

**The Younger Set.**

(Continued from page 1)

"Please sit here," she said—"here where I've been sitting."  
He did so, muttering: "What a nuisance! It will stop in a second. You needn't remain here with me, you know. Go in. It is simply glorious."  
"I've been in. I was drying my hair."

He glanced up, smiling; then, as the wet kerchief against his forehead reddened, he started to rise, but she took it from his fingers, hastened to the water's edge, rinsed it and brought it back cold and wet.  
"Please sit perfectly still," she said. "A girl likes to do this sort of thing for a man."

"If I'd known that," he laughed. "I'd have had it happen frequently."  
She only shook her head, watching him unsmiling. But the pulse in her had become very quiet again.  
"It's no end of fun in that canoe," he observed. "Gladys Orchil and I work it beautifully."

"I saw you did," she nodded.  
"Oh! Where were you? Why didn't you come?"  
"I don't know. Gladys called you. I was waiting for you—expecting you. Then Gladys called you."

"I didn't see you," he said.  
"I didn't call you," she observed serenely, and after a moment she added, "Do you see only those who hail you, Captain Selwyn?"

He laughed. "In this life's cruise a good sailor always answers a friendly hail."  
"So do I," she said. "Please hail me after this—because I don't care to take the initiative. If you neglect to do it, don't count on my hailing you any more."

The stain spread on the kerchief. Once more she went to the water's edge, rinsed it and returned with it.

"I think it has almost stopped bleeding," she remarked as she laid the cloth against his forehead. "You frightened me, Captain Selwyn. I am not easily frightened."

"I know it."  
"Did you know I was frightened?"  
"Of course I did."

"Oh," she said, vexed, "how could you know it? I didn't do anything silly, did I?"  
"No; you very sensibly called me Philip. That's how I knew you were frightened."

A slow, bright color stained face and neck.  
"So I was silly, after all," she said, biting at her under lip and trying to meet his humorous gray eyes with unconcern. But her face was burning now, and aware of it, she turned her gaze resolutely on the sea. Also, to her further annoyance, her heart awoke, beating unwarrantably, absurdly, until the dreadful idea seized her that she could hear it. Disconcerted, she stood up—a straight, youthful figure against the sea. The wind, blowing her disheveled hair across her cheeks and shoulders, fluttered her clinging skirts as she rested both hands on her hips and slowly walked toward the water's edge.

"Shall we swim?" he asked her.  
She half turned and looked around and down at him.  
"I'm all right. It's stopped bleeding. Shall we?" he inquired, looking at her. "You've got to wash your hair again anyhow."  
She said, feeling suddenly stupid and childish and knowing she was speaking stupidly: "Would you not rather join Gladys again? I thought that—that—"

"Thought what?"  
"Nothing," she said, furious at herself. "I am going to the showers. Goodby."

"Goodby," he said, troubled. "Unless we walk to the pavilion together—"  
"But you are going in again—are you not?"

"Not unless you do."  
"What have I to do with it, Captain Selwyn?"

"It's a big ocean and rather lonely without you," he said so seriously that she looked around again and laughed.

"It's full of pretty girls just now. Plunge in, my melancholy friend. The whole ocean is a dream of fair women today."

"If they be not fair to me, what care I how fair they be?" he paraphrased, springing to his feet and keeping step beside her.

"Really, that won't do," she said. "Much moonlight and Gladys and the Minister twins convict you. Do you remember that I told you one day in early summer that Sheila and Dorothy and Gladys would mark you for their own? Oh, my inconstant courtier, they are yonder! And I absolve you, Adieu!"

"Do you remember what I told you one day in early summer?" he returned coolly.  
"Don't talk this way!" she said, exasperated under a rush of sensations utterly incomprehensible—stinging, confused emotions that beat chaotic time to the clamor of her pulses. "Why do you speak of such things?" she repeated, with a fierce little withdrawn breath. "Why do you—when you know—when I said—explained everything?" She looked at him fearfully. "You are somehow spoiling our friendship," she said. "And I don't exactly know how you are doing it, but something of the comfort of it is being taken away from me, and don't, don't, don't do it!"

She covered her eyes with her clenched hands for a moment, motionless; then her arms dropped, and she turned sharply, with a gesture which left him alone there, and walked rapidly across the beach to the pavilion.  
To be Continued.

