

Woman-kind



Age Shown by Dress.

A Japanese woman's age can be told from her dress. It is probably the only country in the world where women are not ashamed of their age.

The Stout Girl.

Let the stout girl pay particular attention to sitting and standing correctly. She needs to have perfect control over her waist and abdominal muscles. The figure will be wonderfully improved, even without the loss of flesh, if these muscles are held in their normal position. Do not allow them to become relaxed and flabby.—New York Press.

Female Doctors in Germany.

Prof. von Bergmann—the great German surgeon, who attended the Emperor Frederick during his last illness, and had such a frightful quarrel with Morell Mackenzie—has been telling the editor of a medical journal that "I am decidedly against women entering the profession. Briefly put, his reason is that 'so long as women are unable to beat cooks and tailors at the vocations which women are apt to regard as their own specialties, so long will they be unable to compete successfully with men doctors. * * * I have too high a regard for women to encourage them to become doctors.'—London Chronicle.

Business Women of a Maine Town.

If Norway ever should have a mayor the chances are 10 to 1 a woman would hold the office. This Oxford county village of 1500 inhabitants has more than a score of women managing progressive lines of business. The town physician is a woman. A woman is justice of the peace. A woman manages a dry goods store. Another is photographer, a fifth is bank cashier, a sixth is an undertaker, and still a seventh is an insurance agent. Until her recent resignation the Rev. Caroline E. Angell was, for eighteen years, pastor of the Universalist church at Norway. Mrs. F. W. Sanborn is responsible for the appearance of the Norway Advertiser, the local weekly. This by no means completes the list of the successful business women of Norway.—Lewiston Journal.

Destroyers of Art Love.

Though it has been asserted that absorption in the automobile precludes the cultivation of literature and art, many society women refuse to admit the impeachment. They have proved, they say, that the possession of a garage does not mean the abandonment of library and art gallery, and that a woman may superintend the decoration of her home and yet be an expert devil-wagon driver. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who is an enthusiastic motorist, still finds an auto of less importance than the planning of an attractive dinner. At a recent dinner party she had upon the table the "Winged Victory," and a couple of other bits of statuary, which, banked about by roses in great crimson masses and clumps of vivid green ferns, gave a beautiful effect.—Newport Press.

Animal Collections.

Almost everybody seems to be possessed these days with the craze of collecting china animals. There is hardly a drawing room without a porcelain cat or dog, a parrot or monkey, and in some there are veritable menageries. One woman of fashion is the proud possessor of a "greenery-yallery" cat, figured all over with cabalistic designs in blue, and wearing a sort of dog blanket of white china patterned with tiny posies. She has a gayer rooster on one of the drawing room tables, with fantastic plumage, and on the mantel shelf are some ducks and geese, a small dog and several gay colored birds.

A young matron, whose marriage was such a recent event that her friends were able to indulge in the animal fad for gifts, includes in her collection a gray and white cockatoo with a yellow topknot, and a brown and white monkey.—New York Tribune.

Will Work On For Woman's Vote.

One of the suffering English "suffragettes," Miss Sylvia Panhurst, has been making fresh plans since she got out of jail. She is more determined than ever that women shall vote, and she is going to work also for prison reforms, which may be effected, she thinks, before women get the franchise. "Think of it!" she exclaimed, "there are thousands of women imprisoned, and yet there are no women prison commissioners or inspectors. The thing that seemed worst to me in prison was that we were not encouraged to wash more than once a day and could not get more than one warm bath a week. What good can solitude do? Is it good for a woman to brood? Being

in the third division, I was sent into the exercise yard not more than three times a week. On coming out the first time I found my powers of observation greatly accentuated. I seemed to see everything. I shall always remember the color of the sky that day and the drifting clouds. Among the prisoners, I alone looked up; the others bent their eyes on the ground. There was the walk of despair."—New York Press.

The White Lie.

