

SINNING BY SYNDICATE.

Plentycash is an excellent churchman. And he never is missed from a pew. He talks and he prays, and he willingly works in the Sunday-school, too. Yes, he's one of the men in the Grass Trust.

Plentycash wouldn't do a mean action. Or feed that poor barn any man; He lives day by day in a sanctified way, As uprightly as any one can; His concern is a vile corporation, A thing he hates, and he hates it, But he hasn't a qualm of his conscience to calm.

For his sins are a syndicate!—W. in Puck.

A COYOTE HERO

A STORY OF THE SIERRAS. By J. W. HAYS.

The theatre of my last summer's outing was the eastern boundary of the San Bernardino Valley. It is the most picturesque section of Southern California. The lofty and rugged Sierras form a horseshoe, studded with three peaks, each more than two miles high—San Bernardino, San Geronimo (Grayback) and San Antonio (old Baldy). A fourth peak that tops the two-mile line is San Jacinto, a score of miles southward.

One afternoon I was strolling lazily in the foothills at the base of San Bernardino peak. It was near the mouth of Santa Ana Canyon, whence flows the river whose water irrigates the larger part of the great orange belt. The foothills thereabout are uncultivated, mainly because of irrigation difficulties. A few energetic ranchers surmount the obstacle, however, by developing water in gulches in higher levels and leading it by ditches to their land.

A small hillside ranch attracted my attention. Somewhat weary and quite thirsty by reason of long traveling, with gun on shoulder, I approached the ranch house. It was a cosy little cottage, embowered in vines and flowers, with a large adjoining garden showing a profusion of fruit trees and vegetables.

As I reached the cottage my attention was attracted by a queer little stone enclosure, perhaps six or eight feet square and about five feet high. In the middle of the square was a very large boulder. Part of the face of the boulder had been rudely dressed and thereon was a fairly well cut inscription, thus:

In Memoriam CANAS LATRANS 1890

The oddity of the memorial, and particularly its sudden reminder of college days and classic wreaths, gave added interest to my call at the cottage.

A stalwart rancher, apparently a little on the sunny side of forty, was sitting on the cosy porch. He arose and met me cordially as I introduced myself and intimated that that was the primary cause of my call and curiosity the secondary cause, alluding to the memorial. Responding to his invitation to be seated, I caught a glimpse through the doorway of a tidy woman within and also a pretty girl of perhaps sixteen or seventeen years.

After a little verbal skirmishing I drew from the rancher the story of which the memorial was the visible reminder. Here it is:

The rancher was a "Yale man," as he expressed it. As a prominent figure in university athletics he had injured his health. After graduation he developed incipient tuberculosis and was advised by physicians to lose no time in getting to Southern California and adopting the "close to nature" life in the dry atmosphere near the mountains. He homesteaded a quarter section of seemingly worthless hillside land and built a shack on the site of his present cottage.

The change of environment soon restored his health, and he was so greatly pleased with the new life that he returned to his Eastern home for a life partner, to whom he was engaged when in his senior year at Yale. Back to his mountain-edge home he came with his bride, a sensible Yankee lass who shared his love for the "close-to-nature" idea. In due season the present cottage displaced the shack, just in time to accommodate the arrival of the stork with a bouncing girl baby.

"Neighbors were few and far between in those days," said the rancher. "I mean the bipedal, not the quadruped kind. There were entirely too many of the latter, and some of them were unpleasantly sociable. Coyotes developed an inordinate love for our poultry, jack rabbits and cottontails had a weakness for our vegetables, and occasionally a mountain lion would meander down from the mountains in quest of fresh veal or pork."

"I don't know whether you are familiar with coyote cunning, but for 'ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain' they beat the 'heavenly Chinese' out of sight. Many an evening I sat on this porch with Winchester or double-barreled shotgun in hand loaded with buckshot in wait for the wily rascal.

