

# WOMAN'S REALM

## Teaches the Blind.

Mrs. Agnes J. Rossler is the person who is notified when a blind visitor appears at the Museum of Natural History. Mrs. Rossler has thought out classifications and arrangements which are labeled in Braille or New York point for the use of the blind and as each article is passed from hand to hand and studied by the blind visitors an informal lecture is given.—New York Sun.

## Second-Hand Opinions.

Leading physicians and eminent specialists might be greatly edified if they could hear the opinions attributed to them at luncheons and bridge parties or other purely feminine gatherings. Women's tongues run riot on such occasions, and the woman who has not the courage to advance an opinion of her own falls back upon her doctor or her husband, repeating over and over again, like a parrot: "But Dr. So-and-So said just this," etc. And as no one else heard the doctor's remarks her statements cannot be refuted.—New York Tribune.

## Work of Police Woman.

The Berlin police woman, Fraulein Margaret Dittmer, appointed just a year and a half ago, has found the position no sinecure thus far. During her first year of service she had 604 cases to deal with. Much of Fraulein Dittmer's work corresponds to that of the woman probation officer in American cities. Youthful delin-

Cornflower yellow is one of the evening shades that are popular in all fabrics.

Many turbans are trimmed simply with huge bows of changeable ribbon at the back.

Crochet lace is decidedly smart this season, whether on gowns, aprons or lingerie.

The dotted veils are enjoying a revival of favor; the very small dots are the smartest.

Challis comes in very pretty patterns and makes dainty little frocks for small girls.

With the afternoon dresses there are carried parasols of black chinchilla lace over white.

Many of the negligees have a hint of the Directoire with crossed vests of brocade or beaded net.

For street wear the correct stockings are the plain, heavy black silk, with an embroidered clock.

A bewildering number of changes will be rung upon the way in which the new smart coat is fastened.

Belts of every description are found; even on evening gowns we are astonished by a belt of leather.

Wrist bands which are a revival of the early Victorian beaded bracelet have been introduced, and there is a threat of quite a revival of these trifles.

The costume is now considered incomplete without a wrap of some sort, no matter how slight it may be, and this has caused a renewed vogue for the scarf.

**Bluefish a la Venetienne.**—Have a two-pound bluefish cleaned and scraped; place it in a buttered baking dish with one-half cup of liquor in which mushrooms were boiled, one chopped tomato and six mushrooms. Cover with oiled paper and bake for fifteen minutes, take from the oven, sprinkle with crumbs and minced parsley, season with salt and pepper, dot with butter and return to the oven until browned.

**Our Out-out Recipe.**  
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

quents, waifs and deserted children are placed in her charge. She deals with them as she thinks fit, sometimes placing them in institutions, sometimes—in the case of delinquents—restoring them to their parents and afterward visiting them frequently. Among Fraulein Dittmer's charges last year were 165 boys and girls who had run away from their homes in the provinces to Berlin. The majority had come because they "wanted to see the Kaiser's palace."—New York Tribune.

## They Do It Better in Greece?

Views of divorce which an English clergyman has just expressed have drawn high encomiums from sundry divorced women in town who have grown reticent about their ages and have given up having birthday parties. "We ought to have the divorce law that was enforced in ancient Greece," the preacher said. "If a certain old Greek clause were tacked to every separation, I am persuaded that divorces would fall off sixty to seventy per cent. This law was that when a man got a divorce he could not, under any circumstances, marry another woman younger than his former wife. An innocent law, a brief law, not much to look at—but how many divorce suits would be nipped in the bud if all husbands knew that after the separation they could not marry younger women than the wives they had cast off?"—New York Press.

## Women Intend to Vote.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has written an article entitled, "How Can Women Get the Suffrage?" which appeared in the current issue of the Independent. In it she sets forth her reasons for believing in the final victory of the cause and tells how to get the votes in the quickest way.

"One fact may be accepted," she says, "that women intend to have the suffrage. There are very few of the most bitter opponents who do not admit the most they can hope for is to defer as long as possible what they choose to term 'the evil day when women shall vote.'"

