eral years is receiving their special education.

Across the hall from the intelligence office is the supply bureau, from which customers are sold all imaginable dainties, canned, boxed and bottled, and such fancy groceries as Mrs. Marshall herself refines and prepares. Next to this is the editor's office, for the firm publishes its own series of receipe books, and an attractive little monthly budget of kitchen news, containing advice to cooks, receipes, etc. On leaving this department one passes into the shop where kitchen utensils are sold. Here the latest improvements in coal, charcoal, gas and electric stoves are exhibited with the most recent inventions in wood, copper, tin, iron and aluminum utensils.

In addition to all these departments is the exhibition hall. In spring and autumn the graduating classes are examined and show their prowess here, and the patrons of the house are invited in to taste of the new dishes of Mrs. Marshall's invention and to see her cooks at work. The hall is then filled with long tables set luxuriously as for dinners, luncheons, suppers, or breakfasts. The most recent patterns in menus, floral and fruit decorations, the arrangement of roses and the lighting of tables are displayed, and the whole exhibition is accompanied by a series of lectures on the culinary art.

LOYALTY OF CUBAN WOMEN.

Brave, Wise and Dangerous Foes with Whom Spain Has to Deal.

"Cuban men in arms frequently present themselves for pardon. No Cuban woman has ever been known to barter fealty for mercy. There are traitors in Cuba, but they are never women," declares Thomas Gold Alvord in an article in the Woman's Home Companion.

"Havana is full of devoted women reared in indolence and luxury who are tireless in their successful efforts to get word from one scattered rebel band to another, and to send them food, medicines and clothing. These women are far better conspirators than their fathers and brothers, for Cuban men must talk, and therefore rarely hatch a plot before it is revealed. The women in that country, at least, seem to know the value of silence. They say little of war, even among themselves, but to Americans they are singularly confiding. This instantaneous and perfect trust is at times startling, and makes one breathe a fervent prayer that it will never be betrayed. It leads to many strange experiences that cannot be treated as news and sent to a daily journal, for the required publication of names would tend to swell the already overcrowded and vile quarters for women in the island jails and prisons. Beautiful and delicate senoritas will impulsively dress up in boys' clothes to illustrate to Americans how they steal out at night to the nearby haunts of lover or brother in the 'Long Grass,' as the insurgents' camps are called; how they secrete food in false pockets; how letters, whose envelops have been dipped in ink, are hidden in their black hair; how medicines are carried in canes, and cloth for clothes or wounds concealed in the lining of their coats. One girl, disguised as a vender, has frequently carried to the woods dynamite in egg shells deftly put together. She has had many thrilling experiences, but her narrowest escape was when a Spanish soldier by the roadside insisted on taking from the basket an egg, to let its contents drop in a hot and ready pan. He was with difficulty persuaded to forego the meal. The dynamite was made by another woman, who carefully obtained the ingredients at various times and at widely scattered drug stores."

Frills of Fashion.

The natural four-leaved clover is now mounted on pocketbooks.

A warlike scarf pin is a silver miniature dagger with an opal handle.

A new garter buckle has a chased border and flowers enameled in the center.

Pigeon throat and fuchsia reds are the most fashionable tints in this color.

A novel treatment of a brocaded silk evening bodice shows the pattern in the silk cut out around the neck and embroidered in buttonhole stitch for a finish. Above this, coming from underneath, is a frill of chiffon.

All shades of blue are fashionable, from the deepest fleur-de-lis dyes to the faintest forget-me-not tints. The iris and lavender blues appear in cloth costumes relieved with white guimpes, blouse vests, etc., and white silk galloon trimmings.

Liberty satin is a favorite material for tea gowns, which are made very dressy with lace applique down the front breadth, a frill of lace around the skirt, and a fichu of chiffon tied with long ends at the side, striped with lace insertion and finished with a lace frill.

In sharp contrast to the hats which tip down over the face and up at the back are those which turn back directly in front with a sort of halo effect in a wreath of flowers. If you would be strictly in the fashion a few weeks hence the flowers must be of the finer varieties.

Open-mesh or semi-transparent fabrics are the materials used in making some of the handsomest and most fashionable gowns for the coming season. Frequently these dresses are mounted over foundations of figured instead of patterned silk or satin, and some very novel and pretty effects are thus produced under the semi-diaphanous textiles.

