

LITTLE WOMEN ARE MIGHTY ATOMS

The tall young woman entered the dining room with her friend, a little woman who was one of a party at a table near the door called out admiringly: "Oh, Miss Prinder, every time I see you come in to the room I wish I were tall. I do so envy you your height!"

The tall young woman acknowledged the tribute gracefully, then sighed as she settled into a chair at her own table. "Do you know," she said to her friend, "that that little woman over there is one of my greatest grievances?"

"Why, I thought she seemed very pleasant" replied the friend.

"I suppose you thought she really meant what she said just now, and that she showed a sweet, generous nature in making that remark. Well, she didn't mean it at all. She merely wanted to call attention again to her own diminutiveness, which she considers much more fetching than my height."

"Oh, is that the trouble?" laughed the friend. "Well, she is a dainty little thing."

"Of course she is," said the tall young woman, whose tone now bordered upon asperity, "but she need not make invidious comparisons at my expense in order to call the fact to people's attention."

"This isn't her first offence, then?"

"No, indeed; it's a habit of hers. Nature provides all small women with this method of attack to enable them to get the better of their larger sisters. They usually pretend to admire, in order to emphasize by contrast the more attractive quality they themselves possess."

"That is their indirect method. The direct is more effective and usually consists in calling attention to their shoes. Sometimes it is gloves and belts, but usually it is shoes. Just this morning, when we were all out on the piazza, and there were enough men around to be worth the effort, that same little Mrs. Grimston over there, apparently casually regarded her feet and then suddenly laughed her pretty little laugh."

"What do you think of these new shoes of mine?" she demanded engagingly. "Aren't they perfectly huge? But you know I thought that for once I would get shoes that wouldn't scuff out the first time I wore them, so I bought them in the boys' department. The stout neat little shoes she displayed were at most No. 2s and as I wear No. 6 1/2 and had on a short skirt you may imagine how pleased I felt."

"You know I am five feet eight and weigh 150, and my feet measure twenty-five. I had never been so sensible about any of these statistics, or given them any particular thought until Mrs. Grimston began to emphasize them. Nearly every day now she says something like this. 'Do you know that I have gained ten pounds since I came to this hotel? I got on the scales to-day and was perfectly amazed to see them go up to 115, for I have never weighed more than 104 before! And, my dear, I am ashamed to confess it, but I bought a new belt to-day and had to ask for size twenty-two.'"

"Another universal trick of little women is to assume the helpless, dependent role, which, of course, appeals to all mankind. They have to have someone check their baggage and buy their tickets for them. They continually find it necessary to be helped down from high places or up steep places or across mud puddles, over which you have stepped without stopping to consider. They never fail to call attention to this by saying, as they smile gratefully up at the person protecting male escort. 'How I do wish I were as self-reliant and independent as you are, Miss Prinder! It's dreadful always to be a trouble to one's friends. This causes the protecting male escort to reflect with gratification what a fine thing it is to aid her with his manly strength."

"Invariably, too, the smaller the woman the greater is her social assurance. All my life I have wonderfully watched little women, who, with the most serene composure and self-confidence, preside over women's clubs, star in amateur theatricals, or respond to dinner toasts. As for me, if I am conscious that more than three persons are listening I am overcome with trepidation at the sound of my own voice, so I never even think of attempting platform efforts."

"Of course no little woman will ever admit a lack of timidity. Oh, no, indeed! I have watched them perform with the most amazing coolness and self-possession and actual enjoyment of the centre of the stage, receiving the plaudits of an audience with sweet composure, and then have heard them say in private, 'Oh, my dear, I had such a dreadful stage fright that I was simply ill. I would give anything to have your self-confidence!'"

The tall young woman sighed again before she proceeded with her dinner. "There's a good deal of stuff written nowadays," she concluded, "about the tall woman's reign and the advantages she has over the little woman. The little women have the better of us every time."—Chicago News.

THE MODERN GENTLEMAN

He is After All, Not Modern, But Has Always Existed.

In some of our earliest immigration records the more favored arrivals were designated as "gentlemen." For instance, one cargo of colonists comprised a score of "gentlemen" and several hundred laboring men and handcraftsmen. It is true that historians have added a descriptive word to the selected class and called them "gentlemen-adventurers," but the idea of superiority still endures; and in this age of genealogical research a familiar tragedy is the experience of a proud son or a haughty dame going back through the centuries and striking as a lineal ancestor a plain handcraftsman instead of a duly authenticated "gentleman." There is no cover for that kind of disappointment except a coat of arms—which need not be historical if it be safe.

