

STANDS BY CO-EDS.

Dr. David Starr Jordan Declares Women Do Not Lower Standards.

In His Opinion College Work is Stronger and Better Because of Co-Education—Many Marriages Result Therefrom.

In a recent address by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, on the subject of the higher training of young women, he declared his belief that in no way had the character of college work been lowered by co-education. The reverse is decidedly the case.

There is no question that a reaction has set in against co-education. The number of those who proclaim their questioning faith is relatively fewer than would have been the case ten years ago. This change in sentiment is not universal. It will be nowhere revolutionary. Young women will not be excluded from any institution where they are now welcomed, nor will the almost universal rule of co-education in state institutions be in any way changed or reversed.

The only serious new argument against co-education is that derived from the fear of the addition by universities of women's standards of art and science rather than those of men, and the fear that amateurism will take the place of specializing in our higher education. Only men, broadly speaking, are capable of objective studies. Only men can learn to face a fact without flinching, unswayed by feeling or preference. The reality with woman is the way in which the fact affects her. Original investigation, creative art, the "resolute facing of the world as it is," all belong to man's world, not at all that of the average woman. That women in college do as good work as the men is beyond question. In the university they do not, for this difference exists, the rare exceptions only prove that the rule that women excel in technique, men in actual accomplishment. If instruction through investigation is the real work of the real university, then in the real university the work of the most gifted woman is daily by-play.

A final question: Does not co-education lead to marriage? Most certainly it does, and this fact cannot be and need not be denied. The wonder is rather that there are not more.

FILLS HUSBAND'S PULPIT.

Talented Cleveland Woman Preaches Two Sermons for Her Injured Spouse.

Her husband lying helpless at home, suffering intensely from a broken jaw and other injuries sustained in endeavoring to save a woman from death or injury, Mrs. B. F. Boller, wife of the pastor of the Franklin Avenue Congregational church, of Cleveland, took her husband's place in the pulpit the other Sunday and preached two good sermons.

Wednesday, as Rev. Mr. Boller, a bicycle enthusiast, was riding rapidly along Detroit street, a woman alighted from a street car in front of him. Boller dodged, and his wheel crashed into the curbstone. He fell, his face striking the curbstone, and was seriously hurt. The fact that he would be unable to preach worried him greatly, but his wife assured him that the pulpit would be filled, and set to work to prepare sermons without saying anything to anyone. It is probable that Mrs. Boller will continue to occupy the pulpit until her husband recovers. She is the mother of four children, and an energetic church worker. Rev. and Mrs. Boller came to Cleveland in December from Pontiac, Ill.

LADY BUGS TO SHIELD PLANTS

The Deadly and Natural Foe of the San Jose Scale Imported by the Government.

The department of agriculture is preparing to fight the ravages of the San Jose scale throughout the country, with its natural enemy, the lady bug, brought from the interior of China. Assistant Botanist Marlatt has just returned from the Orient, where he sought the original home of the dreaded scale.

Far in the interior of the latter country, where European plants had not penetrated, he found the scales, and also the lady bugs, which kept the scales in subjection and permitted the native plants to flourish. Mr. Marlatt started home with a good supply of these insects, but only 16 survived on arrival in this country, and 14 of these subsequently died.

The two remaining, however, were nursed carefully by the government with a view to fighting the scale in the same manner as in China. There are now 50 of them, requiring the constant gathering of scales from the department ground for food.

Advertising at Small Pace. A young American who came to London noticed how far behind advertising methods were compared to those in America, and on inquiry learned that the cards in omnibuses and cars are never changed during an entire year. He called on several of the largest advertising agencies and submitted the idea of frequent change and offered to develop it for a percentage. The manager of one concern looked bored, and said: "We were asked by a certain company in the United States to change their advertisement at least quarterly, but when we submitted the proposition to our directors they agreed that it was too much trouble."

Women and Men in Switzerland. There are 21 women to every 40 men in Switzerland.

RIVER DISASTERS RECALLED.

The Burning and Sinking of Steamboats During the Last Twenty-Five Years.

