A Poem for Today

TO THE DANDELION

By James Russell Lowell

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty roads with harmless gold—
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck and, full of pride, uphold
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and my Italy.
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart and heed not space or time.
Not in mid-June the golden cuirassed bee
Feels a more summerlike, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent—
His fragrant Sybaris—than I when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze;
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass
Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven and could some wondrous secret show
Did we but pay the love we owe
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
Of all these living pages of God's book.

WOMAN'S WORLD

MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF.

The Able President of the National Congress of Mothers.

Mrs. Frederic Schoff of Philadelphia, president of the National Congress of Mothers, is one of the philanthropists of this country whose fame as a champion of unfortunate children will live long after she has gone to her eternal reward. Mrs. Schoff was one of the pioneers in the movement for a mothers' congress and has always been active in the work of the organization. For many years she has been conspicuous in societies that have for their object the betterment of the laws that relate to the care of children. The juvenile court law that was passed in Pennsylvania

MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF.

three years ago was placed on the statute books largely through her efforts, and its result has been to remove children entirely from appearance in criminal courts.

Mrs. Schoff has compiled a book of the laws of every state in the Union concerning dependent and delinquent children and in many other ways, aided by her wealth, has shown her devotion to the cause so dear to her heart.

Mrs. Schoff is also deeply interested in the welfare of her sex and is a famous organization woman. She is a member of the Century club of Philadelphia, one of the largest and most influential clubs of women in the country. She was chairman of a committee whose efforts resulted in raising the salaries of the public school teachers of her city.

Mrs. Schoff has a beautiful home in Philadelphia and has seven children of her own, to whom she is devoted.

Touches Which Count.

The perfect hostess believes in herself and her power to give pleasure to her guests. She arranges her rooms to artfully conceal shortcomings, furbishing up the furniture with a polish and making cleanliness speak for itself. Windows are clear, draperies are spotless, and care shows in every part of the abode. I have been in the simplest kinds of homes, where I felt like exclaiming, "How charming!" and I have gone to mansions where I found not an atom of comfort, though it was teeming with priceless articles. I can call to mind a little house occupied by the vicar of a big, imposing church, in whose yard it was plumped, where millionaires' coachers delighted to pour tea when the vicar's wife threw open her doors to the parish, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

It was wonderfully simple and pretty, with its mattings and rugs, its short muslin window curtains and old fashioned furniture, such as can be bought for a song in secondhand stores—not valuable mahogany, but stained woods in odd shapes and full of comfort. There were always flowers growing in that house—not many, but the common kinds, suited to the seasons and giving touches of color and sweetness to the place. Nobody stopped to ask how much money had been spent on the tiny house—the vicar's salary was small and his family large, his home pretty, his wife clever. And he was a gentleman! What more was needed?

The Children's Toys.

One of the most perplexing problems with which the order loving mother has to contend is to decide where to put the children's toys. If placed in the nursery closet they keep the floor in an unsightly litter, and the dust gathers quickly under them.

One of the most convenient devices is a box couch seven feet in length, three feet wide and three feet deep. To this is a hinged top. The box is covered with a deep red brocade, and on the lid is fitted and securely fastened a hair mattress, also covered with brocade. Into this thoroughly ornamental piece of furniture the toys may be stored every night, it being the children's duty to pick off everything from the floor and put it away in a neat and orderly manner.

They become accustomed to this task and perform it with perfect cheerfulness and with a delightfully pleasant conviction that they are helping mamma. By the time their early supper is brought to the nursery not a toy is to be discovered on the floor and the box couch is closed.

Upon this same couch are a number of pillows of bright cretonnes and denims and a folded afghan, and here the mother often takes a pussy nap after tucking in the babies.

Folding Beds.

The strange statement has been made that there are people in the world who buy folding beds because they like them, and who, being willing to pay large prices for them, enjoy them as articles of household adornment. There does not seem any reason for such a condition of affairs, and when we are further told of a house with many large bedrooms containing only folding beds one can but rub one's eyes and ask what next? The folding bed is an article of utility, but it is difficult to view it as an article of ornament. Its proper place, and its only place, is in a small room where space cannot be had for an open bed. It is decidedly insanitary, because it is generally kept closed during the day. Some people would have us believe it is dangerous because it has been known to fold up of itself and embrace the sleeper with sometimes fatal conclusions. It is seldom beautiful, even though it may be a handsome article of furniture, for it generally aspires to be something which it is not. A handsomely carved chest or wardrobe, if one must have a heavy piece of carved furniture, would be more logical and more beautiful.—Scientific American.

Bread and Butter Rolls.

