" BEAUTIFUL VENICE

Flinging Off the Enslavement of Fiction That Has Been Woven Around It.

THE CITY AND THE PEOPLE.

A Place Where the Sound of Rumbling Carts and the Hoofs of Horses Are Not Heard on the Pavements-A Scene in Early Morn on the Grand Canal. What the "Gay Gondolier" Really Is.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

ALLOMBROSA (Italy), May 6, 1890 .-Have seen the vision that came in a swift longing to him to again dwell among the Franciscan monks in the mon-stery near the top of the mountain above Florence, and yearned, as he yearned, for the cool depths of its restful shade. It is the one place in all Italy, save beautiful Palermo, which fulfills preconceived notions. Your journey is eighteen miles from Florence, up the lovely valley of the Arno, where are embowered in vine and flowers hundreds of villas occupied by the Italian aristocracy and nobility. A broad carriage road leads, all the way. Haiting at the little village of Tosi, from which one was formerly conveyed to the mountain retreat by sled drawn by oxen, an hour is passed at refreshments and in cachanting The human interest of Venice is, after all, its chief enchantment. If one fling off the enslavement of the fiction weven about it there is still enough to know and enjoy. avoring to analyze causes for the creation of the universally false sentiment existing concerning it the best excuse I can find is in the peculiarity of its situation. It has always impressed travelers strangely. A city without a rse or other beast of burden strikes one as a curious anomaly. This unceasing seeming of range and remarkable phases has easily been passed at refreshments and in cuctanting views of the cities, valleys, plains and rivers below, when the journey is resumed up the Pratomagno Mountain, through groves of distorted into the wonderful, the marvelous.
The vivid fancy, with the opulcut imagination below, when the journey is resumed up the Pratomagno Mountain, through groves of the most magnificent beech and chestnut trees in the world. The songs of birds, the Eolian must of forest breezes, and endless melodies of filling waters, so bewitch one all the way from Tost, that suddenly and without warning you are at the enchanting mountain eerie. It comprises but a few acres of level meadow through which runs a long avenue of majestic trees, and at the end of this stands the lichened and gray old mass of buildings, more famous from three lines by Milton than any other similar spot in the world. The order of Vallombrosans, founded in the early part of the eleventh century by Gualberto of Florence—who, prevented by a plous impulse from slaying the murderer of his brother, though at his mercy, in thankfulness to God became a religious devotee, and, eventually the founder of a great order—became one of the richest and most powerful in Italy; and this one old monastery held their chief treasure. For this order clambue painted his priceless Madonna; Perugino, his marvelous Assumption. But the Freuch revolution almost ruined the order. When Napoleon's council debated whether they should spare the Vallombrosans, because they kept the wolves thinned to the mountains, it was asked, "Shall we have monks or wolves?" "Wolves!" was the answer, and Victor Emanuel in 1870, at the Italian disestablishment, completed their exitention here. The place is now used as a Government agricultural school, with a nd poetic sense, have done the rest. Each succeeding traveler has scraped the empyrian of imagery to outdo his predecessor in florid de-scription and matchless simile. Coming from e mountains of Italy at once across what seems to be an arm of the sea, but which, in fact, is so shallow a lagoon that a school-boy might wade it in many places at ebb tide, to a city built so that the earth it really stands upon, and the piling, forming the perfectly secure foundation for other structures d street-sides, is wholly hidden from view, the seling of actually being at sea is difficult to vercome. Indeed, this one fact about one's nore to do than all else to giving poet-travelers their Venetian frenzies. Then, again, the constant intensification of this impression further unhinges the average mind. In no other city can one avoid the roar and thunder of battling tides of humans and conveyances upon the streets. There is not a sound of this sort in Venice. Then, wherever one secures a vista toward the izon the waters of the Adriatic are first seen, nd the impression of being upon the sea is furin 1870, at the Italian disestablishment, com-pleted their extinction here. The place is now used as a Government agricultural school, with a corps of resident professors, and just above the monastery is an observatory, one of the Italian signal and weather stations of to-day. A glo-rious torrent leaps past the edge of the meadow; the forests in which the sweet old nest is em-bedded were nearly all set out by the monks; over 40,000 beech trees are now standing, all of ther emphasized. Again, the quaint, strange eraft of these waters, instead of here and there e land, are in view whenever the glimpses oward the outer world are had. One must be at sea, is the impulse of mental conclusion. And more mystifying than all, you who have always looked from your window into a street, where the earth is below, must here perforce see nothing but water, moving craft upon water, and, as though you looked from the porthole of some mystic craft, you see through this nautical sense of riding upon the ocean, in the structures apposite your window, other fanciul craft which must be floating alongside your own. I have passed over the Bahania Banks in a salling ressel, where for 125 miles a bed of coral more han 1000 feet high was often less than twelve re mystifylag than all, yon who have always bedded were nearly all set out by the monks; over 40,000 beech trees are now standing, all of which were planted by these vigorous recluses, and though Vallombrosa is 3000 feet above the sea the mountain behind rises 1000 feet higher, covered densely with as grand a pine forest as eyes ever beheld. Glorious indeed are all the surroundings and memories of this little upland valley; but from the top of Pratomagno the most ravishingly beautiful view in all taly is presented. What wondrous associations are conjured in contemplation of the fair, far Casentino Valley, with its boundary beyond formed by the lofty Apennines, where are born the Tiber and Arno! Tuscany, home of the dream-breeding vine and of fair women, stretches sunnily to the westward. The majestic Duomo glitters down there in the center of the purple, checkered valley where Florence stands. And far, faint and magically seen through the passes of the uttermost peaks of Carrara, shines a thread of sapphice where sweep the sails upon the broad Mediterranean. Descend to the old monastery. Dream among its cloisters. Wander among its stately groves. Leave it to go vour han 1000 feet high was often less than twelve and never more than eighteen feet from the sea's evel. If that bank stood against the Florida instead of the Bahama shure the capitalists would have a winter resort cty standing upon the white coral bed inside a quarter of a century and would regard the expenditure of two or three hundred millions of dollars to make an uncrican Venice a very triding incident in merican development. One must come to link of Venice in some such way as this in rder to measure it in justice and truth. It is probable that the sanity of one who should tery. Dream among its cloisters, Wander among its stately groves. Leave it to go your way and never return. But all the sadness Italy has left in your heart will lie there with something akin to forgiving tenderness if you have but once drunk the ambrais and known the

High overarch'd embower

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"ANY CHILDREN."

