Woman's Realm

Striking Hats.

Of these extremely striking hats, one is a large draped turban of calfskin, mottled brown and white. It is lined with white satin on the under brim, and is trimmed with a cluster of three white ostrich feathers.

Wraps a la Mode.

The reddish-blue shades of taffeta are to be made up in wraps and coatees. As the fashion has run to plainer and quieter effects in dress, so it has taken a contrary course in wraps. They cannot be too dainty or elaborate to be a la mode.

Why Bronze Slippers are Popular.

Bronze slippers are gaining in popularity in the best shops, and many bronze tones are seen. Well posted dealers say that women like them because even a large size bronze slipper looks comparatively small on a woman's foot—and this always appeals to them.—Shoe Retailer.

Spring Models in Hats.

Hats in a very pretty combination of taffetas and straw are having a success for the already advanced spring models destined for Nice and Monte Carlo. Violets and pansies are perhaps the favorite flowers, but roses appear partout, and some of the new trails of bloom are extraordinarily lifelike.

Lace Head Scarfs.

A lace gown accessory confined to evening wear is a Tambour scarf long and wide enough to cover the head after the fashion of a mantilla and to fall almost to the foot of the gown. Double lace frills edge the entire border and serve as an exquisite frame for a pretty face. The woman who goes with frequency to the opera and theatre, and who desires to avoid the risk of catching cold from being hatless, will find this scarf a gracefully picturesque addition to her evening costume.

For the Poster Girl.

The girl with the "poster craze" will appreciate the gift of one or two posters for her den on her birthday, and a neat little hanger attached to each one will be greatly appreciated. Cut a small circle about one inch in diameter from a white card—one end of an old-style visiting card will do. In the centre of this cut a circular hole three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and through this pass a piece of baby ribbon two inches long. Paste the two ends of the ribbon together on the back of the poster, near the top, but do not let the ring show above. The circular hole will easily slip over a nail and the poster will hang flat against the wall.

Tinting Dress Goods.

A secret worth knowing is how to tint laces, chiffons, silk or crocheted buttons, feathers, slippers, gloves, etc., to a gown shade. The process is vouched for by the National Dressmakers' Association, from whose journal it is taken. The materials required are oil paints in tubes and gasoline. The gasoline is placed in a porcelain bowl and the paint is dissolved in it. The work has to be done quickly, and of course, in a fireless room. Mix the paint to the required shade in a saucer, comparing it with the goods till the right color. When the exact tone is reached, mix with the gasoline and dip the lace or whatever is to be dyed quickly before the paint falls to the bottom. Do not let the goods touch the bottom, as there might be a spot of paint there. A hairpin comes in handily to hold the edge of the goods. Shake out quickly and pin up to dry. It is well to make a few experiments before risking costly material, but the process is really not at all formidable.

Separate Evening Waists Elaborate.

The separate waist is claiming much attention, and it is not, by the way, attention which goes at all amiss. Lingerie is the term by which many of these handsome models are known, and never before have such stunning models been brought from abroad for women to wear. They are almost too frail to don, and one might think by the sheerness and fineness of the materials used that they were made to be looked at simply. The contents of grandmother's trunk or wardrobe are scanned for just this sort of thing, and the modern maid has indeed been fortunate in having a dear grandmother whose clothes she can wear, but many of the oldtime fabrics have not been reproduced, and some of the new ones are not quite so pretty.

The evening waist of fine lawn is going to be quite a popular model for the spring season when one wishes to discard the evening gown and many yards of fine lace of all kinds are used as the decoration. Shirrs are used extensively as a trimming, and one model had the entire yoke formed of these shirrs very far apart.—Newark Advertiser.

Important Little Things.

