THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

THE SHEATHED SWORD: A SERMON APPROPRIATE TO MEMORIAL DAY.

By the Rev. James D. Rankin, D. D., Pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Denver, Col.

"O, thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be still.

"How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge?"—Jeremiah xlvii., 6-7.

War is a wrong to man and hateful to God; but when his plans could be accomplished by no other means, he has intrusted them to the sword until his purposes have been secured. It is my firm conviction that our civil war was the consummation of one of the most wide reaching purposes of divine providence—the establishing of the brotherhood of man.

When of Pickett's 18,000 men, the remnant of 7,000 carried back in their arms the corpse of the Confederacy—back to its grave at Appomattox, their muffled drums beating the requiem of the "lost cause"—then at last in our Constitution was written that which the Declaration of Independence had declared long since, that "all men are created equal." By those amendments equal rights and privileges were pledged to all. The great purpose of the centuries had become a reality. In the Constitution of a great nation was declared the brotherhood of man.

Wherever American history is read it shall be told that the army of the North was accorded the supreme honor of making a fact this great purpose of the centuries. So long as liberty has a place in the hearts of men, this will be told for a memorial of them. It is the celebration of this consummation that makes this memorial only regal amid its simplicity and the sad memories that our hearts cherish.

The day should move us to gratitude. When the war was over, as quickly as men had rushed to arms did they disperse—some with empty sleeves, some with crutches for comrades; multitudes with the seeds of disease, sown by hardship and exposure; they returned to their homes asking no superior rights over those who had remained at home. Multitudes did not return; they sleep in Southern graves. Day by day others are being mustered out.

To them all we owe a debt of gratitude too deep for words. We, who reap the splendor of this achievement and enjoy the peace that followed the victory of their arms, are debtors in a measure that cannot be canceled. We are glad to offer just tribute to those who counted life not dear if, by its sacrifice, they might leave an undivided land. We rejoice in the spirit that guards so tenderly their memory, loves even their dust and bestows our rarest flowers to scatter on their graves.

Let us not be forgetful of the soldier's widow; through her sorrow we have found joy; shall we be unmindful of the debt thus imposed?

REMEMBER THE SOLDIER.

Let us remember also the ever-decreasing remnant of that great army through whom our blessings came. As the swiftly passing years steal from them the strength of manhood and give in its place the infirmities of age; as they reap in pain, weakness and disease, the result of privation, exposure and battle, may we not forget what they have sacrificed for us, and what that sacrifice has brought, and be not unmindful to render them the reward that is theirs.

Again, the recital of a nation's achievements excites that patriotic pride which is such a great element in building up national character. It brings its past to act upon us in its most intense form. In this materialistic age, when all are engrossed in money-making, great may be the service of this commemoration. Thousands of young lives are just awakening to the responsibilities that rest upon them, and the recital of the past is calculated, yes, indeed, to incite them to faithfulness and loyalty.

Our soldiers displayed an elevated patriotism worthy of our imitation. The world treasures no worthier names than those of our officers. Of them can be said what was written of the Knights of St. John in the crusades, "In the forefront of every battle was seen their burnished mail, and in the gloomy rear of every retreat was heard their voice of conscience and courage." Are not the volunteering private soldiers ever worthier of praise? Before the leaders there ever blazed the promise of military glory; upon them rested the eyes of the world. Great is such an incentive, though far be it from me to say it was their only one. But for the man in the ranks there was no such incentive; to the world he was unknown. If he fell, he had promise of nothing more than an uncoffined sepulcher. He endured thirst, hunger, weary marches; faced death in plague-breeding swamps and on the battlefield; bared his breast to lead and steel, and all voluntarily for the sake of his country. Duty, patriotism, love of the old flag, these alone inspired him. If there is such a thing as patriotism, these were patriots! They wore no insignia of rank; but in the book of the chronicles of the brave it is recorded that they wore a hero's heart within!

But even braver were the wives and mothers who, with breaking hearts, sent husbands and sons to fight, and, if need be, die for the Union. Upon them rested the heaviest cross—the deep and silent anguish of suspense. And when the message came that darkened their homes forever, they pressed the lips more tightly together and went forth to fight life's battle alone.

Nor can we forget those noble women who, overcoming the timidity natural to their sex, went as ministering angels to the hospitals and battlefields. It was woman's soft hand that stanched the bleeding wounds and cooled the fevered brow; it was woman's tender voice that spoke comfort and hope to the dying; they were woman's tears that fell upon the dead.

HOLD FAST THE PRINCIPLES.

This day calls to us to hold fast the principles for which they battled. It is not enough that God's great purpose should have a place in our written law; it must find a place in the administration of that law. It must be an equality that the poorest can enjoy and the richest dare not deny. I fear we are drifting toward a slavery but little better than that overthrown a quarter of a century ago—that condition of politics wherein a few demagogues may dictate our political action; in the commercial world, where monopolies may grind the laborer to the ground, the wages received by many make life little better than slavery.

