HER WAY OF THINKING.

ONE ODD PHASE OF WOMAN'S MENTAL POINT OF VIEW.

Things Said by Some Women About Man's Assertion That It Is Impossible for Woman to Think, Speak, or Act Impersonally—Tilted Hats—New Corset Covers—Cycling Stocks.

Man says that it is impossible for woman to think, speak, or act impersonally. Perhaps this is true and perhaps it isn't. If it is, one thing is certain: the time is coming when woman will be able to consider persons, things, and events from an abstract view point. Why? Because she is growing daily more intellectual. A half dozen women fell to exchanging experiences along this line lately, and their conversation came pretty near to proving that man is justified in holding his opinion regarding the sex's mentality.

"My husband says it is just as impossible for me to separate any fact under consideration from me and mine as it is for a pig dressed in a swallow-tail coat to be a gentleman," remarked one of them. "He claims that I see everything and everybody as if existing solely for my sake, solely to harm or benefit me and those dear to me. I do wonder if this is true. I'd hate to think that, because I'd feel that I was a selfish sort of piece of flesh and blood."

"Yes, I think perhaps he is right," responded a woman with a strong face. "I remember perfectly when I never could look at anything impersonally. It hasn't been a hundred years since I was in that mental state, I assure you. My husband, as you know, is a lawyer, and lawyers are apt to consider facts and people abstractly. They reason everything out; their minds forget their own personality, and reduce ideas and actions into principles. Take this war with Spain. He says that I and all other women look at it as if it was brought about expressly to interfere with our husbands' business interests and to kill off our boys and our friends. And I can't dispute with him on this point, for you see I have two boys in Squadron A and one in the Seventh Regiment; so when there is any war talk going on my mind is pretty apt to turn to my sons. Still there are questions that I can look at impersonally."

"Bosh!" exclaimed a young woman whose work has kept her in the whirl but not of it for a number of years. "For my part, I think just as many men look at things from a personal standpoint as women. I know men, clever men, who don't know what you are talking about when you begin to deal out abstract truths to them. For example, a man treated me rather shabbily lately. He made me believe that he was such a true friend that I actually asked a favor of him, a thing I almost never do, for I've learned that it is wisdom to have your friends where you can use them, but greater wisdom not to use them after you get them there. Well, this man didn't grant the favor, and the next time I saw him he made all sorts of excuses. I separated the facts under consideration entirely from him, absolutely from myself, and showed them to him as if they existed for their own sake. I did it gently, kindly; and what did he do? He went away in a huff. Excuse me from looking at anything in an abstract light again! I was mad, downright mad, with that man, and he'd have been flattered to death if I'd stamped my foot and told him so, instead of talking as if he and I were atoms, as if I were viewing my request and his refusal and their results purely in the light of cool reason. Men berate women for not being able to consider things impersonally, but all the same they do not like us when we do happen accidentally to do so. Maybe it's all right for man to be abstract; but my advice to women is to be spontaneous, and spontaneity is nearly always personal. My impulse was to let out on that man. That would have been a spontaneous action, and would have cleared the atmosphere as an August thunderstorm does, and we would probably have been better friends than ever. Instead of that I gave my will full reign, and determined to treat the whole matter impersonally. Result, a gulf between me and another good friend. Hereafter I shall follow my instinct and not my reason. If the men are so fond of abstract thinking and action I'll leave my share to them, for I want no more of it."

"Yes," spoke up a pretty little woman, "but we have evil instincts at times. Would you advise us to follow them?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the oldest and wisest woman of the party. "We never have evil instincts. Our instincts may be vitiated by evil affections, but the instincts themselves are all right. The girl here has told us many truths, but she has some distorted ideas, I fear. She believes not at all in logic or abstract truth, and there she is wrong. I grant that the persons who are nearest and dearest to us, who stand for something in our lives, who are our helpful influences, are those whose action toward us is always spontaneous, not studied; rather, I should say, not apparently studied. There is in every person possessing great intuition a fund of logic. The logic does not grate on us, however, for it cannot separate itself from the intuition, and merely helps it to unfold.

"There are two ways by which woman can become less personal. One is by the cultivation of her intellect. That, of course, is a mental process; the other is spiritual. She can eliminate her personality by driving selfishness from her nature. She loses all fear and melancholy by doing this. Women should be more passive. Did any of you ever try sitting quietly and opening your mind to truth? Thoughts will pour in on you if you do this often enough. But to get back to abstract thinking and action. The very fact that women are so personal in thought, word, and deed is what makes us so interesting to men. Men would be an unhappy lot indeed if women should all suddenly be able to reason out everything, to overlook the thee and me, and to consider principles alone. Why, there wouldn't be a belle on the face of the earth! Only people with well-developed intellect can grasp and give out abstract truth, and Emerson tells us that intellect is void of affection. If this be true, women had better not devote all their time to the cultivation of the intellect, for a woman without affection is almost as offensive as a woman without purity. Let her cultivate her heart and see to it that unselfishness and self-forgetfulness bloom there always and she is sure not to be offensively personal. Be spontaneous, not abstract. Spontaneity is one of the sweetest attributes of true womanhood, and surely the time will never come when woman will want to uproot it for cold logic. If it ever does come poor man will rue the day when he railed at us for being so devoted to *meum* and *tuum*."

To be in style every woman must have at least one hat which tip-tilts over her nose. When becoming, this style of wearing the hat is very becoming; but when unbecoming it is horrid. No woman with a turned-up nose should wear a hat turned down to meet it, for then brim and nose look exactly as if they were trying to get at each other and couldn't quite make it. On the other hand, a conspicuous straw hat loaded down with veiled flowers, feathers, and so on, should not be set down over a large drooping nose, for then the brim looks very much as if it were running the said nose a good race. To the average nose the tip-tilted hat is becoming, and that is well, for everybody is wearing it. Nothing is more fascinating than to see a pretty pair of dark or blue eyes peering out from underneath one of these flower-laden brims.

A corset cover or under body is a magerful thing, as Sentimental Tommy says. This little garment has almost cost many a woman her hope of heaven. It almost never fits. If made tight enough at the start to fit smoothly, after a few visits to the laundry it is too tight for any mortal use when made of cotton goods. But if it isn't made to fit it never by any happy accident shrinks to the proper size. A manufacturer of corsets is having a great sale of a corset cover which she has designed and patented. It is made in two pieces and fastens smoothly over the corset in the back and down the front, and is without the slightest bit of fulness. In short, it fits as snugly as the corset itself, and has no sleeves or fluffy frills to hide the chemise. Stout women who have had to give up wearing under bodies are delighted with the invention.

