

Talks About Womankind

Emeralds in High Favor.
Among precious stones, emeralds are in high favor, especially for three-stone rings, where they are combined with diamonds.

A Becoming Hat.
An exceedingly chic and becoming hat is a broad brimmed sailor, with extremely narrow brim. One of this shape is of coarse dark blue straw, with an edge of light green. A scarf of green liberty satin is folded softly around the crown and gathered into a large rosette at the back. A dark feather tip is caught under it, and curls gracefully over the hair.

For the Woman of a Certain Age.
One of the most pleasant signs of the time in the world of dress is the extra care and attention bestowed on the costume of the middle-aged or elderly woman. The delicate tints and soft falling draperies of to-day deal especially kindly with the middle-aged wearer, just as the quantities of beautiful lace, now so sought after, soften the most faded face. A charming costume for a matron is of spotted foulard. If preferred, the same design can be carried out in taffeta or tulle over silk. The bodice is cut with a basque, and the dainty fichu of old lace is carefully draped and caught down with velvet straps and buttons. The skirt and graduated flounces are trimmed with the same pretty velvet ribbon. The delightful flat box which is to be worn with this dress is composed of lace and black chiffon. The whole is completed by a dainty bonnet of cream roses, jetted beads and osprey feather.

Many of the new boas and neck ruffles are made very suitable for the older folk by being transformed into pretty little capes or pelerines. They are in soft black lace or fish net, each frill edged with ribbon velvet or with narrow beaded ribbon. Sometimes the top row of all the frills is of white lace, which is soft and becoming to an old face. If the wearer is very slight, ecru lace is charming for these pelerines, but it is trying to the over-moderately figure. Others are made of black and white glaze silk, and these have the additional advantage of giving a good deal of warmth on a chilly day. The ecrus are fashioned either of ribbon velvet or in the same material of which the rest of the pelerine is made.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Shoes For the Baby.
"If more parents would insist upon their little ones having properly shod feet, how many more perfectly formed and comfortable feet would be found," says Motherhood. "So many important nerves and muscles start in these tiny members that too much care cannot be given them. The whole nerve system is affected by undue cramping or pressure of the feet."

"The best shoes for baby to wear up to eleven or twelve months are the soft, kid moccasins, laced, never buttoned. These have soles of the soft kid and should be very wide at the toe, lest the smallest toe be pressed too closely. Stockings are just as important as shoes, and should be of ample width, very soft and fine, and by all means, some other color than black. Black retains the heat more than any other color, and will cause the feet to perspire, and thus induce chafing between the toes. Care should be taken not to draw the lacing too tight, else the pressure around the ankle will retard circulation and cause cold feet. Frequently a child that frets or worries a great deal will be found to move its feet restlessly, and if the shoes and stockings are taken off and feet and ankles given a gentle rubbing the fretting will cease. As soon as baby begins to try to stand some mothers think there is need of a stiff shoe to support the ankle and a firm sole to brace the muscles of the foot. Now, if Nature's laws are followed, baby will have stronger muscles than were ever made by stiff shoes. Rub the ankles gently every night, using no application, as the natural electricity from the hand is all that is needed. The friction stimulates the circulation and strengthens the muscles, and firm strokes from calf to foot, both up and down, should be given. A heavier shoe is not necessary until baby really walks, and then care must be taken to have the soles flexible, rather narrow at the heel, with ample breadth at the toe, a full upper and slight inward curve about the ankle above the heel."

The Woman Who Travels.
The woman who travels often and far is such a common type in this restless land of ours that it seems odd that she should need any advice, much less deserve any scoldings, from her critical fellow travelers. But such is the case. A woman who spends eight months out of the twelve on trains and boats declares that only one woman in five knows how to dress appropriately—that is, becomingly, comfortably and sensibly—for a journey, and that but one in ten conducts herself in a rational manner. Among her strictures of the "woman on the wing" are the following:
The average woman carries her bank bills and tickets and in many cases her small change, too, in a chamale bag pushed inside her corset—which appears to be, with many women, the sole alternative for a loose outside pocket, easily picked. The wise traveler has a neat inside pocket made

in the lining of her coat, where her little wad of bills reposes in safety. She never puts them in a purse, which is in a hand bag, which is on a light chain or strap, which is hooked insecurely to her waist, or left lying on the seat beside her in the car, and she never, never, never stows away her change in her trunk "for safety." Her tickets and her loose change are in a small outside pocket, immediately come-at-able, and her handkerchief, smelling bottle, etc., are not in the same pocket, but in another, or in the chateleine bag, which is the proper receptacle for such articles only.

