FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

BELLES IN INDIAN FOOTGEAR.

Moccasin slippers are coming more and more into vogue every winter, and half the fashionable girls of Gotham, including the Burdens, all the Gould and Vanderbilt cousins and lots of others, have taken to them. Of course, they're only for bedroom wear—a trifle less informal than bath slippers—but they're about the coziest things into which a pretty girl can slip her feet o' mornings. Most of them are fleece-lined, though a few sybarites have them lined with fur. Indians taught the paleface the warmth lying in the moccasin. Even the unlined Indian moccasins are the most comfortable footgear one can wear outdoors in a cold climate—provided it isn't New York cold, with slush on the side. They're proof against dry snow, and they give such freedom to the feet, besides keeping out the air, that the pedal extremities keep themselves warm by exercise. Many of the moccasins sold here are made by squaws and beaded beautifully, while others are ornamented with dyed porcupine quills. The most popular are those lined with fleece and trimmed with fur.—New York Press.

WIVES BY LOTTERY.

Bachelors and men of all kinds and conditions all over Europe are inundating the mail with registered letters and money orders demanding tickets for the new marriage lottery, the second of its kind soon to be started in Milan. A committee of artists, men and women, are now engaged in selecting the victims—namely, thirty unmarried women of good reputation, faultless figures and beautiful faces, says a cable dispatch. These will form the prizes, together with dots to be granted by the lottery company. The largest dot of $200,000 will be attached to the finest looking among the thirty girls selected, lesser dots, from $100,000 to $5000, will go with the other twenty-nine damsels. Anybody and everybody can buy tickets, as many as he likes, the more the merrier. Anybody has a chance to win—money at least. If the winner happens to be a married person, or a female, or an unreasonable being who refuses to marry the beauty selected for him by the committee—why, he may say so and divide the money consideration with the girl. The girls, on their part, have to sign papers agreeing not to sue the men who refuse them for breach of promise.—Montreal Star.

THE DUTY YOU OWE TO OTHERS.

We must all realize that this life is full of sorrow, and if you personally have had the good luck to escape your share of it, you are a very fortunate person.

But do not, on that account, allow yourself to grow cold-hearted and unsympathetic to others.

Those poor others! Their lot is often so hard—so lonely—so full of misery.

We are here to "heal the wounds and bind the broken heart;" and the only way we can do this is by being kind, loving and sympathetic.

A few words of love will do more to help a sufferer than money sometimes.

For heart sickness is much harder to help than hunger and poverty. Show interest in others; try to help them; go out of your way to lighten the burden of the heavy laden.

Do not hesitate to whisper your kindly thoughts in their ears. Don't pass by on the "other side;" if you are strong, then be merciful.

Remember that we all look at life from a different standpoint, and what might appear like a grain of mustard seed in your path to you is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker sister, says Woman's Life.

The more she shrinks the more necessity for you to step in and help her on her way with genuine sympathy and loving sisterly words and acts.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

The pride of the American woman, if she gives ear to criticism, is in danger of suffering a fall. Henry James repeats his old charge that her speech is slovenly. Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin, of Chicago University, comments on her slouchiness in dress. Henry James derides her tongueless slobber or snarl or whine as both vulgar and offensive. Professor Laughlin denounces her glide and wriggle on the streets and on the stage as both undignified and disgraceful.

This is brutal. The American woman has been reared on flattery as her peculiar birthright. From mother to daughter she inherits the admiration of the men of her own country and is not disdainful of the compliments of foreigners who pass under her sway. She may sometimes gabble or chatter or chew gum, she may sometimes stare and pose and talk too loud, but it is the American way and that justifies it. She is the American woman, and no critics need apply.

After all, the census proves that there are several millions of the American woman. Often she varies. Mr. James and Professor Laughlin each possibly are acquainted with a few score of her varieties. Some other millions of American men know still other millions of varieties, and on the whole they are not backward in selecting some particular one for preference. The mistake that Mr. James and Professor Laughlin make is in assuming that so many kinds of the American women are alike in their slovenliness of speech and slouchiness in dress, when with all her faults and her graces, by the wisdom of Providence, some kind usually happens to suit exactly some kind of man who considers his own judgment better than that of any other kind of man.—Editorial in the New York World.

