

# WOMAN'S REALM

## WOMEN AS FARMERS.

THE question of occupations for women is one of individual interest, as well as of economic importance, and therefore the remarks of one speaker at the Farmers' Congress recently held in Macon, Ga., have attracted special attention. He urged that women should consider farming as a life-work, and he made out a good case. The old-fashioned farmer guided himself by tradition largely, and conducted most of his operations by main strength. Successful farming at the present day is a matter of machinery and method. Much of the work a farmer does is as easy as many industrial processes. A woman who could tend a loom or run a sewing machine can guide a harvester, and be the better for it, physically. A precedent in this field was established long ago. Women have succeeded as farmers. When they have figured as fruit growers, florists, bee keepers or poultry raisers no one has intimated that theirs was not "women's work," and there is little disposition to belittle the achievements of widows or daughters who have made wise use of an inherited farm. In no way is the good old profession of agriculture fenced in, and it seems to offer a special welcome to the self-supporting women who long for that free and wholesome life which no city can afford. Such women might regenerate many a rural community that seems now to be going down hill. The telephone, the trolley and free mail delivery provide them with resources that were unknown to the last generation, and with the help of these they can invigorate the social life of any region, and thus become public benefactors, probably to be recognized and honored as such. But, that aside, the happiness they would find in health and independence would be their own sufficient reward.



Try green pepper sandwiches for a luncheon dainty. Rub a bit of soda over meat or poultry that seems overripe and wash in cold water. For sweet potato waffles, mash cupful of potatoes; add four teaspoonfuls of flour, one each of sugar and butter, half teaspoonful salt, and milk to make thin batter. Cream cheese toast is an excellent savory, and a very good way of using up a small piece of cream cheese. Cut thin slices from a roll, lightly spread with dissolved butter, season with cayenne and salt. Put a slice of cream cheese on each and brown quickly in the oven. Serve hot. Raw oysters enter frequently into a salad combination of which the other component parts are broken walnut meats and celery cut into dice—those arranged on a bed of lettuce hearts with a French dressing poured over the whole. A necessity for the success of this salad is that the oysters should be very cold, and the celery and lettuce of crisp perfection. If when making a fruit tart you make a little opening in the center of the crust and insert either a straw or a little paper funnel, the steam will escape through it as through a chimney, and all the juice will be retained in the pie. The great thing in baking a custard is to prevent it from boiling, because if it boils it is full of holes, and the appearance is completely spoiled. To prevent this, place the dish the custard is in in a larger dish half full of water. The water will boil, but not the custard, and it will cook quite satisfactorily. Take out as soon as it is set.

**On Children's Dress.** It does not seem to be sufficiently recognized that soon after babyhood is forsaken children of both sexes usually begin to be sensible of their outward appearance. And their half unconscious satisfaction in being cleanly and appropriately dressed has undoubtedly influence upon their manners. Not a few mothers, wise and sensible women, if a trifle short-sighted, hesitate to accept this view from fear of stimulating vanity. But a certain and proper vanity is innate in many natures, and it is far better to encourage it than to awaken a feeling of resentment in sensitive children who see their playmates more carefully dressed than themselves. Do not dress a child extravagantly; neatness, comfort, and care that nothing should be worn in a manner to retard development are the important essentials; daintiness and thought as to "becomingness" of color and style make up the rest.

**The Happiest Woman.** I think the most serenely happy person I have ever known was a young woman starting out to travel around the world with very little scrip in her purse, and no appreciable amount of luggage in the ship's hold. She was as nearly care-free as it is given us to be in these days of civilization. She could leave her stateroom with no fear her bag of jewels would be discovered and abstracted—she had no bag of jewels; wore on her person the brooch that had

descended to her from her mother, the tiny Swiss watch her father had given her, her sole golden possessions. She had money enough to take her to the next port, and was confident there she could earn sufficient to take her to the one beyond. And the friends she made she could accept as seeking her for her own worth; she had not wealth nor power to use as decoys. And friends not a few there were she gathered to herself on her travels; men and women attracted by her truthful, buoyant personality, whose contagion they sought as the moth the flame, but with happier results. The last I heard of her she was half way round the world, still with a light purse and a light heart.

This friend lacked the possession of beauty, yet wherever she went she won her way to the hearts of those about her. Observing her set me philosophizing thus: Happiness is the most attractive holding one can have. It is better than beauty; for beauty is as a flower of the grass, while a happy spirit is one of the things that Time need not corrupt.—Katherine Pope in the Pilgrim.