Margery Answers A. K. C. to Her

Own Satisfaction at Least.

HE subject of renting houses, flats or

as A. K. C. says in an article in last

Sunday's issue of THE CALL, a very

serious one. But I don't agree with the

writer, and this question, like all others, has two sides. And, as the writer argues

no house, I propose to answer on the basis

that I have a house and no children.

Probably, if I had any little ones, I would be as blind to their faults

dren's. There is no denying the fact, chil-

dren will damage a house, furniture or flower garden more in one year than a dozen families of mature years, and as peo-

ple build houses to realize something from

they prefer the class who will injure them

visit Venice without making a study of the gon-loher would be doubted. I endeavored to do his earnestly, but find, after all, that he is a very ordinary sort of fellow. He is better than the ordinary sort of fellow. He is better than the American hackman, because he robs you with some slight suavity and grace. In but one other respect is he in any degree remarkable. He is all, lithe and sleuder. All his limbs show fine development from rowing appight, every muscle coming into play at every stroke of the car. This gives the gondoliers slnewy development most admirable. There are somewhat more than 200 hegosed gondoliers; 20 cents an hour is the legal rate for the services of boat and boutman, this tardif being double for every extra gondolier you hire; and the gondolier's costume in summer comprises linen trousers, a linen shirt open at the throat, exposing a black and hairy chest, a greasy, colored sash; and a dirty straw hat with jauntly rolled rim. He works as little as he can and live. He sleeps and eats and smoses and guzzles when not at work. He is the veriest coward about the water, used as he is to it, and never permits his clumsy craft to approach the region of "choppy" waves. He is, briefly, a vain, offensive animal, whom poets have spoiled and amateur photographers have developed into an insufferable bully of these winding, watery streets. For real mathood, havery, hardibood, sunniness of neart and meaning the guadaner of Havana Harbor is innanner and true pictures queness of costume and bearing, the guadanero of Havana Harbor is in-comparably the more interesting man and char-

To my mind a scene in early morning on Grand Canal in Venice is far more interesting than one in the early evening, when the faded aristogracy of the city are moving about with apparent listlessness in their private black goodolas, decorated with their owners' coats-of-arms, propelled by private goodolars in ridiculous liveres, or at night when the Canal in general is wholly and offensively a show object to open-mouthed strangers. In the very early morning, while the gray is yet upon the water and the guiging of the tides is like the chuckling of night imps in the dark retreats of the lowest arches and angles, then it is that the oddest and most fascinating processions pass and repass away down there in the shadows beneath your window. Scores of little, long barges loaded with vegetables from the flat outsing islands are on their way to the market at the Rialto. Their sails are red, with blue tips and yellow center pleces, and most goolesque figures of Madonnas are painted somewhere on their gaudily colored sterns. These barges are propelled by poles in the hands of men in purple, pink, blue and orange garments, and very often a bare-headed peasant woman is piled in with the vegetables. Here and there a sandalog lighter and more graceful bark that the gondola, darts by. It is rowed by Iwo. Mir, with tasseled caps, like the Biscayza-dishermen. A half-dozen goats are red head and tall to the gunwale, and women and children are milting these on their way to the next customer. Barcas with solders speeding to or from guard-changing fill the shadowy way with a din of chattering profanity. Here are four nuns with bowed he as being rowed en some errand of mercy. Again whole families of the lowlier classes, especially pious through some common bereavement, are setting out to be present at some early mass. Here come a crowd of boats with villagers, vegetables, fowls, flagons of milk bestowed in dewy wisps of grass, rolls of butter in last year's sweet, white cornhushs, and numberless and nameless stuffs for the mercato. To my mind a scene in early morning on Grand anal in Venice is far more interesting than one in the early evening, when the faded aristogracy of the city are moving about with annared the

Titian gives his "Belia," in the Pitti Gallery, that light, fleecy and almost transparent goldenged hair commonly known as Venetian. This is another of those pretty Venetian mysticisms which it is unpleasant to dissipate. I have seen, perhaps, 10,000 women in Venice. Among all these no Venetian woman was crowned with hair of any such color. Out of deference to a late freak on the part of Patti, there were English, French and American dames whose heads were glowing beacons of the Titlan style. The women of Venice have square heads, with wide foreheads, deeply sunken and lustrons eyes, with wide, arching brows which meet, tiny ears and hair the texture, color and quality of a farm horse's black tail whose outer and exposed filaments have become rusty, dusty and gray in fly and ploughing time. There are three classes from which to choose your types of Venetian women, and from none of these will you find the ideal faces and forms of poette nainting or the artist's pencil. The first comprise the women of the aristocracy; thiu, tall, plain, patent, grave, listiess, ambittonless, vacuous, silent. They remind one of the Jewesses of Algiers in their languid manner, but possess none of their lustrous, almost pathetic beauty. They seem to exist as merely passive beings in a hateful present, dolefully regarding the dead glories of a vanished past. In the second class are chiefly the brusque, strapping, square-bodied wives and daughters of the small dealers, relieshowmen and petty politicians of modern Venice. They are lond-voiced, wide-jawed; regard the social revolution which has put them at the front of the decayed aristocracy as a gladsome, heaven-sent dispensation; and minie the last Titian gives his "Belia," in the Pitti Gallery,

like some weird and silent maskers in a dream.

realistic physicians of Venice to catarrh. I have their word for it that it is a universal aliment in water-logged Venice.

