subject to the exclusion of all others. A specialist in nervous diseases well known in this city cites this case of hypnotism:

WAS PUT TO SLEEP.

"The patient was an old negress, a family servant, who for weeks had suffered from nervousness and insomnia. I was called in to see her and found her very much unstrung. It occurred to me that I would attempt hypnosis. At the time I wore a rather low-cut vest and a large pearl shirt stud. Pointing to the stud, I said:

"'Now, auntie, I want you to look at this stud steadily just as long as you can.'

"She fixed her eyes on it, and after a few minutes I said to her in soothing tones:

"'Now you are going to sleep. You are very sleepy. You cannot keep your eyes open. They are closing. So, you are asleep.'

"She fell asleep as quietly as a child and slept for hours. Within a few days she was cured."

Hypnotism has been used successfully in cases of epilepsy, somnambulism, night terror in children, abnormal fear of thunder and lightning, St. Vitus's dance and in quickening the intellect of feeble-minded children. Insane persons are extremely difficult to bring under the influence; nevertheless there are cases of mania where hypnotism has been of the greatest benefit. It is by no means a panacea, however, and the physicians who have made such good use of it would be the last to contend that it is. Some time ago a young woman came here from the West to be treated for St. Vitus's dance, and some of the specialists in nervous disorders tried hypnotism upon her, but without the slightest success.

A curious instance of the extent to which this wonderful agency can be carried is the case of a man thirty years old who could neither read nor write and had no desire to learn. He was under treatment and his physician had hypnotized him on a number of occasions. Once when the patient was in a hypnotic state the doctor suggested to him that he should set about learning to read, assuring him that he would find it quite easy. When in his natural state the man had no recollection of this suggestion, but on his recovery he immediately set to work to learn reading, and at last accounts was making extraordinary progress.

One error of common belief in the matter of hypnotism is that only persons of inferior will power or character are amenable to hypnosis. This, the physicians say, is not true. A man may be of powerful intellect, sturdy will and forceful character and yet be a fine subject for the hypnotist. Another man, weak, shallow, irresolute of character and feeble of will, may defy all efforts to put him in the hypnotic sleep.

One of the mysteries of this yet mysterious agency is the way in which it works. What it is in a person that makes him a good or a poor subject for hypnotism no man knows. It is by no means a new science. Forty years ago, when it was known as animal magnetism, Dr. Esdale, of India, did wonders with it, particularly in surgical cases, where, by its use, he put the patients into a condition of anaesthesia. A clique of medical men made bitter attacks upon it at that time, and when anaesthetics were discovered the editor of the Lancet made a great rejoicing because, he assumed, they would supplant animal magnetism. They did, and it is only lately that hypnotism has returned to its place in medical science among physicians of the English-speaking nations. Many doctors believe that in time hypnotism will be recognized as a special and separate branch of medicine, and that it will be made a special study in the medical schools. It is constantly growing in use in this country, and although it has many enemies in the old school, it is gaining converts every day. Dr. R. Osgood Mason is one who believes in its future.

"Many people have wrong ideas about hypnotism," he said recently in discussing the subject. "They look upon it with a sort of superstitious awe and believe that there is something wrong and degrading about it. The traveling mesmerists who go about the country giving exhibitions are partly responsible for this belief. Such a book as 'Trilby,' for instance—although the hypnotism part of the plot is theoretically possible and is finely carried out—tends to show only one side of hypnotism, the dark, uncanny side. The fact is, hypnotism is a great power for good, and is almost always used for good. Of course it may be wrongfully used. Ether, opium, alcohol, great blessings when rightly used, may, in ignorant or criminal hands, do great harm. So may hypnotism. Doubtless there should be laws to reach wrong-doing in the use of this agent just as in others. As people become acquainted with the subject, and they will become so in time, they will learn that hypnotism is a powerful agent in nature for benign purposes, and that, rightly used, there is nothing supernatural or in any way unnatural or wicked about it. Its use should, however, be confined to those trained to know its powers and capabilities, and no one should under any circumstances submit to hypnotism without full knowledge, not only of the skill, but of the purity of purpose and character of the person making use of this agency."

BADGER AND SUCKER.

The Way Illinois and Wisconsin Came to Get Their Nicknames.

New York Sun.

"If there had been no badgers in Wisconsin," said a native of that State, "Wisconsin would not be known as the Badger State, and yet it did not receive the name because badgers were there. There were very few white people in Wisconsin Territory in its early days the population being confined to the military posts, the missionary and trading stations, and the leading mining regions in the southwestern part of the Territory. The miners were of two classes, men who worked the mines all the year round, and men who came up from the Illinois country in the spring and worked until the fall, when they returned to their prairies and groves. The miners who were permanent dwellers in the region didn't bother to put up cabins or even huts. In fact, material for such dwellings was not abundant. They simply dug holes in the sides of the hills large enough to give them room to sleep and cook in. Nowadays those burrows would perhaps be called dug-outs, but as they closely resembled the subterranean homes of the badgers, they were promptly called badger holes, and the miners who occupied them were called badgers.