"Just after sunset, in the early twilight, they would begin to skulk toward the enclosure that contained the chicken coops. First would come from the distance two or three of the familiar dog-like yelps, followed by the dismal and weird long-drawn howl peculiar to the species. The yelps and howls would gradually draw nearer until I was led to peer into the gathering darkness and finger the gun trigger in expectation of getting a shot, and then I would be startled suddenly by the squawk of chickens in the corral, having been a victim of a coyote decoy trick.

"Well, to get to the gist of the story, one evening I caught a faint glimpse of a coyote in the underbrush as it was working the decoy racket. It was a long range shot, but I determined to take the chance with my Winchester. I blazed away and was rewarded by a yelp quite different from the decoy kind, indicating that I had hit the mark.

"As I hurried out to see what execution had been done the nearly full moon was just peeping above the horizon, down the valley, partly lighting up my surroundings. From a short distance in the opposite direction to the one I was going came a mournful wail, evidently the voice of a mate or companion of the one my bullet had struck—a pathetic response to the cry of the victim.

"To a thicket of sagebrush I sud-

dently came upon a sight that I never can forget. It was a dying female coyote and two puppies. The young ones, apparently near weaning age, and hence able to take early lessons in the acquisition of ploy, were nestling close to the mother's head. Four little paws were about the old one's neck, two little tongues lapped her face, and the saddest and most pitiful low wail came from two little throats.

"The youngsters were so absorbed with their grief that they failed to notice my approach. When the eyes of the mother turned upon me, however, there was an instant expression of fright and an effort to rise. But the effort was hopeless. The shot was fatal and she was dying.

"How I wished at that moment that my aim had missed! Evidently realizing that she was dying, the look of fright suddenly disappeared and her big brown eyes assumed an expression that I have vainly tried to blot from memory in the seventeen years that since have passed. I never have witnessed so pitiful a sight. The poor creature, as she looked from me to her puppies, seemed to be making a mute appeal to me to spare her little ones.

"Of course," continued the rancher, after a minute's pause, "all that will strike you as being sentimental gush wasted on a prowling coyote that had got its deserts. But you will remember that the coyote is simply a cousin of man's best friend, as indicated by its technical name, 'canis latrans.'

"The end soon came. The big brown eyes, with their memory-haunting expression of appeal, drooped and lost their lustre. A spasmodic movement of the chest, a straining of the limbs and the coyote puppies were motionless.

"At that moment, foolish as it may seem to you, I determined to comply with what I interpreted as the mute appeal of the dying mother. The puppies were so intent in manifesting their grief that I had no difficulty in capturing both and returning with them to the house.

"Well, to shorten the story, the smaller of the puppies, a female, lived only a few days, seemingly dying of grief. Doleful wails were wafted in from the sagebrush every night for a while, evidently coming from the mate of the dead coyote, and readily recognized by the puppies, as shown by their excitement. We named the remaining one, a handsome male, 'Yote'—two-thirds of the word co-yote, as the syllables are properly divided.

"Yote was a family favorite from the moment of his appearance in the house. The fear he showed at first subsided quickly and he became as playful and affectionate as any domestic puppy. Mutual affection between him and the baby developed at once and strengthened with the growth and strength of both.

"It was a year almost to a day from the time of his capture that the episode occurred which now is marked by the memorial that excited your curiosity. Yote had attained his full growth. I think he was the handsomest dog, in physical proportions, being similar in size and build, though differing in color. Yote was larger and stronger than most of his kind, and good treatment was evidenced in his glossy coat.

"One afternoon, when I was just finishing a day's work at irrigation down there in the orange grove, I was startled suddenly by an extraordinary series of yelps from Yote, followed by piercing screams from my wife. As the grove is toward the rear side of the house I could not see the cause of the commotion, but I hurried up the hill as fast as my legs could carry me.

"It was a frightful scene, indeed, that I beheld as I came within view of the front yard, as you see it now. In the doorway leading into the house from the porch stood my wife, with one hand upon the latch and with the door just far enough ajar for her to look out. With the other hand and arm she was holding the baby. Her face was a picture of terror and she was screaming at the highest pitch of her voice.

