



**Woman-kind**

Chance for All.

There is no woman, no matter how plain, who cannot be greatly improved by beautifying, by getting some good, hard common sense ideas in her head and living up to them. Beauty should not be the exception; it should be the rule. If some other woman can be clever, lovely, charming and sought after, so can you. God gave us all the same minds and hearts and what one can do another can accomplish. Goodness, cheerfulness, love, sympathy, enthusiasm, all these things for woman and make her lovely to those who know her. A great love for humanity, a powerful realization of the magnificence of life and the world and all there is in it will make the most simple person of dazzling loveliness.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Signs of Long Life.**

The woman who desires long life must have eyes round and wide, rather than long and narrow, and if they are brown or hazel life will be longer than if they be black or violet.

The brow must be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. The head must be wide behind and over the ears.

The brow must be wide and full and well set and the chin square and firm.

The nose must be wide and fall through its whole length, and have open, easy, dilating nostrils. This indicates a good heart and good lungs.

If the orifice of the ear is low, indicating a deeply seated brain, there is a better chance of long life.

The woman who appears taller in proportion when sitting down than when standing has a good chance to live long. If the body is long in proportion to the limbs, the heart, lungs and digestive organs are large.—Chicago News.

**The Debutante's Gown.**

It must be becoming.

It must be youthful.

Chiffon is soft and becoming, but perishable.

Brussels net is more durable and as attractive.

Net needs a quantity of lace trimming.

Creme de chine is unequalled for real serviceableness.

It cleans very well and can be dyed for a second year.

Satin-finished crepe is as soft and pretty as the new crepes and less expensive.

White liberty satin is extremely effective and youthful looking fabric.

Liberty silk is pretty, but a poor investment where economy is a factor.

Peau de sole in white may be worn, but the colored silk is too old.

A white cloth costume will be useful for many occasions later, and may be draped softly, so as not to appear stiff.

**Fashion and Odd Moments.**

There is abroad a false impression that all women of fashion are but fluttering butterflies. If the truth were known we should find that these butterflies do more good hard work than we give them credit for.

Here is an instance of the diligence of one society woman. On the table of her living room stands a large closed work basket. In this basket are always kept a thimble, a needle, thread and an unfinished bit of lingerie. This woman, always elegantly gowned, apparently thoughtless and superficial, makes for herself and friends the most exquisite lingerie. It is all accomplished at odd moments, too. Those moments are the moments which most of us waste hopelessly. When she waits for the carriage, when she waits for her guests, when she is a moment early for dinner or luncheon, out comes the needle, the thimble and the cambric. How many of us do as much with the spare moments?

**Wedding Customs.**

Wedding customs are as subject to change as those of fashion, and with the first batch of the season's weddings there have been inaugurated many new fads and original ideas. First of all, it is no longer popular to have a large number of bridesmaids, one reason being that such a long train of attendants detracts attention from the bride. Four may be the limit, and several winter brides expect to have none but a maid of honor.

Again, home receptions, even when there is a crush at the church ceremony, are often most informal. The custom of paying one's social indebtedness, by asking every one to the church, reserving the reception for only intimate friends, is growing in favor. There is something particularly appropriate in a bride surrounding herself with only her close friends upon such an occasion, and that this custom will be followed largely this winter, even when there are ample accommodations for a crowd is already evident.

The idea of having the presents on view the night of the wedding has fallen into disuse nowadays. Instead for a couple of days before the ceremony they are spread out at the

bride's home for her intimate friends to see. Cards, however, are always removed.

There is a growing tendency to simplicity in the decoration of both church and house at weddings. Green, either of palms, smilax or asparagus fern, is without doubt the most effective background, and for a flower decoration, nothing quite equals the ragged yellow chrysanthemum. American beauty roses are effective for house decoration, but other varieties lack character.

As to the marking of the trousseau, practically the same style prevails here as formerly, that is, the marking of the garments and linen with the bride's name, though in England today the custom of using the husband's names is becoming quite common.

