

# THE LATEST FADS IN WRITING DESKS.

THE once distinctly literary desk has become a part of the furnishing of a room, sitting room or bedroom—in fact, no modern home is complete without something of the sort, a cozy corner for the afternoon devoted to the correspondence of the head of the house. In these days, even with the most restricted social connections, the matter of attending to all the notes, letters and invitations of one sort or other is a matter of time, so that the desk has become a necessity. There are long accounts to be cast up, setting forth expenses which every housekeeper likes to keep in order to have an adequate idea of the way her funds are being spent. The modern desk, or secretaire, is moreover very different from the cumbersome, ungainly green cloth covered article of furniture which it was in the past.

The new desks combine several uses. Some of them are part cupboard and part bookcase. The smaller ones are dainty and artistic in effect and are ornamental even in the prettiest drawing rooms. Nothing makes a prettier or more appropriate Christmas present for wife, sister or mother than one of these dainty desks, so distinctively one of the developments of nineteenth century life. The young collegian, man or woman, too, can find nothing more useful than a desk to take back to the little dormitory room after the vacation is over.

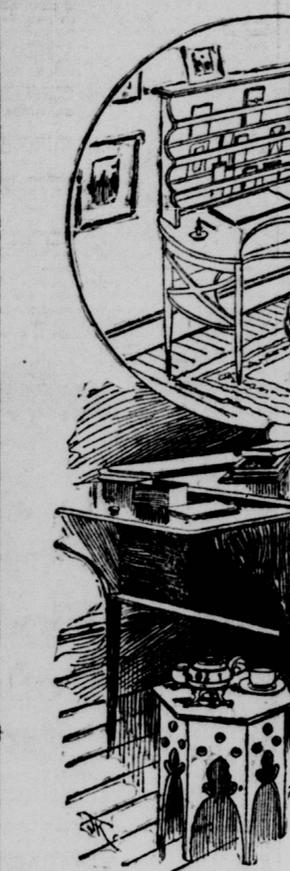
For purely ornamental purposes nothing can be prettier than some of the new desks of inlaid mahogany, with shaped front and small drawers. Such a table secretaire costs about \$15. One which bears the patriotic name of Dewey, so called in honor of the gallant admiral, is a combined bookcase, cupboard and desk. The bookcase consists of a panel with wide glass doors. The cupboard is located beneath the writing table, which is a single piece of oak, cherry or mahogany let down by a chain from its position as covering for the typewriter and drawers that form the writing part of the desk. A shelf above it accommodates a small shaped Dresden lamp.

More in keeping with the revival of interest in colonial simplicity is a high backed desk, with broad pieces of beveled French glass as a panel for the back and an ornamental railing at each side of the glass. The flat top of the desk is hexagonal in shape and underneath is set a small chest, opened, let with a lid, but by two dainty doors in the front. The most striking of these are made of the green wood that is being so much used in the furnishing, not alone of summer houses, but of winter ones.

The suggestion of the lotus is very faint in one of the prettiest and convenient desks which bears the name of the famous Liberty designers and is shown among other such novelties by their New York agents, who have an exhibition room near Fifth avenue. The shape of the long columns that support the piece of wide molding about the head and the legs of the desk recalls somewhat the pictured pillars of the famous temple at Karnak. The back is set with a panel of glass, and the desk is well supplied with drawers and shelves, as the purpose seems to be as much to afford a place for the stowing away of odds and ends of correspondence as to cultivate it.

each college favor a different style of furniture. At Harvard one reveals in recollections of the pilgrim fathers and Plymouth rock. At Yale there is a different phase or period of colonial history that is crystallized into a fashion of furniture.

The more modern colleges are strictly modern in their ideas of what is pleasing, and the students who reside either in the



IDEAL COLLEGE DESKS.

college buildings or in the town as a rule follow the traditions of the people who surround them. At Columbia or Barnard or any of the great New York colleges the student's room will, if he or she be a person of taste and imagination, strongly suggest the Dutch colonial period. It must be noted that those who are as fast as regards taste in furnishing, which they say is merely the harmonizing of the useful with the appropriate, will tell you that what will do for the college girl's brother will not do for the college girl herself. The Vassar maiden has a desk, especially designed to meet her supposed requirements. In some ways the adjustable little pieces suggest that the designer ex-

## HOW TO MAKE A MUSIC RACK.

NOW that it is a universal custom to have the piano (if an upright one) standing out in the room instead of being against the wall as of old, the question, "What to do with the back?" has exercised the mind of many "an angel in the house."

