

The cynic is a man who sees his own heart and calls it the world.

Our naval gunners seem to suffer from nothing worse than an excess of teal.

Girls, there are sad days ahead. The trust proposes to advance the price of chewing gum.

A Pennsylvanian lived on pork chops for thirty days. In slang parlance "he was on to the hog" proper.

There are now 49,264 Daughters of the Revolution. The families of the old heroes of '76 must have run largely to girls.

If that Panama Canal could only be dug elsewhere and shipped where it is needed its construction would not be delayed.

Sully announces that he will never speculate again, but what does it avail to smash the ticker after the tape has run out?

The Patagonians object to being photographed. A glance at the picture of one explains why they should entertain these objections.

An esteemed New York contemporary is discussing the question, "Why does popcorn pop?" It will be followed by a symposium on the topic, "why is a gourd?"

Some progress has been made in the process of boiling down four large and unwieldy territories into the compact and more easily handled forms of Okla. and Ariz.

There is a judge in Pennsylvania who holds that a man needn't tell his wife how much he earns. Of course he needn't. She'll find that out after he hangs his trousers up at night.

The Spanish premier's life was saved the other day by the gold braid on his uniform, which stopped an anarchist's blade. This is the most powerful argument that has ever been presented in favor of gold braid.

The newest long word is superuncontradistinguishability. It is thought to be the outgrowth of a demand for a name applicable to some mental malady that shall be as expensive in its way as appendicitis.

Forty years ago a boy was whipped, as he considered, unjustly, in a country school in New York State. He swore vengeance, and when he grew to be a rich man he bought the schoolhouse and demolished it. No further proof is needed that he deserved the whipping.

Just think how much better off you are now than you were this time eight or nine years ago. Then you were worrying yourself into brain fag figuring out how you could afford to buy a new bicycle of the current model. Now all you have to do is to look at the automobile price list and sigh without hope.

What we need in this country is a movement that will reform the wayward mother—the woman who chases the fantastical conceptions of so-called reformers and higher educators; who drifts far away on the social sea; who neglects her own home in an endeavor to save the inmates of others; who gives vehement defense rather than gentle and winning reproof and aid to her sinning offspring. The wayward mother is the alder and abettor of the saloon, prison and gallows, and she is the only person or proposition that her sisters have failed to reform.

A grand conference of disapproving bishops and clergymen of various Protestant denominations has decided that divorce may be prevented to a considerable degree by the passage of church laws forbidding the marriage of any divorced person. It is fair to suppose that the passage of such laws will be greatly encouraged by justices of the peace and other civil functionaries whose income will be considerably swelled by this outburst of morality. The proportion of church members, legally divorced, who will be restrained from remarriage by the stern commands of the church may, however unfortunately, not be expected to be overwhelmingly large.

While we are happily exempt from such classification as royalty, nobility and a succession of lower grades such as are features of the social condition of Europe, we are, unfortunately, equipped with too many citizens whose souls hunger for titles and who as "dearly love a lord" as any Englishman ever did. And in no part of the world are magnificent titles piled so high on officials of various fraternal and benevolent societies as among "the triumphant democracy" of this republic.

lic. All this goes to show that the atmosphere of a republic is not fatal to the desire for the baubles that have contributed to the pride and happiness of grown-up children in all lands and all times.

Unto all railroad engineers the red petticoat is a sacred thing. Upon scores of occasions red petticoats have been the means of saving trains from being wrecked. Invariably the woman who discovers a washout or a collapsed bridge or an obstruction on the track wears a red petticoat. There may be a psychological explanation of this remarkable fact, but whether there is or not, the brave woman always manages during the one minute and twenty-seven seconds that must elapse before the arrival of the lightning express to get her red petticoat off and wave it frantically, thus warning the engineer and enabling him to stop the train on the very brink of destruction. To all railroad men red is a sign of danger. Perhaps this is because what might have been the first railroad disaster was prevented by the waving of a red petticoat. Now it is unfortunate that red petticoats have been causing trouble for railroad men at Wilmington Del. Italian women, have been in the habit of picking up coal along the tracks in that city, and because the winds toyed with their skirts, thereby exposing their red petticoats, it has frequently happened that engineers on through express trains, seeing what they supposed to be danger signals, have thrown on their brakes, thereby flinging passengers into ignominious heaps and causing wild panics in the cars. The result has been an order strictly prohibiting women who wear red petticoats from picking coal along the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad. This order will undoubtedly work many hardships, but there seems to be no help for the Italian ladies of Wilmington. The red petticoat's standing as a danger signal must not be impaired.

