

Setting Sail.
Tomorrow I have wastes of sea to ride,
Long wastes, beneath the blue and boundless dome,
And wild the wind, and white the breakers comb,
But yet I fear not shoal or swelling tide,
Home lies the other side!

Some other morrow I shall sail a tide
Vaster and darker. But in farther skies
Through breaking mists what shining heights may rise—
And in great quietness I shall abide,
With home the other side!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Magazine.

A TIMELY JOKE.

By Charles B. Howard.

I had spent four lonely days in Hongkong, awaiting the arrival of the steamer for Manila; and Hongkong in August is a charming place to be away from. Every foreigner who could manage it had fled to the hills or to Japan, and I had sweated on the veranda of the deserted English Club or wandered disconsolately about the streets, until I was almost dizzy with the indescribable, peculiarly Chinese atmosphere.

I had been advised not to go outside the limits of British jurisdiction, as the Chinese exclusion act had just been rigidly enforced in the United States, and Americans were not popular in the Celestial Empire for the time being.

Consequently, although I was the only saloon passenger, I was glad enough to find myself ensconced in a bamboo chair on the deck of the British mail steamer *Tanquin* as she steamed out from under the shadows of the grim, frowning mountains which border the passage into Hongkong Bay. She was to call at Amoy, a tea port on Formosa Strait, before heading south for Manila.

The captain's dog, Pat, a small yellow animal of no particular breed, but of a sociable disposition, came and sat beside me, and together we watched the noisy crowd of Chinese, Malays and Filipinos in the steerage.

We dropped anchor in the pretty little harbor of Amoy soon after sunrise one morning, and the American vice-consul, a stout and jovial gentleman, most beautifully arrayed in creamy silk, came off in his eight-oared cutter and joined the captain and me at early coffee. He remarked that he had not seen a fellow countryman for six weeks, and insisted on my going ashore with him for tiffin and a look at the town.

So we were rowed ashore by the consular crew of Japanese, rigged out in white sailor suits, accompanied by Pat, whom the captain asked me to take for a run on land.

"He'll follow at your heels all right," said the skipper, as he held the kicking Pat over the rail by the scruff of his neck and nonchalantly dropped him into the boat. "And if you should lose him I'll try to bear up. Remember, we sail at six sharp, and when you hear two whistles you want to come aboard chop-choop."

The various consulates and dwellings of the few foreign residents stood in a picturesque group across the harbor from the town itself, for hygiene and other obvious reasons; and after a stroll among the ancient temples and joss-houses scattered here and there and a call at the club, we sat down to tiffin in the cool, vine-covered bungalow which served as the United States vice-consulate. We were served by Japanese house boys, and fanned by a huge, noiselessly swaying punka.

After a short siesta my host proposed a visit to the city proper. "It's your best chance to see a typically Chinese town," said he. "There's not a white man in it, and only one who speaks a word of English—old Tan Quin See, the comprador."

The cutter soon landed us at a flight of worn, moss-grown steps in the harbor sea-wall, and we began to wend a tortuous way through streets narrower than Boston back alleys, and not nearly so straight or well paved. They were crowded with the lowest class of Chinese, half-naked and grimy, who made way for us with sullen ugly scowls, gabbling and muttering among themselves at the intrusion of the "foreign devils."

Pat, the captain had predicted, was close at my heels, adroitly dodging among a myriad of bare feet. In a few minutes the vice-consul stopped at a doorway.

"Here's Tan Quin See's shop," he said. "He's a valuable friend of mine, and he'd be greatly hurt if we didn't stop for a cup of tea."

He entered a dark little hole, which seemed to be a combination of grocery, wine-shop and museum, and led the way into a room in the rear. Here we were most effusively greeted by a dried-up little old man, who shook hands in European fashion and patting at me in pidgin-English.

The old comprador seated us in wonderfully carved ebony chairs at a wonderfully carved and inlaid table, and proceeded to make tea in true Chinese fashion—pouring boiling water on a pinch of leaves in each handless cup, and serving it without milk or sugar.

