

NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

An Ancient Custom. The right of the ladies to propose during leap year...

The Height of Queens. Nearly all the sovereigns of Europe are shorter than their consorts. Our own king, for example...

Eat Plenty. Women seem to be eating less and less, says a London physician, and this applies not only to working girls, but to women of society...

Honeymoon in Arabia. For seven days after the wedding the Arab bride and bridegroom are supposed to leave their room...

Women in Magazine Art. After many years of public patience magazine illustrators as a class tacitly have acknowledged the necessity of reading a story to draw good pictures for it...

Ethel is a "Horse" Woman. The coming debutante of the White House is in every sense a true daughter of her father, says the Delineator. It is not often that the White House has the good fortune to harbor two charming debutantes of a single presidency...

Pockets appear in the newest knitted silk underwear. Plenty of black silk jackets, trimmed with braid ornaments and braid embroideries, will be seen. The embroidered vest and lace jabot are a costly feature of the coats which form a part of the Louis costumes as worn in Paris.

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THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Subject: Toward the Sunset.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The venerable but vigorous Dr. Robert Collyer preached in the First Unitarian Church Sunday morning to a large congregation. His subject was "Looking Toward the Sunset," and for his text he took the two passages of Scripture: Timothy 1:5, "The promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come," and II. Corinthians 15:53: "This mortal must put on immortality." Dr. Collyer said:

I think it is no wonder, as the years come and go, and we far on toward the sunset of life that we should feel a touch of dismay now and then when we try to imagine ourselves out of the body, but the same man or woman is a body and we live in it, yet still in a home which will be homelike and welcome, and of a day when the seasons will be no more what they have been or the sun and stars, the streets on which we walk or the homes in which we dwell. A time when we can clasp hands no more with friends; sit no more at the table and join in the cheery talk, go to our work in the morning and when the day's stint is done go home, take some book we love best to read and then go to sleep through the silent, shadowy hours to wake again in the morning and find that God has made all things new. And I think this touch of dismay may well be of all things natural and therefore right, because we are in this body and find that in the measure of our life is our loyalty to the things we can touch and see. To the feeble aged this loyalty to the world he lives in is no more than an instinct to hold on, but in those who are still hale and strong it is a loyalty for which they can give good reason. They love the fragrance of the opening spring that fills them with the old delight, and the summer with her fruits and flowers, and the golden treasures of the autumn, and the white glory of the winter. All this is so dear and human that it comes a little hard to think of a time when all this can be no more what it is here and now. And so it ought to be. If the option were given to many of us while the fires of life run deep and full to exchange this life for the splendors of the celestial city, to give up the fight for the necessities of life, for the white robes, the harps and crowns, most of us would hesitate to say, we love this best, and that we would not wish to give it up, no matter what may be waiting in the blessed life to come. The gravitation of our being binds us to our planet, and we cannot cry, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove; then would I flee away and be at rest."

Pathetic Old Age. The death of Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple ought to be a reminder of a condition that may one day become the cause of national discredit and perhaps is one already. Mrs. Semple was the niece of President Tyler. She was mistress of the White House when she was twenty-one years of age. She died at the age of eighty-six. She was totally blind, very lonely, and pitifully poor. She was in an institution that was not exactly a charity, although it is maintained by an endowment fund. The Louise Home, where Mrs. Semple died, is for Southern women of good birth and family who can pay a modest price for the shelter afforded them, and Mrs. Semple lived there for some few years, having previously conducted a school for young girls at Baltimore.

Mrs. Semple was a gracious and lovely mistress of the White House. She was married at nineteen, when Mr. Semple was in the United States navy. Upon the outbreak of the war, he resigned at once and entered the Confederate navy. When the war was over he found his health broken, his money and property gone, and nothing but trouble and distress ahead for himself and his wife. Fortunately they had no children, so Mrs. Semple went to Baltimore, leaving her husband in Virginia. He died some years later and his wife continued with her school in Baltimore until she was no longer able to attend to it. Then she came to Washington and entered the Louise Home, where she died.

Mrs. Semple was the only remaining member of her immediate family, although she has many nieces and nephews living in the south and in California. The last visit she made to the White House was during the administration of President Pierce, with whom she was on terms of intimate friendship. She has been invited to the White House many times since, but she has put the invitations all aside. Memories were too bitter for that. That a lady who was once mistress of the White House should be allowed to die in poverty and in neglect seems hardly consonant with the eternal fitness of things, and hardly in keeping with the national dignity.—Argonaut.

Fashion Notes. Pockets appear in the newest knitted silk underwear. Plenty of black silk jackets, trimmed with braid ornaments and braid embroideries, will be seen. The embroidered vest and lace jabot are a costly feature of the coats which form a part of the Louis costumes as worn in Paris.

