

## WOMAN AND HOME.

A FEW VALUABLE HINTS ABOUT THE CARE OF BEDDING.

**Wouldn't Give Up Corsets**—The Right Sort of Wife—Woman and Sucess—American Women Growing—Married Women's "Duties"—"This Woman Business."

The young housewife who when buying her first house furnishings can afford a lit additional outlay for slip coverings for pillows, bolster and mattresses will save herself much tiresome labor and eventually considerable expense. These slips for mattresses are the most satisfactory when made of a cheap grade of blue and white ticking—that which retails for about 10 cents. Being light and thin, it washes easily and is still heavy enough to serve the purpose of keeping the mattress clean.

When making pillows and bolsters, it is better to use muslin to contain the feathers, or down, having a good quality of feather ticking outside, which can easily be removed and laundered when soiled without the necessity of emptying the feathers as our mothers and grandmothers used to do.

I remember once calling on a young housekeeper, whom I found on a side porch gaily dipping feathers with her hands out of a pillow tick into a barrel. Her gray flannel dress and pretty bangles were fluffy with down, and altogether it seemed that if she had prepared for the occasion she could hardly have made matters worse.

We were old friends, so I took the liberty of offering assistance. Picking up the remaining unopened pillow, I asked for the case that had been on it and a needle and thread. After shaking the feathers into the end of the tick opposite the end to be opened I ran a basting thread all along about two inches from the latter, ripped the seam and basted the ripped edges all around the open end of the pillowcase. Then I drew out the first basting thread, shook the feathers out of the tick into the pillowcase, basted the latter across the end and cut the stitches which united the two, when the tick was ready for the laundry with scarcely any waste or mussing. Where slip coverings are not used, this is the easiest method of preparing pillow ticks for the wash.

When finishing bed comfortables, they should always have a half yard strip of cheesecloth—the back breadths of worn gingham dresses of pretty light shade would do nicely—basted across the ends to keep them neat and fresh as long as possible. It is a question whether comfortables are really a cheaper bed covering than blankets, though I believe that delusion still exists with most housekeepers. The latter make the ideal covering for cool weather, because of lightness and loose texture, which admits a free passage of the exhalations of the body, and because of the ease and thoroughness with which they can be frequently cleaned. Of late years there has been a white, heavily fleeced cotton flannel blanket put upon the market which makes a desirable substitute for quilts in summer weather. These retail at from 90 cents to \$1.50 a pair. They are also to be had in soft shades of gray, just the thing for schoolboys and farm help. One defect is their meager dimensions. In order to remedy this I have sometimes torn one blanket in two and sewed the two halves on the ends of two other blankets, using the sewing machine for the work and felling down the rough edges. Of course the blankets thus pieced were used crosswise the bed instead of lengthwise, as before.

**Babies' Bibs.**—Many women seem to think that as soon as they marry their duty to home and husband requires that they should give up all the pretty accomplishments and graces that made them so attractive as girls. Yes, my dear, conscientious young wife, you do owe a duty to home and husband, and that duty is to keep the home comfortable and charming and to keep yourself charming as well. Everybody knows that a housekeeper can't find time to study and acquire accomplishments as she did when a girl, but it is not reckless extravagance to cast aside so much that was acquired by long, hard study and your father's loving expenditure? For the sake of your husband and the children that come to you keep up your own self culture, set apart some time each day for your own use and strive to keep in touch with what is going on in the world. Read the papers just as your husband does, that he may not outgrow you in intelligence. And if you are wise you will lie down and rest a half hour each afternoon, so that when your better half comes home you will not feel too tired to talk over with him the interesting news of the day. Take my word for it, he will like this much better than an extra elaborate dish cooked for supper.—London Correspondent.

**Wouldn't Give Up Corsets.**

One of the most prominent merchants became convinced that the young women in one of the departments of his establishment were injuring themselves by their constant wearing of tightly laced corsets and issued a notification that in future no corsets should be worn during working hours. Instantly there was indignation, and the 35 young women appointed a committee of three to wait upon their employer for a redress of grievances. The employer received the committee very affably and assured the young women that his order had been issued in their interest. He pointed out that their wearing of corsets did not improve their appearance in the eyes of any one but themselves, as they worked in a basement where no visitors were admitted. He further read them a little lecture on the evil of wearing corsets, and being by nature a well disposed soul he gave a dinner to all the young women in that department one evening, at which he had present a well known physician, who told how injurious anything a corset is. The girls ate the dinner and listened respectfully, but the next day the committee called again upon the employer and assured him that they must ask to be allowed to wear corsets.

