

FROM OLD TO NEW.

[From The Boston Transcript.]
Shoe we got rich and stylish, and look
to traveling 'round.
My wife she calls me "Mister"—can't
say I like the sound—
And my girls no longer call me "pa,"
'tis "dear papa" these days;
They're all of them all taken up with
high-falutin' ways.
If put up with a lot of things, but I'm
blessed if I can stand
To see my wife beginning now to writ
this new-styled hand.
She well enough for Helen and for
Clara, I suppose;
They learned the horse-track fashion
while still they wore short clothes
But their ma was brought up different
and it's tough, I do declare.
To see her learning the girls' way,
now she has got gray hair!

Ma always took to writing, and he
handwrote's been my joy,
Since ever we was boy and girl way
out in Illinois.
When we were children long ago out in
that prairie school
(Run in the good old-fashioned way
with rod and dunce's stool)
She used to write her name and mine
and think 'em like our fate,
Before she learned the capitals, upon
her little slate.
And after we grew up and I went off
to war, how sweet
The letters that I used to get in her
handwrite, small and neat.
She used to call me "noble," and I
"hero of the land."
And say she'd always love me, in a
fine Spencerian hand!

And once she wrote some poetry, rea-
poetry, with rhymes.
I've got it yet, you just can bet—about
the old war times;
It's in her prettiest running hand—not
all sprawled out and straight,
Like that confounded "vertical" she's
taken to late.
I s'pose I'm an old fogey, but I declare
to-day
There's scarcely any sum you'd name
I wouldn't gladly pay
If we hadn't got so stylish and moved
home to New York.
Where you have to eat each kind of
food with a different kind of fork;
If we still lived where we used to live
(Lord, how the boob-thinks sung!)
If my wife would write as she used to
write, when she and I was young!

A SELF SACRIFICE.

I was a novice at the Ecole des
Beaux-Arts, where I had arrived from
my native village, and as I necessarily
received a very meagre allowance
from my parents, I boarded at a mod-
est "pension" in a quiet little street on
the outskirts of Paris, at Montrouge.
The meal hours were at noon and 6
o'clock, and I soon remarked that
when those hours came around a big
bell, like a bell that announces the sus-
pension of work in a factory, was set
ringing. This puzzled me greatly, for
there was not a factory, or even a
workshop of any importance, in the
neighborhood. At length I discovered
that the ringing came from a miser-
able little dwelling house opposite,
whence I had occasionally seen an
itinerant cutler issue and start on his
rounds, leading a sedate old horse
that was harnessed to a small peddler-
er's cart, very much the worse for
wear. My curiosity was aroused, and
one morning at luncheon, when the
bell rang, I questioned the boarding
house keeper about it.

She gazed at me with indulgent pity,
and said: "Why it announces the din-
ner hour of Rize's workmen, of
course."

Rize was the name printed on the
card of the itinerant cutler. I con-
cluded that she was poking fun at me.
"Rize's workmen!" I re-echoed,
with deprecating incredulity.

"I am not joking," she went on,
seriously; "I said that it announces
the dinner hour of Rize's workmen,
and so it does. Hasn't anybody told
you about it?"

"Of course not," I remonstrated,
"otherwise I should not have ques-
tioned you."

"Well, I will enlighten you," she
said. "About twenty years ago the
Rizes were master cutlers. Besides a
shop in the centre of Paris they had
a factory and carried on a good whole-
sale trade. When their parents died,
Edward, the younger, managed the
shop, and John, who was far cleverer,
managed the factory. He was a very
skillful workman, and used to toil at
the trade as hard as any of his men,
with whom he lived on terms of the
most cordial camaraderie.

"The brothers were devotedly at-
tached to each other. There was never
the slightest cloud between them.
What John decided upon Edward rat-
ified without question. They would
have died for each other. One day
when the question of marriage was
brought up by John, Edward ob-
served:

"If we both marry, our wives may
quarrel and cause trouble between us;
whereas, if only one takes to himself a
wife, there can be neither jealousy nor
dispute, and nothing can come between
us. You are my senior, marry if you
wish to; I shall remain a bachelor."

"John would not at first entertain
such an argument, and asserted that
he would remain a bachelor. But he
counted without Cupid. Shortly after
the above conversation he fell madly
in love with a daughter of one of his
customers, and married her, after vainly
endeavoring to persuade his brother
to follow his example.

