

Activities and Views of Progressive Women in Various Walks of Life

The Shop Girl's Wage.
 HIS most town girl, driven from her town by the financial collapse of her family or else by the birth of a spirit of independence, may not be able to go home except her handbag and to support except her courage, advanced to the center of the stage in a large city to make good, says a writer in *Everybody's Magazine*.

She has a man's problem. She gets a \$10 a week. How will she live? The ready suspicion crosses your mind, the yellow suspicion of yellow sociology. Don't adopt it too lightly. Watch that girl's struggles. See her settling down to pay her six-dollar-a-week period in a girl's club house, a room with three other girls. She pays \$2.50 a week for her bed, her breakfast and her dinner. She gets two sandwiches and an apple for 5 cents when she leaves the club in the morning, and she consumes them at noon in a store lunch room along with a cup of coffee. She doesn't mention her clothes, but she has a public laundry. She washes them in the club laundry at a tub rental of 5 cents an hour.

When her absolutely unavoidable expenditures for room, board, car fare and laundry have been met, she has \$3.50 left.

For new clothes she buys bargains in materials and does her own manufacturing, after working hours, on the club sewing machine. For books, magazines and newspapers she uses the club reading room and the circulation department of the free public library. For amusements she joins a singing society and attends the free concerts and lectures with which the winter season of every large city is plentifully sprinkled.

These really self-supporting girls, subjected to the severest economic pressure of all the girls on the street, are likewise the most commercially successful, the most morally impregnable.

Much sympathy has been claimed for them because they can't live (except in sin) on \$5 a week. The real sympathy they deserve is because they do.

As a class they do.

The Woman Mountain Climber.
 One of the chief difficulties in a woman's undertaking an expedition of this nature, writes Annie S. Peck in *Harper's Magazine*, is that whatever her experience, every man believes that he knows better what should be done than she. So it is not strange that, in common with my previous helpers, the Swiss guides should conclude that my experience three abortive efforts counted for nothing in comparison with their own judgment. When I suggested a certain place, previously found best for the first camp and for our entrance next day upon the glacier, they said, especially Rudolf, the elder: "Oh yes, but then glaciers change every season as well as from day to day. Better this ridge." Accordingly we encamped too far south, higher than was desirable, where no trace of fire was obtainable, and whence we were obliged next day to make a tiresome and unnecessary traverse.

Although our baggage had been confined to the narrowest possible limits, it seemed still too much for the two Indians and the guides to carry. Accordingly Rudolf set out about 10 o'clock with the porters, leaving Gabriel with me to pack up tent, sleeping bag, etc., for which the others

would return later we following meanwhile with what we could carry. When our companions rejoined us above, at the spot where they had previously deposited their loads, finding as a first symptom of trouble, Rudolf declared that he did not engage a porter, and did not propose to double his route or carry heavy burdens. After luncheon, for some distance we proceeded together, Gabriel then returning with the porters for the rest of the baggage, while I assisted Rudolf to set up the tent and make preparations for supper. This was always a most tedious operation. Snow when melted shrinks to one-third of its bulk. Though our kerosene stove was of the latest pattern, its gas flame afforded little heat. My labors began at night, when the others were nearly ended. In the morning, too, I must perform like service. Imagine me then, early and late sitting in or on my sleeping-bag coaxed the stove to melt snow for soup and tea. While the others were resting, I sat for hours cramped and motionless, the reason for this being that the more pressure to the gas or adding chunks of snow to the kettle. How that stove would smoke, blackening the kettle and everything around; how we waited hour for hour our chagrin (pea soup) at night, for water to drink or for a little tea; when the other had gone to sleep, how I still sat melting snow for the water bottle next day.

Minding One's Own Business.
 "One of my prayers," said a woman friend not long ago, "is, 'Please, dear Lord, help me to mind my own business.'"

That is a clause that many of us might insert in our prayers, for minding one's own business is an extremely hard thing to do, writes *Beatrice Fairfax* in the *St. Louis Times*.

The reason for this is that your neighbor's business is usually so extremely interesting that it seems almost necessary that you take a hand in it.

Just remember one thing, and that is, never give your advice until it is asked for.

All people ask advice, and very few take it; so make up your mind before you give it that it probably will not be acted upon, and don't take offense.

Especially don't advise your women friends regarding their clothes, for every woman has her own ideas as to what suits her, and it only irritates her when you advise her to the contrary.