After our fifth cup the vice-consul and he fell to talking business, for

which the former apologized to me, saying that they would be through directly.

Leaving them to their chat, I strolled out to the front door and stood watching the passing throng. A moment later my attention was attracted by a crowd suddenly gathering, apparently in great excitement, at a street corner some twenty yards away. Curiosity getting the better of discretion, I left the doorway and walked up to see what was going on, with the ever-faithful Pat in attendance.

I found what looked like a toy temple, which two men had set down on the ground, and which the crowd was examining closely, with much gesticulation and yelling. What it was all about I do not know to this day, for just then I heard a loud yelp from Pat, followed by a series of furious barks, and turned to find him savagely shaking a rag which served as the only article of apparel worn by an urchin about ten years old, who, I suspect, had been up to some prank with Pat's caudal appendage.

The little imp was unharmed as to body and limbs, but he promptly set up a roar of fright which drowned every other sound, and was the most natural noise I had heard for weeks. Pat loosened his hold as I seized him, while the youngster was swung aloft out of harm's way by a tall Chinaman, whose face, as he turned to me, was the very incarnation of fury. Holding the yelling brat on one arm, he shook the other fist in my face, stamping and shrieking with rage.

The crowd closed in, and I was instantly surrounded by angry yellow men, chattering and screaming like a cawing of apes, and clawing the air with skinny arms and long-nailed hands.

Pretty thoroughly scared, I instinctively dug into a pocket, and offered a handful of loose change to the tall man. He snatched it as a wild beast snatches meat, but it had not the slightest effect on his temper, and he seemed on the point of striking at my face with his clawlike hand.

I was totally unarmed, save for an ordinary walking-stick, which I raised to ward off the impending blow. Then I stepped quickly backward.

The crowd behind made way with the cowardly instinct of an unorganized mob, but closed in front just out of reach of my stick, screaming and gesticulating as before. I continued backing until I was fairly clear, and then turned and ran, as I thought, toward Tan Quin See's shop.

Unfortunately, in my bewilderment I started down the wrong street, not discovering the mistake until I had sprinted some distance, with the howling swarm close behind. The miserable Pat scudded ahead, his unlucky tail between his legs, adding his terrified yaps to the general uproar.

A stone whizzed close to my head, followed by another, and feeling that I was now in real danger, I dodged down the first side street which seemed to me to lead in the direction of the shop—and unexpectedly found myself in a blind alley ending in a brick wall about seven feet high, with a sort of ledge or shelf running along its foot.

Jumping up on this, I backed up against the wall and raised my hands aloft in token of surrender. The crowd closed round as before, their combined voices now sounding like one continuous, steady shriek, without cadence or rise or fall. Every hand that I could see gripped a stone or fragment of brick—the Chinese rowdy's weapon of offense.

I could see over the pigtailed heads which filled the narrow alley, and still holding my hands aloft—a gesture which seemed to puzzle them, for the stone-throwing had temporarily ceased—I noticed in the street outside a jinrikisha occupied by a portly old merchant, well-dressed in clean blue silks, with a red button on his little round cap indicating the rank of mandarin. He was gazing placidly at the crowd, his hands comfortably folded on his rotund stomach, and my frantic efforts to attract his attention elicited no response whatever. He probably had no sympathy to waste on unlucky foreigners.

Imagining that he could not see me through the forest of waving arms, I turned and grasped the edge of the wall, with the idea of climbing up. Then the shriek of the mob turned to a snarling roar, and I felt the stinging blows of half a dozen stones, while countless others broke against the wall or sailed over. I made a wild leap in hope of finding a temporary haven of refuge on the other side—and crash came my helmet against something hard, which smashed it down over by face like an extinguisher.

I made a frantic grab at the air to save myself from tumbling back, and clutched a roll of sinewy shoulder muscle. At the same time somebody grasped my coat collar, and there I hung for a moment with dangling legs, in the uncongenial embrace of an athletic Chinaman, who had evidently tried to leap on the wall from the farther side, to see the fun, with disastrous results to my helmet and his head.

