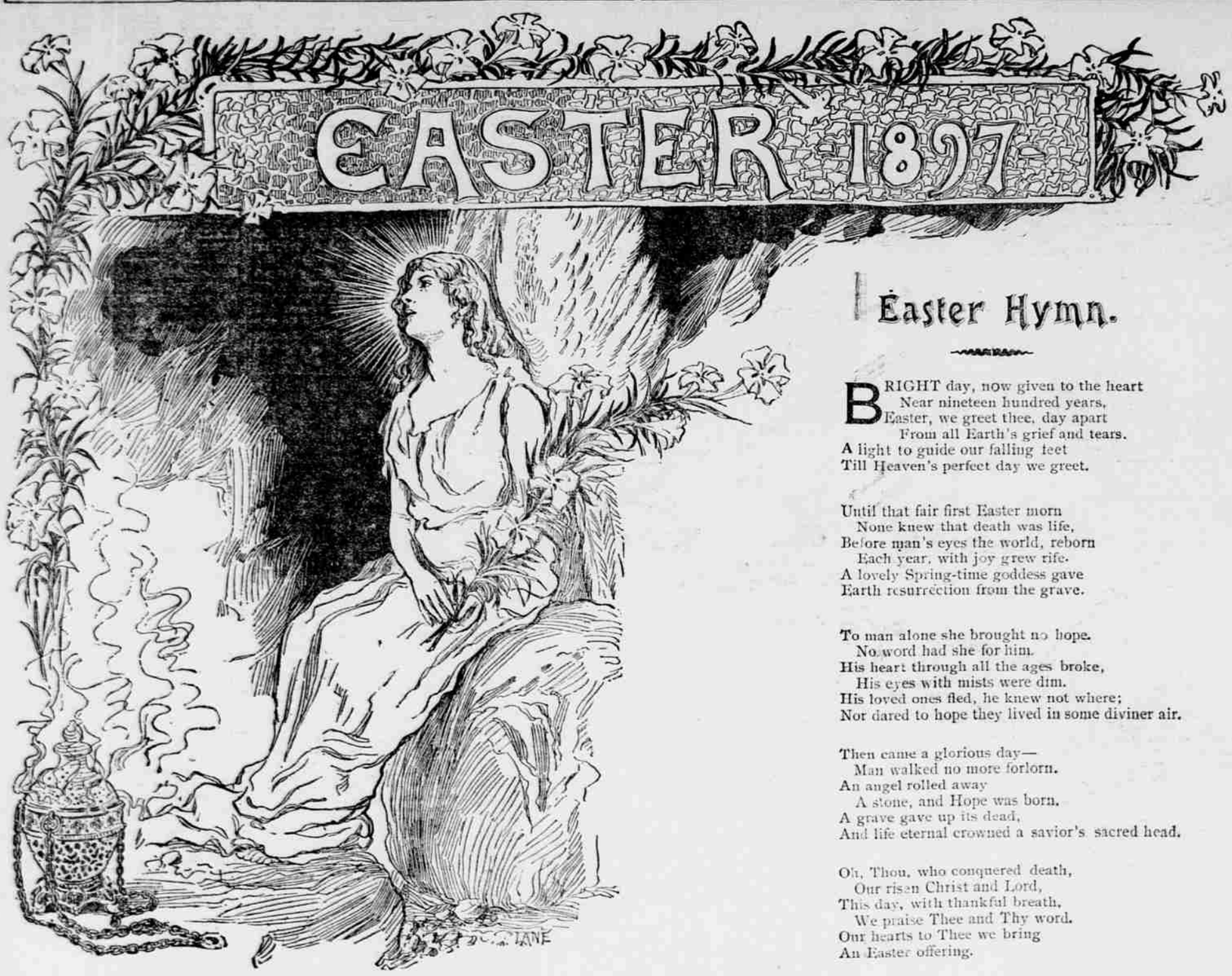


## Easter Hymn.

BRIGHT day, now given to the heart
Near nineteen hundred years,
Easter, we greet thee, day apart
From all Earth's grief and tears.
A light to guide our falling feet
Till Heaven's perfect day we greet.

Until that fair first Easter morn
None knew that death was life,
Before man's eyes the world, reborn
Each year, with joy grew rife.
A lovely Spring-time goddess gave
Earth resurrection from the grave.

