be you ever the policy with a firmer grasp four last of pull with a firmer grasp four dying hearts of the world were fed in hight bring peace to your dying heaf?

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Mr. Rogers, did you say?" Yes, sir; a tall, middle aged gen-' replied my servant. sould recollect no acquaintance of

Ask him to step in here," I said at

the man who entered my study was mablete stranger to me. He was tall, and 40 and 50 years of age, rather and very angular in his movents. He wore a short beard, was thely baid and had decidedly pleasant When he smiled, his even sed to sparkle and he exhibited two ellent rows of teeth. I am afraid I am quite unknown to

he began. howed my head and wondered what

coming next,

But your name as a rising young elist and writer of short stories is, arse, familiar to me."

The could be be? I began to have ons of publishers and editors clamorat my door for contributions from Was he about to give me a ission for a new serial? Perhaps represented some leading magazine was prepared to pay sums undreamof for my tales of love and adven-Or was he only some newspaper

erviewer bent on satisfying the curity of his readers respecting my opinand manner of life? 'Pray be seated," I said.

We sat facing one another on opposite s of the hearth rug. It was a cold, November day, and the bright fire burned in the grate was comfort-Mr. Rogers took from his pocket a y of a popular magazine and held it his knee.

Capital story that of yours!" Which?" I asked.

That last one in here," he said, tapg the covers of the book, "the story led 'The Mystery of Rowner's Mill." I am glad you like it, but really"-A splendid story! Rather during

Daring?" Yes-to publish a story of real life | do it? ere fiction."

'I don't understand what"-But why did you make Maud a dark Of course she was fair, as you . Her real name was Mabel, but doesn't matter. "

You are quite"-Still, you have hit off Maltby to

The story, I assure, you, was"-Written under pressure of time? I have no doubt of it. But your destion of the old mill is exact. Rows Mill is, of course, Radford's Mill,

Allow me to explain"-Quite unnecessary, I assure you. were perfectly justified in changing name. But that passage in which describe the act of vengeance on tby is remarkably powerful and ac- He escaped two days ago." th of a giant, seized him in his and for one moment held him e his head in front of the open win-Then he hurled the wretched man space. Down, down he fell, until, a splash that was inaudible amid our and rattle of the mill, Malthy peared in the deep water of the

and was instantly battered to a peless mass by the huge revolving er wheel!" But surely you know"-Oh, yes; I know every inch of the

Of course you are a little bit On you?" Yes; you see, Jasper Gore"rose to my feet. So far I had hardly

able to get a word in edgeways. I not the slightest idea what he was ing at. He was exhausting my pa-

Look here, sir," I shouted warmly, haven't yet the pleasure of knowing you are. What the-will you kindell me what you are talking about?" Why, my dear sir, I am talking at this story of yours called 'The stery of Rowner's Mill.' I was just ng that you have made me—other-e Jasper Gore''—

Gore is one of my characters. I nntand your name is Rogers!' he man leaned back and roared with thter. I sank into my chair in a of exasperation.

Excuse my laughing," he said, "but en you put on that innocent air it is sistibly funny. What does it matter ich name I use, Gore or Rogers-are not one and the same? What was er? You took my real name, Rogers, cted the last two letters, transposed others, and then you had it-Gore! was now quite out of temper.

id, "in coming here and talking this se. The story is pure fiction-a ple creation of my own brain-from ming to end. So far as I know, the cters never lived, the incidents er happened, the mill described nevand any existence—except in my own gination. "

don't know what your object

ly visitor watched me as I spoke, a grin slowly broadened on his face, he again burst into loud laughter. should never have believed it!"

Believed what?"

"You novelists, it would appear, are eeped in fiction that you lose all reed for truth."

