

It's really surprising how much happiness or misery lies in the circle of a wedding ring.

Following in the footsteps of an idolat man is about the most expensive traveling imaginable.

Too many men in this country vote as they pray—and they never pray unless it is to ask a personal favor.

The man who built the city hall at Denver is now selling cigars and tobacco at a stand in the corridor of the building.

Count Boni de Castellano refers to rich Americans as "pig merchants, whose highest ambition should be to supply French aristocrats with money."

The cotton crop of this country amounted to only 5,000,000 pounds in 1793, last year it was about 5,500,000-000 pounds, representing three-fourths of the entire crop of the world and valued at \$550,000,000. It filled 3,500,000 bales, and the loss by waste incidental to the process of taking samples was not less than \$7,000,000.

Devotees of golf are fond of referring to it as "the ancient and royal game." It is probably more royal and certainly far more ancient than most of them have any idea of. At all events a pictured tablet was recently unearthed at Carthage, the old capital of the Hittites, whereon are depicted men and women engaged in a pastime, which if not exactly golf as played at present, is something extraordinary like it.

Distinguished Greek consuls from our western cities, as well as hundreds of Greeks in eastern seaports, have gathered the past two weeks to do honor to the Navarhos Mianlis, the first Greek warship to visit American waters. Not only "when Greek meets Greek" has the occasion been notable, but because Greece has taken this opportunity to express to the world her appreciation of the long and unbroken friendship of the United States.

A terrible scene was witnessed in a menagerie at a village near Privas, France. A butcher made a wager that he would enter a cage in which three lions were enclosed, drink a bottle of champagne, and play a game of cards with the tamer. All went well until the butcher was about to leave, when he foolishly thrust a glass of champagne under a lion's nose. The beast leaped furiously at the man and mangled him terribly before he could be released.

In the Belleville quarter of Paris a man named Valles recently died whose career was unique. He was a proprietor of lodging houses, but made it an invariable rule never to press a tenant or sell one up for rent. He has been known to give a tenant who was unable to pay his rent money to cover the expense of removal, and in his will he ordered that every tenant was to be allowed a rebate of a term's rent. His tenants contributed towards a huge wreath for his grave.

So accustomed have Americans become to think of the United States as a new country that the statement of Mr. Albin W. Tourgees that "we are one of the oldest of existing civilized nations," seems to require an explanation. Since the foundation of the government, almost 112 years ago, there has been no break in our Presidential succession. During that period, according to Judge Tourgees, the form of government in France has changed ten times. "Germany," he adds, "is but thirty years old. Austria, as a nation, is the outcome of the Hungarian rebellion. Italy is a still later product of popular evolution."

A capacity for taking pains in business plans and products is more and more a condition of success. Australian butter-packing may serve as an example. Shipments are secured against deterioration by placing the butter in boxes made of plates of window glass, the edges being closed by applying gummed paper. The boxes are covered with layers of plaster of Paris, and then wrapped in specially prepared waterproof packing paper. Such methods help to raise the average of attention to details. The reluctance of human beings to eat unappetizing things increases. It pays to make food offered for sale attractive in form as well as substance. The high standard is money in the pocket of the dealer and health for the consumer. The converse is true. This country has lost a once-promising trade in exporting cheese. Those who ruined the trade know how they did it, but they should be too much ashamed of themselves to tell the world how it was done.

Japan is to have a new military decoration of the nature of the Victoria cross of the British army, for personal valor on the field of battle, which may be conferred immediately, without red tape. As a companion to this intelligence comes the praise of the nurses of the Japan Red Cross on the hospital ship Hakaki at Taku. They bear these poetical names: O-Tak-San, meaning the graceful bamboo; Ume-san, the plum blossom; O-Hagi-san, the modest meadow sweet; O-Yasu-san, peace.



