

BANKITON.

MONTANA.

The original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a reporter on a Washington daily. He expects to last at least Through One Administration.

The inventor of the telephone is dead, and if the man who invented the "busy" signal still lives he would do well to keep under cover if he values his life.

A Quebec man thinks he has found a new route to the north pole. His friends hope, however, that if he can be kept perfectly quiet for a while he may recover.

A man from Oklahoma says that pepper is the great life preserver and far superior to the salt elixir. Now, will the advocate of mustard please come forward.

There are some American citizens with souls so base that they can contemplate the troubles of the Asphalt Trust in Venezuela with perfect calm and unruffled repose.

Young Vanderbilt settled \$4,000,000 on his bride. By working the bargain counter ads, the latter will doubtless be able to keep up in pin money without borrowing frequently of her husband.

A Texas man is indignant because his fiancée deserted him on the eve of their appointed wedding day and married another. Some men require time to realize the narrowness of their escapes.

E. L. Godkin, one of the most eminent journalists of New York, says that the election of a notoriously ignorant, worthless or corrupt man to the judicial bench, the Legislature, or the municipal council, makes more impression on a young mind than can be counterbalanced by the study of any manual of government, or by any course of lectures on social reform delivered in high school or college.

In pursuance of a gentlemanly polish the upper class men at West Point never slug each other. They pick out a light-weight freshman and pit him against their most battle-scarred veteran. It is supposed to be the quintessence of courtly conduct to batter the poor freshman into insensibility, and then fill him up with prunes and to-bacco sauce as a consolation prize. The West Point standard of gentlemanly conduct is a curious study. But for the brand it might be taken for yellow-dog brutality.

Invention of a system of springs and weights to run machinery without coal, electricity or other motive power will be welcomed with alacrity in all parts of the world, but especially in Great Britain, where the price of coal is rapidly reaching the prohibitive point. As the new system is confessedly liable to lose power gradually by wear and tear, or altogether by breakage or the slightest obstruction, it will be unavailable for a large category of purposes now covered by coal, wood or electricity. But it will be a vast utility for many common objects.

It is true now, as it has always been, that there is room to spare at the top, while the bottom is miserably crowded. This condition seems unavoidable, the logical evolution of our complex social conditions, the inevitable corollary of the steadily intensifying struggle for existence. The fact has been the same from the beginning. It happens, simply, that recent developments have emphasized it. The higher social organization has its drawbacks as well as its advantages and among the most conspicuous of these is the penalty it imposes upon mediocrity and the burden with which it crushes helplessness.

The advantages that fall to the lot of a man whose surname occurs early in an alphabetical list are well known. As a candidate for office upon an Australian ballot, for example, a man named Abbott has a far better chance than the most eminent Zweigler. But the benefit that comes from the possession of a short name has not heretofore been generally recognized. Not long ago the promotion of one of the auditors of the Treasury Department at Washington created a vacancy to which, upon a formal recommendation to that effect, the candidate having the shortest name, being also a competent man, was appointed. His chief duty is to affix his signature to accounts, and as he needs to make but six letters in signing, he can do twice as much in a day as a man whose name contains twelve letters.

Thomas A. Edison, being recently asked if he thought the twentieth century would surpass the nineteenth in invention and particularly in the application of electricity, promptly replied that it would, and then with characteristic modesty added that in the first place there were more to work, and in the second they know more to start with, "but all the same, none of us knows anything about anything," which is his way of saying that until it is definitely settled what electricity is we are only on the threshold of achievement. The opinions of Mr. Edison, who is a practical man and has turned his numerous inventions to commercial uses, are in sharp contrast with those of Mr. Tesla, a dreamer and an impractical man, who, having settled all electrical and scientific affairs on this earth, is now settling those of Mars

also. With a few more Edisons the world would soon know considerable about most everything.