"It would, however, be impossible to
imagine a more united family. John's
wife was a good, affectionate little wo-

man, who adored her husband, and
Edward loved her like a sister.

"Suddenly their happiness was
turned to sorrow by a catastrophe from
which they have never recovered, and
probably never will. Eight months
after his wedding John's right eye was
destroyed by a steel splinter. The ac-
cident in itself was terrible enough,
but it was nothing to the consequences
that followed. Notwithstanding the
care with which he was surrounded
and everything that science could do
for him, after months of terrible suf-
fering, John became stone blind. The
operation necessitated by the ablation
of the injured eye induced complete
and incurable paralysis of the optic
nerves.

"John had been the very soul of the
business. Edward knew absolutely
nothing about the manufacturing part
of it, and even had he possessed suf-
ficient initiative to assume direction of
the factory, his sister-in-law was too
crushed and broken in her despair to
replace him in the shop. Moreover,
the money they had succeeded in sav-
ing had largely melted in the hands
of the surgeons, physicians and drug-
gists. Edward being unable to attend
properly to the business, the latter
went from bad to worse, and to avert
the final crash came, and they found
themselves reduced to penury.

"Yet during all the trouble, amid all
their sorrow and worry, while the ed-
ifice built up with so much labor was
crumbling about their heads, Madame
Rize and Edward never allowed the
blind man to know anything about it.
Both were animated by the same no-
ble anxiety—to make the sufferer be-
lieve that the business continued to
prosper. While their creditors were
knocking at their door and they knew
that failure was inevitable, and that
poverty stared them in the face, they
choked back their sobs, and with tears
of anguish in their eyes, talked cheer-
fully about the activity of business
and the orders that were pouring in.

"And when all was over, when they
had been forced to give up the hope-
less struggle, and the shop having
been sold, they came to live in yonder
house, after buying a horse and cart,
with which to peddle cutlery in the
suburbs, they kept up, and continue to
keep up, the illusions to the old man,
whom grief and suffering have confined
to a bed of pain, from which he will
soon be released by death. In order to
do this they reserved the old factory
hall, which now hangs in the lit-
tle garden in the rear of the house.

"At noon and 6 o'clock in the even-
ing, the hours when the workmen used
to be rung out, the wife or brother sets
the bell ringing, and John's pale and
wrinkled face lights up with a feeble
smile as he exclaims:

"Ah, there go the boys!"
"On New Year Day, when the work-
men were accustomed to call in a
body and pay their respects to him
my husband and about a dozen of
the neighbors troop upstairs and shake
hands with him and drink to the
"good" health. And he thanks
them and calls them his dear com-
rades, and chinks glasses to the suc-
cess of the firm.

"Ah! sir, it is sad enough to make
you cry your eyes out."
This was the story told me by my
boarding-house keeper, and it has re-
mained graven on my mind as one of
the most beautiful examples of de-
votion and charity of which I have
ever heard.

Snail of Game Thieves.

Friedland boasts the most singular
mutual protective society in the civil-
ized world. In Assen recently a union
was organized by seventeen game
poachers, a comprehensive set of rules
being adopted. None but a recognized
game thief is eligible to membership.
The convention decided that in the fu-
ture the members of the union shall
sell only to regular game dealers, and
then only at current market prices.
The dealers will be required to con-
tribute a certain amount of money
each year to the union's treasury.

The principal object of the union is to
support the families of such poachers
as may be arrested and sent to prison.
A cast-iron resolution forbids all mem-
bers from killing game in the closed
seasons, the argument being that the
Game laws must be enforced. The
Netherlands code provides a fine of 100
florins and a term of imprisonment for
killing game out of season.

Wagner and the Goldfish.

At the suggestion of Kaiser Wilhelm
Germany's gigantic monument to
Richard Wagner is to be erected be-
side the romantic gold fish pond in the
Berlin Thiergarten, the principal park
of the German capital. The spot se-
lected is to be made a musicians' cor-
ner by subsequent additions of statues
of Mozart and other famous authors.
Seven renowned artists have been in-
vited to prepare and submit models for
the Wagner monument. A prize court
of the highest calibre will make the
award when all the models are pre-
sented. The funds for the purpose
have been fully subscribed.

Equal to the Occasion.

