

# Her Special Realm.

**Talk, Temper and Tears.**  
The individual woman, taken separately, may be a capable and useful member of society; but to find seven or eight who will act intelligently in concert seems well nigh impossible, and the masculine verdict that a ladies' committee generally resolves itself into talk, temper, tears and tea, although brutal, is not, after all, so very wide of the mark—Vanity Fair.

**Luxuries of Girlhood.**  
An interesting picture of a young girl's life in the palaces of the very rich is offered by Emily Harrington in her article, "Housekeeping on Half-a-Million a Year," in the Every-body's. She says:  
"The luxuries to which these children, particularly the young girls, are early accustomed, are, it seems to an outsider, of dubious advantage. The 14-year-old daughter of such a home remarked one day: 'I was looking for a brooch that I missed and found nine that I had forgotten all about.' Every one of these brooches was studded with gems. This girl's private suite of rooms was as luxurious as those already described, although the appointments were appropriate to her age. Her sitting room was furnished in white enamel, covered with roses and morning glories. Her fireplace fender and fire-dogs were of silver, as well as the fire irons and the stand. When she chose to take a meal in her own apartment she indulged her languor on a broad couch, propped up with embroidered pillows; and as her youthful appetite was unimpaired, a servant was detailed to take each course to her as it was served in the dining room. And yet she is still only a school girl, with no part in her mother's ceaseless round of entertainments; her days still innocent of the delightful complexities, personal and social, that are ready to enmesh her as soon as, four years later, she becomes a debutante."

**Aprons of Flowered Stuffs.**  
Flowered stuffs are finding their way into the pretty little aprons which many women do while they are sewing or performing the lighter household duties. Those with the plaid backgrounds are particularly pretty for this use. The color, given by the flowers, is enough by way of trimming, without using either lace or embroidery. They are dainty and pretty.

**Bubble Blowing and Beauty.**  
What do you think of "bubble-blowing" as a means of gaining health and beauty? The effect of an hour's daily "blowing" for a couple of weeks is said to be marvelous. Hollow cheeks recover their contour and thin throats become soft and smooth. Of course, it is the deep breaths which have to be taken that do the work. It has long been proved that deep breathing is an excellent thing for the lungs.

**Massaging the Face.**  
The skin should be perfectly clean before the massaging of the face is begun. Use the complexion brush, with warm water and pure soap. When rubbing in a cream always have the motions upward and onward. Send the flattened palms from chin up to the ears. Move the finger tips about in little circles, pressing inward gently and being careful not to push the flesh up into tiny lines. Do this always at night and every morning bathe the face with cold water, drying with gentle pats with an old soft towel.

**The Easiest Way.**  
There is a knack in putting ruffles on a skirt which makes that usually dreaded task as easy as sewing a plain seam. Let the skirt fall on the floor and draw the hem across the lap-board. Spread the ruffles evenly on the gather thread for an equal length and lay the lower edge even with edge of skirt. Stick two or three pins in the gathers to hold them temporarily, then begin at the lower edge and pin to the edge of the skirt. Pin every two inches for the length of the lap-board. The gather thread is then drawn taut and a few more pins put in the gathers, after which the basting is mere play. Use plenty of pins and you will wonder that you ever tried to put on ruffles without them.

**Outdoor Exercise for Women.**  
"But walking tires me too much. The doctor says I must not be long at a time on my feet." The handsome woman who made this remark was five feet six inches tall and weighed 208 pounds. She had carriages and automobiles, and never walked a step when she could help it. Ashamed of her size, and determined to present a fashionable appearance, she laced herself horribly. It was more excusable in her than in most women, but one could well understand, after looking at her small waist and shocking amplitude above and below the waist line, why she could not bear her weight on ten feet. Apparently born with a stronger constitution than most women, and intended by nature to be robust and healthy, she had been petted and indulged in by her wealthy husband, and had neglected wholesome exercise until she had entirely lost the grace of figure which had distinguished her in girlhood. Then diseases had set in—the heart, stomach, kidneys simply could not keep their places and do their work under the strain of her "armor-sided" clothing, and the increase of her adipose tissue. She spends most of her time in bed and is under the constant care of a doctor. With four beautiful children, she is able to see almost nothing of them. She suffers pain almost continually and takes tons of medicine.—Kate Upson Clark in Leslie's Weekly.

