Activities of Women in Various Walks of Life

A Tyrant Man Humbled.

MEN design and manufacture most of the fashionable apparel of women, from the headpiece to footwear. No one seriously challenges the distinction. Only when the man amateur attempts to suppress or alter a fashion does he get the fall that is his due. Let those who harbor such a perilous idea take warning from the fate of a Pittsburg department store manager. This fellow fashioned a rule for the sales girls abolishing the padded coiffures worn by them, asserting that the use of what the vulgar call "rats" diminished the view of the goods and occupied too much valuable store space. Dismissal was the penalty for disobedience. The girls behind the counters refused to abandon the rats. Rather than reduce the size of their hair schemes they would strike in a body. Their reply was laid before the proprietor and negotiations followed, the merchant hesitated about precipitating so serious a situation in the midst of the holiday trade. The walking delegates put the case persuasively. The girls, they said, had all bought their winter hats on a rat and puff basis. The reduction of the head plan would mean a serious loss to the workers. Not a single hat would fit. The girls could not afford to buy new hats. It was rats or strike. The rats won.

Richest Widow in America.

Women of vast wealth are always subjects of absorbing interest in these days. The December number of Human Life gives a most entertaining account of Mrs. H. H. Rogers, widow of the late Standard Oil magnate.

Mrs. Rogers owns no rare jewels or famous gems, although a word would have brought her the best. When she appears in public she is richly and painstakingly gowned, but with never a touch of the bizarre. When she entertains it is with elegance, but to small and selected parties.

She is particularly interested in wage-earning women. When the plan was launched to build City Federation hotels for girls who earned less than $7 a week, Mrs. Rogers was the first to subscribe.

Mrs. Rogers doesn't spend much of her time at Lenox, or even at her New York home, preferring the quiet of Fairhaven, with its home elegance. Her tastes are simple. She cares more for a walk in the yard of her home than a whirl up and down Fifth avenue.

To understand something about Mrs. Rogers one must know something about her late husband. Present-day history can point out no other man who had a sterner face at the office and a softer one at home. Back of this double life lies a cause. She is Mrs. H. H. Rogers.

The Rogers home was palatial. But since mortar and mass cannot make a home, his Massachusetts mansion must have contained something else. It did—a woman. Until his death their married life was ideal. For the pure unselfishness and careful thoughtfulness of their love they had no equal.

The two enjoyed being alone together. They spent many hours engaging in light talk. Rogers had a keen sense of humor, and prided himself on his verbal cleverness. Mrs. Rogers is a woman seasoned with wit, and many were the little pleasantries they engaged in.

Only Woman Tea Taster.

Of the whole army of self-supporting women few earn a living in so unusual a way as Gertrude Mayne, who for the last ten years has held the position of "tea taster" for one of the largest tea houses in the east. The work calls not only for an intimate knowledge of tea growing and the tea trade, but also for an unusually susceptible palate, for there are something like 2,000 different varieties of tea on which the taster may be called upon to pass, China alone furnishing 500 distinct grades of black tea, while Ceylon and India contribute as many more, to say nothing of the green teas which come from Japan and other eastern countries. Miss Mayne's work is simplified to some extent by the rigorous system of sampling enforced by the United States government. There are only seven ports of entry for tea in the United States, and to each one of these a board of examiners is detailed, whose duty it is to compare each separate shipment of tea with the standards established by the seven chosen experts who make up the supreme government board. By this means the introduction of impure tea into the United States has been stamped out entirely, but Miss Mayne is said to be the only woman engaged in the work of tea tasting.

A Real Bachelors' Club.

The girls of Dorchester are mad.

So there!

The feminine hearts of a hundred or more of the fair sex have been fluttering in an anxiety too deep for words, for a serious thing is happening out there, reports the Boston Traveler. The Dorchester Bachelors' club which they have tolerated for two months as a joke and a merely temporary arrangement, is growing in membership. It has ceased to be a joke. It now has forty members, and more are coming in at every meeting.

