

**WHEN JENKIE LAUGHS.**  
A light foot flits down the stair,  
A lilt of laughter trills the air;  
She comes; her merry music swells  
Like carol from deep woodland dells,  
Or chime from dreamland's airy bells,  
When Jennie laughs.

In sunlight at my study door  
Her slender shadow flecks the floor;  
An instant, tip-toe poised, she bides  
To scan if aught her presence chides;  
But naught save welcome comes there;  
She nods—and laughs!

Her white arms round my neck she slips,  
She prints a warm kiss on my lips;  
What sweet persuasive art she brings  
As, nestling to my heart, she clings,  
And, softly as a linnets sings,  
She pleads—and laughs!

I try to frown—a sheer pretense!  
I quote wise saws—a fraud pretense  
To keep my lovely captive there!  
But frown, doubt, scruple, maxim  
fair—  
When Jennie laughs!

Who could resist that pleading face?  
Who daunt that timid, winsome grace?  
Long ere her pretty plea be done,  
Long ere my cross-play mood be gone,  
She knows right well her cause is won—  
And so—she laughs!

The gracious charm, the witching wile,  
The subtle power of tear and smile,  
The spells that sway the hearts of men,  
All blend their potent magic, when—  
Her mother's living self again—  
My Jennie laughs!

God bless the child! As off she goes,  
Her gleeful soul in song outflows;  
The old house—yes, the old world,  
too—  
With light and gladness thrill anew,  
And life takes on a brighter hue.  
When Jennie laughs.  
—M. J. A. McCaffery.

## Great-Aunt Janet's Candlestick.

In her day—mind you, I said in her day—the old lady was something of an oracle. Infallible, sir, that's the word—absolutely infallible. In fact, to put it more plainly," said the colonel, shutting up one eye, and regarding his fifth glass critically, "she was always right."

"I have no doubt of it, sir," I said, meekly. "You see I was in love with the colonel's daughter, and under those circumstances a father is not a being to be contradicted. More than that, the colonel was speaking of a matter of family history; and the colonel's family goes back to a time little before William the Norman made up his mind to come over to England."

"Her particular powers, my dear boy," went on the colonel, "lay with the romantic. I've heard it said that all the lovers from all the country round used to come to her in their troubles and get good advice. That's what they say," added the colonel with a wink, "but, between ourselves, Aunt Janet was probably a mischief-maker, interfering old matchmaker. That is shown by the fact that she still troubles this earth when she should be reposing respectably somewhere else. One has to put up with this sort of thing, you know—the colonel frowned and coughed and settled his neck into his shirt collar—"one must put up with it when one belongs to an ancient family. And, after all, the old lady is never really troublesome. Picturesque, in a sense, and always keeps to the upper floors."

"And this," I said, pointing to a massive old silver candlestick on a side table—"this is Great-Aunt Janet's candlestick, eh?"

"Yes," said the colonel, frowning at it and shaking his head. "Perfectly ridiculous, of course; but it is said that whenever there is any love affair on hand the ghost of the old lady walks; that she carries the candlestick with which for some three-quarters of a century she lighted herself to bed, and that if one of the lovers meets her at that critical time, she gives him such advice as lifts him, so to speak—the colonel made a movement with his hands, as though dandling a large sized infant awkwardly—"lifts him into the lady's affections, or vice versa. But she is always accompanied by the candlestick."

"It might be worth trying," I said, half to myself; and just at that moment the door of the smoking room opened and she came in.

"Not a bad notion," said the colonel, with a chuckle. "Here, Dora, our friend here thinks of trying to get a tip from Great-Aunt Janet tonight, though what he wants to trouble her for I can't for the life of me imagine."

"I do assure you," I stammered, as she gave me her hand in saying good night, "I don't see what Great-Aunt Janet could have to tell me, and of course I shouldn't think of doing anything."

"Of course not," she replied, with demure eyes looking into mine. "But it's a pretty idea."

She kissed her father—oh! adorable lips pressed for a moment against the stern, white mustache—and went out of the room; and I found, quite unexpectedly, that I could not sleep.

I discovered, too, that I had left my cigarette case in the smoking room, and I had a dim notion that a cigarette might soothe me, and might drive out of my head certain vain dreams and fancies. For who was I that I should think that blue-eyed Dora should ever care two-pence about me?

I went down softly through the darkened house to the smoking room, and switched on the light there and looked about for my cigarette case. I found it and had just slipped it into my pocket when the remembrance of what the colonel had said brought to my mind the heavy silver candlestick. I glanced toward the spot where it had stood; and I saw, to my astonishment, that it was no longer there. In a flash I glanced quickly around the small room and realized that the thing was gone. And I knew of course in a moment what that meant.