"But you will admit," said the merchant, "that the wearing of the corsets at your work is injurious to you!" The committee admitted the fact, but declared that the experiment of going without them all had made them look horrid in their own eyes.

So the employer yielded the point as graciously as he could. He is a man whose name is as prominent as that of any retail merchant in New York.—New York Correspondent.

**The Right Sort of Wife.**

In conversation with a man whose opinion is worth something we were enlightened as to the feelings of the majority of mankind regarding the sort of wife they would prefer if the choice lay between the austere, worldly wise feminine and the pretty-faced doll.

"You see," said this man, "a husband does not like to feel that his wife is his better half save from a moral standpoint. He may admire her intellect and her rare judgment, but just the same he wants to think himself superior and is much better pleased to have a woman look up to him as something infinitely wiser than herself than to have her assume little airs that tell him as plainly as many words that she hasn't a very exalted opinion of his mental abilities."

"The doll you can treat like a doll. Not expecting much from her save to have her always look pretty and dressed well, there is no disappointment when she does not proffer advice and candidly admits that she knows nothing of business and has no desire to be enlightened. Of course she is not a companion to be proud of, yet she is preferable to the hard, unbending sister mentally her superior."

"There is another sort, though—the ideal wife who rules her husband with a rod of iron, yet never shows her power aggressively. She governs by tact, and the man thinks all the time he is having his

own way when in reality it is hers. She is bright and witty, but not to the extent of putting him in the shade. She is a capable housewife and an ornament to his home. He never tires of her because he never really knows her. That is the ideal wife. But how few men meet their ideals!"—Philadelphia Times.

## WOMAN AND SUCCESS.

If you are a young woman starting out in the world, don't you believe any one who tells you you can't do things you feel a strong impulse to try? There is no reason which you can choose where you won't be told it's overcrowded and there is nothing in it worth working for. There is something in every profession worth working for, or all those people wouldn't be in it. One reason that they work back to their feet of disengagement. But you go right ahead with that ideal of yours and keep it just as high as you can. Don't be afraid to place it beyond your limit. Your limit will expand every time you lift your eyes to the ideal, just as the limit of the stretching on the floor moves and moves imperceptibly as the old earth follows its god, the sun, around the circle. There is always a limit to what one can do surely, but that limit moves, and tomorrow the climax of your strength will be higher than it is today. I know a girl—I know her yet, in fact—who spent two valuable years of her life fretting and fuming over the fact that she was doing nothing and trying to get people to believe that she could do great things if she had the opportunity. One day a woman said to her, "Why don't you wake right in and do something and not keep saying you can?" That was a new thought to her, but she tried it, and it worked splendidly. The world is always ready to take good work. It makes no difference in what line you start; if you do your work well, you'll succeed. Only keep the ideal high and see that your limit of ability moves forward.—Chicago Times.

## AMERICAN WOMEN GROWING.

The average of the measures taken at the big dressmaking shops shows pretty well the development of the American woman, says an exchange. If these figures are to be believed, the American woman is constantly getting bigger. A few years ago the average skirt length was 42 inches, and that was the length used for all model gowns sent over here from Paris. Now, however, the model length is 45, while the increase in other measurements is proportionate. While the middle aged women show an inclination to grow broader across the hips and shoulders and through the arms, frequently cultivating disfiguring corporal through indolent and indulgent habits of life, the college graduate, the university woman and the debutante grow more like the English lady every year. Not only is she from two to four inches longer from the waist down, but her waist is getting longer, her chest fuller and her limbs narrower. She is supple, agile and compact and light and graceful of movement. This long waist, long skirt and athletic beauty are due to physical exercise, particularly tennis playing. To quote an observer who has considerable to do with the dressing of the new generation, the woman of the period has jumped herself into good condition, and cold baths have kept her so.

## MARRIED WOMEN'S "DUTIES."

Many women seem to think that as soon as they marry their duty to home and husband requires that they should give up all the pretty accomplishments and graces that made them so attractive as girls.

Yes, my dear, conscientious young wife, you do owe a duty to home and husband, and that duty is to keep the home comfortable and charming and to keep yourself charming as well. Everybody knows that a housekeeper can't find time to study and acquire accomplishments as she did when a girl, but it is not reckless extravagance to cast aside so much that was acquired by long, hard study and your father's loving expenditure? For the sake of

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## BABIES' BIBS.

