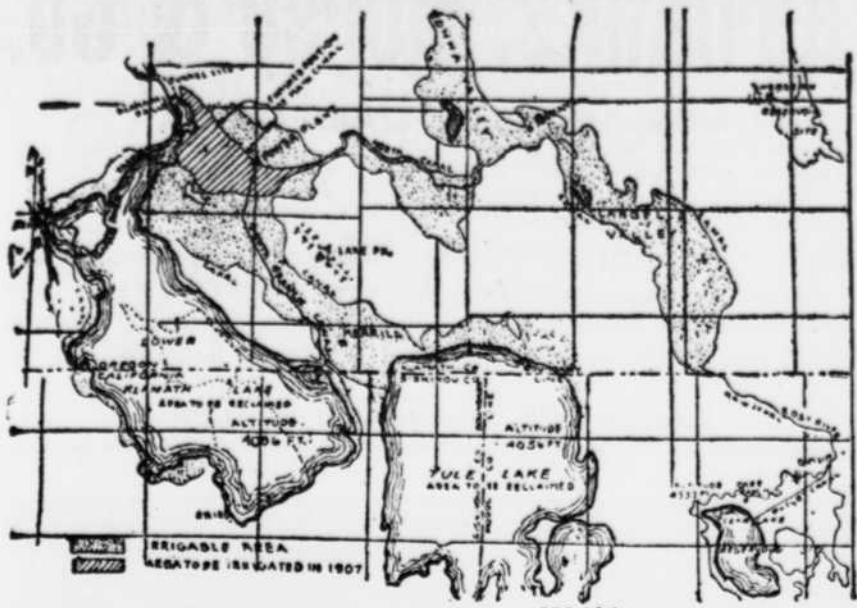


VAST IRRIGATION PROJECT WELL UNDER WAY.



Work is being pushed on the vast Klamath, Ore., reclamation scheme, well under way, to make productive 230,000 acres of land now useless.

will cover about 13,000 acres of first-class agricultural land that is now semiarid, excepting for one-third of this area that is already susceptible of irrigation from an old project, known as the Ankeny canal, now owned by the government.

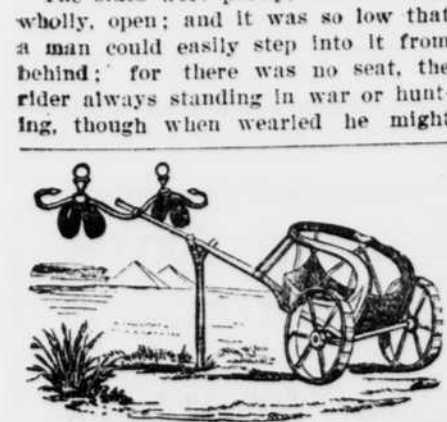
Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

Styles of Long Ago. The monstrous appearance of the ladies' hoops, when viewed behind, may be seen from the following cut, copied from one of Rigaud's views.



HOOPS IN 1740. taken into consideration; the lady to the left wears a black hood with an ample fringed cape, which envelops her shoulders, and reposes on the summit of the hoop.

Egyptian War Chariot. This chariot, which is mentioned in various parts of scripture, and more especially in the description of the pursuit of the Israelites by Pharaoh, and of his overthrow in the Red Sea, was a very light structure, consisting of a wooden framework strengthened and adorned with metal, and leather binding, answering to the descriptions which Homer has given of those engaged in the Trojan war.



WAR CHARIOT OF ANCIENT EGYPT. occasionally sit on the sides, or squat, in eastern fashion, on his heels. The body of the car was not hung on the axle in equilibrium, but considerably forward, so that the weight was thrown more upon the horses.

The Egyptian chariots were invariably drawn by two horses abreast, which were richly caparisoned. The chariot of Egypt ordinarily carried two persons, one of whom acted as the warrior, the other as the charioteer. Oc-

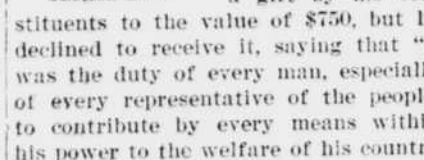
MONUMENT TO M'KINLEY



The monument to President McKinley unveiled at Columbus, Ohio, may be termed a poor man's tribute, as half of the funds were secured largely by popular subscription. The Legislature appropriated \$25,000 of the \$50,000 that the memorial cost.

Little Lessons in Patriotism

George Ross, signer of the Declaration of Independence, began his public career in the Pennsylvania Assembly at a very early age. He was appointed by the commission that assembled, after the dissolution of the proprietary government, to prepare a declaration of rights for the colony.



He was tendered a gift by his constituents to the value of \$750, but he declined to receive it, saying that "it was the duty of every man, especially of every representative of the people, to contribute by every means within his power to the welfare of his country without expecting pecuniary rewards."

