Woman's Realm

Always Fresh Allurements.

If all the discords in the ragtime of time could be gathered up and strung into one long soul-racking score wouldn't it look something like a dress parade of the freakish forms and fashions along our public thoroughfares? declares The Argonaut. The freakishness refers, of course, to the female discords that lead off in this grand orchestral orgy; the men being merely the plain, commonplace, uninteresting rests and bars necessary only to accentuate the crashing crescendo of color and contour. The London Mail, reviewing a treatise on "English costumes," says:

"Woman, whatever she wears, is always charming. I bow. But what woman wears is often the reverse of charming. The world is forever being surprised by its women. They are Classic one day and Pompadour the next; after that, who knows? Nobody.

"At the present moment we are noticing an extraordinary person at restaurants, at the theatres, in the streets. She has sprung up in the night. Her waist has vanished, her hair is not as it was, her hat has outmatineed matinee hats. The Directoire lady has appeared. There is scarcely a woman in England who is not aware of the fact. There is scarcely a woman who is not looking mentally at her wardrobe and wondering how to model last year's dress to meet the fashion, for fashion is a sovereign power, and I will bet that even the lady, I forget her name, who rings a bell at political meetings, is thinking about her hats.

"This is woman's strength, that she is always coming out in some fresh allurement—like children who make surprising remarks and draw all attention."

Value of Money Inculcated.

I determined to teach my children early to learn just what money would buy, and how far it would go, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. For five years my two boys of sixteen and fourteen have had $4 a month as an allowance. Since entering the high school two years ago, the older one is allowed $5. Out of this they must buy all their clothes, and, if anything can be saved from it, they may use their judgment as to how it shall be spent. We always talk over the expenditures in advance, and I accompany the boys when they buy their suits and overcoats; but they have learned for themselves how to purchase shoes, shirts, collars and neckties.

They have learned to watch for mark-downs, and to buy out of season on occasion, so that they may have more money left for Christmas gifts or personal pleasures. In these years I have contributed to their wardrobe only pajamas and bathrobes, which I made myself, and one pair of expensive stockings for dancing school. Other relatives gave them a few neckties at Christmas.

The boys have learned proportion in spending. They have experienced that it is sometimes wise to buy the more expensive shoes or coats, if they have the money in hand. Otherwise, they have learned to be satisfied with the less costly article. They have occasionally earned a little money by working for a neighbor, but in all this time they have never had any from their parents outside the allowance. It has taught them both independence and restraint. They have never asked us for money for this thing or for that. Instead, we plan with them how it may be saved by economy of expenditure in other ways.

Why American Women Are Beautiful.

The interest in the physical well being of women, which is of comparatively recent origin with us, has existed for years among all classes in America. When the women of America first began to take up physical culture they did not do so from any desire of promoting their health and strength, but simply because they wanted to become more beautiful by systematic exercises, says Dr. Adalbert Von Tobold, of Berlin.

They wanted to develop the grace and beauty of their movements and body to perfection, and they wanted to appear graceful and pretty even when nature had denied them these qualities.

The initiative of this desire came originally from a Frenchman, Francois Delsarte, who had taught singing and acting in Paris for forty years, and who had devoted a great deal of his time to the study of living beauty and how to promote and preserve it.

His writings on this subject after his death fell into the hands of two of his pupils, Steele Mackaye and Genevieve Stebbins, who became the enthusiastic promoters of Delsarte's teachings in America.

American women of to-day owe much to Genevieve Stebbins, who combined the methods of Delsarte with the best of Swedish gymnastics, and who on her own body proved the usefulness of systematic physical exercise.

The results which she and her pupils reached aroused a storm of enthusiasm in America. Women of all classes and ages began to take up the course, and as soon as the methods had proved beneficial to adults they were introduced in the various educational institutions.

There is little doubt that when American women of to-day excel the women of all other nations in physical grace and beauty they owe it to a very large extent to the teachings of Delsarte.

Curious Old Legend.