Here is a new suggestion which will appeal to those who have to make use of every inch of room, especially in these days of flats, which are generally too confined. It is to make a light framework of bamboo, which can be fastened at the back of the piano and so contrived as to hold a fair proportion of the music. It would be a great boon to most housewives to be able to keep the music in some sort of order, so that when a particular piece is

## HOW TO MAKE A MUSIC RACK.

required a huge bundle of old music has not to be looked through hastily and in a bad temper.

By having the framework of bamboo there is nothing to affect the sound or spoil the tone of the instrument, for the music itself, standing upright and leaning outward, would not interfere with the free egress of the sound.

Bamboo is so easily worked that many readers could contrive the framework for themselves. For the sake of those who have not worked in it, bamboo can be purchased at many stores in various thicknesses at a very cheap rate. The bamboo for the whole of the piano rack would not cost more than a couple of dollars.

Three thicknesses are required—the largest for the uprights, which have to carry the crossbars, the next size smaller for these horizontal crossbars, and a smaller size still for the bottoms and sides of the various divisions. The framework may be arranged to take the music lengthwise or it might be made to take three or four pieces standing upright in width and two rows in height. As pianos differ in size, it must be left to the individual to decide this. The best way to put bamboo together is to make holes in the larger pieces and let in the smaller ones, gluing them in position. The holes can be made with a "center bit," using "bits" the size of the bamboo you are working.

Those who cannot borrow a "center bit" can make the holes with a red-hot iron. In doing this be careful not to make them too large, but rely upon shaping them to some extent with a sharp pocket-knife. Be careful, too, to mark accurately, where the holes should be made with a pair of dividers or compasses. If you get out all four uprights at the same time, you can lay them side by side and mark where the holes come without trouble and with great accuracy. In sawing your bamboo into lengths, use a fine "tenon" saw. This will cut clean and not split the bamboo.

For the sides only a few pieces will be required, some three inches apart, and these will look better let in, but they may be tacked on from the inside with very fine nails. For the bottoms of the divisions it will be enough to let in a few crosspieces, or tack them on as you do the side pieces, or you can take over a thin piece of wood such as is used for backboards of frames.

The whole of the work should be got out and fitted together before you start

gluing, as the inner pieces must be glued in before the crosspieces are glued into the uprights, for it is obvious that you began with these latter, you would not be able to get at the inner pieces. See that your glue is fresh and boiling hot when you use it. Those who have not a glue pot could melt a little in a small jar by standing the same in a saucerpan of boiling water and keeping it boiling while the glue is being used. Put the piece of glue in enough water to cover it all right before boiling it up.

The framework can be fixed to the back of the piano by putting fine screws through the bamboo into the framework of the piano. See that the screws are long enough to go into the piano. Turned knobs can be glued into the top of the bamboo upright as a finish, and small brass plates with a hole to receive a screw could be screwed on to the ends of the bamboo and into the wooden knobs and then screws through these plates into the piano back.

Instead of letting the rack be seen, some thin pretty colored silk or other material might be tacked on the front of each division, either plain or plaited, but these and many other considerations can safely be left to the individual.

# COLONEL COIT

## Fought with Great Distinction at Guayama, Porto Rico,

## Heartily Endorses Pe-ru-na, the Great Nerve Tonic and Catarrh Remedy.



COL. A. B. COIT, WHO LED THE ADVANCE CHARGE AT GUAYAMA.

Commander A. B. Coit, colonel of the Fourth regiment (infantry) Ohio Volunteers, has been a prominent figure in military circles for a number of years in the state of Ohio. His regiment is considered one of the finest regiments ever mustered into the United States service. In the recent victorious engagements at Guayama, Porto Rico, this regiment stood the brunt of the enemy's attack. The Spaniards were routed with considerable loss and the city captured. In a recent letter from camp to Dr. Hartman, the colonel says: "Thanks for the case of your most excellent Pe-ru-na. It has been found invaluable as a tonic in this climate and in the various sicknesses attending a radical change in drinking water." In a prior letter this brave commander states: "Pe-ru-na as a catarrh remedy has made several remarkable cures to my knowledge. I desire to give the remedy my hearty endorsement."

Not only is Pe-ru-na a remedy suited to the climatic vicissitudes and muscular strain of the campaign and battle, and a systemic tonic for the farmer, mechanic and laborer, but it is equally efficient as a nerve and brain tonic to the overworked professional man. Rev. A. S. Vaughn, of Eureka Springs, Ark., says: "I can testify to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a nerve tonic. I had been prostrated and almost dead. I took A. S. Vaughn, D. D. Pe-ru-na and I am now enjoying my usual health. To all who suffer from debility of any kind I recommend Pe-ru-na."

