

What Money Is Doing.

There are even in these days a good many families in the United States who find it possible to do a certain amount of moderately high thinking and still cultivate some of the graces of life. They may be obliged to live simply, says Scribner's, and yet may not need to use up all their vitality in manual labor. True, they must walk when others ride, they must take thought for their apparel, that it be presentable at small cost, and when they entertain their friends they must do it simply. But they have time to read books and they have money to educate their children. Oftener than not they are persons whose family traditions incline them to fastidiousness in social matters. They and their forebears have been accustomed not only to well-bred, but interesting people and have kept in touch with what was going on in the world; in short, they have a taste for the best society. Twenty-five years ago there was no reason why they shouldn't maintain their inherited or acquired right to it, but the tendency on the part of certain of their fellow citizens to what has been characterized as "the habit of getting rich" has changed all that. It is not only that the accumulation of colossal fortunes restricts the financial chances of the moderately ambitious majority, but it deprives them of some innocent and legitimate comforts and pleasures to which they think themselves reasonably entitled, by increasing so tremendously the cost of living with the standard of luxury is raised in proportion. This, to be sure, is an old cry, but to the impetuous majority it does not cease to be a live issue.

Yet one cannot find fault with the people who have made money for wanting to spend it; one cannot be surprised if their ideas are crude and if they fail to appreciate a refined simplicity. Most of us spend all the money we can afford and we should not thank anyone who should presume to dictate to us as to what we ought to buy with it. The very rich do not in the least intend to make life hard for the rest of the world. In fact, from their kind-hearted desire to give pleasure we get some singularly bad results, such as, for instance, the poor girl with rich tastes, who, although she need not always be a Lily Bart yet is always in an unnatural and demoralizing position; and the young man who goes to the dogs in his effort to keep up the pace with his rich mates.

Humble Heroes.

Calling attention to the fidelity of the telegraph operators in San Francisco, where they kept their heads and stuck to their keys till driven out by the flames, the New York Sun has this to say: "Fix the eyes of the community on a man in official place and he will scorn his own safety. Give the obscure man something to do that calls for greater activity than usual and he will seldom fail to come up to what is expected of him. Exceptional ly daring deeds done by our firemen and policemen are often the result of the spirit of the service, though it is possibly less so in their case than in that of the soldier or the sailor who is of emulation all compact. It involves no reflection on the soldier, the sailor or those who, in other ranks of life, practice the military virtues of discipline and obedience to say that the man who, in great peril, goes on doing his ordinary duty, with no hope of applause, honors or individual distinction, is as heroic as any hero. That is why we ask you to take of your hat to the telegraph operators in San Francisco."

Armies and navies are expensive; we need farmers more than we need soldiers; we need merchant ships more than we need battleships. The civil war demonstrated that it does not take long to make a first-class fighting man of the American citizen and there are 10,000,000 such ready to fight in a quarrel with a stranger. The only power that is at all likely to give us serious trouble is Japan, and she will not undertake it until she shall think herself strong enough to order all the other white folks out of her neighborhood. That will be generations hence and need give us no concern. Our business is to make money, not to engage in war. We have an immense territory right here in the republic that is yet virgin and the demand is for laborers, not soldiers.

Prof. Brander Matthews thinks theatrical audiences see jokes more quickly than they used to and that this proud and happy progress in risibility has come about "because the stage of to-day is so well lighted that all the spectators can follow the changing expressions on the countenances of the quarreling couple, whereas in the eighteenth century the theater was almost gloomy, as there were only sparse oil lamps to serve as footlights, by which it may have been difficult to see a joke."

The opening of a bank with a capital of \$25,000 in Tioga, Pa., would be, under ordinary circumstances, constitute a notable event; but as the bank is organized under the auspices of the state grange, is owned and managed by grangers, and is designed to be the first of a series of grange banks, its opening is very interesting.

Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, has been making bread for the hungry in San Francisco. This is a time when the dough is mightier than the pen.

