



# WOMAN'S REALM

the bills. She took some from each of the three rolls, thinking he wouldn't miss them. The next morning he hurried off to his office, so his wife wouldn't get time to repent and tell him what she had done.

Several times that day he went to a window and looked out, just to be alone with his thoughts and be happy. A telephone message came for him in the afternoon. It was from a big store in State Street.

"Hello! Are you married?" came the question over the telephone.

"Yes. Is that any of your business?" "It may be. There's a woman over here who says she's your wife."

"Well, what of it?"

"You'd better come over and see."

He hurried to the store, doubling and agitated.

His wife had been shopping. She bought things so liberally that the salesman who served her was delighted. The bill of goods amounted to \$18, and it was for trinkets only, such as women buy who have lots of money. She handed over four \$5 bills. She waited for her change. The salesman returned, but he was not smiling suavely.

"I'm sorry, madam, but these bills are bad."

"Bad?" And, with a long, cold, withering look, she gathered up the bills, and handed over two \$10 bills.

After another wait the salesman came back, and he was not smiling then, either. He was laboring to be calm and dignified.

"I'm sorry to inform you, madam, that these bills are bad, also."

She started to say something to him, but just at that moment the right words were too hard to find. But she could still look chilling glances at him. She and stuffed them into the off side of her purse. Her fingers were not moving deftly, but she managed to draw out a \$30 bill. With yet-determination she passed it over the counter.

"See if that is bad, too," she said, with fine irony.

She was breathing hard, but otherwise she was perfectly calm, while she waited. Soon the salesman came back. His face was in hard, set lines.

"It is," he said with an effort.

"Give me that money, you—you-wretch!"

"I'm sorry, madam, but—"

The overworked salesman was saved the labor of finishing such a difficult sentence. A house detective stepped up behind him and finished it for him, telling her she would have to come to the office of the superintendent. He was a police officer with a star on his vest, and she avoided a scene by going with him.

Her husband settled the matter by telling the superintendent the whole story and paying the bill with good money.

## Woman's Vocations.

With Woman's nimble fingers:  
Awakes her beauty everywhere;  
Things small and unregarded  
Beneath thy touch shall change to fair.

With Woman's tender insight:  
Unspoken sorrow under her eye;  
The watcher's aching forehead  
Shall yield unto thy cooling hand.

With Woman's noble purity:  
Be as the snow-white lilies are;  
Their glowing hearts shall beckon  
And be the wanderer's guiding star.

With woman's strength eternal,  
Thy life, for others' souls given,  
Shall shine afar, translucent,  
Clear as the crystal gate of Heaven.  
—Carmen Sylva In The North American Review.

## An Expensive Episode.

Rainy Day Skirt. Cost a Girl \$75 and Now She Wants to Sell It.

"It's not much of a story," said the Bright Girl hesitatingly. "I had that rainy-day skirt for fully a month before I could make up my mind to wear it; then there came a day when it didn't rain; it simply poured cats and dogs and pitchforks and things. It was necessary that I should go down town, so I got out my skirt and looked it over, and finally after I had looked over my trained ones and pronounced them unfit for any sensible person to wear in that deluge, I put it on reluctantly.

"It was the prescribed length, but it seemed fearfully short to me and I felt so abnormally self-conscious that I decided I couldn't just get in a car and have everybody gazing; that's why I walked. I had 12 or 15 blocks to go and it seemed to me that that skirt was shorter each time I looked at my reflection in a shop window—and I looked, of course every time there was a window.

"Presently I met a friend.

"'Why, dear,' she said—women always call one 'dear' when they're about to say something disagreeable—'isn't your skirt just a little—er—'

"'No, it's a great deal—er,' said I honestly, after which scathing piece of reprobation I hastened on.

"'Well, I finally reached my milliner's and in the long mirrors set in one side of her wall I looked the awful truth in the face—or the ankles, I should say—for that skirt had shrunk as I came down town, though the merchant had sworn when I bought it that the cloth had been sponged. I hope he'll get his reward!

