

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE NEW LAMP SHADES.

They Are Called "Empire," But Look More Like Tubs.

The newest lamp shades look like inverted tubs. They are imported from France, along with other things Napoleonic which have deluged the markets for two years, and are called "Empire" shades.

Those which come from Paris are hand-painted, and range from one dollar to twenty in price, according to the size and the elaborateness of decoration. The largest shade is about as big as a large dishpan—or, to speak more accurately, about 24 inches in diameter at its lower edge. Its width is 15 inches, and if it were not translucent we should have a literal representation of "the light under a bushel." The material, however, is white paper, decorated in light colors, and in patterns to suit the fancy of the artist.

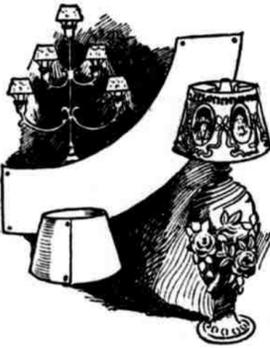
One of the prettiest is a representation of Apollo driving the chariot of the sun over masses of fleecy clouds, with three maidens in his wake, who look as if they might represent Morning, Noon and Night. It is a pretty idea for a lamp, with the suggestion of turning night into day.

The very large shades are intended for piano lamps and the like. There are, of course, smaller sizes for the tiny Dresden ornaments that are supposed to illuminate a lady's boudoir. These are very daintily decorated with cupids and blossoms, and are very small—not more than six inches across. The same style is used for candle shades, and they look like tiny illuminated drums standing on stilts on the mantel piece or dining table.

Small Dresden lamps are the correct thing for the dinner table—one, two or three, according to the length of the table. These are trimmed with little decorated tubs and give the table quite the air of being ready for Mme. de Somebody-or-other's feast of a hundred years ago.

Low lamps to stand in a corner on the floor are another fad. They are about 2 1/2 feet high, chimney, shade and all, and are made of some heavy, dark porcelain such as large plant jars are made of.

Amateur artists can take the opportunity offered by these shades for de-



EMPIRE SHADES IN ALL STAGES.

coration. Any stiff, white paper will serve, but regular water-color paper is best. It can be bought by the yard. A yard and a half will make a good sized shade. Ordinarily they are made about 12 inches wide and 15 inches in diameter. The edges should be curved and the ends slanted, so as to make the upper edge slightly smaller than the lower. The paper is decorated, of course, before the ends are fastened together. The fastening is a little wire clasp something like those used to fasten together sheets of manuscript, but without the brass head. The point of junction may be covered with a ribbon band, ending in a bow at the top and bottom.

Those who cannot paint sometimes paste gilt or silver paper over the white in decorative designs, and the result is pretty enough for common use.

These pretty shades have the great advantage that, while they veil the objectionable glare of the light, they do not subdue it so unpleasantly as the tinted or fancy paper shades. They are also more in keeping with the new styles in lamps and bric-a-brac in general. Wire frames made purposely for them sell at 50 cents and \$1; but it is easy to make a wire frame to fit a tub.

The small candle shades are very easily made, and a number of them perched about a candelabra gives a pretty effect. They need not be more than four or five inches in diameter and three inches wide. These may be stuck together with liquid glue, and the decoration conceals the point of junction.

Any kind of fancy paper may be used for any of the shades described, but when one begins to use dark tints there is danger of hiding one's light, which is open to objection unless a subdued light is preferred—as in a studio or Turkish room.

ANNIE LAURIE WOODS.

New Material for Veils.

A new fabric has been devised by an English manufacturer for the making of ladies' veils, the material having thick threads at the edges and with other thick threads in an undulating pattern in the center. Loose threads are threaded through the interstices in the fabric parallel with the fixed threads. To make veils the fabric is divided longitudinally between the thick threads and each half cut into lengths. When the loose threads are drawn up the veil fits closely to the wearer's forehead.

A Confusing Tongue.

Mrs. Vanderslang—Now, tell me, count, how do you like America?
Count Parleywood—Ah! chere madame, your gunny ant your laadees are charming—but your lanngweege—your di-ions—I gan not at all comprehend. You say, when your buttor is goot eet see fresh, ant dat your leedle poy eet veev then hee's spoiled.—Puck.

WOMAN CHESS PLAYER.

Mrs. Showalter Will Take Part in the Coming International Match.

