

OF INTEREST



WOMEN

A Royal Road to Learning.
The old proverb that there is no royal road to learning, which was formerly accepted as indisputable, is emphatically denied by Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp, the originator of the Fletcher kindergarten method of musical instruction. That royal road will be found, she says, for the children of the future, and the road is being made smooth for the children of to-day in a way that would once have been thought impossible. In the realm of music, for instance, children now acquire "positive pitch," a thing which used to be regarded as unattainable except by favor of the gods, and as for reading music, it is as easy to teach them to do that as to teach them to read English.

French Waists.

Smart fancy waists are much in demand to wear with the coats and skirts so necessary to one's comfort. For day wear—that is, for morning wear with cloth costumes—there is quite a variety in taffeta waists, the newest taffetas being changeable ones, trimmed with narrow lines of black velvet. There is a curious green-red changeable taffeta of very soft, pliable weave that is very good, and looks well with black velvet and white lace trimmings. The tucked and pleated waists are the favorite ones; the pleats medium-sized box-pleats, no trimming in the back, and in the front a round yoke or pleats with the lines of velvet. These waists, as a rule, are in dark colors, but some of the lighter taffetas are used, and the rather heavier silks with a cord like those formerly known as gros grains. There is a shade of pinkish blue that is very good in this silk; oddly enough, it is trimmed with a very light blue velvet ribbon. There are many regular shirt waists in flannel, silk, corduroy and velveteen, made in the very plainest fashion, but they are not what can be called very smart, and are only possible with rainy-day gowns, or for market.—Harper's Bazar.

A Clever California Woman.

California boasts of a girl who has been the foreman of a thrashing crew and successfully harvested a season of grain. Her name is Ethel Hobson. Her father is a rancher of San Luis Obispo County. He had a thrashing outfit with all modern improvements, and for fifteen years has harvested grain for the country. His daughter has always been his close companion, and when she was but a little girl played about the harvesting machinery in the field. For the last three years since she was sixteen she has been his bookkeeper. In this capacity she has gone with him from ranch to ranch, camping out in a tent at night. This year at the height of the season Mr. Hobson met with an accident, which laid him up for the summer and rendered it impossible for him to fill his contracts. It was then that his daughter proved her ability to carry on the business, which she has done with marked success. She took her father's place as captain of the big machine in the field. Every detail she superintended herself, from the engine to the separator. Twenty-three men worked under her direction. Some were reputed to be hard characters, but one and all obeyed her orders to the letter.

Gowns of Varied Beauty.

It will be remembered that a certain princess in the fairy tales had a gown which she used to carry round in a walnut shell when on her travels. Just such a frock was shown the other day at one of the smart fashions. It could almost have been passed through a ring. It was gathered all round and opened over a petticoat of tulle confined by the newest of satin bows and boasting the most delightful little pointed waistcoat, fashioned of pink silk and silver embroidery and owning the dearest little sleeves of lace, caught up with a ribbon of soft satin. The whole bore a suggestion of the days of Marie Antoinette, and one longed to see it worn by a fair girl whose golden locks would be worn somewhat high over a cushion wreathed with pink roses and one long curl falling on the left shoulder. Another evening dress was a poppy-red crepe de chine, a lovely glowing creation, the color of which was thrown up by two full-blown roses in white mousseline diame. There was an idealized Louis Seize frock in blue, painted with violets, and with raised violets in chiffon, and ruffles of lace and diamond buttons on the most becoming little coat.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Women Hunters.

Among the hunters who journey yearly to the Adirondacks are many women. When the sportsman now takes a trip to his hunting box his wife accompanies him, and she handles her rifle with an accuracy of aim that commands the admiration of the guides. That the modern Dianas will continue to participate in this form of sport is beyond question, as the women have in many instances proved themselves to be as fine shots as the men and as able to endure the fatigue of a day's hunting in the wilds. Women used to enjoy trips in boats at night after deer. This mode of

hunting is called jacking, and the favorite method was to paddle quietly along the lake or its inlet in a canoe with just one bright light shining at the bow of the boat.

