are the stock subjects, but they will serve to help you acquire self-possession, which is the principal point, and before you know it you will find yourself expressing some original thought that takes the topic out of the commonplace.

"For other occasions, other methods are desirable. Whenever you see a short, witty verse or poem on social topics, learn it. Above all, get a supply of short stories committed to memory. A good way to memorize is to write the story you have heard or read, in brief, note fashion. Tell these stories briskly, with no superfluous words to make people wonder when you are coming to the point. Stories about well known people are always desirable, as they are likely to be apropos.

"That sort of thing always takes at a little dinner or supper.

"After a while you will find that your carefully arranged topics will arrange themselves. You will instinctively note and remember the story or verse or bit of interesting or amusing gossip, and it will almost unconsciously come to your thought at the right moment."

Frills of Fashion.

Fancifully shaped yoke backs are seen upon some of the newest shirt waists.

A crystal charm with an eagle over the shield, embroidered on silk, is a novelty in patriotic emblems.

Extremely natural-looking cherries and berries are for the moment a very popular trimming for round hats and bonnets.

A pretty patriotic pin is made of a crossed sword and rifle with the American shield and eagle in the center.

Diamond jewelry in silver settings is extensively worn. In a necklace of these gems the setting is almost invisible in the evening.

The garterless stocking is the latest thing in the way of hosiery. It is made with eyelet holes on either side, which are crossed and laced like a shoe. The stockings keep up admirably and are pretty to look at.

Ostrich feather fans of various colors, with silver gilt enameled handles and small brilliants distributed among the feathers to represent dewdrops are among the latest novelties.

The new sailor hats of pearl white and soft cream white French felt are very appropriate and stylish accompaniments to the tailor costumes of white serge, camel's hair, mohair and other handsome wools.

The very latest thing in millinery is the halo. It is a large plaque of straw, with the outer edge gathered Tam O'Shanter fashion. The trimming is placed underneath instead of on top, and usually consists of plumes, which hug the hair closely.

Now baby has a visiting jacket. It is made of white or very delicately tinted poplin, has a sacque back, a couple of box pleats back and front and a square sailor collar. This garment is slipped on in the nursery when his or her babyship is to be taken into the drawing room for inspection.

Fashion permits great audacity in the matter of color in London and Paris. A hyacinth blue gown, with touches of light green introduced in the trimming, is frequently worn with a rose-pink toque and a parasol to match. Orange is also blended with royal blue and scarlet or violet with sky blue.

The notion of a plain velvet band passed through a paste buckle, so noticeable in summer millinery, has extended to woman's arm. She now wears a piece of black velvet fastened garterwise through a small jewelled buckle, as an armlet. It heightens the whiteness of the arm wonderfully.

Parisian women are wearing shoes and stockings to match their gowns. In mastic and cream tones this will do, but when it comes to bright greens, red and blues the woman of really refined taste shudders at the mere thought of such a fad.

There is a woman in Atlantic City who bathes every day in a black sating suit, with long silk gloves that reach to her shoulders to protect her plump arms from the sun. The satin sheds the water as if it were oiled, and, although she bathes every day, the soaking does not seem to affect it.

The use of the narrowest bebe ribbon in black velvet is still conspicuous on many summer toilets of velling, summer silk, muslin, etc. It edges the ruffles, is laid between ruches or tucks, encircles the bodice, sleeves and belt and often trims the entire surface of the revers collar.

Feminine Personals.

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind prodigy, rides a tandem.

Miss Emilie Wagner of Baltimore, formerly a student of the Peabody conservatory and a graduate of the woman's college of Baltimore, has established a conservatory of music in a New York tenement house. The idea is to interest the ignorant in music.

Miss Helen Gould has contributed to the Woman's National War Relief association 200 pajamas and nightshirts which were made by needy women of Irvington-on-the-Hudson employed by her for the purpose at liberal wages. Along with these articles were immense packages of bandages and other goods.