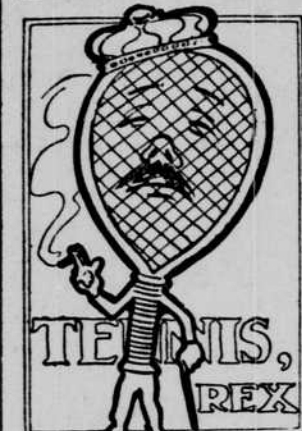
THE INTERESTING RICH OF NEW YORK

The Latest Gossip from the Eastern Metropolis---Society's Fads and Fancies of the Hour.



New York.—The success of the Night and Day bank has been complete. The first announcement sounded freakish enough. The average person doubtless thought of the innovation as accommodating a few people out of four millions and as a good idea in a way. Doubtless the same thought occurred to the average person at the all night proposition as applied to the restaurants. Archbishop Farley celebrated the fifth anniversary of the establishment of the midnight mass for night workers. The mass was said in the old Duane street church at 2:30 in the morning. It was attended by hundreds of printers and others employed on the newspapers and elsewhere until after two in the morning. The archbishop spoke feelingly of the success of the enterprise, founded for those who otherwise could scarcely be expected to attend Sunday church.

A YOUNG MILLIONAIRE'S RIGHT ARM.



Tennis, by the way, continues to gain popularity. As the spring advances it becomes plain that it will have even greater prominence than it enjoyed last year.

MYSTERY OF A JEWEL.



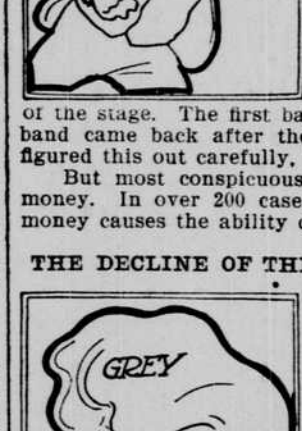
Friends of John Jacob Astor are particularly interested in the singular mystery associated with the will of Millionaire William, Mr. Astor's father in the division of the property. Mr. Astor's will is left among other things the most curious legacy ever left to an American—namely the legacy of a lost jewel.

Among other possessions of this millionaire was a coronet that once belonged to a French queen. This coronet now lacks its chief jewel, an immensely valuable stone, which, in the language of the will, was "abstracted"—Mr. Astor did not write stolen. "If this shall be returned," says the will, "it shall go to my son."

What does "abstracted" mean? This is what the curious are asking. Who took this remarkable jewel? Did Mr. Astor know who "abstracted" it? If he did not know, why did he not demand its return? He has always hoped of course that some day it would be returned? Has he hoped that the language of his will would force its present holder to turn it over to the heir?

Why should it have been taken under circumstances that left Mr. Astor with a knowledge of the taker? There are many speculations as to the answer to this mystery. The heir himself has nothing to say. The great stone is his, wherever it is.

WHY SO MANY HUSBANDS LEAVE HOME.



The number of people reported "missing" in New York is at all times very large. Many of them are husbands.

A recently issued document from the Charity Organization has helped toward the investigation of an old question: Why do husbands leave home?

The case is here of the New York husband. Probably he is little different from any other, though the figures for New York seem in some respects to be peculiar. If these figures mean anything, the old mother-in-law tradition receives a hard blow. Out of 675 cases there were only 32 cases where a mother-in-law could possibly have been the issue. Surely this is small proportion, if the tradition is to be considered at all.

There are a great number of assigned causes—or at least assigned occasions. The wife gambles, the husband gambled, the wife quarrels, and so on. The baby occupies the center of the stage. The first baby is revealed as an awful menace. A dozen masters of the art, each with a chosen model, spent a public hour in dressing hair for a prize. It was an exciting and remarkable event. Each artist, in evening dress, each stood ready for the signal. When it came they started at their delicate labor. The model's hair in each instance hung loose down her back. At the end of the hour twelve wonderful coiffures stood revealed.

One of the models had beautiful iron gray hair—"prematurely" gray, mind you—and to the artist who presided over her tresses went the prize. No longer are the "silver queens" striven about for admiration alone. It will be an awful blow to the hair dye people, but there are a good many others in New York who will take hope.

