

# For and About the Women Folks

Girl Wins Ph. D on Guinea Pig.

**T**HE Psychology of a Guinea Pig" is the name of a paper that represents three years of hard work and has earned the author, a University of Chicago girl, the highest degree offered by Dr. Harper's school. Miss Jessie B. Allen, a student of neurology at the university, wrote the thesis about the guinea pig, and as a result of her efforts will receive the degree of doctor of philosophy at the coming university convocation, June 14.

Miss Allen's contribution to science lies in her discovery that the nervous system of a newly born guinea pig is fully medullated. This is the statement of the case as it reads in the thesis, but to her intimate friends the young student has confided that it "is just the same thing as saying that a 1-day-old guinea pig knows more than a month-old white rat."

"I made original experiments to discover whether or not the guinea pig had fully developed memories and other faculties at the age of 1 day," said Miss Allen. "I discovered that such was the case. You know that a white rat does not open its eyes for sixteen days after birth and does not remember anything for nearly a month. Guinea pigs are not so stupid as that, and can remember almost anything at the tender age of 1 day."

Miss Allen began her experiments in the neurological department of the University of Chicago Medical school three years ago. She received the degree of A. B. from the University of Washington in 1890 and an A. M. from the same institution in 1901.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

**O**NE of the things that a woman with brains never gets quite used to is the ease with which the woman without them commonly gets along.

A divorce lawyer says there are from 500 to 1,000 families in New York in which the husbands and wives never speak to each other. Who would have supposed that women would have sense enough to avoid divorce in that way?

Men have always had a good deal to say about the inability of women to keep a secret. Perhaps it is because their private lives have not trained them to the necessity.

A good complexion indicates a sound digestion, but you can never make a man believe that it is not a sign of a pure heart as well.

Wrecking a railroad is finance. Removing all the signs in a street is a college prank. Raiding a melon patch is toadyism. But carrying off one of the spoons for her collection is stealing.

All women are made of glass to the very young man.

"Women are all alike" is a favorite syllogism on the lips of youthful masculinity.

## Monument Unveiled

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sweeping all before it. Of his appeal to the jury in the Olive case it has been said: "It is unsurpassed in the courage of its conception, the boldness of its outline and the height of its sublime, forceful and impassioned declamation."

In congress the man, the soldier, and the lawyer were merged in the faithful and loyal servant of his constituency. He was elected four times, each time by an increased majority.

He conquered his adversaries in and out of the party, not by conciliation or compromise, but by sheer force of his native strength and manhood.

Twice during the terms of his service he voiced in eloquent appeals the demands of his constituents and comrades for justice and fair treatment.

Once in behalf of a bill granting relief to his constituents, many of them comrades in the war, ousted from homes which represented the savings of the working years of their lives, which had been, in the utmost good faith, acquired in the public domain by patents held for fourteen years. He said:

"These men are my constituents; they are more, my neighbors; they are still more, my comrades, for in the heroic days nearly nine-tenths of them were union soldiers. This will not prejudice their cause with you, men of the south, for you are brave and must be generous and just. Nearly all of those for whom I plead are known to me personally, and accordingly I take a keen and personal interest in their rights and wrongs. I have known them from the ground up, for I knew them when they lived in the earth, in dugouts, and have watched them for years as they spread the seed and gathered the harvest which was the trust of the armies of laborers of the world. They have fought a brave fight and have redeemed the desert of twenty years ago."

They are not mendicants, for when the hell blasts of the drought and the clouds of locusts a few years ago reduced them to starvation, they made no sign, asked no aid of the government, as did those who saw their all devoured by the flames in Michigan or swept away by the floods of the Ohio and the Mississippi. They fought their battle alone, and what they ask now

the chief troubles of the unquiet sex, on the contrary, have arisen from the fact that they are not all alike, and that men are determined they shall be. If they could all have been good cooks, for instance, their pathway through this world of woe would have been much smoothed. Unfortunately they have been unable to entirely suppress individuality, much as "woman's sphere" has contributed to that end.

An excellent way to get over a love affair is to marry the man.

No wonder women think highly of tea. It has been a great civilizer. Not till men began to drink tea, instead of their everlasting alcoholic preparations, did social intercourse really begin in the western world.

Marriage has some resemblance to cards. Hearts and diamonds are both involved, clubs sometimes come into the game, and, unless the divorce court intervenes, spades are trumps at last.

A woman accosted by a tramp in Port Murray knocked him into the canal, and went serenely on to prayer meeting. A Hoboken woman stopped a runaway fire-horse in time to prevent it dashing into a crowd of school children. Do New Jersey

## Frills of Fashion

"You will be good and come?" "We mean to have a jolly time," are some of the sentences on the outside of pretty, gaily decorated card invitations for children's parties.

