

THE MAN THAT GETS BACK.

When here's to the man who gets back,
When fate has struck us between the eyes,
When fondest hope in failure dies,
When black and angry are all our skies,
Here's to the man who gets back,
Works back—
Fights back—
By the power of his soul
In his own control.

Then here's to the man who gets back,
No craven coward to weep and groan,
He trusts to his God and himself alone;
No whimpers, no cursings, no feeble moan,
Here's to the man who
Works back—
Fights back—
By the power of his soul
In his own control.

Gets back.
—George Comstock Baker, in the Masonic Northern New Yorker.



**WOMAN PROPOSES,
MAN DISPOSES**

By BESS MEREDITH.

Marian Anderson carefully rearranged the pillows back of her head and then sank back once more upon the divan.

"Speaking of men—" she began.

"That's all you ever speak of," her youthful cousin interrupted, sweetly.

"Cicely!" Marian rebuked. "But, as I was saying, my brother Tom is, without exception, the most bashful man I have ever seen as far as girls are concerned."

Cicely Warren arose and walked over to the side of the girl who was seated at the rosewood writing desk.

"Eileen," she remarked, "Marian is merely implying that there is absolutely no chance for you in that direction."

Eileen Donovan blushed and turned again to her writing. This charming Irish girl, on a visit to her American cousins, had a habit of blushing whenever the name of Tom Anderson—whom she had met three or four times—was mentioned. At present he was at college, but was expected home soon.

"Do you know," Marian was speaking again, "Bob Webster, Tom's chum, once said that poor Tom would never be brave enough to propose to a girl, nor would he be brave enough to refuse one if she proposed to him."

"That's merely another hint for you, Eileen," Cicely interposed, airily. "It's up to you, as Tom would say, to propose to him."

This time Eileen met her cousin's gaze frankly. "Are you sure it would be satisfactory?" she asked, naively.

"Very," affirmed Cicely.

Marian Anderson suppressed a yawn. "Why don't you propose to him?" she asked languidly.

Eileen's blue eyes danced merrily. "Why, I believe I will," she said innocently.

Cicely giggled and Marian turned with a smile to her novel.

"It's leap year," Cicely reminded her mirthfully, "and he won't dare refuse you."

Eileen selected a sheet of her daintiest notepaper and occupied herself for some minutes writing. Then she looked up.

"Will this do?" she inquired, and with a smile she read:

"Dear Tom—I trust that you will not think me too bold, but as this is leap year I wished to make use of my prerogative and ask you to marry me. Awaiting your reply, I am ever yours,
"EILEEN DONOVAN."

"Bravo!" applauded Cicely.

"Splendid!" assented Marian.

And, after addressing the envelope Eileen thrust the letter into one of the pigeonholes, intending to destroy it later on.

It was almost a week later and the girls were seated in the breakfast room when the maid entered with the mail. Marian, after assuring it, handed three envelopes to Eileen. Two were postmarked from Ireland, but one was postmarked Boston. Wonderingly she opened it and pulled forth the letter.

"Of all things," she gasped, after reading it through twice. "Listen to this:

"Dear Eileen—I accept with pleasure your kind proposal and trust that you will make the date of our marriage an early one. I will be home Monday on the evening train and expect you to meet me at the station with the trap. Until then I am ever your loving fiancé.
"THOMAS ANDERSON."

Eileen finished breathlessly. "Who sent him that letter?" she asked, her face white with anger.

Cicely blushed and became suddenly interested in the pattern on the cloth.

"Cicely Warren, did you send that letter?" Eileen went on.

"Why—er—er—yes!" blurted Cicely. "I took it out of your desk and sent it."

"Oh, you little wretch," Eileen said. "You'll have to explain, and furthermore I absolutely refuse to meet him. What time does his train get in?" she finished abruptly.

"Not until 9," Marian interposed hastily.

"Why, it—" began Cicely, but stopped as she caught Marian's warning look.

"We are to go over to the Annex for lunch," Marian continued, "so we'd better hurry, as it's a long drive." And the three arose from the table.

It was 5.30 and Eileen had just finished dressing when Marian entered her room.

"Dearie," Marian began softly. "I hate to ask you to do this and I

wouldn't if there were anyone else to do it."

"Well, then, I've a letter which must go to-night, and I wondered if you would be kind enough to take it to the station in time for that 6.10 train. Cicely is out playing tennis and I'm not dressed for dinner, so if you don't mind I'll have the trap sent around and you can drive over."

"Certainly, I'll go," the girl assented, and ten minutes later she was on the way to the station.

