

# Woman's Realm

## Beauty "Don'ts."

Don't dry our face in a hurry; a quick, anyhow rub coarsens the skin and injures its beauty.

Don't eat your meals quickly; this causes indigestion and a red nose.

Don't worry; other people's troubles are quite as bad as yours.

Don't read till midnight; one hour of sleep before twelve is worth five afterward.

Don't shut your bedroom window; fresh air is necessary for health.

Don't expect physics and tonics to keep you well if you neglect the laws of health and hygiene.

Don't think you can sit day after day over the fire when you ought to go out for a brisk walk without your complexion suffering.—Home Chat.

## The Privileges of Age.

I can remember when I was a young woman how many of my mother's foibles fretted me, for I was like the rest. I hadn't reasoned it out any more than most people do, but I held the same immutable opinions about the conduct of age. If I had my life to live over again I should know better. I should cherish each of my mother's restless days because I would know that her very restlessness and occasional discontent were the signs that life was keen within her, and that I myself had made her restless, because as a too zealous daughter I had in a measure, together with time, taken from her some of the occupation that still by right belonged to her. I would let her have her way on all the minor points of dress and occupation. I would know she had earned her right to disregard the minor conventions, having kept the greater ones all her days.—"An Elderly Woman," in Harper's Bazar.

## Shirt Waists in 1907.

There is less variety than usual in the shirt waist models for 1907. Three or four leading makers are showing practically the same design—a waist having groups of the narrow tucks, running to collar and shoulder seam, and closing down the front under a box fold. The buttonholes pierce this and the buttons are visible. They are pearl, as a rule, and not fancy shirt waist sets such as have been seen for some seasons. The materials used are heavy and fine linen, percale, and fine lawns. All the season's shirt waists open in the front. The new note lies in the frilled edges of the front box fastening. On each side of this there is a close, fine, pleated ruching of self-goods, extending not more than an inch. Some of the makers are advancing designs for an adjustable front of this kind to be worn over a strictly plain shirt waist. Others are making the box of fine dotted lawn—say, red dots on white or blue dots.—Harper's Bazar.

## The Girl Who Succeeds.

She has so much to do that she has no time for morbid thoughts. She never thinks for a moment that she is not attractive, nor forgets to look as charming as possible. She is considerate of the happiness of others, and it is reflected back to her as a looking-glass. She never permits herself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body, age does not come to her. She awakens cheerfully in the morning and closes her eyes thankfully at night. She believes that life has some serious work to do, and that the serious work lies very close to the homely, every-day duties, and that kind words cost nothing. She is always willing to give suggestions that will help some less fortunate one over the bad places in life's journey. She is ever ready to talk about a book, a picture or a play, rather than to permit herself to indulge in idle words about another. She is her own sweet, unaffected, womanly self; therein lies the secret of her popularity, of her success.—Woman's Life.

## The New Neckwear.

All of the new neckwear is soft. Stocks are returning to favor and also "chokers" of folded tulle, chiffon, and fine lawn. An endless variety of jabots is appearing in length from six to sixteen inches. They are of all lace, of lace and muslin, of all black lace and chiffon or all white, and, again, of black Chantilly and chiffon. Even laces colored in soft browns or blues to match a given costume are combined with chiffon in these fancy jabots. Lace bars are also being revived and are worn by women of all ages to fill in the neck of smart little jackets. Brooches are less worn than in many seasons. There are always varieties of lace and stick pendants, but the thin la Vallere pendant chain, having a central pendant or group of pendants, so popular for decollete dress, is generally preferred as a neck finish with handsome gowns. Beads, too, continue to be much worn, especially those in graded sizes. The long chain of beads known as the sautoir is used only with the fan or log-nette. Graded beads are used by old and young, and, in dull finished jet,

## The Pulpit

A SERMON BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON

Subject: The Faultless Christ.

by those in mourning. — Harper's Bazar.

## Curing a Critic.

The daughter of a certain statesman has a husband who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entire wife had wracked her brain to prepare.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served.

The wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious mood. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card, and on that card the information in a big, round hand:

"This is soup."  
Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:

"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labeled. The gravy dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice pudding came in a card announcing "This is ice pudding" was with it.

The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labeled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire the name of anything set before him.—Tit-Bits.

## Woman Who Played the Market.

It is interesting to know that one character, that of Mrs. Collyer, in "Sampson Rock, of Wall Street," was directly inspired by the career of a woman whose Wall Street experiences were short and dramatic and full of warning.