Mrs. Nellie Marshall Showalter, whose portrait is given herewith, is perhaps the most accomplished woman chess-player in the world. She was born, says Ladies' Weekly, at Donerall, Fayette county, Ky., in 1872, and is directly descended from Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States supreme court. She was educated in her native state, and in 1877 married Jackson W. Showalter, who taught her to play chess. She has played many brilliant



MRS. NELLIE M. SHOWALTER.

games, and will undoubtedly achieve still higher distinction in this particular field. Mrs. Showalter is a southern belle, with a petite figure and a most charming manner. She is at present in Kentucky, but expects to come east in a few weeks for the purpose of taking part in the international chess match by cable which will be contested in April between the women of England and America.

THE ART OF DARNING.

It Should Be Taught as an Essential Part of Home Training.

The proper darning of a rent in cloth is an art that cannot be easily picked up and should be taught to girls as an essential part of their practical home training. The expert darning of woollen cloth will make a rent practically invisible by weaving together the torn edges, matching them as carefully as possible and afterward pressing the rent. A fine sewing silk is used to darn woollen cloth in preference to any wool, which would not be strong enough unless the thread or raveling was too coarse. Where the cloth is thick enough, endeavor to conceal the silk thread between the face and back of the cloth. Begin about half an inch from the edge of one side of the tear, and run the needle the same distance from the other edge, concealing the thread carefully and drawing the edges closely together, but not so they overlap. If there is any nap on the cloth, brush it back while you are darning, and then brush it down again. Lay a damp cotton cloth on the wrong side of the cloth, over the darn, and press it down once; then remove the cotton cloth and press next the woolen surface, being careful that you do not press it perfectly dry, but that a very little steam arises after the iron is removed. If the cloth is pressed perfectly dry, the work of the iron will be shown on the right side. A piece of cloth is usually darned with vertical and diagonal stitches running with the threads of the cloth. The "up-and-down" thread is usually the strongest way of mending a bias darn. Use no piece of cloth under the darning unless the cloth is thin. In that case, a piece of silk of the same color is less clumsy as a backing to the darn than wool, unless the wool is sheer.—N. Y. Tribune.

Queen Louisa of Prussia and the Rose. Before parting, Napoleon spent a few moments at her side, and at the end, turning, pulled from a bunch a beautiful rose, which he offered with gestures of gallantry and homage. Hesitating a moment, the queen at last put out her hand, and said as she accepted it: "At least with Magdeburg." "Madame," came the frigid reply, "it is mine to give and yours to accept." But he gave his arm to conduct her to the carriage, and as they descended the stair together the disappointed guest said, in a sentimental and emotional voice: "Is it possible that, having had the happiness to see so near the man of the century and of all history, he will not afford me the possibility and the satisfaction of being able to assure him that he has put me under obligations for life?" With solemn tones, Napoleon replied: "Madame, I am to be pitied; it is a fault of my unlucky star." Queen Louisa's own lady in waiting related that her sovereign's bitterness overcame her at the last, and as she stepped into the carriage she said: "Sire, you have cruelly deceived me."—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

A Future Convenience.

Diggles had been working hard for a long time with a refractory heating apparatus. He came out of the basement with blue fingers and a red nose, and an expression of repressed emotion on his face.

"Maria," he said, "there's one comfort about it."

"What is it?"
"We needn't worry about ice next summer. I think I have struck a plan that's entirely reliable. If we want to get anything good and cold we'll take it down and put it into that heating apparatus. Only we must be careful not to leave it too long, or it'll freeze."—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

No Question About It.

Bruder—Do you think the government should own the railways?
Burrows—Well, I think it would be better than the present plan of having the railways owned by the government.—Truth.

Science and Frivolity.

Old Prof. Starrs—What a wonder and a blessing to us all is the change of the seasons!
Miss Giddy—Yes, indeed. About the time one gets tired of icecream oysters come in.—N. Y. World.

THREE CHICAGO POETS.

Ernest McGaffey, Charles Eugene Banks and Louis Block.

What They Have Done to Merit a Niche in the Temple of Fame—Their Popular Recognition Only a Question of Years.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

Whatever the critics of the east may say, it is nevertheless a fact that Chicago has given to the world of letters three poets whose fame is destined to grow from day to day. They are not magazine rhymesters who deal in mysterious nothings, but true men who sing of nature and life as healthy men and women find them—and have always found them. Neither are they long-haired freaks who pose before the world as prodigies. Every one of them is a busy man of action, capable of holding his own in the workaday struggle for existence. As far as the writer is concerned, he honors these men as much



ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

for their clearheadedness in everyday life as for their great abilities as literary leaders.

