ILLUSTRATED FASHIONS

ASY standards are to prevail in passing on the looks of novelty dress goods, yet one should exercise care and taste in selection. These materials include many more that are positively hideous. Such ugly colors and such extraordinary combinations of hues are rarely seen. Not a few new fashions that seem unpleasant at first come finally to appear as all right, but these goods hardly can recover from the impression of positive ugliness that they give. Then while many shaggy zibelines and camel's hair cloths are beautiful in texture and color, it is predicted that light-weight cloths and solid color goods will lead them. Novelty will be furnished by the embroidery, applique, lace and stitching that will be used as trimming. Some very attractive effects are obtained in the less conspicuous of the zibelines, and for severe street gowns they are used quite successfully. Narrow stripes in red and black, green and black or blue and black, thickly sprinkled with white hairs are among the most effective and least conspicuous of these rough goods. Plain greens and reds, with the hairy effect in black, are acceptable, too.

Greens and reds are leading colors, and are more beautiful than they have been in many years. One green that is hardly hunter's, nor yet emerald, but a warm, quiet shade between the two, appear again and again, but most frequently in combination with black. It should be a prime favorite, for it is becoming, inconspicuous and easily combined with other colors. A novelty shown in this shade has a smooth finished surface of the green with what appear as eighth-inch stripes in black. On closer examination these stripes are seen to be slit down the middle, giving the merest hint of an under surface of burnt orange. The latter color shows only in certain lights, and with a touch of orange and black for trimming should make a particularly rich costume. The same material is found in brown undershot with turquoise, in blue, with green or crimson and in all black undershot with white. Rough, loosely woven black goods striped or dotted in white or sprinkled with camel's hair seem likely to be much in vogue, and several models shown by swell tailors make use of this material with touches of blue ciel in the trimming.

Perhaps the ugliest novelty materials are the new plaids. How weavers ever dared put such designs on the market is hard to understand, for they are held at the high prices that usually pertain to new materials. Happily there are pretty new plaids, with sanction to employ them very ornamentally in dress trimming. In the accompanying small picture one method of utilizing them is shown.

The dress goods here was robin's egg blue broadcloth. The plaid showed red, blue and green, and folds of the goods and pink and white Dresden silk were other trimmings. This Robespierre collar is one of several stylish devices for making the shoulders seem wide, yet giving to them a long droop. Nothing will accomplish this better than a deep, flat collar falling from the base of the throat to well over the shoulders. Such collars in handsome heavy lace are almost the sole trimming of many soft wool gowns. Then triple collars of the sort called Carrick collars and incroyable revers are means to the same general end. In other particulars than shoulders there is to be much drooping effect. Flowing skirts, sashes, boas and fichus and drooping hat brims are what the fall and winter girl must display with drooping shoulders if she wishes to be up to date.

Persian and Oriental trimmings will continue in excellent standing, but no longer are to be considered as the newest garniture. Tricks in velvet trimming are of later introduction, though there is more or less of trickery in this at all times. In to-day's second illustration are one gown trimmed with Persian embroidery and two trimmed with velvet. The stylish value of the latter is about two to one of the other. The first gown was biscuit broadcloth, the embroidery trimming the skirt and outlining a vest of white silk embroidered in silver. The next figure displays a coat of bronze taffeta trimmed with stitched folds of the silk and with black velvet. A cream lace bolero topped it. A green and pink pompadour silk was the fabric of the right gown, with sleeved bolero of black brocaded velvet. Wonderful colorings and designs appear in the new pompadour silks. They are brocaded, striped or dotted, and all will make stunning coats or dresses. Many are being used as a foundation for chiffon, mousseline and other semi-transparent materials. A design right off the griddle has a Dresden ground, with an immense dull dot almost the size of a silver dollar. Coats and whole costumes are made of it, but it looks better when used as a foundation, the dot not being then so noticeable.

Skirts flare with all possible freedom about the feet and fit very snugly at the hips. So much may be relied on as settled. As a result there will be resort to circular flounces and inset pleats of every sort. The serpentine skirt is shown and a device whereby the drop skirt can be avoided is offered. To the ordinary observer the latter recalls old-fashioned pantalettes made of silk, very full and befrilled. They extend to the knees and are attached to round elastics worn after the manner of garters. Additional trimness of figure and minimum of weight are the advantages claimed. The skirt itself is somewhat extreme and only suited to tall figures with almost ideal lines. This last contrivance savors of the absurd and it is not likely that women will give up the swish of silken skirts, even to appear wasplike. It may appeal to stout women, but it is not likely it will be generally worn. Inset and inverted pleats are far more graceful and will be generally popular.

