# A STENOGRAPHER POUNDS OUT 7,219 WORDS IN AN HOUR

### New World's Record Set in Spokane at Commercial Teachers' Federation

Spokane, July 25.—The world's typewriter record for one hour's continuous writing on unfamiliar copy was broken today by Miss Florence E. Wilson, of New York, in the national contests held under the auspices of the National Commercial Teachers' Federation.

Miss Wilson copied 7,219 words in the hour, with 69 errors. Deducting five words for each error, this gave her a net score of 6,879, or an average of 115 words per minute. The former record, held by H. O. Blaisdell, of New York, was 112 words per minute.

The amateur championship for operators who have used a typewriter less than three years, was won by Miss Bessie Friedham, of New York, who wrote 3,208 words in thirty minutes, or an average of 107 words per minute. This broke the former record held by Gus Trefzger, of New York, of 98 words.

The school championship was won by Miss Winnifred Bliss, of Spokane, with an average of 53 words per minute.

# FRENCH SUFFRAGISTS ARE GETTING DESPERATE

Paris, July 26.—Instigated by Signor Marinetti, an Italian who assumed leadership of the more radical wing of the Futurists of France, an effort is being made to urge these suffragists of the republic into extremes of violence much worse than anything which has occured during the most militant moments of the movement in England. Already Marinetti has made many converts who are rapidly exceeding their teacher in appeals to force.

Lecturing to an audience of women, which included a number of aristocratic dames, half a dozen being wives or relatives of officers of the government, Madame Valentine de Saint Point used the following language:

"Brutality must be your watchword and your passions must be rendered artistic. O, woman, return to your sublime and atavistic instinct which is cruelty."

When several of those present expressed their dissent in forceful terms, Signor Marinetti leaped upon the platform and waving both arms dramatically, referred to the interrupters as "pigs." He was hotted in turn and the lecture ended in a riot.


## HOT WEATHER AILMENTS

A medicine that will keep children well is a great boon to every mother. This is just what Baby's Own Tablets do. An occasional dose keeps the little stomach and bowels right and prevents sickness. During the hot summer months stomach troubles speedily turn to fatal diarrhoea or cholera infantum, and if Baby's Own Tablets are not at hand the child may die in a few hours. Wise mothers always keep the Tablets in the house, and give their children an occasional dose to clear out the stomach and bowels and keep them well. Don't wait till baby is ill—the delay may cost a precious life. Get the Tablets now and you may feel reasonably safe. Every mother who uses the Tablets praises them, and that is the best evidence that there is no other medicine for children so good. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


# SNEED AND HIS WIFE HAVE KISSED AND MADE UP

**Fort Worth, Tex., July 26.—John Beal Sneed, who killed Capt. A. G. Boyce, father of the man with whom his wife eloped to Winnipeg, and escaped punishment through disagreement of the jury, has been reconciled with his wife and the two left today for Georgetown, Tex., where they will make their home.**


## WHY SNIFFLE AND SNEEZE WITH CATARRHAL COLD?

### By Breathing the Healing Vapor of Catarrhozone You Get Relief in Ten Minutes

**Every second person that you meet seems to have a sneeze and stuffed feeling in the forehead and nostrils. To cure promptly, say, in half an hour, there is nothing worth using except Catarrhozone. You inhale its balsamic vapor, and feel as if you were among the Norway pines. This is because Catarrhozone contains a healing medicine, light as pine air, which is breathed straight into the lungs and bronchial tubes. Away goes the cold; sneezing and catarrhal cough cease, bronchial irritation stops; in short, you are cured of catarrh by a pleasant, simple remedy, free from sedatives and irritants.**

That Catarrhozone is a swift, certain means of destroying colds and catarrah is proved by the following statement of Mr. Pulos, one of Brockville's best known merchants:

**"In the fall of 1903," writes Mr. Pulos, under date of June 10, 1910, "I contracted a very severe cold which developed into Catarrh. At that time I was living in New York state and treated with four different physicians, who afforded me no relief. On coming to Brockville I was advised by a friend to try Catarrhozone. I bought the dollar outfit, and was gratified by the results. I was completely cured by Catarrhozone, and have used it since to check a cold with unfailing results. It is the grandest medicine in existence, and I hope my testimony will be of some use to other fellow sufferers."**

(Signed) George Pulos.