When she had almost reached it she heard the train whistle blow, and she urged the horse on. Breathlessly she jumped from the trap and handed the letter to the stationmaster just as the train swept in.

Then she walked back to the trap and was about to drive away when she heard her name called. Turning she beheld a tall, well built young man laden with suitcases and golf bags hurrying in her direction. With a gasp she recognized Tom Anderson.

"Goodness, you're in a hurry," he said, depositing his cases and climbing in beside her.

"How did you get here?" Eileen asked suspiciously. "Marian said you wouldn't get here until 9."

"Why, she knows there isn't any train at that time," and he stopped suddenly and smiled.

"Oh, I see," he went on. "You weren't coming to meet me."

"Of course I wasn't," Eileen answered hotly, "not after that horrid letter that Cicely sent."

"But you wrote it!" Tom said accusingly.

And Eileen blushed charmingly.

"Anyway," said Tom, a few minutes later, "I returned, and as long as we accepted it's all settled."

The interruption here was very important, for the horse almost ran into a tree and Eileen had a time fixing her hair.

"You are a rude boy," she said severely.

"But at the same time I am your fiancé."

And she did not contradict him.—From the Buffalo Times.

ARISTOCRATIC ENGINEERS.

Khedive of Egypt Has a Private Railway—King of Spain's Chief Diversion.

The Khedive of Egypt has a private railway from his palace at Ras-el-Tin in Alexandria to his country place at Montazar, and it constitutes one of his favorite hobbies. It is, of course, only a short line, ten miles, but it is long enough to give him the constant delight of driving the engine himself, which he generally does. He is a very keen engineer, as was shown by the interest he took in the great Nile dam at Assuan, but he is perennially interested in locomotives. During his last visit to France he rode on the cab with the driver of the express from Calais to Amiens, and took a hand at the levers.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale drove the first locomotive that crossed the Forth Bridge. The Marquess of Downshire has a private railway at Hillsborough, and keeps a sort of "pet" engine which cost his lordship 1000 guineas. The train contains a splendid saloon carriage for his guests, for he himself is generally on the engine, and a guard's van, in which some of his guests prefer to ride. He almost invariably drives the engine with his own hands and his favorite speed is forty miles an hour. There is no speed limit on a private railway line and no police traps!

Earl Fitzwilliam is another practical engineer who delights in the locomotive engine. He learned the art of driving when he was quite young by going whenever he could with the drivers of the coal trains on his own estate.

It is well known that one of the young King of Spain's chief diversions before his marriage was to ride on the footplate of the royal train with the driver and take lessons in engine driving. He has become quite expert and fearless, and he has frequently driven his mother and sisters.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is another royal engine driver. He quite recently drove the express from Abbayeville to Paris under the superintendence of the regular driver.—From Tit Bits.

Insect Processions.

Among the curious sights sometimes witnessed by entomologists are the "processions" formed by the larvae of a moth inhabiting pine-trees in some parts of France. They march in single file, and the leader spins a thread which is added to by its followers. A procession consisting of 114 of these larvae was seen last April in the woods near Arcachon. The processions are formed both at night, when the creatures make excursions from their nest to feed on the young leaves, and in the daytime, when they descend to the ground to seek a place in the sand where they may burrow and pass to the pupa stage. A kind of fly was observed attacking the procession above mentioned, to lay its eggs in the marching larvae.

A School For Dogs.

A school for dogs has been established in Paris. The object is to teach them politeness. The animals are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves the dog accompanies him to the door, constantly wagging his tail, and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained, likewise, to pick up a handkerchief, glove or fan that has been dropped and return it to the owner.

The Dove and the Stork.

By Edward A. Ross.

THE friends of arbitration err in assuming that wars arise only from pride and hate and greed. The fact is, something more than the leashing of these evil passions is necessary to ensure the world's peace. Those who would lock the European nations in some federal framework that would consecrate for all time the existing frontiers overlook the extraordinary process which, all unperceived, is sowing the dragon's teeth for future strife.

Every one knows that the progress of civilization lowers both the birth-rate and the death-rate. Fecundity is checked by popular education, the emancipation of women, the triumph of democracy. Mortality is lowered by the progress of the healing art, higher medical education, better water and drainage for cities. The former factors, however, come in slowly, while the latter may be introduced at a stroke. Multiply hospitals, universities and laboratories, fill the country with good doctors, modernize your water and sewage systems, organize your sanitary administration and the mortality rate will drop at once. The birth-rate, on the other hand, declines only with extensive changes in the standards and aspirations of the masses.

