

Interests of Women and the Home.

DELICATE WOMEN ARE OUT OF DATE

It is No Longer Fashionable to Palate and Grow Hysterical.

THE ROBUST WOMAN NOW RULES

Food as a Subject of Instruction in a Course of Physical Culture--Women Who Don't Know How to Stand Up or Sit Down and the Evils That Result from Such Ignorance.

Delicate women, says the Sun, are out of date. There was a time when it was considered fashionable for a woman to faint frequently, grow hysterical over trifles, and have at least one chronic ailment. Food was a constant instead of being cuddled and made much of, it passed hurriedly by with a word--not of sympathy, but rather of scornful pity. She is referred to as "Four things." And if there is one thing that will make a woman cast off her invalid ways it is that phrase.

Women nowadays are turning back to the ways of the Spartan girls, who believed that the physical training of the sexes should be identical and practiced what they preached. They were taught to run, to leap, to cast the javelin, to play ball, and to wrestle. Their Athenian sisters did nothing of the sort and were not comparable to the Spartan girls. Once an Athenian said to the wife of Leonidas:

"You Spartans are the women who rule men."

"Yes," she answered, "and we are the only women who bring forth men." There is a lesson in this retort for all womankind. American women, be it said to their credit, are beginning to apply it. Old women, young women, and schoolgirls are giving more attention than ever before to physical culture. Three women were discussing the general interest in physical training for women, in a restaurant not long ago. It was one of those little places where a man feels himself conspicuous, for it was patronized almost exclusively by women shoppers. One of the talkers was white haired, another was middle aged, and the third was a little-looked girl just out of her teens. The middle-aged woman turned out to be a teacher of physical culture, and she talked in such a clear, practical way that pretty soon all the women at the nearby tables were listening to the conversation of the trio. It all started this way:

THREE QUESTIONS.

"I wouldn't order chocolate eclairs if I were you," said the middle-aged woman to the girl.

"Why not?" asked the girl. "I'm not in training now. As long as I was on the basket ball team at Vassar I wouldn't have dreamed of giving such an order; but I'm a graduate now, and chocolate eclairs are so good."

"They aren't good for you," insisted the middle-aged woman. "You told me yourself that you've never in your perfect health as you were in training and confined yourself to nutritious, wholesome food."

"That's so," acquiesced the girl meekly, but without countering her order.

"Physical culture teachers as a rule make three mistakes," continued the middle-aged woman, sipping her rare roast beef vigorously by way of emphasis. "I think the first three questions should put to a pupil are: What do you eat for breakfast, lunch, dinner and between meals? How do you sit, and how do you stand?"

"Why, what a funny question the last two would be," exclaimed the girl digging into the middle of eclair number one.

"Not at all," answered the physical culturist. "Standing is a lost art; and as for sitting, so few of us know the history of a world of ours it has never been as one art. When it comes to eating--well, I feel almost hopeless about eating. I fear that women will never learn to eat."

"What queer notions you do have," commented the girl, ordering a double portion of ice cream. "Vanilla and chocolate mixed, if you please. I'm sure I have a good, healthy appetite," she went on, "and I think I not only know how to eat, but enjoy it."

"There's no question about your having a first-class appetite," put in the elderly woman, who proved to be the girl's grandmother.

"INSULTING THE APPETITE." "Yes, I won't dispute that," replied the middle-aged woman, "but you insult that appetite, which is the craving of a strong, healthy stomach, by giving it eclairs and ice cream instead of giving it the proper food. Nearly all young women do the same thing. Every time you do that you weaken your muscles, which you tell me you are so anxious to train. You cannot possibly train a muscle unless you have given it the proper food. Now, I'm not a crank on dietetics, but every teacher of physical culture, every director of a gymnasium, every master of a swimming school, every instructor in a bicycle academy, should pay a great deal of attention to what their pupils eat, and try to impress on each pupil the necessity of proper food. Every boy is anxious to become a Pittsburian, and if his instructor in gymnastics will tell him what food is best for him to take he will have it--or make life a burden for his mother. The same is true of a girl. Let the teacher tell a girl that certain things will harden the muscles of her body, giving her a firm, graceful figure and certain other things will make the muscles of her cheeks firm, which is one of the secrets of retaining a pretty complexion, and she'll confine herself to those things, cheerfully giving up all rich pastries and sweets."

