

# THE JOURNAL'S COZY CORNER FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY ELEANOR F. BALDWIN

## THE QUIET HOUR

### Easter Lilies of Eternal Peace.

"I muse on joys that will not cease  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams."

"The soul is ceaselessly expectant. On warm June mornings in country lanes with sweet pine odors wafted in the breeze which sighs through the branches, the clouds shadows fitting over far-off blue mountains, while little birds sing their love-songs and golden-haired children weave garlands of wild roses; or when in the solemn twilight we listen to the wondrous harmonies of Beethoven and Chopin that stir the heart like voices from an unseen world—at such times one feels that the profoundest answer which science can give to our questioning is but a superficial answer. At these moments, when the world seems fullest of beauty, one feels most strongly that it is but the harbinger of something else—that the ceaseless play of phenomena is no mere sport of Titans, but an orderly scene with its reason for existing, its—  
"One divine, far-off event  
To which the whole creation moves."  
There can be no peace where there is no serenity. There can be no serenity where all one's belongings and materials are in chaos and confusion.  
The Christian life certainly begins with harmonious conditions and this is a truth that all who live in the high pressure of this age need to emphasize to themselves.  
This pressure is enormous. How to reconcile the demands of life is a problem that confronts us all. One has but specific work to do, also requires the collateral margin of leisure for thought concerning it, for without this quiet daily concentration of thought no work can prosper, whether it be art or commerce, science or traffic.  
One needs, too, due time for reading, for study and for personal care.  
The problem is peculiarly complicated for women, who are all more or less, in a transition stage. Great need have they of that mind "which is in Christ Jesus"—of achieving within

themselves self-control, harmony and sweetness that shall be love, joy and peace. Thus only can woman command the mental conditions of her work.  
To let one's self degenerate into the conditions of fume and fret and worry is to drift into the current of jar and discord where everything goes wrong.  
To hold fast to serenity—to give one's self to Jesus—daily, hourly, in perpetual consecration and communion, is to enter the magnetic current of joy and peace and infinite energy and command the conditions of the noblest success—that of character as well as achievement.  
Religion is a life or it is nothing. Theology is another matter and creeds and views have their adherents and advocates; but religion is psychic science, the knowledge of the soul, the knowledge of its capabilities, its powers, its methods of unfoldment.

The present is a period of time increasingly charged with spiritual magnetism. We hear about disastrous times and misfortune in affairs, but the deeper truth is that no such fortunate and beautiful time has ever been known before, because this is the highest point reached in evolution. The highest results yet known of spiritual force are in the world today.  
For those who are in sympathetic accord with this it is the most fortunate and the most beautiful time imaginable; a time of prosperity, of radiant happiness, of the utmost sweetness of satisfying response.

We are here and now in a spiritual world ruled by spiritual forces; and just as we are as one lives in the spirit—lives unselfishly, with ardor and with purpose and with enthusiasm—does he live in the invisible world and find his daily consciousness of heaven.  
The scene of action, in these years, is transferred to a higher plane than heretofore; but to all who rise to that plane the years will be transmuted in loveliness.  
The time for doubt, defeat, depression and despair has gone by. Joy, sweetness and exaltation are now the daily

## MONOGRAM VULGARISMS—THE LATEST FAD



It may be the latest fad, but it is certainly very poor taste, this embroidering one's initials on the ankle part of the stocking.  
That fact, however, does not seem to interfere with its popularity, for if one watches carefully a great number of women will be found to affect this latest fancy.  
A year or so ago it became the fashion to embroider one's initials on the side or sleeve of the shirtwaist. Then men followed suit and had their monograms embroidered on their ties, shirt sleeves and vest pockets.

mannia showered upon all who will lift up their hearts and praise.  
The very atmosphere thrills with this new and resistless energy, this divine enthusiasm.—From The World Beautiful.