"One of the highest dignitaries said to me recently, 'Of course, we know that woman suffrage is inevitable; the only question is how soon it will come.' This is the sole point at issue now between the suffragists and anti-suffragists—when will women get the ballot?"

Mrs. Belmont replies to this question herself by saying the quickest method for suffragists to pursue is to awaken public interest, to gain the assistance of men and to create a situation which will bring publicity to the cause through the newspapers.

## Fashion Notes.

Figured foulards are to be used as linings for many of the smart tailored coats.

## ORRIS ROOT.

How It is Grown and Gathered on the Hills Near Florence.

Most people know that orris root is one of the chief ingredients of violet powder; many others are well acquainted with the strangely shaped pieces of white root, that seem like dried ginger, which give out the delicate and subtle scent of the violet, and perhaps the privileged few know that it is made from the roots of a kind of iris.

"Never have I seen the cultivation of the iris and the preparation of orris root to such perfection as this summer in the Tuscan Apennines, where Vallombrosa lifts its pine covered head," says a writer in the Queen. "On the sunny side of the mountain lies the whole district of the Val d'Arno and between Saltino and Plan di Seo the entire neighborhood is given up to the cultivation of vines, olives and iris.

"Indian corn, wheat and millet find a place; but wine, oil and orris root are the three commercial industries. Pergolas of vines stretch along as far as the eye can see; vines with clusters of purple or white grapes, olives laden with green berries, and under them and between them little plantations of iris dalmatica.

"The iris, or giaggolo as it is called in Italy, is planted thinly, and allowed to grow for three years, when the roots are dug up and tied in big bundles. These are then prepared. Nearly the whole of the tuberous root is cut off, leaving only a tiny bit with fibres in order that the plant may grow when replanted, as it is at once for another three years of peace.

"The tubers are then thrown into big basins of water, and the whole family of the contadine, or peasant, sitting on the doorstep of their house or under the pergolas in the shade of the vines begin the business of peeling them previous to their being dried in the sun for the market. Everybody is busy with the small sickle-shaped knives trimming the iris root. In its fresh condition it is sold for about twenty centimes the kilo, about two cents a pound. But after a few days' exposure to the brilliant Italian sunshine on large wickerwork trays it loses two-thirds of its weight and is sold to the wholesale merchants at nine cents a pound."

## Winged Artemis of Sparta.

The statues of the winged Artemis recently found at Sparta by the workers of the British School at Athens are described by M. S. Thompson in a paper in the current number of the Journal of Hellenic Studies. The characteristic feature of them all is that the goddess always grasps in each hand some animal, which Mr. Thompson thinks proof that she was a nature goddess. It may be so, but the same feature is to be noticed on the Egyptian monuments known as the Cippi of Horus, where that god is portrayed as grasping in his hands snakes, scorpions, lizards, crocodiles or other animals which the Egyptians, rightly or wrongly, thought harmful to mankind. Mr. Thompson is certainly right, however, when he draws attention to the parallel types of divinities found at Rhodes, Ephesus and Nimroud, and also to Pausanias' account of Artemis Orthia, which shows clearly that the representations of the goddess with wings had died out and were forgotten long before Pausanias' time. Hence we are here dealing with an extremely primitive cult, and the conclusion is strengthened by the fact that more antique statues are known of Artemis, according to him, than of any other Hellenic deity. That the Spartan Artemis was known as Orthia simply seems clear, as also that at first she had no traceable connection with Apollo, who was later given to her as her brother. Yet Horus, who presents, as has been said, some affinities with her, was certainly a sun god. Can this form the link between the two?—The Athenaeum.

## What We're Coming To.

Senator Depew, at the recent bachelors' cotillon in Washington, praised the growth of advertisement.

"Advertisement," he said, "has made many a man, many a book, many a commodity. But how much farther will it go?"

"Verily," said Senator Depew, "I can imagine a stormy night in the near future, with March winds howling across foaming seas and with the captain of a hard-pressed ship shouting to his mate from the bridge: 'Is that Punk's Pills?'"