When my boy Frank had been married for a few weeks I dropped into his apartment one evening as he and his wife were at dinner. I discovered him sitting opposite her with a newspaper held up before his face, absorbed in reading. If he had given me a blow between the eyes he could not have hurt me more. I said nothing to him at the time. The next day I had a talk with my boy. He seemed to think that I was making a good deal out of a small matter, and he staggered me by saying that he often read the paper while he sat at the table with Jeannette. "Do you read aloud to her?" I asked, and he shook his head. "She doesn't care much about the news," he replied. It took me a long time to make him see that his reading the newspaper at the table was a purely selfish act, not serious in itself perhaps, but certainly unfair to his table companion. The word unfair opened his eyes, for I have rubbed it into him all his life that unfairness of any kind is not only one of the most contemptible of all qualities, but one of the greatest causes of unhappiness between people. Fairness—that is the quality that keeps married people in harmony, just as it harmonizes all persons.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fashion and Health.

About a century ago there flourished in this country a gentleman with a large family of daughters with whom he was accustomed to correspond almost daily while they were away at school. His letters contained so much wise advice that they were later collected for publication. From the viewpoint of our twentieth century wisdom some of the parental admonitions are rather amusing, says Robert Webster Jones, in the Housekeeper. For instances, this: "My Dear Daughter—Though good health is one of the greatest blessings of life, one should never boast of its possession. We so naturally associate the idea of feminine softness and delicacy with a corresponding delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear exercise, fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of."

Science fashion rules us all, men and women alike; how delightful to think that nowadays it is fashionable to be healthy! In Beau Brummel's day, the mincing dandy, who found all exertion "such a bore," held the centre of the stage. The hero, the heroine also, posed most of the time as an interesting invalid. He was always going to Bath or one of the German spas to "take the water." She was supposed to subsist entirely upon dainty tid-bits that would hardly have kept a canary alive, and a predilection for anything so substantial as beefsteak and onions would have been thought disgraceful. The athletic man and girl are the centres of popular admiration to-day. For once, fashion and common sense have joined hands. Let us hope that the union will be a permanent one.—Indiana Farmer.

Well Groomed Hair.

The essential thing is not so much that you should be born beautiful as that you should know how to achieve beauty.

Every woman whose features are not disfigured, whose skin is clear and whose blood is not congenitally thin, can achieve for herself a fair amount of good looks. Good grooming is the method, and good grooming just means making the most of one's personal appearance. It means keeping the hair glossy and fluffy, the skin free from blemish or roughness, the hands well manicured and the teeth in perfect condition. It is as important to cultivate one's self as it is to cultivate one's garden or one's business.

And really nothing contributes to or takes from a woman's charm of appearance as the condition and dressing of her hair. Untidy hair, neglected hair, inbecomingly arranged hair will destroy the beauty of features or color.

Always on taking down hair at night it should be brushed out straight, the scalp brushed for three or four minutes and the hair loosely braided to keep it from snarling. This brushing not only stimulates the circulation, but gathers dust out of the hair and so keeps the scalp clean, also by removing all dust it leaves the hair free to reveal its natural lustre. It is impossible to have healthy, and so beautiful hair, if the scalp is clogged by dust or dandruff. Brushing and washing will remove both.

To thoroughly clean the hair it must be washed in soft water, rain water, if possible; if not, then city water with a pinch of pure borax to soften it. An excellent shampoo for hair that requires thorough cleaning is compounded of: One ounce of powdered Castile soap; one ounce of borax; two tablespoonfuls of alcohol; beaten yolk of an egg; one pint of warm water. Keep tightly corked.

After rubbing the hair and scalp thoroughly with the shampoo it should be rinsed with clear soft warm water and then with clear cold water and thoroughly dried either in the sun or by artificial heat.

The thorough rinsing of the hair is most essential, as the circulation is impeded at the roots and the hair itself does not "breathe" properly if choked or clogged with slightest particle of soap, egg, etc. Careful drying is especially essential for oily hair, which holds the moisture and accumulates dust. If washing in soft water and thorough drying will not destroy the greasy look of hair, then try the following lotion:

One drachm of bisulphite of quinine, one-half ounce of salt; three-fourths of an ounce of borax; one pint of water. Apply to the scalp night and morning with a soft sponge, rubbing the scalp until it is dry.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. W. M. BRUNDAGE.

