

# Woman's Realm

## Guest Room Too Lively.

"But I think my guest room is the most successful in the whole house," said the mistress, complacently. "It's so bright and cheerful."

So it was. The walls were papered in white, strown thickly and at regular intervals with bunches of pink roses tied with light blue bows. The carpet, in old rose, was dotted with groups of flowers, and so was the covering of the chairs and lounge. The dress table, the over-curtains, the bed-curtain, all showed the same floral effect. To cap the climax, the ceiling was frescoed with cherubs and bouquets of flowers, connected by true lovers' knots or festoons of ribbons.

Nowhere was there a foot of plain surface. Wherever the eye turned were designs, patterns, decoration of some sort. It was such a restless room. One would no more think of going to sleep in such an overdecorated apartment than at a vaudeville show. This is a mistake. Artistically, the effect is at the same time monotonous and distracting. Physiologically, the effect is distinctly unpleasant upon people with sensitive or jaded nerves. Guests, even the liveliest of them, sometimes retire to their rooms with headaches that overtake the most robust at times, and at such moments these beloved, bespattered rooms may be a real annoyance.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## Shop Alone.

Don't take a friend along when you go shopping—that is, if it is important shopping. There isn't one woman in a thousand who can help advising you "for your own good" and resenting it hotly if you don't follow her advice slavishly.

Perhaps you're one of the people who think they don't know what they want. In reality, you know very well what you don't want—which is a long step in the right direction. And if you're persuaded into getting something you have the least feeling against, you'll hate it unreasonably when you might so much better be having either your own indecision or the too decided opinions of your friend.

When you've almost made up your mind to a purchase—something a bit extravagant, perhaps—and need something in the nature of moral support, then is the time to get hold of the decided friend. You want to be persuaded into getting that thing, though you don't admit it, but when somebody agrees with you (and friends always obligingly help you to be extravagant) that you really need it, you get in a flurry of gratitude for such helpful advice.

Asking advice upon shopping expeditions is delicate business, and you must be sure that it is likely to agree with your own secret desires before you venture to court it.—Philadelphia North American.

## Women Who Toil.

We had the other day the report of two ladies whom a benevolent curiosity had led to explore factory life in disguise. The life seemed neither refined nor attractive. The labor must be intensely monotonous and dull. The only bright features appear to be dress and flirtation. Nothing can possibly be learned in the factory which could be of the slightest service to a wife or mother. To the consequent discomfort of a home may probably be set down many of the cases of wife desertion, an offense which appears to be on the increase. The same probably would be found to be sometimes the source of wife-beating, which, with the tendency to resort to violence now prevalent, it is proposed to punish by public flogging in the belief, apparently, that conjugal harmony would thus be restored. But, then, it must be owned, the factory girl has independence after factory hours, limited, though dull and monotonous work; her Sunday to herself. She has companionship, which, where only one servant is kept, is lacking, and which, no doubt, is often a cause of restlessness. She has the sentimental satisfaction of calling nobody master or mistress, though a master she really has, and a stern one. We cannot wonder that the factory, in competition with domestic service, has its attractions, inconvenient as the effect may be.—Goldwin Smith, in Independent.

## The Married Man.

The man himself finds that marriage has not changed him at all; he admires a pretty girl as much as he ever did, and will not actually go a mile out of his way to avoid one. Moreover, he will be polite to her and seek to please her; harmlessly, of course, but her charm inspires him to his regular old-time gentilities and other chivalrous and Chesterfieldian antics. This, of course, is permissible, as we all know; his wife may be pretty, or prettier, than she ever was, but she is his, you know, and so why waste ammunition? To say that she, too, still likes attention seems monstrous and astounding to him; he forgets that she is just the same woman as he is just the same man, and courtliness appeals to her also just as much as ever. But he is too dunderheaded to perceive this; he has married her, and thinks in his own inimitable masculine way that this should be enough for any woman. So sometimes along comes another man who perceives how things are; he likes this pretty little woman, and grieves to see her receive such short shrift of

attention, and the girl is surprised to find how sweet are the old familiar courtesies she knew as a girl. Instantly, if the man be like most men, the husband resents it, becomes unbearably jealous, and berates his wife much more seriously than there is any need. The termination of the matter varies in each case, but how angry would the husband be did you tell him it was all his fault. He would be amazed were you to hint that his indignation was asinine rather than a just righteousness. For such is his inconsistency that he thinks he has a right still to appreciate pretty girls and their ways, but denies his wife the right to appreciate good-looking men and their ways. The moral of all this is, gentlemen, that if you pay no attention to your sweet little wife, do not be surprised if another man does.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Woman Manages Two Farms.