Longest and most illustrious in the annals of Great Britain, Queen Victoria's reign is also the greatest in many respects. Since her accession to the throne in 1837 discoveries, inventions, wars and the progress of civilization have changed the whole current and tenor of modern history. Scarcely a year of the longest reign in English or modern history but was marked with some notable acquisition of territory, some remarkable discovery or invention, or some epoch-making moral or intellectual advance and improvement. In the matter of territory alone it is sufficient merely to mention the annexation of Aden (1839), the Sindh (1843), the Punjab (1849), the Oude (1856), the Fiji Islands (1874), Burma (1886) and Ashanti (1896). In addition by treaty or purchase Hongkong was acquired in 1842, Pegu 1852, Sikh territory 1846, Cyprus 1878, part of Samoa 1899 and the annexation of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in 1900—the latter, however, not yet an accomplished fact. Even this vast acquirement of territory in almost every quarter of the globe does not fully represent the growth of the British empire during Victoria's reign. Assuming the rule of India in 1858 and accepting the title of empress of India, it became necessary for Victoria to guard the road to her eastern empire, and in addition to Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus and the control of the Suez canal England practically extended its rule over Egypt and the Sudan. As a result of this vigorous world policy which under any other sovereign but England's gracious queen might sooner have developed into the lust of conquest which embittered the closing years of her life, there have been many wars, the year 1880 being the first interval of peace during her long reign. Notwithstanding this remarkable fact, so well beloved was Victoria and so well known her love of peace that her reign, viewed in retrospect, presents a sunny, smiling landscape, unfortunately overshadowed by disaster and war at its close. In literature, also, it has been Victoria's good fortune to give her name to an era that stands second only to the mighty Elizabethan. Great poets, historians and artists found inspiration in the peace-loving queen and dedicated their noblest works to her praise. In science, also, a host of great names are enrolled on the Victorian page, and in statesmanship she saw the rise and passing of Lord John Russell, the earl of Derby, Lord Palmerston, Bright, Disraeli and Gladstone—statesmen who, inspired by Victoria, "held a fretful realm in awe" and made the bonds of freedom wider yet. And through all the brilliant and great events of her reign Victoria stood first in English hearts as a noble wife and mother and a spotless queen, whose court was pure and whose life was serene in its consciousness of devotion to the public weal. Of her it may be said in the words of her greatest laureate, "She wrought her people lasting good."

MRS. RICHARD YATES.

Wife of One Governor and Mother of Another.

Wife of one Governor and mother of another is the unique distinction enjoyed by Mrs. Richard Yates of Illinois. Her son, popularly known as Dick Yates, is the second of that name to fill the gubernatorial chair of Illinois. His father became Governor just forty years before, to the day, and then Mrs. Yates stood beside her husband as she recently stood beside her son. On the former occasion the present Governor was an infant, squirming in his nurse's arms.

Mrs. Yates again makes her home in the executive mansion at Springfield, where during the administration of her illustrious husband in the dark days of the Civil War she was the hostess at many important functions. After his two terms as Governor, Mr. Yates went to Washington as a Senator, and there Mrs. Yates shone with equal brilliancy in social circles.

A Popular Woman.

Many anecdotes of the kindness of the Empress of Germany are finding their way into the public prints. She was riding with a couple of attendants through the village of Bornim, near Potsdam, recently, and passed the village schoolhouse. Up at the windows went the youngsters' faces and the schoolmaster opened a window wide. Her majesty rode up and asked the teacher what the subject of instruction was. Hearing that it was historical, and that it treated of the period of Queen Louise the Good, the Kaiserin asked the master to go on with the lesson while she listened. She was, of course, obeyed, and for over a quarter of an hour her majesty remained at the window.

So pleased was she with the juvenile answers that she told them she would treat them all to cake and chocolate very soon, and rode off amid the cheers of the youngsters. The following day the schoolmaster received a note from her majesty saying that the Bornim school children—400 in number—were to be regaled at her invitation that afternoon upon chocolate with cream and cake at the village inn. That there was joy in the village of Bornim need not be stated, nor need the fact that the Empress possesses there 400 very loyal little subjects.

Many a man praises virtue who never thinks of practicing it.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE BABY.

An ache in the back and an ache in the arms
All on account of the baby;
A fear and a fright and a thousand alarms,
All on account of the baby;
And bottles and rattles and whistles and rings,
From cellar to attic a clutter of things,
From morning to night and to-morrow again
More fuss and more fume than an army of men,
And a head that is stupid for lack of its sleep,
And a heart where a flood of anxieties leap—
All on account of the baby.

A joy in the heart and a light in the eyes,
All on account of the baby;
A growing content and a growing surprise,
All on account of the baby;
And patience that conquers a myriad frets,
And a sunshiny sops that another begets,
And pureness of soul as a baby is pure,
And sureness of faith as the children are sure,
And a glory of love between husband and wife,
And a saner and happier outlook on life,
All on account of the baby.
—Christian Endeavor World.

A Winsome Widow

CLARE CARRUTH was nearest the door when the carette stopped to let her in. He saw a woman at the step. He did not notice whether she was old or young—fair or ugly. With the natural and unconsidered courtesy of a gentleman he sprang down to help her in—to give her his seat if necessary, for the carette was well-filled. He observed that she was in mourning—nothing more. Indeed, even as he assisted her his attention was distracted by a disturbance on the street. A horse had fallen. Men were trying to lift it. The carette was moving when he placed his foot on the step—swung into his seat.

