

Woman's Realm

Force Yourself to Smile.

Don't, if you are a woman with a sad face, try to look still sadder. Chirk up; smile; make your mouth into a Cupid's bow; force yourself to look animated; try to be expressive with your eyes. A sad, wan face never won out in a beauty contest.

Too Many Playthings.

Never let the children have many or very elaborate playthings. A child's interest is so easily aroused that a large stock of playthings proves confusing and wearisome, besides which you are only making him blasé by giving him the best of everything while he is small, says Home Chat. For the same reason all amusements should be of the simplest.

Three Ways of Curling the Blaes.

The woman who eats fluffy flummery should take a more nutritious diet. The woman who stays home too much should make up her mind to get out every day for fifteen minutes, though the heavens fall. The woman who is entirely disgusted with her round of daily triviality should break away once a week and have some fun, though she has to spend good money in the cause.

The Emerald Vogue.

Next to pearls, which always hold the first place, ranks the emerald, which is the favorite stone of the moment. Necklaces, pendants, rings and corsage ornaments are made of emeralds, cut in their own peculiar fashion and combined with diamonds. A charming novelty consists of two little hairpins made of platinum, the high rounded tops of which are powdered over with diamond dust. They are intended to fasten the veil to the edges of the hat, and lying close to the hair have a very pretty effect.

Effects of Tight Corsets.

If you wear immoderately tight corsets continuously as a girl it will do you all manner of harm then and later on. If you increase your body in a tight abnormality of steel and whalebone, compressing vital organs in an unyielding grip, there is a resulting sense of constriction most irksome. It affects your appetite; it interferes with your comfortably digesting what you eat; it prevents the normal workings of the liver and intestinal tract, and altogether the pleasure you get out of a year or two with a small waist is not sufficient to overcome the discomfort. —New York Press.

Irish Lace Ballroom Shoes.

As regards shoes for ballroom wear, in point of numbers the new models are legion, and from those of embroidered kid to the latest examples in Irish lace, the choice is somewhat bewildering. Those of lace—which, by the way, are quite a revelation of what can be effected in this line—are mounted over gold or silver tissue, which is plainly visible through the interstices of the pattern, and glistens and gleams with every movement of the wearer. Tiny bows of flat gold or silver ribbon are used to ornament these dainty shoes, the binding as well as the heels being of tissue to correspond. —London Standard.

She is a Wise Woman.

Who keeps in mind that a little credit is a dangerous thing.
Who is able to mend both her husband's clothes and his ways.
Who has learned the paradox that to have joy one must give it.
Who can tell the difference between her first child and a genius.
Who most admires those eyes which belong to a man who understands her.
Who acknowledges the allowance made by her husband by making allowances for him.
Who appreciates that the largest room in any house is that left for self-improvement.
Who manages to keep not only her house and her temper, but her servants and her figure as well.
Who realizes that two husbands of twenty-five years each are not necessarily as good as one of fifty.
Who can distinguish between the laugh of amusement and the one meant to show off a dimple.
Who gets off a trolley car the right way—though she runs the risk of being arrested as a man in disguise. —Warwick James Price, in *Watson's Magazine*.

The New Geisha Waist.

There is ever and always a demand for the "something different" in each and every one of the departments of dress where monotony of appearance or design does not prove acceptable. For instance, this pretty little Geisha waist, which makes use of two different styles of embroideries and a little lace wherewith to relieve the trimming scheme. The fad for the collarless neck is recognized in the handling of the fronts, in which two straight strips of embroidery are arranged on a bias line, a whipping of lace entredeux serving to conceal the centre bias seam. This same arrangement is followed in the back and a little ruffling of lace at the throat makes for a soft and dainty finish. The fullness of the fronts is managed in tucks, stitched down for a few inches, and then released; and some very open and effective gulpure embroidery is added to the fronts. In the back the tucks

are run parallel to the fastening, and stitched from yoke to hem. The sleeve is a simple puff, finished half way below the elbow with a lace-edged handkerchief frill. The whole design is simple in the extreme, and can readily be followed by the home needlewoman. —*Mobile Register*.

The Simple Home Wedding.

While the services of a caterer save trouble in many ways, they are not at all essential for a small home wedding. Dainty refreshments attractively served en buffet, the guests helping each other and themselves, with one or two maids to keep clean dishes ready and dispose of the soiled ones, tend to lessen formality as well as expense; both consummations devoutly to be desired. If the ceremony occurs at noon, the regular hour of luncheon makes a more hearty repast desirable. In courses, the guests being seated at the table is usually in order.

