PART II AND JOURNAL JUNIOR

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WOMAN KIND

WHAT AILDA LARSON SAYS:

"MRS. JAMISON an' Tillie are at outs again." Miss Larson spoke with eager sympathy. "I've heard the story from both of 'em, an' seems if I can't tell who's to blame. Tillie's only been in this country three months, an' its real surprisin' how much of the language she's picked up. Mrs. Jamison thinks there is a good deal she don't know an' that's true, but you can't learn a language the way some people eat a bag of popcorn, all at once. I will say that Mrs. Jamison's had considerable patience, but she's a quick woman, an' occasionally forgets that what Tillie don't know is more'n what she does.

"You min' how hot it was the other Sunday? Mrs. Jamison was goin' to

"HAR," SHE SAYS.

church because she had company from out of the city an' they wanted to hear a city choir an' preacher an' see a city church. If they hadn't been there, Mrs. Jamison would ha' spent the mornin' in a dressin' jacket, tryin' to keep the childern from worryin' their pa. I don't wonder some women don't look forward to Sunday. It's the fault of the men. Seems if they al'ys grumble if they don't have one day of peace. But, lan', if a woman'd have one real quiet day she'd think she was spendin' it above.

"As I was sayin' Mrs. Jamison was goin' to church, an' while she was dressin', she told Tillie about the dinner. Tillie's got one bad habit. She always says 'Jes,' no matter if she understan's or not. she's afraid to say no, seems if, for fear Mrs. Jamison'll ask her to fin' another place. Mrs. Jamison told her to watch the roas' an' put the potatoes an' peas on in plenty of time an' to make some salad dressin', so she could fix the salad when she came home, an' be sure an' chop the ice in small pieces to freeze the ice cream, an' to wash the lettuce an' radishes an' put 'em in ice water to harden, an' to leave the fruit sauce till she came back, an' Tillie blinked her eyes an' says, says she, 'Jes, jes.'

"When she stopped for breath Mrs. Jamison says, says she: 'Run downstairs an' bring me a palm leaf, Tillie. It's so warm I'll need it.'

"Tillie stumbled over herself gettin' downstairs, an' when Mrs. Jamison came she was at the foot with a broad smile on her face an' the bigges' leaf of Mrs Jamison's palm in her han'. 'Har,' she says, grinin' from ear to ear.

"'Tillie,' says Mrs. Jamison, an' then she stopped. She realized Tillie wouldn't understan', an' that she was goin' to church, so she went on with her company, leavin' Tillie with the palm leaf in her han' an' a bewildered expression on her face.

"Mrs. Jamison thought as much of that palm as she did of her bulldog. It had been given to her by the greenhouse man who decorated for her weddin', an' she's had it ever since. She might have saved it if she'd asted for a fan, but then ten to one Tillie 'd brought her a pan. Palms don't grow as common in Sweden as they do in this country, where a young couple buy a plant before they do a cook stove when they set up housekeepin'.

"There's more trouble comes of pretendin' to know too much 'n too little, an' yet twelve people out of every baker's dozen 'll act as if they'd read a book when they've only seen the cover. It isn't honest, but honesty's more comfortable 'n fashionable, seems if."

"MRS. GLENN'S been havin' the mumps," Miss Larson laughed appreciatively. "I was there the day she came down, an' you'd thought we had a case of smallpox. She shut herself in' the front room up stairs an' wouldn't speak to the children except through the speakin' tube that runs to the kitchen.

"When Mr. Glenn came home, he changed things considerable an' persuaded her that it would be bes' to expose the children while they were young, for it would be easier in the end. When they were goin' up stairs I heard Dor'thy, she's the younges', say: 'We mus' think of all the funny things to tell mother to make her laugh. It al'yw makes sick people better to laugh.' Mr. Glenn seemed to agree with her, an' he'd tell the mos' laughable stories when he came home, till Mrs. Glenn used to perten' she was asleep whenever he was in the house. Women have to pertec' themselves, seems if.

