

## WANDERLUST.

By Gerald Gould.

Beyond the East, the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,  
And East and West the wanderlust that will not let me be;  
It works in me like madness, near, to bid me say good-by!

For the seas call and the stars call, and oh, the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs nor what the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the sun for friend and for his guide a star;  
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,  
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh, the call of a bird!

Tonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day  
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;  
And come I may, but 'g' I must, and if men ask you why,  
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky!

—From the London Spectator.

## O-Ume

The Story of a Little Japanese Girl and the Cherry-Blossoming.

The sun was warm on the thatched roofs and the groves of trees, and a merry crowd filled the streets of the little Japanese village, for it was the festival of the cherry-blossoming.

In Japan the "Sunrise Kingdom," as it is called, the calendar is divided into the time of the blossoming of the flowers. The camellia, sometimes shrouded in snowflakes, helps to usher in the New Year; then, after a few weeks of cold rains and dull skies, the branches of the withered old black plum trees are starred with fragrant white flowers, followed soon by the cherry-blossoming, and until November, when this brilliant maple leaves light up the scene, this gentle people count the seasons in flowers.

In this little village most of the cottages had thatched caps on their heads. Some were worn with age and rain, but Dame Nature had patched them with velvety mosses until the whole village looked like a picture. There were only two streets and these ran almost at right angles like a rude cross. The sun, curving far inland, hugged the houses with caps of thatch on two sides, so that one could hardly help looking out over the water wherever he stood. Even though they warbled of the sea's rough carresses they could not run away, for great hills guarded them at the rear, and only stepped away a little at one side to let the smiling rice fields climb down, terrace by terrace.

If you have never seen a Japanese field you would be surprised to see one. The plants are set out in the muddiest mud that you can think of. The workmen wade up to their knees in this thin mud and set out the plants; then, as they grow up, there are men and boys who weed them, stooping all day until their backs are weary. At first the field looks like a great pond or lake; then some morning you look across it and it is all emerald green. A week or so later, the wind blowing across it ripples the rice stalks like long, green waves and it is beautiful. Raised paths cross the field and inclose them, and in the corners are great beds of pink lotus flowers, something like pink water-lilies, with broad, flat, pad-like leaves. If you look across the fields at nightfall, you may occasionally see a crane standing on one foot, and looking like a bird stuck down on a long black stick. If the crop matures early in the season you will hear more frogs croaking than you ever heard before, for the fine, fat bugs that live in the mud are just to frog taste. Looking down on the fields from high up on the mountain-side it looks as though someone had made them to order, leveled off a terrace on the steep slope and shoved each one in, for there is a level space with a rice field slid over it, then a climb and another field, sometimes four or five in succession. When the rice begins to ripen the birds must be kept away by boys with wooden clackers, something like those our boys play with. But the fields are wide and the birds so hungry and aggravating, that it could not be by any stretch of the word be called fun for a wide-awake boy.

But we must go back to the little village with thatched roofs and the merry crowd in the streets. There were women in gay kimonos of silk and crepe, with huge sashes and wooden clogs, their hair piled high in black coils. There were little maids like women of small size, only the wee maid's sash was soft and the grown-up's was stiff and wide. The babies were strapped on the back of mother or sister, but some learned to cling and get a comfortable position. Their heads, bare and shining, except for a few tufts of black hair, wobbled and bobbed as if they would roll off, but their soft, tiny hands clung tightly to the neck of the bearer, and they never cried.

There were little men in long robes, jinrikisha runners in wash-bowl-shaped straw hats, laborers with bare brown legs wearing blue coats with big letters stamped on the back, and over-

head danced gay banners and lanterns.

Of all the crowd, only the little brown babies were silent, all the others were chattering and laughing. As I went up the street at a good pace in my two wheeled baby cab, which they call a jinrikisha, with the gay crowd dodging out of the way of the runner who held the shafts and acted as my horse, I felt just like a page out of a story book, or like one of the pictures.