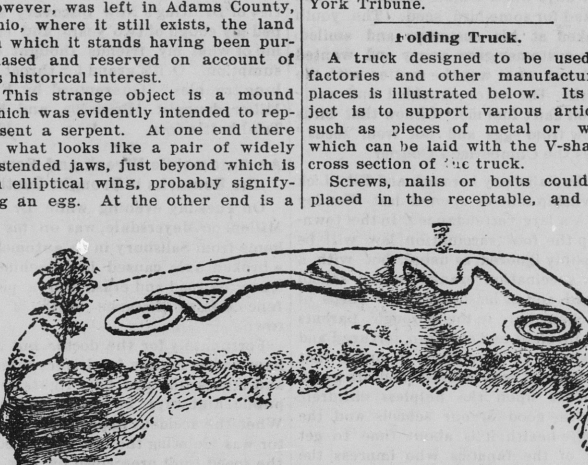
**Working Wives Not Unwomanly.**  
The fact that the drudgery may be dignified by the marriage lines, does not in any way modify the illogical aspect of the whole situation. And more and more is this belief being shared by the married woman who was prior to marriage a wage earner. Time was when it was considered unwomanly on the part of a wife to work and unmanly for her husband to allow her to work. But today we find married women of every dress and of "every condition of former servitude" joyfully relinquishing the much vaunted joys of home and housekeeping and "going back to work" in the factory, in the store, in the office; back to the grind of journalism or of the studio, or the stage. And as to the women in the sterner professions—the woman lawyers, doctors, dentists and civil engineers—they have already established a precedent by no more allowing marriage to interfere with the even tenor of their chosen careers than do men. They plight their troth, walk to the altar, snatch a brief honeymoon in the slack season and are back to business just as if nothing had

## In the Florida Everglades.



A BOATLOAD OF ALLIGATOR EGGS. In the centre of the boat there are young alligators just hatched.

**THE SERPENT MOUND.**  
Strange Construction by Prehistoric People in Ohio.  
One of the races that occupied this country before its settlement by the white man was known as the mound builders, on account of the huge heaps of earth they left in the region where they dwelt, and which were in many cases (if not always) places of burial. Practically all of these mounds were round, or nearly so. Something highly exceptional, however, was left in Adams County, Ohio, where it still exists, the land on which it stands having been purchased and reserved on account of its historical interest.  
This strange object is a mound which was evidently intended to represent a serpent. At one end there is what looks like a pair of widely distended jaws, just beyond which is an elliptical wing, probably signifying an egg. At the other end is a



Improved Truck. structure is formed, the bars being pivoted at the crossing point. The truck can thus be folded up to occupy a very small space, and in large establishments, where hundreds of trucks are in constant demand, they could readily be stored in an unused corner until needed.

**Good Type of American Boy.**  
Eddie Teague, of New Portland, Me., who is eleven years old and weighs seventy-one pounds, is one of the country boys such as were common in the days of our fathers. Young Teague started from his father's camp on a recent morning with a yoke of oxen attached to a sled, which in turn was followed by a horse and sled. The outfit was bound for New Portland, sixteen miles away. The oxen became freed from the sled on the way, but the young teamster left the sled beside the road and drove on. It was well along into the evening when he brought his charges into the settlement.

**Philadelphia's Foreign Trade.**  
The foreign trade of Philadelphia last year reached an aggregate of almost \$140,000,000, an increase of about \$4,000,000 in exports and \$14,000,000 imports, largely materials for use in American factories.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

**Summer Days.**  
We've a post box in the garden  
Where the hollyhocks grow tall,  
And the ivy climbs unhindered  
On the ancient, crumbling wall,  
It's a secret shared between us—  
No one knows the reason why  
We go roaming there so often,  
Just we two, my chum and I,  
And the box is never empty;  
Just an apple, rose-red,  
Or a note to say, "I love you."  
Simple words that can't be said,  
Or my love-lass comes to meet me,  
And we dream there all alone,  
Till the summer sun has faded,  
And the birds have homeward flown.  
But there's no one knows our secret,  
So they never bother mine,  
And the garden seems to love us,  
For chum's chum, and I am I.  
—From the St. Nicholas League.

**Conundrums.**  
What reptile is always welcome in a schoolroom? A good arder.  
Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is at the end of pork.  
Why is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin? Because he's toward his close.  
Why are the stars the best astronomers? Because they have studded (studied) the heavens for ages.  
Why is a washerwoman the greatest traveler in the world? Because she crosses the line and travels from pole to pole.

