The St. Tammany Farmer

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Conserving Morality.

Some progressive business banks in Manhattan now equip gymnasiums and libraries, as well as dining halls, for the help, from junior clerks to the tellers. When a young man is engaged he is taken on a month's probation without being subject to filing a bond. If he be continued in service after that period, individual bonding is required in every instance. The parent house of the Corn Exchange bank, in the Wall street district, says the New York Press, necessarily employs a considerable force as it clears for its many branches throughout the city. Every mother's son on the regular payroll is entitled to daily free lunch on the premises, the meals being supplied from Delmonico's down-town place. The statement is made that the purpose in furnishing this convenience is not to curtail employes' noonday recreation time, but with an idea of confining companionship, thus steering clear of pool rooms, bucket shops and the "curb."

Come Cook Lady!

We are willing to enter into a contract with a party desirous of performing the culinary duties of our little household. We will pay more than anybody else in town, will give every afternoon off and no cooking on Sundays, pleads the yearning scribe of the News of Echo, Oregon. The good wife will wait if there is a rush at the table; now, we don't mean a rush of grub, but a rush for a location. We are trying to mortgage this plant; if we succeed, we will purchase an auto, if we can raise enough to pay the first payment and freight, of course. This vehicle is at the pleasure of the "H. G." and her friends. All we ask is notice each morning when we are preparing our coffee and sinkers, which we would, of course, expect to do if we got anything that day. Now, if this is not enough inducement, then stay where you are and starve to death and see if we care. For further particulars write this office and a stamp will be returned.

The "Border Ruffian."

The recent death of Dr. J. H. Stringfellow, speaker of the first Kansas house of representatives, recalls the fact that he was the first person to whom the famous epithet "border ruffian" was applied. Gov. Reeder is said to have used the term, whereupon the doctor's brother knocked the governor down. The legislature was in session at Shawnee mission, a little across the Kansas-Missouri line. This was the legislature which adopted the statutes of Missouri entire, substituting the word "Kansas" for "Missouri" wherever necessary. Dr. Stringfellow was called the father of Atchison and started the first newspaper in Kansas, the Squatter Sovereign. Stringfellow was an ardent champion of the proslavery cause, but, as history tells, his party was unsuccessful against John Brown, Jim Lane and the other antislavery leaders in making Kansas a slave state.

How It Sounded.

Gov. McLean of New Hampshire was talking about Henry James' criticism of American speech. "I suppose that Mr. James wants us to use the broad a," he said, "and to talk in every way like Oxford graduates. The broad a is all very well and the Oxford graduate talks more musically, no doubt, than the native of Paint Rock. At the same time it was through the cultivation of this English way of speaking that my best friend nearly lost his wife—lost her, I mean, through divorce, not through death. She made one day some biscuits and at dinner that night she said in her cultivated way: 'I made a big batch of these biscuits.' 'You did, indeed, dear,' said my friend, her husband. 'How do you know how big a batch I made?' she asked, surprised. 'I thought,' he murmured, 'that you said botch.'"

Locked in a narrow cell in the penitentiary and left there for hours by a warden, while a crazy man in an adjoining cell was shouting at the top of his voice, Hamlin Garland, the noted novelist, had his latest experience recently in gaining local color for his next work. Garland visited the penitentiary and asked to be locked in a real cell for half an hour. The warden complied, telling a deputy to release the author in 30 minutes. The deputy forgot the novelist for three hours. When at last he went to release him he found the visitor pacing his cell like a caged lion. Garland expressed his indignation in warm tones, but afterward repented and sent the warden a box of cigars.

Cardinal Gibbons expressed a vital truth in saying that at the bottom of every story of corruption in public office and in "high finance" in this country is the "trouble of money." The distinguished prelate made a very wise and necessary distinction, in adding, in response to inquiry, that the "trouble of money" is not in the love of money for itself, but in the ambition to acquire it for purposes of extravagant or magnificent display. This ambition leads, in many cases, to dishonor and disgrace.

It appears from the case of the California aeronaut who fell 4,000 feet, that ballooning is still as hazardous as riding on those 18-hour trains between Chicago and New York.

Mr. Burbank, the plant wizard, is trying now to raise cobless corn, but the makers of the Missouri meerschaum are not giving him encouragement.

Nowhere else in the world can a man get a reputation for being a millionaire on so little taxable property as in New York.

