

MEN.

Factory whistles blow Dawn
From reverberant throats
Hollow and mournfully drawn
Are the answering notes

Torrents and billows of life
And, alas, for the spray!
Highway and house-top are rife
With the turbulent clay

-Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

I DON'T see why we need guides."
Harry Thurston glanced toward
the dark bulk of Vesuvius, from
the summit of which a few curls
of smoke lazily floated upward against
the blue Italian sky.

The view was marvelous. Far away
lay the city of Naples, a tawny crescent
bathed in sunshine; vineyards and
gardens stretched away from the foot
of the mountain, dotted with villas
and little hamlets; and to the west lay
the wonderful Mediterranean, a perfect
turquoise in color, with shadings of
deeper blue where the breeze touched
the shimmering surface.

"The path is plain enough on the
map," continued Harry, "and I, for one,
don't care to have a 'Pietro' or 'Jacopo'
tagging after me all the way up."

But the boys were more interested
in their immediate surroundings than
in the dreamy Italian landscape far
below and beyond them.

"Come on!" urged Dick White. It
was Dick who usually got the party into
scrapes, and Crothers who extricated
it. Harry, in either case, simply
helped form a majority.

"Whew!" exclaimed Harry, with a
disgusted face. "I can't stand this
long! Let's—"

Two hours later the trio started out
from "La Maison Blanche," a small
inn at the foot of the mountain, and
attacked the foothills of Vesuvius itself.

It was a moment of terrible sus-
pense. Would the rope hold? Dick
could not help himself a particle, if
indeed he was still conscious. But his
grip was firm, and the noose, which
had slipped up to his armpit, clutched
him tightly.

"They cautiously circled the great pit,
carefully avoiding the steaming cracks
in their path, and then paused for a
last look.

"What did you think of, old fellow,
as you were lying there waiting for
us?" asked Harry that evening, when
the three were once more on the moon-
lit piazza of the Castellammare hotel.

"I suppose," observed Bob, "the
moon looks something like this when
you get there. Just a burned-out,
cooled-off, dried-up volcano."

"What—what shall we do?" gasped
the trembling Harry. "O Bob, he's
gone, he's gone!"

And now arose a discussion as to
the method of completing the ascent.
Dick was for continuing on foot, following
the tracks of the regular porters up
through the knee-deep ash dust which
covers the steep sides of the cone.

"Hold on tight, Dick!" screamed
Harry, hardly knowing what he said.
"We'll get you out. Hold on for your
life!"

"It's of no use to lie ourselves all
out," he said, "wading through that
stuff up a slope like the roof of a house.
It's all right coming down, but if you
fellows ever tried to climb a hill with
two feet of snow on it, you know how
it feels. And it's hot, too."

"Digging his heels in, he had suc-
ceeded in arresting his progress, and
lay there with upturned face, knees
slightly bent—he dared not straighten
out his legs—and outstretched hands
clutching the slag on each side. The
loose ash almost covered his hair, his
hands and his feet.

"No, no!" said Harry in English,
shaking off one of his tormentors. "No
guide for us! We go alone—see?"

"Hold on tight, Dick!" screamed
Harry, hardly knowing what he said.
"We'll get you out. Hold on for your
life!"

One word alone was intelligible to
the Italian, the last, which he under-
stood as "si" (yes), and affairs grew
still more complicated. At last Bob,
who knew a little Italian, said firmly:

"Hold on tight, Dick!" screamed
Harry, hardly knowing what he said.
"We'll get you out. Hold on for your
life!"

"The guides suddenly fell back and
gave up the contest, muttering ex-
pletives in the Neapolitan patois,
which fortunately the Americans could
not understand.

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"So the lads kept on, up the steep
ascent, until they stood on the small,
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of Vesuvius.

of black smoke rolled upward. He
was indeed in the "shadow of death!"
The stones rattled sharply against the
rocks round him, and fragments of slag
slid past, disappearing in the abyss.

Meanwhile Bob Crothers tore down
the path to the hut, where he found the
guides half asleep.