"Troubls al'ys come in pairs, an' Zelma took it into her head to go. I've often wondered when I've seen a girl leavin' a house where there's sickness, what she'd say if the family'd move out an' leave her alone when it comes her turn. It isn't the same to sen' her to a hospital, for she gets good care there an' don't have to worry. Some of us are born 'thout gratitude, but we all have the ability to cultivate it, seems if.

"I put myself out an' went an' stayed with Mrs. Glenn till she got another girl. The children were with me mos' of the time for nobody wanted 'em when they might be carryin' a mump germ in their ruffles. They're bright little things, an' they told me more about the family than I ever learnt from their ma, but, lan', it was safe with me. I let on I neved heard.

"There were two of 'em, Mabel an' Dor'thy, an' they were puzzlin' their brains for some thin' to make their ma more comfortable when Dor'thy said to send her some flowers.

"'Pooh,' says Mabel, with her nose in the air. 'You only sen' flowers to people when they're dead.'

"'You can wait, if you want to,' says Dor'thy, 'but I'm goin' to sen' mine now.' Some children are born with a knowledge that others 'll never have if they live to be a hundred.

"I encouraged Dor'thy an' she went out to gather clovers. It's natural for a chil' to love clover blossoms and dandylions, but I never saw a baby cry for an American beauty rose. They're afraid of 'em.

"Those two misses picked clovers to fill a peck measure an' then they brought 'em to me to put in a box. Nothin' but the best 'd do, an' I fixed 'em up as if they was orchids. It was Dor'thy remembered there ought to be a card, an' she slipped one in. Dor'thy's foreordained to get what she wants, an' she never waits very long. The box was wrapped an' tied as they do in the greenhouses an' jes' as they were ready to take it upstairs Mr. Glenn came in to say their gran'mother wanted them to go ridin' with her. They gave him the box an' danced off.

"I heard Mr. Glenn give his wife the package an' I heard her say, as well as she could for the mumps: 'How very strange!' Why should Mrs. Pillsb'ry sen' me a box of clover tops? Did you ever hear they were good for mumps?'

"When I went up half an hour later, she was debatin' whether to make 'em into a pillow or a poultice. I could see she was disappointed when I tol' her hat Dor'thy, not Mrs. Pillsb'ry, sent the card. Mrs. Glenn's one that isnt' happy, 'less she understan's things. She's got lots of company, men an' women, for mos' of us are that way, seems if."

—A. J. Helpper.

SOMETHING SIMPLE IN INDIA SILK.

A GOWN FIT FOR A PRINCESS

AFTERNOON GOWNS THAT ARE CHARMINGLY SIMPLE.

For afternoons there are a good many simple as well as elaborate costumes seen. India silk is very much used for these plainer kinds of gowns. This is frequently made with the skirts cut plain and flaring slightly at the bottom. At times it is plaited, but this is not usual for such a mode. It may, however, be finely tucked. The only adornment on a skirt of this character is likely to be some lace in the form of motifs or galloons. The waist of such a costume will be rather plain, but blouse slightly in front. This, like the skirt, is adorned with lace, generally a rather heavy Plauen. The only real adornment will be the sleeves, which are only elbow length. The particular feature of many of these is a decided fulness amounting really to bagginess at the elbow, below which the sleeves gather in again and immediately terminate in a ruffle of lace. Such a gown will probably be high in the neck, with a little lace collar. At times, however, a yoke of lace or net gives more tone to the garment.

Besides, the plain India silks and foulards, which latter, by the way, are very prevalent, a great many fancy and fluffy gowns are seen. Printed mousseline, chiffon and other diaphanous fabrics are very much used, all elaborately adorned with accordion plaiting within the skirts, lace motifs, either appliqued on or set in, and in a variety of other ways made beautiful. Fancy tuckings of self materials, sheerings, gatherings and every other class of work that means care to the dressmakers and bewilderment to the eye are here apparent.

There are many women whose beauty is heightened and brought out by a rather plain costume. For such, the one shown is most suitable. It is of India silk, with the skirt plain, except for a few very narrow tuckings around the bottom, over which is a narrow galloon of Plauen lace, while a wilder galloon of the same material adorns the skirt in the back about half-way up. This same lace adorns the waist, which is finely tucked and has an upper portion gathered and allowed to fall loosely over the bust. A Plauen lace collar and belt complete the costume.

