

PRESIDENT OF OLDEST COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Miss Mary Woolley, the president of Mount Holyoke, the oldest college for women in America, made the astonishing statement at the opening of that institution in September that she did not believe in girls working their way through college.



Woolley's stand is at such direct variance with the glowing stories published in the many women's magazines that she was requested to give her reasons for thus disagreeing with the optimistic views on the question.

"Snobbishness is not at the root of my attitude, which, by the way, is being taken by the majority of the women's colleges, but a conviction that no girl can well serve two masters—her college and her pocketbook.

"Before I go into my reasons for taking so firm a stand on this question, let me tell you something of the place that Mount Holyoke holds in the college world. Then you can see why my stand seems so radical.

"We are celebrating our seventy-fifth anniversary this week, and we find that the high cost of living, of which the world in general complains, is affecting all departments of our college life.

"There are more opportunities, you say, for the girl to make money. Yes, but alas, there are more girls for those opportunities. When opportunity knocks on the door today there are frequently twenty eager girls rushing to open it.

"I have several specific reasons for my attitude on the work question. One is the small amount that a girl is paid for her labor—15 cents an hour or less!

"The spotted calf you admired so much the last time you was at home is now quite a cow and I think of you every time I look at her. She gives more milk than any other young cow we ever had and she is going to be a fine butter maker.

"Back of this 'work' question is the question of what a college education means. If it means just book knowledge, the memorizing of facts and the solving of scientific and mathematical problems, then a girl might work and still keep up with her classes, without injury to herself.

"But college means so much more; it means culture in the best sense of the word. A broadening outlook on life, a quickening of the senses. It means social pleasures and the formation of friendship.

"We never help poor students. We give scholarships to girls that prove their ability and who give promise of being a credit to their alma mater. These scholarships range from fifty to one hundred dollars and only reduce the cost of the tuition, not the board."

PLAIN MRS. MANDER "PROGRESSIVE PRINCESS"

A dispatch from Calcutta says that Princess Pretiva, daughter of the rich maharajah of Cooh Behar, was married in that city to Lord Mander.



The bride and bridegroom were Indian couples at the wedding. The maharajah, Lady Hardinge and Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the ceremony.

The princess, although born in India and typically Oriental in appearance, is essentially Occidental in her habits of thought. She has spent much of her time in London, where she occupied a prominent position in Anglo-Indian society, and has lived on the continent.

The princess possesses one of the finest collections of pearls in the world, but her taste in dress and adornment is remarkable for its simplicity.

She is extremely modern and progressive. While excelling in all domestic accomplishments, she is extremely fond of outdoor sports.

THE NEWS FROM HOME

DOES ANY MAN OUTLIVE THE PLEASURE IT GIVES HIM?

Homely Message Makes an Appeal to the Most Imaginative of Us, Though We May Have Wandered Far.

No matter how highly cultivated your taste in literature may be nor how exalted the position in life to which you have attained, the letter from home, with its bits of "news" written by mother, makes an appeal to you that no other written or printed words can make.

"I have been frying doughnuts this morning and I wish that you were here to get some of them.

"We butchered yesterday, but did not kill the six or seven big hogs we used to kill when your children were all at home. We killed only one yesterday and he weighed 298 pounds dressed.

"I made up my mince-meat for Thanksgiving last week, and hope you will be here to get one of my turnovers that you used to like so well.

"Lucina Green, one of your first sweethearts, has a new pair of twin boys. With eight already, and her husband poor as Job's turkey, some think they didn't really need the twins.

"Your father got his barrel of cider home from the mill yesterday. He thinks it the best he has ever had. It seems uncommon clear and sweet.

"Cy Slinm, who used to go to school with you, has parted from his wife. They call it that one is about as much to blame as the other.

"While Alfred G. Vanderbilt has now become one of America's real wealthy citizens, it is not generally believed that it will have any special or direct effect upon American finance so far as active commerce is concerned.