A lecturer was invited to speak at a
local gathering, and, being nobody in
particular, he was placed last on the
list of speakers. The chairman also
introduced several speakers whose
names were not on the list, and the
audience was tired out when he said,
introducing the lecturer:

"Mr. Bones will now give us his ad-
dress."

"My address," said Mr. Bones, ris-
ing, "is 651 Park Villas, S. W., and I
wish you all good night."—Tit Bits.

Bishop Ryle of Liverpool, who, though in his eighty-fourth year, is one of the most combative of British prelates, is about to resign owing to ill health.

SHE SAW HER IDOL EAT.

and the Demigod Proceeded to He of the Earth Earth.

The Washington girl has never suf-
fered from the Jean de Basse man-
quite so acutely as her New York
cousins, but perhaps that's because
the divine Jean hasn't sung more
times in Washington than you can
count on the fingers of a hand and a
half, for I happen to know one Wash-
ington girl who has the cult in quite
as exaggerated a form as any New
Yorker. A demi-god is the mildest of
terms she is accustomed to apply to
the singer, or rather was accustomed
till just the other day. She saw him
in the street on that occasion, and fol-
lowed, actually followed, him into the
cafe of his hotel.

"My dear," she said to me, after-
ward, pathetically, "I wanted to see
him eat. I imagined him nibbling a
rose leaf, or in his grosser mo-
ments toying with a chicken's wing
or perchance a small bird. But he ate
—well, he ate like a hungry athlete
and what he ate was—ham and eggs.
And afterward Edward mixed some-
thing to drink, not a something of
champagne and poetic old wines, but
a plebeian something with, actually
whiskey for its basis, and he had a
quart bottle of the stuff! My dear
Jean de Reszke isn't a demigod at all.
He's nothing in the world but a man."
—Washington Post.

The Smallest Pony Alive.

The accompanying picture shows
the smallest horse now being hatched
to a carriage. This diminutive spec-
imen of the genus equus is a Shetland



pony and just thirty-two inches high.
The pony is black in color, and, as
will be seen from the picture, is in the
same shaggy condition in which it
came out of its native hills.

A Kite Regatta.

The kite season is almost here, and
there is an old time sport which is
still carried on by the boys who live
in the little town of Shawano, in
Northern Wisconsin, that may be in-
teresting to boys who live in the East.
In this town there is held each spring
a kite regatta and prizes are offered
for the winners. There are several
races, and this is the way they are
carried out:

There are two things necessary in
this kind of sport. One is a light skill
or canoe, and the other is a like of
body of water large enough to sail in.
Each contestant in the race takes five
kites, all of large size, and these are
the only motor power used. First one
kite is flown in the air, and after some
fifty yards of twine have been paid
out the end of the string is tied to one
of the other kites. This is repeated
until all of the kites are in the air,
flying at a distance of about fifty yards
apart. When this is done each con-
testant gets in his boat, and at a given
signal all are off for a certain
buoy or some other point agreed upon.

This may read like very tame sport
on paper, but the real thing is plenty
exciting enough to require the best
kind of nerve and a cool head. If there
is a heavy wind blowing it will be
found necessary to have two boys in
the boat—one to look after the kite
and one to do the steering. Of course
it goes without saying that the strongest
kind of twine must be used. In
Shawano, where the sport has ob-
tained a strong foothold, fish line is
used, and for the last two or three
kites three, four and five fish lines are
twisted together. This sport is not
without danger, and is no kind of
amusement for a boy not accustomed
to the handling of a boat or able to
swim. It is an uncertain sport, too, for,
of course, it is necessary to have the
wind favorable, but given the require-
ments, and there are all kinds of op-
portunity for skill and enjoyment.

Girls Who Gush.

"I'm glad," said a small boy after
witnessing his sister's leavetaking
with a friend, "that I'm not a girl.
They're all skirts, hairpins and gush."
Now, a girl sometimes condemns the
skirts and hairpins, but did she ever
condemn the gushing habit she and
her schoolmates cultivate?

Does she understand that what they
call enthusiasm other people label
like the small boy—"gush."
It is so easy to drift into an extrag-
ant way of talking. Adjectives and
adverbs that hover on the tip of a
girl's tongue are recklessly scattered
about in her conversation until the
charitable among her listeners call her
a "gusher" and the harsher critics an
"exaggerator."

