

INAUGURATION DAY.

On this great day a child of time and fate. On a new path of power death stand afloat.

THE WHITE LIES OF JULIETTE

She Points Out the Inconvenience of Always Telling the Truth.

JULIETTE TO HER FATHER. BAR FATHER: No one could possibly feel more keenly than I your reproaches yesterday morning when I was just leaving for Cherbourg with my governess, Miss Harriet, and my little brother Paul.

Your severe remarks touched me deeply, and I shall always remember your injunction to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, no matter under what circumstances.

"Never bandy with words," you said. "Always say frankly and openly just what you think."

"Of course I am heart-broken to think that I have displeased you, dear papa, so I immediately made up my mind that the best way to prove my repentance and show my respect for you was to conform blindly to your counsels.

"I heard your father say the other day that I was stupid," she said. "You needn't deny it, for you can't!"

"Of course I had to tell her the truth. He didn't say you were stupid. I answered, 'but he did say that you were a goose.'"

"Mercy! That was worse than ever. She looked at me as if she would like to eat me up. She did not say much, but I think, dear papa, that you had better be on the lookout for another governess."

"Why didn't your mother come with you?" she asked me at once.

"Oh, mamma was delighted to get rid of us so that she could have a good time with papa," I replied, for was it not the truth?

"She is not ill, then?" "No, indeed."

"She wrote me that she was ill. Ah! I understand perfectly; I am to have all the care and worry of taking care of the children while she amuses herself."

"She did not seem pleased, somehow. I tried to caress her and soothe her."

"But you love me, little one, don't you?" she said.

"Yes, aunt," I replied. "As much as your mother?"

"It is very pretty," and aunt appeared delighted. "But what especially touches me is the thought of all the stitches that my sister-in-law has taken for me herself."

"Oh, but she didn't embroider it herself," I said, hastily, for I remembered how grieved you would feel at such a departure from the truth; "the waitress did the work on it."

Aunt scowled more fiercely than before, and I handed her your box of chocolates.

"What! From Potin's?" exclaimed aunt, smiling, all her frowns vanishing as if by magic. "His chocolate is always the best, but it is so expensive."

"This time, dear papa, it concerned you, so I told her the truth at once."

"The box is from Potin's, aunt," I said. "Mamma had it given to her on New Year's Day, but papa got the chocolate at the little shop on our corner."

Aunt looked as if she had a whole thunderstorm inside of her, and the frowns were in full force as she said, sourly:

"I hoped that your parents would have the decency to come and see me themselves. Your father wants to sell me this house, and as he said he had had it specially repaired for me, perhaps I might be suited very well!"

"How curious!" I remarked, saying exactly what I thought. "There haven't been any workmen here for three years, for I heard papa say so!"

"Ah! And do you also know why your father wants to sell the house?" I was tempted to be silent, but, instead, I said, frankly:

"It is too noisy here to be endurable, and, besides, there are stables close by."

I cannot describe, dear papa, the unfortunate effect of these undeniable truths. My aunt left the room hastily and banged the door behind her.

I should have renounced then and there the attempt to be truthful if Gaston de Tournettes had not just that instant jumped from his horse and come hastily into the room. I wished to announce his arrival to my aunt, but he stopped me, saying that he had heard of my intended visit here and had come to see me the instant he knew I had reached the city."

"He said that he wanted to speak to me and not to my aunt. Thereupon he began to say many very pleasant things to me, and finally asked openly if I liked him."

"Ah! My dear papa, if it had been disagreeable to me before to tell the truth, I assure you it was quite different this time."

"Indeed, you please me very much, M. Gaston, and you always have."

"Then you are not afraid to become my fiancée?"

"On the contrary, I shall be delighted to do so," I said, frankly, remembering how you had said he was the most eligible bachelor of the season.

"And you will love me?" he continued. "I love you already."

But I will stop here, dear papa, for it seems to me that I can see you frowning this time, and I can hear your voice growling:

"Naughty girl! You have said as many impertinent and awkward things as you have told the truth!"

So let me hasten to assure you, dear papa. This is all a story that I have made up to tell you.

Paul paid no more than half fare and Miss Harriet is convinced that we could none of us get along without her and that we think she is the very salt of the earth!

My aunt is delighted with mamma's centerpiece, which she thinks is all her own work, and she is perfectly satisfied with the cheap chocolate in the Potin box. She will certainly buy the house, and as for poor Gaston de Tournettes, he is still ignorant of my sentiments!