Long ago it was deemed highly unlucky, indeed, almost improper, to embroider or mark the bride's married name upon her trousseau linen and upon that of the household, which, of course, she supplied. Some people even went so far as to declare that the wedding would never come off if the clothes were so marked. Then common sense stepped in and presented the problem in a different light, pointing out how very absurd it was for a wife to retain upon her clothing her maiden name, instead of that which she bore as a married woman.

The very universal plan of sending the linen to a laundry instead of having it washed and got up at home, as was the general custom formerly, made the change inevitable and now all the laundry and house linen is marked with the husband's name. This custom, universal in England though it is, is not observed throughout America, where the old-fashioned plan of marking the linen with the maiden name prevails.

**The Dressing Table.**

A visit to any drug store or department store will prove that the feminine world in America has gone beauty mad. Counters are loaded with trifles which will make a woman more attractive if not more beautiful, and grooming is the craze of the hour.

Among the complexion novelties offered this season is a vacuum massage brush. This is built of rubber with indentations the size of a hat pin. It is pressed against the face, and as it is withdrawn, the suction fairly lifts the flesh and stimulates the skin. This is supposed to be helpful to the woman who cannot afford the professional masseur.

Rubber wash cloths, in the same shape as the ordinary Turkish article, have numberless little teeth scattered over them, guaranteed to open the pores of the face in the most approved fashion. A trifle more compact are the rubber wash cloths the size of a hand, with straps across the back which slip over the lower part of the fingers, just as a curry-comb is used by a horseman.

The woman who wishes to stimulate her hair buys a scalp sprayer. This looks very much like a curry-comb with half a dozen or more teeth in highly polished nickel, attached to a rubber bulb, such as is seen on an atomizer. The teeth are hollow and are filled with hair tonic by compressing the bulb and then suddenly allowing it to expand. When the patient is ready to spray her scalp, she runs this comb through her hair, close to the skull, and presses on the bulb, thus forcing the fluid straight into the pores of the head. It is a much simpler process than rubbing tonic in with the fingers, a brush or a sponge.

Another little beauty trinket which will appeal to the tidy woman is a comb cleaner which shows a pin and a comb combined.

After the shampoo the hair will take on a much more pleasant odor if sprayed with a delicate toilet water. The newest atomizer for this purpose has a cylindrical bottle with a screw top head in gold, silver or nickel. By pressing the centre of this top, a circular piece the size of a nickel, springs up. This connects with a concealed rubber bulb, and by raising or lowering this central button, the fluid is sent spraying out through a tiny hole in the side of the top.

The modern toilet table is equipped with many brushes, and these have brought into favor dainty racks in nickel, silver and decorated china. One rack will hold the tooth and nail brushes, a tiny brush for rubbing vasoline into the eyebrows at night, and another for shaping them each time the toilet is made. It will also hold on one arm the silver spoon of dental floss for cleaning the teeth.

Every well-groomed woman takes pleasure in running wash ribbons through her underwear. The ribbon should be purchased in several sizes, as it does not look pretty if used in a width too large for slipping easily through the bending. To avoid curling or turning the ribbon, the shopper can now buy a flat bodkin with fine teeth which catch the ribbon at either edge and run it flatly through the beading.

**Scalloped Onions.**

Cook half a dozen onions of medium size in salted water until tender. Drain and lay in a buttered baking dish without breaking. Pour on half a cup of this cream, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover the top with finely rolled cracker crumbs. Put bits of butter over the top and set in the oven to heat and brown the crumbs.

**Sauce for Halibut Steak.**

A good sauce for halibut steak is made by rubbing one-half of a cup of butter to a cream, add the yolks of two eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Stir in the juice of half a lemon, one salt spoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper. When ready to serve add one-half cup of boiling water; place the bowl in a pan of boiling water or in top of the tea kettle and cook thick as custard, stirring constantly.

**Baked Potato Salad.**

Put a layer of sliced, pared, raw potatoes in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle over a thin layer of chopped onion, season with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with a little flour. Repeat the layer and seasonings until the dish is almost full; pour in milk to cover the potato, sprinkle fine bread crumbs over the top and add a few bits of butter. Cover and bake slowly until nearly done, then uncover and finish, allowing the top to brown nicely.

