

# WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

## TRAP FOR 'POSSUM

Canned Salmon or Sardines Useful as Bait.

Expert Gives Some Hints That May Lead to the Capture of This Delight of the Southern Darky—Fur of Little Value.

It is usually easier to take a couple of good dogs into the country, especially that country below the Mason and Dixon line, to secure opossums, than it is to bother trapping them. But this does not mean that Mr. Possum is difficult to lure into a trap.

For bait, use canned salmon or sardines. It will bring every opossum within smelling distance. Set the traps near any thick woods, or in shallow ditches. The best method for water sets is to stake a fish just above the surface of the water and surround



A Happy Darky.

It with traps. Some prefer to build pens of brush with only one entrance to each and place baits in them. The entrances, of course, are guarded with traps.

In weeds, place a bait upon a stick about a foot and a half from the ground. Under this place a trap, carefully concealed. One can always recognize the presence of the opossum by the sharp claw-like marks it makes in the mud.

Search about until you find a small tree whose roots are above the ground and come together in the shape of a fan. Arrange the pen of sticks about the bait so that it cannot be approached except from one direction, and have the only entrance guarded with traps. Leaves make an excellent covering for sets of this kind. Sets may also be made at the entrances to dens. These, however, must be placed with extreme care, otherwise they will not prove successful.

The opossum is known to the trade as a "cheap fur." The reason is that most of the pelts secured are not prime. The skin, too, is of little value, and it was not until lately that there was much demand for it at all. After a pelt is dried, one can tell whether it is prime or not by examining it closely. If black spots are found near the throat, especially the hide is not first class. The larger the spots the less the value.

### Great Mushroom.

A mushroom weighing more than thirty pounds and measuring three and one-half feet in diameter, was found in Beverly by Mrs. Alice Wool of Boston, according to the Transcript. It was like two great roses of cream, fawn color, waxy white and full of irregular holes on the underside. A litter of boughs and pasteboard boxes had to be made, two men carried it to the station and placed it in a baggage car on a Boston-bound train. It could not be taken into a street car or a taxi, and Mrs. Wool hired an automobile for its transportation to Horticultural hall for the Mycological club exhibition. The members tasted it and pronounced it good. Four years ago at this time Mrs. Wool found a smaller specimen in the same spot on the North shore. She has gone there every season since, but failed to see anything which looked like a polyporus. This leads her to conclude that it takes four seasons for the spore to form a plant ground and produce a flower.

### Riches Found Through Dream.

Acting on impressions received in a dream, which was repeated four nights, always indicating the location of fabulous wealth, Andrew Neilson, an old-time prospector of Anaconda, Mont., struck a ledge rich in virgin gold. The news of the strange find created a stir in Anaconda, and a rush of prospectors to the cliff above Flint creek started.

### Religious Belief Causes Trouble.

Admiral Li of the Chinese navy is a Christian, and his firm adherence to his principles has of late months made his official life unpleasant. He incurred the displeasure of President Yuan by refusing to obey the order that all officials connected with the boards of the army and navy should go to the temple of the war god to worship in the old Confucian manner.

### Easily Deceived.

"Why did that young man look so cross when Mrs. Smith told him she heard he had such killing ways?" "She told him that? Great Scott! That's a doctor."

## REFLECTED FROM THE LAND

Mirage Frequently Seen by Travelers Through the Red River Valley of Minnesota.

That phenomenon known as the mirage has always been of interest to travelers. Sometimes even people on the train can get a glimpse of such an illusion. In the Red River valley of Minnesota are occasionally to be seen some of its effects. In a guide book issued by the United States Geological survey Warren Upham says: "The mirage, typical of plains, country or the ocean, may be seen in the Red River valley almost any sunny day in spring, summer or autumn. This queer phenomenon makes the high land at the sides of the valley and the tops of the distant trees and houses appear to be raised a little above the horizon, with a narrow strip of sky between. The more complex and astonishing effect of mirage may be seen from the highland on either side of the lake-bed floor. There, in looking across the valley from one and one-half to two hours after sunrise on a hot morning following a cool night, the groves and houses, villages and grain elevators loom up to two or three times their true height and appear ordinarily hidden by the curvature of the earth are brought into view. Oftentimes, too, these objects are seen double, being repeated in an inverted image close above their real position and separated from it by a foglike belt. In its most perfect development the mirage shows the upper and topsy-turvy portion of the view quite as distinctly as the lower and true portion. These appearances are due to refraction and reflection from layers of air of different density such as are often formed above a wide expanse of level country in warm weather."

