



**Woman-kind**

Care of Rubber Plants. Of all the freak remedies that are sometimes proposed for sick house-plants, those which are recommended for rubber plants are the worst. They run all the way from applying beef-steak and castor oil to the roots to coating the leaves with milk. Give your plants a properly prepared soil and sufficient light, and keep the leaves free from dust and scale, and you will find no necessity for such nostrums as these. Make it a practice to go over the plants daily with a soft cloth and remove any indication of dust, scale or insects.—Country Life in America.

**Act of Gratitude.** The act of gratitude ought to be taught in the schools," says an English woman writer. "I am perfectly astonished sometimes at the attitude of my own sex. A woman wishes to alight at a certain station. A man—a total stranger—not only opens the door, but hands out her many packages, all of which she receives as her right, and calmly walks off without a word of thanks. Then, again, a woman is walking along the street all unconscious of a foot or two of braid trailing behind her. You wish to do a kind action, and inform her of the fact. Instead of the expected "Thank you," you receive a stony stare as though you were in some way responsible for the untidy state of the dress. How often, too, we hear that a certain valuable article has been returned to its owner, who showed his or her gratitude to the finder by a reward so trivial as to be almost an insult.

**Combs for Blondes and Brunettes.** Let only the golden-haired or black-haired girl risk the gold and ivory combs, for the silver one is for the brunette alone. No shade of hair was ever born or invented which could not wear tortoise shell. Its tints and lights are universally becoming. These combs are all expensive, for only the genuine materials or the best imitations are worth buying. The handsomest ones are jeweled, which brings them to a fabulous price.

In selecting any comb be careful to choose one with long teeth curved so that the comb feels firm in the hair. It is both dangerous to the comb and embarrassing to the wearer to have it fall. If within reach of a Chinese importer, he is the best one to furnish an ivory comb. The Chinese have been quick to learn American fancies, and they have adapted their handiwork accordingly. Some of their shops display combs carved in exquisite design.—Washington Star.

**A Woman of Thirty.** When one knows the age of a woman one knows the woman. The very fact that she permits you to know her age exposes her character. She no longer masquerades. She has lost a certain uncertainty, an evanescent delicacy, that was an irresistible charm. Women, like philosophy, are divided into two classes, the knowable and the unknowable. Also like philosophy, it is the unknowable woman who is the specifiable. Therefore to get her at her highest capacity, she must be unmarried and about thirty.

The married woman presents certain inescapable tell-tale data. She has children, and those children have apparent ages, two facts which go far in determining her annals. If she is unmarried—and is not "about thirty," she is under thirty—again a definite fact. Being "about thirty" is indefinite. She may be more or less. No one hazards a guess. There is a delightful vagueness in being "about thirty." It has nothing to do with dates; and many of us who from our youth up have felt no attachment for dates can forgive the unattached their confessed indifference.

**Value of Neatness.** Few young women realize that it is of great importance that they should always make the very most of their personal appearance. Because a girl is pretty or clever or busy, she cannot afford to neglect her appearance. If she is pretty she can add to her prettiness by giving it a proper setting; if she is clever she can make herself pleasant to look on as well as to listen to, and if she is busy it won't take much extra time to keep herself looking trim and neat.

The time spent in front of her looking glass is not wasted. Of course, to stand primping for hours is not advised, but every woman should spend enough time to see that her clothes are neatly put on and her hair properly arranged.

Some girls would be surprised to know how many good chances in life are lost through carelessness of personal appearance.

It is said that men do not always demand beauty in the women they love, but they do want some attraction to take its place, and the woman who makes herself look dainty and neat has an attraction almost as powerful as beauty. The woman who is forced

to do her own work and look after a family has perhaps the best excuse for not paying much attention to her personal appearance, but if she can manage even the slightest neatness she will benefit by it.

So many women spend money foolishly instead of putting thought and care on what is bought. A great deal depends on how the hair is dressed. Study the shape of your face and wear your hair accordingly. Always keep your hands and nails in good condition. Washing the hair every two weeks will keep it soft and bright.