"They neither shrink or stretch, and they are so simple that the fattest woman in the land can afford to wear them," explained one woman who wears them. "The average woman feels untidy without a corset cover, and this one has been a joy to those who've had to give this garment up on account of disappearing lines."

On the other hand, thin women are taking to the little underbodies, full at waist and neck, like crows to corn. This style gives fulness to an undeveloped or slender figure and has a great advantage over the old time plain corset cover. The fulness in the neck and at the waist is gained by drawing ribbons through a casing, and even if the garment does shrink, it is not rendered hopeless for wearing purposes—only a little less full.

The Ascot cycling stock has given the linen collar its death blow. Dealers declare that up-to-date summer girls will not distort and discolor their necks by wearing high stiff linen bands which take them under the ears. The new stocks are stylish and most becoming. They are made with a white band, which is quite high and can be drawn around to fit the neck perfectly when the ends are crossed in the back before being brought to the front and tied Ascot style. This fashion is going to be hard on poor men. Not one woman out of ten can tie an Ascot, and yet all simply must wear them. Wherever these stocks are sold cards are given away illustrating each step that must be taken to tie one successfully. In addition to this, salesmen and shopgirls are constantly called upon to give a practical demonstration of the process.

Men adopted the cycling stock last year, not for general wear, but for sporting purposes. They said it was most comfortable, but complained that the duck, pique, canvas, or whatever the material happened to be, would not retain its stiffness as a linen collar does, and that it looked like a dilapidated rag after a few miles of pedal pushing. When woman embraced the stock this spring she discovered this at the outset and made a kick at once. The result is that dealers have brought out a celluloid stock, as thin as parchment, but very stiff, which is slipped in between the stock proper and the lining and keeps it standing up as straight as a soldier on duty.

The exchange of gifts at Easter has become an established custom. There was a time when people never dreamed of sending one another anything at this time other than appropriate cards, booklets or flowers. Not so now. They harass themselves and other people with questions of what to give almost as much as at Christmas time.

"I gave a dozen presents this Easter," asserts one woman, "and I don't believe a single person who received one of them was exactly pleased with what she got. The method of giving Easter gifts in Denmark strikes me as being admirable and practical, and I for one wish it prevailed here. I spent Easter a year ago there, and imagine my amazement when I got a card from a certain store saying that I was entitled to a half dozen pairs of gloves there, an Easter present from Mrs. Blank. On Easter morning came another card saying I was to select a stickpin at a certain jewelry store, a gift from Mrs. Noname. I said to the friends with whom I was stopping, 'Why, what does this mean?' and they explained that one lady had paid so much money in at the glove department of the store whence the card came, and that I was to go there and select what gloves I wanted. They only show gloves to cover the amount deposited and there is never any question about price. The same was true in the case of the stickpin. My friend had deposited $10, say, and so, when I presented my card, the salesman looked the matter up, and, seeing this on his books, only showed me pins retailing at $10 each. There can be no such thing as dissatisfaction with Easter gifts in Denmark, and I wish it was so here. For my part I think this card system would prove very productive of peace on earth and good will to men in lieu of this haphazard, indiscriminate giving."

Just when women had bidden the gauze vest good-by here comes one so pretty that they cannot resist it. Of course it came from Paris and is chic as can be. It is made of very finely spun silk, and is of the exact weave of a very fine and expensive silk stocking. It fits snugly about the bust and waist, but is cut full and flaring below the waist line. The neck is round and elaborately embellished with silk lace. Yellow, ranging all the way from a rich cream to burnt orange, is the favorite color in this design of underwear. Being surrounded and clothed in yellow may make one wise, as the ancient Orientals believed, but highly colored *lingerie* doesn't seem to belong somehow to the woman of really refined taste.

The smartest scarfpin of the moment is what looks to be a gold nursery pin. Men and women are both adopting it.

CIRCUS PEOPLE OUTWITTED.

They Dickered for Cheap Fares, but the Railroad Man Knew His Business.

"There are people who think you can't beat a circus man. But I want to tell you that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man."

The old sawdust manager had tried it. He continued:

"Know where Purcell is in the Indian Territory? Away down at the jumping-off place on the Santa Fé road. The show had been at Purcell, and we wanted to get out in the night for a long run. We were going to make a jump to Kansas City. Not far from Purcell is another town, Oklahoma City. At that point a competing road with the Santa Fé runs in. We had five hundred people, and of course the railroad men were after us. It was a big haul. Some of our people bought through tickets from Purcell, and they didn't worry. But about 200, maybe more, of the crowd, that always haggles over a 10-cent dicker, concluded to take the Santa Fé from Purcell to Oklahoma city, pay the short haul, and then take the competing line at Oklahoma, the agents of which were active and full of promises.

"Then the Santa Fé man fixed it so the dickerers couldn't buy any tickets from Purcell to Oklahoma, for the train we were to go on was a special. The dickerers said that was all right; that they would wait for the regular. In less than five minutes a bulletin was slapped on the board of the station to the effect that the regular Santa Fé was twelve hours late. That made the fellows who were dickering for a cheaper rate turn white around their gills.

"In another five minutes I see a man on a track velocipede scudding down the stretch. Every man to his business. So I thought the railroad people knew what they were doing, and they did. That chap on the velocipede was going down the track to flag the regular and hold it indefinitely. Smart trick, wasn't it? Wait till I tell you. There was a smarter trick than that.

"When the special got ready to pull out, the dickerers asked the agent if they could pay on the train from Purcell to Oklahoma. And he said 'cert.' So they all boarded the train at Purcell, intending to get off at Oklahoma. Just before the train pulled out, the agent walks down to the engine and asks the old man at the throttle how long he had been on the road and about the capacity of his iron horse, and so forth.

"'How many miles an hour can she go at her best?' asked the agent.

"'On a good track, sixty-five miles?'

"'Is it a good track through Oklahoma City?'

"'Yes, pretty good.'

"'All right. You've got no orders to stop there nor to slow up, have you?'

"'Not yet.'

"'Well, when you get to the edge of the town you let her go. Don't stop for anything—flags, or teams, or cattle. Scoot through the town at a sixty-five-mile gait, or more if you like, and don't slow up until you strike that strip of desolation about eleven miles t'other side, and you smoke a box of the finest cigars in Chicago. Is it a go?'

