

THE EGOTIST.
I am the man who runs them all
I stand in conscious power
Upon my home-made pedestal,
The hero of the hour.
Decrees of kings or words of wit
Which mighty minds reveal,
Can never show a hand to hit
Until they hear my seal.

IN WARD FIFTEEN.

WILLIAM PARSONS, Company E, Eighteenth United States Infantry, was the only man in the hospital register, He occupied a cot in Ward 15, together with thirty other wounded soldiers, representing nearly every regular regiment in the Fifth Army Corps. Many of them were seriously wounded, one was shot through the neck, several through the body, while others had been mangled by the terrible shrapnel. But of all the wounded, Bill Parsons was the only one who could not live. At least, so the surgeons and nurses said, and as the regulars, through long experience, had learned to put faith in what the surgeons told them, they not infrequently forgot their wounds and looked over toward the white screen which sheltered Bill's cot, and muttered something which sounded like "Poor Bill" or remarked that it was a blank shame that such a good soldier should be obliged to give up his life to the bullet of a miserable dago.

And Bill was a good soldier—a good regular—and when you have said that you can say no more. His bronzed face, with its deeply marked lines, bespoke dangers and hardships and his hair and beard were grizzled. Fighting was an old story to Bill Parsons. He had hunted Captain Jack and his Modoc Indians; he had fought the Utes, Geronimo and his Apaches, and he had been with Miles at Pine Ridge. Thirty years in the regular army was his record and private was the only title that had ever been allotted to his name. If he lived, however, and decided to stay in the army, he would stand an excellent chance of being called sergeant, for his Colonel had seen him when he seized the colors from the dead sergeant's hand and carried them far out on the firing line on the hillside of El Caney.

He had had but few conscious moments since leaving Sidney. They did not think he would live to make the voyage, but as he was breathing when the Seneca began to load with wounded for the first trip north he was put aboard with the rest. And in due time he was in the cool, clean ward at Bellevue. It was a hard fight for life, but Bill was a good fighter, and he won.

Weeks passed. The wound in the head had healed, but the terrible Cuban fever and the shock of his wound weakened his body and sapped the little that remained of his great strength. His bunkies had already begun to leave their cots and to gather on the sunny balcony where they smoked their corn-cob pipes and swapped litanies and stories, but Bill still tossed and moaned on his cot. Sometimes he would open his eyes and look about him in amazement. He wondered where he was, and thought it might be the Fort Custer barracks until he looked through an open window and caught a glimpse of the slate colored waters of the East River and the green stretch of the hospital grounds sloping down to meet them. Maybe it was fairyland or heaven. He wondered who the sweet-faced woman standing by the next cot could be, and he marvelled that she should spend so much time in feeding its occupants with fruit and ice. If some one would only feed him. He seemed to have a vague impression that something had softly stroked his forehead while he slept. He thought that possibly it might have been some of the angels whom he used to believe guarded over those who sleep, and then he smiled foolishly and told himself that he had probably dreamed it. And then the windows darkened, the sky grew black, the ward and its occupants faded away, and he sunk into the first sweet sleep since he was wounded.

Meanwhile the regulars and nurses had come to look for the arrival of a stout, sweet-faced woman with spectacles and gray hair.

"Yes, ma'am," they would say, "he's a little better to-day." And then she would smile and go over to Bill's cot, and if he was asleep she would sit down on the edge of his cot and smooth out the rumpled hair and bathe his temples with ice water. If his eyes were open she would pass by. But whether he was asleep or awake she would always leave a jar of jelly or some fruit on the little table by the head of his cot. She left jelly with the other soldiers, too, but she never sat beside them or bathed their temples—perhaps it was because Bill looked so sick and so old.

Bill never slept so soundly as now, and he often dreamed that some beautiful being guarded over his slumbers. And once his dream seemed so real that he awoke, but he did not open his eyes because a soft hand was passing over his aching forehead. It was not the surgeon's hand nor the nurse's. He was familiar with their touch. He knew it was a woman's hand or an angel's. Quite as likely one as the other, thought Bill. He did not open his eyes until the hand ceased to bathe his forehead. It was early in the afternoon, he knew, because the sun's rays shone in neither the eastern nor the western windows. Thereafter he always kept awake at that time, although he never opened his eyes. And then the surgeon shook his head, and decided that Bill was not improving—he slept too much—but Bill knew.