"Any one who cares to tramp through that part of Wisconsin to-day will come upon deep excavations in the rocks—regular quarry holes, bearing every evidence of having been made long ago. And so they were. Some of them were excavated sixty years ago and more. They were the work of the lead miners who went up from Illinois in the spring to the mining region. They being there only for a short season did not mine by digging shafts, as the permanent miners did, nor did they live in burrows. They blasted the surface rock, making large pits by their work, seeking what was called the float lead and ore that was easily obtained near the top. They occupied the pit they made, as the other miners did their hillside burrows.

"Owing to the similarity of the migrations of these quarry miners to those of that familiar fish which goes up stream in the spring and down again in the fall, they soon became known as suckers, and their pits in the rocks were called sucker holes. In the course of years the names badger and sucker came to be applied to the entire people of Wisconsin and Illinois. Many of the original badgers and suckers became the leading citizens of their respective localities, and helped make the country's history. When Wisconsin was admitted to the Union the badger was placed on her coat of arms in recognition of this fact; and it was from the miners who quarried in the rocks of Wisconsin that Illinois got her name of the Sucker State."

Elevator Wit.

Detroit Free Press.

The elevator boy in the big flat was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger; "you're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy, "but I've brought up a good many families in my time," and then he gazed up the elevator with a rapturous expression.

Be on Hand Early

On Tuesday, at Wulschner & Son's special sheet music sale. One extra copy goes with each purchase.

SHERLOCK HOLMES BAFFLED.

(Translated from the Anglican of Dr. Conandoyle by J. C. Ochiltree.)

One fine June evening I was sitting on my front veranda, smoking Admiral cubebs and thinking about Sherlock Holmes. I had not seen him for more than a week, but had received a note from him the day before containing a bit of characteristic information. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Watson—Eureka! I have evaporated an infusion of bruised glykys rhiza, and obtained an inspissitated juice which must one day become a valuable article of commerce. It is, indeed, already a favorite confectionery in the peninsular portion of Spain. My discovery was purely incidental and in the line of my professional work. The present end accomplished is the vindication of an honest sailor from a suspicion of burglary and robbery; but that is a bagatelle compared with the value of the glabra product as a marketable commodity. HOLMES.

"P. S. I am in a little trouble and may call to see you soon. S. H."

It was about 9 o'clock. My wife had retired, and I was cogitating this rather puzzling letter, when Holmes walked in at the front gate. He came forward somewhat hastily, as if on a special errand. I rose to greet him. He grasped my hand nervously—more so than he had ever done before—and said:

"Watson, I'm in a hole."

I felt relieved for the moment. Sherlock Holmes was not the man to use American slang if he was in real trouble, I thought.

"I mean it," he said, with some petulance in his tone, for his keen eyes had taken note of my change of expression. "Look here," he went on, when we were both seated; "I have been working on a case for two days and nights without results to speak of, and am about ready to drop it as beyond even my depth."

And he settled back in his chair—a genuine calamus rocker—in a limp sort of way and closed his eyes, as if not caring to pursue the disagreeable subject further.

After a minute or two of silence I said:

"Would you mind giving me some idea of the case?"

He partially aroused himself and looked at me with a half-quizzical grin "What's the use?" he said, languidly closing his eyes again; "you can't help me—of course?"

The last phrase was spoken in a tone that nettled me.

"I have no such presumptious ambition," I returned, a little testily. "But it is certainly natural that I should be interested, at least, in a case that has baffled you."

Holmes quickly arose from his seat and advanced to me, offering his hand.

"I beg your pardon, old friend," he said, with his usual warmth. "I hardly knew what I was saying. Why, I called this evening for the express purpose of making you my confessor."

I accepted his proffered hand and squeezed it cordially. He then resumed his chair.

"Yes," he continued, "I shall tell you all about it—that is, all I know about it, which, I am sorry to say, is d—d little."

He paused and I offered him a cigarette.

"No, thank you," he said; "I prefer this." And he produced a small bottle containing a crystalline liquid, and a hypodermic syringe, which he proceeded to use, first removing his celluloid dicky.

Having adjusted himself, Sherlock Holmes brightened up—evidently under the influence of the alkaloid—and began his story.

"Last Monday night—I think about this hour—a rude knock at my door made me spill some nitric acid on my hand, causing me to swear with unusual energy and volubility. I opened the door, intending to ask the intruder why the devil he hadn't pressed the bell, when a heavy-built, powerful man unceremoniously strode in, almost knocking me over as he pushed past me. He had no coat on, and his coarse shirt and trousers showed him to be a tradesman of the rougher sort. I closed the door and told him to be seated while I dressed my hand.