We occasionally hear discussions as to the ethics of the white lie, and in these days the majority of the people are to be found defending it, at least by practicing it. A correspondent has happened upon a story of an ancient rabbi which shows that the white lie—the very name is excusatory—was not always a venial offense. This rabbi came to a city where all the people were truthful, married one of the inhabitants, had two children and prospered. One day a neighbor called when the rabbi's wife was washing her head and the rabbi answering the door, seized by false modesty, said that she had gone out. Thereupon both of his children died, and as no one died in that city before reaching old age, the neighbors made inquiries, the rabbi confessed what he had done and was ordered to leave the city immediately. The white lie—such seems the moral—may have black consequences.

One may defend that "white lie" for the "white lie" is the social lubricant. The "palace of truth" would be a dreadful place of residence, and the man who always says exactly what he thinks deserves to be shot for overestimating the importance of his thoughts. There is no such abominable person as the "candid friend," who always says what he thinks. The real friend is the one who, if we may borrow the sweet epigram of the late Dr. Robert Wallace in his brilliant maiden speech to the house of commons, is the "sugar-candied" friend.—London Chronicle.

Fashion Notes.

The three piece costume is the acme of perfection in dress.

With a suitable veil, goggles are seldom necessary, unless one is daff about looking the part she is playing.

Row upon row of tiny lace frills occasionally comprise the under-blouse worn with the waist of skeleton design.

Three or four tiny flat bows of velvet or silk down the front of the lingerie chemisette appear on some of the smart new gowns.

Embroidery so heavy as to drag the skirt about the bottom is the very last word in fashionable skirt trimming for evening gowns.

A decoration of peacock feathers upon one of the tiny feather turbans is very becoming for a gray-haired lady—if she has a young face.

A square plain yoke of all-over embroidery that the slight fullness of the fronts is gathered make a late design in corset covers for the stout figure.

The tiny crocheted silk edge used for finishing tea cozies and articles of like nature, is very attractive as a finish for the plain wool negligee or bathrobe.

A stunning gown described by a correspondent, had a short walking skirt, a bolero short and loose enough to show the bodice and an elaborate treatment of braid.

The long graceful willow plumes adjust themselves so naturally along the side of the hat and are so beautifully soft and full that the price is no stumbling block if the hat is becoming.

As there is so great a demand for handsome buttons of all kinds, it is not strange that such substances as jade, cat's-eye, and moonstones should be pressed into service for this purpose.

What "Yf" Spells.

A gentleman once received a letter in which were these words: "Not finding Brown at home, I delivered your message to his yf."

The gentleman, finding it bad spelling, and therefore not being very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the "yf," which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, because "Betty," says she, "has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know."

Betty came, and was surprised that neither sir nor madam could tell what "yf" was.

"Why," says she, "yf spells wife; what else can it spell?"

And indeed it is a much better as well as shorter method of spelling wife than doubleyou, i, e, f, which in reality spell doubleywife.—From a letter by Benjamin Franklin.

THE PULPIT

A SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON, THE FAMOUS DIVINE.

Subject: Christ's Agony and Ours.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church on the theme, "Christ's Agony and Ours," the Rev. Ira Wemmel Henderson, pastor, took as his text Luke 13:34, "And ye would not." He said:

The lamentation of Jesus over the City of Jerusalem was occasioned by His clear vision of the depth of her need, of the completeness of her rejection of Himself and the revelation of and from the Father that He brought, and by His firm conviction that disdain for His Gospel meant death for herself. Feeling in His inmost heart that His was the truth that could save the city of His people from its sin; knowing, as He did, that He was the long-heralded Messiah who should lead His countrymen into the liberty of that life within Jehovah which should satisfy their souls; and experiencing, as He had, the temper of the minds of the ecclesiastical and clerical leaders of the synagogues, Jesus was sick at heart over the spiritual doom that was sure to overtake His people. To Jesus sin was the most awful, the most terrifying, the most fearful thing in the world. For Him the word "sin" summed up, short and quick, all those agencies which were anti-Godly and which led men far from the Father. Sin meant destruction, disapproval in the eyes of God, and its wages were the pains of death. The Gospel, on the other hand, held for Jesus the kernel and the conclusion of all those forces that should gain men life eternal and the full, enthusiastic favor of the King, their Guide. Being born again of God and entering into the freedom of the spiritual life divine, Jesus conceived these men, His brethren, as being in the state of sin, and as obtaining deliverance from eternal death.

