WOMAN'S REALM

A Scented Hairbrush.

Waves are scented by touching them with a brush that is itself scented. A scented brush is the nicest thing that can grace a woman's dressing table. It must be very clean, and must not be used for general brushing of the hair. Twice a week a few drops of jasmine can be poured upon it and the brush when not in use lies in a silken box with a cover upon it. When you are dressing the hair and have finished combing it take the brush from the box and run it lightly a dozen times through the hair. The result will be a delightful scent which will pervade the tresses all day.

"A Bas Mademoiselle."

Parisian women have formed a league for the purpose of obliterating the invidious distinction of title between the married and unmarried of their sex. Why, they righteously demand, if every man, married or unmarried, is monsieur, should not every woman, wife or maid, be madame? "A bas mademoiselle" is to be their battle cry. It is all very well for French women to take part in this grand movement, but how are our American sisters to overcome the difficulty confronting them? We cannot believe that our maidens fair and otherwise are ready to drop the Miss and adopt the Mrs. if the change of title is to be effected without the present gratifying ceremony.

A Mother's Care of Herself.

If the children are to be kept free from colds, the mother must not permit herself to catch la grippe and similar ailments to hand down to them, since almost all colds and influenzas are contagious. The careful mother's first thought should be to provide herself with adequate flannels, warm stockings, and (no matter how she has always hated them) with stout rubbers for use in wet weather.

It is every mother's duty and right to be a healthy, contented, cheerful person, free from all aches and pains and discomforts of her own, in order that she may be strong to minister to the trials and tribulations of the less fortunate members of her household. This is not selfishness, it is prudence. —Carroll Watson Rankin.

Iceland Suffrage Paradise.

There are clubwomen in town who say that America doesn't deserve to be called a paradise for women and that the only country in the world which merits praise is Iceland. Women who rage against their inability to vote on great questions in the United States should start at once for the northern land. Miss Jessie Akermann, who has been living there, says the women have more civil rights than their sisters in any other country in the world. "Their right of franchise is exercised in all civic affairs save that of election of members to the Danish Parliament," says she. "They manage to get around that difficulty and sustain their political status by forming themselves into a political league, which has 7000 members and is a factor the real voters are not able to ignore."—New York Press.

Invalid a Charity Worker.

Even illness of a nature that makes a woman a permanent invalid need not necessarily prevent her doing work in the world. A case in point is afforded by Miss Mary Merrick, daughter of a Washington lawyer. She has suffered from spinal trouble since her sixteenth year, and she lies on an air mattress, without a pillow. Yet she manages to plan and cut garments for the Christ Child Society, of which she is president, and she keeps books, dictates many letters daily and, in a word, is the active head of a society which has more than a thousand members. The organization provides layettes for persons too poor to get them. At Christmas time toys and candy are given to children of the poor. The society is for working purposes only and never gives entertainments. The members are organized into bands, the heads of which report in person to Miss Merrick every three months.—New York Press.

Tha Empire Waist.

Many women seem to imagine that any dress of which the waistline is slightly shorter than in the ordinary dress belongs to the Empire style.

This is, of course, a mistake, and the result obtained from following that notion cannot be anything else than a decided failure. There are actually two types of waist—the long, rounded, and clearly defined waist just above the hips, and the frankly short bodice, stopping below the bust, as in the Empire fashion, the skirt being either quite loose or full, or cut so as to slightly suggest the outlines of the figure.

But in no case should the waistline come half way, possessing neither the originality of the Empire style nor the harmonious proportions of the long-waisted bodice. This applies to gowns only, as coats are enjoying a large amount of fanciful mitigation in their facon.

A remarkably attractive teagown of the short-waisted persuasion is in ivory crepe de Chine, a wide band of turquoise blue, with applications of Venise, hemming the skirt. There is an apron effect, obtained by a large entredeux of Venetian lace, outlined on each side with a narrow depassant of turquoise, panne, and decorated with graduated bows of the same material. The tiny bolero is also of panne, with applications of lace and a jabot of Venise. The draped sleeves are made of the same lace over crepe de Chine.