The only specimen of the tramp species I have seen in Italy, though myself an unblushing tramp and likely to meet the brotherhood if it existed here, was on the way from Campl Veteres to Potenza. We met at a wayside shrine. After succeeding in convincing him that there was a natural affinity existing between us, I shared the contents of my lunch-wallet with him. I then made him partially understand the luxuriousness, versatility and numerousness of the American tramp, and, on our way into the old earthquake-shaken city, he explained with the excellent analysis and unerring logic with which all tramps discuss sociology, why our kind were quite unknown in Italy. The reasons he gave were, briefly, that he who had no work to do, or he who preferred not to engage in toil, in his country from choice and custom instantly became a beggar or bandit. He could adopt neither profession, because a bandit required a certain amount of bravery and invoived danger. Being a successful beggar made malformation, or unpleasant distortion and posing, necessary. Another important reason for the non-existence of tramps, he thought, was a certain sharp spur of necessity which goaded men of desucinge to at least movement reason for the non-existence of tramps, he thought, was a certain sharp spur of necessity which goaded men of desuctude to at least movement in rigorous northern climes. In such lands as Italy sunshine and sleep were a good part of food itself, little actual nourishment was requisite where there was little waste from exertion; the fazzaroni could sleep out of doors nearly all the year round; wine was cheaper than good water; practically no clothing was required; and altogether, sentimental tourists provided handsomely for all. For himself, he had a soul above begging, below the banditti, and so loved all his adored Italy that he aspired to know it from the true traveler's standpoint. To further this aspiration he repaired pedal indurations by day and improvised pasteral epics by night, science and poesy, as it were, wandering hand in hand through the sunny ways of Italy.

Colorado. He is an exceedingly quiet man, very retiring in his manner, and has an amusing droll way of telling his anecdotes. During our conversation we had occasion to speak of the State's Prison at Canyon City, Colo., and the professor remarked that when he visited the institution he was particularly impressed with the politeness shown him by the so-called "lifers" and in visiting their cells he found the conversation of the occupants so intelligent and their manners so polished that he came Millions of men and women reading Milton's Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks In Valiombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades away with the impression that all the gentlemen were shut up in the prison and all the sneaks were allowed to roam free over

the country. Arthur Lakes is a true Quaker in his ideas of war. He is averse to capital punishment and thinks and feels very keenly

Log-Cabin Experiences.

Life-Horace Greeley's Narrow Escape

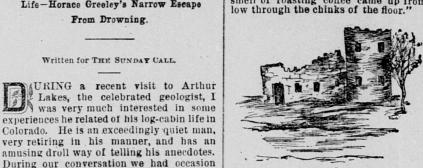
From Drowning.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

tory to beginning his breakfast on a cob of Indian corn. This roused the attention and wrath of a fussy little bantam, who straightway offered him battle through the bars. The meat-hawk responded to the challenge by most aggravating screeches and by pecking away vigorously at his cob, as much as to say: 'Wouldn't you like to have some, Mr. Bantam?' Sleep was therefore hopeless, and I contented myself with earthquaking the broods of chickens that kept crossing my bed till the door opened, letting in a flood of red morning sunlight and a lovely mountain scene. My host's son stepped in, telling me that breakfast would soon be ready, and a fragrant smell of roasting coffee came up from below through the chinks of the floor."

SHOPLIFTING BY

SOME WOI IN COLORADO. Arthur Lakes' Reminiscences of A Family That Lived a "Rebinson Crusoe"



Perhaps the oldest building in the State of Colorado is Fort Lupton. Captain E. L. Berthond was stationed there in 1867 and had many interesting engagements against the Indians, who fought under their chief, the Indians, who fought under their chief, Colorow (which is a corruption of Colorado). Colorado is the Spanish for red and the State took its name from the fact that at high water the Colorado River becomes red as blood. If a bucket of water is taken from the river at this time one-fourth will be red clay. It was in the early days of Colorado that Horace Greeley visited Golden and undertook to ford Clear Creek, which is a very quiet, peaceful stream at times is a very quiet, peaceful stream at times, but on this occasion was rapidly rising



ing some of his remarks on the subject he said: "They cannot complain much of my treatment of the deaders" (meaning fossils). | heard that Vasquez Fork, like another Pactolus, rolled over golden sands, that in the mountain peaks west of the Platte the He tells an interesting incident of one of his geological tramps. He was accompanied by an Irish friend. They had been walking all day, and as night shut in about them a heavy rain came on. They quartered themselves for the night in a deserted log cabin, which was decidedly distincted the reof which was decidedly dilapidated, the roof leaking plentifully and the chimney smoking disagreeably from the camp-wood burning. They made their tea in an oyster can and ate their lunch in true primitive stretches according to the camp of the camp itive style, standing on as dry a board as they could find with little streams running through apertures in the roof. After a comfortable smoke they prepared to retire, fastening the wagon canvas over the roof in the dryest corner of the cabin and stretching themselves upon a fur rug with blankets and coats covering them to keep out as much dampness as possible. Soon the wagon-sheet began to fill with water and a deluge gathered above them. The canvas bellied out, but, thanks to the quick-wittedness of the Irishman, a pail was procured, and gathering a portion of through a hole that he had made with his jack-knife, into the pail on their bed, and emptied and re-emptied it until the threatening flood was exhausted. At another time the professor described a log cabin, at which he stopped for the night, where the family were living a Rob-

the mountain peaks west of the Platte the miners had discovered gold everywhere, and all that was needed was work and small capital to produce untold wealth for all. The bridge had not been completed, but Horace Greeley, mounted on a mule, dressed in the rough garb of a traveler, with his old white hat pressed firally on his head, rode up to the bank of Clear Creek, which was a roaring, vicious mountain torrent was a roaring, victous mountain torrent that must be passed. Fearlessly he plunged in, mule and all, and right manfully he buffeted the angry waves, but the waves prevailed and the mule and rider, white hat prevailed and the mule and rider, white hat and all, danced merrily down to swell the turbid Platte. The mule landed first, but Horace Greeley was about to drown when a sturdy miner with a boat-hook rescued the author and dragged him safely ashore.

In a log cabin, some eighteen miles from Golden, Arthur Lakes delivered a cottage-lecture to a congregation of various creeds, after which the family party gathered round the open fireplace where the big blazing the open fireplace where the big blazing pine logs cracked and sputtered cheerily spun their yarns of early experiences in Colorado. experiences in Colorado.

