

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

For boys and girls

An Old Fashioned Woman. No clever, brilliant thinker, she...

Home is her kingdom, love her fower— She seeks no other wand of power...

Around her childish hearts are twined. As round some favored saint enshrined...

She keeps her faith unshadowed still— God rules the world in good and ill...

This sad old earth's a brighter place All for the sunshine of her face...

Health and Beauty Hints. The hair brush should be kept scrupulously clean...

Very hot water externally applied will stop dangerous bleeding.

Daily exercise with light dumbbells eventually cures round shoulders.

The juice of a raw onion applied to the sting of an insect will remove the poison.

For hives take common white flour and powder the affected parts. This will relieve itching.

Cleanliness is essential to a good complexion and a daily bath is not a luxury but a necessity.

A little healthy tan on the face is not really an affliction, but too much is unbecoming, particularly in the evening.

Practice deep breathing. A person with fully developed lung capacity purifies his blood several times per minute.

To improve the contour of the face, try filling the cheeks with air and letting it explode with a soft explosive sound.

A good hair oil for children's hair which is thin or dry is made of equal parts of pure olive oil and cold pressed castor oil...

A glass of hot water before breakfast is a stimulant and tonic for the entire system.

For a soft, painful corn, try the old-fashioned remedy of binding it nightly in common baking powder, moistened with a little water.

The Husband Who Rebelled. "Once upon a time," a careless woman married a clever man...

Her next destination was in a trip planned to a big city, where every hour of her stay had been carefully planned for amusement.

On which they had booked seats could not be caught, even by hurrying. She had never regarded engagements to lunch with him downtown very seriously until the day she waited one hour in a fashionable restaurant and missed her noonday meal because she had not brought money enough to pay for even a simple luncheon.

Gets Big Position. Although but 24 years old, Miss Anna Pritchett Youngman of Louisville, Ky., has been named professor of economics at Wellesley.

The position is regarded as one extremely difficult to fill. Miss Youngman was given the appointment largely because of her knowledge of trusts and commercial and economic questions.

Her record in the local schools and at the University of Chicago has been amazing. When Miss Youngman graduated from the girls' high school here in 1901, her thesis on trusts excited wide comment.

Johnson's Helpful Wife. Mrs. Johnson is 70 years old, and she and her husband have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. She acts as his sole secretary.

When the poet-politician writes something it is his old wife who transcribes it. She copied his drama, "The Lord's Ways," six times. Her husband never talks to her about the work in hand, and she copies without comment. She is the mother of five healthy children.

Bran Water a Cleanser. Few people know how useful bran is for cleaning. For painted and varnished woodwork it is invaluable, removing the dirt without disturbing the finish.

Colored goods, which usually fade when washed, will not lose color if washed in bran water. It is excellent as a scalp cleanser and is good for the hair, making it glossy. Used instead of soap it whitens and softens the hands. To prepare bran water, fill a small bag— an ordinary salt bag is excellent for this purpose—with bran, place it in a pail, cover with boiling water, and let it in ready for use.

DAME FASHIONS AND DECREEES. Narrow lawn ties, daintily embroidered on the ends, are much worn with linen collars.

Ruches are either wide, of plaited net or muslin, or high and full, of twisted satin and cords.

Yokes of cream-colored chintz bearing the marking of old-fashioned designs have been noticed on several noisish gowns.

The most beautiful of the evening shades are found in inexpensive materials that give better service than many of the costly ones.

The drawn-work "spider" is very popular on all buttons. It is not new, but it is now considered very good and it is easy to make.

Khaki, buff, suede and all tones of yellow are in vogue in the late hats, their brassiness being generally toned down with other colors.

The one feature that almost all of the new coats have in common is the semi-fitted cloak and cutaway effect that has a thousand different variations.

In place of the high turndown linen collars Parisians are to a considerable extent wearing very high collars of stiff linen without the turndown part.

In some of the new shirt waists back yokes are introduced, and will, no doubt, increase in usage as the season's styles become more firmly established.

Extreme French fashion plates show the ultra-stylish woman with no hips, with her coat long and straight, and her skirt hanging straight from the waist.

