BY THE WAY.

Being a Rambler's Observations on Things in General.

Illustrated Journalism—The Shah as a Poet. Laughter and Wrinkles—Late and Early Rising.

Written for THE MORNING CALL.

The Illustrated London News, which now publishes an American edition under a slightly varied title, has been celebrating its jubilee—the jubilee of pictorial journalism. The first number of the paper was printed on May 14, 1842. The honors of the project are principally assigned to Mr. Herbert Ingram, but it is also a fact that Mr. Marriott of San Francisco had a share in this new form of journalism. As usual, it was an incident which suggested that the public would eagerly patronize an illustrated paper. A murder which aroused great excitement was made the subject of illustrations by a weekly paper, and Mr. Ingram, as a news agent, took note of the readiness with which this paper sold. He rightly attributed the public demand to the pictures, for out of pictures the most illiterate can extract information and the most enlightened can add to their store of knowledge. And so the journal was launched, and has made the fortunes of various men and given fame to many more as artists or writers. Perhaps it is more correct to say that the writers and artists have given fame to the paper. A number of celebrated men have been connected with it. Among the artists are Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Harrison Weir, Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. H. G. Hine. Among the writers are Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, John Timms, and in later years the versatile George Augustus Sala. It was a murder which suggested the enterprise. It was another affair of the same kind on a national scale—the French Revolution of 1848—which lifted the paper to success sure and permanent.

Years and years passed ere the Graphic, the great rival of the News, was established. The Graphic instantly took hold on the public taste. It was well managed and had features of departure from hackneyed ruts which recommended it. Numbers of other ventures have been made and many of them have been successful. The Graphic two or three years ago began the publication of a daily illustrated journal, and in many respects it is a better production than the carefully elaborated weekly. It is amazing how much can be done to interest the public by rapidly produced and rapidly reproduced sketches from the pens or pencils of clever men. Some of the work on the Daily Graphic is so bright in the pictorial sense, and so vivacious in the news sense, that it is extremely probable many such journals will see the light within a brief period. Illustrations gratify the public who desire to take in things at a glance, and unfortunately the hurry-skurry of life leaves little time for more earnest endeavor.

The rage for illustrations has got full possession of the American public, and is gratified almost to the point of satiety by the daily newspapers, and especially those which inundate the country with broad sheets of encyclopedic copiousness on Sunday. Developments of invention have assisted the execution marvelously. The engraver is ruled out of employment by the slowness of his methods, and the photographer, the chemist and the artist have formed a league for rapid execution of everything pictorial. Process pictorialism is now an essential feature of modern journalism, at least in the United States. It is not yet common in Europe, but is making headway, and magazines certainly recognize the attractive merits of illustrations. Doubtless daily newspapers will ultimately pay as much attention to graphic representation as to letter-press.

Some one has made the discovery that the merry-hearted who laugh heartily and smile frequently are penalised by wrinkles, which are nature's frown upon too much joyousness. Smiles and laughter are produced by the facial muscles as well as by cerebral explosiveness, and the muscles get worn out into dejected flabbiness by too much use. From this we must infer that persons of mature age who have very smooth faces and no appearance of care or the sere and yellow leaf, are not quite the sagacious, well-comported and prudent gentry they seem, but simply owe their youthfulness to their inability to laugh with earthquake freedom. On the other hand, those who look sad and dejected from crowfeet and radiating furrows at the corners of the mouth may be truly regarded as happy in their lives, and good company for their companions. No advice on this subject is worthy of attention. Let people laugh when they have the inclination. To tell young women that they should only laugh with their lips and never put laughter into their eyes is wicked counsel, for it would rob their lovely eyes of a charm that no other quality of loveliness can supply. Wrinkles are well and honorably earned when they come from laughter and good nature.

We have had some sage shaking of the head recently on dramatic performances at school commencements, which may prompt the giddy to think that their talents fit them to adorn the stage—a very silly conclusion, as everybody of sense knows. But what would be said of the introduction of dancing as a scholastic course? In some measure we do recognize the fitness of training the body as well as the mind, for the time given to recreation is a portion of the school day. Half an hour spent in dancing would therefore help the pupil to acquire grace of movement while indulging in physical exercise—a matter of some importance in intercourse with the world. The hard-headed Scotch of Dundee appear to recognize this fact, for they have decided that in the public schools henceforth the children are to dance the Highland fling, the strathspey, the reel and anything else Caledonishly corybantic. There is no proviso about the bagpipes—fortunately. The understanding is that children who pick up national dances and national music will remain loyal and patriotic to the soil of birth. The dances of a country are perhaps just as important in cementing attachment as songs.

A recent book on the Shah of Persia, who is described as an enlightened man, self-educated to a great extent, contains a good story about his pretensions to poetry. The Shah writes verses, and is flattered by flatterers thereupon. It is said "he can make the nightingale of the pen flutter about the full-blown roses of the harem." But his Majesty has a poet-laureate who does not overrate regal poetic imagination. "'What do you think of my verses?' said the King to his own poet-laureate. 'May I be your sacrifice,' was the frank rejoinder, 'I think they are great rubbish.' 'Take the donkey to the stable,' shouted the indignant Shah, and the order was obeyed. A little while later the King sent for the poet again, and read out to him some more of his own composition. The poet, without a word, began to walk away. 'Where are you going?' cried the Shah. 'Back to the stables,' answered the fearless laureate."

