



Whooping-Cough.
Whooping-cough, or pertussis, is essentially a children's disease, although an attack may be suffered at almost any age. As with some other so-called children's disorders, it is not a dangerous disease in its uncomplicated state. It is annoying, often running through an entire family, breaking up the school year, besides being a most distressing type of cough to have, but it is generally greeted with a resigned shrug and smile as something good to get done with, especially as the attack generally confers immunity.

Whooping-cough is usually passed on from the sick to the well in the form of the spray which the cougher throws into the air in the wild paroxysms of coughing that overtake him. These paroxysms, with the crowing whoop with which they terminate, are so unmistakable that a child could make the diagnosis.

When the disease has reached the "whooping" stage, the merest trifle will serve to precipitate an attack—a drink of cold water, a laugh, a sneeze. The cough is so violent and so rapid that there is no chance to draw a breath, in consequence of which the face becomes congested, the eyes bulge, the tongue hangs out, and for a moment the sense of choking is agonizing. Finally, with the exhaustion of the muscles of expiration, the muscles of inspiration get a chance, and the air is drawn in with the long crowing "whoop" that gives the disorder its name. Most children vomit at the end of a paroxysm.

Strong, healthy children do not seem to be ill between these paroxysms, but go at once to their games, until something brings on the next attack. Weakly children, however, often lose ground and suffer in their general condition. Their attacks are likely to be more violent, they sweat profusely, and the nutrition suffers by reason of the constant vomiting. They are naturally also more prone to the serious complications, such as bronchitis or pneumonia, which may turn whooping-cough from a simple disorder of the nursery into a fatal illness.

Attempts have been made to discover some serum treatment for the prevention or cure of this trouble, but so far without success, because the nature of the infection is not yet sufficiently understood.

The best treatment that has been devised is to give whooping-cough patients the very best possible hygienic surroundings and treat symptoms as they arise. In cases where children appear to be losing flesh and strength because of persistent vomiting, it is well to feed them at the end of each attack. Drug treatment is for the physician to prescribe.—Youth's Companion.

FORGET IT—GOOD ADVICE.

Only Thing That Keeps Married Man Out of Sanitarium.

Over the desk of a busy man is a flaming red motto framed with equal brilliancy, so there is no escaping it. That motto has but two words—"Forget It"—but it speaks volumes to those who know that man's life.

His business is a harassing one that deals with keeping people warm and seeing that the ranges and furnaces are in order. Beneath the motto is a telephone that clangs from morning until night, all too often giving forth unreasonable complaints from fussy women who think their rights paramount.

Those who know him have often wondered at that man's philosophical temper, an exchange says. To a friend he revealed that the reason he does not go into a sanitarium of take to bad language from the fretting annoyance of his business is the silent preachment of the motto.

"I used to be a terrible worrier," said the man. "Every time a woman rowed me, or a man tore me to pieces because the furnace would not draw, I would go home looking as though life were a bursted tire, that nothing could repair. My poor wife bore the brunt of my gloom and the children came in for many an undeserved scolding because of office grievances.

"One day when I was particularly down on my luck, my small son, aged 10, burst out with, 'Say, dad, forget it.' It was slang and not what you would call reverential or well trained, but— it went home. I realized how I was letting my work ruin my disposition, therefore my life.

"That day I bought that motto you see and had it framed. There is scarcely an hour in the day that I do not look to it for help—and get it. I have trained myself, no matter what goes wrong, not to hold it as a grievance, but straightway 'forget it.'"

That slangy phrase which would cause Addison to ask for a translation, or Stanley Hall to take to print on the decadence of modern English, has a rich, meaty kernel that most of us could well digest. There are few women in this crooked-going world who cannot profitably take to slang as when inclined to hold a grievance, and "forget it."

As a cure for the nagger let her live by that rule, "forget it." Then if husband will smoke in the drawing room and the kiddies neglect to wash faces, put on overshoes or courtesy gracefully when strangers address

them, instead of making these deminquences the subject of endless harangue, she will make life pleasant all around, and forbear to hang on indefinitely to her grievances.

The girl who is always being "put upon," or slighted, instead of passing on her troubles to the boredom of all who are caught listening, should make this motto her own. The next time she is inclined to think herself the one and only abused one, let her whisper to herself that magic phrase, "forget it."

