

# Women's Interests

## Woman's Friendship.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit of vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In a woman there is at once a suitable delicacy of tact and plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she really is your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing.

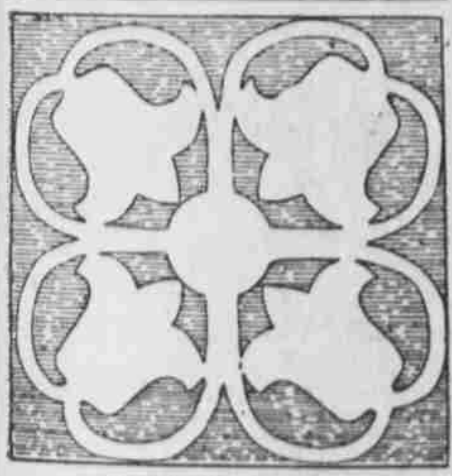
A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him. If he has that he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship has much to offer. The intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap in even the strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendship where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have.

We may have female friendships with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Mother's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," he says, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solicitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, is, indeed, to man the bulwark, sweetener and ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it, all his knowledge of books will never give him a knowledge of the world.—*Manford's Magazine.*

## Design for Portiere.

Darning is one of the simplest stitches in embroidery, and some very pleasing results are obtained when this stitch is used as a background. It is quickly and easily done, especially on crash or burlap or any loosely woven fabric. The Byzantine design given here is to be repeated as a border across the end of a portiere. With a yardstick or ruler mark off a border six inches wide, and place the design at regular intervals one inch up from the lower border line. Transfer the design on the material by means of carbon paper, or, if dark material is used, a white stamping outfit.

To do the darning, carry the embroidery silk diagonally across the background of the border like running stitch in sewing with a short stitch on the under side and a longer stitch on the right side. The next row of stitches lies parallel with this, with a narrow space between. The beauty of the work lies in the fact that the stitches of one line come



DARNED WORK DESIGN.

opposite the spaces of the preceding line, and this alternation is carried out with each line added until the space is filled. When the lines and stitches are irregularly placed the effect is exceedingly pleasing. The stitches must extend exactly upon the outline of the design. The figure is to be outlined after the darning is completed.—*Boston Herald.*

## For Soiled Clothing.

Brush the garments carefully first, and then apply the liquid with a woolen cloth, going religiously over every spot. This should be done with care, using especial diligence with the soiled spots. After sponging, rinse in ammonia water, and before the garment is thoroughly dried press it between two dark cloths.

Soap bark is an effective cleaner of woollen skirts, and men's clothes, as it is a quick eradicator of grease and dirt. Get 5 cents' worth of the soap bark, pour it over a quart of boiling water, steep it gently over a fire for hours, keeping the heat low, so the water will not boil away, strain through a piece of cheesecloth and it is ready to use.

## For the Too-Thin Woman.

A thin woman with a slender orb should never make a mistake of dressing in a tight-fitting princess frock relieved by trimming in the waist, as it makes her look flat chested and much like a lath to be admired by any one, however partial.

The same woman appears a totally different creature if she wears a waist made with some fullness in the front. Fluffy white waists are especially becoming to the slender maiden. She is decidedly the type that can stand dressing up. A frock that would make a plump woman look overdressed and funny will have an entirely different appearance on a thin person.

## Fads and Fancies in Dress

The army cape and overcoat are fashionable wraps for late fall days. Velveteen is a fashionable and practical material for the long dressy coat.

Prune-colored cloth, with long ties and gold ornaments, make a handsome theater cloak.

Black still indicates that it means to rule in tailor as well as in afternoon gowns.

Stripes prevail in the latest French flannels, and some of them are highly effective.

Colors are the same in names as last year, but this season they are of duller hues.

Every well fitted wardrobe will have a black suit or costume of some sort this season.

Some lovely oxidized gold, silver and pewter embroideries are available for the adornment of reception and evening gowns.

There is a new button for outdoor garments made of wood. It is inlaid, stained and polished in beautiful colors and harmonious designs.

