

CHAPERON THE GIRLS.

MORE PROTECTION FOR THESE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Women Should Make Every Effort to Be Their Daughters' Confidantes and Secure Them for Companions and Friends.

OW many girls we meet between the ages of 13 and 17 who are going out in company without either father or mother accompanying them. Either they go out alone or with a young girl or young man as easily influenced as themselves. These young people have an idea that their parents are growing old and are of a different generation from themselves, and therefore they neither understand nor sympathize with them, so they seek suggestions from those who they think will coincide with their views and with the times generally. How differently the daughter feels toward the wise mother who has made of her a friend and companion from childhood. Bound up in the love and influence and confidence of such a mother there will be no question concerning the useful womanhood of such a daughter.

"But sometimes," I interrupted, "one sees daughters that are far superior in moral character to their mothers."

"There are instances, of course, where the daughter would be better off had the mother no influence whatever over her," was the answer.

"It is shameful that such a state of affairs should exist, and yet it is true. The mother seems as greatly pleased over the daughter's success in 'catching new beaux' as other mothers feel when their daughters receive prizes for efficient work in school. They proudly exhibit the packet of love letters the daughter has received in one week, and we have only to look out upon the street of any town, from twilight until 9 to 10 o'clock in the evening, to see the result of such training. Young girls dressed in their best are noticed walking up and down the streets, endeavoring to attract attention or chatting with some youth upon a street corner. These are somebody's daughters. Are they yours? Perhaps some mothers will ask: 'What harm, so long as there are other girls with her?' But who are the other girls, and what is their influence over your daughter? Do you suppose these girls are the confidential companions of their mothers, or that they repeat to them one-half the conversation which passes between them and their street friends?"

"If you have not previously secured your daughter's confidence, however, be sure it will not be given you then; for her timidity and bashfulness will be far greater at that time than ever before. If she does not go to you she gathers a little information from one young friend, a little more from another, and very likely none of it correct and much of it harmful."

"The complaint of the paragraph, I think is just. Women should make every effort to be their daughters' confidantes—yes, and their sons', too."—Philadelphia Press.

Salaries of Rulers.

The president of the French republic receives 1,200,000 francs; the American president, 250,000 francs, while the president of the Swiss republic has only 13,500 francs. The allowance of the queen of England and her family is placed at 50,000,000 francs; the king of the Belgians, at 4,000,000 francs; the little queen of Holland and her mother at 2,500,000 francs; the emperor of Germany at 11,700,000 francs; the king of Italy at 14,250,000 francs; the king of Spain and his mother at 7,450,000 francs; the king of Portugal and his mother at 3,800,000 francs; the emperor of Austria-Hungary at 23,325,000 francs; the king of Sweden and Norway at 6,500,000 francs; the king of Denmark at 2,400,000 francs; and the king of Greece at only 1,300,000 francs.

The Pyramid Limp.

"The pyramid limp," as it has come to be called, is that state of body which falls upon one for two or three days after making the ascent of the pyramids. One is so much pulled and pushed at the time that little or no inconvenience is felt. There is no sign of soreness of joint or muscle until after one has slept, and then the trouble begins to brew. The second day of that man or woman is worse than the first; the climax is reached at the end of the second or the beginning of the third day, and from that time the patient begins slowly to recover.

A Tree Knows Its Friends.

R. M. Kellogg, a Michigan fruit grower, says that a tree has its likes and dislikes; that it knows its friends and enemies when they approach, and has a degree of intelligence generally. He believes trees are as alive to their surroundings as animals, and that their sensibilities must be touched to gain the best results. He has made a life-long study of fruit trees and fruit growing. He exploited his theory at the joint convention of western Michigan horticultural societies in Grand Rapids the other day.

Society.

What is the difference between so-called good society and the despised low society? Simply in the manner in which they express their mutiny against God.—Rev. Dr. Riker, Wheeling, W. Va.

CONTENT WITH A GOLD MINE.

Stratton, the Cripple Creek Miner, Is Taking Life Easy These Days.