"I went home in a cab, anyhow, and now there's a perfectly good rainy-day skirt for sale cheap that would probably suit a young woman six inches shorter than myself or a lady of the ballet, if that airy creature ever consents to go out in damp weather.

"It's not much of a story, but the episode that I met in a certain skirt and wear and tear of mind owing to the glances of the populace at my ankles just about \$75."—Baltimore News.

## The Acme of Economy.

Some people are born economical, some achieve economy, and some have economy thrust upon them. As an instance of native economy I don't think I know anything more forcible than a confidential dialogue overheard on the South Side elevated a few mornings since. One lady was middle aged and round, with two distinct chins, and the hint of a third; the other was a young, slender, black-eyed person evidently on the verge of matrimony, for they were deep in the discussion of wedding cakes, dresses, presents, etc. Said the young person: "Yes, I have decided to have a swell wedding! It really doesn't cost much more for the flowers, the dresses and the cake have to be provided, anyhow, and one might just as well have a big crowd as a few people. And think how many more presents I shall get!"

Sighed the round one, in a spell of reminiscence, "I've called out it only means the giving of them back again, it's way, because as the guests get married themselves later on you will have to put your hands in your pockets and send them just as handsome presents as they gave you!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the slim person, her black eyes snapping triumphantly. "I thought all that out before I made my list and I'm not going to invite a single engaged person!"

Dear me, yes, some people are indubitably born economical!—Chicago Times-Herald.

## The Daughter and Her House Duties.

To-day, among rational people who appreciate the fact that the best gifts they can confer upon a woman is the knowledge of her own powers, the whole scheme of things is altered. The girl of the cultured classes, even when wealth is to be her portion, is early taught to take her part in domestic duties. The business of welcoming and looking after guests, a task peculiarly fitted for the exercise of her gracious powers, is largely allotted to her. She helps her mother to reduce the burden of notes, letters, applications for bills and money, that every day's mail brings pouring in to one's breakfast table. She writes and answers invitations, gives hints as to the disposition of the daily menu for meals, remembers what dishes "papa" likes and "the boys" have called for, and receives claimants upon her mother's time and patience. Her youth, her buoyancy, throw off when she is acting in her mother's stead, a hundred trifling annoyances of the household that though years ago only a maid have begun to weigh heavily upon the housekeeper. If there are younger children she establishes with them the love-least of tith—that of vice-versa carrying out the mandates of the maternal sovereign, and at the same time making herself a comrade of nursery and school-room fun.

To her father and grown brothers a girl rightly trained for the position may be a veritable blessing. To her they will carry worries and confidences, they do not deem it expedient to convey to the generally overburdened mistress of the house. Her sympathy and camaraderie may well create a green spot in their lives of workaday.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

## Straying at Home.

A lady residing in North Columbus, meeting a girl the other day who had recently been in her service, inquired: "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere," joined the girl, "I'm married."—Indiana Oils Journal.

## She Cooked Dinner.

He sat at the dinner table,  
With a discontented frown;  
The potatoes and steak were underdone,  
And the bread was baked too brown;  
The pie was too sour, the pudding too sweet.

And the beef was much too fat;  
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,  
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could eat the bread and pie  
I've seen me eat 'em, and I'd like to see  
You eat something like, and 'twould  
do you good  
Just to look at a slice of her cake,"  
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age,  
Just now I'm but a beginner.  
But your mother has come to visit us,  
And to-day she cooked the dinner."  
—"Tid-Bits."