Blames Wives For Crimes of Husbands

Among the points brought out by Mrs. Atherton in her article, "The New Aristocracy," in the Cosmopolitan, which has set the whole country talking, is one that American wives are largely responsible for the forgeries and embezzlements of their husbands. Mrs. Atherton says:

"So great is the glamor of New York society that it is the ambition of every woman who has suddenly risen to social position in her own town to transport her husband's millions to this Mecca of American life. And this factor of feminine ambition, to say nothing of feminine rapacity, is one that counts significantly in the system known as graft. The influence of American women over men to-day is greater than woman's influence, except in isolated cases, has ever been before. American men are not only indulgent and kindly, but a strongly natural desire to please women is their most famous characteristic. There are thousands of American women that influence men for their good, but there are an appalling number of others—and most of them respectable wives—who, passively by extravagance, or actively by that form of mental pressure known as nagging, force men to reach out for more money, at any cost. Sometimes the result is the defrauding bank clerk, with whom we are all so familiar; when there are more distinguished gifts to develop, smaller fry than banks are annihilated to swell the individual fortune; and, in the present condition of American laws, stripes are avoided. But that among latter-day millionaires there is a large majority of criminals no one pretends to deny."

She Trains Boys and Girls.

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Treadwell is the successor of Margaret Haley as the head of the Chicago teachers' united movement to win pure democracy for the schools, and thereby to make better and nobler citizens of the boys and girls of the city. For the past year she has ably served the Chicago Teachers' Association, having been elected president in April, 1905.

Mrs. Treadwell is a native of New York State and a graduate of the Oswego (N. Y.) Normal School. Her teaching career has extended over a long period. She was married in 1897 to Dr. Charles Treadwell, but did not give up her professional work. Her record as an educator began at nineteen years of age, when she commenced teaching in the Chicago schools, advancing steadily to the post of instructor in English at the Forestville School, which she held for eleven years, until she was made principal last year of the Joseph Warren School.

Mrs. Treadwell is a specialist in children's reading, and has instituted a "Book Review Day" in her school, when teachers and pupils listen to reviews and discuss the worth of a book and its writer. The right direction is tactfully given to children's reading.

"I never say to a boy, 'You shan't read this book,' or 'it's horrible to read dime novels;' but, rather, I suggest various good books, until at last he is spoiled for the improbable, the false, the vulgar and the vicious," she says.

Mrs. Treadwell is deeply interested in all things that tend toward the advancement of women; and is enlisted among the active workers for suffrage in the State of Illinois.

THE NEWEST FASHIONS

Both big and little hats are seen, but none of medium size.

Tiny gold roses are seen on some of the smartest of the dark, rich hats.

Velvet is first favorite this season for all dressy occasions, and it is as soft and as supple as chiffon.

Velvet ribbons are used to a very great extent at this moment for the rimming of hats, in bows, ruchings and rosettes.

One of the latest fads is the wearing of white lace sleeves on sheer black evening gowns, such as those of net or mouseline de soi.

A new color in coral beads is a shade between mahogany and rich crimson. The beads are real coral, but unlike any previously seen. A necklace of graduated ones costs $75.

For a girl who prefers green to coral beads there are the jade strings. If she will wear a string not quite up to the mark as to color, she will have to pay only $125 for it. From that figure the prices run up to almost any amount.

The Empire style has brought the plain skirt into favor; for the long, slim effect does not allow of ruffles or elaborate trimmings, although it does demand embroideries and applications that trim without interfering with the rippling hem.

There is almost a barnyard of coral animals that can be used as charms, although nothing is quite as satisfactory as a lucky pig. Those who are drawn to the grewsome will like the skulls, which are as disagreeable in coral as in any other form. Little roses are pretty in coral stickpins.

It is said that in Australia there is a regular traffic in lending engagement rings.

"Present-Day Charity a Failure."

Better Conditions For Self-Respecting Poor Only Preventive of Pauperism.

By Robert Hunter, Author of "Poverty."

I USED to think that the problem of poverty and the problem of pauperism were one.

