

WOMAN'S REALM

GETTING READY FOR SUNDAY.

BEGIN as early as Thursday, when you can clean and clear up the pantry. Give the beds an extra airing; peep into the cellar and every other nook or corner, and determine that you really will cease from your usual labors on Sunday after this. Friday is generally acknowledged to be the regular day for sweeping, dusting, general cleaning and straightening up all about the house. Saturday morning is left for kitchen cleaning and Sunday cooking.

To economize in time and other matters, a good-sized piece of meat to roast or boil can be cooked for Saturday dinner; and any neat, smart woman can so prune, and at the same time keep intact, such piece of meat that it will seem as though first cut when served the next day. If a fowl is ordered, it can be dressed and cooked on Saturday and set aside till wanted for Sunday dinner. A pan of escalloped potatoes can be prepared Saturday morning, or a pot of beans can be baked by Saturday night. Either may be heated quickly next day, and will be found as good as if freshly done. Cold mashed potatoes are as fine as when first cooked, if they are thoroughly heated through and stirred briskly just before serving. Then conventional cookies, cake, pie, pudding or whatnot for Sunday dessert on this occasion I would scorn. If too good to keep good over one day, which cannot be done with some good victuals, with good bread and butter, gravy with the meat if liked, vegetables quickly warmed or served cold, pickle and fruit, you will have not only a good dinner, but a pleasurable meal, as you eat in rest, joy and peace on this

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest; but which with most mothers who do their own housework is in reality the hardest and most trying day of the week. Where there are several small children in the family, one or two of them can have the weekly bath as early as Friday evening, the others as early as may be Saturday, and yourself on retiring.

That mother who finds herself and household ready for Sunday will not fall to enjoy and use rightly the Sabbath. Being prepared, there is time, and strong inclination, partly because there is time, to show real mother-love. She has one opportunity each week to make her love appear tangible to the children.—Housekeeper.

Able Girl Violinist.
The latest American triumph in London is that of Miss Leonora Jackson, the Boston girl who has astonished the metropolis with her abilities as a violinist. Born nineteen years ago, Miss Jackson displayed as a child a remarkable talent for music, and at 15 was sent to Europe to study the violin with



MISS LEONORA JACKSON.

Dr. Joachim at the Berlin Hochschule. She made such excellent use of her opportunities that she carried off the Mendelssohn state prize in Berlin from all the German competitors. In October, 1890, Miss Jackson appeared on the concert platform with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the conductor being Dr. Joachim, and has taken part since then in concerts in various continental towns, her playing having been spoken of everywhere in laudatory terms.

Emotional Women.
Emotional women, and such are the majority, who spend their nervous forces through the emotional nature, suffer physical prostration without any apparent cause. They are of the kind that break down without suspecting what is the secret canker. One of the new discoveries of hygiene is the fact that in the emotions we have within ourselves an effective means of suicide. If the emotions are not properly restrained and regulated the body may be slowly but surely worn out.

When the Heart is Heavy.
"There is always a remedy for a heavy heart," writes Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It may be in work—it oftenest is. It may be in thinking out the joys that have been given to you, and the sorrows from which you have been saved. It may be in helping others by sympathy, or in whatever way help is most needed. But the heavy heart can always be made light if self is forgotten, and the needs of others are remembered, and, as far as possible, relieved. Not one of us can learn to become light-hearted in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, for it is the lesson of life, this

knowing how to lift our hearts up and give them help unto those who are in need. It is a good fight—this one against allowing one's self to be submerged in personal griefs—it is a good fight, and out of it you can come conqueror if you will. Do you intend to give up the fight and fall by the wayside overcome by a heavy heart, or to go along through life as a brave woman should? You must decide this early in your life."

Beautiful Hungarian.
Hungary, famed for the beauty and wit of its women, has none more charming than Baroness Daniel, the most popular of her countrywomen, the leader of Hungarian fashion and a power in the kingdom's politics. She is the wife of the minister of commerce, and



BARONESS DANIEL.

through her husband wields great influence in public affairs. She is at the head of almost every charitable institution, and there is no movement of any public importance in which she does not take part. On the occasion of the visit of the German emperor to Budapest her excellency did the honors of the Park Club, which was visited by his imperial majesty, who on taking the leave of the baroness complimented her by kissing her hand in accordance with the custom prevalent in Hungary.

The Old Dress.
What shall we do with the poor old dress, Fit to be cast aside Long ere out of life's storm and stress Its busy owner died?

Not worth remaking, and room is scarce, And to leave it hung in its place Means sudden pang of a scarce-healed woe And a lost beloved face.

Yet that dress was shabby that close beside Another of silk might hang, And it brushed its neighbor nestling there With never a grudging pang.

For the heart that beat in the shabby gown Loved the heart in the silken dress, And left it a lesson of lifelong love And patient unselfishness.

O silent witness of mother-love Till the warm heart fell asleep! Good enough for the mother's wear— Then good enough to keep!

