

Of Interest to Women

DRIFTING.
Drifting, drifting, drifting, a human tide flows by
As the ever-changing river beneath a changing sky.
The old, the feeble, the lonely, the young, the glad, the gay,
They step in line, then intertwine, then part and pass away.

Drifting, drifting, drifting, like the shifting sands of the sea,
There is no rest in the human breast this side of eternity.
We may push and pass and struggle, but life is only a day.
The end of the crowd is only the shroud, each going the self-same way.

Drifting, drifting, drifting, until we reach the other shore,
Where waters shine with love sublime, and billows break no more,
Whether the one who is winning, or the one who lost the way,
Comes peace sublime, like a bell's sweet chime, or the break of a new-born day.

Manners In Public.

Did you ever observe that some people who display very correct manners in the drawing-room, are anything but correct on the street, in the concert hall, the theater, the church and other places of public resort?

In the first place, many women go on the street dressed in such a way that they cannot help but attract attention. One would think that over and over again it had been sufficiently emphasized that on the street, for morning and shopping wear and for business, the plainer and quieter one's garb, the better; but evidently some women have not yet absorbed the knowledge, for they are still dressed in such a way that they attract attention and all the fancy trimmings on their gowns that belong only to house dresses.

Then they wonder that they are stared at; and right here let me say that the woman who stares at the worst nuisance you can meet on the street. She begins at your head and travels down to your toes, looking you over in the coolest manner, just as if she had a perfect right to view every detail of your toilet.

You grow warm and indignant under her scrutiny. You are so conscious that you forgot to polish your boots, or that there is a button off your glove, and you know how you call the man who stares the rudest of the rude. About three minutes after you meet a particularly well-dressed woman and you are guilty of the same rude and yourself. Don't do it. It isn't worth while to be put down as ill-bred simply to have another look at a stylish costume.

Then there is the woman on the train or steamboat. She may be equally guilty in staring, and worse than that, she wants to take up all the space in a double seat with her own belongings. She spreads her suitcase, handbag, umbrella and coat over one seat and arranges her skirts so that they will cover the other. Then she sits there, "pride in her port, defiance in her eye," daring you to sit down.

It is a bold man or woman who braves that look and genially inquires if this seat is taken, and is likely as not to be met with a withering look, and a reluctant withdrawal of part of her paraphernalia. Had manners again! Every one of you knows the woman who gets into the toilet room on the Pullman before anyone else and stays there for about an hour, washing her face and brushing her hair and who comes out elaborately coiffured, rouged and "touched up," while every other woman in the car, disheveled and untidy, is literally dancing with rage. What can you do? The law doesn't allow you to imprison people for selfish thoughtlessness.

In churches, too, you often wonder at the rudeness displayed by people who profess Christianity. "I was a stranger and ye took me in," and yet you see people sitting coldly in their pews and letting strangers climb over them to inferior places, and letting them go away afterwards without a word of greeting. Yet these same people, if a stranger were introduced to their home circle, would give him the best portions of everything and show him the most charming hospitality. Why, because you are your own part of "God's House," should you show less charm of manner than in your home?

At theaters and at concerts, too, people often show a terrible lack of consideration. Nowadays, it is so universally conceded that women should remove their hats in the theater, and the woman who neglects to do so is branded as ignorant at once; and yet there are women who, when they are seated on and who, if the sufferer behind gets up sufficient courage to ask for the removal of the offending headgear, turn a glare on the unfortunate, sufficient to kill any ordinary mortal at 30 paces.

Another theater nuisance is the person who comes late. At a recent performance of "Forbes Robertson," in "Hamlet," the whole of his soliloquy in the first act was spoiled by the noisy entrance of late-comers. That was not only rude to the audience who wished to hear, but must have been infinitely annoying to the actor who wished to have his lines appreciated.

Still another theater horror is the man who goes out between the acts, tramps all over you going and coming, and returns reeking of whisky; while the woman who eats candy out of a paper bag which rattles noisily every time she draws a piece out, is almost as bad. You are supposed to have had all you wanted to eat and drink at home. The theater isn't a restaurant.

