

Studying Law. Questions regarding the study of law were sent out recently to many lawyers of this state by the University of Illinois and elicited 1,000 replies. From these, observes the Daily News of Chicago, it appears that the days of studying law in a lawyer's office have passed away. Very few of the offices have any law students at all. Many of the ablest lawyers expressed the opinion that study in a law office is an absolute waste of energy. Nearly all the successful law firms declared that they had no time to devote to young men who desired to study law, and that such young men were a nuisance in the office. The only young man they could use at all was one who had already passed his examination for the state bar and who was willing to work for nothing for a year or two in order to get the experience which comes from a large office. Out of the 1,000 replies only seven favored preparation for the bar in a lawyer's office. Another striking result of this investigation is found in the answers to the questions as to the proper degree of preliminary education a student should have before entering the law school. A majority of the whole number urged that everyone taking up the study of the law should complete a full college course. Of the others a majority were in favor of at least two years in college. There was a practical unanimity that the completion of a four years' high school course was the absolute minimum which was at all acceptable. It was the general opinion that having once entered the law school the young man should give his entire time to the work of the school and not attempt to combine it with work in a lawyer's office or, indeed, work in any other place unless that was absolutely necessary to pay expenses. One lawyer declared that it was a poor school that could not keep a student busy all the time, and if a boy found himself in such a school he ought to leave it for one which could keep him busy.

Manners in England. Our American correspondent who complained of the trombone blasts on the human nose that pervade England, suggests only one of the many small differences in minor manners that distinguish even near neighbors and good friends, says an English journal. For example, the Englishman regards his own table manners as the best in the world. He does not like to see an American friend chop his meat into small pieces, transfer his fork to the right hand, and lift those pieces there-with. Moreover, the "Anglo-Saxon reunion" can never be accomplished until King Edward and President Roosevelt have come to an understanding as to the proper method of eating a boiled egg. "Etiquette of nomenclature," also, differs in somewhat embarrassing fashion. In England two men who meet upon a common social plane address each other by bare surnames as soon as they have decided that they are ready to carry on the acquaintance. But the dropping of the "Mr." in America is almost as important as the drinking of "Bruderschaft" and the adoption of the second person singular in German. Many Englishmen have been worried by this little difference between national customs.

Thoreau, the Prophet of Nature. In an article in the Outlook Hamilton W. Mabie thus sums up Thoreau's influence: "Thoreau was not the first American to live out of doors, but he was the first to make out-of-door living a profession, and to open the way to a new kind of writing. His egotism, his assumption of individual ownership in nature, have helped to found a school and to create a cult; but his spirit has diffused itself through American life, and he must be counted among the permanent influences in that life. He opened a world of experience which is one of the great refuges from the tyranny of work and wealth from which few restoring streams of health, vitality and joy. His defects of temperament are lost in his agile and virile idealism, and the best report of his life is to be found in his parable: 'I long ago lost a hound, a boy horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.'"

The tendency toward republicanism is growing slowly but steadily in Europe. The suggestion is made that Norway and Sweden will find a way out of existing difficulties by adopting the republican system. Yet the two countries have a very mild form of monarchical rule and have little to complain of in the way of abuse of sovereign power. But those Scandinavian countries are noted for the intelligence of their people, and it is quite certain that they will make a success of self-government.

Another blow has been struck at the cigarette. Now comes a medical authority to declare that leeches applied to inveterate cigarette smokers die of nicotine poisoning after a short time. On the other hand they cling to habitual pipe smokers without experiencing any apparent discomfort, from which it is argued that the cigarette smoker absorbs the nicotine while the pipe smoker does not. The investigator is silent regarding cigars, but the experiments show that the cigarette is a bad one.

GRANDFATHER. Grandfather sits in his chair in the kitchen. Grandfather dear and me. The fire burns red in the stove, I can see it, sitting on grandfather's knee. Grandfather says how he used to hold father— Same as he's now holding me; Grandmother dear was a pretty young lady, Father, her own boy, you see. The tea kettle bubbles and boils so steeply, Over the fire there, Grandfather tells how the Infjuns scalped him. That's how he lost his hair. And once, when he was a little shaver, Not a bit bigger than me, He had a squirrel that slept in his pocket Tame as it could be. Grandfather says he could whittle a soldier, But the tea kettle bubbles so. Grandfather's voice sounds up in the attic, Queer and soft and slow. The fire burns low and the tea kettle bubbles, I have such a heavy head I don't remember; but grandfather says that He carried me up to bed. —Carolyn S. Bailey, in Good Housekeeping.