Solid colors, changeable, stripes, plaids and checks are all in favor, with the plaids slightly in the lead because of their novelty. Scarfs of tulle or chiffon edged with heavy fringe, tassels or beading whose weights keeps them in place are very smart for ball or dinner frocks. The gored skirt is certainly going to be the favorite, but it will be arranged in so many different ways that one's gowns will have no suggestion of sameness.

Oriental silks, or at least silks with Oriental designs whose predominant color is the same as the silks with which they are to be worn, are used for new blouses. Petticoats are mostly sheath-fitting. This effect is produced either by a shaped yoke at the waist or else by darts. The tailored silk petticoats is the first favorite.

The difficulties of tailoring light weight goods have been so far overcome that now chiffon panamas, voiles, the lightest of worsteds, taffetas and tussahs are shown in tailored suits. If a woman has pretty shoulders, she will want one of the transparent V-shaped yokes cut in one with one collar which is such a pretty fashion. It should be fitted without a wrinkle and cut very high.

them because they are part of myself and I am only as shards and shreds of the whole fair circle. My soul demands, if being mine here, they are not mine hereafter. And in looking into my own life I can see where I have missed my way and want to try again. I am only a learner. I want still to learn and turn my lesson to some noble use. So what can this incompleteness mean which haunts but the intimation of "completeness"? This claim as it seems to me is founded in fair reason, and we hold the right to see the account come out fair and true on this ground, if on no other.

May I not say once more that the years as they come and go should bring the heart to understand that this we call death should not be thought of—and especially by those who like myself have had a long lease of life—as a bare but a blessing, and not to die while so surely would this world be the loser by our staying; that those who love us most dearly would pray that we might be set free from the burden of the over many years. For it would make no matter to the creatures of the lower creation we have glanced at, if their life could run on forever in the old kindly grooves, because they must measure their life by their instincts, and the present moment is the perfect sphere. They want no better, as they fear no worse, and take no thought for the morrow. The squirrel has his nuts and the bee his honey, and so through all the spheres of their life.

But here lies the distinction between our life and theirs: Where they have instincts we have memories, where they have habits we have outlooks and inlooks, anticipations and reflections, and our manhood on the line to which we have risen holds in its heart our cross and our glory. The glamour of youth is mine no more; yet, I may remember with tender regret and I may in some dim fashion be aware why the eternal love should give me the blessed boon of death, when I have drunk my fill at the fountain of life down here, and it is time to cross the bar. And then I must take this truth home to my heart: that by the time I have had enough of life the world I live in now may have had enough of me. So I must not only get out of the world, but out of the way, so that the new man may have room for the work he must do. To most of us the time comes when we begin to trace the truth of the new time by the lines of longitude and forget the line of latitude. We do not believe in the new man from the Lord, but want the old man and manhood that will be true to our line of measurement. Again, when we grow old the knowledge of the evil in the world begins to take hold on us, while the knowledge of the good can hardly hold its own. One man in ten may take me in and I lose more grace by that one man than I gain by the nine who do not; I think more of the bitter than the sweet, brood over the cruelty and forget the mercy.

While I must say, with the great apostle, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," I would hold on well to the faith that I shall be myself when I pass from the shadows of the seen and temporal into the light of the unseen and eternal. I shall pass out of one room in the "many mansions" into another, and what treasure in the heaven was mine here will be mine there, while that which is to come will not seem so much another life as the ripeness and perfecting of this life that now is. We may say we know nothing about the mystery of the life beyond, but this is not true if we believe in Him who "brought life and immortality to light" and know enough to keep the heart from trouble, and this is what we need to know, for it is the heart's love which brought us here, that nursed us forth, bore with us, believed in us and hoped for us, and never failed—and that death cannot undo.

And so I love to believe in—what shall I call the solidarity of life here and hereafter, and that I am to be myself whatever befalls—the myself I long to be—released from the "body of this death," and to bear with all that is best worth God's saving in my life down here; and not a flower has bloomed, or a well sprung up for my blessing, or a bird sung, or a dear friend clasped hands with mine, or tears fallen, or laughter rippled, or joy, to be forgotten. I would be myself, and myself this soul, which has stored up essence of all that shall be in an immortal worth since I lay a babe in the cradle so far away in time and space.

What care I though falls the sky And the shivering earth to a cinder turn; No fires of doom Can ever consume me. What never was made, nor meant to burn.

