

WOMEN AT HOME

ONE day a man said, "I don't think I like the feminine individual who is essentially a man's woman. I am very certain I would not want to marry one, and I think my opinion is shared by hundreds of sensible men who respect the fair sex in general, but who do not take especially to the one who appears to have dozens of men friends and but one or two women ones." We listened attentively to this opinion, but were not at all convinced that a woman must be popular only with men or only with women. We see no reason why she cannot combine a friendliness with both that will make her a desirable companion for either men or women. There is nothing in this world so thoroughly delightful as the self-respecting, sunny dispositioned woman of liberal views to whom a man can talk as he would to a friend of his own sex with no thought of sentiment, but only a bon camaraderie that is as pleasant for her as the exchange of confidences between herself and her most intimate woman friend. The person who does not believe in friendship between men and women is as warped in mind as the one who says there is no actual loyalty existing in any compact where two women are involved. One is as untruthful a statement as the other.

"A man's woman," as the term means generally, is one who is only pleasant and agreeable in the company of the other sex. One who snubs her own and cares nothing for aught but flirtation and attentions obviously direct and worshipful. But it doesn't follow that because a woman is tremendously admired, has a score of men friends who like to talk to her and take her out, that she is necessarily unhappy when there are no men about. She is perforce obliged to be with women or "flock all by herself." The qualities that make many women attractive to men endear them to women also. The dependable creature who is not subject to moods, who is a bright talker, a trustworthy confidante, an appreciative listener and a ready sympathizer will be liked quite as much by women as she is by men, and age will be no barrier to her lovable qualities. Such a woman romps with the children, or attends gently to the wants of those advanced in years. There is no talk of her being essentially a man's woman, or absolutely a woman's woman. She is beloved by the whole world. The earth on which she dwells is made blessed by her presence, and let us be thankful that her species is not dying out by any means.—Exchange.

Brains, But No Beauty.
George Elliot had an exceedingly unprepossessing face—a heavy nose and chin and thick lips—yet there was an irresistible charm in her conversational powers. Mme. de Stael knew that she was not good-looking, her complexion being muddy and her features irregular, but her manners were so sweet and her conversation so brilliant and witty that she had the largest salon in Paris. Martha Washington had a remarkably strong face, noble in character and shining with goodness. Her manners were simple, yet dignified, commanding respect wherever she appeared. Mme. Pompadour was fairly good-looking, her chief beauty being her hair, which she wore in the style named after her, to increase her height. She had wonderful tact, but no great amount of intelligence.

How to Manage a Burglar.
Miss Lena Burns knows how to manage a burglar. With a revolver held against her head Miss Burns had sufficient courage to resist a burglar who entered her room at night and who has since been arrested for his pains. The young woman was asked by a reporter to give a few general instructions on the treatment of burglars to women readers. Tersely put this is her advice: Think quickly. Never lose your presence of mind. Use all the weapons nature has kindly given you. Hold your breath when you are being chloroformed. Don't let a little thing like being gagged divert your mind. If you can't scream throw things at the window to attract attention. Remember that while you may not be as strong as he is, ten to one you are much brighter.—Philadelphia Times.

The Way to Eat Candy.
I think much of the outcry against candy is the result of wrong methods of use. It can often be safely taken at meal time with good results. Scientists say that the food value of candy is very great. A pound of sugar contains much more energy and power to support animal life than a pound of meat. If candy is taken under such conditions that it will not derange the digestive apparatus, it is perfectly wise and rational to be a candy eater.—Annals of Hygiene.

A Unique Table Cover.
An autograph table cover is a unique affair. It is made of white linen. The center is a diagram in the form of a star. Outside of the star are the autographs of every-day people, while the space within is reserved for celebrities. On the white table cover, it is almost unnecessary to add, the outlining is not in red, but in pretty delicately shaded silks.

The Widow-Bride.
Widow-brides are tentatively asserting their disbelief in the old saw which relegated them to ugly wedding frocks

for their second marriages. They are eschewing the conventional gray gown and bonnet, and with the best results are presenting a braver show to their friends. Lady Cromartie, in her quality gown, set a famous example; she was wise, too, to wear the tiniest of transparent head-dresses, better described at a tiara, though called by courtesy a bonnet, with a flowing veil of gray tulle, which was thrown back from her tiara.