## Economical Hints in Dressing.

The first great economy to practice is to take care of the existing wardrobe. When removing a coat, dress or hat, brush it and let it air a little before putting it away. Let there be at least two loops with which to hang up a skirt, and for bodices and coats a loop at each armhole. A basket work skirt dummy will be found of great use, not only in dressmaking, but when a skirt is damp, as putting it on the dummy to dry will prevent its wrinkling. When purchasing a dress length get an extra yard or so; this will be found invaluable in case of accidents, and if the dress is to be altered at any time an extra piece is a necessity.

The most economical dress for evening wear is a black one, to which variety can be given by wearing different colored sashes, or fichu or lace collar. It is by no means economical to buy very cheap things—they do not wear well nor really look well when they are new; but especially and above all eschew cheap boots, shoes and gloves. Underlinen must always be kept in repair. Dainty undershirts may be made of zephyr or muslin for summer, or satin and moreen for winter. But perhaps the most important, and it may be the most difficult, way to economize is to avoid all indiscriminate buying of "bargains," and to strenuously refrain from purchasing things of which there is really no need. To be neat is to be well dressed.

## Some Great Men's Wives.

The wives of great men have, in some instances, not contributed to the happiness of their talented partners, though it must be added that this was not always the fault of the woman. The poet Heine, on the day after his marriage, drew up a will, in which he bequeathed all he possessed to his wife, on condition that she married again. He desired, he said, that at least one man should regret his death. Fielding, the novelist, married a serving maid. Sir Thomas More's wife scolded him on the eve of his execution. Milton had trouble with both of his wives. Hazlitt's wife cared nothing for his ability. Her temper was intense, and the tragedy of the unsympathetic played itself to the bitter end. Coleridge left his wife and children without an apology or farewell, and never would see them again. Mollere, at the age of 40, married an actress, aged 17. She ran away from him. Shelley married an innkeeper's daughter. He soon deserted her and she committed suicide.

## Health and Beauty Hints.

Benzoin in sufficient quantities to make the water milky will aid in tightening the skin.

Rough soaps obtained from the kitchen are not such bad skin bleachers. The skin can be scrubbed with this soap, which very often contains powerful acids, and then can be immediately washed again, so that the acids are not left to eat into the skin.

The physical culture doctors—those who guarantee to raise the height—declare that there is a great deal in the simple straightening of the figure. They hold that the body is built upon a framework which often bends from lack of care or twists from some physical defect.

An excellent recipe for the cure of chapped hands and lips is as follows: Dissolve in equal quantities of white wax and sweet oil a small piece of camphor. It should be put in a stone jar on the hob and melted. It must then be kept closely covered. To be applied to the hands after washing and previous to drying them.

A surface burn which only scorches the outer skin, shriveling it, causing much pain, but not inuring the underlying tissues, is a first-degree burn. No blister forms under the skin of a burn of this sort, which a water treatment should cure entirely. A rub with olive oil for a couple of days will usually send every trace of it away.

Very often a dark neck will be lightened from one to five shades by scrubbing with a fine scrubbing brush and yellow soap of the kind that Bridget uses. Do not, by any means, let it remain on the skin, but after using the soap bathe the neck with one quart of hot water in which there is a tablespoon of powdered borax dissolved.

## THE BOOMING CANNON

### RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

"Forty years ago," said the Major. "things seemed going to the dogs. The year 1862 was a blue one for the soldier in the field. The rebels seemed strong in front, and the people at home seemed divided in our support. In Illinois the Republicans were so absorbed in the war that the Democrats in November, 1861, elected a majority of the delegates to the constitutional convention here that met in 1862, and that convention was as much a thorn in our sides as Vallandigham was for the Ohio boys.

"The constitutional convention, through one of its committees, asked for reports from the several regiments as to whether troops from Illinois were well equipped and as well cared for as troops from other States. This impudence roused the soldiers to action. Major Quincy McNeill of the Second Illinois cavalry, wrote the committee declining to answer any questions, and adding: 'You were elected to make a constitution for the State of Illinois. Why don't you do it?'