'What do you mean, sir?'' I cried in-

nantly. 'Is it necessary to explain? Here, in s magazine. I have a story every estial detail of which is actual truth. you coolly tell me that it was all

olved out of your own brain!" "Certainly. So it was." "Now, what is the use of talking a that to me—to me? I am Rogersgers is Gore. I (call me by which as you like) am the man whose acts

scribed in this story. 'Do you mean to sit there and tell that you actually committed a crime ntical with that I have described?" Precisely. I say the story is true in ery essential detail. Every action of

plot, every motive of the characters,

all the descriptions of places, and even portions of the dialogue are absolutely

true. I say again I am Jasper Gore!' Imagine my feelings! Never before in the history of fiction writing had so remarkable a thing happened. Some occult power had clearly been at work on my brain and directed me to write a story founded on fact in a degree that was simply marvelous. The situation was so extraordinary that it staggered me. I was here face to face with the murderous ruftian of my own creation. What was to be done? I glanced at

the bell at his elbow. 'Never mind the bell," he said. "We shall not want to use that. Listen to

He brought his chair toward me until our knees were nearly touching. With his hands on his thighs and his body bent forward he fixed his penetrating eyes on mine.

"I have told you that I am Jasper Gore. But that is only one of the names under which authors have used me in relating my exploits. You are not the only writer who has employed my deeds in fiction. You have read Blandford's novel, 'The Red Witness?' Well, I am Paul Varnham, the man who poisoned his brother and threw the body into the limekiln. You have seen the story in the last number of The Masterpiece Magazine called 'The Case of Roland Wier?' I am Roland, the man who stole the bonds and stabbed to the heart the only witness to the deed. Why, the stains of the crime are still on my hands,'

I shuddered visibly, and cold sweat was on my forehead.

"Metaphorically speaking," he added with a smile, "I suppose you have read"-

"Stop!" I cried. "What is it you want of me? Why do you come to tell me all this?"

"I came to make a proposal. I am a man of many deeds-crimes, you would call them. The world is getting too hot for me. I am in danger from the sleuth hounds of the law. Shelter me; hide me, and I will give you material for some of the most thrilling stories that ever were written. I can keep you going for the rest of your life-with facts, sir, facts!

"The Rowner's Mill affair I don't know how you got hold of, but it was not obtained fairly. But I will not say anything about that. Stand by me, and I will make your fortune and your everlasting fame. Is it a bargain?"

To accept such a proposal never entered my mind for one moment. My only thought was to get this dreadful creature out of my house, whether what he said was true or not. How was I to Just then my servant knocked at the

door and entered. 'Here is a gentleman wishes to see

you, sir." 'Say you are engaged," said Rogers, rising from his chair and grasping me by the arm

But the new arrival had already entered the room. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "I have come for our good friend, Mr. Rogers.

He lives with us at X--X-- I knew to be the place where a certain county lunatic asylum stands. I book for his two-year-old boy, but in saw everything in a flash. He handed Rogers over to the care of another man in the hall, and the poor fellow went as meekly as a lamb. Then the attendant came back to me.

"I hope he has not alarmed you, sir.

"Well, he gave me an unpleasant half powerless, Jasper Gore, with the hour. The man seems to be steeped in

"He's all right except on that point. He fancies that he is every criminal that he reads about in the story books. We traced him to your house, and I expect he has been pitching a lively yarn about some of his doings. Ah! I thought so. But, bless your heart, sir, the poor fellow wouldn't hurt a fly.'

Nevertheless, he had knocked me off my work for that day.-London Tit-

Shakespeare In London.

Shakespeare "came to London," entered, in fact, into eternal fame through its gates. Why he came, or precisely when, is largely a matter of conjecture. Over this, as over so much of his life, lies a veil that he himself never chose to

lift. That he was poor is certain, and highly probable that he was quite unfriended. Whether he had any consciousness or persuasion of his almost miraculous gifts we can only guess. The impulse that led him there cannot have been altogether due to chance or whim, but that he could have foreseen the splendid result is altogether impossible. Like many a less gifted mortal, he sustained the struggle of hope and fear. The first folio of his plays sells today for a large sum of money, but let us imagine a romance worth 20 islands of

Suppose some one, wrenching away a shaky panel in an old house in Warwickshire, came upon a concealed cupboard, wherein lay, thick with the dust of 300 years, a roll of manuscript, curled and yellow with age. And suppose that, on unfolding it, he found it bore the title 'The Life of Me, William Shakespeare." Here surely would be a record of unparalleled interest and chiefly the chapter which should tell of how he came to London. Think of what that step was to him, consider the power of his mind, imagine it at the age of 50, looking back with calm nurnfiled insight on its own history as a drama, and then reflect what he, Shakespeare, could say about that youthful entry into London, and how depict it. A king's ransom could not buy the chapter, and a temple would be a poor place to house it. -Chambers'

CROSBY'S SCHEME.

