# Society, Music, Clubs, Chat.

EDITED BY M. N. F. BRIDGHAM

## The Call of Spring

JARED MILLER did not heed the clangor and roar that reverberated through the big machine shops. His ears were long dulled to the monotonous, thunderous iron noises, as the office man's are dulled to the clatter and rattle of the downtown streets.

Stolidly he toiled on, the muscles standing out on his bare, blackened arms and throat. Fellow workmen passed and repassed, grim, bedewed with their labor. Ugliness, blackness, fatigue were all about him, beating down by sheer weight the lighter, pleasanter things of life. A sudden fierce rebellion which he did not recognize shook the man. Standing still, he wiped his forehead, his head defiantly upthrown.

As he stood thus, through the open door came a whirling, vagrant breeze. It had been warm outdoors when Jared went to work, but he had not noticed the warmth. It was long since weather had meant much to him. But this breeze was so soft and dancing, so truly fragrant with unnamable, vague perfume that his nostrils dilated.

Spring! That was what was in the air which had darted into the roaring, gloomy building—spring from miles away. It struck him in the face with a hypnotic touch.

With a strange thrill in his veins he mechanically went on with his task. Still, he was not there in the shop any longer.

Through some magic which he did not pause to question, Jared was sitting on a tuft of moist, springy grass carefully tying his handkerchief about his toe, which he had just stubbed on a stone in the meadow path, for he was barefoot. His trousers came only to his knees and he was strangely small and active. Beside him lay an old fishing pole, and there was also a tin can containing wriggly things, and once a rabbit darted from cover and shot across his vision. He half started up at sight of it and then resumed his ministrations to his foot. There was more important business on hand than futile rabbit chasing.

Off in the pale, baby blue sky a flock of birds winged their way, and the boy watched them enjoyingly. His snubby little nose twitched as he sniffed the air which bore faint sweetness to his nostrils. That was lilacs, purple and dew heavy, down by the gate—and this was the crabapple blossoms—and this—

With a whoop he had sprung to his feet and grabbed the can and pole.

Down by the willow clump a shrill whistle had split the air. It was Tubby Bates. Jared knew that Tubby, too, had a battered pole and a can like his own. He tore across the meadow, yelling at the top of his lungs, intoxicated with it all.

As Jared parted the willows Tubby was grabbing at a slippery, shiny, elusive bit of silver flying at the end of his drawn in line. The newcomer stood breathless until the fish was captured and strung. Tubby merely grinned a greeting and Jared grinned back.

Side by side they fished. It was still in the willow clump and the sun sparkled on the brook in little shifting ripples. The mellow call of the robins floated from the maple trees farther away, and from behind them came the drumming of a woodpecker. Before them stretched rolling green fields of wheat. Something insistent, alluring, in the air, made their blood bound.

Once Jared broke the silence, "Gee!" he murmured from a surcharged heart.

Tubby only nodded. He understood. Then they fished on.

They started in surprise, when from the far distance came the jangle of a bell.

"I thought it was 'most dinner time," Tubby cried.

Scrambling to their feet they divided their spoils and loped home. Tubby's squat figure going up the creek. Jared racing back across the meadow. He limped a trifle because of his sore toe, but he did not mind. Six fish!

There was a lovely smell of fresh doughnuts in the kitchen and of corned beef with new cabbage for dinner. Through the open door he could watch the old cat sprawled in the sun boxing the ears of her tumbling kittens. Occasionally a solemn hen marched across the open space. And the warm spring sun shone and the wind waved the lilac plumes.

He seemed to drift away on the tide of spring days that stretched on indefinitely. There were early dawns, with the sun just rising, and with stamping horses reluctantly leaving their munching to be harnessed to the plow. He could smell the black, rich earth. There were moments of rest under the trees and there were huge drafts of water from the big jug and jovial calls to neighbors clattering by the town in wagons.

There was always that joy in the air that got in his blood; that feeling of a fresh start, another beginning, a wonder as to the fruits which the summer would bring forth. He breathed deep and squared his shoulders and lived, for it was spring and the year was before him and he was young.

