

# Woman's Realm

## Queen Has Auto Craze.

Queen Helena of Italy has taken the keenest interest in motoring ever since its earliest days. She and her husband possess five beautiful cars, and the Queen not only drives, but also has had lessons in the working of motor machinery, and could, at a pinch, effect repairs with her own very capable hands. — Indianapolis News.

## Does Not Wear Agrets.

Queen Alexandra has issued a public statement to the effect that she does not wear agrets, and this, of course, is intended as a rebuke to a cruel and horrible practice. The official statement means something more even than that. It means that no lady can venture into the Queen's presence with these feathers upon her head, and it means that the agret is stamped as unfashionable throughout every rank in society. Royalty has its undoubted disadvantages, but something may be written also upon the other side of the slate. The power to make cruelly unfashionable is one to be envied, and every country would be the better for an influence that is no less real because it has no coercive laws to back it. — Argonaut.

## Inspiring and Otherwise.

"Isn't it an inspiring book?" exclaimed the enthusiastic woman. "Oh, yes," admitted the other, wearily. "Many things are inspiring. When I see a good play or read of heroic characters, or the organist plays something from Beethoven's mass in D, I feel that life is grand. I am filled with zeal and eager for a chance to prove my noble, elevated point of view."

"Then I am called up on the telephone by some stranger who asks me if I will please go up to the top floor and ask Mrs. Blank to come to the telephone—Mrs. Blank being a person I do not know and to whom I am indebted for nothing—and the brotherhood of man suddenly takes on a pale, cold, blue tinge that doesn't interest me in the least. I wonder why it is?" — New York Press.

## With and Without Curves.

"What's the use," exclaimed the tall, handsome woman, mournfully, "of having a fine figure like mine!"

## Our Cut-out Recipe

Paste in Your Scrap-book.

**Doughnuts.**—To four cups pastry flour (once sifted) add one and one-half teaspoons salt, one and three-fourths teaspoons soda, one and three-fourths teaspoons cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg. Work in one-half tablespoon butter, using the tips of the fingers; then add one cup sugar, one cup sour milk and one egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly, and toss on a board thickly dredged with flour. Knead slightly, and roll to one-fourth inch in thickness. Shape with a doughnut cutter, fry in deep fat until browned on both sides; drain on brown paper; dust with powdered sugar.

"Now, there's Mrs. Blank, for instance. She is so thin and lank that all comparisons fall. Of course she looks perfectly stunning in the new hipless gowns, while I—well, it's simply impossible for me to be compressed within one of them. I look a fright, to say nothing of the punishment to my vanity of having to try to hide all my symmetrical curves—and then not succeeding. When princess gowns of closest fit were all the rage, Mrs. Blank had just as many curves as I have. Oh, no, my dear I don't know where she got them. I am not Mrs. Blank's dressmaker nor her tailor. I only know she had them." — New York Press.

## "Backbone" Superfluous.

"The worst thing about having no backbone," said the woman who had been born without that supposedly indispensable member, "is trying to get one. It is a perfectly useless agony, too, because if nature hasn't given you a backbone, you can't get it by any other means. If you once recognize this fact and submit to your limitations you'll find that you can get on fairly well without a backbone, and when you realize how often the thing that passes for determination is a mere disregard for or inability to comprehend other people's rights and feelings, you can bear up under the contempt commonly meted out to the 'spineless.'"

"A backbone is not nearly so necessary as people imagine, and very often one gets on a great deal better without it. If you haven't any backbone, you won't be tempted to butt your head against irresistible forces. We are most of us helpless victims in the hands of fate, and ordinarily we might as well let ourselves drift as try to mold circumstances to our will. The drifting may be a mistake, to be sure, but pulling against the current may be a mistake equally, and the first is easier."

"If I can't decide, I do nothing, when that is possible, and let events shape themselves as they will, and if I must do something I do what I like best or dislike least, as the case may be. My own inclinations are the most reliable guides I have ever found, and I wish that I had earlier learned to rate them at their proper value. The powers that presided over my early education contrived to inoculate me with the idea that inclinations exist, as Herbert Spencer says, 'not for our guidance, but solely to mislead us,' and it took me a long time to learn

that when I went against them I was certain to be wrong, and sometimes disastrously and fatally wrong."

