



WOMAN'S REALM

excavations of ancient ruins. Days and even weeks, are often required to match and put together these little pieces, and not only great mechanical ingenuity but much special knowledge of the objects themselves is necessary to the work.

When her task is completed the restored article is apparently flawless, and scarcely a trace of the mending can be detected even under close scrutiny. The cement used is said to be made of the albumen of eggs and evaporated whey. It is practically everlasting, and will endure almost any degree of heat and moisture.

"There are in New York a number of shops for repairing the bric-a-brac, tortoise shell and ivory ornaments," said a club woman yesterday, "and if some of them could be induced to accept pupils in the art, or to take apprentices, women blessed with delicate fingers and abundant patience might find a new avenue of profit. There are house milliners, table decorators, bric-a-brac restorers and lace menders, and there ought to be a good field for expert restorers of china, cut glass, shell combs and ornaments, and fans of carved ivory or pearl, which are so easily broken and so expensive to replace. Department stores might be induced to employ such workers or at least to furnish them with piece work, and outside customers could be gradually obtained."—N. Y. Tribune.

A Song of a Button.

With fingers awkward and big
(Long past the hour for bed),
A mere man handles a needle keen
Which it's taken him hours to thread—
Work! Work! Work!
For work he is truly a glutton.
'Tis his first attempt—yet he does not
shirk—
He is trying to sew on a button.

With fingers weary and worn
(The dawn is rising red),
A mere man toils in a piteous way,
Still plying his needles and thread—
Prick! Prick! Prick!
And her murmurs (I think) "Tut! tut!"
On the needle invading his fingernail's
quicks.
As it comes with a jerk through the but-
ton.

With fingers ragged and sore
(The sun shines bright overhead),
A mere man wearily puts away
His troublesome needle and thread—
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
He has struggled with eyes half shut on,
But his spirits are yards above con-
cert pitch—
By jove, he has sewed on a button!
—The Mere Man, in Punch.

Swain Broke the Spell.

Sudden Stop of a Street Car Produced an Entirely Unlooked For Effect.

It was on a crowded north-bound cable train a little after 6. The tunnel had just been passed, but the conductor was still taking fare and the sharp ring of

attention. Suddenly the car came to a full stop at a corner, and in the abrupt silence that ensued the first words audible were from the earnest eyed young man with the Persian vest.

"Darling, if a life's devotion—"
"Fare, please," said the conductor, tapping him on the shoulder. The young man got rattled, glared, had a brief but exciting skirmish with his pockets and finally produced the coin. Then, with a face like a parboiled tomato, he asked mildly:

"Weren't those chilly days we had last week awful chilly?"
And the girl smiled sweetly and brushed a speck of dust from her chiffon as she answered that they were so.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Little Boy.

"Always a little boy, to her."
No matter how old he's grown,
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray.

She's deaf to his manly tone,
His voice is the same as the day he asked:
"What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same—
A little boy, to her.

"Always a little boy, to her."
She heeds not the lines of care
That furrows his face—to her it is still
As it was in his boyhood, fair.
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
As they were in his small boy days.
He never changes; to her he's still
"My little boy," she says.

"Always a little boy, to her."
And to him she's the mother fair,
With laughing eyes and the cheering
smile.

Of the boyhood days back there,
Back there, somewhere in the mist of
years—
Back there with the childish joy,
And to her he is never the man we see,
But always "her little boy."

"Always a little boy, to her."
The ceaseless march of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
Ere ever they reach her ears.
The smile that she sees is the smile of
youth.
The wrinkles are dimples of joy,
His hair, with its gray, is as sunny as
May.
He is always "her little boy."
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

Consumers' League.
In writing about the Consumers' League in Critic, the secretary of that organiza-

MIGHT HURI.



"I think I'll see your father to-night, dear."
"Hurry, you better call him up on the long distance phone, George."

tion makes the following plea to woman shoppers:

"From those with experience we hear striking stories of the gratitude expressed by men in the department of delivery in our large stores at our efforts to persuade the public to insist on the delivery of parcels being made before 6 P. M. The only instance possible for us shoppers is to decline to receive parcels delivered after that hour. How can we have good citizens when men work from seven in the morning to ten, eleven and twelve o'clock every night? Have they no minds to cultivate a little reading? When can they read the papers? Have they no right to a little home life? The public, and the public alone, can give them leisure for these things by stopping late deliveries."

Miles Covered by Dancers.

A Chicago physician with a statistical turn of mind has been estimating the proper distance covered by a woman in dancing through the ordinary ballroom programme.