The king of Sweden has bestowed on the Scandinavian authoress, Clara Tschudi, the medal for art and science, it being the first time that a Scandinavian authoress has received this honor. Clara Tschudi's works have already been translated into German and are mostly on historical subjects.

Mrs. Caroline Croft, formerly Caroline Abigail Brewer of Boston, has left $100,000 to two prominent physicians of that city for investigations to find some way of curing cancer, consumption and other diseases now regarded as incurable.

Mase Takahashi, a Japanese woman, is the business manager of the leading and oldest Japanese newspaper in Hawaii, the Shinpo. This is the only Japanese daily in Hawaii and is circulated in the Japanese colonies throughout the world. Mase Takahashi is the wife of the proprietor. She speaks English and Hawaiian and always carries her notebook when gathering news.

The first woman has presented herself for the degree of doctor of philosophy in Berlin university and has submitted her thesis. She is a Fraulein Neumann and her subject is physics. The faculty has no fundamental objections to conferring a doctorate on a woman and Fraulein Neumann will be put through the usual severe examination the same as if she were a man, and will get her degree if she passes.

Miss Helen Gould is becoming widely known for her modest good works, and there is popular satisfaction in seeing one of Jay Gould's children regarding wealth as a stewardship. The other day Miss Gould sent out the Floating hospital from New York City with 1,665 patients on board. This is only a sample of the helpful things she is doing.

A commendable effort is being made in Milwaukee to have Miss Marie Louise Cushing christen the new battleship Wisconsin. Miss Cushing is the daughter of the famous naval hero of the civil war, William B. Cushing, and her selection as sponsor of the fine fighting craft would be especially appropriate. The Cushing family now lives in New York and the daughter has never lived in Wisconsin. Milwaukeans are willing to overlook this, however, in view of the distinguished gallantry of the father and the fame he brought to the state.

STATE DAYS IN MARKED FAVOR

Octave Thanet Tells of Local Crowds and Enthusiasm at the Exposition.

GOOD NATURE OF THE EAGER CROWDS

Architectural and Landscape Effects of the Midway—The Maine Explosion and Other Up-to-Date Features of Sideshows.

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If anything the farmers of Nebraska are more thriving than the townspeople. They have a splendidly fertile soil and a climate "just made for corn;" and they are of the genuine Anglo-Saxon stock, which will not take a fall from Nature or anything else. On the small section of the state where the sun is too kind, and the rainfall sometimes fails, they have turned disaster into success by means of alfalfa and irrigation. As a rule, the Nebraska farmer is a man who has been making money. One good year here will put a man out of debt, two will give him a better house and a balance at his banker's. The Nebraska farmers are coming to the exposition in numbers. One would say that, by the first of November, there would be difficulty in finding the man who had not gone, either in person or through some proxy from his family, to see the great show. Iowa and Kansas are sending an army also, and thousands come from Illinois. The management has prepared a crowded program. During June there was a procession of state days, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, in a single week. Bands and processions, quiet and weary and dusty governors and gorgeous young staff officers in gold cord and plumed hats, singers and songs, speakers and speeches filled the Auditorium and the exposition streets. President Wattles said something pretty to each state; something different, also, and proved that, besides Chauncey Depew, there are others.

The quiet governors made their speeches in turn, and then stood for hours shaking hands with ardent and perspiring fellow-citizens and their wives. The state buildings had flowers everywhere, and the busy commissioners went about with an absent-minded smile and shook hands until they wondered whether it could be much worse to be president. It was all tiring; the sun blazed; yet, there was something in the limitless good nature of these warm, fatigued, yet eager crowds that was homely and heartsome. It was plain that they enjoyed themselves. They bought candy and peanuts and hot beef sandwiches; they chafed Aunt Jemima as she made pannakes and asked her if she was the real Aunt Jemima of the advertisements, to which she always returned the same placid, "Laws, yes, honey; have a cake?" They drank the free ice water in such appalling quantities that one wondered they did not drop dead on the ground, they walked countless miles through the buildings, hardly glancing at the white-coated chair bearers, parleying with the jinricksha men, but not spending money on them. They took in the Midway from the explosion of the Maine to the Cuban wonder and the wild west; they rested a space on the green settees or rode in the gondolas, watching for the fireworks; at last, sighing, but not from weariness, they turned their farewell glances on the radiant court, the fountains spouting sapphires and rubies and the fire-limned palaces and climbed into the cars.

