

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.)

"I Am So Sorry."

A child came to her father yesterday. Wet-eyed and trembling-lipped, yet unafraid. And pardon for some wrong deed sweetly prayed. "I am so sorry," low I heard her say: "Father, did not mean to disobey. Quickly the sorrowful father bent and smiled. And drew her to his breast. Then, reconciled, The little girl went singing on her way.

The Marriageable Age.

The other afternoon I was present when a group of married women were talking over their childhood and early married life. It was somewhat startling to find that one of them had been engaged at 16 and married when barely 19, while her eldest son was born before she was 20, and all the others were married at almost equally early ages.

I asked: "Do you think it is really better for girls to marry so young? Would you wish any of your own daughters to marry at that age?" "No, indeed!" was the unanimous reply. "I would not allow one of my girls to marry before she was 25 years of age if she begged and implored me to let her do so. Why, nowadays, girls at 17, 18 and 19 or little more than children."

I smiled as I sat and thought it over. Unquestionably, ideas on this point have changed with the changing years, and I think for the better. It would be considered outrageous now for girls to marry at the age where many of our grandmothers took up the cares and responsibilities of married life.

Girls of 14 and 15 then (if we can judge from those odd, little veiled-lined daguerotypes which we have all wondered over) were women. You wonder if in their hearts they were children and if it was only the funny little gowns they wore which gave them that disguised air, or if they really and truly felt as old as they looked. Girls of today at the same age are children, scarcely half way through school life.

With the next generation—our mothers' day—the marriageable age moved a step or two, but even then girls were classed as old maids at a much earlier age than we would dream of so considering them. "Sweet seventeen" was the age of the heroine of fiction, and maidens of riper age were unceremoniously passed. Just the other day, I smiled over a passage in a letter from a man of 27 or so. He said: "Lately interest in high school matters has occasioned my having a great deal to do with the younger girls of our village. But it gives but a passing satisfaction. You know I have always advocated ingenuousness, simplicity, naturalness, enthusiasm of youth, but these qualities do not entirely satisfy a man's mind—something as those undoubtedly are, the result of a girl to be popular and a social success. She must be, if not actually interesting and cultured, at least chatty and conversant with current topics. She must have tact and adaptability, not too obviously delighted at passing attention from men, or, on the other hand, aggressively independent of the little courtesies which any well-bred man naturally extends to a girl whose society he finds pleasant.

These are not seemingly very hard requirements, but an acquaintance with over a hundred girls from all over Ontario has led me to believe that the younger girls are rather deficient in these qualities, unless they come from a family well versed in the ways of society. I have seen a girl of 18 go up into the darkest corner of a stairway at a college reception, and make herself so conspicuous by loud giggling and chattering that the lady superintendent was compelled to speak to her about it. Was it any wonder that the men who were present looked disgusted and the other girls were ashamed of her? What if any wonder that the older girls who had gained more sense, were more sought after than a young girl, of such immature ideas?

Then, from quite another standpoint, it is foolish for girls to marry so young. Medical writers are practically unanimous in agreeing that 21 is quite enough for a girl to marry, and that it is foolish for her to marry even at that age. But, of course, it is a matter where individual circumstances vary so greatly that it would be absurd to try to enforce any definite rule. Many girls today seek and do a great deal before marriage than after, either in the way of travel or of following some hobby or more serious pursuit as painting, music or writing. Now, while they may hope to continue the cultivation of such gifts after marriage, they hardly make up the minds to be seriously handicapped therein, though many women feel that the sacrifice has not, after all, been out of proportion to the corresponding gain.

Certainly, whatever reason is responsible for it, women do not marry as young as they did once, nor do they make such foolish marriages, because the girl of modern ideas, good education and well-trained mind is capable of distinguishing between a mad infatuation for a handsome face and a good figure and the staid, sure love founded on solid mental and moral qualities.

Women the World Over.

Medicine as a profession for women is growing in popularity in London. Women now holding medical degrees in Great Britain number more than 500.