An ideal protection for the chest, lungs, nose and throat is the frequent use of Catarrhozone. Two months' clatrment (the large size) costs $1.00, medium size 50c; at all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.


# CANADIAN GIRL TELLS OF SUFFRAGETTE SUFFERINGS--DOINGS OF THE WOMEN TO-DAY

## HOW CAN THEY MAKE SUCH PRETTY DRESSES FOR $3.50?

### Madge Undertook to Reproduce it at Home, and it Cost at Least $4.27.

### BUT BIG STORES MAKE A PROFIT

### It is Nearly All Made By Machinery—Scores of Patterns Cut at Once.

By B. D. T.

THE Waxen Lady stood on the end of the table and looked out over the throng of Friday-Bargain-Dayers with the age-old smile of her kind, a little superior, a little bored, a little empty-headed, but well-bred if she died for it.

She carried a jaunty parasol over her pretty shoulder, and she wore "an embroidered lingerie frock." Frocks and frocks and more frocks lay in a glaciated sea at her feet and in the middle of them a signboard reared itself with this legend:

DAINTY SUMMER DRESSES, $3.50.

Madge and Marian, the original Siamese soul-twins, with hats alike (near-Panama), with navy blue tailored skirts, white blouses, and tan shoes, shopped in their arm-in-arm noon-hour peregrinations to see the Waxen Lady and her exhibit.

"How do they do it?" said Madge, "why, by the time you'd buy the stuff, you'd pay out nearly that, and as for fressmakers——."

"Oh, I don't know now," Marian's Scotch caution made her prone to disagree with impulse-ridden Madge. "there'd be six or eight yards of embroidery—and the lace. I bet you, if I got in Miss Ives, she'd run it up in a day, and mamma'd put in the buttonholes, and it'd be less than that one."

"Bet it wouldn't!"

"Bet it would!"

For a minute the twins who weren't related looked at each other with the foreglaem of battle.

Then Madge giggled.

"Look-at-here," she said, her eyes dancing with the notion of a hazard of any kind, "I bet you a trip to Hamilton on the First that I can buy my dress right now, an' you copy yours off of it, and mine'll come to less, and no bother to me, either."

"Done."

Marian didn't waste time over it. The little head under the white hat might be canny, but when a decision was reached, it came at eighty-speed and no corrections.

**MADGE'S BILL.**

One dress.
Ready-made,
$3.50.

**MARIAN'S BILL.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 7 yds. embroidery @ 25c.. | $1.75 |
| 1¾ yds. lawn @ 12½c.... | .23 |
| 1 yd. beading @ 5c..... | .05 |
| 6 yds. lace @ 4c..... | .24 |
| Hooks ..... | .01 |
| Buttons ..... | .05 |
| Spools ..... | .09 |
| Seamstress @ $1.25 per day | 1.88 |
| | $4.27 |

### Measured It Carefully.

AND so it happened that Madge's dress was sent up C.O.D. that very hour, and after tea the two girls got it out and measured carefully to find what Marian would have to buy to-morrow.

"Lingy," as Madge named the frock, was a creature of seeming simplicity and as much combining of materials as is usual in present-day models.

The purchaser put it on and paraded the room with cake-walking steps, declaiming: "The bride was gowned in an embroidered lingerie frock—'tis so, Marian MacQueen—made of flouncing

—the waist in surplice effect, the V in the front filled in with fine tucked lawn, sleeves joined to bodice with narrow beading, round neck edged with —ouch! give you a crick to see your own neck, don't it?—edged with narrow imitation torchon.

"The skirt was a—er—a double decker, being formed of two widths of the flouncing, joined in the middle with a four-inch band of fine tucking, with the tucks running up and down, an' you'll have your own time getting 'em straight, too, Marian Mac, even if your mamma has got a tucker.

"At either side of this band there's a row of lace, seven cents, if not mistaken, and below the bottom length of flouncing is a four-inch width of plain lawn, 'cause Madge's a tall girlie and needs it, even if she does wear silk stockings.

"Oh, I forgot!—the bodice and skirt are joined with three widths of lace insertion, stitched together, a narrower width than what's on the skirt. And I'm did up the back with six buttons and more hooks than I want to think about. And there's sure to be at least two spools of thread in me, so there.

