

LAZARUS FABLES THE MODERN FABLE OF THE CUB LOVER, THE SUPERIOR DAD AND THE LADY WHO TOLD THE TRUTH

Once there was a seventeen-year-old Lambkin with long legs and his hair parted in the middle, who was taken down with a severe case of Love-Gripes, known in the books as the Spoonie Infatuation.

He cut off his hair, and became white around the Gills. Most of the time he sat around looking at the Rugs and feeling sorry for himself.

The object of this hungering Affection was a 90-pound Gum-Chewer who lived next Door. She was a fresh and merry little Soubrine half way between Long Dresses and Short Dresses.

She was just at the Perky-Ago. She had her first Cart-Wheel Hat and a little Wrist-Bag, and she was experimenting with the Powder Puff and putting in considerable Time on her Shape.

She thought she was the Works, and so did little Willie. He wanted to marry her, but he had only 90 Cents in his Tin Bank and a License cost \$2.

So all he could do was worship her with a yearning and hopeless Love and write seven or eight mushy little Notes every day. Although she was shy on Experience she had the Feminine Instinct, for she would carry on with two or three other grammar-school Tadpoles all the time, just to keep Willie heated up and miserable.

Willie's Mother had seen a good many Children and was familiar with the Symptoms of the Veal Period, so she was treating him gently and trying to nurse him through the Attack. Not so with the Old

There are a few Samples of the Jujube Paste that your Father used to send to me back in 1880," she said. "I hate to call him, but I want you to know that, no matter what you do, it runs in the Family. Glance over this one, for instance. He calls me Honey seven times in three Lines, with a couple of Sweeties thrown in to make it good and strong. As a Juvenile Gush your Pa was the Human Limit. Of course, that was long before the Rheumatism caught him and he began to see the Doctor about his Liver. You must always respect your Father, but you needn't believe everything he says. In regard to your deep and steadfast Love for the Beautiful Creature just over the Fence, I will say that I have framed it up with her Mother to have the two of you Married just as soon as you are old enough, which will be in about Five Years. In the meantime you are at liberty to put in all of your Time with her. I suggest that you go over to her House immediately and converse with her for several Hours concerning Art, Literature, History or whatever Topic is uppermost in her Mind. When you get tired of calling on her, she can come over and see you. It is customary for an Engaged Couple to be inseparable."

When Papa came back from the East he found that Willie had gained 8 pounds and was very busy organizing a Junior Ball Team to do up the West Side Gang. Every time that little Sweetheart came through the Side Gate to play with him he gathered up his Mask and the Big Glove and made a quiet Sneak for the Alley.

Papa saw that the Affair was busted, and he told his Business Partner that he had

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was: Be good and do good. But the people nearly all Arminians. How the Presbyterian Church became so Arminianized as to demand the "revision" just consummated is no small part of this interesting chapter. In all parts of the United States, except in New England, the Methodists were preachers to the pioneers, so that everywhere the Presbyterian missionary went he found the Methodist "dams." In all cases the Presbyterian preacher was an educated man, while in most cases the Methodist preacher was not. Take Indianapolis as a fair sample. The Methodists had been organized three or four years when the Presbyterians organized their first church. There had meanwhile come to the embryo city several Presbyterian families. These probably believed the creed. These constituted the nucleus of the new church. The preacher was a scholar, and in every case became a school teacher, teaching school while the Methodist circuit rider was out on the circuit, reaching Indianapolis only once in four weeks. Meanwhile the young people in the Methodist families went to school to the Presbyterian preacher, went into the Presbyterian choir, and many of them ultimately into the church. Not to be offensive to these lambs from another fold, none of the harsher items of Calvinism were preached, so that in about fifteen years nearly one-third of the Presbyterians were Arminian in creed, and they were a preacher of their own faith. To meet their wishes they called Henry Ward Beecher to organize a "New School" church, and it grew largely by recruits from Methodist families. "Tom" Morris, "Cal" and Cooty Fletcher were among these. Of course, they heard no Calvinism from his pulpit. Meanwhile the "Old School" put on its fighting clothes for while and went out to school in the faith. Among the most conspicuous of these, about sixty years ago, was Rev. William Holliday, a man of rare ability, and so "orthodox" as to not only keep his own flock in line, but he often volunteered to go to the relief of churches in trouble over decrees and the like. My first acquaintance with him was at Rising Sun in Indiana. This was probably the first of a "New School" pastor, which a minority of the members so resented that they sent for Mr. Holliday to preach a sound sermon and to organize a church sound in the faith. He preached the unadorned article and organized the church, but it succumbed in a few years to the tide of Arminianism and went out of existence.