There is a knack about preparing the dainty bread and butter rolls for luncheon or the 5 o'clock tea that not every housekeeper possesses. To roll easily the bread must not be more than a day old, while the loaves should not be more than five or six inches in diameter. Cut the slices very thin with a sharp knife, buttering each time before slicing. Trim off the crust and roll lightly, pressing just enough to have the folds adhere. If preferred, the bread can be spread with a fine paste of shrimp, anchovy, chicken, cream cheese, salad or fig before rolling. For children's parties or occasions when frills seem desirable these little rolls are tied with bebe ribbon, but as ribbon adds nothing to their toothsomeness it is best dispensed with under ordinary circumstances.

Relining a Coat.

When a tailor has a jacket to reline he first rips out half of the old lining for a pattern, leaving the other attached as a guide. Then he cuts the new lining from the pattern and sews it up, leaving the underarm seams open. He bastes in one half of the lining, fitting it along the fronts and bottom of the jacket and then rips out the half of the old lining that was left attached and bastes in the remaining half of the new. Now he hems the new lining around the bottom, neck and fronts and last of all he does the armholes and underarm seams, into which any excess of material can go. After this is done the linings of the sleeves are put in.

Powder Paper.

An ingenious and convenient substitute for the ordinary complexion powder is simply a dainty booklet to be carried in one's chatelaine and to be used when occasion calls and then with rapidity and without courting notice. Are you at all conscious that you are muggy and that your face is far from clear and dry? Then all that is necessary to effect the requisite improvement is to tear a leaf from this little volume, pass it over the cheeks and brow and consign it to the four winds. No puff, no pad, is needed. The whole operation is quietly and quickly performed.

Helpful Ideas.

A woman who does her own housework and who always manages to look neat and tidy has given some helpful ideas. While washing dishes or clothes she tucks a folded newspaper over her apron. This she throws away when the work is done, and her apron is kept perfectly dry. She also keeps a pair of stocking legs to draw over her sleeves while sweeping or dusting or doing anything about the house when she does not like to crumple her sleeves by rolling them up.

The Perfumed Bath.

No woman of fashion fails to perfume her bath in these days. By this method the body becomes saturated with a faint, delicate odor. Tablets for perfuming the bath come in every scent, from plain violet to all sorts of bouquets. One of these dropped into a tub of water will perfume not only the bath and the bather, but the room and the whole house.

Marble Surfaces.

Marble surfaces should be cleaned by rubbing with a paste made of a large lump of spanish whiting and a teaspoonful of washing soda in enough water to thoroughly dissolve the whiting. Rub the paste on with a flannel cloth, leave for half an hour and then wash off with warm water and dry carefully.

Laundry Soap.

Buy your laundry soap by the quantity and pile it in such a way as to leave open spaces between the bars in a dry room. The harder it gets the less it will wash away in using, while it does even more effective work.

Tea owes its flavor to a certain fine volatile oil which is present only in very minute quantities. The fact that it is so volatile renders it most necessary to keep tea in a caddy that is air tight.

AFTERNOON CALLS.

A Few Don'ts That It Would Be Well to Bear In Mind.

An afternoon call must be a short and yet not a hurried one. Don't enter the house saying that you have not a minute and don't leave it declaring that you must hurry on to another friend or you give an idea that your visit has been paid grudgingly.

Don't monopolize the conversation. Your hostess likes to retell her own news, to air her own grievances, to discuss mutual friends, from her own point of view. You may be the most amusing person present, but your very brilliancy gives others the desire to shine also, and courtesy demands that you should give them their opportunity, says an exchange.

Above all, don't talk of yourself. "I" is a letter of the alphabet to be omitted as much as possible. Who does not know the bore who tells you of his health, his family, his plans, till you sigh of unutterable relief when he at length takes his departure?

There is a military offense called "forcing the sentry." Don't "force" your friend's butler or maid when you are told, "Not at home." Don't say, "Oh, I am sure she is at home to me!" The unfortunate hostess may be indisposed, busy, worried or have important letters to write; so respect her orders to her sentry and content yourself with leaving your card.

Don't utter in an audible aside to your companion, "Thank heaven, they are out!" A whisper is fraught with danger and may possibly be retailed from one person to another until it reaches the mistress of the house.

Color Schemes.

If the room is without sun, says the Scientific American, make pale yellow the color key. If it is cold (on a cliff or in the mountains or in shadow of high, neighboring walls), warm it with a blending of mahogany and pink or old rose and old gold hangings combined with a relief of curtains in ivory or ecru tint. If it is sunny, mahogany or other dark woods and blue will give the desired effect. If it is too dark, light it up with maple or white enamel, with cream or golden brown or with rose tones on the walls, and put some [illegible] prints and lovely [illegible] about [illegible]

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KNOCKING TO KNOCK COLDS

Orange (N. J.) Physician Says Use of Hammer on Oneself Is Remedy.

