

THE LONELY LADY BOARDER.

She Feels Sometimes as Badly Off as the Woman Who Is Isolated in the Wilderness.

"I've heard of the wives of farmers in the remote country regions who go insane from pure loneliness," said the woman boarding house dweller, relates the New York Sun, "and I have come to realize perfectly well how that might happen. Many women who live alone sometimes declare that life in a boarding house is less lonesome than life in a flat or an apartment hotel unless a woman can afford to entertain frequently and have her friends around her. But life in the boarding house may be dreary enough to the woman who is entirely alone.

"If she doesn't happen to want to make friends with anybody in the house, there is only one thing left for her to do after dinner. She must either go to her own room or out of the house. And there will be many evenings, popular as she may be, when there will be no occasion for going out. Besides, boarding house women are not likely to be asked out very much. If they're young or of the bachelor type, they can make up parties and go about together. But, left to the kindness of her friends, the boarding house woman is going to be very much alone.

"I have sat in the parlor at night and talked with idiots just because I hated to go up to my room, as I had done for three nights before, to sit alone until bedtime came. I have played whist with such blunders that I could scarcely hold my tongue, rather than leave behind the only society available.

"It is all very well to talk about self-control and reading. Try two or three years of boarding house life with the endless evenings in one's own room and the delight of reading has begun to pall even if one's eyes have held out. "If the New York boarding house is lonesome, think what existence must be in the country. When I go to a boarding house in the south nowadays I never ask about the food or the beds or the comfort of the house. All I ask is: 'Who is there? Are they all old women or invalids with trained nurses who go to bed every night at nine o'clock?' If the boarders are of that kind it makes no difference how the house may be kept. I wouldn't go there if there was a chef famous as any cordon bleu.

"But if the house is full of wide-awake, interesting people who don't want to go to bed as soon as dinner is over, who can talk, play cards and do something to enable one to stay out of one's own room for a few hours, I'll go there, however poor the food may be. And so will every other woman who has suffered from boarding house loneliness. Poor food doesn't drive people crazy. But staying in one's room alone in a boarding house will do that if my experience has been of any value."

GIRLS IN BELGIUM'S MINES.

The Country Is Unable to Find a Satisfactory Solution to Its Industrial Problem.

Notwithstanding all the criticisms and ameliorative suggestions that prevail on social reform among the laboring classes, and the dreams of the modern sociologists of both hemispheres, the problem of how Belgium can supply decent employment to its southern girls still remains to be solved. The kingdom is only one-fourth the size of Pennsylvania, and yet within its boundaries more than 6,000,000 persons are battling for their daily bread, says the Chicago Tribune.

Undoubtedly the American girls pity their Belgian sisters and condemn the act of employing the weaker sex upon dangerous and strenuous labor in subterranean galleries, just as Belgian servant girls and farmers' daughters have pitied them for many years; nevertheless, the girls at work in the mines make light of their sympathizers and seem more than satisfied with their miserable lot. None of them would voluntarily exchange it for the position of a servant girl. Complaints seldom arise from their lips, no matter what grave danger the day's share of work may involve or to what wretched condition of servitude they may be doomed.

The mines wherein so many young girls are spending the best days of their youth are indisputably the deepest in the whole world, some reaching a depth of 4,400 feet, and their interior is insufficiently ventilated; the air is impure, the heat intense and highly explosive from numberless crevices capable of transforming hundreds of tolling bodies into lifeless masses in an unexpected moment. Numerous instances of such disasters are on record.

The clothes worn by the unfortunate girls during working time are made of blue linen of the lightest weight, and consist of large pantaloons, the ends of these bifurcate garments being tied around the legs just above the shoes; also a jacket wherein the body can freely exercise its muscular strength. The hair is skillfully enveloped in a handkerchief, thus protecting the head from coal dust as well as if it had never approached a coal mine. The whole outfit costs about 70 cents, and is changed twice a week. In full dress the girl of the Belgian mine resembles a bicyclist of her sex arrayed in bloomers.

For 12 hours' work a day in the mines the Belgian girl earns 50 cents.

Cared Nothing About the Color. Uncle Josh (in restaurant)—Say, hey you got enny fish?

Waiter—Yessah. We has black bass, striped bass, bluefish, an' whitefish, sah.

"I don't keer nothin' 'erbout the color just so long as they be fresh."—Cleveland Leader.

WASHING FOR OCEAN LINERS.

It Is Work That Calls for High-Power Laundry Machinery and Must Be Quickly Done.

