

Woman's World

THE LATEST RECRUIT.

Mme. Melba, the Famous Singer, Joins Ranks of Suffragettes.

Mme. Nellie Melba is the last distinguished recruit to the suffragette army. The famous singer became enthusiastic over the cause at the great rally of the woman's rights party held recently at Carnegie hall, New York city. At this meeting Mrs. Phillip Snowden of England made a wonderful and rousing speech that completely won over Mme. Melba to the cause. Mrs. George Gould and Mrs. Clarence Mackay both figured prominently in the movement.

Mme. Melba is a very interesting personality aside from her great gift of song. She is one of the richest prima donnas—probably the richest, barring Patti—in the world. Every



MME. NELLIE MELBA.

time she sings at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. Mme. Melba receives \$4,000. The highest price ever paid a singer for a single performance was given this songstress in her native city of Melbourne, Australia, the sum being \$13,000.

Mme. Melba's jewels alone are worth a king's ransom, and she is the owner of a superb pearl necklace that belonged to Marie Antoinette. This fortunate lady is very generous, and one of her pleasures in life is helping struggling genius, especially those endowed with musical talents. Mme. Melba has a magnificent home in London, and for nine weeks when this establishment was open recently her secretary, Miss Murphy, said the expenses were \$50,000. During the opera season in America it costs the diva \$1,000 a week to run her apartment. Her worst personal extravagances are flowers and special messengers. Nothing very alarmingly rash in this expenditure, certainly. Mme. Melba, as everybody knows, owes her professional name to the happy inspiration of her teacher, Mme. Marchesi. When the training of her beautiful voice was reaching completion, a question arose as to the name under which the young Australian was to make her debut. Nellie Mitchell, her maiden name, or Mrs. Armstrong, her married appellation, being obviously impossible for a prima donna. After various suggestions had been considered and dismissed Mme. Marchesi exclaimed: "Why not pay a compliment to your native city, Melbourne, by calling yourself after it? Melba would make a capital name." The proposal was adopted.

They Camp Out to Grow Skinny.
But, oh, how many women suffer to follow the director's fashion! "Reduction" classes now are as common in social circles as classes in bridge. Certain teachers take groups of women into the Adirondacks in relays of twenty for a course of six weeks. Those who wish to don the sheath gown when the season opens are getting rid of flesh at the rate of eight or ten pounds a week. They live in a lodge, and their day begins at 7 a. m., when they have black coffee, black bread and a salad or fruit. With knapsacks on backs they walk and climb as rapidly as possible until noon, when they again eat a meager cold luncheon. Then they rest for two hours and walk again until 6. The evening meal is hearty, but devoid of sweet or fattening things. In the evening those who are in earnest go through additional physical exercises. All retire at 10. Hundreds of fashionable women are going through this work. They even chop wood, skip rope and jump over chairs and boxes. They seem to think the sheath gown worth the pains taken to fit oneself for wearing it.

To Improve the Mouth.
All of us cannot have good looking mouths, but we could make more of what nature gave us than we do. The expression of the mouth can be utterly changed by mannerisms which if taken in time can be easily overcome. Mothers can play an important part in mouth formation. Children should not be allowed to form habits that ruin the contour of the lips. The childish trick of holding the lips apart causes them to sag loosely and

in time gives a vacant look to the face. Often this habit is formed through imperfect breathing, and it can be caused by adenoids or slight catarrh.

Another bad habit for the mouth is a fretful look that so often is seen in children. The drooping corners are hard to raise in later years, but whenever noticed in little ones the habit should be corrected.

Biting the lips is even worse, as it soon thickens them and makes them coarse looking as well as subjects easily to chapping. This ugly trick can often be overcome in children by rubbing the lips with something bitter, as aloes.

Sucking the thumb or fingers is even more fatal for a beautiful mouth, and mothers should do everything to overcome this fault.

Sometimes children make ugly faces, and because older people laugh they keep it up until the mouth is twisted from its shape or the disfiguring motions have become involuntary.

