such conference, the supreme body of the denomination, is a great event in the Methodist world. Important measures other than this war claim are to come before it. Two new bishops will be chosen, a hymnal common to Methodists North, South and in Canada may be adopted, and educational and twentieth-century funds will be given attention. But all these are now overshadowed by the war claim controversy. To return the money will bankrupt the Book Concern, it is claimed, and such return can only be made by an appeal to the denomination. The drain will hinder the missionary and other work, and altogether the situation is a desperate one.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South comprises the very best people of the South. To an extent true of no other religious body, it is made up of Governors of States, judges of courts, professors in colleges and socially the leaders in professions and in trade. The actual membership is 1,475,000, and there was a growth last year of 30,000. About $350,000 a year is given to missions, and the assets of the publishing house at Nashville amount to about $1,000,000. Membership is scattered throughout the entire South. Especially do Methodists lead in education, and at the very top of the educational system which they have built up is the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, with a theological department, and colleges entitling it justly to be rated a university. There is at Durham, N. C., Trinity College, in which the Dukes, of tobacco fame, who are leading Methodists, are interested. Another well-known institution is Emery and Henry College at Oxford, Ga. The libel suit trial at Nashville in April will not only be watched throughout the South, but is expected to have an important bearing upon events at Dallas in May.

GENERAL CHURCH NEWS.

Presbyterian Assembly Moderatorship —The Pontifical Jubilee.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The moderatorship of the Presbyterian General Assembly North is now a subject of general discussion, although the assembly does not meet in New York until May. The man now most prominently mentioned is President Moffatt, of Washington and Jefferson College. He is one of the editors of the Presbyterian Banner and a leading Presbyterian educator. Commissioners to the assembly have not, of course, been elected as yet, hence the public discussion of names at this early date in order to affect such elections. It is claimed that if President Moffatt be sent to the assembly there is hardly a doubt he will be chosen. Another name mentioned is that of the Rev. Dr. R. S. Holmes, of Pittsburg. He has often been mentioned before. Two other names, both strong if a New York man be chosen, as many think will be the case, are the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, of the Old First Church, New York, and the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of the Brick Church, New York. The Old First is an active downtown worker, and the church has been saved, during Dr. Duffield's time, from any possibility of having to give up the downtown field and move uptown. Dr. Van Dyke is a professor in Princeton, but since the Rev. Dr. Babcock's death last fall has practically returned to the charge of the Brick Church, financially the largest Presbyterian church in America and in the world.

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A score of leading Congregationalists of the East, including the Rev. Dr. Amery H. Bradford, moderator of the National Council, will make the Pacific coast trip early this summer in order to attend a Pacific coast Congregational congress, to be held in Seattle. Primarily this congress is for the Congregationalists west of the Rocky mountains, but so great is Congregational interest in it that the East is certain to be represented. Congregationalists are compartively strong in both Washington and Oregon, having in Seattle and Portland the largest and finest Protestant churches in each city. But in the country districts and the smaller cities they have been and are weak. To strengthen them if possible in these localities is to be the main purpose of the congress and is the cause of the marked concern by Congregationalists of the East. Moderator Bradford will make the opening address of the congress.

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Monday, March 3, will be one of the most memorable days in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in America. Practically every bishop and archbishop has issued an episcopal letter, asking clergy of their jurisdictions to assemble as far as possible in the cathedral church on Monday forenoon for a solemn memorial and pontifical mass, and earlier on the morning of the day named communicants of the church to attend a memorial mass. The occasion is the beginning of the twenty-fifth year of the remarkable pontificate of Pope Leo XIII, and it seems certain that on that day there will be such an outpouring of clergy and laity as even Catholic circles never saw before. Every one of the eleven million Catholics in America will be inside a place of worship, unless actually detained by illness or other circumstances. The tributes to the Pope contained in the episcopal letters are, of course, colored by religious feeling and interest, and yet it cannot be denied that Leo XIII has been a tremendous power in the world, and that he has touched the world at many points. Preachers innumerable are at the moment of writing engaged in the preparation of papal panegyrics for delivery on Sunday, March 2, and on the actual anniversary day.

ADVOCATE OF "MILK CURE.

A Teacher Recommends It for Nervous Persons.

