

Of Interest to Women

The Woman of the Circus—She Leads a Careful Life and is Very Feminine in Her Taste—A Majority of Her Saved Money is Put Into a Handsome Home, Her Ambition.

The woman of the circus leads a much more careful life than her sister of the stage, says an exchange. Of her diet she must be critically careful, for to performance a mistake of an inch means death, and to be in the best physical condition she must pay the price in a life almost ascetic. The woman who spends the working hours of her life flying through the air thirty feet above the hard timber cannot have any chances.

They are genuine women, too. For instance, it is told of one remarkable woman artist that she is always afraid when she is on a railroad journey and that this is the one feature of the life of the circus that she fears. Another who is a notable tightrope artist, and expert and dances on the slender surface of a thin wire twenty-five feet above the ground is afraid to cross the wire in a crowded city.

They know the danger of their calling. Accidents happen right along, but they are not published to the world, for the circus must ever carry a message of cheerfulness. But insurance companies, though they will grant insurance to a locomotive engineer, will never do so to a circus acrobat.

Even on the road there is plenty of domestic life to be found among these women. Many of them are great readers. The foreign performers spend a large part of their time learning the language of this country. Some have sons or brothers at college.

An interesting point about the life of the circus that would commend it to almost any woman is the fact that it seems to be a sort of panacea of old age. The open air life, the constant exercise and the careful regimen have their reward.

Best performers of any merit are well paid, and the life on the road is so admirably economical to enable them to save a considerable proportion of their salary. This money is largely put into handsome homes where during the off season the woman of the circus can be for the time actually the mistress of the home, her dearest ambition.

Harried Women and Business.
Mrs. Amy L. Henkle, a young woman of Chicago, has struck a true chord in a discussion on the problem of business following the woman in business or married and her own business. "For my part, without iron, I should prefer the business of a woman; but I have made my choice and am not sorry for it. I work a good deal harder than when my hours were from 9 to 5, with a short day Saturday and Sunday free. There are compensations that the business housewife lacks. I regret I have a little time to improve my mind; that I take for reading I find; that I can be better by my own hand; and, finally, let me find pleasure in my babies. Here and now we have time, and nothing else in all the world is so important." Mrs. Henkle also says she has discovered the most difficult of all things for a woman, and that is to buy a hat with a small baby in her arms.

The New House Dress.
One of the most sensible fashions for the housewife is the revival of the one-piece dress to be worn about the work of the home. The skirts of these dresses are comfortably narrow, trim and without superfluous trimmings to rumple and soil, or to catch on "things" when going about the work. They close down the front from the shoulder to the bottom of the skirt, fastened with buttons. They are easy to put on and off, easy to launder, and not difficult to make.

A Nucleus.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once told an amusing story of an illiterate millionaire who gave a wholesale dealer an order for a copy of every book in all languages treating of any aspect of Napoleon's career. He thought it would fill a case in his library.

He was somewhat taken aback, however, when in a few weeks he received a message from the dealer that he had got 40,000 volumes, and was awaiting instructions as to whether he should send them on as an installment or wait for a complete set.

At a Disadvantage.
"It's all right to talk to some men about climbing the ladder of success," said a New Yorker who is trying to raise a family of seven on \$4 a week, "but when a man is flat on the ground and the ladder is standing on top of him it isn't a fair line of preaching."

Professional Advice.
"I don't know what we are to do when our pocket books are as empty as porters' pockets," he said to the marketman.

"What's a body going to do if this keeps on?"
"I don't advise you, mum, that but to go back to eat porters' food."

His Company.
William Young Astorbilt isn't at all surprised, he says, why, this morning I saw him riding in his automobile with a policeman.

The Army of Barbers.
Is the American too lazy to shave himself, or does the barber go into his business, trade or no trade, because it is easy? A list of selected mailing addresses by classes, shows 14,581 barber shops, as against 11,809 bakeries, 10,000 grocers, 10,000 milk dealers, and 10,000 druggists. The roll had 6,757 barbers in New England, 17,427 in the Middle Atlantic States, 18,208 in the Central, 2,963 in the West and 4,734 in the Southern States.

