

**GIRLS:**  
The maiden queenly,  
Yes about serenely,  
Serenely tall,  
Oh prefer her small,  
Small ones greatly  
The large and stately,  
Pious, fortunately,  
I admire them all.

Like girls with animation,  
Such as shine in conversation,  
These the golden youth enthrall  
At a party or a ball  
Quiet, shy ones have their innings;  
Some consider them more winning.  
As I said in the beginning,  
Really, I admire them all.

Fair or dark and big or little—  
I don't care a jot or tittle.  
None with me has got the call:  
At the feet of each I fall—  
The demure and the vivacious,  
Smart, coquettish, sweet and gracious—  
None is barred. My heart is spacious,  
Bless the girls! I love 'em all.  
—Chicago News.

## MAKING A SHOW

By D. J. FINLAY.

I HAD always a greater regard for my Uncle George than for any of my relatives. The reason for this was, doubtless, that he was more communicative and companionable than any relative outside of my immediate family. He would sit down and spin yarns for me by the hour whenever we were together; but there was one subject on which, for a number of years, I had failed to draw him out; and that was often a matter of serious thought to me, and I determined to find a good opportunity to get at the facts in the case.

One evening, as we sat together in my uncle's comfortable mansion, I found him in a very communicative mood, and, to my astonishment, he broached the subject which I had promised to bring up.

"My dear boy," said he, "I suppose you have often wondered why I remained an old bachelor?"

"Yes, uncle," said I, in an airy, off-hand way which did not at all betray the depth of my curiosity. "I am sure you must have had ample opportunity to see the cream of society and make a suitable choice of a companion."

"Well," said he, "I will tell you; and the story may be a good subject for your dreams of future speculation."

"When I was a young man I was rather fond of making a good show in society." At times this was performed on a very limited capital. Shortly after I settled in New York I made the acquaintance of a beautiful and estimable young lady, Miss Florinda Swan, and I lost no time in paying the way for a matrimonial alliance with her.

"One evening the subject of conversation between us ran upon operas, and the upshot of it was that I invited Florinda to go to the Academy of Music the next evening. As I have said, my means were then rather limited, and now I had just enough left to pay for the tickets, but no surplus for carriage, supper and ceteras. With these I determined to dispense, as I thought my fair Florinda was too sensible to be affected by the loss.

"Fortune favored me at the start; the evening was fine and the weather dry, so at the appointed time I made my appearance, dressed in the best I could afford, and waited patiently for Florinda. She soon put all my fears on the carriage question to flight by assuring me that she preferred walking."

"We chatted gaily on the way to the Academy, and were in due time for the performance, which was the opera of 'Martha,' with a popular prima donna in the leading role. Of the performance I need not speak. The opera was all that we could desire, and was rendered most admirably.

"When the performance was over we descended the stairs amid the gay throng, and soon reached the sidewalk. But, oh, horror of horrors! It was raining! What was I to do? To get a carriage, without having a cent to pay for it, made my blood run cold. A thought occurred to me in a moment, and in a nervous whisper I said to Florinda as she had rubbers on; and I told her, she answered: 'Rubbers are very light, too, and I don't think of walking. We must get a carriage.'

I told him I had forgotten my pocket-book in the hurry of getting ready for the theatre, but I would call next day and settle the bill.

"Too thin a story to pass here, sir," he ejaculated. "We do a strictly cash business."

"I don't want to be bullied about such a trifle," I continued; but the man had completely changed into a hog by this time, and, coming out from his place behind the desk, he looked wicked enough to choke me then and there.

"I will call a policeman and have you arrested," he said, in a menacing tone, loud enough to be heard by all the people in the saloon.

"My blood boiled at the insulting manner of the man, and I lost all control over my actions.

"Get out of my way and let me pass, you red-headed scoundrel!" I said, as I made a dash for the door.

"A general scuffle ensued, and I believe I was giving him a few well-aimed blows, when, to my horror, a policeman rushed in and collared me as roughly as if I had been a madman.

