

A Wise Decision

The New York State Board of Health has appointed divisional inspectors whose business it is to be to investigate and report the work and method employed by local boards. This is a very important as well as a wise decision on the part of the State Board. Public attention is given too exclusively to the sanitary conditions of large centers of population. Yet every little while there are outbreaks of epidemics that cost life and money in towns and villages. Take the poor tenement sections of towns and villages, where closets are placed for the convenience of each family, without any regard for the health or morals of the neighboring community, ashes are thrown about anywhere, and garbage and waste water are thrown on the surface at any convenient point. An epidemic of disease breaks out, which can be traced almost invariably to this family neglect, the Health Board of the town too often being composed of neighbors, in a small community sense; or there is always the vote of the offender to be considered.

The appearance of contagious disease in such a community is always a menace, because of the mistaken kindness of not demanding the enforcement of rigid quarantine. Local boards of health should be supported by intelligent public sentiment; without it they are helpless, and are regarded as enemies of public peace and quiet when they attend to their duties; when they do not, the State authorities should know it.



A Hot-Weather Dish

Warm weather puts every housekeeper to the test. How to care for foods, how to cater to appetites that must be coaxed, how to provide nutritious meals with the least expenditure of heat and labor, requires executive ability as well as knowledge. Among the meats that are both nutritious and palatable is veal. A knuckle of veal will cost from twenty to thirty cents. It will make a nice broth if covered with cold water and allowed to simmer slowly two hours. Remove the veal from the pot, and then add rice to the broth. Just before removing the broth from the stove add a few sprigs of parsley, if desired. As soon as the meat is removed from the water it should be placed in a chopping-bowl, and while hot the bones should be removed, carefully retaining all the gelatinous matter. While still hot the meat should be chopped very fine and seasoned highly with pepper, salt, and curry, if curry is liked. It is then placed in a bowl or mold and pressed in tightly as possible and pressed down by a weight—irons on a plate that fits inside the rim of a bowl or mold will give all the pressure necessary. Cut in thin slices, this makes a nice meat for lunch when hot meat would not be eaten.



Working-Girls' Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	\$934 93
V. T., Texas	5 00
Mrs. A. E. W., Columbus, O.	5 00
A Well Wisher, Lisbon, N. H.	10 00
C. C. G., Providence, R. I.	5 00
H. S., Birmingham, Conn.	1 00
Mrs. W. F. Stearns's School, Amherst, Mass.	5 00
Mrs. J. H. M., Waterbury, Conn.	5 00
F. S., Woodstock, N. B.	5 00
F. J. W., New York, N. Y.	10 00
S. B. I., New Haven, Conn.	2 00
C. C., New Jersey	5 00
Total	\$992 93



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the eldest son of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, has designed the models of several yachts, one of which is said to have some peculiar features. This one is to be built, and the skill of the young designer, who is a student at Yale, tested.

Lappish Fairy Tales

Truly Retold by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

I.—The Troll-Woman and Myself

An old Lapp had started out one day to hunt squirrels, but he had not much luck. Not liking to go home with so poor a catch, he kept wandering farther and farther through the woods, until at last he lost his way altogether. He had about given up all hope of finding shelter when, all of a sudden, he espied an old rickety cottage among the trees. There he went in, and, finding it empty, he sat down on a three-legged stool, and began to make a fire upon the hearth. He fetched water from the brook near by, poured it into a kettle, and began to prepare his supper, consisting of bread and squirrel stew. But just as the water was boiling and bubbling, and sending forth savory fumes, a sort of queer, shivery feeling came over him. He felt as if he were not alone in the room. Turning sharply about, he saw an old Troll-woman standing right behind him, and it did not take him long to make up his mind that she was the owner of the hut.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Myself," he answered.

And so saying, he dipped his ladle in the boiling soup, and dashed it right into the face of the Troll-woman.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she yelled so that you could have heard her a mile off. "Myself has burnt me—myself has burnt me."

"Well, if you have burned yourself, you'll have to suffer for it yourself, too," shouted a voice back from the nearest mountain.

