

WOMEN AND CONVENTIONS

The American and Continental Ideas Far Apart

SOME GERMAN VIEWS

Breaking Away From Accepted Boundaries Always Regarded Askance on Both Sides of the Ocean—Thoughts Suggested by New Year's Occurrences in New York.

The incoming of 1908 was marked in New York by one incident which the city at large and women in particular viewed with widely varying feelings.

For a long while we have been told that, little by little, as our women traveled more extensively, or returned from residence abroad, we should find ways and manners of freer foreign social life creeping in to ever conservative American circles.

It is an interesting question, this matter of the tendency toward the breaking down of inherited traditions and long honored conventions. Who is ready to say that they are conventions more honored in the breach than the observance?

Whatever I say and whatever I do Aunt Tabitha'll say that she never did so.

And so one is forced to conclude, like the same perplexed girl, "What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been, and her great-aunt!"

Impossible as it is, to arrive at results that can be tabulated after the fashion of modern psychology charts, it is interesting to watch, the American woman in any situation which involves the breaking down of barriers.

Two women, after six weeks of England—cathedral towns and the district principally—found themselves the guest of an artist and his wife, themselves Americans, at an outdoor cafe on the Boulevard.

There would have been a time when the same type of American woman would have left, hastily, for these two represented the conservative element of modern femininity.

One comment, made after two years' residence in Germany, by a keen-witted American girl, was: "The majority of German women I knew were of the Hausfrau type."

"Between the girls and women, with all their attention devoted to the Kaiser's four k's, and the women who were not admitted to desirable circles there seemed to be no mean. You were one or the other."

Left to their own devices, the average woman does not find conventions really irksome. Freedom to follow her own sweet will in matters social is not the most sought-after thing.

Telegraphic communication is being rapidly opened up along the Sudan part of the Cape-to-Cairo steam railway route.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

He is a Familiar Figure to the "Man in the Street"

POWERS LITTLE KNOWN

Within the City Itself He Takes Precedence of Every Subject of the King—Princes of the Royal Blood Not Excepted—Expected to Spend More Than His Salary.

The Lord Mayor of the City of London is a familiar figure to the "man in the street," but of his real powers and privileges and the history of his ancient office very little is known to the average Londoner.

His princely emolument of £10,000 a year and "lordly pleasure house," provided as his official residence by the corporation, are fitting accompaniments to the state he is called upon to maintain.

Every great national disaster in this or any other land finds in him the ready and willing public receiver and dispenser of the world's charity.

His public duties are innumerable. He is chairman of the periodical meetings of the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council, presides over the Library in Common Hall and every other great meeting of citizens in the ancient Guildhall.

At corporations, by immemorial usage, he acts as Cup-bearer or Chief Butler. He is Chief Magistrate in the city, Coroner of London, trustee of St. Paul's Cathedral and chairman of His Majesty's Commission of Lieutenancy.

Such old-world privileges as the right to go a-hunting in Epping Forest and to proceed in glorious pageant upon the River Thames have faded; but he is still Admiral of the Port of London and ex-officio chairman of the Thames Conservancy.

The Lord Mayor only recognizes as greater than himself in his own domain—the Monarch. Him he meets on royal visits to the city at Temple Bar or Holborn Bars, and yields up to him his emblem of civic sovereignty—the sword—which being duly returned, he bears in front of the royal procession until the city's boundaries are again reached.

No troops may enter the city's square mile, save by his leave first obtained, and by day or night he may claim admission through the gates of the "Tower of London, the password being duly furnished to him from time to time by his Sovereign.

Not only in the matter of emoluments and residence are his surroundings magnificent. There is his coach, a wonderful equipage built in 1757, weighing nearly four tons, with exquisitely painted panels and so gilded and regilded as to earn for it the sobriquet of "the gingerbread coach," as distinct from the more modest though very handsome vehicle used on ordinary occasions.

His chains and insignia are all worthy of note. The badges of royalty are attached to his office; the sword and mace are carried before him on state occasions and he wears the collar and jewel conferred upon him as a mark of royal favor.

There are several swords attached to the office, one being the magnificent and unique "Pearl" sword presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1571 on opening the Royal Exchange. This, however, is seldom seen, being carried only at great national functions.

As recently stated by the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir William Treloar, the road to this high and ancient office, now long and difficult one, and probably unique in the number of times the aspirant has to submit himself for election before he reaches it.

Of Interest to Women

A Woman's "Gym" Club—Athletic Organization a Success in Kansas City—Has Thirty Classes in Which Nearly Two Hundred Women Take Lessons From Physical Directors.

When the idea of having an athletic club for women was mentioned a year ago no one supposed that such an institution would amount to much.

But the club was organized—the Kansas City Women's Athletic Club—and now, or any night, you may see from twenty-five to thirty women in the gymnasium in the Owen building, on Walnut street—if you have the great privilege.

The club has been a success from the start. Before a month had passed it had outgrown its home in the Owen building, and Mrs. Viola Dale McMurray, the founder, was bustling around looking for a larger place.

The club has proved to be a fine thing for business women, of whom there are many in Kansas City—women who employ others in public stenography, who own stores, and are in a money way quite independent.

James Ten Eyck, carman and coach, discussing rowing one day in the Syracuse Herald office, said success depended on form.

Marjorie's Remark. Marjorie, aged four years, has a ferret, in the welfare of which she takes great interest.

It Came at Last. Few letters have remained so long in the keeping of the post office as one which has now safely reached its destination after a lapse of twenty-nine years.

Automobile's Odd Feat. A chauffeur in Kansas City was unable recently to stop his car when he took it in at the rear door of a garage in Broadway in that city.

To Restore Discolored Enamel. Dissolve the contents of one small box of chloride of lime and one small package of baking soda in a tubful of water.

Mrs. Astor Wears Genuine Turban. Mrs. Waldorf Astor is trying to introduce a new fashion in England and also is making efforts to have her old-time American friends take it up.

Selections

BRIDAL PAIR MADE CLUFF.

Couples Train Unhappily When Rice Fell from Ceiling.

A young couple entered a railway carriage and were immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed and believed with such sang froid that the other passengers began to doubt.

As the train moved out the young man rose to take off his overcoat and a shower of rice fell out. The passengers smiled broadly.

But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and, turning to his partner, remarked audibly: "By Jove, May! I've stolen the bridegroom's overcoat!"

A Warning from China. Investigations recently made in China by Mr. Frank H. Meyer of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry afford a startling instance of the destructive effects of the defoliation of mountains.

The Hun Ho River, once a deep, navigable stream, is now only a broad, sandy bed, through which course shallow, rapid currents, absolutely unnavigable. But around sacred temples, where the native vegetation has been allowed to remain, fragments of the splendid forests of ancient days are yet to be seen.

Illustration of Form.

James Ten Eyck, carman and coach, discussing rowing one day in the Syracuse Herald office, said success depended on form.

"Everything, everything, goes by form. Thus, out West in the old days, it was the essence of form to be informal. My father used to tell about a squire who would marry the young couple that came to him in some such form as this:

"Bill, do ye take this gal whose hand ye're asqueenin' to be yer lawful wife, in flush times an' in skimp?" "Mame, do ye take this cuss ye've fined fists with to be yer pard through'thick and thin?" "Yer right, for once old man."

"All right, then. Kiss in court, as I reckon ye've married as tight as the law can jine ye. I guess four bits'll do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride. If I do, it's six bits extra."

"Dear me," said Marjorie when the guests had assembled in the drawing-room, and she was bidding them good-night before going to the nursery for her supper.

And then she was hustled off summarily to darkest retirement and Miss Smith, tag and all, went out to dinner.

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