

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

## THE BIRDS' OIL CANS.

How the Feathered Tribe Protect Them-selves in Rainy Weather.

Ted's eyes opened wide with surprise "Oh!"

Two birds were sitting on the hedge in the yard, enjoying the rain hugely. If one could judge from their merry "che-e! che-e! che-e!"

"They don't mind the rain," laughed grandpa, "for their little oil cans have done them a good service today."

"Whoever heard of a bird having an oil can? Birds don't have lamps, do they?" And Ted moved away from the window with an air of positive unbelief.

"They don't have any lamps, for they use their oil for something else," laughed grandpa, more heartily than before.

"Didn't you ever see the hens use their oil cans?"

"No!" replied Ted shortly.

"Well," continued grandpa, "every bird has a little oil can—some call it an oil gland, but it means just the same thing. This tiny oil can or gland is placed at the base of the tail. It is of great value to birds, for they don't always have a home to shelter them, and it would be very disagreeable to them to be drenched to the skin every time it rains."

To prevent this they have their little oil cans. They dip their little bills into their tiny cans and cover them with oil, and then they rub the oil over their feathers, and it thus makes their feathers waterproof—in fact, Ted, they all have a gossamer for rainy weather."

"Do they all have an oil can?" inquired Ted, with delight. "The hens too?"

"Yes, indeed," answered grandpa.

"Now, Ted, get the umbrella, and we will go down to the barn, and you know but that we shall find the hens using their oil cans, so they can go out for a warm!"

Sure enough! When Ted reached the barn Old Speckle and Bright Eyes were just putting on their gossamers!

"See, grandpa!" And Ted laughed outright at the novel sight.

"Grandpa, you must know lots of funny things! I never knew that before—'bout the birds' oil cans!" And Ted took hold of grandpa's hand lovingly as he spoke.

"This rather queer, I'll admit," laughed grandpa.—Young Idea.

The Contented Fisherman and the Sword-fish.

I.



II.



—St. Nicholas.

The Secret of His Success.

A lady once crossed a street where a little boy was busily sweeping the crossing. She noticed with pleasure the care with which he did his work and smiled as she said to him, "Yours is the cleanest crossing I pass." He lifted his cap with a gallant air and quickly said, "I am doing my best."

All day the words rang in her ears, and for many days afterward, when a friend, a rich, influential man, inquired for a boy to do errands and general work for him, she told him of the little fellow at the crossing. "A boy who would do his best at a street crossing is worth a trial with me," said the man, and he found the boy, engaged him for a month, and at the end of that time was so pleased with him that he sent him to school and fitted him for a high position, which he filled with honor. "Doing my best at the street crossing made a successful man of me," he was wont to say in after years.—Home.

A Model Child.

Her temper's always sunny; her hair is ever neat; She doesn't care for candy—she says it is too sweet! She loves to study lessons—her sums are always right, And she gladly goes to bed at eight every single night!

Her apron's never tumbled; her hands are always clean; With buttons missing from her shoe she never has been seen. She remembers to say, "Thank you," and "Yes, ma'am, if you please," And she never cries, nor frets, nor yawns; she's never been known to tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she puts away her toys; She never slams the parlor door, nor makes the slightest noise, But she loves to run on errands and to play with little brother, And she's never in her life been known to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid?" I long to grasp her hand! She's the daughter of Mr. Nobody, And she lives in Nowhere-land! —Helen Hopkins in St. Nicholas.

## MISS ANTHONY'S PROPHECY.

She Recites the Advance Made by Women in the Greater Achievement.

Miss Susan B. Anthony sat in the sunny library of S. E. Chase's home on the Lake Shore Drive. She was daintily, almost coquettishly, gowned in a dress of black satin, with a misty collar of lace caught about her neck with a jeweled pin of quaint and elaborate workmanship. Her white hair was parted smoothly over her high forehead and came down over her ears in a fashion so very old that it has suddenly become new again. Looking at Miss Anthony as she sat in the quiet library, observing her handsome dress, her air of elegance and her gentle voice it was hard to think of her as the type of all that is aggressive in the nineteenth century womanhood. In fact, she looked like only a very quiet, well-dressed little gentleman who would like nothing so well as to spend the day in the big chair of Mr. Chase's library.

