BOY AND VIOLIN.

(By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.) Though the morn's a Saturday And the sun's aglow, Ball and glove are put away For an hour or so. Tempting marble-ring must wait, And the "fellows" on the gate Swing and dawdle till their mate, Free at last, may go. This is Heinie's day to fiddle, And with flourish, trill and twiddle Goes the never-conquered riddle Of his master's bow. Now the urchin's rosined stick Dogs the swifter one, Striving hard to learn its trick; Now it scrapes alone.

As across the strings it wavers In unwritten shakes and quavers All the woes of fiddling shavers Seem to haunt its tone!

Father Heinrich leaves the shop. Comes to hear and see; Mother for the time must drop Spicy cookery. While beneath that freckled chin Nests the pygmy violin. Though the notes be flat or thin, Sure, their marvel, he! Why, a music-making nation Fills his little veins With the glorious distillation Of its deathless strains! He must grow to do his share Cooped beneath the footlights' glare While the singers rend the air With their tuneful pains!

You will ne'er be Paganini, Child, nor feel his power. You would barter him for "shinny" Any playing hour! Outdoor lad, your fancy bids You should learn of katydids And the tinkling shower. Tired, you say? Today is long; You can yield a part to song Ere the twilight lower. You may miss your strings' best beauty,

Yet, long years away, Some old cadence, rich and fruity, Will bring home, as bees their booty, Mem'ries mixed of joy and duty, Bound with "Music-day."

-Youth's Companion.

**** **Purple Lilacs** By Sadie Marie Stull

For the seventh time she smiling. ly acknowledged the thunderous applause, and not one in the great auher

Kenwood alone understood. "Well done, little girl," he whis-

Moreover, the girl in the picture carried a spray of purple lilacsbroken from the flower-laden bush as she passed out through the wicket gate. As incense, their delicate fragrance ascended with the prayer she breathed for forgiveness and future guidance.

Once again her hand came in contact with the queenly roses. This time, a tremulous smile parted her She was wondering what the lips. generous donors would think could they know how willingly she would exchange their costly florist's creation for the smallest cluster of "memory" flowers. The smile died on her lips. They would not understand; not one in the great tinselled world of pretence would understand. Not one did she say?

In her ears rang Gordon Kenwood's masterful voice, surcharged with an earnestness his admirers "in front" had never been privileged to hear.

"I know how it is, little girl. The hurt in your eyes when no 'home' flowers appear among your frequent tributes is familiar to me. I first beheld it in the eyes dearest in all the world to me-the eyes of my revered mother. I was only a youngster then, and used to worry in vague, kid-fashion, when I often surprised her, silent and wistful, in the midst of what to my juvenile mind was all sunshine and happiness. She had won fame, fortune-everything to which her talent entitled her, in the histrionic world; but back in the little home world, those nearest and dearest to her ignored her triumphs as they had frowned on her early aspirations. It embittered her sweet cup of success, but she quaffed it in silence, for she was proud even as they. And in the end, they understood and offered belated homage. "May Fate deal as kindly with you is my earnest prayer. And when that blessed day comes-as come I prophesy it will-I have but one wish -one boon to crave. May I be the first to congratulate you?" She had bowed in the affirmative

-not daring to trust her voice. And now, with his every little act of courtesy assuming a new significance, she realized how doubly essential to her future happiness was that day he so confidently prophesied would come.

It was the closing performance of the season; one long to be remembered albeit the part of most vital interest to the principals escaped the public.

In the "big scene" of the play, Muriel as the heroine carried a huge bouquet of artificial flowers-always purple Hlacs. Something in her manner toward

dience suspected the effort it cost the flowers caught Kenwood's quick eye, half preparing him for her joyous whisper-"It has come at lastthe day of days! I am to spend the

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR HOLD TRIENNIAL IN CHICAGO

Great Conclave Presided Over by Acting Grand Master Melish---Wonderful Parade Through **Elaborately Decorated Streets Is the** Most Spectacular Feature.

Chicago .--- Marching to the music of parade passed before another reviewforty-two bands and the almost equal- ing stand in which were Mayor Busse. ly melodious cheers of hundreds of the city council and the park commisthousands of their relatives, friends sioners.

and admirers, some 50,000 Knights Templar took part August 9 in the greatest parade ever held by the order. Their waving plumes and fine tered on the "Templar Way." This uniforms were fittingly set off by the beautiful decorations of the streets and Van Buren street and was made beaubuildings, and the scene was one that tiful by a handsome arch and massive will not soon be forgotten by those Corinthian columns of pure white who were fortunate enough to witness erected thirty-three feet apart on both It.