To man alone she brought no hope.
No word had she for him.
His heart through all the ages broke,
His eyes with mists were dim.
His loved ones fled, he knew not where;
Nor dared to hope they lived in some diviner air.

Then came a glorious day—
Man walked no more forlorn.
An angel rolled away
A stone, and Hope was born.
A grave gave up its dead,
And life eternal crowned a savior's sacred head.

Oh, Thou, who conquered death,
Our risen Christ and Lord,
This day, with thankful breath,
We praise Thee and Thy word.
Our hearts to Thee we bring
An Easter offering.

## THE WOMAN OF FASHION

At last the suspense is over, and those who have heroically refrained from displaying their finery during Lent may now don their laurel wreaths—which, of course, means their Easter bonnets—and sally forth to reap the reward of abstinence in the admiring glances of the multitude. Those who thought it was common to appear in new clothes on the same day that everybody else did, and came out in theirs last Sunday, are secretly sorry for it and wish they had kept them fresh. But the most melancholy folks are those whose Easter finery was for one reason or another not forthcoming in time to wear.

It is perhaps rubbing it in pretty hard to tell these people about the clothes that other folks are going to wear, but it will at least serve as a glittering example, which, fortunately, is not too late to follow. If we stay at home or go to a strange church "to hear the music," just because we have no spring costume with which to astonish our acquaintances, we can now profit by the example of those who kept their lamps oiled, and may come out in fresh finery after the others have lost their first bloom.

It is to these that the following bits of advice are more particularly addressed. In the first place, if you have not already purchased a new flannel or serge dress for wear during the early weeks of spring, it would be better to wait now until later, when goods are being sold cheap and ready-made dresses can be had for a song. Better save the money which would be used for this and add to the sum needed for the summer street and church dress.

Of course, one cannot entirely dispense with a woolen street dress at any time of the year, but if the winter gown has done duty as long as this, an old dress refurbished will last the rest of the season with a little judicious management. Nearly everybody has an old gown of three or four years' standing that went out of style when large sleeves and wide skirts came in. Such a gown can be fixed over with the greatest ease. All that is needed is a gimp bolero and a cuff around the hand, with perhaps a band of braid or some folds of the material around the bottom of the skirt. Some of the old dresses are very like those worn now. I have in mind a heliotrope silk with a little figure in it, which was trimmed with velvet of a slightly deeper hue.

This dress is at least five years old, but it has a velvet bolero, tight sleeves, with small velvet puffs at the top, and a wide velvet belt. The skirt has the three narrow ruffles, set at intervals of ten or twelve inches apart, which were just coming in when the dress was made. Fortunately, the owner had about two yards of the material, without which she could not possibly have remodled the skirt economically. Of this she has cut ruffling enough to reach the hips, thus making a flounced skirt of the latest fashion. The bodice needed very little altering, but there were some stiffened silk epaulets over the shoulders which served to make cuffs and a knot with which to catch up the velvet puffs in a butterfly effect.

Folds of the material contribute to the trimming of a great many spring dresses. They are used on both waist and skirt. A blue robe for street wear has two-inch folds starting at the neck of the bodice and reaching just below the bust line. From there the effect is continued by rows of gimp braid running around the bodice and the upper part of the skirt. The waist is a blouse, but is belted with a girdle of the material fastened with a fancy button. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with rows of braid for about six inches, and above this there is an embroidered pattern of leaves. This embroidered trimming appears again in the epaulets over the sleeves, and the sleeves are trimmed with cuffs of braid from shoulder to wrist.

Another dress, somewhat similar, has no braid at all, but simply the folds. There are five rows of these laid at intervals of four inches on the bodice, with the fifth falling a few inches below the waist around the hips, giving a princess effect to the dress. Epaulets made of folds and edged with ruffles are set on at the shoulder. A high ruche around the neck and ruffles at the wrist are the only other trimming. This dress was made for Easter wear, and the hat is also a very simple affair, being merely one of those popular Alpine straws with silk loops and puffs and a large bunch of osprey plumes. The hat to go with the costume described above is more elaborate. It was made especially to wear with the hair done pompadour, running up to a point in front. The trimming consists of the gigantic carnations, which are larger than poppies, and a bunch of aigrettes.