Don't gush, girls. Lay off here and
there the lightly colored expressions,
the bit of slang, no matter how help-
ful it seems to be in picking out your
meaning, until you have weeded from
your conversation little tricks of talk-
ing that make sensible people doubt
your sincerity.

There's nothing sweeter in a girl's
than sincerity of thought, sincerity of
purpose and sincerity of expression.
Nobody will credit you with these as
long as you indulge in the gushing
habit.

OLD PRINTS.

for Decoration in the Religious Fad of the Season.

Here's a perfect love of a print!
exclaimed a pretty girl, plunging in-
to a heap of weather-beaten old mag-
azines, utterly indifferent to dust and
cobwebs.

"Oh, but I say," put in her compan-
ion, "just fasten your adoring glances
on this one!"

"They are both excellent in color
and illustration," suggested the pro-
rietor of the old book shop in which
the girls were turning over piles of
mildewed and rusty publications which
were current at the beginning of the
century. Some of them were London
and Paris journals with quaint front-
ispieces and curious fashion plates, in
colors dim and tarnished, but they
were handled by the girls with as
much admiration and reverence as if
they had been Rembrandt's "Hundred
Gulden" or "Ecce Homo" prints.

"Being so very fine they are rather
expensive," hinted the dealer, with an
amusing smile.

"That makes little difference," re-
plied the pretty girl. "I'll take these
six."
"And I want this lot," chimed in
the other girl, producing her purse and
making no inquiry as to price.

"It's the reigning fad of the sea-
son," the dealer said to me as the girls
departed with their purchases, "and it
is proving a mighty boon to our busi-
ness. Old magazines and fashion
journals which we have had on hand
for years, and could not get rid of at
any price, are now in wild demand at
the dealer's own price.

"No, men are not affected by this
fad. It is confined to the girls, and
they will pay from \$1 to \$5 for a print
or fashion plate which strikes their
fancy."

"What do they do with them?" I
asked.

"Why, they paste them on silk and
satin surfaces, and use them for de-
corative fancy work, or the prints are
enclosed in frames of wicker work or
burned wood, and hung singly or in
medallion groups for cabinet or wall
adornment. Screens are also made of
them, each panel being composed of
illustrations of a certain era, and the
very latest trick in fancy lamp
shades is sure to include one or more
prints or fashion plates.

"The earliest numbers of the first
American fashion journals and illus-
trated monthlies, quarterlies and an-
nals are eagerly bought up, but it
there happen to be prints in them old
numbers of the Dublin Monthly Mag-
azine and La Belle Assemblée com-
mand the best prices. Our customers
merely pick out the pages they want
without stopping to consider the letter
press of the magazine, and throw the
rest away."

Fancy Women.

An English writer has been giving
English women who fuse a slight of
themselves as others see them. Wo-
man nature is woman nature the world
over; so, perhaps, women fusers: at
the four corners of the earth may find
something in her remarks that will
strike home. She says: "Can there be
anything more uncomfortable and em-
barrassing for a guest than to be en-
tertained by a restless, fussy hostess,
or for the latter to have to entertain
the same sort of a guest? A fussy
woman can never be called a well-
mannered one. She has no repose, no
dignity, none of that well-bred calm-
ness which is so admirable in a wo-
man, none of that graceful and friend-
ly courtesy that so speedily and com-
pletely sets strangers at ease. Good-
natured and desirous to please and
give pleasure, anxious to do her duty
as a wife, mother and hostess, she is
yet rarely successful, for a fussy wo-
man is seldom an observant one, be-
ing always too busy to notice whether
those around her are pleased or an-
noyed until they speak out plainly and
express their feelings in words.

"The truth is that she cannot un-
derstand the charm and peace most
people find in being occasionally left
alone, allowed to go their own way,
to follow their own inclinations, with-
out remark and remonstrance. To the
casual visitor and mere acquaintance
the fussy man or woman is a bore,
perhaps, but of whom they are toler-
ant because of their good nature, their
obvious friendliness and desire to be
hospitable. It is only the family and
intimate friends who feel the real dis-
comfort and misery that can be caused
by their excess of zeal and continued
interference in every little matter that
concerns the daily life and doings of
those around them."—Philadelphia
Press.

How to Wear Jewels.

Few out of the large number of wo-
men who possess brilliant jewels wear
them becomingly. Strange as it may
seem, brilliant jewelry in close con-
tact with the face is unbecoming and
the neck is the worst possible place
for its display. It is shown to best ad-
vantage on the hair or corsage where
the hair or material of the gown sepa-
rates it from contact with the skin
of the wearer.

