



WOMAN'S REALM  
CREATING COSTUMES.

The Vast Army in France Devoted to the Cause of Fashion.  
It is a matter of great interest to the visitor in Paris to observe the extent to which the whole city is given over to the service of fashion.

The name of the Rue de la Paix, where the most fashionable shops are situated, has come to stand for the entire dressmaking quarter, although many equally attractive establishments are to be found on the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue Royale and Boulevard Haussmann.

To adapt themselves to this foreign patronage the mannequins or models, who stand to try on and show off the superb costumes, are chosen to represent the average style and build of women of different nationalities.

Sometimes the dress is created in a modest atelier, or shop, or again in an apartment which has not the least resemblance to a business establishment.

Places like Paquin's are almost theatrical with their spacious rooms and well-dressed attendants. Those saleswomen who achieve success in attracting and retaining customers often receive, it is reported, from \$3000 to \$4000 yearly.

Many persons who cannot personally visit Paris contrive to trade there by means of samples sent through the mails. It is to this custom, as the story goes, that the introduction of the well known mirror velvet is due.

Since the Exposition in Paris there have been many allusions in the daily press to "L'Art Nouveau," or the new art, and the striking exhibit made by its exponents; but it is doubtful if one in ten of the reporters, who helped to spread its fame, understood in what it consisted or wherein it differed from art.

In studying an exhibit of L'art nouveau, whether applied to furniture, fabrics, or objects of household decoration, two elements are at once discerned—novelty and unrest; and two prominent faults are noted—lack of proportion or scale, and a certain incongruity both in the selection of the various parts whose union produces the total effect, and in a confusion of treatment, that which is proper to one material being applied to another without proper alteration.

This new art declares itself based upon principles of natural growth and coloring, but these laws are continually violated by the curves introduced into nearly every design. Indeed, the curves most commonly met do not at all suggest a vigorous plant bursting into life in the spring, but rather sapless and withered forms of dead vegetation.

L'art nouveau has not become a fad in this country, even with the smart set that is always seeking novelty. The comparatively few examples of it that appeared in the fashionable decorators' shops have had slow sales. Nor have the hangings or ceilings and mural decorations been received with any greater favor. This seems rather strange when we remember the attraction that the novel and the bizarre has for many persons.—The Modern Priscilla.

Restrictions of French Girl Life.

"The programme of what a French girl may or may not do is drawn up very precisely," declares Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Unless she is poor and has to earn her own living she never goes out alone. The company of a friend of her own age would not be sufficient to chaperon her. It is an established rule that novel-reading is a rare exception. She is entirely subject to her parents' will in the matter of reading. And if she asks to see anything at the theatre except a classical masterpiece, or an opera, they will tell her that such a thing is not considered proper, feeling sure of her silent submission. After she is fifteen years old she is generally allowed to be in the drawing room on her mother's reception days, but must keep to the modest and secondary place assigned to her; pouring the tea and presenting it, courtesying to her elders, answering when spoken to—in short, undergoing her apprenticeship. She has but few jewels, and under no pretext any diamonds. Custom does not permit her to wear costly things; nor does it give her the right, in general, to have a money allowance worth speaking of for personal use. She receives a trifling sum for charity, her books and gloves. A young girl never takes the lead in conversation, but always allows the married lady the precedence, and she finds it quite natural to occupy the background."

Women and Elders.

Mr. G. O. Shields, president of the League of American Sportsmen, thinks that women are endowed with lots of good sense. In a lecture before a prominent woman's club in the West, he said:

"There is abundant reason to congratulate the women of this country on their good sense. When their attention was called to the needless and heartless destruction of bird life which was being perpetrated in order to gratify their love of beautiful raiment, thousands of them stopped wearing birds on their hats. It is safe to say that five per cent. of the twenty thousand women who belong to the Audubon societies to-day were formerly patrons of the bird millinery traffic. They had not before stopped to think of the wrong that was being done as a result of their patronage, but when their attention was called to it they were as ready to discard the sinful ornaments as they always are to join in any good movement."

The Baby Princess of Italy.

It is said that the baby princess of Italy, Lolanda Margherita, is a remarkably healthy child, with dark eyes, neither black nor blue, a good appetite and a strong pair of lungs. She is the second princess born in the House of Savoy since the birth of her grandmother, Queen Margherita, fifty years ago, and no other baby has ever had the honor of coming into the world in the old Quirinal Palace, as this was, until 1870, the home of the Popes. Mrs. Dickens, the English woman chosen as her attendant, has the direction of almost every detail in the care of the royal baby, except her clothing. This consists of long linen bands, in the traditional fashion of Italy, which confine the legs to a certain extent, but leave the arms free.