This magnificent parade was the al laurel connected the columns, and climax, in a spectacular way, of the the bright red cross and the shield thirty-first triennial conclave of Knights Templar, which opened here prominent in the scheme of decoraon Sunday, Aug. 7. In accordance tion. with the time honored custom of the grand encampment, the doings of the the knights again turned west, and week began with divine service.

Begin With Divine Service.

The sir knights selected Orchestra which accommodated Governor Deneen hall for this purpose and entirely filled and his staff. Marching north on La-



Acting Grand Master Melish.

Wednesday and Thursday were the the body of that hall to listen to days set apart for the drills for which

tive drills.

blocks.



pered, as she passed him on the way to her dressing room.

Mile. Julie's bright eyes sparkled admiration in voluble French, but gratulate you?" Muriel stopped her with a deprecatory gesture.

"Quick, Julie-get me out of these trappings!"

The little maid marvelled that not even a glance was vouchsafed the mass of floral offerings whose fragrance permeated the room.

When Miss Dexter's . apartments were reached, Julie's wonder increased.

"You need not assist me tonight, ma chere," the actress said, her indulgent smile belied by the weariness of her voice-"Bon soir."

As the door closed on the maid, Miss Dexter slowly crossed the room to a divan on which the electric chandelier shed an aureole of light.

For a full minute she permitted her artistic senses to revel in the beauty of her surroundings. Furniture, draperies, ornaments-each and every article selected for its individual value-blended in a harmonious whole which would have won the indorsement of "perfect" from an art connoisseur.

But in Muriel Dexter's eyes it was not perfect. Even as she realized it was the proper setting for the jewel of her genius, its very richness and glitter oppressed her.

A mystic hand beckoned from the Past-in its grasp the letter she had received that afternoon. Slowlymockingly-the finely-traced words shaped themselves before her hungry gaze.

. The scent of the lilacs is wafted to me as I write-bringing with it the memory of the dear old it was a sort of raining buttons on ment, yet I like to think that 'mid the wealth of rare floral tokens you now receive, your heart sometimes yearns for the simple garden flowers. . . ."

How sagely the little sister's heart had guided her pen!

The luxuriously appointed room faded before Miss Dexter's eyes and There is good reason for believing in its place she beheld a never-to-beforgotten scene. She heard her fath- cumbered with appropriations that er's stern, uncompromising voiceher mother's gentle pleading: the they do enterprises on which the vague questioning of the little brother and sister, too young to understand aught save the knowledge that will continue to prevail so long as their idolized sister was going away; the rivers and harbors bill is made away from the sheltering home and the flower-crowned hills and meadows.

A mist obscured Miss Dexter's vision and she extended one hand as if to stay the approach of the succeeding picture.

Her fingers touched the soft petals of a long-stemmed rose. She pushed the regal blossom aside petulantly. It represented the Present, and what his wife's clothes cost, says the tonight, by a wave of Memory's magic wand, she dwelt only in the Past, a nulsance.

summer-at home. Mechanically Kenwood gave full

value to his "lines," but the woman as her mistress entered the small beside him heard only his eager un room. She would have voiced her dertone: "Am I the first to con-

They had reached the climax of the act-when it was the heroine's custom to toss the lilacs carelessly upon a rustic bench.

Tonight, however, she passed them reverently to Kenwood. And Kenwood knew that the answer his heart sought was intrusted to them-the flowers Fate had chosen for them in the garden of Love .- Boston Post.

Mark Twain on the Fourth.

"Our Ambassador has spoken of the Fourth of July and the noise it makes. We have a double Fourth of July in America. We honor it all through the daylight hours, and when the night comes we dishonor it. Just at this hour the pandemonium would be about to begin. More than the noise, there would be people crippled and killed, all through the permission which we give to irresponsible boys to play with firearms and firecrackers. Really we destroy more property on the night of the Fourth of July than the whole of the United States was worth 125 years ago, and to thousands it is turned into a day of mourning.

"I have suffered in that way my self. I had an uncle in Chicagoas good an uncle as ever I had, and I have had a lot of them. He opened his mouth to express his patriotism and a rocket went down his throat. And before that man could ask for a drink of water to quench the thing it had scattered him all over the 45 States. Really this is true. Twenty-four hours after that the Atlantic seaboard. A man cannot have a disease like that and be entirely cheerful during the rest of his life. These things grieve me, but don't let them make you sad."--The Forum.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: that every river and harbor bill is are not meritorious, representing as money spent is spent uselessly. These abuses have prevailed for years, and up in the present unsystematic way.

If some people kept their brams as busy as they do their tongues, pernetual motion, asserts Ram's Horn, would have been invented long ago.