Never ask a friend where she has been or what she is doing, for she may have excellent reasons for keeping silent on the subject.

Above all, when you invite a person to do a certain thing, don't keep on urging her after she has refused, and driving her from one excuse to another.

If she is very anxious to accept your invitation she will find a way of doing so, but if she really does not wish to, convince you of the sincerity of her excuse.

I know a girl who is always accusing her girl friends of extravagance. If one buys a new hat, she is sure to say, "Yes, it's very pretty; but didn't it cost a great deal? I thought you said you were not going to buy another hat this season?"

Now, it is none of her business if her friend bought fifty hats, but she can't see it that way.

Three women whom I know well lived together in a small apartment in perfect harmony for five years. The reason of

the harmony was that each one absolutely minded her own business.

They loved each other and were always interested in each other's welfare, but no questions were asked. If one stayed out for dinner the other two never said, "Where have you been?" but wanted to be told; and if the information were not forthcoming, that was all there was to it.

They were not angels, these three, but just everyday women; and this state of serenity was only arrived at after much debate and several fustian "fuses."

Whether in business or social circles, try every day to mind your own business. It is much harder for a woman to mind her own business than for a man, for the reason that man's mind is filled with larger problems and he has little time to spend in speculation as to his neighbor's concerns.

But Mrs. Jones, no matter how busy, can always find time to devote to Mrs. Smith's shortcomings, and to offer much gratuitous advice.

It might be a good plan to write out and pin over your looking glass the words, "Help me today to mind my own business."

Expectations of French Girls.
 French girls have a peculiar charm not often found in girls in other countries, reports the *Housekeeper*. They are raised so conservatively that greater privileges afford them more pleasure than they do. American girls who enjoy all these privileges from early childhood.

Even after a French girl makes her debut into society there are many "don'ts" for her. She is never allowed to receive young men alone and in calling a man must present a card to the mother as well.

French parents would throw up their hands in horror should a young man ask to escort their daughter to a dance. If a young girl is asked to theater the mother must be asked along for chaperon. A clever Frenchman knows it is far more important to court the mother than the daughter.

But courting plays a minor part in the marrying of a French girl. After a girl has spent two or three seasons in society the parents look around for a suitable man for their daughter. In making a choice many things are considered, though with some parents wealth is given preference to family. Generally the daughter's opinion carries little weight in those of her parents. It is not unusual for the parents of the young people to arrange the match alone. Where a young man makes the advances he must get the consent of the parents before asking the girl. The wedding party is usually a simple affair, and is held at home. Without a fortune a girl cannot hope to make any kind of a marriage. Her share is usually the same as or more than the young man's fortune.

Busy weeks are those between the en-

agement and marriage, with parties and dinners given in their honor. The receiving and paying of calls take much of their time. The most important and pleasant task is the selecting of the trousseau. Nowhere do girls get handsomer trousseaus than among the wealthy French families. French women ever believe in pretty clothes and at no time more than when a girl is to be married. Her mother and hers are interested in her corseted lace, the jewel casket, the gift of the groom, which contains his presents and those of his parents.

There are other gaieties before the wedding, including the luncheons and dinners the bridesmaids give to the coming bride and her dinner for her bridesmaids. A French bride is a wonderfully enthusiastic creature. She not only looks for new happiness, but many privileges she could never have as an unmarried woman. Weddings usually take place at noon, when the procession drives to the Hotel de Ville, where the bride and groom are married. The contract is signed. Congratulations over, they drive to the parents' home, where a breakfast is served. The honeymoon is short, for the French are not great travelers, preferring their own country to places abroad. The wedding trip over, they go to the parents' home for a few days, and then to the home of the young people to board a while. The woman newly married does not find housekeeping a burden because her maids accept responsibilities willingly.

To please her husband is her daily gospel. She believes that she has exchanged her freedom for the love of her husband. She is pleased with the idea of going about unchaperoned, allowed to see all the new plays and read plenty of romances.

Debutants' Don'ts.
 There is much good common sense mixed with ripe experience in the package of don'ts deftly wrapped up by Dorothy Dix of the *St. Louis Times*:

Don't pose. Even a goose would look stiffer than it does if it tried to act like a nightingale.

Don't assume a romantic role. Romance has ruined as many girls as drink has boys.

Don't pretend to be what you are not. It is such a relief to meet a plain Mary Ann after all the Marie Antoinettes.

Don't affect to be literary or musical when you are not. We all adore the girl who hasn't read the "six best sellers" and hates Wagner.

