

REAL MEANING OF THE YACHT RACES

By OWEN LANGDON.



THE utmost skill of British designers, the most lavish expenditure ever made for purposes of sport, have again proved in vain. The AMERICA'S CUP STAYS ANOTHER YEAR.

Our right to keep it will not remain unchallenged. Sir Thomas Lipton or some other British yachtsman will return with the true bulldog grit of the tight little island to contest the point again, and yet again. On neither side of the Atlantic is the Anglo-Saxon familiar with the meaning of the word "fail."

More than sport is involved in this determination to win or hold the cup. The great sloops themselves are fit for nothing when their racing days are over but to be broken up or turned into schooners; but in their brief life they SERVE NOT SPORT ONLY BUT TRADE.

The model of sailing craft has changed more in 15 years, mainly as a result of racing, than in as many decades before. After our civil war everybody looked for the displacement of sailing craft by steam vessels. Now, in this country at least, SAIL POWER ACTUALLY GAINS UPON STEAM.

Columbia and Shamrock are not more wonderful in their way than a vessel few have heard of—the George W. Wells, of Camden, Me., the first six-masted schooner in the world.

She is like six Columbias telescoped, broader, deeper, heavier. She can carry 5,000 tons of coal cheaper than it can travel in barges towed by tugs, far cheaper than in steam barges. Her crew is but 14 men. She is bigger than was any trans-Atlantic steamer except the Great Eastern 20 years ago. She is steered by steam, her sails are set by steam, steam hoists her anchors, trims her spars.

SAIL-POWER IS NOT A TOY. Slow freight can never be so cheaply carried by steamers as by sailing craft of the Wells type. Another thing: Coal grows constantly more expensive. In England it has become so scarce that an export duty has been put upon it. As coal grows dearer, sailing ships are relatively more economical.

The Wells is as beautiful in her lines, as finely modeled, as smartly "found" as a yacht. She has everything that yachting can teach, as the farmer's work horse of to-day has all the power and stamina that have been developed by generations of racing sires.

The engineer, the man of steam down below in his stoke-hole, speaks contemptuously of the "sticks" of the sailing vessel. But like a good many old-fashioned things whose obituaries have been written, THE SAIL WILL STAY.

The New Girl vs. the Old Girl

By DANIEL CLEVERTON

girls I knew years ago.

Are the girls of to-day more lovable, or even as much so, as the girls of half a century ago?

I am by no means a pessimist, but I answer: "NO."

And why? There are several reasons. Let me analyze a few of them.

FIRST—The girl of to-day has not the sweet refinement of the girl of the past. She is more boisterous at times; she is more, much more, given to the use of the vulgar street slang of the time.

SECOND—The girl of to-day is too often in despair. To watch her and talk with her one would think she was carrying the weight of a nation upon her shoulders, whereas, in reality, her trouble is nothing more serious than the desire to accomplish something a trifle more novel or shocking than her girl friends.

THIRD—The girl of to-day is too fond of excitement. She demands perpetual change, perpetual amusement, and without these she mopes.

FOURTH—The girl of to-day gives but little, if any, thought to the duties that should come to her—the duties of the home life. She thinks more of the race for fame in unfamiliar fields, of the attainment of a brilliant social success, of the number of suitors she can gather about her.

FIFTH—The girl of to-day, while more boisterous, is less merry in a happy girlish way than was the girl of the past; she thinks less of the joy of life, is more pessimistic, more harassed, more nervous and unhappy than was the girl of the past.

The world needs girls who will find pleasure in the duties of home life and of motherhood, of the simple duties that tend to make the home brighter, girls who will keep their brothers at home for the evenings rather than send them to the streets or the clubs. Such were the girls of the by-gone days; such were the mothers of the girls of to-day.

Stay by the Farm

By MAX OWEN.

The American farm is the keystone of the American nation. Upon the American farm should be built our hopes for the future. The country that can produce its own foodstuffs should never become a country in which anarchy and revolution could gain the mastery.

