

BAKING AS A BUSINESS.

Business Depends Upon the Individual, Her Health, Business Ability, Etc.

A great many women have engaged in the occupation of baking in the last score of years without any previous training except that which they had received in their own homes. Success depends on the individual, her health, business ability and fitness for her work, and somewhat upon the field chosen, says the New York Tribune.

DANGERS OF DISCONTENT.

Sometimes Wears Out Nervous Force and Energy and Produces Atrophy of Mind.

The greatest danger that many a bright intellect has to face is the discontent that comes from daily living on dull, monotonous existence, continually being forced to perform small, insignificant labors without hope of reward. This discontent will sometimes wear out nervous force and energy, and the man or woman will sink into an apathetic and indifferent mental attitude.

Children's Rights.

All that child wants is a chance to grow and to learn by experience his duties toward the world. One duty toward his parents is to be consistently kind and considerate, because he has sensitive feelings, just as we have; to be tender, because he partakes of our own family nature, and loving, because only in the atmosphere of love can goodness flourish.

Recaloped Onions and Potatoes.

Into a buttered baking dish put a layer of sliced raw potatoes next a layer of sliced raw onions; season with salt and a little white pepper; repeat the process, the last layer should be potato. Pour over the top a pint of milk thickened with a little flour. Bake about an hour. Ladies' World, New York.

Not on Him.

She—Will you be my wife? He—The ideal! Don't be ridiculous. Yes, I know it sounds ridiculous; but, then, I'm not so particular as some men are.—London Tit-Bits.

THE DEFENSE OF VIVIYAN.

A Heroic Action of the Philippine War, Much Resembling "The Taking of Lungtungpen."

"Some day," said the man from Manila, according to the Chicago Tribune, "when the people get ready to listen to them, there will be some mighty interesting stories written about the war in the islands. There is the story of the defense of Viviyan, for instance, which is as good a yarn as Kipling's 'Capture of Lungtungpen,' and has the additional advantage of being wholly the truth.

"It happened when Gen. Schwan's column was cleaning up the province of Cavite, in the southern part of Luzon. One Sunday the column had had its fill of hiking through the rice paddies and fighting 'niggers.' It had already captured two towns that day, and had burned one of them, when, along about 4:30 in the afternoon, it came to the village of Viviyan. All the natives in sight seemed to be amigos. There wasn't even a single sharpshooter at work anywhere around, and the boys were hot, dirty and dog tired. So, without relaxing proper military vigilance, it was decided to give the men a chance to rest up.

"On the edge of the town stood the store of a big Chinese merchant, surrounded by a low stone wall. Outside the wall was a big artificial fish pond. The store itself was crowded with Filipino women and children. Three privates were stationed as outpost pickets at the store and about 30 more were left there to serve as reserves. Accompanying the column was a newspaper correspondent, who hurried into the Chinaman's store for the purpose of buying a hen and some other food.

"Meanwhile the 30 reserves, including the noncommissioned officers in charge of them, took off their clothing and dived into the fish pond for a much needed and grateful bath. "While the correspondent was arguing with the frightened Chinaman there came suddenly from outside the sound of sharp firing. The correspondent peeked around the corner of the wall to see what was up. What he saw would have been intensely amusing under other circumstances. The three pickets on guard were aiming their rifles over the stone wall, and the pond in front was full of men doing their best to keep under the water and out of the way of bullets.

"The correspondent carried a camera case, which somewhat resembled a surgeon's satchel, over his shoulder, and one of the men who had crowded up the bank from the pond saluted him and said, taking him for a surgeon: 'Captain, the niggers have opened on us from the jungle. They'll cut us to pieces, sure.'

"Where's your officer?' said the correspondent. "The sergeant is down there behind that rock," said the private, saluting once more. "Go down and tell him to report to me at once."

"Up from his rock came the naked sergeant. 'Get your men out of the water at once,' said the correspondent. 'Let them get their guns and put on their ammunition belts and deploy across the road. Don't wait to dress.'

"Then followed one of the most laughable sights of the war, though then it was serious enough. Out of the water at the word of command came the 30 men as naked as the day they were born. With desperate haste they strapped on their belts and shouldered their guns. One or two of them added to the grotesque appearance by putting on their campaign hats. Then the naked squad threw itself across the road and lay down in the dust, guns ready for action. Up the road they could see a couple of hundred 'niggers' coming at double-quick, and behind them now and then they got a glimpse of the American marines, who were hot on their trail. The naked company was afraid to fire for fear of hitting the marines. But when the 'niggers' were 100 yards off the correspondent gave the order to his men to get up. They rose—a line of stark naked men—clear across the road. The 'niggers' gave a single look. Then, with a yell of fear, they leaped into the jungle at the side of the road like a pack of foxhounds. The defense of Viviyan was over."