Fold it away with reverent hands And quiet and loving tears, Then pray for the heart in the silken dress Through the motherless coming years!—Harper's Bazar.

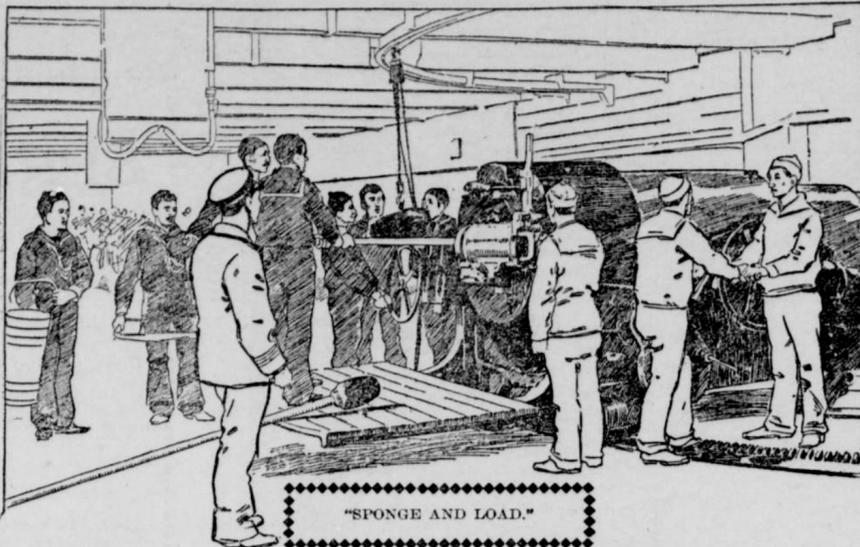
The Bathing.
If a bathtub is zinc-lined, it can be made to look like a silver tub if rubbed vigorously with a cloth moistened with kerosene. In fact a housekeeper would do well to see that such a tub gets a weekly rub of this kind all through the year. That distressing water mark which occurs often in the tub of the best-regulated families needs to be watched, and it can surely be avoided by the weekly kerosene rub. If the tub is marble, and has been discolored by drippings from the faucet, scour it with pulverized chalk, moistened with ammonia. Another good way to clean marble is to use a strong solution of washing soda, into which a little whiting has been dissolved. Cover the marble with the mixture, and let it remain on for about an hour. The rub it off, and polish the marble with alcohol.

Ignorant Spaniards and Italians.
Italians and Spaniards are distinguished above all other women in Europe by reason of their profound ignorance, due in the main to their incurable indolence. They do not even possess the art of elegance of dress, and while the fair Spaniard may be said to excel in the management of the fan and in the wearing of the mantilla, her Italian sister is without a single redeeming point, save her beauty. Perhaps the most accomplished woman in Europe, at any rate the most brilliant, is the Russian, who unites to her vivacity of temperament a marvelous facility for the acquisition of foreign languages, and a power of adaptability that is altogether American. She picks up knowledge quickly, and makes the most of it.

School for Wives.
A certain enterprising woman here, says a New York letter, has sent out prospectuses of a "school for wives." The art of housekeeping and home-making are not to be the only advantages. Training for peculiar cases is to be a feature. One interesting item in the course laid down for girls who intend to marry poets and painters is, "One meal a day and one new gown per annum."

The exact original habitat of the horse is unknown.

CLEARING A UNITED STATES MAN-O-WAR FOR ACTION.



"SPONGE AND LOAD."

A FIGHTING craft, cleared for action, loses much of its resemblance to the vessel as it lies in a harbor on a mission of peace, says the St. Louis Republic. The lines and halcyons which stretch in all directions disappear; the graceful davits go below, the canvas awnings, the coils of hawser, the ship's boats, and every article useless in the fight are taken below deck, to the designated place for each. This action is necessary in order that the men may have plenty of room to work, and it also lessens the danger, as, mayhap a shell which would go clear of the ship strikes a steel line or other light obstruction and falls upon deck, destroying many lives and perhaps exploding a load of powder which sends the vessel to the bottom. At the signal to clear every man on board runs to his post. The yardmen handle the halyards, the canvasmen look to the coverings and others to the boats. If a ship is at anchor the boats are dropped over the side, after their plugs are drawn, as it is then possible to raise them after the fight. If at sea they are thrown over to take care of themselves. This is done for the reason that men most fear amid a shower of shot and shell the flying, jagged

While the boats are being taken care of, other squads of men are removing the stanchions, the running rails, the sides of the bridge and everything that can be put below the armored deck. Down in the boiler rooms the fires are already being spread, forced draughts applied in order to have the greatest amount of possible power on hand should it be required.

In the meantime the decks have been sprinkled with sand to prevent the men from slipping as they run back and forth, and at the call "to general quarters" they jump to their assigned places. The captain's position is in the conning tower, from which place he has electrical connection with every part of the ship. From the interior of this turret he can watch every part of the ship, and has a view of the horizon in all directions. The pressing of a button regulates the speed of the vessel, another guides her course, a third controls all the guns, directs the training of them and allows the captain to fire one or all, in groups or one crushing broadside.