Subject: True Mission of the Church.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—For the first sermon of his pastorate of the Unity Unitarian Church, the Rev. W. M. Brundage took for his subject Sunday morning "The True Mission of the Church." The text was from I. Timothy iii: 13: "The church of the living God." In the course of a strong sermon, listened to by a large audience, he said:

From the conditions which prevailed a few centuries ago, when the church was without a rival to contest its authority, to its present condition, when it must contend with numerous competitors for the very right to exist, humanity has taken a long stride forward. Freedom has come to be more than a mere name. Multitudes of people have seriously begun to think and act for themselves. Less and less is the church able to live upon its record in the past; more and more has it become manifest that it must justify its continued existence by the work that it does, by the service that it renders to society. Unless our churches of every name can be brought into vital and helpful relations to the real life of the people, they are doomed to perish. The traditions of the past cannot save them. Their service in the past, great though it has been, cannot justify their present existence. Do they minister in an essential manner to the best life of to-day? An affirmative answer to this question constitutes their only justification. Brotherhoods, clubs, philanthropic associations without number are competing with them; libraries, newspapers and periodicals, and educational institutions are doing much of the work which they once did, work that was formerly left exclusively to them. We find nothing in the origin of the church that entitles it to claim a divine right to persist. If it persists it will be because it does a better work for society than any other institution can do.

What is this work that the churches are qualified to perform better than other institutions? Can they feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit and comfort the sick and sorrowing, care for those who are in prison, minister to the orphan and the outcast, in fine, engage in all sorts of strictly philanthropic activity better than multitudes of existing benevolent institutions? Certainly the churches will continue to do such work as this, because they are organizations of those who love and serve their fellowmen. But clearer and clearer does it become manifest that other institutions can do more kinds of philanthropic work as well as, if not better than, the churches. On the whole, the great fraternities everywhere established in our times can do it better. The organized charities of our cities, the prison reform associations, the humane societies and others can do it better, more economically, more effectively.

Can the churches, however, continue to maintain themselves as centres for the propagation of great dogmatic systems, or, on the other hand, as centres of mere protest against the dogmatic systems of the past? I do not believe that they can. The forum for the discussion of such systems is being rapidly shifted from the pulpit to the press. The great magazines and reviews and religious newspapers of our time afford a more favorable field for their discussion, while the masses of the people care less and less for them. Incidentally the churches will continue to urge upon their people what they believe to be a true philosophy of God, of the universe and of man, but this work alone cannot justify their continued existence.

Neither as purely sacramentarian institutions can the churches long retain their hold upon any large number of the people, because with the growth and extension of new knowledge the claims of sacramentarianism are rapidly becoming discredited. What is called "the high church reaction" so widely known is after all but a reaction and cannot be permanent in its influence. It is but a return to the childhood of religion, and the thinking world demands the religion of a man. Can the churches, however, continue to maintain themselves as social clubs, as organizations of congenial people who come together to enjoy one another's companionship?

But when there are so many social clubs in every community, membership in which can be restricted to people of congenial tastes and kindred pursuits as membership in even the most exclusive church cannot be, I do not believe that the churches can long justify their existence as the mere competitors of these clubs.

Has the church then outlived its usefulness and is it about to pass away? Certainly not, if it arouses itself and, becoming conscious of its true mission, resolutely devotes itself to its distinctive work. This, I believe, is what the churches can do better than any other institution—they can and do, in multitudes of instances, act as great inspirational centres ministering to the life of the spirit, to the life of the ideal, to the life of God in the soul of man. They come into vital and helpful relations with the people as just so as they inspire to high thinking and feeling and loving, in just so far as they inspire and quicken the religious life of the community.

Let the churches, therefore, cease regarding themselves as authoritative ecclesiastical institutions, authoritative sacramentarian or dogmatic institutions, and become free democratic religious societies for the propagation of pure and undefiled religion, for inspiration to high and worthy ideals, for actually helping men "to do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God." The churches that are most truly and profoundly religious forces will best justify their existence in the twentieth century.

To foster and develop the distinctively religious life of humanity, this is the true mission of the churches. They must be light-givers and life-givers. They must be spiritually alive in order that they may impart life, for life is what most counts. The outward activities of the churches must be the natural expression of what they are.