The fronts of many of the fashionable waists are again arranged in contrasting effects. One side may be tucked from shoulder to belt, the opposite side draped in surplice form, or on the right may be a closely fitted side covered with a misty veiling of point applique lace, and on the left side shirred, with a single rever turning back upon the shirred side, this made of plain silk or satin and covered with the lace.

Old-fashioned lavender perfume has come back to favor among the many other revivals of nearly a century ago. It appears in the list of French extracts and sachets, and its delicate fragrance exhales from the petals of choice Parisian-made artificial flowers. The odor of lavender is agreeable to many people who do not like other perfumes. In imagination it is always associated with freshness, sweetness and housewifely daintiness.

White toilets of the daintiest description will be the rage next season. Exquisitely fine St. Gale embroideries are lavishly used on skirts and waists of white India muslin, French organdie and batiste, these trimmings including wide and narrow insertions, tiny frills, deep flounces, edgings, jacket fronts, blouse draperies, fancy collars, epaulets, fichu-shaped shoulder capes, sash lengths and yokes.

One difficulty in making the net gown serviceable is obviated in one of the new models, which fastens the net and silk foundation skirt together. The silk is salmon glace, made with the deep circular flounced skirt. Over the silk is the net, cut after the same pattern and fastened at the seam where the flounce sews on. Below this is a circular flounce of the net, nearly covered with alternate rows of black satin ribbon and narrow ruffles of lace.

Bracelets are again fashionable. Style is not limited to one design, and the girls can dive down into their boxes and chamois bags, where they thrust pins, necklaces, chains, buckles and all sorts of gew-gaws, as fashion sets her seal of disapproval on them, and bring out just the first bracelet they happen to lay their hands on and don it, and it is sure to be in the top of style. Bright and burnished gold are both much used, and some of the heavy round bracelets, which slip over the hand and fit loosely about the wrist, are elaborately carved. Others, which hug the arm closely, are nothing more than a gold wire embellished with a single gold leaf, frosted, or a flower with a precious stone in the center.

Silk stockings fine enough to be drawn through a wedding ring are being worn. The most exquisite come from France and they range in price from $3 a pair to $60, and even more. One of the swellest designs within the reach of a woman with an average income has an openwork pattern carried all over it, with ovals of lace set in over the instep. Another is embellished with narrow insertions of Chantilly lace, which twine around and around the leg from toe to knee. Another decided novelty is a white silk stocking which has medallions of colored embroidery wrought on the instep. Lace striped silk stockings with black bootees and light colored tops hold their own for general wear perhaps better than any design ever hit upon. And why? Because the black part makes the ankle look smaller and the light top makes the calf look larger.

Feminine Personals.

According to David Christie Murray, Miss Dreyfus is a very beautiful woman, tall and graceful, with delicate features of Hebrew type, and lovely eyes.

Miss Florence Higgins, lately appointed to the faculty of the Northern Indiana College of Law, is said to be the first woman to achieve such an honor.

Grace Waukon, a grand-daughter of the Indian chief after whom the town of Waukon, Iowa, was named, is a teacher in the Indian school at Tomah, Wash.

All the daughters of British Minister Pauncefote are musical, Miss Sibyl being the star. With a full, rich, sweet voice, she is one of the most delightful singers in Washington.

Mrs. Thomas T. Roe of Washington claims to be the first, and Mrs. N. H. Van Sichlen of Chicago the second woman to ride a woman's bicycle, which was done in both cases in 1887.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney, wife of the ex-secretary of the navy, who has been seriously ill since she was injured in an accident while riding at Aiken, S. C., two months ago, has been brought to New York on a special train.

Miss Pearl Jones, a young colored business woman of Chicago, who is well known there through her efforts to organize a branch of the Red Cross society among the women of her race, has been elected "daughter" of the new regiment of colored volunteers.

Miss Juanita A. Phillips, the principal of Hephzibeh house, Mrs. De Peyster Field's training institute for missionaries in Chicago, has resigned her place in order to minister to the spiritual needs of a little congregation near Attleboro.

Miss Yates, who enjoyed a brief notoriety as the only mayor in the British dominions, still resides in the New Zealand town of Onehunga, of which she was once the chief magistrate, the municipal council of which has just successfully sued her for non-payment of rates.

