

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

The Term "Old Maid."

I wish the coming generation of women would try amid their more spectacular reform to abolish the term "old maid." Impossible, you say. Not at all. How do it? Simply by ceasing to say old maid when you mean "unmarried woman," and by teaching children to do the same.

I don't believe there is a phrase in the language that has caused as much heartache and shame as those two words, says a writer in the Albany Times-Union. Show me an unmarried woman between 30 and 40 who wouldn't rather be called a scold, or an egotist, or almost anything rather than an old maid. You can't. One hears a good deal about women marrying for a home. I don't believe half so many women marry for a home as marry to keep from being called old maids. And I don't wonder, for the idea "old maid" no longer simply means an unmarried woman. In its travels down the centuries it has picked up such unpleasant suggestions of angularity and unloveliness that the most independent woman might shrink from such a designation.

There are plenty of women who by their disagreeable characteristics do deserve such a term of reproach as old maid has grown to be, but they are not all on one side of the altar by any means. I know several married old maids, and I know several unmarried women who radiate that love and womanliness which are apt to associate with the married state. It is the insinuation that one has never been loved that makes the term old maid most cruel.

The Best Life.

The surprise of life always comes in finding how we have missed the things which have lain nearest us—how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time. Men who live best and longest are apt to come, as the result of their living, to the conviction that life is not only richer, but simpler, than it seemed to them at first. Men go to vast labor, seeking after peace and happiness. It seems to them as though they were far away from them—as though they must go through vast and strange regions to get it. They must pile up wealth, they must see every possible danger or mishap guarded against before they can have peace. Upon how many old men has it come with a strange surprise that peace could come to rich or poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life. They have made a long journey for their treasure; and when at last they stop to pick it up, lo! it is shining close beside the foot-print which they left when they set out to travel in a circle!—Phillips Brooks.

New Sleeves.



While sleeves continue to be close fitting at the armhole they are steadily increasing in width toward the lower edge. The long sleeve is also yielding to the three-quarter or "bridge" sleeve for dress wear. Three of these new sleeves show the oversleeve of cloth above an undersleeve of lighter fabric—a smart notion just now. The sleeve in the center shows an attractive arrangement of wrist trimming in the plait, small buttons and moire silk cuff. The two remaining models show a Marie Antoinette sleeve with elbow frills for a house gown, and a chiffon sleeve banded by cloth strappings, for a chiffon bodice built to match a cloth skirt.

Eat Your Cake, Don't Save It.

"People are always quoting the saying about eating your cake to the unfortunates whom they wish to force to save money," says a philosophical woman writer. "I know a lot of people who have never had pretty homes, pretty clothes nor what I may call a good time, because they are saving their money for an old age which they may never reach. I had rather live

in a poorhouse in my old age than in one all my life, as some folks do. I believe in the apostle's injunction to take no thought for the morrow, but to enjoy the things of to-day. So you cannot scare me with any tale that if I eat my cake I cannot have it. My motto is, 'If you save the cake you cannot have it,' and it is much more logical than the other."



Mrs. Lucy O. Perkins, now an expert guide at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, has been on the regular staff of the museum for several years.

There is one woman student at the Missouri School of Mines, Miss Eva Hirdler, of St. Louis. Miss Hirdler, who is in the junior class, is working for the degree of mining engineer.

The Bureau of Education in Manila has established a training school for nurses. Miss Malvina M. McKeever, of Roxbury, Mass., who served as a nurse in the Spanish war and later a matron in the civil hospital at Manila,

Under the methods in vogue a short time ago this would require the services of from 80 to 100 bakers; but the work is now done by a much smaller number, owing to the introduction of machinery. The trimming of the pies was formerly an operation which required the services of many persons, but a machine has been recently devised by which the task is done almost automatically. Indeed it is only necessary to have attendance to feed the pies to the machine and to take them away again. The actual baking is done in rotary ovens, which are operated by a single man, and a few of these machines will look after the product of a large place. In the particular plant under discussion two men are kept busy in the delivery room, where the pies are sorted and gotten ready for the delivery men.

"Dear Hubbie" Will Good.

"To my dear hubbie I give all my estate, real and personal, for he is entitled to it," was the will that figured in a \$3,500 real estate lawsuit tried in court at Lancaster, Pa., recently.

William V. Eisenberger sold a property for \$3,500 to Mrs. Sallie E. Eckman, but the latter refused to accept the deed tendered because Eisenberger's title came to him through the will of Mrs. Eisenberger, above quoted.

The court ruled that the testatrix, the wife of Eisenberger, intended that he should inherit her estate, even if she did not mention him by name, the inference being that she meant her husband when she called him "Dear Hubbie."

Hanging Pictures.

Our sitting room wall was covered with small framed pictures, and when new paper had to be hung we were in despair at the thought of removing them. The difficulty of striking lath with the picture hook was well

FIXINGS FOR THE HAIR.



BANDEAU ORNAMENT.

THE CORONET BRAID.

The clever girl can make pretty coiffure ornaments like this. The bandeau itself is of gold gauze sewn with small pink beads and edged with narrow gold braid. A slender wire is run along both edges to keep the bandeau in shape. At the ends are attached big pink roses and a bit of maidenhair, the roses being pinned fast to the hair just back of the ears and the bandeau crossing the head just back of the brow.

Invisible combs and hairpins have been the rule in Paris for several seasons, but now the tide has turned and hairpins are monstrous affairs, which are the most conspicuous part of the hairdressing. The coronet braid, attached with half a dozen huge shell pins and caught underneath at the back with a shell barrette to match, is the modish coiffure arrangement now.

is to have charge of the new undertaking. The students will be Filipino girls.

England has a mounted ambulance corps of women. The first six months of the course are devoted to first aid and nursing. After that attention is paid to shooting and riding. The corps is increasing in numbers.

Mrs. Philip N. Moore, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, says that during her recent visit to the Isthmus she found eighteen clubs in the canal zone doing work which compares most favorably with that of clubs in the States.

Miss Lizzie L. Johnson, of Casey, Ill., during the twenty-seven years that she was confined to her room by illness, is said to have raised \$17,000 by making and selling bookmarks. Besides giving a large amount to foreign missions, Miss Johnson assists several native Christian workers in the Orient. She is said to have carried on the large correspondence connected with her work without assistance.

Saw Through Him.

Said a sorrowful spook to his wid: "You don't love me as much as you did!"

"You forget," said his frau, "I can see through you now, from the tips of your shoes to your lid."

—Life.

The Table Flowers.

For a long dining table two masses of flowers can be well used. The low, rectangular form is often built on a discarded pasteboard suit box, which holds a dish and is hidden from view by a covering of white paper and the flowers.

Making Pies for Sale.

At one of the largest pie-baking establishments in this country it is said that on an average thirty-one pies per minute are turned out, and the nightly capacity of the plant is 30,000 pies.

RELIGIOUS

The Garden Among the Hills.

The travelers came suddenly upon the place after a drive of many miles through the South Carolina woods—a drive under a canopy of Cherokee roses which climbed far up into the pines and hung in long garlands above the road. The woods were gay with violets, azaleas and ferns—how fragrant and how beautiful it was!—and then as the travelers left the pines behind, there burst upon their view a most wonderful garden of flowers, surrounding a modest cottage home.

The soil was sandy and unpromising enough, but by some magic an acre or more had been transformed into a mass of bloom. There were rose bushes—dozens and scores of them. There were red and pink poppies, pink and white verbena, blue larkspur, beds of ragged robin—all the treasures of the old-fashioned garden that the grandmothers of the present generation loved.

The travelers paused at the foot of the path which led through the flowers to the house, and a woman came down to greet them.

"May we have a glass of water?" they asked, but their souls drank in the beauty of the garden.

She brought the water, and as they thanked her for her kindness, they noted more closely the woman herself. She was a dainty little person whose gray hair was contradicted by the freshness of her cheek; and in her clear eyes there were the sweetness and the serenity of a soul at peace with its Maker.

A few questions brought out her simple story. She lived alone. Her resources, so far as money was concerned, were very small. A cow and a vegetable garden supplied most of her modest needs, and nearly all her time was spent among her flowers.

"When I can be of use to the neighbors in time of sickness or other need, I am glad to go," she said, "but I always feel that the flowers I take them do them more good than I can do. All the year in pleasant weather I live here in my garden, and since my mother and my sisters died, the flowers seem to mean more and more to me."

"But isn't it hard work?" they asked. "Oh, no; and the flowers appreciate all I do for them. Why, I often catch myself listening to hear them speak. Anyway, I love to think they know me, and I try to understand what God says to me through them. Besides, the strangers who come along always stop to enjoy them, as you have, and it seems my only way to share my happiness with others."

