

The Republican.

WM. G. HENDRICKS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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The Plymouth Republican, the oldest newspaper in that city, has been enlarged and appears in a complete new dress and in better style than ever. It is one of Indiana's best weeklies and serves the community in which it is published in a satisfactory manner.—South Bend Tribune.

FIFTY YEARS OLD.

The enlargement and improvement of THE REPUBLICAN in its last issue is in a way a celebration of the paper's semi-centennial birthday anniversary. If we had known the exact date we would have arranged for a special issue and the commemoration would have been worthy of the event.

It was some time in the summer of 1851, and probably in July, that the first printing office in Marshall county was set up and the first paper in the county established. This was the Plymouth Pilot, the direct ancestor of THE PLYMOUTH REPUBLICAN, and John Q. Howell was the proprietor, editor and publisher. The material and machinery were brought up the Michigan road by wagon from Rochester and it must have been a pretty substantial press to withstand the rough journey over the rough corduroy of those days.

Mr. Howell secured the legal printing for the November term, 1851, of the circuit court, and then, March 1 of the next year, sold the paper to Richard Corbaley, then county clerk, who changed the name to the Plymouth Banner and started it as volume 1 number 1. He sold out to William J. Burns, "Uncle Billy," July 28, 1853, who disposed of it once and then took it back and was the owner when, Nov. 15, 1855, he noted as a news item the birth of the Marshall County Democrat.

The banner experienced further vicissitudes and changes of ownership, never lasting an issue more than a day or two, until Ignatius Mattingly purchased the property and installed himself as editor and publisher Oct. 9, 1856, when the name and number were again changed, the Marshall County Republican, volume 1, number 1, being the new christening. Later, the present title THE PLYMOUTH REPUBLICAN, was adopted.

Mr. Mattingly was the first owner who succeeded in making the paper pay, and it was the first newspaper in the county that did prosper. It was the first paper to be published continuously from the start in Marshall county. In the several changes of ownership since the war of the rebellion the history of THE REPUBLICAN has been a record of growth, progress and improvement. In its full half a century of life it has kept abreast of the times in this locality and its influence has always been freely given for the good of the city and county.

Fifty years is a long life for a newspaper in a part of the country that was in its infancy half a century ago, and it is something of an achievement to maintain an existence, even for so long a time on merit alone and without aid from the public treasury. To fight the usually hopeless battles of an unsuccessful party, without prospect of the rewards that accrue to the organ of the victorious party, is not an encouraging outlook, but it has been the lot of THE REPUBLICAN and with it all the paper has "kept up with the procession."

THE REPUBLICAN is now as large as any weekly newspaper published in Northern Indiana and it is the largest such paper in the territory name that is wholly printed in the home office. It covers the entire field of news of local interest and the price remains unchanged at \$1.50 per annum in advance. Now is the time to subscribe.

THE PARAMOUNT QUESTION.

As a trial of strength between two great organizations the steel strike is extremely interesting. Both parties seem to have prepared for the struggle. There has been good generalship on both sides, although the workmen seem to have maneuvered the steel mag-

nates in the matter of securing advantage of position. There is certainly as good organization on one side as on the other.

The strike differs from other great strikes in that there is no disposition on one side to lessen the earning capacity of the men, and none on the other to limit the output or to injure the plants. The question of wages is not at issue. No details of management or supervision are under discussion. Two great combinations have locked horns on what both regard as a matter of principle, and the understanding is that they propose to fight it out.

As a matter of fact, the paramount question with both parties to the struggle is how to maintain the prestige of the United States as the great manufacturing nation of the world. The welfare of the workmen as well as of the capitalists depends to a great extent upon the readiness of the United States to meet recent demands made upon it for iron and steel work.

We are, apparently, at the beginning of a new era, in which the United States is to lead all other countries in the iron and steel industry. It is certainly more important that the nation should lead and that the extraordinary activity of the last two years in iron and steel industries be maintained than it is for either an association of capitalists or laborers to win on a point that ought to have been settled in conference.

The beneficiaries of prolonged strike will be foreign manufacturers and foreign workmen. American progress in the iron and steel industries has been so marked and we have invaded European markets to so great an extent that Great Britain and continental Europe have considered schemes for a commercial alliance against us. All the manufacturers of Europe have conceded that through the skill and training of our workmen and the energy and enterprise of our manufacturers we were going forward with a momentum that could not be checked.