## The Golden Temper.

This is the Philosopher's Story of a Woman's Domestic Life

"The art of being companionable is a secret worth finding out, even if it takes time and patience to learn it," affirms Mary Stuart McKinney when writing of "The Companionable Person" in the March Woman's Home Companion. "Some people are born with the happy knack. There is a spontaneous gaiety that you expect women to have, just as you expect the birds to sing and the sun to shine. Many a very bad quarter of an hour has been averted in the domestic circle by a bright laugh or a gay rejoinder. The laugh may be saucy and the rejoinder a bit of verbal buffet, but if it is only done good-naturedly it will be all the more effective. It used basely to be said of men that the only way to make them happy was to feed them well. That could only have applied to a small and contemptible minority. Of course, no one wants an uninterupted round of even the most brilliant smiles any more than he would wish to make three meals a day of meringues and biscuit glaces, but it is safe to say that countless numbers of willing and delighted masculine captives may be led by the lightest chains that gaiety and good-humor can forge. One result of a great deal of the imperfect education that is dealt out by the hand of now-days is that some women are apt to set unkind values on their own smiles and the gift of controversy. This kind of a person looks upon your little joke as beneath her dignity, and she treats you to a somber harangue on the necessity of having serious views of life at all moments when you are striving to look at things cheerfully in an effort to forget cares and anxieties. It is a woman's privilege to lighten the shadows and be all that is gracious and bright on the ornamental side of the domestic life. To do much learning is as light as possible and to get into the habit of making 'little troubles pass like little ripples in a sunny river.'"

## At the Ladies' Afternoon Club.

(WHO WAS RIGHT?)

Mrs. A.—I see that Pader-ew-ski, or Whatever-you-call-'m, 's here.

Mrs. B.—I believe it's Padder-ew-ski they are calling him this year.

Mrs. C.—Pardon-it's Pader-ew-ski, with The emphasis in front.

Mrs. D.—Oh, no, my dear; it's Powder-roosk—

Mrs. E.—You say it rather blunt. I've heard them call it Pader-roosk-sky.

Mrs. F.—That's right, it seems to me.

Mrs. G.—Permit me, Pader-roosk-sky!

Mrs. H.—I'd call it Pader-ew-ski, with The accent on the "wss."

Mrs. I.—And some say Pader-oot-ska, but I'm inclined to say That it is Pader-ew-ski, for He has spelled that way.

Mrs. J.—I thought 'twas Powder-wous-ski-y.

Mrs. K.—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear! Why not say Pader-ew-ski-y?

Mrs. L.—Excuse me—Pat O'Rein-ski is Correct; you all are wrong; I've heard he went to Po-land just To let his hair grow long.

—James Courtney Chillis, in Truth.

## The Woman With the Broom.

"The Man With the Hoe" let others sing,  
And to him ready tribute bring;  
Tell of his labor and unrest,  
The sense of wrong that rives his breast;  
How on his Atlas back he bears  
The world, with all its toils and cares,  
His broken spirit wrapped in gloom—  
I sing "The Woman With the Broom."

Smiling, within her door she stands,  
Her busy broom in willing hands;  
She sweeps the household wheels go round  
Without a jar, with scarce a sound,  
To her the skies are always clear,  
And, moving with a breath of cheer,  
She sweeps away the dust of gloom—  
This happy Woman With the Broom.

And while she works she sings a song,  
While all life's joys together throng,  
That rings a call from roof to dome  
Throughout her realm of "Home, Sweet Home."

Love's garden nestles 'round the door,  
The flowers of fond affection bloom  
And bow their rainbow heads before  
The radiant Woman With the Broom.

Queen o'er the home her scepter wags;  
Her subjects walk in pleasant ways;  
They love her rule, protect her right,  
Enjoy her sweetness, strength and light;  
And when at last, she's called to rest,  
"Her children rise and call her blest!"  
By cradle, altar and the tomb.

The faithful Woman With the Broom,  
—George Birdseye, in Leslie's Weekly.

## Victoria's Maids

Personal Attendants of the Queen of England.

To attend to Her Majesty's wardrobes and toilette there are five maids, viz., three dressers and two wardrobe women. The senior dresser, Mrs. Tibbits, is especially charged with the task of conveying orders to different tradespeople—jewellers, drapers, dressmakers, etc.; one dresser and one wardrobe woman are in constant attendance on the Queen, talking alternate days. When the Court is at Windsor, the members of the household in attendance are one lady-in-waiting, two maids-of-honor, a lord-in-waiting and two equerries, one groom-in-waiting, also the keeper of the privy-purse, the private secretary, assistants in both departments, and the master of the household.

