# CORNER DEVOTED TO WOMEN'S INTERESTS.

### HAIR ORNAMENTS.

**Pins Supersede Side Combs, but Are Not as Useful.**

Of ornaments for the hair there is no end. The latest thing in that line is a serpent whose gold scales are made to appear iridiscent by being touched with enamel. This is coiled about the chignon, its head with glittering, jeweled eyes, reposing at the upper part of the coil a little to the left of the center. For women who want the effect of this glittering coil, but have an unconquerable aversion to producing it in serpent form, a string of pearls or rhinestones may be twisted about the hair in a similar manner. Odd-fashioned necklaces of rare stones are used in this way frequently, but the almost equally brilliant imitations are more commonly worn.

A favorite ornament this summer is a semi-circle comb, studded with brilliants, which fits into the hair just below the chignon.

The shell comb, which was so generally worn a few seasons ago and was considered sufficient adornment for the hair on all ordinary occasions, is almost entirely out or, at least, is worn only in the morning or by elderly women, although any one who has a really good piece of tortoise shell holds on to it, for it will always have a value, and sooner or later is sure to come in style again. A novelty that has appeared lately is a comb carved from pearl. This is especially pretty for gray or strictly blond hair.

The little side combs that were so useful have gone out of fashion almost entirely since the pin for catching up the stray locks at the back of the head began to be worn, but it is an open secret, read by all who observe, that that little pin by no means does the work that the side combs did so well. The supposition that they do is their only excuse for being, however. Many outrages on good taste have been perpetrated since they were sanctioned by fitful fashion and enameled bugs, and other designs of questionable propriety have insisted upon a place in the back hair under pretense of holding up locks that waved unrestrained in the passing breezes. The best taste dictates a shell pin or a gold or silver one of unostentatious design.

Smaller pins are used sometimes to confine wilful strands at the top or side of the head, but this is almost too much of a showing of the tools necessary to keep the hair in order.

Ribbon and velvet are much used in the decoration of the coiffure this summer. If one is efficient in that sort of thing she can make bows and twists to suit herself, but they come ready made in the stores, and unless one is skillful it is better to have them made by an experienced hand. The "jerky" little ornaments with loops and ends wired to make them stand erect are favored, as they have been for some time, but the low, broad effects, with the loops falling softly to each side and perhaps held in place by small pearl-headed stickpins, share in their popularity.

For young girls nothing is prettier than flowers for the hair—a half-blown rose or two or a few daisies or some other flower of the season laid flatly on the hair above the left temple or tucked in at the left-hand side of the coil at the back. Even matrons and spinsters affect flowers in the hair for out-of-town wear during the summer. It is a pretty fashion that goes well with filmy gowns and the general airiness and freshness of attire that pertain to the season.

For formal dinners and dances the aigrette in the hair still holds its own. Short women like it because they believe it makes them look taller, and tall women approve it because it seems to accentuate their stateliness. Aigrettes spangled with jewels or less costly gems are highly effective. A similar effect can be obtained by a gauze-like ornament similarly bespangled.

A jeweled butterly seemingly poised for flight atop the hair is a favorite decoration.

In selecting ornaments for the hair as much care should be exercised as in the choice of a hat. Because butterflies are fashionable for the hair it does not follow that all women can wear them. Not every woman can wear a tiara with advantage. It requires a certain type of woman to better her looks by wearing even a rose in her hair. The manner of dressing one's hair, the shape of one's head and face and many other points must be held in mind when deciding upon the addition of ribbons, jewels or flowers to the coiffure.

### HER VEIL IS GREEN.

**Summer Belle Finds the Bit of Chiffon a Protection.**

This season the summer girl is protecting her eyes and complexion from the insistent glare of the sun, and she has discovered that green is the only color for this purpose—not green of those dim and distant shades which are grayish and soft, nor of those tones of olive and bottle green, which are dark and inconspicuous, but green that is vivid and speaking, and bright enough to make the grass feel dingy and dispirited.

These veils are worn simply as a supplement to the black net face veil which serves to hold the wayward tendrils of hair within bounds. The green vail is usually of chiffon or twisted silk, and is worn like a curtain falling over the brim of the hat and fluttering about the face.