A SHY BLUE VIOLET

WHAT! Weeping again, my discontented Violet?" questioned the fairy as she came from her mossy couch under an acorn cup, and wiped away, with the hem of her gauzy robe, the tear which glistened in the blue violet's eye. "Discontented with your beautiful surroundings, my dear?" she continued. "But you shall have your wish to-night; so smile your sweetest and come with me," and the fairy queen folded her favorite close in her arms and they sailed away through the chilly night air of that early spring-time.

"Remain you here," said the indulgent fairy, "and see and hear all the wonderful things you have longed for. Then if you wish to return to your home on the shady side of the mossy bowlder, all well and good; if not, you shall remain in the city, and I will grieve for my sweetest flower; and the fairy left the Violet alone in the great city, while she hastened away to make others happy.

Violet waited and shivered in her nest of strange green and she could hardly breathe, for the air was close, stifling and pungent with queer new odors. The noise from without fairly shook her frail head, and each time that she shivered the most wonderful perfume floated from her deep blue gown; but Violet did not realize that, for the perfume had always lingered about her. She never once dreamed, in all her discontent, that she was so rarely blessed.

"I feel so queer and lonely, and I can hardly breathe," cried the Violet aloud. "I wonder when I will see the wonderful things the fairy queen promised."

"Who speaks before the time and in such strange language?" questioned a loud voice with a perfumed breath; and Violet quivered the more on her slender stem, as she saw the tall white Lily bending his head; and as she shivered and trembled, her perfume, in great quantities, floated about her.

"Who speaks?" again demanded the Lily. "The city's clock across the way says 'tis but three minutes to one. Who dares to frolic before it strikes the hour?"

"I did not know—I am very sorry," the Blue Violet stammered.

"Flowers!" exclaimed the Lily, "some stranger is here."

Up flared the lights in eye-blinding radiance; and against all rules every flower in the place walked from vases, jars and baskets, and crowded about the shy, strange Violet.

A pair of massive doors swung open and a chilly blast came out of a dark,

AS SHE CAME FROM HER MOSSY COUCH.

cold prison place, in company with hundreds of rosebuds, cream, yellow, pink and copper as a storm-tinted sky on a summer sunset. Lilacs as pale and fair as a wee child in arms. Wonderful stocks of American Beauties so deep and rich as to put to blush the Crimson Meteor who always contended its wealthy color came direct from a maiden's heart. Along came the Valley Lily, switching her perfume in dainty disdain of the pungent half-odor of the Calla Lily. The sun-centered Daisies crowded in wild confusion among the throng, and all chattered at once.

"Who are you?" they questioned in rude haste of the bashful, shrinking Violet. But Violet forgot, in her fright, who she was.

"She's wild," asserted the Daisies. "We've heard of her kin growing beside a rock, in a field, where our grandmother was reared."

"Never in the world," stoutly contradicted Narcissus; "with such a colored gown and delicious perfume she has strayed from some far distant land."

Violet had dreamed a thousand times of being the center of an admiring throng; and when she was alone, and the dewdrops shone in little mirrors about her, she would bow, and bend, and courtesy in anticipation of this very time, until she grew so haughty and overbearing she would fall to notice the tender, shrinking Cowslip, which had been an orphan since the early springtime.

"Really, who are you? Please do tell us!" a waken, pink Begonia asked of her. "I have lived in flowery circles all my life, and I never smelled such perfume as you have about you. I haven't any. 'Tis the grief of my life. I am only prized for my beauty and profuse blooming," and Begonia's sigh was lost in a babble of questions which came from the Carnations. They did

not fancy a rival at all; but for all the questions and opinions little Blue Violet remained a mystery still. Then Violet grew out of her shyness and told the flower company of her life in the deep ferny woods. "Beautiful! Wonderful!" cried the flower hosts and Violet saw glistening tears in many eyes. "We all grew in a greenhouse under a glass roof and the heat and the damp was nothing but a Turkish bath from morning until night," said a dignified Fern. "We had nothing to amuse us," sighed the Rose. "We could not even nod our heads together, in a friendly chat, that a cruel gardener did not come along, with a stick and a string, and tie us up as straight and prim as a castiron poker."