May Marry Harrison.
Mrs. Dimmick, who, the gossips of the social world have it, is to become the wife of ex-President Harrison, will be pleasantly remembered by those who were frequent visitors at the White House during its occupancy by Mr. Harrison and his family. Mrs. Dimmick now resides in New York, and, it is intimated, is the magnet which draws the distinguished Indiana statesman so frequently to that city. She is



MRS. DIMMICK.

the niece of the late Mrs. Harrison, and her presence added much to the charm of the social life of the last administration. She was extremely popular and scarcely less esteemed than Mrs. Harrison, whose graciousness and sweetness of manner won the friendship of all who met her. Mrs. Harrison died Oct. 25, 1892, and through the long and tedious illness her devoted husband was greatly assisted in his patient vigils at her bedside by Mrs. Dimmick.

Last Night on the Stairs.
She is beautiful, stately, and tall,
With reposeful and elegant airs;
You may not believe it, but yet all the same,
She's the girl that I kissed on the stairs.
She's college-bred, witty, and wise,
And a red-sealed diploma she bears;
But that didn't count when we sat, at the dance,
In the twilight that shrouded the stairs.
She is studying Latin and law;
She is tracking old crimes to their lairs—
Which is all very well while she doesn't forget
Who kissed her, last night, on the stairs.

She's a woman that's newer than new;
She's everything ventures and dares;
She'd sit at a club in a bicycle suit,
And she'd sit out a dance on the stairs.
Do you think I'm afraid? Not a whit!
I shan't kick at the costume she wears—
I have coaxed her to try orange blossoms
and white—
And she promised—last night on the stairs!
—Puck.

Feminine Watches.
Watches for women are smaller and more elaborately decorated than ever. The chateleine watch, with open face and richly decorated back, represents the approved mode and bids fair to be a favorite for a long time to come. It is not only exceedingly convenient, but decidedly ornamental. Watch and chain are similarly decorated, whether the means employed is chasing, enameling or gems. Colored enamels figure largely in their embellishment. The backs of some of the newest watches are pink or Sevrès blue, framed in a circle of diamonds or pearls, touches of the same color reappearing in the brooch to which the watches are suspended.

A Dainty Pillow.
For a young mother a pillow for the youngster would make an appropriate gift. Make a small square pillow and cover it with fine cambric. Buy a sheer linen pocket handkerchief—lady's size. Fifty cents will buy the proper article, and one costing less than 25 cents would be worth absolutely nothing. Make this handkerchief the center of your pillow and sew around it a frill of soft lace. Where the lace and the handkerchief are joined sew narrow "baby" ribbon. This could form a bow or rosette at each corner. No prettier pillow could be desired.

The New Sack Coat.
By all odds the most popular vestment of the season is the sack coat in chinchilla, or rough cloth, coming barely to the hips; and for the very good reason that it is not immoderately expensive. A better reason commends it. Less short as it is, it weighs enough for a woman to carry. The long wraps we see with their freighted argosies of fur and their silken luxuries of linings are a load for Sandow.

"I hardly know whether to marry or not," said the count; "her father is in the clothing trade."
"There is money in clothes," said the duke.
"There isn't any in mine," said the count.—Indianapolis Journal.

When an Arab falls to make a raise anywhere else, he can "strike" his tent.

STUDY OF THE MOON.

Peculiarities Noted in Its Appearance at Different Seasons.

To the casual observer the motions of the moon appear to be exceedingly whimsical and irregular. If its place in the sky is watched it will be found that it is first north and then south of the sun's path and west of that luminary. The last two motions are steady and regular from east to west, carrying the moon in its endless swing around the heavens, starting at new moon near the sun and progressing until at full moon the whole visible portion of the sky separates the two bodies. After this there are two weeks in which the moon still appears to move backward, approaching the sun from the other side, then, again apparently all of a sudden, it passes the sun and we behold a "new moon."

The north and south motions of the moon are entirely different. While performing its endless journey from west to east there are two special periods in which it either moves far northward or takes up its position low down in the south. In spring the first motion is north, but afterward the general motion is reversed. In December you will note that the full moon occurs at the most northerly point in her course and in June at the most southerly. This is why we have most light from the full moon of winter and least from that of summer. Observations on these various movements indicate to us the path which the moon moves about the earth and also show us that that body in different parts of its orbit is at varying distances from the earth.

This indicates that the moon's path is not a circle, but an ellipse, having the earth in one of its foci. The moon being governed directly and held in position by the attraction of the earth, holds its primary movements in a path around our globe, but the attraction energy of the sun and of the giant planets, perhaps in a lesser degree, produces motions in the moon which may be summarized briefly as a combination of the six following movements: (1) Its revolution about the earth, (2) its revolution with the earth about the sun, (3) the vibrating eccentricity of its orbit, (4) the slow, direct rotation in the "line of apsides," (5) the retrograde rotation in the line of nodes and (6) its rotation on its axis.—St. Louis Republic.