"This remark of Major McNeill's made him very popular in the army, and a good many soldiers wrote home to the same effect, and in the end the work of the convention was rejected, the soldiers in the field being almost unanimously against it. However, the elections in November, 1862, gave little comfort to the boys in the army. In fact, the first note of comfort that came to us in 1863 was when Governor Yates of Illinois, sent the Legislature home, and when Brough carried Ohio against Vallandigham. The latter came in October while we were penned up in Chattanooga, and the Army of the Cumberland made it a personal matter."

"Under the Ohio laws," said the Sergeant, "every soldier from that State, no matter whether he was serving in a Kentucky or Missouri or West Virginia regiment, was entitled to vote. If there were only three Ohio voters in a regiment the boys insisted that they must vote, and at least two of the Kentucky regiments the majority of the men were residents and voters in Ohio. They were never more considerably treated than on that day, when Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan soldiers surrounded the polls to see the Buckeyes plunk it to the Copperheads.

"All were very quiet, however, particularly the men who came in from the outposts, relieved from duty that they might cast their ballots. Late that night one of the squads was returning to the picket line, when the Colonel came over from division headquarters to say that a dispatch reported that Brough had been elected by 60,000 majority, home vote. Instantly it seemed to me that great camp was awake. In ten minutes bands were playing and men were cheering on the right, on the left, and down the center.

"The men headed for the outposts swung off at an eager step. They went out from the entrenched lines into the plain that lay between the Union army and the rebel army, perched on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and marched erect to the outpost Union vidette line, and shouted to the rebel pickets in front: 'Sixty thousand majority for Brough. Put that in your pipe, Johnny, and smoke it.' And a Johnny replied sarcastically: 'Oh it is Brough, is it? I thought maybe you had captured a corporal.'"

"But the soldiers in both armies understood the significance of the victory. The people at home were no longer indifferent. They had aligned themselves with the men who were fighting in front. The boys didn't know John Brough, but they stood for the cause they were fighting for, and that was enough. The beleaguered army in Chattanooga was vibrant with the spirit of victory, and the besieging army on ridge and mountain was correspondingly depressed."

"My first vote," said the Captain, "was for Lincoln in 1864. Our division was near Atlanta, and the ballot-box was in the rear end of an army wagon. We were even then preparing for the march to the sea, and the regiments voted as they were concentrating for the new movement. When we knew that Lincoln had been re-elected Sherman cut loose from the Atlanta line, and jubilantly we marched eastward and southward. We had done our best for Old Abe at the polls, and we proceeded to do our level best in the field. I never got into an election booth now without thinking of the old army wagon near Atlanta and my first vote."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## Watchman's History C. A. R.

James Etter, a doorkeeper in the War Department, frequently occupied a chair from which he could not be induced to part, because it was once used by President Lincoln, and at the same time he wore a badge of a watchman pinned on the lapel of his coat. Mr. Etter explains the incident in this way: "One day during the civil war I was sitting here, when a tall, angular gentleman entered the main door and asked if the Secretary was in. I told him that it was too early for the Secretary to be in his office.

"At what hour can I depend on finding him here?" he asked. "I'll tell you, and with a pleasant 'Thank you,' he departed. 'Promptly on the hour the tall gen-

tleman ascended the steps, walked in the door, and I was almost knocked speechless when he asked me if I would not go in the Secretary's office and ask him to step out into the hall. I recovered myself and told the stranger that I could not leave my post of duty, and even if I could I did not think the Secretary would come out to see him. 'Oh, yes, he will,' was the answer, 'and as for leaving your post, I will be personally responsible for that. I am Mr. Lincoln, and I will simply take your badge and keep door for you while you deliver my message.'

"Well, I couldn't doubt him, and he stepped up to me and unpinned my badge, stuck it on his coat, took my chair just like an old-time watchman and remarked, 'Think I can fill the bill?'

"I said I thought he could, and with a smile playing over his face as I walked away he said he'd keep things straight. I delivered his message to the Secretary, and it was only a few minutes before he and the President were talking together here in the corridor.

"When the President gave me back my badge he pinned it on, and thanked me for what I had done, and you must remember that watchmen are not usually thanked by those in power. I would not take any amount of money for this old chair, and I don't use it all the time, because I am afraid it will wear out. It is my 'Abe Lincoln chair.'"—New York Tribune.

