

## WOMEN; THEIR FADS.



THEIR FASHIONS.  
THEIR WORK.  
THEIR ART.

### IT CAUSES RHEUMATISM.

Too many children are seen with short socks and bare legs in cold weather. Mothers justify this on the ground of its being a toughening process. This is a mistake. It should be unnecessary to urge mothers to clothe the little ones as warmly as they do themselves.

### HARPS APPEAL TO HER.

Mrs. V.'s fancy runs to the collection of harps. She does not know a note of music, and of course cannot pick a string, but she loves harps for their shape and has three or four of them in her house. She declares, much to the annoyance of her family, that she intends getting as many more.—New York Tribune.

### GERANIUMS IN MAIDS' ROOMS.

So much in earnest is Mrs. M. in her aesthetic crusade and efforts to beautify the village where her magnificent country home is situated, improve its schools and churches and raise the art standard of the community, that she has carried the campaign for the beautiful right into her own home and has provided pots of scarlet geraniums to decorate the window sills of her servants' rooms.—New York Tribune.

### STAMPS HER OWN INITIALS.

Mrs. X.'s chief diversion is embroidering initials on face towels, and the supreme test of her affection is evidenced when she presents a friend with a half-dozen strips of expensive damask with the friend's monogram done in red embroidery cotton. Mrs. X. does not go in for old English, script cross stitch or fancy lettering. Instead, she marks the towels in her sprawling, stylish hand, with pencil, and outlines them. The effect is dashing, to say the least.

### WOMAN FAMINE IN GERMANY.

Germany is threatened with a woman famine in 2007 A. D. Herr Gustav Kukutsch, a noted statistician, foresees that the male population, increasing at its present rate, will a hundred years hence outnumber the female Germans by two millions.

At present there are several thousand more females than males in Germany, but the sterner sex is catching up, with the fair ones by leaps and bounds. In forty years, calculates Herr Kukutsch, the sexes will be in equal force, but in 2007 the women will be the minority.

In this published prophecy of a wife famine, the man of figures asks, "What will the superfluous German man in 2007 do to obtain a wife?"

There will be nothing for him to do but either remain a bachelor or seek a wife abroad.

### THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Men like girls who are original, gentle and unselfish, and whose outward appearance indicates personal refinement.

To draw threads easily, for hem-stitching or drawn-work patterns, rub the cloth between the fingers, or rub a little white soap on the cloth where the threads are to be drawn.

For the girl who likes to knit and wishes to make her brother, or other relative, a present, the new knitted "helmet hood," to be worn with the sweater, for skating, will prove most acceptable.

The dainty freshness of a girl's attire possesses a charm for the masculine beholder to a far greater extent than stylish clothes. The care of the small details, such as shoes and gloves, is all important.—The Circle.

### HAD TO KISS HER AUTOMOBILE.

Just before the boat train left the St. Lazare Railway station in Paris for Havre a luxurious automobile, loaded with luggage bearing innumerable continental labels, rolled up, and two men and two women alighted. After attending to the removal of the baggage one of the women impulsively kissed the smooth wood surface of the coach to the amazement of open-mouthed porters, travelers and giggling urchins.

"There, I couldn't help it!" she exclaimed to a man who seemed to be her husband. "I know it's frightfully common to make an exhibition of one's feelings, but I must show gratitude to the dear machine which has given me such good times all summer. It has never broken down, never killed anybody nor anything. I just love it."

"Louise," she said, as she turned to the other woman in the party, "if you care for your sister at all you'll look after my darling motor car, won't you, until I return next spring?"

### THE MARRYING POINT.

Tibbie was a Scotch lass, hard-working and comely. She ruled over a grateful and suppressed family of New Englanders for eight years, and then announced her intention of marrying within six weeks.

"I suppose it is Rab whom you mean to marry, Tibbie?" asked her nominal mistress, referring to a tall, mild-faced young Scotchman who had spent more or less time in Tibbie's spottish kitchen for the last three years.

## Seeks to Improve Race

On the estate near Perm, in north-east Russia, of a wealthy man named Reshetnikoff, a singular marriage took place recently. The bridegroom, Vasilieff, was a handsome peasant, the bride a beautiful girl of 18. M. Reshetnikoff gave them a large wooden cottage and a plot of land, and at the wedding breakfast greeted them as the second generation of his nurslings "who are to make of holy Russia an earthly Olympus peopled with Apollos and Hebes." At the time of the Russo-Turkish war M. Reshetnikoff, struck with the inferior, ill-nourished physique of many recruits, set aside annually out of his large fortune 10,000 rubles for the purpose of eliminating the unfit by encouraging marriage only between young people of exceptional beauty, health and intelligence. He employed as workers on his estate only the handsomest

and healthiest villagers. These he encouraged to enter upon matrimony by grants of land, payment of marriage fees and an annuity of fifty rubles a year for every child born. He removed from his estate all deformed and sickly persons and attracted handsome giants from all parts of the province by granting them valuable privileges. Those who refused to marry the partners he selected were unceremoniously deported. Since the institution of his scheme forty marriages have taken place, and over 100 children have been born, nearly all of them being immensely superior to the average Russian peasant children in strength and beauty. Vasilieff's marriage was celebrated with exceptional display, he and his bride being the first couple both of whom sprung from unions arranged by M. Reshetnikoff.

