylvania women have received this distinction, they being the only living daughters of soldiers of the Revolution in the state. Only 13 sashes have been conferred in the country. Mrs. Eaches was 94 on her birthday in April last. She is the daughter of Josiah Phillips, who was brought to this country in 1755 from Wales, at the age of 4 years. He was afterward a lieutenant in the Revolutionary war. He died in 1817 when Mrs. Eaches was 16 years old. The venerable woman holds her years lightly, and is still active and but little bent with age.

French Flowers. A feature of the importation of French flowers, which are so much the rage, is their very artistic branching and grouping, and some rare and beautiful effects are produced in their arrangement on French picture hats for garden party wear. Among these lovely blossoms are anemones, snowy lilies, silver willow sprays, shaded velvet maidenhair fern fronds, clusters of scarlet pomegranates, hedge roses, and foliage, catkins, witch hazel buds, edelweiss, four o'clocks, chestnut blooms and brilliant tropical leaves and blossoms.

Dress Color. There exists in England a Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, the object of which is to remove all attire injurious to a woman's health. There was once in Cincinnati a similar club. It lived and apparently thrived for two seasons and then died a hard death. Some talk of the reorganization of such a club in the near future has been heard.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rev. Dr. Dixon of New York still hugs the old superstition that without the ability to shoulder a market woman cannot claim the ballot. Upon this basis how many men would be stripped of their franchise?—Boston Globe.

Bread that has been cut in slices and become stale may be freshened by laying the slices together and folding a damp napkin around them; put the napkin in a paper bag and place the bag in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

A lady has been appointed a registrar of births, marriages and deaths by the guardians of the city of London. Miss Kimm, the lady in question, has for some time acted as assistant to her father.

A village improvement society at Woodstock, Vt., encourages the keeping of neatly trimmed lawns by renting lawn mowers to residents. It is a woman's idea.

Figs that have grown dry may be freshened by putting them upon a plate and keeping them in a steamer until moist and plump.

THE DAN CROINGER Her Voice First Heard in a Song. She Was a Nurse in a Hospital. Valuing Amusement in her Leisure. Her foreign name of a young singer will, her admirers say, yet wear the laurels now in the possession of Olive Melba and others. She is a young Danish woman, and the story of her rise to fame is a pretty one. She was a nurse in a Copenhagen hospital, and she sang her songs simply to cheer and soothe



the sick. One day there was among the patients a man who happened to receive a wonderful voice when he heard it. He recommended the nurse to the attention of Professor Rosenfeld, anoted composer and teacher. Professor Rosenfeld heard her and was enthusiastic in regard to her. She studied with him for four years, and has now made her debut as a singer, with a flattering outlook for success.—New York Journal.

A Wheel of Silver and Ivory. I have just heard of an infatuated and phlegmatic Englishman who has purchased his pretty little wife of a few weeks with a lady that is an edition de luxe of a most ultra-sumptuous description. This "edition" in which she has her frame and neck overlaid with silver open work. The ivory handles are decorated with silver, and there are jade knobs at the ends. Parts of its equipment are a solid silver cyclometer, a silver watch and bell and a solid silver lamp with cut crystal side lights. The mud guard is silver mounted and strung with the finest silk. What kind of frock will the fortunate owner of this magnificent machine consider fit to wear when she mounts its white kid covered saddle? I can think only of a gown of ivory white alpaca, silky and glistening, lined with dead white silk, and with a white kid belt trimmed with silver about her waist and a hat of white felt with a trimming except a band of silk and a snowy quill feather to break the outline of its graceful alpine shape.—London Correspondence.

Waists For Matrons. Women who feel that their years or dignity will not permit the cotton shirt waist find an admirable substitute in the cool silk waists of taffeta or India that are offered in the shops. These are made of black or gray, exactly like the shirt waist, with plaits, bishop sleeves and cuffs, fastened with gold or silver studs, and worn with a linen collar, as used looking and stylishly not as the laundress' waist, and many women feel more comfortable in them.

The gray and white Japanese silks are useful made in this way, and to have one or two of these waists packed in the summer trunk is a great saving of laundry bills as well as a pleasant variety even to the women who much affect the cotton waists.—New York Times.

Elected Miss Wharton President. The cottagers at Lenox have conferred an unusual honor upon a woman in the election of Miss N. M. Wharton of Boston to the presidency of the Lenox association, the local organization for the improvement of those things about the village that tend to make it more attractive to the summer visitors. Miss Wharton, Miss Mary Cary and Miss Anna Shaw have done much for the village, and the cottagers who are members of the association thought they could do no better than recognize this fact. The money of the association this season will be devoted especially to the trees and walk borders of the place.—Boston Woman's Journal.