A set of bibs is a very acceptable present to make a little baby, who is as much in the way of receiving gifts now as a bride. They may be ornamented with the richest of embroidery and trimmed to the most ornate of taste. But the first consideration is that they should be thick, with no appearance of clumsiness, and simple enough at least that they may be often washed. After this all beauty of design is to be approved, but a bib must be useful first.

before he saw her sister Sophia, and that soon observing the state of the case between these two, she said to them at once that she had rung her bells together in her heart! What is still stronger is the further intelligence that Elizabeth Peabody was the heroine of Mrs. Browning's poem of abnegation, "Bertha in the Lane"; that is, Mrs. Browning made the poem out of this mere suggestion of Elizabeth's surrender of her love who did love her to the sister whom he did love, for every thing else is as unlike as possible to the story of Elizabeth Peabody, whose life was so useful and happy in its usefulness. It will seem odd to associate this short, active, cheery and somewhat quaint woman with a poem of so intense ardor and sacrifice as "Bertha in the Lane," whose heroines die.—Springfield Republican.

## A "HONEY" HOUSE.

"A Honey House" is the title given to an article on decoration, and it sounds so true a note that it may well be copied here. Hominess is a characteristic to be desired before all others, and yet is the one most seldom seen. Splendor is often cold and forbidding. Absolutely correct treatment may lack in the essentials of a living room, but wherever homelike qualities exist success has been attained. A certain facility of arrangement is sure to be the foundation, and whether the perfect result be the reward of study or of accident no one can say. Will seem odd to associate this short, active, cheery and somewhat quaint woman with a poem of so intense ardor and sacrifice as "Bertha in the Lane," whose heroines die.

## A MOLLIFIED DAUGHTER.

The present Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, as is already known, was a widow. Her little daughter of 10 or 10 years was the one person above all others to whom she dreaded to break the news of the engagement with Mr. Page. It at length became necessary to do this, however, and she set about her task with all possible diplomacy. As she had feared, the little girl on learning the fact that her mother was to be married again wept profusely. Finally the mother said: "But you haven't yet heard what it is that I'm going to marry." It's Mr. Page."

The sons of the little girl suddenly ceased. "You ought to have told me that at first," she said in a mollified tone.

"Why, I've been in love with him myself for over a year!"—New York Recorder.

## VICTORIA'S AVENGER TO FURS.

Royalty must be exceedingly "difficult" to get on with at times. One of the English queen's little vagaries is a dislike for the smell of furs. She never wears them herself, which is all very well. But neither will she permit any one else to wear them when driving with her. As an invitation to go to ride with her is equivalent to a command, and as another little queenly vagary is a fondness for an open carriage in all seasons, the unhappy recipients of her invitations feel like making their wills before starting on a pleasure() drive with their sovereign.—London Correspondent.

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## RIBBON BOOKMARKS.

A bookmark that will keep more than one place at a time is often called into play. Such a one is easily concocted of three pieces of ribbon of blending or contrasting colors, all half a yard in length and about half an inch in width. These are sewed together at one end over a tiny buttonhole ring. At the free end they are each of them turned over to make a triangle, and to the apex is sewed a small tassel.

## MRS. BLAKE'S VIEWS.

Mrs. Lillian Devereux Blake, president of New York Woman Suffrage League, says: "Woman suffrage would first reform women. The reformation would be in converting woman from a condition of apathy and indifference to her absurd position to a state of lively interest, in which she would claim recognition in all departments of life, for responsibility educates, and care broadens our lives."

## MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, whose artistic work with both pen and pencil is so well known to all magazine readers, lives in Boise City. In her home life, as in larger undertakings, she has been most fortunate. She is the mother of three charming children—two girls and a boy—all of whom are said to inherit something of their mother's genius.

## VICTORIA'S PRESENTS.

All the servants who were in Queen Victoria's household during the lifetime of the prince consort receive each Christmas a piece of solid silver in any shape they prefer up to a certain value. They are sent with a large black bordered card inscribed, "With good wishes from her majesty and the prince consort."—London Fashion Journal.