**Loose Long Coats.** The woman who can buy but one separate wrap and who has a dressy tailored suit is very apt to select something on the raglan order. The new wraps of this sort partake in texture and cut of the characteristics displayed in ulsters for men's wear. The back is usually pleated from neck to hem, the pleats being stitched down as far as the waist line, and then well pressed to the hem, with a shallow half belt to hold them in place. The fronts are loose and usually double-breasted, the sleeves big and roomy, and a touch of color contrast is given by emplacements of plain cloth that decorate the flat collar, cuffs and pocket flap.

The number of pockets in these wraps, which are admirable for shopping, motoring and all sorts of ordinary outdoor wear, is actually increasing, and the ideal garment has a pocket on either side of the front and a small breast-pocket for change, all of which have flaps which button down snugly.

The newest of these coats do not reach the bottom of the dress, but show from six inches to a foot of the skirt. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the well-groomed woman does not abuse this convenient and long-suffering wrap. She keeps it as well pressed and tailored as does her husband or brother, who sends his raglan regularly to the tailor for cleaning and renovation.

Among the post-holiday sales which are worth considering are those which offer remarkable reductions on a good selection of fur-lined coats. Just now one may buy a three-quarter or even longer loose coat in a good quality of cloth lined with squirrel skin for \$25. A very stunning model in this line shows a flecked tweed in gray, lined with squirrel skin. It is finished very simply with rows of heavy stitching and a small, shawl collar and turnback cuffs of the fur.

**Pockets for a Woman.** For one blessing man is enviable—his pockets. Woman occasionally has a pocket, but she can't use it. "Put in a pocket," she pleads, and the dressmaker sends home the new skirt with a pocket stowed away in the recesses of a hook-up placket hole. It is not a working pocket for three reasons:

First, it bulges if there is even a handkerchief in it, destroying the symmetry of the outline.

Second, things aimed at it rarely succeed in forcing an entrance, but fall alongside, downward, with a smack on the floor.

Third, who could fumble through a whole row of hooks and eyes, placed in the centre seam at the back? As a trifling obstacle in the way of blind manipulation it may be mentioned that such hooks are usually of a tricky patent, or they would not stay fastened at all.

At the hem of the garment, under the "foundation" frill, pockets like a tiny crescent-shaped pouch may also be found lurking. A handkerchief can repose in one in safety, merely involving some suppleness in the owner, who must execute a kind of dive in withdrawing and reinserting it. A silk foundation sometimes accommodates quite a practical-looking receptacle, to which the unwary at first intrust even a purse or a pocket knife.

But hard objects dangling on a level with the knee are ill companions, and those who have once knelt on a latch-key never desire to repeat the experience.

"I asked for pockets and they gave me handbags," is the plaint of the petticoat throng, who wonder who will invent them a third hand for their umbrellas while they guard their money with their right and with their left keep their garments from the mud.

In the meantime, says the London Graphic, while fashion is decreeing that sovereigns shall jingle in jeweled coat of mail from the end of a slender chain, apparently designed for the ready pliers of the thief, woman-kind, more cunning than they seem, are carving a way out of the difficulty. They may carry their purse for all the world to see, and a handkerchief peeps out of their sleeves, but in many a silk under-sirt, where it will not interfere with the set, is a pocket, roomy and secure. There it is that the wise woman keeps her gold and her love letters



**FOR THE HOUSEWIFE**

**Ham Salad.** Chop lean cold boiled ham very fine and mix with lettuce leaves cut in fine shreds using the outer but tender leaves. Reserve the inner leaves for a cup to hold the salad. Mix with the following dressing, arrange on the lettuce and serve.

**Steamed Corn Bread.** Sift four cups of cornmeal, two cups of flour, a level teaspoon each of salt and soda together twice. Mix with two cups of sweet milk, two cups of sour milk and one cup of molasses. Pour into a buttered mold and steam four hours. Serve hot.

