

Of Interest to Women

Wholesale Business Built Up in Ten Years By Two Women—Result of an Original Investment in Stocks on a Capital of \$1.25—Travel Together Annually Through Europe.

Two Philadelphia women of German descent have built up in less than ten years an extensive wholesale business as the result of an original investment in stocks that took a capital of exactly \$1.25.

The stocks are not of the kind that are listed on exchanges or dealt in on the curb, but of the kind that women wear about their necks. One of the women was somewhat listlessly making a stock for her own adornment one day when she suddenly exclaimed:

"I wish I could make some money." "Why not do for pay what you are now doing for amusement?" said a friend who sat by.

The idea took. The young women and a cousin bought \$1.25 worth of material, made several stocks and had no difficulty in selling them.

That was the beginning of a business that has since occupied the whole time of both partners. For a while one of them who drew pretty well was the designer of the firm. As business grew it was more economical to employ a well paid designer who could give his whole time to that part of the work.

By this time the partners had begun to employ girls to do the actual making of the stocks. At first the work was done by a few girls in Philadelphia. The number of employees increased and it became good business to establish branch houses, for by this time the trade of the partners was wholesale instead of retail. Houses were established in Baltimore, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and the business went on growing.

By this time the two partners gave themselves wholly to the management of the business and the purchase of materials. They now go twice a year to Europe to study modes and buy materials, they have several well paid designers and the persistence of the fashion of wearing stocks has kept the business constantly active and profitable.

Success also has given the partners confidence and they feel that they are not at the mercy of the capricious Parisian milliners who set the modes of the world. If women quit wearing stocks the partners will turn and take up something else.

Meanwhile the partners have had a busy and happy life, with an almost constantly increasing income and a broadening horizon. They have built for themselves a comfortable home in the upper part of Philadelphia and they see almost every year a good deal of the European world. They had no more expectation of a business career ten years ago than a hundred thousand other girls in their native city.

INTERVIEWING AN ACTRESS.

Its Depressing Effect Upon a Newspaper Woman.

"Unless you have great moral courage," said the newspaper woman, "don't ever visit a young, pretty, popular actress in her dressing room. There she sits, looking as brilliant as—oh, well—as sun and sea and flowers and sky and jewels and rainbows and every other brilliant thing you can think of, and there you sit, looking tired and dispirited. She is young and round and smooth, and you have ceased to remember your birth-day. Her burnished hair is carelessly tossed into the latest effects, while the wind has whipped your dust-colored locks into ragged ends that look like wisps of hay—and feel about the same. Her dressing table gleams with silver and crystal, and your shopping bag is so old it has turned gray on all the edges. Her embroidered silk kimono scarcely conceals fluffy masses of finest lawn and lace and dainty Parisian lingerie. Your old cravenette coat scarcely conceals your dusty old serge skirt. Her tiny toes are thrust carelessly into satin mules; your big, clumping, wide-soled pumps feel far too full of feet and are covered with the dust of the street.

"Her makeup, appalling as it is at close range, nevertheless produces an effect of fresh brilliancy and marvelous youth. You pause on the edge of her satin covered divan, and her mirror heartlessly portrays your commonplace features, revealing ghastly shades of petunia and wistaria that you never dreamed you possessed in your complexion. You try to smile bravely at the reflection, but by the side of the bewitching, footlights smile of la belle yours is a mere facial contortion. You give it up, stare gloomily, forget all the questions you came to ask her and finally take your departure, chafed and subdued.

"Oh, yes, maybe it's good for you, but don't ever do it unless you are brave. You'll have to do a great many fine, heroic deeds afterward before you can feel that you have a right to be above the sod."—New York Press.

Recompense

The winter twilight was stealthily creeping in through the latticed window, making dim the objects in the simple yet cosy room. There was no sound until the clock on the mantel struck 4, and then the sweet-faced lady who sat in the rocker facing the west window rose and walked to the farther side of the room.

"Come, daughter," she said, speaking to a young girl who sat behind a large desk writing rapidly. "Leave your books a few moments and come with me to watch the sunset. One sees it best from Claron Hill and the walk there is brisk and invigorating."

"Yes, mother, just let me finish this thesis first. Professor wants it in tomorrow, and I do so wish to please him. I'll be right along."

