

Downfall

Of King Apple

By Horace Seymour Keller.

MY dear friend and much admired philosopher and savant as well as caustic prickler of bubbles, fads, foibles and tommyrot—"Tip"—beware of the passing of the apple. He longs for the fruit, and depicts his longing in words that strike home and appeal. But if "Tip" will take the trouble to meander in the season of bloom, the season of the full flush of the fruitage of the tree, the season of the picking, his eyes will be opened to the sad fact that it is not only a matter of graft, but a matter of man's disregard of nature for the sake of money.

The greatest apple that ever appealed to the lover of the greatest fruit God gave to man (and the apple comes first and foremost) is beyond all question the great Spitzberg. There are other apples ranging up and down the long list, but there is but one Spitzberg. I am loath to say there was the Spitzberg. That great apple has gone the way of all good things. It is now and has been for an age, but as a memory in the mind of the man who knew and enjoyed a nectar-laden fruit as something from the hands of the gods.

There are no Spitzbergs now. They have gone like the chip hat, the bent pin, the cotton line and the magic and seductive tamerack wand of the delightful fishing days of old, when there was prey fit for the boy with the freckles in the old mill pond. And along with the passing of that most delicious of apples went the Greening, the Pippin and the Gilliflower. If "Tip" will visit the old farms where the famous apples flourished and made glad his heart—taste as well—he will quickly learn why there are no more apples.

Graft! Yes, graft, pure and simple. The old-time farmer kept watchful eye upon his cherished apple orchard and was proud of it. He had reason to be, for it was most productive in a pecuniary sense. He was proud of his Spitzbergs, especially. They brought him the best of returns. They were the best keeping of all among his fruits, and he coined them into money—money to buy gingham, money to pay taxes, money to add a few more acres, money to send many a clever boy or girl, or both, to the village academy for a series of winter terms. The orchard was the apple of his eye—the old-time farmer, I mean.

But it changed when the advent of getting rich in a hurry opened its Pandora pack and spread its fabled cloth of gold broadcast. Then the apple orchard began to be crowded. Pigs could be raised more quickly than apple trees. Pigs were turned among the grand trees to fatten, to plow among the roots of trees that throve for a quarter of a century to reach perfection. Pigs and cattle killed the grand old apple-bearing trees. Pigs and cattle fattened upon the spoils. Pigs and cattle passed rapidly down the gullet of humanity.

And in the wake of the greed for getting rich quick passed the finest orchards of New York state. "Tip" will find the ghosts of old trees leaning and rotten to the very roots upon many a hillside. The graft caused it—the graft or riches.—New York Press.

The Trouble With Cereals

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

NOW these be the virtues of the cereals: they are cheap, easily swallowed, and of moderate nutritive value. Moreover, they came from Scotland with a consequent flavor of orthodoxy about them. There is an element in the average human mind, half Puritanic, half stinky, which is inclined to count as a virtue the ingestion of any kind of food which is not especially attractive, but believed to be nutritious. In fact, to eat that which is cheap and filling is one of the petty vices. I call it vice because it is a defiance of instinct.

These are the qualities which give the cereals their fulcrum and short handle their lever. Now what forces have conspired to lengthen it to such enormous purchase? As usual two spring promptly to aid which are already familiar in this field; one transcendental, the other pseudo-scientific. The transcendental, a mild form of the vegetarian propaganda, which seized upon virtues of these blameless cereals as a means of saving the race from the horrors of chronic blood-thirstiness. Everywhere the doctor goes among his patients he finds a sort of vague impression that cereals in some way are cool to the blood and to the impulses; that they are as far as possible relieved from that most diabolical quality which a food can have—"richness"; that they "thin the blood," stimulate the liver, and act upon the bowels; and that a fast upon some form of them for one meal a day will act as a kind of rigorous atonement for all the fleshy sins which may be committed in the other two. All of which beliefs, with the exception of the "acting upon the bowels" part, are pure delusions and easily traceable to ancient superstitions which have already been discussed. Of course, Scripture has again been quoted in their behalf and the pulse and water upon which Daniel and his three companions outshone the other captive Princes have been triumphantly cited in Clure's.

Defects of Our Criminal Law

By George W. Alger.