Simultaneously we each managed to get a leg atop and to scramble up, where we sat astride, face to face, while I extricated my head from the remains of my helmet, and he rubbed his shaven poll with one hand and his damaged shoulder with the other, uttering a series of indignant gutturals.

Expecting another shower of stones, I turned to look at the crowd—and

continued to look for some time in bewildered amazement.

For instead of shrieking with anger as before, they were now yelling with laughter, staggering about, and doubling up in a very ecstasy of glee, like so many Georgia darkies at a "hoe-down," their expression of malignant hate turned to that of the jolliest, happiest fun. Even the tall man with the child, who towered head and shoulders above the rest, was grinning from ear to ear, while the fat old party in the jinrikisha was shaking like a jelly-bag; and Pat, on his hind legs, was madly clawing at the wall.

I had just about concluded that the whole thing was one awful nightmare when the vice-consul came pushing into the alley, and elbowed his way to the wall, followed by Tan Quin See.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were done for. How did you know enough to do it? But come along out of this and explain on the way. The *Tanquin* has whistled."

We made our way through the now genial crowd without opposition, leaving my peevish friend on the wall to scold at his leisure, and were followed down to the sea-wall by a hilarious procession of my late enemies. There we bade farewell to Tan Quin See, and on the way to the steamer I related the whole story.

"Well, well," said the vice-consul, as he wiped his ruddy face, "that jump of yours, and getting your helmet bashed over your face, has probably saved me the trouble of cabling Uncle Sam for a gunboat. You were within an ace of being stoned to death, but you discovered by accident the secret of controlling a Chinese mob, which is at once the most dangerous in the world and the most childish. If you ever get into a scrape like that again remember this: Do something, no matter what, to make 'em laugh, and you're safe till next time."—*Youth's Companion*.

DO ATHLETES DIE YOUNG?

Some Pertinent Statistics That go to Refute a Widely Popular Fallacy.

According to Dr. William G. Anderson, in his article on Making a Yale Athlete, in *Everybody's Magazine*, college athletics tend to prolong rather than to shorten life. "The hostile criticism," says Dr. Anderson, "that athletes 'die young' has been so often made without definite refutation that it passes for truth among those who mistake rumor for fact. An investigation of the health and longevity of college athletes must be exhaustive to furnish trustworthy data. Realizing the importance of such statistics, Professor Franklin B. Dexter, the Librarian of Yale, has recently completed the task of collecting the records of 761 athletes who competed in intercollegiate events and won their 'Y's' on the eleven, the nine, the crew, and the track team between 1855 and 1904. This material was gathered for a prominent life insurance company, and later given to the director of the gymnasium. The main deductions are as follows:

"Of these 761 athletes, 51 have died since graduation. The causes were: Consumption, 12; pneumonia, 4; drowning, 6; heart disease, 2; suicide, 2; war and accident, 3; died from unknown causes, or disappeared, 10; from various diseases (fevers, appendicitis, cancer, diphtheria, paresis, dissipation, etc.), 12.

"Of these 51 men, 18 rowed, 16 played football, 11 were track athletes, and 6 played baseball. The ages of those who have died show these extremes and averages:

Age	Extremes	Average age	at death
Crew	20 to 68 years	41.7 years	
Football	22 to 37 years	30.3 years	
Baseball	20 to 39 years	28.3 years	
Track	21 to 33 years	25.4 years	

"Turning to the 70 living athletes: Those who have passed 40 may be thus grouped:

113 men are between 40 and 49 years of age.
86 men are between 40 and 59 years of age.
22 men or between 60 and 69 years of age.

"Of the Yale athletes in their later years, 14 are between 60 and 65 years, one is 65, three are 66, one is 67, two are 68, and one is 69. In brief, barring violent deaths, only 40 of these 761 Yale athletes, in a period of nearly fifty years, have been lost from the ranks of the living.