**Stuffed Cabbage.**

Scald the cabbage until the bones lose their crispness. Open the heat to the very centre. Have nearly a cupful of chopped meat, and season with salt and pepper. Put a teaspoonful of this mixture in the centre of the cabbage; fold over the first little leaves, then add another layer of the mixture and fold over the second leaves, and so on. Tie in a piece of cheesecloth and throw in boiling water (with a little salt), simmer gently one hour, remove the cheesecloth, drain dish and pour over a pint of cream sauce or drain butter sauce.

**Household Hints.**

Always read the label on a bottle before giving medicine.

Coppers dissolved in water is one of the most valuable of disinfectants.

Do not put salt into soup until you are done skimming it, as salt will stop the rising of the scum.

Boston baked beans can be greatly improved by adding a cup of sweet cream the last hour of baking.

Vinegar added to sour milk for griddle cakes, etc., will cause it to foam lighter in connection with the soda.

Furs that become greasy in wear can be rubbed with turpentine previous to cleaning them with warm bran.

Copper and brass may be quickly cleaned by dipping half a lemon in fine salt and then rubbing over stained objects.

The color of canned fruit is quickly injured by action of light. No matter if it is kept in a dark closet, every jar should be wrapped in paper.

Carpets can be both cleaned and freshened by going over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water that has a little turpentine in it.

A delicious warmed-over dish may be made by mincing the cold remnants of the calf's head and heating them in a sauce made with the liquor in which the meat cooked.

It is well to know that if salt fish is wanted quickly the fish is freshened much sooner of soaked in milk, milk that is turned being as good for the purpose as the fresh milk.

For carache, fold a thick towel around the neck and then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water. Continue this for 15 or 20 minutes, then let the water run out and plug the ear with cotton dipped in warm glycerine.

Here is a wrinkle, says a late English magazine, for cleaning laces at home. You must often have despaired of getting your lace that delightfully dingy yet clean color which you see in the shops. Make some very weak tea and add a few drops of India ink (the best) to the tea. Dip in your lace.

An excellent preventive of influenza is said to be found in adding a few drops of eucalyptus oil to every fall of hot water used in cleaning the woodwork of a house and to the water in which the broom is frequently dipped when sweeping carpets. Turpentine may be used if preferred in place of eucalyptus. The whole house in this way becomes disinfected.

**For THE HOUSEWIFE.**

**Number Cake.**

Cream one-half cup of butter, add two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder and last four eggs beaten well. Bake in a large loaf and ice with white icing.

**Silver Cake.**

Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, one and three-quarters cup of flour sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder, and last the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Bake in one loaf.



**FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.**



**PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.**



**FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.**

hospital sang the rhyme. Happy? Why, yes. Of course, they were invalids and unfortunate. They were all sufferers, and all belonged out in the green fields, free and active as the birds, but their lot had turned out differently, and they were in the white ward of the hospital instead. Still it might have been worse. Their nurse was all sunshine, the doctors were cheerful, and sometimes friends would bring a treat or a surprise that would make their aches and pains easier to bear.

But what these nine little invalids wanted now was a tenth one, so that they could sing the song as it should be sung. He soon came in the person of Nathaniel Roskey. He wasn't exactly an invalid until the doctors made him one, and he wasn't so very unfortunate. He had been born with a peculiar lip, like a rabbit's. You know they call it a hare lip. It did give him a deformed and unattractive appearance, but what cared Nathaniel for that? He could have just as much fun; he could laugh and talk and run and eat. Besides, he had a comfortable home. The idea of being shut up for weeks in a hospital to have his lip made over! He rebelled against it; but he was only nine. His mother wished him to look well, and she knew that in a few years her boy would cure very much how he looked. Therefore her wish was carried out. The doctors performed a slight operation while Nathaniel was drowsy; and when he became wide awake he found his face all bandaged up so that he could scarcely open his mouth at all. He couldn't laugh, he couldn't whistle, and he did not see how he was going to eat.

It was supper time and Nathaniel thought everybody better off than himself. What was a broken leg or curvature of the spine compared with having your mouth bound, almost shut, with court-plaster and bandages? At first he refused to taste the gruel that was offered to him with a small spoon. But he was hungry and there seemed to be no escape. After supper when the nurses were out for a few minutes, the ward song was started up, and a lusty emphasis put upon the last line.

