

WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



TALKS ON POLITICS.

The only woman campaign speaker in the East who addresses meetings exclusively of men is Mrs. Edward Montgomery Tillinghast, better known as Elizabeth Sheldon. She is a bright-eyed little woman, who looks as though she might better grace an evening reception than carry on an argument in a political debate. As a matter of fact, she is a most versatile young woman, and can with ready tact adapt herself either to the drawing-room, the political

plexion good or make it better—if you want to escape the physical ills that so often come with October days; if you want to feel strong and bright and comfortable and well, see to it that your dainty silk stockings and bewitching ties are securely hidden out of sight and your feet and ankles are clothed so warmly that their due share of blood is where it belongs, and not in some other part of your body making mischief.

Value of Bright, Attractive Homes. "The Touch of a Woman's Hand" is the caption of an editorial in Ladies' Home Journal, in which Edward W. Bok makes a plea for pleasant, bright homes in which are manifested the evidences of the wife's good taste and an enthusiastic interest in her household: "One reason why some men do not get along better in this world," Mr. Bok contends, "is because they have not the proper stimulant in their homes. Their homes lack those little touches of refinement which bring the best out of them. Neatness and taste are possible in the poorest homes. Let a woman make that atmosphere as dainty as her means allow, and she will raise her husband to the same standard. And as she elevates him the effect is felt upon herself, her children, her home and her future. Some men respond more slowly to the touch of a woman's hand displayed in their homes and upon their surroundings. The task may seem hopeless to the wife at times. But sooner or later the effect will show itself. There is something in every man which responds to a higher and gentler influence. Let his home be rough and he will be rough. But infuse into that home a softening touch, be it ever so simple, and the man feels it even though he may not directly notice it. He imbues it unconsciously, and its effect is sure upon him."



MRS. EDWARD M. TILLINGHAST.

speakers' platform or the studio. Mrs. Tillinghast has a varied experience for a young woman. In school she was noted for brilliancy in debate and rhetoric, but immediately after leaving the high school in New Haven she began the study of interior decoration. Her first big audience was in Chicago, where she addressed the Woman's congress at the World's Fair. Her first speech which might be called a political effort was made before the Woman's council in Washington. The subject of political finance was not a new one to her, as her father, former Judge Sheldon, had always made it a point to discuss political questions in the family circle. Having a thorough knowledge of the political questions of the day, and having accustomed herself to speaking before an audience, Mrs. Tillinghast determined to enter the campaign as a stump speaker and address political meetings through the East.

Mrs. David R. Francis. There will be a few women in Washington society next winter who will surpass in beauty or spirit Mrs. David R. Francis, the wife of the new Secretary of the Interior, recently appointed by President Cleveland to take the place vacated by Hoke Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Francis are Missourians, and have the hearty Western hospitality which

seems so usual in the trans-Mississippi region.



MRS. FRANCIS.

Just Like Other Granies. The little daughters of a member of the Duke of Connaught's staff were recently invited to lunch with the daughters of the latter at Government house, Aldershot. After the meal the young people adjourned to the grounds. "Do you know my grandmother?" asked Princess Margaret of one of her guests.

"No," was the reply. "I am going to stay with her at Windsor to-morrow," continued the princess, "and she is going to have a company from London and some theatricals. I mean to get around grannie to let me sit up to see them. I always have to go to bed."

Evidently Princess Margaret did "get around grannie," for the day after the theatrical performance, which she was so anxious to witness, her name was among those of the spectators. During the absence of their parents in India she and her sister were so much with the queen that they probably know as well as any of the royal grandchildren, how to coax their august grandmother into giving them any wished-for treat.

Said About Women. Lucille—"Why do you treat that poor Mr. Wintergreen with so little consideration? I declare, I'm surprised that he puts up with you." Genevieve—"Oh, but we're engaged." Lucille—"Oh!"—Cleveland Leader.

"If Miss Gay devoted as much time to mental culture as she does to dress she would be a very learned woman." "Yes, but she wouldn't have the satisfaction of making other women green with envy."—Life.

