

WOMAN AND HER

ODD WAYS

How the East Views Westerner's Manners

IT IS SOMETHING FUNNY

American Girl Who Took Trip to England

"You get through your work quicker than you used, don't you, Nora?" said the mistress.

"Well, ma'am, you know the days are getting longer," the maid replied.

Out of the West has come this engraved announcement card:

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT J. BLANK ANNOUNCE THE SPINSTERHOOD OF THEIR DAUGHTER SARAH COMMENCING JUNE 1, NINETEEN HUNDRED NINE.

Among Eastern daughters this card has caused no little agitation. "I suppose that the Western idea of a joke," says one. "What unnatural parents," says another, who will never see again.

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"For one year and five months," said Dr. Lederle, "I have sat in my office and listened to thousands of complaints, mostly from women. The board of health is grateful for all the help that women have given. But now I will have a chance to talk back. There is no city department that is in such dire straits with the people. This I may prove by reading a few of the messages that come in by every mail.

"Why don't you remove the dead cat in front of your house?" "My neighbor shakes her rug out of her window every Friday morning. Can't you stop her?"

"Our flat is kept so hot we can't stand it." "The party in the third flat brings the piano until 2 A. M. every night. Please stop them."

"Send up an officer from the Board of Health at once. We smell gas." "Why don't you make Cleveland heat the cars? Make him keep the ventilators shut."

"Our milk is all chalk and water. Please examine it." "There is a man in our flat who has a very red face. It looks like smallpox. Please examine it."

"If you don't stop the dog barking in the next yard, I'll tell the Major on you."

Another woman explains that a bulldog has chased her Japanese spaniel and would not send an officer. Dr. Lederle brought the news that within the last two weeks the documents of the Bureau of Vital Statistics have had no protection from fire. Now the diseased swimming tank in the cellar of an old athletic club has been converted into a safety vault and the papers are absolutely secure from fire.

Concerning the work for the summer, Dr. Lederle feels that he has his hands full. The old idea of milk inspection to ascertain only whether it is adulterated or not, has been superseded by inspection for contamination. As 36 per cent of the milk comes from regions beyond the board's jurisdiction, even from 400 miles distant, the difficulty of inspection at farms and in transportation, before the inspection at the stations and stores, is necessarily great.

The success of the school nurses was assured from the first day they undertook their work. Dr. Lederle said. Of these nurses a few still continue work through the summer.

In answer to the question, What can be done this summer? Dr. Lederle said that the city itself was often the greatest offender. While the uncovered ash and garbage carts were not the fault of the commissioner, they were a disgrace to the city. When trying to get people to cooperate against the smoke nuisance, city department as well as private concerns are discovered using soft coal. When trying to put an end to certain markets that are a public menace it is discovered that the city has been given licenses to eight or ten. When trying to eliminate malaria, it is discovered that in the jurisdiction of the Park Department are breeding spots for the malarial mosquito.

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This week Major Rhudd, of Glen Ridge, has had green peas for dinner. This is unique in the annals of New Jersey horticulture. Usually the 6th of the 7th of June is the date assigned. But these peas were planted in the warm water of March, were watered in the showers of April and were ripened by the suns of May.

"In England I learned to take for granted," said the American girl in New York, "that the men would expect me to talk about horses, and the women would expect me to talk about Niagara Falls and the Yosemite. But back at home again, I had supposed I could be my own sweet natural self. Well, it is different in one way. I don't have to talk. All I have to do is to listen. Last evening a man came out who could talk nothing but races. He said the pace was set at the preparatory gun, and the first

leg was a broad reach, and the wind was flat, but it was in true form and that it was a heart-breaking race at six knots an hour. I hadn't the remotest idea whether he was talking about yachts or horses. He is interested in both. I have not any idea now. For after he'd been explaining for half an hour, I thought it might be rather embarrassing to ask him."

Room No. 215 of the Teachers' College is known as the "Educational Museum," but the entire exhibition is worthy of the name. From Wednesday to Friday of this last week the last cry in pedagogy might have been heard. There the uninitiated learn that the modern school child finds time for work in pottery, weaving, basketry, designing, etc., because non-practical subjects (cube root seems an example) are omitted from the curriculum. Let it not be assumed, however, that manual training is a subject by itself. "Correlation" is the watchword. When engaged in the "study of primitive life" the children weave blankets and construct clay bowls and pitchers. When they are learning about the Equinoxes entering the huts on all fours. It is a sort of beatified practice of Mr. Squere's theory about window washing at Dotheboys Hall. An example of the joys of "doing things with one's hands" is a perfect miniature railroad bridge brought from, begun by some man who supposed the miniature would take but a short time, but who spent sixty or ninety or some such fabulous number of hours upon it, and whose enthusiasm grew with the task.