Are we, as a people, forsaking this keystone of our nation? Census figures would seem to show that we are becoming, more and more, a trades people, a manufacturing people. When our government was founded it was a government of farmers, AND A RIGHT GOOD GOVERNMENT IT WAS. Then there were, comparatively speaking, no cities. But six places in the nation could boast a population of 8,000 people or more, and of our nearly 4,000,000 people but 3.4 per cent. lived in the cities. To-day, with 75,468,039 people, 33.1 per cent., or nearly one-third, live in cities of more than 8,000 inhabitants. EVERY DECADE SHOWS A HEAVY INCREASE IN THE PROPORTION OF URBAN POPULATION.

The advantages and possibilities offered by the farm to-day are greater than advantages and possibilities offered at any time in the past. They are greater than are offered the majority of men in the overcrowded cities. THE FARM IS STILL A GOOD PLACE FOR THE SON OF THE SOIL TO TIE TO.

An Interesting Family of Old Ladies

THOSE who imagine that there is no place in a modern great, busy city for the old-fashioned quilting bees of our grandmothers' time would be very much surprised should they visit the home of a certain big happy family in Chicago. The members of this family are some 75 in number and probably more than a third of them are over 80 years of age. Their fingers are still supple enough so that the quilting bee is their main delight; and it is also a source of some profit, for the old ladies are often able to sell the quilts to visitors. On five days out of almost any week a quilting bee is in progress in one of the three parlors of this home.

Sometimes, when I am out for a walk, I drop in at the Old People's Home, as it is called, and there I am always sure of a cordial welcome. So is everyone, no matter whether



VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.

one's mission be that of helping to renew from one's own storehouse the old ladies' stock of silk patches, books, newspapers or magazines; of making purchases from among the array of crazy quilts, hand-knitted mittens and other products of the never idle needles piled by trembling old hands; or one's purpose be simply that of brightening a lonely hour for the little old ladies and for one's self by reading, singing or engaging in light, rambling conversation.

Old ladies of almost every nationality are to be found in this home; but without regard to the fact that they are gathered together here from every quarter of the globe, they are bound together by a band of sisterly unity.

Of course "they're women," and sometimes a forgetful member will mislay her comb; many are the speculations as to its whereabouts; a search is made—under the bed, the dresser, through all the boxes—and finally the verdict: "I guess it's stole."

Age loves regularity and dinner is usually served on time; but it is recorded that once, in the absence of the cook (who had held her position there for 12 years), dinner was delayed some 20 or 30 minutes; speculations everywhere, hurried visits from one room to another, watches and clocks examined and compared with one another, consultations of grave importance; and serenity again established only after an exhaustive explanation on the part of those in charge!

The dear old ladies! Each of the three-score has a bright, cheerful room, furnished and cared for by herself and dutifully expressing her individual taste and ideas of home. The rooms are uniform in size and on the door of each is its number and the name of its occupant. At the rap of



ORAZY QUILTS THAT ARE SUPERIOR IN WORKMANSHIP AND DESIGN.

the visitor there is always the cheerful response: "Come in."

One little white-haired, lace-capped lady with glowing brown eyes lifts herself from her bed—from which she seldom arises for any length of time—extends her hand in welcome and bids you be seated with a cordiality which warms your heart and suggests those days in childhood when people lived in sight of fields of waving grain and were always glad to see you. You are surprised to hear her ask concerning current affairs—on which she makes a great point of learning your views. She is partly blinded, the news reading which has fed her mind for so many years has been abandoned, and she gleams all that she can from her visitors. Hanging about the walls are paper specimens of her handiwork and she has many, many boxes, of various sizes, filled with prettily trimmed dolls' hats and bunches of gay flowers which she proudly shows you. She sells them, for trifling sums when she can, but the supply is very much greater than the demand.

When you have finished your visit you promise, perhaps, to return some time and read to her, and then you step across the hall and rap, wondering who will open for you. Another little lady, rather stooped, with a little gray fringed shoulder shawl crossed upon her bosom, says of course she'd like to talk to you and insists upon your taking the easy chair.

