

WOMAN'S PLACE AT HOME

By Ex-Inspector of Police THOMAS BYRNES, of New York, the Most Famous Police Official in America.



Thomas Byrnes.

The home is the place for woman. By nature she is fitted to adorn and elevate it. I speak now, of course, in general. For good reasons many women are obliged to earn their own living. I honor them for so doing and would encourage them in every way. Brave, honest and self-respecting women obliged to work for themselves or others should always be aided in every possible way. But—

THESE WOMEN WHO, HAVING GOOD HOMES AND INDULGENT HUSBANDS, THINK THEY HAVE SOME GREAT CALL TO GO FORTH AND SCREAM FOR MORE RIGHTS I HAVE NO SYMPATHY WITH.

I do not believe the good Lord ever made women to mix up in politics, support men by their labors or go running around trying to reform the universe. What a woman wants to vote for is more than I can comprehend. Of course there are the regular arguments which the temperance people and school reformers put forth that a woman should have a vote against the selling of liquor to her husband or as to how her children should be educated. But if men cannot or will not reform any evils that now exist, how women are going to accomplish the reformation is more than I can see.

If I must be candid, I do not believe that women are fitted to hold positions of great trust—positions, for example, where there is the handling of large sums of money. Take bank cashiers, for example. Men in such positions are tempted and fall every day. They fall through gambling or speculating or as a result of satisfying the extravagant demands of some woman. Now put a woman in such a responsible position. Would she be any stronger? I think not. Women speculate and bet on horses. Then they have the love of dress, diamonds and all sorts of display, which so often leads them astray.

But I do not wish to be thought hard on the sex. On the contrary, I am always in sympathy with the woman. Only I think her place, speaking in general, is in the home. She can perform a great mission there for the community and the nation.

Nowhere is history so rapidly being made as in and around the Pacific ocean; nowhere is the evolution of events which stand for progress of more increasing interest and importance.

The Day of the Pacific

By HERBERT HOWE BANCROFT
Author of "The New Pacific," Etc.

THE PACIFIC IS NOW ONE OF THE WORLD'S HIGHWAYS OF COMMERCE, not a hazy dream or half-mythical tale, with its ancient mariner, and amazonian queen, and Crusoe island, and terrestrial paradise. The long since departed albatross has returned to stir the winds of fresh benedictions, and now appears in the southern seas, where also are found in material form the fanciful creations of Defoe and Dante.

A dozen lines of steamships, or thereabouts, now cross the Pacific between America and Asia, where for two and a half centuries a single galleon made its slow and clumsy way forth and back from Acapulco to Manila once a year. Ships comprising scores of lines ply along shore, unite the islands and mainland, or sail direct for foreign ports.

Thus Hawaii and California are linked; Australia with Asia and America and all the larger islands; North America with South America, Africa and Europe; Japan and China with Southern Asia; Alaska with Pacific ports; Mexico and Pacific ports; Central and South America, while the shores, islands and rivers of Asia swarm with foreign vessels where half a century ago a timid commerce found for the most part sealed ports.

THE DAY OF THE PACIFIC IS UPON US, AND AMERICA WILL BE THE DOMINATING POWER ON THAT GREAT BODY OF WATER, COVERING ONE-HALF THE WORLD'S SURFACE, IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, AS ENGLAND BECAME OF THE ATLANTIC IN THE TWO PRECEDING CENTURIES.

There are times when it pays to do a lot of thinking and mighty little talking.

The survival of an inferior race when pressed upon by civilization, lies mainly in its capacity to acquire intelligence and in the possession of what the world calls stamina.

The Value of Force

By WILLIAM HARVEY BROWN,
Author of "On the South African Frontier."

INTELLIGENCE AND ACTIVITY WILL TRIUMPH, WHILE STUPIDITY AND INDOLENCE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE VICIES OF CIVILIZATION, WILL RESULT IN DESTRUCTION. Furthermore, unless a primitive people can be made useful to their conquerors, the latter will inevitably crowd them to the wall. Throughout history human progress has resulted largely from the forcible encroachment of races of superior characteristics and customs upon races of lower development.

That forced servitude, even in the form of chattel slavery, has exerted a potent influence in the uplifting of primitive man, is exemplified by its results upon the negro in America. Through an apprenticeship of bondage the negro has been removed from a state of barbarism and superstition, and placed in possession of the language and customs, religion and useful arts of the most progressive of all races. Thus forcibly weaned from his benighted associations, taught to labor and kept under the influence of an energetic people, he has reached a point on the high road to progress that his brother in Africa probably will not attain in a thousand years.