A proof of the individuality which is one of the Horace Mann School's aims is an invention by one of the boys. This is a wheel, with mustard spoons for spokes. When arranged under a faucet with the water turned on the water power turns the wheel and an attachment turns the wheel of the boy's mother sewing machine. It is said to work like a charm.

The productions of the little girls were displayed in the entire school, between the busts of Diana and Apollo. There are the biscuits and sponge cakes of the morning's cooking classes and row upon row of tiny jars of preserved fruit, the result of the writers' industry. The "correlation" of the school reading and sewing is shown in the costume of one doll, and in the hair-brush, the doll wears a complete suit of chain armor, made of steel spangles, sewed on one by one with "an infinite capacity for taking pains." The shield bears a red cross, by Una, and this is the gentle knight "pricking on the plains."

The musical programme differed from other school programmes by its originality. The fifth grade sang the "Futter's Song" from "Keramos" to an air composed by their instructor, Miss Hofer. This thing had themselves composed stanzas after stanzas, founded on their geography work, sung to "The Wonderful Inn" of Brahm's—New York Sun.

Dr. Lederle, president of the board of health, addressed the West Side Republican association at its closing meeting of the year. His audience was large, sympathetic and eager to be of assistance in civic spring housecleaning. Officers from the New England Society, Society for Political Study and the Home Travelers' club told Dr. Lederle what a "splendid manager" they thought he was going to be.

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PROFESSIONS HARD TO FILL

Work of Woman Detective in Department Store

CATCHES THE SHOP LIFTER Her Duties Disagreeable and Dangerous

The college professor who gave it as proved that one person out of every three is a thief, may have had a national tendency towards exaggeration, or he may have had personal reasons for his sweeping denunciation of humanity. It was probably a case of "I said in my wrath," but nevertheless the misappropriating instinct is so strong in all classes of society, and manifests itself so often in people who apparently have not the slightest excuse for stealing that we are forcibly reminded that civilization is as yet incompletely evolved. The realization of other people's property rights is still imperfect.

The temptation to steal is easily awakened in many, and it is not to be wondered at that department stores, with their brilliant displays, their counters piled with apparently unwatched goods, and their sheltering crowds, not only attract professional thieves, but are the means of making new ones. For this reason no department store is without its trained detectives, men and women, who are paid good salaries, not to prevent thefts altogether, for that is impossible, but to keep the losses down to a minimum.

It is hard to get women for this work, in spite of the fact that it is well rewarded, and not particularly arduous. Women in general have a prejudice against their profession, associating it in their minds with an unpleasant type of women, whose usefulness is derived from her acquaintance with the seamy side of life. On the contrary, the demand is for refined women to do detective work, and these are especially wanted in the large shops. The detective must dress and appear well, be keen-eyed, and worldly-wise in judging human nature. She must be quiet and unobtrusive in her bearing, and she must have a fund of patience, for detecting is often slow work.

In every store, near the main entrance, stand persons who have every appearance of shoppers, waiting for some friend to arrive, or for the rain to cease, or for their change to come. They see every new-comer without appearing to look at anyone. The faces of professional shoppers are perfectly well known to them, and if such a person enters the shop, or if anyone comes in whose dress or manner is in any way suspicious, a detective follows her until she leaves the store. Professional shoppers are so clever at their work that it is hard to detect them in the act. One may be convinced that articles are being taken but yet unable to actually see it done.

The detective must be certain, for an error might have serious results. Sometimes the detective, walking very close to the suspected thief, is able to have her suspicions confirmed by the appearance of bulges in the clothing where bulges would not actually exist. The shop-lifter's gown has as many pockets as a shooting coat, and it is astonishing the quantity and the bulk of the articles they are able to stow away in them. It is not uncommon to unload one of these gowns of several dozen patterns, a hat or two, quantities of underclothing, and half a basket of small articles.

Arrests are rarely made in the store. There is reason for this. In the first place it is bad policy to create an unpleasant disturbance. It drives away customers and interferes with the order and routine of the establishment. Then, the offender may successfully claim that she had no intention of taking the goods away from the shop. She may declare that she was simply trying to match the color in a trimming or lining. She may say that she wanted to see it in broad light.

The shoplifter is followed to the street and there quietly spoken to. The words are ordinarily a request to accompany the detective to the superintendent's office. Professional shoppers nearly always go quietly, but the occasional thief makes a scene. She first demands to know why her presence is required at the office. And when she has goods in her possession which she has not paid for, she becomes indignant indeed. It is rarely that one of these women refuse finally to go to the office. Once in a great while they attempt flight and the woman detective has occasionally met with a show of violence. She assumes a fearless front in any case and her prisoner is not allowed to escape.

