

No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

IN NO MAN'S LAND.

Two shapes were walking on the strand
One starlit night in no man's land.

Two shapes that during earthly life
Gave hate for hate in deadly strife.

They met. Swift forth their fashions flew,
Each pinned the other through and through.

Yet neither fell. Again they strove
For mastery, and madly drove.

To right and left their fashions bright,
Nor sound nor cry profaned the night.

Through corselet, casque and visor, too,
As through the air their swift blades flew.

Until amazed, they stood aghast,
And on the sands their weapons cast.

Then laughed they both at mortal strife,
The passing dream of earthly life.

And clasping each the other's hand,
They walk the shades of no man's land.

—James Clarence Harvey in *Academy*.

In a Free Dispensary.

"It's really a strange thing to me," said one of the staff at a hospital dispensary, as a jeweled hand reached in at the little window of the drug store to take the bottles of charity medicines and thrust them in the folds of an expensive coat. "It really is a strange thing to me how a person as well off in worldly goods as that young lady apparently is, can humble herself enough to apply in the out ward of a dispensary for free treatment and free medicine, when she is well able to pay for it elsewhere. It's not uncommon, bless you, so indeed. Here comes another. Now listen and you'll learn something."

Going over to the drug window he said to another well dressed woman who presented her order and bottle:

"This bottle isn't large enough, miss."

"Well, I'll have to go away and another."

"We'll sell you one for five cents if you wish," said the drug manipulator.

"No. I guess I'll come later in the day," replied she, and turning left.

"Won't even pay five cents for a bottle," mused the doctor, "and that scene is getting so common that I'm almost getting used to it."—Philadelphia Press

To prevent the hair from falling out or turning gray, take a teaspoonful of dried sage and boil for twenty minutes in a quart of water. When it has been strained add a piece of borax the size of a walnut. When cool it may be bottled. This wash should be well rubbed into the roots of the hair and the head brushed dry.

There have a queer little 10-year-old girl in Philadelphia who is normal in everything else, but ever since she was a baby in her cradle, when her mother first took her in charge, she never could go to sleep unless the soles of her feet were tickled, and up to this day she is a victim of the habit.

Miss Helen Newberry, the only daughter of ex-Congressman Newberry, of Michigan, and an heiress, has a passion for outdoor sports. She is an accomplished tennis player, a good swimmer and "a veritable little sea dog when it comes to yachting." She is a skillful banjo player.

Borax is another chemical that should find a common use in every family. For cleansing the teeth and sweetening the breath a few grains of the powder in water are unexcelled. It also softens and whitens flannels.

A woman factory inspector in Philadelphia has made 400 inspections during her service of six months. In nine cases out of ten she found that the operatives did not know where the fire escapes were.

A New York money prince has recently ordered a set of brass floor registers plated with gold in an exceedingly ornate design. The registers will be placed in the owner's palace.

Purify clothes that have been kept from the air by laying pieces of charcoal, wrapped in paper, in the folds. Try the open air first.

Stoves and ranges should be kept free from soot in all compartments. A clogged hot air passage will prevent any oven from baking well.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE BARBAROUS MANNER IN WHICH SHOP GIRLS DRESS.

Woman as She Is at Thirty—A Novel Wedding Trip—American Women's False Teeth—How Women Use Slang—Work for Young Women—Home Manners.

One day the writer stood in one of the large dry goods stores waiting her turn to be served at one of the counters. The girls behind it were very numerous, but were all busy and hurried, passing and repassing one another in the narrow space to look for required goods. In the confusion one jostled the arm of a second, who was reaching for a box of ribbons, and knocked it to the floor. "You might have kept out of my way," impatiently exclaimed the offending one, and "You might have looked" was the equally impatient rejoinder. Then the first speaker relented. "It was my fault, Kitty," she said, "but my feet ache me so," and her voice was almost a wail. Then it was Kitty's turn. "It's all right," she said, "I wouldn't have minded a little accident like that only my head is most splitting."