THERE are two reasons why criminal law reform is a pressing problem today. One is the repression by that reform of lynch law. The other is not less important. We need that reform because the social condition of our day imperatively demands a substantial increase in the scope and power of criminal law, a system strong enough to meet the new and increasing requirements of our civilization for corrective and repressive criminal law. A system too complicated to deal out certain justice to common offenders, ignorant and poor in purse and influence, can never adequately deal with our new big business criminals, with the man who gets rich by fraud, the corporation inflators and wreckers, the faithless trustees and grafting directors, plotters of municipalities, the magnates who give bribes and the bosses who take them, the trust operators who sin against honesty in business, who use the law against monopolies, who give and take forbidden rebates. How do we, a society of such wealth, power, influential, often entrenched in office, but by a system which cracks, groans, and often breaks down, in bringing a ruffian to justice?—The Atlantic.

Hypnosis Through Fatigue

By Morgan Robertson.

REVERWORK fatigues the consciousness, and fatigued consciousness is hypnosis; and in all hypnosis there is a dominant idea, born of the operator's mind when the hypnosis is induced by him, in the mind of the victim when it is self-induced. An operator, unless a fiend incarnate, always removes the idea, or obsession, before waking the subject; in self-hypnosis the subject must awake as he can, trace the idea to its source, and remove it, or have it removed—just how, he must decide for himself.

Every author knows the difficulty—in some cases the impossibility—of writing a story until it is finished. He is under control of the idea, and can not break the obsession only by finishing the story. Then he awakes, or partly awakes, for a time—until the next idea comes along. The next idea may be one not available for fiction—one which cannot be used in this manner; yet it will seize him with a force commensurate with the depth of his hypnosis, and if he is far enough gone, will torture him to the road to the borderland of madness. Rest, change of scene, and change of air will do him but little good. The idea has become part of his self, and he takes his soul with him. Yet there is escape for him.—Critic.

SIGNALS NATURE HANGS OUT

Always Gives Warning of Catastrophe That is Coming.

AN experienced farmer on the lookout for a farm shies at the sight of a fallow covered with the reddish spikes of the sorrel. He knows at once that the soil is poor and thin, and will cost more than its crops will ever be worth in fertilizers of various kinds.

Weeds tell him a whole story at a single glance. If the leaves of the coltsfoot rear their heavy heads, he at once suspects the presence of thick, sticky blue clay, hard to drain and cultivate.

Sandwort and thyme proclaim a hungry, sandy soil; myrtle, the heaths and tormentilla tell of peaty land valuable only for summer grazing; sheep's sorrel speaks of iron, the valerian and ranunculus of marsh, while veronica, the hybrid poppy and other similar plants are sure signals of chalk and flint below the surface.

For those who have eyes to see them, kindly nature hangs out signals of all kinds. She only asks that men will use their eyes, says Pearson's Weekly. If they can, and do so, she will never betray them. She has both good and bad signs, which are as plain in their way as red or green lights to a railway engine driver.

For instance, what is called the low country of the Northern Transvaal is partly healthy, partly feverish. In one spot you may camp in safety for a month, in another not a mile away the dreaded fever will seize you in a single night.

To uneducated eyes there seems little or no difference in the outward aspect of the two places, but your old prospector is never caught camping on fever ground. He knows the fever tree too well. The fever tree is an odd and sinister looking piece of vegetation, with twisted, greenish trunk and branches, and grows only in those spots where fever mists hang at nightfall.

So, too, in Florida, when a hunter is traversing the immense swamps—"hammocks," as they are called—which cover huge tracts in the southern part of that State, he searches for a spot where pine trees rear their tall heads among the cypresses and gums. There he can camp and sleep in safety, though to spend a night but a few hundred yards away from the pines might mean a bone racking dose of ague.

Many an Australian explorer has been saved from a horrible death by thirst because he has known the water mallee. This tree, though it may stand in the midst of a burning desert, invariably tells of water below the surface. If the traveler be not too far gone to dig, he will find the precious fluid below the mallee's roots.

The old shepherd crossing Dartmoor or one of the Scottish moors travels with dry feet, while the stranger is perfectly certain to tumble knee, perhaps waist, deep into horrible black compound of mud and water. The shepherd avoids the bogs, because he has learned to read nature's danger signal. He does not walk on places where the sphagnum covers the surface, and so avoids the pitfalls hidden beneath its pale green fronds.

Most of us know something of weather signs, those warnings which are hung out for all to read in the sky, and yet how many never notice them at all, so that when there comes a really great convulsion of nature they are caught unprepared.

That awful cyclone which overwhelmed the great seaport of Galveston three years ago, was heralded by an immense groundswell, which was seen forty-eight hours before the tempest broke.