When the small girl goes automobiling in automobile togs she has made for her more often than anything else a long silk rubber coat, with leather collar, and perhaps a hat to match.

A pretty effect in a parasol is given with a combination of pink and cream. The parasol is of pink silk with an edge of grass linen which has a deep cream tone. To match this are insets of cream lace in medallions in the silk above the waists.

High-necked and long-sleeved waists of lawn are for wearing under the very open-work waists that are to be found this season. A thin waist of some kind is essential. These of lawn are tucked down the front and edged around the neck and wrists with narrow lace.

In raw pongee, a much rougher and smarter material than the smooth finished, is a long garment for women, the automobile shirt. This has a standing collar of black elastic, cuffs of the same material, and fastens down the front, shirtlike, in a short opening, with three glove clasps. The shirt comes in the natural pongee color, gray and black.

A quantity pretty frock of fine printed lawn or muslin has designs of red-checked apples and their leaves upon it. It is made in one of the old-time styles. There is a deep ruffle around the neck, and there is a deep ruffle around the waist. The ruffle is shirred several times at the top and the skirt at the top is also shirred. The round bodice has three of the inch tucks in the full lower part, which is shirred at the top. The upper part is plain, with insets of white lace, and there is a stock formed first of the shirred material, then a deep line of white net, more shirring, then a deep line of white net, more shirring, then a deep line of white net, more shirring, then a deep line of white net, more shirring. The ruffle which edges the shirred sleeves is formed of the same material. There is a crush belt of apple green.

they ask not as alms, but as justice, and to that answering justice in your conscience I commit their case. . . .

Once again, in behalf of a bill granting protection to bona fide settlers upon the public lands in the western states, from the harsh exercise of the inquisitorial powers delegated to the land department, he threw the gauge of battle at the feet of an insolent majority with a declamation that had in it the crack of the guns at Gettysburg. He was, he said, protesting against a dangerous system of espionage, seconded by a still more pernicious exercise of arbitrary power by an irresponsible bureau officer. "If the congress of the United States wants to do a simple act of justice between man and man, to defend the common rights of the common people of the west, to give them some sort of a continuing guarantee of the sacredness of their titles, to inspire them with additional purpose and impulse in the great struggle which has built up empires west of the Mississippi, and then west of the Missouri, there is only one course to take."

Speaking of the commissioner he says: "He has violated, in his prosecution of the western settlers, all the laws of the country enacted for the protection of private property. He has ignored the rules as to the burden of proof. He has violated the presumption of law as to the public officers and innocent men. He has outraged the very instincts of decency. This is, in brief, the record of your judge. It would have been worse if he had known more."

There came a day when conscience and honor forbade him to voice the feelings of his constituents. After a score of years the affair of Fitzjohn Porter, made memorable by the contentions of councils and cabinets, reached the national congress, to be there exploited by the giants of debate with a zeal and bitterness undiminished by the passing of a generation.

In the war General Porter had been his chieftain. He had been with him from the siege of Yorktown until the retreat of the enemy across the Chickahominy. From thence to the battle of Hanover Court House. Thence to Mechanicsville. Thence to Gaines' Mill, and throughout his career, except while disabled by wounds. General Porter was his idol. He believed in him; he declared his deliberate

women mean to keep this thing up, or is it merely sporadic?

A Chicago university professor has informed his class that flirting is instructive. One wonders if he reached his conclusion by a process of syllogistic reasoning, or just found out by experience.

Only 9 per cent of the women of the United States over 14 are employed in gainful occupations, while 80 per cent of the men are so employed. It would seem as if the 80 per cent might let the 9 per cent work without grumbling any more about women taking men's jobs.

A woman has always one standing grievance against a man. When she wants a good cry she has to sit down to it, while he can swear in any position.—New York Times.

Everyday Life in Japan.

**T**HAT charming young woman, Onoko Watanna, so favorably known in this country as author of the delightful story, "A Japanese Nightingale," writes very entertainingly of "Everyday Life in Japan." She prefaces her essay with the remark that every country is apt to think other

## What Women Are Doing

Trinity College of Women at Washington received a gift last Monday of a gallery of paintings, statuary and etchings, valued at \$250,000, from Judge and Mrs. Miles P. O'Connor of Los Angeles, Cal.

Dr. Mary Pierson Eddy of Beyroot, Syria, is in Washington. Dr. Eddy is the only woman ever licensed to practice medicine in the Turkish dominions. Mohammedan women are not allowed to see male physicians, and Dr. Eddy is, therefore, the only physician in all Turkey that such women can consult.

