WOMAN'S REALM.

FASHIONABLE FUR COATS.

—(The Ladies' Field.

Some Ways of the World

"It is the small, inexpensive presents that show the true Christmas spirit, if people did but realize it," said a woman who had taken no end of trouble for her friends, and felt that they would never appreciate it. "This trying to get small things that will be appropriate to every one within a certain sum is really an immense undertaking and leaves one perfectly limp after the strain is over. To go into the most expensive shops, choose presents without any particular regard to cost, and order them sent with one's card to one's friends is a delightful undertaking, but it does not show half the real good feeling that we, who have worked for hours to find what will satisfy us and please the recipients, show in the little remembrances that we do up with scarlet ribbon and sprigs of holly and send out with such pleasure when our task is accomplished. As an instance of what Christmas shopping means to the many, I will cite just one of my numerous experiences. I had bought a book costing 99 cents, which I thought might please the child of one of my friends. When I went to wrap it up, however, I found the cover scratched and shopworn and that it would have to be changed. I had to send something, and it was the day before Christmas. So I went out very unwillingly in a whirling snowstorm, plunged through the wet drifts, crowded into an overpacked cable car and hung on to a strap, took a transfer to another car, again plunged through the wet slush, and finally reached my destination. There I was referred to the complaint office on the very top floor, where I was kept waiting for nearly half an hour. I finally received a paper, and then made my weary way to the book department, which was crowded. I elbowed my way to the counter where I had bought the book, and there had to wait another half hour before I could get any one to attend to me, and then I found all copies of that particular book had been sold out, so I had to make another choice for that exact amount of money, as otherwise it would have complicated matters hopelessly. That also consumed time, so that it took me nearly two hours in the shop to get finally my 99-cent book, and I used up fully another hour and a half in the trip. Why did I not get something else instead of trying to change it? Well, I suppose it would have been better, as things turned out, but I had bought the book and wanted the worth of my dollar; but certainly that gift was never appreciated at its true valuation."

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Day has come and gone. Paterfamilias looks over his checkbook with a feeling of devout thankfulness that the joyful day comes only once a year. The mater, while rejoicing in her own and her children's substantial gifts, feels a sensation of immense relief that the world's greatest festival will not recur for another twelvemonth. The postmen, the elevator men, the messenger boys and all the army of petty officials that serve folks lose the eager politeness which has characterized them for the past month and resume their normal indifference.

The family doctor begins to make his round of visits, for his Christmas innings comes after the festivities are over, and the children of a larger growth, as well as those in the nursery, are apt to feel the reaction too much to attempt to keep up "peace and good will" befitting the season which a few days before seemed so easy to feel toward every one, and give way to regenerate peevishness.

"Mine kinder be awful sick to-day," said the German scrubwoman. "Dey stuff demselves on Christmas Day at the church festival, at de Helping Hands Christmas tree, and my ladies dat I works fer schenken candy, and dey eats, and eats, and eats, and to-day dey all sick geworden. It is always so at Christmas time," she concluded philosophically, evidently considering the after results to be quite as much a part of the performance as the Christmas trees and feasts.

STOCKINGS HUNG FOR PETS.

Santa Claus is evidently quite up to date in his ideas about the perceptions and feelings of animals, for this year the children of Mrs. X—— were delighted to find that the two dogs and the cat each had a stocking properly labelled and generously filled hanging from the mantelshelf before the fireplace with those of the family. Lady Babble, a silver haired collie of great fashion, who is considerably past her first youth, accepted Santa Claus's contribution with great composure. She enjoyed the first parcel which was unwrapped and proved to be a chicken croquette, and ate it daintily, while keeping a watchful eye on Pat, the Irish terrier puppy, who was on the lookout for stray morsels, and whose own stocking hung well out of his reach while Lady Babble examined hers. The latter viewed critically and received with fine lady indifference a beautiful new collar, but she smiled when she found she had a small box of chocolate creams, which she adored, at the toe of her stocking, the contents of the intervening space, which was filled up with toys, being evidently considered by her as too frivolous for her maturer years. Pat's joy, however, was a pleasure to see. Everything that was unrolled and presented to him was received with eager enthusiasm—the ball, the bone, the candy, the india rubber nigger baby, the guttapercha cat, which squeaked, and even the jack-in-the-box, which at first struck terror to his soul, but which afterward became a mystery which he is never tired of trying to solve, turning the closed box over and over with his paw to try to discover where the manikin conceals himself, and barking with frantic excitement when it jumps out in his face. As long as the squeak lasted, Pat adored his toy cat, and would lie for an hour at a time with it between his paws, biting a squeak out of it at intervals; but when, through much abuse, the sound ceased he lost his interest in the cat, and turned for consolation toward the nigger baby, toward which he has developed apparently an extraordinary attachment. He carries it with him wherever he goes. When the children call him to take a walk Pat appears with the pickaninny in his mouth, and trots along with it sedately. Occasionally, as if to give vent to his feelings, he will deposit his charge on the sidewalk, and then dash wildly on for a few moments, returning afterward to pick up his child.