"Coming back?" cried one tall, sunburned fellow, whose linen coat was dazzling with patriotic souvenirs of the exposition, silk specimens, a gaudy puzzle bestowed by Aunt Jemima, and the broad ribbon badge of his state, "coming back? Well, I guess! I'm going to fetch all the folks, from my old mother to the baby. Say, it's great!"

There was a musical congress, very successful, both as to music and attendance. There was a Turners' day, with an athletic exhibition, wildly applauded, and an eloquent oration. And several thousand people now know something of the valiant fight and the sacrifices that the turners made for liberty, thanks to the orator of that occasion. And it is safe to say that of these thousands fully half had previously associated the turners only with lager beer, white tights, parallel bars and human pyramids—which is one of the illustrations of the education of the exposition.

Appearance of the State Buildings.

The state buildings are the exposition club houses. They are scattered about the Bluff tract, back of the great Horticulture building. Besides its ornate architecture, its great glass dome and crowd of minarets, its frieze of cupids playing amid fruit and flowers, and its lovely groups of Night and Morning, the state buildings take on an air of simplicity. The less adorned are almost plain. The immense Nebraska building, however, will compare with the structures on the Main Court; Illinois has a stately home, in admirably good taste; Iowa's building is one of the most graceful, having an original and amazingly comfortable arrangement of piazzas. It is like a fine old colonial country house, and within the hall has a pipe organ, an exquisite cameo collection, and some really good bits of painting, representing Iowa scenes.

There is a very large, beautifully-built log cabin amid the more pretentious structures. And the towering yellow wigwam attracts every eye. It may be heretical, but I confess to finding the state buildings distinctly more pleasing than those of the World's fair. They are as a rule in better harmony with the general design, and they are more picturesque and better disposed as features of the landscape.

The landscape gardening is one very striking example of western quickness to learn. The gardeners have studied their lesson at the great fair to good purpose. They have learned not only when to ornament, but (a rarer gift of fortune in a gardener), when to let the kindly scene alone. In consequence there is a happy diversity of effect, and the jaded eye is soothed at intervals by beautiful spaces and masses of greenery. There is plenty of the intricate play of colors, plenty of variety in the designs and the floral bas reliefs which gardeners affect. An ingenious one is the great horn of plenty, framed from coulises in front of the Iowa building, pouring out its wealth of brilliant colors on the terrace.

On the Midway.

The Midway at Omaha has a general resemblance to the Midway we all know. It glitters with flaming and flaring lights and the gayest of colors; it resounds day and night with the blaring of horns and the pounding of drums and cymbals, and the banging of pistols by the Wild West riders. It has all kinds of bizarre architecture, from an Indian tepee to a Moorish palace. It is crowded and dusty and noisy and full of heat and screaming gaiety, but it isn't so dusty as one might expect, and the exposition police have kept it clean on the outside.

There is a feature of its own in the gigantic See-Saw. No one should neglect it any more than the Ferris wheel at the Chicago Midway. It is unique, so are the visitor's sensations. "You can see for nothing, but it costs you 25 cents to saw!"

I spent a half hour in what the man outside described as the "most elegant and high-class show on the grounds," the Moorish palace. I saw Marie Antoinette going to execution, a captive tortured at the stake, a young man who had been having a night of it, and some happy families, and some nymphs in bosky dells with rocks and trees, and a tremendous amount of other waxen horror and loveliness—all for 25 cents.