New York Tribune.

"The best physicians nowadays seem to be trying to use as little medicine as possible," said a teacher yesterday. "I am an example of one of the latest 'cures,' and it was effected by means of 'just milk!' I was a nervous wreck, and consulted a physician of good standing, who told me that if I could summon enough strength of will to obey his directions I should be well in a few months.

"To intrust one's life to a few quarts of milk a day strikes the average person as 'a stiff proposition,' particularly as many persons do not care for it, and believe that it disagrees with them. But the nervous invalid, if wise, will cease to object and simply follow directions.

"First, meat must be banished from the bill of fare, as it is a nerve stimulant, and, therefore, poisonous to an exhausted nervous system. Butter, as much as one can eat; vegetables, with some exceptions; fruits and milk must form the diet if one would take the milk cure, and the milk must be imbibed to the extent of three quarts a day in the beginning. This is gradually increased to seven or eight quarts. It should be Pasteurized before using.

"It requires about a week to become accustomed to it. For a few days one feels pretty gaunt between meals. The pitcher of milk beside one's plate becomes an object of deep aversion, and one looks at steak and chops, at cereals and coffee, with yearnings unutterable. After a time, however, the victim becomes reconciled and even enjoys the diet, restricted as it is.

"Half an hour or more before each meal the patient must prepare the stomach for food by drinking slowly three glasses of hot or cold—not iced—water, taken slowly, with about four swallows to each glass. Ten minutes should be given to each glass to prevent the accumulation of liquid in the stomach.

"The vegetables that are excluded are like the deadly sins, seven in number, and are peas, beans, potatoes, tomatoes, asparagus, rhubarb and carrots. Indeed the 'Index Expurgatorius' is a lengthy one. It forbids soup, eggs, tea, coffee, cocoa, cereals, chocolate, pastry, fish, cigarettes, beer and wine. Nuts and all berries are excluded also from the good things that one may enjoy. Other fruits, however, are permitted freely.

"Bread is to be eaten only as a vehicle for butter, of which it is impossible to eat too much. It should be unsalted, and a ball as large as an egg is to be eaten at every meal, as it is the most digestible of the fats. Once a day a Swiss or Gruyere cheese is allowed.

"So much for the diet. Another part of the cure is a course of simple gymnastics designed to develop unused muscles and normalize circulation, respiration and heart action. The follower of the milk cure must also learn to control her thoughts and moods, and will herself into tranquillity. Three or four times a day she must lie down, and relax every muscle, become 'limp' as Bunthorne, and absolutely banish thought. It becomes easy after a while, and rests one immensely.

"Once adopted, the milk cure is seldom put aside even after the acute need for it has vanished, because it commends itself as a rational system of living. From the point of view of economy, it is ideal. One can fare sumptuously on 50 cents a day, and the only drawback is that it deprives one of the fun of wondering what there is for dinner!"

With a little practice any music lover can play the most difficult music with the Simplex. Wulschner Music Co.

THE KITCHEN PROBLEM

LONDON BORROWS AN AMERICAN IDEA AND IMPROVES ON IT.

A Company Now Delivering Meals Ready Cooked for Less Than They Would Cost at Home.

New York Sun.

The London housewife is seeing a great light upon her domestic horizon. It emanates from traveling kitchens and irradiates even the murky gloom of the domestic service problem.

It is only fair to say that the idea of the London distributing kitchens was borrowed from Boston, but the English syndicate that imported it has improved upon it until it glows in a fashion that makes the original Boston sunrise look like a tallow dip.

Presumably, families able to hire competent cooks and satisfactory staffs of servants will continue to have their cooking done in their own homes. The woman whose soul firmly cleaves to the delights of marketing and ordering and cooking will go on with her home programme, but for the dwellers in flats and chambers, for the housewife whose soul is harassed by struggles with ignorant or bad-tempered cooks and the depressing problem of catering for three meals a day, the time of deliverance seems to be at hand.

Her salvation arrives in up-to-date fashion on a motor car. She may sleep peacefully o' mornings, undisturbed by wonderings as to whether the cook came home the night before or has overslept or has left with morning light.