Flounced skirts are finished with inverted pleats at the back and are exceedingly effective in rich silks, handsome cloth and velvet. The polonaise continues, but seems unlikely to have general indorsement. One of its prettiest forms is shown in the concluding picture, being sketched in delicate gray brocaded silk, corn-colored satin and cream and gold lace.

The Russian blouse, more or less modified, is the most popular model for a skirtless coat at present, and a large majority of the new fall suits take this form. The severe collarless blouse, with a finish of embroidered band and wristbands ending the bishop sleeves is used both for gowns and separate waists. Many flannel and cashmere waists are made after this model, a stock and chemisette or yoke being worn. Another more elaborate blouse is laid in box pleats. Over the shoulders and around the back is a deep triple collar, the two lower sections heavily stitched, the upper one embroidered and held by a stitched box pleat that passes under the two lower collars and continues down the blouse to the waist line. Another feature of this form of blouse is the soft black satin scarf that usually passes around the throat and runs down either side of the front box pleat. It is slipped through broad eyelets in the goods and terminates in loose, flowing ends. Two dainty blouse modifications are shown here. The left-hand one was snuff brown camel's hair, with lace applique and white silk lacing. The other was bright red broadcloth, lace covering the lower portion and appearing below the belt in hip pieces. Tucked yoke, collar and drapery were white satin. The vividness of some of the new reds is distressing, and in this respect the greens are worse, perhaps because golf has made us familiar with brightness in reds and scarlets.

Since velvet is to be stylish in many uses, it will appear in modified Louis XV coats. One exquisite model gown had a flounced skirt and a coat that suggested the Louis model in its outlines and length, but it was simpler and with fewer frills than is usual. The garment was snug fitting, with the familiar skirt that is slightly cut away at the front, and included a narrow vest of embroidered white satin with plain, slightly bell sleeves, while the neck was finished with a high straight collar. The whole was elegant, as velvet usually is, when treated with simplicity and dignity. Beneath such suits dainty waists of lace and chiffon will be worn. Crepe de chine promises to be a continued favorite and all delicate colors, with much white, will be used. The waists are tucked or plain, with shirt or bishop sleeves, just as one chooses. Yokes have appeared on some of the heavy waists, but these will not become generally popular until later in the season.

Handwork in tucks, herring-bone, embroidery and applique still holds its own on soft materials. Stitchings and stitched bands are also stylish, but stitching in contrasting color is now considered a bit odd. Silk in the color of the goods or a shade lighter or darker should be used for stitching. Bands of broche and Dresden silks are also used to trim many swagger fall gowns.

New York, Sept. 20.

NEW USES OF TRIMMINGS.

A POLONAISE AND TWO BLOUSE MODIFICATIONS.

Swink's Seedless Watermelon.

Minenapolis Tribune.

Former State Senator Swink, of Colorado, has been working on the seedless melon proposition many years. And early one morning about five months ago, so it is related, Mr. Swink came bounding in to breakfast and startled his wife and children by shouting in a perfect spasm of glee: "I've got it! I can do it!"

Then, it is said, he rushed away without explaining to the astonished family what on earth he meant.

But Mrs. Swink is reported to have said: "Never mind; father knows." And as "father" stands quite well in the estimation of his family, the mere knowledge that he knew was quite sufficient for all. Swink selected certain kinds of seeds, planted them at certain unusual distances apart and began to watch for the first signs of their germination. After spying on the plants as they grew, it became known that he had really put some momentous enterprise on foot.

Later Mr. Swink brought and laid before his family and friends a huge, long, green melon, and, dividing it clearly at one stroke of his big knife, displayed to them the pink interior of a splendid emerald sphere without a single seed. This was but the small beginning of a great end. Of course, Mr. Swink will not reveal the secret process by which he cut off a melon's hope of posterity and at the same time renders its fleeting presence here more beneficent and beloved.

The seeds in the melon have always been considered a great drawback, and while they do not act as complete neutralizers of the joys of such luscious gormandizing, they have by many been recorded as a serious menace to the lives of the eaters.

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE.

Collectors Eagerly Seeking It in Remotest Byways.

London Letter, in New York Commercial Advertiser.