According to a curious old legend, the ruby first became known to mortals as the result of an act of kindness shown by a poor woman to an injured stork. Philostratus, one of the old Greek writers, tells us that this gem was originally placed by the stork in the fabric of her nest as a charm against serpents, and Aeolean, in his eighth "Book of Animals," enlarging upon this fancy, thus relates the episode:

"A certain widow, Heraclea by name, had tended a young stork that, having fallen out of the nest before it was fully fledged, had broken its leg. Thereupon the grateful bird, upon returning from the annual migration of its kind, dropped into her lap as she sat at her door a precious stone, which, on her awakening at night, she found to her astonishment had lighted up her chamber like a glowing torch. Upon examination this stone proved to be a matchless ruby."

There are in reality two kinds of rubies; the true or Oriental ruby, and the spinel ruby. The former is a red variety of the precious corundum, of great variety and value; while the latter is an aluminate of magnesium.

By ancient writers a still wider range—under the common name of the "carbunculus" of Pliny, or the "anthrax" ("glowing coal") of Greek writers—included also garnets and other inferior stones of fiery color.

Rubies vary in color from pale rose-red through deep cochineal to red-purple, the latter being the most valued tint, known as the "pigeon's blood" color.

Ceylon and parts of Tartary furnish very good spinels; these exhibit the color of crimson poppies, while the Balass specimens resemble pale roses. The true rubies are obtained from the mines, the spinels usually from the beds of torrents.

By some of the ancient writers the ruby was said to preserve from all harm, and by others to glow and deepen in color when danger approached the wearer, and to turn pale and lusterless when brought into conflict with poisons. A ruby ring would, therefore, have been a very desirable possession for any guest who died at the table of the infamous Borgias, since Caesar Borgia, it is related, had little hesitation in dropping poison into the wine goblets of his guests!

One of the most interesting "historic" rubies is that which adorns the centre of the diamond Maltese cross in the imperial State crown of England. Originally the property of Don Pedro, King of Castile, it was presented by him to Edward the Black Prince, after the battle of Najara, near Vittoria, A. D. 1367. Afterward it was worn by Henry V. in his helmet on the occasion of the battle of Agincourt, 1415, and no doubt the brilliant victory was in no small degree attributed to the glowing gem.

Perfect rubies are enormously valuable, so we can estimate the worth of a good woman and of wisdom when we find they excel in value these rarest stones.—New Haven Register.

Where the Octopus Abounds.

"The rocky coast of Brittany," said a lifeguard, "abounds in octopus—the pleuvre, as they say down there.

"Walk a Breton beach at low tide—the beach of St. Lunaire, for instance—and you will easily find in a half mile a score or more of perfect cuttlefish of those friable white bones that birds love.

"They are from six inches to a foot or more in length, snowy and very prettily shaped; they make nice ash trays. The peasants gather them for bird food, for ash trays, and also, I believe, for cigarette cases.

"They are the bones of the octopus, and their abundance is a convincing proof of the octopus in those rock strewn waters of France."—Minneapolis Journal.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Appledore Soup.—Cook three medium-sized potatoes in boiling salted water, and when soft, drain and rub through a puree strainer. Scald four cupfuls of milk with two slices of onion; remove onion, and add milk slowly to potato. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended, then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the hot liquid. Bring to the boiling point and add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of celery salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper and a few grains of cayenne. Strain, and just before serving add three tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup.—Ladies' World.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. C. S. MACFARLAND.

Theme: Jesus' Imperial Spirit.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Park Congregational Church, Eighth avenue and Second street, Sunday morning, the Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, Ph. D., of the Congregational Church of South Norwalk, Conn., author of "The Infinite Affection," and other works, preached on "The Imperial Spirit of Jesus." The texts were from John 14:27: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid;" John 16:33: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" Matthew 10:34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." Dr. Macfarland said:

Jesus is reassuring His disciples. He says to them: Be courageous, be bold, overcome the world. By the world He means the temporal life. Be masters. He says over that life; let your spirits overcome it.