CALLS AMERICAN GIRL A BORE.

The American girl has been called almost everything, good and bad. The editor of the North American Review now adds something of a novelty. He comes out flat footed and declares she is a bore.

"There is little that is interesting, aside from her physical appearance," says he, "in the American girl of today between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations.

"To the Englishman her pertness, which he imagines to be chic, is fascinating and indicative of mental brightness, but this effect is attributed largely to his own dullness. It is the clever management of a limited number of phrases, supplemented by copious use of what he considers delightful slang, not substance, or even measureable information, that appeals to his jaded mentality.

"In point of intelligence she is, we believe, the equal if not the superior of her English cousin, but in the choice of language she is sadly inferior. The use of slang by boys finds some excuse in unavoidable association with unrefined men; its use by girls is simply odious and a direct reflection upon the attention and taste of their mothers. This is easily proved by inquiry into sources of the petted phrases.

"Take, for example, two of the latest—'Twenty-three' and 'Skiddoo.' These have slightly different meanings, the exact interpretation of the former being 'to the rear,' and of the latter 'scamper' or 'flee in haste.' The former had its origin at the racetrack, which ordinarily has only sufficient width to accommodate twenty-two horses standing side by side, so that the twenty-third is necessarily relegated to an unfavorable position. The use of the coined phrase therefore implies a knowledge of details of professional sport the possession of which by a young girl is distinctly unbecoming.

"The second is a mere substitute for 'skedaddle,' itself of American origin, and now regarded by common assent as egregiously vulgar. Scores of like illustrations might be put in evidence; but these should suffice to convince a mother, teacher or even a comparatively ignorant girl herself of the desirability of seeking the rights of terms whose use she has come to regard as an evidence of smartness.

"The mother of the present day, for whose comrade relationship with her boys we have profound admiration, is likely to be so apprehensive that her daughter may seem old fashioned and lack some of the immediately modern competitive fascinations that she unwisely tolerates practices disagreeable to herself. Apparently she has yet to learn that, to the intelligent American of marriageable age, pertness is as distateful as even priggishness."

The Littleboy Girls.

In Hornsey churchyard is the following:

To the memory of
Emma and Maria Littleboy,
The twin children of George and
Emma Littleboy.
Two Littleboys lie here, yet, strange
to say, these Littleboys are girls.
—The Novel Magazine.

Among the cigarmakers fifty-one per cent. died of tuberculosis prior to the inauguration of the eight-hour workday. Seventeen years after the eight-hour day took effect this percentage had been reduced to twenty-three per cent.

BEANS CHIEFLY.

But Nevertheless the Fare in Maine Lumber Camps Is Highly Praised.

The men who go into the Maine lumber woods today are well paid and well fed. The food is as good, even if not so varied, as any city boarding house has to offer. The food is of course rough, but it is the sort of food that does not impair the digestions of the men who eat it and that turns readily into good warm blood and the tissues which repel cold and the sinews which drive the axe into the tough wood of spruce or pine or hemlock.

If you go up into the Maine woods this winter and stay in a lumber camp, living with the crew, sleeping in the bunks as they do and eating the same food, you will no doubt come home strong and rugged, having gained several pounds and feeling years younger than you did when you went. You may hanker after the good things that you were accustomed to, the sweetbreads, pies, ices, etc., of the table of civilization, but you won't be hungry unless your appetite is so delicate that you cannot readily assimilate the rough fare of the woodman.

When you roll out of your bunks in the morning with the snow up over the camp windows and hovels of the horses almost buried you will find a big dish of smoking baked beans on the table, and the smell of these beans will immediately drive from your mind any doubts you may have had regarding your ability to put up with woods fare. The beans taste just as good as they smell and you can have all you want of them.