That is how Arminianism entered the Presbyterian Church, with the final result we have just witnessed. It was the new reforming the pulpit. Without speaking by authority I venture to say that there has not been such a sermon as Mr. Holliday could preach, and occasionally did preach, heard in Indianapolis for fifty years, nor many in any other city; for the leavening was at work in Indianapolis was working everywhere, even in New England, and yet until now the antiquated formula has remained unchanged. This is an unexplainable enigma to me.

But the Methodists are, in a degree, in the same boat. Arminian did not renounce or denounce all the paganistic doctrines that had crept into the Christian Church in the dark ages. He still held that all men are conceived and born in sin, and that none can see the kingdom of God unless he be born of water and of the Spirit. This in its ultimate analysis means that unbaptized children as well as unbaptized men are to be lost. That formula was preserved in the Church of England and transmitted to the Methodist Church, and there it is today, though not a Methodist in the world has a work in it ever did. It is one of the unexplainable enigmas that such an inconsistency can exist. Indeed, the Presbyterians' new formula of faith steers clear of this inconsistency, for with them now all who die in infancy are included in the covenant of grace and are saved with or without baptism.

It was God moving in a mysterious way to perform His wonders on the earth. He chose uneducated Methodist laymen and laywomen to eliminate Calvinism from the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, which Arminian scholars for more than six hundred years had failed to do. To the young Methodist churches it seemed like a "frowning Providence" to see their young people going into the Presbyterian Church. The but did have a bitter-sweet taste, but not that His ripened purpose is seen they really enjoy the fruit, and they will again rejoice when this advance step shall have compelled the Methodists to eliminate from their baptismal formula the worst phase of naked Calvinism, which makes baptism indispensable to seeing the kingdom of God, even by infants. U. L. SEE. Indianapolis, June 6.

How Do You Pronounce "Bath"? Philadelphia Telegraph.

There was a cosmopolitan gathering recently in the cafe of a beachfront hotel at Atlantic City, where the conversation of the question of the proper pronunciation of the letter "a" came up for discussion. The Boston man, with an air of superiority, peered over his glasses, and said: "We always give it the Continental accent. For instance, we say, 'id'."

"Eshaw!" said the man from New York, as he finished peering through the bottom of his glasses, "that isn't Continental; that's New England. In the metropolis we pronounce it 'bath'."

The Chicago man smiled contemptuously. Said he: "The proper pronunciation of the word is 'baath'."

"Oh, that's all affectation," said the Philadelphian. "We call it plain 'bath.' That is good enough for the Quakers. There is a 'Londoner' among us," suggested one of the company. "Get him to pronounce the word and see what he does with the 'a.'"

So they assailed the bewildered Englishman without letting him know their motive, but asking him solemn questions about his opinion of bathing. After listening attentively the man from the other side said: "Quite so, quite so; I always tub in the morning."

The Printer as a Humorist. Printers, as a rule, are careful, and they generally decipher manuscript which intelligent persons in other callings would not have the ghost of a show with. Once in a while, however, the printer unconsciously becomes a member of the craft asserts itself in an uncertain manner, and one of the latest efforts in this line appeared in an issue of an English journal. A writer on the other side of the pond had occasion to compare his manuscript with another foreign author equally well known, and when the publication appeared, this is what the printer made the writer say: "There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other 'blackguards' works of imagination. Of course, the writer was indignant upon seeing this in print, and, feeling that some reparation was due, he distinguished himself by inserting the following in a subsequent issue of his journal: 'Correction—The types made us appear in a ridiculous light the other day. For other blackguards please read Rider Haggard's.'"

God's Message to Men. God said: I am tired of kings; I suffer them no more; Up to me ear the morning brings The outrage of the poor.

Think you I have made this ball A field of love and war, Whose trumpet great and shrill Shall might have the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—Those him to be your king; He shall strike the great and west And fend you with his wing.

I will never have a noble; And I will never have a king; Fibbers and choppers and plowmen Shall be the state's support; And ye shall answer man, The nobleness to serve; Help them who cannot help again; Beware from fight to serve.—Emerson.

IN ENGLISH "MANSIONS"

LONDON ACCOMMODATIONS NOT EQUAL TO THOSE IN THIS COUNTRY.

Cost of Living as High, the Service Poor and Lack of Neatness the Rule.