What a sublime picture! There He is, awaiting the end. He is going down to apparent defeat, to human eyes. His life seems nought. The cross awaits Him, a cross between the crosses of two thieves. Barabbas is to be chosen instead of Himself. He no longer has any followers, except those faithful few, and even they are trembling, fearful and ready to flee. Yet He utters these strangely contradictory words, "I am the Master of the world."

We see here also the moral grandeur of Jesus, the translation of His personality and His inner life into terms of moral power. As He was the great thinker, so He was the noble liver of the race. As He gains the mastery of lofty minds, so He is the sovereign of all noble lives.

His splendid life is now centering in the cross toward which it has been leading. From the beginning He has seen the end. Behind Him is a long trail of moral strength. From Him goes the impression of a sovereign personality. He is the supreme example of noble living, for the manhood of our day, with its alternating bravery and cowardice, with its noble resolve and weak compliance. Jesus becomes, first, the shamer and then the inspirer of human living.

Having in some measure apprehended the splendid mind of the Master and gathered something of the moral grandeur of His life, we seek to discover the hidden secret of His outward splendor. Let us try to look into His soul and discover the meaning of this majestic, brave, strong, impellingly attractive manhood. Look again at our text, recall the situation under which it was uttered, remember that He is facing a cross, listen to His words: "Peace I leave unto you," "Be full of confidence," "I have conquered the world."

Another strange thing is the contradictoriness of the Master. For upon another occasion did He not say, "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword?"

How are we to explain the paradox of these two contradictory texts? Shall we avail ourselves of the liberty of criticism and say that one appears in the Synoptic Gospels and is historical, while the other appears in the Fourth Gospel and is unhistorical? Shall we decided that one of them is an interpolation? This is altogether too easy and ready a method. Let us wait and see if we may not bring them into harmony.

First of all let us look at the second text and see how true it is. He sent those disciples forth into the world. Did not they find the sword? Their story is a continuous one of persecution, imprisonment, death. If there was the one thing they did not find it was peace. Peter and John began at Jerusalem. They were told that they must not speak or teach in the name of Jesus. They went out, prayed for courage and went to preaching again. For it they were beaten with stripes. They received their hundredfold reward "with persecutions."

What mockery are Jesus' words to Him! "Peace I leave with you." How fortunate if the Fourth Gospel were written very late and is unreliable! Does it not make our Lord guilty of false prophecy?

The story goes on through succeeding ages. The successors of these disciples live and die in Roman catacombs and caves. They are hunted, hungered, despised, persecuted, suffering unto death. How it must have mocked them: "Peace I leave with you." Jesus bequest was broken, or at least this codicil revoked.

But even all this is less perplexing than the utterance coming from the lips of the man who spoke it. Was it a mistaken prophecy of Jesus? Because His own life was so calm and peaceful did He suppose that His disciples' would be also? Look for a moment at the life of the man from whose lips these words come. Follow Him in His weariness, in His rejection, in His disputes with carping critics, with His misunderstanding and quarreling disciples. Not a place to lay His head. Go with Him on the mountainside at night. Witness Him in the Garden, where He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. Behold Him on Calvary between thieves. Watch Him crowned with thorns, buffeted, spat upon, mocked in disdain. What a contrast and contradiction are His words: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." Evidently we must accept the prophecy of our second text and deny the truth of the first.

Before doing so let us go back and look at those disciples again and behold another aspect of their life. Peter is there, it is true, in prison. But we read about the presence of an angel of the Lord and of a light in the midst of the darkness. Think of some of those little gatherings in the upper rooms with the breaking of bread and prayers. Look at Paul with his visions all full of beauty. Read his epistles, vibrant with joy and hope and faith. On the sinking ship he is the one buoyant spirit of them all. He goes into the midnight prison again where he sits thrust into the inner ward with his feet fast in the stocks, and you hear him, with Silas, singing hymns.

Go back again and look at the life of Jesus. Look beyond the outward vicissitudes. Seek to penetrate to the inner consciousness of the suffering man. There is no thought of pessimism in His Gospel. He is ever lighted up by faith and hope and joy. Behold Him before Pilate! His countenance is untroubled. Pilate is the disturbed and restless one; the troublesome dreams were those of the chamber of his household.