Frits are much used for trimming gumpes and sleeves, the latter having frits at the elbow, the lower part of the sleeve being flat or only slightly gathered.

Many of the best corset models now lace in the front, giving the desired flat back lines, but allowing a straight front line and considerable freedom of torso. They are long, running down past the hip line, so that there will be no thick line or roll visible through the skirt.

The Second Wife. Little Dorothy could not have paid her father a higher compliment or better expressed her love for him than when she said, "Papa, I would like to tell you something if you won't tell mamma."

"Why don't you want mamma to know it, daughter?" "Well, you tell her things I say, and she laughs at them, and I don't want her to know this."

"Let papa hear what you have to say, anyhow."

"Well, I have often thought that if mamma were to die I would like to marry you."

Potato Furniture Polish. One housekeeper who is successful in keeping her furniture in polish washes the varnished wood frames twice a year with potato water and then rubs them dry and bright with woolen cloths. The piano receives the same treatment. The potato water is prepared by soaking uncooked potatoes sliced thin in cold water for two or three hours and then straining the water.

Saving Work. In the home of one woman where single beds are in general use the spreads are made of honeycomb material bought by the yard and hemmed. They are easy to wash and require no ironing. In the same home cream white madras

is used for bedroom window draperies because of its good wearing qualities. It comes out of the wash with dying colors. She trims them with ball fringe and does not have them wrung very dry, and wrung by hand, of course, as the wringer would flatten the little balls. She uses small rugs all through her house save the dining room, because they can be taken outdoors every week by the one maid of the establishment. Another woman saves work by having her luncheon brought to her sitting room on a tray, and another, belonging to a family that seems doomed to perpetual mourning attire, supplies her maid with very light cotton dresses in white and black because there is already too much gloom in the house.

Plea for More Coaquetry. It is no more a woman's primary instinct to coquette than it is a man's, if coaquetry is to mean simply the desire to attract; and the more that men and women attract each other, the better for the world and for society at large. A little more coaquetry—in its best sense—would not be amiss.—The Lady.

The Odor of Fat. Every one knows that an onion has a distinct and unpleasant odor, whether cooked or raw. But every one does not know that this odor of an onion will draw to it every other disagreeable odor and clear the house atmosphere in a day. The onion can then be thrown away

and with it goes the disagreeable smells that come about in a house that has been closed for the summer. And this is also a good thing to know: That it will absorb all the odor from fresh paint and turpentine.

Afternoon Tea Dainty. A new and delicious dainty for the still popular afternoon tea is made with crackers and marshmallows. Slightly butter any thin round variety of unsweetened cracker and put a marshmallow in the center of each, with a tiny piece of butter on top of the marshmallow. Place in a hot oven for a few minutes, just long enough for the marshmallow to soften and spread, and brown a little on top. The only difficulty in serving these delicacies is that unless the supply is practically unlimited nobody will ever have enough.

No end of handsome draperies for the windows and doors are being turned out daily by women who like quick-growing fancy work. They are stenciling draperies or applying the flowers from cretonnes and chintzes on to plain light-colored cottons. Some women who realize how artistic the border effect is are making colored borders of plain linens and chambrays on their unbleached muslin curtains.

Golden Rod and Asthma. With golden rod coming on it is the season for the usual caution about using the weed for decorations where there are likely to be asthmatic persons. Certain of the best plants are responsible for the discomfort of persons suffering with hay fever and kindred complaints, and it is not safe to use them in public places.

To Darken the Hair. Sage tea is the most harmless of remedies for darkening the hair. Make a strong brew of dried leaves, strain the liquid carefully through muslin, and to each pint add two teaspoonsful of alcohol. This should be rubbed on the hair every night before retiring.

Woman. A Japanese saying runs: "Woman is an unmanageable creature; flatter her, she is elated; thrash her, she weeps; kill her, her spirit haunts you." We would suggest that the best remedy is to love her.—London News.

Sterilized the Baby. An Atchison only child says she was so carefully raised that when she was a baby, and her mother's callers kissed her, the minute the callers left her mother rushed upstairs with her and sterilized her.—Atchison Globe.

A Cynicisms. Woman's most valuable asset is—the imagination of man.—London Truth.

