"GOD'S PUPPETS," by Imogen Clark; a Quaint and Colorful Story of Old New York; New Books Worthy of Note; Interesting Gossip of Authors and Their Work: Books Received.

A very quaint, colorful and picturesque story of old Colonial days in New York is told by Miss Imogen Clark in her novel, "God's Puppets," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, which is now one of the acknowledged successes of the better sort in the literary world of the instant.

The novel is a pleasant surprise because of this fact: When you read its opening chapter you think that you are in for the stereotyped Colonial novel, the romance in which dashing and half-scornful British officers, resentful and sturdy American provincial men, pretty and coquettish American girls with an ineradicable liking for redcoats, are to be played against one another for all of dramatic worth that may be in them. But in the very second and third chapters the atmosphere changes. You are introduced into a Dutch household of early New York, the old Manhattan set, and from that time on the chief charm of the story is found in this atmosphere and the interesting people who breathe it.

The household into which you come thus quickly is that of Domine Ryerssen, the lovable old pastor of the Garden Street Church, the Dutch meeting-house of those early New York days, and one of the first people you come to know and love is the exceedingly sweet and demure little Annetje, his daughter, who is thereafter, from the dramatic viewpoint, the most prominent figure in the book, though probably not to be ranked as its heroine. Annetje is an innocent and piquant little girl-woman, over whom rests the shadow of a mother's sin, and whose own life-story is to be a sad story. She gets very close to your heart and stays there.

And then the handsome and gallant young British officer, whose acquaintance you made in the first chapter, also comes into Annetje's life, where he is to play an eventful and compelling part. He is an admirable fellow, according to his lights, but the trouble is that Captain John Bellenden's lights are none of the most illuminating, not enabling him to see that he trifles with poor little Annetje's affections in a particularly cruel and unforgivable manner. Annetje loves him; he admires her, and loves his American cousin, Peggy Crewe, and this cousin, who is the most outrageous flirt you ever saw, comes to love him. There you have the heart of the story, with little Annetje, the Dutch damsel of old New York, paying the cost of its shadow and contrasting somberness. The brave and fascinating British Captain and the vivacious Miss Peggy Crewe supply the story's lighter charm at the unhappy Annetje's expense. It's a burning shame, when you come to think of it.

But, of course, these things can't be helped in novels any more than in real life, and so you follow the story with a protesting interest, just as you follow the stories that are happening around you in the veritable world. You laugh at Peggy Crewe's flirtatiousness and nimble wit. You thrill when she rides a winning race on her brother's horse, disguised as a jockey, in order to save that reckless and gambling brother from financial ruin and disgrace. You cannot help but like Captain Bellenden, who is a fine gentleman of the good old school of hard riders, hard drinkers, hard fighters and hard lovers. You especially like him near the story's close, when he chastises a certain slanderer of little Annetje's half to death. You'd like to shake hands with him right then and there. And always you love Annetje, wishing that luck would come her way, regretting that she hadn't fallen in love with an honest and stolid Dutchman of her own clan, seeing her in the garden as a pitiful sort of minor Ophelia, the sweet and simple flowers that she loved making a part of the perfume of her own character to the very end. And when a book and its people carry you along with them like this it is a good story, even if there is a tear for little Annetje trembling on your eyelash at its close.

Some of the typical figures of old New York are very prettily shown in the course of the story, and you'll never see Trinity Church after reading "God's Puppets" without thinking of how the audacious Peggy Crewe routed her gossiping enemies under

HAROLD McGRATH.
Author of "The Puppet Crown," a recently successful novel of the romantic school.

its very shadow on a certain Sunday morning long ago. The character of the old Dutch pastor, Domine Ryerssen, is very tenderly handled. It is almost classic in its simplicity and tragedy. There are other vital people in the book, one of whose chief charms is this same vitality of its people. They are not lay figures; they seem to live again for your entertainment. Miss Clark's literary style may be heartily praised. It is virile, illuminating, distinctive. In fact, her book may be commended to persons looking for a good, clean and self-respecting story. It has already commended itself to many readers in this manner.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. For sale in St. Louis by Philip Roeder; price, $1.50.

Other New Books.

