

Women Here and There



Its contents to escape as the wearer moves. The worn pomander signifies scent ball, and is derived from "pomme d'ambre," an apple shaped object filled with some highly odorous mixture, of which ambergris was the chief ingredient. Some times a nutmeg set in silver was used, and the pearls and other jewels with which it was often studded made it a costly object.

An experienced and observant woman declares that the most important moment of the day to a man's peace of mind is the ten minutes that follow his return from the work of the day. At that time one word may change his whole state of feeling. He comes home usually tired. Work or the vexations of business during the day have frequently brought him to a point of fatigue or nervousness at which a little thing may decide what his mood will be for the rest of the evening. Of course the particular disposition of every man is going to tell here just as it does everywhere else. But the rule will hold good for the average man. The most important thing for the tactful woman to do is to wait until she sees some signs of his temper before she makes any decided move. Above all things she will not tell him that the plumber has just sent in a terrible bill merely for making that little alteration. She will not talk much in the beginning on any subject. Conversation taken torrentially at the outset is likely to upset anybody who is a little tired after a day's work, and who wants the quiet enjoyment of home. The woman who exercises tact at this time will find her evenings pleasanter than if she jumped at the beginning into the heart of things—especially disagreeable things.

If girls were as fastidious in the selection of a husband as they are in the selection of a new hat there would be less matrimonial trouble. An English merchant resident of St. Petersburg desired to marry a Russian woman. This cannot be done without a special edict from the emperor. He had given up all hope when one evening a friend, happening to find the emperor in a good humor, represented the matter to him and desired his permission. "Let Miss A. and Mr. B. be married immediately," he ordered. Mr. B. was fast asleep when a thundering knock at the door awakened him with a fright. Visions of the knot and the like floated before his half-awakened brain, when the bear-faced soldiers burst into his chamber and ordered him to dress and follow. "In God's name what have I done?" he exclaimed. "Where am I to go?" "Must I be dragged off at this hour?" "We have a warrant for you which must be executed immediately," said the chief, and he proceeded to read: "By the grace of God, the autocrat of the Russ'as, etc., orders the marriage of Mr. B. and Miss A. to be solemnized immediately." "You see he admits of no delay," said the officer gravely, "and we are forced to obey orders." The astonished merchant was then hurried off to a priest and then, in company with this functionary, to the house of the woman, who was thundered up in the same manner, and ere her eyes were fairly opened and her deshabille half arranged, the twain were made one. The clergyman attested the execution of the sentence and abruptly left with the officers, leaving the astonished couple to get over their confusion the best they could.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order that she may reap.

The empress of Russia is an excellent caricaturist, and makes collecting caricatures her hobby. The queen of Saxony finds her hobby in works of charity, and has founded numerous schools, orphanages, homes, and sanitariums. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands rides and skates, and is fond of animals, so fond, that she declines to patronize any sport which involves the slaughter of those in the royal preserves. The queen of Sweden and Norway makes her religious work her hobby. She is a strong evangelical and a great supporter of the Salvation Army. "Carmen Slyva," queen of Roumania, is a poet and story writer; she works diligently with her own typewriter. The favorite recreation of the queen of Greece is yachting. Queen Helene of Italy shoots, and drives a motor car. She is also a poet. Queen Charlotte of Wurtemberg is fond of all outdoor sports, and she has identified herself with the woman's movement. Queen Amalia of Portugal is said to be the most energetic queen in Europe. Her hobby is the study of medicine.

A young woman vehemently defends the use of high heels. She maintains that they are much more in accordance with the laws of nature than heavy, stodgy, so-called "common sense" shoe heels. "All the 'finishing schools' which teach young women how to attain a graceful carriage," she says, "have one inexorable law that is dinned into one's ears morning, noon and midnight—'Do keep up your heels, my dear,' or, what is the same thing, 'Walk more lightly, Miss Blank.' And when you step lightly you invariably rise on your toes more. Try it yourself and see. If you will keep an eye on your low-heeled girl you will see that her movements are anything but graceful. The reason lies in what I have told you—she settles back on her low heels, and the result is a lanky, stodgy, stiff, uncomfortable gait."