Take, for instance, Ernest McGaffey, whose volume of "Poems," recently issued by an eastern publishing house, has attracted general attention. He is a young lawyer with a bright future, a man of the world, a companion for judge or preacher. His views on current topics are quoted by the press; his knowledge of affairs political brings to his office the leaders of parties. And yet this same man will retire to his study in the evening and commune with nature with an eloquence that surprises the critics who have repeated from year to year that "nothing of literary merit can come out of Chicago." From beginning to end McGaffey's "Poems" show inspiration and a wonderful perception of the beauties of things. There is not a page which does not contain a new idea or a precious thought dressed in a new form. Opening the little volume at random the other day, I became enchanted with this gem:

Like some lone, wild creature that paces all day
Back and forth behind bars in its dumb,
strong wish to be free,
So paces forever, all haggard and gray,
On its earth-bound shores, the mysterious
soul of the sea.

If any poet has ever clothed a beautiful sentiment in finer garb I have never seen his works. Equally strong is a poem in another vein, entitled "The Derelict," from which I quote the last verse:

And thus a wraith, a mote, a speck,
In watery solitudes
She sails, and hears the siren song
Of ocean's Circum-moods;
Nor neither home nor harbor bound,
Naught shall her course restrict,
While like men's souls in worlds to come
She wanders, derelict.

And what could be more charming than this picture:

Dear friends, tho' silent, the companion
trees
That whisper as I pass, and scatter down
Leaf benedictions on my leaf-strewn path.

Mr. McGaffey's versatility is almost phenomenal. His fancy responds to the call of the moment. His reflective, descriptive and metaphysical moods find ready expression in verse, which, while not always perfect, is never annoyingly halting. It has been stated that he has no rivals in America but Joaquin Miller and James Whitcomb Riley. This is a sweeping assertion, but one which will not be disputed a few years hence. The writer has been familiar with Mr. McGaffey's works for eight years. He has noted his development along various lines, and feels justified in giving the widest circulation to Chicago's faith in a poet whose productions are even now quoted throughout the land. The keystone of Mr. McGaffey's success is his modesty, which constantly reminds



CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

him that he has yet to learn many things and that perfection in art must be based on constant observation and unremitting study.

Charles Eugene Banks has been called a "sweet singer." His work, although not quite as varied as McGaffey's, betrays genius and genuine poetic instinct. While McGaffey is always an optimist, even in his serious metaphysical words, Banks sometimes is mildly pessimistic. Take, for example, his little poem entitled "Clothes Wash-day":

The world will crack the devil o'er the pate
If, dressed in rags, he peep above the gate—
But let the velvet hide his cloven hoof
He finds a welcome under every roof.
But these words never last long. The disposition of the poet is too happy to

dwell on disagreeable themes, and hence we find on another page of his little book, "Where Brooks Go Softly," this charming tribute to love:

The world is as a clouded sea,
But love is like the sun,
That steals among the murky waves
And brightens every one.

O'er gloom is golden glory flung
While sunbeams sport the waves
among.

The gem of Mr. Banks' productions, however, is a verse entitled "March":

Pale autumn moves, with gentle tread
And quiet air, among the dead;
March whips the sulken sky to tears,
And lo! the violet appears.

Another hopeful verse—and one that should appeal to everybody at this season—he calls "Easter Lilies":

What though you build cloud-high the wall,
What though the sword you constant wield!
All kingdoms, monarchies shall fall
Because of these—and over all
Shall stand the lilies of the field.