In these days the designation of "gentleman" is formally used in Great Britain, but in America there has been a gradual disappearance of its ancient employment. The other day the scion of a family that had won wealth and kept it was on the witness stand. He gave his occupation as "gentleman." It was understood, of course, but the attorney for the other side was no respecter of terms or of persons. He asked bluntly what the witness meant by "gentleman." There was an awkward quarter of an hour and in the end the witness, by that time red with discomfiture, declared that a gentleman was a person of education who did not have to work for a living.

Nothing kills so swiftly as ridicule or absurdity. This accounts for the gradual elimination of "gentleman" as a definition for directories or official certificates. And—shall we call it the sarcasm of fate?—the word that takes the place of "gentleman" in these practical but unromantic chronicles is "capitalist."

But while we let us remember that we have not removed the gentleman from our social category. Rather have we given to the word a better significance. We can even surmise that there were more real gentlemen among the handcraftsmen than among the favored twenty who alone bore the appellation. Certainly history has shown who became the freemen, and who did the great work of liberty and nation building.

After all, there is really no new idea of the gentleman. It is as ancient as the hills. "Though all the honors of thy line bedeck thy hairs, believe me, virtue alone is true nobility," said old Juvenal. "Oh, give me labor's worth! If thou really mean the character of blameless integrity, of staunch love, of justice, both in words and deeds, then I recognize thy right to be esteemed a gentleman."—Philadelphia Post.

LITTLE THINGS

There are 2400 mineral waters bottled in New York City.

A sign of politeness in Tibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hand and stick out the tongue.

The contemplated Broadway-Courtland skyscraper, which will have almost double the number of stories of any existing New York edifice, will be 615 feet high.

The diversity of tongues to be found in one country is often a matter of surprise. Last year the Bible Society's agents sold the Scriptures in fifty-three languages in the Russian empire, in twenty-eight languages in Burma, in thirty in South Malaysia and fifty-three in the Egyptian agency.

The dressing of the hair is the most important part of the Chinese woman's toilet. The district she comes from may always be known from the manner in which she does her hair. It also indicates her station in life. Young girls, whether married or single, wear queues, coiling up their hair, as the Western women do, on attaining a certain age.

Ostrich are pieces of broken pottery which were used for memoranda in ancient Egypt. Enormous numbers of them have been found while excavating, and they throw the most practical light upon the daily life of the country thousands of years ago. The inscriptions comprise private letters, legal agreements, receipts and memoranda of all kinds, and we are mainly indebted to them for our constantly increasing knowledge of the land of Khem.

If a flower pot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropism, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed, and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth. Recently Mr. Francis Darwin, in England, has succeeded in accelerating the tendency of a plant to curve upward when placed horizontally by subjecting it to the vibrations of a tuning-fork. He thinks the shock of the vibration affects the movements of the starch grains.

The Chinese doctor sets up a terrible racket when called to treat the sick. This is supposed to drive evil spirits away, and it unquestionably acts well in a great many cases. Civilization demands rest and quiet; all noise is barred from the sick room. An American physician tells of a patient who had sunk into a coma preceding death. "Some one in the next house struck up the 'Anvil Chorus' from 'Il Trovatore.'" I was very much annoyed and distressed, and tried to stop it. Suddenly the patient on the wrist began again, the patient's eyes opened, he bent low, and he whispered in her ear: "To dum te dea, that is my favorite tune," said he. He recuperated and entirely recovered.

PLUCK, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.

BOA CLEARS A SHIP.

HAT BOA which is causing so much trouble to the Captain Dickson, of the Yankee brigantine Daisy, got loose, and as a result two watchmen in South Brooklyn are mourning the loss of two faithful fleas-beaten curs. Ever since Captain Dickson caged the boa in his coal locker the snake has been trying to smash the door. He would coil up as far from the door as he could get and then leap forward with all the force of his twenty feet of steel muscled energy. The door was reinforced, but some time after midnight he battered it so that it swung only on the upper hinge. Then the snake glided out through the space at the bottom.