A curious finish to tailor-made suits for afternoon wear is the lapel of oriental embroidery, with collar of black velvet or moire.

New styles are of chiton, edged with fur to match the muff. This is the first season that this type of stole has appeared, and it is expected that it will be fashionable.

Jet fringe which comes in lengths with Vandyke shapes can be cut to good advantage and used as a bodice trimming, with one or two loose points at the front.

## Laundering Lace Curtains.

When there are no frames on hand large lace curtains may be pinned on a clean carpet and allowed to dry evenly in this way. Curtains that are dried on a clothes line are so pulled out of shape by the process that they can seldom be hung properly. Inexpensive Nottingham and other lace curtains which do not require ironing, are best dried on frames. Wash them clean and starch them slightly. Pin them on the light wooden frames, which come for this purpose, and on which they may be evenly dried. If they are ironed they are likely to be pulled out of shape.

## Needlework Notes.

A novelty is the "college robe," which any girl can make.

Braiding done in colored silk cord is a fancy of the moment.

A silk crocheted buckle with a ribbon bow is a novelty in neckwear.

Bits of old Japanese embroidery are used to cover buttons for evening capes.

Currants make an effective bit of color on white linen and are not difficult to embroider.

Pin tucks in a Greek key design formed a dainty finish on a child's white muslin party frock.

Of all flowers used in embroidery the wild carrot, or Queen Ann's lace, is the most exquisitely dainty.

## Prater Husbands to Votes.

Ellnor Glyn and Wvete Guilbert are announced as recent members of anti-suffrage associations. Mrs. Glyn has joined an English society and Mme. Guilbert has been proposed for membership in an association in this country. Both women are said to have declared their inability to understand why any woman should wish to vote when she has health and a good husband.

## Girl Messengers in Berlin.

A girl messenger service has been organized in Berlin designed to supplement the service given by boys. In addition to being hired to deliver letters and packages, the girls are called upon in emergencies to do light housework and to look after children while mothers are shopping.—*Argus.*

## Cleaning Carpet on Floor.

To clean a carpet without taking up, take a cup half full of corn meal mixed with salt and sweep well when spots are left; then take oxgall or ammonia. Both are very good things to make the carpet as bright as a new one.

## A Woman's Citizenship.

A case without precedent as to nationalization is that of Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch. This daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton is not an American citizen because she married an Englishman. Now she is about to take out naturalization papers. She

is president of the New York Quinby League for Self-Supporting Women, but she could not vote if women had the franchise. According to the law of nations, a woman is a citizen of her husband's country. There is no case on record where a married woman has made an attempt to transfer her citizenship.

## When Skirts Are Long.

There is confusion in the minds of many concerning skirts. There is so much talk about smart gowns being five inches from the floor for evening and nearly six inches for morning that women wonder if there is any hour in which the long, graceful skirt is worn.

The strict decree of fashion in New York, says one authority, is this: Skirts five or six inches from the ground for street wear; skirts that sweep over the floor in a round train for the afternoon, and skirts five inches from the floor for evening.

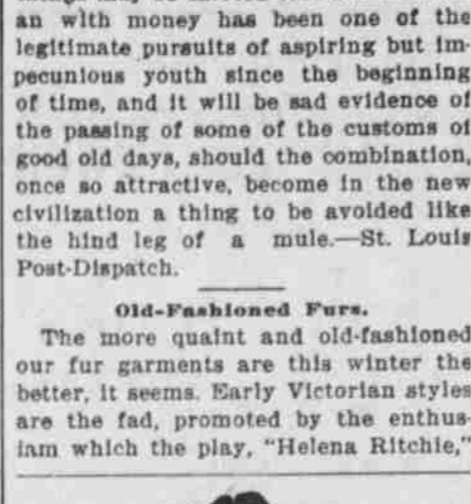
This is the decree! Every one does not have to abide by it, but numbers of women will accept it in part, if not in whole. They may not have every evening gown made short, or every afternoon frock made long, but they will assuredly have one of each kind to show that they know what is being done in the world of fashion.

