

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 20.

CLEAN STREETS.

It is a very common sight to see men throw down letters or useless scraps of paper in the street, or for business men to permit janitors to place boxes and barrels of office sweepings near the doors where the wind soon catches them up and scatters them over the pavement. It is also common to see boys tip over boxes of litter, out of mischief or curiosity, and leave it to be scattered abroad by the wind. This is as careless as it would be to dump the rubbish in the street in the first place, for there are laws against such things and it is only through the grossest carelessness they are not enforced.

A spirit seems to pervade people to get anything they do not want out of their hands at the least possible trouble to themselves, no matter how much it may annoy others. The thoughtless person who throws the skin of a banana or an orange upon the sidewalk has often caused pain and suffering for months—possibly for life—to some one who was thrown to the ground by stepping upon it. It is just as much wrong to throw such things about as to raise over the same sidewalk a structure that might fall at any moment and main those who were beneath it.

Untidy streets show a lack of refinement and civilization. They might be seen in Asiatic countries at the present, but should have no place in this advanced age in this country. A crusade for clean streets in the cities ought to receive the approval of every intelligent citizen while the law should be invoked in all instances where people fail to do their duty.

TO TRY A STONE WALL.

The longer the Cuban trouble lasts the greater become the complications which it causes to Cuba's trade with the United States. The edict against the exportation of leaf tobacco, against which the national association of cigar makers made complaint a short time ago, is now followed by an order restricting the number of ports from which bananas may be sent to the States. The fruit growers on the island will likely be the chief sufferers from this stopping of export privileges of a wide stretch of the northern coast.

In order that Spain may in any event retain her foothold in Cuba a suggestion has been made to build a stone wall around Havana the expense to be met and the work to be done by the inhabitants of the city. It is supposed that with this protection added to existing defences and with a naval squadron in front of the city, Havana would be safe against the insurgents, who could never capture the capital though they might get all the rest of the island. The Captain General would then occupy his castle in security; the troops could be drilled at any convenient time in the public square; the warships would ride at ease and the people generally lead a peaceful life under the Spanish flag.

But what about behind the wall. There would likely be some trouble there. WEYLER couldn't collect any taxes from Cubans outside the city and Spain would have to supply funds. Supplies for both the troops and the populace would have to come from the same source. As there could be no trade beyond the wall everybody would live in idleness and poverty. The army would have to be supported and what more natural than outbreaks among the people to give them employment. Indeed there is no end to the perils that would surround the wall bound city of Havana, if the suggestion were carried out; but as WEYLER has failed at the trenches, he might as well try the stone wall.

HOME RULE QUESTION.

The unionist papers of Great Britain are exulting over what they call the death and burial of the home rule question. Three reasons are assigned for their justification. First the Irish Nationalists themselves are split into three factions headed respectively by MEMRS. DILLON, HEALEY and REDMOND. Secondly the English Nonconformists have renounced cooperation with the Irish Nationalists, as witness the declaration of HUGH PRICE HUGHES and the Methodist Times. Thirly the com-

mittee of the new Radical party consisting of some twenty members of parliament including Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. LABOUCHERE, have put forth a programme, in which the concession of home rule for Ireland is not specifically mentioned. All this proves that the question for the present is in abeyance but sympathizers with the movement need not on that account assume that it is dead. The truth is that Ireland even now has a far better prospect of obtaining self government than she ever had up to the assembling of the so-called Home Rule Parliament in 1886. Of the 103 members allotted to Ireland about four-fifths are still Nationalists, and, although these are distributed in three groups, every man of them will combine with either of the British political parties which shall have the will and the power to give their country even an instalment of her wishes and desires. There is no reason to doubt that the Nationalists, taken collectively, will be as numerous in the next Parliament as they are at present, while, on the other hand, nobody believes that the Unionists will again obtain the immense majority that they have now. The chances are, therefore, that in 1902, if not earlier, the advocates of home rule will again hold the balance of power in the House of Commons.

