

**NO ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.**

**WOMEN WEARING STRAW AND THERE IS NO DEMAND.**

Many Firms Which Deal in the Imitation Buds Have Failed and Hundreds of Girls Have Been Thrown Out of Employment.

For the last hundred years artificial flowers have been the dearest decoration a woman could buy for her summer hat. The superlative has a double meaning in this connection—"dear" to feminine purse-strings, immeasurably satisfying to her sense of the artistic and appropriate. No one, not even the most logical man, could deny the daintiness of the instinct that led women to bedeck their multitudinous heads with copies of the sweetest things Divinity sets down upon this rolling ball. So it was that all these years, from her palace in the centre of her kingdom, Fashion each spring sent out her unassailable decree that flowers were to deck hats.

At first the word "artificial" was always used in speaking or writing of linen or silk posies. Old "fashion items" contain many allusions to "artificial roses," "artificial lilies-of-the-valley,"—always to impress upon the reader that real flowers were not meant. Of late years the adjective has been almost entirely eliminated from the dictionary of the writer who dishes up modish delicacies. Nowadays a hat is trimmed with "violet," a boa is of "forget-me-nots." No woman—and not often a man—is so ignorant as to imagine anything else but artificial flowers is meant.

The making of these beautiful imitations of Nature's handiwork became a vast enterprise employing the skilled labor of thousands of men, women, and girls. In many parts of the world the trade of artificial-flower-making descended from mother to daughter. Whole families for generations cut, pasted, stitched, and colored the beautiful evidences of their skill.

Until recent years the aim was always to make artificial flowers successful counterfeits of nature's own darlings. Every one knows that the work was often done so ably as to defy the eye's discernment. At this time the art of artificial-flower-making attained its highest perfection. The more faithful the likeness of the imitations to the originals the better the pay of the maker, and the greater the stimulation to effort.

Then came a creeping in of the grotesque and unnatural. Now and then Queen Fashion sent out edicts establishing the position of green roses, red lilacs, purple carnations, and all sorts of inartistic, even ugly effects in artificial flowers. The unending search for novelty began it. Newness, no matter how unseemly, appeals to most people for a time. Then comes a reaction, when the full commonness of a popular fancy strikes people, and they put the whole, good and bad, aside for a period of dormancy. When the imitation blossoms of fantastic proportions are bald ugliness came to be the style, artificial-flower-making was a doomed industry. Milliners looked about for some artistic and new substitute. The hat itself, which from our great-grandmother's time down had been a thing of shape only, offered great possibilities for ingenious ideas. About three years ago fancy braids began to flood the market; wire frames were made with greater care than ever; all sorts of fantastic and beautiful effects were brought out in straw hats which needed no extra adornment, other than a trifle of ribbon, chiffon, or lace—and artificial flowers went off Fifth avenue to dwell among the folk who live on the outermost edge of Queen Fashion's realm, and read her royal mandates through poverty's spectacles.

Last year there were more fancy straws, and dozens of carefully planned shapes in hats, and this season the demand for the new straws has driven many dealers in artificial flowers out of business. During the month of April four heretofore-prosperous firms were obliged to close their doors. One of these, a large wholesale house dealing exclusively in artificial flowers, went into bankruptcy, giving as the sole reason for so doing that there was no demand for their goods.

So long as the straws are as dainty and durable as they are this season the situation is not likely to change. A walk past the series of fashionable Fifth Avenue millinery-shops establishes the truth of this assertion. There are whole windows displaying only hats of straw whose sole trimming is ribbon, lace, or chiffon. It seems a pity, when one thinks of the daintiness of the artificial flowers of past days, but there is no help for it until women tire of fancy straws and long for other novelties. Then the industry will awaken. In the meantime hundreds of girls and women who have no other employment are hopelessly out of work.—Harper's Weekly.

**Kite Competitions.**

A form of sport very popular in Normandy is that of flying kites, which, are some of them, of very large dimensions. There has been a competition recently at Ronen, on the heights of St. Catherine. The victorious kite rose to the height of 8,500 feet, and would have soared higher but for lack of string.

Few inventions that have brought prosperity to those who made them were accidental.

Burglars are not the only people who take things as they find them.

