

SECRET OF BASKETS

Hopes to Interpret Odd Indian Designs Worked.

New York Woman Is Sent on Long Visit to Aborigines of Southwest by American Museum of Natural History.

New York.—Miss Mary Lois Kissell, who started recently for an extended trip among the Indians of the southwest, where she will study basketry on its native haunts, is the first woman ever sent out by the American Museum of Natural History for purposes of original research. Gilberto men only have been employed to penetrate the wilds and the deserts in its behalf. But now it has come to a crisis and a woman fills the void. The museum has a fine collection of Indian baskets. They are of all shapes and sizes and uses, covered with intricate designs in significant colors. Some of the facts of their construction are known, but the scientists are aware of many mysteries which await solution. "Here man"—even a scientific man—cannot get at these secrets. He tries, and the taciturn old squaw mutters: "Me no know." Here man discovers that the Indian woman is bound by rules of religious observance not to discuss her work with men. Even the braves of the tribe do not know how the beautiful designs are executed, and the white man is doubly helpless.

It is Miss Kissell's enthusiasm, combined with her knowledge of textiles and handicraft that has won her place in the museum. It is said that she even lighted a glow of enthusiasm in the cold scientific souls of European museum directors. She was abroad last summer gleaming what she could about basketry from collections there. In Munich she asked such illuminating questions about how some baskets were made that the veteran scientist saw new light on his subject.

"Well, well," he cried, delighted, the old joy of discovery in his heart. "Who would have thought baskets meant so much? We'll know more when you come again, madame."

Feminine scientists, as a class, are full of enthusiasm. Miss Kissell has found, and also they sometimes see things which masculine science overlooks. For instance, a Congo expedition brought back a curious little cap made by some tribes of that region. The minute Miss Kissell saw it she recognized it as Irish crocheted lace, done in straw. The sight thrilled her woman's heart. Irish crochet in the Congo? How was it done? The men of the expedition looked blank enough when questioned. What, indeed, was one stitch or another to them? It seemed as if the secret would remain untold, when it developed that the explorer's wife had been with the party.

"Why, yes," she said in surprise, "I know all about it, of course. I sat with the women for hours and watched them do it."

Miss Kissell's field will be the Pima-speaking tribes of Arizona, the largest encampment being near Tucson, but a trip of sixty miles further down to ward Mexico may be necessary. She will go alone, fearing nothing and trusting to her beads and mirrors to carry her through in safety.

Now a woman is going to try her hand at ferreting out these secrets. Feminine intuition and an inborn natural understanding of squaw psychology are expected to accomplish much. For the rest Miss Kissell will depend on making friends with the papooses. "It will take time, of course," said Miss Kissell, "to get them to regard me in a friendly way. I shall stay in one village long enough to feel acquainted. Then I shall take my 'knitting work' maybe and go to spend the afternoon with one of my neighbors. Two or three others will drop in, and we'll all sit and chat as we work. I expect to get many points this way that would not be divulged in an ordinary interview. There are mysterious rites connected with the gathering of the reeds, and many of the designs have a religious or superstitious significance. They will tell me these things, I hope, as they could not tell a man."

Everything depends on making a good impression. So Miss Kissell has provided herself with various appliances for winning friendship. She has several tiny mirrors to appeal to feminine vanity and a big box of glass beads from the 10 cent stores. She may take a walk through an Indian village and spy some fat little lad who looks promising. She will snap a string of red beads around his dirty little neck and smile ingratiatingly. In twenty minutes the whole village will know of the affair, and success will be assured. There are 20 in brand new coins, too. These are not for gifts, but for payment. She may want to buy a basket or an implement of some kind. An old, dingy coin would not tempt the savage heart, but a shiny silver quarter is expected to be irresistible.

Hunt Coon With Train.

Birdsboro, Pa.—Catching raccoons from a freight train was the unusual experience of John Cavanaugh, a brakeman on the Reading railway. While his freight was passing Modena, along the Brandywine, it being moon light, Cavanaugh saw the coon on the limb of a tree and pulled him down. After the animal was carried into the caboose he made a determined fight, and it was only with the aid of the train crew that the raccoon was finally dropped into a bag.