The Dorchester Bachelors' club, which started from the idle talk around a Sunapee lake campfire, has grown into an organization—which seriously threatens the matrimonial market of Dorchester and may compel Cupid to forsake that suburb in his daily rounds. For when forty men swear to the bonds of celibacy it is, according to the law of averages, going to raise ructions in at least twice that number of feminine hearts, if not more.

The bylaws of the club state very expressly and particularly the objects of the organization. Realizing the increased cost of living and the propensities of youth to rush into ill-timed and ill-advised matrimony, these forty young men have sworn not to marry until they are 40 years old and then only if each is so situated as to support the lady in the style to which she has been accustomed.

Each member must give satisfactory evidence that he has some hobby to occupy his mind, and that he is not dependent upon his mother for support.

It looks good to the youth of Dorchester, but it doesn't look so good to the girls. For what girls of spirit but would go to the world's end with a crust of bread and a package of hairpins at the beck of The Man? They don't want to be supported in the style to which they have been accustomed. They want to rough and hew things out for themselves. For that is the way of women. But the men know better. Hence the club.

Each member upon joining pledges himself to abide by the rules, but failing this, and in the event of his marriage, to "submit himself to such pains and penalties as the club by a majority vote shall deem expedient." So it's up to the girl to show that she is important enough to offset the pains and penalties.

Proud of Their Big Feet.

Minnesota women have big feet. According to shoe salesmen interviewed by the St. Paul Dispatch, it takes more leather to cover the feet of women in that state than it takes in any other of the union, unless it be Wisconsin or Michigan. There are more 6 and 7 size shoes sold, and far more 8s and 8s than anywhere else, and large sized shoes generally are carried in stock to meet the demand.

"This is no discredit to Minnesota women," said J. P. Conley, representative of a New Hampshire shoe company, "because women are large in this part of the country—taller, stronger and heavier than in other sections and necessarily have larger feet. Nearly all the shoe stores carry sizes as high as No. 10. The average demand is for about a No. 7 or 8. However, big feet in Minnesota are not confined particularly to the women. Men get in on it, too. The shoe stores carry their sizes up to No. 11, and a few carry 14s, the largest made in general stock.

"Women in southern states have the smallest feet. There are more 1s and 2s sold there, I suppose, than anywhere else. The Kentucky girls, and Georgia girls, pride themselves on the small shoes they can wear. Next in order to the southern women come those in New York, where the average sizes run from 3 to 5."

Mr. Conley said that tan shoes for spring and summer wear next year will be absolutely tabooed, and that gunmetal and patent leather will be the correct foot dress.

How Much for a Silk Kimono?

It took five men and three women at the customs house and the silk buyer of a Louisville department store to fix the value of a kimono which arrived at the office of the surveyor of customs at Louisville for appraisement.

It was a dainty silken thing, lavender in color, which lay on the table of Cashier Thomas for about two hours. The garment was sent to the customs house by the postmaster at Somerset, Ky., who received it a few days ago through the mail from Japan. He did not send in the address of the owner.

This was aggravating to the young women experts called in. "I know every woman in Somerset," one said, "and I'd just like to know who is going to wear that."

For half an hour it puzzled Surveyor Taylor and two or three of his men assistants to discover just what the garment was.

"It looks to me like the court gown of the queen of Zanzibar," said Clay Miller, who measures steamboats and superintends the loading of merchandise at the customs house depot.

"Don't you men know anything at all," exclaimed one of the women clerks, pushing her way through the puzzled group. "Why, that's a kimono."

"What in the thunder is a kimono?" inquired Deputy Sam Barber. "They don't have that kind of thing down in Bath county where I came from."

Finally, when the officials decided that there was not ing dangerous about the garment they started in fixing the value. It was estimated to be worth all the way from $1.50 to $150. The kimono was finally carried to a department store, where the silk buyer said it was worth $14.

Later the kimono was bundled into a box and started back to the Somerset postmaster with instructions to charge the owner $8.20 duty.

Investigating Young Men.

There are two things that 100,000 or more young women in New York are going to try to do for their future husbands before they have even had a glimpse of those fortunate young men.