Fancy jewelry of fruits and flowers is the fancy of the hour, the floral brooches matching the gown in color. Pale gray lace in an old fashioned netted design is being employed again for trimming batistes, muslins and velvets.

Some of the smartest women are wearing princess gowns, though they are not frequently seen. On the right woman, properly made, they are charming.

Long, wrinkled gloves are good with sleeves which reach a little below the elbow, and women who have been wearing the long sleeves and undersleeves are delighted at the change.

A pink albatross gown has incrustation of cream all over lace set into it in medallion form, several rows of them around the skirt and more in the waist and in the top of each sleeve.

An effective white chiffon gown has the skirt trimmed with hands of cream gypure, with a bodice of the lace, the corslet belt of rose silk, and the gypure collar edged with lines of the same silk.

A little girl's frock of thin pink material which falls from a cream lace yoke, edged with a frill of the lace, is accordion pleated and held in slightly around the waist with a twisted black velvet ribbon.

Golf or outing skirts come in pretty reds and greens. Either a pattern in white hairline squares of the white with white dots at the corners. They are made in the regulation fashion, with placket-hole tabs at the sides.

There seems to be no falling off in the popularity of lace stitches which are used in every possible manner with dainty effects. One great thing in their favor is that they furnish a means of making pretty long lines in skirts and bodices.

Pearl pins are useful and economical for the home milliner. A whole hat can be trimmed with white null, or with any kind of light material, for that matter, with a card of pins. They can be put in in plain sight and form part of the trimming of the hat.

ABOUT THE CUCUMBER

HARDEST WORKED OF VEGETABLES AND SOMETIMES THE BEST.

No Food to Dyspeptics When Rightly Used and Lots of Ways Using It—It's Ancient and Aristocratic—Makes a Drink in Egypt—Odd Ways of Serving.

The cucumber is the hardest-worked member of the vegetable kingdom. At least it is if we may judge by the variety of its uses. From America to Asia Minor it appears as an article of food on dinner tables and supper tables, all over the civilized world. But that does not exhaust its possibilities by any means. In Egypt it is made to yield a pleasant cooling drink by ingenious treatment. A hole is cut in the cucumber, the pulp is broken and stirred with a stick, and the hole closed with wax. The cucumber, still fastened to its stem, is lowered into a pit. After a few days the juice ferments, and the Egyptian drawing it off has a liquor exactly suited to his taste.

When my lady wishes to allay sunburn or to soften and whiten her skin, on general principles she calls for cucumber soap or cucumber cream. The very name makes her think that the preparation must be harmless as well as efficacious, and the Beau Brummels of to-day use cucumber pomade with the same sense of security.

Then pickles—what is more universally popular than the pickle, and what new-fangled invention can bear comparison with the old-fashioned time-honored cucumber pickle! From the days of kilts and pinafores when boys and girls ate a huge penny pickle with surreptitious bites, to the days of formal dinners, when baby cucumbers appear as gherkins, what relish sharpens hunger like a pickle?

Yet the cucumber in its natural state is at once the temptation and the menace of the eating world. Plump, green and inviting as it is, doctors who have delicate digestions in charge taboo it. The average man eats it cheerfully, but with a sneaking fear of consequences. Mental science should turn its attention to cucumbers for a while. If it should convince the universal mind that cucumbers were in reality digestible and could issue a guarantee with every cucumber sold, the digestive woe of humanity would be wonderfully lightened.

In the meantime household scientists have advanced to the rescue. Nothing is beyond them. They have reduced the most illogical of foods to their principles. They have discovered the innermost sources of the squash and the potato and all their kith and kin. With persistent diligence they have tabulated foods according to their nutritive value, and by following these tables the poorest woman in the slums can learn how to keep home happy, and her husband well fed on ten cents a day.

Now cucumbers do not stand high in their list. They are among the ornaments. They represent the accessories, the poetry of diet as it were. But, however, these modern scientists have lessened the ancient prestige of the cucumber they show how it can be made digestible at least.

Buy a medium-sized cucumber to serve raw is the first of the modern rules for the hygienic housekeeper. It should be a good green and firm to the touch. Remove thin skins from both ends and cut off a thick paring. This is important because the cucumber contains a bitter principle, and much of it lies near the skin and the stem end. Not a trace of green should be seen when the paring is finished. The cucumber should then be cut into slices, wafer thin, and put into salt and water. Let not the unwary cook be led to think that this will make them brittle and crisp, however. They will be as flabby as celery a week old—but digestible.

