

# Woman's Realm

## Feminine Sailors.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Finland, says Home Notes. In Denmark several women act as State officials at sea, and frequently in the pilot service. They go out to meet incoming vessels, climb nimbly on board and, after showing their diploma, steer the newcomer into port. The same state of things obtains in Finland.

## Paper Clothes May Be a Boon.

Will women elect to wear paper dresses elsewhere than at fancy balls? There's a question sartorial authorities have to solve. The cable informs us that paper yarn is being made successfully into fabrics for clothing. The thread is not brittle and it neither shrinks nor stretches to any appreciable extent. Moisture has practically no effect upon it, and it has extraordinary wearing properties. Silkworms may refuse to make cocoons, fields of cotton may be eaten up by bugs and sheep may be unable to supply covering to the world, but what will that matter if the making of paper clothes proves practicable?—New York Press.

## Philanthropic Indian Maid.

Miss Waneta Toskamba is a full-blood Choctaw maiden who announces that she would rather devote herself to works of charity than to think of matrimony. This will doubtless be a great disappointment to the young men of her tribe, as Miss Waneta has a good education and is worth \$100,000 in her own right. It is her intention to locate in Oklahoma City. Another Indian girl of more than local reputation is Kiowa Annie, who owns one of the handsomest shawls in the United States. She was ten years in making this handsome garment and spent \$1250 for material. It is a beautiful creation and she is said to have refused \$5000 for it.

## New in the Way of Leashes.

Extremely doggy women in New York's fashionable set have taken up with something new in the way of leashes. A little gold clasp fastened to the bottom of the skirt at one side, is snapped into the ring of the dog collar. Two women with dogs attached were in one of the uptown department stores the other day. Apparently the dogs had been broken to the skirt leash, for they trotted along at the side without once getting under the feet of the owner and without getting tangled in the crowd. One of the women had her dog fastened to the bottom of a long coat, and this seemed to be better than the skirt clasp, although she had to keep the coat buttoned. A good many persons who saw the women wondered what would happen if a notion of the skirt-leashed dogs took a two to mix it up.

## Gems in Senora's Stockings.

Embassy gossip revealed that \$200 a pair was the price Senora Creel, wife of the Mexican Ambassador, usually paid for her stockings, and all Washington society, accustomed as it was to the liberality in dress of this extremely rich woman, fairly gasped. One of the Senora's "dear five hundred friends" whispered that if the Ambassador's wife had one weakness it was for jeweled hosiery. Indeed, several of her finer pairs, it was said, cost \$500.

But it must be remembered that the hose which the multi-millionaire in petticoats wore on State occasions in the past winter could be described as of jewels and lace. The entire front was made of the finest lace, covered with pearls, rubies or emeralds and diamonds, as the costume required.

These stockings are sent by registered express to a jeweler in Chihuahua, where the gems are taken out of the lace. The lace is sent to an expert cleaner, while a silk cleaner attends to the main body of the stocking. Talk of five able-bodied men being required to give the King of France his chocoate in the "good old days!" The hosiery of Senora Creel almost equals the record.

Her shoes too, are as costly, though no veracious witness has reported that the heels are of solid gold studded with pearls.

All the elect of Washington are wearing Mandarin coats in lieu of pony jackets or the conventionally shaped evening wraps. Some are of costly Oriental embroideries and brocade silks, others are of daintily embellished linens. Mrs. James Garfield is wearing a light blue linen with Cluny lace and the jacket is wonderfully graceful. Ordinary lines at the shoulder are obliterated in the graceful effect of the high class Chinaman's outer garments, and though certain persons aver that the new style resembles more a negligee morning robe than a garment which should be worn in public, its popularity is insistent.—Washington Correspondent of the New York Press.

## Women in Germany.

"Were it not for the revolutionary changes brought about by the invention and introduction of machinery, etc., we would have stayed exactly where we were at the be-

## How Japanese Show Emotion

By ALBERT S. ASHMEAD, M. D.

Allow me a word about the "Calm of the Japanese." The writer of the article in the Sun of Sunday is in error in thinking that the Japanese sailors expressed no surprise or astonishment while visiting New York in the "sightseeing" automobiles. He does not understand Japanese facial expression. What appeared to him as "calm" was quite the opposite.

Darwin in 1867 presented the anthropological world with a formula for physiological researches, using sixteen questions for "expression of the emotions in man and animals." Professor Wernich, of the Tokio Surgical Academy, in 1874 put these questions to the Japanese and obtained a set of answers, some of which, in accordance with Japanese peculiarity, are tinged with Occidental colorings, as some of the Japanese questioned were already in contact with foreign ideals.