"'Tis awful!" wailed the Valley Lily; "we are cut with sharp scissors and crowded together, and after traveling a long way in the dark and the cold, we come here to be sold like slaves in the market."

"Yes, but we can go to parties," interrupted the Brideses, "and to funerals which are, oh, so sad!" cried the Lilies. "To feasts," continued the Rosebuds. "But we are so warm, and tired hearing and seeing nothing much that is good, we are left to wither and die," moaned the white waxen Jasmine.

Violet lost her shyness completely in this babble of tongues and complaints. "I go to parties, too," she cried. "Bluebird and Robin always give the first party of the spring, and last time I danced with dainty Johnnie



AND SHE FLOATED AWAY.

Wren, who had just returned from abroad; and he said I was the sweetest flower he had met in his travels. "Oh-h-h-h! Oh!" cried all the excited flowers. "How lovely! How charming!" and the perfume which floated about was stifling, and caused Violet to hang her head and long for the pure heavenly freshness of her own cozy, woodland home.

But a faint blush came stealing over the eastern sky as the fairy queen appeared among them.

"Take me home, dear Queen. I am very tired and faint!" cried the Violet, pleadingly, as she nestled in the fairy's arms, and the fairy smiled back to the City's throng as she floated away with a contented blue Violet hugged to her breast.

This was the dream of little Nanette as she gazed in the window at the hot-house flowers in their stately splendor, while drooping in the corner lay a faded blue violet.—Kansas City Star.

BIG TREE-PLANTING PLANS.

Pike's Peak Reserve to Have 50,000 to Save the Water—Other Objective Points.

Washington.—The United States bureau of forestry has begun three extensive projects under its forestry-planting operations for the season. Fifty thousand trees are to be planted in the Pike's peak forest reserve, 300,000 along the lines of the Delaware and Hudson River railroad, delayed in cooperation with the railroad company, while a similar cooperation with a northern railroad is under way. The Pike's peak forests are for water conservation, while the railroad projects are to supply crossties for the roads.

In cooperation with officials of New Hampshire, agents of the bureau of forestry have commenced to make maps of the southern part of that state, which will show the timber land, the agricultural land and the barren areas suitable for tree planting. It is proposed to map 4,000,000 acres this summer. Forest work in the state will be done chiefly with the view of advising farmers and owners of second-growth forest as to the best management for the production of pulpwood, boxwoods, firewood, etc.

Another object is to complete a forest policy for the state, covering legislation upon fire and forest taxation; also a system to protect timber land and to encourage conservative forest management.

Under the supervision of the United States bureau of forestry a forest of 25,000 trees have been planted on the slopes of the San Gabriel mountains of California, for the purpose of conserving the water of the mountain streams for irrigation purposes. The entire cost of raising and transplanting the new forest has been but \$1,485. The experiment the first of its kind, is regarded as satisfactory.

ABJURES HATS AND GLOVES

Woman Goes Bareheaded That She May Give Money to Missions and the Heavens.

Syracuse, N. Y.—Miss Anna Dodge, a school teacher of Belmont, Alleghany county, and a delegate to the State Sunday School association convention, arrived in Syracuse unbanned and ungloried. In explanation she said she regularly saved the money it would take to buy hats and gloves and applied it to the support of a native worker in India and to doing home missionary work.

Miss Dodge says there is nothing embarrassing in going about in the summer time without a hat and that it is a great deal more comfortable not to wear one. She is a striking brunette, with a wealth of hair and hardly looks the part of a country school teacher. She has completed three years of teaching and her trip here as delegate from the Baptist church of Belmont is her vacation.

Miss Dodge is a graduate of the Genesee normal school, later taking a course in physical culture in Rutgers university, Washington.

WOULD COME HANDY.



Professor—Now, my man, what would you do if you had a million dollars? Mulcahey—Sure, O'd hov th' handles o' this wheelbarrow lengthened out a foot—faith, it's breakin' the back o' me!

LADY'S NORFOLK SWEATER.

These Garments Continue to Stay in Fashion with the Out-Door Girl.