SNEAKING SUSPICION CLINCHED.

Tale of a Portly Personage with Woolly Side Whiskers.

"Uh-whist! yo' was gone," said Brother Smathers, relating the news to Brother Buckaroo, who had been on a journey. "A gentleman peered on de scene yah, wid de notation dat he was a clarry vovant and de seventh son of a moppin'—I dunnoh what—and was wintin to hold a secession in de lodge hall and show signs and wondahs for de roddest sum of two bits for folks and ten cents for betwixt-sized child'n; po'lyl' pussage, wid a striped vest and woolly side-whiskers, and 'bout de shade, he was, of de opposite of a fish."

"Wish I'd a been dar," enviously remarked Brother Buckaroo. "Wish yo' had wiah; ah-kase I likes sympathy. Wiah-uh, de side-whiskered gentleman took de money at de do', and de house was plumb packed; and ten he blowed out de light, and nounced in a grizzly voice for everybody to set right off, ah-kase for de just appearance he was ah-gains to whirl in and separate their souls fum 'deir bodies.'"

"Mum-mum-muh Lawd, sah! Did he do it?"
"Not so's yo' could notice it! We deas eat and sol, and waitid and waitid, and him-by a gambin' man, dat wasn't skeered, begun to snort; and 'en he lit a light, and behold de pubesence was gone! He'd done separate us suah! growed folks fum our two bits apiece and de innocent child'n un 'deir dimes, and was gone fum dah! his all dar was to it, 'cepplin' it inches de amakin' apiece! It had or to de some daya, dat a nigger 'ric side-whiskers deas naturally kaint 'e right!"

RICH VIANDS.



Mrs. Lyon—I'm sorry to hear that Mr. Ben-Gall is ill.
Mrs. Ben-Gall—Oh, it's stomach trouble again. That party of English millionaires came along; he had so much rich food.

Sandy's Delicate Hint.
Sandy and his lass had been sitting about half an hour in silence. "Maggie," he said, at length, "waans here on de Sabbath night!"
"Aye, Sandy, I daur say yo' were."

"An' waans I here on Monday night?"
"Aye, so ye were."

"I was here on Tuesday night, an' Wednesday night, an' Thursday night, an' Friday night!"
"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday night, an' I'm ere again!"
"Weel, what for, no? I'm sure ye're ery welcome."

Sandy (desperately)—Maggie, woman! De'n begin to smell a rat!

When the Bride-Elect Objected.
A young man, who looked every inch the bridegroom, stood in the doorway of a Chicago hotel the other day telling a friend of the manner of his proposal to his bride. She had none of his wild ways and fondly hoped to reform him through marriage. "After I had popped the question and she had accepted me," he said, "I at once began to talk about de wedding. 'We shall go away somewhere by ourselves, my dear,' I said; 'there will be no foolishness, no cards, no ceremony—here she interrupted me, and, with a dignified sweep of her arm, declared: 'Mr. —, I shall certainly insist upon a ceremony.'"

Down to Brass Tacks.
"It is a wonderful story," says the publisher to the new author, whose manuscript has just been accepted, "but you have failed in one important feature. You do not describe the way the heroine was dressed when the hero first met her. You'd better write in a paragraph about her clothes, but try to avoid the conventional."

The Ingenious Author, knowing the weakness of costume descriptions in the best sellers, and also knowing how to make an appeal to the feminine heart, wrote:
"Heloise, seated toward him gasped in a swoon, a dress a \$250 hat, with a \$25.75 mantilla over a \$175 lace coat."

A Sham.
"He puts his watch under his pillow every night."
"I notice he likes to sleep over time."

A Fearsome Threat.
From the classroom occupied by the roughest boys in the Sunday school came a great uproar. The secretary in the next room went in to investigate. Complete silence followed the opening of the classroom door.
"Have you got a leather?"
"No."
"Do you want one?"
"No."
"Then be quiet or you'll get one." Result, comparative peace.—Manchester Guardian.

