

# Mother Mississippi's Voice

It was excessively inconsiderate of Mrs. Downs to die, just as he was about to close that N., R. & M. merger, argued Henry Yates, but with due respect for his sister, he turned his back on his New York office, boarded the "20-hour train" for Chicago, and of a sudden found himself living in the past.

He awakened to a realization that years had passed since his gentle, shrinking wife had closed her eyes to sight of him standing shocked and wide-eyed with a wee baby girl in his arms.

He had been so busy, fighting for a foothold in Chicago's financial world, that he had failed to note his wife's failing health, and even in the hour of her death, he had not realized that she had died literally of heart-hunger—of longing for the companionship and the protecting love, but not the dollars, of the man she had married.

Of one thing he was sure. He had loved her, in his passive way, and had meant to make a great lady of her, when he had won his financial fight. He hated the child who had robbed him of his wife.

So the babe had been thrust into the willing arms of his widowed sister, and he had plunged back into the business maelstrom.

The allowance turned over to Mrs. Downs for the support of the child had been liberal. He had been informed that her education had been carried on after the most approved methods, but he never saw her, and when from Chicago he had plunged into New York, still bent on acquiring



ON THE VALLEY QUEEN.

more and more wealth, he had passed out of their lives without even a sight of the child.

And now, of course, with Mrs. Downs' death, something must be done. Doubtless his sister had had intimate friends among her own sex. The problem would be solved somehow.

And it was, but not just as he had expected. Edith settled it for herself, when she came to greet him, big-eyed, slender, lily-like and sorrowful. The daughter was her mother of their honeymoon days.

Yates reached out his arms with a great cry. The paternal instinct awoke with a rush that robbed him of speech. But the girl understood. She was the sort who could read men aright.

From that hour Edith's happiness and social success were of more vital interest to Henry Yates than the acquirement of stocks and bonds. The latter were useful only in furthering her interests.

Mr. Yates built a palace on Millionaires' row and cursed in his heart the social lights who withheld their beams from his lovely daughter.

A lordling of depleted fortune but irreproachable social connections came and saw but did not conquer. Yates said the price was too high, and his daughter, curled up in his never-failing arms, thanked him between sobs of joy.

But all this did not help matters when Allen Houston appeared on the horizon, and, so far as Edith was concerned, filled it completely. Young Houston had a small patrimony, a tremendous fund of ambition, and the profile of a poet.

Henry Yates said "No." Edith remembered the lonely years her father had spent, talked pathetically, yet not waveringly, of "duty," and Houston flung himself into the wilds of the west.

Edith did not grieve openly, but the loving eyes of her father were not to be deceived. He became restless and anxious, and so they decided that New York was unbearable and the sight of New Orleans during the Mardi Gras would do them both good.

Mr. Yates planned the trip without consulting Edith. They would go to Memphis by rail and there board one of the old-fashioned sternwheel river boats for New Orleans.

Somehow, with the sting of social failure and the mad rush of his business life wearing upon him, Yates was hungry for the old life—life he had known when he was only "Mr. Clerk" of "The Belle of the West."

These were the days when the Yates fortune was represented by three figures, and during those river trips he had laid the foundations for the prosperity which now ran into eight figures.

They reached Memphis at night, but he insisted upon a glimpse of the majestic sheet of swirling, yellow water. It was like being an old friend, he declared, and, with Edith's arm held close to his side, he added:

"I never realized how tired I was until I got within sound of my old friend's voice."

The next morning they went on board the Valley Queen. Yates thrilled as his foot touched the deck. He walked briskly to the little window on the saloon deck and exclaimed:

"Mr. Clerk, I want two of your best rooms to New Orleans."

A blue-coated figure came close to the window, a strong, masculine hand held out some keys, and a voice which made Mr. Yates start answered:

"The best two on board, Mr. Yates, and I hope you will find your trip with us most pleasant and comfortable."

Mr. Yates glanced wildly toward the shore. It was slipping away from them. They were in mid-stream—and the man at the window was Allen Houston.

Retreat was impossible. Graceful capitulation was inevitable. Yates put out his hand.

Thereafter he divided his time between the deck, which he paced with his daughter, telling her lively yarns of his own days as a river-boat clerk, and the office, where he shared Houston's preoccupation with his duties.

There was something familiar about it all—the pleasant familiarity which takes 10 years off a man's shoulder. And Houston understood the work, just as Yates had understood it years before. Where he had started, Houston was starting.

Some times watching his daughter's face, he wavered. But no; it was impossible. His own case had been exceptional. All river-boat clerks could not be millionaires, and Houston was merely of a good, up-State family, without social standing in the world where Mammon ruled.