One is to boost their wages. The other is to find out all about that bugaboo of the old-fashioned woman, "Where does hubby spend his evenings?"

Each and every one of the young women believe that an ounce of foresight is worth a ton of worry, and they don't propose to take any chances on the latter proposition. At least that is the program, a bit ambitious, perhaps, set forth by the Women's Trade Union league, with headquarters in New York at No. 43 East Twenty-second street. The roseate tinted path to a happy married life may be found through the possession of a union card and, incidentally, being a worker and believer in principles of organization and co-operation, according to their philosophy.

Miss Violet Pike, a graduate of Vassar, and chairman of the educational committee of the league, confided to your correspondent some of the aims and hopes of a little band of determined young women who are sponsors for the work of the society.

"It's the only way," declared Miss Pike, whose large, serious eyes betoken the fact that she is supremely confident in her mission. "Every girl should join a union because the man she is going to marry is having his wages lowered by the girl who will work for less than he will.

"If she doesn't marry, her wages will be lowered by the girl who will work for less wages than she will. So which ever way's she jumps it's from the frying pan into the fire, without the support of a strong union organization behind her.

"Then, too, everyone knows in a trade without unions, the hours are long and the wages low, while the opposite condition prevails with unions.

"Those are the merely mercenary advantages, but there are hosts of others," said Miss Pike, with a familiarity that forced you to agree with her. "We've been carrying on this league for five years now and we have learned a lot of things that we never dreamed of in the beginning. Mind you, we don't ask for privileges; we only want justice," insisted the energetic little chairman.

To Clean Maribou.

If the maribou is sewed to a foundation the better way will be to wash it with soap and water. This is done by making a strong suds of white soap and warm water, adding a little borax.

The boa is then immersed and squeezed up and down in the suds until clean. Then it should be rinsed in clean, warm water, adding a pinch of borax if the water is hard.

Hang it to dry and shake while drying. Then curl.

To dry clean you must fill a crock or wide mouth bottle with gasoline, adding a teacupful of soap suds. Lay the boa in this bath, allowing it to remain over night. In the morning squeeze and rinse in clear gasolene.

This process does not take out the curl as does soap and water.

Another way that is successful with maribou only slightly soiled is to rub thoroughly with heated flour, using either white or rye. Some claim the latter is the more satisfactory.

Supposing the maribou is glued, the flour treatment is decidedly the safest of the three.

Gold a Favorite Color.

There is a revival of gold this season not only in dress accessories but also in nearly every department of house decoration.

There are gorgeous gold slippers and stockings to match, gold embroidered veils and long shawls in net and chiffon cloth, gold turban ornaments and plumes, belt buckles and bags. The mesh chain bags are not new, but the bags composed of a mass of gold spangles are novel and decorative. Whatever the foundation material happens to be it is completely masked with the gold spangles.

There are stunning bags made on a foundation of brocaded satin, white and gold, the latter picked out in arabesques of gold cord and embroidery. Most of the designs are French and as ornate as the Louis XVI. models from which they are copied.

Old fashioned gold banded china has come in again, and to correspond other table decorations are ornamented with gold. A new French ware is shown in which the foundation of crystal or porcelain is set in baskets of French gilt. There are rose baskets for the center of the table, individual almond and bon bon dishes and fruit dishes, as well as card trays and other ornamental pieces for the drawing room.

Toilet articles in bright gold without other ornamentation than a monogram are superseding the silver and ivory goods for those who can afford them. Gold handled umbrellas both for men and women are in again and put the simple mission sticks in evidence for the last year or so into the shade.

In the matter of antique rugs those having a body or groundwork as near to gold color as possible are the most favored and in all the line of fabrics and textiles for curtains and portieres wherever possible gold thread is interwoven. Gold or gilded paper and work baskets are seen, and, in fact, all down the line the gold revival is noted. It seems more or less barbaric, and it is, of course, expensive.