"Mousme" was a favorite with thousands of readers long before the author of "My Japanese Wife," Clive Holland, decided to put into book form the further experiences of the dainty creature who had won her way into the hearts of the English-speaking world. It has been some time since "My Japanese Wife" appeared. The reception accorded that delightful production was enough to invegle the author into giving us more of the same sort. Right well has he done so. In "Mousme," we have the same dear little geisha girl with the pure heart and hesitating ways. She still continues to put the rose blush on her cheek, to place wonderful decoration on her head of coal black hair, and to wear the most fetching kimonos and obis. The charm of her winning ways still permeates the very atmosphere that envelops her graceful movements. The hardy English husband in this new book brings Mousme to England to live. He introduces her to his "velly much big sister," who creates terror in the heart of the little Japanese wife. The author tells how she won her way in the hearts of her English relatives, how she tried to wear the dress of an Englishwoman of fashion, and how all her beauty faded in the awkward-appearing costume. In London the little wife becomes a social favorite, despite the protestations of the English husband. Then, after a season of London, the couple take a pretty place on the coast of Devon. There Mousme takes sick and only after she returns to her home on the hillside near Nagasaki does she attain full vigor. Delightful reading about a delightful character is on every page of the book. The author has not made up the whole story of Mousme. His sister, a member of the smart set, fills several pages and right well does she do her part. The almost disdain with which she received her Japanese sister-in-law and the change of heart that came about are well told. The whole book makes the best sort of reading, especially during this hot weather. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Elinor McCartney Lane is an author with her laurels to win. Her book, which has just been issued by Appleton's, is a romance picturing Virginia and England in the Eighteenth Century. George IV, Napoleon, Goethe, Tom Moore and Sheridan all appear in the story. Their names are coupled with incidents that are a delight to the lover of the historical romance. There is a royal scandal, court balls, junketings, much bravery and all the other dominating traits of the period. Through all the scenes the strong personality of the heroine, Elinor Crafton, beautiful, of course, and full of the dramatic instinct that makes a perusal of her doings worth the while. The characters are made to work out their destinies without any regard to feelings. The story holds attention from the beginning. The author has certainly chosen a courageous theme. She has woven a wealth of motive and incident that proves that she has bright days before her in her chosen field.

Nature books are the rage. Every publishers has seen to it that a particular number is furnished. What is the more gratifying, the books have generally been of a character to command respectful attention. Appleton's announce two new additions of books that have made hits. One of them, "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," by F. Schuyler Mathews, is of the sort that serious students of nature will appreciate. Mr. Mathews has executed careful and truthful paintings of characteristic trees, which have admirably been reproduced in colors. There are over 200 drawings. Another book by the same author, "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden," is even more interesting as the greater variety in coloring lends additional attraction to the rich pages. Included among the pictures are twelve orthochromatic photographs of characteristic flowers by L. W. Brownell.

There is a certain charm about the very title of "The Tribulations of a Princess," which Harper & Bro. have just issued, that should attract readers. Further interest is added by the fact that the book is anonymous, so that the reader has good reason to suppose that the trials of the royal one are real and deep. The same author has already produced a popular novel, "Martyrdom of an Empress." This fact may be partly responsible for the success that has attended this last book. "The Tribulations of a Princess" is told in the form of an autobiography, and has the style of a romance. The adventures of a spirited woman of quality are charmingly told. The publishers vouch for the fact that the incidents are all true, so what are we to believe unless we take the rare adventures of a real Princess as true?

"Westerfelt," a novel by Will N. Harben, has just been issued by Harpers. It is of the sort that goes well with the hot summer days. It is the sixth in Harper's American Novel Series. In the second chapter the reader is treated to a disappointment by the drowning of the girl who might be supposed to be the heroine of the book. But then there are other characters who are not drowned. Westerfelt is a peculiar sort of man, who cannot understand how a really good woman could love twice. This view naturally gets him into trouble, for the ways of women are not so simple as all that. There are many amusing situations in the love story that a summer's afternoon might be profitably spent in unraveling.

"Congressman Hardie" is the title of one of the new novels now just issued by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York, and it deserves notice as an attempt to show certain dramatic phases of American political life of the present day. The author, Courtney Wellington, has laid the scene of his story in Texas, and his hero, Congressman Hardie, was a forceful young stock-raiser of that State. He is nominated and elected to Congress as the result of certain speeches on current issues of the times, and the book pays much attention to the political machinery set in motion in a congressional campaign. A pretty love story has meanwhile been keeping step with the political story, and, upon Hardie's election to Congress, both are transferred to Washington. Here the author aims to reveal some phases of life in the nation's capital. Owing to the heroine's taking a position as governess in the family of a New York financier, an organizer of trusts, there are also a few scenes and figures typical of that city introduced in the story. The climax of the novel is melodramatic, for a time tragic, but as all ends happily in the last chapter there is no cause to complain.