"Another thing I do is to lean shamelessly on any one I have found capable of supporting my weight. That, of course, has to be done with discretion, because it is painful to lean on the wrong person, but when you have found a staff that you can rely on it is foolish not to use it. The strong like to exercise their strength, and it must be pleasanter for your friends to give you the benefit of their superior wisdom than to see you come to grief."

"It is also possible to avoid circumstances that call for decision. If you can't make up your mind quickly you don't need to drive a motor car or steer a boat. Leave that to other people, and let who will sneer at your incompetence and lack of courage." — New York Tribune.

## Partiality Toward Sons.

The partiality which mothers are supposed to show to their sons—and which some mothers certainly do show—may do little harm in the earlier years of family life, when the father, perhaps, balances it by a special fondness for his daughters, and when the buoyancy of youth carries such injustice lightly. But on daughters of mature age it often bears very heavily. The lot of the unmarried woman on whom falls the care, and even the maintenance of a widowed and aging mother is a laborious and exacting one. Many such women there are, as every one acquainted with our cities knows, working hard all day and struggling to carry home evening cheer to one who makes less effort than she might to greet them brightly. There is a brother who comes on a flying visit now and then, bringing a gift none too generous, but seeming large because it is received all in one sum, and on him the mother's appreciation and gratitude are lavished. When he is gone, his advice proffered without much knowledge of real conditions, is quoted and urged with an insistence discouraging to the sister, and even the contrast between his light hearted merriment and her seriousness is harped upon. There are sadder cases still where the money earned by a self-sacrificing daughter is persistently shared with a reckless and improvident son, and—

bitterest of all—it is to the perpetually returning prodigal that the warmest affection seems to go. Habits like these can hardly be corrected, perhaps, in age. But mothers in younger life should be on their guard against forming them. — Congregationalist.



Bouillon lace is constantly employed by French dressmakers as a refurbishing.

The dealers are making no display of fans so far, and there are predictions that the fan is not to be stylish the coming ball season.

The high collar has come in again on fur coats and jackets, and is often made of a different fur from the garment on which it is used.

Little novelty stocks, often copied from French models, are one of the most striking features of the season. They are charmingly made up of ribbon of almost any fur—even pointed fox and black lynx.

This is a day when bags, little or big, ostentatiously plain or elaborately decorated, are put to a hundred uses, from the shopping and automobile bags down to the delicate little wrist and vanity bags.

While no skirt at the present time can be called full, those designed for soft, thin materials are often made to fall in voluminous folds, but they have the top closely laid in tucks that produce the sheath fit.

The shortened waist and straight, clinging lines of the skirt are features that strongly influence the winter modes, characterizing evening gowns, dressy coat suits for afternoon and other affairs of ceremony.

In gowns having the high waistline, the top of the skirt is often tucked, but if the gown is of chiffon or anything of this nature the gathered top permits the soft folds of the material to cling to the figure and follow the outline becomingly.

Each one of the puffs arranged at the back of the Psyche knot is held in place by a large hairpin, and the pompadour is now held by a pin instead of a comb. Some girls, too, have gone so far as to add one to each side of the knot.

# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City. — The latest blouses are made with just such long, pretty sleeves as these and this model can be utilized both for the separate waist of net, thin silk, lingerie ma-



terial and the like and for the entire gown. In the illustration it is made of fine lawn combined with banding of Valenciennes lace and with hand embroidery worked in the squares

## A Lovely Gown.

A picturesque gown is of crepe de Chine in that shade of blue best described as hyacinth, with a draped sash, also of crepe, in dull purple, and adorned with embroideries of purple and blue foliage and little silver bells threaded in and out of the leaves upon a slender gold ribbon.

## Wearing Green Tulle.

There is going to be a good deal of tulle worn. Its new, heavy weave makes it available as a serviceable accessory. Bright blue will be more favored than light blue, but parrot and apple green are to be in the lead. Bows of this will be worn at the neck on an evening bodice, in front of the hat and to tie fowers.

## Rug Muff and Neck Scarf.

Scarfs that fit closely up about the throat are among the latest features of fashionable dress, and such a one as this, combined with the muff illustrated, makes an exceedingly handsome as well as smart set. They can be made from any fur or fur cloth or from velvet or almost any fancy material.

The muff is made with the foundation and the over, or rug, portion, which are quite separate. The foundation is made complete and the rug is lined throughout, then arranged over it and the two are tacked together. The neck scarf is simply lined and interlined, while one end is slipped through a band arranged over the other by means of which it is drawn up closely about the throat.