A gown that is all frills and furbelows is very attractive in many eyes. The illustration shows a beauty on this order. The foundation is of printed taffeta, over which is mousseline de soie. This is relieved by satin motifs and galloons of renaissance lace, and three rows of plaited self-material at the bottom. The waist is indeed elaborate, and the renaissance lace forms a very large portion of it. The V-shaped neck is cut low and a front of figured net inserted edged with liberty satin ribbon. Below this the waist blouses and opens, displaying a loosely full satin vest.

Hats are not very much worn this year. There has been a decided tendency in this direction for several seasons past, and the summer girl—and the summer matron, too, for that matter—are inclined to go bareheaded whenever the opportunity presents itself. This, by the way, makes the dressing of the hair a very important feature. There are only two forms of hairdressing sanctioned by the best dressers. In both the pompadour is present in front with the back hair in a very tight knot, or else in a coil decidedly low on the neck. Both these forms are absolutely correct, although the former seems to have the greatest favor. Quite an effort was made last summer by several prominent women to introduce the low coil. It has met with a fair amount of success, but is largely confined to evening. Some few women go in for the extreme style of parting their hair in the middle, this doing away with the invariable pompadour. The mode is too extreme, however, to meet with general approval. The women who come to Newport are not given to the very extreme modes. They are far too refined for that, and no one wants to be conspicuous by her dress. When we say conspicuous we mean in the way of being odd—different from the rest. Conspicuous in grandeur, slendor and beauty is the girl of fashion willing to be, but beyond that never.

Jewelry of all descriptions, by the way, is worn quite a little. Cleopatra-like bracelets are seen as well as other heavy armlets of various descriptions. Some few extremists have tried to introduce bangles on the ankles, and one man, Harry Lehr, even went so far as to try to make this a fad among the sterner sex. With neither, however, has it met with very great success. By the men it is regarded as too effeminate and by the women as savoring too much of the orient.

A good deal of jewelry is being worn in the hair. Gilt butterflies, fancy pins and other effects are seen. Those that can afford it have tiaras, but they, of course, are confined to the multi-millionaire class almost exclusively. Jewels on gowns are also worn to quite an extent. Beautiful creations of lace are frequently adorned in this manner. One rather startling creation seen was of black lace covered with rubies that was very effective and set off the brunette beauty of the wearer in a most striking manner. Black lace gowns, by the way, are very popular. Many of them are unrelieved by any other tone at all, and they certainly look most effective.

VACATION IN A CONVENT

In the long, hot summer days, when all the world is taking a vacation, when there is a hurrying to and fro from mountain and sea side and country resort, when every one seems on pleasure bent, what becomes of the sweet-faced sisters of charity, who have taken up work which they expect to lay down only with life itself? When the many pupils in the convent schools have turned their faces homeward, what is there to fill the hours for the sisters who have taught so busily throughout the school year?

A visit to the Holy Angels academy in this city is a pleasant answer as to how some of these sisters spend the summer months. Hemmed in on one side by the great wholesale houses of the city, and on the others by the Jewish colony of North Minneapolis, they are yet as far removed as possible from the busy world about them. The great grounds of the convent, occupying nearly an entire block, are beautifully laid out. Winding walks amid velvet turf lead to retired seats under spreading trees and fitful summer breezes bring the perfume of flowers from the large flower gardens or the odor of freshly turned earth in the vegetable plots.

There are thirty-two sisters of the order of St. Joseph at Holy Angels, and while they must do all the work of their household, the tasks are not heavy among so many. Pupils in music and art, who wish to continue their studies through the summer months come to the school for instruction, but the sixty boarding and 100 day scholars who usually attend the school are far away, and the long days are little occupied with teaching.

When the household tasks have been finished, the sisters take their sewing or reading into the beautiful grounds. The simple garments are prepared for the coming year, and most exquisite is the needle work upon many of them. Embroidery, too, has its place, for the beautiful rooms have need of rich adornments, which are easily suplied by the skilled work of the sisters.