He opened his afternoon paper—began to read. For a man on whom many women had looked with admiration he was peculiarly indifferent to femininity in general—absolutely modest. Not that he was timid. His record in the Philippines refuted any such supposition as



BOWING TO A GIRL IN A WHITE GOWN.

that. But as a boy he had placed woman on a pinnacle, and he had never had the courage to place sacrilegious hands upon her and pull her down to what he would have considered his own lower level. This may have accounted for the reserve which his friends had in vain endeavored to make him break. Anyhow, his heart had never beaten the faster for the sight of any face until a sudden lurch at Adams street sent the carette careening, jerked his paper down, and left him looking into the loveliest—the most mystical eyes he had ever beheld!

A young widow—assuredly a young widow! The costume left no doubt of that. The enveloping black gown—the small pointed bonnet of crape—the backward-flung veil! And the face these framed was one of such angelic gentleness—such exquisite spirituality. A mere child! And to be left alone in the world—all the chivalrous soul of the man rose in Quixotic revolt.

But—there was nothing to say. Nothing to do, save to recover the fallen paper, to glance over it furtively—to wonder, and—alas! what else? Carruth didn't know. He had never been guilty of the vulgarity of a street car flirtation. And even had he been there was something in the absolute if indefinable refinement of the face opposite him which would have awed—withheld him.

Only—when she left the carette at the corner of Canal and Adams street—he left also. It was about time, he told himself, that he should go out to the southern suburb and see the Benners. They had been nice to him. And he was neglecting Besnard shamefully! He did not distinctly recollect when the trains ran—it was so long since he had been out there. He could find out, though. Besnard Benners was a rattling good fellow, and—

And just then he saw Besnard Benners taking off his hat with a reverential obeisance to the lady in mourning ahead of him—noticed their brief and smiling conversation. He hurried—when had easy-going Clare Carruth hurried before? He fairly bumped into Benners. It took the latter weeks to understand why his onslaught was so abrupt—his greeting so effusive.

"Just as my way out to your place, old boy! Haven't seen you for an age! How is Mrs. Benners? And the babies? Well? That's good! Hope I don't intrude!"

"Not a bit. Well met. Pot luck, you know. Come along!" Carruth went along. But it was not until after Mrs. Benners had received him with a cordiality which she affected—and a surprise which she concealed—not indeed until—dinner over—he and Benners were having a quiet smoke that he summoned up pluck to ask about the lady to whom his friend had bowed and spoken on the sidewalk at the Union Depot.

"She—er—she was in black—in deep mourning. She was—a young widow!"

"A widow!" Benners wiggled with delight. "O, Lord! This is too good to keep! If only the press boys get hold of it. A widow!"

"Well, she was dressed like one!" His tone was a bit sulky.

"She was—bless your innocent soul she was! She is every night in the week—not every day, though. To-day was an exception, as she was explaining when you came tearing along. A widow! O, Lord!"

Then he howled again until his wife came in entreating he should not wake the baby.

During the week that followed Carruth made himself what Benners picturesquely called "a brass-knuckled nuisance." There came a day when this patient suburban friend rose in his wrath and despair.

"Come along!" he cried. "She's at home this afternoon—and if you bother me any more—me, a contented and placid married man—about your fascinating young widows—I'll break your head, I will!"

Then—the interval doesn't matter—Carruth found himself in a room where there was a rosy light, and a lot of flowers, and the tinkle of a distant mandolin, and the smell of Ceylon, and a hum of conversation. And he was bowing to a girl in a white gown—the most demure kind of a white gown—a girl with a lot of forget-me-nots at her bosom and never a ring on her lovely hands.

He looked closely to be sure of the latter fact when he saw that the amused eyes bent on him were those of the young widow of the carette.

"How good you were to me the other day!" said the famous young actress. "I was in such a rush out of town I had no time to change the stage costume I wear in the last act of 'A Broken Butterfly.' The creaking old carette seemed for once better than waiting for a cab. The Benners are old friends of mine—and Besnard tells me you thought me a widow!" Her happy laugh rang out with joyous spontaneity. "Is it to my supposed bereavement I am to credit your courtesy?"

What Clare Carruth's lips said was one thing. What his eyes said was another—and his heart—

Talking of hearts, they do say that of the stage beauty has been finally captured—and by the soldier-financier from the Philippines.

But then people say so many silly things! Only—

For Bachelor Girls.

Some excellent advice to bachelor girls is given by a writer in the Pittsburg Press.

