

FOR THE FAIR

A NEW FEMINE CALLING.

The calling of veterinary surgeons is not one in which women have heretofore evinced any special disposition to shine, but one member of the fair sex is preparing herself for graduation from a veterinary college and expects to receive her diploma in the spring. The aspirant for honors in this particular field is Mrs. Mignonette Nicholson, now a resident of Chicago, but whose childhood days were spent in a Long Island town. Cats and dogs are her special pets and while in accordance with the requirements of the veterinary institution she is obliged to learn how to doctor horses she proposes to give her attention after graduation to her special favorites and has already proved successful in her treatment of dogs.

A PARISIAN PETTICOAT.

Very seldom will we be wrong if we set down a lavender and blue combination as a product of Paris. Even if it doesn't come from there, you may rest assured it has been copied from one of the charming things in question in the lavender taffeta. There's a deep Van Dyke flounce, which is elaborately tucked. Both at the top and at the bottom of this flounce there's a three-inch band of flit applique in an ecru tint, and from under this very open lace shows the blue taffeta. It is of a lovely shade, bright yet soft, not quite as strong as turquoise, but with more character than baby blue. Such a petticoat would be lovely with a dress in the opalescent tints, or even with one in which these exquisite tones served as garniture. The colors of the opal, by the way, are first choice for evening.

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.

The smart girl is showing a decided preference for gray this winter—steel-gray, not the perle-like silver shade. Her covert-cloak coat, with its strapped or slot seams, is no longer in vogue; it is now made up in steel-gray. Gray squirrel is the fur of the moment, and required for an orange velvet is the smartest of combinations.

The one-color idea is another fad of the smart girl. Whatever color she selects for her very own, she is careful to see that a suggestion of it is visible in every costume she wears. If gray is the color she chooses, she will not only have her evening costume of gray, her rain-coat gray, her furs and velvet jacket the same shade, but she will be particular to have even her dress accessories in gray, too.

For the smart girl who affects gray there is a new style of umbrella. It is made of dark gray silk, with a border of a lighter shade of gray. The handle is gun-metal, and in place of the usual tassel there is a small gun-metal trinket suspended by a short chain passing through the hole in the handle. This, too, is gun-metal. It looks like an oval-shaped case, and when opened it may contain either a bit of a mirror, a cologne or a powder-box.—Women's Home Companion.

MARRIED WOMEN'S NAMES.

In several of the smaller towns in Wisconsin, where a strong organized movement has been made to get the names of women on the registry lists, consternation has been caused by the discovery that a married woman is not legally registered if the Christian name by which she is designated on the lists is that of her husband. Thus, "Mrs. John Smith," whose "given" name is "Mary," cannot vote unless she is registered as "Mary," or, if she does vote, it must be by the troublesome process of "swearing in." Socially, a married woman always goes by her husband's full name, prefixed by "Mrs." until he dies, unless the pair are severed by a divorce. Legally, however, it is only his surname which becomes hers by marriage, and her Christian name continues to be an essential part of her formal designation, supplemented, if she chooses, by her patronymic. If she is a public character—a writer, a speaker, a physician—she is generally known by the name which she bore previous to her marriage, with her husband's surname appended. Thus Ella Wheeler became Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Thus Elizabeth Cady became Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The whole nation knew the great woman sufficient by that name, but comparatively few people knew her by the name of Mrs. Henry Brewster Stanton, though Henry Brewster Stanton, her husband, was in his day a well-known man.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

What makes the American girl a most attractive being is her self-confidence, amiability and good temper. Now, I am not a flatterer, and I must say that pretty women are as much in the minority in the United States as in any other country, writes Viscount de Sante Thyrao in the Smart Set. Beauty, like gold, is scarce everywhere. You can find more gold in California than in Europe; but even in California you certainly find more than gold. So it is with women. In some places, or in some countries, the number of pretty women is greater than in others, and in this branch of natural production the United States is not behind-hand. This, however, is only a foreigner's view of the subject. To tell the truth, I have never met an

American girl of twenty who did not consider herself fascinating; this is self-confidence; and for a woman to believe she is beautiful is half-way to real beauty. In the first place, a plain woman, who is aware of her plainness, is unattractive. Man is a selfish animal, and despite what novels say about women and the power of tears, unhappiness is as repellent to a healthy mind, as disease to a healthy body. Then, the conscious plain woman gives up every thought of pleasing, and therefore she does nothing to make herself attractive. She does not dress in a becoming way, she does not smile, she does not try to be attractive. She becomes sour or dull, or both.

