

# Woman's Realm

## Women's Kisses.

With real friends an affectionate kiss now and then is all very well, but why should one's nice, fresh cheeks be annoyed by the promiscuous osculation of a crowd of girls and women? And the worst of it is that they only do it because they think it civil, not because they like it.—The Throne.

## When Sirens Bore.

Keen sportsmen at a shoot are apt to be not a little impatient of the woman who talks and titters at the wrong moment, wears a red cloak, points her gun at shooters, beaters and birds with careless insouciance, and makes incessant claims on their attention and assistance. She may be a siren at home in a tea gown, but is safe to be voted a bore and a duffer when she tries her hand at the business of sport.—Ladies' Field.

## Well-Kept Clothes.

No matter how well made a thing it soon takes on a shabby look unless it is given the right sort of care.

Many a woman who thinks she takes care of her clothes, takes a dress off, flinging the skirt carelessly over the back of a chair, and leaving it there for several hours, perhaps to take on ugly creases. Perhaps to send your things to a tailor every little while is too much of a strain financially. Be your own tailor, then, so far as pressing and cleaning and the rest of it goes.

## To Make College Flags.

College flags are quite simple, but require care and much precision in putting the letters or as well as in cutting them.

A good plan is to cut your letters from stiff cardboard and trace around them on the felt, afterward cutting with a sharp knife.

In mounting these on the felt background paste them on with a very thin coating of photograph paste and couch around all edges with many strands of silk caught down at regular intervals with a single strand of the same color.

## Try to Look Dainty.

Don't fail to look dainty. It is the most expressive word which can be applied to a woman.

A woman may be stylish, well dressed, good looking and lots of other things without any considerable expense, but to live up to the requirements of "dainty" means something more.

It means absolute freshness of neckties, gloves, etc., and can be achieved by the woman or girl of average means if she will have a weekly wash of muslins, laces, gloves, etc., herself.

## A Dream of Power.

When the dream of women advanced in thought and trained by experience enough to realize the value of co-operation shall come true, some of the greatest curses of modern times shall be swept away, and the country will be happy in possession of a prosperous, middle class, sans ironopolis, sans trusts, sans sweaters and sweated, sans the great unemployed, if not the unemployed. And all this revolution might be quietly effected by women acting intelligently from their own homes.—Woman.

## All Wear Coats.

Forty odd years ago men wore shawls in New York City, as in smaller American cities. The man's shawl was for a while fashionable and familiar. Now, according to the New York Sun, even the women have discarded it. "The sight of a woman wearing a shawl nowadays," said a New York City physician (a woman herself) to the reporter, "is enough to give one a start, and I take a keen interest now in looking for this old fashioned garment. There are few places in which I see it. Even in the poorest parts of the city the women have some sort of a jacket, however old and worn it may be. I suppose that the manufacture of tailor made clothes has become so cheap that anybody can afford to buy them as readily as a shawl."

## Gone Back to Good Old Names.

"I was looking over the society column of my newspaper," said a lady of the old school to the New York correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "and it did my heart good to see how people have returned to the good old habit of giving their girls names that stand for dignity, poetry and the traditions of our race."

There was not a Sallie, a Mamie or a Nellie in the list. In one announcement of a reception given by a mother on the coming out of her daughter there was one Dorothy, one Alice and one Eleanor, two Helens, one Augusta, one Elizabeth and, thank heaven for it! one plain, lovely and old-fashioned Mary. There was a Lucy, a Jane, an Agnes and three or four Ruths. It seemed to me, almost, as if I were reading a social roster of the respectable days of forty years ago."

