

WOMAN AND HOME.

INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE CHINA.

The Coming Woman—Few Women Man Haters—Red Linen—Proud French Women—The Magic Power of a Voice. Women May Travel Alone.

A very full set of presidential china was bought in Abraham Lincoln's time. It is of finest French porcelain, with a border of crimson purple or plum color, with delicate lines and dots of gold, and the plates, platters and saucers have slightly scalloped edges. In the center of the plates and on the sides of the dishes and small pieces is a very spirited version of the coat of arms of the United States, with the motto "E Pluribus Unum" upon a clouded background of gold.

The General Grant set is well known and is very handsome. The border is of buff and gold, broken once by a small United States shield in high colors. In the center is a well painted spray or bunch of flowers, many being the wild flowers of the United States.

Of the beautiful and costly set ordered by Mrs. Hayes too much is known, and too many cheaper copies have been sold, and may be seen in any large china shop, to make it worth while to give any detailed description here. It was made at Limoges by the Havillands, as was also the "Grant set."

A very reprehensible custom existed until recent years (and indeed may still be possible) of selling at auction at the end of each presidential term, or in the middle if thought necessary, whatever household effects the house steward and house occupants chose to consider of no further use.

These presidential sales were of course eagerly attended by relic hunters. At such a sale in President Grant's day a lot of "old truck," as it was irreverently called, valued at \$500 brought \$2,700.—Mrs. Earle's "China Collecting in America."

The Coming Woman.

Miss Rebecca S. Rice, principal of the Chicago girls' higher school, has spoken of "the coming woman" as follows:

Will the women of a generation ago? Fathers and mothers, sending away their daughters for a long course of university study, ask this question anxiously, for there has been a great deal that was lovely and beautiful in the old-fashioned American woman. We shall not want to miss a virtue nor a grace in the new generation. We shall not want the eyes dim and absent from poring over books that should be bright with home love, nor the mind on a visit to the stars when it should be shedding its own light upon a household. But, friends, the coming woman, if you send her to college and do all you can to let her find out what she was made for, will not be quite what the passing woman is.

I do not think you will like her less. She will be freer. You may have to adjust yourselves a little to accommodate her. I do not think it would be quite fair of you to expect, when she comes from college with honors equal to those of your sons, and, besides these, with new ideas to which you have not changed to give attention, all the adjustment to come from her side. If she is true, she will come back to you worthier than when she went away; but you will find it wise to give the newly awakened abilities room to grow and bloom. You may find her more worthy, even in the old way of love, than ever before.

She will want "to do something." As I said before, she will feel it a duty to do something. I hope, make room for her and welcome her efforts. She will not do her work like a man. She will arrive at her ends in a different way, which will probably be quite as good. Expect it, and she will add new elements to thought, new meanings to research, new powers to the expression of art, as she has already added new wisdom to the administration of the large philanthropies to which you have so fully addicted her.

Few Women Man Haters.

Are women learning to hate men? Of course there have always been and will always be individual man haters, just as there have always been and will always be individual woman haters. Some men are born bachelors, some women are created spinsters in the cradle, and they continue spinsters to the grave. The instinct of spinsterhood seems implanted in them. Men and the ways and habits of men are uncongenial to them. Strength greater than their own repels them, manners different from theirs, habits which they cannot share, appal and disgust them. These women do hate men, but they are very few and far between.

A more numerous class dislike men because they have been educated into such a frame of mind by misfortunes or sorrows brought upon them through male agency. They judge the male from the individual and look at all through the black spectacles presented to them by one.

But we believe that this man hating craze is a passing phase of the time, not deeply rooted—if rooted at all—not well nourished, not widely spread. It is a phase connected with the increased activity noticeable among women, their increased and increasing anxiety to prove to the world that they have intellects, originality, talents and powers, which they mean to use for their own personal benefit and for the benefit of others—i. e., men.

