WOMAN AND HOME.

THERE IS A PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR EVERY WOMAN.

Keep the Old Toys—Gail Hamilton's Good Advice—The Woman Courier—Naming the Baby—Careless Women—A Stitch in Time—Household Hints.

The woman who complains that she has no place in the world has only to open her eyes and in most instances she will readily see what is waiting for her. The fact that she does not like that particular field is no argument against its usefulness for her. Patience Strong, detained at home by an untoward accident when the long wished for European tour was about to become a reality, found opportunities by the score for useful service. In no home duties call, the edge is plain that in some broader field there is, in a happy sense of the word, a career to be sought. The cultivation of some talent may be destined to bring pleasure and profit. The student has a boundless field before him. To many a secluded one the Chautauqua reading courses have proved success of untold, almost unending, delight. If the necessity of self support exists, there is a large place for the single woman. Good nurses, teachers, artists, musicians, writers, dressmakers and workers in a dozen more lines of industry are always in demand. Now but the inefficient or the unfaithful ordinarily need complain of lack of employment.

With some there is great unwillingness to accept the place for which they have special fitness. The adept in the womanly art of needlework who, despising her talent, aspires to the rewards of an artist's skill while lacking fitness for such a position, has reason to find herself without a position. Success is to be expected in the line of one's abilities, not always in the line of one's desires. Discontent because genius or great power has been denied is simply an impious fault finding with the Creator's plan. If all women were great musicians, where were the needlewomen? If all excelled in ministering to the sick, where should we seek our works of art and tasteful decorations? Willing to be placed where one can accomplish most always means happiness and contentment. The oft quoted apothegm, "There is always room at the top," is worthy of the author of Proverbs. "Place aux dames" is the watchword of the century. The single woman, better than her married sister—because ordinarily she has greater freedom—is in a position to reap the advantages of the hour. Let her instill in her heritage, and not allow a complaint to pass her lips in this closing decade of the Nineteenth century that there is no place for her.—Harper's Bazar.

Keep the Old Toys.

On the whole let us be content with simplicity. The simplest is most beautiful. There are more golden rules than one, and one of the best is that we do what our hands find to do with all our hearts. I believe our very best plan is to keep up the spirit of childhood, to make fun of our work, to be childlike always. Don't get too serious over your duties. You are a top lover after all. Nearly all you do is insignificant from one side view, but very grand from another view. My little girl is quite as much in earnest as I am, but she sings.

I think we may or will keep all the old toys and pieces of toys—that is if we can make room for them. I didn't use to think so, but made an annual or semiannual clear up. At last I noticed that an old broken baby's chair had served three boys, one after another, to push about and not to end of conjunction with. Then old toys began to have a sacredness in my eyes. Dolls' heads with a hole in the top and lacking one eye are as acceptable when dressed over as the best perfect doll just out of the shop. A child has something more than a fancy for bright, new things. She has sympathies, and a battered doll or "poor Susie" calls out the child's tenderest emotions.

The very best part of the adoration of my John, Jr., has come from old wheels and springs and all sorts of rubbish—rubbish to me—but which he had the gift to put together with new purposes. Now from these scraps he has raised to exist a dozen valuable machines. Really what is a man good for but to put ideas into things that he around purposes?—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gail Hamilton's Good Advice.

Gail Hamilton, while one of the most trenchant critics of manners and perhaps a bit of a scold, is nevertheless a womanly woman, with a noble respect for true womanliness and a fine sense of everything little and low and mean. Wildness, she declares, is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost or found. We set out to restore the grape its bloom. Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive of all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. But manners in a woman are immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be modest and not make man and woman from the amenities of their kind. But self possessed, unblushing and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a prison offense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Do not be restrained.

Carry yourself so lofty that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained to propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Woman Courier.

In the numerous schemes for providing "our girls" with employment, one notes which might be greatly developed but been overlooked. The lady courier is not yet in the front. But she is likely to be so. I traveled a short time ago with one, who informed me that she spends six months in the steamers and railways as a queen's messenger or the infinitesimal mother of the prince of Bulgaria.

As her life is a wearing one, she stipulates for handsome fees. They are often given ungrudgingly to her, and she is boarded and lodged as though she were a duchess when traveling with rich and delicate ladies. The lady courier is expected to be as well posted as the man courier. The one I had the pleasure of talking with is sometimes employed to escort young ladies from one end of Europe to the other, and is sufficiently well born and educated to go with them, if need be, into society. She made a number of sea voyages as assistant stewardess to make herself proof against seasickness, with which she is no longer troubled.

One of her troubles is being expected, when she travels with dull persons of her own sex, to amuse them. As they only care for gossip, and like it to be full natured, she backbites to their hearts' content. But to guard against the dangers of another making she invents her characters. They do quite as well as if they were real. When she deals in eulogium she no longer draws on her imagination. A compliment from this useful person is a colossal—Lothian Truth.

Naming the Baby.

There is less care taken in selecting a name for the baby than in bestowing a suitable sugarcoat on the pelting of a family, tradition supplying the dog with a set of names from which to choose, while poor baby is left to the imaginative selection of its friends. A name that will sound well in a great man or woman is seldom chosen. It must be the "deep sonorous" kind of a handle that fits the pink bit of humanity just prospecting for a claim in the world. Consequently it is customary to most full, majestic words who are addressed as Minnie and Daisy, when Mary and Margaret are the names by which they should be designated.

"What's in a name?" is a very pertinent question, since character is often found to answer to the name of the person who bears it. We would know that "Fair Rose Beauty Spot Temptation Touch Me Not" was a descendant of Ethiopian kings as surely as that "Terrene Success Gospel Standpoint" was of Parian descent. Numer shrieks be chosen because of their flower and their associations, also with reference to their future adaptation. In view of the unfortunate saddled with incompatible names, why not rig the new baby out with a distinctive and let it choose its own name when it comes to years of understanding? Then such incongruities as a little dumpy, roppsy woman called Grace or a sister of a man with the cognomen of Willie might be avoided.—Detroit Free Press.

Careless Women.

The utter wildness and disregard for others' comfort shown by some women in their manner of carrying their umbrellas and sunshades is frequently deplorable.

On Fifth avenue the other day I saw a short, fat woman deliberately knock off a passing young woman's hat and tear her delicate lace veil into shreds with her umbrella. She was walking with another elderly woman and both had large open umbrellas. The second was quite crestfallen, but they were oblivious to everything save their own comfort, and rather than raise their arms sufficiently to hold their umbrellas at a safe height they seemed to expect every one to step out of their way or suffer. Not the slightest apology was made.

I saw a young woman trip and fall heavily over an umbrella thrust into the center of the aisle by another women passenger on an elevated train.

This convinces me there should be a new exercise introduced into the schools and gymnasiums for women, which I would name "How a woman should manage an umbrella, furled and unfurled, without endangering life, limb and wearing apparel."

The impossible angles into which a woman can get her umbrella is a wonder, and each new one seems more aggressive than the last, and if the danger increases at its post into a closed helmet will become a necessity.—New York Herald.

A Stitch in Time.

It pays better to spend an hour every week and then going over one's gowns, freshening them up and giving the little touches here and there that keep their prettiness alive, than to wait until they are all going to pieces, and then have to take a day and devote yourself to mending them. You often can't do much for them at such a late hour, for the tiny hole or rip will have frayed all out of shape, or the dangling tape will have pulled the plain away from all semblance of proper hang. Don't throw them over for heaps of claim when you come in, they will wrinkle and mess up horribly, unless especially, for they are a lot worn when you take them off, and so more susceptible to new and ugly creases.

Give them a good shake and hang them up, close off bars and brackets before putting them in their use, and have a bit of a place for ribbons and clothes where they won't get all mixed up with button hooks and haberdashery. Always and wears are better than anything else for taking dirt out of clothes, grease, ought, paint, everything yields to their almost magic power, and there is left no unpleasantly suggestive odor behind.—American Dairyman.

Two Bean Bag Games.

Bean bags have been introduced to England, where they are played as a species of pool on an inclined plank, with a round hole and a square hole bored near the base and upper corner. There is another way of playing bean bags at Rugby, Spritzen that is very popular. Two lines are formed, with the men alternating as far as they can be made to go, their face one another. At one end is a circle, at the other a square. The thrower has two bean bags. Stat place one in the hand of each of the ends, one or women, and at the word "Go!" the bean bags are started. They must pass through each person's hand. The bag that first reaches the end of the line indicates the winner. Bagpipe a player, which in the circumstances is rather than solace he thought, is a foul. The game is popular dull afternoons, and promotes acquaintance as nothing else will do.—New York Evening Sun.

Woman's Greatest Enemy.

"It is a note of warning," says a physician, "when fatigue comes without commensurate effort. It is common to hear a friend say, 'I feel well enough, except that I tire out very easily.' Something is wrong. Then, for it is not natural to health to exhaust one's reserve so quickly. Rest and tonics should begin, and, if possible, cessation of worry. That is the bane of the average American woman. The fact that 99 100ths of her worries are imaginary does not make them less harmful. It ought to relieve them, however. In getting abroad of man in many of his achievements, I wish women would cultivate his indifference to trifles and learn never to worry without reason. They would remove from themselves a tremendous burden in the removal life."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Tempting Turkish Dish.

The Turkish dish known as Moussaka Imam Bayildi, the receipt for which seems to suggest something good, is according to the London Queen made thus: Cut up an eggplant (aubergine) into slices, salt them, strain them for a few minutes, dry them well in a cloth, then fry them in butter till they are of a rich brown color. Now chop up some lean veal very fine, and mince it carefully with some parsley, a suggestion of onions, pepper and salt, butter and a little tomato, moistened, finely sliced, and over those layers of eggplant until the meat is browned. Next arrange in a pie dish or mold, layers of eggplant and layers of the stew. Pour a little broth or gravy into the mold and bake in the oven for about thirty-five minutes. Turn the whole carefully out on a dish, or better still, serve in the pie dish. If there is any difficulty in procuring the eggplants or aubergines, the ordinary vegetable marrow is an excellent substitute.

A wash made of witch hazel and cocaine, to be applied to the nasal passages when the asthma comes on, is an effective cure for hay fever.

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