In the summer there is time for those who have artistic tastes to use their talents. Holy Angels is fortunate in possessing among the sisters, one of remarkable artistic ability, and the home is rich in her handiwork. An excellent portrait of Archbishop Ireland has a prominent place in the reception parlor. "Christ in the Temple," "Christ and the Rich Young Man," "Margaret Mary" and a portrait of Mozart are other paintings of note which adorn the rooms. Amid the large pieces are arranged pretty landscapes, delicately toned sea views and flower pieces. This sister has also contributed to the beautifying of the chapel by a large painting of "The Agony." A natural sister, as well as a sister in religion, of this talented woman, endowed with similar talent, is instructor in painting in St. Joseph's academy, St. Paul.

The sisters who feel the need of further instruction or new methods in the subjects they teach, attend summer schools or take up courses of reading which assist them in their work. Now and then two sisters make a visit to some similar institution to gain inspiration from the work and experience of others.

This summer the convent home is being re-decorated and fitted with fine hardwood floors throughout. The light, airy music rooms, six in number, which occupy the fourth story are most attractive, while the severe, simple dormitories of the third floor suggest refreshing rest and immaculate neatness. On the second floor are handsome parlors and halls, while the first floor is largely occupied by the refectory.

Removed from the busier portions of the establishment is a beautiful chapel which has just been decorated in cool greens.

A small and exquisite altar in white and gold occupies a richly draped alcove and the walls are lined with sacred pictures. The altar of the chapel is always adorned with fresh flowers from the convent gardens. One sister has the pleasant task of caring for this lovely chapel and takes great pride in her work.

In order that the altar may always have fresh flowers she spends many hours in the large flower garden, which is a model of well-kept beds. One man comes daily to assist in the care of the large vegetable gardens, but all other work necessary among the growing plants is done by the sisters.

The mother superior urges the need of rest for the sisters throughout the summer and says that the laying down of responsibility for the behavior and attainments of the boarding pupils is in itself a recreation. These pupils look to the sisters for their standards of moral and mental discipline throughout nine months of the year and any loving and conscientious mother who has sometimes found it difficult to guide her young daughter, will appreciate the weight of responsibility which rests upon these sisters, to whom is entrusted the care, not only of the minds and bodies, but of the souls as well, of nearly a hundred girls varying in age from the little ones who have reluctantly left their mothers, to the young women who will soon leave the convent to take their places in the busy world. These girls come from all parts of the country, where social manners and customs vary greatly, and all must be fitted for the real life they will encounter upon leaving the seclusion of the convent. The girl who will return to New York does not need the same counsel as the one who will go to a home in Oregon, but both must know the essential problems of life in all places and be fitted to meet them.

It would seem strange to expect worldly wisdom from these sisters so far removed from the activities of everyday life, yet there are no false notions of the separate world in which they live. To meet fully the needs of their position they must know much of what the great world is doing and with the calm, unbiased judgment of outsiders are able to estimate the world's events most accurately.

While fitting themselves for greater usefulness with the passing days of each vacation, the gentle women are laying in a store of strength and health, calm nerves and rested minds with which to take up the heavy burdens of the coming year.

A Famous Woman

"Molly Pitcher's" Descendants Celebrate Monmouth.

The descendants of "Molly Pitcher," who live in Carlisle, Pa., celebrated last month the anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth, which occurred Sunday morning, June 27, 1778, and in which Molly performed the deed which has handed her name down to posterity. Incidentally, it will surprise some people to learn that Molly's real name was not Pitcher, but Hays.

With John Hays, an American artillery sergeant, during the battle of Monmouth, was his young wife, Molly, and she made it her business to go among the men with a pitcher of water to slake their thirst. This gained for her the nick-name of "Molly Pitcher." Mrs. Hays was of German extraction, her maiden name having been Mary Ludwig. She did not belong to the army at the time of the battle of Monmouth, but she had followed her husband in his various marches and offered her service in carrying water, voluntarily. At Monmouth she brought the water from a spring not far away and kept up the work unceasingly until the shot came which struck her husband. When he fell an officer ordered his gun to be wheeled back out of the way, but Mrs. Hays called out that she would serve it and without waiting for an answer proceeded to do so, and she kept it up until the battle was ended. She wore a skirt made in the fashion of that time, but over this was an artilleryman's coat and on her head a cocked hat with feathers in it. The next day General Green hunted Molly up and conducted her to General Washington, the commander-in-chief, who, contrary to the rules of war, gave her a sergeant's commission, and recommended that her name be placed on the list of half-pay officers for life.