The Model Wife and Her Throne

By REV. A. R. LAMBERT. One of the most lamentable tendencies of the times is that which manifests a disposition to depreciate the home and to turn the duties of wife and mother over to domestics while the supposed head of the house gives her time to club life, social functions, etc., until the mother and wife becomes almost a stranger to husband and children. For the husband to give his time to other environments than the home life—to spend all his evenings at the club; to linger over his "cups" or waste in the "gambling hell" the hours he ought to give to his wife and children; to fail to impress his personality upon the home life—is reprehensible indeed; but for the wife to neglect the home means to undermine the very foundations of the republic and cut off the resources which make for the nation's well being and happiness. The model wife is consecrated womanhood—building itself through the days and weeks and years into the lives of her loved ones. The real throne of the model wife is the home. I know there are exceptions. I am familiar with the Clara Bartons, the Joan of Arcs, the Frances Willards and others who have turned aside from the home, actual or prospective, and enriched the world by so doing. But, nevertheless, the throne of womanhood, and of the model wife in particular, is the home.

A PUMPKIN-YELLOW WALL.

Recommended for a Summer Home with Mission Furniture—About Other Decoration.

This is an excellent wall paper color for a summer home room furnished in the mission furniture. The wood trims about the room should be stained some dark hue, such as weathered or fumed oak, to correspond with the dark tone of the furniture. In this case the best color to use at the windows is yellow like the paper.

The paper chosen may be cartridge, burlap may be put on the walls and stained, or the walls may be rough plastered and sanded, and then tinted. This last is most satisfactory. It is especially to be recommended where mission furniture is used, for it seems particularly well adapted to the simplicity of construction expressed by the straight line furniture. In addition to this it has the advantage of being the cheapest form of wall treatment available. If this method of decoration is adopted, a plate rail may be used on the walls two-thirds of the distance from the floor, and above that a lighter tint of yellow will make a most agreeable contrast and do away with the necessity of a frieze.

If the room is of awkward height either too low or too high, some of the modern designs in stripes are particularly useful. Should the room be too high the stripes ought not to go to the ceiling, but should end some distance below it, and at this point a picture molding should be applied. If the room is too low the reverse treatment should be applied, and the paper carried over on the molding on the ceiling for a few inches. In this case no molding should be used, and the furniture should be kept away from the walls.

The use of advancing colors like reds or yellows will tend to make the room look smaller and more cheerful, particularly if it have a cold exposure while the use of the receding colors blues or greens, will give the room an appearance of increased size, and help tone down the often too vivid light.—Chicago Tribune.

THE ART OF PERFECT REST

In These Strenuous Days of Many Interests, Necessary at Intervals to Relax Wholly.

"I've joined the perfect rest society," said a physical perfection girl, "and I'm learning all there is to know about getting rested."

"I am never tired, I always feel springy, and after a while I expect to be able to stand anything and everything. It all depends upon getting rested and keeping rested. It is a really wonderful thing."

"Our society takes daily lessons in the art of perfect rest. We relax and we unwind and we teach one another how to get rested."

"Our teacher is a pupil of Jetz, the Berlin physical culturist, and we get points from him once a fortnight. At other times we read aloud and teach one another. It is immensely edifying, for its results are quickly and easily apparent."

"Before I began to be a perfect rest girl I was nervous, and I never knew how or when to rest. I was never wholly still. I fidgeted this way and that way all the time."

"Our primary lesson was in the concentration of the muscles. You have heard of mind concentration. Well, we learned muscle concentration."

"It is a great thing, it rests you like a nap or an hour's heavy slumber. 'If you want to try muscle concentration, settle yourself in a corner and rest. Arrange your feet, fix your arms, settle yourself so that you are comfortable from head to foot."

"Now sit this way for five minutes, motionless. Don't cough, don't move, don't do anything but breathe. Take long, deep, easy breaths and close your eyes or leave them open. It does not matter which. But don't move."

"This is your first lesson in muscle concentration. 'At the end of five minutes you will be rested.'—N. Y. Sun.

FOR BIBLICAL STUDENTS.

"Evolution of a Great Literature," by Newton Mann, a Remarkable Work.