"Don't pick out a man for a husband simply because you love him," says Woman's Work. "The most important thing is whether he loves you. A woman who loves her husband better than he loves her is a door mat on which he treads. If he loves her better than she does him he looks up to her as a goddess and spends his life trying to win her favor. A too adoring wife bores a man with her affection, but no woman ever had enough love given her to satisfy her, and the more affection the man lavishes upon her the stronger the claim he establishes. After marriage a thousand things draw a woman's heart to her husband; a thousand things estrange him from her."

A large crowd of spectators was attracted to Treptow race course, near Berlin, recently to witness the foot races open to women from all parts of Germany," says a Berlin dispatch. "There were three races, of 110, 220 and 330 yards, respectively. Two of the competitors boldly donned jerseys and knickerbockers, but the remainder ran in skirts. Several appeared on the track in high-heeled boots. A considerable number dropped from exhaustion within fifty yards of the starting point. One sprained her ankle, another fell and broke her arm and a third fainted from excitement before the signal was given to go. Most of the fair competitors appeared to be absolutely untrained. The winners were crowned with wreaths and cheered, while a band played, 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes.'"

judgment, speaking from what he knew of his hero, "that of all the great battles of the English-speaking race, from Bannockburn to Gettysburg, there had not been made by any soldier a record which demonstrated greater loyalty to the cause of his country than that made by Fitzjohn Porter."

The past unrolled before him. He saw his chieftain, at the head of his gallant corps, moving to the assault of Jackson's troop in the sunken road on August 30. He saw the effort to restore the column resolve itself into a mad rush to the front, where men could fire, not at the enemy behind earthworks and railroad embankments, but in a cut, where nothing was visible but their heads—and when the column was being cut down in platoons by the confederate artillery, firing over the heads of their own men, he heard ringing through the din of the battle the order of their chieftain, "Fix bayonets and jump into the ditch and bayonet them," and a moment later he saw Longstreet with his army sweep across their rear. It was a bloody scene; men fought like demons and the blood of the dead and the dying choked the earth. Thrilling with the memory of scenes like this, and remembering only the heroism and more than fatherly kindness of his old commander, is it strange, knowing him as we know him, his loyalty, his generosity, his courage and his chivalry, that he should have hurled defiance into the teeth of his adversaries while he covered the fame of his general with his unstained shield?

Is it strange that when comrades and constituents, lost in the bitter feelings of the strife, demanded that he desert his old friend and return the kindness of years with what he considered a crowning act of infamy, he should have flung back the challenge to his manhood with all the passionate utterance of an indignant soul?

"And let me remark to the gentlemen," he exclaims, "who seek to bring the menace of future punishment to bear upon the discharge of present duty, that if I knew this act of mine would end my bodily existence, as you say it may my official one, then still would I do it, and I would thank God that my loyalty to my country, as I understand her honor, that my loyalty to my general, as I understand my duty; that my loyalty to the truth as I know it to be, was strong enough to lift my conduct above the

possibility of charge to come from cowardly considerations affecting my life and future condition."

The steel rang true. The blade that

flamed when the battle was set in array. He was an American. He worshipped his country and was proud of its achievements.

He had faith in the instinct and conscience of the common people and in their sense of justice to maintain the right and to right the wrong.

He hated shams and fraud in any form, and in the midst of conventionalities he longed for the companionship of his friends and the freedom of his prairie state.

He was imperious, and bore himself erect and proud and stood for independence, integrity and courage, and the sovereign right to do his work and speak his thought.

Had he faults—I have forgotten.

I only know it was a choice spirit that left us on that August morning—one of the old guard.

And the old guard is passing.

The valiant hosts, who in the days of their youth, and amid the flame and smoke of two thousand burning fields, proclaimed the integrity of the nation, and the immortality of truth and justice.

We see the remnant dimly as they halt by us, wearing with equal honors their years and their scars. The mists are gathering. Soon the night shall fall, and then—to sleep.

But so long as the nation shall rest firm upon the granite foundation of liberty and justice, so long shall their deeds and fame be cherished and sung by the children of a grateful republic.

We have consecrated this monument to the memory of James Laird. He is at rest, wrapped in the flag he loved. We have piled a huge rock above his grave and set an iron sentry to guard it.

More than 2,600 years ago Homer sang the burial of glorious Hector—slain on the plains of Troy by the wrath of Peilus' son:

And his brothers and companions searched for the white bones;

In sorrow and in tears that, streaming, stained their cheeks, they gathered them in a gold urn.

Over this they drew a covering of soft purple robe and laid it in a hollow grave;

And piled fragments of rock, many and huge.

In haste they reared the tomb with sentries set on every side.

Such was the burial of mighty Hector. And such the grave of a Trojan.