London, of course, is far and away the biggest market for old furniture in the kingdom, but not by any means the most reasonable. Indeed, the really knowing ones rarely buy in London. They make, instead, little pilgrimages to towns like Ipswich or Oxford or Canterbury or Godalming, or they drop in casually at cottages in rural Sussex to glean what they may. Ten years ago Birmingham of all places was the best town in the country for the amateur of limited means, and even to-day prices range about 20 per cent. lower there than in London. Less than a fortnight ago I bought in Birmingham two of the finest Chippendale armchairs I have ever set eyes on for £5. In Bond street they would have fetched from £4 to £5 apiece. But even Birmingham is nothing like the treasure trove it was a decade ago. The passion for old English furniture has grown within the last ten years amazingly, and hardly an inch of the country remains unsearched, at least along the highways. In the early nineties private collectors were few and far between, and a man could furnish his dining room in old oak, his drawing room in Chippendale, and his bedroom in Sheraton at about a fifth of the present cost. People know a good deal more to-day than they did then, and it is the exception now to come across a cottager who does not know the full market value of the chests and dressers and high-backed chairs that in the good old days of simplicity he would have sold for a song. And yet by diligent search some relics of the former ignorance may still be delightfully encountered, and the amateur hunter, wherever he may find himself, in Sussex or in Yorkshire, should never forget to inquire the price of anything he fancies. The chances are that he will be disappointed when he hears it, but sooner or later there comes a golden moment when all the self-command he owns will be needed to conceal his rapture. The furniture hunter, of course, has no moral sense.

If there is one county in England less denuded of its treasures than the rest it is Yorkshire, and towns like Whitby and Hull still amply reward a thorough search. At the other end of the kingdom Cornwall, too, is a happy hunting ground, especially off the railroad routes, and in the bypaths of Wales some good things are to be come across. But to find them requires much patience and a good deal of traveling. The city which on the whole offers you the largest choice at the lowest prices is Gloucester, and Americans who are fond of old furniture will find a day given up to strolling round the back streets of that fine old cathedral town very profitably and pleasantly spent. But in general, and compared even with what it was five years ago, old furniture in England is very scarce. The London dealers are hard put to it to keep their customers supplied, and so fierce is the competition that they think little of traveling a hundred miles to buy ten pounds' worth of goods. To be sure that one has the genuine thing is becoming harder and harder. The faking is very clever, and all the old patterns are being duplicated by the ton. This is a capital thing for English taste, which could hardly have a better model than Hepplewhite or Chippendale in his later or less ornate style, but, for the collector, it spoils much of the joy of his hobby, though, of course, one has a certain grim pleasure in explaining now and then to a dealer that, though he may reproduce everything else, he cannot reproduce the look of old wood and that you are, therefore, not to be taken in by the "written guarantee of genuineness" that he presses upon you so anxiously.

In such a variegated hobby as old furniture the constant aim of every enthusiast is to be beforehand in guessing what is to be the ruling stock in the market. At present oak and satinwood dispute for leadership. Both bring enormous prices and indeed to get a piece of oak at once old and artistic is now all but impossible. A genuine oak dresser with any pretensions to beauty is not to be had in London for less than 12 guineas; most of them sell at from 15 to 20. Oak settees and chairs and gateleg tables and cabinets and bureaus and coffers are all in brisk demand. I thought myself lucky in getting a Jacobean chest of four drawers, each with the old pear-shaped drop-handles, for a £5 note. But it is quite possible that the craze for oak will pass as suddenly as it came. Tottenham Court road is doing its best to vulgarize it by turning out some frightful concoctions—and Tottenham Court road plays in regard to fashions in furniture the same part that the New York darky plays in matters of dress. It serves to mark that point of universality when a fashion ceases to be fashionable. To my mind the tip of the moment in the world of amateur furniture hunters is to buy Sheraton. The exquisite productions of this artist, who joined the most absolute simplicity of line and form with a mastery of inlay, are for the moment in neglect. A few weeks ago I bought two armchairs and three small ones for 5½ guineas, and two or three days later I was offered by a London dealer a set of two armchairs and six ordinary ones for 8 guineas. All were in excellent preservation, beautifully built, and if not by Sheraton himself were certainly of his period and made under his influence. Sheraton's turn is bound to come round again; such sound and graceful work as his can never be permanently forgotten and within a few years the set which was offered me for 8 guineas will be worth 25.

October's Bright Blue Weather.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumble bee makes haste—
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining;
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields still green and fair
Late aftermath are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sing noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

For something good, try Mrs. Austin's Famous Pan Cake Flour, ready in a jiffy. Your grocer has it on hand.

FOR FEMININE READERS

OPPORTUNITIES FOR TEACHING OPEN TO COLLEGE GIRLS.