Chicago has a woman cooper. Her name is Margaret Buggee, and by making barrels she has made a barrel of money. In a few years Mrs. Buggee has cleared $50,000. She not only superintends the making of barrels in her shops, which are in a crowded part of the southwestern end of the city, but is practically experienced in this branch of business.

Miss Lillian Hamilton, M. D., the lady physician to the Amir of Afghanistan, in the course of a recent lecture to the members of the Royal British Nurses' association, defined him as an extraordinary amalgamation of the most refined and thoughtful kindness with a severity that was often downright brutal.

Countess Vilma Hugonnay, the only woman physician in Budapest, recently made an application for admission to the medical society of the Hungarian capital. After a stormy session the society refused her application. The countess-doctor intends to renew her application next year and expects to have it granted.

Miss Margaret Long, a daughter of Secretary Long, is a student at the medical school of Johns Hopkins university. "With several other young women," says the Baltimore Sun, "who intend to become physicians or surgeons, she lives in charming 'bachelor quarters' at 1819 East Townsend street. A statement has been published in several newspapers to the effect that should war be declared Miss Long would go to the front to offer her services as a nurse. Miss Long has denied the rumor absolutely. Miss Long is a graduate of Smith college, Northampton, Mass."

WORK FOR STRONG LEGS.

Cases in Which Men Have Walked or Run Long Distances.

It is true that the Greek soldier who ran all the way from Marathon to Athens to bear the news of victory and dropped dead when he had delivered the message had covered only twenty-six miles, yet he may have been worn with fighting when he started, says a writer in May Lippincott's.

On the other hand, Deerfoot, the Indian runner of the Cattaraugus reservation, who once held the record in England and America, ran twelve miles in fifty-six minutes in London in 1861, and extraordinary stories of his long-distance running are told. Captain Barclay of England walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, and W. S. George, the world's greatest amateur distance runner, followed the hounds on foot. Henry Scamel, in June, 1894, walked from Springfield, Ill., to Chicago, 188 miles, in sixty-nine hours and fifty minutes. In 1892 Schneideit, an Austrian printer, finding himself in Calcutta without means, walked all the way home from his native town, Rathenow, traveling on foot for two years across India, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, Southern Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania and Hungary, and thence into Austria.

But these instances, which might be multiplied, are for the most part feats accomplished under special conditions or stress of circumstances or by picked men. In Apache land every Indian is a runner, asking no odds of earth or weather; and whether it be the peaceful Pueblo, trudging to his irrigated lands, forty miles and back, or the venomous Chiracahua, tamed to do service for Uncle Sam, the man on horseback may well regard him with amazement.

Do you like a dry champagne? Try Cook's Imperial Extra Dry; its flavor is unrivaled and it is perfectly pure.

OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE

Romantic Story of the Literary Trials of a Noted Author.

BOMBARDING THE EDITORIAL FORT

America's Richness as a Literary Market for the English—Notes on Various Authors and Forthcoming Books.

NEW YORK, April 28.—There appeared before the assistant editor of a well known magazine one day about four years ago a young man rather short and sturdily built, of smooth, dark, rather grim visage, with the look of an uncompromising fatalist in his black-brown eyes, and asked to submit a short story. His aspect was not just that of a man who would be writing stories, and the assistant editor's half-formed, fleeting sense was of another of those poor chaps who, hopeless of getting an engine to tend or a gang of men to boss, have desperately resorted to the pen, for it was pathetically manifest that the young man was not in the capitalist class. Little was said on either side. The assistant editor showed only such cordiality as an assistant editor can when he is sitting up to his ears in a bath of unread manuscripts, and the young man was not urgent. They parted without ardent expectations, probably, on either side. In due course the story was read and found to be a melodramatic, impossible, unavailable tale of the sea and was put away in the files to be held until such time as the distressed author should call for it. This he did before long, and on receiving the story back asked to be told specifically what were its faults. The assistant editor could answer only evasively; he indicated vaguely one or two disqualifications, but he could not, in mercy, say what he believed—that the story's crowning fault was that it had nothing good in it and that it even held no promise of better ones to follow.