## "Sater News" Per Contra.

(A doctor in the British Medical Journal now asserts that in the act of kissing we only encounter beneficial organisms. He says "the advantages of kissing outweigh its infinitesimal risks, for it conveys us with microbes useful for digestion.")

I thought the upshot would be this.  
That some one would defend the kiss—  
That when a lovely girl you see  
Worth your thrilled heart's liberty,  
No sworn Board, however wise,  
Can stop the kissing exercise.

I hold that Nature knows what's best  
For us, to make our food digest.  
Although I've no dyspepsia,  
I've done to cure it when I may,  
And ban each fogy who dismisses  
The prophylactic power of kisses.

In the "New Lippincott" for March.

Proof Sufficient.

Mother—"Are you sure you love him?"  
Daughter—"Am I sure! Do you see this dress?"

"Of course, I do. What of it?"

"Will you kindly tell me if it bears the slightest resemblance to the present fashion?"

"Well, really, it—er—"

"It doesn't!"

"No."

"Well, I'm wearing it because he likes it."—"Tid-Bits."

## In the Gloaming.

The summer day is dying,  
The drowsy flowers fold;  
Long shadow soft is laid  
On the green and gold.

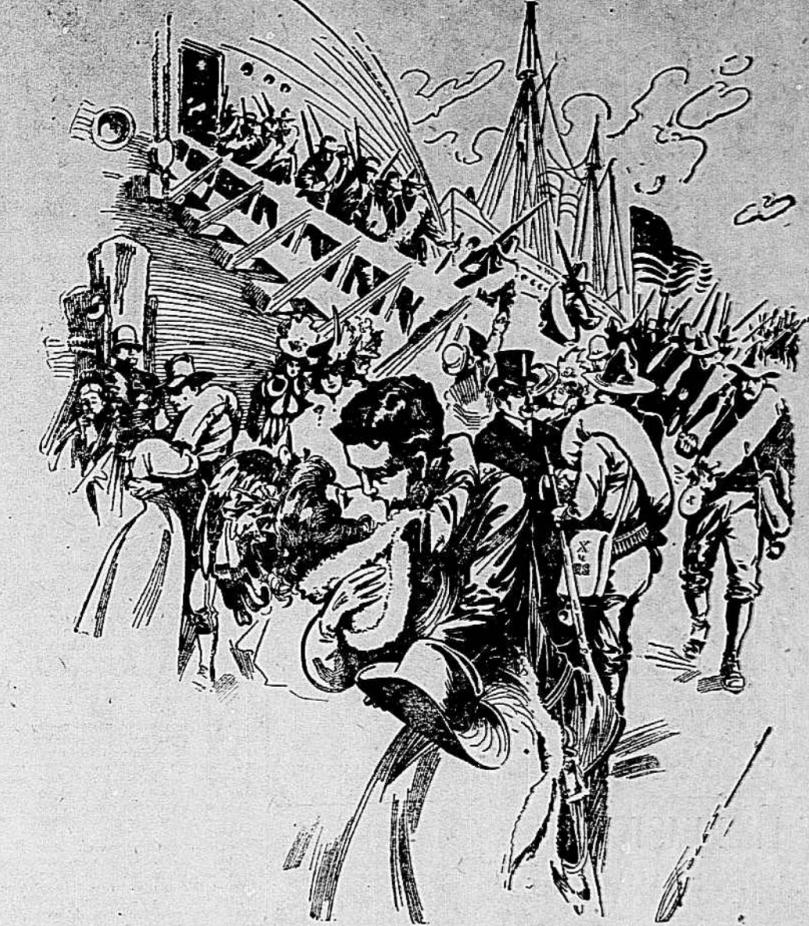
The brook, what is it saying,  
Or is it laughter sings,  
Some voice of joy was playing  
Among day's happy things?

