OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

[Letters to the editor of this page should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page, The Advertiser, London, Ontario.]

The Seven Ages of Womae.

At first the maiden,
Skipping the rope and nursing dolls,
Or climbing trees or sitting 'straddle
On top of fences, Sticking out her tongue
And making ugly faces at the boys
Who stop to tease her. Then the graduate,
Arrayed in fluffy stuff and looking sweet
And innocent, despite the big, long words
She thinks show forth her knowledge.
Next the bridesmaid,
With flowers in her hand, and full of hope,
As with the handsome usher proudly she
Moves down the aisle behind the one who leans
With clinging confidence upon the groom.
Fourth stage—herself a bride. With eyes downcast
She leans upon her father's sturdy arm
And wonders why he isn't slim and tall
Like John. She sees her mother drenched in tears,
And cries a little bit herself, mayhap;
But proudly notes that all the town is there,
And knows the presents will be beautiful—
So, radiant, she passes from the scene.
Then the young mother, leaning down
To count each several eyelash resting on
The tiny cheek; her heart so full
Of love and joy that all the happy day
She babbles incoherently, and dreams
At night of troops of angels, and can hear
The whirring of their wings around her bed.
Next, the mother-in-law, weeping copiously,
While John, so slim and knightly once, grown stout
And awkward, trudges down the lengthy aisle,
Grim-visaged, with their daughter. There she sits
And, with a sinking heart, gives up her child;
Knows that the man can't be half good enough
To merit the sweet treasure he receives,
And blubbers so she cannot hear the words
That once, as falling on her willing ears,
Were so delicious. Last scene of all—
The grandma, fondly dandling up and down
The crowing little one. Half daft with joy,
Stewing the catnip tea, and giving forth
A thousand lessons from her own experience;
Jealous of every touch and each caress
That careless, bold intruders would bestow,
Talks baby talk and thinks it understands;
In second childishness she coos and croons,
Sans common sense, sans everything but love.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

NEW REWARDS OF MILLINERY

A Field for Women of Taste and Culture.

More of an Art and Less of a Trade —Pay Good—Difference Between Old and New Styles.

Of all occupations for women of ability and refinement millinery now offers the speediest and most substantial rewards.

Matters in the millinery trade have changed greatly in the last fifteen or twenty years. It is now recognized that to be successful the milliner must do considerable creative work and must be familiar with the tastes of cultivated people.

The scope of the milliners' materials has been enlarged of late and she must employ many skilled craftswomen in her business. Something of parasol structure must be known to her, in order that apt designs in sunshades to accompany her hats shall be forthcoming. Girdles, hair knots, corsage draperies and ornaments, many things not formerly included in milliners' wares, now come under that head and serve to develop and stimulate the business.

The successful milliner nowadays has often taken a course in art study and practical designing before she even started in her trade, whereas the milliner of old was a hat trimmer, pure and simple, with very little need to concern herself with structural points or to think out novel creations for special patrons or for particular functions.

The modern milliner devotes herself to devising unique hats and garnitures based on her own ideas of what is fit and becoming, and so must necessarily keep up with the world's doings, and with the various new pursuits that come in fashion, and for which suitable hats must be provided.

The old style milliners applied trimmings more or less skillfully to hats purchased ready for the purpose, but the modern milliner creates her frames and shapes outright to suit the special features of her customers. The more uncommon the style of the hat and the more intrinsically becoming it is to the wearer, the greater her triumph.

The milliner's business, as regards high-grade custom, is growing more complex all the while and is attracting many women of culture and resource. It takes not half a year of steady application to learn the actual process of hat-making, but it requires years of experience to acquire facility in the higher and better-paying branches of the art.

In the wholesale houses that supply milliners to go out to the smaller towns of the country, mediocre ability will answer the requirements if the apprentices be energetic and apt at copying. But the best milliners say that educated tastes and all-round culture are indispensable to success in their line.

At least for millinery designing this is so. Of course, there are prosperous milliners now in the field who are not cultivated women. But these invariably depend upon first-rate designers for their models and for the suggestions that go to make the shop's reputation. Such business milliners gained their first start before the standard in millinery had risen to its present point. They lok after the business end of the matters and hire artists to design for them.

