

YOUNG GIRLS OF TO-DAY

Rules of Guidance Far Less Stringent than They Were a Generation Ago.

OUR ETIQUETTE IS CHANGING

Dining with Young Men, Shopping and Attending Bachelors' Entertainments Unchaperoned.

With possible dissent from a few conservatives it seems to be understood that young American women moving in good society have now more freedom in their association with the other sex than did their mothers, and one of these mothers in commenting on the set of rules drawn up by educators for the young women of Japan governing their relations with the male sex remarked that they were not unlike the rules governing the conduct under similar circumstances of any well brought up American girl, says a writer in the New York Sun.

"It may have been that way once," said her friend. "Present-day rules are far less prohibitory. Take for instance that cautioning against communicating directly with a man and advising 'Don't open yourselves letters which you have received from a stranger.' I remember quite well when in any well-regulated New York family a young daughter was expected to show a letter received from a young man to her mother or chaperon at once, and it was quite correct for mothers to open their young daughters' letters.

Wouldn't Open Daughter's Letters.

"Were I to open my daughter's letters she would be simply furious, I admit, and I should consider it a great bore to be obliged to read all the notes she gets from young men," said the woman who had first spoken. "At Newport last summer occasionally I would find my daughter absent on a motor or a yachting party with intimate friends or off to play tennis or look at a ball game without saying as much as 'by your leave,' and in every case it was all right. Naturally there were young men in the party or young men joined the party, but invariably married women chaperons were included, so I saw no particular reason why I should have been consulted.

"An introduction to a young man at an entertainment in a private house is considered a guaranty that he is a proper person to know. Calling therefore some morning thereafter on a young woman and asking her to go to the tennis courts or golf links for a game, the young woman, if she pleases, consents without consulting a chaperon.

"There has been a noticeable relaxing in recent years, it is said, of the once stringent rule against two young persons of opposite sex driving together without a chaperon—a rule which at one time applied even to engaged couples. The actions of a popular young daughter of a certain exceedingly gay and popular matron of Newport and other resorts had something to do with it. The girl, in her debutante year and months before her engagement to one of the wealthiest young men in the country was announced really shocked some of her mother's friends by flying past in the young man's dogcart or runabout, the two laughing like children and evidently enjoying themselves hugely.

Bachelor's Entertainments.

"A generation ago there was no need for rules relating to visiting bachelor quarters, for the reason that few bachelors then entertained in quarters equipped with tea table and other studio appurtenances, whereas now bachelors' entertainments are considered among the pleasantest in the summer program. It goes without saying that these affairs are always chaperoned, even if the chaperons are more apt to be very young than very old matrons. In this respect some of us mothers see room for improvement."

WHITECHAPEL'S SUNDAY NIGHT.

London's Riff-Raff See Dogs and Men Fight in Stiffing Atmosphere.

"Where shall we go?" I queried, as we turned out of the gates. "Whitechapel," responded the poet, laconically. "But we have been to Wonderland," I remonstrated. "I know, but I have found a new place," said he; "wait and see." So after due time spent in "tubing" and jolting over uneven streets in a motor bus we finally landed in the Whitechapel road, and dived into one of the narrow, dark streets leading off it, says a writer in the London Daily Mail. On a Sunday morning the hiring fairs, virtually slave markets, are in full swing, and the neighborhood is crowded with every type of humanity that cosmopolitan London can show, from the gold-earringed Jewesses to Lascars and Chinese, but at dusk it is almost deserted. We finally turned down a blind alley, so narrow that only the merest strip of evening sky showed between the high blank walls. On the right-hand side at the end of a dingy doorway we entered a flagged courtyard surrounded on the sides by high drab-colored buildings. The poet knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall Jew, with red hair, who barred it after us, and pointed without a word to the uncarpeted and dirty stairs. At the top a green cur-

tain, much faded, screened the view, and it was not raised until we had propitiated with a florin an old hag who waited for us.