We were all going to see the cherry trees at the park. Now I had seen the cherry trees at home, but nothing like those pink-tinged double blossoms as large as a double rose, covering every branch and twig; nothing like these clouds of odoriferous pink, caught and held down by the clinging black branches. There were no green leaves, these come later on the cultivated trees; only the fleshy pink cloud of bloom, and under the trees was a drift of pink snow from fallen petals.

Benches were set close together under the trees, and people were drinking tea served by tidy maids from the teahouse near by. Yet they were not benches, they were tiny low tables, about like a doll table, before which they squatted on their heels. Now my muscles are not limber enough to sit long or comfortably in that position. Even the tables of that land are taught to sit on their heels, instead of putting their feet out in front of them, as our babies do, so their muscles are trained to it. But I went a little to one side and sat down on the grass with my American walking shoes sticking their toes out in front of me and enjoyed the scene.

Japanese people are very polite and kindly, and as I watched the darling children in scarlet, yellow and lavender, chattering and catching at their odd toys of paper and feathers, one solemn little girl, looking like a bit of rainbow, came timidly toward me with a cup of tea and some sweetmeats.

I quickly went down into the pocket of my memory for some of my best Japanese, and came up with enough of it to say, "Thank you; come and sit by me," and she squatted beside me. Everyone is gay and ready for fun when the cherry trees bloom, so I was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious little people, all looking wonderingly at the strange foreigner who seemed so unusual there, and yet could talk with them, and we were soon quite well acquainted. I drank the tea and ate the sweetmeats, which were round balls made of rice, and they showed me their toys. Japanese children have no pockets in their quaint, long gowns, but the sleeves, wide and reaching to the knees, made an excellent substitute, and out of them came tops and balls, little toys made of paper and rice straw to imitate figures and boats, and we had plenty to talk about for awhile. Then the gay little butterflies flitted off to chase each other down the long aisles of the tree trunks. All but one, a maid whose name, as she told me, was O-Ume, which means Honorable-Flower-of-the-Plum. In that country they name little girls after flowers and graceful things, the O meaning honorable, a title of respect. There are many such names as Ear-of-Young-Rice, Bamboo, Chrysanthemum, Spring-time. O-Ume, with her kimono of yellow crepe embroidered in pale green leaves, sat beside me, as eager to hear about American girls as you are to hear about her. So I told her of one and another; of Margaret, who lived in a great city and took long rides on street cars to our town parks; of Elizabeth, who lived on a farm and fed the chickens, cared for the baby furkeys and learned to make butter.

We talked so long that the shadows deepened, and the sunset turned the clouds of cherry blossom golden rose, like real clouds, and over the brow of the hill came the Japanese mamma to take her little daughter home. After a few moments' conversation I found that O-Ume's home was near mine, so I begged her company in my jinrikisha, for she was a little mite, and I am not large, so we could easily ride together.

Hand in hand we walked down the avenues of trees to the granite gateway, where the sturdy runner sat with a group of others. Climbing in, we snuggled close together and joined the gay crowd, chattering and chattering.

Over the curved bridges and past the lotus lake we rolled, the funny wash-bowl-shaped hat of the runner bobbing up and down in front of us. At one side of the road in the distance was the sea, and now and then under the glow of the sunset flashed the running of the surf. At the other side was a sea of green reaching to the far-off mountains, a vast sea of rice fields, rippling into waves when the breeze blew across it. Beyond was Fujiyama, shadowy in the twilight, and as we came into the village with its houses in their thatched caps lights were twinkling far out on the horizon line from the fishing boats riding at anchor, and nearer lights gleamed from the open houses.

Then O-Ume slid a little brown hand into mine, with a soft Sayonara, good-bye, as the runner stopped, and I went in to my supper of rice, fish and tea, served by a quiet maid with hair as black as the night that was about us.