There have been in the last 25 years only half a dozen steamboat disasters that, in terrible loss of life, are in any way comparable to the calamity that befell the City of Pittsburgh on a recent Sunday morning, says the St. Louis Republic.

The most recent of these fatalities was the overturning of the Golconda about two months ago. The vessel was on its way from Paducah, when a fierce storm overtook her. The wind blew so fiercely that the boat, which was only a small packet, careened. Several persons, including women and children, were drowned.

The sinking of the City of Paducah nearly a year ago at Brunkhorst Landing, 115 miles below St. Louis, caused the death of at least 15 persons. The boat had made the landing and was backing out into the main channel, when she struck a hidden snag. A hole 40 feet long was torn in her hull, and she sank so rapidly that there was no time to awaken the passengers and sleeping roustabouts, many of whom perished. The City of Paducah settled in 26 feet of water and never was raised.

Several persons among the passengers and crew of the Kate Adams lost their lives by the burning of that boat in January, 1889. She took fire in the cabin and was almost wholly aflame when her commander brought her to the bank a short distance above Commerce, a point 40 miles south of Memphis. The Kate Adams was an exceptionally fast boat, and to her fell the honor of conveying President Grover Cleveland from West Memphis to Memphis on the occasion of his visit to that city in 1888.

The most terrible catastrophe on the Mississippi river or any of its tributaries since the destruction of the Sultana and before the burning of the City of Pittsburgh, was the disaster that overtook the Hannah Banks, about 12 years ago, near Plaquemine, La., ten miles above New Orleans. Although not accompanied by such large loss of life, the accident is almost without parallel because of the horrible circumstances under which several persons perished after their rescue seemed certain.

The boat was southward bound with a big cargo and a large number of persons aboard her. While in midstream fire was discovered in one of the forward cabins. The command to bank her was given, and at once the pilot turned her to land. The fire gained rapid headway, driving the passengers to the lower deck. Many leaped into the water, while the rest, confident that the boat would safely reach the bank, remained aboard.

The pilot stood at the wheel, his clothes smoking and his flesh blistering in the fierce heat. The engineers, too, kept their posts, answering the signals until the boat was run aground. Then followed the horrible scenes that stamped the catastrophe as among the worst in the history of such events.

Many of the crew and passengers leaped from the boat to the bank, where they sank nearly waist-deep in a sort of quicksand. In the attempt to save the unfortunate men and women, some of the crew piled boxes and timbers between the burning boat and the helpless victims. The intense heat soon fired the boxes, and the struggling beings died in agony before the eyes of their companions.

TAXATION OF CATS.

Argument in Favor of Making Owners Pay Small Fee for Them as Well as for the Dog.

In every considerable community in this broad land the owner of a dog has been compelled to pay a license tax, while his neighbor's cat has been allowed to expand its tail on the woodshed roof in taxless liberty. The rank injustice of this discrimination has been apparent to every catless dog owner. In the name of kindness a bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature which provides for a license on cats, the tax being 50 cents each. It authorizes mayors and selectmen to kill all unlicensed felines. In order to win the support of the lovers of the cat it is pretended that there are many starving and boy-tortured cats which it would be a mercy to put out of the way. In fact, however, there is little doubt that it is the long-indignant dog owners who have devised this scheme of justice.

Dogs are taxed partly as a means of revenue, but chiefly so get rid of stray revenue. It is urged that dogs are a nuisance on many accounts, noisy at night and a danger in the alleged mad dog season. In the city they are held to be entirely useless. If a dog be worth his bones as a guardian of the home he will be a menace to the legs of the letter carrier and to children. The amiable dog which wags his tail when the delivery boy comes will welcome a tramp or a burglar as a dear friend. Cats, however, says the Philadelphia Record, are not less noisy and dangerous than dogs, but the reverse. Their midnight imitation of a baby with colic creates an epidemic of insomnia, and they are as liable as dogs to rabies. They are vastly more dangerous as carriers of disease germs. They lack the affection and fidelity of the dog. In short, every argument in favor of dog license is fully as strong in favor of cat license.

Counterfeiting in America.

