

WOMEN AT HOME

LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

LADY BEATRICE FRANCIS Elizabeth Butler is not only one of the most beautiful girls in Great Britain, but in the matter of ancestors she can make pretty nearly any boast she likes and back it up with the records in Burke's peerage. Lady Beatrice is just passing out of her teens. She was born on March 23, 1876. Her father is Marquis of Ormonde, Earl of Ormonde and Ossory and Viscount Thurles of Thurles in the County Tipperary. Her mother was Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grosvenor, eldest daughter of the Duke of Westminster. The house of Butler of Ormonde is one of the noblest in Ireland and the oldest in Irish history. The Butlers and Geraldines, rivals in power and equals in



LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

renown, have been at the head of the fine nobility of Ireland ever since the Anglo-Norman invasion. The first of the family to arrive on Irish soil and set up a castle was old Theobald Fitz-Walter in the reign of Henry II. He was chief butler of Ireland, whence the surname. His father was Hervey Walter, who married in 1150. That seems to have been the foundation of the house and the descent has been pretty clear since then. Little Lady Beatrice may, therefore, be truly said to be the daughter of a hundred earls, but she is one that may be admired. She has a

It is next to impossible to polish a russet shoe unless the foot is in it, as the friction of the cloths must be violent. It was because of this that the young women mustered up courage to put their dainty feet upon the box.

The Demands of Society.

Society demands that you should look well. Not that you should be a beauty, but that you should, on occasion, put on your best bib and tucker and help up the picture that, all in all, constitutes society. You speak of the social world as selfish; so it is, for it demands from all its votaries absolute selfishness. You must learn to have no ill-feeling toward anybody. If a chatterbox tells you that Madame Malice has made you the subject of her ridicule you must make yourself smile; go forward and meet Madame Malice with a pleasant word, a courteous bow, and you must entirely forget that she has ever said anything but that which was pleasant. Society ceases to be good when malicious sayings are recognized.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Bryan an Expert Swimmer.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, wife of the Democratic presidential candidate, is up to date in many ways. For one thing she is a firm believer in the wheel, although as yet she is not an expert rider. Being comparatively a novice, she has not yet reached the stage of wearing a short skirt, but freely acknowledges the advantages of such a garment to the fast-riding bicyclenne. She is also a splendid swimmer and rather prides herself on her nautical ability. She is also proud of her membership in the Sorosis of Lincoln, Neb. It does not belong to the federation of clubs, but is in the Nebraska State Federation. The Lincoln Sorosis has a membership of twenty-five, to which number it is strictly limited. Three or four names are always on the waiting list. No one is admitted who has not some claim to membership through interest in current events or some special excellence in other directions. Mrs. Bryan lays no great stress on her admission to the bar. She regards it as an ordinary matter in view of the large number of women now practicing law. There is no dress reform in her creed, only an idea that sensible attention to the first laws of health should be considered; also that dress should be distinctly feminine, not extravagant, but



MRS. BRYAN AT HOME IN THE WATER.

very pretty little sister, Constance Mary, who is just 16.

Results of Open Air Life.

Women will have to organize a new crusade against wrinkles and the leather-like, growing-old sort of look of the skin if they persist in following up all the open-air pursuits which belong to man's kingdom. Fresh air in all kinds of weather may be conducive to health, but it is very trying to delicate skins. Women who row and ride bicycles should substitute oatmeal or boiled bread and milk for soap. The dry skin is especially sensitive to the effects of sun and air and needs all the precautions it is possible to find to keep it smooth and white. Potatoes boiled in milk are said to be very effective in whitening and softening the skin, and almond meal should be on every toilet table.

Get Their Shoes Blackened.