Among the portraits of the year in London is one of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, by Sydney P. Hall. The Irish leader, or uncrowned king, as friends and enemies were wont to describe him, is presented three-quarters length, with his arms crossed and the left hand grasping a bundle of documents. The expression is exceedingly placid, but earnest, as if in the act of thoughtful speech. There is nothing of passion in the face and the impression suggested by the handling is that of statesmanship and leadership. But events of his own creation were too strong for the unfortunate Parnell. He led his party within sight of victory and then collapsed ignominiously, like a candle burned out. It is sad to think of what might have been achieved by this man but for his own folly.

Any speculative Americans who can take a score of cowboys and as many Indians to Europe and set up a show with them in various sports and athletic exercises are sure of liberal patronage. Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" is still a feature in the towns of England wherever it goes, and Buffalo Bill himself is a society lion and greatly in danger of falling away from the simplicity of his habits when a scout on the plains. The novelty of the life illustrated by the redskins and the cowboys is an unfailing attraction for the masses and for the wealthy also. Doubtless by close comparison the varnish is removed from the picture of the noble savage presented by Fenimore Cooper, but the cowboy is a reality and so is the bronco horse on which he displays his intrepidity as a rider.

A book has been evolved out of Mrs. Lynn Linton's wise and clever sayings. It is good pungent reading, with which the reader will not wholly be in accord, especially as to Mrs. Linton's sarcasms on women. But there are many good passages and two may be cited. One is on money and its influence: "What birth and valor and virtue and learning were in bygone generations, your banker's book is now; and from a childhood passed in the gutter to actions deserving the treadmill, society agrees to cover its eyes with a bandage, provided the gold of the embroidery is thick enough and heavy enough." Mrs. Linton thus gives a definition of a patriot: "One who knows no other country but his own, and who therefore despises all foreign nations as inferior and comparatively barbarous." A good many patriots now attend to themselves and regard their country as subsidiary and foreign. The struggle for money and social station is their patriotism.

The American who hunts over historic Europe for treasures of the architectural kind had lately an opportunity to acquire the house in which Handel was born at Halle. A brewer, who used the grounds for a beer garden, is understood to have got possession, but if he has not closed with the vendors the admirers of Handel may convert the building into a museum to commemorate the great musician. It is strange to reflect on the distribution of fame this composer enjoys. In Germany, his native land, he is not precisely worshiped and holds by no means the first place in musical circles. In France he is hardly known. In England he is the composer whose merits tower above those of all others, and festivals are held in his honor every year. A musical gathering without Handel in England is almost impossible. To a very much less exalted extent he is appreciated in America, but our taste for oratorio is not rampant and masterful, and oratorio is Handel's strength.

A German doctor has discovered that longevity is promoted by rising late and going to bed early in the small hours of the morning. In the case of 10 persons who were each over 80 years of age, eight went to bed late and slept late. This physician thinks that the physical powers are more quickly exhausted by rising early than by sitting up at night, and he even hints that getting out of bed at sunrise would be dangerous to some constitutions. Undoubtedly there are many healthy examples of old age on this Teuton's precepts. Much depends on the manner of life, as the farmer explained when he said his crops depended on the kind of seed he put into the ground. Since the introduction of good candles and gas and electricity man has the option of turning night into day without injury to his constitution. Sunlight is necessary to a cabbage, but is a degree or two less necessary to a human being. In those remote times when artificial light and books were scarce and costly mankind rejoiced in the solar beams and went to bed and oblivion because there was nothing else to do. We have now attained to such perfection of substitutional comfort that a Vanderbilt could make himself happy down a coal-pit or in a diving-bell. It is unfortunately a patent fact that in all countries the agriculturists are heavy in the legs and dull in the brains. They rise with the sun, and often go to bed when it sets. On the other hand those who dwell in cities and are very active locomotively, and in brain as well, have a vivacity of constitution which carries them through the day as if they were alive, and far into the night, as if their vital endowments were ascendant and not soporific.

This dictum of scorning delights, and living "laborious nights" for the sake of longevity will doubtless excite numberless good people who go to their dreams early into wrath and vexation. They have much treasure of maxim and apophthegm to draw upon from the ancients and from the current of human life, down almost to our own day, in favor of directing our course of diurnal duty by the sun. But then the ancients knew not how to strike a light. They were little better in that art than the savages who rub sticks together and produce combustion without knowing why. But the man who rises early has at least an advantage over the mortal who keeps to the blankets until banking hours begin, or later, if he is privileged to be the son of a millionaire and can order his breakfast by a dumbwaiter. The late riser has the benefit of all the chanticleer serenades in his neighborhood. The rooster who stands well with his harem never omits the gratification of saluting the morn. He begins his challenge of supremacy at break of day, and as long as he has a rival a mile off, in good chorus, he keeps at it in the voice of defiance and music combined. The hapless night reveler who has tucked himself away between the sheets at 2 in the morning is bestirred on a June morning about 4 or 5 by the warlike responsibilities of the vigilant rooster, and, if at all nervous, farewell sleep until that rooster is permitted liberty with his consorts in the back yard parade ground.

In cities there ought to be a prohibitive tax on the insanity of keeping roosters and parrots. A light imposition of $5 a week on the luxury of keeping a rooster as a soloist at dawn might enrich the municipal treasure chests and would certainly keep in balmy sleep many a worried seeker after repose, whose only misfortune is not to keep up to local standard time in the regulation of his habits. Thomas Carlyle knew well what anguish the shrill call of chanticleer pierced him with. He was so terribly overcome by the roosters of his neighborhood that his wife was involved in a plague of negotiations to have them suppressed and sent to table presentable for gustative revenge, and the magistrates knew more about the sage through aversion to gallinaceous enemies than his philosophy. But the redoubtable Thomas is not the only victim of this bird's propensities to be musical at untimely hours. In the London courts a few years ago a magistrate was asked for an order to decapitate a persistent offender. He sympathized with the complainant of repose disturbed. He even appealed to the good dame who owned the crowing nuisance. "Why," he asked, "keep this useless bird?" And in amazement the fair owner smote the magistrate with this rejoinder—"a useless bird! There are four hens!" Nevertheless the magistrate ordered the execution of the unbearable rooster. He perhaps was a late riser.

