



WOMEN AND THE HOME

A good deal might be said about the proper care of clothes; it is not enough to have a good wardrobe, it must be well looked after, if it is to be credit to the maker of the material.

Many careful students of social economy believe that the social training question is going to be solved by the increasing extension of outside service.

A suggestion made by Miss Parloa in one of her lectures relates to the spilling of alcohol on highly polished wood, an accident which may readily accompany the use of the chafing dish or the curling tong.

The desirability of having one's belongings marked is a well known and valuable belonging as an umbrella, has been illustrated recently in England.

This does not equal the peculiar experience of a Chicago girl. She was attending a reception in St. Louis, and upon leaving found a shabby sealskin coat in place of her own elegant garment.

Later the Chicago girl consulted her furriers to see if there might be a way of identifying the garment if it should be discovered.

At a recent dinner in Saratoga celebrating the anniversary of a large family connection, one of the guests read from an old letter, dated 1745, the story of the brewing of the first tea that came to Nantucket.

The Duchess of Newcastle, who for several years has owned the best kennel of Russian wolf hounds in England, has been asked by the Barzoi Club to judge the Barzoi or Russian wolf hounds at its coming show.

but in cases of illness it is found to be invaluable. It has sunny exposure, an open fireplace and no plumbing directly in the room.

A quick way to make a strong beef extract rather than tea for an invalid needing plenty of nourishment is by a process of searing and pressing. Raw, juicy beef is cut in pieces of the size of a small egg.

In buying large rugs for the library or dining-room floor it is often possible to get the poles which they are rolled. These will be found useful on cleaning days.

To encourage children in some form of charitable work is a valuable lesson in coming good citizenship. If it is only saving pictures to be used for hospitals or taking care of toys and books that they may have a second life in some less favored household.

Some one suggests that women be made superintendents of business buildings. It is thought that their qualities as housekeepers might be put to good use in seeing that the buildings were thoroughly done, finger marks removed from furniture, and a general regard given to the details of the housekeeping.

It is an interesting little story, but it must be told entire, as it came out accidentally and with no thought that it would be made public.

His favorite book. Speaking of books—these are some that look inviting as that strawstack under the willow in the barnyard there.

Directions for making mayonnaise seem never to be finished. It is the word of a very successful compounder of the dressing that the first moments of its making are the crucial ones.

Expectations in omnibuses is forbidden in London, and a sign to the effect that the practice is not worthy of a scholar and a gentleman—not prohibitory, but pleading—has been seen for some time in the Belfast "trams."

The showing of the National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild in its report for work accomplished in the summer of 1896 is very gratifying.

To keep a sick room clean where the carpeted floor cannot be swept, a professional nurse will go over the carpet with a cloth wrung out of warm water.

IN RELIGION'S REALM

Expressions From Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Secular Press.

Speaking of the New Year's pastoral of the Archbishop of York, the "Living Church" (P. E.) of Chicago says: "The Archbishop is no doubt right in thinking that the true position and claims of the Anglican communion are coming to be understood as they never were before by the people generally."

The orthodox man, says the New York "Outlook," may believe that Jesus Christ is God and man, a dual being, acting sometimes as God and sometimes as man, or that he was perfect God, clothed with all the wisdom and power of God on earth, and now clothed in heaven in his earthly body, or that he was the Spirit of God in a human body, and therefore subject to its limitations.

Why should the church dwell in anger with the persistent sinners and the glory of the Father's love. In short, when we only reach the heavenly gates through the blossoming field of our deeds.

We may gable of infant atonement— We may estimate the things and say: We may waste our words on baptisms With a Chinese wail for each sect.

The phrase "theistic evolution" when employed as a term of philosophy or of theology is a self-contradiction. The "Outlook" prints this inexpressible blunder on the title page of its new "theological" serial, and then immediately emphasizes it: "I acknowledge myself," writes Dr. Abbott, "to be a radical evolutionist."

It is in that chair, a-settin' where My youngest boy was usin' a special dinner time you seen him climb And then I thought, "That's why I love it. Clean them in spots, upon its covers; But when I set, that's why I love it. It gives me dreams just like some lover's! And I go clear back forty year, And jest a little hungry feeler, Set perched again on that same plain Old look—best fresh and young and yellow.

Capt. Elizabeth M. Clark of the Salvation Army is probably one of the best educated women in the organization. She has studied at Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Zurich and Leipzig. She is a daughter of William W. Clark, a Dutch Reformed minister, and a great-niece of Bishop Clark of Rhode Island.

A large proportion of human conduct is neither essentially right nor essentially bad, but is right or wrong according to circumstances, says the "Church Standard" (P. E.) of Philadelphia. "To this broad category belongs every man's way of living. A mode of life may be extravagant and even dishonest in one man which is both virtuous and becoming in another; and when the quality of conduct depends upon motives, who shall judge? The woman who broke a box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, on our Saviour's feet was condemned by the bystanders for extravagance; and the condemnation was not sustained. Our blessed Lord was always careful to withhold His judgment of special cases; and in one which was expressly brought to Him, that divinity of pastors refused even to give advice, saying, 'Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?'"

Alfred Barrett, a son of William Barrett, the English actor, who formerly managed his father's Grand Theatre, at Leeds, has left England and will hereafter devote himself to farming in New Zealand.

TRAGEDY AMONG THESPIANS.