Life Insurance a Calling Suited to Some Women—A Gift for the Baby—Various Suggestions.

New York Sun.

"There are altogether too many of them, in the first place," said the teachers' agency man in reply to a question as to the present demand for college-bred women as school teachers, "and they all want places that are not to be had rather than chances to teach. They won't take good grammar school places, but want a high school place.

"The college girl is full of wrong notions about the school-teacher market when she comes out from her academic halls. She has heard of a girl who once secured a place to teach in a high school for $1,000 in her first year and she thinks there are a lot of such places waiting to be snapped up. Now, as a matter of stern fact, I can get all the college-bred girls I want, and plenty more that I wouldn't have anyway for $8 a week; and $10 to start with is good pay. As for a salary of $600 a year, that is uncommon luck. How far these figures are removed from the college girl's dream of $1,000 is obvious.

"Some of the best and brightest girls who were graduated from college last year are now teaching in high schools for $300 a year, and are glad even for the coming year to keep their places in the small towns where they are employed. Life in these towns is very often pleasant and the girls can obtain board for a moderate figure, certainly for a third less than in a congenial private family in the city, so that they are not so much to be pitied as the smallness of their salary might seem to indicate.

"Really, you know your college girl is foolish about what she wants to do. To teach classics and classical history to sixteen-year-old boys she considers a fine and ennobling career, while to teach English grammar and American history to fifteen-year-old boys she regards as wholly unworthy of her intellectual culture. I pity from the bottom of my heart those girls who are looking for places to teach Greek and Latin—imposing tongues which, though so long dead, have never yet been decently buried.

"Just about twice too many girls anyhow are going to college and trying to use their education in teaching high schools. That girl who was talking to me as you came in, can't write a respectable English letter, but she is in search of a place as instructor in English literature. So far she has been engaged in grammar school work, and by her own account has been fairly successful at it. Now, however, she wants to leave the thing she has been learning how to do ever since she left college and get a place to do what she will never in this world be able to do properly. Is it any wonder that men like Stanley Hall say college-going for girls is a calamity?

"Unless a girl's father can amply afford it and there is no need for the young woman, when graduated, to get out into the world and use her education for her bread and water, she would far better not go to college at all. It is utter folly for so many girls to be pinching themselves and their families for the sake of a college education.

"The Barnard girl thinks she's as good as anybody, but the Radcliffe girl thinks she's better than anybody. These girls have no sense of values in the economic world. They are not properly related to life. They haven't the slightest appreciation of the relative importance of a college graduate and a chance to get a well-paying place to work.

"Here's an illustration. I happened to know of a very good opportunity for a Radcliffe girl. Rather oddly, the superintendent who had a place to fill wanted a Radcliffe girl, and so I sent for one, then a senior, about whom I knew something. I told her in my note that it might be for her advantage to come and talk to me about a matter of business I had in hand, and what do you suppose she answered? Well, the reply was atrociously put together in the first place, but that is not strange, for scarcely any college-bred girls know how to write a respectable English note, but the burden of her answer was that she was so busy with her examinations and class-day arrangements that she couldn't come to see me then or, indeed, for another fortnight.

"The best special work now available for college-bred teachers is commercial courses in high schools, but few are fitted for it. And there are many more calls proportionately for science than for modern languages. Then comes the demand for capable teachers in English, but these, as I have said, are exceedingly hard to find among recent graduates. Another excellent line is open to the girl who can supervise both music and drawing. For either alone there are many more people than places, but for the educated girl who can combine these two subjects the chances are very good.

"For the young woman who posesses a college degree, a Normal school training, a specialty, and some common sense, the prospects are indeed unusually good this year. In the department of history, mathematics and natural science trained teachers are in demand. The demand for really good teachers of French is also good. By this I do not mean the girl who, after finishing her course, has gone abroad to study the languages, but the young woman who, having intelligently taken a degree at a good American college, has devoted herself to a few years' hard work in some foreign university or has traveled with a constant eye on future teaching.

"The Philippines have somewhat cleared the field this year. Three or four graduates have gone from each college and since these have seldom been the best students in their class this has taken out of the market some of the surplus supply. So, really, in spite of my grumbling about the college girl, there are tolerably good opportunities this year for girls who are willing to adjust themselves to the demand."

A Calling for Women.

Insurance Man, in Home Magazine.