There is the girl whose sole topic of conversation is the meanness of father and mother, the partiality of teachers and the cattiness of friends. Everyone lives for her special undoing and she becomes soured and discontented with no cause.

What must she do, nurse her wrongs into corroding wounds and adopt for herself the Ishmael role through life? There is a simpler and quicker way to happiness. Let her but learn to say, "forget it."

IN A NEW COUNTRY.

A short time ago the corner-stone was laid of a magnificent provincial legislative building at Regina, capital of Saskatchewan, Canada. The rapid settlement and development of the country has been remarkable. That the region is not, as yet, overpopulated, but still offers room for the would-be settler, is shown by two incidents, quoted from an article by Agnes C. Laut in Scribner's Magazine. The author traveled 1,500 miles down the Saskatchewan river, mostly by canoe.

At Cedar Lake we found one white family.

"Isn't it lonely and dangerous for your little family so far from a doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "It is lonely, but not dangerous in case of illness. Why, last winter, when my little boy was ill, I had to take the dog-train only fifty-five miles for a doctor."

Paddling up to Cedar Lake post, the ducks flew so low overhead that we could have hit them with the paddle, and the old ganders did not bother to honk a "get-up" when we came on big flocks bobbing and wading among the reeds.

Suddenly all of us gasped and dropped our paddles.

"What on earth is that?" asked some one.

I have heard old-timers tell stories, and have lived many years in the West, but I never heard of anything equal to what I now saw with my own eyes. It seemed like the dream of delirium tremens of some old hunter.

I thought it was a shallow of small drift until the sticks began to move. "There are millions! there are millions!" exclaimed Sexsmith. "I've lived twenty years in this country, and I've never seen anything like that!"

We drifted close to the reeds and looked. Then some one hit the water with a paddle, and the whole surface lifted, a live mass of wild fowl, ganders, honking, honking in confused circles, white duck, black duck, young teal, old mallards—the air was a quiver with a whistling of wings—the creatures did not know enough to be afraid.

It would not have been sport, it would have been slaughter to hunt them there. You could have waded out and caught them in your hands. Our wanderings had brought us into a secluded and primeval haunt of wild fowl.

No Tondying.

Among the good old ways of "Merrie England" is the tendency to democracy prevailing in her boys' schools. Parents can be assured, it is said, that no pampering will fall to the lot of their sons, however exalted may be their rank or great their possessions. An English paper tells the story of an Indian official of high rank, calling upon the house master in a famous public school, where a young prince, son of a raja, was being educated. The official brought a special message from his master, the raja, to the effect that he wanted no favors or exceptional treatment of any sort extended to his son on account of his exalted birth.

"You may set the mind of the raja at rest on that score," said the house master, struggling to keep back his smile before the dignified anxiety of the Indian official. "If the authorities were inclined to discriminate in the prince's favor, the boys of the school would set the matter right. Among them generally the raja's son answers to the name of 'Nigger,' and I understand that with his intimates he is familiarly known as 'Coal.'"

The Scotch Covenanters.

The Scotch Covenanters are so religious that the male members of the church are not allowed to vote in any election in our country because the name of God is omitted from the constitution of the United States. They are opposed to ceremonial to the point that no organ, piano, flute or violin or any musical instrument is allowed in the church. Psalms are the only singing permitted. The aversion to instrumental harmony is based on the belief that it is too much of a concession to Roman Catholicism. The Covenanters class the Episcopal Church as separated only by a gauze veil from Catholicity.

Speechlessness Approved.

"Those two statesmen are so angry they won't speak."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "that's better than starting a controversy."—Washington Star.

The first record of Halley's comet was B. C. 240

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND?

Story About Teutonic Waiter Recalls Japanese Butler Scare.

The "menace" with which Americans became familiar during the "threat" of a Japanese-American war and which generally took the form of Japanese butlers who were really spies is now getting in its same old deadly work in England. Over there the "threat" is of an Anglo-German war, so the "menace" naturally becomes a Teutonic waiter.

Under the heading "A Real Menace," a man writes to the Gentlewoman as follows:

"I must confess that without being in the least a scaremonger the presence of such crowds of foreigners in our midst does not tend to make one feel altogether comfortable. Most of all does the German waiter flourish at all the restaurants, whether smart or otherwise, all over this great London of ours, and in case of an invasion from overseas what part would these gentry play in the general commotion?"

"By way of answer I will repeat a story that is now being told in the clubs on the best authority. A gentleman of English birth, but possessing in a marked degree the gift of tongues, entered a well known restaurant with the air of being a German. He was soon on easy terms with the Teuton, who, of course, attended to his creature comforts. Before leaving he requested a few minutes' private conversation with the keller, who by that time had become expansive.

"Have you," quoth the linguist in most fluent German, 'your orders for when the great moment arrives?'"

"Oh, certainly!" replied the waiter. "We know exactly where to go and what to do."

LAST AMERICAN WOODEN SHIP.

Square-Rigged Vessel, Class A1, Built in Maine in 1893.

The Aryan, launched in Phillipsburg, Me., in 1893, is the last square-rigged ship of wood built in the United States and the only wooden ship classing A1 in both the record of American shipping and in Lloyd's register.

She is of 2,123 tons register, carries over 3,000 gross tons, has three decks and is as strong as wood and metal can make her, says the Boston Globe. Her frame is white oak, docked in salt water over a year before being put into her, and is the last white oak ship frame cut in New England, having been taken from New Hampshire forests. Her deck and planking are of hard pine.

When the ship was opened in New York last year for inspection the surveyors gave a certificate to the effect that she was as sound as any wooden vessel afloat, irrespective of age.

The Aryan was built by C. V. Minott & Co., a firm that was composed of the late Charles V. Minott—a man of sterling qualities, whose name was well known in shipping circles for over half a century—and his son, Charles V. Minott, Jr., a graduate of Bowdoin College and at present state senator from Sagadahoc county.

The Aryan recently arrived at San Francisco with coal from Philadelphia, and loaded a cargo of asphalt, canned salmon, wine, redwood and scrapiron for New York.

FALSE TEETH TRAGEDY.

They Stuck in Throat of Englishman and Throttled Him.

Numerous people, we believe, have swallowed their false teeth, and a few perhaps been throttled by them. But the latter occurrence is so rare as to deserve passing notice. At Highbridge, in England, a man was found dead in the highway, presenting all the marks of asphyxia. His body lay near the top of a hill. The autopsy disclosed a plate of false teeth wedged tightly in his throat across the opening into the lungs. They so completely blocked the passage that no air whatever could pass, and appeared to have been held in place by the suction of the lungs.

A medical witness offered the explanation that the man was walking up the hill, breathing heavily. In some way the plate was loosened and drawn forcibly into the throat by a "deep breath." It happened to fall in such a position as immediately to become tightly wedged, so that the victim was entirely unable to dislodge it. No one being about—it probably would not have made any difference if there had been, because he could not call out or even explain what had happened—he was choked to death just as effectually as if he had been garroted or drowned.

If such accidents were common it might be desirable to wear false teeth on a chain—as eyeglasses are worn—brought out of a corner of the mouth and fastened to the ear.—New York Press.

A Great Help.

"So you think you will go into the American matrimonial market?" said Miss Cayenne.

"I shall marry an heiress, if that is what you mean," said Count Fucash. "I have a title to be admired and envied."

"True. And a good title goes a long way toward making a best seller."—Washington Star.

Ever Faithful.

"He's always wanting to borrow money from me."

"A fair-weather friend merely."

"Oh, no; he has also borrowed several umbrellas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We suppose we have wretched taste; anyway, we don't care for Scotch dialect.

Remember, girls, the fairest flower is often the first to fade.

Honesty is one of the best excuses for poverty

A DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

Why Do Men Wait on Women?

Irreverent persons suggest that man's only object in life is to please woman and to serve her. Slightly exaggerated this statement, perhaps, yet there must be some truth at the bottom of it. Otherwise, why should man wait on woman at all? Why take pleasure in being agreeable to her? Why go out of his way to assist her? In other words, why should he be chivalrous?

Chivalry is the expression of man's real, instinctive deference for woman. Although, like other instinctive feelings, it is being modified or rooted up by education and civilization, the chivalrous instinct nevertheless still makes itself felt in modern man. It impels him, when confronted with woman, to pass through three different stages. In the first one he strives to attract woman's attention; in the second to please her; finally, to serve her.

The unconcerned are highly diverted by the first. There is no end to the things a man will do to attract woman's attention. Nothing is too absurd. One man found it necessary to spoil his patent leather shoes. He was being rowed across a lake when a girl passed by in her canoe. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged both feet into the rippling water, letting them dangle there, stupidly.