Mr. Stead is nothing if not enthusiastic. He has found out the merits of teaching languages according to the methods of M. Gouin, who proceeds upon the principles followed by children. Children pick up language by ear and connect the language with things observed by the eye. They swallow sentences as applied to meanings, and words are not spelled by children. The adult miseducation in languages arises from working the way to perfection through the grammar and through analysis instead of leaving the philosophy of construction to the last and going ahead in the first instance with speech, correct or incorrect. Book superficiality in a language is really time wasted. It interferes with the effort of speech afterward, by occasioning hesitancy of utterance unless the phrases are correctly worded. It may well be asked what is the use of the language-teaching which goes on in so many of our colleges and universities. The students are comparatively ignorant of the languages, both ancient and modern, and yet their time is driveled away in trying to learn not only the language, that is, the faculty of speech—but the thinking which has been evolved by thinkers in that tongue. It is almost a certainty that the teacher of language and the instructor of the thought evolved in that language cannot be found in one and the same person. You have a good man in one department and a muddler in the other. It is not important in Spanish, Italian, French or German to coach the student in what has been achieved in those tongues, not nearly so important as to know what has been done in English. But if made fairly well acquainted with any of these tongues, the student can study the literature for himself. A restaurant waiter may often put to shame the most accomplished students that leave our universities with certificates in languages. They can use the tongue, and the student cannot, and probably never will, with all the weakened application inevitable in after life. Even the heads of universities, when they use French or German in phrases to adorn public speech, are often egregiously out of pronunciation and glibness of use, by reason of the fact that they have pored over grammar and neglected practice. A child learns any language. A man or woman rarely learns one with the perfection of the language of childhood. The whole system is at fault. Teachers of languages should bother themselves neither with history nor philosophy, nor that much-mixed quantity, literature. They should teach speech and leave a good deal to the pupil in the application. If the ancient Greeks and Romans could attend our universities to-day they would laugh at our methods. They would not understand what purports to be their own tongue pure and undefiled, and they would learn many things about their own philosophy undreamt of in their own time.

BRUSH.

Two Petty Thieves.

Samuel Leopold was arrested by Officer Perrin yesterday and booked at the Southern police station on a charge of petty larceny. He entered a tailor-shop on Market street near Fifth and made an ineffectual effort to steal a bolt of cloth.

Gus Johnson was also booked at the same station on a similar charge. He made a raid on the till of a bootblack's establishment on Mission street near Third and secured 15 cents, but before he had an opportunity to squander the same Officer King took possession of him and his booty. Both men are notorious opium fiends.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

A Wonderful Story of the Creation of the World.

How the Chaotic Mass Was Divided Into the Different Elements of Earth, Metal, Wood and Fire.

Almost every nation under the sun has attempted to give some account of the creation of the universe. The Japanese theory has at least the merit of ingenuity. According to a most highly esteemed native record, in the beginning the earth floated about in space "like the yolk of an egg in the white." After a time the thick matter resolved itself into the earth, and the ethereal substance into the heavens.

Then six kami, or gods, appeared, and divided the original chaotic mass into the different elements—earth, metal, fire, wood, etc., and gave to each its peculiar characteristics and abodeain. These kami, or gods, were sexless, and the male and female principle, which, according to Chinese philosophy, pervades all things, had not yet separated into their component parts. The first distinct manifestation of male and female was the divine man and woman, Izanagi and Izanami. In those days heaven and earth were bridged across, and Izanagi, standing at the lower end, thrust his spear glittering with jewels into the waters below. The drops that fell from the celestial weapon formed an island, upon which the divine couple descended and set out upon a tour of inspection, the one going to the right, the other to the left. Women's rights were unknown in the chrysanthemum land, so when the impulsive Izanami, beholding her lord approaching from the opposite direction, ejaculated, "Oh, how delightful to meet a lovely man!" all the gods were shocked and exclaimed, "This is indeed vulgar, that this female

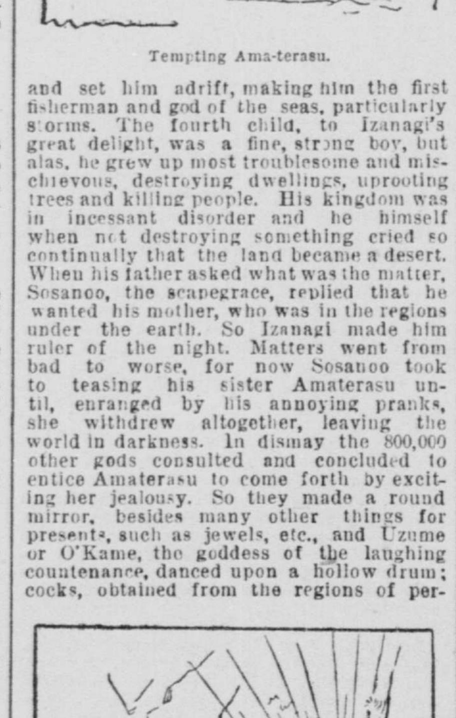
Raiden, the Thunder-drummer.

should be the first to speak, to make first use of the tongue." So in dire offense Izanagi demanded that they should start again and repeat the circuit of the island, which they did, and this time immediately Izanagi saw his wife in the distance he shouted out, "Oh, how delightful to meet a lovely woman," and thus the matter was so far satisfactorily adjusted, but later on the presuming goddess was further punished, Izanagi being the more powerful of the two. The first child born was a girl, much to the father's disgust. To have the woman speak first and give her own sex to the first born was really very annoying—indeed, it might appear to the other deities as though the male god was a henpecked husband.