Then there is the woman who talks audibly all through a part that is particularly interesting to you, even if it doesn't appeal to her, and horror of horrors! there is the individual who explains the point of every joke to his companion, and the unrelenting plot for her, and your benefit.

The telephone, too, is a great means of showing forth good or ill breeding. Did you ever observe that some people who display very correct manners in the drawing-room, are anything but correct on the street, in the concert hall, the theater, the church and other places of public resort?

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particularly in a large boarding house, where one girl will go in and use the telephone for about half an hour, for a purely personal, inane and foolish conversation, while you may stand outside, chafing to get in and send an important message.

Then there are the people who, at a restaurant or boarding house table, monopolize everything in sight and would seem to think that anyone else at the table has any rights whatever. But why continue? You have met every one of the nuisances yourself, and you know just how disagreeable they all are. The only thing for us to do is to avoid being the same kind ourselves.

MEN'S PASSION FOR JEWELS.

"Because some men display no jewelry upon their persons it does not signify that they do not care for such things," said a Maiden Lane Jeweler. "Indeed, there are plenty of men who are as passionately fond of jewels as any woman, but they seem to regard the feeling as a weakness of which they are half ashamed. I know of half a dozen business men who do not wear much more than a watch-chain, yet who carry about in their trousers and vest pockets hundreds of dollars' worth of unset jewels."

"Henry Ward Beecher used to carry several beautiful diamonds which he sometimes took out and gave him in admiration. He explained his habit by saying there was something so pure and beautiful about the gems that they fascinated him. He used to say the innate fondness for bright gems was one of the traits of our far-back barbarian origin."

"A prominent physician up town, while riding about in his carriage on sick calls, entertains himself by jingling a lot of unset diamonds, rubies and emeralds in his hand. He sometimes groups them on the seat opposite and looks at them while his face lights up with pleasure."—New York Press.

THEY CURE MEN AND WOMEN TOO

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS KEEP UP THEIR GOOD WORK IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Christopher Bishop Tells How His Wife and He Were Brought Back to Health and Vigor.

Clark's Beach, Nfld., March 11.—(Special.) Among the splendid cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills in Newfoundland is that of Mrs. Christopher Bishop, of this place. The story of her sufferings and cure is told by her husband as follows:

"My wife suffered for three years with a weakness in the lower part of her back followed by a shivering, aching weakness. Her legs were swollen from her knees to the feet and she had a pain in the left side just under the ribs."

"Two doctors attended her, but failed to cure her when she decided to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. The results were wonderful and now after using five boxes, the swelling and weakness are gone and the pain is gone with them."

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"If you don't cure the pain in your back by using Dodd's Kidney Pills it will grow into something worse—Dropsy or Rheumatism or Bright's Disease."

A HOUSEKEEPER'S CALLERS.
She oscillates from door to door—You'd think 'twould make her dizzy
So many callers to receive
When she's so very busy
First of the train the milkman comes,
With noisy clang and clamor,
And while he waits the ice-man bangs
The back door with his hammer.
The grocer's boy comes next, and while
She hunts for milk he'll call on her.
The doorbell's twisted nearly off
By the crusty landladyman.
Now off comes the milkman's boy,
'Tis the umbrella man's door—
And following close in his wake,
The feather scissors grinder.
At side door stands an agent for
The "Cocoon" skirt supporter—
'Don't slip nor tear nor bend nor break,
And only costs a quarter."

Once more she rushes to the front;
She hears the bread-cake song,
And as she buys her daily loaf
The truckman comes along.
The hobo and the butcher's boy
Arrive a little later,
And at their heels the hustling, bustling
Now the abandoned ironing
At last she gets about—
The clothes are dry, the iron is cold,
The gasoline's burned out.
—Sarah Van Buskirk, in Good House-keeping.