"Up to this time," the enthusiast continued, "girls and women have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the development of their arms and legs. This is a great mistake. Women need, even more than men, to give much attention to the development of their vital organs. The legs and arms work much more easily if the vital organs are well developed. Women should be trained from the time they are out of swaddling clothes to hold the abdominal muscles tense. Then we would hear of no such thing as displaced organs. But, dear me, get me started on the physical development of women and I'll never stop."

"Oh, it's so interesting," exclaimed the girl. You said something about women not knowing how to stand correctly."

"INCORRECT STANDING." "Well, I told the truth," said the

OUR TABLE WARE LEADS THE WORLD

There's No Silver Plate in All Europe Equal to Ours.

OTHER POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

The Old World Started By Our Advance as Shown at Paris in 1889 and at Chicago in 1893--This Country's Pre-eminence in the Manufacture of the Best Cutlery.

As in the making of cut glass, so also in the manufacture of many other articles of table adornment, notably in sterling silver and silver-plated wares, this country, says the New York Sun, leads the world. It is a welcome fact, moreover, that in the production of the higher grades of table cutlery the home manufacturers have advanced within recent years rapidly as regards finish, quality, style, until there is no longer any reason to prefer table cutlery of foreign make.

America's pre-eminence in the art of metal working has been acquired for the most part in the last ten years. It was not until the Paris Exposition of 1889 that the work of American silversmiths attracted general attention abroad. The exhibit of metal art work was astonishing to the foreigners, and the grav's critic seemed at a loss how to treat the matter. It was complained that the American forms of silver were new and startling, and that they surprised the eyes without gratifying the taste; that American silversmiths were well suited to buyers whose fortunes were acquired more rapidly than their taste, and that with a patronage chiefly composed of millionaires the American silversmiths were able to do things which no other nation could do.

At Chicago. In 1893 the display of American silverware at the World's fair not only confirmed the impression produced in Paris four years before, but secured the almost universal recognition of the fact that in decorative treatment of gold and silver American standards first in respect of simplicity, clearness, elegance and suggestiveness of design, and that while the endless copying of exhausted patterns proceeds in the European workshops, the American designers are manifesting a fine discernment in the selection of types worthy of preservation, as well as originality and imagination in the creation of new types possessing the essential traits of beauty. Competent judges drew comparisons altogether flattering to American art and pointed out the fact that the best European designers were saturated with the principles of the older styles that it seemed impossible for them to free themselves from their influence. In 1893, the same captious critics who begrudged approval of the American display at Paris, turned their admiration of the foreigners took the form of the purchase of many articles in the exhibits for shipment to Europe. The leading art journal of England said:

"The United States easily distances in some departments of art metal work any other nation. Judging by the productions exhibited, one may well be in doubt whether we shall not in the near future be compelled to regard the American display as at least our equal if not our superior in the production of gold and silver work."

In the four years that have elapsed since the judgment was expressed the case has grown stronger, until today the fact is conceded generally that the leading level of the world is an American, and a New Yorker, and that in the production of sterling silver wares of ornament and use New York leads the world. The largest two establishments in the two hemispheres, devoted to the production of art works in metal, have their headquarters in this city.

PLATED WARES. Equally eminent in the world of manufacture are the makers of American silver plated wares. The progress made along this line in the United States in the last decade has been marked and important. It is said that nothing like this advance has been made in Europe, and that in one year America turns out a greater variety of new patterns and designs than is originated by the English and French in five years.

