

The Woman Militant

By Henrietta Crossman

It has been my experience that in this world people get just what they fight for. Persuasion and argument are the weapons of diplomacy, and a struggle for suffrage doesn't come under that head. The party in power is never willing to share its rule till forced to do so. This has been the history of the world.

The American people tried persuasion and argument to rid themselves of taxation without representation, but they finally had to resort to arms to gain their freedom. It is probably the same voice that now cries "Unwomanly" that shouted "Treason!" at Patrick Henry.

Did any of the women who encouraged their husbands and suffered their hardships in that straggle lose any of their womanliness because they urged their men to fight for their liberty and were ready to fight themselves if necessary?

Did Barbara Frietole lose her womanliness when she waved the American flag and dared them to shoot "this old gray head"?

Did the women of that war, and especially of their charm because they were willing and anxious to share the lot and privations of the men who fought?

Does the Red Cross nurse on the battlefield lose her womanliness because she associates with hardened men? Isn't it true that she softens those about her and spreads her gentleness everywhere?

My own grandmother sent her husband and her three sons to the War of the Rebellion, and said she was sorry she hadn't more to send. Did she lose any of her womanliness because she advocated force of arms?

Men will grant suffrage to women when women can demand it. When men see that women are just as determined in the matter of suffrage as were those who engaged in the Boston tea party, when they realize that something serious will result if the demand is not heard, then they will consider it seriously.

Pioneers have ever borne the hardships and cruelties of this world, often the ridicule. But what men ridiculed yesterday they accept today as fact, and it seems strange to them that it was not always so. So it will be with suffrage. When it is granted to women, and it will be some day, then woman, instead of losing her womanliness for which we worship her, will radiate her gentleness throughout politics. Party lines will be broken, machines will be wrecked and the political wrongdoer will flee, because the home will be in politics.

Advocates of radical changes are always "strident and violent." It may take some years even after suffrage is granted before real woman comes to the polls. But she will come, and when she does the political heater will disappear, the boss will be no more and clean politics will have a chance, because millions of clean voters, whose homes are their castles, will radiate some of their gentleness and womanliness to the hardest of men and bring out the good that is in them and make them ashamed.—San Francisco Examiner.

Traits That Poison

By Winifred Elack

A RICH woman died the other day and left a will. In the will the rich woman left to one of her daughters a grave in a forsaken lot outside the family plot in the old-fashioned family cemetery. Poor thing; poor, twisted, disordered, embittered mind—this world wasn't big enough for her to finish her quarrels in.

She wasn't satisfied with clouding her life with anger and bitterness, so she took her heartaches and her disappointments and her cruel anger down into the very grave with her.

Poor creature, how hard it must have been for her to realize that she couldn't see her daughter's distress and humiliation when that will was read. What is she going to find in the next world, that poor, distorted soul; where can she go to find happiness?

Why, the very harps of the angelic choir itself would make a discord for her if she couldn't twist the music into some kind of a taunt. A great hate is the most terrible disease that can fasten itself upon a human being.

I'd rather be a victim to the white plague any day than to nourish in my heart a consuming enmity.

I have seen a man lie down and die when there was nothing the matter with him but bitter envy.

Once I knew a woman who hated her sister, and her sister's husband found a gold mine, and they were very rich, and the day that the woman I know heard the news she turned as yellow as saffron, and in one week she was dead—poisoned with her own evil hatred.

Beware of the man who turns green when you tell him of a friend's success.

He is poisoned—and he is very dangerous.

Beware of the woman who gives a twisted smile at the news of some other woman's happiness.

She is inoculated with the dreadful germ of envy.

If I had a child who was jealous, and envious, I would drop everything else in the world and devote my time and every energy of my being to the task of killing those dreadful traits—just as I would devote my life to curing him of some terrible physical disease.

Hate, envy, bitterness—there's no room for them in this world.

Shut them out of your heart. They are as dangerous as prussic acid, and as terrible as the dreadful drink of carbolic that has killed so many suffering wretches.—New York American.

Faith In Fellow Men First

By President Hadley, of Yale

I N order to accomplish anything great a man must have two sides to his goodness, a personal side and a social side. He must be upright himself, and he must believe in the good intentions and possibilities of others about him.