The Industrious Dancer.

The children of Denmark are taught to knit when but five years old. Even in the public schools this is quite an institution, although the private schools made it an absolute rule, one hour each day being given to that industry. The same rule applies in the home life, one hour being devoted daily either to sewing, knitting, crocheting, embroidery or lace making. Nor is this considered sufficient; the young woman of the family is supposed never to be idle, she must always have something on hand to be taken up. If a chance visitor comes on, or a friend arrives for the day, both have their needlework with them. Marie Manley, in Woman's Home Companion.

From a Business Point of View.

"Death, you know," explained the doctor, consolingly, "is like a 30-day note. When it falls due, why, that's the end of it."

The Weather.

Ordinary Mortal: And you study meteorology at school? Little Boston Girl: Yes, one must have a stock of small talk, you know.—Town Topics.

WOMEN'S LUNCH CLUBS.

Fair Sex Enjoys the Privileges of Top-Floor Dining-Rooms as Well as the Men.

Business men are not the only New Yorkers who enjoy the privilege of lunching on the top floors of skyscraping office-buildings. In Century, Cleveland Moffett thus explains the circumstance:

"The mid-air clubs all have accommodations for ladies; this, too, is significant in our changing city life. While women are not yet members of these lofty clubs, excepting one of their own, provision is nearly always made for them in the shape of a ladies' dining-room, a ladies' reception-room, and a trim lady's-maid in cap and apron always in attendance. So that, virtually, ladies may enjoy, and as a matter of fact are every day enjoying, all the privileges of these mid-air clubs on the simple condition that they be the wives, sisters, daughters, or friends of members. They use the clubs as they please, order what they please, give luncheon-parties, dinner-parties, tea-parties, anything they like, and at the end it is merely necessary that some one of them sign an authorized name for the expense incurred. Needless to add that the familiar presence of ladies in these mid-air resorts gives a charm and color never found in clubs that are merely masculine.

"I may add that a step beyond this has been taken—a pioneer step, we may be sure—by a club of wage-earning women who have secured for their very own the fourteenth floor, quite at the top of the tall Downing building on Fulton street. This is the Business Woman's club, and has the same fine view, the same advantages and general arrangements, found in the mid-air clubs for men, except that the furnishing is less pretentious; for everything here, from the annual rent of \$2,500 down to the piano and plants in the reception-room, is paid for by the women themselves. And I am glad to say that this club does not owe a dollar and has a membership of nearly 300, although it has been in existence only a little over a year. It may encourage other working-women to know that this fine success has grown from the efforts of one young lady, a stenographer who in the spring of 1900 made up her mind that women accustomed to nice homes should have, even if they are poor, better luncheon-places than the noisy, stifling ones on the streets, where aggressive waiters everlastingly cry, 'Sinkers for two and draw one!'

WAR IN THE FUTURE.

It is Rapidly Being Drawn Into the Field of Exact Sciences.

All this elaboration of warfare lengthens the scale between theoretical efficiency and absolute unpreparedness. There was a time when any tribe that had men and spears was ready for war, and any tribe that had some cunning or emotion at command might hope to discount any little disparity in numbers between itself and its neighbors. Luck and stubbornness and the incalculable counted for much; it was half the battle not to know you were beaten, and it is so still, says H. G. Wells, in Fortnightly Review. Even today a great nation, it seems, may still make its army the plaything of its gentlefolk, abandon important military appointments to feminine intrigue, and trust cheerfully to the homesickness and essential modesty of its influential people and the simpler patriotism of its colonial dependencies when it comes at last to the bloody and wearisome business of "muddling through." But these days of the happy-go-lucky optimist are near their end. War is being drawn into the field of the exact science. Every additional weapon, every new complication of the art of war, intensifies the need of deliberate preparation and darkens the outlook of a nation of amateurs. Warfare in the future, on sea and land alike, will be much more decided than it has ever been in the past, much more of a foregone conclusion. Save for national lunacy, it will be brought about by the side that will win, and because that side knows it will win. More and more it will have the quality of surprise, of pitiless revelation. Instead of the see-saw, the bickering inter-change of battles of the old time, will come swiftly and amazingly blow, and blow, and blow, no pause, no time for recovery—disasters cumulative and irreparable.