"When I get well," he told himself, "she won't come any more. I don't know but I'd just as lief die." But the next time he heard the familiar rustling of the dress he opened his eyes and found a sweet-faced woman standing near his cot, and she blushed and turned away when she saw him looking at her. And then Bill wished he had kept his eyes closed. He began to feel very funny about it all.

There was something about her face that puzzled him. As one panses and listens to the strains of some old forgotten melody, wonders where he heard it before, remembers and then recalls the associations with which it is linked

MENTAL FATIGUE.
Scientific Measurements Regarding Methods of Work and Rest.
A volume of over 600 pages has just been issued by the board of education, containing thirteen reports, written by experts on education in Germany. Not the least interesting is an account given by Mr. C. C. Th. Paré, former master at Merchiston school, Edinburgh, on the "Measurement of Mental Fatigue in Germany."
He states that the latest comparative post-mortem examinations have been successful in fixing the order of development of the brain in children and in showing that those parts of the brain which serve the purpose of systematic thought, commonly known as the reasoning powers, are the last to mature; but at what age these portions of the brain have arrived at a stage of development sufficient to meet the demands of the first school work, and in what relation their development stands to the advancing claims of the latter, physiology cannot determine. The systematic study of mental fatigue, however, as lately undertaken by various investigators, particularly in Germany, and the careful comparison of the results obtained by various methods have served to throw a flood of light on the subject. Chance speculation has given way to a spirit of earnest inquiry, which has led to investigations conducted in a scientific manner.

After giving an account of these investigations, he says in his concluding remarks:
"Passing in review the investigations here described, one is struck as much by the methodical and unassuming air which has been devoted to the subject of mental fatigue, both by educationalists and physicians in Germany, as by the close agreement in the results of these investigations, although conducted independently, in various schools and on three entirely different systems. This agreement affords a strong presumption of the general correctness of the means employed to detect mental fatigue, and of the intimate connection between the mental or physical state, on the observation of which the investigations in question were based. In many cases these were of a more or less tentative character, and the conclusions drawn from them could scarcely have been accepted as in any way authoritative had they not often been corroborated by the results drawn from other independent sources. The connection between work and fatigue, with its concomitant mental and physical symptoms, is, of course, purely relative and varies for each individual as well as in each individual under varying circumstances.

The most serious and most frequent cases of mental exhaustion from over-work seem to have been noticed among pupils under twelve years of age, a serious indictment considering that the years from nine to twelve are generally looked upon as those of feeblest development, particularly in the case of boys. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion among investigators that the hours in vogue at most schools are too long for children of this age. Thirty minutes is regarded as the limit of time during which the serious attention of children to one subject can reasonably be demanded; though with skillful introduction of variety into the lesson forty to forty-five minutes might be devoted to it without entailing too severe a strain on the mental powers."—London Globe.

The Growth of the Beard.
"The beard hardly grows at all when you are asleep," said the barber.
"How do you know?" asked the man in the operating chair.
"Oh, by experiments. You see, I always used to shave myself in the morning, the first thing after getting up; but I hated to do it, because it was so apt to make me late for breakfast. So, one night, I shaved myself at eleven o'clock, and went straight to bed and to sleep. Do you know, my face was almost clean when I got up? You would have sworn, unless you had examined me closely, that I was fresh from the razor. And ever since then I have shaved before going to bed, and have been given credit for shaving in the morning. The growth of the beard, you see, is practically imperceptible during the eight or nine hours of your sleep.
"But if you should stay awake those eight or nine hours the growth would be as fast as usual. One night, after I had shaved, I had to stay up with my sick daughter, and I almost needed a second scraping in the morning. The beard grows, in my opinion, three times as fast when you are awake as it does when you are asleep."—Philadelphia Record.