"So Say We All of Us."
"Alas!" exclaimed the penitent man; "in a moment of weakness I stole a carload of brass fittings."
"In a moment of weakness" he claimed the judge. "Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you left street?"

COUNTRY BILLIARDS.

Story that Will Be Appreciated by Knights of the Cue.

Calvin Demarest, the amateur billiard champion, described at a dinner in Chicago some poor billiard tables. "One summer in the country," he said, "another man and I were overtaken by a storm and had to go into a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four long hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands."

"Landlord," said I, "do you happen to have a billiard table?"
"Sure," said the landlord. "Sure. Just step this way, gent."

"He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues."

"Any balls?" said I.
"Sure," said the landlord, and he unlocked a closet and laid on the table three white balls, all alike—there was no spot, you know.

"But, see here," I remonstrated, "how do you tell these balls apart?"
"Oh, that's all right, sah. You soon get to know 'em by their shape."—Washington Star.

Length of Life.
The maximum length of life of some of the best known animals is as follows: The horse lives to a maximum of thirty-five years, and the donkey a like period; the dog does not exceed twenty-five years; the rabbit from eight to ten; the goose, thirty; the duck, the hen and the turkey, a dozen years.

Among the animals having the best established reputation for longevity are: The crow, which lives one hundred years; the parrot and the elephant, which attain an age of one hundred and fifty years. Carp, on the other hand, appear to have usurped their reputation, which was based on ill-founded facts from Chantilly and Fontainebleau. They rarely exceed a century.

The tortoise appears to be the animal that lives the longest, and the record of longevity is surely held by one weighing 250 kilograms, which was presented in 1904 to the London zoological gardens by Walter De Rothschild, and which is said to have been born in 1750.

Use for Elastic Conscience.
Riggs and Briggs are two Montreal citizens, more or less interested in municipal affairs. They differ on several burning questions, but unite in a strong dislike for O'Flaherty (which is not the gentleman's name). The same O'Flaherty has a positive gift for manipulating votes, and is capable of looking after a larger band of the "faithful" than any other Montreal politician.

"This city a bad name," said Riggs warily. "He's got no principles at all. In fact, he doesn't think of anything but getting his man in."

"That's so," responded Briggs. "If I had a conscience as elastic as O'Flaherty's, I'd make it into a rubber trust."

Took Her at Her Word.
A woman came into the general store with a jar of butter. She desired to exchange it for another jar of butter. In churning her butter she had discovered a mouse in the churn. "It didn't injure the butter," she said to the storekeeper, "and to any one who did not know the circumstance it would taste all right."

Taking the woman at her word, the merchant carried her jar into the back room, transferred her butter to another jar, and the gratified customer took back her mouse butter with a thousand thanks for the accommodation.

There is a great deal of needless trouble in the world on account of squeamish sentiment.

Indian Missionaries to the Seminoles.
The Indian Baptist Church of Weir, whose members belong to the Seminole tribe of Indians, and whose services are held in the Seminole language, is preparing to send missionaries to Florida to convert more than five hundred members of the Seminole tribe still living in that State. An effort will be made to raise \$3,000 for this work, and to send about ten persons to Florida. The missionaries will be led by the Rev. Jackson Brown, another of Governor John Brown of the Seminole nation. Mr. Brown visited the Florida Seminoles about two years ago, and at that time got the idea of converting them to Christianity.

STAYS ON THE LINE.
Clothes Prop Which Cannot Be Thrown Down by the Wind.
An improvement has been recently made in the construction of clothes props which all women who take an active part in the household routine will appreciate. It would seem that the old style prop and done service so long that they could be no improvement suggested, but a well known shortcoming of the old wooden pole is that in a wind it is soon dislodged

and falls to the ground, permitting the clean clothes to drag back and forth over the dirty surface. The new pole is supplied with a double hook which prevents the pole from leaving its place under the rope.