"Bed Tansy, who is just three days and four hours older than you, fell from the loft of his barn the other day and broke two of his right ribs. They say that his language was awful, and there is some talk of having him brought before the church for some things he said.

"Clem Long has a fine new buggy and a high-stepping little nag to go with it. All the girls are disposed to go with it.

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Senses of Plants.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster, and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down one upon the other by means of central hinges.

Children Natural Born Liars.

In a sermon on the vigilance of parents, at the Catholic Church of the Assumption in Cranberry street, Rev. William J. Donaldson, the rector, said among other things that parents were too prone to believe that their children could tell only the truth, and were incapable of telling a falsehood.

"Please don't believe," he told the many parents of his congregation, "of the tales of ill-treatment your little folks bring home from school. Doubtless each one of you think that your own particular youngster is a marvel of innocence, a little George Washington whose statements must be true, and straightway you shower criticism or very hard working, patient teachers who try to correct him. I deplore the tendency of parents to give credence to all a child may say, when as a matter of fact, little children are natural born liars."—Brooklyn Eagle.

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT AMONG MOST WEALTHY

Alfred G. Vanderbilt's thirty-fifth birthday was celebrated on October 20. This fact, of more or less general interest, was very significant to Mr. Vanderbilt himself, because this was the day on which, according to his father's will, he came into full possession of the vast fortune which was left to him. That is to say, \$25,000,000. This, in addition to the \$25,000,000 he received on attaining his thirtieth year, put Mr. Vanderbilt in the ranks of the super-dreadnaughts of American finance.



While the sum of Mr. Vanderbilt's fortune is set down at \$50,000,000, it is believed by those who have made a study of America's great private fortunes that the holdings of young Mr. Vanderbilt will exceed that amount by several million dollars.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt is now the master of the wealth left by his father for the reason that his elder brother, Cornelius, lost favor with his father a few years before the latter's death. Had this not occurred the great fortune would now be divided equally between the two brothers.

The breach between Cornelius Vanderbilt and his father was never healed, although members of the family and close friends did all in their power to dissipate the elder Vanderbilt's anger against his son.

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Of late years Mr. Vanderbilt has spent most of his time abroad. He favors Europe as a playground more than he does his native country.

His passion for coaching found an outlet a few years ago when he established the old coach line between London and Brighton, and he soon became a very familiar figure in the English metropolis sitting in the box of his coach speeding with his fashionable passengers on the way to Brighton.

As president of the New York Horse show, Mr. Vanderbilt takes rank as the foremost society horseman in America, and in the circle of those who go in for such things, he enjoys great popularity.

While his social position and wealth gives him a place in the inner temple of society, he has never shown a great taste for the conventional functions of Fifth avenue and Newport nor London's West End.

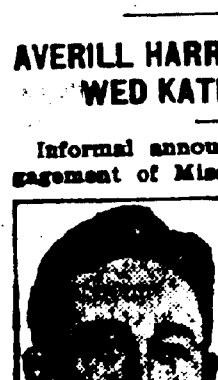
However, society has always watched his movements with keen interest, and it is not oversteering the case to say that he has given society many a piquant theme for drawing room discussion.

Mr. Vanderbilt has been married twice. His present wife was the divorced wife of Dr. Smith Hollins McKim of Baltimore. She is the daughter of Capt. Isaac E. Emerson of Baltimore and Mrs. C. Haseltine Beecher.

The present Mrs. Vanderbilt obtained a divorce from Dr. McKim at Reno, Nev. in 1910, and was married to Mr. Vanderbilt in England the following year. The romance of Mr. Vanderbilt and the beautiful Mrs. McKim is said to date from 1908.

AVERILL HARRIMAN TO WED KATHERINE BRITTON

Informal announcement of the engagement of Miss Katherine Britton Averill Harriman has been made. Miss Britton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Britton of Washington, D. C., and young Harriman is the son of the late H. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate.



Miss Britton won fame in the social circles at the national capital last winter by appearing at a dance with a golden serpent twisted about her corsage.