Mrs. Tryon's Bargain

MRS. TRYON was a truly thrifty wife. As a consequence she was a bargain hunter. She often bought little things because they were cheap—not that she particularly needed them. But she would never acknowledge this.

Tryon was not at all surprised one morning to find his breakfast standing cold on the table and a note from his wife explaining that she had seen an ad. in the paper that morning that called her to one of the large department stores.

A NOTE FROM HIS WIFE.

"They're selling hats to-day at half price, and that brown one I saw the other day for $15 will be $7.50 this morning if I can get there in time," the note went on.

By the time Tryon had read the note and finished his breakfast Mrs. Tryon was in the heat of the scrimmage in the millinery department downtown. Although she succeeded in getting there just as the doors were opened, 20 other women were ahead of her and the scrimmage up the stairs was as thrilling as a basket ball game. Each of the wise ones grabbed a clerk at once, knowing that was the quickest way to get waited on, but Mrs. Tryon was one of those who did not understand this. She found herself running about looking in vain for that brown hat she had set her heart on and no one to assist her. She came across one "creation" that she had looked at in the window a few days before, but had given up because it was too expensive. Here at least was an opportunity to see how she would look in it. So she took off her own hat and laid it on the counter while she walked eagerly to the glass with the "creation" in her hand.

Now the hat that Mrs. Tryon had laid on the counter was a dainty little thing in white with pink flowers tastefully trimmed on the brim. Mrs. Tryon had worn it so much that she was thoroughly tired of it. Yet it was still a pretty hat.

After she had gazed longingly at her reflection in the glass and had noted with a sigh how well the expensive hat became her, she returned to the counter just in time to see an eager shopper trying on her hat.

Mrs. Tryon was shocked a bit at first and then she smiled at the situation. Instead of demanding her property in a hurry she watched the innocent woman cocking her head before the glass, eying herself from all possible sides, and she was greatly amused at the sight. She could not help, but acknowledge, however, that the woman looked very well in the hat. When the shopper was finally through and had laid the hat back on the counter, after looking it over for a price mark, Mrs. Tryon took her hat from the counter, while the woman's back was turned, and walked on down the aisle.

TRIED IT ON.

She was carrying her hat in her hand and after a bit she noticed that several women looked at the hat and then at her as she passed. But Mrs. Tryon was looking for her brown bargain and paid little attention to them.

A little later a woman approached and touched her on the arm.

"Are you going to take that hat, madam?" she inquired, pointing to Mrs. Tryon's hat she was still carrying in her hand.

"I believe I may as well," Mrs. Tryon responded. "It's the one I wore down here this morning."

"I beg your pardon," the shopper answered in some embarrassment. "I saw you carrying it, and so I supposed it was on sale."

IT'S MY OWN HAT.

They smiled at each other and passed on.

As Mrs. Tryon was fingering over some other hats on the counter she soon discovered a large woman and one of the clerks talking together farther down the aisle and she looked up just in time to see the large woman pointing at her. Mrs. Tryon became interested in watching them and as the pair saw that they were observed, the clerk walked away. A moment later she returned with the head of the department, a well-dressed, important looking gentleman, and then to Mrs. Tryon's amazement the three began a conversation which was about her, there could be no doubt.

"They suspect me of being a shoplifter," was Mrs. Tryon's first thought, and she turned red to the roots of her hair. She did not know what to do, and there was no time to think, for the gentleman approached her straight.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he began, looking closely at Mrs. Tryon, "but there is a lady here who has complained to me that you have been carrying around a hat all morning that she would like very much to look at. She says you don't seem to want to give anyone else an opportunity to try it on, and she says you have not bought it, she is sure. I would suggest, if you will permit me, that you decide at once if you want the hat, for if you don't, I'm quite sure the other lady will take it."

"I really hate to disappoint the lady," Mrs. Tryon answered, having recovered herself, suddenly, "but she really cannot have the hat. The truth is, the hat belongs to me. I've been wearing it all summer, and I couldn't think of parting with it."

The gentleman saw his mistake in a moment, and apologized profusely. Mrs. Tryon began to think more and more of her own hat as she went along, and she smiled to herself as she saw the consternation on the face of the other customer as the gentleman explained the error.