Too great care cannot be taken of the first teeth. If they are neglected the second teeth invariably come in badly, and the good shape of the mouth is ruined.

A Dresden Shepherdess Debutante.

Naturally, with so many "buds" blooming in social centers, "bud" gowns are coming from Paris and elsewhere. Young Mrs. Joseph Letter has a pretty young sister among the debutantes of Washington. The girl is Dorothy Williams. One of the gowns that Mrs. Joe brought over for her sister is so pretty that other girls may feel justified in using it for a hint. The skirt is of flowered net over the palest sort of soft silk, the shade known as peachbloom, and the lines are long and clinging. Around the decollete bodice is a trimming of pink satin formed into tiny moss rosebuds placed closely together. The same motive is seen on the high satin girle. At the end of the streamers are loops or rosebuds hanging after the manner of lilies of the valley in bridal bouquets. Satin buds for the hair, pink satin slippers and a great fan made of rosebud satin make the girl who wears the costume look as if she had stepped out of a group of Dresden shepherdesses.

Shun the "Misunderstood" Man.

To be a soul mate means to feel the highest and purest kind of love—a love all unselfish and free from all that is base. But there is nothing high or pure in the friendship of the man who urges you to defy the laws of convention.

Never listen to the man who comes whining to you that you "understand him so much better than his wife does." The chances are that his unfortunate wife understands him only too well and has a thorough contempt for him. Somewhere in the world you probably have a soul mate, and it is to be hoped that he will find you, but if he comes in the guise of a married man send him about his business. Do not allow yourself to become "friends" with him. Such friendship is never desirable.

Young Woman a Leading Economist.

At twenty-four years Anna Pritchett of Louisville will have the distinction of occupying the chair of economics in Wellesley. She went to Wellesley last fall and is the youngest professor in the history of the college. She also ranks with the youngest successful scholars who ever have held so important a post, and leading experts in economics class her as a brilliant woman. She has surpassed all students with whom she has studied. Her election to the chair in Wellesley is due to merit alone and is another proof that in the realm of higher scholarship women have the ability to stand on a common footing with men.

Successful Tea Room.

The first tea room in Los Angeles was opened something less than a year ago by two young college women, Miss Mildred Morris of Columbia and Miss Harriet Morris of Smith. In the first six months they had more than 15,000 paying customers. They have had to enlarge their quarters and have added to their business in several ways.

In Case of Fire.

If the alcohol lamp under the chafing dish comes to grief and sets the table cover on fire, as so frequently happens, smother the flames by covering them with flour. This is better than water or blankets or any of the other means seized upon to extinguish a sudden fire and not only quicker but less injurious than water.

A Chicago Idea.

"Have you any more figures in marble?" asked the old lady in the art gallery.

"Not any," replied the attendant.

"Any particular one you wanted to see?"

"Yes, I wanted to see the statue of limitations my husband was telling about."—Chicago Journal.

The Really Correct Love Letter.

Jean Jacques Rousseau once declared that to write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say and to finish without knowing what you have written.

Lightning Change Attachments.

Modern matrons and maids are not worried by "firesome fidelity," but make lightning change attachments in a way to make slow persons sit up and take notice.

Mud stains may be removed from tan leather shoes by rubbing them with slices of raw potato. When dry, polish in the usual way.

HANGING THE BABIES.

Whistler's Arrangement of the Pictures a Joke on the Artists.

Late in life, when people had begun to realize the genius of the man, Whistler was asked to arrange the annual Liverpool exhibition, and here, in his own words, is how he did it, according to Heinemann's "Life of Whistler."

"You know, the academy baby by the dozen had been sent in, and I got them all in my gallery, and in the center at one end I placed the birth of the baby—splendid—and opposite the baby with the mustard pot and opposite that the baby with the puppy and in the center, on one side, the baby ill, doctor holding its pulse, mother weeping; on the other, by the door, the baby dead—the baby's funeral—baby from the cradle to the grave—baby in heaven, babies of all kinds and shapes all along the line; not crowded, you know, hung with proper respect for the baby.