### An Ideal Prayer.

Not more of light, I ask, O God!  
But eyes to see what is,  
Not sweeter songs, but power to hear  
The present melodies.  
No greater strength, but how to use  
The power that I possess.  
Not more of love, but how to turn  
A frown to a caress.  
Not more of joy, but power to feel  
Its kindling presence near.  
To give to others all I have  
Of courage and of cheer.  
No other gift, dear God, I ask,  
But only sense to see I know  
How best the precious gifts to use  
Thou hast bestowed on me.  
—London Light.

Despite the fact that the papers and magazines teem with advice about walking and standing, these two simple things are badly done by a large number of women.  
If more thought were given to the proper use of muscles—to the right selection of muscles for these two simple things it would add greatly to the sum total of health and beauty in the world.  
Over and over again it has been repeated that no matter how stunning and expensive the apparel of a woman who forgets that her body is something more than a clothes horse, she cannot have a "style" and over and over again the story has to be told.

One of the most valuable lessons to be learned at the theatre is the grace in manner and bearing and carriage expected of stage women. To watch them intently is an education in itself, and the writer of the following exceedingly sensible instruction has evidently made this discovery.  
Clothes are always secondary to physical health and proper bodily poise and carriage; the woman who puts her first will never have the appearance of the well dressed woman, try as she may—for she is not trying right.  
"Many a pretty girl spoils the effects of her good looks by an ungainly gait and awkward poise of the body. One of woman's chief charms is a graceful carriage. Cultivate an easy poise and a free, natural gait and you will stand out conspicuously among the mass of femininity."  
"Awkward movements are corrected by a series of exercises taken with a vase or jardiniere balanced on the head. Twist a handkerchief into a ring and use it as a pointer."  
"Assume kneeling pose and place the hands on the head. Now try to rise without dropping it. The instinctive uplifting of the hands to save the brace-a-brac from falling throws the body into the correct position. Walking with the jar on the head has the same effect. As a study of feminine lines of grace a woman with a jug of water on her head has for ages been the theme of the artist. Equilibrists and jugglers and all of their kind belong to a class to which graceful movements seem to come as if by second nature."  
"In the matter of walking there is the greatest possible license in these days of the athletic girl. Where the demure maiden of half a century ago would have been shocked it is now perfectly permissible to let the arms swing quite freely at the sides. The swing, however, should not be by any means exaggerated nor are the shoulders to move with the arms. The natural length of stride, that which is found to be the most comfortable, will invariably prove the most graceful. Both the mincing step and the long stride are to be avoided. There is a dainty little knack in thrusting the toe forward so that it touches the ground almost at the same instant as the heel. Nothing is more unbecoming than to swing the foot so freely that the sole shows at every step. One of the first lessons that goes with stage training is the correction of an almost universal tendency to throw the foot up in this manner."  
"Fashion has decreed that for a time at least the 'kangaroo' bend remain out of vogue and in its place we have the erect form. The 'kangaroo' was merely a revival of the form of forty years ago when it was the alluring title of 'Grecian bend,' the hips held well back and the bust thrown forward and up, the whole pose being greatly assisted by the wearing of extremely high-heeled slippers. Almost as injurious as either of these is the careless habit into which some women fall of allowing the body to sink down and forward, chest depressed and abdomen bearing the weight of the upper body. If you find that you have unconsciously fallen into this habit, which some physical culturists denote as pure laziness, take a few deep-breathing exercises every night and morning. Stand perfectly erect with feet together and hands at the sides. Now incline slightly forward and take a deep breath slowly, lifting the hands above the head. Exhale the breath and drop the hands, never relaxing from the forward position. At all times of the day, when you find

## OUR ARISTOCRACY

In a large magazine—the Cosmopolitan for April—Gertrude Atherton draws comparisons between our aristocracy, or shall we say between those who consider themselves our aristocracy, and the genuine article.  
It must be confessed that, accepting her view, we have no reason to be proud of our aristocrats, which is too bad since we pride ourselves upon everything of American manufacture, and since we relieve these aristocrats of every responsibility except that of being the real thing, we may be pardoned for finding fault with them and expecting an improvement along English lines.  
This writer says: "Of course, it is only a small minority of our \$8,000,000 that imitate, or think they imitate, the aristocracy of Great Britain, but these few thousands count far beyond their numbers in the United States as movers and shakers, because, owing to the servile attentions of newspapers and magazines their numbers appear to be magnified with their importance; and the student of the somewhat menacing conditions in the United States is moved to wish that these people really knew those they have elected to copy and would do them the honor to be exact."