Could't Deceive the Kaiser.
As is known, the German Emperor evinces a keen appreciation of newspapers, but his love for them has been somewhat modified since a certain incident took place. He was traveling from Potsdam by train, and was talking on all sorts of subjects, when of a sudden the presence in the saloon of an individual in the guise of a servant of the imperial household caused the conversation to cease abruptly.
A horrible suspicion as to the bonafides of the servant flashed across the mind of the Emperor's Secretary, who on interrogating the man, discovered that he was a reporter who had adopted the role of a lackey in order to be able to publish some of the Emperor's sayings.
The punishment meted out to the scribe was eminently characteristic of the ruler of Germany. The trait was stopped at a lonely spot and the reporter was dropped, with a walk of ten miles to the next station before him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Tip Question Solved.
The awkward question of the tip was solved by a big New Englander from the State of Maine, who was dining in a London restaurant the other evening. Having paid his bill, he was informed by the waiter that what he had paid did "not include the waiter." "Wait," said the stranger, "I ate no waiter, did I?" And as he looked quite ready to do so on any further provocation, the subject was dropped.—London Chronicle.

THE GERM-PROOF HOME
IT SHOULD BE RATHER BARE, WELL VENTILATED, VERY SUNSHINY.
In the ideal health home there must be no stairs—no Must Disperse With Dainty and Tasteful Upholstery—Hanging Pictures Are Banned.
While on the subject of dust and dirt and consequent microbes a word about the ideal healthy home in its season. According to the scientists an ideal living place is a rather bare, perfectly ventilated and very sunny place. To those whose souls are wedded to their knick-knacks and drape the hygienic home is a cheerless place, but this feeling is said to wear off after a few weeks of life in the clean, bare rooms recommended by the idealists, and other people's over-furnished houses look stuffy and musty to one's enlightened eyes.
If one wishes to accustom oneself by degrees to hygienic furnishings instead of taking the fatal plunge at once this is a good time of year to begin—when most of the useless and more or less—usually less—ornamental and dust-collecting carpets and hangings are packed away in moth balls and cedar chests. One would have to be strong-minded indeed to live up to all the requirements of the extreme hygienic furnishers, but one can make gentle compromises, and the adoption of even a few of these new ideas would work a happy change in the nerves and general well-being of the average worrying, fidgety woman who lives in crowded rooms.
To begin with, if she desires to do the thing thoroughly, the would-be hygienic housewife must make up her mind to dispense with dainty and tasteful upholstery in her new home, for this is the happy hunting grounds of the elusive and malevolent microbe.
In the ideal health home there should be no stairs—all the rooms should be on the ground floor. No picturesque insect-harboring creepers should adorn the walls. Ordinary bricks in some conditions of the atmosphere become regular germ lairs, and should be succeeded by glazed and tightly fitting hygienic bricks. Naturally, the air of the country is purer than in town. Still such adjuncts of civilization as gas and water are not to be despised, so a hygienic dwelling house that was situated too far from a town would have several grave drawbacks. A gravel soil is also indispensable. Light is fatal to bacteria, darkness is favorable to their development, so cellars, accordingly, are favorable lurking places for them. Therefore cellars must go. A layer of concrete should first be placed under the floors. Above this, and immediately beneath the floors should be a "damp course" running right along the length of the walls, consisting of blocks of earthenware pierced for ventilation. This absolutely prevents any damp that might get past the concrete entering the house.
The house may be of any design, but the windows should, for choice, reach from the top to the bottom of the walls. A good type of window is that in which the lower frame opens like a casement and the upper swings like a flap.
The best type of roof is tiled, not slated.
As to drainage, if there is no good system of sewers available, the waste water from the house is led into a series of V-shaped troughs, into which a special culture of microbes is placed. The particular germ used is a gigantic fellow compared to his brothers of cholera and typhoid. All poisonous bacteria are slain that come into his clutches. He lives and fattens on them as soon as they enter his V-shaped den. Though absolutely harmless to man, he slays his brother bacteria with zest and efficiency.
As to the furniture of the rooms themselves, the dining room should be of polished mahogany. The chairs should be cushionless or stuffed with medicated wool. No elaborate carving could be tolerated, for it would be bound to collect dust. The walls should consist of a cement that takes a high polish, can be stained to any tone, and can be washed frequently. Curtains and curtain poles are anathema to the scientist; but an artistic touch might be introduced by a number of plants of the india-rubber and eucalyptus type. These kill bacteria and insects, and by giving off oxygen, revivify the atmosphere.
Pictures of the ordinary hanging type must also be banned. If wanted, they should be let into the cement wall. Any projection can harbor a few thousand million microbes, and servants are very human. The skirting is rather peculiar in a "health house." It starts from the wall in a gentle curve, and is continued until it merges into the hardwood parquet floor. Thus there are really no corners in the room at all, but merely graceful curves that the housemaid's brush can readily deal with.
In the drawing room the heavier furniture should not stand close to the art-tinted wall. Nothing should be against the wall that could not easily be moved for the periodical wash. The absence of filmy lace curtains and heavy drapery may to some extent be compensated by masses of living vegetation. The chairs should be of hardwood, and, if necessary, a metal spring seat could be fitted. The strict hygienic would possibly yearn to scrub the interior of the grand piano with soap and water. Possibly he might be appeased and mollified by very thorough and frequent dusting.
The bedrooms would show several improvements upon the conventional type. There would be no pillows on the beds. Instead, there should be a slope of three or four inches from the head to the foot. This sends the blood away from the brain and induces sleep. The beds, with a plain spring mattress are only eighteen inches from the ground.
In all rooms a perfect system of ventilation is necessary. A method found most reliable is one in which the inflow of air comes through the outer walls through cotton wool and over water, depositing in its course most of its impurities. It enters the room from a square pipe that terminates at about five feet from the floor. The hot and vitiated atmosphere leaves through an opening at the top of the wall.