A lawyer wishing to engage a woman shorthand writer and typist hit upon the following ruse to select the best. When all the applicants in answer to his advertisements assembled in his office he pointed out that he could not choose from so great a number, and invited all those who were willing to work for \$20 a month to stand on one side. Immediately a large number of women shuffled to one side. The lawyer then explained politely that he could not avail himself of their services, as he desired the best work and work that was so cheap could not be good. He then made his selection from the few remaining.

Shy women are not necessarily silent. Shyness sometimes produces the utmost talkativeness; its victims rattle on, saying anything and everything that comes into their heads with utter recklessness. A friend of having nothing to say, they too often say the wrong thing, and the world misjudges them entirely.

Little Tame is about to marry Maria Lacounture. Little Tame has no arms is two feet eight inches high, and his legs are not articulated. By profession he is an athlete. Miss Lacounture is a little taller than her future husband, being just under three feet. She has no arms, her legs are only eight inches long, she measures thirty-six inches around the chest and seventeen inches around the neck. She is of pleasing appearance and in robust health. Moreover, she can sew, do fancy needlework, and keep her house clean with her feet. She is 18 and Little Tame is 25.

In the classification of husbands business men are said to come first, with a good average of domesticity and full pockets. Musicians make irritable husbands, doctors make neglectful husbands, journalists make irregular hour husbands, actors receive too much adoration from other women. Altogether, if you want to please your wife, go into business.

The Methods Used in Training Wild Beasts

There is no disputing the fact that the training of wild beasts has developed into a science, and no man has given the subject such serious consideration as Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the world-famous animal dealer of Hamburg, Germany. While in that city, recently, the writer called at his interesting animal emporium, for it is nothing else, and sought to discover the methods adopted at this unique training establishment.

At the time of the writer's visit, a group of twelve seals were undergoing stage tuition in a large cage, in the open ground, while in another a tiger was being taught to ride an elephant. The seals were being taught their tricks by an Englishman, and the writer was assured that they had made excellent progress during the seven months they had been under instruction. One of the larger ones, which the trainer affectionately patted on the head every now and again, could already take a small ball in his mouth, bounce it on the floor, catch it on his nose, and waddle with it, balanced in the air, onto his perch. In the other cage, which was under cover, the tiger displayed no small amount of intelligence, and seemed to perfectly understand what was wanted of him. If anything, the elephant was the more nervous of the two.

During the last thirty years Mr. Hagenbeck said he had trained over seven hundred large animals; such as lions, tigers, bears and elephants, while most of the lion-tamers of Europe and America have passed through his hands. His methods are unique; he believes in individual training, and to him a new lion is a beast endowed with distinct characteristics, and therefore demands separate study and attention. Said Mr. Hagenbeck:

"The first group of various wild animals which I succeeded in training to perform in the arena together, after many weary months, was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, London, in 1891. Their performances caused a sensation at the time, and thousands came daily to see them. After a few months the animals became very sick, so I took them back to Hamburg. Within six weeks



Taking the Hurdles Between the Lions and Tigers.

after my return they all died. I found it extremely difficult to get good meat on which to feed them while in London. Such animals as lions and tigers like meat soon after the bullock or sheep is slaughtered. I soon got another group ready, however, which I took over to Chicago to the World's Fair, and they proved a great success.

"I have been busy lately making very extensive arrangements for exhibiting my trained animals in America. These will travel all over America, performing at all the principal cities, and I am sure they will excite no little interest."