They do not hate men, but they wish to do away with the last remnants of the ridiculous idea that women, as a sex, are in all ways weak, while men, as a sex, are always strong.—Hearth and Home.

Imported. Modern linen is much less durable than that which was made half a century ago, for the reason that the constant call seems to be for something cheaper; therefore, to meet this unwise clamor manufacturers have made much lighter grades, and have in many cases introduced cotton with the linen, which is then carded and spun together in such a way that only an expert can detect it, and even these are often deceived. There is no economy in buying cheap linen. It has not half of the wearing qualities of that which costs possibly a third more. It has not a soft, satiny feeling so grateful to a fastidious taste, nor has it the appearance which is most pleasing to connoisseurs.

There are many persons who do not care for linen bedding the year around. For those there is a satin finished cotton which is very much liked, although it is very expensive, costing even more than a good grade of linen. Full sized sheets are usually made to three quarters of the yard, and finished. Linen varies in width from two to two and half yards; occasionally a piece is found which is wider than this, but two and a half yards is the standard. Many stores furnish bedding made ready for use. Sheets are either plainly hemmed or hemstitched, the latter being considered much more desirable, especially in linen and fine grades of cotton. Pillow cases are similarly finished, many of them, however, have until to three quarters of the yard of draw-up above the hem. The plain hemstitched is of course more durable and makes a very pretty finish.—New York Ledger.

Proud and Economical French Women.

The exiles who took refuge in London at the time of the French revolution met the poverty and the hardships of their lot with much courage. They never begged, and it was often difficult to induce them to accept the funds subscribed for their assistance.

The women did not accept the partially worn and soiled clothing of wealthy and charitably inclined ladies, as most women in their condition would have been glad to do, but managed with the cheapest materials to dress neatly and tastefully.

Their necessities developed an inventive spirit. The records of the London patent office at the beginning of the Eighteenth century have on every page such names as Blondin, Dupin, Cardon, Gasteau, Leblond and Courant. How ingenious they were in utilizing the most unpromising of materials is shown by their invention of a now famous dish.

When the London butchers slaughtered their beef they were accustomed to throw away the tails with the refuse. The French women had the bright idea of buying them, since they could get them for next to nothing, and making soup of them. And thus they gave to England the popular oxtail soup, which loyal Englishmen now consider an essentially national dish.—Youth's Companion.

The Magic Power of a Woman's Voice.

"I remember," said a well known writer, "the first 'queen of society' that I met. She was a Scotchwoman who married an American while he was in Europe. Rumors came before her to his home of her brilliant success in London society and in the Austrian court, where her brother held a diplomatic position, and when she arrived with her husband and the society of the little city where he lived was soon at her feet."

"I was a child of twelve, visiting in a country house near the town.

"One morning some one said, 'There comes Madam L.' I ran to the window to see coming through the trees a stout, freckled, red haired woman without a single agreeable feature in her face.

"I was amazed and disgusted. But when she came in and talked to me I sat breathless under a charm never felt in my life before. I was her slave from that moment. Her fascination was wholly in her voice. It was low, clear, musical. The woman's nature was expressed in it—unpretensions, keenly sympathetic, but, above all, genuine. It was her one power, but it was irresistible."

Women May Travel Alone.

If a woman thinks it is possible for her to travel alone she can do so in perfect safety. With care and discretion she may even make friends, which is always one of the delights of a long journey; but if she is skeptical in her own mind of the propriety of her undertaking she will be pretty sure to meet with some mishap or accident, which is proof to her already prejudiced mind that a woman runs great risk in taking an extended tour without an escort.

Of course it is pleasant to travel in a party, which a woman with even a small circle of friends is able to arrange. If she is a comfortable sort of companion she will receive invitations numerous; but if she is ridiculous and spoils the pleasure of all the rest one year she will certainly be dropped from the list the next, like the woman who traveled miles to see some famous and grand scenery and then went into hysterics for fear of an accident in the midst of the car ride through the ravines and gorges she had come so far to see. As a rule, too, most women burden themselves with too much baggage, over which they worry and fret.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Women Physicians.