He was a rather young man and a Bostonian—"the English," as he described himself to his companion. They sat near me on a Fall river boat, and the "half-Englishman" did all the talking. He had lived in London, it seemed, and, like many others of a certain class of Americans, he had liked it. There was a certain ex-convuls, by the way, now in London, who used to cause a feeling of scorn and resentment in the Western community where he lived rhapsodizing on "dear old England," and saying "he loved every foot of it." My neighbor on the boat may not have had this breath of appreciation of "dear old England," but he certainly liked much that he had experienced while living in London, and not the least of his raptures was on the subject of lodgings. "Now, in New York," he was saying, "a bachelor would pay a thousand dollars a year for two rooms and a bath"—he wouldn't have to pay more than \$500 or \$600, by the way, for very excellent quarters—"while in London you pay a guinea a week for lodgings near the Strand; and with such perfect service."

Truly, if there is anything more uncomfortable than London lodgings, or any service much less efficient than you will find in London lodgings, a varied experience has not shown them to me. Poor service, to be sure, is not the first of the evils one finds. Dirt stands first on the list. After that, I should say, comes poor service, and following that unsatisfactory food.

I should hardly think my experience exceptional because the "mansions" in which I lodged were not in a modern building equipped with three "lifts," elevators. At least I should think that the building was modern because of the elevators and the stationary tubs. Nothing in London looks modern for more than six months because of the smoke and dirt.

Not only were these elevators, but one of them on all right. To be sure, if you were not living in the wing with this particular elevator, it might take you above or below your floor, because the buildings did not communicate at every level. But that is a condition you will find in the Hotel Cecil, mislabeled "the Waldorf Astoria of London." The elevators in the wings of the Cecil stop, if I remember correctly, at midnight, and from the main building it is necessary to do quite an amount of climbing and descending to reach a particular floor in one of the wings.

My "mansions" were in a good part of the city, not five minutes' walk from Buckingham Palace and a stone's throw from Westminster Abbey. There were persons of title and social prominence on the list of guests, and one was to believe the manager—of staterooms. One may live in a recognized respectability and social position.

GETTING SOMETHING TO EAT. It was evening before I arrived and was assigned to my room. I will not speak of that room, dark and uncomfortable as it was, because I left it the next morning. What impressed me most on that first evening was my attempt to obtain something to eat. I found the "coffee room" (as the little dining room was called) on the top floor. An aproned and white-capped maid looked me over as I took a seat uninvited. Presently she came over and stood beside me. I modestly asked if I could have something to eat. "It's after 8, isn't it?" she said, severely. I found that the interrogative form prevailed with the maid servant in all necessary conversation. However, though severe she was respectful, and she managed to get together a little food, which I ate hungrily. Thereafter, though I was boarding by the week, I followed my scanty breakfast at the "Mansions" with a hearty luncheon at Prince's or the Carleton or the Cecil, so that I was moderately indifferent to the shortcomings of the dinner table.

I was not indifferent to a sudden lack of napkins, however. In a small Paris hotel every lodger is provided with a napkin-ring numbered like his room. These rings, by the way, are used at the cheap restaurants on some of the streets near the Halles, and I have seen racks above the sidewalk tables in which napkins in their individual rings rested awaiting the coming of regular patrons.

But these "mansions," being pretentious, were supposed to supply a clean napkin at each meal, and my disgust may easily be imagined when I found that a used napkin, picked at random, apparently, from a pile on an adjoining table, had been put before me. I gently but firmly declined it. The big towels hanging in the room of my New York hotel, and I thought of the few minutes brought one freshly laundered. Thereafter I had clean napkins.

On the following evening I found that my only towel was one which I had used to its limit. I rang for another, and was told that there were none. I sent for the manager; she could not be found. I went to her office and left word that I would wait for her in my room. At 10 o'clock she came to me, and I told her that, whatever else was denied me, I must at least have the opportunity of keeping clean. She was very sorry, but the laundry had disappointed her. She always made it a rule that in normal conditions her lodgers should have one towel a day; I thought of the five or six towels hanging in the room of my New York hotel, and I smiled.

CLEAN TOWELS SCARCE. My room in these "mansions" was hopelessly dingy and dark. Scraps of carpet covered parts of the floor. There was a wash stand with running water, but the waste pipe was clogged, and the unclean water stood in the bowl until it was baled out. The bath room was in such a state that it was beyond all possibilities of use, and I used instead the very unhygienic public bathroom on the same floor. When I rang for the "bat" I waited sometimes four or five minutes, and then walked down. And these were "mansions!" I don't doubt that most "mansions" in London are as bad. It is a question of carelessness, of indifference, of staterooms. One has only to contrast the neatness of the service on an American ship with the carelessness of English stewards to understand that this sort of thing is temperamental.

