

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Don't Tell Your Woes—Save Your Friends—You May Need Them Some Day—What to Do When Blue—Don'ts for Girls.

KEEP YOUR SECRETS.

When in a "state of nerves" it is best not to seek human sympathy. Likely as not our friends have troubles of their own and it's altogether too bad to risk breaking the possible weak link of the chain of friendship. And this is just what lots of us do. When everything is using us awry we go to see Sue or Kit. If shown the pale-green silk Sue has just bought for a waist we remind her how ghastly Louise looked in that shade of pale green and furthermore acridly admit it's a color we'd never choose for ourselves. On the other hand, if we favor (?) Kit with our society we probably give her to understand that we think her children ought to be turned out during the visit, or, if she has no children, we perhaps suggest that there ought to be a law compelling people to make their maids wear felt-soled shoes. Or perhaps it's the dog or the sunshine. And then no doubt we go home and waste time wondering why friends aren't what they used to be. So take that famous piece of advice and "don't." When the blue devils get you just fly away to the park, unless you can get to the country or the seashore. There you may tell your trials to the trees, with no fear of upsetting them. Their nerves are warranted. They'll murmur any amount of consolation and go right along with their work, caring not one whit whether or not you think their choice of autumn garb is a success. Or go to the clouds. They'll take on all sorts of shapes for your diversion and still "roll by," none the worse for your attention, says the Daily News. If even the park is out of question

try it on the dog. He'll listen with the most flattering attention and if you lay on the agony strong enough he may whimper his sympathy. At any rate, he'll stay by you and sit close until you take a more roseate view of affairs in this vale of tears. And then he'll show his glee most unmistakably. How his tail will fly! Should none of these be within your reach there's still one solace left. You can surely recall some person much worse off than yourself. In conning over his or her woes you will at least find comparative comfort. At any rate, save your friends. You may need them some day.

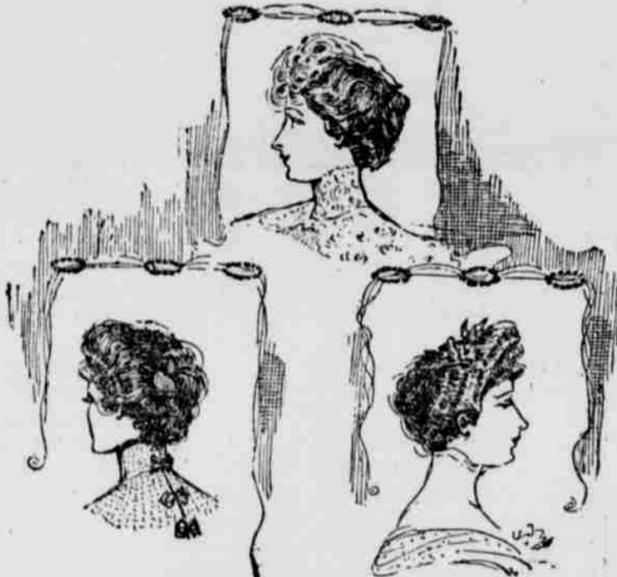
AUTUMN COATS.



With continued shoulder seams, stitched strapping and leaf-shaped revers. The coat is half-fitting, with four seams left open for some distance from the bottom.

When a girl's education is complete her diploma is a marriage license.

SOME OF THE LATEST COIFFURES.



1. With soft loose crimps in front, the hair puffed out over the ears at the sides; a twisted knot at the back projecting most in a line with the eyes.
2. Marcel waved puffing in front, loose twists at the back, over a coil.
3. Marcel waved and shaped pompadour, series of coils and puffs at the back, side combs of white horn, with colored gold heading, pompadour of green leaves.

WOMEN'S INCOMES.

It is generally said that in respect of tipping women are not generous. They are always credited with narrow dealings with cabmen, and they do not fee waiters on the same scale as the other sex. On this subject man always waxes facetious, but he is entirely forgetful of the fact which has been pointed out in a recent letter to a daily contemporary on an entirely different subject that women's incomes are generally controlled by the more "generous" sex. Women's allowances are more often than not cut down to the slenderest proportions; and it is astonishing what they are expected to do with their money.

Men, on the other hand, control their own purses; they have no account to give of the way they spend, and if they kept an account of the money they so "generously" give away, they would find that they spend sums which they would account appalling were they on the debit side of wives and sisters. It is a favorite formula of man that woman is reckless and extravagant; but if one comes to go into details, instead of looking at totals, it will generally be found that the tables can be easily turned, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. In nine cases out of ten, nay, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred could the truth be known, a man tips, and tips generously to save himself trouble, and in order to keep up appearances. A woman, as a rule, has little margin from which to give extras, but when she does, she is not actuated by the same motives. In money matters man is rarely just to woman, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that she has shown symptoms of a revolt.

THE BASIS OF MANNERS.