The possession of jewels, such as
diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls,
etc., implies wealth, but the vulgar-
ity of wearing jewels simply because
they are costly is undoubted, while the
wearing of much jewelry during the
morning or upon the street is equally
so.

Many of the cheaper grades of jew-
els are very beautiful and are becom-
ing to the majority of women—corals,
pink and red, just now as fashionable
cameos and carved ivory are most ef-
fective and are, in most cases, more
becoming than the flashy jewels of un-
told value.

NOTES FROM GOTHAM.

ROOF GARDENS THE SUMMER THEATRES OF NEW YORK.

The Gospel That Reached Out To
Hudson—The Highest Ground—
The Bare Hill—The Yankee Doodle
London—Death of "Fanny Wain."

The roof garden is the summer the-
atre of New York and no wonder it is
growing in popularity daily. The co-
siest accession to the list is that of Mr.
Oscar Hammerstein, who, after repeat-
ed successes and failures as well in
theatrical ventures, has at last opened
the "Victoria." The fact that the re-
sults of Hammerstein is responsible
for the designing and formation of
this new place of amusement is
enough to assure the public a unique
and a popular resort, for Mr. Ham-
merstein never does anything like any-
one else, and he very seldom repeats him-
self. So when he builds a new theatre
he makes it entirely different from
any other play-house ever before
erected. And so it is with the Victoria.



In a Roof Garden.

Roof Garden. Heretofore one of the
chief complaints made by roof garden
audiences has been that only a very
few persons who were in close prox-
imity to the stage could see or hear
anything of the entertainment. In Mr.
Hammerstein's new garden this dis-
tinctly has been obviated by placing the
stage directly in the middle, with the
refreshment tables and reserved seats
large comfortable garden chairs ar-
ranged in terraces around it. There is
a tier of boxes, too, running around
the whole, and the place lighted by
thousands of incandescent lamps and
are lights. Flowers and palms every-
where make it a real garden, and wide
aisles make it pleasant for those who
wish to promenade. Awnings at the
side will afford protection in case of
rain.

The Gospel That.

Just on the borders of the Tender-
loin, with all its seething sea of vice
and crime, the gospel that is slightly
with a touch of the sacred and which
beyond the present. There was an
appointment because Mr. Moody did
not seem to open the meetings, and
many of the most prominent preach-
ers in Greater New York have ad-
dressed the large audiences at the tent
and a deep religious feeling in the
community is in evidence. Ad-
miral Philip delivered an earnest ad-
dress on Sunday which was listened to by
a large audience. Money for the
expenses is contributed freely by the
congregation that assemble nightly.

Reaching For Hudson.

The merchants of New York are
awake to the importance of retaining
their trade, and they have made a
mighty protest against the closing of
the canal or the permitting of it to
run down. The Legislature committee
that has been investigating the causes
that have produced a decline in the
foreign commerce of the port is ex-
pected to throw some light on the sub-
ject, and to point out a remedy. And
now the Merchants' association has
perfected its plans for the general fall
buying season. Applications for re-
duced rates for non-resident buyers
have been favorably acted upon by the
railroad associations covering the ter-
ritory as far west as St. Louis and the
Mississippi river and north of the Ohio
river. The reduced rates are granted
on the certificate plan. In order to
secure the benefit of the reduced rates
full fare, single trip tickets must be
purchased, and at the time the tickets
are bought return trip certificates
must be obtained from the ticket
agent. These return trip certificates
must be presented at the office of the
Merchants' association, where they
will be counterchecked and made good
for two-thirds of the return fare.

The High Waymen.

The anti-hat crusade in historic Ply-
mouth church is not meeting with the
success its leaders mapped out for it.
They are to-day sad, but undiscourag-
ed, thinking over another remedy for
the evil. Last Sunday week, at the re-
quest of a prominent deacon, the
young women of the choir, as an ex-
ample to their high-haired sisters in
the congregation removed their head
covering. It was hoped then that
yesterday would see the practice uni-
versally followed; but it wasn't. Al-
though the choir appeared devoid of
"creations," they were just as conspic-
uous as ever before the pulpit.

To Save the Pallades.