Over opposite a man with a noble voice and the perspiration streaming down his face was giving apparently a little moral lecture. Beside him stood a lean young man, whose skin was pallid and his eyes pink-rimmed. He looked both limp and anemic. His line in life was to swallow swords. "This young man is going to swallow that sword in a minnit, ladies and gentlemen," boomed the touter, "jest you wait; come up, come up, no charge—we do these things to show what kind of an exhibition we keep. After he has swallowed the sword—pass it round, feel the edge if you like, all solid steel—after the young man has swallowed the sword I'm going to fetch out one of our ladies. This little lady I'm going to show you is from Paris, France, and she and the other ladies dance.' Dance. And the ladies that are conducting this exposition, they sent a committee over here. Why did they done it? They done it to be sure we was conducting a refined and elegant exhibition which couldn't shock nobody. And they put a card in the paper to that effect. If you wish to see one of the most beautiful strictly first-class shows on the ground or anywhere walk in. Now, young man." The part of the refined and elegant show present proceeded to swallow the sword. I don't know how he did it, and it was rather awful to witness, but apparently he did swallow it up to the hilt. I am also told that the dancing is not unpleasant and very well done.

The Maine Explosion Exhibit.

Of course there is a Street of Cairo and some sad-eyed camels, and there is a Street of All Nations which troops out on camels and horses and makes a mighty din. There is a very good cyclorama and a most life-like Southern plantation, which has song and dance and is good enough to be visited more than once, and there is an explosion of the Maine which, considerbly to my surprise, I found one of the very prettiest little things on the grounds. The scene, the ships riding at anchor in Havana harbor ("on real water, ladies and gentlemen"); the tropical storm, the illumination of the city and the sunrise are remarkably pretty. As for the explosion it wouldn't disturb a rabbit.

The Indian Exhibit.

The most picturesque feature of the exposition has just been established and begun its working. This is the Indian Congress. It will last during the exposition. The United States has appropriated $40,000 and an effort is to be made to show the daily existence, the customs, the industries (so far as they have industries and the extent of these is greater than is suspected), the amusements of a vanishing race. There has never been any undertaking of the kind on anything like the scale of this picture of Indian life. There were seventy-five Indians at the World's fair. Here there will be at least 500. On the great feast days, like the Sun Dance of the Sioux and the Dog Feast of the Blackfeet, thousands of red braves will dance and revel amid the calm beauty of the white palaces. Forty tribes are to be represented. On Wednesday a howling throng of Winnebagoes kindled the quiet colonnades into a lurid gaiety. They swept through them in fine savage style and perceptibly dimmed the attractions of the Midway. Wickiups, tepees and wigwams already make a picturesque show on the new reservation. Each tribe (and every tribe in the union will be represented) will wear its acustomed garb and have its usual weapons and industrial appliances. It is expected that every Indian custom will be in plain view. In short, the Indian life, a life already doomed and fast fading, will enact itself on a stage before the civilized world. It is a pageant, a comedy and a tragedy in one that we shall see. "Caesar, we who are about to die salute you!" cried the gladiators. Silently the Indian race says the same grim words to the American who has destroyed him.

Even the children of this generation may hardly expect to see another such sight as this vast encampment on the Missouri, for the passing of the Indian will not be long.

Probably never again will there be such an opportunity to study the real life and habits of the American Indian without going to the discomfort of living with him. The wigwam and the teepees and the dwellings of the red men who have advanced to rude houses will be erected and life will proceed precisely as on the reservations. Captain Mercer of the United States army will be in charge.

A congress of choral societies will add to the diversions of the month of August. The different societies will have separate numbers and will also be massed into one great chorus, and there will be papers and discussions of musical subjects as well.

Meanwhile, Omaha (with some aid from the pretty town across the river) is taking care of the multitude with more and more ease all the time. Besides the two large hotels of the place there are a number of small hotels which have been highly praised. And across the river in the peaceful town of Council Bluffs, looking at the hills and trees of the beautiful park which is the pride of the city, is one of the best hotels in the country. I stayed there myself. The street railway runs past its doors and the ride in the electric cars is a cool one.

In my next letter I hope to speak of the Fine Arts and the Liberal Arts buildings and to know more of what promises to be most prominent and, in many respects, a wonderfully interesting display, the Indian settlement.

