



Who Gets Left?

There is a man in our town
Who think he's awful wise;
Who often tries to get free puffs,
But does not advertise.

He often boasts how much does,
And tries to get the cred
But advertisers "scoop" t ise
And he finds he's "not

Why should he get who es?
A "sponger" on a pa
An icicle, a beggar man,
A blind, dull, selfish creature?

Newspapers lead and boom the town,
They help live men to win;
They have no time and space for those
Who don't put up the tin.

Woman's Fortitude in Bearing Pain.

Here a some interesting data concerning the comparative fortitude in bearing pain between women and men which decidedly oppose Prof. Lombroso's theory that women suffer less pain than men because of their less sensitive organization. Dr. Charles L. Dana asserts that women suffer much more than men. "For forty years of life, person for person, the woman suffers three times as much as the man. Measure it by pints, quarts, or yards the proportion will be the same—three to one." Dr. Veneca M. Powell claims that the difference in the matter of bearing pain between the sexes is not the result of physiological differences, but of difference in training. "Pain is woman's heritage. She must suffer all her life. She learns that as soon as she learns what it is to be a woman. The tradition passes from mother to daughter that they must bear it and not make a fuss about it. They learn to consider pain as a thing that isn't of much consequence anyway and isn't worth speaking about." Dr. Grace Peckham says that the reason why women bear pain better than men is because their nerve fiber gets used to being beaten by throbs of pain, so that they cease to notice it, as one grows accustomed to an annoying noise which, if constantly repeated, finally ceases to produce an impression upon the auditory nerve.

Parallel, Not Identical.

It is the narrow superficial education of women which leads them to maintain that there is "no difference" between themselves and men, or that men's normal opportunities are loftier than their own, and which consequently makes them envy men and desire to step into their places. The really educated woman, the one whose mind really knows and thinks, can comprehend better than any one else the true meaning and glory of womanhood, the true importance of its peculiar responsibilities, the true value and charm of its peculiar privileges. For she alone is able to attest and appraise these things, and, more over, she has learned that the growth of civilization implies a progressive specialization of capabilities and efforts, and that the advancement of women has meant a steady departure from that primitive, barbaric state where men and women were not more widely differentiated than are male and female animals of to-day. If she claims a

be fitted to do the work which a man cannot possibly do, and may help the world along in a way that is parallel, not identical, with his.—Mrs. G. Van Rensselaer in the Forum.

The Beauty of Girlhood.

How often does the woman who has left her teens behind her long for those days when there was a crispness and a novelty in the every day affairs of life that seem now so prosaic, so dull and so utterly unlike the self-same items of that past that never can come again.

Men may rave over the maturer charms of a woman of 30, but the woman herself would gladly do away with the praise, which to her ears always sounds a bit apologetic, and go back to those days when by right of her own abundant, glowing, happy youth she reigned a queen in her own little realm.

Life looks so entirely different through the eyes of girlhood. There is no serious side to it. It is all hope, unshadowed by doubt or painful experience of earth. The sunshine of earth is brighter, the clouds fewer and smaller and the heart beats faster in those lovely first days of actual living before the woman is born and the girl learns that life is not all gladness.

Female Inconsistency.

"Woman is a curious creature," remarked bachelor John H. Haskell at the Lindell yesterday. "Just now she is horrified at the suggestion of a dress reformer that skirts be chopped off above the ankles. It is so immodest, you know. Yet the average young lady will appear in amateur theatricals in skirts that scarcely fall below the knee or parade the sands at a popular bathing resort in a costume that would make a ballet-dancer breathe hard. A young lady will almost faint with mortification if, by chance, her shoulders are exposed; yet an evening dress that discloses half her bust and back is worn with perfect sang-froid. Circumstances alter cases in a very peculiar and illogical manner where the fair sex is concerned.—Globe-Democrat.

Stick Room "Don'ts."

Don't tiptoe. A tiptoe will sometimes cause more disturbance than a carefully, squarely-placed footfall. Don't tiptoe.

Don't whisper. A whisper will often wake a light sleeper when an ordinary voice would not. Don't whisper.

Don't sniff or sigh. Sniffs and sighs may better be indulged in in the open air where a gust of wind can blow them away. Don't sniff or sigh.

Don't handle rattling papers. The folding and unfolding of papers that "rattle" is well calculated to "rattle" invalids, to say nothing of those who are strong and well. Don't "rattle."

Don't shout, or allow the voice to be keyed on a high note. Shouting may be a necessity in connection with the treatment of "beasts of burden," but should be counted a luxury for indulgence indoors only when conversing with those who are "deaf as a post." Don't shout.

Women and Billiards.