Astonishment in the Japanese is expressed by widely opening the eyes, slight raising of the head, stretching it up and drawing up of the eyebrows. I watched those "rubber-neck" sailors as they passed me on Cathedral Parkway and recognized this expression on many of the faces. While deeply meditating on the sights they saw or trying to understand some surprising fact broadcast to them through the megaphone by their Japanese guide many of them put their hands slightly aside and shook them at intervals, and while conversing with those beside them drew the air between their teeth (a la Malay) with an "F" sound; they wrinkled their foreheads and held their mouths open. These signs showed that they were struck with astonishment and were not so calm as American observers supposed they were. Complete (obstinate) silence would imply not calmness but contempt in a Japanese.

To explain further how different the Japanese expressions are from ours, I may add that turning the face to one side with a single bitter laugh like "ha!" means in Japanese supreme disdain. So does a single smile, such as Mr. Sato used to employ when interviewed sometimes during the Portsmouth Peace Conference. Puffing out the lips and assumption of a falsetto tone of voice, with widely opened eyes, means scolding or reproval among the Japanese. The sputtering forth of words while speaking to mistress or master means bad humor when a Japanese servant in New York so speaks. He need not use any facial expression at all; his face is blank. Japanese are too shy to show expressions of guilt. Only by the deep sinking of the head can you tell whether the Japanese child is guilty or not. Adults do not sink the head at all and maintain a blank expression.

Jealousy in a woman is shown only by the eyes being widely opened, the mouth being tightly shut. Not a muscle flickers; yet she is wild enough to stab you. Japanese never nod the head vertically, as we do, to express the affirmative. A slight bow expresses it. The negative is expressed by a single sidewise turn of the head, so that the right ear comes to stand a little more forward; or it is expressed with the hand held downward, while the wrist is moved four or six times toward him who is making the sign.

If a person to be called is at some distance the arm is lifted forward at the breast level, the better to be seen. Lateral motion of the hand, at breast level, with palm turned outward and fingers extended, means forbidding. The Japanese never puts his thumb to his nose with fingers extended, as our American boys do in derision. The Japanese identical sign is holding the wrist to the nose with index finger extended and the other fingers tightly closed to the palm. One hand held like this in front of the other is doubly scornful.

The Japanese never wring their hands in agony, or do they ever make use of the muscles of the neck. They never throw up the head or throw up the eyes to heaven.

Handshaking is unknown in Japan. Equals bow to each other at a separated distance and only to the same level. For one to bow lower than the other party would imply acknowledgement of inferiority. Friends stroke each other's backs with the hands.

Deep sinking of the head and flood of tears mean great sorrow. They grasp the hands together but never "turn to heaven their faces bethed in tears." The Japanese while crying sinks his head and does not lift his eyes but holds the body shrunk together. He cries "Itai! Itai!" (It hurts! It hurts!) just as often as we do, when in pain. In fact, he cannot stand pain as well as we can. All the talk of his stoicism in this regard is stuff and nonsense. When condemned to death the Japanese criminal cries out in fear, just as any other human being would; he turns pale and his lips tremble. He is no braver than any other mortal. In victory he is extremely "cocky," but in failure or defeat he is abject. All Japanese education is bent toward abolishing stiffness of backbone and teaching much bowing and self-depreciation; but toward an enemy a Japanese is extremely "chesty" until the enemy proves his superiority, when the Japanese is meek enough.

A pigeon post has been organized between the West Indian Islands of Antigua and Montserrat, to supplement the deficiencies of the existing post and telegraph service.



## His Gold Mine.

When a Marlborough or a Castellane, As scion proud of an ancient line, Doth ask a lady to wed, he says As a matter of course, "Will you be mine?"

But after a month or two of bliss Full readily doth the bride divine That what the lineage suitor meant Was, "Girl, will you kindly be my mine?" —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## In Anthropology.

Fresh—"What did the Indian children play with?"  
Soph—"With their war whoops, of course."—The Punch Bowl, Pennsylvania.

## Anecdotes of Celebrities—Hector.

The fierce Greek struck the Trojan hero on the head.  
"I am no match for you," he exclaimed, and promptly lit out.—The Harvard Lampoon.

## Positively Insulting.

"My girl sent me this necktie for Christmas."  
"Humph! That's no way to talk about your girl."—The Chaparral, Stanford University.

