

SHE'LL WISH SHE WASN'T NEW.

When her duty's manifold,
And her hours of ease are few
Will a change come o'er the spirit
Of the woman who is "new?"
When she's drawn upon a jury
Or is drafted for the wars
Will she like her "freedom" better,
Than the "chains" she now abhors?

When she's running for an office
And gets "left" and has the blues
Won't she wish that she was back in
The "oppressed" old woman's shoes?
When the ship of state she's steering,
Mid a storm of mad abuse
Won't she wish that for the ballot
She'd ne'er thought she had a use?

When she finds that she is treated
"Like a man," oh, tho' she's longed
For just that, won't she be tempted
Offentimes to think she's wronged?
When no man e'er gives his seat up
In a car, or deigns to hold
Her umbrella when it's raining,
Won't she wish that she was "old"?

Won't she think the men "just horrid,"
Left to hustle for herself,
Where she's looked on as a rival
In the race for power and pelf?
When man's reverence no longer
Is accorded as her due,
When he treats her as a brother,
Shall he be sorry that she's new!

—Boston Globe.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

No one brought into casual contact with Edward Flint would have suspected that he was of unsound mind. None the less he was one of the most dangerous lunatics that I had in the X— asylum.

He had been an exceptionally able lawyer, and, up to his 40th year, had been making a large income. Over-work had, however, told upon him, and he was suddenly seized, while in the company of some friends, with acute homicidal mania. He had been with me for four years, and, on the average, had an attack of mania every six or seven weeks. During his period of lunacy he was so ferocious as to demand constant care and supervision, and of course, as a result, had to be detained in the asylum.

In his saner intervals no man could have desired a pleasanter companion, and it was my constant habit to spend half an hour or so a day in his congenial company. One day, just before his periodical attack, he told me the following story, which is of such a unique character that I give it just as he told it me. At its conclusion, wrought up to a pitch of fury, he made a determined attack on me, and I nearly paid for my tale with my life, being only rescued with difficulty by the attendants.

"I was what the world would call a successful man, and on my fortieth birthday I reckoned I was making over £2,000 a year. I had always been a lonely man and had never had the least inclination toward female society, contenting myself with my work and my books. One day, however, I had to wait upon an old gentleman who had recently come to our town for the purpose of drawing up his will. When this was done I was introduced to his daughter, a girl about 20. Ethel Millikin was not what might have been called a beauty; still, I knew at once that I had met my fate. To you, doctor, married young and happily, it may sound ridiculous for a middle-aged man to be talking of love, yet to me it was a desperate fact. I will not bore you with her description; suffice it to say that, trembling, I took my leave and went back to my office. There I thought long and deeply over this new phase in my life, and finally resolved that, cost what it might, I would marry Miss Millikin, and that if I couldn't—no one else should.

"It was clearly absurd for me to attempt to win her love in the usual way, the disparity in our years was so great, so I decided to win her respect first. "I took time over it and quietly interested myself in her pet projects, subscribed to her sick fund, lent her books, and was of use to her in many ways. Already she regarded me as a very dear friend, and, I have no doubt, would soon have learned to love me.

"One night I was to take her and her sister to the theater and had booked three stalls. At the last minute, however, to my secret joy, her sister had a bad headache and was unable to go. We went as arranged and I decided to put my fortunes to the touch during the performance. On our arrival the theater was crowded and, to my intense annoyance, I found a young client of mine, Sir Edward Berkley, in the next stall to ours. I was obliged to introduce him and had the mortification of seeing that Miss Millikin had made an impression on him. What chance had I against a young, wealthy and handsome man? And with jealous eyes I already saw the Chateau d'Espagne of love, that I had so carefully reared, in ruins.

"On our return from the play Berkley insisted on accompanying us to Mr. Millikin's house and was introduced by me to him.

"The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love, which I was powerless to prevent; and one day Berkley burst into my office in a great state of excitement and asked me to congratulate him!

"Me, of all men! How I managed with impotent rage at my heart to keep a smooth and smiling face I do not know; but, to add to the bitter irony of the situation, I had to receive instructions to draw up my successful rival's marriage settlements. I could have cheerfully murdered him as he sat in his chair so bright and cheerful, with the happiness of youth glowing in his face. Suddenly his face twitched, and he hastily put up his hand to his brow.

"What is it?" I eagerly asked, hoping he might be going to be ill.

"Nothing—only neuralgia. I have suffered from it for years and have tried everything, and seen all the doctors; but to no avail. So now I make the best of it."

"So saying, he got up and took his leave, to go and make love—curse him!—to his fiancée.