"You an' your blessed economies, Marian Mac, you'll pay out four dollars and then take me to Hamilton—tra-la-la, but you're the nice lady, an' so good to the poor!"

"Stuff and nonsense," said Marian.

### Trying to Save Money.

NEXT noon hour was devoted to the busy departmentals, and many a clerk came the conclusion that she'd waited on two slightly-mad shoppers, one of whom kept saying to the other:

"That's not good enough, sneaky; trying to save two cents!"

To which pleasantry the other would reply:

"'Tis, too, Madge Ireland. Of course the work on it isn't so deep as yours, but it's ever so much better quality."

By-and-bye the goods came home, 7 yards of 17-inch flouncing at 25 cents (only 6 inches deep of work as against Lingy's 8, but the quality was certainly firmer); 1¾ yards plain lawn for tucking and bottom hem, at 12½ cents; 1 yard beading, at 5 cents; 6 yards lace averaging 4 cents a yard; hooks, buttons, and spools.

There remained now the securing of Miss Ives who promised to come on Wednesday morning, and, as a friend of the MacQueens and an upholder of Scotland, to do her best to beat Madge.

To begin with, she didn't get there till 9.20 (blaming R. J., of course, or the man who invented alarm clocks that don't, or the landlady who overslept). Then when she saw the dress, she asserted positively that it couldn't be done in a day. Would probably take two days, was a hard pattern, etc., and by the time she got to work it was nearer ten than it ought to have been.

When at last she went at night, she admitted that a half a day more's good work might finish it, with the buttons left for Mrs. MacQueen. And even so it turned out.

### It Cost Her $4.27.

THAT night Marian made up her accounts, and found to her dismay—no, not her dismay, for she'd sensed defeat since Miss Ives' arrival—but, anyhow, she ascertained that her bill amounted to $4.27. Added to which:

1. Mother entered an account for 45 cents for three meals served, and hinted about piecework on the buttonholes.

2. Miss Ives left word that this was the last time she'd work for a dollar and a quarter. Prices had gone up.

3. And Madge said she really felt it her duty to get a rake-off on Lingy's being used for a pattern!

"Well," said Marian resignedly, "I don't mind acknowledging I'm it. And I don't mind taking you to Hamilton. Lingy fits better than my dress, and I prefer the pattern of your embroidery. All my tucks aren't even, either—and Miss Ives hasn't pressed the skirt.

"The one thing I want to know is, how under the sun can they afford to sell a whole—no-trouble—sweet little dress for three and a half? If you'll explain that, Madge Ireland, the bird with the broken pinion'll forgive you the trap."

All of which leads up to the fact that Lingy isn't a separate entity like Marian's dress. Lingy is one of a vast sisterhood, one of a line with a number of its own, longer than an auto license. Lingy is something created, not haphazard, bottom-end-first, or hands - across - and-the-grand-chain-all, like Miss Ives' production, but designed by a high-priced man, and carried through in nine operations by nine different sets of specially perfected machines, run by girls each of whom does one thing and one thing only, until she's so expert she could embroider circles around Miss Ives and do her own work at the same time.

To begin with, there's the designer in whose brain is hatched the scheme, where the style is made to fit the cloth, not the cloth chosen as demanded by the style.

When this part of the work is finished a pattern of each piece is made, and the cutter proceeds to play Chinese puzzle on what will be the top-piece of a pile of goods to be cut.

Again and again he lays the provokingly angled bits on the goods before him, taking them all off once more to save half an inch in length, especially if the material happens to be expensive. One-half-inch, 120 deep, makes sixty inches, which at 70 cents a yard, means a dollar seventeen thrown on the floor. Miss Ives never schemed like that in her whole life—would scorn to do it—and will never be rich.

When the top piece is chalked out, it is laid on the pile. Any number of colors, kinds, and weights may be cut at once, provided the material is of the right width, but, needless to say, the stack is usually homogeneous. As many as six hundred dresses of plain lawn have been cut together; Jap silk runs to 350, but embroidered goods is best at about seventy-five.

### Cuts Whole Pile at Once.

THE cutter turns the current on in his instrument, and its sharp edge takes the pile as easily as a snow plow on the main line. In two minutes seventy-five facsimiles of Lingy's right sleeve, left sleeve, and surplice fronts lie ready froh the machines.

When Miss Ives pares embroidery, she does it by hand. The factory has a girl and a machine doing nothing else.