Literary Notes.

"The Last Lady of Mulberry," published by the Appletons, is attracting renewed attention, owing to the recent publication of the fact that the romance is founded upon a true episode of the Italian quarter, in which the name of Mrs. Grover Cleveland played a conspicuous part. It seems that a sculptor in Italy, strangely unfamiliar with the faces of American notabilities, was tricked into making a bust from a photograph of a New York concert-hall singer, the person who sent him the picture having represented that it was a likeness of Mrs. Cleveland. The fraud was not detected until the marble arrived in New York and was taken from the Custom-house by a Mulberry "banker," who had been induced to pay the duty upon the representation of the trickster on this side that it was a bust

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.
Whose successful novel, "Dopes," is something of a satire on mental science and occultism.

of Mrs. Cleveland. The banker, of course, expected to get a piece of property upon which he would be able to realize a handsome profit. To his dismay and subsequent ruin—he parted with his last dollar to pay the customs charges—he found, on opening the packing-case, the marble effigy of a peasant woman bearing no resemblance whatever to the first lady of the land. Upon this episode Henry Wilton Thomas, the author, founded his narrative, adding much thereto that is entertaining if not always convincing.

Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train, author of "A Social Highwayman," in her "A Queen of Hearts," which the J. B. Lippincott Company are issuing in their series of select novels, has written a story which has all the elements of dramatic interest and light fancy that made such a success of the former book. The crowded houses which greeted the play made from "A Social Highwayman" will find their liking for a clever, vivid narrative satisfied in "A Queen of Hearts," and the heroine of that story will certainly dance into the affections of new readers with no less ease than she did into those of the characters in the book.

"The Relation Between Politics and the Moral Law" is the title of an address delivered by the late Chancellor Gustave Ruemelin of the University of Tubingen, Germany, of which an English translation is announced for immediate publication by the Macmillan Company.

"Since the death of the late Mr. George Murray Smith, who was a few months my senior, I am told that I am the oldest London publisher."

In these words E. Marston begins his introduction to a volume entitled "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days," just published by the Scribners. It is a very readable book, and well illustrated, treating of eight famous booksellers, Jacob Tonson, Thomas Guy, John Dunton, Samuel Richardson, Thomas Gent, Alice Guy, William Hutton and James Lackington, and covering the period from 1684 to 1815. The sketches originally appeared in "The Publisher's Circular" of London, but have been amplified and rendered more complete for the purposes of the volume.

The sudden coming of warm weather seems to have stimulated greatly the demand for books on nature. Flowers and trees are the most popular nature studies of the season, judging by the orders that reach the Scribners with each mail. There is a large demand for Mrs. William Starr Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," which, by the way, is now selling in its sixtieth thousand. Harriet L. Keeler's "Our Native Trees and How to Identify Them" is close behind it in demand.

The influence of the season is also felt in the sales of Ernest Seton-Thompson's wonderfully vital classic, "Wild Animals I Have Known." This book has shown the curious property of nearly doubling in sales over the previous season each year since its first appearance, but with the sudden advent of warm weather a few weeks ago an increased demand even over this was immediately observed.

Stories, long and short, will abound in the July Century, justifying its characterization as a summer fiction number. Miss Mary E. Wilkins will tell a characteristic New England tale, and Seumus MacManus a typical Irish one; the heroine of "A Hope Deferred," by Josephine Daskam, is a New England spinster, and the hero of Miss Sedgwick's "A Lion Among Ladies," a popular novelist in London. The other short stories will be by Stewart Edward White and Elliott Flower, creator of Policeman Flynn. Interesting installments will accompany them of Mrs. Burnett's novelette, "The Making of a Marchioness," and Mr. Bachelor's novel, "D'ri and I."

In the list of books compiled by the New York State Library from data furnished by local librarians as to the most popular book of 1900, it is significant to note that only one of the fifty named during the year is religious in its aim, and that was the Rev-

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.
His novel, "A Heart of Flame," combines dramatic power with delicacy of style and a saving sense of humor.

erend Doctor N. D. Hillis's, on "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life."

