BEING SOME STRANGE PERSPECTIVES SEEN THROUGH THE SMALL END OF THE GLASS—WITH A CHERRY AT THE BOTTOM

DESCRIBED BY HELENA SMITH-DAYTON
PICTURED BY ANGIE BREAKSPEAR

"POOR JOSIE M'CANOPY."

"This cream looks sour," said Mrs. McCanopy.

"It smells sour," agreed Clara, sniffing the bottle.

"A thunder storm usually turns it," contributed Cousin Phoebe.

Everybody looked expectantly at Josie, who reached for a spoon.

"It is sour," she stated, rushing toward the sink.

"I thought so," echoed the others, triumphantly. "You can always tell!"

"Josie, you'd better get ready if you're going," advised her mother.

"Going where?" demanded Josie.

"Then who is going to do all these errands?" sighed Mrs. McCanopy. "I can't go; Clara can't; your cousin Phoebe has to give a music lesson; this is Mary's cleaning day, and—"

"Send Jennie. It's Saturday," suggested Josie. "I've got the bird cage to clean, the pets to feed, Spanish cream to make, and I promised Belle I'd—"

"I've got to study for examination," whined Jennie.

"After I get a few things done, I'll go," consented Josie.

"Say, where's that blue sweater of mine with the white stripes?" shouted Phil McCanopy, rushing in.

"Seems to me I saw it on the top shelf in the spare room," mused Josie. "You might look there."

"Josie, you go like a good child," pleaded her mother. "Phil will pull down everything, he's so rough."

"And Josie, while you're upstairs, will you open the windows and let it air out?" asked Clara. "It has stopped raining."

"Bring me down a clean handkerchief, that's a dear girl," put in Cousin Phoebe. "I was just going after one, but no need of both going."

"When you are up that far, would you mind getting that screen that's in the attic, Josie," coaxed her mother.

"Josie's a great little step saver," commented Phil.

"I don't know what we'd do without poor Josie," said her mother. "But we'll make it up to her on her birthday."

As for Josie, she realized she wasn't pretty, like Clara, nor "bright," like Jennie, nor a boy, Phil; she believed it was possible to be so sweet and obliging that one may become universally loved and admired. Josie's ambition was to be universally loved and admired.

"I'd like a dog," said Phil, disconsolately. "Ma's got the birds, sis has got a parrot, Cousin Phoebe has four Persian cats, the chickens belong to Jennie—"

"You have six white mice and two squirrels," reminded Clara, tartly. "I notice poor Josie has to take care of them, or they'd starve to death."

"She has to take care of your old parrot," flared Phil. "And ma's birds, and all the rest. You needn't talk! If I was Joe I wouldn't stand for it."

"Smarty," sneered Clara.

"It wouldn't be much more trouble to feed a dog," interposed Josie. "I wouldn't object to a dog."

"You're all right, Joe!" cried Phil, grabbing her around the neck. "I'll do something for you on your birthday!"

"We might as well make out the party list now," proposed Clara briskly. "Get a pencil and paper, Josie, seeing you're up. There's the Hayden boys, John Gray, Sam Peterson, Harold Munson, Dave Midge—" began Clara.

"I won't have Dave Midge at my party," cut in Josie. "You can invite anyone else to my party but him. If there's anyone on earth I detest, it's that Dave Midge!"

"Now, Josie, you've got to ask him," decided Mrs. McCanopy, "but of course you needn't have much to say to him aside from treating him politely."

"Sure, she's got to invite Dave," echoed Phil.

"Poor Josie, I know you hate him," sympathized Clara. "But, as mother says, you don't have to say much to him after he gets here."

"Suit yourselves," acquiesced Josie. "I don't know as I mind. Put down Ben Covington on the list, Clara," she added, trying to appear casual and disinterested. One Ben Covington would compensate for a whole roomful of Dave Midges.

Josie's Conspicuous Birthday Gifts Were a Dog from Phil, and a Rug for the Hall from Mother.

"Are those our chickens dipping up the flower seeds you planted yesterday, Josie?" queried Mrs. McCanopy. "I've got my lap full, or I'd go out and shoo 'em."