They thanked her with words for the beautiful roses she gathered for them before they went on their way, but in their hearts they thanked her more for the lesson in contentment, service and faith which she had taught.

Poor and lonely? Most persons living in such a spot would be, but this woman of the South Carolina hills has riches beyond compare, and her daily life is filled with blessed companionship and with poetry.

How much more of beauty and fragrance there would be in the world if all, whether their lots are cast in the busy centers or beside unfrequented byways, would cherish and care for the flowers in the gardens of their lives, striving to understand the message which God sends through them, and sharing their happiness with those who pass along the way!—Youth's Companion.

Being a Cull.

"Not long since, while visiting a beautiful orange grove," wrote a father to his daughter, "I noticed little heaps of oranges here and there about the packing house. Making inquiry about them, I was told that these were 'culls,' such as are not packed for market. When I examined them I found only slight imperfections on the skin of the fruit, which did not affect its quality. Then I thought about the little faults that we sometimes almost cherish—mere nothings, as we see them, in comparison with the whole sum of our virtues. They make us imperfect, cause us in some way to be thrown out of the best places, left behind while others are sent on ahead."

Seeing our own faults as the cause of many of our disappointments, as the occasion of our being obliged to take second place instead of first, is to see them, in their right character. "The little foxes spoil the vines." Don't let us overlook them because they are little, but know their power and conquer them.—Well Spring.

As the Heart Looks.

If we are on the hunt of nettles we will certainly find them, but it is doubtful whether the find is worth the search. There are scores of bright flowers in the field for every bunch of nettles. There are a thousand trees in the woods for every thorn bush, and each one is more pleasing to the eye and more companionable to our moods than their prickly neighbor in the fence row. The bee on the head of clover and the butterfly waving its painted wings over some random flower speak to our hearts of sweetness and beauty, and remind us that on every path of life there is something better than the spines of the thistle or the sting of the nettle. He who car-

ries a muck-rake will always want to use it. He who lives in the marshes will have the croak of frogs in his voice and will have much to say of reptiles and water rats. Our speech will partake of the character of our life and life will be a bane or blessing as we have sought the evil and the good. On the path of life we will find what we seek; and we fashion our destiny as we go along. If we care to build into our character muck and punk and the deleterious things by the way, we can. If we care to fill it with dragons and doleful creatures, these will always be found available. But if we go through the world, walking on the sunny side of the road, with a smile for every one, admiring the beautiful things which God has made to grow there, we will live a more contented life, there will be a blessing in our fellowship, a recommendation of the goodness of God and an example which those who follow may speak of with respect and honor.—United Presbyterian.

CAMPFOR HAS MANY VIRTUES.

Numerous Uses in Medicine—Comes from the Orient.

Camphor is used in medicine, both outwardly and inwardly, sometimes as a temporary stimulant and sometimes as a sedative. Everybody has heard of the use of camphor drops for persons liable to fainting fits. It is frequently employed in gout and rheumatism. In small doses it acts as an anodyne and antispasmodic, but in large doses it is an irritant poison.

The alcoholic solution and the liniments in which it is the chief ingredient are much used for external applications, for sprains and bruises, chilblains and even for incipient paralysis. The employment of camphor as a medicine in England is not very old; it was used in Germany before it became known in England, and in medical books of the last century it was called "camphire." All kinds of healing properties were ascribed by English and foreign doctors to the drug, of the importation of which from Japan the Dutch had the monopoly. Camphor was said to be a powerful antiseptic, to be a cure for hypochondriasis, and to be useful in cases of epilepsy.

It was administered mixed with vinegar or rubbed up with a muclage of gum arabic or combined with a certain quantity of sweet almonds. There cannot be any doubt that camphor has many medical uses and could be ill spared from the pharmacopoeia, but there is some consolation to be found in the fact that it is possible to prepare artificial camphor by the mutual action of hydrochloric acid gas and oil of turpentine, which produces a white substance possessing a camphor-like odor and which is soluble in alcohol.

Camphor, condiments and the cordial which he himself invented and to which he gave his own name, were the three chief specifics recommended for the cure of almost every ailment to which human flesh is heir by the skillful chemist and fervid Republican Raspall. Year after year, in his once popular almanac, the virtues of camphor were extolled, and, could the French savant revisit the glimpses of the moon, his spirit would be sorely troubled by the intelligence that, in all probability, there is likely to be a scarcity of camphor.