## A Duel to the Death.

G. H. Casler, who served in the Army of the Potomac as a member of Company H, One Hundred and Twenty-second New York Volunteers, told the following story to a Chicago Record reporter: "I shall never forget the scene the longest day I live. It was May 8, 1864. Just before General Gordon began his attack on us I said to my captain: 'It's mighty quiet over there; bet those rebels are up to some deviltry.' But the captain thought not. Then, as some of us were pretty tired and hungry, he gave us permission to go out and cook our coffee and bacon. We crept down among some bushes just outside of our lines and began to make preparations



THE REBEL SKIRMISH LINE CLOSING IN FOR A MEAL, WHEN A BULLET CAME WHIZZING ALONG BESIDE OUR HEADS, MAKING ME DROP A COFFEE POT AND FALL FLAT ON MY STOMACH.

for a meal, when a bullet came whizzing along beside our heads, making me drop a coffee pot and fall flat on my stomach. As the shot began to come thicker we looked up and saw the rebel skirmish line closing in on us. Then we dashed back into camp and in less than ten minutes we were engaged in the hottest fight we had during the war. The rebels seemed to come from all directions at once, and we found ourselves penned in like rats in a trap. On our right we had a very formidable breastwork. Here I was with Loomis a few minutes before he was killed. He was standing upon the inner edge of the breastworks and loading and firing with cool and deliberate aim. Suddenly a tall Georgian leaped upon the opposite side of the breastwork and started toward him. Twice was Loomis wounded, yet he held his ground. Then the rebel soldier and he began a hand-to-hand battle. I tried to shoot the rebel, but as Loomis got in the way I did not dare. Suddenly the big fellow raised his gun, and the next instant plunged the bayonet through the body of poor Loomis. Then with the rebel's bayonet still sticking in his body he managed to plunge his bayonet into the Georgian's body, and the two men fell side by side, dead."

"He was it. Cholly—I wish you'd go driving with me. It's perfectly safe, don't you know. Stableman said this horse was afraid of nothing.

Miss Peppery—Well, if he is he'll be likely to run away if he sees you, won't he?—Philadelphia Press.

## Somewhat Anticipatory.

"A man is going to try to cross the Niagara River gorge on a bicycle with grooved wheels."

"Is he? Wonder if he'd like grooved wheels on his hearse?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Good Combination.

Rodrick—Yes, the minister lives on one side and the great divorce lawyer on the other. Van Albert—H'm! they should get out a combination sign: "Knots Tied and Untied Here."

## His Fate.

First Actor—Did you have a long run in New York? Second Actor—No; but I had a long walk coming home.

The U. S. Geological Survey has for some years past been investigating the water supplies of the country in their economic bearings, and at the beginning of the present season it has taken up their consideration in a hygienic point of view. The investigation aims to discover the changing conditions as affected by pollution of various kinds, drainage and sewage, manufacturing, etc.



Useless Clause. Old Gotrox—I had a clause inserted in my will to the effect that if any of my relatives should contest it they are not to get a cent.

Mr. Neighbors—That was altogether unnecessary.

Old Gotrox—Why was it unnecessary?

Mr. Neighbors—Because if there is a contest the lawyers will see that your relatives don't get anything.

## Real Unkind.

Mrs. Jabberly—They say that money talks, but I never heard it.

Jabberly—Of course not, my dear. Even money couldn't get a word in edgewise when you are around.

## Her Dilemma.



"What is Flossie in such a deep study about?"

"She has two proposals—one from young Dedbrooke, who was so deeply in debt that he had to have a rich wife, and the other from young Darem, who went almost bankrupt in his effort to impress her. Each of them has to have the money, and Flossie doesn't know which is the most deserving."

## Point of View.

"I wish I had your teeth," remarked young Hardupp to Miss Elderleigh. "Do you, really?" exclaimed the fair and nearly 40 maiden, who scented a compliment.

"I do, indeed," rejoined the practical young man. "Why, there must be at least \$50 worth of gold in them."

## Pride of Position.

"What is the trouble between your wife and mine?" asked the first mosquito.

"Oh," wearily answered the second. "You ought to know these women. They had a disagreement over which one had the most and the latest style of germs."—Baltimore American.

## Qualified.

"And you want to occupy our chair of astronomy?" again queried the college president.

"I do," frankly replied the applicant. "What do you know about astronomy? For instance, how would you fix the distance between the earth and the sun?"

"That's easy. I'd guess half way and multiply by two. Gimme sump'n hard!" Baltimore News.

## The Stupidity of Luxury.

Landlord—How do you like your new steam-heater? Old Man—Oh, yer honor, me an' th' ol' woman wuz jest a-sayin' it wuz drefful lonesome 'thout th' ol' stove-pipe a-droppin' on us, I'very now an' then.