It is idle for us to keep the day, if we fail to preserve that which it commemorates. As heirs to the glory secured, let us be ever faithful to our trust. That nation only has a place among the centuries which exists for the good of mankind. The greatest peril that to-day confronts this Nation is the indifference to political duty on the part of many good citizens. Upon the faithful discharge of political duty by this class rests the integrity of the Republic. They are to blame for every evil that is threatening our institutions, not because of what they have done, but because of their inexcusable indifference to their political duties. If there is one lesson more than another taught this day, it is that to preserve the integrity of the Republic and the splendid heritage won by cruel war, the better class of citizens must participate actively in civil affairs. Guard the right of suffrage; the day it is surrendered the Republic dies. What has been secured by the bayonet must be preserved by the ballot. By the memories of this day; by the greatness of our charge; by our place in the march of providence; by his sovereign touch upon us, may God make us faithful to our trust! Let us pledge ourselves upon this glorious day to go forward hand in hand increasing the intelligence, deepening the patriotism, and establishing still more firmly the work so grandly begun.

Our land occupies no mean place in the plans of God. It stands down here in the centuries as the God-appointed nation, to work into a fact, next to the redemption of divine providence. And only in their larger recognition can we come at last to that exceeding and eternal weight of glory laid up for us.

Veterans, the heart of a great people beats in gratitude larger than words can express. From countless thousands of reverent lips prayer to-day ascends for you. But your work is not yet done. The blessings which we together enjoy cost you much, and you have a right to demand that they be secured in the administration of law. Consider yourselves still on guard. Challenge every one who seeks admission to places of trust, and admit no one who cannot give the countersign known only to those whom virtue exalts and character crowns. Men who imperiled life for their country cannot consistently favor anything that threatens her integrity. Seek to mold a healthy public opinion. It is a power that few have the courage to defy, and fewer still the strength to resist.

Veterans, you are fast being mustered out. You are all drawing toward the evening. The bugle will soon sound "lights out." Will you step out into such light as never shone on land or sea? In the hour that you are mustered out, Christ alone can give you comfort. Let me commend Him to you as the one who, when life's battles are over, will be able to keep you and give to you the palm of victory and the crown of life.

SUBURBAN SOCIETY NEWS.

Brightwood.

Rev. J. E. Murray has returned home from Terre Haute.

Mrs. Anna Wilson, of Carbon, is visiting Miss Pearl Sauerwine.

Mrs. G. W. Thompson, of Windsor, is visiting her niece, Mrs. John Hayes.

Mr. Ray Chitwood left last Monday for Birmingham, Ala., to visit relatives.

Miss Lottia Cropper is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pearl Matheney, at Lexington, Ind.

Miss Blanche Harris, of Lafayette, is visiting her father, on North Station street.

Mrs. Rogers, of St. Louis, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hall, of Twenty-fifth street.

Mrs. Manskey, of Terre Haute, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Morgan, on South Station street.

Mrs. John Simon and Mrs. Dwyer, of Terre Haute, who have been visiting relatives here, have returned home.

Mrs. Alice Pickle, of McCordsville, and Mrs. Clara Pickle, of Oaklandon, who have been the guests of Mrs. E. N. Freeman, have returned to their homes.

Haughville.

A lawn social will be given at St. Paul's Reformed Church June 14.

Mr. Edgar Danner has returned home, after being away for several months.

Mrs. Kolp, of Brownsburg, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jones, on West Michigan street.

Rev. Francis Dowd, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, is confined to St. Vincent's Hospital by a serious illness.

Miss Elizabeth Maley gave a musicale at her home last Wednesday evening. She was assisted by a number of people from the city.

The ladies of King-avenue M. E. Church will give a lawn fete at the residence of D. W. Tibbs, on West Michigan street, Tuesday evening.

North Indianapolis.

Mrs. Charles O. Evans is visiting her sister in Chicago.

The pupils of School 41 gave a music festival Friday afternoon.

Miss Ella Brown, of Cincinnati, is the guest of Mrs. William Patterson.

Mr. Carl Gunder, who has been visiting friends in Chicago, has returned home.

The Social Dozen Club was entertained Thursday afternoon by Mrs. W. J. Gates.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan Hilligoss were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Baird last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Showalter, of Butler, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Houser.

Memorial services for the old soldiers will be held this morning in the Christian Church.

Mr. Charles Overton, of Rensselaer, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Shepherd last week.

Mrs. S. E. Hoising, who has been visiting Mrs. C. P. Houser, returned to her home Tuesday.

Mr. I. M. Irwin, of Kirklin, who has been visiting his son, Mr. Robert Irwin, has returned to his home.

Miss Lillian Bass entertained Tuesday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Catherine Pollard, of Muncie.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Home Presbyterian Church met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Poppenseaker.

A number of young people called on Master George Tyler last night in honor of his thirteenth birthday. The evening was spent in music and games.

The music committee of the Home Presbyterian Church will give an entertainment at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tyler next Friday evening.

A reception was given at the home of Mrs. J. Edward Brown Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Brown was assisted by Mrs. Charles M. Tyler, Mrs. Dwight L. Jones and Mrs. Charles Houckes. Ices were served by Mrs. Keller, Miss Elizabeth Keller and Miss Mary Arthur.

