



GARMEN SYLVA AS A CHILD.

WOMANKIND

Romantic Story-Telling Queen Was Imaginative and Full of Energy.

The surroundings, work and personality of Elizabeth, Queen of Romania—known to the world of letters as Carmen Sylva—are the subject matter of an article in the Woman's Home Companion entitled "The Queen Who Writes Fairy Tales." The author, George T. B. Davis, thus writes of the childhood of the queen-author:

"Her father was a man of deep learning, author of a notable philosophical work, and entertained the leading scholars of his time at his castle on the Rhine. Here she was born, in 1843, on the 25th of December, missing by only four days being a 'Christmas child.' As a child Elizabeth was a prodigy, at least in the great imagination and overflowing energy she possessed. Such a bundle of nervous energy was she that when, at the age of five, her portrait was being painted it was almost impossible to make her sit quietly. Pleading and threats were alike unavailing. Finally the child herself made up her mind to sit perfectly still. She succeeded for two or three minutes, but the strain upon her nervous system was too great and she fell fainting from her stool.

"Once she was taken with her mother to visit the German Emperor. The child wandered about the room, fondling cushions, sofa pillows and hostlers, pretending they were her children, and finally went up to the Emperor, took hold of her feet, which were resting on a footstool, placed them roughly on the floor, clasped the stool to her breast, and exclaimed, 'You must not stand on my child!'

"At nine years of age Elizabeth wrote verses; at twelve she attempted to write a novel; at fourteen she arranged dreams and tragedies in her imagination; at fifteen she studied three newspapers daily, and took a keen interest in politics. During her youth her chief pleasures were roaming alone through the great forest surrounding the ancestral castle—and stories are still told of her daring deeds in those earlier days on the Rhine—and listening to fairy tales; or, as she grew older, weaving the tales from her own rich imagination and relating them, with eyes all aglow, to eager troupes of children."

Concerning the Hair.

Keep it clean with soap and warm water, clean towels and quick drying, every two weeks.

Singe it every two months; it is far better than cutting. The women in the Indies have superb hair, and singe it often.

Hair is a living plant, and dirt is not its proper soil.

It needs good blood way beneath the growth. A good tonic is often needed of quinine and will stimulate the growth. Scalp diseases are more common than people know. The hair hides many unpleasant proofs of truth. Therefore, it is very undesirable for several persons to use the same brush.

Never use dyes. If your hair has been "touched up" until the texture of the hair is like raveled rope, do not repeat the odious peroxide wash, but have it shampooed with good olive oil soap.

Brushing makes the hair shine, and borax baths make it fluffy. Do not use borax too often or it will bleach and rot the hair.

Warm towels will expedite home shampooing. It will take several during the process.

Care of brushes is not considered of as much importance as it should be. Dirty brushes with silver backs can be found in very fine houses. Every few days a brush that is daily in use should be cleaned.

Falling hair is very common. Massage twice a week and vaseline well worked in will often stop it falling out.

Kindergarten Methods for Mothers.

We must choose the influences of sight and sound which are to be for our children the means of growth. And in order that we may choose intelligently—in order, too, that these means of growth may advance by gradual and continuous stages corresponding to the development of the children themselves, we must study the needs of childhood at each stage of its development. These needs may be revealed to us in various ways. By watching children at play we discover what nature impels them to do and to enjoy. By recalling our own childhood we realize by what instincts we were governed at corresponding periods of growth. By studying the history of mankind, we learn in what order his senses were manifested and by what means they became the stepping stones to their unfolding, no arbitrary forms of activity.

For these we must add Froebel's write a principle of self-activity, of freedom under law. Having discovered the needs of our children and the store of gratifying them, and having applied these means in the environment of home or school, we must still be body, mind and soul free to do per advance own growing. No impatient will be sure of facilities which seem to us their unfolding, no arbitrary forms of our personal convictions as which must open to the child's own way, but a patient Risers, maintaining of the great of right living—physical, moral—until the child's own nature impels it to it.