In a book remarkable for its clearness, fearlessness and candor, Newton Mann, of Omaha, Neb., has shown how possible it is to popularize a rational view of the Bible. "The Evolution of a Great Literature" will be welcomed by all who are not in complete bondage to traditionalism. Probably no Bible scholar will agree with the book in all its details and conclusions, but all must admit its sincerity and fairness.

Mr. Mann has summed up for popular use the conclusions of what is called the "higher criticism" of the Scriptures. Undoubtedly there has been for some time a general desire for a condensed and unpolitic statement of what these conclusions are and of the steps by which they are reached. In "The Evolution of a Great Literature," a natural history of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, Mr. Mann has given us this in a perfect form.

Ginger Cookies.

Here is still another recipe for ginger cookies: Sift together three cups flour, one cup sugar, a dessertspoonful each of soda and ginger and one-half teaspoonful salt. Heat in saucepan one cup molasses with one-half cup shortening; when hot add four dessertspoonfuls hot water. Cool slightly and stir into dry mixture. Add quickly two well-beaten eggs. Mix well. Drop by spoonfuls a little distance apart on buttered tin. When pan is full, flatten each cookie with bottom of measuring cup, well floured. Bake in moderate oven. One-half recipe is sufficient.

Turning Hems.

A good way to turn even hems on table linen, ready for hand sewing, is to put the hemmer attachment on the sewing machine and run the linen through, without any thread on the machine. This turns a straight hem very quickly which is merely folded back when over-hand hemming is done; the orthodox hemming for table linen.

HER AFTERNOON OUT.

MISTAKE FOR HOUSE MOTHER TO IMMURE HERSELF.

American Mothers Usually Self-Sacrificing to a Fault—How One Afternoon a Week Saved a Woman from Nervous Break-Down—A Shopping Tour or a Visit with a Friend May Be Selected as the Object of Her Outing—A Leave of Absence Often Rejuvenates a Mother.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Every one knows how exactly the cook and housemaid are about their much-prized privilege of an afternoon out. Very few household emergencies seem to them of sufficient importance to justify the slightest concession, so far as this pleasure of theirs is concerned. Illness in the family or affliction seldom interferes with the regularity of the maid's visiting her own people on the day that belongs to her, and it is a very high-handed and independent mistress who ventures now and then to suggest a change in the programme of the people below stairs. Indeed one cannot blame Nora for insisting on her vested rights in this matter, for there is undoubted monotony in kitchen work and domestic servants get little opportunity for fresh air and sunshine, even when they are allowed a good deal of freedom in the evening when the day's work is over.

There is an aspect of home life far too little considered in the numerous households where the presiding genius is a woman whose tastes incline her to stay much indoors, and whose ideal of duty compels her to feel that whoever is absent, she must always be on duty. When the children go to school the mother is at the door to see them off and to watch them as they tramp merrily and sturdily down the street. When they rush in at the noon recess eager for lunch, mother is on the spot and her presence makes the noon hour the brighter for her boys and girls. When the husband leaves for business the wife waves a cheery hand to him from the window, and when he turns the latch key at night and she hears his click, she is ready to receive him with a smile and a greeting. Her position is that of a monarch who cannot abdicate and who may not leave the precincts of her realm. In another phase it is like that of the soldier who cannot desert his post for ever so short a time under stringent penalties. Habit and routine have bound this wife and mother with fetters of silk that are strong as iron. Nobody sees any particular goodness or virtue in the mother's devotion since it is only what is expected of her, and the sort of thing that has been expected from mothers for many a generation.

I am not alluding to the fashionable mother whose days are a round of brilliant functions and who delegates her individual responsibilities to nurses, governesses and needy relatives. Nor am I thinking of the heedless mother to whom duty is merely a name and whose selfishness leads her to shirk any claim that she can. In our country the vast majority of mothers are self-sacrificing to a fault, forgetting and effacing themselves that their children may have the right way in every department, in amusement, in study, in comfort and ease, in dress, and in the small luxuries that are the embroideries on the rough garment of daily usage.

There are thousands of women growing old prematurely, losing health, beauty and elasticity because they almost never have any relaxation apart from their own households.