The average number of counterfeiting cases now handled annually in this country is about 600 and of this number nearly 50 per cent. are those of persistent and habitual violators of these laws.—Chicago Chronicle.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

Some of the Late Inventions Intended for the Benefit of the Housewife.

When suitable, good sized floor cloths can be purchased for nine or ten cents, according to size, there is no need nowadays for using all sorts of cloth for washing floors. This special variety of cloth resembles sacking of a close weave and all sizes are neatly hemmed. An asbestos cloth holder for use when lifting saucepans, kettles, or other utensils of the range is another convenience for the cook that costs but a few cents.

As a finale to the spring house-cleaning a housewife of experience suggests that every crevice in the paint and the edges of the floor in the bedrooms be painted with a mixture of turpentine and kerosene to guard against the appearance of vermin. The mixture is applied with a long handled paint brush, and is said to be deadly to all animal life. The odor of the oils does not last long, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Mauve candle shades are in great favor at this season and harmonize very effectively with the violets, lilacs of the valley and jonquills so much used for decorative purposes in the spring.

As a change from the ordinary bon bon dishes of silver clever hostesses utilize very tall champagne glasses and also small glass dishes that rest on standards or feet a few inches in height. The latter suggest comports in miniature form.

The season's fancy for lace designs in everything is emphasized by the latest output from the rattan furniture manufacturers. Lace patterns are so arranged that ribbon may be inserted after the manner of beading.

Green and blue in delicate and medium tones, red and pink shades are to be had this year in rattan furniture and sets are made to order to match any color scheme for country cottage or city house.

The cold meat tray is an English invention that has recently found its way to this country. It is a tiled tray encircled by a carved wooden frame and finished with a short handle for convenience in serving. The cold meat is cut and served on the tray, only the required amount being carved at one time. The tiling is white on which a simple floral design appears and the trays come in large and small sizes. In England and continental countries these trays are said to be used considerably.

An artistic sofa pillow shows pen and ink decoration on a fountain of eury tinted silk. The design consists of a girl's head, life size and skillfully drawn. The pillow is backed with blue silk and finished with a ruffle of Irish lace and beading threaded with blue satin ribbon tied in bows at each corner.

An effective rack for use in the summer cottage and designed principally as a background for Delft plates and cups, is made of a fine piece of ash treated chemically until it takes a soft gray tone. The decoration consists of a water color design suggesting the sea with some gracefully outlined fishes swimming in the blue water amid the stems of the water lilies which appear at the top. The deep tint of the Delft ware shows to excellent advantage against this seascape.

A STONE-DEAD TOWN.

Place Where They Actually Didn't Know Anything About Ping-Pong.

"Do you keep ping-pong?" asked the new resident of the proprietor of the village grocery and general emporium, relates Judge.

"Well, mum," was the answer, "we haven't ordered all our line of fancy groceries for the summer, and—"

"Oh, mercy! It isn't a grocery—it is—"

"I know it ain't," broke in the storekeeper. "I was just a-going to say that when we ordered them we was a-going to pick out the latest patterns in neckties, because we have a good trade now, and—"

"Goodness me, man! It isn't to wear—it is to—"

"I know that too," interrupted the proprietor of the store again; "I know that. I was about to tell you that we are intendin' to put in all the latest novels when we lay in our new stocks, and if you'll come around then we'll be sure to have—"

"Dear me!" put in the lady. "Ping-pong isn't a book—it's a game."

"Well," said the merchant, "we try to handle all the new goods our customers demand, but when it comes to games, why, seven-up and crokinole holds the banner in this town, and I don't reckon we want to make any change this year."

Relief for Tired Eyes.

When the eyes ache, relieve them by closing the lids for five or ten minutes; when stinging and red through crying, they should be bathed in rosewater, or a wet handkerchief with rosewater and lay it over them for a few minutes. If they are bloodshot, you need more sleep, or have been sitting in a draught. If they have a burning sensation, bathe them with hot water to which a dash of witch hazel has been added. If the whites of the eyes are yellow and the pupils dull, strict attention should be paid to diet.—People's Home Journal.

In Cooking Veal.

If sliced onion and carrots are cooked with veal, it will be found that the flavor of the rather tasteless meat is much improved. Veal cutlets rely for their flavor on the tomato sauce that is usually served with them.—N. Y. Post.