This child shone magnificently and lighted both the heavens and the earth, so her father gave her the empyrean to rule over, and she became known as Amaterasu, the sun goddess. The second child, who was also a female, became the moon goddess. At last a boy was born, but he was a cripple, a punishment, so the male gods said, upon his mother for having presumed to speak first. Horokus or the Leech, as he was called, was so lame that even at 3 years of age he could not stand by himself. So his father built him a boat of camphor wood

Tempting Ama-terasu.

and set him adrift, making him the first fisherman and god of the seas, particularly storms. The fourth child, to Izanagi's great delight, was a fine, strong boy, but alas, he grew up most troublesome and mischievous, destroying dwellings, uprooting trees and killing people. His kingdom was in incessant disorder and he himself when not destroying something cried so continually that the land became a desert. When his father asked what was the matter, Sosanoo, the scapegrace, replied that he wanted his mother, who was in the regions under the earth. So Izanagi made him ruler of the night. Matters went from bad to worse, for now Sosanoo took to teasing his sister Amaterasu until, enranged by his annoying pranks, she withdrew altogether, leaving the world in darkness. In dismay the 800,000 other gods consulted and concluded to entice Amaterasu to come forth by exciting her jealousy. So they made a round mirror, besides many other things for presents, such as jewels, etc., and Uzume or O'Kame, the goddess of the laughing countenance, danced upon a hollow drum; cocks, obtained from the regions of per-



Ama-terasu Being Enticed From the Cave.

petual day, crew; the gods laughed, made a great noise and lighted bonfires. Pushing back slightly the rock which formed the door of the cavern into which she had retired Amaterasu inquired the cause of this ill-timed merriment. To which Uzume answered:

"There is here a goddess more beautiful than yourself," at the same time holding up the mirror so that the sun goddess caught a glimpse of her supposed rival. Tempted by curiosity she leaned a little further out, when the god of the Invincible Strong Hands, who had been standing behind the door in readiness, seized her and drew her forth. Then the greatest of the gods wove a rope of rice straw, and, closing the door with it, said: "Pass not behind this."

Round her new palace they placed the same sort of rope to keep out evil spirits, and this is the origin of the straw ropes hung about the temples and houses at the New Year. The dance of Uzume is frequently represented in Japan by the geisha, or dancing-girls, who go through a variety of postures symbolic of this incident. Among the many masks to be found in collections of curios there is nearly always one of the Goddess of the Smiling Face. Unlike masks of the other deities, the features are always the same and have been so for centuries. Her cheeks are fat and dimpled, the forehead narrow and the eyebrows shaven and replaced by the two spots of sable which show she is of imperial origin.

Another favorite Japanese deity is Kwan-non, who reigns in Nirvana with Amida, a Japanese Buddea. There are no less than seven or eight different forms of Kwan-non; the thousand-handed, the horse-headed, the eleven-faced, etc.

Izanami's fifth child was the god of Wild Fires, and at his birth his mother suffered such intolerable agony that the father, Izanagi, enraged, seized his sword and clove the wild-fire god in three, and from these three pieces sprang the gods of thunder, of rain and of mountains.

The thunder-god appears to be a sort of combination of wildcat and monkey. When

Kwan-non.

any one is struck by lightning the popular Japanese belief is that the thunder demon fell upon him and killed him. Griffis speaks of a student who told him that in his native province the paw of a thunder fiend that had fallen from the clouds many centuries before was kept and shown with much pride to the sceptically inclined. The tradition concerning it declared that once during a tremendous storm there came an appalling crash of thunder and the imp attempted to leap down a well, but its foot caught on the edge and was torn off. After the storm had abated the torn and bleeding paw was found and preserved to the present day. The exact length of the fiend is given as three feet from the crown to the hind-feet.

The Kama-itachi is the convenient creature upon whom the blame is laid of all cuts and scratches for which any one cannot or prefers not to account.

Other well-known gods and goddesses are the deities of clay and fresh water, whom Izanami created to subdue the god of wild fire when his conduct became too intolerable. The gods of metals also sprang from her.

When the god of wild fire was about to be born Izanami retired to a lonely spot and prayed Izanagi not to intrude upon her. But he disregarded her request, and in her chagrin she fled from his sight down into the regions under the earth. Izanagi followed her to try and induce her to return to him, but these regions were simply a mass of dead and decaying matter and his wife's body rapidly turned to corruption before his eyes. He managed to

The Fire God.

escape into the upper world again, and washed and purified himself in the sea. From the filth and foul matter of which he cleansed himself sprang a host of wicked gods who work against the good gods and cause all the trouble of mankind.

The gods of clay and fresh water married and had one child, Naka-Musubi, from whose head grew the mulberry and silk worm, and from whose body sprang rice, wheat, millet, sorghum and beans.

Amaterasu, the sun goddess, decreed that rice should grow in watery plains and the other cereals upon dry land. She has also the honor of being the first silk-weaver, for she planted mulberries on the mountains of heaven and raised silkworms, and then, chewing the cocoons, she spun silk thread.