The brook is flowing, flowing,  
But not like summer streams;  
Paint lights are on it glowing—  
It is the drift of dreams.

—John Vance Cheney, in the March Century.

## Water as a Beauty Beverage.

A noted French specialist says that in order to be healthy and beautiful women should take for their habitual beverage water with which a little fresh lemon juice has been mixed. They are advised not to drink any hot and stimulating drinks, no wine or stimulants, if they would keep their complexion fine and avoid the destruction of dental enamel, the heightened color whose red is of the salt rheum order, inflamed eyes and other evidences of the unfortunate habit of stimulants. Oranges are recommended for daily diet as being possessed of extraordinary virtues. A lady of distinction, who died at the end of the last century at the age of 96, and who was then a most attractive woman, with an apple-blossom complexion, an abundance of snow-white hair, and teeth unimpaired, lived during the last forty years of her life, we are told by historians, almost exclusively on oranges. She would eat a dozen of them for breakfast and the same number for dinner and luncheon, accompanied each time by a few slices of rye bread and a bowl of chicken broth. The same authority, the Marquis de



"HOME FROM THE PHILIPPINES."

## At the Ladies' Afternoon Club.

de Fontenay, recommends beginning the day by drinking a large glass of orange juice, adding that it clears the liver of all impurities, "softens the mouth and gives one an appetite for breakfast. Cold water without any admixture is a safe beverage, but if it impairs the digestion by chilling, take hot water instead, which proves a tonic for the stomach and excites a healthy appetite. A cup of chocolate answers both as food and drink and is excellent to build up a debilitated system. It is best for a morning or afternoon draught."—Chicago Chronicle.

## Mother and Child.

It is one of the most natural things in the world for a child to trust and confide in its mother, writes Bertha Wood Larabee, and unless some barrier blocks the way a child will always naturally and voluntarily made a confidante of its mother.

The mother who begins with her children by allowing them—not teaching them simply allowing them of their own free will—to confide in her has a hold on her children that she will never lose. In order to keep the confidence of her children, let every mother prove herself worthy of confidence. Let her life be such that the child, even the baby, who learns sooner than we think, may see nothing but what is pure and tender. Let him always find her full of sympathy and ready to listen to the childish stories. The mother who does this will know all that transpires in her child's life, not only what he has with her, but when he is out with other children for the child's mind will be so anxious that mother shall know all that has happened that it will tell all with an innocence and trust that comes only with intimacy.

When children return from their play give them an opportunity to tell what they have been doing, and many a story of wrong innocently done will be as innocently related. Here, then is the mother's opportunity; she may now tell her children of the wrong, show them why it was wrong, and she will still have their confidence; but if instead of receiving her children with loving arms and listening to their childish stories she has, perhaps, rather harshly, told them to keep quiet, and not come where she was with their muddy boots, she has lost her best opportunity to know of the wrong that has been done; or if, upon hearing of that wrong, she has scolded them for their childish mistake she has lost their confidence, and the evil once committed will be more easily repeated, and when repeated will be concealed, and the second step downward has been taken.

## Verse of Patchwork Make.

God bless the man who first invented  
Sleep—  
That knits up the raveled sleeve  
of care;—  
By Silas's brook or Almontana's deep—  
—Hermans.

Earth has not anything to show more  
fair—  
After deluding hopes and dire despair—  
—William Walsh.

The Oreads and Hamadryades.  
—Shelley.

Who chain blind youths in trammis of  
their hair—  
—Green.

They sleep, they sleep, beneath the  
rocking trees.  
—Oscar Wilde.

Will't thou forget me in that calm sphere—  
—L. C. Moulton.

Care-chamber Sleep, son of the sable  
Night  
—Samuel Daniel.

With a deep awe, yet all distinct from  
fear—  
—Lord Byron.

Care-chamber Sleep, son of the sable  
Night  
—Samuel Daniel.

The world obscures in me what once  
was bright;  
—Longfellow.

So in the light of great eternity  
—Tennyson.