Many influences are at work to discourage among men the art of letter-writing. The telegraph, the telephone and the stenographer vie with each other to make communication with friends easy, and at the same time to deprive it of the personal note which is the chief charm of the letter. The clever turn of phrase, the jesting comment on some eccentricity, the intimate confidence, the unconscious pathos of an appeal for sympathy—these have a tendency to disappear from the typewritten page. Nevertheless, the friendly letter of the old-fashioned sort has given a vast amount of pleasure to both writer and reader; and it will be a serious loss to the world if it is to be superseded by talk over the long-distance telephone, or by the dictated letter, which is scarcely more than an elongated telegram. If the epistolary art is to be preserved, it must be by women. The club, the philanthropic movement and the golf-links must not crowd the pen out of the woman's fingers. If she acquires skill with the piano or the violin at the expense of skill with the pen, she sacrifices the greater to the less. The keenest stimulus to letter-writing is to be found in the published letters of the various men and women who have excelled in the art. Next to the technicalities of lucid expression, the most desirable quality in a letter is the color given it by the personality of its author. The letter must be the writer's own—in fact, it must be the writer. So the letters of such diverse persons as Dickens, Gray, Mrs. Browning, Edward Fitzgerald and James Russell Lowell are all delightful, because each writer has spread on his page a portrait of himself, more perfect than any he was able to put into poem or novel or essay. This art is that which woman should endeavor to acquire. She may write her friend gaily or gravely. She may discuss the weather, the English tariff or the latest novel. She must be herself if she would do her share toward saving from the decay which threatens it the noble art of letter-writing.

Tortoises Taught Tricks.
Japanese and Korean showmen, in addition to their skill as jugglers and acrobats, display a truly marvelous skill in teaching animals tricks. They not only exhibit educated bears, spaniels, monkeys and goats, but also trained birds and, what is the most astonishing of all, trick fish. One of the most curious examples of patient training is an exhibit by an old Korean boatman of a dozen drilled tortoises.

Directed by his songs and a small metal drum, they march in line, execute various evolutions and conclude by climbing upon a low table, the larger ones forming, of their own accord, a bridge for the smaller, to which the feat would otherwise be impossible.

When they have all mounted they dispose themselves in three or four piles, like so many plates.

Case of Sour Grapes.
Burglars, unable to break through the iron door of a cigar-shop in Berlin, avenged themselves by painting up a notice: "There is nothing here worth stealing."

Booming Business.
"That lobbyist seems to have a good deal of money to spend," remarked the first councilman.

"Yes," replied the other, "he's working for an ordinance to allow automobiles unlimited speed."

"Ah! in the interest of the auto club?"
"No, the undertakers' trust."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pat Made a "Killing."
"Did yiz ever make any money backin' horses, Mulligan?"
"Sure, Oi made a hundred dollars wance."

"How did yez do ut?"
"Oi backed him down a cellar awn dlin sued th' mon for lavin' th' door open."—New Yorker.

Different Views.
"Mrs. X. is a beautiful woman, isn't she?"
"Oh, do you think so?"
"Why, yes; we live across the street from each other, and I often see her coming out of the door. She is always so delightfully groomed."
"Um. Possibly—at that end of the fat. Our back doors meet, you know. I have never seen her anywhere else."—Detroit Free Press.

Fortune.
Giffle—Fortune knocks once at every man's door.
Splinks—I don't know about that; but it not only knocks at some men's doors, but hangs around afterward with the persistency of a book agent.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Paradoxical Doc.
"Doctor, you are the most jovial, even tempered man I ever met—do you never get out of temper?"
"One has to get out of patience to lose one's temper; and, as I am never out of patients, I am never out of patience."—Houston Post.