Living all alone on a farm eight miles from Brodhead, retiring and practically unknown beyond the circle of her friends, Miss Lucinda Lake personally manages two farms in the neighborhood of Brodhead aggregating 290 acres. She hires men to work in the timber lands during the winter, and she also transacts all the business connected with extensive real estate holdings in the Dakotas, besides looking after the rentals and sales of city property in Brodhead.

Miss Lake is wealthy, although she disclaims the fact. She is a success, but she modestly refuses to admit it. She is a spinster and takes pride in the fact. She is exceedingly generous and charitable. Money which Miss Lake gives for charity she earns by hard work on the farm, hiring herself instead of a man and only allowing herself twenty-five cents a day, because she cannot put in as long hours at outdoor work as a man could. By clearing away brush and burning out stumps she earned a generous contribution toward the private rescue work among Milwaukee's unfortunate girls and other lines of work in which she is interested.

Eccentric in many ways, Miss Lake orders her entire life by the same unbending system which regulates her charity giving. She allows herself twenty-five cents a day for board and clothes, the stipulated amount for clothing being \$25 a year. Sleeping always with a revolver within reach, practising frequently at shooting at a mark, and determined in her decision to shoot without warning any one who attempts to enter her house unbidden, she is not afraid of being molested. Neighbors who visit her in the evening speak from the gate in order not to frighten her, and also to avoid accidents.

"I have never had an unpleasant experience," said Miss Lake yesterday. "When I first began living alone I was afraid that the boys might joke on me and that I might injure them, but I let them know that I had a revolver. One of them came to me one day and asked me if I could shoot. I invited him to go out with me and see me practice, and you can be sure that the boys don't bother."

"I rent out portions of the farms and only hire men myself for the timber land work in the winter. Even then I try to do as much as possible to get the men to do the work by the piece, for I have found that when I hire them by the day there is much more danger of their imposing on me."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



Hats are still on the eccentric order. A very good fur for moderate purposes is Russian marten. It closely resembles sable, and is quite serviceable.

A genuine Directoire style was seen in a biscuit-colored coat combined with a slightly darker shade of heavy satin. So many dainty coats and jackets, even those of fur, are made with elbow sleeves that a new use for fur has been devised. Sleeves are, as it were, tentative—of medium size in many instances, of exaggeratedly large or small size in others.

Again crinoline is threatened in the width of the skirts, which, to the uninitiated glance, seem sure to require artificial means to hold them out. Long gloves of glace kid or suede are lined with fur, and are sold to be worn with the short sleeves. They are a little thick and unwieldy, to tell the truth.

Ermine is as popular as ever, and there is a fancy for coats of all white ermine without the touch of black and lemon color furnished by the tail of the admired animal.

In regard to colors, we are going to have a cheerful winter. The cult of color is a fetish of the hour, and greens, additionally to be employed en masse, are disclosing themselves in the further serviceable light of contrast.

For rough use good serviceable coats of tweed and frieze mixtures are offered. These are usually loose fitting, half-long coats, belted or merely secured in the back by a buttoned-on strap. They are double-breasted and very warm and comfortable.



## Listeners.

Three little crickets, sleek and black. Whose eyes with mischief glinted. Climbed up one another's back And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out: "Oho! I hear two people speaking! I can't quite see them yet, and so— I'll just continue peaking."

Soon Dot and grandma he could see— Tea-party they were playing. And as he listened closely, he distinctly heard Dot saying:

"This pretty little table here Will do to spread the treat on: And I will get a cricket, dear, For you to put your feet on."

The cricket tumbled down with fright: "Run for your life, my brothers! Fly, fly!" He scolded out of sight: And so did both the others.

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

## Wonders of Lycopodium.

Lycopodium powder consists of the spores or seeds of a certain kind of moss. It is one of the finest and lightest powders known and is very peculiar in many respects.

You can obtain the powder from any druggist, and if you will half-fill a bottle with it and tilt it backwards and forwards you will notice that it runs almost as freely as water. This is because the particles are so fine that they slip over each other easily.

Get a basin of water and dust over the surface of it a light layer of the powder. Now plunge your finger into the water to the depth of an inch or so, and when you take your finger out you will find that it is not wet, but that a thin coating of the powder will be clinging to it. This is because the powder will not mix with the water, and being very fine, it covers the finger as it passes through it, and prevents the water from wetting it.