The two next volumes in the Temple Cyclopaedic Primer series will be "Primitive Man," by Doctor Hornes, curator of the Natural History Museum, Vienna illustrated, and "Tennyson," by Morton Luce, author of "A Handbook to the Works of Tennyson." The latter volume is a very exhaustive handbook to the works and life of the poet; while Doctor Hornes's book gives in pocket form practically the latest data about human life in prehistoric times. The Macmillan Company will issue both volumes at once.

Publishers complain of the scarcity of good books for girls, and their readers say that no successor to Louisa Alcott has yet come to view. Books like "Little Women" are as rare as "Trilbys," yet such books sell away up in the thousands; and with the large rewards offered, and so many women writing fiction, it is indeed difficult to understand why first-class stories for girls are not forthcoming. A recent article in a newspaper made the statement that girls read "boys' books" rather than the so-called "girls' books." The reason for this may be found in the fact that no namby-pamby sentiment is put into books for boys, and it is a mistaken idea to suppose that girls require that sort of reading. Such books as "Young Lucretia," by Miss Wilkins, and the works of Kirk Munroe, W. L. Alden, Ellen Douglas Deland, and others, are in constant demand because they are sensible, wholesome stories. The Harpers' "Selected Juveniles" and "New Young People Series" include these and many other books which represent the best to be had of young folks' literature.

The June issue of Appeltons's Town and Country Library will be No. 300 in the collection. It is called "The Seal of Silence," by A. R. Conder. This book is a worthy romance to complete "three centuries" of the famous Town and Country Library—an undertaking that has been the means of supplying, month by month, for more than a dozen years, thousands of American homes with some of the best fiction in our language. Rigid insistence on the high grade of each story has brought its own reward in a most representative clientele.

It is interesting to compare the American with the English sales of Mr. Kipling's books. Up to the close of 1900, 55,000 copies of "The Jungle Book" had been disposed of in the author's native country and 85,000 in the United States. Of "The Second Jungle Book" the sale there had been 33,000, and here 64,000. A still greater discrepancy is to be noted in the case of "Captains Courageous," of which the English market had absorbed only 27,000 copies and the American 77,000. But then this is an American story. It is estimated that the English sale of Kipling's works has aggregated 500,000. In this country the figures would doubtless be several times as large.

Sir Walter Besant will probably be remembered longer as the originator of the People's Palace in East London than as a novelist or as the founder of the Authors' Society or the Atlantic Union. He felt an absorbing interest in the welfare of the teeming millions of what he called the "Joyless City," and studied their condition and needs for many years, his last and ripest word on the subject being the handsome book "East London," published only last spring, with illustrations by Phil May, Joseph Pennell and L. Raven-Hill. Sir Walter, it will be remembered, wrote the introduction to the Century Classics edition of Defoe's "Plague in London," last year.

A charming novel on Little, Brown & Co.'s new list is "When the Gates Lift Up Their Heads; a Story of the Seventies," by Payne Erskine. The scene of the book is a little mountain town in the South. Negroes, whites, descendants of old Southern families, Northern visitors, are all vividly portrayed, and play their part in the dramatic developments. The book is a love story, as well as a picture of the South after the war.

The third in The Youth's Companion's series of stories of American politics will appear in the issue of June 20. Its title, "A Costly Christmas Dinner," turns out to be more appropriate than one would at first infer. The story is by John D. Sherman. In the same issue the Honorable Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, gives a clear and comprehensible answer to the question, "What Is Money?" Another of the group of "Strange Tales From the Zoos" is announced for this issue, as well as two or three good stories.

An unpublished diary by Francis Parkman, the great historian, will appear in the July Scribner's. It is his account of a journey made through and around Lake George in 1842. It is said to be full of his acute and satirical observations of men and nature.

Love letters seem to be the order of the day, and particularly timely therefore is the new edition of "His Letters," by Julien Gordon, author of "Mrs. Clyde" and "A Puritan Pagan." It will be brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

Sir William Martin Conway, who wrote "The Bolivian Andes, a Record of Climbing and Exploration," which the Harpers publish this month, holds the world's record for mountain climbing. In 1891 he explored the Himalayas, crossing a pass 22,000 feet high, and in the course of his travels surveyed 2,000 miles of mountains. Later he made an extensive journey in the Bolivian Andes, taking many wonderful photographs and embodying the results in his book. Last summer this indefatigable traveler visited Lake Titicaca, the most elevated of South American lakes, for the purpose of making an authoritative report upon the region. Sir Martin was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is still in the prime of life and a man of most agreeable address.