Deer, especially, possess a vast amount of curiosity, and any startling object that bursts suddenly upon the vision will hold them spellbound for a few moments at least. At night the fascination of the light usually detained the deer long enough to give the hunter a chance to get a shot. Jacking, however, is now prohibited by law in the Adirondacks.

Now the fair hunters are obliged to wait until daylight before starting the hunt. Very often the costume includes a sweater, bloomers and a short, round-necked over-dress of seal brown corduroy, drawn in around the shoulders with elastic, fastened on the left shoulder with one button and belted in with the cartridge belt. High-laced boots and a neat little toboggan cap complete the costume.

As dogs, like the jack lights, are no longer permitted in the Adirondacks the woman hunter must match her skill as a shot against the keen wit of the deer. She starts out to follow the deer runs and to still hunt over the ridges where the acorns and nuts grow, just as the men do.

The hunters now follow an old log road, perhaps, and then plunge at right angles into the thickets to make a short cut for some of the inland bodies of water where the deer drink and disappear themselves. The field glass may reveal a deer working his way along the shore of the lake. The deer with his branching antlers moves apparently with little concern, and the woman hunter works along the bank of the lake until a good shot is afforded.

Suddenly the deer is frightened, but before he can turn to escape the crack of the rifle breaks upon the air, and the woman hunter has become the possessor of a deer's head as a proof of her prowess and aim.—New York Sun.



WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS

Philadelphia has over 1300 women in civic offices.

Police matrons are now an established feature of the best governed cities.

Several women physicians, such as Mary Putnam Jacobi, of New York, and Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago, have a national reputation.

New Bedford, Mass., is soon to have a fine library, purchased by the Women's Club. The women already have collected over \$12,000 for this purpose.

A New York woman, Libbie Frieze, has invented a most ingenious rotary massage instrument. It even admits of the application of an electric current.

The Queen of Roumania is interesting herself at present in improving the architectural qualities of the theatres in her husband's domain, and also in raising the standard of dramatic performances.

Miss Margaret Howie is now making the struggle for the future women lawyers of Great Britain. She is refused an examination by the "law agents," and is asking the courts to compel them to accept her.

Rev. Augusta Chapin, D. D., the only woman doctor of divinity, was pastor of a prominent church in Lansing, Mich., as early as 1874. She officiated as chaplain of the Legislature, both in the House and in the Senate.

It is now a common occurrence for women ministers to take part in public functions, to deliver annual addresses before various organizations of men, including memorial addresses before the G. A. R., and to conduct the funeral services of prominent men.

We hear so much about surplus women that it is rather refreshing to learn of places where there are so few that they are actually clamored for. It is said that in the Province of Manitoba there is so small a proportion that the colonists complain that homes are impossible for lack of wives.



FADS AND FANCIES

White velvet painted in floral design is the latest fancy in corsets.

Ox blood felt with violet trimmings represents one of the season's combinations.

Flat buttons and long waisted pouch fronts are the characteristics of the new flannel waists.

Fancy buttons, many of them hand painted, appear on some of the handsomest hats this season.

There is a growing tendency to use two materials in sleeves, and the most ultra sleeves are made of puffs from the shoulder to the hand.

The double English violet is being utilized for entire flower toques and turbans, and also for millinery garniture. The Dahlia, however, is the flower of the season.

Sable cloth is quite a new fabric, being made up as winter costumes, partaking much of the nature of zibeline, but richer in its effects of light and shade in the folds. This is to be obtained in many colors, but looks lovely in deep violet with a glow of red in it.

It is as a rule only in the more expensive gloves that buttons can be found, and buttons are considered much smarter and have been for some time than the clasps. This is a Paris idea. However, there are many more of the clasp gloves worn than the buttoned, and there is no objection to them so serious that one need quarrel with them.

MORE MEN BY 1,800,000

MASCULINE PREPONDERANCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Twenty-four Extra Males in Every 1000 of the Population—War and Immigration Upset the Equilibrium of the Sexes—Men Most Numerous in the West.