At the appointed hour a motor delivery wagon will stop at the door. A uniformed man will deliver the hottest and most appetizing of breakfasts, carefully packed in a food carrier warranted to keep hot things hot and cold things cold.

All that remains to be done is to serve the food on the home table. The entrees come on shining silver-plated dishes piping hot, the coffee in a silver pot as hot.

If the housewife prefers using her own linen, cutlery and china, well and good. If not, the caterer supplies everything, and everything of good quality.

Of course, while the experiment is new, it is natural enough that the silver should be brilliant, the china without nicks, the linen immaculate. Possibly when the work has gone on longer the service will be less dainty, but the company promises the reverse. A large corps of servants at the distributing kitchens does nothing save polish silver, and it is said that china, linen, etc., will be replenished as fast as it shows signs of wear.

The central kitchens are well worth a visit, and the enthusiasm of Mrs. Daubeny, the manager, is contagious when taken in connection with the visit. Guests are welcomed at any time and demonstration dinners have frequently been given to invite criticism.

FROM PARIS AND AMERICA.

The great kitchens are scrupulously clean, and nowhere else in England, says the manager, can be seen such a complete installation of all improved and labor-saving kitchen contrivances. Some of the equipment comes from America, but the largest part of the plant hails from Paris, home of cooking utensils and of cookery.

A large percentage of the cooking utensils are of nickel, that metal being more easily cleaned than the old-time brass or copper. There are innumerable devices for special cooking details, a host of utensils whose names and missions would be a sealed book to the ordinary cook.

The cooking is done by gas, with an occasional lapse into charcoal. The gas is more expensive than coal, but it is infinitely cleaner, quite as satisfactory and saves labor.

There are specially constructed gas stoves for heating the silver dishes in which the food is to be sent out. The fact that already hundreds of luncheons, dinners and breakfasts are sent out each day gives one who has not seen the kitchens some idea of the number of service dishes needed and of the size of the plant.

There are cooks enough to spoil any broth, but, fortunately, each cook is detailed to some one especial detail of the cuisine and only a few are turned loose upon the broth. The sauce chef sticks to his sauce, the pudding chef has no soul beyond his puddings.

There are East Indian experts among the cooks, men who can prepare curries of all sorts in a fashion to rejoice the souls and palates of that large class in London called Anglo-Indian. Colonel Herbert trained these cooks. He himself was long head of the vice regal household in India, and what he does not know about Eastern cookery is not within the knowledge of epicures.

So here in the distributing kitchens are pantries and storerooms stocked with queer seeds and spices and powders and nuts and fruits and dried leaves—all the paraphernalia of the Indian chef, and here are concocted kubab curries, dry curries, deviled pine kernels, chutneys, all the weird and spicy dishes dear to the Anglo-Indian and the Englishman who has been introduced to them by relatives and friends.

Italian dishes are a specialty, too, and Italian cooks are prepared to open the eyes and tickle the palates of the Englishman who doesn't know his Italy. The ways of cooking macaroni are legion.

The kitchen menu offers eggs cooked in any one of a hundred ways, many of them Italian; for, though the French chef is a wizard handler of eggs, the Italian cook knows certain tricks of serving eggs with nut sauces that should rouse envy even in the heart of the Frenchman.

A VARIED MENU.

While the menu offered for selection is under discussion it might be mentioned that to offset the one hundred styles of eggs there are sixty varieties of soups from which the diner may pick and choose—soups of all nations, soups made from materials which the ordinary Englishman would never remotely associate with soup.

Another dietetic point in which the English are sadly in need of education concerns the cooking of vegetables. Nowhere in the world is vegetable cookery so neglected as in Great Britain. The vegetable entree of the continent is practically unknown there. The distributing kitchen's propaganda may gradually change all this.

One of the big separate kitchens is given over entirely to the preparation of vegetables, and there, as in the soup kitchen, the best recipes from all lands are put into practice by cooks trained especially for that work. Fifty vegetable entrees are on the list of dishes served to order.

In salads, too, England is lacking, and the common variety of English cook knows no more about salads than she does about Sanskrit, but the distributing kitchens offer ninety-eight salads. A special department is devoted to meats and poultry, another to fish.