**Galveston's Sea Wall.**

When the city of Galveston, Tex., shall have finished its projected three miles of sea wall it will have a barrier of cement and steel along the ocean front five feet thick at the top and 16 feet at the bottom, a safeguard of stone which will rise some 17 feet above the highest water of the flood of 1900. The wall will rest upon piles and be protected from undermining by shell filling and riprap, says the Mobile Register. The foundations will be laid a little back from the usual high-water line and about three feet above mean low tide. A second and quite as important a feature of the project is the filling in of the land back of the wall for a stretch of some 200 feet. Thirty-five feet of this made level nearest the wall will be laid with brick, so as to provide a driveway of 30 feet and a walkway, if the top of the wall be included, of nine feet in width. Next to the driveway on the bay side of the filling will be a strip of 60 feet of embankment planted with Bermuda grass. There are large possibilities of artistic development along the wall as thus planned and in their present temper the citizens of Galveston seem to be intent upon realizing these possibilities to the full.

**Might Have Been Worse.**

Good stories are always plentiful about golf caddies. A St. Andrews caddie named "Mathie" Gorum, who made the invariable remark after a poor shot by the parson he was serving, "it might have been waur," meant to be consolatory and encouraging. His master, a clergyman, was wearing with his well-meaning dattery. Accordingly, to make sure that he would squash the remark at once, he told the caddie he had a terrible dream the night before.

"Mathie, my man, I dreamt that I was in a place where the wicked are punished. I saw the wretched ones tortured they were swimming in a lake of boiling pitch, and could not get landed for red-hot pitchforks thrust in their faces by demons."

He halted a minute, with his tongue in his cheek, when, in perfect coolness, the caddie answered: "Aye, sir, that was a bad dream; jist awful, but it might have been waur."

"Waur, you fool? How could that be?"

"It might have been true."—St. James Gazette.

**Art of Paper Making.**

In the matter of making and using paper we are not in line with the Chinese and other Asiatics, who not only make the finest paper in the world, but apply it to all sorts of uses, making window panes, fans, umbrellas, sandals, and even cloaks and other garments of it.

The art of making paper from mulberry bast is said to have been invented in China in the second century B. C. Afterward bamboo shoots, straw, grass, and other materials were also used. The manufacture spread to the adjacent countries.

The Arabs learned it in Samarcand, and their learned men carefully kept secret the process by which they made paper for their own use. The crusades made Europe acquainted with the art, and the first paper mill in Germany dates from the twelfth century.

To this day the process of paper making in the East is simple and apparently crude, the fibres being torn apart with the fingers and the pulp pressed in a primitive contrivance.

**The Unfortunate Elephant.**

The condition of the elephants in Central Park appeals strongly to humane persons. They are moored by the leg to a post, year in and year out, and get no exercise. It is believed they lead a sad life, and that the restrictions which they have to endure are both unnecessary and discreditable. Various persons write letters to the newspapers about them, advocating that these elephants should be employed in carrying children about, as is done in the London Zoo; or, if that is impracticable, that they should be moved up to the Bronx Park, where they can live in comfort. No doubt the park authorities would cheerfully send their whole menagerie up to the Bronx, but that would cause direful lamentation among the children of Manhattan. What might be feasible would be to swap the elephants back and forth between the Bronx and Central Park, to the betterment of their health and spirits.—Harper's Weekly.

**A Famous Privateer.**

Dunkirk, France, recently celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of its most famous citizen Jean Bart, the great privateer, whose name is now borne on the cruisers of the French navy. The eminent mariner, says the Westminster Gazette was no less famous for the roughness of his manners than for his prowess on the high seas. The story is told when Louis XIV summoned him to Versailles he lit up his pipe in the ante-chambers, and refused to put it out. "I acquired the habit of smoking," he said to the gentleman-in-waiting who remonstrated, "in the service of the King and the King is too just to object to my indulging in it." His reply to the King on the occasion of his promotion is also famous: "Jean Bart, I have made you a commodore," said his majesty. "You have done well, sire," was the old salt's answer.

**Some Swift Fish.**

Recent experiments show that the dolphin, when pursued, can go through the water at the rate of about thirty-two miles an hour. This is great speed, but the salmon can do better, since it has frequently been known to swim at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Among the smaller fish it is doubtful if there is one which is more swift than the Spanish mackerel. As a rule, however, all those fish which prey on others are remarkably swift, which is only natural, as, if they lacked speed, they would be unable to hunt successfully for prey and would often be obliged to go hungry.