## Spanish Politeness.

It has been said that the French are the most polite people in the world, writes our lady correspondent in San Sebastian, but I do not think any one who really knows them will agree. However, they have some charming little ways, and when they are rude it is because they are, deep down, thoroughly selfish. My personal opinion is that the Spaniard is about the most delightfully polite person one can possibly encounter. If you ask your way in the street, of some ordinary woman, she will almost certainly go out of her way to accompany you down the street and to carefully put you on the right road. They are very cheerful and gay, but they are never vulgar—as we understand the word in England. Even the men in the streets who stand and frankly stare at a pretty girl do it in a light hearted, pleasant way which does not give offense. As to the manners of Spanish men belonging to the best society, they are almost perfect. Watch a Spaniard of distinction address his mother or any elderly lady, and you will see a manner which is tender and caressing, and at the same time exquisitely protective.—London Tribune.

## Can Women Be Friends?

Can women be friends? History and tradition abound in evidences of great and enduring attachments among men. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David" so firmly that the Hebrew prince did not hesitate to invite the wrath of the great king, his father, and himself forfeit the crown; the Pythagorean Damon was happy to pledge his very life for the doubtful reappearance of Pythias; even the egoist Montaigne was so much affected by the death of La Boetie that, to escape from his melancholy, he "chose a new mistress," and at intervals to the day of his death, in the words of his own journal, "was suddenly seized with such painful thoughts of his friend, and it was long before he came to himself, that it did him much harm."

Subjecting this emotion to analysis, in conformity with his custom, he reached the conclusion that true friendship could exist only between beings wholly independent of one another. A father could not hold the relationship toward his son, because of the stronger paternal attitude and the necessary disparity in age prohibiting equal comprehension of all subjects; between brothers, "the complication of interests, the division of estates, the raising of the one at the undoing of the other, strangely weaken and slacken the fraternal tie," since of necessity pursuing fortune and advancement by the same path they must often jostle and hinder one another; betwixt the sexes love intervenes, "more active, more eager, more sharp, but withal more precipitous, fickle, moving and inconsistent, a fever subject to intermission," whereas true friendship is "a general and universal fire," temperate and equal, constant and steady, easy and smooth, "without poignancy or roughness;" indeed, even among themselves, women are pronounced incapable of maintaining the sacred tie, not being "endured with firmness of mind to endure the constraint of so hard and durable a knot."—Geo. Harvey, in the North American Review.



One sees many Norfolk jackets with the morning suits.

A graceful girl never looks better than in a well-cut suit.

The blouse may be buttoned "through and through," or a "fly" used, as on the bloomers.

A jumper waist of heavy all-over lace laid upon velvet is worn as usual over the thinnest kind of a blouse.

Black broadtail with wide bands of white cloth makes a particularly stunning coat for a stately woman.

Jeweled bands outlining the short gathered bodice of Empire evening gowns are most resplendent under artificial light.

The outer belt may be of elastic belting, braid or silk to match the tie. A stitched band of the material is also pretty.

The tie may go all around under the collar, being tied fresh each time, or it may be cut in half, tied in a sailor knot and sewed at one side.

Alternate ruffles of cloth and crape extend from a point several inches above the knees to the foot of the long sweep on a stylish morning gown.

Natty suits of tweed are severely plain, with short square-cut pony coats embellished sparingly with silk braid, just the thing for the tailor-made girl.

To increase the decorative effect of a ruffle for lingerie, with the least amount of labor, embroider wreaths or little sprays at intervals and inset strips of lace between.

# Wh Women Can Never Be Friends

By Winifred Black.



AN women be friends? inquires a writer in a popular magazine. Friends to men, do you mean, Mr. Writer? In that case I answer you "Yes."

Friends to women? In that case I put my deprecating nana upon my honest and apologetic heart and say to you, positively and didactically, "No, sir; they cannot."

Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but they are always exceptions.

I know two women who are real friends to other women. I believe I could telegraph either of them at any time of the day or night, tell them that I was in trouble and needed help, and if they were alive they would answer me and do the best they could to help me.

One of these women is an old maid, a woman of great intellect and great attainments. She makes her own living, and a mighty fine, independent living it is. The other of the two women whose friendship I believe I could depend on is married, but her children are grown, and though she is a good and dutiful wife, as a matter of principle she doesn't really care two straws for her husband.

What have these facts to do with the case of these women's real friendship?