**Potato Cups.** Cook potatoes, mash fine, or press through a ricer; season well with salt, a little white pepper and butter, then moisten slightly with cream. Press into small cups and turn on to a buttered pan. Beat one egg, brush over the potato cups with it, then set in the oven and brown.

**Beans With White Sauce.** Soak a pint of small white beans over night in cold water to more than cover. Drain in the morning and pour boiling water over. Let stand where the water will just keep hot for two hours; then drain; add boiling water and cook until tender. Make a white sauce, seasoned highly with salt, pepper and onion juice; add to the beans and heat; then serve hot.

**Boiled Dressing.** Mix a level tablespoon of salt, a rounding tablespoon of butter, a level teaspoon each of pepper, sugar and dry mustard. Add a cup of vinegar and heat; then add three well-beaten eggs and cook in a double boiler until thick. Cool and add one cup of cream beaten. If half of the dressing is needed, add but half the cream, as it does not keep as well after the cream is added.

**Braised Liver.** Cut one onion, one small turnip, one carrot, and stalk of celery into slices and lay in a braising pan. Wash a beef's liver, lay in the pan and put on top two thin slices of pork. Pour in one pint of boiling water or use stock if there is any on hand. Cover closely and cook two hours or more. When the liver is taken up, melt a rounding tablespoon of butter in a pan, add one rounding tablespoon of flour, and when frothy add the liquid in the braising pan strained. Cook five or ten minutes; pour round the liver and serve. The sauce is improved by a tablespoon of catsup, using any kind convenient, or use a teaspoon of some good table sauce.

**Household Hints.** Strong, hot vinegar will remove paint and mortar from glass. Rub grease on the seams of new tinware, keep in a warm place for a day, and the article will not rust in the seams.

Starch and iron wide lamp wicks and wicks for oil stoves. They will not then cause trouble in fitting them into the burners.

Do not wash the wooden breadplate in hot water and it will not turn black. Wash with soap and warm water, and rinse in clean cold water.

Always wash off the top of the milk bottle before removing the little paper cap, since it is by the top that the delivery man always lifts the bottle.

Tissue paper in which there is no sulphur is now provided for wrapping silver in. This is said to keep the silver clean and bright for any length of time.

Lemon syrup made by baking a lemon 20 minutes and then squeezing the juice upon half a cupful of sugar is excellent for hoarseness and to break up a cold.

Floor cushions made of fancy bur-lap and stuffed very full with excelsior are convenient for bedrooms. Piled one above another they make useful hassocks. A good way to warm cold feet is to take off the shoes, place the feet on one of these cushions and then lay a half-filled hot water bag over the feet.

Windows may be kept free from frost by rubbing with glycerine or kerosene, the oil preventing the moisture in the room from adhering to the glass. Large plate glass windows of store fronts can be kept perfectly clear if a small electric fan is allowed to play near by, the waves of air fanning away the moisture.

At each ironing fold the table linen a new way if possible, as it wears first in the folds. A good plan is to purchase an extra half yard of tablecloth, and after a time cut off the extra length. This brings the creases in a new place. When darning becomes necessary use ravelings of tablecloth or napkins as they are much less noticeable than thread.

Glycerine is always used in combination with rosewater or elder flower water, but probably few women know why this is done. It is because glycerine has such an affinity for water that when applied pure it absorbs all the moisture from any surface that it touches. Plain water will do just as well as rosewater, apart from aesthetic considerations.



**NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES**

New York City.—Simple blouse waists worn with chemisettes of linen or of contrasting material make one of the latest decrees of fashion and are charming buttons of coral, with silver deposit.



**White Satin and Palm.** What think you of the dainty chain bag hooked to the waist belt of our young lady? It is of white satin, with a single line of gilt paillettes overlapping like fish scales and serving to outline a hand-painted scene, a group under the Director, by the well-known costumers of that period. This adorns one side of the pretty bag, the reverse side is absolutely plain, and no paillettes are allowed here, as they would injure the skirt against which they lie. A rather fine gilded chain is used to suspend this bag from its chate-laine hook.