BEETHOVEN ON BICYCLE PUMP

English Musician Discovers New Instrument on Which He Plays Many Popular Airs.

London.—Beethoven on the bicycle pump may soon be an attraction at concerts, for Mr. Henry Oliver, a Godalming man, has discovered that this cycling accessory possesses musical properties.

Mr. Oliver made his debut with his new instrument at a concert of the Church of England Men's society, and his performance, besides being warmly applauded at the concert, has created much interest.

He is a man of musical tastes, and though familiar locally as a singer, is better known as a violinist of considerable skill. He also plays the harmonium.

A student of sound waves, he was prompted to test the musical capacity of his bicycle pump by the whistling sound, so familiar to every cyclist, caused by the up and down movement of the plunger.

"I knew," he said, "that there was music in it." He carried on experiments at odd times, and finally achieved success with an ordinary celluloid pump, and it was on this that he gave several selections at the concert.

The length of the pump is 15 inches, and it is played like a flute, which it resembles very nearly in tone, by means of a hole bored in the barrel about an inch from the end. It has a range of two octaves.

There are no stops upon the barrel itself, the notes being produced and regulated entirely by the inward and outward movement of the pump handle, as with a slide trombone. The further out the plunger is drawn the deeper becomes the note.

Mr. Oliver has an extensive repertoire. In fact, he says he can play anything that is not too rapid.

Solos, such as "Holy City," "Kil-larney," "Dear Homeland," Mr. Oliver can play with ease and sureness upon his novel instrument, and he can also perform slow marches, such as Gluck's Grand March.

"I am bringing out a different pump instrument," he told me, displaying a familiar type of nickel bicycle pump, the sound of which he proposes to make resemble a piccolo. "It has greater possibilities than the celluloid pumps."

He can make one of his novel musical instruments in just the time it takes to bore a hole in a bicycle pump and slot up the end. The latter operation is not strictly necessary, however.

No name has as yet been given to the new instrument.

PHYSICIAN TALKS OF HAREM

Graduate of University of Pennsylvania Makes Interesting Remarks of Household Life.

Philadelphia.—Secrets of the imperial palace at Constantinople, where dwell the sultan and his many wives, were revealed by Dr. G. Dongian, who for 18 years was physician for the harem of Abdul Hamid of Turkey, at a reception given in his honor by the Men's club of the Episcopal church of Tacovy.

Dr. Dongian, who is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, resided in this city for a number of years. He returned from Constantinople last April, following the introduction of the regime of the new sultan and the banishment of Abdul Hamid.

Dr. Dongian's introduction into the sultan's good graces was as strange as his long term of service at the palace. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1889. In the fall of 1890 he went to the Orient to visit his parents, at Derbecker, Armenia.

On his way to Armenia, the physician stopped in Constantinople to get a state permission to practice his profession in his land. In the capital city he solicited the aid of a certain pasha and friend of the sultan, whom he had known in Armenia before his departure to America. This pasha obtained an audience with the sultan for Dr. Dongian.

Learning that he was a physician and from America, the Turkish ruler expressed unusual interest and sent Dr. Dongian to a daughter of one of the officials of the city, who was ill. When the physician from America worked a cure on the first patient, the sultan appointed him official member of the harem's medical staff.

In his term of 18 years, Dr. Dongian was in constant danger of his life through the jealous plottings among the native physicians on the sultan's corps.

One of the sultan's four official wives—the harem is made up of four official wives and 600 female attendants—fell sick—wife No. 2, the household calls her. Dr. Dongian was summoned, and through his knowledge of medicine and American practice, the woman was cured. The sultan showed the physician with gifts and decorations, and his favor with the ruler was never doubted after that.

King Catalogues Coins.

Rome.—The first volume of a work by King Victor Emmanuel, entitled "Corpus Nummorum Imperii," has just been published. It is the first general catalogue of Italian mediaeval and modern coins, with special reference to those minted by the House of Savoy. It comprises 432 pages and 42 sheets of illustrations.