NOBLE WOMEN AID BAZAAR.

Duchess of Westminster Will Be Among Those Who Hawk Goods at Coronation Event.

The grand coronation bazaar, which is fixed for July 7 or 8, bids fair to be a great social success. The announcement that the queen has promised to sell at one of the stalls for a short time after the opening ceremony, which will be performed by the king himself, will no doubt add considerably to the attractions of the function.

As princess of Wales Queen Alexandra often proved herself on similar occasions the most charming and capable of saleswomen.

The Germany stall is, appropriately, to be in charge of Princess Henry of Pless, assisted by her sister, the piquant young duchess of Westminster.

Princess Henry is the typically lively modern matron and she seems to enjoy thoroughly the busy social round she goes through every season. Her good looks are of the daintily neat, small-featured, Cornwallis-West order, and her vivacity and energy seem practically inexhaustible. Her husband is a handsome, debonair diplomat and one of the wealthiest men in Germany. He is fond of sport and has many tastes in common with his fascinating wife.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West and her daughters are a devoted trio, and the princess of Pless spends quite half the year in England, and is a prominent personage at all important social functions.

COUNT BONI PUNCHES BAG.

The Titled Frenchman Takes a Lesson from Taylor, the Colored Bicycle Rider.

Count Boni de Castellane is back in Paris as gloriously happy over his reelection to the chamber of deputies as if it were a perfectly spontaneous manifestation of his constituents' love and admiration. Countess Anna and the children have also returned.

The election of his two younger brothers enhances Count Boni's political position materially. He jokingly calls himself the leader of the Castellane new liberal party.

Being the financial backer of Jacqueline, the French long-distance cycling champion, Count Boni immediately drove to the track to watch the training for the race with Lawson, the American wonder. While strolling about the training quarters the count's attention was attracted by a "rubadub" noise in "Major" Taylor's lodge. The negro was punching the bag, a performance which deeply interested the count, who had never seen it before.

He called it the best exercise in the world and finally stripped off his coat and vest and tried himself, the negro lavishing instruction and encouragement. The count was soon in a perspiration. When he left he shook hands with the negro, saying: "I am going to have one of these things rigged up in my gymnasium at once."

OBJECT TO CARICATURES.

Movement Started by Ancient Order of Hibernians Against Jokes on the Irishman.

James P. Bree, national secretary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, has confirmed the reports that an organized effort is being made by Irish societies to discountenance caricatures of the Irish race on the stage and in the papers. Said Mr. Bree:

"The agitation is more for the education of the people than a movement against theatrical managers, actors and publishers. We recognize the fact that theatrical managers strive to give the people what they want, and these caricatures of the race would not be presented did not the people applaud them.

"We must not be considered oversensitive in the matter. What we object to is such characterizations as exploit the worst features of the race and make capital of the failings of human nature and ascribe them wholly to a type of Irishman which does not exist.

"An Irishman can stand a joke just as well as a man of any other race, but he does not enjoy jokes that belittle him. This habit of caricature extends to other nationalities and is calculated to bring them in an unfavorable light before the rising generation."

Paris to Have Modern Flats.

French property-owners anticipate great interest in the construction of several large apartment houses of the American type that are being built by American architects at Paris. The new buildings will do away with the manifold inconveniences and uncivilized features of which Americans have so long complained in Paris flat life. The most radical innovation in the new departure consists in dispensing with the concierge, whose tyranny has become a household stork, but who will now be displaced by a janitor. Two buildings are now going up in the Avenue Henri Martin, in the heart of the quarter inhabited by Americans, who are expected to patronize the undertaking.

Curious Clause in Dutch Constitution.

There is a clause in the Dutch constitution which is particularly interesting just now. It provides that if the queen has a son, her majesty shall abdicate in his favor when he reaches his eighteenth birthday. If, on the other hand, no child is born within five years, the Dutch parliament has the power to dissolve the marriage.

WARY GEESE SHOT.

Texas Hunters Make Use of a Bed Sheet to Get in Range of a Big Flock.

