

Topics of the Times

Practical jokes usually come home to roost.

Men who claim to own the air above their premises will have to fight it out with the comets.

The question is how did the Pope discover that Fairbanks had been Vice President of the United States?

A southern man wants a divorce because his wife threw a glass of jelly at him. Reports do not say she hit him.

"Let children eat what they want," says one of the medical experts. Perhaps he is interested in the sugar trust.

Members of the Black Hand are in the penitentiary, where they belong. They are no better than defaulting bankers.

Statements as to the size of King Leopold's fortune do not agree. But however large it was he didn't take any of it with him.

When Nordica told a Havana audience that Cuba is God's country, she probably meant that it needed more than merely human help.

"I crave not gold in yellow heaps," says one of the bards. Perhaps he is too busy yearning for a pound or two of bacon to have time for the lust of gold.

Carrie Nation recently received an offer of marriage, but ex-Queen Lil has not been able to find anyone who seems to wish to talk to her privately in the front parlor.

Mrs. Peary has just exchanged two nice Arctic meteorites for \$50,000. They leave a vacant place on the parlor what-not, but \$50,000 will help a lot with the new spring hat to buy.

It is reported that a Pennsylvania clergyman has refused to marry a loving couple because the young man's income is less than \$2,000 a year. Where is the evil of the high cost of living to end?

An advance of 20 per cent in the price of Bibles is announced for March 1. There is, however, no threat of an additional advance of 10 per cent a month after that. Evidently George F. Baer is not behind the Bible business.

The czar's brother has caused trouble by marrying a lady who has a string of divorces. His mother refuses to speak to him, and Nicholas is reported to be furious. Well, it was time for a grand duke to do something to dispel the idea that the tribe had gone out of existence.

According to statistics there are 40,000 more married men in this country than there are married women. But there is no occasion for gossip. The discrepancy is accounted for by the explanation that many married immigrants leave their wives at home when they come to this land of the free.

One of the most wholesome effects of the present discussion of the high cost of living will be the consideration of the advantages of economy and the conservation of the family resources. Many American families remain poor because they waste more than would maintain a thrifty French family in comfort.

Caught in the swirl of political economy, brayed between the upper millstone of supply and demand's nether stone, necessities have become arrogant luxuries and the former luxuries have become specimens to be treasured in museums. We have learned to do without; we have been accumulating stores of merit by controlling appetite; a moral exercise.

There is no class of people so apt to do foolish and imprudent things as the girls who have nothing to occupy their minds. The girl that has to work for a living is really safer than the one who is under no such compulsion. Where a girl has no serious interests her future is largely dependent upon the discretion and discernment of her parents or guardians. The Philadelphia girl that ran away with a hotel waiter, according to reports, has been forgiven. From what is known to the public concerning this case, she should have been. But has she forgiven her guardians? She is not as much to blame as those who neglected to take care of her. If her life had been normal she would not have been seized by the notions that have drawn a cloud over her.

Modern school and college life is different in many respects from that which the boys of antiquity knew, but in other respects there is a remarkable similarity. A writer who has made a thorough study of the universities of ancient Greece tells us that the "freshy" was put through "stunts" which have changed but little in twenty centuries. He was pulled this way and that by various groups and by the partisans of certain teachers, just as he is now "rushed" by fraternities. The Grecian student decked himself out in crimson, purple and other "loud" hues. He had nicknames for his teachers, indulged in college politics, occasionally precipitated a small riot on the street or in the theater, got wildly excited over athletic contests, and not infre-

quently mispent his money. Educational methods and standards change, but boys are always boys.