The modern milliner ofttimes loves her work and finds the same satisfaction in working with the rich-colored ribbons and pliant sham wires and laces that an artist derives from his paints and pigments. The artistic milliner will alter and realter a hat until she gets it to suit her patron's individual style, and is sincerely disappointed when the hat fails of the desired effect. She loves to design and make a hat that will bring out a pretty wearer's best points of feature and expression or one that will serve to render a plain face more attractive.

Very often the milliner who has the most artistic instinct works always in the background as a designer rather than as the head of the business. She may lack the push and energy necessary for business management. But even for these quiet workers there is now a profit in their business.

A chief difference between the old style millinery and the new is that less money is now expended on the materials for a hat than was formerly necessary, while the price for the work on it is double and treble what it used to be. Fine ribbons, silks, laces and, especially, flowers and feathers, are all much cheaper than they were; but the price of individual workmanship has gone up threefold.

That is why so many bright cultivated girls are learning millinery and why so many cultivated women now turn to the trade as a resource against hard times. It is said, though, that there are many inferior systems of teaching now current—in fact, that some women who learned by the wrong methods have had to begin over from the beginning and learn aright, and that those ambitious to get first-rate positions must be watchful and start out on the right course under proper teachers.

HARD TO DEAL WITH A BASHFUL MAN

In Majority of Cases a Girl Is Puzzled to Know How to Conduct Herself.

A bashful lover is an exceedingly difficult person for the average girl to deal with. In the majority of cases she is puzzled to know how to shape her conduct toward a man whom she admires, and who she knows is deeply in love with herself, but whose bashfulness prevents him declaring his affection. To openly show she is aware of his secret, and would willingly say "Yes" to a certain little question, if he would but ask it, is, of course, inconsistent with her womanly dignity and modesty. Moreover, such a course would probably lower her in the estimation of her admirer.

It is a man's sole privilege that he may choose, while a woman must wait to be chosen, and therefore a girl must guard against showing her preference for any man who has not acknowledged himself as her lover.

At the same time, to assume a cold or indifferent attitude toward a bashful lover would, in all probability, have the effect of driving him away. Some men are so sensitive that it takes little coolness of manner to scare them off, and many a girl who has studiously avoided a bashful admirer for fear of betraying the state of her own feelings has lost him to her own regret.

But it is possible to encourage a bashful lover without seeming immodesty. In fact, there are many litle ways in which a girl, without sacrificing her dignity or self-respect, may indicate to an admirer that he is more than a friend to her.

In the first place, it is not wrong, as many girls seem to imagine, to give proper encouragement to the man whose love you possess, and whom you admire above all other. It is somwhat foolish for a girl to deliberately avoid an admirer and make a pretense of being indifferent to his attentions, and afterwards feel indignant because he is not bold enough to declare his love and affection. Indifference only throws cold water on a man's affections.

Try to strike the happy medium between being too cold and too demonstrative. The girl who wishes to encourage a bashful lover should be her own bright, natural self. She should talk to him as she would to any dear friend, or, better still, encourage him to talk to herself by exhibiting an interest in anything and everything which interests him.

A girl appeals to a man the most when she proves herself a ready and sympathetic listener. She wins his confidence at once, and as time goes by and he sees that she is by no means averse to his talk and society he will be encouraged to declare that which bashfulness prevented him from confessing.

Accept his little gifts and attentions with a sincere show of pleasure, wear his flowers and don his favorite color of dress or ribbon. All these are signs enough of encouragement to the timid lover that he is agreeable to you.

To the tactful girl the task of assisting a bashful lover in his wooing of herself is a comparatively easy matter. But every girl's own innate delicacy will invariably guide her how to act and to give just the right amount of encouragement.

If your admirer maintains a lukewarm attitude toward you don't be too demonstrative in your love. If, however, he shows you that he values you and that there is "just one girl for him," and that is yourself, then you can proceed to show him that his love is reciprocated.