"He obeyed, asking me gruffly how I hurt it. Not caring to take the chance of having to deliver a disquisition on the virulence of certain acidiferous chemicals, I told him it was an old sore. When I had wrapped the wound in sulphate of soda I took a seat opposite him and asked him how the meat business was flourishing in Piccadilly.

"The man elevated his shaggy eyebrows and demanded to know "ow the deuce I got him and his business and location down so fine.' I pointed out his seventeenth century collar, the clotted blood under his finger nails, the abnormal protuberances in his skull at the top of his ears, and mentioned the unconsciously vulgar and brutal way he had in shouldering past his betters, as if he were in the shambles selecting a bullock for his ax.

"The butcher looked at his nails, but gave no further sign of appreciation. When I was done speaking he said:

"'I guess you're the cove I wants.'

"He then detailed in his coventry dialect how 'sum-un' had broken open his till three alternate nights in the same week, the first time securing a pound and six pence, the second night three shillings, and the last time nothing, because the drawer was empty. The last two nights of the till-tapping he had watched for the burglar, but had seen no one in the shop. Yet the work was done, or attempted, just the same. The doors and windows—two of each—were at no time disturbed. Each time the till had been pried open with the butcher's own cleaver, that instrument being always found on the counter in the near vicinity of the disturbed drawer.

"I questioned him closely, and ascertained that his shop was connected with his dwelling, the only inmates of which were his wife and daughter and a boy who helped him about the shop. The latter slept in a room above the kitchen, in the rear part of the house, and could only enter it by going through the bedroom used by the butcher and his wife. He said he considered the lad as much above suspicion as any of his own family. The affair had assumed a look of mystery that was beginning to work on the illiterate fellow's superstition. I asked him whether he had ever fallen asleep while watching. He replied that he had once or twice the first night, but remained wide awake all of the last night, and had at no time heard or seen anything that startled him. Yet in the morning he found the till open and the cleaver lying near it. This was the 'off night,' he said, and he asked me if I would come to his place the next night and keep watch with him. I promised to do so, and he took his leave.

"The following night—that is, night before last—I found my way to the butcher's market about 10 o'clock, which was the tradesman's hour for closing. I took with me two revolvers and a copy of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." The latter I expected to utilize in keeping myself wakeful. This may sound paradoxical, but it is a fact of experience that the best way to drive off drowsiness is to get mad. I find Tupper indispensable as a stimulant to fighting moods. Ten of his incoherent Alexandrines will put me in a humor to fight the devil. I sometimes vary the dose, however, with a copy of Robert Browning or Walt Whitman. There is another American writer whose 'Altrurian Travels' and 'Literary Passions' are also capital inducers of insomnia furioso.

"Well, I read till sleep was out of the question, and consequently was in a fine mood to quarrel with the butcher when I caught him nodding. After midnight it was awfully hard to keep him awake. Half a dozen times I interrupted his snoring by injecting broken doses of Tupper into his ear, and finally aroused him completely by throwing the book at his head. This cured him, but it came near costing me a thumping.

"At last morning came and we went together to look at the money drawer, in which the butcher at my suggestion had left a couple of shillings. Imagine my amazement at finding the till broken open, the money gone and the cleaver on the counter. We examined the doors and windows and found them securely fastened. We then searched every nook and cranny in the apartment, but found no one concealed. I suggested the possibility of a trap-door, but a minute inspection of the walls and floor revealed nothing to justify the theory. I carefully noted the immediate surroundings of the broken till, and collected, as possible clews, a bit of blank note paper, a horseshoe nail and a quantity of floor rubbish, including a large masticated quid of tobacco. These articles I took with me, promising the butcher to give him a report of my investigations in a day or two.

"I have tried to connect some of them with the robbery, but for the life of me I can't do it. I subjected the tobacco quid to a crucial analysis, and found that it had been dropped there by a sailor of the marine service at least two days before the first burglary. So you see my dilemma. Do you blame me for thinking seriously of joining the Paresis Club?"

I agreed with Holmes that the case was a knotty one. He continued restless, and ten minutes later arose to go. Finding that I could not prevail upon him to remain longer I accompanied him to the gate. As we walked along I ventured to ask him whether he would take any further steps in the matter.

"I sent Jones around to-night," said Holmes. "I told him the case was a rather interesting one, but that I was too busy to attend to it. I am anxious to see how he will come out. Of course, I must make a show of doing something, but if Jones fails, I think I'll throw up the whole business and take a trip to Carlsbad."

"One thing more," I said. "I would like to know how on earth you reached the conclusion that the tobacco quid was dropped by a marine sailor, and how you found that it had lain there some days before the first burglary."

"Oh, I got onto that dead easy," drawled Holmes, again dropping into Yankee vernacular. "I knew that the masticator of that quid was a sailor because he chewed navy tobacco, and I found the bolus under an old broom, which the butcher assured me at the time had not been used for at least ten days. And, by the way, it was from that same quid that I extracted the glykys rhiza juice mentioned in my note to you."