From the New York Herald: One of the richest of the Cripple Creek gold mine owners is a miner known to all as "Old Man" Stratton, who, until a few years ago, was a poor, hard-working carpenter. He went to Colorado determined to make a lucky strike if it were possible to do so. He made the strike and the claim he located yielded ore which ran from \$300 to \$400 to the ton. At one time he accepted an offer of \$150,000 for the mine, and received \$10,000 cash down. Then came the financial depressions of 1893 and the contract fell through, but "Old Man" Stratton had the \$10,000 and used it to develop his mine. He was soon taking so much out of his mine that he did not know what to do with it. He was a millionaire now, and when he began to think of the hundreds of thousands of dollars he had in bank and of the thousands that were coming each day from the mine, he said to himself: "I must go slow; if I do not look out I will go crazy." And then this singular man came to an odd conclusion. He did not want his money in the banks, nor did he want the bother of investments. And so he has gone ahead and pushed his drifts along the veins and run shafts, and, as the phrase is, "blacked out the ore." To-day he has \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 worth of "ore in sight," and probably more. He does not know how much there is himself. One day a man came to him and said: "Will you take \$10,000,000 for your mine?"

The old man replied: "Do you happen to have a million in your pocket?"

The man said: "No, but I guess I can get it."

Then Stratton added:

"Well, if you would give me ten times ten million, and put a million in gold down to bind the bargain, I wouldn't sell. If I had the money I wouldn't know what to do with it. So long as it is down in the mine no one can take it away from me, and I can take it out as fast as I please."

And so this man sits in an unpretentious little office in Colorado Springs and looks up towards Pike's peak, just beyond which lies the Independence mine, and gently dreams of the day when, if it pleases his fancy, he may take a million dollars from the depths of the earth between the rising and the setting of the sun.

A Feathered Prodigy.

Ellas Midkiff of Hamlin, Lincoln county, was in Charleston the other day and proposed to the State Historical and Antiquarian society that if it would send a taxidermist to Hamlin the society could secure a monster bird of a kind never seen before by any one in West Virginia. The feathered monster is described by Mr. Midkiff, from measurements taken by himself and W. W. Adkins of Hamlin, who killed the bird at the mouth of Yannatters creek, with five bullets from his rifle, while hunting deer on Monday. The bird is 7 feet 4 inches from tip to tip, 4 feet from tip of bill to tail, flat bill 4 inches long and 3 inches wide, somewhat similar to that of a duck, web feet, covering nearly a square foot of area each; neck 19 inches long, legs about 11 inches long and about 1 1/2 inches through below the feathers, plumage dark brown, relieved on the wings and breast by light blue shading. The bird when first seen was circling high in the air, but came down very quickly and alighted in the water, where Adkins got a good shot at it, crippling its wing. Adkins attempted to capture the strange fowl alive, but it was so vicious that he could not get near it without killing it, which required five bullets.—Baltimore American.

ERRORS ABOUT WOMEN.

The mother of Coriolanus did not interfere with her son to spare Rome. The story has no better foundation than that of Horatius.

Pompey did not save the life of John Smith. It has been ascertained that this worthy man was the most able-bodied prevaricator of his century.

Fair Rosamond was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but, after a long residence as a nun in the convent of Glaston, died greatly esteemed by her associates.

Queen Eleanor did not suck the poison from her husband's wounds, as she did not accompany him on the expedition during which the incident is alleged to have taken place.

The hanging gardens of Babylon did not hang, nor were they gardens. They were terraces supported by arches, and overgrown with trees. They were erected for the amusement of a Babylonian queen who had come from a mountainous country.

The siege of Troy was mostly a myth. According to Homer's own figures—if there ever was such a man as Homer—Helen must have been at least 60 years of age when she first met Paris, and even in the heroic period of the world women at that age were a trifle "passee."

Sappho, the poetess, was not a wanton beauty, nor did she throw herself from the Leucadian cliff to be cured of an unworthy love. The latest investigations prove her a respectable married woman with a large family, which she reared with as much care as a Greek matron usually gave her children.

Mary Stuart of Scotland was not a beauty. She had cross-eyes, and to save the trouble of having her hair dressed cut it off close to her head and wore a wig. When, after her death, the executioner lifted her head to show it to the people, the wig came off and displayed a close-cropped skull covered with gray hair.

FINNEGAN'S CRAZY MULE.

It Was a Racer When It Got Started on the Way.