Half of the proceeds from the sale of this work will be devoted to benevolent institutions, and half to the Italian Numismatic Society.

HE WITHDREW HIS REMARKS

Cleveland Councilman of the Old Days Rebuked for Attack on Foreign-Born Citizens.

Secretary L. F. Reilen of the Early Settlers' association, has in his possession a letter from Joseph Bartlett, now living in Toledo, giving some incidents regarding the city council 'way back before the war. In this interesting letter the writer says:

"I was at a meeting of the city council of Cleveland held back in the '50s in a hall on the south side of Superior, near what is now West Sixth street. My father was then city clerk. A councilman, of the name of Henry Blair, got very mad about some piece of legislation, and said:

"There are too many darn foreigners creeping into the councils of American cities. They are the rough-scuff of the world."

"Up jumped Alexander McIntosh—father of the H. P. and George T. McIntosh we know today—and said:

"I throw the words back in his teeth for he is no gentleman: 'Rough scuff' of the world are we? Thank God! I was born in dear old Scotland. I am as much of a gentleman as anybody here."

"Go where you will you will find a McIntosh; he could be no more, no less."

"Then John Ewing followed by saying:

"I thank the honorable gentleman who left the land of his birth and landed in Castle Garden. My father was from Cork, my mother from Amsterdam. Will not my distinguished colleague please withdraw his remarks?"

"The remarks were withdrawn, and the incident was closed."—Cleveland Leader.

PROMISE WITH A PROVISIO

Many People May Think There Is Some Common Sense in the Change Made.

Girls of the present day are doomed to discover that their clever foremothers a century or more ago had really thought of almost everything, even to that needed change in the marriage service. Mrs. Terhune—better known as "Marion Harland"—tells in her "Autobiography" this story of her parents' wedding, back in 1825:

The bride, not yet 19 years of age, wore a soft, sheer India muslin, a veil falling to the hem of her gown, and white brocade slippers embroidered with faint blue flowers.

The bridegroom's suit was of fine blue cloth, with real silver buttons. His feet were clad in white silk stockings and low shoes—"pumps," as they were called—with wrought silver buckles. The ceremony was performed by a young brother-in-law.

The girl had laughingly threatened that she would not promise to "obey," and that a scene would follow the use of the obnoxious word in the marriage service. The young diva, with this in mind, or in a fit of absent-mindedness or stage fright, actually blundered out, "Love, honor—and obey, in all things consistent."

As may be imagined, the interpolation produced a lively sensation in the well-mannered company thronging the homestead, and took rank as a family legend. How many times I have heard my mother quote the saying clause in playful allusion to my masterful father.—Youth's Companion.

Took the Warning.

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband in a railway carriage, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway carriage?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles, in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't; but don't you remember it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat and when you weren't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married."

A young unmarried man, sitting by, immediately took down his feet from a seat.

Marriages of College Women.

It is brought out in the Wellesley College Alumnae Register that fewer than one-third of the graduates marry, but this does not prove anything, as those who did not marry would probably not have done so even had they had no college education. Dr. Mary Robert Smith of California has made some investigations in regard to the college girls that are interesting. The college women marry later in life at the average age of 27, it would seem. They have more boys than girls, and about as many children as women who do not marry until that age and have not gone to college. The women who took honors in college had slightly more children than the rank and file. Three-quarters of the men who attend coeducational institutions marry the women of their colleges.

Preached Suffrage Sermon.

Mrs. Mary E. Craigie, chairman of the National Suffrage Committee of the Church Work, recently preached a suffrage sermon in a church in Des Moines, Ia. She took for her text, "Jesus wept," and dwelt upon the needs of humanity so touchingly that many of her audience were in tears.

NOT MUCH INCOME IN GOTHAM

Philadelphia Might Do on \$2,500 a Year, but It Wouldn't Keep New Yorker in Alimony.