It is a hard blow, when we thought we had an aristocracy that could not be improved upon to encounter this criticism. We have industrial training schools of all sorts for the poor, but it seems we need quite as much a training school for our aristocrats. They have no right to disappoint us in this way when they can devote all their time to the theory and practice of aristocracy. We have a right to expect better results.  
If these things are true, let us never again "point with pride" to our American aristocracy. It is at best but a poor and base imitation.  
"An Englishwoman," says Miss Atherton, "who had entertained at her country home a number of wealthy American women, once confided to me that the maids invariably complained to her

maid of the refined brutality of their employers. The Englishwoman, who was large-minded, added that she made allowance for these ladies as she believed them to be merely the victims of the traditions of slavery. She was very much astonished when I told her that the black slaves had been far better treated by the genuine American aristocracy of 50 years ago than are the highly paid servants of the pampered women whose grandfathers got their intellectual equipment in a night school."  
Of the real, genuine old New York aristocracy with seven generations at its back, Miss Atherton says that those "who form the somewhat attenuated backbone of society, in New York, for instance, are more objectionable in some respects than the new-rich."  
"While they ought to know better, they are so unaccountably conscious of their position as real aristocrats in a country too large to give them universal recognition, that anxious pride has bleached their very blood, narrowed their lips and practically deprived them of any distinctive personalities."  
"This is bad, but there is worse to come. Just see how our aristocrat counts! It is your right—the sorrow and the joys of the world. But I cannot, I belong to the people—with a great big P, my dear. I cannot go on living by their toil and give nothing in return. What a dreadful thing is a She-Dive!"

So, to the east side, right under the shadow of her own big brewery goes this enthusiastic young person, leaving all her glory behind her and posing as a humble young person, one Miss Kennedy, who desires to open a dressmaking shop.  
But in some inscrutable way Cupid mixes himself up in her plans and at the shabby genteel boarding-house, where she takes up her abode, there is a humble cabinet-maker—one Harry Goslett. She is exceedingly surprised to find him a gentleman, knowing all she knows and some things she does not, and he is equally surprised and a good deal more delighted to find a lady of such beautiful dressmaker of obscure origin.

So they take walks about this great East End (while her agent is looking up a place for her shop) and they morally upon it and its needs.  
"All day long the place is full of passengers hastening to and fro, pushing each other aside with set anxious faces, each driven by the inevitable scourge of necessity which makes slaves of all mankind."  
At last the dressmaker's shop is opened and a surprise indeed it proves to the East side. It has a court for lawn tennis under glass, it has a gymnasium, a drawing-room with a piano, a dining-room where a substantial dinner is served to the girls at noon and ample provision is made for time for them to enjoy the good things provided, out of work hours.  
When all is in readiness the disguised heiress makes this pretty little speech to her girls: "My friends," said Angela, coloring, "my friends, I have worked out the design by myself. I saw how the girls in our workshops toil for long hours and little pay. The great shops, whose partners are very rich men, treat them no better than do poor traders, whose living has to be got by scraping it off their wages. Now I thought if we were to start a shop in which there was to be no mistress, but to be self-governed, and to share the proceeds in due order and with regard to skill and industry, we might adjust our own hours for the general good. This kind of shop has been tried by men, but I think it has never succeeded because they wanted capital to start with. What could we three girls have done with nothing but our own hands to help us? So I wrote to that Miss Messenger, who has much money."