When the ordered dinner has been prepared it is put in very best silver dishes and packed in patent carriers. Each carrier is heavily lined with green baize and a hot water tin covers the bottom. The covered dishes are set on this tin and three thicknesses of green baize are laid over them.

The carrier closes with an air-tight lid and is put into an electric motor wagon on shelves heated by charcoal fires. The car whirls away, delivers its cases and returns to the kitchen. The company now runs 40 of these cars.

Later the same car collects the dishes. Orders may be pinned to the baize cover, sent by card or telephone. In case of unexpected guests, a telephone message will bring the motor car and an extra service whirling to the rescue in the shortest time possible. Telephones will be put up in any shareholder's home free of charge for one year.

COST OF THE SERVICE.

And the cost of all this? If the manager's estimates may be accepted, and there are statistics to back them, the cost of the meals is less than that of the same style of meals prepared at home.

In the first place one may live as simply or as lavishly as one pleases. It all depends upon the menus ordered. Whichever way one lives, says the manager, one saves money.

Setting aside the fact that even if one orders only simple dishes, those dishes are prepared in a fashion impossible to the average cook, the mere cost of wages, fuel, materials, kitchen equipment, breakage, waste, will bring the price of the home meal up to that of the meal sent from the kitchens.

The company says that it can supply a family of three grown-ups with breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea and dinner in excellent style for 21 shillings a week each. It also says that the cost of the same menu prepared at home, inclusive of the cook's wages, keep, fuel, etc., could not possibly be less than 25 shillings a week for each person. If this is true there is a money saving of 12 shillings, to say nothing of the incalculable saving in wear and tear upon the housewife's nerves and temper.

Under this system one maid could do all the work of the ordinary apartment or small house, including the serving of the meals. Home china, etc., could be used, and the food would certainly be better prepared than that served by the ordinary cheap cook.

For the benefit of those families, young married couples, or bachelor men or maids who do not want to keep even one maid the company intends to organize a corps of maids, who will put in an appearance with the meal and serve it, spending as much time as required at the house.

The new idea is certainly catching on in London. The kitchens are having a trade that already overtaxes their resources, and makes it necessary to open branches in the different quarters and suburbs of London.

It will be interesting to watch the development of the scheme, its staying qualities and its effect upon the problem of city life.

If success does perch permanently upon its banners New York would do well to reclaim this American idea with its London improvements. A vast number of weary flat dwellers would doubtless rise up and call the innovator blessed.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO HER OWN NAME.

Taking that of the Husband Declared a Relic of Barbarism.

London Telegraph.

Why do blushing brides assume their husband's names on the wedding day and forfeit their own forever after? This time-honored custom is one of the oldest relics of a barbarous epoch, when a woman was a mere appendage. She was an integral portion of the gens or family, now of her father, now of her brother, now of her husband. She had no independent entity of her own. Hence she took over the surname of her legal protector, giving up that of her father.

Names were a label indicating ownership, and changed accordingly. This is so true that wherever woman's rights were acknowledged—as was the case among many wild tribes—the child received the mother's name, or the appellation of her gens, not that of the male parent, and, consequently, in war time, when the two peoples were laying waste each other's territory, fathers and sons were generally fighting in opposite camps. Thus the head of the family has always bestowed his name on the members, and the first outward sign of female emancipation, when it does come, will be the maintenance by young wives of their maiden names, with or without the patronymic of their husbands.

Why should it not be so even now? A wife is said to be her husband's half, very often his better half. Is it not meet that this relation should appear in the family name? There is more in a name than is dreamed of by the masses. In olden times it was believed to be to a large extent identical with the personality of the bearer. It was not to be taken in vain. To mention the name of Lohengrin, for example, was to deprive him of his life among mortals. A force, a virtue, a spirit went out of him, and he ceased to be what he had been. Is it fair that a girl should, on taking to herself a husband, abandon the personality which is embodied in a name for the sake of one who, possibly, would not cut off his mustache or give up smoking for her pleasure? "Join names as you join hands," says a society formed with this object in southern Hungary.

