

A CLEARING HOUSE FOR TRUE LOVERS.

CHICAGO GIRLS PLAN TO PROMOTE MARRIAGES.

Want to Give Cupid as Many Chances in the City as in the Country.

A clearing house for Cupid, with a state superintendent of public instruction and a judge of the Municipal Court championing its cause...

The educator, who declares Chicago's young men and women know nothing about the fine art of love-making, demands that courtship be taught in the public schools.

The jurist demands the enactment of a law preventing courtship. He says that kind of law would abolish the crime of wife desertion.

The girls who are back of the movement, which in reality is intended to rob the divorce court of patronage, plan to "get acquainted and help other young women get acquainted" with young men.

Miss Rizer was a member of the Calvary English Lutheran Church, of Irving Park. Alfred Arneson was a member of the same church.

Miss Rizer was sometimes one of her guests, not because there was any special liking between him and his handsome hostess, but because he, like the others, was companionable.

One day after an afternoon of this kind there appeared in the weekly newspaper published in the suburb the following poem:

LOUISE'S SWING. As my armoire—old or fit For foot's song or memory's tear; How oft my thoughts revert to it— Louise, your swing is just as dear.

I love its pendulum-like swing, Its lazy drifting in the air; Come bring them, I know quite well, On whom your thoughts delight to dwell; And I, too, like her companion, See 'neath the eaves of my room.

There was no signature to the poem; nothing to indicate who was its author. The editor merely called attention to the fact that it was an original production by a resident of Irving Park.

The next week another poem was published in the same column. It was also an original inspiration, and ran as follows:

COME AND SWING. BY LOUISE. My friend, you're always welcome here To my lawn swing you hold so dear; Come bring them, I know quite well, On whom your thoughts delight to dwell; And I, too, like her companion, See 'neath the eaves of my room.

But if, perchance, she stay at home, I'm sure you'll welcome all alone; Or with your sister, or your friend, I know you'll enjoy them quite well; So do not hesitate to roam, Within the limits of my home.

A WEDDING FOLLOWS. Alfred Arneson's heart went a-thumping and a-jumping when he read the lines by Louise.

Within a month from that evening the Rizer house was brilliantly lighted from basement to garret. Chinese lanterns made the Rizer lawn resemble an Oriental garden.

Arneson did not wait until Sunday for a verbal invitation to have a swing on Louise Rizer's lawn. He went over to her house that night.

It was an evening when the full moon shone bright on the numerous church spires of the suburb of Irving Park.

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CORPS OF KANSAS CITY MINISTERS WHO RECENTLY PERFORMED ALL THE MANUAL LABOR NEEDED TO ERECT A NEW TABERNACLE.

Photographs made a few hours after the work began. Uprights of the new tabernacle in the background.

bery and big trees. There are flower gardens and an arbor covered with vines.

In the summer, when Miss Rizer was "heart whole and fancy free," there was a swing in the garden. Louise was often seen swinging gently and reading. Friends congratulated her on her idyllic life.

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same time a member of the Board of Education; Judge Pettit, of the Municipal Court, and Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Illinois, are endeavoring to "reform" the views of parents on love-making.

"All the young people who contemplate marriage," said Judge Pettit, "should be compelled by law to take a course on the question of their own legal rights and their obligations to one another. If this were done wife desertion and child abandonment would be unheard of."

The Rev. Dr. White takes up the battle of the young woman against the flat building and flat life, but goes beyond the stage of love-making. He declares that the small flat is "a grave menace to the civic welfare of the American nation."

"Most American citizenship," adds Dr. White, "is like the dictionary definition of a 'model'—'a small imitation of the real thing.' I am not a pessimist, but I believe that is true in any quarter where the ideal is compared with the fact."

There are a good many causes for this effect. But the one thing which, in my judgment, is doing more than any other single agency to vitiate the quality of American citizenship is the increasing number of homeless men, homeless women and homeless families.

"By this I mean the increasing number of people who do not own their own homes. I hold that it's a hard trick to live in another fellow's flat and be a good citizen. The family that lives in one flat this year and in another the next, and so on, is not likely to produce ideal American citizens."

Superintendent Blair is assisting the crusade in behalf of Cupid by advising the school teachers of Illinois, both city and country, to teach courtship scientifically—not only to teach it, but to put it into practice among the pupils.

