



**Woman-kind**

Unique Dinner Cards.

A clever set of dinner cards to be used for tally cards through an evening card party were painted at one end, poster fashion, for the girls, with the queens, and for the men, jacks and kings. Playing cards were taken as models, and were found surprisingly easy to reproduce.

And, by the way, a girl who was clever at originating just such little cards found a ready market for her wares. She "gets up" unusual cards for card luncheons and dinners and for holiday affairs, trying as hard as possible (and succeeding wonderfully, too, as her increased orders prove) to keep away from stereotyped ideas.

**A Favored Material.**

"Burlingame" is the name applied to the coarsely-woven material known in its lighter weight as "Rajah" silk, and much-sought-after last summer. The hosiery, however, resembling gunnybagging, is common to both, and a certain unevenness of the thread is another effect achieved. Some threads are coarser than others, and three of the coarser threads seem pushed close together, after which a finer weft succeeds in irregular patches.

Burlingame silk has all the stylish effect of a "Rajah," but, being heavier, is more useful for garments to be worn in winter and early spring. Open cloaks, evening wraps, separate bodices and entire gowns are fashioned of Burlingame weave silk.

Tailor-made gowns are now being made up in dull raspberry, golden brown and a grayish blue tint, all meant for street wear.

Automobile coats of Burlingame silk are intended for use on the east coast of Florida and at Jekyll island, where one need not fear the icy blasts of a stern northern winter.

**A Way to Shirr by Machine.**

With shirring occupying so important a position as it does at present on dresses and blouses and clothes of every description, a way to do it by machine is worth knowing.

Of course, it will never take the place of hand work—nothing could; but at least it is a fairly good substitute for many things. Girdles (and so many of them require row after row of shirring) and even dress yokes and cuffs, are especially good done on the machine.

It is all a trick of the tension. Loosen the lower tension, leaving the upper tight, and stitch your rows exactly as if you were doing plain stitching. When it is all stitched, pull the loose threads underneath, drawing the material up until it is as full as you want it.

Then fasten both ends of your threads, and your shirring is done, only about ten minutes having been needed instead of an hour or two.

But don't try it on delicate stuffs—the stitching is sure to show.

**With Button Braid.**

Very clever and attractive is a bolero suit of the admirable new flannel-serge.

It is a check, white and a soft brown, the color effect, being as soft as the material is in effect. There's a seam down the center front, and another down the back, each being bias. In addition to the two-piece circular skirt yoke there are some tucks, which adroitly catch in the fulness about the hips. The skirt just clears the ground all around.

Decidedly frilly are the fronts of the little bolero. Not full, understand, simply ripply. And this to accommodate the lovely little tufts of lace hidden underneath. Additional decoration is in the form of button braid.

And now for the chapeau!

Until our last opening the fair owner of this rig knew not where she'd find it. A turban as to the shape and a soft medium brown as to color, the facing of this straw hat is adorned with three velvet twists—one of the brown, one of maize, and one of green. The coq wing at the left side shades through these colors, and so does the quaint trio of bows that picturesquely pose on the crown near by.

**Fashion Hints for Growing Girls.**

Fashions for small folks are never subject to the same degree of change from year to year as are those for the grown ups, but this season they seem even more conservative than usual as to style and cut. However, there are many little details in trimming and finish, which distinguish the new from the old.

The materials for school frocks are unusually attractive this season. The checks and small plaids which come in mohair and a variety of cloths under the general head of "suitings," and which are at the zenith of their popularity can be utilized in a variety of ways for school frocks for small girls. Sashes made of two shades of satin liberty ribbon or of sombre ribbon are

worn with organdie and dimity foliage though most of them are trimmed with white satin.

The new suits for misses are very natty and smart when made of checked suitings, homespun, panama cloth or plain serge. A blouse suit for a miss of 14 is made of dark blue Panama cloth; the skirt is gored slightly, almost plain at the waist in front and gathered sides and back; the box-plaited waist blouses slightly all around over a rather wide-shaped girdle of the cloth, which dips slightly in front. The full sleeves are gathered just above the elbow with a deep cuff of the cloth. The collarless neck and the top of the ruffs are finished with bands of white cloth covered with narrow rows of blue silk soutache and a touch of red soutache. A red taffeta Windsor tie is passed through the standing rings on the edge of the neck in front, the ends being left flowing.