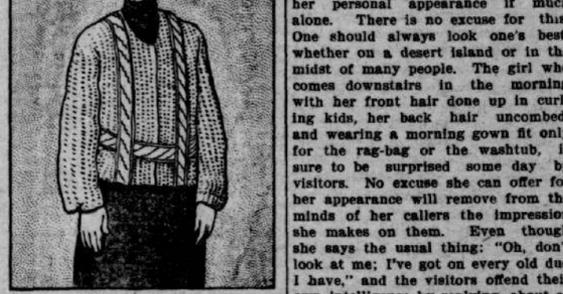
Lady's norfolk sweater (for 36 inches bust measure). Materials: Five hanks German knitting yarn, 1 pair of bone needles No. 4. 1 pair of medium steel needles, 1 medium-size crochet hook. Cast on 84 stitches and begin at the bottom of back.

First row—\* k 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, \* repeat across row.

Second row—\* p 3, k 1, p 3, k 1, \* repeat across row.

These two rows constitute the pattern, and the back is knit 22 inches long or longer if desired. It is always well to measure the length before continuing the work.

Shoulder—Slip the first 28 st on an extra needle or safety pin, bind off 28 st in the center for the neck and continue working on the last 28 st for the one shoulder. Begin by increasing 1 st at the neck end of the needle on every row until the V is finished and enough



THE 1906 SWEATER.

stitches added to form the front, knitting 52 st on the needle. Continue knitting in the pattern until the shoulder front (measure from where the neck was bound off) is 6 inches long. Then cast on 18 st for under-arm. Knit the front to the desired length and bind off loosely. Repeat for second front.

Sleeves—Begin with 28 st and increase one st at beginning and end of each row until there are 38 st and work the rest of the sleeve without increasing until it is 18 inches long. For the droop or pouch effect bind off the first 8 st; work to within 8 st of end and bind those off. Work back and bind off 3 st at each end and continue in this way until there are left only 6 st in the middle of the sleeve. Bind off and pick up all the stitches at bottom of sleeve with steel needles.

Adjustable plaits—Cast on 18 st. First row—K 2, p 2, k 2, make one and k 2 together, k 6, p 2, k 2. Second row—P 2, k 2, p 10, k 2, p 2. Third row—K 2, p 2, k 3, make one and k 2 together, k 5, p 2, k 2. Fourth row—Like second. Fifth row—K 2, p 2, k 4, make one and knit 2 together, k 4, p 2, k 2. Sixth row—Like second. Seventh row—K 2, p 2, k 5, make one and knit 2 together, k 4, p 2, k 2. Eighth row—Like second. Ninth row—K 2, p 2, k 6, make one and knit 2 together, k 4, p 2, k 2. Tenth row—Like second. Eleventh row—K 2, p 2, k 7, make one and knit 2 together, k 4, p 2, k 2. Twelfth row—Like second.

Belt—Cast on 20 stitches and make a strip, with one cable in center, as long as is necessary.

Sew up under-arm seams and put in sleeves. Make straps and sew in middle of back and at under-arm seams. Slip belt under straps and fasten with button and buttonhole.

CUCUMBER MILK.

Best thing in all the wide world for a complexion that is yellow or speckled with freckles or dulled with tan. Also very nice to use as a cleansing agent. Slice but do not peel three good-sized cucumbers; add half a cup of water and boil until pulp is soft; strain and cool. To 1 1/2 ounces of the cucumber juice add an equal amount of alcohol. This makes three ounces of cucumber essence. In this dissolve one-fourth of an ounce of powdered castile soap. Let stand over night, next morning add eight ounces of cucumber juice, one-half ounce of oil of sweet almonds and 15 ounces of tincture of benzoin. Pour in the oil very slowly, shaking the bottle well. Keep in cool place.

Braid Garniture.

Braids are much used this summer and principally upon traveling dresses. They are worn, though, a great deal upon street gowns and there are times when a bit of braiding does very well upon a dinner waist. In the last named instance the braid must be very fine and put on in designs into which are worked lace flowers and beaded flowers and every other pretty embroidery device.

Mourning.

The proper period of mourning for a parent is a full year. During the last six months of this time you can wear your colored coat with a black band attached or encircling the sleeve.

Bath Bags.