## Good Thing Overdone.

The fact that a young woman, 5 feet 1 inch in height, was able to frustrate and almost knock out a 6-foot robber, by hitting him over the head with a purse containing her week's salary, is an interesting illustration of the large improvement that has taken place in recent years, both in the force of woman's muscle and in the size of the woman's salary. It may also, to the wary, seem a warning that some good things may be carried too far. A woman with money has been one of the legitimate pursuits of aspiring but impetuous youth since the beginning of time, and it will be sad evidence of the passing of some of the customs of good old days, should the combination, once so attractive, become in the new civilization a thing to be avoided like the hind leg of a mule.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

## Old-Fashioned Furs.

The more quaint and old-fashioned our fur garments are this winter the better, it seems. Early Victorian styles are the fad, promoted by the enthusiasm which the play, "Helena Ritchie,"



EARLY VICTORIAN FUR CAPE.

is arousing, and all sorts of quaint old-time styles are coming in. This little pelisse—as it would have been called in the days of our grandmothers—is of white ermine, bordered all around with seal skin and lined with white brocade satin finished all around with a little pleated ruffle. The pendant cord ornaments add to the old-fashioned look of the cape and muff.



THE WIND OF THE ALARM SOUNDED.

the fact had been impressed upon him until he had become thoroughly convinced of its truth. "I'm no 'count, no-how, I is, so it do" make no difference." Jim's uplifted hand paused in mid-air as he heard this remarkable statement.

## To Polish Glass.

After windows, mirrors, and, in fact, any glass, even cut glass, have been washed, a most beautiful polish can be obtained by rubbing with tissue paper. Save all the tissue paper that comes into the house and use it for this purpose.

## Remedy for Burns.

For burns and scalds nothing is so effective as lime water and sweet oil. Take equal parts of each, shake well in a bottle, then apply. Old muslin is very good and will not "draw." Saturate well and tie on.

## Cheap Disinfectant.

A cheap disinfectant to use in scrubbing or washing utensils in a sick-room is made by adding a teaspoonful of turpentine to every bucket of hot water. Turpentine is a powerful disinfectant, and will dispel all bad odors.

## Left-Over Paint.

If a can of paint has to be left open, stir it thoroughly, so as to dissolve all of the oil, then fill with water. When it becomes necessary to use the paint pour off the water and you will find it as fresh as when first opened.

## Folly.

All men have follies. Those of the wise man are known only to himself; those of the fool to all men but himself.—*Smart Set.*

## Careful Mary.

Such sweet red lips! I stoop to kiss My little neighbor, Mary. "Not on my mouth," said four-year-old; "tidn't sanitary!"

## THE NORTH WIND.

Wind of the North, I know your song  
Out on the frozen plain,  
But here in the city's streets you seem  
Only a cry of pain.

I know the note of your lusty throat  
Where the black boughs toas and  
roar,  
But here it is part of the old, old cry  
Of the hungry, homeless poor.

I know the song that you sing to God,  
Joyous and high and wild,  
But here where His creatures herd and  
die,  
'Tis the sob of a little child.

—Youth's Companion.

## Jim's Vagrant

The burnished mountings and metal surfaces of "No. 20" glistened and sparkled as the sun's rays crept lazily into the engine house and fell in a golden shower upon the beautiful monster. But in spite of this the keen and practiced eye of Big Jim detected a blue on one of the brass levers, and, fetching his chamois skins, he set to work with a will to remove this disgraceful blemish; for not a speck would be allowed upon his beloved machine.

"No. 20" was conceded to be the finest machine of its kind in the city; and Big Jim, as he was universally known, was acknowledged to be the tallest man and the best driver in the whole fire department. Many times he had been complimented by the district engineers, and on one occasion he and his engine rendered such signal service that the mayor of the town sent him a personal note of thanks. That note Jim carried constantly with him, and would not have given away for any consideration.

Strange to say, there was no envy of Jim or his engine. All who knew him loved and respected him; and Big Jim was the pride, and "No. 20" the pet of the entire department.