Guimpe frocks are made of all kinds of flowery materials, and the yokes are generally fashioned of fine white batiste or lawn. They are mostly trimmed with ribbon of Dresden design.

**System of Beauty Culture.**

To 40 women who have a "pose," there is just one who has "poise." To 40 women who walk with a locomotor ataxia jerk of the hips and a snobbish tilt of the nose, there is just one who glides along as if walking were perfectly natural and no trouble to her. To 40 women who wear their clothes as though they were photographers' models on parade there is just one whose clothes seem a part of her.

If a woman could only purchase her gowns and hats put them on and then forget them she would be doubly charming. The average woman carries her frock about in her mind as well as on her back every moment. If it is pretty and well-fitting she plumes herself, gives her walk an extra hitch and her head a more unnatural tilt. If the frock doesn't suit her she is miserably conscious of it; she keeps jerking at it here and pulling at it there, forgetting that the one thing which can make a bad frock worth looking at is the good carriage and unconscious expression of the wearer.

Of course we can not expect every woman to have mental poise. We are not all born with it and very few of us can cultivate it. The best some of us can do is to simulate it by the adoption of the tilted chin and the haughty, indifferent Gibson expression. Yet these things do not deceive anybody who is worth deceiving.

Physical poise every woman can attain. By physical poise I mean the ability to walk gracefully and unconsciously, to glide up and down stairs, to sink instead of to bounce into a chair, to use her hands as though they were part of her and not merely attachments at the ends of her arms.

The first thing to learn in the acquisition of poise is to stand squarely upon the balls of your feet, not upon the toes, nor the heels. In high French heeled shoes this is next to impossible yet it is by no means necessary to wear flat, common-sense heels in order to accomplish it. If women could learn to strike a happy medium in anything they would be able to select pretty shoes that, at the same time, would allow them to walk like human beings instead of like dancing dolls. If you could draw a line through the body of the well-poised woman it would begin at the balls of her feet, pass through the tips of her hips and shoulders, and end at the crown of her head.

Did you ever try the little mental science trick of walking along with an imaginary star upon your chest and an imaginary basket of eggs upon your head? I know of no better way to acquire perfect poise than this. Simply fancy that the star upon the center of your chest is a real, scintillating thing, and you will find yourself carrying your shoulders like a military man bent upon exhibiting his gold buttons. They say that a desire to display his gold buttons, after all, has more to do with the West Point cadet's perfect carriage than any other one thing. When you are about to sit down remember that you still carry that basket of eggs upon your head and you will find yourself sinking gently and gracefully into your chair, instead of just hunching into it. The same little bit of mental science will work wonders in the matter of climbing stairs. One cannot twist, or bend over, or do any of the other hideous things women usually do upon a flight of stairs—with a basket of eggs upon her head.

These rules are the best of a new system of beauty culture which has become popular of late.—Indianapolis News.

An ordinary watch contains about 150 pieces, but complicated repeaters, chronographs, etc., as many as 800, and in one case 975 pieces.

**WOMEN IN MOST TRADES**

**BARRED ONLY FROM SOLDIERING AND POLE CLIMBING.**

There Are Female Hostlers, Boiler-Makers, Engineers, Teamsters, Miners, Butchers, Undertakers and Architects—Engaged in 301 Gainful Occupations.

Of the 303 principal gainful occupations in which the men of this country are engaged, it is astonishing to learn that there are only two in which no women are found. The reason for these two exceptions, moreover, lies through no fault of the fair sex. In the one case she is prevented by Uncle Sam in the other the prohibition is undoubtedly due to the fact that she apparently is physically disqualified from climbing a pole. Thus it comes about that there are no female soldiers nor are there any telegraph or telephone linemen in the United States.

In all other branches of labor, supposedly masculine, the women of the United States have a free field, and the statistics gathered by the census bureau show they are not backward in taking advantage of it. There are, for instance, female hostlers, some of whom may be employed by the 190 women-keepers of livery stables. There are 193 female blacksmiths. Moreover, that such arduous work has not frightened women away is evident from the fact that ten years ago there were only 60.

In the comic journals the boiler factory has long been synonymous with the superlative of noise, yet the census bureau gravely records the fact that there are eight women steam-boiler makers at work in this country.