"When the white-faced lad came rush-
ing among them, they listened at first
sulkily enough; but as soon as they
understood the real nature of the catas-
trophe they sprang to their feet, and
snatching a coil of rope from a hook,
hurried up the cone, headed by Bob.

"Dick, my dear old fellow!" It was
Bob's voice, and it came just in time
to rouse the boy from the stupor to
which he was fast succumbing.

"Yes!" replied Dick, feebly.
"We're going to throw you a rope
with a running noose at the end.
When I give the word, you stick your
arm through the noose, quick, and grab
the rope with both hands!"

"I—I don't know whether I can hold
on!" trembled Dick.

"Yes, you can!" replied Bob, fiercely.
"You've got to! Here comes the rope!"

Two sturdy guides had stretched
themselves flat on the ground at the
edge of the crater; half a dozen of
their comrades planted themselves
firmly, with the rope twisted round
their bodies, a few feet farther back.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Germany is able to feed about nine-
tenths of her nearly sixty million in-
habitants on the products of her own
soil.

One test for distinguishing diamonds
from glass and paste is to touch them
with the tongue. The diamond feels
much the colder.

A new theatre, says the Neue Ham-
burger Zeitung, is to be opened in Ber-
lin next year, in which all parts will
be played by mechanical dolls of life
size.

Probably the simplest court livery
in the world is that worn in the royal
palace of Korea. The Emperor's ser-
vants are all dressed in garments and
headgear of red calico.

A New England newspaper of 1727
announced that "a considerable town
in this province has been so awakened
by the awful providence in the earth-
quake that the women have generally
laid aside their hoop petticoats."

A Chinese murderer before being
hanged in Batavia asked to be supplied
with a ticket to Singapore, so that he
could have it on his person after death.
His request was granted and he died
happy.

A British newspaper publishes this
advertisement: "Widower, living re-
tired, without encumbrance, would like
to correspond with lady, about 40, with
small means, with one 13g preferred,
with a view to an early marriage."

After keen competition the Library
of Congress secured a copy of Anna
Bradstreet's poems, "The Tenth Muse
Lately Sprung Up in America," Lon-
don, 1650, at the auction sale of Wil-
liam S. Appleton's library, Boston. The
bidding ran up to \$191.

Pupils in the English national
schools are being taught the American
custom of saluting the flag. But they
do so on national anniversaries only.
April 23, St. George's Day, the pupils
in one of the schools sang patriotic
songs while fifty of their fellow pu-
pils accompanied on the violin.

The evidence before the British
Army Stores Commissioners, as to
grafting during the Boer war, shows that
there was only one regiment the con-
tractors were unable to cheat. That
proud distinction belongs to the Sev-
enth Hussars. They weighed every-
thing and checked the quality of every-
thing supplied them.

The Spaniard generally is temper-
ate, and has few wants, which are
easily satisfied. He requires a daily
nap or siesta, is rather lazy, loves mu-
sic and dancing and the bull fight, and
is not averse to intrigue and the use
of weapons. A native dignity that
never forsakes them, even in dire
poverty and squalor, is one of the most
striking characteristics of the race.

ROOT A POTATO PATCH.

Montana Man Grows Tubers in Sawdust
Soil.

A half-bushel of sawdust, a dash of
chemical solution and fifteen potatoes
carefully enveloped with the sawdust
will enable the average householder
to grow a bushel of tubers on his
house-top or in his cellar within sixty
days. This process, says the Chicago
Record-Herald, has been discovered
and elaborated by W. D. Darst, of
Great Falls, Mont. Moreover, the
potato grower will have no potato bugs
to contend with, he will have no turn-
ing over of the soil at certain intervals,
and there will be no contest with grub-
worms.

The product of Mr. Darst's process is
termed the "vineless potato," from the
fact that, grown under these apparent-
ly unnatural conditions, there is no
surface vegetation. Because of this
each potato buried in the sawdust is
enabled to produce at least twelve nor-
mal-sized tubers.