The Mississippi storm of 1784, which is generally supposed to have been the worst gale that has ever been recorded, and the result of which was to wipe out nearly twenty settlements, flood 10,000 square miles of land and permanently change the course of the great river, was preceded by a strange and at the time inexplicable moaning sound, which went on for three days and seemed to come from the upper air, although all below was still. The Indians heard it and left for the high ground; the whites heard it, stayed where they were and were drowned.

In the winter British Columbia and all the western slopes of the Rockies are at times visited by a strong easterly wind, which, blowing off the warm surface of the Japan current, will rapidly melt the mountain snows, causing sudden disastrous floods.

But no inhabitant of the slopes is ever caught unawares, because for many hours before the warm gale there appear over the heads of the mountains long lines and bands of the so-called "Chinook" clouds. These are a certain sign of the hot wind, and are never known to fail.

Desert dwellers are never surprised by a "kamsin," or dust storm, unless it comes too quickly to be avoided. Before such a visitation the horizon changes color, and according to the color, which varies from dull yellow to deep red, so will be the strength and fury of the storm.

As strange a danger signal as may be found on the surface of this planet is the so-called "Quebrada Encantada," the enchanted ravine of the Uloa Valley, in Honduras, of which an account, written by Mr. George Byron Gordon, who visited the place, is to be found in the memoirs of the Peabody Museum.

When rain is approaching there comes from this ravine a melodious, whistling sound, which varies in intensity according as to whether the coming storm will be heavy or light. Before one of the terrific tropical thun-

derstorms when at times devastate that part of the world the sound is of a deep organ note, which is heard many miles away in every direction.

Even earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, most terrible of all nature's visitations, do not come without due warning. Sir Norman Lockyer has stated that the most disastrous volcanic eruptions and earthquakes occur, like the rain pulses of India, at the dates of the sun spot maxima and minima. At the minimum in 1807 Mauna Loa, Vesuvius, South America and Formosa were involved. At the maximum in 1872 Martinique and St. Vincent; in 1883 came the frightful explosion of Krakatoa, and, to give a recent instance, the Martinique eruption came at a maximum of solar disturbance.

Also before an earthquake there are other and plainer warning signs. Just before the catastrophe at St. Pierre came news that the Martinique cable was broken. This sort of thing has happened more than once before similar visitations.

On the Western coasts of South America where earth tremors are constant, severe shocks are usually heralded by disturbances of the sea. Such heavy quakes also invariably happen at high tide. In Hawaii, another volcanic centre, certain springs stop flowing before an outburst. In the crater of Mauna Loa the lava always rises steadily for some weeks before an eruption.

Indeed, it may be truly said to those who have eyes to see nature invariably gives due warning before a coming catastrophe of any kind whatsoever.

HOW SHE ALWAYS KNEW.

Louely Old Maid Explains How She Keeps Up With Town Gossip.

All alone on the hilltop lived Hannah Jane Spriggins, and a lonely life she led, this ancient maid. Much to the wonder of the good people of the village of Meddybemps, she was never at a loss for news, and when neighbors called with stray bits of information, Hannah Jane always knew it long before it had been spread broadcast through the town.

"Say, did you know Sam Whitten's Anne had a shock?" volunteered an excited female, dropping in on Hannah Jane early one evening, just as that peaceful soul was sipping her nightly brew of tea.

"Taken at 2 o'clock this afternoon," calmly replied that lady, serenely, "had to send for that know-nothing crittur of a Dr. Smith, 'cause Dr. Brown wasn't home. Got Sam Kitchen's Tablitha for a nurse."

"For the land's sake, Hannah, how'd ye know it?" gasped the astounded caller. "You ain't had time to go down to the village and back since it happened." Hannah Jane shook her head in mysterious fashion.

"You do beat all getting the news first," continued the neighbor, with an injured air. "How in time's sake do ye manage?" Hannah Jane meditated a moment, then beckoned to her guest, who was one of her oldest friends, and led her in solemn silence up the winding stairs that led to a turret chamber at the top of the house. This room had been made for her father, an old sea captain of the town, so that he could watch the vessels as they sailed into the harbor.

From an ancient bureau in the corner of the room Hannah Jane drew forth something wrapped carefully in tissue paper. "Operry glasses," she explained briefly, as she took out her treasure from the numerous wrappings. "Niece Ellen sent 'em to me for years ago; and a great comfort they have been, too," she added feelingly. "There's not many a place in town but what I can make out with these operry glasses, and there's not much going on that I don't know," finished this original being triumphantly, who in this novel fashion kept herself well in touch with the rest of the world.—Lewiston Journal.

