

A REFLECTION.

The only man permitted
To enter Fortune's gate
Is he who keeps on fighting
And never yields to fate.
—Profitable Advertising.

New Sentimental Journey.

The morning was a cloudy one. There was a closeness in the air that seemed to betoken a coming shower. Few people were on the streets, and the street cars had but a small percentage of their usual quota of patrons. Still it was early yet, and these volatile June days had a pleasant way of turning from tears to smiles at shortest notice.

As the Painesville car checked its speed at the stop before the Y. M. C. A. building, a tall young man in a gray summer suit swung himself aboard. He was perhaps five and twenty, with clear-cut features and fine, dark eyes. He took a seat next a window and his glance for a moment roamed up and down the roomy car.

Two seats behind him, across the aisle, sat a young woman; a young woman who was nice to look at; a young woman upon whom the newcomer's glance briefly and discreetly rested. She looked up and caught his glance.

When his face was turned away she slyly drew a photograph from the ornamental bag that dangled at her belt and carefully studied it. Then she looked over at the young man's profile and nodded with satisfaction as she slipped the photograph back.

The car was running up Prospect street smoothly and swiftly, and just as it slackened speed at Perry street, the young woman seized her umbrella and, with a slightly heightened color, stepped across the aisle and looked down upon the young man.

"I beg pardon," she said in a clear and pleasant voice, "is this seat reserved?"

The young man looked around quickly.

"The seat?" he hastily replied, "think not. Did you wish to take it away?"

"I wish to occupy it," said the girl, with great dignity.

"Of course," said the young man; "why don't you?"

The girl sat down beside the youth with as nonchalant an air as she could assume. The young man looked about the car a little uneasily. There were plenty of whole seats vacant. He seemed a trifle troubled. Then he shyly looked around at the girl.

"I notice," he said, "that you asked me if the seat was reserved. Do they reserve seats on this line?"

"One would imagine you were from Boston," said the girl with a laugh. "You want to twist word meanings in the very first breath?"

"One would know you were a Western girl," he said, but he added no explanation.

"So breezy and unconventional," she laughed. "Then you are a stranger in the city?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I don't think there is any use of trying to conceal it. This is my first visit to Cleveland. Would you like to know my name?"

"No," she answered hastily. Let's be primitive and have no names. We don't consider names necessary in a suburban car acquaintance."

"Then you are accustomed to this—this sort of thing?" he asked.

"To tell you the truth," she answered, "I'm something of a novice at it. But being an entire stranger to our manners and our customs you, of course, wouldn't be expected to find that out."

"But come," she cried, "you are losing all the scenic effects of this delightful trip. This is famous Euclid avenue, and we are running through the East End. Aren't the houses pretty?"

"The lawns are lovely," he answered, "and the trees are splendid."

"They are a specialty of ours," she said.

"And so, I think, are pretty girls," he boldly added.

"I'm afraid," she lightly remarked, "that being from Boston you are not a qualified judge. There, this is Wade Park. Lovely approach, isn't it? And over there is the Case School, and there are several of the buildings of the Western Reserve University. And if you look closely through the trees on this side, you will see the halls of my alma mater, the Woman's College."

"I salute it," he said and slightly lifted his hat.

"In the name of advancing women I thank you," said the girl with a little inclination of her head.

"It's very nice of you to take all this trouble," he said. "I'm sure I appreciate it very highly. By the way, please let me introduce myself."

"No," she said hastily. "You must be very cautious about confiding your name to Western strangers. Don't forget that you are no longer in the East."

"We are running through East Cleveland now," she said. "There is a continuous row of these charming houses from the city through East Cleveland and Collamer."

"Collamer?" he interrupted. "Why, that has something to do with my getting off place. It's either the second stop this side, or the other—I'm to ask the conductor. You see I'm partially expected. An old college classmate has invited me to visit him at his home. Then something called him from the city for a day or two, but he telegraphed me to go right to the house and make myself at home. I'm

a shy man—don't laugh please and I hesitated about imposing on strangers. So I left my baggage at the hotel and thought I'd just come out for a call and see how the land lies."