"I've got my hands all over dough," began Josie. "Send Clara; she's only drumming on the piano."

"Cla-ra!" called Mrs. McCanopy.

No answer.

"Cla—" she began once more.

"Oh, I might as well go first as last," mumbled Josie. When she reentered the house her hair was blown and her face was red.

"Dear me," she sighed, "a party's a dreadful sight of work!"

"It's YOUR party," reminded Mrs. McCanopy, putting her lips together firmly. "We are trying to make your birthday pleasant."

Josie, who was somewhere between 17 and 30, was looking forward to the day when the family was planning to pay up its indebtedness, not only with a party, but with gifts freely hinted at in the home circle as "something-you'd-never-guess-whats" and "just-wait-till-you-sees!"

"My only regret is I've got to have that mean old Dave Midge!" muttered Josie, as she sat down to stone raisins and plan what she would say to Ben Overton.

"Those bees your father was fool enough to buy at the Miller's auction seem to be acting funny," observed Mrs. McCanopy, gazing out of the kitchen window. "I wonder what we ought to do?"

"I've heard of them all swarming off," said Cousin Phoebe. "But I think if some one was to go out and throw a shawl over 'em, they'd calm down, and when it comes night you could slip the cage, or whatever you call it, right over them, and there you are!"

Clara left the room hastily, and Josie moved uncomfortably on her chair.

"I'd go if I wasn't so slow on my feet," said Mrs. McCanopy. "I couldn't do it quick enough. Josie, it would please your father, after all he is doing for you—" hinted her mother. "It certainly would be a great disappointment to Chester to lose 'em."

Josie, with the resignation of a saint and the courage of a matador, grabbed the big gray shawl and went out toward the community of striking honey makers. While Cousin Phoebe wasn't an authority on bee culture, the proposition as a whole looked as reasonable as the usual missions upon which Josie was sent. Accustomed to look after the family pets, she was willing to dust the hive every morning if her father wanted to keep a few bees, but she hoped the perches didn't have to be disturbed often.

Unfurling the shawl, Josie floated like a great winged bat toward the buzzing cloud. She did just as Cousin Phoebe had advised.

Afterward, when she had been relieved from pain as much as possible, her father said:

"You ought to have more sense, Josie, even if the others didn't have any!" Which shows that gratitude is apt to be proportionate to the amount of success attendant upon the good deed.

"And to-morrow's the party!" groaned Josie, avoiding the mirror.

"Some better," answered Josie, "the swelling has commenced to go down."

"Poor Josie, and it's your birthday, too!" condoned Clara. "You will be a sight at the party."

"Never mind, dearie," said Mrs. McCanopy cheerfully. "Here's what your father and I have bought for you!"

"Why—it's a rug!" gasped Josie. "I thought it was going to be a—"

"Don't you like it?" demanded her mother, with an injured air. "Isn't the design pretty?"

"It's a very nice rug," admitted Josie, struggling with keen disappointment.

"It's a sensible gift," defended Mrs. McCanopy. "I don't believe in foolish presents. Your father wanted to get some silly thing or other he heard you talking about, but I knew this would last for years, when something else had been forgotten."

"Let's take it up and see how it looks," said Josie.

"I thought we'd leave it in the lower hall for the present," stated Mrs. McCanopy. "When we can get the man to come and paint the border around your floor, we'll put it up there."

Josie sighed. She knew that it takes forever to get a man to come to do anything like that. It was with relief that she welcomed Phil's injunction not to look around until told to do so.

"Now!" cried Phil, dramatically.

"Oh, oh, oh! Take him away or he may bite!" shrieked Josie.

"He won't hurt you," encouraged Phil. "Nice old doggie. But I say, Joe, how d'you like him?"

"I don't like him at all," answered Josie, firmly. "Whose dog is it?"

"Yours!" cried Phil delightedly. "You wanted one, didn't you?"

"I never!" denied Josie. "I didn't say any such thing."

"Yes, you did, too," declared Phil hotly. "Didn't she, ma? Didn't she, Clara? You both heard her. She was standing over there by that table, and I said—"

"You said you wanted one," put in Josie wearily.

"Yes, and then you said you wouldn't object to one, so there!" yelled Phil.