Mme. Loubet, wife of the French president, believes in coeducation. Recently at a society of French mothers she brought down upon herself severe criticism by advocating American methods of training girls.

The Alexander's of the only exclusively woman's club in Ireland, is in a flourishing condition. A third house will shortly be added to the two already occupied, the membership having increased to the 29 bedrooms which the club will have at its disposal are sorely needed.

A campaign has been organized in Liverpool to fight against the use of objectionable language in public. Now this side of the ocean that propriety is not permissible by telephone, it might be well to follow the example of the English city and banish it from the street and thoroughfares as well. Women are making rapid progress in Japan, and are now employed in positions formerly held by men. Recently many girls were given positions as waiters in railway dining cars. Reports from Paris and St. Petersburg would seem to indicate that the active agitation now going on in both cities is in favor of admitting women to the bourse is likely to prove successful.

Cleveland has a flourishing working girls' club, which was established through the generosity of a number of women. Its object is to help the girls who work in stores and factories a place where they can meet in large comfortable rooms, have sewing classes, lectures and concerts. The club has a gymnasium, reading-room and a lecture hall.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West has been decorated with the greatest number and also the oldest and best orders to which women are eligible. Of these the most ancient is the Order of St. Elizabeth of Jerusalem, which harks back to the twelfth century. It may be imagined it has to do with the crusades and is bestowed for some act of charity or special attention to suffering mortals. One of the oldest women privileged to wear it at present is Lady Cheson, who organized "Yeomanry Hospital" in South Africa. Mrs. West also possesses the Royal Red Cross and the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Come To Me, Little One.

Come to me, little one, drowsy and dear, Mother will spare me her darling awhile, I am so lonely and lonely, and here I lie in my arms, love, and nestle and smile.

I have no little one, dearie, like you; No little hand to hold close in the night; No one to dream of the lonely hours through; No one to wake for when God sends the light.

You are so sorry? Oh, bless you, my sweet! Dear little fingers that wipe off the Little soft body and little white feet, How they treat you—the terrible years!

Life is so fair to a baby like you! All things are wonderful under the sun; Rainbows are real and all stories are true. Would they might be so when childhood is done.

Wide little eyes that are questioning so, Life is no stranger to you than to me; The secrets worth knowing I never shall know. The end of the rainbows I never shall see.

So, little drowsy one, nestle and sleep— Lullaby, baby, oh, lullaby—low! There always is peace in the dreams that Lullaby, little one, lullaby—low!

A Mending Bureau.

An English paper has suggested the establishment of "mending bureaus," and when one thinks of the number of young men and old bachelors living every city who suffer from loss of buttons, frayed linen and worn underwear because they have no one to look after these things for them but their too busy and often incompetent landladies and laundresses, it is a wonder that a mending bureau has not before been thought of, for it would also provide a means of livelihood for many a woman who, perhaps without warning, would find herself in a predicament, and has no special accomplishment, but has been taught to mend and darn neatly. Such a bureau would not only be a boon to the bachelors, but also to busy mothers and housekeepers, who would gladly pay reasonable prices to have their mending done for them.

If all reports are true there is one place where there would be little need of the mending bureau. That is in Argentina, where heavy fines have to

be paid by the men who do not marry. There, a man is supposed to have arrived at the proper age when he is 20 years old. If he does not take a wife then he has to pay \$5 a month for every month he remains unmarried until he is 30, when the fine is \$10 a month until he is 35, when it is increased to \$20 a month and remains at that figure for fifteen years. If at 50 the man is an incorrigible bachelor he has to pay \$30 a month and continues to do so until he is 75. After that age the state realizes that his value in the marriage market is limited and he is fined only \$20 a year, and even that payment ceases should he live to be 80. The only condition under which a man is exempt from the fine is if he has proposed three times in a year and been refused each time; but imagine any man confessing to such a lack of charm!

IN THE MATTER OF PROPOSING

When to Say "Will You?" and When to Say "Yes!"

How Would a Type-Written Proposal Look?—Edison's Experience—Other Illustrations.