RULES FOR THE BUSINESS WOMAN

The following little list was compiled some years ago by a young girl just starting on a business career. It has proved an invaluable help to her, she says, and she gladly "passes it on" to any who are interested:

1. Be honest.
2. Don't worry.
3. Be courteous to all.
4. Keep your own counsel.
5. Don't complain about trifles.
6. Be loyal to your employer.
7. Don't ask for vacations.
8. Be business-like, not womanish.
9. Be prompt—a little ahead of time, if possible.
10. Be neat and attractive but unobtrusive, in your appearance.
11. Take kindly criticism in the spirit in which it was intended.
12. Do your best work on each day and every day, so that when there is a chance for promotion you will not only be "called," but chosen.

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SOME WOMEN LIVE LIKE MEN

ENJOY A COMFORTABLE LIFE IN THE CLUBS OF OLD LONDON

Cozy and Luxurious Retreats That Are Modeled After the Masculine Plan.

Among all the cities of Europe and America there is not one that offers to women the delightful variety of clubs that London does. These organizations are not women's clubs as we understand the term in America. It is not necessary to go in for politics, for women's rights, for missionary work at home or abroad. The clubs are conducted just as the men's clubs are and fulfill the same purpose.

Take the Nineties, for example, in Berkeley Street West, near the home of Lord Lansdowne, the former secretary for foreign affairs. As one enters the big doors there are the snug boxes in uniform ready to take in your card if you are a visitor, or to hand your letters and telegrams if you are a member. The hall is spacious, and at the end, facing the entrance, is a wide stairway leading to the sleeping rooms. The big hall is finished in red and white, and logs are burning in an open grate.

Beyond the reading and writing rooms is the reception and tea room, with a color scheme in pale green and white. There is a corner fireplace, and on cold, rainy days the tables and chairs are gathered about the sparkling logs, the shaded lamps and the tea and toasted muffins are brought in. In the summer tea is

the candidate will sometimes find it rather difficult to get the requisite number of votes. It is an exclusive circle, many of whose members bear degrees of greater or lesser degree.

One of the latest and most attractive of these organizations is the Woman's Army and Navy Club, composed of the wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of the officers of the two services. The membership of course, is not limited exclusively to them, but it is one of the most, if not the most, exclusive of all the London clubs, and to become a member is to achieve a social success. Its rooms are exquisitely furnished.

A list of the other women's clubs in London would be a long one. In all of them the members have the privilege of entertaining their men friends, and as they are as well as those of their own sex, and delightful dinners and luncheons are given in the attractive dining rooms.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

THE QUESTION OF WHICH FOOT TO FIT IMPORTANT

Some Hints as to How Your Shoes Should Be Made—Are You Left-Handed?

"The question of which foot to fit is an important one to us," said the shoemaker, as he tugged to get a small pair of boots on a large foot. It may seem strange to you, but it is rarely that the shoe-fitter experiences some trouble in fitting one foot, while the other is easily covered. A popular belief obtains that the left foot of every person is the hardest to fit, and, consequently, many people always try a shoe on that foot first. It is not true, however, according to my observation, that there is any inflexible rule as to which foot to try first.

"It is true, nevertheless, that in a majority of cases if you succeed in



PROFESSIONAL PARTNERSHIP.

Village Organ-Blower (to lady organist, who has been trying a new voluntary)—"I don't mind it, but I don't like it. Why do you ask?"

"Well, marm, to tell you the truth, I was a bit nervous about it. You see, marm, I've never blown for that piece afore."

served on a sort of tiled terrace, formed by the roof of the dining room. On the right of the entrance hall are large dressing rooms, with mirrors and closets, and a plenty of lights and electric curling irons. Then comes the smoking room, with its open fire and big easy chairs, its tiny tabourettes holding matches and cigarettes, and its center table filled with books and papers.

Out in the west of London is a residential club, with a room for each member. It is called the Twentieth Century Club, and is almost exclusively composed of working women. Here are gathered writers, dramatists, artists and those whose very life leads into the great commercial heart of the city. A big garden, with shade trees and flowers, is the favorite place for tea on Sunday afternoons in the summer.