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EGG BUSINESS ODDITIES

THE SORTING AND CLASSIFYING A COMPLICATED PERFORMANCE.

Revolution in the Egg Business—No More Egg Families—Grades of Eggs—May Be Kept Long in Cold Storage—Temptations of Farmers.

A cackle of relief and conscious virtue is going up from conscientious hens all over the country. Their busy season is practically ended and they have beaten all previous records.

The American hen isn't properly appreciated by her average fellow countryman. He insists upon regarding her as an individual, and doesn't realize what a power of organized labor she represents. At a rough estimate, there are about 350,000,000 chickens in the United States. They produce each year something like 14,000,000,000 eggs, which represent \$175,000,000. Besides, \$100,000,000 worth of poultry is eaten in the country during a year, and the value of the living hens, at thirty cents apiece, is figured at \$150,000,000. So the hen stands for about \$455,000,000 in the yearly economies of the United States, and it keeps her hustling to live up to her reputation. It is enough to daunt even a Black Minnora to reflect when the spring days come that she and her fellows must start in and outdo the iron industry, the coal industry, the wheat crops and the corn crop, incidentally soaring more than \$1,000,000 ahead of the total value of the cows of the country and their produce.

However, she sees her duty and she does it. The bulk of her work, so far as the eggs are concerned, is done in the spring and early summer, though the hens keep up a fairly good pace until November, and are not actually daunted until the severe cold weather and storms arrive. The supply and the price of eggs depend entirely upon that unknown quantity, the weather. Such an episode as the egg famine of earlier times is never known in this day of cold storage and refrigerating facilities, but a long winter means a decided scarcity of fresh eggs and a jump in the prices of stored eggs.

The egg business has been revolutionized in very recent years and its development has been marvellous. A comparatively short time ago, the market depended upon local farmers and upon Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa for its egg supply, and the great Southwest had no finger in the pie; but the improvements in railroad facilities and refrigeration have changed all that, and now Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri are sending out enormous quantities of eggs. The South, too, has taken up the industry. Iowa is still, perhaps, the heaviest producer, but Michigan eggs are said by experts to have the finest flavor, the difference being, doubtless, the effect of the sand and lime in the soil.

Poultry farmers to-day are showing a tendency to confine themselves to some one breed of hens, but the merit of this measure lies not in superior flavor but in the uniform size and color of the eggs. Those questions of size and color cut an important figure in the egg trade, and though the dealers say scornfully that their concessions to public idiosyncrasies are all foolishness, they make the concessions just the same. The ordinary buyer absolutely refuses to put aside a prejudice in favor of eggs uniform in size and color. The grocer cannot sell mixed eggs, however fresh they may be, at a fancy price, so the wholesale dealers sort out the eggs, tack an extra price to those that are uniform, and everybody is happy. There are local prejudices in this regard as well as universal ones. Every dealer the country over knows that fancy sorted eggs, to find favor in Boston, must be of a warm brown color, and he knows well that New Yorkers will not pay a fancy price for brown eggs, but demand assorted whites.

This sorting and classifying of eggs is a complicated performance. Sometimes it is done before shipping. More often it is done in the wholesale houses or storage warehouses. First the eggs are candled and sorted according to their degree of freshness. In the old days this was done by passing the eggs before a candle flame in a dark room; but candling is now a misnomer, for the eggs are held before a powerful electric light hooded in tin, so that the light escapes only through one small aperture. An expert candler needs long training, and the work is tedious and trying, though old candlers who have been in the trade for many years pooh-pooh the idea that the work is disastrous to the eyes. The candling room is a picturesque place with its ink gloom, its high lights on the faces of the workers and the glowing light ovals of warm color that are swiftly passed before the ray of light and laid aside. The incidental smells are more than picturesque, but a disinfectant thrown in the air quickly kills the odor of the bad eggs, and the workers say that they are so used to the odor that they really do not mind it.