Seeing the smoking iron in his hands, Jared Miller stared about the great, reverberating, dingy shop with a realizing terror that was sickening.

Through what steps had he come to this—this clanging, smothering nightmare that roared and gripped and crushed even his lungs and heart! Back there where he had just been a minute ago the years had kept his face unchanged, waiting for him. There were robins again in the maple trees and gray, fragrant dawns and quietness.

He had never noticed before how fiendish mere noise can be. The breeze still blew through the machine shop door and the call of the farm, his inheritance through generations, came to him.

With an irresistible impulse Jared Miller hurled the iron clattering to the floor. Then he sought the foreman.

"I want my time," he said gruffly, a little breathlessly.

He was going to answer the call. Outside the vagrant breeze waited for him.—Chicago Daily News.

## HELPFUL HINTS

An exchange gives the following hints for the amelioration of the housemother's arduous labors:

1. Lay tumblers down on their side in hot water and roll over quickly, and they will not crack in washing, because the glass expands evenly.

2. When obliged to stand long on a hardwood floor let it be upon a rubber mat, or, if you have not this, upon a very heavy woolen rug. Since I provided one for my laundress she stands at the ironing table the usual number of hours without the usual fatigue. One of my friends has all the shoes worn by her servants furnished with rubber heels. It is a saving of health and, incidentally, of the polished floors.

Some years ago Uncle Sam issued an order that rubber mats be provided for the use of clerks who were compelled to stand for hours together, when it was found that many were incapacitated for work by kidney and cognate diseases, induced by standing upon hard, unyielding surfaces.

In a handsome new church the women laid linoleum over the hard wood floor in the kitchen to save fatigue.

3. If in doubt as to the sweetness of the cream for coffee do not put it into the cup and then pour the hot liquid upon it, but pour in the coffee and then stir in the cream. It will not curdle, as it is likely to do if the cream goes in first.

This was told me by an expert waitress, and I have found it invaluable.

4. "A cure of prevention" is as good a rule by which to save wear, time and stitches as it is with regard to health. Put skirt braid on the bottom ruffle of silk petticoats. It will prevent fraying and it also gives a little additional stiffness to the ruffle. Then put in, when required, a dust ruffle of good, not heavy, skirt lining instead of silk, and the skirt will retain the new look for a long time.

5. It may not be generally known that fresh pineapple is a perfect digestive agent for meat eaters, enabling those who need meat diet and find difficulty in digesting it to eat all the flesh they wish.

This was told by a noted dietitian, and has been of great value to many who would otherwise be obliged to forego eating meat almost entirely.

6. Put up a double quantity of cherries this season, and next winter use them in gelatine and in tapioca puddings in place of other fruits. The flavor is very appetizing and the rich red makes a pretty dessert dish.

7. To make a wholesome and nutritious dish for a semi-invalid, bake lima beans as you would navy beans, adding to each coffee cupful of the beans a tablespoonful of salad oil instead of the usual pork used for the New England dish.

## FUN OF THE ELKS

Local Elks are having a lot of fun with a member of their lodge, a Fifteenth street jeweler, says the Denver Post. The other day his wife was in the jewelry store when the telephone rang. She answered it.

"I want to speak to Mr. H——," said a woman's voice.

"Who is this?" demanded the jeweler's wife.

"Elizabeth."

"Well, Elizabeth, this is his wife. Now, madam, what do you want?"

"I want to speak to Mr. H——."

"You'll talk to me."

"Please let me speak to Mr. H——."

The jeweler's wife grew angry. "Look here, young lady," she said, "who are you that calls my husband and insists on talking to him?"

"I'm the telephone operator at Elizabeth," came the reply.

And now the Elks take turns calling the jeweler up and telling him it's Elizabeth

## THE LITTLE GREEN TRAIL

Oh, the little green trail through the valley
Is calling me on and away,
Away from the hot, tired city,
At the close of a hard, weary day;
On and away toward the mountain,
Over the hills to a dale,
Where water from nature's own fountain
Cools the moss on the little green trail.

Oh, the little green trail through the valley,
Where fairies and goblins dwell,
And dreamers worship in silence,
To the sound of an Angelus bell;
At twilight to list to the singing,
Of a soft-throated thrush in the vale,
While calm, gentle zephyrs are bringing
Sweet peace to the little green trail.