## Shipwrecked.

Tramp—"Please, mum, me an' my mate ar shipwrecked sailors—"  
Lady—"Fiddsticks! Neither of you were ever near the sea."  
Tramp—"Quite right, lady. We was on an airship."—Punch.

## Feminine Observation.

"It was an outrage, madam! Can you tell me the number of the motor car?"  
"No, but I can tell you what the woman's hat was like and the color of the coat she wore."—Answers.

## Progressive Hiram.

Mr. Fodder—"I guess Hiram must 'a joined the band in college."  
Mrs. Fodder—"How's that?"  
"He writes ter say he's playing second base right along now."—The Chaparral, Stanford University.

## A Reviver.

Johnnie—"Papa, papa, come quick! Mamma has fainted."  
Papa—"Here, put this ten-dollar bill in her hand."  
A moment later—"She says she wants ten more."—Flegende Blaetter.

## The Habit of Nervousness.

"What an extremely nervous woman Mrs. Tompkins is, isn't she?"  
"I hadn't noticed it, my dear."  
"Then you haven't been paying attention. Her new silk skirt doesn't stop rustling a moment."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Cultivating the Voice.

Pedestrian—"What a horrible whine you have in asking for assistance. You ought to have your voice cultivated."  
Tramp—"Dat's wot I wants money fer, boss. I'm t'inkin' uv havin' me voice irrigated."—Chicago News.

## Tall Hair.

Little Girl (who has just kissed her father good-night)—"Oh, father, your beard is scratchy!"  
Father—"Dear me, miss, you are particular. It can't be very bad—I shaved it this morning."  
Little Girl—"Well, then, father, it's—its very tall for its age."—Punch.

## Fishy.

Girl Friend (to chauffeur)—"Well, had a good time? How many have you run over?"  
Chauffeur—"Three pike and two carp."  
Girl Friend—"???"  
Chauffeur—"Yes; I fell into the river with my motor."—Journal Amusant.

## Inconsequential.

The Utter Idiot had forgotten his program and his gloves. "Goodness me," he cried, fussed, "in all the excitement, I am fairly losing my mind."  
"Don't let that worry you," replied the Caustic Gynrl, soothingly.—The Sphinx, Wisconsin.

## The Ruling Passion.

The prison reformer met the convicted lawyer in his striped garb. "And what brought you here, unhappy man?" she asked him. His old-time cleverness asserted itself. "An automobile," he blithely replied.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Capital Punishment.

Mother—"Johnnie, why didn't you come home as soon as school was out?"  
Johnnie—"I whispered in school, so I had to stay while the teacher gave me capital punishment."  
Mother—"Capital punishment?"  
Johnnie—"Yes. She made me write out the alphabet sixteen times in capitals."—Judge.

## WHEN A GIRL IS AROUND.

When a girl is around and is watching of you It is wonderful, all of the things you can do;  
You can run twice as fast and can jump twice as high,  
You can turn a neat handspring and never half try;  
You can hop, skip, and jump, and you're never afraid  
To take any kind of a dare that is made;  
You can hang by your toes twenty feet from the ground  
On the limb of a tree—when a girl is around.

When a girl is around and you're sure that she sees,  
You can do your best tricks on the swinging trapeze;  
You can jump a high fence with the gracefullest spring  
And hang by your toes from the ropes of the swing  
When it's going its best—what if you get a fall?  
You say that it really don't hurt you at all,  
If it makes you see stars—and you're up with a bound  
And a smile on your face—when a girl is around.

When a girl is around—some nice girl that you know,  
And the boys will stand back there and give you a show,  
You can walk on your hands just as far as you please  
And never get tired—if you're sure that she sees;  
No matter what happens, you're not a bit scared,  
You'd lead all the boys into war if they dared,  
And you show all the lads that your lungs are quite sound  
And your legs and your arms—when a girl is around.

When a girl is around—Oh, the heroes we are!  
Who can leap twice as high, who can jump twice as far,  
Who can cut up such antics as never before,  
Who can conquer all worlds and then look out for more;  
From sloughs of dead level as giants we stir  
To prove all our might and our prowess—to her;  
And we reach dizzy heights at a leap and a bound  
As the lad at his play—when a girl is around.  
—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.



Miss Oldgirl—"Yes, I am single entirely from choice." Miss Pert—"Whose choice?"—Philadelphia Record.

Cholly (enthusiastically)—"She is forever smiling upon me!" She—"Awfully polite girl! Every one else laughs outright."—Puck.