THE CLEVER BOY. I never saw a truly ship. I never sailed the sea; My little boat made from a chip Is good enough for me.

They will not let me have a gun, But I don't care for that; A slingshot's almost as much fun; Mine hits the bull's-eye part!

Chub Jones's snowshoes cost a dollar, I made mine, big and flat; In walking I beat him all hollow, But then, he's awful fat.

It's no fun always to be first In games, I'd be a hog If I could have what I want worst! I'd swap all for a dog! —Elizabeth West Parker, in the Christian Register.

THE FOX AND THE RABBIT. Old Reynard, the red fox, was out hunting for his breakfast, and he was not particular whether he had chicken, duck, or rabbit. From the tracks in the snow, which he was intensely studying, it looked very much as if the latter was to tempt his appetite. There were the unmistakable tracks of a rabbit which led straight down to the meadows.

"I see," mused the fox to himself; "the orchard has attracted some rabbit, and I will find him far from his burrow. Well, I should advise all rabbits not to venture far from their home in a snowstorm like this, or, if they must go far, they should take their tracks with them."

There was something like a sly smile on the fox's face at the thought of this joke. He was cunning and tricky in his way, and he always felt that whatever he did or thought was worthy of attention. As he trotted along now, following up the foot tracks of the rabbit, he thought how innocent rabbits were, and what delicious dinners they made.

In a short time he came to a halt, for there before him were double tracks. For a moment the fox studied these carefully, and he was nearly ready to confess to himself that the rabbit had played him a trick. "He has doubled on his tracks," he said to himself, "and must have gone off in this direction. Well, I'll take the freshest track."

He turned to the right then, and followed the egg tracks, but with some misgivings as to his breakfast. Then a hundred yards further the tracks were apparently doubled on again, or at least they were so blurred that old Reynard was considerably puzzled. But those have the reputation for solving hard puzzles, and this one finally said that he understood it all. "I'll go straight to the orchard, and I'll find my rabbit there. He thinks to play a trick on me by running back and forth on his own tracks. What an innocent game to attempt to play on an old fox! If rabbits were not so innocent and foolish so wise I suppose there would be more rabbits in the world."

Once more that sly smile on Reynard's face and a smacking of the lips in anticipation of rabbit for breakfast. He trotted along more stably now, and paid less attention to the tracks and his surroundings. It was so easy to follow the path which led to the orchard that he could afford to be off his guard.

Just as he had guessed, the double row of tracks led him directly to the orchard. Only once he hesitated and looked dubiously at one of the big blotches on the snow. "What a funny footprint for a rabbit!" he said. "But I suppose it was made by several rabbits' feet, and any kind of a picture might result from it."

His fears quelled by this method of reasoning, he hurried on again. Suddenly he broke forth from the cover of the swamp, and saw the orchard ahead. One sweep with his eyes convinced him that his rabbit was not in sight, but hiding somewhere after all, have to stalk his breakfast after all, and creep upon him while gnawing the bark of some apple tree. He squatted down and began slyly creeping across the orchard, still following the tracks.

Right ahead of him, not a dozen yards away was a big apple tree, and something suspiciously tempting was bobbing out from the opposite side every few moments. This something must be the long ears of the stalked rabbit.

"Ah, now for my breakfast!" thought the fox. "I have the foolfish, innocent rabbit at last. Now here goes for a spring and a long run!"

Throwing all caution to the wind, the fox broke cover and darted like the wind straight toward the apple tree. The noise he made in running startled the animal on the other side of the tree, and the latter jumped out to meet him. The red fox caught just one glimpse of the animal, and then he felt his heart leap into his throat. Instead of a rabbit he was stalking a big rabbit-hound, which had made the funny tracks in the snow where the rabbit had been. The hound yelped with delight, the fox turned swiftly, and then the race began. For half a mile it was a close one, but old Reynard finally escaped to his burrow after the narrowest chase of his life.

Panting from his fear and exertion, the fox thought of the double tracks and the rabbit. "I was more foolish than the rabbit," he reflected, sadly. "It was over confidence that led my parents into traps and caused their death. Maybe the rabbit is not so foolish after all, and I can learn something from him yet."