Now, will American manufacturers and American workmen play into the hands of Europe and, through prolonged controversy, bring about what Europe has failed to accomplish? This is almost beyond belief. The feeling in business circles that the strike will be of short duration is based on a common sense and patriotic view of the situation.—Inter Ocean.

PAID \$10,000 FOR POLICY

Illustration of Growing Confidence in Insurance Investments.

"The growing confidence of citizens of Indiana in their own insurance companies," said Wilbur S. Wynn, secretary of the State Life, yesterday, "could scarcely have clearer illustration than in the fact that last night our company forwarded to a woman residing near Covington, Ind., a ten-thousand-dollar, single premium, paid-up investment policy of insurance, for which she paid us in cash a premium of \$10,000."

"I consider this confidence the legitimate outgrowth of the operation of the new insurance law of Indiana, enacted in 1899. Under that law the old-line companies are required to deposit with the auditor of state securities of unquestioned soundness to protect policies issued by them. As fast as the people become advised of this law they are turning their attention to paid-up single-premium policies of life insurance as desirable forms of investment. For instance, this woman of whom I have spoken will get only a guaranteed income of 3 per cent per annum, but in addition she will participate in the general distribution of the surplus earnings of the company, which will amount to about 4 1/2 per cent. Thus she has an absolutely safe investment without the labor and worry of looking after it."—Indianapolis Journal.

\$100 Reward \$100

"The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's catarrh cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's catarrh cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O., 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Write to J. C. Hall, Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When You Buy Blueing Insist on getting Ross Bleaching Blue. Don't take a cheap imitation. All grocers, 10c.

NEARLY WRECKED A TRAIN

Elephant's Trunk Creates Consternation

Great Loss of Life and Millions of Dollars Happily Averted.

Last night the first section of the John Robinson circus train consisting of twenty-two loaded cars, left Gratton W. Va., where the Big Show exhibited yesterday, for the next stand at Clarksburg and everything went along smoothly, and the train men had orders to run about twenty miles an hour. At Celina Junction a heavy grade is encountered and for miles it is a matter of rise and fall on this particular piece of road bed.

Cause of the Trouble.

For a long time one of the train hands who is stationed on one of the flat cars which precedes the mammoth car in which the elephants are housed, has been in the habit of feeding the celebrated trained elephant Nero with apples and other sweets.

As soon as the first section moves, this elephant is on the lookout, with the end of his trunk protruding through the end of the car for his reward.

Last night his apples were not forthcoming, and after his patience was exhausted, in some manner his trunk managed to touch the bar that unlocks the Janney coupler, and the train is cut in two. Later when the engineer started he felt his engine leap ahead and the train doubled the speed. This being unusual going up grade he decided to investigate when the top of the grade was reached.

A Wreck Averted.

It turned out to be a fortunate thing, for had he not done so many lives and thousands of dollars worth of property would have been sacrificed, as the second section consisting of nineteen cars and eight sleepers containing the performers and the proprietor of the show was traveling only a few minutes behind. The train men found the last half of the train some two miles back and had scarcely coupled on when the brakeman flagged the second section which was thundering not a half mile behind the first train.

Mr. Robinson on hearing of the accident and the prompt efforts of the engineer and crew, ordered his treasurer to reward the men for their vigilance.

Had the accident not been discovered, the loss of life and property would have been great.

The elephant will no doubt, in future, miss his nightly feast but the Great John Robinson Show will exhibit as advertised in Plymouth Monday July 29.

How John Fell From Grace.

Chinese servant stories are epidemic. Here's one, and it's true:

A west side woman a few days ago was boasting to a caller of the virtues of her Mongolian cook, and she emphasized the latter's systematic methods as his special strong point.

"John finishes his work at precisely the same minute every evening," said she proudly. "I always know exactly where he is and what he is doing at any time of the day."

"Well, what is he doing now?" was asked.

"Let me see. It is 7 o'clock. Well, he has just finished putting the dishes away and at this moment is sweeping the kitchen. Come, let's go out and see if I'm right."