Incongruous Friends.

A pretty story of affection between a cat and a rat comes from the shores of Lake Ontario by way of the New York World. A farmer, who is also a shopkeeper, found a nest of rats in pulling down an old shed, and one of two baby rats stole into a pocket of his coat. It seemed so helpless and trustful that he could not bear to kill it, and kept it as a pet, feeding it with meat and cheese, which it took from his hand.

His life was in constant danger from the cat, and to save it he put it into a large wire cage. By and by the cat grew accustomed to its presence, and finally the farmer one day put the rat also into the cage. It made one or two half-hearted attempts to catch the rat, and then lay down and went to sleep. The upshot of the matter was that the two animals became fast friends. Now they fairly live together. By day they wander in company about the house and shop, or lie side by side in the show window, where the strange sight attracts much attention.

They are very jealous of each other. If any one pets the cat, the rat runs about squeaking with anger. If the rat is the favored one, the cat in its turn bristles and complains. If they get separated for any great length of time they are sure to be soon looking for each other, and sometimes when they meet they fairly dance for joy.

He Was Strict.

A few nights ago a young man took two ladies to the opera, occupying a box. After the entertainment he invited them to join him in a little supper, which they did. The bill was a moderate one—only about \$6—but when the young gentleman stepped up to the cashier's desk to settle he discovered that he had changed his clothes, but not his pocket book, and that the opera tickets were all he had put in the pockets of his dress suit. The proprietor declined to listen to any proposition upon the basis of credit, and finally a compromise was effected by the customer leaving his overcoat in pawn until the next morning, when he redeemed it. Incidentally the restaurant man learned that the young man was a most desirable customer, and is now trying to make him forget and overlook the humiliation of that evening when he had to pawn either his overcoat or his young ladies until he could get to his room and procure the money to settle a small bill.—Washington Star.

Watches of Merit.
The distribution of medals for brave and worthy acts in the military service is a European custom which the Japanese have adopted, along with many other Western usages, but they have adopted it with a modification which shows the practical side of the Japanese nature.

Instead of giving medals of merit, the Japanese Government gives watches of merit. Purchasing for the purpose some excellent gold and silver watches of a special make and form in Switzerland, it has had the cases inscribed in accordance with the grade of the medal, and the service performed by each individual. These watches are presented in lieu of medals.

Having an intrinsic use, and being at the same time ingenious and novel objects to the Japanese, they are highly prized for themselves as well as on account of their value as memorials and tokens of patriotic service.

An ugly person is not to blame for his looks, but people notice it just the same.

ARMY OF THE SULTAN

A FACTOR THE POWERS MUST TAKE INTO ACCOUNT.

A Nation of Soldiers with Brainless Generals—The Turkish Irregulars—Bands of Cutthroats Who Are Worthless Against Civilized Troops.

The Turk as a Fighter.
The interest at present felt in Turkish affairs generally is intensified with regard to the Turkish means of defense against the aggressions of Europe, for although the existing difficulty may be smoothed down without an outbreak of war, still any untoward incident, when affairs are in so critical a condition, may be productive of serious results.

The Turkish empire has long been designated "The sick man of Europe," but this expression must be understood



OFFICERS OF THE NIZAM.

to apply only to the political state, for, individually and collectively, the Turks are about as healthy a lot of people as exist on the globe. The Government is weak and inefficient, as despotisms grown old are wont to be, but that is no sign that it is near the end of its days, for these Oriental despots have a trick of hanging on to life, sometimes for centuries after they ought to die. The Greek empire at Constantinople lived for five centuries after its territory had been reduced to the region immediately surrounding that city, and it is not at all impossible that the Ottoman empire may not follow its example, and it probably will unless the powers show more unanimity in regard to disposing of its estate. But those who suppose that Turkey will fall an easy prey to the rest of Europe are reckoning without their host, for, lazy and degenerate as they are, the Turks are marvelous fighters, and when their fanaticism is roused, they show a degree of military aggressiveness that has more than once dumfounded their opponents. During the last three centuries they have waged a dozen wars with surrounding powers, and, on each occasion, their opponents were forced to confess that, had the Moslems been properly commanded, the result would have been extremely doubtful. Their weakness has always been the miraculous stupidity of the Ottoman generals. Whenever they have been led by trained officers of other nations than their own, their record has been good. It has always been clear of cowardice. Their fatalistic creed makes them strangers to fear; to them everything is "Kismet," or fate; and if commanded to go forward to attack a battery, where certain death seems to await every assailant, they neither hesitate nor falter, considering that, if it is their fate to be killed at such a time and place, there is no use trying to avoid it. Besides this, they are a hardy race, capable of enduring



TYPICAL KURDISH FACE.

great fatigue and hardship without breaking down, of marching long distances without food or rest, and all these qualities, in a soldier, are invaluable.

