Sightedness.

The enterprising optician has come
to the rescue of stage folk who are atficied with near-sightedness. Glasses
detect with tiny lenses are now made

to the rescue of stage folk who are atficited with near-sightedness. Glasses
is red with tiny lenses are now made
for use of the actor so afflicted, and
who, in deference to the character ha
lis portraying, may not wear the regulation eyegiass or spectacles.

These special glasses fit close to the

These special glasses fit close to the sychall and are hardly distinguishable from the front of the house, save when the footlights are at their highwal pitch of illumination. The nose piece or bridge, connecting the lenses is covered with a flesh-colored material, which aids the illusion, states the New York Press.

It is said that Richard Mansfield is freeponsible for the innovation of the acculistic boon. At any rate, he is gredited with being the first actor of mote to wear them. His example has been followed by others, and at present there are tew theatrical offerings in which there are not several pairs of the new glasses worn. The carelless observer of Harry Davenport in "It Happened in Nordland" will catch an occasional gleam of glassy reflection as the comedian circulates about the stage in his successful efforts to entertain.

Chorus and "show" girls are deharred from the privilege of wearing glasses. It is no uncommon thing for the visitor behind the scenes to see meveral members of the musical play mearing eyeglasses, but when the cue to given for appearance on the stage the glasses are dropped down in bodlices or placed in a convenient place to he picked up at the exit. In the blaze of light to which minor members of theatrical companies are subjected eveglasses would be an incongruity. And oftentimes the afflicted ones are get to great inconvenience. Deprived of their artificial source of vision, they are almost helpless and depend, to a starge extent, upon their coworkers for

### Mishap to Car Compels Mother of

Mishap to Car Compels Mother of Italy's King to Put Up with Humble Lodgings.

Queen Margherita, the queen mother of Italy, has done more to make herself known to the rural inhabitants of herson's kingdom in the three years that she has been motoring than in the twenty-two of her own reign, says the Pail Mail Gazette. She gets an immense amount of amusement out of impromptu visits to small towns, while the villagers go wild with enthusiasm. The other day she arrived in Cecina, a village of \$,000 people, near Pisa, and, a mishan occurring to the motor she stopped the might there at the inn.

Her majesty slept in an old-fashioned mour-poster, and found the water frozen in her room in the morning. Carpeta ahere were none, but good will in plenty. and when she appeared at breakfast she remarked to the delighted landlady who was serving, that the delicious odor of the lavender scented sheets was still with her. The narish priest had had a Affittle more warning, so that when the queen appeared in the church for moruang mass he was ready for her in freshly "starched vestments, while the faces of This acolytes were shining after a free application of soap and water. He was is a wisibly nervous, and almost dropped the collection plate when he saw that it conzained gold.

#### TRICK OF AN ELEPHANT.

Circus Animal Gives Cagemates a
Thorough and Unwelcome
Drenching.

A circus train was pulling out of Spokane. Wash, a few weeks ago, when suddenly the injector "broke" and persistently refused to take up water. After working with it a few minutes the engineer ordered an examination made of the tank; it was found nearly empty, although filled at the water crane but a short time before.

No explanation of this mystifying condition was apparent until water in numerous streams was seen running from the elephant car, next to the tender, and then the cause was found. Jumbo tad amused himself by reaching his trunk through the open end of his car into the manhole of the tender and sucking up the water, with which he had deluged the other animals in the

They looked like drowned rats, and, needless to say, had enjoyed the inmountary bath no more than the trainmen had the delay.

#### Could See Something Comic.

A waitress in a restaurant in a northgrn town is known to the members of the establishment for her ready wit. An occasional customer went in the other day for dinner. After receiving his oreler the waitress handed him a newspaper to while away the time that would miapse before dinner was served. He blooked up after a few minutes and said: "I say, miss, have you nothing comic to look at?"

"Well sir." replied the waitress with est a smile. "there's a lookingglass straight in front of you sir"—Comic. Cuts.

#### "Father" of the World's Press.

Kin pan, an official paper of China, is the oldest journal in the world, dating back to 911. It became a weekly in 1301, a daily in 1800, and is now a sci-daily. The regular issue is 8,000 copies. The morning edition is printed on yellow paper and is confined to trade interests; the noon issue is white and wholly official; while that at night is printed on black paper and its consents are miscellaneous.