## ELLEN TERRY'S WIT.

Miss Ellen Terry, having once received special courtesy from a newspaper critic, offered to introduce him to Mr. Irving, but unfortunately when the opportunity of doing so presented itself she had utterly forgotten his name. Naturally, however, she felt that it would be a poor compliment to tell him so. Her ready wit did not forsake her in this trying emergency, and the brakeman doesn't wear an Eton suit and put on a gingham apron when he wants to open the windows or pups up the fire or whistle a tune.

"I've won the bet!"

It was such a realistic bit of acting that the newspaper man, although it was his business to criticize plays and players, never detected it.—London Tie-Bits.

Lay a thick piece of canton flannel under your tablecloth. Even coarse napery will look a much better quality with a subeover than if spread directly over the bare table top.

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY'S ROMANCE.

A most interesting story is told of Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. It is that she was engaged to marry Nathaniel Hawthorne

## MILITANT PLANTS.

THEY LOOK LIKE FIGHTERS, AND THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE.

The Fabulous Reflexus Has a Row of Spines Which Pierce Like Needles—Fighters in the Palm Family.—The Jim Corbett of the Collection.

"All organic beings, without exception, tend to increase at so high a ratio that no district, no station, nor even the whole surface of the land or the whole ocean, would hold the progeny of a single pair after a certain number of generations. The inevitable result is ever recurrent struggle for existence. It has truly been said that all nature is at war, the strongest ultimately prevail, the weakest fail." Something like this statement by the most celebrated of the naturalists will occur to the observant person without any skill in natural history who visits the Phillips conservatory and tries to make out the meanings of the curious features which so many of the plants present.

For instance, the big *Pandanus reflexus*, which no visitor will pass unnoticed. It has a military look from the rest up, its leaves or whatever they are to be called resembling one of the ancient two handed sword—that is, they do at first glance, but one must not trust that, or he will be deceived. The blade is not like a sword blade, only half of it is. The whole leaf is of the shape of a half opened book. On each edge and along the center is a row of spines, which pierce like needles. It is endogenous—that is, increases by internal growth and elongation at the top and has no bark to strengthen and protect it.

Judging from appearance, one of those long leaves would be easily broken by the push of an animal, and to keep animals at their distance it has sent out these spines, which guard it from three directions. A young animal which ran against them once would remember them the next time, just as calves and colts soon learn not to play close to a barbed wire fence. The pandanus, which is one of 50 species of a genus which inhabits tropical climes from Africa to Polynesia, as it sticks out its keen spines and threatens to puncture the hide of anything which comes near it, seems to say, like the Scotch thistle: "Nobody can monkey with me with impunity. I am a fighter." That is one reason why it is so big. It has made room for itself. In nature might is right—the weaker goes to the wall.

Some other fighters will be found in the palm house. One is easily found by its label, *Latania bonariensis*, and it is particularly interesting in that it is an example of a plant protecting its young, if that is the way to say it. Three outer stalks, strong and well developed, each with its row of sharp spines, inclose and defend the tender central stalk. The leaf of a central stalk, one may see, is not allowed to pass through the outer stalks, lest it be injured.

The pandanus is the plant in leading strings until the stalk has grown so that it can reach out over the others and take care of itself. Meantime it will produce a set of spines and join the other stalks in the great fight which is to determine what plant is fittest to survive.

The instinct of animals is wonderful, but the instinct of the plant is equally so. That may be seen in the larger latania, which stands on its label that these palms were discovered in south China in 1818. It has developed a body, and in that at the base of the branches the fruit grows. Care must be taken of that, for if the seed is not ripened they will not reproduce, and the species will suffer to that extent. See the spines on those branches around where the fruit lies. Let an animal try to get to it, and he will come out with a sore hide. The plant would scratch him like a cat. The pandanus is cruel, and its spines stick straight out. It wants to prevent animals from pushing against it. The palm wants to protect its fruit, and so its spine points downward, as much as to say to a thief below, "You come up here, and I'll jab your eyes out!"

In still another palm, the great *Phoenicophorus* is the Jim Corbett of the regular Tuesday train from Chicago.

Full particulars as to cheap rate tickets for this trip, and also as to cost of berth in the tourist car cheerfully given on application to any Great Rock Island Route Ticket Agent, or agent at coupon stations of connecting lines.

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## TOURIST CAR TO CALIFORNIA.

## CHEAP RATE, QUICK TRIP.

The travel from the north and north-west territory, tapped by THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, has demanded service of this character, and beginning October 5th, tourist cars will leave Minneapolis every Thursday morning and via Lincoln Ex. except Sun., 8:30 a.m.