"Did you ever hear of Finnegan's mule?" queried Charley Mann, door-keeper of the press gallery of the house of representatives, to a Washington News man. "He was probably the greatest mule ever foaled. He could trot a mile in 2:40 if you could control him, but there was the rub. He unquestionably carried, on the dam's side, race horse blood. When I innocently purchased him about ten years ago, I knew nothing of his past record. The truth is, my father wanted a mule to work in a treadmill, and I purchased him at an auction sale. One day I wanted to go to the Pimlico races in company with a friend of mine, and as no horse was at hand we patched up an old harness, borrowed an old, ramshackle gig and started for the track. The mule drove quietly enough and seemed entirely devoid of guile. When we drove up to the Pimlico gates we found a line of hacks in front of us. The driver of one of the rear hacks happened to look back as we drove up, and after making a careful inspection of the mule suddenly shouted to his companions in front of him in a loud voice, 'Say, boys, here's Finnegan's mule.' Then began the greatest stampede you ever saw of the hacks. Why, they fairly fell over one another in getting away. Subsequently I ascertained the cause of the stampede. It appears that the mule was well known in certain quarters of Baltimore, and was known as 'Finnegan's crazy mule.' He had a habit, when owned by Finnegan, of jumping on any vehicle in front of him and destroying the same. No one had been able to hold him when excited by racing him on the road or track, so that for driving and racing purposes he had, in other hands, become practically worthless. When I learned his history I put a rubber bit on him, instead of the cruel bits with which he had formerly been driven and which lacerated his mouth to such an extent as to make him uncontrollable. When I got him in shape I matched him against some of the fast trotters in Baltimore. If he felt just right and did not get mad, it took a good trotter to beat him a mile. For some reason or other, however, he would not repeat heats. One mile was as much as he could stand, for when he was brought out for the second heat he would invariably bolt the track, and no man was ever found strong enough to control him when in one of his crazy fits. Myself and friends won a pot of money with him in single heats. He had as pretty a trotting action as any one cared to see; splendid knee action, and how fast he could put 'em in when he wanted to! His reputation extended to the surrounding country, and I sold him to some sporting parties in Norfolk, Va., for \$500. He subsequently won some races in fast time for a mule, and certainly was a wonder. He was the only fast trotting mule ever produced that we have any history of."

No Water in the Sun.

Professor Janssen, the astronomer, has recently made a visit to the observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc, to make sure that the new telescope which had been carried there is uninjured. He took the opportunity to search in the spectrum of the sun for evidences of water in our great luminary. He found no such evidence. The very rare and dry air through which the observation was made, at the top of the mountain, gives this negative result much value. But it cannot be said that there is no water in the sun; only that none has yet been discovered in its constitution.

The Greatest Structure.

The largest structure on the earth, when compared with the size of the builders, is the ant hill of Africa. Some of these mounds have been observed fifteen feet high and nine feet in diameter. If a human habitation were constructed on the same scale it would be more than seven miles high.

JUST STRAY BITS.

The estimated cost of the Suez canal was \$40,000,000. Its cost when opened for traffic was nearly \$92,000,000 and nearly \$40,000,000 has since been spent in deepening and widening it.

The foreign immigration to United States for the last year was the smallest since 1879. The total number of arrivals was 258,536.

The present royal family of Russia began with a certain Michael Romanoff, who was made czar in 1613.

The longest novel in the English language is probably Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe."

To make a piano sound like a banjo place a slip of paper the length of a keyboard between the hammers and the ivories of the piano. The notes when struck will give the same sound as a banjo, says an English exchange.

Did King Solomon import horses from Spain? A noted Spanish archaeologist, Lopez Martinez, and a German man of letters, Leo Anderlind, are sure he did. Both these men say the horse went from Europe to Asia, instead of vice versa.

Horse fossils found in Spain date from the prehistoric period, long prior to the immigration of the Aryans, 2,000 B. C. The merits of the Iberian horses, famous 3,000 years ago as now, were sure to be known to the wisest of men, and the convey of horses from Spain to Palestine was not difficult to accomplish by the sea route. Moreover the sum stated in the Old Testament to have been paid to King Hiram for temple building materials is stated by modern appraisers to be so excessively large that it is now supposed to include the price of the thousands of horses Solomon possessed.

THE "LADY'S" MAID.