The candlers in one of New York's largest wholesale egg houses get \$14 a week the year round, but their work is comparatively light during the spring and early summer months when nearly all eggs are fresh. It is during the hot weather that their troubles begin. That season eggs must be handled quickly and a large percentage of them are not strictly fresh. The candler must be able to grade the varying degrees of staleness unerringly, separating blood eggs, spotted eggs, heated eggs and thoroughly bad eggs into classes. After they leave the candling room, they are again sorted, this time with reference to color and size. The strictly fresh eggs, all of one size and color, are packed for fancy trade; mixed fresh eggs go together; eggs of varying degrees of staleness are divided into classes. The cracked eggs and dirty eggs are put aside.

Not an egg of any sort is wasted. The hopelessly bad eggs, not bought up for campaigning purposes, are sold for use in tanning processes. The dirties and the cracked eggs go to the bakers, as do many of the stale eggs, and stale eggs are also sold to the small dealers in the poor quarters of the city, where the trade cannot afford high prices. The best retail dealers in the city buy only the best assorted mixed eggs. One New York firm has bought \$18,000 worth of grade eggs this month and

doesn't consider it a big month either. The country is practically cleared of fresh eggs now; and the supply will be small from this time until March or April, but millions of eggs are packed away in the storage houses, and it would be indeed a long winter that could exhaust the supply. Of course, an egg does lose its flavor with storage, but it doesn't spoil, in the ordinary acceptance of that word, and eggs are frequently kept ten months without being unfit for use. At the time of New York's last blizzard, when entrance to the city was absolutely blocked, the storage egg supply was fairly cleaned out, and ten-month-old eggs sold for a price higher than that ordinarily brought by fancy fresh eggs.

It is an established fact that storage houses for eggs should be away from the salt air, as the salt seems to affect the eggs unfavorably. Nothing, in fact, is more easily tainted than an egg, though one might suppose that its shell would protect it. A Buffalo dealer last season stored 2000 cases of eggs, 300 in a case, in the same house with a consignment of pears and the eggs took on such a distinct pear flavor that they were sold for a very small price in the New York market.

There is money in the egg business even for farmers who go into it in a small way; and almost every first class city grocery has on its books a few local farmers who furnish small supplies of eggs superior in appearance and stamped strictly fresh. Very often these eggs are all the buyer's fancy points them. Sometimes they are fancy pure and simple. The wholesale dealers all know one small downtown firm that buys ordinary eggs of them at a fair price, stamps each one with a Long Island address and date and sells them at a fancy price as strictly from Long Island eggs.

Even the farmers themselves occasionally yield to temptation. When a man is accustomed to providing sixty dozen eggs a week at a big price for a New York dealer and, on account of cold weather or natural cussedness, his hens fail him for a week or two, and furnish him only ten dozen a week, his integrity is sadly strained. It would be so exceedingly easy to run up to New York, buy fifty dozen fresh eggs at a fair price, stamp them with his stamp and send them off. No one would be hurt, the eggs would be good and his profits would be intact. Presumably the ordinary farmer grows "Retro Satan" and stands his loss but there are others. That is why wholesale dealers grin jovially when one asks them about "strictly fresh" eggs.

The United States export large quantities of eggs to the West Indies and South America, and even send them as far afield as South Africa, but France, Russia, Belgium and Denmark practically supply the European market. England, oddly enough, produces few eggs and imports yearly more than 1,300,000,000 from the Continent.—New York Sun.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A man in Atlantic City, N. J., has made himself famous. In a whole year he kept a quarter of a dollar in his mouth, and thus won a wager of \$10.

An ostrich seldom jumps over an obstruction of some height, as a well or mound—perhaps fearing for its frail bones—the usual way of clearing the obstacle being to breast the wall or mound, and then to roll over it somehow.

In ruling paper the worker, using quill and ruler, seventy years ago, took 4800 hours to do work now done by machine in two and three-quarter hours. The old-time worker got \$1 a day; now the two men employed earn \$7 a day between them.

Canton, China, possesses the queerest street in the world. It is roofed with glazed paper fastened on bamboo, and contains more signboards to the square foot than any street in any other country. It contains no other shops but those of apothecaries and dentists.