The tastes of the tailless Manx cat, who also had a stocking, were carefully observed by Santa Claus, a mechanical mouse, a small box, of sardines, a bottle of cream, a ball attached to a string all giving apparently great satisfaction. The children were so delighted at having their favorites included in the Christmas festivities that next year, they declare, they will hang up stockings for every animal on the place, feeling quite sure that good, kind Santa Claus will fill them appropriately.

YOUNG PERSONS' OPINIONS.

Very few young persons have the courage of their convictions or appear to be able to make up their minds for themselves as to whom and what they like, and to act accordingly. They are so much influenced by each other's views that one wonders sometimes where the original starter of an opinion can be, they all seem so supinely resting on each other.

"It is a great pity," remarked an older woman recently, "that girls will let such little things prejudice them against some excellent young man who, properly appreciated, might make an excellent husband. Some derogatory remark made by a companion—some absolutely unfounded prejudice started by a clique of youthful critics—and a girl who, left to herself, would have discovered nothing to criticise absolutely does not dare to encourage him even to the extent of having him for a cotillion partner. It goes without saying that it is never their elders who wield this influence—not their parents or teachers. It is their own contemporaries whose opinions are all powerful."

ETHICS IN BUSINESS.

A Place for College Women in Commercial World.

"It is a theory of mine," said Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' League, "that the trained woman would work a revolution in business methods for the benefit of the employe. I am thinking especially of college woman, but not entirely. Any woman with the brains to become the manager of a business, either her own or anybody else's, has an opportunity for benefiting her own sex to-day not to be equalled in any other line of work.

"I am sorry to see two tendencies among women to-day in regard to business. In the first place, every industrial school, every mission school, every church sewing class is training girls to enter the needle trades—the most overcrowded, poorly paid and health destroying of all trades—in which they all tread upon each other's heels, often with no chance to earn a living wage.

"On the other hand, great classes of young women are being graduated from college every year with the intention of entering one of two lines of work, either teaching or philanthropy. These are the two ladylike, respectable things for college women to do. Fortunately, philanthropy has been added as a profession for college women in recent years, so that they do not all now pour into the overcrowded profession of teaching.

"Now, I would not say one word against the college woman in philanthropy. She is a blessing there, and great good is going to come out of her presence there. But I do say that any college graduate having her living to earn, and desiring also to do something for social betterment, would become a thousand times more valuable to the cause of struggling, untrained womanhood by going behind a counter and working her way to be head of a department than she would, for instance, as agent of a charity organization.

"As an example, I have in mind Mrs. Taylor, who has a large store for the sale of the cheaper grades of goods in Cleveland. When the Cleveland women organized their consumers' league they never thought of her. They examined conditions in the fashionable stores, where they were accustomed to do their own shopping, and finally met to frame their white list. Mrs. Taylor came into the meeting, a stranger to all, and when the question came up rose and said that if there was to be a white list in Cleveland she was the only person who could be on it. On investigation they found this quite true. Her regulations with regard to her help were far in advance of those of any of the men merchants of the city, in respect to hours and conveniences, while the wages were not below. She had put in chairs for her saleswomen of her own motion long before there was a law to that effect anywhere in the West. She had convenient luncheon and rest rooms for the girls, and served a luncheon at noon for her employes, where splendidly cooked food could be had at exact cost. She kept the strictest oversight of the morals of the girls in her employ.