"About six or seven years ago when settlements were few," said one farmer, "I planted a bed of carrots down yonder one morning. Just as they were fit for use, I went to my patch and found it torn to pieces and trampled and scratched as if a herd of buffalo had been on it. The tracks were those of bears. I went into Denyer and told some professional hunters. inson Crusoe life. Into the one room was collected all the necessary furniture. They used one half for the kitchen and the remainder as a bed-room, "divided by a blanket. The floor was of earth, and pet pigeons, fowls and dogs all had free access



Take, for instance, a poor, hard-working lady, who, by strict attention to saving every cent, at last manages to be a herself a little home, which, it she is successful in renting to a good tenant, she can save something. But if she has rented it to children it generally takes all she has to recan the house and put it in proper condito the kitchen, while a dove was likely to I them to come over. Over they came, armed at your face with his wings as he flew out at your entry. In the loft, to which one ascended by a ladder, was a large lumber-room, also tenanted by the smaller livestock of the farm, which ran about or perched upon bedsteads and chairs and chairs and chairs and the statement of the second of the pair the house and put it in proper condi-tion for the next tenant. The front gate will no doubt be found without its hinges or one or two of the slats will be missing hased one another or fought behind farm mplements, which were strewn about with ousehold utensils in sublime chaos. doors, window-sills and the woodwork generally will suggest the idea that a wood-chopper has been around. The handles of the doors will be so loosened as to be almost unable to do their work, plastering will be keeken when a work and the solutions will be solved as the second solutions. "After a hearty supper and pleasant chat over our pipes," he said, "I was shown up the ladder to my bed on the floor of the loft. It was a glorious spring-mat-tress on which my weary limbs were repos-ing and I soon fell into a sound sleep. I will be broken where swings have been constructed, window panes smashed from a misguided ball or kite, while the pure white walls or handsomely papered ones will be bordered with prints of dirty fingers, ranging all the way from two to four feet from the floor. Children have no passed for fine mirrors, water fangers, fine fine way from the floor. was awakened about midnight by a stentorian voice close to my ear. I started up. Was it the war-whoop of the Indian of whom I had been dreaming? All was still, the moonlight was gleaming in through many cracks and chinks in the wall and lighted up the chaotic furniture into ghostly forms. Cock-a-doodle-doo! roared the stentorian chanticleer as he sat perched at the foot of my bed answering another respect for fine mirrors, water faucets, fine shrubbery, etc. Is it to be wondered at then that owners ask the question, "Any children?" Or is it to be wondered at also if boarding-house or lodging-house keepers ask the same question? People who keep the foot of my bed answering another idiotic rooster who had also mistaken the moon's pale light for the rays of the dawn. such houses are generally poor, and it is only by dint of strict economy that they manage to make any kind of a living. They I hurled my boot at the monster and went to sleep again. I must have snoozed for some hours when I was awakened by a manage to make any kind of a living. They know the exact price of every article of furniture in their house and just how much it will cost to replace it, and where is the child that is not constantly tramping through the house with hands citner besmeared with butter or molasses or who is not hammering tacks or nails in the carpet or furniture? The landlady or landlord may not be "soured or childless," but may have quiet people who hen and a whole brood of chickens running across my face and over the bed. I raised a violent volcanic upheaval of bed-clothes and scattered them like ashes to the four winds. The dawn was just paling room and I tried to sleep once more, in vain-the whole menagerie was awake Almost at my pillow a tame meat-hawk was domiciled in a large wire cage and childless," but may have quiet people who only stay because the house is quiet. It is not pleasant for one, a writer especially, who has worked all day, to be disturbed of the needed rest at night by shricking babies as helicarchy and for the state of kept up a perpetual squawk and sharpening of his bill against the rounds, prepara-

to the teeth with daggers, knives, revolvers and rifles. In the evening they lay in am-bush close to the patch. Soon they heard the crask of underwood, and a bear trotted into the patch; they got ready to fire when another appeared at his heels, then a third and a fourth, and such a growling and scratching took place and so formidable was the sight, that our noble hunters stole back as quietly as possible to the ranch."
"Well," I asked, "how many did you shoot, and where are they?"
"Wal, you see," was the response, "there was jit tope her too many." "Wal, you see," was the response, "there was jist one bar too many."

"In the same valley," continued the farmer, "lived an old man by himself, his only companions being a noble shepherd dog and two cats. It was ludicrous to see the easy terms between them. They ate, drank and slept with him. I visited him one day, and found him in the center of his pets. "The other evenin',' he began, 'me an' the cats was goin' up to the potater patch. I had my rifle with me in case of grouse. Puss was trottin' in front, when suddenly she stopped; up went her back, grouse. Puss was trottin' in front, when suddenly she stopped; up went her back, and every hair stood up like a needle. I had just time to say, 'Why, what's the matter with you, Pussy?' when right out from the bushes in front reared a great cinnamon on his hind legs, like a giant. I was so taken aback that, without stoppin' to think, I up with my rifle an' let him have it under the fore leg; then I didn't stop to see what I had done, but lighted out toward the cabin. Nex' day I went up, but thar was no sign of the bar e ccept some blood; so I guess he ran for his life one way, while I ran for mine the other. Pussy never came I ran for mine the other. Pussy never came back for a fortnight after."

GRACE HENDERSON.

SPRING PARASOLS.

or boisterous half-grown children. It is not agreeable either when clustered around the dining table to have an instructive and They Must Match the General Costome in Color.

OW that the question of paramount importance has doubtless been decided by most ladies concerning the pleasant conversation interrupted by a child's prattle. Nor is it pleasant to be a witness to correction bestowed upon these A very strange thing connected with peo-ple who have children is that when making a contract for boarding they invariably incut and material of the new spring suit with its accompanying bonnet and coat, one has sist upon paying half or quarter price for their children, when in reality they should leisure to attend to the smallest details of toilet which index more faithfully perhaps pay more for the annoyance of them and what they waste. These very people, too, will generally shun a house where there are the taste and gentility of the wearer than do the gowns and mantles governed by an phogatory size. How so of these processes of the control of more arbitrarily by generalities and conventionalities. In the first place, there is the parasol, in the selection of which cognizance of but one general principle children, or when renting will try to find a

petticoats, garnitured with flowers and lace and always accompanied with hows, are very popular. The chiffon parasols are very charming and very cheap, which double attraction promises to make them yery popular as well.—N. Y. Sun.