An average waltzer, the doctor estimates, takes one over three-quarters of a mile. A square dance makes you cover half a mile; the same distance is covered in a polka, while a rapid gallop will oblige you to travel just about a mile.

Say there are 12 waltzes, which is a fair average. These alone make nine miles. Three gallops added to this makes the distance 12 miles, while from three to five other dances, at half a mile each, bring up the total to from 13 to 15 miles. This, too, is without reckoning the promenade and the waltz.

"As a means of exercise," says the physician, "it will thus be seen that dancing stands at the head of the list. In golf, for instance, the major part of the exercise consists in the walking around the links, following up the ball, and yet, even in golf, not so much ground is covered as in an evening's dance."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Bad Break.

Nell—Mad at him? Why, he wrote a lovely poem to her.

Belle—Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of rage. You see he called it "Lines on Mabel's face."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Perfect Trust.

"Mrs. Thompson simply adores her husband. He is raving over him all the time?"

"No; but she lets him pick out her Christmas presents."—Chicago Record.

Quite Literal.

Teacher, to class—"What is an octopus?"

Small Boy, who has just commenced to take Latin, eagerly—"Please, sir, I know, sir: it's an eight-sided cat."—Life.

Hi-Lit It Well.

"Mamma, come quick," called small Willie from the bed where he was confined with stomach trouble. "I think I'm going to unswallow something."—Chicago News.



The Tables Turned.

(Twentieth Century Drama.)
The woman she sat in her dusty den,
Her papers all scattered about,
While she tollsomly sought, with pipe and pen,
To straighten her business out.
When a sudden cry
Of agony
From her husband smote her ear—
"Help! Help! Be quick!
Oh, it makes me sick!
I shall die if you don't come here!"

The woman she strode across the floor,
An anxious frown on his brow,
And she tenderly said, as she opened the door,
"What troubles my Poppet now?"
For perched on a chair,
High up in air,
That frantic man she found,
And she gave a shriek
At every squeak
Of the mouse that played around.

"Just look!" he sobbed, with his coat held high.
As he poked on the tip of his toe:
"What a savage jerk of his tail! Oh my!
It will run up my clothes, I know!
How its eyeballs glare!
And its mouth—see, there!
Oh, its going to jump on me quick!"
Till the mouse was gone,
Scared off by the woman's shriek.

The woman she smiled at his pretty fears
In a fond, superior way,
While he strove to check the bursting tears.
As he breathlessly watched the fray,
Then the man to the floor
She helped once more,
And lovingly kissed and caressed,
Her strong arm a wound
Gave over they reach her ears,
And he wept out his light on her breast!
—Harlem Life.

Chocolate While You Wait.

Here in Manila they make chocolate while you wait. Right into the house a Chinaman comes with his basket and rolls, the crushed cocoa beans and sugar, and then makes a supply of chocolate that is sweeter and more palatable and cheaper than the commercial brand sold in the Chicago stores.

When the Chinaman comes he lays aside his hat and shirt, and stripped to the waist and barefooted, he begins his work. In the basket is the chocolate or cocoa bean, from which the rancid oil has been extracted and which oil has long ago moulded the hair of some Filipino belle or lighted some boarder bitter and brackish. With a rolling-pin the Chinaman grinds them into a fine powder. This takes time. When it is done, he opens another basket and dips out the sugar for the sweetening and the final mixture. The sugar is what would probably grade "coffee C" if it were in commercial circles. Like the bean, it grows on the island. Industrious the Chinaman rubs, and gradually the chocolate forms on the bottom of the board and drips off in sticky sweetness into the basket beneath. The family gathers about to sample the product and the Chinaman stops to smoke a cigarette while judgment is being passed. Caps and beret are handed around and all "taste." If it is not sweet enough the manufacturer throws more sugar on his board and drops in another pinch of manilla and cinamon.

When it is done, he opens his bag to work and for several hours rubs away at his task. The deposit below the rolling-pin is a brown substance that is soft and moist, while above it is to all appearances a dry powder and sugar.

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Wear an Opal Heart.

The "hoodoo" has been taken from the opal. Until very lately it was considered unlucky to own or wear opals, unless they chanced to be the wearer's birthstone, and then they were looked upon as lucky talismans, bringing good luck and happiness to the possessor. The old adage has that the opal is a wisecracker, with regard to the health of the wearer. If in ill health the gem will become pale and dim; if in good health its colors will be flashing and brilliant. Opals are supposed to bring bad luck, disaster and illness to the person wearing them, and for a long time they were tabooed. But all this is changed now, like the peacock feather and the Boston bean. The opal is now cut in the form of a heart, and in this shape given to sweethearts as an emblem of enduring affection. Far from being considered an evil omen, it is, with its flashing of rainbow hues, looked upon as a type of happiness and luck.—Keystone.