If she cannot climb a pole, she has at least summoned up sufficient courage to climb upon the roof of a house, for among the persons engaged in the business of roofing and slating two women are recorded. Ten years ago there were three, and in lieu of more specific information one can only conjecture what may have happened to the one who dropped out.

The next time your water pipes burst how would you like to have a woman plumber come and fix them, just for a change? You might have to hunt around a bit to find her, for there are only 126 of her in the United States, as against nearly 98,000 of her male competitors; but that she has evidently found the field a profitable one is probable, because in 1930 the women plumbers numbered only 46.

Ten years ago not a female electrician was recorded in this country; now there are 409 of them. The technical schools are largely responsible for this.

Should one desire to have a house built from bottom to top by women he would have no difficulty in getting it done. To begin with, 1041 women architects stand ready to draw plans, while there are 167 women stone masons and bricklayers on whom one may call to lay the foundations. Having progressed as far as 515 women carpenters now offer their services—an emphatic refutation of the ancient slander that a woman cannot drive a nail.

These are followed by a modest company of 45 women plasterers, and a regiment of 159 women painters. The latter, by the way, claim much greater excellence for their work than their brother-craftsmen. The same artistic excellence may also presumably be claimed for the 241 women paper-hangers.

For tile work 478 women are at one's service, and in marble work 143, while for such devices as bookcases, cabinets and the like 67 women cabinet-makers are at hand. Even the matter of grates and furnaces will not present a serious obstacle to feminine employment, for 43 women make these articles and are ready to put them in.

Nor is it even necessary that these women artisans should buy their materials from men—not while a round hundred women lumbermen are actively engaged in business, and while 989 women quarrymen stand ready to furnish stone and marble. Moreover, for the hauling of such material one may, if he chooses, call on 904 women teamsters and draymen.

It is on record that there are at least 84 women civil engineers and surveyors, and 153 women sailors. Indeed, on one of the boats that ply on the Ohio there is a woman who carries a master's license, and only recently she safely brought her vessel up to Pittsburgh from Cincinnati. In addition to these instances, Uncle Sam's bureau chronicles the fact that there are 1668 women employees of steam railroads, and 46 female street railway employees. What they do is not stated, but it is expressly declared that they are not engaged in clerical work. Closely allied with these occupations are those of stationary engineer and freeman, which, together, muster 177 women.

Of women machinists there are 671 in the country and they are not sewing machinists either. One of them, at least, is the managing head of a factory in Rochester, N. Y., which employs more than 100 hands and turns out the heavier grades of iron and steel work.

Then there are the jolly millers of the nation. Can you defy tradition and picture a woman among their dusty ranks? You will be compelled to, for there are no less than 186 of her.

tion with the doctors it may be stated that the practice of dentistry has proved sufficiently alluring to draw 307 women into its ranks.

There are 13,852 male artists and teachers of art, but their sisters give them a close rub with 11,031. In the journalistic field, however, the gap is large, for while 27,845 men are recorded, there are only 2193 women similarly engaged. The proportion of women lawyers is even smaller, for there are only 1010 of them to 113,450 male barristers.

Women preachers, too, are on the increase, in the ratio of nearly 300 percent in 10 years. Where, in 1890, they numbered only 1143, there are now 3373. Their brother clergymen, by the way, number 108,205.

The female "drummer" is not much in evidence. There are only 946 of her—about one-hundredth of the total number of commercial travelers, but of that numerous class known under this generic term of "agents" 10,556 are women. Of the more than 630,000 clerks and copyists, only 85,246 are women, but in the fields of bookkeeping, the 74,153 women employed represent nearly half the number of men similarly engaged. The army of saleswomen is three times larger than it was 10 years ago, and now numbers 150,000, but the men still hold their own with 463,000. The real feminine deluge has come in stenography and typewriting, in which 86,118 women find employment as against only 26,246 men. Even the messenger boy's field has been sadly cut into, for the 6663 girl Mercuries represents a trifle more than one-tenth of the lads thus employed.

An occupation that women are finding especially adapted to their abilities and tastes is that of pottery. The number of women employed in it has been steadily growing until it has reached almost 3000. Women do not even shrink from shooting oil wells if there is money in it, for 53 are so engaged.