Santa Claus, the Children's Birthright

If I weren't so sure that nothing in this beautiful or bleak world, as the inhabitant sees it, could deal death to that saint, "Kris Kringle" or Santa Claus I would start a child's crusade to the rescue! writes Mrs. Donald McLean in the National Monthly. "The Pied Piper of Hamiln" would make but a sorry showing by my army of children, and I would lead them away and away to where the silver jingle of the sleighbells, and the antlers of the deer, and the crisping cold, and the glittering ice, and the smooth white snow would be music to their tiny ears, and pictures to their beaming eyes, and then and there, into the midst he would be found and all "would know in a moment."

It must be St. Nick, and not a child, not one out of the whole army should return to hungry arms and lamenting hearts. Thus punishment on each and every man or woman, who would deprive a little child of its first blissful knowledge of hope, its first joys of realization, its first tour into the enchanted realm of the imagination.

Don't prate "Santa Claus stories teach our children falsity." What do you mean by falsity? Is love false? Is tenderness false? Is generosity false? Is happiness false? All these things does Santan Claus teach.

We do not live by bread alone. You who believe that literal truth demands the sacrifice of Santa Claus, you tear down the pictures from your walls, an artist's imagination may have burned upon the canvas such beauty as never was on sea or land. So 'tis not literal truth. Tear it down!

Go to your library walls, throw wide your bookshelves, cast out first your poets! You do not believe Keats really saw Endymion, so it is false. You hardly think Tennyson viewed with his physical eye, "A Dream of Fair Women"—then what place has it in your domain of thought?

As for fiction—I shudder to mention it in this presence, immaculate "Diana of the Crossways." Burn "Bleak House;" thrust away "Our Mutual Friend," don't even love the "Boo'ful Lady" if you can help it! But you shall not obliterate "Becky Sharp," nor deprive us of life's purest and truest gentleman for we simply cannot and will not exist without "Colonel Newcome." And as for enduring the round of existence without "Peter Pan" and "Tinkle Bell" and "Puck of Pook's Hill" it is inconceivable!

Leaves from Fashion's Notebook.

The velvet and velveteen suit is ubiquitous this winter and is usually trimmed with braid.

A beautiful hat in the trousseau of the same bride showed a row of ermine skins arranged so as to look almost like a great sweeping feather.

The fichu plays a noticeable part in the majority of evening gowns and so, too, does the close-fitting elbow sleeve, lavishly ruffled, a very clear revival of the Louis Seize period.

A note of originality was introduced in the wedding costume of a recent bride who wore a bridal train of exquisite lace made transparent and bordered with a deep band of ermine.

For the automobile, the newest type of coat is of leather especially prepared so that it can be used on the wrong side which has a suede effect. This leather comes in exquisite shades and suggests velvet.

An exquisite cloak of splendid brocade in glorious shades of yellow, deeper orange and brown, shot with threads of gold, recently exhibited, was entirely veiled with mousseline de soie and trimmed with skunk.

Tailor-made gowns are perhaps as dressy a form of gown as any, and they follow the law of slimness. Long and short jackets are worn, tinsel florets on most gowns, dull silver and gold, only a little less dull, the passementeries assuming handsome medieval patterns.

The limper the aspect of woman in 1909 the more closely allied to current modes, and the same colors are worn now as in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The same yellow ochre, vivid grass greens, puce tones, and brick-like reds, as well as pink and crimson, were all under very different names much in vogue in early 1800, lace being dyed to match.

A new idea in big hats has just appeared, a shape with a brim that does something different. First, it strikes downward, then with a clear, definite line turns upward, very much as does a boy's man-of-war sailor. After executing this maneuver the brim spreads out wide and picturesque. The bicorne is the new name for the Napoleon shape, that of which the brim is banged up at the front and banged up at the back, making the sides spread out widely. This hat looks best in black velvet and just finished with a wing, or rosette, or motif in front. The three-sided marquise, or tricorne, shape is for the moment less popular than the bicorne, although very picturesque and very becoming, and prettiest of all in black velvet, with a curly border of ostrich feathers.

Chat About Women.

