# Activities and Views of Progressive Women in Various Walks of Life

**The Perfect Husband.**

PERHAPS the greatest difficulty husbands encounter in striving to act the part rightly is to determine just what the wife desires. For those husbands who are groping in the dark a few suggestions will help some. Dorothy Dix tells in the St. Louis Times, in pointed sentences, what constitutes a woman's ideal of a perfect husband, so that the striving lords of the household, having the information handed to them, may no longer plead ignorance, and duck.

The perfect husband, according to the authority, is a man:

Who is a romantic hero and an animated cash register at the same time;

Who can make money hand over fist all day and quote soulful poetry all evening;

Who is strong and forceful in character, yet so weak she can wrap him around her finger;

Who abjures all of his own family and old friends at the altar and takes hers instead;

Who still looks upon her with awe as a divinity, even when she has on a Mother Hubbard and curl papers;

Who never finds out that she is a silly little creature, but always regards her as a deep, inscrutable problem;

Who always notices what she has on, but never looks at other women's clothes;

Who never notices another woman, anyway;

Who always remarks on the dinner when it is good, but keeps silence when things are burned up or overdone;

Who never complains about the bills, no matter how unreasonable they are;

Who tells his wife every day how handsome she is and what a magnificent figure she has;

Who prefers stout women, if his wife is stout, and thin women, if she is scrawny;

Who realizes that his wife must have forty new dresses and hats and things, but is satisfied with one hand-me-down suit a season;

Who sends his wife off to Europe for her health, or the education of the children, but stays at home and works himself;

Who builds his wife a house with 40,000,000 closets, but is satisfied with one hook for his own use;

Who denies himself cigars so that his wife can ride in taxicabs;

Who calls his wife's temper nerves;

Who after a hard day's work is willing to do chores about the house, and hang pictures and put the baby to sleep and such odd jobs;

Who believes that his wife is a great financier and that all of her bargains are real bargains;

Who has not personal taste or whim that anybody around the house feels bound to consider;

Who is always loudly blessing Heaven for having sent him such a treasure as his wife, but does not expect her to make any return for his care;

Who is always congratulating himself upon the privilege of having a family to support;

Who doesn't mind matching samples or bringing home packages;

Who knows how to make money,

And money,

And more money.

**Women in Cookery.**

Miss Bella Bruce of the Household science school at the Women's exchange, New York, says that whatever people may say as to modern women not being domestic and that they detest cooking more than anything connected with housekeeping, it is a fact that many wealthy women really attend the cooking school, not for the sake of doing something different, but because they wish to understand getting up meals, and show themselves most teachable and earnest. In fact, Miss Bruce asserts that in a private school where she taught before she went to the exchange the faculty decided to give up domestic science because the girls neglected their other studies in order to give more time to cooking, and she is of the opinion it is better to postpone such education until the usual school courses are finished, because domestic science can be studied to advantage later. Many girls about to be married acquaint themselves with the details of preparing meals, thereby understanding what it is just to require of the cook or general housework girl; when it is well done and other valuable knowledge. And of course such young women are in a condition to fill the gap when the housemaids and cook go on a strike, instead of enduring a period of misery and taking meals at hotels and restaurants until there are servants once more in the house. Such young women go to Miss Bruce season after season, and take advanced courses. One of these she has been carrying on this season, is chafing dish cooking, which is a branch by itself. A chafing dish has became an indispensable adjunct in many homes, and to understand its management, and what may and what may not properly be cooked in it must be known by the hostess of today.

**Education Woman's Greatest Need.**

The recent cry of "a womanly education for women" seems to be interpreted by some as an effort to relegate woman back to the narrow life of the kitchen and nursery. But this is far from its real meaning, writes Elizabeth Harrison in the Chicago Tribune. Women—that is, intelligent women—have advanced too far in education to ever be again satisfied with "the three d's"—dinner, dress and doctors. Nor would their more intelligent fathers and brothers wish them to give up their larger life. But there is a growing discontent with the results that can be shown by college bred women.

More and more clearly is it being seen that men and women are different and their work in the average course of life is different. Not that the training of women should be any less thorough than that of men or any less varied and developing. But as nine-tenths of the women of each generation marry and have homes and children to care for, the more thoughtful minds among us are asking, "How can we so educate our daughters that they shall be able to earn financial independence when necessary and yet be better wives and mothers for having been trained beyond the ordinary high school?"