In the early days of my slum work I took up, with some enthusiasm the propaganda of the many useful charitable organizations. To the charitable worker these problems of vagrancy and pauperism seem possible of solution.

I am almost sure to-day that, neither taken together or even separately, is there any solution of their degradation in the current charitable efforts. The old methods, that is of friendly visiting, of workrooms, work tests, model lodging houses, which in the early nineties were eagerly taken up as a reform movement in the right direction, do not reach the distress of the world's abyss.

The insurmountable obstacle that confronts every student of the slum conditions in London, or Paris, or Berlin, or New York, is the physical environment of the poor, half-starved, half-clothed, badly housed people who are born in them and who are by the heredity of such conditions, unfit for an equal struggle with the world.

The slum environment in New York is not as bad as in London, but places, for instance, like Minetta lane, are about equal to the worst conditions in Paris, while the slums of Berlin are not so bad as those of New York.

There are two classes in the abyss in all large cities—the self-respecting poor and the degenerate poor. The latter have lost their grip physically and mentally through generations of suffering and neglect.

The first class of these unfortunate people work often fifteen hours a day at anything—sometimes for starvation wages. They are physically weak, or they have lost a leg, or an arm, or an eye, and that has incapacitated them partly for well-paid labor.

They still have home ideals; they love their children; they would not beg for the world. But the wages are merely a tantalizing symbol of starvation, and gradually they are exhausted, and sooner or later sink to the bottom of the pit among the second class—the paupers, the actual dependents.

There is a good deal of contentment in this abyss, notwithstanding. Its inhabitants settle down to conditions that are less irksome than the severe standards of painful labor, honesty and self-respect.

In the first class there is a hopeless ambition that things may be better; in the second class there is an absolute surrender to conditions.

In this community of workers several thousand human beings are struggling fiercely against want.

Day after day, year after year, they toiled with marvellous persistency and perseverance. Obnoxious as the simile is, they worked from dawn until nightfall, or from sunset until dawn, like galley slaves, under the sting of want and under the whip of hunger.

Theirs was a sort of treadmill existence, with no prospect of anything else in life but more treadmill. When they were not given work in the mill they starved; and when they grew desperate they came to my office and asked for charity.

Here was a mass of men whose ways of living were violently opposed to those of the vagrant or pauper. They were distorting themselves in the struggle to be independent of charity and to overcome poverty.

That they hated charity must be taken without question.

The testimony of scores of men is proof of it, even if, indeed, their very lives were not. But, despite all their efforts the lived in houses but little, if any, better than those of the paupers; they were almost as poorly dressed; they were hardly better fed.

In other words, these men, women and children were, to my mind, struggling up the face of a barren precipice, not unlike that up which Dante toiled, sometimes in hope, sometimes in despair, yet bitterly determined; the abyss of vice, crime, pauperism and vagrancy was beneath them, a tiny ray of hope above them.

Flitting before them was the leopard, persistently trying to win them from their almost hopeless task by charms of sensuality, debauchery and idleness. The lion, predatory and brutal, threatened to devour them, enriched by their labors.

Some were won from their toil by sensual pleasures, some were torn from their footholds by economic disorders; others were too weak and hungry to keep up the fight, and still others were rendered incapable of further struggle by diseases resulting from the unnecessary evils of work or of living.

However merciful and kind and valuable the works of the charitable and the efforts of those who would raise up again the pauper and the vagrant, they are not remedial.

In so far as the work of the charitable is devoted to reclamation, and not to prevention, it is a failure.

Not that any one could wish that less were done in the direction of reclamation. The fact only is important that effort is less powerful there than in overcoming the forces which undermine the workers and those who are struggling against insurmountable difficulties.

It is an almost hopeless task to regenerate the degenerate, especially when, if the latter are to succeed, they must be made to take up again the battle with those very destructive forces which are all the time undermining stronger, more capable and more self-reliant men than they. The all-necessary work to be done is not so much to reclaim a class which social forces are ever active in producing as it is to battle with the social or economic forces which are continuously producing recruits to that class. The forces producing the miseries of pauperism and vagrancy are many, but none so important as those conditions of work and of living which are so unjust and degrading that men are driven by them into degeneracy. When the uncertainties, hardships, trials, sorrows and miseries of a self-supporting existence become so painful that good, strong, self-reliant men and women are forced into pauperism, then there is but little use in trying to force the paupers and the vagrants back into the struggle.