The young man, no doubt, was discouraged, but he was not defeated. Before long he presented himself again, submitting a second story. The result was the same as in the case of the first, and none different followed when a third and, perhaps, also a fourth story was presented. The assistant editor encountered nothing in any of them to raise so much as a suspicion of having in their author a coming man. Then, after a considerably longer interval than had followed between the previous submissions, there came yet another—received in much the same brief way as the earlier ones and taken up subsequently for examination with no more enthusiasm than the others. But it proved a revelation. Instead of a made story, improbable in incident and unconvincing in character, it proved to be real and vital in every line. The whole editorial force read it and liked it. It was accepted and soon published. And there followed it other stories by the same hand, no less strong and genuine. And now these and others have been gathered into a volume, which the reviewers are many of them saying is one of the most remarkable that they have ever seen of its kind. The author is Morgan W. Robertson.

POINTS NO MORAL.

Now, I hope no literary aspirant will infer from this story that the obvious moral is never to cease from firing your "stuff" into the declining editor until you have brought him to terms. That is like many another war policy—excellent only so far as it succeeds—and there are still some facts to add in regard to Mr. Robertson that will provoke, or, at least, should provike, quite other inferences. Robertson, when he turned to writing, was, in truth, in just as hard luck as he looked to be. He had had an experience in life the full bitterness of which cannot be signified in written words. Born with half a dozen distinct aptitudes, and compelled to make his own way, he had tried first one thing and then another, only to fall down with a more or less cracked head in every bout. He tried first being a sailor, then an engineer, then a—well, I don't know what he did not try. Often he was at the point of starving; always he was finding life a very tough and curious business, and he was getting an acquaintance with it beside which that of the ordinary story teller is the merest childishness. His stories owe their success to the fact that they embody this extraordinary experience. Until he learned how to make them do this they were worthless, but now they are as extraordinary as the experience itself. They are strong testimony, moreover, as far as they go (they are, of course, rather too few as yet to be conclusive), that Mr. Robertson has chosen at last the right one of his several aptitudes to permanently insist upon. I may add that he shows his prosperity; he is a much pleasanter man to look in the face now than he was four years ago. A friend of his remarked the change the other day, and playfully asked the cause. Robertson's reply was characteristic. "I now get enough to eat," said he.

Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, has concluded his winter's sojourn and travel in Egypt and gone for a time to Vienna. He has almost finished his series of Egyptian pictures, and he writes that he has had the greatest pleasure in doing them, and that he believes they are his best work. They will receive their first publication in one of the leading magazines.

CABLE IN ENGLAND.

I hope that Mr. George W. Cable, who is soon to begin a course of readings in England, and is to have published there, under an introduction by J. M. Barrie, his novel "The Grandissimes," will succeed in effecting some reprisals in behalf of our native authors. England, as a rule, has proved pretty poor picking for American writers; whereas, America for the English writer latterly has proved little less than an El Dorado. The English writer appreciates the fact, too. There is usually imputed to him, when he gets back home from the lecturing or reading invasion which he is apt not to fail to effect on our territory sooner or later, some remark in disparagement of us. And, as usual, he rises up and denies having made this remark. But whether he denies it or not, and whether he actually makes it or not, he sooner or later lets the fact appear that commercially, at least, he knows we have on us nothing that should be impatiently brushed off. As a market, in other words, he finds us infallibly what Mark Twain's naughty little boy found the stolen jam—"bully."

Anthony Hope is an interesting case in point. Now whether Anthony Hope did not speak slightingly of our manners, as he himself says is the fact, or whether he did, as some unnamed, irresponsible person has been moved to assert, yet I know that at a recent meeting of the New Vagabond club, in London, held in Anthony Hope's special honor, he made a speech which was all in laudation of America as a field for the sale of books. He described Americans as buying books with an eagerness and liberality almost unequaled. They knew, he said—no people better—what kind of books they liked; and the kind they liked were apt to be a kind well worth liking, and what they liked were quick to quick. Dr. Conan Doyle, who introduced Anthony Hope on the occasion, also spoke, with no less enthusiasm, to the same purpose. The company they addressed was composed largely of authors and publishers. No one dissented. Whatever some may have secretly thought of the American literary appetite in some of its qualities, all present, I am sure, agreed that it was beautiful in its capaciousness, and that to have a settled share in the feeding of it would be "just nuts."

A PROFITABLE MARKET.

A further proof of the clearing sense of our excellence as a literary market is America's copyright of Dr. Alfred Wallace's forthcoming book, "The Wonderful Century," was disposed of a few days ago. Dr. Wallace, with all his contributions to science and scientific literature, is not, I should say, a great name commercially, nor a book by him, or any one, treating of the scientific, social and social achievements of the century anything like a "sure winner." Nevertheless there has been great rivalry to secure the American rights of Dr. Wallace's book; and the English publishers, seeing their opportunity, hit upon the device—a device never employed before in disposing of wares of this kind—of an auction, with an upset price of $500. That is to say, those who wanted the American rights of the book were compelled into public bidding against each other, and the starting bid had to be above $500.

