

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC IS A CHANCE FOR YOUNGSTERS.

All Go to the Circus and So Help the Junior Republic.

The Bentleys Will Give Next Wednesday's Entire Receipts to Help It Along.

Committee from the State Board of Charities Indorses the Plan for Helping Poor Children.

COLLEGE MEN VISIT FREEVILLE.

They Investigate and Become Enthusiasts. Letters of Encouragement from Many with Gifts—All Can Help, if Only a Little.

The Junior Republic is a miniature republic which is carried on by poor boys and girls who have gone into the country to get a chance to live. The citizens are none of them over seventeen years old.

Albany, N. Y., July 15.—The State Board of Charities has appointed committees to investigate the management and increase of dispensaries throughout the State and also to formulate rules for the placing out of children by superintendents of the poor, county agents and public and private institutions.

The committee of incorporation was granted George Junior Republic Association, New York City, to conduct operations at Freeville.

The Charities Committee visited the Junior Republic a while ago. The members of the committee intended to stay one day, do the regular "examination," and then go away.

They stayed a good deal longer than a day, and when they went away they were what they themselves called "cranks on the subject."

Now, the committees from the State Board of Charities are very good things, and they do splendid work, but by this time twelvemonth they ought to have no more business at the Junior Republic.

That Junior Republic can support itself, if it has half a chance. More green fields are here will make an ideal dairy farm. Cornell College will buy all the butter and cream the Junior Republic dairy can produce—and there you are—a busy, prosperous, thriving little community.

The news of the Junior Republic has spread abroad. The poor little friendless youngsters are beginning to hear of it. They come into the office of the Republic Headquarters, and they walk as if they were in a dream. They don't believe half they have heard about the Republic, but they do believe, in some vague way, that somebody, somewhere, is taking some kind of an interest in them, and they don't know what to think about it.

It is a pretty hard question to answer these days. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to tell a boy who hasn't had a mouthful of decent food in days that he will have to starve a while longer. It isn't the pleasantest thing on earth to stop the eager questions of a boy who says, "I can work; honest, I can, an' work hard, too, an' be glad of the chance." And to tell that boy "You must wait awhile. The Republic is too poor to take you, yet." It is not pleasant to tell an anxious, overworked woman that her children cannot go to the Republic yet, when that woman has just said that she hadn't food enough to give her children, and that she cannot go to the situation which is offered to her, because she dare not leave her boys.

These are the things that happen all day long, at the Republic bureau. They ought not to happen one week longer. That Re-

public fund ought to grow fast enough, so that the most urgent cases could be attended to at once. It ought to grow fast enough so that the Republic can open its fold to at least 1,000 new citizens, before the Summer is gone.

It isn't an experiment. It isn't a Utopian theory. That Republic is a fact, and a wide-awake, business-like fact, too, as you will see by reading the dispatch from there further on in this article.

Professors Come to See. The professors of social science are writing from all the colleges to know about the Republic. The students of economic science are going up there in droves this Summer. They go there sceptics. They come away enthusiasts.

The Republic has indorsements enough to float a great nation. What it needs just now is a little, plain, everyday money; money to buy that land, and to start that dairy farm. Money, not to make charity cases, but to make self-supporting, self-respecting, boys and girls. That money is going to come in all right. It's beginning to arrive now.

Who do you think is going to send in a rousing big check for the Republic fund? Bentley, the circus man! Have you seen the old-fashioned circus tent up at Ninety-ninth street and First avenue? Have you been in to see the performance? No? It's worth while. There's one ring in that circus; a good big one, at that, and you don't have to get cross-eyed looking at three

places at once. There's a clown and there's a trained elephant, and there's a whole lot of first-class circus work. Well, Mr. Bentley read about the Republic, and he didn't wait to see whether all the men he knew were going to give or not; he sent in a letter, and here it is:

Dear Mr. Bentley:—Your daily accounts of what is going on in the Junior Republic have aroused my deepest sympathy and interest in the welfare and progress of these little stragglers struggling to become law-abiding citizens. I hereby offer to give a performance for the benefit of the Junior Republic Fund on Wednesday afternoon, July 22. The gross receipts, including door admission and reserved seats, will be gladly donated by me and my associates to the Junior Republic Fund. We are playing to popular prices—ten and twenty cents—and we have seating capacity for 5,000, and I trust that every seat will be taken. Truly yours, BENTLEY CIRCUS CO., J. G. Bentley, Manager.