The bath bags can be used very nicely for face and body. Following is the recipe: Take four pounds of fine oatmeal, two quarts of clear bran, 1 1/2 pounds of the best powdered orris root, 1 1/2 pounds of almond meal, one pound of best white castile soap (powdered) and three ounces of primrose ointment. Mix and keep in a glass jar, filling little cheesecloth bags as needed.

Bad for Complexion.

The use of rouge and powder is very injurious to the complexion, clogging the pores of the skin, causing blackheads and a dull, sallow look that is far from pleasing. Many of the face powders contain blamuth, which injures the nerve centers when constantly employed and has been known to cause serious results.

THE LORD'S KINGDOM.

The Sabbath school children of Philadelphia propose to raise \$15,000 to help forward Christian work among the Italians of that city.

During the last year more than a million copies of the Scriptures were sold in China by the British and Foreign Bible society. This was exclusive of 35,000 copies in the shape of free grants, mainly to Chinese students. This record far exceeds all previous records of the society's circulation in the Chinese empire.

Gospel wagons, Gospel cars, Gospel tents, Gospel bicycles and now Gospel automobiles are used by missionaries in preaching tours. Two pastors in Paris have recently traveled many miles in an automobile, from which they have preached to the large number of country people assembled in market places and at fairs, and distributed leaflets and tracts among them.

The Jewish community in France figures in the Budget of Worship for 1905 for the following amounts: One hundred and thirty-three thousand five hundred and thirty francs, contributions to salaries of religious functionaries; 22,500 francs, subvention to the Jewish seminary. In addition, 51,000 francs are allowed towards the maintenance of Protestant and Jewish religious edifices.

New York is the largest single mission field in the world to-day. It is estimated that only one-third of its population, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, is under Christian influence. The foreign descent population in New York is larger than the whole of Chicago's population, and they read 36 daily newspapers in foreign tongues. Congregationalism carries on religious services in 14 languages.

Profits of the Packers. There has been a great deal of disappointment because the Garfield report shows that the profits of the packing industry only amount to about two per cent. of the volume of business transacted. There is no doubt, however, that the report is correct.

The census reports compiled by the government in 1900, before the agitation regarding the "beef trust" began, throw considerable light on this question. It appears from the census that the packing industry is conducted on a smaller margin of gross profit than any other industry in America. The gross margin of profit of 871 flour and grist mills in Illinois, in the census year, was nearly seven per cent. on the volume of business. The gross margin of fifty-one wholesale slaughtering and meat packing establishments in Illinois was only about one-third as large, or a little more than two per cent. on the volume of business.

The millers have not been accused of being in a "trust," and combinations would seem impossible in a business where there are several thousand mills in the United States competing actively for the flour trade, but it appears that the gross profits of the millers are larger than the gross profits of the packers. It may turn out that the agitation regarding the packing industry will show the same result as the devil found in shearing the pig: "All squeal and no wool."

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Mme. Rejane, the French actress, proposes to establish a French theater in London, at which herself and other French actors will appear two seasons yearly.

Sig. Puccini has induced Sig. Giacomini and Illina to write a libretto for an opera based on the life of Queen Marie Antoinette, to be completed in September, for which he will write the music.

The late Augustin Daly's copy of Ireland's "History of the New York Stage" was sold in New York last week for \$6,564. This work contains complete records of the New York stage from 1750 to 1870.

John A. Conquest, father of Ida Conquest, the actress, although worth \$500,000, is a laborer packing fish in Boston at two dollars a day. He says he works for the pleasure it affords him and that "work brings health, and that's better than wealth."

LITERARY PERSONALITIES.

Ibsen is reported to have said that there were three things he could not endure—children, flowers and music. Rider Haggard, the English novelist, traveled about 7,000 miles in his tour of this country, trying to find a location for colonies for his countrymen.

Orlando Dalton, of Banbury, N. H., has among his library of old books one volume published 266 years ago entitled "The Mirror Which Flatters Not," written by Sieur de la Serre.

A. E. Houseman, professor of Latin in the University college, London, is a writer of verses which have won high praise from able critics. He will not accept remuneration for his work.

With the retirement of Edward J. Wheeler from the editorship of the "Literary Digest," Dr. Isaac K. Funk has taken personal charge of the paper, with William B. Woods as his chief assistant.

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