West Indianapolis.

Fred Waldon is visiting relatives in Lebanon.

Mrs. J. T. Fagan is visiting relatives in Effingham.

Mrs. R. E. Dyer is visiting relatives in Charleston, Ill.

Miss Edith Montgomery is visiting friends in Terre Haute.

Mr. and Mrs. Bircham are visiting relatives in Louisville.

The C. I. Club will meet this week with Mr. George Meiers.

Mrs. Robert Lowstrutter is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. A. Hogue.

Miss Letha Velaheimer, of Flora, is the guest of Mrs. H. Wright.

Mrs. W. S. Binkley, of Dublin, is the guest of Miss Pearl Crull.

Mrs. Clarence Funk, of Roachdale, is the guest of Mrs. D. K. Akers.

B. S. Henderson, of Lima, O., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Fred Metz.

Mrs. McClure, of Nashville, is visiting her son, Mr. Robert McClure.

Mrs. Benson and Mrs. Waldon will visit friends in Lebanon this week.

Mrs. Sarah Tucker has returned home from her visit to Greencastle.

Michael Crawley, of North Madison, is the guest of A. Foltz and family.

Mrs. Lizzie McKinney has returned home from her visit to relatives in Liberty.

I. D. Sawyer was called to Brooklyn Tuesday to attend the funeral of his uncle.

Miss Genevieve Williamson, of Morristown, is the guest of Miss Helen Linton.

Miss Willer and Mrs. Emie, of Terre Haute, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willer.

The Daughters of America gave a social at the home of Mrs. Tinsley Friday evening.

In the L. T. L. medal contest last Tuesday evening Miss Bessie Bristow was the winner.

Mrs. Wiles, of Illinois, and Mr. and Mrs. Day, of Bedford, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wiles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Atkinson will entertain the members of the Social Club next Friday evening.

Mrs. M. Williamson, who has been visiting Mrs. Birkley, has returned to her home in Terre Haute.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Kendall, of Noblesville, were the guests of Rev. S. B. Grimes and wife last week.

The Misses Spinks and Miss Jessie Wysong entertained Misses Maud and Iva Leatherman lest week.

The L. T. L. will give a lawn social at the corner of McCarty street and Marion avenue to-morrow night.

Mrs. John Moore will entertain the members of the Barton Mandolin Club Wednesday evening of this week.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Pilgrim Congregational Church will meet this week with Mrs. Homer on Birch avenue.

Palmer Union, W. C. T. U., will observe June 9 as "flower day." Donations of flowers will be sent to the county asylum.

A surprise party was given to Harry Smith last Wednesday evening in honor of his birthday. Twenty-four young people attended.

A strawberry festival will be given at the home of Miss Mabel Benson on Blaine avenue next Thursday evening by her Sunday school class.

The ladies of the Twentieth Century Club will entertain their husbands Tuesday evening at the residence of Dr. Hinkle on Oliver avenue.

The ladies of the First M. E. Church held a fair in the storeroom, corner of Howard street and Blaine avenue, Thursday and Friday of last week.

At Trinity M. E. Church this morning special services will be held for the members of the G. A. R., P. O. S. of A., Knights of Pythias and the W. R. C.

Mommanche Tribe, No. 47, D. of P., will hold its memorial services to-day at 2 o'clock in Spencer's Hall. All the councils of the order in the city have been invited to attend.

The pupils of School 46 celebrated Wednesday as "May day." The school was elaborately decorted with national colors and cut flowers. The programme consisted of music and recitations.

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR.

Social Plane Always Slants Down in This Direction.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Outwardly you may be on friendly terms with the people next door, but, if the truth were known, you do not think much of them. Their ways may be well enough, but they are not your ways. It is not hatred, far less envy; neither is it contempt exactly. Only you do not understand why they live as they do. You account for some things by the differences in social traditions. They were not brought up as you were—not that they are to blame for that, but certain advantages that you had were denied them. Rude noises come from that house next door that you would not expect from people in their station. There is nothing that so reveals the breeding of the inmates as the noises that come from a house. Laughter late at night, when you want to sleep—how coarse it sounds! That is what the strong writer probably means by ribald laughter. Then there is that young woman who sings. What voices the people next door always have, and what a repertoire of songs! Why do they never try a new one? There must be new songs from time to time within the means of any one, but you never hear them next door. Years after a song is forgotten elsewhere it goes on next door. A popular song never dies. The people next door rescue it after it is hounded off the street and warm it into eternal life. Girls begin on it in their teens and worry it away on into womanhood. Even after they are married off they do not get over it, and when they come home to visit you hear it again—"Eyes so balloo and tender," or whatver it may be. Fancy the kind of people that would let a young woman sing "Eyes so balloo and tender" all through life, even if she wanted to. It must injure her mind.

