

WOMAN UNEQUAL TO MAN

WOMAN IS THE ASSISTANT OF MAN.

French Matron Criticizes American Wives and Mothers as Incompetent.

A French matron, with considerable knowledge of American homes, she claims—Mme. Constance Crevalier—discussed "How to Become Good Wives and Mothers" recently before a club of New York mothers.

"Woman was put in the world to be the assistant of man," she said, "to look out for his welfare and take care of his clothes, his food and his home. American women have no such idea of the home. They do not want children—they want societies and clubs.

"What do you think a man marries for? He surely wouldn't marry if he were not looking for a woman to take care of him and if he didn't care for children. But what of the woman? She marries for home and for a husband to support her, and not because she cares to have children. That is, the American women do not. This attitude is not mere idle talk, but it is so well known that it is proverbial of them.

AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"The American housewife is too extravagant. She would find that she would fare much better if she were more careful of her husband's earnings, and this is truer of poor people than of rich. I have seen children on the East Side, who haven't bread at home, whose parents will give them pennies to get candies and other indigestible sweets, when those pennies really are needed for necessities.

"Every child in this country should be taught to be economical, self-supporting and healthy, and if Carnegie or other millionaires in your country would endow an institution where American women could be taught to be proper wives and mothers, my husband and I would gladly spend our lives there to benefit the women of this country."

Asked if she believed in suffrage for women, Mme. Crevalier said emphatically, "No."

"Women and men should not be on the same step—the woman is not made to be by the Creator," she commented.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME.

"But what of unmarried women—old maids—they have no home duties," someone said.

"Oh, well, all I can say is that if old maids are not attractive enough to get husbands, they surely do not think that they could have any influence in a larger way—the political life—with man," she said.

Asked why men leave their homes for "soul-mates," Madame said that was because it is seldom that a man marries his "soul-mate."

"He sometimes finds her afterward," she said, "when his wife begins to burn the bread and put her hair up in curl papers and pomade her face."

"The 'soul-mate' doesn't come while the wife makes it her duty to look beautiful and be amiable and take care of him—darn his stockings and teach the little girls to run for his slippers and take his hat when he comes home after work."

"But Earle's wife was domestic and did everything for him," said an auditor.

Madame looked ceilingward and dismissed the problem by adding: "Oh, well, there is no use overdoing anything. Men tire of too much sweets, just as well as anybody else."

CHARACTER IN EYES.

Hazel Eyes Most Beautiful From Scientific Point of View.

Hazel eyes are the most beautiful from the scientific point of view. They denote fearlessness, depth of character, a level head, and a big capacity for reciprocating any little kindness shown. Blue eyes reveal a butterfly temperament. They are usually possessed by pretty girls whose chief aim in life is to be amused and petted—the type of woman who cries on the least provocation, and always fails at a crisis.

And there is the woman whose eyes are coal black; she may be either a goddess or a temptress. If her eyes slumber beneath droopy lids, and her gaze is soft and inviting, she will be a passionate woman, whose love will be almost idolatrous in its intensity. She will exhibit a dog-like fidelity to the object of her affections.

But if a woman's eyes are large, black and luminous, lighting up, as it were, her entire countenance, she will be a person difficult to please, her vitality will be marvelous, and the business instinct will be strong within her.

She will always succeed by sheer force of personality, and will not hesitate to sink the finer instincts inherent in all women in order that she may achieve that which she has set out to obtain. A dangerous woman at the best of times.

She hasn't much to say, but he usually sees his point.

PLENTY OF CHALK.

Prof. Wm. Thomson's Assistant Followed Instructions.

When Prof. William Thomson, afterward Lord Kelvin, was at Glasgow, his absorption in his work was very great, especially his class work, and he much disliked to be brought down to earth by any slight chance or inconvenience. Examples will occur to every old pupil, writes Andrew Gray, of the great emphasis with which he commanded that precautions should be taken to prevent the like from happening again.

On one occasion, after working out part of a calculation on the long-fixed blackboard on the wall behind the table, his chalk gave out, and he dropped his hand down to the long ledge which projected from the bottom of the board to find another piece.

None was there, and he had to walk a step or two to obtain one. So he enjoined McFarlane, his assistant, who was always in attendance, to have a sufficient number of pieces on the ledge in future to enable him to find one handy wherever he might need it.

