

THE SAD AND SOLEMN.

Here we are, the sad and solemn,
Walking up and down the world;
Thin and ragged is our column,
Sombre is our flag unfurled.
By the wayside some are falling,
But we dare not stop or pause;
Solemn sadness is our calling,
Sadness solemn is our cause.

Why, oh why, should we be merry?
All the world is merry-mad.
We alone are sad—so very,
Very, very, very sad!
And it makes us feel so sorry
When we hear the big crowd laugh;
What does laughter know of worry
And its burden? Not the half.

Oh, we know there is a lighter
And a brighter way through life;
But because the way is brighter
It with pleasure, too, is rife;
And what do we want of pleasure
When there is so much of pain?
Is not pain the one true treasure
That our future bliss will gain?

Oh, we know our ranks are thinning,
And it makes us deeply sigh,
Yes, the living side seems winning;
We will win, sirs, when we die!
Ah, you laugh. But what is laughter
Scattering life's ills like chaff?
We, we think of the hereafter,
And are far too sad to laugh.

—J. P. Spolander in Galveston News.



NOTHING can be more wonderful than the chain of circumstances which determine our future lives for good or ill. Nothing more curious and complex than the forging of that chain from impossible links to round out the circle of destiny in its final evolution. Let not the iconoclast shatter our belief in miracles. They are accomplished every day.

When Joseph Breen registered at the Great Northern and was given Room 607 for the night he expected to go to Dekalb, Ill., the following day. There was no earthly reason why he should change his mind and go to Detroit, Mich., instead, a town he had never visited and which was not included in his business route, while a number of his regular customers lived in Dekalb and were expecting to give him liberal orders for spring goods.

Joseph Breen was a practical, steady fellow, who had worked himself into a good position, and knew how to take care of himself. He was single because he had never yet met the one girl who was to charm him into marriage. He longed for a home of his own, but that first preliminary—a wife—was lacking. Given that, he would have all things else.

Quite accidentally—is there anything accidental in this strange life of ours?—he had stumbled on some volumes of transcendental philosophy, stories of hypnotism and suggestion, and had become much interested in those experimental sciences which are only a snare and delusion when applied without an understanding of the laws that govern them. Joseph Breen fell easily into the receptive state, where his will became plastic as wax and he a fit subject for any unprincipled hypnotist into whose power he might drift. At this juncture destiny took matters in her own hands, using as an instrument an obtuse hotel porter.

When Brown retired that night—after a liberal dose of his usual evening literature—he slept soundly and tranquilly, balancing on the edge of either world after the manner of dreamers, and with no nightmare of early rising or a call for a train in his mental consciousness.

But another traveler had registered, whose number was 706. He had asked particularly to be called at 5 a. m., as he was to take an early train. He emphasized his order for a call with the remark or command: "When you call me remind me that I must take the 6.45 train for Detroit, Mich.—that will fetch me."

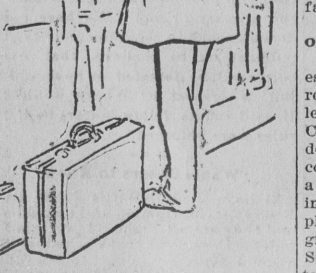
The clerk promised to attend to the matter, and before going off duty in the morning impressed the nature of the "call" on the mind of a sleepy porter, who at the hour specified tapped loudly at the door of 607.

"Get up!" he yelled, "you're booked for the Detroit mail and express train at 6.45."

Joseph Breen pulled open the door, "You've got the wrong number," he said quietly.

"You're 607, ain't you?"

"Yes."



REGISTERED AT THE GREAT NORTHERN

"And you left a call for the Detroit mail and express? If you don't hustle you'll be left. You're going to Detroit, Mich. It's down with the call."

"All right."

Breen closed his door and hurried into his clothes. He went down to the office, paid his bill and left without waiting for his breakfast, deciding that he would get his coffee at the depot if he had time. He was controlled by the suggestion that he was going to Detroit, and neither resisted nor wondered. He was a subject of unconscious hypnotism.

At the depot an obscure remembrance came to him that some remote relative lived in Detroit, and he sent a wire to an uncle in St. Paul asking that his address be forwarded to him at that point. And on the way he wondered vaguely what sort of people they were, and if he should care to know them, and decided that he would investigate before making himself known. And all the time another link was forging in his strange chain of circumstance.