Journal.

New York Man Has an Odd Danger Signal Scheme.

Naval officers attached to the lighthouse board, the hydrographic service science. Miss Proctor's success is very maid" would have been as likely to be and the warships in commission, as well pleasing to those who gave her encou as life saving service officials, are inter-ested in a plan suggested by Colonel was Mr. George W. Childs who start John Schuyler Crosby of New York for Miss Proctor on the road to specess. conspicuously marking the dangerous as he started scores of others. Her e points on the ocean, gulf and lake coast rience ought to be a lesson and insp

The scheme is to paint, in a most talent and the ambition to strike outfor prominent place on the life saving sta- themselves in a new field of endests. tions and houses of refuge, large, white I remember Miss Proctor's first Roman numerals, so as to be visible distinctly. She considered it a d from the sea as soon as the stations can failure and she was almost disc be distinctly seen, thereby enabling the and ready to give up, but a few seafaring community to definitely locate of cheer from Mr. Childs and others their vessels in tempestuous weather, gave her new heart. She tried gain, particularly in winter, or after a period gained confidence in herself and a new of foggy weather, when observations of alone among women in her chose field. the sun are not easily obtained. -New York Letter.

HE RANG UP ANOTHER.

A Sober Stau's Funny Experience With a Fare Register.

Sometimes things happen to men who ars perfectly sober. This one happened on a north bound "limits" car. The car was crowded, and when

Schiller street was reached, the lady who sat just about amidships was unable to attract the attention of the conductor to have him signal so she might get off. Mr. Sanborn is always gracious, always suave, always courteous. He saw

beauty in distress, and he believed in helping his neighbor. So he reached up to the cord and rung the bell. Of course up from 65 to 66.

It is not recorded that a conductor ever failed to notice it when this sort of blunder occurred. And so the conductor, far away as he was, out of sight of the passenger's signal, began to edge his way forward through the crowd, vengeance threatened by his manner.

Of course the pasengers tittered, and Mr. Sanborn should have turned red. But he didn't.

He awaited the approach of the collision with the same snavity. The lady in whose behalf the harm was done had left him to his fate and was edging to the front door as the car came to a halt. Who rang up that fare?" demanded

the man with a proper grievance. "I did," manfully replied the culprit, He afterward avowed that he was ready to plead guilty in any other language, if, as he expected, the conductor might not be fluent with English.

lost no time. He expressed various opinions, all tending to a harmony of result, of the man who would do such a consummately idiotic trick as to ring up a fare instead of pulling the signal bell. Of course from his point of view it was a stupid trick. The conductor who would be so stupid would have trouble in maintaining his standing with the authorities of the line.

But Mr. Sanborn wasn't a conductor and didn't want to be. He accepted the situation, and when the conductor reached the end, he was ready. "You'll have to pay that fare," con-

cluded the conductor. "Very well, I can do it," said Mr.

Sanborn, handing a silver dime to his assailant. The latter fished around in his pocket

for the nickel that was due in return. Then came Mr. Sanborn's revenge. You may keep the change," he said,

with the same unfailing suavity. want to ring it again." And ring it again he did, to the delight of the sympathetic passengers, who had before enjoyed the situation and now found their pleasure multiplied. But the dumfounded conductor

squeezed his way back to his domain of

darned. "-Chicago Record. A Famous Book. Concerning the making of that most popular of all child's books, "Shock-Headed Peter," its author, Dr. Hoffmann, of Frankfort, Germany, tells this story: He had been searching high and low for a suitable picturevain. At last be purchased a blank copy-book and told his wife he was going to make a picture-book for the boy-"one he can understand, and in which the tedious morals 'be obedient,' 'be calm,' 'be industrious,' are brought home in a manner which impresses the young child." He knew nothing of drawing, but he set to work and produced the gruesome picture of all the naughty boys and girls which everybody knows. His child was delighted, and when some of his circle of literary friends saw it they urged him to have it published before the boy spoiled it, and a publisher said he would bring it "Well," said Dr. Hoffmann, "give me eighty gulden" (about \$25), "and try your fortune. Don't make it expensive and don't make it too strong. Children like to tear books as well as to read them, and nursery-books ought not to be heirlooms. They ought to last only a time." An edition of fifteen hundred was quickly sold, and now one hundred and seventy-five editions have appeared in Germany and forty in England, and it has been translated into Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, French, Italian and Portuguese, and it has penetrated India, Africa and