**Dirigible Balloons.**  
The first attempt to steer a balloon was made in Paris in 1784.

**Woman's World**

TO BE OPENED IN APRIL.

D. A. R. Hopps to Hold Next Convention in Continental Hall.

Memorial Continental Hall, which the Daughters of the American Revolution began to plan and work for eighteen years ago, when the society was formed, will be finished in April. Opposite the public park known as the White House lot, in Washington, it stands, south of the Corcoran Art gallery and not far from the historic mall and the Washington monument. It is said to be the greatest memorial building ever erected by women. It is of marble, colonial in style, of course, and facing the new bureau of American republics. On the south side are thirteen fluted monolithic shafts rising in a semicircle to the roof, a perpetual memorial to the thirteen original colonies. The broad flight of steps which leads to the entrance is flanked on either side by three massive columns. On the north is a broad marble terrace.  
The daughters have worked hard to collect the money for this building.



D. A. R. MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL.

More than \$300,000 in hard cash has been raised in the eighteen years since the project was formed. Over \$100,000 was raised during the last three years. By a resolution of the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution a loan of \$200,000 was negotiated, and, unless something unexpected happens to prevent, the society will meet in April in a completed building. That meeting will mark the completion of the second term of Mrs. Donald McLean's presidency of the national society and the fulfillment of her ardent work for Continental Hall.

The auditorium of the hall will seat about 2,000 persons. Here the annual congress of the Daughters will convene. Besides, it is hoped that the place will become a center for musical, literary and educational interests in Washington. The building will have a fireproof museum and a library. Historic bits of marble and wood will be wrought into the walls. The cost of the ground and building when completed will be about \$500,000. Besides the auditorium, museum and library, there will be a board room, dining room, children's room, committee rooms, kitchen, serving rooms, store-rooms, etc.

**Facial Massage.**

Persons who declare that facial massage harms the muscles and tissues fall to understand the method of operation, which is to stimulate the infinite number of fibers and tiny muscles beneath the skin. Unless they are strengthened in this fashion they become flabby with weakness of age, just as all muscles are affected when a woman is no longer young. The purpose of facial massage is to prevent sagging, but unless it is properly done it damages the skin by stretching it. Continued rubbing over and over the surface may stretch the flesh just as rubbing over the scalp will tangle the hair. Scalp massage consists in keeping the fingers stationary and moving the scalp over the skull, not the hair over the scalp. In precisely the same way the skin of the face should be held firm while tissues are exercised. This consists merely in holding the fingers stationary during the treatment, bending them at the first joint. When one spot has been done the fingers are lifted and placed in another, repeating this all over the face. To let the fingers slide around accomplishes nothing beyond the likelihood of stretching the skin. After any massage astringents should be considered a necessary application, for by the use of one any chance of causing fine surface wrinkles is eliminated, and the complexion is given added tone and firmness. Cold water is an excellent tonic, but it must be cold and used plentifully.

Other astringents, such as alcoholic preparations, in the way of toilet waters are good, and to get the most benefit for the smallest price one of these may be patted over the skin after a good application with water. A weak solution of spirits of camphor is beneficial, and camphor water is even better. Tincture of benzoin is another of which so small a quantity is required that the cost is slight. Twelve drops in an ordinary basin of water is quite enough. An ounce of the tincture of benzoin to half a pint of pure alcohol is one of the best astringent applications that can be made, using the liquid not oftener than twice a day, letting it dry on the skin.

Facial massage should never be given until the skin has been well soaked in hot water. So thorough should be the preliminary bath that all the fine pores are opened and the skin softened. This makes the rubbing far more efficacious and the application of an astringent more than ever necessary.

**And Yet They Talk!**  
A number of young married women have formed a little sewing circle to

**THE GRANGE**

Conducted by  
J. W. DARROW, Chairman, N. Y.  
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

**A \$16,000 GRANGE HALL.**

A Model of Its Kind—Modern and Up to Date in Every Particular.

