

Ways of Women

Employments Open to Women.

Fifty years ago there were but few employments open to women, and definite training in preparation for work was almost unknown. In every class of work to-day women with skill and training can command good salaries. Wages are undoubtedly higher than they were fifty years ago, but the cost of living is much greater. General averages of wages, in computing the absolute gain to men and women, are of little use. In almost every trade a few receive high wages, and therefore averages conceal the wages of a large number of workers. Again, the worth of wages depends upon the cost of living, and income from wages depends, not on what a woman receives per day, but upon the number of days in the year she works. Statements of wages are vitiated by the bias of opinion of those who interpret or collect data. Reformers often estimate wages lower than they are, to show the need for reform. Supporters of political administrations are tempted to statements as roseate as possible, and often misleading.

As to occupations, women are in the majority in only nine, viz., musicians or teachers of music, school teachers, boarding house keepers, housekeepers, lapdresses, nurses, servants, stenographers and typewriters. Among the occupations in which there are about as many women as men, as nearly as can be estimated, are: Acting, architecture, journalism, music, government employments, janitor service, agencies, bookkeeping, salesmanship, stenography, typewriting, telegraphy, telephone service, baking, pottery, confectionery making and selling, clock and watchmaking, bookbinding and photography.

Many new vocations are being rather cautiously, but successfully, taken up by women. They are cutting and setting gems, hammering brass and silver, and working in gold. Bee-keeping, mushroom culture and fruit and poultry raising are profitably pursued. Poultry raising are profitably pursued.

Girl Who Is "Too Good" for Him.

No man ever yet got married without proclaiming humbly, at least to his personal friends, that he had found a girl who was too good for him, and in a sense he is usually right. Nevertheless, to proclaim it is a left-handed self-compliment, for if he selected a girl who was not good enough for him, it would not speak very well for his judgment, good taste, and self-respect. Of course, such a statement is usually moonshine, and yet withal a perfectly proper anti-nuptial frame of mind.

It should not be overly persistent, however. Unless a man gets over the feeling that his wife is better than he is, there will be trouble sooner or later. A team to trot along steadily and without friction must be evenly matched. To insure a happy married life, it must be discovered reasonably soon after the ceremony, that one mate is just as good as the other. That ought to be admitted whether it is so or not, for the same inconsistency which will cause a man to marry a girl who is too good for him, will cause him to divorce her because she is not good enough. On the other hand, if she is really too good she should keep it to herself, for he will be sure to think she is not good enough if she insists upon being considered too good.

Anyway, comparisons are odious. As a matter of fact, no woman is too good for the man she consents to marry.

Variation of the Russian.

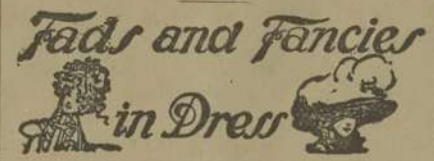


Accordion pleated chiffon cloth in the new, delicate, pinkish lavender shade forms the overdrape of this gown. It is decidedly Russian in tendency, with its somewhat bloused, full bodice, its close-fitting belt at the natural waistline and its smock of chiffon ending well below the knees. The foundation is of soft pink satin, this use of lavender and pink together giving the two-toned cloudy effect which is one of the most distinctive touches of the season. Bands of dull, bronze gold trimming outline the neck of the bodice, forming the sleeve trimming and belt. A ribbon of soft gold mesh is run through the upturned satin facing of the smock and tied in a soft bow in the back.

How to Fold a Dress.

To fold a dress skirt properly for packing and to avoid the crease down the middle of the front breadth, fasten

the skirt band and pin the back to the middle of the band in front. Lay the skirt on a table or other flat surface right side out, with the front breadth down. Smooth out all creases and lay folds flat. Then begin at the outer edges and roll each side toward the center back until the rolls meet. In this way the hang of the skirt is not injured, there are no wrinkles and the front breadth is smooth and flat. If the skirt is too long for the trunk fold it over near the top and place a roll of tissue paper under the fold.