"'If I don't get no orders 'fore I start.'

"'Well, you are five minutes late now.'

"In a minute, and I calculate it was less, the circus special was under way. It went around curves like a scared snake. It shot across straight lines like a gazelle that had been singed. It whirled the dust of that country into the sky. After a while we saw a town. Then we went through it like the woman that's shot from the catapult, only more so. One of the dickerers, who was smiling to think the conductor had not yet come 'round, asked a brakeman as the train was going through the street, 'What town is this?' The brakeman said: 'Oklahoma City?'

"The dickerer's smile faded as it came, as the poet says, and his hair stood up, and turning to the brakeman he says:

"'Jezecriminil! Stop her! Here's where we get off!'

"'She doesn't even hesitate at a town like this,' said the brakeman.

"Well, about eleven miles on this side, in a strip of country where a crow can't live and where an Indian wouldn't be caught dead, the old iron horse began to slow up. The conductor came through just then and said:

"'Tickets!'

"Well, say, that was a funny sight. Them that had tickets showed up and then went to sleep. But the dickerers began to kick. They said they should have been let off at Oklahoma City. The conductor said the train didn't stop at Oklahoma; that it wasn't scheduled to stop there, and that he wasn't going to go back that trip. The leader of the dickerers for cheap fares wanted to know what was to be done.

"The conductor was an old-timer. He had a face on him like a woman who never loved anybody. He just told them, 'Pay or get off.' Then they asked him where they could pay to. And he said the train wouldn't stop any more until it got to Kansas City the next morning, unless it stopped to put them off. And he reached up and caught the bell cord.

"And every one of the dickerers paid to Kansas City. And, of course, under the railroad law, they paid more than they would have paid if they had bought tickets at Purcell. And the company was that much ahead. And that's what I mean when I say that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man."

THE YEAST BELL.

Slight but Cheerful Incident of Life in the Glimmerton Household.

"My oldest daughter," said Mr. Glimmerton, "is forever saying funny things. I don't mean the funniest things in the world, but just cheerful, breezy, bright things, that make us laugh. Here, for instance, is the oldest son leaving word when he goes to bed that he wants to be called in the morning at 7:30 sharp. Next morning at 7:30 the oldest daughter appears ringing a bell.

"'What's that mean?' I ask, and my oldest daughter says:

"'That's the yeast bell.'

"'The yeast bell?'

"'Yes. The rising bell,' she says.

"Then we all laugh, and say we must tell Claude, and when Claude comes out we tell him and he laughs, and we sit down to breakfast in a cheerful, jolly mood.

"She's always saying things like that, my oldest daughter; she keeps us in perpetual good humor."

BAGS AND POCKETBOOKS.

NEW KINKS IN THE LEATHER TRADE IN FINISHING SKINS.

A Process Found for Treating the Oldest of Alligator Hides—The Spines Made Pliant and Yielding—"Elephant Skins" Fashionable for Pocketbooks—Boston's Cloth Bags.

"You couldn't get a bag like this if you looked the whole country over and had $1,000 to pay for it," said the leather goods dealer as he turned a handsome alligator skin bag broadside to the light in order to show its beauty. "It is only just now that the tanners have succeeded in dressing the back of an adult alligator hide so as to make an acceptable job of it. Heretofore all efforts to get the big scales on the back of the animal to take the dressing along with the pliant surface have been unsuccessful. The preparations that were put on, or the processes adopted to give these barbs the required gloss and richness, destroyed the horny substance of which they were formed, so, after a great deal of experiment, it became the general opinion that the back of a well-grown alligator, one on which these spines were most pronounced, was beyond the tanner's art.

"Certain persevering spirits went on privately, however, with their experiments, trying this and that expedient to get the desired result, and the hide that that bag and the hat box beyond it are made of is the very first of the kind to give satisfaction. It was a long time before a skin could be found big enough to give the required width. That crease through the center is the natural parting mark down the middle of the animal's back. It's an awful job dressing a skin like that. The skin or the leather part is all well enough, but those bony spines have to be treated separately and differently. Still, when all is done, you notice no difference in the shading or the lustre. The hat box and this lady's reticule have been made out of pieces left over from the back of the same hide. Young, tender hides, where the spines are smaller, are much less trouble.

"The reticule is made of a piece of the skin having five of the big spines just as they come on the end of the back, two above, three beneath, as ornament. This natural ornamentation is distinctive, and the little appurtenance, seen once, would be remembered. The hide for the hat box is tanned a much lighter shade, a real bronze tint, and its spiny handle and stout cover are unusual enough to attract interest. The big club bag, large, with rounded ends, provides the best chance for the hoary spines to show off, and the dressing is of singular depth and richness, looking as though impervious to time and as if any amount of hard knocks and constant usage would fail to mar it. Being dark, it will not easily show marks of handling. I shall get $75 for this bag," said the dealer, "and $25 for the hat box. Some years ago I could have got double the amount, but times are hard in the travelling goods line and even unique bargains hang fire somewhat.

"Each alligator hide we work with is differently marked," he went on. "It is as though they were grouped in separate families, like people, and had different physical characteristics, as well as different dispositions. We have cause to note this peculiarity in the marking because our customers often ask for a duplicate of the particular bag they have been using and we can't gratify them. There was a lady in here just now wanting a bag made over, the same framing to be put into a new skin; but she wanted the new skin to be marked exactly like the one she had used so long. We told her it would be difficult, almost impossible, to match the leather, but she did not think so. She said an alligator was an alligator, and they couldn't be any different now from what they were thirteen years ago when she bought that bag.

"It's queer how much people get attached to things that they use and have about them," the dealer continued. "I've been in this business twenty-four years, and I've noticed that nine out of ten people who order things want the same kind of bags made and the same pocketbooks put up that they have been used to in regard to shape and everything else. They even get attached to the framing and the labels or the ornaments. Here is a piece of lizard skin that was a lady's pocketbook. It was soiled and discolored, so she ordered a new skin, but it must be exactly like this old one, and the same frame and clasp must be used. I told her that the frame was too flimsy for a good skin, and that if she used it, it would only mean her bringing the book back in a short time to have a new framing made and put in. She insisted on using it. She likes the way it opens and shuts, and thinks, very likely, that there isn't another anywhere like it, when in reality it is a very ordinary frame.