This is beginning to be answered. Our kindergarten training schools, domestic science schools and arts and crafts schools, many of them demand the same amount of time and an amount of effort equal to the old college course. The thorough kindergarten training school seems especially to solve the problem.

Not only is a young girl's body trained into fine, supple beautifulness and her voice and eye trained to utter and to see the sweeter, more beautiful things of life, but the element of nature which lies deep down in every true woman heart is awakened and sympathetically developed into a wise, firm, yet tender treatment of little children, for she is taught to understand the manifestations of childhood and how to nourish and satisfy them, as daily care of young children is part of the schooling such training gives to her.

And yet while she is learning the care needed by children in order that they may develop in character as well as in body she is herself unfolding and every latent power she may have inherited comes forth, for these schools of training not only train young women along technical and professional lines suitable for women, but they train also along the lines of the world's broader culture, so that a woman may not only do her own womanly work in the world, but may be man's companion and equal in general knowledge of and application of the best that today's civilization affords.

**The Best Code.**

Emily—Why are you waving your handkerchief?

Angelina—Since papa has forbidden Tom the house, we have arranged a code of signals.

Emily—What is it?

Angelina—When he waves his handkerchief five times, that means "do you love me?" And when I wave frantically in reply it means, "Yes, darling!"

Emily—And how do you ask other questions?

Angelina—We don't. That's the whole code.—Harper's Weekly.

**Meaning of Pure Food.**

Many women read of the pure food law in a vague sort of way, wondering just what the term means, or at least how the enactment of such a law can affect the quality of the food which comes to their tables day after day.

The average woman notices little or no difference in the supplies which she buys and her excursions to the market or grocery reveal no startling changes.

And yet the passage of the pure food laws is heralded as a great revolution. If this is true it has taken place so quietly that the people in general have known little of it.

As has often been said, the law is not a measure to prohibit adulterants of a deceitful but nonharmful character, but only to insist that labels must state clearly what such materials are. In this way the purchaser can at least tell what he is buying.

It is said that few people realize the enormous extent to which foods were adulterated before the passage of these laws.

It has been estimated that 70 per cent of all the country's edibles were adulterated or cheapened by the use of foreign substances.

This was particularly noticeable in spices. The adulterants for pepper were burnt flour, starch, cocoa shells and a dozen other substances. Even floor sweepings have been used for the very low-priced grades. Instances have been known where unscrupulous fellows have adulterated red pepper, the ground sort, with powdered brick dust, a cheap and entirely innocuous substance.

Jellies and jams had more attention from the adulterators than almost any other substance entering into the food supplies of the people.

The basis of nearly all the jams and jellies has been apple cores and peelings and pumpkin. These when cooked up are practically tasteless and are, of course, inexpensive. Their tastelessness particularly suited them to the jelly makers' purposes. The chemists furnished him with all sorts of colors and flavors which, by the way, were entirely innocent of any connection with the fruits which they purported to represent. If the jelly man wanted to make raspberry jelly he used the right shade of analine dye and raspberry flavor and hayseed. For cherry preserves or cherry jelly he poured in his bright red dye, his cherry flavor and used dried peas for cherry seeds.

In sugar there has not for many years been any adulteration or falsification. The Sugar trust must have the credit for that, but straight coffees have not been so easy to find. Ground coffee has been the most adulterated of all the food supplies, unless it was ground mustard, and often the roasted rye grains could be easily seen. In one sample of coffee analyzed by a chemist there was less than 15 per cent of real coffee. In a sample of alleged "pure pepper" there was not 5 per cent of pepper. But much of this sort of practice is passed, for under the existing laws all foodstuffs which do not conform strictly to the description on the label can be confiscated by the federal government, and fine or imprisonment be imposed upon persons guilty of fraud.

At present it is safe to assume that all foods the labels of which show the words "Guaranteed Under Food and Drugs Act, Serial No. —," are pure and wholesome. The serial number thus specified does not mean that the United States government guarantees the foods so labeled, but it does mean that the manufacturers thereof have filed their guarantee with the federal authorities that the goods are exactly as represented.