"No one knows what days and nights I spent, although I worked until my body was aching; my brain would not let me sleep. I roamed up and down my room, planning impossible methods of revenge, only to see the futility of it all. The times are not suited for melodrama, and if I could only watch and watch and—wait.

"On morning I crawled down to the office feeling utterly done up and listlessly examined my correspondence. Among it I noted one from an old friend who was practicing as a physician in Paris. Tossing the rest of the letters to the managing clerk, I began to read my friend's long letter. Suddenly a paragraph in it seemed to stand before my eyes as if written in fire. It ran thus:

"You will, I know, be keenly interested in a marvelous discovery that Dr. Luys, of this city, has just made. He is our great authority on brain diseases and also dabbles in hypnotism and other kindred subjects.

"He has established beyond any doubt that it is possible to remove the delusions of an insane person—previously hypnotized—by means of a thin magnetized steel band worn around the patient's forehead for about a week. This is sufficiently marvelous, but is nothing to the fact that if a sane man or woman wears the band previously used by the lunatic the delusions of the latter pass in their entirety to the wearer, who becomes an echo in every action of his predecessor!"

"At last! At last! Crushing the paper in my hand, I revelled in the exquisite revenge the letter revealed to me. My brain, preternaturally excited, in a few moments, planned the whole scheme. Violently ringing my bell, I informed the clerk who came hurrying in that I had to go to Paris at once on urgent business. I told him to ask Sir Edward to meet me at the office in four days' time to finish the settlement, and I started at once for London en route for Paris.

"Fatigue was gone. Once more alert and active, I felt as if treading on air. On the journey I rehearsed and rehearsed the scheme I had planned out until I thought it perfect. I at once, on arrival, hastened to my friend's house and pretended that I had not received his letter. After breakfast he took me to Dr. Luys' clinic, and there I saw that the powers he laid claim to were indeed his. Selecting the neekest-looking of his assistants I gently touched him and drew him aside. In my best French I told him that if he came to my hotel that evening with the band just removed from the lunatic who had given him 2,500 francs, or £100. At first he would not listen, but at last he did, and I went back to my hotel, content. That evening I left Paris with my 'revenge' carefully packed in a small box. On arrival at my house I slept for twelve hours, a thing I had not done for weeks, and awoke ready to carry my scheme through.

"I see you shudder, doctor, but I felt calm as fate itself.

"The following morning I was closeted with Berkley for some time, poring over deeds of title and old, musty documents. I purposely delayed, in order to fatigue him. Presently I saw the tell-tale contraction of his face, and I knew he was mine. Leaning across the table, I said:

"I had intended, Sir Edward, half ruining myself in giving you a wedding present; but I have altered my mind—I will cure your neuralgia instead."

"What!" said he, eagerly; "I'd give anything if you could; it's the only cross I have to bear."

"Well, I'll cure you on one condition."

"Name it—I'll do anything."

"That you give me your solemn word of honor not to disclose to anyone the method of cure."

"All right; only cure me."

"Well, I'll tell you, first, why you have had to promise. You must know that this office—that is, myself—is the repository of half the secrets of the town. This is because everyone thinks I am a model for solid common sense. Now, if you blurted out that I had advised you to use a half-spiritualistic, half-quackish remedy, why, my reputation as an embodiment of practical sense would be gone. I used myself to suffer from headaches, and do now, for that matter, and had tried every remedy that the doctors could suggest. At last I was persuaded to try a spiritualist, to whom I went at night. He gave me a thin band to wear whenever I had a headache, and he said it would relieve it if due to overwork, or cure it if due to neuralgia. It was to be worn for eight days constantly, and, to enable you to do it, I suggest that we both take a week's holiday and go to some small fishing village and try the treatment."

"I paused and waited with throbbing heart for his answer.

"How awfully good you are, Flint! I can never repay you for your kindness; I owe you more than I can tell already. Why, you introduced me to the loveliest—"

"Stay! stay! Don't begin that. I will arrange to start next Monday. Will that suit you?"

"So it was agreed, and he left the office in high spirits, while I sat on and thought of Ethel, my wife, in the future.