"And on the varnishing day in came the artists, each making for his own baby—amazing! His baby on the line—nothing could be better! And they all shook my hand and thanked me—and went to look—at the other men's babies—and they saw babies in front of them, babies behind them, babies to the right of them, babies to the left of them. And then—you know—their faces fell—they didn't seem to like it—and—well—ha, ha, they never asked me to hang the pictures again at Liverpool!"

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Only an Amateur, but His Exhibition Was a Success.

"I was one of a house party up the Thames," said an amateur ventriloquist. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still. 'Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in a loud and angry voice: 'Hello! What are you doing up there?' 'To my amazement a thin young voice replied: 'I ain't doin' no harm, mister. I'm just a-watchin' the big bugs.' 'The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on: 'Did any one give you permission to climb up into that tree?' 'Yes, sir. The second groom, sir. He's my cousin.' 'Well,' said I, 'so far there's no harm done, but be careful not to fall, and don't let any one see you.' 'All right, mister,' said the humble voice.

Rats' Cold Weather Retreat.

Many animals snuggle together for warmth in bitter weather, as the squirrels and the rats. Those who go rattling in hedges and dells in the winter know they may try a dozen freshly used burrows without finding a rat, when suddenly from a single hole the rats will come pouring out in a stream of frenzied fur. Twenty or more rats will lie together in one hole.

They are clever enough to block up a hole on the windward side to keep out the draft, so that when a rat hole is noted newly stopped with soil, turnip leaves or grass here is almost certain indication that rats are within. Like the squirrels, they store food for winter, and the keeper may find it more difficult to secure his potatoes from frost than from the attack of the most numerous of his furred foes.—London Standard.

A Rattled Bridegroom.

Some few years ago a man of mature age found himself playing first fiddle to marriage bells. Then they hid themselves away, as others have done, to Niagara Falls. He chuckled to himself as he took a pen to enter on a hotel register for the first time "John Doe and wife."

He thought he wrote with the easy air of one who had so written it there many years and turned carelessly away.

On leaving the proprietor inquired, "I hope you have enjoyed your honeymoon with us."

"Sir?" But he merely turned the register back and pointed to this entry, "John Doe and bride."

He had been as "rattled" as any boy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Safest Employment.

The person who is least affected by trade depression and "slumps" in production is the peasant proprietor. So long as his acres produce corn, potatoes, peas, beans, fruit, milk and vegetables he is safe enough from hunger. His sheep will give wool, and his cow is excellent wear. His is the safe, primitive and elemental profession where a man lives close to the earth, the great mother.—Dublin Irish Homestead.

Hard Names.

"Calling names doesn't make any real difference," said the conservative campaigner.

"No," answered the scientist. "If it did those Latin titles we have bestowed on germs would have discouraged them long ago."—Washington Star.

Art For Art's Sake.

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work."

"So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When Jimsey Plugged the Game.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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No thunder rolled, no lightning flashed, when James Henry Holden got his job, but the proceedings were not altogether without excitement. James Henry entered the office with a demand for the position offered in the morning paper.

"We've got a boy," declared Royce, the gray haired manager. "You're too late."

"I was to ten other places before I could get here," explained James Henry. "Which is the kid you put on?"

Royce nodded in the direction of a small boy who was regarding his nicely polished boots with embarrassed interest. James rendered hoarse thanks for the information and slipped out. He was back again in an hour or so to lay a package and some change on Royce's desk.

"Them's the pencils you sent for," he announced. "Where'll I put my hat?"

"I told you we had a boy," said Royce crossly.

"And 'had' ain't 'is,'" explained James. "He's gone home to get his eye fixed, and I told him I'd take the job, so's he needn't worry."

For a moment Royce hesitated. It was bad policy to employ a boy who had taken another's job, but Royce was very tired of boys who lacked spirit, so at last he nodded his head in the direction of the bench where the boys sat waiting for their turn to be called.

"No more fighting or out you go," he warned, with a frown, and James grinned as he crossed over to the bench.