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE FAIR



New York City.—Shirt waists that are full at the shoulders suit many figures better than any other sort and make admirable additions to the wardrobe which present to the observer eye no possible opening. It is extremely smart to have ornamental buttons, large or small, on one's shirt waist, but it is equally modish to have no buttons showing at all. This is done by having pleats on either side of the front, beneath which the waist is buttoned without giving a hint of the fact on the surface.

A Pretty Effect.
A white silk petticoat has a pretty effect when made with coarse net ruffles trimmed with lace and narrow white ribbon. At the lower edge of the skirt are two narrow ruffles edged with the narrow ribbon slightly ruffled. Above there is a deep ruffle, pleated off with the narrow ribbon, and in the large squares made by it are applied medallions of lace upon the net. A very narrow ribbon-edged ruffle falls over the top of the large one as a finish.

Beautiful Muslin Dresses.
The simple dresses of sheer white muslins are beautiful made with many rows of cotton laces, and many of them button in the back. The sleeves are elbow, with frills at the bottom, with touches of coral pink, Nile green or turquoise blue satin ribbon. The flower muslins are quite the daintiest and coolest looking dresses shown and worn with the flower hats and creamy laces are attractive beyond expression.

Rose and Cherry Belts.
A novelty in belts consists of a firm band in substantial ribbon as a foundation, which is covered with flowers. A rose belt has the belt itself covered with the green leaves and a cluster of rosebuds concealing the clasp. Another one has cherry leaves, with a bunch of the fruit in front.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the well known British lecturer and sociologist, will soon visit America.

Crochet Collars.
Irish crochet collars have taken on dimensions in accord with their vogue. Those intended for wear with coats especially are deep, reaching nearly to the waist line in some extreme instances.

WOMAN'S SAILOR BLOUSE, WITH WALKING SKIRT.



Twenty-seven inches wide, two and a half yards thirty-two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Woman's Sailor Blouse.
Sailor blouses are always attractive and suit the greater number of figures to a nicety. The smart May Manton model shown in the large illustration is made of white linen with shield and trimming of white dotted with blue and makes part of a costume, but the design suits odd waists equally well and is adapted to all washable fabrics, to flannel, albatross and waisting silks.