THE BAD BOY AND HIS DAD MEET THE CREAM OF THE HAREM - "LITTLE EGYPT" DOES A DANCING STUNT - THE SULTAN WANTS TO SEND FIFTY WIVES TO THE PRESIDENT.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, Gov. of Wisconsin, Former Senator of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Constantinople, Turkey. My Dear Grocerpasha: When I wrote you last I thought you would be mourning for dad and I before this, as there seemed nothing for the Turks to do but to kill us after we had stamped the sultan and all his soldiers by giving them a university yell, but after we had been confined in a sort of jail over night, dad and I had a heart to heart talk, and my diplomacy saved us for the time being. I told dad that what we wanted to do was to tell the Turks that dad represented the American people, and had a communication to make to the sultan personally, which would make him rich and happy.

Well, say, they bit like a bass, and the next day they took us before the sultan, at the palace. Dad dug up a package of blank gold mining stock, in a mine that he was going to promote, though the mine was only a small hole



The President Said He Must Bring His Folks.

In the ground, and the stock had been offered for one cent a share, the par value being a hundred dollars, so a man who got a share for a cent would, when the mine got to paying, get a hundred dollars for every cent he invested.

Dad filled out one of the stock certificates for 1,000,000 shares, which would represent a capital equal to all the debts of Turkey, and we went before the sultan, and we couldn't have been treated better if we had owned a brewery.

Dad told his story to the sultan, through an interpreter, while I looked around at the gorgeous surroundings and tried to think of something to do to awake them up.

Dad said he came right fresh from the American people, and was authorized by his mining company to present the sultan with untold millions, for pure love of the Turkish people, whom they had seen riding and leading camels at the Chicago world's fair, and dad produced the stock certificate for 1,000,000 shares of stock in the Golden Horn Gold Mining and Smelting company, and took out a handful of \$20 dollar gold pieces and showed them to the crowd as specimens of gold that came from our mine.

He said our people did not expect anything in return, but just desired the good will of the Turkish empire. He said that President Roosevelt desired him to present his warm regards to the sultan, and to invite him to visit America, and if he would consent to do so, an American war vessel would be furnished for him and the white house would be turned over to him for his harem, and dad said the president wanted him particularly to impress upon the sultan that if he came he must bring his folks, all his wives that would be apt to size up for beauty with our American women.

Well, you ought to have seen that sickly looking sultan brace up when dad handed him the millions of mining stock, and he grabbed the paper like a old clothes buyer would grab a dress suit that a wife had sold for 50 cents, belonging to her husband. He also wanted to see the gold that dad had shown as coming from the mine, and when dad showed him the yellow boy he took them as souvenirs and put them in his girdle, and then I thought dad would faint, but he kept his nerve like a poker player betting on a hotball flush.

The sultan asked so many questions about America that I was afraid dad would get all balled up, but he kept his nerve and lied as though he was on the witness stand, trying to save his life. Dad told the sultan he was authorized by the American people to inquire into the industries of Turkey, and what he particularly desired was an insight into the harem, as a national institution, because many American people were gradually adopting the customs of the orient, and he desired to report to congress as to whether we should adopt the customs of Turkey, with her dried prunes and dates with worms in, and her attar of roses made of pig's lard; her fez, to cure baldness, and her outlandish pants and peaked red Morocco shoes, and her harems.

The sultan said he would like to show us a little bunch of the cream of the harem, who would do a stunt in the way of dancing, to celebrate the good feeling of the American people, and the visit of the distinguished statesman and gold miner to his realm, and dad said the sultan couldn't turn his stomach with no cream of the harem, only they must keep their hands off him, and the sultan promised he should be as safe as a "unique," whatever that is.

Dad and I had hired knee breeches and things of a masquerade ball store, and we didn't look half bad when the crowd of shelds and things formed a crescent around the sultan, who sat in a sort of barber's chair with an awning over it, and they sounded a hew-gag or something, and about a dozen pretty fine looking fellows, dressed like the ballet in a vaudeville show, came

When Majorities Are Wrong

By DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

Righteousness is a quality of mind. Spiritual things are those of quality. Majorities are usually wrong on spiritual issues. Because all say so is no sign that it is so. Nothing is more

deusive than the idea that a majority settles a question. The world is full of religious liars, men who are like a watch well made and wound, but whose face and dial hands point to 3:30 at 10 a. m. They were made right and wound right and keep going, but they have never been set right.

in and began to gape before the sultan. Dad stood it first rate until a girl got on the carpet, prefooted and began one of those willowy sort of dances that nearly broke up the Chicago fair, when people left the buildings filled with the work of the world's artists, in all lines of progress, and went to the Midway in a body to see "Little Egypt," but when this dancer walked up to dad and wiggled in a foreign language, dad sashayed up to her and I couldn't hold him back.