Whatever differences Dame Nature may have intended between the spheres of influence of men and women, she evidently intended that numerically at least the two sexes should stand on nearly the same footing. The world over, except where recognizable, and what might be called artificial causes interfere, the male and female elements of the population are about equal.

At first sight, perhaps, this may not seem at all remarkable. But it is to be remembered that in many families—large ones, too—the great majority of the children are of one sex or the other. And one should not be surprised if the aggregate effect of this lopsidedness were to produce a considerable excess of men or women in a nation. The fact that such is not the case, then shows that there is some potent and mysterious law of compensation at work upon the race as a whole. And this law operates upon many of the animals as well as men. On the farm it is found convenient to preserve a great preponderance of one sex over the other in cattle and chickens.

Curiosity, not to say astonishment, is excited, therefore, by a recent announcement of the Census Bureau. The enumeration of 1900 shows that there are more men and boys than women and girls in this country and that the difference exceeds 1,800,000 in a population of 76,303,387. The excess appears more distinctly, perhaps, when it is said that there are 512 males and only 488 females in every thousand people in the United States.

What is more, this sort of thing has been going on, with some little fluctuation in the percentage, for over half a century. As long ago as 1850 there was a distinct numerical superiority of the male over the female element. By 1860 the preponderance was even more conspicuous, but in 1870 less than for several decades. The returns for 1880 show a slight gain once more, though the disparity of 1890 was not quite reached, and those for 1890 a still further increase. The situation has scarcely changed in the last ten years. Indeed, the Census Bureau figures out a microscopic falling off in the growth of the male population, as compared with the female. To be sure, the excess was only 1,560,067 in 1890, and has since been enlarged by 254,727; but the bureau finds that the percentages of gain are not quite alike, and that there are faint indications of a future reaction.

The state of things here revealed is the more striking when compared with that existing in Europe. Both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent the women are more numerous than the men. It is possible to detect forces which disturb the balance in some of these countries. But Mr. Porter, superintendent of the census of 1890, was inclined to think that these influences did not operate perceptibly in Austria and the Netherlands, and hence that normally the female sex outnumbered the male in nearly the proportion of fifty-one to forty-nine. Comparison with the standard, then, make the excess of males in America stranger than if nature exhibited strict impartiality.

The two forces which appear to be chiefly concerned in upsetting the equilibrium are war and immigration. And of the two the former is much the less effective. Still, it was powerful enough to influence the returns in Germany and France after the famous struggle of 1870-71. And in the United States it pulled down the male proportion of 5112 in every 10,000 in 1890 to 5068 in 1870.

Migration, of course, works in two ways. The majority of immigrants are men. The departures from one country, therefore, leave the other sex in excess in one part of the world, while they promote the preponderance of their own in another. Thus, in some European countries the proportion of males to females is about 485 to 515. Now, inasmuch as three out of every five immigrants who come to the United States are men and ten out of every seventy-five people here are of foreign birth, it is easy to see how important is this factor in establishing the ratio between the sexes. In 1890, for instance, the excess of males here was made up in this proportion: Native born, 628,797; foreign born, 884,713. And yet scarcely a seventh of the population came from other lands. It is to this fact, no doubt, that immigration has experienced a slight check in the last few years that the recent slight falling off in the masculine ascendancy here is due.

But people migrate not only from one country to another, but from one part of a country to another. This is peculiarly true in the United States. In consequence, there is a depletion in the ranks of the sterner sex in the East, and a strong re-enforcement in the West. Indeed, in the latter quarter there is a double invasion—from the more densely populated parts of our own land and from the Old World. Hence the distribution of sexes is not uniform. Along the Atlantic seaboard for at least half a century there has been practically no excess of males, and on the whole, a slight deficiency. The superabundance of women has been most conspicuous, though, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia. Just why there should be such a situation at the National capital is not clear. But in New England a special local agency has

been at work—an influx of factory girls from Canada. Thus there is an occasional exception to the rule that the majority of immigrants are males. As might be expected, the greatest excess of men is to be found in the Far West, in the great agricultural and mining districts.—Chicago Tribune.