In these days of domestic disturbance and discomfiture, when households bid fair to stand still for lack of skilful hands to keep them moving, and all sorts of schemes for communal living are offered as a solution of the problem, one is eager to grasp at the veriest straw of suggestion. Now regulated hours and higher training, or the united larger family scheme, where each one must bear his individual and accepted burden of daily duties, may go far to relieve the tension of material things, if not to save intact the threatened home itself. But a more direct help in this best of works would be a changing point of view, a shifting of one's mental values. Fashion, did the capricious lady so incline, might become the tenth muse, the votive goddess of domestic science. Nor would any of her worshippers be the worse for their devotions. It is harder to swing a broom than a golf stick; and how many timid souls would worry their wits and tire their bodies to gain a doubtful equestrian control if it were "bad form" to ride horseback? It is not as if lotus-eating repose, a dolce far niente existence, were a national ideal; we are strenuous, even in our pastimes. One involuntarily thinks of the Chinese philosopher's surprise at seeing white men dance, and his question, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?" and it becomes a serious temptation to write a companion volume to "The Pleasures of Imagination," and frankly call it "The Imagination of Pleasure." It is entirely in the point of view. After all, these perplexing, troublesome domestic duties are the real, the permanent things of life, and the skilful guidance of a household is in itself a wonderful accomplishment. If fashion would but don an apron!

WOULDN'T BE RECOGNIZED.

"Foreign Types" Which Are Utterly Unlike the Real Thing.

"One may wander for months through the streets of foreign cities looking for the types that nightly thrill and delight American audiences," writes a somewhat disgusted theatergoer.

"Only the tourist and residents abroad know the foreigner, his customs and his dress, but the tourist does not have to make the play, nor fill the eye and ear of a people who demand character as a bit of dash or color. Were an Italian of the working class introduced into an American play he would have to be a sly, creeping villain, with a knife concealed and a willingness to be bribed, or the audience would not accept him as Italian.

"If a Spanish girl she must wear a bright-colored skirt, a loose waist of contrasting color, a mantilla and carry a fan or cigarette.

"If a French girl, she must be full of lingerie, displaying kicks, have a small waist, plenty of plumes, a desire for admiration and wines and making trouble, particularly in domestic lines.

"If an Englishman, he must have a monocle, a dialect and a general appearance of idiosyncrasy.

"And last, if a Scotchman, the audience demand that he shall be a Presbyterian crank or a giggling songster with plenty of plaid scarfs and bagpipes.

"I venture to say that if the ocean liners were to land the passengers of other nations in the orchestra seats of the American theaters the last character they would recognize would be the interpolated one representing their own race.

"I cannot believe that all Russians are either butchers or slaves. That all Jews are either rich or oppressed—that all Swiss gentlemen are clock makers—all French women queens of debauch—all Italians, murderous villains—all Englishmen, idiotic snobs—all Scotchmen half-dressed and dancing like marionettes, and all Spanish women eternally puffing jealousy from their cigarettes.

"Yet managers know that to send an audience home contented these characteristics must appear.

"The question is, if we are woven into the foreign play over there, has any one, as yet, recognized us as Americans?"

Could Not Afford the Extras.

Those who object, like the negro in the following story, to the high fees of a good physician, do not always realize what they are paying for. The doctor in question, says a writer in Tit-Bits, was called out to attend an unknown patient. When he arrived he found that a decrepit negro wanted his attention.

The negro first asked, "How much you charge, doctor?"

"Two dollars a visit," said the other, and when the negro gasped his surprise, he continued, "That includes, you know, my time, experience, advice and the medicine."

"A poor old nigger like me don't need all dem extras," remarked his patient. "Jist gib me ten cents' worth o' yo' cough med'cine, and dat's enough fo' me."

Convenient Fish Hole.

"I have fished here for the last twenty years."

"Ever caught anything?"

"No."

"Then why do you fish here?"

"Well, it's so near my house!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The man who ate thirty eggs in thirty minutes probably couldn't do it now; the fool rarely prospers.



"How would you like to take part in a cantata?" "I'd jump at the chance."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Artist—It's a good thing to hunger for fame. Model—Yes, for if you don't get the fame you're sure to get the hunger!

Bill—Did you ever try my doctor? Jill—Oh, yes; don't you remember when I was sick for such a long time?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Can you tell me how I can keep a maid?" "Madame, you are in the wrong place. The embalmer's is next door."—*Buffalo Express.*

"I can recommend this horse, sir," said a dealer, "as a strong, sound animal." "It must be," agreed the customer, "to have attained its present age!"

"Lottie, what would you do if you work up some night and found a burglar in your room?" "If he was hunting for money I'd get up and help him hunt."—*Life.*

Father—You are marrying my daughter for love, you say? But she get 80,000 marks dowry. Suitor—Well, that can't be avoided, can it?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Impatience," said Uncle Eben, "is generally de feelin' you has when you wants somebody else to hurry an' make up foh de time you's been wastin'."—*Washington Star.*

Father—What! You want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't suppo' her. I can hardly do it myself. Suitor (blankly)—C-can't we chip in together?

