A PORTLAND PESSIMIST IN EUROPE

M. B. WELLS GETS AWAY FROM THE UBIQUITOUS AVON AND SEES SOME SIGHTS IN PARIS

WHEN we left Stonehenge, it was cold and misty, but the sun soon came and we had the most delightful ride of all. It was still early in the morning. We had the road to ourselves, and did not meet a motor, or other vehicle for more than 20 miles.

We went back to Amesbury, then skirting the banks of the lovely river Avon to Salisbury and Christchurch, we rapidly pushed the landscape behind us until we came to Bournemouth by the Sea.

"Skirting the banks of the lovely Avon" is a phrase I admired so much in an advertisement of a Cook excursion, and I was anxious to try it in an automobile.

The Avon is not a large river, but what it lacks in size it more than makes up in ubiquity. It is really an extraordinary stream. Not only does it flow by the birthplace of the immortal Shakespeare, but it has its source and empties itself all over the face of Europe.

England has four rivers named Avon, Scotland three, France two and then under numerous disguises such as Aven, Afon, Avenza, and Avono, it appears in about a thousand other places.

The word Avon comes from the Sanscrit root "Ap," meaning water. Quite an original and appropriate name for a river.

There was not much water in the Avon between Amesbury and Christchurch, but there was enough to build some bridges over, and nice, picturesque, little bridges they were. When we came to one we knew that we had not lost the Avon. At other times we could not see it at all.

I observed that they did not let the cows get near it for fear that they might drink it all up.

At Salisbury there is an old cathedral, but I did not stop. I had seen all the cathedrals I could stand.

Ruined Seaside Resorts.

We came to several other places of interest, but we passed them by. I was in a great hurry to see Bournemouth, because I had been told that it was the prettiest place in England.

It may not have been that, but, architecturally and in many other ways, it is as beautiful a place as one would want to see.

Situated on a high cliff, overlooking the English Channel, with its handsome streets, its shady drives and lovely walks, and a climate rivaling that of the Riviera, it looked like an earthly paradise, but it was not. It had, like other English watering places, been invaded by the tripper.

The tripper is an offensive creature with a return-trip ticket. He has ruined all the seaside resorts within a radius of 150 miles from London.

Ramsgate and Margate were the first to succumb. Then came beautiful Brighton, and now it is Bournemouth which for a while was free from his blighting influence.

The tripper comes in hordes, with baskets, lunch boxes and babies. They are as thick on the sands as flies.

I had come to England, expecting to stay for a year or so, but it was in Bournemouth, the handsomest town in Britain, that I became sick of it all.

The trippers made the days intolerable, so I took what pleasure I could sitting on the cliff at night.

When the band ceased playing and the lights on the pier went out, slowly in groups and finally one by one, the last miserable tripper went out of sight, and then, and only then, would peace and quiet come upon the scene.

Below me was the silver sea shimmering with the reflected rays of the Summer moon; to the left was the blinking red beacon on the Isle of Wight; beyond, faintly twinkling in the distance across the bay, were the lights of the village of Swanage.

Longing for Ilwaco.

Night after night as I sat there, pondering over the horrors of the day that had passed, the 'Arrys and 'Arriets hugging each other in broad daylight, the Punch and Judy shows, the disgusting trippers with their filthy babies, I felt a wild, fierce longing for the mighty Pacific, the ceaseless roar of its tremendous breakers rolling in on the Washington shore above Ilwaco.

I pined for the lonely grandeur of the North Head forest, Dead Man's Hollow and the Fishing Rocks.

Six thousand miles is none too far away to be from the London tripper.

I wanted to go home on the first steamer, but my wife wouldn't do it. She had to go to Paris to do some shopping.

We went to some other places in the south of England, but we did not like them, so we went back to London to get a fresh start.

Our landlord at 6 Belsize avenue was glad to see us. He had saved a lot of letters for us. Among them was one from Harris. He did not seem to be having as much fun as he expected to have. His letter was full of gloom and despair. He had lost his pocketbook, containing among othe rthings a $400 diamond brooch that he had bought for his sister at home.

