



# WOMAN AND HER WAYS.

have it "cleaned," for the cleanser is yet to be found who doesn't return lace white and stiff with chalk.

## The Hysterical Woman.

The nervous, hysterical creature; May kind fate deliver the marrying man from her like! She will lead him a dance if he succumbs to her wiles. It is well for him if he keeps his eyes open, for she is nearly always attractive, often pretty. She is fond of posing, too, and sometimes assumes attitudes a little alarming in their abundance.

She delights in leaning against the wall or tall bits of furniture, or perhaps inside a low window, where she can undulate her body in distorted lines and toy with the portieres of her own frumpieries. She adores a rocker and can keep it in perpetual motion. She succeeds in giving her adorer "the nerves" just in watching her restlessness. She will give them to him in a highly edifying degree once he loses his head over her, as nine times out of ten he will, and she looks him fast in her angling.

## A Millinery Model.

One of the best models of the season is a large hat, with the brim drooped on one side and raised on the other, and a tall, narrow crown, widest at the top. This of yellow straw, is trimmed with a double puff on the edge of the yellow chiffon, a bunch of dark red roses set under the brim on the rolled up side, and round the crown a black grenadine ribbon twisted in the front, tied in three



FOUR JUSTICES' WIVES WHO OVERRULED THE SUPREME COURT.

States. That body, after hearing elaborate arguments on the question, upheld the decision of the lower court, and one of the justices was awarded the important duty of writing the opinion.

Had this justice followed his usual course of not discussing at home what took place in court he and his associates would not now be in the position of having been overruled by their matrimonial consorts. At dinner that evening he was reminded by some condiment on the table of the case which had been decided that day, and mentioned the circumstances to his wife. The latter at once proceeded to read her distinguished spouse such a lecture upon the cuisine and the constituents entering into it that he began to waver. In a calm and penetrating manner she held up the delicious effects fish paste would have on a tender head of lettuce, and described its palate pulsating delight when freely embellishing chicken salad.

"Sauce, indeed," said she; "so are sardines and smoked red herring, then." Next day when the justice reached the Supreme Court he called his colleagues together and acquainted them with the feminine view of the sauce question.

"You are all married men, like myself," he said, "and maybe you'd better sound your wives before we make a precedent about anchovy and bloater paste being sauce."

This was agreed to, and next day eight justices of the Supreme Court met and solemnly concurred that the customs department of the United States and the Circuit Court of the southern district of New York and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary didn't know anything more about what sauce was than a tomtit did about the pentateuch. The justice who had originally been assigned to the duty wrote an opinion reversing judgment and remanding the case to the Circuit Court with instructions to set aside the verdict and order a new trial.

## Avoid Soiled Finery.

Soiled finery is far worse than none. Unless a woman has time or a maid to insure the proper care of laces and jewels, she must not attempt to wear them. Real lace must never be sewed in place permanently. Let it be so attached that it can be removed when the garment is taken off. If the lace has been ruffled, it should be gathered on a draw card that can be loosened to allow the ruffle to spread flat. Don't fold lace; cover it flat with tissue paper, and roll lace and paper together, avoiding all flat creases. Lace that is soiled may be laid on a paper heavily sprinkled with flour, a layer of flour to be then sprinkled on the lace and another paper put over it. After a few days, shake the lace free from the flour, and the result, except in case of stain, is usually satisfactory. There are many directions for washing lace, but better than all of them is to keep it clean, so that it will not need washing.

It is said that Mrs. William R. Morrison, who for years has been her husband's constant adviser, is a very able politician.

In St. John's Church, Molina, Ala., the largest church in the State (Episcopalian), the power to vote in parish meetings is expressly granted to women.

# BRAINS OF LOW PRICE.

## ONE TROUBLE WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE COUNTRY.

Some Facts and Figures Showing that Mere Headwork is at a Heavy Discount—Special Pedagogic Course for Women Advised—Educational Notes.

## How Things Are in Chicago.

Alme S. Devin, writing in the Chicago Evening Post, says: If there is one feature of our national life in which more than in another all loyal Americans have taken pride it is our generous system of education. Under its beneficent workings it has been possible, so we have claimed, for the child of the poor man to begin the race of life on terms of absolute educational equality with the child of the rich.