"Pardon my ignorance, Holmes," I said, "but I don't believe I am familiar with that substance."

"Well," he said, with a hesitating air, "I guess I overshot myself a little in that matter, too. I find that the article is in common use in England and America, and is a favorite adulterant in both countries in the manufacture of tobacco. The popular name of the glykys rhiza is licorice root. Good night."

And Sherlock Holmes walked briskly away in the direction of his lodgings.

I called to see him the next day and found him absent. In an interview with his janitor I learned that Holmes had not been out of his room until the evening before for seven or eight days, and that he had been acting strangely of late, pacing the floor and muttering something about an imaginary robbery in Piccadilly.

The sequel, the denouement and the moral of this story are contained in a single word—cocaine!

EASTER OFFERINGS.

I. H. S.—An Easter Supplication.

Jesu, Hominum Salvator,
Risen Lord, divine Creator,
Lo! we bow to Thee adoring,
Help and love of Thee imploring,
Listen to our earnest pleading,
Thou, who hear'st no cry unheeding,
Son forever interceding!

Grant us, Lord, thy sure affection,
Shield us with thy strong protection,
Save us from the snares around us,
From the chains that long have bound us,
From the weakness that enthralls us,
From the suffering that appalls us,
Love that mocks us, sin that calls us.

Save us from earth's pleasures cloying,
Secret sins our souls destroying,
Longings for the paths forbidden,
Vice with sweet enticements hidden,
Petty doubts our faith assailing,
Passion over strength prevailing,
Love and aspiration failing.

Oh, thou Christ beloved, save us!
From the terrors that enslave us,
When in darkest grief we languish,
When our hearts are torn with anguish,
When in deepest waters going
Let us heed not their o'erflowing,
Thou on us thy help bestowing.

When our lives are outward going,
To the land beyond our knowing,
From earth's weary incompleteness,
From its sorrow, from its sweetness,
Body from the spirit rending,
May our souls to Heaven ascending
Dwell with Thee in bliss unending.

—Mary Bassett Hussey.

Brazil, Ind.

Easter Morning.

We stand beneath the arching heavens
Of God's eternal love and truth,
And draw sweet breaths of holy joy,
Life-giving with immortal youth.

We lift the head and turn the face,
The radiant morning light behold,
As o'er the earth is poured the flood
Of blessed Easter's sunrise gold.

We see the miracle of life,
The springing beauty all around,
In trees above, in flowers below,
We tread the velvet grassy ground.

The spring time comes with joy and song,
From winter's icy bonds set free,
Each day a fuller vision brings
Of perfect beauty yet to be.

How glorious to have the Lord
Our refuge, strength, our hope and tower,
To have God giving us in Christ
Abundant life forevermore.

And life with Him is onward still,
Led upward by our unseen friend,
To higher plains, to broader views—
With Jesus risen, our souls ascend.

Berlin, Mass. —Phebe A. Holder.

Resurrection.

Beloved Lord, dear Son of God,
That slept within the tomb,
Behold, beneath the trees the sod
Is red with maple bloom.

So was it ruddy long ago,
The ground beyond the sea,
When Thy dear life blood dropped below
On cruel Calvary.

But now this April earth of ours,
It bears no crimson stain;
Thy blood, transfigured into flowers,
Breathes balm in place of pain.

And all about, Thy garments seem
To flutter in the air;
They trail along the light, and gleam
Like lilies everywhere.

I hear, in sweet immortal words,
Thy blessing in the breeze,
Thy benediction from the birds,
In happy harmonies.

O blessed blooms, and blessed birth
Of deathless life to-day!
From all the tombs of all the earth
The stones are rolled away!

—Evaleen Stein.

Resurrection.

Trust gives sweet peace to every living thing:
The wavering robin that in space has flown
Finds its safe nest; the germ of roses sown
Waits sure in darkness, for the touch of spring;
The tendrils of the ivy blindly cling,
Stretching their brown threads toward the wall unknown,
To find a place secure, where, spite the moan
Of rushing winds, they hang till soft airs sing.
We who love life fear most the mystic death,
Yet we in death the self-same life shall live,
This very life we know, but glorified;
And the fair temple which now holds our breath
Shall simply take the glory seraphs give,
Renew its joys, and say: "I have not died!"

—Maurice Francis Egan, in the Century.

Christ Is Risen.

"I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street"
Christ is risen!

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain,
Christ is risen!

For you—for me—for all that sleep;
For hearts that sing; for hearts that weep,
Christ is risen!

—Christian Advocate.

Gifts at Easter-Tide.

A rose, a lily, a violet,
A pink, a pansy, a passion flower,
A sob, a sigh, and a kiss, tear-wet,
The longing love of a lonely hour,
These are the gifts for a little grave
At Easter-tide!