Her eyes were read with weeping. "How can you be so cross when you promised always to think more of me than you did of yourself?" "Oh, that's easy enough," replied the unfeeling husband. "Since I married you I don't think very much of myself."—New York Press.

Now It Is the Tandem Waltz. The tandem craze has passed from the bicycle to the waltz. The fashionable dance of the summer season rejoices the hearts of the prim, it does away with the clasping of the maiden's waist. Instead, she stands with her back to her partner, who holds her right arm extended, and then simply follows in her steps.

Dinner Table Decoration. Sheaves of white, scarlet and rose-colored gladioli set in tall silver or crystal vases in a row down the center of a long table make an effective decoration for the late summer dinner table. A big basket of the same blooms, broad but not flat, should decorate the round table.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

The College Graduate as Teacher in the Public School—Instructions Telling How to Make Relief Maps—What to Teach Children.

Which Succeeds Best? It is a current question whether the college graduate or the normal school graduate succeeds best in school work. The difference between them arises in the larger scholarship of one as set over against the professional training of the other. Each has its respective advantage, and also its respective shortcoming. The logical conclusion is that every teacher must have the liberal scholarship of the one and the professional training of the other—should be a graduate of both schools. One of the most pleasing and hopeful signs in the educational growth of Indiana is the large number who take both the normal and university course.

But it is not my purpose to speak of this matter in general, but to call attention to the conspicuous defect of the college graduate for public school work. This defect is that of failing to take account of the psychological, or chronological factor in education. He has been absorbed in the logic of the subject for its own sake, and when he comes to teach it the only factor in the process which he is accustomed to consider is the subject itself. He teaches as he was taught. If he began his work in zoology with the microscope and protoplasm, it must begin thus to whatever grade of pupils it is taught, notwithstanding that the child naturally and necessarily begins with the external facts of color and form and parts, in action and habits of the animal. A scientist of the State once insisted that for the child to study the color, forms and external structure of leaves, as was being done in the schools, was worse than a waste of time. He held that a child should begin with the inner, the vital principle of the leaf, by microscopic study, and thus construct logically the botany of the leaf. Yet, up to the time of entering school, mother nature had taken an opposite course with the child. An eminent teacher of botany in a university, who is a graduate of a normal school, said recently that his students do not teach botany well in the public school, because they take the order which he pursued with them to the proper order to pursue with pupils in the grades and in the high school. This university professor differs from the one referred to above, in having considered the child's order of learning in addition to the subject matter to be learned.

Everywhere the logical order of the subject has been forced upon pupils; so that just now there is a general and heroic effort to readjust the course of study to the natural order of the child in learning. We are no longer satisfied to follow, in the course of instruction, the logical order of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; or that of arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry. While grammar logically precedes composition, the school course reverses the order. History must not be deferred till geography is completed. The recent fruitful agitation of the question of the course of study—enriching it, correlating it and concentrating it—is only an effort to the psychological order of the growing pupil.

The college graduate is apt to make a mistake in management similar to that which he makes in instruction. He tries to manage children as he would young men and women. He assigns lessons to the child and the adult in the same way, and assumes that children will prepare a lesson by being told to do so. Little precaution, therefore, is taken to secure the full effort of the pupil during the study period. Since college students prepare their lessons at home, the same custom is carried far into the public school. Recently a college graduate was superintendent of the schools of a city, and he required the pupils of the high school to meet only for the recitations, and that in the forenoon. This superintendent was succeeded by a normal school graduate, who immediately changed the plan and required the pupils to attend the full day, and to prepare lessons under the direction of the teacher. No matter which of these was right, their difference illustrates the point under discussion. One who manages a school successfully must consider the development of the pupil. There is a time when the pupil should have the most minute and direct attention from the teacher during the preparation of the lesson; and there comes a time when such attention would not only be useless, but harmful—a time when the pupil should be left wholly free to choose his own time, place and manner of preparing his lesson.