Oh, the little green trail through the valley,
That leads to the land of Forget,
Where day-dreams come true to a dreamer,
And there's no such thing as regret;
To live and to find life worth living,
Yea, succeed and never to fail,
For love is the prize they are giving
At the end of the little green trail.

—Percy W. Reynolds, in the May Bohemian.

## BUTTONED-ON COLLARS

Have you noticed the very latest wrinkle in collars and cuffs to be worn with the coat suit? They button on—not on the band, as they have always done—but in full view at the back of the collar.

No more wrinkling and flying up of linen and lingerie collars on a windy day. The new touch anchors the collar firmly to the coat and the buttons themselves are used as ornament.

Both sailor and Dutch shapes are used for these collars, which are made up either in fine lingerie materials or in heavy weaves of linen, either white or ecru.

The lingerie collars are worked sometimes with hand embroidered designs. Again, they have inserts of lace or batiste medallions, sometimes combined with a bit of handwork.

One good looking set had a narrow pisquot edge of Irish crochet about an eighth of an inch deep. Above it ran a narrow, vinelike design, about a quarter of an inch deep, to outline the collar. Just far enough above the edge not to crowd it were three two-inch buttonholes bound with heavy white silk. These fastened over three large flat buttons of Irish crochet sewed to the back of the coat, so the collar fitted smoothly.

## FAMILIAR TYPE OF ORATORY

Leonora O'Reilly, who is one of the most powerful orators among the American suffragettes, was complimented on her eloquence.

"It is my splendid subject," said Miss O'Reilly modestly, "that makes me many telling things to say, and I say them simply; that is all."

She smiled.

"I try to avoid," she resumed, "the sort of oratory that marks the average political campaign. That is frightful.

"One night on the east side I saw a workingman I knew lounging at the doorway of a public hall, and from inside came a continuous and earnest bellowing.

"'Do you know who's speaking?' I asked my friend. 'Or haven't you been in?'

"'Oh, yes, I've been in,' said he. 'Assemblyman Blagg is speaking.'

"'What about?'

"My friend sighed and shook his head.

"'He didn't say,' he answered."

## DIPLOMATIC

"How do you turn down all these woman suffragists so smoothly?" asked the first legislator. "I never hear of you having any rows with them."

"Easy enough," explains the second. "I always tell them I'll be perfectly willing to talk about their voting when they look old enough to vote, and then they smile happily and go on."—Chicago Evening Post.

## MENU FOR THE WEEK

**Sunday**

BREAKFAST
Strawberries, sugar and cream.
Broiled fish, parsley butter
Julienne potatoes. Crumpets.
Pancakes, with sirup.
Jelly omelet.
Sliced cucumbers.
Coffee. Tea.

DINNER
Mock turtle soup.
Roast chicken, with currant jelly.
New potatoes. Green peas.
New carrots in cream sauce.
Salad of cauliflower, French dressing.
Iced pudding. Layer cake.
Coffee. Cheese.

SUPPER
Deviled chicken on chafing dish.
Saratoga chips.
Brown bread sandwiches.
Chives and cream cheese.
Fruit. Cake. Cheese.
Vienna chocolate, whipped cream.

**Monday**

BREAKFAST
Berries and cream.
Breakfast bacon with eggs.
Creamed potatoes. Breakfast rolls.
Spring onions.
Coffee. Tea.

LUNCHEON
Sliced cold meat with meat sauce.
Bread and butter sandwiches.
German hashed potatoes.
Salad of celery and cress.
Cake with sauce.
Tea. Cocoa.

DINNER
Beef soup.
Sheep hearts, stewed.
Potatoes in cream sauce.
Kale with egg.
Macaroni with cheese.
Salad of vegetables.
Custard pudding.
Coffee. Cheese.

**Tuesday**

BREAKFAST
Frizzled beef, cream sauce.
Baked potatoes. Light biscuits.
Quartered tomatoes, dressed
Coffee. Tea.