To Prevent Sunburn. Never wash your face in water more than twice a day, especially where it is impossible to procure at a moment's notice distilled or even rain water. You can soften water by means of a lump of borax or a teaspoonful of strong ammonia in the water jug. But the face must not be left dirty. Have a bottle of cream of cucumber, and before going into the sun just dab the face over with it very lightly. Do the same on returning, but this time wipe it off directly and see the dirt you remove with the cream. If you follow this advice this summer you will know naught of sunburn, freckles or undue redness of the face.—Exchange.

Ozella Phelps Huggins. One of Ohio's remarkable women is Mrs. Ozella Phelps Huggins of Mansfield, O. Mrs. Huggins is a thorough clubwoman, and having tact as well as talent she has put her abilities to good use. She may be termed a professional programme maker. Many of the women's clubs of Ohio are carrying on their work according to programmes mapped out by Mrs. Huggins. She is a member of most of the Mansfield clubs and is loved by all the clubwomen of her city.

Mollie Gowan. No attire looks so much a part of fresh country life or is so becoming to a warm day as the muslin one. Once muslin was considered suitable only for simple morning gowns or for sweet 16, where now it is built into the most extravagant of confections for the matron as well as for the maid and worn at all hours and on all occasions.—Philadelphia Press.

The All-Pervading Shirt Waist. There is a law of compensation, and it will be fulfilled some day to the man who hates the sight of a woman in a shirt waist, if the thing that is always promising comes to pass at last and her shirt and shirt waist actually part company. It is true that shirt waists are not particularly pretty except on pretty girls, but there is really no more in their making every woman a scarecrow. Here is an invariable rule for adjusting a shirt waist suit, and neatness will be the actual result. Draw the waist down in front to a comfortable tightness and pin to the corset with a belt pin. Draw it down the same way in the back and fasten at the belt line to the corset string with a tiny safety pin. Put on the skirt having a hand that is a tight fit. No other hand ought to be put on a dress. Put the hand under the skirt and pull the waist down evenly all around, then lift the band in the back a little and with a long belt pin fasten to the corset string and the waist is all set. Stick a belt pin through skirt and waist on each side, then put on your belt and be happy, because you will not lose your skirt.—Washington Star.

Dry Shampoo. Apropos, the "dry shampoo" is a luxury which one may indulge in by a system of regularity, that is, a system of regularity to do the same thing for her. This sort of shampoo is the best for a very moist shampoo, and that once a week. But for the woman who does not perspire freely about the head and neck, she is fond of being cooled, let her take down her hair, and wash it with a hard to dry after washing, and wash them loosely over her shoulders. The head should now be well manipulated with the fingers, taking care that the finger nails do not scratch the light scalp, for this promotes dandruff. The pads at the end of the fingers are excellent for a sort of massage. Brush the hair thoroughly all over, in and out, in this parting and out that, with a stiff brush which will remove all dust or foreign matter that may collect. If a tonic is required, it may now be rubbed in, the hair gently combed out of a few possible snarls and the ends clipped or burned off. By this time you will be in a delicious drowse.—Exchange.

To Deprive Women of Earned Honor. The list of signatures to the memorial addressed to the vice chancellor against the proposal to admit women to membership of the University of Cambridge has been printed and circulated among the members of the electoral roll. The memorial A is as follows:

"We, the undersigned members of the senate, earnestly deplore the admission of women to membership of the university or to any of the degrees conferred on members of the university."

The second memorial, B, states that the signatories, members of the senate, are prepared to support a proposal for conferring some title which does not imply membership of the university on women who, having satisfied the requirements of the university, have already passed or shall hereafter pass a tripos examination.

Signatures have been received of 2,287 members of the senate; to memorial A, 1,992, to memorial B, 1,369, to memorial A and B, 1,124.—London Times.

Pretty Green and White Luncheon. There was a wise woman who gave a luncheon the other day—a green and white luncheon. She did not boast possession of green and white embroidered linen, so she used real asparagus fern instead. Asparagus fern is more delicate than maidenhair and as hardy for luncheon purposes as the ordinary rock fern. The wise woman tucked it close to the edge of her white linen center cloth. On each of her white doilies she fastened a piece of invisible stitches, and the effect through clear glass finger bowls was charming. Just inside the line where the plates were to lie she laid a border of vine along the tablecloth. Then she filled a big glass punch bowl with asparagus fern and starry white narcissus blossoms and was voted an artist by her guests.—Chicago Tribune.

Splashes. Splashes are useful, but rarely ornamental furnishings. In a certain summer home, however, the clever mistress has made her most decorative effects with these affairs. Above each toilet stand hangs a slender brass rod, on which is shirred rather full a sweep of dotted muslin or serim curtain. The drapery falls to the floor and extends out beyond the stand sufficiently far to form a background for the jar. The pole is suspended by a picture wire from a decorative brass nail or in some of the rooms from the picture molding, and the airy effect of these splasher curtains is quite a feature of the home. They are easily laundered and are apt on sufficiently full to afford ample protection.