GOOD TO HER EMPLOYES.

"Mrs. Ida Cronk, who runs the Café Roma, one of the fashionable restaurants of Chicago, is another case in point. She is about as much Italian as I am, but she keeps an Italian chef, and her café is well known. She began by running the cheap coffee room at Hull House, when I was a resident there, and was first called to our attention by her perfectly devoted care of a little waitress, who had an insane mother and broke down under the double strain of wage-earning and home troubles. Afterward Mrs. Cronk started into business for herself, and she has proved that a woman can build up a great business in a large city while maintaining the most generous and humane relations with her employes.

"One of the best employers in New-York to her employes is a woman who keeps a corset store in the fashionable shopping district. She stands very high on the white list of the New-York Consumers' League, and, with one man merchant, she was the first to admit the league labelled goods to her stock. Another woman merchant on the New-York white list has a most successful fancy work store in the fashionable district. She started with a little bit of a shop for Berlin wools and has worked up to a good business, with an especially large Christmas trade. She has shown that even in New-York, with its high rents and dreadful competition, a woman can begin with one of the most uninteresting branches of trade, make money and be a friend and benefactor to her employes.

"The thing which I should think would attract more trained women into business instead of into a few overcrowded professions is that, as one grows old in any salaried position, the inevitable day of discharge approaches. No experience suffices to keep the old woman on, any more than the old man. But, her experience gained in subordinate positions, a woman can open a small business of her own, and each year's added experience only makes her more capable of conducting it successfully. And if she has any idea of social betterment her opportunities are greater in her own business than anywhere else. It is not only the fair wages, hours and treatment she is able to afford her own employes, but by these things she creates a standard, raises the level, introduces ethics into business. I think such women will always be satisfied with fair profits. They will not be grinders or sweaters.

NOT GREEDY FOR PROFITS.

"A good example of that is to be found in the story of Miss Ellen Collins, who for twenty-three years ran the 'Buttermilk House,' at the corner of Roosevelt and Water sts. Miss Collins lived in that region as a girl, when Cherry Hill was one of the desirable places of residence in old New-York. She bought a certain tenement house for $22,000, renovated it completely and rented it in two, three and four room flats. During the twenty-three years she owned it she did not advance the rents. The rents, based on the original purchase price, averaged 5½ per cent net profit, and she was satisfied with this. In addition, she voluntarily sacrificed the rear ends of two houses to make a yard, in which the janitor kept grass growing and where any families in the tenements could plant flowers if they liked. This was before the new tenement law compelled 12-foot airshafts. She opened a sewing school in the tenement for the girls and women and she gave up one room as a lounging room for the longshoremen of the neighborhood between jobs. She took care that only respectable families were admitted, and liquor of all kinds was barred from the house. When she sold the house recently for $11,000 more than she paid for it it was put in the title that the house shall revert to her heirs if it ever shelters a saloon, gambling place or disreputable house.

"Now, as a result, $500 covered all Miss Collins lost in bad rents in twenty-three years. In one rent roll of $2,400 the loss was just $2 50. Demands for repairs were very slight, and yet tenants frequently called her in to see new wallpaper or other repairs they had made for themselves. They appreciated the fact that the rents were very much lower than those around them.

"In all this there was no charity. It was a 5½ per cent investment. Miss Collins was a landlord, but she did not grind the poor. She was satisfied with a fair return. She introduced ethics into business.

"This is what I want to see intelligent women do more and more—go into business and take their ethical principles with them. They can do a great deal more good there than in philanthropy.

IN DEPARTMENT STORES.

"Recently a side door into business has been opened to college women in the position of social secretary. The most notable success in this line, I think, is that of Miss Hirschler, in a large Boston store. When Miss Hirschler went in she said she could do nothing until she learned the business of each department. She took the cloak department first, and stayed with it until she learned just what was necessary to sell a cloak. She learned the stock and the methods. Then she took another department, and so went through the store. At the end of her apprenticeship, if a complaint was made either by or against a woman or girl in that store she knew the rights of both sides. It has come to the point that no woman or girl is either discharged or employed at that store without Miss Hirschler having the last word. Her employers have implicit confidence in her judgment and sense of justice, by reason of the added smoothness of the running gear of the store since her advent. The standard of help employed has risen so high that they do not take on any girl now who has not finished the grades. I knew two giddy girls who went to night school all one winter in order to finish the grades and get taken on at this store.