The "little red schoolhouse on the hill" has been erected into a palladium; it has served as an altar, and priceless libations have been poured upon it; it has developed into a Moloch into whose insatiable maw we cast our youth of both sexes and all ages, and from which we receive—what? Youths and maidens fitted for the peremptory duties of life that demand their attention almost before they cross for the last time the threshold of their school, or dilettante adolescents with a smattering of many things, an accurate work-a-day knowledge of nothing! The consensus of observing wisdom shows a decided leaning toward the latter conclusion. From the contemplative depths of Harper's study and from Kate Field's lively inner consciousness there comes the same pertinent query: What is wrong with our public schools? Where such as these lead it takes little courage to follow.

## Figures as They Are in Chicago.

As to this particular municipality, it may be possible that one reason why our common schools have failed in doing the work for which they were established is because of the prevailing impression that anybody can teach and that teaching must be cheap. The writer is thoroughly aware that this is not the theory; but that it is the practice the following comparisons of salaries goes far to prove:

Principals of high schools, maximum	\$2,800
Principals of high schools, minimum	2,000
Head assistant grammar school, having served over ten years	1,050
Assistant teacher in primary grades, maximum	775
Minimum	450
Assistant teachers in grammar grades, maximum	850
Minimum	450
Teacher of waifs	600
Chief engineer	3,875
Assistant engineers, maximum	1,200
Minimum	425
Business manager	1,850
Assistant manager	1,200
Clerk to board	3,500
Auditor	2,700
Assistant auditor	1,500
Engineer's stenographer	900
Messenger	600

From this table it is seen that the chief engineer easily ranks those to whose executive ability is intrusted the whole direction of our schools; his assistants are paid higher salaries than the first assistant of the grammar grades, and his stenographer receives more than the teacher who has served the public longer than Jacob served for Rachel.

## Errand Boy Gets More than a Teacher.

But the most remarkable showing of this table is that the boy who runs the errands for the business manager is paid at a higher rate than the teacher who is in her third year of service in the primary grade; he receives only \$25 less than she who is giving her third year in the grammar grade, and just the same as the one to whom is assigned the delicate and difficult task of guiding the reluctant feet of our street arabs into the primrose paths of knowledge. Six hundred dollars per annum is the sum which the Board of Education deems sufficient remuneration for the tact, experience and education necessary in dealing with this class of children—a class that would tax to the utmost the wisdom of an Arnold, the courage of a Welles, the tender persistence of a Christ. Six hundred dollars for this work and six hundred for the boy who carries messages for the business manager.

The young woman who begins teaching in the primary grade at \$450 per annum may hope in the sixth year of her service to acquire the magnificent income of \$775. In the grammar grade at the end of a similar period she will receive \$850, and there she stops. That is to say, the person into whose hands is committed the daily care and training of the children of the republic, she who is deemed competent to mold the tender minds and direct the untrained energies of our future citizens, is paid about one-half as much as the man who stokes the fires.

## They Are All Children Together.

A well-worn adage declares that "as the twig is bent the tree inclines," but our Board of Education knows better. It says in effect, "It does not in the least matter how these very young twigs are handled nor how much they are twisted out of shape now; later they can be straightened." So the young teacher, the inexperienced cadet, is put into the primary department where your boy, my dear sir, your daughter, dear madam, are laying the foundation for the whole superstructure of their future education. This is the most important work, which is confided to the most youthful and least experienced of all the teachers; girls who mean well, and, considering their youth and consequent lack of skill, do astonishingly well. It is in nowise to their discredit that they do better for themselves than for the children, or that in teaching the little ones they gain more than they impart.

Otherwise they would not be paid \$75 more for the second year than for the first.

Another reason for the failure of results in our common schools may be found in the fact that the importance, or, to speak more correctly, the necessity, of an elementary education for every citizen of this country is largely lost sight of in the growing anxiety on the part of parents, teachers and pupils for that more pretentious curriculum which reads well in an annual report, looks well in a newspaper report, and sounds well in conversation.

## Parental Ambition Does It All.

An American parent who is not willing to make any sacrifice in order that his children may receive all possible educational advantages would be considered unworthy both of his nationality and his parental privileges. Unfortunately the popular interpretation of the phrase "educational advantages" does not mean that a child shall be trained to do the thing for which nature has best fitted him or her. Parental ambition takes precedence of natural adaptation, and in this natal home of equality no one willingly remains in the ranks of those who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." Every pint cup tries to hold a quart, and there is no quart vessel but feel sure it can contain a gallon. There must therefore be added to the course of study ologies and languages, music and drawing, until one wonders that the young minds are not exhausted and the young bodies worn out long before the schooldays are ended.