## FATHER TIME NEVER BLUFFED

Sooner or Later the Old Gentleman Gets Even With Those Who Practice Deception.

Once upon a time there was a lady who wished to have her real age kept a secret. In order to get away with it she instructed her son, in case anyone asked how old he was, to knock off about 50 per cent.

She told people the boy was large for his age and explained the gruff tones of his voice by saying that his tonsils needed attention.

One day the rector of the church called, and while waiting in the drawing room for the lady to put the finishing touches to her make-up he talked with the boy, who was pretending to read "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for the seventeenth time. The boy volunteered the information that tomorrow would be his birthday.

"Ah," said the rector, "and how old will you be then?"

"Ten years old," replied the boy, as per instructions.

"Indeed!" said the rector. "I dare say you haven't any idea what your mother is going to give you for a birthday gift?"

"Oh, yes, I have," was the unexpected answer. "She promised to give me a safety razor."

When the rector rushed into the hall to see what had caused the loud crash he had heard he found the boy's mother lying on the floor in a dead faint.

Moral: Old Father Time calls all bluffs.

### Tobacco Long Known.

It is worthy of remark that although the common clay pipe of England is entirely different in material and form from our original American pipe, it was used in nearly its present shape at the first introduction of tobacco, as though before approved for a similar use.

Clay pipes, supposed to be of a date anterior to this period, have occasionally been found in Irish bogs. An engraving of a drosow, sticking between the teeth of a human skull, may be found in the "Anthologia Hibernica," together with a paper which, on the authority of Herodotus, Strabo and other ancient writers, would prove that the northern nations of Europe, long before the discovery of America, were acquainted with tobacco, or an herb of similar properties, and that they smoked it through small tubes.

### What He Didn't Understand.

The soldier was telling the workman about a battle that he had once been in that had lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. His description was most graphic, and he became very enthusiastic as he lived through the stirring scenes again.

"There's one thing I can't understand about the story," said the workman, slowly, when he had finished. "You say that the battle began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted until seven o'clock at night?"

"Yes, that's so," was the reply.

"Then," retorted the workman with a puzzled air, "what I can't make out is how did you manage about your dinner hour?"

### Mouse Has \$30 Bed.

"Plute," a large, fat mouse which has haunted the judgment department of the county clerk's office for several months past, the other day became a fugitive from justice when it was discovered that he had made his bed in nearly \$30 worth of revenue stamps.

His homesteading activities might have been overlooked had he not decided that his bed would be softer if he first gnawed the stamps into fine bits of paper.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

## Sailors Upon the Sea of Summer Style



Venturing upon the becalmed sea of summer fashions these three sailors went sailing from the safe harbor of the salons where such wonderful craft are made. They are the "something new," which we could hardly expect, and the something beautiful, for which we hoped, in headwear.

The wide-brimmed hat in black malines overlaid with lace has a small crown and is reported as a forerunner of this particular type for fall. The brim is flat as well as wide, and gives the hat character, while the crown is negligible—just a crown that fits the head—and nothing more. Lace and folded bands of satin ribbon adorn it, and at the front an odd half-wheel of gaura feathers seems exactly the right ornament in the right place.

Just below, a white felt sailor, with brim less wide and curving slightly upward demonstrates the perennial style of the French idea in sailors. A bow of black velvet ribbon is set below the back brim and, for decoration, transparent oak leaves of black chiffon are laid flat to the brim and a double row of round pearl beads is set against the crown.

A combination of black straw braid, of the shiny sort, and heavy white linen makes up the third of these smart hats. Its brim is the narrowest of the three and its crown the most ambitious as to size and trimming. Even at that, it is simply trimmed with a small pair of outspread wings in black, mounted flat against the brim, and a row of crocheted balls

set about the crown where the lines and the braid are joined.

As to the success of these late comers among sailors there is no question; fitness for midsummer wear is written all over them and to each belongs originality and beauty.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

### Organdie Over Silk.

Flowered organdies are back in fashion for summer frocks. Lovely effects may be obtained by mounting the flowered organdie over thin silk. The silk need not necessarily match the tint of the flowers; for instance, a lavender flowered organdie is mounted over pale pink pussy-willow silk; a rose flowered organdie is mounted over faint lilac and so on. Black velvet ribbon sashes are much fancied with these pretty costumes, and the sharp note of black seems to make the soft colors of the organdie all the softer and more dainty.