### MAIDS ARE NECESSITIES.

**English Women Cannot Get Along Without Them.**

New York Sun.

"For one thing European women are to be envied," said a student of singing, who has just returned from a sojourn of three years in Europe. "That is the faculty with which they are able to keep ladies' maids on little or no income. I have known women abroad to keep maids when I have wondered how they could employ them, working on the meager wardrobes they seemed to possess.

"A lady's maid is looked upon by most American women as a luxury. An American woman never thinks of engaging a maid until she has pretty nearly everything else in the world that a reasonable woman would want. After she has acquired jewelry, clothes and an income which is likely to enable her to enjoy these things permanently, she thinks of getting a maid to take care of them.

"But the maid abroad is a necessity, to judge from her unexpected appearance in the service of many women. I have met frowsy old women of title in Germany, dressed in shabby black and living in small hotels of the kind I visited, who might have gone for years without a new bonnet, to judge by their appearance. But they all had their maids. I found the same thing true in France. Thin, sharp-faced, unmarried women, who had long passed the age at which they needed the protection of a maid, and who might be entirely without vanity, or thought for their personal appearance, to judge by their looks, had their maids. English women who would ask for the smallest and cheapest room in the hotel would haggle with the proprietor over rates until he was almost ready to let them go rather than take off a cent more, might arrive with a very small allowance of luggage, but their maids were in charge of it.

"No American woman who had to live so economically as these women would ever think of dragging a maid after her."

RUTH BAIRD BRYAN.

Eldest Daughter of William J. Bryan. She Is Now Fifteen years Old, and, While Resembling Her Mother to a Marked Degree, She Has the Bright, Piercing Eyes of Her Father. She Saw Her Father Nominated for the Presidency for the Second Time by the Democrats From a Prominent Seat in the Convention Hall Gallery.

### FOR A ROUGH FLOOR.

**A Little Wise Labor Will Work Wonders.**

Some women who thought to do with rugs on ordinary floors for the heated period have come to the conclusion that the ordinary floor is not a thing of beauty.

It may be wonderfully improved, however, and, if it is at all decent, transformed into a thing of beauty.

First you don your rubber gloves and give the boards a coat of ammonia, using a paint brush. (Several coats of ammonia will darken the wood until those who behold it must fancy it an inheritance from a grandparent at least.)

Then comes the stain, which stain is a matter of taste. After this shellac is often applied, and when dry it it rubbed thoroughly with pumice stone and oil. Still further polish will result by using beeswax and turpentine.

The wax should be finely shredded before it is covered with the turpentine, and then it is left to stand for five or six hours, and it should be stirred with a stick occasionally until it is of the consistency of honey, when it is ready for use.

A piece of flannel is better than a brush for the polishing.

It is best to buy a dull finish stain, and to do the polishing as already indicated.

### EDEN MINUS EVE.

**The Venturesome Scheme of Some New York Men.**

That man is not indispensable to their happiness, and that they can get on quite as well, if not better, without him, women have in various ways tried to prove. But for the first time, surely, is an Eden to be established wherein there shall be no Eve. The daring spirits who have conceived the bold idea of existing without female society are not going to banish themselves far from civilization, neither have they, so far as is known, threatened death to any of their band who fall away; but they have fully determined, we are told, to establish themselves in a salubrious and fertile corner of the state of New York, and to rigorously exclude from their midst all women, both young and old. In this way they are persuaded, poor things, that they will find peace and avoid worry. Their friendships will be undisturbed, their minds will be unruffled, their work and their amusements will know no checks, and they seem to fancy they will all be supremely happy. Of course the scheme will end in dismal failure. The cooks may be perfect, the Chinese laundrymen may wash and mend most satisfactorily, the domestic arrangements may be thoroughly carried out by male servitors; but there is great consolation in the knowledge that man will not be satisfied all the same. He will miss being worried; he will miss having something at which to grumble; he will miss being admired, and no man is happy in these circumstances.