The distinction between the poor and the pauper may be seen everywhere.

In pauperism there is no mental agony; they do not work; there is no dread; they live miserably, but they do not care.

Then, close to these lethargic ghosts of a dreadful past are the millions who possess no tools.

They work, yet they gain nothing. They know the meaning of hunger and the dread of want.

They love their wives and children.

They try to retain self-respect.

They give to their neighbors in need, yet they are themselves the children of poverty.

And yet men who will suffer almost anything rather than become paupers are often those who never care to become anything else once they have become dependent on alms.

It is deep and terrible, this abyss of the world, and the charitable methods in existence to-day cannot abolish it.—New York World.

FELLOWSHIP OF DOGS.

Humans May Learn Much From Them in Regard to Life's Philosophy.

I have seen a few wretches in my day; but I never one so utterly lost to decency that he could not be flattered by the friendly attentions of a strange dog. There is a great lesson in that. No matter how superior we try to seem to ourselves and others, a small voice within us will not let us wholly forget what humbugs we are. In the presence of our kind we are brazen. The calm gaze of a child sometimes shakes our self confidence; the knowing look of a dog shatters it. There is somewhat in brute psychology that perplexes the intellect of man and disorganizes his intuition. Man is so made that what he cannot understand exercises greater influence over him than that which he can. In the presence of many phenomena he reveals himself openly and quite unconsciously. He is then no longer master of the fortifications of his soul. He drops his his mask—his grotesque outer garb—his brazen shield falls to the ground, and he either cowardly retreats or succumbs without resistance.

There is some hope for the man who is capable of feeling ashamed in the presence of an honorable dog. That man has avenues open to him for advancement. His soul is still fit for expansion. His brain is something more than a dried nut. His heart has not turned entirely into a thing of rubber and valves. When a strange dog greets him, he thinks better of himself—unconsciously he reasons: "Villain that I am, I am not so bad after all as I might be. You can't fool a dog; and a dog is no hypocrite; therefore, I have good in me which he recognizes." The fellow is a little surprised at himself and not a little flattered. If a noble dog shows him marked favor he becomes stuck up almost immediately. If several dogs should display great preference and affection for his person he would soon become unendurable to society—quite too vain for association with men. Contraiwise, should dogs bark at him, generally or perchance should one bit him, he would not feel himself good enough to associate with snakes; but would forthwith get himself locked up as a victim of hysterical rabies; and if he had any pathetic kinfolk at large they would at once insist upon having the dog put to death.

For my own part, I have learned a great deal from dogs. If I am natural, they set me the example in early childhood. If I am faithful to a friend through his disgrace and disaster, I cannot deny that a dog revealed this nobility of character to me for the first time in my life. If I have gratitude, I saw it first in a dog. If I have enterprise, he did not neglect my early lessons. If I have initiative, so had my first dog friend; if I am affectionate, so was he. If I am patient in adversity and without arrogance, I could not have acquired this poise of mind better from men than from dogs. If I am watchful over weakness intrusted to my care; if I am forgetful of self in guarding my beloved; if I have the courage of my convictions; if I have any heroic instincts, I could have had no better teacher than a dog. Indeed, the love of dogs, their association and example—have filled my life with joy. —The Culturist.

Oysters as a Nerve Cure.

Over in France, says What to Eat, there has been discovered what is called the oyster cure for nervousness. It consists in eating all the oysters a person can consume to the exclusion of other foods until the cure is effected.

The theory is that in nervous disorders an excessive amount of phosphorus is eliminated from the system. This loss can be compensated by taking food containing a large amount of phosphorus. It is said a patient taking this cure can eat oysters fresh from the sea at the rate of about six dozen a day.

A MODERN CORTEZ.

Cape Cod Fisherman Became the "King of Jamaica."