Handing the "wash" for ocean liners, dining and sleeping cars and restaurants has now become a distinctive branch of modern laundry work, and calls for high power machinery, expensive washing equipment, and a perfect organization, says the New York Times. From the old-fashioned round tub, the fluted washboard, the wringer, and the force of a human arm and the flatiron, to the revolving washer, the centrifugal water extractor, and the steam-driven mangle, is a long step, and though the former are still in use, they are really the weapons of a civilization that existed when the world moved slower than we of the present day are wont to travel. In this connection one may point to the Chinaman, who, because he has not kept pace with modern ideas and improvements, is gradually losing his identity as the laundryman of the people, and must ultimately be driven from the washtub to other fields of activity.

The modern laundry has reduced the washing of clothes and household linen to an exact science, and while one may question its reliability as regards the handling of delicate fabrics, it is a marvelous time-saver, and this very feature is the one which appeals to the average American. It is not difficult to imagine how the "wash" of the household can be "done up" quickly, but when it comes to handling the numerous pieces used by the 2,000 people who compose the crew of the passengers of an ocean greyhound, the subject gains interest. The process, though simple, is the result of much study.

When a transatlantic liner, with say, 2,000 people on board, reaches port, the "wash" quickly follows the passengers ashore. Its size depends upon the number of passengers it carried, and the length of the voyage. It may range from 8,000 to 25,000 pieces, consisting mainly of sheets, table cloths, napkins, towels, etc. This, to use a laundry term, is "plain work." The quantity matters little to the laundryman. His first move is to sort the pieces—the counting is done when they are tied into bundles to be returned.

The separate lots are put into washers holding a solution of soap and water and bluing, heated by live steam. The washer is a large stationary cylinder, containing a smaller perforated cylinder, which revolves first to the right and then to the left a stated number of times, so that the linen is tossed from side to side, and receives the benefit of all the water that is forced through the perforations. After the washing is completed, the pieces are placed in the extractor, and then by centrifugal force nearly every drop of moisture is whirled out of them. The operation consumes about 15 minutes, and then they are ready for the mangle, or, in other words, ready to be ironed—the final process.

The bed of the mangle is a steel steam-heated chamber, over which revolve several rollers, covered with wool and an outside jacket of canvas, which is waxed to prevent the fabrics from sticking to the machine and becoming wrinkled or torn. The tablecloths, or towels, as the case may be, are fed into one side of the machine, travel under the rollers, and then are carried to the under side of the bed on a sheet, which, when the edge of the bed is reached, drops them into another sheet for conveyance to the women folders on the opposite side to which they originally started. In cases where starch must be used, the fabrics are placed in a dry air chamber, and afterwards dampened before they are fed to the mangles.

Some pieces can be washed, wrung, and ironed in 30 minutes, while others take one and a half hours. The "wash" from an ocean liner is usually returned within 24 hours, but when necessity arises the work can be finished in less than a third of that time. Some of the laundries handling steamship and railroad work have a weekly capacity of 700,000 pieces, and the business has become so well systematized that hardly one piece is lost or misplaced, and few require a second cleansing.

She Had Lost Her "Child."

A sweet old lady, of the sort that is always young, went shopping the other day with her daughter. They visited a great department store, and there, by some chance, became separated. It was "bargain day," and an immense crowd was surging back and forth. The daughter had the memoranda and the purse.

The dear old lady grew distracted. She ran this way and that, peering into strange faces and following false clues.

"What is it, madam?" asked a sympathetic floor-walker. "Can I help you?"

"Oh, I don't know!" she cried. "But I do wish you'd try."

"Have you lost something?"

"I've lost my child!"

"How old was it?"

"Fifty-two!"

Then they both burst into laughter, and a minute or two later the well-grown "child" came into sight.—Youth's Companion.

Not an English Bulldog.

A snobbish young Englishman, accompanied by a small dog, recently got into a street car and sat down opposite an Irishman. The latter was immediately attracted by the animal, and after some advances, which were haughtily received by the master, asked outright what kind of a dog it was.

"It is a cross between an ape and an Irishman," was the loud-voiced reply. "Fajth, thin, we're both related to th' baste," retorted the Irishman, cheerfully.—London Star.

FORESTS AND FRESHETS.

Floods Were as Great Before Trees Were Cut Down as They Have Been Since.