"Ten little invalid boys." "What's your name?" asked the invalid in the cot next to Nathaniel's. Now Nathaniel was not proud of his name. It was too long to suit him, and he would have found it difficult, then to pronounce anyway. Besides that, he was not in his pleasantest humor and had not yet decided whether he wished to be neighborly or not. Again the song was sung, with emphasis on the ten as before.

"He will not tell his name!" shouted a boy across the room. "Call him 'No. 10'!" another proposed. Some way Nathaniel disliked that. He tried to make a grimace at the boy who proposed it, but as that was impossible, he muttered "Nat" as well as he could with a tied jaw. "Hurrah!" came the greeting in chorus, and because Nat could do no better, he just kicked up his legs and swung his arms. Once more the song was sung, and the nurse came in—a signal for quiet.

The second day after this was Sunday, and a friend of the hospital sent the ward a five-pound box of chocolates. The box was passed around twice, so that each invalid had two, and then it was put on top of a cupboard in one corner of the room. There all could see it and long for the time when it would come around again.

If there was one thing Nat loved more than another it was chocolate creams. He had never had all that he wanted. He would have traded his chance of a new lip for what was left in the box. Of course, he had to press them out flat in his fingers before he could push them into his mouth, but they melted just as deliciously after they got there.

Late in the afternoon when the ward was very quiet, the nurse tiptoed out of the room. Some of the boys were sleeping, but there was one who was very wide awake and wishing for just that kind of a chance. Quick as a wink he slipped out of his cot, ran to the cupboard, climbed a chair, reached the box and scampered back to bed.

He was scarcely under the cover when he had crushed one of the sweet morsels and pushed it between his lips—another—O, how good they were! The other invalids saw them disappear, and at once began pleading in low tones:

"Give us one!" "Pass it around!" "Don't be a pig!" "Oh, say!"

Nat was more or less of a pig, yet he had some little fellow-feeling for his nine comrades in misfortune; so he made a flying tour of the room, giving each fellow just two lumps. Then hurrying back he dived under the covers, box and all. And the way he placed himself outside of that candy was little short of magic.

The nurse came back and caught him in the act. The box was nearly empty. Nathaniel was nearly choked. His hands and his face were smeared. Worst of all the bandages and some of the doctors had to commence all over again. The time he would have to stay in the hospital was just that much longer, and that was the price Nat paid for his chocolate creams.—Indianapolis News.

**A Late Design by May Manton.**



stitched with corticelli silk and finished with a collar of black velvet, but any cloaking material is appropriate and when liked the coat can be made longer, as shown in the small cut.

The coat is made with fronts, backs, side backs and under arm gores, the fronts being faced to form the lapels. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, narrower at the wrists, where they are finished with cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-seven, two and three-quarter yards forty-four or two and five-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, with three-eighth yards of velvet.

**A 'Mum' Waist.**

If they were not actually embroidered in Japan, these 'mum' waists look to have been. The characteristic rich, flat, heavy style of embroidery distinguishes them. One may have them made up or in a box ready to make up. A mammoth 'mum' is embroidered on the one-piece waist front. Done all in white or white it is richest. Some, however, will prefer it in all white on a light blue, apricot or pastel rose ground. In some few instances the embroidery is in shaded colors, mostly delicate ones shading to white. The giant chrysanthemum grows on a long, foliage-decked stem, which starts at the waist line, curves

**Passing of Billow Skirts.**

The billow evening gown is an extravagant garment and always more or less of an anxiety, entailing repair of some kind if not the actual replacing of frills, after each time of wear. This fact, together with a desire for change, is beginning to tell upon the popularity of the billow variety of frock, and fashion is seriously considering the adoption of more solid and lasting materials for evening wear. These are not difficult to find, and in the soft

to the right and ends in a great flower of a rather loose type up under the chin. Each petal is a work of art. The wristband and the neckband are embroidered in something the same fashion.