This proposed dualism of family names is no unheard-of innovation. It has existed for generations, nay, for centuries. In Belgium man and wife very often unite surnames when they bind hands and hearts, and "double-barreled" names are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. They have usually a distinguished ring about them as if they were titles of nobility. Sometimes they are alarmingly long; that, however, is not the fault of the system, but only of the country. It was a terrible jaw-breaker, for instance, that was offered to friends of the bride and bridegroom in the invitations issued by the two families, Vandenhoogsatehdern.

In Russia the lady's patronymic always differs somewhat from that of her husband. Countess Tolstoi's name, for example, is Tolstaya in the nominative. If one were addressing an envelope to the married couple her name would then be Tolstoi and his Tolstomoo. At first sight the Russian ladies seem to have stolen a march on their English sisters, and to have saved some appearances of independence. But this fancy is illusive. In Russian, the family name, when borne by males, is a substantive, and can stand by itself; when the bearer is a lady it is a mere adjective which needs a substantive expressed or understood in order to give it vitality and existence.

But nowhere is the right of women to their own dear maiden names so universally admitted or so strictly enforced as in Spain. When a Spanish don solemnly pledges his troth to a smiling girl at the altar he adds her appellation to his own, and ever after the two names are linked as indissolubly as the two persons. This blend is often very picturesque, and pleases fanciful foreigners. But it sometimes has its drawbacks. The husband's patronymic is at the end, in the possessive case, and when it has a meaning of its own may become awkward.

Nowadays names are not as easily changed as they used to be, when every continental gentleman who became an author threw aside his German, Dutch or French patronymic and assumed a Greek or Latin cognomen as Erasmus, Paracelsus and Melanchthon did. At present the clumsy machinery of the law has to be set in motion before a surname can be changed in Germany, Austria and Holland, and in many cases a fee paid besides. If in Austria a man takes a room in a hotel for the week-end, and gives a name which does not legally belong to him, he renders himself liable to imprisonment. And he is sure to get his due if the truth leaks out.

Traveling incognito is a luxury reserved for dukes and princes there. A name in central Europe is an heirloom not to be played with. A girl takes over not only her husband's surname, but also his title, and by this she is always addressed—Frau Doctor, Frau Professor, Frau Privy Councilor, etc. She must be very poor, indeed, who has not some such handle to her name after marriage. Hence the desire of a wedded lady to retain name and title, even after she has lost him who conferred both upon her.

FRENCH LANGUAGE IN CANADA.

Claimed for It that It Is Purer than Parisian French.

New York Times.

A distinguished French ecclesiastic, on his first visit to Canada, recently made a speech at a dinner in Montreal. He was politely though not enthusiastically received. After the dinner he remarked to his neighbor, the editor of a Montreal paper:

"Your people are not demonstrative, are they?"

"I am afraid, good Father," said the editor, "that they did not understand you well."

"What!" he exclaimed, "not understand me, a Parisian! I have noticed, indeed, that your people have strange expressions—a dialect, is it?—but not to understand the language of the grand capital—impossible!"

"But our French is not a dialect," was the reply. "We Canadians flatter ourselves that we speak good French—better even than the French of Paris."

At first glance it would seem paradoxical that the inhabitants of a colony, particularly of a colony where another tongue dominates, should speak a French more pure than that of the motherland. But even a slight examination into the development of the tongue and a comparison of the accent and idiom of Paris with that of Montreal will serve to show the editor's claim to have been well founded.

The first Canadians came chiefly from Normandy and Poitou, the language of which provinces had long before been subjected by and incorporated into the growing French, which, in the sixteenth century, had become the language of the court and the palace. The period which saw the establishment of Canada and many years of its early growth was a brilliant one in French literature, and the French of the first Canadians, the idiom and accent of which have been preserved by their descendants, was that of the classics. An examination into the literature of the time, a play by Corneille, for instance, shows that the pronunciation of the French Canadian, which the Parisian would call patois, was that in vogue during the most celebrated period of the French theater.

The charge most frequently made by Paris against Canadian French is that it is a patois, a dialect, and, by implication, that the accent is barbarous. Strictly speaking, there is no patois in Canada, for French there presents the singular feature of uniformity throughout the many and widely separated districts. With one notable exception—the French of the Acadians in the maritime provinces—the French Canadians from Gaspe to Winnipeg make use of the same words and the same accent—the same language, in fact, as that of their progenitors of the seventeenth century.