"I have the same experience with my men customers," he continued, smiling. "In fact, if you come right down to it, I believe the men shoppers are more fussy than the women. A man will come in here and pull things over, hunting a dress suit case, maybe, and end up by saying: 'Well, I'll send my wife or my sister in to see this. She understands shopping.' Now, what in the world does a woman know about a dress suit case? It's just a bluff. You see this monkey skin pocketbook? Well, I've had that made over for a man who insisted upon having the corners on his card case taken off and put on it. That little beading has no business on a man's pocketbook, but he would have it. It would have cost him less to have good substantial corners put on new, because it was great work for the foreman of the factory to get this little beading unscrewed without breaking it. The customer will be pleased, however, because we have got a piece of monkey skin as like the original pocketbook as two peas, and even the same label is on it.

"The most sought after, most fashionable pocketbook, just now is elephant skin—at least what they call elephant skin. It is, in reality, bison hide, and is imported. Here is a hatbox made of it. You see it is the same mouse gray and marked the same as elephant's hide. The genuine elephant hide is too thick to be profitable. A few sample articles have been made and exhibited from time to time, but for practical purposes of the trade elephant hide is a myth. Some dealers claim that they split the hide and use it in that way. If they do split it it is worthless, and if they don't split it it is too bungling and clumsy to make anything small. Moreover, the hides are so few and far between that they are frightfully expensive, both to dealer and customer. The elephant skin pocketbooks are generally something else. Imitations, and good imitations, are getting more and more like the real thing every day in the leather business. Facilities for piecing, glossing over, thickening from the back, and making the back look like the genuine wrong side of the leather when it's a piece of cleverly colored cloth, are increasing and getting more ingenious each day. Am I giving away trade secrets? Perhaps, but these facts do not affect the reputable dealers. And, with all our American cleverness, we can't come up to the Russian or the German in tanning. There is a bag made of the best American Russian leather. It's very nice, durable, and has a fairly good leathery odor, but it is as much like the genuine Russian leather in pliability, color, and smell as daylight is like electric light. Nobody over here can get the secret process of these Siberian workers. Nobody from there is permitted to come here to tell us, and nobody from here is allowed to visit the tanneries there; so, unless we stumble on the secret ourselves, just as we found out how to manipulate those obstinate alligator-back spines, for instance, it is likely to remain a mystery. We can't tan hide in imitation of the bison that is tanned in Germany either. We have yet much to learn, although we have done splendidly as it is.

"Now this is the Boston bag," holding to view a gray and black carpetbag-shaped bag with black rubber looking handles. "We have it finished off in all kinds of leather, but the alligator skin bordering is the favorite. It's a queer thing, but we seldom sell one of those bags to a New Yorker or a Philadelphian. Boston revels in them, and you'll see more of those striped affairs carried on the street in Boston in one day than you'd see here in a year. 'Give me a Boston bag,' a customer will say, quite assured that he is getting an article of Boston manufacture, but these bags are turned out in quantities right here in New York. Countrified looking, rather. A New York man wouldn't carry one for a good deal, but then there's different taste everywhere. Now the Englishman thinks his 'boxes,' as he calls them, simply perfection in make and finish. We do a great deal of repairing for people who buy their traps on the other side, and for downright shoddy material and make-up the English trunks and hampers take the lead. Nowhere on the globe is there a better line of travelling goods, made and used habitually than right here in New York. From a hand satchel through to a packing trunk the American people demand the best that the manufacturer can produce. Prices are off just now, for various reasons, but they'll climb back when things get settled."

"What special school of taste does the pink pocketbook belong to?" he was asked as the various wares in the showcase were being looked over.

"That?" he said, lifting out the dainty bauble that was all cornered and clasped with richly chased gold. "It does seem odd for a pocketbook to look so much like a sugar plum, but we sell quite a number of them. Brides, you know, and girls going off for the summer buy them. They have a pink gown and pink hat, and want a pocketbook to match. That's monkey skin, and all pink and set off as it is it costs $12. I suppose the girl who uses it only puts clean new money in it, or else gold coins to match the outside. Of course, if she's a bride she wouldn't have to open it much, anyhow; the husband would pay all the bills and the car fares, and she need only to carry this along to look pretty. We colored one pale blue the other day, and made a memorandum book to match, all to order. These pink books, though, we keep in stock because they're popular, and this is just the time for brides."

GASTRONOMIC NOTES.

The discussion that is now in progress in respect of the relative superiority of the male and female cook is one that will never be satisfactorily determined. With women, whose palates are not vitiated by indulgence in wine and tobacco, the female cook will always command the preference. To men, whose sense of taste is dulled by excesses, the male cook, who is addicted to the same habits, and consequently forces his flavors to the requirements of palates as degenerate as his own, will appeal more completely. Moreover, the male cook lends himself more readily to the universal craze that now prevails to gauge everything in life by a money standard. It is much more imposing to speak of one's "$5,000 cook" than it is to extol his professional skill, of which the employer and his friends have probably no appreciation whatsoever. Incidental to the discussion that is now in progress, the origin of the term "cordon bleu" as applied exclusively to female cooks is seeking solution. Three distinct explanations are offered. The first and probably the genuine one is that it originated with Mme. de Maintenon, who established at St. Cyr a school for the education of the orphan daughters of ennobled officers of the royal army of France. The pupils were carefully instructed in the culinary art. To those who excelled a blue ribbon was given as a distinguishing badge. Lady Morgan asserts that the title was first given to Marie, female cook of the tax gatherer who built the palace Elysée Bourbon. Abraham Haywood, in quoting from some authority whom he does not name, states that the cognomen was the outcome of an assertion of Louis XV. that it was morally and physically impossible for a woman to attain to the highest level of perfection in the culinary art. Mme. du Barry, the favorite of the moment, denied this theory, and to prove her contention sought out the best woman cook of France and engaged her to prepare a meal for the King. This was the menu of the supper: Coulis de faisan, petites croustades de foies de lottes, salmis de bécassines, pain de volaille à la suprême, poularde au cresson, belles écrivisses au vin de Sauterne, bisquets de pêckes au royan, and crême de cerneaux. Every dish was a tumultuous success. Louis XV., to show his delight, offered to bestow upon the cook any reward that might be asked. Mme. du Barry suggested that she be decorated with the blue ribbon of St. Louis. This was granted, with the title of "Cordon bleu."