OCTAVE THANET.

ME AN' JIM.

Will T. Hale in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where me an' Jim played marbles—Jim Clarke, his name in full—
There's still a village only there, an' passin' days are dull.
But them old times the locust shades re'ched clean across the street.
The white blooms hanging over us—seen nothin' since so sweet.
An' Jim could, I remember well, plump out the middle man
As easy's some wild cowboy now with his good rifle can.
An' seems I hear, "My go this time," as plain as then it rung
When me an' Jim played marbles an' Jim an' me wuz young.

The boys, I guess, have wandered off, an' maybe some are dead.
The locust trees have rotted down where once their shadders spread.
The old-like villagers, no doubt, are seen no more where they
Sot on the fence an' watched the game that they when young would play.
But still I yearn to wunder back, an' under that old sky
Look my last look on boyhood's scenes when I shall come to die.
An' rest forever nigh where trees their lovin' shadders flung
Where me an' Jim played marbles when Jim an' me wuz young.

CALVE AS A BACHELOR MAID

Domestic Side of Her Character Shown in Her Parisian Home.

FONDNESS FOR ALL THINGS AMERICAN

How She Entertains, Her Costumes and Her Luxurious Surroundings—Generosity Toward Unfortunates.

PARIS, Aug. 1.—Calve, the adorable Carmen—Calve, with the voice of a nightingale—Calve, the impassioned actress—Calve, the great artist—as such we all know and admire her. But Calve, in another role—Calve, directing her household—Calve, as a bachelor-maid—Calve, at home, is a person about which the world at large knows but little. And I admit, it was with all the interest which hovers as a halo about the everyday life of great people, with all the friendly curiosity one woman can feel about another, I accepted Mme. Calve's invitation to pay her my first visit.

Her little hotel occupies a sunny corner on Place des Etats-Unis, in the heart-center of the American quarter—the private, American, not the student quarter—of Paris.

CALVE IN MASSENET'S NEW OPERA.

Thus we may know and believe Mme. Calve has allied herself to America and Americans by ties of friendship and love with which the American eagle—on the dollar—has nothing to do. Her very windows, broad, low Venetian ones, with a multitude of little cathedral panes, look out onto the statue of Washington and Lafayette. And here in springtime—February 22—when Americans come and lay wreaths and garlands at the feet of the dead heroes, Calve peeping from behind her blinds can see and know that Americans, where they have worshiped once, are constant always.

It was "buttons" who opened the door. It was an English looking butler, too, with "mutton-chops," who showed the guests where to dispose of their wraps. So far, this might have been an English household—or one of the "four hundred." It was Calve's regular at home day—Sunday afternoon.

"Quelle chaleur," remarked a Frenchman standing near me, apropos of the heat.

American Heat.

And then some one answered back in good old American: "Yes; didn't you know it? Calve has an American furnace, had it put in last winter, and keeps it going full blast all the time." I turned round and there stood Clarence Whitehill, evidently enjoying the unhappy Frenchman's discomfort. This young American singer, who made his first bow to a Parisian audience last summer in the Trocadero, and who has not yet sung in America, seems to be making his way among the French, already accepted by the artists themselves as one of them, and a coming success.

"I might have known it was American heat," growled the Frenchman, mopping his brow. "Mme. Calve will have nothing now that is not American. Eh voila, scouter," he said, suddenly lifting his finger. Everybody listened as ordered; and there came surely tinkling down the broad steps the sound of an American autoharp. And then, there came in full flood the rich melody of a woman's voice, singing some southern lullabye. There could be but one voice like that. Yes, it was her voice. That voice which makes you tremble and burn and sigh by turns. Only here, it seemed infinitely sweeter, too, more of the woman in it, less of the passionate impetuosity.