McFarlane forgot the injunction, or could not obtain more chalk at the time, and the same thing happened the next day. So the command was issued, "McFarlane, I told you to get plenty of chalk, and you haven't done it. Now have a hundred pieces of chalk on this ledge to-morrow; remember, a hundred pieces; I will count them."

McFarlane, afraid to be caught napping again, sent that afternoon for several boxes of chalk, and carefully laid the new, shining white sticks on the shelf, and neatly parallel, at an angle to the edge.

The shelf was about sixteen feet long, so that there was one piece of chalk for every two inches, and the effect was very fine.

The class the next morning was delighted, and very appreciative of McFarlane's diligence. Thomson came in, put up his eye-glass, looked at the display, smiled sweetly, and turning to the applauding students, began his lecture.

STILL RING CURFEW BELL.

Many Towns Where Old Customs Yet Prevail.

The correspondence which has recently appeared in English papers on the subject of the curfew has brought to light a number of interesting facts. The curfew bell is still rung regularly in a number of parishes all over the country, and incidentally other old customs have been mentioned.

In a few cases it appears that the old curfew is really the signal to the parishioners for bedtime, at least for the children, and, in addition, there are many traces of the angelus bell, the apprentices' bell, the pancake bell, and quaint customs connected with market crosses, butter crosses (apparently merely a variant of the other farm produce were the great feature of the market), stocks, shambles, bull-rings, and similar relics of other days.

The result of the recent correspondence is the following list of places where curfew is rung night for night for only part of the year, and the hour varies greatly:

Anstey, Astbury, Ashford-on-the-Water, Attenborough, Audlem, Burford, Blewbury, Braunstone, Barnard Castle, Bury, Chichester, Chestow, Chesham, Chertsey, Corfe Castle, Chippenham, Craibrook, Cusendale (Antrim), Crief (Perthshire), Devizes, Dolgelly, Exeter, Gisborne, Godmanchester, Hareby, Haverhill, Hathersleigh, Hailsham, Kingscliffe, Kimbolton, Loughborough, Lutworth, Lyme Regis, Lichfield, Leyland, Moy (Tyron), Marlborough, Mildenhall, Millhurst, Newbury, Northop (Flint), Newport (I.W.), Oxford (Christ Church), Penrith, Pocklington, Poulton-le-Fylde, Presteign (Radnor), Penshurst, Quainton, Ross, Romsey Abbey, Richmond (Yorks), Southam, Somerton, Shepton Mallet, Skipton, Sherborne, Sandwich, Stratford-on-Avon, Shaftesbury, Southampton, Tawton (North), Walingford, Wimbome Minster, Wells, Winchester.

HOW BILLIARDS ORIGINATED.

Pawnbroker Invented the Game in His Leisure Hours.

It is a fact not generally known that the game of billiards was invented by a pawnbroker, William Kew by name, who flourished in London some time in the sixteenth century.

This inventive avuncular relative of the needy used to employ his leisure hours in wet weather when trade was dull by taking down three balls from which were the insignia of his profession and pushing them about the counter of his shop with a yard stick, after the manner of the game as at present played, and using boxes fastened to the sides of his counter for pockets.

Out of this was developed a table with a fence of slight elevation about it to keep the balls from rolling on the floor and to enable the player to make what have since become known as cushion shots.

The dentist often shows his teeth without opening his mouth.

ENGLISH LAND CLUBS NOW

A MOVEMENT THAT HAS GROWN REMARKABLY FAST.

The Old Aim at the Reconstruction of Country Life in England.

A land movement of silent but extraordinary rapid development came to a head at a remarkable convention of land clubs held recently at Westminster Hall, says The London Daily Mail.

District after district in the southern counties have been starting land clubs for the "reconstruction of English country life." The Agricultural Laborers' Union of Norfolk has got 5,000 members and £1,000 balance in the bank, and every member pays twopence a week. It is on the point of spreading to other counties, and something like a trade union of agricultural laborers is in sight.

THESE LAND CLUBS,

unions, and societies were at the meeting federated into a union on the following motion proposed by Mr. John Robertson, M.P.:

"That this meeting approves the formation of a Central Union of Land Clubs and other similar societies, and further appeals both to existing societies of small holders and laborers and also to all progressive people interested in the rural revival, whether resident in town or country, to support the movement now founded for restoring English country life, and further appeals to country people to organize themselves by forming land clubs to be federated into this union."