In the same way you may lower a coin into the water tied to a thread, and neither coin nor thread will be wet when removed.

If you drop some water on the layer of powder, instead of joining the water beneath, it will gather itself into drops looking like beads on the surface of the powder.

Now dust some of the powder over a piece of glass and look through it at a candle flame. Around the flame you will see a halo as if a fog or a mist had gathered between it and you. This is because the particles of powder are just about the size of the water particles in a fog and naturally enough, they catch and refract the rays of light in the same way.

If you will put a little of the powder on a piece of paper and blow it smartly into the candle flame a sudden flash of light will result. This is done at times on the stage to imitate lightning, but you will use only a little powder, as your lightning should be of the "miniature" kind.

## More Haste, Less Speed.

"I wish I could live on the farm all-ways, grandpa," said Maurice. "I think farm work is fun. What are you going to do today, grandpa?"

"Drop corn down in the meadow patch."

"Oh, can I help you?"

"You may drop it in the small patch back of the barn. You'll get tired of it when you have that done. Run and get one of Aunt Mary's aprons to hold the corn."

A few moments later, arrayed in a calico apron, Maurice appeared in the grainhouse, and grandpa filled his apron with corn.

"Remember, just seven kernels in each hill, Maurice," called grandpa, as he went into the next meadow.

He counted the kernels with great care and then they drop slowly through his fingers. How pretty the yellow corn looked in the brown earth!

But soon it grew warm. He looked to see how many hills he had filled. Only two and a half rows, and there were seven more.

He decided that there was no use in really counting the kernels. It took too long, and he could guess at it just as well. Soon the apron was empty but there were still three rows.

He ran to grandpa for more corn.

"More corn! Why, Maurice, how's this? I gave you enough to fill that patch. Are you sure you put only seven kernels in each hill?"

"I didn't count," faltered Maurice. Grandpa said nothing, but walked through the field and looked into the hills. In one were twelve, in another sixteen, and in a third twenty kernels.

"Why, Maurice!" he said.

"I'll pick out the extra ones if you want me to," said Maurice, reluctantly, for his arms were aching.

"Well, perhaps it will make you more thoughtful next time," replied grandpa.

At noontime, when Maurice started wearily for the house, grandpa said, in merry tones: "Well, little man, have you decided that it's true?"

"What's true, grandpa?"

"Oh, that's my riddle, Maurice, and the answer is a proverb. Do you know it, Maurice?"

Maurice thought and Maurice flushed, and then Maurice looked straight at grandpa.

"I'm pretty sure I do know it now," he said.—Sunshine.

## A Birthday Party.

Birthday parties are generally given on the Saturday or Sunday following the birthday for the reason that on these days the children are free from school. If the birthday occurs during the school vacation the party is given on the same day. It generally begins at 2 o'clock and ends shortly after dark.

Some very nice party invitations can be bought ready to fill out with the name, place and date for 10 to 50 cents. But if one chooses, the invitation may be written.

Very pretty decorations for the rooms in which the party is to be held can be bought at most department stores for a small amount, or, if one wishes, crepe and other colored paper can be used to great advantage in decorating. In this case it is a good plan to cover all chandeliers and picture frames with crepe paper to match the walls and ceiling, and to have several chains of colored paper hanging around the room. It increases the effect if little ornaments, also made of paper, hang from the walls.

If there are any "grown-ups" present the party usually begins by having each child recite a piece. After this games are played. The game of milkman is one good game. In this a boy is chosen to be the milkman and is supposed to sell milk to each player. He then asks each if the milk was all right. The buyer replies that there was something in it, naming a thing such as a match or a needle. The milkman asks all sorts of questions, to which the only reply must be the thing found in the milk. If the player laughs or answers wrong he must give a forfeit and the next one is questioned. The one who keeps answering questions the longest has one forfeit after another held in back of him and tells what the owner must do to regain it. This is a very laughable game if played right.

A variation of this is the game of "Old Bachelor," which is played like the game of milkman, with the exception that the one chosen to be the bachelor asks, "What will you give an old bachelor to keep house with?" The player names some article and must stick to it, no matter what questions are put to him. Good games can be bought at the stores.

Shortly after 4 o'clock refreshments are served. These usually consist of hot chocolate and cake, ice cream, crackers and candy. If desired, place cards can be used, with little pictures illustrating sports for the boys and flowers for the girls.

Little fancy shaped pasteboard boxes full of candy are often placed beside each plate while on the plate itself or in a large bowl in the centre of the table are the paper cups which grace nearly every party.