But in her interest the daughter forgot the mother waiting and let her go alone to Claron Hill. Along the snow-covered path the mother slowly went, not heeding the beautiful winter scene about her. The trees, their strong, armlike branches laden with myriad glistening snowflakes; the gloriously clear blue sky, now tinged gray in the far east; the cold, exhilarating wind—all alike had lost their wanted charm for her. What was the use of a great, beautiful world in which to live when one's own flesh and blood did not return the most natural of affections—that of a daughter's love for her mother?

Great throbbing tears rolled down the mother's face, for the thoughts that forced them were a strange intermingling of the bitter and the sweet.

"Ellen!" The words came involuntarily from her lips. "How I have worked for you—ever since your father died! You were a wee, tiny thing, so sweet and so pretty. Shall I ever forget how thankful I was to have you left when he was taken away! Since then, how I have nursed you, cared for you, worked for you, to give you the advantages that would have been yours had your father lived! Have I succeeded? Yes—too well, for I have made myself a slave to you. You consider all things first, last of all—your mother."

The sobbing woman had reached the summit of Claron Hill. Before her was spread the beautiful sunset, and as she gazed upon its glory in deep admiration her sorrow somewhat lessened. Rich, changing hues filled the western sky. First, all was deep red blood; slowly the red shaded into faintest pink, and again into yellow. Creeping from behind a sombre cloud stole a rosy glow, enveloping all in softest light, till a purple haze settled over the low hills and darkening valleys. Then, like a garment turned, the purple revealed its lining of silver gray and a peaceful, lovely night set in.

To the woman on the hill summit this silent communion with infinite beauty brought happy hope, and she turned from it with lighter step, well knowing that it who provided all that splendor for his own glorification and the worship of man would care for her and let her hope be realized.

The day of realization came in the balmy June. Claron Hill was a beautiful crown of growing wildflowers which sent up their sweet fragrance, like incense, to the clear, cloudless sky. Of all lovely days in June, that day must have been the best. It was commencement at college, and Ellen—her Ellen—was to graduate with highest honors. How selfish she had been to think herself neglected even for a moment when Ellen had been working so laboriously these last four years to win these honors that she—her mother—might feel the great pride of owning such a brilliant daughter. In the large crowded hall she felt that every mother's eye enviously beheld her when she clasped her daughter to her breast after the exercises. Enraptured, her cheeks flushed with a bloom like youth and her eyes sparkled with joyful tears.

"Why, mother, how pretty you look!" the daughter exclaimed, drawing her arm through hers and leading her into the festive college grounds. But it was in the evening that the mother realized her dearest hope. Together she and her daughter walked to Claron Hill, and when they reached the summit the world was wrapped in the sunset's afterglow. Still, while it lasted, the mother lifted her face to her daughter's and the thin lips quivered and her eyes were wet.

"Why, mother—mother, darling!" the daughter whispered, and gazing upon the sweet face she noted for the first time its numerous lines of care and worry, the sad men on every feature. A great pang seized her. She drew the slight form closer to her, raining kisses upon the gray head until the mother looked up in surprise. It was the daughter who spoke again. "Darling, I have neglected you; I have been so selfish. You shall never be left alone hereafter. Forgive me."

And while the happy revelation of a love deep as her own crept into the mother's heart, the afterglow ebbed into gray and night laid its heavy hand on all without its grasp until the rising sun chased it away and brought to these two another day full of love, hope and glory.—ALVA MARIE PETERSON.

Game Laws for Indians. Three thousand copies of the Oklahoma game laws, printed in the Choctaw and Cherokee languages, have been sent to southeastern Oklahoma for distribution among the Indians. The Oklahoma Indian believes that his right to hunt is based only upon divine laws.

Short Sermons For a Sunday Half-Hour

THE KINGSHIP OF JESUS

BY THE REV. JOSEPH A. BENNETT

Text: John 19:14. "Behold your King."