The sight which met our eyes was one not to be forgotten in a lifetime. Calve sat on a low stool beside the fire, the autoharp in her lap, the firelight full on her face. Perched on two high chairs in front of her were two little girls, their bright eyes large with wonder, their tiny feet dangling unconsciously, their hands folded mutely over their little plaid dresses. Calve was all in white, only a bunch of red roses tucked in at her belt. The firelight shone on the glossy folds of her dark hair and lit up her wondrous eyes, until she looked more, much more the goddess than I had ever seen her in any stage setting. She was singing for those two little girls. The few who had already arrived sat in the background. The song must have been something remembered from her own sunny infancy in the Midi—the south of France. I have never heard it in any opera, or anywhere. You could almost see, hanging about her heavy eyelids, the sub-conscious memories of half-forgotten childhood, as she gazed half at her small listeners and half into the fireplace.

Calve as Hostess.

The song finished suddenly and amid a patter of applause which came from our hidden vantage ground, Calve came running to meet us. She held the autoharp behind her with one hand as if half-ashamed of her performance. But the Frenchman soon relieved her of it and took it over near the light, where he gave full sway to his curiosity. "Quel diable de chose d' Amerique," he chuckled with a pleased smile.

"You like it," said Calve: "Ah I am so glad."

Two little girls came up to say good night, as it was getting time for all good children to say their prayers and go to bed. Calve took each small face between her white hands in turn and kissed the plump rosy cheeks. What recollections for two little women-to-be, by and bye. What dreams of the beautiful fairy who sang to them wonderful music, to lull their heavy eyelids into peaceful slumbers this night.

People began arriving in groups and now Calve was everywhere. There seemed but one attraction in the rooms, for all. And each one clung to her as long as possible, until she laughingly pulled her hands away and went to welcome some one else. It was plain from snatches of conversation dropped here and there, the guests were artists, musicians and literateurs. This man spoke in quite a matter-of-fact way of his two new plays which would be coming out in two of the Paris theaters soon. To a young artist Mme. Calve talked of her portrait as Carmen which Benjamin-Constant is now doing for the ceiling in the Opera-Comique. A group in one corner are at the same time examining another portrait of her Carmen which hangs in a gilt frame over a little sofa. The Carmen of the white teeth it was, with bold laughing eyes, a bright kerchief knotted about the neck, a broad-brimmed gypsy hat on the well poised head, a bunch of red poppies at the belt.

What a picture Calve looked reclining there among the cushions! Her white dress of Spanish lace trailing on the floor. Only her lips were red, redder than the roses at her belt. She was surrounded by men and women, all laughing at her gestures and mimicries.

A Bijou Hotel.

This little salon looked like it might have been furnished by a syndicate, and the syndicate is the thousands of friends and admirers which Mme. Calve has all over the world. On the walls were sketches by artist friends, in pastel, in black and white, and in oils. A balustrade of a bridge across the Seine, a corner of Notre Dame, two soldiers exchanging the countersign, two street urchins, Calve herself sitting on a sofa laughing, just as she is now. On the mantels and shelves are trinkets and precious things from all ages and all climes, little statues in bronze, queer Turkish lamps, odd enameled bon-bon boxes, miniatures, a treasure house, a doll's house it was where everything was kept, because it is beloved for the giver, and with it all an imperious touch here and there which made it seem the abiding place of some cherished Infanta rather than a real woman's home.

In the music room beyond stood a massive grand piano, the most substantial looking thing to be seen. In there were also white book-shelves lined with books in white and gold bindings. Music was littered about everywhere, the sheets scattered on the piano and on the floor, as if their mistress had suddenly been interrupted while searching for something, and left them so. In one corner also was another American production, an Edison phonograph. Here Calve may amuse herself by listening to the reproduction of her own beautiful voice, or render criticism where she sees a flaw.

The dining-room doors were drawn back, revealing a long, low room in dark walnut, and red panels. In the center of a long table on which was spread a white cloth strewn with daisies stood a smoking tea urn, circled with old-fashioned china cups. It was Mme. Calve herself who brought me a cup of tea, in both her hands. That is a Calveism. She does her hospitalities with both hands, because she has a warm heart bubbling over with good will for everybody. She gives you both her hands when you enter and it was with both hands she held out for me the cup of fragrant tea, making believe she was afraid of dropping it.