AN INDIANA GIRL. Her Very Queer Sayings and Queerer

Doings. ONCE made up my mind to keep in my head as many as possible of the queer say-ings vouchsafed me by Miss Pussie —. the eldest daughter and actual manager of

SOME WOMEN.

Why They Do It, How They Do It, How They Are Caught.

An Interview With the Proprietor of a Store Who Had Heard of the Umbrella and Parasol Dodge-Neatly Caught.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

N the latter part of March the telegraphic dispatches bore the following news to our country: "Americans in Rome are wild over an outrageous incident," and then followed the details of how the wife of a wealthy Californian, accompanied by her daughter and two friends, went into a store to examine some coral and shell ornaments, were accused by the proprietor of stealing some articles, arrested and marched through the streets to prison, from which they were extricated by the American Consul. How unpleasant such an experience must have been needs no stretch of the imagination to appreciate. The writer was discussing this episode with a lady whose life has been spent in an endeavor to help her own sex to realize the distinctions between right and wrong, whose labors have been blessed with some success, for she has directed her work

she said : "In this case the parties were unjustly accused, but the fact is that the public do not hear of one-half, nor of one-tenth, of all the attempts at shoplifting which is carried on, and, to the shame of my sex be it said, by some women.

TEMPTED. "I cannot say why it is that women are so strongly tempted to be kleptomaniacs. It would furnish a fine study for a moralist and a psychologist to discover just why women who have no need to steal are so prone to appropriate what is not their own. And at the same time it might be worth while to consider the subject of smuggling. which, as we all know, is carried on most recklessly by women; the two are much akin and show a certain lack of moral sense. I do not pretend to be a moral easuist, but it does seem to me that the devices that many women, even rich women, have to resort to, in order to get any money from their husbands and the little decep-tions which so many of them practice rather than have their husbands know the extent of their wasteful purchases may be in a measure accountable for the dulling of the moral sense which can make smuggling r shoplifting possible.
"The merchant who consents to alter the

"The merchant who consents to alter the items of his bill, so as to suit the busband's ideas of what is right and who does it at the wife's solicitation, need not, it seems to me, be surprised when that woman in turning to go out of the store helps herself to what does not belong to her. I can remember in all the readers which it was my good fortune to peruse when I was a child; that it was held a crime to pluck a rose that hung over a fence into the road, or to pluck a ripe peach when it hung temptingly in reach. It seems to me, however, that the foundation for the shoplifting habit lies farther back than that. It begins in the disregard that some have for each other's things. Small children borrow pencils and rubbers Small children borrow pencils and rubbers and do not return them, others get in the habit of wearing each other's clothes without so much as by your leave.

THEY HELP THEMSELVES. "As they grow older they help themselves to the fruit or the candy in the stores where they buy. A certain man in this city told me that some of his customers are more of delicacies than they bought, that they would purchase a head or two of lettuce or a pound of spinach and eat more than 25

a pound of spinach and eat more than 25 cents' worth of choice, rare fruit.

"Whatever may be the cause it is certain that many women cannot resist the temptation; there are so many articles spread out and the clerk surely would not miss one, so it is taken, and they are caught.

"Those are some of the conclusions I "Those are some of the conclusions I have reached," said the benevolent lady, "and now if you wish to find out anything more definite why don't you go to some of our leading merchants and ask them about

"That might be a good idea," said the writer, and bidding his hostess good-day was soon upon his way downtown. The first store he entered was that of a leading

jeweler.
"No," said the proprietor with a smile, as he slowly shook his head, "I don't think that there's much of it in San Francisco, at least not so much in my business. In the first place we have only the best class of customers. But it is not so much that fact as it is that we never trust too much to anybody. You see that a jeweler must have his eye so trained that he can carry the whole contents of his tray at a glance. He must always keep his trays full, too, and that helps, and moreover he must never allow more than two or three articles to leave his hands at the same three articles to leave his hands at the same time. In that way he can keep track of them. But still with all that precaution it will happen that a ciever brace of swindlers will 'do' him. You see they always work in pairs, and one engages the attention of with the booty.

THE UMBRELLA DODGE. "I've often heard of the umbrella or parasol dodge, where goods are dropped into the folds of the uncaught umbrella, but I have never seen it tried. About the best dodge, and in fact I may say the only one that was ever tried on me was this. A pair of diamond ear-rings was missed and pair of diamond ear-rings was missed and by careful inquiry among all the clerks I found that it, the tray, had not been displayed for two days. Suddenly it flashed across me that I myself had shown these goods to two ways, when two days be across me that I myself had shown these goods to two young women two days before. I remembered how they had hesitated over another pair and thought that perhaps their father would buy it, and they left, promising to bring him in. I forgot all about them until the solitaires were missed. Then I undertook a little detective work on my own account and regained the diamonds. No—I am not going to tell you the details, only I will say this, that the woman herself told me how she had dropped her handkerchief over the tray and in picking it up again had carried off the n picking it up again had carried off the

in picking it up again had carried off the diamonds under my very eyes. I tell you it makes a man feel cheap when he sees how easily he can get fooled."

The writer next visited a milliner. "Well I cannot say that I ever missed things," said she, "although when the crazy-quilt was raging I did have some customers who had the gall to bring scissors in their bags and snip off pieces of the bonnet strings as they hung there from the stands, and more than once we found a big gouge from a choice bit of silk that had been hanging out of a drawer. And I have a friend who is a dressmaker, and she told me that ladies had no hesitancy in taking away pieces of rich material. But let me tell you what did happen to me once. It was on an opening day, when the store It was on an opening day, when the store was full and the attention of the young ladies was rapidly called from one to another of our customers. A young girl came in and tried on several bonnets, that's the rule you know on opening day. When we rule you know on opening day. When we came to put away our things at night, lo and behold, one of our choicest bonnets was gone, and in its place remained the last season's hat that one of our young ladies remembered seeing on some one that morning. Well, I can tell you we were indignant, and yet I could not blame any one.