Not Disinterested.
A Massachusetts professor says tough beef is as nourishing as the choicer cuts. Bonds like the utterance of a man who owns a dental parlor or a peeps factory.—New York Evening Telegram.

Fine Distinctions.
"Beg pardon, are you M'Orbit, the prize fighter?"
"Young fellow, I am a pugilist, no a prize fighter. Are you one of their reporters?"
"No, sir; I'm a journalist."

King of a Coconut Isle.
Unberled, a monarch arrived in the city recently when King William of Teurus disembarked from the steamship Mariposa. The king, who prefers to be known by the plain American title of W. J. Williams, is the sole owner of the island of Teurus, of the Society group, in the South Sea. Although without army or navy, unless his own arsenal and cannon may be considered such, Williams is more absolute than any reigning European ruler, as he is the sole owner of the island, which is covered with a valuable coconut grove. Williams says that within ten years his principality will be supporting over 50,000 bearing coconut trees.—San Francisco Cal. Dispatch to Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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IT MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A Thought Struck Mrs. Midden When She Returned Home.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Midden. She had been shopping and visiting, and had just arrived home when a thought struck her. She clasped her hands together in dismay, and in her agitation sat flat down on the cat. "What ever shall I do?"

"I expect you will get over it," said Mr. Midden, faintly. He was waiting for his tea. "What is it?"

"I took my dirty coat with me instead of that little price-book, and if I haven't been and left it somewhere! Suppose somebody should get hold of it and read it!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed her husband. "That will be fine sport. How I should like to see them reading all the rubbish you have written in it! What's the good of going back? You'll never get it."

"Oh, I remember now!" suddenly cried Mrs. Midden. "It is my old one. So it doesn't matter at all. I feel quite relieved."

"What was it?" said he, feeling disappointed.

"I used to amuse myself by copying your love letters to it, and I limited your signature at the bottom of them."

"What!" yelled Midden, jumping to his feet and grabbing at his hair. "Do you want people to know what an idiot I was, and make me the laughingstock of the parish just when I'm putting up for the vestry? Go and look for it, quick! And offer \$10 reward for it!"

And if it hadn't been found in Mrs. Midden's bag at that very moment there is no telling what would have happened to that household.—The Sketch.

An R. S. V. P. Prayer.
Willie had not been a very good boy that day, and in consequence of certain inexcusable delinquencies he had been sent to bed with the sun. After supper his father climbed the stairs to the youngster's room, and throwing himself down on the bed along side of the delinquent, began to talk to him.

"Willie," he said, gravely, "did you say your prayers before you went to bed?"

"Yesir," said Willie.

"And did you let the Lord to make you a good boy?" asked the parent.

"Yes," said Willie, "and I guess I'll work this time."

"Good," said the father. "I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes," said Willie, "but I don't think we'll know before tomorrow, you've got to give the Lord time, you know."

"And what makes you think it will work this time, my son?" queried the anxious parent.

"Why, after the Amen I put in an R. S. V. P.," explained the boy.—Harper's Weekly.

The Judge's Loaded Inkpot.
Few American lawyers go abroad without visiting the Old Hall at Lincoln, in London. There was a gathering of English legal lights in the hall a week or two ago to listen to an address on "The Law of Drunkenness." The writer is able to recall the alcoholic propensities of the famous Judge Boyd, of the Irish Bench, who so often sat in the Old Hall. He kept a supply of his favorite "pizen" on the desk before him in an inkstand of peculiar make, and when he wanted a sip he took it through a quill pen, while casual professed ignorance of the little manoeuvre. "Tell the Court truly," he once said to a witness, "were you drunk or sober?" "Quite sober, My Lord," replied the man, and his counsel added, with a look at the inkpot, "as sober as a judge."

A STARTLING HINT.
Gerald—Some things go by fits and starts.
Geraldine—I don't want you to have a fit, but I wish you'd start.—Puck Magazine.

