



American Regard For Women.
Toward women the American man's attitude is fine. She is neither his diety nor his doll. He simply treats her with deference. His chivalry has as little to do with saccharine utterances, scraping feet and bended knees as has his patriotism with hysterical shriekings and the waving of ensanguined flags.—Lippincott's.

Women's Many Jobs.
Women in Great Britain are well represented in the professions and trades, and about 4,500,000 earn their own living. There are 124,000 who teach; 10,000 are bookbinders; over 3000 are printers, and nearly 500 act as editors and compilers; 1300 are engaged in photography; civil service clerks number nearly 2300; 3800 are engaged in medical work and nursing, and 350 women are blacksmiths.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Motoring Nursemaid.
A motorist's wife recently advertised for a nursemaid, which brought forth a young person who, having the necessary recommendations, was engaged, says a London newspaper. After informing her of the various duties the mistress said: "You will be required to take the children out in the car now and then." "Very well, ma'am," was the reply; "I have my own motor costume." "And do you know?" said the lady, "on one of the first drives she volunteered to relieve my driver at the wheel."

English Brides Demand 22 Karats.
A man who was buying a wedding ring unconsciously imparted the information that the bride was an English woman.
"Then this ring will never suit her," said the clerk. "It is a good ring, but it is eighteen karat. Nothing less than a twenty-two karat wedding ring will satisfy an English woman. The eighteen karat ring is the usual wedding ring in this country, but in England and France, and indeed in most European countries, the bride would refuse at the very altar a man who offered to marry her with any other than a twenty-two karat ring."—New York Sun.

The New Hats Are "Queer."
"There is only one way in which the new hats may be described," says that final authority on fashions, Harper's Bazar, "and that is 'queer!' Everyone is complaining of them, and every one is trying her best to find one, even though she does not like it, which will be passably becoming! The attraction of the queer is, however, always sure to win a certain number. You see, the hair is worn so heavily massed about the head this season! There are so many puffs and curls in addition to the ordinary head that the new hats, to be really becoming, must be fitted to the head of each individual, and even be shaped for each one! Almost all the milliners this season have to be prepared to make the hat itself for each client."

The Little Woman's Clothes.
Just back from Paris, the tiny mite of a woman was airing her views on clothes.

"The American dressmaker takes too little account of height, but lays all the stress on weight," she said. "Her clients are apt to be divided into two classes—stout and slender. The slender little woman of five feet gets about the same treatment at her hands as the slender young Amazon of five feet seven or eight."

"A maline bow at the back of the neck is a wonderful improver to little persons—it adds height marvelously."
"Then there is the shoulder. Feel of my shoulder seam. It corresponds exactly with my shoulder line, but let it be a fraction of an inch too long and I am no longer petite, but a dwarf."

"Heavy, coarse materials are only for the tall. Fine, smooth surfaces are for us. And there is this about the skirt: Fullness should begin at the hip, not below it—otherwise, the skirt becomes a mere flounce instead of a thing of lines. Between the waistline and the hips the skirt should be perfectly fitted."

"The hat for the small person is more becoming if it matches the uppermost part of the costume. If the bodice is a tint the hat should be of the same complexion. In the case of a very small woman, waist and skirt of different tone or colors are not to be thought of. Even the gloves do their part in making or marring the picture. White ones with dark gowns dwarf the height, and so, too, do capes and other fussy shoulder arrangements. Trimmed skirts and braided effects are also ruled out."—New York Globe.

The Manners of American Women.
In Harper's Bazar Mr. Henry James begins his much-advertised series of paper, "The Manners of American Women." The following extract shows that Mr. James is approaching his delicate topic with a startling courage and candor:

"I have often wondered, say, if the address of so many of the shops had originally come after or come before the address of so many of their cus-

tomers of both sexes. I had held my breath on certain occasions to hear these parties all imperturbably stand and bark at each other (since that affected me, inveterately, as the nearest image for their intercourse); and would have given worlds to be able to make out, in the spirit of the historian, which, in the bright morning of our national life, could possibly have begun it. One of them must, the hearer could but helplessly suppose; a consensus, a coincidence more precipitate and instinctive was too difficult to imagine. No, one of them had to be responsible for the other, since what social order with any self-respect would consent to be responsible for both? There were times when I inclined on certain showings, to lay the burden on the shop people, but then again, as sundry accents from the other side of the counter smote my ear, who would be so bold?"