That's the kind of letter that means business. No "percentage," no expenses, just plain, "all the receipts."

All Go to the Circus. Now every man who ever crept under the canvas or plied to carry water to the elephants, ought to put that date down in red letters—Wednesday, July 22. When that Wednesday comes he ought to gather up all the youngsters he knows, and a whole lot that he doesn't know, and go and have fun at that circus.

When Mr. Bentley went around to see about the printing for that great day, F. and E. Greenbaum & Co., the printers, said: "We'll give you 20,000 quarter sheets," and Richard K. Fox gave 500 half-sheets, and not one cent would they take.

Here's a letter with a lesson in it. A lesson of self sacrifice and generosity, and a lesson in enterprise.

Bennington, Vt., July 13, 1896. Junior Republic Bureau—Gentlemen: I am nothing but a new-boy selling your excellent paper. I am going to try to get a club paper. I will pledge one day's pay to the Republic, hoping that they succeed in their work. I make only 75c a day. It will help some poor boy or girl along. Respectfully yours, HARRY W. HAYNES.

Now if there were more such boys as this that Republic wouldn't need money long.

Here's a letter from Washington County, New York: Dear Journal—Having become interested in the Junior Republic, which I read of in your paper, especially Saturday's, I enclose 25c. in stamps toward getting Johnnie M., who is "kind of sick, but not too sick to work" into the Republic. I am out of work here most of the time, or I would help more. I wish Johnnie M. would write me a little letter after he has been there a short time and tell me how he likes it. I think this "movement" is in the right direction, and ought to be encouraged, for I believe in the end it will give us better men and women. I would like to ask how old the girls are, and do they need clothes, and what do they do there? I read your paper regularly, so you can answer through that. I thought I might collect some clothes and some books to send in a bundle to you for them if needed, so I wanted to know what ages the girls were. Please do not give my name in full, only initials. I shall have to send Post Office stamps and have you take the stamps and give them the money. Mr. George ought to be a happy young man in doing so much good for the future boys and girls. MRS. M. J. M.

Who will join Mrs. M. J. M. in helping that boy to go where he will have enough to eat and enough air to breathe, so he can get to be "well enough to work" and have work enough to do to support himself.

Ages of the Girls. The girls are from twelve to seventeen years old. They work for their living, just as the boys do. They sew, and mend, and cook, and wash dishes. They are paid just as any seamstress or laundress is paid. If Mrs. M. J. M. will send those clothes the Junior Republic Government will sell them to one of the merchants and the girls will have a chance to spend some of the money they have earned on some comfortable clothes.

That first thousand is hard to get. Who will help to make it up? Do not wait for your neighbor to subscribe. Do not wait for the fashion. Start the fashion. The fashion of generosity and sympathy, the fashion of helpfulness, the fashion of patriotism, the fashion of helping the helpless, the fashion which will give new courage to the 200 brave little patriots up there at Freeville. Start it today. WINIFRED BLACK.

Italians in the Condemned Tenements Are Dismayed at the News of Their Fate. Few of the tenants in the forty-two rear tenements condemned Tuesday by the Board of Health knew that such action had been taken until yesterday afternoon. Most of them are Italians, and the publication of the Board's action in the English papers did not reach them. When the Italian

Boys and Girls, This Letter Is for You.

Wake up, boys and girls. This is no time to take a nap, even if it is hot. You can't have pleasant dreams yet a while. You can't be even half happy while you know that some friendless little fellow down in the tenements is dying—just because you're too comfortable to stop and think about him for a minute.

What do you think of this weather? How do you suppose it seems to a boy who has to sleep in a dark, crowded room, without a whiff of fresh air in it? What do you suppose it seems to a little girl who hasn't had a decent thing to eat, or a clean dress to wear for months? Do you wonder that they wish they were dead?

Are you going to let them suffer in their friendless misery just because it's too hot for you to do anything to help them? Don't do it, boys and girls; don't let anything persuade you to be comfortable for one minute, until you've done something for these friendless children. The Junior Republic is the place for them. They can breathe, and live there. They can learn to be useful and happy there.