"Aye, aye, sir, with Gibraltar Pants shining to leeward, the mate will reply.

"We'll weather Peerless Typewriter rock, then, after all," the captain cries.

"That we will, sir, heaven be praised," says the mate cheerily, for already Cann's Cod Liver Oil light is beginning to show up on our lee."—Washington Star.

The hardest wood in the world is not ebony, but cocus, which is much used for making flutes and similar musical instruments.

# House Cleaning and Furnishing Time Is Here.

Now is when the house-wife will go all over the house, and dust the accumulations of the winter's coal burning. She will find that so many articles need replacing with new ones. We wish to let all know that we have just what will be needed for the purpose. To enumerate a few articles only: Curtain Rods, Curtain Fixtures, Picture Wire, Moulding Hooks, Clothes Baskets, Chair Seats, Hat and Coat Racks, Salt Boxes, China, Crockery, Glassware, Toilet Sets, Etc. The most important of all is, we have all these goods at the right price. We mark the price all in plain figures and have but one price to all customers. We find that it makes us too much trouble and very unsatisfactory to the public, to work price with the percentage off plan.

See Our Illustrated Bulletin For Bargains.

COME AND SEE

**J. T. LUCAS**  
MOSHANNON, PA.

## The Man and His Job

By Herbert J. Hapgood.

ONE of the many difficulties experienced by the sales-manager arises from the trouble he has in keeping his men in their respective territories. The problem becomes particularly troublesome with a line like typewriters, trading stamps, cash registers or an article that is sold to small merchants or direct to the people. A large sales force is employed in putting such propositions on the market and consequently the territories are easily accessible one to another and the temptation for one man to encroach upon the other's exclusive field becomes very great. When a man sees a prospect that looks good just across the line, the chances are he will jump over and try to get a contract.

The other day a man who used to sell typewriters came to me and said he couldn't make good on the proposition mainly because his rights of territory were so often violated. While this seemed a pretty thin excuse for his not being able to sell the machines, I was nevertheless impressed by his complaint and am somewhat inclined to believe that sales-managers generally do not give the matter sufficient attention.

He said that one morning as he was working a remote corner of his territory—it was somewhere in Connecticut—he went into an office and found that one of their typewriters had been recently put in on trial. The boss was out at the time he called, but he got into the good graces of the young lady stenographer—as all typewriter salesmen try more or less successfully to do—and learned the whole story.

It would have been an easy matter for him to have reported the incident to his sales-manager, but he knew that the man who encroached on his territory would offer the old excuse of saying that the prospect was a personal friend of his. So he decided to punish the intruder in a more original manner and accordingly he took out the machine, and had the man searching for it for over two weeks.—New York Commercial.

## America's Bargain Counter

By Frank W. Malley.

IF that Englishman of Lowell's, whose notion of America was that of a great stretch of bargain-counter strung along the seaboard, founded his conception of the United States upon a glimpse from a schooner off Atlantic City, neither you nor any one else would blame him. The Boardwalk is a string of shops on one side facing the sea, and they are, next to the thousands of promenaders, the most interesting things there. You may have hurried away from the towny shops back in Atlantic avenue when you noted that they sported grossly material things like heads of cabbage and sides of beef, but out here among the Boardwalk shops you will find nothing on sale except everything in the world that you haven't the slightest use for. They've thrown away the fronts of the shops so that you the better may see the near-Japanese gimcracks that our studious and spectacled and suave little brown brothers are selling through the medium of a well-groomed white auctioneer, who repeats the bids offered as though he were revealing a great secret sorrow. Here are Persian, Syrian and Turkish rugs, some designed and built in a post village like Bagdad centuries ago, no doubt, and many more that were designed there centuries ago but only recently have been built for the Western rich in the applied art centres of Camden, which is in New Jersey. Toy-shops fairly embrace one another. Picture post-cards are even more numerous than around the Hotel Venus at Santiago—rows and racks of them that litter tables and climb ceilingward along three walls.—Everybody's Magazine.