It is estimated that the projected railway from southern to western Australia will cost \$22,000,000 and take five years to build.

Colombia with only 4,000,000 inhabitants, is twice the size of Germany.

**CIVILIZATION'S DEBT TO THE TROLLEY CAR.**

BY CHARLES TRIPLER CHILD,

Editor of the Electrical Review.

NEVER again is it likely that we shall see a repetition of the former conditions of manufacturing towns, human beehives, where the workers swarmed about their work in utterly insanitary and evil closeness to one another. Their crowded areas have been thinned out, the tenement has given way to the cottage, and the town has spread into the pleasant country. And all this has been accomplished in fourteen years by a single and most unexpected agency, the trolley car.

This statement may possibly be disputed, but it is self-evident that transportation facilities have released the centrifugal tendencies of aggregations of people. Nothing approaching adequacy as a means of urban transit had preceded the trolley, and its effect upon cities was practically immediate. Boundaries were overflowed, and communities hitherto bound by limits of distance expanded and took vivifying breath of their suburbs. The occasional commuter was joined by an army of pilgrims of the trolley, and farms were staked off and sold for villa sites on every hand. The centripetal tendency was checked gently and without shock at the center of its influence, and an entirely new set of conditions brought into the problem of housing the influx to populous places.

Indirectly, by the upbuilding of suburbs, the trolley line encouraged the more conservative steam railway to compete for the transportation of passengers dwelling in the outskirts. Once having formed the suburban habit, many people, by reason of the superior speed of the steam railroad, went beyond the convenient distance of the trolley car to make their homes. Hence the suburban area rapidly extended itself, and is today still extending. The natural question is, when and where will the extension stop?

It will stop only with the distribution of population over areas so great that its density will nowhere approach that of the modern town. Cities, as collections of residence places, will pass through a period of gradual decadence, while remaining as points of condensation of industry, in the light of recent engineering advances, though even this last proposition is at least debatable. But the working class, by which is meant all the useful elements of the population is deserting the town center for the town edge, and the edge is growing wider and further. At the last the population remaining in the once crowded center must be those too inactive or too poor to move, the surviving remnant of the submerged.

To prove the probable truth of this (probable only because no one can foresee all the elements that the future will inject into the outgrowth of any set of present conditions) it is only necessary to consider the history and present status of the electric railway. Fourteen years ago electricity first definitely competed with the horse on street railways.

Improvements rapidly made soon enabled this motive power to displace animals for traction purposes. Other improvements made it possible to increase the length of electric lines, at the same time preserving all the economies and benefits of the new system. In its short history the electric motor has advanced from the rival of the horse to a formidable competitor of the locomotive. Its possibilities are beyond the limits of reasonable prophecy.

**Higher Education is for the Man : : : : and Not for Mere Livelihood.**

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS,

Chancellor, University of Nebraska.

THE commercial demand for educated people is far from exhausting the whole demand for them which exists in our country today. To appreciate this, one must remember our peculiar American idea of higher education, so rich as contrasted with that which prevails abroad. The cry that the supply of highly educated men may exceed the demand is an echo from Germany. From the German point of view, such a fear can be understood, but not from our own, which is wholly different. The German theory is that, while all people ought to possess the fundamentals of education—reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic, geography, history and religion—higher education is in place only for those who contemplate a "career" of some sort. As one German youth resorts to a technical school wishing to be an engineer, or to a trade school to learn factory-management, another attends a university to become a teacher, a professor, or a clergyman, or to win a position in the civil service. In every case, according to the thought of the Germans, the advanced education is justified by the profession for whose sake it is sought. It is for the function, not for the man. This is why women's education makes so slow progress in Germany. As women in that land do not expect professorships or orders in the church, few people there see why women should wish to enter universities.

Fortunately, a different notion prevails in this country. With us, higher education, like that of the common school, is primarily for the man, not for the function; so that, if the education is of the right kind, it cannot possibly reach too many individuals. It is believed that in this way higher education in the United States has conserved a truly "liberal" character to a larger extent than in any other land.

This is not at all disproved by the growth of technical schools and courses, partly, perhaps, at the expense of the literary or classical, since large and increasing numbers of students in technical institutions or departments are there simply to secure general education. Cases of this kind are far more numerous than most people imagine.

**WHY TOWNSMEN SEEK THE COUNTRY.**

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

WHAT is the reason for the recent exodus of well-to-do American from our towns into the country? It increases with every year. What is the cause of it?