One could quote column after column of equally beautiful sentiments from Mr. Banks' book without exhausting the patience of lovers of nature and of pure poetry. "The gentle writer of gentle verse" is the expression in which I alluded to him several years ago; but, to understand fully the meaning of the phrase, it is necessary to know the poet. His personality is charming, his generosity unbounded. Nothing appeals to him as forcibly as the distress of the oppressed. To know Banks is to love him. And yet, although not in robust health and, at many periods of his life, assailed by care and trouble, he has studiously fought the battle for existence, asking no favors and complaining to no one. Starting out in life as a commercial man, he drifted into journalism, acted as business manager for trade papers, did reportorial work on Chicago newspapers, wrote advertisements for manufacturing firms, and finally invaded the lecture field, from which he had to withdraw on account of failing health. But neither in prosperity nor adversity did he lose his faith in mankind, as is evidenced by the poems he has given to the world during the past two years. Convinced that the American people—although slow and sometimes churlish—never fail to recognize genuine merit, the prediction is ventured that Mr. Banks' fame will eventually become national. And it is, no doubt, this expectation which encourages him to perform, without grumbling, routine duties in a local newspaper office at Lavenport, Ia. After so much darkness light must inevitably break through the clouds of our "genie poet's" gentle life.

The third of Chicago's noted poets is Louis J. Block, scholar and pedagogue. Mr. Block is essentially a thinker, a lover of liberty and an exhorter. His great poem, "The New World," appeals to thoughtful people.



LOUIS J. BLOCK.

It will never be popular, in the common sense of the term, but it will live and become a classic. From the purely technical view point of the rhymer many improvements might be suggested, but the mystic and the philosopher would deprecate such a course. As the title of the poem indicates, it deals with the discovery of America and its central figure, Christopher Columbus. Incidentally it touches the blessings of free government and free thought—liberty without license. One of the most striking passages, to my mind, is devoted to "Supreme Thought," apostrophized as follows:

Arranger of all life,
And mistress over strife,
She sets the stars in melody and rhyme,
And makes the periods with each other
chime;
Pouring her hopes into the dark recesses,
Threading her way through the vagus
wilderness—
She fashions, rules, designs, and dwells
within the light,
Which is the heart of hearts, and very
sight of sight.

Mr. Block has been accused of being "antiquated and behind the times," but persons whose vision is narrow enough to make such a charge cannot be considered fair judges of poetry. How can a thought like the following be "behind the times?"

He only wins his freedom truly,
Who dally wins it fresh and fair.
He ever rises newly
Into the regions of the purer air
Who falters not for blame nor praise,
But lives in strenuous and victorious days.
And similar gems are to be found on almost every page of "The New World." Literary Chicago, if there is such a thing, should be as proud of Mr. Block as she is of McGaffey and Banks, to say nothing of a crowd of very respectable, and, because respectable, presumably able poetesses whose names have from time to time appeared in capital letters at fashionable receptions. Writing poetry is one of Mr. Block's recreations, and it is to be hoped that in the future he may find plenty of leisure hours to devote to it. But the public must not expect too much in this direction, as his duties as principal of a large Chicago school necessarily occupy most of his time.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

He Had Given Him Up.
A brother of Bishop Clark was one of the wittiest men alive. It runs in the family. He once went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with: "But you haven't seen my last baby."
"No," he replied, "and I never expect to." Then he fled.—London Tit-Bits.

A Boomerang.
The victim of the subjoined remark is doubtless still pondering as to whether ignorance or malice prompted it. The season ticket holder happened to have a peasant seated next to him in the train. Noticing that the conductor took up no ticket from his neighbor, the peasant commented on the fact. "Oh, I travel on my good looks," remarked the other facetiously. "Then probably you ain't goin' far," observed the peasant.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Prompt Action.

"John," said his wife, "on our way home from church to-night, Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting mother. As it was he frightened her seriously. I think you ought to do something about it."

"I will," responded John, promptly, "I'll see Smith the first thing in the morning, and if he doesn't want too much for the dog I'll buy him."—Bay City Chat.

EASILY DONE.



"Had I a lock of Celia's hair,"
Said Fred, "I'd be enchanted."
"Good!" cried his friend; "seek the abode
Of her purveyor, Mme. Moda,
And have your longing granted."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

At Lonelywood.

Mrs. Commuter—I don't think much of those new neighbors of ours, Ferdinand.

Mr. Commuter—Well, my dear, it isn't necessary for you to be on more than borrowing terms with them unless you care to.—Judge.

The Changeful Climate.

'Tis a time of insidious terror
When the strongest of men holds his
breath;

You are dodging a sunstroke one moment
And the next you are freezing to death.
—Washington Star.



A MODERN LOVE AFFAIR.

Up-to-Date Young Lady (to suitor who has just asked for her hand)—Just at present, I am sorry to say, I cannot accept you, as I feel no affection for you whatsoever; but—you had better call again, say, an hour hence.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Broke the Silence.