That, as the Lapp thought, was her husband, or her companions who lived on the mountain. And they did not come to help her, as she had expected. Thus he escaped injury, and the burned Troll-woman, whimpering, scolding and growling, betook herself away. But just as she had reached the threshold she turned about, and raising her hands, cried out:

Myself did spurn me;

Myself did burn me;

Myself shall sleep a year and a day.

The Lapp, laughing at her threat, ate his supper with hearty zest, and beginning to feel drowsy, crawled into bed, and soon fell asleep.

When he woke up again the sun was shining down through the chimney, and he fancied he must have overslept himself. He therefore got up, feeling rather stiff in his joints, and a trifle giddy and light-headed. He made fire once more upon the hearth, and opening his hunting-bag to cook his last squirrel for breakfast, he was astonished to find nothing but a worm-eaten skin and some crusts of bread that were covered with greenish mould. The wooden bucket in which he had fetched water had lost a couple of bands, and was so leaky that the light peeped in through a dozen cracks. And so thick were the spider's webs in the chimney and under the roof that you could scarcely see the stones and the timbers.

The Lapp began to feel very queer and shaky when he noticed this, and he quite lost his appetite for breakfast. Picking up his gun (which was eaten up with rust) he took to his heels and ran as fast as he could, and as long as his wind lasted. Toward evening he arrived foot-sore and weary at his own *gamme*,¹ where his children started back with terror when they saw him, for they supposed he was a ghost. But when he had related his story they were rejoiced, and made a feast to honor his return. And then they told him that he had been gone exactly a year and a day.

II.—The Salmon and the Sea-Perch

Among all the fishes in fresh and salt water there is none that can swim like the salmon, and the salmon knows, too, that no inhabitant of sea or lake can hold a candle to it.

One spring, as the ice was breaking up in the Tana

¹ A Lappish earth-hut.

River, a salmon was making its way against the current; and it was having grand fun swinging round in the green eddies, rising to catch the fat flies which dotted the surface of the stream, and leaping with wanton delight up the roaring cataracts. At last it found its wonted breeding place where it had shed its spawn every year since it was born. It was under a great waterfall—not where the torrent plunges with a deafening brawl over the rocks, but in the cool and quiet cavern which had been hollowed out in the course of the centuries by the action of the water. Here the salmon felt quite at home, and safe from all intruders that might devour its young when they were hatched. Fancy then its astonishment when it saw a big sea-perch, with red and green bands on its body, sailing up as coolly as if nothing in the world was the matter.

"Who are you?" asked the salmon, gruffly; for it was determined to give the sea-perch to understand that it was trespassing.

"I," answered the sea-perch, "why, I am the handsomest fish that swims the sea."

"Why didn't you stay in the sea, then?" cried the salmon.

"Why, I have a half-brother up in these waters, and I came to visit him."

"Indeed? And what is his name?"

"His name is Perch—F. W. Perch."

"Really? But his full name?"

"F. W. stands for Fresh Water, and so his full name is Fresh Water Perch."

"Yes, I know him, but he's not here, so you'd better go where you are likely to find him."

The sea-perch did not like at all this kind of reception. It was, in fact, quite offended, and it thought the salmon ill-bred and inhospitable. It felt quite as big as any salmon, and, for the matter of that, could be quite as disagreeable.

"Do you see my beautiful red and green bands?" it asked, in order to make unpleasant conversation.

"But do you see my shining silvery scales!" exclaimed the salmon.

"And do you see my exquisitely curling tail-fin?"

"But do you see my sleek, tapering shape? You have no fat at all. You are as lean as a starved winter herring."

"I carry my fat in my head," the sea-perch cried, angrily, "where I can draw upon it whenever I need it. But do you see these sharp, needle-pointed fins of mine, or rather—do you feel them?"

And so saying, it swam up to the salmon and gave it a punch in the side with its sharpest side-fin.

The salmon winced and came near crying out. It did not know what to say to such conduct, for it had no needle-pointed fins to sting back with. It began to feel terribly uncomfortable, and determined to get rid of its unpleasant guest by fair means or by foul. Suddenly it had an idea.