The quantity of material required to make the rug and the muff for either the woman's or the misses' size



is one and seven-eighths yards twenty-one, one yard forty-four or fifty inches wide, with two and one-half

yards for the lining for rug muff and scarf and making the foundation muff.

**Black Walking Skirt.**  
A street toilette that is becoming to a great many women, and that has style, though perhaps not as much as when all of one color, is the black skirt in walking length, large hat of black, and a perfect-fitting coat of the new striped coverts.

## An Odd Hat.

A decidedly odd hat is one of white, furry beaver, with a band around the crown and a long, flat bow at the side of chamois.

# HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

**Garbage Pail in Good Condition.**  
Have pail perfectly clean and dry, line all around and on bottom with newspapers—the paper absorbs the moisture, and where there is no moisture there is little or no odor. When garbage is emptied, if the paper is not taken with it, remove and reline with fresh paper. The pail will be clean. This does away with the unpleasant duty of cleaning the pail. — Boston Post.

## Bureau and Commode Scarfs.

Take some curtain muslin with a pretty design and make strips large enough to cover bureau and commode. Now take and put two small ruffles around, one on the edge and the other just inside and line with a color that suits the taste. I have pale blue, which is very pretty. My pin cushion is lined and covered with muslin same as covers and ruffles around and baby ribbon rosettes in the corners. I also made broom-brush holder to match covers and wall paper. This suggestion is economical and at the same time very beautiful. — Boston Post.

## Cleanse Lace Curtains.

Came across the way to clean lace curtains by dry process the other day and will pass it along, as there may be others who shrink from the task of laundering curtains as much as I do. Claims they will look like new after this treatment, even if discolored with dust and smoke, and they will certainly last longer than if put through the wash. Take down the curtains and shake them free from dust; spread a sheet on the floor and lay one curtain smoothly on it; cover thickly with corn meal, lay on another curtain and again cover with the meal. Continue until all the curtains are covered with the meal, then roll up loosely and lay away for a few days. When wanted, unroll, brush off the meal and hang on the line in the wind and sun for half a day. When hung up against the window they will look like new. — Boston Post.

## Rule For Doing Big Washing Easily.

Soak clothes over night, using tablespoon of washing powder to each pail of lukewarm water. In the morning lift clothes with a stick into the boiler, cover well with cold water, using powder in proportion to the amount of water. Let it come to boil and boil twenty minutes; stir the clothes with stick occasionally; take clothes from boiler, drain off the water, fill in tub with cold water; wring the clothes from this water into another tub of cold water; squeeze well with the hands or stick; drain off water; fill again and repeat. Have blueing water ready and wring clothes out in the clear water, then put each piece separately in blueing water; wring out and put in basket. In this way there is no scrubbing, unless it might be very soiled wristbands on a child's blouse. If the washing is very large, it had better be done in two parts. There will be no tired back, and a nice white wash on the line. Be sure and open kitchen windows at the top while boiling to allow steam to escape. — Boston Post.



**Mock Mince Pie.**—Twelve crackers rolled fine, one cup hot water, one-half cup vinegar, one cup molasses, one cup sugar, one cup currants, one cup raisins, spice to taste, one cup butter. Measure with a teaspoon. Some use bread crumbs instead of crackers.

**Cafe Parfait.**—One cup sugar, one-half cup water, one-fourth black coffee, six egg yolks, one pint heavy cream. Cook sugar and water five minutes and add coffee. Pour slowly on the beaten egg yolks, add whip from cream, turn into mould and pack in ice and salt. Let stand four hours.

**Orange Dainty.**—Peel four oranges cut them into small pieces, sprinkle with powdered sugar and put in a glass dish. Whip one-half pint of heavy cream until stiff, add one tablespoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of vanilla and one-fourth cup each of chopped nut meats and candied cherries. Spread this over the fruit and serve at once.

**Blueberry Cake.**—One egg, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup molasses, one cup milk, nutmeg and one teaspoon cinnamon, one tablespoon shortening. After stirring above thoroughly, add two cups flour which contains one teaspoon soda and a pinch of salt. Before stirring flour sprinkle in one cup blueberries. Mix to medium batter, and bake in sheet; serve hot with butter.

