



New York City.—There is a peculiar charm and daintiness about the waist utilized for the finer cotton and linen materials which are in no sense wash-

model of heavy Irish lace has a skirt trimmed with three rows of cords covered with emerald green velvet, heading the lace flounce. On the bodice the velvet faces little revers that frame a chemisette of tucked white mull, and the cording is used again to trim the big sleeves.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.

No matter how many fancy shirt waists a woman may have, she always finds a place for an additional plain one, and this model is so exceptionally attractive as to be sure of being included in the list. As illustrated, the material is white dotted Madras, but the waist is one well adapted to almost all waists, and can be made up effectively in any of the cotton and linen materials of the present season, in the wash flannels that are so popular for cooler days, and in the simpler silk waists.

The model is an eminently simple one, and can be made either with or without the applied yoke at the back. The back is plain, simply drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but the fronts are laid in three narrow pleats at the top of each four at the waist line, but if preferred they can be left free at the waist line and adjusted to suit the individual. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season that



that allows of wearing with a chemisette that is apparent at a glance and that is largely accountable for its marked popularity. No model of the

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



spring is better liked and none is better suited to the fashionable soft materials. The one illustrated is most graceful and attractive, and is adapted to many combinations. As shown, the material is chiffon veiling, hydrangea blue in color, combined with cream lace over chiffon, but it would be equally effective made of any other soft wool, or from the many fashionable thin silks, either with lace or contrasting silk for the chemisette and cuffs. Also it can be ble, embroidery or lace, as preferred, being used for chemisette and cuffs.

The lining is smoothly fitted and closes at the centre front. The chemisette is arranged over it, and can be rendered transparent by cutting away beneath when that effect is desired. The waist itself is full, slurred to give the band effect. The sleeves are peculiarly graceful and shirred to form three puffs, but can be varied by being left without the shirring, forming single puffs. At the waist is a shaped belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-fourth yards twenty-one, five yards twenty-seven, or three and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with one and three-eighth yards of all-over lace, and five-eighth yard of silk for belt.

Lace Gowns.

Among the very latest creations are lace gowns trimmed with velvet. A

Silk Softness.

Never were Liberty weaves more fascinating. Even the erstwhile ordinary summer silks have become exquisitely soft and satiny. The crepe weaves are of extraordinary richness.

A Charming Parasol.

A charming pink parasol had a foundation of flowered Pompadour silk, the lower part being composed of white chiffon and lace with little disks of the Pompadour silk applied.

are in shirt waist style, but full at the shoulders, and finished with straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-



one, three and five-eighth yards twenty-seven, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

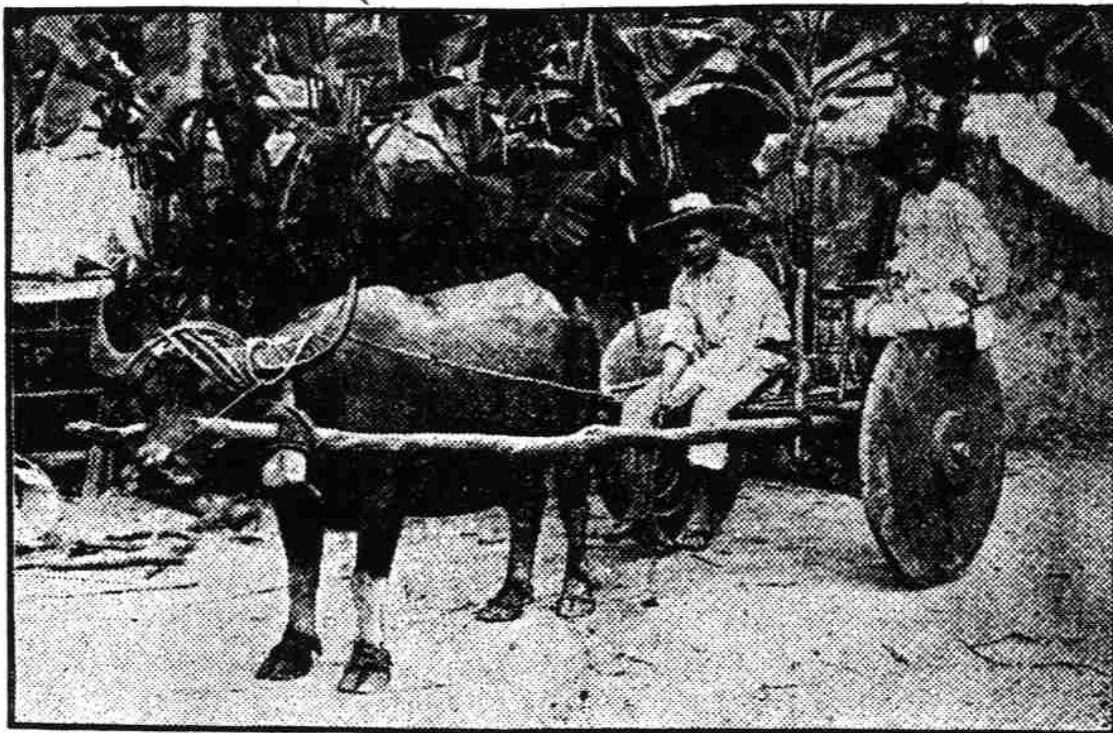
Adjusting Veils.

