

NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

Education and Ugliness.

Does the higher education tend to lessen the physical beauty of woman? A certain physician has stirred up a hornet's nest about his head by declaring that it does. He points to the fact that many of the most advanced women have been the ugliest, and he further argues that the women who distinguish themselves by their intellect are seldom those of the greatest beauty.

Lace as a Garniture.

Lace as a garniture is still in favor, but more in the form of beautiful half-rokes at the edge of the low neck, or as oddly arranged insertions. If a high bodice is desired one of the prettiest sequin models of cream white French batiste is filled out to the throat with embroidered, unlined chiffon completed by a transparent collar of rich lace matching the girle and pointed band of the elbow sleeves.

Simplest Type of Fur.

There is in the minds of one or two leading furriers a rebellion against the complex nature of the fur garments of the last few seasons. They are taking courage to declare against the chopping up of costly skins into little bits to patch on other costly skins, which they assert would, like beauty, be better "unadorned," so that for the winter we may expect a return to the simpler type of fur garments, which is, of course, by far the better.

Even the collarettes show the desire for a bolder and freer treatment. Undoubtedly, the most chic kind of collarette will be the long, straight, wide staves, with a liberality in the matter of tails, wide muffs promise to be very big indeed, and of both the square and oblong shape. Mole skin coats and coats of caracul and of mink will, as usual, be popular. Indeed, as far as fur itself is concerned, we shall be using all the old favorites.—New York American.

Portrait Idea in Jewelry.

Cameos, says the London Graphic, are again coming into fashion, and some beautiful things in that line have been seen in a French bride's corset. The most striking wedding present given by the bridegroom was a cameo bracelet, each cameo being a lifelike profile of the bride's brothers and sister.

This portrait idea is noticeable in many different styles of the jeweler's art. Brooches, rings and other ornaments are given with miniatures of some valued relative or friend, showing under a diamond or other precious stone.

A very extraordinary freak of a well-known lady is to have a bunch of charms, all consisting of little emblems of her dear ones. Some of the figures are made of gold, others of silver, others of the new fashionable pewter and copper. They are finely chased and gilded, and, being the work of a high-class artist, are, needless to say, an extremely costly fancy.

Woman Behind the Counter.

It is generally asserted or implied by the amateur observer that unpleasantness on the part of the sales girl is due to the greater unpleasantness of the woman on the other side of the counter. The Dry Goods Economist, however, a journal which ought to know conditions in department stores, speaking of a certain store said:

"This store, however, has one advantage over most others that I know anything about. Every employe in it seems to be good natured. Why, it may be asked, should there be any difference in this respect between this store and the average one? Is not human nature about the same the world over? True. Nevertheless, there is a difference. Why? Because the proprietor is not only a merchant, but a gentleman, as all, unfortunately, are not. He treats his subordinates with marked courtesy and gentility. As a consequence they feel so kindly disposed toward him and his business that such good will is reflected in their treatment of his customers. And how great a factor this has been in making regular customers of casuals who can say?"

Training Hand and Eye.

We must never forget the intense individuality of children, writes "Peter Familias" in Good Housekeeping. Within certain limits it should be fostered and developed. But the more deeply I go into this whole subject, the older my own children become and the wider my observation, the more radical I become about elementary education. Happy are the children who are brought up in the country, especially if their parents take an intelligent interest in directing their development. What is needed is the right combination of practice with theory, of book study and doing, of hand work and eye training with the usual educational process.

Nature study, elementary art instruction and fundamental training of the two hands, are essential to the best all-around development. Many men have achieved distinction in life in spite of their education; rather than by reason of it. They have had the power to rise above the errors of their early education, the ability to slough off the non-essentials of the schools, and to utilize to the utmost such fragments of

their education as could be usefully applied in the struggles of life.

The Season's Hats.

Colored hats will be fashionable again made of velvet to match the suits, of the rough, shaggy beavers, and also of cloth the same as the gown. A charming costume of a queer shade of red in a shaggy material has a tope to match with touches of darker velvet, but no feathers or ornaments of any kind, while a dark blue velvet costume has an enchanting picture hat of dark blue velvet with one long white ostrich plume. The flat hats have not gone out of fashion, and yet there are now to be seen among the very new shapes quite a number with high crown—a style that could easily have been predicted as a coming reaction from the flat hats that have been worn for so long a time. A curious feature of the new fashions in millinery is that there is no one distinctive style set aside for any age. The law is that the hat shall be becoming and suitable for the individual wearer, which is the reason why this year's fashions promise to be so particularly attractive.