It was an ideal railroad trip, that day's stolen ride—food to tempt an epicure, flowers to gladden the eye, and an atmosphere of repose that lulled still deeper the vague influence that had diverted Joseph Breen from his projected journey elsewhere and his business interests. Dominated by this new power he found ecstasy instead of impatience in waiting, and so gave himself up completely to an indefinite feeling of being guided through safe and pleasant paths to some fortunate end. And, feeling elated at the prospect, he passed with the crowd through the long, well-lighted station to the entrance gate which opened into the depot. There friends were awaiting some of the passengers. As Breen passed through, a tall, handsome young woman,



an, fashionably garbed, laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Is this Cousin Joe?" she asked pleasantly.

"Pardon me?" said the young man, lifting his hat, "I am afraid you are mistaken. My name is Breen."

"Why, of course—Cousin Joseph Breen—you have the family features. Besides Uncle Joe telegraphed us you were coming. Mother is waiting in the carriage—she will be glad to see you."

"And you," he was looking into the sparkling face, beaming welcome, with a new sensation of interest and admiration.

"Cousin Edna Breen. Step right into the carriage. Mother, here is our new relation—Cousin Joe."

In a few moments the young man was whirling through the smooth avenues of the beautiful town, accepting as a matter of course the honors that had been thrust upon him and wondering to himself at times did he wake or was he dreaming. At all events, he was glad to be there under such favorable circumstances, over which he had no control.

But what of the other traveler who was not called, who missed his train and his appointment through the porter's reversal of a number? Did he go to Dekalb instead of Joseph Breen? Not likely, for those strange incidents never work to a sane conclusion through any law of compensation. The other man in the problem remains an unknown quantity.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Vanity Helps the Physician.
"One of the great aids to my practice," said a physician who makes a specialty of throat and lung troubles, "is the current fashion for fancy waistcoats. No, I don't mean that there is anything in the color that strikes in. Simply that one man out of three who puts on a new brilliantly colored waistcoat is so proud of it and so afraid that it will not be noticed that he goes about in this raw weather with his coat and overcoat unbuttoned and thrown open just to display it. That's a fact. I have had several cases of pneumonia because of it, and from the number of young men who act as if their chief object in life were to display their waistcoats one may see, on the street, other doctors fare as well."—New York Sun.

Omaha Municipal Matrimonial Bureau.
Mayor Moores, of Omaha, Neb., is to establish an official matrimonial bureau. Several days ago he received a letter from a bureau of statistics at Cleveland, calling his attention to the deficiency of women in Nebraska, as compared to the male population, and a surplus of young unmarried women in the East. The letter suggested the plan of book albums, containing photographs of young men throughout the State who are matrimonially inclined, together with descriptions of their prospects. These are to be circulated through the manufacturing establishments of the Eastern cities where women are employed. The Mayor is much pleased with the idea.—Chicago Record-Herald.



Coming Modes in Slippers.

While big buckles and colonial flaps are having their day changeable Dame Fashion is casting admiring looks on the summer slippers, with their mites of cut steel buckles and diminutive velvet or ribbed silk bows.

Loose Garments.
Let the average woman be careful that in the search of fashion she does not acquire a ludicrous appearance at the back. With what wonderful adaptability does the tailor of to-day manage to construct his hard cloths and unyielding tweeds into loose and graceful garments. He treats the bolero with great success. Do not imagine that because a thing is loose it is easy to make, for more depends upon the cut than on the actual fitting.

Knowledge Saves Money.
The girl who knows how to apply, how to tuck, how to embroider, has the ball at her feet nowadays, and can make for herself the very daintiest shoulder collars, vests, neckbands and sashes any daughter of Eve could desire. Her sash ends she decorates with ribbon embroidery, her Louis Quinze coat revers with gold thread and jewels, and as for her old-world lawn capes and collars full of rarest stitchery, they are the admiration of all beholders, and make her pin money go twice as far as it would if she were no expert in the arts of needlecraft.

A New Pastime For Girls.
Now that the warm days are at hand "Strolling Clubs" will again become popular. Last fall this pastime was much enjoyed, particularly by the girls of Baltimore and Boston. And this was the plan: A party of girls, in number from four to ten, agreed upon some place, generally the home of a friend, as the objective point for their stroll, and in the early afternoon walked several miles out into the country. A light luncheon, prepared by the hostess or carried out by the girls, was served, and the party walked back again to the city in time for dinner.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Foliage Hates the Rags.
A great variety of foliage is on sale, and it promises to be immensely used in the trimming of summer hats. The leaves of the ash and the silver birch are among the latest additions, but rose leaves continue to have the lead. They are principally asked for in pastel greens and reds. Some of the ferns and all the grasses and mosses are natural. They have been subjected to a preserving process inaptly termed "sterilization," and will last as long as artificial. Asparagus foliage is treated in the same way. Feathery bunches of this make pretty aigrettes.—Millinery Trade Review.