She Reads to Save. study advertisements, and I know where and when and how to purchase the household supplies. My husband used to laugh at me for reading advertisements so carefully, and he has long since learned that I save many dollars every month, says a writer in Womankind. I know of no better way to practice economy, and do you know it is a wonder how soon you learn to detect the real from the false, intuitively, alost? I do not think I have ever been 'taken in" by an advertisement; there always something about the false ones that repels me. You hear a good deal nowadays about the "practical pages" of magazines and newspapers, but for me the practical pages are those containing the business announcements of reputable houses. The housekeeper who takes advantage of these practical lints in those pages shows a great deal more common sense than does the one who tries to furnish a seven-room cottage with a lot of soap boxes covered with denim worked in fancy stitch, and to feed her growing family with neverending reminiscences of the meal that went before. To the economical house keeper the advertisements are the most important part of any publication.

A Woman Astronomer.

Miss Mary Proctor delivered her one hundredth lecture on astronomy recently in Cooper Union, from the same plat- of age, and yet she had never been form on which her distinguished father thought of as anything but a young and spoke years ago on the same branch of beautiful woman, and the ferm tion to others of her sex who have to

WOMAN'S WORLD.

HOW SUZANNE KEYSER WON THE MEDAL AT THE INSTITUT RUDY.

Young Old Maids - Discrimination Against Women-A Successful Woman Barber. Ideal Dress of the Working Woman. The Limit of Woman's Work.

Philadelphia has many people and many things to be proud of, but it is not generally known that one of its fair daughters has wen such distinction as it was the wrong cord, and the arrow American. This young woman, not yet on the face of the cash register moved 22 years of age, is Miss Suzanne Keyser, the daughter of Mr. Charles S. Keyser, the well known lawyer. So quietly has she reaped her unusual henors that few outside of the circle of her most intimate acquaintances are aware that she, an American born and English speaking maiden, went to France, and in Paris, its literary and artistic center. won the medal for dramatic ability at the Institut Rudy against at least 300 competitors, all of whom were French.

How she won the medal which never before has crossed the ocean is told by her in a bright, pleasing fashion, essen tially girlish and very winning in its utter absence from any trace of egotism. I have always loved to recite, and

to be trained by some member of the Comedie Française seemed to be the height of my ambition. Therefore when papa took me to Paris I made up my mind that I should at least aim for The representative of corporations What I had a way to see



SUZANNE KEVSEIL

Dupont Vernon at the theater, and I told him I wanted to become one of his pupils. He looked me all over, shruged his shoulders, gave me a little piece of poetry and said, 'Come to my home to morrow and recite that to me. ' When the platform and muttered, "Well, I'm tomorrow came, we went to see him. As I entered he said in a sort of autronizing fashion, 'Don't be frightened.' Up to that minute I had no thought of being frightened, but just the a big lump came up in my throat which had never been there before. For a minute I felt I was going to break down, but I conquered the fear and did the best I knew how. When I was though, he rose, kissed me on the formend and called me his pupil. For a war I studied with him-ah, he was sch a man, the best and cleverest teaser in the world. Racine Moliere—all of the poets and dramatists I lived win constantly, each day being more percet in my French, of course. Whe my course with him was concluded, went to the Institut Rudy as a sor of finishing touch. A year more them and the time came for me to go home. On Thursday I said goodby to my fellow students, as growing. I expected to sail on Saurday, and back to the pension that had been my home for so long I went to fish my packing. The old lady who kep it, and whom I had always supposed lisliked me, was very affectionate, kining me on both cheeks, and I could do see that she was more than ordinaril excited.