LUNCHEON
Potted ham sandwiches. Saratoga chips.
Popovers. Plain omelet.
Salad of radishes with lettuce.
Junket with cream.
Tea. Cocoa.

DINNER
Consomme.
Veal cutlet, breaded, tomato sauce.
Browned potatoes. String beans.
Glazed onions.
Salad of lettuce, French dressing.
Rhubarb with macaroons.
Coffee. Cheese.

**Wednesday**

BREAKFAST
Strawberries, cream and sugar.
Hash on toast. Parsleyed potatoes.
Cream toast.
Cress, French dressing.
Coffee. Tea.

LUNCHEON
Sliced cold tongue.
Potatoes au gratin.
Brown bread and butter.
Sliced cucumbers, dressed.
Marshmallow cake.
Tea. Cocoa.

DINNER
Tomato soup.
Stew of mutton, with potatoes.
Spinach with egg. Stewed tomatoes.
Salad of cabbage, boiled dressing.
Lemon cream pie.
Coffee. Cheese.

**Thursday**

BREAKFAST
Grape fruit. Malta Vita.
Egg Molet, Baltimore.
Hamburg steak with onions.
Baked potatoes. Griddle cakes.

LUNCHEON
Stuffed peppers.
Baked potatoes. Graham gems.
Stewed apricots.
Sponge cake.

DINNER
Cream of clams.
Olives. Spiced pears.
Puree of peas.
Chicken croquettes, St. Germain.
Fresh asparagus tips in cream
Roast beef. Chicory salad.
Deep berry pie.
Coffee. Crackers. Cheese.

**Friday**

BREAKFAST
Rhubard sauce.
Eggs in case. Scrambled potatoes.
Parker House rolls.
Rice griddle cakes.
Coffee. Tea.

LUNCHEON
Cheese souffle. French toast.
Tomatoes with mayonnaise.
Sponge cake with liquid sauce.
Tea. Cocoa.

DINNER
Cream of onion soup.
Fried smelts, sauce tartare.
New potatoes.
Fried eggplant.
Salad of lettuce, French dressing.
Apricot shortcake, whipped cream.
Coffee. Cheese.

**Saturday**

BREAKFAST
Rhubarb sauce.
Creamed eggs. Broiled ham.
Virginia batter bread.
Spring onions.
Coffee. Tea.

LUNCHEON
Fish croquettes.
Hashed potatoes.
Bread and butter. Celery salad.
Tea. Cocoa.

DINNER
Bouillon.
Baked beef heart with gravy.
Browned potatoes.
New carrots in cream.
Young onions stewed.
Salad of sweet peppers.
Pineapple ice. Cake.
Coffee. Cheese.

SERVING A COURSE DINNER.
Raw oysters or clams.
Grape olives.
Grape olives. Radishes. Celery.
Salted nuts. Cherry-olives.
FISH COURSE.
Red snapper a la court.
Mock turtle. Potatoes.
ENTREES.
Vol au vent.
Filets mignon, salmi.
Croquettes. Sweetbreads.
VEGETABLES.
Cauliflower, cream sauce.
Celery au jus.
ROASTS.
Saddle of mutton, with French peas.
mint sauce.
GAME.
Roast duck. Wild turkey.
SALADS
Lettuce. Whole tomatoes.
Asparagus.
DESSERTS.
Ices. Creams. Cakes.
Nuts. Coffee. Liqueurs. Cheese.

## CALCULATING INTEREST

One of the shortest and simplest methods known for calculating interest is to multiply the principal by the number of days, and divide as follows:

For 4 per cent, divide by 90.
For 5 per cent divide by 72.
For 6 per cent, divide by 60.
For 7 per cent, divide by 52.
For 8 per cent, divide by 45.

Then point off four decimal places.

For instance, to find interest on $360 for 92 days at 8 per cent, multiply $360 by 92, divide by 45 and point off four decimal places. The result is $7.36.

## How to Make Jelly of Small Fruits

THE berries must be fully ripe, but not what is called "dead ripe." The old saying that currant jelly will not be firm unless put up before the Fourth of July has this proviso of perfect ripeness as a warrant. The housemother who understands her profession has learned that, in most instances, there must be acid in the fruit she would jelly.