Everything. It is always the real or the prospective man in the case who interferes in the friendships of women.

There was once a strike among the street car men in a certain city. The troops were called out to terrify the strikers, and the strikers met a friend in uniform. "Sure, Tom," said the striker, "you wouldn't shoot an old pal like me, would you, if the worst should come to worst?"

The man in uniform shifted his tobacco, narrowed his eyes and looked his old friend straight in the face.

"It depends upon the captain's orders," he said. That's what's the matter with a woman friend. She may like you; she may admire you; she may even be devotedly fond of you.

Will she stick by you in an emergency? Will she defend your good name, help out your credit, comfort you in sorrow and rejoice with you in success—that depends upon the captain's orders—and the captain is always the man who is standing somewhere in the background.

He may be nobody but a father, or a brother, or a son; he's apt to be a sweetheart or a husband or sometimes just a man who might be a sweetheart if he had the chance, but some man he is, and every time you ask a woman to do anything for another woman she has to think what the man in the background is going to say about it. She may not know she's thinking about the man, and the man may not have the faintest idea that she is thinking about him either, but she is just the same.

That's what gives her such a far away look in her eyes when her woman friend asks her to stick by her friendship in some emergency. A woman is just a part of a man's life. No matter how much he loves her, she's only a part of his existence.

A man is the whole earth and firmament to the woman who loves him. She gives up her family, her maiden name, her place of living, even the kind of things she likes to eat, for him—why should a friend, and merely a friend, expect to be exempt in the general sacrifice?

No thank you, Mr. Magazine Writer, no independence on a woman friend for me, she's too many different kinds of a person.

When you ask a woman to go anywhere with you, she has to think of the baby, and the cook and Johnnie and Johnnie's friends who were coming to dinner with him, and her husband and her mother-in-law, and her maiden aunt, and if they are all perfectly willing that she should go—she'll accept your invitation.

When you ask a man to give you the pleasure of his company somewhere, sometime, you're asking just plain nobody but him. He never thinks of the baby or Johnnie, or the mother-in-law, or even the wife. If he wants to go, he goes; if he doesn't, he says, "No, thank you," and tells you why. That's why I choose men for my friends.—New York American.

## Battleship Models.

By the English Admiralty's orders perfect models are made in paraffin wax of every new battleship before it is laid down, and these models are tested in a tank, being 400 feet long and 20 feet wide. They are made of wax because it is a material which does not absorb water or change its weight, so that alterations can be easily made and the material can be melted up and used again.

Horseflesh is growing in favor in Belgium. It sells for about half the price of beef or mutton, which are seldom handled by the butchers who sell horse meat.

## Better Pay for Soldiers.

General Funston makes an earnest plea for the increase of the pay of the officers and privates of the regular army. He declares that the officers of lowest rank receive less pay than many laborers, and even less than some hod carriers, and that this should not be the case. He asserts also that if the pay of the privates were increased it would be easier to get and retain recruits for the army.

Intoxication while on duty is a misdemeanor for a railroad employe in California, and if death results a felony.

# Issues, Not Men.

By Stuyvesant Fish, Late President of the Illinois Central.



HAT there has been maladministration, not to say stealing, in many of our great corporations is a matter of common notoriety, in some cases of positive proof.

District-Attorney Jerome has the credit of coining the phrase "the criminal rich." Would he have come nearer the fact if he had said, "The anarchistic rich?" For, strange as it may seem, some men, forgetting that corporate property is so peculiarly in need of the protection of the law, have gone great lengths in absolving themselves and those who move with them in the higher circles of finance from the restraints of the law, of ethics and even of common decency. The decision in the Northern Securities case, however, shows that apprehension as to what corporate aggression may involve in the future is a thing cognizable by our Supreme Court, and therefore by the people.