Just now Ireland seems tolerably calm and resigned, because this is relatively prosperous. But let a period of agrarian distress supervene, and we shall witness a vehement revival of the home rule agitation.

CRAZE FOR AUTHORSHIP.

The June magazines and book reviews have their usual number of notices. The critics should receive the thanks of the public for shouldering the gigantic task of searching for a few grains of wheat in bushels of chaff. The plague of authorship is permeating every rank and condition of life. The millionaire writes a book and the blacksmith leaves his anvil to reply to it. The girl who knows neither English nor the world inflicts upon the public a novel of thrilling experiences. The school boy who has never been outside the city limits sends a "bear story" to the sensational paper he patronizes. The delirium of authorship would be funny if it were not serious. The explanation of it may lie in the restlessness of an age intoxicated with the discovery of new worlds or in the breaking down of class barriers or possibly the "higher education" may be in a measure responsible. All these causes may combine to produce a certain false standard of life which impels individuals to rush headlong into authorship without mercy to themselves or a very patient public. This standard disregards the dignity of all labor. The men and women who acknowledge it think that poor unprofessional work is more honorable than skilled labor of the trades. A good mechanic is ruined to make a bad novelist. An expert seamstress is spoiled to make a burgling writer. Honor is to the honorable. The age needs specialists in every department from laying bricks and fitting a gown to the elucidation of Sanskrit. The dignity of men and women depends not on the work they do but how they do it. Talent will express itself in a well laid sidewalk as in well written books. Conservatism of energy demands that men know what they can do best. There is no sadder spectacle than dissipated power. Pen, ink and paper cannot furnish creative force by being brought into triangular combination. Capability alone with long and severe training can produce capable work.

In Buda Pesth the crowd attending the one thousandth anniversary celebration of the Hungarian kingdom was so great that vehicles could not use the streets and people hired the cabs to sleep in. The crowd was too big for the policemen to club. At all we can teach these people of Europe many things; they botched the big Moscow show, then invited the world to Buda Pesth only to confess that they couldn't handle the crowd. In Canada now Buda Pesth would have been surrounded with kindling wood hotels, and refreshment booths for a month before the circus opened.

The plan suggested in Halifax and several other cities for putting a special tax on bicycles is merely a new form of a very bad old idea. That is: if you see a man becoming prosperous tax him; if you see a thing becoming useful and common tax it. The bicycle is the most conspicuous new article at present in public use; tax it. It is a very cheap idea and unjust.

Hon. A. R. DICKEY, the Conservative candidate in Cumberland Co., N. S., received a wonderful ovation at Amherst on nomination day. It would seem to take a great deal more to injure the Minister of Justice in the estimation of his old supporters than his connection with the remedial bill.

The Duke of Clarence was drowned in a bout of wine. A Russian Jew, somewhere in Connecticut met a death a few days ago that some thirsty ones might deem equally blissful. He accepted a bet to drink three glasses of whiskey in five minutes. He won the bet and a coffin. His race and his country had not qualified him for such exploits. A short term of training in some

of the New Brunswick Scott Act towns would no doubt have fitted him for the contest.

Some of the candidates in this election campaign have excellent conversational properties; they have brilliant stock of opinions, and the important requisite of whiskers. How do they strike the people as possible representatives.

Dancing masters everywhere have agreed that the modern dance is altogether too fast to be graceful and healthful and now the decision is in favor of a slower movement. This decision will not of course apply to the ghost dance of the campaign jingoes.

A candidate, or candidates that are afraid to openly express themselves on any issue before the people but are obliged to get some disappointed office seeker to expound their views to an audience, ought to be sent back to the obscurity from which they came.

All of the St. John city and county candidates are game; all have put up a pretty fight and the feathers will fly on Tuesday; but it is sad to think that cold storage is awaiting the most confident.

A statue of GARIBOLDI is to be erected in Buenos Ayres in recognition of the fact that the famous Italian spent twelve years in fighting for South American freedom.

Newspapers of the present day ought to be held up as remarkable examples of the luxuriant growth of the inventors faculty, especially in political matters.