He was a visitor from Philadelphia. Occasionally he takes a flyer over to the big city, being fond of the places where the electric lights are not doused at 11 p. m. He was confiding to a group of chance acquaintances over a Broadway bar the fact that a rich uncle had recently died and left him quite a considerable legacy. He was quite jubilant over his good fortune, but at the same time he explained that he couldn't touch the principal, that it was tied up in bonds or something and that he only got the interest on the money.

"Do you think," he said, "that a fellow on an independent income could live comfortably in New York and not worry very much about adding to it?"

"That would depend upon the amount of his income and the way he wanted to live," replied one of the group, an actor who had gained considerable notoriety by reason of his various matrimonial entanglements. "If it isn't an impertinent question, what is your income?"

The visitor from Philadelphia said it was about \$2,500 a year.

"Well," drawled the actor, "\$2,500 a year might be a whole lot of money over in your town, but take my word for it, in New York it wouldn't keep you in alimony!"—New York Times.

CATCHING EAGLES A TRADE

Regular Occupation in the Fall for Hunters for the Fan Trade in China.

Catching eagles is a regular trade in China, and like most things in that ancient kingdom, is regulated by long custom.

Every year, in September or October, according to the date of the new moon, a company of eagle catchers set out from Shanghai into the regions where eagles are to be found, each man having perched on a bamboo his decoy eagle and carrying a huge basket that holds his net and his provisions for the hunt.

The method is simple and does not speak too well for the sagacity of Chinese eagles. The birds are enticed into the nets by the smell of dried fish and the sight of the decoy eagle feasting on this bait. The strings of the net are carried 200 yards or more to the hidden hunter.

The feathers are in demand to make the fans that are so necessary to the Chinese of fashion. Several birds are needed to furnish just the right feathers for a fan of the first order, which sells in China for from \$50 to \$75. From this the prices descend to as low as \$1.

Mr. Miller Was Short.

Henry Miller dropped in at the St. Regis a couple of days ago and, being hungry, ordered rather an elaborate luncheon. When the check was presented he found he was in financial straits. He had but \$1.45, which sum was considerably less than the amount of the bill.

"Why, I haven't enough money to settle," said Mr. Miller to the waiter. "I'll get the head waiter," said the man who had served the actor.

The head waiter came over and Mr. Miller explained that his financial embarrassment was only temporary. The head waiter did not seem pleased. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Henry Miller."

"Are you Miller, the transfer man?"

"No."

"What is your business, please?"

"I'm an actor."

"Oh," said the head waiter, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to insist on payment now."—New York Telegraph.

Forty Years a Teacher.

Mrs. Ellen Richards, who was in St. Louis recently as president of the National Home Economics association, has just completed her fortieth year as a teacher in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The women students gave a luncheon to commemorate the event and there were eulogies by the professors upon her work as a chemist, "as a social seer and as an evangelist." Over a thousand dollars has been raised, to be called the Ellen Richards fund, and to be used as she desires. She was lately given the Ph. D. degree by Smith college.

An Icy Prime Minister.

The prime minister is a man of ice and iron. The Aquatic I look down upon is a thunder cloud with a silver lining, his face a thunder cloud and his white hair the silver lining. White hair softens the features of other men, but it hardens his. It lies flat and severe on his temples. He is a man of snow with a marble mouth and a jaw of steel, a man of ice with frozen eyes and a frozen voice. A frost-bitten man with a wintry mind and an Arctic soul. A lonely man with a bitterly desolate face and a rare smile like glacial sunshine.—James Douglas, "Adventures in London."

Most Important Office.

Mrs. C. H. McMahon has been appointed chairman of the program committee for the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to be held in San Francisco, probably in June. Mrs. McMahon lives in Salt Lake City and will no doubt keep up to the standard set by Mrs. Phillip Carpenter for the Cincinnati meeting.

PARIS CLOCKS TURNED BACK

French Legal Time Is at Last Made to Conform to That of Eastern Europe.