Miss Ives joins the three strips of embroidery in the belt with two lines of sewing. Where they specialize, a machine does both rows at once.

There is a machine for tucking, a machine that runs as high sometimes as 42,000 stitches a minute. There is another for putting the sleeves in with beading, and when it comes to the fitting, girls who do nothing else drape the gown over the dummy representing the size desired, pin, adjust, pin and tack so fast you can scarcely follow them.

In the factory's schools there are girls learning to do all these things, so that none but experienced workers are on the main floor with the gallant Six Hundred who make up the creating staff.

"No, we don't like to get dressmakers," said the Man Who Knows, "they're too slow and they have too many wrong methods. We prefer girls who've never sewed, who have nothing to unlearn.

"You wonder how we can pay them good wages—big wages, some of them—make a fair profit on it ourselves, and yet sell at a price the seamstress and you can't touch?

"Well, there's where the genius comes in. Say, it's the greatest business in the world!"

## WOMEN PROMINENT IN QUEEN MARY'S HOUSEHOLD

THE COUNTESS of SHAFTESBURY
ONE OF QUEEN MARY'S TITLED WAITING WOMEN

DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE
MISTRESS OF THE ROBES, MOST INTIMATE STATE ATTENDANT ON QUEEN MARY

LADY DESBOROUGH
POPULAR IN THE BRITISH COURT-CIRCLE

THE HON. MABEL GYE
ONLY UNTITLED MAID OF HONOR TO QUEEN MARY

## QUEEN MARY'S WAITING WOMEN OCCUPY SOCIETY'S TOPMOST RUNG

### Grades of Service Decided By Intimacy With the Queen—Duchess of Devonshire Queen Mary's Closest Attendant—No "Merry Widows" at the Present British Court.

By MADGE NEVILLE.

"THERE'S nothing so queer as folks" runs the northern saying. So while in ordinary walks of life domestic service is becoming more and more distasteful service in the royal household represents the top rung in the social ladder.

But as even in Dante's Paradise there are varying degrees of well-being, so is it in royal flunkeydom. The Page of the Backstairs cannot vie in importance with the youngest Maid of Honor, and the most experienced Gentleman Usher is not nearly such a personage as a Lady-in-Waiting.

The decisive factor in a royal servant's status is the degree of intimacy it carries with the august employer. The women and girls in personal attendance upon Queen Mary of England therefore hold the most enviable positions in English society. The present constitution of the royal household was evolved by Edward III. in his Palace at Eltham, out of the chaotic elements that formed his court, on lines which have more or less survived throughout the centuries.

The mistress of the robes, at present the Duchess of Devonshire, is official head of the "Queen's ladies." For many a long year the post carried with it the title of "Mother of the Maids," and no one but a Duchess is eligible for the place. No annual tally of dollars are handed out to the royal servants as such, though the maids of honor get "an honorarium," as no reward is expected save the honor of the exalted position. In bygone days the mistress of the robes used to attend personally to the Queen's morning and evening toilettes. The garments to be worn were handed from one lady of the bedchamber to another before reaching the mistress of the robes, who then attired her royal mistress. Now, the mistress of the robes does not put in an appearance in the Queen's bedroom, but on state occasions, such as the visits of foreign royalty, she has to escort her to the chamber door.

### A Close Personal Friend.

THE Duchess of Devonshire is not merely a decorative figure on great affairs of social state. She is one of the Queen's closest personal friends. They sew together for hours, their tongues busy with sober themes while their fingers ply the needle and thread. This bond of intimacy was knitted tighter than ever by the Indian Durbar visit. Devonshire House ball was the first private function of the season to be attended by Queen Mary, and as she is scheduled to spend a week-end at Chatsworth during July there can be no doubt that the Duchess is a prime favorite.

The Duchess is also a capable organizer. Her capacity in this direction was shown by the part she played in regard to voluntary aid detachments in Derbyshire, under the War Office scheme for mobilizing a nursing force in time of war. The resources of a large tract of country around Chatsworth were then carefully organized for emergency hospitals and the training of the requisite nurses. She is a daughter of Lord Lansdowne, Conservative leader of the House of Lords, and a niece of the Duke of Abercorn.