He says that courtship should be made a part of the instruction in English. Explaining his plan at a recent meeting of the Chicago English Club, an organization of teachers of English in the public schools of Chicago, Mr. Blair said this:

"I believe, and believe it thoroughly, that courtship and marriage should be made subjects of instruction in our Illinois schools just as much as arithmetic or spelling. I know of no other subject which our children are studying in theoretical studies, and turn away entirely from the things that are closest to the life the child will live after school days."

"I have seen children taking the roles of Priscilla, Miles Standish and John Alden, and going through the motions without a trace of embarrassment or laughter."

"After the courtship the teacher asked the children which was the better wooer, the better sweetheart, and the man who does that will know how to go about it when he wants a girl to marry him. I think he'll get her, too."

"Parents don't equip their children for life unless they prepare them for life as it is as many points as possible. In most cases the parents won't do it, and teachers don't do it. This state is full of teachers whose minds are as poverty stricken on literature as can well be imagined. Arithmetic, spelling, the routine—that is all they know. Once in a while you find a teacher who knows how to teach English, and such a teacher, whether consciously or unconsciously, teaches the high art of courtship, developing noble impulses and lofty sentiments."

"By all means introduce courtship into the schoolroom, and use the romances of English literature as your textbooks."

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missions soon face considerably lower the general high run of cost of living.

The prospect of retail reduction in the price of beef, which was recently lowered by the wholesaler, is being considered here in New York in the light of the 49 per cent which the government tables show its wholesale price has been raised in the last six years.

In retail prices the rise since 1896 is set down in the government's figures as even more substantial. Bacon has increased in price 55 per cent, pork 41 per cent, lard 28 per cent, and chickens 23 per cent.

To meet the growing prices of food and clothing, the figures of the government statisticians show, the average employe earns almost 29 per cent more than he did between 1896 and 1900. His hours of labor are some 4 per cent shorter and he is represented by a total number of wage earners about 42 per cent greater.

These figures, of course, compiled before present conditions thinned the labor ranks.

ROME, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Out of compliment to Fort Stanwix Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of this city, Mrs. W. J. P. Kingsley, who lives here, has just erected a monument on the site of old Fort Bull.

It consists of a five-ton concrete set upon two large granite slabs and a concrete foundation four feet deep. The outlines of this fort of the French and Indian war are still plainly visible, and the monument stands in the center of the site.

The site is on the 1,000-acre farm owned by George Dunham. There is no legal protection for what remains of the old fort, and it has been suggested that the state or Oneida County should purchase the site for the purpose of its preservation.

Fort Bull was named after the officer who commanded it. It stood on Wood Creek about two miles northwest of Fort Stanwix, had a garrison of sixty men and was equipped with a considerable quantity of munitions of war and provisions.

The fort somewhat resembled a star in shape and was constructed of heavy pickets and fired through the ground. The second row inside the height of a man. It contained no cannon, but there were a number of grenades which Colonel Johnson had sent when he heard of the intended approach of the hostile forces.

It was the intention of the French to seize the guards of the fort and enter without firing a shot, but the approach of the enemy was observed by the English, and the guards rushed into the fort and closed the gates. The English commander was summoned to surrender with the promise of quarter. He replied with a round of musketry and a shower of grenades.

The French obtained possession of the portholes and fired through them at such of the English as they could see. The gate was cut down within the hour and the French rushes in and put to the sword every one they could lay their hands upon. One woman and a few soldiers escaped. The French were about to throw the store of powder into the river when one of the magazines caught fire and exploded. Two of the invaders were killed. The remaining supplies, including fifteen bateaux, were then destroyed.

Besides Fort Stanwix and Fort Bull, there were several other forts in the neighborhood. Cannon were effectively employed in the capture. Fort Bull was never repaired after its capture.

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Foreign Resorts. Foreign Resorts.

ROME—HOTEL EXCELSIOR

Open the Year Round. Most Modern House. Splendid Position. —MODERATE CHARGES— Under Same Management as the Grand Hotel National, Lucerne.

Miss Althea Gibb, Miss Helen Hinman, Miss Doris Webster, Miss Gertrude Jennings, Miss Silva Hedger, Miss Agnes Eselberg, Miss Catherine Van Wyck and Miss Isabel Shults.