And so it goes. Everything they do shows just what sort of people they are. Look at the things they hang out in their back yard—and is there ever a day when some of their old traps are not hanging out or standing around there? If your things looked like that you would at least keep them indoors. It is not that they are so old, though for the matter of that you should think they would be afraid of germs, but they were chosen with such monstrously bad taste in the first place. What in the world do people want to furnish a house like that for? They must have cost enough, too, and for that amount of money they could have bought—but what is the use of talking? There are distinctions that you never can make people feel.

That cook of theirs you would not have in your house five minutes. It must surely be unsafe to eat what a person like that would cook. A certain degree of neatness is indispensable, and people who were used to things would insist upon it. That is the trouble with the people next door—they are not used to things. It is easy enough to put a stop to certain matters if you take them in hand, such, for instance, as those awful Irish whoops that issue every evening from their kitchen windows. But the people next door do not mind—that is the sum of it—they simply do not mind things that would drive you stark mad. They can sleep through their own hideous noise, eat their own ill-prepared food, put up with anything, just because it is theirs. Content is a good thing and family affection is laudable, but in this particular case each goes too far. It annoys you to think of the narrow basis on which it subsists. What can the wife see in the husband or the husband see in the wife, or either of them in those young ones?

Yesterday a correspondent wrote in to complain of the carpet beating that went on next door. Hitherto he had thought those people were gentlefolk. He doubts it now. The people next door are always doing things that enable you to "size them up." You size them up ten or fifteen times a day. The women in your family size them up much oftener. That doubt of next-door gentility is absolutely universal. It is no accident that brings that kind of people next door to you. It is the working of a mighty social law. You are charitable in the matter. You admit their virtues—that is, the big ones, which nobody uses more than once a year or so. They are respectable people and well-intended. But they always lack one indefinable thing which you have, whatever may be your faults. It is very important. The social plane always slants down toward the people next door. One should not be snobbish about it, but the slant is there, nevertheless, and you cannot help knowing it. If we created a nobility over here the people next door could never get in. If you ever mention these things you do it with the utmost delicacy and you explain over and over again that you do not mean anything against the people. You would not for the world let them know you felt as you do. This is all wasted. This is the land of subjective aristocracy.

Color Photography.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"So many foolish things have been said about color photography," said a prominent New Orleans photographer, "that I am half afraid to mention the subject. But you may set it down as a fact that the problem has been solved, and that the process will be in common use right here in this city within the next twelve months. Work is now progressing on a large exhibition apparatus that will be set up at the convention of American Photographers, which meets in Milwaukee next July. The idea is to make a practical demonstration and teach those present exactly how to manipulate the plates. The process which will undoubtedly be adopted for commercial purposes is a modification of that invented by McDonough, of Chicago. The print is made on paper covered with fine parallel lines of the three primary colors—red, yellow and green—and the result is what is called rather vaguely an 'automatic adjustment' of tints. The explanation is too technical to be understood by anybody but an expert, but I have seen a number of the finished pictures, and have no hesitation in saying they meet all the requirements of true color photography. The portraits are especially successful, and, in my opinion, they are bound to supersede black and white to a very large extent. They will be considerably more expensive—say \$3 or \$4 to the dozen—but improvements that are bound to take place in the mechanism of the process will eventually reduce the cost. The average person will probably be surprised that more hasn't been said about the matter in the papers. The reason is that experiments in color photography have been associated with failure so long and so persistently that the public has lost confidence and interest. But the experimenters have kept right along, all the same, and at last they have arrived at something practical. A good many of the large Northern galleries will make color photographs as a regular thing this summer."

Love's Limitation.

I would have borne the pain for her had I the pow'r,
Aye, cheerfully would I have bode within her hour
Of anguished hurt, and gripped my throat to choke the sobs
To speechless calm, and laid upon the quiv'ring throbs
Of shrinking flesh stern exhortation to be still,
Lest she might guess the weakness of my spirit's will.

I would have drained pain's cup and let each ruby kiss
Spill beaded burnings on my lip if she might miss
From out her cup such bitter lees. I would have swung
Love's lanthorn at the outer gate and stumbled 'mong
The tangled shadows far into the lonesome night—
Into the darkest night—so she might bide in light.

But this love's limitation: that it cannot take
Unto itself one little grief God sends to wake
Another soul to discipline. It can but view
With dripping eyes a burdened one that journeys through
The darkened vale, and reaching sympathizing hands
Question if one's beloved even understands.

Indianapolis. —Ollah Toph.

Young & McMurray, Tailors, 43 N. Penn. st.

FOR FEMININE READERS

NEED FOR THE CULTIVATION OF A KEENER SENSE OF HONESTY.

The Normal Woman of Advanced Years Feels Young—For Superfluous Flesh—Suggestions.

The women, with one accord, listened to Cigale, for when she moralized something astonishing had befallen her, says a writer in the Chicago Post. One remarked that Cigale seemed worried, but she had attributed it to the intricate lace pattern she was working on.