"You have a rather poor opinion of western hospitality," said the girl. "You have much to learn."

"And may I ask where you are going?" he inquired, with amazing assurance.

"It's going to be a lovely day after all," replied the girl. "It will be a lovely ride. I'm going to Painesville and back."

"And may I go with you, my pretty maid?" He knew he was brazen, and yet he actually felt a pride in his newfound boldness.

"I was just about to ask you, kind sir," she said, "cried the girl with a merry laugh. "But only on three conditions."

"Name them."

"You will pay the fare, I will furnish the dinner, and neither of us is to express any curiosity as to the identity of the other."

"Accepted and fled," said the delighted youth. "My friends here whom I have never seen do not know on what train I am to arrive, and so they will not expect me at any particular hour. I can take a day off as well as not."

So they talked and laughed and enjoyed the smiling fields and the green ridges, and the blue sky. And the young man from Boston, the shy student, the diffident professor fairly bubbled over with the pleasure of this little journey.

When they finally whirled into the little town and halted by the side of the pretty park, the young man was quite loath to leave the car.

But they took a stroll down the street to the river, and out on the new bridge, and up in the ancient cemetery, and gazed admiringly at the beautiful view of the valley, and came back to the hotel with fine appetite.

And after dinner they strolled across the park and along the pleasant highway to the beautiful seminary grounds, and there they entered the car when it overtook them. And all the way back the young man from Boston regretfully remembered that this day happiness was nearing the end.

"We are close to Collamer now," said the girl.

"Oh," he cried. "Then perhaps you can help me to find my friends? They are the Morgans."

And presently they alighted and stood the roadside.

"One moment," said the girl softly. "I want to tell you something that may surprise you."

"I think not," remarked the young man from Boston. "You are Jack Morgan's sister, Alice."

"What a shame! How did you know me?"

He drew a photograph from his inner coat pocket.

"My portrait!" she cried. "Where did you get it?"

"It was the one thing of Jack's that I coveted, and he let me have it."

"You've spoiled the fun," she pouted.

"It was spoiled for me," he laughed. "But, do you know, I didn't feel at all aware you knew me."

"Ah, but I have a photograph, too," she cried. "And I went down town on purpose to try and find you. Jack wanted me to. And—but what a horrid thing you must have thought!"

"I didn't think you anything of the sort," he stoutly asserted. "On the contrary—"

"There, please don't get sentimental."

"But you must admit it was a sentimental journey."

"Nonsense," she said. "And you really liked it?"

"There is only one other journey that two can take that I fancy may surpass it," he said with another astonishing attack of boldness.

She blushed as she turned away, but she didn't ask him what journey he meant.—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Future Sources of Coffee.

According to the treasury bureau of statistics, "the people of the United States are sending out of the country more than \$1,000,000 a week in payment for coffee consumed in this country, all of which could be readily produced in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, which have already shown their ability to produce coffee of a high grade, commanding good prices in the markets of the world. Porto Rican coffee has long been looked upon as of a high grade, and for many years has commanded high prices in the markets of Europe; and the developments of coffee culture in Hawaii during the past few years have also been very satisfactory in the quality of coffee produced and the prices realized. In the Philippines the product is of high grade, and the fact that in physical conditions and climate the islands are very similar to Java, the greatest coffee producing region of the world, suggests great possibilities to those who desire to see American money expended under the American flag. The fact that the United States is by far the greatest coffee consuming country in the world, and is steadily increasing her consumption, further suggests that American capital and energy may turn their attention to this promising field now opened in the island where American enterprise can safely invest in business ventures.—Gram's Magazine.

A Roman.

"Here's a distinguished scientist who says that after all there is nothing in germs." "Nothing in germs? Nonsense. Why, look how much the doctors have made out of them."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

The Grasshopper's Untimely End.
"Just watch me," said the grasshopper, preparing for a flight; "I feel so vigorous today. I'll jump clear out of sight!" I watched him as he rose in air, he kept his word no doubt, for down he came into a stream where lived a hungry trout.
—St. Nicholas.