Total abstainers are caused much mortification on account of recent revelations in regard to the abuse of what may be called the "ginger beer habit." The alleged treatment for delirium tremens by English physicians of several of the faithful, of whom it was proved that they confined their libations exclusively to ginger beer, has afforded opportunity to the enemies of temperance of which they are not slow to avail. The cause, however, is not yet lost. Prof. Mueller-Thurgau, a Swiss chemist, has perfected a method by which fruit and grape juices can be treated without arousing fermentation, so that they will keep for any length of time and be absolutely free from taint of alcohol. Fermentation is induced by microbes. If these can be thoroughly destroyed it is prevented, and the sugar which is constant in most fruits will not decompose, and no alcohol will be produced. The first essential is that fruits or grapes shall be treated before fermentation sets in. To avoid this they must be pressed as soon as plucked, and the juice sterilized as soon as it comes from the press. Then it is transferred immediately to bottles, well corked, and subsequently to a boiler filled with water. When the temperature has risen to 60° or 65° Centigrade, it is maintained at that point for half an hour, and then the water is allowed to cool gradually. This application of heat is found sufficient to destroy the ferment germs. If the heat be increased above that point the juice will acquire a cooked taste. After this first sterilization the juice is filtered, then returned to the bottles for a second bath of the same temperature as the first. Through the use of this process, whereby all trace of alcohol in the expressed juice of grapes and fruits is eliminated, the shadow of delirium tremens that has darkened the cause of temperance is dispelled.

It is the boast of Englishmen that a first-rate dinner in England is better than a dinner of the same class in any other country. They claim this distinction because they are able and willing to pay larger salaries to cooks than the people of other countries. This was true of fifty years ago; but they can no longer outbid the United States for the best culinary skill. The domain of gastronomic excellence is now transferred to this country. The English still excel in roasting and broiling meats and in the making of game pies. As regards the quality of their national aliments they can boast with justice only of the superior size and flavor of their woodcock; but other countries are endowed with a special aliment of equal if not greater merit—the turkeys of Greece that are fattened on olives; the royal fish of Naples; the char of the Lake of Geneva; red trout from the lake near Andernach; crawfish from the Rhine; thrushes from the Rhenish vineyards; chamois from the Simplon; the white truffles of Piedmont; the wild boar of Rome; the coquille d'écrivisse of Vaucluse, and the ortolan and beccafico of southern Italy. When we approach the United States there is offered a bewildering list, from which it is impossible to select a single one of such merit that it may not be eclipsed by another. Of fish we have the choice of those from ice-cold to tropical waters. Our oysters enjoy the same extensive range, one that permits of every variety of size and flavor. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans are both tributary to our markets. A continent contributes to our supply of game and so long as Chesapeake Bay endures our terrapin will command homage from exacting gourmets. In variety, profusion and excellence of vegetables we are unapproachable. The large area of our territory offers a choice of local delicacies that are not known outside of a restricted limit. The gastronomic explorer may expend a year in search of these and yet his itinerary will not be exhausted.

We Americans are peculiarly susceptible of panic, but we recover quickly, and then we face any danger, real or imaginary, with invincible courage and philosophic indifference. The public alarm caused by several alleged cases of ptomaine poisoning from the eating of shad is a case in point. So soon as attention was called to this supposed menace to health, the consumption of shad, for a week or ten days, declined enormously, but after that brief lapse of time the demand for those fish was larger than ever, notwithstanding vigorous efforts to keep alive the fear of ptomaine epidemic. Capt. Cook, in his voyages around the world, encountered tribes of so-called savages who preferred a diet of raw, putrid fish and meat. This regimen was so conducive to longevity that among those people it was necessary to forestall the natural death of the aged by one of violence. Germanic peoples are notorious for their preference for raw pork over that which is cooked. The *British Medical Journal*, on the other hand, in commenting on some recent cases in England of supposed poisoning from eating pork, says that those who have the courage to do so must be prepared to reap the consequences. It is more probable that sudden and painful death from indulging in some particular aliment is due more to excessive gluttony than to the presence of a poisonous ptomaine.

The death of Sir Isaac Holden at a very advanced age calls attention to dietary formulas for the encouragement of longevity. He attributed his prolongation of life to the avoidance of bread. The philosopher says that "the wisest centenarian is the man who leaves no prescription behind him. It is a bad legacy." Thomas Whittington, who lived to the age of 101 years, never took any liquids into his stomach but ardent spirits. London gin was his favorite beverage, of which he drank a pint and a half every morning, and continued to do so to within a fortnight of his death. The sheet anchor of Old Parr, who survived 152 years, was butter, garlic, and Venice treacle, or molasses. A venerable smuggler, whose age was legendary, gave as a prescription, "wet feet every day and drunk every night." Johannes de Temporibus, who was credited with 300 years of life, claimed that the secret of longevity was "oil without and honey within." A London woman who lived 108 years adopted one part of the formula. She smeared her face and neck with hog's lard every day, and carefully abstained from washing either. John Wilson, who died at 116, supped off roasted turnips every night for forty years. This imperfect list offers a wide field of experiment. The formula of Whittington, or the "smoke all you can," of John de la Soult, who lived 130 years, or both, will be, probably, the more tempting to male amateurs in search of a long life.

Sea Chairs.

"That's new to me, anyway," said a man, reading a newly painted sign, "and I rather like it." The sign that had caught his eye read: "Sea Chairs," instead of steamer chairs.

WOULD MAKE WOMEN VOTE

NEW ZEALAND'S EXERCISE OF A UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE PLAN.

The Franchise Given to Women Gradually, and Now It Is in Full Operation—Mr. Hugh Lusk Tells of Its Workings—How He Would Purify Politics in This Country.

There is a man in town who says that American women not only ought to have the privilege of voting, but be made to use it. He is Mr. Hugh Lusk of Auckland, Australia, and has been a member of the New Zealand Parliament for ten years. In Mr. Lusk's country women vote, and he is so enthusiastic concerning their discrimination at the polls that one naturally believes that the women must have done a good deal toward giving him his seat so many times. When asked how woman suffrage had worked in New Zealand, Mr. Lusk said:

"Admirably, admirably, and if it prevailed in this country to-day you people wouldn't be in such a stew. Women obtained the ballot just seven years ago with us. In New Zealand the process of obtaining suffrage was a very gradual one lasting sixteen years. The women didn't clamor for it. A friend of mine, Mr. Montgomery, suggested that the women should have the same privileges with men in regard to appointment and serving on school committees, and so I introduced an act known as the Lusk act, though it didn't originate with me, by which the word male was struck out. The women took such keen interest in school matters and helped to elect such desirable men on the school committees that four years later their privilege was extended to the licensing committees.