No true-hearted lover will despise a girl for showing how much she values his attentions.

Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Money seemed but poor and paltry compared to health, and yet a few dollars invested in **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** brought me good health. I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was frightful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of its advertisements I decided to try the merits of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—MRS. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. —*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT

"Well," said the pretty girl, as she subsided into the Morris chair on the veranda and fanned herself energetically, "I think it's all rot."

"What is it that it is?" I queried lazily from the depths of the hammock. "Tell me all about it. I see that something is agitating you and in this hot weather it is not good to be agitated so unburden yourself, my child."

"You know my brother Tom is engaged to an awfully sweet little girl of whom we are all very fond, and yet it was the greatest surprise to us when they became engaged. He is such a matter-of-fact sort of a chap; never bothered with girls, and when we teased him about Ethel he used to say it was utter nonsense, that he wasn't dreaming of getting married. She has visited us since she was a little girl and the last time she was here they walked in one day and quite calmly announced that they were engaged."

"Now she is visiting us again and notwithstanding their engagement, they are just as cool and matter-of-fact as ever to each other. This afternoon I said to her 'Ethel, what do you and Tom do when you are alone? Are you just as cool as you are in front of us?' and she said 'You know Tom is so different from other men. We are leaving all that sort of thing until after we are married. It will be so much the sweeter then.'

"I said, 'Do you mean to say that Tom has never kissed you?' and she said 'No. If he wants to I always think of an old bachelor at home who has been engaged several times and says he is waiting to find the woman who will not permit him to kiss her until they are married.' Now," said the pretty girl, turning to me, "isn't it all rot?"

"My dear, it is too hot to get excited over anything," said I "but I do think there are very few men like the old bachelor. There are dozens who would not marry a girl who allowed them to kiss her before they were engaged. I know one man who said that the reason why he married his wife was because she was the only girl he ever met who wouldn't allow him to kiss her, but they are not particularly happy, and I know another who married his because she was such an affectionate little thing and they are very happy, so how can you tell? It just depends on 'the nature of the beast.' But I really do think that most men expect a certain amount of liberty after engagement and would be really justified in being angry if it were withheld."

Said the pretty girl, "Well, I think there are extenuating circumstances even if you are not engaged. I saw a joke the other day that expresses my feelings on the subject very well. A temperance lecturer was caught by one of his followers drinking hot whisky. Much shocked, the man said, "I thought you were a total abstainer?"

"'So I am,' said the lecturer, 'but not a bigoted one.'"

Having duly smiled over this anecdote, I said, "I really think, though, that you will find that with nine men out of ten, it pays better to withhold the kiss, no matter how they coax, but I'll tell you, I think this subject would make a good article for my page and I'll ask a number of men and get them to give their candid, honest opinion on the subject and then I'll tell you all about it."

So I did, and the opinions were long and short, various and varied, but the majority of them thought with me, that the girl who withheld her favors was the one who gained the most respect from men.

The first man I asked was a relation of mine, and his answer was short and to the point. He said: "Personally, I don't object to gathering up all the kisses that come my way, but I must say I think a great deal more of the girl if she refuses to allow me to kiss her."

The next one was a man who had been married for some years, and he said "Does a man think more or less of a girl who allows him to kiss her? Most decidedly less. Do you suppose, if I would hug and kiss a girl to my heart's content that I would not think a great deal less of her? Most decidedly I should"

Another married man said "Well, if my wife had allowed me to kiss her before we were engaged I don't think I should ever have married her."

Said one young man: "It depends on the girl. If I liked a girl pretty well and she let me kiss her, I'd think less of her, but if I liked a girl very, very well, and thought she liked me just as much and she let me kiss her, I'd think more of her." "And might one inquire," said I, "how is a girl to know whether a man likes her very,very well or only pretty well? That's another one against kissing."