The methods for the expression of this religious life will be varied because the dispositions of men vary. This or that particular form of activity is unessential. A longer or a shorter ritual of worship is unessential, provided the light and power of religion are present. Faith, worship, aspiration, loving human service, these are the essential elements in religion and the forms in which they embody themselves will be vital.

The living, inspirational church that is saving men from worldliness and practical materialism, that is helping them to see the unseen and eternal, that is helping them to worship in the noblest sense of that word—that is, to attribute supreme worth to the lofty ideals of justice, truth, love, which are only another name for God, to love and revere these ideals, and to devote themselves with perfect consecration to their realization in human society—such a church is fulfilling its true mission, by whatever name that church may be called, and is in no danger of being discredited in our modern life.

In such a church there will be no distinction between classes, between the rich and the poor, no lingering caste spirit, no recognition of a difference of rank and dignity between ministers and people; in the conscious presence of the All Father there will be perfect equality between the worshipers.

In such a church there will be no spirit of solemn gloom miscalled reverent awe, an inheritance from a primitive religion of fear, but a spirit of radiant hope, of abounding joy, of genuine human sympathy, the spirit of a larger home.

The themes of the pulpit of such a church will be closely related to the actual needs of the people, selected from every quarter, but selected solely that their consideration may minister most effectively to personal and social righteous character.

Membership in such a church will be unrestricted, free to all who share a common spirit and are seriously working toward a common ideal end. In such a church there will be no jealous rivalries between the members, but in place of these a generous spirit of emulation to serve one another and the common cause. As I said before, the practical activities of such an inspirational church will not be artificial and forced; they will be the perfectly natural expression of the vigorous religious life of minister and people.

In Wiser Hands.

A lady, who had been three or four years away from her childhood's home and settled in one of her own, was taken seriously ill. Her mother, with all a mother's solicitude, was anxious to be with her daughter at once, and hastened to her bedside. She found skilful physicans in attendance and a trained nurse in charge; there was really nothing for her to do—nothing that she could be permitted to do.

Day after day she made brief, silent visits to the sick room (even her presence could not be allowed long) and went away powerless to aid. The ministering was in wiser, more efficient hands than hers, and she could not be trusted with it—would not have dared to trust herself with it.

"But it seems strange," she said, sadly, one day, "that even I, her mother, can only stand aside and do nothing. There never before wasn't a time when 'mother' wasn't the one to help and comfort; it seems as if it ought to be so still, and yet I would be afraid to do anything but keep hands off and trust to a knowledge and strength that is greater than my own."

It is the same in many a spiritual crisis through which we see our dear ones pass. We long to lift the burden, to lighten the trials, to bestow the covered gift; but the Great Physician holds the precious soul in His hands, the hands that will make no mistake, and we can only stand aside and trust Him.—Forward.

The Thing Worth While.

I know that many of you are puzzled to know in what direction you can start to help Christ to help the world. Let me say this to you in that connection:

Once I came to a crossroad in the old life and did not know in which direction God wanted men to help hasten His kingdom. I started to read the Book to find out what the ideal life was, and I found that the only thing worth doing in the world was to do the will of God; whether that was done in the pulpit or in the slums; whether it was done in the college or class room, or on the street, did not matter at all. "My meat and drink," Christ said, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me," and if you make up your mind that you are going to do the will of God above everything else, it matters little in what direction you work.

There are more posts waiting for men than there are men waiting for posts. Christ needs men in every community and in every land; it matters little whether we go to foreign lands or stay at home, as long as we are sure we are where God puts us.—Henry Drummond.

"The Loving Look."

Some years ago we witnessed a public examination of a class of little girls at the end of the school term. The distractions of much dressing and much company operated pretty severely on the fickle memories of the children. One little friend lost herself in confusion and stammered to a dead stop in her recitation. Just then her mother moved from out the crowd and took a seat in full view of the little one.

