

Woman's Wear and Woman's Work

Favors For the Fourth of July Festival



For lady's bonbons or for the children's holiday candies the boxes illustrated here have a peculiar timeliness. One box is a well carried out representation of the old Independence day bell. Another is a square box bearing an Uncle Sam doll head with two flags. The third is a drum ornamented with the national colors. These make nice favors for the Independence day dinner or other entertainments.

SPECTACULAR DINNERS.

They Are a Success in Connection With Fourth of July Entertaining.

From start to finish the Fourth of July dinner may be made a spectacular as well as a gastronomic success if every part of the service is planned with a view to securing patriotic effects.

The very first step to be taken is in the removal of the regular cloth and the substitution of a paper covering. Sheets of crepe paper in spotless white, decorated with large flags, are stretched across ends and sides, and the center is filled with one large sheet of crimson paper. Then fold a paper napkin, also in patriotic design, at each cover. The transformation will be instantaneous—all the firecrackers in the world could not make the atmosphere more patriotic.

As far as is consistent it should be planned to have both the edibles and the decorations conform to the color scheme of red and white. Blue will be lacking in the menu, but it can be supplied in crepe paper cut in the form of stars, to be used as mats under the dishes. The following bill of fare gives a startling effect if well carried out:

- Tomato Soup.
- Beef Tongue.
- Mashed Potatoes.
- Green Peas.
- Stuffed Tomatoes, Baked.
- Entree, Banana Fritters With Strawberry on Top or Raspberry Sherbet.
- Lobster Salad, Garnished With Claws.
- Gelatin Fruit Pudding.
- or
- Strawberry Ice Cream.
- Layer Cake.

"FOURTH" PARTY FAVORS.

Suitable Souvenirs For the Independence Day Entertaining.

Independence day favors differ but little from year to year. Giant rockets, firecrackers and torpedoes of cardboard are being sold as candy receptacles.

Baskets of birch bark decorated with Indian heads, canoes, woodland views, etc., are sold for Fourth of July souvenirs for children's parties or grownup folks' dinner favors.

Sweetmeat boxes—candied cherries are, of course, the most patriotic sweets with which to fill them—for the Fourth are in various designs. They are of white paper or silk emblazoned with flags, portraits of Washington and reproductions of historical paintings, such as "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and the father of his country at Valley Forge.

Boxes of star spangled and striped silk are gayly pretty, and Continental hats of felt, beaver, satin or cardboard come in several sizes to hold an ounce or two or a pound of sweets.

Packages of chocolate torpedoes and sheaves of candy firecrackers are tied with tricolor ribbons. More costly are miniature forts, cannon, tents and soldiers in Continental uniforms. These ornament the corners of boxes of chocolates.

PRUDENCE AND MERCY

By MARIE S. MURTHA

NEAR the City of Brotherly Love, commonly called Philadelphia, there lived during the Revolutionary war a Quaker merchant named Jonathan Sutphen. Mr. Sutphen was a patriot and would gladly have fought the British who were trying to reduce the Americans to obedience had he not belonged to the sect of noncombatants. He so far went back on his principles as to refrain from forbidding his son to enlist in the American army, but his conscience would not permit him to bear arms himself.

he was passing the kitchen door when he received a douche of scalding water all over him.

He was too badly burned to think of anything except the pain he suffered, but the men who were with him, seeing what had been done, vowed they would duck the girl in a pond on the premises, giving her a cold bath to pay her for the hot water she had given the sergeant. Rushing to the kitchen, they were endeavoring to drag her out when there appeared in the doorway the towering form of the old Quaker, her father.

"Thou miscreants!" he said, raising a huge walking staff he held in his hand. "Thou minions of a tyrannical king! I will smite thee hip and thigh!"

Down came the staff on the back of one of the men. Then it was raised and fell again on the head of another. They had left their muskets outside, intending to use both hands in dragging the girl to the pond, and were consequently without weapons. Prudence's sister, Mercy, seized a rolling pin and brought it down on the skull of one of the soldiers, who had stooped to avoid a blow from her father. The man, stunned, lay on the floor.