### Cape Clasp.

There are some decidedly tempting cape clasps for sale this summer—things the jewelers have provided in response to the fashions for capes. They are now used chiefly for evening, a time when the cape or cape-like coat is much used. Sometimes the clasp consists of a single big stone dangling by a chain from a small, dull metal cap. Sometimes the clasp is much like the old-fashioned belt buckle, or chased metal, enamel, or metal set with stones.

## Coiffures That Merit Approval



Only one entirely new coiffure has attracted a widespread attention this season, and that is the "Bobby," in which the hair appears to be bobbed off at the sides, as children wear it. But other pretty arrangements merit the approval that has been accorded them. Two becoming and neat-looking coiffures are shown here, suited to those women who like simple styles and the well-groomed look that belongs to carefully wadded hair.

At the left is a coiffure which is an inspiration of the "Bobby." The hair is parted at the middle and waved. A little fringe across the forehead is curled slightly, and the part made as inconspicuous as possible by lifting the hair at each side so that it lies evenly but loosely on the head. It is pulled forward in front of the ears and lies on the cheek in a wave. It is arranged in three flat coils across the back, and a fine hair net preserves its neat appearance.

Hair nets should be drawn very lightly over the coiffure and pinned with invisible hairpins in many places. They are not noticed when put on in the right way, but usually they flatten the hair by being drawn too tightly over it.

At the right a waved coiffure is shown parted at the side. The back hair is arranged in a figure "8" and an ornamented comb is thrust into the coil. The comb is of tortoise shell (or an imitation shell), set with small bluestones.

### A Clear Skin.

Good health is the only lasting prescription for a good skin. Cosmetics and lotions will do no good if the real trouble is lack of exercise or indigestion in eating. Indigestion is the cause of many pimply skins and sluggish dispositions. Your stomach and its health will reflect on your beauty.

Many girls lunch daily on a dish of ice cream or some candy. A sallow, muddy complexion is the inevitable result. You should make every meal as substantial as possible, and do not eat between meals.

Women who form the habit of getting up late, then rushing off without any breakfast, or none to speak of, will soon show the results of this in their faces. The midday meal need not be heavy—a salad, a patte, a light dessert, a glass of milk is enough.

## DOGS NO MATCH FOR BUCK

Animal at Bay Proved Itself Master of Pack That Had Been Put on Its Track.

Animals of different species do not often fight one another because they cannot comprehend or guard against an attack different from that used by one of their own kind.

The predatory beasts in many cases overcome their prey not because they are very much stronger, but because of the fear and confusion that their strange method of attack rouses in their quarry.

For example, a dog of a fighting breed charges like a lion, and nearly every member of the deer tribe, including even the elk and moose, flies from him in panic; but when one of these animals learns the real power of the dog it is a different matter.

Hobart Ames kept a number of deer in a park at his winter home in Tennessee, among them a buck with a fine set of horns. The buck came to have a great contempt and dislike for dogs, and one unfortunate dog that got into the deer inclosure did well to escape with his life.

The buck had learned that no dog could withstand the charge or the thrust of his horns, and running from them was the last thing he thought of. On the other hand, the dogs were greatly puzzled by an animal that ought by all rules to run away, but did not.

One night the big buck jumped out of his yard, and Mr. Ames' foreman put the dogs on the deer's track and found him in a thicket a quarter of a mile from the house. There was a fight, and then the dogs were seen coming home at top speed, followed by the enraged buck.

His hair was turned the wrong way and his eyes burned redly as he charged every dog he could overtake. Several of the hounds were badly hurt and all of them were scared.

They fled to their own quarters, and it required the combined efforts of the kennel men and stable boys to rescue the pack. Probably if a single one of the hounds had learned to fight a deer at bay his example would have been followed by his mates.—Youth's Companion.

## MAN TAKES SECOND PLACE

Many Ways in Which He Is Inferior to the Partner of His Joys and Sorrows.

A man can't do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch that the cat does not steal the remnant of the meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once, and not half try.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning, and made it light the great cities of the world.

But he can't find a reel of thread in his wife's workbasket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right end up. He cannot hold clothespins in his mouth while he is doing it, either. He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He cannot sew on a button. In short, he cannot do a hundred things that women do almost instinctively.

### His Children's Work.

He was certainly a very poor specimen of humanity, and so far as could be seen, was certainly a fitting recipient of the pennies dropped into his box by the charitable-minded. Day after day he sat there, none knowing or caring how he managed the journey to and from his residence, in whatever part of the town that might be, without an accident. "What brought you to this, my poor fellow?" inquired a lady of a rather more practical turn of mind than many. "My children, ma'am," replied the fellow, with a pitiful groan.