She ushered us into a long room lighted at the sides with oil lamps, while from the roof hung a diamond-shaped frame on which were stuck glittering candles. All round, rising in tiers nearly to the roof, ran rough wooden benches, on which lolled and in some cases lay, the most extraordinary assortment of humanity; great hulking Jews, red-faced bargees, dapper-looking men in cloth caps, with the appearance of pickpockets—all the types which one meets in an expedition through Whitechapel were represented in fact.

The sport had already begun; an enormous brindle bulldog was tearing the life out of a white one to an accompaniment of shrieks and oaths. We settled ourselves where we were least noticeable, while refreshments were brought round in the shape of jellied eels, weird and loathsome concoctions in tin canisters, baked potatoes and fried oddments of penetrating odor. A dirty-faced man stepped into the arena. "Jim Hallows and Blacky Smith, for two quid," he announced, and barely made his exit before two hideously battered men, naked to the waist, were depriving one another of all semblance to humanity with fists the size of battering rams, and without the slightest regard either for Marquis of Queensbury rules or ordinary fair play.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Doesn't that new "sweep" style of coiffure which women are adopting look like a mess of sea weed cast up on the beach?

Another way of being in bad is when your wife announces that she's sick and tired of housekeeping just about two days after you've made the final payment on the installment furniture.

Some women's idea of being "really loved" by a husband is to have him grab her photograph and plant an ecstatic kiss on it every time he passes by the mantelpiece on which the picture rests.

Some runaway wives are so used to having their spineless husbands come sailing after them that they can't even have to consult the time tables to figure out the trains on which they'll arrive.

By the time a "good fellow" girl begins to notice that her men friends lift their hats to her in a perfunctory sort of way, as if they'd just as lief forget to lift 'em as not, she's beginning to be passe.

Some women's idea of cheering their husbands up after they've endured a hard wallop is to squeak: "Well, I told you you'd regret it if you didn't take my advice! now, didn't I? Answer me, didn't I?"

Why is it that the woman who, after spats, always is packing up to "leave" her husband "forever," infallibly begins the packing by wrapping the 98-cent kitchen clock in a Turkish towel and tossing it into her trunk?

Did you ever sit behind a woman at the theater who waited until the curtain was actually rising before she removed her hat, and who, after removing it, shot you a would-be withering look, so much as to say: "Well, I've staked you to a measly twenty minutes of stewing, haven't I?"

BEGGAR'S BAIT PROBLEM.

Is It Wise for Mendicant to Leave Few or Many Pennies in Hat?

"One thing that I've never been able to settle in my mind to my own satisfaction," said a street beggar whose specialty is sitting on a step and holding out his hat to passersby, according to the Charleston (S. C.) News and Observer, "is the question of how many pennies it is wise to have in the hat for people to see as they go by. Of course, you understand, there are two theories in this; working on one, you leave there only a few, just three or four pennies scattered around irregularly but pretty far apart, and on the other you leave in the hat a lot of pennies.

"Of course the idea of the first plan is to make people when they see how little you've got want to chip in and help, and the idea of the other plan is to stir people up to generosity by showing them how generous others have been, and there's a heap to be said for that. There's lots of people that give because other people have, because they like to go with the crowd.

"I've tried both plans and had good days with a lean bait and bad days with a full bait in the hat, and then I've had good days with a full bait and bad days with a lean bait. All you can do is if one plan doesn't work well, try the other; you never can tell."

Had a Chance to Save Money.

"That man made a million dollars while he was in jail!" said a New York financier.

"Yes, but his case was one of the kind that does not require the expense of allentist testimony."—Washington Star.

One Foot in the Grave.

"You see that strapping, robust man? When I saw him last night he had one foot in the grave."