"In the little village of Ancora I bound the fatal band round his forehead. I could not hypnotize him, but I felt sure that my intense desire for the success of the band would be as good as any other man's hypnotic power. And so it proved, for, on the eighth

day, I found Sir Edward Berkley—Ethel's promised husband—in his bedroom, a gibbering lunatic. I at once secured the steel band, which was soon destroyed, and then summoned assistance. With great difficulty we had him removed to an asylum, and I went back to break the news to his fiancée. I did it, I flatter myself, well, and then left her alone for a month. Then I gradually began once more to frequent the house, until I stood again in my old position. Berkley had been away for five months, and I thought the time had arrived to speak my mind to Ethel. I went one afternoon to see her, and, if possible, to win her. Sitting at her side, I was just going to speak, when I heard a step on the stair and turned round, and to my amazement saw Sir Edward Berkeley himself. Then I saw all was over—a blind fury seemed to seize me. In a moment I was on him. Ah! I have you now—I have you at last—"

With a bound Flint was upon me. I fought for my life, but fortunately assistance was at hand, and, fighting, yelling and struggling, the maniac was secured.—London Sketch.

TWO JOKES,

And, of Course, One Had to Be Funnier than the Other.

Mr. Giddy invited two friends to dine with him the other evening, and when the first of them arrived he found the host in a very merry mood.

"Glad you got here first," he said. "I've got a joke on Jonesby that the boys will tell around the office for a year, and I want to tell you about it before he comes."

"Jonesby is something of a joker himself, isn't he?" returned the guest. "He thinks so now, but he won't after he finds out. You see, he's played a lot of fool tricks on me that he thinks funny, and I've been waiting to get even. Of late he's taken to buying lots of neckties and keeping a comb in his desk, and the boys think he's in love with the typewriter."

"Well, that's no joke, I'm sure."

"I wasn't sure about it myself until to-day, when I saw him sneak in and lay on his desk a big candy box, done up in white paper and tied with blue ribbons. If he hadn't run away as fast as he could he'd have heard me laughing, for I couldn't restrain it another second."

"Well," said the guest, who was wondering how soon dinner would be served.

"Well, I knew I had him then, so I just grabbed the candy box and slid it into my overcoat pocket, just as the typewriter came into the room."

"Did she suspect?"

"No, I guess not. She asked me what I was laughing at, and I told her I'd just seen a fat old man slip on a banana peel. She smoothed her hair down and said she didn't see anything funny in that—she knows I'm married, you see."

"I see. We have typewriters at our office, too."

"Yes. Then I invited Jonesby to dinner to-night; I brought the box of candy home—I'll bet it's good, too! Told my wife to put it on the dinner table. I'll tell old Jonesby the joke after it's all eaten. Won't he be mad, though? Sh—that's him. Don't say anything. Hello, Jonesby, old man; you're late. I thought you weren't coming."

"I am a little late," returned the newcomer. "The fact is I stayed later than usual at the office this evening. Fact is, I'd put up a joke on the typewriter and I wanted to see what she'd do."

"Joke on the typewriter, eh? What was it?" said Mr. Giddy, winking at the first guest.

"Put a box with two mice in it on her desk. I knew she'd think it was candy, and—what's the matter, old man?"

"I—I want to tell my wife something," faltered Mr. Giddy.

But just then a series of the most appalling screams coming from the direction of the dining-room told that he was too late!—Chicago Times-Herald.

The School "Shows Off."

In illustration of the way in which teachers' lessons are frequently told to their pupils, a Chicago teacher tells a story of some of her pupils "showing off" under her auspices. She had been drilling into them one afternoon the difference in the meaning of the words "taught" and "learned," over and over again, in the presence of a late visitor, she had explained the use of each of the words, and had given them several examples in which the words were correctly used.

"Now," she said, "I think you have learned your lesson as well as I have taught it to you. Willie, will you give me a sentence with the word 'taught' in it?"

A fair-haired urchin on the front seat spoke up promptly:

"I thought it was time for school to let out!"

"No, no! Mamie, you may give me an example," she said, turning to a bright girl farther back.

"I thought it was time to go home," answered Mamie, with an air as if she had done exactly the right thing.

And though she tried several times more, no other form of the word than the variation "I thought" could the teacher get out of her school.

Nothing.

"Pat," said Tommy to the gardener, "what is nothing?"

"There ain't no such thing as nothing," replied Pat, "bee'se whin ye find nothin' and come to look at it, there ain't nothin' there."—Harper's Round Table.

A man wastes a lot of time every day talking foolishness, and in listening to foolishness as it is talked by other men. No wonder his business suffers.

Whenever we hear a woman say that she loves housework and the care of a home, we long to carry her off.

YOUNG ELECTRICIAN.

Garret A. Hobart, Jr., Is the Bell-hanger of the White House.

