

CRAZY SUMMER FAD.

Lovers' Initials Tattooed on Pretty Maidens' Arms.

Some Employ an Old Sailor to Do the Work, Others Turn the Job Over to the Genial Rays of the Sun.

[Special New York Letter.]
THE old sailor in the little shop in the Bowery looked up from his work mending the union jack. A young woman dressed in a fluffy summer gown had darkened the doorway. The tar knew what she wanted before she spoke. He tossed the folds of the flag from off his lap revealing a timber leg—a good old-fashioned wooden stump—not one of the new-fangled affairs made of cork and springs and calculated to deceive. That he was a salt of the old school was indicated by his look and actions. His very manner brought visions of the sea and the fading outlines of white sails against the horizon of blue.

The shop was a mere hole in the



LATEST FAD OF GOTHAM'S SMART SET.

wall. There was a chair or two inside and the bench on which the old sailorman sat. A few sharp-pointed needles were in a cushion on a low table, and arranged in a semicircle about them were a half dozen sticks of India ink. These alone would have told the occupation of the sailor. If not, the decorations on the walls, which consisted of pictures of human limbs covered with various fantastic designs, would have made it all clear. But if one were especially dull the sign over the door would have removed all doubt, for it read:

ARTISTIC TATTOOING.
Work for Women
A SPECIALTY.

The young woman smiled as she handed the old man a card. It bore



TATTOOED BY THE SUN.

the address of one of the most popular women in New York and Newport society. She had sent many patrons to this artist of the India ink. Hundreds of pretty maidens in the smart set bear evidences of his art.

"Yes, yes," he said, as he read the inscription. "And what design do you want?"

"I want initials," replied the maiden, and just the suspicion of a blush mounted to her cheek, made brown by the sea breeze and the sun at Newport.

"Oh, ho," said the salt. "And they will be—?"

She picked up the card she had brought from the table and wrote on the back three letters. The sailor made an entry in a little grimy book. "Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock," he said, and the appointment was made.

The young woman smiled, started toward the door, then turned and asked: "Oh, will it hurt much?"

The old sailor shifted his wooden leg, shrugged his shoulders and grinned, but made no reply.

The young lady was but one of a score or more a week that visit the little shop on the Bowery. To be sure there are tattooers who have put out their signs at Newport, but they are not the old genius on the Bowery. His fame has spread among those who follow the fads. The tattooing of the arms of young women of society was very popular a few years ago. Then it dropped out of vogue. But this season it has been taken up again with renewed favor by the Newport set, and Newport after all, you know, leads the fashion.

Formerly it was the proper thing to have a tsar, a rose, or some fanciful design tattooed upon one's arm. Now, to be perfectly correct, it must be initials. And these mean something. They must be the initials of the young lady's fiance. That means constancy, indeed, for what young lady would have indelibly stamped upon her arm the initials of a man she did not fully intend to marry? It is taken as a foregone conclusion,

therefore, when a pretty girl has the first letters of a young man's name on her arm that young man will be her partner for life. It is more binding than the most ironclad contract that the shrewdest lawyer could evolve. It goes without saying that in order to be fully effective the young man in the case has the initials of his sweetheart also pricked in his arm.

But while the old sailor's customers are numerous not all the young people who visit him have initials placed upon their arms. Many of them will not take the chances of Newport engagements. Instead, they carry out the fad by resorting to the old style, and order some small and neat design.

The romance, however, of the interchange of lovers' initials is too charming to be lost. So within the last few weeks a subterfuge has been adopted that has proved quite popular among those who are not quite sure of their minds in a matrimonial way. This new method was invented by a chaperon at Newport and she has received the blessings of all the young men and women who desire to keep in the center of the social whirl. It is very simple and by following the directions the most timid debutant may stand in the same row with her stronger-minded sisters and display on her promenades on the beach a bared arm bearing the initials of the young man who has posed as her escort for the season.

The imitation tattoo has also this advantage: it can be made much larger and therefore much more sensational. The receipt for making it is this:

The initials desired to be reproduced are cut out of court plaster and pasted on the arm. Then the candidate sits on the beach with her arm exposed for several days. All except the part covered by the court-plaster is tanned a dark brown and when the strips are removed the initials appear in a lighter shade. This method is a very good one, indeed, for a summer resort. If the young lady—as young ladies sometimes do—should happen to quarrel with her escort, or for other reason should desire to make a change, the sun will soon help her out of her difficulty as far as his initials are concerned and tan the letters as brown as the remainder of her arm.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

Pleasant Dreams.

"Did your wife enjoy her sleep, last night?" asked the hostess.

"Oh, yes," replied the husband; "I think she talked all the time she was asleep."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE BIRDS IN FALL.

Southward Migration Has Already Fairly Commenced.

Feathered Warblers of Rare Plumage Seen in the Vicinity of Washington—How the Little Beauties Are Caught.