Blackberries, strawberries and red raspberries, even the wild blackcap, if really ripe, do not jelly easily. The mixture of currants and raspberries, of which I shall speak presently, owes form, as well as flavor, to the red juice of the tart berry. Blackberry and strawberry jelly, if there be no addition of lemon juice or other acid, must be set in uncovered glasses in the hottest June sunshine or the vertical rays of the July sun for several days, that evaporation may "boil down" the conserve to the right consistency.

I have never been successful with peach jelly, except when lemon juice was added to the oversweet sirup. This is the reason why the small fruits should be gathered in their prime and before the sugared juice would be cooked into cloying sweetness.

**Red Currant Jelly**

Gather the fruit on a sunny day. It is not necessary to strip it from the stems on which the clusters grow. In fact, the succulent stems contain an acid of their own that adds to the flavor of the jelly. Wash the fruit well, draining it in a colander, and pack into a stout stone or agate-iron jar. Put on a close cover and set the jar in a pot of cold water.

The water should come more than two-thirds of the way to the top of the crock. Set the pot on the side of the range and go about your other duties for an hour or more. Then look into the jar and crush down the heating berries with a wooden paddle. Move the kettle to a warmer place and close the jar again.

I usually heat the fruit all night, setting the pot over a very slow fire that will die down before morning. Before breakfast I visit the kitchen and examine the fruit. It is invariably broken all to pieces and, if not cold, quite cool enough to handle with comfort. It is then turned into a bag of doubled cheesecloth and suspended over a wide bowl to drip.

A long-legged, backless chair is set, heels upward, on a table; the four corners of the bag are lashed to the inverted legs, high enough up to allow the bowl to stand beneath. While we are at breakfast the juice drips steadily, and by the time the meal is over the pulp, or "pomace," is almost dry. The residue of the juice is expressed by squeezing.

If there be a pair of manly hands which are both willing and strong they are coaxed into service for this part of the work. A few dexterous twists of the crimsoned cloth and half a dozen mighty squeezes leave the pomace juiceless. The pulp is emptied into the garbage pail and the bag thrown into cold water to soak.

Measure the strained juice and put it over the fire in a preserving kettle. Weigh out as many pounds of sugar as you have pints of juice. Divide the sugar into three or four portions and spread each upon a platter or a shallow pan. Set these in the oven, leaving it open for the first ten minutes and stirring several times.

Close the oven when the juice in the kettle begins to simmer, but watch the contents of the platters lest the hot sugar begin to melt. Stir often. When the juice boils hard skim off the scum, and when the boil has lasted twenty minutes dump in the hot sugar as fast as you can, stirring vigorously. After it has dissolved, which will be very soon, let the sirup boil exactly one minute.

Pour the jelly into small tumblers which you have rolled over and over in hot water to prevent cracking as the jelly fills them. The glasses must be taken directly from the hot water and filled white wet. At this stage of the process an assistant is needed to fish out the glasses and pass them to the main worker.

If these rules be followed, and the fruit be ripe and not overripe, the jelly will form by the time it is in the glasses. Let it get perfectly cold; pour melted paraffine on the top of each glass and fit on metal tops, or, if you have none, paste paper covers on them.

In over forty-five years of jelly making I have never lost a glass put up according to this recipe. The flavor of the fruit is preserved far better than when juice and sugar are cooked together in the old way and boiled down thick. The jelly is clear and sparkling.

Keep in a cool, dry place.

**Black Currant Jelly**

Make as above. It is highly recommended for coughs and as a tonic. It is more palatable if the black are mixed with a third as many red, ripe currants.

**Currant and Raspberry Jelly**

Allow one part of red currants to two of red raspberries; heat both kinds of fruit together and proceed as I have directed.

The flavor is exquisite. It is particularly nice for jelly roll or for layer cake.

**Gooseberry Jelly and Jam**

Top and tail the berries and heat them as for other jelly. They are very juicy, and if all the liquor that will flow from them after adding sugar were put with the jam it would be too thin. Therefore turn the berries when soft and broken into a colander; let them drain without pressing or shaking. When most of the juice has run into the bowl below empty the colander into a preserving kettle after measuring the berries. Bring to a boil; add a pound and a quarter of sugar to each pint of berries; stir to dissolving and cook steadily half an hour. Put up in jam pots, covering with paraffine, then fitting on tops.