The Providence Journal sounds a note of warning against the increasing tendency to postpone marriage till late in life. Any warning which comes from New England, where American civilization is oldest, and, if we are to believe Boston, is likewise at its best, should not be taken lightly. The Providence Journal, indeed, sets the good example of taking its own warning very seriously. There is even something solemn about it that impresses us like long sermons suffered in our youth—a present horror, heavy with condemnation for the future. This is the warning, in part:

"The settlers of New England married young and raised large families. Their conduct has been commended to their descendants as worthy of imitation, and it has been said with truth that many of the social evils of the time would be diminished if such imitation were more general. Rash marriages on insufficient means are injurious not only to the individual, but to society at large. Yet the desirability of enabling young persons to marry 'for love' and while the best of life is still before them is apparent enough to justify the advocacy of anything that makes such unions practicable and safe. Larger incomes are not needed so much as the willingness and ability to find rational enjoyment in small incomes. The chances of poverty should not be feared, so long as it is honorable poverty, cheerfully endured."

Looking for the reasons why, "among the better educated and more prosperous classes, the desire to postpone marriage has been intensified," the Providence philosopher finds they are two in chief—the increased cost of living and the higher education of women. He says: "If it be true that the influence of modern education upon women is to lead them to shrink from marriage, if it makes them more exigent regarding the means of support which men are able to offer them, then there must be some evil to be apprehended as well as good. The distaste for marriage thus manifest is a crime against nature that must have its issue in a long train of wrongs."

A DAINY GOWN



Of gray crepe de chine, with small white silk dot. The pleated waist has wide lappets of blue silk, lace and gold braid. The collar is gold cloth, edged with lace. The undersleeves and vest are of white chiffon. The sleeves have three rows of the gold cloth, edged with lace, running up and down. The folded belt of blue silk, with gold braid in the folds, ties on the right side of the back.

On Friendships

In all ages friendship has been regarded as one of the highest gifts given to man, and after love, it has been garlanded with more blossoms of poetry and fancy than any other attribute of humanity. Considering it from every point of view, it is a precious boon, and yet how many times in our lives do we allow sweet friendships to slip beyond our grasp, just from a lack of the scanty nutriment the tender plant requires to keep it alive? An occasional call, a letter once in a while, a remembrance of dates and anniversaries, a tender word or two to show that the heart has not grown away from its once proud position of nearness—these are all that a real friendship requires to make it blossom.

with benefits, says the Pittsburgh Press. Love, the burning, consuming emotion, we pursue with avidity, never allowing it to rest, until with many of us it is consumed itself in the chase, but calm and tender friendship, always ready to repay the smallest care from the outstretched hand, most of us neglect until a true mutual friendship and trust is rare.

RAINY DAY SUIT.



Of gray double-faced cloth. The Russian blouse jacket has three box-pleats back and front, which are edged with folds of plaid cloth. The skirt is gored and flares about the feet.

Girl Life in Spain.

According to our ideas the life of a Spanish girl is not an enviable one, for she has none of the free and happy time our boys and girls enjoy after emancipation from the drudgery of the school room and before the cares of womanhood begin. All Spanish girls are convent bred, and their education consists very largely in learning to embroider, which is an art in which they excel. At 14 or 15, or even sometimes at 12 years old, they make their debut in society, and are considered marriageable, says the New York Telegram. Girls of 14 and boys of 16 frequently marry, and a girl of 15 or 16 has often a family of two or three little ones. These early marriages are seldom happy, but divorce is unknown in Spain. If a husband and wife cannot agree, they separate and live apart.

The "new woman" as we know her is unknown in Spain, and though the ladies of that country are often graceful and clever horsewomen, the bicycle is only just beginning to make its way among them. Not only is there among gentlemen a prejudice against cycling, as not being a graceful accomplishment, but their natural indolence makes them prefer to be carried on horseback to having to exert their muscles to propel a "bike."

As a rule Spanish girls take a considerable interest in dress, and though they have a great love of bright colors, they contrive to wear them so they are very becoming. Spanish women have greater need of care in the matter of dress than have English women, for they fade so much sooner. They come to maturity far earlier than their northern sisters and, perhaps on account of their earlier marriages, at 40 they often have lost every vestige of youth and beauty and are perfect old hags.

Loves Made in Germany.

Elopements are never heard of in Germany, and yet there is no such thing as getting married there without the consent of the parents. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age, her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed, says the Philadelphia Times.

No young man, however, is ever invited to the house until after he has called at least once, and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. If he takes to calling on several occasions in rather close succession it is taken for granted that he has "intentions," and he may be questioned concerning them.