Toward 1.30 o'clock "Tom" Walsh, one of the watchmen, heard his dog screaming in agony. Walsh's dog is one of the flea ridden "yaller" variety, but he has been a faithful companion for nearly nine years, and Walsh thought a great deal of him. He rushed to the dog's rescue, and to his horror saw a huge snake wrapped closely around him. His ardor abated somewhat, but he hunted up a companion, and armed with crowbars they advanced the boa. The snake abandoned its prey and placed himself in a posture of defense. The men were on the brink of the wharf, while the snake and the dog were close to a shed some twenty feet from them. Suddenly the snake shot straight forward at Walsh. The man was on the alert and as the boa leaped forward, he fell on his face without delay. The boa, missing his mark, went more than two-thirds of his length over the edge of the pier, and then got a purchase with his tail in a crack in the flooring. Before he could utilize his hold to get back the two crowbars were brought down sharply on the tail and the snake plunged overboard. The two men saw him swing away in the darkness, his head two or three feet above the water, but did not care to follow him.

About two hours later a slight commotion was heard at the end of the pier. The watchman there, James Elson, whistled for his dog, but no dog appeared. He went to the end of the pier where he knew the dog had been, and found only a slimy trail and some dead scratches that had been made, apparently by the claws of his dog. He did not know what had become of the cur, until later in the morning when he compared notes with Walsh, and the fate of the cur became apparent.

About 8 o'clock Captain Dickson went on deck. To his mingled horror and joy he found that the door of the locker was partly open. He did not wait to make further investigation, but jumped into the forward rigging and went aloft. He stayed there for awhile and then cautiously slid down a stay to the roof of the coal locker. Peering cautiously through a small peephole, he saw the boa curled up on the coal, asleep, and with a much increased grin amidships, marking the last resting place of Elson's dog. The captain thought it a good chance, since the snake was asleep from his gorging, to capture him, but as he approached the door, he heard, or thought he heard, the snake move. He then slipped aloft once more, gave the snake another chance to get quiet, and, descending, braced and nailed up the door until nothing less than artillery could dislodge it. Next day the snake was sound asleep after its feast. In anticipation of this he borrowed a shotgun and the fate of the snake was sealed.

STANLEY'S GREAT EXPLOIT.

ALTHOUGH the fame of Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died in London on May 10, will rest on his exploration of the upper Congo and equatorial Africa, it is his search for David Livingstone through the African jungles and his finding of the missing missionary at Ujiji, on the shore of Tanganyika, that appeals most to the dramatic feelings of the world. In "Eccentricities of Genius" Major J. B. Pond quotes a witty reference to this achievement, which was made by Mark Twain in introducing Mr. Stanley to a Boston audience:

"I am not here to disparage Columbus," said Mr. Twain. "No, I won't do that. But when you come to regard the achievements of these two men, Columbus and Stanley, from the standpoint of the difficulties they encountered, the advantage is with Stanley and against Columbus."

"Columbus started out to discover America. He didn't need to do anything at all but sit in the cabin of his ship, hold his grip and sail straight on, and America would discover itself. Here it was, barring his passage the whole length and breadth of two continents. He couldn't get past it. He'd got to discover it."

"But Stanley started out to find Dr. Livingstone, who was scattered—scattered abroad, as you may say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa as big as the United States. It was a blind search for one of the worst scattered of men."

In October, 1870, Stanley started out from Bombay on his search for Dr. Livingstone on behalf of two newspapers. The great missionary and geographer on the last sad trip of his life had plunged into the heart of Africa from the east coast in the spring of 1869. For five years he had been fighting for his life against the ravages of fever and disease, contending vainly against his old foes, the slave traders, and wandering slowly about, studying the regions to the west and south of Tanganyika, cared for and aided by the natives, who revered him as a superior being.

Stanley moved inland from Zanzibar in the spring of 1871. By June he had reached Unyanyembe, where he was again delayed. At last he was able to proceed into that vast wilderness, somewhere in which was Livingstone. Whether Livingstone had gone across toward the west coast or had tried to move northward toward the Nile Valley Stanley did not know. The fact was that Livingstone, in extremity, had returned to Tanganyika and had reached Ujiji. There where new supplies should have reached him, he learned that all had been stolen. He was almost hopeless and helpless, an old man, ill, alone, with only the friendship of a few native tribes between him and death.