There is no period of starvation for the insurance agent. She either scores immediate success or failure She can either write policies or she is hopelessly unfitted for the work. One-half, yes, more than one-half of the women who take up the work make flat failures in a very short time, and fall out of the race. A few days of close application to the instructions given by the head of a department fit the woman to take the field. If she has personal friends from whom she can secure business, well and good, otherwise she starts out among a class of people with whose trade or profession she feels a little familiar. With the writing of her first policy, her income begins, and if she is meant for the work, in a very short time she commands a better income than her sisters in the various clerical positions.

'After giving a woman the groundwork of her insurance education, we can do no more. She then works out her own salvation. Her real life insurance education is acquired in the field, particularly the art of handling people tactfully. She alone can determine the limit of her income, which depends upon her own working capacity, her own ability. You can safely say that a first-class life insurance agent—and there are many of them—commands an income of $6,000 a year. She reaches this point in her career at the price of vigilant, unremitting effort and absolute integrity and honesty with her customers and her company.

For the Wee Stranger.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Those who want to send an acceptable gift to the little stranger just arrived on this world's shores will find a crib cover both practical and pretty. Unless the baby have unlimited wealth at its command, linen is far more serviceable than bolting cloth or other perishable fabrics, no matter how dainty they may be.

A charming cover seen recently was made of the finest India linen embroidered in silk, with a design of wild roses. It was lined with white India silk. One end was left open and buttoned over the pad which furnished the interlining and warmth.

Another cover is made of a heavier quality of linen, and is embroidered with poppies, in shades of pink and yellow. The stems are worked with a coarser silk, in poppy green. For the outlines of the monogram a deep tint of pink is used, and for the center more delicate shades in finer silk. For a finish for the edge of the linen cover nothing is better than a deep hemstitched hem. Baby's pillow is made of the same material as the cover, and is finished in the same manner. If decorated with embroidery at all, dainty designs are used in one of the corners, but they are placed so that the face will not rest on it.

A particularly dainty robe seen recently was also of fine linen, and scattered over its surface in rich profusion were tiny bunches and single blossoms of forget-me-nots and delicate green leaves. The word "Baby" and true lovers' knots, all in pale blue ribbon design, finished one corner.

A Pleasant Experiment.

Good Housekeeping.

An experiment—and one of its charms is that it always remains an experiment—is well worth trying under any roof that covers an invalid. Before the hard frosts, let the daughter who owns a wheel, or the boy on his Saturday's tramp, carefully dig up and bring home eight or nine inches square of earth, "roots and all, and all in all." Now it stands to reason that this bit of mother earth should not be taken from a sand bank, but where the mold is temptingly rich, perhaps near some pond which has receded during the long dry season and seeds have blown about and settled. Search till you find a bit that has a few tiny ferns and a bit of fine grass and a struggling violet leaf; or a little dry sensitive plant with seed pods still clinging to it and a bright red and yellow creeping plant whose name you wish you knew. When you find this treasure, and it is easy, plant it in a shallow, well-drained pot, water it well and cover with a glass globe, if there is one in the garret which has escaped the rummage sales; the kind which were formerly used to protect waxwork atrocities are just the thing. Place this in the light, in the gentle warmth of the invalid's room, and wait. Both "shut-ins" will enjoy it. Your experiment may not "blossom like the rose," but will surely give you some surprises, and rarely refuse at least "a few dear wayside flowers."

Women's Ways.

New York Evening Sun.

It is queer how ironclad is the hold of convention and conventional considerations. They have a tighter grip and a wider influence than law, reason, sentiment or ethics itself. A woman whose marriage may be termed mediumly successful admitted candidly, not long ago, that, at the very last moment, never, never would she have married her husband had it not been for the thought of all the conventional considerations involved. "On the way to our wedding," said the woman, "we had the most awful kind of a row that made me vow inwardly never, never to marry him. Then the thought of the ceremony to come off at a friend's house, the breakfast that, thanks to her, was prepared and invited guests and how they would all talk at any change of plan, I gritted my teeth and went brough it. But it was the thought of the conventions alone that kept me up. No other possible pressure could have induced me to marry him after such a row as we had on our way to the wedding."

On Bargain Day.

See the woman as she scrambles,
How she shambles, rambles, ambles!
See the woman as she hustles,
How she bustles, rustles, tussels!
See how gracefully she scoots
Down the street, how she shoots
Around the corner, through the door
And then into the notion store.
Where she buys a wad of frills
And other things. "Just send the bills
To hubby dear," and out she goes
Into the street, and hubby knows
From the capers
Wifey cut she had read of sundry bargains
In the papers.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Odds and Ends.