Palmira grange of New York state has recently dedicated a new grange home which has been pronounced the handsomest building of its sort in the state. The building, for which ground was broken June 8, is built on the clubhouse style, at a total cost expense of \$10,000. It is a two story structure of pressed brick and tile, with a large basement of concrete and tile. In the basement and other parts of the building girders are used for supports, thus doing away with posts and eliminating all obstructions.

In the basement is the dining room, which is 57 by 33 feet, without post or obstruction, and is thoroughly modern in its furnishings and very pleasing in decorative design. The kitchen and serving room is equipped with sinks, draining boards and every convenience for serving lunches or banquets. In the basement are a wide entrance hall and the furnace and coal rooms.

The second floor contains the assembly room, 58 by 32 feet. In this room is a stage, 25 by 12 feet, which is admirably adapted to grange purposes or entertainments. Bay windows, 14 by 8 feet, supply plenty of light. The ceiling in this hall is of steel. At each side of the reception hall are ante-rooms with modern equipment. At the main entrance the vestibule is floored with mosaic tile work. In addition to this reception hall, there is a porte cochere entrance on the north. Two fire escapes leading from the main assembly room afford ample means of exit in case of emergency.

**THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.**

Vermont State Grange Elects C. F. Smith of Morrisville Master.

The thirty-seventh annual session of the Vermont state grange was held at Burlington. There were about 800 present, representing a total membership of 16,200 in 180 granges. The state master reported sixty granges organized during his term of office. He approved the holding of grange fairs if they be started on not too large a scale. He thought that many of the agricultural societies had lost

prestige and failed to become educational or even entertaining by trying to do too much, and they had to resort to cheap midways and vaudeville shows in order to make the fair a financial success.  
There was a warm contest over the election of a new state master. The present master, G. W. Pierce of Brattleboro, was re-elected, but declined to serve because of illness in his family. C. F. Smith of Morrisville was then chosen. The sixth degree was conferred on 200 candidates.



C. F. SMITH.

Resolutions were passed in favor of giving the state cattle commission power to compel owners to have their cattle tested with tuberculin where marked cases occur; also one in favor of the bill now before the legislature placing a tax of 5 cents on all evergreen trees shipped out of the state.

Clement F. Smith, the new master of the Vermont state grange, is a prominent citizen of Morrisville and one of the most progressive farmers in the state. Mr. Smith has not missed a meeting since he became a member of the Order. He was president of the State Dairymen's association for two terms. To him the agricultural interests of the state are largely indebted for Merrill Hall. This is one of the buildings at the college at Burlington, and it was erected in memory of Senator Merrill, "father of the land grant college act." Mr. Smith represented his town in the legislature in 1894, served on the committee on agriculture, and on a special committee on tuberculosis, on which committee he performed valuable service.

**The New York Plan.**

In New York the delegates to the state grange are elected on the basis of one delegate at large for each county without regard to any numerical basis of membership. Then there may be elected one delegate for every 400 members whose dues are paid to the state grange, and after all such allotments there may be elected one delegate for a fraction beyond exceeding 200, and if there be but 200 members in said county after the election of the delegate for the county that number shall be entitled to a delegate, provided that each alternate delegate shall be a matron and further provided that all fourth degree members in good-standing will be entitled on attendance at the state grange to receive the fifth degree. It is further provided, however, that Pomona granges may elect each one delegate to the state grange, but no county in which a Pomona grange may be situated shall be entitled to a delegate at large for such county. Fourth degree members in good standing are eligible as delegates.

Lectures of subordinate granges will find the articles on grange work which appear in this paper helpful to them if carefully perused.

**Her Extreme Goodness.**

The husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust.  
"Look at it well," said the sculptor, "and as it is only in clay I can alter it if necessary."  
The widower looked at it carefully with the most tender interest. "It is her very self," he said. "Her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then, turning into tears, he added: "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

**The Belated Valentine.**

Just look at me, my dear, and see  
An object for your charity!  
Last night I dipped my pen in ink  
And sat and mused and strove to link  
My heart with yours in poetry,  
But not one rhyme would come to me,  
Although I fumed till half past three—  
What! Sleep? I didn't get a wink.  
Just look at me!

What dainty valentine could be  
More eloquent of love than he  
Who thus would muse and brood and think  
Till he's completely on the blink?  
Say, if you doubt my constancy,  
Just look at me!