For an afternoon affair, the refreshments may be quite light, including sandwiches of various kinds, olives, salted nuts, cream and crystallized fruits and bonbons. The cakes are small, excepting the bride's cake, which is left for the bride to cut. As swords may not be lying around loose in most families, nor the bride resourceful as Miss Roosevelt, a shape knife should be in readiness for this time honored custom.

Where gloves are worn, the little cakes baked with a loop of stiff paper fastened in with the frosting are convenient for handling, as also the crystallized fruit that are furnished with stems natural or artificial. At a very smart reception lately the glazed fruits included a large proportion of prunes. These glazed fruits, by the way, can be easily prepared at home at a noticeable saving of expense. —*Worcester Gazette*.

The Child at Bedtime.

Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at nightfall he should be forgiven and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her voice in his ear. Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime, and to carry into its dreams harshness or gloom. The mother does well to be a little blind to some things and remember that much childish culpability is superficial and washes off almost as easily as the soil from hands and face in the evening bath. Children should never be allowed to carry with them in their thought the mental suffering which too many parents seem to think an absolute necessity in the careful bringing up of children. All too soon will they have to face the world and its sorrows. Before the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low, and the room quieted for the night, the mother or older sister can sweeten their last waking moments with stories before they embark for dreamland. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with children, and they should be taught to shun all equivocation and lying, still we need not fear to satisfy their vivid baby imaginations with the literature of fairyland, says *Woman's Life*. They early learn to find the truth wrapped up in the husk of the story.

Tidiness.

Keep your bureau drawers tidy and the closet where your dresses hang. Dust is unhealthy as well as unlovely. Don't leave your clothes lying about on chairs and your boots under the bed or on any place they happen to fall when you take them off. Your things will last twice as long and you will look twice as well dressed if you take good care of them. Many a promising match has been spoiled by the young man's arriving at the conclusion that his lady love was too untidy to make a good, prudent wife. I have one case in mind in particular. A young woman was visiting in my native town. A prominent young man of the place was much attracted by her, and his attentions became most pronounced. Finally she went home and very soon after the man went to see her. We all expected that the engagement would be announced on his return. But time passed; nothing was said. Finally he told me the reason. "When I called at her house," he said, "the place was so untidy that I could think of nothing else. I thought to myself, 'Dear me, I suppose if we were married I would always have to live in this middle,' and I hadn't the courage to face it, that's all." So you see how untidiness spoiled that romance. Don't be untidy girls, you can't afford it; it will ruin your prospects and spoil your appearance. —*Hartford Courant*.

A Thought For the Week.

Never ask a man what he knows, but what he can do. A fellow may know everything that's happened since the Lord started the ball to rolling, and not be able to do anything to help keep it from stopping. But when a man can do anything, he's bound to know something worth while. Books are all right, but dead men's brains are no good unless you mix a live one's with them. —*Old Gorgan Graham*.

THE IDEAL LIFE

Nath'l C. Fowler Declares That It Is Lead by the Country Editor.

The country editor is no less an editor than his city contemporary, yet he lives in an entirely different atmosphere and works under conditions impossible for the city, writes Nath'l C. Fowler. He is the great big toad in the little puddle, and the prominent man of his locality, with every opportunity for the realization of ordinary ambition. True, the country editor may not climb to the pinnacle of journalism, but to be at the top of a country newspaper is more remunerative, and far more pleasant, than it is to desperately cling half way up the shaft of national fame. There is nothing happier and surer than the life of a country editor. His income is small, but so are his expenses. If he is a decent fellow he is respected, and nobody in town is too good for him.

The influence of the country press, in its aggregate, is the greatest power for good which the past has ever seen, which the present has ever experienced and the future has ever dared to suggest. The country newspaper has done more for progress, and has pushed civilization farther to the front, than have all other influences for good combined, save that of religion. The life of a country editor is as close to the ideal as civilization has yet permitted. His average income is from \$1000 to \$1500 a year. The maximum income of a country editor and proprietor does not exceed \$9000 to \$7000, except in very exceptional cases, and comparatively few receive beyond the \$5000 mark, but quite a number get from \$2000 to \$3000 annually, usually with the assistance of the printing office connected with the newspapers.