In using sour milk the proportion for gingerbread, biscuits, cake or almost any dough or batter is one teaspoon of baking soda to two cups of sour milk.

When pan broiling chops always stand them for a minute on their ends that the fat edge may be cooked crisp and brown instead of remaining pale and unsightly.

A nice meat relish can be made of chopped cucumbers and small slices of onion. Season with salt and pepper to taste, put in sealing jars and fill up with cold vinegar.

Many of the silk waists just imported are made with postilion backs or flat directoire coat tails. The sleeves are a trifle fuller on the top of silk or satin waists, but quite plain on bodices of other fabric.

Before using corn meal in a bread always scald it to soften its starch. There is not time enough during the baking for this to be done properly. Do this by scalding half of the milk or water you use, then pour it hot over the corn meal. Next add the eggs, the rest of the cold liquid, then the flour and baking powder sifted together.

An old lady who is bedridden received a welcome birthday present. It was simply the back and arms of an old rocker, with the seat sawed off. The whole thing was padded comfortably and then covered with a bright chintz. The comfort it affords its invalid owner when she is able to sit up more than repays the work spent on it. It provides a support such as pillows never gave.

A rather novel style of French costume which may or may not become popular in America resembles a long pelisse, since it opens down the front, where it fastens half way. The bodice is slightly pouched and turns back in revers, which form a sailor collar at the back. The chemisette, vest and collar-band are of tucked and shirred silk of some contrasting tint, and the under-sleeves of the same silk are fastened with a knot and ends of the silk. The gold buttons are flat, perfectly plain, and about as large as a silver 5-cent piece.

Rabbi Ben-Hissar.

Rabbi Ben-Hissar rode one day
Beyond the city gates. His way
Lay toward a spot where his own hand
Had buried deep within the sand
A treasure vast of gems and gold
He dared not trust to man to hold.

But, riding in the falling light,
A pallid figure met his sight—
An awful shape—he knew full well
'Twas the great angel Azrael.
The dreadful presence froze his breath;
He waited trembingly for death.

"Fear not!" the angel said. "I bear
A message, Rabbi Ben-Hissar.
One thing the Lord has asked of thee
To prove thy love and loyalty.
Therefore, now I am come to bring
Thy rarest jewel to thy King."

Rabbi Ben-Hissar bowed his head.
"All that I have is His!" he said.
The angel vanished. All that day
He rode upon his lonely way,
Wondering much what precious stone
God would have chosen for His own.
But when he reached the spot he found
No other hand had touched the ground.

Rabbi Ben-Hissar looked and sighed,
"It was a dream!" he sadly cried.
"I thought that God would deign to take
Of my poor store for His dear sake,
But 'twas a dream! My brightest gem
Would have no luster meet for Him!"

Slowly he turned and took his way
Back to the vale where the city lay.
The path was long, but when he came
Unto the street which bore his name
He saw his house stand dark and drear,
No voice of welcome, none of cheer.

He entered and saw what the Lord had done.
Lo! Death had stricken his only son!
Clay he lay, in the darkened hall,
On the stolid bier, with the funeral pall.
The pale death angel Azrael
Had chosen a jewel that pleased him well.

Rabbi Ben-Hissar bent his head,
"I thank Thee, Lord," was all he said.

—New York Press.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKING CLASSES

By REV. FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D. D., LL. D., Dean of Canterbury, England.

The working classes form the vast majority of the Nation. There are all the laborers scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land engaged in the actual culture of the soil. There are hundreds of thousands of all ages engaged in our manufactures and in large workshops of every kind. There are the countless inhabitants of the slums and poorer regions of our great cities. There can be no doubt that there is a great deal of smoldering discontent in these classes of workingmen and women and that they are, to a certain extent, left untouched by the immediate influence of the church.

Things, indeed, are not anything like so grievous as they used to be, for instance, in Egypt before the establishment of English influence in that country. Within living memory bands who formerly toiled on the banks of the Nile could be heard singing, hour after hour, the same monotonous strain:

"They beat us, they beat us,
They starve us, they starve us,
But there's One above, there's One above."

Although no such injustice exists in our own country, it would be idle to deny that the state of things as regards our laboring classes is not satisfactory, and our illustration of this is the growth of socialistic movements which, if neglected, have often become the germ of dangerous revolutions. But apart from this, even if there were widespread content with the existing condition of things—which cannot be while the habitations of the working classes are left in their present condition of degradation and unfitness—it is clear that the church has an immense and almost immeasurable field of duty in endeavoring to reach and elevate them. Any one who will carefully read the old Hebrew prophets will see in how many instances they denounce the selfish spirit of laissez-faire; the lack of due sense of our individual responsibility, the danger of being content with mere personal respectability and the sin of aloofness from the interests of the majority and of dull acquiescence in the miseries which could otherwise be remediable.