The contest is no longer between those who have and those who have not, but between those on the one hand who have moderately, sufficiently and even abundantly, and on the other those who, through the use of trust funds and the power incident thereto, seek by questionable practices to have excessively. This is the issue which is daily brought into every home in America. Like taxation without representation, it involves moral and ethical questions, and also strikes at the pocket book, which has been called the sure road to the Anglo-Saxon's heart. It will not down.

Great and repeated efforts have been made to quiet and hush the clamor which is rising on this subject. Such efforts may succeed for a time, but not in the end. It is not for me to say, in the words of Patrick Henry, "Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace, but there is no peace." Nor yet, "Shall we lie supinely on our backs until the enemy shall have bound us hand and foot?" No, a thousand times no! I cannot and will not stir your minds up to a sense of wrong. Such is not my purpose, nor is this the forum for an appeal against unjust wealth. You and I have too large a stake in it to risk adding to the danger into which it has been brought by the malfeasance of some of our agents. What I do want is to bring to your attention the fact that no apparently effective thing has been done to right the wrongs which are known to exist, and that it rests with us, the great middle class, to meet this issue as our fathers met those which confronted them, soberly, advisedly and in fear of God. Let us do and say nothing rash, but, relying on past experiences, move forward as people who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

President Roosevelt seems to adhere to the idea that there are good trusts and bad trusts, good corporations and bad corporations. He seems to make a classification, based on size, objecting to the very large ones and favoring the comparatively small ones. It strikes some, however, that the difference between a bad corporation and a good one, whether we call it a trust or not, lies wholly in the methods pursued by the managers of the corporation in regard alike to the public, to their employes and their stockholders; and, judging from past experiences, it is chiefly in bad faith toward the stockholders and dishonesty in dealing with the public that most managers of corporations have erred.

This is the supreme issue which in various forms is agitating the minds of the masses of our fellow countrymen. I hope, and we all hope, that in this hour of moral trial the Nation may again find in its Chief Magistrate the man destined to control this issue, within the law and by the law.

## Up to Nature.

"Thanks," said the tragedian; "many thanks for your good opinion. I always study from nature, sir. In my acting you see reflected nature herself."

"Try this cigar," said an admirer of nature reverently. "Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act?"

"From nature, sir, from nature. To secure that expression I asked an intimate friend to lend me £5. He refused. This caused me no surprise. I tried several more. Finally I asked one who was willing to oblige me, and as he handed me the note I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not what I wanted. It was allied with suspicion that the note might be a bad one. I was in despair."

"Well?" said the other breathlessly.

"Then an idea struck me. I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the £5 note to my friend the next day and on his astonished countenance I saw the expression of which I was in search."—Tit-Bits.

## A Vegetable Lizard.

An attache of the Smithsonian Institution tells of a curious inhabitant of the tropical forests called the lizard tree, but which, as he remarks, might well be termed the centipede plant.

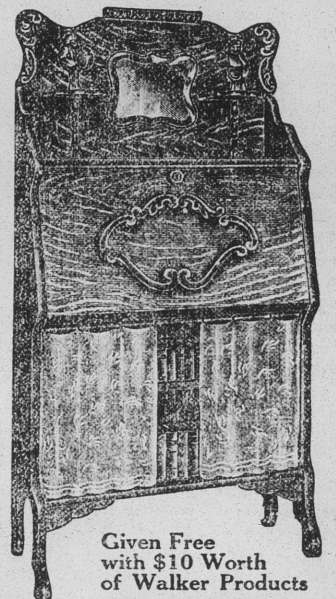
This singular growth consists of a stem jointed like a bamboo, with green leaves growing directly from the bark, and slender white roots springing from the joints, with which it maintains its hold upon the bark of the tree whereon it grows. When it has attained a length of three or four feet the lower sections of the lilyard plant drop off, and, fastening upon any convenient object, begin their independent growth.

When thus growing upon the ground, if the plant encounters a tree it immediately begins to ascend the trunk.

## Substitute for Copper.

Aluminum for transmission of electricity is being used as a substitute for copper in some instances, particularly in California and northern New York, but its general substitution for copper is not anticipated by prominent copper mining people.

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