The broad, rather low hats will, on the whole, hold their place in popular favor for every day wear, at least during the early part of the winter. The rough felts are to be most popular for outing or tailor-suit hats.—Harper's Bazar.

The Woman in Authority.

The woman in authority should study consideration of other people's feelings. The common scold or the continual fault-finder is perhaps the most disagreeable person in the world, not only unhappy herself, but making others so. Scolding, in one light, is really an accomplishment—that is, when used for the proper correction of servants and children. If you feel called upon to deliver a rebuke to a servant make it clear to that offender that your displeasure is justified; never lose your temper, but be calm and dignified, for remember that your hearing has much to do with the respect that you are held in by those under your authority. Never let a scolding degenerate into nagging, for if you do you lose all claim for respect from the delinquent, and the person at fault becomes your critic, and a very scornful one at that.

Let all scoldings be gauged by the error, but do not make any one rebuke long drawn out. Give each a hopeful ending.

When properly administered a merited scolding quickly bears the fruit of better behavior on the part of the offending one.

Many wives have spoiled the good nature of their husbands by seizing upon some fault, trivial, perhaps, and constantly dwelling upon it.

Where home is made unhappy by a great fault of the husband, if he is worthy of loving and saving, he is more effectively appealed to by tenderness than by denunciation or scorn.

BOGCLEANINGS

Shops

Kimono-like sleeves are noted on fur coats.

Shaded ostrich feathers are very modish.

White fox trims white broadtail exquisitely.

Flowered broadcloths are a wonderful novelty.

Dresden-dowered louisine are among the choice silks.

Corduroy crepes are very rich and drape gracefully.

Lace more and more is to figure as a trimming for furs.

Silk kimonos for winter are lined with white albatross.

Changeable taffetas are the vogue for waists and dresses.

Moiré soie is a satin-barred plaid suitable for slirt waists.

Panne-finish velvets look quite like panne and at much less cost.

Draped strands of jet are effective as a facing for a smart black turban.

Rich green and the various tau shades make a modish combination.

Chenille worked in wheel-like affairs faces the brim of one fascinating hat.

Lace weave stockings are to be the thing in hosiery for house and evening wear.

Polka dots, like water markings and of various sizes, adorn a new turquoise moire.

Rich plaid ribbons with black velvet edges are among the splendid new offerings.

Some clever evening stockings in white lace effect are adorned with delicate black panes.

Many of the rich new silks are given additional splendor in the shape of a finish of panne-like lustre.

A stunning turban is composed of shaded blue and green velvet foliage, a few green roses being under the left brim.

Jasper gray is a pure gray—that is, a mixture of black and white without a thread of any other color. It may be light or dark.

Black Adventure.

Daring English Equestrians.

NE of the most extraordinary feats of horsemanship ever performed in this or any other country was that of Mr. John Leech Manning, at the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury, nearly three-quarters of a century ago. His rode his horse upstairs into the dining room, and while the meal was in progress jumped the animal clean over the table. Describing the incident not very long ago, Mr. Manning said: "Nothing was removed from the table. In fact, the dinner was actually going on. I jumped the horse bareback, without a bridle, before more than forty gentlemen, who were dining after the steep chaises."

Seven or eight years ago a number of German officers stationed at Metz performed an extraordinary equestrian exploit—or perhaps escape it ought to be called. Shortly after 12 one night six lieutenants of the Thirteenth Irregulars dashed out of the barracks on their chargers, clad in nothing but their shirts. Without pausing they charged an adjacent safe, breaking the door, ways and windows and leaping their horses over the heads of the terrified customers. Two of them actually rode around the large hall of the cafe, the others contenting themselves with leading their horses round by the bridges. The police were at once sent for by the proprietor, but as one constable who ventured to expostulate was brutally maltreated for his temerity, the others thought it prudent not to interfere. A few minutes later the rowdy officers remounted their steeds and rode off again at a gallop. It is hardly necessary to add that their outrageous conduct created quite a sensation in the town.

For the sake of a wager a remarkable feat of horsemanship was some years ago accomplished by a sportsman who rode in a certain West End mansion. He made a bet with a friend that he would ride his pony from the ground floor of the house to the top and down again. His steed required a good deal of persuasion to attempt the task, but it was finally performed, though the damage done to the stair carpets and other things amounted to £50, which had to be paid by the winner.