THE SEQUEL. But I think that the sequel was the fun-niest part of the affair. Three days after-ward one of my salesladies rushed out and ward one of his salesiadies rushed out and fairly dragged in a girl who was looking in our window, and would you believe it, she actually had on the bonnet that she had stolen and walked off with the day we missed it. She did not attempt to deny it, but as I didn't care to prosecute I let her go. It would never do for a store to prosecute, it only gives it a disagreeable notoriety, and the accused is generally left off scot free."

we sent two bills—one for each piece. Within an hour the two bills came back paid. What was that but an acknowledgment of guilt?

D. AZILE.

LITERARY NOTES.

CURIOUS story about a story is told in connection with "A Frankenstein Family," by the Rev. John Bradley Gilman, published in "Harper's Bazar," May 29th. The central conceit in Dr. Bradley's tale is identical with that in Dr. Edward Everett Hale's recent extravaganza, "Susan's Escort." Before the latter story was published in the May number of "Harper's Magazine," Dr. Bradley and Dr. Hale happened one day to compare notes about their literary work, and discovered that the same idea for the basis of a short story had occurred to both of them about the same time. The coincidence ends, however, with the idea.

John B. Alden of New York, the well-known publisher, has just issued "Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," by Wauters, a very handsome, large-type, illustrated volume, reduced in price from \$2 to 50 cents. This book tells a most interesting and complete story, beginning with the conquest of the Soudan, and continuing through years of African exploration. the revoit of the Mahdi, the siege of Khartoum, with the death of Gordon, the return of Dr. Junker, besides the story of Stanley's own adventures, including his successful relief expedition. The book is well printed in clear, large type, has many good illustrations and is bound in cloth. Mr. Alden, who was charged with having joined the "Book Trust," denies the allegation and declares that he proposes to continue to furnish the best literature at the very lowest prices. The book mentioned, which was originally issued at \$2, is offered at one-quarter that price.

Over the imprint of Welch, Fracker Company, Publishers, New York, will soon appear "The

offered at one-quarter that price.

Over the imprint of Welch, Fracker Company, Publishers, New York, will soon appear "The Riversons," a novel of Pennsylvania life in the forties, by S. J. Bumstead; "One of 'Berrian's' Novels," by Mrs. C. H. Stone, a story of the twentieth century; "The Bank Tragedy," a novel by Mary R. P. Hatch; "From Yeilowstone Park to Alaska" and "From the Land of the Midnight Sun to the Volga," both by Francis C. Sessions, President of the Ohio Historical Society, these latter volumes to be uniform with Mr. Sessions' two lately published books of travel, "On the Wing Through Europe" and "In Western Levant."

"Nature's Serial Story," an illustrated number

ern Levant."

"Nature's Serial Story," an illustrated number of the new edition of Edward P. Roe's books, has been published in paper, at popular price, by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. In this book the author describes the life of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford. He is an aged man who is as truly interested in his garden and fruit trees as any enthusiastic horticulturist in his prime. Mrs. Clifford is one who always found solace in nature and flowers. The object of the book is to show that a love for the soil and all pursuits of outdoor life is one of the most healthful signs in a people and to bring people in sympathy with nature.

"One Erring Brather, or Chinal and all pursuits of outdoor life is one of the most healthful signs in a people and to bring people in sympathy with through the channels of leading benevolent and charitable institutions. This is what

"Our Erring Brother, or Church and Chapel,"

"Our Erring Brother, or Church and Chapel," by F. W. Robinson, "The Sin of Joost Avellingh," by M. R. Robinson, "The Sin of Joost Avellingh," by Maarten Maartens, and "The Talking Image of Urur," by Franz Hartman, M.D., have been added to the "International Series" by the John W. Lovell Company of New York. These works of fiction, like others of the series, are among the good books that are published. They are well written, carefully revised, entertaining and pleasant reading. The care exercised by this company in selecting novels to place before the reading public has gained for it a reputation that it may feel justly proud of.

"St. Nicholas" for June has an exciting and instructive story, "With Stick and Thread," by L. Clark Davis, relating a boy-fisherman's triumph in capturing a "red drum" with rod and reel. No angler can read it without a desine to start at once for the fishing grounds. It is illustrated by M. J. Burns. Another striking story is "A Divided Duty." by M. A. Cassidy, telling of a little boy who had one brother in the Federal and one in the Confederate army. Being unwilling to decide against either, he compromises by having a parti-colored suit, one side gray and one side bitt.

one side bliff.

The "Delsarte Recitation Book and Directory" is presented to the public by E. S. Werner of New York. It is edited by Elsie M. Wilbor, and is a collection of a large number of recitations in prose and poetry ranging from simple to most dramatic. The book gets its name from some favorite pieces of Delsarte, from an epigram on every page stating some point in the Delsarte system and from a fine medallion picture of Delsarte embossed on the cover. It is one of the best collection of pieces for recitation ever printed. printed.

printed.

Funk & Wagnalls of New York are publishing a thirty-two page weekly called "The Literary Digest." It is a summary of the current literature of the world. In it is presented a condensation of the best articles appearing in the reviews, a summary of editorial opinions from the leading newspapers, summarles of book reviews, and other matters of great interest. It is a most valuable periodical for careful readers and will prove of assistance to the students of literature.

Twenty-four illustrations drawn by the notable prove of assistance to the students of literature.

Twenty-four illustrations drawn by the notable
French artists, Luigi Rossi, Louis Montegut, F.
de Myrbach, Ernest Bieter and Frederic Montenard, will accompany the first installment of
Alphonse Daudet's new humorous serial, "Port
Tarascon," in "Harper's Magazine" for June.
The drawings are all in the style that has become identified with the names of Rossi and
Myrbach, the famous 'llustrators of M. Daudet's,
other Tartarin stories.

The Memorial day number of "The Youth's

The Memorial day number of "The Youth's Companion," just issued, will appeal especially to all those to whom our D-coration day brings tender and sacred memories. The illustrations are of a high character and the stories of a patriotic nature. Among them is the \$1000 prize story for girls, entitled "Way Out in the Prairie

Kentry." It tells in touching language how a devoted daughter secured the decoration of her father's grave.

The June "Century" opens with another article by Albert Shaw, whose paper on "Glasgow" recently attracted so much attention. This time Mr. Shaw treats of "Jondon Polytechnics and People's Palaces." a subject which is particularly timely, as similar institutions are springing up in different parts of the world. The frontispiece is a portrait of Waiter Besant, author of "All sorts and Conditions of Men."