Most proposals are very unromantic nowadays. Indeed, I live in terror of hearing some wretched proposal by typewriter. A typewritten proposal would be read like a circular. It is not impossible, however, to send a romantic proposal by the telegraph wires. A military officer known to the writer was waiting for a letter from his fiancée, but, as he thought of the charms of the girl he had left behind him, so when he was sitting at Malta he wired: "Will you marry me? Yes or No." The answer, and he came back to him, was: "No, as he could get leave and married her."

And yet another man, rather than telegraph, was the medium of the great proposal. One day, a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his company, was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said: "Mr. Stillwell, will you marry me?" It was now Miss Stillwell's turn to be surprised, for, with characteristic bluntness, she said: "I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me, I would like to marry you. They were married a month afterwards.

Hardly communications corrupt good manners. In this age of steam and electricity there is no time for the graceful, if the evening in and Joe and Marcus, they'd sew, too. And we needed some of old colored 'em, and made great balls of them. And we took 'em to the weaver, and she wove 'em in her loom. And now we've got a new rag carpet in the dining room.

We like to go and look at it, and walk across the floor. And count the stripes and talk about 'em. Cause we know 'em all. The pink one is Jen's old pink dress and the blue one is the one I wore when I was a girl. And the brown one with little specks, that's Jill's old woolen shawl. And the green one, it's silk cape I went and stole, long time ago. And the yellow one, up to Damsel's mill, and scared 'em so.

And there's a dress of Marcus's when he was two years old. And the first jacket he had. And when he caught such a cold. And 'most had the lung fever. And the family at dinner for a week. That Jill earned wedding strawberries for. And that old blue stripe we all wore, and made different ways.

And, ma, she says it prettens the car. And just about the handiwork in town she's not much doubt. And he, he says he's paid first-rate for picking his thumb sore. For a regular family history all spread out.

And 'twas carpet rags and mem'ries that got wove up in the loom. And cut in stripes and sewed, and put 'em in a box. Emma A. Oppen, in Harper's Young People.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine-Syrup of Figs— is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine-Syrup of Figs

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

Louisville, Ky.

New York, N.Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Bay Carpet.

We've got a nice rag carpet in the sitting-room, and a new rug in the hall. All of us cut and sewed the rags; and, pa, for the evenings in and Joe and Marcus, they'd sew, too.

And we needed some of old colored 'em, and made great balls of them. And we took 'em to the weaver, and she wove 'em in her loom. And now we've got a new rag carpet in the dining room.

We like to go and look at it, and walk across the floor. And count the stripes and talk about 'em. Cause we know 'em all. The pink one is Jen's old pink dress and the blue one is the one I wore when I was a girl. And the brown one with little specks, that's Jill's old woolen shawl. And the green one, it's silk cape I went and stole, long time ago. And the yellow one, up to Damsel's mill, and scared 'em so.

And there's a dress of Marcus's when he was two years old. And the first jacket he had. And when he caught such a cold. And 'most had the lung fever. And the family at dinner for a week. That Jill earned wedding strawberries for. And that old blue stripe we all wore, and made different ways.

And, ma, she says it prettens the car. And just about the handiwork in town she's not much doubt. And he, he says he's paid first-rate for picking his thumb sore. For a regular family history all spread out.

And 'twas carpet rags and mem'ries that got wove up in the loom. And cut in stripes and sewed, and put 'em in a box. Emma A. Oppen, in Harper's Young People.

A Peep at Bird Land.

Frank Chapman, the bird man at the American Museum of Natural History, has discovered a great many interesting things about the home life of birds.

So five little birds, and a fair to learn some of the family secrets of the little people of the trees.

One of the things he has noticed is the instinctive obedience of the young. On one occasion he was keeping watch over a nest of three birds in a tree. One day there were eggs in the nest. A few hours later there was nothing there. What had happened?

No explanation came so long as Mr. Chapman and his companions remained in the vicinity. So they retired, leaving the camera arranged so as to preserve a record of anything that went on at the nest, with two little coats safely at home, one with one leg affectionately around the neck of his brother.