Apocryphal patchwork (which is incidentally mentioned), out from their hiding place under the bed come two long boxes which, when opened, disclose two many-hued, beautifully made crazy quilts. The one made in octagons is very superior in workmanship and design and might well be termed the "Prize Quilt." The other goes by the name of "Star Quilt." A century hence it will be quite impossible to duplicate them.

This little lady has a secret which is between ourselves and, it is to be hoped, will not be divulged until the proper moment. However, one may hint, I suppose, that "something" is being made for "somebody" who is soon to leave the home never to return and go "way out to California."

Perchance, way up on the third floor, a round, beaming little body who contrives to get about, with the aid of crutches, will meet you in the hall and invite you to her room, which is a front corner one, with two large east windows in it. Here, instead of the regulation white iron bed and hair mattress, you see an old-fashioned, peaked, wooden bed with a mountain of feathers to lie on. As for the regulation bed, she couldn't be comfortable on "them hard things," and the matron has humored her to the extent of securing for her a generously-full feather tick.

But the great scandal of this home is not yet told. You will hardly believe, dear reader, that any of these old ladies would be "up to pranks," but I must confess that such is the case. We who have young blood and freedom are fond of the illusion, are we not, that old people enjoy life better when they are held under strict surveillance? That no notion could be further from the truth than this, the following incident will show.

I have noticed a roguish look in the eyes of the heroine of this incident,



MUTTERING: "MY! WAN'T IT GRAND!"

although she will never again see three-score years. (I trust if this story should ever reach the eye of the matron of the old ladies' home, she will not think too much of it, for my old lady with the roguish look told me the story herself and I should sorely regret to have her disciplined through any "tattling" of mine.)

It was at a time when Rip Van Winkle was one of the chief attractions on the boards. My roguish old lady had not seen the play since the days when life for her was far more lively, I suspect, than at present.

More she thought it over the more she wanted to go. She knew that it was against the rules to go out of an evening, and sinful even to think of such a thing as stealing away without leave. But the impulse grew upon her continually as she sat swaying back and forth in her chair by the window. More than once she counted the pieces of money that had come to her at odd times and which represented the labor of months with her needles. The amount was large enough to buy one of the cheaper seats. As she realized this she became more and more excited. She could think of no one whom she could take into her confidence, for fear that the chance might slip away from her forever—she did want to see Rip Van Winkle once more! Finally she concluded to confide in Martha, the girl in the kitchen—and Martha—Martha fell in with the project! From that time forth only scheming and planning and whispered consultations and significant looks! My little old lady got into the habit of taking her knitting into the kitchen so that she could plan with Martha.

At last a night was agreed upon. At the appointed moment my conspirator crept softly down to the kitchen. True to her promise, there was Martha arrayed in all her "evening out" finery. The two slipped cautiously out the back door and no one was the wiser! My little lady sat entranced, watching Joe Jefferson in that role which no one can play so well as he, the veteran actor of it. Then, when the play was over, she allowed Martha to lead her silently back to her home. She felt guilty—but supremely satisfied. At the kitchen door she carefully took off her shoes and, with these in hand, stole softly away to bed, muttering to herself: "My, wan't it grand!—but I hope the matron don't go an' find me out." JESSIE HALE MARKS

ANIMALS THAT OWN LAND.

Aces Upon Acres of Fertile Country Inhabited by Fine Herds That Roam Unmolested.

Very few tourists discover that the Cranbury herd of British wild cattle in Warwickshire, which are almost the only ones left of their kind, have settled on them 300 acres of good fat pasture land, absolutely their own, and worth about \$25,000. Neither they nor their owner will allow any trespassers on their estate, and only the herdsman is tolerated by them, says a London exchange.

This land runs to about ten acres per beast, and they are the sole survivors of the old English race of wild cattle—perfectly white—with the exception of one other herd, and a couple of representatives in the zoo. They have a stream of their own, and their estate is walled off by a ring fence. Unless they all die out—which is unlikely, for there are 30 of them, increasing slightly every year—the land will never be put to any other use.