By some freak of fortune, Mrs. Tryon ran across the brown hat she was looking for, and she hurried to the glass to put it on her head. It was just what she wanted, and she started to the desk, being unable to find a clerk, in order to conclude her purchase. She was carrying her old hat in one hand, and the prospective purchase in the other, when she was suddenly stopped by an excited woman who demanded:

SUSPECTED.

"Is that hat sold?" pointing to Mrs. Tryon's white hat trimmed in pink flowers. Mrs. Tryon was getting rather tired of this experience.

"No, madam, it is not," she replied, rather tartly.

"How much is it?" the woman persisted. Mrs. Tryon saw at once that being hatless she had been mistaken for a clerk. She didn't care to insult the lady, for the sake of the establishment, so she said, as politely as possible:

"The original price was $25, but—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the lady, "that makes it twelve and a half today. I'll take it." And before Mrs. Tryon could protest, the lady had snatched the hat from her and had handed her the even change. "I won't wait to have it wrapped, I'll just carry it until I get through on this floor."

Mrs. Tryon took her $12.50, and walked meditatively to the counter, intending to explain the matter to the head of the department. But before she could be waited on she changed her mind. When the busy girl finally reached her, she merely said:

I'LL TAKE IT.

"I'll take this hat, please. Seven-fifty, I believe," and counted out the money. "You needn't do it up. I'll just put it on."

And with five unexpected dollars in her pocket, Mrs. Tryon walked to the nearest mirror, placed her purchase on her head and walked out of the store.

"I never yet did get beat at a bargain," Mrs. Tryon said, as she told the story to her husband that evening, "but I never made five dollars so easy in my life."

"That certainly was a bargain," Mr. Tryon responded. "Let's buy something for the house with the five dollars."

"Indeed, let's not," Mrs. Tryon smiled. "I'm saving that toward my sealskin cape."—Kansas City Star.

THE GRAND DUKES OF AMERICA

In Moneyhof, proud citadel,
Our Grand Dukes sit conspiring.
They know the people's weakness well,
They plot and scourge, they buy and sell
With energy untiring.

The Grand Duke Steel and the Grand Duke Coal,
The Grand Duke Beef with the hard, hard soul.
And swelled with the might of his tribute rich,
The Grand Duke Standardollovitch.

At Moneyhof the courtiers kneel
In servile adulation;
Beneath the heavy Ducal heel
The weaker starve, the baser steal,
The bolder loot the nation.

When the north winds hoot from the boreal Pole
You pay the tax of the Grand Duke Coal
And few are spared from the greedy itch
Of the Grand Duke Standardollovitch.

In Moneyhof the tyrants heed
No morals or condition.
The people groan, the people bleed—
What matter, if they only feed
The Money Proposition?

The Grand Duke Beef, when whims dictate
Serenely robs the workman's plate,
Then pools the boodle to enrich
The Grand Duke Standardollovitch.

Not in St. Petersburg alone
Do leeches have their inning
While Cossacks raid and peasants groan—
We have some Grand Dukes of our own
That need a little thinning:

The Grand Duke Steel and the Grand Duke Coal,
The Grand Duke Beef with the food-control,
And swelled with the might of his tribute rich,
The Grand Duke Standardollovitch.
—Wallace Irwin, in N. Y. Globe.

RECURRENCE OF BICYCLE.

Restoration to Favor of the Handy Conveyance Seems to Be Assured.

The restoration of the bicycle to popular favor can have only good results. No other means of conveyance ever possessed such a large number of good qualities, and it seems only natural, says the New York Sun, that the manufactories should again be working at night to meet the demand. The manufacturers, even with their present extra effort, are working merely to reach a sane and reasonable demand, and it is not at all probable that such a mania for wheeling as we saw ten years ago will be repeated.

It is probable that few of these wheels are being manufactured now for use in New York. There is no place left in the life of the metropolis for the enjoyment of the bicycle. Since thousands rolled about the streets local conditions have changed. Preparations for the building of the subway helped to hasten the decline of bicycle riding as a sport in this city. Now that the streets are clear of this obstruction the volume of traffic is greatly increased. The presence of the numerous automobiles is sufficient in itself to make the recurrence of the old-time numbers impossible. There is no longer any room in the streets for so many riders. It is a misfortune for New Yorkers that they are not going to share in the convenience and healthfulness which will be a consequence of this revival of the bicycle. It is to the dwellers in small cities that the benefit of this change will go. There one realizes the extent to which the bicycle is an important feature of life. As a means of relaxation the wheel is subordinate to its practical utility as a method of getting from place to place.