Garret A. Hobart, the 12-year-old son of the new Vice President, has been appointed official bellhanger of the White House by President McKinley. Young Hobart is an adept in electricity, and he was the first applicant for office after the inauguration. He had an eye to business and made a business proposition to the President. After looking into the matter with great care the President let the contract to young Hobart, and so the young electrician and his partner, Ned Van Ripper, were given charge of the White House bell-hanging. Hobart Jr. began his career as a practical electrician by "wiring" his father's house so thoroughly that a bell would ring whenever anyone as much as coughed. The servant girl could light the kitchen fire by touching a button on her forehead, and the bulldog was released whenever a window was opened after dark. His business career began when the neighbors of the Hobarts hired the boy to protect and equip their houses in a similar fashion. The work of Garret A. Hobart Jr. & Co. was as scientific as that of the best electricians, and as it was fearfully and wonderfully cheap as compared with that of the professionals,



GARRET A. HOBART, JR.

the boy firm thrived at Paterson. It is expected that President McKinley and his family will have all the bell-ringing they want in the White House if Hobart Jr. & Co. are allowed full sway.

GERMANY'S DUDE KAISER.

How He Trains His Mustache to Stand Up Straight.

Such a thing as an army officer without a mustache is hardly known in the German empire, the erratic ruler of which gives his subjects an example of how to train the hirsute adornment in question.

His Majesty possesses the newest and most successful mustache trainer in Germany. It is an arrangement divided in the center by a buckle. On each side of the buckle is a strip of ribbon, lined with pink netting, permitting ventilation. At the end of each ribbon is a tlay comb. His Majesty's valet places the buckle in the center of his Majesty's mustache and combs the ends of the imperial mustache toward his Majesty's ears. The end of the ribbons can then be fastened by pieces of elastic and cause no annoyance. It can be worn at night, and if the whiskers are long enough the result is sure to be most warlike and impressive. The Emperor has a very fine mustache. The ends are long and sharp, and point toward the ears as straight and stiffly as if they were made of steel.

Kaiser's New Dandifier.

How Alaskan Eskimos Ornament Their Poor Huts.

The Eskimos of Alaska live in rudely constructed huts, and frequently the outside of the shelter is decorated in a fashion that vividly recalls a boneyard to the mind of the civilized traveler. Rows of grinning skulls of various kinds of animals are ranged along the most sheltered side of the hut, and the owner takes great pride in their number, looking at them much as an enthusiastic sportsman regards the antlers of the bucks he has brought down.

Of Course.

Moses Junior—Fader, a shentleman in de shop wants to know if dat all-wool nonshrinkable shirt will shrink?

Moses Senior—Does id fid him?

Moses Junior—No; id is too big.

Moses Senior—Yah; id vill shrink!—Tid-Bits.

One Deliberation.

Emma—And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you?

Charlie—Indeed I would! I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers.—Fliegende Blatter.

A girl may look pretty when she cries, but a boy never did, and never will.

WOMAN'S REALM

WOMAN BANK CASHIER.

MRS. MARY A. COSTA has the honor of being the first female bank cashier in California. She is not a cashier de jure, but de facto. Mrs. Costa lives in San Jose, and she is discharging the duties of the position with a promptness and accuracy that cause the people of San Jose to say that as a bank cashier woman is a decided success. Mrs. Costa's husband is the principal owner of the bank, but this does not detract from the fact that the lady fills the position better than a mere salaried employe would.

Anyone who is acquainted with the tasks which devolve upon a bank cashier will readily recognize the fact that it is not a post which admits of neg-



CASHIER MARY A. COSTA.

lect of duty. There is nothing about the position which would attract a poseur. The place is in no wise ornamental, nor is it intended for one of those detestable persons who, while nominally holding a position, force the work thereof upon others. So it is that Mrs. Costa has undertaken a task that at no time can be termed light. She has demonstrated that she has no fear of her ability failing to justify expectations. The pistols always at her hand show she is, too, prepared for robbers.

It would be thought that a woman so completely engrossed in business would find only a little time for home life or for making happy that spot which is supposed to be the dearest of all on earth to the married man. On the contrary, Mrs. Costa is as attentive to her home as she is to business. There is in all San Jose no pleasanter home than that which the head of the banking house of Costa & Co. has in his mind's eye. The delicate touch of the woman, the evidence of dainty feminine taste in adornment, are everywhere visible about the house. It has every mark of the home of the womanly woman, and it all goes to show that a woman may be bright and business-like, and at the same time retain the attributes which have won her her place in the domestic world.

Abie Southern Woman.