Then the old man finished the other soldier with a blow of his staff on the stomach, and Prudence, seizing a clothesline coiled on a nail driven into the wall, assisted her father and her sister to bind both the intruders.

"You old villain!" roared one of the redcoats. "I thought you were a Quaker and wouldn't fight."

"I have shined in resisting thy importunities," replied the old man, "but I have been sorely tempted. I would have turned my other cheek to thee, but I could not see thee constitute thyself a judge in the case of my daughter nor permit thee to smite her."

The door was darkened, and a British officer stood looking at his men bound and guarded by an old man and two girls. He asked what it meant and was told. He directed them to unbind the men, promising that they should not be further annoyed.

"I am obliged to report this case to headquarters," he said. "Please give me your names."

"My name is Jonathan Sutphen," said the old man meekly.

"And yours?" to one of the girls.

"Prudence." The officer could not repress a smile.

"And yours?" he said to the other sister.

"Mercy."

He burst into a laugh.

"Well, Mistress Prudence and Mistress Mercy, all I have to say to you is that you belie your names."

After the war the officer married Prudence, admitting that it was the most imprudent act of his life.

Religious Work

Bible Guides Clark.

When I get brain fog I read St. Paul's epistles and the proverbs of Solomon. When I was a boy I wouldn't read the Bible. I began to read it almost by accident as a youth, and I have been at it ever since. I found it a mine of wonderful thoughts and inspirations wonderfully expressed.—Speaker Champ Clark.

Declaring that he inherited his religion as he did his politics and expected to die without changing either, Speaker Champ Clark recently outlined the religious trend of the day and pronounced it good.

"There are many kinds of religions," said Mr. Clark, "but I thank God that the end of the controversial sort has come and that we have reached a day of practical religion. A generation or so ago each denomination kept jealously to itself, but now we have reached a hearty tolerance that is reflected in the union meetings seen on all sides.

"I think that religion is as necessary to the human soul as bread is to the body. I firmly believe that if all religious influences were banished the world would be a pandemonium in a twelvemonth.

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"There have been great changes wrought in the hearts of men in recent years that have made for tolerance and mutual helpfulness, and I believe that important parts in these changes have been played by the parable of the good Samaritan and that wonderful rhapsody of St. Paul's on charity in the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians."

SAID OF WAR.

The divine command says, "Thou shalt not kill."

Murder is murder.—Theodore Roosevelt.

War, I call it murder.—James Russell Lowell.

War is wholesale murder; war is hell.—General William T. Sherman.

War is the trade of barbarism.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Not less than 8,500,000,000 human beings have been slain in war since the beginning of the world.—Edward Burke.

The warrior's name shall be a name abhorred and bear forever the curse of Cain.—Henry W. Longfellow.

War is murder by the law.—Young.

There has never been a good war or a bad peace.—Benjamin Franklin.

Gall and power are the chief causes of war.—Tacitus.

Where bleed the many to enrich the few.—Shenstone.

Most of the debts of this world represent condensed drops of blood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

WHEN A PERSON BLINKS.

Why You Still See While Eye Is In Total Eclipse.

When a person winks his eyes he momentarily covers the entire eyeballs and everything therefore should turn absolutely black and be in total darkness for the instant. As a matter of fact, he certainly is in total darkness, but he is unconscious of it.

The reason he is unconscious is that the eye is incapable of removing a certain view from itself until an eighth of a second has elapsed. So the view seen just before the ball goes into eclipse continues to be seen for an eighth of a second. But as the eye is not covered by the lid as long as this, a new view arrives to supplement the old view before the old one has vanished. Thus the darkness is not noticed, although there is no doubt that it exists.

This same peculiarity of the eye enables moving pictures to have their being. It is also the reason why a lighted torch whirled rapidly around shows a path instead of a sequence of torches. Also why a rapidly rotating wheel does not show its spokes. If a snapshot be taken of such a wheel it does show the spokes, however, and proves the above fact of persistence. Or if the wheel be viewed by a lightning flash it shows them.—New York World.

A Remarker.