As I look into the matter, some curious facts come to view which I think I will set down here. The subject is not one that requires close reasoning. Perhaps a little gossip may throw more light upon it than any argument would do.

I have here a queer book, printed early in the last century in the old town of Cumberland, Maryland. It is the autobiography of a hunter, Browning by name, who, before the Revolution, shot deer, bears, panthers, and sometimes Indians, in the wilderness of the mountain ranges in Virginia and the Carolinas. In his old age, somebody who could read and write took down his recollections of his early days, and made a book of them. They give us some startling and suggestive glimpses of the condition of human nature when it is brought, during the solitude of many years, close to the brute nature, and to the old mother herself.

Here is one story, for example. Browning, in his old age, lived with a married daughter in a town in civilized fashion. But his two sons, who were trappers, came down one winter from the mountains and begged him to go back with them for a last hunt.

The old man, then over eighty, went, and at first was rheumatic, weak, and irritable. But, after they had been in camp for a week, he went out alone, one day, and got scent of a stag. He followed, lost it, and then "winded" another. For two days and nights he ran through the mountain passes like a madman; the snow was deep, and the jungles of thorns tore his clothes off his body. During this time he had not a mouthful of food except the nuts which he took from the squirrels' storehouses. At the end of the third day, his sons, who were searching for him, frantic with fear, found him naked and exhausted on one of the peaks of the Cheat Range. "But," he says, "I was none the worse. I had the 'woods fever' on me, and, therefore, I felt neither cold nor hungry. While the 'woods fever' is on you, you are never cold or hungry."

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**Heartless Swindling of Housewives.**

A swindle recently worked on some women of the South Side is good enough to deceive any one. The housewife would be called to the front door and there she would find a woman from the country, especially as the basket she carried was filled with oats, from which white eggs were peeping.

Somehow or other eggs never appear so bona fide and trustworthy as when they are packed in oats. One feels morally certain that the eggs have come warm from the farm. The country woman's story was entirely worthy of belief.

"I have been delivering eggs to Mr. Crawford's house up the street," said she. "I've been bringing him six dozen a week, but this morning I found out his folks had gone away and I thought maybe some of the neighbors might want the eggs."

Now, whether the housewife wanted them or not, there is seldom any resisting the temptation to buy anything that has come fresh from the farm. It is said that the woman from the country would break an egg at each house and show that the contents were all right.

That egg would be the only good one in the basket. One housewife, who bought six dozen eggs at a slightly advanced price because of the oats used for packing, declared that there was not one 1902 egg in the lot.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**Psychology of Hair.**

Coarse black hair indicates power of character, with a tendency to sensuality.

Straight stiff black hair and beard indicate coarse, strong, rigid and straightforward personality, says the Liverpool Post.

Fine hair generally denotes exquisite sensibilities; flat, clinging straight hair a melancholy but constant habit. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit, a stubborn and cruel character.

Coarse red hair and whiskers are accompanied by violent animal passions, but some force of individuality.

Auburn hair, on the contrary, denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of thought and the greatest capacity for pain or pleasure.

Crisp, curly hair, we regret to say, is indicative of a hasty, impetuous and rash character, and generally, light hair is characteristic of a lymphatic and indolent constitution.

There is no doubt that the coloring matter of the hair may be in some way affected, or may affect, the disposition, for it is an odd thing how often the surplus in red hair or the carbon in black appears in the individual's acts and thoughts.

**Russian Loyalty to the Czar.**

The patriotism of the Russian applies only to the Czar. That which moves an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a native German to heroic deeds is devotion to his native land, to his Fatherland, to that ideal entity which is known as "country." That which moves the Russian is devotion to a man who, next to God, commands his religious faith and stands to him for his country, states a contributor to Scribner's Magazine.

The first conception is Roman, and of the Western world. The second is Oriental and pertains to the subtle Greek intellect in its decadence. Nor is this feeling the personal loyalty of the Cavalier and the Jacobite to the Stuarts, or of the French noblesse to the house of Bourbon. The loyalty of the Russian is not to Alexander or to Nicholas or to the Romanoffs, a family of mixed blood, chiefly German and less than three hundred years ago of the rank of boyars. The intense Russian loyalty is to the crowned and consecrated Tsar, whoever he may be, the head of the State and the head of the church, next to God in their prayers.