In Germany the man must be at least 18 years old before he can make a proposal, and when it is made and accepted the proposal is speedily followed by a betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride, as she is then called, gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and, naturally, afterward becomes a matter of public knowledge.

A kiss can do more than a frown.

The Twenty-One Club.

On Old Man John Barton's eightieth birthday there was a family reunion at the homestead. The Bartons are numerous and clanlike, consequently they gathered in strong force at the big, square white house on the site where their great-grandfather, John Barton, built the first log cabin north of the Washabinky.

Family reunions are nothing uncommon with the Bartons, but there were features that distinguished this party from other affairs of the kind. For one thing, it was Old Man John's first and last eightieth birthday. Then all the John Bartons were present. John is a good, solid, sensible name, and the Bartons rather like it; there is Old Man John, and John Junior, and John third, and Little John, and Johnny K., and Danville John, and John the Blacksmith, not to mention John Barton Todd and young Johnny K. Barton Morton. But the great distinguishing feature of the party was the founding of the Twenty-One Club.

Old Man John was interested and moved when he counted up and found there were nine young men of the Barton family who would attain their majority before the year was out. It was at the time of the Easter vacation, and all of the nine happened to be at the Homestead birthday party. They were gathered into the big parlor—three young farmers, a Harvard junior, a medical student, a law student, a musician, a telegraph operator and a drug clerk—all trying to look dignified and unconscious as grandfathers, uncles, cousins slapped them on the back and called them fine young roosters, and joked about beardless cheeks and mustaches like the down of a half-fledged pigeon.

"Nine new votes for the straight Democratic ticket!" said John Junior, who was a member of the state legislature. "That ought to turn the scale in Christopher county next fall." "I tell you it makes the old man's heart big with pride to see so many fine young shoots around the parent tree," said Old Man John in his loud, hearty tones. "The older generation is nothing but half-dead branches hanging on until a gust of wind snaps them off; and it is a comfort to know there is plenty of sound, sappy, hearty whole Barton timber coming on—good American timber, too, the sort the government needs for props." Old Man John had been a lumberman in his day, so he used a lumberman's figures.

They were talking in that way, gushing, flattering and applauding the foolish-looking young men, when a pretty, brown-haired girl stood beside Old Man John's chair, her eyes bright and saucy. "I, too, will be twenty-one soon, grandfather," she cried gayly. "Next Fourth of July, the nation's birthday. Why do you not call me a promising young sapling?—a birch sapling?"

The old man squeezed the plump little hand of the merry young school-marm, his favorite grandchild, and told her she was a moss rose, a honeysuckle and a rare white lily. The boys, relieved to find themselves no longer the center of interest, laughed teasingly and told their cousin she was only a girl and had better pass herself off as a minor as long as she could—her coming of age amounted to nothing, for she would have no vote any way; she could never be an American sovereign and help rule 90,000,000 of people through the ballot box, the glory and the pride and the sacred responsibility of citizenship were not for her.

Pretty Marian, secure in the admiration and loyal allegiance due her as the only young lady in a family burdened with so many bothersome and ungainly young males, did not mind the laughter and teasing in the least. But when the misguided Harvard student adopted a patronizing tone and hinted that she was a new woman and intended to assert her equality at the polls as well as in the matter of birthdays, Marian stood up very straight, with slight flush on her cheeks.

"No, I do not want to vote—not yet," she said calmly. "I fear it might be taken for granted that I have no ideas of my own and might be counted upon to walk up like a sheep and vote the straight Democratic ticket just because the Bartons usually belong to that party."

"No," she went on, without noticing the laughter and applause, "I could not consider myself fitted for the glory and the pride and the sacred responsibility of citizenship while I boasted of a better acquaintance with the formation of the ancient Greek republics than with the constitution and political history of the United States."

The Harvard man fell back and drew in his breath sharply as a sign that he had been hit; but the little school teacher went on undisturbed, and it was the good-looking drug clerk who clapped his hand to his heart at her next shot.

"Being only a girl, I would lack courage to assume a share in the government of 90,000,000 people when I have never even looked at the instrument forming the basis of that government, the constitution of the United States. If I was likely to become a voter I might consider it my duty to inform myself about some of the national questions and the attitude of the parties, and about political methods. At any rate, I feel sure I would read something in the newspapers besides the baseball news, and in addition to being able to give biographies of all the crack players of the league teams I would know the names and the pieces of the members of the

president's cabinet; also I would find out whether or not the unit rule has anything to do with the way a speaker of the house runs things.