"What's this all about?" he demanded of the clerk, who was blind with rage.

"Arrest that man and take him to the station house, and I will go down and make a charge against him."

"But let me explain," I cried, in a loud tone.

"Explanations at the station house," said the officer, as he dragged me into the street, where a crowd of idlers had already gathered to see the fun.

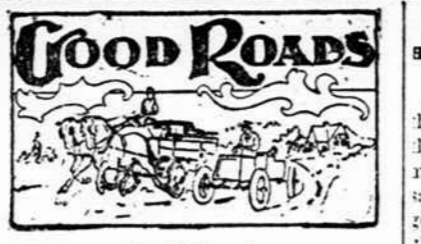
"As I reached the sidewalk I saw the carriage drive off at a rapid rate. I learned afterward that Florinda became alarmed for her own safety, and promised the driver a liberal reward if he would drive her to her father's house. This made matters worse, for it looked as if she were at accomplice of mine, and fled for fear of arrest.

"Imagine the state of my feelings as I was marshaled through the streets, with a dozen rude boys yelling all around me! When we reached the station the usual preliminaries were gone through. The saloon keeper appeared, and made a charge against me of swindling, and deliberate assault without provocation."

"I told my story, but of course, it went for nothing, as the policeman gave his evidence in affirmation of the charges, and I was hustled off to a cell, to pass the night in thinking over my troubles.

"In the morning I telegraphed to a friend downtown, who soon came to my assistance and paid a fine of \$10 which the police justice imposed on me. I went home to my boarding house, and, as luck would have it, the people in the house were ignorant of my adventures during the night. I suppose they thought I had been on a spree, but they said nothing, and I did not enlighten them.

"That evening I made up my mind to call upon my dear Florinda and her parents, for the purpose of explaining my conduct. All through the day I had been framing excuses which were, for the most part, lies and equivocations. When I reached the door, my heart beat so strongly that I felt my courage giving way, and I stood on the stoop for several minutes before I could summon sufficient courage to ring the bell.



## GOOD ROADS

**Road Money!**  
UNDER Section 53 of the New State Highway law all moneys collected for the repair and construction of highways in any town are paid to the supervisor of the town, who is the custodian thereof, and is accountable therefor, and who gives a bond for the faithful disbursement and safe keeping of this money. The moneys collected and received by the supervisor are paid out upon the order of the Highway Commissioner for the repair and permanent improvement of the highways of the town in such manner as the Commissioner of Highways and Town Board may determine and direct. The Attorney-General has given it as his opinion that under this statute the Town Board as a whole has one vote as to the manner in which such highway money shall be used on the highways and the Highway Commissioner has another vote, and that there must be an agreement between the Commissioner and the Town Board before such money may be properly expended. The Town Board and the Highway Commissioner, in passing the resolution as to the expenditure of the highway money, are governed by the following statutory regulations: First, each mile of highway in the town must be taken care of prior to June 1 in each year. Each mile of highway must have the loose stones removed once in thirty days, from April 1 to December 1. Each mile of highway must have all waterways, ditches and culverts opened and kept in order. The main highways receiving the heaviest traffic in the town are entitled to more money a mile spent upon them in their maintenance than the roads having a lesser amount of traffic going over them. A road district having a large assessment and contributing largely to the road fund, but with light travel in that district, is not entitled to have spent in that district all the moneys raised for road purposes in the district. Many town boards try to satisfy each road district by expending in that district an amount of money equal to the amount that that district contributes to the road fund. This treatment is not contemplated by the statute and is not good business for the town. The payment of the road tax in money is primarily for the purpose of creating a fund large enough to first take care of each mile of highway in the town as above described, irrespective of the assessed valuation of the property adjacent to that mile of highway, and, second, to place upon the highways having the greatest traffic the greatest amount of money per mile for their maintenance, because this directly benefits all of the taxpayers in the town who have to haul their loads to market.—New York Tribune.