In the office it is not often necessary to do any searching. The prisoner is told that she has such and such articles, and she usually gives them up. Painful scenes occur, and it is in dealing with these that the tactful woman detective proves her worth. Any shop girl or clerk may detect a theft, but especially adapted and trained people are required to deal with the offenders in a proper manner. It is not an unkind of thing in the shops to discover a thief, but it is a very disagreeable thing to be a witness to. Such a person is called a kleptomaniac, of course, and she is sometimes allowed to go her way with her loot; the detective follows, and interviews her family, a delicate and disagreeable business, but much more politic than detaining the woman in the shop.

Not all shoplifters are women. They are more numerous than the male variety, though they are less conspicuous. They go to work, but a number of men are arrested in the shops, the arrests often being made by the woman detectives. This requires courage and physical strength. Not long ago a detective in a Broadway store saw a man leave a place with his coat, bulging suspiciously, and she followed him to the sidewalk and caught him by the arm. He raised his umbrella as if to strike her, but several shop girls and women rushed instantly to her assistance, and the man was held. He afterwards received a severe sentence.

Not all shoplifters are prosecuted. If they were the detectives would have to spend a great deal of time in court. This would not do, since they are anxious above all things not to become known as detectives. In a large store it is improbable that the detective are known as such to many of the clerks, and certainly not to many of the customers.

The detective has another office besides watching for shoplifters. She watches the employees as well. Out of hundreds and even thousands of not too well paid shop workers there must be a certain number of light-fingered ones. In spite of safeguards the disappearance of stock persists, and the detective is constantly alert to find the means of its disappearance. She watches from balconies, cash desks, stairs, and other elevations, and makes a point of learning the character and habits of each individual in the store.

wholesale reconstruction. The price of a good site alone has advanced beyond the old value, both in the land and in the buildings; at the same time the high-stoop brownstone dwellings are now in the way of being extremely unfashionable, both in design and plan; and a movement has set in which is gradually gathering momentum towards the substitution of reconstructed American basement dwellings for the old brownstone fronts.

In some few cases the reconstruction has gone no farther than the destruction of the stoop, the placing of the entrance on the ground floor, and the rearrangement of the interior, but for the most part people demand that the old houses shall be either utterly destroyed or subjected to such a drastic process of purging that every trace of the brownstone is removed.—Herbert Croly in Architectural Record.

"Rubber! Rubber! Come out!" called Mary from the yard just as Robert had settled down after his Sunday dinner to a pipe and a newspaper. "Hoos, wumman! Whitt's wrang w' ye?" responded Robert. "Ma pipe's just pooin' good."

"Maepherson has set grandpaw afore an' he's burnin' 'em," announced Mary, thrusting her head inside the door. "Come out!" "Aw, the wean's fine," said Robert. "Whit wey disna grandpaw jump down the waal an' pit hisel' out?" "He canna," replied Mary. "He's steeakin'."

"Aweel, aweel," grumbled Robert; and drawing a pail of water he sauntered into the yard and extinguished what proved to be a funeral pyre for grandpaw, Maepherson, who had been dancing gleefully about the flames, was much disappointed. "Whit wey did ye pit out the light, paw?" he asked. "Whisht!" cried Mary, fearing grandpaw had succumbed to the shock. "It's a good skeilpin ye deserve."

"Havers, wumman! Grandpaw is jist performin' any remarkable feat of valor or actin' a brilliant part on the battlefield, and yet it is impossible for one who reads this simple story to not feel that the petitioner believes he has "done the State some service." And has he not? If it be true, as the great Napoleon said, that "an army travels upon its belly," was he not seeking to expedite the movements of the Union army when the hog chase came to such a sudden and inglorious end? It may be urged that he has been a long time remembering the episode, but his candor is none the less striking. He adheres to the naked truth, not truth by "fairly fiction drest." He does even assert that the hog entitles him to a pension, because he did not "ketch the hog." And he stops for that one else from drawing a pension for that one else. It may be urged that he was simply in "the line of duty," and he would have performed it had he not been too big to get between the rails. Mr. Commissioner Ware, who has a lively sense of humor, probably will regret his inability to give a pension to this lineal ethical descendant of George Washington.

Restored to Perfect Health

I cannot praise Wine of Cardui too much. It did more for me than five doctors and hundreds of dollars worth of medicine. I was troubled for forty months with female weakness in its worst form. I had falling of the womb, so weak that I could not lift anything, and could only be on my feet a few hours a day when I felt best. My menstruation was so irregular and so painful, and so profuse, that I was white as chalk every day. Every drop of blood seemed to have left my body. I felt as if there was a heavy weight on my stomach all the time. My appetite had disappeared, and I could not eat. I was so weak that I could not get up in the morning. I was so nervous that I could not sleep. I was so miserable that I thought of nothing but death. I had heard of Wine of Cardui, and I bought a bottle. I took it for a few days, and I felt better. I took it for a few weeks, and I was restored to perfect health. I am so pleased with the effects of Wine of Cardui that I write you of my experience.