It is hard to tell how veils are to be adjusted over so much hair and such impossible hats, but we are informed that veils to match the general color scheme are among the essentials of good dressing.

A Simple Gown.

A very simple gown of mignonette green lousine, a very soft and clinging fabric, had a skirt shirred in a deep dip yoke, the shirring heavily corded.

IN PICTURESQUE GUAM.



NATIVES WITH CARABAO AND CART.

With these vehicles the natives travel all over Guam, often traversing deep wallows and rough jungle paths. The present race of Chamoros, of which these two young men are good examples, is a mixture of the aboriginal with Spanish or Filipino blood. They are docile, intelligent, and invariably devout Roman Catholics.—From the Booklovers' Magazine.

MUKDEN.

Mukden, the ancient capital of the Manchu dynasty of China, is a city of 250,000 people. The neighboring tombs of the Emperor's ancestors are the most revered shrines of the imperial family, and their safety is es-



Soldiers of Japan's Modern Army.—From Harper's Weekly.

garded in the Chinese court with much more anxiety than that of the whole population of Manchuria. Like Port Arthur, Mukden has been captured twice by the Japanese—once in the war with China and again in the present war. It is the second of the three great strategic points in the interior of Manchuria, the first being Liaoyang and the third Harbin.

Estimated Russian forces at the battle of Mukden—infantry, 300,000; cav-

alry, 26,700; guns, 1368. Japanese forces supposed to number from 500,000 to 700,000.

First battle lines one hundred miles long.

Fighting began February 19; Mukden evacuated, March 10, after the battle had lasted nearly three weeks.

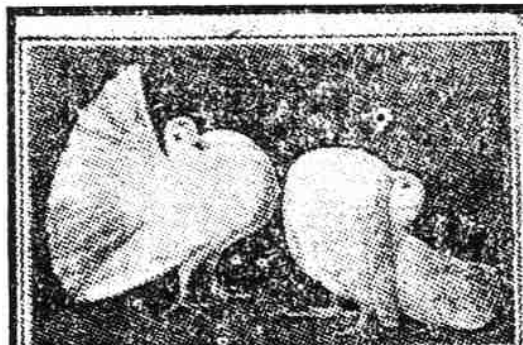
Russian losses to March 13 estimated at 200,000 men, killed, wounded and prisoners, sixty guns, 25,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition and immense quantities of stores.

Japanese casualties to March 12, 41,222.

This battle lasted longer than any other authentically recorded in history, covered more ground, and involved more men.

SQUAB RAISING.

Squab raising is having a boom at present. Considerable has been written about the business, much of which should be "taken with a grain of salt." We believe there is a profit in squab raising, but not the huge amounts stated by writers who are working in the interests of the sale of pigeons and supplies. An average of six pairs

