

WOMEN: THEIR FADS



CZAR'S FOUR DAUGHTERS.

Miss M. Eager, the lady who for some years was in charge of the Russian imperial nurseries, tells a charming story concerning the youngest of the Czar's four daughters—the Grand Duchess Anastasia—who is now seven years old. "We were driving in the Nevski one day," says Miss Eager, "and got into a block of traffic. A great many people assembled to see them. Among the crowd was a young student, who stood with his hands in his coat pockets, neither smiling nor taking any notice beyond frowning severely at the children. Anastasia, who was sitting in my lap, turned to me and said: 'Just look at that boy. He is rude, for I bowed to him and he took no notice.' I told her he might not have seen her bow, and she bowed two or three times to him, and only met a very cold stare in response. Then she said: 'Poor boy, perhaps no one taught him any manners; he doesn't know it's polite to bow when a lady bows,' put her face through the carriage window, and kissed her little hand to him again and again. Even our student could not resist. He smiled broadly, took off his cap, and bowed to the child, who turned to me and said: 'Oh, the dear boy. Now he knows. I taught him.'"
—Tit-Bits.

COLLEGE EDUCATION DEFENDED

If Dr. G. Stanley Hall could have attended the annual luncheon of the Mount Holyoke Alumnae Association at the Hotel Gotham, he would have had his mind set at rest on some points. Dr. Hall in a recent magazine article expressed grave concern because, as he believed, the pristine purity of our young women's institutions was being sickled over with thought and tarnished with reflection. President Mary E. Woolley, of Mount Holyoke, sees no occasion for alarm in this particular quarter. "Any one at all familiar with colleges," said Miss Woolley, "knows that the students are not troubled

Our Cut-out Recipe.

Plain Pie Crust.—One cup of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, one-third a cup of shortening, equal parts of butter and lard, or any preferred shortening, one-fourth a cup of water, as cold as possible. Mix flour and salt. Chop shortening into flour. Add to wetting, and mix lightly to a stiff dough. Place on lightly floured moulding-board, and roll out to one-fourth an inch thick. Fold one-third of the sheet of pastry toward the centre. Fold the remaining third over the double sheet formed by the first fold, and roll again until one-fourth an inch thick. Repeat this process until the folding and rolling have been performed three times. This crust does very nicely for apple dumplings, or for lining the pan for a one-crust pie. The proportions given will line two large pie plates, allowing for "building up" the rim.

with an excess of mentality. We shall continue at Mount Holyoke our efforts to furnish the pristine purity of maiden intuitions with reflection, but there is no danger of our producing an oversupply of great purity. I have collected some choice gems from examinations papers that might relieve the apprehensions of our critics if they cared to examine them. Here are a couple of specimens: "Beowulf won a great battle, assisted by Wycliffe," "Cramer wrote the Prayer Book, a charming and dignified piece of literature."

President Woolley announced a legacy of \$10,000 from the estate of Mrs. Mary Dame Hall, one of the presidents of Sorosis. — New York Tribune.

GARMENTS BETTER ADAPTED FOR WET DAYS.

All good things are devised for people who have motor cars—establishing anew the saying that to them that shall be given. It seems, though, as if the new motor hood might be used even by less fortunate beings who can't skim the earth betwixt their own honk-honk and their odoriferous trail of smoking dust. It is exceedingly thin and extraordinarily elastic—this new waterproof hood, says the Portland Express. It folds flatly into a tiny silk rubber case no longer than a folded pocket handkerchief. In its working moments it stretches big enough to cover the largest hat of the season, feathers and all, and has a little curtain all around the neck to prevent rain or dust sitting in the collar. Could anything be more convenient to carry in the mere pedestrian pocket, to be whipped out and stretched over one's sacred, picture-plumed chapeau at the first drop of rain?

Perhaps some such device will finally banish the ugly umbrella to the limbo where it belongs. Clad in waterproof suit and storm-proof boots with some such rain-defying hood drawn over her head, a woman might walk through the pelting torrents untroubled and unafraid, incidentally acquiring that beautiful complexion eternal dampness gives her English sisters.