The fight will occur in practice between equal sides, never be that theoretical deadlock we have sketched, but a fight between the more efficient and the less efficient, between the more inventive and the more traditional.

Why She Was Pensive.

"You say," she murmured as she watched the moonlight on the sea, "that I am an angel." "Yes."

She was silent for a long time. "Why so pensive?" he inquired, sickishly.

"I was wondering whether, some day when the thermometer was up in the vicinity of a hundred, and the ice man forgot us and the cream is sour, and you have a headache because you have been working hard—I was wondering whether you would call me an angel then. Don't answer right away," she added in that cold, businesslike tone that women are learning to assume. "Take your time and think it over."—Washington Star.

MAN'S INFERIORITY.

According to This His Faculties Are Not Equal to Those of Some Animals.

"Man is a vain sort of an animal at all times," observed a thoughtful citizen, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and in his process of naming and classifying things around him he has attempted to leave reminders of himself in every possible place, and he has generally succeeded, for one's eyes may not escape falling on something named after some of his attributes. But when we come to think of it, when we come to look nature squarely in the face, man is not the only thing in the land which can lay claim to highly developed senses.

"Take the human eye. Unquestionably the little bundle of nerves in the eye which make visualization possible, and which present the mind with photographic refinements which no art has yet equalled, is one of the physiological marvels, and opens up an endless field for speculation in the realm of psychology, that unworked riddle of science in whose presence even the giants have cowered and skulked in hopeless ignorance. Yet this eye, discerning with so much delicacy when the picture is no farther than the wall of one's room—this eye with its circumscribed limits would be looked upon with dignified scorn by you soaring eagle if he only knew how much farther he could see than a human being.

"Take the human ear. We may not hear so well as the rats and mice that burrow under the palaces in which we live, or the squirrel that capers yonder in the forest, and countless other things one might mention. We may differentiate with greater accuracy and trace refinements in sound which these lower creatures may not trace; but when it comes to the matter of catching the sound at long range, their ears seem to have been more perfectly constructed.

"It is conceded that no human voice has ever been heard which could equal in sweetness of tone the lays which one may hear in the orchard. No human being ever sang more sweetly than Patti, but she never sang so sweetly as the meadow-lark when he pours his gurgling love song out on the summer air, or the oriole when he shades his silvered actave from the bending bough.

"What device for measuring water pressure has man invented which will compare with the nerves which string the sides of the fish? It is a sense which is not represented in the human category. Man must resort to artificialities in order to learn the air pressure and the degree of heat or cold. But it is different with the fish, for he can always tell just what the water pressure is, and he knows how much he can stand, and he acts accordingly.

"Take the olfactory nerves. Man is all right when it comes to attar of roses, violet perfumeries, and this and that sort, but you may pick out the measiest old hound in the swamps of Mississippi, and if he knew how much superior his sense of smell was to man's, well, he wouldn't want to be caught in a man's company.

"No, I am not running my own creed down. I am just relating a few things which ought to make us all nature lovers, for the many deserving beauties that we wot not of in these hurrying times, and among them may be counted the things mentioned. Prove it? Prove nothing, I am just telling you. That's all."

Matrimonial Maxims.

A man cannot expect to run smoothly in double harness if his conduct remains unbridled.

When the "better half" turns out to be the "bitter half" swallow it with as good a grace as possible.

There is a law for the rich, a law for the poor; but, oh, for! there is no law for the mother-in-law.

A single man may be somebody, but a married man is often nobody. Wedlock rhymes with deadlock. Cupid with stupid and double with trouble. A maiden is a miss who finds life amiss; a man takes a maiden and finds life amiss.

Before you were wed you were won, and you are one afterwards. Marriage demands a couple full of courage, for they will be led to the (h) altar and tied up in the bonds of hymen.

Paterfamilias, with the burden of the household upon him, sometimes feels that his title should be spelled thus: Pater family-ss.—Judy.

The Morphia Victim.

Even the Arab does not lie so persistently as does the morphia victim. All sense of honor deserts her. Whereas perhaps formerly she was scrupulous in money matters, she rapidly becomes little less than a thief. If she is hard up, in order to buy drugs she will invent the most elaborate and plausible stories and screw money out of the unsuspecting. There is no doubt whatever that drug-taking is enormously on the increase. No one who has ever witnessed the rapid deterioration, both in appearance and in character, which inevitably follows from it can hesitate to call it one of the most frightful curses of modern days.—London Queen.