The Man of Prayer. No words can describe the blessedness of a soul which lives in communion with God; asking and receiving, seeking and finding, knocking and having the door opened, wrote Thomas Adam, over a century ago. For what is happiness but this? Or how can we describe it better than by saying that a man wishes for the very thing he sought and is sure to have it? And such is the man of prayer, the Christian. He chooses the fountain of all happiness for his portion, and can not be disappointed of his desire. He is happy in the very act of prayer, knowing it to be the right frame of his mind, the proof of his renewed state and his capacity for receiving blessing from God.

Preparing Prayer. All personal work must be permeated with love. A perfunctory invocation or a word spoken without sympathy and love will not prove effective. The spirit in which we approach an unsaved person may render useless all our labors. Preparation by prayer is necessary before we undertake personal work. If you are in communion with God, it is much easier to get into touch and communion with your fellow men.

In Thine Inner Chamber. Having entered into thine inner chamber, shut thy door against the care and fret of life, against earthly loves and passions, against thoughts, against bad self, but more closely against good self. Turn thine ear and hearken to the living God, who dwells in His yielded temple.—Edgar K. Selless.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

MINISTER GOES TO JAIL. Charged With Sending Obscene Pictures Through Mail. Scranton—Judge Archbald in the United States court here, sentenced the Rev. H. E. Zimmerman of Omaha, Neb., formerly a Lutheran minister in Dickinson, this state, to six months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$100 for sending obscene pictures through the mails. The charges against Zimmerman created a sensation.

CERTIFICATES SENT OUT. Over 3,000 Nomination Petitions Filled at Harrisburg. Harrisburg.—Certificates of all nomination petitions filed at the capitol were sent out to the county commissioners of the counties in the state. There were over 3,000 names certified. Eight names have been withdrawn, those withdrawing today being J. J. Drospeyke, of Mt. Carmel (Republican), named for the legislature in Northumberland county; John R. Fortig (Republican), Lebanon, named for the legislature; M. T. Garvin, (Democrat), first legislative district, Lancaster.

HELD UP AND SHOT. Miner Will Die as Result of Encounter With Foreigners. Greensburg.—James Daruley, a miner, 52 years old, was fatally shot when he and three companions were held up at night by three foreigners near Hempfield Slope, one mile east of Greensburg. Darnley, his son George, his son-in-law, John Proctor, and James Neilson were returning to their homes at Hempfield Slope at midnight when three men jumped out from behind an embankment. One of the trio fired a revolver into the air and then fired twice at Proctor, but missed. The older Darnley rushed at the thug with his revolver and two bullets were sent in his direction, one entering his groin. One of the foreigners, Mike Straback, was captured and is now in the county jail. The older Darnley was carried to his. The physicians say there is no chance of recovery.

BLOWN TO PIECES. Nothing Left But Hole in the Ground and Shreds of Human Bodies. Greensburg.—Three persons, composing all the male members of the family, were literally blown to pieces by dynamite at Acme, five miles east of Mt. Pleasant. The dead are: David H. Brown, aged 50; Roy Brown, aged 17; Clark Brown, aged 15. David Brown was postmaster at Acme and conducted a general store at the village. Accompanied by his two sons, Roy and Clark, he went to a large field back of his store late in the afternoon to dynamite stumps. They took with them 25 pounds of the explosive. No one saw the accident, but it is supposed that when they set off the first charge they left the rest of the dynamite too near with the result that it was exploded. A deafening report was heard, and when an investigation was made a big hole was found in the ground, while shreds of human bodies lay scattered about. The trunk of the father's body was recovered, but only small pieces of the other bodies have been found. Postmaster Brown's wife and two daughters are left.

Three Killed by Train. Harrisburg.—The bodies of three foreigners were found beside the Pennsylvania railroad tracks, near Newport, Perry county. The men had evidently been walking the track and were struck by a fast express, as all were badly mangled. The supposition is that they were killed in the night. When the bodies were taken to Newport they were identified as Italians living in that town.

To Codify Mine Laws. Harrisburg.—The state commission for the preparation of a code of mine laws will meet in Pittsburgh where a list of the suggestions made by operators and miners and from observation by commissioners will be submitted. The report will be drafted this fall. The commission is headed by Chief Roderick.

Odd Fellows Loss Equipment. Franklin.—The building occupied by the general store of Borland & Felt and the Rockland postoffice was struck by lightning late last night and burned. The loss is \$15,000 with \$10,000 insurance. All the mail matter was burned. The Odd Fellows lodge equipment was destroyed.

Reading Cuspends Crews. Reading.—The Reading railway indefinitely suspended 15 crews, because of a lack of business and in order to give employees longest in the service opportunity to make more money. This order applies to all divisions and it is estimated that 200 men are affected.