Miss Sue Watson promises to be Pittsburg's first girl sculptor to achieve fame. Miss Watson, although but 18 years of age, has already done notable work and is now engaged on a bust of former Judge Charles F. McKenna, which has excited the wonder of artists who have seen it.

Mrs. Sophie Mayer of New York is the first woman lawyer to appear in the courts of Austria. Acting as attorney of a New York tailor Mrs. Mayer went to Austria some time ago and obtained permission from the minister of justice in Vienna to appear. She won her case.

Miss Anne Morgan and thirty other members of the exclusive Colony club for women, in New York, are studying parliamentary law and procedure. Their teacher is Mrs. Urquhart-Lee of London and New York—the only woman who was ever given the distinction of a recommendation by the greatest of American parliamentarians—the late Thomas B. Reed, so long the speaker of the house of representatives.

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder as president of the National League for the Civic Education of women, has been asked to cause an investigation to be made of the condition under which women work in the laundries in Greater New York. The league is the most active of the anti-suffrage societies in this country. Its membership is made up, with a few notable exceptions, exclusively of women of leisure.

Miss Gina Krog of Christiania, has been nominated by the radical party of Norway for deputy in the parliamentary elections now pending. Miss Krog visited the United States last spring on her way to the International Council of Women in Toronto. She delivered several lectures to suffrage societies in New York and spoke to the Norwegian women in Brooklyn. She is said to have had more to do with obtaining the ballot for the women of Norway than any other individual, man or woman.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor and Mrs. Marion Holmes are the editors of a new woman suffrage weekly paper, the Vote, which has just been launched in London. It is the official organ of the Women's Freedom league of which Mrs. Despard is president. The Suffragist, another equal rights paper, recently begun in London, makes a specialty of advocating the cause by caricature, cartoons and humorous verse.

Mrs. May Wood Simons is the first woman to win the Harris prize in economics at the Northwestern university. The prize is given for the best thesis of not less than 10,000 words on any economic subject requiring original investigation. Mrs. Simons' thesis was 20,000 words in length and was entitled "History of Economic Thought in Relation to Industrial Conditions in the United States from 1700 to 1814." The judges were the professors of economics of the universities of Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois.

Turbans in Various Sizes

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—You may plunge as often as you will into the fathomless depths of the hat-question and yet bring up fresh and captivating spoil each time, partly because the original source is so bountiful and partly because fashion is launching new specimens every day, each with special attractions of its own.

The tricorne, chics and beguiling but seldom becoming, gives place to an amazing variety of turbans, with hints of the nearer east and reminiscences of every period of history. Then there are statements that small hats are to be largely worn, which amounts to just this, that it is now possible to find a modish small hat, but large hats still hold their own triumphantly, if you include the large turbans in the hat list. Hats are flat or high, gay or sombre, airy or ponderous and are alike only in one quality, a sort of magnificent simplicity.

HATS OF GOLD AND SILVER LACE WITH FUR.

Before the fashion is killed by popularity it will be interesting to note the enormous use made of gold and silver tissues and laces in the makeup of all sorts of hats. These sumptuous fabrics are, of course, usually employed for dressy hats, though by no means exclusively. They are at their best on wide brimmed hats with a marked crown, though there are some good looking turbans, notably a large swathed one of gold lace over tulle, with two gold colored ostrich feathers at the left side; and what could be more chic than the little sealskin hat with the gold lace crown of the sketch?

This piling of luxury on splendor, by trimming the gold and silver fabrics with fur, produces a rare effect. The large hat of the picture, for example, is made of rather heavy dull silver lace and is mounted on the frame without lining. Around the full, extremely high, crown is draped a soft brownish gray pelt, the legs and tail falling on the brim, and at the side of a huge swirl of gray algrettes.

The third hat of the sketch has a skunk crown, a transparent gold lace brim and at the side a stiff black brush held in place by a band of gold over blue.

At one of the Fifth avenue shops was shown a hat in tricorn shape composed of g. . and black gauze shirred on a wire frame. Around the top of the crown and on the edge of the brim was a narrow band of skunk, and it was finished by the smart black brush fastened with a gold ornament.