As a devotee of aviation she has also gained some note, having made several flights on the speedway with famous aviators. Harriman is twenty years old. He has had practical training in railroad work.

DIDN'T KNOW PASTOR

Divine Even at First Mistaken for Visiting Drummer.

Voice and Face Familiar, but Other Characteristics Were Lost to the Memory of Regular Sunday Attendant.

Being a devout member of the First Presbyterian church, Yonkers, Captain and former Supervisor William Welsh is not only a regular attendant at Sunday services, but there he has a pew. This pew he has occupied with his wife. When the Rev. Dr. Stevenson was installed as pastor he listened eagerly to his sermons. This continued for six months, but the captain had not spoken to or shaken hands with the minister.

One morning a tall man of good presence entered Captain Welsh's store, where he was selling window shades. Waiting until Welsh was disengaged, the visitor approached him with a smile and outstretched hand. He was cordially received, but there was no sign of recognition on the part of the merchant, who had won his title in the Civil war.

"You don't seem to remember me, captain," the caller remarked.

The captain shook his head. "I can't say that I do, stranger," he replied. "You see, a great many drummers come in here to sell goods, and I don't remember all their faces."

"But, captain, you see me often. In fact, we are face to face at least once in every seven days, I should say. You must recall me now."

Again the veteran gazed long and earnestly at the face of the man. Once more the captain shook his head. "Your voice and your face are familiar," he said, "but I don't seem able to place you in my mind."

The captain called his partner, former Mayor James M. Weller. "Do you remember this man, James?" was the captain's query.

Weller, who also goes to the First Presbyterian church occasionally, said, "No, I don't believe that I've seen him before in my life."

"I'm afraid, sir," the captain observed, "you will have to introduce yourself and let us know what line of goods you are carrying."

"My line," the caller explained, "is straight gospel goods, delivered every Sunday from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church. I am the Rev. William P. Stevenson—your pastor."

Welsh and Weller were astonished. They never had seen the clergyman except in clerical garb.

Welsh was the first to speak. "That beats all," he said, "and I guess it's my turn to treat. Come, doctor, have some window shades on me."

Had to Deliver Message.

They're a queer bunch on Wall street. Always running, always breathless, always in a hurry—and always willing to pass two hours and three-quarters watching a stray cat have a fit with every circumstance of ostentatious publicity. The other day a hatless, catless, breathless man dashed out of the entrance to one of the latest buildings, overturning an innocent squad of crap shooting messengers as he did so.

"Any one—see—see—tall man—black beard—white hat—go out!" he gasped.

All the messengers had seen him. They had noticed which direction he had taken.

"Hur-hurry," panted the excited man. "Stop him! Don't let him get away!"

The boys boiled toward the corner the tall man had turned. They had visions of a reward or glory accruing to them for catching a defaulter or counterfeiter or bomb thrower or something. Several thousand people, deeply immersed in their own affairs, turned and pounded heavily after the fleet of messengers. The boys trod the tall man at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets. The excited man who had started it all pushed his way with difficulty through the throng. He found the tall man with the black beard and the white hat assuming a defensive attitude. Several thousand persons cast their ears forward in an effort to hear all about it.

"I say, Jimmy," said the panting man, "don't forget to bring out Mary's pickle forks to-night!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Woman May Be Legislator.

Quite a hubbub surrounds the question of whether Frau Beatrix Kunetzky, the young Czech writer, should be allowed to take a seat in the Bohemian diet, according to the wish of the voters of Jungbunzlau. It is up to the governor of Bohemia to decide, for though there is no specific prohibition of woman legislators in the electoral laws, no woman has ever been elected before, and the opponents of woman in politics are straining the meaning of certain words to make them apply to election. But the governor is a cautious man, and his present idea is to let the diet decide as to the admission of Frau Kunetzky at an early sitting.

The Difference.

A couple who were at times subject to fits of incompatibility were seated before the fire between rounds. A cat and a dog also shared the warmth of the blaze.

Wife—See that dog and cat. They never fight and scratch like we do.