HAVE CROWS A LANGUAGE?

Many Curious Facts That Go to Justify the Theory.

There is some reason for calling an owl the bird of wisdom; and yet there is cause for wondering if the crow is not mentally his superior. Crows are not disheartened by the gloom of late autumn. If the fog is too dense to fly through it, they rise above it or trot about the ground, discussing the situation with their fellows. Is this speaking too positively? I have long been familiar with an observing man who has lived all his days within sight and hearing of crows. He claims to understand their language, and can repeat the "words" that make up their vocabulary. Certainly crows seem to talk; but do they? Does a certain sound made by them have always the one significance? Year after year I have listened and watched, watched and listened, and wondered if my friend was right. He believes it. I believe it—almost. Are there limitations to ornithological interpretation? And is this an instance where truth is unattainable?

We know that crows are cunning and by their mother wit have withstood the persecutions of mankind; we know that they have a wide range of utterances, and not one is put forth merely to gratify the ear, as in the case of a thrush's song; yet we hesitate to say plainly that crow talketh unto crow and that they take counsel together. There is no physical or metaphysical reason why this should not be the case; there is abundance of evidence pointing in that direction, but no actual demonstration, satisfying everyone, has taken place.

Were less theory-ridden and more observant, the question would have been settled before this. In such a case the opinion of the farmer is worth more than that of a professional ornithologist.—Lippincott's Magazine.

When a Locomotive Blows Up.

"I am one of the very few persons who ever saw a locomotive blow up," remarked an old railroad man the other day. "Generally the men who witness the explosion of a steam engine are so dead when the smoke has cleared away that they are never able to give an account of the disaster. "Like many other accidents, the one I saw was the result of carelessness—low water in the boiler, for the engine had just come from the shops and was in complete repair. It was on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia a number of years ago. I was on a locomotive some distance behind the one which exploded, and was looking ahead out of the cab window, so that the ill-fated engine was immediately before my eyes. Suddenly I saw the machine rise in the air; it seemed to me to be about as high as the telegraph poles beside the track, which, as you doubtless know, are not so high as telegraph poles in the city. Then came a cloud of dense black smoke and dust, which hid the engine from view, and almost simultaneously I heard the roar of the explosion.

"Both the engineer and the fireman were killed, and the locomotive was fit for nothing much, but the scrap heap when it fell to the ground. The crown sheet over the firebox had blown out.

"The strange thing about the explosion was that no white steam was seen. You know perfectly dry steam is invisible, being like the air, and before it had time to condense it was probably smothered by the cloud of smoke and dust raised by the bursting of the boiler."—Baltimore Sun.

Got a \$14 Pearl With His Oysters.

Morgan H. Morgan, file clerk in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court, in company with several friends, lunched in a restaurant at Clark and Randolph streets, and, among other things, the entire party partook of fried oysters. Morgan picked out a large, juicy one, and was beginning to eat it with a relish, when his teeth grated on a hard substance.

He removed the object from his mouth and was about to tell the waiter that he had not ordered his oysters to be seasoned with gravel, when his attention was attracted by the reflection of the light upon the object he had thrown upon the table. Investigation showed that it was a pearl of good size.

Morgan put the pearl in his pocket, and after leaving the restaurant went to the office of a lapidary in the Champlain Building, where he was offered \$14 for the gem. He took the money.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Will Wed When He is 100 Years Old.

If Charles Stoltz, ninety-two years of age, lives to reach his hundredth birthday, he is to be married to a woman who will then be about ninety years old. Her name is Elizabeth Prosser. A few days ago Mr. Stoltz who retains his health, although his sight has failed him, made the announcement of his approaching nuptials and declared that he will live to be joined to Mrs. Prosser in marriage. "O, I am not so old," he said. "Ninety-two years has passed quick and I feel like a boy. You wouldn't believe it, but I am engaged. If I reach the 100 mark I am to marry Mrs. Elizabeth Prosser, who will then be about ninety."