Lefevre's other characters, even that of the great Sampson Rock himself, are necessarily composites, although composites that display certain traits of some of the best known of the great financiers. But Mrs. Collyer has as a prototype a widow from Washington, who "played the market" with verve and daring; although, of course, Lefevre does not make his character follow all the details of her career.

The woman came to New York with just \$11,000. She knew nothing of Wall Street or of stocks when she began. She entered the office of a prominent broker, and said that she wished to open an account.

"What references, please?" asked the cashier, dryly—for in Wall Street they look doubtfully upon women investors, for they seldom can be made to understand how the stocks can go the wrong way when they own them.

"References? This," was the laconic reply, as she laid down \$11,000.

Her good looks, her manner, her readiness, created an instant and strong impression in her favor, and she soon became one of the most favored customers of the house.

She had an instinct for success. In deal after deal she was on the right side of the market.

Within five months her profits had actually so mounted by "pyramiding" that the firm's books credited her with over half a million dollars!

Lefevre used frequently to see her, as a Wall Street newspaper man sees so many people; he knew of her success; he saw that fortune and risk did not excite her. She was just the same unperturbed, handsome, self-possessed woman as before.

She dealt with only one house. She gradually, too, let almost all of her speculations go into one line. "It's good stock; why shouldn't I?" she would ask, when her broker remonstrated.

She was dealing entirely on "margins," but refused to see her danger. "Realize on your holdings," the broker urged. But she would not heed.

One day the storm burst. Her stock fell swiftly and more swiftly. For a time she held out; but soon, to cover the "margins," came demands that her paper fortune could not meet. Her huge profits, and of course the principal with it, were swept away. She was penniless.

Lefevre saw her after she knew she had lost her all. She was walking toward Broadway, just as handsome, just as trim, just as brave, just as self-possessed as ever. An hour before, and she was worth more than half a million. Now she was worth not a dollar. But she had taken the blow without flinching, and no one ever heard what afterwards became of her.

New York City has added 33,400 families to its population in the last three years.

not so much the roar of applause, that we want. God-will become concrete and an aid most when it resolves itself into loving helpfulness. A good round of applause may put heart into the Christian who is working hard for Christ, but ready assistance from the brethren who watch so sympathetically the progress of his toil will be most a benefit to the harvester of souls. Love for men in sin, and words of approval for those who are breaking Satan's shackles from off their lives, are all well enough so far as they go, but unless the love and approval are expressed in willing aid, they are not most of use. God always felt and always does feel for men, the Father ever has a good word for those who are leaving sin behind, but the gift of Christ to point to us the way, and the sending of the spirit who shall send us on ahead toward God, are more necessary and grateful to our hearts than all Jehovah's words of praise. Approbation, applause and approval are good; well wishings and godspeeds are full of incentive to any man; but that good-will which assists and aids and helps to clear the way to material success or to God is the good-will which most brings us cheer. Good-will is willing helpfulness.

Faultless, truthful, graceful was the Lord of our lives. And it is because He was without spot or blemish or reproach; because He was the incarnation of divine virtues; because He showed grace that is sufficient unto our salvation, that we crown Him King. Had the Christ not been without blame; had He not been the living expression of the truth that He was; had He failed to evidence a helping grace, our hearts could never hail Him as divine.

The first appeal of Jesus to our minds is His faultlessness in the dissemination of the truth of God; the next appeal is the absolute consistency of His actions with His words. The spiritual facts which Jesus brought to men deserve and fasten their attention. For depth in philosophy, for insight into the furthest reaches of human life; for clearness of application of divine truth to the needs of men; for explication and unfolding of those words of wisdom which point us to a fuller life in God, the Master is incomparable. Many of the teachings of Jesus were not new in substance, many of His utterances may be paralleled in the writings of the Old Testament and in the teachings of not a few philosophic leaders of the world's great faiths. But Jesus magnified and sanctified all the old material that He touched, by the way He spiritualized it and turned it up toward God. Many of the more prominent of Jesus' thoughts were not new in substance to the men and women of His time; most of them felt and admitted the force of His message; no doubt, so far as they went with Him; but the central facts are these: that Jesus breathed new life and imparted new meaning to their old beliefs; and then lived entirely the life He preached.