Yet Mr. Yates found himself watching young Houston curiously. He wasn't half bad, this college-bred youth, who could dispatch office duties with ease, placate patrons who fretted at the slow method of travel, and in an emergency could tell the deck hands more things about their ancestry than Yates had dreamed of in his own river life.

They had quit the bluffs, and cotton had given way to cane and rice. In a few hours they would touch at New Orleans. The deck hands had all been paid off, save for the dollar which insured their aid in tying the boat to the dock.

The clerk's duties were over, his papers in shape, and the last landing made. Mr. Yates met him on the saloon deck, and remarked, "Let's go below and watch those darkies lose all their money."

The old life had him in its clutches. Down below they went. Away in the stern the engines pounded. Toward the bow the furnaces glowed. Between the two, roustabouts had gathered to gamble their earnings. Some of the negroes were already penniless. Others were flushed and excited by their gains.

Yates watched the scene for an hour, laughing at the apt remarks of the gamblers. Wall street was forgotten. Social ambitions died within him. He was again in Allen's place, a clerk without a future, without great hopes. Suddenly he turned:

"Man, they are happier than I have dared be since I stood where you are to-day. I am wondering whether it is worth while—the struggle, the knock-out blows one must give and take. Mother Mississippi has been talking to me, Houston; scolding me in her own way. Edith told me once that money was not all—and I reckon she is right. At any rate, you may ask her if she still believes that. If she does, I won't stand between you."

An hour later the boat slipped around the crescent, past the coal docks and the fruit docks to the levees. The rush of the water and the rudely melodious voices of the negroes singing at their work, mingled with a strange harmony.

In the bow of the Valley Queen, Edith Yates stood with her hand clasped in her lover's her expectant glance fixed on the quaint old city.

In the stern, looking backward upon the river, whose voice he had heard, Henry Yates stood with folded arms. He was wondering whether he should ever go back to the mad struggle and the social walls he had striven so hard to climb—for her sake.—Boston Globe.

**Horses Scare and High.**  
"I have not known a period when horses were so scarce and high," said T. E. Gilbert of Cincinnati at the Hotel Barton. "I am in the business and have of late been scouring Kentucky and Ohio with a view of purchasing a good-sized bunch, but had very poor success. More people want to buy than sell, and prices are at a point where it is impossible for dealers to make any profits. The country was drained of horse flesh during our war with Spain, and further depletion was caused by the Boer war. It will take several years to make up the deficiency, and high prices will continue. The automobile craze has had no perceptible effect on the demand for high-class animals, and I do not believe that it will ever get so violent as to make people indifferent to the delight of sitting behind a pair of high steppers."—Washington Post.

About the only thing that comes to the man who sits down and waits is old age.

## MACARONI.

Favorite Food of the Italians and How It is Made.

The national food of the Italian is macaroni. He keeps his native tastes when he comes to America, and to supply him and his fellow Americans of other blood who have made his favorite food one of their supplementary articles of diet, there are several factories in America. One of them, in Boston, was visited by a Boston Herald Reporter, who writes thus in regard to the making of macaroni.

Real macaroni is made of hard wheat of a semi-translucent sort which grows in southern Europe and Algeria, and which is richer in gluten and other nitrogenous matter than soft wheat.

Macaroni is nothing but flour and water, but it has to be carefully made. The flour is mixed with boiling water in a cylinder which converts it into stiff paste. Then it rolled under a huge granite wheel which flattens it into a smooth mass. The man at the wheel cuts it into squares and claps it under the wheel again and again until it is thoroughly kneaded.

The dough then goes into an upright metal cylinder closed at the lower end with a thick disk of copper. This is pierced with openings, through which a plunger-piston squeezes the dough into threads. The threads are cut off at regular lengths and handed to a man who hangs them on wooden drying rods.

In making spaghetti the holes are small and the dough comes out in solid strings. In the manufacture of macaroni the holes are larger and centered by mandrels which make the tubes hollow. Macaroni is also made into pastes of various shapes, alphabets and thin strips, cut by machinery.

When the macaroni is shaped, it is sent up into a drying room, the small pieces in trays, the long strips of vermicelli, the thin, solid strips of spaghetti, and the large hollow tubes of macaroni on long poles the size of a broomstick. Here a current of air dries the paste.

Genuine macaroni always shows the bent ends where the long hairpin-shaped lengths have straddled the poles. Cheap imitations are made from common flour, which is not glutinous enough to bear its own weight, and therefore is dried flat.