" 'Put on your lest gown, mademoiselle,' said she and I, puzzled all the while at her desennor, obeyed. My astonishment was greater when we started off in a face, the bus or tram being usually goodenough for us. Soon we drew up at the Francaise; but, instead of going in the front way, I followed her to the stage entrance. Here my teacher med ne, and kissing me on the forehead ad, 'In three minutes, mademoiselle, on are to make your

"You can dangine my feelings as he told me what a do, and after I had gone out before the vast audience and given a tragic scen from one play, a bit of comedy from another and finished up with the little poem I had first recited in Paris I fet as though I was the most dismal failer in the world. There was an awful sience, and no one seemed to look at meer care about me. Then all of a sudde there was a great clapping of hands as a man stepped forth and handed by this medal. I didn't know it was for me and didn't want to take it, but the M. Vernon came to my side and in the midst of the enthusiasm told me howhe had entered me in the comwithout my knowing it, how petitic ges were not willing that an an should compete, and the conditionwas to have me go on totally un prepard to make things fair in their own zinds. Yet, after all, in their own language, and because they really judged me to best, the medal was handed to an imerican girl, whom every one,

Young Old Maids. At a very smart wedding a few days go it suddenly occurred to me that the minently lovely bride walking down the aisle was not a day under 30 years applied to the man at her side as to herself, and I could not but think how notably in this regard "the old order

changeth, giving place to new. Maidens who have passed their thirtieth year may now claim that they represent the most perfect and advanced type of maidenhood and look down upon girls who marry before 25 as very much more akin to savages, for it is a well known fact that the age of marriage advances with civilization. Among the Australians and other savages girls

among the nations who lead modern civilization the age is a constantly rising one-from 17 or 18 of 50 years ago the average has risen to between 21 and 25. And does it not follow, by inexorable logic, that girls who wait until 28 or 50 are forerunners of a still higher civilization?

It is not only a fact that women marry later in life than they used, but it is equally true that everywhere the more mature weman is to the fore. The young and inexperienced bud has ceased to be the reigning queen of the hour. She has been forced to yield her place to the maturer woman, the woman of culhas never before failen to the lot of an tivated mind and manners, of broader experience and wider knowledge.

All this is only the natural result of evolution. With her deeper interests, wider outlook, mlarged sympathies, she scarcely feels the relentless march of the years, and with all the new light upon her physical care and condition she can easily look as worng as she feels. Rouge pots, wigs and bair dyes have happily gone their way, and fresh air, exercise baths and diet have taken their place. -New York Sun.

Discrimination Against Women,

It is not difficult to find an exense for the refusal of the men of Massachusetts to give the halbt to women. So long as the masses of famale citizens of that or any other state are indifferent on the suffrage questim their fathers, husbands and brothers will not insist on loading them with political burdens or duties. This may or nay not be the best policy, but it harmonizes with human nature and is likely o stand. The advocates of equal suffrage should see, in recent events in Nev York and Massachusetts, that their wok lies among the women; that a desire for the ballot on the part of a majority of the women is a condition precedest to their getting it. Appeals to legislatures, to constitutional conventions and to party conventions will have Ittle effect while the women

remain in r don't care state of mind. But the fict that the women of Massachusetts lo not vote except for school officers is not a good reason for discriminating against them in public employments. Indeed their exclusion from any partripancy in making laws, assessing taxes and deciding what amounts of money shall be expended for this, that and the other purpose ought to inspire the voters and their official agents with a cesire and purpose to carefully guard the rights and interests of the nonvoting sex. But it does not appear to have done so. On the contrary the women in all parts of the state are treated unfairly in the one public employment in which they are and always have been conspicuously successfulthat of a teacher.

Justice demands that a woman be paid the same wages as a man for teaching in the public schools. It is not just to pay women only \$48 per month for work in public schools for which men receive \$128. - Exchange.

