



WOMAN'S
WORLD

Fifty thousand persons who entered Manhattan borough through the New York terminal of the Brooklyn bridge were within immediate peril of being blown to pieces by a package of dynamite.

The explosive, in three blasting sticks, was kicked about for more than an hour by policemen and citizens before Julius Hochfelder, a lawyer, of 90 East Fourth street, stepped on one of the sticks softly, saw what it was, and, after springing to a safe distance, notified the police.

After the character of the package was made known, Roundsman Farrell, on duty at the terminal, remembered he had kicked the package several times earlier in the day. The dynamite was originally rolled up in a piece of brown paper that bore the name and address of a man in Williamsburg. No one has yet been found who saw the package laid in the path of the thousands that crossed the bridge. The dynamite was placed in a pail of water pending an investigation.

Slough, a sagacious little fox terrier, aided in the capture by the police of four alleged burglars in the home of Benjamin L. Ammerman, in West Sixty-fourth street, and frustrated their escape with loot valued at \$5,000.

The intelligent little animal, which has heretofore been homeless, will become the station mascot. He will also wear a handsome silver collar, to be purchased by his bluecoat friends.

Policeman Sager had his attention attracted by the peculiar antics of the friendless little dog, which had become quite a companion to him in the street and tugged at the tail of his coat and whined and then ran into the arca-way of the Ammerman home, where he sniffed at the bottom of the doors and looked at the officer, as much as to say there was something wrong going on inside. The policeman understood him.

He summoned reinforcements from the police station and the combined forces, numbering six policemen and the dog, entered the house, where they found four young men, who, they allege, had just finished packing \$5,000 worth of silver, bric-a-brac and other articles in bags, ready to be taken away.

The intruders did not surrender until the policemen had subdued them with their night sticks and revolver butts.

Annie Meister, a Harlem girl, 11 years old, was drowned in Cromwell's creek in an effort to rescue her brother Willie, 7 years old. At this point the creek is being filled in and artificial ground has been made to a level with the bulkheads. The creek has overflowed, and Willie, with some other children, was wading in the water. He paddled along until he stepped off the bulkhead into 10 feet of water. The brave sister did not wait, but plunged in after him. She did not rise again.

The other children ran away screaming. A policeman who hurried to the place found Willie holding on to an abutment and rescued him, when he said that his sister was also in the creek.

Egbert Chamberlain, a bystander, dived five times, and finally reached the body and brought it ashore, but the little heroine was dead.

Surrogate Fitzgerald admitted to probate the will of William Ziegler, the "Baking Powder King" and backer of Arctic explorations. The will bequeaths the bulk of the estate, which is estimated to amount to \$30,000,000 to his 17-year-old adopted son, William Ziegler.

There was talk that objection to the probating of the will would be filed by Mrs. Henry K. Shields, of Los Angeles, Cal., a sister of the millionaire. None was filed.

After years of delay and discussion, plans for a permanent terminal at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge, with adequate facilities to meet the demands of traffic at this point, were adopted by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The cost of the new terminal will be \$3,000,000, exclusive of the land. The city already owns a considerable percentage of the land needed. The most important of the parcels to be taken is the Staats-Zeitung Building.

While the building is to be several blocks in length and more than a block in width, traffic in Chambers street or Park row is not to be interfered with. Arcades for traffic and surface-railway cars are to be provided through the building.

The new edifice will be the terminal of the Brooklyn trolley lines, elevated lines crossing the bridge and of the Third avenue elevated lines. It will include offices for the Department of Bridges.

William A. Wheelock, president of the council of New York University, died at his summer home, Easthampton, L. I. Mr. Wheelock belonged to the New England Society, the Union League, the Lawyers' Club, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History and the American Fine Arts Society.

Tom L. Johnson, who has been brought to this city by the illness of his mother, said that there was nothing in a report that a movement is to be formed to nominate him as the Democratic candidate for President on a plank of Government ownership of railroads. "I am going to be Mayor of Cleveland for the third time, the people willing," he said.