Not Disinterested.
A Massachusetts professor says tough beef is as nourishing as the choicer cuts. Bonds like the utterance of a man who owns a dental parlor or a peeps factory.—New York Evening Telegram.

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Dream of A Home

For years Miss Lucretia had chafed at a dream, but only one person had ever known of it. Since she had used to play home with her little friends when she was a child she had longed for a home of her own. After her elder sister's marriage she had often gone to visit her, and she had watched her around her home with wistful eyes. But she had never allowed Jeannette to catch that wistful look.

The reason she said that the reason why Miss Lucretia had not married was because she had been too broken up over Jim Kaylor's leaving the town and marrying a Western girl. They had been the same as engaged. So the rumor went, and rumor for once was right. But the whole truth about the affair had never been revealed. Lucretia had been very fond of Jim, and she had expected to marry him, but she had wanted a home, too, and when he had said that there was plenty of time to get that after they were married, the girl had told him that she would never marry unless a man could take her to a good home.

A quarrel had ensued and they parted in anger—Jim soon leaving for the West. The following year the news had come back to the village that he was married. Miss Lucretia appeared to take it very quietly, but in reality she was a blow to her. Someone had said that perhaps John Hill had something to do with her apparent indifference over the news, but gossip decided that it could have been only a friendship between Lucretia and John when the man married another girl in the village only six months later. And it had only been friendship between them. Lucretia had cared too much for Jim Kaylor to forget him so soon.

Two years later her mother had died, and for a while she looked after the home for her father, but this was not like a real home somehow, she would often say to herself. Several years after her father had married again, and she had moved down to the farther end of the village and lived a small cottage. She had thought that now her dream of a home could be realized. She fitted it up prettily, hanging dainty curtains at the windows and filling every conceivable nook with plants and vines, but still the home was not as she had dreamed it would be. There was a restless, unsatisfied longing in her heart.

One by one the years had gone by until now Miss Lucretia was almost 10 years old. Time had dealt kindly with her and she did not look nearly her age. Not a word had been heard of Jim Kaylor since his parents had moved away from the village five years before. The villagers were therefore greatly surprised when Jim appeared among them one afternoon. There was a prosperous look about him which had not been there in his youth. They yearned to ask him about his wife, but there was that in his manner that kept them from trying to satisfy their curiosity.

Miss Lucretia was sitting down to supper that night when a rap came at her door. She was started upon opening it to find Jim Kaylor standing there.

After the first moment of surprise and embarrassment she greeted him cordially. She forgot for the time that there might be a Mrs. Kaylor somewhere in the village.

He accepted her invitation to take tea with her, and so until they had finished did she once think to inquire for his wife.

When she asked him about Mrs. Kaylor, the man responded:

"I might as well make a clean breast of it," he stammered. "I have not got any wife—I never had any."

"But the news came back here that you were married," interposed Miss Lucretia, a wild happiness leaping into her heart.

"I heard that John Hill was getting pretty fond of you," began the man in explanation, "and the folks thought you liked him considerable. As I was pretty proud I didn't like to think that you had forgotten all about me so quick, and I sent back the news that I was married on purpose. But when I heard that John had married some other girl I wished I hadn't said what I had. I kept thinking I'd contradict the story, but somehow I felt kinder ashamed to. I haven't been here all this time, Lucretia," he added. "I've tried to amount to something and to get a home established, and I've made good. I've never left off loving you all these years. There's a good home waiting for you out there, and I've come to take you back with me."

There was a look of intense happiness in the woman's eyes as they met his. Lucretia knew that her dream of a home would soon be realized.—MRS. ANTHRIS A. NICHOLS.

Good to Remember.
Physical defects can be turned into incentives to success instead of drawbacks, what we look upon as handicaps in the end may prove spurts to enable us to reach the goal of desire, if we know how to use them. We make our own happiness, we carve our own success.—Exchange.

Bleach Ivory in the Sun.
After cleaning ivory expose it to the sun. This assists in bleaching it.

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