

MOTHER.

At twilight here I sit alone,
Yet not alone; for thoughts of thee—
Pale images of pleasure flow—
Like homing birds, return to me.

Again the shining chestnut braids
Are soft entwined about my brow,
And light—a light that never fades—
Beams from thine eyes upon me even
now.

As, all undimmed by death and night,
Remembrance out of distance brings
Thy youthful loveliness, alight
With ardent hopes and high imaginings.

Ah, mortal dreams, how fair, how fleet!
Thy yearnings scent fulfillment found;
Dark Lethé long hath laved thy feet,
And on thy slumber breaks no trou-
bling sound.

Yet distance parts thee not from me,
For beauty—of or twilight or of morn—
Blinds me, still closer binds, to thee,
Whose heart sang to my heart ere I
was born.

—Florence Earle Coates, in the Century.

What Is Love?

By Edith L. Joslin.

The man was young and wore his youth with all the grace of a man well governed and well trained. He lay on the soft, sweet brown needles under the tall, splendid pines, and listened to the wind singing in their branches high above his head and his thoughts strayed into strange and divers ways.

And most thought he of love, for he was a young man. After idly musing for a time he became more serious and suddenly startled himself out of his reverie by abruptly asking: "What is love, I wonder, anyway?" And he who had been so languid and tranquil but a moment before seemed strangely agitated and the question hammered itself out again in pulse and brain.

What is love?
All at once a new sound stole into the chaos that was existing within him and like the cool delicious rain to the parched and thirsty fields, so was this new sound to his troubled brain. Bit by bit it grew distinct until the man no longer heard his question but in its stead the melody of sweetly blended voices giving him an answer to it. He threw himself back on the pine needles and relaxing his over-taxed forces prepared to listen and to learn.

The melody that he heard was the voices of the fresh, green branches of the pines over his head. "Love is life, love is beauty. Love is duty, love is everything in the world," sang they. Then they stopped and one voice sweeter than the rest addressed him. "Oh, mortal man, wouldst thou know what love is? It is to us in its acme the caress of the soft south wind as he comes singing through the forest, and the chill, hard cold blast of the north wind as it wraps us about in its death dealing embrace is our sorrow of love. That to us, oh man, is love. That which deals us all our joy and all our sorrow." And the voice of the pine tree was silent and another voice rich with dainty fragrance spoke and the man turned his head to behold a sweet violet growing at his feet.

"Love, dear man," said the violet, "is to me as it is to my sister the pine tree, that which is all my joy and all my sorrow. For the dew whose light kiss is the life giving, anon turns to ice and chills me into insensibility and yet is the dew, my love, and the violet hung her fair head as though the modest tirade had frightened her gentle soul. Then up spoke a bright little buttercup that grew just outside the woods:

"My love, oh, mortal, is the beautiful sun. His warm rays are such a joy to me, such a delight, but of, what misery I know when he frowns or becomes wantonly cruel and scorches me with his passion. So do I know love," and the buttercup lifted her pretty head and smiled fondly at her lover.

And as the man lay thinking of what he had heard he saw a woman approaching. She was beautiful with all the splendid beauty of maturity and as she neared him he felt his pulses beat faster for her coming.

"What is love, dear man?" she murmured as she knelt beside him. "Love is joy; love is pleasure—see, I am bringing it to you." And she bent closer. "You are young and handsome and brave—I would win you. It pleases me to make you my slave and so to take you into the halls of pleasure and then offer you in return for your servitude the possession of all this beauty and charm. Art a mind, dear man?" and she bent still nearer and pressed her full red lips to his.

He had anticipated delight, but the touch of those red lips was like rank poison to him. He made a motion as though to push her from him and drew back with a shudder. "Thou art a child, not a man, and thou dost not deserve to know what love is nor to be permitted to cull its sweets," said the proud beauty scornfully as she drew herself erect and moved majestically away.

The man closed his eyes to shut out that tempting beauty, but with a sigh of relief crept up to his lips and was breathed when he felt that she had gone. Some way he felt that the pine tree, and the violet, and the buttercup, all had a better idea of love than he had at first thought.

All at once and quite against his will he opened his eyes and looked at the foot of the tree where the humble violet grew. Could he be dreaming? No, it was not a vision, but a beautiful girl that sat there so fondly toying with the violet at her side. Every line in her dainty body suggested grace. Her face, bent over the flower, told of kindness of heart and beauty of mind.