More Land For Settlement. Elreno, Okla. (Special).—The half-million acre Indian pasture reservation southwest of Elreno has been ordered by Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock opened to settlement. The opening means the furnishing of 3,125 more homes to settlers and another tide of emigration to Southwestern Oklahoma. Indian Agent Randlett was notified by telephone from Anadarko to prepare leases and advertise at once for bids, to be opened on December 4 next.

CHOOSING CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The class of literary output is now so plentiful that the question is no longer what shall the children read? but what shall they leave unread? remarks Vogue. Children, like grown folk, lose a good deal if their reading falls to keep them in sympathy with the age in which they live. On the other hand, they miss that communion with the best that they are able to understand if they neglect the books that have come down to us certified as masterpieces by earlier generations. Lucky the child that enjoys in proper sequence all the old masterpieces from the "Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe," to "Alice in Wonderland," and the "Water Babies." Children will miss much however, if they come to know only such books as they can be trusted to read, entire and for themselves. The mother, or that special blessing of some households, the maiden aunt, must find time to read aloud to the children. This is often severe drudgery when the books read are purely infantile, for they must be gone over time and time again, and the young tyrants will suffer no skipping.

One of the best books to entertain children from five to eight years of age is "Gulliver's Travels." If the adult reader will take the trouble to tell the story in part and read the simplest and most dramatic passages. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is an excellent book to treat in like fashion. How exciting is the fight with Apollyon! How dramatic is the moment when Christian discovers the loss of his roll after his slumber in the arbor!

One does not think of Lamb's "Essays" as specially addressed to children, but the grown person who for the first time tries "The Child Angel" or "Mackery End in Hertfordshire" upon a fairly advanced boy or girl of 10 or 12 will be surprised at the response. Bits from White's "Selborne" may be picked out for the delectation of children, and are likely to prove vastly more wholesome reading than a good deal of current natural writing. Halliburton's "Sam Slick the Clockmaker" is another old book containing much to interest and amuse and nothing to hurt a child of 12 or 14. The humor has not yet lost its flavor and is none the worse for young America that it hits sharply at follies of the great Yankee nation.

The difficult question of poetry for children is always presenting itself to those who would lay early the foundation of a sound culture. In verse as in prose the young like what is dramatic. Patriotism has led us in America to give our children a good deal of Longfellow cult, for lovely as some of his poetry is he is not a great poet, and scarcely a single one of his poems, long or short, stands very high in its class. Whittier's "Snow Bound" is, perhaps, the most truly representative long New England poem, and most of it is admirably suited to children. Stevenson's "Christmas at Sea," always stirs children, and it is an excellent introduction to poetry in general, for the sentiment is elemental in its appeal to old and young alike. Some of Southey's ballads are good reading for the young. Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix" is not beyond children of 10. A few of Barry Cornwall's lyrics dealing with nature are sound verse for the young. So, too, are some of Bryant's such as "The Address to the Waterfowl," and "Robert of Lincoln." Willis' "Saturday Afternoon" is a delightful poem for young or old. Some of these poems are to be found in the "Household Book of Poetry" by Chas. A. Dana.

PHILADELPHIA WOMEN.

In the current number of Lippincott's Magazine there appears a deliciously keen sketch called "Philadelphia in June," by an ex-member of Philadelphia's smart set who now lives in England. In it she expresses herself as follows:

"The average Philadelphia woman is surprisingly wide. Hawthorne's rude description of the stout Englishwoman is far more applicable to the Philadelphian of mature age. She carries about the broadest evidence of good living, while surely most Englishwomen look abstemious and athletic. The happy Englishwoman can exercise at all seasons; her athletic energies are never squelched by such unendurable heat as now poured down on the sunny side of the train, where I shared a bench with one of the broadest specimens of our sex, unable to avoid contact, or, rather, adhesion—both of us warm, moist, disagreeable and hating each other for being where we were. My face steamed, my kid gloves became soaked and stained and had to be thrown out of the window, the sleeves of my organdy dress printed their flowery pattern on the arms, a scorching, cinder-laden wind blew in at the windows and powdered all these damp surfaces with ashes. I became a limp, dirty, dilapidated scarecrow. Pleasant villas flew past our sight, clusters of villas in villages all new, consisting mainly of wide verandas furnished with rocking-chairs and sunbaths. In the gardens were great beds of cannas and hollyhocks, hydrangeas and many