In the World's Work Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., tells the remarkable story of "Captain Baker and Jamaica;" how this gentle Cape Cod fisherman became the King of Great Britain's richest West Indian isle. The history of the conquest began thirty-five years ago, with an armada of one lone schooner. She had two masts, and could carry a hundred tons. Her owner and skipper was Lorenzo Dow Baker, the son of a whaler, and a child of the sea as well. He took a cargo to Angostura and on his return trip carried a lot of bananas. But by the time he reached New York they had all rotted. The next time he got very green bananas. The fruit was not plentiful, so he began to teach the people how to grow them. "The first man who has ten acres in bananas will be a rich man," he told them with earnest conviction. He touched intimately the lives of the blacks. He was known in their homes and at their church socials, and he helped them to build the chapel for which, inevitably, they were collecting money. He talked to the school children, rooms full of bright eyed little tots, and he told them of the good of money. Then he told them how to get it. "Grow bananas," he said. "Grow them wherever your mammy will let you have a foot of ground."

Captain Baker had to push his campaign of education at both ends. In Jamaica he taught people to grow bananas, but in the United States he had to teach people to eat them. They were not yet an ordinary article of diet, and moreover the yellow kind from Jamaica was comparatively unknown.

But he succeeded. He revived the island from economic prostration, and it is flourishing. He did it by making the banana trade.

Captain Baker still lives at Port Antonio, which is not only an American town, but a Boston town. In the summer he goes back to Wellfleet, there renews intercourse with Mayflower descendants like himself, tries periodically to wring an appropriation from Uncle Joe Cannon for the Pilgrim monument at Provincetown, quietly looks after his charities, and puts his sturdy shoulder to any enterprise for the beautifying of life along Cape Cod. Port Antonio flies the American flag, although it is a British possession. The original plan was to alternate the flags. "It's the coolie's business to change 'em," Captain Baker explained, "but I'm afraid he does not know his business very well."

Watching the Market.

It is quite evident that some persons are born for a business career. That is demonstrated in some cases in very early life. The other day Mrs. Cobb saw her ten-year-old son Edward going out the gate with a neighbor's boy.

"Where are you going?" she called from the window.

"We're going down to have our pictures taken at the tintype place," answered her boy, tossing a ten-cent piece in the air.

Mrs. Cobb had been wondering what queer train of thought had awakened this vain desire when suddenly she heard once more the click of the gate. Looking out, she saw Edward coming in alone, munching a banana.

"Was it too cloudy to have the tintype taken?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"What was the matter?"

"Well," said Edward, "Tommy had his taken, but I didn't. I found out that bananas had dropped to three for ten cents. So I bought 'em. You never can tell the price of bananas, but tintypes is always the same."—Youth's Companion.

Rug Weavers.

The Ouchak rugs are called after the name of the chief city of Asiatic Turkey. These are woven by Moslem women and girls, and an antique of this class may be known by one thing; if green is seen in the coloring the purchaser, in spite of all the eloquence of the seller, may be sure it is modern, for the Mohammedan law forbids the faithful to use green! The rug weavers of Asiatic Turkey—these are classed Turkoman—are conscientious workers. They are very careful that their dyes are "fast" and steep the wool in alum and water. The Bokhara, Miss Holt tells us, is the most popular Eastern rug in America. Certainly it is one of the most readily recognized when once known. The octagonal figure is usually of white or ivory, laid on a soft red or old rose field; orange, blue and green are often seen.—New England Magazine.

Kitchen Utensils.

It is among the singular oversights of our boasted civilization that kitchen utensils are made by millions or billions without the slightest regard to efficiency, without scientific purpose, without thought of culinary economy. Half the ranges sold to househodlers are frauds. They waste coal. Most of the heat goes up the chimney. The ovens are too cold to toast bread in. Why should a saucepan have a half-rounded bottom? Why should it require twenty minutes to boil water? Give me the old fashioned "spider" and 'skillet" for good cooking at home. What a different taste they give to the food!—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

Novel Danger Signal.