Three Charged With Murder. Butler.—The Pittsburg Synod of the Lutheran Church will be asked to settle the differences between the Emanuel Lutheran congregation of Prospect and Rev. Amos Bartholomew, who has filed suit to collect \$692.46 back salary.

Excitement Reigns at Delmont over the discovery of gas in the first sand on the W. F. Adair farm, leased by the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company.

SECOND TRIAL POSTPONED. Next Capitol Case will Be Tried in Month of May. Harrisburg.—The second Capitol trial will begin May 11, instead of March 23.

Judge Kunkel today granted the postponement on request of counsel for Architect Joseph M. Huston, with the assent of counsel for the Commonwealth and the attorneys for the other defendants. The delay is due to the unexpected failure of the efforts in behalf of a severance for Architect Huston, who is a defendant named in the indictment, along with Congressman H. Burr Cassel, ex-Auditor General William P. Snyder, ex-State Treasurer William L. Mathues, ex-Superintendent James M. Shumaker and Traveling Auditor Frank Irvine. Attorney General Todd and his associates refused to assent to a severance unless Huston would give the Commonwealth some information that would be of value in the prosecution of the case against the others.

GOES TO AID DOG, DIES. Hollidaysburg Woman Drops Lamp and Is Burned With House. Mrs. Martha Cartwright, a widow of Hollidaysburg, arose from her bed at night to go downstairs to care for a pet dog. She dropped a lighted lamp and was burned to death. The house was destroyed. Her son, William Cartwright, jumped from an upstairs window and was seriously injured.

Arrest Saloonkeepers. Pottsville.—Twenty-four saloonkeepers and wholesale liquor dealers in Shenandoah and Union township were arrested by agents of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon league, charged with violating the liquor laws. The saloonkeepers are charged with selling on Sunday, and the wholesalers with selling at retail. All will be brought here for hearings.

Health Officers Close Church. Johnstown.—Because the Polish Catholic congregation of Conemaugh ignored a request to suspend services officers entered the church and compelled all to leave. A week ago the Health Board ordered all places of public assembly closed on account of a threatened epidemic of diphtheria. Officer T. T. Kissel, it is alleged, was struck by one of the congregation.

Will Borrow \$9,000,000. Philadelphia.—Following a conference of city officials Mayor Reburn announced that immediate steps would be taken to borrow \$9,000,000 under loan bills authorized by council a year ago to put under way municipal improvements which will give work to the city's unemployed. It is thought the money can be raised in about 15 days.

Blast Killed Him. Allentown.—Charles Lichtenwalner of Macungie township, was struck by a rock from a blast fired by men at work on his farm and instantly killed. Mr. Lichtenwalner, who was 55 years old, and a member of a prominent family in Lehigh county, had just alighted from a train to inspect his place when the blast was fired.

Not Within Purview of Act. Harrisburg.—In an opinion given to State Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer, Deputy Attorney General Fletch decides that county, city and borough school superintendents do not come within the purview of the corrupt practices act of 1906.

Sharon Man Honored. Sharon.—Henry M. Cohen of Sharon, has been appointed district deputy grand president of the B'nai B'rith lodges for Northwestern Pennsylvania. The district embraces Meadville, Corry, Oil City, Erie, Titusville, Sharon and Bradford.

Butler—The Butler Fair and Driving Park Company has decided that beginning with the 1908 exhibit next September all displays will be limited to residents of Butler county, because professionals from other counties have been taking nearly all the live stock premiums.

Electric Shock Is Fatal. Altoona.—Richard Marks, aged 16, was electrocuted at the home of his aunt, Mrs. James A. Davis. He was repairing an incandescent socket and his aunt turned on the current. Marks received the charge of 120 volts and was killed instantly.

Negro Acquitted. Indiana.—John Lindsay, a Pittsburg negro, was acquitted of killing his roommate, Mose Hudson, 15 months ago. The men were employed in the mines at Sagamore. Lindsay disappeared the day Hudson was killed, but returned last fall and was arrested.

Washington.—Ninety-five cents and a raincoat was all the loot secured by burglars who visited the new Waynesburg & Washington station here. New Castle.—Attorney J. W. Humphrey of Ellwood has been appointed receiver of the estate of Oscar T. Adams, an Ellwood business man who has been missing two weeks. Friends of Adams fear he has committed suicide.

Ends Life in Cell. Warren.—James Nixon, a prisoner in the city lockup, committed suicide by hanging. Nixon was charged with stealing a coat. He fastened one end of his belt about his neck and the other end to the top of his cell.

Washington.—Washington Society, through the medium of the Washington and Jefferson College Cottillon Club, has placed the ban on the barn dance because it is "rough and rude and not a society dance."