Real macaroni is tender, yellowish, rough in texture and elastic. It breaks with a smooth, porcelain-like fracture. When it boils, as every cook knows, it swells to twice its size and does not become sticky, but holds its tubular form without collapse. It will keep any length of time, and is a very nourishing food.

## A CHARITABLE DUCHESS

Builds Hospital on Her Estate for the Benefit of Tenants.

The wealthiest peeress in England is the Duchess of Bedford. She is a sister of Lady Henry Somerset, long the head of the temperance movement in England, and like her is a philanthropist. Recently on her husband's estate at Woburn abbey she opened a handsome modern hospital for the benefit of her tenants and the people of her parish. The building is as well appointed as is any in London, and is supplied with the best trained nurses and competent surgeons and physicians, who attend the institution from London. The duchess spends much of her time in visiting hospitals and prisons and in many ways evinces her interest in the less fortunate class of people. In manner she is laudably and imperious, qualities which do not tend to make her popular in her own set.



THE DUCHESS.

The Bedfords are among the greatest land owners in England. They own huge blocks of London real estate, among them Convent Garden Market and Convent Garden Opera House. A curse is said to rest on the family estate of Woburn abbey. In the days of sequestration, in the reign of Henry VIII, one of the duke's ancestors handed the abbey to the monastery to a tree. Another abbot predicted that the dukedom should never pass in direct line three times in succession. Thus far the prophecy has held true, and as the only son of the duke is a delicate boy of 12 there are not wanting those who believe that the prophecy shall be fulfilled again. This youth would be the third in the direct line.

**An Industrious Gas Meter.**  
"I'm the gas man; just dropped around to see if you need anything; anything out of order; any complaints against the company."  
"No, I don't think I need anything just now, but I've got a complaint. The meter works too hard for the company. My gas bill is entirely too big."  
"Oh, we don't call that a complaint. Good morning."—New York Press.

**Labor Poorly Rewarded.**  
D'Auber—I only got \$25 for that painting.  
Friend—Well, you didn't put much work on it.  
D'Auber—What! I guess you never saw me trying to sell it—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Cheerful in Spite of Everything.**  
Tommy—Pop, what is an optimist?  
Tommy's pop—An optimist, my son, is a man who is married and glad of it.—Philadelphia Record.

When a man loses confidence in himself he makes the vote unanimous.

# FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

## The Woman Who Swims.

Swimming will do more to develop perfect health in women than any other form of exercise. It develops the whole body symmetrically, loosens the joints, gives free action to the limbs. It increases the lung capacity, inducing deep breathing; straightens the frame, throwing the chest forward and the shoulders back. The woman who swims gains all this, and in the gaining has much pleasure.

In the water she is suspended, without the least hindrance to the motion of her body, she can move her arms or legs in any direction and bend the trunk freely. The different methods of swimming, all of which she will learn in time, bring into use all the muscles of the legs and arms.

A swimmer soon learns deep breathing, as a deep breath will keep the body at the surface of the water without the extra effort required by the use of the legs and arms.

The positions of the swimmer at first seem strange to a woman; the disuse of certain muscles has degenerated them, and when she enters the water to swim she feels no inclination to use muscles which she has not used since early childhood—the muscles of her waist and abdomen. What she does try to do is to make the same restricted motions that she is forced to make ordinarily, the knees together and the little jerky strokes of the arms and legs. She soon sees the folly of this, however, and in time acquires the long, sweeping, graceful stroke of legs and arms which comes to the proficient swimmer by practice.

Who has ever watched the actions of a professional swimmer and noted the long sweep of the limbs, the recovery of the arms for the new stroke, and the wide, powerful swing of the legs, without a desire to acquire a little skill and power, combined with a like grace of motion.—Macfadden's Magazine.

**Shines in London Society.**  
One of the most successful American women in London society is Mrs. S. S. Chauncey, formerly Miss Alice E. Carr, of Louisville, Ky., and a noted belle of that city. Since taking up her residence abroad her name has been linked with that of Lord Rosebery, ex-Prime Minister, but no engagement has been announced.



MRS. S. S. CHAUNCEY.

Mrs. Chauncey is the daughter of the late Colonel Carr, of Louisville. On his death he left but a few thousand dollars' insurance for his widow and two daughters, but within three months Alice had married Samuel Sloane Chauncey, a millionaire New-Yorker. Soon after her marriage her husband died. She then went to Europe with her mother and sister and attracted much attention in London and on the continent by her beauty. Her sister is now the wife of Lord Newborough, an Irish peer and English baronet. Mrs. Chauncey is regally beautiful and adds to this quality the additional one of being very wealthy.