The waiting customer looked the two girls over. The one whose head ached had on a heavy skirt of shabby black velvet, whose loose waistband permitted it to drag upon her hips. A cheap black Jersey was the waist of her dress, and through its thin texture the outlines of a stout, cruel neck could be plainly seen. Around her neck, in obedience to the high collar fashion, was a piece of some stiffened black velvet covered with a bead passementerie, the weight of which neckwear must have very sensibly impeded the free flow of blood through the delicate veins. On her head, in addition to her own hair, which was not scanty, was piled a palpable switch of jute, the structure pinned on with two or three heavy ball pins. Poor, misguided child—for the face was pathetically young—was it any wonder that her temples throbbed and her nerves were strung to the last pitch of endurance? Her companion, who garbed in a very similar manner, her dress presenting no modifications that made it more comfortable, though doubtless in her case the maximum misery of poorly made, ill fitting shoes, possibly with high heels and narrow toes, reduced the minimum wretchedness of dragging clothes.

What luster to Mrs. Miller's fame to carry the "gown form" in simple, inexpensive design to girls like these who stand for thousands of their sisters, and to coax from them their deforming and killing corsets! To bring this preacher and this flock together for such a result some philanthropist ought to see accomplished.—New York Times.

Woman as She Is at Thirty.

Balzac has said that at thirty a woman is at her most fascinating and dangerous age—dangerous to the hearts of men.

Perhaps no writer understood so well his own countrywomen as Balzac, and no one has contributed quite so many cynical allusions to the sex in general. But Balzac's criticisms would apply to a certain type of woman, more seen in France, let us hope, than in our own America. To the blasé man of the world the blushing debutante is peculiarly attractive. But it is the woman of thirty who whirls him in a vortex of emotions. She has lived and experienced, and she is alert to every sensibility. She revels in the part of heroine, and in the disturbances and agitations of which she is the cause. She looks upon the dainty creature of twenty as milk and roses—so simple.

She goes on indefinitely playing her part. In perfect knowledge of her charms, unlike the "young thing" by her side, she uses each to advantage. She knows, through her well trained intuition, the particular weakness—the grande passion, so to speak—of each victim. And with great finesse she becomes, for the time, an enthusiast upon the same subject, pursues, with well feigned sincerity, the same "fad," whether politics or athletics, theosophy of music—from Beethoven to Strauss—she will always be found a devotee to each.

Flattery in its sweetest subtlety, satire in its keenest flashes, are well at her command. For alas! for her the time is rapidly approaching when she must range among the lookers on, when the chill of autumn will usher in the Indian summer. Fortunate is she if it brings with it the ripe graces and the poetic suggestions which give to that season of decay its most mellow charm. True hearted is she if she earns at last the best success this world can give, the possession of a brave and helpful spirit, rich in self knowledge, self control and self help, a touchstone to all who approach.—New York Ledger.

A Novel Wedding Trip.

A novel method of spending a honeymoon has recently been added to the list of unique wedding journeys in coaches, on house boats or yachts. A young Viennese bridegroom procured for the trip a new furniture van with three horses and a driver. The interior he fitted up in a most daintily luxurious way with every comfort and convenience dear to the feminine heart. Just how the light was supplied is not easy to conjecture, for the ordinary furniture van has no windows. Possibly electricity may have diffused its soft radiance from depending globes of roseate hue, or the isolated lovers may have lived only in the soft light of each other's eyes.

The cooking problem would also arise to any one but lovers, but whether the diner united the culinary art with that of handling the reins, or whether the young woman herself was a cooking school graduate, is not known. Anyway the pair expect to spend a two months' honeymoon at a cost of little more than \$100 per month, rumbling about the country in their own private conveyance, with buffet accommodations.

Should the fashion become general there could be no May day weddings, for fancy the indignation of matrons from whom the romantic hallucinations of marriage have vanished in the prosaic realities of three meals a day and babies with the colic delaying their moving while a pair of lovers roam about the country in idyllic seclusion.—New York Sun.

American Women's False Teeth.

"Did you ever notice how many American young women have false teeth nowa-

days?" said a well known dentist. "Perhaps you never have, the fair wearers use every means to prevent detection, especially by their gentlemen friends. It is quite safe to calculate that out of every twenty American young women—I mean those moving in the fashionable society of our great cities—at least five have entire sets while the others will exhibit partial sets, or it will be demonstrated on examination that their natural teeth have been filled and manipulated very extensively. If you doubt my assertions go into any ballroom of the elite in the season, or attend any prominent society reception, and see for yourself.

"You doubtless think it strange that the teeth, being such a prime factor in woman's beauty, should be so neglected, and it is strange, considering the prevailing but pardonable vanity of the fair sex on the subject of personal appearance. But, nevertheless, there is a way of accounting for it, and that is upon the basis of the supreme laziness of the average fashionable lady.