There are several thousand women physicians in the United States. It is impossible to average their incomes correctly, but they probably run from \$200 to \$20,000 a year. The last figures are of course rare. They are the great lights of the profession, even among men, who earn from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year and upward; and women are still crusaders and reformers. A \$10,000 income for a well educated, gifted and healthy woman doctor is less rare. Five thousand, I think, is not at all uncommon; and so on down. I knew one woman, an invalid, who earned \$1,000 the first year that she practiced. The next she received \$5,000, and maintained a growing success until she dropped one night and put an end to calculation on what promised to be a brilliant career. But this woman, after graduating from the medical school and before she began to practice, spent for several years eight hours a day in severe private study. Such work goes as straight to success as a healthy plant to a blossom.—Mrs. E. S. P. Ward in Golden Rule.

For Your Toilet Table.

It is your duty as a woman to look your best, and to help to do that there are a few things you can not well do without. First, there is your soap. Be sure you have it pure and suited to your skin. To use this is a flannel of the loose woven cheaper grade is best, as it will not shrink as much as a better quality. Of course you have the liquid, paste or powder for your teeth. Then you want some ammonia to remove stains from your fingers or to soften the water if it needs it. You need a bottle of camphor to inhale if you have a cold in your head, a bottle of eau de Cologne, some of which may be put in the water when your skin is dry and dull and needs invigorating; some lumps of charcoal to take

when your digestion is out of order. You want also vaseline or cold cream, which you can prefer. Be careful to keep regular hours, take regular meals. After all, perfect health is the greatest beautifier. Be dainty and clean, and no matter what your features you can not be truly ugly.—Elmira Telegram.

Women in the Professions.

Women have made astonishing progress in the professions. They are found in the pulpit and in the editor's chair, on the stage, the platform and in the courts. They can point with pride to Harriet Hosmer as a sculptor, to Rosa Bonheur as a painter, to a book illustrator like Kate Greenaway, to an organizer like Frances Willard. Among those who are professors may be mentioned Mrs. Rachel Lloyd, professor of analytical chemistry in the Nebraska state university; Miss Alice Gardner, professor of history in Bedford college, London, elected over twenty male competitors; Miss Alice Freeman, doctor of philosophy and president of Wellesley college; Mme. Kovalevsky, professor of higher mathematics at the University of Stockholm, and Mme. Ogonovsky, professor of Slavonic literature.—Detroit Free Press.

How Bright Children Are Spoiled.

It is a wise mother that does not unduly stimulate the self-consciousness of her child and thus lay the foundation for life-long habits of affectation. If clever children do not always make clever men and women, a partial reason may be found in the way they are commonly treated. They find grown up people constantly on the watch to hear, and most industrious in repeating, their original speeches, and soon they exchange the gift of originality, which consists in seeing and expressing things in an unconventional manner, for the very inferior one of making smart speeches. They are thus forced by the very admiration of their elders into taking conventional instead of unconventional views and speaking, as it were, to the "gallery" instead of uttering spontaneous truths.—Popular Science Monthly.

Famous Women and Marriage.

A survey of the lives of famous women shows that very many of them were single, and of those who were married most were either childless or had small families. This does not, however, mean either that clever women do not marry, or that they cannot be mothers; it only indicates that to be the mistress of a large household and to look after a flock of children is a business in itself, and leaves the clever woman who are "in that line" no time to write great books, paint fine pictures and that sort of thing.—London Tit-Bits.

Hints for Papering Rooms.

In papering a room it is well to remember that a room having a cold north light should be furnished in warm colors, and that a dark room should be clothed in sharp, light shades; that borders of any kind lessen, by sharply defining the corners of a room, the apparent size of a room. In a small room small patterns should be used. Lines running from ceiling to floor give the effect of height, while lines running around a room lessen the effect of height.—New York Journal.