Sleep seems part of our immortality.  
—Bailey.

—New York Times.

## Feminine Idea of Re-Incarnation.

We were chatting at an afternoon tea a little while ago, when the conversation seemed to turn on the specific grievances of womankind. One lady confessed that she had to rush off home just as the most delightful people were arriving, because there were household details to be looked after before dinner; unavoidable details, such as the ultimate mixing of a salad, and the finishing touches to a sauce, which may not be safely left to a handmaiden. Another guest bewailed the necessity of trailing long skirts through dirty streets, or else freezing her hands holding them up; a third discussed the horrors of haptins in a windy city, and then the brightest of the party broke forth in the old-time wail: "When I am born over again, I want it to be as a boy! No more feminine reincarnations for me, thank you! I want to be a man, with all a man's privileges. I want to be a typical man, with no conscience, and setting my iron heel on anything and everything which I do not happen to approve!"

"That's all right," admitted another, "unless you should chance to be born the Czar of Russia, or the Thingumbob of Tartary. To be a despot in his own set is admirable in any man, according to precedent, but to be an autocrat-at-large is abhorred of progress."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"This love letter that you wrote to me," she said, and then paused inquiringly.

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"I notice," she answered, "that it has been manifolded."

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed, as he jammed his hat down on his head and started for the door. "I never did believe in giving a woman a business education."—Chicago Evening Post.

## Tucking the Baby in.

The dark-fringed eyelids slowly close  
On eyes serene and deep;  
Upon my breast my own sweet child  
Has gently dropped to sleep.  
I kiss his soft and dimpled cheek,  
Then lay him on his little bed,  
And tuck my baby in.

## How fair and innocent he lies!

Like some small angel strayed,  
His face still warmed by God's own smile,  
That slumbers unafraid;  
Or like some new embodied soul,  
Still pure from taint of sin,  
My thoughts are reverent as I stoop  
To tuck my baby in.

## What toll must stain these tiny hands,

That now lie still and white?  
What shadows creep across the face  
That shines with morning light?  
These we, pink, shoeless feet, how far  
Shall go their lengthening thread,  
When they no longer, cuddled close,  
May rest upon this bed?

## Oh, what am I that I should train

An angel for the skies,  
Or mix the potent draught that feeds  
The soul within those eyes?  
I reach him up to sinless hands  
Before his cares begin;  
Great Father, with Thy folds of love,  
Oh, tuck my baby in!  
—Curtis May.

## But "Hubby" Paid the Bill.

He Used Counterfeit Notes to Stop  
Wife's Nocturnal Thieving and She  
Tried to Spend Them.

His wife had acquired the habit of going at night when he slept to where his trousers hung, and taking money from their pockets, but in this instance it is the consequences that are interesting. He is the proprietor of a business that brings him a large income. There are rush hours in his business, and at such times much bad money finds its way to his coffers. In the course of a year, usually, he gathers a large bundle of counterfeit notes of large and small denominations.

He was thinking one day of some plan to break his wife of her habit of nocturnal borrowing. While he was studying out the plan he thought, also, of the bundle of bad bills then in his safe. He never knew just why he was keeping the bad money until that moment.

"That's a brighter idea than I have had for years," he said, and he smiled with satisfaction that evening as he filled three of his pockets with the counterfeits. He took no other sort of money except 10 cents for car fare.

He couldn't go to sleep that night, and could hardly keep from chucking with mirth. He managed, however, to simulate sleep, and out of a corner of his eye saw his loving helpmeet help herself to

## HER VISIT.



Rummaging and skrimishing through the musty closets,  
Bringing dustily to light all their old deposits,  
Looking for a trundle chair, seeking for a dolly,  
Resurrecting broken toys, seems such awful folly;  
Securing the brace-brace, cleaning off the tables,  
Starting up the furnace fires, hunting books of fables;  
What a seeming lot of fuss, still I wouldn't miss it,  
When my married sister Beesie's baby makes a visit.  
—GEORGE R. BRILL.