Operating on the theory that the pres-
ence of surface vegetation was only a
method of securing nourishment and in
reality sapped the vitality of the tuber,
Mr. Darst experimented more than six
years and found he could overcome
this seemingly natural course on the
part of the plant by supplying it arti-
ficially with its needs.

By employing sawdust, peat, straw
or any other earth product that would
permit of the circulation of air, mois-
ture and heat and the application of
solutions of various salts, he discovered
that a single potato would multiply
itself by attaching to itself from twelve
to sixteen other potatoes of approxi-
mately the same dimensions without
throwing off any of its energy above
ground.

Packed in loosely arranged bins per-
mitting the free access of air and ar-
ranged in rows six inches above each
other, with an allowance of one cubic
foot of sawdust to the seedling, Mr.
Darst has demonstrated the rapidity of
growth and the proportions that the
potatoes may attain by showing that
within sixty days fifteen potatoes will
produce a bushel. In the character of
his experiments and the success that
has attended them Mr. Darst has the
endorsement of Luther Burbank, the
eminent horticulturist and botanist.

An Uncle of Royalties.

King Edward VII. is the uncle of the
Emperor of Germany, will soon be the
uncle of a Queen of Spain, is already
the uncle of the Crown Prince of Rou-
mania, the Crown Princess of Greece
and the Crown Princess of Sweden,
and is the father of the Queen of Nor-
way.



Beauty Doctors Cure-All.
Olive oil is the beauty doctor's cure-
all for poor complexions. He advises
its use in every possible food, plenty of
green salads reeking with it and then
doses of it by the tablespoonful.

Teach Children to Think.
"Do not try to force your children's
beliefs. Teach them to think for them-
selves, and when they come to you,
with their theories, agree with the
good that is in them. If there is any-
thing that to you seems wrong, explain
it away if you can reasonably, if not,
let it alone. Children can no more
think exactly as their parents do and
still preserve their individuality, than
they can resemble them physically in
every detail, and forcing is as impossi-
ble in one case as in the other."—B.
Mc. J. Bell, in The Housekeeper.

Revival of Block Work.
Old-fashioned block work has been
revived for some of the prettiest of the
little aprons so many women don at
the slightest excuse.

Perhaps the apron is made without a
ruffle, blocks of a uniform size put on
in a simple pattern and stitched neatly.
Or the saucy little ruffle which makes
so attractive a thing of an apron may
be made quite elaborate with blocks;
or even the apron proper trimmed with
blocks, the ruffle left plain, but made
very full.

Whichever way it is made, an apron
of that sort is as quaint as a bunch of
old-fashioned roses, and as dainty.

Milinery in the Schools.
The Chicago Board of Education has
decided to establish a course of mil-
linery in the free evening schools. The
course in hatmaking for the benefit
of working girls who receive starvation
wages will be put to use with the open-
ing of the evening schools at the be-
ginning of the fall term.

Every working girl who spends her
evenings in the public schoolroom is
to be taught how to design, make and
trim her own hats. Board officials be-
lieve that in this way the working girls
who receive \$5 and \$6 a week will be
able not only to gratify their artistic
tastes, but also to save the money
which they now pay to milliners. The
course in millinery will be made a part
of the domestic science work, and will
be open to all girls enrolled in the pub-
lic evening high schools.

Where Women Lead.

In proportion to total weight of body,
woman has a heavier brain than man,
and would, it is contended, if culti-
vated to the same extent as man's, pro-
duce far better results than his.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated
that woman's memory is much more
retentive than man's, and the world's
memory record was recently won by a
woman, who remembered the sequence
of 133,000 words.

Girls are everywhere recognized to
be more apt pupils in music, quicker
to adapt themselves to new conditions,
and better able to face trials of all
kinds unflinchingly.

Women more easily detect various
shades of color than men, and they are
a trifle better at judging weights and
measurements. They also live longer
than men, which shows that they are
better able to take care of themselves.

Dressmakers Should Rise.

Deplored the fact that dressmakers
have no social position, Mme. B. F.
Howard told the members of the Chi-
cago Dressmakers' Club at a meeting
that the way to attain the desired end
is to study music, art, literature and
the drama.