For some time there had been war and confusion, both in heaven and upon earth, and Amaterasu decided to put an end to it and reduce everything to proper order. She made a son of her own, Oshi-ho-mi-no-Mikoto, whom she produced from her celestial necklace, ruler over the earth. Him of the long name she married to Tamayon - hime - no - Mikoto, a granddaughter of Izanagi, and so his cousin. The child born of this marriage was Ninigi-no-Mikoto, who descended to live upon earth and govern his terrestrial empire in person. Before his departure Amaterasu gave him the mirror—a reflection of her own soul, the sword, cloud, cluster and the crystal ball. The mirror she told him to keep in his own dwelling and to worship it as herself. Griffis gives another version, in which she said to her grandson when he received the three imperial talismen: "Govern this country with the pure radiance that is reflected from the surface of this mirror. Treat your subjects with the kindness symbolized by the smoothness of this crystal. With the sword conquer and subdue your enemies."

The present Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, is credited with being the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, and it is to this account of his genealogy that reference is made when in the House of Parliament and in the constitution itself the divine ancestors are spoken of. The mirror, ball and sword form the imperial regalia of Japan.

HELEN E. GREGORY-FLESHER.

FOR A WORTHY CAUSE.

An Entertainment for the Benefit of the Woman's Home.

At the Bijou Theater, on the evening of June 22, there will be given an excellent entertainment for the benefit of that very laudable charity, the Woman's Home.

The programme promises to be vey interesting. The one-act comedy of "Roland and Ophelia" will be given, besides the comedietta entitled "The Fair Encounter," several vocal and instrumental solos and duets and plantation melodies, the whole arranged for the occasion by Mrs. Annie Lewis Johnson, the well-known playwright.

The Woman's Home charity is yet in its infancy, but a noble work is contemplated and will doubtless be carried through successfully. A shelter for needy women is the object of the home, and to provide a place where homeless girls and women can be temporarily cared for till some honest employment opens for them a chance to be self-sustaining. No one will be refused the helping hand and the only test will be the real need of the applicant.

Several charitably disposed ladies are at the head of the movement and contributions of almost any character may be sent to Annie Lewis Johnson at 1110 Leavenworth street.

EX-JUROR SQUIRES.

The Jury-Fixer Will Be Arraigned on Next Tuesday.

J. H. Squires, the $500-juror and ex-stage robber, was before Judge Murphy yesterday morning for arraignment. Squires is the man who wanted $500 from Chickering & Smith, attorneys, to fix the jury in favor of their clients. He was in court with his wife and little child, a pretty girl of tender years. He did not look much like a stage robber. Attorney Long asked for a week's continuance, as he had only been retained a few days, and had had no chance to talk to his client. This is unlike Long, who is generally conceded to be a pretty rapid talker. The court gave him until next Tuesday.

Taxing Circus Animals.

One of the proprietors of the circus which arrived here from Australia on Thursday night was at the Custom-house yesterday in a rather indignant mood, consequent upon the demand of the Government for duty money upon all the animals which were brought from the Antipodes. Mr. Sells objected to paying duty tax on the animals which he had bought in this country and taken to Australia and was now bringing home. The matter will be investigated by the Board of Appraisers.

Sick Headache yields to Beecham's Pills.

DRY GOODS.

ENORMOUS VALUES IN SEASONABLE GOODS!

Our policy has always been to give GOOD GOODS at LOW PRICES, and ladies and gentlemen who appreciate such a thing will acknowledge after a personal inspection of our very large stock that our

PRICES ARE AWAY DOWN!

We note below a few special bargains that we are offering in four of our twelve large departments.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S Summer Underwear!

At 10c.
75 dozen LADIES' RIBBED EGYPTIAN COTTON VESTS, low neck and no sleeves, regular price 25c, will be offered at 10c each.

At 50c.
100 dozen LADIES' SAXONY RIBBED VESTS, with high neck, long and short sleeves, in pink, sky, natural and cream colors, regular price $1, will be offered at 50c each.

At 35c.
100 dozen CHILDREN'S RIBBED BALBRIGGAN VESTS, high neck and long sleeves, regular price 50c, will be offered at 35c each.

At 50c.
75 dozen BOYS' CAMEL'S-HAIR VESTS AND DRAWERS, regular price 90c, will be offered at 50c for all sizes.

Ladies' Hosiery!

At 25c.
100 dozen LADIES' BLACK COTTON HOSE, high-spliced heels and toes, guaranteed Hermsdorf fast black, regular price $4 per dozen, will be offered at 25c per pair.

At 35c.
100 LADIES' FANCY LISLE THREAD AND COTTON HOSE, with stripe top and black boot patterns, regular price $6 per dozen, will be offered at 35c per pair.

At 50c.
75 dozen LADIES' BLACK MACO COTTON HOSE, high spliced heels and double sole, warranted Hermsdorf stainless and fast black, regular price $10 50 per dozen, will be offered at 50c a pair.

At 50c.
75 dozen LADIES' BLACK FRENCH LISLE-THREAD HOSE, high-spliced heels and toes, guaranteed fast and stainless black, regular price $1, will be offered at 50c per pair.

Lace Department!

POINT D'IRLANDE LACES.

At 15c per Yard.
100 pieces BEIGE AND TWO-TONED POINT D'IRLANDE LACES, 4 to 6 inches wide, will be placed on sale at 15c per yard.