flowering trees, and the low wire fences were covered by honeysuckle. No inhabitants are visible, for it is their wise custom to spend much of the day in darkened retreats and dressing-gowns while the glaring sun scorches down his track. At last a station!"

SOME PETTICOAT STYLES.

Broderie Anglaise done on the silk and all in one tone, is an exceedingly chic and serviceable trimming for the light silk petticoat as well as for the lingerie petticoat and the heavy lined and crash petticoats worked in broderie Anglaise, which were introduced last summer, are being worn through the winter and will certainly be popular in the coming summer.

Of the lingerie petticoats there is nothing new to tell. They grow more wonderful and beautiful each season, with their laces and embroideries and headings and hand work, but description of them is useless and their charm depends upon the originality with which the lace or other trimming is applied.

The fine batiste and Swiss embroideries, especially those in raised embroidery on a sheer fine ground, have had great success in petticoatdom this season.

Elaborate petticoats of rich brocade trimmed with festoons of lace, little flower wreaths and garlands, bow knots, etc., are in evidence among French importations, and applique embroideries have a place in the ornamentation of the silk petticoats brought over from the other side. French, too, was a petticoat whose flounce was barred off in lattice fashion by tiny ruffles of velvet ribbon, a little lace medallion being set in the center of each square.—Washington Times.

RAINCOATS WITH SHOULDER CAPE.

A new wrinkle in the raincoat or cravenette variety are those which show a decidedly English turn of idea. Capes which extend to far below the waist line and which only reach to the middle of the shoulder are prevalent, and many women are adopting this odd garment, not because of its becomingness, but because it is novel. There is no necessity for a coat for this occasion having long incubent affairs hanging about the arms, and they are not at all comfortable which goes to prove, since so many are being worn, that women will adopt almost anything when fashion demands.

These garments all have collars which are exceedingly high and are belted in with wide belts, some being made straight around while others are plaited or tucked. There is quite an assortment displayed in the local shops, and women of all sizes and figures may fit it comparatively easy to become suited. When cravenette first became so popular it was found to be rather unserviceable, because of its light shades, but women who have owned garments made of this material say that it cleans beautifully and is much more serviceable than many of the darker shades.

TWO SUSPENDER GOWNS.

A great many suspender dresses have been noticed among the new simple gowns. These are built on exactly the same lines as the bretelle gowns worn by little girls. One example was noted in a green and blue invisible plaid taffeta, one of the very soft kinds. The skirt was very wide, and was box-plaited in the new fashion, tight-fitting over the hips and flaring below. The bretelles were less than two inches wide, and were shirred tightly, a little edge showing on either side. Two shirred straps crossed the bretelles, peasant fashion, and there were shoulder caps to fall over the sleeves of the guimpe. These were trimmed with narrow shirred bands. The guimpe, or underwaist, was of cream lace and was a simple, untrimmed blouse with full sleeves. The girle was shirred and was deeply pointed in the front.

This is a good model for a linen suit. Developed in blue pink, chalk white, or brown—linen, with plain straps, it would be charming to wear with thin, white linen blouses in hot weather.—Indianapolis News.

FANS WAVE ON FOREVER.

Seasons may come and seasons may go, but the fan waves on forever. Just now it waves in fashionable circles most conspicuously in real lace and spangles. Particularly for the young girl are these the preferred types of repair creators, and this year they are lovely enough to tempt the least envious girls to covet their possession. Mother of pearl is the favorite mount and most of the fans are small. Silver, gold and opalescent hued spangles glisten and gleam from a background of white or black gauze, plain and inlaid with floral motifs in point de gaze, duchess or chantilly lace. Ivory and tortoise, as well as pearl, are used for mounts, and two of the favorite designs above.