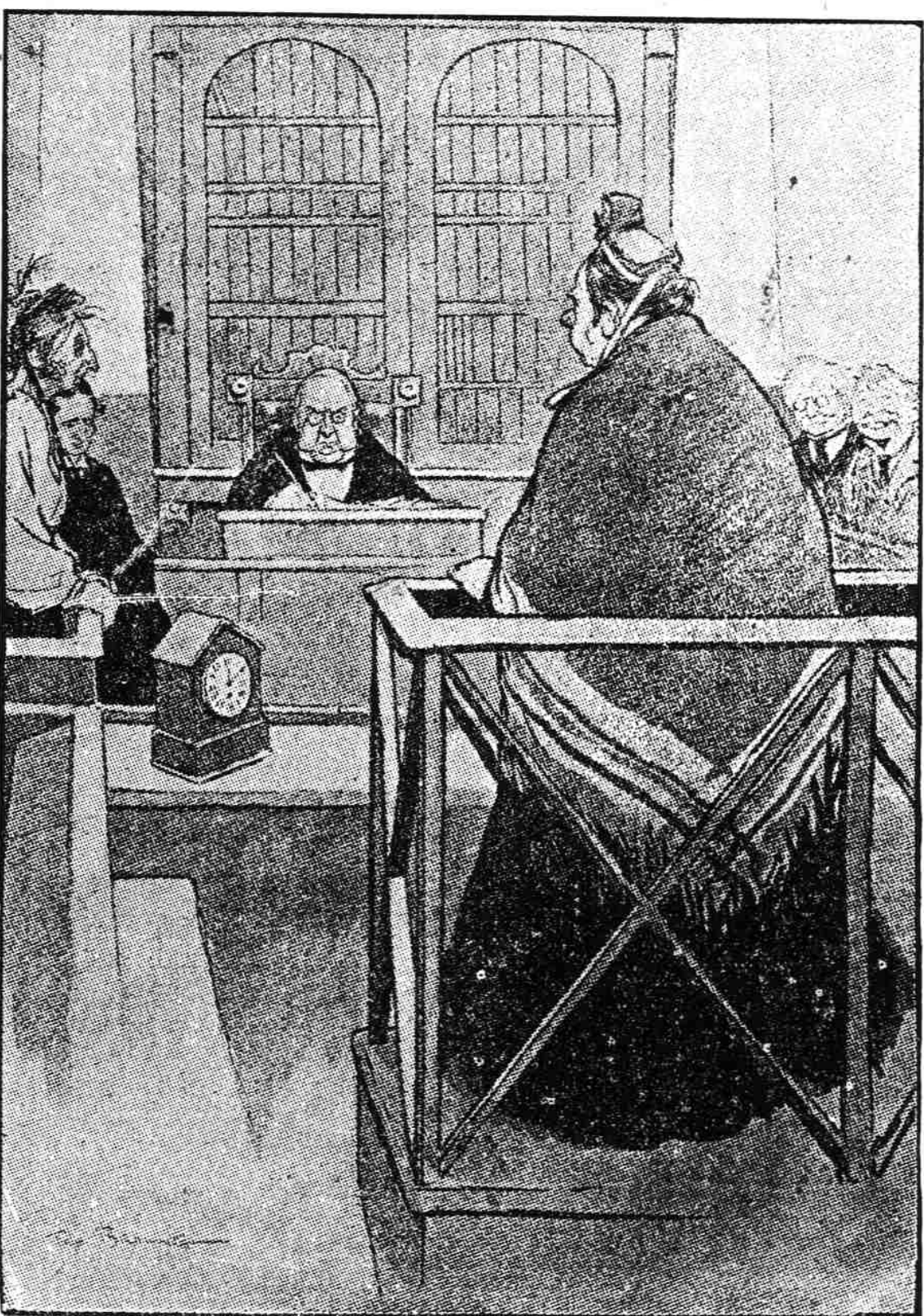


THE FANTAIL—THE DUKE OF P. G. NDOM.

of young a year from a pair of old birds, is doing remarkably well.

If you have a nearby market you can make a good profit with that yield. We believe that one man can take care of 500 pairs of pigeons, but the flock should not be crowded. Flocks should not contain over 100 pairs—fifty pairs would be better.—Farm Journal.

THEY BOTH GOT TIME.



Scene: Police court during dispute over an eight-day clock. Magistrate—"I award the clock to the plaintiff." Defendant—"Then what do I get?" Magistrate—"I'll give you the eight days."—The Tatler.

A War With Field Mice.

French farmers have suffered so much from the depredations of field mice that the parliament has made an appropriation to aid in the suppression of the pests. The mice are estimated to number from 500 to 2000 per acre in some parts of Central and Western France, and each mouse consumes from sixteen to twenty-four pounds of vegetable matter in a year. Almost all kinds of plants are attacked by them. The method adopted in the effort to

exterminate them is that of inoculating them with a destructive microbe; but the mice are described as "great travelers," for they disappear suddenly and reappear in another place, where they breed with astonishing rapidity.

The Argentine Republic will spend, in the next five years, \$40,000,000 on new railways and branch lines.

An apple-eating wager took place at Avignon, France, recently.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ALFRED H. A. MORSE.

Subject: Secret of Happiness.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Strong Place Baptist Church the pastor, the Rev. Alfred H. A. Morse, spoke Sunday on "The Secret of Happiness." He said: "There are two hidden hands, controlled by the same intelligence, which are constantly working upon the human heart. And these are pain and pleasure. Man was made to be happy. If sometimes he must eat the bread of sorrow it is because, as Mr. Beecher said, 'Sorrow is medicine.' Joy is more divine than sorrow, and does not belong only to these passing days, but shall remain with us when all tears are dried and sorrow is swept forever from the universe.