A handsome spring wrap may sometimes be worn with a pretty skirt with nothing but a silk blouse underneath. If one has a little ingenuity and good taste it is not difficult to "concoct" a very dressy wrap that will serve for all summer. A velvet Eton jacket without sleeves need not be beyond the purse of the average girl, and with lace flounces for sleeves it makes a very dressy wrap. A French importation of this character is made of red velvet. It turns back in front in small revers, which are finished with fancy buttons. The sleeves consist of four flounces of black lace, and a black lace flounce edges the lower part of the jacket. Black or plum-colored velvet would be more serviceable.

Another wrap is a combination of silk brocade and pleated black mousseline. There are sleeve caps of silk brocade edged with two pleated flounces, and the back and front are of solid black pleated mousseline. A pleated mousseline collar flares out around the head and face, and the whole effect is very dressy. A toque made of violets with some loops of black velvet ribbon goes with this wrap.

A stunning Easter costume that is dress and wrap combined is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and guipure lace. The skirt has rows of velvet ribbon starting with a wide one at the bottom and growing narrower until about the middle. The bodice has yoke and sleeves of guipure with a bertha also trimming over the shoulders and hanging down the front. It is tanded with graduated rows of velvet ribbon. Square tabs stand out from the collar on each side of the face, and the sleeves have flaring, scalloped cuffs.

Organdies are being made up for summer without skirt linings with which their owners will have to wear very handsome petticoats. It would profit almost anybody to spend the time usually devoted to fancy work in making at least one skirt to wear with thin dresses next summer. Regarded as pick-up work, it will not seem so much like drudgery.

An 1837 poke for an 1897 girl. This delightful poke is made of baby straw. The brim is lined beneath with ruffings of soft white chiffon resting on a bandeau of pink roses, while a bunch of feathers is fixed on to the high pointed crown, and it is tied under the chin with white wide strings. Wide strings are the fashion at the moment.

## CHILDREN TAUGHT THE RULES OF HEALTH.

The study of health and its practical aids and foes, is at last being taken up in the public schools. There has always been a certain amount of text-book physiology, but children are very slow to apply what they learn to everyday life, and a theoretic knowledge of the bodily structure has for them little connection with wading in puddles and eating soggy doughnuts.

Education is an abstract thing to be shut up between covers at 3 in the afternoon and joyfully forgotten until 9 the next morning, and is no more a part of real life to them than the bare bones of a skeleton.

A practical health course will make their knowledge concrete and personal—a living reality which will go with them at night to homes sadly in need of such a presence.

Someone has said, in more or less these words: "All the education in the world is of no account if it does not teach you to live better." The schools have been slow to grasp this idea, but they are gradually nearing it. They are giving up the idea of education as a goal post toward which all must race at a mad scramble, that they may boast of having touched it when it has been left behind; and the better conception, which makes education the staff for everyday use in a long journey, is beginning to show in the improved school methods. The children are being taught to live as well as to spell, and the first great lesson in the art of living might be termed bodily common sense.

It is astonishing how little of this exists. The children of the public schools are allowed to supplement the contents of their messy little lunch baskets with unwholesome compounds from the neighboring bakery, and the mothers who have faithfully washed the aprons and darned the stockings have no idea that they have a bigger duty than these and are shamefully neglecting it. Many of them are too old or too stupid or too prejudiced to learn, but if bodily common sense is implanted in the children, the next generation will have some kind of a chance.

The new study of health is taught chiefly by lecture and dictation. The handbooks of the course are in many cases the pamphlets of the Ralston Health Club, a growing organization which preaches the doctrine of proper food, exercise and cheerfulness.

The children are told in simple language what are the elements of good food and of bad; what greasy fried things and poor pastry do to the blood and complexion; how impure water brings disease.

They are taught which food makes muscle and which brain and which fat, that they may use a wise proportion of each, and the value of fruit, especially sound, ripe apples, is laid down with Ralstonian emphasis.

When a child has been told just what diphtheria is, and how going around in wet feet prepares the way for it, his scorn for rubbers diminishes, and the first time he puts them on of his own accord marks the sprouting of the seed of bodily common sense.

Great emphasis is laid on breathing through the nose as a means of avoiding catarrh and infectious diseases, and the why of it all is described so clearly that every child present screws up his mouth with a firm resolve that it shall never draw another breath.

The necessity of fresh air, sunshine and exercise is explained, as well as the good effects of bathing. The value of this last clause cannot be overestimated, for it reaches a class of people whose standard averages a bath a week, taken not so much because they need it as because it is a Saturday night custom. If the importance of personal cleanliness, and the delight of it can be drilled into these children, a vast amount of dinginess will be rubbed off from a mucky old world.