After all, the deforesting of the country is not responsible for the floods. There were more forests half a century ago along the watersheds of some of the tributaries of the upper Mississippi than there are now, notwithstanding the tree planting which the late J. Sterling Morton started on the Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa plains, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A very high reach of water was scored in the Mississippi at St. Louis in 1811 and 1826. Probably, although this is not certain, the river was higher at this point in those years than it will be in 1903. In 1785 the rivers of the west were on such a boom that that date is called the "year of the great waters." There is not much satisfaction for the residents along the Missouri and the upper Mississippi to know that these rivers more than once in the past reached a higher stage than they are

THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.

"Looping the Loop" Not Such a Modern Contrivance as Is Generally Supposed.

The feat of "looping the loop," as it is now called, is not quite such a new thing as many persons suppose, and the centrifugal railway at the Crystal Palace, in which visitors have the opportunity of rapid transit on a car which at one stage of its course is literally upside down is by no means the first of its kind. La Nature, the French scientific journal, reproduces a woodcut which appeared in the year 1846, showing how the idea was carried out at that time in the Jardins de Frascati at Havre, and it differs very little from the modern appliance. The car starts from a high tower down an inclined plane, where it gains sufficient impetus to carry it round a loop, after which it runs up another incline to a similar tower, where the passengers disembark. To the best of our belief a centrifugal railway on the same principle was shown at a place of entertainment in London about the same

M. PAUL DESCHANEL.



M. Deschanel, the brilliant ex-president of the French chamber of deputies, is now working his way toward the presidency of France. He is still a member of the chamber, belonging to the strong republican majority, and the other day he made a speech on the subject of government expenditures which called attention to him as one of the men best worth watching in the politics of his country. In America he would be described as a "smooth article." He is agreeable to everyone, high and low alike, and has powerful friends among all the factions constituting the French body politic.

Red Race Running Out.

Of the 85,000 Indians in the five civilized tribes—Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles—less than 15,000 are full bloods, so the Indians will soon lose their racial identity. All the tribes except the Creeks have passed laws admitting the intermarried whites or "squaw men" to full citizenship, and, too, at the time of their removal to the territory many of the Indians owned slaves, who, when freed by the war, became citizens. Now many members of the tribes have in their veins the blood of three races.

Fortune from Celery.

There is a merchant in New York who has made a fortune by the sale of celery. For 20 years he has handled nothing else. In season he buys it in carload lots. Out of season he keeps large quantities frozen in ice, for which he obtains big prices. The celery comes out as brittle as glass.

Loving Cup with a History.

One in England That Has Belonged to Many Noted Statesmen and Writers.

A loving cup with an interesting history has come into the possession of Sir William Treloar. According to the inscriptions on the cup, says the London Chronicle, it appears to have been a present from Edmund Burke to Samuel Johnson in honor of the latter's stay at Beaconsfield in 1774. It then passed to Oliver Goldsmith, and on his death was given to David Garrick and members of the Turk's Head club, as its fitting holders, to be quaffed from by each member present at cockerow hour appearing.

This club was a select literary coterie and was founded by Johnson and Reynolds in 1772, taking its name from an old coffee house in Gerrard street. Now known as "The Club" and of small but exclusive membership, it favors a hotel in Trafalgar square when its occasional meetings are summoned. The present prime minister is a member.

Imported Goatskins.

The United States is almost a goat-less country compared with others, and the importations of goatskins, young and old, aggregate \$3,500,000 a year—which represents the slaughter of 17,000,000 goats and kids.

A TALK ABOUT BEES.

They Live in Communities Which Are Governed by Intricate Laws and Customs.

Dame Nature has so much to attend to on this great earth of ours that if she didn't put some of her children to sleep there would be no getting on with such a big family. Winter is a great cleaning time for the dear old lady; she sends the birds south, while she covers the north with a coating of snow and ice which make nice counterpanes for the flowers, and they nestle under the warm brown sod and grow silently until they are ready to peep above the ground. Then it is spring time, says the Philadelphia Press.

Dame Nature has shaken her duster and the sleepy ones begin to rouse up. It is then, when fragrance fills the air, that the bees begin to hum softly in their hives, where they have been working in a dozing way through the winter, clinging together in great heavy clusters. Now that the flowers have come the bees are eager to be out in the air, working to store up honey, for it is their life to work and they have only a short time, from April to September.

If you are ever fortunate enough to look through a glass or observation hive and begin to know something about the bees, you will find it very interesting.

All you see at first is a mass of little reddish groups that look like coffee berries or bunches of raisins, piled against the glass, and they move slowly, quite unlike the quick, darting creatures flashing and sparkling in the sunlight among the flowers; this is when they are busy making wax with which to build the store houses for their honey.