Now, the latest censuses reveal to the startled eye of the sociologist that the equilibrium of the European peoples is being disturbed as never before by the simple fact that science, sweeping eastward through the Teutons to the Slavs, is civilizing the death-rate far more rapidly than democracy, moving slowly in the same direction, can civilize the birth-rate. During the last decade of the century the birth-rate in Austria fell a fortieth, the death-rate a thirtieth. In Hungary the shrinkage was a twentieth and an eighth. Since then the Germans have moderated their fecundity, a tithe while lowering their mortality a quarter. Russia retaining the barbarous birth-rate of forty-nine has got its mortality down to thirty-four.

The result of this unequal spread of civilizing influences is that the population of Central and Eastern Europe is growing with appalling rapidity. While France is stationary, German increases five-sixths of a million a year and Russia a million and a third. Never has there been so rapid a shifting of the centre of gravity of numbers and of fighting power.

Meteorology declares that when a "low" forms adjacent to a "high" there will be trouble. The same is true of sociology. The people that underbreeds must at last protect its comfort by barring out the cheap goods, the cheap labor, and even the cheap capital of a neighboring people that overbreeds. Then on the one side of the barrier the struggle for existence becomes more intense than on the other. Sooner or later a current sets in toward the centre of depression, which is vulgarly known as an invasion. Against such a movement the decree of a Hague Court will be as futile as Canute's command to the sea.

By the time there are two German soldiers for every French soldier and two Russians in uniform for every German, it will be realized that not pride or greed or love of fighting embroils the peoples, but hunger. The last foe of the dove of peace is not the peacock, the vulture, or the eagle, but the benignant stork.—Woman's Home Companion.

By Rail To Mecca.

By William Tyler Bliss.

EVERY spring, on the great day when the procession starts, the housetops along the streets are crowded with a gayly clothed throng, showering blessings on the pilgrims, wailing loudly, and crying the next, after the ephemeral manner of the East—all in all a curious sight for the Occidental. A thousand pities that it should pass! For even if Ahmed Bey tells the truth, and the road is never completed to Mecca, yet the picturesque start of the pilgrimage must soon become a thing of the past. A puffing railway train is less decorative than a rug-laden camel, and the stuffy smoking compartment of a third-class carriage does not lend itself especially to romance. The Mecca "limited" and the Medina "accommodation" will have to answer for many sins; and yet, after all, they will not be able entirely to destroy the delicious local color of the East. Railroad travelling there becomes quickly naturalized. The land of Bookra (tomorrow) remains the land of Bookra still, even with the advent of steel rails. The guards admonish the passengers with a gentle "Shwell! Shwell!" (Slowly! Slowly!) instead of a raucous "Step lively!" The stories of small American railroads in New England which stop for the passengers to pick berries are true in the East. The speediest express slows up for an interesting happening along its route. One of the most enjoyable rough-and-tumble fights I ever saw was on a threshing-floor somewhere in the Anti-Lebanon, and the Damascus express halted to let us see the exciting finish of it. At first, if you are newly arrived in the land, you will swear, but after you have been there a few months, by Bookra, you will bribe anybody to put off anything, and the beauty of it is you won't have to do much bribing.—Harper's Weekly.

A Woman's Way with Her Husband

By Mrs. A. M. Glenn.

THE surest way to retain your husband's love is to make a happy home. Pull up your shades and let God's sunshine into your homes and into your hearts. If you are not your husband's equal, study and improve your mind till you can converse with him on any subject, and he will respect you far more than if you spent your whole life toiling and drudging in the kitchen until there isn't cheerfulness enough about you to even smile at his coming. I know it is said the surest way to reach a man's affection is by the way of his stomach, but I believe that plain living and high thinking are better than high living and low thinking.

There is a why for every wherefore, and the why for family jars consists in not knowing how to manage. Now, we have got the best husband in the world, and I'll wager ten to one that if any other woman undertook to draw the matrimonial reins they wouldn't drive forty rods before he would kick over traces, smash up the whiffletree and raise Ned in general. They don't understand the science of management. You must lead, not drive. The only way is to look humble and be desperately cunning, bait them with submission, then throw the noose over their will, walk around the bump of antagonism and pat their bump of self-conceit. It's a great mistake to contend with the "lords of creation;" what can't be had by force must be won by stratagem. Make a silken rein of love and lead them where you will, but under no consideration must you attempt to drive or they will at once canter off to the farthest limit of the matrimonial pasture.

Then let us have homes in which there shall be no searching blasts of passion, no polar storms of coldness and hate; homes refined by books and gladdened by song; homes in which wife and mother shall not lose all her attractive charms by unremitting toil and drudgery, nor the husband and father starve his brain and dwarf his soul by hours of overwork; homes in which happy children shall ever see the beauty of love and holiness; homes of culture and homes of love.