Pretty Faces.
Nowadays the actress who possesses a pretty face can boast of an asset of considerable monetary value to her, quite apart from the good fortune it may bring in the shape of a wealthy or titled husband. Years ago it was considered a handsome proposal on the part of the photographer if he offered to take photos of an actress free of charge, present her with as many copies as she desired, and took his chance whether he made any profit on the transaction by selling a few of the pictures to newspapers and periodicals for reproduction at a certain copyright fee.

But the popular actress would laugh at the photographer who would make such a proposal to her to-day. She is quite willing to be photographed free of charge, but is certainly not content with gratis copies of the picture. She insists on a royalty on every one reproduced in a paper or sold to the public in the form of a picture post card.

And when one considers that hundreds of thousands of post cards bearing the portraits of popular actresses are sold every year, and that every time one of their photos appears in a magazine or newspaper a fee for right of reproduction, averaging about half a guinea, it will at once be seen that the demands of actresses in regard to this matter are by no means unreasonable.

Instead of paying a royalty on each picture, however, the majority of photographers enter into a contract to pay popular actresses a fixed sum each year for the sole right to take and sell their photos. These contracts often cover a period of several years, and to some actresses their photographs are worth £200 a year. A certain young actress, who is not at all well known at present, receives sixty guineas a year from a firm of photographers, and it is not at all unusual for a pretty actress to double her income by this means.

Apart from the income thus derived, however, an actress who enters into such a contract with a photographer is securing a splendid advertisement. "The man behind the camera" naturally "pushes" her photograph in every direction in order to make profit, and the result is that her picture is continually before the public—either being displayed in the picture post card shop or being reproduced in various papers.—Tit-Bits.



Night caps are becoming fashionable in London.

The vogue of the shoulder strap goes on without abatement. The black and white gauzes can often be matched with black and white striped silks for little coats.

Striped gauzes come in materials of so many prices that all pocket-books can be suited in them.

The woman who can use her crochet hook can turn out very effective trimmings for blouses and gowns.

Velvet suits must walk on the shady side of the street, for the sunshine does such treacherous things.

Lace coats bound and strapped with broad linen bands appear in large numbers in the wardrobe of the 1907 girl.

One of the nattiest innovations is the little colored taffeta bridge coat with a skirt of white and black striped gauze.

Not a few attractive evening gowns with decollete necks are seen afternoons with guimpes of lace, net or embroidered lawn.

So long as there is a fancy little coat in the fashionable wardrobe, new and novel coat combinations are going to continue to manifest themselves.

If the trimming braid around the bottom of the skirt is omitted where the pleats fold in, the pleats will press into shape better and the effect is just as decorative.

The reason given for the popularity of the batiste embroideries for trimming the washable silk and cotton frocks is its laundering possibilities, which are so rare in laces.

Subject: Contemplation.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church on the theme, "Contemplation," the Rev. Ira Wemmel Henderson, pastor, took as his text Ps. 46:10, "Be still." He said:

This is a call to quietude. It is an invitation to meditation in the midst of a busy world. It is a summons to contemplation. It is an appeal to men to seek satisfaction and restfulness not in commotion but in thoughtfulness, in mental, physical, spiritual tranquility before God. And it is needed.

Noise abounds. Cacophony is contemporaneous. Racket is as noticeable as anything in the order of the days. Hubbub, confusion, clamor, these are the concomitants of our modern, especially of our modern urban, life. It would almost seem as though din were demanded. City life is characterized by its diversity of sounds, by its confusion. And that which is a feature of city life is, sadly, altogether too increasingly becoming the rule in suburban life. The countryside is receiving the evil influence of the commotion of the city. The noises of the city seem to penetrate with too much frequency and persistence into the solitudes of nature. And we cannot easily escape.