The world has had many kings, all of whom have been more or less famous. But it has had only one, who could in truth be called King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Time and time again the world has trembled, to know what conception its sovereigns had of their sovereignty, for their conceptions inevitably shaped their policies and determined their actions. But never in all the history of the world was it so important for the children of men to know what conception their sovereigns had of their sovereignty, as it is for the child of God to know what conception the Christ had of His kingship office. And thanks be unto God, we are not left in the dark concerning this momentous question, for we may easily gather from the words of the King Himself, and the lips of those whom He has commissioned to speak in His behalf, a clear and vivid conception of His Kingship. And this is the task set for the accomplishment of the present hour.

First, then, the ground of His Kingship. What right has the Christ to be King? What are His credentials? The kings of this earth have gone to their thrones by way of royal birth, intellectual force, the might of arms or the glitter of gold. If such credentials be sufficient to insure a crown and wield a scepter, then surely the Christ ought to wear the brightest crown and sway the mightiest scepter the world has ever known, for He is as far above earthly monarchs as the stars are above the ponds which reject their shimmering light. No; Christ did not go to His throne through royal birth, intellectual force, the might of arms, the glitter of gold, or the schemes of politicians. What, then, were His credentials? Well, first, divine appointment, when in the Second Psalm, Jehovah says, "yet have I set My King upon My holy hill of Zion." He speaks of the Christ, and when in the fullness of time the Christ comes, it is not without signs of divine appointment and approval.

Among these we notice the song of the angels, the shining of the star, the visit of the Wise Men, the hushing of the winds, the stilling of the waves, the opening of blind eyes, the healing of the sick and the raising of the dead. But, again, the Christ credentials are "Inherent Qualification." It is necessary to a successful sovereign that he have a comprehensive knowledge of his subjects. He must know their virtues and their vices, their vocations and their avocations, their religion and their irreligion. In a word, he must know and understand human nature. He must also be able to enact such laws as shall be for the best interest of his people. He must be possessed of a mind judicial and be able to execute those laws with judgment tempered by mercy. He must have a mind martial and be able to marshal the forces of the realm for the protection and defense of his people.

In all these things Jesus is pre-eminent. He knows mankind as only the Creator can know. He knows the weakness of the flesh and the strength of temptation. He knows the deceptiveness of the heart and the allurements of the world. He knows the strength and tempter of the devil's sword, for He has often crossed blades with him. Jesus knows all these things and He is able to make laws which, if obeyed, will make us happy here and hereafter. He is able to, and will, execute the laws which He has formulated. Nor will He forget the rewards and the punishments belonging to those who obey or disobey. He is able and willing to marshal all the forces of Heaven to protect the weakest saint, who puts confidence in His name.

Again, the Christ credentials are mediatorial acquisition. By all the sufferings of the cross, by the atonement of His blood, He has won the right to the scepter over human lives. So much for the grounds of His sovereignty. But in what realm is His sovereignty? In the realm of nature. By Him and for Him were all things made. The centre of this universe is not the milky way, along which countless worlds blaze their light, but Christ the new and living way, along which countless multitudes pass to the Father's house. He is King also in Heaven. All the angels of God bow down and worship Him. His kingdom is higher than the highest heaven, and deeper than the deepest hell. He is King among men. Millions bow down before Him and worship Him as King. Oh! yes; I know millions more refuse to worship Him, saying, "We will not have this man to reign over us," but some day God's word will be fulfilled, when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Him as Saviour and Lord.

He is King in the realm of the church. He has never abdicated His throne or delegated His power to another. Christ alone is King, not synods, not presbyteries, not conferences, not councils, not discredited professors or ex-presidents of colleges, but Jesus Christ.

BEEES AND BEE KEEPING

MORE WILD BEES THAN EVER.

Hunting for Profit Thing of Past, Owing to the Passing of the Great Forests.

It is commonly thought that with the passing away of larger timber the wild bees would have to go; but such is not the case. There are more wild bees to-day than there were 30 years ago.

At that time trees had but little value, and the bee hunter found no trouble in cutting a bee tree wherever it was found, and many men followed bee hunting for profit and pleasure, and as the bees were more often found in large trees with decaying limbs or trunks they became an easy mark for the hunter who understood their habits.

Now all timberland is under fence and the cutting of a tree on another man's land often ends in trouble.

Bee hunting is a thing of the past, but the bees are here more plentiful than ever. The old-time colony with 50 and 100 pounds of honey is not found. They have been compelled to use the smaller trees for storehouses, which soon become overstocked, and a new home must be found. Thus the colonies are smaller and more numerous.