As Sapho.

Mme. Calve smiled when I asked her if she planned to join the victims of the Wagner craze and begin to study German roles. "Oh, perhaps I may; I cannot tell. But it will not be this year. I am not sure," she said, showing all her even teeth, "that my mouth is made for German opera."

She declared, in apparently good faith, that she is fond of her new role in Sapho. But there are other stories current than the one Calve tells. She does not deny herself it is one of the hardest roles she sings. The role of Sapho is about the only one in the opera, and beside the orchestra plays only accompaniment music throughout the piece almost. This makes the strain something gigantic upon Sapho. Mme. Calve lies in bed all the day before she sings it, preparing for the ordeal—some one says she cries all day—and she lies in bed all the next day after to rest. She has been obliged to give up once and go down to Beaulieu on the Mediterranean for rest. But out of personal friendship for Massanet and because she is too loyal to break her contract with the Opera Comique, Calve will sing Sapho on to the bitter end.

But Calve in Sapho, Calve in long trailing robes of sombre velvet! I am afraid the American public will not take kindly to them and will demand again Calve in boyden tollets of short skirts and peasant rags.

Always amiable, Calve was just starting up the stairs with me to search for her latest photograph, in that same long black velvet robe which she wears in the first act of Sapho, when some one called—I heard the name of Jean de Reszke—Calve excused herself and left to mount to the sacred precincts, her boudoir, with an American girl, a friend of hers and her constant companion in Paris.

Madame's Boudoir.

The first thing I saw when I entered the private quarters of this bachelor-diva's abode was the bed. It is the biggest thing in the room, at least once and a half as big as any I had ever seen before. And it was all white and soft and downy, like a baby's bed at that, all lace and ruffles and frills. A real Spanish lace counterpane over white satin covered up everything except the brass posts. A high canopy all silk-lined and from which depended more Spanish lace, reached almost to the ceiling. It might have been a swan's nest.

And what wonder, a woman who has to lie in her bed whole days at a time to garner up her strength for the tremendous strain of grand opera nights, who dines in bed half the time, who receives her intimates, propped up among her cushions, has need of a commodious and luxurious couch. It is a case of when a bed is not, a bed, but a whole boudoir in itself.

On a little carved table de nuit, close to the head, stood a student lamp with a pretty rose shade. Beside it on the table was the score of an opera, a book of verse and a prayer book. Here was also a bottle of smelling salts and a little jewel casket for finger rings. Just over this table hanging against the wall was a fine etching of Rachel in her famous death scene. Suspended from beneath it was a crucifix and rosary.

An artistic rosewood dresser of antique build stood over in one corner, its broad beveled glass half concealed by a fichu of Spanish lace. And spread out on the top was all sorts of toilet articles in ivory and old silver, too numerous to mention or describe. There were brushes and combs, hand-mirrors, scent-bottles, manicure outfits, shoe horns, pin-trays and what not. Easy chairs with Russian fur rugs strewn about were placed temptingly in cozy corners and upholstered nooks.

The bathroom door stood ajar. I could see a generous bath-tub in porcelain and brass, with a white Polar bear rug spread alongside, on the mosaic floor. Across one end of the bath room stood a long low dressing table draped in white dotted muslin. And on the top was a veritable debauche of eau de rose, cologne, satchet powders, flesh brushes, and bottles whose contents could only be conjectured. All things in fine which go to make up the requirements of a woman of refined taste were there. But they indicated even more, the care and work which this woman whom we see always so radiantly beautiful, so fresh, so strong and so buoyant, must bestow upon herself daily to preserve and guard her physical strength and her voice at the same time.

Calve's Charity.

"You know, Mme. Calve has built a home for little orphan girls down on her farm in the south of France," remarked the young American, "where she spends her summers. This is her castle," said the young lady, showing me a photograph of an ancient building of the eleventh century.

It is called "Cabriers," and it is here up among the mountains in the south of France where the great singer spends her months of recreation.