Having gained knowledge along these
lines, Mme. Howard said, any dress-
maker would find that the door of
"social equality" is open, and that she
could make a better gown after having
had a conversation with her "client"
on the subject of "problem plays,"
Greig and the books of Bernard Shaw.

The speaker declared that it is the
dressmakers' own fault if they are
classed with their customers' cooks.
She said a dressmaker is an artist in
every sense of the word, and is en-
titled to the same social distinction ac-
cording to the members of any other
profession of like importance to soci-
ety.

How to Wash the Face.

"Eureka!" said the girl with the
sallow complexion, bursting into her
friend's studio. "After devouring
beauty talks for years, I have at last
found out how to wash my face."

brush well resoaped several times in
the hot water. Next I draw another
basin of water, not quite so hot, and
use a Turkish face cloth, or bath glove,
and wash my face free from every
trace of soap. After this comes the
refreshing part of the washing. I
deluge face and neck in cold water—ice
water is none too cold. Hot water and
soap free the skin from grease and
impurities, and the cold water acts as
an astringent, hardening the tissues
and closing the pores."—New York
Tribune.

Why Marriage is Unfashionable.
Harper's Bazar contains a notable
article by Charlotte Perkins Stetson
Gilman on "The Passing of Matrimony."
Mrs. Gilman believes that the
present prevalence of bachelor maids
and the painful frequency of divorce
are both due to the same cause; that
the character of our women is chang-
ing faster than the character of matrimony.

"The women of our time," she says,
"are rapidly developing those human
powers and faculties, interests and as-
pirations so long forbidden them. They
need for their soul's health full exer-
cise of these powers. Meanwhile,
matrimony, as existent, continues to
require of the woman not only the love
of the wife, the function of the mother,
but the trade of domestic service. The
modern woman, educated, intelligent,
perhaps already experienced in busi-
ness, resents this demand, and refuses
it. Or, being married, and perhaps un-
conscious of what really ails her, she
frets about her work, or in her idlen-
ess, and imagines that her unhappi-
ness is due to her husband. Having
been taught so long that 'love is
enough,' and finding themselves still
unsatisfied, they clamor for more love
or different love, and frequently jump
out of the frying-pan into the fire in
search of it. Whereas all the time it
was not love at all which they needed
—they had enough for all practical
purposes; what they lacked was life—
human life. A human creature must
do human work; and all women are no
more to be contented as house-servants
and housekeepers than all men would
be. We need rearrangement, not in
the vital principle of monogamy, which
is good, but in the mechanics of the
business; in the trades of domestic
industry."

Fashions for Bridesmaids.
Bridesmaids' gowns for the June
weddings are almost without exception
on the picturesque order, and this sea-
son the bridesmaids have a wonderful
opportunity to be becomingly gowned
as the picturesque models have much
that is attractive about them. The
tulle silk coats and picture hats worn
with gowns of lace, voile or net are
not a new fashion by any means, but
then the number of different coats to
choose from is unusual; the Directoire
coat, the Louis XIV. and the Louis
XVI. are, as always, in demand, but
there are also this year the fascinating
bolero and sleeveless cape coats of
plain or flowered tulle with worn
skirts to match, or, as has been said,
with the net or lace skirts.

Both the princess and the Empire
styles are also in fashion, and the lat-
ter seems to be steadily gaining in
favor.—Harper's Bazar.



If the girdle is right the gown is
pretty sure to be.

It will be all right to touch your
black gown up with bright-colored col-
lar and cuffs.

Long kid gloves with lace inserts are
nice, if you care to pay \$15 a pair for
your hand coverings.

The newest thing in leather purses
is shaped like a fan and worn on a
long chain around the neck.

Melted colors is the most descriptive
term to apply to the new plaids, in
which several soft shades run together
imperceptibly.

More curious than pretty are some of
the new skirt waist sets, wherein each
button represents a black cat's head
with green eyes.

Flat bands are going to be used a lot
on skirts, and one of the newest no-
tions is a band of tulle with a bor-
der of little silk balls sewed flat to
each edge.

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