**Mrs. Taft's Bridal Table.**

The wife of the republican candidate for the presidency has many valuable possessions, gifts from the mighty ones of the earth, kings, emperors and princes, but her most cherished treasure is a round mahogany table, black with age and showing daily use. This table is used by the Taft family wherever their household goods are set up and has been ever since Mrs. Taft attained the dignity of the married state. It was the table on which the wedding breakfast of William Howard Taft and Helen Herron was served some odd years ago.

Judge Herron and Mrs. Herron, parents of Mrs. Taft, were lovers of old mahogany and they had many beautiful pieces in their Cincinnati home. After the wedding Mrs. Herron believed that the young couple would appreciate having for their dining table the same board on which they had partaken breakfast on the bridal day. So it was sent to their modest home in Clifton, Cincinnati, and it was set for the first meal after Mr. Taft brought his bride home from the wedding journey and even since it has been the medium of the family fare as well as its most elaborate hospitality. Mrs. Taft took the table to the Philippines and again it came back to Washington. Just now it is carefully swathed in soft cotton wrappings and stored in the commodious attic of the assistant secretary of war, Mr. Oliver, awaiting its resurrection. But whether its next appearance be in the White House or in the private home of William Howard Taft, it will be the dining table of the family, as Mrs. Taft expresses it, while the clan holds together.

**Women First.**

After all, women are setting the pace these days, reports the St. Louis Times. It was a woman, Nellie Bly, who made the first real record in globe encircling tours, and it is a woman who has made a new record as a transatlantic voyager.

Miss Grace, who is employed by a London firm in a confidential capacity, was told by her principals that they wanted her to keep a business engagement in New York at noon, August 6. In order to do this, she sailed from Southampton, July 29, on the new Adriatic. She cleared the customs at 11 o'clock August 6 and reached her engagement, which was in West Eleventh street, New York, before 11:30 o'clock. A quarter of an hour was necessary to complete the business in hand, and shortly after noon Miss Grace was at the White Star line dock, aboard the Baltic, for her return trip. She got to London at 10 o'clock on the evening of August 14, and was at her desk at 9 o'clock the next morning with a report of the interview, quite in time to meet an engagement in connection with it.

With women at the helms of steamboats, at the heads of great ranches, chief owners of railroads and as winners of Alpine records, there is small reason for wonder because of the activity of Sister Suffragette in London. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moves the world in more ways than one in these days of the Twentieth Century.

**Cooking Eggs.**

My maid solved the problem of bringing our eggs to the table correctly boiled, writes a housekeeper. First she marks with a lead pencil on three eggs "Mr. R.," then two "Mrs. R." and one "John," the baby. Then she boils them four, three and two minutes, respectively, and they are exactly as we all like them. The pencil marks do not boil off and the task is simple.

**A Toast to Women.**

There has always been plenty of clever repartee in toast giving at large functions between men and women, but it is not always that there are two wits so easily matched that one can give the retort discourteous to the other in so quick a manner as to bring out applause.

The way in which this was done at a recent dinner is worth repeating, so the toasts are given in detail. They were both uncomplimentary, but it goes without saying that they will be used again and again in a laughing spirit by those who love to play with such fire.

A man who avowed himself a woman hater was asked to give a toast to "lovely woman." He responded with these lines:

"Here's to the women who are tender;
Here's to the women who are slender;
Here's to the women who are large and fat and red;
Here's to the women who are married;
Here's to the women who have tarried;
Here's to the women who are speechless—
but they are dead."

Without a moment's hesitation a girl at the other end of the table got up and gave this toast:

"Our sex, you know, was after yours designed.
The last perfection of the Maker's mind;
Heaven drew out all the gold for us and left
Your dross behind."

**Glove Mending.**

Use silk or cotton thread as nearly as possible the color of glove. Sew all around the torn place a buttonhole stitch (not too fine), then put needle through each stitch on opposite sides and draw together. The glove will look well and torn place will last till glove is worn out.

**The Woman and the Statue.**

The Cri de Paris tells a most amusing story—if true—about Rodin and some unnamed rich American woman, who had selected him to make a statue of herself, full length and so far as possible a portrait. She had posed ten times in antique costume, when Rodin told her that he did not need her any more and that he would finish the work at his leisure. When the American came again she found to her amazement that the head of the statue bore no resemblance whatever to her. She complained bitterly that no one would even recognize her. "It is true," said the great sculptor dreamily; "your head did not inspire me at all. At first I thought I would not put any head on the statue, as I have been accustomed to do of late, but after I had thought it over carefully, in order not to offend you, I put in place of your face that of Madame de R. She had ordered hers of me, but never paid for it. At any rate, you will gain much by this change."