The explanation of it all was that the mother bird had perceived their approach, and at her command, the babies a few hours after their birth, had sprung bravely into the lake and swam about until she told them it was safe to come home.

So five little birds, and a fair to learn some of the family secrets of the little people of the trees.

With five or six gaping mouths held up every time the parent flies back to the nest, it is no wonder that the bird's throat when he is unfed and still hungry. When this little spasm of nature does not come, the mother snatches the tidbit out, quick as lightning, and pops it into another waiting mouth.

No youngster in bird land can fool its mother. She will bring up

nine birds in a brood, all exactly equal in size, sharing her steadily in the parental she has in the feeding.

The Real "Little Woman."

Doubtless many of the girl readers of St. Nicholas, who have also read and enjoyed "Little Women," will be interested in the following letter written 30 years ago to two young girls of that day, who had sent a letter to Miss Alcott herself, asking if the characters in "Little Women" were real persons, and if the story were true. In due time they received the following letter in reply.—Editor.

Concord, Jan. 20, 1871.

Dear Julia and Alice—From your note to Miss Alcott I infer that you are not aware that she is at present in Italy, having gone abroad in April last, with her three oldest boys, and her youngest, trying to get well. But knowing how pleased she would be with your friendly note, I think perhaps word from sister "Meg" will be better than leaving it unanswered and far better than that any "little woman" should feel that "Jo" was unkind or ungrateful.

Of course you know that neither "Meg" nor "Jo" are young and pretty girls of age, but sober old women, nearly 40 years of age, full of cares and troubles like other people; and that, though nearly every event in the book is true, of course things did not happen exactly as they are there set down.

You ask if "Amy" is not May Alcott, and I can truly say she is her very self, and she is the only one of the "Little Women" who would, I think, realize your ideal drawn from the story. She is a pure and generous hearted, and noble woman, full of grace and accomplishments, and what is better far, she is a true friend.

"Beth" and "Amy" are all drawn from life, and are entirely truthful pictures of the three dear sisters who played and worked, loved and sorrowed together so many years ago. Dear "Beth" or Louie, as we called her—after long suffering, twelve years since, she was a sweet and gentle creature, and her death was so great a sorrow to poor "Jo" that she has never been quite happy since her "consolation" was laid away under the pines of Sleepy Hollow. "Meg" was never the pretty vain little maiden, who coqueted and made herself so charming. But "Jo" always admired poor, plain "Meg," and when she came to put her into the story she beautified her to suit the occasion, saying, "Dear me, girls, we must have one beauty in the book!" So "Meg," with her big mouth and homely nose, shines forth quite a darling, and no doubt all the "little women" who read of her admire her just as loving old "Jo" does, and think her quite splendid. But, for all that, she is nothing but homely, busy, and, I hope, useful "Annie" who writes this letter to you.

As for dear old "Jo" herself, she was just the romping, naughty, tosy-turvy tomboy that all you little girls have learned to love; and even now, when care and sickness have made her early old, she is at heart the same old-fashioned, but true, and true to the end.

In "Little Women" she has given a very truthful story of her hopes and mishaps, her literary struggles and successes, and she is now enjoying her well-earned honors and regaining her health in travel with her sister Amy. They are spending the winter in Rome, in a delightful circle of artists, receiving attentions and honors that make proud the heart of the sister left behind. "Amy" is in the studio of a well-known painter, working hard to perfect herself in her chosen art, while "Jo" is resting and gaining strength and courage for her promised "Little Men," of which I imagine "Meg's" boys Freddie and Johnnie are to be the heroes.

You inquire about "Laurie." The character was drawn partly from imagination, but more perhaps from a

very nice boy Louisa once knew, whose good looks and "wholesome" ways first suggested to her the idea of putting him into a book. She has therefore put upon him the love-making and behavior of various adorners of her youthful days.

Dear little friends, if I have told you all you wish to know, and shown that you need have no fear of being thought "intrusive," perhaps something you still honor "Meg" herself with a letter. Be assured she will be glad to hear from any of the "little women." Sincerely yours,

ANNIE ALCOTT PRATT.