"You know, girls, I am naturally optimistic, but occasionally something happens that upsets my moral stability. My faith in human nature is shattered. I went to see Mary G. yesterday. She told me she was boarding with a charming family of Southern people. It was on the top floor of an apartment building, not an expensive place by any means. A child asked me to wait in the parlor. It looked like a curiosity shop. On the floor was a rare silk Persian rug, too large and turned under all around the edges and valued at hundreds of dollars. The furniture and cabinets were of the handsomest carved teak wood and mahogany. Carved ivory, Venetian glass, Hungarian ware, Bohemian glass, cameras, all kinds of bric-a-brac and curios crowded together without any regard for arrangement. Delft plaques, Russian enamel, Swedish filagree, French bronzes and Italian marbles on pedestals and cabinets became identified in my mind with certain sections of the world's fair.

"Mary was dressing, so I had half an hour in which to take my inventory. Finally she came, inviting me to her room. It was carpeted with a rare Turkish rug, furnished with a marvelous set of furniture in French gilt and a great wrought-iron lantern hung from the ceiling, while corner brackets held lovely bits of ivory carvings.

"'What do you think of it?' she said as soon as we were out of the building.

"I expressed myself as overcome at such an exhibition on the top of an apartment house.

"'Oh, I can account for it,' replied she. 'You see, they are as poor as church mice, but during the world's fair he was a customs inspector, and there are his perquisites of that memorable season.'

"I drew a long breath and felt as if I had just escaped from the den of the forty thieves. Mary says she found the place in answer to an advertisement. It gratifies her artistic sense to live among those lovely things, and the family are so good to her."

"I know of a case as shocking," said her vis-a-vis: "The queerest thing about it is that the woman and her family talk and boast of it, thinking it all right. I called at the house while hunting for references for a cook. The mistress had evidently just come in, for with her hat and furs on she was unwrapping a huge parcel. I stated my errand, gaining my information.

"'Just wait a minute,' said she; 'I want to show you my lovely Battenburg pillow I won at the card party.'

"It was a handsome pillow with lace cover over green silk and valued at dollars and dollars. She then grew confidential and told me she belonged to three cinch clubs, and her husband to one. She was quite successful at winning prizes. All the pictures, vases, palms, jardinieres, cushions and tabourets with various embroidered center-pieces and articles pertaining to the dining room or the toilet table had been won. She congratulated herself that in her housekeeping she was spared the necessity of paying out money for bric-a-brac. Her husband's good luck won solid silver, and the family was amply supplied with extra forks and spoons."

"How shocking! Are you sure you are not running to fiction?" asked Philippa.

"Indeed I am not, and neither is Cigale," replied the speaker. "Both of our stories are perfectly true."

"The moral sense seems unevenly developed in people. I remember a young man who used to drop in about meal times and was asked to remain, becoming quite intimate with the family. At last some one told us he had remarked that he was seventeen meal tickets ahead that month. When we traveled abroad and unluckily joined a party we were constantly victimized. Shillings and francs were borrowed by people who forgot to return. Some one was always without change to pay train fare or an admission fee. Your medicines were in great demand and toilet articles went visiting. Guidebooks were common property and not to be found when needed.

"There was a young lawyer from Boston who imposed upon everybody. When a guide was hired by a few individuals for a special trip he accompanied the party, often inviting a lady, but disappearing when the hour of settlement arrived. He purchased no guidebooks, using those of others. It was truly interesting how that man succeeded in getting about without spending money. That is one of the unpleasant features of a tourist party—the traveler is tied to all sorts and conditions of people during the trip. Even the ginger ale and welsh rarebits sent to his room at night found their way to the bills of innocent women who, rather than occasion a scene with the manager, paid them."

"Our rules and regulations," said the president, "expressly state that the members of this organization are to abstain from gossip and to maintain conversation on an elevated plane. What benefit is derived from talk such as we have had to-day?"

"It may result in the starting of a society for the improvement of the conscience of the masses. The old-fashioned Sunday school is not as alive as it used to be, and formal ethics are not assiduously studied," said the matron, giving the signal for departure.

For the Comfort of the Elderly.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Since woman is, in the main, but a bundle of paradoxes it is not surprising to hear that a normally healthy woman is younger, mentally and physically, at fifty than at forty. The reason is somewhat recondite, but still one to be rendered in plain words. This rejuvenation comes from a sort of second growth of nerve tissue, or, more accurately, a new arrangement of nerve cells, which takes place commonly in the decade between thirty-five and forty-five.

The feminine constitution comes to its midsummer at, say, thirty-five. All before that has been a period of unfolding, of development, mental, physical, psychical. Now comes the pause, at first imperceptible, then gradually making itself known by loss of stay and resilience. One tires without cause, one frets without occasion. The grasshopper truly becomes a burden, and set obligations of any kind a sort of nightmare. One is not ill—there is the exasperating part. It is impossible to lay a finger upon anything out of order—one eats and sleeps and gets up as usual, reads the new books, considers new clothes, works if work be inevitable, and plays if play be still more inevitable, and all the while is conscious that life has lost sap and flavor, and, most of all, spring.