It cannot be denied that Canadian French has an accent, but the accent is less accentuated than the French of any part of France. It has neither the Parisian accent nor the accent of Brittany, nor the southern accent, nor the accent of any of the French provinces.

The mellowing of the different accents, which obtained in the time of Louis XIV, has been preserved in Canada. It is not the French of Canada which has changed, but rather that of Paris, which, on account of the ascendency of the lower classes after the revolution of 1789, was corrupted by a flood of provincialisms.

The Canadian accent is clean and clear cut, but it is not expressive—which is the glory of the Parisian. The French Canadian lets his speech fall inertly, without animation, and almost in a single key. He converses as if he were repeating a conversation he had heard. He does not put into his expression the warmth, the movement, the life, which marks the French of the Frenchman of France.

The written language is, to all intents, the same in both countries, with the exception that the Canadian makes use of many words and expressions which, in France, have long since passed out of existence. These idioms, though not always conformable to grammatical rules, impart to the language a suggestion of antiquity, which, in the opinion of many French visitors, is altogether charming.

It is only natural that many Anglicisms should have crept into the French of Canada, but a look at a Parisian publication, the Revue des Deux Mondes, for instance, or the Figaro, shows an even greater abundance of Anglicisms. "Club," "waiter," "ticket," all of which words have good French equivalents, are but a few of like words that appear daily in the Parisian press.

It has been a much debated question as to whether the French language is gaining or losing ground in Canada. The last census shows an increase in the French population. In the cities the French Canadian usually speaks both languages, but in the country there are regions where English is hardly known. Following their social instinct, clubs, dramatic and literary societies, are numerous, and the newspapers are liberally supported, La Presse of Montreal, having, it is said, a larger circulation than any other newspaper in Canada.

The extent of the use of the French language and its apparent growth in spite of English dominancy must be attributed to various causes—to the dual language system which obtains in the Parliaments at Ottawa and Quebec; to the excellence of the newspapers, and to the high standard maintained by the public speakers, among whom Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the late Sir Adolphe Chapleau are conspicuous. To more than anything, however, the permanency of the French language in Canada must be attributed to the inherent conservatism of the habitant and the tenacity with which he clings to his language and institutions.

A Tale from Boerland.

London Chronicle.

It would be difficult to invent a more pathetic war incident than occurred in the experience of an officer attached to Lord Methuen's staff and is recounted by him in a private letter. He was detailed to search a certain lonely farmhouse, but evidently his approach was known, for the house was empty except for a woman weeping over her dead child. Needless to say, the necessary search was conducted with as little inconvenience as possible to the poor woman, who was the object of much sympathy. But so far from being comforted by the kindness with which she was treated her grief became uncontrollable. It was finally discovered that on learning the proximity of the English she had killed her little girl to prevent her suffering the brutalities which she had been told were meted out to children by the British soldiers. Imagine her feelings when she found the terrible sacrifice had been made without necessity!

The Joy of Gardens.

Julius Norngard, in Harper's Magazine.

Perhaps, no word of six letters concentrates so much human satisfaction as the word "garden." Not accidentally, indeed, did the inspired writer make Paradise a garden; and still to-day, when a man has found all the rest of the world vanity, he retires into his garden. When man needs just one word to express in rich and poignant symbol his sense of accumulated beauty and blessedness his first thought is of a garden. The saint speaks of "The Garden of God." "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse," cries the lover; or, "There is a garden in her face," he sings; and the soldier's stern dream is of a "garden of swords." The word "heaven" itself is hardly more universally expressive of human happiness than the word "garden."

And you have only to possess even quite a small garden to know why. A small old garden. So long as it be old it hardly matters how small it is, but old it must be, for a new garden is obviously not a garden at all. And most keenly to relish the joy which an old garden can give you should, perhaps, have been born in a city and dreamed all your life of some day owning a garden. No form of good fortune can, I am sure, give one a deeper thrill of happy ownership than that with which one thus city-bred at last enters into possession of an old country garden. Everything your eye falls upon seems to wear something of the same look, and as your eye ranges with a sumptuous sense of proprietorship from end to end of your little domain your heart is filled with a sense of home more profound, more unshakable and more pathetic than you have ever felt before—before you owned a garden.