With this philosophy and this vision of the need and the issue—both of which Jesus had direct from God—is it any wonder that He wept over the City of Jerusalem? Sin is death. My Gospel is the way of sure salvation—the only way—and the true guide unto life that is eternal. Thus reasons Jesus. These men, who would in and unto sin. He would gladly would teach to those spiritual truths that should save them, but they will not. Sin is their choice, separation from the Father is their self-willed death. Do you wonder why the Savior suffered unto bitter agony and tears? His was the wide and comprehensive view of the world, its sin, its need, its salvation, its denial, its destruction. Any smaller or less comprehending insight would have been of none avail. A great, limitless, universal understanding of the situation as it was—and is—was the one means to stir the soul of the Christ to its depths. A weaker man with a smaller horizon would have become discouraged or disgusted. A big man, full of heart and godly, with the richness of God's love flooding all his being, was the only one who could lead Jesus wept—not from disgust, or discouragement, but because His whole soul yearned to lead His dying brethren into life for evermore. The weight of their guilt, the certainty of their dying, the uselessness and the wickedness of it all came upon the soul of Christ with redoubled force and wrung His heart in agony.

And now, beloved, this lesson from the life of our Lord points a three-fold duty for each of us. The acceptance by us of this triple obligation which the agony of the Master calls to our attention, will prove to the world about us that our Christ wept not in vain. And the duties, three are these: First, we must be convicted of the awfulness of that sin whose logical outcome is death. Secondly, we must have an experimental and distinct knowledge that the only sure salvation from this death-dealing sin is through Jesus Christ. Thirdly, we must, with weeping hearts, go forth into the world as living evangelists to preach to all mankind salvation from this deadly sin through Jesus Christ out Lord.

The awfulness of sin is a byword rather than a belief among men today. In our earnest and quite legitimate endeavor to publish the glory of the love of God for the sinner, we have lost to a great extent our consciousness and our former denunciation of the hideousness of sin. In our endeavor to escape from the unreasonable curse of a bodily hell we have, many of us, rushed to the other extreme—that is to say, no hell at all. In our earnest preaching of the love of God toward the sinner we have become, I fear, too lenient with sin. My friends, the love of God is a reality. The punishment and the death of man brings no joy to the Father's heart. Jehovah wants every man to live within the light of His countenance of love. To the end that we might have life and that more abundantly He sent His Son our Savior to reveal Himself to us. But sin is always hateful to God. His whole nature shrinks from it, as should our nature, as from a thing unclean. He can have no communion with it—nor should we. Its pleasures are dead fruit, its enjoyments are transient and a mockery, its wages is death. Human experience has proved this to be so, and the word of the living God sustains the charge. Sin is death. In strict union with God is life. Sin and God can have no commerce. Where sin is, God cannot be. Where the Father is, sin is eclipsed, for with Him there is no evil, but only the fullness of eternal life. Sin is death. Death is the lack of life. The ruddy apple drops from the leafy, living bough and dies. The seeds of quick consumption strike the human heart and death ensues. In each case the element of destruction has entered. And as with the physical, so with the spiritual.

Godliness is life. Life is union with the principle of life. The dainty apple-blossom holds closely to the budding branch and soon we pluck the sound and luscious, wholesome

fruit. The life that seems so near the brink of death's dark stream, the heart that weakly beats, the blood that boils at fever heat, all seize upon the remedies that cure, and health and healing vigor rush through the weakened frame. In each case the principle of life has been at work. As with the natural, so with the spiritual.

Ah, yes, beloved, sin is bondage, death, disgrace, unprofitable. Godliness is great gain and it will surely bring contentment. Sin is distance from God and there is no worse death or hell. Jesus leads us nearer heaven, and within Him is the most life and the best. But sin is death and the sooner the world finds it out and we Christians really realize its awfulness the better for us and the world.