Gentleman (hiring valet)—Then I understand you to have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair, off and on? Applicant—Off sir, but never on.—*Boston Standard.*

"He lives on the fat of the land," said a man to a friend, indicating a passer-by in the street. "What business is he in?" "He's the proprietor of an anti-fat remedy!"

"Why, Henry! How does it happen that you can't spell even the simplest words?" "I can't spell 'em if they ain't in our spellin' book, can I?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Here's a remarkable gold coin I want to show you, old man." "Eh? This is an ordinary half-eagle. What's remarkable about it?" "It belongs to me."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Hutton—We are organizing a piano club, Mr. Flatleigh. Will you join us? Flatleigh—With pleasure, Mrs. Hutton. What pianist do you propose to club first?—*Tit-Bits.*

Knicker—What's Smith's idea of himself? Bocker—He doesn't think anybody else can do a thing he can do, and he doesn't think anybody else can do a thing he can't do.—*Puck.*

The father—Did mamma punish you to-day, Tommie? The boy—Yes, sir. "What did she do?" "Made me stay in the house while she was taking her singing lesson."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Wigwag—What, roses! Don't you know a girl never marries the fellow who sends her flowers? Oldbach—Sure I do. That's why I always try to keep on the safe side.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Sufferer—Doctor, don't you think that a change to a warmer climate would do me good? Specialist—Good gracious, man! That's just what I am trying to save you from!—*New York Times.*

Tommie was about to have a children's party. "Mother," he said thoughtfully, "it won't look well for me to be stuffing myself when those other children are here. How will it oe if I eat my share before they come?"

"So when Bella rejected Jack, he ent immediately and proposed to ud?" "Yes; but that wasn't the st of it. What do you think? He gave Maud an order on Bella for the engagement ring."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did you ever have appendicitis?" said the insurance man. "Well," answered the skeptic, "I was operated on. But I never felt sure whether it was a case of appendicitis or a case of professional curiosity."—*Washington Star.*

"Some men are so queer." "And you are going to tell me of one particularly queer one." "Yes. It's Mr. Barberton. His wife used to beg him for nickels and dimes, and now he's cheerfully paying her a hundred a week for alimony."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I hope you will be interested in yonder gentleman," said the hostess. "I have assigned him to take you out to dinner." "I shall be," responded the lady addressed. "That gentleman was formerly my husband and he's behind with his alimony."—*Washington (D. C.) Herald.*

Woggs—You seem to be very proud of your youngest son. He must be a very remarkable youth. Boggs—He is, Judging from the papers, I think he is the only 12-year-old boy in the country, who hasn't invented a perfect wireless telegraph, sub-marine boat, or aeroplane.—*Puck.*

"You will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?" "Oh, yes, the same as lawyers," was the cool reply. "And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet underground," was the lawyer's triumphant reply. "Yes," he replied, "and the lawyer's mistakes often swing in the air."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

FEMININE FANCIES THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Women Who Are Disgruntled.

A writer in the Baltimore Star has an excellent article on the discontent of the average woman. She says: "Women are disgruntled because they are bad losers. There is not one woman in a million that's got a drop of sporting blood in her veins. When she doesn't win out—I say it in shame for my sex—she welters. This is particularly true in matrimony.

"Most of the fretful, disgruntled women are married women, and their complaint is about the monotony of domestic life. They wait out that they are always doing tasks that have to be done right over again. That they are cooking meals that are no sooner cooked than eaten; sweeping floors that have to be swept up again; darning socks that have got holes in them the next day, and washing baby faces that have got bread and jam on them in ten minutes.

"True, domestic life is monotonous. So is every other kind of work in the world that one follows for a living. The bookkeeper adds up one column of figures after another the year around. The shoemaker makes thousands of pairs of shoes one after another. The merchant wrestles with the same cranky customers day in and day out. The grinding monotony of a woman's work in the house is not a bit more wearying than a man's is at his table or desk, yet men get pleasure out of their work, and women get nothing but discontent out of theirs.