Jessie Ferguson Recorder Order of the Eastern Star.

By perfectly regulating the menstrual flow Wine of Cardui makes thousands of cures that no other treatment in the world can make. The most obstinate cases of bearing-down pains yield to Wine of Cardui. Women who take this medicine don't have days of agony every month.

We ask you to try Miss Ferguson's experiment with Wine of Cardui. If you are suffering and see no relief ahead of you, take Wine of Cardui.

Isn't Wine of Cardui worth a simple trial after all Miss Ferguson has said about it? All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui. If you think you need advice, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

WINE of CARDUI



JESSIE FERGUSON, Recorder Order of the Eastern Star.

IGNOBLE WAR TIME INJURY.

The Baltimore Sun tells the story of perhaps the most remarkable application which has yet been made for a pension. The simple, ingenuous, naive, and touching manner in which the applicant relates his story, and the convincing way in which he tells "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," will appeal to all. Many applicants for pensions are inclined to stretch the truth, some to draw upon their imaginations, some, alas, to lie outright. This Marylander sets an example for all to follow. When requested by the bureau to explain how he incurred physical disabilities he sent in the following minutely graphic statement:

"The way I got my war injury was a ketchin' of a hog. The Hog war a sow hog and ur captain wanted her for forego. We was chasin the sow, and she crawled threw a hole in a rail fence. It war a big hole, and I that I war about the six of the hog, and tried to crawl threw, but I stuck and tryin' to wiggle out I ketcht her on the side of one her ear on my head and necked me senseless. I do not think the sow pig had nothing to do with my line of duty, for I did not ketch the hog. Wich she never war caut."

It will be observed that this Maryland patriot makes no pretense of being injured in any encounter where "villanous salt-peter" was concerned. He does not like to have "mounted barbed steeds" fight the souls of fearful adversaries, nor does he aver that he was seeking "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth."

He does not profess to have been performing any remarkable feat of valor or acting a brilliant part on the battlefield, and yet it is impossible for one who reads this simple story to not feel that the petitioner believes he has "done the State some service." And has he not? If it be true, as the great Napoleon said, that "an army travels upon its belly," was he not seeking to expedite the movements of the Union army when the hog chase came to such a sudden and inglorious end? It may be urged that he has been a long time remembering the episode, but his candor is none the less striking. He adheres to the naked truth, not truth by "fairly fiction drest." He does even assert that the hog entitles him to a pension, because he did not "ketch the hog." And he stops for that one else from drawing a pension for that one else. It may be urged that he was simply in "the line of duty," and he would have performed it had he not been too big to get between the rails. Mr. Commissioner Ware, who has a lively sense of humor, probably will regret his inability to give a pension to this lineal ethical descendant of George Washington.

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WEE MACPHERSON.

"Rubbert! Rubbert! Come out!" called Mary from the yard just as Robert had settled down after his Sunday dinner to a pipe and a newspaper. "Hoos, wumman! Whitt's wrang w' ye?" responded Robert. "Ma pipe's just pooin' good."

"Maepherson has set grandpaw afore an' he's burnin' 'em," announced Mary, thrusting her head inside the door. "Come out!" "Aw, the wean's fine," said Robert. "Whit wey disna grandpaw jump down the waal an' pit hisel' out?" "He canna," replied Mary. "He's steeakin'."

"Aweel, aweel," grumbled Robert; and drawing a pail of water he sauntered into the yard and extinguished what proved to be a funeral pyre for grandpaw, Maepherson, who had been dancing gleefully about the flames, was much disappointed. "Whit wey did ye pit out the light, paw?" he asked. "Whisht!" cried Mary, fearing grandpaw had succumbed to the shock. "It's a good skeilpin ye deserve."

"Havers, wumman! Grandpaw is jist performin' any remarkable feat of valor or actin' a brilliant part on the battlefield, and yet it is impossible for one who reads this simple story to not feel that the petitioner believes he has "done the State some service." And has he not? If it be true, as the great Napoleon said, that "an army travels upon its belly," was he not seeking to expedite the movements of the Union army when the hog chase came to such a sudden and inglorious end? It may be urged that he has been a long time remembering the episode, but his candor is none the less striking. He adheres to the naked truth, not truth by "fairly fiction drest." He does even assert that the hog entitles him to a pension, because he did not "ketch the hog." And he stops for that one else from drawing a pension for that one else. It may be urged that he was simply in "the line of duty," and he would have performed it had he not been too big to get between the rails. Mr. Commissioner Ware, who has a lively sense of humor, probably will regret his inability to give a pension to this lineal ethical descendant of George Washington.

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