IS OFTEN OVERWORKED AND RARELY APPRECIATED.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Has a Jewel Whose Value Is Not Underestimated—Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Gives Her Maid Little Trouble.

A TYPICALLY well maided woman is Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, who, no matter how simple her costume may be, said an admiring person and capable critic, "bears the impress of an artist's hand upon her, from the crown of her sleek head to the tips of her irremovable carriage shoes. Such a maid is worth her weight in wages, and could get it whenever she chose to leave her present employer."

The nearest rival of Mrs. Rockefeller's maid is Mrs. Cruger's femme de chambre. She is a famous French woman, a particularly capable hair-dresser, and her chief recommendation to her lady is the quality most highly esteemed in the smart maid, of understanding her mistress's moods. These intelligent servants quickly learn to study their employer's nerves and temper. They know when to soothe with sympathy, when to cheer with a bit of flattery, or placate with a little well-timed gossip.

But don't for a moment think the ladies' maids lives are spent only in pretty trifling over the mistress's toilet and accepting scoldings or careless confidence. Of the latter they do receive a good deal, but any one who has visited in the smart houses can see that the more wealthy and fashionable the woman they serve the harder and more trying their work. For example, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's maid, in town or in Newport during the season, must make and unmake complete toilets for her mistress as often as five times a day. No less than sixty gowns are constantly to be kept in apple pie order, five or six hours of sleep out of twenty-four is all the maid catches, and she is held accountable for every valuable in her charge.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the contrary, gives her maid very little trouble. She practically makes her own toilets, and the attendant is never allowed in the room till she is ready to have her gown hooked in place. The mother of the duchess of Marlborough, unlike her sisters-in-law, keeps two maids, and both of them Irish girls that she had specially trained for her use, and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst characteristically has chosen for her maid a Swedish girl who speaks five languages.

Now Mrs. William Astor, the most considerate and gracious lady in the world, is a genuine heroine with her servants. Only sudden death or equally implacable matrimony has ever robbed her of her maids. No tiring woman ever waited up for her until after 11 o'clock, nor suffered rebukes for any passing whim, and they tell a pretty story of a country house lady's maid, a poor over-worked thing, who was detailed to aid this distinguished guest in dressing for dinner. Awaiting the lady's arrival in the bedroom, sheer exhaustion overcame watchfulness, and down among the divan pillows the girl fell asleep. A glance at the pale face was enough for the kindly lady, who quietly made herself ready, turned the gas low, left a consoling tip in the sleeper's hand, went softly out of the room, and it was only by way of the servant's hall that the incident came to light.

Has Blacklisted Insanity.

The following story is told of John Brennan of Stevens Point as a criminal lawyer. The story goes that a farmer who had killed his wife in the northern part of the state sent for Mr. Brennan to defend him, offering to deed him his farm if he would take the case. Brennan wanted his pay in advance and so the farmer made over the property to him. The murder was a most brutal and cold-blooded one and Brennan knew that there was but one plea that might save his client from a life sentence and that was insanity. The trial was one of the fiercest ever fought in a Wisconsin court. The attorney for the defense occupied a whole day in his closing address to the jury and the effort was a mastery one. The jury found the man insane and he was sent to Oshkosh. Once there he improved rapidly and in a few weeks was discharged. His first act was to sue Brennan for the recovery of his property on the ground that he was insane at the time he deeded it.

In the face of his own argument that the man was insane Brennan could do nothing and the farmer won the case. Brennan has blacklisted insanity as a defense for murderers.—Milwaukee Journal.

Poverty to Wealth.

The advance corps of wealth and business ability that is moving through this country is recruited and strengthened and made up by men from the ranks of poverty. Stewart, the "Humboldt of Merchants," and Henry Clews, the "Shakespeare of Bankers," are world-renowned geniuses who forged their reputations and successes on the anvil of self-reliance and energy.—Rev. C. A. Oakes, Reformed, Kingston, N. Y.

Saloons and Treason.

The saloon is a chronic offender. Chronic violation breeds contempt of law and leads to efforts at nullification and rebellion. In essence it is treason.—Rev. W. C. Snodgrass, Newark, N. J.

JEALOUS OF STRANGERS.

They Seek to Hide Some Parts of the Eternal City from the Volgar Gaze.