## DISORDERED NERVES.

For those who are even now suffering from disordered nerves, I urge more out-of-door life, open windows when sleeping, longer walks in the fresh air, daily exercise of ten minutes night and morning, a quick cold shower each morning and tepid one at night; meat no more than once a day, and then never rare, but always well cooked; at least eight hours sleep during the night, and, if possible, a ten-minute rest after every meal, you must eat slowly and make your meal as merry and happy as one as circumstances and surroundings will admit. If, perchance, you dine alone, let some merry tale keep you company; it is surely better to divert your mind thus by means of a good book than to dwell on your loneliness as you eat and do so doing lay another stone in the foundation you have been building for dyspepsia in the future.  
When a nervous patient is sent to me for special work, the first thing I examine is her spine. Why? Let me tell you. The spinal column may be likened to a tall tower, with doors and windows opening to the right and left down its whole length. Through this tower a great bundle of nerves run; this bundle we call the spinal cord, and it comes direct from the brain. Through every opening down the long tower or column nerves escape, dividing and dividing as they run till their minutest branches reach every part of the body.  
We must therefore strive not only to become straight of spine, but to keep straight of spine, not only for appearance sake, but in order to retain sound nerves and sound health.  
Let us laugh often, sing often and learn the art of relaxation and be able to open up a relaxed rest frequently during the day.  
Plenty of water and air, plain food, slowly eaten; rest, relaxation, work; regular exercise, laughter and play; these make the best tonic for nerves, the best cosmetic for the complexion, the best elixir of life I know of.

### Signed Name Opposite 13.

Lima Cor. Cincinnati Auditor.  
The death of Morris Stein, equifier of the Western Ohio railway, whose funeral was held in Plaquemine, recalls that the day before the fatal collision of trolley cars in which he was killed he was approached by young men companions and asked to sign a subscription for a dancing party.  
Stein glanced over the list, and seeing names above and below the numbered designation "13" laughingly asked if every one was superstitious. There he fixed his signature opposite the "13."  
In less than 24 hours the fast limited, on which he was a passenger, was wrecked, and Stein was the only person killed.

## AN EASTER MESSAGE.

Three days before my little girl died,  
When I tied on her bonnet of blue,  
And led her to see the fair Easter flowers,  
Thinking never of cypress or yew—  
One said, whispering low to me,  
As he noted her innocent grace,  
That of all the little ones gathered there,  
My own had the loveliest face.

Her dimpled cheeks under the bonnet of blue,  
Were rosy with health that day,  
And the tiny, pink finger-tips nestling in mine,  
Were like apple-buds in the May.  
She looked up at me with her radiant smile,  
And something I read in her eye,  
Sent a chill to my heart, and I said to myself:  
"If bereft of this child I should die."  
But now, when I meet any dear little girl,  
As I walk all alone in the street,  
With a bonnet of blue tied under her chin,  
And face all dimpled and sweet,  
I wonder much should that little one die,  
Or would she smile cheerily when bells ring in the glad Easter morn?

For I know that when next Easter morning comes,  
With chimers, and fair children, and flowers,  
And I sit by myself in the stately church  
Through the joyous service hours—  
I shall not be alone for the little girl  
In her bonnet of blue will be there,  
With the mystical look in her azure eyes,  
And the sunshine and gold in her hair.  
And this is my message to mothers who weep  
For the little ones gone on before—  
Don't think they are dead, for alive in your love  
They will be at your side evermore.  
And if you believe there was One who died  
And came back to his own from death's prison,  
To the grave's gloomy portal you hold the bright key,  
And the child, you thought dead has arisen.  
—Mrs. A. A. Walker.

## THE BOOK SHELF

Since man came into existence he hath had too little joy. That alone, my brethren, is our original sin.  
And when we learn how to have more joy, we best distinguish our cause from pain and to invent pain unto others.—Nietzsche.