The college man makes in many ways a college out of a high school. He preaches, or has it done, a baculaurate at commencement. He calls his classes freshman, sophomore, junior, senior. They must organize and have class presidents, and, above all, class colors and class school yell. They have foot-ball teams and oratorical contests. Are they not soon to don the cap and gown at graduation? I do not mean to say that these things are bad, but to point out a natural tendency of the college man in managing a public school. Of course the normal school graduate tends to make parallel mistakes along the opposite side of the foregoing; but I am not considering those now. They lie in the direction of over-consciousness of method in instruction, over-regulation in management.—Arnold Tompkins, in Indiana School Journal.

How to Make Relief Maps. Too great importance cannot be attached to the value of relief work in

teaching the study of geography, writes Ella J. Douglas, in American Teacher. It impresses upon the mind the conspicuous features of the continent and aids in imagination to picture its surface. It is by all means the best method for securing the attention of pupils and to lead them to acquire a useful knowledge of correct geographical form from nature.

It will be best to first model a map of our own country. Obtain the services of a mechanic who can make a suitable frame upon which to work the relief. It must be made of pine boards well seasoned, to prevent warping. They must be doweled and glued. Rim it about an inch in height.

Maps are made of modeling wax, plaster of paris, putty, and other similar substances. The following material is a very good one and easily worked: For a map about two feet by three feet in size, melt two heaping handfuls of glue, into which place half a pint each of varnish and oil. Into this put more water and stir whiting into it as you would flour in mixing bread. Use as soon as prepared. In order for it to adhere to the board it is necessary that a coat of paint in which there is plenty of oil be applied. Use blue to represent the ocean, except on the rim, which may be painted some darker color.

With a palette knife spread the material over the whole map which you have previously outlined in pencil. Build up the western highland and the basin between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains. Let the eastern slope be gradually downward toward the great central plain and at the north and upward toward Mexico. Spread more of the material for the Appalachian system and the height of land north of the Ohio River and near the source of the Mississippi. Next build up the mountains, making the Rocky mountains higher as you proceed southward. Locate some of the principal peaks and cut depressions in the map to indicate the canyons of the Colorado and Arkansas Rivers.

After the work is well laid in put it away to dry. You will be greatly surprised upon looking at it again to discover many cracks and crevices in your work. Do not be discouraged, as it is only the water drying out of the texture. These must not be worked over until thoroughly dry, as there is danger of the under coat being raised from the board. Repeat this process until perfectly dry, when it will be as hard and firm as a rock.

Now give it two coats of white paint in which there is about as much oil as you had for painting the board, and it is ready for the final coloring, which must be of artists' paint.

Your palette should consist of the following colors: Flake white, Naples, strontian, and chrome yellows, Chinese vermilion, Prussian and cobalt blues.

For the flood plains—less than 500 feet—which are along the Atlantic coast, Gulf of Mexico, and Ohio valleys, the eastern and southern shores of Lake Ontario, the valleys of the Columbia, Sacramento, and San Joaquin and a narrow strip along the Pacific coast, use Prussian blue, chrome yellow, and a small quantity of white.

Next paint the low plains—500 feet to 1,000 feet—which are found on either side of the Appalachian mountains, and the remaining portion of the Great Central Plain not included in the flood plains, also along the Red River of the North and the Colorado. Add white to the previous mixture of green for painting these. Make it considerably lighter for a contrast. For the remainder of the map, the height above 1,000 feet, mix white and Naples yellow. Paint the snow-capped peaks white, and the volcanoes vermilion. Trace the rivers in blue. These will require two coats. The lakes are made with Prussian and cobalt blue, yellow, and white. After all is dry, give it two coats of white varnish and you will have a map which will be of great service to your pupils.—Educational Journal.

Teach Children That teasing is a positive crime. That they must eat bread before cake. That bedtime is not a "movable" hour. That they must speak respectfully to the servants. That bawling over bruises is unworthy sturdy boys. That they should not appeal from the decision of one parent to the other. That punishment follows in the wake of prevarication and hiding more swiftly than it follows active mischief. That it is bad taste for them to tell all that they learn of their neighbors' domestic arrangements through playing with the neighbors' children.—Ex.