The ghost of Great-Aunt Janet had chosen that night for walking!

Why? Was she such a sympathetic old creature that she had guessed my secret?—and could she give me any help or advice? I remembered distinctly what the colonel had said; how he had suggested that the old lady came only when she was able to help a lover. That was my desperate case; and on an impulse I determined that I would seek her and take ghostly counsel from her. I remembered that she haunted the upper floors.

I went up beyond the floor on which my room was situated and found myself in darkness. Then, suddenly, even as I tried to muffle my footsteps, I saw a dim light in the distance—the light of a candle. Down the length of the corridor there advanced toward me the stately small figure of Great-Aunt Janet; so real that she might have stepped straight out of her frame downstairs. She held the candle high, and I thought, looking at her as she advanced, what a presentable old lady she was.

It took me a moment or two to find my tongue; and then, fearing that she might disappear before I had had time to state my errand, I clasped my hands and blurted out what I had to say.

"Great-Aunt Janet!—sweet Great-Aunt Janet!—have mercy upon me and help me! I love the dearest girl in all the world—and her name is Dora—and I haven't dared to tell her so before. If you can show me the way—"

"Jack, dear—if you would hold the candlestick—"

I caught the candlestick—and Dora. After a breathless interval, during which the lovely face had been pressed close to mine again and again, and I had seen, even by that dim candlelight, a look in the blue eyes I had never hoped to see, she gave her explanation.

"I was in love myself, Jack, and I thought there might be some other unhappy lover who wanted advice or—consolation. So I thought I would be Great-Aunt Janet—and I dressed in these things—and I came out—just in case—"

"In case I might be wandering, too," I said. "Bless Great-Aunt Janet!"—Illustrated Bits.

## TRAINING OUR GUNNERS.

Great Care is Observed in the Selection of Gun Pointers.

It is only half the work to arm and equip ships with the most improved guns and sights; they must also have a highly trained personnel capable of manipulating guns, turrets and torpedoes. When China found herself arrayed against Japan she offered \$500 cash per month for skilled gun pointers, but in all great navies gun pointers are trained, not bought, and when the fight is on it is too late for instruction.

How does a man become an expert gunner? Diligent drill and constant training are not enough without a certain amount of natural aptitude. One man after another is tried. A few days' drill in the turrets eliminates all except the fairly promising. For the talent of eye and nerve which marks the born gun pointer the government pays from \$2 to \$10 a month in addition to the regular pay. This premium is not confined to any race, creed or color. On one vessel in the navy one of the gun pointers is a negro.

Selecting gun pointers is one of the most important duties in the navy. Having selected the men for gun pointers, the next step is to train them. Two methods are now in vogue, both having the same principle, but differing in detail. In the old days of sails and smooth bore guns, the invariable rule—and the only rule the gun-captains knew—was this: "Fire at the top of the downward roll (just as the ship begins to roll toward the target), and aim at the enemy's water line." This rule lasted far into the age of steam and turret guns, and has only recently been supplanted by "continuous aim firing," or the art of keeping a gun trained on the target, regardless of the oscillations of the vessel, during the whole or portion of the roll.

The method for training men by the new system—by the use of a "dotter"—was devised by Capt. Percy Scott, of the British navy. The dotter is a mechanical device which causes a small target to move across the face of a gun, with a combined

vertical and horizontal motion. The gun pointer must make the gun follow the target, and whenever the sights are on the bull's eye, he presses a button. This causes a pencil to dot the target. That is his shot. The other method of instruction is with the Morris tube, which consists of a small gallery rifle fitted on the gun, to take the place of the "dotter's" pencil.

So proficient have the bluejackets become in handling the turret guns that in actual target practice on board the Alabama a thirteen-inch gun is loaded and fired in thirty-eight seconds. Two kinds of target practice are employed now in all navies: one in which the target is stationary and the ship moving; the other in which both ship and target are moving.—Lieut. Commander Gleaver, in the World's Work.

## LAWYERS' FEES.

How They Are Paid Across the Atlantic.

Comparisons are often made between the fees of counsel in England and America, and with unsatisfactory results, as it is difficult to find any relative standard by which to measure the result, says the Green Bug in this country a firm of lawyers would take entire charge of such a case as Whitaker Wright's and have the sole conduct of it from start to finish, and would probably charge a fee to cover the entire work performed, based in some measure upon the result. In England a firm of solicitors is employed to prepare the case for trial, but upon each hearing before the magistrate and at the trial counsels are retained, the solicitors usually being the ablest and most skillful their clients means will afford.