"At the same instant the cause of it all was revealed. An enormous mountain lion, close by the porch, was raising its head with blood dripping from its mouth, eyes flashing and tail swishing in anger. It had just dropped the limp form of poor Yote. At that moment it began to crouch, its ears went back and its

great teeth appeared just as you may have seen angered tigers in captivity.

"I thought my time had come as I stared in horror at the terrible brute, in the very act of preparing for a spring. But the mountain lion is normally a coward, as I know. I nudged my eye to the limit in staring at him, but standing still as a statue. Presently he raised his body slowly, changed his gaze from myself to my wife and baby, looked down at the form of his victim, cast another glance at me, then turned quickly and bounded away toward the canyon.

"With the assured disappearance of the lion in the distance my wife quickly joined me over the form of our pet, whose life was obling fast from his torn throat and other frightful wounds. As well as her terrified condition would admit she told me the story of the tragedy.

"She had been preparing the evening meal, leaving the baby on the porch with the faithful Yote. The door was open. Suddenly she was startled by the piercing yelps that I had heard down in the grove. She rushed to the door and was horror-stricken at the sight. The lion had its great paws on the board at the porch entrance that safeguarded the baby from going overboard. The animal was in the very act of springing upon the baby. At the same instant Yote was jumping at the terrible brute, unmindful of the sacrifice he was surely making for his little charge.

"The noble but hopeless fight put up by poor Yote was short, ending, as I have said, just as I reached the scene.

"Tears coursed down my wife's cheeks as we bent over our dying pet, and I confess that my own eyes were moist. Yote recognized us. The suffering he must have endured was secondary to the satisfaction he seemed to feel in the safety of his baby, though at the cost of his own life.

"The baby was about a year old and she had learned to lip the name of her companion. 'Ote, Ote!' she called, as she reached her chubby hands toward him. The fast dimming eyes were turned fondly upon her as she was allowed to lay her face upon his head. Then with a final effort poor Yote gently licked baby's cheek, just once. What seemed almost like a smile appeared on his face, his eyes became glassy, his head dropped, there was a convulsive moment and Yote was gone.

"And now," said the rancher, as he touched his eyes with his handkerchief, "you have the story of the strange memorial. You also have the reason why from the date of that episode until this time I have never drawn a bead on a coyote."—From the Indiana Farmer.

Striking Ignorance.

It was visiting day at the kindergarten, and the young teacher was proud of her little pupils as they went through their drills and exercises, and beamed with pleasure at the appreciation shown by the visitors, who applauded generously. Then came the lesson, and the teacher announced the subject.

"Children," she said, "to-day we are going to learn about the cat, and I want you to tell me what you know about it. Tommy, how many legs has the cat?"

"Four," replied Tommy, proudly conscious of rectitude.

SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS TO PONDER.

(FROM THE BEE HIVE SUPPLEMENT.)

The man who makes the best use of his time generally has a good time.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

A pawn shop where we could hock our troubles would fill long-felt wants.

There are men who prefer their own blunders to other people's good advice.

Trust not to appearances; the drum which makes the most noise is filled with wind.

The best swimmers are often drowned, and the best riders have the hardest falls.

Don't forget that other people feel about as little interest in your troubles as you do in theirs.

It is the hardest thing in the world to convince a hungry man that the rich have trouble.

A course of sin cannot last; it comes to an end some time, and a man reaps what he has sown.

Between him and the baby developed at once and strengthened with the growth and strength of both.

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The Family

Keep a Few Sheep.

Professor F. B. Mumford, of Missouri experiment station, shows that tests have proved that sheep produce more meat from a pound of grain than any other farm animal. It was shown that a pound of mutton can be produced from about half as much grain as a pound of beef. Even the mortgage lifting hog requires more grain to produce a pound of human food than the sheep. With the combination of corn and clover hay for food and a dry shed for shelter sheep will always give good account of themselves and respond readily to the care given them.—Farmer's Guide.

Cost of Making Milk.