The spectacle of a woman availing herself of the services of a bootblack on the streets has become so common as to attract no more attention than that of a woman reading a daily newspaper in a street car or "L" train, says the Chicago Chronicle. It was not so long ago that a woman with a newspaper was considered to be doing something very "mannish," and she was stared at in consequence. Women have dared to



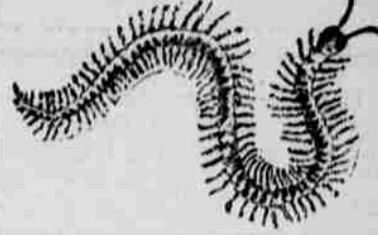
WOMEN HAVE BECOME PATRONS.

brave public inspection by sitting in the chair of the street corner bootblack and reading a paper while the industrious bootblack gives them a "patent leather" or a "russet polish." Women require the cleaning of their shoes as often and with as much reason as men do theirs, and the "ladies' bootblack parlors" that have been opened in the shopping districts have proved decided successes.

TWO CUBAN NUISANCES.

Venomous Crawlers that Make Things Unpleasant.

With the coming of the rains in the tropics, many of the insects and smaller reptiles which live out of doors in the dry season seek shelter in the country houses and beneath stacks of cane and trash. While bites and stings from insects are rarely reported, still they are more frequent than one would believe. Of those which do not often trouble mankind much north of the latitude of



A CUBAN CENTIPEDE.

Havana are the chigoe, or "jigger," which burrows beneath one's toe-nails and lays eggs which develop festering sores; the scorpion and the centipede. In Cuba the scorpion develops into a pest, especially in the country districts; and, together with the centipede, is a foe with which the Spanish soldiery are compelled to reckon. Both the centipede and scorpion hide beneath rotten wood, the "trash" of the yard and canefield and fallen leaves. The bite of neither is sufficient to cause death in an adult, but many children have been killed by them in every island of the West Indies.

These two are the worst, and it would seem as though they were endowed with almost superhuman instincts, for they appear at times and in places when and where least expected. The centipede moves with the rapidity of a streak of light, leaving behind it—if it traverses the limb or body of a human being—its venomous track punctured in the skin. Its punctures are from the front pair of legs, which have poison ducts or glands; but its bite is worse than these, and sufficient to cause violent fever in a grown person. With its flat, glistening body, its scores of legs twinkling like the mischief, and its rapid motions, it seems the embodiment of evil—as it is.

The island of Cuba is almost as free



A CUBAN SCORPION.

from poisonous snakes as is Ireland, and the only annoying pests are those mentioned. One might stay in the island for months and years without being bitten, the cities, as Havana and Santiago, not being infested.

ADOPTS AMERICAN MODES.

Wife of New Japanese Minister Has Discarded Native Dress.

Among the recent additions to diplomatic circles in Washington are Minister Hoshi of Japan and his wife. Mme. Hoshi is about 33 years of age and of the most pleasing personal appearance. She is short, probably 4 feet 10 inches in height. Her dark hair is very abundant, her large brown eyes are soft, yet bright, and her complexion is clear and rosy. In dress, her costume is that of the American woman, yet as she has only recently laid aside her native gowns, her wardrobe of western robes is limited. She has placed herself in the hands of a tutor, in order to master the intricacies of the English language, and by next winter will no doubt be able to preside at a tea in the most approved style, as far as conversational ability is concerned. Mme. Hoshi has been married ten years, but there is only one child in the



JAPANESE MINISTER AND FAMILY.

family, a boy of 6 years of age. His name is Hoshi Kikaru, and he is a bright little fellow, wandering about the house in evident loneliness for his many playmates in the East. The wife of the minister is a fine musician and devotes much of her time to that art.

A Wise Word to Mothers.

When the school days are finished and the home-coming over, many girls are more or less discontented in the home because there seems no special place for them to fill. In school they have had duties and occupations, and have become accustomed to regular hours of employment.

Wise is the mother who at this trying time is willing to make a place in the house for the little would-be reformer, or the enthusiast who would like to put into practice some way her ideas of house keeping and home-making. Let the new ways and the new ideas be tried, and show some hospitality to them and some sympathy to other views than your own.