If the camp cook is up to his job and happens to be feeling all right this morning you will get a chunk of brown bread or perhaps some cold cream of tartar rolls to eat with your beans. You can have all the molasses you want, a generous slice of apple pie—dried apples in it, but flavored with lots of nutmeg, so that it will taste better than any apple pie you ever ate—and plenty of strong coffee with sugar but without milk, or tea if you prefer it. After a meal of this sort you will be fit for a tramp of many miles and the cold won't affect you.

For dinner the cook will serve you with roast beef or possibly corned beef, flanked with boiled potatoes, cabbage, turnips and other vegetables. There won't be any coffee at this meal, but you can have all the tea you want in a big tin dipper, apple pie again or perhaps apple sauce. Possibly you may get some delicious roast which you are told is mountain lamb, but which is really vension.

For supper you may get soup of some kind, rich bean swagan, or the boiled remains of the dinner roast. You may get beans again and you can have tea in the big tin dipper, and probably apple sauce.

There are many other things which the cook may introduce into his bill of fare. Mince pies, jam, always butter, and good butter, too, gingerbread, molasses cookies, pickles, puddings, and some of the camps may support a cow and fresh milk, for the tea and coffee will surprise you—Bangor (Me.) correspondent of the New York Sun.

Lava in the Ocean.

This earth received what was probably its greatest shaking in modern times when the tremendous volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, in Sunda strait, occurred in 1883. A curious incident of that time is recalled by a correspondent who was a passenger on a steamship on the voyage between Colombo and Albany, King George's sound, some 1,500 or 2,000 miles south of the centre of the disturbance. It was a beautiful night and shortly after dinner, when the deck was crowded with passengers, the lookout shouted, "Breakers ahead!" This was in mid-ocean, with no shoal water nearer than the Australian coast, five or six days' sail distant. The steamer was slowed down, and presently drifted into a mass of floating lava and green slimes. Bucketfuls were hauled on deck and strained through cloths. Nearly all night the steamer forged ahead at half speed, with the floating scum grating against her sides, and in the morning, when clear water was reached, the sides of the ship below the water line were bare of paint and burnished like steel.

Music With Law.

One of the weekly events of the Postoffice Building is the gramophone concert given every Friday afternoon on the fourth floor by the judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. There is a great deal of litigation in that court just now over various features in various phonographic machines. To make up their minds regarding the working of these different features, and how much if any infraction of the rights of another machine is made, the judges find it necessary to compare the machines in action. From this springs the Friday afternoon concert, it being on that day that the various phonographic cases are considered. Every variety of tune is played, and there is always a large and silent but appreciative audience of Federal deputy marshals, lawyers and chance passers-by in the corridor outside the judicial chamber.—New York Sun.

The Affairs of the Household

NEW WASH DAY.

Just as experience will prove Tuesday to be the best washday for most modern housewives, so the newer methods of washing may be proved to be far the best for the sort of clothing we now wear, says the Pictorial Review. Old-time fabrics were coarse and tough; they could be rubbed and pounded and pulled about without much danger to the fibre, but in these days garments must be handled with care; soaps have been made according to receipts and formulas given by chemists to meet latter-day requirements, to do away with board rubbing as much as possible, and it is nothing short of foolish to stand back and refuse to advance with the times by making use of every aid given us by science and invention.

BEANS OR BEEFSTEAK.

The papers are just now publishing statements to the effect that beans, peas, lentils and peanuts contain twice as much uric acid poison as does meat, and that the natives of India suffer greatly because of the amount of uric acid contained in the dahl which they eat. This is an error. According to Professor Hall, beans contain four grains of uric acid to the pound, whereas beefsteak contains fourteen grains, liver nineteen grains and sweetbreads seventy grains to the pound. And meat contains nearly three times as much water as beans or other legumes, so it will be readily seen that for a given quantity of food, meat contains nearly fifty times as much uric acid as an equal quantity of beans, peas or lentils.

INSPECT YOUR OWN FOOD.