And when she talked about the so-called new woman and the twentieth century woman it was harder still. For Miss Anthony doesn't much admire either of these in the accepted sense of the terms.

When a timorous inquiry was made as to who the new woman is, when she will come, or if she shall come already, Miss Anthony said: "It all depends on what you mean by the term 'new woman.'"

The term has become a catch phrase, carrying almost as much opprobrium as the term 'woman's rights woman' used to imply. The 'new woman,' as the phrase goes, may mean a loud, mannish woman affecting the boisterous conduct of her own sex. If that be the new woman, I do not welcome her coming.

If by the new woman is meant a woman earnest, thoughtful, lofty of purpose, self-reliant and equally well educated with man, why, then she has come. We have got her in our homes, where she stands side by side with her husband, welcoming his friends on the common ground of intellectual equality, joining in their discussions—a college bred woman, who can do something more than pour tea when her husband entertains his friends. We have got the new woman in everything except the counting of her vote at the ballot box. And that's coming. It's coming sooner than most people think. The new woman made her appearance 45 years ago, when Antoinette Brown entered Oberlin college. Next November we are going to have in New York an exhibit of new woman.

"Nov. 13 Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton will be 80 years old. The anniversary will be made the occasion for a grand gathering of women who were the first to enter those fields of intellectual and business endeavor which half a century ago were occupied solely by men. At that time no trades, no institutions of higher learning were open to women. A woman who was driven to self-support could do a little sewing, could enter domestic service or perhaps teach in a primary school. From not being able to earn a livelihood as she chose, from not being able to reap the results of her labor after she married, from not being able to control her property after she married, from, in brief, a position of civil nullity she has advanced to her present position. Forty thousand women have been graduated from American colleges, every calling has its followers among women, and they are today as well educated as men, if not better."

"In the state of New York one-eleventh of the property tax is paid by women. In my own city of Rochester women pay taxes on a property valuation of \$39,000,000. These are some of the results of the battle for equal rights, which women have been waging for 40 years, and they have fought alone. The blacks had a nation's aid in the struggle for emancipation. Women are the only oppressed class who ever were compelled to battle for emancipation unaided. No party gives our claims for equal rights its endorsement. But today the nation is known as a nation of educated women. To be sure, as wage earners they do not receive compensation equal to that of men. That is because, being without the ballot, they cannot dictate the terms upon which they shall be employed. All the women of today ask are the rights, powers, privileges and immunities of an American citizen. We have been granted equal suffrage in Wyoming and Colorado, virtually in Utah. Equal suffrage bills are now pending in the legislatures of Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, California and New York. The question of equal suffrage is beginning to be respected as a political measure. And it's coming."

—Chicago Tribune.

Two Able Women.

Miss Helen Morris Lewis and Miss E. U. Yates called on high commendations from the local press when they lectured for equal suffrage recently in the courthouse at Asheville, N. C. There was a large audience, and the mayors was among the speakers. The Asheville Register says: "Miss Lewis, representing the ideal southern woman, being a native of South Carolina, and Miss Yates, a fine model of New England womanhood, are one in the great cause they so ably and worthily represent. These two devoted women should be called to speak in every town and city in the state. Those who heard their logical addresses certainly withdrew many of their inherited objections to equal rights for women."

The Effect.

When women got to voting at all elections and for all candidates, the problem of street cleaning and proper sanitary care of cities will be solved, in addition to the causing of a decided improvement in the morals of candidates. —Mansfield (O.) News.

Bravery Rewarded.

The Humane society of Massachusetts has presented its medal for bravery shown in saving life to Jennie C. Campbell and Mary A. Driscoll of Boston, who on March 1, at great risk to themselves, rescued a little boy from being burned to death.

## ABOUT FINE CHINA.

FACTS INTERESTING TO UP TO DATE WOMEN.