French legal time is at last to be brought into conformity with the international time of Eastern Europe, and is to correspond exactly to that of London. For this purpose the Paris clock will have to be put back nine minutes, the difference between Greenwich and Paris. When, by an international understanding, time zones with one hour's difference were adopted for Eastern, Central and Western Europe, with the meridian of Greenwich as the starting point, France held aloof. It would have come, of course, under the Eastern division, but it objected to adopting the meridian of Greenwich for that of Paris. The difference was only nine minutes, which was another reason for not making the change, as it seemed a small matter. But in 1898 the chamber voted the adoption of the hour in the international convention. The ministers at the time disagreed on the subject, and the senate left the matter in abeyance. A few weeks ago the minister of public works wrote to the commission of the senate, of which M. de Freycinet is chairman, and informed him that the ministers were now agreed. The commission at once met, and a favorable report was drawn up, and has now been submitted to the senate. The exact difference between London and Paris is 9 minutes 21 seconds, and the change will be made as soon as the senate has approved it by a vote.

HOW CAT WON LASTING FAME

Kiddo, Feline Mascot of the Albatross America, Is Celebrated by Walter Wellman in His Story.

From the notoriety viewpoint "Kiddo," the cat mascot of the Albatross America during the recent sensational 1,000-mile voyage over the Atlantic has eclipsed the human portion of that dauntless crew. In writing the history of that voyage in Hampton's Magazine Walter Wellman has this to say about how the cat happened to be put aboard and how it nearly lost all of its fame:

"Just then attention was directed to that member of our crew destined to be the real hero of the voyage—because real heroes are never self-conscious—are always conscious of suspicion and slander, of danger, of over generous praise—and therefore are never two-legged. The young gray cat, taken on board half in jest as a mascot, was howling pitifully amidst these strange surroundings. Chief Engineer Vaniman, afraid of having his short sleeps disturbed, insisted that "Kiddo" be left behind. Navigator Simon, sailorlike, vowed it was bad luck to let a cat leave a ship, and insisted that she should stay. Without any fear of midnight howls on the one hand, and without any superstitions on the other, I told Mr. Vaniman to do as he liked about it. He put puss in a bag and tried to lower him down to the motor launch, but the launch had cut loose and "Kiddo" was pulled up again, a narrow escape from losing all his fame."

Making American Styles.

Although the term "American styles" is heard much more frequently each season, there are few who know that it emanates legitimately from an organization of American tailors, who devote their time to designing and producing American styles, just as the French tailors and the tailors of Vienna originate new fashions each year. Those who think enough of the subject to investigate learn that Madame la Mode Parisienne, who for so many years held undisputed sway over the civilized countries on both sides of the Atlantic, has lost much of her authority. The well-dressed English woman, who formerly bought all of her clothes in Paris, is now dividing her attention between Paris and Vienna. The American woman is beginning to patronize the American tailor.—Leslie's.

Illustrated Rhymes.

Quite a stunt for an impromptu party of young people recently was a contest which consisted in illustrating Mother Goose rhymes. They seemed to enjoy the fun mightily and it certainly took little time or trouble to get it up.

Verses from the celebrated rhymes were written on large pieces of cardboard and they were passed with pencils.

Each boy or girl drew a picture to illustrate the rhyme he or she held and the prizes were announced as being in waiting for the best.

Twenty minutes were allowed for thinking up the picture and drawing it. The first prize was a nicely illustrated book and the second a plate of Paris goose filled with bonbons.

Maxim Predicts Aerial War.

That the young men who are now experimenting in aeronautics are the ones who will save the country in the next great war is the declaration of Hudson Maxim:

"We are practically defenseless and the arrival of an aerial fleet will prove our salvation," he says. "Every hill-top in this country should be crowded with an aerial battery and a landing platform, and on every mountain peak there should be an aeroplane stationed, ready for flight, for there can be no doubt about it, the outcome of the next great war will depend upon the superiority of air crafts."

COUNTRY GIRL IN THE CITY

She Comes for Study, Business and Amusement, and Can't Be Left Out of the Social Reckoning.