[Special Washington Letter.]
IN the Nazarene philosophy it is stated that every form of animal life is guided and guarded by unseen beneficent power; and the care which is taken of the sparrow is noted to illustrate the statement. Without reverence or irreverence, but merely considering the Nazarene philosophy from the human side of the promulgator of that form of knowledge and



HOODED WARBLER.

wisdom, it may be said that the study of birds naturally follows, and that it is an agreeable as well as elevating study.

In many minds the impression prevails that the positive sciences absorb the time of a select few minds which are adapted to that species of investigation; and that the theories of philosophers emanate from a very few learned pates. This is a popular fallacy. Every child who investigates fire until he gets his fingers burned is a scientist; and every child who asks "why" is a philosophic reasoner. The many thousands who love birds, study their habits, and inquire into the reasons for their activities are all scientists and philosophers.

In the eastern part of our republic the District of Columbia is one of the best localities for studying our national birds. Not only is it the breeding ground of many species whose range extends but little to the north of us, but, lying as it does in the pathway of the annual migrations each spring and fall, furnishes us as a consequence with a fair idea of the birds inhabiting the states bordering the Atlantic ocean.

Their fall migration has now fairly commenced. Nearly every night one may hear countless numbers of birds calling to each other as they pass overhead on their southward journey, while during the day, when the birds are resting and feeding, a trip into the surrounding country will give an idea of the vast numbers that pass over us each night. From now until well on into October the birds will be coming and going in almost a constant stream, and it is some of the handsomer and rarer of these that should first be noticed, two of which have already paid us a call of a few days and are now far on the way to their winter home.

The golden-winged and the blue-winged yellow warblers have been and gone, birds whose very names suggest the daintiness and richness of their



BLACK AND YELLOW WARBLER.

attire and which, to be seen, must be energetically sought after, as they by no means consider themselves as intended for the admiring gaze of the public. The former inhabits almost exclusively the oaks, and is most abundant in the spring migration, about May 12.

Imagine a bird but little larger than a hummer, of a beautiful slaty-blue color above, shading to white on the under parts, with crown and a bar on each wing of a rich yellow, a broad black stripe on the side of the head passing through the eye, and also a black patch on the throat, both bordered with white, and we have a picture of one of the most beautiful of all birds inhabiting our continent.

The roads leading to our select and beautiful zoological park are through splendid forests. In the spring time the trees are filled with the vivacious beauties, chattering, chirping, telling each other stories of love, or bewailing some species of hard luck. Their musical or conversational qualities are marvelous. Every tree top is swaying and glittering with scores of these

living gems of nature, and the fragrant forest air is made inspiring by the cantatas of their myriads of little throats.

Beauties must hunger and thirst, and these warbling beauties were seen vigorously hustling for food. Occasionally one would be seen to dart downward through the air in pursuit of an insect, and at such times a gleam of gold would catch the eye. An instant later the little fellow would give a song of triumph and gladness from an adjoining tree, only perhaps to repeat the performance an instant later. A few strayed into the lower trees and showed up handsomely. They were very shy, though, and one had to be cautious in his movements to obtain a close view.

The other bird mentioned, the blue-winged yellow warbler, is very rare. It is rather unpleasant work searching for this bird, although when secured it is ample pay for the toil and trouble it has cost. It is emphatically a swamp warbler in every sense of the word, inhabiting the densest thickets it can find, and leading a chase over the worst ground imaginable, only too often to be lost in the end.

One of the bird hunters who takes great interest in seeking these swamphunters recently said: "I had been wandering for hours through the swamps bordering the eastern branch, struggling through mud and slime reaching to my knees, was hot, thirsty, scratched and bleeding in a dozen places from thorns and briars innumerable, following a little song entirely new to me, but which from its character I suspected belonged to this species, and finally when about to give up from sheer exhaustion, a streak of gold dashed in front of me and paused a moment on a twig to plume. Instantly my gun was at my shoulder, when, as luck would have it, the cartridge missed fire and my bird was gone."

The hooded warbler is regarded as the most beautiful of them all, by many student-hunters. Its hood of golden yellow is bordered by a short, black mantle of rich luster; and the contrast is one of the most striking



PERT MR. BOBOLINK.

and handsome in all of nature's aviary painting. The mantle covers the head and neck, the body being of brilliant yellow, like full ripe corn, while the back, wings and tail are olive green. It would try the skill of a master to reproduce the colors on canvas.

In the list of these migratory warblers we have those called the Cape May, Connecticut, bay-breasted, cerulean, morning blackburnian, magnolia, Tennessee, Maryland, Kentucky and Kirtland's warblers; and their warbling in chorus could not be adequately described even by a Beethoven, although it can be and is appreciated by every man, woman and child who has been so fortunate as to have opportunity to hear them.