To be in touch with the finest etiquette is to have kindness of heart. Lack this quality and no rules of behavior will do any good. They will be followed while you are thinking of them and departed from in emergencies, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Politeness after all is only a matter of common sense. It is not a blind chasing after some one who does not know any more than any one else. Because the French and English never have asparagus any thinner than a heavy walking stick, cut it from their fingers, is no reason why Americans, whose food products vary with the divers climates in the country, should cease to eat theirs from a fork. Imagine Europeans if they could get our corn on the cob, picking it out, grain by grain, with a fork. It is senseless to follow any style in eating, entertainment or dress that has not for its basis a good, sound stratum of common sense. Frills of behavior are all right, but, like carvings in architecture, they should have something solid beneath them. If they don't have they will soon fall off, and then what a revelation.

CHARACTER LINES.

The woman who thinks only of the disappointments of the day or the inconveniences of the weather usually shows her temperamental failings in her face. The petulant fret lines, the drooping chin muscles, the wash-board corrugation in her forehead—all these are pointed fingers and glaring sign boards saying and shrieking to the world, "Look at me! I am Missus Pessy-Mist. Nothing suits me, and the things that do I am unable to see."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE TIME TO LAUGH.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Pleased with the Hour, or the Ready Wit of a Son of the Emerald Isle—A Large Covey—Figuring Out Her Share.

PLEASED WITH THE HOUR.

From the Louisville Times.—Lieutenant Heffernan was saying the other day that he had hardly ever seen an Irishman who wasn't ready with a quick retort, no matter what the circumstances might be.

"It was about three years ago that I arrested a certain fellow. He was about the drunkest man I ever saw to be still standing on his feet. As soon as I got hold of him he wanted to make trouble. He was just like many others from the old sod when they get full of bad 'boozie' and they think there is a chance for a scrap. He made a piss at me, but I reached over and tapped him once on the head with my stick. He became quiet right away, and he look'd up at me and said:

"And what toime is it?"

"And of course I couldn't help but answer, 'Just struck one.'"

"Well, if that's so," he answered, "I'm dum glad yez didn't hit me an hour sooner."

FIGURING OUT HER SHARE.

Eunice had been doing some figuring on her slate.

"Papa," she said, "do you know this country eats about 2,600,000 tons of sugar every year?"

"No, I don't know it," replied papa, taught by past experience to be cautious.

"Well, it's so. I saw it in a paper."

"Yes, what of it, dear?"

"Nothing, only I've been finding out how much every man, woman and child in the United States eats on an average."

"Well, how much is it?"

"It's about 66 pounds a year. I don't believe I eat half of that, and yet you make a fuss every time I want—"

"That'll do, child. I surrender. Here's a quarter. Go and get your box of candy."

DOING HIS BEST.

In the early morning I went to the post office in an Alabama town to inquire for mail, but found I was half an hour too early. I was walking away when the colored janitor who was sweeping out called to me and asked:

"Was yo' procrast nat'n' around yez arter yo' mail, sah?"

"Yes, but I see I'm too early."

"Yes, sah, too airly. An' was yo' a stranger in dis town?"

"Yes."

"An' hain't yo' no one to talk to?"

"No."

"Den, sah, if yo' don't keer to eliminate about de street fur half an hour yo' can stop right yez, an' I'll do my best to consider de reciprocity of de situashun an' make yo' feel to home!"

HIS ASCENSION.

From the New York Times: When the young minister of high church tendencies was called to preside over a congregation that abhorred ritualism, and was a stickler for the simplest of services, he called on Bishop Potter to ask what would be the result if he went in for ritualism just a bit.

"Suppose I should burn a pastille or two during the service; what do you think would happen, bishop, for I dearly wish to try the experiment?"

"Your congregation would be incensed, your vestrymen would fume, and you would go out in smoke," quickly replied the bishop.

LANGUAGE.



BeGar—"How is your health?"

Smaggs—"I'm just up from a sick bed."

BeGar—"Strange! Vat is ze matter wiz ze bed?"

WOES OF THE POET.

From the Louisville Times: The poet has to stand more tramping on his toes, more knocks and bangs, than the majority of men. Possibly he is so sensitive that he feels them more; anyhow, he suffers and endures, and is always expecting a solar-plexus blow. He had a woman friend whom he admired and esteemed a lot. She was intensely particular, however, but she liked him and always had something kindly to say. The other even-

ing she began talking about his book of verse.

"I borrowed it from a friend," she declared, "and started to read it. I would pick it up before breakfast or after supper, but do you know that every time I was trying my best to wade through it some of the children in the house would call me for something, and I never did plow through the volume."

The poet had grinned broadly when she began on the subject of his book, but the words "wade through it," "plow through it," felled his spirit to the dust. That girl was worse than the woman who wrote a poet a note of thanks for a gift of his book and let him find it on her parlor table with the leaves uncut.

VERY TIMID.



Colonel Ruddygore—What did I do last night?

Hotel Clerk—You got drunk and shot a man.

Colonel Ruddygore—Is that all? I was afraid I had insulted somebody; thanks.

LOOKING AHEAD.

From the London Tit-Bits.—A good story is told on one of the dignitaries of the Scottish church. Before he became known to fame he was a minister of a remote country parish, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher.

At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation.

One day after the alterations had been effected, he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle.

"Improvements?" exclaimed John, in disdain; "they're no improvements at a'. Whaur aye ye g'in't put the folk?"

"Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."

"That's a' very weel the noo," reported the beadle; "but what will we do when we get a popular meen-ster?"

A LARGE COVEY.

Two old hunters were swapping yarns and had got to quail.

"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at one shot with a rifle."

The other one sighed.

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low branch of a tree. I threw the bridal rein over the end of the limb and took a shot.

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away."

"Well, it's so. I saw it in a paper," on that limb that when they flew off it sprang back into place and hung my horse!"

HARD LUCK.

The cowboy sat down on the ground, fingered a roll of bills and looked sadly at his pard.

"Bill," he said, "it's no use. I can't go to town with you to-day."

"Why," asked Bill.

"I've only got \$25 to my name."

"Figger it up ag'in," said Bill.

"No use. I've figgered it up a dozen times, and it always comes out the same. It'll take \$20 for the drunk, dollar an' a half fer bed an' breakfast, three an' a half fer ca'tridges, an' that won't leave a cussed cent to pay the fine."

UNNECESSARY FEAR.

Widow Goosefleshel—Oh, dear, oh, dear, Mrs. Gossip, I can't tell you how I feel. Whenever I wake up in the night and it happens to strike 12, I imagine that my dear, dead husband will appear to me!

Mrs. Gossip (comforting)—But, my dear, poor woman, how can you imagine such a thing! Your husband never did appear unt I after two in the morning, you know.

HOUSES BUILT IN MANILA.

Stone Does Not Figure in the Construction of Upper Stories.

The sky-scraping tower of stone and iron which is becoming so common an eyesore in American cities has not invaded that land of the earthquake and the typhoon, the Philippine Islands, and is not likely to do so soon. These perilous visitants govern the character and the size of the houses, which are very rarely more than two stories in height, even in the best quarters of Manila. Of these the ground floor is used as a coach house or to lodge the native servants. It is apt to be too damp for the family, who live on the upper floor, which is divided into a spacious hall, dining and reception rooms, and bed and other apartments. The kitchen is often a separate building, with a roofed passage leading to the house. Besides it is the bathroom, an apartment much in demand among the Filipinos, with whom cleanliness is one of the chief virtues and bathing a daily duty.

These houses were formerly of stone, but since the great earthquake of 1889 only wood has been permitted in the second stories. These are fitted with sliding windows all around, to permit the freest entrance of air. At the same time, to keep out the hot glow of the sunlight, glass is replaced in the windows by translucent sashells, through which only a modicum of light can filter. Corrugated iron roofs are common, but they are very hot. To obviate this, many roofs are covered with a thin layer of nipa-palm thatching, which is cooler, though dangerous in case of fire.

NOTABLE MEN AND WOMEN.

Dr. James M. Gray, who has been engaged in teaching in the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago during the summer, will spend the winter in New England conducting his classes in the synthetic study of the Bible in Boston and elsewhere as usual, beginning in the fall.

Dr. Thomas McClelland, the new president of Knox College, was president of Tabor College several years ago. At that time he wanted a railroad to connect Tabor with the rest of the world. Failing to interest other roads in the enterprise, he built it himself and afterwards sold it on favorable terms to the Burlington.

Major D. W. Whittle, who is said to be dying in East Northfield, Mass., is one of the best-known evangelists in the country. "There Shall be Showers of Blessing" and "I Know Whom I Have Believed" are two of his most familiar hymns. For two years Major Whittle has been confined to his bed by rheumatic fever.

Count Tolstol, the famous Russian novelist, neither drinks, smokes nor eats meat. It is his boast that he does not possess a single article he could possibly dispense with; and he has even refused to receive a bicycle as a present, on the ground that it is a luxury. His recreations are chess and lawn tennis, at both of which he is adept.

George Muller still lives in good deeds though he has been dead some years. The income for the orphanage he founded in Bristol, England, is no diminishing. Last year it was nearly \$190,000. Much of it comes in peculiar form, and shows the influence of Mr Muller's ideas on devout minds. A large amount, for example, is money that would otherwise have been paid for life and fire insurance, but is contributed as an expression of faith in God for protection instead of trust in insurance companies.

Opening Cans with Safety.

With the majority of can-openers it is no pleasant task to cut the tin which allows the contents of the can to be removed, and oftentimes there is danger of injury to the hands from the slipping of the cutter, allowing the hand to scrape across the jagged edges of the tin. A man at Cairo, Ill., has designed an implement with which cans may not only be opened rapidly, but with entire safety to the operator. It consists of a spring-controlled vertical rod, having a cutting blade of peculiar shape attached to the curved upper end, with a foot lever controlling the movement of the rod. The machine may be placed on the kitchen table in a position convenient for use. The can to be opened is placed on the table under the cutter, and by depressing the treadle the cutter is forced into the top of the can, the construction of the blade being such that the sharpened point first punctures the top, when the beveled edges finish the work by a shearing cut. This machine will be found especially useful in hotels, boarding houses and restaurants, where large quantities of canned goods are used at certain seasons of the year.—Chicago Journal.

Camille Saint-Saens, the French composer, has received from the German kaiser the Prussian order "Pour le Merite."

Doing His will will lead to delight in it.