And what, too, of the dark hours of illness, when "pain and anguish wring the brow?" It is then he will find out how helpless he is, how imperfect is his paradise. The tender touch, the gentle voice, the patience and the resource of woman in the sick room cannot be imitated. And if, the very first time these misogynists feel really ill, they do not rush with all convenient speed from their Eveless Eden, then, indeed, must they differ from every other member of their sex; for if there is one time more than another when man finds woman indispensable, it is when he finds himself on a sick bed.

### MOTHERS' LEAGUE.

**National Conference to Be Held in Chicago Next Month.**

The national conference of the League of American Mothers will be held in Chicago on Aug. 1, 2 and 3. The meetings will be in the Prospect Avenue Methodist Episcopal church, near Ninety-ninth street. The proceedings will be of the nature of a training class, the mothers being given accurate and scientific training in methods of dealing with children, the entire programme being carried out by specialists.

Following is the programme as it now stands:

Wednesday, Aug. 1, 9 a. m.—Invocation, greetings, pledges, organization.

10 a. m.—"Right Neighborhood Relationships," Mrs. Ellen Lee Wyman.

2 p. m.—"Home Occupations," Miss Eloise Cameron MacGregor and assistants.

8 p. m.—Reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Proudfoot, 9333 Prospect avenue, Longwood.

Thursday, 9 a. m.—Building and construction work with tools, Miss Margaret Arnold and assistants.

2 p. m.—Home government and question box, Mrs. James L. Hughes.

8 p. m.—Recital of kindergarten songs, Mss Mari Ruef Hofer.

Friday, 9 a. m.—Children's music, Miss Hofer.

2 p. m.—"What Shall Art Mean to the Child?" George L. Schreiber.

8 p. m.—Addresses by speakers to be announced later.

Saturday—Visits to art institute and field museum with escort, and talk.

Mothers from all over the United States are planning to be at this meeting, and as all sessions are open to the public, a large attendance from the immediate neighborhood is expected. Many of the guests will be entertained by the mothers of the neighborhood.

Among those expected to attend are the following:

Mrs. Lida H. Hardy, in charge of the mothers' work in Dr. Sheldon's church, Topeka, Kan.

Mrs. James L. Hughes, supervisor of kindergartens in Toronto.

Mrs. Martha Crombie Wood, of Hillsboro, Tex., national chairman of the kindergarten department, W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Richard W. Wyman, president of the Woman's club, of Evanston.

Mrs. Hortense S. Cramer, of the Woman's club, of Wilmette.

Mrs. J. M. Carter, Texarkana, Ark.

Mrs. M. W. Brusseau, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. W. M. Blake, of the Woman's club, of Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. J. B. Whaling, Van Buren, Ark.

### HINTS TO HOUSEWIFVES.

When to Gather Cat-Tails—The only way that one may be sure of keeping cattails intact is to gather them before they have fully matured. The time of ripening depends a great deal upon the climate. I think they should be gathered before August in the Eastern states, as well as in Canada. In the Middle and Southern states they may be gathered even earlier.

To Soften a Fur Rug—A fur rug which is hardened in the washing and drying may be softened in the following way: Mix together three tablespoonfuls of castor oil, one of glycerine and one of turpentine; rub this preparation into the back part of the rug, and let it remain for a week, then rub it with a smooth stone or block of wood. Wipe thoroughly before placing on the floor.

To Clean Brass—There are many preparations for cleaning brass quickly and well, but the old method of using rottenstone and oil is quite as satisfactory as the newer ones. Have the brass washed in soap and water, then dried. Wet finely powdered rottenstone with sweet oil and rub the brass with this, using a woolen cloth. Go over it with dry powder and a clean cloth, and polish with a chamois skin.

To Clean Mahogany—Spread paraffine oil on the solid woodwork and let it stand for an hour or more to soften the dirt, then wash with soap and warm water, and wipe dry. Next rub on a mixture of paraffine oil and turpentine—one-third turpentine and two-thirds oil. Polish with soft old flannel. Let it rest for an hour or two and then polish it with soft old linen. If the surface is very dull, dirty and scratched, instead of washing with soap and water, add more oil and sprinkle powdered rottonstone over it. Rub gently and regularly, first with a circular motion and then with the grain of the wood. When the surface is smooth and bright, wipe off the rottenstone and finish as you would after washing with the soap and water.