There is a very proud old family of beavers in Bute, Scotland, which Lord Bute introduced there a long time ago, and they have 100 acres of charming woodland of their own, with a river running through it, and nobody but themselves is allowed to enter or build there. They have increased to 40 families, each family having a house three feet high of its own building, with the front door under water. They have the exclusive right of felling timber on the estate, and have cut down a great many big trees, which they slice up for building purposes, and to make dams across the river. They keep out wensels, rats, and other vulgar outsiders, and altogether are very select. The land is worth about \$5,000 and the beavers themselves possibly \$1,000 more, but they are not for sale, and never will be. Their chief amusement is engineering, and the dams they build and the houses they erect are perfect masterpieces.

They have an advantage over the bustards of Norfolk, which own more land, but have not been there long. These birds, which have the distinction of being the biggest British feathered creatures, were once plentiful in England, but they died out, and a new family of them has been imported from Spain. They have been included in 200 acres of land of their own, with the right to roam as far as they please, and they are especially protected, it being understood that they are not to be shot at, wherever found. There were about 30 originally, and they were brought over at a cost of \$1,250.

THE ANTS AND THE FLOWERS.

Defenses of the Blossoms Against the Depredations of the Insects.

When an ant comes around all the honey-bearing flowers shake their heads and say: "Nothing for you—not to-day. No, no; go on away. Get out, now, or I'll set the dog on you." Some defend their blossoms with regular chevaux de frise of bristles and stickers; some make their stems gummy and hairy; some, like the snapdragon, shut up so tight that an ant cannot get in, and make the flower stalk so single-dangling and so slippery that the ant falls off. Some open early and close early, knowing that bees arise betimes, while ants are notorious slug-a-beds, says Ainslee's Magazine. But that there is a determined purpose to boycott the ants is evident from the fact that amphibious plants growing in water where emets cannot get to them omit the defenses they throw up when they grow on the land. On the other hand, some plants recognizing the fact that ants are great for destroying worms and caterpillars, set out a kind of cheap luncheon for them on the under side of the leaves. The acacia even goes so far as to grow hollow thorns as company houses for the ants, as well as furnishing them sweet sirup. But I think the smartest trick of all is played by the melampyrum pratense. It knew that the soil on an ant hill was more than usually fertile and well stirred up, so it sat with its head in its hands for a long time and thought out this plan of action. "Ants like honey. I'll squeeze out a little for them. They think the world and all of their young ones. I'll make my seeds look like their cocoons, and, more than that, I'll make them smell like their cocoons. They'll carry 'em under ground, and when spring comes they'll sprout." It worked like a charm, and you will find the melampyrum pratense growing on ant hills where no other plant is allowed. It looks like a low-down trick to play, but where there is so much competition it doesn't do to be too particular.

Revengeful Pigeons.

A remarkable story of the vengeance wrought by pigeons is told by a paper at Zurich, writes our correspondent. Two pigeons built a nest in a tree situated in a well-stocked garden of flowers and vegetables, and there raised a brood, of which they were very proud. The other day the old birds left the nest, and in their absence some one captured the young ones. On their return the hen was much upset at her loss. The cock, however, went and fetched about 50 other pigeons, which actually devastated the garden, the vegetables and flowers being destroyed in wholesale quantities.—London Mail.

A Terrible Dream.

"I had an awful nightmare last night," said the footpad. "What was it?" asked the burglar. "Dreamed I held up the iceman and after I got his money along came the gas man and collected his bill."—Boston Traveler.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

A new scheme of study in the Baltimore public schools provides for no home work in the four lower grades.

A Paris periodical asserts that France has more Catholic missionaries than all other nations combined—4,500 out of a total of 6,106.

There are more than 25,000 Indians and Eskimos in Alaska, of whom 7,600 are Protestants, 13,735 are under the care of the Greek church and about 500 are Catholics.