Our paradox is partly solved. Both prophecies are true. He did send a sword on earth. He did at the same time leave His bequest of peace.

But our real question is not answered. Is it true of human life in general? When has come the finest literature, the literature of peace, joy, light, hope, inspiration, triumph? Has it come from men whose lives were free from suffering, pain and disappointment? Sometimes, perhaps, but not very often. It has not come from those who lived in kings' palaces and wore soft raiment. Most of it has come out of the depths of dungeon, from blind poets, from disease-racked bodies.

Jesus' prophecy is true. The reason it did not seem to be true was because we did not read it aright. Read it again: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." My peace. "Not as the world."

It means that this outward life is not our realest life. It means that our outward and inward life are in large measure independent of each other. It means that true peace does not come from external situations, but from something that is within us; our inward sense of our rightness with God, our consciousness of true purpose and true heart.

It means the estimate of things by a view from above. It means that Heaven is not a place to go to, but a condition to attain. It means that a man, within himself, may be like one enfolded in the comfort of his home while the storm rages outside. The ultimate victory of human life is this triumph of the inward spirit over the outward life.

I am trying to give to men a vital meaning for the cross. Look at the Master this morning, fresh from Gethsemane, facing that cross, with not one brave soul to stand by Him to the end. Hear again the calm, majestic utterance, "I have conquered the world." Imagine yourself there with the disciples, facing their life, and hear Him as He says to you, "You may suffer and yet dwell upon sublime heights." "The storm of ruin may come and yet there need never be any truce of the spirit." It was just what He had been saying all along to them, "I will give you rest." He looked out on the city of His day; He saw men as we see them today, racing each other for wealth, looking upon each other with mutual suspicion. He was saying to them, "Do not be like the frail craft, like the little steam yacht; be like the great ocean steamer with her iron hull, as she moves on her way with her ponderous throbs; do not let yourself be tossed about upon the ocean, but ride through her billows."

He was bidding men as He bids you men to-day to seek and possess the great ultimate realities of life. He was saying, "Forget to watch your little engines and look out upon the ocean and up into the sky."

Do not guard your business, your paltry pleasures and little interests while you forget to think about the deep things of life. Try this morning to catch His spirit as did the great Apostle Paul, who learned how to abound and also how to be abased, to rejoice in adversity and to let all the experiences of life give their lessons and their strength. Do not long for some soft pine-laden balmy southern air, but be made stronger by the bleak winds of the rock-bound coast. Get hold of something that is beyond the reach of men, some joy which no man taketh from you. Be like the rock unmoved by the surging of the waters. When stricken down, rise again mightier than before. Such is the voice of these great gospels.

My dear men (and women), the peace of Jesus Christ does not come through some mythical contemplation, nor through some vague experience. It comes by our sharing of the spirit of the Master, by the earnest following of duty, the noble facing of responsibility, the bold confronting of difficulties, the patient bearing of calumny, the quiet endurance of persecution, the brave carrying of sorrow and the prayerful sanctifying of our joys. Gethsemane and Calvary are the price of this spirit. Rest can only follow labor. The overcoming of outward things is the condition of inward peace.

You men here, you young men here, religion is not simply something for women, or for you when you are sick or dying. In those closing days of Jesus they left this noble man to be admired and worshiped by a few faithful women. So you men have done; but now I ask you, do it humbly, do it modestly, do it knowing that you are not worthy to unloose the latchet of His shoes, but be His disciples, admire His character, do things "for His sake," give Him a great, manly affection.

Objects For Prayer.

A man who stood out among men as the embodiment of all that is clean, noble, gentle, humble and strong was Major Whittle, the Bible teacher and evangelist. Written on the fly-leaf of his Bible were these objects of daily prayer for himself. This may tell the secret of his noble character.

To be kept from carnality and lusts of the flesh.

To be delivered from a man-fearing spirit.

To be delivered from vanity and conceit.

To be made pure in imagination and thought.

To have a deeper conviction of sin.