For the last hour Jim had noticed a little negro standing on the opposite side of the street and gazing into the engine house with evident interest. While the fireman plied his chamois, the lad grew bolder, and, crossing the street, stood timidly in the doorway. The day was far from sultry; and Jim gazed at the boy's bare feet and thin, ragged clothing, a feeling of profound pity stole into his heart.

"You should not be without your shoes, my lad," he said, kindly, in his deep, gruff voice.

"Hain't got no shoes, boss."

Jim gazed askance at the black urchin.

"Where are your parents?"

"Dunno. Neber had none."

"But surely you have some relatives or friends?"

"Dunno what yer means by relatives, boss; but I hain't got no friends. Anyhow," he added, pathetically, as though



THE WIND OF THE ALARM SOUNDED.

he fact had been impressed upon him until he had become thoroughly convinced of its truth. "I'm no 'count, no-how, I is, so it do" make no difference." Jim's uplifted hand paused in mid-air as he heard this remarkable statement.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Black Pete," answered the boy, sim ply.

"But what's your last name?"

"Hain't got no mo'ah names, boss."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno."

Jim gazed in blank astonishment at his new acquaintance, the like of whom he had never before met.

"Say, boss," said Pete, and his voice dropped to a whisper, and his eyes glistened as he gazed in undisguised admiration at the engine, "is you the drivah ob dis yere engine?"

Jim nodded.

Pete gazed with such evident awe and reverence upon "No. 20" that Jim's big heart was completely won.

"Well, Pete," he said, a few minutes later, "I guess I'll have to leave you. It's time I was attending to my supper. By the way," he added, "if you have no friends, where do you get your meals?"

"Oh, I gets 'em best way I kin, boss; and when I can't git nuffin, I does without," was the philosophic reply.

"What are you going to do to-night?"

"Can't have nuffin to-night. Hain't got no money, and don't know where to go."

"Look here," said Jim, and the gruff voice grew a little softer, "you wait here a minute," and he disappeared.

Soon he returned with a package which he handed to Pete.

"There," he said, "I've divided my supper with you, Pete. Now tell me where you're going to stay to-night."

"Dunno, boss. Had a good place up

## STOPPING A SHOT HOLE.



LEAK CLOSERS PRACTICING ON DEVICE USED BY BRITISH NAVY.

The operator dons his rubber suit, which is made in one piece, the tank is filled with water, the plug is removed, and he now has to insert his leak-stopper and fix it in position by pulling out a pin and screwing it taut. The pressure of the water holds the leak-stopper in place when once it is in position, but the rush of water is tremendous, and anyone who out of bravado or forgetfulness stands too close will probably let himself in for a good ducking. The hole in the tank is supposed to represent a shot hole.—*London Sphere.*

an alley, but de copper dun fin' me last night, and chased me out."

"I'll tell you what," said Jim, thoughtfully, "it's against the rules, but you come round here after dark and I'll smuggle you into my bunk. If you keep right quiet no one will know, and to-morrow I'll see what I can do for you."

Pete's eyes sparkled as he raised his black face to Jim.

"I'll do as yer tole me, boss. Say"—and the boy's voice grew intensely low and confidential, "does yer think they'd have a cullud' drivah on an engine?"

The look of anxiety on Pete's face as he waited for the answer was painful to see.

"I'm afraid not, Pete," replied Jim. Pete's black face assumed a look of unutterable woe. He turned sadly away, and made off with Jim's gift hugged closely to his breast.

Pete had been safely smuggled in, and all in the engine house were wrapped in profound slumber, when suddenly the whirl of the alarm sounded loud and shrill throughout the building, and in an instant the firemen were tumbling into boots and coats.

With the first sound of the bell, Jim was on his feet. A moment later, he was equipped and harnessing the horses.

Big Jim was a born fireman. There was nothing so delightful to his ear as the clang of the alarm. The moment he heard it his spirits rose, the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and all else was forgotten.