They really lead a wonderful life; the hive is a royal palace, in which the queen is ruler and the thousands of subjects who cluster round her have their various duties.

It is the females who are forever busy—the males are the drones—and after the queen has selected her husband from among them, the rest are killed, because they are useless, and even the bridegroom perishes on his wedding day; indeed, the drones are only allowed to live at all, that each new queen may have a choice of her husbands.

The drones are handsomer than the hard-working lady bees, but there is no ambition among them, they sit and eat the precious stores of honey and are quite willing to let their women folk do all the work—make the wax cells for the palace, gather the honey, store it, guard the queen and the royal family and keep every place in order.

There are certain rules and laws laid down for the little community, by which they are governed, and they work from hour to hour, from day to day, as long as they live, with no hope of reward—a fitting example to many girls and boys.

NOT VERY APPETIZING.

Custom of Backwoods Eating-House That Was Not Conducive to Gormandizing.

There are districts in the West Virginia mountains where the people live in very primitive fashion. They live as did their fathers and do as they please and, says one who has visited them, "don't give a darn, and where they carry guns use them with simple directness." The chief of the camera clan has been down in that locality and tells of some interesting experiences: "I stepped into a lunchroom at one of the mountain stations to get a cup of coffee," relates the Pittsburg Dispatch.

"By the way, I believe that they've revived the war custom of making coffee out of sweet potatoes and burnt rye. You know the rebs used to do that when they couldn't get the real thing. Anyway the lunch-counter coffee had a yam flavor. To the right of me was an empty seat. The man who sat there just before had tried pie and eat very well. At least there remained only crumbs and a knife covered with cherry juice. The man to the left of me was tackling a ham sandwich and he called for a knife to spread on some mustard. The waiter was a raw-boned mountaineer. He slouched forward and picked up the cherry-stained knife. First I thought he was going to swallow it, but he was really only licking off the stains, after which he wiped the knife on his apron—and delivered it to the ham sandwich chap. The latter looked at me and dropped the mustard idea.

"A stranger came in at this moment and called for a dozen oysters on the shell. A moment later I heard the long-geared mountaineer yell to a small boy in a far corner: 'Whar's thet air set o' shells?' 'Whar set o' shells?' gumbled the boy. 'Them air shells thet I use for eisters.' 'I love 'em at a purp down the hill this mawning,' sniffed the boy. The mountaineer vaulted over the counter, but the boy escaped. The former explained: 'I hain't a-got none o' them air shells to put the eisters on. Consarn thet kid!'"

A Power in Germany.

German chambers of commerce exert a powerful influence on legislation in the empire. During the long preparation of the tariff bill which was recently passed by the reichstag, these bodies made their influence felt in every part of the country. When a German manufacturer desires to have his interests considered in tariff legislation or commercial treaties, he does not have recourse to the member of the reichstag from his district, but to his chamber of commerce. The government, in its treatment of commercial questions, always obtains the opinions of merchants and manufacturers through the medium of the chambers of commerce.—N. Y. Sun.

FASHION'S MIRROR.

Some of the Pretty Feminine Fancies of the Season Reflected Therein.

Strawberries, blackberries, raspberries and even gooseberries are used for hat decorations. The strawberries are made of velvet, studded with brown and yellow seeds, and are very true to nature. All of these fruits are mounted with plenty of leaves, says the New York Post.

Plum color has come to the fore again. It combines well with pale blue, and when used on hats forms a good background for pansies. One model of plum-colored rice straw is almost covered with small pansies in different shades.

A very striking hat, an importation, is made of that vivid dark blue color which is so prominent this season. There is a rolled brim of the blue, and the top of the crown repeats the color. The sides of the crown and the edge of the brim consist of rows of bright red, white and flax-blue braids. The hat tilts well over the face of the wearer and is lifted behind with a bunch of cherries and leaves. It has no other trimming.

Lace is so becoming to the face that it is curious that it is not oftener worn as a head dress. The pompadour style of tea gown has brought in the fashion of wearing with it a tiny lace cap or snood. This is merely a small triangle of old lace, fastened with a gold or jeweled pin to the top of the hair, and tied either high up or just under the ear or taken behind and pinned below the knot of hair at the back. In France young married women are affecting this style.

A pretty street gown is of dark blue and green tartan, the skirt made with inlet plaits of plain green silk canvas. The bodice is simple, and has a few rows of shirring around the waist. A folded belt of white polka-dotted silk is drawn down to a point in front. A deep cape collar of needlework guipure, bordered with taffeta ruching, opens over a front of embroidered lawn.