Most country editors are proprietors, few country newspapers being edited by salaried men. The weekly country newspaper, as a rule, has but one editor, who does substantially all the work, often including the reporting. Usually the bulk of the work is done by the editor himself, or perhaps by his reporter, if he hires one, with the exception of the out-of-town news items, which come from various correspondents, few of whom receive any money for their services. There is no sharp line drawn between the country weekly newspaper editor and reporter, as they do similar work, the editor doing more editing than reporting, and the reporter more reporting than editing.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

They seek in vain for power who fear all pain.
Toleration may be but a synonym for sloth.
He can not reach earth who does not touch heaven.
The man who will not waste his love always wastes his life.
It's easy to have large ideas of liberality with other people's money.
The heart that is hot with passion may have an icy face for the poor.
He can not be a light to others who is unwilling to be consumed himself.
Accepting favors means carrying a load of obligations.
Before an old man makes a marrying fool of himself he begins to argue that he is not so old.
Everyone naturally dislikes those people who are so good they suggest the top line in a copy.
Which brings worse luck: To break a mirror or to spend a lot of time every day standing in front of one?
The only men who ever complained of God's service were those who sought His pay roll for their own promotion.
When a man asks a girl to let him call her by her first name it means he thinks her last name ought to be changed.
It is a good plan to listen to every mother you meet in order that you may find out who is the smartest child in town.
When a woman takes her sewing to the back room "for quiet," the truth is that she is trying to get used to her first glasses.
Tact in a married woman consists in refusing to remind her husband in his cross moments of what he used to say to her when he was in love.
It is so that we must come to the sense of the deepness of the blessing of the life we live. Go into the heart of it, at whatever labor and pain; enter mightily into its duties; watch not for its shadow alone, as complainers do, but most of all for its light. —*Robert Collyer*.

Synopsium.

"Push," said the Button.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Be up to date," said the Calendar.
"Do business on tick," said the Clock.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Never do anything off hand," said the Glove.
"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.
"Trust to your stars for success," said the Night.
"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.
"Get a good pull with the ring," said the Doorbell.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.
"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.
"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal. —*Life*.

Household Matters

Some Old Axioms.

Perhaps some homely, old-fashioned axioms may be of help to the new housewife:
"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."
"When industry goes out of the door, poverty comes in at the window."
"A man can never thrive who has a wasteful wife."
"Drive your work; don't let it drive you."
"Let your head save your heels."
"A stitch in time saves nine."
"Don't worry."
"Smile."

Three Packing Don'ts.

Don't pack clothes in a trunk which has not been used for some time without airing the latter; it may have been lying in a damp corner.
Don't begin to pack before you have collected together all the things required, else you may, at the last moment, be obliged to squeeze some heavy article in the top of the trunk, and thus crush lighter articles.
Don't forget that a dress bodice or blouse must have the sleeves stuffed with soft paper, and any crushable trimmings, such as lace or chiffon, should be stuffed out with rolled-up tissue paper; otherwise all the freshness will be gone when brought to light again. —*New York Mail*.

Home Made Nerve Pillow.

A "nerve" pillow is something which physicians are said to recommend, and which can easily be made at home. One needs only to gather or buy a quantity of dry soporific herbs, such as hops and catnip leaves, bayberry and sweet fern, adding to them sweet grass, balsam pine and as many sweet smelling, sleepy things as one can think of. Dry and powder and mix all together. Then fill your "nerve" pillow with the summer-wood sachet powder thus formed. Stuff the pillow with down or cotton batting or feathers, and either scatter the powder thick through the filling, or, what is better, make flat sachet bags and fasten them securely to the inner seams of the pillow.

Rules For Baking.

Beans, 8 to 10 hours. Beef, sirloin, rare, 8 to 10 minutes. Beef, sirloin, well done, per pound, 12 to 14 minutes. Beef, long or short, fillet, 26 to 30 minutes. Bread, brick loaf, 40 to 60 minutes. Biscuits, 15 to 20 minutes. Cake, plain, 20 to 40 minutes. Cake, sponge, 45 to 60 minutes. Chicken, 3 to 4 pounds weight, 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Cookies, 10 to 15 minutes. Custards, 15 to 20 minutes. Duck, tame, 40 to 60 minutes. Fish, per pound, 10 to 15 minutes. Gingerbread, 20 to 30 minutes. Graham gems, 30 minutes. Halibut, per pound, 15 to 20 minutes. Lamb, rare, per pound, 10 minutes. Lamb, well done, per pound 15 minutes. Pie crust, 30 to 40 minutes. Pork, well done, per pound, 30 minutes. Potatoes, 30 to 45 minutes. Pudding, bread, rice and tapioca, 1 hour. Pudding, plum, 2 to 3 hours. Rolls, 10 to 15 minutes. Turkey, 10 pound, 3 hours. Veal, well done, per pound, 20 minutes. —*Philadelphia Record*.