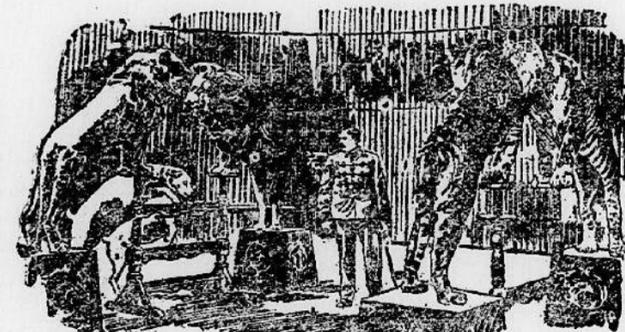
The most interesting of these groups, probably, is that made up of two large Nubian lions, one large cross-breed of a lion and a tiger—an entirely new and decidedly interesting beast—three Bengal tigers, two large Indian leopards, two South American pumas, two large polar bears, and four boarhounds.

A wild adult animal is of no use whatever to the trainer, but a young forest-bred beast can be trained as well as those born in captivity. So well are the animals in the group mentioned above trained that they will come out into the arena, one at a time, at the crack of the whip, and take up their positions on the stools or pyramids. According to Mr. Hagenbeck, any one may become a wild beast trainer, provided he is prepared to give the necessary time, and is endowed with patience, tact, and good judgment. He must have a love for animals and never treat them harshly. The great worry in getting mixed groups together is to get the beasts to agree. If an animal is not liked by its fellows, another one must be secured. Keeping it would only mean continual fighting, and it is often necessary during the early stages of the training to keep men in the cages all night to prevent the beasts from quarreling.

It is interesting here to note that \$50,000 has frequently been refused for these groups of trained beasts. Mr. Hagenbeck told the writer that they often cost him that to get together and train. A tiger for instance, valued at say \$500, would be worth ten times that amount after a couple of years of training. Curiously enough, Mr. Hagenbeck does not look to receive a large profit from the training side of his business, but rather regards it as a good advertising medium. His principal income is derived from the selling of all kinds of rare and wild animals to public zoos, menageries and private parks. For this purpose he keeps a large stock of animals on hand.

At the time of the writer's visit he had the following animals in his depot: Sixteen lions, eight Bengal tigers, seventeen pumas, black panthers and jaguars, twenty-one bears, hyenas and wolves, eleven elephants, eighteen wild pigs of different sorts, twenty-seven camels, six dromedaries, eight various llamas, six zebras, three wild asses, four Mongolian wild horses, eight American bison-buffalo, eighteen yaks and various antelopes, thirty-three deer of different varieties, nine various wild sheep and goats, twelve ostriches, sixty-one cranes and storks, one hundred and seventy-two swan, geese and ducks, lots of monkeys, reptiles, pheasants, vultures, eagles and different varieties of small animals.

Mr. Hagenbeck has won considerable fame as an animal importer, and now claims the distinction of being the largest dealer in wild animals and curious beasts in the world. He has made some decided hits at different times



A Group Trained After Eighteen Months of Teaching.

In securing specimens of the rarer animals. Thirty years ago he obtained an African rhinoceros for the London Zoological Society, which was the first rhinoceros seen in Europe since the days of the Roman Amphitheatre. Seven years ago he imported a Siberian tiger, and four years ago a Persian tiger. Four years ago, too, he landed in Hamburg two lions from Balkash Lake, in Central Siberia, and a couple of tigers from Russia-Turkestan. These beasts created quite a sensation in zoological circles, as they were the first species of their kind ever seen in Europe. A year ago his depot was enriched by a stud of twenty-eight wild horses from Mongolia. They were caught, as foals, in a district some twelve days' march beyond Peking, and after much trouble shipped to Hamburg, at a cost, all told, of over \$25,000. They were quickly snatched up by the leading zoos, many of them being sold at \$2,500 apiece.—Harold J. Shopstone, in Scientific American.