When the officers of the French regiment with our forces heard of Molly's exploit they invited her to review their troops, which she did in the costume she had worn during the battle.

Sergeant Hays, Molly's husband, was not killed in this battle, but only severely wounded, and his wife nursed him back to life again. This was not the very first battle in which Molly had taken an active part. She was with her husband at Fort Clinton when it was attacked by the British and the Americans were forced to retreat.

The soldiers were rushing out of the fort and Sergeant Hays turned away from his gun, threw down his match and ran for his life, his wife all ready to follow. But seeing the live match on the ground, and knowing that the gun was loaded, she stopped long enough to pick it up and touch off the gun before dashing away after her husband. That was the last gun which the Americans fired in Fort Clinton.

But the battle of Monmouth was Molly's last. A few days later, on that very field of conflict, was born her only son, John L. Hays, the grandfather of Frederick Hays, now living in Carlisle.

After the war was over Molly and her husband went back to her old home in Carlisle and lived there with their son at the United States barracks, built by the Hessians, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Trenton. Here Molly cooked for the soldiers. After her husband died she kept a little store in the southeastern part of the town, close by the house in which Major Andre had been confined after his capture near Lake Champlain. The house still stands where Molly passed her declining year and where she died.

At the time of the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania in 1794, President Washington went to Carlisle and he and his officers made it a point to call on the heroine of Monmouth battlefield. Mrs. Jane A. Minich, whose mother was Molly's foster daughter, was herself a girl of 8 years of age when Molly died. Her daughter, curiously enough is the wife of Fred Hays, whose grandfather was Molly's son.

Down in the old cemetery at Carlisle, the citizens of Cumberland county erected, July 4, 1876, a monument to Molly Pitcher, heroine of Monmouth.

PINEAPPLES AS MEDICINE

The Juice Is a Wonderfully Active Digestive Agent.

The remarkable medical properties of the pineapple are beginning to be recognized by physicians, and the fruit is often prescribed for a number of complaints.

How many people know that the juice is a wonderfully active digestive agent, and that a little of the fruit taken at the end of a meal is a valuable preventive of dyspepsia?

The digestive principle is called "bromelin" and so powerful is its action upon proteids that it will digest as much as 1,000 times its weight within a few hours. Its digestive activity varies in accordance with the kind of proteid to which it is subjected. Fibrin disappears entirely after a time. With the coagulated albumen of eggs the digestive process is slow, while with the albumen of meat its action seems first to produce a pulpy gelatinous mass which, however, completely dissolves after a short time.

When a slice of fresh pineapple is placed upon a raw beefsteak the surface of the steak becomes gradually gelatinous owing to the digestive action of the enzyme of the juice. Of course, it is well known that digestive agents exist also in other fruits, but when it is considered that an average-sized pineapple will yield nearly two pints of juice it will be seen that the digestive action of the whole fruit must be enormous.

The activity of this peculiar digestive agent is destroyed in the cooked pineapple but unless the pineapple is preserved by heat there is no reason why the tinned fruit should not retain the digestive power. The active digestive principle may be obtained from the juice by dissolving a large quantity of common salt in it when a precipitate is obtained possessing the remarkable digestive powers just described.

Unlike pepsin, the digestive principle of the pineapple will operate in an acid, neutral or even alkaline medium, according to the kind of proteid to which it is presented. It may therefore be assumed that the pineapple enzyme would not only aid the work of digestion in the stomach but would continue that action in the intestinal tract. Pineapple, it may be added, contains much indigestible matter of the nature of woody fibre, but it is quite possible that the decidedly digestive properties of the juice compensate for this fact.

Defective Page