A Canadian milk producer figures the cost of production as follows: Taking fifteen cows as a unit that one man is capable of taking care of, as well as the product therefrom, and assuming that the man is worth \$1.50 a day, we must charge for ten cents a day against each cow for labor. Assuming that each cow averages five thousand pounds of milk a year, which is about six quarts a day, such cow should receive one pound of grain for each three pounds of milk she gives, which would be about five pounds of grain a day. The cost of the grain would be six and one-quarter cents a day. Adding to this the cost before mentioned of producing a specially pure, clean milk, we have a total of at least seven cents a quart, as the cost of its production on the farm. To this should be added the cost of shipping to the city, which is an additional burden to the farmer.—American Cultivator.

Slag and Saltpetre.

The cheapest way to supply lime to the soil is to use basic slag as a source of phosphoric acid for the fertilizers. Slag carries from thirty to fifty per cent. of lime, and the value of the phosphoric acid it carries will cover its whole cost.

Water Supply For Farm.

In reply to inquiry made by C. E. T., on the farm water supply would say we have had the compressed air tank in use ten years and it is satisfactory in every way. The tank should be placed in cellar, or a room above ground made frost-proof; this there is never any trouble. The elevated tank is nearly out of commission two or three months in the year, while severe winter weather lasts. The cheapest way to put in water works is to buy a rejected steam boiler for your tank; then the water can be pumped into same by either a wind or gasoline engine, the latter possibly to be preferred, because it can be operated at any time and the engine can be utilized for many other purposes on the farm. The cost of such an outfit should not be over \$150, depending upon how expensive your boiler is. I have a twenty-barrel tank that I bought for \$25. The pump and piping cost \$20, and two and one-half horse power gasoline engine \$75; total, \$120.—W. W. Stevens, in Indiana Farmer.

Fattening Hogs.

In the experience gained at the Missouri Experiment Station Professor Forbes says that corn supplemented with wheat middlings and oil meal makes the best and cheapest ration for fattening hogs. He says: "For dry lot or pen feeding of hogs the cheapest feed is corn supplemented with wheat middlings or oil meal. At the Missouri station we have made 100 pounds of pork from five parts of thirty-cent corn and one part of \$24 oil meal at a cost of \$2.75 per hundred weight. At the same time we made 100 pounds of pork from two parts of corn and one part of \$15 wheat middlings at a cost of \$2.88. In the same experiment corn alone made pork at a cost of \$3.63 per hundred weight."

The Future and Sheep.

All who keep up with the trend of the live stock industry agree that the demand for sheep will go on increasing for many years. In referring to the matter the Shepherd's Criterion has this to say:

Farmers as a class do not yet understand sheep well enough to produce them successfully, though the majority of them raise other things that require more care and effort and produce poorer results. While it is true that many are going into sheep for the first time, and hundreds have been converted to the right way of thinking, still, relatively speaking, comparatively few of the small farmers carry sheep. It will take a long time to educate some that sheep are the best live stock they can raise—best for the land and for the bank account. In the meantime mutton consumption will continue to grow very rapidly, and in our opinion the time will be far distant when the supply will again overtake the demand. The great grazing areas of the West are practically filled to the limit, and so there cannot be much expansion in that direction. The chief increase must be on the Eastern farms. Here the dog and the stomach worm have to be contended with, and there are at the present time very serious handicaps to the small farmer. If a man can raise enough sheep to warrant his special and constant and special attention, then the dog nuisance can be effectually eliminated, but the stomach worm is an enemy in the dark that cannot be easily conquered. All things considered, it is by no means likely that sheep husbandry will advance fast enough to make the business unprofitable for the next twenty years. As long as there is a sensible protective tariff on wool sheepmen will have strong encouragement, but even if they had to depend on mutton quality almost entirely, they are now well enough fortified to go ahead on a profitable basis. It is estimated that fifty per cent. more mutton is consumed in this country than twenty years ago. The annual receipts at Chicago are more than a million more than in 1897, while there has been a corresponding increase at most of the other Western markets. If under these circumstances mutton can be sold at a record price, then it follows that it has a strong grip on the American appetite, which is bound to endure. The slaughter of sheep and lambs, particularly lambs, is going on so rapidly that producers are now much behind the requirements, and that is why prices are so high. Chicago for the first time this month this year falls 400,000 head short of last year, in spite of the fact that more people have gone into the sheep business. A supply of 50,000,000 sheep is not large enough for a country, with over 80,000,000 people, with a million foreigners landed every year.