All these men were speaking of kissing before an engagement, but they all thought that with an engagement to ratify it, kissing was quite proper and justifiable and only what was to be expected. The next one, a man of 35 or so, said, "Unless a man is engaged to a girl he loses his respect for her if she allows him to kiss her. But I would like to see the girl I was engaged to who wouldn't allow me to kiss her. Nevertheless, I think that is just what is responsible for so many broken engagements, the prevalence of the kissing habit. You know the loveliest dream of beauty that ever wore a shirtwaist suit can pall on a man if it is too sweet, and if girls would be a little more chary with their favors, even after an engagement, I think they would find it to their advantage."

Said another man, about 30: "I don't think a man loses his respect for a girl who allows him to kiss her, provided the girl is nice and he feels sure that she likes him, and it is a rare thing for her. It is this indiscriminate kissing that makes a man lose his respect for a girl, the thought that he is there tonight and someone else tomorrow night."

The next man prefaced his opinion with the remark, "There are so many different kinds of kisses." I said, "I perceive that I am approaching a connoisseur"—but he went bravely on, "There is the girl who, out of pure devilment and the joy of living, lets you kiss her. You don't think any less of her, and then there is the girl you have only met once or twice and who lets you love her hard out of sickly, mushy sentimentality—she makes you tired and you haven't any use for her. Then there's the dearest girl on earth that you think the world of and who, you know, cares for you. Every time you kiss her you love her more than ever—but that's another story. It's pretty hard to lay down any hard, fixed rule, because circumstances alter cases every time, and what is all right with one girl is all wrong with another."

The next man hesitated long and weighed his words carefully, then he said: "I've lived a long time and there are mighty few girls that I thought nice enough to kiss. Unhesitatingly I think less of the girl who indulges in indiscriminate kissing. It is like eating off a dirty plate. You would not care to eat from a plate that another man had eaten from first. Just as little do you care to kiss a girl who has been kissed by a dozen other men. And men tell these things, some of them. They boast of it. I had her tonight, Tom last night, and Dick will have her tomorrow night. She is an easy mark! Anyone can kiss her. That's the sort of girl that men despise. I tell you a girl can't be too careful whom she kisses. Man is naturally the aggressor in these cases, and if a woman is so weak as not to be able to repel him, it is she who suffers the consequences. It makes no difference to the man. He has nothing to lose, but the woman everything. Half the sin and misery in the world begins with woman's weakness. Put it on your page in big, black letters that a girl can't be two careful whom she kisses."

Just one more opinion and then I think that the girls who read this page will have enough to convince them. This man is also about 30, and he says: "I remember in days gone when I was in the throes of early love, and we two would sit at dusk on the side of a hill, I wondered and kept on wondering what excuse I could have for touching even a sleeve of her dress—in time, naturally, love made more demonstrations, but to me there was something sacred about the person of that girl, for everything about her was an expression of the soul within. And I have found this to be true, in my own experience, and that of other men, that the girl who holds our interest and esteem and whom we are always glad to meet and for whom our regard is always increasing is the girl whose sympathy, kindness, gentleness, charity and all virtues recommend her, and the girl who depends on material, bodily charms or suffers slight familiarities—which young men universally grasp—is the one we are glad, tomorrow, to forget. You may paraphrase this opinion as you will, there is truth in it, which some girls never seem to learn. And I do not speak, as the preacher, by the book, but from some slight experience."

This is surely enough, girls, is it not? It is hard to be critical when one doesn't know the circumstances, but it is pretty safe to say that if one never permits a man to hold one's hand, he won't put his arm around you, and if you don't allow him to put his arm around you, he will scarcely dare to kiss you. One little familiarity brings on another, and the least of them is rank foolishness.

I remember once being rather horrified at having a little American girl tell me a tale of a boat trip she had taken, and a handsome man, whom she met simply as a casual traveling acquaintance, and with whom she became on very familiar terms on exceedingly short acquaintance. I said, with open eyes, "Do you let any man, like that, kiss you?" And she said, "Dear me, yes! I simply couldn't count the men I've kissed."

She was 19 then, and one wonders with horror, now that she is 24 and has traveled much, how many there are now. It would be hard to tell. But certain it is that that girl has lost all the bloom and sweetness of her girlhood; not only has she lost the respect of her men friends, but she has lost her own self-respect, for no girl could permit all sorts of familiarities from "any old" man and not feel degraded and lowered in her own sight.