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

**His Attitude.**

Slimson—Now, Willie, you knew you were lying to me at the time, but evidently you didn't have the moral courage to tell the truth. I want you to tell me just how you felt.  
Willie—Well, papa, I guess I felt the way you act toward mother sometimes.—New York Life.

**Sim.**

A homely man and warped of limb,  
Ungrainy and uncouth is Sim,  
Yet hum an air and very soon  
He'll play or sing for you the tune.

And that is why we smile and say  
To one another every day  
That we can make Sim metrical,  
—But can't make him symmetrical.  
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

**Wonderful!**

Mrs. Blunder has just received a telegram from India. "What an admirable invention the telegram is," she exclaimed, "when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet!"—Tit-Bits.

**An Injudicious Laugh.**

Her father is a heavy man  
And careful on his feet,  
I'm sorry that I chanced to scan  
His slip down on the street.  
He heard me laugh. It made him mad;  
He acted awful sore.  
And at his home, I grieve to add,  
I don't call 'any more.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Wanted Two of Them.**

"This stove," said the clerk to his Irish customer, "is the best stove in the house. It is the stove of economy. It saves half the coal bill."  
"Give me two of them," replied the Irishman.—Success.

**His Fate.**

There was a young fellow named Mike,  
Who decided to go on a strike.  
"In future all work,"  
He cried, "I will shirk!"  
Now you see poor Mike hike down the pike.  
—Baltimore American.

**Higher Ideals.**

"He says he's interested in uplifting the farmer."  
"Partly that," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "and partly in liftin' up his own voice."—Washington Star.

**Keep It Home.**

A student in college drank some  
(Whenever he drank he drank some)  
Till the pungent aroma  
Overwhelmed his diploma,  
And later he turned out a home.  
—Puck.

**Proper Training.**

Gyer—Young Slyker is taking a course in mental gymnastics.  
Myer—What's the object?  
Gyer—He's going in for politics.—Detroit Tribune.

**Not What They Seem.**

Even things in the rural wilds  
From the logical will cut loose;  
Strawberries do not grow on a straw  
Nor gooseberries on a goose.  
—Detroit Tribune.

**A Precautionary Measure.**

"Why do you laugh so hurriedly when your husband tells a story?"  
"If I don't laugh promptly he tells it all over again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Song of the Street.**

Some day the merry birds will call,  
Some day the sun will shine so clear,  
Some day, oh, sweetest thought of all,  
The grimy snow will disappear!  
—Washington Star.

**Geography Class.**

The Teacher—Now, Johnny, you may tell me how the earth is divided.  
The Pupil—By earthquakes.—Cleveland Leader.

**At the Opera.**

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Of course I know just what you are,  
I saw you with a burlesque show,  
'Twas more than fifty years ago.  
—Chicago News.

**Just So.**

Fred—There goes a trim little lady,  
Joe—Naturally, she's a milliner.—Town Topics.

**A Woman's Aim.**

The queen of hearts she stole some darts  
Right out of Cupid's quiver.  
She aimed a dart at Willie's heart—  
But shot him through the liver.  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

**A Proposal.**

Geraldine—Life is what we make it.  
Gerald—Let's make it hearts.—New York Herald.

**Mr. Impecunous.**

You think him your friend,  
But, as sure as you live,  
When he asks you to lend  
He expects you to give.  
—New York Telegram.

THE annals of the sea afford few incidents so remarkable, thrilling and significant as the story of the collision between the White Star liner Republic and the Florida of the Lloyd Italiano line and the rescue of the passengers and crew of the former vessel. Though six lives were lost in consequence of one ship crashing into the other in the fog off the Nantucket shoals, no one was drowned despite the hundreds of human beings in peril of such fate, and this outcome was gratifying proof that



CAPTAIN WILLIAM I. SEALBY OF THE REPUBLIC.

two of the most important inventions of the age have greatly reduced the danger to human life in travel upon the sea, for it was because the Republic was equipped with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy and with submarine signaling apparatus that aid was summoned in time to prevent a great disaster.