It is the growth of the desire on the part of the American public for the more ornamental branches of education which has in the last ten years almost doubled the average cost per annum for each pupil in the public school. It is owing to this same spirit that so many thousands of the city's children are either nearly deprived of all school privileges or have at most only the advantage of half-day sessions. Their birthright has been taken that others may sup a richer porridge.

## Special Studies Cost More Money.

Special studies come high and the salaries of those who teach them are not adjusted with the same careful economy that arranges the salaries of the teachers of the ordinary branches. By way of illustration here is another little table of comparison:

Teacher of singing	\$2,500
Assistant	1,500
Assistant special teachers of drawing, from \$1,000 to	1,000
Singing, grammar grades, from \$1,200 to	1,000
Singing, primary grades, from \$1,000 to	1,000
Head assistants in primary grades, from \$850 to	950
Assistants, from \$450 to	775
Male assistant teachers in primary and grammar grades, from \$750 to	1,000
Assistant teachers, primary grades, common branches, from \$450 to	775

The writer does not desire to be understood as objecting to the scale of salaries paid to special teachers. Doubtless they earn all they receive, but it is earnestly contended that in view of the relative importance of the branches taught there should be either a scaling up or a scaling down.

There is still another phase of our educational system which in its latter-day development seems to have militated strongly against the greatest usefulness of our schools. The extreme leniency of the regulations of the board of education in dealing with insubordination has had a potent influence in crippling the earnest efforts of conscientious teachers in behalf of their pupils.

## Public at Large Is to Blame.

The writer is fully conscious that approaching this subject is like treading on holy ground, and that it is the general custom to doff the shoes of common sense before entering upon it. The proof of this assertion is found in the attitude taken by the public at large whenever the question of discipline in the common schools comes up. It would almost seem as if men and women of undoubted judgment and approved good sense upon all matters of social ethics abandoned their claim to one and the other when it came to a question of the control of children.

It is probable that no thoughtful person doubts the necessity of a strict discipline backed by the authoritative right to punish any breaches of it, for the proper up-building and maintaining of an efficient army or navy. Yet the board of education, supported by public opinion, has turned loose an army of children of all ages, recruited from all ranks of society, upon the long-suffering public school teacher, and demands that without the shadow of a right to punish, with scarcely the right to reprove, they shall convert this heterogeneous mass into orderly, well-trained battalions that shall presently go forth conquering and to conquer.

## Notes.

Cornell University consists of over seventy buildings.

Smith College, named after the woman who founded it, is second only to Wellesley in size. Last year 757 students were provided for.

Requests of the late John W. Carter of Newton, Mass., will bring about \$50,000 in all to the treasuries of Harvard College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Boston Art Museum and other institutions.

In certain Boston and Philadelphia schools are served what are called authorized hot lunches. These cost from 5 to 10 cents. In Boston the 5-cent luncheon may include hot milk and a bun, chocolate and chowder or soup. The theory on which these are authorized is that much of the ill health of children results from non-nutritious food bought during the school day. The movement is very popular and seems to be spreading in all the large cities.

# HOW TO BECOME GREAT.

## SOME VARIED OPINIONS UPON A SUBJECT OF REAL INTEREST.

Why Social, Political, Literary and Business Ambitions Enchain Men's Attention—Diligence, Perseverance, and Genius May Be of Some Help, but It Is Ingenious Advertising that Tells in the Long Run—Many Instances that Prove This True.

Every man who is worthy of that title desires public recognition. Socially he would be better known and respected. If he assumes to ignore what is generally known as "society," he surely turns to some other kindred ambition. Politics may engross his attention, and if he would rise in that line he must, by perfect address, by party services, or by public speaking, win the confidence and good will not only of his own party, but of the wider public. If as a student he buries himself in a library, and works through lonely days and nights, still, it is only in the hope of leaving some work "so writ, as future ages shall not willingly let die." Socially, politically, in art or literature, yes, even in commerce, the desire for a wider publicity is inspiring and ennobling.