A Successful Woman Barber. Mrs. Anne Howard has opened a barber shop near the Brooklyn bridge, where all the work is done by women done most delicately and delightfully. "I believe it would be a good idea to have a couple of colored women to polish boots, too," she said to a New York reporter. "As soon as men get over the strangeness of it they like to have a woman take care of them. I learned how to shave out west, where most of the new ideas come from these days. I have two shops in Chicago that are doing a good business. In one of them, while I was working there with four others just before coming east, we too in \$125 a week, and the business is

'I am going to open a shop in New York before long-that is, as soon as I am well started here. Rents are so much higher over there in any location that I should care to have that I thought I had better be settled in Brooklyn first. My trade here is better every day. Wednesdays and Saturdays I am very busy. I shall have two more women here within a week or ten days. Of course it isn't as easy to find really good women barbers as it is to find men, but I know so many that I shall not have any trouble.

"The men in this business don't like the idea at all, and every now and then I receive anonymous letters from some man barber or other. All I have to say for the writers is that while they were writing they were not doing anything else, and that they haven't done me any

Philadelphia has a college for barbers, where women are admitted. Some of them better take Mrs. Howard as an example and start out for themselves. -Philadelphia Press.

Ideal Dress of the Working Woman

Mrs. Martha Strickland is not only a lawyer and a lecturer on parliamentary law, but a warm advocate of physical culture and correct dress. This talented weman, who is yet young and charming and graceful, carries out her ideas regarding correct dress in an artistic and picturesque way that is decidedly pleasing, even to very fastidious people

In appearance she is of medium height and plump. Her face is full, the expression pleasant, with a mouth and chin that denote firmness and strength. Her eyes are of deep blue and light up with animation when she talks. Recently when asked to give her idea of the working woman's costume she said: "The ideal dress of the working wom-

an would banish the skirt, but even if ever the judges, up to that moment had such abolition were possible we would regreed as Prench." - Philadelphia desire for all other occasions to retain the skirt. The masculine idea in faminine dress is one which is thoroughly inartistic. It is true men's dress is more convenient than that of women, but this is its sole advantage, for it is hopelessly ugly, and why women should imitate it in any respect I cannot imagine. They have not adopted its utilitarian features, but have taken those which are most undesirable. Naturally the corset is an obstacle in the way of dress improvement, by wearing loose, plain waists, which is a slovenly fashion, not an artistic one. It was a bad expression of a good kind, and the corseted figure has this advantage, that it is a good expression of a bad kind. So we prefer the smooth fitting corseted waist of the two, for we all like skill."-New York World.

The Limit of Women's Work,

Now come the questions, What should be the limit of women's work? Where marry at 11, 10 or even 9 years of age; should they draw the line? This, at any among semicivilized Egyptians, Hin- rate, it is safe to answer, "At that point doos, etc., the age is from 12 to 141 where their work ceases to do good." southern Europeans marry their girls soon as a woman feels she is in a posibetween the ares of 15 and 18, while tion in which the best and noblest of

men cease to look upon her with reverence, then she may be sure she has over stepped the limits of womanly dignity and reserve, and that there her influence will not be pure, elevating and noble.

There is plenty of real work for all of us to do beyond the sphere of home, in the fields of art, science and literature, and also, like Florence Nightingale and many other brave women, as nurses and emforters of the sick, the wounded and the dying.

Women's influence is sometimes said to be greater now than in past times. It is more palpable certainly, but I doubt whether more potent, for, as we know well for centuries, the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world. The difference is that nowadays women are not content to work quietly as mere wire pullers. Instead they like to see and be seen, and to have the credit of their deeds.

The old idea was that "men must work and women must weep," but the newer idea that women should work, too, according to their talents and opportunities, seems more rational and healthy and is calculated to make them weep less. Let them give over weeping by all means, but in all their work let them remember that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," therefore not to try to be like men, and also not to think that nothing is too high or too sacred for them to meddle with.-Home Notes.

Equality.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, a member of the English house of commons, has views upon an ideal society. In his perfect nation men and women will enjoy social

and political equality. "What I want to see," says this ardent champion, "is that women should be placed in such an economic position that marriage will not be entered into by her as the last and the only means she has of getting a livelihood. Every woman should be taught to be self supporting if she belongs to those who have to live by their own exertions, and, indeed, whether she does or not, she ought to learn to help herself, for even settled facts may disappear. In the wealthier classes woman should be given the highest education she is capable of receiving, so as to the reporter, with bated breath. be an intellectual companion to her husband if she desire to have one-and to herself if she choose to live alone." But the admirable common sense of these statements is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that in Mr. O'Conpor's ideal "every girl will be married at 17 and every man at 21."