### TABLE TALK.

A New Dessert: Bake a delicate sponge cake in pretty shape. Pare and cut in eighths half a dozen large ripe peaches, simmer the kernels in a little water, strain, make a rich syrup of the liquid, and when cold pour it over the peaches half an hour before they are needed. Make three pints of either plain lemon or sherry wine jelly, and pour one-third of it into a large mold. When the jelly is almost firm set the cake—top upward—in the center of it; hollow out the center, leaving the bottom and sides nearly an inch thick, and be careful to remove all the fragments from the jelly at the sides. Fill the cake with the peaches drained from the syrup, pour the remainder of the jelly around and over the cake, and set it in the refrigerator for at least three hours. Invert on a serving dish, pour the syrup around and accompany with whipped cream.

Tomatoes in Aspic Jelly: Procure small round tomatoes, peel and core and fill the inside with several anchovies, cut very fine and stirred in mayonnaise sauce. Have some melted aspic jelly, just beginning to set, in a deep basin, pass with the trussing needle a piece of string through the top of each tomato, so that they may be dipped into the basin of aspic until they are well clustered with the aspic; lay them on ice and remove the string when quite cold. Place a piece of aspic cut round upon the top of each tomato and place on it a sprig of watercress and a little mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce.

### WOMAN WHO WRITES ADVICE.

A woman there was and she wrote for the press
(As you or I might do),
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savory mess.
But she never had done it herself, I guess
(Which none of her readers knew).

Oh, the hours we spent and the flour we spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand,
At the hest of a woman who never had cooked
(And now we all know that she never could cook),

A woman there was and she wrote right fair
(As you or I might do),
How out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair;
'Twould adorn any parlor and give it an air!
(And we thought the tale was true).

Oh, the days we worked, and the ways we worked,
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one would sit,
A chair in which no one could possibly sit,
Without a crick in his neck.

A woman there was, and she had her fun
(Better than you and I).
She wrote about children—of course she had none—
She wrote recipes and she never tried one
(And never intended to try).

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil
That brims the cup of disgrace—
It's to follow a woman who didn't know meat
(A woman who never had cooked any meat),
But wrote and was paid to fill space.
—Pearson's Weekly.

**Yokes and Sashes.**

In July and August we revel in the unlined yoke for house gowns. A yoke may be of lace or mull, but if it be lined it is often quite warm about the throat, although it may look as cool as possible. But in these dog days we may enjoy gowns with elbow sleeves and the unlined yoke of lace, which permits the throat and forearm to be absolutely cool.

The little left-side sash is a bewitching addition to the toilet when well managed and made up in appropriate materials. It is worn with a difference. The sash worn at the back is now quite long, the loops are of medium length, and the ends generously extend to the foot of the skirt. Sashes are also worn at the side; but when one is placed in front of a dress it must be short.

**American Axes for Australia.**

A recent export order called for 25,000 axes, which will be distributed over the Australian colonies.



# BOOKS OF THE HOUR.

"McLoughlin and Old Oregon," by Eva Emery Dye. From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Sixty years is a long time when measured by human experience. Comparatively few are living today who recall the rush for the gold fields of California in '49; who remember almost the whole country west of the Missouri as an unexplored land; or who recollect the early immigration to what now constitutes the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. It was old Oregon then—it was old to the Indian who knew it as the home of his birth—it was old to the Hudson's Bay company which is so old in itself that it seems to have never had a beginning. Was it thoughts of these that prompted Bryant in 1816 to write those immortal lines of Thanatopsis:

"—Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—"

Though Oregon was American soil, few Americans had seen it up to 1830. True, Lewis and Clarke and Fremont had been there, and their reports lie buried among ancient archives at Washington. But it has remained for this gifted author to chronicle step by step the toddling efforts of a young colony—its infancy and its childhood to its first firm step in the corridors of state to take its place with its sisters in a united and great republic.