The loving look of that silent face brought order out of confusion. Mind and tongue immediately resumed their functions, everything was lost sight of and the lessons all came back in perfect order. The examination was finished in triumph.

Many a time since then as we have seen some struggling heart confused by the world's noise and temptation we have felt like bidding it look up into the familiar face of the Heavenly Father and be reassured that all is well. Not only is there life in a look at the beginning, but there is assurance and confidence all along the way.

Prayed For Six Years.

At a revival meeting in Wales a man spoke from the gallery: "I have been praying for six years for the salvation of thirty of my mates at the colliery, and I have kept a list of them that I might not forget them before God. I am glad to be able now to say that twelve of them have been converted." What will it mean if every Christian will follow the same plan in 1905?

WIT *and* HUMOR *of* THE DAY

A Seasonable Query.

I often wonder if, when florist aim
My purse to touch,
A rose by any other name
Would cost so much.
—Philadelphia Press.

Household Helps.

If flour is immediately put on oil spilled where not wanted, in a few hours, if sufficient flour has been used, there will be no trace of it save in the oil-soaked flour, which burns well.

Buying a New Bonnet.

Mrs. Brickrow—"How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive bonnets?"

Mrs. Topflatte—"I take him shopping with me, walk him around until he can't stand, and then wind up in a bonnet store. He'll buy anything to get home."—New York Weekly.

Two Points of View.

"I see that Senator Cullom was kissed by a pretty girl whose young man he had saved from being sent to the Philippines."

"How bold!"

"Senator Cullom is considered the homeliest man in Illinois."

"How artful!"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

In Chicago.

"How do you like my new low-neck dress?" asked the Chicago society lady, as she came into the presence of her husband, just before going out to dinner.

"It's all to the good, dear," replied the man of affairs, "but where on earth are you a-goin' to tuck your napkin?"—Yonkers Statesman.

An Appropriate Name.

"Why did you name your horse Lie? Seems to me that is a somewhat extraordinary name."

"Not at all, when you consider that he is a fast horse."

"How's that?"

"Because it is said that a lie can go a mile while truth is turning the corner."—Dallas News.

A Sort of Acquaintance.

Mrs. Grimes—"Do you know Mrs. Sykes? She lives in the same hotel that you do."

Mrs. Joslyn—"No, I can't say that I know her; but we are on pounding acquaintance with the Sykses. They make so much noise we have to wrap on the wall now and then to keep them quiet."—Boston Transcript.

Tommy.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is this word I have written on the board—s-l-o-w?"

"Dunno."

"Oh, yes, you do—think. What does your papa call you when you go on an errand and don't get back for a long time?"

"You'd lick me if I told yer, ma'am!"—Cleveland Leader.

Unfortunates.

Mrs. Greene—"I should think you'd feed your boarders a little better. You can't expect them to say a good word for you when they leave."

Mrs. Skinner—"Oh, but they do. Almost every one of them has a grudge against some friend of his, and he invariably recommends my house to him. I get lots of new boarders that way."—Boston Transcript.

Merely Talking.

Doctor—"Goodness, nurse, what's the matter?"

Nurse—"Oh, it's nothing, doctor. He's just talking in his sleep. He's deaf and dumb."

Had to Be Shown.

"That fellow Binksley is a shrewd one."

"So?"

"Yes; he was walking past a theatre yesterday when the manager came out and said, 'We've got the best entertainment in town.' 'Well,' said Binksley, 'I'm from Missouri.' So the manager had to take him in and show him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Hadn't Occurred to Her.

Mrs. Younglove—"Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were ancient."

Grocer—"Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the layin'."

Mrs. Youuglove—"Oh, to be sure. Of course, I hadn't thought of that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Grasped the Opportunity.

Tess—"Mr. Saphead gave you a camera for your birthday, didn't he?"

Jess—"Yes, and we took it with us on our stroll through the country yesterday. Oh, what do you think? He proposed to me—actually flopped down on his knees and——"

Tess—"What did you say?"

Jess—"Why, I said, 'Look pleasant, please,' and I do hope the picture will turn out well."—Stray Stories.

FROM MISERY TO HEALTH.