As we had had all the motoring we wanted for awhile, we concluded to go over to Paris, and look after Harris and cheer him up.

Paris is a long way from Portland, but it is only an eight-hour ride by train and boat from London.

There are several ways to go. All the Dukes and wealthy New Yorkers go across by Dover and Calais, so I selected the Dieppe and Newhaven route.

Harris was at the station to meet us. I was glad to see him. He had improved considerabl ysince he left London. He was quiet and subdued. He didn't talk so earnestly and volubly about his lands and bonds and things; and then, too, he had found out about Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI, the little Trianon, Madame du Whatsername, the Three Musketeers and the Queen's Necklace. He was getting quite literary, and, at times, I was quite proud of him.

He had written such glowing accounts of the place where he stayed that I thought we would take a chance and go there ourselves. It was secluded, inexpensive and select, he said.

Ingenious Meter in a Cab.

I did not like the name of the street it was on. It had a German name that had to be pronounced with a French accent. I was afraid that we might have difficulty with the Paris cabby.

The Paris cab-driver is not a picturesque individual, but he is very particular about pronunciation when one tells him where to go. If you don't get it just rigth he won't go at all.

I used to have an idea that, in order to speak French with the true Parisian accent, one had to shrug his shoulders and look like an idiot. I saw that I was wrong when Harris, with dignity and accuracy, told our cabby to drive to 26 Rue de Lubeck.

Harris may act like an idiot once in a while, but he never looks like one. I knew that he said it right because the cabby set his taximeter at 75 centimes and started off immediately.

I fell in love with the taximeter at once. Its useful simplicity would appeal to any philosophic mind. It is a cyclometer-like affair, with a dial where the passenger can see it. As the cab wheels along it registers in centimes how much you will have to pay. The minimum charges is 75 centimes, so the cabby sets it at that figure before he starts. He has to drive 75 centimes' worth before the dial will register again. After that every time the figures move you get stuck for 10 centimes.

Sometimes you are inclined to imagine that the figures are moving at a fearful speed, but when you reflect that 10 centimes is only 2 cents they do not seem to go so fast.

Besides the amount registered by the taximeter, you have to give up 5 cents to assuage the cabby's thirst. This gratuity is known in French as a "pour boir." It sounds so much like "poor boir," that it would be a mean man who would refuse it.

A French Breakfast.

I liked the place that Harris took us to. The building was old, and at one time it had been a convent. I felt some doubts when, as Harris rang the bell, a mysterious door in a high stone wall opened in a ghostly manner, but my fears were allayed when we were once inside. It was peaceful and calm, ancient and romantic. I was delighted with its private gardens, its rambling corridors and pleasant rooms. We were in the heart of France and living the life as the native lives it.

It was all very interesting, but I did not like the breakfast that they brought to my room next morning. It consisted of a large tray, one cup of tea, a napkin, two lumps of sugar and a small French roll about the size of a Frankfurter sausage.

I looked at it long and earnestly, wondering what it was for. I thought it must be for an invalid next door, but as no one came back for it I concluded that it was an introductory affair preceding a real meal to be served in the salle manger down stairs. As I ate it, I was delighted with what I thought was a pleasing French custom. Later, when I discovered that it was all I was to have until noon, I thought some loud thoughts about Harris, but I did not say anything, because I remembered the diamond brooch.

Harris' Lost Brooch.

I made several attempts to get Harris to talk about his loss. Ordinarily he was quite communicative, but on this occasion he seemed to have something to conceal and was strangely reticent.

I did ont ask him where he lost the brooch, as I valued his friendship too highly, but I did try to find out what steps he had taken toward its recovery. He ignored all my questions with a gloomy silence.

There was a peculiar streak in Harris' character. Generally he was energetic and resourceful, but when trouble came to him, he became deeply religious. Like John D. Rockefeller and other wealthy men, he wanted to do something for the Lord, so that, when the last day came, the Lord would not dwell so long on the other things that he had done.