King Edward's Statue.

The discovery has been made that the metropolis does not possess a public statue of the king. The omission is to be repaired, for it is proposed next year by the erection of an equestrian statue of King Edward in a leading thoroughfare.—Liverpool Courier.

FOUR BLACK CATS.

They Brought Boundless Pleasures of Anticipation, But That Was All.

"We are more or less superstitious when it comes to black cats," said a well-known young man about town, relates the Washington Star, "and I was one of the firmest believers in the black cat and good luck superstition in Washington until a few days ago.

"I had gotten tired of doing the same thing in my department over and over every day in the year, and, being a member of one of the learned professions, I decided to attempt to secure a transfer to another department, where my training could be put to advantage to myself and incidentally to the government.

"I am from a state where the senior senator is a power in state and national politics; a man almost unapproachable by reason of his prominence, but who is personally one of the staunchest of friends to his friends, and whose recommendation usually carries, as it is seldom given, I happen to be one of his friends.

"Next to myself, the person most interested in my ambition was my sweetheart. One night about a month ago, on our return from the theater, on her doorstep sat a jet-black cat with a white star on its breast. The cat followed us into the house in the most friendly manner, refused to go out until it was time for my departure, and then followed me to the sidewalk. My best girl, in a rhapsody of delight, declared that it was ordained by the stars that I was to get my appointment.

"Two or three days later, on the eve of my departure for the great and wicked city which is my home, I stepped into a restaurant on Eleventh street for lunch. A cat as black as ink, with a white star on its breast, came in the door, walked right up to my table and remained there until I finished my meal. When I told my sweetheart about the cat's visit when I saw her that evening she had another spasm of delight, saying that defeat for me was impossible.

"I left for home about two weeks ago, and on the very first night of my arrival as I was leaving the hotel a big black cat with a white star on its breast came out of the cafe and rubbed its arched back against my shins. I returned at once to the writing-room and wrote my girl about it. I received by return mail a letter of 18 closely written pages, explaining that with the third cat thus thrust in my pathway my appointment was inevitable and that she could hardly contain her joy.

"On the day before I was to see the senator I stopped on Broadway for lunch. I was almost paralyzed with delight when the fourth black cat came up to my table and purred about my feet in the most friendly manner.

"Need I tell you that the senator was kindness and graciousness itself, and lauded my ambition to get up in the line of my chosen profession? Need I say that the indorsements of my district leader and congressional candidate and those of my professional friends were literally thrown at my head? Need I say that my sweetheart wrote me an 18-page double-lined letter every day, telling me that I couldn't love? Need I add that everything in the big city I wanted came my way? Is it not idle to tell you that one of the great men who directs the councils of his party, and who is a power therein united with the senator in an indorsement which had it been at the beginning of an administration, ought to have given me an assistant secretaryship, and personally wished me luck?

"And need I tell you that the cabinet officer to whom I presented my papers frankly told me that, having no places vacant, he could not give me one? That I had my trouble for my pains, and that the four black cats threw me down hard? That my sweetheart's nose and eyes were sore from weeping that she couldn't go to the theater, and that I have for disposal the strongest set of indorsements which can be picked up on Pennsylvania avenue in an hour's walk."

The "Simple" Muslin Gown.

Simple white muslin always sounds so nice. There is something cool and modestly about it. At the same time it is not very economical wear. When a white muslin has been worn a few times it gets distinctly draggled unless it is mounted over very thin silk, when it loses its simplicity and becomes what is known as a "best" frock, which always seems to be suggestive of a silk lining and is judged more by the amount of trimming it bears than by its cut and style. No, it is a mistake to think that white muslins, belonging by right to fair heroines, are ever really cheap. You cannot economize in white muslin. It must be dainty, fresh and of beautiful quality, and, above all, simply made, to be a success. This cannot be achieved unless you are prepared to expend enough for two ordinary dresses. No leave the white muslin to those who can afford it.—Washington Star.

Cauliflower Croquettes.

Chop two cupfuls of cooked cauliflower quite fine, add one-half cupful of bread crumbs and one cupful of cream sauce, made by cooking together one tablespoonful each of butter and flour and thinning with one cupful of milk; just before removing from the fire add one well-beaten egg. Season to taste. Mix all well together and set aside to cool. Then form into croquettes, egg and bread crumb, and fry in butter to a delicate brown.—Good Housekeeping.

HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE

Hard to Draw the Line Just Where the Influence Begins.

Strange Power Which Scientists Have Been Trying to Develop and Utilize—Enters Into Many Relations of Life.

"I have seen some rather curious examples of animal mesmerism in my time," said a lover of nature, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and my observations in this respect have made me believe enthusiastically in hypnotism, and I am not skeptical even when it comes down to many of the extravagances of this new science. The fact of the matter is that we all seem to live on a hypnotic basis. Life seems to have been cast that way. There is hypnotism in business, in politics, in the professions, in all the walks of life. The merchant hypnotizes his customer, the statesman hypnotizes the populace, the lawyer his client, and the doctor his patient, and he does not have to be a professor to do it, either. We all possess to some extent the power of hypnotizing in one way or another, and we all may in turn be hypnotized. We may not forget, even in the callousness and indifference of old age, the fact that love's spell has in it somewhat of the thing we call hypnotism in these latter times. Goo-gooing, if you please, is hypnotizing, and we may take any of the fascinating stages through which the young sweetheart passes, and, after all, it is but another evidence of the power which science has been trying to develop and utilize in these latter days.

"But I had in mind the evidences of the principle which I had observed in lower orders of life. Take the cat, for instance. Now the ability of the ordinary house cat to charm a bird is nothing more than what we call hypnotism in a human being. The cat will simply fix its eyes on the bird, wriggle its tail, and go through a series of physical motions, which in some way charm the bird until the cat is in close enough range to make the leap. In nine cases out of ten the bird will fall to recover from the cat's influence in time to get away. I have seen a dog do the same thing, and, after a rather close observation I am inclined to believe that the whole power rests in the animal's eye. The maneuvering of the tail in the case of both the cat and the snake seems to be a sort of play, and while it, no doubt, has its functions in the general scheme, the main power is in the eye. It is really a pretty slight to watch the play of the passions in the lower orders of life when one of these little struggles is going on, and it does not know of anything that would prove more interesting to the student of nature. Dogs have the same power, but they rarely exercise it. When they do, it amounts simply to a rather stealthy movement, and the dog's gaze is fixed intently upon the object which he approaches, his head is thrown out in a rather straightened attitude, and you will find in the case of the dog the same tendency to wag the tail which you will observe in the snake and the cat and the other lower orders of life."

"Speaking of hypnotic influences," observed a specialist, "probably the most interesting feature in connection with the whole subject—a subject that is almost infinite in its ramifications—is what advocates of the science call auto-hypnotism. I have heard, while attending various meetings of medical and other scientific bodies, some very interesting reports on cases of this kind. Self-hypnotism, to put it in the laymen's language, offers a much broader field for scientific and philosophical speculation than any other phase of the study. Really there can be no limit to the possibilities of this principle. It might be used for many purposes if all men could educate themselves up to implicit belief in it. I recall the theory advanced by Hartmann, the German philosopher who followed Schopenhauer in his advocacy, and I have been just wondering if auto-hypnotism could not do just exactly what Hartmann said could be accomplished. In his 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' he advanced the idea that all men might conclude at the same time that the world was wholly bad, life was a bad and useless burden, and by concert of action they might will to end it all. Now, this doughty old German said that if all men agreed to do this at the same time it could be done, and that it would simply make a clean sweep of the world. This sounds like a rather violent fit of reasoning, and yet it would seem to be within the range of human possibilities, if the principle of auto-hypnotism can do all the men of science claim for it, and there seems to be no reason for doubting that much can be accomplished along this line.

"When we come to think of it, we can convince ourselves of almost any sort of thing if we yield easily to the impulses as they come. It is an easy thing for a man to examine himself that he is getting the best of it, or the worst of it, as the case may be, and this is the principle upon which the auto-hypnotist bases his reasoning. Of course they do not carry the philosophy to the extent of contending that all the ill human flesh is heir to be cured in this way, and yet in the papers which I have heard read on the subject the doctors have gone far toward supporting a theory which has attracted considerable attention."

Experience.

"My husband has been shipwrecked on the ocean twice," said the fishy lady.

"Well," the little shriveled one replied, "mine's had some thrilling experiences, too. He once interfered with a man who was beating his wife, and another time he was judge of a baby show where there were 66 entries."—Chicago Record-Herald.