Until 1871 there were no skid in Pacific waters. In that year a few thousand were introduced by the United States Fish Commission. Last year the catch sold for nearly \$40,000.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Small Girl's Discovery. "I know why it's such fun to play in the hay," said little Anne. "It's because hay tickles you and makes you laugh."—Harper's Round Table.

Twice as Large. "Is your father a large man?" asked a stranger of little 5-year-old Ted. After a moment's thought he replied: "Well, he's just twice as big as I am, because one pair of his pants will make two for me."

Story of an Overworked Plant. What would you think of a plant that would raise two kinds of vegetables at the same time?

Such a vegetable wonder has been produced at the Michigan Agricultural College by grafting the tomato on the potato. When the plant grows little potatoes appear in the ground and little tomatoes on the stems, and the two grow up apparently untroubled by the fact that plant which bears them is doing double work. This experiment is made possible by the near relation of the potato and the tomato, and it is possible that the farmers of the future may save a great deal of land and a great deal of energy by growing this potato-tomato plant. For when the crop of tomatoes is harvested the vines can be pulled up and the potatoes dug.

Perhaps the clever experimenter will be making little kittens grow on grape vines next.

Trick of the Kodak. Nowadays a boy who goes fishing without a kodak hasn't half a chance. He may catch some very large fish, but how is he going to prove it? When he measures on his arm the length of a pickerel or a bass that bent his pole double all his friends will wink knowingly; no amount of argument will convince them that he landed anything more than perch and "sunnies."

But if he has a kodak he can prove almost anything.

Not long ago Frank Newell, a Chicago boy, went up into Wisconsin to fish. He had his kodak along, and when he came back he exhibited a

picture that made the eyes of his friends bulge with amazement. There in the center of the photograph stood Frank looking proudly at a fish which he held in his outstretched hand. The fish was fully as large as Frank—and Frank is nearly 15 years old. It was a black bass, and old fishermen who had often declared that no bass ever weighed more than five pounds beheld a fish that could not have weighed less than 100 pounds.



All this time Frank chuckled in his sleeve. For it was a "trick" photograph. When it was taken the fish was hung far to the front of Frank on the limb of a tree. Then he raised his hand in such a way that it had the appearance of holding the fish by a string. The fish, being so far in the foreground, appeared in the photograph several times its natural size.

But Frank insists, now that the trick has been discovered, that it was really a monster fish.

A Tale of Two Bears. Once upon a time two bears lived together in a hollow tree. It was a long time before any white men came to this country, and the bears were a great and powerful race. One of these bears was a handsome fellow, and he liked to go visiting and to lie in the sun and to eat dinner regularly. The other bear was a quiet fellow and most of his friends said that he was very stupid. Every day when his brother lolled comfortably under a gooseberry bush he would go out into the forest and find a huge oak. Then he would stand up on his hind legs and scratch the rough bark with his claws until they were as sharp as needles. It was hard work and the other bear laughed at him for doing it.

"What's the use of sharpening your claws?" he asked. "Game's plenty." And then he would go back to sleep again.

That winter was long and cold, and when the two bears came out of the hollow tree in the spring they were both thin and hungry and cross. The handsome fellow went down to the creek and tried to catch some fish for dinner, but the ice was so thick and slippery that his dull claws made no impression on it. A little later his brother came down and dug a hole near

the waterfall and caught a great many fish and ate them. The handsome bear, who was both cross and hungry, began to grumble.

"I never have any luck," he said. "You are the lucky one of the family." "Luck," said the other, who was feeling comfortable after a full dinner. "It wasn't luck at all. I sharpened my claws last fall while you were sleeping in the sunshine."