**Narrow Escape.**

"Horace, you don't love me as you used to."

"Not altogether, my dear. When we were first married I loved you for your beauty. Now I love you for your real worth, your many excellencies of mind and heart and for your——"

"So, Horace Higgsworthy! You think I've got entirely over my good looks, do you? Let me tell you sir——"

"And for your unfailing sweetness of disposition, my dear."

Uncertain whether to go ahead and scold him just the same or to indulge in a good cry, she compromised by doing neither and fell to darning his socks with renewed energy.—Chicago Tribune.

**Leaves From Fashion's Notebook.**

The old-fashioned coat of elaborate design and of heavy weight has been succeeded by the little light coat of cloth or silk, finished in petticoat, cutaway, butterfly or open design.

The fall color is a ripe yellow-brown, just the shade that goes so well with pink, and there are old pinks, new pinks, rose Du Barry pink and more other pinks than one could count in a day's tour.

The laces of this fall are even more durable than those of last spring; they will wash well and stand wear. They come in all the antique tones, so that a really elegant lace can be bought at a price very small.

Border materials are used for wrappers, and those who like washable stuffs are using the tan and ecru batiste robe, finished with a border of white embroidery. The embroidery forms the skirt flounce; the panel down the front also makes a finish for the wide sleeves.

In the matter of your handbag you will be guided by Dame Fashion, who says it must be a piece of your vest. So, if you wear a cretonne vest, your wrist bag will be of cretonne, mounted in dull gilt and trimmed with turquoise or whatever color you may choose as your jewel color.

The neck ruffles are doing a great deal for womankind this fall. They are full and heavy and they are worn with all sorts of coats and gowns. The tall Pierrot ruffle is popular, as is the double empire ruffle of silk, while the Marie Antoinette fichus and neck ruffles are worn with coats and gowns that are far from being of the style of the French queen.

The wreath of roses is looking wonderfully fit as it surrounds the autumn hat, and the wreath of roses also adorns my lady's belt. A belt of black satin with some handsome passementerie roses applied to it was worn by a smart woman who carried in her hand a black silk umbrella with a handle of carved roses tinted the natural color.

For gold braid there are always new uses. One of the pretty gold braid ornaments is that which is now worn around the neck in necklace style. A flat gold band is tied around the neck of the dress in such a way that two ends fall a little at one side. Each end is finished with a gold tassel. This gives an extremely pretty finish for any waist and makes the neck look both dressy and tailor-made.

Women who embroider lingerie are making a very nice living these days, for much of it is worked by hand. The long loose robes, caught at the throat with an old-fashioned brooch and hanging open from the neck to the floor, are worn by many women for their room gowns. And the latest fancy is to hand embroider a chain of flowers around the entire edge of the robe, which may be of softest flannel, silk, or, better still, of crepe.

**What Women Are Doing.**

Mlle. Marie Rutkowska, a popular ballet dancer at an opera house in Warsaw, has just received her degree in law. She intends to take up the legal profession, but will continue to dance every evening at the opera house.

One hundred young women have been employed to act as guides by the new Anglo-American club in London. They are to show club members through different places of historical interest and to make a specialty of assisting women shoppers.

The University of London grants few medical degrees and when women study medicine in that city they are obliged to go across to Dublin or to Edinburgh for their diplomas, which is rightly considered a hardship.

Miss Ruby Abrams, who was recently graduated at the head of the art class in Cooper Institute, is deaf, and until a few years ago was also dumb. She has been an art student ever since she was graduated at the head of her class six years ago at the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes. She has the record of having won four prizes during her art course.

Margaret Anglin has a word to say in favor of the stage-struck girl. She generally has the opposition of her family to meet and in many cases her efforts must require more than the usual amount of energy necessary in the attaining of a career by a woman. She may not be a success after all, but in the majority of cases the stage-struck girl is most sincere in her confidence in herself and in her determination to work.

Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, who supervises the reading course for farmers' wives in the agricultural department of Cornell university, thinks that women judges should have charge of juvenile court cases; at least of the girls' cases. She thinks that these girls will often tell the truth to women when they conceal it from men. As the probation officers are generally women, it would seem that the girls would have the opportunity anyhow.

The official returns from the Oregon referendum bring slight comfort to woman suffragists. A greater number participated in the woman suffrage controversy than in any other subject submitted to a vote. This is the third time the question has been submitted and each time the majority against it has grown. In 1900 the majority against woman suffrage was 2,127, in 1906 it was 10,173 and in 1908 it had risen to the impressive majority of 21,712 in a total vote of 95,000.

The "singing premier" of Australia, Sir Thomas Bent, lately made a speech at the farewell concert of a young singer, Miss Eileen O'Brien, who is coming to Paris to study with Mme. Marchesi. He remembered, he said, another young Melbourne woman who sang in the same hall and he had heard some one say "Oh it's only the girl from St. Francis' church." That girl is now Mme. Melba. Miss O'Brien has been taking the same church position and she is now a protege of Mme. Melba.

## An Important Accessory of the Modish Wardrobe

THE well-dressed woman spends a large part of her dress allowance upon accessories nowadays, and if she has a taste for pretty belts she may invest a surprising amount of money in that one item of her wardrobe.

For certain costumes of severe tailored type the plain leather belt is the thing most desirable, but even here, if one demands smartness, one must pay for it, and a plain belt of fine quality, and with a good buckle, is never cheap. The new belts of this class just placed on view in the shops show great variety in width, color, buckle and shaping despite their limitations, and particularly pretty effects are obtained in the colored morocco s.

No other leather lends itself to the dyer's purposes so readily as does morocco, and in consequence it is in this leather that one can find belts of almost every color—plain, rather narrow belts, with unpretentious buckles of burnished gold.

For the wider belts softer leathers are usually chosen, or at least this is true of the wide belts which fold once in the middle, as most of the chic models do. Here, too, one finds a surprising variety of color, though the smooth, dull finish leather and the suede or ooze leather, which are generally selected for such belts, do not take the colorings with such richness as does the morocco.

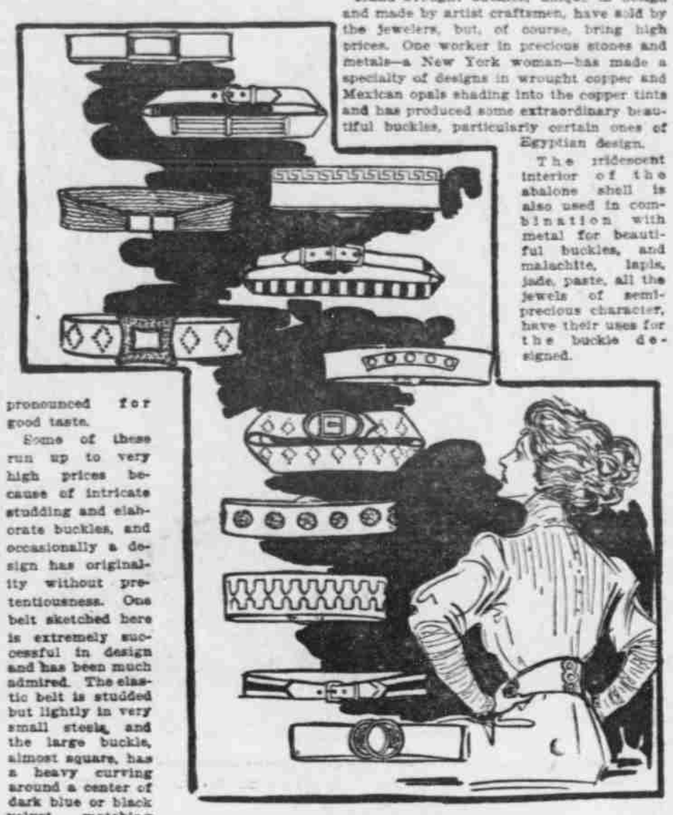
For these wider crush belts large buckles are used and often slides or ornaments of some sort at the back, but a certain severity characterizes even the large metal buckles when they are associated with leather. Buckles covered with soft leather and studded or trimmed with steel or other metal are used for some of the wide leather belts, particularly those in white or light colors, but the very ornate buckles are usually reserved for silk, ribbon or elastic belts.