Southern Farm Values. It is computed that farm properties in the eleven states that once seceded from the Union have risen in value more than \$1,000,000,000 in two years.

The Retort Bitter. "Why, how d'ye do?" said the barber to his one-time customer. "Howdy," snapped the latter. "You're a stranger. I haven't seen your face for a long time."

Then See. "Yes, child, the future may seem rose-tinted and beautiful and full of joy to you now, but—wait." "Oh, auntie! Wait for what? Tell me."

This is what father gets in the way of recreation: When the rest of the family go to a picnic or a parade, he is left at home to "watch the house."

If you want your plate filled at dinner, eat it with a woman who has been used to waiting on boys.

SO THE OLD FOLKS SAY.

The old folks say, The times are changing. The bygone years were surely best; O'er land and sea, for ever ranging, Men wander now in vague unrest; And faded are the green romances, The morning light has died away, The world has lost its golden chances, So the old folks say.

The old folks say, The days are duller, The sweetest songs are left unsung, The spring was full of scent and color, Long, long ago, when we were young, Above our heads the sky was clearer, And warmer was the sunlight ray; Yet heaven is now a little nearer, So the old folks say.

The old folks say, 'Tis Maytime weather, Play, children, to your hearts desire, But leave us hand in hand together, Beside the swiftly falling fire, For earthly chains are near their breaking, And eyes are dim and locks are gray, But Love's a dream that knows no waking, So the old folks say.

A Lesson in Love Tactics

THE full realization of her love for Meredith came to Helen as she watched him enter the drawing room with the avowed intention of proposing to her cousin Gweneth. In her eyes still lingered the incredulous smile with which she had listened to his announcement, but as the door closed behind him came the appalling conviction that he had meant what he said.



"THERE WAS ALWAYS—GWENETH."

eth to marry him—he told me so himself. This sudden information proved disconcerting to the young man; his hand swerved and he cut a deep notch in the board he was planning for carving.

"Gammon!" he cried, with twofold disgust; "what will you tell me next?" Then he looked up and caught sight of his sister's face. His own changed instantly and he put down his plane.

"The truth is," he said sternly, "you have been playing the fool with Meredith. I gave you credit for more sense. He is not a boy to be attracted by silly caprice. Meredith is a man of the world and my best friend. He has made no secret to me of his fondness for you. It was quite understood between us that the object of his visit this week-end was to clinch matters with you. You cannot say," he concluded, with some reproach, "that I did not give you a hint as to his intentions." Helen flinched. "That's just it," she said miserably. "You see—I know why he was coming."

"Quite so," her brother replied; "but was that, I ask you, any reason why you should have led him a dog's life ever since he arrived?" "You may condemn me," Helen said, meeting his gaze with some dignity, "but most girls under the circumstances would have done the same."

"Girls!" cried her brother, almost beside himself with chagrin and disappointment; "yes—you are right there; it is not enough for them to have a man's honest love; they must make a fool—a spectacle—of him to their friends. Pshaw!" "Don't," Helen faltered, in a choked voice. "My heart's broken; is not that enough?" She was silent, then she looked up with tears in her lashes. "Tom, dear," she said, "try to understand me; think—if you were about to propose to a girl—would you like her, by her manner, to any way anticipate your doing so?"

make up for my many delinquencies. When I scratched—metaphorically, of course—she was there to bind up the wound. I confess her conduct exasperated me; I wasn't even as nice as I might have been had she never left Australia. I, at times, regretted that she was our father's third cousin once removed and had no other English relatives to visit this autumn. At last, when—when he did speak—I laughed at him, and suggested Gweneth as a substitute; and"—she concluded, with a wretched attempt at bravado, "You see—he has acted on my suggestion."

Tom was mentally denouncing himself as a blundering fool and Gweneth as a meddlesome hypocrite. "Of course," he said, "you are not yet certain she will accept him." Helen sprang to her feet and stood, an indignant beauty with flashing eyes, before him. "Accept him!" she cried, with scorn; "can there be a shadow of doubt of such a thing?—she will be only too pleased, too proud, as any girl might. Accept him, indeed!—she would never have the impertinence to refuse. He, the cleverest, manliest man in the world, the most brilliant K. C. in England. Accept him! Of course, she will. Only—only," her voice broke, "she will never love him as I do, I who worshiped the very ground he walked upon."

Tom was feeling ill with sympathy, but his face was still as hard as a flint. "I must say," he said doggedly, "that you had a queer way of showing your affection. I fear now there is nothing to be done."

Helen pushed back the golden hair from her face. "The house suffocates me," she said. "Let us go on the river. I may feel better there." Her brother threw on his coat. Downstairs they caught sight of the much-discussed couple standing together on the veranda. Gweneth had for once dropped her knitting, and was holding a flower in her hand, and Meredith was near her talking in a low voice.