If any of the six candidates in the field can tell where they are at, it is more than any one else with average intelligence can do.

New York has fallen in line with other American cities in the matter of running smoking cars on street railways.

Even the hotel arrivals are omitted from the daily papers this week.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

A friendship that decreases because of adversity, deserves a less pretentious and honored name.

To thoroughly know and understand a true friend, is to enjoy one of the most delightful pleasures of which humanity is capable.

A man may name his acquaintance by the hundreds, but his friends are counted in fewer figures.

Friendship is dearer because of its spontaneity, than from any other cause.

Friends are the more friendly, because of difficulties under which they may labor, and if they are not, then their friendship is of a low order.

Regard is the blossom, of which friendship is the bud.

Respect is not of necessity regard, while regard is necessarily respect, because it begets it, while respect may be engendered by regard, or one of several other reasons.

Love is but regard in its noblest and most angelic form, and by the way, "angelic forms" are lovely and lovable at all times.

Friendship not only gets respect, regard and other good attributes, but is the origin of the foregoing families of which the children are a good second.

This a poor friendship that consents to a thermometer to ascertain the condition of the temperature of the circle in which it is exercised; there is no rise and fall in the mercury of true friendship.

Friends here are good enough indicative proof of the same in the hereafter.

A friendless man, is more to be pitied than a homeless one.

Whether a man thinks he needs friends or not, his soul will have them, and the man who is not a friend to his friends deserves to lose them.

"This said, 'A man's best friend's his money,'" but it depends largely upon who the man is and the kind of friends he is after.

Money cannot purchase friendship, though there are those who contend that it can. The kind of friendship that can be bought is dear at any price, and the purchaser has not much for his outlay.

Whether friendship wears bloomers, or is attired in the more orthodox and conservative garb of sedate pedestrians, or whether broadcloth, or homespun, silk or calico, or discovered in the most brilliant society, or the most obscure circles of which we have any conception, it is always the same God-given trait that finds expression in kindly words and deeds.

Friendship intensifies to a greater extent, and is susceptible to be same in proportion to the regard one entertains for the object of his friendship, and it is one of the things that time makes the least impression upon in the way of decreasing it than can be said of some other traits in humanity.

Mr. Fenety's Life of Howe. 'Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe' by G. E. Fenety was issued this week from PROGRESS press. It is a book of 400 pages, printed on heavy book paper and admirably illustrated. The price has been fixed at \$1.50 instead of \$2. as was first thought of, for the author is rather desirous that everybody should have an opportunity to obtain the book on the life of the most distinguished Maritime Canadian, than to profit by the publication.

PROGRESS will print a list of the interesting contents next week. In the meantime the bookstores can obtain copies of the book direct from the publication office of PROGRESS and J. & A. McMillan; and in a few days from other leading wholesale houses in the provinces.

The Violinist to the King of Belgium. Mr. F. Jebin-Prume, Violinist to His Majesty the King of Belgium, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

Husband—Don't you think you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 4 o'clock and then get up at 8 to go to my work? Wife—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—Odds and Ends.

Un'villain Made, Recovered, Repaired by Zual, 17 Waterloo Street.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

White Roses. Our bonny rose tree trim and tall, With blown white roses sweet; Tis still June night has leaves that fall, Blush reddened at my feet. So sweet are they in love and song, The songs you sang to me; Your own true self my whole life long Will be this white rose tree.

The white leaves fall and so the rain, Of sadness in my soul; Must fall in sorrow's silent pain, Beyond the heart's control. 'T was here we met and here we said, Beneath the star crowned sky; Farewell, all hope within us dead, As these sweet roses lie.

The great creator of each note, Of blue bird's song and flower; Upon our fragrant rose tree wrote, Love is the wide world's dower. His mind divine the poet's lore, O rose tree sweet and rose; Gave you for ages long before, We could its light disclose.

My love spoke here to me and you, With blushes and with sighs; She said with tears "my love is true, A woman's never dies." But late there came across the sea, Another rich and great; By all her own preferred to me 'Of tilted rank and state.