"I have been assured by a life insurance expert that college athletes, barring the track men, show a better average expectation of life than their non-athletic classmates, and much better than the general average of insured lives."

He Wanted Help.

Ike, from the city, visited his Cousin Jake in the country, and a coon hunt was planned for Ike's benefit. Very early in the evening the dog treed, and Jake climbed up to shake the coon out. A wild scrimmage followed, punctuated by growling and spitting on the part of the animal and yells from Jake. Soon everything grew quiet. Jake and the animal each having reached the point where they were willing to remain quiet. Ike grew impatient and shouted:

"Jake, have you got him?"
"Yes, Ike, and I wish you would come up and help me turn him loose a moment, please."—*Memphis News Scimitar*.

Among the Sultan's plate are babies' baths of solid gold.



WOMAN'S WORLD

NEW NEEDLE WORK.
White serges, mohairs and linens are indispensable in a young girl's wardrobe. A coat suit of one or the other of these with a fine lingerie blouse is suitable for almost any occasion, says the Boston Traveler.

A new thing in taffeta petticoats is to have them made on a jersey yoke of the same shade. This insures perfect fit over the hips, which is well-nigh impossible with the silk gathered or plaited onto the band.

A pretty idea in the making of all-over shirt waists is to run one, two or three nip tucks between the rows of embroidery. For this purpose it is necessary to select a design with sufficient space between the motifs to admit of the tucking.

With three scraps of heavy linen and the merest amount of trouble a girl can make herself such a set of collars and cuffs as disports itself with airs in a smart shop. The collar is a two-inch hem turned up on the right side, lined up, and stitched with whatever color is chosen for the decoration of the collar which decoration consists of French knots in groups of three. The cuffs are the same of course. These are so easily made that it would be worth while to do several, say one in blue knots, one in green and one in red, for matching-up purposes.

Now is the time to get out English eyelet work, if by good luck one has a mother who spent her leisure making this beautiful stuff. Nothing is more elegant. Whole gowns and coats are made of it, it is introduced in the form of yokes and plastrons and employed on the bebe hats with which the pretty girl sets off her charms. One girl has been so lucky as to find rolled up in a forgotten trunk yard upon yard of lovely hand-work, done by her mother during a long sea voyage.

Now that kid belts are so popular, the girl who has to count her pennies as well as her blessings can utilize the tops of long-wristed gloves to make very satisfactory ones. Especially desirable to wear with summer gowns are those made of white and light tinted, undressed kid. Fancy cut beads or sequins grouped into conventional designs will cover the joinings as well as embellish the belt.

BUTTERFLY BOWS.

In the way of bodice trimming, in connection with a high girle, nothing daintier and alrier than a big butterfly bow could be devised. This bow is made of lace, white or colored, in width from four to six inches. The first step is to form the body of the insect with some white wadding, and then to cover it with a fine white cambric. Cover that again with some of the lace and with a heavy white silk twist cross-stitch the body from its head to the fine-pointed end of the body. Make then three fans of the lace, that is, take the lace and divide its length into three sections. From the bottom or straight edge of each lace division slope off enough lace so that when each section is gathered and drawn up the sections will all three be widest in the middle and taper down on each side. The middle section is to be sewed into a tight little bunch of gathers at the body head, while the other two sections, representing the wings of the insect, when gathered are to be drawn down to the insect's side, none of the stitches showing. If the side wings are required to be in two parts, it is very easy to slope the side pieces of lace a second time so as to double the wing effect, for each time a slope is made it gives the effect of a separate lace part. A fine lace wire like a thread may be sewn on near the edge of the lace and manipulated into shape. Place the head lace, point upwards, at the best line, and fasten it to bodice with pearl pins. Spread out the side wings and fasten them also to the bodice and over the top of the belt. The end of the insect's body will then fall on the middle line of the high belt.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

JAPANESE SILK AND CHINESE SILK.