Since most people prefer their cucumbers crisp or not at all, this method finds little favor except among invalids and incurables. But cold water without the salt answers almost the same purpose, and the cucumbers come out after their soaking as fresh and tender as if they had just been picked from the vines. Drained and covered with crushed ice and served they make a dish fit for a king. Kings, indeed, have appreciated the value of the cucumber from time immemorial.

For the cucumber, as far as lineage goes, is an aristocrat among the vegetables; not a mere interloper a few paltry centuries old, like the potato. Even in Bible times it was eaten and enjoyed under the name of mandrake. Pliny sets the seal of royal approval on it by telling that the Emperor Tiberius had cucumbers served at his table every day. How many other Emperors may have laid up for themselves indigestion by indulging in the juicy cucumber, is an unrecorded list. But in a digestive war of the vegetables cucumbers could undoubtedly carry off the honors for the most mischievous of them.

How Tiberius liked his cucumbers, Pliny does not say. But for ordinary every-day use modern taste prefers them raw. For state occasions, or when a few extra frills are desirable, cucumbers may be served in more unusual ways. Old ones, too large and tough to be good raw, are delicious boiled. For three or four persons two large cucumbers are enough. Pare them, cut into lengths of three or four inches, half them and remove seeds. Put into boiling water, salted; leave them until they are tender; serve in a hot vegetable dish and if desired put melted butter over them. After boiling they may be mashed and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper if desired.

A way of preparing boiled cucumbers, which can be made to tempt the appetite of the chronic dyspeptic with impunity, is to pare them as before, and cut them into small regular pieces,

put them in a baking pan, cover with boiling water and cook gently for twenty minutes. They can be taken out with a strainer, arranged on slices of toast and served with a cream sauce.

Cucumber soup, with its delicate flavor, is an excellent introduction for a hearty meal. Cucumbers stirred with onions are a variation prized by those who like onions. A particularly artistic way of preparing cucumbers for a luncheon or for a cool supper on a hot night is to pare them as usual. Then, instead of slicing them, pare them round and round to the soft inside, which must not be used. The cucumber ribbons heaped into a dish and served with French dressing are as pretty to look at as they are good to eat.

The recipes for cucumbers in salad are as numerous as blackberries in August. There is cucumber salad plain, cucumber salad with tiny young onions sliced with it, cucumbers with lettuce, cucumbers with lettuce and tomatoes, cucumbers with just tomatoes and cucumbers in so many other salad combinations that they are harder to compute than an example in permutations and combinations. French dressing or mayonnaise dressing is equally good, according to the taste of the individual. Cucumbers cut into cubes half an inch square, with sliced tomatoes on lettuce leaves covered with mayonnaise dressing are extremely good to eat, and make a color combination which any well-regulated painter could not help admiring.

Cucumbers, like apples, bananas and egg plant, are sometimes fried; for this they should be cut lengthwise into slices, one-third of an inch thick, dried between towels and sprinkled with salt and pepper. Then they should be dipped into crumbs, into egg, into crumbs again, fried in deep fat and drained.

Stuffed cucumbers are quite the most elaborate dish that can be made of this vegetable. The cucumbers are cut in half crosswise and the seeds removed. The halves are then soaked in cold water for half an hour and filled with forcemeat. Next they are placed upright on a trivet in a saucepan, half surrounded with white stock and cooked for forty minutes. They are served on toast with Bechamel sauce.

In the summer months the wise housekeeper seeks for the things that will please the eye as well as the palate. In this search the cucumber meets a definite need. When the mercury is jumping up toward ninety the woman who knows what she is about orders her table accordingly. She takes off the thick pad and warm tablecloth, and serves her luncheon on the shining bare table, set with little dollies. She makes a Rembrandt combination with her red tea and slices of lemon; her hot dishes are croquettes on a mat of tender green peas and creamed potato done to a turn. A side dish of Neufchatel cheese in a little cake is acceptable on a hot day, and cucumbers in a green dish complete a most delicious bill of fare. A fitting dessert for this color luncheon is sliced oranges with yellow sponge cake.

The cucumber on occasion can be useful as well as ornamental. The farmer finds it profitable to raise. It needs heat, light and rich soil, but under these conditions responds promptly with plenty of fruit. More than seventy varieties of cucumber are raised in the United States alone, England, India, Egypt and half a dozen other countries besides the common variety have each their own special modification of the vegetable.

But it is the manufacturer of pickles who really coins money out of the cucumber. Millions of cucumbers are bottled and sold every year, and while the big pickles, the middling-sized pickles and the little pickles slide down the epicure's throat, the pennies slip into the manufacturer's pocket, and he is quite ready to adopt Isaac Walton's estimate of the strawberry, and say of the cucumber, "God might have made a better vegetable, but He didn't."—New York Sun.