She raised her head and looked at him, and the pretty arched lips parted. "Thou hast asked, what is love? Love, oh man, is life. Love is tender, for-

bearing, thoughtful and true. Love is self sacrificing, it knows no heights too great, no depths too deep. It is all joy. It is all sorrow. It is the beginning and the end of all things. It is the essence of God himself."

The man's breast was filled with a great longing, and he reached up toward this maiden, but light as a bird she was away and speeding through the pine woods. Quick and eager, he was in pursuit. She glanced over her shoulder and addressed him: "Thy heart has been sleeping, when it awakes only canst thou hope to catch love," and then she turned and sped on out of the woods into the sunlight.

Like one in a trance, he stumbled on in headlong chase, but when he, too, reached the open fair form was gone. Only a soft white cloud hung on the eastern horizon, like a woman's form, seemed to wave its willowy arms and beckon him on.

The man turned and went slowly across the meadow. "Love is life, and to live is to love," he whispered softly, "I am just awakening, dear heart," and he hastened his steps, and his face showed eager anticipation.—Boston Post.

FARMERS' ARITHMETIC.

How English Farmers Measure Space and Weight.

Farmers have an arithmetic peculiarly their own. This is essential, seeing that their conditions for buying and selling are totally different from those of ordinary tradesmen. Suppose, for instance, you wanted to purchase a farmer's crop of turnips in a ten-acre field, the townsman would be at his wits' end to judge the weight of the roots in that field. The experienced farmer, however, would find it an easy matter to arrive at a correct calculation.

Turnips or swedes are usually planted in ridges twenty-eight inches apart. This the farmer knows, means ninety ridges to the acre. Then he carefully measures off a yard from a row where the crop seems about the average, pulls up the roots in that yard and weighs them. Supposing they weigh ten pounds, a simple calculation proves that the crop averages a little over twenty-eight tons to the acre. Eleven pounds is equivalent to nearly thirty-one tons, and so on. After he has found out the weight of one acre, it is quite an easy matter to estimate the weight of the whole field.

When a man of the soil sets about planting an orchard, he does not order so many hundred of trees until he has carefully calculated how many trees will be actually required. This number will, of course, depend on the distance apart at which the trees are planted. If they are set at even distances of twenty-five feet an acre will hold exactly seventy trees; if only twenty feet, 109 trees will be required. In this way all waste is prevented.

In regard to planting cabbages, strawberries, or any other small fruit the distances apart are, of course, much smaller. It might be interesting to note that if they were planted a foot from each other an acre of land could accommodate no fewer than 43,560 plants.

It is equally essential for a farmer to be able to tell the weight of cattle without troubling to put them on the scales. The way in which he does this is to measure the girth of the animal just behind the shoulders and square the product. Multiply the result by the length in feet from shoulder to juncture of tail. This is then multiplied by 23, 24, 25, 28, or 30, according to the animal's fatness. The result will give the carcass weight in stones. Carcass weight, by the way, is much less than live weight.

Now, the novice in attempting to buy a stack of hay would run a great risk of being swindled in regard to its weight. Not so with the farmer who knows his business. He would calmly take out his foot-rule and measure the stack to the eaves and add to this number of feet half the height from the eaves to the ridge. Multiply the result by the length in feet, and that by the width in feet. Then divide by twenty-seven. This gives him the total number of cubic yards in the stack. A cubic yard of new hay weighs six stone, and of old hay nine stone. Therefore, if he multiplies the number of cubic yards in the stack by six or nine, according to the age of the hay, he will find the exact weight of the stack.

The farmer's arithmetic is very useful to him in checking the work of his employees. He knows that an average ploughman can walk about eighteen miles a day, and he must, therefore, be able to estimate how much land this eighteen-mile walk will cultivate. It depends largely, of course, on the size of the plough. Supposing the plough can cut a seven-inch furrow, a full day's work will mean the ploughing of an acre and a quarter of land. If it cuts an eleven-inch slice, two acres would be an average day's work, and a fifteen-inch, two and three-quarter acres.—Tit-Bits.

Two's a Crowd.

"Fellow-citizens," shouted the candidate, "if I am elected for this district I shall endeavor to make you glad that you did not elect another."

"That's right!" yelled the dry goods box philosopher. "I reckon one would be a plenty."—Puck.

Cause and Effect.

"If you didn't smoke those expensive cigars, you might own your handsome office building."