Now, joy may be divided into three classes: There is the joy of appetite, a merely animal condition. It comes from the fitting of a goodly organism into circumstances which are suited to supply its need. This is the joy that makes the child skip and play and fill the home with laughter. It is the joy of the singing bird. It is simply pleasure.

But we are not always children. We grow and come into the place of work and responsibility. And here also is joy, and this we may call happiness. An earnest man finds joy in his employment. The lawyer and doctor and teacher enjoy their professions. The minister enjoys to preach. The merchant enjoys his business, and the mechanic his shop in spite of all its toil. This is joy, but it is the joy of the bee that gathers the honey and stores it away against the needs of a hungry winter.

There is the joy of living, and there is the joy of working. These are all that many a man attains. But it takes a higher joy than these in his soul, of man, as the sunlight fills the sky, or the ocean fills the deep. There is a joy that is known as "blessedness," which arches these as the heavens span the sea. It is the joy of love, the joy of faith, the joy of a good conscience, the joy of doing right for the sake of right, the joy of sacrifice and of service. These are so far above the others that they belong to another kingdom whose law is obedience, whose joy is righteousness, whose fellowship is with God, and whose entrance is by means of a birth from above. And into this kingdom there are certain well defined steps.

"Happy," said Jesus, "are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And poverty of spirit is nakedness of soul before God. He is happy who throws aside his own rags of righteousness and going to God says, "Clothe me, for I am naked; feed me, for I am hungry; guide me, for I am ignorant; put Thine arms under me, for I am weak." As in the mountain passes of the West the traveler holds up his hands before the bandit, so in the presence of God's righteousness the soul must throw up its hands and surrender to God. Blessed are the poor in spirit, the consciously bankrupt in the presence of God. So long as the younger son remained in the far off land, so long as he was satisfied with the husks from the troughs of the swine, so long as he wanted nothing, the father might mourn, but there was nothing for him to do. But when that son threw himself upon his father's love and said, "I have sinned, and you see my want," then the father could clothe and feed and kiss; place sandals upon his feet and give him the place of the son. Does a prodigal soul wish for happiness? I know of no chance for him till he fling away his sin and standing in his naked need acknowledges his poverty of soul. The happiest moment in the prodigal's experience was when he buried his face in his father's shoulder and said, "I have sinned." "The happiest man at the temple gate was he who smote his breast and without so much as lifting his eyes, said, "God be merciful to me the sinner."

Happy are they who mourn for sin. It is not enough to be ashamed of it, but there must be an actual sorrow therefor. This does not mean to mourn for its consequences, nor for its publicity, nor for the misery it entails. Sin is more than a blunder which one may regret. It is more than a mistake which one would try to repair. It is open and defiant rebellion. When a man mourns this, then God flings above him His smile as the rainbow spanned the flood, and he "shall be comforted."

Happy are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. But who are the meek? They who obey the law, the meekest of men. But Moses bent the neck of his manhood to law, and maybe that is the reason that to this day our best institutions are all to be traced to the legislation in the wilderness. Only once did Moses lose his meekness, when with an angry frown he smote the rock. That shattered his meekness into a thousand pieces, and he lost the promised land. He did not inherit the earth. Jesus was the meekest man, and He has fung out His challenge for the world to come to Him. He was meek, for He was obedient, even to the place of death.

Happy are the hungry. Hunger and thirst are spurs which are driven into men to drive ahead. When men are hungry they struggle, and there is hope for a nation when times are hard. But when men and nations are filled, they lie down to sleep and rise up to play. When a man is idle his arm grows weak with disuse. Hunger and thirst are spurs to activity. But the noblest hunger is the hunger for righteousness, for that is the meaning of "righteousness." To seek God and His righteousness is to seek for God and His righteousness. A man whose soul is famished with this consuming desire may well be happy, "for he shall be filled."

Happy are the merciful. But mercy does not always mean leniency. When a man is convicted of some gross crime it is no mercy to let him go to do the same crime again. Mercy sometimes exacts an awful penalty, for mercy is a prerogative of righteousness, and mercy belongs to God. The man standing beside God, poor in spirit, mourning his sin, hungry for righteousness, merciful, and mercy comes also to him. "He shall receive mercy."