It may be mighty hard, when you like a man and know he likes you, to be as dignified and proud and self-controlled as you would like to be, but it pays every time, and it is surely worth while to lose a doubtful pleasure for the sake of sure reward.

Timely Reflections.

One adjunct to her wardrobe that every other woman gets nowadays before she goes into the country is a sunbonnet. These convenient head-coverings, which may be pretty or otherwise, have become a staple in women's wearing apparel, and are to be found where other parts of her wardrobe are sold, ready made, in all the shops. They may be had as low as 10 cents, and they may cost $1 or more; they are always useful and may be becoming. One pretty girl with a Maud Muller style of face wore a sunbonnet in her trip across the ocean. It was undoubtedly agreeable, protecting her eyes from the glaring light and her complexion from the wind, and incidentally she was as pretty as a picture in it. However, sunbonnets will not be generally adopted for ocean travel, but they have risen above the fad stage which they occupied a few years ago.

The sunbonnet dates back no one knows how many years, and it is possible that they were worn by the first ancestress of the race when she began to enlarge her wardrobe. It was never thought necessary to put the evolution of the sunbonnet on record, it has not figured in fashion plates, and its history can never be exact. However, when our grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the present generation were doing more household work than their descendants have found necessary, the sunbonnet was in common use. It was made usually of checked ginghams, blue or pink or brown or green and white, and was made broad in front to shade the eyes, and with an emple cape to cover the neck and shoulders. It was useful to wear in hanging out the weekly wash or in feeding the chickens. It was not made to enhance the charms of its wearers, but to protect them.

Ugliness and the old-time sunbonnet were synonymous terms. It was made without pretense to beauty, and might or might not have a tiny frill around the face. Sometimes it was starched stiff, but it was quite as often left unstarched, and drooped shabbily around the face. One style of sunbonnet was made with pasteboard slats in the front to hold it out, and there was the funny scooplike Shaker bonnet of flat plaited straw, with a little curtain of cloth hanging down at the back. This was a style originated by the Shakers and worn by them.

A few years ago, with the introduction of golf there was a rise in the sunbonnet market. It was suddenly discovered that, made in pretty, becoming colors, and if not of exaggerated size, the bonnets might be becoming, and many were ordered. Perhaps with the golf players they were least worn, but the name carried them into popularity. Pretty new shapes were developed, and the sunbonnet came to stay. The fad is over, but the sunbonnet remains.

In the shops they are made in varieties of plain or striped materials, starched stiff, and with a high polish, with one or two ruffles around the edge, or possibly without them. They are sold in this form at reasonable prices. They are shorter in the front than the old-time bonnet, and the cape in the back is a tiny affair, useful to protect the back of the neck, but not large enough to keep out the breezes. One may both hear and see in the modern bonnet, which is not possible with the old.

Colors vary. There are soft pinks, pale blues, solid reds, dark blues, and a very pretty girl wears a black sunbonnet with her bright-colored frocks and looks like a dream in it. The colors are almost equally becoming when they are suited to the woman who wears them. The old-time sunbonnet, or one very much like it, made of brown and white checked gingham, and unstarched, can be found for 25 cents, but it is not popular.

More expensive, but not always more becoming, are those bonnets made of lawn in white and all the delicate shades, trimmed with ruffles and lace. These are much cooler than the other bonnets, and are more expensive, costing $1 or more. The woman who is particular makes or has her sunbonnets made to suit herself. A pretty girl may have a sunbonnet of different colors to go with her different gowns, but as a rule she has only one. If she is particular about having things match, she will have a white sunbonnet, which will go with everything.

Babies in Rome.