For the jelly strain the juice through a cheesecloth bag to get rid of the seeds that have escaped through the colander; measure it and heat as for other jelly. When it has boiled for twenty minutes stir in the heated sugar, a generous pound to each pint of juice, gooseberries being very acid.

**Green Gooseberries**

These may be put up in like manner, making a delicious jelly for meat. The jam made of the reserved and unpressed pulp, or "pomace," needs nearly a pound and a quarter of sugar for each pint of berries.

**Strawberry Jelly**

Make according to the rules given for currant jelly. It is but fair to warn you that you may have to set the glasses in the sun for two or three days before the jelly will form.

**Red Raspberry and Pineapple Jelly**

Wash a ripe pineapple and cut it small without paring, the skin holding a peculiarly fine flavor. Set it over the fire in a farina (double) boiler and cook very tender. At the same time heat red raspberries enough to give out twice as much juice as you get from the pineapple. When all are cooked to pieces strain and press out the juice from berries and from pineapple; mix in the proportions I have indicated and boil twenty minutes before adding heated sugar, pint for pound.

The blended flavor and acids produce a delicious jelly.

**Blackberry Jelly**

This is made in the same way and subject to the same infirmity as that which attends the strawberry. It is worth putting up in liberal quantities for family use. The flavor is fine and it is extremely wholesome, also curative in cases of summer complaints. As the contents of the glasses shrink in evaporating fill one from the other. Out of a dozen glasses you may get nine when they have been sunned into consistency.

Don't try to boil it down. You will injure the taste, darken the color and, ten chances to one, succeed in producing syrup, not jelly.

MARION HARLAND.

## GIRL'S KNITTED JERSEY

(7 to 9 years of age.)

Four skeins Spanish yarn, 4 rubber needles size 8, snaps for the shoulder.

Cast 80 stitches on one needle.

First row—Two plain, purl 2, and at the end of the row turn.

Second row—Two plain, purl 2, and at the end of the row turn.

Third to twelfth rows—Like second.

Thirteenth row—Thirty plain, then work shoulder strap; (*) 10 plain, turn, purl 10, turn; repeat from (*) 11 times, then bind off. Knit the next 30, and then work second shoulder strap.

(*) 10 plain, turn, purl 10, turn, return from (*) 11 times, then bind off.

Return to the beginning of the neck and knit 30, pick up 12 down the shoulder strap, turn, purl 42, then cast on 12, turn.

### Yoke Back

First row—Three plain, purl 3 to end, turn.

Second row—Three plain, purl 3 to end, turn.

Third row—Three plain, purl 3 to end, turn.

Fourth, fifth and sixth rows—Purl 3, 3 plain, to the end, turn.

Repeat from first row to sixth 5 times, or 11 checks, then loose stitches on needle and return.

Front yoke—Pick up 12 stitches down the shoulder strap; 0 plain, pick up 12 down the other should strap and turn; 3 plain, purl 3 as before for three rows, then purl 3, 3 plain for 3 rows; repeat the 6 rows 5 times. Now join the back and front and knit round and round for 6 rows 5 times; now join the back and the front and knit round and round for 60 rows, then 23 rows of ribbing, 2 plain, purl 2. Bind off loosely.

Sleeves—Pick up 52 round the armhole, and knit round and round for 14 rows, then reduce under the arm 6 times, knit plain 50 rounds, then for the cuff—(*) 3 plain, narrow, repeat from (*) to end of row, then 10 rows of 1 plain, purl 1, narrow any extra stitch, bind off loosely.—Eva M. Niles in Boston Budget-Beacon.