New Books Received.

The following books have been sent to The Republic for review:

"Mousme." By Clive Holland. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Ensign Knightly, and Other Stories." By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"They That Took the Sword." by Nathaniel Stephenson. New York: John Lane, the Bodley Head.

"Congressman Hardie, a Born Democrat." By Courtney Wellington. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

"A Handbook of Proverbs." Selected from the best sources and classified. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company.

FEMININE FRILLS AND FANCIES.

New Parasol Prodigalities.
Modes at a Glance.
Summer Shirt-Waist Coats.
Story-Telling Bracelets for Children.

Rosa Bonheur's Statue.
The Woman of Fascination.
One Royal Baby's Bed.
Some Queer Things About Chocolate.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Sweet-faced and fair and dainty was the maid,
On whom my idle thoughts were ever bent,
Till fancy built a castle in the air,
Where she and I might dwell in deep content.
The walls were covered o'er with flowers fair,
Emblems of Hope and Love that should not cease,
And on the topmost turret of them all
Was planted a white flag—the flag of peace.

* * * *

Alas! my castle is a ruin now,
The empty rooms stand open to the sky;
And withered flowers fall from crumbling walls,
While in my thoughts I sadly wander by.
Yet even now one bud of hope remains,
One little bird of love still sweetly sings,
As by my side, to fill the loved one's place,
I hear the rustle of an angel's wings.

PARASOL PRODIGALITIES.

Styles Are as Changeable as in Shoes or Gloves, But Silk and Pongee Are the Fabrics Used.

No girl considers her summer wardrobe complete these days unless she has at least one or two parasols with which to set off her gowns. The question of shade is a very unimportant one; it enters neither into the head of the manufacturer nor of the buyer, unless the latter happens to be an old lady.

The styles in parasols are as changeable as in shoes or gloves. The materials may be the same, but that is about all one can say, and even that statement must be modified, for the old-time materials are much changed, and many more have been added.

Silk, satin and pongee are the principal fabrics used, but they are so overlaid with lace, ribbon and chiffon as to be barely seen. No up-and-down stripes are noticeable; everything must run around.

The best choice for a parasol to be worn with a shirt-waist suit is one made of pongee. They are especially suitable for the seashore, as they keep off the intense glare and do not readily soil. Some of the prettiest have a deep border of tucks and others again are edged with red, green or lavender, or have insertions in the shapes of butterflies.

One girl has a brilliant scheme in the way of parasol adornment. She recently purchased one of pongee with a border of tucks. Wishing to make it more fancy, she invested in some ecru insertion, which so many of the stores are selling for almost nothing. This lace she carefully sewed on above the tucks, and the effect is that of a very expensive article.

For dressy wear the fluffy white and black parasols reign supreme. The former color is chosen by young girls and those with fresh, bright complexions.

It is not as serviceable as the black and is absolutely useless as far as shade is concerned, nevertheless, it is pretty and dainty, and for that reason it is chosen by the majority of women.

MODES AT A GLANCE.

A peculiar tint of green, known as the katydid, makes a charming linen costume.

For the out-of-town matron, running in for a day's shopping, including luncheon at a smart cafe, a daintily made India silk is the thing—not too dressy to be in good taste, yet nice enough, too.

Damask linens in deep ecru or gray are

PRINCESS GOWN.

new and stylish for costumes for present wear.

The highest and most fashionable novelty in summer dress goods for dressy wear are white-ground silks, muslins and swisses, with black figures, or vice versa.

Raindrop figures of black on white in ribbon or silk are the great fad and rage for hats and millinery.

Linen effects prevail in shirt-waist costumes for utility wear.

Ribbons are the greatest feature of thin summer gowns, especially in knotted sashes in from five to twelve inch widths.

SHIRT WAIST COATS.

Athletic Summer Girls New Affect Mannish-Looking Coats for Horseback Riding.