It seems to be a part of the real simplicity of the Italian Latin to put on a quite useless look of mystery on all occasions, and to assume the air of a conspirator when buying a cabbage; and more than one great foreign writer has fallen into the error of believing the Italian character to be profoundly complicated. One is apt to forget that it needs much deeper duplicity to maintain an appearance of frankness under trying circumstances than to make a mystery of one's marketing and a profound secret of one's cookery. There are a few things which the poor Italian more dislikes than to be watched when he is buying and preparing his food, though he will ask anyone to share it with him when it is ready; but he is almost as prone to hide everything else that goes on inside his house, unless he has fair warning of a visit and full time to prepare himself for it. This is perhaps not entirely a race peculiarity, but rather a survival of mediæval life as it was all over Europe. There are pretty clear indications in our own literature that the ladies and gentlemen of 200 or 300 years ago did not like to be caught unprepared by inquisitive visitors. The silks and satins in which they are portrayed would not have lasted a lifetime, as they did, if they had been worn every day. As for the cleanliness of those times, the less said about it the better. In Rome there was a long period during which not a single aqueduct was in working order, and it was a trade to clear a supply of water out of the Tiber from a portion of the yellow mud by letting it settle in reservoirs, and to sell it in the streets for all household purposes. Who washed in those days? It is safer to ask the question now than it would have been then. Probably those persons washed who were the fortunate owners of a house well or rain water cistern, and those who had neither did not. Perhaps that was very much the same all over Europe. It is certainly to the credit of Trastevere that it is not a dirty place to-day, by Italian standards.

HE HAS FITS FOR A LIVING.

Daniel Evans Can Have Them in Jail Now if He Wants to.

Brooklyn detectives say that Daniel Evans, 19 years old, with no home, is the greatest "fit fakir" they have met professionally in the course of a long and varied experience, says the New York Tribune. He has been pretending to "take fits," they say, with a regularity and perfection that has gained him lots of money from sympathetic persons, but which at last led him to jail, where to-day he languishes under the supervision of a "minion of the law," who nervously watches Daniel Evans in case he should "take a fit" there.

Evans is the young man who has been visiting hotels and churches, where he had fits and fits and fits. After one fit he would have a collection taken up for his benefit and then he would seek another field and have another fit. He worked this novel scheme in various places in New York city and Brooklyn; in the former city at the Fifth Avenue hotel, in the latter at the St. George hotel and at other places. After each simulated fit Evans would collect money to pay his fare to Fresno, Cal., "where his poor old father lived." He did this at the St. George a few weeks ago. He went to the Grace Methodist Episcopal church, Seventh avenue and St. John's place, and had a fit and a collection in the middle of the Sunday evening services.

Last Sunday night he went to the First Reformed church, Seventh avenue and Carroll street, and had a fit there. The Rev. Dr. James M. Farrar, however, thought that Evans was having fits for value received and that his scheme was a fraudulent one to gain money and sympathy. So after Evans had called at the "Dutch Arms," a club connected with the church, Dr. Farrar informed Detectives Reynolds and Weiser, who arrested young Evans.

California Oranges.

California orange growers believe that this coming season is going to be an unusually prosperous one for them. The crop is not only in fine condition, but is very much earlier than usual. The navel oranges, grown in northern California, were on the San Francisco market as early as the second week in November, and the southern California crop will be remarkably early. The growers figure that there will be no competition with California oranges in the east this year. The failure of the Florida crop will give them practically a clear field, they say. The California crop is from one-third to one-half as large again as it was last year, and if the expectations of high prices are realized an orange grove will be a bonanza this year.

Make Good Reading.

A large number of unpublished letters written by Jean Armour, Dickens, Scott, Byron, Thomas Moore, Beethoven, Haydn and Weber were recently found among the papers of the late George Thompson, a lawyer of Edinburgh. They are being published by the Glasgow Evening News.

Hush Money.

Robbie—Say, pop, that typewriter of yours got a dandy valentine this year, didn't she?
Bingo—Do you know who sent it?
Robbie—Well, if you'll give me a dollar, I'll keep quiet.

Not an Early Bird.

That much celebrated bird, the lark, is quite a sluggard, as it does not arise until long after the chaffinches, linnets and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.

GOOD EXCUSE AND IT WENT.

A Night Clerk's Explanation of Why He Missed His "Spill."