Don't cultivate the habit of lying awake at night planning methods of shirking the duties and responsibilities of the coming day. It is easier to perform the tasks and shoulder the responsibilities after a night of rest than it is to shirk them after a night of wakefulness.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



THIS REPRESENTS A LADIES' NAME. WHAT IS IT?

BLUE EYES AND BROWN EYES.

Also Eyes of Other Colors and What They Are Taken to Indicate in Character.

The majority of people do not know the color of their best friend's eyes. They remember faces by the nose and mouth. Sometimes the ears; more often by the general expression. The eye itself has no expression, although it is considered the most expressive of all features. The expression that is attributed to the eye really resides in the lids, the eyebrows and the muscles of the adjacent part of the face. It is to this expression that the attention of most people is directed, says the Detroit Free Press. They see a light coming from the eye and vitalizing the expression of the lids and muscles, but the real character of the eye they fail to notice. There is a fascination in the study of the color of the eye, and it is held that there is no color recognized that cannot be found in the eyes of some human being. There are red eyes, green eyes, golden eyes, violet eyes, sapphire, baby blue, black, white, yellow eyes, and eyes, besides, in which these tints are mixed.

Blue eyes are said to be the most numerous, and of these there are many varieties. The most common kind is that which is really a mixture of dark blue and grayish white. With this kind of an eye sometimes the blue and white are mixed irregularly, in which case the eye lacks brilliance, though it may be lustrous. Sometimes the body of the iris is grayish white, with blue radii extending from the pupil. This marking gives a peculiarly hard expression to the eye. In still another sub-variety the central part of the iris is light bluish gray, with a rim of dark blue. Such an eye is often mistaken for black. The dark rim around the iris is not so noticeable in blue eyes as in some other kinds, notably, white and golden eyes, in which it produces a strange, startling and fascinating effect.

The limpid blue eye is comparatively rare. It is of a uniform coloration and appears to be almost liquid. Fine specimens have a certain beauty, but the eye, as a rule, lacks character. Near akin to it is the china blue or robin's egg blue eye, also of uniform coloration, but lacking liquidity. It also, is lacking somewhat in character.

The varieties of brown eyes are numberless. The deepest shade usually passes for black. Some eyes of this shade suggest a velvety texture, and the whites by contrast have a peculiar pearly luster. Then there are the soft brown eyes that are usually called pleasant, and the sharp brown eyes that are called snappy. You may occasionally find brown eyes of such a light tint as to be called properly orange or yellow. The golden eye is a variety of the brown eye, but a wonderful variety. It is not a yellow eye; it is infinitely more strange, more beautiful than the yellow eye. Golden eyes are

not ferocious; they suggest the wild creature that has been tamed to gentleness.

Green eyes are often the most fascinating of all eyes, and the shade is rarely found unmixed. Usually the green tint is mixed with gray or brown, or both. The combination with brown or brown and gray is known familiarly as the brown-hazel or green-hazel eye, which, popular wisdom has it, is always to be trusted. Green in the eye is thought to indicate treachery, but usually it indicates power of fascination. Thackeray gave Becky Sharp green eyes, and Becky was both treacherous and fascinating. Brown neutralizes the bad effects of green in the eye, while detracting not at all from its fascination.

The white eye may be a very beautiful eye or a terrible eye. With the iris rimmed with black, this eye has great distinction. In a woman, when its startling effect is modified by beautiful features and gentle expression, it is wonderfully alluring. In a man, whose face is coarse or brutal, this eye strikes one with horror.

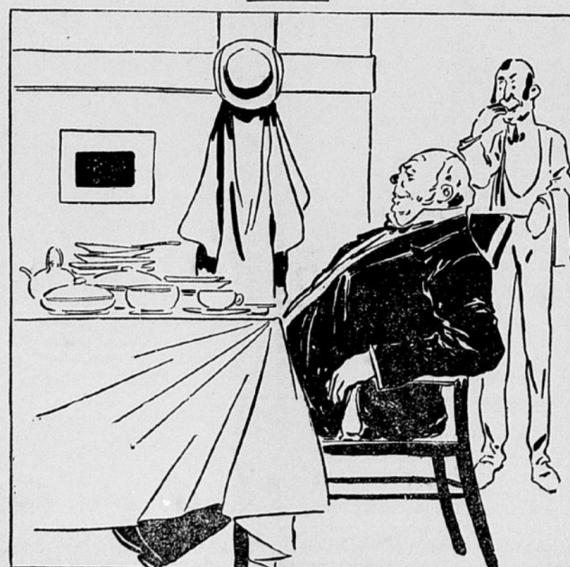
Images of the Moon.