In the Whitaker Wright trial thousands of pounds were doubtless spent by both sides in getting the case ready. Part of this money was "out of pockets" for the services of accountants and scribes, but profit costs of the solicitors must have been very large. It is commonly reported that Rufus Isaacs, K. C., who, with Mr. Avery, K. C., and Emery Stephenson, conducted the prosecution, had 500 guineas—say \$2,500—marked up on his brief, with a daily refresher of 100 guineas, which would make his compensation for the actual court work \$8,500.

In the usual course Mr. Avery would receive a fee of two-thirds the amount of Rufus Isaacs' fee and Mr. Stephenson's fee would amount to two-thirds of Mr. Avery's fee. If this system was followed, and there is no reason to believe it was not, Mr. Avery received \$5,000 and Mr. Stephenson \$3,500, or a total of, approximately, \$18,000 for the three counsels. Ransom Walker is said to have had no less than 3,000 guineas marked on his brief for the defense, but this was, to at least 2,000 guineas, a "special" fee, and his associates would not therefore receive the same proportional amounts. However, it is not improbable that the defendant's counsel were paid something more, and probably considerably more, than \$25,000 for their services.

## ENTERTAINING IN DARKNESS.

Novel Idea in Dinner Parties That Comes From Switzerland.

The very latest idea in entertaining is, not from across the Atlantic, but from Paris and that is: Swiss towns where the season is just beginning, where the thing now is to entertain your guests, if not entirely in the dark, at any rate in darkness or semi-darkness, all the time.

At a dinner party the hors-d'oeuvres and soup are served as usual in a brilliantly lighted apartment, and then, to the consternation of people who are new to the idea, the light goes out.

Then the door opens and the servants come in carrying brilliantly illuminated fishes containing the fish; and, as each guest takes his or her portion, they help themselves to a light at the same time, and when every one is served the effect is fairy-like.

Suppose the fish contains lobster in some form or other, the electric light shade is in the shape of the head of the lobster, and sheds a delightful red glow over the table.

The most ingenuity, however, is shown when the ices are served. Generally, a huge bird or beast, basket or cornucopia made of ice is wheeled into the room, blazing with lights and filled with ices. When each guest is served the light goes out, and only those on the plates illuminate the room.

When strawberry ices are served the shades take either the form of the berry itself in crimson or the pure white blossom. These are given alternately to the guests, and have the prettiest effect.

At a big Swiss hotel the ice is served in this way each evening. A favorite design is a Swiss chalet. This is wheeled in brilliantly illuminated. In each apartment are two lights and two ices, and when every one is helped the twinkling lights die away, and the chalet disappears on its invisible wheeled table.

Another popular way of serving the ice is the polar scene. Blocks of glass represent the icebergs, and the electric light is swathed in cold-looking blue, while the snow is made of white ice cream. Sometimes a few white china animals are placed in niches in the glass to give greater effect.—London Daily Mail.

Pens are polished with emery powder in a large revolving drum.



## FACTS ABOUT COLLEGE WOMEN.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae is about to publish and distribute at St. Louis a statistical investigation of college women who have taken their degrees between 1869 and 1898. This investigation deals with 3,636 women, graduates from the twenty-two most advanced colleges in the United States. Of these, 26 per cent. came from families whose total income, while their daughters were in college, was less than \$1,200. Forty-six per cent. came from families whose total income during the same time did not exceed \$2,500, and only 12 per cent. were prepared exclusively by private schools. Of the total number of women graduates, over 73 1/2 per cent. have at some time engaged in remunerative occupations.

It is clear that college women in the past have not come from the leisure class. With these figures President M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr compares the statistics from his own college, Bryn Mawr, which was opened only nineteen years ago, and therefore represents the newer conditions of women's college education as contrasted with the earlier conditions prevailing among college women as far back as 1869.

Of the graduates of Bryn Mawr up to 1902, 60 per cent. came from families whose income was over \$5,000, as against the 72 per cent. that, according to the collegiate alumnae statistics, came from families with an income of under \$2,500. Only 40 per cent. of the Bryn Mawr graduates had at any time engaged in teaching, as against 73 per cent. of the graduates of the statistics before mentioned. Finally, in 1892, 71 per cent. of Bryn Mawr's graduates, as against 12 per cent. of the women of the statistics, had been prepared for college in private schools.

Miss Thomas also draws attention to a point in the ever engaging discussion over college women and matrimony, which seems to have been overlooked by other thinkers.