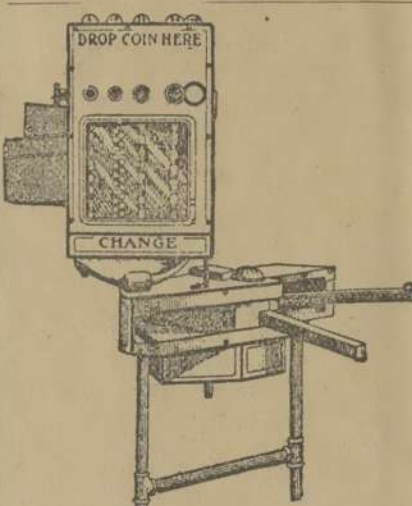
"Extraordinary! Who is he?"

"He is playing the gravedigger in 'Hamlet' at the local theater."

AUTOMATIC FARE REGISTER.

Device for Street Cars Makes Change and Rings Up Nickels.

A company in New York is manufacturing an automatic fare register which also makes change for the passengers. It is designed for pay-as-you-enter street cars, and works as follows: At the top of the machine is a series of five slots, in which a passenger may deposit a 5-cent, 25-cent, 50-cent or \$1 coin. The falling coin registers a fare and also operates the change-making mechanism, so that if more than 5 cents is deposited the proper amount of change falls into a change cup located under the machine. At the same time the lock of the turnstile is automatically released, leaving it free to revolve so that the passenger can pass through. To permit passengers with transfers to pass through the turnstile the ma-



REGISTER FOR STREET CARS.

chine is fitted with a lever at the bottom of the turnstile case by which the conductor can allow transfer passengers and other non-cash fares to pass through the stile and register them. If a coin is deposited in the wrong slot it is ejected from the case and falls into the change cup to be replaced by the passenger in the proper slot. If any person tenders paper money the conductor supplies him with change so that he can deposit his fare in the fare box.—Popular Mechanics.

A FRENCHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Writer Says the American Single Woman Is of a Special Type.

The American woman who does not marry—in plain old-fashioned English, the old maid—is a source of keenest interest to Europeans in general. Her independence, good looks and—what is not always associated with the woman who has evaded matrimony—good nature are a never failing source of wonder and in some cases envy, among her sisters in foreign lands. Here is what a French writer who has studied the single American woman has to say about her in a Parisian publication:

"She is of a special type. She is not the resigned woman who has failed to please, nor the sentimental one who has remained faithful to some bygone memory. Americans would consider it ridiculous to ruin their lives on account of a luckless love affair. The American old maid has, without question, had several opportunities to marry; in the United States, every nice girl must have had at least one proposal. American men desire to have a wife to 'represent' them in society while they who are single remain so voluntarily, through their need of independence. Young girls who are poor marry for money. Those who are rich are at liberty to live alone if they so desire.

"Such women travel a great deal; they dress always with great care, less through a desire to please than for their own personal satisfaction. Having neither family nor home, they dispose of their time as they will. They become passionately interested in politics, in social questions, in abstract and absorbing matters. They are very intelligent, very intellectual, fond of change and pleasure. Their minds are highly developed, open, free from prejudice. They are kind to their married friends, for whom they feel no envy, since they themselves have disdained to marry."

When it is noon at any given place, it is similarly noon at all other points having the same longitudinal meridian, and the sun is in its zenith where meridian and equator intersect.

For business convenience every fifteen degrees of longitude evenly divided from Greenwich has the same time, being the distance that the earth travels in one hour. In the United States we have eastern, central, mountain and Pacific time. Thus when it is noon at New York it is 11 a. m. at Chicago, central time; 10 a. m. at Denver, mountain time; and 9 a. m. at San Francisco, Pacific time.—New York American.

Ready to Exchange.

"I was reading to-day about the cat exchange they have in Paris."

"I wish we had one here. I've got a cat at home that I'd exchange for a bogus check on a busted bank and throw in the car fare to boot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Paradoxical History.

"Can you give an instance of where an uplifting process was also a downward movement?"

"Oh, yes. When they razed the Bastille."—Baltimore American.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to say of the concealed man: "He should be taken down a peg."