He was just getting warmed up to "balance to partners," when a frown came over the sultan's face, and he looked cross at dad, and then the hew-gag sounded, and the girls scattered out of side door, and dad wanted to follow, but I held him by the coat, and it was over. I think those girls were the only ones in the whole harem that were good looking.

Dad breathed hard a little from his exercise, and said he was ready to inspect the stock, and the sultan detailed a tall negro with a face dried up like a mummy, and we started out through the harem, dad pulling the long hair on the side of his head over his bald spot, and throwing his shoulders back and drawing in his stomach, to make him look young.

Well, say, there is nothing about a harem, much different from keeping house at home, except that there is more of it. The idea people get of harems is that the women are all young and beautiful, and that they sit around a swimming tank and play guitars and keep the flies off the mar who owns the place, while he smokes the vile Turkish tobacco burning in a jardiniere, through a section of rubber hose, and goes to sleep like a Chinese man smoking opium, and that they drink rare wines and dance with bangles on their legs and ropes of pearls on their necks, and are

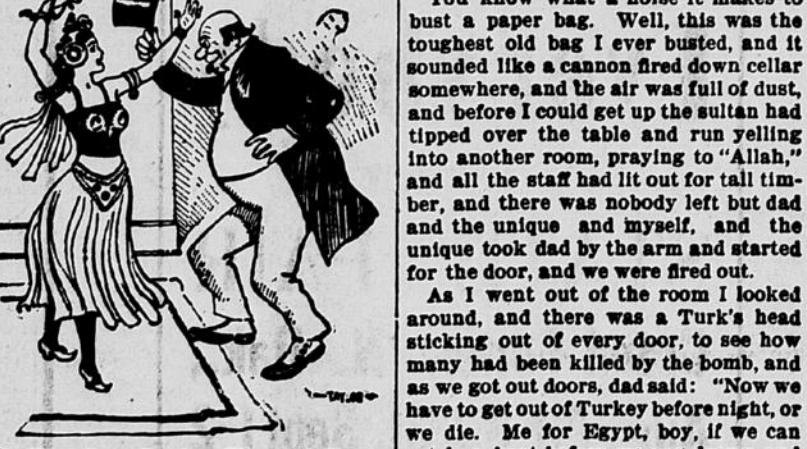
I have seen alleged imitations of a Turkish harem on the stage, with American girls doing the acting, and it would make you feel as though you would invest in a harem when you got old enough, but, gee, when you see a regular harem, run by an up-to-date Turk, you think of the Mormon apostle who has 40 wives of all ages, from 70 down to a 16-year-old hired girl, with a hairlip and warts on her thumbs. This harem was like a big stock barn in the states, with a big room to exercise the colts, and box stalls for the different wives and their families to live in and do their own cooking and washing.

Instead of sitting by a bath playing a harp, the poor old wives stand by a wash-tub and play tunes on the wash-board, and scrub and take care of children. I thought the custom of spanking children was an American institution, but it is as old as the ages, for I saw a Turkish mother grab up a child that had lifted a kitten by the tail, and take it across her knee and give it a few with a red hand covered with soapuds, and the young Turk yelled bloody murder, just like an American kid, and then sat down on its knees, so the spanking wouldn't hurt, and called its mother names in a language I couldn't understand, but I knew what the child said, by instinct. Dad started to interfere, because he is a member of the humane society, but the unique that was showing us around saved dad's life by pushing him along, before the woman got a chance to brain him with the washboard.

The women mostly had on these baggy Turkish trousers, like the Zouaves wear, and a jacket, and a cloth around their heads, and they acted as though if the next meal came along all right they would be in luck. We saw a few women pretty white, and they were Circassian slaves, with big eyes and hoops in their ears, and a little different clothes on, but there were none that dad would buy at an auction, or at a bargain sale, if they were marked down to 99 cents.

We passed one woman running an American sewing machine, and dad said he'd bet she was an American, and he went up to her and said: "Hello, sis!" She stopped the machine, looked up at dad with a sort of Bowers expression, and said: "Gwan, Chauncey Depey, you old peach, or I'll have you pinched," and the unique took dad by the arm and pulled him along real spry, but he hung back and looked over his shoulder at the woman, but she went on sewing, and dad said to me: "Well, wouldn't that frost you?" And we went on making the inspection.

I don't think I ever saw so many children, outside of an orphan asylum, all about the same size and all looking exactly alike. They all had the same beady black eyes that look as though they were afraid of getting caught in a trap, like muskrats, and their noses and the same inquiring appearance, as



He Was Just Getting Warmed Up to "Balance to Partners."

stalls I think if any of them had started to dance dad would have stampeded in a body.