Ambition is a strong virtue until it steps beyond prudence or proper modesty. "By their sins fell the angels," and thousands of thoughtless mortals who try to rush in where the better angels fear to tread, destroy all hopes of public approval. Their rudeness ruins them socially. Their eagerness for office defeats their political aspirations. Their ambition for rapid recognition clouds their literary efforts. Their "penny dips" are blown out before they have set the river afire. In business life the fools ape the actions of successful men until whose horses are following Wampanoag's advertising or imitating the King who stole poultry, or copying the plans of really successful business. The public measures them quickly—they are assessed in lions' skins.

The first rule of real success is to be original. Not strangely, queerly original—but that every act and utterance shall spring from an honest interior. It is not possible to achieve greatness by imitation. Real greatness often comes to men of humble birth and surroundings, whose hearts are true and firm, while in times which try the souls of men the feeble and vacillating ones are swept aside as by a plague. Arnold of Winkelried was a private soldier, but his brave act in burying a dozen spears in his own breast to make way for his fellow soldiers won him a deserved immortality. Bunyan's simple but heart-told story surpasses in wide publicity any literary effort of the greatest of scholars. The simplest articles have built up the greatest trade successes. It was a farmer who was kindly trying to amuse his little children who invented the now famous "Pie in Clover," and it paid him better than a gold mine. But as an instance of solid success, built up by honest means, used to popularize a simple but original article, Sapollo gives us a capital illustration. It is a solid cake of scouring soap, but it is the best of its kind—its manufacturers have never altered or neglected its quality. It is an article naturally of moderate consumption, but it is used everywhere. Not in the United States only, where, from California to Maine, it is a household word, but in India, China, and Japan, in Australia and all the countries of South America, it marks the progress of civilization by its mere presence. Its traveling salesmen can claim in common with itself that they scour the world. The methods used in conducting its vast business rival in careful consideration the conduct of enterprises apparently more important, but the secret of its success is that no lowest method of obtaining and of retaining public attention is neglected. Look at the simple little cake of Sapollo, lying half used, perhaps, on the kitchen sink, and try to realize that the sun never sets on its sales. Consider that it cost you but a few cents, although its manufacturers spend hundreds of thousands in advertising it to the millions whom they wish to remind. It is like a fairy tale. Aladdin rubbed his lamp to no better purpose than the public does Sapollo, for, as a universal servant, its services are without measure, and its worth brings back golden returns to its owners.

How has such wide popularity been obtained? By original merit and patient perseverance. Probably the most interesting phase of the story lies in the world of advertising which has been used. We can reveal some of its methods. Its advertising department is presided over by a man who talks proverbs at breakfast, dinner and supper, and twists them to fit Sapollo while the rest of the world sleeps. An artist is employed by the year, although countless sketches and ideas are contributed by outsiders. Poets—not mere rhymesters—are paid to tell its merits in original verses, and the most novel schemes are made use of to attract attention. Two hundred and fifty thousand boxes of dominos were sent out last year. Japan furnished twenty thousand feathered ovals and fifty thousand puzzles, besides thousands of hand-painted panels. Domestic puzzles passed away long ago, but not until millions of them had been used. Pamphlets are printed in vast numbers, and the famous Sapollo alphabet has nearly reached its tenth million. Five hundred dollars will rent a large farm, but it goes to pay for one half-page insertion in a daily paper. Yes, one thousand dollars has been paid for a single column in a weekly paper, but of course the circulation, like the consumption of Sapollo, was enormous. Bold methods they may well be called when over two thousand dollars is paid for the rental of one sign on the most prominent building in America. As odd methods we may mention the employment of an "advertising orator" who made stump speeches in all the principal cities, and the posting of signs reading "Keep off the Grass" on all the snow banks in New York after its great blizzard. But our readers know only too well how thoroughly it is advertised. Every city, town and railroad is decorated with its signs; the magazines publish its pictures; the street cars are enlivened by its proverbs; the newspapers continually remind the public of its merits. But even if it was not so prominent in its own behalf, the dozens of imitators who try to impose their wares on the public, as "just as good as Sapollo," would prove to the world that it was the standard.

Who can read the bright verses which tell us how to make this world brighter without the tribute of a smile? Who can glance at their pictures without admitting that advertising is an art itself? We have no room for many, but feel that this article would be incomplete without some specimens of them.