#### FATHER HAS AN AWAKENING

Finds the Ways of To-Day Are Different from Those of Forty Years Ago.

Unlike the man who shirks all responsibility in shaping his son's career, there is occasionally one who causes just as much trouble by an overdose of parental interest. A case in point, says the Detroit Free Press, is of a successful business man, who made a large fortune in a well-established business, which he hoped his son would take up at the proper age.

In the meantime the son was sent to college, where he became much attached to the profession he had elected to study. But after his graduation the son, much against his inclination, was persuaded to enter his father's business. The each r man had worked up from a poor boy, and believed that young married people should exercise something like the rigid economy that had started his fortunes 40 years ago.

had started his fortunes 40 years ago.

The son married a young woman who knew nothing of work, and didn't want to learn, and they set up in a modest home with one servant. This was too much for the father, who remonstrated with them for their extravagance. He said that they were beginning wrong, and by way of teaching them to get along on a small amount of money, he reduced his son's salary to a sum that would not allow the luxury of a

servant.

The son said nothing, but not long after that the father found a note on his desk in which he said that he had accepted a position in his profession that would enable him to live the way he wished to, and that he had moved hag and baggage to a city in the east. The elder man realized that the methods of 40 years ago are not those of today. But it was too late.

#### AN EGG OF ANCIENT DATE.

Fossil Recently Discovered in Arizona by a Prospector Is Something Rare.

A romance of science has been the recent discovery of a fossil egg in the Gila river, in Arizona. A writer in the American Journal of Science says that a prospector, examining stones, came upon what seemed to be a water-worn pebble. four or five inches in diameter. He cracked off a fragment with his pick and discovered a fossil egg inside. The contents had been converted into a substance resembling asphalt, which confirms the theory that bitumen is derived from animal remains. The egg is as large as that of a duck or goose, and must have been laid hundreds of thousands of years ago. A bird of the size of a goose or cormorant must have laid it, and then it fell into the water, or into the soft coze of which limestone is formed, with sufficient force to become embedded, and thus protected. For rears the coze continued to be formed on top, and at last the whole became consolidated into limestone. Then the limestone was lifted from its watery bed, perhaps by volcanic action, and formed a portion of a mountain range. Through the agency of frost and rain. cold and sunshine, fragments of limestone were broken off, until at last the egg was reached, and the piece of stone containing it fell into the Gila river. It was rolled over and over among a multitude of other stones, until its angles: were rubbed off, and it became a waterworn pebble in a mountain stream.

#### FACTS ABOUT CORAL BEADS

The Genuine Are Full of Imperfections and Are Still High in Price.

"If you wish to buy coral beads," remarked the jewel enthusiast, according to the Philadelphia Record, "you must go to a reliable dealer. Why, even cellyioid may be so shaped and tinted that the average person would not know the difference. There's one way to tell, however, if the chain be cheap. In this case the very perfection of the beads will convince the would-be purchaser of their spuriousness. A string of small beads, at, say, \$8 or \$10, will be full of little imperfections, if they be real. The larger the head of real coral the more expensive. The old carved coral jewelry of long ago went out because it was imitated in celluloid till you couldn't tell the difference between pleces that cost three dollars and \$50. Just because the pretty beads in delicate pink are so expensive most persons fancy that branch coral chains, five feet in length, that sell at one dollar and less, are not real. But they are, and they are cheap because they are made of the tip ends of the coral branches, which are too small to be carved into anything at all. All along the Italian coast these chains are sold for a lire and a half (30 cents), Sorrento being the favored purchasing

#### Horses' Shoes Get Hot.

Popular Mechanics says that a horse shod with metal shoes should not be driven rapidly on an asphalt pavement. The heat produced is painful to the animal and may be injurious. It cites an instance where two men inasphalt. One of the horse cast a shoe and when the rider picked it up it blistered his hand and did not cool off for several minutes. At each step the horse slips a little and this constant friction of the metal shoe under weight upon the sand in the pavement generates a high degree of heat.

#### Breakers Ahead.

Johnny-Ma, what makes paw throw dirt in your face?

Mother-Why, you ridiculous child, what do you mean by such an absurd

"I don't care. I just heard him tell.
Mr Gayboy that he didn't have no trouble throwin' dust in jour eyes?"—Chicago Sun.