Mrs. Grace E. Cave, of No. 214 Washington avenue, will give a dance for her daughter, Miss Irene Dunbar Cave, at the Heights Casino, Friday, December 27.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Walter de Forest Johnson will give a reception to the parishioners of Christ Church, on Clinton street, in the parish house next Wednesday evening.

The list of patronesses for the concert of the Yale Glee, Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club and the dance following at the Heights Casino, Wednesday, December 18, has been completed.

It includes Mrs. Camden Crosby Dike, Mrs. John Hill Morgan, Mrs. William Satterlee Packer, Mrs. H. Edward Dreier, Mrs. Edward H. Litchfield, Mrs. A. Augustus Low, Mrs. Almet F. Jenks, Mrs. James Lancaster Morgan, Mrs. Daniel Chauncey, Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, Mrs. John Eadie Leech, Mrs. Glenworth Reeve Butler, Mrs. Frederic B. Pratt, Mrs. Edward Le Grand Beers, Mrs. Edmund W. Corlies, Mrs. W. Sterling Peters, Mrs. Howard Whitney Maxwell, Mrs. William E. Carhart, Mrs. Hiram Roswell Steele, Mrs. William Jenkins Bruff, Mrs. John Van Nostrand, Mrs. John Van Buren Thayer, Mrs. George H. Southard, Mrs. Harold Latham Fish, Mrs. Henry T. Richardson, Mrs. Francis H. Page, Mrs. Samuel W. Seaman, Mrs. Jonathan Trumbull Lannan, Mrs. T. Sherwood Coffin, Mrs. Walter Shaw Brewster, Mrs. G. H. Silvers, Mrs. Donald Grant Geddes, Mrs. Eben J. Knowlton, Mrs. Donald S. L. Lee, Mrs. George Notman, Mrs. Frank Day Tuttle, Mrs. Edward Hinman, Mrs. Elijah Robinson Kennedy, Mrs. S. A. Robinson, Mrs. William I. Hersey Brown, Mrs. Henry Rogers Mallory, Mrs. William H. Thurston, Mrs. Charles J. Peabody, Mrs. Lewis W. Francis, Mrs. Horatio Mortier Adams, Mrs. George S. Frank, Mrs. Frederick Packard, Mrs. Josiah Post Howell, Mrs. Edwin Dwight, Mrs. R. M. Stuart, Mrs. Thomas S. Moore, Mrs. Samuel E. Huntington, Mrs. Thomas B. Hewitt, Mrs. Charles B. Hewitt, Mrs. Frederick A. Newgreen, Mrs. William I. Van Sinderen, Mrs. Andrew Dougherty, Mrs. William B. Davenport, Mrs. Nathaniel H. Clement, Mrs. Joseph A. Burr, Mrs. Frederick P. Bellamy, Mrs. George A. Frazier, Mrs. Charles M. Howard and Mrs. William Mason.

Italy and South of France. HOTEL CHATHAM. HOTEL DE L'ATHENE. HOTEL MONTANA.

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RIDE ON STREETCAR TOP

American Woman Sees Sights of Glasgow in Novel Fashion.

The last stragglers of the army of vacation tourists are returning from abroad now. Later with the usual assortment of experiences and impressions.

In the cargoes of ideas brought home every year by these transatlantic voyagers there is "mosty much of a sameness"; but here and there among the homecomers is an observer who has seen some of the old sights from a new point of view.

Such a one is a young woman who stepped ashore in Boston, where she found special interest in Glasgow, the Scottish city with which Boston is compared so frequently and in so many ways.

Of all things Glasgowian—that's what things pertaining to Glasgow are called by some freak derivation—the most famous, perhaps, in this country is the streetcar system. The Glasgow tram has been held up as an example to the world, though James Dalrymple, who operates the municipal tram system, returned the compliment by nominating Boston's local transportation service as the nearly ideal one when he came over here a couple of years ago as expert adviser to Mayor Dunne of Chicago. American trolley riders—which nowadays means every American of course—may be interested in the impressions made on the young woman by the streetcar system so popular, apparently, in the British Isles.