**My Vacation Mecca.**  
I will not spend vacation's days Beside a summer sea, Nor will I seek the pleasant ways Of gay humanity. Upon no mountain's rugged crest, Will I unfold my tent, But in a place of peaceful rest My moments will be spent.

I'll journey to a quiet spot, Beyond a shady lane, The threshold of a moss-grown cot My feet will cross again; And then 'er lips I'll fondly press, Her form I'll embrace; I'll look upon the loveliness Of her angelic face.

We'll stroll together, side by side, And, gazing in her eyes, My heart will thrill with manly pride, And love that never dies. For, in that cot of humble charms Abides my purest joy— My mother waits with open arms, To welcome home her boy. —Leslie's Weekly.

**Regards Man as Only a Nuisance.**  
A leading club woman of the East, who has had considerable experience with men—for, not satisfied with one trial, she has had three husbands—has a very poor opinion of the sterner sex. "I weigh man's moral credit on the scale of his personal habits," she says. "A man, when he is perfectly nice and clean, tastefully dressed and not noisy, is bad enough, but a man who wears his hair in his eyes and over his collar, manuevers outside his own room, leans around, sits with his feet higher than his head and all that is unbearable. If I married one of the beasts in advertently I'd break him to decency or I'd kill him with indigestion. What's the good of a husband, anyway? He has never been more or less than a pet or provider. By his own admission female competition has destroyed his usefulness as a provider. That is all right; it simply makes him twice a pet. Now, having reduced him to his lowest terms, since it was only a question of

a pet, why not be satisfied with a bird, a cat, a dog, a monkey, a parrot—anything? Such pets do not smoke, get drunk, nor bring mud into the house. They never talk back. They come when they are called and they do not try to run things."

## Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, praise your wife when she deserves it! It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you something pretty, don't take it with only:

"Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand me my paper?"

It will take you only a moment's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in town. You will find it to be a paying investment—one which will yield you a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonderfully, and should be freely bestowed.

I called on a friend one day and found her up to her eyes in work. "Oh, dear," she said, "this is one of my bad days; everything goes wrong, and I haven't got a thing done!" "Let me help you," I said. "No, no," she replied, gently pushing me into the sitting-room. "I'm going to leave everything and rest a while; but I must just wipe up this slop first," pointing to an ugly spot which disfigured the pretty oilcloth.

Just as she stopped to do it her husband came in; he didn't see me, but went straight to his wife. One quick lift, and he placed her on her feet, and, taking the cloth from her hand, wiped up the spot himself.

"There, busy bee," he said, "you have done enough to-day. You tired yourself all out getting my favorite dinner. Now, I think I'd leave the rest till to-morrow."

I spoke to him then, and he sat with me a few moments before going down town. Shortly after my friend came in, looking very much amused.

"I guess I was in the dumps," she said, laughing. "For I've finished; and everything has gone swimmingly since E— came in."—Anna Edwards, in United Presbyterian.

## Health and Beauty Hints.

Don't use the eyes when they are tired or weak from illness. A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not blister.

Don't bestow less care upon the teeth than upon complexion and hair.

When walking don't throw the shoulders far back of the line of the hips nor hold the arms rigidly at the sides.

Don't become too stout. Although plumpness of contour is by no means unbecoming, corpulence is a thing to be avoided.

Bilious headache may often be relieved by drinking two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal dissolved in half a glass of water. A seditiz powder should be taken one hour later.

Don't think that because you are 40 and fair you also should be fat, and that nature has laid down a law that women shall accumulate layers with years, like a magnolia or any other tree.

To keep the hair from becoming thin and splitting at the ends clip it every two weeks. Shampoo it once a month with castile soap, avoiding the use of borax and ammonia. Singe it carefully and regularly.

A small bottle of oil of lavender is as grateful to the steroom "shut-in" as to the home invalid. It's still more so when one has a senesick roommate. A few drops in a little hot water freshens the atmosphere deliciously.

The old-fashioned skipping-rope is said to be a great aid to beauty, some of the miraculous power which used to be attributed to the bicycle being supposed to attach to it. Its mission is the strengthening of the heart and the renewal of youthful charm. The ropes are provided with handles and may be shortened for high skipping at will.

**Couches and Nerves.**  
Couches have saved more minds and nervous systems than all the doctors and medicines put together. It is the best refuge that the overworked housekeeper has, did she but know it; and the only fault I have to find with women is that, as a rule, they do not use their couches half enough.

When distracted by the infinite cares of the household and worried over this bill and that, a woman should have a place where she can throw herself down, stretched at ease, allow her troubles to straighten themselves out of their own accord.

By these means hysteria is avoided, beauty is preserved, and the women's chances for eternal salvation are helped tremendously.—Philadelphia North American.