At 20c per Yard.
125 pieces BEIGE, TWO-TONED AND CREAM POINT D'IRLANDE LACE, 4 to 6 inches wide, will be placed on sale at 20c per yard.

At 25c per Yard.
200 pieces BEIGE, TWO-TONED AND CREAM POINT D'IRLANDE LACE, 4 to 7 inches wide, will be placed on sale at 25c per yard.

At 35c per Yard.
135 pieces BEIGE AND TWO-TONED POINT D'IRLANDE LACE, 5 to 10 inches wide, will be placed on sale at 35c per yard.

At 50c per Yard.
120 pieces BEIGE AND TWO-TONED POINT D'IRLANDE LACE, 6 to 10 inches wide, will be placed on sale at 50c per yard.

220 pieces BLACK, CREAM AND BEIGE POINT D'IRLANDE LACE, all silk, 4 to 15 inches wide, will be placed on sale at 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c and 75c per yard.

CHIFFON LACE.
300 pieces CHIFFON LACE, in all colors, will be placed on sale at 25c, 35c and 50c per yard.

CHANTILLY LACE.
250 pieces BLACK AND CREAM CHANTILLY LACE, all silk, 3 to 14 inches wide, will be placed on sale at 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 60c, 75c and $1 per yard.

VEILING--SPECIAL--VEILING

At 5c per Yard.
5000 yards FANCY VEILING, with Chenille, Gold, Silver and Composition Dots, in all shades, regular price 20c, will be offered at 5c per yard.

Gents' Furnishings!

At 25c.
500 dozen GENTS' FOUR-IN-HAND AND TECK SCARFS, satin lined, in a variety of colorings of printed and swivel silks, satins, crepes, etc., regular prices 50c and 75c, will be offered at 25c each.

At 50c.
140 dozen GENTS' UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS, made with reinforced all-linen fronts, double backs, felled seams and of Utica muslin, extra good value for 85c, will be offered at 50c each.

At 50c.
120 dozen GENTS' FANCY-TRIMMED NIGHTSHIRTS, made extra large, of Wamsutta muslin and with fast-color trimmings, extra good value for 85c, will be offered at 50c each.

At 10c.
190 dozen GENTS' FULL-FINISHED UNBLEACHED BALBRIGGAN SOCKS, all sizes, regular price $2 a dozen, will be offered at 10c a pair.

At 33⅓c.
126 dozen GENTS' FULL-FINISHED IMPORTED MERINO SOCKS, Vulcan heels and feet, strengthened with extra threads, unequaled for comfort and durability, extra good value for $6 a dozen, will be offered at 33⅓c a pair.

At 50c.
115 dozen GENTS' HEAVY SANITARY MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, shirts finished with French collarettes, and drawers with high-ribbed anklets, regular price $1, will be offered at 50c each.

At $1.00.
130 dozen GENTS' UNDYED SANITARY LAMB'S-WOOL UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, silk finished, extra value for $1 50, will be offered at $1 each.

At $1.50.
75 dozen GENTS' GENUINE TWELVE-THREAD ENGLISH BALBRIGGAN UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, "J. & R. Morley's" manufacture, drawers made with double seats, regularly sold at $3, will be offered at $1 50 each.

Gloves! Gloves!

At 60c.
125 dozen LADIES' 8-BUTTON LENGTH CHAMOIS SKIN BIARRITZ GLOVES natural color, extra good value for $1, will be offered at 60c a pair.

At $1.00.
110 dozen LADIES' 5-BUTTON KID GLOVES, in dark and medium colors, also black, extra good value for $1 50, will be offered at $1 a pair.

At $1.25.
100 dozen LADIES' KID GLOVES (with patent clasps), 5-button length, in dark and medium colors, also black, extra good value for $1 75, will be offered at $1 25 a pair.

At $1.25.
50 dozen LADIES' GAUNTLET KID GLOVES (new style), in dark and medium colors, extra good value for $1 75, will be offered at $1 25 a pair.

At $1.50.
50 dozen LADIES' GAUNTLETS, in dressed and undressed kid, with beaded and laced cuffs, dark and medium colors, extra good value for $2, will be offered at $1 50 a pair.

NOTE.—We guarantee all the above Gloves for fit and wear, and if satisfaction not given money will be refunded.

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SING IT IF YOU CAN.

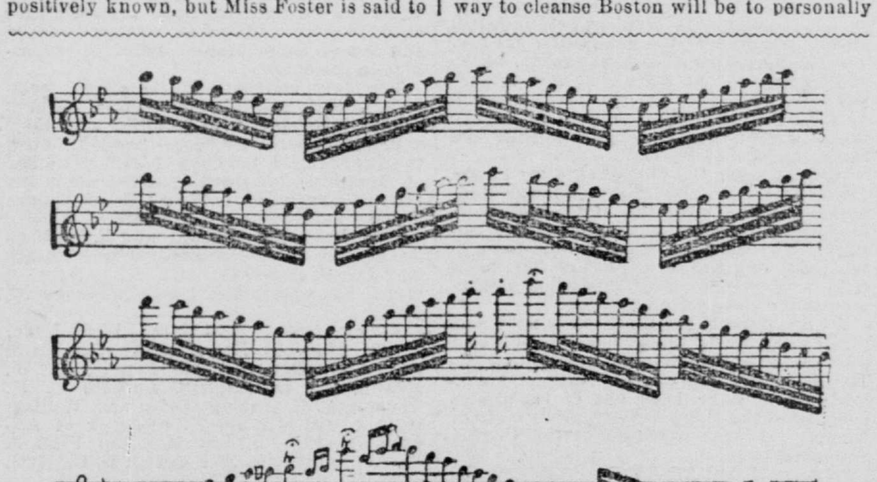
A Bit of Music Which Is Exciting a Great Deal of Interest.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Miss Jessie Foster, the well-known soprano and operatic singer, is the subject of considerable discussion at present in musical circles here on account of the appearance of a small circular which has been passed around to a number of musical critics and teachers. It is a slip of paper on which is printed a few bars of music in notes arranged in the form of cadenzas, the highest note being B flat, the lowest low D. Under this score is printed:

I have heard Miss Jessie Foster sing these cadenzas. She sang every note up to high B flat with the greatest ease, sustaining the note with a clearness and power that was astonishing. A. Waldauer.