Col. Peter Sells, of Columbus, Ohio, business manager of the great Sells and Porepaugh Consolidated Show, is one of the hardest worked men in America. He says: "I find Pe-ru-na an admirable remedy for overwork. I would not be without Pe-ru-na in my travels. With an occasional use of this remedy I find myself always in good health and spirits."

Col. Peter Sells.

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Offers for sale two centrally located wharves; other water front property; a large amount of tide lands; building lots between Baker road and Western avenue; business property upon First avenue, First avenue south, Second and Third avenues and Yeager way; four business blocks; a number of beautiful residences on Denny hill; a fine home in Queen Anne; residences in other parts of the city; and a large and choice list of residence property. We handle only perfect titles. Examine our list before buying elsewhere.  
ROOM 23 DEXTER MORTON & CO. BANK BUILDING.

# NEW WOMAN NEW BABY.

## Both Fall When Brought Together--The Composition of an Essay as Influenced by Certain Human Documents.

She is neither solemn nor morose, so certain people are apt to smile when she alludes to herself as strong-minded. But she thinks she is, and it comforts her when she has to write descriptions of the picture Mrs. Spaceryte, whose husband has just won a golf cup, a prize fight or a sheriffship to say that "Mrs. Spaceryte is an interesting and amiable woman" whereas Mrs. Spaceryte, whose mind and disposition are well known, would have preferred her to say that she had "sapphire eyes and a Grecian nose" (which she has not), but cannot dispute the remarks of Miss Spaceryte, who thus shows her mental metal.

She was writing a paper for a club on the other day. She had time to belong to a club herself, but she supplies the incendiary ideas which another woman exploits at "The Strikers." The other woman's papers have become famous for their decidedly bombastic and turn-society-upside-down character, and are all the more surprising as the reader of them is a bland-faced woman, well fed and well dressed, with no obvious reason for wanting to rant. At first Miss Spaceryte thought it was great sport, but she gradually came to believe in the ideas she advocated—always a dangerous thing—and as they were all uncomfortable to a degree, she looked forward with dread to "second Fridays" and the meeting of "The Strikers." She had settled grimly to work the other day on a terrific paper entitled "The Absence of Woman's Highest Qualities by the Demands of Domesticity." She was getting along beautifully. With a few stabs of her pen she had disposed of man and was coming to servants and children when the door bell rang. Her maid conducted herself as do most maids of strong-minded women, and did not answer the summons. Putting a round ring around the period after the last letter, she opened the door and went to the door. A woman with a face and a sweet voice stood there. She held a small child by the hand. "I wanted to know, Miss Spaceryte, if you would let me leave Della with you while I go down town? Her nurse is ill and she gets so tired sleeping. If she wouldn't bother you—"

It before, and thought Miss Spaceryte was peculiar, to say the least. That young lady seated her guest on the floor out of the way of sharp table corners and bric-a-brac and returned to her writing. She scratched away vigorously for a few minutes, and then there was a tug at her "knots" like that picture-book. She wanted something else to amuse her. Miss Spaceryte sat looking down at the round face and the curly head. To stand on one foot, holding on to the desk with one far hand, and returned the gaze with interest.

"What would the baby like to do?" asked Miss Spaceryte. "Do you like to play cat's cradle?" "Toots nodded. She was a young woman of much character and few words. When a piece of string had been found and the same had been played many times, Toots said she thought she could get on alone, and her hostess returned to "The Absence of Women." "Marriage may or may not be a commendable institution," she wrote. "As a quencher of cavity it seems not to have been successful in most ages. As a clue to the advancement of men and women in the arts and sciences that do not stirringly speedily and great pecuniary rewards it has been—"

A shriek from Toots sent Miss Spaceryte out of her chair with alacrity, upsetting her ink in her haste. "Put my finger," wailed Toots, holding up the injured digit and the offending piece of string. "Poor finger, poor Toots!" murmured Miss Spaceryte. "Shall we put some medicine on it?" The "knot" was only prepared to enjoy life. By this time the ink had sunk deep into the rug, and the woman who objected to the trial of domesticity had to fetch a basin of water and mop and mop and rub the spot. It was wearisome work, and when it was over she had many ideas on the "Absence of Women," or any other subject. But Toots was diving happily into the matrimony with a pocket spoon, and her face looked like a baby on a poster.