Eglantine and a mignonet,
A hyacinth and a heliotrope,
A faith that clings through the heart's regret
To the blessedness of the Easter hope;
These are gifts for a little grave
At Easter-tide!

—Susie M. Best, in the Independent.

THE SCHOOL OF SOCIETY.

The purpose of these few remarks is instruction. Indianapolis, like every other city of any age, has attained the distinction of boasting a class vaguely known as "society." Each of its better-known newspapers supports a young lady known as "the society reporter," whose business it is to chronicle the movements of this class or circle and faithfully publish the facts that "Mrs. William Carmen Smith will discontinue her days at home for a period," and "Mr. and Mrs. J. Hicks Van Twiller have returned from Kokomo," and to make somewhat more elaborate mention of sundry "pink teas," "afternoons," "cotillions," "informal dances" and "tearing-down receptions." Do all these things and the people who participate in them constitute "society?" Not a bit of it. Other people who are "not in society" can give these things and find plenty of people like themselves to come to them. You cannot find out what "society" is, or who is "in it" by assiduous reading of the work of the "society reporter." Lots of people send accounts of their own or their friends' little functions to the papers, and the newspaper, with commendable catholicity of spirit, prints them all. Each city differs somewhat in the details of its social standards, and, upon the whole, those of Indianapolis are preferable to those of any Western city that I know. Beauty and ablity to dress well do not open the gates, for I know a number of stunning-looking girls and young men who are not "in our set." Long and honorable lineage is not the only factor, for I could point out half a dozen families here whose pedigrees would excite the envy of social leaders who would never think of inviting the sons or daughters of these same families to their houses. Wealth probably cuts less figure here than anywhere in America. There are dozens of wealthy people here who must migrate if they ever expect to gain social recognition. Intelligence and refinement do not carry one in, for there are many of the most intellectual people in the city whose very names are unknown "in society," and one can meet any number of people of great refinement who are out of the gay world. One or more of these characteristics is essential to social success, but not all of them, for "in society" you will find hosts of ugly and ill-dressed people; you will find many who would hate to mention even their fathers, to say nothing of their grandfathers and more remote ancestors; you will meet a number of people who have no means to speak of and spend very little money; you will occasionally find a man who is none too sure of his grammar, and you will sometimes meet people not only coarse in looks but in thought and conduct as well. I am not railing at society, and I do not mean that "society people" in general lack these qualities. On the contrary, they must have one or more of them, but the point is that, if you are socially ambitious you will not be barred by lack of wealth, or by lack of lineage or by lack of any particular one of the qualities enumerated.

What, then, is it that brings social success? The same thing that brings success in any other walk of life—talent, eternal industry and savoir faire. I don't like to use French, but the English translation "to know what to do and how to do it" is rather awkward, and then does not express the full meaning of "savoir faire." The "society circle" has no arbitrary limit. While it is not as anxious for new recruits as most other organizations, it usually welcomes them and makes life pleasant for them if they enjoy that sort of thing.

Again let me state that my purpose is to instruct, and the successful instructor in anything must always be frank, sometimes to the verge of brutality. You have already inferred that this instruction is for the benefit of the socially ambitious, those who are altogether outside and want to be in, those who pay their good money to stand about unnoticed at charity balls, those who have a "footing" more or less insecure, but enough to get them cards to "crush" receptions and invitational philanthropic affairs and those who are "in society" and want to lead. In order to facilitate the instruction I shall divide you into three classes, young men, maids and young married people. I take it that when old people have social ambition it is for the benefit of their sons or daughters and the "points" they need will naturally come in the instruction of these.