We recognize the first of these things. We know that the leader must have principles of his own; that he must stand for something definite, which he is prepared to maintain through evil report and good report. We do not, I think, recognize the second of these things to an equal degree. We do not appreciate how necessary it is for a man to believe in those about him just as far as he can and co-operate with them just as fully as he can. Yet this also is a condition of leadership. No matter how high the ideals for which we stand, we cannot expect others to follow us unless we have confidence in them. We cannot expect devotion if we return it with distrust. We cannot expect co-operation unless we are prepared to give freely of our confidence.

The man who lacks faith in other men loses his best chances to work, and gradually undermines his own power and his own character. . . . If a man sits out some occurrence of my life, came to me with a distorted account, and then said that it was typical of my whole career and conduct I should rather leave the house; and so would you under similar circumstances. If we were equally ready to do the same thing in behalf of our friends when charges or insinuations are made behind their backs, modern society would be healthier and more efficient than it is at present. By the ready acceptance of these reports we harm ourselves no less than our friends. We do not realize to what extent others judge us by our beliefs. But we are in fact judged in that way, and it is right that we should be judged in that way.

The man who is cynical, whether about women, or business, or politics, is assumed—and in nineteen cases out of twenty with full justice—to be immoral in his relations to women or business or politics. The man who has faith in the integrity of others in the face of irresponsible accusations is assumed—and in nineteen cases out of twenty justly assumed—to have the confidence in others' goodness because he is a good man himself. This is why people will follow the optimist even though he is sometimes wrong, and shun the pessimist, even though he is sometimes right.

FLY-TIME.



—Cartoon by Triggs, in the New York Press.

THIS SIGHT OF SEVEN AIRSHIPS AT RHEIMS.

One swallow does not make a summer, but when seven big man-bats have been sighted at once circling over a single field—as at Rheims—it means that men have really begun to fly. It means unimaginable changes in the economies of life. It means the opening of a new era in mechanics, comparable to the era that began with the locomotive. People who take an extravagant pride in their understatements are busy telling us that nothing much has happened lately in the air. But in the face of the swift changes in the world of machinery during the last twenty years, such conservatism amounts to fatuous credulity.

THE AIR HAS BEEN CONQUERED.

That the Aeroplane has Passed the Experimental Stage was Impressed Upon the Spectators During Aviation Week at Rheims as They Saw the Human Birds Preening Their Great Wings and Soaring Like Eagles.

Rheims, France.—The worldwide interest in the doings of the aviators at Rheims increased as each day saw some record broken, some new feat accomplished.

No one can read the story of the performances and retain any lingering doubt that the conquest of the air has been achieved and that it now only remains to further develop and perfect the aeroplanes.

The popular impression that ascents were practicable only in very calm weather will be dispelled by the performances in a wind blowing twenty odd miles an hour and with strong eddies. M. Paulhan's flight of nearly nineteen miles, part of it at the great height of nearly 600 feet, and in the course of which he overtook and passed a railway train, gave the assemblage a magnificent spectacle, and it is not surprising to read of the boundless enthusiasm he excited.

In view of the high wind there might have been no racing but for a visit from the President of the Republic, accompanied by members of the Cabinet and distinguished officers of the French and British armies. That flights were successfully and safely made in the circumstances not only demonstrates the practicable stage that aviation has reached, but seems to prove also the superiority of the biplane in the matter of stability over the monoplane. At any rate the latter type of machine did not figure in the records.

The speed record made by Mr. Curtiss, the American aviator, was broken by M. Latham, who covered the six and one-fifth miles in eight minutes, four and two-fifths seconds, beating by twenty-seven seconds the time made by Mr. Curtiss.

There are two visitors at Rheims of whom little is heard, but who are among the most interested of spectators. They are the naval and military attaches from Paris, and it is safe to assume that they will obtain many "wrinkles" that will prove valuable in adapting the aeroplane to military use on sea and land. The "aviation week" at Rheims is a wonderful event, and will give a tremendous impetus to invention and experiment in the new-born but already practicable art of aerial navigation.

Experts are astonished to find how widely diffused is the interest in the art and sport of aviation and in the number of persons already proficient in it. Mr. Curtiss says:

"I never realized that there are so many good aviators. This meeting will help the aeronautic movement enormously by bringing to the attention of the public the progress that has been made in flying. Our object in coming here was to win the Coupe Internationale. We had no idea of doing any business, yet every day we have inquiries from persons anxious to purchase aeroplanes."