Nattier blue, that exquisite shade, bids fair to be most fashionable. One sees it in the newest dress fabrics and silks.

Tulle is to be worn not only as a foundation material of many dresses, but as the trimming and decoration of many others.

Some dainty shirt waists, fastening under a plaited frill in the center front, are made of printed bodice batiste in pretty colors.

With the double blouse of chiffon and a contrasting material a plisse or lace frill is worn when a jacket is slipped on for outside wear.

In ready-made petticoats modern jersey cloth is most used for tops, since it gives ample warmth without objectionable bulkiness.

Depth of color is one of the pro-

THE NEWEST STYLES IN HAIR DRESSING.



Fashion is replacing the huge turban coiffure with a softly marcelled crown, around which are wound soft flat coils or braids, and occasionally a curl or two, or maybe three. The parting on the forehead is not clearly defined, being merely formed by the undulation of the hair. Fancy hairpins, twisted ribbons, gold and silver tissue, and circlets of small leaves make a pleasing addition to these soft coils and plaits.

nounced features of this winter. One sees it in deep blue blacks which have tried to steal the tone of Hamburg grapes.

Skirts of new corsets are long and close and they are pulled farther in the usual way by stocking supporters at the front and sides and often at the back.

Black satin gowns are smart this season, but they are veiled with tunics of embroidered net of chiffon, covered with a jerseylike bodice of heavy embroidery net and jet combined or silk with jet.

The American Woman.

The women of America are wonderful! Their versatility, acuteness, splendid mental energy, high ideals, firm grasp of subjects, added to their charming manners, tasteful dress, graceful deportment, are refined and feminine to a degree. We all know the brainy, masculine woman the world over.

But the American, while she may be masculine in brain and alertness, is also feminine—emotional, if you like—in her make-up. She is a truly charming type.

The American woman is also very practical, very inventive. She develops an idea, and she works out her idea to its utmost possibilities. It may be only a new sort of neck-band supporter, but she does not belittle her hobby. She brings her imagination into her work. She may be utilitarian, but the successful business woman is artistic to her finger tips.—London Express.

Buttons and Buttonholes.

Even such simple things as a button and buttonhole require proper treatment to insure neatness. When buttoning or unbuttoning a garment, forcing the button across the width of the buttonhole will soon tear out the latter. For the same reason buttons with only two holes are better than those with four, and should be so placed that their holes will be on a line with the length of the buttonhole. Even with a four-holed button, one seamstress sews through only two—those on the farthest corners.

Frock for a Child.

Often we make the mistake of thinking frocks for little girls ought to be fluffy with lace and ruffles; but the truth is that almost every child shows to better advantage in simple clothes, and if, instead of spending money on yards and yards of trimming, a better quality of material is employed, the dress is sure to be a success.

Order in the Pantry.

Nothing is so unsightly in a pantry or closet as a number of tin lids pitched loosely on a shelf. One woman has overcome this effect by nailing a narrow strip of wood to cleats about ten inches under her high pot shelf in the pantry. In the space thus made the lids are slipped. The handles pre-

vent slipping and they can be had at a minute's notice. Ranged according to sizes, hunting for the right lid does not waste one's time.

The Girl You'd Hate to Trust.

The girl who openly boasts of the married men who are in love with her.

The girl who says she "dotes on children," but whose small brothers and sisters shun her.

The girl who is horrified by calling a spade by its "right name," but whose taste in literature is lurid.

The girl who is careless to return small loans. This habit may spring from heedlessness, but it bears watching.

She who dresses lavishly on a small income. There is a distinction between looking well on a little and cutting a spurge on nothing a year.

The girl who gushes over her love for her parents, while she lets her overworked mother mend and launder for her, and spends more than her father can afford.

She who is prinked out for show views—and a sight when caught un-awares. The man who contemplates matrimony should make it a point to see his Angelina off guard.

She who is sugary sweet until she thinks she is alone. Far better be like an alligator pear with the roughness on the outside than resemble the tempting wild plum with bitterness within.