In removing the timber from three acres of land the owner found nine trees with bees and honey. Of these nine trees the largest amount of honey stored was about ten pounds, and on two of the trees the bees were storing honey by building it fast to small twigs outside the hollow in a tree.

The old-time bee hunter knew his business well, and many were the ways he had of finding the stored sweets.

The Winter Rest.

The necessity of conserving the heat in the brood chamber is evident; and the importance of double walls and coverings of non-conductive materials is recognized. But as a preliminary to packing the bees up snugly for their winter rest, the size of the brood-nest should be limited to the size of the cluster; for instance, if there are only bees to cover six frames in September, it is folly to allow them nine or ten, or even more. It is seldom that more than seven or eight frames are necessary for an ordinary colony, and the removal of superfluous frames should be the first step to successful wintering, so that the space in which cold air can circulate may be reduced as much as possible, with a view to lessening the activity of the bees, and the consequent consumption of stores. It is from all points of view better to allow each to stand and take its chance without a lot of coddling, unless it is to preserve valuable queens.

Where the location is subject to winds, and even if it is not, a wind-break should be provided; cold winds are disastrous upon an apiary in the early spring. A win-break of evergreens does not cost much, and is perpetual after it is once put down. One consisting of a barn and out buildings, with an occasional stretch of board fence on the north and west sides would be equally effective.—F. G. Herman.

Some Bee Habits.

The social bees live in communities like ants, and consist of males, females and neuters. The greater part of the life of the queen or mother bee is spent in laying eggs for the increase of the population of the hive, and not infrequently she lays 300 eggs per day. During the latter spring months practical apiarists consider that as many as 1,000, or even 2,000, are deposited daily.

The queen bee moves about in the hive attended by a sort of retinue of from ten to fifteen workers, by whom she is frequently supplied with honey, and she is the object of particular regard as indispensable to the community. She moves about depositing her eggs in the cells prepared by the workers, and the nurse bees are ready to take charge of each egg from the moment it is deposited. Cells are made ready for workers, drones and queen bees, varying in size, and with unerring instinct she places each egg in the kind of cell appropriate to it.—Farmers' Home Journal.

Makes Discontented Bees.

The process of secreting wax and building comb is slow, hence every empty cell in the brood chamber, and often perhaps those in which eggs have been laid, are speedily filled with honey. As fast as the brood in the outer circle of the brood nest hatches, the comb is filled and sealed, while all through the nest are cells filled temporarily, especially in the later part of the day. Often there is scarcely a cell left in which the queen can lay an egg. As a result it is easy to see that we have here a state of things that makes queen and bees alike uneasy and discontented, hence the impulse to swarm.

How to prevent swarming when working for comb honey, and not at the same time seriously interfere with honey storing, is a problem, writes F. G. Herman. The way we prevent swarming is briefly this; allowing unrestricted room for brood rearing by placing an empty body of combs under the hive proper, then to keep the bees from filling it with honey, have plenty of storage room above.

UNCERTAINTY.

Why Brother Walloon Was Mighty Mixed in His Mind.

Brother Cyphers—I un'erstand, sah, dat yo' son—de one wid de big ears—has done 'loped wid dat, 'ar yallah-completed young lady ellectionist dat give de ente'tainment at de church tudder night? Well, now, if it's a fa' question, what does yo' oppose to do 'bout it?

Brother Walloon—Uh-well, sah, I's mighty mixed in mah mind. Dat boy had de most promisin' appetite yo' ever seed on a young pusion. I schooled him, I did, plumb th'oo subtraction, partition, adoption, amputation, and all s'ch as dat, twell he wasn't good for nuthin' in de world but to plink de gee-yah and sing tanner in de barabashop quartette. And if I was plumb sho' de lady wouldn't never foteh him back, an' could whup him as well as out-talk him, mah mind would be at rest; and I'd send mah daughtah-in-de-law mah puffound blessin' an' a fine fou-dollah clock, so's she could allus have de c'rect time to beat de scoun'rel by!

Job's Afflictions Paled.

Leonora O'Reilly, the vice-president of the Women's Trade League was praising this organization's work in New York.