The Best Made Skirts. Skirts have varied in circumference between 4 1/2 and 8 yards around, but even in silks, brocades and fancy wools the stiff interlining so necessary to correct style for seasons past is now wholly abolished, the exaggerated width very greatly modified, and the stiff lining reduced to a narrow facing; and where silk linings are out of the question one of their satisfactory substitutes, repped serge and ruffle percaline, is used by the modiste, with or without the moccasin or haircloth facing. Four and one-half or five yards is now the limit of the best made skirts.—New York Post.

A Tribute to a Wife. In his address at his recent jubilee, Lord Kelvin paid the following tribute to his wife: "Professor Story has said well that I owe a great deal to Lady Kelvin, but he does not know how much I owe. No person in the world except myself knows how much of any results for science that it has been possible for me to arrive at are due to her cooperation."

Where He Was. A little 4-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping car. Awakening once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Toursie I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."—Youth's Companion.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

CHARLIE'S GEOGRAPHY.

How He Got It Spoiled and Earned a Whipping as Well. Charlie had needed a geography for some time. One night his father came home from the store with a package neatly tied up in white paper. He gave it to Charlie, who found it was his long looked for geography.

He was fond of his studies, and was delighted with its clean pages and bright pictures. Although he had seen the other boys' books often enough, his seemed as new to him as if he had never seen a geography before. He learned his lessons for the next day, and then went to bed, thinking how much cleaner his book would be than the other boys.

The next morning after doing his chores around the house he started for school. On the way he had to pass Mr. Simmons' orchard. A fine branch of a tree hung over the fence, and the apples on it looked very tempting. Although he had brought some apples from home, he decided to take some from this tree.

He laid his books on the ground, and climbed on the fence. Then he saw another tree a little way off that had larger apples on it. He got down and filled his pockets from it.

When he got back to the road again, he looked for his books. What do you think? There was Tom Saunders' goat making a meal of his geography! He was tearing out the handsome maps and munching them as if he thought they were some new kind of highly colored vegetable.

Charlie made a rush to save what he could of his book. Billy did not want to lose his paper breakfast, so when Charlie stopped for the book Billy doubled up and butted him over. Then, as he attempted to rise, over he went again, spilling his apples as he fell.

Mr. Simmons, hearing his cries at last, came and coaxing Billy away. Alas, the new geography was spoiled! Mr. Simmons forgave him for taking the apples when he saw how bad he felt about the book. But his father had some important business with him in the woods that night, which he never forgot.—Our Little Men and Women.

Another Wee Rider. Master Anson Clark is 3 years and 10 months old and rides a bicycle. The boy is not a scorcher and has no aspirations to become a racing prodigy. If he had, his father, Dr. Percy L. Clark, superintendent for Morgan & Wright, would probably change the young man's mount to a hand propelled perambulator, in charge of a trusty nurse. He learned to control his wheel after a few

lessons. During his riding he has received few falls and has much confidence in his ability, so much so that at times he is of the opinion the right of way, and sometimes the left as well, is his exclusively. He yields a little of the road, however, when necessary. Master Anson requires little attention in his rides, save being guarded occasionally from taking unseemly risks. He mounts and dismounts like a veteran and has ordered skirts for knickerbockers in disregard to be unscrupulous in so doing.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Spain's Boy King. The little king of Spain, Alfonso XIII, has just instituted the first Arbor day in his kingdom. Like the forests of our own country, those of Spain are being too rapidly used up, and the necessity for making up the loss of trees was seen. Recently the young king went a few miles out of Madrid and planted a tree, and afterward 2,000 saplings were planted by as many school children of the Spanish capital. Medals were distributed among them bearing the inscription, "First Arbor Day Instituted in the Reign of Alfonso XIII, 1896." These tree planting festivals are to be held yearly in different places. The mother of the boy king, the queen regent, Maria Christina, is a very progressive and intelligent woman, and uses her influence and authority on the side of every good thing for Spain's prosperity that she can. She never forgets that, though her son is only a little boy, he is also a future king, and she tries to make him feel the responsibility which that position brings to him. Since Alfonso passed his tenth birthday last May, he has had a separate establishment, though he still lives under the same roof with his mother and sisters.—New York Times.

A Trick With Straw. This experiment is very amusing and interesting and will afford pleasure and wonder for a whole evening: Select a straight straw from a whisk broom and allow it to rest on the first finger of each hand, the fingers resting on the table. Take two other pieces of whisk straw and bend them in the shape of a letter V. By placing these two pieces on the first piece, with the upper parts facing each other, and holding the fingers still, the two straws will be seen to approach each other.

Where He Was. A little 4-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping car. Awakening once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Toursie I do," he replied. "I'm in the top drawer."—Youth's Companion.



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