**New Napoleon Hats.**

A fashionable milliner in the Rue de la Paix has introduced a new Napoleon hat. This, worn with a single lock of hair on the forehead, accompanying a long redingote, is now fashionable and most becoming for women with high foreheads. An exquisitely pretty coiffure, replacing the theatre hat, is formed of three classic bands encircling the hair, with one erect ostrich plume.

**House Waist.**

Waists that are shirred over the shoulders are among the latest and most novel shown and are singularly attractive in such materials as chiffon veiling, chiffon taffeta and the like. This one is made in shirt waist style, with a box pleat at the centre front, the material being taffeta in one of the new reseda greens. The sleeves are shirred to form cuffs in harmony with the yoke of the waist, and are finished with pointed turn overs that match the stock.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, fronts and back. The shirings over the shoulders are in tuck style, so providing becoming fullness below, and the closing is made at the centre front through the box pleat. The

**Fireproofing Material.**

You have probably heard the word "asbestos" used in connection with theatre curtains, and with various methods of rendering a theatre or other building fireproof. Asbestos is a fibrous mineral that cannot be burned. Chemically, it is a silicate of lime and magnesium. When torn to pieces in machines made for that purpose, it looks like a mass of cotton, and these fibres can be spun into threads or strings, and then woven into fabrics useful for various purposes. The Welshbach mantles of our gaslights are tied to a supporting wire by a piece of asbestos string.—From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.

**The Smart Twins.**

"Well, there's one good thing about Lyl having a black eye and Earl a scratched nose," said the boys' Aunt Jo to their Uncle Frank. "I'll be able to tell them apart for a few days, until the result of their last battle wears off."

"What did they quarrel about this time?" inquired Uncle Frank, who took a lively interest in the little twin nephews who were visiting at the farm.

"Lyl wanted to go fishing in the brook, but Earl insisted it was more fun to fish in the pond, so they used their fists in settling the matter."

"Those boys fight altogether too often," Uncle Frank had a worried look on his benign face. "I believe I'll give them something to do, for work's an excellent thing to keep folks out of mischief, and I'll make the punishment fit the offense. I'm not going to allow either of them to go fishing again until they pick up all those loose stones in the road, and put them in a pile in the pasture."

When Earl and Lyl heard the decree their spirits fell. They obediently put the fishing rods away and began to pick up the stones from the road, put them in to the spot in the pasture designated by their uncle.

Before they had worked long their legs and backs began to ache, and the twins sat down on a bank to rest.

"I don't think it's polite of Uncle Frank to make us work when we're visiting him," said Lyl, with a pout.

"Maybe it wasn't polite of us to fight," remarked Earl, pulling a field daisy to pieces.

"I've thought of something!" screamed the brother, dancing up and down in the middle of the road. "We'll put up a target by the stone pile, and throw the stones at it instead of carrying them. Won't it be fun?"

The other twin assented eagerly, and soon the stones were flying through the air toward the target at a lively rate.

"This is more fun than the bean bags at Eagles Mere!" painted Lyl.

Hearing the shouts of laughter, a boy who was visiting at the next farm came over to join in the fun, then another came, and soon every boy in the neighborhood was throwing stones at the target, and the highway was soon cleared of all stones.

Uncle Frank and Aunt Jo were discussing the stone-throwing frolic in the farmhouse, and Uncle Frank said with a resounding slap on his knee, "Well, those twins are even smarter than I thought they were! They have every child in the neighborhood helping them and thinking it's a privilege to clear the road of stones. Boys who can turn work into play this way will get through the world all right; but at this rate it will keep me busy to find work to keep them out of mischief."—A. E. Myrick in the Youth's Companion.

**He Pays the Penalty.**

One little, two little, three little invalids, Four little, five little, six little invalids, Seven little, eight little, nine little invalids, Nine little invalid boys, That is the way nine happy little mortals in the children's ward of the

**Filigrating to the Last.**

"It's bad enough to have him executed," sobbed Mrs. Gobler. "But—oh, did you see what he did a whole minute after his head was off?"

"No," replied Miss Turk, sympathetically. "What?"

"He winked his eye at that husky, Miss Gunka Hen."—Puck.