FASHION HINTS.

All the new skirts show increasing fulness, and many of them are wholly without trimming.

was ready to go down to breakfast, she found that her doors were locked, and that she was a prisoner in her own room.

II.

On the day when Mr. Dawson deprived Elinor of her liberty, a handsome young fellow was sitting before his mid-day breakfast.

Rallston Stainer had taken lodgings in a fashionable quarter of St. Petersburg, and according to the country's custom, his landlady provided him with the lighter meals of the day.

All at once there was a sharp knock at the door of his sitting room; then, without waiting for an answer, the door was thrown open and three men in civilian clothes came into the room.

Stainer arose from his chair. "What means this intrusion?" he asked.

The tallest of the men, who seemed to the one in command, looked rapidly over a sheet of paper that he held in his hand.

"Tall, slender—yes; brown eyes and hair; calls himself an Englishman. No doubt it is the same," he muttered, looking at the young man. "Monsieur," he then said, "we are members of the secret police of St. Petersburg and would like to see your passport."

"I have had it locked over, and it is perfectly correct," answered the young man.

"I have my orders; also a search warrant in case of resistance."

Rallston Stainer shrugged his shoulders, as if thinking that Russia was a queer place, and took from his pocket the official document signed by the different consuls and officials of the two countries.

The man looked the paper over, then he calmly folded it and put it in his pocket.

"What do you mean by doing that," said Rallston, angrily.

"That this paper is forged," answered the Russian. "We arrest you in the name of the Czar for a conspiracy against his Imperial Majesty."

In spite of his protestations, and his expressed desire to see the British Ambassador, he was hurried into a waiting carriage and taken away. Two weeks he spent in a cold, foul cell, and during that time he was taken three times before a court. He could not speak either Russian or French, and the judges spoke no English.

They did not believe his assertion that he did not understand Russian. The heaviest blow came when the interpreter told him that he had been condemned to twenty years' exile in Siberia.

On Friday of the next week he was to start with a few other convicts.

III.

It was nearly midnight, and the house was very still.

Elinor, sitting near the window of her darkened room, began to prepare for the night. Absently she went to the door and tried it, expecting to find it locked, as usual, but the door yielded, and she knew that her maid had forgotten to lock the door on retiring for the night.

She threw a long, dark cloak over her dress and planned a black hat and veil on her head. Then putting all the money she had in her little purse, she left her room noiselessly, and went downstairs, meeting no one.

Near the front hall she heard a noise, and she darted into a dark room next to the library.

The door between the two rooms was ajar, and she heard Mr. Dawson saying:

"So tomorrow he starts for Siberia for twenty years?"

"Yes; of course, his mention of you, and your denial to the Chief of Police that you knew him, really settled him. It was very neatly done," and Prince Barnakoff laughed.

"Ah, Rallston Stainer," exclaimed Mr. Dawson, "I told your father I would be revenged! I could not on him, but I have accomplished it in you—his only son."

The Ambassador was very much startled when the servant ushered in to his presence a distracted young woman, who told him in an incoherent manner her story.

This gentleman, who knew her well, also her lover, soothed her and placed her into his wife's keeping, then, late as it was, he started to find Count Gourki, the Chief of the Third Section, of St. Petersburg's secret police. Next day was Friday, and there was no time to lose.

By noon next day Rallston Stainer held his beloved in his arms, and that very afternoon the chaplain of the British Embassy officiated at the wedding of Rallston Stainer and beautiful Elinor Bayle.

The Dawsons were ordered to leave Russia within twenty-four hours, and a fine of fifteen thousand rubles was imposed on Prince Barnakoff; but the ruined gambler would not pay it, and he went to prison for five years.

A CABBAGE-WORM SCARE.

Government Bulletin issued to Counteract Effect of Wild Stories.