To love the Lord Jesus Christ more devotedly.—Pacific Baptist.

Sustaining.

A man conscious of enthusiasm for worthy aims is sustained under petty hostilities by the memory of great workers who had to fight their way, not without wounds, and who hover in his mind as patron saints, invisibly helping.—George Eliot.

The Right is Resistance.

To insist on right is always to resist the devil.

THE CHIEF CURSE OF CHINA.

Natives Publicly Enjoying an Opium Smoke in Shanghai, Where Lately Strenuous Efforts Were Made to Abolish the Practice.—Dennis-ton & Sullivan, in Leslie's Weekly.

Unique Soap Holder.

A peculiar contrivance, termed a soap holding device, is a recent invention of a Chicago man. Its extremely simple construction is shown in the accompanying illustration. It comprises a supporting arm, to which is suspended a chain and clamp, carrying a cake of soap. Obviously the supporting arm is attached to the washbasin so that the suspended cake of soap will be directly over the water. The supporting arm is not stationary, but is pivoted, in order that the soap can be dipped down into the water when necessary. The sanitary advantages of this soap-holder will be apparent at once. It does away with the ordinary slimy receptacle employed for holding the soap. The soap hangs in a position of best advantage to the user. Soap of any description can be used, as the supporting pin can easily be pushed into position.—Washington Star.

Adventurous Life in India.

Tram traveling in Calcutta evidently calls for special training of the nervous system. A correspondent gives details of three mishaps which he observed during the space of a few hours. He saw one car with no apparent excuse crash into another standing at a junction. In the next case he saw a car, upon which the driver was engaged in drinking a "lota" of water, charge a number of bullock carts, and his final experience was of a cyclist "contemplating the ruins of his bicycle and addressing measured and adjective language to an official at the steering wheel."—From the Advocate of India.

Practical Sympathy.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress and concluded by saying:

"I could not but feel for him."

"Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor, but didst thou feel in the right place? Didst thou feel in thy pocket?"—Democratic Telegram.

Too Obvious.

It was the first vaudeville performance the old colored lady had ever seen, and she was particularly excited over the marvelous feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it, she grew a little nervous. He then doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately.

This was more than she could stand, and rising in her seat, she said:

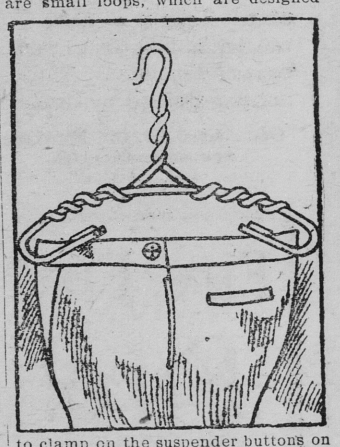
"I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress!"—Everybody's.

Largest Rock-Crusher.

The largest rock-crusher in the world was recently thrown into operation in a cement mill at South Pittsburg, Tenn., and it crushes all the rock used by a 4000-barrel plant. The machine has an hourly capacity of 800 tons and sixty per cent. of the product is in pieces four inches or less and thirty per cent. in pieces two inches or less. The crusher is nineteen feet in height and weighs 425,000 pounds. The operation of this machine alone requires twenty-nine horse power.

Unique Garment Hanger.

A garment hanger for men's apparel somewhat different from any heretofore patented has been designed by a Connecticut man. In the majority of such devices now on the market little or no provision is made for supporting the trousers properly, the main idea being to take care only of the coat. In the garment hanger shown in the accompanying illustration an extra attachment is added to support the trousers. The latter are attached to the trousers in an exceedingly unique manner. Curved inwardly from the ends of the hanger are small loops, which are designed to clamp on the suspender buttons on the trousers. The latter are in this way held in an extended position, eliminating the possibility of becoming creased or soiled when hung in the crowded closet or wardrobe.—Washington Star.



WAS TOMMY LOGICAL OR SARCASTIC?

"Only fools are certain, Tommy; wise men hesitate."
"Are you sure, uncle?"
Yes, my boy; certain of it."—The Tatler.