Since the war the imports of the odoriferous drug have fallen to a prodigious extent. It is not only, however, on Japan that we depend for camphor. Almost all the camphor of commerce is the product of the camphor laurel or camphor tree, which is a native not only of Japan, but of China, Cochinchina and Formosa, and its cultivation has been introduced into Java and the West Indies, two regions which have certainly not been affected by the war in the far east.

The Chinese camphor tree is found in Kwang-Si and Sukien, and affords both timber and gum for exportation and domestic use. The gum is procured from the branches, leaves and chips by first soaking them in water until the liquid becomes saturated with it, when it is turned out into an earthen basin to coagulate, and undergoes other treatment. It comes to market in a crude state, and is nominally again refined after reaching Europe.

There is also an oil extracted from camphor which rarely comes to Europe and the article made in Borneo and Sumatra is so much esteemed in the east that even in markets of Japan 200 pounds of the camphor of the latter country used to be given in exchange for one pound of the product of the former. The Bornean camphor is white like chalk, but has the same smell and taste as that of China and Japan. The natives ascribe extraordinary medicinal virtues to it, and frequently hang it powdered in bags around their necks or around their waists, wrists and ankles, and, curiously enough, this use of powdered camphor was strongly advocated by Raspall.

Not Incompatible.

"I wonder that the reformers have not attacked the tables in arithmetic which are taught the children in schools."

"Why should they attack such things as those?"

"On the ground of morality. These tables make drams and scruples go together."—Baltimore American.

A waitress in an Omaha restaurant married a guest an hour after serving his dinner. Her haste was due to the fact that she didn't care to wait any longer.

Old Favorites

Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still; November days are clear and bright; Each noon burns up the morning chill; The morning's snow is gone by night; Each day my steps grow slow, grow light; As through the woods I reverent creep, Watching all things lie down to sleep.

I never knew before what beds, Fragrant to swell, and soft to touch, The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;

I never knew before how much Of human sound there is in such Low tones as through the forest sweep When all wild things lie down to sleep.

Each day I find new coverlids Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;

Sometimes the viewless mother bids Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;

I hear their chorus of "good-night;" And half I smile, and half I weep, Listening while they lie down to sleep.

November woods are mare and still; November days are bright and good; Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;

Life's night rests feet which long have stood; Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,

The mother will not fall to keep, Where we can lay us down to sleep.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Fame.

(From Lycidas.)
Alas! what boots it with incessant care

To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair? Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—

That last infirmity of noble mind— To scorn delights and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find, And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, And cuts the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil, Nor in the glittering foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies, But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove; As he pronounces lastly on each deed, Of so much fame in heaven expect thy

meed." —John Milton.

MEMORIAL FOR JOHN FITCH.

Thinks Honors in Steam Navigation Should Go to Philadelphia.

The case of John Fitch is a sad one. He was the pioneer and was successful. He ran his boat on the Delaware river for months, but he was received with derision. There was then no man in this city—probably not in the whole country—with the prophetic vision of Chancellor Livingston at a later day who possessed the wealth and influence to impress the fact of Fitch's success on the public, the Philadelphia Inquirer says. It argues ill for the state of enlightenment at that time that there was no one who could foresee the possibilities of steam navigation. If some Philadelphia had arisen at that moment to do what Livingston did subsequently in New York, much of our history might have been changed. We should have had steamboats on the western waters nearly twenty years earlier than we did, the events of the War of 1812 might have been more decided, and Napoleon might have had his steamers to cross the channel from Boulogne.

It is idle to speculate on what might have been, but it is certain that this city owes something to the memory of Fitch, the prophet whom it rejected. The least that can be done is to rear a monument to his memory and to place a headstone over his grave. In the library of the Historical Society to-day reposes the combined diary and autobiography of this man. It is one of the most pathetic of human documents. It shows the mighty soul of a man struggling against the stupidity and conservatism of his age. We think the Historical Society should take the initiative in the matter, and we believe that a reasonable sum can be secured for a suitable memorial to a man who was born out of due season, who deserved so much and got the worst.

The Place for It.

An old Scotsman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye pu' the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Shaker.

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"

"I shook my head."

"Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

We have quit worshipping great heroes who live a long way off; instead, in future we shall worship the good citizens around home.

So far as is known, no widow ever sloped.