"Now this is a fine thing, but why should the trained woman be confined to this one position in stores? I want to see women college graduates at the head of departments in our great stores. I think it would work a revolution in methods. For one thing, there is bitter complaint among shop girls as to partiality and favoritism on the part of male heads of departments. That's a subject into which it is perhaps not safe to probe too deeply; but it would all be done away with under women heads of departments. Any institution in which as a rule, all the youngest and most foolish employes are girls, and all the responsible and well paid positions are virtually closed to women, is sure to develop a low standard of competence and ambition on the part of women. What incentive is there for them to rise? That favorite axiom of business, 'there's always room at the top,' is not true of women in the commercial world. But so it was when women went into the educational world. No responsible or well paid position was open to them. When women of trained intelligence begin to make their way into the commercial world, they will make their way to the top.

"Now as to the daughters of rich men who here and there are devoting themselves to social betterment, or who through a desire for independence are going into money earning careers, I think they could find no better field for their activity than in the commercial world. One good floorwalker or division superintendent from that class could do more good than any dozen ordinary philanthropic workers. They could do good, because they would take ideals with them; and ideals can live in the business world. The success of many who have held them, proves that moreover, such women, with social and family backing behind them, could publish abuses and demand reforms in a way no ordinary working woman could. I knew the daughter of a wealthy banker once, who took the kindergarten training and became a kindergarten teacher. I was sorry. That field is won, both as a feature of the public schools and as a place for the woman teacher. With her ideals, and the power of money and position behind her, I would like to have had her strike out in some new line, carve out some new career for women. Such a woman, exquisitely bred and possessing the highest ideals of service, could have become a moral power in any department store she might have entered."

MISS WILLARD'S STATUE.

After Several Delays W. C. T. U. Women Hope to Unveil It in February.

In her sun-lighted studio, high above the uproar of West Twenty-third-st., Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears, the sculptor of the portrait statue of Frances E. Willard, which is to be placed in the National Capitol at Washington by the State of Illinois, talked pleasantly of her work to a Tribune reporter the other day. Each State in the Union has been invited to place statues of its two most famous children in Statuary Hall, and Miss Willard is to be one of Illinois's two representatives. It will be the first statue of a woman by a woman to be placed in Statuary Hall.

Although this is by no means her first work of public importance, Miss Mears is still a very young woman.

"I was born in Oshkosh, Wis.," she said, "and while I was still a baby I began to model things out of some putty I found about the house, and in coal tar that my sister Mary brought home for me. Before I was nine I modelled an original head of Apollo which was exhibited at the county fair, and every year after that I modelled and exhibited something—Hope, or Repentance, or some such thing. All the time I was at the Normal College I was modelling at home, with my father to suggest and criticise.

"I submitted a design in competition for the figure of a woman for the Woman's Building at the Chicago Exposition, coming in third, I believe, and when symbolical figures of Wisconsin were wanted for the Wisconsin State Building I competed successfully for them. The Milwaukee Woman's Club having offered a prize of $500 for the best work of art by a Wisconsin woman that should be exhibited at the Chicago Exposition, I was fortunate enough to win it with my Wisconsin figure, which, after the fair, was put in marble and placed in the rotunda of the Capitol at Madison."

Up to this point the only professional instruction Miss Mears had received was confined to about six weeks at the Art Institute in Chicago, but she now came to New-York, where she studied for a year and a half under Augustus St. Gaudens at the Art Students' League, before going abroad to spend a year in Paris ateliers, working under Puesch, in Julien's studio; in Colin's class and with Merson and Charpentier. During the latter part of the time she worked for St. Gaudens, helping to model his General Logan and other statues.

After nine or ten months in Italy Miss Mears returned to New-York, and set up for herself as a sculptor. She made a portrait bust in marble of President George S. Albee, of the Oshkosh Normal School, and began work on her "Fountain of Life," a large symbolical piece fourteen feet high, with three panels filled with life size figures, and intended to be placed against the wall of a garden.

The first panel represents the unconscious, dreamy life that preceded this; the second, the conscious life of the present, and the third the future life.