One of our successful Nimrods of science gives some cogent counsel about how to secure specimens of these warblers. He says: "It is a little thing, simple in itself, yet upon it hinges the success or failure of a day's outing. It is explained in short by one little word—squeak. Apply the back of the hand or the forefinger to the lips and make a squeaking or kissing sound. With a little practice a fairly good imitation of a bird in distress is made. Such a noise never fails to draw about you dozens of birds, and if one keeps quiet it is surprising how close they will come. If one place appears barren of birds, go to another, or another, until you get where the birds are; then squeak."

Men who seek the capture of the little beauties, as well as those who kill them in order to possess their bodies, are obliged to endure hardships and encounter numerous difficulties in their quest. They seek their food in swamps and marshy places, and to those localities hunters must go. There is a marsh at Laurel, Md., about 18 miles from this city, where millions of these innocents go for food. There they must be followed by hunters in heavy rubber top boots, and there must each hunter "squeak" until the little ones come to him.

And, if the falling of every sparrow is marked, surely the recording angel must be kept busy keeping count of the falling of these innocents of the air and of the trees and of the swamps, while the doings of the men whose hands cause their slaughter or capture must also be recorded in the everlasting volumes. SMITH D. FRY.

Self-Evident.

"This seems to be a time of religious unrest," said the rank outsider when the horns got mixed up with the church picnic party.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OYSTER SHELL ROADS.

They Are Quite Popular in New Jersey, Although Their Whiteness Dazzles the Eyes.

Driving, cycling and automobiling tourists who return from their outings on the South Jersey pikes this summer are unusually enthusiastic in their praises of these shell roads, writes the Philadelphia Press.

The process of constructing these roads is of special interest because of its simplicity. There is no expense of digging out the roadbed and filling in first with large stones and then with a smoother top dressing as in the construction of a macadamized road. The shells are simply unloaded from the boats (which bring them in great quantities from near-by oyster fields to Buena Vista wharf), and are then carted out along the roads until a hollow is found, or any spot that needs repairing, and are then unceremoniously dumped and left without any process of pounding or smoothing, until broken up and leveled off by the passing carriages and farm wagons.

In constructing a shell road from the beginning, load after load of the oyster shells are dumped in an irregular bank all along the center of the roadway; then with a road scraper a bank of earth is thrown up along the edge to keep the shells from scattering. This leaves a narrow, smooth space over which the scraper has passed along the edge of the bank of shells; and as this is used for driving as long as the weather is dry it would seem that the bank of sharp shells would never be driven into smooth, white firmness. But wait until there is a heavy storm, and the smooth road at the side becomes a mass of heavy mud and sand, then the rough shell bank is gladly mounted, and although it is decidedly rough at first, the heavy country driving and carting of farming produce soon crushes the shells and forces them into the rain soaked soil beneath. A second or third banking of the shells (scattering them further over the sides of the roadbed each time), with this process repeated, forms a roadbed that is hard and firm to the depth of a foot or more and beautifully smooth and white.

When these shell roads extend along great stretches of pines, with even rows of cedar and fir trees lining the roadway (as they do throughout many parts of New Jersey), one is reminded of the palmline drives so alluringly pictured in views of "our new possessions."

BEANS IN THE FIELD.

A System of Stacking That Will Prevent Injury to the Crop and Keep It Dry.

Beans are a crop that has to be stacked up in the field to dry before housing in the barn or granary. The small, high stacks as ordinarily made, however, are in danger of being blown over by the wind, and in greater danger of absorbing moisture from the earth. The best way by which this can be avoided is to use the combined foundation and support presented in the illustration. Fig. 1 shows a long stake driven firmly into the ground,

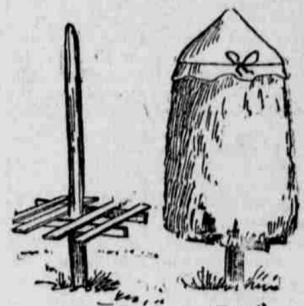


FIG. 1
FIG. 2
STACK FOR FIELD BEANS.

near the grown crop, and cross boards nailed to either side a short distance above the surface, with support slats on top of these. Beans piled up about the central stake are proof then against any wind, while no moisture can injure the bottom. Lastly, if a bit of cloth is thrown over the top and tied in place, as suggested in Fig. 2, the crop will be quite safe, whatever the weather is. Peas can also be harvested with complete success in the same manner.—Fred O. Sibley, in Ohio Farmer.

Prevention of Clover Bloat.

Clover bloat can always be prevented by keeping the cattle off the clover while it is wet with rain or dew, says Prairie Farmer. The usual cause of death when an animal is bloated is congestion of the lungs from pressure of the stomach against them. The flesh of such animal should be darker in color from the stoppage of blood in the small vessels than the flesh of an animal butchered, but I do not believe it would poison anyone to eat the flesh of such animals. The best remedy for clover bloat is to make an opening in the upper part of the left flank with a pocketknife and thrust the fingers into the opening. Then the gas will escape at the sides of the finger. Or use some hollow tube and put into the opening.