The feat was performed by a sportsman who, at Kirtland, Lindsey, in that county, succeeded in riding a pony up two flights of stairs into a room and to the ground floor again. The scene of this equestrian feat was the George Inn at Kirtland, Lindsey, and it was considered all the more remarkable because the weight of the rider was as much as that of a horse, and that of his mount was under thirty stone.

A marvelous feat in the hunting field was reported a few months since from Warrambood, Victoria. During a run of the local hounds a horse known as Handy Andy, ridden by Mr. M. J. Dickson, approached a stiff four-rail fence in the neighborhood of Grasmere. Another horse, bearing Dr. MacKnight, stopped within a few feet of the obstacle, and, running down the fence, in the way of Handy Andy. The latter then jumped the obstructing horse, rider and fence, just touching the doctor with his hoofs. The feat was superbly done, but, unfortunately, Handy Andy stumbled on landing and unseated his clever and intrepid rider.

Some extraordinary equestrian exploits have taken place in New York. At a costly banquet, given some time ago in the carriage room of Mrs. W. H. Clark, an American millionaire, his favorite horse was ridden round the table by one of the forty guests, after it had enjoyed a poetical "feed" of flowers and champagne. Afterward Sheldahl ponies were ridden into and about the room by others of the guests, the revels being prolonged into the small hours of the morning.

Some volunteer officers in blue rode their horses at full gallop at midnight over the rocky declivities of a neighboring mountain without mishap to men or mounts.—Tit-Bits.

Fighting For Life in a Net.

Tangled in a fishing seine after the casting of their boat one mile from shore, Charles Beck and his son, George Beck, two Evanston fishermen, struggled for their lives for two hours yesterday morning in Lake Michigan. Not until the imperilled men had cut the net, which was 300 feet long, in two, were they able to extricate themselves. Then, thoroughly exhausted by their efforts to keep afloat while they were escaping from the death trap, they battled again with the waves, and, by aiding one another, swam to the beach in safety.

The Becks, who live at 2149 Maple avenue, Evanston, had gone out early in the morning to take in the seine, which they had set off Grosse Pointe Lighthouse. They were engaged in hauling in the netful of fish when a squall arose. Their boat, a flat-bottomed scow, swung into the trough of the sea and filled with water. While they were bailing out the water with their hats the scow capsized, throwing both its occupants into the lake. Immediately the arms and legs of the men became entangled in the seine and rendered them powerless to swim.

Directing themselves of their rubber coats and boots, the father and son, with a fishing knife, began cutting the cords from their hands and ankles. When once they had cut themselves loose and had started to swim toward shore they again became entangled in the big net. The son's strength began

to give out after a half hour's struggle, and the double burden of helping the boy to keep afloat, and freeing both himself and his son from the impending meshes fell to the father.

The latter's endurance had nearly given out when he succeeded in separating the last strands of the seine. Both fishermen were so prostrated when they reached shore that they had to be assisted to their home—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bull Tripped Up the Tent.

A new rendering of the old story of the bull in the china shop is told by P. J. McCook, a nephew of General Anson G. McCook, and himself a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

"During the Porto Rico campaign," said Mr. McCook, "my company was camping in a field not far from the town of Adjuntas. A barbed wire fence separated the camp from another field, in which were a number of cattle. The fence was strung in curved line, and sentries were posted along it. During the night a frisky bull in the adjoining field took it into his head to charge the fence, with the idea of getting at the sentry on the other side. The sentry naturally resented the intrusion, and when the bull got within range prodded him sharply in the nose with his sword bayonet. The bull reared up with an angry snarl, and a vicious stab. By this time the infuriated animal was roused. He upset the sentry, snapped the wire fence and was in the midst of the camp in a second. The scene that followed beggars description. The company was sleeping in the 'tents' tents used in the field. As the angry animal rolled through the field he tripped and stumbled over the tent ropes, and in a few minutes dozens of men were struggling to get loose from the canvas and bowling in pain as the feet of the animal landed on them. A 'strike' in a bowling alley is not more complete than the way in which the infuriated bull demolished the company street of tents. There was little sleep that night in Company A."

Lost Life Rather Than Retreat.

