

HURRAH FOR THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC!

The Spirit of '76 Finds Warm and Substantial Welcome from Men, Women and Children of the Year '96.

Hurrah for the Junior Republic! It isn't going to be crushed by poverty, after all.

Good, old, easy-going, fun-loving, generous New York is coming to the rescue. The Journal's Junior Republic office had been opened an hour yesterday morning when a young man just getting into the first "team" came in.

"I came down on my bicycle," said the young man. "I've brought a book. I read about the Junior Republic, and I think it's bully. I wish I belonged to one. Anyway, here's the book. It's 'The Boys of '76,' and I thought maybe the fellows up there would feel cheered up if they could read about what the Revolutionary boys did. I wish somebody would write one about these boys. You could call them the boys of '96, couldn't you?"

"Any way, I'm going round to see all the fellows I know, and see if they haven't got some good soldier books to send up there for those boys to read. I'm going out, right now.

"I'll let you know how I get along. I guess it will be all right. No fellow could read about those plucky fellows starting a republic of their own without wanting to do something to help them."

That gift a good omen. There is, let it be said, a contribution to the Junior Republic, 'The Boys of '76.' If there's such a thing as a good omen, that book is certainly one.

Here's a letter that came later in the day. Manager, Journal Junior Republic Fund:

Dear Sir—It seems to me that the Junior Republic is a good thing. It will make men and women wiser. I'd like to help it along. Why can't the business men of New York build a hall where that plucky little legislature can meet?

Here's \$100 for a starter. How about calling the building Faneuil Hall? Yours very truly, ISAAC DANENBERG.

A good idea, and well thought of—Faneuil Hall. What was it they used to call it in the Colonial days—the "Cradle of Liberty"?

Faneuil Hall, if all means, and may it soon be built.

Every man in this State who loves his country and who wants to see it prosper ought to be glad to help build the new Faneuil Hall.

This is no play republic. It is no Summer fad taken up to amuse an idle mind or so. It is the beginning of a great revolution in the ideas and hearts of the poor boys and girls of this city. They are going to make citizens by and by, these boys, and they are going to help make American history. If they do not make good history, they will make bad history.

These live down in the slums of New York City. Their parents are too busy trying to keep a roof over their heads to take much care of them. They are learning the miserable lessons of the streets, the lesson of lawlessness, the lesson of hopeless poverty. The Junior Republic takes them out of the city into the country.

Little Patriots All. A boy who is a citizen of the Junior Republic learns to work. He learns to save,

he learns to respect his own interests and the interests of others.

He will not write letters to bankers asking for \$1,000,000 without thinking a long time, a very long time, over it.

He has earned money himself, and he knows what money costs. He has had his chance, and he envies no man his chance. A boy who is a citizen of the Junior Republic makes laws and keeps them. A citizen of that republic loves the form of government he learns there, and he loves the flag that stands for that government.

Every merchant who has fought his way through discouragement to a poverty to such a degree that he has had to give up, every soldier in the regular army ought to help it.

There's a company of enthusiastic young soldiers at the Republic. They're ragged and patched, and they haven't a sign of a uniform, but they "s-b-o-u-n-d-er-ahms" as gallantly as any man in the ranks, and they call themselves "big mutt men."

Every American, big and little, old and young, ought to be proud of the courage and the hope and the indomitable energy of these little fellows from the slums, who are making such a brave fight with poverty. It takes an American boy to do a thing like that, and it takes an American man and woman to understand such boys and to help them. If they can only get a little help now, in the time of urgent need, the Republic will go on to splendid success, fitting boys and girls for life in the big Republic they are trying to help.

It's a sturdy, hard-working, honest little community, that Republic. It's up in Central New York, among the great hills of Adirondack. It owns a fertile little farm, which fairly echoes to be worked. The citizens are doing their best with it, and very good their best is, but they need farming implements. They need a pair of work horses; they need a mowing machine; they need a mangle for their clothes. The little hotel proprietor needs bedding and coats, and the citizens haven't a penny good clothes, or had ones either, for that matter. The government sells these things to the merchants, and the merchants sell them to the citizens, but the government hasn't much left to sell just now.