Suitable Clothes For Growing Girls.
Shirt waists are not becoming to the average girl under fourteen. Until that age is reached the full round waist of pleated princess style is vastly more becoming. The sailor suit is the most universally worn and popular suit for girls of every age. It is distinctly becoming and appropriate to young figures, and may be made of serge, linen, duck or galatea.

The older girl has her sailor suit made with a gored skirt and a belted blouse, and the younger one with a straight full skirt and a blouse identical in style and cut to the one worn by her small brother.

The kilted and pleated skirt is a pretty one, especially for girls from twelve to fourteen years of age. Vertical pleats arranged in clusters extending the length of the skirt are stylish, and another pretty skirt is made with a pointed yoke effect; the pleats quite reaching the knees in front and gradually growing narrower toward the back. This arrangement gives a pretty fullness all around the edge of the skirt and is stylish in effect.—Mrs. Ralston, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

For the Ethereal Woman.
To gain flesh, eat a hearty breakfast and dinner and a light luncheon. Bread, butter and stewed fruit and milk are necessary articles of diet. Let the bread be brown, or gluten loaf, and have the milk hot, but not scalded; take some often during the day, but eat no solids between meals. Olive oil on fresh green salad and cream with baked bananas are fattening foods.

Before retiring take a warm bath to induce sleep, which aids in increasing flesh. Devote ten hours to sleep, and if possible rest for ten minutes every afternoon.

Spend one whole day in bed each month, sleeping as much of the day as possible. The only true way to rest is to lie down in a darkened room with closed eyes and think of nothing. Even five minutes of such rest is valuable; the muscles of the face relax, and one does not get a hard, set look, which adds many years to the appearance.

Take time to eat your meals. If you have not time to get a meal leisurely, go without it, as it will not injure you a quarter as much as it will to eat in a hurry.

The Secret of Feminine Athletics.
Mrs. Potter Palmer attributes the present rage among women for athletic pursuits to the increasing difficulty they find in beguiling men into drawing and ball rooms, verandas and conservatories, writes Julia Ditto Young in Good Housekeeping. It is necessary for women to meet men in order to subsequently marry them; so when the lady in a body took to bicycling, fencing, boating, swimming, ten-

nis, golf and the rest, the ladies promptly discovered the value of fresh air and exercise, the wickedness of allowing muscles to become atrophied, skin muddy, eyes dull and mind inert for lack of oxygenated blood, all of which is the truest gospel. Also the charms of nature dawned, nay, burst upon them. Be the cause what it may, they dashed to beach and court and rinks "all accoutered as" they were, and really 'twas as difficult a feat as Cassius's swim in the Tiber. It was prophesied that these rough and boisterous and unladylike pursuits could never become popular, because soil and wear would ruin a costume a day, whereas one could play croquet forever without injury to the daintiest organdie or "summer silk."

The Sandalled Baby.
Great praise and admiration are due the advanced young mothers of to-day—smart women in their dress tastes, most of them, and for that reason not given as much credit as they deserve at times with regard to their good sense that children are to their good sense wearing a part of the day this summer low sandals of soft brown leather, the duplicate in form of the bebe sandal, but having air splits across the toes. These are to be worn without socks or stockings; the bare, rosy little feet slipped into them for health and comfort's sake while at play. They are found in sizes from two-year-old baby feet to the size fitting a child of six or seven. Other larger sandals are to be had by ordering them, and unless all signs fall the rush for barefooted sandals will this summer prove a gold mine to the shoe shops. The German cure may thus be revived among older members of the family, by wearing sandals of this sort, in walks before breakfast through dewy lawns and meadows green. But whether the grown-ups profit by stockingless feet or not the blessing awaiting the children will be welcomed far and near.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



In Italy widows vote for members of Parliament.

Women vote in Canada for all elective offices except Legislature or Parliament.

In Russia women who are married vote for the local questions and elective offices.

Women have a quality of voice which enables them to speak far more intelligibly through the telephone than can men.

The Empress of Japan receives \$20,000 worth of clothes from Paris each year. She only consents to appear in public clothed in the garments of her native country once in twelve months.

Men have competed with women successfully along nearly all the latter's lines of industry except in professional nurses. Women trained nurses are better paid and far more sought after than are men nurses.

Mrs. Mary A. Snody is the oldest "school girl" in St. Louis. She is seventy-four years old, and has just been graduated from a four years' course. She is a grandmother. When she was sixty-eight years old she began a systematic course of study.

There is a stenographer in Cincinnati, Ohio, who owns a handsome house, horses and carriages, all the result of her own industry. After working in the ordinary office for a time, she opened a school of stenography, and after a while placed a qualified student in every hotel in the city, paying them regular salaries. The profits on this enterprise and the school have made her rich.



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