The rules laid down to-day are for the instruction of young men, by whom I mean all unmarried men from eighteen up. I take them first because it is easiest to do so, not that they are easiest to instruct, for, as all the world knows, the average young man can concentrate in himself an unlimited amount of social stupidity, but because their task is the simplest of all. If you are a bachelor and come from another city with a few letters to people of social prominence you are already "in it," and will have no battles to fight. If you dress well, are fairly intelligent and have a good bank account you will immediately be in great demand. But let us suppose you come from another city and have no letters, no family, no wealth, nothing but a fairly good business position, a good education and a presentable appearance. Be extremely careful in the selection of a boarding house. Don't make the mistake of going to a hotel or to a cheap lodging house or taking lodgings in a downtown block. The swellest boarding house in the city will not cost you more than $40 per month, and probably a good deal less if you are not too particular about the room. There you will meet some "nice people" and some who are just as nice but not "in society." Make a great pretense of having your time fully occupied with work and eschew boarding-house sociability. In a few weeks you can find out who among your fellow-boarders are the "nice people" and make friends with them. If they are married people who are boarding while their sons and daughters are away at school, so much the better; they will take a paternal interest in you. Spend all you can spare on your dress, but don't indulge in anything "loud." Good, quiet tailoring has made many a man, socially. Be clean to a fault, physically and morally. Your linen should always be fresh and spotless, and you will succeed better in Indianapolis if your morals are the same way. You may glide along for a few weeks or for a year or two without receiving a single invitation. In the meantime save as much money as you can and make what friends you can, always among people who can do you good when you need them. Don't fall to playing billiards or drinking for want of something better to do. Eschew cheap theaters and go very seldom to good ones, and then only in the best of company if you have to pay the way of some fellow in good social standing. And by the way it is not a bad idea to put such young men under a reasonable obligation to you, only don't do it too often. Your first invitation may come from the "nice people" who board or have boarded with you, from one of the young men you have taken to the theater or from some friend who invites you to join a good literary club. These are preferable in the order I have named them. If it is a dinner all the better, but you are not likely to have such luck. Whatever it is, accept after some hesitation and manage to let your hostess know that you are making some sacrifice of your business to come. I take it for granted that you have sense enough to dress properly. If you don't know what is right, go to the best tailor in town, tell him you have been so engrossed in business for a couple of years that you have lost the run of styles and he will give you points. Don't make the mistake of going to a poor tailor. When you arrive at the party or dinner, you will find that you have already met most of the men and didn't know they were anybody in particular. Evince no surprise, but shake hands just as though meeting them here added no new interest in the acquaintance. Meet as many women as you can. Don't be stiff. Shake hands with each one and look into her eyes as though you would read her through and were especially interested in her. At this party devote almost all your attention to married women and the mothers of the dancing girls. Dance with them and sit out dances with them, but dance only three or four times with girls. The married women will ask you all about yourself, if they have no other way of finding out about you. Vouchsafe very little. Tell them this is the first party you have attended in Indianapolis and you are charmed to know the city contains so many delightful people. You have been too much engrossed in work since you came to recall social duties. If she asks you about prominent people in your own city, you know them but doubt if they remember you, for you have been traveling ever since you left college. If it happens that you do know them say so, and they are either lovely people or get off some unobtrusive sarcasm at their expense in a good-natured way. The former is easy, but the latter requires some skill. You can safely say a few light things about the latest book, but don't bore anybody with a serious discussion of books unless you find somebody who thinks she's literary; then go in strong. Don't talk books to men, unless you have met them at a literary club. All other men detest books. On the contrary, all women like you to think they are omnivorous readers. Until you know your ground thoroughly all your comments on the people about you must be laudation. When you find out who is related to whom and who hates whom you may advantageously indulge in discriminating sarcasm at the expense of your friends. Don't be an ass and fall in love with anybody. You need pay no attention in particular to young girls, except those whose mothers and aunts entertain. If possible, find some woman who aspires to or has attained social leadership. Find out everything she is interested in and then strike up a purely platonic friendship with her. Be useful to her in every way you can and make her think she can wrap you about her finger. In order to experiment in the wrapping business she will invite you to everything she gives and see that you are invited elsewhere, for she is often consulted in making up lists.

Be prompt and industrious in making party calls. Find out whenever you can who is going to give a party and be particularly attentive to her the next time you meet her out. If you can form a sort of comradeship with some gossipy girl she will give you plenty of valuable information of this sort if you prove a good listener. After you have gone out a good deal you can afford to refuse a few invitations to "crushes" and that sort of thing, and it's a good thing to do it. However, a young man is not in much danger of being too much in evidence and can go as much as he likes. Never object to "new people." The women will do plenty of that, and a man is not supposed to bother his head about trifles.

It is not necessary, for social success, that you should make any particular progress in your business or profession. This influences your social position only in the fact that the possession of plenty of money is a convenient thing. A few weeks ago we were making out a list for one of the glee club receptions, when one of the ladies present suggested a lawyer who, though still young, has already attained high distinction at the bar. None of them had ever heard of him except the other woman and myself. One of the girls who objected most strenuously to the admission of "new people" was the daughter of a lawyer whose practice is notoriously of a shady character, and who is somewhat famous for never paying a bill until he has to. This we all knew, yet we submitted meekly to her dictation, notwithstanding the desperate lack of eligible young men in Indianapolis. You will soon discover that the male contingent of the dancing crowd is made up very largely of young men occupying obscure positions in wholesale houses and factory offices and are utterly unknown in the business world.

Your conduct need not always be dignified and when a dance is at its height you may even indulge in a little mild rowdyism, but as a general thing try to preserve your self-respect. You may afford occasionally to permit a very young girl or a very silly married woman to have a vague belief that you are a great rake, but you cannot afford to be anything of the kind. You can indicate in a hundred ways that you are particularly interested in each girl you meet without making downright love to her. It is just as much fun and causes a heap less trouble. But always bear in mind that it is neither the dancing girl nor the flirtatious young matron that makes or mars you socially. Like a game of poker, they may be productive of either pleasure or pain, but it is certain that they are a dead waste of time. It is the matron who entertains that determines your social success or failure and your first thought must be for her pleasure.