FAIR MANIAC HOLDS A JAIL IN TERROR

MIND OF PRETTY MAID GIVES UP TO LIQUOR.

HAILS JUDGE AS CARNEGIE

Then Pleads for Cigarette—Mad Girl Attempts to Burn Kitten to Death in Gas Jet—Women Insane Flee Before Attacks.

Cleveland, O.—Liquor and dissipation are said to have caused the mind of pretty Bessie Flinn to give way to the strain placed upon it. Probate Judge Hadden ordered her committed to the Newburg state hospital, and she was taken to that institution.

The case of the girl is one of the strangest and most pathetic that ever came before the probate court. Traces of one time refinement still linger on her face. She is only 24, but five years of a wild life have added years to her appearance. Wild-eyed, fiendish at times, docile as a child at other moments, her mind is said to be utterly gone.

When the girl was brought to the county jail from the workhouse, where the police sent her for an ordinary offense. Taken before Judge Hadden she greeted him:

"Well, if there isn't Andrew Carnegie. Give me a cigarette, won't you?"

The judge was forced to refuse her request, and she pleaded with spectators to hand her just one.

"Just one cigarette, just one. I haven't had one for days," she cried.

Back in the woman's ward of the jail, where she was taken from the courtroom she grew violent. Running through the corridor of the lower tier of cells she screamed and raved. The other prisoners were thrown into a panic and their screams mingled with those of the mad woman. Mrs. Chadwick, in the corridor on the third floor, heard the cries and started down the steps. She was pushed back into a chair and calmed.

Catching sight of a small kitten that had wandered through the bars in to the corridor, the woman, with a wild shriek, pounced upon it. Reaching high above her head she pushed the little jail pet into a jet of burning gas. Three women prisoners, afraid for their own safety, attacked the mad girl and compelled her to relinquish her hold on the kitten. Dazed and suffering it slunk into a corner of the corridor and cried piteously until one of the prisoners gathered it up in her arms and eased its pain.

SHE PUSHED THE LITTLE JAIL PET INTO A JET OF BURNING GAS.

Finding herself unable to control the girl the jail matron gave the alarm and two deputy sheriffs rushed into the word. Seizing the girl they struggled and fought until the doors of a cell were closed and locked against her. While driving through the city to Newburg she would glance from the carriage window and call passers by distinguished names. Carnegie's name seemed to be a favorite and many an imaginative iron king was petitioned to give her "just one cigarette."

WITHIN INCH OF DEATH DOWN IN A MINE.

Visitors in a Colorado Shaft Stand on Crumbling Ledge Above Thirty Feet of Water.

Denver, Col.—To face death by drowning in the icy waters of a cavern 1,000 feet under ground, to feel a narrow strip of ground affording temporary safety crumbling away inch by inch into the black waters lapping at their feet, to see their only hope of rescue just an inch above their outstretched hands and, finally, to be saved after hope was gone, was the experience of Howard Wyndham and his companion, Sir George Berkeley, of London, in the Mohegan mine in Victor.

The visitors went to Victor to inspect the Mohegan mine, and were being lowered in the shaft when they saw water below them. They jerked the bell rope to signal the engineer, and broke it. The cage continued downward and when the water was up to their chins they jumped for a ledge and reached it.

The engineer, puzzled by the one bell he had heard before the rope broke, began hoisting slowly, and the cage left them. Then they discovered that the clay ledge they were standing upon was breaking down. Barely in time to save them, the cage was lowered again and stopped where they could reach it and they were hoisted in safety.

The shaft had filled to a depth of 30 feet or more from seepage.

Lions Devour Workingman.

Blackpool, Eng.—Two lions, the property of the city, were found loose one morning recently in the yard adjoining their cage, together with portions of the body of a workingman. It appears that the man on the previous night made the boast that he would enter the lions' cage. Evidently in an attempt to carry out his boast he opened the cage. The animals escaped and killed him, gorging themselves on his body.

BEES MAKE HOME IN A LONDON SHOP.

Loosed for Airing, They Invade Candy and Flour Departments Instead of Kensington Gardens.

London.—A London store where one can buy anything from a suspender button to an elephant, has added a department where anything living or dead which a naturalist collects from fog spawn to an observatory hive of 40,000 bees, may be bought.