Wild geese on the southern coast are smarter than they used to be, a result of many guns barking steadily through the winter months. On the Texas coast the geese feed inland all day, nibbling the short prairie grasses, and flying back to salt water at sunset, says the New York Sun.

To kill them formerly it was necessary only to get a good stand in one of their passes and wait for the outgoing hordes. The darker it got the lower they flew, until finally at dusk they might almost have been reached with a fishing pole. Now in going out to roost or coming in for feed they suspect a gunner in every clump of grass and they fly high.

In February there was a band of geese more than a thousand strong which fed 12 miles inland from the western end of Aransas bay. They followed a well-defined route each day, going and coming, and to kill dozens of them would have been an easy matter if they had traveled within gun-shot. They swept over the land, however, a half mile high.

The prairie on which they descended was as level as a billiard table and destitute of any sort of cover. There was no getting at them on their feeding grounds, and apparently it was impossible to reach them on their roost.

They developed one habit, however, which eventually proved the undoing of some of them. They left the prairie when the sun was an hour high. In the bay 1½ miles from the mainland was a low island of white sand, ten acres in extent. The geese used to perch on this and waddle about for a half hour or so before taking to the still water for a night's rest.

Four hunters in camp had shot mallards and redheads for a week in that neighborhood and looked longingly at the geese. They had gone to the prairie once or twice and tried squatting in the pass and hoarsely hawking without result.

One of them, named Shannonhouse, devised a plan which he thought would work. In the afternoon all four of them went to the island in a boat and one of them pulled the boat back to shore.

Shannonhouse had an ordinary white bedsheet. Its four corners were tied to the tops of stout pegs 18 inches long. They drove these pegs six inches into the sand of that part of the island most used by the geese. The sheet was stretched tightly between them.

Looking northward when the sun got low they saw the first "V" headed toward them and scuttled under the sheet, lying flat on their backs with the cloth within a half inch of their noses. This sheet was indistinguishable from the sand at 50 yards' distance.

They lay there half an hour. They could hear the geese striking the sand softly near them. Finally on signal the three threw off the sheet and sprang up, guns in hand. They were within 20 yards of a flock of more than 200. The main body was at the other end of the bay.

They pumped six barrels into the band before it rose, and one of them was quick enough to get in two more shots, at long range, one of which counted. They killed 11 geese and were not satisfied, since it seemed to them that they ought to have killed a hundred.

IF YOU HAVE RHEUMATISM.

You May Be Glad to Know That There Are 1,437 Remedies for the Malady.

The latest computation of the number of distinctly rheumatism cures puts it at 1,437. It is one of the peculiarities of rheumatism that the cures prescribed for it are more numerous even than the varieties of the ailment itself, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A brief enumeration of remedies includes horsechestnuts, wintergreen tablets, electric-rings, magnetic watch charms, red flannel bandages—white flannel is considered of no efficacy—goats' milk, calisaya, horse-hair poultices, raw onions carried in coat pockets, and ice-cream soda.

These are only a few of the best-known remedies, and do not include several which owe their fame to combinations of sundry ingredients. One old-fashioned cure is made up of a pint of old ale and a small measure of grated horseradish put in a jar or demijohn and allowed to stand over night, after which a glass is drunk before each meal.

In favor of many of the established whimsical rheumatism remedies, it is to be said that they are usually palatable, can be bought cheaply, and are generally harmless, recalling in this particular the ease of the patient for whom rock-and-rye was prescribed, and who declared that it did him great benefit—even with the rock candy left out.

Rheumatism appears in so many forms, it afflicts so many persons, it is so readily connected with weather conditions, and the knowledge of its causes is so indefinite and on some points so much disputed that the procreation to give remedies for rheumatism is readily understood, though this fact does not moderate the general condition of acute sufferers from rheumatism that the remedies so freely offered them constitute an aggravation of the disease.

Classified.

Foreman—Where shall I put this item about the retirement of Alderman Soaker from public life? Editor—Put it under "Public Improvements."—Philadelphia Press.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

M. Santos-Dumont revels in needle-work, devoting much of his leisure hours to embroidery and tapestry-making.

The Austrian army has an active general who is 95 years old. This is Field Marshal Baron Schwartz-Meiller, who has been an officer 74 years and 50 years a general. He is one of five officers still alive who marched back from Lemberg to Naples.