Husband—Tie them together and see what will happen.—Judge.

TYPHOID PREVENTIVE IMPROVED

Remarkable results are being obtained by the use of the new typhoid fever preventive, "typhoid prophylactic," according to Brigadier General Robert H. Evans, U. S. A., chief of the division of militia affairs. The unpleasant after effects of the old-fashioned vaccination are no longer painless ones, and out of 40,000 soldiers of the regular army that have taken the treatment the only after effects have been an occasional headache, lasting a few hours, and once or twice a slight fever has resulted, but has disappeared within an hour or two.

In the army and navy the treatment now is compulsory, and the medical corps of the army has had extra proof of the efficacy of the treatment.

The prophylactic treatment is not compulsory in the national guard, but it is administered to the members who may desire it. Brigadier General Evans says that about one-third of the members of the national guard of the District of Columbia, both officers and men, are voluntarily taking the treatment. He has a notion that it would be a good thing for the militiamen of other states.

OLD SOL IN BAD.

"Excessive sunlight may be responsible for American nervousness, as sunlight is a nerve stimulant," said Dr. Gardner C. Basset of the psychological department of Johns Hopkins in a lecture at the exhibition of hygiene and demography.

"But," he added, "how sunlight affects mental activity is still a subject for investigation."

Mental work, according to Dr. Basset, can be done more effectively when one is lying down. "The vertical posture is better for muscular work, the horizontal for mental," he said. "In thinking many people prefer a semi-reclining posture, as in a Morris chair with the feet elevated."

Mouth breathing, Dr. Basset asserted, affects a person's memory injuriously. The mouth breather is also slower and less accurate in adding figures than is the nose breather.

"Don't allow your child to become too solemn," said Dr. Basset. "Undue seriousness is likely to result in aplastic insanity."

"The normal person," he added a moment later, "is seldom awake in every part. We sleep in sections. Remember that inattention represents the rest of the nervous system."

UNIQUE RAILROAD SYSTEM.

The United States senate is building its own railroad system. Work was started on the project the other day, and when the solons who hold forth in the upper branch of congress come back to resume their duties in December they will be able to ride right from their offices in the senate office building to the capitol, where elevators will whisk them to whatever floor they wish to go.

A monorail system is being installed in the tunnel leading from the office building to the capitol, and will be a double-tracked, sure-enough rapid-transit line about 500 feet in length.

The cars will be operated by electricity, but owing to restrictions of space they will not be of Pullman proportions, and it is possible that senators who are competent in girl may find it convenient to walk.

HIS CONSCIENCE RELIEVED.

After giving personal attention to the letter of a Decorah (Iowa) man who desired to ease his mind by paying the United States two cents, Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh the other day removed the minimum limit of five cents on "conscience fund" contributions. The letter read:

"Onkel Sam, United States Treasury. Hereby I sent 2 cents which I owe by mistake. I was sending a little article with mail and put a slip of writing in with after sum time I thought I did not do right and regret, so excuse me."

PREMIUMS FOR INVENTIVE EMPLOYEES.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has created a commission to consider the merits of mechanical and labor-saving devices invented by postal employees and submitted by them for use in the postal service. On the recommendation of Mr. Hitchcock, congress recently appropriated \$10,000 to be paid in his discretion as rewards to postal employees whose inventions may be adopted.

Where Women Vote.

"Women vote in your state, don't they?"

"Yes."

"How does it work out?"

"First rate. My wife controls twenty-two votes."

"Twenty-two?"

"Yes. She can influence the twenty-one women of her whist club to vote just as she pleases."

"You said she controlled twenty-two votes. Where does she get the twenty-second?"

"From me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Serial Story.

Assum—Do you remember the night I had to take you home from the club in a cab and—

Nagget—Yes, indeed.

Assum—I don't suppose you have heard the last of it yet?

Nagget—No, my wife's still living.

Exchange.

CAPTURED IN MID-AIR

Here Is a Fish Story That Has the Real Flavor.