"Late hours in the winter season, when the theatres, the opera and all the tony social amusements are in full blast, are responsible in fact for this laziness, which might, perhaps, rather be styled chronic weariness, and the dread work of completing the transformation of the society young lady into a confirmed idler is done during the summer by the habits engendered at the watering places and other heated term resorts of the creme de la creme. The teeth should be thoroughly cleaned on arising in the morning and on retiring for the night, but they are frequently given the 'go-by' altogether or brushed at irregular periods, and thus tartar and decay get a lead which they steadily maintain until the precious teeth, though occasionally patched up by a dentist, are ruined beyond repair.

"Of course all intelligent ladies are aware of the importance of cleaning their teeth, and are sadly annoyed and frightened when they are compelled to have false ones put in, but all this does not seem to teach them prudence, and every year it is the old story over again, but with a decidedly progressive tendency."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

How Women Use Slang.

"I object," says a clever man, "to the cowardly way women have of swearing and using slang. Have you never noticed how they do it? In quotation marks. When a woman is so deeply moved that she wants to swear does she give vent to the round, satisfying single syllable that a man would? Not at all. She says it, to be sure, but she sneaks into the satisfaction of it in something this way: 'If I were a man,' she says, 'I should say so and so.' And saying 'so and so,' spelled with four letters, has given her again the temper of an angel without having brought upon her the opprobrium of having actually sworn.

"In much the same way does she use a slang expression. The real vulgarity of slang stands unwilling before the gentleness of slang. She wants its pith and point at times, but she doesn't want to adopt it as her own out and out. So when she uses a bit of it she prefaces it by some such reprobation as 'This is what a man would call,' or uses it first and then disclaims it by annexing 'as a man would say.' Or, nearest of all, by a dainty inflection of her voice she throws the expression into quotation points. 'Don't you recall it?'

"A man says to her, for instance, 'I feel a little seedy' this morning,' and she asks in return, 'How does a man feel when he feels seedy?' Until she reaches that last word she speaks in her own voice and person. Just there she makes a little pause, her voice shifts into a key of lady like depression, and she says the word, but says it in a way that reminds the man at once that the word is his and not hers.

"Just watch the next woman who uses slang in your presence, and see if you do not catch the quotation point tone at once, and see if you do not feel, when she is done, that, though she has used the expression out and out, she has not for a moment identified herself with it, or assumed the responsibility of it."—New York Evening Sun.

Work for Young Women.

An English lady gave rather an interesting reply to the oft repeated and vexing question of "What shall we do with our daughters?" The need of a remunerative and suitable employment for well born and well bred girls is constantly increasing, and the lady suggests that little companies of those girls, with two, three or more in each company, train themselves thoroughly in all that pertains to the management of a house, and go out with certificates of competency, and at an advanced rate of wages in consequence of their superior intelligence and capability, to take charge of houses in Sydney or Melbourne, where servants are particularly scarce and incompetent. They could call themselves "lady assistants," "house superintendents" or any other distinctive title removed from the objective one of servants. Of course the girls would insist upon doing the entire work of the household, and thus obviate any unpleasant association with servants of the ordinary ignorant type. The lady also suggests that it would be wise to adopt a distinctive cap and apron, and take rank with the nursing sisters, and take as well the same conscientious pride in their duties as do the nurses.—London Letter.

Manners for the Home.

Very few young people realize the immense charm of gentle, courteous home manners. It is not only that it is right and the duty of every Christian gentleman and woman, but it is infinitely lovely and attractive to see girls and boys showing in their own homes, to their own people and in their every day life the same courtesy and the same consideration that they exercise in society.

There is a species of vulgarity about "company manners," just as there is in all veneer; and there are many young people who consider themselves well bred, who would scorn to wear sham jewelry and would think false pretense of any kind bad form, yet who keep their graciousness for the world and spoil the home atmosphere by their touchiness and rudeness.

Not that they mean it—they may really love each other dearly and in any great matter would be quick to serve and make sacrifices—but the daily exercise of self control in little matters, the every day unselfishness, the "soft answer that turneth

away wrath," are not theirs, and almost unconsciously the habits of home ill breeding are formed, and many a mother finds too late that through her carelessness and inattention to details the mischief is done and she cannot remedy it.—New York Tribune.

Experiments with Starch.