Royal Worcester and Doulton's Out of Fashion—The Prime Favorites Are Minton, Coalport, Copeland, and Crown Derby—Sets For Separate Countries.

Part of the education of the up to date society woman is cultivating the elegance of life. Among other things she must know pottery from the days of the pyramid builders down to the latest productions in Crown Derby. If she can't afford to pay \$500 to \$2,000 for a choice porcelain dinner set, she must at least be able to look it over critically. It appears that there are fashions as well as facts to be considered by the up to date woman. A writer in the New York World makes note of some of these. For instance, he tells us that at the present time Royal Worcester and Doulton are out of joint with fashion, which nowadays is staking its dollars on Minton, Coalport, and Copeland for dinner sets of the magnificent type. For tea services Cauldon leads the world. For special sets of plates Crown Derby and Minton have the palm between them. Cauldon's productions from the famous Stoke-on-Trent pottery are noted not only for their exquisite decorations, but also for their charming studies in color effects.

One of the Stoke-on-Trent, English potteries whose wares are in high favor is the Copeland. The German potteries for the most part do not create. They imitate, and therefore their work is not distinctive. The French potteries may lack strength of character, but it is original. Much of the modern French china is a genuinely lovely and comparatively low priced. There is china and china. The wise woman may not be able to pay dearly for beautiful hand-painted, but it is economy for her to pay enough to buy good porcelain, and to buy it in first class order.

Old Delft, now so rare and costly, must look to its laurels. The new Delft is charming in soft color effects in blue and ivory, and in its designs, which are the work of prominent artists or copies of old masterpieces. The real new Delft has for a mark a little vase in outline, a large 'F' beneath it and the name Delft in plain lettering. A great deal of the china that is offered for sale is made by comparatively unknown potteries, and by them turned over to decorators, who in turn copy any pattern they please, and the ware anything they please, and it is sold for what it will bring.

At present the fashion in china is something characteristic. If your breakfast room is a reproduction of a Louis Seize morning room, do not have a Dresden pottery, old and modern, as a rule, is light in color, decorated airily and gracefully—in short, it is characteristic of the people who make it. The porcelain of France is good. In texture, but not comparable to the porcelains of the English potteries. These lead the world. Of them all the Crown Derby ware leads in magnificent color effects. The mark is "Royal Crown Derby," with a crown beneath it, and under that two D's reversed and the name of the painter.

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## MONEY NO OBJECT.

When It Allowed Telling Henry Clay the Sort of Partner He Was.

"One of my boyhood recollections," said General Wade Hampton, "refers to Henry Clay. He was a frequent visitor at my father's house in South Carolina. Both Clay and my father were ardent whist players, and nothing was more to their minds than the collection of a brace of gentlemen equally addicted to whist, and then the quartet would play for hours. While the name of whist might serve to imply a game where silence reigned, my father and Clay didn't play whist that way. They talked and talked over a success, and did not hesitate when they were playing as partners to violently point out mistakes the other had made and attributed defeat to the other's ignorance and utter lack of natural intelligence. Indeed, on occasions particularly trying, they were even known to apply hard names to one another. This they did in no slanderous spirit, but to lighten up and sharpen the wits of the other to the improvement of his play. As they were sitting down to a game as partners one evening Clay remarked:

"It's a great outrage the way we talk to each other, and my idea now, at the outset, is for each of us to put up \$30, to belong to the one who is first called hard names by the other. If you assault me, the money is mine; if I forget myself, you take it."

"My father readily agreed. He felt in a mild, agreeable mood. He was confident he would never again be a prey to the slightest impulse to speak harshly to his dear friend Clay. And, besides, it was his recollection that Clay was the man who raged and did the loud talking. So my father cheerfully placed the \$30 on top of Clay's. He thought it would be a good lesson to the blue grass orator to lose it. As they proceeded with the game Clay made some excessively thickheaded and ill advised plays. He led the wrong cards; he trumped the wrong tricks; he did everything idiotic in whist that he would could. My father's blood began to boil. As he and Clay lost game after game his wrath ran higher and higher. It went on for hours, until Clay made some play of crowning imbecility which lost him and my father the eleventh game. Flesh and blood could stand no more. My father sternly pushed the \$40 over to Clay.