Next Sunday I shall have something to say for the benefit of the maiden.

MRS. CLARENCE M'CLOSKEY.

THE END SEAT IN THE PEW.

It Is the Place Occupied by the Protector of the Family.

New York Sun.

"It is common enough," said Mr. Gratebar, "to see a man sitting in the aisle end of a pew in church get up on the arrival of some other member of the family, step out into the aisle to let the late comer in, and then resume his seat at the end of the pew. It seems to me that I have read that this custom originated in New England in the early days, when the men all sat by the aisle so that they could seize their guns and get out promptly in case of attack by Indians. We don't have much to fear from Indians nowadays, but the seat by the aisle is still occupied by the head of the family. He stands in the aisle while the others pass in, and then calmly takes his place in the end seat, at the head of the line, as a sort of general protector.

"Sometimes in these days (we are so very free from Indians now), the head of the family thinks it is safer for him to stay at home when he has a headache and then the young son takes his place. I imagine that he talks it over with his mother on the way to church so that it is all understood. When they get to the pew he stands in the aisle while his sisters and his mother pass in. I fancy that his sisters are rather glad when they are all seated and no longer conspicuous, but upon his mother's face, as she brushes past him into the pew, there is a smile of affectionate pride; and then he takes his seat in his father's place and sits there with fine boyish dignity."

Of Course.

Puck.

Wool—Hope is like a Waterbury watch.
Van Pelt—How so?
Wool—Springs eternal.

Hall's Hair Renewer contains the natural food for keeping the hair healthy.

The Eglantine

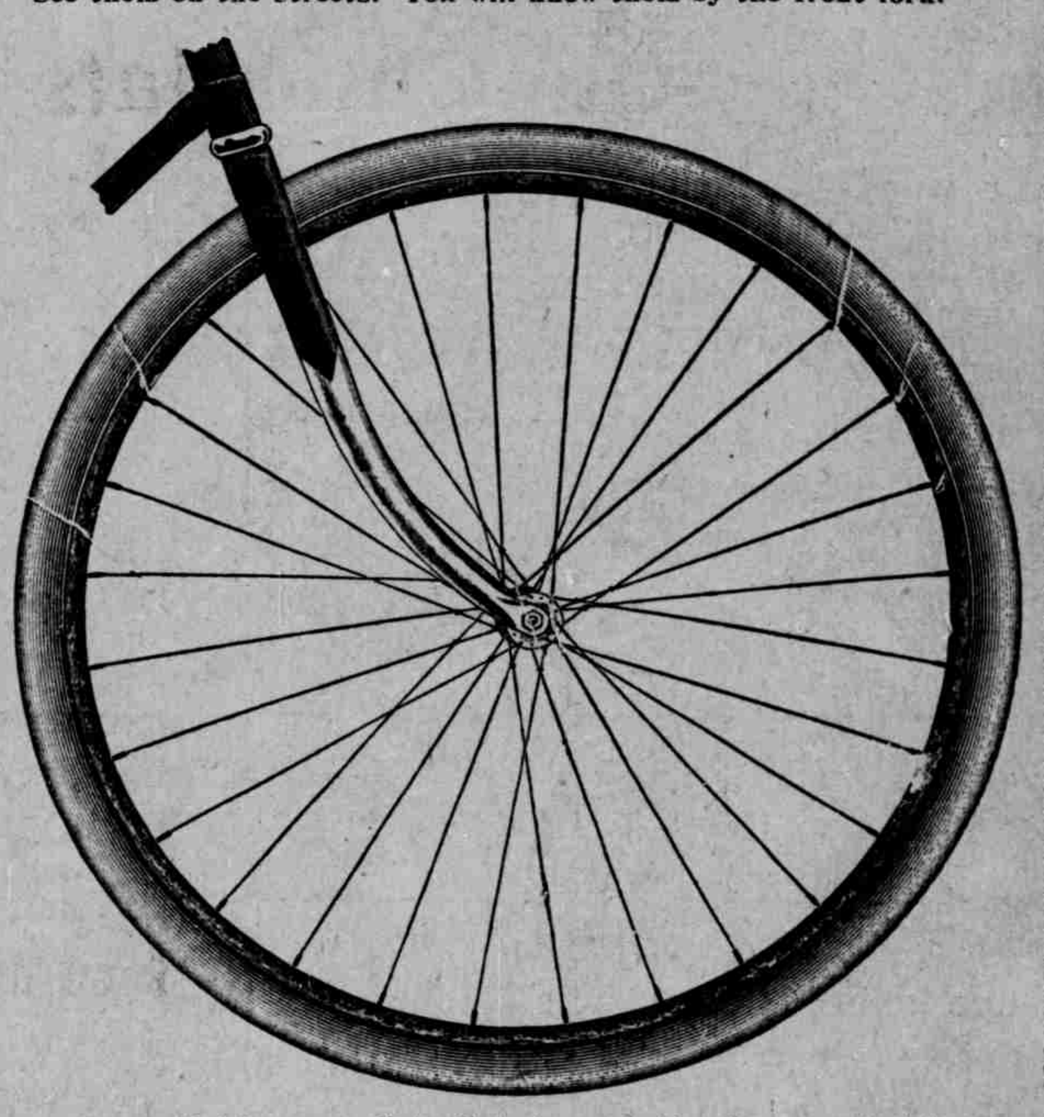
Is not in bloom as you eat your eggs this morning, but we can tell you eggsactly why you want to buy the WAVERLEY Wheel and no other.