"The use of plated ware," said the manager of a leading house, "is steadily on the increase and keeps pace with the progress made in the style and quality of the goods produced. It is in demand among the wealthier classes to an extent you would hardly suspect, a milieu which possesses an abundance of sterling silver and belief in the use of good plated ware, for they can then lock up their valuable plate and bring it out only on gala occasions. Many families among the aristocracy of Europe are doing the same thing, and city people use plated ware in fitting up their country places. It saves a lot of worry about thieves and burglars. The life of a plated fork and spoon of the first quality is from fifteen to twenty-five years, according to the manner in which it is cleaned and polished. A coarse or gritty powder will wear through the plating in a comparatively short time, while the finer polishing substances will leave the surface intact for many years. Generally speaking the cost of plated goods is about one-tenth that of sterling silver. This may seem to be a proportion of cost, but you must remember that expensive skill and labor and the services of competent artists in designing and modelling are as necessary in the plated as in the sterling goods."

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HOUSEKEEPING IN MODERN HELLAS

Methods and Utensils Little Improved Since the Days of Homer.

Modern Greece, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, might well have postponed the conquest of Crete for the conquest of the kitchen. In no country in the world, supposed to be at all civilized, is housekeeping in such a primitive and backward state as in this little sea-surrounded island, which has had 99 centuries to learn from, and all the world for a teacher. Perhaps part of the fault of the modern Greek cooking is in the stomachs of the men. A creature walking on two legs who will deliberately put powdered resin into his wine and drink off the nauseous mixture with gusto, wouldn't appreciate a good meal if he could get it. The resined wine is universal in Greece. It cannot be much worse, however, than the wine of ancient times, in fact was frequently mixed with powdered limestone and other strong stuff. Pike county whisky would be tasteless to a Greek.

The housewife who provides food for the Greek resin-lovers has to cook dishes with "a tang to them." She eats the sour milk, produces a product of a sour and nauseous mess not fit for civilized palates. Of salt, on the contrary, she uses little. When one asks for it, a lump of rock salt is put into a mortar and brayed in his presence. The best white butter she puts on the table is hardly palatable to a Western appetite without a dash of salt.

UNPALATABLE CHEESE. The goats' milk cheese is hard, white and unpalatable. But the Greek women have learned from the Turks to make delicious sweetmeats and preserves of citron and other fruits. Quinces are rare, another product of the strength of the Greek digestion. The confection known as lukoumi, or "Turkish delight," resembling marsh-mallow, is commonly eaten just before afternoon coffee, which is always made in the Turkish manner and is, therefore, generally excellent.

A favorite dish is made of the grains of barley soaked in water until soft, and mixed with dried currants. Salad is unknown in the country. Even in the best hotels it is not available. The reason is due to the wine from which the vinegar is made. Upon most tables are placed, in lieu of tooth-picks, tiny cups containing sprigs of aromatic seeds; one of the favorite Greek delicacies is the seed of the pine cone, which is fattier and more meaty than in America.

Outside of the big hotels in Athens and a few private houses, there is neither stove nor range in Greece. All the cooking is done by open fires. The housewife does not even have a swinging crane to hang her pots on over the fire, but sets them on iron tripods, precisely as was done 2,000 years ago, and crouches in front to tend them, feeding the fire with sprouts trimmed from the grapevines. Around the same fire, the family sleep at night, flat on the floor, upon rugs and blankets, of which every household possesses a good supply.

MAKING RUGS. When the women are not busy at anything else, they are making rugs by hand. These are sometimes rag carpets, not unlike those dear to the heart of the New England housewife a generation ago; or they may be woven in felt, or made of horse hair, or spun woolen yarn or extemporized out of scraps of cloth, crazy-quilt fashion. The colors are almost always crude and harsh yellows, greens and reds. Beds are quite unknown outside of two or three cities. An occasional refinement is a bedstead in the form of a folding camp stool, but this is made no softer to lie upon by its height.

Sometimes the air is cold in the Greek mountains, and recourse is had, as in Spain and Morocco, to braziers for burning charcoal. These differ not at all from those used 2,000 or even 4,000 years ago, in Rome, Greece and Egypt. Sometimes in poor families a wooden box on legs is used for a stove, a bed of ashes forming some slight protection against burning the house down. When the smoker from the burning charcoal in the brazier threatens to stifle the people in the room, the housewife with a knowing smile puts half a lemon on the coals. The smell of the burning acid makes the air of the room most agreeable, but probably not more wholesome.