Thought There Must Be Two Funerals

Judge W. H. Simmons of San Francisco has an enviable talent as a storyteller, and has never been known to relate a "chestnut" unless by request. One of his yarns is of a citizen who died, leaving a somewhat unenviable name. The preacher who was called in to officiate at the funeral deemed it his duty to eulogize the deceased. He had proceeded some distance with his laudatory remarks when an astonished friend of the dead man leaned over to an acquaintance and whispered: "Say, Billy, are there two funerals here to-day?"

Bertillon Warns French Nation

Dr. Bertillon, the discoverer of the measurement system for identifying criminals, is of the opinion that if the present excess of the death rate over the birth rate continues "before thirty years are over France will have ceased to exist." This he regarded as likely to result and the cause is over-taxation.

Philosophical Observations

By BYRON WILLIAMS.



An association of physicians out in Iowa has declared against kissing. In other words the members have joined forces with the railroad magnates who are seeking to suppress osculation in depots. It is now the allied forces of the doctors and the railroaders against the world. Sentiment is fast crystallizing and you must soon line up for or against an ecstasy as old as Adam and Eve. About the custom cling all the love, sentiment and soul soothing of an affectionate race.

Despite this, the doctors say we must desist or shorten our lives. They seem to have overlooked the true measurement of life. Does not Browning tell us we count time by heart throbs, not in figures on a dial? Who has not felt his or her heart go pit-a-pat at the amorous touch of a lip that was kissed? And in so doing, if the poet's philosophy be correct, we have prolonged our life rather than shortened it.

The young man who has been spending his summer salary in nursing a growing right to sip the honey from the honeysuckle's chalice, will never give up being electrified for the mere matter of a few bacilli! Never, not if he has to live so fast in heart throbs that he gets a hot-box in his interior anatomy.

And the young lady! Is she afraid of the cars? Not if she loves her Charlie—not with all the saw-bones in the country waving red flags and lanterns in the middle of the right of way. She had rather "feel the lips which press love's glowing seal" and die, than live unloved to become as old as Methusalem!

This is a subject of such vital interest as to pronounce the antagonists' bravery, but even brave men are occasionally in error. On the other side is arrayed a determined army of "bussers" who have decided to return either with or upon their shields—still kissing. In case they are dead, of course, the kissing would be very still—but anyhow, they are firmly resolved to take Beaumont and Fletcher's advice and "kiss till the cows come home."

The enemy should beware! "Everything is fair in love or war," is an old saw. Here we have both love and war. We pause to contemplate to what righteous extremes the apostles of the kiss may not go in the protection of their rights to drink the nectar of the gods! Religious wars have been terrible but when it comes to the sanguinary effort to tear lips from lips that have wedded the very souls of man and woman—look out for the fireworks!

Who would not have his worries kissed away after a weary day of wrestling with business Goliaths!

"Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest."
and who would not fight for this phase of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

Who would not kiss away the tears of those we love! Happier far the man who truly lives, and by his kissing speaks to kindred heart of love!

In the chamber of death angels hover, waiting while the lips of the living cling to the lips of the dying! The grief of holiest sorrow finds some comfort there! Speak not of contagion! Life itself is not so dear as that long, lingering, last caress!

If Byron wrote truly, the dearest remembrances of life is the first kiss of love.

"Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love!"
The doctors and the railroad presidents would rob us even of this! Cruel wretches, have they no past! Have they never been kissed or kissed anybody! Even philosophical, staid, old Ben Jonson knew a good thing when he sipped it. He says:

"Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

Shakespeare says we have kissed away kingdoms and provinces. Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," gives kissing a pretty illustration:

"And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."
Benjamin West said a kiss from his mother made him a painter!

Thus we realize that the associations of osculation have ever been ardent, always demonstrative and generally holy! The anti-kissers may seriously embarrass some sighing young swain whose sweetheart has been "almost persuaded," but not quite, yet, further than this, they are helpless! We were kissed when we were babies, not only on the face and lips, but on the feet. As children we were kissed and kissed each other, as sweethearts we got together somehow when the moon was under a cloud or both had our eyes shut, at the bridal altar we have kissed our troth anew. In sunshine and sorrow, over the cradle and the grave have our lips met in communion, and doctors or no doctors, we are going to keep up the good work as long as there is anyone left who doesn't dodge!