The Department of Agriculture has just issued a bulletin which describes in effect the operation of a land serpent. Not since the "kissing-bug" craze of 1899 has there been anything like such a furor as was created by the discovery of the so-called "cabbage snake," the "bulletin declares, in Tennessee, South Carolina, and Louisiana, in 1903. That year the scare was practically confined to

Tennessee and neighboring States southward. This creature and its still whatever mysterious occurrence in cabbage has become a great annoyance to many correspondents, to economic entomologists, and to chemists and physicians. Many reports have been received from reliable correspondents of rumors of persons being poisoned by eating cabbage affected by this hair-worm. Among them were alleged reports from a physician who stated that when cabbage thus affected was eaten it produced instant death, and from a "State chemist," who made an examination of the worm, and reported that it contained enough poison "to kill eight persons."

"It should be unnecessary to add," the bulletin says, "that none of these reports had any foundation in fact. Nevertheless the known presence of the hair-worm in an affected district seriously injured the demand for cabbage there, causing very considerable loss to truckers and grocers. What was in reality a hoax assumed most serious proportions, not alone because of widespread alarm caused by erroneous reports of loss of life, but also because of the very material loss to cabbage growers and others who handled this commodity, and the decided extension of the area in which the hair-worm was detected. The scare soon became widespread, causing general fear of poisoning from Virginia and West Virginia southward and westward to Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Colorado."

The cabbage hair-worm is described by the department as resembling a piece of basting thread, of the thickness of a strand of corn silk, white in color. Its length varies two to nine inches, but reports have been received of a creature found in the heads of cabbage measuring nine feet! The imagination of newspaper writers as to color runs riot through "green, white, light red, olive green and yellow."

Many popular names have been bestowed upon it, including "cabbage snake," "snake," "snake worm," "serpent," "reptile" and "cabbage rattlesnake."—Washington correspondence of the New York Post.

"POLLY PORTER."

A Parrot Who Never Forgot What He Once Had Learned.

Perhaps all parrots have equally remarkable memories, but twenty-five years' acquaintance with "Polly Porter" enables me to say that he never forgets what he has once learned. Like other parrots, when he is alone he exercises his memory, as if amusing himself. Then it is that Polly Porter chatters in sentences; laughs aloud, hysterically; calls, in various tones, commandingly or beseechingly; calls the names of servants who, but for Polly, would have been forgotten; calls the cat; whistles for dogs who were about him years ago.

Polly's cage is in the bow window of the dining room—a good place for keeping an eye on the family. When the father rises from the breakfast table Polly advises: "Hurry! Hurry up! Hurry!"

Later, with the first movement preparatory to the children's start for school, he repeats sharply: "Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry!"

When a guest comes in he says briskly, "Why, how d'ye do?" When he calls "Good-by" to persons passing on the street it seems almost certain that he reasons about the coming and departing guest. He quickly notices little children; coming to one particular corner of the bottom of his cage, he futters before a little one, attempting baby talk, which is very funny, ending with "Beautiful child! Beautiful child!" and a loud laugh.

When the house is quiet and his mistress has a visitor in the parlor Polly craves attention.

He repeats the children's names, almost as if he were calling the roll, in sweet, low tones. Then he says "Mama!" over and over, in a child's voice, till it is common for a visitor to say, "Do answer that child," or "Some one is calling you." He comes very near to telling tales, saying, "Ah, ah! naughty boy!" with great severity.

Polly is most impatient at breakfast time, when he shrieks till he receives attention: "Polly wants coffee! Polly wants breakfast!"

He takes a piece of bread cautiously; examines it; if it is not well buttered he throws it down. He enjoys a bunch of grapes, holding it down with one claw while with the other and his beak he opens grape after grape, eats the seed and casts the pulp away. He easily crushes a pear or an apple to get at the seeds.

Last Christmas Polly was sent by his owner, a New York boy, to friends as a present. They were told of his liveliness and astonishing powers of speech.