### A Dream That Came True.

A great many problem novels are being written showing how very bad things have become in high society, in high finance and in fact all high places, and showing just the misery and suffering from which the lowly suffer as a result of all this and then leaving us in a fever of indignation or commiseration, as the case may be, with no hint of remedy.  
These books may open our eyes, but they fail to show us what road to take out of the woods.

In August, 1882, an English knight of the nineteenth century had written a book, to which he wrote a preface with this closing paragraph: "I have been told by certain friendly advisers that this story is impossible. I have therefore stated the fact on the title page, so that no one may complain of being taken in or deceived. But I have never been able to understand why it is impossible."  
This writer was a part of "society" in London. He knew the best and the worst of it. He studied the poor and those who, while above actual physical want, are starved for pleasure, for joy, for the grace and refinements and the elegances of life. Because he knew all this; because he had a heart as big as his brain; because he felt that the poor could be enriched without impoverishing the wealthy; he wrote this book that was "impossible."  
In it there is not a word in condemnation of the rich; there is not a word in condemnation of the poor. It is just a strong, living, sunny, wholehearted picture of life in East and West London as he saw it and as he saw it might be, and his dream of what it might be has come true.

This noble knight is dead, but perhaps he knows, perhaps he sees and is glad.  
If you would like to see more people happy than are happy today; if you would like to help just a little in that direction, stop reading "The latest novel" for a little while and take up this book that is 24 years old but as full of living interest as the day it was written and get out of it all there is in it and you'll be led for quite a while.

Before this book could be written the writer had to make a pilgrimage to that great unknown east end, a city in and by itself forgotten by the new and happier west end. As a result of this study the pictures of the great kingdom are drawn with a fidelity that makes you want to go there yourself.  
In this east end, so runs the story, in a great brewery and the properties that have grown out of it amounting to some two or three millions, the sole heir to which is a girl just out of college. But different from the majority of her class she feels her responsibility and is determined to acquire herself with those who make her money for her. To her learned classmate she exclaims: "Oh, woman of silence, you sit upon the heights and you disregard the people below. As for the sorrow and the joys of the world. But I cannot, I belong to the people—with a great big P, my dear. I cannot go on living by their toil and give nothing in return. What a dreadful thing is a She-Dive!"

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My wife has placed in our hands the materials for earthly joy; it lies with you to learn how to use them; it lies with you to learn what other things are necessary; how the people who have all the power there is must find out what they want and help themselves to it, standing shoulder to shoulder by means of that power.  
"It is not by setting poor against rich or by hardening the heart of the rich against poor that you will succeed; it is by independence and by knowledge. All sorts and conditions of men are alike. As are the vines of the rich, so are your own; as are your virtues, so are theirs."  
"But hitherto the rich have had things which you could not get. Now all that is altered; in the Palace of Delight we are equal to the richest; there is nothing which we, too, cannot have; what they desire, we desire; what they want we shall have; we can all love; we can all laugh; we can all feel the power of music; we can dance and sing, or we can sit in peace and meditate. In this palace, as in the outer world, remember that you have the power," and much more he said, which, if you have not read, please do and if you have read, why it is worth many another reading.

Now the outcome of this "impossible" story was just such a people's palace in East London, which has done more for the people, in that it has helped them to develop themselves, than can possibly be imagined. Sir Walter Besant's dream actually materialized, and strong was the influence of this book—"All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—and the writer has talked with those familiar with the actual Palace of Delight and its blessed activities.  
The Modern Tale.  
From the Baltimore American.  
"I hear that you are getting a good thing in marrying the old Cashier's daughter."  
"Yes, judge the old man is pretty well fixed."  
"You've looked him up in Broad-street, have you?"  
"No, not yet, but he's been in the investigations where the books decide on show where the money went."

"Gentleman Jack," as the girls called him, came to be in the great east end in the same shabby little boarding house with Miss Kennedy—you must read the book to find that out—but this much you should know—he had no idea that she was anything more than she declared herself to be—a dressmaker.