"I do own your handsome office building. If I didn't, I couldn't smoke these expensive cigars."—Washington Herald.



Style Requires Dash.

"I wish I had as many clothes as my bachelor girl friend," said the foppish girl. "She always is getting something new every time I go there."

"Yes," said her companion, "but she never looks stylish. You are more stylish than she is with all her clothes. She is too neat. Her excessive neatness stamps her an old maid. You must have a sort of reckless dash about your things to look stylish."—New York Press.

Why Women Tolerate Men.

"You see that old woman and the young one in the corner of the room," said he, "they come here every night for dinner. I don't know whether they are mother and daughter or a rich woman and her attendant, but I wish you could hear their comments upon the men in the place. Critical as to their manners, their looks, their talk. I get quite discouraged when I happen to sit near enough to hear. Ever any man with them? Not that I ever saw, but it is the women who never go with men who are most critical. Those who do are lenient with their follies. They excuse them for the sake of whatever good traits they might chance to possess."—New York Press.

Charm of Sincerity.

Few attributes add so much to one's personal power as the knowledge that one is absolutely genuine and sincere. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you know that you are not what you pretend to be, you cannot be strong. There is a continuous struggle with the truth going on inside you which saps your energy and warps character.

If there is a mote in your eye, remove it at once. Otherwise, you can not look the world straight in the face. Further, there will be a cloudiness, a haze, about your character which will be noticeable to those about you. Strength lies in character. Deceit is weakness; sham and pretense are enfeebling. Only the genuine and the sincere are worth while.—Indianapolis News.

The Haughty Maid.

A writer in *Charities and the Commons* seems to think that the attitude popularly attributed to the haughty servant, who demands to "store her bicycle in the drawing room and receive her company in the library," has its foundation in rainbow-hued imaginations. She describes the scenes at her home on advertising for a maid; "out of seven applicants . . . three wept with disappointment at not securing the work offered. All the applicants, with but two exceptions, were bedraggled, disheartened and discouraged, and the amount of wages to be paid them did not seem very essential. Saddest of all was a dazed-looking deserted wife, who had three small children, and who, when she found she was unsuited for the place, hesitatingly asked for 10 cents for fare, as she had come from Brooklyn to Manhattan in search of work. Another married woman had a boy of ten, and pleaded, with tears in her eyes, to be allowed to make a home for herself and her boy."

Her Views on Immigration.

Mrs. Marie Cross Newhaus, prominent in women's club circles of the State, has the following to say in the *New York Telegram* regarding immigration to this country:—

"We are accustomed to talk of our great hospitality in allowing foreigners to come to our shores and are apt to forget that many of them bring qualities that are of value to us commercially and are important factors in helping to mould the character of the nation. The German element, for example, brings thrift, cleanliness and good citizenship to the United States, and we should welcome this kind of immigration.

"We are especially prone, though, to underestimate the good in the Italian portion of our immigration. The Italians in New York have deposited \$16,000,000 in the savings banks, and have invested \$35,000,000 in real estate. There is an Italian Chamber of Commerce here and four papers are printed daily. For the last ten years Italians have built railroads dug subways and done all sorts of pick and shovel work. If the Italian laborers were suddenly to drop out of our industries their loss would seriously cripple us.

"It is difficult for us to understand and appreciate the romantic and idealistic nature of the Italian because we live in a country where the practical dominates nearly everything. For instance, the only ruins that the Americans tolerate and respect are subway and railway excavations and the demolished buildings in their trail."

Suffragette Banners.

The occasion of the meetings of university extension students in Cambridge was utilized for an exhibition of the beautiful banners contributed by the Artists League for the procession in support of woman suffrage on June 13.

The banners are skillfully displayed, the fine flag of the Cambridge alumnae (the women students, past and present), in rich shades of subdued blue, being hung in the place of honor at the back of the platform. Near

it were the banners to celebrate some of the great women who have shown what women can achieve.

On one, in shades of gold, stood forth the word *radium* and the name of Mme. Curie; on another, with a delicate Madonna lily on a pale mauve ground, the name of St. Catherine of Sienna; on another St. Teresa; on another Katherine Barless, whose heroic story is told in Rossetti's ballad "The King's Tragedy."

Elsewhere hung banners to commemorate George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Elizabeth Fry, Edith Pechey Philson (one of the pioneers in opening the medical profession to women), Mary Wollstonecraft, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Josephine Butler, Mary Somerville, Susan B. Anthony, Lydia Becker and many another.