"My dear," remarked Jones, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," "this really is a remarkable work. Nature is marvelous! Stupendous! When I read a work like this it makes me think how puny, how insignificant is man." "Hub!" snuffed his better half. "A woman doesn't have to wade through 400 pages to find out the same thing."—Judge.

Things the Children Like to Read

"PATRIOTIC TENPINS."

Play This Game on the Fourth of July With Your Friends.

Special games will be needed for the children's celebration of the Fourth, and one of these might be that of patriotic tenpins. The pins in this case are to represent giant firecrackers, and to make them nothing is better than a couple of old broom handles sawed into even lengths. Paint the pieces red, with white ends, and to the end which is to be the top glue a piece of narrow tape starched stiff to look like a wick.

The pins when the game is in readiness are arranged upright at a distance from the place where the children stand, and each youngster has three turns to hit them, rolling a ball as in the usual game. The little girls are given paper aprons and the boys paper caps, and for each ten pin knocked over a star is pasted on to the apron or the cap. The one winning best score receives a big firecracker candy box filled with goodies.

"GOOD RESOLUTIONS."

Funny Combinations and Much Enjoyment Can Be Had From This Game.

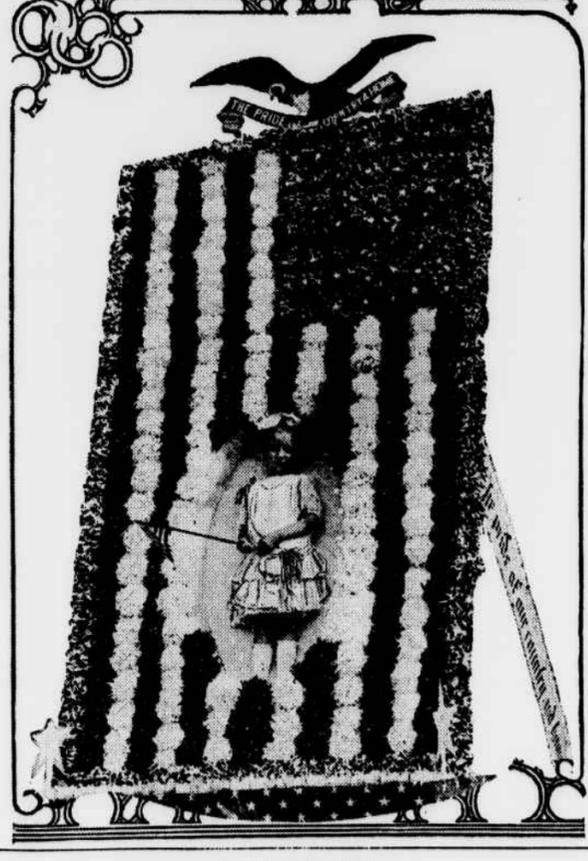
To play the game of good resolutions slips of paper are passed around and each guest writes down some resolution, the more ridiculous the better. These slips are collected, and another set is passed around. On these are to be written conditions beginning with "If." These are also collected. Then the "resolutions" and "conditions" are passed around the company, and each guest takes one of each kind of slip. The two are put together and read as parts of one sentence by each in turn. Thus some may draw a "resolution" and a "condition" which pair up in this way, "I resolve to eat my breakfast every day—if the moon shines bright."

Very funny combinations result, and there will be plenty of laughter over local hits.

Conundrums.

When is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient. When does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring. How do little fish give us a proper idea of business? They start on a small scale.

The Fourth of July Girl



A VALIANT MAN.

Such a busy man is he
All the sunny hours,
Up and down the garden beds,
Digging weeds and flowers.
Never man so bold and brave
In the house would stay
When the sunshine and the earth
Beckon him away.
See the dog, obedient
To his every whim.
How the little chicks will fly
At the sight of him!

How the geese will hiss
When he gives them chase!
Chanticleer and Brindie, too,
Join them in the race.
Every inch a valiant man
In the broad daylight,
Search and find him if you can
At the fall of night.
Folded close to mother's breast
Lies the head of gold—
Just a little baby boy.
Only four years old!
—Youth's Companion.

Aw, Fergit It!



—St. Paul Pioneer Press.