So it happened that, strapped to his seat on the engine, the big driver dashed down the street without a single thought of the small piece of black humanity he had bundled up so carefully a few hours before.

"No. 20" was the first engine to reach the fire. A large manufacturing building was blazing furiously and threatening to consume everything in the block. Crowds of people were flocking from all directions.

Jim had just reined in the foaming, quivering horses beside a water plug, and was hastily dismounting from his perch, when a little, barefooted figure came panting up.

"I's got awful blowed, boss, but I dun keep behind the engine's well as I could." And not till then did Jim recollect the admiring little friend he had left in the engine-house.

Before he could say anything there was a great shout from the multitude, and looking up Jim beheld three men standing at one of the upper windows, surrounded by the raging flames and cut off from all means of escape. An exclamation of horror fell from his lips as he realized the peril of the unfortunate men.

"They are lost!" he muttered, involuntarily. "The ladders have not yet arrived, and nothing on earth can save them now."

With mouth and eyes wide open, and horror expressed in every feature, Pete gazed in consternation at the appalling situation of the poor wretches. Then an inspiration seemed suddenly to seize him, and, quick as thought, he snatched a small ax from a truck nearby, and darted off through the crowd.

For several minutes Jim continued to gaze pityingly upon the imperiled men. At last he turned sadly away, and then he beheld Pete scrambling nimbly but laboriously up a high telegraph pole on the opposite side of the street. Even at that distance the heat was intense, and Pete had all he could

do to retain his desperate clutch and work himself up.

He reached the cross pieces, and perching himself securely raised his ax in both hands and struck a furious blow, which was followed immediately by a scraping buzz, as the wire he had severed slid over to the beams and fell to the ground.

Then it was that Jim recognized the shrewdness and utility of Pete's act, for the other end of the wire was fastened to the roof of the burning building directly above the window at which the imperiled men stood, and as soon as it was severed it fell within their reach.

A great cry of joy went up from the vast throng below as the men grasped their improvised fire-escape and descended in turn; but above it rose a shrill wail of mortal agony.

"Help, boss! help! I's dun goin' to fall!"

The flames had burst through one of the windows, and were darting far across the street and beating upon poor Pete in his defenceless position. He could not move nor attempt to descend. It was all he was able to do to keep his hold upon the hot beams. Realizing that his nerveless fingers would soon be powerless to sustain him, he cried aloud in his anguish to the only being in that great crowd upon whom he could call.

As that desperate, appealing cry reached his ears, Big Jim deserted his beloved "No. 20" and sprang toward Pete's lofty perch. Right and left the big fireman elbowed his way through the crowd, knocking gaping men hither and thither like so many tennpins.

But he was too late! Poor Pete hung on as long as he could, and then, with a slight quiver of the body, the scorched and blistered fingers relaxed their hold, and the little hero fell to the pavement.

Jim raised the limp form tenderly in his strong arms.

"Pete, Pete, my brave little fireman!" he murmured, chokingly, as he pressed his lips to the black face.

At the word "fireman," coupled with his own name by the gruff and tender voice whose owner had given Black Pete the only friendship he had ever known, the boy's eyes opened dreamily and rested for a moment on his big friend. A smile of recognition flashed over his features.

"So dey won't take no cullud' drivahs, boss," he muttered, absently. "Well, I's done de best I could, anyhow." And with a sigh of satisfaction at this thought, mixed with regret though it was, his eyes closed once more, to open again where even Black Pete would be of some "account," and where "No. 20" would not be the realization of his highest admiration.—*Washington Magazine.*

## All She Could Think Of.

"How do you get on with your Christmas shopping?" asked the lady with her hat awry.

"Gracious," said the lady laden with bundles. "I haven't been able to get on. Every car is jammed to the rails." —*St. Louis Star.*

## Infantile Sayings.

"Bliggins' child must be a prodigy!" "Undoubtedly," replied Miss Cayenne. "The clever sayings he attributes to it indicate that even at this early age it keeps a scrapbook." —*Washington Star.*

You have probably, at some time, noted the resemblance of the critic to the crank.