

WOMEN AT HOME

SAVED A BOY'S LIFE.

LOUISE FREDERICK, a pleasant-looking girl of 17, lives at the foot of East Fifty-first street, New York. Within a few yards of her father's house is one of the free baths. Louise has patronized this institution with such regularity that she has come to be known as one of the most daring swimmers in the neighborhood. A few evenings ago Harry Reinstein, a 9-year-old boy, who also lives close at hand, was playing about the outside of the bath when he fell into the river, which at this point is about eighteen feet deep. Miss Frederick was coming home from a shopping tour, when she



SAVING A DROWNING BOY.

heard an alarm raised. Without even taking off her hat she ran down to the spot and sprang in after the struggling boy.

It was a leap of five or six feet and when she began swimming toward Harry he was still eight or ten feet distant from her. Weighted down by her clothing and shoes, the brave girl was heavily handicapped and by the time she reached the boy he was a foot beneath the surface. She caught him by the hair and lifted his head above the water. She put her left arm around him and with the disengaged

SASSES EREN THIS FALL.



hand began to swim for the other side of the pier, where there is a good landing place. The girl slowly swam forward until two men were able to seize and assist her to firm footing. In a few moments she was at home changing her clothes.

Golf the Game for Women.

A prominent physician said the other day that in his experience golf seemed almost the ideal game for women. He is a man who has done much to promote the movement in favor of more outdoor life for both men and women, and whose opinions deserve respect. He said he had wished for something a little more invigorating and exciting in the days of archery and croquet, and he feared the other extreme had been reached when tennis was at its height. Not that he did not believe in tennis, for he did heartily, but he was afraid there was too much chance for overexertion and highly strung nerves in the exciting contests where opposing forces were strong and evenly matched. That was not always to be feared, but it was in some cases. But in golf he found the best mixture of general invigorating exercise and interest without too much excitement.

The Conservative Woman.

One of the most dreadful aspersions of which we hear in these days is that somebody or other is behind the times. On investigation and inquiry this expression seems to mean that the person thus labeled or accused is conservative in opinion and opposed to the latest fads, preferring to stand by old ways, and refusing to accept fashions simply because they are new. Novelty is very well, but novelty by itself is not strong enough to win the support of a woman not afraid of being styled behind the times, even if undeserving of the reproach this stigma conveys. Such a woman declines to give her suffrage either in word or deed to innovations which have nothing but caprice to commend them; she clings to conventionalities; she is fastidious in her use of language, reprobatting slang, and, perhaps, scolding such abbreviations as don't or won't. She never sends a postal card except to her tradespeople, and considers the typewriter available only for business purposes. Her manner of living is simple, elegant and graceful; her expenses are kept strictly within her income, and in charity she does not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth. She may

be behind the times, but she is very charming, nevertheless, and in some decided particulars, as in the careful courtesy of her notes and the punctilious treatment of her guests and hostesses, and the knowing what to do and when to do it, she is quite as up-to-date as any new woman in the land.

Blind Sisters in Business.

There are two blind girls in Oakland, Cal., who do not believe the State owes them a living and will not accept anything in the shape of charity. They prefer to be independent and earn their own livelihood. Miss Frances Raleigh and her sister Grace, both entirely blind, have gone into business and will endeavor to make their way through life on their own responsibility. These two girls, who are orphans, have opened a general notion store at 813 San Pablo avenue. They wait on their customers and can pick out any article in the store without the slightest inconvenience. Sometimes the blind girls are imposed upon, but it is not often. When it comes to selling a yard of cloth, a pound of candy or a package of gum they never make a mistake. The sisters have been blind from birth. Early in life their father died and then their mother, leaving the two blind girls to shift for themselves.

Waste Baskets on the Lawn.

A woman who was distressed by the litter that made her lawn unsightly concluded to put up waste baskets. A big sheet of birch bark made square and slit at the four corners to turn the ends up for sides, which were fastened with thorns, made a suitable basket for such a fresco surroundings, and its mission has been silent but effective. Into it the children throw the cores of their constantly gnawed apples, which before its advent invited ant settlements on the grass, and many another stray dropping from their restless and ever filled hands.

Bicycling Dancing.

A correspondent in London writes: "At Ranelagh the other afternoon a novel form of entertainment was introduced with great success, dancing on

bicycles, says a writer in the London Graphic. Ten ladies took part in it, eight of whom danced (or biked) a set of lancers with ease and grace. They were all dressed in cream, with dark ribbons round their sailor hats, matching exactly the profusion of fine carnations with which all the stationary parts of their bicycles were decorated. Two sisters, with big, diamond-shaped steel buckles on their waists behind, were especially graceful and expert. After the lancers they "biked" a waltz and schottische."