Women who go in for riding horseback are having quite mannish looking coats made to slip on over the shirt waist, or even over the waist of a riding habit, after a hard run. The first impression given of one of these coats is that the woman must be wearing her husband's or brother's covert coat, but a close investigation discloses that the shoulder seams are much shorter and that there really is more following of the lines of the figure. The coats hang loose from the shoulders, are quite full and reach well below the waist.

STORY-TELLING BRACELETS.

Trinkets for the Wrist, Illustrating Some Nursery Rhyme or Historic Episode, Are Now Worn.

Trinkets for the new children's bracelets are not costly, being usually made of pressed silver, and so follow in succession on the bracelet as to illustrate some nursery rhyme. The story of "The House That Jack Built" affords an excellent opportunity to be worked out in charms. It is fortunately long and well supplied with interesting characters. At one end of the bracelet has hung, first of all, the rat, then the bag of malt, the cat, the dog, the cow with the crumpled horn, the maiden all forlorn, the man all tattered and torn, the priest all shaven and shorn, the cock that crowed in the morn, and, last of all, Jack and his famous house.

ROSA BONHEUR'S STATUE.

It Was Graven by the Artist's Relatives and Presented to the City of Fontainebleau.

The monument in honor of Rosa Bonheur erected recently in a public square of Fontainebleau, and presented to that city by M. Gambart, a friend of the artist, is the work of Isidore Bonheur and Hippolyte Peyrol, brother and nephew of the artist, and of Alexandre Jacob, architect. It consists of a bronze bull, mounted on a pedestal of Lorraine marble. On the front of the pedestal is a medallion of Rosa Bonheur, and on the other three sides are represented in relief her most famous paintings, "The King of the Forest," "The Nivernais Plowing" and "The Horse Fair." The monument measures about five meters in height.

THE WOMAN OF FASCINATION.

She Is Not Always the Most Brilliant, But She Charms by Tact and Application.

It is not always the woman who has the most amount of brains who is the most successful. Oftentimes it is the woman who makes the right use of the ordinary amount of knowledge she has who eclipses her more brilliant sisters, who have not learned the secret of application.

The reason why so many women of undoubted talent fail to secure success is because their efforts either lack the right sort of ambition or they are not properly applied. We see people every day who are successful, and yet their characters do not denote them to possess unusual intelligence or talent. The secret of their success is they know how to apply themselves well and they make the best of their ordinary gifts.

The woman who possesses agreeableness, tact and a large amount of common sense is an indispensable personage. Although she cannot sing divinely or write a book, she can charm people with her simple merits well applied.

HOLLAND BIRTH "RAPPERS."

Quaint Custom of Announcing the Stork's Arrival Which Is Still Observed by Dutch Patricians.

In some of the towns of Holland, especially those which in past time suffered much from the Spanish invaders under King Philip II of Spain, there is prevailing the strange custom of announcing the birth of a child by hanging to the front door a wrapper or knocker, called "klopper," enveloped in linen, lace or cloth. This usage is still observed by the patrician families. A half-wrapped-up "klopper" announces the birth of a girl; one wholly enveloped, that of a boy. Modern fashion demands costly lace, which in some cases is inherited from generation to generation, and, again, the lace employed to be wound round the mother's wedding bouquet is often used for this purpose. A rapper's head shield denotes the birth of a son; one-half red and half white, that of a daughter. The good Hollanders will in time be looking for a "klopper" at "ons Willeminje's" front door.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT CHOCOLATE.

It Is Manufactured From the Cocoa Bean, Two Crops of Which Are Gathered Each Year.

When, on drinking your cup of chocolate at breakfast, you find a sediment deposited in the bottom of the cup, you may feel sure that this insoluble stuff is the adulterant with which the chocolate is cheapened to such a degree that the beverage far from its source of production costs less than it does in the place where it is produced.

In South America the retail price for the better grades of chocolate averages about $1 a pound, while in Italy, France, England

This trained dress is very full all round. The hat is a basket creation in coarse white straw, set off with wheat ears and cornflowers.

and in the United States the better grades sell at a much lower price.

The cocoa bean, from which chocolate is manufactured, is produced in its finest form in Venezuela, though various other parts of Central and South America grow and export large quantities. Two crops of the bean are gathered each year, and the manufacture consists simply in grinding up the beans into a meal and then adding sugar and arrowroot, with the necessary flavor—usually vanilla or cinnamon.