Ours is a rare of imitators. When Cain in the deep grass discovered a funny bug and handled it, Abel had to do likewise. If there had been another pair of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and Eve Number Two had seen Eve Number One tempt Adam Number One, she would have turned a back somersault, quicker than scat, to find Adam Number Two and tempt him. And Adam Number Two seeing Adam Number One tempted, would have lain awake nights but that he, too, would have been tempted. From the cruelest time to the later days, men have imitated the faults and successes of others. The small boy who sees the neighbor's boy smoking "grapevine smokewood" and burning all the coating off his tongue, will haunt the river shore for hours looking for the smoking material. The same boy grown to man's estate will toil with might and brain, dilating every nerve, straining with tension his muscle, to follow in the footsteps of some more forward brother. Moses was the first journalist, and ever since then men and sawbucks have been imitating him and faring variously—so to speak. The prince of fashion starts a new style and the cholly boys are his prototypes as soon as the "little tailors" can cut and sew the cloth.

Some time ago, we are told in Biblical history, there was an Eljah. In these later days along comes a man named Alexander Dowie and proclaims himself Eljah's incarnation, a second edition. The Dowie-Eljah business is so good another imitator has arisen to file his claim for notoriety. This man's name is John Hoppe of Albany, Minn., and he claims to be John the Baptist III. The world is full of imitators. There are too many imitators and not enough originators. If there were fewer of the former and more of the latter, there would not be such a plethora of conditions in the general lines of trade. Men fashion after each other too much. Suppose our great men, the men who have invented the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, the airship, built the Brooklyn bridge and fashioned automobiles of progress, had been mere imitators, we would be a set of picklers still. It is the men who do not imitate but who branch out into heretofore unknown and unforeseen lines, who make this old globe-nare trot. Quit imitating and work awhile on perpetual motion. You won't invent an impossibility, but it will be good, independent practice.

Like a rainbow in a drought, even like an unexpected heritage, comes the joyous tidings that the buckwheat crop this season is a humdinger." It is greater than for years. What a soothing, comforting round this news has. It puts our troubles to sleep. What care we for a shortage in coal, in rye, in meat—have we not the festive, brown and palatable buckwheat flapjack to cheer us through the long days of winter? The cake is crisp and delicious. How it melts on the tongue when coated with butter or maple syrup—or both! It is a cake for the rich as well as the poor, and unless a few kernels of ground corn are sifted in to make it digestible, it is a cake for the physician as well.

Mother used to make buckwheat flapjacks. She piled them before you on a breakfast platter until you could scarcely see over, and then you ate away the barriers and went free to school, as full as a toad that has been sucking wind from a garden hose. Let crops fail and the harvest be short, trusts eat us up and politicians belittle us—with plenty of buckwheat cakes and "lasses" we will live happy, untrammelled by circumstances and unfettered by lordly menus, kings of the table, serfs only when the buckwheat bin is empty! You're scratching, we will!

When the Lord or the devil, or whosoever it was made trouble, had finished his labors and was about to break the mold, an imp must have happened along and insisted that he cast a busybody in the same box. At any rate, trouble and busybodies have been stalking over this land in close companionship ever since the evolution of things.

A busybody in a neighborhood is like green apples in a boy's stomach. The heartaches and pains that date their primordial beings from the tongue of the busybody, are as grains of sand on the sea shore. A tongue which is hung on a middle pivot, and wags at both ends, is more to be feared than a smallpox epidemic or an infusion of black-leg into a community of the nude—for art's sake. When a busybody gets into the front row on the stage of life the devil winks the other eye, takes a creme-de-menthe, and goes to sleep for a fortnight, knowing all things will be well cared for during his somnambulistic reverie.

The Busybody is Considered.