A division of labors and responsibilities is a happier way of meeting the difficulty than a giving up and over of one's ideas and domain to the perhaps overzealous young woman who should have gained tact and sympathy

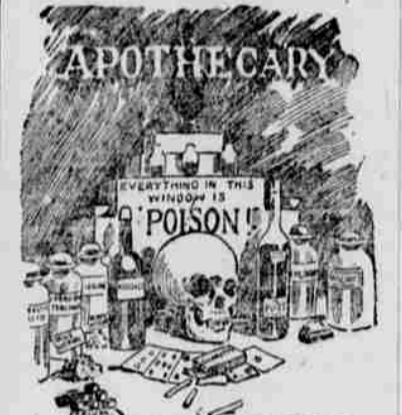
and some knowledge of how to live happily with others if her school days have been of any value. Encourage her to use her gifts, not only in her own home, but for others. The New York Evening Post says that the girl who has plenty of room for expansion in her own home is usually the least anxious to try home-making under another roof.

WARNING TO WHISKY DRINKERS

Crusade Against Strong Potations Inaugurated by a Kentucky Druggist.

Probably the bravest man in the United States is a druggist doing business in Nicholasville, Ky. His name is Jas. W. Gordon, and he has fitted up in the front of his drug store what he calls a poison window, and a bottle of the corn juice dear to the Kentucky heart is there. The window is a grewsome thing. It is a whole-course of lessons to the man who wants to commit suicide. In the middle, white and grinning, is a skull. Clutched in its teeth is the deadly cigarette, an ash clinging to its tip. At the right of the skull is the bottle filled with the good corn juice of the Kentuckian's daddies. At its left is a bottle of port wine. Scattered about in the foreground are cards, dice and poker chips.

The rest of the window is filled with small jars containing liquid poisons and papers upon which are heaped powders



WHISKY AMONG THE POISONS.

enough of various sorts to end the troubles of a regiment. Every article is labeled, from the cigarette to the prussic acid, and to prevent an possible misunderstanding of his meaning Mr. Gordon has fronted the whole deadly collection with a startling sign, which reads: "Every article in this window is poison."

A PERILOUS FEAT.

Three Wheelmen Perform Foolhardy Antics on the Starucca Viaduct.

Three New York wheelmen, en route to Chicago, a few days since rode at a rapid pace across the coping of the great Starucca viaduct at Lansboro, Pa. When in the center of the structure they waved their hats at a picnic party below, which watched their foolhardy antics with breathless interest. The breaking of a portion of a wheel or the swerving of a few inches and



A FOOLHARDY FEAT.

the rider would have been hurled down into the fields below, a distance of over 100 feet. They were the first venture-some riders to perform the hare-brained exploit.

Towed by a Deer.

The shores of the great Lake Chelan, in Washington, one of the most picturesque and remarkable bodies of water in America, abound in game. In some places the lake is so narrow that a deer may swim in it. A paper published at Chelan, at the foot of the lake, tells how a young man named Alan Royce recently made the capture of a deer in the water.

Royce saw the deer from the shore, swimming across the lake. Though the chase seemed hopeless, as he had no gun with him, Royce got into a boat and rowed after the animal. He soon saw that the deer was making better time than he was, but, in the language of yachtsmen, if he could not outfoot the animal, he had some chance of "out-pointing" it.

So he rowed across the course of the deer, forcing the creature to waver. Then he rowed so as to cut off the new course; and after a while, by heading first one way and then another, he came alongside the frightened creature, and with a quick movement seized it by the tail.

Thoroughly frightened, the animal swam faster than ever, and made straight for the shore. Royce got into the bow of his boat and held fast to the tail; he was drawn through the water much faster than he could have rowed.

Meantime his pursuit of the deer had attracted the attention of Mr. J. A. Green on the shore. Mr. Green got a rifle and came out in another boat to meet them. Coming quite near he fired at the deer and killed it, ending the spirited chase. It turned out to be a very large and fine buck.

Wild oats cost as much as ever. In spite of the fact that everything else has been greatly reduced in price.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

She Put Bloomers on Her Dolly.