And the summer citizens are going up next week 50 of them. Who's going to help the little Republic take care of them? Here's a little letter that tells its own story.

"Here's ten cents for little Joe's father. I do hope you can send him and his brother the money. I'm sure you can. I'll send you more. My little boy did last summer. The description of little Joe sounds like him."

Merchant Wants to Help. "New York, June 29. 'Journal Junior Republic Fund Manager: I don't believe in charity. It does more harm than good. It makes beggars and paupers."

This Junior Republic seems to be a different sort of charity. It gives the poor boys a chance to work. Here's \$5 toward little Joe's father to the Junior Republic. I'm sure you can. I'll send you more. My little boy did last summer. The description of little Joe sounds like him."

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JUNIOR REPUBLIC MINUTE MEN SALUTING THE FLAG.

HELD UP IN HER OWN HOME. Bitten by circus horse. MR. MORGAN'S FINE BOOKS.

Stranger Pointed a Pistol at Mrs. Catharine Santo and Took a Pocketbook Containing \$70.

Mrs. Catharine Santo, a Hungarian woman, twenty-nine years old, lives with her husband on Webster avenue, near the Southern Boulevard. The husband is employed as a laborer on the Jerome Park reservoir, and seven of his fellow-workmen board at his house.

After breakfast yesterday, at 5:30 o'clock, the husband and boarders went to their work leaving Mrs. Santo alone with her two children.

About fifteen minutes after they had gone a strange man opened the door and walked in.

"Where are the men?" asked the stranger. "They have all gone to work."

"I want to see your pocketbook. Aren't they here?" "I don't have any pocketbook."

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Vicious Arabian Steed Lacerates His Keeper's Arm While the Expert is Off His Guard.

Reynolds, June 29.—The Van Amburgh circus, under the management of Frank Reynolds, gave a performance at this place today. Much excitement was caused by an incident not on the programme.

Frank Taylor, a resident of New York, and an employee of the show, has the care of two fine white Arabian stallions whose performance is a feature of the circus. They were formerly the property of the Barnum & Bailey show, and one of them, Don, is noted for his viciousness.

Early in the afternoon Taylor entered the tent to feed Don. As a rule he carries a stout club when about to perform this duty, but today neglected it.

"No, they have all gone." "Well, then," said the stranger, pulling a revolver from his pocket, "I want all your money, quick. If you don't give it up, I'll shoot."

Mrs. Santo pulled out a pocketbook which contained \$70, and handed it to the man, who at once ran out of the house and disappeared.

Policeman Chapman, of the Tremont Station, came along at 8 o'clock, and the case was reported to him. He told Captain Price about it, and word was sent to Police Headquarters. Detectives Kelly and Dwyer were sent out to look for the robber, but have not yet succeeded in catching him.

Twelve Old Volumes, Which Were Invoiced as Worth \$18,000, Imported by Him.

J. Pierpont Morgan has imported twelve old volumes from Europe which were invoiced at \$18,000. The shipment was made to him direct, and yesterday, in response to an application at the Appraiser's Stores, they were admitted free of duty.

These volumes were picked up by Mr. Morgan personally while he was in London and were shipped over as freight shortly after his recent departure from Europe for this country.

Four of the volumes are original copies of Shakespeare, folio editions, published in 1623, 1632, 1644 and 1685. There are also the Polignac Bible, in six volumes, published in 1534 and 1547, and the Marquis Bible, in two volumes, issued in 1450 and 1455.

The latter are said to have been the first volumes printed from movable type. There are only seventeen copies of the Marquis Bible extant. Three of them are in this country now. One was bought by James Lenox for \$500 and is in the Lenox Library; one was bought from Hamilton Cole, through Quaritch, by Braxton Levy for \$2,000, and sold to J. W. Ellsworth, of Chicago, for \$14,000. Several leaves of this copy are in fact similar, but the binding is the original one in which the book was issued.