Bird on the Wing Rewarded Efforts of Club Commodore, Whose Veracity May Not Be Called in Question.

Sitting on the float of the Palisade Boat club in Yonkers, several members and friends were relating vacation adventures of this season. Fish, snakes and other reptiles had been favored with their innings. Bear, deer, birds, canoe upsets and rescues from drowning also had received voracious attention, when former Commodore William J. Lord of the Yonkers Yacht club moved his chair to the edge of the group.

"Friends and fellow citizens," said he, "I don't expect any of you to tell, but it doesn't make much difference to me, for the narrative is true. Most of you know," the former commodore went on, "that I put in three weeks at Watkins Glen, on Seneca lake. One evening, shortly after sunset, I took a polo and line and went down to the water. The hook was baited with a salmon fly, and I thought some kind of fish would strike at it. I was disappointed. After making probably 100 or more casts at different points in the lake, I was getting discouraged. Just as I had resolved to go back to the hotel, I made another cast. I watched to see and hear the faint splash in the water. It did not come. The fly did not touch the lake. And not a tree or other obstacle for it to strike was within 500 yards. I was amazed.

"Suddenly the line straightened. Next came a series of jerks, short and long pulls. The line sawed up and down and from side to side. I had a bite in mid-air. But no fish of my experience ever behaved in this fashion after taking a hook. For possibly two minutes the tugging continued, when the pole was twitched out of my hands and I saw it go sailing inland at a height of perhaps 30 feet. I followed the fishing tackle. Soon it caught in a clump of bushes and there the outfit remained. Seizing the pole at the butt, I began to wind up the line on the reel. Nothing else moved for some seconds, but when it became taut there was a commotion among the leaves. Then I found that I had safely secured my catch. My prisoner was a cheloptor of good size. The fishline was twisted about a twig and held the captive fast. And there it was hanging. It had swallowed the fly and also the hook, which it had mistaken for the real thing while in the air."

"Commodore," said a young lady, breaking the abysmal silence of the listening group, "what is a cheloptor?"

"A cheloptor," the commodore replied, "is a bat—a bat that eats insects."

Improved Outfit for Diver.

When clothed in the ordinary diver's suit topped with the heavy brass helmet a diver is helpless. The air that is pumped down to him fills not only the helmet, but the entire suit, puffing it out to such an extent that heavy weights are required to keep the man down. The work that he can do is limited. One of the annoyances that he has to endure is the fact that he cannot reach inside of his suit to ease any discomfort. A diver once discovered a June bug in his helmet when he was down under water and he was obliged to endure all the torture of having the insect crawl over his face without any possible means of reaching it to destroy it or even brush it away. Recently, however, a French inventor devised a diver's outfit which dispenses with everything but an abbreviated form of helmet. Air is pumped to the diver in the usual way, through a pipe which is attached to his helmet at the back of the neck.

Two Ways.

A hunter of the old school, who lives among the foothills of the Alleghenies, was teased into making a wager of \$10 that his antiquated gun would shoot a bullet through a railroad cross-tie. The old hunter was confident of winning, as he had tested his gun on cross-ties, hickory, oak and even ironwood.

The bet was to be decided in the lumber yard back of the depot. The old hunter arrived at that place in advance of the others. He arranged several of the thickest cross-ties for the test by standing them against piles of lumber with their flat sides forward. Imagine his astonishment when the man with whom he had made the bet upon arriving, exclaimed:

"Flawless! Are you daffy, man? Turn them endways!"

The hunter of the old school lost.

Pistol as Aid to Teaching.

As the result of an accident it has been discovered that the schoolmaster of the village of Burglen, Canton of Thurgovia, Switzerland, has been employing a pistol as an aid to teaching in class and pointing the instrument at any refractory pupil with it appears successful results.

"During the absence of the master the boys took the pistol from the desk, and a boy in play fired at a comrade, who fell with a bullet through his shoulder. An inquiry has been opened by the local authorities and the schoolmaster suspended pending the result.