We parted here O rose tree gay, You saw our silent tears; Our last embrace, each got their way For years, and years, and years. Her white arms delicate and pure, Another must enfold; Her home must be a distant shore, Bought with her fathers gold.

O sweet white rose to true worth dear, Can my love love me still? Hark thou! who whispers o'er my ear "I will, I will, I will!" 'Tis again my true love's voice, "O false I cannot be, I have refused their honored choice, My love I live for thee."

White roses tune your silver strings, And sing of faithful love and true; O sing to her divinest things, In earth and heaven above. Sing worthy is one constant now, With melody to honor; True woman's heart breaks not its vow Though death be hurled upon her.

His Neighbor's Wife. One year ago, in lonely state, I'd sit and gaze across the way Into a home where, early late, At all hours things were bright and gay.

A couple young and free from care— How dreary seemed my life; For she was bright and witching fair, The girl I called my neighbor's wife.

One year ago—how could they guess That girl's life was so gay; And tokens of their happiness Were oft observed by envious eyes! I learned to hate the other man; I swore that he had wrecked my life; For could I but have changed the plan, She'd not have been my neighbor's wife.

One year ago, and now there sits Beside me, witching, fair, and gay, The girl I loved; and now there sits The girl I call my neighbor's wife. Yet I'm not false, nor fickle he; And he and I are friends for life. She was his sister, don't you see? And now she is his neighbor's wife.

A Chaconette. You were singing, my dear one, so sweetly My song of the long ago time, I forgot for the moment completely 'Twas I manufactured the rhyme; And you sang with such exquisite feeling, With just a wee sob in each note, That I knew it was useless concealing The lumps that rose up in my throat.

I had felt such a sense of desecration, A satisfied, positive ease; I'd forgone everything but confusion, And discord seemed hid in the keys. What I fancied conveyed a confession, And brought the lumps up in my throat, Was a technical fault of expression, Or call it, "a little fault note."

'Twas as if for a moment I'd listened To angels alone in the night; And my little rhymes sparkled and glistened With brilliant, unassuming light. For singing with such exquisite feeling, With such a wee sob in each note, That I knew it was useless concealing The lumps that rose up in my throat. —De Witt Stearns.

The Leaves. New life's tides through each vein welling, On each spray the buds are swelling, On the future's green promise gleaming, Like my new-born hopes are these Burdened of shrubs and trees.

Like an army's banners flunting, Tuneful winds their dimness haunting, Leakage o'er the bougts are vanishing, Like my faded hopes are these Gannettes of shrubs and trees.

Touched with splendors beyond naming, Gorgeous-hued the leaves are flaming, Rapturous admiration claiming, Like my fading hopes are these Gionies rich of shrubs and trees.

Frost-smit now the leaves are dying, From the lifeless branches flying, Or in faded masses lying, Like my faded hopes are these Cast of shades of shrubs and trees.

The Whippoorwill. Listen how the whippoorwill, From his song-bell veiled and dusky, Flits the night with warm and mellow, With his music's throbs and thrills! 'Tis the Western nightingale, Lodged within the orchard's pale, Starting into sudden tune, Mid the amorous airs of June; Like the songs of night birds, Bird unseen, of voice outright, Buried in the sumptuous room Of his shadow-painted room, Rooted above by webbed and woven Lest and bloom, by moonbeams cloven, Searched by odorous zephyrs through, Dim with dusk and damp with dew, He it is that makes the night An enchantment and delight, Opening his entrancing tale Where the evening robins fall, Ending the victorious strain When the robins sing again.

Fate. Why is't the river widens As it travels to the sea, And when the earth wants water— Why thus in channels flow? Why doth the rove bud open When the sun beams on its face, And all the richness quander On a gull and dreary place?

Why doth the sky o'er shadow All the splendors of her dome, Assemble dismal cloud-banks That untamed with furies roam? Why doth the soul pervasively Love a maiden all pensive? But surely of these queries— They are ends to a rehearsal.