#### PLANTS GO INTO HYSTERICS

Harsh Treatment Causes Them to Act Like Highly Nervous Human Beings.

According to an expert in the botanic gardens at Washington, recent experiments there tend to confirm the theory that plants are possessed of herves and that some species are irritable and nervous to a marked degree.

The genus mimosa comprises about 200 species and most of these exhibit peculiarly irritable natures if touched or handled in the wrong way. The mimosa pudica, the botanical name for the most sensitive of all plants, is so highly organized that it is kept in a state of neurasthenia most of the time. A puff of wind, the tramping of he vy feet near it, or the rude touch of the hand will cause this plant literally to go into nervous hysterics. It appears that the exciting noise or commotion strikes the nerves of the plant and causes it to close up or droop its leaves. Hundreds of sensitive plants have been diagnosed in the botanic gardens and the observers of the plants have traced the nerve centers to their foundation.

In certain of the plants the ends of the nerves have been located. Thus, if mimosa pudica is touched with ever so fine a point at the case of a pinna or along its axis, the most remote pair of leaves will shiver and begin to close. Finally, when all the leaves have closed the pinna which has been touched will droup. The shock has been so great that the whole nervous system has been temporarily disarranged. However, like all nervous, irritable people, there is a point beyond which fright reacts and a control of the system begins to manifest itself. If the sensitive plant, is shaken for some time it recovers from its attack of neurasthenia and some of the leaves will begin to open again.

Finally, it is said that the most sensitive part of the plant is at the base of the secondary leaf stalks, where an immense number of nervous corpuscles or delicate tissues are located.

## HANGED AN UNKNOWN MAN One of the Most Curious Cases in the Annals of Montana

"The most dramatic incident I ever witnessed occurred in the county court-house in my town," said Judge F. H. Woody, a prominent lawyer of Missoula, Mont., according to the Washington

Criminals.

"A desperado, and perhaps a professional burgiar—though that was never proved—shot down two young residents of the town early in the morning of August 14, 1902, in cold blood. One of his victims died immediately; the other, a man named Paul Goldenbogen, was thought to be mortally wounded, and lay in his cot, at the hospital for weeks, momentarily expecting death, but finally got well. The murderer was arrested, but there was only slight circumstantial evidence against him, and it looked as though he might go free.

"Finally the prosecuting attorney saw that there was only one thing to do, and that was to bring in Goldenhogen and see if he could not identify the accused. So we brought the wounded man into the courthouse, attended by two doctors, both of whom said the excitement would endanger their natient's life. The poor fellow really presented a pathetic picture; he was so feeble he could scarcely talk, and several times he collapsed, but with the application of restoratives rallied, and told a complete story of his attempted assassination. His identification of the prisoner was immediate and so absolute that no one in the audience doubted the fellow's guilt, and the jury promptly found him guilty, and the death penalty was pronounced. The fellow was hanged without ever revealing his name or history, and the case is one of the most curious in the criminal annals of our

#### PAID FOR HIS LONG WALK.

Gambler Who Lost at Faro Bank
Had His Money Returned
to Him

A man who lives by his wits and other invisible resources played faro bank in Tacoma a short time ago until he lost all he had, which was considerable. He was in the class which is commonly denominated "wise guys" by the "knowing ones," and when he dropped the last of about \$300 he sauntered carelessly over to the "head push" of the house and remarked in an indifferent tone:

"I've walked 53 miles to-day and I'm awful tired."

A little later he was mutioned into the

A little later he was motioned into the business office of the house and his losses were refunded to him. The house could not afford to have him distribute the news that he had lost his "wad" on a deck containing 53 cards.

#### Stork Messenger.

Some years ago an American clergyman, temporarily residing at Berlin, enticed a stork into his garden, caught it and placed a silver ring about its leg. on which was engraved "Berlin, 1888." He took it for granted that the stork would reoccupy its usual quarters on its return in the spring, which, indeed, proved to be the case. The surprise of the clergyman's household was great, however, when its members noticed that "their stork" now wore two silver rings upon his leg instead of one. The bird was recaptured, and-behold! the old ring was back again and accompanying it another, which read: "India sends greetings to Berlin."-The Pilgrim.