Jesus was faultless, full of grace and truth. His faultlessness implied no blame at all. His was the fulness of grace; that is to say, He not only brought men assurance of His power to save, by word of mouth, but also proved by deed His potency and efficiency. Full of truth, He lived that life we should expect. He demonstrated the worth of His own teachings by His own allegiance to them. Believing that sin was shameful, He lived a blameless life. Preaching free forgiveness and the possibility of a richer life through the grace of God, He proved His own possession of the grace He claimed to be the need of men. To Him truth is eternal and is to be obeyed. Claiming to know and to reveal entire truth Jesus never balks His own best words. How different are we. We hate sin, we want grace, we love truth in fact. And we who have tried truth. But yet we hug the wrong; we shut the heavenly glory from our hearts; we block and balk by action the grace we try to preach. Jesus is faultless. His grace is real. His truth is fact. And we who have tried the power of His grace to reform our lives and to renovate our souls are sure that only as we live His truth are we able to be found without a fault.

Full worthy was our Lord to be our Savior and to receive our trust and faith. The beauty of His message and His life are past compare. Nowhere do we find another such a man. On the divine side He is supreme. As a man He is the manifestation of the humanity of God. Christ not only spake things but lived them. The spirit of adoration that bound the twelve to Jesus should make us learn to love Him more. Entering into union within Him we may progress into faultlessness and grow in wealth of grace and the knowledge of the truth.

Dr. Parkhurst has said a true word when he calls attention to the fact that "Christians grow by addition, not by subtraction." When first we think upon it the statement seems to be but half the truth. But do we consider for a moment we will find it fair. The accretion by the Christian of spiritual power will drive sin out. There will be no room for evil. The life that is drawing close to God has no need to subtract sin. Let the heart pay strict attention to the work of soul culture and Satan will subtract himself. Most of us spend so much time in subtraction that we never learn to add. Keep increasing the measure of soul force that is yours and sin will make itself a minus quantity. Try to do what you know you ought to do and you will find the problem of how to escape sin is lightened of itself.

All things in the last analysis must be brought to the test of Jesus Christ. He is our Savior and our one example. He is the test of our fitness and the pattern for our faith. His grace may be ours; the appropriation of His truth is the business of the Christian. The vigor of our grace and truth is the measure of assured success. Our faultlessness will be judged of men and God by the samples we are of the influence of the life and word, the truth and grace of Christ.

## You Are Sufficient.

God never sets one of His servants to undertake any task without first sufficiently qualifying him for that task.—Scottish Reformer.

## MILLIONS OF SUFFERERS IN NORTHERN CHINA INTO WHOSE FACES DEATH STARES DAILY

Facts That Will Aid Generous Americans in Appreciating Conditions Impossible in This Land of Plenty.

By E. R. JOHNSTONE.

When Vesuvius showers hot dust and ashes or pours out molten lava, when San Francisco shudders and writhes into consuming flame, when Kingstom passes out of order into chaos in the earthquake throes, the heart of Christendom beats in sympathy. Thousands of dollars are instantly ready to the hands of the afflicted and the stricken. This is as it should be.

For more than three months the region in Northern China, known as "Kianpoh" (meaning "north of the river," the river being the Yangtze), has been in the grasp of famine and famine-bred disease. All the calamities named in the opening paragraph, if rolled into one stupendous horror, could not have caused a tithe of the suffering the forty days' rain and the consequent floods wrought upon the 40,000 square miles (an area nearly as great as that of New York State) of affected territory with its 15,000,000 of people. Before new crops can

and exposed to the cold of winter night and day, week after week, yet, somehow, one picture suggests the other. Just so, when a refugee mother accosted this morning asked us to accept her child as a gift, imagination brought instantly to view the precociousness of the American children I know.

"Incidents could be piled upon incidents; every one of these 30,000 refugees incarnates a story—a story of a home abandoned; of toilsome journeys to this southern district in the hope of finding a pittance of food to allay that awful gnawing of hunger; of the eager hunt for a sheltered nook in a doorway; of being driven from spot to spot until at last a few feet of bare earth are secured out among the graves with the other refugees—a space no bigger than a Chinese grave suffices for an entire family; of the daily and nightly huddling together in one mass for the sake of human warmth; of the search



—Courtesy Christian Herald.

TREES DENUED OF BARK, WHICH IS EATEN BY THE STARVING CHINESE.

be raised the death list will be appalling—will be greater by a hundredfold than that chronicled in Naples, San Francisco and Jamaica.

Death and anguish of body and mind will reign in Kianpoh for months, despite the most sympathizing efforts. But Americans can mitigate suffering and lower the death rate by contributing the smallest tithe of their possessions. One dollar will prevent one death for one week.