BIRD PARADISE IN PACIFIC.

Laysan Island Nesting Place of Albatross, Frigates and Petrels.

To the northwest of the Hawaiian Islands, about an equal distance from the shores of Asia and America, there is a small group of islands and cliffs upon which hundreds of thousands of birds live. Every year they lay their eggs and raise their young. Among small strips of land and rock there is what might be called a veritable bird paradise. This is the island of Laysan.

Laysan measures about five and a half miles by four miles and possesses no vegetation save a few thickets and occasional seaweed, and now and then a sickly little palm tree. Upon the banks are to be found large quantities of driftwood, brought from the shores of America by the currents.

But the number of birds that come there at the season of nesting exceeds the wildest imagination. There are places on the island where it would be impossible to put the foot without crushing a bird, a nest or an egg. Apparently, to the eye, there are hundreds of thousands of birds. There are albatross, white and brown, petrels and frigates in innumerable colonies, but distinct.

The albatross of Laysan are of two kinds, the white and the brown, the Los Angeles Times says. The latter live chiefly in the southern part of the island. They are, moreover, fewer in number than their white cousins. The two kinds unite in colonies, which are always distinctly separate, however. Their nests are almost identical, simple little mounds of earth with a hole in the middle. The female here lays a solitary egg. The parents provide for the nourishment of the young until the latter is able to go to the sea and hunt for himself.

The albatross are good neighbors among themselves, but they show a decided repugnance to living in the vicinity of the frigates. These big birds, so remarkable for their swiftness in flight, are great gluttons. All those who travel in the South seas know with what obstinacy they keep up with the speed of the vessel in hope of getting food.

The frigates are also to be found in prodigious numbers at Laysan and about the neighboring islets. The males, with their brilliantly colored plumage, are beautiful birds, and there is nothing more curious than to observe the haughty air which they assume on account of their beauty. The frigate is neither a born swimmer nor a diver. This, however, is compensated for by his extraordinary power in flight.

The petrels are very numerous in Laysan. They show a preference for the crevices of the rocks during the day. They are in fact birds of night habits and avoid the bright lights. But when the tempest breaks forth and the wind rages they mingle their cries with the noise of the elements. The fish and other marine animals which at such times come to the surface are chased by the petrels and seized from the crest of the waves. The frigates, who are watching the petrels in the chase, seize this moment for capturing their abandoned young. The citon is among the remarkable kinds of seagulls. Citons are noisy, squalling, quarrelsome birds whose principal occupation is keeping up incessant cries to disturb the repose of the other occupants of the island.

SORORITIES AT ANN ARBOR.

Tea Societies Have Homes That Take Place of Residence Halls.

At the University of Michigan, where there are no halls of residence for the women of the institution, ten different sororities succeed in solving the problem of how to house satisfactorily and chaperon properly about 200 young women students, fully one-fourth of the total number of coeds at Michigan, a Detroit Free Press Ann Arbor correspondent says.

There is something indescribably satisfactory to the average college woman in wearing one of those little Greek letter pins that mean so little to the great outside world—the busy, hustling, jostling, everyday world—but which mean so very, very much to the few entitled to wear them. At Michigan the sororities fill the places, to a great extent, of the traditions of the eastern schools for girls, schools established before the birth of the grandmother of the coed of to-day.

Nearly every sorority owns its home at Michigan. The aim of these sororities is not entirely social purposes, but is to promote good scholarship as well. There has been a great change in the fraternities and sororities at Michigan in the last few years, and both are beginning to be looked to as a means for promoting good scholarship and not as a hiding and sheltering place for some of the poorest students, who managed to get through college simply because they were boosted and coached day in and day out by the better students in that fraternity.

Until such time as the regents of the university find it within their province and power to erect residence halls for the women the homes offered to a certain number of coeds in the ten sorority houses will have to solve a share of the problem of suitably housing the girls.