HINTS FOR BUSY WOMEN.

The longer a woman persists in ignoring the necessity of walking, standing and breathing correctly, the less able she will be to withstand the strain of her daily work and to correct the faults in her figure which as time goes on become more and more difficult to eradicate.

As a matter of fact, every woman who goes to business daily can get enough exercise out of the energy she expends in the course of the day's duties to fight off that tired feeling and make her healthy and physically perfect.

She should have her sleeves made so that she can turn or lift her arms high above her head with ease. She must avoid the slump of the shoulders which gives the beholder the impression that she is actually leaning upon her corsets. The shoulders must not be lunched up to the ears, or drawn back. Just let them remain relaxed in a perfectly natural and easy position.

She must avoid that injurious habit of clenching the thumb in the palm of the hand. Another bad habit is that of rolling and twisting either a glove or a handkerchief round and round, as though trying to twist it in half.

Such practices as these stop the circulation of the blood through muscles that are of great value.

When going up or down stairs turn the toes out instead of in. Never forget to sit upright, and when standing keep the spine straight. Always breathe through the nose and hold up the chest. When sitting down, relax as much as possible without slumping or letting the head droop forward.

There are a few simple little things which will not interfere with your daily duties in the least. They are all excellent exercises for busy women. They will teach you to forget all about fatigue.—New York American.

BOYDOIR CHAT.

Miss Helen Gould employs a man named Tuit to act as her bodyguard and to keep camera fiends at a distance.

Miss M. E. Braddon, the writer, has a triple fall—for books, old china and dogs. These three hobbies take up all her leisure time.

Miss F. E. Buttolph, who is making a collection of menu cards for the New York Public Library, has already gathered together 10,250.

Miss Mary Andrews, of Hamilton, Ohio, has been installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Kansas City. She is the only woman preacher in Missouri.

There are only half a dozen English women in Marrakesh, Morocco, and they are obliged to wear the garb of native women to avoid being insulted by the fanatic Mohammedans.

There are now in the United States forty-five feminine locomotive engineers and firemen and seven female conductors. Add to these thirty-one brakemen—or, to be correct, brakewomen—ten baggage women.

About five years ago a Maine woman, taking a consumptive husband to the mountains of Arizona, was shown an old abandoned claim by her Indian servant. She took it, with great difficulty secured \$500 to work it, and before the year was out sold it for \$50,000 and a life interest.

The scarab is a popular design for rings, scarf pins and sleeve buttons. Buckles this year are larger, handsomer and more elaborate than ever.

Green walrus and gray calf are two of the most fashionable leathers for belts.

Drapery net for mourning millinery resembles point d'esprit sprinkled with tiny dull jet beads.

The moonstone is in evidence as the setting for some of the newest sleeve links and fancy buttons.

Leather belts are the correct adornment for fur muffs this year, stuffed heads having been discarded by Dame Fashion.

Square eyelet holes are an innovation on some of the new leather belts to match a square harness buckle and square tongue.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.



OIL MARKS ON WALL-PAPER.

Oil marks on wall-paper may be removed by applying a paste made of pipeclay and cold water. Leave it on all night and brush it off in the morning. A second application may possibly be necessary.

A NOVEL SCREEN.

One of the very novel fire screens is in Spanish leather. There's an odd wood standard, and from this extend arms jointed like those of a snake. So when the screen is not needed these arms, from which the much-engraved leather hangs, are simply folded around the centre standard.

TO DISTINGUISH LINEN.

If you are buying handkerchiefs you may make sure of their being linen or not by a very simple process. Moisten the tip of one of your fingers, and then press it on the handkerchief. If it wets through at once the fabric is linen, but if it is cotton several seconds will elapse before the threads are saturated.—American Queen.

CLEANS ENAMELLED BATHS.

Enamelled baths are the trial of the housewife, who does not understand how they should be made to retain their pristine freshness. Vigorous scrubbing of them is not desirable, but a simple way of cleaning them is this: First wipe out the tub with a dry cloth, then thoroughly rub it with a cloth dipped in salt and turpentine, then wash with water. After the tub has been gently scoured in this manner rinse with clear, warm water, dry with a fresh cloth, and the tub will look like new.

HINTS FOR MONDAY.

Do not let your iron get red hot; they will never again retain the heat. Make your iron holder of asbestos cloth.

Table salt in the starch will help in the ironing. Lard rubbed on the clothes before they are washed will remove stains.

Rub the irons with a cloth soaked in kerosene to prevent scorching. Frequent rubbing on sandpaper will keep irons from sticking.