SUCCESSFUL AS TRAVELING AGENTS.

Women drummers are becoming more plentiful every day, and they are successful, too. One has but to go to the firms employing these "ladies of the grip," to learn that their sales are as large if not larger than those of the sterner sex. This field for women is comparatively new, but

already so many bright and clever young women have entered into it who have met with phenomenal success, that it will not be long until they will stand equal chances with the "knights," who have for so long monopolized this particularly well-paying business.

And we have not far to go in looking for a reason for all this. In the first place, a woman is bound to gain recognition simply because she is a woman; for it is the hardest thing in the world, says the Portland Express, for a man to refuse a request made by a woman, especially if the woman be young and pretty and, of course, clever. So, before he knows what he is doing, he is placing an order.

In many branches, such as in selling corsets, ladies' waists and underwear, perfumery, millinery, toilet articles, and dozens of other things, a woman is better adapted to the business of selling than is a man, and she is particularly successful along the lines. A successful woman drummer is always in her element, for she is sure of herself and knows what she can do, it is second nature for her to dilate and expand on the salient features of such of these articles as she may be selling. As a rule, these women are quick to repartee, some of them good story tellers, brimming over with original good humor, and have a thorough knowledge of men's weaknesses. — New Haven Register.

TEACHER OVER THIRTY.

Dr. Colin A. Scott, of Boston Normal School, has gone on record in a lecture, according to the newspapers, to the effect that no woman should be permitted to teach in the public schools after she has passed the age of thirty years—unless she then becomes married. Dr. Scott's argument in favor of this proposition is that a woman who has remained unmarried until she is thirty years old, thereafter leads a disappointed life, and thereafter cannot teach as suc-

cessfully as when she led a life filled with hope. It may amaze, even stupefy and otherwise flabbergast Dr. Scott to learn that personally we do not agree with his views in this matter. We trust, however, that our taking issue with him will not fill him with despair, because we have in the past frequently disagreed with the views of great men and no disastrous results have followed.

That a woman who after thirty years of age continues to remain unmarried does thereafter lead a disappointed life is a debatable question. Some unmarried women past thirty, who look about them and behold the cheap imitations of men which are brought in by the tide and to whom their sisters are tied for worse instead of better, chortle with glee and chuckle in self-gratulation every day of their lives because they are yet heart whole and fancy free. Many a woman past thirty, who has not been shot in the affections by one of Cupid's arrows, goes to a candy store and treats herself to a box of chocolates when she looks about her and beholds other women who have committed matrimony and have later suffered divorce, and are now waiting for overdue alimony to be paid up to date.

The theory that every woman must thrust her hand in the Grabbag of Fate and accept whatever she draws from the Lottery of Matrimony, has been exploded by numerous happy exceptions. That every woman's life is a failure because she does not couple up with something wearing trousers, suspenders and a derby hat, is a question worthy of heated argument.

Dr. Scott also argues that men as teachers are superior to women and therefore should receive higher salaries. If we could establish the fact that a woman who remains unmarried is not necessarily unhappy, then we believe that Dr. Scott would agree with us that by virtue of her sex and womanly attributes, she is better fitted to teach the young, not only after thirty, but before thirty. Just between you and us, Doc, whose teachings in your youth do you to this day treasure, dearest in your heart—mother's or pap's? If your mother was like most mothers, she used to reason with you and teach you right and wrong in sweet love and affection. But as for Dad—he used to impress his teaching upon you in quite another manner, often clenching it with the hot side of a shingle.

At the woman suffrage bazaar, recently held at the Hotel Martha Washington, in New York City, the receipts for the two days and evenings were over \$900.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Theme: Bearing Burdens.