Mrs. Prosser, who herself has kept her strength wonderfully well, confirmed Mr. Stoltz's statement.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE.

The Style Yielding to That Common in European Countries.

A Japanese architect who makes a specialty of European styles and designs is a person not frequently met in this country, yet such is the profession of Mr. S. Yoshii, of Tokio, Japan, who arrived in Washington Tuesday. Mr. Yoshii's card tells that he is the "chief architect to the ministry of communication, architect to the home department," etc., and Mr. Yoshii himself tells some very interesting things about the architectural phase of Japanese life. Speaking of this he said: "European architecture is gradually gaining a foothold in Japan, and must sooner or later dominate, just as European styles of dress are soon to dominate in the big cities. In Tokio and in other large centres of population all the new business houses are built on European plans. They are found to be more practicable. The residences are still of the Japanese style, and I suppose they will bend to the change last of all. Some of the larger and finer residences in the cities are built like yours, but most stick to the old customs.

"The Government does not own its buildings, but rents them, and these, without exception, are of European design. Within a few years the Government will erect its own buildings, and, of course, will adopt European patterns. There are three good European hotels in Tokio, and a number that are not so good. The Europeans and Americans never stop at the Japanese hotels, because they cannot do without chairs. Our hotels have nothing but couches.

"Architects in Japan make it a rule never to construct a building over four stories in height, for fear it will fall during an earthquake. Earthquakes are frequent there. Sometimes we have two in one month, but the damage is seldom great."—Washington Post.

WISE WORDS.

Senility and extreme youth are equally garrulous.

Like death, inspiration often comes unexpectedly.

To look is not always to see, says the wise man.

Happiness often goes about disguised as duty.

Daintiness is to woman what courtesy is to man.

Health is a touchy thing; disobey it, and off it goes.

Only a snob is pretentious; gentlefolk are always modest.

Thrift is not learned by text books, but through observation.

Women confess to bad memories, but seldom bad methods.

To fall out of love is joy; into it, misery. To love is difficult.

It is better not to say all you mean than to mean nothing you say.

He who falls once is to be pitied; twice, to be watched; thrice, to be condemned.

There never was a true book lover who could understand what "loneliness" means.

After one can eliminate the interrogation point from the life matrimonial all goes well.

In order to learn a man's character, watch his hatreds; to gauge a woman's, note her loves.

To hit the mark with another's arrow is despicable when you deprive the owner both of the opportunity and weapon.—Philadelphia Record.

After Many Years.

Very curious was the scene enacted in a popular up-town table d'hote restaurant one evening recently.

A middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance entered and found a seat at the only vacant small table.

He had scarcely been seated before almost his exact counterpart in facial appearance entered and was ushered to the seat opposite him—the only unoccupied seat. Each naturally looked at the other, and was struck by the wonderful resemblance.

It was evident that they were strangers.

Their respective orders served, the onlookers were amused to find them taking furtive glances at each other with wonderment and bewilderment depicted on their features.

Finally one of them ventured to say to the other that his name was — and that the family resemblance of the other was most striking.

"I had a twin brother," he said, "but he was lost in his infancy in going from England to Australia."

"No, he was not lost," was the reply. "He was rescued by a passing ship and taken to Melbourne and reared by the man who had picked him up out of the sea as his son. Recently on his death, I learned the secret of my life and I am now on my way to England to hunt up my family."

A hasty comparison of dates recalled the fact that the two were twins—hence their wonderful family resemblance—reunited by a singular circumstance after separation since early youth.—New York Times.

R. L. Stevenson's Grave.

This is from the New Zealand Times: A visit to the grave of R. L. Stevenson would disappoint many people. While some time back visits to this famous hill were most frequent, the limit must now be six persons yearly. And no wonder! The place is quite overgrown with weeds, and perhaps some day will be hard to discover. I understand that on receiving a complaint from a Sydney resident, a little while back, the British Consul sent some of his men up and the place was cleared. It is now time for another clearing.



GIRLS AND BOYS

Teddy, the Hobby Horse.
Teddy is my Hobby Horse,
And Teddy, he can go;
Teddy gallops miles and miles
And then I holler "Whoa!"