For some months Polly moped and said nothing, but at last began calling members of the family by name. If let out of his cage he fought the pug and whipped the cat; when shut up in his cage for punishment he would persistently work at the wires till he would force them apart and walk out defiantly. Recently he began upon his old lessons, and now repeats the cries of the newboys in the street: "Extrah! Extrah! Journal!—Sun—Herald!" And he sings quite well "Yankee Doodle," which was taught him last summer.

Good-by, Polly!—Mary Rice Miller in St. Nicholas.

The Reformer.
Before the monstrous wrong he sets
him down—
One man against a stone walled city
of sin.
For centuries those walls have been
a building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and
coldly glass
The flying storm, the wheeling sun.
No chink,
No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.
He flings alone, and from the cloudy
ramparts
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer
him.
Let him lie down and die! What is
the right,
And where is justice in a world like
this?
But, by and by, earth shakes herself,
impatient;
And down, in one great roar of ruin,
crash
Watch tower and citadel and battle-
ments.
When the red dust has cleared, the
lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts be-
neath the friendly stars.
—E. R. Still.

The Plot
That Failed

(By Neal Martin.)

Ivan entered the library and presented a card to Giles Dawson.

Under the printed name, "Prince Nicholas Barnakoff," a few words were pencilled requesting an interview.

"Ivan," said Mr. Dawson to his Russian servant, "show the prince in at once."

A moment later a tall, handsome man, wearing the uniform of an officer in the Czar's army, entered the room.

He took the proffered chair, and began at once to speak in English, with the perfect facility of the educated Russian.

"Mr. Dawson, I have called to ask from you in marriage the hand of your beautiful ward, Miss Elinor Bayle. You must have noticed my admiration for mademoiselle. You know that I can give her an exalted social position here in St. Petersburg, and I trust that you will have no objection to my paying her my addresses."

"Ah, you have not spoken to her yet?" asked Mr. Dawson.

"Speak to her before I saw you; I could not commit such a breach of Russian etiquette!"

"I am glad you have not spoken to her. In fact, Prince, I shall be most happy to consent to your marriage to my ward, but there are difficulties. You doubtless know that she is immensely wealthy, but she cannot have control of her fortune until she is twenty-one years old, at which time I cease to have any authority over her." Mr. Dawson continued slowly. "She will be twenty-one in less than a month, and then—"

"Yes, and then?" asked the Russian, looking intently at the merchant.

Mr. Dawson did not answer the question, but continued after a short interval:

"I would not give my consent to her marriage with a young Englishman. I was so afraid that she would do something rash, so I brought her as far away from him as I could; but just when I was beginning to feel secure, he arrives on the scene."

"Who, the lover?" asked Barnakoff, with an ugly expression.

"Yes, Rallston Stainer—curse him!"

"Do not distress yourself about Mr. Rallston Stainer," smiled the Prince; "There are various means in Russia to dispose of an undesirable person."

Then the details of the transaction were gone into. Mr. Dawson would receive forty thousand pounds out of Elinor's fortune if he succeeded in making her marry Barnakoff.

When the infamous compact was completed Mr. Dawson rung the bell and requested that if Miss Bayle had returned from her drive she should come to the library.

A moment later she entered, tall, beautiful, and exquisitely dressed, bringing with her a breath of the keen winter air in her bright gray eyes, her wind-blown hair, and her cheeks like many roses.

She bowed coldly to the Prince, who stood erect and soldierly before her, and, addressing Mr. Dawson, said, with distant courtesy:

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes; this gentleman has requested the honor of your hand in marriage, and it is my wish that you accept it. It is such a union as your father would have desired."

"I thank you, Prince Barnakoff, for the honor, but it is impossible! You know," addressing her guardian, "that I love and am engaged to Mr. Stainer and I shall marry no one else."

"You disobey me, then?" asked Mr. Dawson, purple with rage.

"No, I simply refuse to marry Prince Barnakoff."

"You shall, I tell you!" said Mr. Dawson, ringing violently the bell. "Ivan, call Mrs. Dawson."

The next morning, when Elinor