The Earthquake Eradicator.

The man was explaining his business to Major Bardsley.

"I represent the American Rubber Tube and Tilling Company," he said. "Our products are the greatest invention of the age. Any city whose water mains are made of iron or any other metal is at the mercy of earthquakes. Our proposition is to equip the water department complete with rubber water mains. Earthquakes cannot injure them. Freezing cannot burst them. They are pliable and give room for expansion."

"But in case of an earthquake," said the Major, "the great buildings would fall on the rubber water mains and choke off the supply of water."

"Our company," said the agent, "is now perfecting plans for rubber construction in all skyscrapers, so that if an earthquake topples them over they will bounce back immediately into place."—Kansas City Times.

State Flags.

Most of our States have flags, some of them very peculiar ones. These are carried as the State colors of the militia regiments. Our own is too familiar to need description. "The white standard of Massachusetts" has been seen in the forefront of many battles. New York displays a buff flag, and the State banner of Maryland bears on a ground of blazing yellow the arms and motto of the Calverts. The heraldic design is so disposed as to give Maryland's flag, seen at a distance, somewhat the semblance of a gorgeous crazy quilt, although we suppose to the Marylanders it is more suggestive of the picturesqueness of a royal standard.—Boston Transcript.

It is stated by the Irish Independent that coffins for children are being supplied by a contractor to south of Ireland almshouses at four cents each.

Woman's Realm

The English Feminine Ideal.

The English ideal of a woman, according to a writer in the Nineteenth Century, seems to be a dull, plucky, pretty, regular-featured, dignified piece of ice. Intelligence, animation, individuality, knowledge are not needed.

Desperate State of Woman.

Woman is at her worst; she has contrived to escape from the net of conventionalities in which man had entangled her. Anarchy reigns in thousands of homes. Woman in England is no longer on the side of the angels.—London Truth.

A Doer of Noble Deeds.

A young Chicago girl, Miss Ottella Guenther, was given special honor by the Pope a few days ago in recognition of her charitable work among the poor Italians of her city, and because she is studying law in order to be able to give free legal service to the poor there. Miss Guenther is finishing a course of international law at the University of Berlin. She is but twenty-one years old, and was educated at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. The Pope presented her with a photograph of himself at his working desk, and the gift was accompanied by his autograph.

Curved Umbrella Handles Now.

Women who manage to keep well supplied with the supposed evidences of wealth are beginning to stock up their closets with English coaching umbrellas. One of the shops in the avenue has set forth a most attractive group of these of colored taffeta with most original handles. A blue umbrella, for example, has a light colored wooden handle with a blue and gold parrot crouching on the outer curve. Another is of green, the handle curved at the end into the long neck of a swan, skillfully carved, with jeweled eyes. "If one doesn't want to suffer a spasm of covetousness, she oughtn't to look at these things unless she has the price to buy," said a woman the other day, who had her nose pressed close to a window glass as she contemplated the alluring objects. "I don't know what a coaching umbrella is used for, but I want one."—New York Press.

Don't Worry.

Some people really enjoy unhappiness. Strange as it may be, this is actually a fact, else why do so many women expatiate upon their woes at a length calculated to wear out their hearers? There are women, and men, too, for that matter, who are constantly on the lookout for unpleasant things, and who, after a while, form a habit of always looking on the wrong side. The weather is never what it should be, the meals are badly cooked, the children are troublesome, and altogether there is such a continual fault-finding over trifles that the big, real troubles are lost sight of. Such a trait should be nipped in the bud, for it not only leads to endless unhappiness on the part of the perpetrator, but makes life miserable for those in the immediate vicinity who are so sensible as to see that, summing all things up, they find that good generally counterbalances the bad, says *Woman's Life*. There are some people, too, who gloat over the description of their ailments, and retail them at length to horror-stricken friends, who do not always realize that a trouble grows in magnitude each time it is expatiated upon.

Story of Burdett-Connors.

The Baroness Burdett-Connors kept her ninety-second birthday the other day at her London house.

She received, as usual, an enormous number of telegrams and letters of congratulation and bouquets of flowers.

It was of the Baroness Burdett-Connors that the King once remarked: "After my mother, she is the most remarkable woman in England." She is still the most philanthropic woman in the world, and at ninety-two gives all her charities her personal attention.

The story of her accession to a fortune running into the millions at the age of twenty-three, her long spinsterhood, and her romantic marriage late in life to Ashmead Bartlett, who took her name, is too well known to need retelling.