We finally got back to the great marble room, where the sultan was sleeping in a stuffed chair, surrounded by his staff, and one of them woke him up, and he asked dad what he thought of the home life of a crowned head, and dad said it beat anything he had ever seen, and he should recommend to his government that the harem system be adopted in America, and actually the sultan seemed pleased. He said as an evidence of his love for America he wanted to present to the president, through dad, 50 of his wives, and if dad would indicate where he wanted them delivered, they would be there, Johnny on the spot, or words to that effect.

THE SCHOOL-GIRLS

HONEST, FAITHFUL WORK WINS IN THE END.

The "Sketchy" Girl Must Get Her Examinations—She May Get High Marks, But Will Finally Be Displaced by Her More Conscientious Schoolmate — Perseverance Will Bring Even the Dull Girl Its Reward—A Little Study During Holidays Keeps the Mind Facile—Nature Work for Out-of-Doors.

BY MARGARET E. SANSTONER. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Examinations loom large in school life, because they are tests of progress. When the school year is at an end, and you look back over its course, as over a journey from one point to another, the examinations stand out in memory like milestones on the road.

In some schools there are weekly tests, in others reviews come more monthly, and in nearly every school there are half-yearly examinations which very fairly show the work that has been assigned and demonstrate the faithfulness with which it has been done.

A student whose work is fairly well performed every day, who never brings half-learned lessons to a recitation, who never shirks a task or accepts help, instead of working out problems for herself, need have no dread of examinations. They will take care of themselves. But there are girls who have an easy way of slipping through their tasks, who are not at all thorough, nor diligent, and yet who manage to seem prepared when they are just the reverse. I have known such girls, brilliant and superficial, who glanced over their work at the last moment, and hoped for an easy question, or who looked on as if they knew so much that the teacher passed them over, and put her query to a duller girl in the next seat.

These sketchy girls when examination time comes are obliged to "cram." They spend frantic hours in making up in a hurry what ought to have been at their fingers' ends throughout the term. They possibly pass a written examination, and send in papers that receive high marks. But in the end they will be distanced by other girls who were faithful all through.

Girls who are merely clever are like merchants who put all their goods in the shop windows, and have nothing on the shelves. Unless we have plenty, we draw from besides what we put in front for the public to see, we shall soon find our working capital exhausted, and our resources hopelessly crippled.

I wonder if you understand precisely what I mean? It is so important that a woman should in these days be equipped at every point, for her home life or her business opportunities, or her profession, whatever it may be, that no girl at school can afford to waste her opportunities. You have been told over and over until the words seem but an idle tale, that you are in life's morning, that these are your best days, and that if you do not make the most of the present, it will never be in your power to retrieve the loss.

Half the time you listen to this sort of preaching with bored resignation, when it comes from parents and teachers. But, dear girl, it is true. The mill will never grind again with water that is passed. What you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow.

The real value of education to girls, is that it is preparing them to take their places in the world, and to make the world better in days to come. A girl who does not make the most of her time in school will not only be sorry later on, but will be surpassed by others less clever than herself, but more conscientious.

Occasionally one meets a very commonplace woman who has few ideas, no conversation, and very little influence. People pass her by without paying attention to anything she says, and express surprise when told that she is a graduate of some conspicuous college. How did she ever manage to secure a diploma? may be asked.

Well, there may be more than one explanation. She may have done her work mechanically, or she may have had a remarkably good memory, or she may have studied hard for examinations and used up her strength too lavishly. Unless one is developed systematically in brain and heart and body, she will have to take a back seat in the audience when others are on the platform, directing the purposes of the assembly. She will be in the rear, and the procession will finally drop her from its ranks.

You know what a noise it makes to bust a paper bag. Well, this was the toughest old bag I ever busted, and it sounded like a cannon fired down cellar somewhere, and the air was full of dust, and before I could get up the sultan had tipped over the table and run yelling into another room, praying to "Allah," and all the staff had lit out for tall timber, and there was nobody left but dad and the unique and myself, and the unique took dad by the arm and started for the door, and we were freed out.

As I went out of the room I looked around, and there was a Turk's head sticking out of every door, to see how many had been killed by the bomb, and as we got out doors, dad said: "Now we have to get out of Turkey before night, or we die. Me for Egypt, boy, if we can catch a boat before we are drawn and quartered." So here goes for Cairo, Egypt. Your only.