High B flat is a note which is not written in any vocal composition known to teachers, and as many renowned singers of the world have never been heard in public attempting higher than G, the achievement accredited to Miss Foster was seriously questioned by many at once or declared to be an accident, or a most remarkable phenomenon. Who had the circular issued and printed is not positively known, but Miss Foster is said to



A DIFFICULT "CADENZA."

have issued it for the purpose of proving to some friends the remarkable range of her voice. Professor Waldauer of the Beethoven Conservatory, whose name is signed to the circular, when asked if he had seen the circular said he had not, but on reading it he said the statement was true.

"Miss Foster has the highest soprano voice I ever heard in my life, and I have been teaching music and listening to it over 50 years," said the veteran professor. "She told me she could reach high G and A some time ago, and I asked her to let me hear her. Last March she came with the cadenza as it is written there and sang it, every note of it, and with the greatest ease. It is considered phenomenal to sing high E flat, such as occurs in Mozart's "Magic Flute," which I have heard sung. I have heard Mme. Ilma de Murska, a remarkably high soprano, sing as high as F in roulades and cadenzas, but she never reached the pitch which Miss Foster seems to attain so easily. Her notes were as clear and strong as a lark, and in no part of the cadenza did she seem to make an effort. If there is any one who doubts that she sung to high B flat you may tell them that she can and will reach another note higher. She certainly has the highest voice I ever heard in my life. I know the young lady well, as she attended this school several years and received most of her education here."

Professor Epstein said he could substantiate the statement of his associate. "I was giving a lesson upstairs when Miss Foster called. I did not recognize the voice, but on hearing the singer reach ordinarily the highest notes with perfect ease and pass above them I hurried downstairs to see who it was. Miss Foster sang the cadenza several times for me with the greatest ease and confidence. She sang no words, but you will notice there is a stop over high B flat. She held this note full and strong, and I have no doubt she could pronounce at that pitch, so easily did she reach it."

Professor Henry Allman, another well-known music-teacher, expressed no surprise when he saw the range of Miss Foster's voice as shown on the printed circular. "She will not attempt that in a public concert, I am quite sure," he said. "Every single bass, tenor or soprano in practicing will sing several notes higher than they will in public. It is a good practice, as it gives them confidence in their lower notes. To sing above G is of no value to a soprano, as she will never find the opportunity to use her voice at that pitch in any composition written. The only way high A, B or C can be reached is in a roulade or cadenza. Miss Pannill, who sang in Professor Gilmore's concerts two seasons ago, often went to high A in practicing, and that in concert pitch with a high-pitched piano. Had she practiced in the French pitch and at a lower pitched piano, she might as easily have reached high B, as it is with very little effort she reaches high A."

THE PARKHURST LEAGUE.

A Similar Association to Be Formed in Boston.

Boston is to have a Parkhurst reform league, says a special to the New York Sun. The organization is already started, but there is a serious hitch in the progress of the scheme because of a division of opinion as to the necessity of personal visits to the haunts of sin. Some of the members of the new reform movement think that the only way to cleanse Boston will be to personally unmask vice, as Dr. Parkhurst did. There are others who kick hard against this style of reform, and it is probable that Dr. Parkhurst's methods will not be copied. The new organization is to be known as the Pilgrim Association. It will take an active part in next fall's city campaign. It has grown out of discussions in the Congregational Club. S. B. Capen, Frank Wood and other laymen and the pastors of the Congregational churches generally are the prime movers in the undertaking.

The membership of the association is not to exceed 150, and it is probable that all the Congregational pastors will join. It is also proposed to bring into it young men of promise. It is to be non-partisan. At a recent meeting Mr. Capen, as chairman of a committee, presented a draft of a constitution which, after some amendments had been made, was adopted. This points out the effort as one "to secure the choice of such men for public office and the enactment and enforcement of such measures for municipal government as shall best promote the good order, prosperity and honor of our city." Mr. Capen is also chairman of a committee to bring in a list of officers to be voted for at the next meeting, when the organization will be completed and committees appointed to carry out the work.

Caught by Queen Jumbo.

Thomas Wilkinson, an employe of Sells Bros.' circus, had a lively experience with Queen Jumbo yesterday morning. The elephant caught his left leg in her trunk and squeezed it vigorously. Other employes pounded the queen with iron bars until she dropped her victim. Wilkinson went to the Receiving Hospital, where it was found that he escaped with a sprained ankle.

Died From Lockjaw.

The Coroner was notified yesterday that William Dunn, a roofer, died at the City and County Hospital Friday night from tetanus, caused by stepping on a nail. Dunn was 23 years old, a native of Massachusetts, and lived at 85 West Mission street.

THE COMPARTMENT-CAR.