Don't affect to be brave, or to have seen and heard everything. You have no greater charm than being a dear little

girl, to whom everything is fresh and new and lovely. It pleases men to feel that they are like showmen exhibiting to you for the first time the interesting features of this great vaudeville we call life.

Don't tell all you know because you feel confidential and it is twilight. You will spend bitter hours regretting indiscreet confidences. When you are as old as I am you will know that all the world ever finds out about us we tell ourselves.

If you make mistakes don't call attention to them and other people will probably not observe them.

If you fall in love keep it to yourself, so you shall avoid the comments of your friends.

If you think you are slighted, don't let wild horses drag it out of you. Be impervious, oblivious to it; so shall you defeat your enemies and rout them with scorn.

Don't brag of your conquests. It is vulgar. If a man really loves you, it is unprincipled to brag to him that he is conquering another. If he is merely flirting the conquest is no more to be valued than certain poor game a sportsman may knock over, but would never boast of or count.

As for conversation remember that it is not so much what you say as how you say it that tells, and none is so eloquent as those who indulge in bursts of intelligent silence while the other person talks.

Don't fall into the error of trying to be profound. A debutant discusses Plato with her ball partners during her first season, and jabbers ping-pong to them the next, and by the difference in conversational topics you may gauge how much she has learned.

Be not a flatterer, yet bear in mind that all of us like the individual who knows how to say pleasant things to us. This is not so much a matter of flattery as it is of a joyful desire to have bouquets shed at us. Besides, we have scriptural authority for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

Don't flirt with married men or listen to the man whose wife doesn't understand him, and who laments, "if he'd only met you in time." Dear little sister, you are playing with a firebrand. Don't. He has told that same story to the debutantes of the last ten years. Try to remember that you don't hold the office of public comforter. The divorce courts were specially instituted to hear the tales of woe of the unhappily married. They are paid for by us, and they are constantly making a man who constitutes the dancing and party-going set in society are men, as a general thing, who work for salaries. If there are any millionaires among them your prudent mother will be sure to point them out, so you will have no difficulty in knowing which men to shun. The average salary is certainly not over \$10 a month. The chances are that it is less. Figure out how on that amount, a man can pay his board and his washday and his tailor and then

send violets and bon-bons and theater tickets.

Buds Remain Unpicked.
 Chicago matrons high in society are blue and are widely advertising the fact. Their sighs have been transmuted into linyotypes and put into the press of life in the world.

According to one despairing mother of two debutantes, the eye of marriageable man no longer lights upon the bud. She may be pretty, sweet, gentle, lovable—all in addition to her money—but she is passed by. Masculine approval and masculine proposals go to the more seasoned comedians.

This is a masculine wisdom that wise mothers should exalt instead of whimper over, comments the *Cleveland Leader*. It is not a mother's sole mission in life to get her daughter married. It is to keep her married and married happily. Young heads were not made for worries nor young shoulders for responsibilities. Yet both vices grieve.

Experience of the world is needed to have success and happiness in the home. Young girls, flushed with their little triumphs at school feel a wisdom that they don't possess. They believe they can do the problems of matrimony quite as easily as those of the world.

A few years of life in the world, with its hard knocks and its gentle ones, with its disillusionings, with its broadenings, give these sanguine young things a better line on themselves and the rest of the universe.

When they get married they do so with a sensible understanding of the social code. They are making a man with a desired, not born of frenzy or "half love" to fulfill their share of it to the best of their abilities.

There would be fewer divorces if people, girls especially, would look longer before they leap and, after leaping, would try to make the best of the spot where they land.

Women Run the Town.
 All women have voted at the village of Korsowa, in the north of Hungary. The reason for this is that there are no men left to dispute their right.

The male population has gradually emigrated to America to seek their fortunes, says the *Vienna Tagblatt*. The last to leave was the mayor. The women thereupon elected their chief magistrate, and also appointed a woman town clerk, and a council of two.

How this Adamless Eden will progress under feminine rule is a matter which is watched with keen curiosity by the neighboring villages.

Love-making in Mexico.
 In Spanish speaking countries, says the *World*, the average woman is allowed but little of the liberty that they enjoy in lands where English is the native tongue. They rarely meet young men at social entertainments, and are never permitted to converse with them except in the presence of older people. They do, of course, contrive to carry on flirtations, but chiefly with the eyes. In every town in a Spanish-speaking country there is a plaza, where a band plays on one or two evenings of the week. The young men and women congregate there, the former walking round and round in one direction and the latter in the opposite direction.