"Licensing committees control the sale of liquors. We have no saloons, barrooms, gin mills, whatever you call them, as you have here. We have six provinces, and up to 1884 the male rate-payers elected a committee of five persons every two years who controlled the liquor licenses. Male voters who were not rate-payers could not vote for these committees, and of course the women couldn't until 1884, when the word male again received a death blow, and since that time women rate-payers have as much say about who shall form these committees as the men.

"Three or four years later a general municipal act was brought in from the colonies, and women obtained the full power to vote, to sit as Councillors and Mayors. Gradually these steps led up to full emancipation, as the women here say. After this act had been in operation a few years, and many women had served most successfully on City Councils and some few as Mayors, a proposal was made that every person twenty-one years of age should have full voting privileges. The chief argument advanced was that women had not only shown an ability but willing readiness to take part in the affairs of the Government. The right to do so was granted them, and they have taken part in two general elections. A new Parliament is elected at the end of every three years. Of course, men can stand for reëlection, but at the end of the term every one goes out.

"Women have taken an increasingly active part in these elections. In the last election something like 97,000 women were enrolled and over 93,000 of these voted. That knocks the foundations out of the argument or objection that if woman once got the ballot she would not use it. True, there is a very strong inducement to vote in New Zealand. There it is held that a person must vote or lose his franchise. This has the effect of making every one active. At the last election about 98,000 men and upward of 93,000 women voted out of a total of less than 210,000 voters. This is an instructive fact that Americans ought to take note of. In this country (I've been travelling over it for two years in search of health) so many people, voters, I mean, are continually crying 'things are all wrong in this country. This is wrong, that is wrong, and the other is wrong,' and yet they do not do their part to make them right. Because a bad man and a good man are running for office, and the bad man stands every chance of election, is that any reason why voters should refuse to cast their ballots?

"I believe that the evils which are rampant here would be ousted if women had the franchise and were made to use it. If they had the ballot, and were not made to use it, thousands would not do so, for they have an idea that it isn't womanly to vote. Our women do not feel that way. The results of universal suffrage have been most satisfactory. It has raised the character of politicians and the best men have been made stronger politically and the inferior men weaker. Indeed, a great many of the latter have lost their seats altogether. Mr. Siddon, the present Premier of New Zealand, struck the keynote of the situation when he said: 'The effect of female suffrage in New Zealand has been to elevate character above mere ability.'"

"Do not the women vote as the men in their families direct them?" asked the reporter.

"No, no, no," answered Mr. Lusk. "The women hold that a man who is privately dishonest will be dishonest in public affairs. Men often say: 'Well, such and such a candidate is not strictly straight in his own affairs, but he is a clever man and his counsel is wise, so we will vote for him.' A woman voter was never known to hold such views. There have been many criticisms levelled at the women's vote in our country. It has been a great disappointment to the extreme Prohibition party. I do not say temperance party, because extremists are never temperate people. This Prohibition party thought to get the women's vote, but it hasn't. The women have been extremely conservative, and during the last election, when prohibition was made quite a feature, hardly a district went for prohibition and scarcely a candidate on that platform was elected.

"As I said, we have no saloons. The liquor shop is merely an adjunct to the hotel. No house can be licensed to sell liquor unless it is a house with a certain number of rooms for travellers. The law provides that. The district puts in five men who say 'We are in favor of granting no licenses,' 'We are in favor of granting few licenses,' or 'We are in favor of granting more licenses.' There are seventy-nine electoral districts, and in some licenses have been refused altogether. The local wish cannot be overridden in this matter, since the people elect these five men. The law is very strict in regard to these licensed houses. If three convictions are obtained by the police against a licensed person for supplying liquor to a person in a state of intoxication, that man is not considered fit to hold a license, and it is taken from him. There is very little drunkenness there. The consumption of liquor is one-half of what it is all over this country, less than one-half of what it is in the Australian colonies, and one-third of what it is in England. There are no very large towns there, and in one of 10,000 inhabitants not more than five or six hotels with a liquor license are to be found. In a place of 10,000 people here it is not uncommon to find from fifteen to twenty or even more drinking saloons."

"How is it that women have the right to elect men to Parliament by their ballots and not the right to be elected by the men's ballots?" asked the reporter.

"The law did not recognize woman's right to a seat in Parliament when it gave her the franchise," said Mr. Lusk, laughingly. "It is bound to come, however. Woman will get that privilege when she wants it. She is not in an apparent hurry for it. One thing has been marked about this woman suffrage business. The women have never agitated. They have quietly gone on accepting what has been granted to them from time to time, and have made the most of their privileges. The men have been more anxious to grant than the women to obtain.

"It is not so here, where politics is a trade. Your men very properly see that the trade would not prosper if women had the ballot. There would be no such thing as a political boss here if women had suffrage, and to my mind, as a stranger, I think the political boss is the curse of this grand country. A boss must be able to divide spoils among his henchmen, or else he would soon have no henchmen.

"One of the greatest shocks my moral sense ever received was when I learned that an American citizen who was running for Judge had borrowed $30,000 for the purpose of securing his place on the bench. Imagine that man's position on the bench if the man from whom he had borrowed the money had a case before him! If American women had the privilege of the ballot your women school teachers would not be so unjustly treated as they are. In your own States, where women vote and in every country where they exercise that right, men and women receive the same pay for doing the same work if they do it equally well. It seems very hard that your women teachers are paid less than men for doing the very same work equally as well. It is more than hard; it is utterly unjust. It is farcical to retain teachers in the school because they have served there for a long period. Ability, and not service, should be the guarantee of retention, and, when man or woman shows inability, he or she should be turned out and a capable teacher substituted.