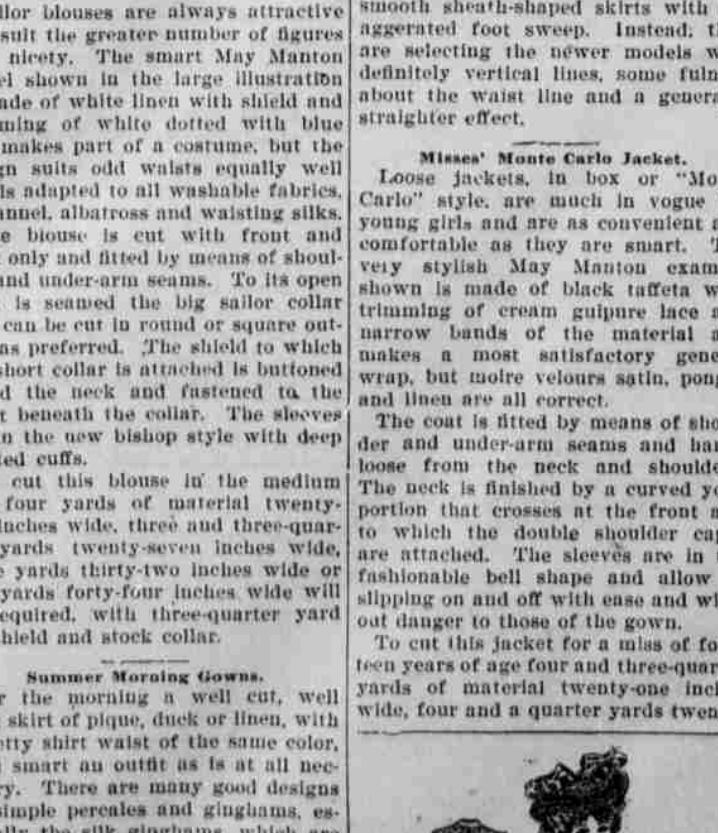
The blouse is cut with front and back only and fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. To its open neck is seamed the big sailor collar that can be cut in round or square outline as preferred. The shield to which the short collar is attached is buttoned round the neck and fastened to the waist beneath the collar. The sleeves are in the new bishop style with deep pointed cuffs.

To cut this blouse in the medium size four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three-quarter yard for shield and stock collar.

Summer Morning Gowns.
For the morning a well cut, well hung skirt of pique, duck or linen, with a pretty shirt waist of the same color, is as smart an outfit as is at all necessary. There are many good designs for simple percales and gingham, especially the silk gingham, which are made with very little trimming, and that trimming is inexpensive embroidery. A good model is the pleated skirt, or skirt with attached flounce; the waist is pleated to match, or has a box-pleat just in the centre, with a small straight band of the new flannel lace or embroidery, the collar being in one piece, with a straight band. The foulard and India silk gowns in plain colors are also smart for morning, and the black and white checked gingham, which look so much like silk are in great demand.—Harper's Bazar.

Shirt Waist Fastenings.
One of the mysteries in feminine dress to the masculine mind is how women get into those trig-looking shirt

MISSIE'S MONTE CARLO COAT.



Seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or two and a quarter yards fifty-two inches wide will be required.

The New Skirts.
Fashion leaders are discarding the smooth sheath-shaped skirts with exaggerated foot sweep. Instead, they are selecting the newer models with definitely vertical lines, some fullness about the waist line and a generally straighter effect.

Loose Jackets, in Box or "Monte Carlo" style, are much in vogue for young girls and are as convenient and comfortable as they are smart. The very stylish May Manton example shown is made of black taffeta with trimming of cream guipure lace and narrow bands of the material and makes a most satisfactory general wrap, but more velours satin, pongee and linen are all correct.

The coat is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams and hangs loose from the neck and shoulders. The neck is finished by a curved yoke portion that crosses at the front and to which the double shoulder capes are attached. The sleeves are in the fashionable bell shape and allow of slipping on and off with ease and without danger to those for a misfortune yards of material twenty-one inches wide, four and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide.