

# WOMAN AT HOME

## HAT PLUMES.

There are plumes and plumes on the new hats, and they drop in a most picturesque manner. There are gray plumes on dark-blue velvet hats, white plumes on delicate gray hats, and black plumes on all sorts and kinds and conditions of hats. It looks as if the ostriches would not have a feather on their backs this winter. But they will be kept in countenance by an army of wingless birds. All the hats which do not have plumes have wings or an occasional whole bird—some as big as hens. The few remaining hats, plumeless and wingless, are decked in plaid ribbons. But plaid hat trimmings are doubtful. In bright color they cheapen almost everything on which they appear.

## Care of the Skin in Winter.

Thoughtless women, to prevent chapping, put cold cream on their faces every night, not knowing that in so doing they make it impossible to have a clear complexion. If the skin has been made hard and rough by frost and wind, the cream may be applied a night or two, but if used too often it will produce an oily complexion and cause the pores to enlarge. If the skin needs a tonic, cocoa butter or coconut oil thoroughly rubbed in at night after the face has been washed with warm water will be found very beneficial, but either of these must not be used too often, lest they be sure to produce a crop of fine hair which so much annoys sensitive women.

A great enemy to a delicate complexion is a rich, heavy lunch taken in the middle of the day by one who cannot take a nap after, but is compelled to resume labor as soon as the noon recess is ended. It is the wisest plan to eat at midday foods that are very nourishing without being trying to the digestive organs, such as a cup of chocolate and a roll, a good oyster stew, coffee and other light but refreshing food. Spices, condiments, pickles, liquors and sweets are hostile to a clear skin, as they cause great thirst, and that is sure to upset digestion and bring on eruptive disorders of the skin.

**Queen Must Not Ride a Wheel.**  
It is awfully nice to be a Queen, and then sometimes it isn't. Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, is young and beautiful, but her privy council refuses to let her marry the man of her choice. She could stand this disappointment, but another and greater grief came afterward. She bought a bicycle and learned to ride. The privy council heard of it and straightway held a meeting. They considered the matter seriously and at length, and finally concluded that "such recreation was incompatible with the dignity of the throne." Her majesty was requested to give up the wheel and of course she had to do it. How many American girls want to be queens?

**Woman Colonel Married.**  
Col. Nellie Ely of Nashville, Tenn., was recently married to T. Leigh Thompson of Marshall County, Tennessee. Miss Nellie Ely is a member of the military staff of the Governor of



MISS NELLIE ELY.

Tennessee and the only woman colonel in America except Col. Butt, a Georgia woman on Governor Atkinson's staff. Col. Ely looks very well in her full dress uniform of white duck with heavy gold embossed epaulets, visored cap, belt of silk and a small, dainty sword, but she wore a bridal veil and orange blossoms at her wedding.

**Girls Brighter than Boys.**  
Out of 222 pupils in the grammar schools of Chicago who attain a certain percentage of efficiency only 25 were boys. This would indicate, says a medical journal, that girls are about ten times as bright as boys. It is hard to understand these things and straighten up the rules of heredity. It is, we believe, the accepted rule that boys "take after" their mothers and the girls after their fathers. If they, the women, are the smarter, the boys, "taking after their mothers," should also be the smarter. If the men are the smarter, then the girls, "taking after their fathers," should be smarter. It is a difficult riddle to unravel.

**The American Girl in Fiction.**  
The American girl, whatever she may be or do, always has her wits about her; she is "smart." While her father delights in managing factories, stock operations or railroads, she delights in managing men. And in every kind of fiction which she dominates the men

seem to be uniformly glad to be managed by her. Often in fiction she has been lacking in certain graces—chiefly the supreme grace of tact. But there are signs that our novelists have discovered that the American girl possesses this grace also, and so it happens that to-day she trails through fiction not only with fine clothes, and a beautiful face, and generous deeds, and witty, if impertinent, remarks—but there is developing around her a gracious manner, an unconscious simplicity that shows itself in consideration for the weakness of others—in addition to that keen knowledge of their foibles which was always hers. What we have yet to hope for is that her wealth or her poverty may be made less obtrusive and less a significant part of her always attractive personality.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Brave Cuban Girl.

One of the bravest of the heroines of the Cuban war is Rosa Masso, the beautiful 19-year-old daughter of a wealthy planter. The Spaniards burned the plantation and killed her father and brother. She escaped and joined the



ROSA MASSO.

insurgents, sometimes nursing the sick and at other times acting as scout. The story of her many narrow escapes has been printed in the newspapers. She was the first woman to cross Weyler's famous trenches.

## Perfumes.

The up-to-date woman does not economize on soap, bath or sachet powder, and the result is a choice bit of femininity, reminding one of the breath of flowers. Extracts are an abomination to the well-bred woman, and animal odors, such as musk, civet or ambergris are too pronounced for the toilet table; they are considered vulgar by the woman who wants her belongings to have but the suggestion of perfume.

One's boxes and clothes may be made deliciously fragrant by the many sachets now fancied, and the use of scented woods, sandal wood being in high favor, and cedar which gives a delicious odor. Toilet waters are used in the bath by those who can afford them, and they are both stimulating and refreshing. But no amount of scent or of sachet powder can conceal the lack of frequent bathing, neither can any amount of perfumes produce so dainty a scent as that which comes from absolute cleanliness.

## The Gum Habit.

The chewing gum habit has been taken up in England by many young women—students, actresses and others—who have become inveterate chewers. A few days ago an inquest was held at Lincoln on a child, 8 years of age, who died from the effects of eating a pellet of the substance. The symptoms preceding death were those of gastritis, and at the postmortem examination it was found that the mucous membrane of the stomach was inflamed and that there was much local peritonitis. The coroner pointed out that the distribution of such dangerous stuff to young children was a very improper proceeding, and the jury, in indorsing his remarks, added that in its opinion the sale should be absolutely prohibited.

## For Rough Hands.

A lotion of one-fourth ounce liquor ammoniac, one-fourth ounce tincture of opium, one-fourth ounce spirits turpentine, six drachms of olive oil, put together in a bottle and shaken well before using. After washing and drying the hands, in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, pour a teaspoonful of the liniment into one hand, rub as though washing them. One great cause of chapped hands is careless drying after washing them.

## A Calling Hint.

If a lady driving with friends stops to pay visits en route she will not take her friend into the house where she goes to call unless she is a young lady not paying calls on her own responsibility or unless there is some special reason for making her and the hostess acquainted. Husbands do not often accompany their wives in calling, though there is no reason why they should not do so if they feel inclined.

## Face Veils Injurious.

It has been discovered that all kinds of face veils produce weak sight, headache, vertigo or nausea. The dotted veils are the worst and those with a double thread mesh are more injurious than the single thread. In veils without dots or figures, the vision is made defective in direct proportion to the number of meshes to the inch.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

### Boyhood.

I rather guess my pants are tored,  
My shoes are muddy, too;  
And if my mamma finds it out  
There'll be a great to-do.  
But I had to make mud pies;  
And don't think it very bad  
To tear my pants a-riding  
My little pony pad.  
'Cause he was getting frisky  
And I was afraid he'd run away,  
Unless I broke him over  
And taught him how to play.  
I think I'll rub the mud off my shoes  
So mamma will not see,  
And put my handkerchief in the hole  
I tored upon my knee.  
And then I'll pick some flowers—  
She thinks they are very sweet—  
And then she'll never notice  
The mud upon my feet.  
—Farm, Field and Fireside.

### Postage Stamps to Repair Punctures.

Another use for postage stamps, which may be of interest to collectors who ride the bike, has been discovered by the League of American Wheelmen Bulletin. It says: "Postage stamps have often been used for the repair of punctures. The idea is a good one. In the absence of something better, two or three postage stamps stuck one on top of the other and firmly bound in place will hold for a long ride."

### All He Wanted.

One day Walter's father offered him 50 cents if he would put on his bathing suit and get wet all over once. He wanted the money very much, so he finally consented. Clipping his arms around his father's neck like a vise, the great undertaking was begun. After much shivering and trembling he was wet about two inches above his ankles, when he exclaimed: "Papa!—I—guess—I—will—only—take—10—cents—worth this—time."

### Wanted Work for Papa.

Philadelphia was treated to a novel sight the other day. A little girl, apparently about 8 years of age, trudged up Chestnut street carrying a pole from which was suspended a placard bearing these words: "Work Wanted for My Papa." The child was immaculately neat, despite her poverty-stricken appearance. Close behind her plodded the little one's father, leading a boy about 6. The man was M. PATHEIC APPEAL—Braesch, a pocket-book-maker, of Carpenter street, Camden. Whether the child's appeal met with success or not is not known.

### To Pierce a Cent.

"An apparent mechanical impossibility may be accomplished by simple means, using a copper cent and a cork, with a common cambric needle as accessories," writes Magician Harry Kellar, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Announce that you will drive a small needle through a coin and few will be ready to accept your statement, yet it is very simple and any one can do it. Take a copper coin, place it upon two small blocks of wood, leaving a very narrow open space between the blocks. Now, having selected a good sound cork, force the needle through it until the point just appears at the other end. Break off the portion of the head of the needle showing above the top of the cork. Place the cork upon the coin and strike it a fair, smart blow with a hammer. The needle will be driven entirely through the penny by a single blow."

### A Country Without Pets.

How much the boys and girls of Japan miss—they have no pets, not a tabby cat, nor a dog, nor a pink-eyed rabbit, nor a lambkin. In fact, Japan is almost wholly without tame animals. The inhabitants of Japan neither eat beef nor drink milk, and consequently the cow is of no use in their domestic economy. The Japanese do not ride horseback; their two-wheeled vehicles are drawn and their palanquins are carried by porters. Besides, they have neither mules nor other beasts of burden. There are numerous dogs in the country, but they all run wild. As to sheep, goats and pigs, the Japanese do not raise them. The place of the wool that sheep could furnish is taken with them by silk, which is very cheap, so they do not wear woolen garments. In a Japanese establishment fowls are seen rarely, ducks and pigeons still more seldom; they were raised only to satisfy the demands of foreigners. Some persons in the suburbs of Yeddo raise cattle, but they are intended to draw the funeral car when some member of the Mikado's family dies.

### The Kitten and the Bear.

Chris. Burns, the veteran first sergeant of troop D, had a kitten which, during the summer camping of the troop at the Lower Geyser Basin, made her home within the sergeant's tent. Here, curled up on a pair of army blankets, she defied the world in general, and dogs in particular. When the latter approached, she would elevate every bristle on her brave little back, her eyes would glow like live coals, and her tail would swell up threateningly. If dogs approached too near, she would hiss, and exhibit the usual signs of hostility, until the intruders had vanished from her neighborhood.

One day, when the camp was bathed in sunshine, and every soldier in camp

felt lazy, an inquisitive black bear came down the mountain-side, and, whether because attracted by a savory smell from the cook's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the cavalry command.

Suddenly the kitten caught sight of him. Dogs by the score she had seen, but this particular "dog" was the largest and the hairiest dog she had ever seen. But she did not hesitate. It was enough for her that an enemy had invaded her special domain. Hissing forth her spite, while her little body quivered with rage, she darted forth at the bear. The onslaught was sudden, and one glance was enough for Bruin. With a snort of fear, Bruin made for the nearest tree, a short distance away and did not pause until he was safely perched among the upper branches. Meanwhile, the kitten stalked proudly on the ground beneath, keeping close guard over her huge captive, her back still curved into a bow, and her hair still bristling with righteous indignation, while her tail would now and then give a significant little wave, as if to say, "That's the way I settle impudent bears."

The soldiers, who meanwhile had poured forth from their tents, could scarcely believe their eyes, but there was the bear in the tree and the kitten below, and there were those who had seen the affair from beginning to end. And perhaps the strangest part of it all was that the bear would not stir from its safe position in the branches until the kitten had been persuaded to leave her huge enemy a clear means of retreat! Then he slid shamefacedly down from his perch, and ambled hastily off towards the mountain.—Lieut. Charles D. Rhodes, U. S. A., in St. Nicholas.

## JEWS IN PALESTINE.

The Plan to Bring Together the Scattered Members of Israel.

Do you object that the poor will be the only ones to immigrate to Palestine? Why, it is just those that we want. Prithbe, how else shall we make our roads and plant our trees? No mention now of the Eurasian exemplar, the synthetic "over-man." Perhaps he is only to evolve. Do you suggest that an inner ennobling of scattered Israel might be the finer goal, the truer antidote to anti-semitism? Simple heretofore, do you not see it is just for our good—not our bad—qualities that we are persecuted? A jugglery—specious enough for the moment—with the word "good," forcible "struggle-for-life" qualities substituted for spiritual, for ethical. And yet to doubt that the world would—and does—respond sympathetically to the finer elements so abundantly in Israel, is it not to despair of the world, of humanity? In such a world, what guarantee against the pillage of the Third Temple? And in such a world were life worth living at all? And, even with Palestine for ultimate goal, do you counsel delay, a nursing of the Zionist flame, a gradual education and preparation of the race for a great conscious historic role in the world's future, a forty years' wandering in the wilderness to organize or kill off the miscellaneous rabble—then will you, dreamer, turn a deaf ear to the cry of millions oppressed to-day? Would you ignore the appeals of these hundreds of telegrams, of these thousands of petitions with myriads of signatures, for the sake of some visionary perfection of to-morrow? Nay, nay, the cartoon of the Congress shall bring itself to pass. Against the picturesque wallers at the ruins of the temple wall shall be set the no less picturesque peasants sowing the seed, whose harvest is at once waving grain and a regenerate Israel. The stains of sordid traffic shall be cleansed by the dews and the rains. In the Jewish peasant behold the ideal plebeian of the future; a son of the soil, yet also a son of the spirit. And what fair forlorn of art and literature may not the world gain from this great purified nation, carrying in its bosom the experience of the ages?—I. Zangwill, in Cosmopolitan.

## Men and Women.

A Swedish writer, Frau Hansson, in her "Das Buch der Frauen," thus describes the relation between modern men and women: "It is a peculiar sign of the times that in spite of the many restrictions of former days men and women have never stood wider apart than at present and have never understood one another more badly than now. The honest, unselfish sympathy, the true, I should like to say organical, union—which is still to be observed in the married life of old people, seems to have vanished; each goes his or her own way. There may be a nervous search for each other and a short finding, but it is soon followed by a speedy losing. Is it the men who are to blame? The men of former days were doubtless very different, but in their relations to women they were scarcely more sociable than at present. Or is it the women who are at fault? For some time past I have watched life in its many phases, and have come to the conclusion that it is the woman who either develops the man's character or ruins it. His mother and the woman to whom he unites himself leave an everlasting mark upon the impressionable side of his nature. In most cases the final question is not what is the man like, but what kind of a woman is she? And I think that the answer is as follows: A woman's actions are more reasonable than they used to be, and her love is also more reasonable. The consequence is a lessening of the passion that is hers to give, which again results in a corresponding coolness on the part of the man."

## Snails for Paris.

Snails are collected on the Kentish pastures every year in large quantities and dispatched to Paris.

Thrashing doesn't always separate a boy from his crop of wild oats.

## A TEXAS HERMIT.

The Peculiar Life Led by Jacob Tomlinson.

Old Jacob Tomlinson, the hermit of Mission Valley, Texas, is looking for a wife. He has inserted the following in several country newspapers:

"Wanted—To form the acquaintance of a young lady; object, matrimony. I am 78 years of age and will give the young lady who meets my approval \$5,000 cash on our wedding day. She must be a brunette, handsome and not over 19 years of age. All applications must be accompanied by photograph. Address Jacob Tomlinson, San Antonio, Texas."

Tomlinson is a peculiar character. He has one of the most beautiful homes in Mission Valley, a rich section of country northwest of San Antonio. He made his first appearance in Missouri Valley fifty years ago and settled upon 100 acres of land. He built a comfortable log cabin home and lived all alone. He had a number of single-handed encounters with Indians, and the slaughter which he invariably made on those occasions gave him a reputation for bravery in that neighborhood. He has continued to live the life of a recluse ever since.

He makes occasional visits to San Antonio for his mail and supplies, but this is the farthest he has been from home since he began his hermit life. In the early days he was a hunter and trapper and made considerable money out of the sale of furs and hides. When the wild game became scarce he devoted himself to stock raising and agriculture. He laid up money each year and added to his landed possessions until he now has a farm of 6,000 acres, one-half of which is under cultivation.

Several years ago he built a new house. It is situated on a hill in the center of his tract of land and is unique in construction and arrangement. It is built with bamboo rods, intertwined so as to make many kinds of pretty figures. These rods are nailed to the framework of the house. The roof is thatched with reeds. It has seven large rooms, all handsomely furnished. The floors are of hard wood, stained and covered with furs and rugs of great value.

One of the rooms is used as a library, and is filled with several hundred volumes of choice books and the latest magazines. "Uncle" Jacob is a great reader and spends much of his time in his library. He always has performed all of his household duties, even cooking his own meals. There are few persons who ever crossed the threshold of his home. He keeps a number of men employed on his farm, but they occupy houses at the farther end of the large tract of land and are never permitted to visit their employer's home. "Uncle" Jacob has never told the secret of his early life. It is believed that he came from the New England States.—Chicago Chronicle.

## Tin Mine Swindle.

Probably one of the greatest steals on record in the mining history of the Black Hills is that of the Harvey Peak Tin Mining and Manufacturing Company. For an investment of some two and one half millions of dollars which were furnished by English capitalists, there remains to show for the investment only some out-of-date machinery, several large buildings and some land. A few years ago tin bearing ore was discovered near Harvey Peak. Some of the most influential business men in the hills, together with capitalists from New York, plotted a scheme which was worked, which sunk thousands of English money and gave the Black Hills country a ten-years' setback. A large mill was first built, then filled with expensive machinery for the purpose of mining tin. It was commonly said that there was enough tin in the mine to "roof the whole vault of heaven." But one run was made by the mill, when it was closed down. Enough tin was milled to rope in the buyers, and the transaction was made. The mine has been shut down ever since. There was an attempt made to reorganize the company and begin operations again, but the general report is that the deal has fallen through. There was a time when Eastern capital was anxious to make investments in Black Hills mining property, when almost any amount of money could be obtained simply upon a fair representation of the resources of the mine. Since this Harvey Peak swindle, however, the Eastern men have withdrawn their money, and as a consequence many valuable claims have remained undeveloped. The Black Hills is just emerging from the shame of this deal. During the past few months more Eastern capital has come this way and found investments than for any like period for some time. Confidence is gradually being restored and capital is once more turning toward the hills.—Minneapolis Times.

## Important If True.

"Yes," said the poet, "the greater a man becomes, the more pleasure he derives from visits to the scenes of his childhood." "Humph!" retorted the cynic, "do you know why? He just wants to hear the old folks around there say they always knew he had something more than common stuff in him."

## Her Hope.

"Dear me," exclaimed Maud, who had been reading a fashion paper. "Last year's engagement ring has gone wholly out of style." "What has taken its place?" inquired Maud. "I don't know. But I hope it's a bicycle."—Washington Star.

## Etymological.

"Baw jove, I have heard that you said I was a monomaniac." "Me? Never. A monomaniac is a man of one idea. If you are anything you must be a nonomaniac."—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher—Can you tell me, Johnny, which travels faster, heat or cold? Johnny—Heat, of course. Anybody kin ketch cold!



## Child Study Run Mad.

There is a growing and perhaps unfortunate tendency in conservative educational circles to poke fun at the new cult, "Child Study." This tendency is not lessened by the silly stuff that is being published as the result of "investigation" in the new field. Here is a sample:

"Fear was first manifested in the fifth week. The child was laid nude on the bed, whereupon he started and threw up his arms as though afraid of falling. His fears were removed by throwing a light covering over him or by putting on a garment."

The absurdity of this performance as a means of reaching valuable psychological conclusions deserves the castigating pen of a Dickens. Think of trying to get "scientific" data by watching the antics of an unclad baby when placed upon a cold counterpane! Suppose the child had been similarly treated the week before; it would very likely have "thrown up its arms," or screamed or done some other thing, and then the experimenters could have solemnly recorded the momentous fact that it "manifested fear" during the fourth week. At this rate we shall soon need a society to rescue babies from being "child studied" into croup and tonsillitis, also a censorship to protect educational literature from the inflation of unmitigated slop.—Learning to Do by Doing.

## When Visitors Are In.

Don't make excuses. Don't ask visitors if they wish any certain subject taught.

Don't change the regular order of work unless requested.

Teach as if no stranger were in the room.

Don't leave your pupils and pay too much attention to the visitor. There is sure to be disorder if you do.

Always be ready for visitors. Never allow your pupils to get into such conditions or positions as you would not care to have visitors see.

Don't try to cover mistakes of pupils. Mistakes are only natural. Visitors enjoy them and delight to see children correct themselves and each other.

Be natural. Don't put on a "visitor's" manner of voice. The children will notice it, and, being unused to the sudden change, will not respond promptly. They will, too, set you down as a hypocrite.—J. W. Thomas.

## School Enrollment.

The latest report of Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, covers the year ending June 30, 1896. In the schools and colleges, public and private, there were then enrolled 15,997,197 pupils—an increase in one year of 308,575. As only 1,531,826 of these were in private institutions, parochial and otherwise, the friends of public schools can contemplate the situation with composure. But the order of the day which may still be pressed upon the committee of the whole people as "urgent" is a steady improvement in our educational methods. The quantity looks handsome; the quality must be judged by the general character of our population.—Youth's Companion.

## Educational Intelligence.

Syracuse University now has a department of pedagogy.

The University of the City of New York opens the new year with 1,300 students.

Lawrence University is to have a new science hall, \$22,000 having been contributed for this purpose. The building will cost \$25,000, and the apparatus \$15,000 more.

Dr. Henry Preserved Smith, who was formerly professor at Lane Theological Seminary, has been recently appointed to the chair of Biblical interpretation at Amherst.

The University of Illinois has 1,600 students. In 1893-94 it had 743. The new school of law opened with forty students. The school of library science opened with twenty-five students.

The private normal schools of Nebraska, which are possessed of property valued at \$100,000, have now the privilege of granting life certificates to teach, by a bill that passed the last Legislature.

On the opening day at Cornell this year the registration was 1,495, as opposed to 1,454 last year. The total number of students last year was slightly over 1,800. There will be about 1,900 this year.

Washington Corrigan, a farmer living near Peoria, Ill., has given \$1,500,000 for the founding and erection of an educational institution, to be known as the Corrigan Institute and University, which is to be non-sectarian and open to both sexes.

## Of Course.



Teacher—Can you tell me, Johnny, which travels faster, heat or cold? Johnny—Heat, of course. Anybody kin ketch cold!