Among the interesting figures at the recent naval manoeuvres at New London was a signal corps sergeant named Ackers, who lay claim to one of the most remarkable war records in the Army. At Manila, in China and in the West he has seen service. At the time of the Chinese campaign he was chief telegraph operator of the American forces. During the battle before Tientsin Ackers was sent with a message to Colonel Liscum of the Ninth Infantry, whose regiment was under heavy fire. The orders were to retreat.

"I brought the word to Liscum," said Ackers, in telling the story. "Liscum's fighting blood was up and he was mad at the idea of retreating. Turning to me he gave me the worst wiggling I ever received. There we stood out in the open, with the bullets flying in all directions, and the Colonel sailing into me for fair. Of course, I had to stand up to attention, and it wasn't the most comfortable position in the world with about 50,000 Chinese shooting at us."

"Well, Liscum had just about finished with one tack and was beginning another when all of a sudden he doubled up and went down in a heap in front of me. I think that was the first time I ever regretted the end of a wigging. The sheer nerve of the man to stand up there and call me down as if we were in barracks while bullets were whizzing on all sides was wonderful. It cost him his life."—New York Tribune.

Saved From an Alligator.

While a number of passengers were waiting for the morning train at Pablo Beach, Fla., they heard the wail of a child. Jerry Dolaney, Deputy Sheriff and a former Cincinnati policeman, headed those who hastened to search for the cause of the cry. A short distance away they saw a big alligator dragging a child away, having secured hold of its dress in its mouth. The child was shrieking. The posse rushed to the rescue, and the 'gator redoubled its efforts to get to its bayou nearby. A big dog belonging to the child came running along and dashed at the gator's head. The 'gator whacked its tail around with great force, dashed the dog to one side, and the child, with a gulp, taking in the dog and swallowing him with ease. The 'gator dropped hold of the child's dress in the struggle. The posse at once killed the 'gator. It was fifteen feet long. It is thought to have been made there by hunger, as it is seldom that they will attack human beings and especially so near a habitation. The child was unharmed.

She Got Two Cougars With Two Bullets.

Mrs. A. E. Dobrowsky, the young and pretty wife of a jeweler, killed two mountain lions on Sunday at Bear Mountain. The man and his wife go every Sunday into the woods, but last Sunday she killed her first mountain lion. She was alone on the mountain side when she was attracted by the baying of her hound. She found he had a large lion up a tree. As she prepared to shoot at it she saw a second lion looking hungrily at her through the thick foliage. Just then her husband came up, attracted by the noise of the dog. At the count of three two rifles rang out and two tawny brigades fell to the earth, mortally wounded. As they rolled in their death struggles Mrs. Dobrowsky saw a third lion higher up in the tree than his fellows had been. She killed it with one ball. The smallest lion measured five feet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

It's a Popular Delusion That the Climate is Changing

By Willis L. Moore, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.

RUTHFUL and intelligent men are wont to declare that they know from personal recollection that the climate of their particular place of residence had changed since they were boys; that they had reliable landmarks to show that the streams were drying up; that the precipitation was growing less, and that the winters were becoming milder, notwithstanding the fact that carefully taken observations of temperature and rainfall for each day for the previous hundred years at their place of residence showed no alteration of climate. Of course, wide variations, sometimes extending over periods of several years, had occurred; but a deficit at one time was made up by an excess at another.

To be sure, changes must have taken place during geologic periods, but these have been so slow that it is doubtful if man in his civilized state has occupied the earth long enough to discover an appreciable quantity. Quite accurate records of the opening of navigation in Europe and of the time of vintage for 500 years show no change in the average data of the first ten years as compared with the average of the last ten.

The date palm, the vine, and the fig tree flourish as luxuriantly to-day in Palestine as they did in the days of Moses. Dried plants have been taken from the mummy cases of the Pharaohs exactly similar to those now growing in the soil once trod by those ancient monarchs.