This experiment of a home club, was started by the millinery and in London, has proved so successful that the premises have been greatly enlarged in the past year, and the membership raised from fifty to one hundred. In the summer the Twentieth Century Club has additional quarters on the Island of Guernsey, in the channel, near the beautiful shores of Brittany.

WHERE NOTED WOMEN MEET.
In Norfolk street, in the Strand, in the very center of the old and fascinating part of London, where all the houses are filled with historic memories, is the home of The Writers. At its Thursday afternoon teas the rooms are filled to overflowing with women whose names are famous in the literature of the day and singers and actresses of international reputation.

This club is going to abandon its old quarters for one more roomy one, but it must be with great regret to the members, for nowhere else will be found the atmosphere of this part of London, hemmed in, as it is, on all sides by old streets, old buildings and parks that were the haunts of Dickens, Thackeray, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson and other immortals.

In another historic quarter, not far from the Strand, but near Drury Lane and Covent Garden, is the Writers' Club. This is one of the mixed clubs in London. It has spacious drawing rooms, and once a week there are filled by the members and there guests while some well-known speaker talks to the club on his hobby for an hour or two. They are delightfully informal talks, and are followed by a sort of general debate. Eligibility to the Writers' Club consists in being "in sympathy with current thought," so one can see that there is not much in the way toward becoming a member; but

THE OLD MAID AGE RECEDES

A WOMAN IS NOT BEYOND THE LINE NOW UNTIL SHE IS THIRTY-NINE.

Even Then She May Still Be the Heroine of Many a Drama—The Glorified Spinster.

A few years ago 25 was regarded as the age at which a woman became an old maid.

The age has now been set at 30. In other words, at 30 is the imaginary line which separates the term of spinsterhood into halves, the first stage being that of eligibility for matrimony and the second that of forced or voluntary resignation to single blessedness.

Although the cry of "old maid" may still be heard, it has ceased to alarm. Indeed, there are no old maids in the sense in which the expression was once used, and the idea that marriage is the chief aim of women no longer exists in the minds of sensible people.

Nor is a woman supposed to have lost all power of attraction because she has entered the third decade. Balzac has laid down the theory that a woman at 30 is at her most fascinating and dangerous age—dangerous, that is, to the hearts of men.

She cannot boast, perhaps, of a long train of admirers. Partners at balls are less persistent, and fewer in number. The delicate aroma of flattery has become fainter, and now and then a very young man may make her feel like her own grandmother by asking advice about his love affairs.

Nevertheless, many women who have entered the thirties, the center of a drama upon which the curtain is not likely to fall for many a year.

In all womanly honesty, it may be said, there is no old maid in the sense in which the expression was once used, and the idea that marriage is the chief aim of women no longer exists in the minds of sensible people.

Both hands at the fire of life. It is not only a fact that women marry later in life than they used to, but it is equally true that everywhere the more mature women is to be found. The young and inexperienced bud has ceased to be the reigning queen of the hour. She has been forced to yield her place to the maturer woman, the woman of broader experience and wider knowledge.

As a matter of fact, the woman of thirty or thereabouts often has a feeling of the poor thing to appear natural and at her ease and to say her little say without betraying that she has prepared it beforehand.

It is amusing, even pathetic, to see the efforts of the poor thing to appear natural and at her ease and to say her little say without betraying that she has prepared it beforehand.

But no kittenishness. No juvenility, no shyness. That is not her role. Shyness in a young girl is charming, but awkwardness in the pretension of the unmarried woman. It makes her seem apologetic, and this she should never seem to be, as her position needs no apology.—New York Sun.

THE ORPHANAGE GIRLS PROVE WORTHY WIVES

TRAINING WELL FITS THEM FOR HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

What shall be done with the girls of marriageable age that are about to be turned out of orphan asylums in Indiana and Illinois, is a question that has been stirred up by an incident in the former state. A remark that was made by Mrs. Julia E. Work, who has charge of "Brightside," at Plymouth, Ind., one of the most interesting institutions of the Hoosier State, an orphanage in which there are a number of young women fitted to become good housewives, was quoted in a statement that the superintendent was about to start west with the young women for the purpose of having them courted and won by men of superior character.