The first hive of bees which arrived at Whiteley's almost caused a panic. On the evening of their arrival the bees were let loose for an airing, it being thought they would fly to Kensington gardens in quest of honey. But the bees proved themselves economists. They invaded the stores and took possession of the flower, candy and grocery departments and helped themselves to the sugar and other sweets about. It was hours before the last been returned home. Now the bees are kept in the hive until the store closes. Then they are released from the roof and wander in search of sweetness wherever they will until after dark.

THE BEES CAUSED A PANIC IN THE STORE.

Already these hives, and the formicarums, or nests of living ants, are in great demand. A herd of the ant's cows—the common green fly—and about half a dozen of their domestic pets—the little white woodlouse, which is not as big as one letter of its terrific name, Platyarthus Hoffmannaeggii—are introduced into each nest.

The ants may be seen building, laying out roads, boring tunnels, constructing cowsheds and milking their cows, playing with their pets, attending in state on their queen, storing away their eggs and food, feeding and washing their young and burying their dead in the cemetery each colony has built in one corner of its nest.

The greatest demand so far in the new department has been for Japanese waltzing mice, which come out of their nests and indulge in periodical mad whirls until they look like nothing but balls of black-and-white wool.

There are lizards, frogs and newts alive and in spirit, aquaria illustrating the development of pond life, and mounted moths and butterflies, as well as cases showing the life history of insects injurious to crops and cattle.

NORTH CAROLINA BOY EATEN BY A SHARK.

Sixteen-Year-Old Sutton Davis Falls a Victim to Monster at Beaufort.

Beaufort, N. C.—Sutton Davis, a boy of 16, while wading and playing in the water at Davis Shore, ten miles east of here, was attacked and eaten by a very large shark.

Davis and others were waist deep in the water, greatly enjoying themselves. The approach of the shark was not noticed. It threw the boy in the air, caught him in its mouth as he struck the water, pulled him under and disappeared into the deep water.

Davis' companions were too horror-stricken to do anything, even if they had had an weapons with them, which they did not.

Thorough search has been made, but not a particle of the unfortunate lad's body has been found.

Many fat-backs have been caught this month and a quantity of refuse matter has been thrown back into the water from the factories. The sharks have come in to feast on this, and many of them have been seen during the last two weeks. No one felt any alarm, as no one had been molested by a shark in Beaufort waters for nearly 50 years. Grown folks and children who daily enjoyed diving and swimming matches have discontinued this sport since the terrible death of young Davis.

CHINAMAN WANTED A WEIGH

Tried All Kinds of Coins on the Machine, But Couldn't Find One to Fit.

As he walked out upon the platform of the elevated station he attracted attention immediately, relates the New York Post. He was rather different from the ordinary Chinaman. There were the coiled pigtail, flapping trousers and long, loose jacket, but his face was anything but Celestial. While the usual Chinaman expresses only habitual stoicism this man beamed good humor and intelligent inquisitiveness.

Unaware that he was the center of attraction, he walked up to a weighing machine and gingerly inspected it. That he understood its purpose was evident, for he reached down into a pocket and hauled out a nickel, which he vainly attempted to insert in the slot. This coin did not fit and he tried again with a quarter. Still no success. Evidently this machine of the "Foreign Devil" required a bigger sacrifice. A half-dollar was forthcoming, and just as he was inserting a folded dollar bill, the station agent rushed out and held his arm.

Cat Causes Divorce Suit.

Goshen, Ind.—A flea-bitten cat is exhibit "A" in the divorce suit of James H. Bostwick, aged 79. Bostwick alleges that his wife, who is 72, insisted every night on taking the cat to bed with her; that the feline was infested with fleas, causing him great and continued grief and anguish. He says that not only his physical health, but his mental well-being depend upon his getting away from home.

SUCCESS AND DRESS

WOMEN SHOULD BE PARTICULAR ABOUT LOOKS.

Good Clothes Help One Toward Success—Dress To-Day More Beautiful Than Formerly—Picture Hats Inappropriate for Church—French Women Give Shoes and Gloves Their Special Attention—Jewelry Should Be Sparingly Used—Once Dressed, Forget the Subject.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

A brilliant woman in the early annals of New England made this deeply true observation, that to be appropriately and becomingly dressed gives one a moral support superior to the consolations of religion. That is not exactly the way she said it, but it is a sufficiently close paraphrase. What she meant was that a woman who knows herself to be well dressed has the greatest possible advantage in whatever situation she is placed. It requires a tremendous amount of mental strength to triumph over conspicuously ill-fitting and manifestly inappropriate clothing.