As between the two nations in the Far East which produce silk, the manufacturers in the United States need to give the closest attention to China. The silk industry of Japan is highly developed. It represents science and the most progressive business methods. The silkworm in Japan is a well-groomed creature. The Japanese worm is not hatched unless the egg containing it passes scientific examination. Nothing is left to chance. The mulberry leaves fed to the worms are grown upon trees scientifically cared for and protected from disease and pests. There is no loss in the growth of the trees, the hatching of the eggs, or the feeding of worms which do not produce. In China much is left to chance, because the father of the present producer did not know any other method. While the mulberry trees are cared for carefully in some lines, are fertilized and cultivated and stripped of their leaves in the autumn to give them a longer rest in the short winter, there is no protection for them

from worms and other pests. In spite of all this loss and these drawbacks, which would in time ruin the silk business if not corrected, the first grade raw-silk product of China is better than similar grades in Japan and probably than in any other country. The Chinese silkworm naturally produces the largest quantity of the finest silk of any silkworm in any country.—*Consul George E. Anderson, Amoy*.

SOME THINGS TO OBSERVE.

To be a gentleman is what all of us desire, says Cythia Gray.

All of us may not acquire either wealth or education, but any one of us may become a gentleman. That is the whole story.

Not a week ago I saw standing upon a street corner waiting for a car, a well-dressed, handsome woman. She looked the gentleman, but suddenly she turned the tip of her tongue over her teeth to clean them. She had left home without brushing her teeth.

You have seen women take from the hair a hairpin and with it give their scalp a vicious little dig. There may have been a hair out of place, there may have been a—there are numberless reasons why the scalp may have needed that attention. But the gentleman does not allow herself such liberties in public.

"I'll be comfortable, even if I'm not a gentleman," snaps someone.

The gentleman is quite comfortable. She merely straightens every hair and makes herself comfortable and "ready" before she leaves home.

The gentleman is dainty in speech. She avoids vulgarities and speaks quietly and sincerely.

The gentleman is dainty in speech and laughter. She never laughs roughly. And you will notice that she does not cover her mouth with her hand either in speaking or laughing. This is one of the most common of the undainty things that women do, this fumbling with the fingers about the mouth, face and chin. Keep the hands away from the face. If they had been needed in talking they would have grown near the mouth.

HARD WOOD FLOORS.

The hard-wood floor is comparatively a new feature in the house, and it is not altogether strange that housekeepers may not always know just how to care for them. A great many treat them as they do carpets, sweeping them with a broomcorn broom which is intended well enough to take the dust out of the meshes of a carpet, but not to polish hard-wood floors. The same woman who treats her hard-wood floor in this way would refuse to sweep off her piano with a broomcorn broom, for fear of scratching its polished surface; she would probably take a soft, cotton flannel duster and wipe off the dust, and this is exactly what she should do with her floor. The most convenient way of doing it is to make a soft cottonflannel bag for the broom, the dust is easily removed from a polished floor in this way.

Such a broom is also useful in sweeping down walls, though a feather duster accomplishes this work more successfully. A number of such broom covers should be kept ready so that when one must go to the laundry another may take its place. Painted piazzas may also be treated with a covered broom in this way, even when in need of a scrubbing brush, and if not too dirty, will look almost as well as if scrubbed, and certainly better than if scrubbed with a common mop.—*The Commoner*.

INFLAMMABLE FLANNELETTE.

Surely the days of inflammable flannelette should be speedily numbered. The death roll among children who have been fatally injured by the ignition of this perilous fabric is simply appalling. The wearing of flannelette has again and again exposed children to the same risk as if their night dresses were soaked in spirit. The fabric catches fire as easily and burns with the same intense flame as alcohol, and the flames are not readily extinguished. "An inquest was held the other day on the body of a little boy, two years old. He was left to play in a room while his mother was absent. He was in a flannelette nightshirt. The mother had not left the room long when she heard screams and found the boy in flames. He was terribly burned, and the poor little fellow died within 24 hours of the occurrence." Such is the sort of heartrending paragraphs constantly appearing in the newspapers. One coroner alone has stated that last year he held no less than 73 inquests on children who had been burned to death, and a large proportion was due to flannelette igniting.—*The Lancet*.