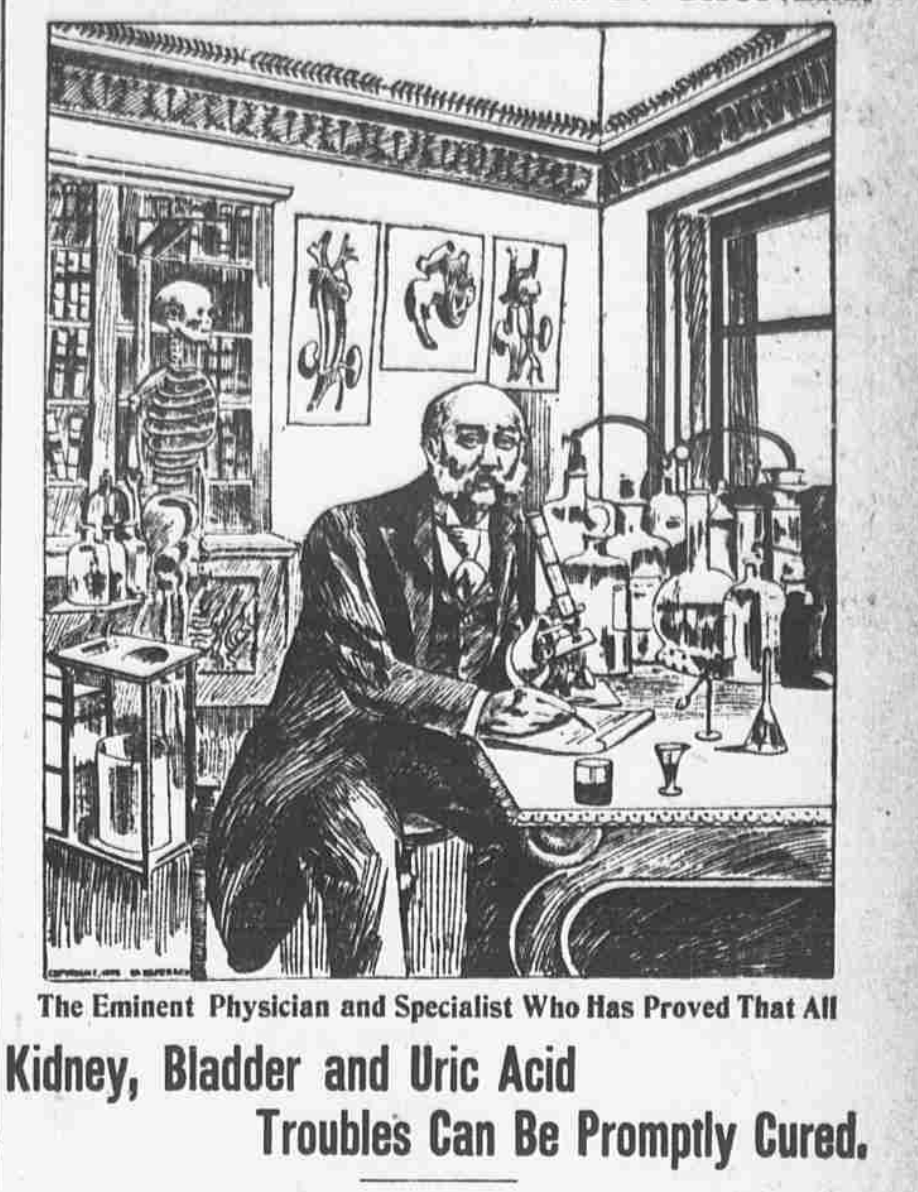
"Woman suffrage in New Zealand is successful from every standpoint, and I think that it is bound to be so in every country. I am getting to be quite an old man, and shall never visit America again, but I hope some day to hear that the clever and lovely women of this splendid, patriotic land have secured the right which is theirs, a right which I am sure they would exercise for the best interests of their country."

Swam a River to Get a Wife.

From the Mobile Register.

William Gunn, a young man of this town, has proved his loyalty to his sweetheart in a way which few young men could rival, says a telegram from Covington, Ga. He has been engaged for some time to Miss Emily Jackson of Henry county, and, on attempting to cross the South River bridge to the church, where the bridal party was awaiting him, he was informed by the guard that the County Commissioners had declared a smallpox quarantine, and, unless he could produce a health certificate, he would not be allowed to proceed to fill his engagement. Young Gunn walked about half a mile from the guards, stripped, and, with his clothes on his back, swam the turbulent, icy stream, resumed his garments, and presented himself at the church. After the wedding the couple descended to the point where he had emerged from the water, boarded a small boat, and, again eluding the quarantine officials, reached the opposite shore in safety.

THE SKILLFUL SPECIALIST AND HIS GREAT DISCOVERY.



The Eminent Physician and Specialist Who Has Proved That All

Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles Can Be Promptly Cured.

To Prove the Wonderful Merits of This Great Discovery, Every Reader of This Paper May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

As we are by nature subject to many diseases, the only way to guard against all stampedes on our health is to make a study of our own physical self.

If a peculiar pain attacks you, try to locate its origin and discover which organ of the body is sick and in need of attention.

If the kidneys are at fault—and in almost every case in the failing of our health they are—look well to their restoration to health and strength.

They are the great filters of our body, and, consequently, the purity of the blood is entirely dependent on their cleansing powers.

If the kidneys are not in a perfectly clean and healthy condition, the blood becomes impregnated with impurities and a decay of the kidneys soon takes place. If your desire to relieve yourself of water increases, and you find it necessary to arise many times during sleeping hours, your kidneys are sick. As they reach a more unhealthy stage, scalding and irritation takes place as the water flows, and pain or dull ache in the back makes you miserable. If the water, when allowed to remain undisturbed for twenty-four hours, forms a settling or sediment, you are in the grasp of most serious kidney or bladder disorders.

If neglected now the disease advances until the face looks pale or sallow, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, the feet swell, and sometimes the heart acts badly.

There is no more serious menace to health and strength than any derangement of the kidneys.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent physician and specialist, and will be found just what is needed in cases of kidney and bladder disorders and Uric Acid troubles due to weak kidneys, such as catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney disease.

It corrects inability to hold water and promptly overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of this great remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures, and is dispensed by all druggists in fifty cent and one dollar bottles.

So universally successful is Swamp-Root in quickly curing even the most distressing cases, that to Prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail upon receipt of three two-cent stamps to cover cost of postage on the bottle. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to write for a sample bottle and to kindly mention this paper when sending their address to

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

SAGO PALM OF TUDOR PLACE.

The Offshoot of One That Was Part of Boston's Famous Tea Cargo.

One of the most interesting homes in historic Georgetown is the Tudor place. The sago palm of revolutionary fame stands in the Tudor conservatory in winter and on the beautiful lawn in summer. It belongs to Martha Washington's granddaughter, who is the oldest living descendant of the family. Mrs. Brittania W. Kennon is the daughter of Col. Thomas Peter, who married Martha Custis, and is the widow of Commodore Beverly Kennon, who lost his life by the explosion of a gun upon the Princeton in 1844. The main body of the old house was built by Col. Peter in 1816. In this house Mrs. Kennon was born and has always lived.