Welcome Repetition.
Guest—Sam, I suppose you like the men who always remember the waiter.
Sam—No, sah; Ah laks dem dat don't remembah de waiter. Den dey's liable to tip de same one two or three times en not know nuffin' erbout it.

Undoubtedly.
"If women ever break into politics," said the fussy old bachelor, "every spinster will be a ring candidate."
"How's that?"
"Why—er—an engagement ring candidate," he explained.

Sorry She Spoke.
Mrs. Callier Downe—Your table manners are horrible. Who have you been associating with?
Callier Downe—Well, for the past few weeks I have been eating lunch with your father.

Cause and Effect.
"Four years ago," remarked the obese passenger, as he lit a fresh cigar, "I was dead broke; but a friend staked me to \$50, and I started a glue factory."
"Well?" queried the hardware drummer.

"And now," continued the heavy-weight, "I am pretty well fixed."
An Ungentle Reminder.
"Dis piece in de paper erbout a poet feller wot was wrapped in thought reminds me uv a little experience uv me own," remarked Weary Walker.

"G'wan," exclaimed Tired Tatters, "Youse wuz never wrapped in thought."
"Naw," answered W. W., "but a policeman-onet rapped me afore I had time ter think."

Those Loving Girls.
Clare—Congratulate me, dear, George and I are engaged.
Maude—Yes, I know it.
Clare—Why, how did you know?
Maude—Oh, I met him this morn'ng, and when I asked why he looked so blue he said he hadn't the heart to refuse you when you proposed last night.

Victor and Spoils.
"But," protested the beardless youth, "I am capable of filling the position."
"That has nothing to do with the case, my young friend," replied the old politician. "By and by you will learn that the soft jobs are not apt to fall to those who are fit for them as to those who fought for them."

Born Diplomat.
"But," protested the fair maid after the engagement had been duly ratified, "this is the same ring you gave Edyth three months ago when you were engaged to her."
"I know it is, darling," replied the wise youth, "but I had it cut down three sizes in order to make it fit your shapely finger."
And his explanation pleased her so much she immediately fell on his collar and giggled for joy.

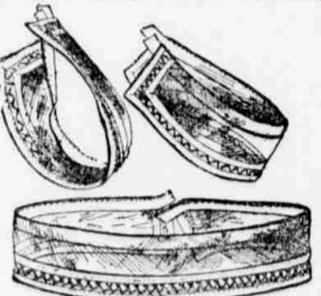


Woman in the Middle West.

The social picture of the middle West as a whole, however, presents the sexes occupying different intellectual and moral planes. There the woman is indisputably the mistress in all that makes for culture—culture in letters and in art; the man is king in his own active realm. Each is most deferential to the other in that other's sphere. The books on the shelves, the pictures on the wall, are of the woman's choice or selection. The man speaks of her literary or artistic tastes, usually of both combined, with the reverence that is due to her superior intellectual and spiritual gifts and acquirements. She is the hostess, and the host stands appropriately behind her. She is the instructed and leads the intellectual movements of her town. The book club, the Dante club, the entertainer of the lecturing or the traveling lion, is the woman. Often the clergyman assists; but she, through her influence over the surrendered man, has selected her clergyman, and on her he must count for the success of himself and of his work. She is, indeed, generous and gracious, and welcomes with joy every man who strays from business into the company of books and pictures. Into homes which she has made. They call their houses homes, oftener than the East, and these homes bespeak the finer taste of the woman. Her education is likely to be more virile than that of her Eastern sisters, because it is acquired at schools and colleges where co-education of the sexes is the rule. Her domination in the home and her primacy in the higher life, as we are inclined to call it, are seen not only in the more obvious social affairs, but in the element of seriousness which marks most life in this midway of the country.

As the man pays her high respect by recognizing her superiority in the kingdom of taste, of feeling, of the imagination, of the knowledge which comes from books, she returns his deference by venerating him as the active ruler of the world of affairs. This attitude was well expressed by a young woman student in one of the great education universities of the West. She was asked to write her view of Thomas Jefferson, and this was her response: "Thomas Jefferson was timid and shy, but lovely in his family." She could judge him as one of the "world of men," because she was not of his family; if she had been, the last part of her description alone would have sufficed.—Henry Loomis Nelson in Harper's Magazine.