Journalism at Wellesley.

Wellesley college should produce some brilliant additions to the journalistic ranks within a few years. One of the and vivacity to exercise?" queried the courses in English offered during the reporter. junior year is in newspaper work. It is for students who have done superior none. Do I walk? Mais non. Tonjours work. Practice in reporting, condensing a voiture. Nothing could tempt me to editing and writing of editorials, topics and reviews, with the study of current events, makes this half year's work of great value to those who have proved their ability for it.

Gave All Her Scanty Savings,

Miss Caroline Rustad of Whitehall, Wis., a Scandinavian spinster, 65 years of age, has turned over to Banker J. O. Melby \$200, nearly all of her scanty earnings for the last 12 years, to be sent to the suffering missionaries and Armenians in Turkey. The old lady insisted on making the donation, and so Mr. Melby forwarded the money to the Lutheran Missionary society at St. Stravagar, Norway.-Chicago Times Herald.

Dr. Josephine Conin. Dr. Josephine Cunin, gold medalist, Bishops, 1805, has been one of the few specessful candidates for the degree of L. R. C. P. at Edinburgh, taking highest honors after a sojourn there of three for me. months. Dr. Cunin is at present in

Miss Helen Culver has given \$1,000,-000 to the University of Chicago. It is always gratifying to the friends of equal rights when coeducational colleges and universities are thus generously remembered, especially by women.

The rage for lace in woman's finery extends nowadays literally from head to foot, for lace slippers and low shoes made of stiffened not and trimmed with lace rosettes are shown for ballroom

men as to how to retain their youthful Five minutes' soaking in ammonia and water will clean the dirtiest frying pans so that rinsing and wiping are all that will be needed.

Use a wire frame for boiling potatoes and see how much of vexation it saves myself. It might be good; from experiand how satisfactory the result. I take a hot bath, I have my dejeuner

The Des Moines Women's club has \$4,000 in its treasury. WRIT ON A SPOOL.

Letter by a Factory Girl That Ended In a

Romantic Wedding. Eugene Green of Syracuse visited his sister at Turnwood, N. Y., last October and, incidentally, fished for trout in the brooks. He procured a spool from his sister on which to wind his line, and was surprised to read on the wood, "Whoever finds this will confer a favor by writing to Miss Lena Drake, Willi-

Green concluded to write to Miss Drake, and he received a prompt answer. They exchanged photographs, and finally met and renewed the pledges made in writing. Green proposed marriage and was accepted. They were married at

Willimantic the other day. The shopgirl becomes the wife of a well to do gentleman through her writing on the spool. inconsistency is furnished," she laugh-

Wanted It Out.

An old highland sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments was going his little. I've seen so few. Mary Anderson rounds one night to see that all the is the greatest. Next to her I consider lights were out in the barrick rooms. petite Miss Marlowe the best. She is Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out, 'Put oot that light there!"

One of the men shouted back, "It's the mune, sergeant!" Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return: "I dinna care a tacket

what it is! Put it oot!"-Scotsman. Illustrated. "The burning question," exclaimed the table as he took a fresh start in the

discussion of the labor problem, "the burning question is"-"Got a match about you?" interposed Banks, biting off the end of a cigar and yawning dismally. - Chicago Tribune.

WORK HER ONL

HOW THE DIVINE BERNHARDT KEEPS YOUNG.

She Detests Massage and Lotions-Wears Loose Gowns and No Corsets-Fond of Cycling, but Not of Walking-Hates Cold and Revels In Hot Baths.

Bewitchingly clothed in a violet velvet gown, with an aureole of tousled hair, in which borrowed glints of sunshine shone amid strands of span gold, Bernhardt, the synonym for perpetual youth, answered the catechism of a reporter the other afternoon on how to keep young.

"There is no secret to divulge. I know not how I grow younger, as you say," naively declares the fascinating Bernhardt.