This sin, however, is susceptible of defeat. Our lives may be freed from its power and made victorious above its strength. The means are not various, nor is the way hard. There is but one means and one true and happy way. That means and that way Jesus has revealed. Coming to Him for healing we may find easement for our souls. Trust in Him will gain release from evil. A whole life spent in His service will reap a rich reward. His is the only gospel that contains the truth entire. His is the one salvation that our spirits need. His is the gift of life forever unto all who hear, believe and live for Him. Being certain that sin is death, we must preach to men the way to life through Jesus Christ our Lord. The trouble with much of our testimony is that we are a little shaky on our own foundations and that too much of our testimony is from the mouth of man. It is not welling up from hearts that have tasted of the joys of the Christ-blessed life. Too much of our knowledge of spiritual truths comes to us at second-hand and too little arises from the depths of personal experience. Our ideas must be cut clear as to what is the state and the future of men who are continuing in sin. We must feel that Jesus is the Savior of our race, not only as He has been the need and the Savior of each of us. We must get that vision of the world which shall make us weep as did our Lord, which shall make us say with Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

Ah, yes, beloved, we must, with weeping hearts go forth to lead men up to God. If sin is death and we possess and know the way to life everlasting, we must not rest until we, too, have brought some brother home to safety. I say we must. I cannot say we may. Our orders read "go thou," not "won't you please go." Christ pleads with the sinner, but His word is law, and so it should be, to those who are His.

Come with me into the busy street on any working-day, or to any gaudy concert-hall on sunny Sabbath days, and I will show you why you should weep and work. There they are! heedless, unhearing, uncaring, bound more intent to make money or to while the hours away than to save their immortal souls. Young and old, rich and poor, hardened sinners and youths who are just entering the road to death—each of them, all of them, caring little, and thinking less of the awfulness of their sin and the outcome of their shame. Good men who are wise in everything but their conceptions of their need of Christ. Pure men who will come to Jesus if so be some one will only put them to the test. Leaders in the church who profess the Christ, but who misrepresent Him. A weary, heavy-laden host—and we can lift the crushing weight of sin. Look at them and consider. Is it any wonder now that Jesus wept? Ah, beloved, we ought to weep—weep like Jesus because men are dying right before our eyes, within reach of our hands; weep—weep unlike Jesus because we are unworthy servants of our Master, because we are recreant to our duty and our trust.

My friends, men who sin are doomed to death except Christ enters in the life and saves. To each of us the question of our God comes clear and strong to-day as it came to Isaiah the prophet in the year that King Uzziah died, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" Will you refuse the Father or will you say with Isaiah, "Here am I, send me."

The Piety of Usefulness.

Someone once said to Cromwell: "You, sire, know well the usefulness of piety!" "I know something better," Cromwell replied, "the piety of usefulness." The phrase works both ways. Piety is useful, and usefulness is a function or activity of piety. If it is meant that simply to terror lurks in the remark of Cromwell. But if the meaning is that the piety demanded by the age is not a self-engrossed religiousness which dwells apart in reflective unconcern, but the practical kind of faith that is busy in the King's business, an important truth is thus brought to our notice.

The Soul's Greatest Need.

Rest is the deepest want in the soul of man. All men do not desire pleasure; all men do not crave intellectual food; but all men long for rest. It is the need which sometimes makes the quiet of the grave an object of deep desire. There the weary are at rest. And it is this which, consciously or unconsciously, is the real wish that lies at the bottom of all others.

The Church's Duty.

Part of the Church's duty is to press on to their duty Christians already won to Christ; to care for their spiritual development; but first of all, and above all, the Church is here to evangelize the world.—Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE GRIPPE.