In 1051 the Massachusetts Court expressed its "utter detestation that men and women of meane condition, education, and calling, should take upon them the garb of gentlemen by wearing of gold or silver lace, or buttons or points at their knees, or walke in great boots, or women of the same ranke to wear silke or tiffany hoods or scarfs."

Bavaria has the most curious of all claims to notoriety, which is that it possesses the longest lightning conductor in the world. It rises some yards above the top of the meteorological station on the Zugspitze, the highest point in the German Empire, and runs down the side of the mountain to the bottom of the Hohenlantal, where there is running water all the year round. The length of the rod is five and a half kilometres—nearly three and a half miles.

Insurance Against Strikes.

An insurance against strikes is the latest idea in Austria. A number of manufacturers have adopted the plan of paying a certain percentage upon their respective payrolls into a common fund. In the event of a strike occurring in the works of one of them an investigation is made by a committee representing the association, and if it is decided that the strike was declared unjustly the idle factory is indemnified from the fund. On the other hand, if the committee finds the cause of the strikers just there is no indemnity.

Searching For Byron's Heart.

The Church of St. Spiridon, in Missolonghi, in which was deposited the urn containing the heart of Lord Byron, is about to be rebuilt, says an Athens correspondent of the London Express.

When the town of Missolonghi was taken by the Turks in 1823 this church was destroyed and the urn buried under the ruins. Every effort is now being made to discover the priceless relic, in order to place it in a prominent position in the new building.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—The long coat that means warmth to the entire body is a necessity for the young child. The very charming little May Mantle de-



CHILD'S LONG COAT.

sign illustrated is admirable for the tot who has just been promoted to short clothes, as well as for children of four and six years of age. As shown the material is Russian blue broadcloth, with trimming of soft gray chinchilla; but younger children wear white bengaline peau de soie, drap d'ete and velvet. Corduroy or velveteen can be substituted for the cloth when the child has reached the mature age of four years. Fur is much used as trimming, but narrow frills of ribbon and stitched bands are entirely correct.

The skirt portion is laid in box pleats, two at the front and two at the back, and is attached to a short fitted body. The double capes fall over the shoulders, the upper one being cut in points at the front, which gives an exceptionally smart effect. At the neck is a turn-over collar. The sleeves are full, in bishop style, and are finished with straight bands or cuffs at the wrist. The coat closes at the centre front, where it is supplied with ornamental buttons and buttonholes.

To cut this coat for a child of four years of age five yards of material

is a desirable ring for the little finger. Fairly suggestive of Cleopatra is a scarabaeus of diamonds. This beetle, which seems to dominate Egyptian design, has its broad, gem-set wings outspread. A ruby is set in his body, while a pearl takes the place of his head.

But he is not the only insect on the tray. There are great, magnified flies; one sparkling fellow has a magnificent pearl by way of a body.—Philadelphia Record.

New This Season.

Those who are wise in such matters have discovered that gun-metal ornaments can be worn with mourning. Dull or bright jet, pearls and oxidized silver or black onyx have hitherto been the resort of women in mourning, but to have something else available which shall be both fashionable and desirable sleeve links, lace pins, hat pins and chains of gun metal are used. The latest exhibit of it is in the link purse and chatelaine bag, which are new this season.

A Popular Finish.

Silk or velvet lacing cord with sharply tagged ends lace up the divisions of sleeves on winter bodices. Look around you at a tea and note how this mode prevails. Perhaps it is the upper third, where a sleeve is laced up from the shoulder almost to the elbow. Perhaps the lacing is for the lower part of the sleeve, or it may be laced up continuously from shoulder to wrist. It is a thoroughly popular fashion.

The White Gardenia.

White gardenias are very popular for hat trimming, perhaps more so than the roses, yet nothing in the way of artificial flowers can be much more beautiful than the rose productions of this season. Roses of gold gauze are also very much used, and with good effect on the cream lace hats so much worn.

The edict has gone forth that lingerie must be white. Black and colored underclothing is no longer in good taste.

Gold Tassels.