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, of Nashville, President of the woman's department of the Tennessee Centennial, is a Southern woman by birth. From school she entered society, wherein she won distinction as one of the most beautiful belles of the South. She is the daughter of Caswell Macon Thompson, only son of Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior under President Buchanan. She was married eleven years ago. Though born in Nashville, the first four years of her life were spent in Cuba. In her native city she

received her early education under the Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, afterward pursuing a course of study at Fairmont College, Monteville. At the age of 16 she went to school in Paris for two years, traveling the following year through the principal cities of Europe. The enthusiasm with which Mrs. Kirkman assumed the leadership of the woman's department of the Tennessee Centennial insured its success. The nucleus of the necessary funds was obtained by issuing a woman's edition of a Nashville paper. Several times the interested women have taken charge of stores for a day, the considerable incomes from this source being increased by the proceeds of various entertainments. Throughout the work the fair general has shown great executive ability.

To Cure a Headache.

Women are always studying fads, and now comes one that seems sensible, inasmuch as it is a cure for that bane of many a woman's life, a headache. It is a little mechanical instrument of massage, simple in construction and requiring no skill for its application. The results are said to be miraculous. And as there was never known



MRS. VAN LEER KIRKMAN.

Cast Off Corsets. A very curious scheme was started last spring in Paris. A society for the relief of the poor placed a box in a wealthy quarter of the town, with a placard begging women to throw worn-out corsets therein. It was intended that the manufacture into various articles of the whalebone would give employment to poor women, and the result has proved that the idea was most clever.

Kilted Skirts.

The new kilted skirts must be made by an expert dressmaker, as they need to be cut so that there is no fullness round the hips, while the plaits round the feet must set with sufficient amplitude or the effect is ruined.

to be a woman who did not have headaches the number to whom the new remedy will appeal is practically infinite.

This much-vaunted little affair is a simple metallic chain terminating in a handle at each end. To each link in the chain is fastened two tiny balls so arranged as to permit of easy revolution. The chain is taken in both hands and rapidly pushed backward and forward over the aching portion of the head, the speed, of course, being regulated by the judgment of the sufferer.

The advantage of the little arrangement, say those who know, is that it increases the capillary circulation and thereby produces the effect of a gentle or violent reaction, according as the sufferer pleases.

It is true that it is an expensive toy, but that will doubtless be considered only as an evidence of its value.

President McKinley's Nieces.

The President and Mrs. McKinley, having no children of their own, are devoted in their attachment to their young nieces. These fortunate ladies were a happy quartette during the festivities in honor of their uncle's accession to the Presidency. All four have in common the same kindness of heart and common sense which is so noticeable a trait in the President and his wife. All are attending school, or are busy cultivating some special talent, but during the coming four years they will spend a great many happy seasons enjoying the hospitality of the White House.

Miss Mabel McKinley is a dainty blonde, and a very pretty young girl. The President and his wife have a pretty pet name, that of Sunshine, for their brother's child, and her musical talents afford them much pleasure. A piano, a dainty white and gold affair, was placed in the beautiful blue parlor at the White House the day following the inauguration ceremonies, especially for Miss Mabel's use. All of President McKinley's nieces have strong musical



MISS MARY BARBER.

tastes. Miss Grace McKinley will go abroad to study music in Germany.

Mrs. M. C. Barber, Mrs. McKinley's sister, has gone to her home in Canton, Ohio, after a delightful visit at the White House. The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Barber was one of the most winsome debutantes in the Presidential party at the inaugural ball. Miss Sara Duncan, of Canton, a niece of Mrs. McKinley, completes the youthful quartette, who were so happy in their first inaugural ball experience. She is of the Spanish type of beauty, and is strikingly attractive in her piquant and bright conversation.

Too Much Credit for Beauty.

It is sheer nonsense to claim that every debutante is a beauty, says the Washington Post, and that every woman who gives a dinner is lovely and graceful. She may be neither, and yet a charming hostess. Beauty is not everything. Some of the most attractive women are not even good-looking, and on the other hand there are many beautiful women who are anything but attractive. The beauty business is rather overdone. It is getting to be tiresome to read about beautiful women. They are becoming entirely too common. An old-fashioned, charming woman, pleasant, agreeable, entertaining, but not beautiful, would be a sight refreshing to behold, and she would attain a degree of popularity unknown among the modern beauties.

The Engagement Ring Finger.

The custom of wearing the wedding ring on the fourth finger of the left hand is one of those survivals of pagan superstition which have become part of civilization itself. The old Greeks and Romans believed that this finger contained a vein directly communicating with the heart, and when the ring became the marriage symbol this finger was naturally chosen as the one on which the ring should be worn. The supposed connection of the fourth finger with the heart is, of course, a mere fallacy, but the custom that arose out of it has long been sanctioned by usage.

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