Dr. T. W. Lauterborn of East Orange, N. J., has evolved a new and unique method of curing a cold, says a special dispatch from Orange, N. J., to the New York Press. He has relegated the old reliable whisky bottle and the solacing quinine pill to the rear and employs a sledge hammer to knock out the sniffles. Dr. Lauterborn reassures his patients, however, by allowing them to ply the hammer themselves.

Dr. Lauterborn, who is a man of experience, has figured it all out, and he says that an ordinarily severe cold in the head, throat or chest will cost the unfortunate who has means and a faithful physician $19 in money, ten days in the house and considerable loss of business besides much suffering. Dr. Lauterborn says a cold always means a congested and stagnated circulation in the part involved, and he says his method of correcting this is swinging a steel striking hammer vigorously for twenty to thirty minutes.

"This is no joke," says Dr. Lauterborn. "I mean seriously every word, for many times I have deliberately exposed myself to catching cold as a demonstration and thoroughly eradicated it in two days or less by this method.

"Having taken cold, as shown by a feeling of fulness in the nasal passages, throat or chest, I immediately retire to my physical culture studio, lower two diagonally opposite windows about two inches, put on my exercising costume and take up a position outside of the ventilating draft. I now lay hold of a seven pound steel striking hammer and exercise vigorously with it for thirty minutes. I do this three times daily and have yet to meet with any cold that resists this treatment. The rationale of this treatment is as follows: The hard and violent exercise draws the blood away from the swollen parts and thus permits the nerves to regain control over their unruly vessels, and it acts as a vigorous tonic to the nervous system as well. We thus accomplish the two indications for treatment with the one remedy."

DOWIE'S MEXICAN EDEN.

Plan to Tunnel Extinct Volcanoes For Water For 2,000,000 Acres.

John Alexander Dowie, the chief overseer of Zion City, will secure water to irrigate the 2,000,000 acres of land which he has arranged to purchase in the state of Tamaulipas, in Mexico, by tunneling into four extinct volcanoes, says a special dispatch from the City of Mexico to the New York Times. The volcanoes are within the boundaries of the tract, and are full of water. Engineers believe that an inexhaustible supply of water will be secured from subterranean sources.

Dowie has agreed to pay $2 Mexican currency per acre or a total of $4,000,000. He will establish seven cities as well as several agricultural settlements. The Mexican colony will be known as "Eden," so that there may be no confusion with the parent colony in the United States. Dowie announces that mules and hogs will not be allowed within the boundaries of the Mexican tract, and that an attempt will be made to exterminate the fleas and mosquitos.

Rich Men's Sons as Longshoremen.

Sons of wealthy men working as longshoremen and deck hands is said by Paul R. Lansing of San Francisco to be the latest fad among the moderately rich residing on the Pacific coast, says the Denver Republican. "Do you know," said Mr. Lansing, "that many of the wealthy shippers and shipowners of the Pacific coast now have a fad which is spreading rapidly and which is unusual—most unusual? They are giving their sons jobs as deck hands on their vessels and as freight handlers on their wharfs and are making their sons like it. The boys, many of whom have just been released from college, get no more money and just as much work as any of their fathers' employees. The old men seem to think that it will prepare the young men for their entrance into the business world and will make them appreciate wealth when they get it."

The Little Japanese.

[A postscript.]

There are some prefer a stick
Which is heavy, hard and thick—
It is wiser far to wave a paper fan.
When your fan is swiftly furled
You can then outflank the world,
'C[illegible] you didn't seem at all [illegible]
Inasman.
—Berman [illegible]

Knights of Pythias,

N. A., S. A., E., A., A. AND A.

This organization is one of the most powerful in the country and its progress has been phenominal. The Grand Lodge of Virginia has jurisdiction over all of the cities and counties in this state. Thirty males are required to organize a new lodge. The benefits paid constitute one of its strongest features, but the principles are greater than anything else. Founded on Friendship, based on Charity and established on Benevolence, the respectable, upright people of the state will find it an order worthy of their heartiest support.

It pays an endowment and burial benefit of of $200.00 for all ages. It pays $4.00 per week sick dues. The badge costing 75 cents each is the only absolutely necessary regalia. For information concerning the organzaition of lodges, apply at the main office.

The Courts of Calanthe

Is the Female Department of the Order. It requires a membership of thirty persons to organize a court. Its members are pledged to exhibit Fidelity, exercise Harmony and prove Love one for the other. It pays an endowment and burial benefit of $150.00. It pays $3.00 per week sick dues. The only expense for regalia is the cost of the badge, 50 cents and a rosette, costing 25 cents for funeral occasions.

THE BANDS OF CALANTHE or Children's Department also constitutes a feature and persons cannot do better than to enter the little ones into this mystic circle. The expense is nominal and the benefits all that could be expected. It pays from $1.00 to $1.50 sick dues and death benefits of from $30.00 to $40.00. If you have no Pythian Lodge or Court or Band in your neighborhood, organize one.

For all information concerning the Children's Department address,

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