"Night work does not pay," she says. "I have known many successful women who, at the beginning of their careers, worked eighteen hours a day. This may have seemed necessary, but it was not wise, although the persistence and energy which it revealed were admirable.

"The most profitable indulgence possible is that given to good, wholesome recreation, which not only improves the quality of one's effort but also extends the time in which to win success, the active period of a woman's life. Reading should form a considerable element in a young woman's recreation. On this point I speak with conviction from my own personal experience. I can recall scarcely a day in the course of which I have not spent from one to two hours or more reading something substantial—history, poetry, political economy, or historical romance. Not only have I found this one of the rarest pleasures of my life, but it has, to a very considerable extent made up for the lack of a college education. Study in season and out of season. Never stop half-way along any line. Master it or keep at it until forced to admit it has mastered you. Never forget or overlook an old friend, and make as many new ones as possible without the sacrifice of a whit of self-respect or individuality. Do this from principle, inasmuch as it is through our friends that the best opportunities of life come to us."

Just as Good.

A teacher who looks after a class of small girls in an uptown Sunday school called upon one of her charges last Sunday to read the first half of the seventh chapter of the book of Ezra. This is what she heard: "Now after these things in the reign of Smith, King of Persia, Ezra, the son of Jones, the son of Smith, the son of—"

"Stop," cried the teacher, "where are you reading?"

"The first verse," replied the child.

The teacher, much astonished, looked at the place and there read: "Now after these things in the reign of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, Ezra, the son of Seriah, the son of Azariah, the son of Hilkiah."

"Why, there is nothing there about Smith or Jones," she said.

"I know there isn't," replied the child. "But when I'm reading to my grandmother and I come to a place like this she says, 'Oh, just say the son of Jones and the son of Smith.'—New York Evening Sun.

Ridicule is a blow from the fist, with the prick of a needle, iron the sting of a bee and humor the plaster which heals all these wounds.



WHAT TO CALL HER.

IF Shakespeare had ever considered the subject from a woman's standpoint, he would never have asked so airily "What's in a name?" He would have known that there is all sorts of worry, and bother, and confusion worse confounded in it. To begin with, he wouldn't have known whether he was a woman or a lady, or just merely a plain female. Then he would have found out that every time he went to sign his name he was involved in a labyrinth of doubt as to whether it was best to follow fashion, or perspicuity. For while a rose by any name may smell as sweet, it doesn't follow that a letter addressed to Mrs. Mary Evelina Smith will reach Mrs. John Smith, though they are one, and the same, person.

There is a very small, but insistent aggravation, in the woman's name muddle. It is the height of bad form for a woman to sign her name Mrs. Somebody or other—as if she were throwing her marriage certificate at us—and when she does we set her down as once as not knowing what's what, but all the same it keeps us guessing. How is one to know, off hand, that Alicia Montmorenci Brown's other name is Mrs. Bill Jones? In spite of fashion, it is a silly custom that makes it incumbent on every married woman to have as many aliases as a burglar.

Then there is another trouble that every mother with sons has to face the moment they marry. What is she to be called in a country where the title of dowager doesn't obtain? If they all live in the same community it is necessary to differentiate her from her son's wife, yet how bald and uncomplimentary to refer to her as "old Mrs. Smith," when perhaps she is on the sunny side of 50. It has been suggested that the best way out of this difficulty is to call a woman "madam" after the marriage of her sons, and the idea seems a graceful solution of the problem.

Still another difficulty is presented by the professional woman. In old times when woman was expected to be merely a dabbler and amateur in any calling, the woman who wrote was an authoress, the one who scribbled verses a poetess, the one who administered pills a doctress, and so on. It carried with it pretty much the same implication as if one was called butterine, or silkoline, or any other name that signifies an imitation of a good thing. It is ridiculous in these days when woman is competing on an equal footing with men in every sort of work, for her to be branded with any kind of a feminine professional appellation, and the "esses" ought to be dropped. She is either a sculptor, or a doctor, or an author, or she isn't, and there is no more reason why she should be given any peculiar title to indicate her sex, than there is why one should signify by some special appellation whether a man doctor was young or old, or handsome or ugly. Another problem that is raised here is the case of the woman who makes her name famous, and then marries. How is she to keep it identified with the name that represents her achievements when the law gives her another? Actresses cling to the name they have made of value on a billboard, but the woman writer or sculptor is apt to sink her identity in that of her husband, or at least qualify it by adding his name to hers, which may be all right from a sentimental standpoint, but is poor business.