"With Fly-rod and Camera" is the title of an elaborately illustrated work announced for immediate publication by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, The author is Edward A. Samuels, the well-known salmon-angler and amateur photographer of Boston. The book contains 170 full-page reproductions of striking photographs, to the collection of which Mr. Samuels has devoted the vacations of several years.

The Century Company of New York has issued

The Century Company of New York has issued a charming novel entitled "The Merry Chanter," by Frank R. Stockton. It is written in this author's inimitable style, and the scenes are portrayed in such faithful lines that the reader imagines himself seeing the incidents narrated and hearing the conversations between the several characters. The book contains a number of excellent illustrations.

G. W. Dillingham of New York has issued "The Strike of the Sex," a clever book, the purport of which is to show what the effect would be on the male portion of the world if the women should strike for their rights and leave the cities to the men. The picture is well drawn and the book furnishes much for thoughful reflection. Offered by the Bancroft Company.

The second number of the "Republic Maga-

flection. Offered by the Bancroft Company.

The second number of the "Republic Magazine," published in New York, has for frontispiece a splendid photograph of General Snerman. It contains a blographical sketch of the General and a large number of illustrated articles that are of particular interest to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The plays and pastimes of "A Boy's Town" are described in the installment of Howells' story in the number of "Harper's Young People" published May 27th. The author will doubtless be plied will questions as to who that boy mentioned by him was "who wanted to be a pirate, and ended by inventing a steam-governor."

"The Evil That Women Do," a novel by "The Evil That Women Do," a novel by Helene von Racowliza, translated from the German by A. Howard, has been issued from the press of G. W. Dillingham, and it is offered to the reading public through the Bancroft Company. It is a very interesting and entertaining story of Russian life and intrigue. Newspaper reviewers are puzzled over the authorship of "God in His World," the recent anonymous work published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. To some it suggests Philips Brooks; others say that it could not have been written by a divine. One paper believes that it may be the work of a woman.

William B. Turner of Spokane Falls has compiled and published a very handy pocket chart

plied and published a very handy pocket chart of "Medieval and Modern History," in which is given in a convenient and popular form at a glance the histories in which the people of the world are most interested.

world are most interested.

The June issue of the "Cosmopolitan" is a brilliant number. It contains the third stage of Miss Bisland's flying trip around the world, "A Ghost at His Fireside," by Louise Chandler Moulton and over a dozen well-written and entertaining sketches.

The June number of "United Service" completes the third volume of a new series of this very readable and interesting monthly review. The leading article is "The Battle Tactics of To-Day," by Lieutenant John P. Wisser of the First Artillery, U. S. A.

The first nomination for the Presidency in 1892 is published in the current number of "The lilustrated American." It is in an article by Belva Lockwood upon the question as to whether we shall ever have a female President of the United States.

United States. "At a Girl's Mercy," a spiritedly told romance of the War of the Rebellion, by Jean Kate Ludium, has just been issued by Street & Smith of New York. It is an interesting, well-told story, true to life and full of dramatic incidents.

story, true to life and full of dramatic incidents. Chicago has a new cartoon paper called "Light," which, judging from the illustrations and the original, bright and witty matter that fill the pages, it will soon become the equal of the cartoon papers of New York.

In the latest issue of "Garden and Forest," published in New York, there is an interesting article descriptive of an ornamental Japanese barberry by Professor Sargent.

The June issue of "The Domestic Monthly" is devoted to fashions of the latest styles and other matters of the greatest interest to the fair sex.

Like the Cleansing Brook.

SUMMER OUTFITS.

A Vacation Wardrobe at Little Expense.

Plain Talk About Simple Gowns for the Holidays-How Cheapness and Attractiveness May Be Combined.

READ from time to time descriptions of inexpensive summer outfits and frequently run upon detailed directions for making a vacation wardrobe out of one's head and having plenty of wash goods left to supply one's sisters and cousins; but still the bona fide economies actual useful to the dear lady to whom \$1 always means 100 cents and usually seems to mean 125 I do not find in the newspapers.

First among the summer vacation economies I reckon a knowledge of woolens. The woman who is going to the seashore, the woman who is going to the mountains and the woman who is going to stay at home are alike interested in light-weight wool gowns. Call it street dress, traveling dress, tramping dress, general outing dress, it must be light and it must be wool, except when it's mixed judiciously with silk and becomes alpaca.

This summer stand-by must be waterproof to a moderate degree. There are those among the delightfully pretty spring novelties, bordered cloths, etc., that will not dull, but the woman who is practically economical and whose gowns are rigidly limited in number will not trust to the tricky goddess Fortune to guide her choice among this counter's temptations. Until she can get a certificate from providence. duly signed, sealed and delivered, guaranteeing that no "sea turn" shall set in while she walks the beach, no clouds wrap the summit until she is safely up the cliff and down again, no splashing drops fall when there is not a horse-car to be hailed, she will pin her faith to serge, and she shall not be deceived.

Serge is the economical woman's material. She delights in its gloss and its freshness. When it loses these she puts it into the wash-tub and it comes out new again. For the summer outing it is incomparably better than flannel. The only material which approaches it for everyday outof-door vacation wear is a good alpaca, and alpaca has a surface which is not becoming to all complexions. For women who can wear it, alpaca is very cool, very durable, very light, wonderfully considerate about shedding dirt and more to be relied on when caught in the rain than most materials, though in this respect serge is its superior.



Let it be, then, alpaca or serge. There are pretty gray serges that stand more wear than almost anything else without looking badly. Let it clear the ground by several inches, the fashion correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding. There is nothcontrary notwithstanding. There is nothing more slovenly than to dip into the dust at every motion. The details of cut must depend on circumstances. I am not sufficiently progressive to yield my heart to the stiff shirt-bosom, waistcoat, jacket and straight draperies which go to make up the favorite outing dress of the season, and to the woman who is I suggest this consideration: The masculine make-up is chic, neat and practical, if not beautiful, when made by a masculine eraftsman: but if you are and practical, if not beautiful, when made by a masculine craftsman; but if you are one of those for whom this article is writ-ten—a woman to whom economy is a neces-sity—if you can't go to a good tailor don't try to make it up at home. The amateur masculine rig would be odlous if it were not laughable. The home dressmaker is a dear, sweet, sensible soul, but she should be judicious in choosing her styles.

judicious in choosing her styles.

judicious in choosing her styles.