In the nick of time Stanley arrived, after a month of wandering and terrible hardship. The meeting between the two was most dramatic. To Livingstone it meant new life. He buoyed him up till all the hardships were forgotten. Together they explored Tanganyika, and then went back to Unyanyembe, where Stanley and a Livingstonian with new supplies and a new party of faithful blacks. The old missionary returned to the jungle, to die a few months later, and Stanley retraced his steps to give the world the story of his achievement.

News of Interest TO AFRO-AMERICANS

A Donation From Carnegie.

Benedict College, a colored institution in Columbia, S. C., will have within a few months a library building for which plans have been drawn and which will cost \$5,000, the money having been donated by Andrew Carnegie.

To Combat Prejudice.

To combat prejudice against colored tenants in white districts, in New York, the Afro-American Realty company, of that city, has started an aggressive campaign.

Negro real estate operators and investors organized the company recently with a capital stock of \$500,000.

The company own four five story flats, valued at \$125,000, and holds ten other flat houses under five-year leases.

The Afro-American Realty Company was formed after a struggle a year ago to oust colored tenants of uptown flats.

An Outrage in Texas.

A dispatch from Lockhart, Tex., says: A mob of masked whitecappers has killed one Negro and severely beaten another, both being residents of this vicinity.

The mob first visited Tom Coperton, who was taken from his home and mercilessly beaten. From Coperton's cabin the mob went to the home of John Larremore and endeavored to open fire on the mob which the whitecappers returned.

After the fusillade, Larremore was found dead in the hallway of the home.

Pickens Highly Honored.

A dispatch from New Haven, Conn., says: William Pickens, the young colored man who graduated with high honors at Yale a month ago, has just been notified of his election to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. It is customary for the men elected to receive notifications during commencement week. In explanation of Pickens' failure to receive the election to which he seemed eligible, as a high stand man, it was given out at the time that the society had adopted a rule that men who had not entered college when the class as a whole entered, should be considered as not entitled to election except by special consent of the society. It was said that this rule barred Pickens, but the society now seems to have made an exception in his case. He is the only colored man belonging to the society.

No Prejudice Shown Here.

For the second time within twelve months, a colored minister of Atlanta has opened the session of the general council with prayer. Upon each occasion the minister so honored has been Rev. H. H. Proctor, pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Every session of council commences with prayer. Some times the minister who is invited to do this service does not appear, and council then invites any minister or religious worker who may be present to pray. It was for this reason that Rev. Proctor was invited to pray.

He had appeared for the purpose of requesting that stronger efforts be made by the municipality to afford educational facilities to the colored children of Atlanta. He read a communication from various colored citizens asking for more public school facilities for the children of their race.

The communication was referred to the board of education.

Chicago Race Riots.

The Atlanta Journal: Another example of the manner in which certain sections of the north regard Negroes, when they have enough of them, is being furnished in Chicago. The importation of a number of their "colored brethren" into Chicago for the purpose of breaking the packing house strike has resulted in a species of race war in the stock yards district, the strikers assaulting and beating the Negroes whenever they can get at them. Illinois, Indiana and Iowa have furnished so many examples of race antipathy in the last few years that the rest of the country may well wonder what the result would be if those states contained anywhere the same per cent of Negro population as does the south.

As a matter of fact race feeling is the same the country over. The only difference is that in the south where the Negro is thoroughly known and appreciated for his merits he receives much kinder treatment. The few Negroes in the north fare extremely ill if they attempt to come on the stage at any moment of great popular excitement, and it needs very little provocation to bring the northern race antipathy to the surface. The packers who are attempting to employ Negroes as strike-breakers are singularly thoughtless in giving this ever-present feeling an excuse to manifest itself.

Up to date the Chicago strikers, with but few exceptions, have been conducting themselves in a most exemplary manner. Doubtless, in one of his early manifestations, made it clear that he fully realized that a strike conducted in an orderly way was the sort calculated to retain public sympathy, and advised the men to refrain from disorderly conduct. And it was not until the thoughtless injection of the race element into the situation that any violence worthy of remark was reported. It is only proper to conclude therefore that it was not too much the fact that the men were strike-breakers as that they were Negroes which aroused the ire of the strikers against them.

It is fortunate for both the South and the North that the vast majority of black men reside in the south among their friends.