There is an impression, too, that living is cheaper in England than it is at home. But there is no truth in that statement as applied to travelers. One may live cheaply in England if one will put up with inferior service and poor food—in fact with conditions which he would not tolerate at home. There are hotels in London in which rooms may be had for fifty cents a day; so there are in New York. There is even one on Broadway which is entirely respectable and decently kept. There are restaurants in London where one may get a slice of beef for twenty-five cents, but one may do that in New York, too. I can get a full American breakfast in a well conducted, finely furnished Italian restaurant on a good part of Broadway for fifty cents. It will include fruit, oatmeal, meat, potatoes and excellent coffee. One pays the same price in a London hotel for eggs, coffee, rolls and the inevitable jam or marmalade.

And there are not a dozen hotels in London where good coffee may be had. As for other cities, excepting pleasure resorts, where the hotels are kept by Germans, good coffee is absolutely unknown in them and one has to drink tea.

I was laid over at Rugby one night—a not important railway center. I had a night's lodging in a very small, scantily furnished room, and a breakfast of two boiled eggs, some extremely poor bread and a cup of tea. For this I paid \$1.50. At Leamington, where the hotel was more pretentious, I paid \$2.00 for the same accommodations—lodging and breakfast. At the little town of Warwick I paid \$1.25 for a plain midday luncheon. At Stratford, where my room was just under the rafters and hardly large enough for a bed and a dressing case, I paid for one night's lodging, dinner, breakfast, luncheon and a cold supper, \$4.50.

These charges were in every case in accordance with a printed tariff, so there could be no question of overcharge. What then must be the experience of travelers from America who have no tariff to consult or make no inquiries about rates? What the British attitude toward these travelers is one may infer from the remark of an English editor to whom, in the course of a conversation I had happened to remark that my travels usually cost me more than I had calculated.

"But really," he said, "you talk so little like an American that I shouldn't think any one would overcharge you."

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

REALLY FINE PANAMAS.

Hats That Can Be Entirely Hidden in the Closed Hand.

New York Sun. The fashion for Panama hats of the last two or three years has made people commonly acquainted with the fact that the hats are not made in Panama, that the term Panama hat is only a trade name, and that the best of these hats come from Jipijapa, in Ecuador. But there are other interesting things which have not generally known about Panama hats.

Thus Senator Franco, who was a candidate for President at the last election in Ecuador, had presented to him not long ago by his friends a hat said to be the finest of its kind in the world. It is to be on exhibition at the St. Louis world's fair with other products of Ecuador.

The whole hat, says the owner's son, who is at Columbia University, can be pressed so small that it can be hidden entirely in the closed hand. When the hand is opened the hat will spring back into perfect shape, just as if it had never been touched save in the most careful manner.

In its making particular care was used because of the great desire of Senator Franco to see his countrymen in the United States, and when one is seen in a regular shipment meant to be sold, but in the possession of some man who has just worn them, though not so fine as his father's, is of a quality not to be bought in this country. It came to him by way of the minister in Washington, enclosed in a little cylindrical box no more than an inch in diameter.

When his fraternity mates at Columbia were told that there was a hat in the long box, looking just about like a neatly wrapped newspaper, was opened the incredulous students were treated to a performance something like that of a jump-jack, for they saw before them a perfectly formed Panama hat.

Soon after he got it Mr. Franco carried it to one of the best-known hat shops in the United States to have a leather band put around the inside. After the expert had looked at the hat a few seconds he said: "I'll give you \$10 for that hat."

The offer was refused. Mr. Franco still has the beautiful white straw hat, and he expects to have it for many more years. He lives not very far from the cities in Ecuador where the only perfect Panamas are made, and is familiar with the process of weaving them.

All the work is done under water. From the time when the first two straws are

joined together to the time when the entire work is done the hat never comes to the surface. Moreover, nobody but the half-breed Indians living near the west coast of Ecuador has the art down to the finest point. They have practically a monopoly in the manufacture of the very best hats. Ecuador is the only place where the proper kind of straw grows. Varieties much like it can be found elsewhere, but they all differ a little from the grass of Ecuador.