How You Can Manufacture This Fabric at Home.

Do you want a waist belt for an evening gown, a colored silk or satin? Then you must have it of panne the same tint. Or is the gown black? Then a waist-belt and a choker otherwise rosette, of turquoise, or cerise, or vivid green panne, will make it look fresh and up-to-date at once.

If you want the latest things in revers for your new cloth coat, get panne, and use it for the waistcoat, or throat-pieces as well as the coat; but then it must be machine-stitched with silk of the same thing but a different shade, or with a contrasting color.

Would you know the latest thing in hat-trimming? Still panne, machine-stitched. The most generally worn neck-finish, stitched or corded collarettes of panne, cut very high with little points up behind the ears. It is a charming material, truly, much more fascinating than velvet, and much more economical to wear, as it doesn't plush or spoil in the way of velvet; but (there is always a but) it is not cheap to begin with, unless you know my secret. If you will take care at the same cost, if you will take a little trouble and follow these directions, which I will try and make clear.

The secret is that panne is nothing more than silk velvet ironed on its face. This is the precise method:

Get a moderately hot, clean iron. A clean iron, by the way, is an iron which is quite bright underneath, even if it be only a steel-faced one.

Most people realize that a brass-faced box-iron should be bright for use, but I've often found that they think an ordinary tin-iron is just as black all over. It generally is, but it shouldn't be.

All irons are steel-faced, and only require rubbing on a piece of medium coarse emery paper to become quite bright.

We'll then see that your irons (you should have two) are perfectly smooth and bright, and then when they are hot rub the one you are going to use on a duster, and be careful to rub the edges for fear of any black falling off them, especially if the velvet you mean to convert into panne is of a delicate color.

Next try the iron on a clean white cloth to test its heat, for it must not, as you will want to press slowly and firmly, nor just run over the thing.

Now strike the face of the velvet with your hand from selvage to selvage.

You will find it strokes smoother one way than the other, which means that the pile is more inclined to lie down the way it strokes smoothest; therefore, that is the way to iron it.

Place it so that it strokes away from you, and then start ironing it at the edge of the iron, and with an even pressure from one selvage to the other right across.

Start the next stroke by the edge of the first, always ironing in the same direction—that is, away from you—right from the selvage until the whole piece of velvet is turned into beautiful shimmering panne.

Don't be afraid of the ironing, you won't iron it too much, the more ironing it looks.—New Haven Register.

A Question.

While the kettle is merrily singing,
Here's the question that harrides my soul:
Does the coal sing the song of the water,
Or the water the song of the coal?
—Harper's Bazar.

The Boer Girls.

How They are Raised, Courted and Married—Queer Customs.

When young Boer girls are handsome, tall and of good figure, their eyes are blue, their hair light, their feet and hands large. Many Boer belles take 25 in men's shoes.

When she loses the first flush of youth the Boer woman has a tendency to become ungainly of figure. In fact, she has the habit of tie a cord around the waist to possess their feet and hands large. Many Boer belles take 25 in men's shoes.

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COASTING DAYS.

Panne Velvet.

girl. The "up-sitting" forms the Boer betrothal ceremony. A long candle is lit and the coffee kettle put on the fire. As long as the candle burns the betrothal exchange of confidence. When the light flickers the visitor departs and this constitutes the engagement.

The wedding follows in a month or so. From miles around come relatives and well-wishers. There are soon long rows of saddles and wagons against the farm walls. A firing of guns salutes the return of the bridal party from the "pre-likant," or preacher. Then follows the great feast, which lasts until sunset. During the clearing away the ladies attend themselves in white muslin, gay with ribbons and brass jewelry. The fiddlers supply the music and, led by bride and bridegroom, dancing begins. The mud floor has been polished with bullock's blood until it glitters like marble. The fun waxes greater and not until dawn does the company disperse.

As a husband or wife is regarded much in the same light as an indispensable piece of household furniture, it behooves a bereaved partner to lose no time in replacing the dead wife or husband.—London Mail.

The River of Rest.

A beautiful stream is the River of Rest. The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold.

A tall mast crosses a star in the west. A white sail gleams in the west world's Rest—
It looms to the shore of the River of Rest—
The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest.

The boatman rises, he reaches a hand. He knows you well, he will steer you clear. And far, so far from all ills upon land, From hates, from fates that pursue and pursue;
Far over the lily-lined River of Rest—
Dear Mythical, magical River of Rest.

A storied sweet stream is this River of Rest;
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;
And journey you east, or journey you west,
Unwilling, or willing, sure-footed, or sore,
You surely will come to this River of Rest—
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.
—Joachim Miller.