Soapy water mixed with starch will give a glossy surface.

Three ounces of borax and two pounds of white bar soap, dissolved in two quarts of hot water, will make a splendid lather for washing clothes.

RECIPES.

Clam Fritters—Drain twenty-five clams from the liquor, pour cold water over and drain; chop them fine, scald clam juice, remove scum when cold; add four eggs to make a panache; better and add clam; beat in two level teaspoons of baking powder; drop by spoonfuls into hot, deep fat.

Corn Muffins—Two cups corn meal, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two and one-quarter cups boiling water, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one big teaspoonful butter, two eggs, one-third cup of milk. Heat the mixing bowl, mix boiling water and milk, add butter, sugar, salt and eggs, beaten separately; bake one-half hour.

Chopped Meat Steak—Chop one and one-half pounds of round steak; add to it one teaspoon of onion juice and a little pepper; form into a steak about one inch thick; place on the greased broiler and broil for five minutes over a clear fire; lift to hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, spread over a little butter and cover with sweet pepper sauce.

Hermits—Cream one cup of butter and one and one-half cups of sugar well together; then add one cup of raisins seeded and chopped, two ounces of citron chopped fine; three eggs well beaten. Add one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon and four tablespoonfuls of flour. Roll a little thicker than vanilla wafers. Cut in rounds and bake in a moderate oven.

Egg Omelets—Boil eggs twenty minutes; when cold remove the shell; cut in two lengthwise; have one table-spoon of butter melted on a hot plate; add to it a little salt and pepper, one egg beaten with one table-spoon of water on another plate and some fine crumbs on still another; dip the egg halves first in the melted butter, then in egg, then in crumbs and fry in deep fat; serve with curry sauce.

Tomato and Rice Soup—Put the contents of one can of tomatoes in an agate pan over the fire; add to it one pint of hot water; one table-spoonful of salt, one table-spoonful of sugar, three cloves, pepper corns and one-third cup of well washed rice; cook one slice of onion in a little hot butter for five minutes, being careful not to let it brown; add it to the tomato and rice; when the rice is tender rub all through a strainer; add more seasoning if needed.

Cauliflower with Cheese—Trim off the outer leaves and soak head downward in salted water one hour; put in a saucepan head up; cover with boiling water salted and boil slowly until tender; drain; break off the branches and put in layers on a baking dish, sprinkling with salt, pepper and grated cheese; pour over all one pint of white sauce; cover with a thick layer of buttered bread crumbs and place in a hot oven until browned; serve as a course with saltine wafers.

One hundred volumes a day is the increase in the British Museum.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS.

Electricity is now used as an anæsthetic.

A French surgeon has produced during operations complete insensibility by means of high frequency alternating electric currents.

A writer evidently versed in the practical manufacture of mantles contributes to a contemporary the information that the chemicals in 1000 mantles cost \$17.50; the fabric prepared, \$13; the styling, \$14; coating, \$2.75; boxing, labeling and packing, \$3.75; profit, and selling expenses, \$6; total, \$50. Or the manufacturer cannot sell a reliable mantle for less than six cents apiece.

Medical men say that books and paper money carry the microbes of disease, and yet the employees of public libraries, who handle hundreds of books daily, and bank officials, who handle thousands of notes, do not "catch" the diseases. The reason is that library people do not wet their fingers with their lips to turn over the leaves of books, and bank officials do not wet their fingers in the same way to count money.

A series of experiments has been made by Schaeble to determine the effect of diminished air pressure on the growth and germination of plants. The apparatus used is fully described and illustrated and details of numerous experiments are given. The results arrived at were that, as compared with similar plants grown under normal barometric pressure, those under the diminished pressure—in most cases about one-quarter atmospheric pressure—grew more rapidly; (2) germinated more slowly; and (3) secreted drops of water from their leaf surfaces.

The formation in the gold fields of South Africa is peculiar. The gold is in reefs. According to the Mining and Scientific Press, these reefs are massive, and made up of coarse granite conglomerate and sandstone, with here and there large or small cement seams. The gold is not in the quartz or sandstone, but in the cement. The streaks which carry the gold are from six inches to six feet in width, and at most layers are only a few feet thick. The outcropping is first discovered it looks like a vertical vein, but soon flattens out on depth. The mining there is more like coal than gold mining anywhere else. Shafts are nearly all sixteen by eight or sixteen by six.