**English Drawn Butter.**—Rub together a tablespoonful of butter and one cup of flour, add slowly one-half pint of boiling water, beating all the time. Boil a few minutes, take from the fire and add one-half teaspoon salt, a little pepper and another tablespoon butter. Serve with summer squash or any green vegetable. This may be used for boiled haddock, halibut or cod if the juice of one lemon is added.

## Soft-Clinging Skirts.

The tendency toward soft-clinging skirts now extends to below the knees.

# Country Editors.

Independent as a Hog on Ice Compared With the City Man.

From the Washington Democrat.

The country editor is as independent as a hog on ice, compared to the big city editor. Of course, he defers to his biggest advertiser. When his biggest advertiser's daughter gets married, he swears by the long horse spoon that she is a fairy nymph, when ten to one her feet don't track and her hat is on crooked. He letters to his "oldest subscriber," who pays for a dozen copies to send to him, and when he comes to town he speaks of "our prominent citizen, Mr. Doodab," and writes nice pieces about the team he drives and about how liberal he is at the church and to charity, when he knows doggone well that he pays the preacher in scabby potatoes and talks to save wear and tear on his vocal chords, and makes his wife go barefoot in summer to save the leather. However, aside from that, the country editor is as independent as we said he was.

But he asks no odds from his city brother, and dad bump his picture, he doesn't ask for any nice pieces to be written about him. He eats three square meals a day, if he can get them, and if not he writes nice pieces about the land that flows with milk and honey, and swears "by gum," that his party is entitled to the credit.

Ask favors from our city brothers? Not on your chin whiskers. The country editor breathes the pure, free air of liberty, and you get more patriotism in the average country paper in a week than you get in the big city daily in a coon's age. The country editor thinks he believes what he writes, while half the city editors—we mean the political and religious writers—write what they are paid to write. Thus many a Democrat is boosting for the Republican party, while the Republican editor writes nice pieces about Bryan. In the country, bless your life, we live near to nature and near to our critics, who find us before we find ourselves. If we renege on any proposition, before sundown half a dozen offended subscribers are in the office trying to make a door mat of the editor and trying to stop their vile paper.

Tell us the country editor has a hard lot! Maybe he has, but he is at least on the square. He believes what he says, unless it is his big advertiser who believes it for him. But you come a good deal nearer to the facts than you do in the city paper, where the work is done by a force of writers, and nobody is actually responsible, because nobody knows who the guilty parties may be.

The country editor, bless you, he sees just as many funny things and laughs up his sleeve just the same as you big city editors do. He sees shams and pretense and the men who work religion and those who try to work the lodge and those who are bosses and those who only think they are, but he just laughs. As James Whitcomb Riley says of Old Jap Miller, "He just chawed on." So we just chaw on.

Never mind writing nice pieces about the country editors. You may feel sorry for them, but don't let them find it out, or you might find yourself in contact with a stuffed club. It is all right to feel sorry for them, but you had better not say anything about it. Many of them are where they are from choice. There are country editors who could command more conspicuous positions, but they prefer their life of ease and luxury and affluence and high living and independence and independent thinking to any of your measly, little, cooped-up, narrow, hack-writing city editorships. Now, is this clear? If so, then pass the pie.

## Getting Even.

Joseph A. Willard was in a friend's law office one day when a client came in for advice.

He said that he had hired a horse to go to a neighboring town for \$1, but when he returned the stablekeeper asked him for \$1 more.

"What for?" the client had asked.

"For the ride back."

The lawyer gave some instructions, which the client followed. A little later he went to the stablekeeper and asked how much it would cost to hire a horse and buggy to go to Salem.

"Five dollars," was the reply.

The client hired the team and went to Salem. When he returned he came on the cars. He went to the stable and paid the keeper \$5.

"Where is my horse and buggy?" asked the owner.

"In Salem," was the unconcerned reply.

"Why did you leave them there?" cried the keeper.

"I only hired them to go to Salem," answered the client. — Chicago Tribune.

## Sardou's Experience.

Talking to an interviewer not long before his death, Sardou told a story of his early days when as a poor medical student he was adding to his scanty means by teaching Latin to some fellow-students. About this time he hawked three of his plays around Paris theatres.

"But managers, with one exception, were too busy to see me or to read my plays," he said. "This gentleman—I shall not tell you his name—condemned to read my productions, and he pronounced them rubbish. A few years later I had no difficulty whatever in disposing of all three without having altered a line."