The Republic needs \$15,000. If it has that amount of money, it can send word down into the stifling streets, and it can gather up the army of wretched boys and girls, and say to them, "Come up to liberty and life and comfort and usefulness."

Help the Republic! Begin to-day. Talk to your playmates about it. Don't let any one you know forget that you are trying to help the Republic. Send in a dollar and get the silver eagle that will show every one you belong to the "Boys and Girls of '96." Send in fifty cents. Send in ten cents. Send in anything, no matter how small, but send it with a generous heart and a willing spirit, and some one else will read of you, and of what you have done, and they'll follow your example, and before you know it that \$15,000 will be raised and you will be happier than you can ever be, while you know that a friendless child has depended upon you for help, and that you have refused it.

Here's a letter with a lesson in it. A lesson of self sacrifice and generosity, and a lesson in enterprise.

Bennington, Vt., July 13, 1896. Junior Republic Bureau—Gentlemen: I am nothing but a new-boy selling your excellent paper. I am going to try to get a club paper. I will pledge one day's pay to the Republic, hoping that they succeed in their work. I make only 75c a day. It will help some poor boy or girl along. Respectfully yours, HARRY W. HAYNES.

Now if there were more such boys as this that Republic wouldn't need money long.

Here's a letter from Washington County, New York: Dear Journal—Having become interested in the Junior Republic, which I read of in your paper, especially Saturday's, I enclose 25c. in stamps toward getting Johnnie M., who is "kind of sick, but not too sick to work" into the Republic. I am out of work here most of the time, or I would help more. I wish Johnnie M. would write me a little letter after he has been there a short time and tell me how he likes it. I think this "movement" is in the right direction, and ought to be encouraged, for I believe in the end it will give us better men and women. I would like to ask how old the girls are, and do they need clothes, and what do they do there? I read your paper regularly, so you can answer through that. I thought I might collect some clothes and some books to send in a bundle to you for them if needed, so I wanted to know what ages the girls were. Please do not give my name in full, only initials. I shall have to send Post Office stamps and have you take the stamps and give them the money. Mr. George ought to be a happy young man in doing so much good for the future boys and girls. MRS. M. J. M.

Who will join Mrs. M. J. M. in helping that boy to go where he will have enough to eat and enough air to breathe, so he can get to be "well enough to work" and have work enough to do to support himself.

Ages of the Girls. The girls are from twelve to seventeen years old. They work for their living, just as the boys do. They sew, and mend, and cook, and wash dishes. They are paid just as any seamstress or laundress is paid. If Mrs. M. J. M. will send those clothes the Junior Republic Government will sell them to one of the merchants and the girls will have a chance to spend some of the money they have earned on some comfortable clothes.

That first thousand is hard to get. Who will help to make it up? Do not wait for your neighbor to subscribe. Do not wait for the fashion. Start the fashion. The fashion of generosity and sympathy, the fashion of helpfulness, the fashion of patriotism, the fashion of helping the helpless, the fashion which will give new courage to the 200 brave little patriots up there at Freeville. Start it today. WINIFRED BLACK.

Italians in the Condemned Tenements Are Dismayed at the News of Their Fate. Few of the tenants in the forty-two rear tenements condemned Tuesday by the Board of Health knew that such action had been taken until yesterday afternoon. Most of them are Italians, and the publication of the Board's action in the English papers did not reach them. When the Italian

erick Vanderbilt, are devoted to gloves, and although the former has beautiful hands, and the latter beautiful rings, they are seldom seen, even in their own homes, without gloves on, usually white kid ones of faultless make and fit.

Mrs. Spencer Trask is one of the many rich New York women who is charitable.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord says she never had a photograph taken in her life. The only picture of her is a life size oil painting, which cost \$5,000, and hangs in her drawing room.

Two women, Mrs. Oruger and Mrs. Fred-

erick Vanderbilt, are devoted to gloves, and although the former has beautiful hands, and the latter beautiful rings, they are seldom seen, even in their own homes, without gloves on, usually white kid ones of faultless make and fit.

Mrs. Spencer Trask is one of the many rich New York women who is charitable.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord says she never had a photograph taken in her life. The only picture of her is a life size oil painting, which cost \$5,000, and hangs in her drawing room.