The Romans are devoted to their children, although their ways are not our ways; no woman of the better class nurses her child, baby carriages are unknown, and swaddling is still in vogue, at least, with the lower classes. I know a young American lady, married to a Roman, who imported a perambulator for her first baby. The balia—wet nurse—a superb cow of a woman, refused to trundle it, saying she was not strong enough, although I saw her carry a heavy trunk upstairs on her head while I was calling at the house; the baby is now an 18-months-old boy; every day the balia goes out to give him an airing, carrying him in her arms. Here leading strings are facts, not symbols. In Transtavere, where I went sightseeing yesterday with Helen—peering, as she calls it—the best sight we saw was a darling red-haired baby in leading strings stumbling along in front of its grandmother. In the division of labor the care of the children falls upon the grandmother; the mother's time is too valuable; if she is not actually employed in earning money there is the heavier work of the household to do. To use the pet phrase of the boarders, "things are different here from what they are at home."—Lippincott's.

WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Baby's Own Tablets. At the age of two months my baby was dreadfully constipated. He could not digest his food and screamed incessantly. I was almost in despair, but since giving him the Tablets he has been well and is growing splendidly." Such is the testimony of Mrs. S. Craig, 329 Bathurst street, Toronto, and thousands of other mothers speak in a similar strain.

Summer is here and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest; colic, diarrhoea and summer complaints can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Keep a box in the house—they may save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or may be had by mail, at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The Rails Spread.

St. Louis, July 10.—Spreading rails caused a wreck on the terminal line near Madison today. A girl (unidentified) was killed, one man was fatally injured, three sustained serious hurts, and twenty others were slightly injured. The victims were factory employes on their way to work.

How's This ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Monopoly.

We have the Monopoly of this Corset, because it is a patented Corset, and nobody else can make it.

Every woman knows that a "CREST" Corset cannot break at the waist, and is therefore especially adapted to every active woman, and invaluable to those with rather full figures.

Do not fail to try one. If you do you will buy no other style of Corsets.

WEAR 'CREST" CORSETS

MADE IN THREE STYLES

REGULAR SHAPES STRAIGHT FRONT DIP HIP

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WOMEN IN BUSINESS

Less Chance For the Girl Than Her Older Sister.

Middle-Aged Women Preferred—Good Looks Don't Count—Butterflies Not in Demand.

The standard of age for the business woman is advancing. "Not under 28" is a phrase that appears in many advertisements for help and "about 35 or so" is mentioned in others as being the age nearest the ideal for women who are needed in places of responsibility. The woman of what used to be described as the uncertain age has now just as fair a chance of winning success in the world as her younger sister.

"The business woman of the butterfly order doesn't stand much chance nowadays," said one able to judge. "Time was when the pretty little incompetent might get along or even make headway, just through her personality and winning ways.

"But competition is keener now. The business day is shorter and there is more and more tendency to separate business from play and prevent any merging of the one with the other.

"Few business men have time to waste with flighty women helpers, and they don't want their men clerks bothered with them, either. So to be on the safe side they secure women clerks of an age to be steady-going and discreet, while yet young enough to be progressive and ambitious."

There are many more business places peculiarly appropriate to the woman of 30 and over than formerly. Generally speaking, the age mark for a business woman has been pushed forward ten or twelve years as compared with the former standard.

In all the business colleges there are women students of mature years who are taking courses to fit them for practical work. In the schools for various branches of decorative work the same condition is found.

At the age when a woman formerly considered herself ready to go on the shelf and renounce most of the active interests of life, the modern woman is just setting out on a career. Be she maid, wife or widow, if she fits herself properly to do the thing she sets out to do her thirty or more years will be no hamper to her progress, will be, indeed, rather an advantage as giving people confidence in her seriousness of purpose and a good foundation of experience for her to work upon.

Even behind the shop counters one sees more mature faces among saleswomen than formerly. The great army of demonstrators, cashiers and managers for the branch offices in various lines of trade are invariably women whose girlhood is a good way in the past.

The women who make a striking success as book canvassers, as agents for real estate and insurance firms, and as sellers of goods on commission, are all well past the girlhood period. Indeed, it is their assuredly uncertain age that helps them on their way.

"I never order goods from anyone in cthat line, but Miss B.," said a business man referring to a woman agent. "She's the right sort, straightforward, independent, and working not only because of the money she makes, but also because she likes to be employed."