It is the Highest of all High Grades.

The very quintessence of mechanical ingenuity and skill.

It has taken years of preparation and experiments on the part of men who were at the very head of the profession as cycle experts to produce the WAVERLEY. Do not be induced to allow new makers to experiment with YOUR money. Buy a wheel with a reputation—a machine that has gone through all the experimental stages and is acknowledged a perfected Bicycle.

Buying a WAVERLEY is like buying gold dollars at 85 cents.
See them on the streets. You will know them by the front fork.



Come and look them over. No trouble to show you just how they are constructed.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., No. 63 N. Pennsylvania Street.

Pardon Our Apparent Persistency.

SELIG'S BAZAAR

But the phenomenal success we obtained at our last special sale has induced us to continue same for this entire week. We have the goods. Your money is your own. Our prices are the lowest. Why not give us a call? We guarantee satisfaction.

COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH OTHERS OFFERED

Wash Goods

5c buys one yard of Outing Flannel, latest designs; worth 10c.
7c a yard for full-width Percale, 12½c quality.
15c for Dimitys, colored effects, regular spring price 25c.
9c for Toil de Nord French Ginghams, sold everywhere at 12½c.
5c buys Satine, new spring shades, well worth 10c.
7½c buys one yard of Black Pongee, with late-style figure; other stores sell them at 12½c.

Domestics

3c a yard for yard-wide Unbleached Muslin.
4c for one-yard-wide Bleached Muslin.
5c for Londsdale Muslin, with green ticket.
4c for Lancaster Ginghams—cheapest in the city
9-4 Pepperell Sheeting at 12½c a yard.
8c for Lonsdale Cambric, 12½c quality.
13c for fast color Turkey Red Damask, worth 25c.
25c buys Oil Red Damask, former price 50c.
The entire Linen stock has been cut to the quick, and prices never were as low as now.

Dress Goods

8c, down they go, for fine Andora Plaids.
12½c for new designs in Derby Suitings.
25c for Silk and Wool Novelties, worth 45c.
39c for Novelties 46 inches wide; the regular price was 69c.
49c for Arnold's Silk-finish Henrietta, all colors; worth $1.00.
29c buys an All-Wool Henrietta that always sold at 50c a yard.
25c buys the regular 50c All-Wool Serge, in all different shades.
75c—Read's Lansdowne, all new desirable shades, including black. Don't pay $1.00 somewhere else.

Silks

25c for the newest designs in China Silk; extra good quality.
42c for plain Chinas, all colors; regular value 50c.
59c for the 30-inch Plaid Silks, worth 85c.
79c for Black Peau de Soie Silk; very fine; actual value, $1.25.
98c for 30-inch Black Satin, 30 inches wide; sold everywhere at $1.50.

LADIES:

Anything in Dress Goods and Silk line can be bought here at prices one-third less than our competitors ask for them.

Capes and Jackets

NEVER! NEVER! NEVER! were Spring Wraps sold as cheap as now.
75c buys a nice All-Wool Cloth Cape, any color.
$1.89 for a Spring Jacket, silk-lined, big sleeves; well worth $5.00.
The entire stock will be sold regardless of cost. We will not carry any over.

Ladies' Waists

All kinds have we—

SILK WAISTS
SATIN WAISTS
PERCALE WAISTS
CALICO WAISTS

In fact, all kinds and all styles. Our prices will convince you that you are doing the right thing in buying them here.

Want of space deprives us of the pleasure of quoting any more prices, but we have on sale Corsets and Corset Covers, Hosiery and Hose Supporters, Ladies' Underwear, Children's Underwear, Men's Underwear, Men's Furnishings, all kinds Laces, Embroidery, Ribbon, Trimmings, Handkerchiefs—in fact, the entire stock has met the fate of the mark-down pencil.

SALE BEGINS EVERY MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK.

SELIG'S BAZAAR

109 AND 111 SOUTH ILLINOIS STREET. NEW WHITE FRONT.
10 AND 12 M'CREA STREET. FOUR DOORS NORTH OF UNION STATION.