The early history of Oregon is identical with that of Fort Vancouver in British Columbia, for years the chief trading post of the Hudson's Bay company. Far separated from Eastern civilization the chief factors at this important post ruled as imperially as any potentate of ancient Europe. Indeed it was like the baronial rule of mediaeval Europe. It was necessary for the chief factor to show an almost royal splendor in dealing with the Indians, for superb demonstrations were the only insignia of power the red man would recognize. An iron will and forceful and quick action were necessary at all times to keep the Indians in subjugation. Never did southern slave more zealously obey the dictates of his master than the Indians along the Columbia and Willamette obey the commands of Chief Factor McLoughlin. The personality of this great man was such as to command obedience. Seldom are embodied in human anatomy such a blending of all that is good, with an almost entire absence of that which is bad. Judging this great character today, not only in his official capacity, but as a man, we recognize that he was just but firm and faithful in all business transactions; generous and kind in social intercourse; and in love for his family and fidelity to his friends a man without a superior in the annals of any race.

Following the author as she conducts the reader so unobtrusively into the post life at Fort Vancouver in 1832, a salute was fired on an autumn evening, the massive gates were unlocked, and eleven Americans were ushered into the presence of Dr. McLoughlin, the first American traders since Astor's defeat in 1812. With all kindly courtesy were the strangers received, and while the most cordial relations existed during many subsequent months it was a combination of friendship and strategy, for with the interest of his company ever uppermost, Dr. McLoughlin must crush commercial competition, and crush it he did in a purely business manner and this little band of traders departed. It was not commerce, but religion that established the first permanent American colony in Oregon; and honored in the annals of Protestantism is the name of Jason Lee, the first missionary. Co-laboring in the same field came Dr. Whitman and thus in 1836 the first misison was established. The stately McLoughlin stood on the shore to welcome these guests, whose coming unfolded a world of change.

In the intervening years to 1841 the history of these few people is that of all mission fields that have been opened—the endurance of many privations, but it can be truthfully said that they accomplished a work that has never been surpassed in any age among a savage people. The New Year of 1841 opened a new act in the drama on the Columbia. "The little band of Americans were gathered at a funeral, and all deeply felt the situation. No law, no court, no government, nothing from the Spanish land to Sitka, but the arbitrary will of Dr. John McLoughlin." They must perfect an organization, and even while the committee sat with pens in hand, an American exploring squadron came sailing into the Oregon waters flying the flag of the United States. Thus was the first attempt to govern in Oregon made by Americans.

Reports got to the Eastern states. September, 1842, witnessed the arrival of the first party of immigrants, a small band of sixty-two, exclusive of children. The year following came a thousand more; in 1844, still other thousands. The power of the Hudson's Bay company was broken. Many of the Indians and the company's trappers had abandoned fur hunting and settled to the more peaceable vocation of farming. But what of McLoughlin? A word, a motion of the hand, and a horde of savages would have swept back this human tide that was to overturn established traditions. No, compassion dominated that manly heart, and it was McLoughlin, who from his private stores and those of his company, for which he made himself personally responsible, that he succored these strangers in a strange land. Complaints were made against him in London. His resignation followed, and he gave up wealth and position and settled among the growing colony at Portland. But he must suffer more. It was in 1849. Congress was asked to stop forever any remaining privileges of the Hudson's Bay company in Oregon. Forgetting his many benefactions, it was remembered only of Dr. McLoughlin that he had once been connected with this great company. Congress confirmed the title of every settler in Oregon to land, but Dr. McLoughlin's was taken away. It was five years after his death that popular remorse prompted a kinder deed. The state legislature, by special act, restored the land claim to his heirs. And today hangs in Oregon's state house a portrait of Dr. John McLoughlin, "the father of Oregon," the most honored portrait on its walls.

Seldom has so good a book been written as the one we are now considering. Only a chronicle the author calls it, but to the reader it is a great human heart laid bare. It will and must appeal to every student of American history; every believer in any religious creed, and every breathing, speaking, living soul that can lift itself to glory in the noble heroism of one unselfish mortal who exemplifies the Christian teaching of man's love for his fellow man.