Miss Mears says she worked for four years off and on at "The Fountain of Life." It was exhibited last winter at the Architectural League in New-York, spent the summer in the Art Building at St. Louis, and is now on its way to Chicago, where it will be exhibited at the Architectural League Club in April. It is described by Miss Mears as a "working fountain," the idea being for the water to flow out from among the rocks at the base of the centre panel into a marble basin below.

"I was working on my 'Fountain of Life' when the Willard statue competition opened," said Miss Mears. "I sent in a sketch in wax. It was accepted, and I have been working on it ever since—about three years. A great deal of preparation was necessary before I could do anything. In the first place, I had to read everything about the life of Miss Willard I could lay hands on. In so doing I discovered that she was a very different kind of woman from what I—and, I suspect, the public—imagined her to be—far sweeter and more womanly, and, at the same time, a great organizer.

"Then I had to read her writings and the reports of her speeches. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union people sent me a great number of photographs, which I studied with the greatest care."

Miss Mears's sketch represents the famous temperance agitator standing in modern dress by a reading desk, about to speak to an audience. In her left hand are a few leaves of manuscript. Her right arm rests on the desk. At her feet, on the pedestal, are cut the following words from one of her addresses:

"Ah! it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them.

"Oh, by the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved."

Although Miss Mears received her commission from the legislature of Illinois, the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union all over the country are naturally deeply interested, and the disappointments which have attended the statue's completion have been felt keenly by them. It had been planned to have the statue unveiled on December 6, but in the first block of snow white Carrara marble on which work was begun a flaw was found after many weeks of patient labor had been expended, and it had to be thrown aside. A second block, perfect to outward appearance, had likewise to be discarded after a shorter period. The marble cutters who do the heavy chiselling are now at work on the third piece of marble.

Unless some unexpected accident should interpose the statue will be unveiled this winter, probably in February. Miss Kate Gordon, the close friend of Miss Willard and the secretary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is one of a committee of five which is responsible for the statue.

Miss Mears, it is interesting to note, contrives to make her art pay.

"At first I depended on private means," she told the Tribune reporter, "but for several years I have supported myself by my work." Among the unfinished models in her studio is a portrait bust of General George Rogers Clark, which she is making for the Society of Children of the American Revolution, of Milwaukee, who will place it, done in bronze, in the public library of that city.

HELEN FARNSWORTH MEARS.
Sculptor of Frances Willard's statue.

CAROLINA RICE DISHES.

Delicious Southern Recipes Passed On From Generation to Generation.

"As the birthplace of rice in America, as the leading rice producing State for over two centuries, and as the only section of this great continent where rice has been appreciated at its true value and prepared as it should be, it is peculiarly appropriate that the public should be enlightened with our methods of preparation, introduced by Carolinians through this medium, to the variety of nutritious and delightful combinations which are given in this book," writes Mrs. Samuel G. Stoney, in her introduction to the Carolina Rice Cook Book (Carolina Rice Kitchen Association, Charleston, S. C.)

Beginning with a eulogium of rice as a foodstuff, Mrs. Stoney proceeds to give a large number of rice recipes, the majority of which, she says, "have been in constant use for over a century, passing from generation to generation, precious heirlooms, jealously guarded by the dear old housewives of the past, and many of them now for the first time appearing in print."

This little paper bound book is redolent of the South—the South of fifty years ago. 'Even the names of many of the dishes sound queer and outlandish to Northern ears, like "gippy rice bread," "philpy," "pany getta," "pooshee rice bread," "hopping John," "bubble and squeak" and "pan journey cake." Some of the recipes, too, call for baking boards and open fires, and many of them are ordered on such a generous scale as to suggest a hotel rather than a private family. This, for example:

OKRA SOUP.

Cut up in small pieces one-quarter peck of okra; skin one-half peck of tomatoes, and put them, with a shin or leg of beef, into ten quarts of cold water. Boil it gently for seven hours, skimming it well. Season with cayenne or black pepper and salt. A ham bone boiled with the other ingredients is thought an improvement by some persons. Serve with rice.—(Carolina Housewife.