Make Your Own Perfume.

The formula for the concoction of cologne is as follows: Oil of lemon grass and oil of bergamot, one drachm each; oil of cloves and oil of cinnamon, twenty drops each; oil of neroli, one drachm; one half gallon of alcohol and two pints of water. This will make six pints of good cologne, for which the ingredients will cost about \$1.75.—New York Advertiser.

Convents and Laughter.

Several causes have contributed to the decrease of woman's laughter. The chief one perhaps is the modern habit of dressing. Full, free laughter depends upon a perfect development and exercise of the respiratory muscles. Confined as these are by steel and whalebone, laughter becomes an impossibility.—Jenness Miller Illustration.

Rubber Gloves Tarnish Silver.

Never clean silver with rubber gloves on, or in fact handle dry silver with them. Some chemical used in the preparation of the rubber tarnishes silver at once; it is labor lost to hold a silver spoon in a rubber gloved hand and attempt to scour it, for it will grow black rather than bright under your work.—Exchange.

Dangerous Odors in the House.

The most dangerous sewer gas is colorless; decaying animal matter is not so dangerous as decomposing vegetable matter, and the dyes used in certain carpets and wall papers give out peculiar and unpleasant odors difficult to detect unless one is acquainted with the fact.—New York Times.

Important to Remember

I wonder how many people know why potatoes should be soaked before cooking? The potato, especially if it has sprouted, may contain an excess of a poisonous principle called solanine. This is removed by soaking. The potato is related botanically to the nightshades.—Food.

The mother of John Ruskin was in every sense a remarkable woman. Her son, in summing up her character, speaks of her as "having great power with not a little pride," and adds that she was "entirely conscientious and a consummate house keeper."

A clever woman, in giving her impressions of social life in one of our great cities, dwells with enthusiasm upon the beauty and charm of its middle aged women, adding significantly, "As for elderly women, I have encountered none."

A capital wash for stained boards is made by boiling one-half pound of slaked lime and one pound of soda in six quarts of water for two hours. Let this settle, then pour off the clear part for use.

Clean hairbrushes with warm water and a little ammonia. It is best to clean two brushes at the same time, as they can be rubbed together. Let them dry in the hot sun.

The happy mother with a supply of small babies has both hands and heart too full to seek, or perhaps to wish for, outside duties and rewards.

Charlotte Bronte was nearly forty when she married, and died almost immediately after, so that she may be counted among literary spinsters.

A German woman has given an almost national impetus to the artificial growth of the nettle plant for the sake of its tenacious fibrous fiber.

For chafing, try Father's earth pulverizer. Moisten the surface first when applying it. Oxide of zinc ointment is also excellent.

RHODE ISLAND CLAMBAKES.

What They Are, How Prepared and How Consumed.

PROVIDENCE, July 7.—Rhode Island clambakes are renowned the country over, but there is scarcely any one outside the state who is at all acquainted with the process of preparing a clam dinner. All individuals not thus informed Rhode Islanders regard as hopelessly benighted; and so, for the enlightenment of such unfortunates, I have thought it well to give a description of the modus operandi of a genuine old-fashioned Rhode Island clambake, together with such observations as may suggest themselves as I proceed.

It is, really now, an interesting process. The requisite materials for a small bake are as follows: A few sticks of cordwood, a number of stones about the size of a man's head—and the smoother and the more nearly round the better—a lot of wet seaweed, a big piece of canvas, and last, but not least, the clams themselves.

The man upon whom devolves the tremendous responsibility of conducting the bake—and he always has a deep sense of the dignity of his position—having collected the material, first piles up the cordwood in "corn-cob" fashion. He then sets fire to it, and after the fire has gotten well under way throws the stones in, around and above the blazing, crackling sticks. As the wood burns away and the "corn-cob" structure gradually settles the stones settle with it, until finally nothing remains but a pile of stones so hot that it burns one's face to stand within three feet of them.