Have we forgotten items in the newspapers chronicling the fact that some woman out west has been elected town marshal or even sheriff? Remembering these, let us not be astonished, therefore, when Uncle Sam tells us that there are no less than 719 women on duty as night watchwomen, firemen and policemen.—New York World.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**

The new railway that is being built in Arabia will pass close to the rock-hewn tomb traditionally believed to be Aaron's burial place. A buried and long-forgotten city was discovered recently nearby.

The horse supply of the world is about eighty million animals. In Europe there are forty million, in North and South America twenty-five million, in Australasia two million and in Africa 1,250,000.

Among the curiosities recently presented to the Maritzburg museum in South Africa is a chain 23 feet 6 inches long, carved from the trunk of a tree by "Knobose" natives, a tribe in the Zoutspanberg district, Transvaal. The chain is continuous, requiring phenomenal patience and skill in carving.

The Chinese are very fond of duck and many dried duck are brought to this country from China. These ducks are more sought after by the Chinese here than our domestic ducks as they are fed in the ponds near Pekin and live on weeds that give them a peculiar flavor that the Chinese are very fond of but the foreigner does not seem to appreciate.

The largest diamond in the world that was recently found is not of the crystalline sort used as a gem. If it were its value would be fabulous, for it is 17 times larger than the famous Victoria diamond, the largest of modern finds, which was sold for \$1,500,000. Its value depends upon the use to which it can be put when broken up, for it is of the amorphous kind, known technically as a carbon.

Common clear glass, left exposed in certain desert regions of the earth, soon acquires greatly in appearance and changes color, sometimes rose purple and sometimes amethyst. This change has been attributed by some observers to alkaline soils, but others maintain that such changes occur where there is no alkali, and that it must be due to the great activity of the actinic rays of the sun where the atmosphere is very clear.

The London Lancet finds that the chestnut is the most digestible nut, and can not only take the place of the potato, as in France, where chestnuts, boiled and mashed like potatoes, make a delicious dish, but in reality they are a more perfect form of food. According to the Lancet's analysis of the potato and the chestnut, the latter contains less water, more protein, more fat and starch, but less mineral matter than the potato, and is more digestible than the latter. Like the potato, also, its nutritive and baked qualities are greatest when baked or roasted.

**His High Hope.**

The ambitious young merchant caressed the shapely hand of the heiress.

"Dear little hand!" he murmured, absent-mindedly. "So delicate! So fragile! And yet I hope some day to see it lift the heavy mortgage that's on my store!"—Chicago Tribune.

The electric railway mileage of the United States is 22,577.

**THE PULPIT.**

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. E. E. NEWBERT.

Subject: Reality in Religion.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Rev. E. E. Newbert, of this city, thrilled and delighted a large congregation last Sunday with an eloquent sermon, entitled "Reality in Religion." He took for his text: "The hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth." John iv., 21, 23.

These are great words. I do not come, however, to interpret them. I quote the text because of the spirit it breathes. I quote it as a protest against the limitation of worship, as an answer to the creeds of Christendom. I quote it because it denies formal religion, and places emphasis on truth and life. It does us good to come upon a thought like this, maybe half forgotten. And to find it after having been made to believe in the little words of a sectarian faith, is like coming out of the fog of the lowland to the hills, to find the sky clear and the sun shining. Or it is like following a foul stream to find its source in a mountain spring. Indeed, it is refreshing to throw off our load of belief and fear and doubt, and think for an hour of life as it is. It is inspiring to think of religion as without bounds or name or division, just a splendid ideal of life and a daring thought of the eternities.

Is it a thing of a great picture and its poor copy? I turn from the copy, badly done, to the original. Its setting is the quaint life and quiet scenes of Galilee. At once we think of the night prayer in the hills and the teaching on the mount, the central ray of a man who speaks to the people of the realities of life. But we must not linger with the picture. It is enough to catch its spirit. Life is swift, and its course is onward. Religion is a present reality. It is everywhere abroad in the life of the modern world. In worship? Yes. In good living? Yes. Hunt for religion in the beliefs of men, and you lose it. Bind it and bound it, and you know it for what it is. Go where life goes, go where the great world's work is done, and you will find religion. Is the church its audible voice? Then it should bear the live coal upon its altars. It should be in love with truth and in touch with life. It should be modern, with a message to modern man. It should lead, command, advance. It should worship the living God, not learn ritual or mumble words in a sepulchre of the dead.