"Every woman her own food inspector" is the standard which a Chicago clubwoman waved before her club the other day as a guide to that "culinary happiness and domestic efficiency" which every conscientious housewife desires. "Don't live in a fool's paradise," urged this "common sensible person," "by persuading yourself that the food inspection of any political officeholder is an absolute guarantee against the sale of poisonous food products by your grocer or any other grocer. The only way for us to get a guarantee that really guarantees is to inspect for ourselves the meat, vegetables, fruit and other food supplies that come into our households. And let us do our inspection before, rather than after, they come into our possession. Grocers and butchers sometimes get gay, especially when they feel sure of our trade, but they can always be brought to terms if a number of customers enter a united protest, for they are extremely sensitive to a possible loss of trade.—New York Tribune.

THE EPICUREAN'S CORNER

Hominy Cakes — Fried hominy cakes are quite a dainty for luncheon. After the hominy has been served for breakfast, pour it in a shallow dish or mould and let it cool. When ready to fry, cut in slices half an inch thick, dip in beaten egg which has had two tablespoonfuls of water added, then sprinkle lightly with flour or cracker crumbs. Fry in butter or lard until a golden brown.

Sunbeam Cake—Beat the yolks of seven eggs until very thick. Set these one side, and taking the whites of the eggs, and adding a small pinch of salt and a little cream of tartar, beat until very stiff. Then add one cupful of fine granulated sugar. Beat thoroughly, and add one teaspoonful of orange extract and the beaten yolks. Beat lightly and stir in one scant cupful of flour, sifted thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven forty or fifty minutes.

Beet Soup—Into one pint of water grate four new beets that have been scraped. Cook slowly for twenty minutes. Brown a slice of onion in one tablespoonful of butter and cook until soft. Place in a porcelain dish and set over the fire in a pan of boiling water. Add the beets, one quart of milk, a bay leaf and a blade of mace. Moisten one tablespoonful of cornstarch in cold water, add to the ingredients and cook until creamy. Season with salt and pepper and pass through a fine sieve. Before serving stir in one tablespoonful of butter.

After an interval of 367 years, the Franciscans have returned to Oxford. The friars were driven out in the reign of Henry VIII. The order has opened a training college.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach), it is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

It is a great reproach to us as a nation of horsemen and horse lovers that while our London cabmen are perhaps the best drivers in the world, our society coachmen are probably the very worst.—Cavalry Journal.

To recover quickly from bilious attacks, sick-headache, indigestion or colds, take Garfield Tea, the mild laxative. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs law.

Jig Dancing Keeps Him Young.

If you wish to become a nonagenarian then dance a little every morning just before breakfast.

This tonic is advanced by Alter Silberman, ninety-one years old, an inmate of the Home of the Daughters of Jacob, situated on lower East Broadway. Silbermann for years has been dancing from ten to fifteen minutes every morning before breakfast. He declares that dancing is the greatest exercise in the world.

"Dancing puts more ambition into a man and makes him more cheerful and happier," said the white-bearded patriarch yesterday, after he danced the "Kotzatski," which is a famous Russian dance.

Silberman came to this country years ago. He was wealthy at one time, but lost his fortune in speculation. He has been at the Home of the Daughters of Jacob for years.

"My advice to the younger generation is that they should dance every morning before breakfast and also just before retiring," he said.—New York American.

FOOLISH.

"Senator Briscum says he will not try to be re-elected at the end of his present term, because he is unable to live in Washington on $5,000 a year."

"Good heavens," exclaimed Senator Roxleigh, "is he one of the fools who think a statesman has no right to represent a corporation between sessions?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

COFFEE THRESHED HER

15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little Ills. woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief.

"I never suspected that coffee might be aggravating my condition. I was down-hearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find something to help me.

"Several years ago, while at a friend's house, I drank a cup of Postum and thought I had never tasted anything more delicious.

"From that time on I used Postum instead of Coffee and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with ease, and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world.

"My appetite is good, I sleep well and find life is worth living, indeed. A lady of my acquaintance said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless.

"I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."