### No Waltzing at the German Court.

Waltzes are prohibited at the court of Berlin, as well as at the courts of most of the minor rulers of Germany, and consequently a great sensation has been created among the younger generation of the Teutonic empire by the announcement that henceforth the ban against the waltz is removed, as far as the court of Wurttemberg is concerned. This is due to the influence of the young queen, a woman of rare beauty, who is passionately fond of dancing, and who has been backed up in the matter by young Princess Pauline, daughter of the king by his first wife, and who, barred from the succession to her father's throne by the Salic law, is destined one of these days to ascend that of Denmark in consequence of her marriage to the eldest son of the crown prince of that kingdom.

The Queen and the princess joined in the waltzes at the last court ball at Stuttgart with manifest enjoyment, and hopes are entertained at Berlin that the example thus set will be followed at the court of Emperor William. For the present the polka and a slow sort of galop are the only round dances tolerated there, the waltz having been forbidden ever since one of the young royal princesses was tripped up by her partner and fell at the very feet of the late Empress Augusta while in the act of waltzing. The Empress who was a terrible despot on the score of etiquette, could not bear the idea of a dance which could have the effect of placing a princess of the blood in such an undignified position, and, turning a deaf ear to all arguments to the effect that the mishap was due rather to the awkwardness of the dancers than to the dance itself, vetoed the appearance of the latter henceforth on all programs of court balls. —Boston Traveller.

### Chinese Love Letters.

Here is a good sample of a love-making missive from the Flowery Kingdom. It is from a man who desired the daughter of a neighbor as a wife for his son:

"On my knees I beg you not to despise this cold and common request, but listen to the words of the matrimonial agent and give your daughter to the slave of a son, so that the pair, bound by the silken threads, may have the greatest joy. In the beautiful springtime I shall offer wedding presents and give a couple of geese. And let us hope for long and continuous fortune, and look forward through endless generations to the fulfillment of genuine love. May they sing of plenty and have every joy. On my knees I beg you to consider my proposal favorably, and throw the mirror-like glance of your eyes on these lines."

To this letter the father of the bride replied that he would attend to the portion of his "poor and poverty-stricken daughter, that she might not be without bedclothes, cotton clothing, hairpins and earrings. Therefore it was to be hoped that the couple would have constant fortune"—Boston Journal.

### The Mother's Column.

"Yes," said the editor, "we had to give up that mother's column."

"Dear me, I don't see why," answered the sweet young thing. "It seemed to me it was invaluable."

"Yes, that's what we all thought, including the very bright young woman who wrote it," admitted the editor. "There didn't seem to be any problem of the home that she wasn't qualified to settle. But she finally married."

"That didn't lessen her ability any, did it?" asked the sweet young thing, in surprise.

"No-o," replied the editor slowly. "Of course she knew just as much as she did before, but somehow she didn't seem to be quite so certain of it. However, she kept up her work, even if she did show that she occasionally had doubts that never came to her before. She was a little shy as to some points regarding the management of the home, but she still knew all about the training of children, and, of course, that's the principal feature of a mother's column."

"Of course," acquiesced the sweet young thing.

"At last, however," continued the editor, "she became satisfied that she wasn't even competent to lay down rules and decide knotty problems in the line of the management of a nursery."

"Dear me," said the sweet young thing; "that was very strange. When did she make up her mind to that?"

"About four months after her first baby was born," answered the editor.—Chicago Post.

### But Can She?

Hawkins—I wonder what England is trying to do in Crete?

Jawkins—Do the Greeks.

## PRINCE GEORGE'S ROMANCE.

In a little flat-roofed village close by the city of Athens lives a girl whom fate has dowered most preciously with beauty, intelligence and nobility of character, though wealth and nobility of birth have been denied. She is only a peasant girl, but the romantic story of her life reads like a passage from the Arabian Nights. It is simple fact, however; it is probable that the royal family of Greece would be well pleased could they relegate it all to the realm of fiction.

Larissa is what the Greeks call a "psychopaida," or "soul-child,"—a child by adoption. She is also, as befits the heroine of such a romance, a veritable shepherdess. She is of good peasant stock, but was left an orphan very early in life, and upon the death of her parents was received as a servant by the family with which she has since lived.