Patent leather is more used by the belt designers than it has been in recent seasons, but is more often combined with other leathers than employed alone. Very good designs are shown in white leather and black patent leather, these belts usually being rather narrow by reason of their conspicuousness.

A narrow white belt barred off crosswise by bands of black patent leather and finished in the patent leather at the ends is attractive, and a broader belt of white with a narrow band of black running along the middle of it is another French fancy. This last design is furnished too in other leathers than the black and white and is especially good in one tone coloring and two leathers—that is, a band of patent leather on a wider belt of dull finished leather matching the patent leather in color.

Another design has the patent leather band running through slits cut at intervals in the belt. This design is shown altogether in pigskin, and another, with two very narrow straps running around the belt and passing through slits is particularly good for a severe belt.

In the elastic belts one finds considerable variety, although almost all of them are steel-studded, and this implies a certain similarity. Plain narrow belts of strong elastic, matching the dress skirt in color and finished by a small clasp, fit very band of solidly massed tiny steel beads snugly and are comfortable and inconspicuous, but the more ornate designs, while often very handsome, are usually too pronounced for good taste.



NEW LEATHER BELTS.

Some of these run up to very high prices because of intricate studding and elaborate buckles, and occasionally a design has originality without pretentiousness. One belt sketched here is extremely successful in design and has been much admired. The elastic belt is studded but lightly in very small steels, and the large buckle, almost square, has a heavy curving around a center of dark blue or black velvet, matching the elastic.

Some of the wide, soft leather belts have a line of rather large steel nail heads set along the upper edge only, and buckles covered with leather and ornamented with steel. Others are tooled in gold along the upper edge, in a Greek key or scroll design, and have large, simple gold buckles curving in to fit the waist. These belts are among the favorite models in an exclusive shop and are offered in many shades, or are made to order in almost any shade desired.

When one comes to the subject of fancy buckles and ribbons or silk belts description falters, for the buckles of the day are legion and are of all grades of beauty and value. Many handsome designs are turned out in old-fashioned cameos and in coral, and the semi-precious stones, and imitations of these stones are used in every imaginable way.

Amethyst, topaz, tourmaline and chrysoprase are particularly liked by the designers, but, of course, a vast majority of the designs are turned out in cheap imitations of those stones.

Hand-wrought buckles, unique in design and made by artist craftsmen, have sold by the jewelers, but, of course, bring high prices. One worker in precious stones and metals—a New York woman—has made a specialty of designs in wrought copper and Mexican opals shading into the copper tints and has produced some extraordinary beautiful buckles, particularly certain ones of Egyptian design.

The iridescent interior of the abalone shell is also used in combination with metal for beautiful buckles, and malachite, lapis, jade, paste, all the jewels of semi-precious character, have their uses for the buckle designed.

Metal buckles of great beauty without stones are also made and just now graceful shapes in gold or silver, simple of lines, but beautifully etched over their entire surface, are much admired.

The rise of the scarf girdle and the directoire waist line have, of course, shut the belt and buckle off from certain uses once theirs, but beautiful buckles or ornaments are being used in connection with some of the directoire girdles, among them handsome gold embroidered motifs set invisibly in metal. Some of these embroidered ornaments gleam almost like jewels with many rich colors and with metal thread.

Scarf girdles of liberty, lace, embroidered net, etc., weighted at the ends with heavy tassels or ornaments are now to be found in all the shops.

# Curious and Romantic Capers of Sir Dan Cupid

**A War Romance Ended.**

SPANISH war romance for Henry Watterson, jr., son of the noted Kentucky editor, has ended. The Cuban bride, whom he found when fighting for Uncle Sam, is now the wife of another. She has so completely lost her interest in the young Kentuckian, once her husband, that she doesn't know, or apparently care, whether he is numbered among the quick or the dead. Her second husband, to whom she was married by Alderman Beyer in the city hall, New York, is Ramon Banus, a Cuban merchant. When they applied to the city clerk for a marriage license and the usual questions were asked Mrs. Watterson promptly wrote her replies to all of them until she came to the one that asked whether her former husband was alive. After thinking for several moments she wrote: "I don't know." Mrs. Watterson said she was 30 years old and was the daughter of Juan J. Casanova of Cuba. She and Watterson, she said, were divorced in March, 1905, in Louisville. It was toward the end of the Spanish-American war that young Watterson met Senorita Casanova. He had enlisted at the outbreak of the war as a private and accompanied his regiment to Puerto Rico. At the end of the war President McKinley commissioned him a lieutenant in the regular army, but he resigned less than two years after his appointment. Watterson married Miss Casanova in Philadelphia in 1901. The bride came of one of the best Cuban families. Her uncle, General Casanova, was killed in the Cuban-Spanish war. She and young Watterson did not live happily long. They quarreled and finally separated. The wife continued to live in Louisville until she obtained her divorce, when she went to New York City.