The Lady's Name. A New Orleans man who is a fond papa was telling his friends yesterday of the hard time he had trying to teach his youngster to say "Mississippi." The word seemed more than the little one could master. Finally the father hit upon the plan of teaching the child the word by syllables.

"Now, say after me," he said to the boy. "Missis." "Missis," said the infant phenomenon. "Sippi." "Sippi," echoed the boy. "Now say the whole thing," commanded the father. "Missis," began the child, and then he thought a while. "Papa," said he, "what did you say the lady's name was?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EUGENE FIELD'S HOME.

His Many Queer Clocks and His Library of Rare Books. One should not always judge a man by his house, but in the case of Eugene Field it seemed as if his house were a part of him. It is an old-fashioned two-story farmhouse with a wide porch, to which has been added a large circular wing with an outside chimney such as the Southerners love. As you enter the hall, you notice an elaborately ornamented old English tall clock of the kind usually known in this country as "Grandfather's Clock." It is one of three such clocks in the house; a second stands on a stairlanding, after the manner of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stair," and a third was in Eugene Field's sleeping-room. The last one has a gong in it like a country dinner-bell, and chings the hour with a loud metallic ring.

In the same room he had a "freak clock" made entirely of wood, that ticks like a hammer striking hard wood. In the library there is a quaint little one made with a saw—a wee boy and girl sitting upon a log to regulate the pendulum. This is a very well behaved little piece of mechanism, as it makes no noise and is really pretty. Contrasted with it, standing near Field's writing table, is a plain New England kitchen clock such as our grandmothers used in their light, airy kitchens. It is a medium-sized affair of mahogany with a glass door, on the lower half of which are painted impossible red roses and forget-me-nots. It is a good old domestic clock, and went on faithfully ticking away when the others were cranky and would not keep the time regularly.

As you enter the house, the library is on the left hand. All around the walls of the room are bookcases. Suppose we look at the case beyond the window, which might be called the Fairy Corner. Here are gathered books of fairy lore from all parts of the world, for there was hardly an old bookstore in London, Paris or Berlin which Mr. Field did not know well. In this wonderful fairy corner are Cossack fairy tales, Eastern fairy tales, legends of the French provinces, legends of Ireland, Norway, Germany, Spain, New England, and all the modern English fairy stories.—St. Nicholas.

Effect of an Audience. One of the peculiarities of the oratorical temperament is that it is subject to what our grandmothers called "vapors," or depression of spirit. In such a mood a molehill seems a mountain, and a grasshopper is a burden. Mental effort is impossible, and an engagement to speak in public as repugnant as is the sound of the dinner-gong to a seasick passenger. The only cure for such an attack of spleen is to get, by hook or crook, the orator before the audience, where the excitement will put him mentally and physically on his feet.

In 1859 Thomas Corwin, Ohio's most eloquent orator, had consented to deliver the oration at the celebration of the Fourth of July on the Tippecanoe battle-grounds. The night before the celebration, Corwin called his son-in-law, Mr. Sage, to his room and told him that he had been unable to sleep and was much discouraged about his address the next day. He had tried to think over his speech, but his memory had failed him, and he was afraid he would make a failure. His son-in-law advised him to dismiss the speech from his mind and go to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Corwin felt so indisposed that he announced his inability to speak. The marshal of the day finally persuaded him to ride out to the grounds and take a seat on the platform, whence he might explain to the people why he was unable to deliver the oration, and thus lessen their disappointment.

At the proper time, Mr. Corwin rose to make his apology; but as he looked over the audience of forty thousand people, that "sea of upturned faces" stirred both body and brain. He made a few commonplace remarks, and then struck upon the first sentence of the manuscript he had prepared.

"It is all right, he will speak," whispered Mr. Sage to the president of the day.

It was all right; the orator went on and spoke for two hours. The manuscript he had prepared was the introduction of the speech—a page and a half of legal cap—which Mr. Sage had read the day before. The audience made the sick man well, and an orator again.

Value of Serum in Diphtheria Cases. The use of serum in diphtheria has reduced the deaths 50 per cent in German hospitals.