Good Things to Eat

AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM

To Make Sausages—Take three pounds of pork, fat and lean, cut into small pieces, season with three dessertspoonfuls of powdered sage, half an ounce of salt, half an ounce of pepper. Mix all well together and then press it through well-cleaned skins with a sausage machine and twist into lengths required.
Apple Cream—Peel, core and slice one and a half pounds of sharp cooking apples. Put them in an enamelled saucepan with half a cupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon. Stew till soft, and then beat well with an egg whisk. Whip up half a pint of thick cream till stiff and stir in.
Currant Tea Cake—Bake this in sheets and use as hot bread, or as a dessert with sugar and hot cream; or, if preferred, a handy sauce. Sift two cups of flour with two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix with one cup of sweet milk, add one beaten egg, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and one large cup of currants previously steamed or simmered for a few minutes.
Cream of Corn Soup—Score six ears of corn down the centre; press out all the fleshy portions, leaving the husk on the cob. Put a pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler; add one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed together, and stir until the milk is smooth and hot; then add the corn, a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and cook ten minutes. This can be made just as delicious with a good brand of canned corn.
Tomato Bouillon—Use one can of tomatoes, add a pint of water, a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a little celery seed and boil rapidly ten minutes. Press through a colander as much of the flesh as possible. Add the beaten whites of two eggs, boil for five minutes and strain through a cheese cloth. Reheat the bouillon, add a cup of whipped cream and serve at once with strips of toasted bread. If one prefers, twelve ripe tomatoes may be used instead of the canned article.

PRINTING AS A SCIENCE.

What is Needed is a Thorough Technical Course in Essentials.

Is it not rather peculiar that no college or institution of learning, technical or classical, has added to its curriculum the science of printing? Electrical engineering is taught as a special profession; mechanical engineering, with shop practice, is a regular thing at all our technical institutes and colleges. Special schools have been established to teach art and design; there are technical schools for dyers and textile workers, but printing, the art without which none of the others could have been spread as they have been, and without which civilization itself would have been retarded, has no standing among the schools that make our engineers, architects, artists, dyers and textile superintendents. It is true that Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has generously endowed a School of Journalism in Columbia University, and Cornell has for some years been giving instruction in the same line; but this does not cover printing as a practical industry.

What is the consequence of this state of affairs? Simply that printing is mainly carried on by the rule of thumb methods, and without that scientific thoroughness that characterizes those professions that are taught at the various institutions of learning, and as a result we see in all the various higher walks of life men who have been printers, but who have been too large for the trade and have outgrown it, and are showing their ability in their present positions.

Of course, all men in the professions that are taught in technical colleges do not have the opportunity to attend such schools, but a little observation will show that those who do become the leaders and make for the advance of their respective professions.

Why is it that the printing trade or profession, if you will, has no educated technical leaders to speak of in its midst? Why do we not see the sign consulting printer as we do consulting engineer and mechanical engineer? Why is it that we have no architects of books and catalogues? Certainly not because they are not needed, goodness knows.

We think the time ripe for the various associations of printers scattered through the country to endeavor to put the printing business on a scientific basis. The days when rule of thumb and near-enough work would do are passing away and many of the younger men in our ranks will live to see a greater advance in printing than has yet been made.

We desire to urge the matter upon the attention of the leaders of today that it is their duty to put the thought into action that our beloved craft may take the rank that justly belongs to it. Every one can recall instances where the printing engineer or consulting printer, had he existed, could have saved them many hours of worry and many hundreds of the coin of the realm, and such recollections should spur them on to the work of education.

Corfu's History.

Corfu is one of those Greek islands which, like the Isle of Man, has frequently been bought and sold. For 30,000 ducats the Venetians once secured it, and, with a fleet of galleys and a strong garrison, held it for many years against all comers. Chief of the Ionian Islands, Corfu's vicissitudes may be said to have ended when, on the accession of King George of Greece, England (which held sway from 1815 to 1863) handed over the "Seven-Island" state to that monarch's keeping. To the head of the first naval power in the world the waters of Corfu have a unique history, for it was here that the first recorded sea fight took place, in B. C. 665, between the Corinthians and the islanders. Of course, victory fell to the islanders, then as now. They were a crafty people, and when the Persian wars were in full swing cautiously waited to see how the Oriental cat would jump. They jumped with the victor. The people of the town of Corfu are practically bilingual, for Italian has almost as firm a hold as Greek; but they love the Greek Church better than the Roman.