This was the achievement of the meeting, and the burden of the speeches, many delivered by Liberal members, was that the Government and the County Councils had allowed the small holdings act to become a fiasco. The members of nineteen land clubs had

but with two exceptions none had obtained land, nor had many any prospect of attaining it.

Mr. Morrell, M.P., said that as many as forty-eight County Councils have done practically nothing, and two counties, Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, are responsible for about half the land found for small holders. Norfolk takes the lead, and in that county notice has been given this week of three compulsory sales, a completely new feature under the act.

The new federation will at once make a strong representation to the Government itself to buy land, to set up model colonies of small holders, and to appoint a commissioner for every county.

The effect of this movement on the Board of Agriculture is, indeed, already apparent, as this week circulars with a number of precise and crucial questions have been sent out to all County Councils.

TWO MEALS A DAY.

Prominent Doctor Plans Daily Rations.

"Going without luncheon," or breakfast, or even dinner, is not to be considered a hardship now-a-days, when two meals are thought sufficient daily rations.

A prominent doctor has formulated plans for two meals a day which, he avers, should suffice for any one, whatever his occupation. He offers the following alternatives:

1. The breakfast should be of a substantial character. Replace the mid-day meal by a glass or two of water, a bowl of soup, or some fruit juice, but no solid food. For supper you will have an appetite not to be desired.

2. The second method is the no-breakfast plan, according to which the first meal is eaten five or six hours after rising, and the second meal after another interval of about the same length.

One objection to the no-breakfast plan is that rather a hearty meal is needed when one's time and energy are usually required for employment rather than digestion. The objection may in a way be overcome by having a moderate or light lunch at noon, reserving the evening for a more hearty and substantial meal.

With the business and professional man, as well as with nearly every other worker, a substantial breakfast is the plan which accords best with all the organism being properly furnished to begin the work of the day.

The professional or business man or woman may dispense with lunch to advantage. He may, if he desires, take a mid-day luncheon of liquids, without any solids. This may consist of one or two glasses of water, tea, coffee, chocolate or other fluids.

BUSINESS.

"The Hon. Thomas Rott" is a very busy man, isn't he?" "Oh, yes! He views with alarm and alarms without views, and points with pride and has pride without point; all of which so fully occupies his time that he finds opportunity for little else."

SHOOTING WHALES.

Modern Whalers Use a Cannon and an Explosive Harpoon.

Whaling with modern methods in Alaskan waters is an exciting game, especially for those who are new to the business.

The modern whaling steamer is a little vessel almost round on the bottom, which enables it to be turned and managed with the greatest ease. Mounted at the bow is a small cannon that shoots a harpoon weighing more than 100 pounds and having an explosive head, called the bomb.

If the shot is good and the harpoon is planted squarely behind the fin, says the London World's Work, the bomb crashes into the lungs, killing instantly; if not, the struggle may last for several hours.

After a whale has been killed the carcass is brought alongside the boat and inflated so that it will float. A long coil of rubber hose one end of which is attached to a pump and the other to a hollow spear pointed tube of steel, with perforations along its entire length, is used for this purpose.

The spear is thrust well down into the whale's side, the air pump started and the body slowly filled with air. When inflated enough to keep it afloat the tube is withdrawn, the incision plugged with oakum and the carcass cast off. A buoy with a flag is attached to the body and it is then set afloat to be picked up at the end of the day's hunting.

The whaling station is a group of buildings situated in a bay or cove near enough to the feeding grounds to allow the steamer to come in each night with the day's catch. The whales are anchored at a buoy in front of a long, inclined platform, upon which they are drawn, tail first, by means of a steam winch.

The saying that every part of the pig but the squeal is now of market value is also a fact with the whale. Not a particle of the animal is wasted. After the skeleton is stripped of flesh it is disarticulated and the bones chopped in pieces.

The blubber is tried out for oil and the meat and bones are boiled for the same purpose. Later the flesh is artificially dried and sifted, making a fine guano, and the bones are ground up for fertilizer. Even the blood is boiled and dried with the flesh, and the water in which the blubber has been tried out makes excellent glue. The fins and tail after being sliced into thin strips are salted and barreled and shipped to Japan as an article of food.

THE WAITING HABIT.

Which Mr. McWhaekt Hopes MacWhaekt Junior Will Never Contract.

"I suppose it's a fact," said Mr. MacWhaekt, "that about the worst habit you could contract is that of sitting down and waiting for something to turn up."