"Why, do you know," and she threw back her head like her father, the judge, when he gave a charge to the jury—"why, do you know, if I had the prospect ahead of me of having a voice in the management of my country, if I, like you boys, should have the rights and the power of an American voter when I reach twenty-one, I would accept the responsibility with the spirit of the czar of Russia receiving his crown on his knees, with tears running down his face; I would do as the knights of old did before they took the solemn vows of their knighthood: I would go off alone and strengthen my soul by fasting and prayer. That is what I would do if I was going to vote next fall!"

There was such a roar of applause and laughter that Marian darted out of the room in sudden confusion. The next minute the dining-room doors were thrown open and they all flocked out laughing and talking noisily—all except Marian; she disappeared into the kitchen and stayed there the greater part of the afternoon, making herself useful.

After dinner some of the boys met on the porch.

"Marian rather pitched into us, didn't she?" remarked Will Barton.

"The baseball and cabinet members' stab was meant for me," announced Will's twin brother, Dan. "Wonder who was tripped up on the unit rule?"

The musician, who was dangling his long legs over the railing and gazed off dreamily at the hills, turned without a word and screwed up his face into such an irresistibly funny wink that the others shouted with laughter, and Johnny K. and the Harvard man hurried up to join in the fun.

"I dare say it would not hurt any of us to know more about such things," the Harvard man observed thoughtfully. "I for one will admit that I ought to be better informed as to the duties and privileges of American citizenship."

They all appreciated the astonishing modesty of Jimmie in making such an admission, and showed their appreciation by agreeing with him promptly. Then Johnny K. straightened himself up and threw away his cigar. "Why do not you fellows do something?" he said. "There are nine of you who will vote for the first time next fall, and sixty or seventy others, possibly, throughout the county. While acquiring a little information yourselves you might influence some of the others to take a more intelligent interest in the institutions of the country. You know the theory; the higher the intelligence and virtue of the average voter the nearer we approach the ideal republic. Why don't you do something for your country to celebrate your coming of age?"

Now Johnny K., a rising young lawyer, lately elected district-attorney, a keen sportsman and a good fellow, was the admiration and secretly cherished model of all the boys, especially of his younger brother, the Harvard man; consequently his suggestion carried.

That evening Marian walked home through the fields with her cousins, Dan and Will. "Well, we're going to do it," Dan began. "Do what?"

"The czar of Russia receiving his crown, the knight taking his vows act. Only we will have an American, modernized version; fasting might not agree with the fragile, up-to-date constitution. Behold in me the treasurer of the Twenty-One Club!" and he rattled the silver in his pockets.

"Yes, we have formed a club," Will explained. "Object, to study the constitution of the United States and—er—to prepare ourselves for citizenship. We intend to take in as many fellows who come of age this year as we can get to join us. The club will buy books and papers for circulation among the members."

"Jimmie is president because he knows parliamentary rules and how they do such things at Harvard," Dan interrupted. "John third is secretary, and Johnny K. is legal adviser. Johnny K. is out by age and cannot be a regular member, and he seemed to feel he had been born too soon. I tell you he's great, Johnny K. is. He said you deserved a medal for stirring us up the way you did."

"Oh, he was not in the room. He could not hear me. Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Marian in distress. "I made a great fool of myself. I hope he did not hear me!"

"I don't know. We told him all you said and more," Dan said, consolingly, as he opened the gate for her.

"Oh, by the way, Marian, you're a member of the Twenty-One Club by acclamation—at Johnny K.'s suggestion," Will called after her as she paced up the walk.

The club thus formed ran a quiet and uneventful course for some months. The nine original members were scattered at their various places of work and study, but many new members were added, letters were exchanged, and the books, pamphlets and newspapers of the club "course" were in lively demand.