"Why," said Clay, opening his gray eyes with a look of innocence and amazement, "why do you do that? You haven't said a word."

"No," retorted my father, "but I'm going to tell you, sir, that you are the most abject idiot, the most boundedly imbecile that ever dealt a hand at whist. Yes, sir; I repeat it, you are the fool I ever met in my life." —Chicago Times-Herald.

A NEW AILMENT.

Women Who Imagine They See Objects That No One Else Sees.

Says a writer in The Popular Science Monthly: "Among the curiosities of which the physician meets with unexpected perceptions suddenly appearing before the mind, with the same vividness as ordinary perceptions, but without any accompanying external excitant, are not uncommon. A person may look at an empty chair and yet see a familiar form seated in that chair, and may even hear remarks made by this imaginary figure, and not doubt for a moment that the figure is an actual entity. I have seen persons talking with such imaginary individuals, and have had them assure me that they were the sure of their presence and of their voices as they were of my own. I have seen persons manifest the greatest alarm at the presence of animals about them, and refuse to believe from assurance that those animals were not there."

A young woman having once been frightened by the sudden presentation to her of a white mouse, has been troubled for years by seeing this mouse running about her, upon her clothing, upon anything she is handling, and even upon her food; and, as a result, she is in a state of constant agitation and perplexity, though at times convinced that this is the product of her mind. She washes her hands and her clothing frequently because she is convinced that this animal has made them dirty; and she cannot divest herself of the belief that it is real. I have been sometimes able to convince persons that such fancied figures were not real by asking them to push one eyeball up a little with the finger. This makes all objects about them seem done, as any one can prove to himself, but it does not do away with the false image—the product of the mind. The young woman just mentioned was much comforted by this device."

Abridged History of a Courtship.

Met him—met him again—in love with him. Met him again—no longer in love with him, but he is in love with me because I am so beautiful. Met him again—he is still in love with me, not only because I am so beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him. Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be. Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart. Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma angry—didn't succeed. Engaged to him—glad. Married to him—sorry. Philadelphia Times.

No Danger.

"The peculiar thing about this constriktor, ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "is that it requires a young chicken about once a week. It is not dangerous except when hungry. It is very particular about what it eats, ladies and gentlemen, and that young man that's smoking a cigarette can approach the cage with perfect impunity. It won't touch him." —Chicago Tribune.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

WYOMING'S STATE SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT TALKS OF HER CAMPAIGN.

Woman's Influence on the Drama—For the Summer Girl—The New Child—A Remedy Against Flies—The Latest—New Wall Papers—A Red Letter Day.

A chat with a real, for sure political woman of the west is all the more interesting in view of extravagant assertions regarding fair suffragists of Wyoming and Colorado—the two states where women have full franchise—that intermittently appear in eastern newspapers. The woman first honored with the office of state superintendent of public instruction, Miss Estelle Reel of Wyoming, is in Chicago. She talked enthusiastically of various phases of suffrage to a reporter at the Auditorium yesterday afternoon.

Miss Reel, who, by the way, is a daughter of Illinois, is a young and attractive looking woman. Naturally she is proud of the unique honor conferred upon her by the pioneer suffrage state last autumn. Soon after, however, Colorado followed the example of Wyoming by naming a woman—Mrs. Perry—to a similar position in that state.