Tom felt his sister's fingers tighten on his arm. They hurried down the garden path unseen. Near the bank the boat lay moored, the cushion and oars ready therein. A moment or two more, and the brother and sister were going swiftly down stream, and the house was out of sight.

Helen took advantage of the gloaming, and when her attention was not claimed by steering cried softly unseen. "They will say," she declared presently, "that Gweneth has cut me out."

"All the same," Helen declared with spirit, "it is I whom Meredith loves—a woman always knows," she said, triumph creeping into her voice. Then she began to laugh. "I must laugh," she explained, with tears in her eyes. "Think of Gweneth as Meredith's wife; she won't understand him in the least. She will think him cross when he is only enthusiastic, and vulgar when he is witty; she never you know, saw a joke in her life; and the smell of tobacco is abomination to her." Her voice had trailed into a sob.

Tom's endurance had run out. "I may," he said, with suppressed wrath, "lack imagination, and I am not a woman, but even did I suffer from both infirmities, I'm hanged if I'd care a tinker's curse for a man who had behaved in such a manner. But," he concluded loftily, "I do not understand women."

From the woods through which the stream ran came now the sighing of wind in the tree tops, and tiny wavellets began to stir the surface of the river. "There will be rain," Tom said, "and you have no coat. We had better turn—there is barely time to get back for dinner."

The words, simple in themselves, brought fresh agony to Helen. Life was to be lived, dinner to be eaten, though Meredith was lost to her. Despair clutched her heart, death with its oblivion seemed kind; she looked down into the darkening waters.

was a queer ring in his voice. "Thank God you are back! I was horribly afraid that something had happened." "Thank you," Helen said, trying hard to appear dignified, and not to shiver, "I—am quite all right. Where is—Gweneth?" "Your cousin," said Meredith, making no attempt to release the hand that Helen was striving to free from his grasp, "went to her room some time ago."

"But I—thought—" Helen began. Meredith laughed, it must be confessed a little awkwardly. "It didn't come off," he said. "I gave her a lesson in botany instead." "Then—" Helen's lips tried to frame the question, but only a little inarticulate cry broke from her, as in the darkness she felt Meredith draw her close to his heart.

"Dearest," he whispered, "it was wrong of me, but did I quite deserve to be given the worst hour in my life? Is teasing to be your monopoly?" Then his voice rang out sharply through the night to Tom in the boat. "I say, old chap, have you a light? I am afraid Helen has fainted."

Other sounds of bliss came to Tom as, feeling no little relieved, but distinctly out of it, he strode up the garden between the sunflowers, brushing the cobwebs from his face. "What a silly business!" he told himself, realizing for the first time that he was desperately hungry and wet to the skin; "and, hang it all! I have quite spoiled that oak panel."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Formerly, when a thrifty fit was on us, and we were overstocked with old clothes not worth making over and yet too good to throw away, we'd hie us to some mountain fastness, pine forests or some squattered seaside nook for a span where conventions made no demands, and where any old thing would do to wear at any old time and no questions asked. But these go-as-you-please resorts are no more.

No longer may silks and grenadiers too soon to continue in their original smart estate be sentenced to hard labor. Hard labor has its own particular uniform, and silk and grenadine must stay where they belong. No utility possibility is open to the declining days of a French costume. No year before last's visiting dress that we can find may be amputated for southern beach wear or interesting jaunts or experiments aquatic.

One roughs it nowadays, even to the uttermost wilderness of Mexico, or to the obscure points in Florida, in the latest regulation style of roughing-it-costume, correct in every detail. If you have any self-respect, there is no worn offering of your old clothes that will do. The athletic girl with her rationed dress that proclaims the experienced tailor and her hobnailed shoes, her sweater and her golf clothes, in fact, with her every equipment, plays havoc with one's old ideas of frugality.

They have no place now to fill even on rainy days. One is as strictly in costume to battle with a storm as for a ball or a boat trip. Even the time which used to be sacred to odds and ends of attire—the hours of the morning before any callers more important than the butcher would call—has its uniform nowadays. No old skirt and no antique tailor-made bodice may grace the breakfast table in the place of the neat shirtwaist and cloth skirt or of the trimly made house gown.

If we attempt the use of "has-beens" of the toilet in the privacy of our own domains, we have a guilty consciousness of disregarding the code laid down, that each period and function of the day should have its own distinct character in dress. The thrifty are forevermore denied the thrill of pleasure occasioned by wearing a garment to the bone, through descending phases.—Pittsburg Leader.

Home Comforts. "The boarders don't seem to like our country vegetables," said Mrs. Corn-tassel. "That's funny," responded the farmer. "They ought to 'prelate 'em. They was bought right in the same town they come from."—Washington Star.