When some people say of others: "He's a lucky dog!" that is their way of complaining.

A woman's idea of a hideous gown is one that isn't in style.



Short Cornstalks.

Every farmer who feeds corn fodder knows how difficult it is to pitch the manure from the stables in which the stalks have been used for bedding. When the fork is thrust into the compact manure the long stalks run so far in every direction and hold so tightly that the man at the fork begins to think that he will be compelled to lift the entire bottom out of the stall with the first forkful. The long stalks make both loading and unloading of the manure very difficult.

A Missouri farmer has just given his way, which we think is a good way, of feeding corn fodder to make better bedding of the refuse stalks and to make the handling of the manure easier. He ties his corn fodder, or corn stover, in bundles after husking, for storage. At feeding times he takes these bundles and cuts them with an ax across a large wooden block into three or four shorter lengths. These short lengths are then placed in the mangers for the cows and horses to pick over and are then thrown into the stables and stalls for bedding. He claims that stover cut into shorter lengths is easier for the stock to pick over, that it helps to keep the stalls neater, and that it is better in many ways. Where these short lengths of corn stalks are used in the bedding the handling of the manure is easy.

Corn stalks are a valuable by-product of the corn crop when used in the right way, and there are many good ways of using them. Dry corn stalks are porous, spongy, and are good absorbers of liquids. They are bulky and fill up fast, hence aid in keeping the stall floors fully covered and the animals dry. Wheat, oat or rye straw mixed with the dry corn stalk bedding makes an almost complete absorber of the liquids and saves all of the rich fertilizers.—Exchange.

Education and the Soil.

One of the popular fallacies that is rapidly losing ground is the idea that any one with no previous training or experience can be a successful farmer, and one of the chief agencies of enlightenment is the Government Bureau of Soils. This useful adjunct of the Department of Agriculture is rapidly completing its investigations of the actual values and needs of the earth in various parts of the West, and its reports will constitute a valuable compendium for those already engaged in agriculture to embark in it.

The government has risen to the need of demonstrating that the day of haphazard and scratching of the surface of the earth is passed, and that for most successful results practical training, if not thorough scientific education, is needed. It is the aim of the Bureau of Soils to establish accurately the nutrition values of the earth in varying sections for producing the greatest abundance of suitable crops, and with such a definite basis to help the husbandman proceed with greater certainty toward his goal of achievement. This sort of official knowledge is sure to enable man to make many blades of grass or grain grow where few or none grew before, for its natural development will be the intelligent cultivation of every arable acre of land that can be made to yield a profitable crop.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

Hens That Will Lay in Winter.

The latest characteristic which the poultry raiser is endeavoring to establish in the several egg-laying strains of hens is the early maturity of pullets, with the consequent laying, during the season when eggs are scarcest and bring the highest prices.

A Maine breeder reports a lot of twenty-nine April-hatched pullets which were selected because they had begun to lay in the latter part of August.

From September 1 until the end of April these birds laid on an average of 115 eggs each, at a calculated profit of over \$3 per bird. If such profits could be realized on the majority of the hens kept for laying, the elusive fancy profits of the poultry business would be realized.

The breeding of poultry to type is now so generally accomplished that the suggestion to breed a race of birds which will be winter egg-producers warrants the belief in its early achievement.

Resting Land.

Many farmers believe that cultivated land should be given a "rest" every few years in order to recuperate from its exhaustion in the production of crops. In some cases the land may be benefited somewhat, but, as a rule, where a tract is permitted to lie fallow for many months it becomes a veritable hotbed for weeds. These flourish and sap its best qualities, leaving it poor and impoverished for future crops. The soil is filled with weed seeds and the task of cultivating it is rendered all the harder. Reasoning from cause to effect, it would appear that the more ground is cultivated the shorter its life as good productive soil, but this doesn't work out in practice. Weeds do more harm to land than any other crop.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Irrigation of Alfalfa.