The mealy substance known by the name of starch forms the basis of some very simple and easily performed chemical experiments. Rasp some potatoes on a grater, knead the pulp thus obtained with water and squeeze it in a linen cloth; the fibrous particles of the cells remain behind, but the juice, together with a large proportion of the starch, runs through. Let the liquid remain quiet for some hours; it becomes clear because the heavier starch settles at the bottom. Pour off the liquid, wash the starch several times with fresh water, allowing it to settle each time, and then dry in a moderately warm place, and starch will be the result.

Heat in a flask the liquid poured from the starch, and after boiling a few moments it deposits a flaky substance, which is vegetable albumen.

If starch is placed in a ladle and gently heated, with constant agitation till dried up, hard, horny granules are obtained, which swell when boiling water is poured on them. These granules are called sago.

Heat in a vessel half a dram of starch, with an ounce and a half of water, stirring till it boils, and you have starch as it is used for stiffening linen.

If starch paste is allowed to stand for a length of time in a warm place it gradually is converted into lactic acid—the same acid that gives to buttermilk its well known sour taste.—Youth's Companion.

Pins and Needles.

Use a wire frame for boiling potatoes, and see how much of vexation it saves and how satisfactory the result.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

Cincinnati has a Woman's Press club, with a membership of thirty-four, all engaged in active literary work.

Two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine scented with rose, as a dressing in the bath, will impart freshness and delicacy to the skin.

Mrs. M. E. Baseley hits an income of \$20,000 from a barrel hooping machine, by means of which 1,000 barrels can be hooped in a day.

If you want a draught to work on, with body and brains, take a glass of white grape juice with a teaspoonful of acid phosphate, and defy the summer to wilt your energies.

The tallest princess in the world is the crown princess of Denmark, who is six feet three inches in height.

"These are my household gods," he said to her as he entered his bachelor apartment. "But you lack something," she remarked. "What?" "A household goddess."

Succotash.

Very few housekeepers understand how to cook succotash properly. The Lima beans should be cooked at least an hour, with just enough water to cover them before the corn is added. The corn should be cut carefully, not too close to the cob, and added to the beans, and the mixture cooked ten minutes. Then a large teaspoonful of butter and a scant teaspoonful of flour must be added to every pint of succotash and stirred in carefully so as not to break the beans. The succotash must now be seasoned and cooked ten minutes longer. Some persons add salt pork to this dish, but it gives it a coarse, greasy flavor not agreeable to a refined taste.—Exchange.

A School for Young Mothers.

Dr. Clara Bliss Hinds and Mrs. H. I. Coolidge, of Washington, D. C., have opened a nursery for the instruction of mothers. Women of all nationalities are taught by means of simple lectures how to care for their children, and as an object lesson is always better than theory, a baby is procured for the occasion, washed, dressed, fed and put to sleep in the presence of the audience. Nursery improvements and sanitary reforms are exhibited, and samples of foods are passed around and later cooked and fed to the child that may need nourishment. There is some need for work of this sort in New York city.—New York Letter.

Miss Corson's Health.

Miss Juliet Corson, the well known professor of cooking and domestic science at Rutgers female college, New York city, is so confirmed an invalid that her lectures are read at her dictation by her secretary, and she illustrates her ideas of cooking while seated in an invalid's chair. She has large and interested classes, and it is a belief of the college girls that Miss Corson could produce a first-class soup with a wish bone, a quart of water, a watercress, a pinch of salt and a match.—New York Ledger.

James E. Scripps, of The Detroit News, has placed the sum of \$1,000 at the disposal of the trustees of the Detroit Museum of Art to enable them to offer that sum to defray the cost of two years' study in one of the great art schools of Europe as a prize for the highest proficiency in the Detroit Art academy. The prize is open to students from all parts of the country.

Tea and ground coffee are packed in tin cans of the kind used for maple sirup. A funnel will be required to fill them, but except for that the small hole is an advantage. Spices are put in baking powder boxes, and a strip of paper is pasted around them to hold the covers firmly. All packages are carefully labeled to prevent mistakes.

Raisins are stemmed and thrown into a large pan, then covered with boiling water. This kills all insect eggs in case they may exist. After five minutes the water is cooled so the hands can bear it, the fruit is washed, drained on sieves, and dried quickly either in a fruit drier or a hot oven. It is then packed in fruit cans while hot.

Wigs, bangs and switches can be cleaned and made as glossy as new by dipping them in a naphtha bath. This mode of renovation is quite good for the hair dealers, as an average of fifty hair fires are reported in trade every week. The ladies always declare there was no light or fire in the room at the time of the ignition.