She comes so generously, so eagerly, with such diverse purposes, and with such persistent, if seemingly intermittent regularity, that it is impossible to leave her out of any serious social reckoning.

She comes to study music, medicine, millinery, art, archery, astrology, agriculture, stenography, sculpture, the dance and the drama, hygiene, and handicrafts, osteopathy and the art of conversation, journalism, theology, almost any and everything one can imagine. Broadway, State street, Broad street, all the great arteries of city life and traffic continually are crowded with her and her fellows. She comes looking for work as well as education. And, alas, poor youngster, she also comes looking for amusement.

The teachers of art, music, commercial branches, all the thousand things she studies, welcome her eagerly. So do the more jaded co-workers to whose custom-dulled perceptions she restores a sharper edge. Many employers prefer her services for this very reason.

Socially, the normal girl from the small town is famous for her flourishing. Ready, pliant, intensely alive, vitally desirous of tasting life to the utmost, she comes, sees and conquers fresh social kingdoms yearly. She is popular and prominent in the clubs, the churches, the schools, the social settlements, the work of the Young Women's Christian association, the trade and craft organizations—all the rich and varied life of the city.

But the abnormal or subnormal girl from the small town, the girl who, perhaps, motherless, perhaps carelessly reared, perhaps the victim of innocent ignorance or sudden family disaster, faces metropolitan conditions less ably—ah! that's another tale.—The New Idea Woman's Magazine.

SHE GOT CHRISTMAS MONEY

How Bill's Poor Wife Caught Him in a Saloon and Obtained a Generous Contribution.

Now, this is a true story. Bill is known everywhere as a "good fellow." He has his faults, but his heart is in the right place—that's what everybody says. Nobody ever came to him for help and got turned down. He had a family; none of our crowd had ever seen his family, but we knew he must be good to them, even though he never did appear to go home.

One evening five or six good fellows were sitting in the back room of a downtown saloon, and Bill was telling a story. A woman entered. She had a dark shawl over her head and we couldn't see her face, but she came directly to our table. "Gentlemen," she said, "Christmas is coming, and I have nothing for the little ones. Can you help?"

Of course it was Bill who responded first. He jumped up and plunged his hand into his pocket. We could hear the rustle of bills, and we knew that something more than mere silver had found its way into the trembling hand. Bill was blushing when he came back to us. We were shamed into offering something, but he would have none of it. He seemed confused—a little ashamed of his charity—but he wouldn't let us help. And it was just like Bill to change the subject and go right on with his story.

And the woman? Oh, that was Bill's wife. We found out later that that was about the only way she could ever get any money out of him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Another Methuselah.

In an ancient burying ground at Germantown, Pa., there is a stone standing over a grave, on which is inscribed: "In memory of Adam Shisler, who departed this life December the 23, 1777. Aged 969 years." This inscription never fails to startle the stranger seeing it for the first time, who thinks, perhaps, it is the record of a latter-day Methuselah, but the fact is, Shisler died when he was sixty-nine years old. The stone cutter got his instructions mixed, and he carved "96" as indicating the years Shisler had lived. Discovering his mistake, and possibly not willing to suffer less of labor, he effaced the "9" with cement, and added another "9" after the "6," which would make the inscription read "99 years." After a time the cement fell away, and then the figures "969" were left to tell their misleading story.

"The Cleister and the Hearth."

The variety of life, the vigor of action, the straightforward and easy mastery displayed at every step in every stage of the fiction, would of themselves be enough to place "The Cleister and the Hearth" among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative; while its tender truthfulness of sympathy, its ardent and depth of feeling, the constant sweetness of its humor, the frequent passion of its pathos, are qualities in which no other tale of adventure so stirring and incident so inexhaustible can pretend to a moment's comparison with it unless we are foolish enough to risk a reference to the name of Scott.—Swinhorne.

Value of Education.

Mrs. Outcake—Did your darter learn anything up low boardin' school? Mrs. Hayrix—She shere did. She larnd t'w' p'cciate t' kind uv board she gits t'ew home.