It Was Easier.

"Sam" Elder told the doctors some pretty good stories the other afternoon at the Massachusetts Medical Society dinner, about their own profession. From the way his hearers laughed I should think the yarns were about all new. One was about an old practitioner, who, because of advancing years, had relinquished all of his out-of-town practice to his young assistant. One night the older physician was called on by two men in a buggy, one of whom wanted the doctor to come to his house, eight miles away, and attend his wife, who was very ill. "She will have no one but you, doctor," said the man.

"Well, I'll go for \$10 and not a cent less," said the doctor.

A whispered consultation went on in the carriage, and finally the physician heard a voice say: "Better pay the ten. It's a good deal cheaper than burying her."

And the doctor got his money.—Boston Journal.

Warning to Swimmers.

A correspondent writes to the New York Sun: "Now that the swimming season is here again, you ought to repeat the warning which was published several years ago that apoplexy, not cramps, is what causes the death of so many strong swimmers who suddenly become helpless when bathing. Wetting the head before the feet is said to prevent the trouble."

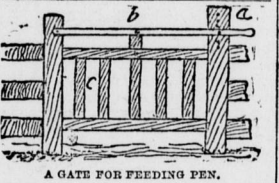
Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning.

AGRICULTURAL.

Scours in Young Pigs. When young pigs have scours it is an indication that they are being allowed some kind of food that is injurious. The remedy is to change the food, allowing only warm milk thickened with equal parts of bran and cornmeal.

Influencing the Color of Butter. The color of butter is largely influenced by the food. Butter is sometimes white and at certain seasons it may be a golden yellow. The coloring of butter by artificial means, such as the use of annatto, will never be necessary where carrots are grown and fed regularly. Cows that receive a variety of food at all seasons of the year will usually produce yellow butter.

A Feeding Pen Gate. When there are any great number of pigs fed in the same pen it is invariably the rule that the larger pigs get the greater share of the feed, and in

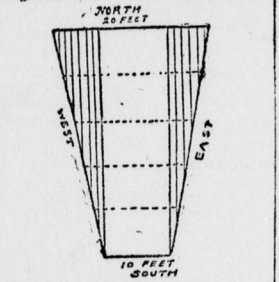


A GATE FOR FEEDING PIGS.

consequence they grow better and the smaller, less active pigs get less feed and are jostled about and fall farther and farther behind. By using a gate, made as portrayed, in the feeding pen, the large, strong pigs will be hindered in no way from getting their share, and the smaller ones will be given an equal chance, or better. The gate (c) is fastened to the lifting lever (b), which is held at the desired height, admitting the desired sized pig by a pin (a), through the posts and through the lever. The lower hole admits the smaller pigs, but the larger sized cannot squeeze under. When the little pigs have satisfied themselves, lift the gate another hole and admit the next grade, and so on. In this way the smaller pigs will not become stunted by being crowded away from the feeding trough or floor.—J. L. Irwin, in Farm and Home.

The Art of Plowing.

Owing to creeks and other causes there are many irregular shaped fields which are oftentimes plowed by going around until finished in the centre. This centre is often a triangle. I never saw a plowman but what went around this triangle until it was at last plowed out. To finish this way leaves a large, open furrow, and necessitates turning square around at the point. Often the horses get their feet out of the furrow and make trouble.



FLOWING TRIANGULAR FIELDS.

But the worst feature of it is the tramping given the plowed ground, especially if in the spring.

Few, unless they have tried it, realize the injury done by tramping plowed ground that is a little wet, which it often is in spring. The sketch shows how to plow out the land with but little tramping, and by making half turns instead of whole ones at what would be the point if plowed out until done. By plowing as per shape of diagram, five extra rounds will bring sides to a point. It is ten feet or ten furrows wider at one end than at the other. You are, say, at the north with a left hand plow. Drive south to dotted line. Throw out, turn east and follow the dotted line. Then turn east and plow back, then east, then south, and so on. By throwing out and turning and driving across on dotted lines you are turning on the unplowed ground. When you have plowed out the five furrows on each side, your land is the same width at each end and in good shape to finish.—Lucious Stockwell, in Farm and Home.

Cheese Making on the Farm.