Two women, Mrs. Oruger and Mrs. Fred-

erick Vanderbilt, are devoted to gloves, and although the former has beautiful hands, and the latter beautiful rings, they are seldom seen, even in their own homes, without gloves on, usually white kid ones of faultless make and fit.

Mrs. Spencer Trask is one of the many rich New York women who is charitable.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord says she never had a photograph taken in her life. The only picture of her is a life size oil painting, which cost \$5,000, and hangs in her drawing room.

Two women, Mrs. Oruger and Mrs. Fred-

erick Vanderbilt, are devoted to gloves, and although the former has beautiful hands, and the latter beautiful rings, they are seldom seen, even in their own homes, without gloves on, usually white kid ones of faultless make and fit.

Mrs. Spencer Trask is one of the many rich New York women who is charitable.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord says she never had a photograph taken in her life. The only picture of her is a life size oil painting, which cost \$5,000, and hangs in her drawing room.

Two women, Mrs. Oruger and Mrs. Fred-

erick Vanderbilt, are devoted to gloves, and although the former has beautiful hands, and the latter beautiful rings, they are seldom seen, even in their own homes, without gloves on, usually white kid ones of faultless make and fit.

Mrs. Spencer Trask is one of the many rich New York women who is charitable.

newspapers translated and printed the news which appeared in yesterday morning's paper, the information spread like a forest fire.

The death rate at No. 119 Mulberry street for the last five years has been over 75 to 1,000 tenants. The one man who now lives there takes an Italian paper. When he had read yesterday the news of the eviction he rushed into the narrow yard, called his countrymen around him and they heard the decree for the first time. Men cursed and women wept because they were to be driven from a disease spot to possibly healthier quarters. Yet they had cause. Rents in rear tenements are from \$7 to \$9 per suite of two rooms, and are payable in advance on the first of the month. At the end of July 19 or on the morning of July 20, the tenants will be evicted summarily. Thus one-third of the month for which they have paid rent will be lost to them, and that loss is a calamity beside which the entire loss to Cornelius Vanderbilt, of his Fifty-eighth street and Fifth avenue house would be trifling.

President Wilson, of the Health Board, has had a census taken of the condemned buildings and yesterday he added the reports, finding the total population to be 2,002.

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

"Where will they go?" he was asked. "Into other tenements. The rents they have paid are high enough to secure much better quarters."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES HONORED BY A WELSH UNIVERSITY.

On the occasion of a recent visit to the principality which bears their name, the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the opening ceremonies of the new Welsh University at Aberystwith.

There was a gorgeous and unusual display of dress. In the first place, the "lady mayors," Miss Griffiths, wore the national Welsh costume—a quaint and rather pretty rig, as the picture shows.

The Princess of Wales, who had conferred upon her the degree of Doctor in Music, wore a gown of black grenadine, studded with silver stars, a black and white chiffon ruche relieved with bell-trope, and a bonnet composed of bell-trope flowers and feathers.

Over her black robe was worn the robe of the degree of Doctor in Music, consisting of a scarlet robe with hanging sleeves, faced with pearl shot silk, and bordered with deep blue. The hood was of deep blue, lined with pearl silk. The Princesses Victoria and Maud wore grass-green tunics over turquoise-blue, and small rose-trimmed toques.

One of the most refreshing drinks for hot weather is raspberry vinegar. To make it one pint of white wine vinegar, four quarts of raspberries and three pints of sugar are required. Put two quarts of the berries in the vinegar in a large bowl and leave them for a day in a cool place. Then strain off the liquid and pour it over the other two quarts of fresh berries and let them stand till the next day, when the liquid must again be strained off. Now add the sugar, let the liquid boil for twenty minutes, skim it carefully, cool it and cork it up in small bottles.

Blackberry cordial is an important addition to the medicine chest. Heat the berries until they begin to boil, then mash them, cook slowly for half an hour and strain the juice through a piece of cheese cloth. Then to each quart add half a pint of sugar, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ground cloves and half a nutmeg grated. Gull for half an hour, let the liquid cool and add a gill of brandy.

BERRIES IN MARKET.

Good Things That Can Be Made Now. The Summer preserving season is at its high-water mark. One can not make firm jellies out of over-ripe fruit nor get the best flavor out of that which is under-ripe.