Two charming eighteenth century looking creations were seen at the shop of one of the importers of the most exclusive and original models. One with a drooping moderately wide brim was formed of dull tulle draped over a soft foundation of pink satin, and the brim was faced underneath with alternate rows of gold and dull silver lace. Around the crown was a swathing of pink satin under the tulle, apparently drawn through two small wreaths of tiny pink roses tied together by a bow of blue velvet.

The second model was a bewitching little cap shaped thing of the period of Louis Quinze. The crown was of silver tulle over dull silver cloth, with a deep band of open silver lace around the face. Just above around the crown there was a twist of soft bright blue ribbon veiled by the silver tulle, and wound around this fold was a narrow, frail silver ribbon embroidered with bright flowers.

A peculiar but striking hat with a rather moderate crown but wide brim had the heavy gold lace laid quite flat on the frame without lining. Two inches of black panne valvet edged the brim, and the sole trimming was a cream paradise feather, which was fastened at one side flat under the brim and swept around the back to the other side.

The gorgeousness of the gold stuffs is modified in hats as in other parts of the costume by a veiling of tulle or chiffon. A nice and very possible broad hat has the frame covered with thick gold gauze; over this a single thickness of black tulle. Around the crown is a swathing of black tulle with a bunch of black algrettes at the side.

A heavy, splendid and outrageously expensive hat, to be worn with a dark green velvet costume, had its wide brim covered with cloth of gold. Over this was stretched dark green chiffon cloth and around the crown was a deep band of jewelled gold lace with a cluster of wonderful ostrich feathers at the side, of which the body was dark green and the ends gold colored.

Broad-brimmed hats with fluffy crowns are to be seen, as always, and one with black velvet brim and large crown composed entirely of swirls of white algrettes makes the heart ache to think of the number of birds slaughtered. It is to be hoped that they were imitation feathers, for truly it was in appearance an irreproachable hat.

Another hat which could be worn with a clear conscience and was quite as pretty had the same wide black velvet brim, with the crown made of a fluff of loops, of wired black tulle. Two hats expolting a note of red, chic, original and very stunning, were seen at one of the good shops.

The first, a wide hat sharply turned up at one side, was made of sealskin, and on the other side were two beautiful long ostrich feathers in a curious shade of softened vermilion. The second hat was of moderate size and covered with ottoman silk in the same bright, soft shade of red, and around the crown was draped a long ostrich feather in dark gray.

A hat which would lend beauty to the most ordinary-looking debutante and would make a moderately pretty girl adorable has a wide black velvet brim, a huge soft crown of creamy white fox and at the front, nestled in fur, a cluster of gardenias ranging from white to palest pink.

Another engaging youthful hat is a little bowl-shaped thing of black velvet with a black velvet bridle to fasten it under the chin. Its sole ornamentation is a pink rose fastened on the front and a scant frill of rare white lace showing under the brim.

The perfectly plain flat-crowned black velvet broad hat rolled sharply up at one side and fastened by a large gold and jewelled ornament is very effective and girlish. There are some interesting novelties in fur hats, first and foremost being the funny little peaked turban with the wide band of skunk next the hair and the crown a mass of wide-open crushed pink roses. There is also a large round skunk turban which has a crown of violets not massed, but bobbing cheerfully on their stems.

A small hat of sealskin has a soft crown of curly white ostrich feathers and a black ornament at the side. A curious freak of fashion is that of embroidering the edges of the large petalled flowers that are often wreathed around velvet hats, and all the millinery shops display nosegays of marvellously natural-looking artificial flowers, such as roses, orchids and camellias, which are to be fastened on the fur neckpiece, the muff or at the opening of the fur coat.

COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE

Story of the Girl Who Thrashed a Burglar, Fed Him and Let Him Go.

This is the story of how Miss Lenora Bryse, 20 years old, 4235 Forrestville avenue, Chicago, caught a Thanksgiving burglar early Thursday morning, fed him and then let him go. Miss Bryse, beside having a strong arm and a comely countenance, has a warm heart, and after that burglar had told her how hungry he was, how homeless and how friendless, she just could not bear to think of sending him to prison, in spite of the fact that she had struggled with might and main until she had made him prisoner and that her hat was all askew before she had forced him to surrender.