With these were the banners of the great organizations of woman suffragists throughout the country, of some of the chief professions in which women are doing good work, and of some of the societies, such as the National Union of Women Workers, conservative and Unionist Suffragists and Liberal Women Suffragists.—Queen.

What is Meant by Directoire.

Directoire, incredible, marvellous—words that are on every tongue, yet they are frequently used interchangeably without regard to distinguishing characteristics. Directoire is the comprehensive word, including incredible (the dress of the man during the directoire period), and the marvellous (the woman's dress of the same period).

The classic type of costume which has so revolutionized the clothes of the moment is a revival of the copies of Greek draperies assumed at the close of the 18th century, when the new government—the directoire (directoire)—supplanted the old French monarchy.

At that period Greek and Roman philosophy appealed to cultivated minds, and classic costumes, as expressed in the lines of Greek sculpture, demanded a share of consideration. The women of the younger republic appeared attired in costumes on Grecian lines, and the style—at once simple and artistic—prevailed.

So the original directoire was born of the Greek and adapted to the requirements of the "present day" of the closing of the 18th century; and the directoire of the moment is the revival of that of a hundred years ago, with just sufficient amendment to suit it to our "present day" needs.

The characteristic features of the directoire style are: Skirts scant and clinging and en traine, with a high waist band, sleeves small, close fitting, and long; collars high; pockets large; revers exaggerated; buttons numerous. One, all or any number of these characteristics may be discovered in one garment.

The introduction of the directoire has caused a radical change in costume building. The effect must be of swathing, of a seamless robe, no matter how much seaming, darning and goring may be employed in the construction of the foundation.

Distinguishing characteristics of the incredible are the coats—long or tall and cut off squarely and abruptly above the waist line in front, with long sleeves, massively cuffed, with huge revers and pocket flaps—all much be-buttoned.

Marvellous stands for the scant, clinging, swathing style. The empire style is an evolution of the directoire, even as the directoire period merged into the empire. The chief difference between the two styles lies in the greater fullness of the empire.—New Haven Register.

Fashion Notes.

Sleeves with wide armholes will be a feature of the evening wraps.

Tiny roses, made of satin ribbon, are placed on many evening slippers.

Suede shoes and slippers are in great demand, especially for house wear.

The wide, full rouches are very effective in giving a touch of daintiness to a plain gown.

Ribbon and silver, also gold chains, with a tiny tassel on each end, are shown everywhere.

New hair ornaments in amber, tortoise and silver have butterfly and birds' wings in design.

A noticeable feature of the new frocks is the difference between the two sides of both bodice and skirt.

Not for some years has so much attention been paid to costumes as distinguished from suits as during the present season.

The old peacock blue, under a new name, appears in many dress materials, though most of the latest shades are not pronounced.

An exceedingly smart touch is given the tailored waist of heavy linen by finishing the front simply with large crocheted buttons.

House frocks, affect the tucked sleeve, for with the simplest model of challis to the handsomeness of afternoon gowns this style will be correct.

Of course, in fashioning sleeves for evening dresses the style of the gown will have to be carefully considered. With the short-waisted empire and directoire effects the puff sleeve will be correct. The Directoire buckle is a novelty. It is square in shape, with ribbon through the open space and soft short ends falling in graceful folds.

Wheels Within Wheels in San Francisco

By William Inglis.



As a confirmation of his theory that the graft prosecution was diverted from its original general design into an effort to ruin him and his associates, so that Mr. Spreckles and his fellow workers could buy the United Railroads cheap, and thus acquire the transportation business of San Francisco, President Patrick Calhoun, of the United Railroads, lays much stress on the fact that the Municipal Street Railway Company of San Francisco filed its charter on April 17, 1906, the day before the earthquake and fire. The principal owners of the company were Rudolph Spreckles and James D. Phelan. The plan of operation, as set forth by Mr. Spreckles in published interviews, was to compete with the United Railroads by running for ten blocks at a time along the tracks of the United Railroads, then going around a block, and again using ten blocks of the company's tracks, paying there for interest on the original cost of construction, as provided by law.

"But when they thought they could drive us out of existence by using the prosecuting power as a club," says Mr. Calhoun, "they dropped their Municipal Railway scheme and devoted all their energies to ruining us."