Champion Tennis Player.

Miss Chattie Cooper is the champion lady tennis player of England. She is said to be very popular socially, keeping her temper always while playing whether she wins or loses. She is the picture of health and strength, and at a recent tournament after a series of hard games in Ireland she appeared the cheeriest and fittest on the ground. She is an enthusiastic cyclist, swims and plays billiards and golf, and is an accomplished musician. She



MISS C. COOPER.

won the Ealing cup at 14, and entered for the ladies' doubles at Brighton three years after. She got the Middlesex, Northumberland, and all English championships in 1895, but was recently defeated for the Irish cup by Miss Martin.

Night weddings are better than none, yet they are by no means the best. The bride whom the sunshine cannot fall upon is sure to experience troublous times. If she have children they will die young.

DIMPLES AND WRINKLES.

The deepest of dimples to wrinkles have run Since Mary was twenty and I twenty-one; But, dimpled or wrinkled, my sweet-heart's the same, From the sunburst of life to its last little flame.

The cheeks that were roses are shrunken and pale, But their velvety purity never will fail; And lips that were flushed with the red blood of youth Are warm with a love as undying as truth.

The blue of her eyes is fading to gray, And the gold of her hair is silver to-day; But the soul is the same that was orb'd in the blue, And silver is golden when love lights the view.

And, dimpled or wrinkled, a blush will confess The happiness born of a lover's caress, For the heart of a woman is tender as true And the passion it cherishes ever is new.

With Mary at twenty and me twenty-one, Than dimples naught sweeter was under the sun;

With Mary at sixty and me sixty-one, Why, dimples were made so that wrinkles might run.

—Texas Sitings.

A TRAMP OPERATOR.

There were probably 700 passengers on No. 1. That was her fair average, and Conductor Hubbard afterward said he thought that on the night of Sept. 4 she had carried her full quota. If he had realized what was back of the innocent query of the trampish-looking substitute operator at Hogarth he would have been a pretty badly frightened man, even though the event was three days in the past. Only Kenneth and the second trick train dispatcher knew how close 700 persons had come to death on the night of Sept. 4. True, a certain boy may have had a remote idea of it, but that is only a hazard, for he was a very stupid boy.

Kenneth was on the hog train. It was habitual with him. His shoes were bunches of frayed leather; his trousers were greasy and torn; his coat was seedy, and although he had washed his shirt regularly three a week in the waters of whatever pond or creek he chanced to discover in his line of transit, still, it was an evil-looking shirt which did not begot confidence. He was unshaved and in general appearance was similar to the accepted idea of a hobo. The time had passed many years back when he felt that it was worth while to appeal to station agents or operators along the line of his travel for assistance. His garb and gait were not such as to prompt self-respecting telegraphers to talk in his behalf to the conductors of freight trains, and so what progress westward he made was a tribute to his own vigilance and agility—vigilance in detecting just when the brakeman's back was turned and agility in swinging under the cars and upon the trucks. And he was perfectly and triumphantly satisfied.

Kenneth sauntered up the platform at Hogarth and took a seat on a box just outside the station window. He would have been ordered away had the agent been in the office, but the agent was not there. The agent, having been overcome by heat at 3 o'clock—September heat is the most potent heat in that desert land—had been carried up to his house to rage in delirium, and die, perhaps, for all the medical attendance a Wyoming settlement could afford. It was his student who sat in flushed impotence at the telegraph table when Kenneth roved up to the window and anchored in the box. Kenneth had toured the road until he had a first-rate knowledge of the time card, and he knew that if 602 was on time she would draw her serpentine length of freight cars up to the Hogarth station about an hour after No. 1 had gone whizzing eastward with her fast mail and her sleepers. It was his purpose to annex himself to 602 and proceed eastward.

Idly, through the open window, he studied the boy. He was a very stupid-looking boy, and at this time of his superior's disability a very important boy. Kenneth estimated his age at 14 or 15, and tried to think how stupendous an opinion he himself had had of himself when he was a boy of 15 and was left for the first time in charge of an office. He listened in a passively interested sort of way as the boy fought on the second wire for fifteen minutes in his vigorous purpose to ask the time of a far-away telegrapher, even though the heavens might fall. It was like old times. All plug operators, he remembered, do that sort of thing—fighting, fighting, fighting in their determination to take the wire from any one else who may desire to use it—the train dispatches alone excepted from the list to be held in contempt.