Dropping some coins into the box, the lady passed on, with a remark to her companion as to what some children are responsible for. A bystander, who overheard the remark, asked him the ages of his children. "The eldest is twelve, and there are four others," replied the knave. "Then you rascal, how could they bring you to this?" "In a handcart, the same as they take me away," was the self-satisfied response.

### Ready For It.

He was traveling in the South and had to put up overnight at a second-rate hotel in western Georgia. He said to the clerk when he entered: "Where shall I autograph?"

"Autograph?" said the clerk. "Yes, sign my name, you know."

"Oh, right here."

As he was signing his name in the register in came three roughly clothed, unshorn fellow immediately recognizable as Georgia "crackers." One of them advanced to the desk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority.

"Certainly," said the "cracker," his face no less radiant than that of the clerk; "mine's ryan."—The Argonaut.

### Same Game.

"A fake beauty doctor is pursuing the same line of business as a gamester."

"What's that?"

"Cratching peaches."

## POISONED BY TATTOOING INK

Woman Freak Slowly Dying of Poison Which Has Brought on Cancerous Attack.

The lights are going out for Irene, the world's most famous tattooed woman. All the blare of music, all the garishness and excitement of the circus and the stage have given way to the colorless interior of a room at the Philadelphia hospital, where Irene is slowly dying of cancer of the stomach.

A few years ago Irene made money so rapidly that she never took time to balance her accounts or to worry about the future. She spent 20 years of her career in Europe, appearing before the crowned heads. She traveled all the big circus routes of the United States, drawing a fat salary.

Then the poison of the tattoo marks she had worn all over her body from the age of eight years began to put in its deadly work. Physicians say she has cancer of the stomach in a stage so advanced that an operation would be futile. The only thing the woman can do now is await death. She is fifty-seven years old and rapidly weakening.

According to her own story, her father was an artist. He tattooed her from head to foot when she was a child. She married when she was sixteen years old, and shortly after her husband secured for her a circus engagement. The woman says her husband is now a prominent inventor, with an office in Washington. She and her friends say he has deserted her.

For two years old friends of theatrical circuits have been supporting her. She became too weak to travel with a circus or appear on the stage. All the half-million dollars she and her husband made in Europe and this country has been spent. She says her husband disposed of most of the money.

Now Irene spends her time telling absorbing tales of circus life to the nurses in a voice that every day grows a little weaker. As her strength ebbs her memory seems to grow stronger. Little incidents of the past stand out vividly and lose nothing in her recital. Irene, still an actress, is making the supreme effort of her career before her last audience.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Cupid on Trial.

Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat in concert, were united in the more or less holy bonds of matrimony, according to the point of view, says the New York Times.

The minister who performed the ceremony is pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution, and the couple were of his flock. Not for the contracting parties nor for the minister the conventional ritual of church and state; not for them the old-fashioned notion that marriage is a step that must be taken with no thought of turning backward. The pair made responses to a formula provided by the pastor of the Social Revolution and frankly declare they will consider their union binding only so long as they "love each other." Divorces are sometimes justifiable, but it is not believed that this aspiring couple or their pastor have improved upon the liberal and usually wholesome laws of a majority of the states.

### Plenty of Room Outside.

He made the acquaintance of the young woman at the home of a friend and was severely smitten.

"May I call on you?" he found the courage to ask her.

The girl looked troubled. "I'm afraid not," she replied. Then she noticed his look of deep disappointment and hastily added: "We live in a flat, you see, and mamma and sister always sit in the parlor, and papa and the boys play checkers in the dining room, and the kitchen is so awfully small and hot. Would—would you mind sitting on the fire escape?"

Of course he hurriedly told her he wouldn't mind it at all, and the course of true love ran smooth again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Love for an Hour.

What is it that makes people so much better company at a masquerade than under any other circumstance?

In the circle of the black mask and the domino we have no name, no past, no future, no self to live up to or down to, and the mood that is uppermost need never impose itself upon a later mood.

We can be spontaneous and genuine. No wonder we are good company!

For on the whole our spontaneous impulses are kindly and gay.

We are almost ready to love our fellow men for an hour. If we are not thereby committing ourselves to loving them for a lifetime.