Old Customs.

Is it not surprising what a number of little things we do without knowing the reason? asks the Buffalo Express.

Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you may say, because they make them look pretty and interesting. But the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course, a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, and so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away, the cap remains.

Why do we have bows on the left side of our hats? In olden times when men were much in the open air and hats couldn't be bought for half a dollar, it was the habit to tie a cord around the crown and let the ends fall on the left side to be grasped on the arising of a squall. They fell on the left side so they might be grasped by the left hand, the right usually being more usefully engaged. Later on, the ends got to be tied in a bow, and later still, they became useless, yet the bow has remained, and will probably remain until the next deluge or something of that sort.

What is the meaning of the crosses or X's on a barrel of beer? They signify degrees of quality nowadays. But originally they were put on by those ancient monks as a sort of trade mark. They were crosses in these days, and meant a sort of oath on the cross, sworn by the manufacturer that his barrel contained good liquor.

Why are bells tolled for the dead? This has become so familiar a practice that a funeral without it would appear un-Christian. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago when people were being buried, in order to frighten away the evil spirits who lived in the air.

Why do fair ladies break a bottle of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched and to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood baptized it.

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Spartan Mothers.

"One more embrace! then, o'er the main,
And nobly play the soldier's part!"
Thus speaks, amid the martial strain,
The Spartan mother's aching heart.
She hides her woe,
She bids him go,
And tread the path his father trod,
"Who fights for England fights for God."

Helpless to help, she waits, she weeps,
And listens to the far-off fray,
He scours the gorges, he scales the steep,
Scatters the foe—away! away!
Fagged is their flight,
Smile! again smile!
How fleet their steeds! how nimble shod!
She kneels, she prays: "Protect him,
God!"

The sister's sigh, the maiden's tear,
The wife's, the widow's grief well,
These nerve the hand, these brace the leg,
And speed them over veils and vale.
What is to him
Or life or limb,
Who rends the chain and breaks the rod,
Who falls for freedom, falls for God.

And should it be his happy fate
Hale to return to home and rest,
She will be standing at the gate,
To fold him to her trembling breast.
By ridge or wall,
And he "neath some green southern sod—
"Who dies for country, sleeps with God."
—Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, in the Independent.

Her Aspirations.

Teacher—"What animal contents itself with the least amount of food?"
Pupil—"The moth."
Teacher—"Wrong. On the contrary, the moth is a very greedy animal."
Pupil—"But it eats nothing but holes."
—Philadelphia Times.

"There was little of the dialistic about the essay of a Kansas girl at her recent graduation. Her teacher had given her for a theme the phrase, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." She astonished her preceptors and schoolmates by these emphatic words:

"I do not care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or even in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad I have a good, very good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays about future woman.

"It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have, should he speak of 'dones' in my presence, or say 'somewhere.' It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not recalculate the time I have spent in acquiring do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can lick anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an 80-acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. And I will agree to cook good dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave and lavish upon him a whole lot of wholesome affection and see that his razor hasn't been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I don't care if I do get a little rusty on the rules of three and kindred things as the years go by."—Chicago Chronicle.

She Didn't Care.

"I care not for the prize," she said,
"I do not play to win."
Somebody rang the bell and then
She started in.

I was her partner, and I threw
Away an easy trick;
She did not say, but I knew
It almost made her sick.

I played with many another there,
And thought of her no more;
I looked in many a pretty face,
And made a wretched score.

They stopped at last, she came to me
With angry in her eyes,
"If you could play the game," said she,
"I might have won the prize."
—J. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Tired Child.

Though puppets come with flaxen roll
And gleaming eyes of lustre deep,
At night we find the old rag doll
Enfolded in her arms to sleep.

And so, as through the years we rove
And sometimes thrive in fortune's quest,
The ones whom first we learned to love
Are still the ones we love the best.
—Washington Star.

Bicycle Diabler.

Mrs. Sprockett—"George, what in the world happened to the pipe organ in church this morning while you were singing that solo?"

Mr. Sprockett—who always talks bicycle—"Why, the organist was coasting on easy grade with her feet on the pedals, when she ran into some sharp notes and the old thing punctured."—Ohio State Journal.

Retrospective.

"Harry," "What is it, Dorothy?"
Christmas, or did I give it to you?"—
"Did you give that parlor lamp last diabolical year?"—Ohio State Journal.

BETTER IN THE END.



Carry—"They say she has given up advocating 'women's rights.'"
Cholly—"Yes, she goes in for 'women's lefts.'"
Carry—"What are they?"
Cholly—"Widows."

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