Militant Versifier.

Atlanta Constitution.

William Battle Gunn is his name, and he has just published a volume of poems. We are persuaded that the critics will think twice before they tackle that young gentleman!

The Ayres Bulletin

The Ayres Bulletin

Challis, Foulards and Printed Cottons

MILADY of Fashion finds herself near o'erwhelmed by the present season's flood of figured goods. Art Nouveau has influenced greatly the printing of that queen of textiles — Liberty Foulard; European as well as Asiatic art has left its impress on the surface of the prettiest challis yet produced, while among the finer cottons one may find not only these same ideas given expression but also a range of the simpler designs whose quiet charm is ever fresh and new. Shall we put you in the way of closer acquaintance? Ayres showings are more than complete. : : : : : : : : : : : : :

The Challis

More than one hundred entirely new designs in French and German challis may now be seen at our dress goods counter. But variety is really of less moment than their charming styles. The Persian effects are particularly attractive for house gowns; the conventional dots, dashes and sprays suggest dainty waists and pretty summer frocks, the silk-striped ones rival foulards themselves.

Best all-wool challis, foreign printing, 50c and 59c.

Finest satin striped French Challis at 75c and 95c.

American satin striped challis, 28-inch width, 35c.

The Foulards

We set a high standard for Ayres foulards. They must be of pure silk, amply firm and perfectly printed. After that the beauty of design is everything, and we care not whether Frenchman, Chinaman or American prints them, so they are pretty. Perhaps that statement is a trifle strong, for we do favor Americans always, but such favoritism never bars a foreign fabric should it have superior merit.

Satin liberty foulards, beautifully brilliant and rich in coloring, 85c a yard. Others at $1.00, and in confined dress lengths, French printed, up to $1.50, and $2.00.

The Cottons

Who's first in printed cottons? The Frenchman says "look at the beauty and variety of my patterns." The Irishman says "whose goods stand the wash like mine?" The American says little, but goes ahead making close rivals to the products of both and marketing them for less. And all are here.

French printed Organdie and Lisse 39c to 50c a yard.

Irish Dimities in to exceed one hundred and eighty patterns at 25c a yard.

English Foulardettes, hardly to be told rom silk foulards, at 39c.

Printed Brilliants and Opalines.

Cataline and Pontille in French designs.

French Piques, prettily striped and dotted.

American Cotton Novelties in endless variety, 12½c to 29c a yard.

New Waists

If you thought winter waists "the prettiest ever" we've a surprise in store. These harbingers of spring have a smartness and gracefulness of outline that eclipse all previous arrays of seasons gone. And many of them are low-priced.

Shirtwaists of Crispine, made in Norfolk style, blues, greens, tan and black, heavy enough for present wearing ..$1.98

Gibson style Waists of mercerized Oxford, pink, blue or white, stitched in black and finished at cuffs and down the front with black buttons—a bargain at ..$1.98

Large pearl buttons trim another Gibson Waist of mixed Oxford ..$3.98

Fine Pique Waists, Gibson style, buttoned down the back, two rows of pearl button trimming in front ..$4.98

Waists of Anderson's Scotch Broches in Persian patterns, a beautiful novelty ..$5.98

Petticoats

of Luster Cloth

The most useful Underskirt ever designed for general wear —elegant to look upon, and, considering service, the cheapest garment of its kind. Four new lots.

Luster Skirts in changeable colors, brown, green or black, made with deep flounce edged with two narrow ruffles ..$4.98

Deeply Flounced Skirts of luster cloth, finished with set-on ruffles, headed with stitched bands, black or colors ..$5.75

Black Luster Cloth Skirts, with deep accordion flounce edged with narrow ruffle ..$6.50

Black Luster Skirts, finished with flounce edged with six-inch accordion plaited ruffles of taffeta silk ..$7.75

The Redfern

A Corset for fashionable dressers.

To them it makes a direct and convincing appeal. The Redfern has the shape that pleases the eye and fits the form. Its materials—coutil and whalebone—have never been improved upon. Berl Hope says: "It gives such a charming figure and is so comfortable." All styles, at East Aisle corset counter.

Prices $2.50 Upward

Spring Suits

All the newer styles will be ready Monday in generous assortment.