The movement is again on foot to make the killing of a cat a criminal offense, says the Massachusetts Ploughman. Even if the movement is successful there will be times in the silly night when outraged humanity will be willing to risk the possibility of preying a justifiable caticide.

## YOUNG INDIANS AT PLAY.

Amuse Themselves in the Same Fashion as White Children.

As soon as the Seminole child is four years old he is set to work at some light task about the house. He stirs the boiling soup, watches the fire and replenishes it with sticks of wood, aids in kneading the dough for bread, washes and pounds the "koo-ah" root, a sort of potato, and contributes in many ways to help his mother in her work, says the Minneapolis Times.

But the children have plenty of time for play, too. The little girls have dolls made of sticks, with pieces of rag wrapped around them, and they are as fond of them as white girls are of their wax dolls with winking eyes.

The Indian children build little houses for their dolls and call them "camps," while the boys take little bows and arrows and go into the woods to shoot small birds, saying when they return: "We have been turkey hunting."

Boys and girls sit around a piece of earth into which they stick blades of grass and call it a cornfield.

One amusement of which the little Seminole Indians are fond is playing with teetotums. They take a dried deer skin and peg it out tight on the ground.

Then they take the round roots of a peculiar grass called "deer foot" and thrusting through them little sticks about as thick as a match and twice as long, they set them whirling on the deer skin by rubbing the upper end of the stick quickly with the palms of the hands. This they call "having dance."

The Seminole boys and girls have a bad habit of eating between meals. A big kettle filled with stewed meat and vegetables always stands ready with a big spoon in it for anyone who happens to feel hungry, and they will sometimes even get up in the middle of the night to take a spoonful of stew.

The streams of the Seminole country abound in fish, and the Indians soon become good fishermen. But their ambition is to be trusted with a shotgun and as soon as they are old enough they are allowed to take one and go into the woods to shoot wild turkeys. When the Seminole boy is allowed to do this he counts himself no longer a child, but a man.

## A COOL OFFICER.

He Faced an Angry London Mob and Got Fair Play.

During the reform riots in Hyde Park, London, in 1866, the mob on a well remembered night began tearing down the fences of Hyde Park for fires and barricades. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson talks in the Atlantic Monthly of an English officer who was dining with a friend, all unconscious of the impending danger. Presently he received a summons from the war department, telling him that his regiment was ordered out to deal with the mob.

He hastened back to his own house but when he called for his horse he found that his servant had received permission to go out for the evening and had the key of the stable in his pocket. The officer hastily donned his uniform and then had to proceed on foot to the guards' armory, which lay on the other side of Hyde Park. Walking hastily in that direction, he came out unexpectedly at the very headquarters of the mob, where they were already piling up the fences.

His uniform was recognized, and angry shouts arose. It must have seemed for the moment to the mob that the Lord had delivered their worst enemy into their hands.

There was but one thing to be done. He made his way straight toward the center of action and called to a man who was mounted on the pile and was evidently the leader of the tumult:

"I say, my good man, my regiment has been called out by Her Majesty's orders. Will you give me a hand over this pile?"

The man hesitated a minute and then said, with decision: "Boys, the gentleman is right. He is doing his duty, and we have no quarrel with him. Lend a hand and help him over."

This was promptly done, with entire respect, and the officer in brilliant uniform went hastily on his way amid three cheers from the mob. Then the mob returned to its work, to complete it if possible before he whom they aided should come back at the head of his regiment and perhaps order them to be shot down.

## The Homeless of London.

From an investigation made by the medical officer of the London County Council it is estimated that one in every 2,000 of the population of the City of London is homeless.

A census of the persons who could not pay for a night's lodging in the cheapest of lodging houses and passed the night out of doors in the streets, under arches, or in the recesses of front doors, or on landings and staircases of tenements where the doors had been left open, revealed such a number in a certain district that the officer felt justified in making the estimate presented to the council. On the night this investigation was undertaken there were 6,000 vacant beds in the lodging houses.—New York Medical Record.