An ache in the back and a pain in the head—That's the grippe!
A choke in the throat and a yearning for bed—That's the grippe!
A river of heat, then a shiver of cold. A feeling of being three hundred years old. A willingness even to do as you're told—That's the grippe!
An arrow of pain, now in this place, now that—That's the grippe!
A feeling of doubt as to where you are at—That's the grippe!
A stupid sensation—of course, wholly new!—That's the grippe!
A foolish depression—why should you feel blue?—That's the grippe!
A doubt as to whether this really is you—That's the grippe!
Strange visions at night, that deprive you of rest—That's the grippe!
A taste in your mouth, and a weight on your chest—That's the grippe!
A tired sensation that runs through your veins—That's the grippe!
A queer combination of aches and of pains. A rapid admission of absence of brains—That's the grippe!
A marvelous weakness, come on in a day—That's the grippe!
A petulant wonder: "How long will it stay?"—That's the grippe!
A season of fever, a season of freeze. A quivering weakness that's felt at the knees—That's the grippe!
Say, if ever there was a cussed disease, It's the grippe!
—Somerville Journal.



Aunt—I think you say your prayers very nicely, Reggie. Young Hopeful—Ah, but you should hear me gargle!—Punch.

He Worked Like a Trojan for Them Too—"Wonder who was the first woman to get her gowns from Paris?" "Helen of Troy, no doubt."—Boston Transcript.

"What is your attitude on this income tax proposition?" "Simply this: Give me the income and I care not who tries to collect the tax."—Baltimore American.

"The Rev. Mr. Sixty has a good deal of nerve." "How so?" "Why, he bought a barrel of old sermons and had them charged to the church."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mistress (severely)—Jane, the piano looks like it had not been dusted for a month. Servant—That's no fault of mine, ma'am, I've only been here a week.—Chicago Daily News.

"Tompkins says that when he marries it will be to a girl whose intellectual accomplishments are inferior to his." "How foolish of him to remain a bachelor."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between a statesman and a politician? Pa—A statesman, my son, is able to deceive without lying and a politician lies without deceiving.—Chicago Daily News.

Fluffy Young Thing (at the play)—I believe this man in front of us is trying to hear what we're saying! Man in Front (turning around)—You do me an injustice, my dear young lady. I am trying not to hear it.—Chicago Tribune.

Hungry Hank—I'd be obliged to yer lady, for a meal.— Mrs. Bright—Ah, you're one of these after-dinner speakers. Hungry Hank—Not exactly, lady, or I wouldn't be so hungry; I ain't even got so much as a chestnut about me.—Philadelphia Press.

The Governess—Did you visit the Louvre while you were in Paris, ma'am? Mrs. Newcoyne—I forget; did we, John? Mr. Newcoyne. Why, I don't see how you can possibly forget that place, Jane! That's where you had your pocket picked!—Puck.

"And this," said the Tibetan guide, "is one of our praying machines." "How ignorantly heathenish!" exclaimed Mrs. Globe Trotter. "And do you not do your praying by machines?" "Indeed, no. We have a preacher to do it for us."—Cleveland Leader.

"Have you ever made any effort to popularize yourself with the masses?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I let them caricature me and libel me until they got tired of it. Now they're relieved to find I'm not as black as I was painted."—Washington Star.

"Friend," said the beggar, "won't yer help a poor, sick guy? De hospital doctor gimme a prescription an' I'd like ter use it." "Want me to buy the medicine, eh?" asked Walker. "No, I got de medicine all right, but it's ter be took after meals. I tought yer might gimme de price o' one o' de meals."—Philadelphia Press.

Visitor to the West Indies (who has been warned against bathing in the river because of alligators, but has been told by the boatmen that there are none at the river's mouth)—By Jove, this is ripping! But, I say, how do you know there are no alligators here? Boatman—Well, you see, sah, de alligator am so terrible feared ob de shark.—Punch.

Free and Continuous.

Caudle—Why do you call Speaks a liberal educator?
Waddell—He lectures without pay.

Caudle—Then my wife must be in that class also. She has been doing the same thing ever since the day she led me to the altar.—Chicago Daily News.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS

Some New Measures Proposed—Bills Passed Finally—State News in General.

Life sentences for burglars are provided for in a bill introduced by Representative Sedwick of Armstrong. His bill is modeled after an Ohio law. Among other things the bill provides that any person entering any dwelling house at night with intent to commit a felony or with intent to steal or carry away property of value, if it be other than the first offense, shall be deemed a hardened criminal, and shall be sentenced to undergo imprisonment at solitary confinement in the penitentiary at hard labor for life. If it be the first offense, and if the jury shall recommend mercy, or if the offense be committed in the day time, the sentence shall be imprisonment not to exceed 20 years, nor less than 5.