The city of Bombay, India, is to be equipped with an extensive system of electric traction and lighting, while another scheme for operating a stretch of road is to be carried out. Water is to generate the necessary power for both projects. For these purposes two huge water-power plants are to be constructed. The machinery for supplying the electricity to work the plant is to be installed on the Doodh Sagar River, about 200 miles north of Bombay, at a waterfall which is about 2500 feet in height. It is anticipated that with the projected machinery for this installation 50,000 horse power will be generated—available throughout the year—sufficient to operate some sixty miles of track. The power for lighting and working the street railroads of Bombay is to be transmitted from Neral, about forty miles distant from the city.

Scientific Loss.

The Belgian papers report that De Vries, the great Dutch experimental evolutionist, has by long continued selection produced a variety of clover which has normally four leaves. This is that science contributes something daily to the increase of human happiness and good fortune. How many husbands we have spent on our hands and knees searching for the lucky leaf. Even yet some of us always walk across a clover patch with downcast eyes and are arrested with unconscious celebration at any indication of quadruplicate foliage. Now we can buy our own luck at the greenhouse, provided, of course, we are lucky enough to have the money. The disparity of fortune is an evil already so threatening to our social and political life, will be increased by this new discovery. The rich man can buy his four-leaved clovers, even his five-leaved and six-leaved clovers, and roll in them, while the poor man will still have to hunt long on the lawn for even a little luck, and then he is likely to be told to keep off the grass. His only hope will be for the new variety to escape from cultivation and grow like the Russian thistle by the sidewalk. But by that time the millionaire will doubtless have eight-leaved clovers in his conservatory.—The Independent.

Some Definitions.

The Abilene Reflector gives the following as some of the answers received at a recent school examination in Junction City: "Denot the word fathom and form a sentence with it." "A fathom has six feet; a fly is a fathom." "Define species." "Species is a kind; a boy must be species to his mother." "Define odorless." "Odorless is without a scent; a man who is odorless cannot ride in a car."—Kansas City Journal.

Here's a Turlop.

Indiana, not to be outdone by the tales from Kansas, has come forward with a big vegetable story. A farmer came into Friendswood the other day bringing with him a turlop which was thirty inches in circumference and weighed twelve pounds. This, it is asserted, will make Indiana as notable in the vegetable kingdom as the State is in the literary world.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Poverty is Neither a Crime Nor a Credit

By Ina Brevoort Roberts.

BOVE all else, poverty is interesting. There is a certain sameness about wealth, but poverty is never twice alike. One day you go without butter, the next you have butter on your bread but no sugar in your tea, or maybe you have the sugar and no tea to put it in.

Poverty has its drawbacks. The poor man hasn't as much time as the rich one in which to make love to his neighbor's wife, nor do the married couples among the poor find it easy to secure leisure in which to learn that their tempers are incompatible. It may occur to them sometimes that the domestic machinery doesn't run as smoothly as it might, but they are too busy to take it to pieces to see where the trouble lies, so they just pour on a little of the oil of forbearance and let it go at that; consequently their lives are apt to lack the éclat furnished by divorce.

The rich, on the other hand, have plenty of time to "watch the wheels go round," and the minute there's anything wrong with the mechanism of their domestic happiness they straightway set to work to get at the why and the wherefore. But, as everyone who has experimented with clocks knows, it is easier to take a machine apart than it is to get it together again.

After all is said, it remains that poverty is neither a crime nor a credit, neither a curse nor an unqualified blessing, while wealth, on the other hand, is monotonous but convenient, and enervating but pleasant.—Brand Magazine.

The Men Who Make America

By the Rev. Dr. J. F. Carson.

HERE is a notion, perhaps nowhere formulated into definite statement, but everywhere pervading the thought of the day, that the strength and permanency of national life can be built on the basis of material forces. But if the history of nations proves anything it proves that the strength and permanency of the State do not lie in such forces. Alliances with material forces have always and everywhere been covenants with death. Not in physical resources, not in martial prowess, not in diplomatic shrewdness lies the strength of the Nation, but in the character of its people.

We want in America to-day men who are free from self-interest in their thought and plan for the Nation. As the complexity of our life grows the opportunities for manipulating affairs for personal interests multiply. When our personal interests become intertwined with our political relations, we carry a warped mind into the discussion of public affairs and into the discharge of civil duty; we are apt to conclude that the measures which conduce to our own personal interests are the best measures, and so we favor that party and that policy which will be most likely to bring about the result which we desire. We must get back to the spirit of the fathers and put political duty before personal interest.