She who has great tales of her prowess as a worker, but who never sees any work to be done. The real workers of the world rarely discuss what they do, and never need jogs for its doing.

What Makes the Charming Woman.

Woman is most charming when she is bright and animated. A tear may arouse pity, but it is a smile that commands admiration. She must not be always sparkling—that is, monotonous

and wearing; the perpetual flashing of diamonds fatigues the eyes. She must have her sober moments, if only to throw into higher relief, by contrast, the moments when she is gay. A woman is always charming when she is tender and sympathetic. She may dazzle when she is merry, but when she is gentle and full of sympathy she enchants the man's heart. Probably she charms the most when she is most unconscious of her power. A woman is really amiable when she is good-natured. Sarcasm may amuse when it is directed against some one else, but it does not win any one's heart. Good temper is an attraction even in a plain woman. When a woman has that, in addition to her other winning qualities—when she is natural in her manners, not self-conscious, animated, tender, and gentle—then indeed she is charming to all the world.

Attractive Evening Bodice.



This effectively designed bodice for demi-toilette occasions is of black tulle, with V-cut yoke and sleeves of cream net trimmed with narrow jet insertions. Hanging jet ornaments appear in front suspended from a band of jetted neck thickly spangled with small jet sequins. A blouse of this sort is not beyond the ability of a good home seamstress if she is at all capable.

Mouth Wash.

An excellent mouth wash may be made by mixing 1 ounce of carbonate of soda with one pint of water. Bottle for use. After cleaning the teeth as usual, rinse with a little of this liquid. It has a fine preservative effect on the teeth and cleanses the tongue and gums.

To Make Frills.

In many cases the ruffler of the sewing machine is hard to adjust. To gather any goods, simply lengthen the stitch to seven or eight to the inch, and stitch. The thread can then be drawn tight and the frill made as full as desired.

BUILT ON QUICKSAND.

Remarkable Piece of Engineering on Chinese Railroad.

The most remarkable piece of engineering on the Pekin-Hankow Railroad, China's iron backbone, is Yellow river bridge. Outside America it is the largest of its kind in the world. It measures almost two miles from end to end and is constructed entirely of steel. There is no stream which shifts its bed more than Yellow river. It is called China's sorrow, and is said to have changed its course no less than nine times within the past 20 centuries, each time choosing a different mouth by which it enters the sea. At the last great flood, when the waters forsook their bed, many millions were drowned.

The bed of Yellow river is of quicksand, so deep that it was impossible to use any masonry in constructing the bridge. Steel tubes were sunk in place of the ordinary concrete pillars and these were joined together by steel bands. There are eight of these steel tubes, each of which goes 50 feet down into the bed of the river. Other steel tubes extend down from 33 to 45 feet. The arches of the bridge have a span of 65 feet, where the current is strongest, and of 98 feet in other places. The steel piles, or tubes, have been filled with cement to give them strength, and rock and stones have been sunk around their bases to solidify their foundations.

The stones were first dropped down into the river without any support and were carried away by the quicksand. Later mats made of the branches of trees, bound together with wire, were let down around the piles and the stones dropped upon them. In this way tons of stone have been moored on such rafts about each pile and they have made the bridge as firm as though the piles were bedded in concrete. The bridge was put up in a year and a half, and on the opening day a train of 21 cars passed over it without causing a perceptible vibration.

FASHION HINTS



The fashion of very sheer over-dresses or tunics, combined with heavier materials, is exceedingly pretty, if used in good taste.

The sketch shows a rose foulard, polka-dotted in black, and having a tunic of black chiffon, the hem being embroidered in rose, as is also the vest.

Faithful to His Trust.

I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich lovingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of dill pickle, ate it, and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated until all the pickle and almost all the meat were gone, the sandwich, however, appearing intact as at the beginning.

"Why don't you eat up your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy, with some curiosity. "Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Woman's Home Companion.