Mr. Morgan's copy comes from the library of the Earl of Ashburnham, who bought the book at the sale by auction of the Perkins Library, several years ago, for \$2,000. Mr. Morgan paid \$25,000 for the book.

WOMEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

They Are Cowboys and Artists, Counterfeiters and Soldiers.

Some of Them Are Hermits and Some Are Practising the Profession of Dentistry.

Up on the mountainside of Monocacy Hill, in Pennsylvania, lives an old lady who has had the role of hermit thrust upon her by her remoteness from other habitations. She is Mrs. Sarah Shirley. She was born in 1812. She lives entirely alone in a little mortar dwelling house, a corner hard and round, with a chimney, a well, and a professional, cynical hermit. She attends to her chickens, to her cows, her milking and her butter-making; she makes soft soap and does her housework and forgets to be lonely. Travellers find her one of the most hospitable and one of the most philosophically cheerful beings on the mountainside.

The Rev. Dr. Purser is a New Orleans clergyman who is winning more than local fame as the commander of a troop of amazons. The young women of his church, fired with military zeal, formed a regiment and were instructed in all that pertains to army life as it is lived in times of peace by properly qualified teachers. The girls soon knew as much about the manual of arms as the men of the city military organizations, and drilled about as well. Whereupon the astute Dr. Purser proceeded to utilize them as a feature of church bazaars, to the great improvement of the bazaars.

Mrs. Waterman, an artist of San Francisco, has found a new field for artistic endeavor. She is carving a name for herself by immortalizing the members of the local police force in crayons and pastel. She is reported to find the blue and brass of the modern guardian of the law quite as picturesque as the red robes of cardinals and the purple of kings has been to former artists. Meanwhile she is gaining the good will of the force and it will fare ill with the burglar who breaks into her house.

Oklahoma has a girl counterfeiter in the person of Miss Mary Smith. Miss Smith was once a school teacher and the story of her fall from pedagogic propriety is reminiscent of Desdemona's following of Othello. While she was training the youth of Eastern Missouri, she made the acquaintance of an outlaw from the Indian Territory named Huffman. As Desdemona became captivated with Othello for the deeds of daring he related, this little Missouri school teacher became fascinated with the bold outlaw of the Indian country and she forsake school, friends and all to become his bride.

But not being trained in the ways of counterfeiters, Mary made mistakes and was captured.

Another Oklahoma girl, who found outlawry fascinating was Jessie Findley. She was moderately well brought up and had what is technically known as a "good home" when she met a young Robin Hood in the person of an outlaw. Within a few weeks Robin had persuaded her that the part of Maid Marion in his particular Sherwood Forest would be to her liking. She eloped and soon became an accomplished original herself. Her husband was taken prisoner finally with offers of his gang, and she aided him to escape in disguise. She was killed a marshal shot in pursuit of him and was retained. She was then imprisoned for complicity in the crime.

FAMILIAR SPORTS

IN UPPERTENDOM.

The very newest sport is that old-fashioned one of falconry, which was the pastime of kings and queens in medieval times. Fair dames in France and England are trying to revive this picturesque sport, and it is very certain that American women will not be slow to follow in their footsteps. It is said that never within the history of falconry have there been more hawks in training in England than at present.

A Long Island club is negotiating for some "trained" hawks and a falconer, and the women shall hunt pretty much and nations talking learnedly about rufoushoods, jesses, bells, leashes and lures, and see them dressed in fetching costumes, with gamgaited gloves on one hand.

Mrs. Jack Cowdin, pretty Mrs. Ladsenburg, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Smith-Hadden and Miss Bird, who go in for hunting and golf, are certain to take up with this new sport.