**Girl's Costume.** Suspender costumes in all their variations are greatly in vogue, and are exceedingly becoming to young girls. This one includes also a shaped bertha, which gives the broad shoulder line that is always desirable, and is made of bright plaid trimmed with black velvet ribbon and worn over a glimpse of white lawn. The model, however, is appropriate for all seasonable materials, and the gimpes can be made of white washable material or of plain colored flannel, as may be preferred.

The costume consists of the gimpes and dress. The gimpes is made with front and backs, which are tucked to form a yoke, and includes full sleeves.

**A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.**



ette being of white, but all waisting materials are appropriate.

The waist consists of the plain back and the full fronts, which are joined to the yoke, and is finished with the roll-over collar and lapels. The sleeves are made with upper and under portions, and the full puffs, which are joined thereto, and can be finished with the roll-over cuffs or plain, as shown in the small view. The chemisette is separate, adjusted under the waist and closed at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-fourth yards twenty-one, three and three-fourth yards twenty-seven, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

**Pink and Silver.** An altogether attractive evening dress by Paquin has just been shown. It is of white net and is trimmed with seemingly endless ruffles and ruchings of Valenciennes lace an inch and an inch and a half in width. This scheme finishes the skirt at the foot, and is repeated three times above, though this upper trio do not cross the front breadth. Where they stop each side there's a dainty silver ornament that looks like lace. Very fascinating is the coat-like corsage of pink silk. It is embroidered with silver in the most delicate fashion. There are little coat-tails and there are dainty elbow sleeves, but there isn't much coat at the front. It is cut away to show the net and the little Val ruffles. There is a chemisette effect of the net and lace. A peculiar feature is a cross-over-like drape of the pink silk across the front. In addition to this there are the most

A girl can't have too many linen collars for wear with her blouses of cloth, flannel and velveteen. She can make an upstanding linen collar with a narrow turnover top edge, and on the flat surface below, buttonhole slits in the linen, so that a bias silk cravat or a velvet ribbon or a fancy taffeta ribbon may be passed through with ease and finish with a small flat bow in front, or follow the cravat style and have long ends to be knotted or held in by a brooch.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Society for the most part has set its stamp of approval on the very full skirts, but only when they are voted becoming to the wearer's figure. Every now and again a skirt will be seen to cling to the figure half-way down to the knees, whence it flares in a most conventional and up-to-date manner. No really plain skirts are seen at the opera, unless the material is chiffon velvet, and even the monotony of this exquisite texture is relieved by panels of rare lace.

Oh, balance the ladder atop of the rail, And up we go, down we go, all in a gale, Slung like birds as we teeter away, Bouncing and joining each other in play.

You are Queen Sally and I am King Peter, And where are we going astride of our teeter?

Riding to fairyland, over the moon, Up we go—down!—and we'll be there soon.

—Charles Keeler.

**Brownie, the Pet Sparrow.** We have a little pet sparrow around by our house, and every day he comes to the window to be fed. We have named the little fellow Brownie, and he knows his name just as well as we do. The poor little bird has only one leg. Father says somebody must have hurt him very badly, and he does not know how Brownie ever lived after losing his leg. But he is just as bright and lively as if he had both legs to stand on. When he flies to the window he balances himself on one foot and stays there for the longest time and eats out of our hands.

The other day, when the snow and rain came, all of us children were very much afraid that Brownie could not find his way to us, but after a little while he came flying up to the window and stood there looking in as much as to say: "Haven't you anything for me today?" Of course we had, and when he had eaten a whole lot of crumbs he went flying away again.—Indianapolis News.

**Discovery of Indian Pottery.** A squaw left her two boys to care for her papoose while she worked inside the tent. She did not notice what the boys were doing with the papoose until it began to cry. The squaw was unable to find the miscreants, until their distant voices told her they were down by the river. Not coming when she called them, the squaw found that they were unwillingly disobedient. Their feet were stuck fast in the wet clay of the river bank. With great difficulty she got them back to the tent. Then they all laughed at their footprints in the clay, for deep holes remained wherever they had stepped.