He was a Presbyterian by birth. Once he held the office of deacon. I am not quite sure that there is such an official in the Presbyterian Church as a deacon, but, at any rate, he was a deacon, because I heard him say so. It may have been some other church that he belonged to.

Whatever church it was that he attended, he firmly believed in fate, and foreordination. "What was to be, had to be," I have heard him say.

Of course, his attempts to propitiate his Maker did not accord with his belief in predestination, but a slight logical difficulty of that sort was nothing to him. He was buying margins on the everlasting hereafter, and he did not want to miss a bet.

I may seem to be departing from the subject, but I am not. It is all necessary to explain how Harris happened to be such a colossal chump, and why he kept so still about the diamond brooch.

At Notre Dame.

One day we went to Notre Dame. There we saw an occasional devotee making a votive offering with flowers or lighted candles before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin or some other illustrious saint.

The feeling of religious calm that pervaded that sacred edifice did not have the proper effect on Harris.

The lighting of candles before the shrines seemed to cause him great sorrow.

Finally I asked: "What's the matter, Harris; don't you like the place?"

"I hope those people will get what they are after," he said.

"What people?"

"Why, those people lighting candles. If they think they are going to get anything, I am sorry for them."

"Get what?"

"Something that they want, or something that they have lost."

"Tell me, Harris," I demanded, as a great light dawned upon me. "Is that what you did to get that brooch back?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I burned a whole lot, and I have not seen the brooch yet. I don't expect to. The whole thing is a swindle, and those people are wasting their time."

Poor, old Harris! I led him out into the sunshine and tried to reason with him. In vain did I tell him that the lighting of candles was only an act of respecful devotion.

He said that there wasn't any use going to that trouble unless there was something in it, and that if the thing was any good at all he should have had his diamond brooch.

I took him over to the Morgue, hoping that it would cheer him up.

The Morgue is the depository for the unidentified dead of Paris, and is one of the advertised sights of the city.

There were five patients at the Morgue the first day we went. Harris wanted to go the next day to see if any more had been added to the collection.

The Paris Morgue, so far as I know, is the only one of its kind in the world.

When the bodies are received they are first frozen stiff, then propped up in a graceful attitude in a wheeled chair, and placed in an ice-cold chamber before a plate-glass screen, where they can be recognized by their friends.

It is really quite comfortable and cheerful.

A Friend in Need.

It is said that in New York, or London—I don't remember which—that there are more Jews than in Palestine, more Irish than in Tipperary, and more niggers than in Rome. I may have that saying a little mixed, but, anyway, I am getting to say that in Paris there are more Americans than in Astoria.

It was quite a relief to get away from the rising, infuriating inflection of the cockney dialect and hear the good old English like we have it at home.

Nevertheless it is quite convenient to know a little French.

When we left the morgue we wanted to go to Cook's office and get some tickets for a trip through Belgium and Holland. Neither one of us knew where it was, but we thought we could find it if we could locate the Place de l'Opera.

Harris had studied French, but he was afraid to say what he knew out loud. I asked him how to say "where is," and then I went up to a soldier just as though I was a born Frenchman and said: "Ou est Place de l'Opera?" I knew that I would not understand a word he said, but I hoped that he would point. He did, so Harris and I went off in that direction.

I must have made a great impression on that Frenchman, because not more than a minute after an Englishman who could really talk French came along and asked him that same question. The soldier told him to follow us, as that was where we were going, and that he had given us full and explicit directions.

Presently we heard the sound of rapid footsteps, and then the voice of an Englishman. "Oh, I beg pardon, but would you mind letting me go with you? I want to find the Place de l'Opera. A soldier just told me that you knew where it was." He never smiled when we told him how it was, but he went along and helped us to find it.

M. B. WELLS.

The Oregon Camera Club's Best Exhibit

Continued From Page Forty.

young woman who has introduced her to Old Neptune. The distance beyond these two main figures is beautifully carried out by the bathers scattered along the life line far into the breakers.