One of the most refreshing drinks for hot weather is raspberry vinegar. To make it one pint of white wine vinegar, four quarts of raspberries and three pints of sugar are required.

Blackberry cordial is an important addition to the medicine chest. Heat the berries until they begin to boil, then mash them, cook slowly for half an hour and strain the juice through a piece of cheese cloth.

One of the most refreshing drinks for hot weather is raspberry vinegar. To make it one pint of white wine vinegar, four quarts of raspberries and three pints of sugar are required.

Blackberry cordial is an important addition to the medicine chest. Heat the berries until they begin to boil, then mash them, cook slowly for half an hour and strain the juice through a piece of cheese cloth.

One of the most refreshing drinks for hot weather is raspberry vinegar. To make it one pint of white wine vinegar, four quarts of raspberries and three pints of sugar are required.

Blackberry cordial is an important addition to the medicine chest. Heat the berries until they begin to boil, then mash them, cook slowly for half an hour and strain the juice through a piece of cheese cloth.

WOMEN IN POLITICS. Some Who Are Prominent in Affairs of State Through Their Husbands.

And Others Whose Husbands Gain Renown Through Their Wives' Activity.

The good people who make up Washington society are inclined to think the Presidential nominations badly made. A social sage says: "What Mrs. Bryan or Mrs. McKinley will be likely to do in the White House in the way of affording resident society its official delights is a much more interesting topic for this week at least. Evidently we are not in for four years of wild dissipation in a social way, unless the people who will form the Cabinet circle in either case will provide it. Both Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Bryan are essentially domestic women, the right sort of women for a genial and leafy atmosphere." But evidently the genial and leafy atmosphere is not considered conducive to social glory.

Out in California Mrs. Carrie Murray is working actively to defeat the woman suffrage plank in the State Democratic platform. Mrs. Murray is the president of the Anti-Suffrage League in San Francisco, and she advances the usual arguments in favor of her views.

"We urge upon women," she said, "that their place is not at the polls and in political conventions, but is in the home, looking after the household duties and the rearing of children. They should advise husbands and sons and fathers whom to vote for, the individual candidate, I mean, but they ought not to want to vote themselves. They ought to advise their husbands and sons to vote the best man always, be he Democrat or Republican or non-partisan. I myself am non-partisan. It is the home that women should try to make better, and not politics."

Mrs. Campbell, wife of the ex-Governor of Ohio, says laughingly that she has been a politician ever since she was anything at all. Her father, Job E. Owens, was one of the shrewdest, clearest and most able politicians in the State a generation ago, and occupied much the same position that Mark Hanna does to-day. Mrs. Campbell is a born diplomat, and she can turn the strongest kind of a reversal of her husband's political fortunes into something of a favorable nature.

When her husband was first elected to Congress some of her envious Ohio friends predicted that she would be overwhelmed and lost in the great whirlpool of Washington society. But their prognostications were completely at fault. She became the rage at the capital almost in a day. She knows how to dress and she has the tact and brilliancy of a Frenchwoman. With much less money at her command than the late Mrs. Whitney, her receptions and banquets fully rivaled the affairs of that famous hostess.

Mrs. Ida Crouch Hazlett, of Colorado, is a young woman who, having come of age since the right of suffrage was accorded the women of the State, has great knowledge of practical politics. She has been telling the less favored women of California all about the gentle art of running campaigns. She says:

"I saved the men a great deal of trouble in doing political work. When we are making the house-to-house canvass we kiss all the dirty little Dago babies—oh, yes, indeed—and do lots of things which have heretofore been the principal duties of the women who wished to serve their country's need. And it never occurred to any one to mention that this achievement was not necessary to this particular form of political labor."

Behind Scenes at Marlborough.