Thus they are constantly meeting and making eyes at each other, but they do not pair off or sit down on the benches together. When a young man wants to pay his attentions to a girl, he must get notes smuggled to her or "play the bear"

—that is, stand under the window of her room and try to attract her attention, either by serenading her with some musical instrument, or if he has no gift that way, by simply waiting patiently until she chances to look out and cast him an encouraging glance. In spite, however, of all difficulties and obstacles, Cupid contrives to find a way, and young people fall in love and marry just as in lands where etiquette is less strict and opportunities for teeta-teeta conversations more frequent.

Apple Pie.
 Press two cups of apple sauce through a colander, sweeten and flavor; just before ready to serve beat in the lightly beaten whites of two eggs; serve with cream. This makes a delicious dessert.

What Women Are Doing.
 Marie Heller, basing her assertion on statistical research, states that the average girl has better material chances than any woman in Prussia.

Julia Ward Howe objects to the statement that the anti-suffragists have 1,000 members. She says they began thirteen years ago to get names and keep adding to the list. She says that a woman who is a member once is always a member, and the statement simply means that it has taken them thirteen years to get 1,000 names.

Miss Marion Talbot, dean of women at Chicago university, declares that women are the backbone of the home and the permanence of the family would be bettered, she thinks, if the husband were to devote more of his time from her children to work to deserve attention.

Miss Wm. H. H. of the *Time* magazine has made almonds popular by serving almond cakes, with almond wine and almond flowers for the decoration. The decorations are not so easily attainable, artificial ones are used quite frequently, and may be obtained from the Chinese stores.

Jane Addams addressed the Baptist ministers' meeting in Chicago the other day and asked them to improve the women's effort to secure a national woman suffrage clause in the new city charter. She said that the women of Chicago are not so easily satisfied, and yet they have already proved that in certain lines of legal work they are equal to the men.

Mrs. Frances E. Burns, great commander of the Ladies of the Maccabees, has held the position for two years, and in that time she has seen the organization grow from 2,000 to 5,000. She has been recording secretary for the national Council of Women, and has recently attended a meeting of that organization in Union City. She lives in St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. E. M. Atney, one of the women attorneys of Washington, is said to be enjoying a good practice in that city, and takes a number of women in the profession are able to make a good living, some of them practicing in the supreme court. It is only a comparatively few years since women became barristers, and yet they have already proved that in certain lines of legal work they are equal to the men.

Mrs. Truman H. Newberry, wife of the new secretary of the navy, is a very popular society woman in Washington. She is said to be the handsomest woman of the administration set. As her husband is quite wealthy, she has a great deal of money, and in her new position she will only continue her social successes of the past. Her daughter, Miss Carol, was introduced to society a year ago, and is among the popular girls of her set.

Of the new department of Journalism in the University of Missouri, six are women. They have given up their former course of training for journalism preparatory to making newspaper work their life occupation. Four are freshmen. Two are seniors in the college of arts and science who are taking up professional work in journalism.

Miss Mary Faxon and Edna Anderson of Independence, Bertha Earnest of Willard, Mrs. J. H. H. of St. Louis, and Miss Leona Simmons of Columbia and Mabel Duncan of St. Louis.

Slippers of Bronze, Gold and Silver This Winter

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—The woman whose hobby is pretty footwear and who has the money required for the riding of that particular hobby may mount and gallop across this season.

Nowhere save in staidland have we seen before such fanciful variety in slippers, shoes and boots. They have been achieved this year, and though there is much fancy displayed in the new models turned out by clever shoemakers a majority of them are quite possible even for the woman of fastidious taste, and the few that are too conspicuous or bizarre for good taste are as a rule attractive enough to make one forgive their eccentricities even if one will not wear them.

The bronze boot and the bronze slipper are with us once more, and if ever a prettier thing than either of these in its own field moved women to covetousness we do not know what the thing was.

Of course the bronze boot is not practical for all purposes, not harmonious with all colors. Its sphere of usefulness is far more limited than that of its relative, the bronze slipper. The latter, too, has its limitations and cannot, like a patent leather or black suede, be utilized for house wear with all sorts and conditions of frocks, but it is so dainty, so becoming, so coquettish, and when it does harmonize with a frock it harmonizes so delightfully.