**Draining Massachusetts Roads.**  
Nothing has occurred to change the opinion of the members of the Massachusetts State Highway Commission regarding the use of Telford foundation for road building. No return to this method will be made. On heavy, wet soils a centre V shaped drain has been substituted for the side drains and telfording. This idea of preparing the foundation is unique, and will be of interest to other road builders. The report says: "The earth is loosened and thrown out toward the sides so as to give a V-shaped trench, with its greatest depth in the centre of the roadway. Narrow trenches are cut through the sides of this centre trench, at intervals of fifty feet or more, connecting its lowest part with the gutters on the side, and placed at a depth and slope thoroughly to remove all water. The centre and cross trenches are filled with field or wall stones, the depth of this stone varying from twelve to eighteen inches in the centre, and from six to twelve inches on the sides, the thickness being dependent on the character of the soil in the sub-grade. The tops of these stones are given a crown to receive the surfacing material." Bar, gravel or broken stone is then spread in the usual way. This method of draining has proved entirely efficient, and so the question of cost between this method and telfording with side drains becomes the determining factor.

The average cost of side drains on twenty contracts made in 1903 amounted to forty-seven cents per foot. In 1900 the average cost of telfording on twenty-eight contracts amounted to 32.7 cents per square yard. Thus, the cost per lineal foot for telfording, with two side drains was \$1267, or \$3.8 cents for telfording and one side drain. In building the V-shaped drain about one-quarter of a cubic yard of earth is excavated and about one-half a cubic yard of stone is placed for each lineal foot of road. On seventy-three contracts the average cost of excavating was 43.9 cents per cubic yard; for the stone in place the cost averaged 76.7 cents a cubic yard. Thus, the cost for the drain is 49.3 cents per lineal foot of road. Comparing these prices with those for telfording, it is evident that a saving of 77.4 cents per foot of road is made over telfording and two drains and 34.5 cents per foot over telfording and one drain.

**A Wealthy Wolf.**  
A smart motor-car with a young man and a pretty woman in it recently drove up to a tiny fishing village on the Brittany coast and stopped at the roadmender's cottage, which was empty for the time being. The young man sprang out with a large bundle, left it in the house, jumped into the car again, and drove off rapidly in the direction of Brest. The roadmender's wife, on reaching home, opened the bundle and found therein a healthy baby about eight days old. Having babies enough of her own, she put the unwelcome infant out of doors, and calmly left it there. A peasant woman passing by, hearing the child cry, took pity on it and carried it to her home. Undressing the baby she found £2000 in banknotes pinned to its clothes, but not the least indication as to its identity. She is going to be a devoted second mother to the child, while the roadmender's wife bitterly repents her uncharitableness.—London Telegraph.

## TRAINING THE BABY.

How the Walters Family Began to Discipline Their Offspring.  
After Mrs. Walters had "read up" the subject thoroughly and tabulated the results of her investigation, in her methodical mind, she told her husband, says the Chicago News, that she was going to make a change with baby.

"We have been making a mistake with him. Last night after dinner we played with him and rocked him for a full hour. To-night he is to be put to bed and left to go to sleep by himself."

Walters, who is an extremely youthful father, was about to say that "rocking the baby was part of the fun." Fortunately he realized in time that this was not likely to meet with the approval of his wife's more serious mind, so he suggested instead that baby might cry.

"We must be prepared for that," Mrs. Walters said, gently but firmly. "For a night or two he may cry very hard. But conscientious parents will not neglect the best good of their children because of a few tears."

Mrs. Walters did not give her recalcitrant tone to cool. The baby, dimpled and cooing and ready for his evening frolic, was put to bed and the door closed upon him. At first he appeared to regard this as a new feature of the game. From the next room his parents could hear occasional interrogatory surlines. Then there came a faint wail, then a flood of invective in baby language.

"He's calling us names now," said Walters. "I'm glad he takes that back rather than the plaintive."

He had hardly spoken when an exasperating shriek sounded from the next room. Walters sprang from his seat, but his wife waved him back.