#### Comfort in That.

Jimmy—Ain't yer vaccination healed up yet?
Tommy—Naw.

"Gee! don't it make yer feel bad?"
"Naw! the doctor told mom I mustn't take a bath till it's all healed up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### MEXICAN THIEVES' MARKET

Grounds Upon Which, Tradition

Says, Many Crimes Were

Committed.

The 'Thieves' Market, famed in guidelook and tourist romance, is undergoing at present an encroachment that threatens to place it shortly in the realms of real history, says the Mexican Herald. The ground is being cleared over nearly half of the space formerly occupied by the market, and the permanent booths are being toral down and recrected in the smaller space left.

Tradition has it—and most happily for romance in this fascinating land traditions in most cases are still as good coin as fact—that the "Thieves' Market" stands on the grounds of what was once a part of the spacious gardens of the "new bouse" of Montezuma. In the long days gone by, this garden, of spacious proportions, was the scene of many dark and dismal crimes, and many were the robberles and acts of violence that occurred there, for it was on a highway much used, and when night had fallen was very dark and danger-

The tale goes of the murder by a powerful officer of the sweetheart of one of his retainers, a crime that rankled in the breast of the poor Indian until, not long afterward, he took his revenge, and his master lay dead, killed in a drunken stupor by the wronged servant. The wronged man, rifling the master's pockets, carried away with him from the/house all the trinkets and valuables on which he could lay his hands. Then he hied himself to the protecting shade of Montezuma's gardens, where he hid himself under the trees until the comang day should waken the city and be could pass beyond the guard without molestation. But when he had been hidden only a short while, the alarm having spread, a servant, more zealous in his own interests than to revenge his master's murder, found the guilty man and quickly and thoroughly dispatched

him.

A neighboring gully, which had perhaps served a similar purpose before in these thrilling days, concealed the body, and the third murderer made away with the goods, this time to keep them safe and secure until the excitement had blown over.

Then, on the very spot which he had stained with the blood of his fellow-servant, the wretch set up a tiny stand, with the twice stolen goods as the basis of a little stock, which he sold to the tourists of that day as they passed by the stand in their visits to the famous gardens.

From this rather thrilling beginning grew a classic market, until to-day there is the world-famed "Volador" where things fly in and out, once and for many long centuries truly a "thieves market". It is not so many years ago that one counted this market as one of the places wherein to look for goods that had flown away from the house in some mysterious fashion, but now one can say only sadly (from the buyer's point of view) that that day is long past.

#### FEW ENGLSH SAILORMEN.

There Was One in the Bunch and the Startled Skipper Threw a Fit.

The skipper of the tramp steamer Bumping Billy was engaging a new crew, relates the Liverpool Post.

foremost applicant.
"Giuseppe Grinolleri," replied the

"What's your name?" he said to the

nan. "Eyetalian?"

"Russian?"

"Yees sair."
"Good; step on one side. And
yours?" he went on to the next A. B.
"Ivan Ikanoff."

"Bolish, sare."
"Right; step alongside o' Yewseppy.

Next man?"

"William Zwillanguzl."
"German?"

"Ja."
"Good; over you go. Next?"

"Mannel Oliveria, I Portuguese seaman, senhor."
"Sten over then Manniwel Next?"

"Step over then, Manniwel. Next?"
"John Thompson, sir."

"What?"
"Iohn Thompson, sir."
"Yohn Thompson, sir."

"John Thompson, sir."
"What in th-thunder-what the-

what nationality?" screamed the horrifled shipmaster.
"English, sir," replied the man.

For a full half minute the unhappy skipper stood speechless, his countenance turning from purple to orange, and from orange to gray; and then, with a gurgling gasp of "English, by gum!" he tottered, staggered and fell prone upon the ground.

Philadelphians Love Portraits. "Philadelphians have more portraits painted than the people of any other city in the country." said Miss Van Leer, a New York artist, the other day, "The people here are noted in the art world for the number of big orders they give for family portraits. I suppose the matter is very easily explained. The home idea prevails to a much greater extent in Philadelphia than in any other city, and as a consequence of this stability there is a great desire to have one's ancestors on canvas. In other cities it is only the wealthy and the very distinguished who have their portraits painted, but here people in moderate circumstances and of modest fame are willing to pay comparatively large sums to have their lineaments preserved for the benefit of their posterity." -Philadelphia Record.