Then, with uplifted gaze and a clasping of the hands, she continues, in accents most adorable:

"Dien maked me as I am and Dien keeps me so. I have my art. I workwork-work. In work I take my greatest pleasure. It is a tonic, a delicious preventive of age. I sleep. I never drink wine. I act. There you have it all. In such atmosphere I have my daily being.

"God is good to me and through his goodness I remain young. "The secret of keeping young!" repeats the madame. "I do not know. I wish I did, and then I might tell you.

"Do I employ the services of a massense? "Non, non, I detest the massage. This and this, and so, is horrible," she declares, as she deftly kneads her cheeks with the points of her fingers, makes a

moue and says "Bah!" So much for the theory upon which women on the shady side of 30 have been wont to depend. This disposes of one pet idea with which many women are imbued. Massage is not beneficial, since Bernhardt's appearance is contradictory evidence of its being essential.

"Is there no lotion you number among your toilet articles?" suggests "Me! Lotion for the face! Indeed no.

Water, hot water, and plenty of it, Nothing else could be so good. It keeps the complexion clean and clear. Well, then, do you not advocate cold "Nevaire, nevaire do I use cold water

for a bath. I detest cold water. It is not good. I like it very hot." And by way of emphasizing her remarks Bernhardt pounded her knee with vigor. "Do you attribute your good health

"Exercise!" exclaims she. "I take walk. I abominate such means of locomotion. I ride everywhere. I am too busy to spend time in walking. It is so much easier to ride. Time is very valuable, and a day goes so quickly," says the Bernhardt as she glances furtively at the tiny watch which dangles from the well equipped chatelaine pin at her

"Do you advocate so called skin foods?" pursued the reporter. "No, indeed. I know nothing of

"Do you believe in cosmetics?" "Cosmetics! They are without favor. I want none of the so called beautifiers, " "Are you partial to bicycle riding?" "Yes," says madame enthusiastically, 'I think the bicycle very agreeable, but I do not ride in winter. I ride m

miles in summer and always in the country. "I wear a full plaited skirt and a jersey bodice on my wheel. No bloomers

"I hate the cold," vehemently asserts Bernhardt, "I love summer. I am devoted to its warmth. Winter is cold; it is bleak, little sunshine and much bit ing wind.'

"It has been said that you are going to buy a yacht, the salon of which is to be fitted up as a miniature theater. Is it true?" "Ca, ce n'est pas. I am a wretched

sailor. I could do no work on the seas. I abominate the water. It has no attrac tions for me. An ocean voyage is terrible. I would never take a water trip for pleasure." "Is there no advice you can give wo-

appearance?" persisted the inquisitor. "Do you think that 'rest cures' is a myth? "Frenchwomen do not take the 'rest cure.' I have no time for such a thing ence I do not know it. I rise about noon,

and then to the theater. "I have no favorite roles. I am devoted to them all. I design all my own gowns and prefer to do it." Mme. Bernhardt has decided opinions

in matters of dress reform, and this is what she says on the subject : "Tight dresses nevaire, if you would be graceful. Always wear loose, clinging garments, if you would be artistic. I wear no corset, nor do I commend any substitute. Be free, easy; do not tightly girth yourself about, and the poetry of motion is soon acquired."

"No high heeled shoes, then, madame?" was interposed. "Oh, yes, not too tall, though," answers the tragedy queen, with a captivating shrug of her shoulders.

"Just so great as yours," concludes madame as she draws aside her skirts and discloses to view a dainty foot, finely proportioned, in bronze slippers, with heels three inches high. "Another demonstration of woman's

ingly remarks. "Of American actresses I know so charmante, pretty and so clever an artist." One day, Bernhardt thinks, she will be great. "-New York World.

The European powers seem to be taking turns in seeing how close to the airhole they can skate without going through the Ice.

Those South African Boers are a very economical, frugal people. They didn't Rivers, bringing his fist down hard on waste any ammunition on Jameson's men-130 killed, 27 wounded,

Uncle Mose-"Dat dorg is ma best friend, an' I wouldn't sell 'um fe' noth-Van Pelt-"I'll give you fifty in'." cents for him." Uncle Mose-"He's yo' dorg."-Yonkers News.