What Miss Bryse had done to the burglar before she fed him was enough to have touched her heart without any woeful recital on his part. One of his eyes was blackened, his coat was torn and his face was so scratched that blood was streaming from it. A sorry figure he cut as he pitifully told his captor that it was more painful to go hungry on Thanksgiving than on any other day.

Miss Bryse is probably the only woman film operator in a 5-cent show in Chicago. Her work in a little theater on the West Side explains her return home at the hour when burglars are busiest. It was midnight when she turned the corner, a few steps from her home.

Hist! As she approaches the front door of her home she discerns a man striving to force it open with an iron bar. So intent is he upon his task that he is unaware of her approach. Another moment and he will have gained entrance to the house. Perhaps he will attack persons asleep within.

Not if Miss Bryse can prevent!

She leaps upon the back of the kneeling burglar, forcing him to the ground, his right hand still grasping the iron bar. He struggles and at length regains his feet, his assailant clinging to his throat. Back and forth in the narrow vestibule they strive. Once she frees her other hand and strikes with clinched fist. Again she grasps his throat and his fingers relax from the iron bar, which she wrenches from his grasp.

As Miss Bryse, with iron bar menacing, confronted the burglar, a private watchman approached. He tendered his assistance and then the burglar for the first time found his voice. It was that of a youth, and Miss Bryse observed that it was a youthful countenance she gazed upon.

"I was so hungry, miss," said the boy. "I have no home and no friends, and this is Thanksgiving. I was trying to break in here, but I only wanted something to eat."

The boy's pitiable plight and mournful plea decided Miss Bryse. She persuaded the private watchman to disappear, and when a policeman in uniform passed all he saw was a young man and a woman conversing in front of Miss Bryse's door.

The burglar told his captor that his name was James Wilson and that he was 18 years old, and pleaded his hunger.

Miss Bryse bade him wait a moment and disappeared in the house. When she returned he was waiting. She had brought food from the pantry, and James Wilson, 18-year-old amateur burglar, had his Thanksgiving dinner in the early morn on the doorstep of the place he had planned to rob.

"I just couldn't do anything else," said Miss Bryse.—Chicago Tribune.

Difference in the Walk.

Binks—Well, well! Here's an item which shows that a business man walks at least three miles every day in simply moving around his office.

Mrs. Binks—Yes, and how far does he walk around a billiard table every night.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stop Cramping the Childs Feet

All Five Toes Have Breathing Room

There are more children's ills caused by improper shoes than you would ever imagine, and such ills are not only found in corns, bunions, enlarged joints, etc., but often the entire nervous system is affected.

This has been emphatically demonstrated recently. If your child is fretful—irritable, give its feet at least some consideration by trying just once a pair of

"WOLFE'S-COLUMBUS" FIVE TOE SHOES

"Guaranteed Good Wear or We Give a New Pair"

You will note the improvement immediately, because these shoes are built on nature's lines. They insure all five toes abundant room. Give the bones and muscles of the foot a chance to develop and grow. Relieve the strain on the nerves and promote a correct walk and carriage. Besides their healthful qualities and neat appearance, "Fivetoe" Shoes are the most economical.

SAMPLES OR SALESMAN SENT TO DEALERS ON REQUEST.

The Wolfe Bros. Shoe Co.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

$1.50 to $2.00

HEALTH AND BEAUTY HELPS

BY MRS. MAE MARTYN.

Miss Anxiety: It is a bitter confession for our sex to make, but we have to admit that the girl who takes the best care of her complexion and general appearance has the best chance of getting a good husband. You should not be so careless about those blackheads and large, uneven pores below the eyes. If you wish to get rid of these troubles, get an ounce of almoisen from your druggist and dissolve it in ½ pint of cold water and add 2 teaspoonfuls of glycerine. Stir briskly and let stand. Apply as you would any complexion cream. I have had friends tell me it was splendid for removing wrinkles. It is unexcelled for massaging, and will leave the skin smooth and pliable. This cream contains no oil or anything that will promote a growth of hair on the face, and I recommend it for chapped face and hands, also for removing tan and freckles.