**At the Seashore.**  
Priscilla (just arrived)—Are there any men here?  
Phyllis—Oh, there are a few apologies for men.  
Priscilla—Well, if an apology is offered to me I shall accept it.

## ILL-TREATED TREES.

Ideas Held by New-Yorkers on Subject of Arboriculture.

Some otherwise intelligent people seem to have queer notions about trees. We are not sure whether they think trees require for their welfare treatment identical with that of lamp-posts and telegraph poles, or that they regard a tree in a city street as a public enemy which should be destroyed, says the New York Tribune. They surely must hold one or the other of these views, or else their actions grossly belie their beliefs.

Here are some examples of the treatment given to trees on a choice residence street in one of the best parts of the city: In a few of the trees have each as much as a couple of square yards of open soil about them, grassless, of course, and packed as hard and made as impervious to water as so much well-puddled clay. In some cases the open squares originally left about the trees have been carefully filled in with bits of flagging, close up to the trees all round. In some cases the squares have been carefully filled with concrete or artificial stone, fitting water tight if not air tight around the trees. In some cases the large tree trunks have been carefully trimmed square with a broadax so that the straight edges of flagstones may fit closely against them. It may be added that these are all fine specimens of elms, lindens and other trees. Before the sidewalks were thus adjusted to their trunks they were thriving almost as luxuriantly as though they were in their native forests. Now they are beginning to die and the people are removing some of them, saying that "there's no use in trying to grow trees in the city, anyway."

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps a city ought to be an unbroken expanse of masonry and asphalt, with not a tree nor a shrub nor a blade of grass within its bounds. The parks should be cleared off and covered with asphalt for roller skating rinks. It would cost a great deal less to maintain them in that condition. Perhaps the people, too might be varnished or coated from head to foot with some waterproof and airtight preparation. Then they would not need air or water, but would die as these trees are dying, and it would cost a great deal less to keep them so.

**THE BOY AND THE LADY.**  
How He Won a Dime by Mimicking Birds.

As the lady came down the street on a fine May morning, she heard a Baltimore oriole whistle. She hadn't heard one for a long, long time—and never in the city—so she stopped to listen. The oriole whistled again, plaintively and sweetly, then a boy came around the corner. It was a boy—a ten-year-old boy, with soft brown eyes and curly hair—not too clean, and a bit ragged.

"Was that you imitating the oriole?" said the pleased lady. "Do it again I love to hear the oriole."

But the boy was shy, and got behind a telephone pole.

"Can you whistle like a Bob-white?" the lady asked. "Oh, do whistle like a Bob-White. I'll give you a dime if you'll whistle like a Bob-White. Where did you learn to imitate birds?"

Still the silent boy hid behind the telephone pole.

"Well, I must go," the lady said. "But I'll leave this dime on the curbstone, and I know that before I get very far away, you'll whistle like a Bob-white, won't you?"

The boy made no answer from behind the pole, and the lady walked on. Half-way down the block she heard another bird. It said, "Bob-white—Bob-white," high and clear. Of course, she stopped, and looked around. There at the corner was the boy, walking away from her. But he was looking back over his shoulder, and as long as she could see him, she heard the note, "Bob-white—Bob-white." — Detroit Free Press.

**Another Cure for Consumption.**  
Consul General Mason of Berlin in a recent report gives the composition and effects of sanosin, the new remedy for consumption, which has had a careful trial at Berlin with gratifying results. It was noticed by a traveler in Australia that natives used a decoction of the leaves and roots of the eucalyptus as a remedy for consumption with good effect, and that consumptives coming from a distance to reside among the eucalyptus groves were benefited. On this hint a chemist compounded pulverized leaves and essential oil of eucalyptus with powdered charcoal and flour of sulphur and gave his mixture the name of "sanosin." Owing to its volatility sanosin is put up in sealed glass tubes that hold each thirty-one grains. The patient breathes in a closed room the fumes generated by heating the contents of a tube on an earthenware plate by means of an alcohol lamp. An aromatic penetrating odor is perceived and the patient speedily finds relief from his cough, his expectoration is decreased and his appetite improves. The bacilli which causes the disease disappears from the sputum and in 50 per cent of the cases a cure is effected.—Baltimore Sun.

**Fooled the Baby.**  
The limit of masculine humiliation has been worked in the case of a Wichita man. His wife makes him wear tucks in the sleeves of his nightgown, trimmed with pink ribbon so that the baby won't know the difference when he walks the floor with it in the night.—Kansas City Journal.

A new play is called "A Bad Egg." It isn't likely to prove popular with the profession.