## About Ben Kelly.

About Ben Kelly (may her tribe increase) Was much disturbed one night and had no peace;

For there upon the wall within her room, Bright with the moonlight that dispelled the gloom,

A man was scribbling with a wand of gold.

Now, Mrs. Kelly was a warrior bold, And to the presence in the room she said, "What writest thou?" The scribbler raised his head,

And with a look that made Ben Kelly hot, Answered: "The name of that which leaves no spot."

"And what is that?" said Abou. "Not so fast," replied the scribbler. Kelly opened vast Her mouth angelic; then in whisper said, "What is this marvel, quick? I must to bed."

The scribbler wrote and vanished. The next night He came again with much awakening light, And showed the names that nations long have blessed, And lo! Sapollo's name led all the rest.

The Monogram U. S. There is a little monogram We see where'er we go; It offers us protection Against a foreign foe. It stands for light and progress In every foreign clime, And its glory and its greatness Are the themes of many a rhyme.

But few have ever really known, And few would ever guess, What our country means by marking All her chattels with U. S.; It may stand for United States, Or yet for Uncle Sam; But there's still another meaning To this simple monogram.

We see it on our bonds and bills, And on our postal cards; It decorates our Capitol, Shrouded by Stripes and Stars. In all our barracks, posts and forts It plays a leading part, And the jolly sailor loves it And enshrines it in his heart.

Now, have you guessed the message Which these mystic letters bear? Or recognized the untold good? Echo the joyful tidings, And let the people know That the U. S. of our nation means We—Use Sapollo.

## A Ballad of May.

You must wake and call me early; Call me early, Bridget, do. For to-morrow's such a busy day I fear we'll never get through. With the scrubbing and the cleaning, And the scouring up, you know, If it wasn't for our tried old friend, Morgan's SAPOLLO.

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## Lament of the Emigrant.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, Where we sat long ago, I've walked a many a mile, Mary, To find Sapollo. I mind me how you told, Mary, When we were side by side, Its match could not be bought for gold In all the world so wide.

Our home was bright and fair, Mary, You kept it so for aye, And yet had time to spare, Mary; Would you were there to-day. You made the work but play, Mary; All women might do so, And all should know the charm you say Lies in Sapollo.

But now I sit and weep, Mary, Nor fear to break your rest, For I laid you, darling, down to sleep, With your baby on your breast. The graves are not a few, Mary, Hard work brings many low; It was not so with you, Mary, You used Sapollo.

When fingers rebus in winter's lap, And thoughts of love are rife, To get my first, the trees they tap: "The sweetest thing in life."

When winter evening freskies cheer And music fills the soul, heigho; When mixed selections charm the ear, My second is in the folio.

Like "sunshine in a shady place," My whole each object heightening, Makes labor light, and work delight; It cleans "as quick as lightning."

## An Unappreciated Story.

A story told by an English paragon, and claiming the merit of absolute truth, evidences once more the inexorable purity and womanliness of Queen Victoria's character. At Windsor a party of young princes and princesses were chattering with members of the royal household on various matters. The Queen was present, but was not noticing them especially, when a heartier laugh than the rest aroused her interest, and she asked to be told the fun. Now the laugh had arisen from an anecdote, which was not really risqué, but just a little bit so. There was a demur at repeating it to the Queen. Everybody felt slightly uncomfortable. The Queen said again that she and Princess Beatrice would like to hear the story. It was told. The Queen listened, and then said with her inimitable dignity and simplicity: "We are not amused."

## A Churchman's Predicament.

The Scotch Archbishop Foreman (in the sixteenth century) was so poor a Latin scholar that, when he was obliged to visit Rome he found great difficulty in conforming to some of the customs of the Pope's table, to which he was invited. Etiquette required that the Scotch bishop should take part in uttering a Latin benediction over the repast, and the illiterate guest had carefully committed to memory what he believed to be the orthodox form of words. He began with his "Benedicite," expecting the cardinals to respond with "Dominus," but they responded with "Deus," which he deifiedly pronounced "Deus" (Italian fashion) so confused the good bishop that he forgot his carefully conned phrases, and, "in good broad Scotch," said: "To the devil I give you all, false cardinals," which devout aspiration Pope and cardinals (who understood only their own language) piously replied, "Amen."

He who learns and makes no use of his learning is a beast of burden with a load of books. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a library or a bundle of fagots?

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the greatest lessons of life.