The hostess filled her ink-well and wrote: "While the history of motherhood has been celebrated in verse and picture by men of all ages, it is an incontestable fact that the continuous care of small children is a strain upon the strength of the clever woman, that robs her of her precious birthright, individuality and the opportunity to foster and develop her mental gifts. How can a woman study undisturbed when a small child—"

splinters, an ounce of essential oil of pimento. Mix, and it is ready for use. Freezing Mixture.—The following will be found useful for ordinary purposes, such as setting a jelly, etc.: To every quart of spring water put an ounce of saltpeter and a pound of common kitchen salt. To set eggs quickly when poaching them, a little vinegar should be added to the water in which they are cooked. When boiling cabbages and other green vegetables, use a large saucepan with plenty of water and two table-spoons of salt and let the lid remain off after they have once come to the boil.

A woman with a low, sweet voice always wears a low hat at the theater.

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self-respect. No matter what its special mission may be, matrimony was never intended as an occupation for the unemployed or an outlet for idle sentimentality. "Where were a ring at the bell," Toots looked up from her picture books and crumpled up her face to cry. She felt it was her mamma, and she was home-sick. "She's been very good," said Miss Spaceryte, as the fond parent clasped that sticky infant to her breast. "She's been eating sweets, I see," said mamma, with a shake of her head. "And, good gracious! What's the matter with her hair?" "Oh, just a scratch, I assure you—only a scratch, but she cries; so I bandaged it." The toot-toot mother smiled: "I'm afraid she has been taking advantage of you," she said. "Children are very sharp and she saw you were indulgent. What a lot of trouble she has given you! She never cries at a scratch, and she never has sweets between meals at home. There are so many things to do nowadays that one has to have a system everywhere, and I don't believe in allowing children to make a slave of me or servants to worry me. You studious women are different, of course, and you cannot blame you if servants and children do take advantage of you."—New York Commercial-Advertiser.

Orange Boven. The poem "Orange Boven," (Up with the Orange), was written by the American poet, Dr. John W. Palmer, in honor of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina. Said the Sea to the Dutchman, "Ho, make ready!" For the march of the Flood is mine, Shall the bar of thine arm my courses stay? In the charge of my whelming brine? To the Sea said the Dutchman, "Ho, stand back!" I bide for the dole and the fee, To the hands that serve and the loins that are free, And a hail to the Strong and Free, In the might of the Lord of the deep I stand, and I set His bounds to thee. A bound in the Dike, and a mete in the Dune, And a stay in the stout Sea-wall, In the swing of my spade is the eagle's rune, Through the Norland ravens squall, And the slit shall flow and the cloud shall grow, From Zealand to Zuyder Zee; And a man shall a freeman's foothold know, Where the arm of a man is free; For the Lord of the Beggar's land, the lord of the Dutchman's love shall be. Flambeau and falchion, shackle and rack, In the lust of Holy War, No glut of carnage, rapine or sack, Nor a thousand fears can sate, No tear for ruth, and no shudder for shame, No Christ for the brand and the pike; Only the sword of the Beggar's claim, And the roar of the cloven dike; Only the arm of the Lord upheaved, and the sword of the Lord to strike. Said the Sea, O Nederland! Alone You battle against the stars, For the hoarse cry and Aikmaar's groan I storm at your stubborn bars, In defiance of your Rachel's weep, In Leyden your children die; Death unto life, Deep unto Deep! No fire for the gates to the cry, Set wide your gates to my hosts, and sound your pealing trumpets high!



A SPLENDID ROYAL WEDDING.

An interesting royal wedding will take place at Stuttgart in a few days, when the hereditary Prince Zu Wied will wed his cousin, little Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg. Were the Sullie law not in the way, Princess Pauline would eventually be queen of Wurtemberg, for she is the only child of King William, the reigning sovereign. Through her mother, who was a sister of the dowager queen of the Netherlands and Duchess of Albany, Queen Wilhelmina and she are cousins. The Prince Zu Wied is also related to Wilhelmina through his mother, who was a daughter of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. At one time he was thought to be a suitor for Wilhelmina's hand. Both the prince and princess are very wealthy, although neither is remarkable for beauty or startling intellect. The wedding will be a very splendid one and will be attended by the German emperor and empress, as well as representatives of nearly all the reigning families of Europe. The Duchess of York, who is an intimate friend of Princess Pauline, will not be present, because she is in mourning for the queen of Denmark, her husband's grandmother. None of the royal family of Denmark will for that reason attend.