## THE SEVEN STAGES OF LIFE

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
The worst of which is that he acts the lie,
The act having seven stages. First the fib;
An artless thing, transparent as the air,
Essays he next deceit of a subtler sort,
Involving something of malign intent,
But nowise dangerous. Fabrication next
He tries, with just enough of truth therein
To give it virtuous semblance. Craftier still,
He next employs two untruths so disposed
That seemingly they make a truth. And then,
Grown bolder, tries prevarication bald,
Daringly trusting to a storm of words
To breed forgetfulness. The sixth stage shifts
The action into falsehood yet adorned
By some last vestiges of decency
And sense of honor. Last of all the lie;
The bold faced, black, audacious, odious lie;
The brazen, villainous, blank blanked, slanderous lie;
Sans base, sans sense, sans shame, sans decency.

—Willodore Shakevelt, in New York Life.

## Plumbers Robbers

Mrs. Dixon (3 a. m.)—Wake up, John, there's a robber in the bathroom.

Mr. Dixon (sleepily)—Can't be. That plumber finished this morning.

## KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE

Student and Schoolmaster, July, 1870.

Keep it before the people!
That Earth was made for man!
That flowers were strown
And fruits were grown,
To bless and never to ban.
That sun and rain,
And corn and grain,
Are yours and mine, my brother!
Free gifts from Heaven
And freely given
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people!
That man is the image of God!
His limbs and soul
Ye may not control
With shackle, or shame, or rod!
We may not be sold
For silver or gold,
Neither you, nor I, my brother!
For freedom was given
By God from Heaven!
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people!
That famine and crime and woe
Forever abide
Still side by side
With luxury's dazzling show!
That Lazarus crawls
From Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother!
Yet life was given
By God from Heaven
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people!
That the poor man claims his meed—
The right of soil
And the right of toil,
From spur and bridle freed,
The right to bear,
And the right to share
With you and me, my brother!
Whatever is given
By God from Heaven
To one as well as another!


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Be Wise in Time —

You cannot keep well unless the bowels are regular. Neglect of this rule of health invites half the sicknesses from which we suffer. Keep the bowels right; otherwise waste matter and poisons which should pass out of the body, find their way into the blood and sicken the whole system. Don't wait until the bowels are constipated; take

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BANNING LINE—S. S. Cabrillo, Daily service to

Santa Catalina Island

ISLAND VILLA and CANVAS CITY, now open for business.
PORTER'S CATALINA ISLAND BAND opens its season June 19. Free Camp Grounds, with Water.
BANNING COMPANY, 104 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles.
PHONES—Main 4493; F6576.



HOTELS—RESTAURANTS—RESORTS

PLAN TO SPEND YOUR VACATION AT

Hotel Virginia LONG BEACH

Absolutely Fire Proof.
Open all the year. Moderate rates. CARL STANLEY, Manager.

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You will never be dissatisfied with your dinner if you dine at the Bristol. Everything perfect. Popular prices. Music by the Bristol Orchestra.

Entire Basement
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FOR THE VERY BEST

Go early and late and often and all the time when you are hungry to

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Cars to Pasadena and all points.

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Good things to eat and drink. Nuff Said!
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Over two hundred big display bargain tables are displaying shoes for men, women and children, on sale in many instances for half price and less. Convince yourself and come to the

MAMMOTH SHOE HOUSE,
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The Largest, Coolest Summer Restaurant Imperial Cafe

From Spring to Broadway between Second and Third streets. Best materials and cooking daily from 7 o'clock morning to 1 o'clock night. Music from noon to close. Hear the tolling of our novel patented Electric Chimes.

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Every Piano in the store marked in plain figures. A Cash Premium of from $76 to $213 given. Open nights.

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KATHRYN RUCKER.
Classes held in the Y. W. C. A.
Inquire for terms.

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The Picturesque and Beautiful.
Open now. Dining room opens July 1. Cottages and tents for rent. City conveniences amidst mountain pines and waterfalls.
See Inspiration Point.
Write for illustrated booklet to WALTER WATKINS, Manager, Idyllwild, Riverside Co., Cal.


## The Strangest Thing

### That Could Happen in This Town

If there were ever published an issue of this newspaper which did not contain an advertisement which OUGHT to interest YOU, THAT would be about the strangest thing that could happen.

And it takes a stretch of the imagination to think it a possibility—assuming that you have average needs and tastes. At any rate, it didn't happen with this issue of the paper.