Physicians are scarce in Cuba; \$316,000 worth of patent medicines were imported during the fiscal year 1902-'03, mostly from France.



## LOVE IN THE HOUSE.

Love does not linger in the home where rudeness shows its unlovely qualities. It chooses to dwell in the home where the spirit of unselfishness, of self-control, of thoughtfulness and of charitableness makes the atmosphere sweet. Happy homes depend on happy hearts. Home is distinctively a woman's sphere, and she who sweetens it most makes earth nearer heaven.

## WOMEN WHO GRACE COINS.

For the new issue of florins Miss Susan Hicks-Beach, daughter of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, has stood as a model for the figure of Britannia. This is by no means the first time that a subject has been chosen for this purpose. Pepsys records that the beautiful Miss Frances Stuart was chosen to represent Britannia on "the King's new medal," and Charles also perpetuated the prettiness of the notorious Duchess of Portsmouth, but on copper coins only. The benevolent countenance of Mrs. Martha Washington has adorned our treasury notes, and the silver dollar shows the features of a pretty American. The Rothschilds used, 100 years ago, the head of Baroness de Rothschild on their notes, and in 1897 the State Bank of Budapest engraved the face of Mme. Louise Blaha a prima donna, on its 1000-gulden notes.

## THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.

Let every woman strive for a beauty which all will recognize as being genuine, through and through. That which is superficial will fade and pass away, leaving a flood of disappointments and unhappy memories, while the true beauty will prove a "joy forever." She who possesses this gift will be blessed. And yet it is not a gift, for beauty represents the ultimate result of sincere striving for the best in life, for the noblest in character, sweetness of grace and purity of soul. Every woman may possess these divine attributes if she will. The way is open and mankind will smile approval if she chooses to become the woman beautiful. The "woman who thinks" will shape her life to this course and will call to her aid the supreme source of strength and wisdom.—Madame.

## SHE IS A CLEVER WOMAN.

Who can fill the hostess' part to perfection. Opinions differ as to what constitutes an ideal hostess, but according to a number of women who went over the question over the teacups at a tea here are some of the indispensable qualities she must possess. She must make you feel individually that you are the favored guest. She must make you feel perfectly at home. She must see everything and yet possess the art of seeming to see nothing. She must never look bored. She must always be able to keep the conversational ball rolling. She must never let any one be slighted or overlooked. She must know just when to ask the amateur musician to display his or her talents. She must be perfectly unselfish about her own pleasure. She must not neglect her guests and at the same time must not give them too much of her own society.

WOMEN EXPERTS AT SKETCHING. It has been at last discovered that women in general are very much more clever at sketching and drawing than men, and in art schools three-quarters of those who succeed are women. Young girls, who have only the smallest amount of talent, generally make a success of it, and it is not wholly done by their teachers, but by their untiring perseverance and steadfastness.

A woman artist is decidedly more clever and artistic than men, although a majority of the world-famed artists of today are men. Women have not succeeded in the heavier lines of art work, but they are far ahead in the lighter one. There are many young girls who have not yet made their debut, but the public will be surprised when they do. The men have heretofore had all the opportunity, but that will soon end when these women are graduated from the different art schools.

A good line of art is the fashion sketches, which pay very well. If one is at all expert, business will be rushing and more orders than can be filled will be the outcome of the difficult studies. It is undoubtedly a woman's business, the fashion sketching—but nevertheless men have entered that field time and time again. Women will some day take their rightful places, and will undoubtedly do the work justice.—New Haven Register.