Virginia Montmorenci, you are looking like a fright; I'll put you in the closet, to cry the live-long night; You are a naughty dolly, for you never comb your hair, I cannot take you walking or show you anywhere; Your hands are always dirty and you never wash your face; You're always sprawling on the ground, and never know your place; You were a splendid dolly when I got you long ago, And everybody said you were as fair and white as snow, But now you're getting careless as you walk along the street, And papa says you like to wear stone bruises on your feet.

You are a horrid dolly, oh, Virginia, I declare! And I must spank you soundly, though you think I am a bear; It's no use making faces to try to make me play, I guess you'll have to go to jail to pass the time away.

There are no buttons on your dress, your hands are never clean, And you must wear the bloomers now, the baggiest ever seen, Oh, yes, you must be punished, your behavior is not right— And when you wear the bloomers you will be a funny sight!

—James E. Kinsella.

Wanted to Go Home.

The two small boys who wanted to fight Indians had gotten some distance from home. The romance had dwindled and a discouragement which neither liked to confess had taken possession.

"Look here," said one of them at last, "I've been playin' I'm Sherry Sam for two days now, haven't I?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I'm kind o' tired o' that game. I think I'll play the prodigal son."

A Point of Merit.

Three little maidens were discouraging the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year.

"My little brother Ned's got a lovely silver mug that grandma sent him," said the first little girl; "it's just a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from grandpa, too."

"My little brother Walter's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Henry sent him from China," said the second little girl; "mother's put it away in a drawer to keep till he's grown up."

"My little brother Freddie's not half so big as your brothers," said the third child, with an air of one endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this neighborhood, so there!"

Curious Stone Worth Thousands.

One day several years ago a bare-footed boy who was wandering down the shores of a little creek in Georgia saw an odd stone lying in the sand. His sister was making a collection of carnelians and he thought it would be nice to take this pretty stone home to her. So he put it in his pocket, and when he got home his father and mother and sister all looked at it. They were certain it was not a carnelian, nor could they tell what it was. So the boy kept it. One day a gentleman from Cincinnati, who had property interests in Georgia, came into the town where the boy lived, and one afternoon he saw the peculiar stone and became interested in it at once. He asked permission to take it with him and have it examined. And when he gave it to a lapidary he found out that it was a beautiful opal, worth tens of thousands of dollars. And in two weeks' time the boy who found it knew that he was the richest boy in Georgia. Since that time many fine opals have been picked up in that part of the South, but few of them equal the one first found.

Where Fishes Swim.

If you go to the lakes or to the seashore this summer you should take a waterscope along with you.

A waterscope is a device which will enable you to peer down to the bottom of a lake or stream and see the seaweeds, with the fish resting among them. Any boy can make one of them very easily, and he can have no end of fun using it.

The waterscope consists of a long, narrow box, covered at one end with glass—ordinary window glass. To make it get four pieces of smooth, straight-grained pine wood, one-quarter of an inch in thickness, 20 or 24 inches long and 2½ inches wide. Have these pieces made true and exact in measurement. Carefully tack them to-



WATCHING THE FISH.

gether with brads in the form of a long box. It may be well before joining them to daub on a little white-lead paint, so as to make the joints water-tight. Now cut a piece of glass the size of one end of the long box. You can readily cut glass with an old pair of shears by holding it under water. Fasten this piece of glass to the end of the tube by means of a few small tacks

driven close to its edges. Then putty it carefully round, and, when the putty is thoroughly dry, paint the box and putty, taking pains to fill all the cracks. This is necessary to make the box water-tight.

In a day or two your waterscope will be dry enough for use. On some bright, sunny afternoon push your boat out on the lake or stream where you wish to experiment. Thrust the glass end of the waterscope well under the surface of the water and place your eye at the other end. You will find that you can see through the water with great distinctness, often to the hiding places of fish among those forests of the lake bottoms, the seaweeds. The object of the waterscope is to cut through the disturbed surface of the lake where your boat stands, and also to protect your eyes from the reflection of the sun on the water. Of course it does not act like a telescope, and you cannot see to the bottom where the water is very muddy or where it is very deep.