Beautiful dress is to the lady of fashion what war paint and feathers are to the savage chieftain. They fit her for conquest.

A teacher in one of the public schools, assuming charge of a class of boys, who had baffled the disciplinary skill of several young ladies before her, took especial care of her toilet. She arranged her hair attractively, wore the daintiest and trimmest shirt waists, and the most captivating stocks, belts and ribbons.

"You dress as nicely as if you were going to a party," said a friend. "Why do you not wear your old clothes in the schoolroom?"

"Because," came the instant answer, "I wish to subjugate my boys without antagonizing them, and I have proved a good many times that a becoming gown is a great help to keeping order in the classroom."

Apart from any other reason for wearing good clothes, they pay a compliment to one's company. It is worth while to dress in such a way that people are happier when they look at you.

Shakespeare's dictum: "Raiment as costly as thy purse can buy," has a good deal to do with helping man or woman to get on in a world which is full of competition.

* * * * *

We sometimes think that our dress of to-day is exceedingly costly. So it may be, but we may also dress beautifully if we choose without spending much money. Southern women understand this, and look bewitchingly pretty in costumes that cost only a trifle to begin with. The many exquisite stuffs that are made from cotton set off a woman's beauty, particularly when she is young, quite as well as the richer fabrics, satin, silk and velvet.

A matron of Virginia in 1660 had a wardrobe that was fairly representative of the times. She owned an olive-colored silk petticoat, another of silk tabby, one of flowered tabby, one of velvet and one of white striped dimity. In those days cotton stuffs were very dear, and were more prized than silk, so this lady's calico gown had silk linings. Her bodices were of striped dimity and black silk, and with these she wore scarlet sleeves and ruffled sleeves of linen and lace. In the costumes of 200 years ago, we find petticoats of silk of various colors, jackets, mantles, aprons, hoods and separate pockets. On the whole, the dress was not so beautiful as that worn to-day, though a brocade gown over a quilted satin petticoat was not without its charm.

The dress of men was formerly very sumptuous and elaborate, and allowed of much more ornament than is permissible at present. A man's dress today is exceedingly comfortable and convenient, and women with their short skirts, broad-soled walking shoes and neat shirt waists have little to complain of. The essential thing is to be dressed as one ought to be for the time of day, the outing, the jaunt, or the occasion. One should not go to a dinner or a dance dressed as if one were going to market, nor should one wear to church or in any religious gathering the style of dress reserved for a wedding, an evening party, or a large reception.

I hope very much that the day may come when picture hats and all conspicuous head-gear may be abandoned for use in church. In any public assembly where bonnets and hats are much in evidence it is far more agreeable to all if the hats are small, or if they are laid in the lap of the wearers. In places of amusement this change for the better has gradually been adopted, but conservative women would almost feel that they were committing a sin if they took off their hats in church.

A beautiful Quaker lady whom I saw not long ago seemed to me to have solved the problem. She wore a closely-fitting frame covered with gray silk, which fitted around her head much like a baby's cap, and was tied under her chin. So severe is this style of head-gear that few women would have the courage to adopt it, but as most of us look much better without hats than with them, it may yet be possible to introduce the custom of wearing no hats at all in public assemblies.

One feature of woman's raiment—her shoes—deserves comment. No woman can afford to neglect the neatness of her feet. A well-fitting boot or shoe, properly laced or buttoned, and in no way slovenly, has a great deal to do with the aspect of the woman who wears it. French women understand that shoes and gloves are the really important parts of elegant dress.

* * * * *

The care of clothes has more to do than we think in keeping people well-dressed. When clothing is taken off it should be thoroughly aired and brushed; spots and stains should be immediately removed, and the aid of the press-board and hot iron should be invoked when necessary.

Any evidence of neglect in torn braids, missing buttons and loose ends generally is fatal to neatness in dress. The little accessories of the toilet, the ties, ruchings, frills, buckles, and other small things, which add finishing touches, must be taken into account. These may add largely to the expense of one's costume, unless they are put carefully away when not in use. The secret of many a woman's dainty appearance is to be found in that revelation of character, the top drawer of her dressing bureau. It is a pity that a man seeking a wife cannot have a peep into the maiden's bureau before he asks the all-important question.