Rye Chaff.

I can buy from a local hay press rye chaff at \$1 per ton. Will it pay to cart this two and one-half miles and put in the barnyard for manure? I have only two cows. Quantity would probably be 100 tons a year, dry material. How can I best turn this chaff to turn hogs on it? Farmers who cart rye to the press are overrun with wild radish. Should I be running a great risk from this foul seed? Would the heating of the chaff prevent the germination of the radish seed? Farmers who previously bought this chaff say that they have had no trouble with the wild radish on their farms. R. M. D. The rye chaff would contain in a ton something like fifteen pounds of nitrogen and nearly the same amount phosphoric acid, with perhaps seven or eight pounds of potash. When decayed, the phosphoric acid and potash will be there, while part of the nitrogen will have disappeared into the air. Rye chaff is very poor, if not dangerous, feed for cows, because of the probable presence of ergot, a poison to all kinds of live stock. There would also be no small danger from these weed seeds. Cruciferous plants produce seeds which are unduly hard and can withstand hardships. It is true that the neighbors have not reported introduction of radish by reason of the chaff, but there is still danger. If the chaff is bought, it ought to be well rotted before spreading on the fields. At the price mentioned, it would not seem an attractive bargain.—Country Gentleman.

Gapes in Chickens.

What is true of all disease is true of gapes. It is better to prevent it if possible, and then there will be no need to cure it. When the cause of gapes is known, and also the means by which it is likely to be spread, it becomes easy to take measures for prevention. The most important

measure of all is to keep the houses, yards, troughs and everything connected with the poultry yard strictly clean. It is probable that the drinking water is the medium through which the gapeworm most often comes, and, therefore, the greatest care must be taken to keep the fountains clean, when conditions are specially favorable to the propagation of the gapeworm.

The water supplied should be pure and fresh. It is strongly advised that house, floor, perches, coops and hatching-boxes should be thoroughly cleaned with boiling water, and then limewashed; that food should never be thrown on the ground; that access to polluted water should be prevented; that the rearing ground should be disinfected during the winter season if it is to be used the following year; and that the bodies of all chickens that die of gapes should be burned. It is also advisable that affected chickens should be removed from the healthy birds as soon as the symptoms of gapes can be observed; but this is hardly practicable where chickens are reared by hens alone, as chicks of tender age, if removed from their mother, would not survive for want of care and brooding. Where incubators and brooders are used, there is, however, no difficulty, as one of the brooders can be temporarily turned into a hospital for the affected chicks.—H. D. C. in Farmers' Gazette.

Blind Girl's Earnings. Miss Cora Crocker, a deaf, dumb and blind girl, has surprised her teachers in the workshops of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind, in Cambridge, by the quickness with which she has mastered the intricate machinery of her loom and the beauty and delicacy of her work. She has only just passed her twenty-first birthday and has been under the care of teachers for a comparatively short time, yet she weaves the most delicate fancy articles, dainty colored designs. She is said to be the only person so afflicted who has ever succeeded in doing such beautiful work. There are several blind women working in the same shop who do good work, but she is the only one who can neither speak nor hear. Her earnings, it is said, of more than \$20 a month are steadily increasing.—Indianapolis News.

Cross-Stitching Hints. If each stitch is not crossed in the same direction the effect will be poor. It is always better to work as much as possible in a straight line, so that each stitch may receive its tension from the same direction. Cross-stitching is well adapted to table and magazine covers, the marking of linen, soft pillows, floor cushions and bags of all kinds. Red and white and blue and white linen are the favorite materials for these articles when decorated with cross-stitching. This work must not be confused with the checked gingham embroidery of a few years ago. It is quite different in appearance, the heavy lines, with its lustrous finish, giving a strong, artistic background for the cross stitch, which in itself has a crude beauty peculiarly adapted to the purpose in view.—New York Journal.

Washington Women Great Walkers. As they all recognize the need of fresh air in Washington, as elsewhere, if they wish to retain their health, many high-placed dwellers in the capital give several hours a day to exercise in the open. The President gets out for at least three hours daily, no matter how pressing public affairs may be. Mrs. Roosevelt spends even more time than that in walking, driving or superintending her flower garden. Almost all the Washingtonians in official life recognize the need of the daily promenade. Many are seen in business streets in the morning, going on household errands. Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Cortelyou make many of their calls on foot. Indeed, all Washington takes every excuse for walking. Any bright morning the stranger may see Mrs. Roosevelt, her handsome young daughter and many of the women taking brisk constitutional in the secluded portions of the Mall and bypaths of the Speedway.—New York Press.

Flag as Wedding Gift. "I saw an unusual wedding present the other day," said the bride's friend, telling of her call on the happy young woman, "and I certainly mean to act on the suggestion the next time I have a gift to buy for a similar occasion. It was an American flag. It is strange that more people have not thought of it before, but I do not recall that even among the numerous displays of wedding gifts that I have seen in my lifetime have I noticed our national emblem; yet, when you come to think of it, what is more appropriate? To be sure, there is not so much opportunity to use one in living in an apartment house as in a private dwelling in the suburbs, but even so, there are times when one feels lost not to have the colors to fling to the breeze or hang on the walls, and surely the

giver of the flag will have the satisfaction of knowing that his gift will not be duplicated a dozen times over, and it always will be admired! So, I say, the flag shall henceforth be my standby in selecting wedding gifts."—New York Press.

Women as Councilors. On the first occasion on which ladies have been eligible to sit as municipal councilors their success at the polls has hardly been as pronounced as some of those who have worked so hard to secure them the right were inclined to anticipate. Still, when it is considered that only spinsters or widows could stand and that in several instances boroughs were being served by well-tried and fully trusted members of long standing, there is perhaps no reason to feel otherwise than satisfied.

Notable among those who have been returned is Miss Dove, who headed the poll at High Wycombe. She is an advanced educationalist, who for some years past has been head mistress of Wycombe Abbey School, with about 200 young ladies in residence under her care. Another striking success is that of Miss Merivale at Oxford. She is a daughter of the late Dean Merivale, the historian, and her candidature enjoyed the support of many leading members of the university. She will take her seat as an Independent, and education is a strong point with her. This, too, figured prominently in the campaign of Miss Sutton, who was returned unopposed at Reading. Mrs. Woodward at Bewdley was also spared the troubles of any contest, as was Mrs. Garrett Anderson at Aldeburgh. In Scotland the ladies were less successful. Four came forward and none have been returned. It is significant that Lady Steel was rejected at Edinburgh, for she has been among the most militant of suffragists, even to "passive resistance" as to paying her rates and taxes, and the rebuke may be taken to heart by those who think noisy methods are approved by the majority of their sisters.—London Telegraph.

Lips to Be Red. Lips will be of a deep red this season. Lips, as a topic, have had their day, and despite all the dictates of Panquin, women seem to be as hipless or "hipptil" as they were before. The prophets could make only conjectures in regard to hips. It remained to be seen what the New York woman would do. But the writer has seen the lips, and unlike all talk about hips, can say that the deep rich red is the latest fad. The majority of the women whose lips looked as though done with pure crimson madder from the tube were beyond the kissing age. One saw them not in hundreds but certainly by the dozens at the Manhattan Opera House recently. One would never have concluded that they had neither chance nor inclination for kisses, had they not all been so cross to their husbands, as they entered, and when there was any little uncertainty about finding seats. One wondered if they had any children at home who expected a good night kiss after "Now I lay me," and the "God bless popper's mommer" prayer. With crimson madder lips, the face is usually pure white, without rouge, and in the majority of cases was as powdery as a freshly sugared cruller. Enter the Metropolitan Opera House, there is not such a strong cruel light, and both powder and lip rouge are absorbed somewhat in an hour, or often less. At the Manhattan, on the other hand, through the doors just in back of the orchestra. Here there is a clear, cold light; nothing crimson and kindly as there is at the Metropolitan. Even the unshaved Stilleaus among the standees looked with amazement at these white-faced women with bright red lips. Some of the innocents among the mere men imagined they were members of the chorus who had entered by the wrong door.—Brooklyn Life.

Belts of gold galloon are finished with huge gold buckles. Double-faced clothes for suits are promised a place among the new fabrics. Modern petticoats are gored so that they flare wondrously about the feet. Jabots worn with tailored waists seem to grow fuller and wider as the season advances. Picot ribbon and small silk buttons trim the dressy black gown of an elderly woman.

Without the dainty and becoming hair ornament no evening costume is now considered complete. White lace motifs applied upon the waists of creamy net stand out well because of the contrast. Buttonholing and hand embroidery are generously used in the decoration of morning jackets for girls. The jacket that forms a part of a young girl's plaid suit is equally appropriate in plain velvet or cloth of the color predominating in the plaid. Be sure that you have style and grace to spare before you invest in one of those coats of velvet or fur whose kimono sleeves are exaggerated.

A most attractive hat seen on the street was a plain sailor shape with a full ruche all the way around the crown of soft, gleaming satin in two harmonious shades.

England's Old People. In England and Wales there are about 1,500,000 persons over sixty years of age, and in the course of a year more than a fourth of that number are compelled to accept poor relief.—London Lloyd's Weekly News.



Woman's Realm

Women in Business. In nearly all executive positions women excel. It is curious that the sex, after so many years of intellectual seclusion, should have practical qualities strongly developed. But it seems to me that there are only two things in which the business woman is apt to fail. One of these is in working with other women, the other is in her inclination to play tricks with her nervous system by trying irregular meals of unwholesome food and neglecting to take exercise.—The Reader.

An Economical Empress. In private life the Empress of Germany wears hardly any jewels. In fact, her life, apart from State occasions, is conducted on the simplest possible lines. She is extremely economical regarding the clothing of her children. When her sons were boys the suits of the elder ones were actually cut down to fit their younger brothers. The Empress is equally careful with her own wardrobe. She has a staff of dressmakers who are always at work remodeling her gowns, so that it is possible for her to appear several times in them without their being recognized.—London M. A. P.

College Woman's Creed. I believe in the home and the family. I believe in sane and rational daily housekeeping, to which I am ready to give the necessary amount of time and energy. I believe it is my duty to scrutinize my manner of living and to determine what useless financial burdens I am carrying. I believe that the result of my home life should be the health and good temper of my family and the sense of living the life of the spirit as well as of the body. I believe it is my duty to proportion my expenses to my income in such a way as to make a home of comfort and simplicity without undue anxiety.—Indianapolis News.

Blind Girl's Earnings. Miss Cora Crocker, a deaf, dumb and blind girl, has surprised her teachers in the workshops of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind, in Cambridge, by the quickness with which she has mastered the intricate machinery of her loom and the beauty and delicacy of her work. She has only just passed her twenty-first birthday and has been under the care of teachers for a comparatively short time, yet she weaves the most delicate fancy articles, dainty colored designs. She is said to be the only person so afflicted who has ever succeeded in doing such beautiful work. There are several blind women working in the same shop who do good work, but she is the only one who can neither speak nor hear. Her earnings, it is said, of more than \$20 a month are steadily increasing.—Indianapolis News.

Cross-Stitching Hints. If each stitch is not crossed in the same direction the effect will be poor. It is always better to work as much as possible in a straight line, so that each stitch may receive its tension from the same direction. Cross-stitching is well adapted to table and magazine covers, the marking of linen, soft pillows, floor cushions and bags of all kinds. Red and white and blue and white linen are the favorite materials for these articles when decorated with cross-stitching. This work must not be confused with the checked gingham embroidery of a few years ago. It is quite different in appearance, the heavy lines, with its lustrous finish, giving a strong, artistic background for the cross stitch, which in itself has a crude