Machine Education.

Statistics and Stupidities Should Be Avoided by Lecturers.
By W. G. Parsons.

FEW lecturers, alas, know anything about lecturing. It is not lecturing to read off bibliographies. If every lecturer would first convince himself and his audience that there was some reason for his speaking rather than printing, there would be fewer lectures. The art of lecturing requires art. It requires—a thing unrecognized by science—personality. The college lecturer comes stoop-shouldered from his stack of indices and recites the latest statistics; or he comes square-shouldered from the athletic field, and recites the latest stupidities. Statistics are better in books. One may skip them. But the true lecturer, who knows how to lecture, who has something of his own to say, so intimate, so earnest, so personal, that to convey it all a book is insufficient, but he must say it with his own lips, looking in the faces of his students—he no longer comes. Or, if he does, he comes discredited, uncertain of the tenure of his office; and it is only because he is either simple in his innocence or determined in his wisdom, that he continues to lecture, to believe in heart and character, in feeling and taste, in moral uprightness and intellectual fire, in a world where the reigning gods want only facts. But the students know the difference. How refreshing to behold the cheerful sanity with which they avoid the pits that have been dug for them, and go their willful way! Where a true lecturer opens his doors, there they flock in. But soon the teeth of prescription seize them. They are forced to go here and there. And thus the bores also win an audience. A fact which accounts for their majority among those who insist upon prescription. As most college lectures go now, they are nothing but oral books. The men have vanished out of them. The typical college of today consists of a shrewd financier, libraries and their librarians, and laboratories and their laboratories. Like the rest of the age, they are made up of money and matter. Machine-made, we have gone far toward making education also a machine.—From the Atlantic.

**WOMEN
WHAT WE ARE WEARING**

New York City.—Every style of blouse that gives the continuous line over the shoulders is in vogue and a

Meteor Silk.
Meteor silk makes some of the prettiest robes for evening wear. The fabric is soft, clinging and the coloring is wonderful.

Parasol in New Design.
One of the newest parasols to finish a charming summer costume is of white china silk embroidered all around the edge with sprays of thistle done in lightest mauve and palest greens.

Dressing Jacket.

Such a pretty little dressing jacket as this one cannot fail to find its welcome. It is dainty and attractive, it is absolutely simple and it is peculiarly well adapted to the incoming season. In the illustration it is made of white batiste trimmed with embroidery, but it would be charming if the material chosen were flowered lawn, cross-barred dimity or anything similar, and if something a little handsomer is wanted, Japanese silks will be found desirable.

The jacket is made with the fronts, the back and the centre-front. The sleeves are cut in one with the front and back portions and are joined over the shoulders. The centre-front is tucked and the back is laid in a box pleat at the centre. The closing is made invisibly at the left of the front. The quantity of material required



great many charming effects are the result. This one, designed for young girls, is exceedingly attractive and becoming while the result is obtained



by very simple means, as the trimming portion, which gives the continuous line, is cut all in one and arranged over the blouse after it is made. In this instance sheer white batiste is combined with embroidery. The blouse is made with the tucked fronts and backs, which are joined to the yoke portions, and is trimmed between the groups of tucks. The sleeves are inserted in the armholes, after which the garniture is arranged over the whole. The lower edge is joined to a belt, and in this instance the belt is of lace insertion.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen-year size is three and one-eighth yards twenty-four, two yards thirty-two or one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one and one-half yards eighteen inches wide for the garniture, eight and one-half yards of banding.

The New Shoe.
The tip is more pointed.
The vamp is shorter.
The wing tip is ubiquitous.
The Cuban heel is seen most frequently.
Tan is the most popular for young people.
Gun metal is the selection of older ones.
Ooze is the new-st leather.
As its name suggests, it is porous looking.
Dull gray suede holds its own.



The Slender Figure.
Some one has discovered that the slender figure of fashion swathed with clothes that outline it does not harmonize perfectly with the rosy cheek; that the woman without hips must have a pale face in order to be fashionable.

Coat Front Finishing.
The front of the coat is finished with a rose-shaped chou of velvet of a darker red than the costume.

Hatpin Trimmings Are New.
Hatpin trimmings figure prominently among the modish eccentricities of French women. The fad has grown to such an extent that the hatpin outfit is a real necessity to the wardrobe. This consists of cardboard boxes in which repose rows of hatpins as stolid as dead soldiers.

Linen Hats.
Linen hats will be worn as much as ever this summer.