Therefore she does not keep a whole train waiting while she is hunting for a ticket that has been flitted out with her handkerchief on the floor; she does not keep prodding and fumbling at her garments in a series of heart-shocking convulsions that her pockets have been picked, and she never finds herself whirling along toward the growing lights of the city of her destination with a ticket and \$1 in silver for all the capital because her trunk has got left at some station miles away with all her money in it!

A man when traveling has the common sense to "do himself well," even if dining car luncheons and dinners add to the cost of his journey. A woman wearing \$300 furs will nibble a bun and a sponge cake and have a cup of tea on the boat, arriving at her journey's end utterly wearied out for want of proper food.

"Traveling is so fatiguing," she says, as she pulls the blinds down and prepares to spend a day in bed. Meantime her next door neighbor, who had a hot breakfast on the train or dined well on the boat, arrives bright-eyed and brisk, and goes off to golf for the day, with a dance in immediate prospect.

Some women learn these things after a little painful experience. Others never do. They are even past praying for.—New York Sun.

Boydell's CHAT

Japan's first statue in memory of a woman was unveiled recently at Shio-Nawate, near Kioto.
Mrs. Belinda Bell Adams, of Warrenville, Ohio, born 1811, is still living in the house to which she went as a bride in 1829.
Women teachers in Prussian schools get, besides free dwelling, only \$175 a year to begin with. This is raised to \$300 after thirty-one years of service.
Mrs. Julia Ward Howe told a woman's suffrage meeting in Boston the other day that she expected to vote before she should die, and that she would if she had to live to the age of 143 to do it.
Mrs. Howard Kingscote, the English novelist, says that the essential difference between the Americans and the English is that the former are anxious to hear facts, while the latter desire to be amused.
The only woman who ever owned a street railway, Mrs. George Brown Allen, has sold a Delaware (Ohio) line. She was first to give half fare rates on Sunday, and by that means made her road, which she bought from a receiver, profitable.
Miss Alice Robertson has passed successfully through the ordeal of her public examination for the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of California. Miss Robertson is the third woman to receive from the University of California its highest academic distinction. The first woman to be made a doctor of philosophy at Berkeley was Miss Millicent Shinn, upon whom the degree was conferred in 1868. The second was Miss Jessica Peckott, who was given the honor in 1900.

COOL CLEANINGS FROM THE SHOPS

Corset girdles for summer wear in a choice of inexpensive styles.
Large fancy hats elaborately trimmed with green and white mixed plumes.
Shanting waists elaborately embroidered in the front in fancy designs.
Sheer white lawn stocks, with the ends of the bow embroidered tastefully in black.
Summer corsets trimmed top and bottom with satin ribbon usually in self-color.
Dotted Swiss dressing sacques of very light character, especially suitable for summer.
Grasscloth tailored gowns, many of them finished with the postilion effect in the back.
White fur boas, relieved by little touches of brilliant mediumly dark-green ostrich.
Linen shirt waist suits, principally in pastel tones, and adorned with white blind embroidery.
Women's sailor blouses, made of duck, pique and other materials, and cut quite low in the neck.
Gingham dresses in very neat check designs and combinations, of which white forms an almost invariable part.
Printed liberty dresses in dark brown, adorned with small, bright figures, that look as if they had been painted on.
Loose taffeta jackets, with very loose sleeves, also, and with the skirt of the garment not coming below the waist, in black principally, although white jackets are also.
Economist.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

Where He Was Going.

THE following story of how a bully was subdued on a railroad train by a courageous conductor is told in the Baltimore bar. Mr. Monroe, of the Baltimore bar, was coming eastward over the Atchafalaya Railroad one night in the fall of 1877. The train stopped at Dodge City, which was then the most important point for the shipment of cattle in Southwest Kansas. Some of the worst characters on the frontier made their headquarters there. A number of passengers of the true frontier type boarded the train.

Among them was a fellow who particularly attracted my attention because of his burly form and coarse, and I could not but think, cowardly features. He wore a suit of buckskin profusely adorned with a fringe of the same material. "Bully" was written in his unattractive face and was shown in his every movement.