## CARE OF BABY'S EYES.

If more attention were paid to the baby's eyes and less to its dresses or perambulator, future diseases of the eye would be avoided. The treatment, or lack of it, that is accorded the eyes of babies is one of the worst. It is not surprising to see many babies lie blinking in the bright glare of the sunlight in a tenement section. Mothers who have never

been taught the care of children are responsible for these. When, however, one sees in the residential part of the city a babe lying on its nurse's lap in a handsome equipage, and sees that its big blue eyes are staring up at the midday sky, utterly unprotected from the brightness, one is not only shocked, but the feeling grows that in the state of baby wisdom possessed by women at large there is something lacking. Carelessness like this very often leads to blindness.

The bright light should never be allowed to fall on a baby's eyes, for it weakens the sight. When taken out of doors baby's eyes should be shaded by a parasol. Indoors the light should be subdued, but not made dim. Let the child lie with its head away from the window, for facing the light is always bad. Do not have the crib stand just beneath or in front of a window.

Always keep the eyes clean. The usual washing of the lids that goes with the ordinary face washing is all that is needed. If there is a discharge of the eye the lid should be lifted and the eye treated with a borax solution. This can be dropped in the eye with an eye syringe. Five cents' worth of boracic acid in powder form, dissolved in as small an amount of water as possible, makes the solution.—New Haven Register.

## GOOD HEALTH IS REQUIRED.

Getting into one of the women's colleges these days is a serious undertaking. The most popular of them are so crowded that only part of those who are prepared to enter can be admitted. This makes a situation exactly the reverse of that which prevails in men's colleges, where every student who can pass the examinations and meet the perfunctory requirements as to moral character is welcomed.

Several of the women's colleges require that those who intend to matriculate in a particular year shall give notice to that effect three or four years beforehand. Thus it is pretty well known for several years in advance what are the prospects for students, and the colleges are able to maintain their standards of scholarship.

Physical health also is more strictly insisted upon in the women's colleges than in the men's. Nearly all schools, at least of the higher grade, are now insisting as never before upon the health of pupils. A physician is often attached to the gymnasium, sometimes a general superintendent of physical culture, and upon his advice the pupils often cut down their school work or for a time altogether give it up. At the women's colleges the relation of physical health to general education is felt to be so important that a very close watch is kept upon those who enter college and upon all students throughout their whole course.

## AUTUMN FASHIONS.

The Lyons silk manufacturers who hitherto have manufactured silk only are now bringing out silk warp materials with worsted fillings. These are not only very lustrous, but very light, will wear better than pure silk, are better adapted to all sorts of wear, and will be a factor in the coming autumn.

In broadcloths manufacturers are putting on the market lighter weights and better wearing goods, as they are now using a worsted warp in many varieties, and this adds to the wearing qualities of the goods.

In zibelines, which are also to be fashionable in the coming fall and winter, the closely sheared goods are to lead and the fur effects will be in the background. The manufacturers of dress goods turn out the materials for autumn wear in the spring, and in the late summer and autumn are busy making the gown materials of the coming spring and summer seasons. At present writing the indications are that sheer fabrics will be quite as popular next spring and summer as now, and that flowered effects in organdies will be as much or more worn.

In coloring the pompadour shades, such as rose, raspberry, coral blue and tender greens, in pastel tints, also faint mauves, will appear in quantities. Plumets or embroidered effects are to be largely used, and monotonies of all colors with dots and figures in the same coloring are to be brought out.

Mohair suitings will be manufactured in quantities, and white and cream-colored mohairs of southern wear on golf links and beaches will be a feature.

Soft taffetas will be offered in large numbers, and the glace effects so much worn in France at the races will be distinctly fashionable. These are especially good as foundations for filmy materials, giving more of a changeable effect than the others.

In Paris long coats of white taffeta, surah lined, are worn over delicate costumes, and there also the chiffon taffeta has reigned as a favorite material for out-door costumes, pale green leading other colors. Most of these frocks have had puffed sleeves, the puffs above the elbows, and wide skirts.



## A USEFUL IMPLEMENT.

By all means have an ice hammer, instead of an ice pick. The hammer, made of solid metal, nicely nicked, does far more execution, and now is the time to command its services.