The band of Indians left camp before sunrise next morning. The squaw, with her boys and papoose, was soon far away. During the hot summer that soon followed the same band returned to the river they had left. No rain had fallen since their last visit and they easily found their footprints in the clay. These had dried until they were as hard as stone. They called their mother to look at the holes. She took some clay in her hands, wet it in the river, then shaped it like the hollow stone she used for cooking. She dried it in the sun, and when it was hard proudly showed her "dish" to the old chief. He then ordered all the squaws to "go and do likewise," but they all soon realized that their dishes would not hold water, and broke easily.

One day a squaw wanted to save some fire, which was very hard to get. Not having anything to keep it in, she seized one of the clay dishes which had been abandoned as useless. The hot coals baked the dish, and she later discovered that it would not break.

Wonder of wonders, it also held water! Calling the chief and the other squaws around her, the Indians realized that they had learned how to make clay dishes in the right way.—Indianapolis News.

**Bertie's Happy Family.** Down in Virginia, where Bertie lived, everybody looked upon him as the prince of mischief. All the pranks played in the town were laid to Bertie's door. To some of these he had to plead guilty, but not to all. Bertie was the minister's son, and from time immemorial ministers' sons were apt to be considered worse than other people's because more was expected of them. Despite the opinion most people had of Bertie, he had more good qualities than bad; originally, conscientiousness and a great love for animals being among the number.

One Sunday morning in August Mr. Dilworth, Bertie's father, made a stirring appeal for funds to re-roof the old church. This church referred to though the State as "The Old Stone Church," was an historic landmark. It had been built in 1750, and many of the magnificent trees which formed a grove around it had been standing at the time. Now, a new roof meant \$100, which was a great deal of money for Winchester, where money had not been very plentiful since the war.

Mr. Dilworth's appeal called forth much planning, especially among the women of the congregation. Before another Sunday had rolled around a festival had been determined upon. This was to be held in the grove, with all sorts of refreshments and articles for sale. Many of the children were pressed into service as helpers, but Bertie was in some way overlooked. Perhaps, because he was thought to be too full of pranks and mischief to be of much use in the festival preparations, Bertie was hurt. Hadn't he more interest in the church than any of the others? Every one in the country knew that his great-grandfather had given the ground for it "way back 150 years ago. Hadn't his great-grandmother given all the money to build it, and hadn't the ministers for nearly a hundred years all been his relations? Bertie was indignant, and made up his mind to show

way he would help raise the money the church needed, and show all those people he was good for something besides mischief.

But how? That was the question. Of course he could offer to run errands and sell tickets, or even squeeze lemons, but all was commonplace. Bertie had spent a great deal of his life performing just such thankless jobs. Besides, that was all well enough for the little "shavers," but now he was twelve, and father was beginning to refer to the time when "Bertie goes to college," showing that he appreciated the fact that his son was growing up.

Bertie was out in the yard, with his pets playing around him. They were many and various. There was Bully, the English bull; Scamp, the terrier; an opossum with three young ones; a Maltese cat, Easter, and a tortoise shell cat, Christmas; a rooster and a hen; a dozen pigeons and six rabbits. Bertie could not help smiling as he saw the pigeons and cats eating out of the same dish, and two of the rabbits cuddled down close between Bully's paws. Just at that moment a boy passed, threw a poster over the fence, which blew directly to Bertie's feet. Bertie picked it up and read that Barnum's circus was going to show in X—, a town twenty miles away. Bertie read every line with eagerness, until he came to a picture of a large cage over which was written "A Happy Family." In this cage was every variety of beast, many commonly known to their prey on the other, but owing to their training, all living in the one house.



**FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS**

**The See-Saw.** Oh, balance the ladder atop of the rail, And up we go, down we go, all in a gale, Slung like birds as we teeter away, Bouncing and joining each other in play.

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