

them, and it was consequently more or less difficult to win his consent to their departure. Finally, he was persuaded, on the score of showing the world what remarkable creations could be brought forth in Siam.

They were then exhibited here and abroad, and all the prominent physicians on both sides of the ocean studied this exceptional freak of nature with the view to separating the attached twins. They all agreed, however, that while these Siamese twins were two distinct individuals, the cord connecting them (it was a band of cartilage joining the breast-bone of one to the breast-bone of the other), could not be severed without loss of life to one or both.

This physical bond of union also reflected, as it seemed, a deep sympathy that existed between these two brothers. Their likes and dislikes were similar, they moved, probably from habit, in unison, they talked almost at once and to the same effect, and were in every way harmonious, as if they were one being. They had their points of dissimilarity, also, the intellect of one being keener than that of the other, and his temper showing more irritability. But their physical strength was remarkable, and when it came to running, leaping, or swinging an ax they possessed the full vigor of two well-developed persons.

It is a curious fact that in 1843 they married two sisters, the daughters of Daniel Yeats, who lived six miles north of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Miss Sarah Ann Yeats became Mrs. Eng, and Miss Adelaide Yeats, Mrs. Chang. In 1846 the young couples moved to North Carolina, where one family reared six children and the other five.

Chang and Eng then engaged in agricultural pursuits, and being of domestic habits enjoyed the quiet, country life. They were very sensitive of their physical peculiarity, and preferred seclusion. They were very industrious, and not only become naturalized citizens of the United States, but had also embraced the Christian faith. Their children were bright, and had a refined, Siamese cast of features.

The saddest part of their story was the death of one in 1874, which necessitated the separation that caused the demise of the other. A family group is still preserved in photographs.

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The great showman's instinct which collected the original freaks also devised the first automaton. The show was originally given during the early years of the civil war, and the figure selected was naturally that of a soldier with crutches. The automaton, judged by modern standard, was a very crude affair, the dummy turned its head, waved its crutches and moved its feet, and that was all. It since has been the inspiration of thousands of more complicated devices. It was much the same with the first illusion.

The illusion consisted of a set of mirrors so contrived that a woman was concealed behind it with only the face showing. A mass of complicated-looking machinery which was operated by a pump gave a curious scientific appearance to the whole. This face, which seemed to be detached from the body, answered questions while an attendant vigorously pumped beside it. The illusion since has been widely imitated.

After all, however, there is little difference between the circus of the last generation and the one seen today. There are the same rings, the same clowns, the same acrobats, the same menagerie, the same side-shows, the same "spieler" at the entrance—all just as the grown men of today saw them when they were youngsters. It is the same old circus come to town again.

Those Married Women

By Esme Allison

GIRLS complain that at functions young men prefer talking to married women. "We girls are all right until some stunning matron arrives, when off run the men to pay court to her!" they declare indignantly.

This is provoking and often literally true. What should girls do? In the first place, they must learn to command their faces. They must never show the white feather, or let the fires of anger flame into their cheeks. They must look cool, though they boil within. There is but one way to compete with the enemy—who is strong—and that is by diplomacy.

To show temper toward a woman who attracts your rightful knights is to lose your cause. Clever women have little patience with pettish conduct. To make insulting remarks about a woman to a man who obviously admires her is fatal. Men are loyal to the absent woman, as a rule, and the girl who maligns

never seem so interested as do clever married belles.

Extravagance in dress has more to do with the revolution of bachelors than girls realize. Men like to see "dreams," but few can afford to pay when the time comes to wake up. So, they feast their eyes upon creations worn by attractive women whose husband's purses are long, and who accept their homage as lightly as it is given.

Men are more honorable in matters of the heart than rumor allows. They are as a rule sincere. They avoid conspicuous attention to girls, either because they know that they cannot afford to back up their devotion with the sort of portable tribute that appeals to Miss Twentieth Century, or because they are old-fashioned enough to reserve their love-making for the one woman whom they intend to marry—some day.

In general conversation with men visitors, girls place too much emphasis upon the personal note. Successful matrons talk to their men friends about their fads and ambitions. Girls frivel the hours away in frothy chatter or personalities that men who have their allotment of sense detest. Such

prefer a book at home, or the pipe of peace in a friendly wigwam, to a second call. They seek in preference thereafter the married woman.

These are a few of the "Whys?" How to change the current of admiration is moderately easy. It is unlawful to kill these attractive rivals. It is rude to snub them. They cannot be ignored. To make friends with them, therefore, is best.

The girl who is nice to the popular matron is the girl whose card is filed at dances, who is asked to box parties, who is wanted constantly; for when she likes a girl the matron likes her to some purpose. The common-sense conclusion is that it is better to cater a little than to be lonely much.

Follow the leader; for a nonentity never leads, you know. If you find that you are not equal to her demands, you can always drop out.

If girls display no signs of jealousy, and are useful and merry, older women will see that certain eligible men know them and pay tribute to their charms, which are tactfully called attention to.

It is clever to stand near the queen of Hearts, although one cannot immediately mount her dais.

Men are not all fools, nor knaves. They say airy nothings to married women because they know that they will not be taken seriously. They look unutterable things for the sake of amusement. Were they to say the same things to girls they would sound wholly different.

Girls are hyper-sensitive; matrons ignore little social rifts. A worldly man's respect for a girl's innocence often makes him mute, whereas with the worldly woman his lips are unsealed. Although, being well-bred, he says nothing that is in the least offensive to her, he is at ease. Lest he forget, he avoids ultra-sensitive maidens. Thus it is that sensitive plants soon become wall-flowers.

Tact, tact, and again tact, sways the social pendulum; and what is tact but consideration and—repression?

When a girl becomes maid of honor to a social queen, she has only to keep herself well in hand, and to add a merry smile or witty word at the right time, to seem wondrously bright. Sulking in a corner is never effective. A wise girl creates a place for herself wherever she goes. A girl can have no wiser friend than a matron who is simultaneously a woman of the world and a good woman.

The younger must give social precedence to the older woman. She who does so gracefully will be speedily rewarded by knights galore.



THE MESSAGE *by Elizabeth Ruggles*

Go forth, O, violet sweet and tender;
 Bear to my Love the thought I send her.
 And when upon her breast thou liest,
 Ere thou in very rapture diest,
 Breathe on her lips, her hair, her eyes,
 Such odors of love's paradise,
 That she may ne'er a violet see
 Without a memory of me.

one of her sex is unclever. No cure was ever effected without skilled diagnosis.

Why do men rush from girls to young matrons? That's the question. Here are several answers, equally illuminating. Callow men are a little like geese in their twenties. They think it ultra-smart to seem politely indifferent to youth and beauty, so flock to the side of the matrons and play at cavalier and are generally useful.

Men of the world go over to the enemy because, while girls are at some pains to be interesting, they