Moreover it is more comfortable than patent leather. As for its wearing qualities, it needs good care, and its surface will sometimes lamentably scuff; but one hates to mention faults in the face of so many virtues.

A metal buckle matching the slipper in color and a bow of the same color or a smaller bow with bronze beads is the usual finish for the bronze slipper, and silk stockings may be admirably matched with the slipper.

Patent leather slippers with rhinestone buckles are liked by women who want a dressy slipper for general use and cannot afford footwear matching various costumes. Black suede, too, is much used and vastly more comfortable than the patent leather. Black satin and black velvet also have large sale for evening wear in this day of modish black toques, and rhinestone or gold buckles are the usual finish, though some all black effects are shown with jet stockings or with bows and toes beaded in jet.

Among the bizarre ideas in the ornamenting of both toe and heel are slippers of rhinestone, after the manner illustrated in one of the sketches. A year or two ago such an effect would have been classed as of the stage strap, but nowadays smart society has smiled upon what would once have been considered bad form in footwear.

The gold evening slipper has gained firm hold upon feminine affection and this winter gold is so generally used in the trimming of evening frocks that the gold slipper is more than ever in demand. It is shown both in gold cloth and gold leather and sometimes in combinations of the two.

The gold cloth or cloth of gold is preferable and the plain slipper with a little bow or a small gold or brilliant buckle or ornament on the toe is the smartest finish. A line of gold leather around the top of the slipper and a small bow of the same gold leather is another popular finish, and one maker shows attractive cloth of gold slippers with fine gold cord edging the slipper top and tied in a small bow with tasselled cords at the front. Cloth of gold slippers straddled all over with narrow bands of gold leather are in all the shops, but are not so chic or becoming as the plainer models. A good gold slipper costs more than one of satin, the prices ranging from about \$5 upward, but where economy is to be considered this initial extravagance is perhaps offset by the fact that one pair of gold slippers may be made to do duty for several evening frocks, while if the pretty and conventional satin slipper is used there must be a pair to match each delicate lined frock.

Silver slippers are made up on the same lines as the gold ones, but there is comparatively little demand for them this winter.

Of the plain satin slipper there is nothing new to be said. It is as dainty and as

supremely uncomfortable as ever, and many women will be glad to see an unusual number of models with black leather or cutting or vamping it so that it can fit comfortably and snugly to the arch of the foot, instead of being hopelessly flat beneath the foot. The average salary is certainly not over \$10 a month. The chances are that it is less. Figure out how on that amount, a man can pay his board and his washday and his tailor and then

When the foot is

being rather more practical for general winter use, especially if a high leather boot is worn.

He Had Thought of It.
 A minister who had a somewhat pious congregation once induced Rev. Sam Jones, an eccentric lecturer and evangelist, to come and preach for him.

Just before the sermon was to begin the pastor over a congregation of this kind? Why, I'd hunk up the meanness, ugliest, loudest barking, yellow dog I could find and set him on them."

The minister put his open hand up beside his mouth, leaned toward his brother clergyman, and responded in a stage whisper:

"That is just what I had thought of doing. Sic 'em, Sam!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

Romance with a Sting.
 If a girl pays the incidental courtship expenses of a young man who is seeking her hand and he afterward fails to marry her she may recover through the courts the amount which she is out of pocket on the proposition.

Such a case has just been decided by Justice Selph of Los Angeles, who ruled that Mrs. Albert A. Jones, formerly Miss Bessie May, of 212 West Eleventh street, was entitled to recover \$57.50 from Edna Fernholtz, the sum representing a total of expenditures which the young lady made for the joint entertainment of herself and Fernholtz during the period of the latter's courtship.

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Quaint Features of Life

Novel as a Revenge.
 HIS L. I. HOLLINGER of Fort Scott, Kan., wife of J. A. Hollinger, incensed over her husband's discharge from the passenger service of the Missouri Pacific Railroad company, which he had served in various capacities for twenty years, has written a novel in which she discusses present-day railroad methods.

Mrs. Hollinger's book is "Threads From Three Lives." It vindicates her husband's railroad career, delineates the personnel of the Missouri Pacific general official family and has some striking scenes in which her daughter, a talented young woman, appears before President Gould pleading for justice to her father.

Wine parties, poker games, political manipulation, in which the general attorneys and practically all the general officers are given prominent roles, are introduced in the novel. Mrs. Hollinger takes some keen thrusts at well known officials in St. Louis for social and commercial practices. She styles the characters of her book in such a manner that detection is an easy task.