Collar and Cuff Set.
A pretty collar and cuff set, to be worn with one's silk shirt waist suit, or dainty blouses, is made of filet net—similar to wash blond, or "footing." The filet net comes by the yard and is just the right width for turnovers. Five-sixths of a yard is sufficient for a set. The edges are bound with



COLLAR AND CUFF SET.

taffeta silk binding ribbon, of some shade to harmonize with the suit. About an eighth of an inch above this another row of the binding ribbon is placed (both rows are machine-stitched to the net), the two being connected by fagoting in embroidery silk.

A Noble Woman.
An unusual ceremony took place in New Orleans, when many thousand persons from every walk of life gathered to do honor to a woman. A loving-cup was presented to Miss Sophie Wright, whom her fellow townsmen love to call "The First Citizen of New Orleans," and the presentation was made the occasion for a public demonstration of affection.

Miss Wright is a little, crippled woman, white-haired and sweet-faced. All her life she had been struggling against poverty and against the never-ceasing pain of a spinal trouble. Able to go about only with the aid of a steel harness and a cane, she still has the strength of a multitude in doing good works.

Twenty years ago she was but a girl of eighteen, yet she had already established a prosperous and growing boarding school, and was beginning to see ahead an end to poverty. One day a young mechanic asked her to teach him to read and write. Suddenly brought face to face with the fact

that thousands of boys were growing up in New Orleans untaught and without hope of advancement, she threw her school open to them in the evening, and called for volunteer teachers from among her girl pupils. Thus was established a free night school to which thousands of men to-day owe all their education. This year it enrolled fifteen hundred pupils, and three hundred were turned away for lack of room.

Fighting weakness and pain which would render another a helpless burden, she spends her days earning money to support herself and her charity, and her evenings teaching her "boys." Yet with it all she finds time for the countless other demands on her. There is scarcely a charity in the city but feels the inspiration of her aid. Last winter she engineered the raising of seventeen thousand dollars to build a home for crippled children. Her reward is in a love from the people of New Orleans such as few have earned. Her life is an example of what a noble woman can accomplish.—Youth's Companion.



The domestic subjects sub-department of the new London educational authority does not mean to do things by halves. If they teach young folks how to manage a baby the lessons are to be thorough. No dolls are going to be used, or picture illustrations, but a good, honest 3-month-old infant, warranted to scream at pin pricks, kick at bathing, and be sick when improperly fed. Attendance at these domestic instruction classes is compulsory on all girls of school age for one-half day per week. Results of the most encouraging description have been noticed already from some of the classes. A well-known doctor stated the other day that a woman's life had been saved by the skilled nursing of a 13-year-old daughter, who had been a regular attendant at one of the board school sick nursing classes.

Taking Life Too Seriously.
Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true, but judging from appearances, it would seem to be world wide, for, go where one may, one will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner," and if "the present is the fullness of the past and the herald of the future" (and how can we doubt it?) how many sad histories may be read in the faces of those we meet every day? The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self-woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says, "Girls should be sunbeams, not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of us be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?

Home Life.
The home life may change, but it will not be disrupted. Nothing can destroy the home life. The more women become the equals of men and the more they are considered and treated as equals the stronger will the home life become. Women in the home used to be considered as dependents; I might say as incumbrances. Now, with their increased education, ability and opportunities, they are better able to make the home life what it should be. It is not simply breadmaking, mending and dishwashing that make the home, women of to-day are being trained to preside in the home with skill and science, and naturally they are better able to improve the home life, to raise its standard, to make it ideal.—Susan B. Anthony.

A Delicious Omelet.
Beat separately the whites of six eggs. Mix with the yolks any flavor that you desire and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add the whites to the yolks, and beat well. Mix in four or five tablespoonfuls of milk, with a little salt. Cook like an ordinary omelet. Turn over in the dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar, pass the salamander over, and serve.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Japanese in Hawaii now outnumber the natives two to one.