A good many women who have gone to work in sober earnest in commercial affairs have achieved like reputations. Their success is founded on the respect rather than the admiration of the men they meet and deal with.

"It is said that if a middle-aged man gets out of a job three times it is pretty nearly impossible for him to get into another, but this is not so with the middle-aged woman," said another observer. "Provided the middle-aged or the nearly middle-aged woman is competent there are more opportunities for work open to her now than ever before."

"There is so much business activity in matters connected purely with the household and with women and children that women with a talent for practical management are in great demand. Manufacturers who want to extend their business are on the watch for progressive, wide-awake women of an age to be trusted with responsibilities.

"I should say that the chance for the experienced between youth-and-age woman making a livelihood these times is superior by far to the opportunities that the girls enjoy. The older woman can do the girl's work and the more peculiarly responsible tasks as well, whereas the girl's youth and immaturity would be against her for many jobs.

"A girl of 23 or 24, for instance, would not likely be engaged to travel over the country in the interests of a commercial firm, however easy-selling the goods or however taking her personity. Nor would she be trusted to manage a squad of hotel chambermaids and take them back and forth from winter to summer resort, as the managing housekeeper does.

"Even school teachers and stenographers are objected to sometimes if they look over young. Youth, and especially youth in woman, is regarded with suspicion. And so the girl who wants a job until she gets married is suppressed and her sister of less captivating appearance put forward in all the best business positions."—New York Sun.

Education is so general in Denmark and Sweden that they are the only European countries in which all the military conscripts can read and write.

Fate.

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day, out of darkness, they shall meet,
And read life's meanings in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They must needs acknowledge face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate.
—Susan M. Spaulding.

Women Drummers.

There are more than half a hundred women in the United States who earn a living, and a good one at that, by acting as "drummers," or commercial travelers, for business house. One of the most successful of these saleswomen is not of the opinion that all members of her sex could do as well as she has done. "The women who have made a success on the road," she said reently, "are the women who would have made a success in any line of work they took up. There is the rank and file in every business, but I think that fewer women go on the road now than did a few years ago.

"Men do not regard the woman commercial traveler with favor, and many houses employ them simply as an advertisement to attract attention to their goods and make them talked about in the small towns. Other houses refuse to have a woman represent them on the road, and there are still others who find that the per cent of sales by their feminine representatives is as large, if not larger, than by the men who made the same territory.

"The work is hard, but less hard than that of a clerk who stands all day behind a counter, and the pay is better. Most traveling saleswomen can make at least $1,000 a year, and few clerks receive more than $15 a week. Some routes are pleasanter than others, and it is not always agreeable to make towns of less than 8,000 inhabitants, as the hotels are likely to be poor, and there is nothing to do for amusement after the day's work is over."

There are a number of Minneapolis women who have made a success as traveling saleswomen, but they were endowed with the ability to make a success of anything they undertook. They have shrewd, capable business brains, they are not afraid of work, and they deserve the large checks they receive in payment for the equally large orders they send in to their houses. Miss Pettibone, who formerly made Minneapolis her home, with headquarters in Chicago, receives a salary of about $7,000 a year. Miss McCue formerly traveled for Washburn, Crosby & Co. and was one of the few women selling flour. She has recently abandoned breadstuffs for soap.

Among the traveling saleswomen who are well known to buyers are Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Allen, who sell baking powder; Miss Louise Ames, who has a drygoods line; Miss Augusta Asher, infants' wear; Miss Heintzman and Miss Connolly, corsets, and Miss Annis Burr Porter, mouse traps.

Most of the traveling saleswomen represent some branch of women's wear. The women who sell soap and flour and salt are not bothered with large trunks or samples, and they can make their sales at once if the buyer is in the humor. A man can sometimes coax him into a puchasing disposition with a cigar or a drink, but a woman has to depend on her wit, which does not always answer the same purpose.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is reported that 2,573 out of the 2,894 Congregational ministers in England and Wales are total abstainers, while in Ireland and Scotland the proportion is still larger.

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