A Prominent Club Woman of Kansas City Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills For a Quick Cure.

Miss Nellie Davis, of 1216 Michigan avenue, Kansas City, Mo., society leader and club woman, writes: "I can not say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, for they effected a complete cure in a very short time when I was suffering from kidney troubles brought on by a cold. I had severe pains in the back and sick headaches, and felt miserable all over. A few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills made me a well woman, without an ache or pain, and I feel compelled to recommend this reliable remedy."

NELLIE DAVIS.

(Signed) NELLIE DAVIS.

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

Lead Pipe for the Razor.

"Lead pipe will keep your razor sharp," confided the garrulous barber. "Get a short piece of the smallest, sofest lead pipe your plumber has in stock and keep it handy when you are stropping the razor. The scheme is to rub the strop with the pipe. Apply the pipe, just as you would strop the razor, to the unfinished side of the leather. Strop your razor on that side, wind up with a few passes on the finished side of the strop and you will have a first-class edge on the tool. I never took the trouble to get a scientific explanation of the virtues of lead pipe as an aid to whetting, but it is all to the good in that respect."—Philadelphia Record.

They All "Look Pleasant."

Mexican photographers have hit upon a way to make their subjects "look pleasant." After peering through the apparatus and emerging from under the black cloth the photographer says: "By the way, would you like a drink?" "Well, I don't mind," says the man, with a pleased smile. "What have you got?" "Beer, whisky and wine," says the photographer, and then, before the man can say which he'll have, the camera does its duty. The "expression" of his photograph is always "lifelike."—New Pork Tribune.

Luxuries in Alaska.

A side light upon the mode of living in Alaska is given by stating the fact that in Seattle recently 7,500 cases of canned cream, fifteen freight car loads, was ordered by one Seattle firm from a single cannery for shipment to Alaska. This cream is really milk condensed to about half its volume, and it is very popular in Alaska. The Alaskans drink it as they eat bacon.

In Juneau the cold or so-called "shut-in" months are enlivened with club affairs, dances and social functions, at which the men are required to wear dress suits. There are carpets on the floors of the Alaskan log huts, and the more pretentious houses have almost all American luxuries. Binghamton Press.

Gave 372 Pairs of Mittens.

The 372 pairs of mittens that Mrs. Eliza Parker has knitted during the past several years were today distributed among many relatives, who gathered around the festal board to celebrate her 86th birthday.—Upper Sandusky Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE TRICKS

Coffee Plays on Some.

It hardly pays to laugh before you are certain of facts, for it is sometimes humiliating to think of afterwards.

"When I was a young girl I was a lover of coffee, but was sick so much the doctor told me to quit and I did, but after my marriage my husband begged me to drink it again as he did not think it was the coffee caused the troubles.

"So I commenced it again and continued about 6 months until my stomach commenced acting bad and choking as if I had swallowed something the size of an egg. One doctor said it was neuralgia and indigestion.

"One day I took a drive with my husband three miles in the country and I drank a cup of coffee for dinner. I thought sure I would die before I got back to town to a doctor. I was drawn double in the buggy and when my husband hitched the horse to get me out into the doctor's office, misery came up in my throat and seemed to shut my breath off entirely, then left all in a flash and went to my heart. The doctor pronounced it nervous heart trouble and when I got home I was so weak I could not sit up.

"My husband brought my supper to my bedside with a nice cup of hot coffee, but I said: 'Take that back, dear, I will never drink another cup of coffee if you gave me everything you are worth, for it is just killing me.' He and the others laughed at me and said:

" 'The idea of coffee killing anybody.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'it is nothing else but coffee that is doing it.'

"In the grocery one day my husband was persuaded to buy a box of Postum which he brought home and I made it for dinner and we both thought how good it was but said nothing to the hired men and they thought they had drank coffee until we laughed and told them. Well, we kept on with Postum and it was not long before the color came back to my cheeks and I got stout and felt as good as I ever did in my life. I have no more stomach trouble and I know I owe it all to Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband has gained good health on Postum, as well as baby and I, and we all think nothing is too good to say about it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.