### A Shortage of Eclipses.

This year has been a famine so far as eclipse phenomena are concerned. Usually there are four eclipses each year, two of the sun and two of the moon; but both bodies have managed to avoid total obscuration this year, and though there have been two annular solar eclipses, confined mainly to the Pacific ocean, not once has the moon encountered the obscuring shadow of the earth.

### Regular Bonanza.

Howells—Did they ever succeed in extracting gold from the ocean?

Growells—Not in paying quantities. Yet salt water is rich in gold.

Howells—Why do you think so?

Growells—Because women's tears have extracted millions from the opposite sex.

## ON UNCHARTED RIVER

VESSELS' CAPTAINS HAVE TO TRUST A LOT TO LUCK.

Navigation on the Skeena, in Northwestern Canada, by No Means a Matter of Skill—Man Tells of Experience.

The frontier is the place for make-shifts and stop-gaps. Something that will serve must be made to do. Thus when you take a steamboat on the Skeena river in northwestern Canada you must expect neither the comfort nor the safety you take for granted on the Hudson. The author of "The New Garden of Canada" writes:

The bronzed captain standing on the bridge nodded his head significantly at the watery boiling and rushing at our feet.

"We don't navigate this river; we juggle our way down it!" he said. "And if you don't do the trick neatly, what then?"

"Oh, we just go to the bottom, that's all. We manage as a rule to plump her nose into the bank and give the passengers a chance to get off."

"What happens if you lose the boat?"

"They give us another in double-quick time. We have no board of trade inquiries out here. What's the use? No one has a chart of the river; it never runs two days alike; captains are few and far between. If you lose the boat, it's just hard luck. That's all there is to it."

Such is the Skeena river steamship captain's happy-go-lucky philosophy. It is typical of those who have to steer their way up and down this fiercely moving channel of water. These men have to learn from experience where the innumerable dangers lurk unseen, and knowledge of the position of a great many rocks has been gained in the Irish pilot's manner, by scrapping the boat's hull over them, generally with no benefit to the boat! Numberless boats have gone down. Why, in one year the whole traffic between Hazelton and the coast was tied up, just because every vessel had hit hard luck, and was either a rusting, shattered hulk at the bottom or lying a wreck on the bank. The Indian canoe was for months the only available vehicle of transportation.

We soon came to close grips with the foe. We had cast off the last rope, and the speeding waters picked up our little vessel and hurried her along viciously. On each side the river bubbled and frothed, with fringes of combing foam indicating the presence of sharp rocks just below the surface ready to give a savage snap at the boat if she ventured too close. The captain's telegraph rang continuously; the engineer never left his station for an instant. Clang followed so hard after clang that it was strange that the engineer could interpret the instructions correctly, and without hesitation.

In this upper stretch the worst place is the "Hornets' Nest." Certainly no band of yellow jackets was ever readier to sting the interloper than are those jagged rocks. The surface is merely an expanse of short, choppy, milky waves tumbling and tossing in all directions. The steamer passes through strange contortions to steer clear of this, that, and something else. It is a fortunate circumstance for the passengers that the boats are of shallow draft, for often there is only an inch or two between a granite tooth and the bottom of the boat, particularly late in the year, when the water is low.

A few seasons ago one boat was pulled warily up, hand over hand, by means of the line, when there was a jar and a scrape. Half the hull had gone, and the captain just managed to get the cripple beached. Another craft, lower down, heard of her sister's fate and hurried to her assistance. But she had not gone far when there was another greedy snap and shiver. Her captain had to make a quick turn for the bank. Both lay on the mud within a few feet of each other all the winter, showing their gaping wounds, until the season broke and a third vessel came up the stream with a gang of repairers on board. They strapped up the injuries temporarily, and towed the disabled craft down to Prince Rupert, where they were propped on the slips and equipped with new hulls. Soon both were wrestling with the river once more, but a short time before our journey one of them got trapped again. On the Skeena, hull patching is one of the busiest of occupations.—Youth's Companion.

Deception in Self-Defense.

"Where can I buy a nice light crutch?" asked the man who had called the drug store salesman furtively aside.

"We can get you one. For whom do you want it?"

"For myself."

"But you're not lame."

"No. But I'm going to carry a crutch, just the same. It's a stratagem. I don't want to seem disobedient to my women folks. But I'm blessed if I'm going to learn any more new dances this winter."

Saving Her Voice.

The Impresario—Certainly, madam, I can supply you with a second prima donna to sing your children to sleep. But you sing so perfectly yourself.

The Prima Donna Assoluta—But my singing is worth \$5,000 a night, and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children.—Houston Chronicle.