"Let us try a swimming match," it said, quite amicably. "I am told you are the best swimmer in the sea."

"That is true," answered the sea-perch, much flattered; still it was too shrewd not to see that the salmon was anxious to get rid of it.

"Well, shall we start? The course is straight up the cataract to the mouth of the mill-race."

Now the salmon well knew that it was the only fish that could leap a cataract; and it knew, too, that the sea-perch in attempting the feat, would be swept away by the current and carried a mile or more down the river.

"I am ready," said the sea-perch.

"Well, let us start even."

"No," the sea-perch objected; "that wouldn't be fair."

"Why not?"

"I can swim so much better than you, and I don't mind giving you an advantage. You start first. I'll start immediately behind you."

The salmon was terribly astonished at this, but feeling sure of the victory it could afford to yield the point.

"Now; one—two—three—start!"

The salmon gave a tremendous stroke with its powerful body, and it did not perceive in its excitement that the

sea-perch in the same instant bit itself fast to its tail, and was carried along in its mighty leap through the air. When the salmon was about to strike the water above the cataract, the sea-perch let go its hold, and was flung a considerable distance up the stream to the mouth of the mill-race. And as its rival swam up triumphant, how great was its astonishment when it met the sea-perch, which was standing coolly waving its fins in the clear green current.

It was a terrible humiliation to the salmon, and it never has been half as conceited since that day. But now you know why it is that the salmon is afraid of the sea-perch.



Shakespeare's Children II.—The Sons of Edward IV.

By Augusta Larned

Long ago, in the fifteenth century, the Wars of the Roses raged in England. When Edward IV. of the house of York died, there was no claimant of the house of Lancaster left in the male line, and but one in the female line. That one was Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, son of Margaret Beaufort, great-granddaughter of old John of Gaunt. This boy had been proscribed when five years old and banished from the kingdom, and was taken to France and kept a prisoner there for many years.

Richard, Duke of Gloster, youngest brother of King Edward, was a hunchback, deformed and ill-visaged, and with a nature more crooked and misshapen than his body. It was believed by the people that he came into the world with teeth, and was an unnatural monster from his birth. He was subtle, and cunning, and very clever, but he used his ability to further his own wicked ends. The age was rude and barbarous, and there was no sense of forgiveness or Christian charity in the breasts of those who struggled for the crown. Richard made way with his brother, the Duke of Clarence, in the Tower, drowning him, it was believed, in a hogshead of wine. For years he had been plotting to make himself King, and when his brother, King Edward, died, he saw his chance to rise by the murder of Edward's two young sons.

Edward, called the Fifth, was then thirteen years old, and Richard, Duke of York, was two or three years younger. Edward was peacefully proclaimed King, and his mother, Queen Elizabeth, strove to be appointed Regent of the realm. But her wish was set aside, and through the aid of the Duke of Buckingham, his cousin, Richard of Gloster, was proclaimed Lord Protector of the Crown. The Queen's family was very unpopular with the people, and the fears of the nation at this time were expressed in the words, "Woe to the land that's governed by a child!"

The young Prince of Wales was at Ludlow at the time of his father's death, and a party of gentlemen set out from London to bring him back with them for his coronation, Gloster and Buckingham were of the party, and on the way Earl Rivers, brother to the Queen, Lord Gray, her son, and Sir Thomas Vaughan were seized at Pomfret and beheaded without any form of trial. When Queen Elizabeth heard this dreadful news she fled with Richard, Duke of York, and her young daughter to the sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, for in those days even the worst criminals and fugitives from justice who took shelter under the church roof were safe from their pursuers; and there she hoped to escape from the murderous hand of her brother-in-law.

The Duke of York was a sprightly and intelligent boy. He had grown faster than the Prince of Wales, and his mind was very quick and bright. One day he talked with his mother and grandmother, the old Duchess of York, and told them how his uncle Gloster teased him about his rapid growth, quoting the ancient saw that "Small herbs have grace, but great weeds do grow apace!"

"If that is so," said his grandmother, "Gloster ought to be gracious, for he was the most wretched thing when a baby, so long and leisurely in growing."

"If I had but remembered," returned the little Duke,