## The Wonders of Nature.



"Don't you love to gambol on the green?" Uncle Zenas—Nope! I tried it when I wuz in ther city last winter and there was nothin' doin' but red an' black!

## The Real Thing.

Riff—I understand Windig has quite a reputation as an extemporaneous speaker. Bang—That's what. When it comes to talking fluently about nothing without any previous preparation Windig is in a class all by himself.

## Cutting.

"He always gives me such nice presents on my birthday."

"He believes in the law of compensation."

## A Different Thing.

"It's queer how hunters in the Adirondacks mistake men for deer," said she. "Isn't it?" assented he. "Now if I were to take you for a deer it wouldn't be strange at all."

## Pessimistic.

Fowler—Do you believe that during the courtship it is a case of two souls with but a single thought? Crowler—No, I don't. A courtship is a thoughtless affair.

## His Impression.

"Hiram," queried Mrs. Meddergram, "did you ever see one o' them air castles?"

"I low I hev, mother," replied the old man. "I seed one o' the ternal things last time I wuz tew th' city."

"What air they built out uv, Hiram?" asked Mrs. M.

"Gold bricks, mother," was the significant reply.

## Laying in the Winter Coal.

Lady—It is a wonder you are not disgusted with the cheap beds in the lodging houses.

Tramp—I am, mum; dat is why I slept on a very costly bed last night.

Lady—Costly?

Tramp—Yes, mum; I slept on a ton of hard coal.

## Apt to Wabble.

Mrs. Jagsby—Yes, you can go to the lodge to-night, but you must promise to come right straight home after you leave there.

Jagsby—My dear, there are some things in this world that are possible but not probable. The thing you ask is one of them.

## Double Work.

Comedian—After I did my turn the audience wanted me to come back and do it over.

Sweet Singer—Well, I guess they thought of the maxim, "One good turn deserves another."

## In the Same Class.

Tired Tatters—Dey say dat sum uv dem poets git \$1 a word.

Wearly Walker—Dat's nuttin'; I got \$2 a word wunst.

Tired Tatters—Wot fer?

Wearly Walker—Fer sassin' de judge.

## Pressing Invitation.

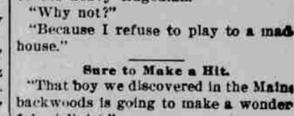
He—You have a very bad cold.

She—Yes; and I'm glad of it.

He—Why, pray?

She—Because I'm too hoarse to scream if you should attempt to kiss me.

## She Wasn't Afraid.



"Truly, is there ghosts, mammy?"

"Dey sholy is, honey."

"Well, after I get under the covers you show me one!"

## Behind the Scenes.

"Hurry up, Rowland," called the leading lady, "the people are mad because we are keeping them waiting."

"Then I will not go on at all," stormed the heavy tragedian.

"Why not?"

"Because I refuse to play to a mad house."

## Sure to Make a Hit.

"That boy we discovered in the Maine backwoods is going to make a wonderful violinist."

"Are you going to star him right away?"

"No; we are going to send him over to Poland to get long hair and a long name first."

## Wanted to Know.

Lady—Are you quite sure that was a canvas-back duck you sent me yesterday?

Dealer—Certainly, ma'am. What made you think it wasn't?

Lady—Oh, nothing—only I thought you might possibly have made a mistake and sent me a leather-back in stead.

## Friendly Consolation.

Edyth—That spiteful Clara Billings has been saying all manner of mean things about me—the hateful thing!

Mayme—Oh, I wouldn't mind what she says, dear. She merely repeats what others say.

## She Knew.

Maisie—I know I'm very dear to him. Her father—I suppose he said you were worth your weight in gold?

Maisie—No; he said I was worth my weight in coal.

## Outragious.

Giant—The glass-enter has lost his job in this museum.

Bearded Lady—What for?

Giant—Why, they caught him eating anthracite.

## Her Experience.

He—That ancient joke about the scarcity of men at the summer resorts is still doing a stunt, I see.

She—Well, it may be in the antique class, but it's no joke.

## It Would Seem So.

Tom—The way to win a woman is to talk to her about herself.

Bess—And the way to win a man is to let him talk to you about himself.

## Friendly Critic.

Jags—You can lead a horse to water, you know, but you can't make him drink.

Waggs—That's all right, old man, be you're no horse.