Once a week at least, the mother should have her afternoon out. She should take it as a part of her religion and should conscientiously insist for that time on being away from the loved ones who are so precious and yet so burdensome. Were the mother snatched from her darlings and laid to rest under the spring violets, the children would be obliged to live on without her incessant care and brooding.

Homes rise before me in thought in which a few brief months ago the mother was at once chief ruler and servant-in-chief. She is gone. The catastrophe of a sudden sickness and a swift death has wrecked the joy of the piece where the mother's smile was the constant benediction. In more than one instance mothers who are thus lost to their families might have been saved had their vitality not been sapped by too strenuous and too unremitting toil and oversight, part of which might have been shifted to other shoulders.

Several years ago in a large eastern city a woman whose life was immensely valuable to her husband and children seemed about to break down in nervous collapse. Her physician said: "You must take one day in seven and drop the loads you are carrying, stay out of doors, go to see pictures, or to hear music, or spend the time in visiting a friend, or in doing something agreeable away from the atmosphere of your home." The prescription was followed to the reinforcement of the falling health and to the permanent advantage of the entire household.

To secure this afternoon out may mean a little effort in the beginning. Here the mother will require the aid of some one who loves her and who is willing to take the initiative in friendly urgency. As going out without a definite object appears to the domestic woman almost unheard of and impossible, an objective point should be selected. The maid, of course, has hers in the cousins and other kin whom she visits on her Thursday, in the shops, or the bank, to which her steps tend, either to deposit her wages or to purchase something she longs for. Let the mother plan a little so that her afternoon out may not lack an object. If she reside in a suburb there may be an excursion to town or, if in town, she may resort to the home of a suburban acquaintance. The prime necessity is that she shall go somewhere and not be ashamed or afraid to go for her personal gain and not for the good of her family. Whatever she does for her personal upbuilding will react favorably upon her home.

There occur exigencies when a mother requires more than a single weekly afternoon. Not long ago I was talking with a mother who was arranging for a leave of absence from her home that should extend over half a year. She was going with her husband on a prolonged trip in which many weeks would be spent on the ocean and many places visited in two hemispheres. In order to do this she would be obliged to leave a family of little children at home, but they would be under the care of a grandmother and an aunt and every item for their comfort and safety was thought of in minutest detail.

"The rest will have to be left," said the mother, "to the guardianship of a watchful Providence. I shall mother them far better when I come back to them, rejuvenated, than I am mothering them now."

This talk is a plea for the mother's occasional leave of absence. It is less a plea for the mother than with her. She herself is usually the main obstacle in the way of her own vacations. She plans holidays for others and takes none herself. Mothers in general are much too unselfish. It is their beautiful weakness to be strong for others and saintly to the end of their days. Yet a weakness it is, and those who honor and prize them should do their best to cure them of it and make them thoughtful for their own well-being.

QUAINT LITTLE JACKET.

Children's Clothes This Summer Are Very Picturesque and This a Good Model. This is a pretty little jacket that may be made of washing silk, velveteen.

collar is of piece embroidery, with edging like that on jacket. The sleeves are drawn in midway between shoulder and elbow with a band of insertion. The wristband is insertion finished with a frill of embroidery.

White silk bonnet with rosettes at each side. Materials required: One yard 38 inches wide, four yards embroidery, one yard insertion, three-quarters yard piece embroidery.

The Hair and Scalp. Shampooing the hair too often is injurious to the hair and scalp. Once a month is as often as the hair and scalp should be washed. It can be kept perfectly clean by brushing thoroughly with a coarse brush, and the brushing is much better for the hair. Water must be used upon the hair only when it is washed. Used any other time it fades the hair. Massage the scalp with the cushion tips of the fingers, being very careful not to scratch the scalp with the nails. Irritating the scalp in any way will cause dandruff. Occasionally, after the massage, apply a lotion of borax and glycerin, two drams of each to eight ounces of distilled water. This is cooling, and allays dryness of the skin.

JACKET OF MERCERIZED LAWN. muslin, lawn or cambric. Our model is in mercerized lawn, trimmed with open-work muslin embroidery; the

A NICE SKIN TONIC.