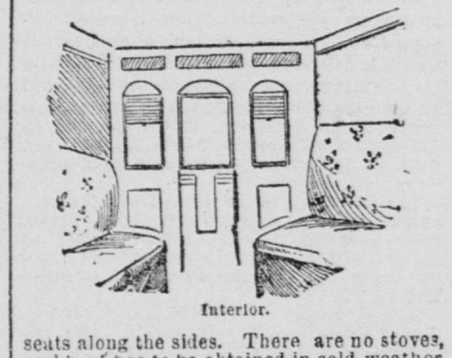
It Is Still Favored by the English, Who Refuse to See Its Defects.

St. Louis Republican.

An ordinary English railway compartment carriage measures from 30 to 42 feet in length and stands about 14 feet 6 inches clear of the rails. Its weight varies from 10 to 19 tons, according to the length of the car and the weight of the interior fittings.

The old style third-class English carriage has four compartments, each of which seats 12 persons.

The interior resembles an elongated elevator with doors at each end and cushioned



Interior.

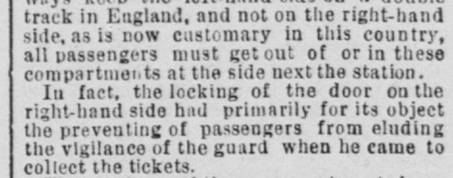
seats along the sides. There are no stoves, and heat has to be obtained in cold weather from a footcan filled with hot water. The side windows are immovable, but the one in the door can be raised or lowered at will.

When a train is made up at a terminal station the guard, as the conductor is called in England, first locks all the doors on the right-hand side of the train. As trains always keep the left-hand side on a double track in England, and not on the right-hand side, as is now customary in this country, all passengers must get out of or in these compartments at the side next the station.

In fact, the locking of the door on the right-hand side had primarily for its object the preventing of passengers from eluding the vigilance of the guard when he came to collect the tickets.

The windows of these compartments have heavy blinds attached to them to keep out the sun's rays on hot days. Every compartment is separated from its neighbors by a partition of heavy wooden sheathing.

The noise which the train makes passing over the rails is quite sufficient to deaden



Exterior.

any ordinary sound or even screams in one of these compartments. A passenger might stand and hammer at the partition until his knuckles were black without attracting the attention of other passengers in the next compartment.

It seems to be a great source of wonderment to Americans who have never traveled in England that these antiquated human horse-boxes should still be retained by the English railways. The truth is that the English people themselves prefer them to the salon car.

If there were 100 passengers strangers to each other and 100 compartments on an English train each passenger would solemnly pick out a compartment for himself and probably tip the guard to lock the left-hand door in order that he might be kept from intrusion by any of his 99 neighbors.

The ordinary English traveler is morose and melancholy. To him traveling is fraught with fearful responsibilities. He buys an accident insurance ticket at the outset of his journey and reads accounts of railway accidents in his morning paper with a certain amount of gloomy joy.

He quarrels with his fellow-passengers as to whether the window should be up or down. He seeks the seclusion of a smoking compartment simply to avoid traveling with women, who have the reputation in England of being uncomfortable travelers. Therefore his single compartment, shut off from all connection with the rest of the train, is his only consolation.

He Saved His Treasures.

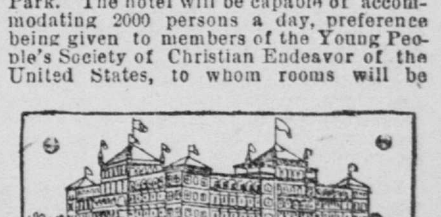
The wind was blowing a gale, the muddy expanse of water was heaving like an angry sea, says the Sioux City Tribune. Spectators on the elevated braced themselves against the breeze and offered up silent prayers for the heroic men risking their lives in the rescue. "Look! look! look!" rose the excited cry. A thousand eyes were focused on a struggling figure in the flood. The water was up to his waist. Cedar blocks danced around him like corks, and huge piles of drift passed dangerously near him as he struggled in the current. He was a strong man, but he was weighted down with two precious burdens. The wind whirled away his hat and blew his thick, black hair about his eyes in sheer deviltry. It blinded him, and he dipped his head in the flood to weigh it down. He staggered on, holding all that was dear to him safe and dry above the whirling deluge. His strength is failing now. His grasp seems ready to loosen. A thousand hearts stop beating as he disappears for a moment, falling from weakness. He rises, holding aloft what he risked his life to save from the waves. Strong arm and brave heart! A boat shoots around a corner. The boatman sees him. He is saved! In one hand he grasps an empty valise; in the other a copper-bottomed kettle.

THE HOTEL ENDEAVOR.

It Will Be Built by Young Christians of the United States.

Chicago Tribune.

The Hotel Endeavor will be built by the Columbian Endeavor Association, of which T. B. Nisbett is president, Edward H. Fallows vice-president, Charles B. Holdridge secretary and general manager and E. Wheelock treasurer. The cost will be between $500,000 and $1,000,000. A sight will be purchased within six blocks of Jackson Park. The hotel will be capable of accommodating 2000 persons a day, preference being given to members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the United States, to whom rooms will be



The Hotel Endeavor.

rented at $1 a day. A big restaurant will be run in connection with the hotel. There will be an assembly-room, with a seating capacity of 1500 people. The structure will be four stories high and its ground dimensions will be 200x170 feet. The material used will be the same as that in the World's Fair buildings. M. E. Bell is the architect. Following is the advisory board:

Bishop Fallows; J. Shaw and W. H. McLain, of St. Louis; J. W. Baer and F. E. Clarke, of Boston, and H. T. McEwen of New York. Part of the hotel will be ready by October 1, and the rest will be finished early in the spring.

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