The celebrated M. Arton, who was one of the central figures in the great Panama scandal, and who, it will be remembered, was arrested in London and extradited at the request of the French government, is now a rich man. Last year he made between \$200,000 and \$250,000 by speculating on the bourse.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, was building a house some time ago and hired an old-fashioned carpenter who claimed to know all about his trade. By way of testing him the senator said: "How would you make a Venetian blind?" The carpenter considered for half a minute and answered: "I guess the best way would be to punch him in the eye."

Senator Millard, of Nebraska, has very bushy and very black eyebrows. When he sits in a certain light the eyebrows shade his eyes to such an extent that it looks as if he had a pair of artistically blackened eyes. One morning recently the peculiarity was especially noticeable, and half a dozen senators started toward him to ask him whether he had been fighting.

Congressman Grosvenor used to be a good story teller, but of late does not show his old-time felicity. The other day he was relating an anecdote to some colleagues, but when he reached the climax he "did not get a hand," as they say on the vaudeville stage. The Ohio man explained the point of his joke, but, of course, it fell somewhat flat. One of his listeners said: "Grosvenor, you are going back. We used to see the point of your jokes on one application." "Yes," assented the congressman, "and now they have to be sent to a conference committee for interpretation."

Writing in the Independent on the subject of the subservency of the German press to government influence, Poulney Bigelow expresses this opinion of American newspapers: "It is not for us Americans to brag about our newspapers, and there are many owners of great dailies who would look more ornamental on the gallows than in the top of a tall editorial tower. But whatever faults our papers have from the standpoint of good taste or private morals, on the whole, they get at the facts and publish them without much regard as to whether it will please the government or not."

PASSING OF THE OLD WEST.

The Wilderness and Freedom of Border Days Succeeded by Order and Decorum.

The average southwesterner is acutely sensitive on one score, and that is his reputation for public order and decorum. He desires it to be thoroughly understood that the southwest is not wild, that whatever may have been the fame of the cattle and mining country of the past, the modern southwest is the pink of propriety. As a result of the determination prompted by this sensitiveness, says Roy Stannard Baker, in Century, the southwestern town, despite its diverse and often rough elements of population, departs itself fully as well as any town of the middle west. A celebrated cowboy or miner sometimes breaks loose and shoots, or a Mexican uses his knife, but without the old spirit of the game. Killing has grown distinctly unpopular. As for property rights, except in calves and horses, they were always safe, even to-day most of the region leaves its doors fearlessly unlocked. I was forcibly impressed with the passing of the old free west by the sight of a bad man named Red Jake, who was undergoing punishment in a little facemountain town. He had indulged in the old-fashioned sport of shooting up a saloon, a pastime once highly honored. He had been promptly overpowered and dragged—dragged, mind you—before a little, inoffensive justice of the peace of German descent, barber as well as judge. This eminently matter-of-fact and order-loving official dealt in no heroics, made no show of six-shooters. He set Red Jake to digging a tough meunit stump from the street in front of the official barbershop, and he kept him at it there in public view until the work was finished. It was really embarrassing to the expectant easterner to find this old hero and friend of the wild-western story in such sorry disgrace—and that with the evident approval of the entire community.

Gay Cats and Tramps.

The gay cat applies for a job where he hears men are wanted, he knows not for what. "Can you drive four?" asks the boss. It may be the hobo doesn't know whether it is four nails or four tent stakes he is to drive, but he confidently answers: "Sure thing!" Had a job driving four last month at— (any one of the 10,000 places he has been to, so he can answer questions if the boss is inclined to put them), and next morning, finding the "four" he is to drive are horses, he confidently approaches a fellow-employee with: "Say, Bud! show me how to put the harness on the blamed plow, will you?" Asked if he knew how to make watches or dynamite cartridges he would doubtless say he did; he might fail at either, but he would not weakly deny himself an opportunity to try. This is not true of all, but it is a distinctive trait, born of necessity in men that seek employment in many and various fields.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.