The kind of man who always knows Dallas News, is either a detective or

TGIT Rev. Dr. George H. MacAdam of Madi-George C. Rafter of Cheyenne, Wyo., very eminent grand prelate of the grand encampment. The music was in charge of the grand organist of the grand commandery of Illinois, the choir consisting of several male quartets belonging to the order in this state. The Grand Encampment of the dition to the "Templar Way," the mer-.United States marched to the hall escorted by sir knights of the various commanderies of Cook county, commanded by Benjamin S. Wilson, chairman of the escort committee. In many of the leading churches of the city special services were held which were in Grant park on the lake front, reattended by visiting knights and their families.

Monday was devoted mainly to the receiving of the grand and subordinate commanderies and escorting them to their hotels. It is estimated that fully 100,000 visitors came with the knights and that about 300,000 other excursionists have flocked to the city this week in consequence of the conclave. Of course every hotel was thronged and thousands of the visitors found quarters in private residences.

On Monday evening all the local and visiting commanderies kept open house at their respective headquarters, and many of the visitors found their way to the various amusement parks and the theaters. Parade of The Knights.

The "grand parade" of Tuesday was the largest parade of Knights Templar ever held. The preparations were elaborate and Michigan boulevard was most elaborately decorated. The sir knights formed in line of march on the boulevard south of Thirty-first street, and signal to move was given by the guns of Battery B, I. N. G., the detachment for the purpose being composed of Knights Templar all of whom are members of the battery. The same detachment fired the salute to the grand master.

Marching northward in Michigan boulevard, the parade passed, near Hubbard court, beneath an entrance arch built in the form of an ancient battlement with its towers and turrets. This was intended to represent the entrance to the city, and as the tioned on its heights heralded the approach of each grand division.

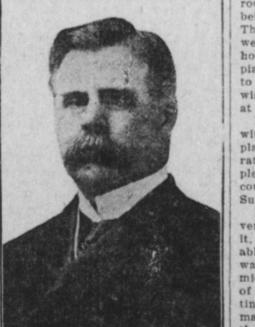
the first grand stand, one-half mile in | captain general. length, and this needed no decorations, for it was filled to its capacity before the close of the conclave,

handsome trophies are awarded, and son, Wis., in the absence of Sir Knight, band concerts, sight seeing and many receptions were on the program.

Entrancing Scenes at Night.

The scene in the streets at night was especially beautiful, for all the arches, festoons and columns of the decorative scheme were brilliantly illuminated, and on State street, in adchants had put up decorations that transformed the great shopping district into a veritable fairly land.

Undoubtedly the most spectacular feature of the night display was the wonderful electric set piece erected producing in colossal size the official emblem or badge of the conclave. It was 150 feet high and its 5,000 power-



Grand Generalissimo MacArthur.

ful electric lights of varied colors brilliantly illuminated all that part of the city.

Much of the success of the conclave must be attributed to the efforts of John D. Cleveland, grand commander of Illinois and president of the triennial executive committee. Arthur column passed under it, buglers sta- MacArthur of Troy, N. Y., is the very eminent grand generalissimo of the grand encampment and W. Frank

Next the knights came abreast of Pierce of San Francisco the grand Among the most noted of the visiting masons from other lands are: The mainly with ladies whose beautiful Right Hon, the Earl of Euston, pro summer costumes made it like a vast grand master of the great priory of garden. About 50,000 persons were in England and Wales; the Lord Athlumthis immense stand, as at its center ney, past great constable; Thomas was a gorgeous throne on which sat Fraser, great marshal; R. Newton the acting grand master, William Crane, past great herald; F. C. Van Bromwell Melish of Cincinnati, who Duzer, past great standard bearer; became head of the order on the re- H. J. Homer, acting grand master bancent death of Grand Master Henry W. ner bearer; John Fergueson, past pre-Rugg of Providence, R. I. Mr. Melish | reptor of England and Wales, and the will be regularly elected grand master Right Hon. Luther B. Archibald, most eminent grand master of the great

Just north of the Art Institute the priory of Canada, and official staff.

of the stops were out, and I was putting on all the steam I could command, I suddenly lost my balance on the organ bench, my foot slipped off the swell pedal, and I fell headlong on the keyboards.

In trying to avert the catastrophe I plunged from Scylla into Charybdis, for I tumbled among the foot pedals and created a cataclysm of sounds that must have scandalized the congregation.

I recall in a vague sort of a way that my brothers never considered the disaster in the light of an accident. I was not very anxious to obtain the position with the work it en tailed, and it is barely possible I may have taken this way out of it. ' Be this as it may, Lord Wilton wrote to my father, praising my talents, bu stating that he considered me toyoung to assume the responsibility o Rirecting the choir

Scientists of Europe have lately been conducting experiments in the art of breathing and as a result have discovered some interesting conclusions. The theory is advanced that by abnormal control of the breathing powers, the breath being held for an unusually long time, a person may "ascend into the astral realm" and commune with things higher up.

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