The conductor of the train, a very courteous and efficient man, rather small of stature, named Bender, some time after leaving Dodge City, came through the car collecting fares. Bender had some nasal trouble, which made it appear when he spoke that he was talking through his nose. He drew out his words very slowly, and altogether his utterances were rather droll. He approached the Dodge City bully and asked for his ticket.

"Got no ticket," he said, surlily. "Where are you going?" drawled Bender. "Goin' where I please, and it's none of your business where I'm goin'," replied the bully. "You've got to pay your fare or get off this train; and I want to know how far you are going," again demanded Bender.

"I tell you I'm not goin' no place," said the bully, at the same time placing his right hand on one of the two revolvers of large calibre conspicuously displayed in his belt. The bully during the colloquy had emphasized his words with the coarsest profanity. The other passengers were evidently curious to see what the result would be.

When the bully thus threateningly gave his ultimatum Bender eyed him coolly for a moment in silence, then passed on, collecting his fares. In perhaps a half hour Bender came into the car from the direction of the express car with a double-barreled shotgun, cocked and before the bully had time to offer any show of defiance Bender had him covered, the muzzle of the gun being within two feet of the bully's face.

"Now where are you going?" said Bender, coolly drawing out the question through his nose. "I'm goin' to get off," replied the thoroughly cowed bully. A brakeman pulled the bell cord and the train came to a halt. Bender, keeping his man covered with the cocked gun, followed him until he saw him jump from the steps of the car into the darkness, at least twenty miles from the nearest station. Then the train moved on and the passengers settled into a normal quiet.

Josef was out boartriding in company with Mrs. Duncan McCabe, the wife of Dunc McCabe, the best blacksmith on the bay.

Mrs. McCabe is not a light woman by any means, and during some feminine movement lost her balance and upset the boat, causing both of its occupants to be precipitated into the icy waters of the bay. Other boats were near, but the parties were so confused by the novel sight that they did not know what to do. Josef, with great coolness and presence of mind, saved Mrs. McCabe from a watery grave by grasping her and taking her ashore. She did not look much the worse for her trying experience. The fort's new wireless telegraphy system was brought into use and a message hastily sent to Dunc for warm clothes. Our friend Josef had on his best suit, and it was utterly ruined.

Mrs. Duncan McCabe, being a somewhat heavy woman, displaced a considerable amount of water as she fell in the bay. At about the same time Sergeant McHugh, our hero, was walking along the beach nearly a mile from the scene of the accident, in company with Sergeant Daggett. He was nearly drowned by the tidal wave that suddenly appeared, but was rescued by the timely action of his companion.

The affair was treated as a joke at the fort, and Josef was unmercifully grieved by his companions. It is a good thing that it was not a young lady, or perhaps there would have been a wedding at the fort in the near future. It is much regretted by the members of Company G that Sergeant McHugh was obliged to go on sick report after his experience—Alaska Prospector.

Meeting With an Anacoona.
A New York lawyer, who has traveled a great deal, had an encounter with an anacoona, which he describes as follows:
"I was riding ahead of my party along a narrow road in the Amazon Valley. My mount was a large white mule, whose only ambition in life seemed to be to bite and kill every one he encountered. I do not know but what he was a more dangerous quadruped than any of the wild animals in the Matto Grosso. On either side of the road rose the forest. The branches of the trees met here and there overhead, so that the thoroughfare looked more like a verdant tunnel than a country road. Suddenly my mule stopped, dropped his ears and turned his head about. Thinking that this was evidence of a desire on his part to bite me, I was about to whip him when I noticed that he was shivering all over in an agony.

"I looked up and down the road, and then I shivered. Not more than sixty feet away a huge snake, half-coiled around a bough which projected over the road, lay swaying and rattling its rattle with a glare that was not at all assuring. I had left my rifle behind on a baggage mule, and had nothing with which to fight save a hunting knife. I drew this promptly from the scabbard, and, with the courage worthy of a better cause, used it as a spur upon my luckless steed, which turned and galloped for dear life in the opposite direction.

"I reached my party, got the rifle, and with my men galloped back to secure the constrictor. The reptile and I must have had the same brand of bravery. He had dropped from the bough and vanished in the recesses of the jungle."—New York Post.