While the men are awaiting the attack in general quarters, down below, the ship's doctor and his assistants are also preparing for the struggle. As a

conscious as the engineers and firemen of the trend of the battle, must the surgeon and nurses work, their hands always steady, their nerves firm and with no thought of anything but the work before them. Not until the order of "Cease firing" rings out under the victorious flag above them, or they feel the list of the ship as it sinks, do they know how the fight is going. And if the ship is struck they go down only with the consciousness of duty well performed. Too often their bravery is lost sight of in the more pretentious acts of others.

With every man in place, every detail looked after and a knowledge that nothing save an accident can cause his plans to miscarry, the captain stands on the bridge with glass in hand and watches the approaching enemy. Above him on the fore military mast an officer is surveying the distance between the two vessels. As he makes his observations the result is called out by a lieutenant. By this time both vessels are in full view. If the day is calm and the air clear, the men on the one iron monster can see the other, with its flags flying from every point where they can be attached. They can see the polished muzzles of the heavy rifles as they gleam in the sun, the glitter of the officers' buttons. With muscles strained, their hearts thumping in their breasts

and all excitement, they listen as the lieutenant's voice calls out clear: "Five thousand four hundred meters; five thousand two hundred meters; five thousand—"

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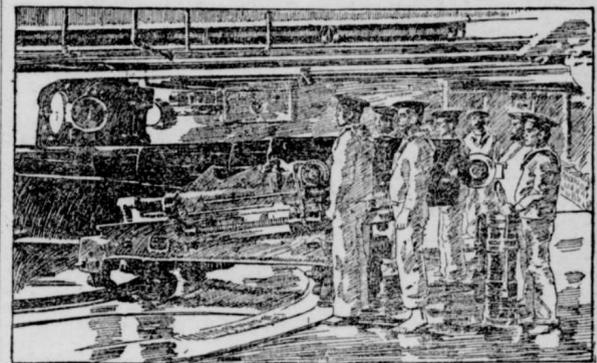
"Five thousand four hundred meters; five thousand two hundred meters; five thousand—"

The Battle Begins.
The rest seems buried in the great silence as there is a puff of white smoke from the side of one of the great crafts that seem so far away; there is a sound, like the rush of a great train, that turns instantly into a roar, a hissing sound as a great ball of fire drops into the water a few hundred yards away with a great splash and a muffled explosion below the surface that sends the sea spouting up like a fantastic fountain.

The battle has begun. The steady plumb, plumb of heavy guns, the sharp, rapid, cracking shots of the quick fire guns as they blaze out a stream of death, the patter of iron balls against the steel plates of the ship, the louder, tearing crash of heavy shots, the shouts of officers, the rumble of trucks loaded with projectiles over the deck, the smoke and dust and noise, aye, and the cry of comrades as they fall, torn and bleeding. Such is war!

After the first shot the intensity of suspense is broken, the sight of the mangled forms on deck is blotted out by smoke that stings the eyes until they pain like balls of fire, and the men fall into their work like veterans. They forget everything except the fight, and it is not until the engagement is over that they notice their bleeding wounds and realize the terrible amount of energy and force that has been expended.

While there have been but few battles since the introduction of the iron-clad, enough is known that the strain on the men is something awful. The ceaseless din of heavy shot on the



WAITING FOR THE FIRST SHOT.

heavier plates, the tremendous concussion from the heavy guns cause hemorrhage, destroy the nerves and actually blister the flesh. Men who have been in turrets and taken no part in the conflict have come out of the steel towers with their clothes in shreds and so unnerved that weeks of rest was necessary for recuperation.

The possibilities of naval warfare under these conditions are a matter of conjecture. Engagements will, of necessity, be short. Squadrons may be destroyed in a day, whole cities laid low by the tremendous force.

Spain's Substitutes for Telephones.
In Spain, where the telephone is largely used in place of the telegraph, an ingenious application of the phonograph to record the telephonic messages has been made. The receiving operator repeats the message into a phonograph, from which it can afterward be transcribed at leisure. This saves the delay caused by writing the message during its reception and insures greater accuracy, because the repetition of the message for the phonograph is heard simultaneously by the original sender at the other end of the line.

Some people laugh as if it hurt them.



LOWERING THE WOUNDED INTO THE SICK BAY.

splinters of wood that are thrown about when a boat is struck by a shot. Experience in the civil war taught the men that the wounds made by these splinters were not only as dangerous as those made by bullets, but far more painful.

usual thing the sick bay, or ship's hospital, is too small for use in a battle of any length, and other quarters are provided, usually in one of the mess cabins. Here the surgeons hurry with their operating tables, their shining tools, their baskets full of bandages

A MODERN NAVAL BATTLE.