"I meant that if you had got to have one, I'd wash him every week, and keep it from starving," explained Josie.

"He hasn't had anything to eat this morning," hinted Phil.

The tears were in both Josie's eyes, or all her eyes visible on account of the bee stings, but she bravely approached the gift from Brother Phil, and led it kitchenward.

"Josie's so hard to please," sighed Clara. "I wonder if she will turn up her nose at that dear little dress of mine that Mrs. Wood spoiled. It doesn't fit me, but will be lovely for Josie! I couldn't buy her anything, as I'm over my allowance now!"

"I gave her a brand new dog," sneered Phil, "but I notice poor Josie always has to take your old duds!" With this parting shot he strolled out to watch Josie and the brand new dog coming to an understanding.

"Some one has come already!" said Mrs. McCanopy nervously. "And Mary is changing her dress and can't answer the bell, and not one of us is presentable!"

"Josie has at least a kimona on," observed Clara. "And it's her party, anyway!"

"If I had my dress on, I'd go," volunteered Cousin Phoebe. "But I haven't," she added with relief.

"I'm a fright!" rebelled Josie. "I won't go!"

But she did go, holding her kimono together at the throat with one hand while she opened the door with the other. Ben Overton and the swellest girl of Josie's acquaintance popped in, and stared with surprise and unrestrained enjoyment at the spectacle poor Josie presented. Josie, after a wild apology, fled up the stairs, arriving just in time to button up Clara's new princess gown and to do several little things for her mother and Cousin Phoebe.

Josie Was a Sour Cream Verifier.

Josie's bee catastrophe gave her a sort of melancholy prominence for a brief period, but soon interest, amusement and sympathy for the disfigured owner of the birthday waned and Josie gravitated to a retired nook where she and Dave Midge bored each other for what seemed an eternity.

Ben Overton had shaken hands, told her it was "hard luck" about the bees, and this duty discharged, had proceeded to enjoy himself. Everybody seemed busy but herself and Dave Midge. Common unpopularity threw them together, and they hated each other the more intensely on account of it.

At least, thought Josie, the refreshments would atone for some of the disappointments the party brought; but when Clara informed Josie in a stage whisper that she had put salt in the ice cream, it completed a miserable failure, as far as Josie was concerned. Brother Phil forgot to mention that when he took the top off to see what flavor the cream was, it had seemed all right.

The Cherry—The next day, while Josie was down on her knees scraping the crushed refreshments out of the carpet, she extracted much comfort rehearsing the bright answers she would have made to Ben Overton had he noticed her at the party. While Josie was a great little anticipationist, she was even better as a retrospectionist.

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If the Bees Hadn't "Kicked" Josie McCanopy She Might Have Enjoyed Her Own Party.

Too Busy to Love.

In England people are too busy to love. A man jaded to death by 40 letters and 15 telegrams a day cannot in the evening indulge in the excitement of either a heart-shaking tragedy or the passion of an all-absorbing love. So he flirts.—Dr. Emil Reich in London Tattler.

A QUEEN IN TROUSERS

This is the latest picture of the only woman sovereign who wears trousers. She is the royal consort Chulalongkorn I., King of Siam, and with her husband and children is now visiting in England.

Distinctive Woman's College an American Institution

By Mary E. Wooley

In No Other Country Have Women Such Opportunities for Higher Education—Indefinable Atmosphere of College Town Imparts Culture—College for Women Not "Fashionable" in England—American Women May Learn to Become Architects, Engineers, Lawyers, Doctors and Ministers—Women as Critics—The New Professional School, Pedagogy.

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(Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke college, was graduated from Brown university in 1894, and afterward took a post-graduate course there. She has published articles on historical subjects in the Brown Magazine, the American Historical Review and other periodicals. For five years she was a member of the faculty of Wellesley college, at the head of the department of biblical history and literature. She became president of Mount Holyoke college in 1900. In the autumn of 1901 Miss Woolley visited the women's colleges in connection with the universities of England and Scotland.)

A sketch describing the opening of the University of Edinburgh to women says: "The almost universal extension of university privileges to women has been one of the most distinctive notes of the last quarter-century."