Some night when the moon is at its full and the air is free from haze go outdoors with a hand mirror and hold it so that the moon's image will fall on it. Make the experiment preferably when the moon is well up in the heavens. Instead of seeing one image, as you will expect, you will see four. One of these images will be very bright, but the other three will be dull, like unburnished silver. They will be in a straight line, one of the dull images on one side of the bright image and two on the other side of it. Turn the mirror slowly around and the images will appear to revolve around a common center. The explanation of this queer little phenomenon may be found in the fact that there are two surfaces in a mirror, one in front and the other in the back, where the quicksilver is. The brightest of the images is from the moon itself; the others are what are known as secondary images, reflected from the front to the back of the mirror, and thence to the eye. A similar experiment may be made with the planets Venus, Jupiter and Mars, or with any of the first magnitude stars, such as Sirius, Capella, Arcturus, Vega and Antares. The planets and the stars, however, make only three images, the number of images depending on the breadth of the object. A perfectly clear night is essential.—Detroit News-Tribune.

One Source of Revenue Left.

Doctor—Yes, I think the day will come when the prevention of disease, rather than its cure, will be the chief work of the medical profession.
Friend—That would cut down doctors' incomes, would it not?
"I suppose so. Still, we would have our fashionable patients who think they are ill."—Judge.

NOT HUNGRY.



Fat Person—If I was starving I could not eat another bite.

SOCIETY AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN NEW YORK

When I was in Naples in 1897 a New York man had just climbed Vesuvius from Pompeii, and at the "white house"—the last chance on that route to get a drink—had seen his guide kill another fellow in a fight.

Since 1870 the Italian government has really "taken notice" when people slay each other, even in Naples. The murderer was arrested and the New Yorker asked to give his name and address, so that he might be called as a witness. With a winning smile he consented and the official copied it down:
"John Smith, U. S. A."

I'm reminded of this incident by the latest social flurry in Washington, where ladies of official families are now printing their visiting cards without their husbands' titles.

The new fashion is right. For years people have poked fun at the woman who describes herself as "Mrs. First Assistant Deputy Commissioner Smith;" but now that the card reads simply "Mrs. Smith" without even an address, how is the recipient to know whether the lady who leaves it is the wife of the F. A. D. C. aforesaid, or a congressman's wife from Maine?

The custom arose from too slavish following of precedent. "Mrs. Roosevelt," "Mrs. Fuller" and "Mrs. Henderson," the wives of the president, the chief justice and the speaker of the house, have by custom no other words upon their cards. When "Mrs. Dewey" and "Mrs. Miles" follow the precedent there is no danger of confusion, but when everybody follows suit trouble ensues.

In New York a lady's name is preceded upon her cards by her husband's "front names" in full. "Mrs. Zerubabel Baker Smith" is easily recognizable.

A "Quiet" Social Season.

The purse may be flattened as of old, but the word on everybody's lips in society is "quiet."

It is the desired adjective for entertainments, balls, parties, dinners, dances. The newcomer in society, unless skillfully advised, may spend money extravagantly in securing a box at the opera, in hiring Sherry's for a dance, and in other ways preparing to make a splurge, only to find that many of the "best people" are sitting in orchestra chairs this year, and that a hotel dance is not "good form."

"Quiet" entertainments do not mean inexpensive ones. It is in New York cheaper to hire half a dozen hotel ballrooms for entertainments than to own a house with a ballroom of its own, after the Astor-Whitney-Vanderbilt plan.

The change has been of service to common sense in abolishing the big "coming out dance" for debutantes. Last winter the change began in giving, instead, "coming out teas;" modest little affairs where a woman's friends could be apprised that her daughter was in the field for invitations. This year some smart girls are brought out without even this formality. Simply send the girl's visiting cards out with her mamma's, and the thing is done. Her friends will, from time to time, give little dinner dances or theater parties in her honor.