"This is only what was to be expected, Robert," she said, determined, though pale. "He will cry hard to-night, and possibly to-morrow night. By that time he will have learned his lesson. All the authorities I have consulted agree that it is impossible for a healthy child of his age to injure himself by crying."

Walters suggested that it would have been better to accustom him to the change gradually. On this point, too, his wife was firm, quoting her authorities with irritating readiness. The Walterses are a harmonious couple, but this time they came near a quarrel.

"There, he's quieting down at last," said Mrs. Walters, triumphantly, and she was right. Baby's frantic outcries had given way to pitiful sobs. Presently these also ceased, and Mrs. Walters smiled across the table at her husband, who smiled back. Both were so relieved that the ordeal was over that they were inclined to overlook whatever might have been unpleasant in the past.

"Now, you see, he's asleep. I'm going to take a peep at him."

She stepped lightly across the room and opened the door of the bedroom. Then she uttered a succession of shrieks compared to which baby's recent exhibitions were as nothing. With a bound Walters was at her side, fearing he knew not what.

The baby lay on the floor, a big lump on his forehead, caused by hitting the floor when he fell out of bed. He was sleeping peacefully in spite of the fact that there were undried tears on his cheek.

**Have Fun at Home.**  
Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the household delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—Chicago Journal.



## Woman's Realm

**Veils.**  
The draping of the hats with colored veils has not yet arrived. Whether the season will bring back the fashion is doubtful. For traveling the double veils are still worn. Fancy face veils, which were elaborate in design, are ignored by well dressed women. The best is of fine, plain net, with a few velvet dots over the surface.

There should not be more than two or three over the face.

The small hats of the day lend themselves well to veils, but there is a growing tendency away from having the face covered. The invisible hair nets are worn loosely over the whole head to keep the hair in place.

For real protection, women are more apt to wear a colored chiffon veil to match the hat. No matter what the veil, it is usually fastened with a fancy pin at nape of neck and at edge of hat.

**How to Tint Laces.**  
A secret worth knowing is how to tint laces, chiffons, silk or crocheted buttons, feathers, slippers, gloves, etc., to a given shade. The process is vouched for by the National Dress-makers' Association, from whose journal it is taken. The materials required are oil paints in tubes and gasoline. The gasoline is placed in a porcelain bowl and the paint is dissolved in it. The work has to be done quickly and, of course, in a fireless room. Mix the paint to the required shade in a saucer, comparing it with the goods till the right color. When the exact tone is reached mix with the gasoline and dip the lace, or whatever is to be dyed, quickly before the paint falls to the bottom, as there might be a spot of bottom. Do not let the goods touch the paint there. A hairpin comes in handy to hold the edge of the goods. Shake out quickly and pin up to dry. It is well to make a few experiments before risking costly material, but the process is really not at all formidable.

**The Blender of Economy.**  
Women have a good many sins laid to their charge, and extravagance in dress is one of them. But there are some instances in which this not wholly feminine failing is commendable. It was recently stated that in times of financial depression men invariably curtail their expenditure in dress, whereas women go on arraying themselves just as if nothing had happened. This certainly counts one to them. It may look like foolishness and heedless extravagance on the face of it, whereas it really goes a long way toward saving a situation. Economy is a mistake at such times. To begin with, appearances must be kept up. To advertise financial depression is disastrous. It is always distinctly encouraging to have seeming evidences of prosperity before the eyes. Again, if everybody began cutting down expenses, as men invariably do directly stocks fall, there would soon be little or no money in circulation. Clearly women are in the right—are they not invariably so?—and men wholly in the wrong in this matter. Tailors and outfitters answer emphatically in the affirmative. They droop and pine, while drapers and modistes flourish.—Indianapolis News.

**Marriage Obligations Mutual.**  
What part shall the husband play in the drama of domestic economy, besides being the worker and provider? Shall he help wash the dishes? Or shall he eat his supper or dinner and retire to his club for the rest of the evening, leaving his wife to the questionable enjoyment of her own society? No! to both questions. It takes two persons to make a contract binding, and in marrying both assume responsibilities which should be carried out to the best of their abilities.