Akin to the latter subject, and yet less of a sea and more of a figure picture is George F. Holman's "The Crabber—A Foggy Morning." This soft gray carbon print is excellently composed and so rightly belongs to the genre class. There is fine contrast of life, as represented by the woman just lifting a big crab on her rake and the great expanse of sea stretching into the fog behind her. The distribution of light and dark tones gives contrast and variety without the repose necessary to true harmony being broken up.

* * *

Among the marines are four of similar character, presenting slight variations. They are "In Portland Harbor," by Harry G. Smith, "A Bit of Marine," by Henry Berger, Jr., "Discharging Coal," by George F. Holman, and "A Sea Rover," by Lynds W. Jones. All four represent freight ships lying alongside a dock, whose worn posts are reflected in the small ripples of the river, which, in Mr. Holman's print increase to wave motion and in Mr. Berger's lap against a stretch of weedy stones that add much to the picturesqueness of his print, which is of a beautiful soft brown tint.

Other marines that accord more with our preconceived idea of such subjects are: "Old Ocean's Roll," by J. A. Haran, showing a huge roll of surf about to topple over; "The Lifeboat," by George F. Holman, an enlargement of a detail from a small negative into a print "impressionistic" in effect, if we may apply a very descriptive term belonging to the treatment of colored pigments. The boat is dashing into the surf, which rolls powerfully towards us and almost envelops the craft that seems so weak in its embrace, yet will come forth victor; "Marine," by I. N. Lipman, very delicate harmonies in gray in a soft gray frame; "On the Lagoon, Venice," by Fred H. McClure, one of the "strongest" effects of light and shade and reflections in the gallery; a group of seven sea studies by George S. Shepherd, which are announced in the catalogue by appropriate couplets from "The Ancient Mariner," as are his other two subjects, "A Sail! A Sail!" (a girl in nautical costume on the lookout up in the rigging of a ship) and "Where Shakespeare Sleeps," a view of Stratford from the Avon, the church spire showing at the left and the accompanying couplet being from the great bard's epitaph:

"Blese be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Then in this marine class is a fine "Coming Storm," (surf lashed and driven before the wind, while angry clouds roll in dark masses overhead), by Harry G. Smith. A small and very pleasing study "On the Columbia," by H. J. Thorne and the familiar little lighthouse on stilts down at the junction of the two great rivers, "A Familiar Beacon" to guide those "that go down to the sea in ships" by way of the Willamette and the Columbia. Down in this direction is Ilwaco Beach, whose fine surf is shown in a beautifully developed print by Mr. Holman.

* * *

The landscapes show the usual choice of scenes in many cases, paths through the woods, brooks shaded by great trees or marshlands loved of the bird-hunter. Of these, the landscape by J. J. Tyrrell, in which a stream winds between meadow banks is in every way worthy of praise, because of excellent selection of point of view, of harmony in development of tones and for a poetic quality that imbues it with the feeling found in the best oil paintings.

Of special interest are the two landscapes that introduce cattle and the one with the Irish donkey. The first one, "Peaceful Valley," represents cows drinking in a stream at the foot of a slope crowned by beautiful trees. The clouds in this picture are soft and good. The second one, "On Columbia Slough," is a fine study of marshland and cattle by W. D. Smith and the third, "On the Way to Market," represents an old Irish woman driving her donkey and queer cart through a rich Irish copse. This was taken by H. E. Powell, and is an excellent character study.

* * *

Among the most beautiful landscapes are the one that took the silver cup offered by W. B. Struble, "A Woodland Path," by Henry Berger, Jr., and "An Oregon Wild Duck Lake," which was one of 400 chosen from among 10,000 photographs submitted in an international contest not long ago. The detail of foreground, softness of distance and cloud effects are of especial note.