Two Views. Dear woman, since this world began, Has searched for an ideal man, Not ever dreamed—no foolish abut— That such a one could never be. But man—who has a wiser streak— Ideal woman does not seek. He knows and was understood That good old kind is much too good.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

BY A LARGE MAJORITY. Mr. Ruhlind Captures the Grand Mastership of the Freemasons.

HALIFAX, June 18.—What varied forms ambition takes! One man desires beyond all else perhaps to reach parliament, and we have well nigh 500 examples of that kind of ambition now before the people. The ambition of another class, and the largest of all doubtless, lies in the direction of making money. To freemasons the point beyond which ambition never goes is the grandmastership of the grand lodges of the different jurisdictions. To reach that lofty eminence is the ultimate thale of masonic fondest hopes and of dearest dreams. This is undoubtedly the case generally speaking, but most certainly it was true of the gentleman who has just been made grand master of the masonic grand lodge of Nova Scotia. J. W. Ruhlind is grand master and he is at the zenith of his ambition. Progress congratulates him on the consummation of his hopes, and wishes that his enjoyment of the sweets of office may be as complete as his anticipations were great.

Mr. Ruhlind had a hard fight for the position he now occupies. It did not come to him unearned. Record MacCoy had held the office for two years and held it acceptably. The question was, would Mr. MacCoy offer for a third term, for if he did there would be small chance for any other candidate. When the decision of Mr. MacCoy, not to run if there were any opposition, was made known, the way for a new comer was comparatively easy, and Ruhlind took his coat for work. No, he had had it off for years. Long ago he began laying the train which led to the grand master's chair. Not intentionally exactly, but none the less truly. Regularity at meetings of grand lodge, punctilious attendance on every duty devolving on him as a member of the blue lodge; a pleasant off-hand manner towards all his fellow craftsmen, none of which were neglected, and so the path was opened up to the objective point he had sought since masonry knew him.

It there was one danger ahead. The country members of the order were disposed to say that MacCoy having retired, the office should now go to one outside the city. With this view H. E. Gillis, of Annapolis, was nominated. On the other hand Mr. Ruhlind had a city rival for the honor in the person of Alexander Stephen.

There might be some objection in publishing these names in this connection, were it not that the "Morning Chronicle" of this city has already made the statement that in the ballot for the office the vote stood:

- J. W. Ruhlind.....95
Alex. Stephen.....55
H. E. Gillis.....6

The country was therefore "knocked into a cocked hat" in this contest, members of outside lodges did nothing but stick to their guns, and Mr. Gillis, who thought his election a sure thing, had a ridiculous-looking "6" after his name. Mr. Stephen is a man of considerable prominence in the community, well known in business and politics, and president of the rich North British society. The fact that Mr. Ruhlind took 95 votes against 55 for him, must have put Mr. Stephen into a thinking mood. All will be well that ends well.

HALIFAX, June 18.—The police had at least one sad case to dispose of last week. A young man, member of a prominent wholesale house, and married only a few years, was found in an Alchemic street dive. In a resort where noisy misconduct is not considered out of place he was so disorderly that the police interfered and removed him to the station. Next day the magistrate exacted a fine of \$4, but the moral lesson to be learned from the incident was lost because knowledge of the affair was successfully suppressed.

HIS PECULIAR AMUSEMENT.

A Halifax Fireman Who Sends in Bogus Fire Alarms.

HALIFAX, June 18.—There is one of the fire alarm boxes of this city's system which affords peculiar attraction to the mischievously-inclined. It is box 14, situated at A. E. McMarrens' corner. All are happy to turn a handle. The temptation has frequently proved too strong for the powers of resistance of one young man in particular. He has struck the box frequently and then vaunted to see the results. Strange to say, the young man is a member of one of the fire companies of Halifax, a young man who should know far better than to act as he has done. The last two occasions on which he thus falsely struck an alarm he was identified, and the police may have him under their surveillance. It may be "fun" in this way to call out the fire department for nothing, and this member of the fire protection service may enjoy it, but the next time he indulges there will

likely be a capture, and paying a fine of \$50 or serving a term in Rockhead, will be amusement to him of a different character.