Every visit to the shops or to the importers' rooms deepens the impression that fringes are to be the next thing in trimmings. Summer evening gowns of airmos gauzes are embellished with narrow silk fringes, natural colored, and white ponce and eru batistes are trimmed profusely with erulu linen fringes, both wide and narrow.

Accordion and sun plaited skirts are not recommended for street wear, especially when the weather is doubtful. An accordion plaited skirt in the wind or when the walks are damp is a trial. For indoor wear, however, they are acceptable. Several commencement gowns have been made in this way. White albatross, pongee, and even muslin are pretty in accordion plaiting. A great deal of material is required, but the saving in trimmings is something. A 25-cent mercerized cotton mull, with skirt and bodice sun plaited, has for sole ornamentation a narrow bertha of lace finishing the round neck, and band of lace on the elbow sleeves. A crush girdle of white liberty silk confines the waist of the daintiest of dancing frocks.

QUANDARY OVER AN "AD."

Puzzle of the Undertaker Who Wants a Doctor to Settle in His Town.

An agent in this city is in a quandary. Part of his business is to place advertisements in various medical publications. Not long ago he received a letter from an inland town not very far from New York, asking if he knew of any doctor who would like to settle in a town such as the writer described in which there was no physician, relates the New York Sun.

The agent perhaps knew of a number, but he looked at the matter entirely from the business end and, replying to the writer, suggested that the latter advertise for a doctor. The suggestion was quite agreeable to the man in search of the physician, and he prepared his advertisement.

Then the agent, being the representative of publishers who required guarantees, wrote to his correspondent and suggested very diplomatically that the correspondent furnish him the necessary reference. The correspondent answered promptly:

"I am an undertaker and have been in business here many years."

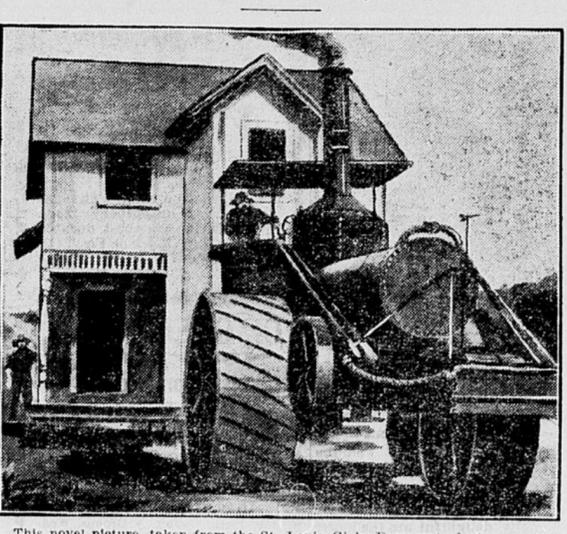
The agent, to quote him, has been throwing fits ever since. He doesn't want to offend his correspondent, who has acted upon every suggestion he has made, by refusing to place his advertisement, yet he feels that if he offers the advertisement to any of the publications it will be thrown out, for the fact that an undertaker is advertising for a doctor is susceptible of several constructions, none of which would be entirely agreeable to a doctor, save as a story at a banquet where only doctors were present.

At last accounts the agent had taken up his belt three holes.

Steamed Rice and Peach Pudding.

Put quarter of a pound of washed rice in a double boiler with a quart of milk, quarter of a cup of sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, and let cook for an hour, until rice is soft; then turn out and when cool add two eggs well beaten. Pare and halve about eight peaches and simmer them in a syrup of sugar and water for five minutes until tender. Butter a plain mold and place a layer of rice in it to depth of an inch, then put in some of the peaches with hollow side up; then more rice, and so on until mold is full. Cover closely and steam for three-fourths of an hour in boiler of water, placing the mold on a muffin ring to prevent burning. When done, turn from the mold and serve with custard sauce or sweetened cream.—Washington Star.

AUTOMOBILE HOUSE ON A JOURNEY.



This novel picture, taken from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, depicts a scene which is quite common in California, where steam tractors are used for a variety of purposes. In many portions the surface of the ground is so level that buildings of large size can be moved without injuring them. Horsepower sometimes employs it, but such a large number is required that the tractor has been used as a substitute. The houses are placed on wooden trucks and sometimes moved a mile or more in a day. The motor shown represents 100 horse power. The house here pictured was moved a distance of 15 miles.