The opening of opportunities for the higher education of women has indeed been a distinctive note in the history of the last 25 or 50 years, and every year increases the number of those who avail themselves of these privileges. The progress has been most marked in the United States, and the increase in numbers far greater than in any other country, an increase due in part to the fact that so many institutions are open to women and so many forms of education are possible. Coeducation, the affiliated college and the separate woman's college offer a wide opportunity for choice and each form has its peculiar advantages. The college affiliated with an old university has access to its accumulated treasures of libraries and equipments without the necessity for coeducation, to which so many friends of higher education object. The coeducational institution assures to its students the best instruction of the university and the stimulus which comes from contact with the masculine minds and their different points of view, and the separate woman's college has the advantage of a more distinctive life and courses and equipments planned especially for her.

The last form of college is an American institution and has no counterpart in England. The Royal Holloway college at Egham, Surrey, approaches perhaps most nearly to the American conception, in that it is not situated in a university town and has its own resident of lecturers, but its work is to prepare for the Oxford or the University of London examinations and it grants no degree of its own.

The first impression which the observer of the English system of higher education for women receives is that of the close affiliation of the college with the university. It is not strange that Oxford and Cambridge are words by which to conjure; with the intellectual prestige of centuries, with their halo of famous names and great achievements, it is easy to understand the hold which they have and why it is so difficult for the English to comprehend our system and the value of the degree conferred by a college standing alone and on its own merits.

An Englishman of wide knowledge and of marked intelligence, to whom I had described the location of Mount Holyoke college as very near Yale university and Smith and Amherst colleges, observed: "I suppose, then, that they all receive the Yale degree!"

There are certain adrantages in the university system. The college enters into a rich heritage, and if culture is something more than a shibboleth, that of the university town is not to be underestimated. Not only is there the education which comes from contact with men the fame of whose learning is world-wide, and from access to libraries, museums and laboratories whose treasures have been accumulating for generations and even for centuries, but also that which is as the very atmosphere of the place. The eye is charmed, the mind stimulated and the imagination quickened by the beauty of the surroundings. Even more powerful than the aesthetic and artistic influences are those which come from the memories of great men and their achievements. England is not slow to recognize and commemorate heroism and genius, and the memory of noble living and of high thinking lingers in its university halls as an inspiration to the student life of to-day, which still feels the touch of the vanished hand and hears the sound of the voice that is still.

Into this rich inheritance the woman's college of England and Scotland has entered. In Scotland three of the universities—Edinburgh, Aberdeen and St. Andrew's—admit women on the coeducational basis; the fourth, Glasgow, has a woman's college, Queen Margaret's, in affiliation. In England the woman's college has developed in general from the amalgamation of "associations providing lectures for women" and those "providing halls of residence for women attending the lectures." The last quarter of a century has been significant indeed in the development of this movement, for it is little more than 25 years since the first small beginnings at Cambridge and Oxford, resulting to-day in Newnham and Girton at the former university and four colleges, Somerville, Lady Margaret's, St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's, at the latter. Long before Oxford and Cambridge thought of opening their doors to women the movement began in London by the foundation in 1849 of Bedford and Queen's colleges, not "colleges" in the strict sense of the term, but nevertheless an attempt to offer higher education to women. Not until very recently did these colleges become affiliated with the University of London, although for several years they have prepared for the university examinations.

It is interesting to compare the opportunities for higher education in Great Britain with those offered in the United States. There is no comparison as to the numbers availing themselves of these opportunities. Newnham has about 160 students, Girton less than 125, Somerville 80, Lady Margaret's 50 or 60 and St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's about 25 each. There are larger numbers at some of the colleges affiliated with the University of London and at the University of Edinburgh, but in no case are the numbers comparable with those at the principal American colleges for women. A partial explanation of this disparity is to be found in the larger constituency from which our colleges draw, but the chief reason for the difference is that the higher education of women has not as yet become a popular movement in England. It is not in any sense "fashionable" and as a result the class of students is distinctly an earnest one, with few, if any, who go simply for the college life and experience.