These young people in their numerous walks came to the conclusion that there was no joy in this great east end. People had enough to eat, but their souls were starved for beauty and for joy. So this suggested to the young man the idea of a palace of pleasure, a name which Miss Kennedy immediately changed to "A Palace of Delight."  
So these enthusiastic young persons worked and studied and dreamed about this palace of delight until they had plans drawn and in imagination could actually see this noble building filled with these somber people of the east end, enjoying music, art, the drama, the opera, social gatherings—everything that was then the exclusive prerogative of the favored west end. On one of these delightful incursions into the rosy realm of imagination Harry said:  
"Truly wonderful it is to think how monotonous are the gifts and bequests of rich men. Schools, churches, almshouses, hospitals—that is all; that is their monotonous round. Now and again a man like Peabody remembers that men want houses to live in, not hovels; or a good woman remembers that they want sound, wholesome food, and builds a market; but as a rule, schools, churches, almshouses, hospitals. Look at the lack of originality. Miss Kennedy, go and ask her if she wants to do the grandest thing ever done for men; ask her if she will, as a new and starting point of departure, remember that men want joy. If she forgets to do this, do it for me. It is the necessity of pleasure, the desirableness of pleasure, the beauty of pleasure."  
"A Palace of Delight!" Hebeke the head dressmaker, shook her head. "No, you know that half the people never go to church!"  
"When we have the palace," said Harry, "they will go to church, because religion is a plant that flourishes best where life is happiest. It will spring up among us then as luxuriously as the wild honeysuckle."

All unknown to her cabinet-maker lover, Miss Kennedy begins to build the palace of delight on some of her own land in the great east end.  
And while it grows to completion her love for the chivalrous young man, who has never forced his love upon her, has shown it in a thousand ways, helping to carry out her plans, and in doing this has revealed the strength and cheer in his own well-balanced personality, grows also, and she bids him hurry, she calls him that the dedication of the palace of pleasure shall also be the celebration of their wedding.

The book is brimming with other characters, and one of which is an engaging study in itself, but they all combine to make what we call every-day life in a most natural fashion, the two extremes of which, possibly, are "Uncle Bunker" and Lord Jocelyn.  
There is not space to tell you about the completion of that palace for the people nor the wedding at the East End with the brewery people and the dress-making people and the boarding-house people for guests at the palace, but the surprised bridegroom did not die until after he was safely married, but the bride was not Miss Kennedy, but the heiress, Miss Messenger.  
It was enough that he had loved and loved her for herself and that she was giving herself to a man whom she loved in the same manner.

But after the wedding feast and when the toasts were being given at an evening of his bride, Harry responded to "Success to the Palace of Delight," speaking from his heart, as we all do if we say anything worth hearing, and these are some of the things he said: "You are always being told to consider life as a long period of resignation under inevitable suffering, and you are told to submit your will, your reason, yourselves, your will to authority and all will be well with you."  
"No one yet has given you the chance of making yourselves happy. Here you will have music, dancing, singing, acting, painting, reading, games of skill, games of chance, companionship, cheerfulness, light, warmth, comfort—everything."  
"When these things have been enjoyed for a time they will become a necessity for you young people. They will go on to desire other things which cannot be found by any others for you but which must be found by yourselves and for yourselves."  
"My wife has placed in our hands the materials for earthly joy; it lies with you to learn how to use them; it lies with you to learn what other things are necessary; how the people who have all the power there is must find out what they want and help themselves to it, standing shoulder to shoulder by means of that power."

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"I hear that you are getting a good thing in marrying the old Cashier's daughter."  
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## DRETTY GOWN FOR A GIRL



For a young girl, this is a suitable and stylish afternoon dress. Made in white velveteen, with a circle and cuffs of satin, and white lace waist and sleeves, it is very dainty. The buttons and buckles are of mother-of-pearl.  
The wide-brimmed hat is trimmed with