An instance is that of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who perhaps next to Mrs. Astor best exemplifies the New York idea of a great lady. Her daughter Marion has been brought out in this manner this season. Last year the Fishes were building a mansion with a huge ballroom, for the express purpose, it was supposed, of Miss Marion's debut—but the fashion changed.

The Opening of the Opera.

If you take the opening of the opera as a sign of social activity, the season was later than ever in opening. In fact, the great gilded horseshoe gleamed with lights and sparkled with jewels not until two days before Christmas, instead of late November. The November season has never paid. Why hold it?

There are few newcomers in the boxes, in part for the reason I have named, though the parterre boxes are still of course

fashionable. Taking a box is serving notice of "arrival" to those upon the watch for new people. Yet you can hardly call the Townsend Burdens, the Gould Hoyts, the Barton Frenches and the Oliver Belmonts new people, though they are now for the first time parterre box occupiers. Mrs. Belmont, though, had her box when she was Mrs. Sloane. More interest attaches to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Lamont, Mrs. St. John Gaffney, Edward Thaw, Leonard Lewisohn and Mr. and Mrs. Gadsby. The latter is the famous singer and teacher of singers. Thaw is a Pittsburgh millionaire. Mrs. Gaffney is prominent in "woman's club" movements, with which fashionable women as a rule have nothing to do. Dan Lamont is the silent, shrewd, wise, shoe-brush mustached little newspaper reporter who won golden opinions as Cleveland's private secretary in Washington, and who was "taken up" by street car financiers. One must suppose that Mrs. Lamont is the socially ambitious member of this family; the husband cares as little for such things as Cleveland himself.

Custom House and Standard Oil Bank.

When the old custom house was sold to the Standard Oil or City national bank, it was planned to erect upon the site a 20-story office structure, covering 32,000 square feet. The site cost about \$3,500,000, the building would add \$4,000,000 to the total. Plans were drawn for such a building, in which the huge granite columns of the custom house, long ago drawn to New York by many a Connecticut oxen, were to remain a feature of a classic portico.

That plan is likely to be given up in favor of remodeling the present building for the bank's uses. It is big enough, and it resembles in exterior appearance the Bank of England, the model upon which Mr. Stillman hopes to model his institution. You cannot longer astonish New Yorkers by building a skyscraper. A more daring thing is to build a modest structure for your own uses, and make of its low roof line a costly advertisement. The building of the New York Herald is only 2 1/2 stories high, and it is one of the most admired in the city. Already one bank corporation in lower New York has adopted the policy of making a low-roofed but beautiful home upon land so costly as to suggest a skyscraper for economy's sake, but it is not an example that will be often followed. What if you can only get three per cent profit out of a tall building? That's better than to have your own rental cost in interest and taxes \$300,000 a year, as the City Bank's might easily do, though the bank can stand it.

The Sunday Closing Question.

Let us suppose that the other day a man awoke from a Rip Van Winkle sleep of—not 20 years, but one.

After hastily reading in his morning paper headlines about a "Sunday opening bill" at Albany, he starts downtown in a passion and meets at the Elevated station Deacon Jones, a business acquaintance, of like views on many points.

"Jones," says he, "what are we coming to? Have you read of this villainous plan the Tammany thieves and robbers have made to open the saloons on Sunday, and to open with them the flood gates of murder, debauchery, waste, profligacy, arson, suicide—"

"That isn't a Tammany bill," says Jones, hitching about uneasily in the seat he has secured by thrusting a woman out of the way. "Er—it's a concession to—ah—to the—where've you been the past year?"

"Concession to his satanic majesty and all his imps!" roars Rip. "Do you dare tell me that this infamous proposition emanates from any source except the corrupt gang that have poisoned the fountain of political—"

"Er—" explains the embarrassed Deacon Jones, in a low tone, "things have changed since you were—ah—away. Tammany has been defeated by a great moral uprising and the—ah—the concession—yes, the—er—concession to our—ah—cosmopolitan—to our population, as it were, is proposed by Mayor Seth Low and the reform district attorney, and is favored by such people as Bishop Potter, Dr. Park—"

But by this time Rip faints upon the floor of the car and the guard jumps off at the next station to telephone for a physician, hoping it isn't heart failure. OWEN LANGDON.

Not New in All Lines.

Alcohol is being considered in Paris as the coming fuel. It already feeds the fires beneath a good many burning questions, suggests the New York World.



John Smith, U. S. A.



Running the Gantlet.



When the Sleeper Wakes.



Society at the Opera.