Some day when I get old enough
And grow up big and wise
I'll put him on the race track, and
My Teddy'll win a prize.

And then I'll get a harness made
Of silver and of gold,
And we'll travel on and on,
Just like knights of old.

I'll meet such pretty princesses
And be myself a prince,
And when I go to battle I'll
Be brave and never wince.

Hurrah! Old Teddy Hobby Horse
We won't have long to wait
Till I'm a gallant cavalier
And you're a charger great.

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Little Sprig of Content.
Edith is only a schoolgirl, but she has some of the wisdom that is better than any to be gotten from books. She does not spend her time fretting over things she does not have. She enjoys what she has.

"Don't you wish you were going to the seashore?" asked Margaret.

"I would like it," said Edith; "but I'm glad I'm going to grandma's. I always have a good time there."

"Wouldn't you like to have a new dress like Mary's?" said Jessie.

"Yes, but I like mine just as well," was the answer.

Edith has "the little sprig of content" which gives a rich flavor to everything.

Really Too Bad.

Great men, when they were boys, were often just like other boys, fond of fun and mischief. The boy who became Professor Gillespie proved this. He noticed—trust boys for noticing—that the schoolmaster was in great fear of thunder and lightning. Even when the sky grew overcast he used to watch the windows tremblingly. The boys, led on by Gillespie, turned this weakness at times to their own advantage. When a holiday was wanted they used to get a herd ladle to "work" a stick against the railings outside and in other ways to make a noise that might pass for distant thunder. When the boys heard the sound one would utter, in a stage whisper, "Thunder!" Some would even cry out, "There's a flash!" By and by the teacher would say: "You had better go home, boys, for a thunderstorm is coming on, and it will rain in torrents." The lads obeyed.

Peers Who Are Minors.

About a dozen peers who are still minors may view with unconcern the orders regulating the form of costume to be worn at the forthcoming coronation which have just been promulgated by the Earl Marshal. These include the Marquis Conyngham, who at the time of the coronation will be nineteen; Lord Camoys, who will be eighteen; Lord de Clifford, seventeen; the Duke of Leinster, Viscount Torrington, Lord Somers and Lord Hinchinbrook, fifteen; the Earl of Maclesfield, fourteen; Lord Vernon, thirteen, and Viscount Exmouth, eleven. The case of the Marquis of Bute is perhaps the most interesting, as his lordship only attains his majority about six or seven days prior to the date of the coronation. Assuming, therefore, that the upper house has not adjourned, it will be quite possible for the young peer to take his seat in Parliament and a few days later to be present at the state ceremony in Westminster Abbey, wearing his robes and coronet.—London Telegraph.

An Enterprising Farm Boy.

There is a farm boy living up in the northern part of Minnesota, probably the most unpromising part of the State for fruit; but it looks now as if he is doing a work in the interest of fruit for the whole State that but few boys or men are doing in more favorable locations. He is planting fruit seeds and pits in the effort to develop sorts adapted to his environment. He now has a plum, a seedling of the best wild plums that he could find, that is of exceptionally fine quality, and if it is found to be adapted to general cultivation, it will be a rare acquisition. The tree is hardy, but is yet too young to know just what its fruiting qualities will be, but the fruit excites the admiration of all who have seen it.

This boy planted pits of prunes that came from the store, and out of the lot one tree has survived, and its first blossoms this year, and the boy writes that he is awaiting with intense anxiety the coming year and some matured specimens from the one survivor of his prune trees, the one that has stood unscathed the vicissitudes of his severe climate. There is no fear that that boy will "leave the farm."

It is not yet time to name this young worker along the true lines of fruit development for this region. There will be time enough for that when his plum has had another year in which to demonstrate whether or not it possesses certain essentials to commercial success, and when his hardy prune has shown its qualities. In the meantime the example of this boy should be copied by very many others all over this northern region.—Farm, Stock and Home.

There are said to be 3,000,000 children in the United States who attend no Sabbath-school or other place of religious instruction.