It is wonderfully comforting to understand that they are inevitable while the rootmaking for second growth goes on. Sometimes the rootmaking has curious physical effects. Women long married who have never borne children often become mothers round about forty. A case in point is that of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, sometime Mrs. Hammersley, who at rising forty bore a son and heir to her third husband, Lord William Beresford, and this several years after her last marriage. Red-haired women, especially those of the dark-eyed, tawny type, very often find the color of their locks changing to flaxen or dull gold; complexions also change, not merely in color, but in texture. As to figure everybody knows how difficult it often is for the woman of thirty-five to recognize her own in the woman of ten years later.

The pity of it is so few women comprehend nature's esoteric processes. They grow frightened at their languors, their lassitudes and cry out against them, either driving themselves so remorselessly that they break down under the strain or resorting to medicines to whip flagging nerves when they need nothing but patience. Thus they lay the foundations of sorrow as long as the rest of their lives. Thus, too, they often abridge the lives themselves.

The years between forty-five and sixty ought to be the happiest, the most enjoyable of a woman's life. She has passed the region of equinoctial storms and come into the place, not of calms, but of achievement. If she has used herself properly she is strong and light stepping, unacquainted with rheumatic pains and full of frank health. Her hand is steady, her eyes bright, her voice equable, her laugh infectious. She may have gray hairs in plenty, even wrinkles, but nobody marks them through the charm of her Indian summer vitality.

She feels young because in large part she is young. Nature has wrought unnoted one of her miraculous commonplaces. In this transmutation no doubt lies the real secret of many amazing marriages, such, for example, as those of Mrs. Phelps-Ward, Mrs. Hodson-Burnett-Townsend and George Eliot. Roses, even Indian summer roses, you see, love the sunlight of young eyes.

The Cure for Obesity.

Mary Easton, M. D., in American Queen.

Any woman can reduce her flesh if she wishes to, but not without a certain amount of restriction as to diet and exercise. Few women are as slight at forty as they are at twenty and very few women expect to be, but the too solid flesh of some is frequently a source of anxiety.

Obesity may be hereditary; it may be produced through excessive eating and drinking, and it may be the result of too little exercise. In any case it may be remedied.

There are three things to do to rid yourself of superfluous flesh. They are to eat and drink no more than you actually crave, to sleep no more than is really needful and to take as much active and outdoor exercise as possible. This latter is absolutely imperative, and stout people usually have the greatest disinclination towards exercise of every kind.

For your diet, and the reduction of flesh rests largely with your diet, assisted by exercise, you must avoid all foods containing starch and sugar, such, for instance, as bread, cakes, pastry, fat meats, milk, cream, oil, tapioca, corn starch, macaroni, thick soups, grapes, bananas, etc., beer or any drink sweetened with sugar.

Eat thin toast, crackers, lean white meats, green vegetables (those that grow above the ground), fowl, fish, stewed fruit sweetened with saccharine, and for liquid food weak tea, plain water and lemonade sweetened with saccharine. Liquids should not be used with a meal, but after a meal is finished.

Most people eat too much, and as they advance in years with little or no exercise they naturally put on flesh. Young people do and should eat well, and build up a strong constitution, because they take so much exercise they can afford to do this.

Just the quantity of food to take depends upon one's physical requirements. A person who is actively inclined requires more than a person living a sedentary life.

Breakfast for the obese should consist of toast unbuttered, weak tea and a little fish. Luncheon may consist of a little thin meat, a small portion of green vegetables and toast, and a dinner of much the same.

Eat nothing between meals and eat no more than will absolutely satisfy the appetite, and with a month's such treatment one will grow thinner and feel better for this simple diet. If you have suffered from a feeling of puffiness or fullness or distension this will entirely disappear.

Sleep on a hard mattress (horse hair) and the same sort of a pillow and remain in bed no longer than is needful to refresh yourself.

Exercise regularly; walk, ride, row, play tennis, golf and dance if you like. Exercise a certain amount each day, rain or shine. Spasmodic exercise is worse than useless.

The correct weight for a woman five feet four inches is anywhere from 135 to 150 pounds, and her waist measure should not be less than twenty-four inches, while twenty-six is none too large.

The Superfluous Mothball.

New York Evening Post.

It is to be hoped that all women who are busy putting away their winter clothes will bear in mind that the merit of moth balls was long since exploded. Old-fashioned gum camphor, such as our great-grandmothers laid their sables away in, is, as it always was, the best and surest preventive against moths. But the balls of tar camphor, that upstart, ill-smelling remedy only known to the housewife within a few years, are now declared by experts to be utterly useless. Its odor ought to be enough to drive any self-respecting moth to drink, if not to suicide, but it is conclusively proved that nothing of the sort happens. She who mistakenly indulges in tar camphor does not insure her clothes against moths, but she does saturate them with one of the most unpleasant odors known to the olfactories. Tar camphor is, too, such a pervasive fragrance! Not satisfied with contaminating all things it comes in contact with, it extends its baleful influence to objects at comparatively long range. A woman once offered her guests some fruitcake that had all summer long been reposing by itself on the top shelf of a storeroom closet. The woman herself had not tasted the cake and she wondered why each guest, after the merest nibble, dropped the morsel as if it stung her fingers. The woman realized why when she took a piece herself. The cake was saturated with tar camphor. The lower shelves of the storeroom closet had been piled with winter clothes, wrapped carefully in paper, of course, but with enough camphor balls, had there been any virtue in them, to have annihilated a whole army of moths.