A remarkable invention for preventing railway accidents has been tried with success on the Western railways of France. The invention is placed on an engine. If the driver for any cause passes an adverse danger signal the apparatus blows a whistle on the engine continuously, and also throws up a small light under the engine driver's nose. This will render all accidents, except wilful ones, impossible.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING

A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) man has carried a one-inch nail in his neck for twenty-six years.

Hereafter British members of Parliament will be able to get a twenty-five cent dinner in the House restaurant if they don't wish to pay more.

Dainty little india-rubber boots are now offered for sale in London for the "feet" of toy terriers or other dogs that may be the pets of wealthy mistresses. These are tied round the legs with silk cords.

The report of the proceedings of the House of Lords used to be considered a breach of privilege, but in 1831 gallaries were erected for the use of reporters, although it was not until 1835 that they were erected in the House of Commons.

Ballarat, Australia, has just celebrated the golden jubilee of its municipal existence. In the course of the jubilee banquet it was stated that in the half century gold of the value of $360,000,000 had been taken out within a radius of three miles around the Ballarat city hall.

The extent of New Bedford's interest in the whaleships that are believed to be caught in the Arctic ice trap, between Baille Island and Point Barrow, can be measured by the fact that of the 440 men on the whalers about 100 live in New Bedford and neighboring towns.

At one time the London Zoo had a standing offer of $5000 for a good adult male giraffe. Not only are the animals scarce in Africa, but the work of transporting them oversea is the despair of every wild beast importer. And even when after infinite solicitude and care they landed safely in New York, Hamburg or London, they are apt to die.

It is a curious coincidence in connection with the re-election of Mr. Lloyd-George for the Carnarven District that when the returning officer ascertained the figures the illuminated clock outside the Town Hall, where the counting took place, gave by its time the exact majority to the thousands of people who were waiting outside—viz., 12.24 p. m., the majority being 1224.

Sometimes it pays a man to keep his wife posted as to his business. "A Coffeeville man," says the Journal of that Kansas town, "advertised in a local paper that he would like to buy a second-hand lawn mower. He received an answer which struck him favorably, and after corresponding some time found out that his wife was trying to sell him their old lawn mower to get money for Christmas presents."

A "Supermarine" Boat.

A novel form of high-speed boat has recently been devised by a French engineer, M. de Lambert, which involves a radical departure from all previous designs of hull. It is termed a "skating," or "supermarine," boat, for it is constructed to glide along the surface of the water rather than experience resistance by being immersed and passing through. This is accomplished by means of five inclined planes which are fixed on the the bottom of the hull, and which, when the boat is at rest, are a few inches in the water. When the engine is started the hull is raised, so that the boat runs with less resistance on the inclined planes, which then rest on a mixture of air and water.

With a twelve horse-power petroleum motor it is reported that a speed of from twenty-six to twenty-eight knots an hour can be made, a rate not always attained by motor-boats with eighty horse-power engines. The new boat is also capable of being handled with considerable facility and stopped readily.

The attainment of high speed by motor-boats which run on the surface of the water, rather than through it, has attracted some attention lately, and an English high-speed boat was built where this idea was considered in designing the hull, but the use of the inclined planes to diminish the resistance as carried out is quite novel, and will doubtless be tried further.—Harper's Weekly.

Private Island in the Pacific.

Off the southern coast of California out in the Pacific Ocean is a string of interesting islands, the chief of which are nine in number. The principal island of the group is named Santa Catalina; it is twenty-two miles long and contains 55,000 acres. Practically the whole of the island is owned by the Banning Company, which has its headquarters at Los Angeles on the mainland of California. About forty lots, however, on the island are owned by private persons, each of whom has a right of way from the water's edge to his own piece of land. But he may not go to the right or left of his own land, for he would be trespassing on private property. He cannot even walk along the seashore, as the path was constructed by and belongs to the Banning Company. He cannot visit the town of Avalon, its shops, hotels, or restaurants, because to reach them he must trespass on the company's property. To get his letters he must row down to the postoffice and receive them from a window opening toward the ocean. As a result of this peculiar state of affairs, and of the extremely hilly nature of the island some of the approaches to the houses call for strenuous exertion.—London Tatler.