Young farmers can borrow money from the government at three per cent in Norway.

No unvaccinated person can vote in Norway.



EGG AND CHEESE SCRAMBLE.

Break five eggs into a saucepan and quickly add a cupful of grated cheese. Mix this lightly with a fork, and when done serve with a garnish of toast cut triangularly.

POTATO GARNISH FOR ROAST.

Pare common sized potatoes and cut in a thick shaving round and round without breaking; if cut too thin the potato will surely break. Drop into a frying basket and fry in deep hot fat; sprinkle with salt and arrange in curls or roses round a roast, alternating with sprigs of parsley.

FRUIT MUFFINS.

Mix two and one-half cups of flour, sifted three times, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and rub in three dessertspoonfuls of butter; add one cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of fruit—berries, chopped pineapple, raisins or any kind desired. Pour the mixture into buttered baking pans and bake half an hour.

APPLES AND BACON.

Slice breakfast bacon very thin and fry until it curls and is clear. Take it up and keep hot over boiling water. Strain the fat back into the pan, adding a very little butter, and fry in it apples sliced round and thin without coring or peeling. When clear and tender, drain, piece by piece, from clinging grease; arrange neatly in the center of a hot water dish; sift powdered sugar lightly over them, and garnish with the bacon.

BANANA PIE.

The *Woman's Home Companion* furnishes the following: Free enough bananas from skin and coarse threads to fill a cup when the pulp is pressed through a sieve or ricer. To the pulp add a beaten egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one cracked powdered fine, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-third of a cupful of cream and one-half cupful of milk mix thoroughly, and bake until firm in a pie pan lined with pastry as for squash pie.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD.

Where the ripe tomatoes are hard to obtain at this season the canned ones may be used with signal success. The jelly should be made the day before it is needed. Add to the contents of a quart can of fine tomatoes one small sliced onion, half a cup of fine chopped celery, or celery salt to season, and six cloves. Put into a porcelain lined kettle and cook for half an hour. Strain, season to taste with salt and paprika, then stir into a porcelain lined kettle and cook for half an hour. Strain, season to taste with salt and paprika, then stir into a porcelain lined kettle and cook for half an hour. Strain, season to taste with salt and paprika, then stir into a porcelain lined kettle and cook for half an hour. Strain, season to taste with salt and paprika, then stir into a porcelain lined kettle and cook for half an hour.

USEFUL HINTS.

A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not blister. The wax from dripping candles can be removed from table linen by a generous application of alcohol.

Young beets, boiled and chopped fine, make a delicious salad in combination with white lettuce leaves. Kerosene is an excellent purifier. In cleaning damp collars rub it on all the shelves and woodwork very thoroughly, using it without water.

A tablespoonful of borax is an agreeable addition to the dishwater and helps to keep the hands soft, instead of irritating them, as soda does.

The best thing for burns is linseed oil and lime water in equal portions. Cover the wound with sterilized cotton, dress carefully from time to time, and it will gradually heal.

Steak will be found much more tender if vinegar is rubbed all over it. It should then be left for half an hour before cooking.

If the housewife wants her consommé to jelly, she should be sure to crack the bones and cut away the meat from them.

It is known that small pears make delicious pickles when made after the recipe for sweet pickled peaches? The fruit should be pared, but not quartered or cored.

Very strong tea will stop the bleeding from a cut.

Stews of any kind of meat should merely bubble at the sides of the kettle and never really boil.

Blinds can be nicely cleaned and brightened if after dusting and washing they are rinsed in clear water and ammonia.

One of the most successful ways to darn wools and silks is to take ravelings from the material. Split the thread into the needle with the help of wax. In this way the thread or silk matches the goods exactly.

The enamel of address cards is produced by rubbing over the card a mixture of Kremnitz white, which is a fine variety of white lead.

Sumatra grows the largest flower in the world.