In 1775, when the historic cargo of tea was dumped into Boston harbor, there were on board three small palms. The largest was carefully sent to Mount Vernon, another to the home of Gov. Morris of Morrisania, while the third was taken to the Pratt gardens, near Philadelphia. Ten years later the conservatory at Mount Vernon was burned and the palm lost. Thirty-six years later, in 1813, Mrs. Kennon's mother drove in her carriage (a journey of four days) to Philadelphia, visited the Pratt gardens, bought several little plants, and carried them in a basket to her own greenhouse. One of them was an offshoot of the original sago palm, and to-day is a veritable Colonial Dame or Daughter of the Revolution.

It is now almost a century old, and has never known another home. Its fruit is not abundant, like the cocoanut or date palm. It bears a small apricot-shaped fruit only once in several years. Its terminal budding at the end of the stem is like a crown. Some years it unfolds long, slender spikes, or palm branches, but several times during Mrs. Kennon's life there has been a wonderful growth of fern-shaped, delicate leaves, soft and spongy in texture and color. When left on the tree, until the sap is pretty well down in the trunk, they retain their shape and color many years. Botanists have examined them with keen interest. It appears like a cabbage, and slowly unfolds its yellowish brown fern leaves, after the fashion of our house ferns. If left on the tree they die.

Mrs. Kennon remembers well Lafayette's visit to Tudor place, when she was a little Virginia maid of 9 years, and the sago palm was only eleven years old.

SHEATHING A SHIP.

Composition Metal Now Largely Used—Work Quickly And Handsomely Done.

Yachts built of wood are sheathed with copper, and so are many tugboats. Merchant ships are sometimes sheathed with copper, but nowadays the material most commonly used is a composition metal, which in appearance resembles brass. It does not wear so long as copper, but it costs less. The composition metal comes in sheets about 3 feet by 1 foot 4 inches. They are fastened on the ship with nails of the same material. Sometimes the sheathing is nailed directly on to the hull of the ship. Sometimes it is nailed over another sheathing of felt, which helps to preserve the calking in the seams.

When the ship has been placed in a dry dock, or raised out of water on a floating dock, the old metal is stripped off and if she is to have a felt sheathing the bottom of the ship is first painted with a coat of pitch, and the sheets of felt are laid upon that, and then the sheets of metal are nailed on over them. The work is done very rapidly, and, at the same time, with great nicety. Every nail head is sunk so that it is flush with the plate. If the hand were passed over the sheathing anywhere it would be found smooth. If the nail heads were permitted to project they would, of course, interfere with the speed of the vessel.

Seventy-five men can sheath an 1,800-ton ship in two days. The cost of sheathing such a ship with composition metal, over felt, including material, dock charges, labor, and everything, would be about $4,000, or a little less, and such a sheathing would last about two long voyages.

THREE POPULAR PERFUMES.

Extract of Violet, the Crushed Rose, and Wild Clover Are Favorites.

There was a time when the fashionable woman selected her perfume with a view to individuality of fragrance. Such is no longer the case. There are three perfumes which nine out of every ten fashionable women are using. The majority of them, selecting one of the three scents, uses it on both her dressing table and in the numerous sachets of her wardrobe, while others select any or all three indiscriminately.

According to a well-known dealer, the most popular of the favorite perfumes is an extract of violet, which can scarcely be distinguished from the fresh flower itself. The next in popularity is crushed rose, which does not smell the least bit like the ordinary extract of that flower, but like the old-fashioned rose jar. A tiny drop of the double extract on a woman's handkerchief will give a room the subtle, spicy perfume for which the rose jar was so much desired, while the same perfume used as a sachet makes one's clothes smell as though fresh rose petals had been strewn among them. The third claimant for popularity is wild clover. This, it is said, is the most lasting of the three, and a few drops on one's handkerchief will last as long as the handkerchief itself.

The latest use of sachets is for scented clothes hooks. The ordinary wire extender for bodice or skirt is padded with cotton batting, thickly sprinkled with sachet powder. Over them is drawn a silk or muslin bag, shirred full around the shank of the extender, or tied with ribbons, so that they may be easily removed when there is a necessity for renewing the powder. Another method employed by dressmakers, in place of the dainty bags of sachet formerly stitched about in the bosom and sleeves of a bodice, is the new cotton or wool-perfumed padding. It can be bought with any scent, and is much more enduring.

Woman's Pocket and the Wheel.

From the Washington Evening Star.

The wheel has done a good deal for the physical development of the new woman. A little incident that happened yesterday on upper Nineteenth street gave interesting proof of this. A sweet-faced woman with silvered hair and clad in a plain gray dress was riding slowly along when she saw ahead of her a small boy pushing along on a tricycle and towing a little blue cart tied with a string to the axle of his vehicle. There were more youngsters further up the street, and the little chap was looking at them and trying to put on speed to reach them. A smile overspread the face of the silver-haired woman, and a sudden thought seemed to occur to her.

She rode a little slower, held the handlebar with one hand and with the other found the pocket in her dress.

Skilfully she guided her bicycle close to the little red cart, and as she reached it the disengaged hand drew from the pocket a big, round, red apple, which she deftly dropped in the little cart.

The boy did not hear it and kept on. The woman rode past, then turned and came behind, riding slower than before. The youngster at length reached his playmates and dismounted. As he did so he saw his prize and jumped for it, then looked wonderingly around to see where it came from.

The lady with the silver hair watched him as she wheeled past and evidently had her full reward in the child's pleasure and astonishment.

But the marvel to the man who saw it from the sidewalk was how a woman could find her pocket on a wheel.

Almost a Mile-a-Minute Elevator.

From the Oakland Times.

Ed H. Benjamin returned the other day from a visit to the big mines on the mother lode in Amador county.

"I took a fast ride," he said, "in the Oneida mine. This company has just put in a new hoisting gear which beats anything on the Pacific coast, and there are only one or two mines in the country which have machinery to equal it. I came up 1,500 feet in the shaft in twenty seconds. This is at the rate of almost a mile a minute, and by comparison the swiftest elevators in the tall buildings in San Francisco are slow coaches. When the mine is in regular operation the cage will be run at the speed of thirty miles an hour in lifting ore. This remarkable hoist was manufactured in San Francisco, and seems to embrace no new principle—just a very large drum and the usual cable."