The tramp operator wearied at last of the boy's "smartness" on the line, and leaned back against the side of the station listening to the clamor of the dispatcher circuit—listening to orders, reports and other minutiae of running trains by telegraph. In the course of time he learned a thing which caused him to curse his luck and look upon himself as one outraged, for by attending the racket of the dispatcher's line he found that No. 1, the passenger train, was late, and instead of meeting her at Rosalie, the station east of Hogarth, where the tramp operator was waiting, 602, the fast freight, had been given permission to go as far as Williamson, the station next west of Hogarth, for the meeting. No. 1 had been warned in due time of the change.

The fast freight had been out of Rosalie ten minutes and was fast approaching Hogarth when Kenneth heard the man at Humboldt telling the dispatcher that No. 1, having made up fifteen min-

ute of her time, and being but now forty-five minutes late, desired to proceed on eastward to Hogarth for the meeting, rather than risk having to wait at Williamson. The order was promptly given, for express trains are things which must be humored by train dispatchers. This, of course, made it temporary to stop 602 at Hogarth and give her a revised order in conformity with that now held by the conductor of No. 1. It was easy enough. All that was needed was to call up the operator at Hogarth and tell him to display his red signal and stop the approaching freight train. Kenneth understood what was to follow. You cannot tramp over a transcontinental line for a month without acquiring a thorough knowledge of its telegraphic secrets. If you be an operator, Kenneth was acquainted with the significance of the various numerical signals which the dispatchers used so as to economize on time—"38" was the warning to make ready to receive a train order, "11" meant for the operator to repeat what he had received, and so on. And so when the anxious dispatcher called upon the boy at Hogarth and said, "36 No. 602," the shabby man of the Morse was aware that what was wanted was the display of the red signal and the consequent holding of No. 602 for revised orders. But, to his surprise the boy did not make the customary response, "37 No. 602," which would be the short way of saying, "I have hung out my red signal and will hold No. 602 for orders." Instead, he scratched his head in a puzzled way, and after a moment telegraphed back to the man who was directing him, "How's that? What do you mean?"

It is very likely that the dispatcher had an attack of vertigo at that moment when he realized that a fast freight train and a heavy passenger train were approaching one another on a curving, twisting track, each going at highest speed and each seeking to make a different station for passing, and when he realized at the same time that a lot of a student did not understand what was wanted of him. Painstakingly and slowly the dispatcher ticked back, "I m-e-a-n t-o p-u-t o-u-t y-o-u-r r-e-d s-i-g-n-a-l f-o-r N-o. 6-0-2." Slowly it came, indeed, but if the ticking was slow the beating of the heart of the dispatcher must have been rapid enough.

The boy's face lighted up. In a tangle of enthusiasm he rattled off this answer, jumbling his words together in a way unintelligible to any but a waiting ear: "All-right, I will put it out!"

With a smile at the change of events which had arranged it so that No. 602 would stop after all and give him a chance to mount an end sill or climb under a car, Kenneth rose and walked up the platform. It was not a long platform, for the town was small, but by the time he had reached the end he saw the light of No. 602 swinging into the only five miles of straight track on the road, and he realized that in a few minutes, obeying the command of the red lantern on the target, she would stop and give him a chance to get on board. He turned to look back at the signal light and his face took on a stony mask of dismay. He was to be disappointed again. The light was not shining. Doubtless the order had again been changed. The language he used was inelegant and outspoken. The train crew nearer. He could hear the rapid sound of the locomotive's exhaust and there was no hope of her stopping.

Suddenly a fearful thought came to him. He remembered that he had not seen the boy put out the lamp at all. What if—

He rushed back to the window like a fury. "Where's your red signal for this train?" he shrieked. "Stop this train! Stop her! The dispatcher has orders for her."

Very likely the boy would have told the ragged and dirty tramp to mind his own business but for that allusion to the dispatcher. Heaven permitted the fool to have a thought at the right time, and in an expostulating, mumbling way he said: "No, he ain't. He told me to put the light out and I've been five minutes tryin' to pu it out. Had to take it apart before I could blow it out, and now it smokes like all the—"

There was no time for him to complete his simile, for Kenneth was through the window now and had the red office flag in his hand. He seized the hall lamp from the telegraph table, and with the flag folded about the chimney to give the crimson hue of danger he rushed to the platform, the improvised red signal, sending its dim message of warning weakly down the track toward the thundering engine of No. 602, now scarcely fifty yards away.

Weakly but it answered its purpose, for, although the train's momentum carried it far past the office, she came back in response to that well-known signal. The kid's red light blew out and I had to help him fake one up," said Kenneth to the conductor, and then he sat down to take the order, pushing the boy aside as though he were no to be considered.—Chicago Record.

The Schoolboy and the Emperor.