Feeble Scientist.
On the side of Mount Vesuvius, which has been comparatively quiet during the last few years, but may break out at any time, is an observatory. Here live some scientists whose task it is to study the volcano. Nothing can exceed, says Mr. Arthur Norway in "Nature's Past and Present," the value of the services rendered to science by these gentlemen, who elect to spend their lives upon a spot which is always dreary and exposed to constant danger.
The last great eruption of Vesuvius was in 1872. While it was proceeding the position of the courageous men in the observatory was rather glorious than safe. Vesuvius was "sweating fire," to use the words of Professor Palmieri, one of the scientists who was in the observatory at the time.
"On the night of April 28," he writes, "the observatory lay between two torrents of fire. The heat was insufferable. The glass of the windows was hot and cracking. In all the rooms there was a smell of scorching."
When one ponders on what is involved in these words, and learns that "stones fell on the observatory of such size that the glass of the unshuttered windows was broken," one is ready with Mr. Norway "to take off his hat" to the stout hearts and keen intellects, to these "outposts of mankind," who do not mind the danger occasionally, but live in the midst of it; who fear nothing that comes to them while they serve the cause of science.

Children Overdressed.
There was a time when the small boy's greatest happiness consisted in going about in his bare feet. The present day boy wears shoes, and it is quite a novelty to see a shoeless lad. Whereas in former times the average boy underdressed, to-day he is overdressed. The former grows up into a sturdy lad; the latter is tall and scrawny. How times change!—Chester (Pa.) Republican.

Bottle's Long Journey.
A bottle which was thrown into the Mackinaw River, near Bloomington, Ill., by William Reeder, of that place, has been found in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of California. The bottle was cast adrift on January 27, 1900, and must have made a 10,000-mile trip around Cape Horn.

WHAT IS SPORT? AN INDIAN'S VIEW

By Kabooqa, of the Tribe of the Ojibways.

SUPPOSE an Indian's idea of sport is very different from that of the paleface. Our braves play no billiard, no poker, no plug-pug, and our squaws do not know the meaning of "bridge whist."

An Indian's heaven is a happy hunting ground, and hunting is not only the Indian's greatest sport; it is his very life. I am an Ojibway and come from the country 800 miles west of Montreal. Our ideas of sport are hunting big game, like moose, caribou and red deer. The delight of a young Ojibway is to excel in outdoor sports—canoe racing, foot racing, ball playing and other like games. Our ball playing is something like a croquet, and it is played with clubs something similar to those used in that game.

The squaw's idea of sport is a game of ball, too; but it is played with two little sticks fastened together and used as a ball. When a boy is five years old he is given a bow and arrows and is taught to shoot birds and squirrels. And this is his idea of sport. The first bird or squirrel that is shot is the cause of a great feast by the elders, and it is usually taken to mean that plenty will follow the hunter and that he is to be a great sportsman.

Trapping is considered sport by our young men, and all children, boys and girls alike, think swimming is sport until they reach the age of twenty or twenty-two, when their sporting ideas undergo a change.

Some of our best men and all of the others consider gambling sport. Our dice are made of horn, bone or the stems of the plum. Then there is the croquet game, that some consider sport. The Ojibways are great gamblers and will risk everything they possess on the turn of a number on one of the dice.

Our tribe has never been noted for horseback riding, but we live in a country of plenty of snow, and snowshoes are our horses. We race on them, and glide over the snowcrust like so many ice yachts.
An Indian's idea of happiness is to have plenty to eat and drink. The more game there is to be had the happier he is, for his life is spent in the pursuit of it, and it furnishes him what he most desires—meat to eat and a covering for himself and family—to say nothing of the joy of the hunting.

I like to see you city people getting out more into the open. It shows that you are getting nearer our idea of the enjoyment of life—nearer nature. When you get so that you can leave your big money shops, and with a rifle over your shoulder, come out where danger lurks and where nature is at her best, then you will find what true sport is—then you will be blessed with true health and happiness.

THE FARMER'S DEBT TO MACHINERY

By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.

THE farmer's home is becoming more and more the ideal home, as time advances and progress is written upon every object under the sun. Not so very many years ago farmers did not get the time to give much attention to the beautifying of their homes. It was nothing but work, work from morning until night, not only for themselves, but for every member in their families. When night came, tired almost to death, they crept into bed to arise at 4 o'clock the next morning for another weary day of toil. And so the days came and went, the average farmer scarcely noticing the beauties everywhere about him more than he did the horse or which worked not harder than himself.