### No Breath of Scandal.

HOWEVER diverse their dispositions, one quality distinguishes the "Queen's ladies." Their moral characters are unimpeachable. Not a breath of scandal has ever tainted their reputations. Even "the bar sinister," denoting irregular alliances in the past history of families, appears on none of their escutcheons. The Queen has no use at all for gay dames with a hectic past, and won't even admit, like some of her male relatives, that merry widows may be vastly interesting persons.

Next in rank to the mistress of the robes come the ladies of the bedchamber, sometimes called ladies-in-waiting—the best known of whom are Lady Desborough, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Ampthill, Lady Bertha Dawkins, and Lady Mary Trefusis. Their duties have nothing to do with the royal couch, but a great deal to do with royal charity. They are the tactful intermediaries between Queen Mary and the people and institutions appealing to her for aid.

It was Lady Bertha Dawkins, for instance, who was selected to read a message of good-will from the Queen to three hundred working girls who meet every morning in All Hallows church, and it was she who handed the parson a substantial check to be used on their behalf. All the year through these gentle emissaries of mercy are proceeding on their errands of good-will, sometimes to have little heart-to-heart talks with hospital patients, or to pay private visits to tenement apartments or obscure cottages, from whence poignant appeals for aid have emanated. As a rule, only one dame is in attendance at a time, her period of service generally being of about a month's duration, during which time she resides under the same roof with her royal mistress.

### A Good Story-Teller.

GOOD stories have an unerring knack of coming Lady Desborough's way. At her last party, attended by Premier Asquith and ex-Premier Balfour, she brought a smile to the lips of her guests by telling them about the difficulty which had been experienced in securing the services of casual laborers in the reconstruction of the famous Boulter's Lock, at the busiest spot on the Thames. "As the foreman of the works had been informed," she said, "that one of the men had quitted for 'family reasons,' inquiry was made into the cause of his absence. It transpired that the 'family reasons' were peculiar. He had to go and punch his brother-in-law's head, and had asked to be paid his wages in advance in order that he might drink sufficient beer to give him the requisite courage for the assault."

Lady Shaftesbury, another of the Queen's women, is domestically inclined. Very wealthy, she leads, like Lady Ampthill, a self-effacing existence. They only come into the limelight in such fleeting glimpses as are afforded when the King and Queen drive in state through the streets.

Quite the most romantic section of the Queen's attendants is formed by the maids of honor. In Queen Elizabeth's day each maid was provided with stabling, palfreys, and a waiting woman, with a liberal allowance of "ale, bread, and beef for her breakfast."

### No Dowry for Them Now.

THE number of maids of honor was reduced from eight to four by Queen Alexandra, who also put a stop to giving them a dowry of five thousand dollars upon their marriage. Although it is the rule that these much-envied girls should belong to a social rank not lower than the family of a baron, Queen Mary has one maid of honor, Miss Mabel Gye, who is not of titled parentage. Immemorial custom, however, confers upon them the title of "Honorable," whatever their birth. Miss Gye's three companions are Miss Venetia Baring, Miss Kathleen Villiers, and Miss Ursula Lawley. Miss Baring is the daughter of Lord Ashburton by his first wife, and has therefore as her stepmother Frances, the second Lady Ashburton, who, as the daughter of J. C. Donnelly, won fame on the New York stage.

All Queen Mary's girlish associates are accomplished musicians, fluent readers, and good linguists, and each receives fifteen hundred dollars a year "pin money." Their term of waiting is fourteen days each, and two of them are always in attendance when the court is at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

They sleep out of the palace. A carriage brings them in the morning and takes them home again at the close of the day's work, which often ends with four o'clock tea. Their life is a little more arduous, however, when foreign royalties are being entertained, for they have to show the distinguished guests the sights of the town.

While serving her term of office, each maid of honor wears a badge—a miniature of the Queen, set in diamonds, and worn on the left shoulder with a crimson and white bow. On her marriage she retains the badge as a memento.

*A BALL PLAYER.*

TEACHER (in geography class) "John you may tell the class what a league is."

John (promptly): "Eight baseball clubs in a league."

*SHE HAS THE MONEY.*

"I SWEAR I cannot live without my wife."

"You love her so?"

"Well, not exactly that. You see she has the money."

*DOMESTIC FELICITY.*

EDWARD: They are exactly opposite in their tastes.

Ernest: Is that so?