Her activity is the wonder of every one who knows her. She still takes long drives every day.

She enjoys the friendship of half the celebrities in Europe. The late Duchess of Teck was one of her closest friends, and Prince Francis of Teck is the Baroness' godson.

Most of the contemporaries of her youth have now passed away, but her interests are so varied that she is constantly making new friends.

If You Would Be Good Looking.

Don't take a hot bath more than twice a week, and then only at night, just before going to bed.

Don't dry your face in a hurry. A quick rubbing coarsens and injures the skin.

Don't rub your face downward. It makes the cheeks hang down. The forehead should be rubbed from the centre to the temples.

Don't eat your meals in a hurry. If you do you will have indigestion and very probably a red nose.

Don't use soap on your face if it doesn't agree with your skin. Almond meal is an excellent substitute. Used

with warm water it is not only cleansing but refining for the complexion.

Don't eat fat meats, highly spiced food or stimulating coffee if your face is inclined to redness. A careful diet and plenty of exercise should remedy it.

Don't go out for a five mile walk one day and stay in the house all of the next.

Don't get into the habit of blinking your eyes nervously. It is a strain on the eyes and renders the sight weak and irritable. Keep the eyes shut for at least ten minutes in every hour if you find the habit growing on you, and bathe the lids in warm water.

Don't read until midnight. One hour's sleep before twelve is worth two afterward, to say nothing of the good effect on the eyes.

Don't neglect drinking water and plenty of it. Many a woman suffers from an ugly, blotched complexion who could remedy the trouble by drinking plenty of water and eating fresh fruit.

Don't sleep six or seven hours one night and ten or twelve the next. The amount of sleep needed depends on the individual, but there is nothing so conducive to health and good looks as enough sleep at regular hours.

Don't sleep with your window closed. Fresh air is absolutely necessary, and the temperature should be from forty-five degrees to sixty degrees.—Boston Cultivator.

Girls in Germany.

The German girl leaves school at about fifteen years of age, by which time she has learned to sew, mend, and supposedly to speak English and French.

She has not learned higher mathematics, says *Modern Women*, but she has learned the small things which fit a girl for a housewife or companion, and that, in Germany, is woman's only sphere.

However much we American girls may enjoy our colleges we dare not pity the German girls, for they have something which takes their place and of which we have no conception until we reside in Germany a few months.

Did you ever hear of a pension? It is one of the most enjoyable things which exists. Certain influential ladies, mostly widows or maiden aunts, make known that they are willing to take a limited number of young ladies into their families.

We went to Hanover, two of us girls, with a horror and dread of a boarding school, as we heard a "pension" described. We found ourselves in a family of eight girls, all from the very best class of Germans, and all placed under Frau von H.'s care for a year or more.

None of the girls had any special object in life; a few wanted to learn how to keep house, a few indulged in an hour's music lesson per week, but most of them came, as is the German custom, for the sake of becoming polished, and being escorted to concerts, theatres, balls, receptions, student Kneipes, etc., opportunities not afforded in the smaller cities, and even not in many cities that are larger than Hanover.

Consequently our chaperon accepted invitations for the girls, parties were given and the great intimate family spent a year full of pleasure.



The Persian designs and colorings are very attractive for hand-painted china tobacco jars.

Watteau styles in hats are finding favor, and very appropriately accompany princess and empire robes.

Artistic ash trays of hammered silver have a jovial monk or stern Indian head in relief upon their surface.

Mohair in a phantom cheek of plain dark blue makes an ideal three-piece knockout costume for summer wear.

Drawn work on the finest of linen makes a charming pincushion cover, if you have time and patience, or money enough to procure it.

A pointed lace tunic skirt arranged over a foundation with four or five fluffy lace ruffles is a charming design for a graduation gown.

A small round black Neapolitan has small purple clover heads massed at the front and the back filled in with black velvet ribbon and green foliage.

A bit of variety may be given your lingerie blouses by running picoteed Persian ribbon through lace heading on one or two; this gives a French touch that is sure to be much admired.

In selecting the design for an embroidered hat choose one with the pattern near the edge, for many a worker has found after adjusting the trimming, that hours and hours have been spent on a design too elaborate to appear to advantage.

Bows of insertion alternating with bands of material decorated with large French knots form the yoke of a dressy blouse. The sleeve is unique and very pretty. A line of the insertion and French-knotted hand follow.

The inside seam and lower edge, the sleeve itself being failed into it both vertically and around the bottom.