**"Medical and Surgical Nursing."**

"Medical and Surgical Nursing." A treatise on modern nursing from the physician's and Surgeon's standpoint, for the guidance of graduate and student nurses, together with practical instruction in the art of cooking for the sick. Edited by H. J. O'Brien, M. D., professor of clinical surgery, Hamline university; surgeon to St. Joseph's hospital, city and county hospital, Convent of the Good Shepherd; consultant to the Babies' home; medical director and lecturer, St. Joseph's hospital training school for nurses, St. Paul. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press, 1900.

This book is very appropriately dedicated to Reverend Mother Bernardine of St. Joseph's hospital, St. Paul, who is truly entitled to the tribute so well expressed by the editor—"an earnest advocate of modern nursing, and ever foremost in offering aid to the sick and injured."

The work is designed as a ready source of practical information for those of the nursing fraternity. It not only meets the requirement of the professional nurse, but contains valuable knowledge which can be understood and made practical use of by any intelligent mother in her own household. Though not intended for family use, this volume is far more valuable in a household than the many old time medical works whose decrees are so often pernicious.

The Northwestern Lancet of this city is quoted in the following: "This book is essentially a collection of essays written by some of the foremost medical practitioners and surgeons in St. Paul, ending up with one on cooking for the sick by Mrs. Mary B. James. All the papers are written in an entertaining and easily understood manner, so that those to whom they are written can readily comprehend them. Much credit is due the editor for the manner of compilation. All subjects necssary to a nurse in her professional charcater to study are touched upon as we have said in an intelligent and facile way.

"Praise of the work is an act of supererogation, for when Dr. O'Brien undertakes to do a thing that fact alone insures its success, the more especially backed as he has been in this enterprise with such able allies. We can heartily recommend this work."

**"Eben Holden."**

"Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller. Lathrop Publishing Co., Boston.

"Eben Holden"—"Uncle Eb," as everybody calls him—brings across the state line from Vermont and into the "North country" (St. Lawrence county in Northern New York), a little waif, and makes a man of him. In the home of a hospitable and flourishing farmer of the North country the boy grows to manhood, developing, under the shrewd tutelage of Uncle Eb and of Farmer Brower and his excellent wife, into a well-rounded and manly fellow, who goes to college, falls in love, starts out in life in New York, and joins the Tribune staff, goes to war, is the hero of Bull Run fight, and becomes a successful modern American. That is the thread of the story without the plot; but the real hero of the book is "Uncle Eb"—plain, shrewd, humorous, rugged, wise, gentle and delightful "Uncle Eb," who knows men and how to handle them, is unspoiled by the world, and is full of quaint, homely sayings, stories and advice, which makes him dear to all who know him from the "folks" of the North country to the readers of this book.

**"The Parsonage Porch."**

"The Parsonage Porch," by Bradley Gilman. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is a book of seven short stories taken from a clergyman's note book. "The observant minister, who studies himself candidly and his people sympathetically, passes through many experiences which do not find a fitting channel of expression in the pulpit. They are leaves from the wonderful book of human nature, but they are not susceptible of homiletical treatment, and they bud themselves invitingly and often irresistably to treatment in fiction." This is an explanation of the stories presented in this book. Like the human life, with which they deal, they are set in various keys, grave and gay. The author says they did not really happen, but they are true; they are not a record of facts, and you may look through them in vain, seeking familiar names and places; but whether seen in the trustful eyes of a a dog, as was one, or suggested by a quaint show-window, as was another they are the records of thought and feelings present in most human hearts.

**"For the Queen"**

"For the Queen in South Africa," by Carlyle Davis Haskins. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The title for this collection of half a dozen excellently told British army tales, at this time, would lead one to look for stories of the present war with the Transvaal republics. Only one story, "Blood Will Tell," is so recent, the others having to do with incidents of valor in the Soudan and Zulu wars. The "Unrecorded Cross" is the story of an American who sought to demonstrate that valor was as much an American as a British quality, and proved it with his life. The stories have life in them, and will be read with enjoyment.