The Negro and Politics.

The Atlanta Independent, one of the latest Negro papers published in the south, is giving the race some editorial advice calculated to solve the so-called "Negro problem" in the only practical manner in which it can be solved, says The Atlanta Constitution. "The Independent declares that 'the emancipation of the Negro from the national life as a political factor is inevitable,' and regards his 'total exclusion from participating in the affairs of the government' as the 'flat of fate.'"

The Independent sees that "the Negro's acquired unwillingness to enjoy and appreciate self government" lies "threateningly at the basis of Christian civilization," declaring:

The Negro must begin at the bottom and learn the rudiments of the responsibility of the ballot before he can comprehend its importance or enjoy its protection. The Negro is neither responsible for his ignorance or his political status. In both cases, he is the innocent victim of circumstances without his control. Every student of history must acknowledge that the enfranchisement of the Negro without qualification was a monumental wrong inflicting more permanent injury upon the very people congress was seeking to protect them all the discriminating legislation passed by the south in an effort to correct the blunder. The further the Negro removes himself from politics the more self-reliant will he become. The right to vote ought to be based upon intelligence or property qualifications. The citizen ought to be taught to bring something to his country in his character rather tangible or intangible, and ought not to expect his country to add everything to him. The right to vote primarily ought to have been conferred upon us as we acquired intelligence and became competent to appreciate the purpose of the ballot. The right of suffrage should have been handed us in such a way as to stimulate development and progress. None but those who possess and practice civic virtue should be allowed to vote. If we would win and maintain a permanent place in the civic relations of our country, we must obtain it by reason of what is inherent in the man. It must come because of the stuff in the individual. Legislation nor the republican party cannot confer it. There is no agency without the man which can confer it; it must evolve those possibilities which now lie dormant in the individual.

BEE HUNTING A PASTIME.

There is a Fascinating Charm About It.

Some bright young women who spent last summer in a western Massachusetts town, tired of hunting birds which never so still, turned bee hunters. Discovering a veteran bee hunter and overcoming a feminine distrust of the little insect who so sharply resents interference with her affairs, they were initiated in the art of lining bees, and thereafter every tramp aloft was with an object in view.

Bee hunting possesses a charm peculiarly its own and it can be practiced wherever flowers grow, even within the limits of a town. The necessary outfit consists of a box three inches square and as many deep. This is divided into an upper and lower story by means of a slide. The cover is fitted with a glass window. In the lower compartment is placed a piece of comb filled with a syrup of sugar and water. The slide is pushed in place and the nearest flower bed or clover patch is sought. With the box in one hand and the cover in the other, it is an easy matter to trap a honey bee busy robbing a flower of its sweets. Watching her through the glass window, the moment she quits down the slide is gently drawn. It does not take the bee long to discover the syrup, and she at once begins to load up with this treasure.

The box is now placed on a post and a sharp watch maintained. Presently the bee is sated, and, crawling for her bearings, starts straight for the hive or tree. When she comes back, for she will surely return, she will bring another bee with her, and in turn this one will bring a third, and so on until a line is established. Then, while one or more fill with the syrup, the cover is replaced and the box carried forward along the line of flight. From this stopping point a new line will be established as before. Thus in time will be bees lead straight to their home.

THE DANGERS IN DUST.

Plea for Less Relentless Activity in the Household.

Whether the bacilli that cause tuberculosis in the human being are the same as those which cause it in other warm-blooded animals, and even fish, or whether they merely change their appearance with their environment, is a question for the bacteriological expert. That we may become infected from other animals has not the vital interest that the undoubted fact has that we can, and do, become infected by the germs that other men carry about, and that the home, the place where we take refuge from the ill of life, is precisely where this dread disease attacks us. Inside the four walls of our houses is where these deadly germs are implanted, are nurtured, and bring forth their harvest. It is at home we must begin to defend ourselves. It is the part of wisdom to do away with the dust-catching draperies and carpets. Have the rugs shaken and beaten out of doors. If you must have carpets, sweep them with wet tea leaves sprinkled on them. Wipe the furniture with a moist cloth, do not flirt the dust around with a bunch of feathers on a stick. Dust is dangerous. Remember that. Better to have some critic write "Blover" in the dust upon the mantelpiece than cloud the air with it and poison your whole family.—Everybody's Magazine.