If the American writers could do what some other American producers have done—get the American market exclusively into their own hands—they would have what, in the rude speech of trade, is known as a "cinch."

The rapidly lengthening list of historical romances is to receive two important additions this spring. William O'Brien, the Irish journalist and politician, has written a novel dealing with Cromwell's war in Ireland. With such an inflaming theme Mr. O'Brien, of course, could not fail to produce a most stirring and spirited story. His book is full of heroic incident and fervid patriotism, and will keep readers awake o' nights without any trouble. The other book is by Joseph Hocking. He has published several other stories in England, but as yet is not so very well known there, and is scarcely known at all over here. "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," the forthcoming story, however, is likely to bring him into as general reputation as Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope and Stanley J. Weyman, for it is really one of the most interesting of its kind, being attractive in its characters and most thrilling in its incidents. The scene is laid in England, in the time of Charles II, the same period lately covered by Anthony Hope in his novel, "Simon Dale."

Stephen Crane, who continues to be identified as the author of "Red Badge of Courage," though following that he has produced several books that have had no less success, is now settled in London, and is deep in the composition of a new novel. His new book of short stories, "The Open Boat," has just come from the press—in rather happy time, too, for it embodies his own romantic experience with the Cuban filibusters, and the story of his shipwreck and miraculous escape from drowning in Cuban waters.

It is interesting to note how the old scouts and frontiersmen are realizing that they possess, in their experiences in the west, good literary material. They are coming to be, with their long hair and deep, big-hearted drawl, a regularly recurring type in the rank of visitors to editors and publishers' offices. They have not divined the nicer devices of the craft yet, however, for they are apt to make their submissions in pen-written manuscript of the most unkempt and illegible kind, whereas the craftier writer neglects none of the advantages that may lie in typewriting and clean, neatly laid sheets. They nearly all have the most obvious of the characteristics of urgent authorship; an innocent, picturesque vanity that utters itself with the ingenuousness of a child.

There has been lately one pronounced success in literature of the border. Colonel Inman's "Old Santa Fe Trail" has sold extremely well, both here and in England, and the author, whom I met the other day, does not disguise the fact that he is content with the way in which the world is moving. He has been here for several weeks past helping his friend Buffalo Bill get the wild west show started for another season. While he disdains submitting his locks to the barber's shears, and has the drawl and the ready friendliness, he still differs somewhat from the frontiersman as a class. He was born and reared and still has a large family connection in the state of New York; he was educated at West Point, and had a term of important service in the army. So he has not made quite the sharp turn on himself that the border literateur usually makes when he discards the rifle for the pen and substitutes editors for redskins as objects of the chase. Indeed, he has been writing for a good many years, but the "Santa Fe Trail" is the only one of his books that has secured wide attention. He resigned from the army twenty-four years ago and has for a number of years made his home at Topeka, Kan., where he has a fellow townsman in the independent poet, "Ironquill." He tells me that his next book will be a book for young people. It will record the adventures of his own three children in central Kansas. It will not be published before fall.

E. C. MARTIN.

LILAC LATTICE WAIST.

VENETIAN CLOTH SUIT.

A LITTLE BOY BLUE.

GERANIUM RED BODICE.

MORE PHARAOHS DISCOVERED.

Ancient Royal Cadavers Recently Found at Thebes.

As a sequel to his discovery of the tomb of King Thothmes III at Thebes, reports the Cairo correspondent of the London Times, M. Loret, director general of the Antiquities department, has discovered and opened the tomb of Amenophis II, a king of the eighteenth dynasty, who reigned some 1,500 years B. C. The find is among the most interesting ever made in Egypt, as, although the jewelry, etc., were rifled from the tomb probably during the twentieth dynasty, the mummies of Amenophis and of seven other kings are intact.

The tomb is entered by a steep inclined gallery, which terminates in a well of some twenty-six feet in depth, and, this obstacle surmounted, the entrance to the king's sepulcher is reached.