**"The Knights of the Cross."**

"The Knights of the Cross," by Henry K. Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This authorized translation of a remarkably strong historical romance is made by Jeremiah Curtin, whose work as translator is excellent. There were stirring times in early Poland and of these this romance tells in a manner possible only to such genius as has already produced "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword" and other deservedly popular works. The first volume was strong and now that the second volume has appeared it is evident the Polish writer has produced one of the really great romances of his time, better far in all respects than anything heretofore written by him.

**"Harold Godwin."**

"Harold Godwin," by W. De Huger. From J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York.

It is neither a story nor a novel, but a word painting combining the scenic descriptions of Stevenson, the portrayal of morals by Dumas, the sarcasm of Max O'Rell, and the intimate knowledge of all by the author. A social satire he styles it, and seldom, if ever, has America's self styled aristocracy received a more exhaustive expose or castigation.

The beauty of language, the elegance of diction of this author covers an almost too free expression of private vices which would be coarse if said by one less gifted. Dealing primarily with the fast set of both sexes among the young, and the gilded ignorance of the elders in New York's vaunted 400—it is yet a satire which fits admirably the to-the-manor-born aristocracy of the South, and the polite society of the West; for while neither attacking capital nor elevating labor, it makes that one truth so illustrative of pure Americanism that no foreign title can add dignity to those simple and plain appellations, Mr. and Mrs. indelible and unalterable.

No sword is keener than truth; no wound so hard to heal as injured vanity; and this word painting as an ever present mental vision, can keep many a life's frail bark in a placid sea.

### ON OUR BOOK TABLE.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston—"Memory Street," by Martha Baker Dunn, $1.25; "The Black Terror," by John K. Leys, $1.25; "At the Court of the King," by G. Hembert Westby, $1.25; "The Baron's Sons," by Dr. Maurus Jokai, translated by Percy Favor Bicknell, $1.50; "Edward Barry," by Louis Becke, $1.50; "The Golden Fleece," by Amedee Achard, $1.50; "Unto the Heights of Simplicity," by Johannes Reimers, $1.25.

D. Appleton & Co., New York—"Familiar Fish," by Eugene McCarthy, $1.50; "The Last Sentence," by Maxwell Gray, $1.00.

From the publishers:

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston—"Robert Browning," by Arthur Waugh, 75c; "Up in Maine," by Holman F. Day, $1.

Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston—"Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller, $1.50.

## ODD ITEMS OF INTEREST.

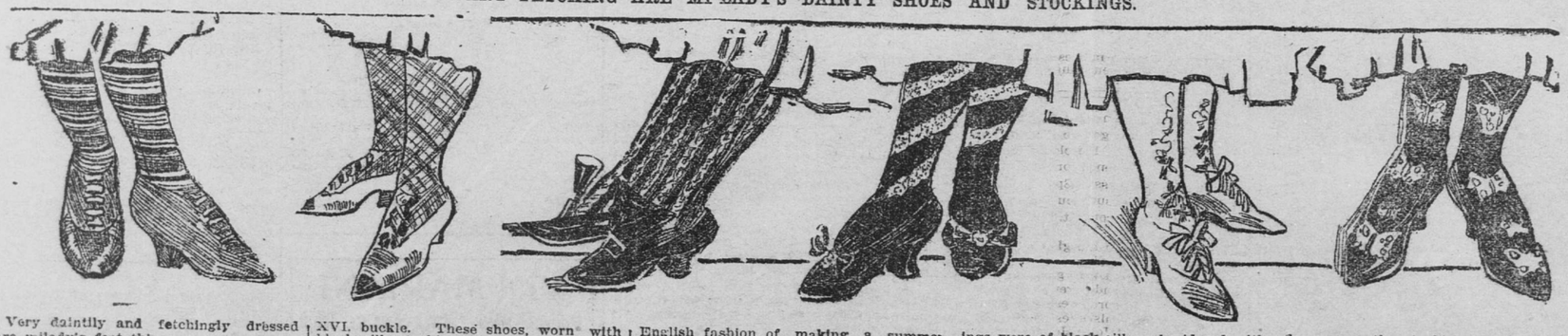
Not all the members of the Royal British family have always behaved at Ascot with the same dignity, decorum and good feeling which characterize the queen and her descendants. Frederick, prince of Wales, son of George II. and father of George III., brought to the race course the same kind of manners that might be expected from the slums. On one occasion he so far forgot what was fitting as to throw a bottle at a winner as it was coming home. The motive was even more regrettable than the act, for it seemed that he had backed another horse.