The castle has been all remodeled inside. In one part of the building the two floors have been removed, making a high music room with a vaulted roof reaching to the ceiling. This is near Mme. Calve's childhood home. Her father and mother live on an estate near here. Her father has been a railroad contractor. Under his direction some of the best railroads of France have been built and also in Spain. It was in this way much of Calve's childhood was spent in Spain. She speaks Spanish as her own tongue.

The home for little orphan girls is on one corner of Mme. Calve's wild mountain farm. This she sustains herself wholly. It has room at present for about sixty, but it has only just been opened this spring and Mme. Calve has many plans for its future. This is the only place at which she sings during her months of rest. But every Sunday morning Mme. Calve goes as regularly as if she were being paid $1,500 a performance and sings for her little friends.

Mme. Calve came out to say au revoir.

She sent her greeting to America and said, "Only until November."

Goodyear Welt Shoes

Are better than hand-sewed shoes but cost less. Men, women and children wear them. All kinds are made. The following merchants are some who sell Goodyear Welt Shoes:

DREXEL SHOE CO., 1419 Farnam St.,
T. P. CARTWRIGHT & CO., 16th and Douglas Sts.,
A. W. BOWMAN CO., 117 N. 16th St.,
A. D. MORSE, 1317 Douglas St.,
HOWE-TALMAGE SHOE CO., 1215 Douglas
BOSTON STORE, 16th and Douglas.
NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO., Farnam and 15th Sts.,
A. E. STOCKHAM, 706 N. 16th St.,
WM. N. WHITNEY, 107 So 16th St.,
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W. W. FISHER, 2921 Leavenworth St.,
W. R. BENNETT CO., 1502-1512 Capital Av.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL CONSULT
DOCTORS
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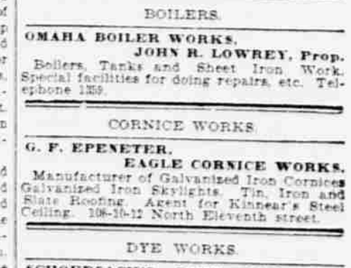

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WEAK MEN SEXUALLY. SYPHILIS cured for life.

Night Emissions, Lost Manhood, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, Stricture, Piles, Fistula and Rectal Ulcers, Diabetes, Bright's Disease cured.

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Stricture and Gleet Cured at Home by new method without pain or cutting. Call on or address with stamp. Treatment by mail.

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Itching Scalp, Falling Hair, Oily Skin and Scalp Diseases treated and permanently cured by physicians with practical experience at the JOHN H. WOODBURY Institute, 127 W. 42 st., N. Y. Send 26 cents for sample of Woodbury's Toilet Combination.

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By Purchasing Goods Made at the Following Nebraska Factories:

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OMAHA TENT AND RUBBER CO.
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Manufacturers tents, awnings, jobbers ladies' and gents' Mackintoshes. Tents for rent. 1311 Farnam St., Omaha.

BREWERIES.

OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION.
Carload shipments made in our own refrigerator cars. Blue Ribbon, Elite Export, Vienna Export and Family Export delivered to all parts of the city.

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OMAHA BOILER WORKS.
JOHN R. LOWREY, Prop.
Boilers, Tanks and Sheet Iron Work. Special facilities for doing repairs, etc. Telephone 1359.

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G. F. EPENETER,
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Dyeing and cleaning of garments and goods of every description. Cleaning of fine garments a specialty.

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S. F. GILMAN.
Flour, Meal, Feed, Bran. 1013-15-17 North 17th street, Omaha, Neb. C. E. Black, Manager. Telephone 592.

IRON WORKS.

DAVIS & COWGILL IRON WORKS.
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Manufacturers old process raw linseed oil, kettle boiled linseed oil, old process ground linseed cakes, ground and screened flaxseed for druggists. OMAHA, NEB.

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Manufacturers of Vinegar, Pickles, Catsups, Mustards, Celery and Worcestershire Sauce.

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