### An Impostor. Green—Brown claims to be a poet. Smith—Well, he isn't.

"He asked me to change a \$20 hill for him the other day."—Chicago Dally, News.

"How do you know?"

Rditten bebdomadairei \$5.00.

#### EDISON IS INFORMED

PACTORY EMPLOYE GIVES THE ELECTRICIAN SOME POINTS.

Didn't Know His Man and Entertained the Wisard with the History of His Own

Works.

In one of the great machine manufacturing plants devoted to electrical appliances, visitors are constantly being received from all quarters of the globe. The guides who take these visitors through the works have all kinds of experiences, says the New York Sun.

It often happens that the visitor who knows the least about electrical matters will ask the stiffest questions and make the most disconcerting remarks. It is rather staggering, for instance, after you have made your clearest and most concise explanation of the phenomenon of the flow of electricity through a wire, as you understand it, to be met with the comforting remark: "After all, Mr. ——, you do not real-

ly know what electricity is!"

The average working electrician worries no more about the nature of the force he handles than he does about the doctrines of Confucius. One of the linemen demonstrates the idea by the recital of past experience:

"When I worked on a third rail at Hartford, the boss says: 'Youse fellows don't care where the juice comes from or where it goes to; all you care about it is where to get it and where not to get it. So you, Hinnissey, keep yer crowbar offen that third rail or you'll hev a beautiful short circuit and a pirate-technical display thet'll make ye so blind ye'll not tell bad whisky from ice water for six months."

One engineer at the factory, who may be called Steve, because his name is something else, is frequently detailed to take visitors about on account of his fund of information and his clear, lucid manner of explanation. On one occasion he escorted a guest from the west—a light-haired little gentleman who seemed duly impressed with all he saw, but made no comment. He was apparently drinking in and criticising every word which young five attends, and that usually condidnt young kentleman grew nervous and suspicious.

"This fellow," he thought, "must be some smart electrician, and he is just taking all my statements with a huge grain of sait."

At last, when they arrived back at the office and Steve was feeling tired and limp, the little gentleman held out his hand and said:

"I'm exceeding obliged to you. I don't know much about the electrical trade. I'm a barber. If you ever come to Chicago, look me up."

Steve had recovered from this and was beginning to look and feel like himself once more when he was again detailed to escort a visitor through the works. This was a silent and undemonstrative man who paid considerable attention to rather insignificant machines and details. Consequently, Steve rather hastily concluded that he had another barber to amuse

had another barber to amuse

Moreover, as this quiet visitor
showed little or no surprise at or appreciation of the many really remark
able machines and operations. Steve
was aggrieved, and for the honor of
the works determined to shake some
enthusiasm out of him. So he proceeded to load him up with many wonderful stories.

He pointed out a dynamo so powerful that it never had been and never
could be run up to full capacity, it being utterly impossible to control the
cufrent. He gave a dissertation on
the incandescent lamp and its manyfacture, asserting that its discovery
was due to the accidental observation
of a lightning flash playing on a twopronged fork in a pickle bottle. Wax
ing eloquent, he rose on his toes
stretched out his right arm and ex

claimed:

"And so, that inestimable boon to mankind, the incandescent lamp, was born!"

At this moment his visitor stepped up to a workman who was winding colls, slapped him on the back and said:

"Hello, Dan!"
The man started, looked up, and his
face flushed with surprise and pleas
ure as he grasped the outstretched

hand.
"God bless my soul! It's my old boss," he exclaimed, "Mr. Edison him-

self!"

Steve staggered back and sat down on a casting. He tried to think it over, to recall some of the stuff he'd been telling—but his mind was a blurr. One thing only stood out distinctly; he had told the Wizard of Menlo Park, the inventor of the incandescent lamp, that it was the evolution of a pickle bottle and a two-pronged fork! Then

he disappeared.

A week or two later he received from Mr. Edison a book on electrical wonders, written for juveniles, on the fly leaf of which was a pen drawing of a fork in a pickle bottle, and below the inscription:

"And so that inestimable boon to mankind, the incandescent lamp, was

Some time in the future, perhaps, that little book may fetch a round sum of money. At present, no money could buy it.

Quite a Different Thing.