It is a custom among the Greek peasants when the daughter of a household is sent out to service, as is frequently the case when there are two or more sisters, that if the maiden be industrious and well-conducted, and especially if she become friendless and homeless, the family which she enters adopt her as a "soul-child," send her to school a few years, and finally dower and marry her at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six.

The "soul-child," in return, takes an active part in household duties, and assists to spin, card, wind and weave the wool or flax for the needs of the house and its members; and she it is who oftenest leads the flocks to pasture. After a time, if she is fortunate enough to become the possessor of some embroidered garments, a slab upon which to say prayers in church and a good supply of stockings of various colors, she is pretty sure to have an offer of marriage, and to establish herself in a tiny house of her own.

But there are soul-children and soul-children. It is not every one that has a face like a flower, a great mass of midnight-hued hair, lustrous eyes to match, and a mouth like a tiny crimson bow. This maiden has them though, and thereby hangs a tale.

"A woman to wear witchcrafts of color and still be beautiful!" thought a stalwart young man, who, with several attendants, rocked idly, one day, a little more than a year ago, in a pleasure boat near the fishing grounds near to this ancient Greek hamlet, as he watched the strong, vigorous movements of a young girl maneuvering a boat at no great distance. For, above all else, Larissa is a sailor; the love of the sea is inbred in her; and as for fear, she knows it not.

The man who first saw her thus, eighteen months ago, managing her little craft with the seamanship born of long practice, her cheeks peachy with the rich life given by the sharp breath of the sea, was no other than that well-beloved darling of the Greek people, Prince George, himself, an admirable sailor. So capable is he in all branches of his favorite art, that upon his visit to this country with the young Czar of Russia, a few years ago, a certain gray-headed admiral at the Brooklyn Navy Yard said of him, "That young fellow knows more about naval warfare than I do."

Prince George is the idol of the masses. Like most Europeans, he is a facile linguist, Speaking Danish, German, Russian, French, English, Spanish and Italian with equal fluency. But he is also an adept in the patios of the people. In this he loves to address them, and such is his personal magnetism and popularity that at the first "come on, boys—whose with me!" the crowd of enthusiastic by-standers quickly swells to thousands, obedient to his slightest bidding.

1. Gown of pavement gray, fine cloth, trimmed with braid. The little bolero has epaulette sleeves, and closes on the left shoulder. Silk waist of short rose and green.

2. Gown of silk and wool mixed, trimmed with silk to match, and narrow, black velvet ribbon.

The court and the ministry have, for some time, abandoned the quest of a suitable marriage for the young prince, as he most resolutely proclaimed his intention of devoting himself to the people and the navy, leaving matrimony to the Duke of Sparta, his elder brother Constantine, the heir to the Grecian throne. So the court and the ministry, well pleased, smiled contentedly, and Prince George went traveling, having been chosen as companion de voyage by his cousin and intimate chum, the Czarowitch of Russia, now the Czar, whose life he saved from the hands of a Japanese assassin in the Far East.

When he returned to his family he made good his determination of commanding the navy, and such was his single-hearted devotion to his duties that again the court and ministry smiled with content and congratulated themselves upon possessing a model prince and younger son.

Still water, however, runs deep, and the prince, after all, is only a human being. He is, moreover, something of a romanticist, and somewhere deep in his heart lay hidden the desire to be loved by some woman for his own sake—big, strong, handsome athlete that he is—and for the time being to forget that he is the son of the King of Greece and a possible heir to the throne.

Whether it was because the time and his mood were propitious, whether it was the effect of dinner or destiny, will never be known; but certain it is that the prince fell in love with the beauty of this sea maiden, and for a year and a half has behaved much like other lovers—impatient at every moment spent away from her, reckless of the hours when with her, enraptured at trifles, dejected for causes equally trifling, and jealous with ordinary mannish jealousy of every churl that crossed her path—while the court, incredulous, dismayed, aghast, have looked on with increasing doubt and apprehension, and wondered what plan could be evolved from the deep recesses of statecraft to get rid of her, yet hesitating to speak or act, for the prince is strong and violent, and has a powerful hold upon the people.

And the peasant "soul-child?" Until a short time before the Cretan war, the identity of her lover was quite unknown to her. He was loved like other men; he knew, perhaps for the first time in his life, what it meant to possess affection for himself alone, and not for his title; and he also learned what it was to suffer for his love's sake, the expostulations of his family and those high in the government being severe and bitter.