One of the many things the smart woman knows how to do, and to do well, is to handle the billiard cue. No other game presents so favorable opportunity for the display of a graceful figure and a pretty hand, and as success in playing depends upon delicacy of touch, rapidity of judgment and quickness of perception, a girl with a little practice plays an excellent game. Corsets and billiard cues are and must of necessity be in a perpetual state of divorce, and the girl that tries to play in a tight-boned waist will never win the game from her hither. A loose, bright silk waisted, and tightly girdled, is an

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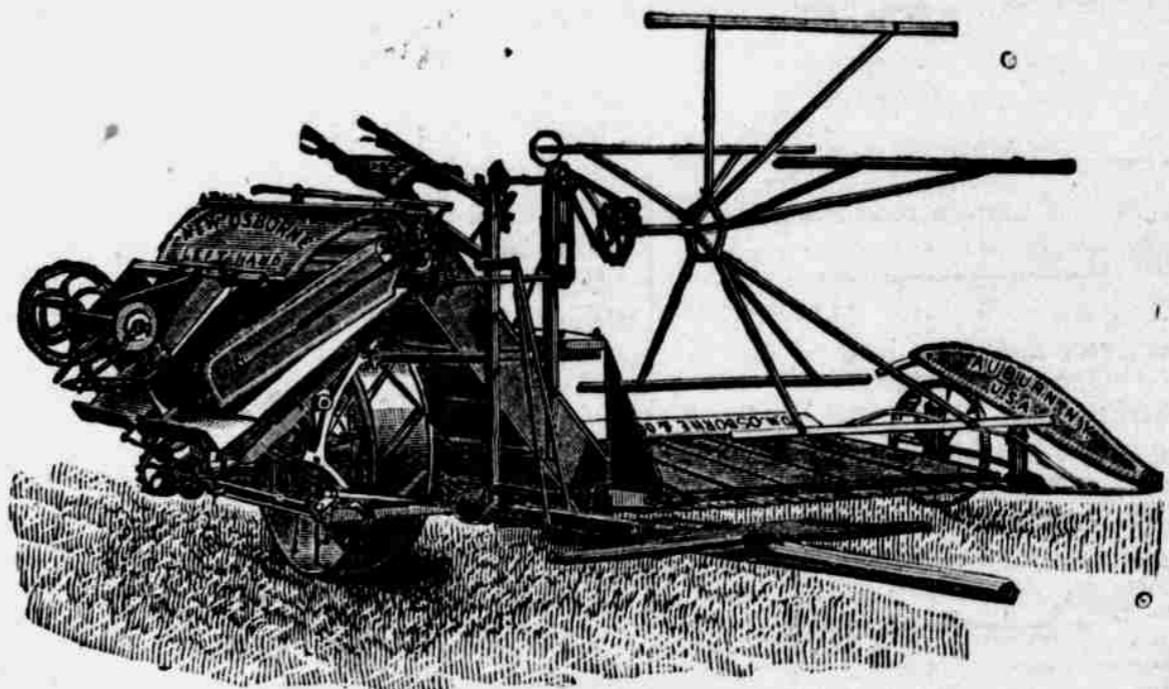
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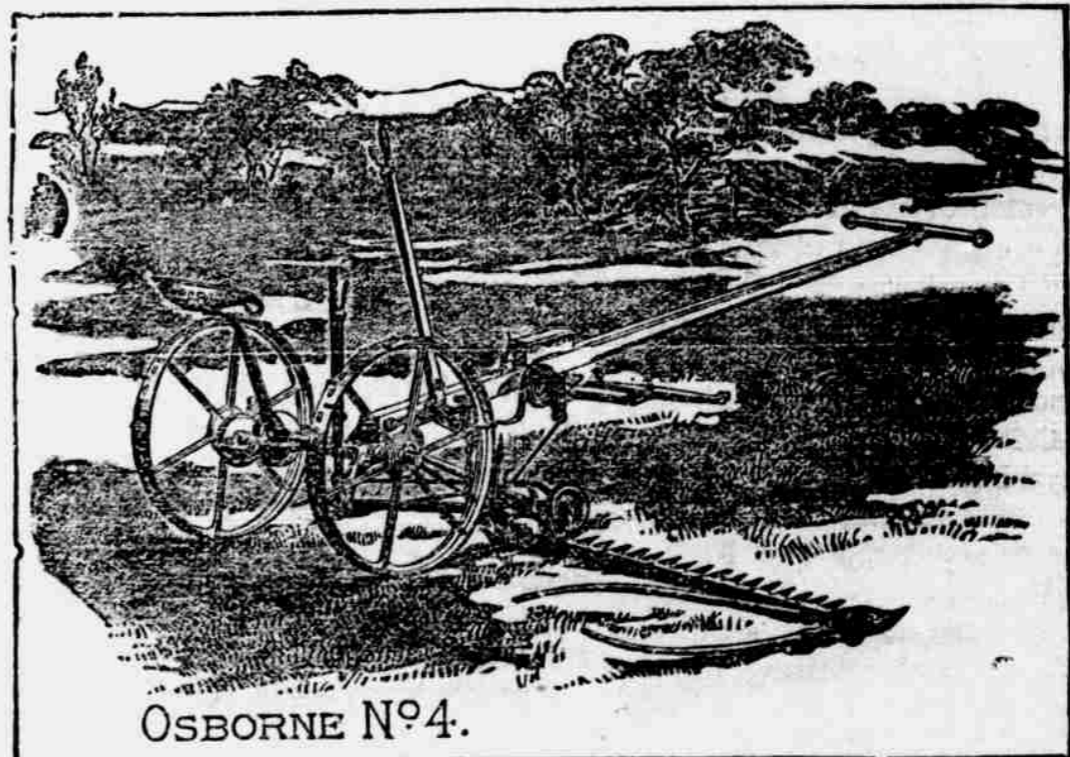
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