Other men use other methods; some grow spry and climb fences, stumble over their own feet; some imagine themselves the proud possessor of a voice and exercise it; others whistle out of tune or twirl their mustaches. Still others grow disconcerted and forget where they are going or lose the thread of their conversation.

So much for the desire of being noticed. When it comes to pleasing women, men are more particular. Then they strive for personal perfection. The intellectual ones go about with poetry in their breast pockets and learn it by heart, ready to repeat it at the first occasion. Or they dabble into art or literature or some "ism" in order to acquire the correct pose. The more matter-of-fact puzzle over material things: whether the hair is parted in the right place; whether the red or blue tie will make the better impression. For men are vain and dress to please.

Woman and the Ballot.

A woman from Colorado has brought rejoicing to the cohorts of the anti-suffragists. "The really feminine women," she is quoted as saying, "as a rule are content to leave the governing to the men." She herself is fond of outdoor sports, is an expert with the rifle and has slain bears and other beasts. All these, of course, are truly feminine accomplishments. Your truly feminine woman should be prepared at an instant's notice to drop the knitting needle or the baby's bottle, seize her trusty rifle and sally forth to slay. Yet this modern Diana from Colorado shrinks coyly from the ballot, we are told. Knowing that her husband was stanch for McKinley, when her time for suffrage came she ran right out and voted for—Bryan, of course, and whimsically signed her name so that the ballot became void. Reasonable doubt may exist as to whether all this really is a feather in the "anti" cap, and the answer hinges upon a definition of "the really feminine woman." This woman, when found, will be prepared to state whether or no she would have the ballot, and to her the manly man will at once doff his hat, swept low, and exclaim, "At your service, madam." Suffrage will be hers for the asking. —Baltimore Star.

New "One-Sided" Jabot.



Everything laps over from right to left this year. Even the jabots show more trimming on the left hand edge, some of them being merely a frill attached to a straight strip of insertion; the frill, of course, falling off to the left side. This jabot of fine batiste and lace is attached to a high stock and there are cuffs to match—this being one of the new fads. At the left side of the jabot is a frill and on the left side of the stock above it is a strip of the lace on which are three fancy buttons.

Needlework Notes.

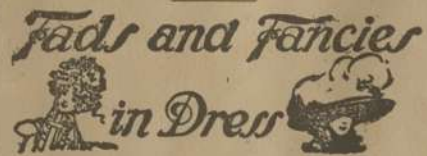
Belts, bags and purses embroidered in raffa are making a good showing among the displays of fancy work.

Butterflies, beetles and dragon flies, conventionalized and worked in brilliant iridescent colors, are wonderfully beautiful in embroidery.

One or two handsome embroidered

buttons are an addition to the evening coat of light cloth. The button may be worked in dainty Dresden coloring, giving a charming effect.

The simple cabin stitch, done with heavy silk, is used more than ever as a finish for dressy gowns. This is particularly effective for outlining panels and revers and collars and cuffs as well.



Yokes feature the young girl's separate skirts, the remaining portions are plaited.

The Dutch neck with frill and jabot promises summer comfort and short sleeves assert themselves even more than they have during the winter season.

Seed pearls, mixed in with embroidery, put on bodices of evening gowns and used for dainty floral patterns on the edges of tunics and sleeves are again in style.

A pretty and economical idea for a petticoat is to be worn under dancing frocks is to have a foundation of white silk with flounces of white washing net edged with lace and run with ribbon.

On many of the handsomest dinner and evening gowns the décolletage is modified to something not far from a low Dutch neck, the low neck being now considered by some authorities as outside the mode.

Moire and bengaline have been so successful during the past season that it is likely they will continue in pop-

ularity until the warm weather. Then come the foulards and rajah weave silks for the summer suits.

Wrapped, swathed and draped effects, with huge flat or flapping bows, are at present the fad in millinery, and only broad ribbons can be used. Dotted goods are much used just now, not only for dresses, but as coat trimmings and the like. Many handsome coats of the season are made of tussah, linen and other spring goods, with deep facings of dotted foulard.

Cocquettish little bonnets of shirred materials are worn by debutantes. They are in rich colors and give additional color to the very youthful face. The cord shirring adapts itself nicely to this particular style of bonnet.