Happy are the pure in heart. But what does this mean? Who of us is

pure? It means to be single in purpose. The diamond must be of "the first water" if it is to flash the light. The man must be single in purpose if he is to see God. The double-minded man can never see the vision of Him whose countenance is as the sun shining in his strength; for his vision is broken and disturbed, like the waves of the sea, driven by the wind and tossed. Ah! I love the sea. I've watched it on a windy day, and heard it weep and moan and sob, and breathe out its anger in an awful curse. I've seen the waves rise buffeted and beaten, now backward, now forward, till its face was white with rage, but its heart was black as death. I've seen it reel and toss, till at last sobbing as though its heart would break, it would burst into a myriad briny tears upon the shore and pour from its wretched bosom the seaweed and driftwood and filth it has gathered in the journey. That wave never saw the sun. But I've looked again. The sea was like a mirror, as clear as crystal. I could see the pearly pebbles, and there in its heart I could see the sun. The pure-hearted waters lay all day long and looked into the face of the sun. Happy, blessed are the pure, the single in heart, "for they shall see God."

The man who has a supreme desire to please God, he is pure. He may have temptation, he may stumble, he may fall, but he rises again, and he is farther ahead. I shame to confess it, but I once played football, the barbarism of college. I've seen a man fall and slide four times as far as he could go without falling. He's a pure man, though his clothes are covered with grime. The man who is pure in heart shall see Him that is invisible. The man who serves God shall see Him.

Happy are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. God is a peacemaker, and hath reconciled all things unto Himself. And now the man who makes peace shall be called His son. He has passed through the school, and has learned poverty and mourning and mercy and singleness of heart, and now he is taken into the family of God as Moses was taken into the family of Pharaoh's daughter.

There is one other "blessed" spoken by Jesus. It is found in the comparative form. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It makes more for happiness to give than to get. When self is the centre there is no happiness. But when self is forgotten there is happiness at its height. When a man knows he has nerves he cannot be happy. Mr. Rockefeller thinks that happiness can be ruined by a sensitive stomach. The happy man is he who not knowing that he has nerves or stomach cares for the other man.

This is the call to self-sacrifice. How utterly intolerable this world would be if every one lived for himself. Happily this cannot be, and the altruism lies at the bottom of family and social life. But there are different kinds of sacrifice. There is the sacrifice of self to self, of the lower to the higher, of the passion to principle. There is the sacrifice of self for others, and there is the highest sacrifice, that is, of self to God. Do we talk of joy in these things? Most people think of them as disagreeable sort of necessity. Maybe we see that this necessity serves a useful end. But more rejoice in them! To take up our sacrifice with a song, that seems out of the question. That is the dream of the poet.

Giving is blessed, because it is most like God. He has need of nothing but just to give. The glory of the gospel is a happy God, but He gave His Son. He might have stripped heaven of its angels and it would not have impoverished Him. The only gift that He could feel was the gift of His Son. And that was what made Him happy. God Himself could not be happy if He had withheld this greatest gift. That was the law which Jesus declared. It makes more for happiness to give than to get. The whole life of Jesus was giving, but the happiest moment was that last, when He said: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," and He had given His life for a ransom.

In these simple words, then, I find the whole philosophy of salvation, of happiness and of heaven. If a man mourn for his sin, he shall be comforted and an infinite peace shall dry his tears. If a man hunger for righteousness, he shall be filled. If he strive to serve God with a single heart, he shall see Him. If He do the work of God and live at peace, he shall be called the child of God, and if he seek for chances to pour out his life in service, he shall find heaven about him on every side. And this is the secret of happiness.

A Life of Self-Abnegation.

The Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong draws this picture of the blessedness of self-sacrifice. He says: "The life of self-abnegation does not attract you. A cathedral window seen from without is dull and meaningless. But enter, and the light of Heaven, streaming through it, glorifies it with every beauty of form and color. Consecration to God for service may seem dull enough when seen from without; but enter into that experience, and the light of the divine love, streaming through it, shall glorify your life with beauty and blessedness which are Heaven's own."

The Way We Do Things.

Rev. F. B. Meyer says: "Knitting needles are cheap and common enough, but on them may be wrought the fairest designs in the richest wools. So the incidents of daily life may be commonplace in the extreme, but on them as the material foundation we may build the unseen but everlasting fabric of a noble and beautiful character. It does not so much matter what we do, but the way in which we do it matters greatly."

Four Good Rules.

General Gordon, the hero of China and likewise of Khartoum, based his life upon four rules: Forgetfulness of self, absolute sincerity, indifference to the world's judgments, absorption in the will of God. These four rules abide as guide-posts on the path to greatness, but the greatest of these is surrender to the will of God.—Pacific Baptist.

Not the Attitude.

Reverent attitudes are necessary in worship, but it is the reverence and not the attitude in which the virtue resides. Our hearts must be right.—Sunday-School Times.