The prize landscape is of most attractive character. Mr. Berger chose his subject with a keen eye for nature's harmonies of line and grouping. A clump of trees, mostly leafless, stand at the left of a path that winds and winds far away into the distance, bearing always a little to the right, and on the right of the path a few straggling trees, leafless, but not in the least unsightly, add to the balance of lines. The foreground has enough of detail of undergrowth and broken sod to give contrast to the soft, indistinct distance and fleecy clouds.

"The Slough and the Marsh" by Charles H. Hoeg, is one of the most pleasing bits of landscape treatment and his "Night" brings out some good contrasts of light and shade.

* * *

The architectural and other foreign scenes by Fred H. McClure have been greatly admired. The pure Greek ruins on the Acropolis "Caryatid Porch, Athens, Greece," and "Temple Sibyl, Tivoli, Italy," are in relief against a cloudless sky, where not a curve above or beyond disturbs the purity of the ruined pillars and capitals or fragments of walls. The shadows on the steps in the latter picture are clear, yet not harsh, and the nearness of bunches of gorse relieves the eye from any possible sense of hardness or mechanical effect.

Mr. George H. Rotner's "A Favorite Fishing Spot," is very beautifully treated in the developing, keeping softness, yet distinctness, a very desirable combination. A group of nine prints by L. C. Henrichsen show eight pleasing scenes, such as are always favorites in photography—sylvan scenes, one at Canadero and one, "High Bridge at Estacada." His ninth is "A Memory," a very pleasant memory, the splendidly illuminated Exposition grounds with the dome of the Agricultural Building dominating all.

* * *

The work sent up from California by the two founders of this Oregon Camera Club includes two landscapes by one brother and figures by the other. The landscapes are rich in the luxuriant verdure of Oregon's neighbor on the south and the figures are from the dwellers in Chinatown—a type, together with Indians, which finds most frequent portrayal in the West.

As the Chinaman becomes accustomed to American ways it will be less easy to portray him in a setting of local color. A near approach to this result has been obtained by H. C. Forbes in "A Chinese Opium Joint." The scene must seem very realistic to one who has ever visited the Chinese quarters of a large city. The grouping could not have been better had it been posed, in fact, probably not so good, for here Nature has posed the subjects. The man who is just taking his last long inhalation from the pipe whose bowl is held over the lamp's bright flame is even more dramatic in his pose than the one about losing consciousness and the one who is already oblivious to all around him. It is a repulsive subject, but cleverly done by the artist.

Other figure work of interest is "Confidence," by J. A. Haran, an Indian brave leaning against a tree, arms folded; a modern Sacajawea, "An Indian Madonna" (deserving great praise), and "Portrait, a Greek Study," the latter being the silver cup portrait. These and "Defiance" and "The Fortune Teller" are all by Mr. Haran.

Other artists who excel in portraits and figure composition are E. J. Gray; Mr. Holman, with "A Jar of Honey" and a portrait in a quaint, old-fashioned bonnet and fichu, also an exquisite little warm yellow carbon portrait, melting like a miniature into the background; Lynds W. Jones, who has a good Chinese group; I. N. Lipman, whose "Morning News" attracts much favorable comment for its natural posing and soft but clear treatment; George H. Rotner's "Bashful" boy, and Harry G. Smith's little boy in overalls; W. D. Smith's "Robert" and "Mildred"; J. J. Tyrrell's portrait of a beautiful, curly-headed boy, and Sim R. Winch's portrait of an elderly woman reading, and a clever Chinese group.

* * *

The animal pictures free of landscape are few in number, Mr. Holman's fine tortoise shell cat and Harry G. Smith's shaggy puppy, "Don," being the only two, as the "Elk," by L. E. Anderson. The last-named artist has one of the very few flower studies, in this case combined with landscape, "Erythroniums," which grow very near the summit of snow-capped mountains.

The other flower pieces are: "Chrysanthemums," by Harry G. Smith; "Carnations," by J. A. Haran; "Apple Blossoms," "California Poppies" and "Poetess' Narcissus," by W. D. Smith, and "Wild Anemones," by George F. Holman. The anemones, being printed on green carbon paper, reproduce the natural tints of leaf and flower in a most satisfactory way.