We often hear protests against so much machinery. It is ruining the workman. It is taking food from the laborer's mouth, we hear over and over again. But it surely is a great advantage to the farmer. Now the farmer and his wife do not have more to do in a day than they can get through with. Look at creameries, for instance. No more churning of butter and working and pounding it. No more skimming of milk and washing of diaphanous, but to the creamery all the milk goes, while the farmer's wife has the time to devote to making her home beautiful and her loved ones happy.

Now you will find the average farmer's home the happiest spot on earth, even during the long winter evenings. They are well lighted. There are books and pictures, and scarcely a farmer's home of my acquaintance but possesses either a piano or an organ, and in some of them you will find gramophones to entertain without trouble. Then there is the kodak to coax pretty bits of scenery round on glass before transferring them to cardboard, to be a joy forever. Truly, the farmer's home is growing more and more like what God designed it for at the beginning.

Machinery is the golden lever that is lifting the heavy burden of the first curse from man's shoulders, and is making him walk firm and erect, growing more and more every day back to that image with which God stamped him at first. What wonders the nineteenth century has accomplished! If such rapid strides are accomplished in the next, who knows but the millennium will be full upon us before the close of another century!
As machinery multiplies, the more time will men have to be true and pure and good, to seek that better life which comes so much more frequently when there is time for the awakening of its needs. Anything which gives man more time to know himself, his fellow creature and the God above him can be nothing else than a blessing.
Farmers' homes, with the aid of machinery, are becoming little Eden which the farmers of a few years ago never dreamed of. No need now to fly away from a well regulated, up-to-date farm, for you will find more rest, peace and happiness there than anywhere else upon the face of the earth, without you except, indeed, God's church.

WHAT IS HAPPIEST TIME OF LIFE?

By Mrs. M. E. R. Alger.

Formerly Supervisor of New York City Truant School.

WHEN you ask a person that question he looks at you and smiles. Afterward, when you have assured him that you mean it, he will say, "Well, let me see," and then his thought will travel right back to his childhood; he will think over all the things that happened in his youth, gradually expanding his recollections, and coming back again through the years that have passed to the present time. And when he answers he will say: "The happiest time of life is between the years of nine and thirteen."

I thoroughly believe that is so. It is the time when boys and girls are full of hope, when they know no care, and live only in the pleasure of the day. In every walk of life the rule is true. You cannot make a boy or a girl of ten or twelve think of anything seriously. Later on, when they have reached the age of fourteen, fifteen or sixteen, they begin to have troublesome thoughts. They are not allowed to do as they please so much. There are more perplexing questions staring them in the face.

The girl begins to think of getting into society. She is restless; it is hard to convince her that she cannot be heard from for some years. Meanwhile she is just betwixt and between, so to speak. She can't go to the places she thinks she ought to go to, and she can't go to the places and do the things she formerly did without causing talk. She is in a measure isolated and restricted to certain pleasures, and is unhappy.

There is another period in a girl's life when she is happy, almost insanely so, but it does not last long and cannot be called exactly a "time"—when she is becoming engaged. Perhaps after she is married and settled down in life she is happy, too, but the life of older persons is never free from cares and responsibility, and while they are happy to a certain extent, they are not wholly so.

A boy is happy when he earns his first dollar, but that is an incident and not a period of bliss. The same rule holds good with the man as with the woman when they have grown older—the added responsibilities, the cares of family and business.

And so it will work itself out, in the minds of those who have lived long enough to have had experience, that the happiest time of life is between the years of nine and thirteen. The times we have within that period are always remembered the longest and with the most pleasure, and when we think of being happy and of happiness, when we are alone, we recollect those wild, irresponsible, glorious days.

Honors to a Hen.
Gandersheim, a German village, has recently been in fete. The occasion was the honoring of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg. Many of the houses were decorated with flags, while in the evening the proprietor of the hen entertained his friends at a supper at which the principal dish was a gigantic omelet. The function was a splendid success, and the health of the hen was drunk with great enthusiasm. The Gandersheim hen, not satisfied with the unique distinction, at once proceeded to set up a new record. But should the Gandersheim hen not have been a goose?—Pall Mall Gazette.