Story of a Boy Hero.

A short time ago Mrs. Jennie Durban resided with her husband and two children in comfortable circumstances in the City of Brooklyn. Their home seemed to be a happy one. One day the husband and father left his home in his usual contented mood to go to his work, and since that time nothing has been seen or heard of him. Many people cheered at the large check he had secured, and as the days went on, the same mysterious way. Accidents, sudden sickness and foul play are constantly the victims in the rush and clamor of a busy city.

In order to support herself and children and keep her older—than-at-school, Mrs. Durban went out to work in the Planet Jute Mills. She expected tidings of her husband, but no tidings came, and as the days went on, she came not the poor woman became very despondent.

Two or three evenings ago she returned to her home from the mills. As she entered the dining-room she caught up her 4-year-old boy in her arms. She hugged and kissed him passionately and then placed him in his high chair. Then she went over to a cupboard and took out a small cup. Placing the cup on the table she drew a bottle of carbolic acid from her pocket and poured a part of its contents into the cup. With tears streaming down her face she said to the wondering child: "I am going to leave you now," and placed the fatal potion to her lips and swallowed it. Just at that moment Willie came into the room. "I am going to bed, Willie," she said to the startled boy. "I could not live any longer without your father. Work hard for your little brother."

Dea N. Y., to a star man. "A friend of mine in Syracuse conducts a brewery, and a greener friend presented him with an old cat and four kittens that had very recently been born. The old cat and little ones were carried to the brewery and securely locked in. The next morning the cat and kittens were waiting to be let in. How do you account for that? The brewery was four miles from the city, and the kittens were too weak to walk even a few yards. If the cat carried them back in her teeth she must have done so one at a time, making eight miles for each kitten and 32 miles for the entire litter, or else she relayed them, carrying one a little distance, then going back after the next, and so on in short distances until she reached the store. You can figure out the distance she traveled in this way."—Washington Star.

A Cat's Thirty-Two-Mile Journey.

"And the cat came back. I believe that is the name of a song popular some time ago, but I have evidence of the fact that there was never a truer saying," said C. T. Chichester, of Syracuse, N. Y., to a star man. "A friend of mine in Syracuse conducts a brewery, and a greener friend presented him with an old cat and four kittens that had very recently been born. The old cat and little ones were carried to the brewery and securely locked in. The next morning the cat and kittens were waiting to be let in. How do you account for that? The brewery was four miles from the city, and the kittens were too weak to walk even a few yards. If the cat carried them back in her teeth she must have done so one at a time, making eight miles for each kitten and 32 miles for the entire litter, or else she relayed them, carrying one a little distance, then going back after the next, and so on in short distances until she reached the store. You can figure out the distance she traveled in this way."—Washington Star.

THE REASON WHY.

Heals the throat, cures the cough, makes the chest strong, and cures the lungs. It is pleasant to take, and it is better than emulsion made from fish oils or other fats.

Free Medical Advice to Women.

All Letters

Are Strictly Confidential

Every sick and ailing woman, Every young girl who suffers monthly, Every woman who is approaching maternity, Every woman who feels that life is a burden, Every woman who has tried all other means to regain health without success, Every woman who is going through that critical time—the change of life—is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., in regard to her trouble, and the most expert advice telling exactly how to obtain a CURE will be sent absolutely free of cost.

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge. No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for twenty years, day after day, and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success—think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter shows the result. There are actually thousands of such letters in Mrs. Pinkham's possession.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under doctors' treatment for female troubles for some time, but without any relief. They now tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, I cannot wear my clothes with any comfort. Womb is dreadfully swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor, given in your little book, accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you describing my symptoms, and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully for several months, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, together with your advice, carefully followed, entirely expelled the tumor, and strengthened the whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Your Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors, or any female trouble, to write you for advice, and give it a faithful trial."—Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Hayes will gladly answer any and all letters that may be addressed to her asking about her illness, and how Mrs. Pinkham helped her.

\$5000: ONE GIRL, if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of the writer, which will prove absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.