Any way you look at it, the question of what to call a woman is beset with difficulties, and it is a subject that women's clubs ought to take up. Their united wisdom may formulate some plan by which a woman may retain her identity, and still take the name of her husband.—New Orleans Picayune.

Bait Her Own Home.

Mrs. Lawrence Collins, who owns a small farm in Bloomfield township, Ohio, has built a house with her own hands. Mrs. Collins has been occupied three years in the building of this simple structure. That was because she did not have the money to buy all the lumber, nails and other things needed. Only in the raising and joining of the heavy timbers of the framework did



Mrs. COLLINS. Mrs. Collins have any assistance. Mrs. Collins has been a resident of Bloomfield township for twenty years. She and her husband lived in a log house. Owing to his bad health they barely made a living. He died several years ago. The widow was left with a tumble-down house and three children and no money. From the proceeds of what little garden truck she was able to raise, and work in neighbors' kitchens, she saved \$58 in three years. Then she started her new house.

A Man's Castle.

Nothing keeps the man so content as the maintenance of his dignity as head of the house. No matter how simple the home the wise wife makes her husband feel that there he is master, that his convenience and happiness are there of chief account. He may be hustled about in his contact with life outside, but there let him feel that he is a person whose importance and abilities are believed in. Many a man of genuine authority outside his home has lost heart and poise because authority was denied him at home. Many a man of small account among his fellows has

gathered strength and power from the atmosphere thrown about him in his home. To feel himself deferred to and considered is tonic to the weak soul. And the wise wife studies her husband and plans to make for him just that home atmosphere that most thoroughly will tend to the support of his personality.

Auxiliary Bureau Mirror.

The invention illustrated below has for its object to provide a supplemental mirror having an adjustable connection with the bureau, and adapted to be set at different angle to the large glass to aid in showing a rear view of the person dressing at the bureau. Of course, it is a woman's invention, as it would take one of the gentler sex to appreciate the merits of such an arrangement.



SHOWS A REAR VIEW.

range. Much latitude is allowed in the movement of the glass, and it will give a view of the bottom of the skirts equally as well as a view of the arrangement of the hair, thus doing away with all the craning and twisting to obtain a view of the back of the dress. The advantage over the hand mirror used for the same purpose is that it leaves both hands free to adjust the hair or garments, and also gives a steady view when once set in a certain position, which it is impossible to obtain with the hand glass.

Mrs. Youngwife's Account.

Behold, the housewife, young and fair, Now earnestly commences To "keep a strict account" of all Her income and expenses. She has a lovely little book, Of aspect most official; In gold and green upon the back Appears her own initial.

She knits her brows and proudly says:

"Hereafter I'll account for Each cent I get, and also note 'What I spend each amount for.' She opens it most carefully, And soon she is inditing The day and date in angular And stylish handwriting.

Two months from now, if you should see The book, 't would be quite white, The pages would be clean and white, The covers very dusty; There'd be one page, the leading one, On which accounts were reckoned: "Received \$10" on the "1st," And "spent it" on the "2d."—Baltimore American.

Remedy for Pale Faces.

The only really lasting remedy for a pale face is to build up the general health as much as possible by proper wholesome diet and judicious exercise. A course of calisthenics will often do wonders in bringing the roses to a colorless face.

Some complexions are naturally pallid, even when there is no reason to complain of ill health. Nothing can be done in these cases. But if the pallor proceeds, as it often does, from anemia, a remedy can often be found in an iron tonic and change of air. To rub the cheeks with a gold coin is said to be an infallible means of giving color to them. Of course it is. But any friction will do this. The charming result, however, is but temporary, says Home Chat.

Winter Beauty Hints.

Foolish women do foolish things; yet none so silly as when they enlarge the pupils of the eyes with belladonna. Hot salt water eye bathing will brighten the eyes. Let nature do the rest.

Sensitive skins suggest fine unguents, instead of water, for the face, ears and neck, all of which should be specially anointed and afterward powdered with talcum before going out in extremely cold weather.

Cracked lips for an entire winter is often the penalty for lip biting. The habit is common among nervous women. Obviously there is no cure until it is broken. A little bitter aloes in a lip salve might act as a reminder.

Ireland's Beauty.

Lady Beatrice Butler, the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde, and said to be the Emerald Isle's most beautiful woman.

The history of her house, according to Burke, is the history of Ireland from the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion. Now it is announced that she is to marry Pole-Carew, one of Lord Roberts' most dashing officers.

Not Funny to Her.

Among the funny things women do is to spread an old red shawl over the sofa and put a candle with a red shade on a table nearby, and call it an oriental corner.—Aldrich Globe.