Our life is strife. Man's career is one of turmoil to a great extent. We must in some measure live in the midst of the bustle, the hurry, the rush. The incessant roar is of necessity, in some measure, an attendant circumstance of our manner of living. It is largely inevitable.

But noise is not all that is needed. Neither is it always a sign of efficiency. A certain amount of din may be inexcusable. But it is no guarantee of effectiveness. In fact the opposite of this is the truth. Noiselessness is both desirable and indicative. The stars rush through the heavens in their age long courses silently, majestically, tremendously. Their speed is appalling, their energy is beyond human comprehension. And withal the movement of the spheres is as noiseless as silence itself.

That which is characteristic of the motion of the celestial globes is the aim of the endeavors of the mechanicians. The desire mechanically is to attain noiselessness. We have learned that noise is largely lost motion. And so the energy of the mechanical engineer is to reduce friction, to abolish noise, to secure quietness in the working of machinery.

What is true of the world of mechanics is true of the crowd. The people who make the most noise are not the ones who do the most work—generally. The man who fusses is not the man who is accomplishing the most. Disturbance, disorder, excitement are not indications of effectualness. The man who is busiest is not the man always the casual observer the impression that he is expending energy. The man who shouts the most is not always the man who makes the most telling argument. The advocate who rants and tears a passion to tatters and brings consternation to the witness is not the lawyer who wins the case—always. The noisy mob is never the most dangerous. All this noise is so much lost motion. It is waste. So as in the realm of mechanics the effort is in the life of man to secure quiet. That is if the man be wise.

We cannot escape labor. In the wisdom and the providence of the Almighty we must work. But noise is only an incident of labor. It is never the thing itself. And while we recognize that God summons us to a portion of labor, let us also not fail to realize that He calls us into the still places, that He invites us to communion with Himself, that He invokes us to contemplation.

There is a good deal of this commotion in the intellectual and in the spiritual life. Men are striving to secure a knowledge of the things of the intellectual life and of the religious life by the exercise of excessive energy. They are trying to force their way to the truth by sheer intellectual and spiritual brute force—if I may be permitted such an inexact expression. Many men seem to desire to blast their way into the depths of divine wisdom, with much tumult and agitation to the mind and soul. We do too much of our thinking with our mouths and not enough with our heads. We endeavor too much to learn of the spiritual truths of the kingdom of God by discussing at great length, and with more or less book knowledge, upon the mighty speculative matters of the theological disciplines, seemingly forgetful of the fact that an understanding of the eternal principles and truths of the kingdom of God is not to be gained by theoretical disputation, but rather by communion with the living God.

The most profit and the greatest progress may be found both intellectually and spiritually in quiet. The soul that waits in silence and expectancy, with an open mind and an open heart, while the Father reveals Himself is the soul that will indeed know that He is God. "Be still," for this is the way to intellectual and spiritual wisdom.

The great facts of human life are most surely made known to us when we simply let God speak to us. We may force some knowledge. We may enter into a measure of information of the facts that inhere in the multitudinous life round about us by the exercise of sheer energy, but the finest, the deepest, the most abundant truths of the kingdom of God, intellectual and spiritual, are those that are mediated by the divinely appointed process of contemplation, of intellectual and spiritual susceptibility. The man who, in the midst of the crowd, out in the silent fastnesses of nature, in the quietude of prayer, will be still before Jehovah is the man to whose soul the most enriching blessings come, whose intellectual appreciation of spiritual truths is most surely certified, who enters into the broadest and profoundest understanding of the wisdom of God.