Mr. Phosphorus Will Converse No More Over Telephones.

The drama of contemporary human instincts is by no means dead, although there may be very little signs of its existence upon the stage at the present day. However, if the stage sees it no longer, the drama of contemporary human interest is constantly being played in real life, as the following little tragedy amply illustrates:

Scene: Reception-room of a vaudeville theatrical agent. Time: Yesterday afternoon. Characters: A number of artists in the long and dance, specialty, blackface, low comedy, high-kick line. At rise of curtain confusion of voices, from which one can occasionally catch such phrases as: "I done it grand," "knocked 'em silly," "oh, I didn't do a thing to 'em," "had to take de paper off de wall to get de people in de house," "I was just bad, I don't think," etc.

Office boy (in loud, authoritative, almost insolent tones)—Is Mister Alphonso Phosphorus here? Phosphorus (rising and brightening up)—I am; what's wanted? Office Boy—You're wanted at de telephone down stairs.

Phosphorus (to boy)—All right; I'll be there right off. (Aside to the company) I can't keep the girls from phoning me, it's getting to be quite a bore. (Crosses right and exits door C.)

Dancer—It's too bad about those girls! Singer—They're mashed on him—hit. Trick bicyclist—What'd he do for it? he got a puncture. End man—Did I ever tell you about the time when I made me big hit singin' "De Yellow Coon Rode on a—"

Club swinger—That reminds me of how I done 'em up in Kanakake. Let me see, that was in 1883. We had just— Singer—La, la, da, da, tra, la, la, loo! There! I've got it. I've got it. That's the great song I sang with electric success when I was with—(end man takes packages of cigarettes from his pocket.)

Phosphorus (breaking into singer's speech)—Pass 'em 'round, old man. (Business. Cigarettes passed around, empty box returned to end man. Cigarettes lighted in silence, broken only by the explosive reports from red-headed matches. All are enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Enter Phosphorus at door C.)

Phosphorus (excitedly)—Hide me! End man—What's the matter? Phosphorus—The telephone man is after me.

For the "Record-Union" THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD. And why should the church dwell in anger with the persistent sinners and the glory of the Father's love. In short, when we only reach the heavenly gates through the blossoming field of our deeds.

We must preach from the text of our practice. With the hearts that are broad as the earth; We must warm the humanity round us For its growth to the second birth.

THE CITY CHARMING.

Lots of fun in town. What's your taste? Not a single day or night Needs to go to waste, Theaters galore; Opera—the best; Needs—over a score; Windows grandly dressed; Shops a jubilee in display; Large amounts to see—Smash amounts to pay—Parade in the street; Cars to make one stare, Like Aladdin's magic; Flying through the air, Paintings—all you need; Revue—most of the night; Every kind of crowd; That you can divine, Modistes—best on earth; Social circles—right; Women fair to see; Cavalry—most of the night; Buildings mountains high; Ends full of "so," Jolly old New York—Niagara town I know!

He Didn't Catch On. Chawley—What did you say to my wife last night that made her draw such a longing, hopeful sign? Reggy—I told her that she would make the most stunning widow in all New York if she had the opportunity. Chawley—Ah, I don't wonder that you are so popular. You have the knack of saying such dandied charming things to the ladies, don't you know. Do have a drink—New York Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Lavative Bromo Quinine Tablets, fails to cure, 25c.



What Manly Power Does. It makes your life happy because it makes you feel that the greatest of Nature's gifts has been preserved by you. It makes your nerves strong and gives you the sensation of true manhood. It makes you a power among men, because they recognize in you a superior type of man.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. Made and perfected for the cure of weak men; in this it brings health and happiness to all men who have wasted the force of manly energy. "Electricity is Life" to such men, and this famous belt is the spring from which all men may drink new power.

Here is a Late Cure. SAN FRANCISCO, September 11, '96. Dr. A. T. Sanden—Dear Sir: I purchased one of your Belts last spring and I can recommend it highly. My case was weakness of long standing. I spent all the money I could earn last year for medicines and doctors, without the least benefit. I have worn two other belts, but your belt is far superior to them. It has done me more good in two months than any amount of medicine could. I can recommend it to any one suffering from similar troubles. Yours respectfully, H. STUART, 1123 Market Street.

It will make you strong; it will steady your nerves and check all waste of power in thirty days. Its full force is directed to the weak parts and the effect is magical. Cures of the worst cases are made in two months. HAVE YOU SEEN IT? If not call and examine this wonderful belt. Test the powerful current it gives and see how easily regulated it is. Don't be ignorant of a remedy which may correct all your past mistakes and assure your future happiness. Don't delay; act now. Get the book "Three Classes of Men," sealed, free. Call or address. DR. A. T. SANDEN, 230 MARKET ST., OPPOSITE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO. Office Hours—8 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.; Sundays, 10 to 1. LOS ANGELES, CAL., OFFICES AT: PORTLAND, OREGON, Council Building. Dismal Dawson—11 Alzur, when I'm in jail—Indianapolis Journal.

Chorus—Explain! Explain! Phosphorus—You know I answered the call at the telephone. Chorus (eagerly)—Yes! Yes! Phosphorus—A female voice called, "Is that you, Mister Phosphorus?" I answered "Yes." The voice said: "Did you call me up?" I said "no." The voice said: "Oh, excuse me. I thought you did. Good-by."

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