Mrs. Work claims that, while she had no intention of doing any such thing, she is yet of the opinion that marriage is a solution of one of the most vexatious problems of the day. Mrs. Work says that a number of her charges have already found husbands, she hears from them often, they are residing over comfortable homes, some are mothers of promising children, and the superintendent says that in every case where she can conveniently help one of her girls to such a home she will do so, even if she has to incur some little expense. The next best thing, she says, to finding them under her roof and in her care, is to see them in a home of their own, the wives of honorable and industrious men, who will maintain them a home for all time.

One of the most interesting experiences related by Mrs. Ophelia L. Amigh, who has charge of the Illinois State Training School for Girls at Geneva, is that such an institution is not an undesirable place for a young man, if he is thoroughly honest and well-meaning in his intentions, in which to seek a wife. Mrs. Amigh has a great abundance of



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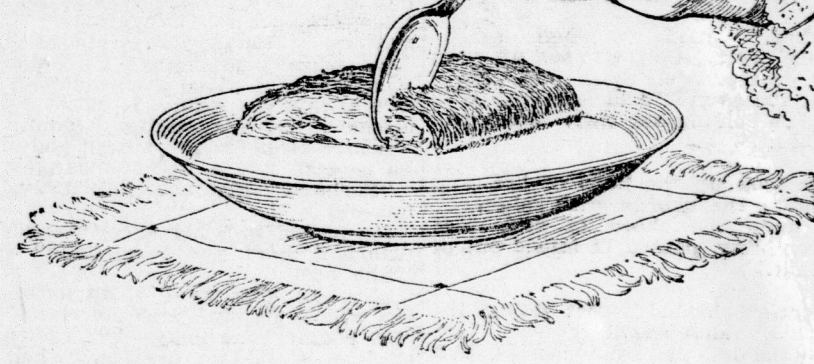
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evidence to prove this. A short time ago she had her assessment of the photographs of no less than fifty of her girls who had become wives. Among this half hundred there were few if any who had not been well married and had found grand homes in which they were fixed for life. Some of them had left the institution before they were married, but they came to the home to be married and went out with the blessing of the kind-hearted staff that forms the only home more than half of them had ever known.

The girls who were educated in this institution were trained in every phase of housework until they were practically fitted to become the best housewives found in the homes of this country. The big home on the Fox River is really kept clean, the bread baked, the provisions cooked, the sewing done, the laundry handled, the gardens tilled, the music furnished, and the entertainments conducted by the girls who were forced to seek the shelter of this noble institution of the state of Illinois. No one may rightly torture the object of this school into a place of punishment. There isn't a single feature of it that is not calculated and does not bring about the better life of a fortunate rather than an unfortunate inmate.

There is no doubt in the world that the kind hearted mothers of such institutions as those over which such women as Mrs. Work and Mrs. Amigh preside consider that marriage, if it be the right kind of a man, is the stepping-stone to assured happiness and that if a young man were to marry and settle down, they would much prefer to see them so settled than to have them start out on any kind of a wage-earning mission.

As to whether or not there is always a class of praiseworthy men who are casting about for some locality in which to find a helpmate, an incident of western life is related by a man who conducted between Chicago and Los Angeles a large number of hotels and eating places. Desiring to get a good class of girls to wait on the tables, he imported a lot of them from the educational sections of New England. They were distributed all along the line and the caterer was obliged to keep up taking them west, for they

married so fast that the ranks of the waiting girls were quickly depleted. Most of the girls found good husbands and comfortable homes and are practically settled for life.

It is claimed that in no condition of life are girls better trained morally, physically, industrially, and socially than are the wards at some of these institutions, and it is for this reason those who are in charge say that if a young man wants to find a wife and his intentions are honest the doors are open at the proper time.—Chicago Tribune.

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