At Fernaldville Mrs. Jack Astor would have a splendid opportunity to train a new hawk. "Weathering," as it is called, is an important part of the training of falcons. This means that the birds are placed for a few hours every morning on blocks standing on silver beds of sand on the lawn; weathering, in other words, means taking the air.

If one intends training one's own birds—and it is interesting work—she must learn all about their food, the best shelter at night, as well as teach the birds to fly at the lure, to "wait on," and various other phases of the sport.

Mrs. Astor's pet sport at present is golf, and one of the best private nine-hole links in the country is at Fernaldville. Mrs. Astor played with signal success at the Newport links last summer, and she has been counted on this year for some good scores.

Other women with brilliant records on the golf links are Miss Virginia Fair, who came within one of gaining the tournament prize last autumn at Lenox. The prize—a loving-cup presented by Mme. de Heredia—Miss Lila Vanderbilt-Sloane captured by her really fine playing.

Other good golf players among the younger set are Miss Webb, Miss Elsie Clews, who excel in golfing; Miss Frances Brynna Ives and Miss Ethel Phelps-Stokes. The Lenox links, from start to finish, measure two and one-half miles, thus giving any girl who plays one game daily plenty of exercise for her muscles.

The grounds are picturesque, and the links have such odd names as Heart Breaker, Devil's Lane, Hill, Root, Klunkit, Putting, and the like. Golf is going to be immensely popular. A bicycle party chaperon will form one of the features of the coming year. The bicycle party, which is rather novel, and all the expert cyclists, both men and women, will take part in it.

Hokey—this hockey which is another pastime that is so very English that clubs are being formed here for the sport. It is a vigorous outdoor game, and is much affected by royalty and high and mighty personages. The Princess Maud, dearly loved by a host of hockey players, and Prince Carl, and many young and titled Englishwomen belong to clubs which meet weekly for hockey and valuable prizes and tea.

Archery billiards is a "rattling good game" and is going to be another Newport fad. This is nothing new, to be sure, or rather, it is an old sport revived. Society has tried everything that athletics or games masters have to offer, and it has finally turned to its last love—fencing—with renewed ardor.

WHO WILL WIN THE RAINY-DAY COSTUME?

JURY OF AWARD: MRS. JENNESS MILLER, MRS. DONALD M'LEAN AND DR. GRACE PEGKHAM MURRAY.

To the women submitting the best design for a rainy-day costume, the Journal offers that costume made by the leading tailor of New York.

The competition will continue for two weeks. After Thursday, July 13, no designs will be received. The designs will be made known as soon as possible after the closing of the contest. All designs must be accompanied by the full name and address of the sender. A sketch, accompanied by a description of the gown is desirable. The illustration need not be a finished, artistic production, but should give the designer's ideas.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page. In response to the Journal's offer to spur women on to solve one of the most trying of their problems—that of rainy-day attire—several designs have been received. Among them are the following:

The first design, submitted by U. S. New York City, shows a tailor-made skirt of blue crummette serge. It reaches to the shoe tops, and is lined to the depth of twelve inches with blue waterproof cloth. Leggings of the same material are worn. A blue serge Norfolk jacket, cut to wear with a linen chemise, and an Alpine hat of blue serge complete the costume.

The second design, submitted by E. E. K., Brooklyn, shows a skirt of checked olive green and cream serge, which has been treated to the process of rendering wool waterproof. The skirt is only an inch or two shorter than the regulation walking skirt, and reaches the ankles. It is lined to the knees with rubber cloth of olive green. The leggings, which are designed to protect the shoes and stockings from chance contact with a wet shirt, are also of the green cloth. A short open jacket, of plain, olive green, is worn over a blouse waist, and with it a round hat of stitched serge.

The third design, submitted by S. R. of Jersey City, shows a skirt of gray twill reaching to the shoe tops. Gray leggings are worn. A gray silk waist is worn, and a heavy gray golf cape, lined with scarlet plaid, and finished with a scarlet plaid hood. A sailor hat, covered with patent leather, completes the outfit.