The Care of Rubber Plants.

Philadelphia Times.

Among the most forlorn objects to be met with in homes is the rubber plant, which, even in well appointed households, is not infrequently allowed to present a discreditably uncleanly appearance. Its leaf is so large and of so deep a green that dust is plainly in evidence, a fact of which many owners of these plants seem unaware. Apart from the untidiness of dust-laden leaves a more serious objection still is that the rubber plant "breathes" through its leaf, and it menaces the life of the plant to have its lungs, as it were, thus choked. A woman who has great success with her plants, according to an exchange, sponges off each leaf on the under as well as the upper side at least three times a week; more often still if the plant has been exposed to street dust or that of room cleaning. Only enough water is put on the earth in which the roots are planted to keep the soil from feeling hard. Once a week the earth about the roots is loosened and two teaspoonfuls of castor oil are allowed to drip all about the roots, after which operation the earth is scratched back. Apart from neglect the average rubber plant is usually selected unintelligently, with the result that ungainly shoots, several feet high, semi-leafless, rear their ugly lengths on piazzas and stoops in the season, and throughout the year indoors. A beautifully shaped plant, which makes a decorative object for indoors or outdoors, can be had by getting any efficient florist to properly dwarf it in bush form or some other sightly shape.

A Nice Girl.

Chicago Post.

Letters come so slowly from the Philippines that it is not long since the women who gathered reading material for our soldiers in hospitals there have heard with what pathetic joy it was received. Papers, magazines and books, which simply encumber closets, passed from hand to hand among those weary exiles. But while small favors were gratefully received, an extra gilt-edged brand of gratitude went out to one Chicago girl who contributed no fewer than 140 new novels. Where the rest of us cleared away our literary lumber in answer to the appeal of the Daughters, this energetic young woman got together all the latest popular fiction—"David Harum," "Red Pottage," "Janice Meredith," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Mr. Dooley" and all the other books we see week after week advertised as selling in fabulous numbers. She said the family gladly could have spared odd volumes of the Waverly novels, "Kane's Arctic Voyages," "Sandford and Merton" and so on, but it did not seem as if they were just the thing to inflict on sick soldiers. That girl made a noble record.

Odds and Ends.

Bouillon cups are among the table fittings which fashion permits to be varied in a set. When it is known that a friend is collecting such a service, the gift of one is a happy way out of the dilemma of choice on her birthday, or at a holiday time, and is especially acceptable to the recipient.

The bell sleeve, which is seen so frequently, is pretty and comfortable with the negligee gown. The undersleeve, worn with a light gown for morning wear, with a turned-back embroidered or lace cuff to the bell-shaped sleeve, is particularly pretty. Undersleeves suggest in some ways the house gown.

Sheer qualities of nun's veiling, the coarser canvas veiling, and silk and satin foulard, trimmed variously with embroidered batiste, plain foulard flounces, folds and scarf draperies, or straight rows of narrow ribbon, are among the most fashionable dress fabrics now being made up into summer gowns.

Although it is well to have a supply of sweet herbs kept separately, a bottle ready mixed should also be prepared, as they save much trouble and can always be used when called for by the general term sweet herbs. These usually consist of equal parts of lemon, thyme, marjoram and savory, and two parts parsley dried by heat. Sundried parsley is tasteless.

Cool and pretty are the waists of pink, blue or cream-white Liberty silk or satin, made in regular shirt-waist style, with yoke back and slightly full fronts, fastened with small gilt or mock-opal buttons. Other dainty styles to wear on cool days under a pique or white-cloth Eton jacket are made of soft powder-pink albatross or French flannel, and simply finished with rows of silk-stitched tucking. Both silk and wool waists are unlined.

A 10-cent tube of white lead will mend any quantity of broken china. Put a small quantity of white lead on the broken edges, bind firmly with a string and set away for a few weeks to dry. If not thoroughly dry, the pieces will not stay cemented when put in water. Any amount of washing cannot dislodge the pieces when once thoroughly dried before using. Care must be taken to let nothing greasy touch the broken edges before applying the lead.

The most attractive feature of some of the airy summer toilets is the bertha or fichu, made of mull and valenciennes lace, finished with a deep ruffle of the lace falling over a pinked frill of soft rose color or pale golden-green chiffon or transparent silk. Dresses of net, trimmed with lace, have also berthas of net and lace, but valenciennes is not united with the net, which seems to accord better with chiffon or mousseline de soie.

Covers for asbestos mats may be made of white or cream-colored sateen. An outline design in wash silk can ornament them. The mats are easily slipped out when the covers are to be laundered. Another and perhaps more tasteful way to conceal the necessary asbestos mats is to slip them under the service doilies. A set of these mats is best provided from the sheets of asbestos. From these may be cut round ones for the covers and oblongs to go under platters and vegetable dishes. No housekeeping genius has yet devised an ornamental set of mats.