McSosh—Well, m'dear, 'f you feel s'
bad about it, I'll solem' promise nev'

touchnoth' drop.

Mrs. McSosh—That's what you said on New Year's eve.
"But, m'dear woman. I's drunk when I s-said it that time, wasni?"—Cleve-

#### LAND DIFFICULT TO REACH.

Arctic Expeditions About the Only
Visitors Who Bisk a Voyage
to Greenland.

"No private vessel piles between Greenland and the rest of the world, either with passengers or cargo," writes Roger Porock "Of the Dundes whalers very few remain and if they happen to take fresh water on the Greenland coast, their stay is limited. -a matter of hours. Ten years agosome fishing achooners of Gloucester, Mass, frequented the Greenland hanks, but after a couple of seasons found that the halibut catch was not to be relied on. In 1854 the Miranda, atm American steamer, attempted a cruise with tourists, but was wrecked at the gate of the first harbor she tried to leave. She foundered at sea, but one of the fishing schooners brought her

people home.

"Apart from arctic expeditions no other foreign visitors have risked a voyage for about two centuries. The whating ships are handled by experienced men, yet the Vega was nipped recently, her people barely escaping. For arctic expeditions one ship loct in each 20 measures the scale of risk. Fog. ice packs, bergs, currents and death-trap reefs bar out all casual shipping on pain of death.

"There also exists an excellent international treaty, whereby most Europeans and Americans are absolutely forbidden to enter Greenland. This treaty is enforced by Denmark on behalf of her royal trade, a government department, which is trying to asve and civilize the native tribes of the country, By this means alone can the Eskimo people be shielded from disease, from alcohol and from interference with the hunting on which they depend for existence."

# GUITE A MODEL YOUNG MAN He Was Free from Bad Habits, But There Was One Objection to Him.

"Didn't that burt you sir" The clerical-looking gentleman in the rear seat of the trolley car turned inquiringly to the nicely dressed and cleaneut young man who sat beside him as that individual winced slightly for his foot had just been stepped on by a portly man who was leaving the car, relates Collier's Weekly.

relates Collier's Weekly.

"Yes, sir, it burt very much," he said, 'simply.

"I thought so," said the clerical man. "Allow me to congratulate you on your control. I observed with pleasure, air that no oath sprang to your lips. Great pleasure to meest a young man like you. Have a clear?" "Thank you. I don't smoke," said

the young man.
"Splendid!" exclaimed the elected interrogator "I smoke my.edf." he said, "because I lead a sedentary life. But I giory in a young man who doesn't. May I inquire, sir, if you

doesn't May I inquire, sir, if you know the taste of Lquor?"
"No sir, never touched a drop"
His new friend clasped him by the

hand. There were trans in his eyes. "Hemarkable!" he exclaimed. "In these unregenerate days it is indeed soul-satisfying to gaze upon such a model. May I ask, my dear friend, what high motive impels you to abstain from these influences that are sappling the life blood from the na

The young man smiled

"Certainly," he replied "The fact
s, sir, I find that I can't dissipate and

is, sir. I find that I can't dissipate and deal fare bank at the same time."

### CAMEL CARRIES A CISTERN Stomachs Are So Wonderfully Constructed They Store Up

Water.

The stomach of a camel is divided into no less than four compartments, and the walls of one of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by means of powerful muscles.

means of powerful muscles.

Now, when a camel drinks, it drinks a great deal. Indeed, it goes drinking on for such a long time that really you would think that it never meant to leave off. But the fact is that it is not only satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with water, and as soon as each

is quite full it is tightly closed.

Then when the animal becomes thirsty, a few hours later, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart.

Great Oculist

Probably the world's greatest oculist is Dr. Pagenstecher, of Wiesbaden, Germany, who is consulted by almost every European rigidly and by aristocrats and plutocrats from over the world. He lives a life of absolute devotion to his work, seeing patients rigidly in turn, whether the poorest peasant or the wealthy aristocrat. At his own "klinik" he performs all operations.

Examples of Chivalry

New York's newest hotels have set

an example in chivalry to the other restaurants which these many years have refused to serve meals after six p. m. to women without male escorts. Hotels nowadays cater to women in every way. They have luxurious dressing rooms and maids in attendance. Even the toilet articles are provided—powder and perfumes, smelling salts, pins, etc.

### ~ L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS