

DOINGS OF WOMEN.

Philadelphia has over 13,000 professional women.

Many a taxicab now is driven in Paris by a chauffeuse.

Dark eyes are commoner in women than in men.

There are 238,000,000 Christian women in the world.

Women are being employed as brass molders in England.

Vassar college has a club house for maids employed at the institution.

Miss Pauline Woodruff has been elected city treasurer of Mendota, Ill.

Women street car conductors in Glasgow, Scotland, are paid \$6.75 per week.

One out of every three women over 10 years of age in Philadelphia is a wage earner.

Equal suffrage in Pennsylvania has been endorsed by the Ladies of the Macabees of the World.

The Jitney Drivers' association of Servants in Germany receive much better treatment than in America and often are treated as members of the family.

In the lowlands of Scotland about 40 per cent of the farm workers are women, who are paid from \$2 to \$3 per week.

The tablemaid will take the place of the masculine waiter at most of the English summer resort hotels this year.

Mrs. Mary Bohnfeld has been a police matron in Atlanta for 13 years and in all that time she has lived at police headquarters.

Women employed on government contract work in England are asking that they receive the same amount of pay as the men.

Mrs. Nellie L. Spoorman is master of the steam tug Hero, which plies in the waters of Puget Sound, British Columbia.

Mrs. Warren Walker, who was formerly Miss Alda Miner, of Malden, Mass., is traveling to her new home in Russia by dog sled.

Mrs. Angeline Crooks attends to the crops and milk and butter business on a large ranch owned by her husband near Denver, Colo.

Women who are parties in polygamous marriages will be barred from becoming Daughters of the American Revolution.

In the four years she has been in the building trade in New York city, Miss Alice M. Durkin has made a quarter of a million dollars.

Mrs. Pat Conway is probably the only woman jailer in the United States, and has charge of the Tom Green county jail at San Angelo, Tex.

The Woman's bank in Berlin, the only institution of its kind in the world, has given a failure and has gone into the hands of a receiver.

When a young woman of the Philippines marries her husband's name is added to her maiden name, and if she becomes a widow the husband's name is discarded.

One-fourth of all the women workers in Philadelphia receive salaries of less than \$6 per week, one-third of them less than \$8, and four-fifths less than \$10.

Mrs. Mary Elliott has the contract for removing the garbage in Hastings-on-the-Hudson for which she receives \$2,400 a year. Mrs. Elliott superintends the work personally.

Mrs. Hilda Gilbert, of San Francisco, has arrived home after making a complete trip around the world. Mrs. Gilbert worked her way during the journey and also won a \$5,000 bet.

One of the hardest working volunteers in the Berlin hospitals for the wounded soldiers in Countess Ina von Bassewitz, the morganatic wife of Prince Oscar, the fifth son of the Kaiser.

To assure continuation of the work of the national committee on mental hygiene, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. A. A. Anderson have subscribed \$10,000 each for five years.

American Efficiency.

From the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

A leading English newspaper, the Manchester Guardian, devotes a column of editorial space to praise of American efficiency as demonstrated in the relief of Belgium.

That relief work, which the Guardian describes as "entirely good and noble things which this world has brought about," is destined, it thinks, to provide "one of the most inspiring pages of American history."

Swiftly reviewing the terrible straits to which the Belgian people were reduced in September last, the Guardian declares that Belgium's need was "desperate, immediate, and apparently impossible to meet. America worked a miracle by creating in a week or two, from nothing, one of the biggest and most amazing efficient business concerns the world has ever seen, and applying it to charity."

"The slower moving people will not in future forget that the spirit they call American saved Belgium from starvation, that America made good where an ounce less of well directed haste might have cost a thousand lives."

The tribute is, we think, deserved. The American relief work in Belgium has been, by the testimony of practically all eye witnesses, regardless of their nationality, "amazingly efficient." This is not by any means the first demonstration of amazing efficiency by Americans. They have a way of meeting emergencies that usually compels the admiration of foreign observers.

Why is it, then, that the "slow moving peoples," as the Manchester Guardian describes them, "put it over" the Americans in so many fields where comparisons are possible? By the exercise of the same, patriotic Americans frankly confess the superiority of municipal government in some of the European countries.

Both German and British thoroughness in trade and industry are mentioned frequently to our own disadvantage. In foreign trade fields our European competitors have surpassed us, and nearly all comparisons of trade getting methods in these fields are at our expense.

With his ability, resourcefulness, initiative and energy, the American combines, it is evident, sundry defects which cost him dearly at home, and through which his European rivals profit in competitive fields. For the good nature or indifference which permits inefficient and wasteful government, he pays millions annually.

His mistakes in foreign trade getting, which he is slow to correct, though they have been repeatedly pointed out, cost him other millions in lost obtainable business. Yet in great emergencies he sheds his defects with his coat, and displays an efficiency that amazes the "slow moving peoples." By the exercise of the same "well directed haste" and resourcefulness and skill that worked what the Manchester Guardian calls a miracle in Belgium, Americans may seize the fullest possible advantage from the trade getting opportunity now offering. Why not classify this opportunity as a great emergency and meet it with an "amazing efficiency" that may be hardened, with practice, into habit?

St. Luke's Maternity Home.

2121 Lake Street, OMAHA, NEB.

Vapor and Electric Baths—Women only.

The department of terrestrial magnetism of the Carnegie Institution, according to a recent report, has brought out new points in the study of atmospheric electricity, and announces that in the future continuous observations by self registering instruments in atmospheric electricity and radio-activity are to be made both at the laboratory in Washington and at such observatories elsewhere as it may be found possible to establish, and a general electric survey of the globe implying observation at points distributed over the earth's surface as in a magnetic survey.

THE SOLDIER I KNEW BEST

Dodd Gaston, in the Topeka Capital.

Coming across a Statehouse square yesterday afternoon I met a bunch of bent and shuffling old men. Their heads were white with the frost of years and there wasn't a straight back nor an erect pair of shoulders in the lot.

They were ordinary looking old codgers, gnarled by toil and hardships and garbed in the Sunday regalia of the rural community. I noted in passing that the lapel of each man's coat bore a little bronze button. I knew the button was there before my eyes sought it. I can tell an old soldier as far as I can see him. There is about every soldier some salient thing—some subtle individual characteristic which distinguishes him from other elderly men and which defies the art of visualization. I knew none of the old men in the party of four or five. They passed without heeding me. But as I came abreast of them I involuntarily stood at attention and saluted the bronze button and the men who wore it. I am not much given to sentimental display. The well-spring of my enthusiasm never gushes. But the little bronze button and the men entitled to wear it are a part of the memory of my life. I am not much given to sentimental display. The well-spring of my enthusiasm never gushes. But the little bronze button and the men entitled to wear it are a part of the memory of my life. I am not much given to sentimental display. The well-spring of my enthusiasm never gushes. But the little bronze button and the men entitled to wear it are a part of the memory of my life.

Next to Easter is Memorial day as typifying a new resurrection of human liberty won in the tears and blood of great self sacrifice.

Today the sun rose cloudless as the memories of the men we remember. I shone upon the continent he "had hid of old time in the west," populous and prosperous from its center to its sea rims on multiplied cities and mighty stretches of farms blossoming in the spring with promise of mighty crops, on a nation absolute, united, magnificent, a real union of states and people. Passing on as the shadows fell upon Plymouth rock it beat in fervid noon on the beaches of Hawaii and touched the forest of the Philippines with the glory of sunrise. And in all its splendid course it shone on the flag; the flag which bloomed beneath it in every street and fluttered from every house its stripes and stars, the American flag which the men whose sacrifice we commemorate today by their right and by their power and in their patriotism maintained ascendant as the symbol of liberty and of equal opportunity.

They are old and gray and feeble, these old, old men who remain to wear on the blue of the immortal '60s the bronze button which distinguishes the remnant of that grand army of which the G. A. R. is but a memory. They have lived and died. But this is no cause for grief, no reason for mourning. The generation of men rise and fall like the waves of the sea, they beat against the cliffs of endeavor in successive tides and go back again to the sea which gave them, to gather new impulse and come again in their time. The tides swelled at the pass where the Spartans faced barbarism in strength of manhood and weakness of numbers; it was high tide at Gettysburg and culminated at Gettysburg. It was high tide at Appomattoch and each flood shall gather strength and height from those which have risen and ebbed. For so the greatness and the goodness of peoples and nations grow, like coral continents, on the bones of those who achieved yesterday and who died today.

God gives us more men like these to know and to remember, to lean upon in their youth, to cherish in their old age and emulate when eternity has claimed them. Grant unto this country more men like these and like those later heroes, men who put "women first" and the rights of man first and who are willing to die for an idea.

Low Mound in the Wilderness.

I know a grave on southern soil, A lonely little mound, Where three tall pines their sentry keep And scare a sound

The silence breaks. Naught but the rush Of storms, the caroling bird, And sighing wind among the trees Is ever heard.

No human hand has touched that "low Green tent" for 30 years. The falling rain and shimmering dew The only tears

Have been that moistened it. But far North, where the cold waves foam, A mother mourns her drummer boy Who ne'er came home.

But think not while a nation decks The graves of hero dead That where this brave boy sleeps no flower Rests o'er his head;

For, blown by breath of God, kept by His hand a poppy seed Took root and grew 1,000 fold, Its every need

By Him supplied. And when each year Flowers deck the patriot's tomb That low mound in the wilderness Is all abloom.

And ever o'er the drummer boy The tall pines sentry keep, And ever blooms, a crimson pall The "low mound" sleep.

—Virginia Bloren Harrison.

"One Day Not All de Days."

From the Christian Herald.

Africa is a remarkably beautiful country. Its coast lines are picturesque, graceful, fascinating, alluring. Its seaport towns and cities are usually clean, pretty and reasonably healthful. Equatorial Africa has, until the last two decades, been called the white man's graveyard, but clean living, quinine mosquito netting, sobriety and sanitary improvements have made Africa a place where one can not only exist, but live in as much comfort, take it all in all during the year, as in the city of New York, and with some advantages in favor of Africa.

Life is simple, placid, calm, and not so complex. The work life is not strenuous. The people do not rush and drive as they do here at home. If you try to hurry a man who is working for you he will calmly tell you, "One day ba not all de days, daddy!" And you stand rebuked, for you know he is telling you the truth.

A MIXED ASSEMBLAGE.

From "Hempfield," by David Grayson, in the American Magazine.

The fact is, whether we like it or not, we are all mixed up together in this world—poets and plumbers, critics and cooks—and the more clearly we recognize it, the firmer, truer, will be our grip upon the significance of human life. Why, many a time, when I have been sitting here reading in my study, listening for the moment in the rare atmosphere of the poets, the philosophers, the prophets, I have had to get up and go out and feed my pigs. I have always thought it, somehow, good for me.

Madame Hanako is Japan's greatest actress.

Over 70,000 women attend colleges in this country.

Old maids are almost unknown among the Turks.

FINGER PRINTS OF MONKEYS

Will Be Used in Studying Dactyl Relation of the Anthropoid and Human.

Yesterday was finger print day in the monkey house at the Central park zoo, says the New York Sun. One ringtail, one Java, one Rhesus, one mandril monkey and one baboon yielded up after a struggle impressions of their fingers and toes to Patrolman Ryan of the commissioner's office attached to the civil service commission, who is studying the dactyl relation of the anthropoid and the human. He was assisted by a young woman expert who refused to give her name, Head Keeper Bill Snyder and Assistant Keepers Joe Cunningham and Bob Hurton of the zoo.

Aside from the fact that monkeys are as suspicious of having their finger impressions recorded as humans, no definite conclusions could be drawn. The uproar in the house after Head-Keeper Snyder had driven out the public and locked the doors was continuous and tremendous. The ringtails chattered abjectly and the Javas, ten in all, huddled in a top corner of their cage. Sallie, an ugly green monkey, and the baboon laid hold of the bars and trapezes and rattled them with rage.

When facing the ink the behavior of the animals was as a whole good. They clenched their toes and fingers a good deal and blurred a number of impressions, but Bill Snyder, who held them while Ryan took the prints, was quite satisfied. Ryan would make no statement, but he believes that after photographing, enlarging and comparing his results with the police files he will have either confirmation or refutation of the Darwinian theory.

Being and Doing.

As the man is in the integrity of his character, so is his strength. Being is everything. It conditions happiness; it determines and measures service. A man's happiness depends upon what he is in himself. A man's service to others is conditioned upon what he is in himself. Being is basal to doing. As the speed of the electric car is determined by the energy stored in the power house, as the power of the piston rod is determined by the push of accumulated steam, so personal power is determined and measured by character. This is supreme power, a character filled with the divine presence and radiant with a divine holiness.

According to Macaulay.

"Have you any nice, fresh eggs today?" she asked.

"Permit me to state," remarked the grocer, who was also a college graduate, "that all nice eggs are fresh and that all fresh eggs are nice. Of course I have them today. If I had them yesterday you would not be interested. And tomorrow will take care of itself. Do you care for any nice eggs?"

A Wife's Opinion.

"I used to imagine my husband thought only of me, but now I have decided that his thoughts have a wider range."

"How do you think they run?"

"About in this order—baseball, clothes, billiards, business, his bulldog and me."

True as Gold.

"His money all gone, his wife immediately deserted him."

"Why, I thought she was as true as gold."

"She was; but when his gold went she departed, too."

The Truest Critic.

It is exactly because a man cannot do a thing that he is the proper judge of it. Creation limits, while contemplation widens, the vision.—Oscar Wilde.

However, the engineer of a train of thought should stop to think occasionally.

GERMS KILLED BY VINEGAR.

Paris Scientists Prove That Typhoid May Be Avoided This Way.

Doctors Loir and Legagneux of Paris have been testing vinegar as a destroyer of the germs of typhoid fever.

That they are killed by a mixture of wine and water in equal parts has long been known. These investigators prove now that 20 grams of vinegar to a liter of water kill the typhoid bacillus in an hour and five minutes.

"From this," writes the Paris correspondent of the Lancet, "a practical inference may be drawn concerning salads. After washing the salad as usual, detaching each leaf, it should be put into water acidulated with ten grams of vinegar to the liter and remain immersed in this liquid for about an hour and a quarter.

"All vegetables ordinarily eaten uncooked may be subjected without any inconvenience to the same process."

A liter is equivalent to about a quart and ten grams are equivalent to about a third of an ounce. So, if lettuce or other greens for salad be placed in water to which about one-third of an ounce of vinegar has been added and be left for about an hour and a quarter, all danger of typhoid fever will be removed.

Dark-in-the-Evening Schoolhouses.

A correspondent reveals himself an ardent recruit in a cause for which the Home and School league has been battling for years. This is no less than the greater utilization of the schools, now idle two days of the seven and on nearly all the evenings of the week, when they might far more profitably be made the active and useful centers of all sorts of social activities. The school authorities are gradually beginning to see the logic of the claims that the schools belong to the people; that it is uneconomic and wasteful not to make use of them for other purposes than the daily routine of the educational curriculum.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Easily Replaced.

"Married again? And you were so deeply pained when you lost your wife?"

"Yes, yes, I felt as if I had a tooth pulled. Well, I had another one put in."—Paris L'illustration.

Quite So.

"What is the first step necessary in cultivating an artistic temperament?"

"Finding somebody to stand for it."

The things that come to those who wait are seldom what they were waiting for.

There are lots of cooks who can make fresh vegetables taste like canned.

Very few husbands are as good or as bad as their wives imagine they are.

He Knew.

Bill—I've just acquired a combined carpet sweeper and talking machine.

Dill—Married it, eh?

To teach rifle shooting a Japanese has invented a crossbow with rifle stock, trigger and sights.

Marriage often means dollars for a woman and doughnuts for the poor man.

Amazon Explorer Swears By Grape-Nuts

Algot Lange—famous tropic explorer—recently made a perilous exploration of the lower Amazon.

The question of food supplies was a big one. Economy of space—food value—keeping qualities—palatability—all had to be considered.

Lange chose for his standby—

Grape-Nuts

Here is the way he refers to this food here and there through his book, "The Lower Amazon."

"I have included in my supplies Grape-Nuts." "At lunch I eat some Grape-Nuts (an American breakfast cereal) with condensed milk." "After this egg (turtle) meal comes for me Grape-Nuts from sealed tins." "I go back to the moloca at noon to eat my lunch of roast turtle, Grape-Nuts and hard-tack."

Everywhere—at home or abroad—wherever big things are accomplished—this famous wheat and barley food is relied upon to build and sustain vigor and energy of body, brain and nerve.

Ready to eat—delicious—economical—nourishing.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.