There is a decided fancy for white frocks this season for other than evening wear. Tailor coat and skirt gowns and afternoon frocks on princess lines are contrived of rough-surface white woolsens, of corduroy and of broadcloth.

Health and Beauty Hints. Iced water and eating too fast are the two chief causes of the so-called "American dyspepsia."

A medical journal says that if a few drops of carbolic acid be added to the tincture of iodine the iodine will not stain the human skin.

When a burn is caused by alkalis, as caustic potash or lime, then the application of acid is the proper treatment. Water and vinegar or diluted lemon juice is a near-at-hand remedy.

If your digestion is bad starve yourself for a day or two, then go on a sensible diet; that is, avoid rich and greasy foods, and eating overmuch meat and sweets. Coffee is often ruinous to the digestion, as it makes many persons bilious.

If the circulation is at fault, first seek to improve it by exercise in the open air, avoidance of tight clothing and deep breathing. Massage is also helpful. If all these remedies fail, seek advice from a physician, as you may need digitalis, nitroglycerin or some other heart tonic.

The Passing of the Old Bachelor.

The typical old bachelor—crusty, irritable, solitary—seems to be passing away, if, indeed, he is not already ex-

tingent. Nowadays there is every encouragement for bachelorhood, until it has developed from a single state to a united kingdom, with royal palaces in all great cities.

There was a time when the typical bachelor was pictured seated alone in a sadly neglected room, pushing a reluctant needle through unyielding cloth, as he strove awkwardly to sew a button on his coat, using the side wall of his room for a thimble. That is all done away with now, when the Universal Valet Company, Unlimited, sends its knoter to the door of the bachelor apartments and carries away the garments of Benedick, returning them at nightfall, every button re-enforced, every spot and stain effaced.

And in what careless comfort does Benedick live! Unhindered by feminine niceties, he sets down his pipe where he will, and swings about his room in easy half dress, shouting the "Stein Song" at the top of his voice, without let or hindrance.—Atlantic Monthly.

Mrs. L. C. Rawson is the only woman member of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents.

Mrs. M. R. Hodder was the only woman member of the Massachusetts commission of old-age pensions which reported to the legislature.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead will present the subject of peace and arbitration at

BARBARIC HAIR STYLES POPULAR.



Some New Hair Dressing Fashions.

Since the huge pompadour rat has gone the way of all freak fads, women wear their hair any old way their fancy dictates, and are in style just so long as they add a lot of unsanitary hair switches in the form of braids and swirls. Each woman chooses her own becoming (?) style, and then emphasizes it until one wonders how the roots of the real hair manage to stay where they belong. Some even confess to wearing \$25 switches and a few extra curls besides.

Oriental decorations are in high favor. Strings of semi-precious stones are wound round and round the head, tiara-like arrangements are worn any time of day or evening, bands of ribbon with dangling ends, gold and silver galloon embroidered in barbaric designs and colors, and huge hairpins of intricate device are all worn by faddy women. The prettiest of all—and it can't be denied that many of these oriental fashions in hair ornaments are pretty—is the simple ribbon bandeau.

Occasionally one sees a woman with a beautifully groomed head of hair, softly coiled in a graceful, becoming way, fastened with a few pretty shell hairpins, and absolutely free from false hair, rats and the like. And how welcome a sight it is—and how rare!

the next biennial session of the general Federation of Women's Clubs.

The state universities of Louisiana and Texas have chosen woman suffrage as the subject for their intercollegiate debate. Texas takes the affirmative.

Through the work of the Woman's Progress Association of New South Wales \$300,000 has been voted to increase annually the salaries of teachers in the public schools.

The queen of Norway, King Edward's youngest daughter, shoots well and as a child practiced daily at a target. The duchess of Sutherland is a good shot and so is her sister, Lady Angela Forbes, and her half-sister, Lady Warwick.

Gracefully Draped Turban.



Black silk plush, artistically draped and trimmed on left side, near front, with plaited white chiffon, makes a handsome turban suitable for day or evening wear. Our sketch gives an idea of the smart effect.

To Whiten Kerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs which have become discolored through careless washing may be whitened by dissolving some pipeclay in warm water and leaving them to soak in the solution all night. Next day wash and boil the handkerchiefs in the usual manner, and they will be wonderfully improved in appearance.