THE STABLE. The family stable, if there is one, is under the main living room, where there is every convenience that a horse could desire. If flocks of chickens invade the floor of the house itself, they are large enough to be seen and easily driven away--in which they differ from other numerous animated inhabitants, of which the flea is by no means the most troublesome. The walls, which may be of mud bricks, of stone, of wood, or of thatch, in any case harbor vermin readily, and are always open and draughty.

Of furniture a Greek house has practically none. Instead of a chair a tall box is used. In the middle of the top is a finger hole to lift it by. For a guest, a pillow or a folded blanket is put on top of the box, and a back can easily be managed by setting it near the wall. Crochery is almost an unknown quantity. Almost every house has two or three plates and glasses, "for best," and plenty of tiny tin coffee pots. For carrying water, gourds are commonly used, though in some houses there are odd little wooden buckets, hollowed out of solid block of wood with infinite labor. Wine is now not often carried in wine skins, as in the old days, but the cheese of the country is wrapped in sheepskin cases, of which the "skinny side out and the hairy side in" resemble the famous cover of Eryan Lynn, but do not make one like the cheese any better.

Unlike the peasants of more northern climes, the Greek woman has but little linen to care for, and that little is of poor quality, woven from coarse, uneven and knotty yarn. As the country has not yet advanced so far, even as the hand spinning wheel, yarn is always spun by the distaff in the same old laborious way employed by the handmaids of Penelope. The picturesque kilts, or fustanellas, worn by the women, are not made of homespun linen, but of coarse imported cotton cloth, bleached to an exquisite whiteness. They are about the only articles of clothing in Greece which always seem unsatisfactorily clean. And they, with the red Albanian cap, are the most picturesque bits of costume left in Europe by the great leveling agencies of modern life.

CHARACTER TOLD BY HAIR.

You Can't Get Away from the Search Light of Investigation.

It is pretty hard to conceal one's true character nowadays. A new fad is hair reading, and this is said to "give us away" in an unpleasantly accurate manner. The new science is not fully developed yet, but its devotees have already discovered many interesting facts and are constantly searching for more.

Fine hair is said to denote gentle birth, and the amount of care the hair shows will determine the mode of life. It is also claimed that the closer the ends of the hair cling together, that is naturally, without artificial force, the greater is the intellectuality of the owner. A tendency to curl denotes inherent grace and a poetic nature. Straight hair is the sign of a firm, positive and practical disposition. Such bad qualities as treachery and jealousy are generally found in people with black, lustreless hair. The lighter the hair the more sensitive and "touchy" the owner generally is. Red hair is a sign of honesty and cleverness. Nothing whatever is said about freaks of temper as an accompaniment to red hair. It may, therefore, be safe to conclude that another popular idea has been dissolved by the searchlight of science and investigation.

THE LITTLE BOY'S PRAISE. The Chicago Chronicle tells of a religious little boy of Chicago, who never goes to sleep without praying that his soul may be kept through the long watches of the night. The other evening, however, he became a little mixed about bedtime. When in his snowy white gown, he made a movement toward the little cot, but was reminded that he had forgotten to say his evening prayer. He quickly knelt at his mother's side and, laying his small head upon his folded hands, began: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." But there his drowsiness became too much for him. His curly head went down with a bump against his mother's knee, and she, hoping to help him out, softly suggested: "If,--" He made another effort, and as his mother prompted him the second time he brightened up and finished: "If he hollers let him go, Ene, meni, mino mo."

Care of the Eyebrows. Smooth, glossy eyebrows, and long dark lashes, add wonderfully to the beauty of a face, and women should care for these necessary adjuncts to their good looks. If the brows are thin and ill-formed, rub puregrose or vaseline on them at night, and bathe them carefully in cold water in the morning. Never brush or rub the brows the wrong way. Brush them daily with a small eyebrow brush that you can get at any good drug store, but do not get into the habit of "rubbing"; it will roughen and break the hairs.