KING LEAR AMENDED. This Old Gentleman Uses a Bit of Strategy and had a Good Time.

A well-known attorney told a good story the other day about a man who had such a profound contempt for wills that he followed the example of King Lear and divided his property among his children before death. Like unto Lear's children, when they had thus been duly provided for against material needs, they gradually betrayed the fact by their actions that the old man was no longer as much to be loved and obeyed as before he had disposed of his goods and chattels. He found difficulty in securing a really comfortable place to sleep under the roof of any of his offspring, and the ill-treatment with which he was eventually accorded would have shortened his life had he not as a last resort consulted a wise legal friend. Said the latter, for he trusted the old man implicitly:—

"Give me a receipt for this gold which I have here. It takes a bag from the safe, and I will let you take it a few days. Go home, be apparently my reticent and secretive in your actions, and when you think you have sufficiently aroused the curiosity of your children, at those houses you are now staying, manage to count out the gold on the table in your room, making it seem as much as possible, and at a time when you are sure you are watched.

This advice the old man accepted. There was more than once some one at the keyhole, when he counted his pretended hoard of gold coin, and it was not long before a marked change came over the manner of his children. Those who had seen and heard could not keep it from the rest, and as a result nothing was too good for the old gentleman. When he was convinced that he had made the impression desired returned the gold to the old lawyer, and thereafter lived without want. When he died the strong box, which he had kept locked with a great show of secrecy, was opened. There was nothing in it but a batchet, and a slip of paper, which read:—

"He who would give away his property before he is dead, would do better to take this batchet and cut off his head."

A KISS FOR EVERY ONE.

An Annual Roumanian Fair Where Occultation Reigns.

Helmsgen, a Roumanian country town of 1,200 inhabitants, holds its annual fair on the feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly married brides from sixty or eighty villages in the district; widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home. The young women, in festive attire, and generally attended by their mother-in-law, carry jars of wine enwreathed with flowers in their hands. They kiss every one they meet, and afterwards present the jug to his lips for a "nip." The individual thus regaled bestows a small gift on the fair Cyclops. Not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and her family.

She is, therefore, reserved towards strangers, and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine. The kissing is carried on everywhere—in the street, in the taverns and in private houses. The origin of this custom is veiled in obscurity. Some say that it dates back to the time when the Turks made frequent raids into Transylvania and carried away all the young women they could lay their hands on. Such of them as contrived to escape from captivity, happening to return to Helmsgen at the time of the fair, kissed their friends and relatives, and even strangers who congratulated them on their wonderful deliverance.

Value of a Blued Barrel Revolver. Under some circumstances, during a dress parade, for instance, the Westerr considers the silver or nickel-plated revolver to be just about the best ornaments, but there are occasions when a blued barrel is still more desirable.

T. C. Cross, who went to the Snake River Valley after a mine the other day, tells plainly why a blued barrel is best:—"You see, if the lights are all out in a barroom, or nearly all out, you can draw a blue gun and plug the other fellow before he knows what's up, but a nickel barrel gathers in and reflects every damned bit of light, and the minute the hammer is out of the holster 'tother chap sees it and has a chance to draw, too."

One or the Other. "I saw an article in a magazine the other day," said Bjorkins, "on the subject of coast defences. In the opinion of the writer it is all folly to waste any money on such a thing. He says in case of trouble with any foreign power it would be cheaper to move back into the interior than to fight, and cheaper yet to apologize. He thinks it is criminal for nations to go to war on any pretext whatever."

"He's either a blamed ignoramus," responded Twimley, "or he's a college President."—Chicago Tribune.

"I suppose when you were in the White mountains last summer you enjoyed the echoes very much?" "No, I didn't. I went to hear them with Charlie Bullard and when they repeated what he said they really bored me very much."—Harper's Bazar.