However valuable quietude may be to contemplation it is not necessary that we shall be, numerically, alone in order to be alone with God. In the centre of the jostling crowd, in the midst of the rush and the roar and the excitement of the street life of the great metropolis, in the midst of the worries, the discomforts, the trials of business life a man may be just as truly alone with God as though he were alone upon the mountain top with silence only for his companion. God may teach us lessons that shall clarify our minds and sanctify our souls in the face of the most distracting conditions if we will. There is a lesson for us in every man, in every crowd, in the noise and the roar itself. We need but, in the face of humanity, to be still before God and await His revelations in order to enter into enlarged knowledge and into the perception of increasing visions.

In the face of many-sided nature we may read the lessons God has for us to learn. But we cannot learn the most enduring lessons until we see in nature not an end in herself, but rather a means to an end. We cannot enjoy the divinest blessings until we shut out even nature itself, with all its loveliness, its beauty and its charm and in solitude and expectancy wait in stillness upon God.

The loudest prayer is not the prayer that brings the greatest blessing. The oft repeated words are not the best. The prayer that tells God what we need is not always the most acceptable or the most efficacious. We are most blessed of God in prayer when we are simply still. Our Father hath knowledge of our necessities before we ask. It is a good thing for us to be constantly in an attitude of receptivity toward God. If we would talk less to God and let Him speak more to us we should be better off. We learn most of the facts of the kingdom in prayer that is not too voluble. He is a wise Christian who lets God speak to him. That is to say, he is wisest who is prayerfully contemplative.

Relaxation is as necessary as rush. The man who is continually rushing himself is the man who is cumulatively wearing himself out. His end is at hand. None of us is a better man because of over-exercising. Nothing is more dangerous than to destroy to-day the vital forces that are stored up for to-morrow's use. Men cannot escape the necessity for quietude. They cannot live without it for long. Every man must, for his own self-protection, now and then withdraw himself from the world. And that which is true of the physical man in his material relations is equally so of humanity in its intellectual and spiritual departments. We must have intellectual relaxation. To rush the brain is to invite the madhouse. To rush the soul is to invite spiritual weariness. Men must have relaxation.

And it is in these hours of stillness, of relaxation, of recuperation, of communion and contemplation that the soul of man enjoys growth and invigoration.

Much as we may grow in the midst of the conflict and the noise we do not expand in the fullest measure except in our hours of communion and contemplation. Then it is that we see with the clearest vision, then it is that we comprehend the vast truths of God's kingdom. And as we do not enjoy the fullest growth except in our hours of contemplation, so it is in the moments of communion that we are really invigorated, that we find our rest.

"Be still," May God give us all the wisdom to be still and learn from Him, learn that He is God.

The Best Side.

Most of us show our best side to children. We do so because we know that they do not believe us to have any other side, and we shrink from disappointing them, and from losing their good opinion. A child has not learned to look for deceit and unkindness or double dealing. Therefore, grown people who think at all are more careful to be scrupulously truthful to children, and to keep to the letter their promises to children, than they are to older ones who, as they know, "will make allowances." An unspooled child does not "make allowances" for evil. He knows no standard but the simple best. Occasionally a grown man or woman seems to have retained that unspooled confidence in the best side of everyone. And to such a man or woman we all try to show our best; when we are with them we try to be our best. Suppose we all lived with each other as with children! Would the world be better or worse for it? The Kingdom of Heaven has been said to be of such.—Church Herald.

How to Avoid Evil Thoughts.

How shall we avoid evil thoughts? First, by fear of God—an awful thought! A living God, infinitely pure, is conscious of your contaminated thoughts. * * * Love and hope will keep us strong against passion, as they kept our Saviour strong in suffering, "who, for the joy that we set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame."

Secondly, by the promises of God. Think of what you are—a child of God, an heir of heaven. Realize the grandeur of saintliness, and you will shrink from degrading your soul and debasing your spirit. It is in reading saintly lives that we are ashamed of groveling desires. * * * Seek exercise and occupation. * * * Commit to memory passages of Scripture. Let him store his mind with these as safeguards. Let these be to him the sword, turning everywhere to keep the garden of life from the intrusion of profane footsteps.—Rev. F. W. Robertson, D. D., in Church Forum.

Eyes That See Not.