"I've known a lot of men that have had this habit, but I have never known one of them to have anything come to him yet. Of course there's a chance of a man's being struck by lightning, but if you take the total population of the world and divide by the number struck you would find that the chances of being struck are very small, and the chances of anything coming to a man who is waiting for something to turn up are a great deal smaller still."

"You see, as I tell my son, William MacWhaekt, Jr., something that is to say something that we are always looking for to turn up is really not, as you might say, a thing of a migratory nature, that is, not a thing that seeks people. In fact one of its chief characteristics consists in its inclination to stick somewhere, generally more or less far off, in which it lies buried in the earth at a great distance, where we must go and dig for it and dig hard if we want to get it."

Measles and various other afflictions come to us, but not so, as a rule, with something, meaning prosperity, which we must go out and seek.

So I tell William that I hope he won't join the great army of those who sit down and wait for something to turn up. He might be struck by lightning, but the chances are so much against it that it would be a terrible waste of time to figure 'em out and there wouldn't be anything coming to him then."

"What I hope is that William will get out and look and dig for what he wants and not sit down and wait, and he won't find the competition as keen as perhaps he thinks, for really there are not such an everlasting lot of steady, sick to it diggers. There's a chance for every man that means business."

"I tell Willie that if he doesn't get the biggest prize in the whole world he'll get something, and something worth having, if he'll only get out and get to work around among men in the places where the diggings are found."

"That's what I'm hoping William Jr. will do—go out and work like a man for what he wants; the thing of all others that I hope he won't do is to sit down and wait for something to turn up."

MURDERED BY SAVAGES

HOW AN ENGLISHMAN MET DEATH IN WESTERN CHINA.

Chief Demanded His Rifle, Which The Englishman Refused to Give.

A thrilling account of the murder of Mr. Brooke, an Englishman who was killed on the Lolo border of Western China, is contained in a letter written by a fellow-traveller, and published in The London Times.

Mr. Brooke arrived at Ningyue-efu, a prefectural city in Szechuan, situated on the border of territory marked on the maps as the country of the Independent Lolos, on December 4. He decided to make a short trip to the Lolo border, and left, accompanied only by two interpreters and three coolies.

No news was received from him, and spies were sent out, who returned with the account of the tragedy, related in the letter as follows:

Brooke left here on December 4, and went north a few miles and slept in a house. Next day he met one of the Lolo chiefs, who feasted him and gave him an escort on to another chief, and he again to another chief, and so he went on slowly from chief to chief till December 24.

On this day when on the road early in the morning he met a powerful chief called Ahheolabow. This chief demanded Brooke's rifle. Brooke said that he needed the rifle and could neither give it to him nor sell it. The chief threatened that he would take it by force, and struck Brooke three times with his sword.

Brooke did not resist, but just wiped the blood from his face and retreated with the coolies. A brother of the chief tried to calm him and prevent him from killing the foreigner, but Ahheolabow boasted: "The Chinese have sent many soldiers against me who have always been defeated; I have just defeated their foreign-drilled soldiers, so now I will kill a foreigner and see what happens."

He pursued Brooke and his coolies. One by one the coolies were overtaken and killed. Brooke fled for nearly ten miles with the Lolos in hot pursuit. He jumped a stream and was met on the other side by some braves who had been collected by the war whoops. They signalled to him to give up his rifle and they would let him escape.

He gave up his rifle, but Ahheolabow still followed, whereupon Brooke drew his revolver and shot him and his companion dead. He killed and wounded some fifteen of the Lolos before he was finally overcome and bound; another brother of Ahheolabow then came up and killed him.

500 SWEARS FOR CHARITY.

Church Built by Generosity of Gamblers.

Opinions vary widely, apparently, as to the rights and wrongs of the various ways of raising money for charitable and religious objects.

All over the continent of Europe, for instance, as well as in Ireland, lotteries are continually being held for these ends, and even in England church and chapel bazaars raffles are not unknown. Yet the well-meaning parishioner who the other day suggested that bridge-players should put aside a percentage of their winnings to help restore a certain sacred edifice was promptly snubbed for his pains by the incumbent thereof.

On the other hand, there is at least one church in New South Wales which owes its existence to the generosity of the reckless gamblers of the old gold-digging days. The bush parson used to leave the flap of his tent undone when he went to bed at night, and the lucky ones, returning at dawn to their claims after a night's carouse, would pitch through the opening a nugget or a bag of yellow dust with the cry: "Here you are, Mr. Sky Pilot!"