For a long time after he had succeeded in inserting himself through the door at three a. m., she regarded him in silence.

At length she spoke.
Also she spoke at length.—Westchester Globe.

A Remarkable Creature.

May—I must introduce you to Mr. Gayly. He is quite a noted character. Pamela—Is he?
May—Yes. He made love to 12 girls last summer without causing them to become jealous of each other.—Town Topics.

A Descriptive Allment.

Jiggs—I hear old Bragg has the typhoid fever.
Briggs—You mean the typhoid fever, don't you?
Jiggs—No, I mean the typhoid. He centers everything in himself, and he's all wind.—N. Y. World.

A Considerate Father.

Mr. Chaffie, of Dallas, is a very sensible man. He put his son, Johnnie, at a private school and said to his teacher: "That boy is no good. If he cuts up, just do me the favor to kick the stuffing out of him. I'll do as much for you some day."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Had Heard It.

"Baroness, have you heard already that—"
"Is it a secret, your highness?"
"Yes."
"Then I have already heard it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Cut Out for the Work.

"What made Blimmer become a detective?"
"He wanted to be able to poke his nose into other people's affairs while minding his own business."—Chicago Record.

Different.

Robbs—A boy's will is like the wind's will.
Bobbs—Wrong! One raises the air, while the other has no hair to raise.—N. Y. World.

Not Disposed to Quibble.
While the two urchins who had adjourned to the alley in the rear of the barn to fight were stripping for action the larger one said:
"Kid, I'll let ye off if ye're 'traid. I can lick ye in two minutes. I'm ten pounds heavier'n ye."
"That's all right," responded the other. "If you'd wash the dirt off'n that mug o' your'n we'd weigh 'bout the same."
The fight that immediately followed was the fiercest one the neighborhood had seen for many a day, and it is with a melancholy satisfaction the historian records the fact that the smaller boy whipped—Chicago Tribune.

Musical Item.

A boy with a package rang the bell of an Ervay street mansion, and to the young lady who opened the door he said:

"Miss, here is a book for you. It is 'How to Play on the Piano.'
"I never ordered that book."
"No, miss, but your next-door neighbor did. He said you needed it the worst kind."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Students of Human Nature.

Two pickpockets saw a gentleman receive a large sum at the bank, and followed him for some time to get a chance at it. Finally the watched turned into a lawyer's office, and one of the watchers aid: "That settles it. He's gone. Come along."
"No!" said the other. "Wait till the lawyer comes out. We'll tackle him."—Bay City Chat.

A Matter of Money.

A couple of Dallas gentlemen met, and one of them remarked:
"You look down in the mouth. What's the matter? Is it love or business that is troubling you?"
"Business. That rich girl to whom I have been engaged for the last six months has 'shook' me."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Took Time to Make It.

"That was a very fine speech you made the other night," said one Pittsburgher to another.
"I didn't make it the other night," replied the latter. "I delivered it the other night, but it took me a month to make it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Natural Resentment.

"Little boy," asked the sympathizing lady, "why do you cry so?"
"Is there anything in the manner of my expressing my grief, madam," responded the Boston boy, "that strikes you as being out or inappropriate? Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"—Chicago Tribune.



How Nice That Will Be.
Cawker (reading) — An artificial larynx has been invented, and persons who lose their voices can have new ones put in at short notice.

Cusmo—Then I suppose we shall soon be reading the sign: "Your voice extracted while you wait."—Judge.

Not Appropriate.

Maud—I hate a man that takes all evening to propose to you.
Marie—Why?
Maud—Why? How are you going to say: "This is so sudden!" when he has finished?—N. Y. World.

The Difference of a Word.

"There's nothing so bad," the optimist cries.
"But it might be worse," while the pessimist sighs
And moans and groans, in prose and in verse:
"There's nothing so bad but it will be worse."—Puck.

THE CALLER'S HYPOCRISY.



Mistress—What did you tell those ladies who just called?
Bridget—Oi told them that yez was not in, mum.

Mistress—And what did they say?
Bridget—"How fortinit," mum.—Leslie's Weekly.

Why Papa Shuddered.

Davie was pulling nails—creaky, rusty nails—with a claw-hammer.
"Here, boy, what are you doing?" said his papa.
"Playin' pullin' teeth 'thout pain," replied Davie.—Judge.