It was time for the night clerk to report for duty. He did not appear, says a writer in the Buffalo Express. The day clerk was sleepy and anxious to get home. But, of course, he couldn't desert his post. He stood it for two hours. Still the night clerk came not. Then the day clerk telephoned for the boss to come down. The boss came, marveled and stood watch until 7 o'clock in the morning. Then the missing man came in, sheepish, but determined to know the worst.

"How do I stand?" was his first remark.

"Tell your story before I decide," sternly commanded the boss.

Whereupon the delinquent unfolded this strange tale: "I went home at the usual time this morning and got to bed. I rather overslept, for it was 9 o'clock in the evening when I awoke. It did not take me long to discover that both my wife and my trousers were missing. My wife I could account for, because she had told me she was going to a masquerade party at her sister's house, which is out Cheektowaga way. But what had become of my trousers? I couldn't think until I happened to remember that I didn't know the character my wife intended to represent. Evidently it was a male character and that solitary pair of trousers was now forming part of her disguise. I swore for an hour at her thoughtlessness, but that didn't bring back the breeks.

"We have no very near neighbors, and anyway, I was ashamed to scream for assistance. I thought of ringing for a tall messenger boy and borrowing his pants, but unfortunately there is no call in our house. So I had to worry and stew until daybreak, when my wife and trousers came home. She had won much admiration in the character of Teddy, the bootblack, but I haven't had time yet to tell her what I think of her. I was so anxious to get down here. Now," continued the night clerk, "how do I stand? If you fire me I'm going to hoof it to Oklahoma and get a divorce."

"Well, John," said the boss, "I have been thinking hard things about you all night, but your story is too good not to go. I think the best thing I can do, considering your general faithfulness, is to raise your pay the first of the year, so you can afford to own two pairs of trousers at a time."

BARITONE AND DONKEY.

Amusing Interruption of a Concert by a Long-Eared Vocalist.

From London Tit-Bits: Mr. Clifford Halle, son of the late Sir Charles Halle, said to the writer: "I recollect a funny thing that occurred in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, when I was traveling through that country as a baritone singer. The town is rather provincial, and the poundmaster never considers that he has any duties to perform. The hall where I sang was in a portion of the village where donkeys, goats and other domestic animals hold most of the available space. The night was warm and the main entrance was left open to permit fresh air to enter. I had already sung two or three numbers and was announced to render a ballad well known in that part of the world, entitled 'Thou Art Passing Hence, My Brother.' It is full of sympathy and feeling, and as the audience seemed to be alive to my work I did my very best. The orchestra was reasonably good and I had the audience pretty well under control. The conclusion of the song contains the words, 'Brother, brother,' and just as I reached them and my voice was dying away and everybody seemed spellbound, a full-grown donkey stuck his head in at the door and brayed, 'Ye-haw-w-w! ye-haw-w-w!' seemingly in answer to my words. The audience went into convulsions and the applause I anticipated was turned into howls of mirth. We had to stop there and conclude the programme. The violinist went all to pieces over the incident, and walking up to me with his bow in his hand, said: 'I say, Halle, if you expect to make a success of this South African tour, you must keep your relatives away from the front door!'"

An Old Colonial Blockhouse.

Among the attractions of the town of Bourne, Mass., are two historic cellars. One was dug by the Plymouth colony and the other by the Dutch traders. These cellars lie side by side and the structures built over them were filled with goods so necessary for the comfort of the early pilgrims as well as the Dutch. The pilgrims needed manufactured goods such as the Hollanders had for sale and the Dutch required products such as the colony could supply. Gov. Bradford, in his diary, states that this blockhouse was built as early as 1627, only seven years after the landing of the Mayflower.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Charity.

It may be charity for Rockefeller and Carnegie to erect living monuments in the shape of universities and libraries, but it is not the highest type, for their wealth is gotten by doubtful methods. It is unchristian for moneyed men to seize large pieces of property and profit by the industry of others without outlay themselves. No man has a right to get a monopoly on anything.—Rev. T. W. Williams.

Girls Carry Cans.

A New York society girl sprained her ankle and was obliged to walk with a cane. A lot of other girls thought it a fad and now the lovely creatures are clumping around town with canes all their own ways. But, say, don't this sort of business give you a sensation of nausea?