DANGEROUS INDIFFERENCE.

Those who have "settled on their beds and are terribly at ease on Mount Sion" are too apt to look at dangers which may threaten the future with a shrug of the shoulders and a selfish conviction that things will last "my time," but this, after all, is only another form of the saying of the bad French King, "Apres mir le deluge." By the church we do not at all mean the priests, or the clergy, or the adherents of this or that party or institution. We mean the blessed company of all faithful people; we mean all who in sincerity profess and call themselves Christians. Until the heart of the multitude of sincere believers is touched by the spirit of unselfishness, which should lead us all to subordinate our individual interests to those of the community, it is clear that we have very imperfectly realized the meaning of the lessons of which the Scriptures are full. The summary of duty as given in Scripture, and especially in the teaching of our Lord Savior, Jesus Christ, is love to God and love to man, and also profession of love to God must be unreal if it does not express itself in love to man. "He who loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

The present serious problem with which the church in these days has to deal consists in the fact that she apparently is losing all hold on the working classes. It is a fact terrible to think of that not 5 per cent. of this class attend the religious services in our churches and scarcely more than 1 per cent. ever kneel at the table of the Lord. It is the duty of the church to discover the reason of this and then steadily to set her face to regaining their allegiance. Why, then, has the church no longer the power of attracting workingmen?

THE ANSWER.

I think the answer may be found mainly in the two following reasons:

First—Because the prayer book is not suited to the needs and intellects of the working classes. I have heard those who labor in the poor parts of London often declare that the services of the Church of England are too stereotyped, monotonous and long. The language of the prayer book indeed is stately and beautiful, but it is not the language spoken by the people or understood by them, and if we are to draw the workingmen into our churches I think it absolutely necessary that the church through convocation should simplify the forms of service to be used in the poorer parts of great cities.

Second—Because the curses of drink and gambling provide greater attractions than our public worship. It is not my purpose in this paper to discuss the drink question, or the terrible and growing evil of betting and gambling, suffice to say that we have in these the cankers that are eating away the respectability and uprightness of the working class. These evils are impoverishing the working man's higher nature, making him indifferent to spiritual things. Here again surely the church must rouse herself to fight against these evils and unless she do so her influence will permanently be lost.

Now, if we read any church paper, or the ecclesiastical intelligence in the secular newspapers, what are the questions on which the greatest insistence is at present placed? Are they not paltry and minute points of difference about things of infinitesimal importance in comparison with the welfare of the great mass of mankind? Reams of discussion are wasted on matters of such trivial insignificance as the use of incense, or the exact definition of mediæval superstitions; the holy sacrament, which ought to be the closest bond of union between all Christians as incorporate in the mystical body of Christ, is made a battleground for the support of prohibition of any number of small ceremonies intended to inculcate scholastic nullities or the aberrations of ages of ignorance.

ALREADY SETTLED.

About all such questions, alike the great Hebrew prophets and our Lord Himself have spoken with unmistakable plainness. Isaiah, Jeremiah and many of the prophets seem not only to ignore, but utterly to deprecate the whole mass of Levitical institutions which became the quintessence of that pharisaic religionism which alone kindled the burning indignation of our Lord. No one can study these utterances without seeing how terribly such denunciations fall on many of the forms which external religion assumes in the present day, and the church will never do her full duty towards the working classes until all such questions and disputes are regarded as absolutely nothing in comparison with the effort to relieve the oppressed, raise the fallen and set the captives free. This, at any rate, is certain, that the vast mass of the working classes shows itself profoundly indifferent to these merely sectarian and ecclesiastical disputes, while they could heartily welcome any great and real effort to amend their lives and ameliorate their condition.

When we look at the whole range of religious history we are deeply struck by the fact that almost every reform in religion or common life has been due to the work of single men. The whole Church of Rome was sunk in greed, ambition and worldiness when the beautiful sincerity of sweet St. Francis of Assissi roused the minds of millions to a truer sense of what God requires of us in this, His world.