In two days he was "Jimsey" to every one in the office with the exception of Benson, the senior partner, and even Benson thought of him as Jimsey on those infrequent occasions when he gave the lad any thought at all. He was alert, intelligent and always ready to perform services not strictly in his line.

More than once Jimsey was sent uptown to Benson's home with some message, and in these commissions he delighted. Usually he carried a message to Mrs. Benson, and Jimsey grew adoringly fond of the sweet faced girl who was the broker's second wife.

Marion Chesney had married Benson because her parents had given her no peace until she had consented to make the sacrifice that should re-establish the Chesney fortunes even at the price of her own unhappiness, and like a brave little woman she was trying hard to make the best of it, though she found it very difficult at times.

Benson had sought a mistress of his home rather than of his heart. He delighted in seeing his wife at the head of his table when he gave dinners to his business associates. Like the plate and the wines, she did credit to his taste.

Beyond that he gave her little thought. He was careful to provide flowers and candy, but merely because he felt that this was expected, and Jimsey took far more delight in the trip than did Benson in the sending or Marion in the receiving.

Once it had slipped out at home that the head clerk had a standing order to remind his employer to send flowers and things, and after that they were flowers or candy to Marion—nothing more.

Jimsey's frank admiration and lively ways meant far more to her because his boyish adoration was sincere and his friendliness genuine. She came to watch for his appearance, and to Jimsey the quarter or half dollar that she gave him meant far less than the friendly pressure of the slim, cool fingers as she laid the coin in his palm.

So matters stood when Jimsey, making a short cut through the park on the way to the street car line, came face to face with Marion and a man as he turned a curve in the path. There was no mistaking the man's attitude. He was making determined love to her, and she seemed at least tolerant if not receptive.

For an instant Jimsey paused and then half turned to retrace his steps and made a detour. When he caught a better glimpse of the man's face he sauntered forward.

He came to a stop before the couple, and his hat was whisked off as he made a sweeping bow to Marion. Then he turned to the man with a look of infinite disgust.

"Get on a new lay, Skinny," he demanded. "You're off your beat and in over your head. You'd better beat it or I'll tell the cops where the lead pipe from Hennessy's new tenements went to. It's too bad you can't stay no longer, but you get 'll outen here."

To Marion's surprise the man rose and without a word took a hurried departure. Jimsey turned to her with mild reproach in his eyes.

"I know how you feel," he said soothingly as he watched the tears come unbidden to her eyes. "You want to have a steady, and the old man ain't no good for the mushy stuff. You can't get a flirtation with no one what knows your push, but you don't want to get mixed up with no lead pipe thief."

"I am interested in charities," she explained, not realizing that she was making a defense to a fifteen-year-old boy. "He spoke so interestingly of the conditions he had studied. This was the first time that he presumed to become personal."

"He thought he had you cinched," remarked Jimsey, forbearing to add that he thought she was "easy." "You

want to put the old man wise, because Skinny may try to hold you up—blackmail, you know."

"I couldn't, I couldn't!" cried the girl with a sob.

"But you must," insisted Jimsey firmly. "If you don't tell, he'll make up all kinds of stories, and you'll have to put up or stand for 'em."

"But you can't understand," she began, and Jimsey sagely nodded his head. He was wise far beyond his years.

"I know," he conceded. "You two ain't never had a good fight so's you could know each other. Can I put him wise?"

The girl shook her head, but Jimsey shook his, too, and though he said no more to her, he was waiting for Benson when the latter left the office. It was Benson's habit to walk uptown each evening until he felt tired, and tonight Jimsey emerged from the shadows of the corner and fell into step.

"I want to chew the rag, boss," he explained.

"See the cashier if you want more salary," was the short response. "I cannot be bothered with office details."

"This ain't office," denied Jimsey. "It's about the lady. I didn't promise not to tell, and she's afraid to."

"What do you know about my wife that she is afraid to tell me?" demanded Benson sharply.