So long poorly taught, we can hardly think of religion apart from the church, its rites and dogmas. Baptism, for instance, awaits us at the outer gate, and hastened to her bedside. She found skillful physicians in attendance and a trained nurse in charge; then 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 wisest, more efficient hands than hers, and she could not be trusted with it—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 was a time when 'mother' wasn't the one to be trusted 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 sorrowful ones pass. We long to shift the burden, to lighten the trials, to bestow the coveted 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.

**Lent to the Lord.**

The Rev. George Gillilan, the eminent divine, was distinguished for his generosity and largeness of heart. On one occasion he met a member of his church whom he had not seen at work for a long time. Reminding him of the fact, the minister asked what was wrong.

"I did not like to come in a coat I am ashamed of—it is so bare," answered the man.

The minister instantly divested himself of his own coat, and handed it to his distressed parishioner.

"There, my man, let me see my coat every Sunday until it becomes bare, and then call back."

The worthy divine then returned to his studies in his shirt sleeves; and his wife, observing him, asked what he had done with his coat.

"I have just lent it to the Lord," was Gillilan's noble answer.

**Instruments of God.**

Evan Roberts, the miser of only twenty-six years of age, whom God has been using so wonderfully in what has come to be known as the "Weish Revival," is a man of great simplicity and modesty. At one large meeting he went out because the expectancy and curiosity had become too great. That meeting proved to be the most mightily influential gatherings of any held in the region. When Mr. Roberts left, a young girl rose, and, as if inspired, demanded of the people: "Whom are you after, Evan Roberts, or Jesus Christ?"

Who, after all, is Paul, or Peter, or Apollon, or Augustine, or Luther, or Wesley, or Moody, or Evan Roberts, but a minister by whom men believe?

**God's Doing.**

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing.—F. W. Robertson.

**Spiritual Life.**

Hush thy complaints. Sweetness and kindness are good when they bear thee home to God. Cruelty and wrong are good when they force thee to the bosom of God. Evil is evil unto him who doeth evil, but evil is good to thee if it unites thee with God the Beautiful.

defense of the faith. It was done for holy church and God. The experiment, however, was a failure. The absolutism of the church was checked. Humanity broke the fetters that bound it to little things, and the awakening, wondering world started for freedom. We boast a modern age, we talk of democracy, we proclaim the rights of men, because, in the bitter conflict, medievalism lost. It lost in art; it lost in literature; it lost in science; it lost in politics; it lost in religion. The triumph was not of a party; it was a triumph for humanity. The destiny of the round world was involved. The Old World principle was hurled back; the New World principle appeared. The medieval ages ended, the modern began. The worst stage of religious nightmare was lifted from the mind and conscience of mankind. Yet think of what might have been! Think what might have been had medievalism triumphed! Think what might have been had dogmas silenced reason! Think what might have been had the absolutism of the church and the Old World principle continued supreme!

Let him who easily forgets think what might have been had Manhood suffrage and manhood religion are not ideals of freemen, wrung from tyranny and paid for with a great price. Only the man who forgets, values as a small thing our heritage of religious liberty. Only the man who forgets is indifferent to religious progress. Only the man who forgets can receive unmoved the suggestion of a revival of a dogmatic faith and an ecclesiastical absolutism which ever has meant bondage, ignorance, superstition, fear, and stagnation. Only the man who forgets can be misled by the mockery of form or the quackery of belief. Only the man who forgets can deny the logic of the new learning or turn his back on reason and experience, his face toward the past.

As truth above prices, as liberty is worth its cost, as freedom is precious to every man, I urge on this generation that it forget not, neither be indifferent to religious progress. In the name of freedom, in the name of truth, I plead for manhood religion, for the simple truth, for the honest thought, for the supremacy of character, for the plea for the modern learning, which emancipates the world, which crowns every man a king and anoints every man a priest. I plead for the modern living, sane and glad some and wholesome. I plead for the modern age, splendid in achievement, rich in promise. I plead for modern man, who has come so far and done so much. I plead for the modern religious idea whose support is the truth that makes men free.

**The Infallible 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 skillful physicians in attendance and a trained nurse in charge; then 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 wisest, more efficient hands than hers, and she could not be trusted with it—it would not have dared to trust herself with it.

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