They started through the dining room and found everything in its place, as prophesied. In the pantry the dishes were neatly arranged in their customary place. Then they opened the kitchen door.

There in the center of the room was John, and he was complacently washing himself in the dishpan!

The embarrassed mistress and her convulsed guest retired in haste, and the servant problem was dropped.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Anderson's Childlike Vanity.

"Hans Christian Andersen," said one who saw him often, "was the most charming egotist I ever knew." When the Danish writer brought home his Swedish bride in the summer of 1860, a great assemblage of people stood in the streets of Copenhagen to see the royal couple pass.

In one group were several distinguished women and the great story teller, Hans Christian Andersen. The women occupied front seats at the window and received marked attention from the court dignitaries in the procession.

Some one in the company remarked that this particular window seemed to possess peculiar attractions.

"Oh, yes," said the aged poet, pleased and happy in his seat, where he had been seen by nobody. "Everybody knows me."

The quiet smile that went round the group had no trace of unkindness. His childish vanity was one of the amiable traits of the gentle old man. Everybody knew and loved it.

Frogs as Scavengers.

Frogs are fine scavengers, destroying great quantities of decaying animal substance in springs and brooks and keeping the water pure, thus proving themselves most worthy of kind treatment and preservation. They devour, too, great numbers of insects, including flies and mosquitoes. In spite of their queer shape, they are remarkably expert jumpers and swimmers, and many a boy has learned from them both how to play leapfrog and how to swim.

PANTHEISM.

This is thy brother, this poor silver fish, Close to the surface, dying in his dish; Thy flesh, thy beating heart, thy very life! All this, I say, art thou, against thy wish.

Thou may'st not turn away; thou shalt not die! The truth, nor shall thou dare to question why. There is but one great heart in nature beating, And this is thy heart, this, I say, art thou.

In all thy power and all thy pettiness, With this and that poor selfish purpose, With that high climbing fancy and a heart Caught into heaven or cast in the abyss,

Thou art the same with all the little earth, A little part, and equally of birth. Shall tell thee and thine openness of soul What fear is death and what a life is worth.

—The Poems of Philip Henry Savage.

When the School-ma'ams Sailed.

By HARRY A. ARMSTRONG.

Judge Nevins sat on the edge of the drydock whittling and spinning yarns as he was always doing. Not that he was a judge or ever had been, but it shows how a name will stick to a seafaring man through life, for the judge's baptismal name was William. Some one called him judge in the days when he sailed before the mast, and it stuck to him always, like his white hat. Here the judge sat with the creaking hammers clattering away around him like spring frogs and the keel of the Mary Ann of Charlevoix as dry as it was before the launch day. Men were at work on a plank shing over the side, and spilling green paint into the sea with the recklessness rightfully belonging to drunken sailors.

A woman passed along the opposite side of the street. She was listening to the clatter of the mallets and did not see the judge as he stood erect, but in hand and bowing like a Beau Brummel. The other men giggled a bit, not because a woman was a rare thing on Goose Island, but wholly at the judge.

"That is the bravest woman who ever stepped over the side of any craft afloat or on the bottom of the lake," said the judge as he slipped back to his place on the edge of the drydock and began to stroke his black hair. "She—that is to say, that lady—doesn't look afraid of anything, not even the water out of the river." But the judge paid no attention to the remark of the first mate.

"The Mary Ann of Charlevoix was not so pretty then as she was at first," said the judge half to himself, "but she was just as seaworthy as any of the bigger vessels going up and down the lake under their own steam. When the June vacations came, the Mary Ann here in the river without a thing to do. Along came a schoolteacher and asked me what we would charge to take a half dozen or so young ladies sailing up the lake to the Thousand Islands and bring them safely back to Chicago."

"Now, that was a new kind of a cargo, and I had to scratch my head quite a bit before making a price. 'All right, sir,' she said. 'We will come down tomorrow.' And so they came. Every mother's son of us was carrying provisions and getting a stock of fresh meats and things when there broke loose a regular babel at the gangplank, and there they came tripping aboard with valises and handboxes and umbrellas and packages and no telling what. Just nine came, and we had no trouble stowing them away in the cabin, my room and the mate's room. But two more came, and then, just as it was getting dark, two more came."

"That made thirteen."