**Uses of Apricot Pits.**

The meat of apricot pits is largely used in France, as elsewhere, as a substitute for almonds, being cheaper and slightly more acid. Confectioners use it in powdered form, which is quite indistinguishable from almond powder. Chemists employ it both in powder and extracts. Bakers make "almond paste" of the powdered pits. It is used also in the manipulation of certain wines. The consumption of apricot pits in all these forms must of necessity be very large. The domestic supply is very great and the neighboring countries—Spain, Italy, Algeria, and, in short, almost the whole Mediterranean littoral—are the home of the apricot. At present this supply seems to be sufficient for home consumption and also for a considerable export trade, including, among other countries, some shipments to the United States.

**An Excellent Regulation.**

He is a man of ready wit. Business called him to the navy yard and at the yard it was necessary for him to take the little ferryboat to the Cob dock. The line between the sheep and the goats is very strictly drawn on that boat. The man didn't know it, so he carelessly walked up in front and took a position swept by the ocean breezes of the bright spring morning. He had been there about a minute when a sergeant of marines accosted him with: "Beg pardon, sir, but this part of the boat is reserved for officers." The man looked the sergeant square in the face and then said: "A most excellent regulation, sergeant, most excellent." "Excuse me sir," gasped the sergeant, and he withdrew with little dignity.—New York Sun.



**The Struggle For Subsistence.**  
Let trusts beware their grasping way,  
For fates are strangely linked;  
If men are forced to eat the hay,  
Cows may become extinct.  
—Washington Star.

**Love.**  
Patience—"Does he make love well?"  
Patrice—"Make love? How foolish!  
Love is not made, dear; it is born."  
—Yonkers Statesman.

**Vehicle of the Future.**

"I hear that Gazzam is thinking of buying a horseless carriage," said Manhattan.

"Indeed?" queried the Brooklynite.  
"And what have they named the baby?"—Judge.

**Anxious.**



The Ping-Pong Microbe—"Wonder if they'll discover an antidote for me?"—Life.

**A Change of Mechanism.**

"I have decided to economize," remarked the multi-millionaire.  
"I'm going to quit buying political machines and content myself with defying the public in an automobile."  
—Washington Star.

**An Adverse Impression.**

"Don't you think you have a very changeable climate?" said the stranger.  
"No," said the native; "it changes fast enough when it's pleasant, but when it's disagreeable, it hangs on like grim death."  
—Washington Star.

**Woes of the Collector.**

"Did you get anything out of her?" asked the business manager of the collector.  
"Yes, she paid me a compliment. Said she wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if she had it."  
—New York Times.

**A Cautious Claim.**

"Is your wife one of these women who look at their husbands and say, 'I made a man of him?'" asked the impertinent friend.

"No," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta is very unassuming. She merely says she has done her best."  
—Washington Star.

**An Obliging Youth.**

"Miss Blink seems to be a very sad and serious person," said Miss Cayenne. "Nothing ever seems to make her smile."

"That's too bad," answered Willie Washington. "I guess I'll propose to her. That seems to be the best thing I can do. It never fails to get a laugh."  
—Washington Star.

**Discouraging.**

The Messenger Boy—"Well, how'd yer like mercantile life?"

The Office Boy—"Aw, de boss don't give me any encouragement."

The Messenger Boy—"How's dat?"

The Office Boy—"Why, he never gives me a look when I'm workin', but just as soon as I start ter loaf a bit, he's Johnny-on-de-spot wit' his eagle eye."  
—Puck.

**Natural to Him.**

"Your husband," said Mrs. Oldcastle, as she again availed herself of the privilege of inspecting the splendid library of the new neighbors, "seems to have a particularly fine taste for articles of vertu."

"Yes," her hostess replied. "I know it. But then it's only natural he should have. Josiah's one of the virtuousesst persons—for a man—that I ever seen."  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Down and Out.**



"How I used to love him!"  
"And don't you now?"  
"No; he lost his job."  
—New York Journal.

**Unusual.**

"But I certainly know," said the caller, "what kind of a hat is most becoming to me."

"I beg leave to differ," persisted Mr. Ferguson.

This is where Mrs. Ferguson saw fit to put in a word.  
"It is a remarkable condescension on his part," she said to the visitor, "that he begs leave to differ. When he differs with me, as he generally does, he never asks leave."  
—Chicago Tribune.