## The Origin of "Kickers"

"I believe that the origin of the expressive bit of slang 'kickers' may be found in the very lowest form of occupation any member of the human race follows," Mr. W. M. Robinson states.

"Between Wormsley's and St. Helen's in Cornwall, is an underground canal connecting the lower levels of the coal mines at Wormsley's with the surface station at St. Helen's, which saves a great deal of money for the mine owners in handling the coal, which is simply loaded on the barges in the mines and transported by the canal under the mountains to the harbor at St. Helen's. When the canal was dug, however, how to provide for locomotion for these barges was a problem.

"Mules couldn't be used, and there were circumstances which made steam impossible, but an inventive genius finally solved the riddle by sug-

gesting that cross pieces of timber be placed along the roof of the canal, which was very low, and men could lie on their backs on top of the loaded barges and 'kick' the vessel along. After the barge was once started this was found to be feasible.

The men could easily keep the load in motion by the means suggested, and it has ever since been in use. There is no question about the low grade of this sort of work, and even the men who follow it are constantly 'kicking' around the villages where they live. They were known at the mines officially as 'kickers' because of their work, and their vocal complaints continually indulged in, caused every one at Wormsley's or St. Helen's, no matter what their station or employment, who indulged in complaints to be called 'kickers.' I presume that the origin of the word, as we use it, is just what I have suggested.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Melon Was a "Peach"

Gustam is truly a connoisseur, and the culinary feats he can perform upon a two-burner gas stove in his apartments is the wonder of his friends. He has been on the lookout for delectable delicacies potent to cool and refresh. The luxury that tickled his palate most was a watermelon that had been doctored with rum and claret and cooled to the freezing point.

Inspired by this work of art, Gustam forthwith planned a surprise for a few of his friends. He procured a huge watermelon, the necessary rum and wine, and, in accordance with the recipe, stirred up a mixture, plugged the melon, poured in the liquid, inserted the plug and set the whole in the refrigerator to cool for two days. Then, summoning his friends, he cut the melon.

Before taking a bite himself, Gustam proudly awaited laudatory remarks and exclamations of praise. His friends ate in silence. Upon tasting his slice Gustam could detect but the faintest flavor of rum and wine. What had become of the two quarts of

liquor he had put in? Much mystified, he explained the circumstances, but all the comfort he got was the accusation that he had been "stingy with the booze" and the admonition "to put more in next time." As it was, however, they got away with half of the melon and then Gustam called the janitor and gave him the other half.

An hour or so later the janitor's wife knocked at the door, and as she faced Gustam and his guests she began with a great show of righteous wrath: "Misther Chus (hic) tum, wot did yez put (hic) in thot melon? Me ould mon (hic), me ould mon—me ould mon (hic), ish down there yellin wid (hic) th' jimjams! Oi wanta know whash yez put (hic) in thot—in thot melon! Ish ut a joke (hic) —a joke thot yez put ut (hic) on um? Oi wanta know (hic)!"

The truth dawned upon Gustam. By reason of the melon lying two days in one position the rum and wine had all settled in the lower end and he had given that end to the janitor.—New York Press.

## Odd and Fanciful Idea

An odd and fanciful idea is advanced by Zona Gale, writing for Outing, in which she gives her reason for her "discovery" as "the coming of Semiramis." Now Semiramis is evidently a cute, furry little kitten, and so the owner of this dainty feline says:

"It has long been my belief that fairies are the little souls of something. At first I was puzzled to know of what, but since the coming of Semiramis it is quite simple. Her mysterious amber eyes and lithe little body of furry silver have taught me the truth; fairies are the souls of all little kittens. And let only him deny this who can cast the first proof to the contrary!"

"I say let 'him' deny it; for what-

ever is fragrant to believe and pleasant to preach about the kittens of the world, every woman is fain to accept and to repeat. How gladly, then, will she welcome such a fair doctrine as this concerning the kittens that have left the world! And if her own 'little lion, small and dainty sweet,' be still her daily companion, she has only to sit with it in her arms for an hour some night when the moon is full, to understand that to all strange, sweet influences and potent, hidden presences the reticent, eerie little creature is akin. Especially will she feel this if, as I trust every woman who loves a kitten knows, it has been named for some beautiful dead queen."

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