For cleaning cutlery use ashes made from pine wood and sift through a fine sieve: rub gently with soft woolen cloth and use castile soap; rinse in warm water and dry with soft linen cloth. For fine cutlery that is not used often I have found this preparation to be good: Take a piece of leaf fat from the pork; render and strain through a flannel cloth; use no salt, as it will rust; will keep best in a glass jar. Put a small portion of this on a flannel cloth about six inches square; rub the blades and wrap carefully in tissue or waxed paper separately.

Greatness.

Atchison Globe.

An Atchison woman is very patient when her friends boast of rubber tires and cut glass. The consciousness that she has hanging up in her parlor a framed receipted bill showing that she has paid a doctor \$346 makes her feel superior to the trivial claims of greatness made by other women.

AMUSEMENTS.

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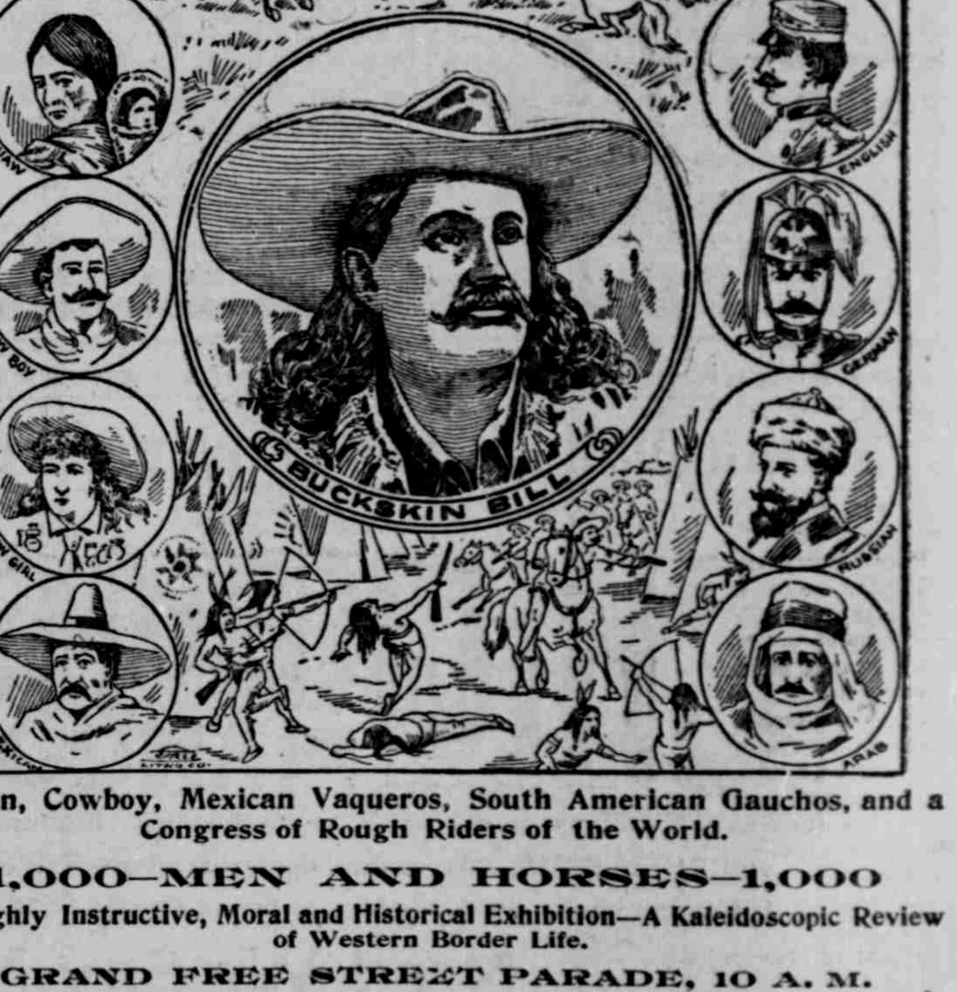

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Special Concert Decoration Day

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Concert by the
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HARRY W. KLAUSMANN..........Director
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AT THREE O'CLOCK

PART I
1. March—"Man Behind the Gun"........Sousa
2. Selection—"Carmen"........Bizet
3. Levee Revels........O'Hare
4. Cupid's Pleadings........Laurendeau
5. Selections from the "Serenade"........Victor Herbert
6. Patrol—"The Crack Regiment"........Moses

PART II
7. Overture—"Morning, Noon and Night"........Suppe
8. Naila (from the Ballet Silvia)........Delibes
9. Popular Sunny Tennessee Medley........Mackie
10. "Flight of the Butterflies" (Ar. by Rembusch)........Knaur
11. Selection—"Runaway Girl"..Carroll-Moncton
12. Aunt Phoebe's Jubilee........Bernard Stern

Refreshments, ice-cream soda and cigars for sale on the grounds.
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MONDAY AND TUESDAY
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2 Games—a. m. and p. m.
INDIANAPOLIS vs. DETROIT
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