In a comparison of the English undergraduate course with the American, one is impressed with the emphasis placed upon specialization, an undergraduate going up to Oxford or Cambridge for a three-years' course in the philosophical or historical "school" devoting his entire time to the one line of work and winning his degree upon that. In some cases a liberal education precedes the university training, but that is not invariably true and the comparison with the American system seems to be that of a high degree of specialization versus a broader and more liberal culture.

While it is true that there are many advantages in the affiliation of the college with an old university, there are obvious disadvantages. The wheels of progress must often drive heavily when weighted with tradition and conservatism and desirable changes be made with difficulty. In no country are the opportunities for the higher education of women so numerous and so accessible as in our own, where it would seem that she who runs may read. All types of mind and every variety of circumstances and conditions may be met in the great number of institutions now open to women and in the wide opportunity for choice which they offer. The state universities and great endowed institutions like Cornell and Chicago offer coeducation, Harvard has its annex, Columbia and Brown their affiliated colleges, while Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley Smith, Holyoke and hosts of smaller institutions afford opportunity for study in the distinctive woman's college.

As broad a choice is offered in the curriculum and in methods, varying from the required courses and closer classroom work of the smaller college, to the wide election and lecture system of the university. There are no subjects, no lines of work from which women are debarred; they may study architecture and civil engineering in the best technical schools, theology in the seminaries, and medicine and law supplemented by practice in the hospital and the law office, as well as literature and art, domestic science and pedagogy. The advance during the last ten years has been largely in the direction of graduate study and the college woman of to-day who expects to enter teaching or any other profession regards her undergraduate course as preliminary simply to the advanced work which she hopes to do at some time in the future. The opportunities for such study are not less numerous than for regular undergraduate work, some universities, as for instance Yale, opening their graduate courses to women on the same basis as to men, while not admitting them as undergraduates.

These opportunities are supplemented by those which the European universities offer and which give to the American student the broader culture which comes from contact with the old-world civilization, although the actual academic advantages may be no greater, and sometimes not as great as in our own country. There is to-day a wide chance for choice in study abroad. The classical student feels that her course is incomplete unless she has shared in the advantages of the classical schools at Athens and Rome; the historian finds her way to the Sorbonne, as well as to the German and English universities; the scientist to Zurich and Naples; the mathematician to Gottingen. Every year these opportunities for advanced work become more accessible as universities, colleges and associations increase the number of foreign fellowships, realizing the value of this broader outlook after the years of close academic work.

The character of the work done by women has greatly changed within the last few years. At the beginning of the movement for their higher education it was often said that, while they showed great proficiency in lines of work requiring the powers of absorption and retention, they would prove themselves inferior in that which demanded originality and the more logical qualities of mind. Experience has proved the contrary and to-day in the fields of scholarship women are taking a foremost place as investigators in history, science, mathematics and philosophy, studies which demand the exercise of the highest logical powers A woman's genius for detail and her habit of perseverance fit her peculiarly for the exact and exacting work demanded of the student who is making a historical investigation, with all its minute detail, or studying the life and habits of some tiny creature in the world of science. Again, a woman's sense of proportion and love of beauty aid her in the work of criticism, where her daintiness and sureness of touch are invaluable. There is a wide field for women as critics, not only in art, music and literature, but also in philosophy, social science and political economy.

A line of graduate work receiving new attention is that of pedagogy. Teaching as a profession demands as thorough training as law, medicine or theology and already emphasis is being placed upon this department, both in England and in the United States. In the former country pedagogy is regarded as distinctive graduate work to follow the university training rather than to be incorporated with it; hence the rise of training schools or colleges for teachers in close association with the university. At Oxford the movement is a very unpretentious one, a little group of women, most of them university graduates, forming a class conducted by Miss Cooper, along the same lines as those followed by Mr. Keating in his work with the men. At Cambridge the work is more ambitious, a training college for teachers, founded 18 years ago by Miss Elizabeth Hughes, and now numbering nearly 100 students, supplementing the university course by as scientific and thorough a one as any professional school would give.