"It's this way," explained Jimsey hurriedly. "She ain't got nothin' to do but to be good to folks, and she gets in with the charity people. There's a chap that trails with the bunch for what he can get outen it, and—and—he was makin' love to her today. There ain't nothin' wrong, and you can't blame her. I seen him sellin' soap for twenty-five cents a cake, and there ain't another faker I know c'n get more'n ten. He's a swell talker, and she fell for to listen—just to listen, you understand. But he thinks that he c'n threaten to tell you and—and get some money from her, and I want to plug the game."

"And get the money yourself for telling?" demanded Benson. "It won't work. I have implicit confidence in my wife."

To his shocked surprise Jimsey slapped him jubilantly on the back.

"That's the way to talk," he cried, with enthusiasm, "only tell it to her, boss. Don't tell it to me. Just sort of get together. Good night."

He sped away into darkness, and in his perturbation Benson walked all the way home. He could see the poor little girl fearful of what might happen and trying to greet him with a smile. He could recall many little things to which business had blinded him, and when at last he came into his home he took the trembling little woman in his arms and told her that he understood.

Even Jimsey could not realize to what good effect he had "plugged the game." He had made many crooked ways straight, and some vague thought of this made him happy as he stood in line for a gallery ticket to the melodrama, where the stage villain would be knocked out and virtue would triumph as he had seen it that day in real life.

Turquoises and the Mongols.

Turquoises are the favorite stones of all the Mongol races and are generally worn in their original state except by the Chinese women, who have them roughly cut and wear them mixed with pearls and coral. Both the Tibetan men and women ornament themselves with lump turquoises, the men wearing them attached to their single gold earrings, which are worn in the right ear only.

The women of Ladakh carry their fortunes on their heads in the shape of a broad strip of red cloth studded with huge turquoises, which, starting from the forehead, is carried over the head and hangs nearly to the waist. By the Ladakhis those turquoises are preferred that have little black specks on them, which show their genuineness, for even in the wilds of central Asia the spotless blue composition emanating from Europe is offered for sale, the bazaar at Darjeeling being flooded with it.

The Bhutia women in the Darjeeling district wear quaint brass ornaments covered with chip turquoises, which are cheap, but the Mongolians have the embossed silver plates which form such a becoming headgear studded with really fine turquoises, for which the owners have to give valuable furs in exchange.—Cornhill Magazine.

Men, Women and Bundles.

"Wrap them up separately," said the woman at the counter, "and not in one big package."

And then, still speaking to the clerk, though obviously for the benefit of others within hearing, she went on: "It looks better to carry a lot of little bundles than one big one, and it's easier too. You can pack them in handy between one arm and the body and leave the other arm free. Now, if all these things were in one big package I would have to use both hands to it or run the risk of dropping it."

So saying she stowed her purchases deftly along her left side, keeping them in place with her arm, and departed. A man who had heard her looked incredulous and when his turn at the counter came had all his packages made into one big bundle and tied securely. As he slipped his fingers under the cord and lifted the bundle off the counter he remarked:

"This is my way. If all these things were in separate packages I'd lose half of them before going a block."—New York Sun.

Considerate Parent.

"What are you doing these days?"

"I have joined the sons of rest."

"How can you do it?"

"By having a father who didn't."

Cured After Fifteen Years' Suffering.

Oil City Lady Seventy Years Old A Victim of Muscular Rheumatism—Praises Uric-O.

The following letter from a resident of Oil City, Pa., tells how after many years of suffering with muscular rheumatism, a cure was found in Smith's prescription, Uric-O. Want all persons suffering with rheumatism to know what Uric-O will do and writes as follows:

I have been afflicted with muscular rheumatism for the past fifteen years, and first heard of Uric-O through our local paper. I at once sent to the Koon pharmacy for the medicine, and have taken four or five large bottles and find that I am now entirely cured. I am past seventy years of age, but I can now get about the house as spry as any of my children. I cheerfully recommend Uric-O to anyone suffering with any form of rheumatism.

Mrs. S. M. Irvin.

Uric-O is sold by your druggist at 75c and \$1.00 the bottle. Address for trial bottle, the Smith Drug Co., 110 Smith Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Uric-O is sold and personally recommended by Stoke & Foleht Drug Co.

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