A feature of the winter season in Quebec is a competition for the best snow statue to be made in Dufferin terrace, directly opposite the Chateau Frontenac. Snow lends itself admirably to modeling, as several successful statues made in past winter carnivals in Canada testify. It is probable that one of the three judges will be M. Paul Chevre, of Paris, who is the sculptor of the Champlain statue on Dufferin terrace. M. Chevre is spending several weeks in Quebec at the chateau. The Chateau Frontenac offers a purse of \$50 in gold to the sculptor of the best snow statue and two other prizes, each of \$25 in gold, are offered by business firms.

The Way She Dressed Him.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" was asked of a small boy by the visitor.

"Oh," said he, "I want to be a man, but I think mamma wants me to be a lady."—Ladies' Home Journal.

You often hear people say of a sick man: "His will power is keeping him alive." Nothing in it. When you can't get your breath, will power won't keep you alive.

YOUNG FOLKS

A Ride on the Trolley.

Said Dolly to Polly: "Now this would be jolly!"
Let's all go to ride on the trolley!"
But Daisy was lazy and said they were crazy.
"Twas too hot to go on the trolley."

"It's chilly," said Milly; "I think you are silly."
To want to ride on the trolley!"
Said Lizzie: "I'm busy; besides, I get dizzy."
When I go to ride on the trolley."

Lily Cook took a look at her new birthday book.
And wouldn't leave that for a trolley.
"There's many a penny," said sensible Jennie.
"Paid out for our fares on the trolley."

Said Polly to Dolly: "Though it would be jolly."
To have a nice ride on the trolley.
It's funny, my honey, but we have no money.
And so we can't ride on the trolley!"
—Chicago News.

"Hold on Tight."



How Ned Was Tied Up.

"I'd like to know what has become of my cap," said Ned Brown, giving the room door an impatient slam, as though it were in some way responsible. "I've looked everywhere for it, and it isn't there."

"I think," said Ned's mother, speaking with calm assurance, in spite of Ned's statement, "that you will find it just where you left it. You know, Ned, I put up a special hook for your cap, but it doesn't seem to do any good, does it. You'll just have to hunt it up—that's all. I can't stop to look for it."

Just then the door opened, and Alice, Fred and little Harry, accompanied by two of the neighbor's children, came into the room, their eyes glistening, and cheeks aglow, as the result of a frolic they had been having on the lawn.

ROBBERY TOOK SIX HOURS.

In Early Kansas City Bandits Stopped All Travelers One Afternoon.

Three bandits, who spent an entire afternoon holding up twenty-five citizens forty years ago were the pioneer sensational criminals in Kansas City. The robbery was begun at 1 o'clock and wasn't finished until dinner time. The bandits met their victims at 26th and Main streets, which at that time was only a macadamized road leading out to Union Cemetery.

Frederick Midland, a cabinet maker, employed by the Leo J. Stewart Undertaking Company, was an undertaker at that time and was returning from the cemetery when he saw a small crowd down the road ahead of him.

"I hurried up to see what was the matter and found that all except three of the men were standing with their hands raised over their heads," Midland relates. "I realized that a robbery was going on, but it was too late to turn back. The robbers were on horses and were stopping every one who came along the road. They saw me before I could get away and commanded me to line up with the rest and to hold up my hands. In those days the robbers were even more formidable appearing than they are to-day and I certainly didn't hesitate about obeying."

"Well, they kept us there without any trouble. As the farmers came by in their wagons they were forced to get out, tie their teams and join the growing line of victims. When a crowd of at least twenty-five had gathered the bandits began their work. I was at one end of the line, and one of the men started to search me while another began down at the other end. The third stood in the foreground and preserved order with a display of arms that made us dizzy. That's no joke, either, 'about a revolver barrel looking like a tunnel when it's pointed at you."

"All I had was 15 cents. I figured that they would hand it back with an apology for robbing a poor man, but they were not that kind of robbers. The one who was searching me swore a little at my poverty and went on to the next man. When they had finished with the crowd they rode away rapidly and we dispersed. They were never captured, because the event was considered lightly. The only ones who were really angered were those who arrived first and had to stand with their arms in the air until the crowd had been collected—it was almost six hours. The bandits had not

"Why don't you come out and play, Ned?" asked Alice. "We've been having such fun. Haven't we, Fred?"
"I can't find my cap," said Ned, looking vexed and disconsolate. "You haven't seen it anywhere, have you?"
"No," Alice replied.