There are some men to whom it is true that there is no God. They cannot see God, because they have no eye. They have only an abortive organ, atrophied by neglect.—Henry Drummond.

Hundreds Join the City's Army of "Missing."

Persons Vanish Daily For No Known Reason and Often Are Never Seen Again—Many of Them Are Women—Just Drop Out of Sight.

That 425 persons disappeared and were not again heard of is the rather startling information contained in the annual police report of New York City for 1906.

That in the last decade enough persons have been completely lost to friends and relatives in New York to make a small sized city is the calm assertion made by police statisticians.

"Where do they go?" is the question thousands of persons ask. And the police answer grimly:

"Oh, some kill themselves, some start life all over somewhere else, some sneak back after a few years and live in secrecy, and some—why, nobody knows what becomes of them all. They just lose themselves."

And while Sergeant William H. Sullivan, chief of the "lost" department, was discussing the subject two well dressed women entered.

"I want to report the disappearance of my son, aged nineteen," one of them said. "He's a good boy in every respect, doesn't drink or gamble. He has been gone now four days and not one of his friends has seen him. We don't want to have it known. He belongs, as you can see, to a good family, and publicity, while it might help, might, on the other hand, also do a lot of unnecessary harm."

Sergeant Sullivan, who is ideally fitted for the job, gave comfort to the anxious mother, assured her her son would be found, and promised to send word as soon as anything was heard of him.

"That's the way they come along," said he. "That boy probably has run away and in a few days will come back. But, on the other hand, he may join the great army of the lost, which is growing rapidly every year."

Many Children Unclaimed.

Of the 1648 persons who were reported missing in 1906 in all boroughs 1091 were from New York and 557 from Brooklyn. All but 98 of the Brooklynites were found, while 327 of the missing Manhattanites remained on the list of missing.

Coupled with these figures are others little less interesting. Of a total of 2213 children who were picked up on the street by the police 446 were unclaimed by friends or relatives. They were turned over to institutions.

And of the total of 372 bodies found by the police 254 were never identified. It is explained by the police that in this number of unclaimed dead were some of the persons who disappeared mysteriously.

Study of the records of the cases of disappearance reveals some interesting facts. It is shown first that painters have the disappearing habit to a greater extent than any other class of men. Next to them come salesmen and after them drivers, laborers and bartenders. About half the total number are under twenty years of age, about one-quarter are above sixty. About one-third are women or girls and about one-fifth of the total are persons of unsound minds.

There have been instances where newly wedded women, perfectly happy and prosperous, have just vanished for no reason whatever; of men in prosperity deserting happy families without the slightest warning; of clerks with a good record behind them and a glowing future ahead, dropping out of sight and leaving not the slightest clue to their whereabouts. Lawyers, brokers, doctors, real estate dealers, sculptors, artists, actors, and even one minister, are on the list of the missing, and while behind each there may be a story, no inkling of it ever reached the ears of the police.

One Sometimes Comes Back.

Police records show that once in a while a person who entered the fold of the missing a dozen or more years ago reappears in his old haunts quietly and unostentatiously and resumes his old life, getting in touch with old surroundings. These reappearances are quite as mystifying as the disappearances.

"New Yorkers have the disappearing habit, I guess," said Sergeant Sullivan. "There is no accurate way of telling just how many people are disappearing in a year because a great many persons go leaving neither friends nor relatives to take the trouble of sending word to the police. And, on the other hand, some of those who drop out of sight come back and send no word to the police. They remain on the list of permanently missing."

"But, in considering the number of missing persons, it should be remembered that New York is constantly filled with persons from all parts of the world, and it is they as well as persons resident here who are blotted out. A man comes here from Scranton, Pa., for example. He leaves his hotel and is not seen again. His relatives seek us for aid and the man from Scranton goes on New York City's list of lost ones."

"And so it is with visitors from various parts of the world. Some of them come here with money, fall in with bad company and aren't heard from again. Whether they are robbed or killed, or whether they sink off to seclusion ashamed of themselves, no one can tell, of course."