There had been long strolls and talks, and discussions about housekeeping, and a dower of linen, and the pearls which belonged to Larissa's foster-mother; there had even been practical talks about a cow and mules and an income, all of which were untried novelties to this sated young scion of a royal house. His presents, indeed, were of such magnificence as to cause stupefaction; but although he visited openly at the girl's home, like any of the rustic swains thereabouts, and took Larissa on frequent excursions upon the great waste of waters so beloved by them, he wore always the national costume and masked his identity by calling himself a sailor's son from the Piraeus.

Larissa gradually grew to be a scholar, with the books her lover brought, and the pains he took to add to the good fundamental education which she already had; and many a golden afternoon of summer, when Athenian society wondered where Prince George might be—for the idyl had not then become public property—the royal lover was reading and interpreting old Homer to the beautiful girl at his side, while around them stretched a landscape long sung in history and not far distant rolled the classic waters of the Straits of Salamis.

But such a state of things could not go on forever uninterrupted. The course of true love runs no smoother for a king's son than for a sailor's; and one day a mounted messenger rode up to the farmhouse while Larissa and her lover were within and demanded hastily and authoritatively for Prince George. When the presence of this royal personage and any acquaintance with him, even by sight, was denied, the tactless messenger lost patience and, pointing inside to where, unconscious of what was transpiring, the royal head was bent close to that of the plebian maiden, exclaimed:

"I see the prince here, my good woman. Make haste and tell him I bear the King's orders."

The secret was out. Red and angry, the prince rode away in obedience to the paternal command, and it was the last visit in which the freedom of an accepted suitor to the woman whom he loved was accorded him. Greek women hold their virtue as their highest prize, and the next time he found a few moments before embarking on the hastily assumed expedition into Cretan waters, the girl with whom he had roamed so freely over the hills was closely hedged around by protecting friends who saw in his attentions but a menace to the girl's fair fame.

Larissa herself, when he remonstrated, first pleadingly, then furiously, answered with shy dignity:

"You are a King's son; I am only a peasant woman."

But, as she was a woman, she could not forget that the man before her had been, nay, was still her lover, and she cried out to him, "But I will be true to you always!"

After some persuasion, she consented to accompany her adopted parents to Athens, and there, for the first time in her life, had a photograph taken for the royal sweetheart to carry away with him. A few days afterward the Prince and his torpedo fleet set sail for Crete.

How will it all end? Those who know the lover best say it is with him a much more serious question than the court, which has been much diverted by what it calls the "prince's little folly," is willing to concede.

Perhaps the details of rural housekeeping proved too alluring to one brought up amid the conventionalities of a royal palace.

A younger son, with but a secondary claim upon the throne of the kingdom—what course would be more likely to win favor with the people than for him to renounce his title and pretensions and marry one from their ranks?

So argue his friends in excuse for sundry menaces from the prince; while he, amid thickening war-clouds, cherishes the photograph, and the "soul-child" meanwhile has promised to be faithful.

### Music in the Army.

"What do you think of music in the army?" I asked Brigadier Gen. Milo S. Hascall, as he sat in his pleasant library and talked of old army days.

The old general snorted like a war-horse, and his handsome white moustache curled in scorn.

"Very fine, indeed, in times of peace, when the regiment is on dress parade, but a band is only in the way when there's fighting going on. The musicians are left behind with the baggage or sent in the field to do ambulance duty. But I think the people who stay at home imagine the soldiers fight to the tune of 'Marching Through Georgia' or 'The Star Spangled Banner.' I don't see what good music can do, such as a band plays. Of course, we would need the bugle and the drum."

"Then you don't believe in keeping up the regimental band?" I asked.

"No, I do not. It is not practicable, and if you had any idea of actual war you would know that it is not. I look upon music in the army as so much fuss and feathers."

"I was only a boy," said Capt. Bell, of the Second Regiment, "when 100 men fell into line as volunteers, and followed a fife and drum corps in Augusta, Ill., in the beginning of the war. I can almost hear that fife and drum today. In the next war we have the bugle will be the principal instrument. I believe all the commands of the cavalry will be given with it. The fife is the old method. I have seen many fine military bands in France and Germany. Our bands do not compare with theirs."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### The Way They Celebrate.

Pennsylvania Citizen (breathlessly)—Come down to Shantytown. The Hungarians are killing each other and the gutters are running with blood.

Pennsylvania Constable—My! my! What is it, a wedding or a christening?—New York Weekly.