

WOMAN'S REALM

SOME PHASES OF
THE NEW WOMANShe Wants to be a Man and Still
Remain a Woman.

In an article entitled "Petticoat Government," Max O'Rell says: "If there is one country in the world where the women appear in the eyes of the foreign visitor to enjoy all manner of privileges and to have the men in leading strings, that country is America." You would imagine, therefore, that America would be the last country where the "new woman" was to be found airing her grievances. Yet she is flourishing throughout the length and breadth of the continent. She is puffed by her husband, the most devoted and hard-working of husbands in the world; she is literally covered with precious stones by him. She is allowed to wear hats that would "fetch" Paris in carnival time; or start a panic at a Corpus Christi procession in Paris or a lord mayor's show in London. She is the superior of her husband in education and in almost every other respect. She is surrounded by the most numerous and delicate attentions. Yet she is not satisfied. The Anglo-Saxon "new woman" is the most ridiculous production of modern times and destined to be the most ghastly failure of the century. She is par excellence the woman with a grievance, and self-labeled the greatest nuisance of modern society. The new woman wants to retain all the privileges of her sex and secure, besides, all those of man. She wants to be a man AND to remain woman. She will fail to become a man, but she may succeed in ceasing to be a woman.

CAROLINE.

A MAIDEN'S PROTEST.

I'd like to kill the sinner who discovered electricity.

And relegated to the past that kerosene flame, Who robbed us of the pleasures, ay! the heavenly felicity.

Which were once golden features of the lovely sparkling game.

I'd like to pull his nendish ears until he yelled in agony—

And incidentally I'll say the same thing would my heart—

All loyal lovers are with him in bitterest agony.

Because his light cannot be turned away.

Down low.

When kerosene was in its prime we'd sit with due propriety.

Until the other folks had climbed the stairway for the night.

Then lovingly each would enjoy the other's sweet society.

Beneath the old lamp's half-suppressed and dim refulgent light.

But no that incandescent thing in fabled triumph stares at us.

From early in the night until it's time for him to go—

Just winks its bright electric eye merrily and glares at us.

Because it knows it can't be turned away.

Down low.

Were I queen of America I'd make of it a felony.

To burn an incandescent light myself would frame the law—

And if the people kicked I'd tell them all to go to Hades.

Which is located, I believe, way down in Arkansas.

To re-establish kerosene in every community.

And all the boys and all the girls would bless my name, I know,

For giving them the coveted and longed-for opportunity.

To do their sparkling with the light.

Away down low.

—Denver Post.

HER MAJESTY'S DAINTY LINGERIE.

It has been frequently asserted that the queen is disinclined to spend much upon her dress but this is not so. She is rather lavish than otherwise in ordering new clothes, albeit fashioned in a by-gone mode. Black silks and brocades of an exquisite quality are specially woven for her, and one weaver who has made her black silk stockings for many years, is told off to do nothing else. All her hose is as fine as gossamer, and can be drawn through a ring. With regard to footgear, the sovereign still prefers the old-fashioned "prinelle," and black satin slippers, and faithfully adheres to elastic-side boots. The queen is seldom seen without a pocket handkerchief, daintily held between her ring-covered fingers, handkerchiefs which are marvels of cobweb-like cambric and old lace.

WHITE CLOTHES FOR HEALTH.

A New York physician said recently to a patient of his, a lady of wealth, that he would refuse to treat her further if she did not give up wearing black. It was not, however, until a discussion ensued that he found out how much he was asking; not only were her gowns black but her underwear throughout was of the same color. The doctor then remarked that he considered the alternative he had offered her, to abandon black gowns or find an other physician, an extreme measure, and only justified because of her peculiarly nervous and neurotic state; but when it came to discovering that she had nothing but black clothes over her person he would refuse to treat anything so dressed. The "peculiarly nervous and neurotic state" he considered largely explained by this dress alone.

He succeeded in making a change in this patient's attire throughout, insisting on white, all white underclothes, and as much use of white in the outer garments as was practicable. There are hundreds of women similarly ill and dressed as she once was, who have no idea that anything but a question of taste is involved in the color of their garments. They would not expect a plant covered up from the sun by repeated layers of black cloth to flourish, but they do not know that light and sunshine are necessary to their bodies. They think if they are ill, if their eyes are blessed thereby, and thus their mind cheered, that light has performed its good work upon them.

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To cure redness of the hands, beat together one ounce of castor oil, one ounce of almond oil, the juice of a lemon, and the yolk of a raw egg. Apply at night to the hands, and cover with old gloves set across the palms.

A WRITER AT WORK.

A rapid writer can write 30 words in one minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, 16½ feet. In 40 minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five and a half hours a full mile. He makes on an average 16 curves or turns of the pen for each word written. Writing at the rate of 30 words per minute, he must take eight curves to each second; in an hour, 3,600; in five hours, 14,400; and in 30 days, working only five hours each day, he makes not less than 42,200 curves and turns of the pen.

WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road—

Back the long miles you have carried the load;

Back to the place where you had to decide;

By this way or that way your life to abide;

Back of the sorrow and back of the care;

Back to the place where the future was fair—

If you were there now, a decision to make,

On, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

Then, after you'd trod the other long track;

Suppose that again to the forks you went back;

After you found that its promises fair Were but a delusion and led to a snare—

That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,

Though dreary and rough, was most graciously blest

With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—

On, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take? —Chicago Herald.

TAKE BRIDES BY FORCE.

The Courtship of the Indians is Kidding. Not Wooing.

Indian maidens do not marry. They are merely kidnapped. A young squaw who inspires the love of a brave meets the fate of the Sabine woman whom the Romans "captured."

The reported marriage last week at the Dakota Indian agency of a Thomas Cronan, the representative of an English syndicate, and a Sioux Indian girl called "Picture Eyes," says the New York World, is absolutely untrue. The World correspondent has investigated it and finds that the "marriage" as such never occurred.

"Affianced husbands" do not exist in the primitive life of the "true and only American" Indian.

When an Indian decides that he wants a tap of his own he throws his blanket over his head, leaving his eyes exposed to the Turkish woman. The blanket over the head signifies that he is going courting."

He then starts out. If in his deliberations he sees a girl that he thinks will do—and he is not very particular—he grabs her by the neck, by the wrist, or any other way, and carries her, or drags her, or takes her willingly, as the case may be, to his tepee. And his is about all there is of Indian courtship, or of the marriage ceremony.

There are times, however, when an Indian will have a preference. For instance one day a girl started out from a tepee with a large tin pail after water. She had gone but a few steps when five or six young fellows, who seemed to be waiting in wait, caught her. Her tin pail went rolling over the ground. She struggled to get away—not angrily, but coyly; these bright red and yellow painted faced Indians have a certain coyness of manner under all circumstances. But the Indians hold her securely while they all talked to her.

They appeared to be pleading with her. She lowered her head and smiled. Then, they released her.

The interpreter explained that some young Indian had taken a fancy to her, and these other young Indians were friends of his and were telling her what a nice fellow he was.

While grabbing an Indian girl and taking her to his tepee is about all there is of an Indian lover's courtship and marriage, he thus establishes himself as a head of a family, and from this time protects the squaw. He is not, however, confined to one wife. He can have several of the squaws themselves will permit. While an Indian woman is still in that state of slavery of all barbarous ages, they are great fighters, and can make it so unpleasant for the new wives that the "head of the family" is sometimes obliged to desist.

In this "family" life from five to eleven or more eat, sleep, cook and live in a type that is only ten feet in diameter.

Sentimental writers who surround the Indian with poetry and romance will gush about the Indians protecting the honor of women. One writer a few years ago extolled the honor of white women always being protected by that old racial Bull.

It is not true. Neither a white woman's honor nor an Indian woman's honor is sacred to an Indian.

The greatest crime for which the government must answer is in sending the educated Indian girl back among her own people, where she is not sacred even to her own father and brothers.

As these Indian girls learn the code of honor in civilization, and see the respect shown to white women, they develop a wonderful womanliness, and return to their people with a horror of the life they understood perfectly before leaving, and it matters not at what age they may have left.

SOME BEAUTY HINTS.

Do not wash the face in hard water. If

possible, use filtered water, but as

this is not so easy to get, soften the water by artificial means. Half an ounce of California borax, three ounces of almond meal, and three ounces of finely ground oatmeal may be mixed together in a cheesecloth bag and dropped in a bowl of water. This will soften it and the complexion will be found much improved in consequence. An ounce of powdered Orris root may be added to this mixture giving it an odor of violets.

To cure redness of the hands, beat together one ounce of castor oil, one ounce of almond oil, the juice of a lemon, and the yolk of a raw egg. Apply at night to the hands, and cover with old gloves set across the palms.

FASHION'S LATEST FANCIES

Designed expressly for the "Astorian"
By the Butterick Publishing Company

DOUBLE CAPE OF SILK AND LACE. ETON JACKET OF MILITARY-BLUE CLOTH WITH BRAID DECORATIONS.

The demand for variety in wraps in this season met with surprising ability to make successfully dainty samples has a white ground woven in checks upon which are printed tiny light-blue oval spots, broad blue stripes with white vines and floral stripes showing pink roses and small yellow blossoms with leaves—a color scheme exceedingly attractive.

A smooth yoke describing many points sleeves caps of similar outline and puffed fronts combine to create an interesting effect in a blouse-waist.

The Eton jacket is distinctly chic when it fits snugly and is made of a becoming shade of cloth and neatly trimmed. It is almost as varied as the shirt-waist. The military air which characterizes the jacket shown in the illustration is well liked.

The garment extends quite to the waist and is pointed at the center or the front and back; its close adjustment is carefully made and the fronts are reversed above the bust in small, pointed apron-like form with notches with the rolling neck collar. The jacket may be closed all the way down below the lapels or worn open. The sleeves display correct ful-

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