An anonymous donor is reported to have given \$100,000 to establish a professorship of the Chinese language and literature at Columbia university, on the ground that our increasingly intimate relations with China demand a better acquaintance with her language and her classics.

A sanctimonious bore, whose hobby was anti-Catholicism, went to the great evangelist one day and put the direct question: "Mr. Moody, do you ever intend to do any preaching against the Catholics?" "Yes, I may some time." "When will that be?" "After all the Protestants are converted."

The latest compilation of the lists of social settlements of the world shows that there are 107 in America, 38 in England, five in Scotland, five in France, two in Japan, one each in Germany, Holland, Austria, Moravia, India and Australia. London has 30, New York 27, Chicago 17 and Boston 11.

Dr. Theodore William Richards, assistant professor of chemistry at Harvard, has declined an offer from the Prussian government of a full professorship of inorganic chemistry at the University of Gottingen. It is believed that it is the first time that a full German professorship of the highest type has been tendered to an American teacher.

Over 125 converted Jews are now filling Protestant pulpits; converted Jews are found in nearly all denominations, and 4,500 of them are in the United States alone. During the nineteenth century there were 204,340 Jews baptized, 73,240 being in evangelical churches, 57,300 in Roman Catholic churches, 74,500 in the Greek Catholic churches.

THE CUBAN GUEST ROOM.

Something About Its Fittings and the Comforts Provided for Visitors.

The guest room of the Cuban house is startling to an American visitor, and frequently it takes considerable time to become accustomed to the hammock netting that takes the place of a mattress. A thin pad is spread between this netting and the sheet, the pillows are impressionistic in their limpness and the covering is but a sheet and a light counterpane. But it is the bed canopy that looks most formidable to unaccustomed eyes. All sorts of midgets and flies would make the Cuban night unbearable were it not for this closely woven, much flounced, tented canopy. Beside the bed is a little marble topped stand, upon which is the earthen jug that keeps the water cool without ice, but which never pleases the American visitor as well as the national pitcher bearing its glacier of frozen comfort, says the Boston Journal.

While the hotel cooking in Havana impresses one as being far below the ordinary, in the Cuban home the cooking, which is of the modified Spanish style, is to be had in perfection. The service is exceptionally simple and the foods chosen are light, fish and salads being much in favor. Cooking is done in the Cuban kitchen entirely on charcoal stoves and oil is exclusively used for frying. Grapevine leaves are the garnishing as we use parsley and cresses, and the favorite dessert of Guava jelly and cheese is served on a leaf.

Then there are sweets in profusion and always the somewhat heavy coffee that accompanies every meal and is served in the afternoon as we serve o'clock tea. The green salads of Cuba are an inspiration, crisp, tender and with a fragrant freshness which makes them a most tempting food in the tropical climate. The Cuban hostesses dresses and serves the salad at table.

At that hour the city seems to wake; volantes flash along the Prado laden with graceful Cuban women in filmy gowns and the coquettish mantilla that they retain with their American dresses. The band plays in the public park, and it is then that the Cuban señoritas may be seen with their duennas in attendance, for, married or single, the younger Cuban women are never unescorted.

The Harvest Bell.

A quaint but dying custom dating from the middle ages, and which still obtains in a few country parishes, is that of ringing the harvest bell morning and evening. The time varies in different localities. For instance, at Driffield, in Yorkshire, the bell rings at five in the morning, while at Willingham, in Cambridgeshire, it rings at seven; and the times too, vary in the evening. Authorities differ as to the origin of the custom, some antiquaries holding that the morning and evening prayers in the Roman church were held earlier and later in the harvest time, hence the gleaners' bell. Others maintain the use of the bell is that all gleaners may have a fair start, no one being allowed in the fields before or after bell-ringing; in fact, that the custom is similar to the signal given to the collectors of wrack in the Channel islands, a custom sanctioned there by an old Norman law. The ringers were formerly paid by a portion of corn from each crop, but payment is now usually made by money.—London Chronicle.