Edward: Yes; if she ordered up angel cake, he'd order up devilled ham.

### LOVELY ENGLISH GOWN

Of soft black satin with overskirt of white ninon de sole and lace; pointed, waistbelt, and choice of rose pink satin.

## SACRIFICIAL SUFFERING THAT IS ENDURED BY SUFFRAGETTES

### Canadian Girl Tells of Interviews With Militants Released From Holloway Prison—Denied Right to Go to Chapel—Forcibly Fed Through the Nose—Goods Sold For Taxes.

By SUSETTE.

THE prison of Holloway in the south of London, now famous enough to be put in guide books, has been the home of many a suffragette. It is a usual sort of prison, with a governor and endless under-potentates; a church chaplain and a Catholic priest. The latter named, in this case, is a suffragist, and very popular with the suffragettes. All the higher strata of officials are in touch with the Home Secretary, and there is as much red tape, it seems, about a prison as a palace. There is class distinction, too and one of the complaints of the suffragettes, now out of prison, is, "Why was I let out, when others who are working women are detained yet. I don't like it or understand it."

There are a great many things in Holloway which will shortly be understood better, for if the suffragette is after one thing more than another it is "square deal."

I met a group of discharged militants at a Hyde Park meeting, but yesterday. They related their Holloway experiences, which needed no emphasis to convince me, beyond their narrowed paled faces and their meekness. For the only time a suffragette is meek is after a term of forcible feeding, and this is but momentarily, as one of them put it. "The Government hope to break our spirit by this treatment, and they do break it temporarily, but how quickly we recuperate! It's marvelous!"

### Denied Religious Privileges.

"I ASKED her if it was true, as reported, that prisoners who are insubordinate are denied the privilege of attending chapel. Her reply was "Quite true; after we broke the windows in protest of Mrs. Pankhurst's solitary confinement for eighteen days, in a damp cell; we were not allowed to go to chapel."

"What strange punishment for sinners," I ventured. "Of course, it's all absurd. There is a great deal to be remedied in prisons." "Then, too," another said, with great complaint in her tones, "At Easter we were all refused communion, until we should repent, and say we were sorry, and, of course, we could not. But that was changed soon after, for the bishop made known his disapproval; as we were not technical sinners, having acted out of principle, and repentant or not, we were invited to attend the service. You see, we have some very just friends among the clergy, as well as enemies; the vicar of the Chapel Royal of Savoy is most ardently with us."

"It must be fearful to have a hunger strike," I said to another present. "It is fearful," she said, looking away as if she dreaded recalling it. "One doctor who fed me knelt on my knees, whilst others held me and forced the instruments between my teeth. It is a suffocating performance, and degrading, and the doctor made it worse by saying to the wardresses, 'It's like feeding a pig, isn't it?' "When did the hunger strike begin?" "On Good Friday, and lasted until Wednesday, before it was noticed none of us ate anything." "Was it necessary, such torment?" "Undoubtedly. We struck when Mr. Churchill was Home Secretary, and gained certain concessions, as political prisoners. These were denied us by Mr. McKenna until we struck again, and he had to yield the point. Now we get mail oftener than once a month, and are allowed some food from outside. Of course, we were all remand prisoners; most of those sent down for hard labor are near Brighton, working out in the fields. They are very rosy-cheeked, and not at all like the rest of us at Manchester or Holloway."

### A Deserting M.P.

THEN they told me of a friend of theirs who was secretary to an M.P. She was sent up to the Sessions, and when out on bail told her employer where she had really been for the week end—in Holloway. After tremendous storming, when she expected to "go" from him, he said, 'To tell you a secret, I am in favor of votes for women, for I feel that their point of view is needed in modern politics, where the industrial is so predominant. No, I won't discharge you. Copy those letters. Let me see, you will go up for trial about the time the Conciliation Bill comes on; that's fortunate, for I am going abroad to avoid it." She remonstrated with him, for believing and yet deserting, but in vain, for his name was not on the Parliamentary list of voters, but on a Paris hotel register instead. He is back now, and his secretary has just finished her two months' hard labor.