In some regards more fanciful in embellishment than the winter styles, the general tone of these new suits is quiet. It may also please you to know that the Eton, blouse and close-fitting short jacket designs are most prevalent. Colors are medium to dark.

As to prices, they range up to $125 with greatest variety among those selling at $17.50, $19.75, $22.50 $25 and $32.50.

Every suit is carefully man-tailored and all cloths strictly wool.

Scotch Oxfords

Surprising what pretty effects have been secured in this coarse, sturdy material. The white and black and mercerized stripes are particularly attractive.

Mercerized Oxford, in white and black stripes, at ..39c

Jacquard Oxford, with colored groundwork, overcast in Jacquard patterns and stripes, in white, a yard ..45c

Plain and striped Oxfords, at ..35c

Novelty woven Oxfords, so popular for Wash Waists ..39c

Mercerized Cotton Cheviots, in choicest tints of green, pink, blue and black, at ..50c

All the above measure 32 inches in width.

Thin Wools

Woolens you want. Fashion says get them thin. That's right; Mistral, Crepe Cloth, Wool Batistes, Etamine and the numerous Twine Cloths and Panama weaves are quite the thing. Plenty of all here and all most reasonable in price.

All-wool 36-inch Etamines at 50c.

Mistral weaves in three qualities, fresh spring colors, 50c, 90c and $1.50.

42-inch Crepes at 75c, $1.00 and $1.25.

Panama Weaves, in newest tints, 75c and 90c.

All-wool Batistes at 35c and $1.

Twine Cloths, 42-inches wide, all favorite shades, a yard, $1.00.

Dress lengths, in exclusive novelty weaves, $12.75 to $25.

WASH SILKS

A hundred styles await you —all of our own importation and chosen with careful regard to quality as well as beauty of coloring and cording.

Choice at ..49c a yard

LINING SILK

Colored taffeta, which may be depended upon to wear, is offered at 65c a yard

A complete range of spring colors is now available.

Walking Skirts

The first lot for Spring was announced two weeks ago; now there are a dozen. No doubt about them being the handsomest you've seen, and prices most reasonable. Read a few.

Bell flare Walking Skirts with cross bands and stitching, blues and grays ..$6.75

Short Skirt, of men's invisibly striped cassimere, dark grays and browns, twenty rows of stitching ..$7.50

Black, gray and Oxford Skirts, with bell flare and the new up-and-down cording ..$9.00

Walking Skirts, made with graduated flounce strapped about the top, strapping forming cross in front, colors or black ..$10.00

Others with scalloped flounces, inlaid bands of taffeta and other fancy finishes, made of imported worsteds, plain and checked, may be had at $12.00, $12.75, $14.75

Spring Wear

FOR THE CHILDREN

We are ready for the little people—coats and suits for the toddlers and everything necessary for the baby.

Spring Coats of taffeta, moire and peau de soie silk and alpaca, novelty styles, some long, others three-quarter length, still others short.

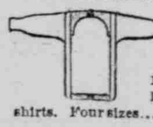
A pretty Cheviot Coat for girls may be had in either red or blue, with black broadcloth trimmings, full length ..$8.75

Among the girls' Suits are tailored styles, with eton and flounced skirt.

A pretty Gray Eton Suit, with stitched skirt ..$7.50

A Blue Costume, with trimmings of black moire silk and buttons ..$10.00

For girls 8 to 12 years old are some very handsome suits at ..$12.50



A novelty which will be appreciated by young mothers is this Drying Frame for little woolen undershirts. Four sizes ..50c each

Dressmaking and Tailoring

Our entire fourth floor is now given over to dressmakers and women's tailors; curtain makers have joined the upholsterers in our Pearl street annex.

Recently we purchased the stock and outfit of George Philip Meier's gownmaking establishment. This business has been merged with our department of women's tailoring, and the double force of tailors and dressmakers will resume for the season *to-morrow morning.*

Mr. Meier has been engaged as manager and designer, and no advance whatever will be made in his prices. . . . . .

Mesdames Phelps and Wright will return a week hence, March 10.

L. S. AYRES & CO.

INDIANA'S GREATEST DISTRIBUTORS OF DRY GOODS.