The development of such a system, already begun in the United States, promises to meet a need which neither the normal school nor the college has met—that is, the demand for teachers who have a thorough academic course as well as the pedagogical training. This means the rise of another professional school, which will appeal especially to women, forming so large a part of the teaching class and which will incidentally tend to place teaching on an equal basis with other professions. It is a narrow view which looks upon the opportunities for study open to women as of value only in the preparation for earning a living. In a certain sense the leisure class in American scholarship is the women rather than the men and they must bear a large part in the development of the love of learning and in the enrichment of the world by the discovery of its treasures. Scholarship need not be selfish; rather it should be made synonymous with service and the scholar regarded as the public benefactor.

MARY E. WOOLLEY.

Stranger Than Fiction.

"Remarkable thing about that woman," said the hotel clerk, jerking a thumb in the direction of a stylishly dressed lady who was passing through the lobby.

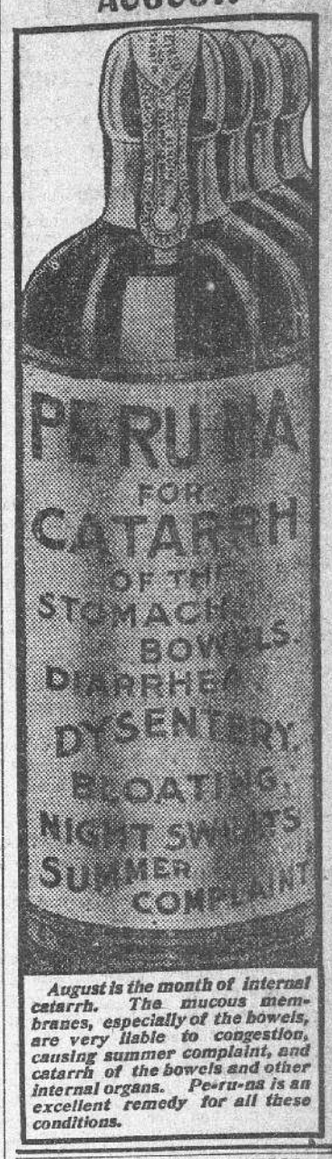
"What was it?" asked the landlord.

"She didn't come down after being assigned to her room to ask whether we couldn't transfer her to some other floor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

When She Stops to Think.

When a woman stops to think the man generally loses out.

HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.



August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Peru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

AS THE BOY UNDERSTOOD.

Probably to His Mind Conflict of Authority Was Vital.

In one of the Atlanta Sunday schools recently the lesson for the day had to do with Mammon and the corrupting influences of great riches.

Toward the close of the exercises, says Harper's Magazine, the superintendent called upon the infant class to repeat the golden text, which had special reference to man's inability to serve his Creator and the money god at one and the same time. The class failed to respond as it should, when the superintendent, noticing his own young hopeful in the ranks, who had that very morning been drilled thoroughly on the text, called to him. The response was immediate, though a slight departure from the original, for in a voice that was distinctly heard in all parts of the room there came the following modification:

"Ye cannot serve God and mammal!"

Fell Into Bad Company.

A canny Scot was brought before a London magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man, and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I cam' up in bad company fra Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a bottle of whusky an' I had to drink it all myself!"

An Early Discovery.

"Your epigrams and adages show great wisdom," said the dependent.

"Yes," answered Marcus Aurelius. "I can's deny that I regard them as something very wise indeed. There is nothing like them for popularizing an administration."

Women in Odd Occupations.

In Lewiston, Me., there is a young woman cobbler, and in New York state a blacksmith shop is run by three women.

In Extremis.

The yacht was heavily becalmed. There were but ten bottles of champagne in the lockers. Their last signal of distress had been sent up, without bringing any response.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the commodore, in a quavering voice, "I can no longer conceal the hideous truth from you. Sobriety stares us in the face!"

It was a wildly various scene which ensued. Some blasphemed, some prayed, some, in an access of frenzied wantonness, sang songs, while some sat stoically by, awaiting their fate with at least an outward calm.—Puck.

But He Was Gone.

"I tell you what," said the sad-looking man, "it's pretty hard for a man with a large family to live on a small income."

"Yes," eagerly agreed the stranger, "but it's a great deal harder for his family if he dies on one. Now, my line is insurance; let me interest you—Eh? What's your hurry?"

COFFEE AILS

Quit when you use

POSTUM

"THERE'S A REASON."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.