Baltimore.—Cardinal Gibbons delivered a sermon at the Cathedral Sunday morning. There was a large congregation and the choir gave special music. The subject of the Cardinal's discourse was: "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens." His text was from St. Matthew 11:2-10. The Cardinal spoke as follows:

John the Baptist is one of the noblest and most striking figures that appear on the pages of the New Testament. As the minister of God he has the courage to rebuke Herod for his incontinent life. The fulfillment of his sacred duty cost him his liberty and his head. What a striking contrast between John in prison and Herod on his throne! John, though immured in a dark dungeon, is cheerful and resigned, because he has the testimony of a good conscience. Herod on his royal seat is gloomy and dejected and eaten up with remorse. Though John is in chains, his soul roams with the freedom of a son of God. Herod, though commanding a kingdom, is a slave to his passions.

John utters no word of murmur or complaint from his prison. He does not plead for sympathy or release. He is so entirely forgetful of himself that he is concerned only about his Master's business. He sends two of his disciples to ask our Saviour whether or not he is the true Messiah. John does not need this information for his own sake. He knows that Christ is the promised Redeemer, for, on a previous occasion, when he met our Lord, he exclaimed: "Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him that taketh away the sin of the world!" But he desired that his disciples should learn from the lips of Christ Himself that He was the Redeemer who was sent to save the world.

When the disciples asked Christ if He was the true Messiah, what answer did He give? Did He say to them: "Know that I am the Son of God, because I reveal in the splendor of imperial majesty, I dwell in palatial mansions, I am surrounded by an immense army, I am attended by a retinue of courtiers, and kings and princes minister unto me?" He said no.

But this is the test and the proof that He gave of His divine mission: "Go," He says, "and relate to John what ye see and hear. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the poor have the gospel preached unto them. And blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in Me." Blessed is he who shall recognize My divinity through the frail wall of My humanity.

All the virtues that shine forth in the life of our divine Saviour there is none so prominent, none so conspicuous, as His compassion for human suffering. This was His characteristic virtue; this was the salient point in His character. He came to apply the term to One who was perfect in every virtue. On every leaf of the Gospel that golden word mercy shines forth, brightening every page, cheering every heart.

Our Saviour never exercises His divine power as Moses did by changing iron into blood and destroying the first-born of the land. He never imitates Joshua by commanding the sun to stand still in the heavens. He does not, like Elias, call down lightning from heaven to consume an infidel. He does not, like the prophets, send down fire from heaven to consume the sinners of his day. He was sent to comfort the sorrowful, to give life to the dead, to heal the sick and lame, to give sight to the blind, to give power to the lame, to give life to the dead. He dried up the tears of the widow and gave His blessing to children. Above all, He displayed His merciful power by receiving with open arms the penitent sinner, by relieving her soul from the burden of her sins, and saying to her: "Be of good cheer. Go in peace. Thy sins are forgiven."

How correctly does the parable of the good Samaritan portray the compassion of Jesus toward those who suffer from bodily diseases; for the good Samaritan is none other than Jesus Himself. A traveler, while going from Jerusalem to Jericho, falls among thieves. They rob him of his money, they strip him of his garments, they wound him. His countrymen pass by, but pay no heed to the bleeding man. A Samaritan who is of a different country and religion also comes along, and lifts up the wounded man; he pours medicine into his wounds and binds them; places him on a beast of burden, provides for him in an inn, and sends him back to his family. Is not this an epitome of the life of Jesus, whose public career was spent in healing diseases and mitigating physical suffering?

Not less marked was the benevolence of Christ toward those who suffered from mental anguish. What a notable example of His mercy to this class of sufferers is furnished by the raising to life of the widow's son. She is following to the grave the remains of her only child, the solace of her declining years. Jesus, as if by accident, meets the mournful profile of the mother. He sees the desolation of the widow's heart. His omnipotent hand touches the bier, and that same almighty power which, in the beginning, infused a living soul into Adam, calls back the spirit into the lifeless body of the young man and restores him to life.