Ornament and jewelry should be used very sparingly by those who aspire to be well dressed. A profusion of rings, however costly, is not in good taste.

Once we are dressed, we should think no more about the subject. If it is impossible for any reason for us to dress so expensively as our neighbors, we need not be distressed. Taste counts for more than money in the choice of one's wardrobe. Unless one has a very deep purse, it is a great mistake to have too many dresses or suits at the same time. They are sure to go out of fashion, and to prove a source of trouble, rather than of satisfaction. In purchasing look out for the wearing qualities of goods. That which costs most to begin with is often cheapest in the end. The thrifty woman buys a yard or two more than she needs, so that she may have a margin for future alterations.

SPEND MILLIONS ABROAD.

American Tourists Scatter the Coin When They Are "Doing" Europe.

Henry C. Nicholas has an interesting article in Public Opinion on the increasing amount of money which Americans spend every year in Europe. He says:

"Before leaving for Europe the tourist purchases a letter of credit covering the sum which he expects to spend while abroad. These letters of credit are purchased mainly from Wall street bankers, and give a foundation to work upon in estimating the amount of money annually spent abroad on vacations. Experts on foreign exchange agree that for the last five years an average of more than $100,000,000 a year has been spent by American tourists abroad. Present indications are that fully 150,000 cabin passengers will cross the Atlantic eastward this year, and the cost of the vacations of these 150,000 tourists will amount to no less than $150,000,000, or an average of about $1,000 apiece.

Of this amount $37,500,000 represents passage money paid into the treasuries of the various steamship lines. This figure is based on an estimated average of $250 a round trip for each cabin passenger. According to well-informed steamship officials, this estimate is, if anything, too conservative. Fully one-half of the passengers crossing the Atlantic in the first cabin pay more than that one way, while many pay many times that amount. The average, however, would be about $250 for each cabin passenger, or a total of $37,500,000 for the 150,000 passengers who will go to Europe this year.

According to foreign exchange experts, the average tourist spends abroad three times the cost of his round trip ticket across the Atlantic. This would give an average expenditure abroad per tourist of $750,000, which is declared to be well within the mark. This would indicate that the 150,000 tourists who go to Europe this summer will spend abroad a total of $112,500,000. Add the passenger fares across the Atlantic and you have a grand total of $150,000,000 representing what the annual European vacation of Uncle Sam's citizens will cost this country this year.

If this $150,000,000 was kept at home it would pay the entire expenses of Greater New York for a twelvemonth and leave a handsome surplus remaining. It would purchase all of the seats on the New York stock exchange at the highest price at which a seat has ever been sold and leave a balance almost sufficient to move the wheat crops of the nation from farm to market. It would be more than sufficient to defray the pension list of the United States government for one year.

TRADE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

Objects to Be Sought Are Practical Instead of Merely Theoretical.

A trade school for girls (such a school as was not long ago established in Boston) is a venture more significant than on the surface appears. The aim of the trade school is—or should be—to furnish those novel things, specific knowledge and detailed practical information, to girls of the working classes. And it has been thought recently that it would be a helpful move to enlist the interest of some of the women's clubs in the enterprise.

The point directly at issue is whether the aid of the women's clubs would truly further the efficiency of the girls' trade schools.

In order that it should, it would be necessary that the animating spirit of women's clubs in relation to subjects affecting working girls should be practical purely, and not philanthropic. This is rarely the case. The sentimental consideration almost always obtrudes itself in some form or other. Women's clubs have themselves existed too short a time, relatively, and the whole movement they express is too new, not to be still, so to say, in the metaphysical rather than the scientific stage. That all the practical problems of women's lives must be solved practically, however, if they are to be solved at all, is something that men are more apt to be able to see than the sex itself.

If this is not to be done, it is really a vain confusion to bring up the practical problems in any way. The trade school, if it teaches respect for thoroughness and single-minded devotion to specialized efficiency, must also teach subordination of the personality, of the sex—the setting aside of privilege. Anything else is illogical. Too many forces in American life war against this result—so much so that there is always a danger of any trade school for girls degenerating into essentially a "short-cut" school. In the present day and generation short-cut schools of all kinds may be indispensable, but we should do well frankly to acknowledge all the same, that as agents of genuine intellectual and moral growth, little can be claimed for them.