"As a result I had to go out and pick up a new crew in the hope of getting under way before the kind of cargo I carried was known, but I forgot this day was Friday. Something got tangled with the lines, or the anchor chain was rusted, or the wheel had to be fixed. The Mary Ann hugged the wharf till after midnight, when we ran up a light, and a tug came alongside and towed us out into the lake. The young women were all up as we glided along past the big elevator and the shadows of the mast swept across the deck and onto the water, and on into the broader basin beyond the life saving station."

"We threw off the lines of the tug, and there was such a shouting the lookout at the life saving station would have been excused if he had thought a female lunatic asylum had broken out on the Mary Ann."

"Eat? They could eat anything. I believe they would have fattened on fricassee of rope ends. Oh, it was a jolly lot that drew up to the first breakfast, and the cabin boys had to make several trips to the scullery before the meal was done. Before noon they had minutely examined everything from the rock ballast in the hold to the little flags whipping at the mast-heads. They even wanted to steer, and sometimes the quartermaster would let them. The ship would luff, and the outfit would laugh and grab at masts and coils of rope as the boat rolled back to the course."

"When the first night came, the mandolins and guitars came on deck, and for hours the voices of women were mingled with the trembling melody of the strings. That, too, came to an end about midnight, and the whole of 13 pulled cots out upon the deck and slept there."

"But I might go on and on about that voyage and not get to the point about this schoolma'am, so we will pass up until we are north of Little Manitou light and four nights out. There came a good fresh wind that rocked the Mary Ann like a cradle. Cots on the deck were shoved in, and the girls were beginning to regret leaving their mothers. One by one they dashed out of the cabin and clutched wildly at the rail. Like specters, they made their way along the decks until the 13 were there, barefooted, bareheaded and clothed in loose robes of white. We turned the ship's head against the wind and waited."

"Just as daylight was showing the moon sailed out from behind a bank of clouds and shone upon the waters. One of the girls screamed, and I started down to the deck, for I was up by the wheel. 'Man overboard!' she cried, and I met her at the top of the ladder and went back with her."

"There he is," she exclaimed, pointing to a dark object in the waves. Then there floated by a bit of wreck age, and I gave orders to bring the boat about and to lower the dory. By the time the boat came around the dory was ready to go down, and four men and a woman jumped in. I looked about me for Mary Wood—that was her name—and she was gone. Fear fairly shook me as that little boat went up over a swell and was lost beyond the wave, to come into sight again the next instant. That girl knew her business. She held the shell across the waves till she got abeam the wrecked man. It was a bold and daring thing to do, but she did it—yes, sir, turned that dory in the trough of the sea and came up to the man in the water."

"He crawled into the boat over the bow, and they all pulled away for the Mary Ann."

"And the even dozen schoolma'ams had forgotten their troubles and were cheering—cheering like a lot of boys at a football game. Finally they came alongside and were hoisted to the deck. Some one got whisky, and the rescued man swallowed it like a hospital patient, but the young woman would have none of it."

"In the course of time the young man got on a shift of dry clothes and told his story. He had been on a passenger steamer when a big wave swept the deck, taking him and the chicken coop and straightening out every foot of coiled rope. His name was Samuel Welling—a bank clerk on his vacation. The Mary Ann had 14 passengers from then on. I cannot tell you what was said by him when the mandolins were trembling and the moon was making the whole deck yellow, but I sometimes run on to him and see the white waters splitting into lace and diamonds across the figurehead."

"Perhaps it was no affair of mine, but after we got back to Chicago I looked up the fellow and found that he had told the truth and that they were to be married at the beginning of the next vacation."

"It so happened that our luck had changed with that voyage, and the Mary Ann had all she could do the rest of the season. Neither did I have time to busy myself about such affairs for two winters. Then I set out, one blizzardy day in January, to find my former passengers. I found them that is, I found Samuel, hard abed, where he had been for fully a year, and not a cent in the bank. Mary was at her school then, but after awhile she came home and cried when she saw me, as if she had seen her father, and told me how Samuel—she called him Samuel—had fallen one day when he was skating with her and how he had never been able to get to the bank again. More than that, he could not earn a cent, and before she got a school again they were absolutely penniless."