Found His Calling. From the Cleveland Leader. Editor-in-Chief (to applicant for position on the Daily Distrust)--"Do you have fits?" Applicant--"Alas, yes!" Editor--"All right, you can commence here Monday. We want such a man as you seem to be to edit our Cuban war news."

Getting Down to Bedrock. Times are so hard that many men are cutting their mustaches off so that they can smoke their cigars shorter.--Tit-Bits.

In Constantinople. Booking Office Clerk--Where for, sir? Passenger--The nearest massacre, please.--Tit-Bits.

Penard He Had Done Wrong. "I'm very much afraid," said Mr. Meekton, "that I hurt my wife's feelings this afternoon. It was unintentional, but she's terribly sensitive about any insinuation that a woman isn't just as well able to take care of herself as a man."

"How did it occur?" "I was in a horse car, and before I saw who she was I stood up and offered her my seat."--Washington Star.

For serving a soft-boiled egg in the shell pretty holders now come made of delicate silver wire, twisted around in such a manner as to form a graceful

CONCERNING BOILED EGGS.

When the shell is cut from the end the egg is found not to be sufficiently cooked to please the palate it may be again put into boiling water and cooked still longer if the top is sprinkled thickly with salt. When it is done remove the coating of salt and the egg will be the same as if the shell had just been taken off.

To Distinguish Pure Linen. When purchasing sheer linen handkerchiefs, those that are pure linen may be readily recognized by moistening the tip of the finger and stretching the fabric over it. Linen will show the moisture through immediately; but cotton threads take more time to absorb the moisture.

And He Was Carried Off. From the Boston Post. Traveler (at a crowded hotel)--How much do I owe you? What's my bill? Hotelkeeper--Let me see; your room was-- Traveler--I didn't have any room. I slept on the billiard table. Hotelkeeper--Ah, well, forty cents an hour.

An Unwelcome Visitor. Caller--Is your father at home? Little Daughter--What is your name, please? Caller--Just tell him it is his old friend Bill. Little Daughter--Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.--Tit-Bits.

Misunderstood. Mrs. Jobber--Too bad the new cook spoiled the steak--she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead, dear? Mr. Jobber--All right; call her in--Judge.

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AND HE WAS CARRIED OFF. From the Boston Post. Traveler (at a crowded hotel)--How much do I owe you? What's my bill? Hotelkeeper--Let me see; your room was-- Traveler--I didn't have any room. I slept on the billiard table. Hotelkeeper--Ah, well, forty cents an hour.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR. Caller--Is your father at home? Little Daughter--What is your name, please? Caller--Just tell him it is his old friend Bill. Little Daughter--Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.--Tit-Bits.

MISUNDERSTOOD. Mrs. Jobber--Too bad the new cook spoiled the steak--she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead, dear? Mr. Jobber--All right; call her in--Judge.

FOUND HIS CALLING. From the Cleveland Leader. Editor-in-Chief (to applicant for position on the Daily Distrust)--"Do you have fits?" Applicant--"Alas, yes!" Editor--"All right, you can commence here Monday. We want such a man as you seem to be to edit our Cuban war news."

GETTING DOWN TO BEDROCK. Times are so hard that many men are cutting their mustaches off so that they can smoke their cigars shorter.--Tit-Bits.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE. Booking Office Clerk--Where for, sir? Passenger--The nearest massacre, please.--Tit-Bits.

PENARD HE HAD DONE WRONG. "I'm very much afraid," said Mr. Meekton, "that I hurt my wife's feelings this afternoon. It was unintentional, but she's terribly sensitive about any insinuation that a woman isn't just as well able to take care of herself as a man."

"How did it occur?" "I was in a horse car, and before I saw who she was I stood up and offered her my seat."--Washington Star.

FOR SERVING A SOFT-BOILED EGG IN THE SHELL pretty holders now come made of delicate silver wire, twisted around in such a manner as to form a graceful

egg-shaped holder and standard. At the top is a tiny circular knife, which smoothly cuts the shell from one end of the egg. This is a great improvement over the ugly-looking little china cups so long in use.

CONCERNING BOILED EGGS