"If anything in the world is proved," she says, "it is that a girl's going to college for four years does not affect her marriage, any more than a man's going to college affects his. Why, then, do only about 50 per cent. of college women marry? Because the college women of the past have come from the classes in which only 50 per cent. of women do marry. College has nothing whatever to do with it, except perhaps to give college women the intelligence to select their husbands a trifle more sensibly. Statistics collected in England and in this country show that about 50 per cent. of the sisters and cousins of college graduates who have not themselves been to college marry, and that about 50 per cent. of college graduates marry."

The fact is, there are only two classes in which all women marry—the working class, in which the woman is not an expense, but contributes her share in household labor at home or in paid work outside the home, and the wealthy class, where the women bring inherited wealth to their husbands. In the great intermediate class, where the wife is usually an ill-to-be afford luxury, and unable from the circumstances of her husband's position to conduct her household without servants or to earn part of the common household, only 50 per cent. of unmarried women must be self-supporting, or drag out a miserable existence on what can be spared from the earnings of their brothers or nearest male relatives. And even the 50 per cent. who do marry should also be self-supporting, because in many cases they must at some time, for a longer or shorter period, support their children or their husbands."

**WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN BRAZIL.**  
Eighty-six women of Araguay, Brazil, petitioned for the franchise, but the official addressed replied that the constitution did not provide for conferring political rights on women, and that the family was the place for women.

**FASHION NOTES.**  
On some of the light gowns, especially white dresses, broad ribbon sashes are taking the place of the deep girdle. The effect around the waist is the same as when a girdle is used, but the long ends in the back are extremely pretty for young girls. The ribbons for these sashes are quite expensive if one watches for cut pieces, which are often the correct length and perfectly fresh.

A proper traveling costume is an important part of one's wardrobe. The skirt should be walking length, and somewhat plain and severe. Good colors are brown, blue and dark gray in light weight materials, such as cheviot, mohair and cravenette, buttons, stitching and soutache braid are very effective as trimming. The plaited skirt and Eton are the best models.

Hosiery is more beautiful than ever. Dainty embroidered sprays of flowers are the favorite adornment. Small bunches around the ankles and trails of foliage on the sides wind among the insets of lace decorating the instep. Shot silk hosiery, if it harmonizes with the gown, is a mode for morning wear.

The new fans are veritable gems of daintiness, and as they are inexpensive we shall not quarrel with their lack of expansion. They are made of some kind of marvelous paper resembling silk, with Watteau and other reproductions, the originals worth a king's ransom. The spangled fan is not chic this season, possibly because it has had its day, and the lacy effects are reigning in its stead.

## A MOTHER TALK.

Your son is just as lovable, just as good, and his society just as enjoyable as your daughter's, if you only encourage him from childhood to look upon you as his friend and confidant. Make home attractive to him and do not think "any room in the house is good enough for a boy," while your daughter has the best room in the house, and takes delight in its dainty furnishings.

Mothers, as well as sisters, have an idea that boys do not care for such things if they are only comfortable; but they do, most decidedly, and they are ashamed to take their comrades up to a room with a faded carpet and a lot of mismatched furniture no one else would have. Make their rooms attractive, and if they want their friends to visit them in their own sanctum let them have that privilege.

## CHANGE IN WOMEN'S CLOAKS.

"Styles in women's cloaks must be changed every year," said Carl Goldman. "If the coming winter's cloaks are not radically different from last year's there will be but little demand for them. Last year cloaks were worn both long and short, but this year the long cloak will be the only proper cut. Last year plaids colors were the mode; this year only the mixture will sell. All of our styles are not on the market as yet, because the makers are still in doubt as to just what will take best. Will the prices change? Well that would make little difference to the customers. It is style, not prices, that the women look after."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## HOUSEWIVES IN JAPAN.

Japanese ladies busy themselves most actively in the affairs of their household, doing their own dressmaking, and always superintending the work done by their servants. The servants are very hard-working, taking a tremendous interest in whatever they have to do. Even if it be only the washing of dishes, the little maid will put all she knows into the work, and will really seem to revel in the dullness of jobs. They are most industrious and reliable servants.

## WOMEN BUTCHERS.

Five hundred women are employed in the provision stores in New York, cutting meat and waiting on customers. They are as skillful as men, and their employers say that they attract custom because of their neat appearance. They wear black gowns and long white aprons. The most difficult thing they have to learn is not to wipe their hands on their aprons after cutting a slice of meat. One woman, after cleaning her hands on a towel behind her block, remarked to a customer, "It took me two weeks to remember that."

## SIGHT NOT EASILY FORGOTTEN.

How shoulders have "come in" again with the mid-Victorian gown! It is the moment, indeed, for the lucky she who possesses a faultless neck, for a really beautiful young person rising, like Aphrodite, out of a sea of chiffon and tulle, is a sight not easily forgotten.—Ladies' Field.

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## TO MARK LINGERIE.

The ready-made medallions, monograms and initial letters for marking lingerie are handy for this purpose. They save hours of hand embroidery, and are as effective as anything that can be done at home.

## THE CARE OF OILCLOTH.

When washing oilcloth, whether for the table or floor, use soap if desired of preserving the polish. Skim milk is serviceable, but milk rubs off. Hot vessels, onion juice and such drippings discolor light oilcloth. Varnish floor oilcloths and linoleums fall and spring to rejuvenate their appearance and to lengthen their days of use. Heavy canvas painted yellow and spotted with shadier colors makes a durable kitchen or entry carpet. New canvas absorbs much paint but washes easily and saves the floor and the good wife's muscle. Wherever else one may economize, let it not be in floor paint. Next to washing and hot weather cooking, scrubbing comes on the list of wife killers.—American Agriculturist.

## SATISFACTORY BEDDING PLANT.

Not until quite recently has the possibility of the Impatiens Sultanas as a bedding plant been appreciated. Having stumbled on a slight knowledge of its response to good culture, I decided to give it a chance to do its best last summer. Early in the spring cuttings were placed in water. When well rooted they were planted in pots as the weather was not yet warm enough to plant out of doors. The bed was made along the north side of the house; the soil was moderately rich garden soil, and after it was well pulverized a wheel-barrow load of rich leaf-mold was thoroughly mixed with it. Three of the most thrifty plants were planted in this bed, which was ten feet by two and one half. The Sultanas began blooming soon after they were placed in the bed, and bloomed profusely all summer, each one bearing from three hundred and fifty to four hundred blossoms at a time, toward the latter part of the season. The flowers, too, were unusually large, many measuring one and one-fourth inches in diameter, while a few measured two and one-half inches across. The rose-red of these flowers is clear and bright, making it a cheery-looking plant as well as a conspicuous one.—M. E. S. Charles in The Epitome.

## HINTS OF VALUE.

I made a discovery recently that pleased me greatly. The delicate paper on the wall of one of my rooms was plentifully splashed with kerosene by an accident that happened to a new lamp. Some of the splashes were large because the oil ran down to the base board, and the sight was rather disheartening. I sent out for some powdered chalk which I knew would do no harm if it failed to improve matters, and with a soft, clean cloth I patted the chalk over every grease spot and some distance beyond. I left it for three days, then brushed it away to find that every trace of the oil had disappeared. This is worth knowing, for there is hardly a home where kerosene is not used and accidents are liable to happen to any of us. A friend who experiments occasionally tells me that sanded almonds are just as toothsome of browned in the oven without being first treated to butter or oil. They are blanched in the usual way, baked in a slow oven to a salt. This is an economy well worth knowing. This woman partially cleans her meat chopper with a crust of dry bread, running it through after the meat. The task of thorough cleansing then becomes easy, for the grease and meat bits are gone.—Boston Traveler.

## RECIPES.

**Fruit Cake**—Two eggs, 1 1/2 cup molasses, 1 cup butter, 1 1/2 pound currants, 1 1/2 pound raisins, 1 1/2 pound citron, 1 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 1/2 teaspoonful soda, 3 cups flour. Beat eggs; add molasses, butter and fruit; add spices and soda to flour and mix all together; bake 2 1/2 hours rather slowly.

**Peppers Stuffed With Rice**—Cut the tops from green peppers and remove the seeds, taking care not to get them on the fingers any more than possible. They have an unpleasant fashion of burning badly. Throw the peppers into boiling water and cook them for ten minutes, take them out and dry. Set them upright in a baking dish and fill them with boiled rice. Put a piece of butter about the size of a hickory nut on top of the rice in each one, lay on the tops of the peppers, which have been put aside to serve for covers and set the dish in the oven for ten minutes, that the peppers and the contents may be heated through and the butter melted.

**Artichokes A La Bordelaise**—Put one-fourth cup of butter and half a cup of sifted bread crumbs into the blender and light the lamp; when the crumbs are well moistened with the butter, add a teaspoonful of fine-minced parsley, one pint of cooked artichokes cut into small crumbs, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and half pint of rich, sweet cream. Let boil up once and put on the flame add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of the grated rind of a lemon (or omit the grated rind); stir well and serve at once.