The Game of Cities.

What boy or girl knows how to play the game of "Cities?" This is how you begin: I ask you the question: "What city in the United States am I thinking of?"

You reply by naming some city you think I have in mind.

If you do not guess right the first time I say no; that city is too far north, south, east or west from the one I have in mind.

For instance: Supposing I am thinking of San Francisco. I say to you: "What city in the United States am I thinking of?"

You answer Boston. No, I reply; Boston is too far northeast.

Then you try again, this time naming a place further west and south of Boston, say, Philadelphia.

I tell you that Philadelphia is still too far east.

Thus you continue, naming cities further west until you say San Francisco, when it will be your turn to think of a city, or until you "give it up," when it will be my turn to choose another one.

If you can keep before your mind's eye a picture of the United States, with the position of the many colors representing the states, you will find it of immense service in locating the direction of the various cities.

Brian and the Turkey.

"Oh! I'm so glad Brian's coming. He is such a dear little boy," cried Dot. "What a lot of things we shall have to show him. It seems funny to think he has never been in the country before."

"Here they come!" cried Marie, rushing to the garden gate; and the children kissed their little cousin until his cap fell off. After dinner the three children made for the fair-ward.

"You see, there's such a number of things you've never seen. Brian—chickens and ducks and geese and pigs and—"

"I've seen lots of 'em," said Brian, a little indignant. "We had chickens for dinner, and ever so many years ago, I don't exactly remember when, we had a goose, and we had turkey at Christmas."

Dot and Marie laughed. "But you have never seen them running about, have you?"

Before Brian could make up his mind what to say, they came upon a brood of duck-lings, and his shout of delight told them the sight was new to him.

Then the chickens and the goslings and the little pigs, all were fresh and delightful to the city boy, and his cousins were as happy as he.

But his rosy cheeks grew a snaky paler when he saw a big turkey strutting about with outspread tail.

"He doesn't look much like the turkeys in the shops, does he?" said Dot.

As the turkey took no notice of them, Brian's courage soon came back. Suddenly he gave a great shout, and pointing to the turkey's wattle, he cried excitedly, "Why the turkey's got a trunk!"

Dot and Marie laughed so much at Brian's discovery that Brian began to laugh too, although he did not know why; so it was a very happy party that mother called indoors at last.

But all the time he stayed at the farm nothing pleased Brian so much as watching the turkey, and when he was quite a big boy his cousins used to re-mind him of the turkey's trunk.—Cassell's Little Folks.

They Lived 600 Years Ago.

In the early part of the 14th century two exiled Italians left behind them forever their beautiful native city of Florence. One of them was Dante, whom you have all heard of as the poet; the other was Petrarch, the father of Petrarch, the poet. Petrarch was born July 20, 1304, at Arrezzo, during the second year of his parents' exile, and was named by them Francesco. He was destined to be as famous as his father's companion in exile, Dante. From his earliest childhood Francesco, or Chocco, as his little companions called him, loved literature, and daily the longing to be a great writer grew in him. His father, a passionate man, could not give up the desire to see his son a jurist like himself. The story is told that one day in anger he threw into the fire all his boy's most cherished books. Francesco pleaded so hard for his treasures that at last his father rescued two books which were only half burned, and these two were "Cicero" and "Virgil."

This love of letters nothing could kill. It is true that, yielding to his father's wishes, he spent seven years of his life at Montpellier and Bologna studying law, but he always regarded these years as "not so much spent as totally wasted," and after his father's death he gave up the study forever.

Free at 22 to devote himself to literature, he placed himself under the patronage of influential nobles, a necessary step to a literary man of that day. We marvel at the number of books which came from his pen. Though all the world knows him best

for the beautiful love songs which he wrote in Italian, his list of Latin books is very interesting. Then there was the Latin poem about Scipio Africanus which brought Petrarch the greatest honor of his life. Largely because of the interest it aroused, on Easter, 1341, Petrarch was crowned with the laurel wreath.