We have only three instances recorded in the Gospel of persons being restored to life by our Saviour—Lazarus, the daughter of Jairus and the son of the widow of Nain. These examples are given as earnestly of Christ's merciful power. But many millions are annually raised by His power from the grave of sin to a life of grace and virtue. How many

families are made glad that a cherished member is brought back to them! How many a mother sheds tears of joy because a "son who was lost is found, and having been dead, is come to life again!"

But nothing is more manifest in the Gospel than the sympathy of Jesus for the poor. He wished to stamp with condemnation the spirit of the world, which estimates a man's dignity by his wealth, and his degradation by his poverty. He chose to be born of humble parentage, in an obscure village, in a wretched stable. Nearly His whole life was spent in a town which was looked on with contempt. The saying was: "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" He led a life of poverty, not from necessity, but from choice. He could say to Himself what could hardly be said of a tramp: "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head." He chose His twelve apostles from the humblest walks of life; men without wealth or learning or influence or any of the qualifications regarded as essential for the success of any enterprise. He commanded them to preach the Gospel especially to the poor. He wrought His greatest miracles in their behalf. His choicest promises are made to one another, just as the organs of our body are sustained by one another. As an injury to one organ involves a shock to the entire human system, so should the community at large feel a practical sympathy for the few beings in any grievance by which they may be oppressed.

I care not how rich and powerful you are. You might possess the wealth of a multi-millionaire, but what would it profit you if you had no servant to minister to you, no companion to cheer you, no friend to grasp your hand? You would be poor and miserable and blind and naked.

What would it benefit a man to own all the coal coal mines of West Virginia and Pennsylvania if there were no hardy sons of toil to work those mines, to extract the coal from the bowels of the earth and transport it to the various centres of population?

I care not how limited may be your resources, or how circumscribed your influence, you have personal mission from God in the Christian commonwealth, and you can exert some good in your day and generation. Society is like the planetary system, which is composed of great and lesser bodies, held together by reciprocal forces. The moon is the smallest body of our system; and yet what control she sways in the flow and ebb of the ocean tides; how much we would miss her monthly visits, when she sheds over the earth her pale and silvery light; she generously shares with us the fulgence she borrows from the great orb of the day.

And so, no matter how insignificant you may be, you can exert some beneficent power over the tide and flow of human passions, and diffuse a calm and blessed light on those that fall within your environment. The benevolence of Christ was not exercised in promiscuous almsgiving. His benefactions usually consisted in removing diseases from the bodies of men, or in bringing them such timely relief as would enable them to stand on their feet and resume some honest avocations of life. Thus we find Him healing the paralyzed man that he might use his arms to support life, cleansing the leper that he might take his place again in society, and feeding the multitude to enable them to return to their respective homes.

But perhaps you will say: "Why should I concern myself with other men's affairs? I have my own business to attend to: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' These were the words of Cain, the first murderer. What would have become of you and me if Christ the Lord had said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' We would be groping to-day in the darkness of idolatry or infidelity. What would have become of society if the apostles had said, 'Are we our brother's keeper?' and if they had returned to their homes and to the death of their Master? We would be deprived to-day of the priceless blessings of Christian civilization.

I say you are, you ought to be, your brother's keeper. You cannot, indeed, like the Saviour of the world, give sight to the blind, or hearing to the deaf, or speech to the dumb, or strength to the paralyzed limb. But you can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of your suffering brethren. And never do you approach nearer to God than when you alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do you prove yourselves to be the children of your heavenly Father more effectually than when you bring sunshine to hearts that were darkened by the clouds of adversity. Never do you perform a deed more like to the creative act of the Almighty than when you cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were desolate and barren before.

The Great Lesson We Learned.

I knew Jesus and He was very precious to my soul, but I would not keep patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave Him my will, He came into my heart and cast out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient and then He shut the door.—George Fox.

It Develops Character.

If we pray for character we ought to be grateful when discipline comes to us.



HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

TO REMOVE INDELIBLE INK. Soak the ink in strong salt (use rock salt) water over night or half a day, wash in clear, strong ammonia, then rub dry and the next washday they will be all gone.—Boston Post.

LOAVES FOR SANDWICHES.

Half fill pound baking powder cans with bread dough, and let rise until nearly level. Bake as you bread, and you will find neat, round slices with no crust; suitable for sandwiches, luncheon boxes, parties and picnics.—Boston Post.

EXCELLENT SHOE POLISH.

Put two quarts of soft water in an old tin can, add one ounce of extract of logwood, bring to a boil; then add one drachm of yellow prussiate of potash and one drachm of bichromate of potash. Stir until black, then add two ounces of borax, eight ounces of gum shellac, one ounce of castor oil, one ounce of neatfoot oil. Boil all together with one old rubber for about two hours; when cold skim off the scum and bottle.—Boston Post.

A CURE FOR STAINED WALLS.

We have a large chimney which stained the wall paper in spite of successive coats of size, paint, varnish and shellac. A paperhanger remedied the matter by pasting sheets of tinfoil over the spot, taking good care to smooth out all wrinkles. When this was thoroughly dried the chimney was repapered. We have not been troubled or bothered with any stains since. The foil is so very thin that it may be used under any paper without danger of showing through. Of course, the wall was first cleaned of the old paper.—Good Housekeeping.

COTTON CURTAINS IN STYLE.

Among the draperies offered for side curtains are cotton prints that are excellently done. They are imitative of the best designs in the fine old French and East Indian cottons, and they make an effective note in a bedroom.

They are not expensive, they wash, and keep their color, and they are wide enough to hang well.

Many housekeepers prefer them to stuffs that do not wash, as there is always a feeling of cleanliness about a sleeping room where the draperies go to the tub.

Even in the most carefully kept houses curtains that do not wash are not taken down, shaken and aired as many times a winter as they should be. They collect dust germs, cobwebs and all manner of unclean particles at the top and in the gathers.

When a curtain shows soil quickly, it is taken down and goes to the tub and, therefore, one feels well assured of its cleanliness.

These cotton prints are also used for covering large armchairs using a valance around the bottom. Cushions of the same material are heaped up in a seat, and other cushions of it are put on couches and on the other chairs.

These covers should never be attached to cushions; they should be made into separate slips with buttons and buttonholes at one edge; they can be sent to the wash whenever it is necessary.

The woman who puts a cotton print cover—and many of them do—right over the stuffing and stitches it in, has a cushion that will not be fit to use more than two or three months at best.

She can't wash it, and whatever cleaning fluid she uses to take off the soil soaks in the stuffing and makes a most disagreeable odor.—New York Times.



RECIPES

Heavenly Gems.—One egg, one cup sweet milk, two cups bread flour, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, one-third cup melted butter, or partly beef drippings; mix in order given; bake in gem pans.

Cafe Parfait.—One cup sugar, one-half cup water, one-quarter black coffee, six egg yolks, one pint heavy cream. Cook sugar and water five minutes and add coffee. Pour slowly on the beaten egg yolks, add whip from cream, turn into mould and pack in ice and salt. Let stand four hours.

Spiced Apple Jelly.—Cut up the apples without being cored or peeled. Make a bag of mixed spices (cinnamon, cloves, ginger root, etc.). Cover the apples with two-thirds water and one-third vinegar, add the bag of spices and let boil until the apples are well cooked, drain and add equal quantity of sugar, let boil until it jellies (about half an hour), and you will have a firm jelly.

Oatmeal Bread.—One cup rolled oats, one quart water; boil twenty minutes; add one cup molasses, butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful salt; boil a little while longer, then put aside to cool; when cool add one-half yeast cake, two quarts of wheat flour; let it rise over night; in the morning add one cup of raisins; let it rise again, and bake. I usually put the seeded raisins in one loaf as I dip it in my baking tin, and the other two loaves I leave plain. This recipe makes three loaves.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 31.