The organ of the schoolmasters, the Allgemeine Deutsche Lehrerzeitung, relates an episode of Kaiser Wilhelm's visit to Wiesbaden. When he was riding along the Taunus-strasse at the head of his suite on Monday a small boy ran after him and cried out, as he frantically waved his cap, "Herr Kaiser! Herr Kaiser! get us a holiday tomorrow!" The emperor laughed, and, with a friendly wink to the lad, called out, "We shall manage it." Accordingly on the next day all the lads and lassies of the town were informed that the day was "schulfrei," and wherever the kaiser appeared he was naturally greeted as a liberator with the full power of youthful lungs.

When the wolf is at your door, you will be surprised how easily you can chase him away, if you make an effort.

TO BE CHAMPION CRAWLERS.

Two Young Men Will "Hand and Knee" It Across the Continent.

To crawl across the continent is the feat two young California athletes will attempt. Early in February, 1897, they will set out from San Francisco on all fours and move only as quadrupeds until they reach New York city. Messrs. J. C. Barry and P. Kroman, two members of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Berkeley, Cal., are the young men. For several weeks they have been thinking over the idea, and they are now busy perfecting their plans and making arrangements. After leaving San Francisco the crawling men will visit Sacramento, Reno, Ogden, Salt Lake, Denver, Topeka, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Trenton before reaching New York. The young men say, after having made careful computations, that they believe they can cover the 3,000 miles in ten months. This would be an average of ten miles to be crawled each day, rain or shine. As they intend to make many stops, and give entertainments in many of the towns, the journey may occupy fourteen or fifteen months.

Before starting the young men will engage in preliminary training, and thereby accustom themselves to the unusual method of locomotion. From now until September they will crawl a certain distance daily, and when they start from San Francisco they will be

of the wealthy gum maker. The latter asserts that the suit is simply an attempt at blackmail. This Miss Thurlow and her mother indignantly deny. The young woman's eyes snap when she speaks of this charge. Adams, she says, visited her often and sent her a great many letters full of endearing phrases. At length she discovered he was already married and had a family. He assured her, she says, that he would soon obtain a divorce. This he appears to have failed to do, and the result is the suit for breach of promise.

GLASS AND NAILS DEFIED.

A Pneumatic Tire Has Been Found Which Cannot Be Punctured.

According to a London weekly which is usually conservative in its utterances a pneumatic has at last been found which cannot be punctured. It is claimed that a wheel equipped with this contrivance has been ridden repeatedly over nails, broken glass, tacks, etc., without sustaining apparent injury. According to the London publication, the secret of this new tire is said to be that its tread, or actual surface contact with the ground, is but half an inch in width, whereas an ordinary tire spreads on the road to an inch or more. It would be interesting to know whether the narrower surface contact diminishes the speed, and at first glance it would seem that it would diminish it.

Eight and ten-foot circles were also



A CRAWLER IN TRAVELING COSTUME.

able to make a dozen miles a day without undue fatigue. Practice will do as much towards making crawling easy as it will when directed towards other feats requiring muscular exertion. Their feet will be held up from the ground by a leather strap and a spring connecting the heel of the shoes with the leg near the body. This will relieve the leg muscles of the necessity of supporting the feet, and the spring is intended to prevent undue jerking when in motion. The knees will be protected by pneumatic bags covered on top with chamois skin, and on the bottom with sole leather to make them durable. The arms will be incased in a sort of boot, which will reach to the shoulder. Pneumatic pads will also protect the hands and save them from contact with the ground.

GUM MAN FAILED TO STICK.

Wealthy Tutti-Frutti Maker Sued for Breach of Promise.

Among the most successful entertainers on the Eastern vaudeville stage is Miss Myrtle Thurlow, who though but 20 years of age, has been somewhat of a public favorite for some five or six years. Recently she commenced suit against Thomas Adams, Jr., the chewing gum millionaire, for \$100,000 damages, charging him with having broken his promise to marry her. The fact that Mr. Adams already has a wife

described on wet asphalt pavements, and in no case, it is said, was there the least tendency to slipping. This is said to be brought about by a graduated



PUNCTURE PROOF TIRE.

vulcanization of the rubber composing the outer cover. Another feature is that the tire stands further out from the rim of the wheel than any other pneumatic tire; consequently, there is more air space under the sides. Even when partly deflated this tire retains its half-inch tread.

Pat's Retort.

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly. "Stand down!" The witness turned round to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court. "Did ye see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender. "No, sir, but I heard you," was the brave reply. "That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

Mr. Popleigh—What would you think if I were to tell you that I had been dying by inches for you for years? Miss Waterwed—I should think it was very sudden.—Brooklyn Life.

You think your are in tough luck, but how would you like to be a dog, with hair and fleas on your back?

A Fatal Otj-ction.



He—And you cannot—you really cannot marry me? She—Impossible.

He—Then you do not love me? She—Oh, it isn't that so much; but you see, I'm married already.