**The Winter Sleepers.**  
There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is mild at all, they wake up enough to eat.  
Now, isn't it curious they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping-places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.  
The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

**Harold Meets a Chipmunk.**  
Harold had been reading about chipmunks. He asked his mother what they were.  
"Chipmunks," said his mother, "are tiny little animals, smaller than a squirrel, with yellow and brown stripes running up and down their backs. Wait till we go to grandmother's, and we will see lots of them."  
From this description Harold decided that chipmunks must be wonderfully beautiful little creatures, and he counted the days till he and his mother should leave for grandmother's.  
They arrived at grandmother's a month later, and Harold walked around on the broad, shady lawn to see what he could see.  
A low stone wall ran around the place, and as he was walking along by this he stopped still. At the entrance to a little hole between the stones was a tiny little animal, with black, beady eyes.  
It sat up straight upon its hind legs, lifting its forepaws in the air. The tiny, shiny eyes watched Harold closely, the little nose working up and down.  
There was a crunch in the gravel behind Harold, and the hole was empty, with a little flicker of dust showing against the dark entrance.  
Harold turned to see a farm hand standing behind him. "What was that?" he asked.  
"That," said the farm hand, "was a chipmunk."  
"Oh!" said Harold.—New York News.

**Tale of the New Scholar.**  
When the first class in geography was called, Polly Carter stepped out into the aisle and up to the front with the other children, her shoes squeaking at every step. The girls smiled at each other.  
To be sure, they did not mean to be unkind, but Polly Carter was a new girl; her people had just moved to the old farmhouse on the marsh road.  
"I'm glad you're the one that lives her way," said one of the other girls to Dorothy May, when school was over. "You'll have to walk home with her and be polite. My, don't her shoes squeak!"  
Dorothy's face flushed, and she poked the dirt in front of the schoolhouse step with her slim little shoe.  
"I guess I shan't walk with her!" she pouted. "I don't like squeaky shoes any more than the rest of you!"  
The teacher had been talking to Polly Carter; they thought she was out of hearing, but just at that minute she walked out of the door with her head held high, and hurried down along the boardwalk toward the corner.  
"There, she heard what you said!" whispered one of the other children. Then all ran up the road, followed by the teacher.  
"Come along with us and get some blueberries!" But Dorothy did not stir. Her way led by the boardwalk toward the corner, and she did not seem to care much for blueberries just then.

**The Wonderful Servants.**  
"Oh, what an untidy room! Skip about, little ones, and set it in order!" "I don't like tidy rooms," said Elsie, with a pucker on her forehead, as she turned the pieces of dissected map this way and that.  
"I think it must be ever so nice to keep plenty of servants," said Ruth. "I was reading the other day about the young King of Spain—when he was only a baby, you know, mamma, and yet a king! And he had ever and ever so many servants, all just for himself!"  
"I once knew some little girls who kept a great many servants."  
"Tell us about them, please, mamma. How old were they?"  
"Well, about as old as Bessie and Ruth and Elsie."  
"How many had they?"  
"You can count as I go on. There were two bright looking ones, always dressed alike, in blue, brown and gray. Their duty was to keep on the watch for what ought to be done."  
"Didn't they ever do anything themselves?"  
"Not much but that. It seemed to keep them busy if they attended to their duties. But sometimes they were careless, and then the work of all the other servants became poor and was done only half way."  
"I'm sure it was little enough to do," said Bessie.  
"Then there were two more, whose business it was to listen to what their little mistresses' mother or teachers told them, and let them know what it was."  
"It seems to me," said Ruth, laughing, "they must have been a lazy set—so many to do so little. Any more, mamma?"  
"Two more, always dressed in red, who told what the others heard."  
"It took a long time to get to it, I think," said Bessie.  
"When these had settled upon anything to be done," said mamma, "there were a pair of lovely little fellows, always wearing dark, stout clothing, who carried the girls to where their work was to be done."  
"Oh," laughed Elsie, "what a queer set you are telling us of, mamma! Were the little girls lame?"  
"I hope they did their work well when they got to it, after all that fuss," said Ruth.  
"They surely ought to have done so," agreed mamma, "for they had no less than ten servants to do it for them."  
"Now, mamma, do tell us what you mean!" cried Elsie.  
"I mean," answered mamma, "that little Blue Eyes and Brown Eyes and Gray Eyes ought always to be on the lookout for anything to be done for those whom we love."  
"Oh, I see!" And ears to listen!" cried Bessie, greatly delighted.  
"And dear little lips," said mamma, kissing the pair which chanced to be nearest, "which cannot only talk about duties to be done, but can brighten every duty for themselves and for others by their smiles and merry chatter."  
"And feet to walk and run with," said Bessie.  
"And fingers. Dear me, just think of all the servants!" said Elsie. "I should think they would quarrel once in a while."  
"Yes," observed Bessie. "Supposing the eyes saw something to do and the ears heard somebody tell about it, and the feet shouldn't want to go to do it, and the hands should want to do it?"  
"Oh," said mamma, "if the heart which moves all these little servants is a good, loving heart, always striving to do what is right, the little servants will be kept in good order."—New York News.