Many children have birthday cakes with candles on them, one candle for each year. Another way is to have towers built of cakes stuck together with icing. There should be as many cakes in each tower as the years the one giving the party is old.

After the refreshments more games are played. Prizes are given to the winners in one of them, generally the game of donkey party, in which the object is to put a tail on the donkey while one is blindfolded.

If you can hire a magician he should begin to perform now. If not, you can entertain the guests by acting a play on a toy stage. These stages are equipped with scenery and dolls to act and with the help of the book which comes with them two children can act a whole play with very little difficulty.

When it begins to get dark the last feature of the party is announced. This is the giving of souvenirs. Enough souvenirs are bought so that each child can have one. They are separated into two divisions—those for the boys and those for the girls. All those for the boys are numbered one two, and so on. Those for the girls are lettered A, B, and so forth. Then two muskmelon shells whose interiors have been removed through a small hole in the top of each, are taken. In one are put numbers corresponding to the numbers on the boys' souvenirs, each being attached to a green ribbon. The same is done to the letters and the other muskmelon. When the time comes to distribute the souvenirs each boy and girl takes hold of one ribbon, pulls out a number or letter and receives whatever it stands for. This way of distributing is of course unnecessary, but it gives a pleasant finishing touch to the whole party.—E. Drachman (aged 13), New York City, in the Tribune Farmer.

## Crows.

"He's what they call a 'crow,'" said a well-informed police witness at Brentford of a certain youth, explaining that a "crow" is one who stands on guard while his associate are busy robbing, to warn them of approaching police, or other undesirable. The word is thieves' slang of considerable standing. In 1862, for instance, the Cornhill Magazine mentioned it as a technical term for a woman who kept such a watch for a burglar. An explanation that at once suggests itself is that this confederate is expected to "crow" or give some such warning noise, but the word may well point to some study of natural history in criminal circles. Those familiar "crows"—rooks—are accustomed to post sentinels to signal the coming of danger.—London Chronicle.

## He Promises.

Sunday School Teacher—And I hope that, hereafter, no matter how angry any one makes you, you won't swear. The Tough Boy—No, ma'am. I'll try to hold me tongue an' jes' punch him in de nose.

## QUITE A BLOW FOR THE LOAFER.

An honest, industrious Gopher one day, in his joy, found a loaf of bread. "This in my hole I will stow for a rainy day," chuckled the Gopher. It chanced that an indolent Loafer was watching, and cried he, "O, ha!" for thought he, "There's no show for the Gopher. That bread with a hoe I will go for."

The Loafer for sure came to woe, for he fled at a pace far from slow, for the Gopher gave chase to the Loafer. I give you my word this is so, for it may seem peculiar, I know, for a Loafer to hoe for a loaf or a Gopher to go for a Loafer.

## JUST FOR FUN



Mrs. Callahan—Moike! Moike! Wek up; ut's toime t' take y' insomnia medicine.—Puck.

Mr. Blinks—One of my ancestors fell at Waterloo. Lady Clare—Ah? Which platform?—Punch.

"It does seem odd—the only one of my man friends who became estranged from me through my marriage—is my husband."—Life.

"Ma!" "What is it?" "Is the stuff in that bottle bay rum?" "Mercy, no! It's muckilage." "I guess that's why I can't get my cap off."—Cleveland Leader.

Scribbles—Wright's new book, "Life in the Slums" failed to make a bit, I hear. Dribbles—Yes. He had no idea of poverty—only poverty of ideas.—Chicago Daily News.

"Do you deal in second-hand automobiles? If you do, I want to sell you mine." "Yes, sir, we do. How long have you had your machine?" "Since this morning."—Life.

Landlady—Are you aware, Mr. Skidoo, that the less one eats the longer one lives? Mr. Skidoo (with his mouth full)—Sure! But what's the use of living that way?—Judge.

"What's de ol' deacon doing?" "Prayin' for a Thanksgiving turkey." "Reckon he'll get it?" "Well, it's 'cordin' ter how high de turkey roosts!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"So you still think that every man has his price?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "And a lot of the little fellows manage to do some scandalous overcharging."—Washington Star.

Citizen—You don't have many visitors out here, do you? Subbubs—O! yes; coming and going nearly every day. Citizen—Mostly women, I suppose. Subbubs—Yes; servant girls.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Gollywhat—Er—did your sister say anything after I called yesterday afternoon, Ethel? Ethel—No, she's joined the "Count-Ten-Before-You-Speak League," but she looked fierce.—Chicago Daily News.