James J.: Eczema, salt rheum, rashes and similar itching skin diseases are terrible annoying. The best remedy I know of is made in this way: Get from your druggist 4 ounces of luxor and mix with 4 tablespoonfuls of alcohol and a half-pint of water. Shake bottle, pour small quantity upon affected surface and let dry, repeating treatment until eruptions disappear and skin is restored to healthy condition. In general this remedy has proven very effective.

Katie D.: Never scratch the scalp with the finger-nails. To remove the dandruff, stop your scalp from itching and keep the hair from falling out, shampoo the hair twice a month with canthrox and use a hair tonic made by dissolving 1 ounce quinzoin in ½ pint alcohol and ½ pint cold water. This is a splendid tonic for the hair, and if used regularly will keep your scalp and hair in a healthy condition. I find it makes the hair glossy and the scalp moist. It is the best and most refreshing tonic I know.

Harriet W.: If your eyes feel tired and are dull and inflamed, you need an eye tonic. Dissolve an ounce of crystos in a pint of water. One or two drops of this in each eye every day is all that is needed to strengthen your eyes and make them bright and sparkling. This tonic will not smart or burn and is a great aid to those who wear glasses. It makes the eyes appear brilliant and full of expression. A friend of mine, who is on the stage, tells me she keeps her much-admired eyes beautiful by using this tonic. I find it very strengthening to weak, inflamed, dull and tired eyes and for granulated eye-lids.

Miss G. F.: Your letter really amused me. You are entirely too fleshy to be charming. It is no wonder your sweetheart appears to care so little for you since you have grown so fleshy. As a famous actress recently said, "Nobody loves a fat woman." You ought to reduce your weight at least 20 pounds. Even though other remedies have failed, try this: Dissolve 4 ounces of parnolis in a pint of hot water and take a tablespoonful before each meal. This remedy is perfectly harmless and does not require dieting. I am sure it will do you a world of good and enable you to regain your former stylish, slender figure.

Anna R.: (1) Don't use soap when shampooing. It does more harm than good. It makes the hair stiff and leaves the scalp harsh and dry. Try shampooing your hair every two weeks with a teaspoonful of canthrox dissolved in a cup of hot water. I never use any other kind of a shampoo. Canthrox lathers freely and gives a delightful shampoo that dries quickly. It cleans the hair and scalp nicely and stops all irritation. You can get a canthrox shampoo at almost any shampoo parlor, or you can buy canthrox from your druggist and prepare the shampoo at home. It makes the hair soft and glossy. (2) For a genuinely good hair tonic see answer to Katie D.

Louise L.: Men certainly can't be blamed for admiring pretty women. The woman with a clear, fresh-looking youthful complexion deserves attention. If you want to get rid of that shiny, greasy, muddy look to your complexion, the next time you go to the drug store get 4 ounces of spurmax and dissolve it in a half-pint of hot water and add 2 teaspoonfuls of glycerine. This lotion will not rub off like face powder, but will clear up and whiten the skin, make it soft and smooth, and give you a beautiful complexion. I find this lotion excellent for rough, sallow skin, cold sores, tan, freckles and pimples. It costs very little and is unquestionably a wonderful beautifier.

Florence: That tired feeling you have on arising every morning shows plainly that your blood is not in good order. You ought to take a good tonic. The best tonic I know of is made by dissolving an ounce of kaseme and a half teacupful of sugar in a half pint of alcohol, and then adding enough boiling water to make a full quart of tonic. Take 1 tablespoonful 5 minutes before each meal and before retiring. It will clear up your blood, relieve you of that tired, lazy feeling, give you renewed energy and remove those pimples from your face. This tonic will put your blood in good condition, and make you feel like a new woman. My experience shows this tonic an excellent one for clearing up a sallow complexion, restoring lost appetite, removing liver blotches, skin eruptions, and toning up the system generally.

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