The Kirby bill, providing for election by the people of members of the board of tax assessment and revision passed the House by a unanimous vote.

The judiciary general committee reported out favorably the bill reducing the State fee for notary public from \$25 to \$15 per year.

The following bills passed finally: Authorizing the Chief of the Department of Mines to employ two additional clerks and a stenographer and typewriter.

Making the open season for taking rabbits from October 1 to December 1. Fixing the limit for State armories for infantry companies at \$25,000 and cavalry troops at \$35,000.

Providing that the fees of the Attorney General shall be paid daily into the State Treasury.

Increasing the annual allowance of the State Zoologist to \$40,000.

Authorizing the corporate authorities of boroughs to expend not more than one-half of the annual appropriation for roads and streets in curbing and paving or macadamizing any street, lane or alley.

The two Allegheny county court bills were passed finally by the house. They will now be sent to the governor for his consideration. The vote on the first bill was 147 to 21. The second bill received 110 votes, or just six more than enough, while 49 members voted against it. The Alleghenians who were not present were E. B. Smith, Hunter, McCullagh and Schrad.

Mr. Dearden of Philadelphia has a bill to tax all stock, bill, note, exchange, merchandise and real estate brokers, commission merchants and real estate agents. The rate is from \$10 to \$100, according to the volume of business done.

The House of Representatives went on record by a small majority, as opposed to the repeal of the State constabulary bill, after one of the most heated debates since the opening of the Legislature. The discussion was on the resolution introduced by Representative Garner, of Schuylkill, to place the constabulary repeal on the calendar, as it had been reported negatively from the committee. The vote was 100 to 75 in favor of putting the bill on the calendar, but it requires a constitutional majority of 104.

Mr. Cressy introduced a bill, which if passed, will add about \$300,000 to the State revenues. It will compel National and savings banks to pay four mills tax on the market value of their stocks. At present the banks have the option of doing this or paying 10 mills on the book value. The latter option was always chosen.

This will place the National banks on the same basis as trust companies.

Judge Evans of Pittsburgh, sentenced Common Councilman William A. Martin of the Sixteenth ward, convicted of soliciting a bribe to vote for and aid the passage of the Pittsburgh and Tube City Railroad Company's franchise ordinance through the body of which he is a member, to pay a fine of \$500 and costs of prosecution and to serve a term of three years in the Western penitentiary.

Jacob Bowman, a farmer, 70 years old, was found in a deep snowdrift near Wynn's Gap in the mountain, almost frozen to death and he died after feebly trying to speak. Bowman was in Fairchance and started over the mountain for home. Falling in a snowdrift, he was evidently unable to rise.

At 12:45 in the morning a slight blaze was discovered in the offices of the State department of health, on the first floor of the northwest wing of the new capitol. Several chairs and a desk were burned and considerable damage was done to the costly decorations of the room.

The suit of Mrs. Lucy Cowan Lowry of Pittsburg, in contest of the will of her father, Dr. Frank Cowan, was disposed of by the jury at Greensburg, rendering a verdict that he was of sound mind when he made the will on September 3, 1901, and the codicil on February 8, 1906.

The record price for coal in the Greensburg district was paid by the Jamison Coal and Coke Company, when it took over 500 acres from William Steel of Hempfield township, for an amount exceeding \$1,000 an acre.

The treasury statement for February shows a balance of \$9,664,335.52 in the general fund and \$1,880,770.48 in the sinking fund. These funds are distributed in about 150 banks and trust companies in various parts of the State in sums ranging from \$5,000 to \$1,000,000.

Engineer Yngst was killed and five were injured in a wreck on the Reading Railroad near Shippensburg. The wreck was caused by a side wiper.

James Ferry, of Altoona, who killed his wife in a drunken frenzy, was convicted of second degree murder in the Blair county court.