There are several other recipes for this famous and delicious soup. One said to be particularly delightful calls for two soup plates of okra cut up in fine slices and placed in a "digester," with five quarts of water and a little salt, at 10 o'clock. At 11 put meat (the recipe does not say what kind or how much) into the digester. At 12 peel one and a half soup plates of tomatoes, and, after straining them through a colander throw them into the digester. Then season with salt and pepper. Allow all the ingredients to boil until 3 o'clock, when it is fit to be served up. N. B.—If you dine at 2, begin an hour earlier with each ingredient.

Other recipes in this entertaining little book are:

RICE MUFFINS.

One half pint of soft boiled rice, one spoonful of butter, two eggs, two spoonfuls of yeast, salt, three pints of wheat flour. Mix at night and bake in rings in the morning.

RICE PIE.

Pick clean a quart of rice, wash well, tie in a cloth, put into a pot of boiling water and boil until perfectly soft. Then drain and press it as dry as possible; mix it with two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of mild grated cheese. Take a small tin butter kettle, wet the inside, put in the rice and stand in a cool place till quite cold. Then turn it out carefully (it should retain the form of the kettle), rub it over with the beaten yolk of an egg, and set it in an oven till lightly browned. Cut out from the top of the mass of rice an oval lid, about two inches from the edge, so as to leave a flat rim or border all around. Then excavate the mould of rice, leaving a standing crust all around and at the bottom about two inches thick. Have ready some hot stewed oysters or birds, brown or white fricasse. Fill up the pie, adding the gravy. Lay on the lid and decorate it with sprigs of curled parsley stuck in all around the crack where the lid is put on.

SHRIMP PILAU.

Take one pint of rice, boil grainy, while hot add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, one pint of milk, mace, pepper and salt to taste; have two plates of picked shrimps; put alternate layers of rice and shrimps, letting the first and last layers be of rice. Beat up the yolk of an egg, put it over the rice and bake.—(Mrs. Huger

RICE PUDDING.

Boil half a pound of rice in milk until it is quite tender, beat it well with a wooden spoon to wash the grains; add three quarters of a pound of sugar and the same of melted butter; half a nutmeg, six eggs, a gill of wine, some grated lemon peel; put a paste in the dish and bake it. For a change it may be boiled and eaten with butter, sugar and wine.—(Virginia Housewife.

A POPULAR WRAP.

The "pelisse Russe," as the Parisians call it, is a wrap frequently seen this winter. It is usually of velvet or satin. In style it is a straight coat reaching to about eight inches below the waist, beyond which it hangs in deep folds. A broad band of velvet makes the belt and outlines the wide sleeves. Long stolelike revers, trimmed with passementerie, cords and tassels, give a distinguished appearance to the front. Velvet epaulets head the sleeves.

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JOHN, FROM SIMONSON,
The Hair Coloring Specialist, has left A. Simonson, on Broadway, and has opened a large establishment at 10 WEST 29TH ST., between Broadway and 5th Ave., under the name of JAY MORRIS & CO., where he will continue his most careful and excellent work same as in the past. STRICTLY PRIVATE. Up to Date Hairdressing, Manicure and Shampoo Rooms.

The North Pole, in the form of a cardboard tube covered with white paper and diamond dust, constituted the centre piece of one Christmas table. It stood upon a block of real ice, and the tin pan which held the latter was concealed by diamond dusted cotton batting. The pan was placed in the centre of a frozen mirror sea glittering with candy icebergs and losing itself in a border of frosted holly. A white toy bear stood near the pole, and an esquimau doll looked upward toward the inaccessible point from the bottom of the snow mountain.

Pillows wear out just like anything else, says a housekeeping authority, even though one may change the tick covering from time to time; the feathers become impregnated with dust and dirt and lose the life that is in all good feathers at first. Then, too, years ago feathers were not prepared nor pillows made according to the scientific methods that now obtain. A pair of feather pillows bought to-day of a reliable firm, are not at all like the feather pillows of our grandmother's day, as one soon finds, and it would be wise for many a housewife to go through her bed chambers and place new pillows on every bed, renovating the feathers in the old pillows, perhaps, but using them for filling sofa pillows, for which purpose they do very well, but not for affording comfortable rest and sleep at night.

To keep nuts fresh throughout the year they should be packed in casks between layers of fine sand.