The novel experience of Miss Reel makes an interesting story, not devoid of many ludicrous features. In answer to the query, "How did you manage the campaign?" she said:

"The fact that I am a woman did not keep me from hearing my share of the burdens of the campaign, financial or otherwise. I traveled over most of the great state of Wyoming, which has an area of 97,000 square miles, much of the distance being covered by stage-coach or wagon. I did not make any attempts at oratory in my speeches and did not try to discuss the political issues of the day, but confined the remarks to explaining the duties of the office for which I was a candidate, telling why I thought I could perform them with satisfaction. I was treated with the greatest courtesy in all parts of the state and by the press of whatever political faith. Of course some of the eastern papers tried to manufacture a funny side to the campaign, and a paragraph went the rounds to the effect that I had agreed with my opponent to marry him in the event of his election and my defeat. As the man already had a wife, this campaign story did not carry much weight when it reached Wyoming. Another story was circulated to the effect that I secured my large vote—I had the largest vote of any candidate, by the way—by having sent my photograph to every man in the state. The only foundation for this story was the fact that I, in common with other candidates on the ticket, sent out considerable campaign literature bearing our none too flattering pictures. Wildly exaggerated tales of perfumed notes being sent to cowboys who rode 100 miles to vote for me as well as to wave six shooters in the faces of those who voted against me also went the rounds. Well, to make a long story short, the battle was won, and I am satisfactorily pushing my work."

"Is there any dissatisfaction in regard to woman suffrage in Wyoming?" was asked.

"There is not," was the decisive rejoinder. "On the contrary, the institution seems to give general satisfaction to all political parties and to both sexes." —Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Influence on the Drama.

There are 24 theaters in New York city now open. In 18 of these theaters regular performances of plays are given. In eight diversified or continuous performances make up the bill. The current attractions at the regular theaters are made up almost exclusively of light opera or farcical plays and comedies in manners and fashion, plays appealing particularly to the favor of women. At three theaters only, theaters of the upper class, are melodramas or sensational pieces presented. At no establishment is there a tragedy on the bill. At one house is a comedy written by a woman. There has been of late years a visible change in the standard of public entertainments. Some theatergoers, in discussing the alleged evils of "the theater hat" and the laws proposed to abate them, declare that it almost seems as if a majority of the audience were women. They are. This applies particularly to the high priced orchestra or balcony seats. So long as it was against the prevailing custom for a woman to go to a theater without male escort, men predominated, but since the fashion in this respect has changed it is no uncommon thing for two women to go to a theater together.

The increased number of women in audiences and the relatively decreased number of men in theaters of the first class have been reflected in the changed standard of taste in these theaters in New York. The boisterous and blood curdling melodramas of other days, prizes, have given way to gentler plays, studies of conventional life and character, permitting the introduction of elegant furniture, fashionable gowns and fine accessories. Patriotic plays, plays recalling important episodes in American history, are, it must be added, no longer as popular as in the olden time. —New York Sun.

For the Summer Girl.

The very latest tea table is designed expressly for the summer girl. It takes the shape of her beloved racket and is in every way adapted for tea upon the lawn or in the piazza corner. It has the merit of being serviceable as well as unique. It is made of handsome wood and is two shelled, so that there is ample space, and the hostess need not fear being called on to sacrifice comfort for a fad. The general shape is that of a racket, meant to represent the land strings. The price asked for the model is \$18.50. It is new and it is simple enough to do real service; but, on the other hand, fantastic shapes seldom hold any permanent place, and the fantasy entailed seems rather large for a new whim.

It has been suggested that the various women's athletic clubs may be tempted into the expenditure, and that in such a tearoom the table would be singularly well placed.

There seems to be a peculiar fitness in the idea that appeal to the mind of once. Authorities and sticklers for the highest taste will doubtless all agree that the whole thing is absurd, and that no table should be grotesque, but the great multitude is certain to be attracted by the novelty, and we may safely look for all sorts of odd shapes now that the fad has been inaugurated and the racket table has been assigned a place. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The New Child.

There is to be a "new child" as well as a "new woman," and one of them is being brought up by a new method. Mrs. Digby Bell is a firm believer in the theory of the effect of the signs of the zodiac on every life, and that if people lived in accordance with the significance of the signs much sorrow would be avoided in this world. Consequently she is bringing up a young son in strict adherence to the directions to be read in the signs of the zodiac as possible. When she sings "Read the Answer In the Stars," it is like chanting her creed. The child's playmates and everything else that concerns him are ordered by the zodiacal indications.