Little tassels of gold bullion swing



A POPULAR TUCKED BLOUSE.

twenty-one inches wide, four and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and five-eighths yards forty-four or two yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

Woman's Tucked Blouse.

The simple blouse of finely tucked material is a prime favorite of the season, and is charming for wear with odd skirts as well as for costumes of soft, clinging stuffs. As illustrated in the large engraving it is designed by May Mantle for the former use and is of satin Algon in pastel blue with cuffs of panne in a deeper shade and with trim with tie and belt that match the velvet; but both silk and wool crepe are admirable, soft-finished tulle, tulle and satin regency are much liked, as are all the softer silks, while mouseline and Liberty are always lovely.

The foundation for the waist is a lining fitted with single darts, underarm, back and shoulder seams. The waist proper is laid in fine, evenly spaced tucks, and is arranged over the lining with slight, easy fullness at neck and shoulders in front, closing at the centre front, where the tucks conceal the fact. The sleeves are modeled after the latest style, and are arranged over a smooth fitted lining. The outer portions are tucked to a few inches above the wrists, where they fall free and form puffs that are tucked to the lining which ensures a perfect adjustment. At the wrists are bands finished with pointed ends that lap over and hook into place.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size four and seven-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-eight inches wide, will be required.

High-Class Jewelry.

A gem in Part nouveau line is a smallish brooch, consisting of a pink enamel lily, in shades ranging from pastel old rose to a purplish tint; this lily rests on a curved bar of rose gold set with pearls, while from this bar a baroque pearl (the dented sort that gets slightly dented in the hinge part of the oyster) is pendant.

This charming novelty has been brought out by exclusive firms to meet the demands of the feminine dinner-giver and dinner-out, who, perforce, is unemployed during most of the entertainment.

Though suggestive of the marquise ring at first look, one at length perceives that there are triangular extensions down each side, also set with gems. This addition naturally makes

from the pendant ends of a dark blue silk cravat. This is worn in front over a lace front which lightens up a costume of dark blue lady's cloth. The sparing use of gold is rather more effective than the profuse exhibitions of gold braiding, tags, buckles, ferrets and spikes we see on some gorgeous costumes. Gold tassels swing from the ends of a narrow black satin cravat.

Woman's Five Gored Tucked Skirt.

The skirt tucked in perpendicular lines is becoming to almost all figures and is one of the latest developments of the season's styles. The May Mantle design illustrated is essentially smart and is simple at the same time. The groups of tucks, three each, are arranged at the front and side seams with pointed straps between producing a panel effect. As shown the skirt is made of mode colored Venetian cloth, with the straps in a darker shade, but velvet, silk or braid can be used in contrast with a cloth foundation, and the color can be the same or a harmonizing one, as preferred.

The skirt is cut in five gores. The tucks are allowed at the edge of the front and back gores, those at the front turning backward, those at the back turning forward, and are stitched to the point indicated, below which they fall free to intensify the flare. The straps are arranged as indicated and stitched into place. The skirt fits snugly at the upper portion and includes short hip darts in the side portions. The fullness at the back is laid in an inverted pleat.



A TUCKED SKIRT.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size six and three-eighths yards of material forty-four inches wide, or four and seven-eighths yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

THE ANIMAL SHOW.

When I am a man—in fact, you know—And Pa is the little child—And he comes home from his work—comes down—When the sun goes out and the day comes down—And supper is done and the lamp is lit, And I am the little child—And Ma says we drive her pretty near wild With our Great-an'-only Animal show.

My Pa is the bear.—Of course, you know I'd down on his hank's an'—And I am the rich old circus man, And he is the tigger from Hindustan, 'A jagger' (tho' it's a bit of a brag), A hump-back camel; and that is n't tall Of the things he is, when my Pa's in our Great-an'-only Animal show!

Once, when I was a man.—In fact, you know And Pa was the little child—And we had our show, my Ma, she said 'You two is enough to raise the dead! What you a pose the neighbors say When they hear such a racket, anyway? You'd better be a little more wild With your Great-an'-only Animal show!