"It is because they are lying down on their jobs. They are not being dead game sports. They dope it out on some fool system that, although matrimony may mean work, for them it is going to be some sort of a gilded romance, and when it isn't, when they find out that they've got to do without some of the things they wanted, and do a lot of things they don't want to do, they put up a howl about what poor, persecuted creatures they are.

"Women are disgruntled because they are too self-conscious. They spend their time vivisectioning their emotions. They coddle their misfortunes and make pets and playthings of their sorrows, and they are never so happy as when they are miserable.

"The minute any of us stop to ask ourselves if we are happy and satisfied, the answer is bound to be 'No.' Because there is no human being so blessed as not to have some sore spot in his or her heart, some void in life, some crumpled rose leaf under the forty mattresses of ease. Yet women who know this fact perfectly well aggravate whatever ingrowing trouble they have in their lives by continually harping upon it.

"What women need more than anything else in the world is to be taught the gospel of happiness. They need to have it impressed upon them that discontent is cowardice, and that if they don't like the conditions by which they are surrounded it is up to them to change things. Otherwise to shut up. To whine about a thing and still bear it is to act the part of a cur dog.

"Women also need to have it borne in upon them that the woman who goes off in the summer with the children, who visits mother occasionally, who can get off two or three afternoons a week to shop, or go to the matinee, or play bridge, and who still complains of the monotony of her lot to a man who shows up at his office as regular as a clock for 313 days a year certainly has her nerve with her.

"The remedy for the disgruntled woman is to put some heart in their work, and to keep house with intelligence instead of making it a dreary round of drudgery. And, above all, to quit thinking about themselves so much. Work and unselfishness—they pace the road to happiness."

A Venomed Tongue.

In truthful numbers be she sung. The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue;

Concerning whom Fame hints at things Told but in shrugs and whisperings; Ambitious from her natal hour, And scheming all her life for power; With little left of seemly pride; With venomed fangs she can not hide; Who half makes love to you to-day, To-morrow gives her guest away, Burnt up within by that strange soul She can not slake, or yet control; Malignant-lipped, unkind, unswart; Past all example indiscreet; Hectic, and always overstrung— The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue. —*William Watson.*

The "Dubbed" Needle.

It is unnecessary to throw away machine needles which have become dull or even broken near the point. They may be sharpened on the whetstone and made as good as new. Keep a small whetstone in the machine drawer for this purpose.

For Grass Stains.

During the summer the children will sit and roll on the grass, and frequently the grass stains are most obstinate. It is said that if the spotted portion of the garment is soaked in alcohol there is nothing more effective in removing such stains.

Women's Inspiration.

In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish and heroic in the life and spirit of man. It was for her love Mark Antony lost the world; it was for her love that Jacob of old toiled seven

years; Helen conquered Troy, and plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave the earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down to us through all ages. Poetry, music and fiction are based upon woman's love, and all the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. From the hearthstone, around which lingers the recollections of our mother, from the fireside, where our wife awaits us, comes all the home, all the purity, all the courage with which we fight the battles of life.

Stylish Foulard Gown.



Dotted wistaria foulard was used to make the gown from which this model was sketched. Plain satin-covered buttons are elaborately used for decoration, and the Empire waist line is defined by a band of velvet (several shades darker than ground of material) attached in front at bust line by two huge amethyst buttons. Chemisette and stock are white Irish crochet lace.

Working Girls as Wives.

"The working girl makes the best wife in the world." This is the firm assertion of Miss Mary MacArthur, president of the Women's Trade Union League of Great Britain.

Miss MacArthur is a remarkable woman. Not yet 30, she has been interested in trade unionism among women for more than ten years and has practically built up the English organization, of which she is president, and now numbers fully 210,000 women. It is a very big and definite force in English labor movements.

And in defiance of all the doleful masculine prognostications that girls and women who work outside the home are thereby unfitted for the natural feminine functions of wifehood and motherhood, Miss MacArthur reiterates: "It is the workingwomen who make the best wives—and the best mothers, too," she adds composedly.

"It is the working woman every time who first of all, starts out with a wise marriage. She marries for love and for friendship and for respect—not just for the sake of a man—any man who will bestow the light of his countenance upon her."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Women as Inventors.