For the Greasy Face Use a Cloth Moistened in White Rum and Water. Once a day when the skin is inclined to be greasy, use a few drops of white rum and water on a soft cloth for the face and hands; this is very refreshing and a genuine tonic that helps a flaccid, flabby condition wonderfully. Any really good toilet water, that one knows has not too much rectified spirits in it, will answer the same purpose, but many of those sold are almost entirely alcohol, with a little perfume, and soon spoil the texture of the best skin.

If fresh buttermilk can be had, use a handful of it and let it dry on the skin. It is not the most delightful face bath, but is surely fine for clearing

away freckles and sunburn. There is no benefit to be derived from just wiping with a bit of cloth that has been wet in buttermilk; big plints of it are needed. And the drying in is not to be neglected; the skin absorbs and is cleansed by buttermilk far better than by any sort of soap that was ever compounded.

Here again a word of warning is needed; a woman must remember that the odor of buttermilk soon becomes very unpleasant; therefore her bath in its beauty-giving liquid should be taken when there are no sensitive olfactory to be offended and plenty of fresh, warm water used, followed by cold; after a little fragrant cream may be applied, wiped off and a no less fragrant powder dusted on to make her sweet as well as beautiful.

Mrs. Mittie Huffaker.



HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE. CONFINED TO HER BED WITH DYSPEPSIA.

"I Owe My Life to Pe-ru-na," Says Mrs. Huffaker.

Mrs. Mittie Huffaker, R. R. No. 3, Columbia, Tenn., writes: "I was afflicted with dyspepsia for several years and at last was confined to my bed, unable to sit up."

"We tried several different doctors without relief. 'I had given up all hope of any relief and was almost dead when my husband bought me a bottle of Peruna."

"At first I could not notice any benefit, but after taking several bottles I was cured sound and well. 'It is to Peruna I owe my life today.' 'I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Revised Formula.

"For a number of years requests have come to me from a multitude of grateful friends, urging that Peruna be given a slight laxative quality. I have been experimenting with a laxative addition for quite a length of time, and now feel gratified to announce to the friends of Peruna that I have incorporated such a quality in the medicine which, in my opinion can only enhance its well-known beneficial character."

"S. B. HARTMAN, M. D."

FROTH OF FUN.

She—"I think Mrs. Newcombe is so sweet, don't you? You can read her character in her face." He—"Yes, if you read between the lines."

"Yes, I'm going in for teaching." "Going in for teaching? Why, I would rather marry a widower with half a dozen children!" "So would I—but where's the widower?"

"Well, Emily, did you have a good time at the masked ball?" "Oh, I had a splendid time. I made my husband dress up as a knight in heavy armor, and he wasn't able to budge from one spot all night."

Mr. Tubbs—"Well, Bobbie, how does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her?" Bobbie—"Well, it's a bit too small. She has a hard job to get it off in a hurry when the other fellows call."

She—"Oh, that's the great prima donna, is it? Is she famous because of her voice or her acting?" He—"Neither, but she has a motor accident regularly every week, and that keeps her name before the public."

First Day of the Voyage. Steward—Did you ring, sir? Traveler—Yes, steward, I—I rang. "Anything I can bring, sir?" "Yes, steward. Bub-bring me a continent if you have one, or an island—anything, steward, so I'll-long as it's solid. If you can't, sus-sink the ship."—Harper's Bazar.

Small Wonder. "You say she has now been married four times?" "Yes, poor woman. And she says she's growing tired of funerals."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

Suffered for Three Years with Itching Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N. Man Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York July 8, 1905."

When a man doesn't complain about having to ride in the upper berth of a sleeper, it's a sign that he lives in a flat.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

If men couldn't go into politics they would invent something else just as bad to do.—N. Y. Press.

Lewis' Single Binder straight S cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The fact that a man is all puffed up with pride will not mitigate the jar when he takes his fall.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A London man has invented an engine to be run by air. Presumably hot.

Garfield Tea, the herb laxative, is better than drugs and strong cathartics; it cures. It's gasoline that makes the world go round.—Life