These words from "The Prisoner of Zenda"—"If love were all!" would make a good text for a marriage sermon. Love isn't all—it never has been—and never will be.

The happiest marriages are those where the duties they bring have been conscientiously carried out. It isn't a question of money! Where do you find happier fathers and mothers than those who have ten or a dozen children to care for and educate?

They married when they were quite young—a mere girl and boy, perhaps, and it has been a long struggle for both to make both ends meet. But they travel "hand in hand the long road together." Unity of interests makes everything easy and pleasurable.—Indianapolis News.

**Winter Millinery.**  
Headgear grows more and more picturesque, says the Delinquent. One of the quaintest designs is the Victorian bonnet, with its wide brim flaring up and out, a mode that is widely becoming.

All flower creations are having wide popularity this season, though appropriate only for theatre or matinee wear. Not only is the toque frame covered with flowers, but the Louis XIII. and marquise shapes also are adorned in this manner. Moss-roses, dahlias, violets and chrysanthemums are chiefly seen, roses perhaps being most in evidence. The flowers of darker hue are usually in conventionalized colorings, while those of paler tints are more strictly after the natural flora. The all-feather hats are smart for all except very dressy functions.

Felt hats are fashionable in spite of the demand for those of velvet, the handsomest being of satin felt. Fur hats are made attractive by floral trimmings. Old rose is a favorite color in millinery for evening wear and both felts and plumes are shown in it. Plumes are in high favor for the fashionable Cavalier hat. Brown, perhaps more than any other color, is seen in the large Cavalier models, though the new rich greens that sometimes shade down to brown or to tea rose are also used. The sweeping paradise plume adorns many of the handsomest of the season's headgear and is frequently the only trimming.

**Killing Ants.**  
As nearly every one is bothered once in a while with ants, the remedy advised by the Garden Magazine will be interesting: Boiling hot water poured into the holes will destroy large numbers of the ants. An effective remedy is bisulphide of carbon poured into the holes. This quickly evaporates and the heavy vapor penetrates the lowest depths of the runs. Pour in two table-spoonfuls at one spot. Bisulphide of carbon is inflammable, so that it should be kept from fire or sparks for fear of ignition.



## POPULAR SCIENCE

The Russian Government has sent to the California University College of Agriculture specimens of the famous "black earth" of European Russia, which is showing signs of deterioration.

In the Trinity River, Southeastern Texas, many pearls have been found, although apparently none of very high value, lives a species of mussel the shells of which are sometimes five inches in length.

One of the most important engineering problems waiting for solution today, says Railway and Locomotive Engineering, is a practical method of using crude petroleum as the explosive in internal combustion engines.

Inventors are now turning their attention to the smaller details of the automobile. One of the most recent patents is applied to a wire frame arranged to sweep the rubber tires. This, it is claimed, will avoid many punctures.

Many of the officers of steamships running to Boston, Mass., are afflicted with a new eye disease which, for want of a better name, some of them call the "fog eye." It is an inflammation caused by peering into the fog, and, while painful, it soon passes away.

The British Museum has approved the suggestion that phonographic records be made and preserved of the voices of prominent singers, orators, actors, etc., and the performances of instrumentalists, now that the indestructible nickel record can be made. These will be stored in the museum and not used until the next generation.

**STRANGE PEOPLE!**  
A Newly Discovered Race Similar to the Cliff Dwellers.  
Is there to be found in the wild fastnesses near Maguariche, Chihuahua, in the Sierra Madre a remnant of the ancient cliff dwellers who have remained of their houses high up on the cliff from Colorado through Arizona and New Mexico far southward into Mexico? Has such a remnant been found, or is the story on a par with such tales of that of the band of "striped horses" in a "beautiful valley" in the Sierra Madre and that of a remnant of Apaches in a deep inaccessible gorge called "The Hole" in the same range in that State? The last two mentioned stories have been exploded, but during the last two weeks there have come in stories from Maguariche, a small mining camp three days' ride from Minaca, that a peculiar wild tribe that build their houses high up in the cliffs had been found near there. The story comes from Bon Good, an honest miner of that camp, in no wise versed in anthropology.