Every one will like the Prince and Princess of Wales much better after hearing what Mr. Arthur H. Bearan has to say in his recent book about their doings. It is worth while to record incidentally his assertion that the Princess never passes any one in her employ, servant or commissionaire, without a smile or some kindly word of inquiry. Further he declares that she is absolutely without sense of fear, and in illustration recites the following incident:

Riding home from a certain meet of hounds, closely followed by Sir Dighton Probyn, splendidly mounted, as he usually is, the Princess was making her horse stop at its best paces, when, for some unaccountable reason, it bolted; she lost all control over it, and was flung violently backward, with her foot fast in the stirrup, her body and head banging down, her whole weight, in fact, being momentarily supported by her foot, and the clutch she still retained of the reins. Sir Dighton was alongside in a moment, frightened for once in his life, yet, as in India, full of energy and resource. Catching hold of the bridle, by sheer force of arm he brought the runaway down upon his knees, and to a dead stop. The Princess's life was saved, or, at the least, some disfigurement avoided. With consummate self-possession Her Royal Highness, true descendant of Vikings, turned to him, and smilingly acknowledged the service rendered to her, not a trace of alarm upon her face at her very narrow escape. But a lesson had been learned, and in future the Princess was careful never to gallop hard, even when so skilled and brave an attendant was close at hand.

Of the Princess's affection for her servants Mr. Bearan says that when Mrs. Jones, "Johnnie," as her royal mistress always called her, was dying, fourteen years after she had been nurse at Marlborough, the Princess sat up with her and mourned her as a friend. When the second nurse, Mary Wagland, was married, the children cried bitterly, and Her Highness gave her a good old-fashioned hug.

The royal household has luncheon at 2:30 and dinner at 8:30, except when its members are going to the theatre or opera; then they take a hasty early dinner, like poorer mortals. There are eighty-five servants at Marlborough House and all are eligible for a pension after ten years' service. They are divided into pages, valets, wine butlers, table deckers and dressers. The Princess's particular bonne bouche are plovers' eggs, which she eats almost every day for breakfast when they are in season.

Mr. Bearan's admiration of the Prince is evident. He says that His Royal Highness can and often does dress in ten minutes, which is a record. He says that the Prince is a most ably economizing every minute of his day; also that His Royal Highness exhibits a refined interest in the daily mail, which, "composed" by the chief, is always submitted to him on great occasions—and, indeed, at most other times—when, perhaps, the Prince strikes out a plate, and inserts one he considers more desirable. His decision invariably being a good one. Upon the receipt of the previous day His Royal Highness frequently writes his criticism, for the chief's serious consideration. Although the Princess takes little or no part in the elaboration of the daily "bill of fare," should she desire a special dish—for even princesses have their likes and dislikes—her orders are communicated through Miss Knollys or the lady-in-waiting to the page, who conveys them to the chef.

An interesting bit of information is contained in the fact that the Prince always opens all letters addressed personally to him and scribbles a memorandum to show his secretary what kind of a reply he wishes sent to this correspondent.

HERE ARE FROCKS FOR RAINY DAYS.

To the woman submitting the best design for a rainy day costume, the Journal offers that costume made by one of the leading tailors of New York.

The competition will last until Monday, July 20. The decision will be made known as soon as possible after the closing of the contest.

Each design must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. A sketch accompanied by a description of the gown is desirable. The sketch need not be a finished, artistic production, but should give the designer's idea. All letters should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page.

July of award, Mrs. Jenness Miller, Mrs. Donald McLean and Dr. Grace Peckham Murray.

The first costume, designed by M. D. E., of Greenwich, N. Y., is made of plain and figured waterproof cloth. The skirt reaches the shoe tops. The bodice fits smoothly, and is pointed. A shoulder cape gives added protection to the chest. The hat is of soft felt. Leggings, stout shoes and rubbers are worn.

The second design, that of W. B. B., of Big Tree, Erie County, N. Y., shows frock made of blue and gray water cloth, with strapped seams and straight edges. The skirt is short, the coat breasted and short, and knicker leggings and felt Tam o' Shanter the outfit.

From Babylon, L. I., comes the outfit, designed by M. W. It is of lined with silk rubber, and made princess style. The skirt is shorter than the ordinary skirt, her boots, lined with silk rubber, or hat complete the outfit.

Big Tree, Erie County, N. Y., shows frock made of blue and gray water cloth, with strapped seams and straight edges. The skirt is short, the coat breasted and short, and knicker leggings and felt Tam o' Shanter the outfit.

From Babylon, L. I., comes the outfit, designed by M. W. It is of lined with silk rubber, and made princess style. The skirt is shorter than the ordinary skirt, her boots, lined with silk rubber, or hat complete the outfit.

Big Tree, Erie County, N. Y., shows frock made of blue and gray water cloth, with strapped seams and straight edges