But you will be astonished at what a fairland of beauty the waterscope will reveal along the edges of some of our clear lakes on a sunny day. Often you can see a big clam, with his mouth wide open, waiting for his dinner to drop into it, or a lazy pickerel or a sunfish resting near the bottom, and sometimes you will see lost objects of various kinds, including trolling hooks and lines and other things of a similar nature. The writer once knew a man who found a watch which he had dropped into the lake by means of a waterscope.

Obeded Orders.

"I once knew a man named Muggins who was a queer sort of a person," said Congressman Mondell of Wyoming, "and I always thought a good deal of him. Once he hired an Englishman to work on his ranch. But when they gave him a trial it turned out that he couldn't ride nor rope.

"Johnny, said Muggins, 'kin yer dig post holes?"

"Johnny thought he could, so Muggins sets him to work making holes in the ground. He draws a straight line for him and then he sits down at one end and tells Johnny to go ahead.

"You just dig post holes, Johnny, along this line until I tells yer to stop. Ain't just made up my mind how far I want yer to go. But I'll tell yer."

"Johnny digs post holes, and Muggins goes out every day to see how he is getting along. But in a few days he gets a call to attend court in Cheyenne and stays away two months. When he comes back he asks:

"Wharabouts is that're young Britisher that was here when I left?"

"Oh, is it Johnny you mean?"

"That same critter," says Muggins.

"Oh, why, Johnny, he left here about two months ago with six months' provisions and a pack horse and said you told him to do something or other. He hasn't showed up since."

"Muggins threw his leg over the back of a cow pony, with a grim expression and a growl and began to follow Johnny's trail by the post holes. By night he catches up with him. There was Johnny with his pack horse and his provisions in camp.

"What be yer doin' here?" said Muggins.

"Bless me heyes, Mr. Muggins, but I'm glad to see you," shouts the Englishman. "Ow long, sir, are ye goin' to keep me a-diggin' these bloody post holes?"

"How long?" shouted Muggins. "Ye plagued fool, you're three miles across the county line now. Pack up and come home."—Washington Post.

In His Own Country.

A novelist, like a prophet, sometimes suffers from lack of appreciation on the part of his neighbors.

"The folks hereabouts take him calmly enough," was the remark of one of Thomas Hardy's neighbors in Wessex, England. A recent article, "In Thomas Hardy's Country," in Temple Bar, furnishes additional proof that the people of that locality are entertaining a great man unwares.

The writer questioned the driver of a van over a road near Casterbridge if he knew Hardy.

"Hardy, the poet? Yes, I often sees 'en goen' alarm in a voine noble study, with 'is 'ead down an' a lot o' books under 'is arm. 'E never 'ave nobody with 'en. They tells I 'is books are wonderful deep, but I ain't read 'em, not I. I don't get time for readin' nothen' but the labels on the parcels I carry an' the names of the public houses."

Again the writer of the article encountered, in place of a stolid indifference, mild envy of Hardy and open contempt for the region, rich in associations, which the novelist has so fully described.

The critic in this case was an old man who was found at a railway station near Edgdon Heath. In response to the usual inquiry about Hardy came this delicious bit of depreciation:

"Oh, the written' chap! I've read some of his works. They says 'tis a gift. Seems to me 'tis just written—just sitten' down an' written' and not doen' nothen' at arl. What do 'e do, I ask 'ee? Here be I doen' more proper work than Hardy ever did, an' they don't talk about I, an' say, 'There's a great chap, like they do about 'e.'"

Joke Was on Her.

At a certain court function Lady Harrington was bedizened with diamonds and jewels, and looked like a stage queen of indifferent character, and she bitterly complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. "Never mind," he said, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." This she repeated everywhere, under the impression the reflection was on Lady Portsmouth.

When a girl goes to stay all night with another girl, she always takes her favorite pills along.