"Many of those who leave home have domestic or financial trouble,

and doubtless throw themselves into the river or harbor. Their bodies are washed about for a while, are picked up in an unrecognizable state and are buried with the unclaimed. This is more often the case with women than with men."

Some Who Have Vanished.

Reference to the record of the Lost Department gives a fair idea of the character of the persons who drop out of sight. Following are a few instances:

Patrick J. Mulready, forty-one years old, an insurance agent, living at No. 994 St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn, left his home on August 22 and not a subsequent trace of him was obtained.

Gustave Meier, fifty-five years old, a broker, married and living at No. 48 Grove street, with no apparent reason, disappeared quite as mysteriously on December 27.

Harry Wampole, fifty-six years old, a druggist, of Marion, Pa., came to New York early in September to transact some business. He stayed at the Trenton House, Cortlandt and Washington streets. On the morning of September 8 he walked out of the hotel and was never again seen by his relatives or friends.

John M. Robbins, seventy-eight years old, of No. 141 Pleasant avenue Williamsbridge, walked away from home on August 25, leaving not the slightest trace of himself.

Mrs. Lillian Collett, twenty years old, disappeared from her home, at No. 257 West Twenty-second street, on November 27. She was newly married, had everything she wanted, lived happily with her husband, and had no trouble, so far as any one could learn. Still she walked out of the life of her family and friends, leaving them completely mystified. She wore three diamond rings when she departed.

Harry Dow, thirty-six years old, a stock clerk, who lived at No. 188 West End avenue, chatted pleasantly with his fellow boarders on the morning of October 27, started for his office, which he never reached, and vanished completely.

Rather more unaccountable than the average was the disappearance in August of Mrs. Mary Albert. She was thirty-six years old, in perfect health, and lived happily with her family at No. 1810 Second avenue. She left home late one afternoon with about \$200 in her purse, and her relatives could find no trace of her.

Enrolled with the army of missing is Elizabeth E. Burr, a dressmaker, fifty years old, who lived with relatives at No. 101 Cambridge place, Brooklyn. She started for her work on October 1, losing herself to her friends and relatives.

Minister "Found" Abroad.

One of the most notable disappearances and "finds" of the year concerned the Rev. George C. Poolton, a clergyman, of Navesink, N. J. He left his home in that village to attend a conference of ministers in Calvary Church, New York. When the conference ended he did not reappear at his home, and inquiry showed that he had attended but one session of the conference.

There was great excitement over the case and his friends and relative were at a loss to explain the matter. They were positive that there was no reason for him to hide himself and equally sure that he would not go away on a journey without telling them. After it had been decided by his friends that he was murdered in New York word came from England that he was at the home of his father. Why he took the journey so quietly was not learned.

Still another remarkable case was that reported by Mrs. Carey, of No. 56 Douglass street, Brooklyn. She went to Police Headquarters about three months ago and said she wanted to find her daughter, who disappeared mysteriously seven years ago. Asked why she had delayed reporting the case, Mrs. Carey said she had often thought of seeing the police but didn't know how to go about it. She said her daughter left home when she was seventeen years old, and she insisted on giving the police a description of her as she then appeared, as to clothes as well as in person.

Around the disappearance of Wilford L. Jones, a real estate lawyer, of No. 34 Boerum avenue Flushing, there was deep mystery. Prosperous and in every way contented, he drew several hundred dollars from a bank on November 10 and dropped from view. He was but thirty-five years old, well known socially and just the sort of man who would not be expected to do anything out of the ordinary.

And so they run. Every day one or more stories of disappearance are told to the police. There is little the police can do to find the lost persons. A minute description is written down and that is communicated to every policeman and detective in the city. He is instructed to keep an eye open for the person described, but at the same time he is under instruction to keep a lookout for a dozen or score of other persons from pickpockets to embezzlers, and it is reasonably certain that none of the descriptions linger long in his memory.—New York Herald.

In some parts of France more cider is drunk than wine.