One of the most valuable jewels in the world from a monetary point, as well as by historical association, is in the treasury of the King of Prussia. It is known as the Regent or Pitt diamond, and was bought in India by the grandfather of the first earl of Chatham. It came originally from the famous mines of Golconda. The original Pitt sold the jewel to the Duke of Orleans for $650,000. It afterward went into the hands of Napoleon I. and was placed by him in his sword of state. After the battle of Waterloo the diamond was taken by the Prussians as part of their spoils and is retained as a portion of the booty France would give the world to redeem along with Alsace and Lorraine. The Pitt diamond is unrivaled in limpidity and form. Its depth and diameter are of almost equal dimensions.

In China the millionaire, who calls upon the consul as promptly as politeness allows, gives him the most unique experience, albeit not always a digestible one. For there are experiences that come in which the inner man does not rejoice with the enthusiasm of the imagination. A Chinese dinner, like a visit to the dentist, is pleasant only as a reminiscence. For lavish display, abundance of floral decorations, originality of customs and uneatable edibles a Chinese dinner has no counterpart, says Harper's Weekly. It properly comes under the duties of consuls—to refuse the hospitality of a Chinaman is to sever diplomatic relations between the two nations. His invitation is a command—and then, it is an experience. The two principal horrors of the function are the music, that gives your senses indigestion, and the menu, which shocks your inner temple. The music is a succession of rasping sounds that affect you as might the filing of a saw on a cold morning, accompanied by painfully regular cries, comparable only to the din produced by a cat fight at its zenith in your back yard. A half dozen little, woodenlike, almond-eyed, carefully calcimined flower girls produce the effect from a raised dais in a corner, uncomfortably near. Blending, if a stretch of the imagination will permit the use of the word, with the instrumental part of the programme are heard the singsong tones of a crybaby-like dialogue that takes place between the offenders. The entire combination is not without its compensations, however, for it helps you to forget the agonies to come in the way of food.



## VERY FETCHING ARE MI-LADY'S DAINTY SHOES AND STOCKINGS.



Very daintily and fetchingly dressed are milady's feet this summer, writes a Paris correspondent. If the American girl wants to be real Frenchy as to footgear she has but to wear something after the style of shoes and stockings that are shown in the sketches on this page. The shoe that properly should be mentioned as the most popular style in Paris this summer is of patent leather, with Louis XVI. buckle. These shoes, worn with black silk stockings with stripes of fine black lace let in, form an exquisitely refined foot dressing as one could possibly care for. Much more fancy and elaborate are the shoes and stockings that fashion calls correct for house and porch wear than are those designed for street wear. In fact, porch gowns and shoes and stockings are particularly studied, and form a distinctive feature of fashion. The English fashion of making a summer drawing room of the porch is being universally followed. The summer girl establishes herself in the coolest corner of the porch, with bright awnings to keep away the glaring light, and there she serves cooling drinks to the friends who drop in for a little chat. A charming girl wore, the other afternoon, a pair of plain black kid slippers. These had buckles of rich old gold and emeralds. Her stockings were of black silk embroidered with golden serpents with emerald eyes. A pair of white silk stockings were embroidered in orchids in purple tints. The shoes worn with these were Oxford ties of white silk with light purple strings. This dainty footwear was in keeping with a white organdie frock, hand-painted with an orchid design. Butterflies ornamented a pair of slippers and stockings worn to a porch party. A large butterfly was on the stocking just at the rise of the instep, and above this straps on the slippers were held together by a butterfly somewhat larger, and a still larger one was just above the line of the ankle. Fashion is in favor of white stockings for summer wear, but as yet the idea has gained no strong hold on woman's fancy. Low shoes with plaid tops and stockings to match exactly are among the newest notions. They are certainly very pretty.