**Gets His Bride by Freight.**

Only an ingenius destiny could have brought about the second meeting between John Hanson and Olga Paulsen, who were married last month and now are living on Hanson's farm a few miles from New Ulm, Minn.

Hanson came to Chicago last spring with a carload of cattle and after he had completed his business at the yards he came down to the shopping center on State street, relates the Chicago Tribune. He was gazing at things, as a country fellow will, when he suddenly bumped into a young woman who was just turning the corner of State and Adams.

"O, I beg your pardon," stammered Hanson. He backed away and looked down into a pair of beautiful blue-green eyes set in a thin, piquant face.

The girl blushed and tried to draw away, but somehow John's watch chain was caught in the lacy network of the little jacket she wore, and it was a moment or two before they could become disentangled. Then she passed on, still blushing. It was a mere nothing, one of those incidents that happen a thousand times and that people forget at once. But John could not forget. He had been heart and fancy free for all his twenty-six years and now he was in love. He had fallen in love with a strange girl whom he never expected to see again.

He hung around that corner for hours every day as long as he stayed in Chicago, but he did not see her again. He had no means of knowing how he could find her, and at last he went back to him home, carrying a sweet but sorrowful memory.

Hanson went to work on his farm again, but after a few weeks he became so restless and discontented that he decided to buy a carload of fat cattle and come back to Chicago and stay until he found the girl whose face haunted him night and day.

He telephoned to the station agent at New Ulm to have a car switched on the siding of the little station near his place, and on a certain day he drove his cattle there to load them. The car was closed and sealed.

Hanson went to the door of the car and started to open it. He was astonished to hear a faint voice cry from the inside. There was somebody fastened up in that living prison. He thought it must be a tramp and hastily broke the lead seal and threw back the door.

"Thank heaven," cried a weak voice, and there came tottering toward him a woman. Hanson took her in his arms and lifted her to the ground. As he held her a thrill passed through him. She opened her eyes and he knew her. It was the girl that he had met in Chicago, hundreds of miles away, weeks before.

Her story was a simple one. She had been picknicking out near Mayfair, northwest Chicago, with a party of friends, and while they were waiting for a train they had engaged in a game of hide and seek. She had thoughtlessly hidden in an empty freight car on a siding. She crept back into a corner of the car and within a minute or two one of the train crew came along and closed the door and sealed it. Then a switch engine picked up the car and it was made up into a train and sent to the northwest. Nobody had happened to hear the cries of the girl imprisoned on the inside, and she had been carried to the arms of the man who loved her.

It was fate. They both felt it. And after Hanson had taken her to his mother's house and had her cared for tenderly, he telegraphed to her parents in Chicago, who had been searching everywhere for a trace of her. He told them that she was safe and

On the tenth of July they were married.

**Busting a Bachelors' Club.**

Music, which Shakespeare says is the food of love, has thrown the Central Illinois Bachelors' association into bankruptcy.

Andrew J. Eekhoff of Nokomis, Ill., president of this grand and noble institution for the preservation of the free and untrammeled rights of man as provided by the constitution, is in danger of prosecution for violation of his sacred oaths of office and betrayal of trust.

Mr. Eekhoff has gone and done it, reports the Chicago Inter-Ocean. He heard Miss Charlotte Holmes, 1634 Jackson avenue, play "The Rosary" and several other heart damaging melodies on her piano and he straightway fell from his high and lofty pedestal.

Later, Judas-like, it is charged that he deliberately betrayed his fellows for a kiss.

The climax came when Miss Holmes was transformed into Mrs. Eekhoff through the magic of the Rev. W. J. Kowert of Elgin. Now it is given out that Mr. Eekhoff has departed for parts unknown, although the members of the Central Illinois Bachelors' association strongly suspect that their president is a fugitive from justice.