There are a few excellent examples of fruit and still life. "Apples," and "Pears," by W. D. Smith, and "Still Life," by the same artist, in which a banana partly peeled, an apple, a glass half filled with wine and the wicker wine flask forming a pleasing group. A delightful basket of "Apples" is by J. H. Thorne, who also has a bunch of grapes and leaves hanging as a panel.

* * *

There were about half a dozen pictures that were classed under that elastic head "genre." Of these, the one receiving the prize of a silver cup was "chicks," by W. D. Smith. This represented an anxious hen gazing down on three soft balls of yellow, diving after some morsel on the barn floor, while two more downy creatures peep from beneath her wings.

In addition to the four prizes for individual subjects, was one for best general exhibit. This was awarded to George T. Holman who displayed 18 subjects, 16 of which were in competition and covered every class except fruit shown at this Exposition.

Many of the artists showed great versatility in their subjects, coming under several classes.

The judges were chosen from men living in Portland and were Charles Butterworth, W. B. Struble, A. Tucker and M. Meyer.

The prizes consisted of four small silver cups, gold-lined, one each for portraiture, landscape, marine and genre, and a larger silver cup, gold-lined, the Judd trophy, which is awarded for the best general exhibit and must be won three times (no two in succession) before it can be retained by the winner.

The prizegivers and winners were as follows:

Portraiture, by L. W. Jones to J. A. Horan.

Landscape, by W. B. Struble, to Henry Berger, Jr.

Marine, by Henry Berger, Jr., to Harry G. Smith.

Genre, by J. A. Horan, to W. D. Smith.

Best general exhibit, by E. Y. Judd, to George F. Holman.

* * *

The preponderance of carbon prints over the older methods, bromides, etc., was a noticeable and gratifying feature of the exhibit. Mr. Holman showed work on six different carbon tints and one porcelain effect. The carbon process, although slower in bringing results and somewhat more expensive than other processes, is more durable, hence more satisfactory and for this reason cheaper in the end.

A singular old-time method of obtaining a photograph is here represented. Dana Sleeth shows in his excellent group of six views three pinhole photographs—so-called. The process requires long time exposure, the length varies with subject and other conditions, hence is matter of conjecture. For this reason the quickly-working lens superseded the pinhole, or absence of lens method. The outlines obtained by this method are so soft that they resemble the elasticity of freehand work. But because of the long time exposure living objects cannot come under the process. With all its beautiful effect it is easy to see why it was abandoned.

If a suggestion might be allowed as to future tendencies, it would be to this effect: Cloud study, idealism and old masters' lighting of portraiture subjects; and may long life and prosperity wait upon the Oregon Camera Club!

ANNA VON RYDINGSVARD.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT FREE!

Do you want a $25 Talking and Singing Machine for nothing? Now is your opportunity. This unparalleled offer will be available but a short time. This is a proposition whereby you receive $60 worth of merchandise for $35 and on such attractively easy terms that everyone may own a machine and a select collection of records. All records must be purchased from the Eilers Piano House, Park and Washington streets.

How to Get the Machine Free

All old or new subscribers to The Daily and Sunday Oregonian are entitled to the machine for nothing. Sign an agreement to subscribe, or continue your subscription for 12 months at the regular price of 20 cents a week, and to purchase two records upon the delivery of the machine and one record each week thereafter for 33 weeks covering a period of eight months. These conditions are good in all cities or towns where The Daily and Sunday Oregonian are delivered to subscribers by local agents.

Mail Orders

Mail-order subscribers will be accepted in quarterly installments of $2.55. Inclose money order, mail or express for $4.55—$2.55 for your subscription for three months, and $2.00 for two records and machine and records will be shipped as directed. One record must be purchased each week thereafter for 33 weeks or for a period of over eight months. All records must be purchased from the Eilers Piano House, Portland, Or. Send for catalogue.