There has been much discussion of
plans to save the Pallades, and at
least a popular movement has been
started to preserve the highly pic-
turesque and historic Pallades along
the "Hill of America" from being
further despoiled by hungry contrac-
tors and dynamite. The plan as out-
lined is to raise sufficient funds to take
the proceedings already instituted to
the highest tribunal and fight it out
there. The subscription list has at-
tained figures of considerable mag-
nitude, and judging from the way thou-
sands of dollar checks are being thrown
at the feet of the movement, it is
ought to be a success. At least this
is the hope of all residents in the
vicinity who have an appreciation of
nature's handiwork and the beauty of
the scene.

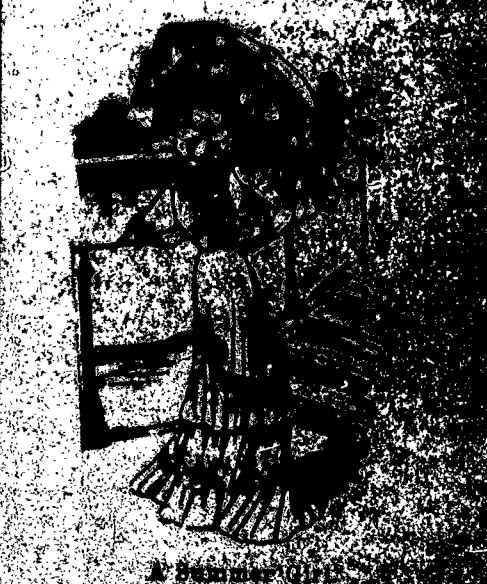
of black velvet, and the
new style of the
with this color
the milliner has
from yellow and
pinks and mauves
black.

Charman green (which
is the present name for
China crapes) is applied
pink passion flowers with green
border runs around the
ruffle of a capitating skirt. The
is faced together with green
black velvet, the velvet
sprinkled around the yoke of
white chiffon. There is a
black velvet, less than an inch
for a circle.

All women have to spend a great
deal of money on their headgear. The
rood old jokes of the country. Every
woman should, by rights, be situated
over the entire year, for as long
does one expensive bonnet bought on
Master Sunday suffice to make a wo-
man feel comfortable or well dressed,
and after all is said and done, the hat
plays a prominent part in a woman's
costume. It is said by people who
make a study of such subjects that it
is worth while investing a lot of
money in becoming hats and coats, and
then if economy has to be considered it
should be in the direction of what to
wear in the house. Certainly the hat
and coat make a marvelous difference
in the costume of every woman. The
hats that were bought a few weeks
ago were intended for street wear in
the city, and also for theatre wear, but
now with summer weather comes the
necessity of hats suitable only for the
country, and it is remarkable how
many there seem to be that are com-
pletely requisite to comfort in the out-
side season.

Fashion has made a radical change
in one respect—the complexion of
the shades from the years of the war.
Only a year or two ago it was the
fashion to have one's skin covered in
as possible, and to wear this was
were thrown to one side and when
sun and rain were allowed to do their
worst. Now women wear, with some
playing golf, hats that show their
eyes and their faces—some even go
for embroidery, consequently, hats
have taken a new shape. The
swayed away in the hat was the
summit of fashion in the past, and
the large highborn hats trimmed with
flowers, feathers of ribbon, or the like
may be. Notice that the
made hat is shown, but one
strictly useful kind, of a different
of straw trimmed with
sometimes with flowers, or
silk or go to place with
damp.

The newest hat in the
which looks more like the
than anything that has
for a long time. Many of
large, soft, have a sort of
over the nose. They have
black crown, around which
of black velvet ribbon; inside
are flowers resting on the
on the outside of the crown
flowers or feathers. Almost
with this style of hat they are
strings of the narrow black
ribbon or of broad fabric.
These strings are that under the
it is not becoming to wear them
when it is becoming to wear them
creative and effective. It depends



depends upon the different
bring the color comes
face that it must be
some regard as to
One plan to wear
of the hat is to line
chiffon or tulle or
the straw. None of
made in black, white
white or yellow and
at a distance of
to wear into
to wear into
white straw hat
in the country
white straw hat
with the
These, however,
is cutting and
with the
hat the

It is an economical way
hat to use only ribbon
marvelous how much
since these useful hats
these hats as a rule
ribbon used in hats
lower straw hats
of black ribbon
to wear into
to wear into
white straw hat
in the country
white straw hat
with the
These, however,
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