The importance of alfalfa to western farmers cannot well be overestimated. A single ton of alfalfa may save the lives of many head of stock by providing feed during short periods of cold, stormy weather. Alfalfa cannot be excelled as a preparatory crop on soils that have long been unproductive. Likewise it maintains the fertility of soils naturally rich in plant food, and if used as a base of rotation makes possible abundant crop yields of various kinds.

Notwithstanding its present importance and great value in irrigation farming, the profits on the area now in alfalfa can be greatly increased if more care and skill are exercised in growing it.

Perhaps the most essential conditions for the production of alfalfa are abundant sunshine, a high summer temperature, sufficient moisture, and a rich, deep, well drained soil. All of these essentials, save moisture, exist naturally in the arid region of the United States, and when water is supplied it makes the conditions ideal. Although alfalfa can be successfully grown under a wide range of soil conditions, yet all Western lands are not equally well adapted to its growth.

How to determine the suitability of land for growing alfalfa under irrigation, as well as how to prepare the land, is told in Farmers' Bulletin 373, "Irrigation of Alfalfa," recently issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The bulletin discusses the various methods of irrigating the crop and gives much useful information in connection therewith.

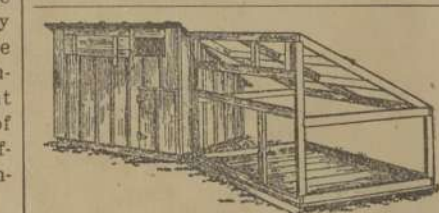
Three Ladders in One.

Not every family has a long and a short ladder about the house and it often happens that where one of these will not suit the other will.

A Canadian has invented a ladder that answers both purposes and when folded (for it does fold) takes up less room than even the old style small ladder. This invention consists of a ladder made in three sections, one on the other and hinged together on one side. SECTIONAL and in the back. On the LADDER, other side are pins to keep it in place when it is extended to its full length. Either in its extended or its short form this ladder is a safe one, but it has no back support and must be leaned against the wall. After the top section has been bent down on one side it folds back and when the second section is down the three fold together like a three-part screen. When the ladder is not in use it can be stowed away behind a door or in any corner as it does not take up as much room as a chair.

Small Hog Cot.

The hog cot illustrated here is 6 ft. wide, 8 ft. long and 6 ft. 2 in. high in front and 3 ft. high in the rear. The floor is built with 2 in. x 4 in.



stringers, and the frame is held on the floor by blocks at each corner. Lumber required will be: 12 pieces, 2 in. x 4 in., 16 ft. long for frame; 4 pieces, 1 in. x 12 in., 16 ft. long for floor; 13 pieces, 1 in. x 2 in., 16 ft. long for roof and ends; 10 battens, 16 ft. long for sealing crack between boards. Total cost about \$12.50.

The Hired Man.

There are great differences in the qualifications of the hired man. One is worth all and more than he receives, while another, who is apparently equally as intelligent, is not worth anything, and the employer is a loser in the long run by having him around. The best hired man is one who is intelligent and active. A good one should receive the best of treatment from his employer and should never tire of what is to be done on the ranch, regardless of the lateness of the hour or the inclemency of the weather, if loss is likely to accrue in case he should fail to work at that particular time. Of all farmhands the most despicable is the liar who tells you that he has done such and such work when he has not. Next to this one comes the lazy man.—Denver Field and Farm.

Conditioner for Hogs.

This is the government's conditioner for hogs, excellent for "corn cholera," or other digestive derangements of hogs. Wood or cob charcoal, 1 pound; sulphur, 2 pounds; sodium bicarbonate (baking soda), 2 pounds; Glauber salts, 1 pound, sodium chloride (common salt), 2 pounds (or Epsom salts, 2 pounds); antimony sulphide, 1 pound.

Pulverize each of the ingredients well and mix them thoroughly. The dose is a tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of the hogs, given twice a day in shorts or bran slop feed.