THE OREGONIAN
PORTLAND, OREGON

Lamps That Are Clocks.

Cassier's Magazine.

Of the various examples that have been given of early specimens of the clockmaker's art, not the least interesting are the several types of lamp clocks. One of these was of a kind quite common in the 17th century and consisted of a lamp burner placed at the base of a glass oil "receptacle mounted vertically on a suitable standard. The oil reservoir had attached to it a scale, facing the burner and showing the hours, beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the lamp was to be lighted in Winter, and ending at 7 o'clock in the morning. The lamp being lighted, the gradually descending level of the oil, as combustion proceeded, marked the hours. The other device, of later origin, dating back to the beginning of the present century, utilized the same principle. It consisted of two communicating oil chambers, superposed by a clock dial. In one of the chambers was placed a night lamp to illuminate this dial, and in the other was suspended a float from a cord which passed around a small pulley. The latter was mounted on a horizontal axis ending in the center of the dial. The float, of course, descended as the oil was consumed and carried the index hand along with it, thus making the hours precisely as in the case already cited. At their best these timepieces could have had only an indifferent degree of accuracy, yet they probably served their purpose well and certainly are interesting at the present time as illustrating some of the expedients adopted by mechanicians of an earlier period.

A DREAM IN ARCHITECTURE

Taj Mahal One of World's Most Beautiful Buildings.

Metropolitan Magazine.

The best of the Taj is that however and whenever one views it, it never seems to lose its freshness, its fantastic beauty. Enter the great stone portal, set in the walls that surround the tomb and you step from the blazing dust-choked atmosphere of the world into a green, cool garden. You may sit within a shaded arbor before a shrub-dotted lawn and watch the white-robed natives moving noiselessly along the double path that leads to your fairy palace, its dome rising, a great, white blazing hemisphere into an azure sky, and its four slender guardian minarets at the four corners of the pedestal on which it stands.

Then as the afternoon wears on and the dome begins to shade half white, half black and pink evening clouds float by lazily, you join the white-robed natives and move with them slowly along the walk toward the Taj, listening to their low-voiced salutations and the splashing of numberless little fountain jets. The white of the marble is softened now and takes a faintly yellow tinge, and as you draw closer what from the distance seems smooth, untouched white marble, is in reality intricately inlaid in graceful scroll-like patterns over door and archway all done in semi-precious stones. Truly the "Pathans designed like Titans and finished like jewelers."

A signboard in Chartres, France, bears the following inscription: "E. Pichot, dealer in firewood, polisher of floors, undertaker and embalmer, festival and wedding dinners and suppers provided. Debtors evicted."

MISS DOROTHY CLARK, 2130 Grenshaw St., CHICAGO.

FRANCES MARIE KNOWLTON, 980 Garfield Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., Age 4 Years.

MISS LUCY MAY, 5036 Forestville Ave., CHICAGO.

LITTLE FRANCES MARIE KNOWLTON

whose photograph appears herewith has a most beautiful head of golden hair, thicker than the crown of glory of most mature women. Frances is only four years old, and her hair hangs within 12 inches of the floor. The extraordinary hair strengthening qualities of **Danderine** has grown for this little girl the most admirable head of hair ever possessed by a child of her age in the world. The other two ladies whose photographs are shown here are certainly delighted with the results they are getting. Neither of them having hair that would reach to their waists before beginning the use of **Danderine.**

IT IS POSITIVE AND PERMANENT IN ITS RESULTS.

When applied to the scalp on either old or young, it makes the hair sprout and grow thick, long and beautiful, and there is no waiting around for weeks and months to see results, either. Any druggist will refund the price if it does not accomplish every result we claim. **NOW** at all druggists in three sizes, **25** cents, **50** cents and **$1.00** per bottle.

FREE To show how quickly **Danderine** acts we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

FOR SALE AND GUARANTEED BY WOODARD, CLARKE & COMPANY.