Subject: The Trial of Peter and John, Acts 4:1-51—Golden Text, Acts 4:31—Commit Verses 11,12—Exposition of the Lesson.

TIME.—A. D. 30. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPOSITION.—I. Peter's First Answer to the Sanhedrin, 5-12. The Jewish Sanhedrin was the great court of Jewish law, composed of seventy-one leading men of the nation. Caiaphas, the nominal high priest by Roman appointment; Annas, the real high priest, according to the Jewish way of looking at things, were both there. It was a very august assembly, composed for the most part of Sadducees. Peter and John's being brought before it, and their treatment by it was an exact literal fulfillment of the prediction of Jesus (Matt. 10:17). Their attempt to really give wings to the gospel. Peter had seen this body together once before when Jesus was tried and condemned. On that occasion he was thoroughly frightened and cowed and played the poltroon, but now he is calm and fearless. The resurrection of Jesus from the dead and his own baptism with the Spirit has wrought this great change. The Jewish and other wonder workers were accustomed to perform their miracles by the power of some name (as e. g., the name of one of the Patriarchs, or the name of Solomon, or the unspeakable name of Jehovah), so the council very naturally asked Peter and John "in what name" they had healed the lame man. The real object of the question was to trap them into an answer that would be the basis of accusation and condemnation. Just at that moment the Holy Spirit came upon Peter and took possession of him and "filled" him with gracious promises for such an emergency as this was fulfilled (Matt. 10:8, 9, 20; cf. Lu. 12:11, 12; Acts 13:8, 9). This promise is for us in any emergency of Christian service and testimony. Peter had already been filled with the Spirit at Pentecost (2:4), and will be again a little further on (v. 31). It was very clear then that the filling with the Spirit is not something that occurs once for all, but needs to be repeated with each new emergency of service. Herein lies the need of continual prayer for that which we already possess. Peter's answer is wonderfully skillful. But his wisdom was not due to Peter's natural endowments, but to the Spirit. Left to himself Peter was a famous blunderer. Peter was extremely deferential and courteous. He acknowledges the high position and authority of his interrogators. The Holy Spirit does not make the men He controls rude and overbearing, but gentle and courteous (Gal. 5:22, 23; cf. Jude 8, 9). Yet Peter was bold, fearless, frank, and outspoken. There was no compromising of the truth, no glossing over of their guilt. The council had spoken evasively of the thing done as simple "this." It is a keen and discomforting thrust of Peter's answer, "If you refer to a good deed done to a strengthless (impotent) man" (cf. Jno. 10:32). The council doubtless winced. Then without hesitation Peter told them that it was in the name of Jesus Christ, the one whom they had crucified, the one whom God, on the other hand, had raised from the dead. But before he closes his one tremendous overwhelming sentence, he points at the man standing right there, a living testimony to the power of Jesus' name, and adds "this man stands here before you whose name has been changed—Peter, the accused, has become the accuser; the council had become the culprit at the bar, indicted and condemned. Peter follows up his advantage and drives his charge home by a swinging blow of God's hammer, the Scriptures (v. 17). The council could not deny that these men have been with Jesus." That is the solution of many mysteries. Companionship with Jesus makes ordinary men extraordinary. They were just like the average modern skeptic who, when he comes up against facts he cannot explain away, dodges the question. They asked, "What shall we do with these men?" They should have put the question a trifle differently. "What shall we do to be saved?" As they could not deny the fact of the power of Jesus' name and were unwilling to admit it, they hit upon the expedient of trying to silence all report of the fact.

BLITZ KUCHEN.

One cup of sugar (granulated), one heaping iron spoon butter, three eggs beaten separately, one lemon, juice and grated rind, one tablespoon water, one pint sifted flour (sifted), one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one-fourth pound blanched almonds cut fine, one-half cup granulated sugar, into which one teaspoonful of cinnamon has been mixed. Pour mixture into long greased pan and cover with sugar, cinnamon and almonds. This is fine and much like coffee bread.—New York World.