The Turkish army, therefore, is a factor to be considered in the discussion of the fate of the Ottoman empire, for if the Turks should make up their minds not to be divided up into parcels without a struggle they are capable of offering a very effective resistance to any proposed plan for the partition of their country among the powers of Europe. The area of the Turkish empire is about 1,900,000 square miles, or a little over one-half that of the United States, and the population is nearly 40,000,000, or about two-thirds that of our own. These figures, however, do not furnish a definite idea of the strength, or more properly, of the weakness of the country, for comprised in the enumeration of inhabitants are the people of all the races that were conquered by the Turks, who constitute more than one-half of the whole number. Christians within the limits of Turkey are regarded as aliens, or rather as enemies, whom both the Government and the Mussulman population would be glad to see removed or exterminated. They are not liable to military duty, but, instead, pay an exemption tax of about \$1.50 a head per annum.

Theoretically, every Moslem in the dominions of the Sultan is a soldier on enough liable at any time to be called on to serve his master in field or garrison, but such is the corruption prevailing in every part of the Turkish administration, both civil and military, that any one can secure an exemption who is able to pay for it. There is, moreover, a system of conscription organized by law that is supposed to be carried out in every part of the empire. It is based on the military system of Germany, for since the last Russo-Russian war the army of the Porte has been entirely reorganized by German officers, who naturally adopted the plan prevailing in their own country, and with which they were most familiar. The military

system consists of the Nizam, or regular army, two classes of Redifs, or Landwehr, and the Mustafiz, answering to the Landsturm of Prussia. At the annual conscription the ranks of the regular army are supposed to be filled by the men of the levy, who must serve six years with the regular army and first reserve. They then pass into the second reserve, to be called out only on emergencies. Here they remain eight years, subjected to annual drill at their homes, then become members of the third reserve for six years longer, thus passing twenty years, either in the army or in one of the reserves. This is the system and, in working order, it would furnish the Government with an army, in time of war, of nearly 1,000,000 men. But, like everything else in Turkey, theory is one thing and practice quite another, and, as a matter of fact, there are very few districts where the system has been put in training order, and none where the conscripts of the year do not buy exemption from service whenever they are able to do so. In one case in a military district near Smyrna, the population made a contract with the enrolling officers that, in consideration of a lump sum, paid down in cash, the district should be exempt. The money was paid, and the conscripting officers returned fictitious rolls, and went back rich and contented, to Constantinople. In another, the conscripting officer was prevailed on to enroll the population of the prisons; in a third all the beggars and poverty-stricken wretches to be found in the district were entered as conscripts, while the able-bodied men escaped.

In reality, the Turkish army is composed of young men, unable, under the oppressive system of taxation, to make their living on the farm or in the workshop, who, therefore, entered the army voluntarily, and such conscripts as could be secured in those districts of Asia Minor and European Turkey where the military system has been put in working order.

There is another class, comprising widely different races of men, who resemble each other in nothing but the fact that they are all alike, savages. The Turkish irregulars are all cavalry, and probably not since the time of Attila has a worse lot of thieves, robbers, cut-throats, murderers and all round desperadoes been got together. Turks from Anatolia, Kurds from Armenia, Circassians and Georgians who prefer a wandering life of rapine and murder to the iron discipline of the Russian military service, Persians, the descendants of the Parthians so much dreaded 2,000 years ago, Arabs from the Red Sea Coast, Druses from the mountains of Syria and Palestine, negroes from Egypt, fugitives from justice of every surrounding country, escaped jail birds, anybody is welcome to their bands who has a horse and arms and can ride, steal and shoot. These are the men who desolated Bulgaria; these are the men who are now making Armenia a desert. The only discipline they recognize is obedience to their leader; they have no system of drill and the terror they inspire is due solely to their well deserved reputation as butchers. When they wage war it is not war, but extermination, for they make not the slightest distinction between the armed and the defenseless, killing all alike with equal ferocity. To them an expedition is a raid, during which neither man, woman nor child is spared, and what property cannot be carried off is burned. Our American Indians were gentlemen compared with them; for the Indians did occasionally spare the children, adopting them into their tribes and raising them as members of their families, but to the natural savagery of their dispositions the Turkish irregulars add a religious fanaticism of the most exaggerated type—a fanaticism that causes them to regard the murder of a non-Mohammedan as a religious duty, an act extremely laudable in the sight of Allah and which will entitle them to much credit, both in this world and in the next. Principles, if they can be so called, such as these render the Turkish irregulars objects of the utmost terror to defenseless villagers subject to their raids, and have at one time or another made their name a terror word from Vienna to Teheran. Along the frontiers of Hungary and Poland they were equally hated and feared for 200 years; the Popes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries issued special prayers for protection against them; the inhabitants of Southern Russia for a century and a half had an annual fast day to insure immunity from their raids.