Painter—What model are you going to get to pose for your statue of Fallen Greatness? Sculptor—Have not decided yet whether it'll be a life insurance president or a political boss.—Detroit Free Press.

"Mr. Binx out?" asked the caller. "Yes," answered the junior partner. "When will he be back?" "I don't know. Binx doesn't know. Nobody knows. He went out on his new automobile."—Washington Star.

"Well," said Nuritch, showing Kandor through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishin's?" "They show a great deal of taste," replied Kandor. "Ah, think so?" "Yes, but it's all bad."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you think the Panama Canal will be a good thing?" "I don't know," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "There is so much prejudice against graft that good things are getting scarcer every year."—Washington Star.

Publisher—The trouble with you is that you don't spend enough time over your work. This last novel of yours seems unfinished. Author—But you wanted it in a hurry. Publisher—True. But you might have spent a couple of days more on it.—Town and Country.

"I think," said the man who is politically ambitious, "that I will succeed in convincing our friends that my money is not tainted." "That isn't the point just now," answered Senator Sorghum. "The first thing is to convince them that you've really got the money."—Washington Star.

Shepherd—What are all volunteers doing out today? Volunteer—They're all out scouting. Shepherd—And what are you doing? Volunteer—I'm scouting, too. Shepherd—And what is scouting, please? Volunteer—Weel, to tell the truth, I dinna ken, but we're a' on the scout together!—Punch.

"Why don't you put a stop to the mad career of these railroads?" asked the man who is always indignant. "My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "I haven't thought of it. But there is no sense in a man standing on the track and defying the locomotive, when he might just as well be in a parlor car looking at the scenery."—Washington Star.

"I believe," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that what a boy is depends largely upon his environment." "I know it," replied her hostess as she carelessly toyed with her jewel box. "There was my cousin Ebenzer's boy. He never knew what it was to have a well day until the doctors found out that it was his environment, and cut it out."—Chicago Record Herald.

There are over fifteen thousand post-office saving banks in England.



New York City.—The shirt waist is a garment that appears to admit of variations without number. Illus-

white satin and gold beads is very attractive.

## Breakfast Jacket.

Such a tasteful breakfast jacket as this one is sure to find its place, no matter how many others may already be included in the wardrobe. It is charmingly graceful and can be relied upon to be very generally becoming. It is loose enough for comfort while it is snug enough to be attractive and altogether fulfills every possible requirement. In this case the material is one of the new cashmeres that give a shadow effect, the color being pale blue and the trimming ecru lace, but the jacket would be equally appropriate for almost all the lighter weight wools and also for the simple silks that are used for garments of the sort.

The jacket is made with the fronts and back. The back is tucked to give a box pleated effect and there is a fitted girdle arranged over the waist line, which serves to confine the fullness and which makes an important characteristic. At the neck is the big wide collar that gives a cape effect and the sleeves are full, in three-quarter length, finished with prettily pointed frills.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-



trated is one of the latest which is in every way to be desired and which can be made from all waisting ma-



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON. GIRL'S COSTUME, \$170.

terials. As illustrated French flannel in American Beauty red is simply stitched with bedding silk and finished with handsome buttons, but while flannel is much liked for waists of cold weather, huckletta and veiling also are to be noted and there are a great many washable waistings that are equally correct. The style of the waist is a very generally satisfactory one, the tucks providing becoming lines and giving a double box pleated effect while there is only moderate fulness.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as material renders desirable, and itself consists of the fronts, back, yoke and the box pleat, which is cut full length and applied over the edge of the right front. The sleeves are in regulation style with the cuffs of the latest width.

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

The Slipper.

A satin slipper, which comes in black and colors, is trimmed with a huge Pierrot rosette of tulle edged with a fine line of beads. This slipper in

eight yards twenty-seven, four yards thirty-two of two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide with six and



three-quarter yards of binding to trim as illustrated.

Full Skirts.

One of the most favored decorations for the full skirts that are so much in vogue are round pastilles of silk or velvet, applied with buttonholing directly to the fabric. The velvet is usually of the chiffon variety, while when silk is used it is either chamameleon or plaided. These round coins or pastilles are mounted upon canvas or crinoline. When applied with buttonholing the edges are left raw, the foundation cut in a tride from the

edge; but when they are to be attached invisibly the edges are turned under, and the catching stitch is applied from the under side of the goods. Graded sizes make the best impression in this mode, the larger ones at the edge, and the size diminishes from the hem upward.

In England, where fads and fashions change slowly and the roads are good, bicycle manufacturers are still doing a good business.