CHICAGO'S FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

Sergeant Mary E. Owens Is the Only Woman in the World Holding Such a Position.

The duties of Sergeant Mary E. Owens, who has been for twelve years on the police force of Chicago, and is the only woman in the world holding such an office, frequently bring to her amusing as well as trying experiences. She works in connection with the Board of Education. The school law requires that children under 14 years of age shall not work in stores, factories or other prohibited places, and that they shall attend school or show a good reason why they do not.

Sergeant Owens is required to keep a constant supervision over these places, rescuing children illegally employed in labor, and hunting up truants and neglectful parents. Since she is the only officer detailed for this work, she travels from one end of the city to the other. When she first undertook the work violations of the child labor law were more frequent than at present, and she often had long lines of nearly 100 children of suspicious appearance as to age drawn up before her to be questioned. Now she says that she finds employers ready and anxious to assist her in the enforcement of the law. Sometimes the children themselves get a notion that they want to leave school and go to work, or parents frequently take out false affidavits of their children's ages; but this is usually caused by extreme poverty. It is said that in all her experience she has never had to go to the extreme of arresting any one of the violators, her woman's tact and appeal to the law, abiding instincts of the average citizen being enough to accomplish her purpose.

ONE ROYAL BABY'S BED.

Cradle of the New-Born Princess of Italy Is a Swinging Cot Supported by Bronze Statues.

The cradle of the new-born Princess Royal of Italy is as beautiful as if she were eligible to occupy the throne some day—which she is not. The swinging bed of the royal baby is a master work of modern art. The great sculptor, Morteverde, designed it and made the two bronze statues which support it. One of these represents Rome and the other is a winged genius, holding high the arms of the house of Savoy. The cradle itself is of massive silver, and round the edges are as many shields as there are districts in Rome, with the arms of each district engraved upon them.

TINS FOR BREAD BAKING.

This Suburban Housekeeper Reveals a Culinary Secret Which Has Merit.

A suburban housekeeper who is quite famous in her neighborhood for her excellent bread revealed the secret of her art the other day. It is, to say the least, peculiar, and has the merit of being new in the line of bread making.

"The difference between my bread and the ordinary variety is due," the maker says, "partly to the careful and vigorous kneading it receives and partly to the tins in which it is baked. I buy my coffee in pound tins," she explained, "and when the coffee is all gone the tins are used to bake the bread in. They are carefully greased and a well-molded loaf of bread, which about half fills them, is placed in each. These are then laid on their sides and left to rise. They rise in from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. When they are put in the oven care is taken to leave a little space between each, so that if the loaf, when it swells with the

EVENING CLOAK.

heat, more than fills the tin, it can force off the cover and find room for itself. The tins are placed on their sides in the oven, and turned from time to time till the bread is done. If the loaves have been made just the right size they can be turned out of the tins until thoroughly cooled and then can be slipped back again, the covers put on the tins, and the loaves are so thoroughly protected from the air that they will keep fresh and moist for a long time. The baking of the loaves with a cover on the tin helps to make the grain of the bread fine and keeps the crust from toughening."

SILHOUETTES OF SOCIETY.

In everything but dress imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Every bride thinks her wedding will be the prettiest of the season—before it comes off.

The woman who can refrain from making remarks about another woman's gowns has her tongue well in hand.

Seeming indifference sometimes conceals a self-imposed hatred.

Compulsory education sometimes results in self-imposed stupidity.

The man who marries a shrew cannot be always considered shrewd.

TO KEEP BABIES HEALTHY.

Useful Suggestions for Mothers by an Eminent Specialist on Infants' Diseases.

A specialist on infants' diseases and care said recently: "Beauty doctors would have little to do and physicians less if babies were properly cared for from birth. The baby is almost certain to have fine skin, which may be preserved all through life by proper means, and hair and eyes, if not beautiful to begin with, are susceptible of greater improvement in childhood than after.

"It is a mistake to give a tub bath to an infant every day. Every second day is often enough, and then should not last more than five minutes. A sponge should never be used, as it is impossible to keep it in a perfectly pure condition. The best thing for the purpose is sterilized absorbent cotton, to be thrown away after each using.

"Every day the baby should be washed all over with warm water, and then lightly rubbed with greatly diluted alcohol. The whole process should be as brief as possible. The face should never be touched by soap, no matter how fine and pure.

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