To the regular troops of any civilized power they are contemptible. They are

could be performed a campaign in every neighborhood would be necessary. The fanatical hatred entertained by Moslems for everybody and everything Christian is almost inconceivable by the Western mind. When, at the close of the war of 1870, Bosnia was assigned to Austria, an army of nearly 100,000 men was needed to complete the transfer of the territory, although there was not a Turkish population in the province. The Moslem population rose en masse, the women fought side by side with their husbands with



A HIGH PRIVATE.

guns, pistols, swords, hatchets and even pitchforks. Military operation had to be carried on against every village, and a year elapsed ere there was complete submission and order was restored. In case a partition of Turkey were attempted, population uprisings might be expected in every province from Albania to the Euphrates. They would all be ineffective, of course, but they would all be bloody and costly. A knowledge of the facts that Turkey is by no means helpless, even with a bankrupt treasury and corrupt administration, has probably something to do with the general willingness to give the unspendable Turk a little more time. Nobody believes he will reform, but his army is too big and its fighting reputation is too well established for aggressive operations to be thoroughly undertaken.

THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS.

How Indians from the West Were Mystified by the Telephone.

Maj. Pollock, who was superintendent of free delivery in the postoffice department under the last administration, was for some time stationed on the frontier as an Indian agent, and was well and favorably known to many of the principal chiefs among the red men. Whenever they met delegates to Washington to have a powwow with the great father, the Major's office was sure to be visited by them, and they came sometimes in crowds.

On one occasion, while the Indians were making a call on the Major, he went to the telephone. In another room, and called up the Indian office. When his call was answered he said:

"Tell Frank to come to the 'phone.' Frank was a half-breed, employed in the Indian office.

"Hello, Frank," said the Major. "Hold the 'phone a minute. Your uncle is here and wants to talk with you."

Then he went into his office and led one of the chiefs to the telephone.

"Want to talk to Frank?" said the Major, placing the transmitter in the chief's hand.

After many grunts and suspicious glances at the mysterious contrivance, the little ear trumpet was finally held to the chief's ear, and the Major said:

"Now, go ahead, Frank."

A grin spread over the Indian's face, and he dropped the transmitter. After trying in vain to look behind the instrument, he stuck his head out of the window and looked around. Then, with a bewildered look he ran to the door and looked up and down the corridor.

The Major explained to him that Frank was up town in another building, but the Chief wasn't convinced, and called another Indian. While the second Indian was listening the first chief watched the Major's lips closely, evidently suspecting some trick of ventriloquism.

"Ugh!" grunted the second chief, as he dropped the transmitter and looked under a desk and out of a window.

The Major couldn't satisfactorily explain the matter to the chiefs, and finally was forced to put on his hat and take them over to the Indian office, where they found Frank at the 'phone, waiting for more "talk."—Washington Star.

Coons and Cider.

John Davis, one of the largest cider-makers in Indiana, killed thirteen coons one morning recently, the result of very peculiar circumstances. He was awakened by noise from the mill at midnight, and found that thirteen coons were on the inside drinking cider. He fastened the door and locked them in securely and went to bed. When he got up the next morning he took a coon dog and several hands and began the killing. He found the coons drunk. They had rolled the barrels over, which had been left open to allow the cider to work. They had drank themselves full of hard cider.

She Gave the Wrong Answer.

Mrs. Bullard—Your character seems quite satisfactory; but before engaging you I want to know whether you have any followers—policemen or soldiers, or that?

Cook—No, mum; not at all.

Mrs. Bullard—Then I am afraid your cooking cannot be quite up to the mark, or you would at least have had one man after you.—Tit-Bits.

A sad sight in this world is an old hen trying to plume herself to look like a