I saw yesterday in a striking way the sacrifices that the suffragettes are making. Being in Clement's Inn, I passed by the closed door of the Pethick-Lawrence's home life, and the card "Flat to Let" outside added significance. Then entering the enquiry office of the "Woman's Social and Political Union" I read on a bulletin board erected for such purposes, notice after notice of bailiffs' sales of the household effects of suffragettes who were refusing to pay taxes as a protest. Knowing well what a home means to a woman, I felt sure there was no like sacrifice for a cause going on anywhere else in the world at the moment, and that success must come in the wake of it. Every one of those notices is really a death warrant on the prejudice that makes them possible.

*ENCOURAGEMENT.*

PATER: "Has my daughter ever offered you any encouragement?"

Suitor: "Oh, yes, sir. She said if I married her she'd get you to pay the rent."

*AND GET BULLSEYES TOO.*

THE military instructor of an Irish regiment was explaining one or two things to the class.

"Strategy in war," he said, "is whin ye don't let the inimy discover that the ammunition is run out, but just kape on firing."

## FORCE OF HABIT WONDERFUL POWER IN MEN

(Chicago News.)

Force of habit and a sense of order will impel a majority of men to act in exactly the same manner under precisely similar circumstances. This was the conclusion arrived at by a young man who amused himself day after day for a period of several weeks by setting apparently innocent traps to test these characteristics in the men who retired to the smoking room of a down-town cafe after they had finished their noonday meal.

Entering the restroom, the young man lifted a picture on the wall until it was away out of line. Then he moved a chair from the wall about two feet and turned it sideways and sat down to watch what would happen. Eight out of every ten men, some apparently half unconsciously, at once stepped forward and placed the chair in its proper place against the wall. Perhaps four out of ten whose eyes rested upon the picture in its crooked position would carefully turn it until it again hung straight on the wall. Others would watch it for a moment and resume the reading of their newspapers. They then glanced up from time to time and shifted their feet nervously, and as the moments went by they seemed to lose interest in what they were reading and take quick and more-frequent glances at the crooked picture. Then, as if surrendering to a temptation or an incontrollable desire, they would arise with a look bordering upon the sheepish upon their faces, and return the picture to its proper alignment.

All the while the young man with the odd—not to saying annoying—sense of humor would chuckle to himself as he saw his brother man struggling in the throes of a petty temptation. After the disarranged chair and picture had been displaced and replaced a half dozen times the young man perpetrated anodously effective and apparently amused other test which always prove diremenhim in a proportionate ratio to the speed with which the victims invariably fell into his trap and did what he planned to make them do.

Waiting until 10 or more were seated, the young man drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and threw the burning match upon the floor and turned carelessly aside. Although every man in the room seemed intent with his reading and the floor was of stone, which the match could not possibly do any damage within six seconds after the burning match was dropped five men arose from their chairs and bumped awkwardly into each other in a simultaneous attempt to step upon the match and extinguish the flame. They all begged each other's pardon and glanced with a trace of envy at the man who had dropped th eoffending match. All had felt the impulse to step upon the burning match as each one had perhaps done all his life and to the wicked amusement of the plotter they had none of them been able to resist the impulse prompted by force of habit.

## VANCOUVER HIGHWAYMEN GIVEN FIVE YEARS

Vancouver, July 26.—Jos. Osborn and Henry Johns were given five year sentences today for highway robbery. Both admitted having served sentence before in the United States, Osborn in Montana, and Johns in California.

When captured recently, a detective relieved Osborn of a bottle of brownish liquid and when the detective handled it carlessly Osborne warned him that it was nitro-glycerine and that they might all be blown up. An analysis decided that the liquid was the explosive mentioned, and the bottle was carefully emptied into the harger. The two accused men declared today that it was cough medicine, but this did not impress the court.

### He Certainly Is All "Het Up."

The opponents of Governor Cole Livingstone Blease, of South Carolina, seem to have finally given him something worthy of getting excited about. —Chicago Tribune.

A stitch in time saves asinine.

## TRADE DULL IN MONTREAL

Montreal, July 26.—Trading was duller in the afternoon and only a dozen issues of any particular interest figured in the dealings. Power was the bright star in the trading, stiffening from 233 to 233¾ on moderate buying.

Quebec railway bonds were more than ordinarily active, being offered at 71¾ to 71¼. Richelieu was unchanged at 117¼. Rails eased off to 142 and Spanish River to 63. Laurentide was 195.

Towards the close Soo sold at 148, equal to the earl yadvance in Wall street.

Steel sold at 63¾.