Petrarch's life was a long one, so long that he found time not only to become one of the foremost writers but to collect a library, to make a collection of coins, to arouse interest in preserving old manuscripts, fast becoming lost to the world, and in many ways to awaken the people of his time to a love of the old Greek and Roman writers.

One day in 1374 they found him fast asleep over a book in his home at Arqua. When they tried to waken him they found that he was dead. So was the wish which he had once expressed to his friend Boccaccio fulfilled—"I desire that death find me reading or writing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

What the Wave Said to Molly.

One day not very long ago Molly and Tom went with mamma to the beach. Mamma sat and read while Molly and Tom built castles and forts, waded in the water, caught a jelly fish, and did lots of things.

By and by Molly got tired of playing, so she sat down and watched the waves as they splashed up the beach. At last one little wave almost covered her with water, and then she jumped pretty quick. I can tell you.

"Please don't run away," said the wave. "I wanted to tell you of an adventure of mine." And it gave a splashy chuckle of delight.

"Dear me," said Molly. "Do you have adventures? I thought you did nothing but play all day."

"No, indeed," said the wave. "We have lots of adventures. Once I helped wreck a ship—but I'm not going to tell you about that. This was a funny happening. Yesterday I was playing down there by the bulkhead under the long walk. Lots of land people were leaning over the wall to watch us dance. Pretty soon along came a little girl and her mother. The little girl was crying hard 'cause she was hot and tired and cross. They stopped to watch us and the little girl climbed up and looked over the wall, while her mother held her tight. And all the time the big tears were rolling down her face." And the little wave gave another chuckle.

"I don't think it was very funny," said Molly, frowning.

"Don't you?" asked the little wave. "Why, I thought so. Now, please, don't get angry 'cause I haven't come to the funny part yet."

"So the little girl cried," it went on, rippling along the shore. "And I kept a-wondering how to make her laugh. I dashed myself against the bulkhead ever so many times, but it wasn't any use. I couldn't jump high enough you see. And the little girl's tears came so fast she couldn't see through 'em."

Here the little wave stopped and ran off toward the ocean. "O, come back, do, please, little wave," cried Molly, "and tell me how you made her laugh."

The wave came splashing in again and curled around Molly's toes. "I didn't think you cared about it. But if you really and truly want to know—"

"Of course I do," said Molly, clasping her hands.

"Well," said the little wave, as it rolled up a pebble. "I couldn't do it all by myself, you see. So I thought and thought and then I remembered by great-great-great uncle, Seventh Wave. So I ran off quick to find him, 'cause I was afraid the little girl might go away 'fore I came back. And I met him rolling in toward shore. He was foaming with anger and was going to tear down that bulkhead, he said. I told him all the story and after a while he promised to do what I wanted. Then I hopped on his back and away we went rolling in. The little girl was there still, crying hard, and lots of other land people were there, too. Everybody cried, 'Look at that monstrous wave!' They didn't know it was me on uncle's back that made him look so big. So we came crashing against the bulkhead. And just as we struck it I jumped high in the air and dashed my spray right into the little girl's face."

"And then?" asked Molly.

"And then—the little girl laughed," said the wave as it slipped back into the sea.

"Molly!" called mamma. "You've been standing there for ever so long. Was it a day dream, little daughter?"

Molly rubbed her eyes and laughed, but never a word she said about the story the little wave told her.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sovereign of Greater Britain.

It appears to be in contemplation to give King Edward a title more worthy of his actual position than that of king, and the one that seems to find most favor in the discussion is "Sovereign of Greater Britain." This would give him distinction over all the other rulers of the earth, since it would raise an indefinite title to a position of commanding definiteness, as the addition of "the" to an Irish name marks the head of the house; when allusion was made to "the sovereign" it would be understood that the Sovereign of Greater Britain alone was meant. How the other sovereigns would take such an assumption of superiority remains to be seen.—Philadelphia Ledger.