Materialism grips the Nation. The people have no vision, and where there is no vision the people perish. These are the men whom America needs; not men who will bring into life a saving vision. Our poets are not listened to because their song is too much like the common shout. It has about it a metallic ring. Our prose writers are doing little more than painting for us a portrait of our common life. This is not enough. We want a vision. We do not want in poem or in novel, in opera or in drama, simply a graphic representation of life as it is. We want an unveiling of life as it might be. Only thus can our life be saved from the mean and the material. The men who give us these visions are as rivers of water in dry places, springs that break forth wherever they go and the air becomes fresh. These are the men who make America; the men who cause the life of the whole people to thrum with heaven-filled impulses and heaven-inspired movements.

Value of University Training

By Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HAVE listened with interest to able business men when they argued and testified that a university training made men fitter to succeed in their practical struggles. I am far from denying it. No doubt such a training gives to men a larger mastery of the laws of nature under which they must work, a wider outlook over the world of science and of fact. If I could give to every student a scientific point of view, if education could make men realize that you cannot produce something out of nothing and make them promptly detect the pretense of a claim to break forth wherever they go and the air becomes fresh. These are the men who make America; the men who cause the life of the whole people to thrum with heaven-filled impulses and heaven-inspired movements.

But, besides prosperity there is to be considered happiness, which is not the same thing. The chance of a university to enlarge men's power of happiness is at least not less than its chance to enlarge their capacity for gain. I am that with regard to this, as with regard to every other aspiration of man, the most important question seems to me to be what are his in-born qualities? Mr. Ruskin's first rule for learning to draw, you will remember, was, be born with genius. It is the first rule for everything else. If a man is adequate in native force, he will probably be happy in the deepest sense, whatever his fate. But we must not undervalue effort, even if it is the lesser half. And the opinion which a university is sure to offer to all the idealizing tendencies—which, I am not afraid to say, it ought to offer to the romantic side of life—makes it above all other institutions the conservator of the vestal fire.

But, gentlemen, there is one department of your institution to which I must be permitted specially to refer—the department in which I am nearest by profession, and to which I owe the honor of being here. I mean, of course, the Department of Law. It was affirmed, I believe, by the late Chief Justice Cooley, that the law was and ought to be commonplace. No doubt the remark has much truth. It is better that the law should be commonplace than that it should be eccentric. It seems to me that for men as they are the law may keep its everyday character, and yet be an object of understanding, wonder, and a field for the lightning of genius.

Clinging to the Old Farm.

By E. L. Vincent.

KNOW a man now in his eighty-fourth year, and his wife, somewhat past seventy-five, who are carrying on a farm of a hundred and forty odd acres of land. They keep three or four cows, and not far from twenty-five sheep. The milk from the cows they make up at home, setting the milk in the old fashioned pans and churning with an old fashioned dash churn. The present season the old man has gathered nearly 300 bushels of apples from his orchard, and sold something like half of them in a city ten miles away, taking a few bushels at a time and peddling them out to private customers. This old man is not compelled to follow this strenuous life, being in comfortable circumstances, but he prefers to keep up the habits of life which have brought him so much of happiness and success. He has raised a large family of children, all of whom are now settled on farms of their own, so that he has no one to help him save as he hires now and then a day's work with the plow or in haying.

"I have been told a great many times that I ought to stop work now and settle down in town or somewhere else where I would be able to take life easy the rest of my time; but I tell them that I am going to carry on my business as long as I have any. I am now my own boss. Why should I give up and let all I have done go to the dogs? The farm is my own. I loved it out of the woods with my own hands. All I have got I have earned by the little. If I should give up the farm what would I do? Nothing? Then I would soon be through with this world. I am happier here running my own farm than I would be anywhere else. I eat well and sleep well. folks call me young for my age and are surprised when I tell them that I am past eighty-four. I can hire done what I can't do myself, and nobody can dictate to me how I shall do it."

There was fire in the old man's eye as he said this that told of a vigor and strength of character far from ordinary. And no one who knows the annoyance of renting a farm to the ordinary tenant and the constant deterioration of property after one once turns his back upon it himself will for a moment argue with him on the point that he is happier than he would be in any other way. In these days when so many farmers are laying down the implements of their whole life's work and going away to end their days speedily in the city, the simple story of this old man who clings to his farm with such pathetic tenacity is commended. It may be said that not every man possesses the strength to do as he has done. That may be true, for he undoubtedly started out with a reserve of physical power somewhat beyond the average; but more than one man has shortened his days by giving up the farm and settling down to the unnatural life of the town or city when he might have lived many years longer by staying on the farm with its everyday exercise and fresh air and sunshine. So I think our friend and his good wife are after all quite sensible. Do not you?—New York Tribune.