In the first chamber the body of a man is found bound on a richly painted boat, his arms and feet tied with cords, a piece of cloth stuffed as a gag into his mouth, and marks of wounds on the breast and head. In the next chamber are laid out the bodies of a man, a woman and a boy.

None of the four bodies has been embalmed, but, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, are all in the most complete state of preservation, with the features perfect; although they evidently met with violent deaths, they have the appearance of being asleep. The hair upon each is luxuriant and the features resemble to a marked degree those of the fellaheen of the present day.

The king's tomb is a chamber of magnificent proportions, in perfect preservation. The roof, which is supported by massive square columns, is painted a deep blue, studded with golden stars, and the walls are entirely covered with paintings, the colors of which are as vivid as if laid on only yesterday. At one end of this chamber, in an excavation sunken several feet below the level of the rest of the floor, is the sarcophagus of the king, placed upon a massive block of alabaster. The sarcophagus is of sandstone, artificially colored a bright rose hue, and contains the mummy intact, with chaplets of flowers around the feet and neck.

In a small chamber to the right are nine mummies, two of them bearing no name and the others those of the Kings Thothmes IV, Amenophis III, Set Nakht, Seti II (supposed to have been the Pharoah of the Exodus), Rameses IV, Rameses VI and Rameses VIII, who all reigned between about 1,500 and 1,150 B. C.

The tomb is that of Amenophis II, for whom it was built and is supposed to have been opened later to receive the mummies of the other kings, probably to save them from violation.

The floors of all the chambers are covered with a mass of objects—statues, vases, wooden models of animals, boats, etc., requiring immense care in sorting for removal.

The whole constitutes one of the most impressive sights that can be imagined. For the first time on record the body of an Egyptian king has been found in the tomb prepared for him, as previously discovered royal mummies had been removed from their tombs and secreted for safety at Deir el Bahari.

Possibly this discovery of the bodies of murdered victims in a king's tomb may throw some light upon the vexed question of human sacrifices which now divides Egyptologists.

The Public Works ministry has requested M. Loret to remove only the smaller objects and to leave the mummies and bodies in their present place. The entrance to the tomb will then be built up until next winter, when iron railings may be placed to prevent injury from touching by visitors, while affording them the unique sight of the lying-in-state of a king who reigned over 3,400 years ago.

RELIGIOUS.

It is stated that the Roman catacombs are 586 miles in extent, and that from six million to fifteen million dead are interred therein.

The pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but the pontifical signature is always written with a pen made from the feather of a white dove.

Protestant missions in China have of late been making rapid advances, owing to the fact that government officials, from the emperor down, stand by and support the missionaries.

The supreme court of West Virginia has found that there is no law on the statute book that could authorize the prohibition of the use of the King James' version of the bible in the public schools.

The oldest living graduate of the University of Michigan is Edmund Fish of Hillsboro, Ill. He was a member of the class of '45, the first class graduated from that institution, and he is the only member that is living.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, in Chicago—Roman Catholic—one of the intended beneficiaries of a charity ball, have declined to accept the share allotted to them, citing a rule of the order forbidding the acceptance of funds derived from balls, fairs, banquets, public festivals, etc.

Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic bishop of Plymouth and the oldest prelate in the British isles, has just celebrated the 60th anniversary of his ordination to priesthood. The bishop, who attained his 85th birthday in February, has not only now been sixty years a priest, but for forty-three years a bishop.

The American missionary associations use forty-six languages in their work. Dr. Francis E. Clark says that it is no empty boast to say that the missionaries are the best masters of Chinese, Tamil and Marathi, modern Syriac and many other tongues. Twenty languages have been reduced to writing by those who are engaged in spreading the gospel.

According to the annual report of the chancellor of the archdiocese of Chicago, the Roman Catholic population of the city is shown to be 651,000, which is an increase of about 25,000 a year for four years. There are now under the direction of Archbishop Feehan 449 priests, of whom 329 are so-called seculars and 120 regulars or members of religious orders. There are 210 churches with resident priests, 52 others, 48 chapels and 17 stations. There are 148 parochial schools, with an attendance of 49,555 pupils; 105 theological students, 5 colleges for boys, with an attendance of 1,140 students; 17 seminaries for girls, with an attendance of 2,248, and 6 reform and industrial schools.

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Wool Soap is the one soap that is absolutely pure. That's why it is the only soap that won't shrink wool.

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MY MAMA USED WOOL SOAP. I WISH MINE HAD.

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