Europe was entangled in superstitution and immorality when the thunders of Savonarola's eloquence aroused all who were capable of nobler ideals. The Church of England had lapsed into somnolence and selfish individualism when Wesley and Whitfield aroused men to face once more the eternal realities. Nor is it otherwise in the work of social amelioration. Our prisons might still have been sinks of cruel injustice and every form of iniquity if the heart of one simple and ungifted man, John Howard, had not been touched by facts on which the great mass of the religious world looked with profound indifference. It was Howard's life of self-denial and practical pity which reformed the whole system of prison discipline, not only in England, but in all Europe. Again, the condition of women prisoners might have continued to be intolerably disgraceful but for the compassion of the Quaker lady, Elizabeth Fry.

It is usual to say, and with a certain amount of truth, that there was a vast awakenment of religious energy in the nineteenth century, but in spite of that the state of things in the working classes showed the cruel indifference of the majority of churchmen in many matters of the deepest importance until Lord Shaftesbury devoted the whole of his noble life to improve the condition of the poor. It was he who removed the dead weight of indifference which acquiesced in the shamefully long hours of labor exacted even from little children, and the amelioration of that condition of things was achieved amid constant opposition and under a dead weight of indifference so heavy that Lord Shaftesbury himself bitterly complained that during his most arduous labors scarcely a single clergyman of the Church of England stood by his side to help him.

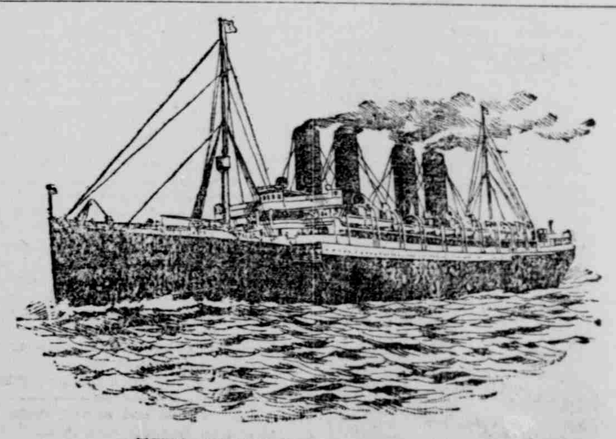
EARNEST WORKERS NEEDED.

We have in the present day many societies and institutions to assist the poor and suffering, and most of them, we grieve to say, are involved with financial difficulties which leave them to struggle with crippled and insufficient means. Two of the most widely reaching works of philanthropy which have striven to relieve the miseries and debasement of the working classes of England have been the work of two Nonconformists. Dr. Barnardo, by his heroic and continuous effort, has reached and elevated thousands of destitute and neglected children, whom he has turned into useful and respectable members of society, of which otherwise they would have been a deadly scourge. Owing to his initiative, hundreds of young men and young women are now living worthy and happy lives in our colonies who would otherwise have been members of our criminal classes. Another Nonconformist, the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, has founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and no one can be aware of the amount of good which this society has effected who has not read the terrible statistics which it publishes from time to time. The church should aim at producing a larger number of such strenuous individual workers and giving its whole efforts to promote their work, whereas at present, as in the case of the philanthropists whom I have named, such men are too often left to struggle on amid endless sneers, vituperation and indifference.

We should say, then, that the chief essentials in the duties of the church toward the working classes lie in greater reality, a more systematic, self-sacrificing and a more ardent enthusiasm. The reality should show itself in not mistaking trivialities for essentials, and in translating the mere formula of benevolence into strenuous action. The self-sacrifice should be manifested in the overthrow of that greed of gain which is the canker of our national life. The enthusiasm would both call out a greater number of individual prophets and philanthropists and would lead to their being welcomed as the real regenerators of modern society.

In this paper I have purposely touched on general and far-reaching considerations, but the application of these principles will readily present itself to all who will seriously meditate upon them.

Canterbury, England.



THE KRONPRINZ WILHELM

The new North German Lloyd express steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm will likely arrive at New York from Bremen this week. She is of the same type as the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, but is fifteen feet longer. Her dimensions are 663 feet long, 66 feet beam and 43 feet depth; her gross register tonnage is 15,000 and her displacement 21,300 tons. The motive power consists of two six-cylinder quadruple expansion engines, indicating 33,000 horse power. The necessary steam is furnished by sixteen large boilers, of which twelve are double boilers and four are single boilers. The coal consumption is about 500 tons per day. The bunkers hold 4,450 tons of coal and the crew consists of about five hundred persons. The Kronprinz Wilhelm is up to date in every respect. Nothing that modern engineering or the shipbuilders' art can do has been omitted in making the steamship a veritable floating palace. Like all other new vessels of the North German Lloyd, she is provided with an apparatus for wireless telegraphy.