He shook his head sadly, but more wisely than ever before that day, for even the humble rabbit was not too small to teach him a lesson in caution. —George Ethelbert Walsh in the Christian Advocate.

THE DADDY-LONG-LEGS. The children were down in the big meadow, having a picnic supper near the brook beneath a large elm tree.

"Oh, see what I've got!" exclaimed Susan, who was very adventurous, and not afraid of any insects or strange animals that came near her.

Just as she spoke and the others turned to see what she had, she cried, "He's gone, but he's left his leg behind!"

"How cruel you are, Susan," said Sammy, "to pull off his leg! What was he?"

Susan looked very sober indeed as she regarded the delicate wiry insect's leg that remained in her hand.

"It was a daddy-long-legs, and he walked over my sandwich and then stopped, so I told hold of him to see what he was like. I didn't mean to pull this off."

Her big brother Henry said, "Don't be too sorry, Susan. He doesn't care, you know."

"Doesn't he?" asked the girl. "Why not?"

"Why, you see, he is made with his legs hitched on very lightly, so that he can leave one or two behind if he has to."

"Oh, Henry," cried the children, "you must be joking!"

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "You see, the daddy-long-legs has to go about among the long grass a great deal. In fact, the egg he comes out of is usually laid way down near the roots, so one of the first things a little daddy has to learn is how to go right on if he gets tangled up, and let his limb stay in the trap if he has to. He is really tougher than he looks, and, though you can almost see through him, the farmers in certain places call him 'leather-jacket.'"

Susan was holding the leg while Henry was talking.

"I'm glad I didn't hurt him," she said, "and I will keep this till we go home, for he may come back to find it."

But to the best knowledge he never did.—Youth's Companion.

A DOG STORY. I asked a little friend of mine what kind of stories she liked best, and she promptly answered, "Dog stories, if they are true." Here is a "really, truly" one:

A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fisheries possessed a dog remarkable for his fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, when, owing to some change in the wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return through them most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend the dog looked on for a length of time, evidently aware that there was great cause for anxiety in the minds of those around. Presently, however, he took to the water and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come on board; but he would not go with them; his nose, and continued swimming about, a short distance away. After the crew had made several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly suspected his apparent meaning. "Give him the end of a rope," he said, "that's what he wants." The rope was thrown—the dog seized the end in an instant, turned around and made straight for shore, where a few minutes afterward, boat and crew, thanks to their four-footed friend, were placed safe and undamaged.—New Haven Register.

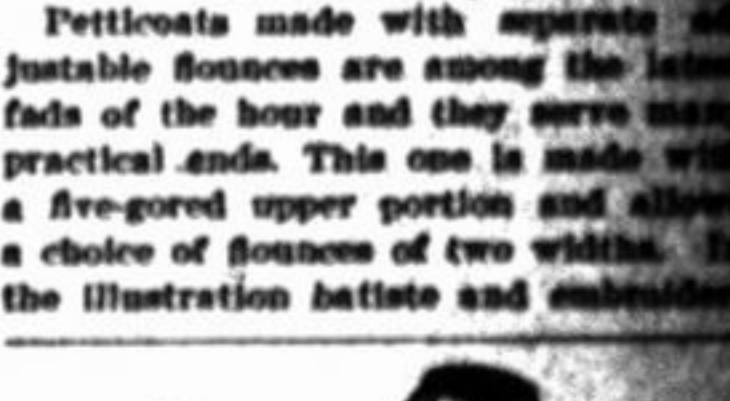
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Order Coupon. No. 6105. NAME ADDRESS SHEETS PERISHED. LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING. Florida produces the most beautiful coral in the world. The atmosphere is free of mosquitoes at an elevation of 3,000 feet. The Dominion of Canada has nearly 3,746,000 square miles. The number of sugar plantations operated last year in Russia was 1,000. Perhaps the most curious of the wheels is that made of iron, brass, finishing shell or bone combs. The use of music in dairy windows is said to be dangerous from the fact that it attracts flies. One ton of industrial waste of chemical plants is obtained from 100 tons of coal. Not every one is aware that the double star in the constellation Orion is the eye of a dead star. To change a clear night into a cloudy one, it is only necessary to blow a fan.

No mother can understand why the children's noise should annoy them so long as they are having good times.