"And it has a great future before it," she said. "I have no doubt that a century hence the members of the league will regard the woman of to-day as we now regard the farmer's wife of the early '40s."

"A Maine deacon of the early '40s was talking to the minister. He sniffed and whined:

"Oh, yes, Job suffered some. I ain't denyin' that, parson. But Job never knowed what it was to have his team run off and kill his wife right in the midst of the harvest season with hired girls wantin' \$2.50 a week."

All There but the Tail.

Dressed in the latest and most improved motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist gayly toot-tooted his way toward the Zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin:

"I say, my boy, am I right for the Zoo?"

"The boy gasped at so strange a sight and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens. "You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said doubtfully, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd stood a better chanst if you'd only had a tail!"

"Took it Off."

A little girl, aged three, had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place:

"I wants to tum in, Cissie."

"But you tan't tum in, Tom."

"But I wants to."

"Well, I'ae in my nightie gown, an' nurse says little boys mustn't see litte girls in their nightie gowns."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door, the miniature Eve announced triumphantly, "You tan tum in now, Tom; I tooked it off!"

PLACING THE BLAME.



Seedie—So the moths caused the loss of your spring overcoat?

Hardup—Yes. They ate a hole through the ticket.

As Represented.

Irate Stranger—Look here, I thought you told me that dog I bought from you had a good many fine points. He looks like he has been shot full of arrows.

Mountaineer Pete—Those be the fine points, stranger. He tackled a porcupine the day before you bought him.

What He Missed.

Miss Peachley—Do you believe in co-education, Mr. Huggins?

Mr. Huggins—Indeed I do. I shall never forgive myself for neglecting to take a post-graduate course at Vassar.

A Close Observer.

Schoolmaster (at end of object lesson)—Now, can any of you tell me what water is?

Small and Grubby Urchin—Please, teacher, water's what turns black black when you puts your hands in it!

Just So.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a synonym?

Pa—A synonym, my son, is a word that can be used in place of another when you don't know how to spell the other."

Can You Beat It?

Mabel—So you and Jack don't speak. What's the trouble?

Marjory—We had a dreadful quarrel about which loved the other most.

Do You Suffer from Piles or Hemorrhoids?

Hemorrhoids, commonly called Piles, cause untold agony to the victim. If neglected, the condition always grows worse with every attack, until the only recourse is an operation. You may think that you are predisposed to piles, and that nothing you can do will prevent them, but this is not true. The one certain cause of Piles is constipation, and if you will keep your bowels open and regular by taking Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills you will not only avoid this painful and dangerous disease, but your whole general health will greatly improve.

A torpid, inactive liver goes hand in hand with constipation. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills are composed of the two great vegetable agents, pineapple for the stomach, liver and gastric secretions, and butternut for the mucous membrane, circulation and bowels, and always give best results—they are Nature's own laxative. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

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THE D. & H. SUMMER-HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE DIRECTORY.

The Delaware & Hudson Co. is now collating information for the 1910 edition of "A Summer Paradise," the D. & H. Summer-hotel and boarding-house directory that has done so much to advertise and develop the resorts in this section. It offers opportunity for every summer hotel or boarding house proprietor to advertise his place by representation in this book. The information desired is, as follows: Name of house; P. O. Address; Name of Manager; Altitude; Nearest D. & H. R. R. station; Distance from station; how reached from station; Capacity of house; Terms per week and per day; Date of opening and closing house; what modern improvements; Sports and other entertainments. This information should be sent at once to Mr. A. A. Heard, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y. Blanks may be obtained from the nearest ticket agent, if desired. No charge is made for a card notice; a pictorial advertisement will cost \$15.00 for a full-page or \$7.50 a half-page. Our hotel people should get busy at once and take advantage of this. Don't make the mistake of thinking that your house will be represented because it was in last year, but make sure that you receive the benefit of this offer by forwarding the needed information without delay. Owners of cottages to rent are also given the same rates for pictorial advertisements, but, for a card notice, a minimum charge of \$3.00 will be made.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave at 8:25 a. m. and 2:48 p. m. Sundays at 2:48 p. m. Trains arrive at 1:40 and 8:08 p. m. Saturdays, arrives at 3:45 and leaves at 7:10. Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

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