## A WINDMILL BOOK RACK.

A unique book rack is a windmill affair. There is the pointed roof case for the books, of stained oak, and a large windmill wheel which actually turns and will turn with the wind if the case is set on the piazza. On the outside are the words: "Except wind stands as never it stood, it is an ill-wind turns none to good."

## USE OF MEDICINE DROPPER.

A medicine dropper as an adjunct to the making of mayonnaise was the inspiration of a housewife not long ago. Every one who ever tried to make mayonnaise knows the bother of adding the oil slowly, drop by drop, until the dressing is thick enough. This woman experienced the same difficulty and met it with the medicine dropper, which adds the oil with machine-like regularity and precision.

## PRINTED NETS.

The exquisite printed nets are used with good effect in combination with plain Brussels nets. Inset with wavy lines of lace, and between lace medallions, the printed net looks almost like painted lace. A net gown of deep cream color had an accordion-plaited flounce lined with narrow black velvet. Above the flounce was an inset design of cream lace, with the intervals filled in with net printed with pink roses and green leaves. There was not much of the printed net used, and wherever it appeared there was a touch of black velvet ribbon in the form of little knots or bows to make the contrast less striking. The waist had a deep yoke and the front of the lace and net, a mass of hand work.

## RECEIPTS.

Anchovy Sandwiches.—In making anchovy sandwiches have some mayonnaise, add to it some chopped capers and a few capers, spread the bread with this and lay the anchovies on after cutting them into small bits. Or there is always the anchovy paste, which may be mixed with butter or with mayonnaise or otherwise expanded and improved in order to make it a suitable sandwich filling.

Caviare Sandwiches.—Speaking of anchovies, it is natural to let the subject glide to caviare, since those who like one will like the other. And caviare to be used in sandwiches needs ninety-nine times out of a hundred to have with it onion juice, lemon juice and black pepper to have it make the best impression. Then undertake such variations as you see fit in its further flavoring. Eggs boiled hard and chopped blend well with it and will modify its richness.

Egg Sandwiches.—Egg sandwiches, as a rule, are poor, pale, colorless things, and for the simple reason that they do not have enough savoring in the making. A plentiful sprinkling of chopped watercress, for instance, tones an egg sandwich up to a plane where it can almost be called piquant.

Sardine Sandwiches.—Making sardine sandwiches is a trick as old as the fish themselves, yet every year we seem to learn of something new to be added to them to bring them up to date. This year's contribution to the literature on the subject consists of the suggestion that thick cream be added to the sardines after they have been wiped and skinned, and then the whole pounded to a paste. This paste to be seasoned with either some French mustard or curry. Of course it is a rich compound, but whoever saw one in a sandwich good for anything that was not? So don't avoid it on that account. Just try it.

Cantaloupe Pickles.—Take ripe cantaloupe, and after paring them cut them into slices about one inch thick, and for five pounds of melon make a syrup of two and a half pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar, with spices. Cinnamon, cloves and mace are generally preferred. Tie the spices in a thin muslin bag, put in the melon and let it cook slowly three or four hours, or until it becomes clear. Then take out the melon and boil the syrup until it becomes quite thick; then pour it over the melon and seal up in glass jars.

Corn Chowder.—Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork into small pieces and fry out; add a small onion, sliced and cook slowly for two minutes, stirring often to keep it from browning, then strain the fat into a saucepan. Cook a pint of sliced raw potatoes for five minutes in boiling water to cover, drain and add to the fat. Add also a pint of raw sweet corn cut or scraped from the ear, half a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and boiling water to cover. Simmer until both potatoes and corn are tender.

Scrambled Eggs.—Beat six eggs slightly, add one-quarter level teaspoon of salt, three-quarters cup of milk, and stir together. Melt three level tablespoons of butter in an omelet pan; pour in the eggs and stir constantly with a fork until they have cooked creamy. Serve at once with buttered toast. This rule is enough to serve four.