But they were sailing again, and two could live on the wages of a teacher. "Now, that is what I call bravery, and is the reason I said she was the bravest woman that ever was."

And the captain of the Mary Ann of Charlevoix walked across the street of Goose Island.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Mother Goose Repetitive.

The Little Boy had been trying to go into vandellism with ill success, and he was obviously in a fault finding humor as he sat under the haycock with Boopce.

"I fail to see the reason why you secure such widespread advertisement," he exclaimed pettishly.

"Especially," retorted Boopce, "when you are so vigorously blowing your own horn."

"You neglect your charges shamefully. I believe even now they are lost," he pursued.

"Oh, they'll all come home, like your press agents, bringing their tales behind them," returned Boopce airily.

Upon the Little Boy looked rather sheepish for an instant. "Your long continued association with crooks is corrupting your morals and manners," he cried, recovering himself.

At this Boopce blushed, but made no reply. Perhaps, after all, it was jealousy that made the Little Boy Blue.—New York Sun.

Shade Hats For Children.

It's a wise mother who buys shade hats for her children, offering them back third headgear may be decidedly picturesque on the piazzas, but when the sun glares into baby faces all the prettiness is marred by frowns. The tender skin is wrinkled up like an ancient dame's and often becomes marred by lines which should have no part in juvenile existence.

A Name Twice Made Famous, Now a Shining Mark for Imitators.

The name "Chase," twice made famous, is a shining mark for the unscrupulous to pounce upon and appropriate in order to foist upon the public their worthless preparations. These birds of prey, by using the name Chase, expect the public to be fooled into believing they are the medicines of Dr. A. W. Chase, who first became noted as the author of the world famous Dr. Chase's Recipe Book and family physician, and whose fame is now doubly increased by the wonderful success of his Nerve Pills, with Nerve, Brain and Blood trouble. They play upon the name Chase, but dare not use the initials "A. W."

They imitate, but dare not counterfeit the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, which identifies the Nerve Pills now recognized as infallible for building up pale, weak, thin-blooded, nerve exhausted sufferers.

Who are nerve-tired and brain-weary. Who are easily exhausted. Who are weak—cannot sleep. Who have nervous headaches. They remove the cause of blood impurities, securing refreshing sleep and impart strength.

They build up people who find their strength as vigor was long.

They settle irritated nerves, replace languor and lassitude with energy and animation. Cure Nervous Dyspepsia.

CAUTION.—The protection to the public in securing the genuine and original Dr. A. W. Chase preparation is in seeing the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, on each box. These and these only are the genuine. Do not be misled with anything bearing the name "Chase" without the initials A. W. go etc. of Druggists or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SOLD IN PLYMOUTH BY J. W. HESS

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH

Miss Flynn, One of the Attractive Young Women of Washington.

One of the most attractive of the young women of Washington is Miss Dorothy Flynn, daughter of Delegate D. T. Flynn of Oklahoma, one of the best known and most popular men in the famous "Panhandle country." Miss Flynn is highly educated, having been



MISS DOROTHY FLYNN.

a pupil at Forest Park seminary in St. Louis and at Kee Mar college and Georgetown convent.

Miss Flynn is quite a collector of Indian relics, which she assiduously gathers on her yearly visits to her home at Guthrie. In her collection are priceless relics of extinct races, and direct gifts from many of the most famous Indian chiefs now living.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Anglo-American Luxury.

A New Yorker just returned from England thinks that he has had an experience that marks the limit to which pretensions luxury may go. He was stopping at the home of an American girl of wealth who married an Englishman of title and lives now in England in all the circumstance that his position and her wealth make possible. The dinner was, of course, served by as many men as there were guests at the table and was as pompous and elaborate as was to be expected. It was the next morning, however, that the most peculiar feature of the household methods came to his knowledge. He was awakened by his valet at the hour he had named and was surprised to find him a moment later, before he was fully awake, holding at the side of his bed a silver bowl filled with water. The American guest stared in amazement at the man and the bowl without the faintest idea what his duty in the matter was. The valet looked at him compassionately a moment before he came to his assistance; then he said, with a suggestion of pity, "It is to test the temperature of your bath, sir."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Women Confectioners' Success.