It was not until the latter part of June that people in general began to hear much of the Twenty-One Club. Then it was known that Christopher county was to have a big Fourth of July celebration at Bontown, the county seat, and that a number of young men "comin' twenty-one" had been invited by the mayor and the committee to be present as guests of honor.

famous Ringgold Band from the state capital was to be present at the expense of a single citizen—Old Man John Barton. The announcement that the young men of the Twenty-One Club would be treated to a free dinner aroused much comment and curiosity. Then the list of the speakers' names fairly took away the breath of the farmer who had read in his weekly paper for years of the brilliant and witty Congressman M—, of the magnetic and forceful Senator K—, without expecting to have a chance to hear them.

When the great day came the pretty park at the edge of the town was filled to overflowing with gayly expectant town people and country folks and mountaineers, an animated and half-deafened by the patriotically emulative strains of the Ringgold and other less famous but equally ambitious bands. On the flag-draped speakers' stand the local luminaries were almost lost from sight in the exceeding brilliancy of an ex-governor, a United States senator, a member of congress and an ex-candidate for vice-president. In front of the stand, dividing public interest with the great men, sat a group of forty or fifty youths—the Twenty-One Club.

When each noted speaker had had his turn and had been cheered until the trees shook, then the Twenty-One Club arose to its feet as one man and with all the breath it had left lifted up such a mighty shout as made the previous din seem tame.

"Johnny K. Barton! Johnny K.—Barton!" was what they yelled. Now, the young district-attorney, knowing the Twenty-One Club, had a few well-chosen words, a few happy phrases, ready for just such an emergency. As he swung himself up on the platform and stood there in front of those distinguished men who had long been the objects of his critical admiration, and felt that their surprised, questioning eyes were boring holes through his shoulder blades, all those graceful words, all that fine rhetoric floated off and left him for one hideous moment feeling that the universe was a vacuum. Then he saw the eager, expectant faces of the boys and another eager, expectant face further off under a big white hat, and he knew he did not need the escaped thicket-down rhetoric. The occasion, the waiting audience, the inspiring thought of immense results that might spring from words of his presented to those young men who believed in and were so thoroughly in sympathy with him, was preparation enough. There are some members of the Twenty-One Club who will never forget certain words he uttered; and the memory of those words and of that one day on the threshold of manhood gives added value and meaning to manhood itself and to patriotism.

The young men were not alone in considering their club a success. It won not only the approbation of the distinguished visitors, but also the enthusiastic support of the general public. Before the day of celebration was over a new club, or rather a new chapter of the club, was organized by youths who would reach their majority during the following year. Thus the Twenty-One Club promised to become a permanent institution in Christopher county.

Marian rode home from the celebration in Johnny K.'s buggy. They took the long way round, as Johnny K. liked to do when he had his pretty second cousin beside him, and the sagacious mare chose her own gait. Consequently they were the last to arrive of the returning party.

As they approached the house in the sultry, dusty dusk Marian saw a group of dark figures beside the gate. "Those awful boys!" she exclaimed, and started in confusion to draw her glove over something that sparkled on her left hand.

Johnny K. stopped her. "They will never notice," he said. "And what if they do?"

The nine Barton boys formed in lines on each side of the walk and waited in solemn silence as Marian advanced toward them doubtfully. Then President Jimmie stepped forward rather awkwardly for a Harvard man and handed her a huge bouquet of lilies and moss roses. He made a little speech in which Marian caught the words "birthday," "cousins" and "Twenty-One Club."

She began to thank them prettily, but Jimmie interrupted her. "There is a case attached to the stems," he explained.

Further speech was prevented by the whirl and whiz and bang of a sudden discharge of fireworks. By the scintillations of the pinwheels and the red, green and yellow light of rockets Marian opened the little leather case and saw a novel and beautiful brooch, in the form of an American eagle in gold bearing a small enameled flag in his talons. On the accompanying card she read:

"To a New Woman; from nine voters."

The little school teacher turned as though she would like to hug somebody, and the nine voters retired precipitately.

"We had a notion to give you a diamond ring, only we knew Johnny K. wanted to do that himself" the irresistible Dan told her.

Marian laughed and blushed. "Boys, the nation and I have had such a beautiful birthday!" she said. —The Independent.

Meat in the poultry ration cannot be excelled as a part of the diet, and milk will not prove a substitute. While it is true that milk partakes largely of the nature of a meat diet, it is also true that a fowl cannot eat enough of it to do well.