The story as given is that Mr. Good has seen the people and their dwellings. The people are said to be small and swarthy and entirely different from the Tarahumaris Indians and Mexicans of that section. Their mode of life is extremely primitive and they are very timid, avoiding contact with other people. They will molest no one unless their houses or property are disturbed, and then they will fight. Their arms are bows and arrows. When a stranger shows up among them they flee to their dwellings or the brush. They cultivate small patches of beans and corn in the canons and valleys near their homes.

Their language is entirely distinct from any other and their vocabulary is small, probably 200 words, according to a Roman Catholic priest, Father Mariano Guerrero, who is said to have been among them. This priest says they have at some time learned something of the Roman Catholic faith, and recognize him as a priest. He says they will allow him to approach near enough when alone to bless them.

The Mexicans seem to know practically nothing about these strange people and take no interest in them. Around Maguariche many skeletons are found in the caves in the mountain sides, apparently indicating that they may have been much more numerous up to the time of the advent of the Spaniards and later.—Mexican Herald.

**Character in Curtains.**  
Did you know you can tell a good deal about character from window curtains? A woman who has been running around hunting a housemaid says she knew as soon as she saw the front of a house whether the person within had advertised for a place would answer the purpose or not. There were houses with dirty curtains of cheap lace, looped back with soiled and tangled strings; houses with filthy window panes and no curtains at all; houses where the curtains made a feeble effort to keep up with the tawdry style and houses where the glass was clear and the curtains poor but spotless. And in all cases the inmates bore out the first impression.

"The woman I finally got," she said, "came from a house where the shades were green and pulled exactly even distances across the spotless window panes. And I knew before I went in how orderly the room would be, and how clean and neat a person she would be herself."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**On the List.**  
On one of the old turnpikes yet remaining in the South a big toting car had twice rushed through the gate without paying toll. The third time they made the attempt the tollman shut his gate, and brought them to a stand. With indignation the half dozen occupants of the car declared they were entitled to ride free.

"Look at that board," said the spokesman. "Every carriage, cart or wagon is weighed by one beast, 2 cents; every additional beast, 2 cents. We're not drawn by any beast at all."

"No; but here's where we come in, sah," replied the guard of the highway, pointing to another clause, as follows: "Every half dozen hogs, 4 cents. An' three times four is twelve," he added.

The twelve cents was paid.—Harper's Weekly.



## FRILLS FASHION

Foulards are passe. They have not the slightest chance for being worn. The polo turban or "Tommy Atkin" hat has taken quite a hold on the women of to-day.

Women who are skilled in embroidery are employing their talent for the decoration of shirt waists.

A vagary of fashion which is half amusing and half vexing has developed in connection with the eccentric curves of some of the new hats.

At the hair dressers they are offering all kinds of little bunches of false hair, curls, knots, puffs, braids, with hairpin attachments to wear under hat brims.

For walking, the skirts are sometimes four inches above the ground. They are stretched about the hem a great many times, and are very much like the rainy-day skirts.

The suede shoes, in colors, are popular. They are extremely so with the woman with a pretty foot, and they greatly enhance the costume of one color, when one-color schemes are carried out.

Pongee is quite as much favored this spring as it was last, and it makes up such pretty colors, and they come in such pretty styles that women cannot resist having several to hold the summer out.

An important characteristic of the season will be the profuse use of embroidery around the neck, on narrow revers, on vests and cuffs, especially on cloaks and on tailor-made garments of the dressier sort.

The buttoned-in-the-back lingerie waist causes much woe by coming unfastened at inconvenient times. The bright woman learns to cut off the small pearl buttons as soon as the waist comes from the shop and to substitute the more expensive but reliable embroidered or crocheted button. These do not loosen.