The articles needed for making dairy cheese are from six to twelve cows and tub or vat that will hold two milkings. If of wood the night's milk would be warmed in the morning to the proper temperature of eight-four degrees. Or one may have a jacketed or double tin tub. Then all the milk can be warmed by pouring hot water in the jacket and drawing it off, when the milk is sufficiently warm. A whey tub and a pair of cheese tongs to lay across the tub are also needed. Next comes the cheese knife (which may be a wooden one) to cut the curd at the proper time so as to start the whey, then the cheese basket, which any tinner can make and cut inch holes all over the bottom and sides of the basket. A thin strainer cloth must be placed inside the basket to receive the curd, which is carefully dipped into it at intervals after standing a proper time for the whey to begin to separate from the curd.

For a dipper a piece tin like a milk skimmer is used. It must be there so as not to break the curd. A cheese hoop, some cheese boards and a cheese press complete this primitive equipment. The sizes of dairy cheese that sell best are those that weigh from fifteen to twenty-five pounds each. If there are no hoops or presses at hand doubtless any dairy supply house could furnish them.

Only half the battle is won when the cheese is made and out of the press. The curing is a most important matter, and but few farmhouses have suitable rooms for this purpose where a low, dry temperature can be kept in hot weather. If any one intends to make a business of making dairy cheese a small room should be fitted up with an ice rack in the centre and water drainage from the same. In making dairy cheese from a large number of cows a cheese room or cheese house would be fitted up with factory apparatus and run as a factory, only on a smaller scale. And the cheese made by any factory process would be much like the factory make, but with the advantage of only one herd of cows furnishing the milk and that of uniform quality.—Alpha Messer, in Orange Judd Farmer.

six or eight weeks after blossoming. Many other fruits are better for thinning; this is particularly true of apricots. The average grower of apples may keep the bearing surface within proper limits by judicious pruning. Thinning apples by hand is not a paying business with present market conditions. The time is coming when fruit growers will better understand their work, a more uniform grade, better in quality, grown and marketed by business methods. This is what our horticultural societies are working for, to place a better product upon the market, and it is reasonable to suppose that higher prices will follow.—F. L. Reeves, in American Agriculturist.

Hill Culture of Strawberries.

Many years ago I owned a small fruit farm near the city of Cleveland, Ohio, in the midst of an extensive fruit-growing district, and had remarkable success one year with hill culture of strawberries. After enriching the land with a coat of stable manure drawn from the city, I planted a small plot, little more than one-eighth of an acre, with Juncundas, which were then famous because of the unique success of James Knox in raising them on the hills-tops above Birmingham at Pittsburg. I had visited his extensive plantation, and purchased at a high price this famous variety from one of my neighbors, believing from Mr. Knox's success that they would be profitable. The soil was a dark, gravelly loam in an old orchard. The planting was in the spring. All runners were cut off during the summer, and the plot was well cultivated with the hoe, the plants being eighteen inches apart each way. The growth was very strong. During the following winter they were protected by a light covering of straw.

The next summer I had them carefully gathered by pickers from the city, in baskets holding four quarts with handles. These baskets were turned down on the top of the basket, so that no green leaf or stem was visible. I had the first picking taken to a fruit dealer on the "Square," near the wealthy residence portion of the city, whose first offer was \$1 a basket.

When the second picking was taken the dealer said they were all sold in advance at \$1.25 a basket, and if I could have had three or four times as many, the firm would have been glad to obtain them at \$1 a basket. They were declared to be the finest lot of strawberries ever seen in Cleveland market. I sold from that small plot \$325 worth of strawberries during that first year's marketing.

The second year they produced well, but not as fine berries as I might have raised from Wilson plants, cared for as my Juncundas were the preceding year. The person from whom I purchased the plants had a large plot of Juncundas—probably two or more acres—planted on clay soil, well underdrained; but they were very unsatisfactory, as the berries did not ripen, but matured in size while green in color, and they were usually wedge-shaped. My berries were finely formed, the color dark, rich and uniform, and as glossy as though they had been varnished. The flavor was remarkably rich, almost spicy and vinous, while those raised on clay soil were comparatively tasteless. I believe that any one having a gravelly or sandy loam might have equally as fine success as myself if they would plant Juncundas on very rich soil, eighteen inches apart each way, and keep all runners cut off.

This variety has proved so uncertain that I rarely see it advertised, but in appearance and in quality I believe they are not equalled by any other variety when they are produced in their best form. My crop would average one and a quarter inches in circumference. Parties who purchased them sent them to friends in Boston, Washington and New York City.

I sold the fruit farm before I had an opportunity to try another experiment with them. If I shall again have a chance with a comparatively loose soil I intend to repeat the experiment, but I have not had that opportunity. After one year's heavy crop I should plow the plants under, as they are exhausted in ripening an enormous crop.—Donald Fenley, in the Country Gentleman.

It is said that the net annual profit derived from the cultivation of tropical fruits in Mexico ranges from 100 to over 200 per cent.