HENNERY. Successful Lion-Breeding in Dublin. Few, if any, menageries in the world can show a more remarkable record of lion-rearing than that of the Dublin zoo. From the old lion-house, which was recently replaced by a magnificent building to which Lord Roberts has given his name, lions bred within its walls have been consigned to almost every quarter of the globe. Upwards of 200 cubs saw the light in the old lion-house, and a sum of nearly £5,000 resulted from their sale to other menageries, both at home and abroad. One lioness, whose career in the gardens extended over a period of 16 years, gave birth in her time to no fewer than 55 cubs, which realized the sum of £1,400.

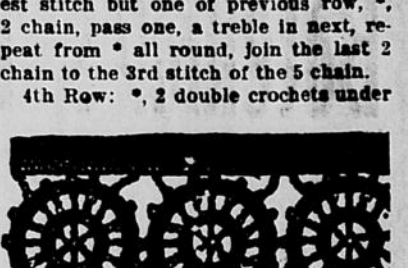
The summer is the best time to visit the mountains. The weather is just what you need, and the scenery is so beautiful that you will never want to leave. The mountains are so high that you can see for miles around you. The air is so fresh and pure that you will feel like a new man. The mountains are so beautiful that you will never want to leave.

There are birds almost without number, there will be moths, beetles, butterflies, crickets and katydids, squirrels will frisk among the boughs, and chipmunks play hide and seek among the leaves. Do not lose sight of the interesting things that are all about you out of doors.

Whether you pass your examinations in school with credit or not, sit down now at Mother Nature's feet and learn of her. Do not be discouraged if you have been surpassed by somebody else. Do your best, and leave the rest. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

PRETTY CROCHET LACE.

With Revival of This Fancywork, We Present an Unusually Good Design. Work 6 chain and join into a ring. 1st Row: 6 chain, 1 treble into the ring just made, 3 chain, another treble in same place, repeat from \* three times more, 3 chain, join to third stitch of the 6 chain (which will count as 1 treble).



A PRETTY PATTERN.

work a treble into the 6th picot from the joined one—counting from left to right—4 chain, a double crochet in the 5th picot, 4 chain, a double crochet in the 4th picot, 4 chain, a double crochet in the 3rd picot, 4 chain, a treble in the next picot, this will leave one picot unworked, pass this and the corresponding one on the next wheel, make 3 chain, and repeat from \* on each wheel, and finish with a row of trebles—one in each stitch—all along the top.

The heading is worked after the required number of wheels are joined. \* work a treble into the 6th picot from the joined one—counting from left to right—4 chain, a double crochet in the 5th picot, 4 chain, a double crochet in the 4th picot, 4 chain, a double crochet in the 3rd picot, 4 chain, a treble in the next picot, this will leave one picot unworked, pass this and the corresponding one on the next wheel, make 3 chain, and repeat from \* on each wheel, and finish with a row of trebles—one in each stitch—all along the top.

FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Diet Followed in Building Up the System and Looks of Patients Afflicted with Nervousness. Those who are afflicted with nerves should be given green vegetables, ripe fresh fruits, uncooked, and all their meals are eaten in the open air. Give them hot cooked breads and plenty of things to nourish and feed the nerves. See that they do not go hungry and feed them five times a day.

Nervous patients should be given a great deal of fluid. They usually are people who drink little and need plenty of fruit drinks, one of the best being hot apple tea. To make apple tea, cut up apples and cover them with hot water. When they have steeped pour off the juice and serve it hot with sugar and cream. A better apple tea is made by serving apple juice with sugar and lemon.

Nervous patients should be given water that is not too hot, sweet light wines, unfermented grape juice, and all kinds of things that are healthful and satisfying. The trouble is that the woman with too many nerves invariably does not supply the system with a sufficient amount of fluid and that is why she is so nervous. She should drink pure fresh water as often as she can do so.

If the woman who is ailing and nervous will take the milk diet she will get well. Let her procure four quarts of good fresh pure milk. Let her begin in the morning and take a glass of milk every half hour all day. This will cleanse her system and purify it, carrying off all the impurities of the stomach and blood.

The milk diet can be taken in a different way. The patient can drink her cup of coffee in the morning and take her chop. But after this one meal she must not take another meal until the next morning. Instead of this she drinks a glass of milk every hour. This is not strictly vegetarian, but it borders upon it and is an improvement upon the meat eating three times a day.

The nervous woman requires fluid, and until she learns to take a great deal of it into her stomach she will never be well.

A Child's Manners. To teach a child in pretty behavior with the grown folks as it is to teach her to recite bits of French poems. Drill her so carefully and so lovingly that when the mamma calls says: "Come here, my dear," or "Is this your little daughter?" she will unhesitatingly advance, put out her hand, say: "How do you do?" smile, and listen to all that is said to her as though your caller's words were words of special wisdom.