And Also Lawyers.

Bobbi!—Pa, what happens when cars are televised?

Father—The passengers see stars, my son.—Smart Set.



New York City.—Simple blouses with deep round collars are among the latest designs shown and are very generally becoming. The smart May

binations might be suggested for street wear.

The front is simply full, finished with a narrow standing collar and closes at the centre back. The Etor includes a seamless back with rounded fronts and an Aligon collar and novel fancy sleeves, that are arranged on a plain foundation. The skirt is five-gored with the fullness at the back laid in inverted pleats.

To cut this costume for a girl of ten years of age five and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and three-quarters yards forty-four inches wide will be required with one and a half yards thirty-two inches wide for chemisette and sleeve puffs.

Beauty of the Panama.

The beauty of the Panama hat is that when simply trimmed, as it should be this year, it can be rolled into a bundle and packed away into a trunk or bag, and come out as good as new. Instead of the plain band, occasionally a Panama is to be seen with the narrow silk ribbon, but tied in front, or a little at the side, and a quill thrust through it.

Tea Gowns.

The smartest tea gowns are fitted quite close by half bodices of heavy lace; this idea, with the broad sweep of the pleated skirt, gives a graceful effect.

Misses' Five-Gored Skirt.

The graduated circular flounce is



BLOUSE WAIST.

Manton design illustrated is tucked across the front to yoke depth and includes tucked elbow sleeves, which are charming when the stock and shield are omitted, but can be made with full length bishop sleeves when preferred. The tucks at the front give graceful fullness below, and render the waist effective and stylish with very little additional trimming. The silk is made of figured Louiseine original in shades of pink and is banded



GIRL'S ETON COSTUME.

with black velvet ribbon, but all pliable materials suitable for tucking are appropriate.

The foundation or fitted lining closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the smooth back, the tucked fronts and the deep collar. The elbow sleeves are peculiar, being tucked in the centre and free at top and bottom and form graceful frills at the elbows. When the waist is desired high neck the shield and stock are added and the plain sleeves can be substituted for the fancy ones whenever preferred. When made unlined the gathers at the waist line are staid with a band of material, or the fullness is drawn up by means of tapes inserted in an applied casing.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size four and a quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required when elbow sleeves are used; four and three-quarter yards twenty-one or twenty-seven inches wide, three and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide with bishop sleeves.

Girl's Eton Costume.

Young girls are never more charming and attractive than when wearing some variation of the fashionable Eton. This stylish little costume includes all the latest features and can be made simpler or more fanciful as the trimming is varied and the sleeves are plain or made with puffs. The May Manton original from which the large drawing was made is of novelty goods in mixed browns with trimmings of banana yellow taffeta and brown velvet ribbon and full front and sleeve puffs of the banana colored silk, but all dress materials can be used. Serge with a plain skirt, straight bands of black on the jacket, plain sleeves and taffeta full front seems a simple and serviceable school frock. Pretty light colored costumes or simple silks, made as illustrated, are charming for afternoons at home and various com-

marked favorite for young girls' gowns as well as for those of maturer folk. It is graceful, it provides ample flare and freedom and it is exceedingly becoming. The admirable May Manton skirt shown combines it with a five-gored upper portion and is satisfactory in every way. As illustrated it is made of castor colored serge with stitched bands of taffeta, but all suiting and skirt materials are appropriate.

The upper portion of the skirt fits with perfect smoothness, the fullness at the back being laid in inverted pleats, while below the knees it takes the fashionable flare. The flounce can be arranged over the skirt, or if preferred the material can be cut away beneath and the flounce seamed to the edge, or again the skirt can be cut full length and left plain.

To cut this skirt for a miss of four teen years of age six and five-eighths yards of material twenty-one or twenty-seven inches wide, six and one-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or four and a half yards forty-four inches wide will be required when the



FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

flounce is used; four and three-quarter yards twenty-one or twenty-seven inches wide, four and five-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide or two and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide when the skirt is made plain