This I submitted to Mr. Spreckles. "The charge is untrue," he said. "Our sole idea was to demonstrate that it was possible to operate cars efficiently and with profit by means of the underground trolley system. We were not going into a general competition with the United Railroads. The best proof of that is that we were ready to sell out to the city at any time. Our charter provided that we would turn over the road to the city whenever required, upon receiving the amount of our original investment, plus interest. We intended to make that demonstration in perfectly good faith; but after the fire the project was dropped."

It is a fact that nothing was ever done toward establishing the Municipal Railway lines after the fire.

Having conquered the guilty supervisors and given them immunity in exchange for confession, the prosecution allowed them to remain in office. When Schmitz had been thrown into jail to await trial on many indictments, the guilty supervisors elected one of their own number—Boston—to act as Mayor in place of Schmitz. At this there were great manifestations of popular disapproval, and all the hoodlums were put out of office. The corporation officials point to the retention of the confessed bribe-takers in office as a confirmation of their theory that the prosecutor had entered into an alliance with these men in order to obtain false testimony against the "higher-ups."—Harper's Weekly.

Idleness and Green Eyes

By Winifred Elack.

KNOW a woman who is jealous of her husband. Every time the man is five minutes late to dinner the woman thinks he has stopped to see another woman.

The wife has nothing in the world to do all day but read novels and think up love scenes, and when her husband comes home from downtown so worried that he doesn't know whether he is walking on his head or his hands, she's cross because he doesn't tell her how lonely the day has been without her.

If she could see the crowd of hangers-on that won't breathe until they've asked her husband about it, she'd realize that he'd give a year of his life to get a chance to be lonely for a minute.

The man is a good, plain, sensible, every-day man, who would cut his right arm off at the shoulder to keep his wife from any real sorrow, but he hasn't time and doesn't know how to make love.

I wonder why his wife can't understand that.

Do you know what I'd do if I were that man? I'd bring that wife of mine down town with me every morning for six months; rain or shine, hot or cold, tired or rested, sick or well, down town she'd have to trapse, and I'd make her help me do my work. I'd shove half of my worries on to her shoulders, and when she had been bored, and puzzled, and irritated, and driven to distraction by trying to talk to half a dozen people about half a dozen things at once, I'd sulk because she hadn't told me for half an hour that she loved me.

Six months of that sort of thing would cure the poor, foolish woman of that particular kind of folly, I'll warrant you.

What a lot of women waste their time being jealous!

The average man is just as faithful to his wife as the average wife is faithful to her husband.

The average man is too busy trying to pay his wife's bills to have time to fall in love with Venus herself, even if she sits at the typewriter in the same office with him.

Men get past the flirtation age very early if they have anything else to think of—and most of them have.

If I were a man and had a wife who was jealous without cause I'd make her go to work and get something to think of. An idle mind is the most fierce trouble breeder in the world. Get rid of it, Madam Green Eyes, get rid of it.—New York American.

Some Uses For Seaweed

By Charles A. Sidman.

THE seaweed industry in the United States is not as extensive as it is abroad. It is practically restricted to Massachusetts, and is addressed to one species, the "Irish moss." The Irish moss, or carrageen, is found from North Carolina to Maine, as well as on the Pacific coast, being especially abundant north of Cape Cod, growing on rocks just below low-water mark. The fronds are from three to six inches long and usually purple, but when exposed to a bright light while growing are of a yellowish-green color.

The crop is usually gathered between the months of May and September. A small part is gathered by hand, but most of it is torn from the rocks by means of rakes used for boats. The rakes are made especially for the purpose, have a fifteen-foot handle and a head twelve to fifteen inches wide, with twenty-four to twenty-eight teeth six inches long and an eighth of an inch apart.

In the preparation and curing of Irish moss, fair weather and much sunshine are the principal requisites. When first brought ashore, the plants are washed in salt water, and then spread on the sandy beach to dry and bleach. After twenty-four hours in good weather they are raked up and again washed and again spread on the beach to dry. Three washings are usually sufficient for complete cleansing, curing, and bleaching, but as many as seven are sometimes given. After the final washing, the plants are left in the sun, the entire process requiring about two weeks of good weather and sunshine. At the end of this period the plants fade and are white or straw-colored. Two more weeks are then required to soften and prepare the produce for shipping.

The moss is sent to market in barrels holding about one hundred pounds, and the first crop is usually shipped in August. The product has a wide distribution in the United States and Canada, part going to druggists and grocers, while the larger part is taken by brewers.—The World To-day.