The submarine signaling system is the result of an idea suggested to Professor Elisha Gray by Arthur J. Mundy of Boston. After the death of Gray Mr. Mundy carried on experiments in this direction and added numerous inventions of his own, thus perfecting the system. The idea came to Mr. Mundy from recollection of the simple experiment often made by boys of striking two stones together under the water when swimming and listening to the sound at some distance. He knew that water was an excellent conductor of sound, and the thought occurred to him that some system might be devised which would enable ships at sea in a fog to signal each other or to learn of their nearness to dangerous points of the shore. Professor Gray and Mr. Mundy conducted experiments near Gloucester about nine years ago in which a bell weighing 800 pounds was used and which



SUBMARINE SIGNALING APPARATUS IN PILOTHOUSE.

on the derelict destroyer Seneca, Binns was handed a wireless message which had been sent from Washington telling him that Representative Boutell had spoken in his praise in congress. "That was nice of him, wasn't it?" Binns said to the man who told him. "But I didn't do anything great."

**Making the Best of It.**  
I cannot praise a sudden thaw—  
Wet feet may put in health a faw.  
Nor do I like a sudden freeze—  
On ice I never walk with ease.  
'Twixt thaw and ice I grumbling swing  
And wait the coming of the spring.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**More Than Figurative.**  
"Ains," sighed Weary Wigles, gazing dejectedly upon his torn and tattered trousers, "I'm afraid these here pants is on their last legs!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

**Nobody In Particular.**  
He wrote in praise of the simple life.  
He said he just adored it.  
He married rich and changed his mind.  
And now he lives the other kind,  
Because he can afford it.  
—Houston Post.

**Hope.**  
Hope is born and dies at least seven-  
teen times in a man's heart before the  
woman who is calling on his wife and  
has risen to go reaches the front gate.  
—Acheson Globe.

**Unchanged.**  
Hats will be small. This is the word  
In fashion's new advice.  
Has any one, however, heard  
Of any smaller prices?  
—Chicago Post.

**The Usual Way.**  
Marlow—How did Slyker manage to  
get the upper hand in that stock deal?  
Harlow—I guess he must have dealt  
it from the bottom of the deck.—Pitts-  
burg Post.

**The Icicle.**  
Although it trembles in the breeze,  
You need not care for that.  
It will not fall until it sees  
The shining new silk hat.  
—New York Telegram.

**They Will Be as High as Ever.**  
"The women's hats are to be small-  
er."  
"Have you heard anything about the  
prices?"—Boston Globe.

gard to his own peril. Binns is a native of Peterborough, England, and twenty-five years of age. He had an exciting experience as a wireless operator in Jamaica during the earthquake.

When the Florida struck the Republic, ripping off the roof and all of one



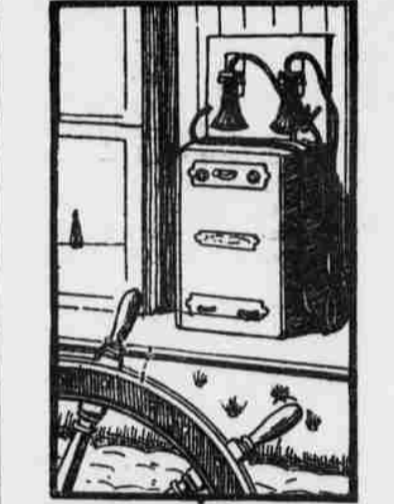
JACK BINNS, WIRELESS OPERATOR OF THE REPUBLIC.

wall of the wireless station, the shock of the collision put out of commission the dynamo which supplied the power Binns had used for the wireless. The lights in his station also went out at once. Binns sat in the darkness, with the roof and one wall of the station gone, waiting for orders.

After a few minutes had passed and Captain Sealby had realized the extremity of his peril he told Binns to send out his widespread call for help, the now famous signal C Q D. To operate the wireless at all Binns had to rig up cumulators, and these storage battery substitutes for the dynamic power furnished by the ship had only a short life.

In sending out his call he notified all those that received it that while he would "listen in" on all wireless messages he could not attempt to send more than were absolutely necessary. For more than ten hours Binns sat in the wrecked wireless station with a blanket tied over him as a roof and with the fog banked all about him before he thought of food.

After getting some refreshment he resumed his vigil with the receivers of the wireless apparatus clamped over his ears. He did not take off this "harness" until ordered to leave the ship. On his way into New York



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