Pa laughed like a boy.—In fact, you know And then him 'n' me, we sat there—And saw in the coal, as we sat there—By the open grate, in his big arm chair, The soldiers in battle and fireworks play, Though truly I think we lost them both—With our Great-an'-only Animal show!—Ellsworth Kelley, in Puck.

PITH AND POINT.

Blotbs.—"Young Spendall made light of his financial difficulties. Blotbs.—"Why, has he money to burn?"

Neel.—"Maude's fiancé is so original. Belle.—'In what way?' Neel.—'Maude says he has never told her how unworthy he is of her love.'"

Kentuckian.—"He called me a liar, sir." New Yorker.—"And what do you do?" Kentuckian.—"I went to the funeral."—Detroit Free Press.

Lady (engaging a new cook).—"Are you sure you don't keep company with a policeman?" Yes, I do, ma'am, he's a very small enter.—Tit-Bits.

Out of barrel and out of sack. Out of closet chest and pack. Burglars take things now and then—For burglars are such taking men.—Chicago News.

Wigwag.—"What excuse do you usually give your wife when you stay late?" Gotrox.—"Oh, a diamond ring or a sealskin coat, or something like that."

Honx.—"The bride and groom look rather pale." Joax.—"Yes, I suppose they couldn't forget that they were being made wan."—Philadelphia Record.

We believe it was a Chicago that had spent considerable time around a stable, who referred to parents as a "spanking pair."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bricklayer (who has fallen three times without injury).—"Just my luck I paid for my accident insurance yesterday and now I ain't hurt a bit."—Lustige Blaetter.

Nell.—"That girl is getting so old she doesn't recognize her old friend any more." Belle.—"Yes, I've heard she doesn't even know her own name."—Philadelphia Record.

"It is pretty hard to determine, marked the observer of events things, 'which is the most dangerous a woman's smile or her first bite biscuit.'—Yonkers Statesman.

The biggest boom don't always last. The very biggest gains. The littlest baby sometimes has the very biggest pains.—Detroit Free Press.

Lady.—"If my poor mother had been alive I should have gone back her long ago." The Brue.—"No one pines your mother's unlamented more than I do, my dear."—Punch.

Up.

Wonderful Tenacity of Life. The tenacity of germ life in sunning exposure to great extremes of temperature is often quoted as a reliable example of the tenacity of something equaling, if not rivalling this phenomenon, is credited to albatross. According to Nature, a batross captured on a steamer was apparently strangled by tying a tightly around its neck and allowed to remain there, closing the beak, fastening the legs across behind tail. The bird was then wrapped in a cloth and put in a refrigerator. It was subjected to a temperature varying from nought to seventeen degrees Fahrenheit, for ten days. The supposedly dead bird was out of the ice chest, although the er part of its body was frozen, still able to emit feeble sounds, open and close its eyes, and remain alive for several hours.

Another bird was hung up by its beak, after apparently being strangled to death, in a refrigerator where temperature was not over four degrees, and kept there for four days when taken out it was still alive. Mother Nature certainly has given remarkable powers of endurance to her feathered progeny in her endeavor to enable them to accommodate themselves to the extreme of the elements.

Tired of Being in Print. "Mr. Smithers," said his wife, "remember rightly, you have often said that you disliked to see a woman's picture in print, and yet you have been in print for years."

"I do," said Smithers, pointing to the paper. "You considered it unbecomingly indecent, I believe?"

"Very."

"And you don't see how it could allow his wife to do anything the kind?"

"Yes, I think so now."

"Well, Mr. Smithers, I feel the facts in the case. I feel in asking you for a new silk dress."

"A new silk dress?"

"Yes; for the last eight years I had nothing better than faded calico, and I want something new. I'm tired of getting laid out in bits."

One Fly's Quiet Half-Century. The cornerstone of the old school building at Akron, Ohio, is being torn down to make room for a freight station, was removed some years ago. The box it contained was delivered to a committee of the College of Masons. When opened, it was found to contain a small fly, which had been in the box from among the papers in the box had been taken out of the box. The fly was found to be a house fly, and it was found to be a house fly, and it was found to be a house fly.