In his country, Mr. Franco says, hats that are considered very good here and cost anywhere from \$15 to \$20 bring only 50 cents. They are not valued so highly, even as the Angrian flat straw hat. But size beat, even in Ecuador, sell at big prices, such as \$30 or \$50. But when you once get one anything like Senator Franco's you are fixed in the way of headgear for a score of years.

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USED PIANOS \$15.00 and Up

Most of Them Are Rental Goods That Are All the Better for the Service They Have Had

A GOOD SQUARE PIANO FOR \$35

One that will give you years of service. We also have a number of ORGANS from \$5.00 up. All these instruments will be put in first-class condition and good playing order. If you do not care to buy a new instrument just now, THIS WILL BE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU, and if you desire a NEW PIANO later, we will trade back any time within eighteen months at the same price you paid. Easy payments if desired.

Wulschner-Stewart MUSIC COMPANY 128-130 N. Penn. St. Indiana's Largest Music House.

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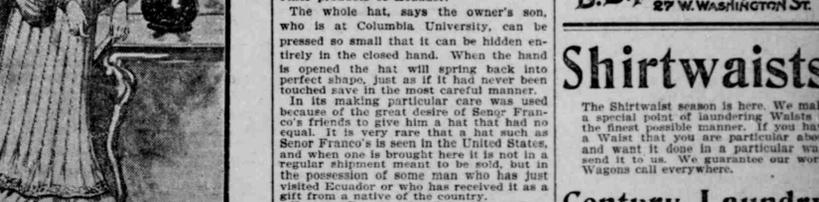
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GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

A SMART SUMMER GOWN

Woman's Waist 4419 Tucked Triple Skirt 4424



Tucked costumes make a notable feature of the season's fashions and are exceedingly effective in the stylish and soft and pliable fabrics. This very smart model is shown in cream chiffon velvet with trimming of repress lace over chiffon. But the design is equally well suited to cotton and linen fabrics and, indeed, to all seasonable ones.

The waist is made with tucked fronts and back and is closed invisibly at the center. The skirt is in three sections, the skirt and two circular flounces, and is arranged over a foundation.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist, 4 yards 21, 3 1/2 yards 27, 3 1/2 yards 32 or 2 1/2 yards 42 inches wide; for skirt, 11 yards 21, 10 yards 27, 8 1/2 yards 32 or 7 yards 42 inches wide.

The waist pattern 4419 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 4424 is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

PATTERN COUPON For patterns of the two garments illustrated above send 10 cents for each (coin or stamps). Cut out illustration and inclose it in letter. Write your name and address distinctly and state number and size wanted. Address Pattern Dept., The Journal, Indianapolis, Ind. Allow one week for return of pattern.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD LAMBKIN.

Gentleman. It made him wrothy to see a Hunk of a Boy make such a Blithering Inebriate of himself. Like nearly all Papas, he believed that Puppy Love should be cured with a Piece of Scantling.

The more he roasted Willie and poked fun at the gabby little Tid-Bit next door, the more deep-seated and inflammatory became the fever that Willie mistook for true love. The poor kid fell behind in his classes and moped around the house, trying on different cravats.

Sarsaparilla did not seem to help him, and when any of the callers told his mamma that he was looking thin and pale, he put on a wan smile and felt encouraged, for Willie had all fixed up that he was to die of a broken heart and have a swell funeral at the First Presbyterian Church, with his beloved sitting in the front row and weeping copiously. He saw no other way of getting back at his cruel parent.

Willie's papa, in trying to hammer the divine sentiment out of his idiotic offspring, made a specialty of the familiar song-and-dance beginning, "When I was at Your Age."

So far as Willie could gather from the rough line of conversation handed to him about three times per day, papa had always been cold-blooded and sensible, even in his earliest youth. Papa never had been so weak and foolish as to fall in love. Sometimes Willie wanted to ask him if he had married mamma on a bet, but he was afraid to start anything.

As for mamma, she sat back with her lips closed tightly and listened while the theoretical head of the family joshed poor Willie and bragged about himself and told what a bright, industrious, level-headed boy he had been, alone about 1875.

She stood for it a long time, and then she decided to take charge of Willie's Case and put him Wise. Papa's Scheme for breaking up the Affair with the Bantam next door was to threaten to send Willie to a

kind of sensual delights, where there was nothing to do but to rest from the worries and fatigues of this life and sing justly, playing on instruments of music, or to dwell forever with harpies and devils amidst flames of burning brimstone.

About eight hundred years ago John Calvin codified all these paganisms, and it was called for ages Calvinism. Two hundred years later Arminianism controverted almost every item of this code or creed, but practically it found but little