A writer in Cassier's Magazine celebrates the inventive skill of women. He notes in the long list of mechanical devices "springing from the fertile brain of American womanhood" a machine for driving barrel hoops, a steam generator, a balling press, a steam and fume box, an automatic floor for elevator shafts, a rail for street railways, an electric apparatus, packing for piston rods, locomotive wheels, a railway tie, a stock car, a boring machine for drilling gun stocks, etc. That is all very well, but no woman has ever invented a machine that will button her up the back. She has to marry a man to get that done with neatness and dispatch.

For Chiblainis.

A cure that is recommended for chiblainis is to rub the wrists and ankles well to encourage a good circulation, and the chiblainis twice or thrice a day with methylated spirits, or if preferred, with mustard liniment or camphorated oil, the last two being quite as good as and less dangerous than the first, which should never be applied near a light.

To Clean Furniture.

By pouring a little olive oil over a soft linen cloth and gently rubbing over the surface of mahogany furniture the white covering caused by dampness, also all dust is removed and leaves the furniture as clear as a mirror, and saves having it polished.

Women in Professions.

Women in large industrial enterprises, in real estate, in mines, in agriculture, in banks, in all occupations where men make millions, are to-day also making millions. Now the professional women begin to bid fair to

rival the professional man in her returns from the profession.

It has not been many years since lawyers as professional men began to make huge fees. It has been fewer years since the first woman lawyer, Belva Lockwood, achieved fame. But already women lawyers are achieving not only fame, but fees. Last June Miss Mary E. Miller, a Chicago lawyer and suffragette, won a \$30,000 fee on a \$3,000,000 lawsuit over the estate of the late William Gross. She has been admitted to the bar only thirteen years.

In Boston the women have a board of trade of their own. In New York last September the International Federation of Business Women was organized. There is also the Professional Woman's League and scores of other such organizations. Women are banding themselves in unions. They have invaded all but seven of the many occupations enumerated in the census reports.

And now they are capturing one of man's choicest strongholds—the position of being a self-made American millionaire.—*Bookkeeper.*

Needlework Notes.

Birdseye stitch is an effective outline stitch.

A dainty jabot is of green tulle with a batted lace bow.

Raffia embroidery is one of the popular novelties of the season.

Spanish embroidery is wonderfully effective on a white linen shirt waist.

A color and color-number card is a useful accessory of the sewing basket.

Ivory rings are better for fancy work than the brass ones, as they do not tarnish.

Honiton applique, in a dainty bow-knot and flower design made a pretty baby's cap.

A combination of French and eyelet embroidery is extremely pretty on dainty lingerie.

A dainty necktie end of sheerest mull had a hemstitched hem and a little flower form in shadow embroidery.

Crossbar muslin with hand-embroidered scalloped edges makes a dainty and serviceable school apron for a small girl.

A fancy letter for marking towels is made of slanting satin stitch. French knots and feather and outline stitches.

An unusual and pretty handkerchief is of sheer white linen with a wide border of hemstitching forming checks of an even size.

For the marking of household linen the regular marking cotton which comes for the purpose should be used. It is much more satisfactory than linen thread.

"The Dollar Princess" Hat.



"Merry Widow" hats lived a long time in the hearts of those who are addicted to large hats, but they had their day and are now almost forgotten. "The Dollar Princess" turban comes to take the place of the "Merry Widow" hat, and it is most artistic. It is created of draped velvet covered with chiffon, and the three large ostrich tips fall forward from the center back over the crown.

This Is the Reason.

Women often wonder why lace curtains or those of net in an open pattern give better service than such materials as fine scrim, cotton voile or dotted muslin, and the reason is that closely woven fabrics, being opaque, catch the sun's rays directly and in full force. This heat in time weakens or burns the threads, while the open weaves, allowing as they do the entrance of the sun's rays, filtering through, escape much of the scorching, as they do not receive the full force of the heat.

Straining Her Eyes.

The maiden dropped her lovely eyes. Later she cast her eyes down the rocky slope of the mountainside. After she had rested them upon the topmost branches of a near-by tree she let them fall upon the waters of a placid lake. Then a visit to an oculist was imperative.—*Judge.*

The Pulse Rate.

The rate of the pulse of a healthy person is four times that of the respiration.