The lawyer pines a crafty art, For when on him we call, Expecting him to take our part, He's apt to get our all.  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Ma," asked the little gosling, "are the big things without horses that honk so any relation to us?" "No, my child," replied the wise old bird, "but the people in them are."—Baltimore American.

"Everybody seems to be here for his health," remarked the new arrival at Hot Springs. "Yes, everybody but the hotel proprietor," replied the guest who had been there three days. —Philadelphia Record.

Mistress (to colored house boy)—"Don't your new shoes hurt you, Sam?" Sam—"Yass'm, dey do hurt me considerable; sometimes I has ter get up in de middle of de night 'n tek'm off."—Smart Set.

The man who confidentially informs us how to garner pelf Gives out the "tips," my son, that he is not inclined to use himself.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Driver of Overloaded Dray—"That hoss too old? Why, bless your kind heart, lady! he ain't a day older'n I am, an' I ain't but fifty-one." Old Lady—"Dear me! you don't say so! I beg your pardon."—Judge.

"Well, anyhow," said Cassidy, "the new mill is fitted up fine. Shure, everything's in its right place." "Not at all," replied Casey, "whin I went through there th' other day I seen a lot o' red buckets marked 'Fur Fire Only,' an', fax, there was wather in thim!"—Philadelphia Press.

## Origin of the Tooth-Brush.

Colonial diaries and letters make it plain that our unfortunate ancestors suffered much from jumping tooth-aches, swelled faces and the early loss by forcible extraction of teeth which at a later period might have been saved to render their owners many years of further service. No wonder, since the care of the teeth was little understood and that little often but negligently practiced.

Toothpicks were known, tooth-brushes were not, although rough substitutes were employed, made of flattened sticks, split and pounded at one end to a stiff fibrous fringe. Tooth-brushes when first introduced were regarded as by no means important accessories to the toilet, but rather as minor luxuries and suitable for women only.—Baltimore Sun.

## Colonies For the Unemployed.

In Germany colonies for unemployed workmen make pauperism unnecessary. In each city are great buildings occupied by union officers, where seekers after work go and register. They bathe, have their clothing disinfected, and if the unions have no work for them to do in the cities they are sent to the farm colonies in the country, where they work at land reclamation, agriculture and other productive occupations. The unions are open to all and provide, besides opportunities for workers, old age pensions, accident insurance and other benefits.—Everybody's Magazine.

Hornac Greeley used to say, "This is a free country, and no one is obliged to exercise common sense unless he has it."

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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## FEMININE NEWS NOTES.

Square parasols fringed with little silver novels are fashionable. The idea comes from the Riviera.

Thomas F. Walsh, New York City, paid Violet Watson \$55,000 to discontinue her suit against him.

Mrs. Harding, testifying in a London court against her son, said he had been a brute to her since his boyhood. "In fact," she said, "a husband could not have treated me worse."

Miss Lillie E. Berryman arrived from England on her way to Nebraska to marry the young man who kissed her sixteen years ago, on a dare, when they were children.

Mrs. John Hay, widow of the former Secretary of State, and her sister, Mrs. Samuel Mather, have given to Adelbert College, Cleveland, a memorial chapel in memory of their father, Amasa Stone.

In Belgium girls are expected to give five weeks out of each school year to learning housework. The girl is required to know not only how to cook a dinner, but to clean up and care for a kitchen, do marketing, wash and iron.

Sofia Agnes Johnson, the twelve-year-old daughter of a Polish foreman in a steel mill at Coatesville, Pa., is interpreter for something like 1000 men in the works where her father is employed. She speaks half a dozen languages—English, Polish, Hungarian, Slav, German and Rumanian.

Miss Katherine E. Conway, editor of the Boston Pilot, has been awarded the Laetare medal given once a year by Notre Dame University to the man or woman selected for notable work along the lines of art, science, philosophy, public works and religion. Miss Conway is the fourth woman in the United States to receive this honor.

Gadsden Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, unveiled at Gadsden, Ala., a marble monument to Emma Sanson, a Civil War heroine.

## Why You Are Stupid in the Afternoon.

It is said that a long time back the Bank of England discovered that mathematical errors of the clerks were at a minimum in the early morning hours, but progressively increased as fatigue occurred. The worst time was in the late afternoon, and there was so much money loss due to errors at that time that as a matter of economy the clerks were forbidden to work after a certain hour. In France the same law of sequence was brought to light, as was to be expected.—New York World.

No argument can change the opinion which is based upon notorious facts; no deliberation can modify the intelligent judgment. The bucket shops are a pest, maintains the Boston Post, and they should be outlawed.