Local tradition has it, too, that the handsome cathedral of La Guayra, in Venezuela, was built through the self-denial of the early inhabitants, who agreed to fine themselves fifty cents every time they used the favorite Spanish edipletive "caramba."

This, of course, is a very old dodge for checking the undue use of what are commonly called "swear words," and it is in force in many shops, institutions, and so forth at the present day. Thus, for example, there is in the yard of a certain London motor-car company, a collection box belonging to the Invalid Children's Aid Association, into which a half-penny is voluntarily placed each time a naughty expression is inadvertently let drop. When last opened, a few weeks back, the box contained 500 coins, but it is only fair to add that the receptacle had not been cleared for nearly eight months previously.—Pearson's Weekly.

A man never realizes his wife's superiority until he attempts to put a crying baby to sleep.

33 YEARS IN JAIL CELLS

JESSE POMEROY MAY SEE DAYLIGHT.

"Human Fiend" Murdered Children—Aged Mother Thinks Him Innocent.

After thirty-three years' solitary confinement in the Charlestown, Mass., prison, Jesse Pomeroy, the "human fiend" may again see daylight.

Pomeroy was a steel-eyed boy of seventeen when the world declared him dead and locked him behind the doors of Charlestown prison. Now he is a man of fifty. From seventeen to fifty he has known nothing but darkness and solitude.

The men who bore witness against him, the jurors who called him guilty, the judge who sentenced him to death, the Governor who saved him from the rope—all are dead.

Once a day a jailer slips his food through a slip in the darkened cell and peers in to make sure that his prisoner hasn't died during the night.

Once a month the prisoner's mother—the only person in the whole world who thinks him innocent—talks and weeps with him through the bars for an hour.

Once a year the Governor of Massachusetts and the Prison Commission walk through and stare curiously at the prisoner. Occasionally Chaplain Barnes visits him and talks to him.

MAY SEE THE LIGHT.

These are the only breaks in Pomeroy's sunless years. And now relief may come. A bill will be introduced in the present session of the Legislature—it is aimed at Pomeroy—allowing all prisoners to work in the daylight and with their fellow-prisoners.

This boon Pomeroy has long craved. Just to see the daylight, to see people and talk with them—it's all he has ever asked. He has refused to work unless he could work with the other prisoners.

Just what Pomeroy is to-day only the prison officials know—and they won't tell. "You may see all there is to be seen in Charlestown prison," General Bridges, the warden, says, "except Pomeroy."

At thirteen he was assaulting and torturing boys of six. He was put in a reformatory, where, after three years, he was released on parole.

A little while after, by his own confession, he assaulted and butchered little Nellie Curran, and buried her body in the cellar of her father's store.

At seventeen he was found guilty of slaying a five-year-old boy in Boston. The law, outraged, called him unfit for freedom or even human association. His long term in prison began.

HAS DEVELOPED INTELLECT.

With all his perverted and degenerate instincts, Jesse Pomeroy is an intellectual man—evidently brilliant. He has read every one of the 8,000 books in the prison library, and half a thousand more belonging to Chaplain Barnes. He reads in the original the works of Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Arabic authors, having learned all these languages in prison.

Besides reading, Pomeroy has one other pleasure—the monthly visits of his mother. Mrs. Pomeroy, a broken and frail woman of close to eighty, who still lives in Weymouth, where Jesse was born, never misses a visit.

Every mother of a prisoned son thinks him innocent. But none believes it more devoutly than Mrs. Pomeroy.

"My son is a martyr," she says. "They told him that I was accused of his crimes—that if he didn't confess to them I would have to go to prison. He confessed to save me—because he loves me."

STATUS OF THE CAT.

Valued as a Plague Preventive in Japan.

The status of the cat has suddenly risen in Japan, and the few families in that country which are without these pets are on the alert to secure one or more of them wherever they are to be found. The cause of this increased demand for felines is due to the statement recently made by Doctor Koch, who advised the keeping of cats as the best means of avoiding the plague. The Japanese authorities have taken a census of the cats in several of the larger cities, and in Osaka, whose population is 1,500,000 it was learned that 48,222 families kept cats to the number of 54,389. In addition to this it is estimated that there are 5,696 homeless felines, and, remarkable enough, those sections of the city which are frequently visited by the plague were free from cats. The number of the animals without a home is rapidly diminishing, because their value as a plague preventive does not depend upon the quality of the breed, so that the common or garden variety is equally as efficient as the thoroughbred.