"The thing that most impressed us in Glasgow," she says, "was the agility and lofty indifference to danger of its inhabitants, especially the women who must be as old guides in Verona said of the much contorted daughter of Herodias on one of the church doors—very acrobatic to intrust themselves to the top of those lopping trams. Up to the time my husband and I, two wayfarers from America, stepped on to the top of the tram had seemed to us a peculiarly desirable spot. Fresh air, all the breezes that blow, an uninterrupted view of the scenery, no cry of 'Move up forward, please,' no fat women squeezing into places too small for them, no one stumbling over toes and knocking hands over eyes—in short, none of the trials of our native land, but a serene, dignified progress through the air, giving one the feeling of a carter on a very tall and very amenable horse."

"How do we survive our disappointments! It was no horse but a camel we mounted that morning on Sauchiehall street—leave out all the middle consonants and choke between each syllable and you will be able to pronounce it quite nicely. It is a camel of particularly vicious and unaccountable temper."

"Spring a tempting looking green tram we waved our umbrellas commandingly. The conductor, a very superior person in an equally superior uniform of dark blue and silver, blew a blast on a child's whistle, and with a rattling and rattling of the steam coming into dock the whole lofty structure stopped."

"Outside, of course," I said. "Oh, of course," my faithful companion replied, and with light and assured step we began to ascend.

"The third step was barely reached when a convulsion of nature overtook me to take place. The tram had started—started quite oblivious of the fact that we were dangling on a spiral precipice with nothing between us and destruction but a slender brass rail. I gasped and tried to look over my shoulder for advice."

"And since it was a steam drive, I performed; did as I was told; but with the shock of unexpectedness added to natural difficulties of the position, I have often wondered since how I did it."

THANKFUL TO REACH TOP. "The top reached, we heaved a sigh of thanksgiving and dropped into the nearest seat. Luckily there were few passengers, and we had only to take a step to reach it. It was pleasant after we got there, but before long the seats began to fill up and it seemed to me the air was growing more vile."

"What is this horrid smell?" I asked. "Pipes," it was answered, to take place. "Sure enough, it was pipes, clay pipes, in various stages of awfulness; in the mouth of men with heavy, slouching shoulders and dull faces, men with red handkerchiefs tied round their necks, men in clay on their boots, who were crowding into the seats. And mingled with it was the odor of cigars, and the odor of a steam drink. I performed; did as I was told; but with the shock of unexpectedness added to natural difficulties of the position, I have often wondered since how I did it."

"Do you think you had better risk it?" my husband asked anxiously. "I must," I said. "This is worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta."

"I started on a toiling voyage forward. I had got only about two seat lengths away when the tram, which had stopped for a passenger, fell again with a violent jerk. I lurched forward, fell against the end of a seat which promptly bored a hole in my side, cannoned off against the end of a seat on the opposite side, and with the impetus of my violent movements landed in the vacant space, painfully conscious of a lack of dignity and of the wrathful glances of an old gentleman whose hat I had knocked over his nose in my hasty progress."

"At any rate," I thought, "I didn't catch hold of the derrick, that's something. The derrick is a very high thing, rather like the one you can keep it—illustrated Bits."

RECEIVING WITH MR. AND MRS. JOHN BARBER CREIGHTON, OF NO. 1809 AVENUE H, FISKE TERRACE, MONDAY EVENING, WERE MRS. GEORGE W. RANDALL, MRS. PALMER A. FADDOCK, MISS JOSEPHINE PADDOCK, AND MISS MATTIE BURDEN. THE RECEPTION WAS IN THE NATURE OF A HOUSE WARMING.

MISS BETHA SHULTS, DAUGHTER OF MRS. FREDERICK C. BROWN, OF NO. 201 COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, WAS THE HOSTESS AT A CARD PARTY GIVEN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29. THE ATTENDANCE WAS MADE UP MAINLY OF THE YOUNGER HEIGHTS SET. IT INCLUDED MISS DOROTHY BRUFF, MISS JEAN SOUTHWICK, MISS RUTH LATTIN, MISS DORIS ARNOLD, MISS MARY LA VIE, MISS JEAN MURRAY, MISS MARGUERITE SIMMONS, MISS ISABELLE COOPER, MISS LOUISE "ISKE," MISS EDNA CHAPMAN, MISS JANET BUCHANAN,

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