American Fire Fighters Are the Best in the World

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

HEREVER the American goes in Europe, it is with a feeling of satisfaction that he finds, in the most important cities, the adaptation of our ideas for fighting fire. Our steam fire-engines, our brass poles that bring men down from the upper stories of their station-houses, our hinged collars that snap around the horses' necks at a touch, are everywhere. At every important international exhibition of recent years, beginning even with that of Paris in 1867, American fire-engines and ladder-trucks have taken prizes. At the Paris Exposition of two years ago an American fire-team from Kansas City, fourteen men under Chief George C. Hale, carried off all the most important honors at the International Fire Congress, at which were represented America, France, Portugal, Holland, Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Germany, Turkey, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, New Zealand, India, Austria, Mexico and Peru. Nearly 8000 firemen took part in the competitions. The first contest was made with steam fire-engines, on the banks of the Seine. About 100 engines competed. The test was made from cold water in the boiler. The average time for foreign engines in getting a stream from the hose was from eight to twelve minutes. Their streams reached about half way across the river. In five minutes and thirty seconds the American engine threw a stream that met people on the opposite bank, a distance of 310 feet. The size of the stream was nearly double that thrown by the other engines.—From "Fire-Fighting To-day and To-morrow," in Scribner's.

Tell Women the Truth.

By Helen Oldfield.

PRINCIPALLY the cause of what is called woman's unreasonableness is the direct result of her not being told the truth. Half the time a woman does not know how she stands to face a problem, because she cannot get a man to tell her the simple facts in the case. He will say all sorts of soothing things to her and mislead her with rosy hopes, and he will try to make up by the fervor of his compliments for the lies he is telling her, and so she goes blundering along, making all sorts of mistakes, that she might have been saved from if anybody had had the courage to tell her the truth.

A curious example of this once came under my own observation. A man died, leaving his widow without any means of support. His friends, in the most delicate way in the world, provided for her, and began exerting themselves to get some occupation for her by which she could support herself. Place after place was offered, but she scornfully rejected every one. "Did you ever hear of anything so unreasonable in your life?" cried the men to each other, "not a penny in the world, actually living on charity, and won't do a thing!" Finally in a gust of passion one of the men blurted out to the woman the naked truth—that her husband had died absolutely bankrupt, and that his friends had been providing for her. The woman was agast. She had never an idea of the real state of affairs, and the minute she knew the truth she accepted the situation with a courage, a philosophy and a determination to make the best of it that fairly astonished every one.

So far as business women are concerned, the chief enemy to their progress is man's fear of telling them the truth. A man who has a clerk who falls into careless ways, or has some annoying fault, will talk to him plainly and give him a chance to correct it before he dismisses him; but he will not give a girl the same chance. He won't tell her the truth about her faults. He will make an excuse about business being bad, and then turn her off rather than speak the truth to her. How many times has that happened in our big cities! Girls know.

Another thing—and I don't know a more pathetic thing—is that the whole world seems handed together to deceive women about the real facts of working life.

Mysticism is Increasing in This Practical Age

By Ralph M. McKenzie.

THE hunger displayed by all classes of people for literature of a mystical or esoteric character is beyond the belief of any one not connected with the sale of books or periodicals or not in touch with the work of public libraries throughout the country. This includes fortune-telling by cards, palmistry, astrology, the phenomena of hypnosis, suggestive therapeutics, spiritism, mind reading, faith cure, theosophy and everything connected with the divining of the future or the mystical or occult in mind, matter or religion.

Many periodicals treating of these various subjects are published now in many languages, and the circulation of some of them have increased wonderfully. A curious phase of the subject is the fact that particular articles in these periodicals attract wide attention, and are often quoted and discussed in coteries which are not usually supposed to be interested in matters beyond the domain of the five senses. Some of these magazines in the Library of Congress are kept under lock and key, and only given out for reading to known persons upon cards, because the temptation to cut or mutilate certain select portions of the text seems to be too great for those of less than ordinary will power.

Of course, there is much of this literature of distinct value, especially such as relates to psychology in any direct or indirect way. A great deal of it is ethical, and is of no value as moral instruction or teaching. A great deal of it is obscure, and some of it is almost as unsatisfactory to the intelligent reader as a chapter of Paracelsus or any of the old alchemists or searchers after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Even the many volumes devoted to palmistry may be said to have a raison d'être outside of their more or less faltered value as a means of divining the future. They serve, perhaps, to draw the attention of people to their hands and to secure for them better care and more cleanliness.

The cause which more than all else has led to a great revival of interest in this class of literature is, of course, the wonderful spread in the belief in spiritism and the consequent deduction that the spirits must needs know something of the future of mortals and can be depended upon in some vague way to communicate this knowledge to the material world. Some look to the clairvoyant as the most reliable source of this supposed spirit knowledge of the individual's future; others depend upon the reader of cards, the reader of palms, or the reader of the stars. But it can all be reduced to the one cause—the yearning of man for immortality and for knowledge of the future years of his present state. New York News.