A Bad Case of Sabbath Breaking.

On a recent Monday morning the pastor of a church in Virginia was the recipient of a basket of strawberries brought to him by a little girl of the parish.
"Thank you very much, my dear," said the minister. "These berries are as fine as any I've ever seen. I hope, however, that you did not gather them yesterday—the Sabbath."
"No, sir," replied the child. "I pulled 'em early this mornin', but they was a-growin' all day yesterday." —*Harper's Weekly*.

Time's Changes.

A Baptist minister required two columns in the Council Grove Republican last week to express his views on "Future Punishment." Religious views are changing rapidly. There was a time when the good old orthodox Baptist could express his views on future punishment in one short word of four letters. —*Kansas City Journal*.

In twelve marriages out of every 100 one of the parties has been married before.

With the Funny Fellows



Adulterated Fortunes.
Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make t' mighty mamate And his 'trusty' land. —*Life*.

Popular Taste.
She—"Green is my favorite color."
He—"Mine, too. The long kind." —*Browning's Magazine*.

Quite a Difference.
Patience—"Was she disappointed in love?"
Patrice—"No; only in marriage." —*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Wretch.
She—"Walls have ears, you know."
He—"Well, I pity them when you sing." —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Amelie.
Miss Plainly—"He kissed me in the dark."
Miss Spitley—"Well, then he is excusable!" —*Browning's Magazine*.

Plenty of Chances.
"I know a man that has never been kissed in his life," said he.
"Well," said she, un sympathetically, "it's his own fault!" —*Detroit Free Press*.

Long Shots.
Mother—"Why don't you play popular music on the piano, Flora?"
Dora—"Because I take after papa, and I hear he never plays favorites." —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Going, Going, Gone.
Church—"They say coal is going down."
Gotham—"I guess that's where mine has gone. It's gone somewhere." —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Stout Hearted.
"Yes, she has grown very stout. She is thinking of trying the faith cure."
"The faith cure?"
"Yes. You see, it doesn't involve diet reform." —*Brooklyn Life*.

Must Be.
"I guess my office boy's grandmother is really dead."
"What makes you think so?"
"He asked to get off yesterday to go to the ball game." —*Houston Post*.

Father Kick's Gerald.
Gerald—"I am footsore."
Geraldine—"Have you been walking far?"
Gerald—"No; I just asked your father for your hand." —*New York Press*.

Not Comfortable.
Bess—"So you visited Tom's new offices yesterday. Do you like them?"
Tess—"No. There are three doors leading to his private office and people bob in there unannounced all the time!" —*Detroit Free Press*.

Impending Collision.
Redd—"The prospects of striking the North Pole begin to look brighter."
Greene—"Is that a fact?"
"Yes; I see they are building three automobiles for use in trying to find it." —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Particulars Wanted.
"Ah, dearest," sighed young Brokeleigh. "I cannot live without you."
"Why not?" queried the girl with the obese bank balance. "Did you lose your job?" —*Columbus Dispatch*.

Why She Was an Early Bird.
"Just think, our new cook gets up at 6 o'clock without being called."
"She must be a jewel."
"Yes; she's going to be married to the milkman next week." —*Translated For Tales From Famille-Journal*.

Should Say Not.
"That fellow rejoices in the name of Slobbenapsky."
"I don't believe it."
"Honestly, that's his name."
"Oh, I don't doubt that. But I don't believe herejoices." —*Cleveland Leader*.

Worse.
"I'm awfully superstitious about giving knives away, aren't you?"
"Yes. Why, I'm even superstitious about lending them!"
"Why so?"
"Because I seldom get them back." —*Detroit Free Press*.

Recommended.
Fond Father—"No, my boy! I can't afford to take you to the circus."
Small Son—"Boohoo, boohoo!"
Fond Father—"But if you'll be good and stop crying you can go with mamma to the dentist's and see her teeth guiled." —*American Spectator*.

Nautical Finance.
Mrs. Yacht (superstitiously) — "My husband has a beautiful yacht. I don't suppose your husband can afford such a luxury yet?"
Mrs. Nacht—"No, the best he can do is to hold the mortgage on the one your husband has." —*The Bohemian*.

Got the Fad.
"Know anything about this burnt work fad?"
"Only that our laundress and cook seem to have it bad."
"Are they skilful?"
"More or less; I've never known a shirt or a pie to get by them without their brand." —*Houston Post*.