A tailor of Cape Town, South Africa, is said to have invented a coat which may be turned at will into a frock, morning or evening dress coat. The transformation is effected by the use of detachable skirts, which are fastened to the coat by an ingenious system of lacing. It is said that a man can thus change his morning coat into a frock coat, or evening coat, in a couple of minutes by whipping off one pair of skirts and lacing on another, and that the join is not to be distinguished from an ordinary seam.

A handful of salt in the last rinsing water greatly simplifies the hanging out of clothes in freezing weather. As salt prevents water from freezing at the usual temperature, clothes thus treated can not only be hung on the line before they freeze, but if the sun is shining on them they will partially dry before doing so, a circumstance which prevents much wear and tear. The laundress ought to wear white wool gloves when hanging out clothes in winter.

Half a lemon placed in the water in which dish towels and kitchen cloths are soaked is said to sweeten them wonderfully.

In France the man or woman who goes to market on the day of the saint whose name he or she bears, says "Good Housekeeping," receives a bouquet of cut flowers or a pot of "fragrant roses" or "graceful lilies, attractively dressed in their stiff, white paper collarettes."

People inclined to be thin and having proportionately delicate skins should take cream regularly during the cold weather. It is one of the very best safeguards against the sundry colds and winter ailments that the flesh is heir to. Other heat producing foods, such as sugar, butter and potatoes, should be eaten, and meat should be used rather sparingly.

A diet of young carrots is said to be excellent for the skin and all its appendages of hair and nails. This is attributed to its anti-scorbutic salts, its oily matter and the iron which exists in all red colored vegetables and fruits.

JAPANESE PATRIOTS.

Women's Share in the Present War—A "Beloved Mother."

That the women of Japan are made of the same stuff as the men, though obliged to take a lesser part in the present conflict with Russia, is abundantly evident from an article contributed by the wife of Admiral Uriu to "Harper's Bazar."

"The rich and the poor, the high and the low, have but one object," says Mme. Uriu, "to encourage those who are at the front, to help the distressed families whose supporters have been chosen to fight for their country, and, lastly, to help those families whose dear ones have died for the cause."

One of the leaders in this work is a most interesting woman by the name of Joko Okumura.

MME. NAKAYAMA.
Senior member of the Ladies' Patriotic Association in Tokio.

the organizer of the Ladies' Patriotic Association. Mme. Okumura, although not a young woman, appears to be animated by a spirit of burning patriotism and love for humanity that knows no rest.

Before the war with China broke out she was greatly interested in the Coreans, and labored unceasingly for their welfare. She induced the Corean government to build schools, and collected money in Japan for a girls' school. The Coreans worshipped her, and called her "Beloved Mother." She was in China at the time of the Boxer rising, and made a practice of attending the funerals of the dead Japanese soldiers. It was a touching sight, says Mme. Uriu, to see this grayhaired woman kneeling in prayer for the departed souls and one which many times affected the spectators to tears. She went about among the wounded soldiers continually, soothing and comforting them and promising them to look after their loved ones at home. She assured them that henceforth her object in life would be to help and relieve the bereaved families, and on her return she went on foot from one end of the kingdom to the other, urging the necessity of a patriotic association upon the leading women. The society was organized in time of profound peace, and before the present war broke out had thirty thousand members. This increased to more than forty thousand within a month after the declaration of war.

The Princess Iwakura is the president of this society and the Empress and other members of the imperial family are patronesses. The Marchioness Oyama, a graduate of Vassar, is one of the most active workers and is now collecting money to send presents to the men at the front. Even the schoolgirls have a share in the work and are so anxious to help that they may be seen knitting socks and slippers on the streetcars on their way to school.

Since the outbreak of the war a new relief society has been formed for the assistance of families whose male relatives have gone to the front. Princess Mori is chairman of this society. Though it is not customary in Japan for women to go out after the death of their husbands, Princess Mori, for the sake of her charities, has broken through all such convention. The foreign women in Tokio have joined in this relief work and the women of the diplomatic corps have given several entertainments in aid of the fund.

The Red Cross Society of Japan is already well known. It is under the patronage of the imperial family and at the Red Cross Hospital in Tokio women of the court and others of high rank meet every three days to roll bandages.