Object Lesson For Visiting Congressmen in San Francisco Bay. San Francisco, Cal.—The condition of the merchant marine in the Pacific Ocean was illustrated for the benefit of the Congressional party en route to Hawaii when the twenty-three Representatives made a tour of San Francisco Bay, where scores of idle vessels lay at anchor. California Congressmen and officers of civic organizations impressed upon the visitors the necessity for action if any portion of the trans-Pacific traffic was to be preserved. Experiments With Gas Give Promise of Smokeless Warship. Washington, D. C.—As a result of investigations recently made in Wisconsin and Indiana, officials of the Navy Department are convinced that the time is not far distant when the American battleship fleet will be propelled through the water by means of gas engines. If the expectations of the experts are realized it will mean an increase in the fighting efficiency of the modern man-of-war and a great saving to the Government for the maintenance of its fleet.

For the Children

THE LOST HOUSE.
I had a house—my very own—
Not made of wood or brick or stone,
But it was built of crystal bright,
With roof and towers, one frosty night,
And round it was a garden, too,
Where trees and plants and flowers grew.
And there were birds with silver wings,
And oh, so many pretty things,
I meant to quit my books and play,
To look at them the livelong day!
I woke and saw it all so plain,
And then I fell asleep again.
And while I slept till broad daylight
Somebody stole my house outright!
Do you know who? 'Tis my belief
The Sun was just that cruel thief,
For when I tried my house to find,
I caught him staring through the blind.
—Zitella Cooke, in Youth's Companion.

but their consarned perversity is what upsets the whole thing. Trained pigs are rare and they are always in demand, but they certainly cause a lot of trouble. A few years ago the first trained pig to appear on the stage earned for his trainer a salary of \$450 a week. "No, they never care much for me—I don't think a pig is capable of real affection. He is smart, though. Take a puppy six weeks old and a pig of the same age and a pig will learn a trick in half the time required by the puppy. But a pig is contrary. He finds out what you want him to do, and he goes ahead and does just the opposite, and seems to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. They cannot be forced into doing a thing, and to whip one would ruin him for training. Put patiently going over and over a thing is the only way. Pigs will stand only about ten minutes' training at one time." Just as Mr. Keslake was about to tell us the relative merits of the razorback and the common pigs the clown with the trained goose that causes so much laughter in the arena came along and caught our attention with a goose lore. "A goose is absolutely the most intelligent of the feathered tribe, and the most affectionate," he declared enthusiastically. "This is the most affectionate goose you ever saw. He follows me everywhere and is actually lonely when I leave him." "Chickens and ducks and turkeys never show affection. I used to have a trained duck march around the ring, and that seemed to go all right with the people. Then I had a hen; but I like a goose best—there's more comedy in 'em. It takes about a week to teach a hen—what? No, just a black or red or any kind of a hen—to march around after me. A duck will learn to go around in about three days, and a goose will get used to the noise and lights and people in less than two days, and he never forgets what he has learned."—Harriet Quimby, in Leslie's Weekly.

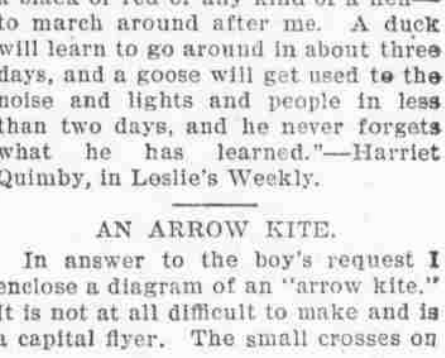
COULD FEEL THE NOISE.
The cat was sitting by the fire one day, purring as loud as ever she could, and Tommy was stroking her glossy fur. "O mamma," he cried, "has pussy got a washboard in her throat?" "Why, what whatever makes you think so?" "Well, what is it I can feel the noise rub over?" —Christian Register.

TWO TELEGRAPHERS.
I am going to tell you about a telegraph line that my friend and I put up. We had been interested in electricity for a long time and wanted a telegraph connection between our houses. Each of us had an instrument and battery, so all that we needed was to learn the telegraph alphabet. We spent many pleasant evenings together learning it. The next thing to be done was to put up the wire. At first it would not work, so we took it down and found the trouble and then put it up again. This time it worked perfectly, and now we can talk to each other from inside our own houses.—Raymond Ulrich, in the New York Tribune.