One of the summer's best styles is an easy one. It gives the effect of a polonaise with a low bodice worn over a princess gown. It is really a high polonaise with yoke, and sometimes sleeves, of the material of the under gown. If it opens on one side and is finished with an enormous waist buckle it is so much more quaint and feedinable. fashionable.

fashionable.

Summer gowns ought always to be a pleasure. There is always a chance for fresh, simple, dainty rigs for the piazza, the garden party, the June festival. To the serge stand-by may be added for little money a pretty India silk fete gown. I would not take the word "wash" silk too literally. No small proportion of the low-priced wash silks spot if they see water on the other side of the room. The better wash silks do not suffer much at the hands of a professional cleaner, but the number that silks do not suffer much at the hands of a professional cleaner, but the number that can be managed by a good washerwoman is not large. Call them simply "summer" silks and they are really inexpensive. From \$6 to \$8 will by a fine fabric that a seamstress will help you make and that when it has been washed can be turned into pretty and serviceable underwear. The woman whose money is valuable should rewoman whose money is valuable should remember in buying heavier silks that falle is apt to be much the most serviceable. Conscientious dealers often refuse to recommend peau de soie.



The only silk that will wash repeatedly is

the throat over chemisette and broad collar, than if she expends all on one or two more costly and more studied arrangements.



The loosely woven cotton cheviot in pat-terns of checks and stripes makes a lowcost country dress which is about as satisfactory as anything for tennis or pienic wear. Some of the low-priced challies are wear. Some of the low-priced challies are in good patterns and make delightful fete gowns. There is going to be a good deal of muslin worn this summer in organdies and dotted white weaves. Now let me offer a hint to my economical girl. If she wants a white dress and thinks she can't really afford it, let her get white mull. Where is the advantage? You don't starch it when you wash it and consequently it will last several seasons. Beg, borrow or earnmoney for two or three different sashes and sets of shoulder ribbons and you will have

sets of shoulder ribbons and you will have
two or three toilets with one gown.
A tea-gown need not be an expensive luxury. A dark challi makes a pretty one, with vest of cream-colored surah, and sash coming from under the arms. The sash is prettiest made of the challi and silk-lined. One can make a delightful tea-gown of French sateen with vest front of white sateen. Or for a little more money, cashmers is as good a material as there is with

mere is as good a material as there is, with front of challi.

I meant to have room for a word about millinery. The Neapolitan straws are good purchases, because they are very durable.

The girl who has few hats should not indule freely in flowers. They are too perdules freely in flowers. dulge freely in flowers. They are too per-ishable. She should buy the heavier and more waterproof ribbons and get her touches of brightness with facings of the best of the non-tarnishing gold and silver laces. She should have a black hat, both because it is the most fashionable, and because it will go with every one of her gowns. If she likes feathers she should remember that a really good ostrich plume wears while a long series of "tips" are coming out of curl and being thrown away, but a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, trimmed with gold lace and black ribbon, needs nothing else to

make it captivating.

Those who interest themselves in dainty dressing, at low cost or high, will do well to remember that Dickens says: "Style means back." Style means carriage, and much of the success of a dress depends on how a woman carries herself after the dress is on. With head up, chest raised and walst firm, if the material has not cost more than \$1.50 she should look like a queen. make it captivating. she should look like a queen.
ELLEN OSBORN.

A FEW EXTRAS

That Were Written by the "American Grocer's" Funny Man. the other humor. GEOGHEGHAN entered the house the other day in an unusually ugly "See here, Ellen," he began, "do I give

you the impression of a rip-staving idiot?" No, Henry!" "Wouldn't you take me for an escaped lunatie now?" "Why, of course not, dear; who said

"Well," replied O'Geogheghan, "I just wanted to know. I had barely got down to my office this morning when an agent tried to sell me a daft motor, I believe he called it. Ten minutes later a woman came in and actually forced me to buy shares in a church-fair crazy quilt. At lunch, because I told the waiter I wasn't feeling well, he brought me noodle soup and cracked wheat —and, and—now when I come home you ask me what makes me so mad!"

HE KNEW DOMINICK'S ABILITIES. Doctor X (accosting patient in downtown restaurant)-It's very strange, Mr. Whatnot, that I find you disobeying my instruc-tions regarding your medicine. You'll never be cured at this rate!

Patient (imperturbably)—Wont eh? You explicitly stated that these pills were to be taken one hour before eating. Haven't I just this moment given my order to the waiter? DOUBTLESS.

She—There goes young Mr. Van Dike. You should see his latest masterpiece. He—Indeed—a landscape? She-Oh, no; a representation of an artist's palette; awfully natural, by the way. Why, the daubs of color are executed so beautifully that you would almost believe they were real!

AN INTREPID GIRL. Wentman-A brave girl in Chicago re-cently jumped on two monstrous footpads; and held them down without any assist-Weeks-The villains! They were finally

jailed, I suppose?
Wentman—Oh, no. I alluded to a pair of cork soles. She is still holding them down. A CLEANSING JOB DESIRED. Rough-looking Party-See here, I want to clean out this place.
Editor (paralyzed)—Sit down, my dear sir,

and perhaps—we can explain.

Rough-looking Party — Gimme the job, mister, and I'il do it for half a dollar. THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. A New Hampshire man writes to a con-temporary to know if "flours reely hav a language." Well, we believe it is a saying in the trade that the best brands speak for

themselves. WHAT DID HE MEAN? Hodge—The doctor says poor Leftlung is likely to have cold on his chest all summer! Keightley—Lucky dog. I'm afraid mine will be empty, with ice at the present rate.

Miss Ethelyn Roe of Setauket, Mass., had a lively encounter recently. While picking wild flowers in the woods near Rocky Point a white-throated black snake sprang at her, but fortunately missed its

mark. After running some distance she secured a stick and, returning, after a short battle killed the serpent. It measured six A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S



FASHIONABLE HAIR.