A London confectioner's establishment, which is run entirely by women, has become so great a success that its kitchen has of necessity been partially converted into a school, where women anxious to learn are taught the confectioner's art. At the neat marble slabs women of good education are busy with dainty concoctions. Some of these pupils are ambitious to become managers of similar establishments of their own. The concern in question is carried on in connection with a restaurant and tearoom, and, since tearooms are often managed by women, pupils from such establishments are coming in increasing numbers to this school. One course, in which only two pupils can be taken at a time, includes the making of cakes, sweets, ices, bookkeeping and shop management. All the latest inventions of the confectioner's art are mastered by these women as rapidly as they appear, and they find it necessary in this, as in every field of work, to keep abreast of the times.

To Keep Flowers.

If one wants to preserve flowers a few days longer than they would keep ordinarily, one should try this method: Clip the stems just a little and put one drop of ammonia and the finest pinch of salt in a vase of water, says the Montreal Star. Put the flowers in this and unless the weather is very cool set them outside the window overnight. Put them in fresh water, with the drop of ammonia and pinch of salt, every morning, and it will be found that they keep fresh and will not lose their crisp, "lifelike" appearance for many days. Roses have been known to keep in this preparation for a full week without drooping at all. Of course, flowers that have been worn for several hours will not keep so long, but even they will be brightened up and seem grateful.

Female Miniature of Sonas.

Ex-Vassar girls enjoy recalling when Miss Sousa, daughter of the so called marching king, was with them at college a year ago. She played the piano exactly as her father leads his band, all his poses and mannerisms being as faithfully reproduced as if she were "taking him off" instead of unconsciously exemplifying the laws of heredity.—Baltimore American.

Read Bags.

Many women are making bead bags for themselves just now and having them mounted. They can have them done in gold, French gray or gun metal. Sometimes they bring in silver frames for mountings and some antiquaries which look worn enough, but it is doubtful if they would date back very many years.

Women's Physical Strength.

Testing certain feats of strength between the members of a young woman's and young men's colleges at New York has resulted, says The Humanitarian, in the following comparison: The athletic feats of the college women equal those of boys of 14 or 15, and are far below those of college men, or even of high school boys. The young women run 50 per cent more slowly than men; they jump 62 per cent as far—the average of three events in each case—and they throw a baseball only 45 per cent as far. But it must be remembered that these figures are from a

single woman's college, as against the men's records for all colleges. The latter are the supreme achievement of years of selection and training and of inherited traditions of "form." Where women have been trained for acrobats as carefully as men much less allowance need be made for sex. Professional women gymnasts are little less efficient than men in skill and agility, and sometimes even in strength. The softness of their muscles is favorable to rapid and dextrous motion. Some trainers have even held that there is practically no difference in possible muscular ability between men and women of the same size.

Benefits of Hot Water Drinking.

In cases of constipation a glass of hot water taken immediately upon rising each morning will be found very beneficial.

A glass of hot water taken immediately before retiring will induce a restful sleep.

As a cure for rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia and stomach troubles the drinking of hot water will give immense relief. The water should be taken as hot as possible about an hour before meals when the stomach is empty. One glassful is usually sufficient, but in severe cases of illness several glasses are to be advised. The hot water thus taken acts as an irritant on the coatings on the mucous membrane of the stomach and respiratory tubes and excites them to action. They are thus able to throw off diseased matter, and the water carries this matter off through the kidneys.—Nora B. Werner in American Queen.

Shirt Waist Inventor.

To Mrs. Robert Osborn of New York belongs the credit of being the inventor of the now popular shirt waist. A member of the fashionable set at Newport, Mrs. Osborn was an enthusiastic tennis player and instructed a man shirtmaker of New York to build her a waist after her design to allow free play to the muscles while in active exercise. That first waist was made of pale blue percale, and Mrs. Osborn had the good fortune to originate a style which has stood the test of time. During the recent financial crisis her husband lost his fortune, and Mrs. Osborn has started to build a competence by designing gowns. Her dramatic breakfasts and musical teas have won for herself a place in New York's Four Hundred, and they are said to be among the most successful functions ever held in that city.

Requested Not to Wear Trails.

The authorities in Ems have issued a notice in regard to the wearing of trains by women, in which the danger is pointed out of causing dust to fly about in a town where there are so many invalids.