THE TURTLE'S CUNNING.
Although not credited with any high degree of intelligence, says the London Globe, the turtle when about to deposit its eggs exhibits considerable cunning. It scoops out a hole as if to prepare a repository for its eggs, but in order to delude birds and other enemies the turtle throws the sand again into the hole, leaving the surface rough, and waddles off to another spot, where it repeats the process. Sometimes this is done three times, and eventually the eggs are laid in an excavation within a few yards of the sham nest, the surface being smoothed and flattened down. When hunting for the eggs the Queensland blacks probe the sand in the vicinity of one of the sham nests and are usually successful.

AN ARROW KITE.
In answer to the boy's request I enclose a diagram of an "arrow kite." It is not at all difficult to make and is a capital flyer. The small crosses on

DON'TS FOR CHILDREN.
Don't be a fault-finder. If things do not always go to please you, make the best of them as they are.
Don't be a tale-bearer. Never run to your mother or anyone else with a mean story of your brothers or sisters, or your little companions.
Don't be a trouble-maker. Be gentle and kind and loving and your friends will be glad to play with you.
Don't quarrel. Of all things, it is most unpleasant to have peace and quiet rent by angry, high-pitched voices.
Don't be a gossip. Try not even to listen to stories about other people, and never, never repeat them.
Don't fuss. No matter whether there is hot weather or rainy weather, or cold weather, try to be satisfied and contented. Remember that no amount of wishing or wallowing will change the weather.—Newark Call.



IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.
Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.
Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.
Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.
Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.
Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Home Herald.

WHERE KINDNESS WON.
Dick was a very little donkey to have such a will of his own. You wouldn't have thought, unless you knew donkeys, that this small, brown animal with the bright eyes and long ears could be so stubborn, says the Sunbeam. He stood there in the road and refused to go one step farther; neither would he turn his head toward home.
"O dear! What a bad donkey!" exclaimed little Bertie in despair. "How shall we ever be able to make him move?"
Her brother Lloyd, with the confidence of eight years, ran to the side of the road and brought back a short stick, with which he industriously switched the obstinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey bore it better than he did, and he soon stopped, breathless.
After a moment's thought Bertie, as a last resort, drew an apple from a basket in the little cart, and held it up in front of Dick's nose. For a single instant he sniffed at the rosy fruit, then moved forward obediently and took it in his mouth.
"All aboard!" cried Lloyd, and he and his sister clambered upon the seat.
And if you will believe it, whether he had forgotten his late ill temper, or because the kindness of his good little mistress had conquered him, Dick set off at a lively pace, still munching the apple, and they had no more trouble with him during the remainder of the drive.—Home Herald.

PIG AND GOOSE TRAINING.
At 10.30 o'clock the band of fifty pieces began to boom out a rehearsal of popular selections, and the arena under the big tent took on a livelier air with the different trainers putting their animals through their paces. The circus is always more or less in rehearsal, and therein lies the safety of the performers when the spectacular and daring acts are accomplished before audiences. So intent were we upon the school that we did not see the first lap of the "thoroughbred" pigs dashing around the arena with all the flourish of a tally-ho sextet, but we caught them on the second, and induced their driver and trainer to tell us some of the secrets of pig training.
"Just keep at it, is the only secret I know," he said. "Patience and then more patience is what is most needed. Pigs learn readily enough,

the centre stick—L, M, N, O—show where the string for flying is to be attached. One very heavy tail will be required which may be fastened at the point marked by the cross—A—in the diagram. If the kite is made a large size three tails can be used as marked in the plan.—R. M. Field, Maine, in The Epitomist.

They All Laugh.
Mayor Smith, of Nashua, who adopted the suggestion of Colonel Dearborn, of the State Moth Commission, and ordered all the city's street lights put out in the hope that the brown-tail moth would be attracted toward the moon, is now being entertained by a chorus of merry ha-has that will soon extend from Maine to the Pacific.—Boston Globe.

A Word to Automobilists.
Let it not be forgotten by any thoughtless people that the right to exist still remains to the less fortunate.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.