That warm-hearted readers may appreciate, as far as possible at this distance, conditions that amaze the onlooker and call forth his deepest sympathy, I append extracts from the most recent letter of William T. Ellis, a trustworthy and capable correspondent of the Christian Herald, on the spot. Mr. Ellis writes after a tour through a camp of 30,000 starving refugees, and later will tell of other greater camps where the conditions are worse than those he portrays:

"Little more than an hour ago I saw two women, presumably mother and grandmother, wailing over the tiny coffin of a child that had been part of grim famine's daily toil.

"It is all so horrible, so overpowering, so haunting, so heartrending, that one cannot write of it in an orderly fashion. It seems as if only the repeated cry of 'Help! Help! Help!' can be fashioned for the ears of the prosperous American people, to whom God has given a year of plenty, while the poor of China perish from want.

"Out of the awful mass of suffering a succession of individual pictures come trooping before my vision. There was the man, too weak to stand erect, who bore on his back, as older brothers carry babies in China, his blind old mother, the mere skin-and-bone framework of a woman. They wanted help and pleaded for it in the thin whine of the utterly miserable—and I dared not give them so much as a copper!

"Or that mother, hard-eyed and rigid, who stood against a wall with her six children gathered about her tattered skirts, staring out uncaring on a company of living refugees who are a more melancholy sight than the thousands of ancient graves among which they are encamped. They had been fed; one portion of thin, watery rice porridge for them all, and now they must wait in the cold for another twenty-four hours before they can be fed again—and even then, some stronger ones may push them aside and steal their turn at the meagre relief.

"Strange incongruities flash into one's mind as he walks about among these 30,000 refugees. As I passed this morning an old, old woman, covered only by a few rags, who sat on the cold bare ground, sharing her small bowl of rice with a babe of twelve or eighteen months, evidently her grandchild, who sat on her knees. I thought of some grandmothers whom I know in America—sweet-faced, comfortable and kindly, whose evening of life is made pleasant by the love of children and grandchildren, and who know not the word want. And I recalled some baby friends—sweet, ruddy little dears, wrapped in the finest linen, with wardrobes upon which love has lavished its generosity, and whose food is a matter of careful consultation with physicians and friends. Of course I cannot imagine these delectable nurtured babes in dirty tatters

for dry grass with which to make a tiny fire; of the morning struggle for a portion of the government rice and of that indescribable, terrible, primitive duel between life and starvation which the Chinese so dauntlessly endure.

"In all this, I write of the best, and not of the worst. This is only the first outpost of the famine district."

Speaking of the causes of the famine—already comparatively well known in this country—Mr. Ellis says:

"Heavy summer rains, the overflowing of the banks of all streams and of the Grand Canal, simply flooded the country and made of promising rice and grain fields only a desert waste of water. The crops were utterly ruined. It is of interest that in this section of China wheat and maize as well as rice are grown; that is why cornmeal and flour, the former even the more acceptable of the two, is the popular form of relief. The Chinese live closer to actual starvation than it is possible for a Westerner to comprehend; they are always poor. So the failure of the crops—not to mention the destruction of their homes by flood—at once placed them in a state of actual destitution which can only be relieved when the wheat crop is harvested in July. Meanwhile, owing to lack of seed, only half of the spring wheat crop, has been planted."

There are stories of cannibalism too gruesome to write. Suffice it that horror is piled upon horror's head in Kianpoh until the call for outside help is as imperative as it is justified.

These sufferers, under ordinary conditions, are frugal, cleanly, honest, hardworking. They can wring a mere livelihood from their petty fields in the best of times by the hardest kind of work and in the mass are noted for morality and decency of life. Already the Christian Herald, of New York, has sent \$35,000 in cash for the alleviation of suffering, and has pledged itself to the State Department in Washington to furnish at least \$200,000 more. It can only do this with the co-operation of the American people. Hence the plea for contributions, the transmission and expenditure of which is guarded most carefully—as was the case with the funds provided from the same source for the famished in Finland, India, Russia, Japan and Cuba.

## African Hospitality.

Hospitality may be considered as one of the characteristics of not only the Veils, but of the whole African race. It is considered the duty of every citizen to entertain strangers without the smallest compensation. Places of rest stand open, and when these are found occupied by strangers a man goes and tells his wife, who will send her servants with water for the strangers to wash their feet, for, as they wear no shoes, they naturally need such an accommodation. Afterward rooms and cloth wrappers are given them, food is brought from all quarters or they are invited to eat with the people. They continue to be so provided for even if they stay months. Their garments are also washed and returned to them. On leaving they generally make a small gift to the wife of the host, though not more than two or three coin nuts or two or three English pennies.—Century.