"Our hero," as the story books say, now covers the hot stones with seaweed, pours the clams over the seaweed, distributing them evenly, puts on more seaweed and over the whole thing throws the piece of canvas, so arranging it that as little steam as possible will escape; for the stones being hissing hot and the seaweed dripping wet, there is steam in abundance, and it is the steam thus produced that cooks the clams; so that it is not strictly accurate to speak of baked clams. Steamed clams is the correct term.

It takes about three-quarters of an hour for the clams to cook thoroughly. At the expiration of that time the canvas is removed, the upper layer of seaweed raked away, and the clams, steaming hot, removed and placed upon the table ready for the diners when they shall have finished their clam chowder and fish, which are always the first and second courses of a genuine "shore dinner." This chowder is a grand conglomeration of clam, potato, onion and cracker all boiled up together, with a few pieces of salt pork to "give character" to the mixture. Strange as it may seem, Rhode Islanders really like it, or at least imagine that they do.

Following is the menu of a typical clam dinner:

Table with 3 columns: Chowder, Clams, Fish. Sweet Potato, Watermelon, Corn, Brown Bread, Ice Water.

The fish and corn are cooked with the clams. The fish, rolled up in wet cloth, and the corn in its husk are tucked in among the seaweed about twenty minutes before the time of "opening the bake," and left there with the clams to be steamed into a condition of edibility. Bluefish, mackerel, swordfish, cod and other kinds of "sea fruit" are cooked in this way.

The eating of clams is an art in itself. A quart dish of the bivalves, shell and all, is placed before you, and with a pitcher of hot, melted butter, or something supposed to be that. Anyway it is hot, yellow and greasy. You pour out a little on your plate. Then you pick up a clam in the shell with your left hand—your right hand, remember, separate the shells and remove the ugly looking skin enveloping the head and neck, remove the clam with your other hand, holding the head and neck between the thumb and the forefinger, dip the clam in the hot yellow grease floating around on your plate and then gently insert it in your mouth—that is, all but the head and neck.

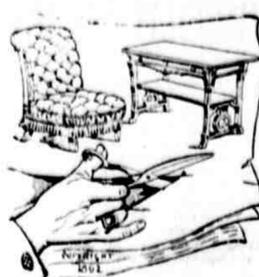
When you get as far as the neck you must bring your teeth together with considerable energy. This leaves the body of the clam in your mouth, and the neck and head outside, still between the thumb and the forefinger. A swallow—most people regard mastication in such cases as superfluous—and the deed is done. Down your throat has glided a dead clam—lungs, stomach, liver, gills and all, except the organs of the head and neck, that go to make up a first class, well regulated clam. Ugh!

As might be anticipated, it takes time to master this art, and nothing amuses a Rhode Islander more than to watch a novice eat clams. But sometimes the novice is so ignorant as to eat the clam's neck and head, and then the veteran clam eater is quite disgusted. The latter can swallow a clam's entrails without a shudder, but is scandalized at the spectacle of one's swallowing a clam's head.

If one wishes a genuine clam dinner he must come to Rhode Island, take a sail down the far famed Narragansett to some one of the beautiful summer resorts located on its shores, and seat himself in the big dining hall where he can inhale the cool, bracing breezes blowing up from the bay, and can feast his eyes upon the panorama of wave rock and forest so inspiring to look upon. Then, and only then, can he partake of a Rhode Island clam dinner.

There are, indeed, many places in New England and other sections where "genuine Rhode Island clam dinners" are advertised, but I sound a solemn note of warning that all such affairs are frauds. The villains getting up these dinners don't know a clam from a quahang, and if the dinner itself was all right so far as the food is concerned these impostors couldn't serve Narragansett's breezes with it, nor the vision of Narragansett's loveliness!

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