TOQUES, BONNETS AND HATS. Tulle, that has been so popular, is giving place to chiffon. The latter has the enduring merit of never cheapening, and is quite as beautiful and generally becoming.

A delightful little bonnet, designed for one of June's brides, has a crown of pearl gray and silver embroidery, that fits closely to the head, and is trimmed with a white osprey and two clusters of deep crimson velvet roses with their leaves.

For visiting and similar occasions pale green straw is made into a high, narrow crown with very wide brim, which is veiled in white tulle, caught up on one side with a big rosette and three nodding black plumes. On the other side is a knot of lilies and a big bunch of the same rest upon the hair, underneath the brim, at the back. Just in front are two large crushed pink roses that look as if they had fallen to place.

FROZEN ORANGES. One dozen oranges, one quart of water, juice of two lemons, one pound of sugar. Rub the rind of three oranges well into the sugar, then peel all the oranges, open the sections and take out the pulp, add to it the sugar and lemon juice, stand aside for an hour; then add the water, stir until the sugar is dissolved; then turn the freezer and freeze. This will serve eight persons.

She is a wise woman who can snuff at an insult and never see it. But not your trust in money, but your money in trust.

REACHED FROM A PENNY AND LOST HER LIFE.

Coin Was on the Mantel and Ida Small Stood on a Gas Stove to Get It.

Her Clothes Caught Fire and She Was Fatally Burned Before Help Arrived.

HAD BEEN LEFT ALONE IN THE ROOM.

While Suffering Excruciating Agony the Four-Year-Old Girl Tried to Comfort Her Weeping Parents.

Ida Small, four years old, the daughter of Simon Small, a tailor, who lives on the top floor of No. 190 Ludlow street, died from burns at her home yesterday afternoon, after five hours of the most intense suffering. About 11 a. m. yesterday her mother left her alone in the kitchen, and she and her other four children went to an adjoining room.

Little Ida had seen her mother place a penny on the mantelpiece, and as soon as she was alone started to get it. Beneath the mantelpiece was a range, and on that was a lighted gas stove. Ida climbed up the range, and reached for the penny, and threw herself in terror upon the door.

Mrs. Small heard her daughter's cries and ran to her aid. The sight that met her eyes as she threw open the kitchen door nearly drove her out of her mind, and for a few seconds she was unable to power to stoic her child. Then she snatched a cloth from the table and wrapped it around her neck, and then she tried to smother her child. Then she snatched a cloth from the table and wrapped it around her neck, and then she tried to smother her child.

Ida was fatally injured. The father, hoping against hope, secured the neighborhood and brought in three other doctors, who confirmed the declaration of the first physician.

The unfortunate child died at 4 p. m. She was conscious until the last. Although she suffered the most terrible agony the poor little one strove to be cheerful and to comfort her parents as they stood by her bedside, weeping bitterly.

"Do you know me, Ida?" asked Small. "Yes," she replied, "I am my mother."

"Then, addressing her mother, the child added: "It was my fault. I was trying to get the penny I saw you put on the shelf. Don't cry, dear mamma. It will soon be over and I shall not suffer any more."

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HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO REFORM?

Justice Pryor Holds That Six Months Are Enough; Justice Russell Says Not.

So, on the latter's Order, Mrs Herbert Cannot See Her Children Again Until August 5.

REARRIED AFTER HER DIVORCE.

Second Husband the Co-Respondent in the Case, and the Justice Cannot Accept Her Plea or Affidavits.

Justice Russell, in Special Term of the Superior Court, yesterday decided possible for an erring wife to reformatively within six months as to child to see her children again.

Sigrid Norman Perry obtained an absolute divorce in the Superior Court last September. The decree directed that the children remain in the custody of their father. Soon after it was issued Mrs. Perry married again, her second husband being the co-respondent, Heriott.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Herbert applied to Justice Pryor for a modification of the decree of divorce, so as to let her see her children at regular