"I haven't seen it either," volunteered Fred.

Little Harry felt that the blame had therefore been shifted onto him.

"I don't know where it is," he stoutly protested. "Really, I don't."

"What is it that's lost?" asked Aunt Carrie, who had just come into the room, and had overheard the latter part of the conversation.

"Ned's cap," said Alice.
"What, again!" said Aunt Carrie, in astonishment. "That makes the fifth time this week, doesn't it? Now, let me see. I believe I did see your cap somewhere a very short time ago, Ned. I think—yes, that's where it was, behind the sofa in the sitting room. I found it there when I moved the things to clear up the room. I think you'll find it on the table now."

"Oh, yes," said Ned, with a surprising return of memory. "That's just where I put it. Laid it on the sofa. I suppose it fell down."

"Before you go out to play," said Aunt Carrie, when Ned had brought his cap, "I would like to ask you to do something for me."

"What is it?" asked Ned, curious to know what she wanted.

Aunt Carrie told Ned she would like to have him hold the palms of his hands together and arms out straight. Taking a spool of basting thread from the pocket of her sewing apron, she wound the thread about Ned's wrists, drawing it tightly.

"See if you can break it," she asked.

Ned made a tremendous effort, but when he found that he was able to break the thread, a smile of satisfaction and triumph lighted up his face. Then Aunt Carrie wound the thread about his wrists again, twice this time instead of once, but Ned succeeded in freeing his hands again.

"Well done," said Aunt Carrie, winding the thread about Ned's wrists a great many times and fastening it, after which she told him he might break the threads again.

"I can't," said Ned, looking very sheepish when he took in the situation. Indeed, Ned looked so very helpless and woebegone that Aunt Carrie and the children could not help laughing at him just a little.

"Now let me tell you," said Aunt Carrie, "what it is that I would like to impress upon you all. It is this. Habits are very hard to break, for they are made up of separate acts, just as Ned's hands are held together by means of separate threads."—Round Table.

robbed us singly, because they know those released would spread the news.—Kansas City Star.

SERVANT PROBLEM IN AFRICA.

Servitors Are All Men and Are the Dirtiest in the World.

Servants are an absolute necessity in Africa, declares a writer in the Delinquent. But next to the climate and the insects, the native servants are the greatest pests. Even the best of them are the worst imaginable. They delight in grease, rags and dirt. They never do anything if they can avoid it.

Servants are all of the male gender. They are engaged by the month and paid in cash or merchandise, at their option. The principal servants are cook, house boy, small boy, jack wash and head man.

I was very fortunate in getting one. His wages were \$5 a month, cash, and all he could steal. He dressed in an undershirt and the cast-off trousers of some white man. At the end of the month, when he received his wages, most of it went for rum and anisette bought at the factory. When the money was gone he tapped a palm tree and drank of its fermented juice. No matter how intoxicated he became his meals were always on time and he was polite and deferential. He called me Missy.

Because we both spoke English and he was a British subject, he looked after me in a way. He instructed the bushmen how to act and dress before a white woman. He warned me when there was any mischief brewing, and when he got into trouble, which was very frequently, he looked to me for aid. But he never forgot his position. He was small, slight, 33 years of age, could read and write and sing Moody and Sankey hymns. He came into my employ the day I landed in the bush and left me when I took the steamer at the coast to return to civilization. On the march he was the first to start away with the cooking kit on his head; upon my arrival in camp he met me with hot coffee. No matter how discouraging the conditions, he was faithful. Had I raked all Africa I could not have found a more faithful servant. Only those who have lived in the bush can appreciate such a one. If native cooks do not like their masters they have a habit of feeding him slow poison. Many a white man makes his cook first partake of the food.

When a girl gets her first letter from a man she keeps the envelope stuck in her mirror frame for six months