They are planning for a creditors' meeting at Nokomis as soon as Mr. Eeekhoff is corralled, when the erring president will be court-martialed and sentenced.

Terrible is the punishment of one who breaks the laws of the Central Illinois Bachelors' association.

He must eat an oyster, a dill pickle, and a teaspoonful of granulated sugar at one gulp and smile.

He must go to church with a dirty face.

He must wear his hair in curl papers and talk for twenty-four hours with a lisp.

He may not smoke anything save cubebs, use any profanity stronger than "gracious" or "sugar," partake of any liquid refreshment stronger than strawberry ice cream soda.

It is expected that, after the honeymoon, Mrs. Eekhoff will turn her husband over to the society to meet his punishment. The affair is scheduled to wind up with a grand barbecue at Nokomis, when Mr. Eekhoff will pay for the spread and permit himself to be dressed in a white night gown and ridden through the streets of Nokomis in a hearse, to the strains of Chopin's funeral march.

The bachelors' association, which is so successfully captured and scalped by the pretty Chicago girl, will pay her its tribute in the shape of a very handsome set of furniture.

**A Surprising Wedding.**

An elderly American authoress asked me a few days ago to conduct her to a place where she could see a workman's wedding, as she required it for her new novel, writes the Paris correspondent of the Gentlewoman. To oblige the lady I took her to the Lac Saint-Fargeau, and establishment at the top of the steep Rue de Belleville.

It was still early when we reached the place, and no bridges or bridegrooms were visible as yet. At last two char-a-bancs drove up to the door, and a noisy company alighted, all smoking cigarettes, including the bride, which shocked my friend exceedingly.

The company then sat down to luncheon and we watched them from a distance, while a photographer took up his position near us. The meal did not last very long, and ended in the bride performing a jig on the table, while the guests danced around her. They then started games, hide and seek, etc., and while the bridegroom had his back turned the bride threw her arms round the neck of a red haired youth.

This led to a fight between the two; the melee became general, the bride pulling off her wreath and throwing it at her father-in-law's head. My friend looked on in breathless excitement, while the guests jumped over the tables and chairs, but when the bride turned a somersault, alighting on the bridegroom's shoulder, the good lady's indignation rose to a high pitch, and it was only then that I told her what I—and the reader, no doubt, too—guessed long before, that they were a party of acrobats rehearsing in scene for a cinematograph company.

**PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.**

"What is it that stingeth like an adder, Johnny?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Mamma's slipper," was the prompt, but unexpected, reply.

"'Plow deep while sluggards sleep,' was a favorite proverb of Benjamin Franklin," said the teacher.

The next day she said: "Tommy, what was that proverb about the sluggards I repeated yesterday?"

"Plow more while sluggards snore," answered Tommy.

"Good night, you precious lamb," said the mother, with the liberty one sometimes takes even with one's son at bedtime.

"Mother," said the small boy, beseechingly, "if you must call me something, wouldn't you just as soon call me a billy goat?"

Elizabeth's mother did not teach her little daughter much that she should have learned about religion, nor did the father.

The other day a guest said to the little girl: "Elizabeth, does your father say grace at the table?"

"What grace?" returned the girl innocently.

"Why, thanks for what you have to eat."

"Oh," replied Elizabeth, now enlightened. "We dont have to thank anyone for what we have; we always pay cash."

"BABY MINE" Becoming a mother should be a source of joy, but the suffering incident to the ordeal makes its anticipation one of dread. Mother's Friend is the only remedy which relieves women of much of the pain of maternity; this hour, dreaded as woman's severest trial, is not only made less painful, but danger is avoided by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are overcome, and the system is prepared for the coming event. "It is worth its weight in gold," says many who have used it. $1.00 per bottle at drug stores. Book of value to all expectant mothers mailed free.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. Atlanta, Ga.

LOVERS

Of OUTDOOR LIFE

Prefer Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment as the most speedy, grateful and comforting treatment for sunburn, heat rashes, summer eczemas, itchings, irritations and inflammations and bites and stings of insects. For preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing and all purposes of toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are unrivaled.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 1, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; Russia, Forbes, Moscow; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc. U.S.A. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. 32 Page Book, Skin and Scalp Diseases free.